

Correspondence

(Continued)

HOWARD.

Genius is 10 per cent. inspiration and 90 per cent. perspiration.—Robert W. Chambers.

In Our Churches Next Sabbath.

Reformed—Pastor E. F. Faust will preach at Mt. Bethel at ten o'clock, and at Salona at half past seven.

Methodist Episcopal—Pastor James Edwin Dunning will preach sermon to the L. O. O. F., in Howard at half past ten; will preach at Kennedy at half past two; and at half past seven in the evening will conduct the Children's Day service at Curtin.

Evangelical—Pastor M. Snyder will preach at Fairview at half past ten, and in Howard at half past seven.

Pastor Resigned.

At a largely attended meeting of the joint consistory of the Nittany Valley charge of the Reformed church on Saturday morning last, Pastor E. F. Faust presented his resignation, to take effect the first of August. Because he believed that "the best interests of at least a portion of the charge" required this action, and because he felt himself bound to take into consideration the personal comforts and advantages of himself and his family, the pastor strongly urged and requested that the resignation be promptly and unanimously accepted. Without discussion the question was moved, seconded and carried by a unanimous vote. In Mr. Faust's pastorate of more than two years, his gentlemanly conduct and faithful labors in the cause of the master, added to a genial, kindly disposition have endeared him to many of our citizens outside his congregation, and his departure from among us will cause a very general feeling of deep regret.

St. Clair, Schuylkill county, to which place Mr. Faust has been called has a population of about ten times as large as Howard and his labors will be directed to the borough, excepting one small mission a short distance out. Because of this he will not be obliged to keep a horse, and the superior school advantages will be a valuable consideration. We hereby wish the best to the Master, may provide for the faithful minister and his delightful helpmate.

Another Tie Broken.

The Howard letter begs to lay its wreath upon the grave of the Hon. Fred. Kurtz. His passing breaks a bond of friendship which has endured the stress of more than forty years of the social, business and political activities which greatly try all friendships, without the snapping of a single one of the many threads of which it was built up. Since he has entered the kingdom there is no more tie there, and one less of the too few which remain here.

Miss Carrie Strunk spent last week at home.

Alva E. Weirick, of Altoona, paid a Sunday visit to his parents here.

Mrs. Emma C. Decker spent last week with friends at Hubersburg.

Mrs. J. L. Holter was a Bellefonte visitor by the Sunday evening train.

Miss Nason, of Lock Haven, is visiting with her aunt, Mrs. Claude Moore.

Michael Zeigler, of Altoona, was a Sunday visitor with his brother, on the hill.

Mrs. Lincoln Crock was a shopping visitor at the Clinton county seat on Thursday.

C. V. Woodward, of Philadelphia, is spending a short vacation at home and at State College.

Miss N. Kimpford, of Bellefonte and her niece spent Sunday with the family of Mrs. Rebecca Lucas.

Mrs. Paul Carner and Mrs. Julia Yocum, of Hubersburg, were dinner guests of Mrs. Miner last Thursday.

Miss Lillian Williams and Harriet Gray, of Bellefonte, spent the week end with the Geo. L. Williams family.

Mrs. I. D. Jordan has left her store in charge of her father and taken herself to the commencement of Pennsylvania State College for a few days of pleasure.

Mr. and Mrs. John Brooks, of Waterville, Pa., closed a couple of weeks of visiting with the family of George D. Johnson and returned to their duties on Monday.

Harry Wetzel's rebuilt car is both handsome and speedy, and on Sunday with his brother Will, his mother and grandmother, he made a pleasant trip to Lock Haven in it.

Mrs. T. E. Thomas, her daughter Miss Gertrude, and Mrs. Harry Kline, of Altoona, attended the commencement at Allentown, of the College at which Miss Maud Thomas graduated this week.

Mr. J. A. McDowell, a prominent business man and farmer of York, Pa., who was buried last Thursday, was a cousin of H. T. McDowell of Howard. Willard McDowell went to represent the family at the funeral.

Chas. H. Lucas has put in a new ice chest of his own construction to keep the four big ice cream freezers which he uses every day, and their contents in good condition, and it's a "dandy." With the several coverings of wood and corkboard, and concrete lining, it should surely keep the cream in first class order.

George L. Williams, now engaged in business which requires him to have his headquarters in New York, reached home Saturday, and is spending a vacation week with the family. Dr. and Mrs. J. J. Kilpatrick of Bellefonte, who are warm friends of the Williams, ran down in their auto to take Sunday dinner with them.

In the afternoon of Friday, June 7, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Loder made an elaborate surprise birthday party for their little son Charles, who arrived at school age upon that day—the first birthday which usually comes to a boy, and to which we hope a great many may be added. The large party of little people who joined in honoring their boy comrade were: Charles Loder, Thos. Schenck, Pearl Schenck, Margaret Neff, Celia Lucas, Mary Catherine Henderson, Edella Henderson, Carrie Holter, Vivian Knarr, Fay Knarr, Stella Buckley, Harry Tice, Walter Shay, Charlie Shay, Grace Dunham, Edna Williams, Richard Williams.

