

Bellefonte, Pa., October 9, 1908.

HEREDITY.

When I look on a bine-veined wrist And think how its pulsing tide, Began in a far-off mist

Where centuries breathed and died. There is something within me yearns For that kindred of long ago. Who govern my life by turns,

Whether I will or no

There's a soldier with a heart of gold But a spirit that brooked no wrong Am I fearless? His courage bold, Not mine has made me strong,

'Tis a Quaker the ages know Who can soften my varying mood; Not to forgive my foe Were to wrong that gentle blood.

There's a priest in gown and stole Stands rapt at an altar-rail, Above him an aureole :

Through him must my prayer avail. And one with a wind-filled sheet For alien lands outspread;

I follow with roving feet His haunts revisited. Not a long procession of saints But a line of honor fast,

The brush of history paints On the canvas of my past. And I love them one and all And offer a "Bidding Prayer" For a race without stain or thrall,

That blesses me unaware. -[Louise Manning Hodgkins, in The Congre-

WALTER HARVEY-COWARD.

Walter Harvey faced a cold fact on the evening of his return to Thorpe Academy he was a coward mentally and physical ly. He knew in his heart that every strange sound which he couldn't account for fully, whether it was a dusky figure on the road at twilight or a sudden noise in a silent place, caused something to drop

Only five minutes before he had felt a great nervous panic when a shadewy form appeared in the barn door, just as night was closing in. He had resisted the temptation to slip into the house, bracing himself with all his strength, yet truly in a tremor. It was only his father, and when he was alone again he muttered to himself: "I am a regular coward, and it is all the

worse that I pretend not to be." Certain it is that nobody suspected him of cowardice. He was a clean out, athletic lad of sixteen, with a singularly calm and determined face and poise. In baseball games at Thorpe his steadiness in the box had been an inspiration to more than one most trying moments. People knew him as a "nervy boy," and always his father

the two put together."

This reputation, gained more, perhaps, because as a youngster, he would go alone to bed in the dark, when his brothers would not, had never left him. The praise which he got then, though he knew that was hopest with himself.

"If I should ever meet a real danger, I'd probably faint away like a pervous old la-

He did not know, as brave men do, that cowardice is more a matter of action than done by men whose hearts pumped and famous. The courage that overcomes the catch his breath. desire to run, that can wait for the unknown and the terrible, when every fiber of the body is tense with fear-that was ward and the crowd below saw him for the not courage to his mind, but deception like first time. There was an instant of silence, his. And yet be could not remember that any of his fears had come true.

In a quiet, silent way be had outwardly lived up to the nnearned reputation his father had given him because it flattered him to be called brave, and the next day, still disgusted with his cowardice he re-

He was walking in a big wood, a month later, with Mr. Benjamin, a big, squareshouldered fellow, just out of college, who was teaching at Thorpe that year ; when a mile or more from the town, at the foot of the mountain, suddenly a twig snapped Walter stopped for a second, his face going white, then plodded on.

In a minute be had control of himself, but as be looked at Mr. Benjamin he saw the keen, quizical glance and his face flush-'Gave you a start?'' queried Mr. Benja-

"Um-yes-I must have been dream ing," Walter added slowly.

But Mr. Benjamin knew something of human nature and he guessed at once that underneath Walter's silent non-committal manner there was a bundle of highly-strung nerves which made him a prey to a thousand fears. He followed up his ques tion, gently but persistently, until Walter, stopping, faced him squarely; "I never said so before, and I never will

again, but I am a coward-an out and out I'm afraid of my own shadowand yet I never had anything to be really scared of in my life." "That's just it," Mr. Benjamin replied,

"It isn't courage you lack"-but he didn't finish the sentence-for as be spoke there came again and nearer this time, the cracking of a twig, and a fat black bear wallowed into the clearing where they stood.

"Great Heavens!" shouted Mr. Benjamin, "We've got to run for it," and in one bound he cleared a stone wall near them and crashed through the brush.

