"MET WITH SUCCESS."

"Our forces have met with success," they said, They posted the news at the barrack door, "Ten thousand or more of the enemy dead, The rest of their scattered host have fled, And the glorious fight is o'er.'

They have met with success, the road they sought

Is theirs, where it winds by the vineyard Strewn with the bodies of those who fought Brave lads who knew never a hateful thought

Till their orders placed them there. They have met with success, the foeman

All day by their guns at that winding road. And hallowed its dust with pure young blood, As they vainly strove to stem the flood, And as Death among them strode.

They have met with success; the nurses go, Earnest and still through the field of pain, Where the dying gasp and throb of woe Is shared alike by the friend and foe. As they lie on the battle plain.

They have met with success; that far off cry Is only the 'plaint of a starving child And the sobs you hear on the winds that sigh, In sad refrain through the poplars high, From the heart of a Mother mild.

They have met with success; the gray haired Still waits in the cottage door for her son

He was one of the "units" unknown to fame; They copied his number nor cared for his

"Met with success," and the fight is done. -By Timothy C. Murphy.

### THE GHOST OF MATTHIAS BAUM.

All Millerstown loved a courting, and fairs as common property. Few wooings yielded such abundant food for thought good to look upon, and an accomplished housewife, had many suitors. To the classes: those who wished to marry Savilla, and those who did not.

In the first class, Al Losch and Jacob pleaded guilty to a little nervous less. It Fackenthal were most favored by Savilwas the time of the autumnal equinox, la. Al was a stone mason, and Jacob a and the wind shrieked about the house. carpenter. Both were tall, strong young Suddenly, above the storm, she was aware fellows, industrious and capable, even of a whistle, a curious, tuneless succesthough the older women shook their sion of shrill sounds. She stopped rockheads and said they were wild.

The second class, so at least Millerstown thought, was composed entirely of latch almost before the visitor knocked. one man, Christian Oswald, whose misogynistic principles were so fully accepthis name with that of any woman. He ing company with Savilla Marstellar! was a bachelor, said to have at least ten Did he dream of marrying her? It was thousand dollars in bank, a little man, as certain that no man would brave the tershy as Jake Fackenthal was bold, and rors of the Baum schook unless his inphysically as weak as Al Losch was inighty. Millerstown would have laugh- "Well, Christian, come quickly in out suitor for the hand of Savilla. For once, welcome. however, Millerstown had made a mis-

more skilfully hidden. had driven all others from the field, Savilla did something so foolish that Millerstown declared that both men would had been notified that she would have to town knew, that this was Jake Facken-

'What will you do?" asked her friend, Sarah Ann Mohr.

"I have a place," answered Savilla,

"But where?" insisted Sarah Ann. 'Aye; out where Matthias Baum lived.

I will buy that house. 'Are you then no longer right in your

head?" demanded Sarah Ann, while her glasses slid unheeded down her nose. Do you then forget that old Baum hung hisself dead, and it is ever since a schpook?" 'I don't fear me for no schook.'

"What you say?"
"I said I didn't fear me for no schpook.

I never did the old man anything. He can be thankful that I give his house a good name."

She swayed back and forth defiantly in her low rocking-chair, displaying an inch or two of white stocking above a low shoe. Sarah Ann gazed at her again. Somehow or other it did not seem quite respectable for a widow to wear low

"But, Savilla, it is out there so lonely. "I am not afraid."

"And it won't nobody go to see you."
"Pooh! What do I care! They can stay away. Losch he is afraid of schpooks, and

Jakie Fackenthal, too, he is afraid of schpooks.

They can stay away," repeated Sa-

villa, defiantly.

Nor were Sarah Ann's the only protests with which Savilla had to contend. Al and Jake besought her not to go out there to live. She had to hear again and again the sinister story of the place, and as she steadily refused to be frightened, she began to realize that her friends were looking at her askance, as if she had leagued herself with the mysterious powers supposed to reign there; all of which had the effect of setting the fair widow more firmly than ever in her own way. schpooks, she had at last a means of deciding between them. Whoever braved oftenest the terrors of that lonely path should be rewarded with her heart.

