Democratic Watchman.

Belletonte, Pa., May 21, 1915.

THE MAN WHO DIDN'T SUCCEED.

They sing of the men who build the mills And girdle the earth with steel; Who fill the hour and wield the power That molds the public weal Honor to them that in honor do The work that the world must need. And yet in chief I hold a brief For the man who didn't succeed.

'Tis not to excuse the indolent: No plea for the down and out: Nor specious rot condeming what The leaders are about. Merely to ask in casual way Of those who chance to read. For fairer view, and kinder, too, Of the man who didn't succeed

His house is small, his table light; His family must endure The snubs and sneers of the buccaneers Those debts fall on the poor, Yet his is a home and no hotel, His wife is a wife indeed, There's nothing above his children's love To the man who didn't succeed.

Admitting it's true that he did not make The most of his talents ten. He won no pelf nor raised himself At the cost of his fellow men. His hands are clean, his heart is white, His honor has been his creed-Now who are we to say that he Is the man who didn't succeed?

THE DESERTED WIFE.

[By Mabel Wren.]

(Copyright.)

The Great Chihuahua desert lay white and calm in the moonlight; its solitude broken only by the yelp of some prowling coyote, traveling late and alone. Suddenly there appeared in the distance a strange cavalcade. Two Mexicans, and then two more. marched with hurried step before a cart in which a muffled bundle reposed. The procession stopped, and a hasty grave was dug. Then the silent bundle was lifted from the cart and lowered into it.

Riding down a dry arroyo, at right angles to the procession, was an American. The clinching of his teeth and the nervous twitching of his hands betokened that all was not well with him.

"I hope to heaven," he muttered tiercely, "that another time I'll have sense enough to stay within the borders of civilization. I was plumb locoed in those days-didn't have sense enough to tell right from left. Great Scott! Any man who is content to and that his boy, who was described throw away his chances in life as I have ought to be shut up with the lunatics. Any man in his right mind who will spend his life among the greasers, coyotes and horned toads place seemed strange to him, the men

boiled within him. Unconsciously his hands clenched

"Are you afraid?" he asked, when she was seated. "We're going to bob about considerably, but there's no danger if you like it." He was leaning the time occupied is 12 months.

Then they were quiet for a long space of time. She watched the water, while he watched the bright fluffs of sunny hair that blew distractingly about her face.

When he left her at Mrs. Drew's door she had promised to ride with him the next day. He had a horse that he wanted her to try, he said.

over the oarlock.

The days that followed were happy ones for one of the party, but the other-well, he at least was in no hurry to have them end.

There was no need of worrying over the other woman. He had left her ample means, and she would soon find a more suitable companion. She was not of his kind, and surely, no one could rightly blame him for leaving that God-forsaken country.

The years dragged their slow lengths around. Chad Leeks and his wife Elisabeth were samples of comfortable prosperity. But a close observer would have noticed an air of suppressed restlessness about him, and one of patient resignation about his wife. The humdrum of business life was wearing the lightness from his smile and the elasticity from his step.

111.

He would have diagnosed the trouble otherwise-the wideness and wildness of the Chihuahua sands and a dark-eyed boy were calling him. For years he had succeeded in nearly forgetting them; but as time passed, and no heir came to bless him and Elisabeth, thought of the boy returned with increasing persistency. It would seem so good to have young life in the house, to have his boy there always, and a whole string of other boys sometimes. and be young with them all again.

