

Democrat

Belleville, Pa., July 26, 1895.

China a Vast Graveyard.

The fact of all nature is piled with graves. No farm is so small that it cannot afford at least one; no hill is so high (I speak of the Garden provinces of China) that is not dotted with them to the top. No city lacks them, within and without its walls; only the compact and the compact cities are without them. They vary in shape and form, as everything varies in China. The saying is that "in ten miles everything is different," and it certainly is so with the graves. Near Shanghai this eruption on the face of nature took the form of shapeless mounds of earth, perhaps six feet long by three feet wide and three or four feet high. There the coffins had been put on the ground and covered over with dirt. Further along, toward Soochow and the Grand Canal, the graves were brick affairs, round-topped, and square at the ends. In the other direction, at and near Cha-pu, on the coast, they were near vaults of earth faced with stone and surrounded by a horsehoe or broken circle of earth-work. Some of these had three doorways, and looked like triple bake-ovens. But down Cha-pu way many of the graves were perfect little houses of brick, with tile roofs, and even with roofs whose corners were bent up in grand style. There are graveyards in China, family or village graveyards, that look like mere disturbances of the earth, where acres have been turned up into mounds or covered with brick ovens, and there are graveyards that are solemnly planted with rows of trees. But as a rule, the farmers bury their dead in their rice or cotton fields or among their mulberry-trees, and the poor buy or lease a resting-place for their departed upon the acres of some wealthier man. I don't know whether it be true or not, but I was told that the graves are kept, or let alone, until a change of dynasty occurs, when they are razed, and China begins over again to preempt a great fraction of her surface for her dead. If so, it is time for a change of dynasty, because a vast portion of the soil is left to the farmers, who otherwise cultivate almost every foot of it. And the graves are in all stages of rack and ruin and disorder. At one time you see scores of tombs whose ends have been worn down by the elements or have fallen out so as to show the coffin ends or an outbreak of skulls and bones. There is nothing that is possible that you do not see, even to disclosures of great earthen jars full of bones, where the original graves and coffins have been worn away. There the bones have been reinterred in pots, and these in turn have been exposed by the careless hand of time. You see bare coffins cast out in the rice-fields because the mourners were too poor to brick them over, and you see tens of thousands of coffins merely covered over with thatched straw. You see the grand tombs of mandarins taking up half a mile of the earth. First there are the granite steps leading to a splendid triple arch all beautifully carved. Then follow the stately approach to the tomb—a wide avenue bordered by trees, and set with lions and warriors, horses, and sages, all hewn out of stone. Finally the tomb itself, on a hill-side if possible, stares down the avenue at all these costly ornaments. But it must be that most of these monuments are to men long dead—perhaps to men of distant ages. Therefore most of them are falling to pieces. Some are merely beginning to crumble, some are waste places with broken suggestions of what they were, and some have been invaded by farmers and by the populace; with the result that you see portions of the once grand arch set in a near-by bridge or used as steps to a water-side tea-house.—From "Every-day Scenes in China," by Julian Ralph in Harper's Magazine for August.

An Assassin's Work.

Edited a Woman, Two Men and Wounded Four Other Persons.

NEW ORLEANS, July 21.—Last Friday night, on the Terre Haute terrace, in St. John's parish, a terrible butchery of human beings took place. While Rosario Giordano and his family were seated at the supper table, Joe Noska walked up to the door and, leveling a double-barreled shotgun, fired. Mrs. Giordano fell to the floor a corpse, and the bullets that did not go through her went through both legs of the 4-month-old infant she held in her arms. Giordano sprang forward to elasp the babe, and the assassin fired again, wounding him, Mary Giordano, the 10-year-old girl, on seeing her mother fall, ran toward and received a portion of the load of buckshot that struck her father. The shot entered her abdomen, literally tearing it to pieces. At the same time little Nicolina fell to the floor wounded through the head. The assassin did not move from the spot, and when he saw Benedetto Giordano, a nephew of the dead woman, and Charles Columbo, a comrade toward the house he coolly placed two fresh shells in his gun and waited until they got very close to him. Then he raised the gun and fired both barrels, the two men falling to the ground dead. Then the murderer, throwing his gun over his shoulder, made his escape to the woods. When the citizens ascertained the extent of the deed they organized a posse, and led by the sheriff, attempted to capture the assassin, but failed to get him.