The house stood on a little cross-road about a quarter of a mile from where the pike broadened into the village street. the great Weygandt farm, and in front, bragged openly that he was going to build across a narrow road, a thick grove of a house before long, and that he would locust, and chestnut-trees. The first ob- not live in it alone. When this was reever, was a hickory, which swung far up against the sky, dwarfing the locusts near next Thursdsy.' it into shrubs. From its lower branches hung ropes of wild grape-vines, which clasped the young shoots of Virginia creeper on the other trees, making a dim twilight even at noonday. Years before, the house had been the home of wicked old Matthias Baum and his brood of wilder and more wicked sons. They bore day. He was in despair. On the Tuesday so evil a reputation that they had few preceding the important day, he felt as visitors. Once, however, when old man Weygandt needed extra hands for the harvest, he ventured to seek them there.

seemed to be no one at home, and he that Al would be frightened by the storm. peered curiously about among the great vines. Then suddenly he turned and dashed madly away. There under the great hickory-tree, shrouded by the vines, and swayed gently by the evening breeze, hung a ghastly thing. It was old Matthias himself, dead only a short time.

At first it was supposed that his sons

had murdered him, until a tavern-keeper in the next county testified that they had spent the day in his bar-room. Besides, chair opposite Savilla, sat Al, in his hand old Maria Kutz declared that she had met the old man that afternoon at the crossroad and that he had carried a rope. One dusky evening a few months later.

when the members of the new Baptist church were returning from prayer meeting, a wildly running figure overtook them. It was Miltie Knerr, a nervous, timid boy. He sobbed and cried as they gathered about him. "What ails you, Miltie?" demanded his

brother. At first they could distinguish only "old Baum" in the confusion of his speech. Suddenly old Maria peered into his face

"Miltie," she whispered, "did he carry a rope along with him?"

At that, big fellow that he was, he flung himself into his brother's arms and

A few weeks later Billy Knerr's horse was stopped at the cross-road by "some-thing white." Then some of the Weygandts saw a light in the deserted house,

and the ghost was born.
Such was the dwelling in which Savilla had taken up her abode. Millerstown thought she had gone mad. No one, however, was so much disturbed as Christian Oswald, who, in spite of the fact that he was a member in good standing of the Jonathan Kuhns Baptist Church, had an abiding faith in schpooks. To see Savilla expose herself to the power of one so well authenticated distress-

ed him beyond expression. At first Al and Jake were as regular in attendance as they had been when Savilla lived in Millerstown's main street, and Savilla, who was touched by their considered the details of village love-af- devotion, did not notice how much earlier they came than heretofore, nor how much sooner they departed. Jake came and conversation as those of Savilla always on Sunday and Wednesday even-Marstellar, who, as a young widow, rich, ings, and Al on Tuesday and Saturday. One dark and cloudy evening in September, however, Al did not appear. Then eyes of Millerstown its eligible men Jake, too, missed an evening, and the seemed to divide themselves into two rockers of Savilla's chair beat a lively tune as she waited.

As the evening wore on, she herself ing, terrified. But how dumb! A ghost could not whistle. Her hand was on the stood there, it would scarcely have beed that no one dreamed of connecting lieved its eyes. Christian Oswald keep-

ed had any one suggested Christian as a of the wet," said his hostess with cordial

For a moment the embarrassed Christake. Christian Oswald adored Savilla tian stood still, the rain dripping from from the top of her curly head to the his hat and from his black beard. Then soles of her slippered feet. He had Savilla put her hand on his arm and drew He would help to pass a long evening, Just at the moment when Al and Jake and, better than that, he would help to soothe her wounded vanity. As for Christian, he had come not only from a veritable hunger to see her, but from a desire "throw her over." To begin with, she to protect her. He knew, as all Millersgive up the house in which she lived at thal's evening. He knew also that Jake the end of the month.

Konig's shoemaker shop. Christian spent the evening in paradise. At first he listened to Savilla's cheerful monologue in an agony of embarrass-ment. Then, as her hot coffee warmed him up, and she brought out her raisin pie, he began to talk, and Savilla herself

was surprised at his conversational skill. "You must surely come again once," she urged as he departed, and Christian. though the hour was late, and the wind blew more fiercely than ever down the dark road, and the limbs of the great hickory threatened to snatch him up from the ground, gave no thought to any

Jake Fackenthal reported early the next morning.

"But I was mad because I couldn't come last evening out," he said apologetically. "But Pop he had to go off, and Mom she isn't very for staying alone.' Savilla looked him over, six feet of shamefaced cowardice. "Mom" Fackenthal afraid to stay alone! Her lips curled.

