

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., Feb. 10, 1899.

MAJ. W. H. HASTINGS TRAVELS IN THE HOLY LAND.

An Entertaining Story of the Holy Cities—Jaffa, the Port to Which Hiram Dragged the Cedars of Lebanon for the Temple at Jerusalem—Jerusalem the Ancient—Travels by Boat and Rail Interwoven in a Clever Tale.

It is a chronological coincidence, to which I attach no special importance, that Dr. John V. Shoemaker, of Philadelphia, William II. of the Iron Fist and I were in Jerusalem at the same time. Our ship coming from Beirut anchored about two miles from shore, and, in a bounding boat, in a whirlwind of shouting and malediction of the Arab boatmen, in a heavy swell, I landed at Jaffa. A scribe of the Grand Vicer scribbled something on my *Teskere*, my Masonic Passport, and I was free to roam in Philistia.

I noticed the wharf was encumbered with huge stacks of barrels and cases of beer, and mountains of sausage from Frankfurt and Nuremberg and Mortadella from Bologna. The zephyrs had wafted us their unsavory odors way out on the Jonah sea, hours before we cast anchor off Jaffa. The Emperor of Germany was expected in five days.

All the inhabitants of Jaffa had left their work, and, sleeves and trousers rolled up, come out to meet us!

In the garden of Hotel Hardegg, under orange and lemon trees, I discovered Dr. Shoemaker discussing biblical history with a bald-headed Bishop from Barcelona. From a marghileh on an adjacent table they were absorbing, *hubbie-bubbie* the nicotine fumes, a Spanish-American pipe of peace. Golden, luscious, savory, tempting, appetizing oranges, as big as a base ball, were gracefully pendant in the intertwined foliage overhead. Pretty little birds, scarcely hidden by the leaves, with their heads under their wing were sleeping the *siesta*. The heat, was excessive, 98° in the shade of Prophet Simon's Tannery. Dust was dancing in the sunny air, settling on everything. You could plant greens in it on your eye-brows. Only frequent libations of water (with nothing in it) avoided aphasia.

Dr. Shoemaker was saying to the Bishop (from Barcelona) "I have always considered that tall story of the Prophet Jonah and the Whale as essentially veracious, and viewed in the light of science, it was only a trial trip in primitive navigation, when time was young."

"Who knows that the whale had not other passengers aboard, stowaways so to speak. The whale was doing the coasting trade from Smyrna to Alexandria and when it rounded up at Jaffa it took the bell to the flukes, fins and flippers and spouted out: "Back her, stop her."

"Any passengers here for Joppa?" "Jonah like all the old prophets, impetuous fishermen and carpenters, was chronically hard up, and could not, probably, pay his fare, and so the whale's bouncer bounced him out in a way which was too quick and sudden to be elegant. Man has not much to brag about in navigation. The flukes, fins and flippers represent oars, paddle wheels and screws, and the tail an unfailing, unbingeable rudder. And as for submersible ships has not the whale taught us the first lessons? By its shape has it not furnished us the model for all ships?"

The flexible tube of the marghileh had slipped from the little Bishop's lips, and his shovel hat, in the dust and grime of which he had traced geometrical figures, had slipped from his lap to the green carpeted earth. The doctor's disquisition had sent him over the border, into the land of Nod. No wonder! The doctor was talking a hybrid Latin and Penna. Dutch, and the somnolent effect of his rhythmic periods was heightened by the recurrence of such words as *holligeeck* and *pumpernickel*, pronounced with the genuine York Co. accent.

Our landlord, a Wurtemberg German, who got to Palestine via Pennsylvania, in that historic *exodus* from Bethlehem (Pa.) to the Land of Promise, to await the coming of the Messiah, interrupted the doctor, waked the Bishop and presented us each with a book, of his writing. It consisted of a compilation of a verse from the Bible, for each day of the year, with under each verse an advertisement and a picture of his pills, the motive power of which he said was *biblical tannin*, a depreative for both soul and body. A glance at the book convinced me that the condition of his soul was a troubled one.

