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How long will Christian nations look unmoved upon the slaughter of their people by the Moslem hordes? Constantinople was the scene of the latest outrage. Read the WATCHMAN during the campaign. It is cheap, it is fearless, it is fair.

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., Sep. 18, 1896.

Sharpest Curve on Record.

Railroad Company Should Have Been Prosecuted for Allowing It.

Barney Case, is an old Wilkes-Barre railroader, having worked wherever tracks are laid in North and South America. While sitting on a baggage truck became reincident, and during his talk two Lehigh Valley engineers seated themselves beside him and took part in the conversation. They finally got to talking about grades and curves and fast running, when one of the Valley engineers said: "The sharpest curve I ever ran across was on a little Jim Crow feeder of the Santa Fe system in Northern Arizona. It was more than a curve, it was a regular loop. In 1891 I was pulling a fast freight over that branch and had Jim Donahue for conductor. We used to carry eighteen box cars around the loop, and when the engine came around on the other side it would just clear the rear end of the train by about eighteen inches. Jim, the conductor, used to leave his coffee can on the engine to keep hot, and every day when we passed over the loop he would stand on the rear end of the engine and I would hand him the can out of the cab window as the engine passed by."

Mr. Case, as soon as the yarn was spun, reached out his hand and said: "So you know poor Jim Donahue. Why it was on that curve poor Jim lost his life, and that's one reason why I am in the East now. You see, right after you came East in 1892 I was put on your old run. We pulled eighteen cars regular over that loop and never had any trouble, until one day in the spring of '93 the yard master in making up the train forgot about the length of the loop and put on two Michigan Central lumber cars. You know the lumber cars are four feet longer than an ordinary car, and that made the train eight feet too long. No one, unfortunately, thought of that. When we struck the loop poor Jim came out on the platform of the caboose as usual to get his coffee can, but just then the engine cut through the caboose and crushed Jim to death. The company investigated the wreck and the division superintendent fired the yard master for making up the train too long and fired me for not slowing up when I reached the crossing long enough to leave the rear end get by. So you knew poor Jim. Well, I swan, I never expected to run across any of his friends here, and the recollection of his untimely end makes me feel faint." Then, while Mr. Case wiped the tears out of his eyes one of the engineers said he didn't believe Barney ever saw a railroad before, and the other mumbled something about a liar. Then they both dejectedly started off down the platform.—Wilkes-Barre Record.

Why the Sky is Blue.

No doubt many, in fact, nearly all persons, are ignorant of, says the Philadelphia Star, "why the sky is blue," and though the following is given as the real cause there are comparatively few who, after reading, will understand it: "How many persons know that the heavens are blue because of the dust in the atmosphere? If it were not for dust we would have no light. The skies would be black. The scientists say that light travels every gas in straight lines, showing itself nowhere. When a hole is made in a shutter of a darkened room and a sunbeam comes piercing in, making a shaft of yellow across the apartment, through which tiny motes of dust dance, we say we see the light. But instead of that, what we see is the dust particles, which reflect the light. "When a stray ray of light falls down through an atmosphere which is laden with the tiny invisible particles which are thrown off from the surface of the earth as it goes whirling through space, the dust atoms catch the light and throw it from one to another, leavening and lightening the whole atmosphere. "If there were no dust the sky would be black, and the sun would appear on it as a great glowing wheel. The moon and stars would show all day. There would be no such thing as shades of light or half tones anywhere. The shadows would be deep and black, and where the sun shines there would be a dazzling reflection. There would be no softness, no varied outline anywhere—everything would be sharp and angular. "It is only the very, very fine dust particles that are carried into every stratum of air, particularly into the higher regions. Thus the atmosphere is full of tiny particles, which reflect the short blue waves, while a red wave will go for quite a distance through the atmosphere before it finds a particle of dust large enough to reflect it. "The finest dust makes a blue light. The sky in the country will be blue while on the same day the sky over the city will be whitish. That's because the very large particles of dust will reflect all the rays of light, making white light. In Arizona and Mexico and Italy they say it is perfectly blue, not because the dust particles are so small, but because the atmosphere is so dry that the dust particles are not enlarged by moisture, and will only reflect blue."

