

Bellefonte, Pa., December 4, 1908.

A SONG OF THE FARM.

When Dr. Abram W. Harris was president of the University of Maine, in an address before members of the State Legislature he asked the question: What are the farms fit for if not to raise boys ?-- a question at first misundersto but afterwards applauded.

- A word to the restless people, to an eager feverish age:
- A perfect manhood is better than any wealth or
- wage. Some are for gold-some, glitter; but tell me, tell me, when
- Will we stand for the farm and the college, that go for the making of men?
- Yes, what is the old farm fit for? The word
- There may be stumps in the pasture, and the house may be a shed :
- But what if a Lincoln or Garfield be here in this And what should the farm be fit for if not the
- raising of men? "Tis a scanty soil for the seeding, but there we
- win our bread.
- And a stout heart may grow stronger where plow and harrow are sped: Then break up the bleak, high hillside, and
- trench the swamp and fen; For what should the farm be fit for, if not the rearing of men?
- The crop by the frost is blighted, a niggard the
- Yet the hand of youth finds duties, and the heart of youth has dreams :
- The Bar or the Senate tomorrow, tomorrow the Sword or the Pen : For what should the farm be fit for, if not the
- raising of men? But what if our lot be humbler--if we on the
- farm abide? There is room for noble living, and the realm of thought is wide ;
- A mind enriched is a fortune that ne'er can wasted : then. Say what should the farm be fit for, if not the
- raising of men? You tread the hills that the Holy, that the Beautiful, has trod : You till the fields of the Infinite, you dress the
- gardens of God : With Seer and Sage and Poet you worship in
- grove and glen : Then what should the farm be fit for, if not the rearing of men?

-By Pastor Felix. THE FIDELITY OF FIFINE.

George Henry Jenkins stood leaning apon a parapet of the quay, staring at the river. It was that bour just before twilight when the Seine is most beautifulits perspective veiled in blue-gray mist, its foreground a vague shimmer of lights. It did not, however, look especially beautiful to the eyes of George Henry, for he was distinctly homesick. He had been in Paris just long enough for the novelty of queshighly-seasoned food and alien ways to have worn off, and was in that state of mind when the memory of home breakfast and home daintiness was almost nnendurable. He was not, in short, feeling the much-written and talked-of spell

George Henry was not a handsome boy, with an honest, good tempered face and that general indescribable air of "nicenes characteristic of the American boy. He was not of the type that finds a tempera-mental affinity with the French city. He had not found the accessible Parisian fe-male society to his taste, and he had not as yet met the American girls in "the quar-This afternoon he had not been successful in finding any of the boys with whom he had made friends at the Beaux Arts, and so he had wandered about alone. insufficiently amused. To himself, not being of an analytical turn, he described his state of mind as a "grouch."

After a time be noticed a French girl a few paces away engaged in the same occupation as himself, namely, gazing at the water. It was the first time he recalled having observed a Freuch girl interested in contemplating the beauties of nature, so he stared at her a moment ouriously. He did not find her especially attractive, his taste not running to pale, heavily powdered ladies with prominent eyes, but he observed that she was young and deeply engrossed in her thoughts.

Fifine (for that was her name) was, if he had but known it, far, far more unhappy than he was. She was in fact desesper inte. Such words as l'amour and mo desole were repeating themselves in her brain, and before her eyes was the image of one Alphonse—pale, sparsely bearded narrow-shouldered, large-eped—mon Dieu what eyes he had! Alphonse now never to be hers! Only a few weeks ago her parents had introduced Alphonse the beautiful to her consciousness, and she had loved at once-passionnement. The marriage had been discussed and then yesterday

was it only yesterday? they had come to her and told her that it was not to be after all. Alphonse had thrown over the proposition. "Another," the daughter of a wealthy chocolate manufacturer, had secured him. There was no hope. He was lost to her forever. And so she had slipped away—it was the first time, being a French girl of respectable family, that she had ever been out alone—she had slipped away to die. What else did life hold for her? for her? As George Henry turned from the river with a last vision of home griddlecakes that almost unmanned him, and started in the direction of the close little restaurant where it was his custom to dine, he heard a loud splash. Turning to look in the direction of the sound he saw a woman struggling in the water.

He did not besitate, of course, but did the obvious thing—pulled off his coat and boots with all possible baste, and plunged into the river. In a moment he had reached the drowning woman, and, in spite of her violent efforts to pull him under and get her own head above water, he manage to grip her securely and land her safely.

