Bellefonte, Pr., Aug. 4, 1905.

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 tone from the bitter land, If the querulous heart would make it. To the soul that is full of hope,

And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth, The grass is green and the flowers are bright Though the winter storm prevaileth.

Better hope when the clouds hang low, And to keep the eyes still lifted, For the sweet blue sky will through

When the ominous clouds are rifted, There ne'er was a night without a day, Or an evening without morning. And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes, Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life, Which we pass in idle pleasure, That is richer far than the jeweled crown Or the miser's hoard of treasure. It may be the love of a little child, Or a mother's prayer to heaven, Or only a beggar's grateful thanks For a cup of water given.

Better to weaver in the web of life A bright and golden filling. And to God's will bow with a ready heart, And hands that are swift and willing, Than to snap the delicate innate thread Of our curious lives asunder, And then blame heaven for the tangled ends And sit and grieve and wonder.

A SELF-MADE COURTSHIP.

Even the bright beauty of the June morning failed to have its effect on Mignonette as she stood on the doorstep of low little farm house. The tops of the lilac-bushes by the gate were fast changing each day from crimson to pale purple; squadrons of white clouds sailed across the blue deeps of the sky; the grass, green and short, was starred with yellow dandelions; but to-day the girl did not notice them, for this was Saturday, the day of all the week that she most dreaded. As she lingered at the door she heard her mother's voice, impatient yet

"Mignonette, are you still there? Hurry child, and don't forget to call at the postoffice for letters."

The girl hurried down the path which led from the whitewashed house to the white-washed gate, her cheeks flushing at her mother's reminder, for of all the hateful weekly trip into the village she hated that The postoffice was always full part most. of people who stared at her curiously, and who hardly waited for her to go before they began discussing her.

Mignonette's mother was a French woman, who had left her beloved Quebec to marry a New England farmer. Her new neighbors had pronounced her odd and "furiu"; she made no friends among them, and since her husband's death had drawn more and more apart, until, living in complete isolation, she had learned to manage her tiny farm alone and unaided. The girl had grown up with no other com panion than her mother, timid and shy as a wood pigeon. She hated the weekly walk into the little village, and always hurried through her errands, feeling strange and shy among the strange faces which she never knew any better.

As she made her purchases at the store to-day she kent her ever downesst and a delicate color wavered in her cheeks, which deepened to a glow as she turned to pass into the adjoining postoffice. This was tiny shed which the storekeeper had added when he attained the dignity of postmaster, and it was the favorite lounging place of all the village.

Here, Mignonette thought despairingly,

was the young man, son of the postmaster and soon, it was said, to succeed him, who always distributed the mail. He stared at her, too, like the others; but no, not like them-differently-almost as if he pitied

He turned now hurriedly as he saw her enter, leaving a red-cheeked country girl; and in answer to her timid question handed her a newspaper addressed to her mother.

"Sorry, Miss Foster; that's all," he said with awkward kindliness; "wish I had an interestin' letter for yourself instead."

"Like to keep all the pretty girls sup-

plied, wouldn't ye, Tom ?" said an old farmer standing near; "even if ye had to write 'em yerself." And the old rogue chuckled over his own wit, with a wink at

his nearest neignbor.

Mignonette flushed deeper than ever at the old man's words, and seizing the paper with a murmured "thank you," burried through the doorway into the open air in an agony of shame and humiliation. Young and inexperienced, her quick imagination saw depths of meaning in their remarks that would have amazed the speakers. The young man pitied her because she got no letters as other girls did; and the old one had suggested that he should console her by writing her one himself.

Wounded to the depths of her timid and sensitive soul, she spent the next week devising all sorts of schemes to redeem her pride in the young man's eyes, and at last, with many fears, settled upon a plan. She would take an envelope, fill it with a blank sheet of paper to look like a letter, and address it to herself. No one need know where it came from; she, poor child, knowing nothing of postmarks, or the close scrutiny of a country postoffice.