"Everybody is talking from your living out here alone," Jake broke out angrily "It is only one thing to do."
"And what is that?" asked Savilla,

coolly

"Get married." "Yes. I have been for some time think ing of that. Al Losch-"Be dast with Al Losch! I mean to

"I tell you what I do." For a moment Savilla meditated. "You come out here

four weeks from today, and I give you my answer once for all."
"And Al Losch, will you give him his answer, too?"

"I will treat each one alike." Savilla had made up her mind that she would be courted no longer. It was true. as Jake said, that Millerstown talked. She liked both men so much indeed that their fear of the schook offended more than her own vanity. She was ashamed If Al and Jake were both afraid of of them. She would give them one more chance. Four weeks from now it would again be the dark of the moon, and they would then have an opportunity to prove that their affection for her was greater

than their fear of the schook.

During the month which followed, neither missed an evening. Fortunately, Back of it lay the fields and meadows of it was a month of clear, still nights. Jake ject upon which one's glance rested, how- ported to Al, he said slowly: "Just you

wait and see. Just you wait till after Christian heard of his reply with consternation. Next Thursday! Had Savilla to accept one of them.
promised to marry him next Thursday? "He did slambang me powerful," he That could not be, for Jake was also look ing forward to Thursday. At last he hit upon the right solution. She had promised to give them their answer on Thurspreceding the important day, he felt as though he could live no longer without self-"and I want you should promise, sight of Savilla. He had never dared reharvest, he ventured to seek them there. Walking across the fields at dusk, he his way out to the cross-road. He knew it climbed the fence into the yard. There was Al's evening with her, but he hoped it was a schook."

It had grown cold, and the wet leaves that drifted down from the trees touched him uncannily on the cheek. The sky was black, and there was no light save a to try a whistle. Something warned him, however, to reconnoiter before making a great wedge of molasses cake, on his face an expression of sublime happiness. For a few minutes, Christian watched him from the sloping cellar door up which

he had crept, then he turned, and picked

his way dejectedly out of the yard. Before he had gone half-way to the pike, he heard a door slam behind him, and guessed that Al was leaving early. Horrified at the thought that he might be overtaken, Christian climbed up the slippery bank, over the fence, and crouched down behind a shock of corn in the Weygandt field. He trembled as he heard Al's rapid, heavy steps. He was evidently trying to cover the ground between Savilla's and the pike as swiftly as possible. Christian heard every footfall as he splashed through the mud and water, and smiled in tremulous delight as he thought of the mire which must cover him from head to foot. Then, as Al's dim outline became for an instant visible to the iealous watcher by the corn shock, some-

thing happened. Al seemed to be rushing to meet some creature which whirled itself through the darkness to throw itself upon him. To Christian's frightened eyes, the thing was huge,-indeed it seemed three times as large as Al Losch,-and without bodily shape. The two figures, man and monster, rose and grappled with each other. Then again the dark mass whirled about on the ground. Christian could hear the swish of the mud as the horrible something pressed Al into it. The very ground beneath him seemed to quiver with the impact. Then the mass seemed to divide itself into two parts, and Al leaped up, and with a hideous shriek sped toward the village. The other lay still for an instant, then it, too, arose. Slowly, as Christian stared, its huge proportions to Jake Fackenthal. Then with a mad "The schpook! the schpook!" it, too, villageward.

It was several minutes before Christian was able to gather himself together. "and the kings of Sodom and Gomorrah Then, though the mud in the field was far deeper than that in the road, and as With that he went his way. He was tenacious as glue, he stole quietly away among the corn shocks.

By morning all Millerstown was alarmmore than human strength, which had appeared, her demeanor changed. Christian between his house and the fackenthals.' Christian, who was better "What are all t able than any one else to picture it in all evening?" she asked finally. its horror, said not a word.

hammer or saw. Then he opened the door, only to start back at the sound of a rough exclamation from within.
"Harreja! What do you want here?"

soles of her suppered feet. He had saving put her hand on his arm and drew scarcely spoken to her, however. Never him forcibly within the door. He could It was Jake, who sprang to his feet from not have come at a more propitious time. In a bench on which he had been reclining. Then he sank back in a vain effort to suppress a dolorous groan. 'What ails you, then?" queried Christian, tremulously.