The water was cold, for the month was November, and George Henry shook himself very much after the manner of a large dog when he stood again on the bank of the river, where, to his surprise, he found himself surrounded by a large crowd which was expressing itself vehemently. He was not much at home in the French tongue, but he realized after a moment that his act was receiving a frenzed tribute of ad-

such saccharine sweetness as George Henry had learned to associate only with the gentle Latin art of fleecing the American

While George Henry was answering the policeman's questions in a most reprehen-sible accent, a boy he knew pushed through the crowd of admiring spectators to his side.

'What's up, old man? In trouble?" the boy inquired anxiously.
"Nothing much," replied George Henry

"Monsieur is a hero magnificent!" exclaimed the policeman with lifted hat."Without doubt he will receive a medal." "Monsieur, it was a deed heroic!" murmured another Frenchman with emotion "The people of France honor you!"

A bareheaded woman in the crowd cried out, "Oh, the beautiful boy there! And he And another exclaimed, "Oh, the brave

vouth American!" George Heury's ears were red. "Say, let's get out of this. I want some dry

' he muttered. "The heroism of monsieur will never be forgotten," remarked the policeman, bowing in impressive farewell. Then with the officer's privilege to bear the tidings. some difficulty avoiding the crowd of hero-

worshipers, George Henry and his friend found a cab and drove home.

The next afternoon George Henry sat in a room known as the workshop, which he shared with the aforementioned Gus Tyler, cut it out?" an American boy, who had lodgings in the same building. George Henry was busy with a drawing, Gus Tyler was struggling with the small coal fire upon which two of those dismal pieces of artificial fuel known as briquets were smoldering.
"Never saw such a grate," grumbled

Gus Tyler; "put more than three coals on it and they fall out. The thing hasn't any

George Henry looked up from his drawing and glanced about the room. what made us think we wanted to com here anyway!"

The room, in fact, was not such as the art-student at home pictures him or herself occupying in Paris, but it was of a type with which he or she is extremely likely to become familiar in the fulfilment of their dream. The walls were covered with a peculiarly disagreeable figured wallpaper of an inharmonious combination of dulness and brightness which did not look as if it had ever been new or clean. The painted woodwork, on the contrary, showed that it had once been white; and, in startling contrast to the dingy effect of the rest of the room, the floor was brilliantly polished in conformance with the one ac-tive impulse of the French housekeeper.

A marble mantelpiece contained the inevitable tarnished gilt clock that does not go and two dilapidated gilt candlesticks.

The table, now littered with students' mis cellany, had originally been covered with a faded and spotted velvet cover which, however, George Henry had returned, togethe with a vast quantity of dusty red cloth bed-curtains and coverings to the concierge who had received them with mingled emo tions of amazement and contempt. But then Americans, she knew, were barbarians who needed daily washings in order to

keep clean. George Henry had just begun to com-ment on the peculiar fact that he was hun-gry, although it was only two hours since dinner, when a knock came at his door and a card was brought to him by the per-

manently gloomy valet de chambre.
"Jules Pierre Lavallois," he read. "Who
is he, I'd like to know? I don't want to see him whoever he is. I can't parley Francais Having relieved his mind by this protest addressed to Gus Tyler, he gave instructions to have his guest sent up. A few moments later a knock came at his door, and opening it he discovered a small blond youth with a square, downy growth upon his chin, a hat upon his head and a cane in his hand. As he entered the door without removing his hat, the French boy ex-claimed, "Monsieur Shenkins?" with an intense inquiring look from one American

"I am George Jenkins," explained George Henry. Then, to his unspeakable amazement and anguish, Jules Pierre Lavallois kissed him ardently upon both cheeks, and drawing out a strongly-scented handkerchief wiped his eyes.

'My friend-it is to you we owe the life of our Fifine!" be exclaimed when he had mastered his emotion sufficiently to permit speech. "How shall we ever hope to

repay the debt of gratitude!"
"Ob, that's all right," mumbled George Henry in Euglish. "What's it all about

The French boy indicated with a smiling shrug that he did not understand, then burst into a torrent of eulogistic protestations upon the heroism of George Henry. Then the identity of Jules Pierre reach ed the consciousness of the hero and he contrived to inquire stiffly in French, 'How is your sister?"

