

Democrat Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., August 27, 1915.

THE LESSON OF THE WEAVERS.

Let us take to our hearts a lesson—no lesson can nobler be—
From the ways of the tapestry weavers, on the other side of the sea.
Above their heads their pattern hangs; they study it with care;
The while their fingers deftly work, their eyes are fastened there.
They tell this curious thing beside of the patient, plodding weaver;
He works on the wrong side evermore, but he works for the right side ever.
It is only when the weaver stops and the web is loosed and turned,
That he sees his real handiwork, that his marvelous skill is learned.
Ah! the sight of its delicate beauty! How it pays him for all its cost!
No rarer, daintier work than his was ever done by the loom.
Then his master brings his golden hire, and gives him his praise as well;
And how happy the weaver is no tongue but his own can tell.
The years of man are the looms of God, let down from the plan of the Maker;
And thereon we are weaving till the appointed task is done.
Weaving blindly, but weaving surely, each man for himself his fate.
We may not see how the right side looks, we can only weave and wait.
But looking above for the Pattern, no weaver need have fear;
Only let him look clear into heaven—the perfect Pattern is there.
If he keep the face of his master forever and always in sight
His weaving is sure to be perfect, his work is sure to be right.
And at last when his task is ended, and the web is turned and shown,
He shall hear the voice of his Master; it shall say unto him, "Well done."
And the white-winged angels of heaven, to bear him thence shall come down;
And God for his work shall give him, not coin, but a golden crown.

—Selected.

"HOW POOR AN INSTRUMENT."

Sara Henderson, opening her front door to consider the temperature, found the door-mat occupied. "That Sharpless dog is here again," she remarked to her sister, who sat in the living-room crocheting.

The dog, roused from his day dream, looked up pleasantly. He was a rather large, blond dog with a magnanimous expression, yet Sara's first impulse was to say, "Go away, sir!" It was not that she disliked dogs, or was unfavorably impressed by the appearance of her uninvited guest; her disapproval was entirely a matter of the dog's home associations.

Mr. Nicholas Sharpless, familiarly known as Nick and sometimes Old Nick, had been a most unwelcome addition to the well-bred, conservative neighborhood upon which he had intruded his ribaldry. Nicholas was a complacent black sheep. The mere sight of his jovially apologetic countenance proclaimed the futility of hopes of regeneration or reformation. Old Nick was almost grossly hospitable. Automobiles were constantly disgorging parties of complacently prosperous guests at his gate. It was rumored that casks whose contents gave forth liquid sounds were deposited at frequent intervals at his modern Colonial door which formerly had opened to admit the irreproachable friends of the respectable Bradford-Smiths.

And it was the disreputable name of Sharpless that was branded upon the blond dog's innocent collar. Nevertheless, Sara considered him relentlessly. Sincere, dignified, friendly, he disarmed suspicion. It was difficult to connect him with the sinister Sharpless. The slow wave of the tail indicated a quiet content in his welcome. He was not apologetic or conciliatory, as his species often are, yet he obviously did not belong to any of the established families. It would have been difficult to classify him socially. Various but not warring elements had gone into his making. For general convenience he might be described as a taffy-colored Newfoundland. His vest was white. A touch of roundness about the forehead, the arch of the neck, above the collar, seemed to indicate that his age was not so advanced as his dignity and composure might otherwise suggest.

As Sara looked at him, memories of her dead cocker-spaniel Lucy swept over her and moved her heart to softness. Harsh injunctions to depart died on her lips. Instead she bent and patted the dog's head, noting the disarming element of "Duke" engraved upon his collar. The teracting to some extent the unfavorable effect produced by the surname of his owner—and called to her sister to bring out what was left of the tea-cake.

Sara's sister Annie, a gentle, indefinite-looking spinster, wearing spectacles, came out bearing a plate of tea-cake, a gray sweater in the making thrown over her arm. An absent frown of concentration still lingered upon her smooth brow. She was struggling with the intricacies of a new stitch. Annie set the plate down upon the floor of the piazza. The dog's eyes brightened and his tail-beat quickened, yet he acted as if partly courteous, he ate with the self-restraint of a well-cared-for animal.