Found a Petrified Body.

What is thought to be the petrified body of a woman was unearthed on David Hoover's farm, near New Florence, Westmoreland county, a few days ago. About two weeks ago a lad, while digging on the farm, happened to uncover one of the arms, and, being frightened by the discovery, covered it up again. Later he told one of his friends of the matter, and on Saturday they went to Mr. Hoover and asked leave to remove the object. Mr. Hoover gave his consent, and the young men found the object to have the form of a woman and to be as hard as stone. It was placed in a box and taken to Johnstown Monday morning, when Mr. Hamilton Clough, of the Boston Art Gallery, took two negatives of it. It is four feet six inches in length, and is unbroken. The body is thought to be all that remained of one of the numerous victims of the great flood.

A long term, Irish guide to American tourist—"And there is no King nor Queen neither in America, they're tellin' me, sir?" "Inferent Tourist—"No; we've a President there." "And how long have you been havin' a President, might I ax, sir?" "I. T.—"Oh, something over a hundred years!" "Irishman, stopping, paralyzed with astonishment—"Howly saints! And do they live that long beyant there?"

Read the WATCHMAN.

The Crazy Turk's Crisis.

Gladstone Again England's Real Leader Against the Sultan.—Coercion Alone, Says the Grand Old Man, Will Avert a Series of Still More Horrible Massacres.—Eastern Christians in Peril.

The storm of indignation against the "Great Assassin" in Constantinople is rising rapidly throughout Europe. The leaders of both parties have set themselves the task of restraining rather than encouraging it. It is believed to be less than an imperative demand upon the government to stop further outrages upon Christianity, humanity and civilization, even at the risk of a European war.

SALISBURY DARE NOT DOBEY.

They will be Mr. Gladstone's words, not Lord Roseberry's, which England will listen to. He is still the most potent personality in these islands, and his call will arouse the dormant conscience of the people. It is already aroused, and there are abundant signs of its growing larger. The thunder of his voice will soon be heard, and whatever the effect abroad may be, Lord Salisbury will not dare to disobey his commands.

England may be sordid, weak, unchivalrous; but she still retains manhood enough to be inspired by the matchless spectacle of this great and grand old man springing up from his retirement to summon her to duty and to righteous vengeance. The belief grows stronger on all sides that a great crisis is at hand, and that England will be compelled to act with or without the cooperation of the continental powers.

"THE GREAT ASSASSIN AND HIS THRONE."

Sultan Abdul Hamid II, of Turkey, whom the Powers may yet depose, is the thirty-fourth heir in male descent of Othman, the founder of the Turkish Empire. He is the twenty-eighth Sultan since the conquest of Constantinople. That great city of the Bosphorus was first besieged by the Turks in 1392, but was not taken until 1453. Abdul Hamid II is the sixth ruler of the Golden Horn to ascend the Ottoman throne during the Nineteenth century. Mustapha IV became Sultan in 1807; Mahmud II, in 1808; Abdul Medjid, in 1839; Abdul Aziz, in 1861, and Murad V, in 1876 (May-August). The present mad swayer of the destinies of the Star and the Crescent came to power in August of that same year, 1876. He entered on the last day of last month upon the twenty-first of his eventful reign. On the 23rd of this month he will celebrate the fifty-fourth anniversary of his birth. He was thus nearly thirty-four years old when he became Sultan.

