Bellefonte, Pa., April 7, 1905.

MAKE THIS A DAY.

Make this a day. There is no gain In brooding over days to come; The message of today is plain. The future's lips are ever dumb. The work of yesterday is gone-For good or ill, let come what may ; But now we face another dawn. Make this a day.

Though yesterday we failed to see The urging hand and earnest face That men call Opportunity. We failed to know the time or place For some great deed, what need to fret? The dawn comes up a silvery gray, And golden moments must be met Make this a day.

This day is yours; your work is yours; The odds are not who pays your hire. The thing accomplished—that endures, If it be what the days require. He who takes up his daily round, As one new armored for the fray. Tomorrow steps on solid ground.

The day is this: the time is now: No better hour was ever here-Who waits upon the when and how Remains forever in the rear. Though yesterday were wasted stuff, Your feet may still seek out the way, Tomorrow is not soon enough-Make this a day.

LIBBY, THE UNLOVED.

-W. D. N., in Chicago Tribune.

Libby Anderson hung the dishcloth on its accustomed nail, and stood there surveying it. It was plain, from the way she looked, that she was determined to speak. "Ma," she asked of the woman who was sitting before the little round stove, "what were those papers Dave put in his pocket as I came in?

'Some things he was showin' me." "Ma," she asked, quiveringly, "you didn't sign anything, did you?" 'I didn't sign your name to anything." And the needles clashed again. She knew her mother too well to press

further. "I just couldn't understand Dave coming here this time of year," she ventured; "and I thought he acted queer." The old woman was folding her

"I'm going to bed, and you'd better come along, too," was her reply. A week went by, and although Libby had twice forgotten to feed the chickens, and had several times let the kettle burn dry, she was beginning to feel more settled in her mind.

She did up her work one morning and went to town

Her first call was at the solicitor's, and there she heard the worst. Ma had assigned their home to Dave. She did not make any fuss; she was too old-fashioned for hysterics.

It was not until the old place came in sight that she broke down.
"I's not fair," she cried out, "when I've

stayed here and worked-it's not fair !" And, for the first time in many years, she was crying—passionately crying.

It was a feeling of outraged justice that

made her speak, for she was just a woman -the daughter of pa.
"Ma," she said, "do you think pa would

like to think of your assigning the place to The old woman put down her knitting.

"La, now, Libby," she said, not un-kindly, "don't take on. You'll never want for nothing !" Libby stood there looking at her.

"I think you don't realize what you've done," she said ; and turned to the bedroom to take off her things. It was not until the next month, the blustering month of March, that all was

made clear. It was early in the afternoon when Libby looked from the window and saw a man coming in at the big gate.

"That friend of Dave's from the city is

coming, ma," she said.
"Gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Anderson, "and such a day as 'tis!" The stranger warmed his hands, and dis-

bursed a number of pleasantries.
"Well, Mrs. Anderson," he said finally, "your son wants me to make a little proposition to you." Mrs. Anderson looked pleasantly ex-

pectant.
"Dave's always making propositions,"

she chuckled. "He's been a good deal worried about you this winter-afraid you were not just comfortable out liere—you two, all alone."
"Dave's always thinking of his mother's

comfort," she asserted; and looked tri-umphantly over to Libby. "Well," he resumed, turning back to the older woman, "it worries Dave to think of your being out here alone now that you're getting along in years, so he's rented a nice little place in town, and he feels sure it would be better all around if you'd

just go in and take it." "If that ain't for all the world like Dave !- always some new idea in his head. But you just tell him, Mr. Murray,

not to be hothering. We don't want to move to town—do we, Libby?" "Not if we can help it," she replied. "Dave's been away from the place so long that he don't see just how 'tis," ma explained. "Libby and me wouldn't feel

at home no place else." "It's too bad you feel that way," he went on persuasively, "for Dave was so sure you'd like the idea that he's gone d and made all arrangements, and I'm afraid there might be a little trouble about

unmaking them.' He turned to Libby. "How soon do you think you could move? By the 1st of May?"

'I suppose so,' she answered, in a dull April came, and for the fiftieth time the old woman watched the white give way to the green on the hills that curved in and

out around her old home.

As long as she could, Libby let her have her dream. Her heart was not hard to ward ma now. Ma had not understood. And Libby was glad she could have those few spring days before she was torn from

"Ma," she began one morning, "I think I will have to be packing up this week." "Packing up what?"

