

Bellefonte, Pa., November 10, 1911.

The Wise Squirrel.

A little gray squirrel was scampering 'round 'Neath the boughs of a tall chestnut tree. Playing tag with the leaves as they fell to the

For a spry little fellow was he. When right at his feet with a quick little thud, Fell a chestnut so temptingly brown. Escaping at last from its green, prickly nest, As though 'twere in haste to come down.

"Oho!" said the squirrel, "Jack Frost has arrived.

In the night he has stolen so sly; The nuts will be falling and I must make haste To gather my winter's supply," So the wise little fellow went bravely to work

Increasing his store day by day; Nor heeded his comrades that spent all their time In foolish, improvident play.

Said a pert little chipmunk: "My dear Mr. Gray, You really are working too hard; The burrs have so ruffled your handsome gray

Your beauty has sadly been marred." But the other replied with a whisk of his tail And a flash of his saucy black eye: 'Twere better by far to be plain and well fed

Than handsome and starved by and by.' At length when the north wind came blustering down,

And all but the snowbirds had fled, The little gray squirrel had nothing to fear All safe in his warm, cozy bed.

But the poor, foolish chipmunk, alas and alack! That was erstwhile so saucy and bold, Searched vainly for food 'neath the fast falling

And perished of hunger and cold. -Katherine L. Daniher.

A STITCH IN TIME.

That a dog-fight-a growling squabble in the early summer dust and sunshine
—should upset the lumber-woods settlement of Thirty Drinks and divert her most eminent citizens from their accustomed employments was in itself almost a sign manifest of the awakening interest of Providence in that benighted but fervently joyous community. The absence of an instant and grateful perception of the impending beneficence, however, is ness in the world, but not yet to be to be condoned: Providence had never troubled by it. She looked, then, withbefore interfered at Thirty Drinks. Moreover, the dog-fight was of such an extraordinary aspect-a contention so singular- and so indecent in issue-that Thirty Drinks was far too happily engrossed in the progress of the affair to discover the hand of Providence in its inception.

According to old John Rowl, the scaler from the Bottle River camps, who had sardonically cherished the rise of Thirty Drinks from its obscure and struggling beginnings with on shanty saloon to the flourishing prosperity of its thirty-two, Gingerbread Jenkins, the Cant-hook swamper, subsequently remarked in Pale Peter's bar, with the air of a middle-aged owl in liquor:

"Gawd moves in a myster-ee-orious way

the day and the amazing situation of the

The agitated bar agreed: Gingerbread the popular bewilderment, would have boys had it in mind." cast others of the sort with a free, glad Pale Peter's bartender, interrupted with about consultin' the on'y survivin' relation." liamentary fashion was at Thirty Drinks always and sacredly in order.

There's more sense in them old schoolbooks," said he, from behind the bar, with a large liberality of philosophy, "than you might think. What 'll you have, gents?" he added, coming to the point; "the drinks is on the house.'

Plain Tom Hitch stroked his beard, in a muse of anxious deliberation, and gently

"A li'l' licker, Charlie-fer me. The echo ran down the frowsy line: "A li'l' licker-fer mine."

They had the liquor, man and boy, in hearty drams; and in this convivial way the arrival of Providence at Thirty Drinks ever, that John Fairmeadow had intro-

It was an eventful day-the still and her nature-God's jewels, flung broadcast mellow Sunday of Fairmeadow's first pro-fessional appearance at Thirty Drinks. rice, now peeping from her cloud of dark The dog-fight importantly served to hair, and clasped around her slender gather the crowd and to enlist the interest of belicose John Fairmeadow in the acceptable garland. It was a pleasant moral atmosphere of the community; but the dog-fight was not all. In the early hours of the morning—a warm, flushed dawn—a tote-wagon, drawn by two stolid black basets and ground strength of the community; but thing to do; she was distracted by the delights of her fairy occupation and her thronging fancies. All the while she sang very softly some sad expression of her black beasts, and gravely driven by Plain mood, in the way she had; and no brood-Tom Hitch, had arrived from the Bottle ing cadence of the wild-throated woods, of Gray Billy Batch, who had departed this life, much to the annoyance of the foreman of the drive, and doubtless to his own surprise and alarm, in the Rattle Water Rapids below Big Bend of the Bottle River. He had been a scurrilous dog when the breath of life was in him a long sigh, River camps, bearing the mortal remains no armour serenade of the dusk, no nestwhen the breath of life was in him, a and set out, with a resolute shake of her sour and unloved wastrel of his days, little head, which showered the flowers morose, unkempt, ill-mouthed, in a rage with all the world, save one young heart, and least kind of all to the body they presently fished from the swirl and foam of the eddy below Rattle Water and to the misled soul that had sped to the solution of its own mystery. It is to be regretted that a division of the Bottle

