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Until midnight he lay awake to hear the wind suddenly subside at the stroke of twelve and steady away like Cinderella from the dance.

It surprised him a little, and he was still more amazed when he awoke the next morning—for he was young and the young will sleep—to find the sun shining brightly in at his window over a white, crackling, creaking world.

Could it be possible that he was right at last? There was not a doubt of it. His predictions had come true to the letter. He could not dress fast enough. He might appear with the right to claim his love at last.

He had given a distinct warning that perishable goods should not be shipped, and the thick frost on the window-pane showed how right he had been.

Pursley would be deeply grateful to him and all would go merrily as a marriage bell. And soon the marriage bell would be ringing for his wedding.

Maud had seen him coming and met him excitedly at the door.

"Oh!" she said, quickly drawing him out of the hall. "Come in here; I don't want you to meet papa. He is in a fearful temper."

"But," said Trueman, greatly taken

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., September 20, 1901.

THE PREDICAMENT OF E. TRUEMAN PICKLIN.

Continued from page 6.

Trueman worked as he had never worked before. There was not a corner of the country he did not watch for every indication of coming fair weather or foul.

Not a dispatch that he received from headquarters that he did not do his best to try by his own deductions. It was a bad time of the year. Through the latter part of October and in the early days of November there could be such different kinds of weather—periods of calm and Indian Summer alternating with times of frost and the first snows.

Even a belated thunderstorm came along to throw Trueman quite out of his reckoning when one day he had predicted with assurance that winter was about to set in at last.

He did not dare see the father, and every visit to the home was a perilous undertaking from the dread of meeting him.

Trueman's usually good spirits began to give way, and even Maud seemed less cheerful and confident.

"Oh," she said to him one evening as she parted with him at the door under the tender light of a new moon, "only once—only once—my darling."

Her cry went straight to his heart. "I try so hard," he pleaded.

"In two months," she said, "you have not been right once." She paused. "Do you know, I have an idea! I wish you would try my way."

"What is it?" he asked.

She leaned over and whispered for a moment in his ear.

"Oh!" Trueman exclaimed.

"Try it, please," she said as she slipped out of sight through the door. "It would be just as good, anyhow."

Trueman walked off pondering deeply. The idea was ridiculous and he would not think of it.

But he would make one last effort to be right in the morning. He went to his office and worked it all out.

Conditions unchanged—mild weather will continue for some days.

Unfailingly, the next day there was a snowstorm. An Arctic wind swept all before it and formed drifts until all the trains were late.

In two places telegraphic communication was interrupted. Trueman sat in the top of the high office building in deepest dejection. Maud had told him her father had expected to make a shipment of unusual importance.

Of course all had been destroyed. It was the last straw. He did not dare to go near the Pursley house.

For hours he sat motionless, and, in his despair, touching neither food nor drink. The wind, moaning through the anemometer, sang the dirge of his last hopes.

They came to ask him for the forecast for the early editions of the afternoon papers. He had nothing ready, and it was necessary to act at once.

He arose wearily. Then, from the mere motion of some other cause, a sudden change came over his spirit.

Was it not cowardly to give way thus? Was it worthy of her and of her love? But what could he do? Suddenly her suggestions occurred to him.

He was alone in the room, for he had said that he would be ready presently.

Going to his table he took out some sheets of paper and cut them into a number of regular strips.

On one after the other he wrote a forecast for every imaginable kind of weather.

Though it was December, he made arrangement for a possible July day. When he had finished there was a goodly pile of prepared slips lying before him.

He seized them nervously, reached for his hat, threw the bunch in it, and shook it violently.

For a full moment he remained shaking the slips until they were in utter confusion.

He put down the hat on the desk, closed his eyes, and feverishly plunging in his hand drew forth one of the pieces of paper.

Looking at it he read:

Conditions indicate that present storm will pass away about midnight, to be succeeded by lessening winds but increasing cold. Fair to-morrow with intense cold. Shippers must see that cargo had best refrain from shipment of perishable goods.

There was no equivocation about it. Glancing out of the window and casting his eyes on the instruments he decided that it was ridiculous. Still, it was what he had determined to do and with a certain obstinacy he decided to do it.

He knew that it was burning his ships—that it was his last throw.

Until midnight he lay awake to hear the wind suddenly subside at the stroke of twelve and steady away like Cinderella from the dance.

