

Colleges & Schools.

IF YOU WISH TO BECOME.

- A Chemist, A Teacher, An Engineer, A Lawyer, An Electrician, A Physician, A Scientific Farmer, A Journalist.

In short, if you wish to secure a training that will fit you well for any honorable pursuit in life,

THE PENNSYLVANIA

STATE COLLEGE

OFFERS EXCEPTIONAL ADVANTAGES.

TUITION IS FREE IN ALL COURSES.

TAKING EFFECT IN SEPT. 1900, the General Courses have been extensively modified, so as to furnish a much more varied range of electives...

YOUNG WOMEN are admitted to all courses on the same terms as Young Men.

THE WINTER SESSION opens January 12th, 1902.

For specimen examination papers or for catalogue giving full information respecting courses of study, expenses, etc., and showing positions held by graduates, address

THE REGISTRAR, State College, Centre County, Pa.

Saddlery.

\$5,000 \$5,000 \$5,000

HARNESSES, HARNESSES, HARNESSES

SADDLES,

BRIDLES,

PLAIN HARNESSES,

FINE HARNESSES,

BLANKETS,

WHIPS, Etc.

All combined in an immense stock of Fine Saddlery.

NOW IS THE TIME FOR BARGAINS.

To-day Prices have Dropped

THE LARGEST STOCK OF HORSE COLLARS IN THE COUNTY.

JAMES SCHOFIELD, BELLEFONTE, PA.

Coal and Wood.

EDWARD K. RHODES.

Shipping and Commission Merchant,

DEALER IN

ANTHRACITE AND BITUMINOUS

COALS.

CORN EARS, SHELLED CORN, OATS, and other grains.

BALED HAY and STRAW

BUILDERS' and PLASTERERS' SAND

KINDLING WOOD

of the bunch or cord as may suit purchasers.

Respectfully solicits the patronage of his friends and the public, at

HIS COAL YARD.....

Telephone Calls Central 1312, Commercial 682.

near the Passenger Station. 86-13

Plumbing etc.

CHOOSE

YOUR

PLUMBER

as you choose your doctor—for effectiveness of work rather than for loveliness of price. Judge of our ability as you judge of his—by the work already done.

Many very particular people have judged us in this way, and have chosen us as their plumbers.

R. J. SCHAD & BRO. No. 6 N. Allegheny St., BELLEFONTE, PA. 42-43-61

JANUS.—The poet makes January say: "Janus, am I, oldest of potatoes." Why not make this month say: "Patron am I, of Rheumatism, which I make more painful; of Catarrh, which I make more annoying; of Scrofula, which I develop with all its sores, inflammations and eruptions? Hood's Sarsaparilla can be relied upon to cure these diseases, radically and permanently, and so there is no good excuse for suffering from them.

Subscribe for the WATCHMAN

Who Owns the Prescription?

To whom does the prescription belong—to the doctor who writes it, or the patient who receives and pays for it, or the druggist who puts up the medicine? This question has recently been the subject of an interesting discussion in the secular press, having been started by a New York journal, in commenting on a letter received from one of its readers complaining that a druggist who filled a prescription which he had received from a doctor and paid for would not return him the prescription.

The druggist insists that it is not safe for a patient to hold a prescription which he can have filled at any time, for the reason that the physician formulates a prescription according to existing symptoms and the exact condition of the patient at the time, and if he, the patient, should take it at another time when he apparently may have the same trouble, but conditions are different, he will do himself a physical and the doctor a professional injury.

The doctor partially approves the claim of the druggist, modifying it only to the extent of requiring him to give a copy of the prescription to the patient, and declares that no prescription should ever be filled from a copy, which should be so marked, and that no prescription should ever be refilled, except upon the approval of the doctor who gave it, and that there should be a law to this effect.

These views of the question utterly ignore any property rights the patient may be supposed to have in the prescription. The patient pays the doctor for writing out the prescription and then pays the druggist for filling it. Now, what is it the patient buys? Is it only what the pharmacist hands him in box, bottle or paper? If so, what is it that he has paid the doctor for? The druggist receives full remuneration for his drugs, and compounds the prescription has cost him nothing. By what right, then, does he hold title to it? For self protection, it is claimed. But what about the patient's right to avail himself of whatever advantages may afterward adhere to the prescription? The patient, having purchased a prescription, has a property right therein which neither the doctor who wrote it, nor the druggist who fills it has, and he is therefore entitled to its possession. The druggist may be permitted to retain a copy.—Chicago Law Journal.

