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Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., January 9, 1903.

Looks Dark for China.

European Powers' Pressure may End Disastrously—Uneasiness in Washington.

Administration officials have been forced by the discontent of European powers at China's refusal to pay in gold the second installment of the Boxer indemnity to regard the Chinese question as one of the most menacing now obscuring the horizon of the world's politics.

The United States always has held that the protocol signed by the powers provided for the payment of the installments of the indemnity at the rate of exchange prevailing in April, 1901. The European powers insist that each payment shall be made at the rate of exchange prevalent at the time of payment.

No secret is made of the fact that the administration regards the situation as extremely serious. It is feared that the impatience of Russia, Germany, England and other foreign powers will develop into something more threatening to China. The claims of the powers always have been regarded by the United States government as extortionate. A high official said on Friday:

"There is no question but that the powers will attempt to practice extortion on China, foolish though that may be, for China is in dire straits financially and commercially. The United States has always been China's friend in this matter, simply because China is right in refusing to pay the indemnity at a higher rate of exchange than prevailed in April, 1901.

"Just when the powers will take it upon themselves to threaten China with partition or attempt some other drastic measure remains to be seen. Moral sentiment is unquestionably on the side of China."

The neology of the closing year included many names known to fame in various avocations. Among statesmen were Tom Reed and Cecil Rhodes; from the army, Generals Wade Hampton and Franz Sigel; from letters, Bret Harte, Frank R. Stockton, Paul Leicester Ford, Philip J. Bailey, who wrote "Festus," and who many thought dead years before; Edward Eggleston, Zola, George Alfred Henty, Mrs. Catherwood, and Frank Norris; from the world of art, Camille Urso, Carl Hoffman, Bierstadt, Constant Tiesot, and Thomas Nast. The stage lost Sol Smith Russell and Nate Salsbery; from the field of science there vanished Schenck, the embryologist; Virchow, the famous cellular authority, and John W. Powell, the geologist. The pulpit was bereft of Talmage, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Rev. Dr. Parker. Among other notables were Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Herr Krupp.

The list was not longer than that of 1901, only the loss has not yet been adjusted.

Young Wife Saves Husband.

From Being Shot by an Irate Female, Who Covered Him With a Revolver.

Miss Lillian Rosenburg, of Akron, O., on Wednesday, drove to the home of William McDonald, Grampian, Pa., and demanded to see him. McDonald was recently married, and his young wife stated that he was upstairs. The Rosenburg woman brushed past the wife, rushed upstairs and pointed a revolver at McDonald. The trigger of the self acting revolver failed to work, and before she could do any harm the weapon was knocked out of her hand by the wife, who had followed the revengeful woman upstairs and drove away in her sleigh. She was arrested at Carwensville. Neither McDonald or Miss Rosenburg would tell what was the trouble between them, but it is believed that it is a case of jealousy.

Woman Burned to Death.

Exhausted After Fruitless Efforts to Extinguish Flames.

Sarah, wife of J. V. Shultz, a Washington county farmer, was burned to death Friday near Brooks by her clothing catching fire at a cooking stove. She was alone and made a heroic effort to put out the flames with her bare hands and by rolling in the snow, but, finding this unsuccessful, she ran to a neighbor's. She fell exhausted near the house, and when found her clothing, except her shoes, was burned from her body.

No Longer Necessary.

"Do you still rely on your burglar alarm?"

"Oh, no. We have a baby now, you know, and if any burglar can find a time during the night when some one isn't up with the baby he's welcome to all he can get."—Chicago Post.

Crawled a Mile Over Ice.

Man With a Broken Leg Had a Terrible Experience.

Falling across the railroad and breaking his leg, James Stiffler, of Bridgeton, York county, crawled a mile over the ice on his hands and knees.

Mr. Stiffler was returning home Thursday evening from a Christmas shooting match, and while crossing the railroad at Woodbine he fell and broke his leg. Being alone, he simply had to crawl home.

Smallpox Setzled The Undertaker.