It surprised him a little, and he was still more amazed when he awoke the next morning—for he was young and the young will sleep—to find the sun shining brightly in at his window over a white, crackling, creaking world.

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aback, "didn't you see? It came out just as I predicted in every particular."

"I know," she replied. "I don't understand it."

"Well," answered Trueman sturdily, "I've done what he said. I'm going now to find him and remind him of his promise."

"I hope it will be all right, dear," she said admiringly.

Pursley was in the study in which Trueman had had his first interview with him. He was pacing the floor impatiently when the latter entered.

"Well, sir!" he began, his indignation making it impossible for him to go on.

"I've come," said Trueman mildly, "to tell you that I have fulfilled that condition you imposed. I have been right; and Trueman waved his hand to the window, through which it was impossible to see because of the frost. "See!"

"I see!" roared Pursley. "I should think I did see! And I don't know how many hundreds of dollars it has cost me!"

"But I warned all shippers against sending perishable goods," urged Trueman. "I predicted intense cold."

"I know," continued Pursley; "but do you think I have been taking your advice?"

"I have been doing exactly the opposite. It's your being right this time that has played the mischief—and made me lose I don't know how much, sir."

Trueman sank into a chair overcome. Certainly this was the last blow.

"But, papa," cried Maud, bursting into the room, "Trueman did what you said he was to do, and you can't go back on your word. You know what you promised!"

She threw her arms about the old man's neck. It was as easy to see him yielding under the influence as to see the hoar frost melt on the window under the warm beams of the morning sun.

"And if you don't say we can do what we want I will break my heart."

That seemed too much for the father, and he stood evidently vacillating.

"You've got to," she concluded decidedly.

On reflection, Pursley evidently did not seem to see that there was anything else to do, and he held out his hand to Trueman.

Then, through the engagement finally received official recognition from the head of the Pursley household, and Maud and Trueman were happy.

"But," said Pursley to Trueman when it was all over, "you're much too poor a guesser for this weather business. You'll have to get out of it, and I'll see if I can't set you up in something sure, where a man can't make a mistake."

Trueman and Maud were now happily married and have a well-appointed house in New York city. But Trueman, as her father wished, sent in his resignation as the head of the Weather Bureau at Byzantium, and is now a most successful operator on Wall street.

The accurate record of stock is unbroken foretell the rise and fall of stock in unerring. Pursley has long since ceased to be anxious about the future of the young people.

"I always thought well enough of him," he informed his daughter confidentially.

"It was only necessary to get him into something that was a certainty.—By George Hibbard in the Saturday Evening Post.

Murdered Presidents.

The Assassinations of Lincoln and Garfield.—Details of Their Taking Off.—Some of the Most Notable of the Old-World Crimes Committed by Anarchists Against Rulers.

President McKinley is the third Executive of the Federal Government to fall under the bullet of the assassin. Both Abraham Lincoln and James A. Garfield died from their dastardly inflicted wounds, and have their names inscribed upon the national calendar of martyrs.

The sad details of the fatal shooting of each of these rulers of the country have been vividly recalled by the terrible crime at Buffalo, and it may be worth while to narrate the main facts concerning those past presidential assassinations.

The shooting of Lincoln by John Wilkes Booth was the more sensational, in view of the troubled state of our Government at the time, and was highly dramatic in manner of accomplishment. The additional feature that Booth was the head of a sort of conspiracy gave to the martyrdom of Lincoln a peculiar political significance which most assassinations of modern history have lacked.

When Lincoln went to Washington to take the oath of office as President the air was rife with fears of an attempted assassination of the negro's friend. "Honest Abe" passed through the grim ordeal of the Civil War without an attempt on his life, and fell a victim to the assassin in the very hour of seeming triumph and restored peace.

On April 14, 1865, General Anderson had raised over Fort Sumter the tattered flag, he had hauled down just four years before. The North was rejoicing that the war was over, when, suddenly, the news flashed throughout the land that Lincoln had been murdered.

WHEN LINCOLN WAS STRICKEN.

