Democratic Matchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., April 23, 1909.

THE ROBIN SONG.

The robins are coming already this spring, They're singing the song so sweet and so gay, And building their nest for their new summe lay.

was about to pass through the little gate she looked back at her mother's teasing till there'll be more robi So it won't be long to bring,

The beautiful tidings of the new coming spring

They build their nest in the old apple tree. Where they hatch their little ones, don't you see?

Then after they're out and their feathers are or They go out of their nest to see other ones, Then through the wide world they go roaming

about, They're singing the song that none others can

So over the meadows, and villages too, They sing the old song that ever is true But it won't be long till they sing their farewel For winter is coming so dreary and swell, When only the snow birds are left here

ing.

dweil, Which are singing the song that none other can tell .- By Kyle M. Alexander.

THE EVER CONSTANT TIDE.

In the late afternoon Mrs. Penrose came in from the garden with her arms full of briliiant peonies, and stood in the doorway of her cottage, momentarily held on that neutral ground by the conflicting appeals of the summer afternoon without and her duty in the dining room within. The little pause was very characteristic of her : she had often been obliged to stand for a while on some neutral ground because of an inward conflict between duty and the thing she would like to do ; in the end the

Sense of duty invariably conquered. On this particular June atternoon there was much to draw her back to the easy, pretty luxury of the piazza. On the op-posite side of the road that ran before the stage was a narrow strip of woods wherein the obestnut trees, big sisters to the Indian corn of later summer, reared proudly orested heads and tasseled arms ; beyond e little woods a wheat-field swayed heavily toward harvest, gleaming through the great boles of oaks and chestnuts like the gold of a sunset sky or the yellow sands of a sea-beach; on the strip of road and over the pearer garden brilliant sublight was intensifying all the colors and ripening the growing things; and beside the little gate at the farther end of the path, tall, white spires of yucca swung their bells. Despite the rich manifestation of summer's purpose, the earth seemed very still, as if waiting in silent costasy for barvest time; not for the colder barvest of autumn, but for that more joyful harvest of early midsummer, for the garnering of rich grain and most fragrant grass sprung from the abundance of the earth's young life.

Mrs. Penrose was keenly aware of the beauty before her, and an inward impulse was strongly urging her again to pass down the steps to the garden, and even to wander was did n't know: that was her reward; they were case-free, and no hint of shame had beauty before her, and an inward impuse was strongly urging her again to pass down the steps to the garden, and even to wander farther afield to meet the golden w-alth of The passing of time had recorded its ed her that Max was coming home that day, that Mr. Hughlett was coming to tea, that Hildegarde was most particular about stormy. To marry; to pass from passion-the looks of the table, that the new maid ate love to loathing; to bring two children was incompetent. Her finding so many and only the one appeal in that of selfindulgence, was also obaracteristic of her. She turned, gave a wavering backward glance, and went into the dining room. The new maid had put on the center-piece wrong side up, and had forgotten the calt-cellars. Mrs. Penrose could find noth-and for whatever of joy she might have lost ing else awry, so she arranged her bowl of flowers very carefully, readjusting one or and control which had succeeded it. There two, knowing that Hildegarde would be sure to say something about them. During her pleasant task she could hear ber daugh-was moving her nature, touching her heart -a something that to day she felt to ex-quisite accord with the June afternoon. A ter's voice floating down from up-stairs. It was a pretty voice, with the light fresh-ness of youth, and very like Hildegarde wave of color came into her face; she was suddenly restless, and felt as if she had herself. The girl was seventsen, and had put up her hair for the first time the week before, when her mother bad taken her to been still too long. The long shadows that were falling across her little strip of garden from the opposite woods looked in-vitingly cool, and she started down the Cambridge for Class Day. It was Max's first June at college, and the mother, resteps; then she saw Hughlett coming up the road, and, after an instant's hesitation. ering the change that the year had made in the boy and girl, smiled. She enjoyed the growing-up of her children; something of her own earlier power of enjoyment had returned as theirs developed. The voice came nearer, and Mrs. Penrose turned to look smilingly at the young girl. There was no hesitation about Hildegarde; she came into the room with the air of be said: determination and easy assurance of the girl who has played with her brother all her life; she was tall, with the straight back and long limbs of her generation, and away. she wore her hair in a very becoming fluffy mass about her face, a little down on her ing cheek. "It 's lovely, Pet," she said to her mothas they went through the garden gate to-ward the house. "The city is torrid." "And yet Max lingers there," she said, er. "I hope you didn't get over-heated in the garden She put her strong young arm around her mother's shoulders, and stooped to kiss a curly wisp of hair on her "Oo oo-ooh ! sweet carl ! little neck carl !" she coord.

