

Bellefonte, Pa., May 3, 1907.

THE LONE HEART.

You are taking her down to the Orphan This little bit girl, you say; It is sweet she would look with her ha

a-curl, And a smile in those eyes of gray.

I mind the yard where the hearse drov

With the box, and her one last frend: So there's only the Orphan's Home for her? I've a bet, maybe I might spend.

It is all alone in this house am I, But you see the flowers on the lawn, And the tabby-cat on the porch asleep,

And bluebirds that sing at dawn. I would love to fashion a gown of red For a little bit girl like this; Would you put your arms round my neck

And give to me, dear, a kiss? Oh, 'it's warm in my heart is the feel I have

You've a look like a child I knew, To be sure her hair it was black, not light, And her eyes of the violet's blue. But there's something that stirs me a though

of her-Blue violets cover her breast-You shall hear the songs that I sang to her When I cuddled her down to rest

I will kiss a rose to your cheek of white I will find the curl in your hair; And you'll not go down to the Orphan

While I have a bit to share. - Youth's Companion.

THE EXPLORER'S.

In my early youth I had vacillated be tween so many trades and professions that I grew up jack of all. But, strictly speaking, I became a discontented graduate of the Physicians and Surgeons, and began to start. establish a practise in East Eighteenth street. Materially I prospered from the first, but mentally I was in a turmoil of other ambitions and desires. It was my tragedy to believe that I was a born forester, landscape-gardener, sailor or soldier, and had elected to live in a city, like a rat in a hole, and minister to the sick. The longer I practised, the more sharply did I usual with dilemmas, fate stepped in, or, rather, cast at my door William Dane, the Arctic navigator and explorer, overcome by

Even before he had come to his senses, took to the man, and was engulfed by his able. mane like the stone lion of Lucerne, imperturbable and vast; hard, smooth, colossal limbs; a chest like a bay window, and hands

ed me on the first page of the morning paper, which I had not had the inclination to read, two pictures-a ship and a man. While I continued to apply restoratives, Miss Ma gave me brief extracts from the article below the pictures, which was captioned :

"Captain Dane morally certain to find the North Pole."

"Was going to sail today," she said; "put it off because doctor gave out-fifteenth Arctic voyage-sixty years olddoesn't look forty, does he?' "Why did the doctor give out?"

asked. "Panic," said Miss Ma, and she went "Many answers to advertisements for doctor-applicants unsuitable on various scores-Captain Dane says he will sail without a doctor rather than with a narrow-chested one—says that nine-tenths of good Arctic work has been done by blonde

men with gray eyes."

Here Captain Dane himself in terrupted. his transition from insensibility to alert mental equipose being nearly iustantane-

"Damn the heat, anyway !" "I can't agree with you," said I, "since it has brought me so distinguished a patient. "I hope to be more so," said he; "will

you call me a cab? I won't risk the sun

"Please call a cab, Miss Ma." "What is your fee, sir ?" asked Captain

"Five dollars," said I, "but I would like to contribute that much to your voyage. We have been reading you up in the paper while you were coming to.' 'I won't prevent your contributing,"

said he, "if you want to; but five dollars is a great deal of money. Money is a devil-ish hard thing to collect." "By the way," I said, "the paper says that you have advertised for a doctor."

"I have," said he, "but the right one doesn't turn up." A general restlessness and dissatisfaction

with life, particularly at the advent of the hot months, impelled me to say : "Would "You are built right," he said; "you have light hair and gray eyes, and I see by

your diploma that you are a graduate of the P. and S.; but you aren't sure that you "How did you know that?" I asked.

"Because you didn't answer the advertisement. "I didn't see it."

"If you had been keen to go," said he, "you wouldn't have missed it." "Well," said I, "I wasn't keen to go, that's the truth. Bu "Why?" said he. But I am now."