The next Saturday she bought a little paper and some stamps, giving the young man, as she did so, a defiant look from her brown eyes, effectually upsetting a half-formed plan he had for opening a pleasant interchange of talk—the preliminary, he had hoped, of a further acquaintance. Then she burried home, feeling that she had taken the first steps toward righting

She waited until she had finished her work, never very hard, for her mother as her mother had gone out into the garden to weed in the cool evening light, she flew to get the pen and ink. With a thrilling sense of haste, which did not prevent her writing her best, not to disgrace the imaginary correspondent, she addressed the envelope to herself.

Often theorem.

Often through the week she peeped at the envelope guiltily, and on Saturday morning her mother looked at her flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes, thinking with a half pang that Mignonette was getting too pretty to send alone into the village, where there were always idle people to put non-sense into a young girl's mind. And she meant her Mignonette should be a nun, like the good religious woman who had taught her in her youth, and whom she herself had almost joined. She always felt an uneasy went at sense of guilt over her own failure, and her energy.

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. And Mignonette? Well, Mignonette "A letter for my daughter was always willing. The child had no

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. She hated the thought of him; perhaps that was why she could not forget him, dwelling on the recollection of his laughing eyes and sunburnt face, with its thatch of rough

She went to the postoffice first, instead of leaving it till the last as she had always done. She was rewarded, for her enemy was absent; and she waited till his old father went into the shop to serve a customer, and then she slipped into the letter box the envelope addressed to herself. Her cheeks burned consciously as she did her mother's errands; and not until she was well on the road home did she feel safe

from discovery.
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. She had committed a sin, all for the sake of saving her foolish pride in the eyes of a strange young man, who no doubt despised her.
Or if he did not now he would when he
knew how sly she could be. She worried all the afternoon over her act, in its various aspects; worried all the more acutely be-cause she had accomplished her end, and secretly knew that she would do it over

She washed the dishes, almost uncon-scious of what she was doing; and then wandered out to the garden after her mother, who always worked there until it was too dark to tell the weeds from the plants. Then she would go to bed, using every minute of darkness in her wise economy to store up more strength for the daylight

But Mignonette could not talk, nor bear the longer silences in which she could almost hear her own hurried thoughts; and she wandered down to the gateway at last and gazed up the road in the coming dusk. metimes people passed late on Saturday

Presently she made out a moving figure coming toward her down the road. Watching it idly, suddenly she stood rooted to the spot, and her heart began to beat vio-lently, for she thought she recognized the rapidly approaching figure. Was it—yes, it was the young man at the postoffice.

Then he had found her out, and had come

to accuse her. Mignonette did not stir until he came up, then she started away, but stopped when he spoke.
"Good-evenin', Miss Foster. There was

a letter came for you after you left this mornin', and I thought it a pity to let it wait a week, knowin' you only came on Saturdays; so I fetched it out to you my-

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, stood hesitating with it in her hand. He, watching her, put out a hand to the bush inside the gate.

"Lilacs! My, how I like 'em. don't have 'em at home, though.''
This artful conduct had the desired effect. Mignonette unfroze at once over the not able to get them. With an impetuous movement she began to gather some of the

fragrant spikes. "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:
"Smell nice, don't they?"
He buried his sunburnt face in the cool ssoms, and as he took them reluctantly their fingers met over the thick stem Mignonette withdrew hers hastily, thrilled with the contact. He looked at her again; then, seeing her shy embarrassment, said 'Well, I'll say good-night, and thank you for the flowers.

"Good-night," said Mignonette softly 'and thank you for bringing the letter. She heard her mother calling her, but went past swiftly to her little room, taking with her the first secret ever kept from that loving scrutiny.

She thought all the week of that evening at the gate, of her daring, wicked act which had brought him there, and of how she would never do such a sinful thing again.
But as the days slipped by she felt a strange
sinking at her heart. She would not get a
letter this Saturday evening—and the lilacs had begun to fade. Each evening she went down and looked at them, beginning to be tipped with brown, with a wistful smile, and hesitated. Then, on Friday night, she left her place by the lilac bushes and hurried into the house. By the fading light she got out her mother's pen and ink and

addressed another letter to berself. She bravely mailed her letter this time, and her heart did not beat nearly so fast, so accustomed do we grow to our hardiest acts. And when, in the summer twilight, he brought her letter back to her, they did not notice the lilacs of which he was so fond, at all.

