



O BEAUTIFUL, MY COUNTRY.
 "O Beautiful, my country!"
 Be thine a nobler care
 Than all thy wealth of commerce.
 Thy harvest waving fair:
 Be it thy pride to lift up
 The manhood of the poor;
 Be thou to the oppressed
 Fair freedom's open door!
 For thee our fathers suffered;
 For thee they toiled and prayed
 Upon thy holy altar
 Their willing lives they laid.
 Thou hast no common birthright;
 Grand memories on thee shine;
 The blood of pilgrim nations
 Commingled flows in thine.
 O Beautiful, our country!
 'Round thee in love we draw:
 Thine is the grace of freedom,
 The majesty of law.
 Be righteousness thy sceptre,
 Justice thy diadem;
 And on thy shining forehead
 Be peace the crowning gem.

THE FIGHTING BLOOD
 A Story for Decoration Day



CIRCULAR grass covered plot it was, on the outer edge of the cemetery, and the low stone wall surrounding it was defaced and sunken in many places. An oblong tablet, supporting two monumental urns, rested in the center, and it was heaped high with wreaths and blossoms, the tribute of a nation to its honored dead. The inscription bore the name of one of the most famous generals of the Civil War, but Lucinda Randall, sitting idly on top of the rough coping, surveyed the memorial stone with gloomy eyes. At that moment she was wondering, as she had wondered many times before in her twenty-five years, if life were all that she had been led to believe that she would find it. In spite of her fixed belief in the general correctness of the scheme of the universe, she could not refrain from thinking that there were some things that she would have arranged differently. That very morning, in a despondent mood, she had confronted her cares and troubles, drawn up before her in formidable array, and, after a severe struggle with her common sense, had finally owned herself defeated. Usually, Lucinda was a person on whom the perplexities of life sat lightly; but about every six weeks, as she put it, she was obliged to think, and the result was always disastrous. It was in this mood that, sitting there, the fresh, strong wind, straight from the ocean, whipping loose strands of her black hair from their fastenings, and buffeting her slight figure like a live thing, she withdrew her gaze from the wave-washed horizon, and looked again at the stone.

"Killed, while gallantly leading a forlorn charge," she said, aloud. "That I can understand. The heroism of the moment, the wild charge in the glory and blaze of battle; sudden, swift extinction, exulting in the face of death, that is a glorious way to die; but to wear out one's life in the tragedy of the commonplace, one's worst foe oneself, that is dying by inches; it is worse—it is a living death."

Her eyes suddenly widened as she perceived a figure on the other side of the mound silhouetted against the sky. It was that of an old man, bent and shrunken with age, but Lucinda noticed the square set of the shoulders, the attempt at carrying them well set back, and a general air of alert briskness, which, to her observant eyes, proclaimed him to be an ex-soldier. He climbed the wall stiffly, his eyes fixed upon the sunken grave, with the flowers piled high above it, and the fluttering flags at either end. Wheeling sharply, as he reached the spot, he stood erect, and gave a smart military salute, with a precision evidently born of long training; then, stooping, he placed on the grave a small bunch of dandelions that he carried.