"You've made me," I said; "you make me more so every time you speak. I'd like to serve under you." 'Doctor's billet," said he, "is the hard-

est of all. Even I can lie up if I fall sick, my doctors to die when they want to. Up there," he said, thumbing northward, "men go down on their knees and ask to be allowed to die. Some of them I have to let die, but never the doctor. Do you still want to go?'

" I said, stoutly. "Well," said he, "I'll drive around to headquarters, and if nobody better has showed up, I'll send for you."

on," I said, "I'm not so spirited as that. You can take me or leave me, but I won't dangle on any man's wait-

"That's better," said he, and his voice, hitherto very matter-of-fact, became abundantly hearty. "You'll do."

"When do we sail?" said I.

"The minute you're aboard." "Where's the ship?"
"Off Thirty-third street in the North River. I call her The Needle because she points toward the pole. Have you many

good-byes, much to arrange?"
"No," said I, "I'll turn my practise over
to the doctor across the ball, give Miss Ma
a month's wages; and that's about all." "Have you no relatives-no entangle-

"None of the first," said I, "that matter-and none of the last, not even a professional one." "Blessed are the pure in heart," said

Captain Dane, "for they have strong bodies and leave no trail." Three hours later we were steaming down the North River through the blistering June heat. Every flag on the river was dipped to us, and all the whistles were

From the first I was more interested in Captain Dane than in Arctic phenomena; just as, in my profession, I was ever more alive to the bearing of the sick than to their diseases. To which habit, more than to any skill in medicine, or determination to succeed, I attribute the ease which I had had in attracting patients to my practise. But, furthermore, the North is too overwhelming and magical to be interesting: the gorgeous blazing of the sun through the ice, the aurora flaming in the heavens at night, the very shape of the bergs, run-ning to every grotesque of form and every shade of astonishing color, even the atmosphere putting to scorn the clarity of crystals and the sparkle of diamonds, are too astonishing and remote to excite in a man any but his dumber faculties, whose voices are exclamations. No man is truly interested except when his mental processes are engaged in analysis—processes which the Northscape in its mildest moments defies. A time soon came when I was sick to death of those wasted glories, obdurate against the most fascinating rainbow or the most emphatic green of the sea. But Captain Dane held my keenest interest from the

Prior to our acquaintance I had often asked myself-or a friend for the sake of want to discover the North Pole? What's the use of discovering it?" and the likequestions which, properly answered, would, I thought, bring to bear a great light on many occult workings of the human mind. If Dane had any finite reasons which bound feel myself caught between the horns of him to that grail, he would not give them dilemma; I had neither the money to turn back and recast my lines nor the will to go day. "It's been such an endless sacrifice back and recast my lines nor the will to go day. "It's been such an endless sacrifice ahead and land my fishes. Then, as is of lives," I said to him once, and he answered whimsically : "That's just it."

"Let us," said he, "for the sake of argument, call the pole hunt a nonsensica quest, to which are sacrificed many lives that might in other walks of life be valu-"Well, it's up to some one to stop personality. He had a head and face and the drain." Here be named a mighty list of explorers who had lost their lives in the Arctic. "Many of them," he said, "were strong and talented men, devoted thinkers, at once the largest and most beautiful that and brave beyond compare. Until the pole I have even seen : a man formidable in is found there will continue to be lost to thought and action. "This," said I to divilization a constant trickling of the most elect citizens. Wouldn't it be service enough to put a stop to such a waste as that enough to put a stop to such a waste as that -a waste that humanity can not afford and ought not to endure?' 'It would certainly turn the course of the

adventurous south," said I.
"It would," said he, "toward the other

"You don't think it nonsense?" said I. "As an act, yes," he said; "as an ac-complishment, no. The man who sets his country's flag on the pole will save, or rather divert into more useful channels, many splendid lives that come after his." But on other occasions his arguments were all at variance with this.