Once begun, Mignonette's correspond-ence with herself became a settled thing, and the little heap of unopened envelopes grew steadily larger in the corner where she kept them. She could not bear to destroy them; she loved the senseless paper so that she even kissed each one as she laid

it upon the last. But one evening when the harvest moon was full, and the perfume of her namesake flower filled the air with fragrance; when the bright day faded into the bright night with hardly any change, he did not come. Mignonette waited long at the gate, her heart sinking with fear, vague and undefined. What could keep him?

A dozen times she thought she heard his footsteps; once she thought him so near that she drew back into the shadow of the like brokes determined to punish him.

the torture of this new sorrow, like ing she had ever known before. Alas, was this what her mother meant when she told her that women were happier alone, and that men brought more suffering than joy into most women's lives? Poor little Mignonette, as she moved her yellow head restlessly on her tear-wet pillow felt that her punishment had surely overtaken her. Next day she looked so ill that her moth-

er let her do no work, but on Monday she went about her tasks again with a feverish

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

"A letter for my daughter? You must be wrong." "No, 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." And he held her self-addressed letter out to her. But her mother interposed.

"Stop." Her voice was cold and hard. 'Who has been writing letters to you, child ?"

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

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. Mignonette felt her world falling away

from her before these awful new experiences. Then another voice, one she knew too well, struck on her ears.

"Wait a minute, Mrs. Foster. I heard what you were saying. Nobody knows anything about it. I wrote those letters to Mignonette, and brought every one to her myself." And he stood facing the angry mother

and his still more surprised father.
"You wrote them! and what for, may I ask? Why were you writing letters to my daughter ?"

The young man flushed. "To tell her that I loved her. There wasn't any other way. You kept her too close." He took a step nearer to Mignonette.

"And now I've been up to the city to see about getting the postoffice in father's place; and I've got it, and I've come to sk her to marry me." Mrs. Foster with an angry gesture turned away; but his father, beginning to re-cover from his own surprise at the turn

'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 too hard for them. Ask the girl what she thinks."

Her mother stood silent for a moment,

then turned quickly to Mignonette. 'Say, my child, do you care for this young man?"
The girl, flushing and paling, cast her eyes down; then threw herself into her nother's arms with a half-articulate cry. Her mother held her for a moment, then turned to the young man with a quiet dignity. "Take her," she said. "The mothers

are forgotten when this time comes; and the good God wills 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."

"You wrote them! There was nothing in them. They were blank."

He laughed confusedly. "Then you didn't open them. I half thought you didn't. Why, it happened this way. The first one you mailed was this way. The first one you mailed was open, and I was a bit curious, and a bit jealous, and I don't know what, and I looked inside and found the blank sheet. That puzzled me; and I studied about it until I thought I guessed. Then I dared to write a little bit to you inside the next one, and always after that I put a letter in myself. But I sort of suspected that you never opened any of them. But we didn't need 'em. did we. sweetheart?"

So Mignonette found them, all her love etters, unopened; and only to be opened when they were needed no more.
"And after all," sighed the little French voman, as she watched the two figures by the gate, "the good God knows best. And if He meant her for a wife and mother I

could not make her anything else. And maybe, in the end, all the sorrow and suffering, with love, is better than a long and peaceful life without it."—The Love Story of a Simple Country Girl: By Lucy M Thornton, in the Ladies' Home Journal.

The Lightning Rod.

Many boys and girls have wondered, no doubt, why a lightning rod is always pointed, instead of having a blunt end, and also why the point is made of metal that

The object of a lightning rod is to empty a cloud of its electricity noiselessly and harmlessly, and it must be pointed because a point offers no resistance to the discharge.
The degree of resistance is in proportion to
the surface of the object, and a point has
the least possible surface.

