

Bellefonte, Pa., August 9, 1907.

LITTLE SON.

When twilight shakes her hourglass at the sun... And fairies from their propped fastness see...

BIJIE AND THE VISION.

Stirling Angel was moving his neighbor's goods to the big town some twenty miles away...

"Come on," she said to Bijie. "Don't keep Stirling waiting. You've got a right smart journey ahead of you."

"Good-by," he said to the cabinful of children. From the doorway he called good-by to them again...

It was all so beautiful to a little beauty worshiper; it was all so wonderful to a little lad who found life such a simple matter...

When the ladies had come down the stairway and the hall was almost deserted, Bijie stole up the steps softly...

He went along a hall and through an open door. He entered the door without the preliminary courtesy of a knock and found the angel that should have been sitting on the city gate...

"I'm gwine ter larn all that is in the world! Larnin' opens shet doors. She sed it did an' she knows—the lady that wanted ter educate me."

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There had been no city walls; no gates with shaly angles on them. Not one thing was as the little boy had imagined it. The streets hurt the imprisoned little feet accustomed to freedom. They were hot.

The people hurried up and then joggled small boys unmercifully. The houses looked like they were huddled together like a lot of frightened sheep.

A carriage came down the street and stopped in front of a big grand-looking house not far from where Bijie sat. Ladies poured out of it. They ran up the broad walk under bobbing umbrellas. Other carriages came, and other ladies got out and ran up the walk under bobbing umbrellas.

The carriage blocked up the street. They looked with their wet tops like military beetles.

Life took on a sudden sweetness to Bijie. He swung far out the door, unmindful of the rain. It was a "meetin'." It was a funeral. In an agony of indecision Bijie swayed back and forth. Suddenly he darted away. He meant to find out.

Down at the gate ladies were still huddling out of carriages and tripping up the broad walk under umbrellas. Bijie went with them. He had to find out.

None of the ladies touched the door, but it opened. A person standing there offered a tray to the ladies, and they dropped something. Bijie didn't know just what, into it. No one noticed him in the least.

He slipped through the open door. There was a moment of awe. Then the door closed. Bijie was shut out from the past—all he had known before. The ladies swept him with them to the foot of the wide stairway. They ran up the steps, laughing.

Bijie leaped as the young deer leaps on his mountain side, and crouched behind the curtains that led to a little unoccupied sitting-room. When the tattered line of his carriage swept back, he looked out cautiously.

Here and there candles were lighted—so many candles! They glowed under shades golden as the wings of a butterfly. There were a bewildering number of rooms opening into one another, and women, beautiful women, wearing wondrous shining dresses moved about in the soft luminousness. There were flowers, too, and they were golden. They breathed out a subtle sweetness.

It was all so beautiful to a little beauty worshiper; it was all so wonderful to a little lad who found life such a simple matter—to a little lad who tumbled out of an over-furled bed in a log cabin and made his simple morning toilet at the branch below a bubbling mountain spring—that he lost his breath altogether and gasped and gasped before he could find it again.

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THE OUTCAST.

See how they quiver— The lights! Studying the night

In unbroken flight From rivers to rivers And up to the heights. And I am alone

See how they go— The faces! All of them smiling Further exiling One fallen low, Shamed by their graces Further alone!

Hear how it roars— The city! And ocean accents, At every wave-burst, Striving its shores With corpses of pity. And I am alone

Something long dead, Yet living— The ghost of a woman With eyes that are human That burn in her head With rage unforgetting— For I am alone.

—Stephen Chalmers, in New York Times.

Little Burro-Bearers of Mexico.

Two very long ears, a shaggy body, a sad little face and four stumpy legs—that means a Mexican burro, or what we would call a little donkey.

And such patient little creatures as these donkeys are! The Mexicans make them do the work of the country, and very varied it is, too.

You may see one walking along having wood strapped around his little body, so that he looks like a woodpile on four legs.

Then he is made into a milk-wagon by having two large milk-cans strapped on either side, with the milkman sitting on his back, nearly on the end of his tail, with his feet within a few inches of the ground.

Each little burro carried two large balloon-shaped bundles rolled in something like a fish-net, and each little burro had his nose tied up with a muzzle to keep him from nibbling the clover from the pack of his brother in front.

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The Red Man's Use of Nature.

It was the dusky tinted women who first taught the colonists the cultivation of maize, while they themselves used no other implements for its raising than a shell, the shoulder blade of a buffalo, or perhaps a wooded mallet.

Since known as corn, which they administered for similar ailments as are today treated with quinine. The dogwood, moreover, was their almanac, since it bloomed just at the right time for planting their corn.

They recognized saffron as a stimulant, and delighted in a mild sort of drink prepared from its leaves.

For the painting of their faces, the dyeing of their feathers and baskets, the children of the forests used those plants which were abundant in colored juices. Of these, one generally employed was the exquisite bloodroot (Sanguinaria Canadensis), which to them was known as red puccoon.

It is found in plenty from Florida well northward. The little laurel, called also lambkill (Kalmia angustifolia), was renownedly useful to the Indians. Water distilled from its leaves was a drink meted out to enemies; or should one among them be so cowardly as to court death, the drinking of laurel water won it easily.

The Indian tobacco (Lobelia inflata) was early appreciated by the red men for smoking. Although its stems and leaves are produced as a poison, still the red men dried them to use in their pipes; their flavor being not dissimilar to that of tobacco. The medicinal uses of the New Jersey tea, or redroot (Ceanothus Americanus), were directly learned by the white settlers of the mountains from the Cherokee Indians.

They reserved it for those afflicted with disease of the spleen. In other words, the State of Kansas, if it were all good wheat land, could produce all the wheat we have ever raised in the United States in any one year.

