

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., June 26, 1903.

HOMESICKNESS.

O big old square white house, O moaning pine! O rough stone wall! O amplexing vines!

GOING TO THE CIRCUS.

Aunt Sarah Bebee, after whose father Bebee's Corners had been named, was a widow past fifty the day a sporty looking man drove up to her farmhouse in fancy rig and wanted to arrange with her to cover the front of her barn with circus pictures.

"Why, bless your heart, I never went to a circus in all my life!" she exclaimed in reply. "But you are not too old to begin," he suggested.

"Well, go ahead with your pictures. I never saw an elephant or lion or tiger in my life, and I'll go and see the menagerie part anyhow. There'll be an awful row around here, and folks will think that Satan has got hold of me, but I'll have to stand it."

"The pictures were hardly up when Deacon Bebee happened along the highway and saw them. He turned pale and trembled. Not in twenty years before had a barn on the Red Mill road been thus defiled. When he had recovered a little from the shock, he walked to the house and confronted the widow. For the first fifteen minutes the conversation was devoted to Satan, hades, Lot's wife, Judas Iscariot and other interesting subjects. But it gradually tapered off to hyenas, boa constrictors and alligators, and the deacon was almost sniffling when he left the house.

"Widder Bebee, have you sold your livin' soul to Satan?" was his greeting and then the fur flew. It was nearly an hour before he left the house, but he wasn't sighing and groaning as he went. On the contrary, he looked rather cheerful, and he called back from the gate:

"Yes; I s'pose there'll be camels there with two humps, mebbe with three, and they'll be worth lookin' at."

There was no more deacon in the neighborhood, Deacon Burton. He was driving to town to get a plowfork mended and was humming the air of "I Want to be an Angel" when the colored posters confronted him. There were short skirted, long legged damsels poised on barebacked horses or jumping through paper covered hoops. He stood and gazed and felt cold chills go up his back. He drove on to the farmhouse half expecting to find the widow Bebee trying to turn handspikes over a kitchen chair.

"I wouldn't 'a' believed it, widder—I wouldn't 'a' believed it!" he began as he entered the house. "It's the awfulest thing I ever heard of, and you know I've been in Chicago twice and seen some awful things."

The widow had a reply ready. It began with hyenas and worked up to elephants, taking in lions, tigers, grizzly bears and sea lions as it rose upward. She talked so earnestly and well that when Deacon Burton was ready to go he reluctantly admitted:

"No, I don't s'pose it's any more harm to look at a lion than to look at a woodchuck if you don't git mad and rip and swear over it."

There were others besides the deacons. There was old Mrs. Gaynor, for instance. She wasn't exactly a zealot, but she never took a dozen eggs to market without asking heaven to bless them and make the price 14 cents a dozen. She wasn't a bigot, but she contended that her own brand of religion was the only one to be saved by. She wasn't narrow minded, but when she heard of those circus posters she went down to see Aunt Sarah and to say:

"I've just stepped in a munit to say that if you go to that circus I can't never let you enter my doors ag'in."

such conduct?" said Mrs. Gaynor as she folded her arms and rolled up her eyes. "Nuthin', 'cept that I sat jest behind Aunt Sarah and was tickled, too!" he replied.

"And you, Deacon Bidwell?" "Waal, the hosses was wonderfully trained—wonderfully. I can't skarsely make out how they do it."

"I got kind of tired lookin' at the two hump camels, and as one ticket admitted to all I went into the circus part," admitted the deacon.

"And where did you all git tickets?" demanded the accuser as a sudden thought flashed across her mind.

"Aunt Sarah gave us deadheads!" answered the three deacons in chorus.

"And left me out, when she knew I was jest dyin' to see the whole thing! Well, now, you can all go home without any supper, and if I ever speak to one of you ag'in I hope to fall dead on my own doorstep!" —By Casper Dean.

Cloudbursts Cause Loss of 500 Lives. Little Town of Heppner, Oregon, Almost Entirely Destroyed Sunday Night—A Great Wall of Water Rashed into the Gulch by Which Town is Separated Carrying Everything Before it in the Rush.

PORTLAND, Ore., June 15.—Five hundred people lost their lives in a cloudburst that almost destroyed the town of Heppner, Ore., at 6 o'clock last night.

Heppner is the county seat of Morrow county and had about 1,250 inhabitants. All telegraph and telephone wires are down and no accurate information can be obtained, but the estimate of the loss of life is based on the most reliable reports received up to night.

A report from one of the survivors, however, is to the effect that 300 bodies have been recovered. A messenger who arrived there said a wall of water twenty-five feet high rushed down into the gulch by which the town is separated, carrying everything before it.