"Why, don't you remember, ma; we're going to town the 1st of May?" "Oh, la, Libby. I've give that up long ago! I'm going to die on the old place." "But you know, ma, the arrangements have all been made. I'm afraid we'll have

She turned to her clossly. "There's no use to argue wi' me, Libby Anderson. I ain't going !" "But what about Dave?"

"You can jest write Dave, and say his mother don't want to leave the place Dave won't have nothing further to say.' She looked off at the meadowland as if it were all settled. Libby would have to

tell her.
"Ma," she said, "it's no use to write to Dave." "Why not?" she demanded, in a half-

frightened, half-aggressive voice.
"He's sold the place, ma!" "What's that you say? Something about Dave selling my place? Are you gone crazy,

"You know you deeded it to him, ma. It was his after you did that. And he's sold it, and we'll have to move out." Hearing no answer, she turned around, and it was then she coveted Dave's gift of saying things smoothly. The old woman was crouched low in her chair, and her face was quivering, and looked sunken and

"I didn't think be'd do that," she fal-

"Never mind, ma," Libby said awkwardly. "Poor ma!" It was the nearest to a caress that had passed between them since Libby was a lit-

Nothing more was said until after ma had gone to bed. Libby supposed she was asleep, when she called quaveringly to her. 'Libby,' she said, 'you mustn't be thinking hard of Dave. He must have thought it for the best.'

Libby was used to caring for ma, and she needed care now. "Yes, ma," she answered; "I'm sure he

must. It was not until the morning of the fourth day that the silence between them was broken. Libby got up to take down the clock, when she heard a strange noise behind her, and, turning, she saw that ma's head was down low in her bands, and she was rocking passionately back and forward, and crying as though her old heart had

She put down the clock, and again she wished for a little of Dave's silkiness of speech. But she did not have it, and the best she could do was to pull ma's chair out from the barren room into the sun-shine of the porch. The hills, she thought,

would still look like home. Ma did not get up at all next day. Perhaps she was ill, or perhaps it was only that she did not want to go out in the sitting room and see how unlike home it look-But the next day she did not get up either, and then Libby went to town for the doctor. He said the excitement had weakened her, and did not seem very certain she would ever get up again. night Libby wrote a letter to Dave, asking him again to let his mother die on the old place. A week passed, and an answer had not come, and still ma had not left her bed. The packing was all done, it was the 1st of May, and she was just waiting-she

did not know for what. Her whole soul rose up against moving ma from the old place now, when her days were so surely numbered; and so she sent a telegram to Dave, telling him his mother was ill, and asking leave to stay a little the robins. longer. There came a reply from his part ner, saying that Dave was away, and would

not be home for two weeks. That night the old woman raised berself and sobbed out the truth.

"It's Dave that's killing me! It's to think Dave sold the place, and turned me out to die !" And then the way opened before Libby,

and she saw her path. night, and to it she signed her brother's situation. name. Out in the world they might have Dave, when I've stayed here and kept it only caring for ma. She was a long time only caring for ma. She was a long time about it, for it was hard to put things in applied to it an ugly word, but Libby was Dave's round, bold hand, and it was hard to say them in his silky way.

was much worse. "It ain't that I'm going to die," she said, when Libby came in and found her crying; "but I was thinking of Dave. I keep thinking and thinking of him when he was a little boy, and how he used to run about the place, and how pretty he used to look; and then, just as I begin to take a little comfort in rememberin' some of the smart things he said, I have to think of words were too bitter to be spoken, and, with a hard, scraping sound in her throat she turned her face to the wall.

Libby put her hand to something in her pocket, and thought of last night's work with thankfulness. About 11 o'clock she entered the room

with the sheets of a letter in her hand. "Ma," she said, tremulously, "bere's letter just come from Dave." "I knew it'd come—I knew it!" And the old voice filled the room with its

triumphant ring. Then there crept into ber face an anxious look. "What does he "He's sorry about selling the place, ma

He really thought you'd like it better in town. But he's fixed it up for us to stay. He says you'll never have to leave the

"I knowed it-I knowed it well enough You don't know Dave like I do. But read me the letter."

She did read it, and the old woma listened with tears—glad tears now—falling over her withered cheeks.
"You can just unpack our things," she

cried, when it was finished, "and get this place straightened out. The idea of your packing up, and think we was going to move to town! Nice mess you've made of us leaving the place. I always knowed you'd never 'preciated Dave." ed pellet the old bird takes in her beak and drops as she flies away. Before morning broke ma was dead

Happy, because she had back her old faith in Dave-the blind, beautiful faith of the mother in the son. And Libby-the homeless and unloved Libby-was happy, too, for she had finished well her work ing for ma .- London Answer.

