

Bellefonte, Pa., May 21, 1909.

HEAVEN.

I doubt not, but to every mind of mortal... That heaven, in a different form appears...

THE PEACEMAKER.

"Looks like I just can't stand it now, Sylvanus—me, a preacher's wife, to put the elder's coffee out of a lard bucket..."

administration. Sylvanus, beginning to get a bit hardened to these ceaseless diatribes, was listening with half attention as they neared the church door...

For the elder had come to a sudden halt—quitting abruptly, as Sylvanus thought, merely to enter him. The young preacher...

From Ocean to Ocean in a Flyer. In describing the little bits of America seen on this trip from ocean to ocean; it is fitting that we begin at New York...

gradually spreads over the land you find yourself in entirely new and strange surroundings. As far as the eye can see, there is not a hill in sight, nothing but level prairie dotted here and there with farm-houses and buildings, straw stacks, haystacks and an occasional village or town...

EDITOR WATCHMAN: If you please, I will give some observations of travel in Montana, and I wish here and now to say, that I do not mean to antagonize anybody, or say anything but what is true.