Afflicted Genius.

Charles Kingsley was afflicted with stammering.

By was possessed of a morbid fear of going out of his mind.

Thomas Carlyle was a chronic dyspeptic. A state of irritation appears to have been his normal condition.

Throughout his life Sir Walter Scott could only walk with a limp. As a boy he was afflicted with paralysis, which left him permanently lame.

Lord Nelson lost one of his eyes, and his left arm had to be amputated as the result of a wound sustained in one of his numerous battles.

Alexander Pope was a luncheon, with a very caustic tongue, which once resulted in his being as good as told that he was "a crooked little thing that asks impudent questions."

Hogarth, the famous painter, had a prominent scar on his forehead, which was the result of an accident in his early days. He made this appear still more prominent in a portrait of himself which he painted with his own hand.

The face of Oliver Cromwell was disfigured with moles, pimples and warts. He must have been very proud of them, however, for when his portrait was being painted by Sir Peter Lely he swore he would not pay for it unless all these facial disfigurements were quite clearly shown.

England's Last Lottery.

At 5 o'clock on Oct. 18, 1826, an immense crowd gathered at a hall in London to witness the last state lottery draw in England.

The drawing of prizes on that occasion occupied less than two hours, whereas lotteries drawn some years previously were protracted for several weeks, the excitement being so great that doctors attended to let blood in cases where the proclaiming of winning tickets proved too overpowering for the holders.

From the days of Queen Anne lotteries had continued largely toward the revenue, during the latter years bringing in \$1,250,000 to \$1,500,000 per annum. The first public lottery held in England took place on Jan. 1, 1569.

The first public lottery held in England took place on Jan. 1, 1569. It was drawn at the west door of St. Paul's cathedral and continued incessantly, drawing day and night, till May 6 following.

Why He Was Single.

A good story is told of Sir John Tenniel, the famous English cartoonist. One day he was asked why he had never married.

"Well," he replied, "if I had married a girl she would always have wanted to be going about all over the place, and that would have suited me, while, on the other hand, if I had married an elderly lady she would have worn a shawl, and that I could not have stood."

The Way the Money Goes.

Wife—I had to spend fifty of that five hundred for some necessary things. Husband—Well, what are you going to do with the four hundred and fifty? Wife—Oh, that goes for luxuries!—Judge.

Dear Good Saturday Soul.

"Bridget, were you entertaining a man in the kitchen last evening?" "Well, mum, tho' 'r him t' say, O! done me best wid th' m'aterials at hand, mum."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Not Intimate Enough.

"We never remember the faces of those we love most dearly."

That's so.

"That's so. To save me I can't tell what a hundred dollar bill looks like."—Detroit Free Press.

The Average.

"Pa, what's an average man?" "One who thinks his employer's business would be run a good deal better if he could have more to say in the matter himself."

If we had no failings ourselves,

we should not take so much pleasure in finding out those of others.—Rochefoucauld.

Showed Him a Few Tricks.

"I used to play a little poker occasionally on voyages across the pond," said a clubman, "but I haven't done so for eight or nine years, and the reason why I stopped was rather peculiar. Coming over from Paris one fall I made the acquaintance of a man named Metcalfe, who represented himself as a hardware dealer from Minneapolis. There was a good deal of poker playing in the smoking room that trip, and Metcalfe won considerable money, but not, however, at any of the games in which I was sitting.

"When we reached New York, I chanced to render him a slight service, which I don't care to mention, more particularly as it was a strictly private matter. Suffice it to say he was extravagantly grateful and invited me to dine with him that evening. Over our coffee he remarked that he had noticed me playing cards on the steamer and asked whether I knew all the men who were in the game. 'Oh, I dare say some of them were professionals,' I replied, 'but I flatter myself I know enough to keep from being robbed!'

"Metcalfe smiled grimly and told the waiter to get us a new deck of cards. 'Now, I'm going to show you something that will be of value to you,' he said, and, after dismissing the servant, he proceeded to give me an exhibition of manipulation that made my eyes stick out of my head. I never dreamed it possible for anybody to obtain such complete mastery over the pasteboards. He dealt himself whatever he liked, told me with unflinching certainty what I held each time, and, in the course of half an hour, convinced me fully that I was easy prey for any expert sharper in a strange game.