'Ab, she is better-a small little better. She suffers, but she still lives. thanks to you, monsieur, and, we hope, she no longer desires to die." With the enunciation of this last sentence Jules Pierre removed his

"What did she want to die for?" inquired George Henry, feeling a strong impulse

A shadow fell across the face of Jules Pierre. He sighed profoundly. "L'amour," he replied in a low, solemn voice. "It is not possible for her to marry the one she loves."

George Henry was overcome with conflicting emotions. "Why doesn't she cut the laws of France." it out?" he growled in his own vocabulary. Then forced into the insincerity of polite formula by the exigencies of a limited vocabulary he ejaculated the only appropriate phrase he could recall for the mo

ment, "Quel dommage!"

"We hope," remarked Jules Pierre
gravely, "that in time she may forget."

Then, his eye lighting with the fire of enthusiasm for a great deed, be again broke into byperbolic admiration of Shorge Henry Shenkins, the preserver. When the burden of inarticulateness and

non-comprehension had become materally oppressive, Jules Pierre rose to take his ave. While he was in the midst of this formality his eye chanced to light upon a photograph lying in a litter on the table. was a most unesthetic likeness of George

Henry in boxing costume. "What a costume ourious!" exclaimed Jules Pierre. "Is it of the theatre varie-

"No, it's a picture of me," replie George Henry, now fatigued into English. He tapped his chest in further elucidation. "Of monsieur!" exclaimed Jules Pierre "Might I be permitted to examine it? It is

demand his name, age and address with to him that what Jules Pierre wanted was er." He departed with an air of subdued

Overpowered with the absurity of hav-ing his picture, and especially that partic-ular picture, exhibited to the suffering Fifine, yet finding no words at command in which to cope with the subtleties of the situation, George Henry was dumb. He gave an agonized glance at Gus Tyler, who studiously avoided his eye and was oblig-ed in helpless mortification to watch Pierre carefully putting the photograph away in an inner pooket before he took his emotion-al leave of them.

But George Henry had not yet heard the last of his heroic deed. Later in the afternoon, much to the awe of the gloomy garcon, another gentleman, this time in uniform, inquired for Monsieur Shenkins. And when he, too, had been invited up, George Henry was obliged to listen to further eulogies of his heroism. He learned that the republic French honored him; that his name was to go down on the record of brave men; that a few days from that time he would be summoned to receive an ova-

plained George Henry to his friend, Gus Tyler, who had remained in order to support him at this trying moment. "I feel like all kinds of an idiot. Why can't they

But his protests were of no use. The republic French must and would honor him. He would receive further notification of the day and hour. Then, with profound salutations and a dramatic toss of his blue cape, the officer took his depart-

It was the second day after this that George Henry, looking out of his window which gave on the street, discovered two men in uniform standing at the outside door. He groaned aloud

"I suppose it's that fool medal. I'd rather be kicked." The next moment the sulky garcon announced two officers to see Monsieur Shen

George Henry greeted the officers with careless camaraderie, after his American hoy fashion. It was a moment before he perceived that their faces were grave. One beld a paper in his band. He fixed a pieroing glance upon George Henry and twirled a long, horizontal mustache. "It is that we desire to ask a question of

monsieur," he began.
"Fire away," George Henry was moved to respond, but substituted an acquiescent

"Is it that you have notified the police ince your arrival in Paris?" The officer's expression and emphasis were peculiar.

'Notified the police? Notify them of what? I am not a forger or a thief," observed George Henry to Gus Tyler. But to the policeman he said, "Non pourquoi?"
The officer's faces became cold and set. They exchanged significant glances and some rapid communication. no papers upon your arrival in Paris? You have not filled out the required blank?

searching glance. "I baven't seen their old blanks don't know what they are talking about !' exclaimed George Henry fretfully. Then, as the officer repeated his question, be shook his head. He began to wish he had not pulled Fifine out of the Seine. "Monsieur," announced the officer sol-

Both officers treated George Henry to

emnly, "it is our painful duty to inform you that you are under arrest."
"Say, what kind of guff are you fellows trying to give me?" cried George Henry angrily, this time actually addressing the

fficer in the vernacular. The officer understood a protest. "It is unfortunate since monsieur has done a brave deed," he observed coldly, "but when we looked up the records in order to make out the papers appertaining to the medal we discovered that monsieur had not declared himself to the police upon his

arrival in Paris." "I tell you I didn't know anything about it," protested George Henry. "How could I? I would have done it if any one had asked me."
"One does not wait to be asked. It is

the duty of each person to declare himself,' replied the Frenchman with official imper

onality.
"But I tell you I didn't know anything about your old law," insisted George Henry, moving helplessly about in the circle of the Latin mind. "We haven't got any such law in America."