If the rod had a ball or a knob on the

top, the discharge would be violent. The difference is shown in discharging a battery, says the New York Mail. You will be surprised to hear, perhaps, that the full be surprised to hear, perhaps, that the full charge from a large battery may be passed harmlessly through your body if it be received through the point of a needle. The same charge, received through a ball-tipped discharger, would kill you instantly. Besides, a point attracts the lightning, and thus keeps it from attricing other parts.

and thus keeps it from striking other parts of the building. The point is made of metal that does not easily corrode because corrosion, or rust, increases the resistance, and a rusty point, therefore, might cause a vio-lent and destructive discharge.

If you have a lightning rod on your house

no doubt it has emptied many a cloud of its electricity without anybody's knowing anything about it.

Why He is an Optimist.

The Bishop of London is an optimist who always has a good word to say for every-body, even if the person under discussion may seem to have no admirable qualities says the Scottish American. One day, when he had been standing up for a particularly disreputable specimen of humanity, a friend said to him:

"How is it that you can always think of something pleasant to say about every-body under the sun ?"

The Bishop laughed.
"Well, you see," he said; "there is so much good in the worst of us, and so much bad in the best of us, that it does not become any of us to speak ill of the rest of

Why the Yellow Fever Spreads.

Americans took considerable credit to themselves for banishing yellow fever from Havana after it had rioted there unopposed for 200 years. We are taking steps to ish it from Panama when we are disturbed and alarmed by a fire in the rear. Are we to have another yellow fever epidemic in New Orleans? It has made a bad beginning with 165 cases since July 13th, and more than one-quarter as many deaths. Orleans is justly alarmed and the Gulf ports are enforcing a strict quarantine against

Yellow fever used to visit Northern cities ccasionally 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. New Orleans has recently improved its sanitation, purified its water supply, established a sew-erage system and made the city more modern and American than it ever was before. This kind of treatment has checked and even banished yellow fever in Northern cities. Will it be equally effective in the semi-tropical zone?

Apparently cleanliness is not enough if the conditions favor the breeding and multiplication of the yellow fever mosquito, the stegomia fasciata. New Orleans is surrounded by swamps impossible to drain and prolific in mosquito propagation. This fact has made it slow to accept the mosquito theory of yellow fever inoculation, and now the people think they have made a mis-take. The Mayor of the city has issued a

against the mosquito, the communicator of yellow fever, and prevent its breeding. The stegomia is a house mosquito.

proclamation advising everybody to screen

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 disterns are not screened that it is in the greatest danger from yellow fever when it is introduced. It is probable that we shall conclude to screen the cistern in future. All the work done in that direction now will decrease the extent of the fever and help the work of crushing it out. Every citizen should see to his own cistern. The Board of Health is organizing a corps of oilers, but it will take a long time to get around to all houses. If you wish to make your home safe against the vellow fever you can render it reasonably so by pouring a cup of coal oil once a wee in your cistern and wherever else there is

water. 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 mosquito supply, which must add to the annoyance of the people, even with yellow fever absent, more than all the suburban marshes. New Orleans is probably full of the stegomia, and the yellow fever imported from Central America gave them the opportunity to multiply and spread the disease An open cistern in the mosquito months would be a public nuisance anywhere. Multiply it by the thousands with a single case of vellow fever in the city and you have the exact conditions for an epidemic of that deadly disease. - Phila. Press.

Big Chicken Business.

The largest chickery in this section is the principal feature on a 350 acre farm in Woodward township, on the line of the Linden R. F. D. No. 3 says the Williams. port Sun. It is operated by Ned Piper, lames Lawson and James Gamble all of Williamsport under the firm name of the Williamsport Poultry company. The buildings, especially adapted for the hatching and rearing of chickens, occupy a slightly inclined hill side, facing the south, and consists of fifteen separate breeding pens and one building about 150 feet by 200 feet also divided into separate pens. A new building 20x300 feet is just being completed. This will give fifteen additional apart-ments. At one end of this is a building 32 feet square, to be used as the cooking The incubator cellar is 19x50 feet and 9 feet deep, all nicely cemented and clean as a new pin, with a testing room at one end. There are seven incubators, each with a capacity of 200 to 300 eggs. The company has now been in operation three months and they have 300 laying hens and 1,200 chicks. They have five varieties, viz: White Plymouth Rocks, Barred Plymouth Rocks, Black Minorcas, White Leghorns and Buff Orpington. The last is a comparatively new breed in this country, having lately been imported from England. It is claimed for them that they have the size of the Plymouth Rocks, with laying qualities somewhat better and meat much more delicate. The young men are not, however, devoting their entire time to chicken raising as they have about 50 head of O. I. C. and Berkshire pigs and a half dozen head of dairy shorthorn cows with a registered leader to the head, 15 months old and weighing 1,100 pounds. The weight of his sire is 2,400 pounds.