On the night of that same April 14 the weary President had sought a slight diversion from the burdens of his office in attending Ford's Theatre, on Tenth street, Washington, accompanied by Mrs. Lincoln and two friends—Major Henry Rathbone and a daughter of Senator Ira Harris. The bill was "Our American Cousin," with Laura Keane in the cast. Miss Keane was awaiting one of her cues in the wings and the audience was eagerly watching the play, when the report of a pistol startled everybody. A man was seen to leap from the President's box to the stage, brandishing a dagger, and shouting, "Sic semper tyrannis! The South is avenged!" His foot caught in the folds of a flag, and he fell, breaking his leg, but regaining his feet he managed to escape to a side alley, where he leaped upon a horse that had been kept saddled there, and fled from the city. The audience was seized with panic. Laura Keane, running into the President's box, held Lincoln's bleeding head on her lap, and the robes of comedy were bespattered with the blood of a terrible tragedy.

BOOTH'S ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE.

John Wilkes Booth's bullet had entered one of Lincoln's temples. After shooting the President, the small, memented actor stabbed Major Rathbone. The dying President was carried to a small house opposite the theatre, where, surrounded by his family and the principal officials of the Government, he breathed his last at seven o'clock on the morning of April 15, in the third month of his 57th year. The joy over the return of peace was eclipsed everywhere by this bloody event. The body lay in state at the Capitol on April 20, and was viewed by a grand concourse of mourning people. The next day the funeral train set out for Springfield, Ill. The cortege halted at all the principal cities on the way, and was greeted everywhere with extraordinary demonstrations of grief for the dead man. The remains were finally laid to rest at Oak Ridge, near Springfield, on May 4, and a white marble monument (by

THE SCULPTOR, LARKIN G. MEAD

now marks the consecrated ground. The expressions of sorrow and condolence that were sent to the Federal Government from all over the world were afterward published by the State Department in a quarto volume of nearly a thousand pages, called "The Tribute of the Nations to Abraham Lincoln."

John Wilkes Booth, the assassin, succeeded in eluding capture for twelve days after his crime. Fleeing on horseback to a farm about 35 miles from Washington, he lay for six days in the woods. Then he secretly crossed both the Potomac and the Rappahannock, and took refuge in a barn on a farm near Bowling Green. To this hiding place a squadron of United States troops tracked him. The barn was set on fire and Booth, while resisting arrest, was shot dead by a soldier named Boston Corbett. Thus miserably perished the murderer of Lincoln, who was a son of the noted actor, Junius Brutus Booth, and whose gifts had seemed to destine him to a noble career. He had been born at Bel Air, Md., in 1838, and was only 27 years old. His last appearance as an actor had been at the benefit for John McCallough. His dead brought for a time an unmerited public contempt for the actor's profession. His own corpse was secretly buried under the flagstones of the arsenal warehouse at Washington. Two years later, however, his brother, Edwin Booth, had the remains reinterred in the family plot in the cemetery at Baltimore.

BOOTH'S HALLUCINATION.

Booth undoubtedly labored under the hallucination that he would be revenging Southern wrongs and sufferings in slaying Lincoln. The actor was at the head of a small conspiracy, and on the same evening that he shot the President a fellow conspirator gained access to the home of Secretary of State William Henry Seward, where Seward lay on a couch with a fractured arm and jaw, and stabbed the Secretary several times in the face and the neck. Seward's life was also struck down. After severe sufferings both of the attacked men recovered from their knife wounds. Later the conspiracy was unearthed; four of the conspirators were hanged, three imprisoned for life, and one was sentenced for a term of years. Andrew Johnson succeeded to the Presidency and to the tremendous problem of Federal reconstruction, which he so signally failed to cope with in the masterly style of a Lincoln.

The assassination of President Garfield had no such peculiar significance as that of Lincoln. Garfield was laid low by the bullet of a bare-brained individual, who had come to Washington for a political office and who had been disappointed. To be sure, the division of the Republican camp into "Stalwarts" and "Half Breeds" may have contributed to inspire Charles Julius Guiteau with the desire of killing the President whom Roscoe Conkling had so savagely denounced as a party traitor.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD'S FATE.