Abdul Hamid II was made Sultan by the Powers, furthermore, because his elder brother, Murad V, was deemed unfit to rule on the ground of idocy. Abdul Hamid II is the second son of Sultan Abdul Medjid. It was during that Sultan's reign, by the virtue of the treaty of 1841, that Turkey was practically placed under the protection of the Powers who guaranteed her integrity and independence. The present heir apparent to the throne is Mehmed-Reshad, born November 3, 1844, younger brother of Sultan Abdul Hamid II. Two other younger brothers are Wahid-Uddin, born in 1850, and Suleiman, born in 1861. The reigning Sultan's oldest son is Mehmed-Selim, who is now nearly twenty-six years old.

A Few Practical Thoughts Taken from a Letter in the Doylestown Democrat.

To the Editor of the "Democrat":—Your neighbor, the Republican, is tickled all over with my "panacea," and alludes to it in his issue of the 3rd instant in a frolicsome kind of spirit, but will not allude to more than one article that really needs comment at this time: "There is one part of the community that will note Mr. Betts' observation with deep interest, however. They are the men Mr. Betts employs in his mill."

They, with all other employes, are just the ones I should hope will be interested. Since the value of the dollar has increased to 194 cents I cannot afford to hire much; probably not one-fourth as much as formerly. Consequently laborers are very much interested in my panacea. You may look all over this broad land and view with alarm the number of people who are being thrown out of employment under this gold standard. I desire now to give one illustration.

About six weeks ago a man came to me to ask for employment. He told me he had been working at the Union Mills, New Hope. I then said, "You have been getting \$1.50 per day. People around here are not giving more than \$1.00 per day, and for my part I have work for you at that low figure, and I will not offer a man less yet awhile." He said it was true he had been hired for \$1.50 per day, had been there 14 years, then figured up his daily wages, and he had received 67 cents per day, there had been so many stops and shut-downs.

The poor fellow was out of heart, shut-downs so frequent he was ready to work elsewhere for almost any offer he might get. This is no isolated case. We have thousands upon thousands of such cases under a gold standard. Yet the McKinley and Palmer press are trying to make the laborer's friend, and tell them what awful things will happen if Bryan is elected. Why don't they tell the laborers everywhere they are going to drag them down to a level with gold standard companies in the old world? Ah! That is the truth and must be suppressed. Very respectfully, STEPHEN BETTS, JR.

The danger of allowing loose paper to fly about on the street or public roads was illustrated the other day near Warsaw, Indiana. A party of fifty young folks were out driving in a tally-ho coach. The horses took fright at a small piece of paper flying in the road and dumped the rig over a high embankment killing three of the young men and three young ladies. Besides this one young lady, one young man and the driver were fatally injured, and another young man had his leg broken. The horses were so badly hurt that they had to be shot to relieve them from their misery. All this on account of some careless person throwing a piece of paper in the road.

"Mrs. Smithers," said the new boarder, "won't you build a hoise." "Where shall I build it?" asked the unwary landlady. "On the grounds in your coffee, Mrs. Smithers," was the response. "There's a half acre in my cup."—Harper Bazar.

Why don't you induce your friends to take the WATCHMAN. It is the strongest paper editorially, locally and in general news in the county. Only 25 cents from now until after the campaign.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN.

Mme. Modjeska has 600 hives of Italian bees on her beautiful California ranch, and the bees clover, so to speak, all the time. The bees collect their store from the flowers of the exquisitely scented mountain meadows of California. Mme. Modjeska states that these flowers are celebrated for producing the finest honey in the world.

Among the novelties for next winter are the countless under-sleeves, with the finest of lace insertion and ruffles, and many exquisite pieces of embroidery worked by hands long since folded in their last rest are now utilized for their purpose. Only the finest of muslin or mull or real lace or embroidery are considered suitable for these under-sleeves as yet, but of course imitations will soon be used, as the fashion is bound to be popular.

When the skin in spite of all precautions has become suborned to excess, there is nothing else to be done but apply cooling, evaporating lotions, putting them on with an old linen rag, or something very soft, and changing these cloths as soon as they get warm. At night a little sweet cream should be gently applied, or, if this is not procurable, a simple cold cream can be almost (not quite) a quarter of a pint of milk, or still better, a little cream, if that is not considered too great a luxury, is an excellent thing for keeping the skin soft and white; it should be used immediately after the face has been washed. If there is any roughened feeling of the skin afterward there must be either less lemon used or more milk or cream added.