Hughlett leaned back in his chair and stored from the day's beneficence of light roared. "Ob, you need n't be afraid of and warmth; the voice of the season was no Hildegarde!" He misquoted his usual phrase, and Mrs. Peprose blusbed again, and tried to look scandalized.

less sweet than it had been earlier in the afternoon, though now it was calling in a

softer key. "He killed my youth." Still Hughlett did not reply; she looked into his face somewhat questioningly. "And you want something that belongs to youth," she time ago, which you kindly published, give Again Hughlett leaned forward, and this time he spoke with all earnestnes, "Catherine," he said, "you know as well as I do what 's happened to the children, they have whispered His heart leaped when he saw the dewy grown up, beyond their old need of you.

traces of tears in her eyes; he summone all his self-control, and spoke quietly. "I want what did not belong to your youth, nor to mine," he said. The day

it, because I think this is my time to and the season and the beauty around them seemed to have given him inspiration. "But the children do need me; they will do not want spring flowers in late June, always need me. How could I desert them Catherine. I do not want the green of young wheat when I see the grain ready for barvest; I do not want the coolness of April summer. I remember you as you were when you were married; but I do not love the delicate prettiness that was yours then, my dear, as I love the beauty of your face

> his praise of her beauty would cause her to blush. A still-girlish impulse of flying from the compliment made her heart beat unmoved. She put her hand upon his arm, but kept her face turned away from him.

"I know you do, I know you do," she said. "It has made everything easier for me, your loving me; I am more grateful for it than for anything else in the world. But

-to love you in return? Oh, if I could !" He felt that the moment had come for his strongert plea, and that nothing might old stand. "I have tried to do everything for them; be wanting he put his arms firmly about so far I have done it. You know what my her. "Catherine," he said, with his face first care has been-to keep from them the close to hers, "there is a tide in human knowledge of what poor Ned did. Well, I emotions as constant in its ebb and flow as knew just how much I could do, and just what I could not do. I could bring them up in ignorance of their father's having died in the penitentiary; hut I could not the seasons of spring and summer, au-died in the penitentiary; hut I could not the seasons of spring and summer, autalk to them about him. In 'that much I springtime of your life, but I mean to have as it may, they are not on the market for bave failed. At first I sould n't talk about its summer; I have watched the ebb of bim because my own hurt was too keep, your love and of your need of love, and Now to return to the starting point : I now I mean to take it on its return, and with him even in that way. Ob, I was resentful at first, however sorry for him I was later. Then, after he died, I felt that harvest follows the sowing of the grain." He could feel the beating of her heart, the children about him, even if I could and his own leaped to meet it. She stirred have found some good things to say. The in his arms, turned toward him-and with feeling for their father, you see, has been the existence of her obildren; but the two were coming up the walk, and were nearly to have been. I do not need to tell them at the steps of the piazza, before their that I loved him or did not love him, that mother saw them.

can see that I am true to bis memory. That is what I meant by deserting them; of course I did not mean that literally. But if I am to provide an ideal of a failer in the afternoon, knowing. There was no mistaking her pleasure in the situation; her pretty face was twinkling with delighted merriment. In an instant Max had bis mother in his arms; she was sobbing, and

many years, and although they seldom failed to exasperate him, he knew how to meet them. "By Jove, I'm glad! It's just the right thing! you know! You ought to have done it long ago, Pet! You 've been an angel;

Des Moines as Another Man Sees It.

[Written especially for the WATCHMAN] Under the belief that this is a free coun try, where one may differ in opinion from time ago, which you kindly published, giving my observatious in part, about Des

Moines. I have not now, and never have had, any

real or imaginary grievance against anybody or anything in or about the city, for I have always been very well treated, but that ought not to keep me from telling what came under my observation.