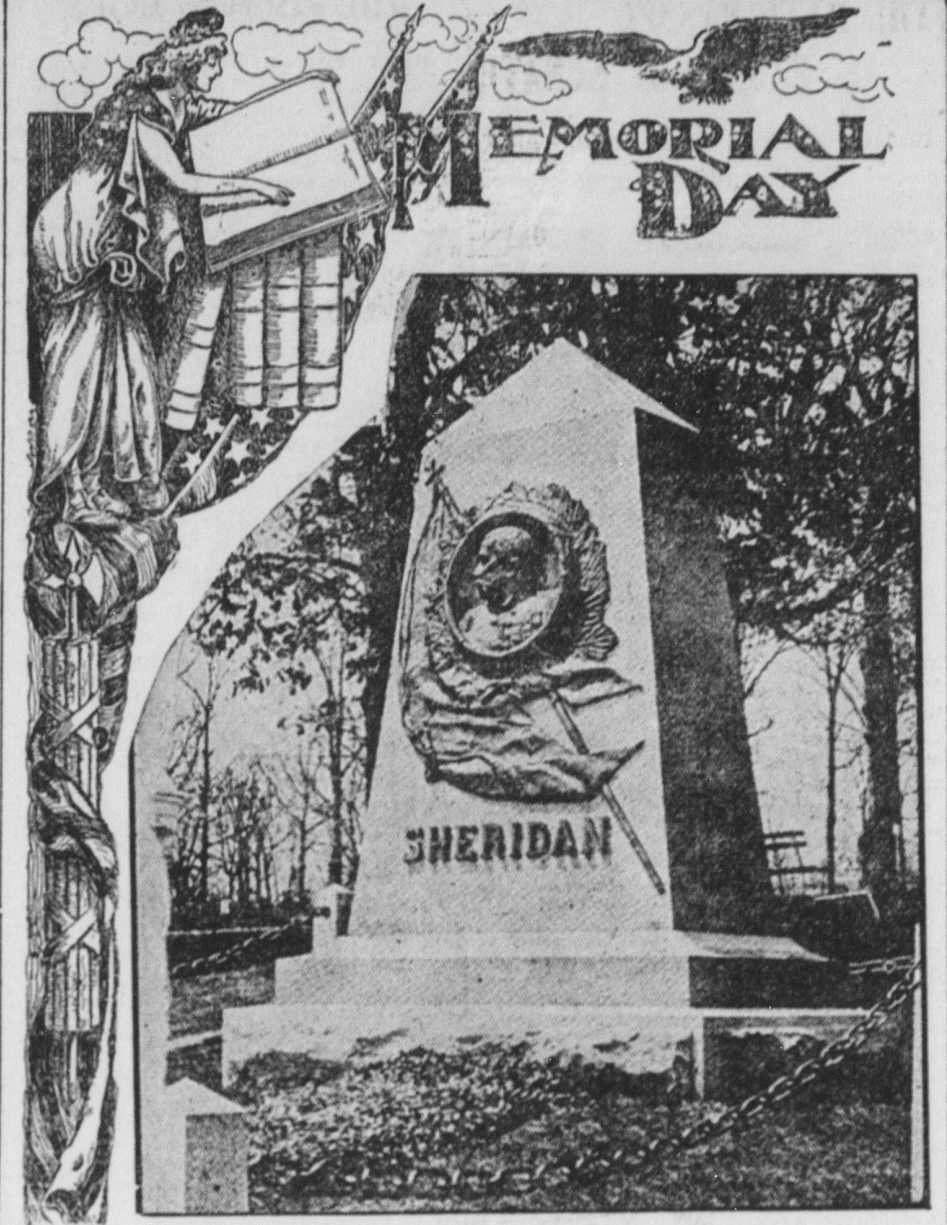
"The Day We Made That Charge."
 Then he turned to Lucinda, smiling cordially.
 "I reckon you think this kind of

strange," he said, speaking with a Western accent, and laying one hand tenderly on the stone, "but I've saluted the general every Memorial Day for twenty years, miss; I've followed him in many a battle, and I don't forget; and somehow I can't think that the general does, either." His shining eyes looked across the tablet at the girl. "Maybe he did you a kindness, too, miss?" he asked, sympathetically. "He did many a one in his day, I'll be bound."
 The girl flashed a pleased look at him.
 "General Eastwood was my uncle," she said, simply.
 The old soldier's face beamed.
 "Your uncle, miss?" he said, earnestly. "Well, I've wondered many a day if I should ever be lucky enough to run across any of the general's kin; but my time is getting so short now that I'd about given up hope." He reached his hand impulsively across the grave to the girl.
 She took it, smiling in comprehension.
 "I am always glad to meet anyone who served under my uncle," she said, winningly. "I have often heard my mother tell how much he thought of his men."