Blair Fletcher, son of Nathaniel and Mrs. Fletcher reached his eighteenth birthday on Thursday of last week and a few of his young friends celebrated it for him in good form. They made their preparations in great secrecy and invaded his home without either his knowledge or consent, bearing with them gifts of the culinary gods of their party in profusion and excellence, and had a merry evening of it, capered by Miss Woodward. The names of the happy party were

Hilda Wagner, Walter Holter, Rebecca Lucas, Clair Leathers, Dorothy Weber, Nevin Yearick, Myrtle Pletcher, Russell Wagner, Pearl Pletcher, Homer Yearick, and Paul Wagner.

Private Bancroft's Foray

A STORY FOR MEMORIAL DAY
By Captain F. A. MITCHEL

One morning in 1863 Jim Bancroft, private in the 10th New York volunteer infantry, was one of a long line of pickets in Virginia. It was the month of April, but in that climate the spring was well advanced. The pickets stood 100 yards apart, the ground sloping before them, the sun shining on fields of grain of variegated green. Just starting from the soil. Here and there was a farmhouse, smoke curling from the chimney. Through the landscape a white turnpike ran southward, but there was no travel on it except here and there a darkly driving mule cart. No enemy was in sight, but beyond the slope on a ridge edged with timber doubtless men in gray, which, being realistically interpreted, means butternut, were looking to the northward.

Nevertheless the balmy air, the birds twittering in the trees, the patches of rising grain and the warm sunshine gave a peaceful hue to the landscape and seemed to invite the picket for a stroll. Moreover, Jim, having had nothing to eat for some time except salt pork and hardtack, an occasional corn or cackles from a barnyard below suggested fried chicken and fresh eggs.

"Hi, you man on my right," called Jim, "if you'll cover some of the distance between you and the man on my left so that I won't be missed I'll make a raid on that barnyard down there and divide the plunder with you and him."

"All right," replied the man addressed, or rather the boy, for most of those who went out in 1861 were boys. "I'm with you, but if you're caught off post you'll get shot for desertion."

Jim hesitated at this, but he was young, and the young are reckless. Besides, a cackle of a hen that had just laid an egg decided him in favor of fresh food against a shooting for desertion. He made the proposition to the man on his left. His two flanking pickets moved nearer together, and Jim, putting his rifle in the hollow of his arm, started through the long grass and stubble down the declivity.

The house seemed to be very quiet. But for the smoke emerging from the chimney Jim might have considered that its occupants had left it. He was laying out a course whereby he might circle around under cover and make an assault on the chicken house when a human being appeared on the scene. A girl about seventeen years old came out of a back door and threw the rest of the morning's meal to the chickens. She was not dark complexioned, like most southern girls, but fair, with a rose in each cheek. Her hair was cut square just about her shoulders, and her dress extended no farther than the tops of her boots.

There was one thing during wartime that had a more powerful effect on a soldier boy than food delicacies. After he marched away from home in sight of fluttering handkerchiefs he struck a very different scene. The ceremonies of military life remained, but there was none to admire. He saw men, men, nothing but men, and they were all soldiers. If there were women in the country through which he campaigned they were hostile to him and kept out of his way. As to looking on at his dress parades and guard mountings, they scorned to do so. Therefore the most welcome sight to a soldier boy of the civil war was a pretty girl.

Jim had no occasion to be afraid of any one about the place, for there were likely to be only citizens there, and he was armed. At any rate, throwing caution to the winds, he suddenly appeared to the girl with one leg over the top rail of a fence inclosing the yard. She saw him and started.

"Morning," said Jim in as soft a voice as he could command.

The girl bit her lip and put her hand to her breast, signs that she was endeavoring to control her fright.

"May I come down? I'd like to buy a chicken and some eggs," Jim added.

The request, though it came from a terrible Yankee with a rifle, was reassuring. She plucked up courage.

"I don't mind," was her shrinking reply.

Jim swung the other leg over the fence and went down into the barnyard. The girl tried hard to keep her eyes of him and to keep them on him, the first because she didn't wish to show an interest in him, the second because she had not entirely recovered from her fear of him. Jim never for a moment took his eyes away from her, and they were brimful of admiration. By the time he stood before her and dropped the butt of his rifle on the ground she realized that it was she and not the young soldier who was all powerful.

And what was the predominant thought that occupied Jim's brain? Not that he might be taken in by Confederates, not that if caught off his post he might be shot by his own comrades. Neither of these considerations was a feather's weight against what possessed him. He looked on that innocent feminine face, those delicately curved lips, and craved a kiss.

There was no more impurity in his desire than in the touch of Cupid's lips to those of Psyche. It was as natural as the mating of the birds singing in the trees above them. About the girl was nothing conventional. A poor white farmer's daughter, she had never been taught the proper steps of courtship. For her there were no such steps. As to the man, he had no need for them. A look was all that was required by either. Jim, holding his rifle in one hand, with the other clasped her hand. Then man, woman and rifle were folded in an embrace, and Jim kissed her.

