

Bellefonte, Pa., April 2, 1909.

MAKE-BELIEVE.

Let's dream, like the child in its playing; Let's make us a sky and a sea; Let's change the things 'round us by saying They're things that we wish them to be; And if there is sadness or sorrow,

Let's dream till we charm it away; Let's learn from the children and borrow A saying from childhood-"Let's play."

Let's play that the world's full of beauty; Let's play there are roses in bloom; Let's play there is pleasure in duty And light where we thought there was glo Let's play that this heart with its sorrow Is bidden be joyous and glad; Let's play that we'll find on to-morrow

The joys that we never have had. Let's play that regret with its rueing Is banished forever and aye: Let's play there's delight but in doing; Let's play there are flowers by the way, However the pathway seems dreary, Wherever the footsteps may lead;

Let's play there's a song for the weary nly the heart will give head Let's play we have done with repining: Let's play that our longings are still Let's play that the sunlight is shining To gild the green slope of the hill; Let's play there are birds blithely flinging

Their songs of delight to the air; Let's play that the world's full of singing, Let's play there is love everywhere.

THE BETTER PART.

Mrs. Joseph Pelham received ber visitor in the long, old-fashioned parlor of the Rose Hill Hotel. "Miss Susan Loveridge," the red-cheeked maid had announced, stand-ing and looking into the chamber door with frank interest. "She wants to know if you feel able to see her."

"Able to see ber ?" Mrs. Pelham smiled inwardly at the word. Miss Susan Loveridge's advent was a positive boon. Anything was better than sitting alone in the best bedroom of the Rose Hill Hotel, listening to the wind, and thinking of that dreary journey over the flat bleak country where her husband had been born and so, according to family tradition, must be be at the listenite of the listenite with his family.

buried with his family.

Alone in the depths of the hired coupe, she had followed the blundering horses that drew the hearse. The few men, who, remembering Joe Pelham in his youth, had braved the snow drifts to yield him this last tribute had harnessed their rough coated farm horses to their clumsy sleighs and had plodded behind her dauntlessly.

It was the deepest snow that Rose Hill had

known in many years.

She glanced into her mirror as she prepared to descend—a handsome, fair woman of fifty-eight whom art and nature made possible to pass as forty-five. She noted approvingly that black was becoming to her. It accentnated the fairness of the thick hair that had kept much of its youthful gold. She had won most of life's battles by reason of her beauty and she did

him terribly to do it, perhaps even more than it did me, though I don't know how that could have been," she said musingly, "But, you see, he knew I wouldn't want him to marry me if he loved someone else better. He couldn't help loving you best, how could be? You are so very ha now. You quite took my breath away when you came in, and Joe always liked pretty girls. He couldn't help falling in love with you I am sure."

"Then, too, my father bad just died and left me half-a-million dollars," re-

marked Mrs. Pelbam dryly.

But the dryness was lost upon her guest.

Oh, yes, we heard you were rich—not that that could possibly have made any difference to Joe. But I can understand that it must have made your lives much easier.
Father and I have always had such trouble making both ends meet," she ended with a little unresentful smile.

"Then you have lived with your father ever since?" asked Mrs. Pelham, a faint interest in this foolish little person stirring in her heart.
"Oh, yes, father has no one but me. He

him in the papers time and time again. Of course we didn't believe some of the things we read. We knew Joe too well," she

added hastily.

Mrs. Pelham thought of some of her brilliant husband's methods. "Ah!" she said, "you probably saw that hy some he was considered unscrupulous and not altogether honest."
"Oh, everyone has enemies !" exclaimed

Susan Loveridge. "We knew how things like that got printed. They were jealous of his success. Joe not honest? Oh, we knew bester!" "He preferred fair means, I think my- ground. self," remarked the woman Joseph Pelham

had married judioiously.

But Susan Loveridge's memories bad But Susan Loveridge's memories had taken another turn. She was smiling at some tender thought. "I was glad it was a boy," she said. "We read about that, too, in the papers. I'd have given anything to see Joe's boy. I don't know whether you will mind my telling you or not, I always somehow felt that belonged just a little bit to me, too. I hope you don't mind my saying it. Maybe, if you put yourself in my place, you can understand."

A change came over Mrs. Pelham's face—a great softness followed by an unrelent-

-a great softness followed by an unrelenting aterness. "Yes," she said, "I can understand.

Five years ago he married against my wishes. I have never forgiven him, and I never will."

never will."