River drive, employed in the neighbor-

hood and thus fortunately vantaged to observe the departure of Gray Billy Batch, experienced a flush of rejoicing. When, however, the dripping corpse lay on the bank, the feet still in the wash of the water, the gray face in the shadow of the birches, the Bottle River drive the water, the gray face in the shadow of the birches, the Bottle River drive stood voiceless and quiet in this Presence; and, the strings of memory were touched, and the depths gave tongue. At any rate, in the more charitable mood of that soft afternoon it was informally resolved that the only surviving relative of the decasted should forthwith be informed of the lamentable fatality and assured of the deep sense of personal loss under which his associates of the Bottle River camps dropped disconsolate.

and shyly approaching seventeen years! gravely emerged from the forest in the It was Saturday evening, at sunset, with the breeze fallen away to a balsamic breath of air, when Gingerbread Jenkins, It was presently drawn up at the Red agitated and heavy with his errand, came Tiger, Pale Peter's place, and there exupon her, waiting in the dooryard of the shack, a listless dwelling which Gray Billy Batch had knocked together at the edge of the clearing in which Thirty Drinks was squatted. "Patty, my dear," said he, with a soothing hand on the girl's shoulder, "your pop won't be a-comin' home t'-night. You see," he added" "he'-de-

That'th funny," Pattie replied. "He motht alwayth comth home from the campth on Thaturday night." Gingerbread Jenkins sighed. "Not t'-ight," he repeated. "You see, he's—hin-

"Ith he comin' t'-morrow?" "Well, yes," Gingerbread admitted, more heartily; "he'll be fetched home t'morrow mornin'-in a sort of a way.' "Ith he drunk?"

"Drunk? Oh my, no!" Gingerbread Jen-kins protested; "he ain't drunk, my

'Ith he near drunk?'' words wherewithal in the presence of a

lady, ejaculated, "Good gracious, no!" 'Where'th he gettin' drunk?" "He ain't gettin' drunk anywhere," Gingerbread replied. "He won't be drunk no more."

"Ith he-ith he-dead?" Gingerbread Jenkins was flustered by his liquor with funeral satisfaction. this abrupt question. It bewildered him, "Jus' as you say, Gingerbread,

too, to learn, all in a flash of revelation, that Gray Billy Batch had been loved and would be mourned. "Oh, well, now!" replied, hurriedly, "I wouldn't go so far as t' say that. I'd say," he explained, lamely, "that he—that he—was engaged."

"Who'th hith bithneth with?" There was something the matter with Gingerbread Jenkins's heart. It troubled him. And his eyes were all at once flushed. "Your pop's business, my dear," he answered, softly, driven to the disclosure

at last, "is with God." "Pop'th dead!" the girl gasped. Gingerbread Jenkins felt his bleared eyes overflow. Off came his old cloth cap. He nodded. "Pop's dead," said he. "Pop'th dead!" Pattie repeated, her brown eyes round with wonder, which no pain had yet disturbed. "Pop'th dead!" She brooded upon this new thing; and presently, with a start, her hands fallen upon her agitated bosom, she turned to the shack, wherein, through the open door, she seemed to discover her loneli-

out concern, to the flaring sunset clouds, above the black pines, whence her wistful glance fell to the besotted settlement, huddled in the gathering shadows beyond the confines of her familiar place. "He'th dead!" she whispered. "Pop'th dead!" "Sh-h-h!" Gingerbread Jenkins be-

sought, "Don't cry!" She was not crying; she looked up him with the light of interest lively in her dark eyes, for which, perhaps, the monotony of her days is to be blamed. when'th the fun'l?" she demanded.

