"TALKING IN THEIR SLEEP."

"You think I'm dead," The apple tree said. "Because I have never a leaf to show, Because I stoop, And my branches droop, And the dull, gray mosses over me grow;

But I'm alive in trunk and shoot. The buds of next May I fold away, But I pity the withered grass at my root."

You think I am dead," The quick grass said, "Because I have parted with stem and blade; But under the ground I'm safe and sound,

With the snow's thick blanket over me laid. I'm all alive and ready to shoot. Should the spring of the year Come dancing here.

But I pity the flower without branch or root." "You think I'm dead," A soft voice said.

"Because not a branch or root I own. I never have died, But close I hide In a plump seed that the wind, has sown. You will see me again;

Patient I wait through the long winter hours I shall laugh at you then Out of the eyes of a hundred flowers."
—Selected.

THE BALKING OF CHRISTOPHER. (Concluded from last week.)

"Well, to go back to that girl. She is married and don't live here, and you ain't like ever to see her, but she was a beauty and something more. I don't suppose she ever looked twice at me, but losing what you've never had sometimes is worse than losing everything you've got. When she got married I guess I knew a little about what the martyrs went through.

"Just after that George's widow got married again, and went away to live. It took a burden off the rest of us, but I had got attached to the children. The little girl, Ellen, seemed most like my own. Then poor Myrtle came here to live. She did dressmaking and boarded with our folks, and I begun to see that she was one of the nervous sort of women who are pretty bad off alone in the world, and I told her about the other girl, and she said she didn't mind, and we got married. By that time mother's brother John—he had never got married—died and left | ted to her life, and her life to her. her a little money, so she and my sister Abby could screw along. They bought the little house they live in and left the farm, for Abby was always hard to get along with, though the is a good woman. Mother, though she is a smart woman, is one of the sort who don't feel called upon to interfere much with men-folks. I guess she didn't interfere any too much for my good, or father's, either. Father was a set man. I guess if mother had been a little harsh with me I might not have asked that awful 'why?' guess I might have taken my bitter pills and held my tongue, but I won't blame myself on poor mother.

"Myrtle and I get on well enough. She seems contented—she has never treatment and a home. Myrtle is a she got married to me, for she deserved somebody who could make her a better husband. All the time, every waking minute, I've been growing more and more rebellious.

"You see, Mr. Wheaton, never in this world have I had what I wanted, and more than wanted-needed, and needed far more than happiness. have never been able to think of work as anything but a way to get money, and it wasn't right, not for a man like me, with the feelings I was born with. And everything has gone wrong even about the work for the money. have been hampered and hindered, I don't know whether by Providence or the Evil One. I have saved just six hundred and forty dollars, and I have only paid the interest on the mortgage. I knew I ought to have a little ahead in case Myrtle or I got sick, so I haven't tried to pay the mortgage, but put a few dollars at a time in the savings-bank, which will come in han-

The minister regarded him uneasi-"What," he asked, "do you mean to do?"

"I mean," replied Christopher, "to stop trying to do what I am hindered in doing, and do just once in my life what I want to do. Myrtle asked me this morning if I wasn't going to plow the south field. Well, I ain't going to plow the south field. I ain't going to make a garden. I ain't going to try except just enough to keep soul and body together. I have had bad luck. But that isn't the real reason why I

never in my life had a chance at the he had owned it, he himself had somespring nor the summer. This year times chafed under the dull necessity I'm going to have the spring and the summer, and the fall, too, if I want it. here was exhiliration. He drew the My apples may fall and rot if they want to. I am going to get as much good of the season as they do." 'What are you going to do?" asked 'Well, I will tell you. I ain't a man

to make mystery if I am doing right, and I think I am. You know, I've got a little shack up on Silver Mountain in the little sugar orchard I own rights of the man were of the highest, there; never got enough sugar to say and that other rights, even human so, but I put up the shack one year and pitiful ones, should give them the when I was fool enough to think I might get something. Well, I'm going up there, and I'm going to live there awhile, and I'm going to sense the things I have had to hustle by for the sake of a few dollars and cents.'