During the interminably long, empty days he revolved the thing over and over in his mind, until, one day, the restlessness overcame him entirely. Telling his wife that he had been called away on some urgent business that would require his attention for a month or so, he boarded a west-bound train, and in the course of a few days landed on the Chihuahua sands again. Once at the station he hired a rig

and drove across the plains to his former home. Inquiring cautiously at a neighbor's as to who lived on the old Leeks place, he found that strangers owned his former home; that his wife was buried beside the mound that was supposed to be his; as a very promising lad, was in some college in the States. For a week he stayed, going over

the once familiar scenes. But the rough and the women simple. The

Words failed to convey the ire that soul had gone out of things, and, try as he might, he could not put life in them.

ribbon wound about it. Some idea of the labor involved in the manufacture of one of these guns may be gathered from the fact that from start to finish

Quite a New Dance. Like a flying dumpling Uncle Flopwit projected himself from the moving

bus to the pavement. But mud was everywhere. Poor old Uncle Flopwit's feet touched the paving stones for a frac-

tion of a second, but he proceeded for the next ten vards of his way face downward-his white waistcoat churning a neat furrow in the slime. Then a lamppost brought him to a halt. He was still prostrate when a Samaritan's voice exclaimed:

"Oh, dear! Poor old gentleman! Have you hurt yourself?" Now, Uncle Flopwit didn't like be-

ing called old, and he considered the rest of the question ridiculous. 'Hurt myself? Of course not! That

sliding business is the first figure of a new dance-the walrus glide. Supposed to be a walrus sliding off a block of ice into the sea. Did it rather neatly. I think, don't you, you idiot?"

Mystery About Precious Stones.

That the diamond and other precious stones were made in the unfathomed and fiery caves of earth and brought to the surface by volcanic or other upheaval, is well established, especially in regard to those of the South African fields; but more mysterious than this is that they have been found in the paths of the ancient glacial drifts of North America. They are held to be very vaguely related to all crystalline forms which are others of the mysteries.

Cause for Complaint.

A quiet little Chicago lad serves as altar boy at the family church on certain days of the week. He has been attending rather oftener than usual of late, and his mother recently inquired the reason, adding that he seemed to her to be doing the work of himself and his comrade. "So I am," grumbled the boy sharply, "but I can't help it. That darned kid always ditches his dates!"

Various Companionships.

If one's intimate in love or friendship cannot, or does not, share all one's intellectual tastes or pursuits, that is a small matter. Intellectual companions can be found easily in men and books. After all, if we think of it, most of the world's loves and friendships have been between people that could not read nor spell. -Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Attacked in Front and Rear. A youngster of our acquaintance

who has a faculty for getting into scrapes recently expressed the wish

County Correspondence

swim. However, they caught twenty-Items of Interest Dished Up for the Delectwo suckers. tation of "Watchman" Readers by a tic wings that a handsome couple in Re-Corps of Gifted Correspondents.

REBERSBURG.

Catch the caterpillars now.

Prepare for Decoration day.

Teddy painted his house a Jersey cream color. Rev. Noah Fehl and wife have returned

to Irwin. Yah, wos'n fraw net was doot re net

wa; husht du kairt? Signs of activity in the lime corner on the Joe Bierly farm.

Kline's flour is just as good as "Pillsbury's Best" of Minneapolis

Spray fruit trees for coddling moth as the blossoms prepare to drop.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Musser visited friends at Millheim on Saturday. "The light of Asia" was Guatama, but

"the light of the world is Jesus." "U-L-B-G-L-A-D-U-KUM" is the slogan for Centre county's Old Home week.

W. J. Hackenberg took the Central Pennsylvania route of business this week.

be done on Monday forenoon of May 31st. Postmaster Curtis Bierly takes orders

moves a vermiform appendix. In olden times lumps on the skins of animals were for Pete Ritzman's steam laundry at Church functions are now normal: so. witches.

tions are so-so! The East End correspondents of the

Weaver made up a merry party of picnic celebraters in Harry Royer's grove on Samuel Bierly is pasturing his herd in

It is now honeysuckle time and many are the Sunday forays of the young folks to the north mountain.

Aily Breon has been selling lime in town the past week. He burnt it himself and needs no license.

Daniel Royer and daughter, Mrs. Secrist, visited Mr. Royer's brother Jona

"That's right! Always blame the woman! It's her business to bear it all! So let her vote if she wants to!