Richard Haworth, an undertaker of Philadelphia, has the smallpox. About ten days ago he buried a smallpox victim and thereby contracted the disease.

To a solitary negative, taken by an amateur photographer shortly before the destruction of the premises by fire, the public is indebted for the above picture of the home of Timothy Cole, the wood engraver of whom American is so justly proud. Simple in his tastes and at that time imbued with the philosophies of Thoreau and Emerson, he built his house in a quiet and rather inaccessible part of Long Island in the neighborhood of Bath Beach called Indian Pond from a small sheet of water adjoining his grounds.

In the little room of the tower, barely large enough to serve as his own workshop, he entertained, without quitting work, his friends and visitors, which small space had also generally to accommodate two or even three of his pupils. Built after Mr. Cole's own design, and partaking somewhat of the owner's eccentricity, it is not surprising that his visitors needed a constant reminder not to knock their heads in ascending the low narrow staircase leading to the tower, and that once safely in, anything amounting to physical activity needed stern repression in the interest of some valuable painting precariously sustained by a rickety easel while awaiting translation into black and white through the medium of the wood block. But, if the bodily activities were limited, not so the mental! Mr. Cole delighted in reading to his friends passages from his favorite authors, interspersed with conversation, occasionally varying his unconscious entertainment with the strains of his violin, taken down as the mood seized him from

Starves to Death in Streets of New York.

Stalwart Young Pole Falls to Pavement Crying "I Am Hungry."

NEW YORK, December 30.—A stalwart young man died of starvation to-day as he was wandering through Elm street looking for food. He has not been identified. He walked slowly to Kennedy's saloon, at Elm and White streets, about noon, opened the door and walked away. He wore no coat or hat or waistcoat.

The man stopped before Ahearn's bar and restaurant, at Elm and Franklin streets. He opened the door and looked in. A score of men were sitting at little tables eating steaming soups and roast meats. The man saw a "hunner" wave his hand toward the street, and went away. At the Raub restaurant he had the same experience. He staggered weakly from the door. Policeman Stephenson took him by the arm.

"What's the matter, there, friend?" he asked. The man turned his sunken eyes on the policeman and pointed to his body. "I am hungry," said he in Polish.

William Kane, a watchman, saw the man stagger and started toward him, when suddenly the man pressed his hands against his body, sank to his knees, and fell over on the pavement. As he tried to rise Kane, Stephenson and two other men ran to pick him up.

"I am hungry," he said again. He was carried into a stable, where he died. The coroner decided that death was caused by starvation.

Trying to Obtain Wife by a Raffle.

Farmer Sells 711 Tickets on Himself at 25 Cents Apiece. Drawing To-Night.

SECAUCUS, N. J., Dec. 31.—J. W. Miller, a farmer, has adopted an unique plan to obtain a wife. Miller owns twenty-seven acres of farm land, is fifty-seven years old, five feet five inches in height, has a long red beard and red hair.

In 1889 he left his wife and has been a hermit since. About a year ago he decided to get another wife and inserted an advertisement in matrimonial papers. This failing, he decided to raffle himself off. He offered to sell tickets at twenty-five cents to all women from the age of sixteen to fifty years.

He has sold 711 tickets and the drawing will take place to-morrow night at his farmhouse.

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"Now, then," said the auctioneer, holding up a pair of antique silver candlesticks, "give me a start."

"Twenty-five cents," came from a voice at the back of the room.

"What!" exclaimed the horrified auctioneer.

"Ah," said the bidder in an undertone and with a chuckle, "I thought that would give him a start!"

Signs of Prosperity.

"How do you get the reputation of being so much richer than you are?" asked the intimate friend. "Very easily. I wear my old clothes as long as possible and never admit that I have any money that I could lend. People take it for granted that I must be prosperous."—Washington Star.

How He Felt About It.

"I wish I could give up work and take a long rest."

"You'd do it if you could, would you?"

"Well, I'm not sure I'd do it if I could. It's one of those things you'd like to do when you can't."—Brooklyn Life.

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some place of comparative safety somewhat nearer the roof.