While we have over three million square miles of land in all, it appears that only about eighty thousand, or less than three per cent of the whole, can be devoted to wheat-growing. This year's record crop has been raised on less than seventy-five thousand. The only prospect of a material increase is found in the reclamation of arid lands by irrigation.

The corn crop is one of vastly more importance to the United States than the wheat crop, although that is the greatest in the world. Our 2,713,000,000 bushels of corn this year would load a freight train extending two-thirds of the way around the globe. This crop has been raised on 95,535,000 acres of land—about twice the acreage devoted to wheat and the greatest ever given to corn in our history.

The American cornfields are about equal in extent to the Japanese Empire, and their yield in a single year would pay off the national debt of the United States.

Last year Secretary Wilson said in his annual report that if the American farmer could go on without relapse for three years longer he could look back over a decade and find that in those ten years he had produced an amount of wealth equal to one-half of the entire national wealth produced by the toil and composed of the surpluses and savings of three centuries.

One of the three years has passed, and instead of a relapse there has been an advance. This year's crops alone would pay for half the railroads of the United States.

The striking wayside plant, joppy weed (Eupatorium purpureum), throwing out masses of crimson purple flowers in the late autumn, still commemorates an Indian herb doctor calling himself Joe Eye, who in New England settlements went about curing, through its potency, typhus fever.

The beautiful butterfly weed, or pleurisy root (Asclepias tuberosa), is still closely associated with its early Indian companions. From its colored flowers they extracted a sugarylike substance, useful in many ways, while a brew from its roots was deemed excellent for the relief of all sorts of inflammations, especially pleurisy.

Although the American Indians have never been lauded as a cleanly race, they still were young in learning that the sap of bannonia (Saponaria officinalis) would form a lather when mixed with water, and greatly facilitate the removal of dirt.

Usually the workings of the plant world were regarded with awe. It was for this reason that so much superstition concerning it entered into their otherwise crude but wholesome use of medicinal herbs. Seldom were they content to allow the drug alone to effect a cure, preferring greatly to invoke some spirit to help along the achievement.

So also they construed all sorts of legends about every day phenomena. Should two red clovers spring up where white ones formerly had grown, they became to the indicative of the blood of red men slain at battle. The falling of a leaf, the crackling of a twig at an inauspicious moment, often caused the savage, feeding his mind on wonders, to turn back from his whole day's course.

His regard for the gracious plant world through which he passed was great. Of all that administered to his comfort he partook freely, yet he seldom ravished wantonly; and for this reason wild flowers did not vanish when left to the companionship of primitive people. Flowers were never plucked by them for their beauty, or to adorn their wigwams, but simply for their known uses.

They never transplanted them, nor, through cultivating and trimming the forests, trod them farther into it. —Alice Lonsberry, in New York Tribune.

—What have you got in the shape of cucumbers, this morning?" asked the customer of the new grocery clerk. "Nothing but bananas, ma'am."

—It's safer to laugh with the big man than to give him the laugh.

—Most people would fall short if measured by the golden rule.

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—It takes a man with a lot of brass to dispose of a gold brick.

More Record Crops.

The crop reports issued by the Department of Agriculture on August 10th indicated another record-breaking year. Preliminary returns put the winter wheat crop at 493,454,000 bushels.

The spring wheat crop was estimated at 275,530,000 bushels, making a total probable wheat harvest of 772,984,000, which is more than was ever produced in any other country in the world, about 160,000,000 more than our own average production for the ten years preceding, and nearly 24,000,000 more than our greatest previous year's production, in 1901.

Along with the greatest wheat crop we have also the promise of the greatest corn crop on record—no less than 2,713,194,000 bushels. Add to this a twelve-million-bale cotton crop, an excellent tobacco crop, and crops of oats, barley, rye, and other minor cereals ranging from fair to fine, and it seems evident that the farmers of the United States will have even more money to spend, the railroads more freight to carry, and the merchants more goods to sell this year than last.

All through the winter wheat belt there has been a remarkable increase in the yield per acre. The gain is unbroken, from Pennsylvania to California. In Indiana and Ohio, old States whose soil might be expected to be showing signs of exhaustion, the average yield has gone above twenty bushels to the acre—a yield that would have been considered good a few years ago for an exceptionally favored farm.

In Nebraska the average has risen to 32.2 bushels. Last year, when we had the next to the largest wheat crop ever produced up to that time, three of the eleven principal winter wheat States averaged less than ten bushels to the acre. This year only one State has averaged less than twelve bushels and only two less than fourteen. Last year only three States went above eighteen bushels; this year three have gone above twenty.

This year's gigantic crop of 722,000,000 bushels of wheat of all kinds has been produced on an acreage 10 per cent smaller than the 1899 crop of 114,000,000 bushels less.

It is a noteworthy fact that the amount of land sown to wheat in the United States seemed to reach its limit seven years ago. In 1899 we had 52,588,574 acres in wheat—an area equal to that of Kansas—and we have never equaled that figure since. In other words, the State of Kansas, if it were all good wheat land, could produce all the wheat we have ever raised in the United States in any one year.

While we have over three million square miles of land in all, it appears that only about eighty thousand, or less than three per cent of the whole, can be devoted to wheat-growing. This year's record crop has been raised on less than seventy-five thousand. The only prospect of a material increase is found in the reclamation of arid lands by irrigation.

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Words Not to Use.

- Party for person. Depot for station. Promise for assure. Posted for informed. Caloriate for estimate. Stopping for staying. Like I do for as I do. Feel badly for feel bad. Try and do for try to do. These kind for this kind. Guess for suppose or think. Fix for arrange or prepare. Just as soon for just as lief. Between seven for among seven. The matter of for the matter with. —Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.