Buttons of all sizes and shapes will be worn more than ever this winter. Bone and ivory ones of ordinary wear, jet and all sorts of costly ones for handsome dresses.

Box plaits are no longer used for the fullness of the back of skirts, they are all gathered, no matter what the material.

Of the numberless variety of neckwear that were brought out at the beginning of the season the tulle bow and the fichu were perhaps the most conspicuous. The tulle bow is, however, doomed. Paris has frowned upon it, and it is no longer the mark of fashion. The fichu, however, has held its own. Every well-dressed woman has the greater number of her summer frocks embellished by this graceful addition, and the woman who is more tasteful than rich has long ago revised the scheme of making one fichu do for a variety of frocks. The best fichu for all-around use is of white dotted silk. It should be trimmed with a full ruffle either of wide lace or of the net edge, with narrow yellow lace.

To be the possessor of long and beautiful hair is the dream and hope of nearly every woman with scanty tresses, says a writer in the August Home Queen. This is not attention, judiciously bestowed, will improve the appearance and quality of any suit of hair and render it a "crown of glory" to its wearer.

In the first place do not make the mistake of washing the hair and scalp too often. Once in four weeks, or even six, is quite often enough to keep both in good condition. The too frequent application of soap and water tends to destroy the vitality of the hair, and renders it harsh and unlovely. A friend of the writer, who possessed a magnificent suit of chestnut brown locks adopted the pernicious habit of washing it every week with strong alkaline soap. In a short time her hair had become harsh and discolored, every strand had split at the end, and she was threatened with total baldness. Fortunately, an attack of fever soon robbed her of her faded tresses, and when the second growth—lustrous and wavy as that of a child's—appeared, she had learned from experience the best method of taking care of it.

In washing the hair use the best quality of antiseptic soap and tepid water; a pinch of bicarbonate of soda added to the rinsing water assists materially in cleansing it. Rub gently, and do it with a towel, and allow it to flow loosely, with a wet drape. Never coil or braid the hair while it is the least bit damp; not only is it apt to give cold, but also causes an odor that is far from agreeable.

Some ladies are of a neuralgic tendency, and on this account can seldom indulge in the luxury of a scalp bath. To these I recommend the following: One teaspoonful of castor oil and one of bergamot. Mix to a cream and apply to the hair, rubbing it well into the scalp. It not only cleanses thoroughly and gives a pleasant odor, but stimulates the oil vessels to greater activity.

In dressing the hair I do not advise the use of a fine-toothed comb, as it is too apt to irritate the scalp, and the cause it to become diseased. Instead I recommend a course comb for the purpose of untangling the hair, then brush with long, even strokes, using a brush with soft bristles. Most women with handsome tresses use the coarse-toothed comb and soft brush.

In regard to the arrangement of the hair I advise every woman to wear it in the style most becoming to her, regardless of the prevailing fashion. There are very few to whom the simply parted locks are really becoming. If you look best with a few wavy tendrils upon your forehead, by all means wear them, no matter what your age may be. Because your youth lies in the past is no reason you should wear your hair in Quaker-like severity. No woman ever grows too old to arrange her tresses becomingly.

A few waving locks about the forehead, temples and ears suit nearly every face, either full or thin. A high coiffure is best adapted to evening wear, but the soft coil, either high or low, at the back of the head, is always in good taste. And never make the mistake of wearing too many ornaments in your hair, no matter what the occasion may be. A jeweled comb, a soft ostrich tip, or a dainty flower is sufficient for any function. Simplicity is often the expression of perfect taste.

Felt hats will not be worn for dress this winter, fancy silk braids and felt plaitings for rins with soft crowns of velvet will be the thing.