"Is it for the glory of finding it," I ask ed him, "or for the glory of being known to have found it ?" "I shall be content to find it," he said, and to die then and there. You can carry

out the proofs, and reap the honors.' said I, "dead or not, your name "But. would go down to the remotest posterity

in big type. Doesn't that thought influ-"I think not," he said, "but I will think

The log-book of The Needle gives all the ongitudes and latitudes, and scientific observations and data, of our voyage. These things are not important to my narrative Suffice that we passed the winter, the coldest, bleakest, blackest winter, farther north than it had ever been passed before and in the spring made our dash for the pole. The winter brought out great qualities in Dane-an overmastering bumor and good humor, a great gentleness to those who were impatient and sick, an almost godlike tenderness over those that died. He | the result of fatigued muscles, in lifting my was like a great statue in the making, when each blow of the sculptor's hammer, instead | Each of us carried a compass, and I noticed of damaging the marble, brings out new strengths and beauties. Even at that time, before our bardships had fairly begun, we looked on our Captain as on one who had brought us out rather than on one who was leading us in. The day for starting came, and Dane spoke to those who were to go appointment. and those who were to stay.
"Men," he said, "it is as hard to stay as

important that brave, patient men go with those that want to go and leave only those that want to stay. But you all want to go. So I have had to pick and choose for myself. I shall think of those that stay as of a rock that will wait for me to come. That's the important thing, to find you waiting when we come back. You must not let yourselves get sick; and you must not let yourselves think too much about home; and you mustn't quarrel when you begin to think there is nothing else to do. When you have waited for us as long as you can, then wait a little longer, and then go. God bless you all."

No one of us that went ever again saw those that stayed. We parted forever, with

laughter and shaking of bands. As long as things went well, strength held, and food tasted sweet, our dash for the pole had in it something of a holiday lark. The dogs, strong, savage, and eager, strained at the sledges, the men lent their backs to the passage of rough places with deep-sea unison. Our supplies were calculated to a nicety, and we knew it. We believed that the plateau (it was neither ice nor snow, but a mixture of the two, at once firm and crumbling like sand) over which we were pressing held all the way to the pole. And at each resting place, when progress would be calculated, we marveled and rejoiced to know how far and how fast we had gone. Strung out over the white plains in marching order, we looked like some grotesque turn in al circus—à quan-

Then he made me sit down and write a long list of things to get and where to get them.

tity of bears walking on their hind legs, behaving exactly like men, and driving the them.

ding. I sprang to my feet, wildly alert, of that close and intimate nature especially favorable for transmission by direct contrains of days. It was Dane's scheme that trains of dogs. It was Dane's scheme that each man should have his turn in leading the procession; thus one day bringing re-sponsibility to one man, the next to another. Great rivalry rose among us as to who should have the credit of leading the longest march. As we neared the pole, excitement and jubilation rose among us. We had but fifty miles to go; there had not yet been any serious hitch. The far north had shown us whatever favors it had to show. We vied in health with our dogs. And then-whether it came from Billy Smith's furs, bought during the winter from an Eskimo, or where it came from, I do not know—there leapt among us a germ of smallpox. I only know that the disease broke out with awful savageness, that we went into permanent camp at the very gates of the pole, and began to die. Billy Smith was the first to go. Captain Dane knelt beside him for seven hours, exhorting him to stay and do his duty. But the flesh was weak with the sickness, and weepingly suf-fered the spirit to depart. Captain Dane's face was furrowed with ice where the tears

Captain Dane looked me steadily in the eyes across a new-made grave
"Where are my brave, patient men?"

said he. "They have gone," I said, bitterly, "all gone. But God knows I tried to save

"At work they were lions," said be, "in obedience, lambs. Not one of them cursed me. Think of that, all you who deride the splendor of the human soul. They came to the gates of the pole, like sheep to the slaughter. I brought them. They said I was their father, and they came with me -Americans, Englishmen, Germans-they all came with me; and they died without

cursing-all the nations.' It was horrible to hear the man rave on, his eyes bright with fever, his face set like a sto

"You must lie down, Captain, and rest,"

I said. "Will the fever go out of me if I lie down and rest?" said be. "My God, no! Do you think that with my mortal sickness on me, and the pole just over there, that I'm going to lie down and rest? I watched them all die. When they were taken sick I made them lie down. But there wasn't one of them but would have marched and fought one day more if I'd told him to. When I lie down to rest, the pole shall be under me."

