

THINGS WORK OUT.

Just as it rains when we wish it wouldn't, so we men do what they often shouldn't.

Just as we lose when we hope to gain, so we suffer a little pain, and we must work when we'd like to play.

Just as we cannot forever smile, so we must trudge in the dust for a while.

Just as we think that the way is long, so we of us whimper that life's all wrong, somehow we live and our sky grows bright.

EDGAR A. GUEST.

TREES, LIKE BIRDS OF FEATHER, STAY TOGETHER.

Trees, like birds of a feather, flock together. Nature has provided for each tree associations, and a knowledge of them is not only helpful but essential to proper forest management.

Trees seek companionship with each other. Form groups that illustrate nature's law "in union there is strength." Tree associations of this kind are known as forest types.

Nine major forest types are found in Pennsylvania. "These nine forest types," are sufficient to prepare an accurate forest description of Pennsylvania. They will be a great help in classifying the forest structure of the State and in working out practical methods of handling the forests.

We must learn to know our trees better and to understand in order that practical forestry methods can be applied successfully.

The forest types of Pennsylvania take their names from the most common trees of each association, all of the 110 trees native to Pennsylvania naturally belong to one or another of the nine different types now recognized.

The leading forest types in Pennsylvania, considering the extent of each type and the value of its component trees, are the beech-birch-maple type, the oak-hickory, the rock-elm-pitch pine, and the white pine-hemlock types.

The great days of lumbering in the Keystone State were centered about the latter type. It was the great forests of pine and hemlock that received the greatest setback from careless lumbering and forest fires. One of the biggest jobs today is the restoration of these evergreen forests and for that very purpose millions of little pine trees are being produced annually in the State forest tree nurseries.

The beech-birch-maple type, also known as the northern hardwoods, covers 4,500,000 acres, or one-third of all the forest land in Pennsylvania. It ranges chiefly over the northern tier counties and plateaus of the north, extending south in the mountain highlands. The oak-hickory type prevails in the southern and western counties.

The river birch and swamp hardwood type follow the principal rivers and their main tributaries, while the sweet gum-willow oak type is found only in the extreme southeastern corner of the State. The spruce-fir type occurs locally in the northeast and north, but is not common in any part of Pennsylvania. Notable outposts occur in Pymatuning Swamp, Crawford county, and in the Bear Meadows of Centre county, where a special area has been preserved, as the Bear Meadows State Forest Monument, in the Logan State Forest.

The scrub oak type commonly follows forest fires in the rock-oak-chestnut-pitch pine type and is the prevailing temporary type in the anthracite and bituminous coal regions. The aspens-fire cherry is likewise a temporary type that follows fire and lumbering in the original beech-birch-maple and white pine-hemlock forests.

Little Eleanor gazed long and thoughtfully at the young man who was calling on her grown up sister Kate. "May I climb up on your knee, Mr. Brown?"

"Yes, of course, dear," smiled the young man, who wanted to make a hit with the family. "Want to pull hair, eh?"

"No. I want to see if I can find that word."

"Word! What word?"

"I heard our Kate say this morning that if ever a man had the word 'idiot' written all over his face it was you."

Two lawyers in court were engaged in a heated quarrel, hotter and hotter it waged. "You're the biggest ass in the court room!" cried one.

"Order! Order! I called the judge, you forget that I am here!" Then the court adjourned.

—Read the Watchman for the news

DECIDED TO CHANGE THE MENU

(By D. J. Walsh.)

MATILDA put down her pencil with a furtive air and folded up the newspaper. She had been looking over the advertised sales of groceries for the next day and she wondered if Marie, her maid, had seen where she had the paper open. Matilda was, essentially, a home body. She loved to cook and plan, thoroughly enjoying going to market and inspecting everything she bought.

"I would like to get a stout brown basket and go to market," thought Matilda wearily as her housekeeper entered. "The stuff the French cook prepares tastes all alike; I'd rather have a good dish of corned beef and cabbage than any of the flet mignons or chicken a la king."