A Town Fenced in.

A few miles from Spangler, on what is known as Moss Creek, a branch of the Susquehanna river, near Nicktown, Cambria county, is located a coal town named Marstellar, after J. E. Marstellar, an official of the Pennsylvania Coal and Coak Company. The town consists of about 100 houses and has a population of 700. It is provided with a water system, an electric light service and everything usual in an up-to-date town except a licensed hotel.

Every foot of ground and every building is owned by the coal company, and the affairs of the village are conducted by it in a sort of feudal style. Such towns are not uncommon in the coal regions, Wehrum being another instance; but Marstellar enters a distinction priors among them all joys a distinction unique among them all in the fact that it has been surrounded by a high board fence, and provided with gates. It is said that in order to get in or out of the gates a pass from the officials in charge is necessary, unless the person ask-ing admissson is known.

This peculiar condition of affairs has attracted a good deal of attraction, and various surmises have been made as to the motive of the coal company in thus ex-cluding from the precincts of its town the general public. It is generally supposed to be a desire to keep all the trade in the place for the company store, and the desire to keep out labor agitators may have something to do with it.

At any rate, it is possible that in Mar-stellar, Cambria county, is the proud pos-sessor of the only "walled town" in Penn-

Mrs. Scrappington-"There are sermon in stones, you know, and—''
Mr.—''Yes; I think myself that our pastor preachers like a petrified man.'' 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. Of the success of the plan "Clem" Miller, a well-known ranchman of Gila City, has his doubts, based on his own experience. He says that four years ago he and his cowboys set out to round up a bunch of wild camels which he knew to be in the vicinity. He sent two of his men in one direction while he and a cowboy nam-

od Manuel rode in another. He says: "Manuel and I crept along a big pile of sand on our horses so carefully that we got within a few yards of three of the camels before we saw them or they saw us. They were standing in a nook in the sand dune. The surprise was mutual, but I recovered from the shock before the camels and let go my coil of rope with my old time speed and accuracy. The rope settled far d over the neck and chest of the animal before the rope became fully stretched. My cow pony settled back on its haunches, but to my surprise, the camel walked right off with him.

"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 tance, but the dragging effects were too disagreeable and he managed to get up, and the way that camel made him run was mar-The pony simply had to run or be dragged to death. The rope was looped around the pommel 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 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 drop-ped 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."

\$1,200 From a 2 I-2-Acre Farm.

Oliver R. Shearer, residing just beyond he outskirts of Reading, has done more on $2\frac{1}{2}$ acres of ground than any other farmer in the country. He supports his family and has an income of \$1,200 from its products. The national government has become in-terested 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 somatoes, 1,500 bunches of red beets and 10,000 to 20,000 stalks of celery.

"Economy of land is an important matter, and it is my constant study how to produce the most on the smallest space. onion patch, 20 by 30 feet, netted me \$40 for the year."

Tarantula Non-Poisonous ?

Experiments to determine accurately the character and effects of the poison of the tarantula have been carried on for the few weeks in the University hospital by Dr. Philip Samuel Stout, assistant demonstrator in pathology in the medical school. Dr. Stout has become so enthusiastic over the subject that he will allow a tarantula to bite him to study the effects.

Up to the present Dr. Stout has found no verification in his experiences of the popularly believed fatality of the tarantula bite. On the contrary, a dog 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.