The officer caught the last word. "We have nothing to do with the laws of America," he replied loftily. "It is our duty to take you to the police station."

Inside the police station, after being led past groups of some of the most unsavory-looking individuals he ever remembered to have seen, George Henry, accompanied by the faithful Gus Tyler, was led up to an absorbed looking official who sat at a desk making entries in a book. This dignitary did not recognize George Henry's presence until he bad finished his writing, which seemed to be of the gravest import, then With the enunciation of he looked up with an expression of expected Jules Pierre removed his ant sternness rendered quite terrifying by the fierce length of his mustacie. The of-ficer accompanying George Henry who had done most of the talking explained the matter rapidly. When he had finished George Henry, who had been busily framing phrases of explanation, opened his mouth to speak, but the gentleman at the

desk opened his first. "You are fined five hundred francs, Monsieur Shorge Shenkins. You have violated

A few days later when the bitterness o this climax was as yet unsoftened, appeal to the consul having proved futile, an ed indignity was heaped upon the head of George Henry Jenkins; he had a second call from Jules Pierre. The purpose, he sulkily gathered, was an invitation to dine at the Lavallois home. He caught bints, too, of delicately worded inquiries as to the financial situation of his family. As George Henry, with a rather accented touch of American brevity, persisted in his refusal of the Lavallois hospitality, Pierre rose to go; then, at the door, with a last outburst of emotion, he turned and ad-dressed himself to George Henry: "I tell you out of my beart. My sister

speaks of you constantly. She has your photograph upon her wall. I have fear that she may die of love for you."

"Fifine seems to be in that business, remarked Gus Tyler coarsely. Then, over-come by the most uncontrollable of Ameri-can emotions, he hurriedly left the room. "Tell your sister to take a brace," was the unchivalrous observation that rose to the lips of George Henry. Then, his feelact was receiving a frenzed tribute of admiration. Men came up and wrung his hand. Women exclaimed loudly. Fifine came to long enough to exclaim faintly, "You, monsieur!" and give him a deep look from her dark eyes before they closed again, and a policeman made his way through the crowd, note-book in hand, to ing of resentment increasing, he was moved to add even more offensively, "Tell her to go chase herself." But what he event-

the photograph of himself.

"It is that I desire to have a likeness of the preserver of my sister," he explained.

"That I may show it to her."

One day toward spring when the pros-pect of the hot griddle-cakes was drawing nearer and the memory of the loss of the five bundred francs was growing mercifully dim, George Henry Jenkins, now reasona-bly fluent with his French, found himself standing next to Jules Pierre in front that things about Oklahoma that I omitted in print shop in the rue honaparte. The pierre greeted him enthusiastically and I have no desire to boast, for I have no George Henry, with a better grace than on ax to grind. I will say by way of informatheir previous meetings, inquired for Fi-

"Oh, she is happy, altogether happy," replied Jules Pierre. "The chocolate manufacturer whose daughter Alphonse was to have married has failed, so mademoiselle bad no dot. after all, and Alphonse is engaged to Fifine. They are to be married next month."

"Good work !" rose to George Henry's lips, but be translated it into, "Give ber "Ah, that monsieur might be present !"

exclaimed Jules Pierre emotionally.
"Thanks very much, but I am going home," responded George Henry briskly. "Ah, but she will have to monsieur a gratitude eternal!" replied Fifine's brother, and tears of sensibility filled his paleblue eyes .- By Catharine Metcalf Roof, in Smart Set.

What the Records Show.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 26 .- That divorces n the United States are increasing three times as fast as the population increases is shown by the report of the Census Bureau in its bulletin on marriages and divorce just issued. The figures cover the period from 1887 to 1906, inclusive.

The total number of marriages recorded

during the twenty years from 1887 to 1906, inclusive, was 12,832,044. The number annually reported increased from 483,069 in the year 1887 to 853,290 in the year

The total number of divorces reported for the twenty years, 1887 to 1906, inclusive, was 945,625. For the earlier investigation, covering the twenty years, 1867 to 1886, inclusive, the number reported was 328,716, or hardly more than one-third of the number recorded in the second twenty years. At the beginning of the forty-year period, covered by the two investigations, divorces occurred at the rate of 10,000 a year; at the end of that period the annual

number was about 66,000 An increase of 20 per cent. in population between the years 1870 to 1880 was accompanied by an increase of 79 per cent. in the number of divorces granted. In the next decade, 1880 to 1890, the population increased 25 per cent. and divorces 70 per cent., and in the following decade, 1890 to 1900, an increase of 21 per cent. in population was accompanied by an increase of 66 per cent, in the number of divorces.