Mrs. Briggs coughed significantly as she stood before her employer. She did not intend to allow any newly rich to keep her standing; positions were too plentiful for that.

"Good morning, Mrs. Briggs, what is it?"

"I am not satisfied with my rooms; I like more sun of a morning." Mrs. Briggs did not use ma'am in her conversation. She was the reduced widow of an army officer, and never permitted herself or others to forget that fact.

"As I always said to my husband, the captain, I require a great deal of sunshine and milk; that certified milk I've been drinking has not been real good lately. I changed milk men this morning."

"Are you drinking certified milk?" queried Matilda.

"Certainly," Mrs. Briggs tossed her pale red head. "I require the best of food to keep me fit for my duties. I told the man servants to change my furniture into the front rooms on the third floor."

"But those are guest rooms! Some people are coming tomorrow—" began Matilda excitedly.

"What's all that noise about?" Jim Brown had just entered and he looked crossly at his wife. "This house is always in an uproar. I came home to be quiet and find the halls filled with furniture. You may go, Mrs. Briggs, I wish to speak to your mistress."

Again the red head reared itself proudly. "I am considered an expert housekeeper and the furniture is being moved for my comfort. As I always told my husband, the captain, I cannot put forth my best efforts unless I am thoroughly comfortable. There are the housekeeping bills for last month. Considering the rising prices I think them very reasonable."

Mr. Brown sank wearily into a chair as the door closed sharply after the angular form. "I wish I might never again hear of 'my husband, the captain,'" he muttered, then, "Great Scott, Matilda, have you been running a boarding house? The bills are half as much again as they were last month and they were simply outrageous then!"

His wife looked at him helplessly. "I don't know what to do. I cannot seem to grasp the right way of running such a large house. Mrs. Briggs resents it greatly if I ask what she is going to order each day. Says that that is her part, to save my time, but I feel as though I lived in a hotel. Do you think it helps your business much to live in such grand style?"

Jim looked up from the item, certified milk, with a puzzled frown. The sum total seemed astonishingly large to him, but he supposed that his wife needed the costly milk. "My business?" he repeated, "why, no, I keep up this great house and retinue of lazy servants simply for your comfort. We saved and scrimped so long that I resolved that if I could ever afford it you should have a complete rest from all housekeeping cares and live a life of serene leisure. You've always been a good wife, Mat, and if it pleases you to go about all dressed-up and stay up half the night playing cards with a lot of idle people why it's all right. I'm trying to learn to like this kind of semi-public life and if business would only pick up—" he pulled up abruptly and reddened as Matilda's sharp eyes studied his face.

"Finish your sentence," she commanded in the old tone she had used when she had taught in the grammar school back in Franklin. "You are keeping something back from me."

He squirmed in his seat and ruffled the sheaf of bills in his hands while Mrs. Briggs' sharp tones could be heard amid the moving of furniture in the hall outside.

"Tell me, Jim" urged Matilda with an awakened gleam in her gray eyes, "have you been keeping up this big establishment just to please me?"

The quaint phrasing brought a reminiscent smile to his tired face.

"That is my aim in life," he admitted rather briefly. "I want to see you contented. I figured that with charge accounts at all the big shops, plenty of friends and a housekeeper to run the household you'd be right pert, but—"

"But, is just the word," said Matilda grimly. "Let's have an understanding. You hinted something about business picking up. Are you losing money?"

"It's most all lost." He did not meet her look but kept his eyes on the bills. "I had a chance to sell out today for \$25,000 to a concern that wants to merge my patents in with another business but the interest from that sum would not keep us in this style. I shall try to get some more

business and pull through, but I guess I'm getting old, I don't seem to have the same zest for a fight that I used to have. I am getting tired of the strain and struggle. Life goes too fast for me here in the city."