'When's what?' "When'th the fun'l?" "Oh!" said Gingerbread Jenkins, en-

lightened, but not advised, and now taken aback "I See!" "Goin' t' be a fun'l, ithn't there?" "Well, you see, he'll be buried," said

Pattie began to cry.

The girl looked up with a wet and glistening smile. "An' there'll be a funeerial," Gingerbread Jenkins declared, flushed with ten-der detetmination, "or there'll be hell t' pay on Bottle River!"

When the uplifted Gingerbread Jenkins went away, resolved upon his own con-cerns. Pattie Batch did not go into the cabin. She did not so much as look in that ghostly direction; she turned her back, with a frightened little shudder, and strayed off to the twilit woods. She did not go far at all: she dared not; it was darkening fast, and she was afraid as she had never before known fear. But was accepted and celebrated according she found at the edge of the clearing a to the customs. It is to be noted, how-ever, that John Fairmeadow had intro-come to their shy and fragrant blooming duced and vouched for Him, as shall in the sunny weather of that day; and she plucked them, while the soft light lasted, and adorned herself, according to

from her hair, and with a step that was not afraid.

She was not to be alone in the cabin, after all, it seemed; she came there into the disquieting company of her future. "I th'pose I got t' do thomething," she mused, much troubled

It was clear what she should be.

"Can't thtay here all alone," she determined. "I jutht thimply can't!"

By and by she busied herself upon a black gown, which had been her mother's long ago; and she ripped, and she basted, and she tucked, and she sewed, singing a little with the sheet of the sheet along the sheet of the sheet along the sheet of the little, like a child who cannot compre-

early hours of the morning, the reins in the knowing hands of Plain Tom Hitch.

Tiger, Pale Peter's place, and there expeditiously, but still gravely, abandoned. No unseemly wrangle, not so much as an officious whisper, disturbed the propriety of the arrival and the sunlit quiet of the time; whatever uncertainty, whatever difference of opinion, may be existed in respect to the ceremonial progress of the extraordinary affair in hand, there was the shadows and silence of the forest. no doubt about what was immediately

desirable and proper in the circumstar ces. The movement of Plain Tom Hitch and Gingerbread Jenkins, and of the prospective mourners, who had sat with the corpse or straggled behind, were silent, simultaneous, and in the same direction. They tiptoed into Pale Peter's paws, gnawing at the bone as he went. bar; the swing-shutters closed behind them, with a subdued and melancholy creaking, and the high street of Thirty

for the tote-wagon and its indifferent oc-It is true that Plain Tom Hitch halted his first glass midway to inquire concern-Gingerbread Jenkins, hard put to it for ing the disposition and entertainment of the "only survivin' relation" of the inert heap under the gray blanket; but having been assured by Gingerbread Jenkins that in the event of her failure to appear unaided she would be sought by a deputation and escorted with every courtesy to the tail of the tote-wagon, he swallowed

Drinks was once more deserted, except

"Jus' as you say, Gingerbread," he assented. "It's your funerial. You got it up. But I wished I knowed," he added, where you was a-goin' t' put your canthooks on them Scriptures. What Scriptures?

"Holy Scriptures," said Plain Tom Hitch. "You jus' leave all that t' me, Tom Hitch," Gingerbread replied, with a display of resentment to conceal a shock of

uneasiness; "if we got t' have the Holy Scriptures for this here funeerial, we'll have 'em. "Jus' as you say, Gingerbread," Tom Hitch assented, again, with a doubtful wag; "but don't you go an' forget that you got this thing up without help. Got

a parson?" he inquired. 'Well, no, Tom," Gingerbread Jenkins admitted; "not yet. I ain't picked no parson vet.

'Got a hearse?" "Not yet," said Gingerbread Jenkins. "Got a coffin?" Gingerbread Jenkins shook his head.

"Got a grave?"
"I ain't a-tended t' all them things, Gingerbread Jenkins exploded, impatiently. "I ain't got my grave dug. I justopped in here for a little licker. Gimm time, can't you?"

