

INTERESTING NOTES OF AN OLD-TIME HUNTER

TAKEN FROM THE DIARY OF AARON WILLIAMS.

WHEN GAME WAS PLENTIFUL

Some Experiences Which Our Present Day Hunters Can Read With Envy—Many Familiar Names Recalled.

(Continued.)

In 1881, A. J. Fugate, Robert Fugate, George Woodring, J. P. Hewes, Abednego Stephens and two or three others and I went to Dayton camp at Six Mile run, where we were several days and killed one deer; it was started on "Grass Flats" and shot by John Fugate; I saw the deer and drew sight on it just as it fell. The next week I went to "Yocum Dam" and camped with Jerry Eyre, John Wait, J. P. Hewes, and W. H. Williams. W. H. started a big buck down in the thicket below Corbin Camp; it came out to Corbin Road, and Joe Harpster wounded it slightly in the foot. We followed it over to "Fire Ridge," above big thicket, when J. P. Hewes, Jerry Eyre and W. H. Williams went down to Six Mile run to watch crossings, and John Wait and I took the dog called "Turf" and one of Hewes' dogs and followed down in to the thicket where I turned Buff looze on the track; he ran some distance without giving tongue and came so close on the buck that he turned to fight the dog.

I followed up as fast as I could, and when I got within about fifty yards of the deer without it noticing me I shot it in the neck; it went down and I ran up and fired nine buck shot through its head. We then fired several shots and the rest of the party came to us; we took the entrails out of the deer and carried it about half way out to the road when night came on, and hung the buck on the tree.

In 1882, George Woodring, John Miles, Bed Stephens, Jacob Smith, Martin Cowher, Ad Smith, and I were camped in Fugate Hollow. George Woodring started a big buck above the dam, followed, and where the deer crossed the run and started up the bank I found a little bit of blood; we held a council of war and it was decided that George Woodring and Mart Cowher remain on the trail with the dogs until the rest of us got to crossing on grass flats, and the dogs to be turned loose; which plan was carried out. But the dogs caught the deer before it got to grass flat, and Woodring and Cowher killed it before the rest of us got there, and then Cowher went back on a promise he had made to eat a certain part of the deer.

In 1881, Judge Orvis, Adam Yearick, Michael Kerstetter, Nelson Lucas and I went out to Beech Creek and camped at Panther Run; we got one deer, a racoon, an otter, and some smaller game.

In December 1882, George Woodring, John Miles, Joe Stephens, Bed Stephens, Mart Cowher, Burns Gates and I were camped in Fugate hollow. We made a chase on day west of the head of six mile run; it ran out towards Phillipsburg, our dogs following it, and a Mr. Test killed the deer and took deer and dogs to Phillipsburg. Woodring and Stephens went to town, found the deer and dogs in Test's stable, got the dogs, but he would not give them any of the deer. A couple of days after that, we made a chase on the point above Bowman hollow, Bed Stephens shot the first deer that came out; then the rest of the party left me on the same crossing, and they went in to make another drive. A doe came out and I shot it; I knocked the left hind leg off close up to the hip, with a Winchester rifle; it ran down near to the run, and Burns Gates' dog caught it and John Miles then shot it in the head.

In 1879, the next day after the season expired, J. P. Hewes, W. H. Williams, John Harpster, John Walte and I went out to Corbin to hunt bear when Hewes, Harpster and I found some deer tracks; Harpster sent us to the crossings, near Yocum dam, and he drove three deer out to Hewes; he shot one with shot, and it got away some distance, and I shot it with a ball and finished it. We had been following bear tracks all day but did not get to see any bear.