For a Fixed Easter.

The awkwardness of a movable Easter has frequently attracted attention on the continent, and the discussion of the ques tion has again been revived in Berlin, says the New York Journal. Professor Forster, director of the Berlin observatory, recently suggested that the pope should take in hand the settlement of the question. He also communicated with Signor Tondini and with the astronomers of the Vatican observatory. Their common proposal was to fix Easter on the third Sunday after the equinox—that is to say, after the 21st day of March, the moon no longer influencing the date. The festival would then only vary between April 4th and 11th instead of between March 22nd and April 25th, as

Proof Positive.

The Heiress-Don't you think he is a sensible young man? Her Father—Oh, yes; he wants to marry a nice girl whose father has lots of money. The Robin

BY CHARLES M'ILVAINE. Of all birds the robin is the cheeriest. If a vote were taken upon which among our outdoor birds is the favorite, the robin could get a big majority. He makes himself a matter-of-course near-by neighbor of the family, and everyone is glad. He

helps himself to the ripest cherries and choicest raspberries without saying "By your leave," but he very much more than pays for them in tating the insects which injure them and others of our eatables. Everything pretty has been written about

this brave, strong, helpful, industrious songster. I shall be satisfied in telling about his, likewise Mrs. Robin's life and habits, though I would very much like to say the pretty things I could of them.

The American robin belongs to the thrush family; so does the bluebird. Altogether there are eight members of the thrush family which have from time to time been found in Pennsylvania. The robin is a great settler. It raises its young and has its homes from the Gulf of Mexico to the Arctic coast; from the Atlantic Ocean to New Mexico, Alaska, and the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains. It does not have to wait for turnpikes and railroads to carry it to far-off regions. It says, "I am going," and it goes. And what is remarkable about it is that it goes and

comes every year. When autumn comes robins gather into flocks. In the evenings they leave their feeding places and seek low-lying thickets or swamps where the alder grows, or thickly wooded creek banks, and there roost with the purple blackbirds, cowbirds, and others. As the weather grows colder, and food becomes scarce, they go farther to the south where it is warm and there is more to eat. In the woods, swamps, fields of the Southern states they stay and feed until spring comes, then back they fly to their summer homes all over the land. A few strong, hardy birds stay in the north during the winter. These love

cedar groves and low sheltered places where the green briar grows and bushes are thick. Every country boy knows where to find the robin in winter, and knows how quietly it will slip out of With the first peep of spring the robin's

merry song is heard. It seems to fairly the air. It carries joy with it. The sight of the first spring robin starts a new period of time. One thinks of planting seeds and putting out the plants that have been housed all winter, and hunting up straw hats' seeking for the precious ar-

Later this song grows richer and more frequent, as the bird calls his lady-love of its founders. Leland Stanford was elect-or challenges all rivals. The males have ed to the Senate and in 1893 he died. Alangry fights, but they do not hurt each The object appears to be to find out which can chase the other longest. Guineas quarrel in this way. One will chase the other at full speed for half an change in the original plans. The two had hour. Suddenly the chaser will stop, turn, and be chased. The one lasting longest is the best guinea. So it is with there was no way in which their execution

After much singing by Mr. Robin and a ing everything in Mrs. Stanford's uncheckgreat deal of shyness by Mrs. Robin the pair conclude to build a nest. Some pairs

Trustees from the beginning, but its funcselect the crotches of trees, others build on the branches, a few select bushes, occasionally they build directly on the ground. Often a joist under a porch or shed is chosen. I once knew a pair to build in the tin rain spout that caught the water from a porch roof. The nest was washed of Collis P. Huntington, attempted to evade The disinherited child wrote a letter that away three times before they gave up the

together so that they will hold. They carry mouthfuls of mud and fill the frame-The doctor said next morning that it was | work as it rises. This they add to by mixa matter of but a few days at most, for ma ing grass, strings, and hair with mud until they have a structure which often weighs a pound. In the center is a bowlnest, smoothly covered on the inside with mud. Here the female lays four or five | ton and his partners were the chief parties bluish-green eggs a little over an inch long. In due time the eggs hatch, and four or five as ugly, bare, wabbly, bigmouthed youngsters appear as ever were seen come out of shells. Now the real work of the parents begin. Nothing is what he has done, and it does seem like he might have waited till—" But the a young robin. Until it is almost ready to fly it eats its own weight of food each day! Think of the enormous number of insects and worms it takes to feed four robins until they are grown. Several times I have had good chances to watch the feeding from daylight to sundown. I have counted the number of visits the parents made to the nest, and noted what and prepared to sell her valuable jewel was fed each time.