At tabled' hote there were Turkish Pachas, Colonels and Effendis who had abandoned Stamboul and the Golden Horn, and left their harems in charge of their eunuch, to go to Jerusalem to aid in receiving the German Emperor, the friend of Abdul Hamid, the butcher of the Armenians. There were also Greek and Russian popes, English and American clergymen, stiff-lipped, high stomached English, and Jews going to *El Kod*, to kiss the walls of the Temple and die on Zion's Hill. A Babel of languages prevailed.

Dr. Shoemaker and I occupied adjoining rooms furnished with biblical simplicity, with, instead of a number over the door, the name of one of the Tribes of Israel. I wended Morpheus under the protection of "Benjamin," the doctor's cell was labelled "Dan." The little, round, ruddy, porcine-like Bishop's room was designated by "Gilead."

Was it the fens of Israel that disturbed my neighbors in Dan and Gilead, or the laird expectation of seeing on the morrow

the storied glories of the city of the Macabees? To non so. Whatever it was, the Bishop snored like a rhinoceros with rhinitis, and the Dr. moaned, sighed, laughed and cried, like a madman, the whole live long night.

The little Bishop, from Barcelona, struck all the cords of the gamut from the wail of a puling baby jacked to the thunders of Sinai.

The oranges and lemons fell from the trees. Fezzed, bare-legged, robe-de-chambered Pachas gathered in the corridors, to listen, tremble, wonder and devise means to conjure the danger. Hardegg, our boniface, said that all great manifestations of God were ushered in with astonishing noises, and had coffee prepared expecting the coming of the Messiah.

The sun rose. The snoring ceased. The crowd dispersed. Limpid eyed, smiling, unctuous the little Bishop appeared next morning, and, making the sign of the cross as he entered the dining room he called for brandy and coffee!

About two years ago, coming from Lussinpiccolo to Fiume, almost at the entrance to the port, our ship was run into by another steamer ten times as big as ours, cutting us in two and drowning two-thirds of the passengers and crew. I saved a lady with whom I was conversing, by swimming to the dock. Since then I am a light sleeper.

Jaffa is the city of orange groves and the home of the ancient Phoenicians. It was here that Hiram King, of Tyre, stored cedar wood from Mount Lebanon, for the building of the Temple. The port which has been an important one from the remotest periods of the history of Asia Minor, is rich in the traditions of all ages Egyptian, Greek, Roman, Saracen, and is especially so in relation to the time of the Crusaders.

It is the port of entry for the regions lying between "Dan and Beersheba." But I'm not writing a guide-book; those heady treatises can be had anywhere and are dull reading. This is simply a record of three weeks in Palestine.

The antiquity of Jaffa, according to Pliny, extends back to before the flood. Here it was where Noah entered the Ark and the animals, following him "marched in two by two." Noah is buried here. True I had been shown the tomb of Noah at *Kerah Nub*, near Damascus, a tomb 130 feet long. But the old original "Salt" is entitled, like Columbus, to many places of sepulcher. Saint Peter resuscitated Tabitha at Jaffa, and here occurred the manifestation of God, the story of which is epitomized in the command from Heaven, "Arise Peter, kill and eat."

Jaffa was getting its face washed and its best dress on. A chaos of poles, flags, banners, garlands and evergreens encumbered the streets; houses and unsightly, time-begrimed walls were receiving a coat of white wash, and streets were being cleaned which had not been washed since the deluge, nor swept since Godfrey de Bouillon landed with his Crusaders. Triumphant arches were being erected where the timber for Solomon's Temple had been hewed, mortised and tenoned.

I do not claim as much credit for finding Dr. John V. Shoemaker, as Stanley is entitled to for finding Dr. Livingstone. But I found Dr. Shoemaker among the Philistines and badly in need of a good, sympathetic friend to advise counsel and restrain him. I had not seen Dr. Shoemaker for almost four years. What a change relentless time had wrought!