Smull, has been quite ill at the home of of her daughter in Williamsport.

Charles Carpenter Bierly and his force of handy carpenters are pushing the im-provements in the Lutheran church.

does not need any coloring admixture. Rev. John L. Metzger will deliver the

Lutheran church on Sunday, May 30th. Mrs. Floyd Gramley returned to Lewis-

Der bleibt ein nor sein lebens long." Mifflin Moyer is an up-to-date farmer, on "Die Phil

COBURN.

We see Thomas Rote wearing such a broad smile since the arrival of a little baby girl.

Ammon Emig has secured employment at State College and moved to that place last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Burd spent Sunday very pleasantly at this place with their friends and farmer neighbors.

The union prayer meeting held in the Evangelical church was fairly well attended on Wednesday evening.

Our farmers are through planting corn, but some may have to replant on account of the cool, wet weather.

Mr. and Mrs. Elias Breon and grandson Leon Neese, spent Sunday at the home of their son, M. W. Breon.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Shively, of Mifflinburg, autoed to this place on day and spent the day with her parents and friends

Mr. Thomas Eisenhuth, one of our section bosses on the railroad, has been granted a vacation of several months on a count of his health.

R. F. Eisenhuth has secured employment at the penitentiary as an assistant machinist. Mr. Eisenhuth has had experience along this line of work from boyhood up, and certainly has the ability to repair and take care of most any kind of machinery.

This has been a cool spring so far but we are getting ready for hot weather, as we will have two ice cream parlors in town this summer. Any one wishing to buy good cream call on "Boldie" and he will entertain you while you are enjoying the smooth taste of which ever flavor you wish to have. Then go across to Anderson's and enjoy a liberal dish of Bellefonte's choicest cream and you will feel that it was worth while coming to town, if just for the ice cream.

On Saturday evening Mr. Anderson, one of our new merchants in town. hired the Coburn string orchestra to furnish music for his patrons and the people in general. Mr. Anderson now occuies the room that James Harter owned and although we were sorry to see Mr. Harter go out of business we believe that Mr. Anderson will take his place .. The latter came from Chester county, Pennsylvania and attended The Penn sylvania State College, of which he is a graduate. We hope that every one will give him a reasonable patronage and feel at home in the store just as much as before.

WOODWARD.

Mrs. Joe Ard and Miss Mabel Wolfe did shopping at Millheim Saturday.

sets besides the onion sets, reminding us Mrs. John Fultz and son, of Coburn, of the young lady who just returned spent Sunday here visiting relatives. from the "Sementary" and chided her

dad because he persisted in calling onions "ingens." Said he. "Wal Sal, they looks Oscar Meyer and wife, of Coburn, spent Sunday with the lady's parents.

like ingens, they smell like ingens, tastes Luther Weaver and family enjoyed dinlike ingens and I swow they is ingens! ner with Frank Miller's, at Coburn, Sun-. The "Kultur" Germans whose motto is day.

'Deutchland Uber Alles!" libel Dr. Mar-Sam Orndorf, wife and daughter spent tin Luther when they say that he wrote Saturday with his mother. Mrs. Phœbe

> James Gisewite and wife and Mrs. Thomas Motz were shoppers at Millheim iday.

The decoration of soldier's graves will

Lock Haven. also, business functions and social func-

WATCHMAN are au fait; in vernacular, "on to their job."

Smull's woods, with the Noah Brungart juniors as cow boys.

than, at Zion, on Saturday.

Mrs. Chestie Wert, mother of Herbert

Mrs. George Waite is proud of the golden butter her Jersey cows produce. She

Memorial address to the veterans, in the

this couplet: burg on Friday, after a week's visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Waite.