The parents carefully prepared the food. An eastworm is nipped and paralyzed by their beaks, hidden in some shaded moist place near by, and fed in small pieces about an hour. A cherry is stored in the same way, and fed nip by nip. Grasshoppers and beetles have their legs and wings removed because they are too hard to digest. Caterpillars are rolled on gravel walks or other rough places until every hair disappears and they are as smooth as slate pencils. I have never seen more than two cherries apiece given to each young

robin in one day.

They are fed by turns. The old robin cautiously hops to the side of the nest Three open months are held up. Into one of them the food is placed. The fourth bird appears to be asleep. The old bird waits a moment. It raises its head, passes up its throat and into its beak the food which is not digestible. This lozenge-shap

I am afraid to tell how often each robin is fed each day. Find a nest, sit quiet, have opera-glasses, keep count for self. It is very interesting. You will be much surprised. I saw one foundling robin, about a week before it became ready to fly, which I hung out in a cage, fed two bundred and eighty times in one day. The nest had been blown down in a storm, and all the young birds drowned but one. Robins are the farmers' good friends. We should not begrudge the robins the few cherries they eat .- [Sunday School Times.

Beating of Dead Hearts.

Hearts of cold-blooded animals will beat for a comparatively long time after death or removal from the body (if kept cool and moist), because of powerful internal collections of nerves, known as ganglia, whose automatic impulses cause the regular contractions of the muscles. Similar gauglia exist in man and other warm-blooded animals, but their action is less prolonged. Scientists have ascerremoval, if put on a piece of glass, kept cool and moist, and covered with a belljar. I believe it has been known to heat thirty-six or even forty-eight hours; twelve or fourteen hours is a common rec ord .- From Nature and Science in April St.

A Romance of Philanthropy.

In some respects the most remarkable public benefactor of modern times was Mrs. Jane Lathrop Stanford, who died at Honolulu on March 1st, poisoned by some im placable enemy. She gave more money for public purposes than any other philanthropist except Mr. Carnegie and Baron de Hirsch; she gave it berself during her life-time, without leaving it to be paid at the expense of her heirs, and, going beyond even the lavish givers just named, she bestowed practically her entire fortune, taking literally the injunction about not dying rich which as yet Mr. Carnegie has put

forth only as a theory.

In the early eighties Leland Stanford and his associates, Crocker, Huntington, and Hopkins, were classed together in the public mind of California as "soulless plutocrats" and tyrants. Stanford was nominated by the Governor as Regent of the State University. The Senate, con-trolled by the anti-monopoly Democracy, rejected the nomination. It is generally believed that but for this action there would have been no Stanford University, and eventually a great part, if not all, of the Stanford millions would have gone to the

University of California. The Stanfords had a son whom they idolized. He seems to have been really a remarkable boy, one of those fine souls op-pressed by the burden of the world. He wove plans for the benefit of other boys and girls, and on his deathbed he begged his parents to carry them out. He died in 1884 at sixteen, leaving his father and mother crushed by a loss whose magnitude almost unsettled their minds. The world was a blank to them; wealth had lost its savor, and they had no thought but to devote themselves and their fortune to the realization of their boy's wishes and to the immortalization of his name. They canonized his memory, and when the Rev. Dr. Newman in his funeral sermon compared the dead boy to Christ among the doctors, the parallel which scandalized reverent strangers seemed to the bereaved parents

only a just appreciation of his merits. THE MEMORIAL UNIVERSITY.