We made ready to leave the city of Dorcas by the first train, the *kara-vapor*, as the Turks call it, to Jerusalem. Leaving the world-famed orange and lemon gardens of Jaffa we plunged into a sea of dust. The plain of Sharon, which has been so stained by the blood of centuries, whatever its renown may be from a military point of view, was but little removed from a parched, desolate desert, and it taxed the imagination to realize that this waste had once been the fair valley of Sharon as described by Josephus and sung by Solomon. Roses of Sharon! no indeed. They exist only in imaginative writings, as do the Lotus of Egypt.

Our little locomotive, a Baldwin, from Philadelphia, a globetrotter, which had gotten to Palestine via Panama, cantered across the plain, shielded around the curves and snorted up the grades composing the foot hills of the mountains of Judea. Then on we trotted through the arid valleys and dry river beds, past enormous detached rocks, of the glacier period, and chasms, the dried out withered carcass of an exhausted earth to Lydda, Ramleh, Bittir, then Jerusalem.

An occasional picture, truly biblical, worthy of being limned were a Bedowin encampment, with little fires glowing in dark recesses; camel drivers preparing their meal; and three fair Arab Rebecas, with their water jars on their heads, selling water at the stations to passengers who cared to drink.

On the way Dr. Shoemaker, was seated beside a Turkish pacha, who with his scarlet fez on the back of his head was sleeping. The doctor waked the pacha and asked him if the *Sultan ate salt on his water melon?* The pacha with a look withering as the khamis (sirocco) not deigning to reply changed his seat to the other side of the box-car.

The tripe-colored conductor who was much impressed with the doctor's natty check suit, white shoes, white cork hat, green veil, green umbrella and green monocle, pointed out to him the dry bed of the Terebinth torrent, where the stripping David selected the five stones with which he crushed the cranium of the big hulk Goliath. The little Bishop was compiling a collection of "last words" says

Goliath's were: "Such a thing never entered my head before."

My friend Dr. Bliss of the Palestine Exploration Society showed us Samson's cave, where that master of calisthenics practised in secret the manipulation of the jawbone of an ass, with which all my (Bible) readers are familiar.

To be continued.

Didn't Know It.

Papa—I hear you were a bad girl to-day, and had to be spanked.

Small daughter—"Mamma is awful strict. If I'd a known she used to be a school teacher, I'd a told you not to marry her."

ROBBED THE GRAVE—A startling incident, of which Mr. John Oliver, of Philadelphia was the subject, is narrated by him as follows: "I was in a dreadful condition. My skin was almost yellow, eyes sunken, tongue coated, pain continually in back and sides, no appetite—gradually growing weaker day by day. Three physicians had given me up. Fortunately a friend advised trying 'Electric Bitters,' and to my great joy and surprise, the first bottle made a decided improvement. I continued their use for three weeks, and am now a well man. I know they saved my life and robbed the grave of another victim." No one should fail to try them. Only 50cts. per bottle at F. Potts Green's drug store.

Business Notice.

Castoria

Bears the signature of CHAS. H. FLETCHER.

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What Do the Children Drink?

Don't give them tea or coffee. Have you tried the new food drink called GRAIN-O? It is delicious and nourishing and takes the place of coffee. The more GRAIN-O you give the children the more health you distribute through their systems. GRAIN-O is made of pure grains, and when properly prepared tastes like the choice grades of coffee but costs about 1/2 as much. All grocers sell it. 15c. and 25c. 43-50-17

Tourists.

It Beats the Band.

The newest and most inspiring piece of Sheet Music, arranged for piano, is "The Pioneer Limited March" composed by Capt. Frederick Phillips, Bandmaster United States Band, published by S. Brainerd's Sons Co., Chicago, Ill.; distributed by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. Enclose fifty cents and address, Geo. H. Headford, general passenger agent, 555 Old Colony building, Chicago, Ill. 44-6-21

A Lamplight Companion.