Walter stood still. He felt something give way, as if a great weight had fallen from inside his chest to his stomach; he felt his legs buckling and his breath

The bear stood blinking lazily-a little uncertain as to what this great crashing in jump for it." the brush and this solitary figure before him meant. Then he waddled slowly forcould, but his strength failed him, and in strike. He stiffened his body against the an instant he realized that running would hot glass and held his breath. It seemed not do much good if the animal chose to to him that the smoke would never clear follow. His mind grew a little clearer, and again. When it did, he saw a circle though his heart jumped and his breath men just below him, straining at the edges still came in short gasps, he realized vague- of a horse blanket. A silence fell upon ly that he could do nothing but stand still. the crowd. He saw Mr. Benjamin looking He leaned his back against a tree ; he fixed | up and heard him shout : his eyes on the broken stump of a giant oak and waited. The bear came up, stopped an instant, circled about, sniffing suspiciously, then walked straight up to the he were pitching a desperate ball-game and

tree. Walter kept his eyes averted and exerted every muscle to keep from collaps-ing. He felt the hear's nose against his trouser leg, then the breath on his hand, but he did not move. He could hear the 'snuff, snuff," all about him, and then

the bear ambled off.

For what seemed like hours he held his position, never looking away from the shattered tree trunk. And then, at last, when all was still he looked about. The bear

Walter sprang away quickly and ran in the opposite direction as fast as he could go. A long circuit brought him at last to the railroad track which led back toward the school, and there he saw Mr. Benja-

"Ob, I saw it all," Mr. Benjamin said, "and it was splendid, splendid! I don't believe a man in a million could have held his ground. And you said you were a coward !'

"But I was too scared to run. I was all weak and wabbly, and so faint that I can hardly stand now.

"But that is nothing, Walter," the older man answered. "You held your ground, and saved your life. If both of us had run, one of us would have been caught, sure, whichever took his lordship's fancy. "But I was in a complete funk," Walter

"No, no. You didn't fall down, or try to get away or move when the bear nosed round you. Never mind if you were scared to death, you did your part, and I am perfectly willing to believe that practically every great hero of the world has performed his deeds of bravery with a beating heart and great hollows where his knees and stomach ought to have been. Your knees did their part, though, and so did

In spite of his protests Walter found him-self a hero at school, and every frank state-ment of his fear that he made seemed but to add, in his listener's minds, a touch of glory to his act.

And Walter realized slowly that in this first real bazard of his life he had, some-how, despite a trembling, death-like fear, managed to hold himself together.

"And yet all I did was to stand still," he would mutter to himself; "and if I'd had to do anything else, I'll bet I'd have fainted.'

The last recitation of the day was over and the clear, cold, blustering, January air was turning into the gray of early twilight, when Waiter awoke suddenly in his chair. He had been reading Virgil by the grate fire in his room, and the warmth of the fading light had sent him off gently into dreamland. As he came to cons he heard a great clattering and yelling in the hall-ways—a bit of boisterous play he supposed, and then it died away. He heard from the street below, a great confusion too, which grew londer and suddenly above the noise, which to his sleepy senses had meant little, there came sharp cries o "Fire !" and with it the clanging of the hell on the town hall, and the sharper gong of the fire-engine.

Awake now he rushed to the window victory. He was never ruffled, never lost his head, but always held his team in the below he could see the upturned faces of a great crowd three stories down, and in an instant he knew that the dormitory was on fire. He snatched his cap and rushed to "Walter has more courage than either of his older brothers, and almost as much as met him. He slammed the door, but not until a great cloud had filled his room, and it was only by a sudden memory of a story read years before, that he fell to the floor. for there the smoke is never so dense, and

crawled to the window. He forced the sash open and stuck his be feared many things on those nightly head out, but by this time the smoke from below was deuse and the chances of escap mutting fear afterward. Yet to night he ing suffocation hardly better. He managed, however, to get outside the window on the narrow ledge. It was covered with little knobs of ice, and it was with great difficulty that he was able to keep his balance. He was out at last and had closed the window behind him, leaning back bard feeling; he didn't realize that the brave-t against it to keep his balance. Great in the world's history have been clouds of smoke curled round him, but with the cold, fitful wind, it was swept knees shook while they made their names aside every other instant and he could

Just as he had closed the window. heavier gust of air blew the smoke downthen a great startled cry. Everybody was

supposed to be safely out. Again the smoke covered him. His eyes smarted and a great strangling hand seemed to grip his throat. He fought hard to keep his balance, and his hands were already numb with the cold.