A dog with a pleasing personality, Sara reflected, watching him. Evidently the dog thought the same of Sara, as well he might. Not precisely young, yet comfortably this side of middle age, with clear skin, good teeth, abundant hair, firmly set mouth, and bright eyes, Sara gave the impression of decided character and perfect health. There was perhaps too definite an air of self-reliance about her; certainly she gave no suggestion of the clinging vine. Also something about her neat dress, her whole sensible, straightforward make-up, indicated disregard of her good looks almost to the point of not availing herself of the full advantage of them. It was true that Sara felt no feeble-minded dependence upon men's society, an excellent Miles Haviland had discovered to his sorrow. Longer than Jacob languished for Rachel had Miles Haviland hopelessly wooed Sara Henderson.

When the dog had finished the tea-cake, he did not depart, as Sara had supposed he would. Instead he sank lightly upon the mat again. His eye exhibited a sensitive consideration for her movements and more than a hint of willingness to fall in with her plans. Sara went

indoors, however, and closed the door firmly. Duke did not attack her, as she had supposed; he merely relaxed and waited. An occasional pricking of the ears revealed from time to time a tender interest in some exciting object, but he did not rouse to personal examinations or explorations.

Miles Haviland passed by slowly, his eyes searching the windows without reward. Then he noted the taffy-colored dog at ease upon the porch, its paws lightly crossed, its dreaming eyes on space, with all the air of a dog completely at home, and a shade passed over his face. The villainous Sharpless actually calling on Sara! He was a neighbor, to be sure—he had called on some neighborhood matter of arbitration or adjustment. Nevertheless, the thought of Sharpless within Sara's doors was desecration.

Miles had barely moved out of sight when Sara called out, having been bound for "the village," by which the correct dwellers on the outskirts meant the shopping district. The dog arose with punctilious recognition, and without waiting for her invitation walked at a pace adjusted to hers down the path and out the gate. Evidently it was his intention to accompany her.

Sara paid scant attention to him. She supposed he would drop off when he passed his own house, but instead he walked past it as if he had never seen it before. He did not have altogether the air of following her; his manner suggested rather that he was going to meet her. From time to time he deflected down by-paths on excursions of his own, but he always returned with a pleasant air of reunion. As they got farther from home he paused once or twice, looked back and seemed to consider, with the air of one consulting a watch, whether his engagements would permit him to go on; then, as if deciding that he would risk it for the pleasure of Sara's company, continued the whole distance.

Sara's first errand was at the butcher's. The dog remained delicately outside during this visit. When her order had been duly recorded, Mr. Hawkins escorted Sara to the door, discarding on the way the weather. His blandly wandering eye took note of her escort. "Ain't that Sharpless's dog?" he inquired; and Sara, admitting the damaging fact, murmured that he seemed to be a "very friendly animal."

She went next to Cox's, the grocer's. Here Duke entered with her, and was greeted by the grocer's boy by name. Mr. Cox, however, did not place Duke so quickly. "Got a new pet there, Miss Sara?" he inquired. Mr. Cox had known Sara since childhood.

"No, he isn't mine," Sara was more frugal of explanation this time, but Mr. Cox made tardy recognition of Duke's identity. "Oh, I see now; that's Sharpless's dog." Then he grinned and shook his head. "Talk about the joy of living, I guess that's where you get it," he said.

Sara did not respond to this delicate observation save by a vague smile. But by the time the plumber had identified Duke and had remarked, "I hear Sharpless is going to buy the house and make alterations—how is that?" as if she, Sara Henderson, could possibly be acquainted with Sharpless's horrid plans, she began to feel annoyed. This situation of quiet quiescence with the parish Sharpless, thrust upon her by the dog, was really objectionable. She quickened her steps with the idea of eluding him, but the dog quickened his steps into a trot, barely glancing at objects he had formerly found worthy of inspection. Sara started to say, "Back, sir!" but meeting the frank camaraderie of his glance, felt the words die on her lips. Why try to convince Duke that she did not want him? He would not believe her.

At the corner by the bank she came suddenly face to face with Miles Haviland. She scarcely noted the dog as he came into his face, but to his eager question, "May I join you?" she replied unthinkingly, "Of course. Why not?" and he gladly turned about.

He gave a glance at the dog. "Isn't that Sharpless's dog?" he asked.

"Yes," Sara was apt to skip her words with the inferior material, but "yes" this time was a little shorter than usual.

All facts concerning Sara were of moment to Miles. He recorded with the air of one making an observation worthy of note, "I saw him lying on your doorstep early this afternoon when I went past." He seemed quite at home.

"Dogs usually are, don't you think?" was Sara's reply. "They tend to be socialists."

Sara's apparent willingness to indulge in flights of fancy encouraged Miles to continue. "I had thought they were rather apt to be snobs. Just see how they will bark at a tramp and fawn upon a well-dressed caller."