Between now and Spring time there will be many opportunities of an evening to read up on the different portions of the Great Northwest. To this end the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Co., has printed for free distribution to Eastern farmers a number of illustrated instructive pamphlets regarding the various States traversed by its lines.

In sending your address to W. E. Powell, General Immigration Agent, Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill., please say if your preference is for information in the papers about Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, Northern Michigan or North Dakota.

No charge for pamphlet or for replying to all inquiries from any section of the Great West. 44-3-6w

Fast Mail Trains.

The new fast mail train established on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroad for the purpose of shortening the mail time between New York and San Francisco, made its initial run out of Chicago on January 2nd. The average schedule speed of this train is 55 miles an hour, excluding stops, and frequently 70 miles an hour is made. The 500 miles between Chicago and Council Bluffs will be covered every day in ten and a half hours. The fast mail service on this line was inaugurated in 1884, and the Burlington has held the government contract ever since. Hereafter two Burlington trains will leave Chicago daily, devoted exclusively to United States mail, the increased service being necessary on account of our new interests in the Pacific.

Medical.

HOW IT SPREAD.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ALL OVER BELLEFONTE. THIS REPORT COMES FROM HALF-MOON HILL.

How it spreads. Can't keep a "good thing" down. Ever notice how good things are imitated? Better the article, more imitations. Fortunately the people have a safeguard. Praise can't be imitated.

And true praise takes root and spreads. Claim is one thing, proof another. Claim is what the manufacturer says. Proof is what the people say. Bellefonte people say: Don't Kidney Pills cure sick kidneys. Cure all kidney ills. Hundreds of citizens testify to this. Here is a case in point.

Mr. George Cox, residing on what is known as Halfmoon Hill, says: "I had a bad case of kidney trouble, and I had suffered intensely from pains in my back and lameness across my kidneys. Statements in the papers about Donan's Kidney Pills which were highly recommended attracted my attention and I called on F. Potts Green, the druggist, and got a box. They did me a great deal of good although I did not take them regularly as I should, for the moment the pain ceased and I felt better. I stopped taking them. They gave me the greatest relief and I can give them the credit for saving me much suffering."

Donan's Kidney Pills for sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Mailed by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Sole agents for the U. S. Remember the name Donan's and take no substitute. 44-6

Medical.

SOCIETY WOMEN

and, in fact, nearly all women who undergo a nervous strain, are compelled to regretfully watch the growing pallor of the cheeks, the coming wrinkles and thinness that become more distressing every day.

Every woman knows that ill-health is a fatal enemy to beauty and that good health gives to the plainest face an enduring attractiveness. Pure blood and strong nerves—these are the secret of health and beauty.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People build up and purify the blood and strengthen the nerves. To the young girl they are invaluable, to the mother they are a necessity, to the woman approaching fifty they are the best remedy that science has devised for this crisis of her life.

Mrs. Jacob Weaver, of Bushnell, Ill., is fifty-six years old. She says: "I suffered for five or six years with the trouble that comes to women at this time of life. I was much weakened, was unable, much of the time, to do my own work, and suffered beyond my power to describe. I was down-hearted and melancholy. Nothing seemed to do me any good. Then I made up my mind to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I bought the first box in March, 1887, and was benefited from the start. A box and a half cured me completely, and I am now rugged and strong."

—Bushnell (Ill.) Record.

The genuine package always bears the full name. At all druggists or sent postage on receipt of price 50c. per box by the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

New Advertisements.

Restaurant.

DO YOU GET HUNGRY?

Of course you do. Every body does. But every body does not know that the place to satisfy that hunger when in Bellefonte is at Anderson's Restaurant, opposite the Bush House, where, good clean, tasty meals can be had at all hours. Oysters and Game in season.

DO YOU PLAY POOL?

If you do, you will find excellent Pool and Billiard tables, in connection with the Restaurant.