As many of your readers know, there was a time a good many years ago, when a man did not have the freedom to express his opinions as now, and claim his rights as the costume this coming season in parasol an American citizen. If he did not throw and long, filmy scarf which is worn about up his hat and bellow with the crowd, he was hustled off to a bastile and kept there

until he was well infected with vermin, when he was turned loose. The many ribbed Jauanese parasols will

A self constituted "blower and striker" quickly. She was accustomed to bis ad- for the Des Moines club, first divested himmiration, but no woman receives its like self of a great burden by sending you a three column article, and then jumped on the tail end of the band wagon, and then velled to the whole State to rise up "in

arms" against me and scare me to the woods. But I am still doing business at the same

In my former article above referred to, the greater portion were facts-a portion ! fringe. the observations of myself, and of others as

told me, and a very small portion were my individual opinions. These latter I concede may be worth very little, but be that

Now to return to the starting point : I don't care any more nor any less about Des Moines than any other of more than a thousand towns or cities that I have visiten in my over forty years as a traveler, in every State except Florida only.

Since your monumental braggart correspondent has sought to rake me over the coals, I beg to go back to my former article and see how far I was "off."

First : I gave the initials of the Young Women's Christian, and not of the Young Men's Association, (as the compositor put it) in reference to the magnificent new building nearing completion.

Second : I did not use the word mulch at all. I helped my father mulch potatoes sixty-five years ago, and knew the meaning of the word then as well as now.

Third : I define the mulct law as selling whiskey and raising hell generally, as ong as you pay your fine willingly.

Why don't they take the bull by the orns like they do in good old Democratic Missouri, and in Texas and Oklahoma and in Arkansaw-yes Arkansaw, "now laugh d-n you."

Fourth : A gentleman in the State Auditor's office told me that the man

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

DAILY THOUGHT.

The demons are Worry and Danger and Fear, And Hate with its fiery blight, The angels are Courage, Faith, Love, so dear,

And Kindness, like sunshine bright

It is safe to say that plalted skirts will be widely worn this summer, although as yet few of them are seen on the gowns

shown by the big shops. The new plaited skirts rarely if ever carry the plats to the waist line. They are either inserted in panel effect under a tunic or they are arranged under a prin-cess hip yoke.

Doubtless later on the full plaited skirt with the plaits running to the waist line and stitched on the edges will be universally worn.

A touch of bright color will be added to the shoulders.

It is quite essential that the parasol should match some part of the costume,

be popular this summer. They are of silk with quaint little Japanese characters em-broidered or hand-painted on. Those made of Persian silk handkerchiefs are most attractive and match up well with the

Paislep scarfs. A Clo Clo San sunshade of white silk was lined with pale lavender and embroid-ered with iris in lavender and tall spike leaves in vivid green. With it was worn a scarf of lavender and white striped chiffon, with embroidered violets scattered over the entire surface. The soarf was finished at the ends with long white silk knotted

The flat effect on the top of the head, so much in vogue at present, should not be adopted by the girl or woman of round, full-faced type. She should be faithful to the pompadour raised well above the fore-head and the hair puffed slightly at the sides, no matter what fashion demands.

A woman with a full, fat face will only emphasize its breadth by flattening the hair at the top and broadening the arrange-ment at the sides of the face. In fact, the result will be a "squat" look that will be far from pleasing.

Prettier and more serviceable material than challis for simple house gowns would be difficult to find.

Those with white backgrounds and conventional designs in the soft shades of pink, blue or green are particularly effective. Bands of silk or satin the coloring of the design make very appropriate trimming.

On every side, these days, is heard the voice of the public raised in outraged protest and caustic sarcasm against the millinery of the moment. It is true that like everything else the bats of the season are at times overdone, but there are some con-servative models to be found among even the bee hive and coal scattle varieties.

The principal feature of the new hats is the orown, and in many cases the crown is the whole hat. If there is a brim it is merely a small shelf on which the crown rests, or a convenient something to which trimming may be attached.