"That's right, too," said the soldier, eagerly. "Why, miss, the day we made that charge at —, it was hotter than blazes, and the general was in the thick of it, and always at the front, miss, always at the front." He shook his bony forefinger warningly—"Don't you forget that. The bullets were flying like hail, and the general was sitting his horse like an iron man, and we were plunging after him, when Dick Fallon's horse was shot under him, and he tumbled on the ground right alongside of the general. Dick expected it to be the last of him, for the cavalry was sweeping solid over the field. Was it? No, indeed! The general just swooped down on him sideways, and lifted him across his saddle bow, and led the charge just the same. Dick never forgot that. I've heard him tell it over and over, and not one of those who saw it ever forgot it, either. Oh, I tell you, miss,—the old man chuckled, carried out of himself by the memory of brave war days, and becoming loquacious in praise of his hero—"there never was anything could daunt the old general. He had the real blood in him—the fighting blood, we called it. Nothing ever beat it yet." He turned to the girl, his eyes luminous with feeling, and his white hair blowing in the wind. Her gaze was fastened on the vanishing line of smoke from an ocean steamer, and the old soldier looked disappointed.

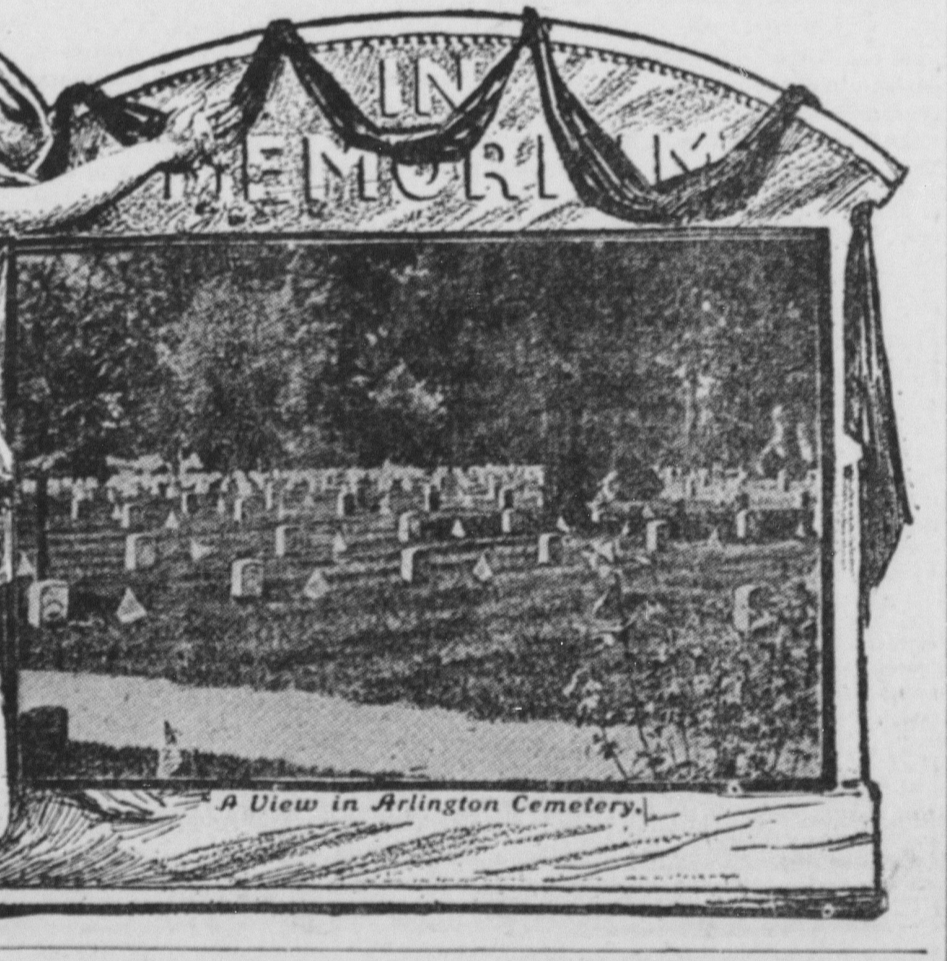
"I think," Lucinda said, slowly, her hands unconsciously destroying the daisies that she had, "that there are, perhaps, some things which, if the