Matilda's face was a study. To gaze at the pleasant, middle-aged countenance one would never have guessed that she had just listened to a report of losses. The worried lines about her mouth relaxed and her lips curved in a tender smile. "Tell me, Jim, do you get homesick for the old town? For the cool, pleasant streets where you feel at home and where you can turn in any gate and find a welcome? What is money? It hasn't brought us any happiness. I've never felt really at home in this big house, but I had an idea it helped you in business. Twenty-five thousand dollars would be a fortune back home. We would never want to spend more than the interest of that and," she paused a moment thinking, "when we lived there before we never had any money to spare. It would be pretty nice, Jim, to go back and have something to draw on when donations were wanted. Do you remember how mortified we were that year that we could not buy chautauqua tickets and everybody wondered why we didn't go, and the Taylors were always offering us their seats saying they couldn't use them? I've often thought that Agnes guessed that we were short and lent them for that reason."

Jim stared back at his wife's animated face. In the hall outside the bumping had ceased, but the pert tones of the ladies' maid could be heard arguing with the captain's reticent. "I guess I have been chasing shadows," he said at last. "Shall I go down and tell Jenkins I'll accept that offer?" Matilda beamed. "Yes, and we'll close up here and go back?"

He nodded.

"Do you know, I believe I'll plan our first dinner. Think, Jim, of going down to old Mr. Blair's butcher shop and seeing exactly what we're going to get—"

"The first night we're back Mat, let's have corned beef and cabbage," he said, and Matilda smiled assent.

Numbers of Cases of Lives Saved by Slips

A New York bride, coming down stairs after dressing for her wedding, slipped and so severely sprained her ankle that the ceremony had to be postponed. In the afternoon—the wedding was to have been at eleven—the man whom she would have married but for the slip was arrested for bigamy.

Hurrying to catch a train, a Berlin woman slipped, and her shoe came off. The delay made her miss the train. It was involved in an accident, and several passengers were killed. But for the slip she might have been among the victims.

Taking a short cut at night across some fields, a Berne clergyman—he was unacquainted with the neighborhood—slipped and fell on his face. As he rose the moon came out and revealed that two more steps would have taken him over the edge of a deep quarry. The slip saved him.

An English woman artist pitched her easel by the side of a tower of a Norfolk church. She sketched for some time, and then went to get a glass of milk at a nearby farmhouse. She slipped getting over a stile, and had to sit down for a few minutes. While she rested, the tower collapsed. But for the slip she would have been back and could hardly have escaped being killed.

What's the explanation? "Coincidence" many people will say. "Providence" others will reply. It is a mystery—and one that may well baffle the wisest among us. But one thing is certain—there are countless persons who can look back with thankfulness on slips that saved.—Exchange.

The Better Way

There is a better way than most of us are acting, and I sincerely hope we shall finally be able to find it. And I am particularly interested in this contention because I have found that the better way is actually easier, and more comfortable and profitable in every respect that the mild devilishment so many seem to believe is freedom and progress. And I came to this conclusion long before I was old. . . . It is a great truth that it is easier to behave (well enough; not too good; be human, of course) than it is to pay the penalties of bad behavior. I have tried a long time, and found no way of avoiding a whipping when I do not behave myself reasonably well; I do not believe in saints; cannot recall that I ever liked one.—E. W. Howe's Monthly.

Diamonds

The diamond is the hardest and most brilliant of precious stones. It is composed of pure carbon and unlike most minerals occurs in single crystals. The rarest are colorless but diamonds also occur in yellow, gray, blue, green, red and black. Impure crystals and fragments are called bort and are used for polishing and cutting the stones. Before they are polished they look like gray stones. In addition to their use in jewelry, diamonds are used for engraving, in mining drills and watch-bearings.

Imitating a Radio

It was the first time that the four-year-old youngster had ever had a chance to pound on a piano. She banged away for some time, happy in making a noise that drove every one else in the house nearly wild. Her mother finally came in to save the piano, at least, from the wreckage.

"See, mamma," the child said. "I can make noises just like the radio."