The Doctor never wrote it. He was

one man to do it.

hearts by Misses Martha Douty, Maude Stover, Alice Weber, Florence and Lucille Bright, Norman Douty, Earl Weber, Er-nest Harry, Robert W. Bierly and Charles Corman. Early Wednesday morning, at the urgent request of Dr. Kelley, of State

Ascension day.

of Philipsburg.

their names.

a home market.

day at the classic swimming pool of

Smullton, but none of the ladies can

Rumor comes a sailing with balloona-

bersburg, who have been saccharinely

inclined for some time, will soon grace the marital register at Bellefonte with

Miller Beyer, who now owns the his-

toric Hubler mill at Hubler's Gap, is

making a systematic effort to build up its

trade to the old fame mark. He buys

and sells grain and feed, thus affording

Hon. C. L. Gramley went to visit the

Odd Fellow's Orphanage at Sunbury on

Wednesday and thence to Harrisburg to

observe the good behavior of our law-

makers under the ox-goad which Gov.

Brumbaugh waves over them every day.

cension Day, was attended with glowing

Dr. Kellar, of Madisonburg, on Satur-

day removed an external lump from the

jaw of Newt. Weber's cow as scientific-

ally as a hospital surgeon sometimes re-

believed to have been shot there by

Hester Smull, Rebecca Metzger, Neta

Page, and Mildred Wolf, of Loganton;

Kathryn Ocker, Gladys Hackenberg, Earl

Smull, Howard Metzger, Russell Auman,

Frank Bailey, Samuel Hubler and Edwin

The Old Home week party who billed

the valley last week dined at the Rebers-

burg inn. They were J. P. Lyon, John J. Bower, J. Frank Smith and W. D.

Zerby. Other visitors were Ex-Sheriff

Brumgart, B. D. Brisbin and John Leas-

ter, of Centre Hall, and James B. Wilson,

Voneida, the new artisan, was taken

suddenly ill on Saturday, but he soon

rallied, as there is not a lazy speck in

his body, and he is as handy as famous "Cy. Pettingill," who made Uncle Dau-

nell's hand-cuffs and patent crow exter-

minator in the play of "The Deputy

"Wer nicht liebt wein, weib und g'song,

Emma Smull, Velma Miller, Bernice

Ernest P. Bierly, who bought the fa-

"A wise guy," in burning brush and

stumps, built a circumvallation of posts

and stones around his fire to keep it in.

Then he went to dinner and came to

On Thursday before Mrs. Helen Bierly

left on a visit to her old home in Lima

Ohio, she was surprised by some lady

friends who paid her a visit, with lunch-

eon, and helped her to pack and ge

"Ascension Day," usually a fishing ex-

the Juniors disported themselves in

Harry Royer's grove and still another in

the woods near home. All had a merry

Old Home week at Bellefonte in July

relatives and friends during the period of

before the flames were checked.

Page and Geraldine Hackenberg.

time.

out an acre in watermelons, a half acre

in musk melons, five acres in potatoes

In our town there are several social

Sheriff from Jarvis' Section.'

The outing in Brungart's grove on As-

College, Dr. George S. Frank, of Millheim, carred over here to the residence of Hon. Henry Meyer to preside over the introduction of a new boarder in that happy home.

until the nails sank deep into the cession, and dismounting, stood hidden by some low mesquite, and watched the proceedings.

It was only some man from the States who had been killed in a row with the greasers. He, Chad Leeks, had not been above such rows himself, and the whole thing was as plain as day to him. It was a common happening in the country to which he was tied. 'Twas probably over some woman.

Chad's mind worked quickly. He silently followed one of the men home. swore at him in approved Mexican style, and sent him up to the adobe hut of Chad Leeks to inform his wife and child that he had been shot in a dance row the night before at a Mexican hacienda.

Meanwhile, the supposedly buried Chao was speeding with all haste over the border. It was a step that he had been contemplating for some time; the witnessing of the burial had merely precipitated things.

Once across the line, he boarded an east-bound train and rode until he had reached his boyhood home.

His father welcomed with open arms the prodigal son who had run away from college, and asked him few unnecessary questions about his wanderings.