In 1882, I went to Colorado and with H. A. McKee, J. W. Peckham, W. G. Burgess, J. W. Kelly, Frank Kelly and Oren Shelden, made up a party at Fort Collins, Colo., and started on the 15th of November to North park, first night we camped at Owl Canon, which was on Nov. 15; next evening, Nov. 16, camped on Laramie Plains, in Wyoming Territory, two miles from "The Sliding," and about forty miles west of Cheyenne; on the 17, camped at a sheep ranch on the plains, where one man was herding sixty thousand sheep; and on Nov. 18, camped on top of Medicine bow mountain, where we found snow a foot deep. We swept the snow away, burned some brush and warmed the ground; then pitched our tent and slept comfortably. Next day camped in North Park; next evening camped in Big Creek park, west of North park, where we left one of our wagons, taking the other wagon over the Continental divide, where we pitched our tent and stayed one night; then took our horses, some bed clothing, and some provisions, and went over to Snake river; camped one night, and next morning, J. W. Kelly, W. G. Burgess and Aaron Williams killed three elk. We went back to camp, ate what provisions we had for dinner, then Shelden and McKee, Frank Kelly and A. Williams took the bed clothes and all the horses but three and started back to the wagon and tent, while J. W. Kelly, W. G. Burgess and J. W. Peckham each took a horse and rope and went to "snake," the three elk over the mountain to the wagon, which was seven or eight miles away. The snaking is done by tying the rope around the elk's neck, and hitching a horse to the other end of the rope and hauling it over the snow like a log. As snow was falling very fast that afternoon the three men who went after the elk got lost and had to stay in the woods over night without supper or breakfast and with no other shelter than the horse blanket which each man carried under the saddle on his horse. They reached camp the next day about noon, quite hungry, having had nothing to eat since noon the day before. But those who were in camp had dinner ready, having traded some notes to a party of hunters for a quar-

ter of elk; we had cooked two large pans full for dinner, and the three wanderers ate elk as if they thought it the most palatable dish they had found for some time. The next day we started back towards North park and camped that evening in the pine thicket at the foot of the mountain that separates the small park from Big Creek park; the snow was about a foot deep but we pitched our tent on the ground after having swept the snow away and burned some brush to warm the ground. An old saddle horse, that was always prowling about the tent at night, tried during the night to paw a hole in the tent right over the writers head, as he was endeavoring to get at the oats bag which was kept in the tent at night. The next morning one of the writer's boots was missing, and after searching awhile he found it outside of the tent, where some one had thrown it at the old horse. We got breakfast next morning and sat in the snow around the fire eating, while the smoke sometimes caused the tears to flow. After breakfast we started and traveled all day without stopping for dinner, as the snow was getting deeper and we feared we would not be able to get back to North park. We got back to where we had left the wagon in the park about dark, stayed over night, and next day went in the afternoon to hunt. One of our party that afternoon shot a sage hen, a deer and two very large elk bucks—the horns of one of them being now in the possession of the writer and measured as follows: length from head to point of horn, 54 inches; distance from outside to outside of horns, widest place, 1/2 inches; circumference of horn at head, 12 inches; number of points on each horn, six; weight of horns, 33 pounds; one of the bulls would have weighed eight or nine hundred pounds, as we had some quarters that weighed 125 pounds each. On our way home from the park we killed three antelope. We camped one evening at a cattle ranch where there were a great many stacks of wild hay, we had our dog with us, and he would lie among the stacks, where we could see jack rabbits running in every direction. Our captain told us that he would like if we would go out next morning and kill some jack rabbits; three of us started out before breakfast, and the writer brought in seven, another fellow five, and the third man three; the writer went out after breakfast and got three more, making ten for him that morning; he wounded the eleventh but it got away in the grass. It was the best day we had in our hunt, although we saw a great many of them on our trip. We returned to Fort Collins, on Nov. 6, 1882, just three weeks and one day from the time we left, having traveled three hundred and fifty miles, and been over in the northwest corner of the state and washed our faces in the water that flows in the Pacific Ocean.