"But what will your wife do?" "She can have the money I've saved, all except enough to buy me a want a little corn-meal, and I will ant youth. Blue smoke was curling have a few chickens, and there is a from the chimney. Stephen smelled barrel of winter apples left over that bacon frying, and coffee. she can't use, and a few potatoes. There is a spring right near the shack and there are trout pools, and by and by there will be berries, and there's plenty of fire-wood, and there's an old woman. Guess I would have been cold shares. Neither aunt nor I can think

bed and a stove and a few things in the shack. Now, I'm going to the store and buy what I want, and I'm going to fix it so Myrtle can draw the money when she wants it, and then I am going to the shack, and"-Christopher's voice took on a solemn tone-"I will tell you in just a few words the gist of what I am going for. I have never in my life had enough of the bread of life to keep my soul nourished. I have tried to do my duties, but I believe sometimes duties They crowd it out. I am going up on Silver Mountain to get once, on this earth, my fill of the bread of life."

your wife, she will be alone, she will said Christopher, "and I've got my spring bank-book here; I'm going to write trees! some checks that she can get cashed when she needs money. I want you to tell her. Myrtle won't make a fuss. She ain't the kind. Maybe she will be a little lonely, but if she is, she can

go and visit somewhere.' Christopher rose. "Can you let me have a pen and ink?" said he, "and I will write those checks. You can tell Myrtle how to use them. She won't know how."

Stephen Wheaton, an hour later, sat in his study, the checks in his hand, striving to rally his courage. Christopher had gone; he had seen him from his window, laden with parcels, starting upon the ascent of Silver Mountain. Christopher had made out many checks for small amounts, and Stephen held the sheaf in his hand, and gradually his courage to arise and go and tell Christopher's wife gained strength. At last he went.

Myrtle was looking out of the window, and she came quickly to the door. She looked at him, her round, pretty face gone pale, her plump hands twitching at her apron

"What is it?" she said. "Nothing to be alarmed about," replied Stephen. Then the two entered the house. Stephen found his task unexpectedly

easy. Myrtle Dodd was an unusual woman in a usual place. "It is all right for my husband to do as he pleases," she said, with an odd dignity, as if she were defending able?" she asked.

ly, for he reflected that the words might be hard for the woman to hear, since she seemed obviously quite fit-

But Myrtle did not take it hardly, seemingly rather with pride. "Yes." said she, "Christopher ought to have gone to college. He had the head for it. Instead of that he has just stayed round here and dogged round the farm, and everything has gone wrong lately. He hasn't had any luck even with that." Then poor Myrtle Dodd said an unexpectedly wise thing. 'But maybe," said Myrtle, "his bad luck may turn out the best thing for

him in the end.' Stephen was silent. Then he began explaining about the checks.

"I shan't use any more of his savings than I can help," said Myrtle, and for the first time her voice quaup there," said she. "There ain't bedwasn't. She isn't one of the kind of coverings, and it is cold nights, late women who want much besides lecent as it is in the spring. I wonder how I can get the bed-clothes and other treatment and a home. Myrtle is a taining to him. I can't drive, myself, good woman. I am sorry for her that things to him. I can't drive, myself, and I don't like to hire anybody; aside from its being an expense, would make talk. Mother Dodd and Abby won't make talk outside the family, but I suppose it will have to be known.

"Mr. Dodd didn't want any mystery made over it," said Stephen Wheaton. "There ain't going to be any mystery. Christopher has got a right to live awhile on Silver Mountain if he wants to," replied Myrtle, with her

odd defiant air. "But I will take the things up there to him, if you will let me have a horse and wagon," said Stephen.

"I will, and be glad. When will you

"To-morrow." "I'll have them ready," said Myrtle. After the minister had gone she went into her own bedroom and cried a little and made the moan of a loving woman sadly bewildered by the ways of man, but loyal as a soldier. Then she dried her tears and began to pack a load for the wagon.

