

ROADSIDE FLOWERS.

We are the roadside flowers, Straying from garden grounds; Lovers of idle hours, Breakers of ordered bounds. If only the earth will feed us, If only the wind be kind, We blossom for those who need us, The stragglers left behind. And lo! the Lord of the Garden, He maketh His sun to rise, And His rain to fall like pardon, On our dusty paradise. On us He hath laid the duty— The task of the wandering breed— To better the world with beauty, Wherever the way may lead. Who shall inquire of the season, Or question the wind where it blows? We blossom, and ask no reason; The Lord of the Garden knows.

THE RED HEADED PROBLEM ONCE AGAIN.

By Levi A. Miller. Our American people are, as a rule, rarely ever satisfied with conditions as they exist. Some people are never contented, but keep themselves constantly on the rack by imagining that they would have been much happier and better off if they had only married the other lover, or done so and so, or this or that. It may seem queer, but not long since a gray-haired physician asked a boy to kick him out of his office because he had not gone into the ministry.

A thought occurs; probably he had come to the conclusion that it might be more creditable in the hereafter to have been a soul curer than a health cobbler. But, no matter what he thought, he was thoroughly disgusted with himself. Ten to one if he were a preacher he would feel like kicking himself out of the pulpit every time he went into it because he hadn't studied medicine, or something else. Now, here is one of the same sort, and the chances are he is living a miserable life, all because he didn't marry the black-haired girl. I met a rather intelligent individual on our state road recently; he said, I am told you wrote that article on red-headed women, which appeared in one of our county papers some months ago. Of course, I could not avoid pleading guilty.

His batteries were at once focussed on me. He said, "You know nothing about red-headed women. I do, and that's the difference betwixt us. I have lived with one for thirty-eight years, last July, and I know a plague of a sight more about them than I want. I am not going to say anything hard about my wife, because she does not deserve it, but I just want to tell you, as a friend, that you don't know anything about red-headed wives. As I said before, I do, for I have been there—in fact, I am there now. But I must admit you hit it exactly about red-headed women being ardent in love. You might have said they are vehement. They love with a vengeance that is only equalled by their jawing. When the love fit is on there is nothing in the world they will not do for you, and when it is off there is nothing they will do—this may seem like contrariness, and so it is, but it is not the common article. I call it red-headed contrariness, to distinguish it from other brands. But this is what I wanted to say: Had I married a certain black-haired damsel with whom I was deeply smitten, I would have been a happier man, and, instead of being merely well-to-do, I would have been rich. I would have married the brunette if my golden haired angel, as I called her then, had not loved me so vehemently. Why, sir, she loved me harder than a tilt-hammer can strike, and I'll be honest enough to say that I thought I returned in kind. The brunette was colder, more calculating and different. If she had pitched in like the other I expect she would have landed me. I shall never forgive her for not doing it, for she is not happy, neither am I. My wife is just as vehement as she was then, but not in the same line. Then it was all kisses and caresses; now it is all fire and fagot. I rather guess she loved me too hard at the start and exhausted the supply. If any of your friends are contemplating marriage with red-headed ladies, tell them to stop. They may be happy, but my experience teaches me that they are not the kind to make a man's life one unbroken stream of happiness. They are quick-tempered, stormy, petulant and irritating. If you or any of your friends should happen to fall victims to golden curls, you shall ever have my heartfelt sympathy."

Can Your Child Prove His Birth? When your little one was born, did you have his birth recorded? There should have been some one—doctor, nurse or parent—to report the important event to the local health officer, so that he in turn might notify your State Board of Health. You may be inclined to say, "My baby's alive—so doesn't a certificate attesting that fact seem rather unnecessary?" Perhaps it does—this very minute—but when he grows up he may have to call upon it to prove his rights as a citizen. It will be official record of his age. It will prove his right to work and earn a livelihood, just as in childhood it proves his right to go to school. It may permit him to marry. It will entitle him legally to any inheritance that may be left him. With it he is eligible to hold office or to secure passports for foreign travel. It is his priceless certificate of American citizenship.