The exaggerated hee hive bats are indeed trying. At times there is nothing to be seen of the wearer's head unless one stoop lown and looks up under the umbrellasoldiers' monument was the gift of the like, flower laden mass topping the costume Another odd and distinctly ugly hat is the one with a high bell crown and a nar-I said it stands on a commons because it row brim, which suddenly widens out at is not enclosed at all, and the day I went one side. This wide brim is sometimes turned up and caught against the crown of the bat with a huge rosette and a bunch of waving feathers. On the other hand the shapes modelled after the Charlotte Corday lines are extremely pretty and much more rational. The more severe ones are simply trimmed with a scarf around the crown and knotted at one side or tied in a soft bow, but those of satin straw braid with a wreath of blossoms all around and loops and knots of velvet ribbon are very pretty and bec ing to a large majority of faces. Fortunately for the woman past middl age, the turban models are well represent-ed. For youthful faces the moderate mushroom and inverted bowl shapes are pretty, but the close fitting turbans are more pleasing to an older woman. These are very good looking when made the main line. The Northwestern rans a of a coft straw and simply trimmed with lossoms, closely set rosettes with upstanding stiff ends of ribbon or velvet, a single graceful plume, a full cluster of aigrettes or Prince of Wales tips. A turban of dove grey woven straw bad as its only trimming a full willow plume of coral caught with a knot of coral velves and a dult silver ornament. Hats with maderate crowns drooping crowns will be worn by the woman to whom they are becoming, no matter how the fashions change, and many of them are seen. The fashion of wearing a band of black velvet under the chin fastened to the under heard hundreds of other traveling men say side of the hat brim is exceedingly smart and promises to be a favorite wrinkle with young girls.

any more than they fill yours." "But they ought to fill mine," she said. "No." he replied — "no." He arose, and proudly, knew no necessity of feeling any disgrace in bearing his father's name. So

"Ob, the idea," she protested.

But my need of you has n't changed.

"Oh. please don't talk about that, John!" she cried.

"I must," he said. "I must talk about

off toward the trees; he could not compel her look, but he was aware of baving touched her. It seemed best to add noth ing to his plea. His opportunity seemed to lie in calling from her something of the protecting, sheltering love which had giv-

en her such strength for the ohildren, and which they were now beginning to bestow in kind upon her. Catherine pondered for a while, and Hughlest let her work over the problem unaided. Finally she said: her fond motherhood to break through their

and because I would not share the children

it would be a sort of hypocrisy to talk to in keeping myself true to what he ought neck, she knew a splendid pity for their

Now Hildegarde, the tiny baby of that dreadfal time, was seventeen, and the pass-ing years had so changed them all that the children might, from their attitude toward their mother, have been her elders and

"Do you expect the children to see all that?" he asked. "No, not to see it," she admitted; "but you deserve all the happiness there is." "well, don't pull the darling's hair

they are bound to feel it. If I were to fail in holding myself true to the idea of their down just because you are glad, Max! father that I 've tried to oreate in their cried Hildegarde, and rescued her mother.

sake of the little ones, a new life in new unmercifully Hughlett oried: to bring up those children to be the firstenvironment; and to bear all the responsibility of their training-yes, it had been bard. But after that season of her life had rate pair of youngsters that they are, and you have the reward of your effort. What come another, a gradual ripening of her difference could it really make to them me for a punching.bag?" character, a mellowing of her emotions; now if they were to know about their fath "We really began to think we

"No. I am not going to wait here to retalk. ceive Mr. Hughlett-goose !" she said, and trailed away with chin tip tilted. Mrs. Penrose followed the girl's graceful figure with fond eyes. Yes, the young life now? was untouched, felt no taint of its inherited shame. And Max, her boy, who was presently coming home to her after their first long separation, he. too, held his head

Hildegarde waited an appreciable mo

ment before replying; then she made an apparent change of subject. "I promised to go over to the Mayers's

to watch the boys at tennis this afternoon." She gathered up her ruffled skirts-she was

still smiling provokingly, but the girl

eemed not to see. She went slowly down

the steps without answering; but when she

far her effort had been justified-the effort coming at last to stand in front of her. that every one had said would be unavail-"Dear Catherine." he said, "you have done everything—everything for your chil-In those early days when she had dren. Do something for me now !" been determined somehow to shield her children from all knowledge of it, even

She paled a little, but continued to look Hughlett had believed that the fact of the father's disgrace would follow them all. Now even Hughlett admitted that she had heen successful; and what did not that success imply to her !