Sara was fond of dogs, and the turn the conversation had taken for the moment entertained her. "I don't know," she responded. "The other night the Browns' dog by an error of judgment welcomed a burglar into the house."

"I hope he never found it out," laughed Miles. "Poor old chap! He would have been so mortified and upset."

Then, fatuously exalted by Sara's unusual responsiveness, poor Miles fell into error. "This seems very nice old chap"—he referred to the companionable Duke, now walking close at his side—"but do you really feel it necessary to receive calls from such a disreputable old party as his owner, just because he is a neighbor?"

Something then in Sara's silence or the look on her face warned Miles, but too late. Sara did not tell him that he was laboring under a misapprehension. She only said in her most freezing tones: "Don't you think, Miles, that it is rather a mistake to listen to gossip about people? Mr. Sharpless may be a very worthy man."

"He may be—" Miles could go no further than that. Had any one ever before attempted any defense of Sharpless? And that Sara—it was too monstrous. "Such a long call, Sara," he broke out uncontrollably. "Why, it was barely two o'clock when I went home from lunch, and at quarter to four he was still there—"

The look Sara bent upon Miles at that point was so terrible as she repeated "Mr. Sharpless!" that Miles, unable to explain or readjust his sentence, could only finish his original construction—"on your door-mat."

The literal picture thus conjured up of Sharpless the ribcund reclining upon Sara's door-mat failed at the moment to present itself entertainingly either to Sara or Miles, so destructive to the sense of humor is wrath in most natures.

There was a dreadful pause; then Sara remarked in arctic tones: "You must be suffering from some singular form of optical delusion. We are not in the habit

of sitting on the veranda in December. I don't recall ever seeing either Annie or me or Mr. Sharpless."

"The dog," Miles urged, weakly. "He was yesterday, too. I did not, I admit, see Sharpless, yet the presence of the dog there naturally implied—"

The look on Sara's face must have unaccountably shown the moment or he never would have concluded as he did—"The dog, you see, was rather a give-away—"

"A give-away!" Words will not describe Sara's manner by this time. "Really, Miles, this is the first time I have known you to be actually coarse. It only shows how long one can know a person and be deceived as to his true nature." She broke off there, and in truth there was nothing she could have added to make Miles more wretched. It is doubtful if he plumbed further depths of despair when she concluded: "I would appreciate it if you would allow me to walk the rest of the way alone. I really prefer—"

Miles gave a wild laugh—"The society of Sharpless's dog," he concluded for her, and Sara accepted it with heart-breaking serenity.

"Precisely! Of Sharpless's dog!"

Miles, not being of a haughty, high-handed type, lingered a moment miserably even after this "Sara, do you realize the wretched creature this man is, this man that you in your innocence are willing to make a friend of—"

But Sara's answer was to turn upon him and exclaim, "Will you leave me, please, to go home alone?"

Miles went, more miserably than he had been yet. Sara walked on, raging in spirit. That Miles should dare to speak to her like that! Miles to dare accuse her, to think for one moment that she was consulting a watch, whether her engagements would permit him to go on! She frowned at the innocent cause of her indignation, she passed, wrapped in dark thoughts, she passed, without recognition, a man coming from the opposite direction. He greeted her familiarly by name, and she glanced up to see Reginald Kip, a light-minded bachelor of the town, looking on at her with an amused smile. "Keeping the commandments, I see—so intent on 'em you cut your friends in the street. What is it about loving your neighbor's dog—or is it ox?"

Sara responded without responsive display. "He seems to have attached himself to me."

Reginald, being a professional wit, continued in his usual vein: "So long as his master doesn't follow suit. Wouldn't it be a case of love me, love my dog. Who could love Old Nick? I couldn't. Could you?"

"No, he isn't mine," Sara said to snub poor Miles, but Reginald was not snubbed. Sara, realizing it, was at a disadvantage. Reginald bent a disrespectful consideration upon Duke, who, always the gentleman, had paused politely to meet the social exigency.

"If a beast would you call him, anyway?"

"I suppose he is a kind of Newfoundland," Sara replied, with bored literalness.

"In any case," Reginald went on, "his color is unique. *Café au lait* would you call it, or champagne?" Then he exploded with indignation. "Champagne. That's it. I saw a case going in there yesterday."

The dog raised his eyes and gazed calmly up into Reginald's face. A more sensitive soul might have been abashed. Even Reginald showed some consciousness of rebuke. "Never mind, old chap. I don't believe he gave you any. You're as sober-minded a dog as I ever saw."