The next morning early, before the dew was off the young grass, Stephen Wheaton started with the wagon-load, driving the great gray farm-horse up the side of Silver Mountain. The road was fairly good, making many winds in order to avoid step ascents, and Stephen drove slowly. The gray farm-horse was sagacious. He knew that an unaccustomed hand held the for hay in the ten-acre lot. I have lines; he knew that of a right he stopped. I have worked for nothing should be treading the plowshares instead of climbing a mountain on a

beautiful spring morning. But as for the man driving, his face have stopped. Look at here, Mr. was radiant, his eyes of young man-Wheaton, spring is coming. I have hood lit with the light of morning If of his life, but here was excitement, sweet air into his lungs, and the deeper meaning of the spring morning into his soul. Christopher Dodd interested him to the point of enthusiasm. Not even the uneasy consideration of the lonely, mystified woman in Dodd's deserted home could deprive him of admiration for the man's flight into the spiritual open. He felt that these

right of way. It was not a long drive. When he reached the shack-merely a oneroomed hut, with a stove-pipe chima minute doubted his identity. Christopher had lost middle age in a day's few provisions. I shan't need much. I time. He had the look of a triumph-

> Christopher greeted him with the joyousness of a child. "Lord," said leg. I need the exercise. Let me he, "did Myrtle send you up with all those things? Well, she is a good "You may do that," said Ellen, "on

How is Myrtle? "She semed to take it very sensibly

when I told her." Christopher nodded happily and lovingly. "She would. She can understand not understanding, and that is more than most women can. it was mighty good of you to bring the things. You are in time for breakfast. Lord, Mr. Wheaton, smell the trees, and there are blooms hidden somewhere that smell sweet. Think act on the soul like weeds on a flower. of having the common food of man sweetened this way! First time I fully sensed I was something more than happiness. just a man. Lord, I am paid already. It won't be so very long before I get my fill at this rate, and then I can go Stephen Wheaton gasped. "But To think I needn't plow today! "I want you to go and tell her," To think all I have to do is to have the them. spring! See the light under those

him from the spring near by.

Then he said to Stephen: "Come right in. The bacon's done, and the coffee and the corn-cake and the eggs

won't take a minute." The two men entered the shack. There was nothing there except the little cooking-stove, a few kitchen utensils hung on regs on the walls, an old table with a few dishes, two chairs and a lounge over which was spread an ancient buffalo-skin.

Stephen sat down, and Christopher fried the eggs. Then he bade the minister draw up, and the two men breakfasted.

"Ain't it great, Mr. Wheaton?" said Christopher. "You are a famous cook, Mr. Dodd," laughed Stephen. He was laughed Stephen. He was thoroughly enjoying himself, and the breakfast was excellent.

"It ain't that," declared Christopher, in his exalted voice. "It ain't that, young man. It's because the food is blessed." Stephen stayed all day on Silver Mountain. He and Christopher went fishing, and had fried trout for din-

He took some of the trout home ner. to Myrtle. Myrtle received them with a sort of state which defied the imputation of sadness. "Did he seem to be comfort-

ought to have been educated and led a different life," Stephen said, lamely, for he reflected that the "Comfortable, Mrs. Dodd? I be-

always was," assented Myrtle. "You have everything you want? You were not timid last night alone?" tain like an old man; he came down asked the minister.

"Yes, I was timid. I heard queer noises," said Myrtle, "but I shan't be alone any more. Christopher's nieco wrote me she was coming to make a visit. She has been teaching school, and she lost her school. I rather guess Ellen is as uncommon for a girl as Christopher is for a man. Anyway, she's lost her school, and her brother's married, and she don't want to go there. Besides, they live in Boston, and Ellen, she says she can't bear the city in spring and summer. She wrote she'd saved a little, and she'd pay ner board, but I sha'n't touch a dollar of her little savings, and neither would Christopher want me to. vered. "He must have some clothes He's always thought a sight of Ellen, As for me, I was so glad when her letter came I didn't know what to do. Christopher will be glad. I suppose you'll be going up there to see him off and on." Myrtle spoke a bit wistfully, and Stephen did not tell her he had been arged to come often.

"Yes, off and on," he replied. "If you will just let me know when something to take to him-some bread and pies." "He has some chickens there," said

Stephen. "Has he got a coop for them?" "Yes, he had one rigged up. He will have plenty of eggs, and he car-

ried up bacon and corn-meal and tea and coffee." "I am glad of that," said Myrtle.