Leave No Crumbs.

Mrs. Finis—"I'm as sick as I can be, just from eating these peanuts."
Finis—"Well, why don't you stop eating them?"
Mrs. Finis (in amazement)—"Stop eating them? I have more than half a bag left yet!"

It is important to keep the liver and kidneys in good condition. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the remedy for invigorating these organs.

To borrow money is to borrow trouble, and some men find it a good deal of trouble to borrow money, too.

The Red Man's Monuments.

The sun has set upon the red man, Despite the assertion of the Indian Bureau that there are more Indians in America today than there were at the land of Columbus upon San Salvador, the last sad relics of the aboriginal tribes, who once owned all this vast continent as their hunting-ground, have already been practically swallowed up in the swift civilization of the pale-face. The American sculptor has expressed the entire melancholy of this passage of a race in his statue of the forest brave bending mournfully above the buffalo whom his arrow has just fatally wounded. The late John Greenleaf Whittier entitled this group, "The Dying Era." It is the last Indian above the last buffalo. Of singular interest, therefore, is the popular inquiry now awakened as to the monuments which the disappearing red man will have behind him in the new America.

The Boston Commonwealth has enumerated 33 words as the sole heritage left by the North American Indian to the English speech. Among this inadequate list are such almost unheeded terms as "humbo," "netop," "pipisewa," "samop" and "snetague." Julian Ralph has called attention to this feature, and he adds a number of Indian words, which it is truly surprising that the Boston lexicographer should have overlooked—such as tobacco and tomak, mustang, opossum, raccoon, shunk (not a fragrant memory), chipmunk, hominy, moccasin, moose, pone, succotash and toboggan. But with all of his ingenuity Mr. Ralph is forced to surrender after recollecting fifty-five. Even though an aggregate list of one hundred bona fide Indian words could be written out, only a meagre relic of the original Americans remains in our speech.

The New York Sun emphasizes the fact, however, that the great monuments to the Indian race exist on our maps in the names of our States and streams. An accurate review of the terminology of the Union reveals twenty-four States named in honor of the red men. These are Alaska, Alabama, Arkansas, Arizona, Connecticut, Dakota, Idaho, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Nebraska, Ohio, Tennessee, Texas, Utah, Wyoming and Wisconsin. Two of these States came near to being otherwise named. The Mormons wished to christen Utah as "Deseret," after the honey bee, but Edward Everett remembered the Utes. To Charles Sumner due the credit of the title of our great Northwestern Territory. The fact stands out, nevertheless, that this Indian terminology exists almost altogether in the territory west of the original Thirteen States. Of these only two, Connecticut and Massachusetts, bear Indian names.

The West, with its great Father of Waters, is rife with reminiscences of the old dwellers in their primeval forests. Michigan and the Great Lakes are particularly reminiscent in Indian vocabulary. But what of the East? Michigan has remembered its great chief, Pontiac, as Canada has Tecumseh, Massachusetts has remembered neither Massasoit, Samoset nor the ferry Philip of Pocanotok, Virginia rechristened Powhatan's stream as the James and has bestowed Pocanotok's romantic name nowhere on the broad and noble river near her birthplace. New York has called the Mohawk River after one of her tribes, and in her interior counties contains many picturesque vocabularies of the Five Nations of the old Long House. Nevertheless she has allowed "the Last of the Mohicans" to die neglected on her map, and has taken Tammany, her great sachem, from the wigwam in our own State.

As for Pennsylvania, what has she to show? Despite that one of her rivers is named after the old Maryland "Susquehannock"—as Capt. John Smith wrote it—where is her stream to commemorate her own Lenni Lenape? Maryland also preserves the memory of her other tribe in the blue Nanticoke. What memorial has Philadelphia of the peaceful Unami, with their totem of the turtle, with whom Penn is said to have made the famous treaty?—Record.

About the worst thing that can happen any young man of fair acquirement and good health is that he shall secure a subordinate place in the public employment. Such a position is bad enough under the system of rotation in office that has prevailed in the United States, depending upon changes of political administration. It is still worse under an established civil service, where the clerk and his desk become practically one piece of furniture. It has been well said that "the civil service is a cemetery for young men. Instruments take place at all hours. Pity it that youth does not have a higher aim." And pity it that the noble pursuit of politics is cheapened and degraded by this eternal squabble for place.