On his return to Pennsylvania, the writer in company with Abednego Stephens, Joe Stephens, Martin Cowher, Joe Bauman, Abraham and George Woodring camped in "Fugate hollow." We started a four-year-old buck on "Grass Flats" near either Joe or Abednego Stephens wounded him in the leg; we turned the dogs loose and they chased him across to the Doctor's road and towards Black bear run. The men followed as fast as they could, but getting out of wind they began to fall out of line, and when we reached Black bear run, we found that all were left behind except myself and Abe Woodring; we met the dogs coming back, but we encouraged them and they again started in pursuit of the deer, and overhauled it; we came up to where the dogs and buck were fighting and the writer being ahead on the trail, shot at the buck's head with a bullet and knocked a prong off each horn or partly off, then fired a load of buck shot into him. Abe Woodring shot him with buckshot and he went down. When the deer was killed some of the party were about a mile behind coming on the trail.

In 1885, John Falls and H. Lee, of Philadelphia, and J. C. Harper, of Garman and I went to Panther run and in company with David McCloskey we made a chase; a large buck came into the creek at the High road way and Al Garman shot him down in the creek; he weighed 204 lbs. The same fall, G. W. Dickey, Abednego Stephens, Joe Bauman, George Woodring and Joe Stephens killed one large buck on log way. Those were the only deer we got that trip, but what we lacked in game was made up in fun.

In 1884, Al Dale and I went out to McCloskey's camp, on Beech creek; James McCloskey killed two deer; we got some venison but did not kill any ourselves, although Dale did try to shoot a deer with bird shot.

In 1887, Joe Bauman, Jacob Smith, W. Cadwalader, Martin Cowher, J. Q. Miles, Joe Stephens, George Woodring, George Pink, Sam Cowher and I, camped a week at "Dayton camp." Joe Stephens and I followed it and finally got it near Phillipsburg road above the watering place on the mountain. On Friday night of that week we got a tracking snipe and on Saturday morning George Woodring, M. Cowher, J. Stephens and I went out to see if we could find a deer track. Woodring and I went down the run to the dam, then crossed the run and went up the Fugate hollow; about halfway up we found a deer track and followed it till Joe Stephens and Cowher came onto the trail; it led up to the road at Oak crossing, where we stopped, and sent to camp for a dog; when he came, Cowher took the dog, put him on the track and he soon raised the deer and brought it out near where it went in; J. Stephens shot it, and we were back to camp with the deer at 12 o'clock noon.

In December of the same year, Al Dale, J. C. Harper, Pierce Musser and I and a number of others went to Price's, in the seven mountains, to hunt deer. The first day we were there William Harter killed a deer; the second day Al Dale and I shot a big buck and did not get him. That same day, a Mr. Calvin Fisher, from Spring Mills, who was hunting in another party, but stayed at night at the same place we did went to watch a crossing, and got up on a small pine log which lay up off the ground two or three feet high. He had evidently set his gun down on the log, for it slipped off, and the hammer striking the log broke the hammer and discharged the gun (a Winchester rifle); the ball cut three bones of his right hand and passed upwards striking him under the chin on right side and passing up into the head, killing him instantly. When we came to the boarding place in the evening and learned of the accident we all decided to go home next morning, which ended the hunt.

(To be continued.)

FROM BIG ROCK, ILL.

Editor of Centre Democrat: I picked up my old friend, the Centre Democrat, and saw the heading, "A challenge" by Floyd Bowersox and L. C. Gramly. Now Mrs. Bowersox is a first cousin of mine and think L. C. Gramly must be my brother. If he has 188 potatoes in one hill, he don't say that each hill had that many, nor that they have any. Now if he has only 188 potatoes, then I feel sorry for him; let him come to Illinois—though I don't want to make a boast of any kind, for the dry spell we had almost put our potato crop a failure. But we have 100 bushels of potatoes in the cellar; quite a few farmers have to buy while others have them to sell.