Duke escorted Sara to her gate, then went off on some tack of his own without lingering for sentimental farewells. In the evening, however, as Sara went to the window to arrange a refractory blind, she discovered him dozing on the mat. She broke out then a little irritably, "I should like to know why that dog doesn't stay at home?"

Annie glanced up in some surprise at her tone, for Sara was usually amiable except when dealing with Miles Haviland. "I suppose," Annie suggested, "he wants company. Dogs are dependent creatures."

Sara refused to be moved by any picture of Duke's lonely hearthstone. "I am going to drive him away so that he will stay this time," she announced, almost vindictively, and gentle Annie looked disturbed.

Then Sara, determinedly opening the door to put her threat into practice, came face to face with a man who proved to be none other than the depraved Sharpless himself.

This gentleman, evidently quite unaware of his lack of social and moral qualifications, reverentially raised his hat, disclosing in the light that streamed from the hall a shining bald spot and a cheerful, ribcund countenance. His manner of apology was elaborate.

"So sorry to disturb you, Miss Henderson—only came for my dog. Hope he hasn't annoyed you." The tone of voice was so conciliatory, so cheerfully responding, "Oh no, not at all."

Sharpless slipped his hand under the dog's collar. Duke looked up, regarding his master with the same dignified confidence with which he met all the world. "Funny old beast, eh?" Sharpless gave the dog a clumsy pat. "A poor thing, but mine own, eh? That's the idea. Came to me, you see, and I gave him no for an answer—" Sharpless gave a fat laugh that certainly gave an impression of amiability. "Funny how dogs take fancies like that."

Sara reflected that Duke's taste was evidently poorer than one would have imagined. Certainly the value of his tribute to her was reduced to a minimum by Sharpless's statement.

Sharpless, finding his conversational efforts unappreciated, took his departure with nods and smiles. Evidently he was not easily chilled.

That night as Sara stood before her mirror, her dark hair in a long, neat braid, her hand raised to turn out the light, she had a thought which she instantly dismissed as too trifling to be worth pondering. Nevertheless, she had the thought. Miles Haviland, after years of mawkish, unquestioning devotion, had dared to misunderstand and even to criticize her. He had believed that she, Sara Henderson, would receive calls from the outcast Sharpless. He had believed that she would receive such a call because a flighty-headed, wandering lusty dog with the courage of his impulse had chosen to camp upon her door-mat and escort her to market. She had never thought much of Miles's intelligence, but really—really she had thought better of it than that. She turned out the gas with a vicious snap and expended what might have seemed an excessive amount

County Correspondence

REBERSBURG.