I pleaded with him to lie down, to husband his strength, to fight with the fever. I swore to him that I would bring him through. He langhed in my face. what could I do? He was stronger than five of me, and mad, to boot.

"Go back to The Needle," he said, and tell them that I went forward alone, and discovered the pole. Will you go back, or won't you ?'

I do not wish to make myself out a hero. If wishing could have taken me back to The Needle, or thousands of miles beyond, back I would have gone. But to make that long journey along, to drive dogs, in which I had no skill, or even to find the back, death to stay. I preferred, not cheerfully, but still decidedly, and all things considered, to take my quietus in the immediate vicinity of the pole.

"I won't go back," I said. 'Let's find "It would," said he, "toward the other pole. When that, too, has been discover-sacrificed. But if we can reach the pole, treated in time—completely and lastingly and die there, then they won't have died curable. in vain."

"Who's to know ?" said I. "The cold," said he, "will preserve our bodies immaculately. Some day they will be found at the pole, with the record of our journey, and our names, and the names of those who died for us. Let's along,

Then began a horrible nightmare that lasted seven days. Captain Dane, broken out with the smallpox, and delirious with fever, trudged over the plain, laughing, shouting, moaning. Wild words poured from his deluded brain, and yet the idea that he must and would go forward.
and his senses for direction and finding the line, by observations or calculating and the deviation of the needle from the true pole to the magnetic, never once forsook him. I think that all that was mortal of him died before we reached the end of our journey, and was dragged forward by his immortal

We struck at length into a region that bore marks of terrific winds. For in many places the black bed-rock was naked and bare of ice or snow. As we progressed, the expanses of smooth, naked rock prevailed more and more in the scrape, until, on the morning of the eighth day, all traces of ice and snow vanished. Here I first began to be sensible of a difficulty, not altogether that the needle in mine was beginning to act in a queer, uncertain manner—like a bound that finds a trail, steadies to it a moment, and then loses it. Obviously, we sorting feathers and cigar-making; occupa were about to arrive. If I took any mental interest in the fact, it was a feeling of dis-

Some point ahead of that black rocky "Men," he said, "it is as hard to stay as plain over which we were plodding, with to go. Therefore I have divided you equally, as boys choose sides for a game. It is rock, was the great goal of explorers. There was nothing to mark it. It might be on a me, and it is important that brave, patient rise or in a depression. Measurements men remain. I wish I could take only alone could mark it for us. There would alone could mark it for us. There would be nothing to give one single moment of antemortem excitement to the eye. I was

> We climbed painfully up a little ridge of rock, perhaps a dozen feet high. On the further slope lay seven corpses wrapped in

fur. "Here we are, Johnny," said Captain Dane suddenly. There was a complete sanity in his voice. And he fell to examining the corpses. As for me, I simply sat down and watched him. I was terribly tired, and did not want to die.

"My God!" cried the Captain, "here's an old-timer. He drew a slip of sheepskin from the dead man's glove. "I don't make out the name," he went on; "but there's a date—August 9th, 1798. This man discovered the pole, Johnny; take off your hat. And the others came after. Where's the last-here's the last-'98-1898. was the year Jamie graduated. I belong next to him. Here goes."

Captain Dane laid himself down by the

side of that last comer with a sigh, mother's arms, and when I got to him he ed an entrance.

was dead.

