

LINCOLN.

By James Russell Lowell.

Life may be given in many ways
And loyalty to truth be sealed
As bravely in the closet as the field,
So bountiful is fate.
But then to stand beside her
When craven churls deride her,
To front a lie in arms and not to yield—
This shows, methinks, God's plan
And measure of a stalwart man,
Limbed like the old heroic breeds
Who stand self-poised on manhood's solid earth.

Not forced to frame excuses for his birth,
Fed from within with all the strength he needs.

Such was he, our martyred chief,
Whom late the nation he had led,
With ashes on her head,
Wept with the passion of an angry grief.
Forgive me if from present things I turn
To speak what in my heart will beat and burn
And hang my wreath on his world honored urn.

Nature, they say, doth dote
And cannot make a man
Save on some wornout plan,
Repeating us by rote.
For him her old world molds aside she threw,
And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted west,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God and true.

How beautiful to see
Once more a shepherd of mankind, indeed,
Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead;
One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,
Not lured by any cheat of birth,
But by his clear grained human worth
And brave old wisdom of sincerity!

They knew that outward grace is dust;
In that sure footed mind's unfaltering skill
And supple tempered will
That bent like perfect steel to spring and thrust.
His was no lonely mountain peak of mind,
Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars,
A sea mark now—now lost in vapors blind;

Broad prairie, rather, genial, level lined,
Fruitful and friendly for all humankind,
Yet also high to heaven and loved of loftiest stars.

Nothing of Europe here
Or, then, of Europe fronting mornward still
Ere any names of serf and peer
Could Nature's equal scheme deface
And thwart her genial will.

Here was a type of the true elder race,
And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face to face.
I praise him not; it were too late,
And some innate weakness there must be

In him who condescends to victory
Such as the present gives and cannot wait,
Safe in himself as in a fate,
So always firmly be.

He knew to bide his time
And can his fame abide,
Still patient in the simple faith sublime,
Till the wise years decide.

Great captains with their guns and drums
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes.
These are all gone, and, standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame—
The kindly, earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American.

HOW WE MAKE ALASKANS HAPPY.

A wholly novel and original scheme recently adopted by Uncle Sam is bringing comfort and happiness to great numbers of Alaskan natives, with the additional advantage of raising them in the scale of civilization.

In former times, when intertribal warfare went on more or less constantly, the sites of villages in southern Alaska were chosen in many instances with reference rather to strategic security than to advantageousness for hunting, fishing and trading. Hence, in later days these small centers of population have in some cases become poverty-stricken and wretched.

Alaska is a vast territory, with plenty of unoccupied and desirable locations. Why not remove the unfortunate villages bodily and settle their inhabitants in places where they would have a chance to prosper?

This was the big idea. Suitable tracts were picked out and reserved for the purpose by Executive order—areas in which fish and game were plentiful, where unlimited timber was to be had, and where the natives would have opportunity to develop and conduct for themselves commercial and industrial enterprises.

There was no question of compulsion; no notion of interfering with anybody's liberty. The idea was merely to make the reservations so attractive from an economic and social point of view that the natives would gladly move into them.

For example, take the case of the Hydah Indians, occupying the villages of Klinguan and Howkow. They were starving. A tract twelve miles square, uninhabited, bordering upon a bay on the west shore of Prince of Wales Island, was chosen for them. It offered an abundance of timber, with plenty of fish and game, fresh water and accessibility to trading vessels.

The Hydahs were pleased enough to move. They made the "trek" by water in a fleet of canoes, taking with them all their portable property. A clearing was made in the primeval forest; a school house was the first building erected; then rows of neat cabins along a newly created main street. In the meantime a saw mill had sprung up as if by magic, fully equipped, to provide the requisite lumber.

Only a generation removed from savagery, these people have already built for themselves a thriving, well-

laid-out, electric lighted, self-governing town, with several miles of plank streets, a modern dock and float landing, a cannery, a church, a co-operative store, a shingle mill and a lumber yard. To transact the mercantile business of the settlement, the Hydaburg Trading company, the stock of which, originally \$10 a share, is today quoted at \$228.

The Eskimos at Deering, on the bleak coast of the Arctic Ocean, were obliged to dwell in holes underground for lack of timber. Disappearance of game animals threatened them with starvation. Three years ago they were removed to a tract fifteen miles square, well forested and abounding in game and fish, on the Kobuk river.

Here, within the Arctic Circle, they have built a little town which they call Noorvik, with well laid out streets, neat, single-family houses, gardens, a saw mill, a plant for electric lighting and—imagine it—a radio station, which keeps them in touch with the outside world!