"When he got through, I thanked him warmly, and from that day to this I haven't touched a card except in small, friendly games, where I knew everybody present. My conceit as to self protection was permanently squelched. I learned afterward that Metcalfe was one of the most skillful professional gamblers in the business. He certainly did me an immense favor. If the exhibition I witnessed could be seen by all overconfident young men, I am inclined to think that very few lambs would be sheared on the big liners."

A Domestic Muddle.

A lawyer received a new client the other day—a big man named Frazier, who wanted to sue to recover \$500 advanced on a note and not repaid.

"Who is the debtor?" asked the lawyer. "Oh, she's a relation of mine."

"How nearly related?" "Very nearly."

"But, my dear sir," persisted the lawyer, "you must be more explicit."

"Well, she may be my mother-in-law."

"May be? Then you are likely to marry her daughter?"

"I've already married the daughter."

"Oh, then, of course, the defendant is your mother-in-law?"

"I guess you better hear the whole story," said the man named Frazier.

He heaved a weary sigh and then went on: "You see, a year ago we lived together—my son Bill and I. Across the way lived the Widow Foster and her daughter Mary. Well, sir, I married Mary because she was good looking. My son Bill married the widow because she had heaps of money. Now, perhaps you can tell me whether the old lady is my mother-in-law or my daughter-in-law."

"But the lawyer couldn't, at least not just then. The problem had struck him all in a heap. He looked wild eyed, and his brain was reeling.

"Perhaps when you've settled that question you'll undertake my suit?" Frazier added. "The old lady borrowed the money fair and square, and she can pay it back, but she won't, and I've got to sue."

"I don't think I'll take your case," faltered the lawyer. "The case—er—er—presents too many complications."

"By the way," said Frazier disappointedly as he took up his hat and prepared to go, "since the double wedding a child has been born to each couple. Can you tell me what relation the two children are to each other?"

But the lawyer couldn't.—London Tit-Bits.

To Keep a Coal Fire Over Night.

Anthracite coal, being nearly a solid carbon, the fire may be arranged to "keep" over night. To accomplish this lift the lid on the top of the stove or open the little draft at the top of the firebox. This will allow cold air to enter, pass over the upper surface of the coal, chill it and prevent it from burning. As this is imperfect combustion great care must be taken to have the chimney flue open that the products of combustion may not come out into the room. Carbon monoxide, the product of imperfect combustion, is a colorless, odorless, poisonous gas. Being an explosive poison, it is all more dangerous. A hard coal contains a little sulphur when the drafts are imperfect the odor of the sulphur is noticed, which is like the sounding of an alarm bell, for carbon monoxide is found in its company.

—Mrs. S. T. Rorer in Ladies' Home Journal.

Depends on the Woman.

"She's going to marry him, I guess," suggested the wise gossip as the couple went by.

"He doesn't expect it," returned the casual acquaintance.

"Standing in the immaterial so long as she does," answered the wise gossip.—Chicago Post.

How Absurd!

"Did you hear the terrible storm last night, Sarah?" "What a sound. Did it thunder?" "Terribly."

"Why didn't you wake me? You know I can't sleep when it thunders!"—Manchester Times.

The Drawback.

"Elsie says there was only one drawback to being married."

"What was that?" "She says her father looked too cheerful when he gave her away."

No Room to Turn.

Suburbs—Why do you always go into your back garden? Down Town—Because I always like to face the street in case of fire.—Ohio State Journal.

Seeing Double.

"What are you doing, Tommy?" "Standing before the looking glass," said Tommy, who wanted to see how I would look if I was twins.—London Fun.

Oblivion is the dark page whereon memory writes her light beam characters and makes them legible. Were it all light nothing could be read there any more than if it were all darkness.

Money Ran Short.

Some interesting stories are told about the circus business, but one of the best heard in a long while was told by an old press agent:

"The show had had a prosperous season in the north. The proprietor made up his mind there could be no end to good business, and he planned a trip south for the winter months. The cotton crop was poor, and all intelligent circus men steer clear of the south when cotton is poor. His friends went to him and tried to get him to give up the winter trip, but he was persistent.

"When the show struck Arkansas, business began to drop off. The people didn't have the money, and they couldn't patronize the show.

"One Thursday night notices were posted in the dressing tent that the show would close the season on Saturday night and that the employees would receive their salaries on Sunday.