I had, I think, no feeling of sorrow, or loneliness; I felt neither thirst nor hunger. I sat suddenly among the discoverers, and

ing was a balloon; over the edge of the car peered a face, a tiny, brown, man-monkey sort of face. A little fur paw shot up to the face, salute fashion, and a shrill voice called:

"Salut!" The balloon came to earth, and a little Frenchman hopped out (for all his great bundle of furs he actually hopped.) "Is your party all asleep?" said he (this

time in French-English). "No," said I, "all these are dead. They are men who have discovered the pole at different times, and died, and with each the news of his discovery. I was this man's doctor-Captain Dane. He died

A horrible fear seized me that if I said smallpox the Frenchman would desert me. But he uncovered the Captain's face and saw for himself. "Smallpox," said be. "That is ghastly-

what?"

He hopped into the car of his balloon and hopped out with a kodak between his fur paws. He focused the thing on the dead man, made ready to press the button, and anddenly desisted. "Not nice," he said, "to kodak those brave, dead fellows. Well, it is all very

disappointing. Let us be off."
"You will take me?" I said. "My God! of course," said he.

ed me with a single hop-like a flea. "All my ingenuity go for nothing," said he; "all the cold and wind I have swallowed go for nothing. We come too late, the balloon and I.

He turned a tiny lever, the balloon began to tug at its braces, and presently to rise.
"Higher up," said the little Frenchman" is more wind. Once up there we shall leave in a great burry.
. . . Farewell the dead heroes. .

I heard no more. When I came to, we had left the pole a thousand miles behind and were soudding southward .- By Gouverneur Morris, in the Collier's.

Consumption Carable.

Consumption is familiar to everyone. The doctors call it "Tuberculosis of the lungs." The disease is widespread, but chiefly found in centres of population—in the cities. In Greater New York there are to-day nearly 40,000 cases, mainly persons between the ages of fifteen and forty-five, the period of greatest activity and useful-ness. In fact, of all men dying between these ages, nearly one-third die of tubercu-

Formerly it was thought that the disease was hereditary, "in the blood," as the saying goes. It was believed that any child of a consumptive father or mother was almost sure to develop tuberculosis of the lungs in later life. That is not so. Such a child may start out with a poor stock of vitality and with a lessened amount of resistance, but never with seeds of disease in the system. Brought up under favorable conditions and with proper oversight, a on the Prevention of Tuberculosis of New way, I knew to be impossible. For me child born of consumptive parents may there was nothing but death-death to go pass through life in the enjoyment of fair-

ly good health. In fact, the old-time mystery about consumption has been swept away. We now know three things: First, the disease is communicable-that is to say, it is preventable to a large extent by the to help. That fulcrum is just what is supis—— pole, and have done with it." preventable to a large extent by the "Man talk that," said Captain Dane. exercise of reasonable care and the observ-"It's this way, Johnny, if we give in here, ance of a few simple precautions; and third,

The only direct cause of consumption is the entrance and growth in the lungs of a certain pricroscopic organism (or germ or microbe, to use familiar names) called the bacillus tuberculosis. When this germ is present in the lungs in sufficient numbers, it produces smaller or larger disease centres, which centers of disease increase in extent and finally cause much destruction

of the substance of the lung. From the lungs of a consumptive large numbers of these germs may be coughed up and spit out. Ordinarily the majority of them perish, especially if they are expose to fresh air and sunshine. But it is possible for some to enter immediately the lungs of other people and produce centres of disease; or a part of the germs may lie around in damp places, or be blown about in room dust, for days and even for weeks. Indeed, this is the way in which consumption is spread; both adults and children acquire it by breathing in the dried matter from the lungs of those who already have the dis-

The conditions under which some people live render them more liable to consump-tion. Dust and dirt and darkness and dampness, as found in many tenements, old dwellings and farm houses; insufficient food, food of poor quality and badly cooked; neglect of personal cleanliness—all these are contributing factors. The surroundings in which many adults and children are compelled to work-as in some shops and stores, in cellars, in tenement rooms and sweat shops—are prejudicial to health. Dusty work, like coal-mining, tions in which the worker bends forward and compresses the chest, as in typesetting and shoe-cobbling; work that puts a strain upon the lungs, like glass blowing; all these predispose to the disease by taking away from the body a part of its natural powers of resistance. So, tco, does the custom of keeping windows closed and of overheating the rooms in which we live and work.