"Oh, yes, you will," replied Susan
Loveridge confidently. "You'll forgive
him now because he is Joe's son. You'll
forgive him now, Joe is dead."

The words brought her new sorrow back
to her and her eyes brimmed over.

"You are so very brave to be so quiet about it all," she said, looking at the fair face of the woman beside her admiringly. "I wonder, if I should have been able to be so brave if Joe had married me. Of course, it must be beautiful to know that you've really had acceptable." you've really had everything. There must be so many, many lovely things to think of. But it must be harder, too, in some ways." She rose as she spoke. "I must

ways." She rose as she spoke. "I must hurry back to father, now. He is so old that I cannot leave him for long. But I had to see you," she said, as she replaced her hood over her grey hair. "You did not mind my coming I hope."

Mrs. Pelham rose, too. The lamp light shown upon her elaborately arranged coils of fair hair and the diamonds and sapphires on her hands flashed dazzingly. "No," she answered, "I am glad that I saw you." Again the woolen gloves of her visitor Again the woolen gloves of her visitor enfolded Mrs. Pelbam's soft white bands. "Thank you," she said. "I know people laugh at me and say I'm queer. They say it is because I was disappointed in love. I don't mind, though. Someway, when I think of all that Joe became through not marrying me, I can't feel that I'm disap-pointed. Besides, I've always loved him

ust the same." Mrs. Pelham gazed into the soft brown eyes below hers, the eyes that had kept all their childish wonder at the mysteries of

"No it is I that have been disappointed in love, not you," she said sadly.—By Margaret Seaforth, in Shop Talk.

ed popcorn from the man with the little wagon on the corner of the street, have you not undervalue its potency.

As she swept into the parlor with a rustle of silken skirts, a little figure in a shabby black coat and woolen gloves rose to meet her, and two brown eyes, set in a delicately wrinkled face became suffused with tears, as her visitor took her two heavily jeweled bands between her own.

The New York files

"Little boy." "Do you know where Broadway is?"

"Say wot youse take me fer?"
"Well, where is it?"
"Aw, don't youse believe I know?" "Yes, of course, but I don't know."
"Tell me how to get there from here."

'Aw, youse know how. "I do not. I am a stranger. he last idea where it is."

"Quit yer kiddin."
"Where—is—Broadway?"

"This way or that way?" "Yer stringin' me.

"Will you tell me where Broadway is? "Hey, Jimmy, here's a guy wot sez lon't know where Broadway is!"

"See here," growled the patron in in her heart.

"Oh, yes, father has no one but me. He was angry with Joe, at first, but when he saw how I took it he said if I could stand it he guessed he could. We've read about couldn't drink it in a hurry." Forty Years in Iowa.

[Written especially for the WATCHMAN.]

Using Chas, E. Flandreau, U. S. Indian agent for the Sioux, for authority. Inkpa-du-ta and his band, some 200 to 300 warriors, in the Autumn of 1856, began

of Howland Gardner, dragged the family were soon after met on the way and Dr. that knows no waking. Harriott and Snyder, Maddock, Granger, their homes.

The Howe family was next visited and the family of four were all murdered and left on a pile in the snow and the house burned to ashes.

The Marble bouse was burned, Mr. with the other young wife were mercilessly forced and plunged into hopeless immoral servitude to these inhuman, fiendish monsters, whom they had seen murder their eptire families in the most heartless manner. They were both ransomed during the year and were in later years happily married; Mrs. Marble Silbaugh now living in California and Mrs. Abbie Gardner Sharp, widow, in a new home, within speaking distance of the graves of her loved ones. In like manner, the slaughter continued throughout the settlement. John Stewart. on his return home found two heaps-ashes and mangled bodies of wife and two obildren-the Woods brothers near their store and many others, besides a company of men traveling in search of a location and never beard from.