"On Sunday morning all were on hand to get their 'dough.' The cashier was at the window of the ticket wagon and was handing it out with accustomed alacrity. To appreciate this story you must understand that all circuses pay off their hands alphabetically, the Arnolds, the Burtons, the Campbells, Dentons and so on. When the cashier got down to the W's he ran short of money and several had to go without.

"There was a fellow of the stage name of Zeno who did stunts on the horizontal bar and who was late in getting over to the ticket wagon. When he rushed up all out of breath and found the wagon closed, there was plenty of trouble in sight. Some of the other belated employees whose names began with initials near the bottom of the alphabet announced to him that there was no more money, and then the air was blue. He started out on a hunting tour for the circus proprietor.

"I'd like to know why I don't get my money?" he began.

"I am sorry, old man," said the proprietor. "I have tried to be square. I have paid out my money until I ran short."

"To make a long story short, the proprietor made all sorts of apologies and finally succeeded in pacifying the horizontal bar man.

"You have been with me several seasons, and you know that I aim to do what is right," said the circus proprietor. "I want you to sign a contract with me for next season, and the first money I make I will see that you are reimbursed for waiting."

"Zeno signed the contract reluctantly and went away to his home. Spring came, and the only big show was having its seats painted, chariots regilded and everything got in readiness for the opening. About two weeks before the opening the performers began to assemble at winter quarters. One afternoon when the train pulled up at the station Zeno alighted. The proprietor was there to greet him.

"Hello, Zeno," he exclaimed as he slapped him on the back. "By Jove, I am glad to see you, old man!"

"Not on your life," said Zeno. "My name is Ajax this season."—Washington Star.

Ungrateful Man.

"Did you ever watch a man taking a drink of water in a public place, in a railroad station or on a train, where he is aware that many eyes regard him? Watch this some time," a drummer said.

"You'll find it interesting. The man, you see, holds the glass in his right hand while he drinks, and his left hand is busy to make his unoccupied left hand look graceful that makes the spectacle worth while.

"One fellow as he stoops over the cup in an elegant attitude, an attitude like that of bowing, solves the enigma of what to do with his left hand by putting it in his trouser pocket. Another holds it behind his back. A third puts the thumb of it in the pocket of his waistcoat, and a fourth swings the hand like a pendulum to and fro at his side. But all men, do what they will with their left hand, look awkward and self-conscious when drinking in public, and it is amusing to watch them."—Philadelphia Record.

He Studied It.

H. Rider Haggard, in "A Winter Pilgrimage," tells this anecdote: "When I was a 'soaring human boy,' my father took me up the Rhine by boat with the hope and expectation that my mind would be improved by contemplating its lovely and historic banks. Wearing of this boat, very soon I slipped down to the cabin to enjoy one more congenial, that of 'Robinson Crusoe.' But some family traitor betrayed me, and, protesting, even with tears, that I hated views, I was dragged to the deck again. 'I have paid 6 thalers,' shouted my justly indignant parent as he hauled me up the gangway stairs, 'for you to study the Rhine scenery, and, whether you like it or not, young man, study it you shall!'"

Cash for Bucknell University.

John D. Rockefeller has pledged \$25,000 of \$100,000 to be raised for increasing the endowment of Bucknell University at Lewisburg, Pa. The friends of the institution have commenced raising the remainder with good prospects of success.

HEADS SHOULD NEVER ACHIE.

Never endure this trouble. Use at once the remedy that stopped it for Mrs. N. A. Webster, of Winnie, Va., she writes "Dr. King's New Life Pills wholly cured me of sick headaches I had suffered from for two years." Cure Headache, Constipation, Biliousness. 25c. at Green's pharmacy.

Medical.

GET THE MOST OUT OF YOUR FOOD

You don't eat until your stomach is weak. A weak stomach does not digest all that is ordinarily taken into it. It gets tired easily, and what it fails to digest is wasted.

The signs of a weak stomach are: uneasiness after eating, fits of nervous headache, and disagreeable belching.

"I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla at different times for stomach troubles, and a run down condition of the system, and have been greatly benefited by its use. I would not be without it in my family. I am troubled especially in the summer with weak stomach and nausea and find Hood's Sarsaparilla invaluable." E. B. HICKMAN, W. Chester, Pa.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA

AND PILLS

Strengthen and tone the stomach and the whole digestive system.

Attorneys-at-Law.