Her thoughts went further afield, traveling back over the years of her life to her girlhood, her marriage, the terrible time when the world seemed to shut her within walls of shame, the determination born of

black restraint for the sake of her children, and to shield them from all knowledge of what had been. How little had she dream-

ed when she married handsome Ned Penrose that within a few years he would cause such a blight to fall upon her ! People had warned her, to be sure, had dared to warn her : he was fast and a spendtbrift ; but he was the fairy prince of her girlhood's imagination; he wooed her passionately, and she responded with all the intensity of youth's ardor. She would marry him in

the face of any number of warnings, declar-ing that love must come first, and could work any miracle; but in their marriage love's only miracle was to transform her quickly reached loathing of the man into a maternal pity for him after he had brought disgrace upon her and the children. She was not twenty years older than their boy, but when she was told of Ned's conviction, and felt the burden of the baby girl upon her breast and little Max's arms about her

father, and found within herself the strength to take the children away, determined to keep from their lives the shadow of their father's shame.

if I am to provide an ideal of a father for them, I have to be true to the ideal I wish to create.' Hugblett had known her subtleties for

protectors. Mrs. Penrose smiled, as she always did when she thought of that: if

change in her own self no less than in her children. The spring of her life had been

into the world; to bear disgrace that was barder than birth-throes; to make, for the

"Desert them? Who 's talking about desertion? You know I love them as if they when it is time for the warmth of mid-were my own; but they do not fill my life summer. I remember you as you were walked the length of the piazza and back, now. I do not love the girl you were ; I love the woman you are." She was by no means past the age where

Her mother laughed up at her, and the two passed out toward the piazza. Hildegarde's manner was that of pro-

ing himself at home, he said :

teotress, older sister, sometimes even grand mother, toward her mother; in their attitudes their ages might have been reversed.

You are afraid of Hildegarde," Hughlett often accused Mrs. Penrose; and while well," he said, "the boy is growing up." she did, indeed, always smile at the accu-"He is not twenty-one yet. It is alto-gether too soon for such things." sation, it was quite true : she was afraid of Hildegarde, but not as Hughlett meant it. It amused her to accept the child's little maternal attentions and to allow her to direct the smaller details of the household; yet it was not of her masterfulness that the mother was afraid, but of Hildegarde's t off any longer." keen and inonisitive intelligence

When do you expect Mr. Hughlett ?" the girl asked, raising a pillow for her mother's shoulders, as Mrs. Penrose made herself comfortable in a swinging chair. "When do yon expect him ?" the mothsaid wistfully; "but-"

er returned, with teasing emphasis. It was Hildegarde who had suggested that Mr. Hughlett be invited for Max's first eventhat. How could be be?" ing at home, and Mrs. Penrose obediently gave the invitation, though it had not occurred to her before that Hughlett would expect it; she knew perfectly well that be would have come without it. Lately Hilde-garde had been full of attentions to their old friend, and as Mrs. Penrose remembered the child's small coquetries and Hugh-lett's manner of meeting them, she laugh-

ed aloud, biting her prettily curved lip in one of the little ways that had survived her od. Hildegarde flushed girlbo

"What makes you say that, Mama?" she asked, and leaned upon the piazza rail-ing, looking across the garden to the next both laughed. "Do you know," said Mrs. Penrose, house, only the roof of which could be think-I think that Hildegarde is seen.

he ?" her mother teased.

She arose, deeply moved, and put ber hands across her eyes. "Difference?" she her a oried. "Difference? Do you think my ohil- dere. was more than that, however; something dren, my poor children, could be the gay, light-hearted creatures they are if they was moving her nature, touching her heart

Mrs. Penrose. Wonder, disbelief, uuderstanding passed quickly between them, and both began to laugh, Mrs. Penrose al-most hysterically, and Hughlett with a mighty roar. The boy and girl looked in knew?" "Yes, I do," Hughlett declared. don't think it would touch them any more toan the knowledge that my grandfather mild astonishment from one to the other, died on the wrong side in the Revolution as the very youthful do when they have

affects me. Upon my word, I don't see why it should. Neither of them remembers him. He 's just the same to their how, but yet are pleased at having done eciousness as if he were five generations "And you were afraid of Hildegarde!"