11. "Elisabeth, let me present Mr. Leeks. Chad is a very dear friend of mine. His mother and I were old school chums."

Chad's figure straightened and his eyes lighted. A slim, cool hand rested on his for an instant. Mrs. Drew bustled about and settled everybody cozily at the card table-and then fate seemed to settle things for him.

When he left the night was full of laughing eyes, of delicate, high-bred faces, of friendly words, of dainty hands that slipped softly into his own. He turned abruptly from the city until he felt the wet sand under his feet, then he settled down into a swinging stride that took him miles up the beach. When he returned to his room, he was so tired that he slept immediately.

The next morning he was making his way along, head down and hands in his pockets, when a merry voice greeted him:

Walk with me a moment, please. Now listen, Elisabeth Barth is crazy to go out on the bay in a rowboat. Won't you take her out? I'm afraid to trust her with an ordinary landsman. I'd trust vou anywhere: you know that. This afternoon at three, then. Thank you so much. No, I can't talk any longer. Good-by." And Mrs. Drew was gone.

At three o'clock he steadied the bobbing[•] boat and held out his hand to Elisabeth Barth. Those slim fingers again made him draw in his breath sharply.

to where the trail led into the mountains, and crossed the American line. Once over, he pulled up and looked

shut in his dreams. IV.

It was commencement day. Chad Leeks was valedictorian. At the close of the exercises, the elder Chad went up and introduced himself to the younger man as a friend of his father

"I'm glad you knew him." the boy replied heartily. "My mother could not die in peace until I promised to graduate at the same college that he attended. She thought it might help me to become the man he was." With a sigh the elder man turned

away. He would rather die than allow the boy to be disillusioned.

"She-wanted-him to become-the man-his-father-was," he mused bitterly as he boarded a home-bound train.

CONSTRUCTING THE BIG GUNS

Enormous Amount of Labor Involved in the Making of These Weapons of War.

A fascinating sight is to watch the first stages in the manufacture of the big guns, which are proving so devastating in the war. A solid ingot of steel, some fifty feet in length and weighing about one hundred tons, is employed in the making of a 13-inch gun. After being forged and then allowed to cool, so that it may be toughened for the heavy work, this gigantic bar of steel is pressed into cylindrical shape by a powerful hydraulic press, which exerts a pressure of anything between 5,000 to 10,000 tons to the square inch. Later what is known as the trepanning operation is carried out, namely drilling the bore from end to end. Next the bore is rifled.

The most impressive sight, however, is the hardening process, when the rough weapon is heated to dazzling white heat and plunged into a well full of oil. If the operation takes place in the night time the sight of this big, glowing bar of metal being lowered apparently into the bowels of the earth issuing leaping tongues of flames from the burning oil. may be

likened to a scene from Dante's Inferno. The gun is left to cool in the oil bath, out of which it comes hardened, toughened and tempered.

Now follows the wire-winding operation to make the weapon stronger and impart to it some measure of elasticity. This wire winding is much the same in principle as the whipping on the handle of a cricket bat. In this case, however, the whipping takes the form of a strong steel ribbon, which is wound around the body of the gun. Every 13-inch gun has about one hundred and twenty miles of this steel

Again he rode swiftly down to the that he was a postage stamp. When with the best agricultural ap flesh. Just then he noticed the pro- dry arroyo, across the low mesquite asked why, he answered: "Because a stout heart, strong arm and watchful postage stamp can only be licked eye. once." Whereupon we pointed out that the stamp received, besides the lickback at the forbidding black sills that ing, a severe punch in the face.

To Remove Mildew Stains.

Mix a small quantity of soft soap with the same proportion of powdered starch and salt and the juice of a lemon. Apply this mixture to both sides of the stain with a small brush, and, if possible, let the article lie on the grass all day and night until the stains have quite disappeared. Then wash in the usual way. .

Use for Damaged Diamonds.