It was on July 2, 1881, only four months after his inauguration as President, that Garfield left the White House to attend commencement at his alma mater, Williams College. He had just entered the Pennsylvania station in Washington, when he was shot in the back by Guiteau. Guiteau was promptly captured, and for a time there was hope of Garfield's recovery. But, after enduring great suffering with notable fortitude, Garfield passed away at Elberon, N. J., on September 19, eighty days after the shooting. He was in his fiftieth year. His public career has not been without political scandal, and he had even been accused of selling John Sherman in his own interest at the convention of June 1880, which so unexpectedly nominated him as the Republican candidate. But the manner of his martyrdom moved all citizens, irrespective of party or opinion, to genuine grief, and his brave battle with pain and death won him the hearts of his countrymen. The remains of this brilliant Gambetta-like statesman were placed in the rotunda of the Capitol, where an immense wreath of white rosebuds stood at the foot of his coffin, with the inscription: "Queen Victoria to the memory of the late President Garfield. An expression of her sorrow and sympathy with Mrs. Garfield and the American people. Garfield's memorial monument stands at Cleveland, Ohio.

BLAINE WAS WITH HIM.

Secretary of State James G. Blaine was walking arm in arm with Garfield when Guiteau fired his deadly shot. Guiteau was one of the small group of people standing near the door to the ladies' room in the railroad station. As the President and Secretary passed the assassin turned, made a step in their direction, and, drawing a heavy revolver from his pocket, aimed it carefully and fired deliberately. Garfield turned in an excited surprise. Blaine sprang to one side. Guiteau then recocked his revolver and calmly fired again at the President, who this time fell to the floor, covered with blood. Guiteau fled, dropping his pistol as he ran, but he was quickly caught.

Garfield was driven to the Executive Mansion, where his condition was decided to be so critical that it would be highly dangerous to probe for the bullet. The medical judgment in this case has been declared to have been at fault. Later the wounded President was removed to Elberon to benefit by the sea breeze; but the hope proved vain. The bullet lodged in his back caused a long, crooked course leaving a wound that could not be properly drained.

GUITEAU'S CAREER.

Garfield's assassin, Guiteau, had been by spells a politician, a lawyer, lecturer, theologian and evangelist. He pretended to have been inspired by Deity with the thought that the removal of Garfield was necessary for the unity of the Republican party and for the salvation of the country. He is said to have exclaimed on being arrested: "All right; I did it, and will go to jail for it. I am a stalwart, and Arthur will be President." His trial began in November and lasted over two months. The defense was insanity, but the prosecution sought to show that the murderer had long been "an unprincipled adventurer, greedy for notoriety." The public rage against him was intense. Sergeant Mason, a soldier set to guard him, actually fired a bullet into Guiteau's cell. For this unsuccessful deed the sergeant received a sentence of eight years in the Albany Penitentiary. Two months later a mysterious horseman, dashing past Guiteau, as the assassin was being led from jail to Court, grazed the prisoner's wrist with a bullet. During his trial Guiteau acted in most disorderly style and indulged in scurrilous interruptions. He was found guilty in January, 1882, and was executed at Washington on June 30 following. As the last juror signified his assent to the death verdict Guiteau shrieked out: "My blood will be on the heads of that jury! Don't you forget it! God will avenge this outrage!" But the autopsy revealed no disease of the brain. Guiteau's skeleton is now in the Army Medical Museum.

RULERS KILLED IN OTHER COUNTRIES.

Our sister republic of France has also been called upon to mourn for an assassinated President. Sadi-Carnot was stabbed to death by Cesario Santo on June 24, 1894. The great French statesman and President was visiting the Lyons Exposition, and was going from the Palais de Commerce, where a banquet had been held in his honor, to the Grand Theatre, when Santo jumped on the footstep of Carnot's carriage and stabbed him in the liver.

Spain's Prime Minister, Senor Canovas del Castillo, also met his fate at the hand of an Italian anarchist. While at the baths, at Santa Egeda, Spain, on August 8, 1897, he was shot by Rinaldi. The Premier, fell dying at the feet of his horrified wife.

King Humbert, of Italy has been the latest victim of the Old World slayers of crowned heads. He fell a victim to the bullet of Gaetano Bresci, on July 29, 1900. The illustrious monarch was shot through the heart while entering his carriage near Monza, Italy, and he died within a few minutes. Anarchy was at the bottom of this crime, as of almost every European assassination.

Perhaps the most brutal of all the assassinations of recent times was the murder of Elizabeth, the Empress of Austria, by Luigi Luccheni, on September 10, 1895. For this crime Luccheni was sentenced to imprisonment for life.