It thus appears that at the end of the forty-year period divorces were increasing about three times as fast as population, while in the first decade (1870 to 1880,) they increased only about two and two-

Divorce rates appear to be much higher in the United States than in any of the foreign countries for which statistics relating to this subject have been obtained. The report shows that Pennsylvania is increasing its divorce rate as well as other

The total number of divorces granted in Pennsylvania from 1867 to 1886 was 16,020 say the same about its postoffice, its banks, and the number from 1887 to 1906 was 39. and quite a number of stores. 686, showing an increase from 21 in

000 of population to 35.

Two-thirds of the total number of di vorces granted in the twenty-year period covered by this investigation were granted

The most common single ground for divorce is desertion. This accounts for 38.9 per cent. of all divorces (period 1887 to 1906); 49.4 per cent. or almost one half of those granted to the husband, and 33.5 per cent, or one-third, of those granted to the

Only 15 per cent. of the divorces were returned as contest-d, and probably in many of these cases the contesting was

hardly more than a formality. Alimony was demanded in 18 per cent. of the divorces granted to the wife, and was granted in 12.7 per cent. The average duration of marriages terninated by divorce is about ten years.

Sixty per cent. or three-fifths, last less than ten years and 40 per cent. last longer. Children were reported in 39.8 per cent. of the total number of divorced cases. The proportion is much larger for divorces granted to the wife than for divorces granted to the husband; children being present in 46 8 per cent. of the former class of divorces and 26 per cent. of the latter.

The Gluttonous Spider.

A naturalist attached to one of Uncle Sam's scientific bureaus at Washington asserts that the spider, which is always represented as having a tremendous appetite is by no means maligned in this respect inasmuch as its gormandizing defies all numan competition.

This scientist's investigations show that spider's consumption of food within wenty-four hours, if he was built on a human scale, would approximately omething like this:

At daybreak, a small alligator ; by seven a. m., a lamb; by nine a. m., a young ante-lope; by one o'clock, a sheep; and at din-ner time about one bundred and twenty small chicken pies.

To get an idea of the prevalence of "Stomach trouble" it is only necessary to observe the number and variety of tablets, powders, and other preparations offered as a cure for disorders of the stomach. To obtain an idea as to the fatality of stomach diseases it is only necessary to realize that with a "weak stomach" a man has a greatly reduced chance of recovery from any disease. Medicine is not life; Blood is life Medicines hold disease in check while Nature strengthens the body through blood, made from the food received into the stomach. If the stomach is "weak" Nature works in vain. Dr. Pierce's Golden Discovery must not be classed with the pills, powders and potions, which have at best a palliative value. The "Discovery" is a medicine which absolutely cures diseases of the organs of digestion and nutrition. It purifies the blood, and by increasing the ac-tivity of the blood-making glands increases the blood supply. It is a temperance medicine and contains no alcohol, neither opi um, cocaine, nor other narcot

-Fond Mother-Now, Johnnie, you must study hard at school, and remember that when you grow up you can become vice-President without half trying.

More About Oklahoma.

Editor Watchman :

Since my former letter to you, our coun try has been "saved" again for four years more, the tariff will be revised (?) again by its "friends," and Bryan with his head full of wheels has gone back to his Com-moner to tell us he doesn't understand why

it happened so.
If you please, I would like to tell some

I have no desire to boast, for I have no tion that Pennsylvanians are not numerous there. I can recall but two Centre county men whom I have met there, and they both belong to a younger generation than myself.