She spoke with a quiet dignity, but her face never lost its expression of bewilderment and resignation. The next week Stephen Wheaton carried Myrtle's bread and pies to

Christopher on his mountain-side. He drove Christopher's gray horse harnessed in his old buggy, and realized that he himself was getting much pleasure out of the other man's "I want t idiosyncrasy. The morning was beautiful, and Stephen carried in his mind a peculiar new beauty besides. Ellen, Christopher's niece, had arrived the night before, and, early as it was, she had been astir when he reached the Dodd house. She had opened the door for him, and she was a goodly sight: a tall girl, shaped like a boy, with a fearless face of great beauty, crowned with compact gold braids and lit by unswerving blue eyes. Ellen had a square, determined chin and a brow of high resolve.

"Good morning," said she, and as she spoke she evidently rated Steven and approved, for she smiled genially "I am Mr. Dodd's niece," said she.
"You are the minister?"

"And you have come for the things aunt is to send him?"

"Aunt said you were to drive un-cle's horse and take the burgy," said Ellen. "It is very kind of you. While you are harnessing, aunt and I will pack the basket."

Stephen, harnessing the gray horse, had a sense of shock; whether pleasant or otherwise, he could not determine. He had never seen a girl in the least like Ellen. Girls had never impressed him. She did.

When he drove around to the kitchen door, she and Myrtle were both there, and he drank a cup of coffee beney, two windows, and a door—Christopher stood at the entrance and seemed to illuminate it. Stephen for a minute doubted his identity. Chrisgreat deal about farming and we are going to hire Jim Mason and go right ahead." Myrtle looked adoringly at Ellen

Ellen.

Stephen spoke eagerly. "Don't hire anybody," he said. "I used to work on a farm to pay my way through col-

ompense

"Well, we will settle that," Stephen replied. When he drove away, his usually calm mind was in a tumult. "Your niece has come," he told

Christopher, when the two men were breakfasting together on Silver Monutain. "I am glad of that," said Christopher. "All that troubled me about be-

ing here was that Myrtle might wake up in the night and hear noises." Christopher had grown even more radiant. He was effulgent with pure

"You aren't going to tap your sugar maples?" said Stephen, looking up at the great symmetrical efflorescence of rose and green which towered about

Christopher laughed. "No, bless 'em," said he, "the trees shall keep their sugar this season. This week is ecstacy. He tied the gray horse to a the first time I've had a chance to get tree and brought a pail of water for acquainted with them and sort of enter into their feelings. Good Lord! I've seen how I can love those trees, Mr. Wheaton! See the pink on their young leaves! They know more than you and I. They know how to grow young every spring."

Stephen did not tell Christopher how Ellen and Myrtle were to work the farm with his aid. The two women had bade him not. Christopher seemed to have no care whatever about it. He was simply happy. When Stephen left, he looked at him and said, with the smile of a child: "Do you think I am crazy?

"Crazy, no," replied Stephen. "Well, I ain't. I'm just getting fed. was starving to death. Glad you don't think I'm crazy, because I couldn't help matters by saying that I wasn't. Myrtle don't think I am, I know. As for Ellen, I haven't her since she was a little girl. I don't believe she can be much like Myrtle; but I guess if she is what she promised to turn out she wouldn't think anybody ought to go just her way to have

it the right way."
"I rather think she is like that, although I saw her for the first time this morning," said Stephen.