Emperor Alexander II, of Russia, was killed by the Nihilists on March 13, 1881. The imperial carriage was returning from a review of the Marine Corps, when a bomb was thrown that wounded some of his escort. The Emperor descended from his carriage and was mortally shattered by a second exploding bomb. His assassination had occurred only a few weeks before that of Garfield.

Nasr-el-Din, Shah of Persia, was assassinated May 1, 1896; General Borda, President of Uruguay, August 26, 1897, and General Barrios, of Guatemala, February 9, 1898.

HEIR TO \$30,000 STILL A HOBO.

Although he has a fortune of \$30,000, Luke Nolan, of Perth Amboy, N. J., lives with the tramps.

Nolan was a native of that place. He never was fond of work and has spent most of his life loafing with tramps. The police have arrested him many times.

About a month ago he was discharged from jail after serving sixty days for vagrancy. He found a letter from a firm of lawyers notifying him that an aunt in Ireland had died, making him sole heir to her fortune of \$30,000.

A few days ago Nolan received \$500 as installment of the income, which he is to receive quarterly. He passed the first night after this with tramps in a hobo camp. The tramps were his guests, and he bought beer by the keg and whisky by the bottle, until they were in a state of coma.

War on Caterpillars.

Directions have been issued by the department of agriculture for making war upon the caterpillar. There should be no delay in following them, or in proceeding against this pest according to some one of the various methods suggested by other authorities, for suggestions have been wanting, and have varied widely. In Philadelphia city squares and in Fairmount park the trees are being sprayed with Paris green, and the trunks scraped for some distance above the ground wherever the caterpillars have attacked them. When the winter trimming is undertaken an effort will be made to destroy the cocoons, so that there will be no increase of caterpillars next year in those trees. It is proposed that destruction of the cocoons appear to be well planned, as there is a prospect that we will have many more caterpillars next year if this precaution is not taken, but for the present the active pests have to be fought.

Karl Hagenback, who provides the world with its animal collections, has a forty-acre stock yard near Cape Town. So completely has South Africa been denuded of the larger animals that his hunters must travel largely on foot 2000 miles into the interior before they come to their hunting ground. On account of the skill and knowledge demanded—for among other things the hunter must understand the various African dialects—his white labor is paid an average of \$60 per week per man.

Pennsylvania Railroad Reduced Rates to San Francisco.

On account of the triennial convention of the Protestant Episcopal church to be held at San Francisco beginning October 2nd, the Pennsylvania railroad company will sell round-trip tickets to San Francisco from all points on its line at greatly reduced rates.

Tickets will be sold September 18th to 25th, inclusive, and will be good to return to leave San Francisco not earlier than Oct. 3rd, and only on date of execution by joint agent, to whom a fee of fifty cents must be paid, and passengers must reach original starting point by Nov. 15th, 1901.

The Pennsylvania railroad company will also run a personally-conducted tour to the Pacific coast on this occasion by special train, starting Sept. 23rd and returning Oct. 22nd. Round-trip rate, \$185.

For further information apply to ticket agents, or address Geo. W. Boyd, assistant general passenger agent, Philadelphia.

Pennsylvania Railroads Special Excursions to Pan-American Exposition.

The Pennsylvania railroad company will run special excursions to Buffalo on account of the Pan-American Exposition, from Philadelphia and adjoining territory, on September 5th, 11th, 17th and 26th. Round trip tickets, good going only on special train leaving Philadelphia at 8:44 a. m., Harrisburg 11:50 a. m., Sunbury 1:03 p. m., Williamsport 2:30 p. m., Lock Haven 3:06 p. m., and on local trains connecting therewith, and good to return on regular trains within seven days, including day of excursion, will be sold at rate of \$9.00 from Trenton, \$9.00 from Lancaster, \$8.40 from Harrisburg, \$7.25 from Altoona (via Tyrone), \$10.00 from Winchester, and proportionate rates from other points. These tickets will not be good in Pullman parlor or sleeping cars in either direction. Stop of 30 minutes will be made at Williamsport for luncheon. For specific time and rates, consult local ticket agents. 43-34-44

A SHOCKING CALAMITY.

"Lately befell a railroad laborer," writes Dr. A. Kellett, of Williford, Ark. "His foot was badly crushed, but Bucklen's Arnica Salve quickly cured him. It's simply wonderful for Burns, Boils, Piles and all skin eruptions. It's the world's champion healer. Cure guaranteed. 25c. Sold by F. P. Green.

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