In spite of all attempts to overthrow them, capes continue to hold their own and will never quite go out of style for evening wear, on account of their convenience and their more dressy appearance by reason of the greater scope they allow for trimming.

Unintentional.

Customer (entering poultry shop)—I should like to see a nice, fat goose. Small Boy.—Yes, sir. Father will be down directly.

Confession of Weakness.

A confession of weakness that is almost startling in its boldness is made by the Republicans who express the hope that what they are pleased to term "the solid south" will be broken this year. They base their calculations upon fusion with the Populists as against the Democrats, and already glibly take of carrying certain states which have always given Democratic majorities. The confession comes in when they make the claim, as it is made, to offset the probable loss of one-time strongholds in the north and east. In fact, their claims of victory in the south are so many admissions that commonwealths hitherto safely for the party spoliation are not to be taken as unchangeable factors in making up McKinley balance sheets, and to offset this loss their attention is turned to those which have always given Democratic majorities.

The folly of all this under present circumstances is easily seen. On national questions this year the Democratic party and the People's party are practically one, and the natural fusion will be between those two. The Populists have not protested for nothing against every principle of Republican faith, nor do they propose to lose what they have already gained by aiding a political organization which has adopted theories so radically different from theirs. Every plank in the Republican platform is an attack upon the political beliefs of the Populists. There is absolutely nothing in common between the two parties, and any attempt to reconcile them can only result in disaster to the desires of those who are opposed to monopoly and vicious class legislation.—Pittsburg Post.

FACTS WORTH KNOWING.—In all diseases of the nasal mucous membrane the remedy used must be non-irritating. Nothing satisfactory can be accomplished with douches, snuffs, powders or astringents, because they are irritating, do not thoroughly reach the affected surfaces and should be abandoned as worse than failures. A multitude of persons who had for years borne the worry and pain that catarrh can inflict testify to radical and permanent cures wrought by Ely's Cream Balm.

One of the conspicuous figures at the bolting gold Democrats convention in Indianapolis, was ex-Congressman "Willie" Breckenridge. He made a speech in favor of "sound" money. That is about all that Madeline Pollard has thus far secured from the savory "Willie" in adjustment of the verdict for damages. It has been confined entirely to money of sound but not substance.

EVERYWHERE WE GO.—We find some one who has been cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, and people on all hands are praising this great medicine for what it has done for them and their friends. Taken in time Hood's Sarsaparilla prevents serious illness by keeping the blood pure and all the organs in a healthy condition. It is the great blood purifier. Hood's Pills become the favorite cathartic with every one who tries them. 25c. per box.

An old lady asked the probate judge as she walked into his office: "Are you the judge of probates?" "I am the judge of probate," was the reply. "Well, that's I expect," quoth the old lady. "You see my husband died detested and left me with several little infernals, and I want to be appointed their executioner!"

During a heavy thunder-storm at Ashland Saturday afternoon Bethany United Evangelical church was struck by lightning and badly damaged.

Medical.

FIRST

Last and all the time Hood's Sarsaparilla has been advertised as a blood purifier. Its great cures have been accomplished through purified blood—cures of scrofula, salt rheum, rheumatism, neuralgia, catarrh, nervousness, that tired feeling. It cures when others fail, because it

ALWAYS

Strikes at the root of the disease and eliminates every germ of impurity. Thousands testify to absolute cures of blood diseases by Hood's Sarsaparilla, although discouraged by the failure of other medicines. Remember that

HOOD'S

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Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills easy to buy; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c. 41-31.

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Hotel.

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New Advertisements.

A FINE RESIDENCE FOR SALE.—East 11th street, Bellefonte, is offered for sale cheap. A fine 2 story brick house, on a lot 75x200, new frame stable, brick ice house and other out-buildings. The house is in excellent repair, has all modern improvements, bath, hot and cold water on two floors, furnace in cellar and a large cistern. Write or call on M. W. COWDRICK, Niagara Falls, N. Y. 40 43 17

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