

THE PATH OF LIFE.

There is many a rest on the path of life, If we would only stop to take it, And many a tear from the bitter land, And a generous heart would make it.

A SELF-MADE COURTESHIP.

Even the bright beauty of the June morning failed to have its effect on Mignonette as she stood on the doorstep of the low little farm house.

Mignonette's mother was a French woman, who had left her beloved Quebec to marry a New England farmer.

As she made her purchases at the store to-day she kept her eyes downcast, and a delicate color wavered in her cheeks.

Here, Mignonette thought despairingly, was the young man, son of the postmaster, and soon, it was said, to succeed him, who always distinguished himself.

She thought all the week of that evening at the gate, her darling, wicked act which had brought him there, and of how she would never do such a sinful thing again.

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daughter should repair it by giving up her life to the good God. After all, women were happier so. She herself had suffered in the loss of her husband as she would never have done in the quiet life of the convent, where human love was put out of sight.

Mignonette, as she tripped along the dusty road, had very absorbing thoughts of other things, chief of which was the humbling of that young man who had dared to think she had no friends.

What if he should yet find out what she had done to deceive him? For it had been deceitful; she realized this acutely as soon as her object was accomplished.

Presently she made out a moving figure coming toward her down the road. Watching intently, suddenly she stood rooted to the spot, and her hands began to beat violently.

And he held out her letter, her guilty letter, with a pleasant smile. Mignonette blushed to the roots of her yellow hair as she took it, and then, as the young man did not move, staid hesitating with it in her hand.

He, watching her, put out a hand to the bush inside the gate. "Lilies! My, how I like 'em. We don't have 'em at home, though."

"You can have all you want. We don't use 'em all, and they just fade on the bushes after a while. I've often wished to give some to somebody." Then, as she held them out to him, she added shyly:

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She was busy in the house, when her heart stood suddenly still at the sound of a man's voice outside, talking to her mother. Not his; she knew that in a moment, but still, what did any man want there? Then she heard her mother's voice.

"A letter for my daughter? You must be wrong." "N'ma'am," returned the other. "My son brings 'em often." Then, as Mignonette's frightened face came in sight, he added: "Here she is herself. My son Tom went into the city on business Saturday, and he must have missed his train; so I thought I'd bring it myself."

Mignonette, pale and trembling, stood speechless before the curious eyes of the old man, and her mother's, angry and sorrowful. She could not confess what she had done.

Her mother spoke again. "Mignonette, you have disgraced me. You have set the whole village talking, writing to some strange man who laughs at you in secret. Tell me the truth. Who wrote you those letters?"

She held out her hand for the unopened letter, but her daughter, with a cry of anguish snatched it before her. The mother, with the quickly-aroused passion of the French woman, seized her by the shoulder and shook her roughly.

"Come, come, Mrs. Foster. Young folks ain't old folks, and he's a good match for any girl, though I say it. Don't make it any worse for them. Ask the girl what she thinks."

"Take her," she said. "The mothers are forgotten when this time comes; and the good God will not as I planned. No, child," she added, as Mignonette clung to her with a sob; "you but tread in the steps of your mother, and I was wrong to expect aught else."

Later, when they were alone, the girl turned to her lover reproachfully. "Why did you say it—that you wrote those letters? It was wrong, and useless."

"But," he said, "I did write them." She looked at him. There was nothing in them. They were blank. "You laughed confusedly."

Why the Yellow Fever Spreads.

Americans took considerable credit to themselves for banishing yellow fever from Havana after it had raged there unopposed for 200 years. We are taking steps to banish it from Panama when we are disturbed and alarmed by a fire in the rear.

Yellow fever used to visit Northern cities occasionally with direful consequences. Once it even got as far north as Quebec. Improved sanitation, probably, far more than quarantine regulations has kept it out of Northern cities for many years.

Apparently cleanliness is not enough if the conditions favor the breeding and multiplication of the yellow fever mosquito, the stegomyia fasciata. New Orleans is surrounded by swamps impossible to drain and prolific in mosquito propagation.

It is because New Orleans is one of the few cities where the above-ground open cistern still prevails, and possibly the only one where these cisterns are not screened, that it is in the greatest danger from yellow fever when it is introduced.