From the south came a clatter of horses' hoofs. Jim cast a quick glance toward his picket line, measuring the distance with his eye and wondering if he could reach it in time to escape the coming horseman. The girl took in the situation and, seizing him by the hand, ran with him into the house. There they were alone, for the others of the family had gone out to drive in some stray stock that it might not fall into the hands of the soldiers. Lifting a trapdoor that led to the cellar, the girl pointed down the stairs, and Jim descended. The troopers were coming rapidly and reached the house but a few moments before he got into hiding. They pulled up at the gate and called for some one to come out. The girl answered the summons. There were four men and a sergeant. The sergeant was spokesman.

"There's a Yank about here," he said. "Where is he?"

"There's no Yank here," was the reply.

"You little liar! One of our sharpshooters saw him from a treetop. He was going to shoot when the Yank passed out of sight. We've come out to get him."

"There was a man here a spell ago, but he went away."

Jim in the cellar heard all this and wondered how could those innocent lips utter such falsehoods.

Meanwhile he was looking about him for a better place of concealment. There was an old brick oven in the cellar, its top extending to within a foot of the rafters of the floor above. He climbed up on it and, pulling away some loose bricks, found an entrance to a chimney big enough for him to crawl into. Once in it, being young and strong, he worked his way up to the top. Meanwhile the troopers had searched the house and, not finding him, had ridden about for awhile, not getting too close to the Union line; then had ridden back southward. As soon as Jim heard their retreating footsteps he lifted his head above the chimney top for a reconnaissance, but he quickly withdrew it, for a bullet sung within an inch of his ear. This admonished him that some sharpshooter was watching the house, and he scuttled down the chimney to make an exit by the way he had come up. At the cellar door stood the girl who had hidden him. He took her in his arms, and her head sank down upon his breast.

If there had been any of that sense of self preservation in the boy—or the girl, for that matter—such as comes with age, hunted by cavalry, watched by sharpshooters, liable to be caught by an officer off his post, Jim would have got out of the scrape as quickly as possible. But young love is stronger than disgrace. Jim stood supporting her, her heart fluttering against his own, and it was the happiest moment of his life.

A distant sound of the long roll coming down the slope from the Federal lines was needed to awaken the young soldier from his trance. Then a gun boomed. Snatching a last kiss, the soldier ran back to the cellar, took up his rifle from a dark corner where he had thrown it and sped out into the yard. A skirmish line was coming down the declivity. Jim ducked under some bushes and, when the men passed him, fell in, and, though he was not with his own company, no one except the pickets he had left a couple of hours before was ever aware of his foray between the lines.

One of those skirmishes that so often occur between armies in touch with each other, but neither of which is ready for battle, was fought, resulting in the advance of the Union line to the ridge on the south. That evening long after the fight was over the girl Jim had won during so brief a courtship saw from a window a Union soldier crawling between the rails of the fence. Running down and out, she saw Jim, wounded.

Lying on the field, he had longed, instead of being taken to a hospital, to be nursed by his new found love. When a party with stretchers came along he feigned to be dead. When they had passed he drew himself slowly toward the house of his adventure.

In that house he remained for several weeks. When he left it he had promised to come back when the war would be over.

Our ideas today of the men who participated in that frightful struggle are derived from the graybeards in our midst who wore the blue and the gray. We do not see them as they were then nor remember that they are a mere remnant of those who marched away in the flush of youth in 1861 to 1865. We are prone to forget the trenches filled with their comrades, the headstones bearing their names and the word "Unknown" carved on many a marble. Now and again when we pass a cemetery and notice a little flag placed there on Memorial day, its colors mingled by many a rain, we are taken back to those dark and bloody days.

In a corner of a farm in Virginia is a mound underneath which rests the body of Jim Bancroft. Again wounded in a battle, he crawled back to his love and was nursed by her till death took him. He was laid in that corner and today an old woman with white hair annually strews flowers on his grave.

Two Recipes.

For a Wedding: To one summer's night add two young persons, a beach and a little propinquity. Mix in one lock of wavy hair, an atom of delicate perfume, and stir with a slight breeze. Sprinkle the whole with moonlight and let alone for the evening.

For Happy Wedded Life: To one woman add numerous kisses, each supplemented with "Yes, dear, I love you more than ever." Mix thoroughly with long pleased expressions at sight of new garments and hats, and season with many remarks about "youthful appearance." Sprinkle liberally with checks and bonbons (courtship brand). Do not stir up.

Apples Without Cares.

There will be no core to throw away after one has eaten an apple if Frank Rodgers, a fruit grower at Georgetown, Del., succeeds in experiments he has under way. He owns a tree that has produced now for two years seedless and coreless apples. The fruit is of the usual size and very highly flavored. He is grafting some of the twigs into other trees in his orchard, and hopes in the course of a few years to make his fortune.

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Mercerized Dot Foulard	25c
Satin Stripe Voile	34c
India Linen, fine	12c
Embroidered Linen	12 1/2c
White Waists	50c
18-in Emb. Flounce Skirts	\$1.00
Princess Slips	85c to \$1.00
Glove Fitting Corsets	50c to \$1.00
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