Formerly it was possible for the Eskimos on the shores of Behring Sea and the Arctic Ocean to dispose of their valuable furs, ivory and whalebone only by sale to traders. The prices they obtained were low, and usually they were in debt. Today, availing themselves of the parcel post and of newly acquired opportunities for shipping their own goods, they forward all such merchandise to a government office at Seattle, which sells it at public auction, returning to them its full value.

Once a year—in the summer time, of course—a government ship carries supplies to the Arctic coast of Alaska, stopping at one village after another and delivering hundreds of tons of food, packages of clothing, household goods and building materials—all of this stuff being purchased with the proceeds of the furs and other products of the land sent out by the natives in the previous summer.

The greatest work for the benefit of the Alaskan natives, however, has been the introduction and development of the reindeer industry. Thirty years ago there were no reindeer in that Arctic province of ours. In 1892 the first of them, 171 in number, were brought from Siberia by the revenue cutter Bear. There are now in Alaska 216,000 reindeer, valued at \$4,500,000, and two-thirds of them are the property of natives.

The original object was to furnish a source of food and clothing for starving Eskimos in the vicinity of Behring Strait. So successful did the enterprise prove that it was expanded. Within less than a generation the reindeer industry has advanced through one entire stage of civilization of the Eskimos all the way from Point Barrow to the Aleutian Islands. It has raised them from the primitive to the pastoral stage, from nomad hunters to civilized men, possessing in their herds an assured maintenance and even an opportunity to accumulate wealth.

BOB-WHITE THE BUG DESTROYER.

Every shot fired this season at the bob-whites that are wintering in your fields is a shot at your pocketbook, says Farm and Ranch. Quails destroy millions of hibernating bugs that would otherwise awake next spring to fall hungrily upon the product of field and garden.

"While you fight the chinch-bug, redouble your efforts to increase bob-white quails," says A. C. Burill, of the Missouri College of Agriculture. "They are said to eat from 500 to 1,000 chinch-bugs at a meal, and their stomachs crave another meal every two hours. At least this is the usual rate of digestion in most insect-eating birds. Quails are the only wild birds which specialize on chinch-bugs in the winter season."

To protect the bob-white the most effective plan is for several farmers co-operatively to publish a notice in the county papers forbidding hunters to shoot quails on their premises. This has been done successfully in several Missouri communities. Many county papers already are running such notices properly drawn up by a lawyer and kept standing in the paper throughout the hunting season. In such cases the publisher will add the name of any farmer in the county and keep it there for, say, 50 cents for the season.

Protect the quails; they will fight your bug battle for you—winter and summer.

Don't Ignore the Insect.

Fascinating as is Henri Fabre's study of the insect world, we seldom think of what would happen to us all if the insects of the earth, multiplying as they do, all came to maturity. Huxley is quoted as saying that one green fly, in ten generations, accidents apart, will produce a mass of organic matter equivalent to 500,000,000 human beings—that is, equal to the Chinese Empire in sheer mass of living matter. A single hop-louse will produce in one season nine and a half quadrillions of young. If nature, "careful of the type," "careless of the single life," only brings one of fifty seeds to bear, we may well be grateful that out of billions of hop-fice, aphids, midges, beetles, spiders and other like creatures, only one in a multitude reaches the reproducing age. All children should be taught to protect the ladybird, or ladybug, as some call it—the pretty little red-winged bug that destroys millions of harmful insect eggs.

Why Lincoln Told Stories.

Chauncey M. Depew, of New York, a famous story teller, told thus why Lincoln was fond of "yarning."

"I can remember a conversation with Abraham Lincoln, who was the original story teller of this country, in which he said to me: 'Depew, they say I talk too much and tell too many stories. They say it does not comport with the dignity of the Presidential office and that it detracts from my personal dignity; but, Depew, the common people—the common people—like plain talk, and they understand what I mean when I tell them a story, and I don't believe I shall quit it just because it isn't considered dignified.'"

WHEN LINCOLN DID NOT GET HIS WAY.

The application of a man who wanted to be chaplain in the army during Mr. Lincoln's administration was recently found. Attached to it are a number of indorsements which are not only interesting in themselves, but aid in disclosing the characters of the two men whose influence largely molded the policy of the government in those turbulent times. The indorsements by President Lincoln and Secretary of War Stanton read as follows:

Dear Stanton—Appoint this man chaplain in the army. A. LINCOLN.

Dear Mr. Lincoln—He is not a preacher. E. M. STANTON.

The following indorsements are dated a few months later, but come just below:

Dear Stanton—He is now A. LINCOLN.

Dear Mr. Lincoln—But there is no vacancy. E. M. STANTON.

Dear Stanton—Appoint him chaplain at large. A. LINCOLN.

Dear Mr. Lincoln—There is no warrant of law for that. E. M. STANTON.

Dear Stanton—Appoint him anyhow. A. LINCOLN.