C. M. BOWEN, E. L. ORVIS, D. B. OWEN & ORVIS, Attorneys at Law, Bellefonte, Pa., office in Frayer Block. 44

J. C. MEYER—Attorney-at-Law, Rooms 20 & 21, 21, Myer's Exchange, Bellefonte, Pa. 44-49

S. F. REEDER, H. C. QUIGLEY, Attorneys at Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Office No. 14, North Allegheny street. 42 5

N. B. SPANGLER—Attorney at Law, Practitioner in all the courts. Consultation in English and German. Office in the Eagle building, Bellefonte, Pa. 40 22

DAVID F. PORTNEY, W. HARRISON WALKER, FORTNEY & WALKER—Attorneys at Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Office in Woodring's building, north of the Court House. 14 2

H. S. TAYLOR—Attorney and Counselor at Law, Office, No. 24, Temple Court fourth floor, Bellefonte, Pa. All kinds of legal business attended to promptly. 40 49

W. C. HEINLE—Attorney at Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Office in Hale building, opposite Court House. All professional business will receive prompt attention. 39 16

J. W. WETZEL—Attorney and Counselor at Law, Office No. 11, Crider's Exchange, second floor. All kinds of legal business attended to promptly. Consultation in English or German. 39 4

Physicians.

W. S. GLENN, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, State College, Centre county, Pa., Office at his residence. 33 41

A. HIBLER, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, offers his professional services to the citizens of Bellefonte and vicinity. Office No. 20 N. Allegheny street. 11 23

Dentists.

J. E. WARD, D.D.S., office in Crider's Stone Block N. W. Corner Allegheny and High Sts. Bellefonte, Pa.

Gas administered for the painless extraction of teeth. Crown and Bridge Work also. 34-14

D. R. H. W. TATE, Surgeon Dentist, office in the Bush road, Bellefonte, Pa. All modern electric appliances used. Has had years of experience. All work of superior quality and prices reasonable. 45-8-17

Bankers.

JACKSON, HASTINGS, & CO., (successors to Jackson, Crider & Hastings), Bankers, Bellefonte, Pa. Bills of Exchange and Notes Discounted; Interest paid on special deposits; Exchange on Eastern cities. Deposits received, 17-26

Insurance.

GEO. L. POTTER & CO., GENERAL INSURANCE AGENTS, Represent the best companies, and write policies in Mutual and Stock Companies at reasonable rates. Office in Furst's building, opp. the Court House. 22 6

FIRE INSURANCE ACCIDENT INSURANCE, LIFE INSURANCE

—AND— REAL ESTATE AGENCY. JOHN C. MILLER, No. 5 East High St., BELLEFONTE. 14-15-6m

GRANT HOOVER, RELIABLE FIRE, LIFE, ACCIDENT AND STEAM BOILER INSURANCE INCLUDING EMPLOYERS LIABILITY.

SAUEL E. GOSS is employed by this agency and is authorized to solicit risks for the same.

Address, GRANT HOOVER, Office, 1st Floor, Crider's Stone Building. 14-15-17

Hotel.

CENTRAL HOTEL, MILESBURG, PA. A. A. KOHLBUECK, Proprietor.

This new and commodious Hotel, located opp. the depot, Milesburg, Centre county, has been entirely refitted, refurnished and replenished throughout, and is now second to none in the county in the character of accommodations offered the public. Its table is supplied with the best the market affords, its bar contains the purest and choicest liquors, its stable has attentive hostlers, and every convenience and comfort is extended its guests.

Through travelers on the railroad will find this an excellent place to lunch or procure a meal, as all trains stop there about 25 minutes. 24 24

Pure Rye Whisky.

HAAIG'S PURE RYE WHISKEY.

A my License will expire on April 1st, 1902. I am compelled to offer my large stock of Pure Rye Whiskey at a sacrifice. I have stock that is 7, 9 AND 10 YEARS OLD that I will pay a bonus of \$100.00 to any person who can show me any purer whiskey. It ranges in price from \$3.25 to \$4.50 PER GALLON and if you want strictly pure whiskey for family or medicinal use you should Address or call upon GOTTFLEIB HAAIG, Bellefonte, Pa. 46-46-2m

FINE JOB PRINTING.

FINE JOB PRINTING

—A SPECIALTY—

WATCHMAN OFFICE.

There is no style of work, from the cheapest Dodger to the finest

—BOOK-WORK,— that we can not do in the most satisfactory manner.

Prices consistent with the class of work. Call on or communicate with this office.