Now if I could trade these cousins potatoes for a few barrels of those good, old-time apples that the Pennsylvania people have going to waste, with a bushel or so of the delicious chestnuts that the Centre Democrat tells of, then we wouldn't dread the coming of Christmas one bit. I think it's safe to say that apples are as scarce as hens' teeth in this part of Illinois. Now that uncle of mine in Penna., that opened the orchard gates and let the hogs in to take care of the apple crop, did not think how near I could be one of the flock if I had the privilege of doing so and was there, for my vinegar barrel has been drained and has been dry and idle for about two years; and the apple butter dish is licked and washed and set up on the high shelf. Then we have a good crop of corn all in the field; 100 bushels potatoes under the house, and 50 plump and nice growing porkers out in pasture and ready for sausage and mush. But don't you feel a little sorry for us, not an apple for pie nor sauce or poppie—not one to eat these long winter evenings; but perhaps, a piece of pumpkin pie would take the place of apples.

Now this leaves us all well and able to be at the table three times a day. Father B. F. Gramly is troubled with rheumatism but is busy every day.

KATE GRAMLY FULLER.

THE TRUE TEST.

Tried in Bellefonte, It Has Stood the Test.

The hardest test is the test of time, and Doan's Kidney Pills have stood it well in Bellefonte. Kidney sufferers can hardly ask for stronger proof than the following: Mrs. E. J. Hogarth, W. High st., Bellefonte, Pa., says: "I suffered for years from a weakness of my kidneys, accompanied by a constant dull backache. I used plasters and liniments, but found no relief and I was suffering severely when Doan's Kidney Pills were brought to my attention. If I took cold it settled in my kidneys and at such times, the secretions from these organs passed too frequently. Reading about Doan's Kidney Pills, I decided to give them a trial and received a box from Green's Pharmacy Co. Soon after commencing their use, the backache and other difficulties disappeared and my kidneys no longer troubled me. I am grateful to Doan's Kidney Pills for what they have done for me." (Statement given October 21, 1907.)

Two Years Later.

Mrs. Hogarth was interviewed on November 22, 1909 and she said: "I am pleased to confirm my former endorsement of Doan's Kidney Pills. I have had but little trouble from my kidneys since I was cured in 1907." For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

The New Steel Coach.

The first lot of all steel suburban coaches built for the Pennsylvania Railroad Company have just been sent to New York where they will be used in the suburban service out of the Pennsylvania Station. The new all steel coaches are of an elegant long, seating 82 people. Through special designs which have been used, the weight of the car has been materially lessened as compared with the wooden coaches. The coaches have vestibule ends and are made entirely of steel. Heavy steel girders running from end to end are calculated to resist any shock in collision. The cars are lighted by electricity and are fitted with green plush cushion seats.

The Pennsylvania Railroad System will shortly have available for use on the East and West of Pittsburgh and Erie 1988 solid steel passenger equipment cars. This includes some 600 Pullman parlor and sleeping cars, as well as a large number of suburban coaches such as the filled with "rah-rahs," and general Company's shops are just beginning to turn out.

D. I. McNaull Elected Clerk.

James A. Wensel, clerk of the Clinton county board of Commissioners, on Monday last tendered his resignation and will ultimately assume the position of cashier of the State Bank at Avia. Mr. Wensel has served about 14 years in the Court House at different periods, as deputy sheriff, prothonotary and treasurer and during the past three years has been the commissioners' clerk. D. I. McNaull, editor of the Lock Haven Democrat, has been elected to fill the vacancy caused by Mr. Wensel's resignation, and entered upon his duties on Tuesday. McNaull is an experienced accountant, and his other responsible duties, amply fit him for the position, the term of which expires on January 1, 1912.

The Poor House Question.

At the coming election to be held Nov. 8th, the voters of Union county will decide whether Union county shall establish a county poor house. The question has been a long one in several districts in the county, especially Lewisburg, where the poor funds have reached a sum that they are a burden upon the taxpayers.