Be sure your baby has this necessary record of birth. If it is not in your possession now, write your State Board of Health and ask how to secure it. If you live in Pennsylvania, South Carolina, Virginia, Kentucky, Iowa, Maine or Mississippi, you can have a specially attractive birth-certificate issued by the National Bureau of the Census. Twenty-six other States, and also the District of Columbia, issue certificates of their own.

Real Estate Transfers. William McEwen to Susie H. McEwen, tract in Unionville; \$1. Charles Boyer Jr. to Margaret Boyer, tract in Patton township, et al; \$1. B. F. Leitzell to S. B. Leitzell, tract in Bellefonte; \$1. Mary J. Harm, et bar, to W. B. Hall, et al, tract in Snow Shoe; \$4,250. W. E. Peterson, et ux, to A. Curtiss Thompson, et ux, tract in Philipsburg; \$5,700. A. C. Leathers, et ux, to Harry P. Fink, tract in Howard; \$1. Harry P. Fink, et ux, to Henderson Tire & Rubber Co., tract in Howard; et al; \$1. Harry Ruhl, et ux, to Joseph Kelleher, tract in Bellefonte; \$7,500. Mary E. Ripka to J. E. Reed, et al, tract in Ferguson township; \$255.

A Hint. "Thank you," said Jimmy, politely, when the neighbor gave him a piece of cake. "That's right, Jimmy," said the woman, "I like to hear little boys say thank you." "Well," said Jimmy, "if you want to hear me say it again you might give me some more."

and quicker to respond to the demands made upon them by society, our civilization would be a higher and more creditable type. Greatness is being measured by the gold standard. In the past this has invariably indicated a decline in morals, which in turn, has always preceded the downfall of great nations.

The old adage that "Pride goeth before a fall," is as true of nations as of individuals. Pride is a manifestation of selfishness, and selfishness is the out-growth of coldness of blood. If there were more red-headedness there might be fewer great monopolists, but there would be less poverty and ignorance.

Having had a good deal to do with schools, I have always found that the red-headed children were the quickest to catch on to ideas, but am unable to say whether they make profound scholars or not. They are quick, bright and active, and carry their traits into the business world. They like to make money and like to spend it, and get all the comfort possible and make others more comfortable.

HUCKLEBERRY CROP MAY ROT ON BUSHES.

The Lehigh coal fields have voluntarily laid aside the crown as the leading section producing and shipping huckleberries to market, where they masquerade as blueberries and form the basis for shortcakes, pies and other dishes in the big cities. Many hundreds of thousands of acres of mountain land in that district will bear the fruit only to see it rot on the bushes, for the shippers have quit.

For many years the packers operated as a unit, sending out fleets of trucks to the different mining villages each night to buy the berries which had been picked by the wives and the children of the miners. The enterprise was profitable, with 100 to 150 cars a season being sent to New York, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Buffalo, Chicago and Boston, and with the pickers being paid between \$200,000 and \$275,000 a year.

For some unknown reason, after the world war, the quality of berries deteriorated and the shipments were refused so often that what was once a good, paying business turned into one where losses threatened and finally developed in 1922, with the condition worse in 1923 and so bad in 1924 that the shippers threatened to disband their organization.

No longer do the trucks go to the mining hamlets each evening and the headquarters of the packers' association has been given up. No systematic gathering of the berries is pursued and, while some small shipments go to market daily, the bulk of the fruit remains unpurchased. The season lasts from June to late in July or early August and the production by pickers remains unabsorbed, since there are no big buyers.

The chances are that there will be peddling from door to door in the coal region towns for a time and then the traffic will cease and the late berries will remain unpicked. Morea, Pottsville and Mahanoy City are shipping the fruit to market in the same small quantities that individual buyers obtain, but the huge consignments of other years are missing and it is predicted that they will not reappear. The berries are not cultivated. They grow in the native brush in big patches covering whole mountain sides.

Water Denizen Has Few Vital Organs.

