

Bellefonte, Pa., August 2, 1907.

THE BREEZE'S MESSAGE.

I have brought you a little message, So please do not turn me away. I have traveled so far this morning, And I want to come in and stay.

LITTLE WORD.

"Yes, you did, too!" "I did not!" Thus the little quarrel started; Two by unkind words; Two fond friends were parted.

FLOOD TIDE.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men Which taken at the break of day, Gives the victor to the fortune."

Halstead had checked his trunk and was making his way toward the Forty-second Street entrance, where he was to meet Carter, when he caught sight of her.

"How did you hear that I was going?" Her voice sounded unnatural in her own ears, and she forced a more even tone.

"You?" he exclaimed. "You going away? Where?" "Just at present, to spend a day with my cousin in New Haven."

"I beg pardon," Halstead was sensitive—"perhaps you are not alone? Or Dewing is coming?"

going away, and if it is to be soon—very soon—"You are going away? For long?"

"Now, tonight, my train leaves at 6:35, and I have just time to connect with the 'Empress of India' at Vancouver."

"Sudden?" No, not particularly. He has been considering an excellent offer to go out there, and yesterday I cabled that I would take this steamer.

"Hello, Carter!" Halstead mechanically extended his hand. "Thought you weren't coming."

"Home?" he repeated. "You're going home—alone—like this?" "Oh, I didn't tell anybody. I was—tired, and—"

"But Dewing?" he demanded. "Dewing knew?" "Under the eager pursuit of his glance, the feminine instinct of flight reacted in herself."

"Then I mustn't detain you." She glanced at the clock, and again it seemed to her that she looked pitifully tired.

"I wish you knew—" He checked the impulsive words and stood looking down at the hand he held, wondering how he should complete the sentence without betraying himself and leaving regret with her.

"Oh, don't!" She shrank slightly and covered her flushing cheeks with her hand. "Please—don't here!"

ask me here?" she cried. "You know—you must have known—and I couldn't marry Horace after I realized—"

"I never even dreamed it, dear. If I had, do you think I would have run away from you?" "I'm afraid I must, dear," at last said Halstead.

"Why—it's here—somehow. I was going home, you know." In Betty's eyes shone ineffable light, and she seemed to speak from a great distance.

"No, not yet. See, I—"

"On the Top Point of the Continent." Dr. Frederic Cook, who recently succeeded in making the ascent of Mount McKinley—a feat which had baffled all other attempts—tells of his wonderful climb in his book, 'Harpers for May.'

"Why the Daisy Was Prated." A certain prince went out into his vineyard to examine it, and he came to the peach-tree and said: "What are you doing for me?"

"Why the Boy is Tattooed." Every Barman and Shan boy is tattooed from above the waist to below the knee. The color is blue, and represents dragons, griffins, and other fabulous animals.

"The Hunting Spider." I wonder if you know that there is a kind of spider which spins no web? It is called the "hunting spider," and its favorite hunting ground is a sunny wall, because there the flies are most likely to assemble.

"The Beautiful Water Lily Roots in the mud below the stream. All the fragrance and fairness of the flower are affected as the roots are affected. If the root is injured the flower droops and its whiteness is marred by blot and blemish."

joined them, panting a little from his rapid walk. "It's all quite as it should be, James," he announced.

"I had to be honest, hadn't I, Mr. Eldridge? He was very good about it. Quick tears wet her lashes, but she blinked them off again."

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AFTER COMMENCEMENT.

Starting on life's battle In the month of June, Gray is in the parlor Pondering out a tune.

Waging life's great warfare, Doughtiest of girls, May is in the hammock Reading tales of earls.

Fighting life's hot contest With a heart of oak, Bill is on the golf field Practising a stroke.

What Jamestown Stood For. From the earliest period of her history the colony [Jamestown] stood for those principles on which she was originally founded; the service of God, according to the Protestant faith; the establishment of English civilization; the rights of English-born citizens.

Women and the Proverbs. A wonderful similarity exists in the sayings about women current in the various nations. The Spanish rhyme has it: "Were a woman as little as she is good, a pea pod would make her a gown and a hood."

Blue of the Sky. It is the atmosphere that makes the sky look blue and the moon yellow, writes Rene Bache, in The Reader. If we could ascend to an elevation of 50 miles above the earth's surface we should see that the moon is a brilliant white, while the sky would be black, with the stars shining as brightly in the daytimes at night.

Good Judges of Character. Passenger (alighting from cab)—What's the charge? Cabman—One dollar.

How a Boy is Tattooed. Every Barman and Shan boy is tattooed from above the waist to below the knee. The color is blue, and represents dragons, griffins, and other fabulous animals.

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American Nomenclature.

Admitting Oklahoma and Indian Territory, and New Mexico and Arizona into two single States under the titles of Oklahoma and Arizona is a notably good movement in the way of nomenclature, which will be welcomed by every rational American.

But wherever the naming of States and towns has fallen into the hands of learned committees, the result has been provoking tautology. Besides the Clintons in Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Jersey, and a dozen other States, there are in New York State alone seventeen Clintons in various shades and forms.

One of the worst illustrations of absurd and unmeaning naming of towns occurred in New York, when the classical dictionary was poured all over the central part of the State; dropping around the Oriskany Hills, the Mohawk Flats, and the Niagara and Ontario Valleys, such un-American names as Utopia, Syracuse, Rome, Homer, Claudius, Virgil, Manlius, Cicerone, Carthage; to say nothing of Poland, Russia, Mexico and other foreign titles—displacing sonorous Indian names and ignoring others either descriptive or commemorative.

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