Children are often consumptive. The little children take the disease rapidly because they play on the floor and on the ground in the dust; they raise a dust; they inhale the germ-laden dust, and they put their dirty fingers in their mouths. Parents and others who are consumptive fondle and kiss the little ones; this, too, is a source of peril. If a child is noticed to become easitired, to have pale cheeks and eyes unnaturally bright, to cough and grow thin, take warning! Go and see a doctor. Begin treatment early with children, for the disease in them is twice as carable as it is in older people.

It is a well-known fact that some persons, and especially the members of so families, are particularly liable to tuberculosis. So marked and so frequent'is the development of the disease in certain families that the affection has long been considered hereditary. We now know that the disease itself is not hereditary but there is inherited certain constitutional weak-nesses which render the individual a more that of a tired little child gathered into its easy prey to the germs once they have gain-

Where the parents are affected with tuberoulosis, the children, from the earliest young men and women. It moments of life, are exposed to the disease path to healthy, happy life. under the most favorable conditions for its

The frequent occurrence of several cases of cosumption in a family is, then, not to be explained on the supposition that the disease itself has been inherited, but, that it has been produced after birth by transmission direct from some other individu-

It follows, from what has been said, that tuberculosis is a communicable disease, and is therefore preventable. If it is preventable, the natural question to ask is, why is it not prevented? It is not prevented because of the indiffer-ence of the public. It is difficult to root out old ideas, and it is still more difficult to get a people to adopt precautions against an evil, which, although so fatal it its ultimate results, does not strike the public mind with the startling suddenness effected by the appearance of cholera, small-pox or diphtheria. If our fashionable dames, heads of families, institutions and industrial concerns together with the poor consumptive, would all do their duty to their neighbors, the spectre of tuberculosis would gradually disappear, and with it much suffering and misery.
To sum up, then, we find the following

as accepted facts:

1. Consumption is caused only by a

1. Consumption is caused only by a germ, which comes from those affected with

consumption. 2. Consumption is preventable, because, The little man bowed gravely and stood aside with many polite gestures while I climbed painfully into the car. He follow- disinfected or destroyed. Remove sputum

as a source of infection, and consumption must go far towards disappearing.

3. Consumption is not hereditary, nor is it easily contracted if reasonable care be 4. The careless consumptive patient is a

focus of infection and a danger to all persons who come much in proximity to him

or visit the places he frequents.

Anything tending to lower the tone of the general health may act as a predisposing cause-insufficient night ventilation as is practicable. The dwelling place should be dry naturally or made so artificially. If it is thought that there is a family predisposition to consumption, an outdoor occu-pation should be chosen. Live in the open air and sunshine as much as possible.

Every new case of tuberculosis comes from some earlier case. The germs of this disease retain their vitality and their infectivity a long time under favorable conditions. Therefore, do not bring into your house clothing formerly used by consumptives unless it has been thoroughly disinfected, do not allow your wives and daughters to risk infecting their homes with dresses that have swept the sidewalks. Do not move into an infected house or rooms until thoroughness of the disinfection is unquestionable; do not put to your lips or mouth pipes, wind instruments, money, or anything else that has been used or handled by consumptives; do not buy bread, milk or other articles of food not to be cooked from consumptives. Kissing, particularly from lip to lip, is unsafe, if one of the persons is tuberculous.—By Paul Kennady, secretary of the committee

Archimedes said, "Give me a fulcrum for my lever and I will move the world.' Nature. like Archimedes, demands a fulcrum for her lever. She will lift the sick up to health, move mountains of disease, but she must have a fulcrum for the lever plied in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. No medicine can help the sick which does not work with Nature. That ily lends itself to Nature's use. Golden Medical Discovery works with Nature, by removing the obstructions from her way, by making her paths straight, and enabling her to work her healing without let or hindrance.