"Their father !"

went to meet him. He was carrying his bat in his band, walking briskly along in the shade, and when he came within bailing distance and Hughlett flushed. "You remember how you were made to suffer," he said, "and you allow yourself to think that the children would feel it as keenly. That is waved to ber, she was aware that the after-noon felt suddenly warmer and flushed again. When Hughlett reached her side, impossible. 'Do you suppose I don't know my own

abildren ?" She turned upon him halfangrily, touched in her pride in the moth-"Good afternoon. You look very fetching to day-and very rosy." She laughed, and turned her head a little er's omniscience. There was no answer to make to that,

away. "It's the beat," she said, and pressed the back of her hand to one burnand Hughlett walked the length of the piazza and back before he spoke of another hase of the subject. 'Oh, it is n't warm here," he declared,

"Well, even if they would be over-come worthy of you, anyway." Mrs. Penrose gasped, and Hughlett lookby the knowledge you have tried to keep from them, how-how would your marrying me tell them anything about it ?" She looked at him somewhat waveringly

with a little shrug. Hughlett looked sidewise at her, and and then out toward the sunset. "It would after he had thrown himself into one of set them to thinking," she said rather the deep porch chairs with an air of mak-"Hildegarde is so-soweakly. pansed, and then they both laughed. "So Mas has not come yet. I don't sup-

"Hildegarde is inquisitive, and Hildepose you know what is keeping him. Max's mother laughed. "You mean you suppose I do know what's keeping him," she said, and pouted a little. Mr. Hugblett laughed at her. "Oh, garde is knowing, and Hildegarde is very up-aud-coming," he laughed; "but I am not afraid of her." 'You mean you

Mis. Penrose made instant use of the change of subject. "She is up to some-thing lately," she said, "and I have no in front of Mrs. Penrose. He turned her white face up to his own. "You see!" he idea what it is. I am sure she has you on said. "It is as I said-the tide of timeit goes and comes, it wipes out all that her mind: but why ?"

Hughlett, however, would not follow the lead. She was leaning back with her "On, not a bit of it," said Hughlett. "Max is normal, perfectly normal, and he the lead. She was leaning back with her bads against the railing, and he came and Nineteen is the proper age. I should be greatly disappointed in Max if he had put but it has its flood, too!" he kissed her on the lips. When they turned, the children had gone in .- By

"I need you more now than they Mrs. Penrose langhed. "I know," she he said quietly. It was evident that she was becoming

Hughlett leaned forward in his chair. more and more moved, that his persistence and pine apples, Seobler & Co.

resting his arms on his knees, and looked up into her face. "Oh, come, now," he said, "Max is none the less in love with his mother, for all I am incapable of any other sort." There Mrs. Penrose refused to pursue that guestion She was looking over the tops of the trees at the roof of the next house. me in so many ways! I can never, never of the trees at the roof of the next house. "And Hildegarde," she said -- "Hildegarde "And Hildegarde," she said — "Hildegarde forget the daily agony of those years, and I have borne the hurden of his disgrace alone

-alone, for the children's sake; but he killed what might have been more to me Hughlett's mouth twitched, but he repressed the smile as Mrs. Penrose turned quickly toward him. "You 've noticed it than his good name, even. He killed the very springs of feeling in me." yourself, John; you know you have!" she

She was weeping, but Hughlett made no oonsed him. "Well, Hildegarde has been very-very answer. Presently she turned from him and looked over the lawn toward the darkkind to me of late," he admitted; then they ening woods; the wheat field beyond was carcely discernible now in the dusk, and the sunset glow was fading so rapidly that the moon, which had been only a pale disk begin-"He 's your guest this evening, isn't I think—I think she is trying to—to flirt of gleam yellow. The flowers in the gar-den were sending out their evening scents, quences.

with his other fist until women of Iowa. If he misinformed me it "Here, let go, you ruffian! D' you take is not my fault.

I said it stands on a commons because it should never get you two to do it," said Hildeto look at it there were about half a dozen garde, turning toward him beamingly, with her arm still around her mother's shoulcows grazing around it.

I have not one word to take back or "What!" cried Hughlett. He looked at change about it.

> Fifth : Railroad centre : I wrote that the Rock Island is the only east and west Trunk line passing through the city, and I say so now.

Last summer when I visited my dear old amused their elders and do not quite see | native Centre county, I thought that Bellefonte was considerable of a railroad centre, and I think so yet.