"Nothing," responded Jake, gruffly. Suddenly the door was flung open, and Al Losch presented himself. Truly the schpook had done its work well. 'Have you a nagel-borer?" he asked.

Jake rose and went to find the gimlet. Al looked at the two men curiously. They were probably discussing his adventure. "I tell you it was powerful," he said

pleasantly.
"Boys,"—Christian's voice sounded like a mild echo of Al's deep bass,—"when

will you get married?" The two men turned and regarded him with amazement 'What does it then make out to you when we get married?" Al demanded.

"I have something to say about it," faltered Christian. "You have something to say about it?" repeated Al. "Yes, I have. What would Savilla say

when she knew you was afraid of schpooks?" Al laid his hand on his black eye.

"I guess she won't have much to say when she sees this.' 'What would she say when she knew t was no schpook?' "What?"

"That it was no schpook?" "It was a schpook. It isn't a fellow in the world could knock me so over."
"Yes, it is." The answer came not

from little Christian above whom Al towered threateningly, but from the other side of the shop, where their host had sat down upon a nail-keg. "It was all the time me. I thought it was Wednesdays already, and I was running out there and we ran together."

For several long minutes no one spoke. Then Al turned again toward Christian, who, though trembling, met his eye bravely.

"What does it make out to you that it was him," he demanded savagely.
"It is that if you don't do what I say, I will tell Savilla and all the people. You must promise you will not go before Fri-

day out there." "But I don't promise." "Then I tell-

"You better, Al," counseled Jake. For a moment Al hesitated, then a sudden movement of Christian's sent him into a spasm of terror that he might tell.

"I promise," he said sullenly.
When he had gone, Jake turned and smiled at his guest. He had no idea how Christian had discovered what he himself had guessed soon after the encounter. Nor could he imagine a reason for the little man's sudden friendliness to him, unless it were a desire to see the better man win. He remembered what Al had for the moment forgotten, that Thursday was the day upon which the widow meant

said reminiscently. "I was in Weygandt's field. And-Christian paused until he could control his voice. No amount of moral courage can make a man forget that his enemy weighs a hundred pounds more than him-

too. "It I go where I like."
"Then I tell all the folks you thought

"I didn't say I thought it was a

schpook."
"Yes; but you did think all the same

it was one. I heard you yell. Himmel but you did yell !" friendly gleam from Savilla's window.

Guiding himself by this, he plowed on going out there tomorrow. Savilla will "I don't care," Jake blazed out. "I'm through the deep mud. He was tempted give me her word that she will marry me. And you better get pretty quick out here!" He was mad with his aches and pains, and furious at this little piece of

impudence who dared dictate to him.

"Then I tell her how you yelled at the schpook, and she would not have you no, not when the minister was ready to

Jake looked at him aghast. Well, he was still bound no more than Al.

"Well, I won't go," he said desperately. "But what is it to you!" Christian, however, did not answer. His courage consumed by this last burst of eloquence, he fled wildly out of the door, around the corner of the shop, past the pig-stable, and out through the alley gate. Stiff as he knew Jake to be, he could not risk pursuit up that smoothly scrubbed board walk.

Take stood for a moment in angry "Why need he care?" he said aloud.

Then as suddenly as Al had come upon him out of the darkness the night before, there flashed across his mind a possible solution. Could Christian Oswald, that black-bearded little monkey, think

he could get Savilla?
"Christian!" he ye!led. "Christian!" "But only the defiant crow of a rooster

from the chicken yard replied. The next evening Christian dressed himself in his best, and started out to Savilla's. It was an evening upon which the bravest schook would scarcely have ventured forth, clear, starlit. Across the Weygandt fields drifted the strains of the "Mocking-Bird," played by the Millers-town band. A brisk wind had dried the road, and Christian's meditations were undisturbed by any necessity for watching where he stepped. As he went along, however, he looked down at the ground. Yes, there it was, a rough depression which looked as though it might have been the scene of a wrestling-match. He gazed solemnly at it, remembering the battle of the night before; then he lifted seemed to dwindle, its vagueness assumed corporeal limits. Schpook or no schpook, it bore a remarkable resemblance tist church, to which he belonged, had devoted its attention for several Sundays

to the history of Abraham. "And the vale of Siddim was full of slimepits," he quoted slowly in German;

not sure of winning Savilla, though thus far he had triumphed. Ach, no! was not surprised that she seemed a little had been set upon by a creature with passed, however, and neither Al nor Jake well-nigh killed him. If any one did not had not heard of Al's adventure, and her believe it, they had only to look at him. eyes grew hard and bright as he told her. His eye was black, his nose swollen, and he walked with a limp. Half a dozen persons described the encounter to lake. Their absence sufficiently con-