Dear Mr. Lincoln—I will not. E. M. STANTON

The appointment was not made, but the papers were filed in the War Department, where they remain as evidence of Lincoln's friendship and Stanton's obstinate nerve.

Taking Things as They Come.

A simple-minded fellow visited the village shoe store and purchased a pair of shoes. A day or two afterward he encountered the shopkeeper, who asked him if the shoes were comfortable.

"Oh, yes," was the reply; "they're quite comfortable."

"Well," said the vendor, "if that is so, why do you shuffle along so slowly?"

"Oh," said the yokel, "that's because you forgot to cut the strings that tied them together."

RICHEST OF MEN.

Question as to Whether Rockefeller or Ford Heads List.

Very rich men rarely talk about their money. Henry Ford is an exception in this respect, as he is in many others. Ford has told an interviewer that he has about \$100,000,000 worth of buildings, \$100,000,000 worth of machinery and a bank balance of between \$135,000,000 and \$145,000,000—\$10,000,000 forward or backward is a matter too small for Henry to bother about. He also declared that he could doubtless, if he felt so inclined, capitalize and float his business for a billion dollars.

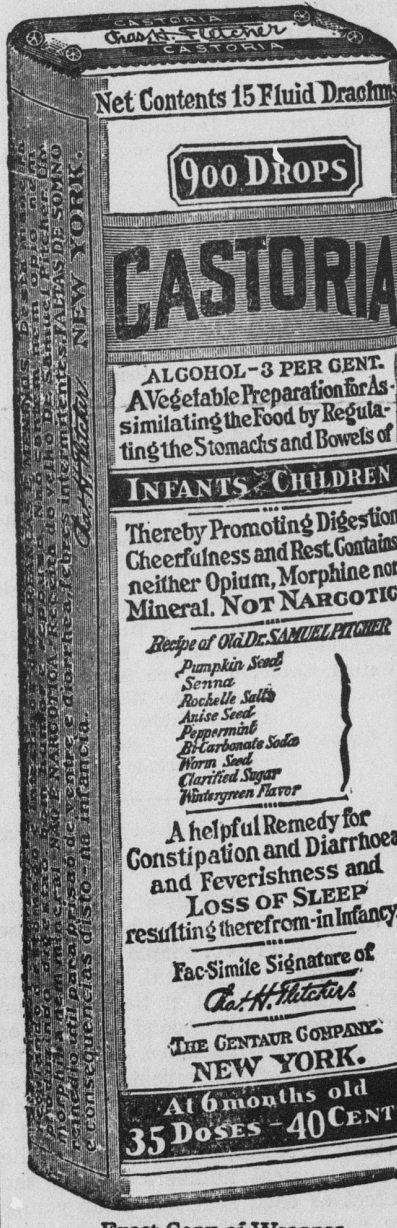
This last statement has inspired newspaper headlines to the effect that Ford has passed Rockefeller in the race toward billionairehood. Ford assuredly is tremendously rich. But he is not a billionaire, and is farther from that unattained figure than is John D. Rockefeller. Rockefeller never has been a billionaire and today is several hundred millions short of that mark. Today's figures would probably be nearer had a billion than three-quarters of a billion.

But all that Ford claims to be worth in property, machinery, etc., and cash is a third of a billion. His statement that he believes he could get a billion dollars for his business does not make him a billionaire. The Standard Oil companies in which Rockefeller is interested could doubtless be promoted and floated at figures which would give Rockefeller far more than a billion dollars. But neither Ford nor Rockefeller is given to capitalizing good will at hundreds of millions of dollars.

No, it will be some time before Ford can claim the distinction of being the richest man the world has ever known. Anything is liable to happen before then—B. C. Forbes, in Forbes' Magazine (N. Y.).

Dividing the Day.

The division of the day into hours dates from the original sun dial, and the notion of 60 minutes and 60 seconds must be traced back to the Babylonians, who combined the decimal and the duodecimal systems of numeration, and chose 60 as a convenient measuring aggregate because of its large number of exact factors.—Scientific American.



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215.00 diamond rings,	140.00	42.50 diamond rings,	27.00
200.00 diamond rings,	125.00	40.00 diamond rings,	25.00
185.00 diamond rings,	110.00	38.00 diamond rings,	23.00
175.00 diamond rings,	100.00	35.00 diamond rings,	20.00
150.00 diamond rings,	90.00	32.50 diamond rings,	19.00
115.00 diamond rings,	75.00	30.00 diamond rings,	17.50
100.00 diamond rings,	65.00	28.00 diamond rings,	15.00
85.00 diamond rings,	50.00	26.00 diamond rings,	15.00
75.00 diamond rings,	45.00	25.00 diamond rings,	15.00
70.00 diamond rings,	40.00	22.00 diamond rings,	13.00
65.00 diamond rings,	35.00	17.50 diamond rings,	9.50
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