A rescuing party of volunteer soldiers from Ft. Dodge, 90 miles distant, buried twelve missing, four of whom were later found to be Mrs. Thacher, Mrs. Noble, latter ransomed as above stated, making a total of fifty-one, an entire frontier settlement wiped out; fiendishly, heartlessly Iowa which "attended its settlement," and authority making it "historical" will

the Indians was an experience of frightful privation and enflering to the four young passing through our State leaving hunwomen captives. They were soon sold or bartered away to heroes (?) of the tribe and Iowa, and built up Lamoni and are still forced to travel on foot through the melting snow from light till dark and catch some sleep in miserably constructed tepees, in wet slothes from sheer exhaustion, frequently compelled to wade streams to their question to ask and a proposition to subnecks, perform menial labor and submit to mit to. the every dictation of their savage masters. After the first few weeks existence of Mrs. Noble became unknown for a time, until one night, ber tepee was set up near Abbie Gardner's. During the night she was heard begging for her life and positively refusing demands made by a son of old luk-pa-du-ta, when she was dragged outside, a dull thud, a scream, another thud. a moan, still another thud and all was still. When the camp was abandoned next

in the crimson snow. Soon after, Mre. Thacher became so ob- next International Fair, he will endeavor the glare.

streperous that her lord and master, who to have two State buildings, as nearly as rode his pony across a stream waited for possible merged into one structure, or if her as she waded over, met her on the bank not so to have the said two buildings with a pole, taunting her for a while, re- erected "side by each"-i. e., close up fusing to permit her to land, and finally together with but one buge banner across struck her a death blow over the head and the front of both bearing this "gush :" her body floated away.

their marauding depradations against the Daring the summer months, friendly white settlements but were successfully Indians sevealed to the agent at St. Paul, kept at bay until March 7th, 1857. The the whereabouts of the other two and beavy snows of the winter still lay on the through fear and other agencies a ransom was consummated and they were returned On this date they went to the log house to relatives in eastern Iowa were later in life they married as before stated. Abbie out of the house one by one, beating their Gardner Sharp's husband died a few years brains out with sticks of stove wood, piling ago leaving her with a daughter. Some the seven mangled bodies in a beap in the twenty years ago, she returned to the awsnow and ransacking the house, taking such ful scene of her childhood, regained posthings for use or pleasing to their fancy and session of her old home, built a new house the sole survivor of this family, Abbie and with her daughter's family is passing Gardner, a comely Miss of 15 years, was her days on the spot where her father, taken into captivity and made the enforced mother, brothers and sisters so tragically slave wife of a young brave (?) Six men lost their lives and are lying in the sleep

We omitted to state that at the time of Luce and Clark, were beaten to death with the massacre, the Indians burned all of the clubs, their horribly mangled bodies being houses except the Gardner house, took found by the lake shore almost in eight of away all of the horses in the settlement. killed over a hundred head of cattle, taking only the horns for powder horns.

During two sessions of the Legislature, the writer had the pleasure of frequently conversing with Mrs. Sharp and learned from ber much of the story berein given. Marble beaten to death and the young wife To her personal efforts much is due in protaken captive. This young girl, together curing the appropriations to commemorate the memory of ber lost loved ones.

Two years ago we visited this historic

spot and was entertained at her home. When we first met her some eighteen years ago, she appeared to be in the prime of her womanhood though evidences were apparent of the ordeal through which she passed. But these additional years have changed her to a white haired, genial, kindly disposed old lady, the ever present evidence of her life sorrow being plainly discernible. When asked the question, that with the graves of her family the old log house, the monument and all the remaining evidences of her loss, always plainly in sight did not serve to promote a feeling of distress she said "oh no. I cannot obliterate the past, or call them back and while it all seems like a terrible dream and the memory of that awful morning indelibly stamped on every fiber of my nature, 41 bodies, found three badly wounded and I am happy when sitting in the old house

and keeping their graves green." The old log house stands just as it did 50 Mrs. Marblefand Abbie Gardner, the two years ago, but is well protected by a larger building which entirely encloses it. It is neatly furnished just as nearly as possible the same as when she was torn away. The murdered. Surely this was an "event" in crude open stairs, the two rooms above with beds located and dressed as when the family occupied them. The one room befamily occupied them. The one room be-low has some furniture but is well stocked a prison and the female bird as a slave. with Indian curios, photographs, postal cards and other nicknacks on sale, from which she derives a livelihood, together carefully and fearfully and settles down in

try with its swollen streams, but somehow word reached Ft. Dodge, the nearest settle-

is a great of the control of the con each under state authority were hastily bill appropriating \$5000, to place a monuthe chicks are old enough to fiy. Then
the male bird destroys the barrier with his formed and on Monday, March 30th, arrived at the scene of this murderous devastation.

The march of these citizen soldiers, was certainly one that tried men's souls. With sioners were appointed: Hon. J. F. Dunand rises to a height of 55 feet, the top well.

dreds of dissenters, who settled in southern fighting poligamy fiercer than the Metho-

Before closing this article, which is now much longer than intended, we have a

As assistant postmaster at Roland, at the age of 18, the writer was fairly well informed as to the location of every burg in Centre county.