"Jus' as you say, Gingerbread," said Tom Hitch. "It's your funerial." There was a vast uncertainty in respect to everything connected with the largelooming event, not only in the flustered mind of poor Gingerbread Jenkins, who was presently appalled by the magnitude his simple project had begun to assume, but in the expectation of the men whom "Eh?" Gingerbread Jenkins ejaculated. the Cant-hook and Bottle River tote-roads poured into the clearing, and whom the drowsy street of Thirty Drinks, immediately and without quite waking up, de livered to the thirty-two saloons. came with questions: What is it all about anyhow? and who got it up? and when was it to be pulled off? and how was it as a succinct expression of the general feeling in respect to the occurrences of the day and the amazing situation of the general respect to the occurrences of the day and the amazing situation of the general respect to the occurrences of the gray of the day and the amazing situation of the general respect to the occurrences of the gray of "No fun'!?" she wailed. "No fun'l a- view of the limitations of Thirty Drinks. For example. Thirty Drinks had never Gingerbread Jenkins deliberated. The known a parson: Thirty Drinks had Jenkins had dropped a pearl of wisdom from the casket of his memory; and Gingerbread Jenkins, elated by the profound impression he had achieved upon neerial," he hedged: "but I'm told the shroud, nor a hearse: the obsequies which the popular heavildeness the obsequies which had been been instructions. "Didn't hear told the shroud, nor a hearse: the obsequies which had been been instructions of a parson. Nor had Thirty Drinks and matter of obsequies had not been interest of the profound in the propular heavildeness that the profound in the propular heavildeness that the profound in th it had hitherto fallen to the lot of Thirty Drinks to celebrate had been for the most hand, in exception of increasing the enlightenment, had not Charlie the Infidel, haste to add, "there was a deal o' talk ostentation, green boughs for coffin, the darkness of the grave shroud enough, the wind in the pines a choir unequalled, the solemnity of the great woods a sufficient sermon. Thirty Drinks, indeed, had no graveyard-nothing but an avoided slope near by a shuttered house on the edge of

> buried, these sunken mounds, with one small cherished grave, asserting jealous ownership of the green and flowery spot. "And no grave dug!" Tom Hitch mar-"Not yet," said Gingerbread Jenkins.
> "You see, Tom, I ain't had no time t'

town, where three nameless women were

choose no grave. "Jus' as you say, Gingerbread," Tom Hitch replied. "You started this here little thing. But," he added, as he crooked his finger for Charlie the Infidel, "there's a hundred men an' eighteen hundred dollars a comin' t' this here funerial, an' there didn't ought t' be no

hitch t' disapp'int the boys." With the timely assistance of Charlie the Infidel they sought new light upon the situation.

helps me to keep my heart pure, my Pattie Batch came to the funeral unpurpose uplifted, my love undivided—I will serve both you and Him in these His attended. In fact, she was early. A childish little heart. indeed, she was—and all in a confusion of bitterest grief and dread and fluttering expectation. Except for the tote-wagon and the stolid horses, the street was empty; there was nobody to observe her shy arrival-nobody to be moved by the mourning garment she had accomplished from her mother's threadbare black gown and now wore with a the first time in her experience, and she was conscious of having upon her own resources emerged into the world, where-in she must bear herself with courage and resolution. She was instantly aware, of course, of the significance of the tote-wagon and the gray blanket; and she wept in an overwhelming agony of grief as she laid a trailing cluster of wild flowers on the blanket and straightened its disordered folds to ease the rest of the form beneath. There was a great stir and talk in the barrooms near by. She wept a little, she dried her eyes with a sleeve of the black gown, she sighed a great deal; but having long ago learned the part a woman must play at such times, she sat down on the edge of the plank sidewalk in front of Pale Peter's place, her feet swinging, and began pa-tiently to await the convenience of the men within.

The dog-fight intruded upon her grievthe only surviving relative of the deceased should forthwith be informed of the lamentable fatality and assured of the lamentable fatality and assured of the deep sense of personal loss under which his associates of the Bottle River camps dropped disconsolate.

The surviving relative was Patience, Gray Billy Batch's daughter, a sweet, brown mite, with a child's curious outlook upon the world of Thirty Drinks, though fast

The only surviving relative of the deceased should forthwith be informed of the lamentable fingers rested. And lamentable fingers rested. And should find the signed then, and having recited her blaspheming rush from Pale Peter's bar. The blessed calm of day fled in shocked alarm before it. It startled the stolid shouldered his pick and latrouble.