But to Des Moines and its "plug" roads Hughlett said to Mrs. Penrose, with mook The Barlington runs a "plug" to Albia, "Afraid of me?" the young lady exclaim where it taps the main line. The Wabash ed. "Afraid! I think you ought to thank me, both of you. Max would never have rans a "plug" to Moberly, where it taps thought of it if I had n't suggested it; we 've been doing all we could to throw you "plug" to Ames, where it taps the main "Hildegarde!" The mother tried to apline. The Milwaukee runs a "plug" to Madrid, where it taps the main line. A

pear shocked. "Well, we have, Mama," Hildegarde declared. "It was the last Max and I could do for you, and it 's a shame we did n't think of it before. You 've stayed unmarried so long—and father was n't trolley line runs to Fort Dodge where it taps the Illinois Central main line. Anybody who cares to do so can verify

the above in Bellefonte, just as well as if he were in Des Moines.

Next, the hotels : I have been in every ed quickly at her. "That's true, Pet," said Max. "Hilone of them, and never was better treated. but not one of them is up to what I exdegarde ought n't to have said anything about it, for we know how it burts you; pected to see in such a city, and I have but you had to stand so much from our the same.

father that we want you to be just as hap-py as you can now." The young man's face was very serious. "We 'll all three I know scores of cities not one-fourth a large, that beat it "out of sight" on hotels. try to make you so," he said, and turned Any man who can see "nothing superior

Hughlett walked past the two and stood or equal" on "four trips to the Pacific coast" may indeed be said that "having eyes yet sees not."

Over forty-five years ago I often heard was written on the sands. It has its ebb, Dan Lauver say that Lauvertown would be as big as Bellefonte after while. I have She smiled up at him, tremulously, and no doubt he really thought so.

Edith Barnard Delano, in The Century think it is equal to New York or Chicago. Probably a few people think so.

-Do you know that you can get the I have no reason to change what I said about the depots-the baggage haulersthe court house--the street car waiting room nor anything else that I can now room nor anything else that I can now think of, but I overlooked an observation that a traveling man called my attention to, namely : that in all my travels, I never to, namely : that in all my travels, I never have been in a town that made any pretentions to decency or law and order, where I saw so many drunken, staggering men, and I have yet to see the first policeman having

> Finally : While I have never lived in Iowa, yet I would bet "dollars to doughnuts" that I have seen five times as much

One athletic young woman indulges frequently in what she calls her "homemade Turkish bath." It is a fact, as she says, that one cannot always cleanse with soap and water and a comparatively smooth cloth. A cold cream bath on the face will prove that. Therefore she takes a small scrub brush, of the sort sometimes sold in drug stores for nail brushes, and first wetting the body with a sponge and hot water scrubs the whole surface of the skin with Des Moines is a fine city, but I do not the brush and a thick soap lather. This goes down into the pores and cleanses them, carries off more old skin and particles of dust and waste than the ordinary wash cloth, and stimulates the circulation. The soap is next thoroughly rinsed off with hot water, and the bath followed by a cold shower, and a brish rub. For the not too

> The lingerie waists will be worn next summer with the overblonse and without the blonse. The sleeves may be long or short, as one may prefer, because both styles will be worn. The decorations on the waist will consist of Wallachian, shadow, French and eyelet embroidery. There is a tremendous revival of interest in the shadow embroidery and the cut out shad-ow work. French and eyelet embroidery is staple and never is anything but popular and fashionable. The materials new lingerie waists next season will be fine lawn, handkerchief linen, not too fine, and

a "drunk" in tow.

Recpectfully. DANIEL MCBRIDE.

not beget the pill habit. They cure con-stipation, and its almost countless conse-

finest oranges, banannas and grape fruit,

of the State as the man who writes of

"Forty years in Iowa."

Lincoln, Neb., April 1, '09.

and other organs of digestion and nutrition makes a speedy onre certain. It will oure in extreme cases. But it cures quickest when the disease is taken at the start.

Take no pill which reduces you to pill slavery. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets do

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stomach trouble. But look abead. Every dangerous disease begins in a trifle, just as

Look Ahead. It's only a trifle now, that little touch of

the destructive avalanche begins in a trine, just as the destructive avalanche begins, perhaps, in a rolling pebble. When the first symp-toms of a disordered or diseased stomach appear begin to use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The perfect control exercised by this remedy over the stomach