Open cisterns in the climate of New Orleans would in the nature of things breed mosquitoes by the millions. For their own comfort we should suppose its people would make an effort to cut off this source of mosquitoes.

The national government has become interested in Mr. Shearer's methods. He says: "I raise in a season from 5,000 to 7,000 heads of lettuce, 30,000 to 50,000 small onions for bunching, 1,500 bunches of red beets and 400 stalks of asparagus."

These are all marketed in time to raise a second crop consisting of 5,000 heads of endive, 5,000 heads of lettuce, 800 stalks of tomatoes, 1,500 bunches of red beets and 10,000 to 20,000 stalks of celery.

Experiments to determine accurately the character and effects of the poison of the tarantula have been carried on for the last few weeks in the University hospital by the widower, Dr. Stout, assistant demonstrator in pathology in the medical school.

Senator Depew was condemning an elderly millionaire, who, having lost a lawsuit, had declared heatedly that the courts were unjust and the entire Government rotten to the core, says the Buffalo Enquirer.

"He is not taking his defeat very gracefully, is he?" said the Senator. "He is like the old bachelor whom the widow refused."

"There was an old bachelor who, after a brief courtship, proposed to a widow. On the wedding day which was suffering with chorea and was subjected to the bite of the tarantula was temporarily so much benefited that Dr. Stout believes it may be eventually found that the tarantula's 'poison' is an antidote for certain diseases affecting the nervous system."

"I can never," she said, "be more than a sister to you." "The bachelor dropped her hand in a huff."

"Ab, madam, indeed you can," he murmured in a strange voice. "No, I cannot, said she. "But you have daughters," said the bachelor. "You may yet be my mother-in-law."

Little Sister—"Oh, mamma, I've got a canker on my toe." "That isn't a canker. A canker is what they throw overboard on a ship to make the ship still. What you've got is a pimple!"

Roping A Camel.

It is known that for many years a herd of camels has been roaming the desert of Arizona. Several ineffectual efforts have been made to capture them and an exhibition is now being planned with the purpose of making prisoners of the hump-backed rangers.

"Then followed such a race as I never before witnessed. The camel didn't seem to be running, but I'll be blamed if it did not carry my pony along at what seemed to me the speed of a locomotive. My pony sat down on his haunches for a short distance, but the dragging effects were too disagreeable and he managed to get up, and the way that camel made him run was marvelous. The pony simply had to run or be dragged to death. The rope was looped around the pomel of my saddle and was drawn so tight that it was impossible for me to loosen it. I felt in my pockets for my knife to cut the rope, but it wasn't there."

"There was only one thing for me to do, and that was to get off that cow pony and leave him to his fate. It seemed to me that he was being pulled along by that camel at the rate of a mile a minute when I dropped off into the sand. The fall shook me up considerably, but I was thankful to get out of it alive. I sat up and watched the camel and pony disappear in the far distance. I looked back and saw my three cowboys coming out toward me. None of the other camels were in sight. We rode back to the ranch without any camels, and I have never had any desire to domesticate those desert animals since then."

Oliver R. Shearer, residing just beyond the outskirts of Reading, has done more on 2 1/2 acres of ground than any other farmer in the country. He supports his family and has an income of \$1,200 from its products.

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Mr. Wilson—"Stick a knife into the middle of it, and if the knife comes out clean the pudding is ready to send to the table."

Committee Wants Correct Names of Centre County Soldiers.

In order to secure absolute accuracy in the names and spelling thereof on our soldiers' monument, we will publish from time to time the lists of certain companies so as to enable those who are interested to suggest changes in initials or spelling, and also to suggest the names of any persons who may have been omitted from the rolls.

It is also very important that the names of soldiers who enlisted in organizations outside of the county or State should be secured, in order that they may find their place among the nation's defenders upon the monument. This is perhaps the most important thing which the Committee has in charge, the organizations from our own county being already well known. If, therefore, any person, in or out of the county, has knowledge of a citizen of Centre county who enlisted in organizations outside of the county and State, it is especially important that their names should be ascertained, so that they may find a place among those who enlisted at home.