The State may not inaptly be divided into three belts or divisions, from east to

The eastern belt I will call the corn section, because it is peculiarly adapted to that crop. It is, in fact, also the timber belt, and the coal, oil and gas belt—and I might add, it is the fever and ague section, but this will disappear as the country comes under cultivation and the people get deeper and better water, instead of using

surface water as at present. The middle belt comprises the general or mixed farming portion, while the western And such a very large percentage of third has been the short grass country, but them are native Americans—not foreignit is rapidly forging ahead as a wheat and

had. As a matter of fact, there is no vacant land that is worth farming. You leans to get on board shi might just as well look around in Nittany to the Atlantic seaboard. or Pennsvalley for vacant land to make

To give your readers some idea as to the the Indians and half-breeds, and they did not include the oil, for the Standard land where they thought oil might be

Understand now, this is unimproved land with absolutely nothing but the wild

The improved farms in the eastern third of the State, belong to what are called squaw-men, that is, white men who have Indian wives-and there are thousands of

them. The Cherokees are the farthest advanced in civilization. They do not inter-marry with negroes, and a Cherokee girl or woman will not even marry an Indian man if she can get a white man. You would find just as handsome, well dressed and well educated Cherokee women as any white woman who walks the streets of Bellefonte or anywhere else. Of course there is but very little Indian blood in them. United States Senator Owen is a Cherokee, and so is Senator Curtis, of Kansas. Many of cently while I was on the other side," those Indians are immensely wealthy from remarked an American army officer, the cash royalty on their oil leases.

Muskogee is, next to Oklahoma City, the largest city in the State. It is easily five times as large as Bellefonte. It is a marvel of bustle and business activity. The most city-like little town I saw, was Okmulgee. It has something like six to eight thousand people. It has a bran new hotel that would be a credit to Williamsport, Scranton or Harrisburg, and I might

eastern portion of this wonderful State, and it calls up to my recollection some lines that I read when a mere boy :

"I hear the first low wash of waves Where soon shall roll a human sea." and again :

"Behind the squaw's birch bark canoe, The steamer smokes and raves, And city lots are staked for sale Above old Indian graves."

Several eastern people told me last summer, that they would be afraid to live where there are indians-afraid that they would be tomabawked and scalped. I do not think them balf as dangerous as the dagoes and other riff-raff that you have in the east. They have plenty to eat and wear, and spending money besides. Lazy is not balf a name for them. I have not seen one doing a day's work. They are too lazy to even fish or hunt. If a buck can have a big water-melon under each arm he seems as happy as an Irishman with

a jug of whiskey. Then again some eastern people have the mistaken idea that there is no law or order in a Territory. They seem to forget that "Teddy" swings his "big stick" over their heads. In fact the law is quite as well enforced as in a State, and "without fear, favor or affection."

I have thus far spoken more particularly about the portion called Indian Territory, until lately

The central part is the oldest and best leveloped, and most attractive to northern people of considerable means, and a settler locating in that helt would not feel the loss of perhaps any of the comforts and con-

You understand that the whole State was once called Indian Territory, with the exception of Greer county, which used to belong to Texas, and the long, narrow strip in the northwestern part, which used to be called "No Man's Land." I will not take the space to explain why it was so called. Piece by piece it has absorbed what was Indian Territory, until there is none left. While it is true that the Indians have been paid for their lands, yet the great majority of them are squandering away their money, and in time it will indeed be "Lo, the poor Indian"-he will have to learn to

work or starve. The Creeks and the Seminoles inter-marry with the negroes, and their offspring are mongrels.

I want now to speak about the southwestern part, commonly called "The New Country," comprising Caddo, Camauche and Kiawa counties, opened August 6th, 1901, by Uncle Sam's lottery. It consist-ed of about thirteen thousand farms, of one hundred and sixty acres each. Something over one hundred and sixty-seven thousan people "registered"—that is, took a chance for a farm. So you see, about one in thir-teen stood a chance to draw a farm. The names were put in a wheel and drawn out one by one. Number one got the first choice of a farm, and so on. Five hundred

names were drawn each day.

My name came out as number three hun dred and sixty-four the first day of the

drawing.

I located it one mile east and half a mil south of the site selected for the county seat, Hobart, a town of about twice the that when you grow up you can become vice-President without half trying.

—Managed right the hog will do more for the farmer than most any other animal.

seat, Hobart, a town of about twice the population of Bellefonte. At that time the only buildings were the railroad station and the section bose's shanty.

The first two years after the "Opening" it was very dry, and the crops were almost

a total failure. Since then it has been dif-

ferent, and all is going well.

There is a somewhat common belief that breaking up the virgin sod increases the rainfall. I do not think there is anything in this belief, more than there is in planting in the right sign of the moon, but I do think, that after the ground is ploughed, the rain soaks in where it falls, instead of running off into the low places as before

the sod is broken. Farming in the newer parts of our country is no longer carried on in the old "hit or miss" fashion. Instead of expecting the moon to do things for them, they are reading, thinking and attending farmers' institutes, and making two blades of grass grow where but one grew hefore.