The Duck machine is kept busy.
Potato raising; Don't sell them for a song.
Auman's thresher is eating up wheat and oats.
Miss Alberta Stover does not forget her violin.
Prof. Brungart and family still tarry with mother Wolf.
Confer and Bierly will have a sale of fine stock in West Rebersburg on Saturday.
All the would-be Judges should be at the valley Sunday school picnic on the 27th inst.
Geraldine Hackenberg spent a pleasant week with the Misses Hazel, at Boalsburg.
Reports from Booneville indicate that some of our girls won notoriety at the camp on Sunday.
W. J. Hackenberg gave the oil-drillers a trip to camp and had tea with them, on Sunday evening.
A stag party took in Old Home week at Lock Haven Tuesday. Wonder what their best girls will say?
The picnic of the valley Sunday schools at Smull's grove, on Friday the 27th, promises to be well attended.
Mrs. Jude Bierly, relict of Joseph Bierly, had a cataract removed from her right eye at Williamsport last week.
Mrs. Emma Neese, who is a trained nurse at Cayuga, N. Y., is visiting her parents and sisters for a month.
Mrs. Stella Wetzel and family, of Stoyestown, are visiting Mrs. Wetzel's folks, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Miller.
Early plowing is O. K., but don't sow wheat until the middle of September, unless you want to raise Hessians.
Wilson Cole, the expert carriage builder, returned on Saturday from Alexandria and will spend a few weeks at home.
A bevy of young ladies walked out to the oilerrick one moonlight night recently, accompanied by a chaperone.
John Winters, an employee of the U. S. post office at Philadelphia, is visiting his father, Perry Winters, at Smullton.
Rev. Solly and his son went to Philadelphia on Saturday. Mrs. Solly and daughters will remain until September first.
The buck-horns which fell to Hackenberg last fall, have been mounted by him and made a pretty ornament. Oh for more buck-horns!
Edwin I. Ziegler and wife are guests of Mrs. Ziegler's mother, Mrs. Jas. K. Moyer. Mr. Ziegler is head of the Forestry school at Mt. Alto.
Willis R. Bierly has the concessions of ice cream, confections, etc., at the picnic on Friday. He contemplates holding a festival in the evening.
The road scraper and engine used by Miles township took its departure behind the mountain last week. Almost as bally as a sport vehicle.
Harry Hubler went to Pittsburgh on Monday to take charge of his position with the Westinghouse Co. Ethel and Frances will join him later.
The clans Bierly here were well represented at the re-union at Hecla park on Friday. Hilda, the young musician, furnished the music for the occasion.
The rhodomontade of the Millheim sports in the last issue of the WATCHMAN is not nearly as rotten as their reported conduct on porches and on the pike.
Wise was auctioneer at the Miller sale and realized good prices. The doctor's horse brought \$188. Dan Royer bought a half acre lot abutting on Union cemetery for \$176.
Chas. Smull, with his touring car, took Willis F. Bierly, his daughter Hilda, the pianist and others over to the Bierly re-union at Hecla park on Friday. They had a time to be remembered.
The timber land of the late Harvey Miller, about 22 acres, lying on the flat back of the North mountain, was sold to A. N. Corman for \$149. Noah knows how to buy a good thing in realty.
Don't you think, my dears, it would have been fair to make them sign their names to their "pompadority," so readers could see who the dying "Millheim sports" acknowledge themselves to be?
Miss Ruth Douty entertained two girl friends from Lock Haven over Sunday, Miss Margaret Sellers and Miss Rose Douty, daughter of Thomas Douty, both of whom were pleased with their visit here.
There was sold at the Dr. Harry Miller sale at old-fashion canteen, which the doctor himself made out of a mulberry tree that grew on the lot and at one time bore large, delicious berries for the delectation of youth of a generation ago.
Mrs. Florence Pearson, of South Akron, Ohio, is visiting Mrs. Anna Frank, who raised her. She was called east by a message that her sister, Mrs. Gertrude Horlacher, of Tylersville, was dead, and she arrived a few hours after the burial.
Wallace G. Miller, son of the late Dr. Miller came up from Philadelphia to attend the sale of his father's effects. He is a trusted employee of the Horn & Hardart Automat Co., Phila., which has many feeding places in all the large cities.
Mrs. Sallie Hilbish (nee Harter) and an auto party from Freeburg, Snyder county, called on Mrs. Ida Harter and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hubler at the weekend. Sallie was well-beloved by all, as the youngest daughter of the late Emanuel Harter.
The old altar which used to grace the centre of the old Lutheran and Reformed church, and before which many thousands worshipped God, was bought at the Henry Miller sale by Teddy Royer, for Sam Bierly, to be used to store butter in. Price 50 cents!
The beautiful panels painted by artist Work in the Lutheran church, as well as his fresco work, are the objects of admiration by all who have seen them. The one in the Sunday school room is the guardian angel and the one in the