"What are all the folks doing this When he reached the Fackenthals' swered. "The band is playing." Then a sudden inspiration came to him. That it was a bald prevarication did not trouble him at all. "It was a lot of fellows at Aaron Konig's-Jakie and Al and some more. They were telling schpook-sto-

> Savilla's eyes blazed. That settled them! But she would have her revenge. She turned radiantly to the little man who sat in throes of love and fright upon his chair Tomorrow, when they came penitent, pleading, she would have news for them. One man at least loved her more than he feared old Baum's schpook. Then as she looked at him she thought of his good nature, his irreproachable character, and-shall we whisper it?-his reputed wealth, and revenge seemed suddenly to lose the bitterness which had

bred it. "Christian," she said softly, winningly -"Christian, would you sooner have coffee or yeast beer? And I have freshbaked molasses cake in the cellar, and

Fastnacht cakes." Then, though Christian knew it not, his suit was won.—By Elsie Singmaster, in Century Magazine.

# Worms that Eat Iron.

A feasible explanation of the disease which attacks old metal coins is suggested by the recent discovery of some Italian engineers of a microbe which feeds on iron. The discovery was made through the frequency with which a railway accident occurred in one particular portion of the railroad in a certain dis-

An examination of rails was made and the presence of severe corrosion was revealed. A rail was taken up and broken. It was then found to be hollow; and further examination showed the presence of a tiny gray, threadlike worm about a third of an inch in length. A careful examination was made of the habits and appearance of this worm. Upon its head it carried two little glands filled with a corrosive secretion which is ejected every few minutes onto the iron. The ejection had the property of ren-dering the iron soft and spongy, when the worm at once proceeds to devour it. -Chicago Tribune.

Your Brain Must Have Pure Blood.

No more important physiological discovery has ever been made than that the brain requires a due supply of pure blood. It is estimated that this organ receives as much as one-tenth of all the blood that is sent from the heart-a great deal more than any other organ of the body. If the vitality of the blood is impaired, the blood then affords the brain an imperfect stimulus and there is mental and physical languor, sluggishness or inactivity.

Pure blood is blood that is free from hu it is healthy blood, and the term pure blood as it is generally used means blood that is not only right in quality but also in quantity. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes pure, rich, red blood. This is one of the great truths about this great medicine.

The Caddy's Comment. Small caddy, approaching first tee,

groaning under the burden of a heavy kit, chiefly of iron clubs, is heard to exclaim: "Heavens above! It's a cuddy he wants." Tam, who hears the remark, cries in sympathy, "Jock, wa's yer man?" Jock-Goodness kens, but I'm thinkin' frae his set of clubs he mon be a Glesca ironmonger.-World

of Golf.

The Lesser Evil. Mr. Borem-Shall we talk or dance? Miss Weereigh-I'm very tired. Let us dance.-Boston Transcript.

## County Correspondence

Items of Interest Dished Up for the Delectoona visitors last week. tation of "Watchman" Readers by a Corps of Gifted Correspondents.

### SPRING MILLS.

Harry Allison and son Donald spent several days last week in Renovo.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Auman, of New Jersey, left for their home Monday. Robert Slutman, of Pleasant Gap, spent

Sunday at the home of Samuel Wise Rae Houtz, who has been employed at State College, autoed home on Saturday. Mrs. Fred Colyer, of Millheim, spent last week at the home of her father, Wm.

Mary Ruhl, after spending some time in Montgomery, returned home on Wed-

Mrs. Nellie Koons and son Harvey, of Northumberland, are guests at the home of J. C. Lee.

Miss Carrie Dunlap is spending her vacation with her sister, Mrs. Wm. Diehl, in Mifflinburg.

Some of our Spring Mills boys looked so lonely while our "Hello" girls were taking their vacations. Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Hackenburg,

of Mifflinburg, are visiting Mr. Hackenburg's father, B. F. Hackenburg. Emanuel Shook and Samuel Brown and family autoed to Laurelton, Sunday,

and took dinner at the home of F. H. Snyder. Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Mevers, of Wernersville, are here on a visit to their par-

ents on account of the ill health of Mr. Frank Lontz and family, of Mifflinburg, autoed here on Sunday to spend the day with Mrs. Lontz's mother, Mrs.