From below he heard mingled cries and orders. "Hold tight !"-"Run up the ladders !"-"Don't jump !"-a confused babel. One moment they would be shut out from his view by the choking smoke; the next he could see them, a hundred they were across the street with two trolley wires intervening. Slowly the old ladders mounted, and then, even though he could not see, be heard a voice orying. "You are on the wrong side of the street.

Cut the trolley wires." But there was nobody to cut the wires. was thirty feet away. When he could see

And so through moments of suffocation mob below. He could see the faces of his classmates and best friends now straining upward, now bobbing about in a desire to help him. He saw Mr. Benjamin, too, tugging at the big crank of the ladders. And all the while he saw that he could hold on but a minute more, for he heard the flames crackling in his room behind him and felt the glass grow bot.

He could see nothing to do but to wait till he was burned from behind or crushed by his fall. Wave after wave of sickening tear swept over him as he olung grimly to his narrow ledge, struggling for breath, bearing the intense heat of the window. waiting, hopeless and afraid, but waiting.

When he could see the crowd next time, his eye caught the big figure of Mr. Benjamin, forcing his way through the men about the ladders. Mr. Beojamin stopped, made a trumpet of his hands, and shouted: "Hold on a minute longer, Walter. Wait till I get a blanket. You've got to

Again the smoke curled around him. This time a deadly dizziness seized him. Walter would have run then if he He thought he was failing and would never

"Loosen your clothes and jump for it." To those below he seemed to move with



From The Philadelphia Record, Sept. 28, 1908.

THE LAST STRING

-By De Mar

delay and unconcern. Mr. Benjamin told about it afterward. "I can never forget that picture to my dy. ing day. Through the smoke we could see him as he stood, braced against the window. He raised one arm, slipped the coat from his shoulder and shook it to the ground. He unbuttoned his collar and loosened his belt. And when at last he jumped, there was not a nerve in my body that was not near to snapping. He struck the blanket squarely, bounced off and then somebody let go, so he got a braised knee and was unconscious, but was about the next day ?"

"Afraid, yes !" Walter would say. never expected to land on that blanket. I was sick and dizzy; and after I jumped I didn't remember a thing till I woke up in

But others saw it differently-and at last Mr. Benjamin made him see something of the kinds of fear and courage there are and one kind, the kind that does meet the emergency when it comes, that trembles but waits or fights as the case requires, is what must be admired most : for then men conquer not only their danger but themselves

Is was old Major Jenkins, the superintendent at Thorpe, who gave Walter the most comfort. Talking with Walter the next day he said :

"I shan't forget my first battle. Scared ? Why, there wasn't a man on either side who wasn't. Old soldiers don't deserve much credit; for they get used to being under fire. They no longer think of the danger. It's the youngsters, who are soared 'most to death, but stick it out because they are stronger than their fears, or ashamed to be the first to run, who deserve the praise."-by Martin M. Foss, in St. Nicho

Children's Votces. A friend who has spent many years abroad remarked: "It does seem too bad that American children should have such bands trying to raise the ladders, and it disagreeable voices. They are acknowledgcame to him with a sickening despair that ed to be bright and attractive, yet because of their high pitched, disagreeable voices they are shunned," says "Good House keeping." "Travelers avoid a car or a hotel in which there are young Americans.' Why is this? Largely because our children are imitative, and as our voices are greater. uot well modulated, neither are theirs. Is The ladder was up almost to his level, the unmusical voice a necessary American wabbling and swaying in the wind, but it trait? Throat specialists tell us that, although our climate is inclined to sharpen again, the m-n were trying desperately to the tone, a certain sweetness and a low lower it but the machinery would not pitch may be maintained with proper care. A child is soothed by gentle speech and irritated by harsh tones. Of course, you does. Let this be done with constant small cones, about a half-inch in length, watching of articulation and tone. This is good exercise for the reader and a means of cones of the ensuing year. Cones which child. Never rebuke in anger ; keep quiet | be ripe this fall. The year 1907 was a great until you can speak sweetly and firmly. One point which cultivated foreigners no tice is that our young people call their any great quantity in that region for four to the person and quietly waiting for an opportunity to speak. Shousing through house is uppleasant and uncultured. performance is considered "very American" abroad.