Diamonds that cannot be worked are sold under the name of "bort" and used for various purposes. Splinters of bort are made into delicate drills for drilling artificial teeth and other exceedingly hard substances, gems, etc.

Horticultural Crime.

They say that the chief trouble in raising grapefruit is to keep it from being as large as a pumpkin; and to have to sell all that for 10 cents would provoke to tears .- St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Nature's Justice.

Nature is just toward men. It recompenses them for their sufferings: it renders them laborious, because to the greatest toils it attaches the greatest rewards .- Montesquieu.

Unpopular Listeners.

"I really dislike to talk to her: she has such a habit of finishing one's sentences for one. You know the kind?" "Yes; they listen faster than you can talk to them."

Suspicious.

When a man starts off by announcing that he views something more in sorrow than in anger we always suspect that he is really pretty mad about it.

Critic Seldom Wins Love.

If you would be loved as a companion, avoid unnecessary criticism upon those with whom you live.-Arthur Helps.

Daily Thought. God is better served in resisting a temptation to evil than in many formal prayers .- William Penn.

No Doubt.

When married folk disagree they have only themselves to blame-and they do.

Howard Miller's bright little grand-son, who has been a deaf mute from birth, is giving evidence of ability to speak some words

the sere and vellow leaf of autumn, and The Saturday morning frost froze the enjoy the merry laughter of his grandburdock leaves stiff and some early vegchildren. etables went down under the heat of the rising sun.

Crouse, Grace Brungart, Mary Brungart, Among the new improvements to be Mary Weber, Mary Schaffer and several commended are concrete walks in front other girls, with Ollie Voneida, Earl Philof the residences of James Harbaugh and lips, Harry Shultz, Russell Beckenbaugh Howard Miller. and Ray Swartz took their fishing on As-

cension day at Kline's dam, where they lunched like Robin Hood's band and Mrs. Alice Bechtel, an industrious and pains-taking house-keeper, is in demand in many homes where faithful and hon-Maid Marion. est work are appreciated. mous Dœbler watermelon farm, has put

Last week another little angel girl came to bless the home of Ira Shultzfourth daughter. Ira is chagrined because it is not a boy cherub. Heller is still buying and selling calves

for the Lock Haven market. Sometimes he ships them and sometimes he goeth over the mountain with them.

"The Pike" is the dividing line between the sports who roam to Rebersburg and those who meander o'er verdant fields to Madisonburg, on Saturday nights.

"Faint heart ne'er won fair lady!" There are a number of bachelors here who should apply to Dr. Bright for a prescription inciting heart-spunk!

Miss Gertrude Houtz has a prize sugar pumpkin which she preserved all winter in her house. The seed from that vegetable should command a good price.

Rev. C. D. Dreher, presiding elder of the Evangelical association, delivered an able sermon on Sunday morning on the text "I, the Lord Am Thy Redeemer."

A capitalist was here last week to look over the Jasper Brungart plantation and it "looked good" to him. Takes some money, too, to buy it. The younger Houtz brother, Ira, last

week sustained a broken bone in his arm by reason of a too frail rail in a fence he was climbing over. It was shingled by Dr. Bright.

Chestnut grafts are being set now hereabouts from the Paragon orchard of H. H. Eisenhuth, Route 2, Spring Mills, which is located on Penn's creek, not far west of Zerby.

The regular correspondent having takfornia. David J. Meyer, of Centre Hall, en a trip to the far west, a substitute has been engaged for awhile; that is, as long as the stationery holds out and the oil pects to visit him and all her numerous

den in Miles township and in case your brush fire gets away from you, telephone

Miss Mary Bright, who was an invalid on Philadelphia scholastic manna when she arrived home a few weeks ago, has recuperated marvelously on good old

The Pleasant Gap suitor for a Saffron bride disports hither and hence in his auto. The chariot of Venus, who also had saffron tresses, was anciently pictured as drawn by turtle doves!