It used to be that if a boy were considered too stupid for anything else, they made

a farmer of him. Irrigation is working wonders for the people in what is known as the arid or semi-arid sections of the west, and it is only in its infancy yet.

If it were not for this help, I do not know where the vast hordes of Homeseek-

ers would find homes. You have but to stand in any of the leading gateways, such as the depots in Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City. Omaha, etc., and see the tens of thousands of land

hangry people, rushing westward. And such a very large percentage of

cotton country.

It is a mistaken notion of many that there are vast acres of vacant land to be there are vast acres of vacant land to be the country and the country large share of the products of Oklabera and other portions of the Great land to be the country large share of the products of Oklabera and Oklabera land to be large share of the products of Oklabera land to be large share land to be large Southwest, go to Galveston and New Orleans to get on board ship, instead of going

DANIEL MCBRIDE.

value they put upon their lands, let me tell you that I saw hundreds of northern men them shrink from the indelicate questions, The modesty of women naturally makes this last summer, in the part of the State the obnoxious examinations, and unpleas-that was called Indian Territory until recently, who went there to buy farms from cians consider essential in the treatment of diseases of women. Yet, if help can be would not consider any offer under from had, it is better to submit to this ordeal thirty-five to fifty dollars an acre, and that than let the disease grow and spread. The trouble is that so often the woman under-Oil company had leases on virtually all the goes all the annoyance and shame for nothing. Thousands of women who have been cured by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription write in appreciation of the cure which dispenses with the examinations and local treatments. There is no other medicine so sure and safe for delicate women as "Favorite Prescription." It onres debilitating drains, irregularity and female weakness It always helps. It almost always cures,

-It is a poor plan to try and keep eggs too long in hot weather.

ADROITLY TURNED.

It Was a Small Hole, but the Englishman Crawled Out. "I was watching a number of young Englishmen shooting at a target re-"and at my elbow was a pompous Britisher of the old school, who, after shaking his head impatiently at the

show how the young men of England are degenerating. All this sort of thing reflects on the British nation.'

frequent misses that were made, at

length said to me: 'That only goes to

"'It certainly is mighty poor shooting,' I agreed. and exclaimed: 'I say! Perhaps you

can do better, sir?"

I'd be ashamed to eat breakfast,' I answered. "Thereupon I was handed a rifle and told to show what I could do. I shot, and the first time I missed the target completely, so the laugh was on me, but before they could laugh twice I plugged the bullseye six times in rapid succession. At this the old gentleman was a trifle disconcerted, but he complimented me by saving: 'Really, now,

" 'If I couldn't shoot better than that.

chap?"-Los Angeles Times. A GREAT COMBINATION.

you can shoot a bit, can't you? I say.

there's nothing like a Yankee marks-

man with an English gun, is there, old

When Husband, Wife and Mother-in-

law Co-operate. Shortly after his marriage, which took place in 1880, John Burns, the British labor leader, settled down as a journeyman engineer in Battersea and twenty years after confessed that he was the first engineer to make with his own hands an electric tram car in Great Britain. In those days, however, people did not believe that electric traction was possible, and Burns had to take the dynamo and tram to the Crystal palace and run the latter round the grounds for six months before people could be induced to be-

lieve in the novelty. But the people were so nervous that, although the charge was only sixpence, none of them would venture in the newfangled invention. Then Burns was struck with a brilliant idea. He said to his wife, "You have got to come down to the palace three times a week and get into the first electric tram car as a decoy duck for the others." This was only temporarily successful. So Burns brought along his mother-inlaw, "and," said the energetic labor leader when relating the incident, "when a husband, a wife and a motherin-law co-operate success is assured." -London Tit-Bits.

Towers.

The patient architect had just succeeded in getting Mrs. Drippingold to decide between the charms of renaissance, classic and Queen Anne for the plans of her magnificent new country

"The only details I ain't goin' to leave to your discretion," said the wealthy lady, "is the matter of towers. I want plenty of towers that folks can see for a long way off when they're ridin' by."

"But what kind of towers do you want?" inquired the unfortunate architect-"Norman, Cothic"-Mrs. Drippingold closed the English

novel of high life on which her soul had been feeding. "Why, ancestral towers, of course,"--