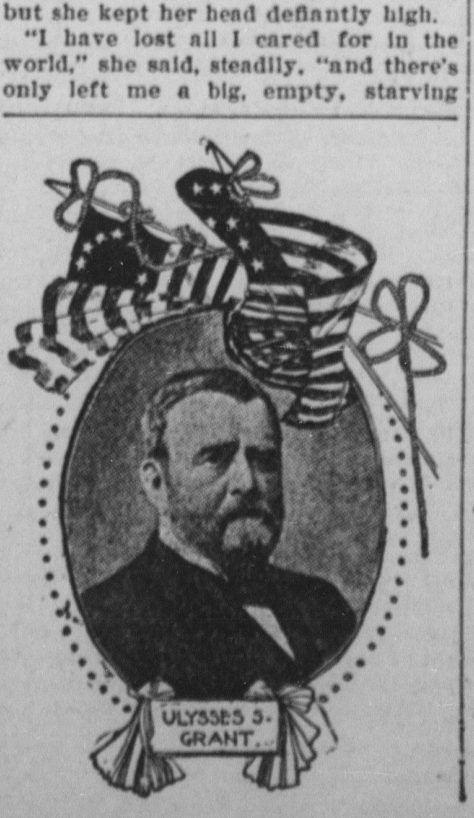
Tomb of General Sheridan—Arlington Cemetery.

general had had them to endure, might have conquered even the fighting blood."
 "Don't you believe it, miss," began the old soldier, stoutly, but a glance at her downcast face checked him. "Yes, miss?" he said, interrogatively.
 "Yes, I do," she said, more firmly.
 "There are forms of battle of which the general had no conception. It is so different with a man! His life was one of action, vivid, stirring action, and each act was applauded by a nation. He stood high in the estimation of men. He had wealth, power and fame. Did he ever know"—she went on, stormily—"what it means simply to exist, to spend one's life in waiting, till your youth and strength and hope are gone? Did he ever know the humiliating sensation of failure? Did he ever mean well, and try hard, and have it all end in defeat? No! he never knew these things. Even his courage might have given way before such overwhelming odds as these."
 The soldier's stiff features melted

heart, that gnaws at me night and day." She looked at the brave old face wistfully. "Do you think that the general could have borne that?" she asked.
 The old soldier felt a sudden queer tightening of his throat. He looked at the girl's figure in its rough blue serge, then hastily rose, striking his stick firmly into the gravel path. All the old martial fire and vigor were in his bearing as he stood in front of her. He felt intuitively that it was a case where action of some kind was needed.
 "The general would never have given up, miss," he almost shouted, all the more sturdily because conscious of an unwonted tremor in his tones, which he wanted to conceal. "Never! There wasn't anything that he couldn't have borne, and anyone with fighting blood in his veins ought to feel that way, too. Anyone belonging to the general is just bound to stand by his colors!"
 The girl looked up quickly, her lips parted, and her face was suffused with an inward glow.



A View in Arlington Cemetery.



ULYSSES S. GRANT.

He met her look directly.
 "And you his blood, miss?" he said, reproachfully—"the fighting blood!"
 The words stirred the girl's senses, like a call to arms. She sprang quickly to her feet, sweeping her long skirts aside, and drawing her lithe figure to its full height.
 "You're right," she said, abruptly. "The fighting blood does not give in. What is your name? Macallon? Now Mr. Macallon, we're ready for the enemy. Hurrah for the banner of the fighting blood!" She smiled brightly at the old man, who, instantly divining her changed mood, and catching the spirit of excitement, swung involuntarily around. Together they saluted the grave, the old and the young eyes flashing in unison. The clear note of a departing bugle lent color and reality to the scene. The old man's voice quavered on the air.
 "Tention!" he piped, shrilly. "Eyes front! Forward, march!"—Lucy Baker Jerome, in Success.

Chronicles of the Flag.
 Ne'er waved beneath the golden sun
 A lovelier banner for the brave
 Than that our bleeding fathers won
 And proudly to their children gave.
 Its glorious stars in azure shine,
 The radiant heraldry of heaven;
 Its stripes in beautiful order twine,
 The emblems of our Union given.
 Around the globe, through every clime,
 Where commerce waits or man hath trod,
 It floats aloft, unstained with crime,
 But hallowed by heroic blood.

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