of energy to dismissing the matter from her thoughts.
If Duke had actually changed his allegiance from Sharpless to the Hendersons, the situation would have better explained itself to the neighborhood. But the fact was that he was a dog of unmethodical habits, a natural roarer, a citizen of the world, so to speak. Yet he was not in the habit of joining the chance passer-by, therefore his association with the Hendersons was conspicuous. He had clearly taken a fancy to them—especially to Sara—and seldom allowed many days to elapse without presenting himself at the door. Sara, who liked him in her heart, became accustomed to his visits and made him welcome. Miles Haviland, on the contrary, had not called for some time. Sara had not even seen him except in the distance since the day she met him in Duke's company. Three weeks of total social abstinence on Miles's part was noteworthy, for it was a custom of his to stand at the door and call Sunday afternoon and remain to tea.
The first Sunday after their unhappy difference that Miles did not appear, Sara laughed. She was in her own bedroom at the time, and the laugh resounded in the hall as she called to her maid.
"Miles didn't come," Annie had remarked, in surprise, evidently thinking her sister could offer some explanation, but Sara only replied in a bored tone, "No he didn't." When, however, the next Sunday passed ignored, Annie frankly wondered. "What can have happened to Miles? Do you suppose he is ill?"
Sara only replied frivolously—really almost heartlessly, Annie thought: "Oh, I guess he's still in the land of the living. I saw him on the street yesterday."
Annie gave her sister a steady stare along as she was turning into her own gate, she met Miles's face to face. He lifted his hat gravely and would have passed on. Strange to say, Sara descended to address him; then, of course, he gladly responded, asking her how she had been, as if she had passed through no dangers or was recovering from a serious illness.
"Very well," Sara responded, lightly, "in spite of your indifference to our welfare."
"Oh, Sara—" Miles looked at her with his too-revealing eyes. "I thought you wouldn't care to see me after what I've been through. You seemed terribly offended."
"What was it? Really I don't remember," Sara began, carelessly, Miles glanced at the light-brown, frisking object encircling him with his attractions. Duke seemed to like Miles despite the coldness with which that ordinarily kind gentleman had regarded him.
It was unfortunate that the dog chanced to be with her again, Sara reflected, when the worst thing that imagination could have conjured up happened. She saw the transformation on Miles's face—it was almost terrible; and, without being aware of it, she had occasioned it. The jovial, deprecating smile of Sharpless, carelessly, familiarly, or so it seemed, crossing what in summer was her lawn.
"Forgive the Tired Business Man"—so Sharpless gracefully phrased it—"for cutting across your grass. Late to trolley tonight, and I am in a hurry. Time and trolleys wait for no man. Haviland understands—" Sharpless would have included Haviland but Haviland had left abruptly, without farewell or explanation. He had performed the act popularly known as turning on his heel and leaving. The tight of Sharpless, at ease and smiling, coming across Sara's lawn, was more than he could bear.
It was annoying, really, Sara reflected, to be put in such a position. Her first impulse was to blame Duke, and she did speak to him harshly; but meeting his earnest, affectionate, light-brown eyes, she discovered to her surprise that whatever havoc he was to work in her life, she must acquit him of base design. The master might be a villain whose very presence in the neighborhood was contamination, but the dog had a heart of gold.
A few days after that, Annie went to consult her neighbor, Mrs. Ray, concerning a complication that had arisen in the construction of the gray sweater.
Mrs. Ray was a simple, tactless soul, long valued by the Hendersons as a "good neighbor." An adept with the crocheting-needle, she had Annie's difficulty straightened out for her. Whatever interchange of harmless gossip, finally winding up with, "I hear interesting reports about your sister." Her tone was so roguish it left no doubt as to the tender nature of the news in question.
Annie had risen to take her departure; she smiled vaguely. "Yes, but that's rather an old story, isn't it?"
But Mrs. Ray would not be turned aside so lightly. "We hear that an interesting announcement is to be expected any day," she continued.
Annie laughed. "I'm sure I wish Sara would make up her mind. I am devoted to Miles Haviland."
Mrs. Ray fixed her pale eyes upon Annie with a glance almost piercing. "Miles Haviland? Oh, that isn't what I meant. Miles is what the boys call a 'back number,' isn't he? I hear they have quarreled. No! I was referring to her."
Annie's face brightened. "You are undoubtedly nodding in the direction of Sharpless's name. Annie, however, presented a face of amiable blandness. "Mr. Sharpless—" Mrs. Ray began, then fairly drove to be literal (so she felt), when she would have continued playful if Annie only had understood her innuendoes. "I hear—" and she was saying—Mrs. Sharpless—"Then she faltered before the unwelcome coldness in Annie's eyes.
"Mr.—Sharpless!" The gentleman in question would certainly not have been flattered at Annie's tone. "Certainly the village people have very little to talk about if they can make up stupid, vulgar stories like that."

—They are all good enough, but the WATCHMAN is always the best.

Anti-Saloon Speeches.

Rev. J. Mitchell Bennetts, of Philadelphia, superintendent of organization Penna. Anti-Saloon League, an unusually forceful and convincing as well as entertaining public speaker, has been in Centre county this week delivering open-air and in-door temperance speeches in sixteen different places in the county as follows: These towns please take note: Centre Hall—Friday evening, August 27th. Spring Mills—Saturday, 2:30 p. m., August 28th. Rebersburg—Saturday evening, August 28th. Millheim—Sunday a. m., U. Evangelical church, August 29th. Coburn—Sunday afternoon, August 29th. Woodbury—Sunday evening, August 29th. Lemont—Monday afternoon, 4 o'clock, at station, August 30th. State College—Monday evening, August 30th. Milesburg—Tuesday afternoon, August 31st. Bellefonte—Tuesday evening, August 31st.

—Put your ad. in the WATCHMAN.

[Continued on page 3, Col. 1.]