DO YOU BOTTLE BEER?

If you do, Anderson is the man to supply you. He is the only licensed wholesale dealer in the town, and supplies only the best and purest brands. Will fill orders from out of town, promptly and carefully, either by the keg or in bottles. Address JOHN ANDERSON, Bellefonte, Pa. 43-8-6m

Prospectus.

PATENTS.

TRADE MARKS, DESIGNS, COPYRIGHTS, Etc. 50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE. Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Oldest agency for securing patents. MUNN & CO., Patent Attorneys, 361 Broadway, New York City. Branch office 625 F. St., Washington, D. C. 43-40

NEWS AND OPINIONS

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You'll be glad if you do and sorry if you don't take advantage of the special bargains he is offering now in

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Preparatory to reducing his stock to make room for his winter stock of sleds, sleighs, Ac. Among others he has

5 second hand Buggies, 2 " " Spring Wagons

that will not be given away. Don't fail to remember this.

S. A. McQUISTON & CO. BELLEFONTE, PA.

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Travelers Guide.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD AND BRANCHES.

Schedule in effect Nov. 29th, 1898.

VIA TYRONE—WESTWARD.

Leave Bellefonte, 9.35 a. m., arrive at Tyrone 11.10 a. m., at Altoona, 1.00 p. m., at Pittsburg, 5.50 p. m.

Leave Bellefonte 1.05 p. m., arrive at Tyrone, 2.15 p. m., at Altoona, 3.10 p. m., at Pittsburg, 6.55 p. m.

Leave Bellefonte, 4.44 p. m., arrive at Tyrone, 6.00, at Altoona, 7.40, at Pittsburg at 11.30.

VIA TYRONE—EASTWARD.

Leave Bellefonte, 9.35 a. m., arrive at Tyrone 11.10, at Harrisburg, 2.40 p. m., at Philadelphia, 10.20 p. m.

Leave Bellefonte, 1.05 p. m., arrive at Tyrone, 2.15 a. m., at Harrisburg, 6.45 p. m., at Philadelphia, 10.20 p. m.

Leave Bellefonte, 4.44 p. m., arrive at Tyrone, 6.20 at Harrisburg, at 10.00 p. m.

VIA LOCK HAVEN—EASTWARD.

Leave Bellefonte, 9.32 a. m., arrive at Lock Haven, 10.20 a. m.

Leave Bellefonte, 1.42 p. m., arrive at Lock Haven 2.43 p. m., arrive at Williamsport, 3.50 p. m.

Leave Bellefonte, at 8.31 p. m., arrive at Lock Haven, at 8.30 p. m.

VIA LOCK HAVEN—WESTWARD.

Leave Bellefonte, 9.32 a. m., arrive at Lock Haven 10.30, leave Williamsport, 12.40 p. m., arrive at Harrisburg, 3.20 p. m., at Philadelphia at 6.23 p. m.

Leave Bellefonte, 1.42 p. m., arrive at Lock Haven 2.43 p. m., arrive at Williamsport, 3.50, leave 4.00 p. m., Harrisburg, 6.55 p. m., Philadelphia 10.20 p. m.

Leave Bellefonte, 8.31 p. m., arrive at Lock Haven, 9.30 p. m., leave Williamsport, 12.50 a. m., arrive at Harrisburg, 3.40 a. m., arrive at Philadelphia at 6.52 a. m.

VIA LEWISBURG.

Leave Bellefonte, at 6.40 a. m., arrive at Lewisburg, at 9.05 a. m., Montandon, 9.15, Harrisburg, 11.30 a. m., Philadelphia, 3.00 p. m.

Leave Bellefonte, 2.15 p. m., arrive at Lewisburg, 4.47, at Harrisburg, 6.55 p. m., Philadelphia at 10.20 p. m.

TYRONE AND CLEARFIELD, R. R.

SOUTHWARD.

Nov. 20th, 1898.

WESTWARD.</