Farmer—"Barber, now corn's cheap you ought to shave for half price."
Barber—"Can't, Mr. Jones. I ought really to charge more; for, when corn's down, farmers make such long faces that I have twice the ground to go over."

Hoax—"That horse of mine sets a good example that some men would do well to follow." Hoax—"Why, the nag is no good. He interferes." Hoax—"That's just it. He interferes, but only with himself."

"Doan's" be to skab ob gettin' left," said Uncle Eben. "de chicken dat sleeps a leetle ways back in de coop may be de las' ter git 'is brekfast in de mornin' but he ain't so easy grabbed off de roos' at night."

"No, 'Lije, I can't marry you," said the belle of Tater Holler, with a shiver; "I'm afraid it would be unlucky. You wear No. 13 shoes."

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General Use of Pulp.

When the best experts in the wood pulp and paper industries inform us that they will consume more than 100,000,000 of spruce logs beyond the consumption of 1894 during the present year, and that at the same rate of increase, proportionately, they will need 125,000,000 of spruce logs in 1896 than they will consume in 1895, we may well ask where is this 25,000,000 feet of extra spruce logs to come from, beyond the wood pulp and paper consumption of 1894. Such an amount represents at least the production of 25 immense lumber plants, producing 10,000,000 feet each per year. Either a good many paper mills will necessarily be closed down during the next year or two from lack of spruce logs, or by reason of better market for pulp wood than for manufactured lumber, or else the lumber operators must penetrate still farther into the deep forest, build logging railroads and seek new points of supply. It is fair to say that 50 per cent. of all the spruce lumber in the United States has been consumed, and that the lumbermen and wood pulp men are now working on the last half in a most enterprising and extravagant manner.

Usual Low Rates to Niagara Falls.

On Tuesday July 30th, 1895 the Beech Creek Railroad will sell special excursion tickets to Niagara Falls via Clearfield and the B. & P. R. Y. The tickets will be good to return from Niagara Falls until August 3rd and from Buffalo until August 8th, that is, returning, stop-off can be made at Buffalo, the Queen City of the Lakes, until August 8th. Special train from Clearfield 11:20 a. m., July 30th, arrives at Buffalo at 8:00 p. m., and Niagara Falls 9:00 p. m. This excursion in connection with the numerous side trips that can be taken, affords a most excellent opportunity for a ten days outing.

The following low rates are named for the trip:

Jersey Shore Jc.	\$5.00	Morrisdale Mines	\$4.00
Youngsdale	5.00	Wallaceton	4.20
Lock Haven	5.00	Woodland	4.10
Mill Hill	5.00	Mitchells	4.25
Beech Creek	5.00	Olanets	4.25
Quintown	5.00	Kerrmoor	4.25
Snow Shoe	5.00	New Millport	4.25
Peale	4.50	Gazman	4.25
Munson	4.50	Bower	4.25
Philipsburg	4.50	Mahaffey	4.25

Passengers east of Clearfield will take Beech Creek train No. 33; passengers west of Clearfield should take train No. 30.

A Generous Child.

A few days ago I ran in to see a woman friend of mine—one of those dear conventional women who take life seriously and wouldn't do an unusual thing for half your kingdom. While we were talking my friend's little daughter came into the room. She stilled up to her mother.

"Mamma," she said, "may I go down to Mamie's just a minute?"

The day was cloudy and the mother demurred. The little girl insisted.

"I have to go, mamma," she said.

"Why, my dear?" asked her mother.

The little girl hesitated a moment, and then to her ultra-peculiar mother's dismay, she cheerfully explained.

"Why," she said, "I lent Mamie my chewing gum last night, and I want it myself now."—Washington Post.

MARKING THE LIMBS.—In a Sunday school, when the lesson of the Good Shepherd was being explained, the question was asked: "How does the Young Washington, who had been visiting his uncle's sheep farm, though he knew 'Tell the class, my dear,' said the teacher 'Some he slits their ears and some he marks red chalk,' said the boy. These would be distinguishing marks indeed, but not more so than are the marks of health on the countenances of those who use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. For all blood-taints, from whatever cause arising, poisons and humors; such as scrofula, tumors, ulcers and kindred affections its equal does not exist.