Lemont.

Friday of last week brought us the sapling bender so we can now look for warmen weather and the farmers can prepare their

soil and put the seed in the ground. The cherries appear to be frozen, likewise the peaches, but so far the plums and apples are not injured much, if any.

The wheat has been hurt by the snows and cold and looks yellow. The farmers think the crop will be much less than was anticipated.

Last Saturday morning was the coldest for several weeks, the ground was frozen hard and quite a bit of ice was in evidence.

In place of opening a select school in town, Mr. Noll went to Bellefonte to finish a term, owing to the illness of the teacher of the grammar school there.

Last Wednesday the Pennsylvania R. R. Co., put up a small derrick at the Lemont station, something that has been needed this long time.

The stork brought a beautiful little babe Tuesday, to brighten the home of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Louder.

Maude Grove and Earl Houtz helped H. Brian move to Spring Mills.

Many of the young people were drawn to peautiful peaks and dales of old Nittany mountain in quest of the fragrant trailing arbutus, Sunday afternoon, and to enjoy the refreshing breezes which can be enjoyed more on the mountain side than anywhere else.

The presiding elder will preach in the United Evangelical church Sunday forenoon, May 5th, at which time there will be

George Williams and James Williams and wife Sundayed at the home of Grant Houser. Bruce Mitchell, of Horton, W. Va., is visiting among friends in these parts.

Prof. George Bible, of Philadelphia, was William Thompson, one of State College's postoffice employees, took his little daughter to Philadelphia this week to have her eyes

treated. Cornelius D. Houtz transacted business at the county seat Wednesday.

L. F. Roan, the right hand man in John Mitchell's hardware store, moved Wednesday to Mrs. Cornelius Dale's house east of town.

A \$25,000,00 Gift.

In the past year it has cost Dr. Pierce over \$25,000.00 (exclusive of postage) to give away copies of his great work. The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser. This book containing 1008 pages and over 700 illustrations should be in every family. It answers the unspoken questions points the path to healthy, happy life. It is sent free on receipt of stamps to defray expense nodded my head. It nooded of its own accord, like the heads of those Chinese toys you buy on Twenty third Street. Then a shadow covered me, and it stopped nod-

THE APPLE BARREL

It stood in the cellar low and dim. Where the cob-webs swept and swayed, Holding the store from bough and limb At the feet of autumn laid. And oft when the days were short and dream And the north wind shrieked and roared, We young folks sought in the corner, here

And drew on the toothsome hoard. For thus, through the long, long winter-time, It answered our every call. With wine of the summer's golden prime Sealed by the band of all.

The best there was of the earth and air, Of air and sun and breeze

Changed to a pipin sweet and rare By the art of the faithful trees. A wonderful barrel was this, had we Its message but rightly heard, Filled with the tales of wind and bee

Of cricket and moth and bird:

Rife with the bliss of the fragrant June When skies were soft and blue: Thronged with the dreams of a harvest moo O'er fields drenched deep with dew. - [EEWIN L. SARIN.

Pine Grove Mention

Soap making and house cleaning is on. Cyrus Snook, of Milroy, was here last week looking after his earthly possessions.

Harry Evey and wife, of Warriorsmark, and Mrs. George Musser, of Bellwood, Sundayed at Samuel Wilson's home. George Fisher sold his 2.40 nag to Peter

Corl on Monday. James I. Thompson, of York, was here last week hustling around for his share of the insurance business.

Craig Hunter is confined to the house with dose of ivy poison and rheumatism.