"I begin to feel that I may not need to stay here much longer," Christopher called after him. "I begin to feel that I am getting what I come for so fast that I can go back pretty

But it was the last of July before he came. He chose the cool evening after a burning day, and decended the mountain in the full light of the moon. He had gone up the moun-

like a young one. When he came at last in sight of his own home, he paused and stared. Across the grass-land a heavily laden wagon was moving toward his barn. Upon this wagon heaped with hay, full of silver lights from the moon, sat a tall figure all in white, which semed to shine above all things. Christopher did not see the man on the other side of the wagon leading the horses: he saw only this wongerful white figure. He hurried forward, and Myrtle came down the road to meet him. She had been watching for him, as she had watched every night.
"Who is it on the load of hay?"

asked Christopher. "Ellen," replied Myrtle. "Oh," said Christopher. "She looked like an angel of the lord, come to take up the burden I had dropped while I went to learn of Him"

"Be you feeling pretty well, Christopher?" asked Myrtle. She thought that what her husband had said was odd, but he looked well, and he might have said it simply because he was a

Christopher put his arm around you are going, I will see that you have Myrtle. "I am better than I ever was in my whole life, Myrtle, and I've got more courage to work now than I had when I was young. I had to go away and get rested, but I've got rested for all my life. We shall get along all right as long as we live."

"Ellen and the minister are going to get married, come Christmas," said

Myrtle. "She is lucky. He is a man that can see with the eyes of other peo-

ple," said Christopher. It was after the hay had been unloaded and Christopher had been shown the garden full of lusty vegetables, and told of the great crop with no drawback, that he and the minister had a few minutes alone together

"I want to tell you, Mr. Wheaton, that I am settled in my mind now. I shall never complain again, no matter what happens. I have found that all the good things and all the bad things that come to a man who tries to do right are just to prove to him that he is on the right path. They are just the flowers and sunbeams, and the rocks and snakes, too, that mark the way. And-I have found out more than that. I have found out the ans-

wer to my 'why?'"
"What is it?" asked Stephen, gazing at him curiously from the won-der-height of his own special happi-

"I have found out that the only way to heaven for the children of men is through the earth," said Christopher. -Harper's Monthly Magazine.

A Heavy Burden for the Farmer.

The people of New York State are finding that compulsory military training inflicted upon the school children of that Commonwealth willy nilly is not the only outrage springing from the new law for preparedness. A New York newspaper, noting the fact that the law requires every school district to employ a military training teacher, points out that it will lay a heavy burden upon the Pennsylvania railroad for a traffic rural communities in the matter of ex- outlet. pense. Sullivan county, for instance, has 166 districts and if teachers were to be had for \$600 a year the increased outlay would amount to \$100,000 a year. Is it possible that such laws would be put on the statute books if the people had the initiative and referendum? It is

Reference in Our Writing. "No, I'm afraid your reference won't

"Why not, ma'am?"

"I don't like your penmanship."-New York World.

last night if I hadn't been so happy. of letting you work without any rec- List of School Teachers in Centre

Following is a complete list of school teachers in Centre county as furnished the "Watchman" by county superintendent David O. Etters, practically all of whom have been in attendance at the teachers' institute this week:

Bellefonte: Jonas E. Wagner, H. F. Whiting, E. H. Weik, Gertrude A. Taylor, Maude C. Bear, H. C. Menold, Annie E. Dashiell, E. Mae Bailer, F. 14, Godshall, May Y. Taylor, Chester H. Barnes, Carrie A. Weaver, Mary Underwood. Marjorie McGinley, Alice H. Lowery, Hazel Lentz, Mary Hicklen, Mary Woods, Helen Harper, Annie McCaffrey, Helen Crissman, Elizabeth H. Dorworth, Alice K. Dorworth.

Benner: Luther D. Miller, Vivian Lutz, Allen Hoy, Anna B. Sheeder, Anna J. Fisher, Candace Leathers, Emma Rowe, Grace

Boggs: Ella Levy, Nannie Delaney, Anna Schroyer, Bessie Johnson, Florence Sliker, Harry E. Leathers, Nancy Kelley, Mary Richaer, Amler Confer, Sarah Shawley, Edna J. Rodgers, Samuel Barnhart, Edrie Wolker Walker. Burnside: Ellen Loy, Bernice Bowes, Rhoda Askey, Verna Lewis.

Centre Hall: W. O. Heckman, E. M. Miller, D. Ross Bushman, Helen Bartholo-College: G. W. R. Williams, Margaret Glenn, Miriam Dreese, Ernest Johnson, Lovan Ferrell, Clara L. Condo, Mary E. Bailey, Nan M. Bailey.