Took no Chances.

An old woman was ill, and a kindly neighbor took a bottle of whisky to her. The neighbor then said she would give the old woman a glass of the whisky then and another in the morning. The old woman received the first glass. About ten minutes elansed, and then she suddenly exclaimed: You'd better let's hev the other noo. Ye heer o' so mony sudden deaths noosdays.

You do not need to use Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets as ordinary pills are used. One of these pills is a laxative, two to three have a cathartic effect. They do not become a necessity to the user. They oure constipation and its consequences and one cared the Pellets can be dispensed with.

-Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

wished to strain the batsman's nerves by Plant Your Waste Land with Trees.

Planting your waste land with trees may

mean a college education for your son, a wedding trousseau for your little daughter and something for your old age.

There is hardly a farm in this country that has not some waste land. If there is, it isn't in good old New England. By waste land is meant land practically use-less to the farmer,—land that is looked upon as worth little or nothing. In al-most all cases it could be and should be

made a very material source of revenue.

This article is not intended to deal with waste land that is swampy. To make such land of value requires money and bard work, though when his money and hard work are put into such swampy land and the same is properly drained it is often found that it is the best part of the farm.

This article is intended to deal with improvement on the farm which does not involve any expenditure of money, and, for-Therefore ther, is easy to accomplish. we jump from the swampy land and react the upland area, possibly with outcropping rock that makes it untillable. Over land grows a thicket of miserable trees and undersiable shrubs, quite as much weeds as those which overrun the vegetable garden. Such land can be found on prac-tically every one of the farms of New England, particularly the abandoned farms. It

support a growth of pines. This is the subject with which this article deals, -the planting of pines without money cost and with little labor, and with a future result that, properly bandled, means a wedding trousseau for your daugh-ter, a college education for your son, and a good protection for your own old age.

Today that land is useless,-practically valueless. Seeded with pine, forty years from now, when some son, yet to be born, may be twenty years of age, it may be covered with timber and worth approximately from two hundred to two hundred if the recent tremendous increase in timber prices still continues through four more

begin along the same course, the gatherwhite pine seeds to grow. They must be gathered from the trees just before the cones open in their second year. In New England this form is from the end of Authat are now on the trees will be the ripe culture, in more than one respect, for the are three or four inches in length now will seed year throughout New England, and white pine seed will not be born again in messages from a distance, instead of going years-maybe seven years. Still, in restricted localities they may be found. I have seen, this past summer, a lot of them starting their second year that will be ripe A child should understand that it is not to this fall. They may be growing even in break in upon conversation. This last your own back yard at the present moment.

Old single pasture pines, those with long limbs that come close to the ground, are generally the best seed-bearers and they have the greater advantage of being the easiest from which to collect the cones. The cones can be gathered in many ways, but no scheme works so well as a good, active boy,—your own or your neighbor's. He can gather them in a bag or throw them to the ground to be picked up. Perhaps some pine timber is being out in your district, ust at the ripening season. The cones can then be picked from the trees as they fall. plant in the spring. In short, get the cones. If you wish to try, a way can surely be found.

How many? That depends on how

These cones or seeds must be stored away in a dry place where mice or squirrels can-not get them. Just now white pine seeds are worth from two dollars and fifty cents to three dollars a pound. Each pound contains about twenty-five thousand seeds and this number ought to grow half as many, or twelve thousand five bundred seedlings. If you are too "tired" to gather these seeds, I repeat, they are worth about three

dollars a pound. You can buy them.