The next year the Leland Stanford, Jr., University was born. Its queer name was a touching reminder of its real founder. In its museum, as in a shrine, were displayed incongruous little things that made casual substantial endowment was deeded to it at the start, but for the bulk of its support it depended upon the continued generosity though it had been understood that his fortune would ultimately go to the uniworked out their ideas together, their de-sires were one, and Stanford knew that could be so thoroughly assured as by leavtions had been purely ornamental. As

would be no other governing body. years the corporation, under the guidance the payment of that debt. While this contest was going on, it occurred to the govlected for the test case was the particular one that had been devoted to public pur poses. A suit for \$15,000,000 was brought against the Stanford estate, the whole property was tied up in the courts, and Mrs. Stanford was left to bear the entire expense of defending an action in which Hunting-

in interest. The court allowed Mrs. Stanford \$10,000 a month for her personal expenses. She told President Jordan that she could live on \$100 a month, as she had done before, and that the university could have all the rest. She shut up her great houses, discharged most of her servants, and lived in one wing of her Palo Alto home. The professors were asked to wait for part of their salaries and did so. They were still getting more than the woman who furnished their money. The university scraped along. Mrs. Stanford sold some personal effects of her own to meet its deficit, and works of art. At last the suit was decided in her favor and times became

easier. A FORTUNE RENOUNCED.

Through all this period of stress and pinching economy it was necessary for the university to lay aside thousands of dollars a year to pay taxes levied on it by the State. Eventually its friends succeeded in securing the adoption of a constitutional amendment exempting it from this burden. In 1901 Mrs. Stanford formally transferred to the university almost all the property still remaining in her hands. This included interest-bearing bonds and stocks valued at \$18,000,000, a hundred thousand acres of land, worth \$12,000.000, and the Stanford residences in San Francisco and Palo Alto. Mrs. Stanford retained only a comparatively small income for life.

Thus one of the richest women in the world voluntarily reduced herself to the position of a person of modest means. But in doing so she won a distinction all her own. There are plenty of rich women, but there is none, nor any man either, who has deliberately given to others a fortune comparable with that sacrificed by Mrs. Stanford. Of course, Mrs. Stanford's peculiar rela-

tions to the university furnished material for criticism. Cherishing it next her heart, as she did, she could not be indifferent to its management. Notwithstanding her confidence in President David Starr Jordan, who ordinarily exercised the powers of a dictator, she could not occasionally help interfering. The idea of a great university "run" by a woman, and not a highly educated woman at that, was naturally distasteful to the scholastic mind. The Ross case, in which a professor was removed because his views on economic subjects were regarded as a reflection upon the methods by which Senator Stanford had gained his fortune, angered the friends of "academic freedom." But these appears freedom." But these annoyances were only temporary. While the critics were complaining, Mrs. Stanford was laying deep and firm the foundations of the most amply endowed university in America, and she was giving it, along with her wealth, the inspiring memory of a selfsacrificing devotion and a warmth of perpublic institutions in general offers parallel .- Colliers.

-Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

Burbank and His Work. Carnegie Institute's Gift Will Benefit Science

In scientific circles much interest at

taches to the splendid gift made by the Carnegie Institute to Luther Burbank, the noted horticulturist, to enable him to

continue his work.

Prot. Wm. A. Setchell, head of the department of botany of the University of California, has made no intimate study of the work done by Luther Burbank, but he has followed his experiments enough to realize their tremendous bearing on the science of botany and the still broader field of biology. He has particularly in terested himself in the experiments of Hugo de Vries, the famous Dutch scientist, whose work has been along the same lines as that of Burbank. During his recent European trip Professor Setchell studied the work of De Vries at Amsterdam, and was able to grasp the nature of the problems which he was attacking. Professor Setchell has the following to say concerning the recent donation given Burbank by the

Carnegie Institute: "Luther Burbank has shown himself to be a wonderfully successful practical plant breeder-one man out of thousands. the botanist his methods are of intense interest because they offer some data toward solving the baffling problem of how ancestral traits can be combined and changed—really transmuted — into new traits. The work he is doing has a bearing more particularly on the problem of heredity rather than on the wider problem of evolution. Burbank's results can give invaluable suggestions for future work along similar lines, and they can give suggestions of the principles that underlied such notable botanical work at that of Prof. Hugo de Vries.

NOTHING SHORT OF MARVELOUS.