Thus he lived at Indian Pond, until his departure for Europe, to engage upon the monumental work of the old masters, often working at his engraving far into the quiet night to compensate for the long time given to social intercourse and the advance of his pupils. The house did not long survive its change of ownership, but its somewhat ungainly architectural proportions will always remain, transformed and softened, in the partial memory of those whose privilege it was to enjoy the rare hospitality and mental stimulus of the gifted and very human hermit hidden there with wife and children from the noise and tumult of the cities, walks and ways.

A Desperate Condition.

An Irish servant girl one day asked her mistress what was the meaning of the word "kismet." After thinking a little while, the mistress said:

"Why, Bridget, it is another name for fate."

A day or so afterwards the mistress discovered Bridget hobbling down the stairs, evidently in great pain and walking very lame.

"Why, what on earth is the matter with you?" she asked.

"Oh, sure, ma'am," was the reply, "I've got bunions on my kismet."—Baltimore Star.

The dog that spends most of its time barking is not the dog that finds a ready purchaser. In fact it is hard to give him away. It is pretty well understood that the dog which is best at barking is not good for much else. And there is a striking resemblance between dogs and boys in this respect. The boys who are all the time telling big stories about what they have done or what they are going to do, cannot be expected to amount to much beside. You will never need a very large book to keep track of all that is accomplished by a braggart.—The Young People's Weekly.

A Good Policy.

The Dry Goods Economist says of one store with which it is familiar: "Every employee in it seems to be a good natured. Why should there be any difference in this respect between this establishment and the average store? Is not human nature about the same the world over? True, but there is a difference. The proprietor of this store is not only a merchant, but a gentleman. He treats his employees with marked courtesy and consideration. As a consequence they feel so kindly disposed toward him and his business that their good will is reflected in their treatment of his customers." Some storekeepers never find out why it is that so few of their casual customers become regulars.

Leigh Hunt's Breakfast Bouquets.

Leigh Hunt, that early day aesthete, declared breakfast to be the meal of all others when the poetic influence of a table posy was to be desired. He would bring in a few clover heads or sprigs of grass culled from beneath the protecting bars of a park railing or city square if he could find nothing more beautiful, and with these to look at his fancy took him roaming out into boundless green fields and pastures new.

Gave Him a Start.

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Medical.

DYSPEPSIA

What's the use of a good cook if there's a bad stomach—a stomach too weak to properly digest what is taken into it?

The owner of such a stomach experiences distress after eating, nausea between meals, and is troubled with belching and fits of nervous headache—he's dyspeptic and miserable.

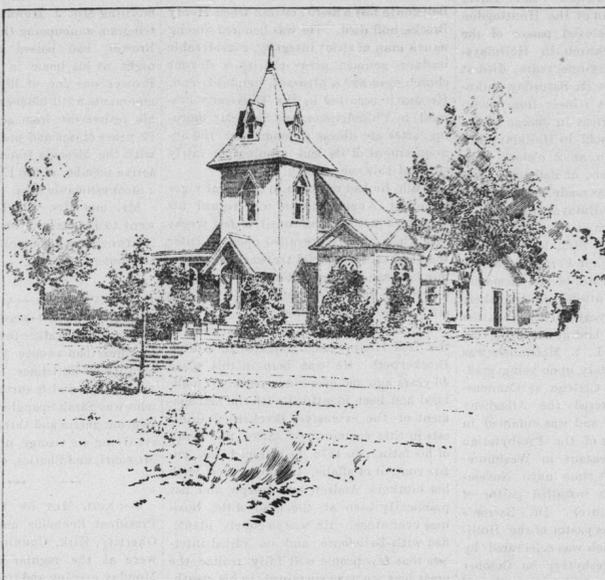
"I have been troubled with dyspepsia and have suffered almost everything. I have tried many different remedies, but could get no relief until I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. After the use of this medicine I could eat without distress, and today I am as well as ever, but I always keep Hood's Sarsaparilla on hand." J. A. CROWELL, Canajoharie, N. Y.

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