Sarah Snavely. Mrs. Benjamin Heckard, of Washington county, after spending two weeks with her sister, Mrs. I. J. Zubler, returned home Monday.

Mrs. William Rossman, of Philadelphia, after spending several weeks with her father-in-law, H. F. Rossman, return-

ed home Tuesday. Mr. and Mrs. Pearce Vonada, of Co-burn; Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Bartges, of ser, of Brushvalley, were visitors at the

home of I. J. Zubler, Sunday. Mary Bartges, who has been attending ed. Al Losch, coming home from Savilla's. annoyed to see him. As the minutes the West Chester Normal school, arrived had been set upon by a creature with passed, however, and neither Al nor Jake home Saturday. She was accompanied by Edna Schmidt, of Mauch-Chunk, who is now somewhat improved. will spend part of her vacation with Miss

## EAST BRUSHVALLEY.

Bartges.

Weather exceedingly hot. News scarce. Hiram Wert and Lee Weber are still housing wheat.

Handling oats and barley this summer is a very tedious task.

If the last Friday of July rules the In the eleventh hour the road has been a joyous ride and a pleasant visit. repaired, leading to Shady Side Cottage, S. C. Yearick and family enjoyed the festival at Madisonburg Saturday night. past week. His cousin, Miss Ella Ross,

O. F. Stover had a severe attack of

lumbago and sick headache during the past week. That Rebersburg scribe was badly misinformed concerning that "barn social."

Some one kindly give him correct infor-Miss Pearl Mallory, of Pittsburgh, is spending her summer vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Mallory, at

Shady Side. The newly elected state road supervisor has horses and men employed in scraping both sides of the road and open-

ing breakers. One day last week Dr. J. W. Bright removed a large abscess from the body of little Arjuana Winkleblech. A stitch in time saves nine.

Work was begun at the concrete silo up in the Philip Yuckle's gap during the past week. Mr. Bechtol, of State College, is overseer.

H. A. Mevers must certainly have a charming little daughter, as the rainbow had its extremes there three times during the past week.

The Winkleblech lumbering crew took

their first cooked dinner on Monday, in the mansion not built of brick. Mrs. Koey and Mrs. Koey's sister served as On Sunday night a very heavy thun-

der shower passed over this section, re-sulting in a two hours' down-pour and leaving the roads in a badly washed con-Der Tom Shtitzer hut gksawt dos es

date reya geva olly dawk de wuch. Uu der Sundawk Nummy dawk dates aufunga drucka qarra, far de olt Maree vare no dahame

# WOODWARD.

Mr. James Weaver was a caller at Millheim Saturday.

to his home at Buffalo, N. Y. Miss Mirian Smith spent last week with her Grandparents at Fiedler.

Mr. George Treaster, of Lewistown, spent a few days with his daughter Grace. Mrs. Glasgow, of Roopsburg, is spendng some time with her sister, Mrs.

Noah Eby.

Mrs. and Mrs. Emanuel Eungard, of Farmers Mills, were visitors at Lewis Orndorf's over Sunday. Master John Bower, after spending a few month with his aunt, Mrs. Wise,

returned to his home at Northumberland Monday. Mr. Sandy Bowersox and lady friend, of Buffalo, N. Y., are enjoying their vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Howard

which he is agent.

Misses Mary and Edna Ward were Al-

Mr. and Mrs. Scott Markle were State

Miss Nannie Remey, of Tyrone, is visiting at the Dr. L. M. Houser home.

J. Mac. Goheen, one of the state road employees, is laid up with the measles.

Sunday visitors at the G. B. Fry home. Miss Helen Ward is making a month's visit among friends at the State capital. Mrs. Edward Sellers, of Boalsburg,

Your scribe knows who is in possession of a wallet found near Baileyville,

recently. Miss Rebecca Brown, of Williamsport,

Water street. A terrific hail storm passed over the

oats and corn. Miss Margaret Bloom was to Tyrone

was a new bonnet.

next winter, and go to farming.

templates moving there next spring. Arthur Cronemiller and wife, of Pat-

on Monday morning and has been working up his insurance business hereabouts.