"Burbank's results are nothing short of marvelous, but, after all, they are valuable principally because of their suggestiveness. He possesses extraordinary skill in detecting points in breeding and their value. His peculiar genius is his insight. debt. He is able to select out of thousands of seedings, all apparently alike, those which have the potentialities for breeding new varieties. This instinct is something odd little relics of the worshipped boy—his clothes, his intimate personal belongings—

at all. They are utterly unable to pice ont subtle differences in plants until they have reached a certain stage of maturity, his monument. Its welfare became the ab- but Burbank can note these fine oddities sorbing passion of the Stanfords' life. A in his plants and select those which will do the work he is after. His is a marvelously successful power of forecasting result. It is something which I doubt that he can teach or transmit. He sees something in a plant that others cannot see, and the correctness of this insight is demonstrated in his results. He seems to versity, the greater part of it was left un-reservedly to his widow. This marked no knowledge has not come through study; but throught experimentation and close

observation. "Now that Burbank has demonstrated this pronounced ability, he should go on The Carnegie Institute, by its generous donation, has made it possible for him to devote his entire time to the pursuit of these plant-breeding problems. these investigations are unprofitable from long as a Stanford remained alive there a commercial standpoint, although of extreme value from a scientific standpoint. The Central Pacific railroad owed the He can now follow out, untrammeled, cergovernment over \$60,000,000. For many tain lines of crossing that are at present yielding astonishing results. While these results are not necessarily of immediate value, they may ultimately prove of the greatest importance, for, by many exam-An apple tree is a favorite place. Both robins carry twigs, dead grass, strings, al-

DARING AND SUCCESSFUL CREATOR.

"Although science knows little about the details as yet, she knows that there are some general principles governing the production of new varieties. Darwin's idea was that species changed through a long series of modifications, each too small to be distinguished. De Vries, in a later date, has found that there are many specie that have arizen by sudden jumps. there is nothing inconsistent in these two theories, for the recent hypothesis is merely an extension of the other. Burbanl fits into the general scheme as a daring and successful creator. He stimulates plants to produce variations by leaps and bounds instead of by a steady and uniform in crease. As to the laws underlying his results, he is as much in the dark as the rest of the scientific world. Breeding is something of which we know very little theoretically. In plant breeding we have worked by rule of thumb, relying on such little experience as has been gathered Herein lies the true importance of Bur bank's experiments, for he will furnish abundant data in his investigations on which trained botanists and scientific thinkers can study in their search for the great governing principles at present un-

The Czar's Day of Jadgment.

That the welfare of millions should hang apon the will, whim and word of a single individual—and this individual walled away from all real knowledge of the people's condition and natural wishes—is an anarchronism of tragic proportions—ar anarchronism which leads to deplorable as sassination on the one side, and on the other to such hideous massacres of the confiding innocent as took place in St. Peters-burg on Sunday, the 22nd of January, 1905. In all the history of man no more pregnant opportunity was ever offered to a sovereign than that offered to the Czar Nicholas when his people came to him, not with swords and guns, but bearing a

petition, carrying the sacred icons, and pictures of the Czar, and following a cross. The humblest Turk is protected in pre-senting a petition to his Sultan; but the White Czar, the beloved Little Father, allows his petitioning subjects to be slaughtered like mad does! The psychologist and the philosopher can find a score of explanations of the con-

duct of the troubled, perplexed and wrongly advised Czar on that day of judgment for him and for the exploded system of government which he represents. Yet it remains true that, strive as he may to undo the awful effects of his action on that 22nd of January, the doom of the Russian oligarchy was sealed. Through whatever slow or rapid processes, by means of what-ever wise concessions or hysterical convulsions, Russia from now on will advance painfully, perhaps with pitiful reactions, toward some modern and rational form of government. The new government may or may not retain imperial forms, as in The danger is that the blind, Japan. The danger is that the blind, brutal, stupid measures of repression, the grinding system of imperial uniformity, may so inflame the people that fearful reprisals and chimerical schemes of reform will take the place of wise and orderly measures, and that the "man on horseback" may, for a time, stand in the path of progress. - From an Editorial in the April April Court Trial List

Jacob Test vs Geo. R. Mock, Adm's.

J. H. Weber vs Geo Gentzel, appeal. Thos, E. Rickets & Son vs T M. Mey-

ers, appeal.

Arthur C. Norris vs Henry Swank, appeal. L. W. Kimport vs Linden Hall Lum-

ber Co., appeal. Morris Frank vs John G. Platt, appeal. John Harper vs " " Peter Stout, vs " Hugh Best vs " Charles Stover " "

Isaac Brown " " " Frank Stover " " " " SECOND WEEK. Peter Smith ys Mary Slacks, Adm's.,

appeal. Nellie Zeigler vs Barney Mendleman, slander.