The surviving relative of the deceased of the signed then, and having recited her blaspheming rush from Pale Peter's bar. The blessed calm of day fled in shocked alarm before it. It startled the stolid fallen; the sun was sinking, wrapped in graveth.

The surviving relative of the deceased then, and having recited her blaspheming rush from Pale Peter's bar. The blessed calm of day fled in shocked alarm before it. It startled the stolid she will be all the storic of the sun was sinking, wrapped all trouble.

The blessed calm of day fled in shocked alarm before it. It startled the stolid she tote-wagon's all trouble.

The blessed calm of day fled in shocked alarm before it. It startled the stolid she will be all the storic of the tote-wagon's all trouble.

The blessed calm of day fled in shocked alarm before it. It startled the stolid she into blood and fallen; the sun was sinking, wrapped in the door of the day fled in shocked alarm before it. It startled the stolid she in graveth."

The very spot! said he.

They set out together.

The wing a part in the difference in the door of the day fled in shocked alarm The dog-nght intruded upon her grieving vigil. It came in a growling, roaring, blaspheming rush from Pale Peter's bar. The blessed calm of day fled in shocked alarm before it. It startled the stolid black horses; it shook the tote-wagon's unheeding passenger. It flooded the sidewalk and overflowed on the dusty street; it drew a hurrying contribution from each

And it achieved a much more sterling and beneficent result: it brought young John Fairmeadow back from the trail to

John Fairmeadow had gone by-had come and gone in the peaceful streethad passed the tote-wagon with never a glance of understanding—had thrown a smiling nod to the queer little figure in black-and had passed on to the mouth of the Big Rapids Trail. A moment more-a rough yard or two-a few long strides-and he would have vanished in

It was the dog-fight that brought him back—and in time for the indecent issue. Pale Peter's Bruiser yielded the bone to Billy the Beast's dog from the Cant-hook cutting and went yelping to cover with a broken rib; and Billy the Beast's dog staggered out of sight, with lacerated

'Boys," said John Fairmeadow, laying off his pack, when the joyous excitement had somewhat subsided, "I'm looking for the worst town this side of hell. Have I got there?

'You're what?" Gingerbread Jenkins ejaculated.

"I'm looking," John Fairmeadow re-peated, "for the worst town this side of hell. Is this it?" Thirty Drinks, my friend," said Gingerbread Jenkins, "is your station."
"Quite sure?" John Fairmeadow in

'Dead certain," declared Gingerbread Jenkins. "When I come t' think ca'mly about it," he went on, "I don't know but that this town beats hell. There's many a man has moved from here t' hell with the idea of improvin' his situation. An' a damned sight more young women," said he, "has packed up in a hurry, let me tell

you, an' done the same thing."
"That's all right, boys," said John
Fairmeadow. "I like the town. It seems to me that a man in my line might thrive in a live little burg like this. If you've no objection, boys, I'll settle.

Friend," Gingerbread Jenkins observ-inimically, "I don't quite place you." 'You see me for the first time," said John Fairmeadow. "Yes." drawled Gingerbread Jenkins;

"but I can't jus' make out what you're Fairmeadow was puzzled.

'You see, friend," Gingerbreak Jenkins patiently elucidated, "it ain't quite plain what use you could be put to. You look like a honest an' self-respectin' lady-fin-gered bartender," he added, gently, "but "but you might be a horse-thief."

Fairmeadow bridled a little, but on the

whole took the sally in good part. chancs to be neither," said he. What is your line o' business?" Fairmeadow replied, with a "Line?" broad and hearty smile. "I'm a parson. Fairmeadow perceived but could not account for the sudden stir and silence. Plain Tom Hitch looked Gingerbread

Jenkins reproachfully in the eye. "I guess I made a mistake, parson, an 'pologize," said Gingerbread Jenkins, umbly. "Are you lookin' for a job?" answered earnestly, Fairmeadow

That's just what I am!" 'You wouldn't mind, would yon, parson," Gingerbread pursued, in honest exaggeration of respect, "if I was t' ask you what kind of a hand you was on funeerials?