200 CHINESE ON GOOD-WILL TOUR

Coming to U. S. to Promote Friendship.

Shanghai.—Upwards of 200 prominent Chinese will sail August 24 on the President Cleveland for an extended tour of the United States in the interests of Sino-American friendship and trade. The project is being promoted by the Friendship Tour company.

All first-class accommodations have been reserved for the party on the Dollar liner, and a special train has been arranged for their itinerary through America. Leading hotels in the cities along the contemplated route have made preparations for the travelers and every possible measure for their comfort has been taken by the agents for the tour.

Cities in which the party will stop are as follows: Seattle, Portland, Minneapolis, Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland, Akron, Buffalo, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Kansas City, Denver, Los Angeles and San Francisco. The larger commercial and industrial concerns in each city will be inspected by the tourists. Side trips will be taken to Yellowstone National park, Niagara Falls and the Grand Canyon of Colorado.

To assist those who do not speak any language other than their own, a staff of interpreters and guides have been engaged to accompany the visitors. A representative of the Chinese press and a moving picture cameraman will be along to convey back to China the high lights of the journey.

African Wild Boars to Make Sport in Texas

Kingsville, Texas.—One of the most novel experiments with wild life ever attempted in Texas is to be made upon the 1,280,000-acre ranch which belongs to the estate of the late Mrs. Henrietta M. King.

There lately arrived at the ranch a shipment of three wild boars, a male and two females, from Africa, and they have been turned loose in the chaparral of the big grazing domain with the idea that they will take up with droves of javelinas, or wild musk hogs, that make the big domain their habitat.

The African wild hogs are larger than the native javelinas and are different in other respects. The javelinas are marked by a brown band around their shoulders and by a musk sack from which an almost overpowering offensive odor is emitted when the animal is angered.

Even if it proved that the wild hogs from Africa will not cross with the javelinas it is expected that the imported stock will multiply rapidly and that in a few years they will afford fine sport for hunters.

The wild African boars are ferocious and dangerous, but no more so than the javelina boars.

Upon the ranches of South Texas javelinas roam by the thousands in great droves. They are a constant menace to deer hunters because they put up a fight whenever they encounter a human being. It is the common practice for a hunter when he comes upon a drove of javelinas to climb the nearest tree and there await his companions to come from camp and rescue him.

Former Citizens Hold "Ghost" Town Reunion

Traver, Calif.—One of California's best-known "ghost" towns returned to life here with a population of approximately 500 citizens for one day, when visitors came from as far north as Sacramento and as far south as Los Angeles.

"Citizens" is the proper word to describe the returning population, for all of the 500 persons were former residents, gathered in reunion. It was the forty-fifth anniversary of the founding of Traver, once a 3,000 population center of a great grain and horticultural area.

Every building in the town has disappeared. The last to go was the Del Zante hotel, burned to the ground last year, together with a little store.

Alkai was responsible for Traver's demise as a municipality. The chemical came to the surface with irrigation, killing grain, orchards and vineyards.

Gets Drunk in Jail

Spencer, Iowa.—It's bad enough to get drunk in Iowa, but to get intoxicated in the county jail, while being held for investigation, was less majestic, or something, and today Harry Nelson and "Red" Welch are spending 30-day sentences because of the fact.

Old Ironides Work Over Half Completed

Boston, Mass.—Famed Old Ironides, the frigate that made history, soon will sail the seas again. The work of restoring the Constitution, now in progress at the Boston navy yard, is more than 50 per cent completed, and before the end of the year the vessel will be fit for service.

Thus far, \$687,000 has been collected to cover the expense of rebuilding the historic craft. It is estimated the total cost will be \$834,000.

National Banks as Trust Companies

THIS bank is equipped for the transaction of any business connected with banking. An important part of banking now, is the care of Trust funds and the settlement of estates.

We have a Trust Department, and can act as Executor, Administrator or Trustee. We can assure a proper administration of all Trust business.

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