Maps and Atlases have been dug through recently down at our "right nice little building," otherwise the State House. But where is Lauvertown?

As a point of interest, it must be a twin sister to Striptown.

Should the writer be among the living morning, her mangled body was left lying and be possessed of a sufficient supply of influence with the commissioners of the

Pennsylvania and Iowa! the two bright-

est stars in the American Constellation ! Good-bye,

S. W. BAKER, Des Moines, Iowa, March 15th, 1909.

There are times in every life when the vital forces seem to ebb. Energy gives place to languor. Ambition dies. The current of the blood crawls sluggishly through the veins. It is a condition commonly described by saying, "I feel played out." For such a condition there is no medicine which will work so speedy a cure as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It contains no alcohol. It is not a mere stimulating tonic. It contains no opium, cocaine nor other narcotic. It does not drug the nerves into insensibility. What it does is to supply Nature with the materials out of which she builds nerve and muscle, bone and flesh. A gain in sound flesh is one of the first results of the use of "Discovery."

Harvard's New President,

From William Roscoe Thayer's "Abbott Lawren

Lowell" in the April Century. That the choosing of a successor President Eliot should be regarded as event of national importance measures the dignity to which Mr. Eliot has raised the presidency of Harvard and the range of his influence during the forty years of his ad-ministration. At his election, the academic ministration. At his election, the academic world understood so little the course of evolution for the higher education in America and they had gaged so inaccurately Mr. Eliot's latent powers, that they did not recognize for a long time that in him they had the one man predestined for the task.

Improving and knookabout wear than row ers. This garment is in one piece of fastened at the back. It may be finish at neck with a narrow band or cut or round or square, and have long or elt sleeves.

There is usually a narrow buttoned by and a pocket or two. Rompers are admit

A very different reception has greeted Prof. Lowell's election. The needs of Harvard, and, incidentally, of American universities are known, and, after the closest scrutiny of many candidates, his superior supporters of the university; and—if the gods are lavish in their gifts—he will know how to capture and hold the loyalty of the

Abbott Lawrence Lowell has these diverse qualifications in unusual abundance.

The Prison Bird. The peculiarity of the prison bird, a feathered beauty of Africa, is that he is the most tyrannical and jealous of husbands, imprisoning his mate throughout her nesting time. Livingstone watched the bird's babits while in Monpour, and in his sub-

The nest is built in the hollow of a tree through an opening in the bark. As soon as it is completed the mother bird enters was by "foot or horseback." The very beavy fall of snow during that winter, which Several years ago, tourists and summer ing only just space enough for air and food dwellers at the lake began carrying sound and brings food at regular intervals withcobble stones from the shore until a cone out fail. The female thrives under her enthe vast expanse of unbroken prairie coun- was piled up some 5 or 6 feet high near the forced retirement. But if the prison bird

> she cannot free herself from bondage. Normally the imprisonment lasts until

A Temperance Medicine There is one feature of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription in which it differs from nearly all other medicines put up for women's use: It contains no alcohol, neither opium, cocaine nor other narcotic. It is in the strictest sense a temperance medicine. "Favorite Prescription" accomplished wonders for women. It gives weak and nervous rowers at reach of heavy and nervous rowers. Fourteen men were badly frozen and two died from the exposure on the way.

The writer was permitted to converse with several of these men who were in attendance at the Legislature in 1894 when the set square, it is five feet square at the base and significant to a height of 55 feet the tendance at the Legislature in 1894 when the leg

Words of Wisdom

you are blue in the face, but give him a good course and you will see results. Some men are so convinced that they are going to wake up some morning and find themselves famous that they can't sleep. It makes a small man big to stand on his

dignity. Most of us are proudest of the things we intend to do. Some people are only tireless in making

other people tired. Give your children a laxative medicine which will not re-act on the system or leave injurious after effects. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the best medicine for children. They do not produce the pill

-Cynions-I love-Miss Anteck-Ah! I've suspected it

ong-you naughty man! Cynicus-I love the delicious freedom of Miss Anteck-Brute!

Doing fine needlework in the dim light of a house shaded for coolness.

Yachting or canoeing without a broad-

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow; He who would search for pearls must dive be

Now that spring is really here and the shops are gay with all kinds of materials from which are fashioned garments for wear in the warm weather season, mothers of young children will do well to lay in a plentiful supply of cool, comfortable

clothes.
Simplicity is the keynote in making chil-

A wise mother will not overdress a child.

sense of fineness, daintiness and exquisite quality in materials and a touch of well-

quality in materials and a touch of wellchosen trimming.