The little creature called the lancelet is slender and pointed at both ends and not very easy to see, since it is almost transparent and is only from an inch and a half to two and a half inches in length. It lives in shallow water and likes to stick its head end into the sand, into which it burrows with great rapidity. It remains thus for a long time with its tail sticking out. When on the surface of the water it lies on its side.

While it can neither see nor hear, there is reason for believing that it possesses the senses of smell and taste. Its eggs are laid about sunset and the larvae hatch out early the next morning. The lancelet has no head. Moreover, it has neither legs nor pairs of fins. It has a mouth, however, placed at one end, which, therefore, may be called the head end of the body. It has a stomach, a very simple form of liver and another simple organ which takes the place of a heart, since it is capable of contracting and thus forcing the blood, which is quite colorless, forward to the area of the gills, where it is purified.—Review of Reviews.

The Unity of Nature

Nature can only be conceived as existing to a universal and not a particular end; to a universe of ends, and not to one—a work of ecstasy to be represented by a circular movement, as intention might be signified by a straight line of definite length. Each effect strengthens every other. There is no revolt in all the kingdoms from the common weal; no detachment of an individual. Hence the catholic character which makes every leaf an exponent of the world. When we behold the landscape in a poetic spirit, we do not reckon individuals. Nature knows neither palm nor oak, but only vegetable life, which sprouts into forests and festoons the globe with a garland of grasses and vines.—Emerson.

Unique British Island

Most of Britain's islands have their story, which is sometimes unique. The most striking instance, perhaps, is Sunk Island, in the Humber—a little world that has the peculiar distinction of being the youngest bit of Britain. It is, in point of age, a mere bantling, having been formed in comparatively recent times of land carried away by the sea from the northeast coast. This land was swept down by Spurr head and then up the Humber, where it lodged and in time formed an island. The process is still going on, and as a result the island continues to grow. The public is enriched without knowing it; for this curious formation is the property of the Crown.

Rawlinson Was Peeved

A number of good stories center around General Lord Rawlinson, who for 40 years was connected with the British army in India. The general was brought prominently before the British public eye by being home on furlough. While he was in command of a column during the South African war, Lord Rawlinson was constantly sending in demands for heliographs, with no result. At last, when drawing near Kroonstadt, in what was then the Orange River colony, he signaled again to ask whether his heliographs had arrived. Officialdom, however, was rampant, and wanted to know "What do you want them for?" Back went the reply with caustic brevity, "To fry kidneys on, of course!"

TO UNITE TWO CONTINENTS

Pan-American Railroad is a Stupendous Project Which is Apparently Near Realization.

The time is approaching, and will come sooner than most people expect, when it will be possible to travel in comfort by rail from New York, Chicago or San Francisco to Brazil, Santiago or Buenos Aires, by the Pan-American railroad. This great north and south line is a stupendous project, observes the Scientific American Magazine.

The scheme in its entirety involves large figures and heavy costs, the total length of the line being 10,116 miles, which is not so very far short of the combined length of the three shortest of our transcontinental systems. It should be understood that the enterprise does not, and never did, contemplate the building of an entirely new system of that length; for much of the route is made up of already existing stretches of national railroads. Talking New York as a starting point, the line runs to the Mexican frontier, and from thence through Mexico, Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Panama, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia and Argentina, to Buenos Aires.

Even today it is possible to travel by railroad from New York to the frontier of Guatemala; but from Guatemala to the Canal zone over half of the line has yet to be built. The longest stretch of uncompleted line is from the Canal zone to the boundary line between Peru and Bolivia, where out of a total of 3,362 miles, only 542 miles have been completed. Also there is a stretch of 127 miles in Bolivia or which work has recently been commenced. The line from Bolivia to Buenos Aires, a distance of 1,060 miles, has been completed. To date 6,900 miles out of a total of 10,116 miles have been built.

FARM NOTES.

INEXPENSIVE HOME-MADE LAWN ROLLER.