Curtin: Annie E. Shank, Rosa Bitner, Beatrice Stere, Clemma Lucas, Harold H. Yeager, Geo. G. Holter.

Ferguson: L. A. Sofianas, Geo. R. Dunlap, Claire Martz, Edna Ward, Grace Elder, Fred Tate, Maude Krumrine, Esther Neidigh, Viola Burwell, Maude E. Houtz, Herbert Harpster, Nora Powell, Ernest Trostle, Mary Goss, Helen Ward. Gregg: W. V. Godshall, A. L. Duck, Russell Condo, Edwin Hosterman. E. E. Royer, R. L. Rachau, Ruth Smith, Sara Fisher, Carrie Heckman, Alta Sinkabine. Gregg: Gertrude Musser, Kathryn Mc-Cool, Helen H. Finkel, Ethel Long, Lola

Cool, Hele M. Wolfe. Haines: L. J. Bartlett, Boyd C. Vonada, Meda N. Bower, Fred Rachau, Charles B. Musser, C. E. Kreamer, A. M. Martin, W. T. Winkelblech, Earl C. Weber, Lida Hos-

Half Moon: Gilbert C. Waite, Linzy Ross, Georgiana Gage, Beatrice Kreider, Lulu Way. Harris: Margaretta Goheen, Rosalie Mc-Cormick, Margaret Bingaman, Geo. W. Johnstonbaugh, John D. Patterson, Ella Freed, Arthur L. Burwell. Howard Boro.: R. R. Welch, Chas. E. obb, Walter H. Holter, Lulu Schenck. Howard Twp.: W. C. Thompson, Harry DeArmend, Wm. H. Holter, Jr., W. F. Leathers, Pearl Pletcher, Clara Smith,

Leathers, Pearl Claire Thompson. Huston: Frank W. Dillen, G. E. Ardery, Henry Cronister, Lucy M. Rowan, Sallie E. Swoope, Charity Steele. Liberty: S. S. Williams, Fred Pletcher, Lulu Bechdel, Catharine Quigley, Marvilla Bolopue, Erma Miller, Laura Gardner, Mary Page, Myra Boone, W. S. Holter. Marion: Lewis S. Zimmerman, Hazel B. Peck, Helen Orr, Anna Kyle, Austin Hoy. Miles: C. L. Gramley, J. N. Moyer, S. A. Bierley, T. A. Auman, Maude Stover, C. C. Smull, Mabel Vonada, Jessie Adams, E. R. Wolf, H. C. Ziegler, Jas. W. Hanselman. Milesburg: Latimer A. Dice, Haupt, Bessie A. Miles, Maude

Millheim: D. P. Stapleton, W. E. Keen, Ray A. Miller, Carrie Bartges. Patton: Ralph G. Luse, Mary Tomco Marian Whitehill, Esther Mattern, Verna

Penn: R. U. Wasson, T. A. Hosterman, W. E. Braucht, Wm. Duck, Maurice Krad-er, C. N. Bartges, Robert Bierley. er, C. N. Bartges, Robert Bierley.

Philipsburg: J. S. F. Ruthrauff, C. O. Frank, E. A. Dimmick, H. O. Crain, Jane Kane, Jennie Mcrrison, Ruth Forry, Emma Knapper, Edith Shimmel, Hilda M. Thomas, Margaret Allen, Emily Cook, Juanita Hoyt, Nelle Goldthorpe, Leah McLarren, Bessie Glover, Frances Wythe, Lillian Streamer, Henrietta Kirk, Ida Robertson, Helen Forshey, Myrtle Davis, Mary Warde.

Potter: Thos. L. Moore, Goo. A. Craw.

Potter: Thos. L. Moore, Geo. A. Crawford, Wm. H. Rockey, Wilbur S. Runkle, Elizabeth Bitner, Mary C. Neff, Bertha M. Miller, Anna Grove, Cora Luse, Mary Shutterbeck, Edna Neff, Nellie Bible, Clarence W. Musser.