The next step is where scientific work and easy work diverge. Scientifically, these seeds should be grown in a prepared seed-hed in a corner of your garden where they may get partial shade. It would seem that a small field of birch brush, properly cleared of grass and weeds, would make an ideal spot for planting, but so far as my knowledge goes it has never been tried. Brush or other expedients may be used. A pound of seed will plant a bed fifty feet ong and four feet wide. After two years in the bed the plants may be set in a transplant bed or taken out and set about six feet apart in the places they are to occupy

The easy way is to avoid the trouble of the prepared seed bed and the transplant-

ing two years from now. This means two periods of energy, and we are none of us too energetic. Enthusiastic over a scheme today, we like to put it through today. We don't like to start at the present mo cannot produce agricultural crops, but it can | ment and have to take it up again two years away. The easy way, then, is to plant the seed right now just where you want your trees to grow. You have gathered a bushel of cones or you have bought a pound of seeds. You have, therefore, twenty-five thousand seeds. Take a bard wood stick a couple of feet long, sharpened a little at one end and start out. You are on the spot you want to plant. Scratch the ground with the point of the stick-a little scratch, half an inch or an inch deep -and drop in two seeds; walk a couple of steps and repeat the operation, and keep it up until you are tired. If you are an old man get your boys to help you; if you are and fifty dollars an acre. This estimate of a young man, get some other young men value is based on the returns from pines to help you; if you are a boy, persuade forty years old and harvested now; while your chams to do it with you, and help your chums do the same on their farms Two or three walking parallel together decades, the returns from seeds planted at about six feet apart will accomplish a lot. this time will be something enormously will encourage each other and won't get tired so quickly. If you scratch the earth There are scientific ways of starting a about every two steps you will have plant-pine wood, and there are easy ways. Both ed two seeds to every six feet. An acre is ing of the seed. It takes two years for six feet apart there would be thirty-six scratches each way to the acre, say forty for a liberal measure. That means sixteen hundred holes. Two seeds to a hole meaus thirty-two hundred seeds. You had and pain, he watched the confused, frantic read aloud to your child; every mother gust to the middle of September. The a pound to start with, twenty five thousand seeds, and with it, therefore, you can plant about seven acres.

> If the ground is covered with brush or white pine, so much the better. They furnish desirable shade. The chief danger in the planting is that the ground may dry out within four or five weeks, and then the seeds are liable not to germinate. Seeds put in a dry, gravelly soil that bears only a miserable grass are usually wasted. is best to plant in the spring, about the time vegetable seeds are planted. It is advisable to plant two seeds to every

scratch, because one may not come up and because some holes may not show up at all; and two or three years after, when those that do come up have got their start, you can visit this lard and transplant from the places where both seeds have come up to the places where none have come up. I have seen seeds lie lu the rough waste ground for two seasons before they made their appearance. I have known seeds that were planted in the late summer to take root and come up two or three inches, only to be killed in the winter. It is best to

From my own experience (I have set out much seeding you want to do, and just I am inclined to believe that the scientific how scientifically you want to do it and way is the best,—the only really sure-thing just how active your boy is. A bushel of closed cones will make almost two bushels the way most likely to be adopted, and one of ripe open ones, and these will shell out that the small boy can be most easily pernearly three quarts of uncleaned seeds, or snaded to undertake. And it will almost something over a pound of cleaned seeds. surely bring results. However, the addi-

tional effort of the scientific method, like all effort intelligently put forth, may be

counted on for proportionate returns.

The planting of white pine is all that this article has been intended to deal with, but it is by no means the tree exclusively

recommended.

Maple and elm seeds, chestnuts and acorns may well be gathered when they ripen. They may be stored outdoors in winter in moist sand. Such hard-shelled forest-tree fruits as walnuts and bickorynuts must be stored outdoors in the sand in the same way, and are said to be really benefited by freezing; but my experience with chestnuts and hickory-nuts is that field-mice and squirrels bave a great fondness for them, and without any doubt will find them, run off with them and put my forty years' auticipation out of joint !

Much more can be told about this subject than this amateur planter knows. The Forest Service of the Department of Agriculture at Washington is only too glad to give you all kinds of information. A great deal of the information in this article comes from them. Write to them, or, if you prefer, write to us, and we will help you with your problem.

If you don't want to gather your pinecones for yourself, and want to know where to buy them, we will tell you. Ten dollars will buy three or four pounds. Three pounds will plant, in the rough way outlined, twenty acres. Twenty acres, forty years from now, may well be worth four thousand dollars.