Mary J. Gates, et al, vs Minnie G. Rowan, ejectment. Mary J. Gates, et al, vs Daniel Mey

College Hardware Co., vs T. D. Boal, ssumpsit. B. F. Harris vs Huston Twp, assumpsit.

David Moore vs Nora Moore, divorce.

Mary A. Davidson, et al, vs Orvis Peters, assumpsit. Emma Swartz vs Annie K. Riddle,

ssumpsit. Dr. D. G. Woods vs B. F. Harris, as-

Wilson Boutz vs B. F. Harris, assumpsit. Jonathan Harter vs A. F. Harter, Jonathan Harter, vs A. F. Harter,

Osceo'a Lumber Co., vs Mary Barrett F. Hirsch vs Rush Twp., debt.

Christian Reese vs Henry & William Woomer, ejectment. Jas. C. Gilliland vs J. H. Ross. et al trespass. 3RD WEEK SPECIAL TERM.

Jane Herron, et al, vs C. C. Loose, et The Farmer's Nursery Co., ys H H Harshberger, appeal. Chas. F Schad. vs Milesburg Boro.

trespass Wm. E. Shope's Adm'rs. vs Jas. N. Shope, ejectment. Cyrus Brungart vs Mary Thomas, et

Clyde E Shuey vs Bellefonte Furnace trespass. Martin Daley, Sr., vs German Ameri-

can Insurance Co., assumpsit. Geo. T. Brew, vs W H Marcy, et al, respas E. S. Bennitt vs Frank McCoy, as-

N H Yearick vs McNitt Bros. & Co., trespass. Wm. D Rider vs Bellefonte Window Glass Co., assumpsit. Chas. Guisewhite, vs Bellefonte Win-

dow Glass Co. assumpsit. J. D. Hunter Adm'rs. vs Bellefonte Window Glass Co., assumpsit. Wm. G Frant vs Rush Twp., appeal. H. B. Wright vs Joseph Diehl,

Thompson, assumpsit. Wilson G Frant vs Robt. Kelly, ap-Com. of Pa., vs Ellen E. Bower et al,

assumpsit. Com. of Pa vs Ellen E. Bower et al assumpsit

W. H. Williams, Admrs. vs Ellen E. Bower, assumpsit. (hristian Dale, Exe'rs. vs Clement Dale, assumpsit.

W. Harrison Walker, guard, vs Ellen E Bower, et al, assumpsit. A. Blanche Hoy's, vs Clement Dale assumpsit.

Trend of American Forestry.

One of the most vital of modern problems concerns itself with forests and waters. with the maintenance of our forests as sources of revenue and protectors of vast irrigation systems, and more especially with the duties of the National government toward American forestry. Fifteen years ago there was little interest felt in the subject, excepting among a few scientists and the workers of the Division of Forestry, who seemed to be entirely out of tou with the practical side of the problem. We

had no foresters, no forest schools, no pub-lic leaders developing a new forest system,

no young men full of strenuous and trained

enthusiasm making themselves indispensable, because of their knowledge, to great railroad and lumbering interests. Now all this has changed, and so swiftly that while the stupid are still plodding along with academic discussions about European forests, and appeals to "preserve all the forests" (as if they should be bot-tled up in formalin!) the vast interests whose life depends on a continual supply of all the forest products have really oriented themselves along a new axis; they have faced the rising sun of American forestry. One brave, unselfish, and single-hearted man, Gifford Pinchot, has mainly done this; has come up year after year, step by step, with splendid and lovable persistence, uniting all the fighting elements to use American forests intelligently, appealing to enlightened selfishness, writing admirable books, delivering trenchant addresses, ef-

feetively organizing forest work in State

after State, developing a moribund Division of Forestry into a Bureau whose activities

now reach into every part of America, and

are modifying forestry principles in other countries also.

And now he and all the American foresters stand at the turning of the tides. Hitherto they have had no actual power to shape and to develop forestry here. They have had the priceless knowledge—but no forests. The National Parks and Reserves, some sixty in number, some 80,000,000 acres in area, have been wholly controlled by the ancient and honorable Land Office of the Department of the Interior. A few rangers patrol these wide areas, a little lumber has been sold, and much has been given to settlers. But there has not been nor can there be any true and systematic forestry or any intelligent utilization of the forestal resources of these Reserves until the Bureau of Forestry receives absolute control of them. This change has been supported by

irrigation conventions, lumbermen's asso-ciations, and all sorts of public hodies, and at last has been sanctioned by Congress.