Our hustling furniture man, J. B. Heberling, transacted business in Philipsburg yesterday. Budd Benner is off duty nursing his left

thumb, which he split with the axe on Monday. James I. Potter, of Bellefonte, was on a

hustle among the merchants here on Tues-J. G. Heberling left Wednesday for a week's visit among friends at Mill Hall and will be in line in the Odd Fellows parade at

Lock Haven today. James I. Ross is having his brick mansion roofed with galvanized tin.

Merchant A. G. Archey and wife were at the county capital Monday. After a ten days visit among relatives at

Alexandria Miss Nannie Bailey returned home Tuesday, delighted with her trip. Miss Amelia Hurst, of McAlevy's Fort, was a visitor among her many friends in

town last week.

After April 30th the postoffice at Guyer will be discontinued. The patrons will be served by a new R. F. D. route from Warriorsmark Dr. L. C. Thomas, of Latrobe, who has

been quite ill with diabetes the past six months and was in Philadelphia undergoing treatment, is much improved and is here visiting his sister, Mrs. Maggie Gates. Edward Harpster, of this place, was taken to the German hospital, Philadelphia, on

Monday, and on Wednesday was operated on for appendicitis. The dance given by the young ladies of the town, in I.O.O.F. hall, last Frida evening, was a most successful social affair, the one drawback being that some miscreants climbed in a rear window and stole all the ice cream that had been prepared as refresh-

Last Saturday evening D. D. G. M. Everhart, of Bellefonte, assisted by M. L. Altenderfer, D. D. G. P., very satisfactorily installed the officers of Pennsyalley Lodge, No. 276, I. O. O. F., of this place, for the ensuing term, as follows : N. G., Wm. G. Gardner: V. G., Sumner Miller: Chap., Dr. R. M. Krebs; conductor, John H. Bailey; warden, Wm. H. Fry; Ast. Secy., Ellery Parsons; R. S. to N. G., H. A. Elder; L. S. to N. G., E. E. Musser; R. S. to V. G., W. H. Goss; L. S. to V. G., I. O. Campbell; R. S. S., Geo. Rossman; L. S. S., Dent Peterson; O. G., J. E. Reish; I. G., A. J. Tate; trustee, W. H. Fry; Rep. to G. L., J. A. Fortney; alternate,

Dr. R. M. Krebs. Resolutions of Respect.

Inasmuch as it has pleased Almighty God in His all wise providence to take from our nidst our brother and fellow co-laborer Michael Corman ; and,

WHEREAS, He was for so many years been a faithful and helpful member of the Reformed church at Zion, an Elder in the same congregation and a member of our joint consistory. We, the joint consistory of the Bellefonte charge in annual session, this nineteenth day of April, 1907, desiring to make a suitable record of our mutual loss, do hereby adopt the following resolutions.

Resolved, That in the death of our brother, Elder Michael Corman, the Reformed church has lost one of its faithful members and the official board of the church one of its most active and aggressive counselors. Resolved, That we most tenderly extend our sympathy to the members of the bereav-ed household and commend them to the love and care of our Heavenly Father.

Resolved, That this action be spread upon the minutes of the joint consistory; be pub-lished in the Bellefonte papers and a copy of these resolutions be presented to the widow of our deceased brother. AMBROSE M. SCHMIDT,

A. LUKENBACH.

B. A. NOLL.

A Water Cure at Home. Slowly the doctors are coming round to concede, grudgingly, that the drinking of water may be more or less beneficial, or probably doesn't do any harm-any great parm. Water, the drinking of water, drinking of large quantities of water, has been part of the instinctive bygienic regime of the entire animal kingdom from the beginning. We owe it to the medical profession that this regime, as natural as breathing, has been all but abolished in civilization. And now, more intelligent than formerly though they are, the doctors as a rule still oppose water, except for occasional "oures"—whose chief value, by the way, is simply that one does take in a consider-

able part of the fluid that can wash the body inside and out.

The truth is that every one should, every morning, a safe hour before eating, drink down a large quantity of plain, ordinary water, at an agreeable temperature. An internal bath, and you will not have to consult your family physician so often.