Might Fall in Love With Self.

"Oh," she cried, "if I could only see myself as others see me!"

"It wouldn't do," said he. "It would make you go to heaven!"

And then she smiled on him all the rest of the evening.

No Wonder.

Actor—When I am acting I forget everything about me. I see nothing but my role. The public disappears entirely. Friend—I don't wonder at that.

—This is one occasion where a woman can fill a man's place," said the bright young girl, accepting Smiley's seat in the crowded car.

I hear how your brother Teddy is gettin' up in politics."

"Yep. He don't do no work no more at all."

—The New York Central has placed an order with Philipsburg, Pa., coal operators for 1,000 tons of coal.

—Creosote was discovered in 1830 by Reichenbach, who extracted it from the tar of wood.

—Pleasure is the flower that fades; remembrance is the lasting perfume.

Tourists.

"The Crack Train of the World."

A prominent New York merchant and importer of leather goods said in our hearing the other day, "I have traveled all over Europe and America, and I consider the train which leaves Chicago every day at 6:30 p. m. for St. Paul and Minneapolis, via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, 'The Crack Train of the World.'"

In which statement thousands of others heartily concur.

A MATTER OF GREAT IMPORTANCE TO YOU

IN SUFFERING FROM LONG STANDING CHRONIC DISEASES, DISEASES OF THE BLOOD, SKIN AND NERVOUS SYSTEM, AS WELL AS THOSE SUFFERING FROM EYE, EAR, NOSE & THROAT TROUBLE.

MORITZ SALM, M. D., Specialist, Von Grafe Infirmary, COLUMBUS, OHIO. —WILL BE IN— BELLEFONTE, PA

—AT— BROCKERHOFF HOUSE, —SATURDAYS— Aug. 10, Sept. 7, Oct. 5, Nov. 230, Dec. 28.

ONE DAY ONLY. EXAMINATION AND CONSULTATION FREE TO EVERY BODY. UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIALS

Deafness, Ringing Noises and Catarrh Cured by Dr. Salm.

For a long time I noticed that I became gradually harder and harder of hearing. Ringing noises came in the ear after a while, and I became very much alarmed. So I went to Dr. Salm and put myself under his care and today I am grateful to state, and for the benefit of those who may suffer in a like manner, that I can hear once again as good as ever, and those infernal noises have disappeared, although I am nearly 60 years old. Dr. Salm said all of it was caused by catarrh. M. B. Beck, Spring Mills, Centre Co., Pa.

A Lady 69 Years Old Cured of Catarrh and Deafness.

Some years ago I contracted catarrh and it went to my ears. Gradually I became worse and my ears began to trouble me very much, my strength began to give out, and I became weaker and weaker so that I was not able to work. I took treatment from several of our doctors in the county, but somehow they couldn't do me any good; so I went to Dr. Salm. He promised to cure me, and I dare say, he kept his word, for today I am again stout and healthy as could be expected of any one of my age, 69 years, and I find that I get value received for the money I paid to the doctor. Mrs. JACOB D. FINLEY, Rush Valley, Indiana Co., Pa.

Thought His Time Had Come, but was Cured by Dr. Salm.

For some years I have been suffering very much with various ailments and broke down at last. I suffered most excruciating pain from need to foot all the time. My stomach troubled me a good deal, liver and kidneys as well were out of order; in fact, I thought my time had come. The doctors I consulted do me any good; patent medicines had no effect; so I went at last to Dr. Salm, and after a course of treatment, I am now again as hale and hearty and strong as ever. F. L. CONNER, Warriors Mark, Huntington Co., Pa.

Scrofulous Limb of 8 Years Standing Cured.

For the last 8 years I have had feebly scrofulous limbs; they would swell and break open and run, giving me a world of trouble, and making it impossible for me to do any work. I consulted seven Doctors trying to cure me, but they couldn't do it. At last I went to Dr. Salm, who made a perfect and complete cure, and I feel as if I could enjoy life once more. E. H. GUTHRIE, Kiltanning, Armstrong Co., Pa.