No longer need the suburbanite be satisfied with lawns as bumpy as a rhinoceros' nose and as difficult to mow as they are ugly to the eye! With materials already at hand or easily and inexpensively acquired, and with the expenditure of but two Saturday afternoons' time, he can have a lawn roller just as efficient as that possessed by any of his neighbors. With a discarded length of 18-inch water pipe and a 50-pound lard can which he can purchase from his grocer for a few cents, he has the first essential. Next he can secure from the children's sand pile sufficient sand to fill the lard can two-thirds full. He will have to buy a 100-pound bag of cement, of which he will need about 35 pounds. (As this costs but a dollar, and as the remaining cement can be utilized in other ways or disposed of to neighbors who are sure to want a similar roller, there need be no waste attached to this item.) I am listing below everything needed for the construction of the roller itself.—I will discuss later.

Sand, cement, water, 50 pound lard can and top, washtub, sand screen, hoe, 18 inch water pipe, chisel, hammer, paper 14 inches square, scissors, pencil. The sand screen (which is simply very coarse mesh screen tacked on all four sides to strips of wood) is placed across the top of washtub. Fill the lard can two-thirds full of sand and pour through screen into tub; then fill the lard can one-third full of cement and pour into tub. Mix sand and cement thoroughly with hoe but do not add water now.

PREPARING THE CAN.

Lay top of lard can on piece of paper and trace around it. Remove top and cut out where you have marked. You now have a round piece of paper the exact size of the top and bottom of can. Fold this in half; in half again; from the folded corner cut out a square exactly half the diameter of pipe. Unfold and you have a round paper exactly the size of can, with a square hole the diameter of pipe through the center. (Pipe is to be the axle upon which roller turns.) Now turn can upside down and with corner of chisel mark outline of hole on bottom of can. Set can up on block so that you have a firm surface to cut against, and with hammer and chisel cut out square hole where you have previously marked it. Repeat this process with the top of can. Both bottom and top now have a square hole in the exact center, and the exact diameter of axle.

Now with pencil mark axle 8 inches from each end. Decide whether roller is to stand until set, being sure the spot is level. Drive axle into ground up to mark on lower end, then set can on axle. MIXING THE CEMENT. You are now ready to mix your concrete and fill lard can. Mix sand and cement very thoroughly while dry. Add water, mix thoroughly. Add more water until the mixture is like mush and you can no longer find any sand or cement in its original state. Now can can up to the first ridge around top. Put on top, letting axle protrude through it, and let it stand until the next Saturday. This centers axle in exact middle of roller at both ends and is a very necessary part of the process. Nothing is more exasperating than the failure which will result if you do not thus firmly fix both ends, where a careless touch cannot jar axle off center.

This completes your first Saturday afternoon's work. Next Friday assemble all the materials for your handle, for under ordinary conditions the concrete will be firmly set: 12 feet of lumber 2 inches wide and 7-8 inch thick. 4 corner irons with 2 screw eyes in each angle. 16 3-16 inch screws, 3-4 inch long. Saw, hammer, brace and bits, pliers, hand screw driver, pencil, chisel, can opener, 8 nails.

The first thing is to finish the preparation of roller. Pull axle out of ground, lay roller flat, on seam in can uppermost. With hammer and chisel cut through seam just above level of concrete. (This should be at bottom of first ridge at top of can.) Now insert can opener in the opening thus made and cut around to the other seam, when the chisel will again be necessary. Continue cutting until you have rim entirely severed from can. Now with your hammer and quick, firm downward blows bend this extended edge of can down flat against end of roller. The bottom you will leave as it is—unless you are extremely ambitious and strong as Samson, so that you can pull lard can entirely off by the use of pliers at seams! Now insert screw driver under plate which holds handles and pull off each handle. The little rivets you cannot get out, but as they are so small they will not injure the lawn. Your roller is now finished.

CONSTRUCTING THE HANDLE.

Saw your lumber into two 4 foot pieces, one 15 inch piece and one 13 inch piece. Measure up 3 inches from one end of each long piece, place a dot in center of plank and bore a hole through each piece, the diameter of axle. Now measure up 12 inches from each hole and draw a line straight across.