Miss Maude Miller, after a three week's visit with friends in Lebanon

to Fillmore in their new Overland car and spent Sunday with Mr. Whitmer's brother, Win Whitmer.

pa Miller, on Main street. John D. Dannley, of Medina, O., is here for a month's stay with his aged mother,

Major J. W. Sunday and Master George day.

and wife in the former's Cidallac car. weather of August, it will be quite warm. motored to Altoona Saturday and spent several days among friends; they report Samuel Gregory, of Neff's Mills, has

W. E. Smull, wife and son Robert, of accompanied him home and will visit Mifflinburg, visited through here on Stonevalley relatives the next month. Claude B. Hess is suffering a back-set

> be able to attend the picnic on the 21st. We trust his hopes will not be blighted. Tomorrow evening several candidates will be initiated into the mysteries of Pennsvalley Lodge No. 276 I.O.O.F.

smoker. Among those who came from a distance to the Everhart funeral Saturday were Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Charles States, Wm. Wertz,

have returned from their wedding trip and spent a few days with relatives in this vicinity. They will go to housekeeping September first in Millheim, where the doctor is in the drug business. W. H. Brouse and family, in their new

eran church here last Sunday morning. In the afternoon he preached at Pine Hall and at Gatesburg in the evening. He is a native of Ferguson tswnship and

a half century ago was a student at the Pine Grove Mills Academy, and it is a

pleasure to him to get back to the scenes of his early life. The Pine Hall Sunday school picnic, in Johnson's grove last Saturday, was a pronounced success. After the usual big dinner speeches were made by Rev. S. C. Stover, Rev. W. H. Traub and J. L. Holmes. The program also included a number of recitations by the little folks, and a ball game between members of the Reformed and Lutheran congregations, the latter winning by the score of 6 to 4. In the evening the grove was brilliantly illuminated with electric light and many of the young people remained

The Dale family reunion was held at the old Dale homestead at Oak Hall last Saturday. The forenoon was spent in the customary greeting and at noontime a sumptuous dinner was served under the old shade trees on the lawn. About one hundred of the clan were present and the gathering proved quite interesting. Christian Dale was the father of the Dale family in Centre county and he settled at Oak Hall before the Revolutionary war. Henry Dale served in the Continental army. At Saturday's gathering there were representatives of the fourth to the seventh generations, William Dale, eightytwo years of age, being the oldest mem-ber present while the youngest was a

PINE GROVE MENTION

College visitors on Monday.

The rainy weather is still here and some wheat on shock and oats to cut.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Goss were over

spent Friday night with friends on the

is visiting her uncle, J. L. Murphy, on

Glades on Sunday evening, stripping the

Friday on a shopping tour; the outcome Prof. Claude Weaver has about made up his mind to quit teaching school after

Farmer James Harpster transacted business at State College Friday and con-

ton, arrived here Saturday and spent Sunday among friends at State College. J. H. Decker came up from Bellefonte

Mark Fry and wife and J. H. Williams and wife were royally entertained at the Fred Williams home, in the Glades, Monday evening.

county, returned home last week, delighted with her visit. J. B. Whitmer and family motored over

Prof. Samuel C. Miller, wife and fami-Millheim, and Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Mus- ly came up from Chester last week for their annual outing at the home of Grand-

> who is suffering with a heavy cold, but The annual Old Home picnic will be held in the McFarlane grove, where the Boalsburgers and their friends will as-

semble Saturday for a royal good time.

Jacobs took an early tramp on Sunday morning and landed at the Harry Sunday home at Erbtown, where they spent the E. C. Musser and wife and J. W. Fry

been visiting friends at Boalsburg the

with an attack of neuralgia. His broken limb is improving and he had hoped to

and after they have been made good Odd Fellows there will be a banquet and

W. C. Ingram, Mrs. Margaret Quinn and son Roy, all of Spruce Creek. Dr. Frank Bowersox and his bride

Ford car, motored over the Barnes and spent the Sabbath with Mr. Brouse's sister, Mrs. Charles Lykens, on the Mattern farm. It was his first venture over that sandy road and will, in all probability, be the last, as it required rope and tackle to get the car out of the sand and Rev. Isaac Kreider, of Duncansville, very ably filled the pulpit of the Luth-

Mr. Lawernce Miller returned Monday for the festival, the receipts of which amounted to about thirty dollars.

visitor at Tyrone during the week and brought home a new Overland car for which he is agent.