Think of it! Isn't it worth while to do it for your old age or for those who may come after you? And isn't it better yet to get your small boy to do it?

Forty years seems a long time to wait to get the return from any effort, -forty days seems too long for some people, -hut nothing worth accomplishing is ever socom-plished in a moment, and be wise builds for tomorrow, a far-off tomorrow, is he who teally builds .- By George W. Wilder, in the Delineator.

slips in English

It is said that a teacher at Wellesley College has prepared for the benefit of her stndents the following list of "words, phrases

and expressions to be avoided:"
"Guess" for "suppose" or "think."
"Fix" for "arrange" or "prepare."
"kide" and "drive" interchangeable.

Americanism.) "Real" as an adverb in expressions— 'real good" for "really" or "very good,"

"Some" or "any" in an adverbial sense, for example: "I have studied some" for 'somewhat;" "I have not studied any" for "at all." "Some" ten days for "about" ten days.

Not "as I know" for "that" I know. "Storms" for it "rains" or moderately.

"Try" an experiment for "make" an experiment. Singular subject with contracted plural verb, for example: "She don't skate well."
Plural pronoun with singular antecedent:
Every "man" or "woman" do "their" duty, or if you look "anyone" straight in

the face "they" will flinch. "Expect" for "suspect." "First rate" as An adverb. "Nice" indiscriminately.
"Had" rather for "would" rather.
"Had" better for "would" better. "Right away" for immediately." "Party" for "person."
"Promise" for "assure."
"Posted" for "informed."

"Post graduate" for "graduate." "Depot" for "station. Try "and" go for try "to" go. Try "and" do for try "to" do. 'Cunning" for "smart," ' dainty." "Cute" for "acute."

"More than" for "beyond." Does it look "good" enough for "well" enough. The matter "of" for the matter "with." "Like" I do for "as" I do. Not "as good" as for not "so good" as.

"Funny" for "odd" or "unusual."

Feel "badly" for feel "bad." Feel "good" for feel "well." "Between" seven for "among" seven. Seldom "or" ever for seldom "if" ever r "seldom or never."

Taste and smell "of" when used transi-

More than you think "for" for mo than you think 'These'' kind for "this" kind.

"Nicely" in response to an inquiry. "Healthy" for "wholesome." Just "as soon" for just "as lief." "Kind of." to indicate a moderate de-

Poor Old Fly.

The Board of Health of New York informs the public that the fly's body is covered with disease germs, and asks us all not to allow decaying material of any sort to accumulate near our premises. All refuse which tends to fermentation, such as bedding, straw, paper waste and vegetable matter, should be disposed of or covered with lime or kerosepe oil. All foods should be screened. All receptacles for garbage should be carefully covered, and the cans about two hundred and six feet square. At cleaned or sprinkled with lime or oil. All stable manure should be kept in vault or pit, and screened or sprinkled with lime, kerosene, or other cheap preparation. The sewage system should be in good order, and not exposed to flies Kerosene should be poured into the drains. Food should be covered after a meal, and table refuse burn-ed or buried. To kill the flies in the house pyre thrum powder may be burned. If you see flies, their breeding place is nearby. It may be behind the door, under the table, or in the cuspidor. If there is not dirt, there will be no flies .- From Colliers.

"I hear you're trying to invent a new style of cornet." "Yes. I'm at work on one with a reflex action.

'What's the idea ?" "If I can get it working right it will blow the head off anybody that tries to use it."

His Mug.

An Irishman went into a barber shop, and was compelled to wait a long time. When he finally climbed into a chair, the harher asked him: "Have you a mug?"
"Yes," replied the Irishman, "and I want you to shave it quick."

-"Did you ever take advantage of anyhody in a bargain ?" "Not of recent years," answered Mr. Cumrox. "You see, we've been livin' so a bundred thousand seedlings and planted much in great capitals of Europe that I've about sixty acres of rough land with seeds) got sort of accustomed to bein' the felier that pays up without askin' questions."

-"I'll bet this is his first visit to a summer resort.'

"Why?" "He's wearing duck trousers. Summer resort tenderfeet always do that."