Now take the 13 inch piece, place corner iron in center of each end, being sure uprights are plumb with end of strip, and mark where screw eyes come. Take 15 inch strip, measure in 1 inch from each end, draw a line straight across, place corner irons with ends parallel to this line and mark where screw eyes come. Take off corner irons and with 1-8 inch bit drill holes 1-2 inch deep.

Replace angles. With light tap of hammer insert a screw in each hole and with screw driver bit in brace, screw them down.

Now take one of the 4 foot strips, lay it down flat, marked side uppermost. (I suggest the back steps, as you can stand on lower step and won't have to stoop.) Let upper end of strip project beyond edge of step; take the 13 inch strip, hold it upright against line, corner iron toward long end, and mark where screw eyes come. Take

15 inch strip, letting it extend to outer edge of other end of side strip, corner iron facing 13 inch cross strip. Do the same for other side rail. Now bore holes as you did for crosspieces, replace crosspieces, insert screws and screw down, leaving, however, the last side rail free until after one side of handle is attached to roller.

Now take roller, insert one end of axle in hole in handle; then take other in corner irons, bring side rail to place and insert axle; insert screws and screw down tight. Here you will have to use the hand screw driver as the space is too limited for the use of

MEDICAL.

Is Your Health Slowly Slipping Away?

Bellefonte People Advise You to Act in Time.

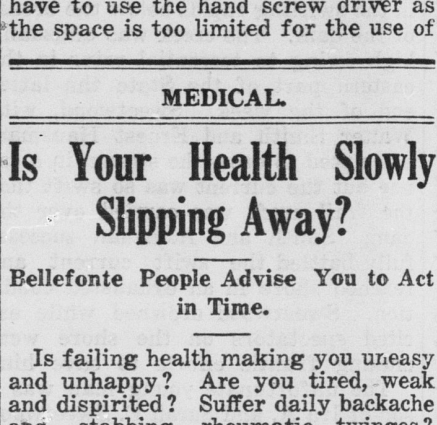
Is failing health making you uneasy and unhappy? Are you tired, weak and dispirited? Suffer daily backache and stabbing, rheumatic twinges? Then look to your kidneys! The kidneys are the blood-filters. Once they weaken, the whole system is upset. You have dizzy spells, headaches and urinary irregularities. You feel all worn out. Use Doan's Pills—a stimulant diuretic to the kidneys. Thousands recommend Doan's. Here is Bellefonte proof:

Samuel Weaver, S. Water St., says: "I almost got down with backache and mornings I felt so lame and stiff I could hardly bend over to put on my shoes. During the day I suffered terribly and my kidneys acted irregularly. Doan's Pills from Runkle's drug store benefited me in every way."

Price 60c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Pills—the same that Mr. Weaver had. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y. 70-30

brace and bit. Drive two nails carefully from outside of side rails into cross strip and from top of handle down through side rails. You now have a very ship-shape roller and with the addition of a coat of black paint, the humble origin of the lard can is entirely concealed.—By Pattie T. Wiley, in Woman's Home Companion.

—For good, reliable news always read the "Watchman."



Geese are funny—never learn. Can't tell which way they should turn.

—Young Mother Hubbard

Folks with judgment are finding out that it pays them to turn to this market for choice meats and fair treatment. Our delivery system is effective and pleasing.

Beezer's Meat Market

ON THE DIAMOND 54-54-1y Bellefonte, Pa.

Advertisement for Lake Erie steamships. Title: 'A restful night on Lake Erie'. Text: 'Makes a pleasant break in your journey. A good bed in a clean, cool stateroom, a long sound sleep and an appetizing breakfast in the morning.' Includes ship schedule and fare information.

Large advertisement for Lyon & Co. Text: 'Lyon & Co. Lyon & Co. Our August Sales Offer Scores of Tempting Values All Summer Goods Must be Sold at Sacrifice Prices See our Silk Dresses (all colors, all sizes) at less than cost of manufacture. Ladies' and Misses' Summer Coats reduced for quick disposal. Dress Goods All Voiles, Figured and Bordered, Crepes, Silks, at astonishingly low prices. 36in. Unbleached Muslin...10c. per yard Lyon & Co. 64-10 Lyon & Co.'