The project is looked upon with distrust in several townships where the demands for poor support are small, but there are a number of others that will vote heavily in its favor. It favorably decided the county commissioners will be authorized to purchase a farm and provide a central point for the caring of the helpless ones.

Will Promote Beauty.

Women desiring beauty get wonderful help from Bucklen's Arnica Salve. It banishes pimples, skin eruptions, sores and boils. It makes the skin soft and velvety. It cures the face. Cures sore eyes, cold sores, cracked lips, chapped hands. Best for burns, scalds, fever sores, cuts, bruises and piles. 25c. at Green's Pharmacy Co., Bellefonte, Pa.

Some people never attempt anything for fear of doing it wrong.

HOGISH SPORT.

One of the Centre Democrat's correspondents enters a strong protest against outsiders coming into this county annually to kill game, indifferent and careless in some instances as to how strictly they observe decency and the law in killing game or catching trout. There is some reason for complaining and if proper respect were shown for law and decency, there would be more friendly feeling for such sportsmen. There are instances where some of our home sportsmen invite outsiders if they are only of the tony breed of cats. We cite an instance where the denunciation against the outsiders was vehement and brutal, winding up with the advice "fire a load of shot into the seat of their pants, and thereby keep the intruders out." But, with this advice, made for mere buncombe—applause from the galleries—it turns out that the author of this heroic suggestion himself puts in entire seasons camping and harboring outside sportsmen. This is simply a typical smacks of hypocrisy, and would be a fitting case to have a "load of shot in the seat of his pants," as was an expression made at Lamar, in Clinton county, of a fellow who was "hogging it during entire seasons on Fishing creek in Clinton county," and being an "outsider."

WASH THAT ITCH AWAY.

It is said that there are certain springs in Europe that give relief and cure to Eczema and other skin diseases. If you knew that by washing in these waters you could be relieved from that awful itch, wouldn't you make every effort to take a trip to Europe at once? Would you not be willing to spend your last cent to find the cure? But you need not leave home for these distant springs. Relief is right here in your own home town!

A simple wash of Oil of Wintergreen, Thymol and other ingredients as compounded only in D. D. D. Prescription will bring instant relief from that terrible burning itch, and leave the skin as smooth and healthy as that of a child.

If you have not already tried it, get at least a 25 cent bottle today. We assure you of instant relief. Green's Pharmacy Co., Bellefonte.

Chestnuts Plenty in Centre.

Chestnuts—the favorite among nuts—are quite plenty this season in our mountain and valley woodlands. The chestnut hunters, for pleasure or profit, are having their outings after nuts, and among the young, male and female, are out enjoying the hunt as a sort of pleasure picnic. The early frosts hasten the opening of the burrs, and the male portion of the chestnut parties have one or two of the youths to climb the trees which are "thrashed" and the nuts come down like hail. An occasional accident will happen, some times; when a fellow is up a tree, a limb may break under his weight and the thrasher will come down with the nuts to terra firma, or severely injured. The writer himself went through such an experience while up a chestnut tree bringing the nuts to terra firma, when a limb suddenly broke letting him down some twenty feet with the earth bumping up against him with a thud never to be forgotten, somewhat like being kicked by the foot of the mountain. Thereafter, when we wanted chestnuts, we bought them at the stores. No more thrashing of chestnut trees for us.

There are a hundred needles outside a chestnut burr for every chestnut within, and fingers, and barefeet of the little boy, have a fair deposit within these parts of their anatomy that requires no little surgical skill and patience, to remove the stingers.

Locks Himself in Prison.

A man who neglects to take the right tonic when he is run down by overwork or nervous strain locks himself up from the pursuits of life. Serrine Pills are the greatest of all tonics for all forms of nerve weakness in men and women. Price \$1 a box, 6 boxes \$5, with full guarantee. Serrine Pills restore energy when all other tonics fail. Address or call at C. M. Parrish, Bellefonte, Pa., where they sell all the principal remedies and do not substitute.