Rush: A. L. Bowersox, Margaret Heath, Rush: A. L. Bowersox, Margaret Heath, Idessa Seyler, Laura Cowher, Emma Briggs, Pearl Hutton, Mary Wells, Minerva Cowher, Caroline Parks, Maude Devine, Anna Gregg, Madeline King, Mary Twitmeyer, Ruth Orwig, Ella M. Warde, Lena D. Waugh, Kathryn Kirk, Kathryn Eisenhauer, Anna Bowers, Ruth Womer, Phoebe McCord, Mae Shugrue.

Snow Shoe Borp.: A. B. Orr, Flora M. Pletcher, Elizabeth Glenn, Edgar Klinger. South Philipsburg: Bertha Brighton, Louise Hopper.

Snow Shoe Twp: Zoe Meek, Grace Shoewalter, Edythe Dunlap, Alice Flegal. Beatrice Boyce, Walter Wolf, J. L. Garder, Martha Kerin, Marian Gingery, Bath Rapp, Mildred Holt, Roxy Bechdel. Spring: Ida M. Showers, Mary Johnston, Hermie Cronemiller, Bella Barnhart, Sara F. Barnhart, Margaret Cooney, Carrie Bowen, Helen Way, Isabella Johnson, Mabel Boyce, Grace Vallimont, Mary Boyle, L. H. Yocum, Myrtle Deitrich, H. Ebreon, Elsie Herman, Emeline Noll, Almeda Pownell, A. C. Rapp.

State College: W. G. Briner, W. B. Krebs, W. E. Brenner, Caroline Buckhout, Laura Jones, R. P. Barnhart, Mae McMahon, Grace Robertson, Ethel Smith, Jimmie Graham, Mary Flegal, Mary Foreman, Isabella Mann, Viola Harter, Mary E. Penney. E. Penney.

Taylor: Lizzie R. Crum, Ruth J. Lego, osephine Richards, Sadie Cowher, Fred Union: Robert E. Lannen, Raymond Snook, Bertha Davidson, Mary Edna Williams, Kezia Calhoun. Unionville: Jacob C. Fox, Harriet L.

Walker: Lewis C. Swartz, Wilbur R. Dunkle, H. L. Hoy, C. F. Hoy, S. W. Butler, Nellie Stein, Lenora Nolan, Estella Rogers, Mary Deitrich, Edna Vonada. Worth: H. C. Rothrock, Mary Laird, Ruth Cowher, Stella Barry, Ida Turner, Ruth Laird, Helen Thompson, Anna Pat-

Rumors of Broad Top Extension.

For some time past rumors have been afloat regarding an extension of the Huntingdon and Broad Top railroad from Huntingdon to Zion, this county, to connect with the Central Railroad of Pennsylvania. Commenting upon the rumored project last Friday's "North American" stated as fol-

lows: The Huntingdon and Broad Top directors have just returned from an inspection of the properties, and from what is learned a plan is being given consideration to make the Huntingdon and Broad Top quite independent of

"This plan proposes extension of Huntingdon and Broad Top north to a connection with the Central Railroad of Pennsylvania, in which the Drexel interest is dominant, at Zion, running through State College. It is figured this would cost up to \$2,000,000 but by such construction a through route would be given to the New York Central at Mill Hall; and the management of that system, for which J. J. Morgan & Co are fiscal agents, has made it known that a connection with the Huntingdon and Broad Top and an interchange of to see what one careless word from the traffic would be regarded most favor-

Who is "Bleeding White."

It is all very well for Field Marshal von Hindenburg to talk of France being "bled white," but the facts seem hardly to support his statements. It is true that France has made terrible sacrifices, that her losses have been staggering, but she has not reached the end of her re-

sources. There is nothing original in Hindenburg's estimate of waning French power, for the same sort of talk has been coming out of Berlin for the last six months. France, we were told time and again, was being "bled white" by the defense of Verdun, but when that tremendous German enterprise sank into inactivity, France had enough in reserve to mass on the Somne the preponderance of men Fish- and guns essential to a successful offen-