Any communication in regard to these names addressed to Gen. John I. Curtin or William H. Musser, Bellefonte, will receive prompt attention.

FIELD STAFF JOHN H. STOVER, COL. SIDNEY L. MUFFLY 12TH LT. AND ADM. COMBAYN E. LEHR P. V. V.

Francis Jones, Sgt. Thomas Shaffer, John R. Tate, Isaac Reynolds, Samuel Ribold, William C. McCauley, William H. Shank, George W. Strarver Corp., Daniel Jones, Frederick Smith, James Harkins, Stanley Watson, Alexander Burt, John A. Close, Stephen Cannon.

Privates: Wm. H. Albright, Isaac Henry, Joshua Armstrong, John Henry, John C. Baker, Lewis Henry, William Berger, Alexander Loder, Samuel Barrett, William Lucas, George Beamer, Fredrick Beamer, Fredrick Beamer, John H. Bennett, Elias Markley, John Bottom, Christian Mull, William C. Bridge, John E. Murty, Henry Carpenter, Theodore F. Musser, Henry Curver, James Park, David Robinson, William H. Fetzer, H. C. Pennington, Lafayette Fick, Isaac Fowers, Joshua Folk, Joseph Ehlers, Michael Freal, David Rhine, Mallock Fry, John Riden, Nicholas Gay, Daniel Roar, David Gingery, Sampson Roar, Henry Groddie, William Robinson, John Haines, William Robinson, John Halderman, Simon P. Roush, David Henderson, William Moore, John Sennett, George Walker, John Shaffer, George Watson, Michael G. Shank, Salomon Taylor, Daniel C. Spitzer, Thomas Watson, William E. Stauffer, Walker C. Welch, Jacob Steel, John B. Stine, John E. Witmer, Lewis Stingle, James L. Worley, David Stinesford, Fish Co. Co., Thomas Turner, Jacob H. Wolf, John H. Young.

Privates: Samuel L. Foust, John Sticker, Samuel Gault, Jr., Samuel Shirk, John Benniger, Joseph L. Thomas, John C. Stover, P. V. V.

Privates: William F. Palmer, Captain, John Barry, 2nd Lieut., John Barber, 1st Lieut., John Barber, John H. Stover, William S. Shires, John C. Fisher, John C. Fisher, Andrew H. Foust Corp., Richard Newman, Potter F. Foust, Robert E. Foust, Thomas T. Palmer, Mac.

Privates: David Bares, Israel Osman, Samuel E. Campbell, George Rockey, Lot R. Evans, Solomon B. Raymond, John Karstetter, Washington Shaffer, Edward J. McCloskey, John H. Stover, John H. McCormick, William H. Loner, John Oberdorfer, John Oberdorfer, John Wilkinson.

Names of men who belong to Centre Co., Pa., and were members of U. S. Infantry: William S. Bard, Co. C, Wm. W. Williams, Co. C, William Hesse, Co. C, John H. Bryan, Co. C, Hugh W. Riden, Co. C.

Companies F and G, 6th U. S. Colored Reg't Privates: William Derry, Benjamin Lee, William Green, Lewis Mills, Alexander Delige, John C. Whitten, Hartscock Delige, John Whitten, Washington Johnston, Aaron C. Worley, Moses Johnston, James Taylor.

Notice: The soldiers or their friends will please report to Committee the names of any who have been missed in the above list; also any that were in the one year Reg't. 300 and up. It is necessary to have all names and corrections in as soon as possible to close up the matter and make a correct list.

A Bit of Domestic Science. The fact that table knives gradually lose their hardness if they are habitually washed in hot water suggests that the transfer of carbon from the hardening to the cement state may occur at very low temperature.

Pretty Sure of That. "He's bought quite a lot of that stock, I believe. Do you think he'll realize anything from that deal?" "I think he'll realize what a chump he was."

Hardly! Fargoun—"I asked your daughter to marry me, and she just laughed at me!" Mr. Billyuns—"Well, did you want her to go into hysterics?" "Why do you sell watered milk?" asked the dry goods dealer. "For the same reason you sell watered silk," answered the milkman. "I need the money."

Every woman is of the private opinion that the only reason her husband has never bought a white shirt is that no pretty woman ever tried to sell him one.

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