Growth Removed from the Eye-Ball by Dr. Salm.

For 10 years my wife, Susanna, had something growing over her eyes, making her almost blind. Dr. Salm performed an operation, and made a perfect success, as she can now again thread the finest needle, and read the finest print, and her eyes do not give her the least trouble. It was a fine piece of work. JOHN BERGERS, Holsopple, Somerset Co., Pa.

Granulated Lid, Cured by Dr. Salm.

For the last 4 years I have been troubled very much with granulated eye lids; it partly blinded me. Doctors here did me no good, it also seemed to affect my general health. Dr. Salm has cured me. I can again see splendidly, and feel better than ever. BESSIE THOMAS, Indiana, Pa., Dec. 6th, 1894.

After Total Blindness Made to See by Dr. Salm.

About 1 year ago my brother accidentally hit me in my left eye with a bow-gun. I began to get blind rapidly in that eye, and in a short time, couldn't see anything out of it; total blindness was caused by the hurt. I heard so much of Dr. Salm's wonderful success in his eye operations, that I went to him, and he has since more proven his wonderful skill on my eye. For today, after having been totally blind, I can see splendidly out of the same eye. JOSEPH BEAVER, Stulton, Somerset Co., Pa. March 28th, 1895.

Case of Stomach and Inward Trouble Cured by Dr. Salm.

For some months I have been feeling miserably, on account of stomach and private trouble. I was always afraid to eat, and the pain in my stomach and chest was terrible, but after a term of treatment, I feel now, once more, as good as ever. I can eat everything again, without trouble, thanks to Dr. Salm's wonderful treatment. THERESIE DEWBACH, Dunto, Cambria Co., Pa.

Wall Paper Store.

WALL PAPER BOOM! S. H. WILLIAMS' 117 HIGH STREET, BELLEFONTE, PA.

The Same Old Place Where we have been for thirty years, and notwithstanding the fact that wall paper is advertised to be sold at cost elsewhere we will still continue to sell Latest Styles of WALL PAPER in Newest designs and Colorings.

Painting, Paper Hanging, and all kinds of Interior Decorating that will improve the appearance of our homes before that time comes. We keep in stock a large line of Window Shades, Extra Wide Shades and Store Shades a Specialty.

Room and picture moulding in great variety, curtain poles, fixtures, pictures frames made to order.

Central Railroad Guide.

CENTRAL RAILROAD OF PENNSYLVANIA. Condensed Time Table.

READ DOWN	May 13, 1895.	READ UP.	May 13, 1895.
No. 5	No. 8	No. 2	No. 4
Phila. 8:00 a. m.			
Phila. 8:30 a. m.			
Phila. 9:00 a. m.			
Phila. 9:30 a. m.			
Phila. 10:00 a. m.			
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Phila. 11:00 a. m.			
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Phila. 10:00 p. m.			
Phila. 10:30 p. m.			
Phila. 11:00 p. m.			
Phila. 11:30 p. m.			
Phila. 12:00 a. m.			

Philadelphia and New York SLEEPING CARS attached to Beech Creek R. R. train passing Clearfield at 9:30 a. m. Westbound at 5:15 a. m. Pullman Parlor Cars on Day trains between Williamsport and Philadelphia.

J. W. GEPHART, General Superintendent.

BEECH CREEK RAILROAD.

N. Y. C. & H. R. R. Co., Lessee.

Condensed Time Table.

READ UP.	MAY 12th, 1895.	READ DOWN.	MAY 12th, 1895.
Exp. Mail.	Exp. Mail.	Exp. Mail.	Exp. Mail.
Phila. 8:00 a. m.			
Phila. 8:30 a. m.			
Phila. 9:00 a. m.			
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Phila. 10:30 p. m.			
Phila. 11:00 p. m.			
Phila. 11:30 p. m.			
Phila. 12:00 a. m.			

THROUGH PULLMAN BUFFET SLEEPING CAR between Clearfield & Philadelphia daily, except Sunday on trains No. 30 and 33. Through coach to New York, and through Pullman Buffet Parlor cars to Philadelphia on train leaving Williamsport 10:30.

CONNECTIONS.—At Williamsport with Philadelphia and