> It is Germany, not France, which shows weakness. The German lines in the west have been depleted as a whole to supply troops to resist particular attacks. This was shown in the British capture of Thiepval, a stronghold which has withstood for two months a score of fierce onslaughts and which was taken, because its garrison had been weakened, in two hours. It was shown even more significantly in the recent French triumph at Verdun. It is shown in the halting movements of Fulkenhayn in Transylvania and Mackensen in Dobrudja, where Germany and her allies have been unable to follow up their initial tri-umphs. Roumania is battered but not crushed. The hero of Lemberg has lost

the capacity to deliver his old destructive blows The evidence is strong that Germany part of her far-flung battle line to another. Her losses have been tremendous and they continue. She is fighting in force on three or four different fronts. The "bleeding white" process is more menacing to her than it is to France -and Britain has only begun to exert her full strength .- New York Evening

The Charm of Indian Summer.

Post.

Indian summer is one of the most pleasant seasons of the year, says a writer in the "Breeder's Gazette." It is the 'twilight zone" between summer, with its long, hot days for harvesting, and winter, with its cold and snows. Rest and quiet rule the land. Corn is in shock or silo, apples have been piled in heaps, and wheat fields have been seeded. Early frosts whiten the ground each

morning. From the fields, where the workers with sideboarded wagons are husking corn, comes the merry whistle of Bob White through the ghost-gray mists of crisp fall mornings. Belated blackbirds hurry on their journey southward. Wild ducks appear, and a few wild geese, weather forecasters of the early settler, 'honk, honk' their way high above gun

Over all is a mystic charm. range. And what is Indian summer, and how did the name originate? Legend has it that the hazy season was first due to the smoke from the peace pipes of many In-dian chiefs who met in friendly council. A more prosaic theory is that forest fires, which originate in the late summer, are responsible for the blue haze of this season. Reference to Indian summer was made as far back as 1787. A translation from the French, the journal having

been written in Canada, is as follows:
"At last come the heavy rains, filling the springs, the creeks and th an intallible sign. Following this fall of water comes a severe frost brought to us by the northwest wind. This piercing cold builds a universal bridge over the watery places, and prepares the land for that great mass of snow which should soon follow it. The roads, which have been impassable heretofore, become open and convenient. Sometimes the rain is followed by an interval of calm and warmth which is called the Indian summer; its characteristics are a tranquil atmosphere and a general smokiness.

Whatever the meaning or origin of the term, certain it is that Indian summer is a season which the lover of the country would sorely miss. It bespeaks a peace and quiet such as characterize no other group of days.

Rockerfeller's Riches.

Rockerfeller is the richest man in the world. His wealth amounts to \$2,027,516,000. It is nice to be so famous. But what does it amount to? We know a man in this town who hasn't a cent except his \$1,200 a year salary: has a wife and a nice little baby, and a little home that he rents, and we will bet that he is twice as happy as Rockerfeller. That man's happiness is not based upon mon-ey or material wealth, but upon the riches of the human heart, which material possessions often chill. Suppose some day Rockerfeller should say: too much money for one man. I will give it away to 100,000 people. That will be \$2,000 apiece." Please don't, Mr. Rockerfeller. Keep your money. Your gift would do no good. It might give some pleasure for a few months, but in five years the dreary old levels of poverty and discontent would appear, and the land of "Getting Something for Nothing" would follow old Atlantis to the bottom of the sea, never again to appear except to adventurous memories. Keep your wealth, Mr. Rockerfeller, unless you can give it out as widows' and old-age pensions, and to those unfortunate people who find unwelcome homes among cold kindred.—Columbus (O.) Journal.

Look Straight and Smile.

Don't worry, Mr. Workingman, about the the scare Wall Street crowd is trying to arouse over what European workmen are going to do after the war. President Wilson has enacted a law which prevents the dumping of foreign goods in this country to the detriment of American indus-

Any person who violates the act can be punished with a \$5,000 fine for each offense and a year's imprisonment. Any person injured by reason of this violation may sue and recover the damages sustained three fold.

Did the Republican party ever go that far in protecting the interests of American business and American workingman? When the calamity howlers advance the gloom argument, look them straight in the eye and smile at their stupidity.—

Harrisburg Patriot. "A word carelessly spoken may do great harm." "That's right. You ought

noon."-Washington Star.