The crowd attended. 'I bury," Fairmeadow replied, smiling, Gingerbread anxiously inquired, "which

andin' a man makes?" "Not in the least-once a man is dead." "An' you're prospectin' for a job in this section?

grave-faced lumber-jacks. "What," he house at the edge of the woods. Little inquired, "dy,e make out o' them there Pattie Batch had nothing left to desire in poor damned lumber-jacks?"

"I confess," Fairmeadow answered, grimly, "to a slight attraction. Boys," said Gingerbread, gravely, "hold up your right hands. Aloft went every hand.

'Now, parson," Gingerbread went on, truth, the whole truth, an' nothin' but the truth, so help me God, you're e-lected!" Fairmeadow asked no questions. The sincerity of his call, indeed, was beyond question. It amazed him; he could not at all account for it. He felt it, however; and he promptly took hold on the strange advantage. The situation passed into his control in a way to make the hearts of these simple men jump. He stepped quickly to the centre of the circle—a clean, stalwart young fellow, a man, in bearing, of the great proud and powerful world-and lifted his hand. There was an instant silence. For a moment he an instant silence. For a moment he looked roundabout upon the grave and gaping faces. Then he said, "I thank you for the call, boys. It is gratefully accepted. In so far as God gives me strength and wisdom—in so far as He thely scriptures—and there was a parson, with a copy of the Holy Scriptures—and there was a parson.

woods. So help me, Almighty God! This was the call and installation

of the Rev. John Fairmeadow. Presently informed of his first ministerial office and presented to the object of his consoling services, John Fairmead-ow said, "All right, boys," and his par-ishioners returned to the saloons with a relieved whoop. John Fairmeadow was precipitately abandoned; there remained the gray blanket, there remained Dennie the Hump—Pale Peter's sweeper—and there remained the quaint, shy little fig-ure in black, now blushing and dry-eyed, who presented her hand with a grand air "pleathed t' make" John Fairmeadow's a quaintance. The gray blanket expressed no interest whatsoever in the affair; but Dennie the Hump volunteered to contrive a coffin of the shreds of packing-boxes, which (said he,) if unsightly to the finical eye, would yet hold together until it should repose where no further disturbance could endanger it. This genuine assistance John Fairmeadow promptly accepted, promising to look in upon the job, and complete it, and reverently fulfill its purpose, when he had finished with the pick and shovel. The tote-wagon was then driven to Pale Peter's barn; and there Dennie the Hump began industriously to ply his hammer and saw, whistling merrily the while in delight of his useful and conspicuous occupation.

"There ithn't no them-a-tary," Pattie Batch explained, with interest, to John Fairmeadow: "there'th on't a loth of the ground. Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust." Dust to dust!—and once more the scattered earth rattled its last message and decree. Nothing was left out, you see, by John Fairmeadow; it was all according to the forms prescribed, and Thirty Drinks was correspondingly gratified, and inspired, as well, to celebrate the advent of her own and established parson, for which event she had a lusty will, a sound constitution, and eighteen hundred dollars.

Pattie Batch went home alone to the shack which Gray Billy Batch had knocked together to house her. It was coming, are

would presently be added to the number. 'Jutht thome girlth," said Pattie Batch. Fairmeadow was not attending; he heard, but did not comprehend. He was engaged in a tenderly sympathetic consideration of the odd little figure trotting beside him with awkwardly lifted skirt. "You know," Pattie Batch continued,

in the way of the wise to the wise. It occurred to John Fairmeadow that the child was complaining of the grave-yard. "Perhaps," said he, gently, "you had rather have your father buried else-

"No, no!" she cried. Fairmeadow wondered at her vehe-

"No, no!" she repeated, in a passion of "I want pop buried determination. there!

"Of course!" Fairmeadow soothed her. "Near-me," she whispered.
"Ah!" said Fairmeadow, informed.