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

"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. But the widow very politely and coldly declined his offer. " 'I can never,' she said, 'be more than

a sister to you.'
"The bachelor dropped her hand in a buff. " 'Ab, madam, indeed you can,' he mur-

mured in a strange voice.
"'No, I cannot, said she. "'But you have daughters,' said the achelor. 'You may yet be my mother-inlaw.' "

Keeps the Room Cool. Cool rooms are said to be assured by

the invention of a Brooklyn man. More-over, the cool air is rendered dry and pure

The plan, which has received experimental demonstration at a Brooklyn hotel, consists of the use of a solution of brine. The brine is carried through pipes around the room, being forced very much as heat is forced in winter, and the more intense the pressure the lower will become the temperature. The moisture is taken from the air, being congealed on the pipes from which it is then removed, and the humidity is thus destroyed.

Hard on Norah.

Scene: The Wilsons' dining-room. Norah, the slovenly cook, puts her head in at the door.

Norah-"Plaze, ma'm, will ye be afther tellin' me whin I'm to know whether th' puddin's baked or not?"

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

Mr. Wilson-"And, Norah; if it do come out clean, stick all the rest of the knives in the house into the pudding."

Little Sister-"Oh, mamma, I've got a canker on my toe!"

Big Brother-"That isn's a canker. A canker is what they throw overboard on a ship to make the ship still. What you've got is a popcorn!"

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. This is the last opportunity which will be given to our people and to the survivors or friends of deceased soldiers who served from Centre county to have these names ocrrected. The Committee, therefore, appeals very earnestly to all who are interested in

the subject to carefully scan all the names

o ascertain. 1st, whether any have been omitted; and 2nd, whether the names of those already contained in the rolls are properly spelled. 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 ames 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 ADJ. COMPANY E, 184TH P. V. V. COMPANY E, 184TH P. V. V.
Francis Jones
Thomas Shaffer
John R. Tate
Isaac Reynolds
Samuel Ribold
William C. McCauley
William H. Shank
George W. Strarver
Daniel Jones
Frederick Smith
James Harkins
Stanley Watson
Alexander Park
John A. Close
Stephen Cannon

Stephen Cannon PRIVATES. Isaac Henry
John Henry
John Henry
Lewis Henry
J. I. G. Kays
Alexander Loder
William Lucas
William N. McMullen
Elias Markley
Christian Mull
John E. Murphy
Theodore F. Musser
James Park
Salomon Penrose
H. C. Pennington
Isaac Powers Wm. H. Albright Joshua Armstrong John C. Baker William Barger William Barger George M. Barrett Samuel Beamer Frederick Beamer John H. Bennett John Bottorf William C. Bridge Henry Carpenter Henry Carpenter William M. Fetzer Lafayette Flick Joshua Folk

Isaac Powers
Joseph Rhine
David Rhine
John Rider
Daniel Roar Sampson Roar David Robinson William Robinson William Robinso Simon P. Roush William Seemore George Walker Georg Watson John V. tson Thomas Watson Walker C. Welch Asa H. Walters John E. Witmer James L. Worley

Lewis Stingle
Henry Swineford
Thomas Turner
John H. Young.

James L. Worl
Fisher C. Wolf
Jacob H. Wolf

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John Barber
John Palmer
William S. Shires
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Potter Tate

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David Baree Israel Osman
Samuel E. Campbell Jacob Rockey
Lot R. Evans Solomon B. Raymond
John Karstetter Washington Shaffer
Edward J. McCloskey William H. Stover
John H. McCormick William H. Loner
Henry C. Oberdorff James B. Watson
John C. Oberdorff John Wilkinson NAMES OF MEN WHO BELONG TO CENTRE CO., PA., AND WERE MEMBERS OF 18 U. S. INFAN-

TRY. William S. Burd, Co. C. Mark Williams, Co. F. William Hessic, Co. C. John H. Bryan, Co. C. Hugh W. Riddle, Co. C. COMPANIES F AND G. 6TH U. S. COLORED REG'T

PRIVATES. William Derry
William Green
Alexander Delige
Washingt'n Johnston Aaron C, Worley
Moses Johnston
Thomas Taylor Moses Johnston Thomas 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
Regt. 200 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 Domestie 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 temperatures.

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

faceob for Hardly!

Fargonn-"I asked your danghter 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 opin-ion that the only reason her husband has never bought a white elephant is that no pretty woman ever tried to sell him one.

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