In the really warm months children
should wear as few clothes as possible. No
matter how frequently admonished by
mother or nurse, the sturdy youngster will
run in the sun—and no healthy child ever
moves slowly, except perhaps when invited to bathe or nap—but, like every growing thing, profits by it in mind and
body.

There is nothing more serviceable for
morning and knockabout wear than rompers. This garment is in one piece and
fastened at the back. It may be finished
at neck with a narrow band or cut out,
round or square, and have long or elbow

There is usually a narrow buttoned bel and a pocket or two. Rompers are admir-table when made of plaid in blue and white or pink and white checked mercerized gingham, coarse linen in white or colors, and in crash. They are worn by email girls and boys alike, and are charming, and

easily made.

The little sack frock for the small daugh ter is another pretty fashion. It is all in one piece, hangs straight from the shoul-der like a peasant's smook, and is delight-fully cool and comfortable.

This garment is exceedingly attractive

when made with a square neck, outlined with a narrow bias band of the material or of embroidery, little puffs of sleeves trimmed to correspond with the square neck and a deep hem finishing the short skirt.

Madras and percale are also among the materials for children's frocks, and stand the ravages of tub and laundress well. Only one or two undergarments need be worn in midsummer, and these are very simple, made of five muslin and trimmed with ruffles and narrow embroidered edg-French nanisook frocks, trimmed with

clusters of tiny tucks, Valenciennes insertion and lace edging or fine embroidery, severe little slips of linen simply embroidered, and frocks of flowered muslin and lawn, are all good oboices for afternoon One-piece slips of old pink or old blue

linen, worn with or without all-over em-broidery guimpes, are also in good style. These may be embroidered at neck and wrists with a simple design or trimmed with a design in narrow sontache braiding.

are at their best when made of linen with piping of a harmonizing color. An admirable frock for cool days is a regulation suit of black and white shep-herd's plaid, with shield of white linen and chevrons and trimmings done in scar-

Hat and Coat .- Linen or duck hate, with wide brims and crowns that button on, are alwaps good style for morning, and a more

elaborate hat or bounet of straw, with a small cluster of blossoms or a twist of ribbon, is admirable for afternoon wear.

A poke bonnet or rough straw with a big crown and a scarf of soft satin with fringed ends or a bunch of tiny flowers and green leaves over each ear, streamers of satin or velvet ribbon, and a frilled facing of silk mull in a delicate color is a charming

background for a presty little face.

Other hate of hair braid and lace straw are lighter and cooler than the poke bonnet. All have a brim facing of silk or net to match the color of the hat or the trim-Coats of heavy linen are the most ser

viceable, for they can be cleaned when soiled. These are out on straight lines, made very plain, and fasten single or double breasted with big buttons. double breasted with big buttons.

Lightweight serge or cashmere wise choice. An entirely serviceable coat for a small child is of black and white

Women whose arms are either very full or very thin dislike the revelation of the sleeve that is guiltless of any fulness whatsoever. But for the woman who can wear the smaller sleeve nothing is more chio at present, for it gives a very narrow-shoul-dered, sleuder look to the most corpulent figure. Collars are less exagge they were a year ago, and the shawl collars and collarless necks of the new coats are a boon to women who do their own tailuring. They are awfully good style and very easy

Fruit skins of all kinds are full of germs. The gloom of the peach is a luxuriant growth of microbes, that of grape only less so, and when these skins are taken into the stomach they may find more favorable conditions for their lively and rapid development. This is the reason many persons think they cannot eat raw fruit. If they would in all cases discard the skin they could derive only good from the fruit itself. Nature provides the skin for the protection of the fruit from the multitude of germs which are ever ready to attack it, as is evidenced when the skin is bruised or Fruit skins of all kinds are full of germs. The tight fit of his uniform.

Why father. be declared, the collar presses my Adams apple so hard I can taste oider.

Sitting on the beach with the sun shining on your book.

Staring at the water when the sun is at its brightest.

Sitting so the shifting light and the shadow of leaves from the porch or arbor play irregularly on the page.

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A reliable test for mushrooms is to put a bit of silver, such as a well washed dime, into a dish in which they are cooked. If brimmed hat or veil as a protection from the silver discolors the mushrooms are un-