Misses Helen Gephart, Mary Frank

Miss Dolly Kerstetter, of Millheim, is John J. Shultz, of Spring Bank, has been one of our most successful farmers. spending the week with her sister, Mrs. Luther Weaver. He gave his whole attention to it from a practical stand-point, uninfluenced by the

Harry Gilbert, of Millersburg, has come theoretical "book larnin' " of this epoch. to spend the summer months at the Hence he can fold his hands serenely in Woodward house.

One of our village farmers, Isaac Orndorf, had the misfortune to lose one of his work horses last Wednesday.

Allen Hess, wife and two children, of Lewistown, have been called here because of his father's critical condition.

Mr. Erhard and niece. Miss Sadie Erhard, of Kansas, are visiting among relatives and old acquaintances here.

Ellsworth Hosterman, who recently went to the Bellefonte hospital to undergo an operation, has returned and is on a fair way to recovery.

Luther Weaver autoed McClellan Stover and Ollie Fiedler, of Woodward; William Gisewite and Michiael Bower, of two acres in onions and hopes to add a few acres more of watermelons, and Aaronsburg, to Bellefonte Saturday on sweet potatoes, and four or five acres of corn. It takes some scratching now for business.

Mrs. Clere Vonada, a former resident of this place, was taken to the Williamsport hospital recently by her family physician, Dr. Frank, to undergo an operation.

town for his mail and gossip. Whilst he Roy Musser, who is employed by the was away an old stump began to roll and Good Year Rubber company as bookbounded over the wall into the dry leaves. keeper, with his wife and son are here There was an extended area burnt over spending their summer vacation with their parents.

-Put your ad. in the WATCHMAN.

LEMONT.

ready for the long journey, bidding her and her babies God-speed. They were Mrs. W. J. Hackenberg, Mrs. Charles Miss Hazel Hartsock Sundayed among friends in town.

Robert Osman transacted business in town Monday.

This week brought the heaviest rains pedition day, was a picnic day this year, for our young people. One awoke the echoes in the classic grove de Brungart of this season to date.

Portions of last week were cool with -these were the Seniors and Juniors of the Township High. Another party of frosts at some points near town.

The corn and oats are not growing as they should on account of the cold nights.

D. A. Grove's, Williard Dale's, and Sidney Poorman's, motored to Selinsgrove, Saturday, where they spent the day, returning home in the evening.

promises to bring home all natives of Harry Grove and family are enjoying Centre county for a reunion of friends of youthful days, even from far off Calia few days visit at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William E. Grove, has received word from his sister, Mary Bugbee, of Stockton, Cal., that she exthis being his first visit for five or size vears.

> Our town was visited by the venerable Frederick Decker last Saturday, and that reminds us of times long past, when he made his weekly visits to enjoy a few hours with his many friends.

Mrs. James Martz came to Norris Martz's, Wednesday, and after visiting for a few days, accompanied the venerplacards, which appeared to herald the the war route of General Hohenzollerinable George R. Roan, to Philadelphia, where he entered the Will's Eye hospital doodlesochspeifersgreigschel. But when they shook the dust off their cuirasses to undergo another operation on his eyes. It is hoped that the operation will a success this time.

> -Men who know a good cigar smoke Board of Trade. 5 cents. Brockerhoff 20-2t* cigar stand.

[Correspondence continued on next page,]

does not evaporate! Clement Gramley is the State fire war-

honest silver dollar!

Brush valley farmers' fare.

and washed up for dinner at the inn de Long, hoch der Onkle Sammy, they were the couriers of Bellefonte Old Home

week and they registered in good old Pennyslvania Dutch. 'Squire W. J. Car-lin has been appointed chairman of the Miles Township committee to sustain the

and Florence Diehl celebrated Ascension 'event.

cherry pie and strawberries. One sunny day last week a car filled with Bellefonte and other notables, who were at first mistaken for a scouting party of Kaiser Billy de Bouillion, whizzed through

for him-he is ever ready to turn an this vale, and every where they posted