Brides at 11 and 12.

Bertha Anderson, aged eleven, and Ollie Anderson, aged twelve, were married at Kennesaw, Ga., on Sunday to Andy Champ, aged twenty-one, and John Champ, twenty-two years old. The affair caused much comment and habeas corpus proceedings were instituted by the father of the girls in an effort to separate the pairs.

Brush Valley Narrows Bridges Open.

The Union county commissioners built three substantial iron bridges with concrete floors over the streams in the Brush Valley Narrows, and the road is now in better shape for travelers and from Centre county than it ever has been. The road was repaired by the commissioners and the highway put in good shape.

WAVERLY HIGH SPEED GASOLINE. Speed, Comfort and Safety in Automobiles depend largely upon using the right Gasoline. Waverly Gasolines—three grades—76° - Special - Motor Power Without Carbon. Instantaneous, powerful, clean explosion—quick ignition—no carbon deposits—these are guaranteed. All refined products. No "natural" gasolines used. WAVERLY OIL WORKS COMPANY, Independent Refiners, PITTSBURG, PA.

You Can Work Near a Window in winter when you have a Perfection Oil Heater. It is a portable radiator which can be moved to any part of a room, or to any room in a house. When you have a PERFECTION SMOKELESS OIL HEATER Absolutely smokeless and odorless you do not have to work close to the stove, which is usually far from the window. You can work where you wish, and be warm. You can work on dull winter days in the full light near the window, without being chilled to the bone. The Perfection Oil Heater quickly gives heat, and with one filling of the font burns steadily for nine hours, without smoke or smell. An indicator always shows the amount of oil in the font. The filler-cap, put in like a cork in a bottle, is attached by a chain. This heater has a cool handle and a damper top. The Perfection Oil Heater has an automatic-locking flame spreader, which prevents the wick from being turned high enough to smoke, and is easy to remove and drop back, so the wick can be quickly cleaned. The burner body or gallery cannot become wedged and can be unscrewed in an instant for reworking. The Perfection Oil Heater is finished in japan or nickel, is strong, durable, well-made, built for service, and yet light and ornamental. Dealers Everywhere. If not at yours, write for descriptive circular to the nearest agency of the The Atlantic Refining Company (Incorporated)

Centre County Banking Co. Corner High and Spring Streets. W. H. MUSSER, GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT, Notary Public and Pension Attorney, BELLEFONTE, PENNA. Receive Deposits. Discount Notes. John M. Shugert, Cashier.

1880 1910 THIRTY YEARS AGO—when the Pittsburgh Agency was founded—there were but 595,486 life insurance policies in force in the United States. To-day there are over 25,000,000, interesting almost every family. Thirty years ago The Equitable had 240 policies in force thru its Pittsburgh Agency. To-day it has 89,065 policies, protecting families and business firms. There is a reason for this tremendous growth. Equitable contracts give protection that protects. Have YOU enough Life Insurance? THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY "Strongest in the World" EDWARD A. WOODS, Manager Frick Bldg., Pittsburgh Represented by J. S. McCARGER, BELLEFONTE, PA.

Tuberculosis Plenty of fresh air, sleeping out-doors and a plain, nourishing diet are all good and helpful, but the most important of all is Scott's Emulsion It is the standard treatment prescribed by physicians all over the world for this dread disease. It is the ideal food-medicine to heal the lungs and build up the wasting body. FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS

We Handle Everything in NOTHING is more annoying than to hear, "We are just out," or "We don't handle that article," etc., when one is ordering supplies for the table. Considerable thought and care are often exercised in this direction, and to not find what you want at your Grocer's is very provoking. Come to us. We have what you want, and everything is absolutely pure—an extra inducement for you to come here for your groceries. SECHLER & CO. of Absolutely Pure Quality