To be sure!" The graveyard lay in sunshine, a little breeze playing softly with the long grass—the whole freshly green and eager, after the warm rains, and brilliantly spread with flowers. It was at the edge of the clearing; the forest came close. Fairmeadow could peer into its dim tangled reaches, and could hear the chirp and twitter and rustle of its busy little living things. Gray Billy Batch had been preceded in the eternal occupancy of this serene field: there were four gravesthree unkempt and unloved, fallen in, overgrown, and one small mound, newly trimmed, whereon wreaths of fresh-plucked wild blooms lay smiling to the While Fairmeadow labored-and until the last spading of cool red earth was cast up-Pattie Batch, cross-legged in the grass, and much pleased with her companion, chattered amiably, between periods of gentle weeping. The little mound, it seemed, was the grave of Mag's baby, which had come, long ago, to surprise her, and Mag, it appeared, lived in the shuttered red house at the foot of the slope, and was Pattie Batch's friend. Pattie Batch didn't know just what she would do, now that her father was dead; she knew what she could do, you bet! but she hadn't quite made up her mind, She was not afraid. Oh my, no! And, any-

how-Mag was her friend. "I know," said she, shrewdly, her great brown eyes wide in innocent regard of John Fairmeadow, "what I can do."

The grave was dug.
"Come, child," said Fairmeadow, so pressed: "there is no more to be done "I ain't a child," she replied, in a co-

quettish little pout.
"No?" said he, absently. She looked up shyly through her long "I'm almotht nearly theventeen,"

said she. Fairmeadow had not attended to the chatter of Pattie Batch: he had been preoccupied in melancholy musing upon the aspect of Thirty Drinks from a pastoral point of view; and he had brooded sadly upon this death, and had considered the forsaken little chatte , whose words, inconsequent to his ear, had yet been great and solemn with the news he did

not heed. 'There'th jutht one thing." Pattie declared, with emphasis, when they came abreast of the first wretched shack of the

Fairmeadow yielded the attention de-'Don't you have Big Butcher Long for no pall-bearer, said she; "he hit pop'th

eral of Gray Billy Batch—sedately pro- duce wonderful results in this region some pardonable and quickly resolved for all wild things, and prove a valuable confusion, to the accustomed rites, per- source for stocking the surrounding counformed, according to the forms, in the try with the overflow. Gingerbread indicated the circle of grassy field behind the shuttered red respect to it: the hundred mourners from Bottle River and the Cant-hook camps were abundantly content with their grave share in the proceeding, and the eighteen hundred dollars were presently in a fair way of being spent in the thirty-two saloons. It is true that the long procession. full upon Fairmeadow, "the going two and two behind the lumbering tote-wagon, and immediately preceded by the Rev. John Fairmeadow, with a blackclad little woman on his arm, was preternaturally solemn and indulgent of August 5th, 1910, tract of land in Belle grief: it is true that the selfsame procession stumbled in rough places and was forever staggering; true that it paused, now and again, to refresh its strength and mood. Perhaps, in the polite world be-youd the woods, its practices upon this occasion may discover condemnation. God knows! But the world of Thirty Drinks, accustomed, and untutored, knew its own sincerity, and was not perturbed, nor found fault with itself, but continued

coffin, exalted on the tote-wagon-and upon the coffin were masses of wild flowers, of wondrous fragrance and glory, gathered by Dennie the Hump-and the birds twittered, and the sky was blue, and the wind flowed over the pines, and clouds, shadow and sunshine chased each other over the world, and the long grasses waved and the flowers nodded, all uninterrupted by the passing tragedy, un-heeding of it, as though it had no meaning, and grief no substance, just as they always do, in spring time, when the dead are laid away. And the litted voice was heard: "I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever believeth in me shall never die. Man that is born of a woman hath

but a short time to live and is full of misof fashion, and remarked that she was ery. He cometh up, and is cut down, like "pleathed t' make" John Fairmeadow's a flower; he fleeth as it were a shadow, and acquaintance. The gray blanket express-never continueth in one stay. to dust!—and once more the scattered earth rattled its last message and decree.

Nothing was left out, you see, by John Fairmeadow; it was all according to the

were not alone. It was lonely at home; the cabin was isolated, and still, and desolately vacant. She sighed-and wished she were a man. Presently, having gath ered some clothing into a bundle, and having possessed herself of a few simple keepsakes-a rag doll and her father's pipe among them—she took the road for Thirty Drinks. She did not turn to look upon all that she had left behind: she fancied that she would come again, soon -- not knowing at all that there was no returning upon the road her little feet now travelled. She went by Pale Peter's place-she passed the roaring saloonsand came, by and by, to the edge of town. Here she dawdled. The path was sweet with grass and flowers. She plucked an overflowing armful of blossoms; she sat down by the wayside, like a child, and wove of these fragrant jewels a chaplet for her young brow. She made a wreath for her shoulders; she fashioned a pendant of white for her bosom; she circled her wrists. The dusk fell-warm and brood-ing. She sighed a little-she sang a little -she cried a little; and then all at once she jumped up, and wiped the tears away with resolute little rubs—and she turned toward the grim, bedraggled, shameless red house, her eyes shining through tears in expectation of delight-and she went forward with kindling courage, her head high, like one going into the world, in the shining hope of youth, for the first time, to taste of life

She knocked. "My child!" John Fairmeadow called from the twilight.

She turned in doubt. "Child!" Fairmeadow called, again, his voice rising in quick alarm.

'Quick!'' Fairmeadow besought her. I have come for you. Don't go in! She took his hand.

"Come?" said Fairmeadow. "I'm tho pleathed you come, thir," poor little Pattie Batch sobbed. "I wath thimply tho lonely I couldn't thtand it. The door was softly closed upon her departure. Pattie's friend, Mag. came as near to sighing "Thank God!" as she very well dared.—By Norman Duncan, in Harper's Monthly Magazine.

Saving Animals from Extermination.

The East Kootenay district of British Columbia is to become a huge game-preserve during the next ten years, according to a proclamation from the Lieutenant-Governor and Executive Council of British Columbia. This region is located sixty-three miles north of the United States boundary line, and its eastern limit is the Elk river, which lies fifteen miles west of Alberta. It includes that section of territory which has been suggested as the Goat Mountain Park, and the total area is approximately four hundred and fifty square miles. In this great tract of country there is to be an absolutely closed season for ten years on mountain-sheep, mountain-goats, mule deer, elk, and the other important wild

animals found in that locality. At the present time the district under preservation contains an abundance of game of many varieties, although the elk and mule deer have been greatly thinned out by visiting sportsmen. A conservative estimate by guides, who are familiar with the country, places the number of white mountain-goats at about one thousand and mountain-sheep at two hundred head. Along the upper ranges of the mountains grizly bears may be found, and very probably there are fifty or more in the East Kootenay preserve. It was a distinguished success-the fun- A closed season of ten years should progressing from Pale Peter's curb, after and make of it a veritable breeding-spot

Real Estate Transfers.

Mary K. Gray et ai to R. J. P. Gray, April 11th, 1910, tract of land in Half Moon township; \$1.

Thos. Foster et al to Luther D. Fye, October 13th, 1911, tract of land in State College: \$2100. Mary R. Harris et bar to Agnes Ship-

ley, October 25th, 1911, tract of land in Unionville; \$1400. Marilla Dawson to Sarah E. Satterfield.

John Noll et al Exrs to Marilla Dawson, August 5th, 1910, tract of land in Bellefonte: \$1300.

Elizabeth White to Clara M. Conrad. August 15th, 1904, tract of land in Taylor Frederick W. Remy to John Polochko, October 7th, 1911, tract of land in Rush

ownship: \$115. John Yosue et ux to Andrew Bearash, October 26th, 1911, tract of land in Rush wnship; \$975.

Marriage Licenses.

John Rushnack and Mary Korkas, of Harry Craft and Madeline Stine, Phil-

ipsburg. Don. S. Devor, Milwaukee, Wis., and Esther N. Campbell, State College. Wm. R. Hazel, Zion, and Margaret Im-

mel, Woodward. Harry M. Van Gorter, Toronto, Canada, and Margaret G. Krebs, State College. Joseph A. Resides and Cora Hoover,

James Bannon and Elizabeth Eggleson, Philipsburg.

John L. Murphy, New York city, N. Y., and Sarah Hartsock, Stormstown. Sydney A Keefer and Grace M. Blackord, Bellefonte.

Remember that your birthright is health. A diseased condition is unnatural. Nature hates disease. She is always farmeadow; it was all according to the forms prescribed, and Thirty Drinks was effort. You must eat good food. Nature correspondingly gratified, and inspired, as well, to celebrate the advent of her own and established parson, for which event she had a lusty will, a sound constitution, Medical Discovery finds its place. It is made to assist Nature; to give her what Pattie Batch went home alone to the she lacks. It cures the diseased condition shack which Gray Billy Batch had knock of the stomach and organs of digestion