The flood came with such suddenness that the inhabitants were unable to seek places of safety, and were carried down to death by the awful rush of water.

Almost the entire residence portion of the town was destroyed, except the business part, which is on higher ground. Huge boulders weighing a ton were hurled down by the current and many people were killed by being dashed against the rocky bluff.

Early in the afternoon a thunder storm occurred, covering a wide region of country, and later on heavy rain set in, many of the small streams overflowing their banks in a short time. Bridges were swept away like straws. Soon as possible after the flood had subsided the work of relief was commenced by the citizens. Dozens of bodies were found lodged along the bends of Yellow creek and in several places they were piled over one another. Up to 2 o'clock this afternoon 200 bodies had been recovered almost within the town limits.

Fifteen buildings in the town of Lexington, nine miles below Heppner, on Willow creek, were washed away but with no loss of life, the inhabitants having time to save themselves from the surging torrent.

At Lone, fifteen miles away, considerable damage was done to buildings but no loss of life is reported from there.

THE DALLES, Ore., June 16.—A telephone message from Lone states that the latest find in the ruins of Heppner indicates that the loss of life will be much greater than at first supposed. The casualty list will foot up 600 and many of the bodies will never be recovered.

The property loss and destruction of buildings alone will aggregate probably a million dollars. This is regarded as a conservative estimate. One hundred and fifty of the best residences were swept from the earth. The debris is piled along the railroad track to the height of freight cars. The relief work is progressing at a satisfactory pace.

Among the incidents of the catastrophe was the saving of three lives by Julius Kaitley, an old man of 70 years, who rode a mile and a half on the roofs of houses and saved three people from the flood. James Kernau, of the Oregon Railway and Navigation company agent, met his death at the telegraph key trying to call Portland to inform the outside world of the impending calamity.

His little daughter, Katie, who was saved by remaining in the station house, said her father and mother were lost in the whirl of the waters. Katie stood by while her father was calling the Portland office, when the flood swept in the lower floor and curled round him. Mrs. Kernau rushed out of the house and started for a high point of ground but was drowned. One of the most thrilling adventures was that of Tom Shuter, who with his family, was carried down the stream in his house for a mile and a half. His wife and two children stepped in the upper rooms. Below town the house was shot across the creek to the west side, where it lodged in debris, 150 yards from the canyon banks. Shuter then took to the trees and swam 200 yards. He landed the children and then rescued his wife.

Printing of 300 Years Ago.

An Ancient Book Entirely Composed of Lead. The most ancient materials employed, for recording events were bricks, tiles, shells and tables of stone. The modes of writing on these different substances were various. The tiles and brick were impressed with a stamp when in a soft state; the shells and tables of stones were etched or graven, the figures or characters being cut in their surface, and in some cases also stained with various colors. It was by the ancient art of stamping that the walls, palaces and towers of Babylon were covered with hieroglyphics, which have but recently been brought to light from under the immense mound of Mesopotamia by Layard and other explorers. The patriarch Job, who is supposed to have lived about 2,300 years after the creation, exclaimed: "O that my words were now written! O that they were graven with an iron pen, and hid in the rock forever!" Stung with the unjust accusation of his friends, he desires to record his words that the generation following might see the justice of his cause.

The English translation has given the allusion to printing to the text, the original word signifying rather to engrave on a plate, which was doubtless the only printing known to Job. Montfaucon purchased at Rome in 1699 an ancient book entirely composed of lead. It was about four inches long and three inches wide; and not only was the two pieces that formed the cover, and the leaves, six in number, of lead, but also the stick inserted through the rings to hold the leaves together, as well as the hinges and nails. It contained figures of Egyptian idols, and unintelligible writing. China, our ancestor in invention, from remote ages had a kind of stereotyping or printing. It was not, however, as some supposed, like our printing, phonetic, or the expression of sound, but, like the Egyptian hieroglyphical; being purely of an artificial structure, denoting every idea by its appropriate sign without any relation to the utterance, and speaking to the eye like the numerical cipher of the Europeans, which every one understands and utters in his own way. And, like most other nations of antiquity, the Chinese were content to remain without alphabetical writing.

Pope Leo is Improving.

His Physion Keeps All Premature Reports of Death from the Pontiff. ROME, June 14.—Dr. Lappini, the Pope's physician, says the pontiff is doing better every day. He continued the treatment of his indisposition, which would not be worth mentioning if it were not for Pope Leo's age. His condition is much improved.

All rumors regarding his indisposition and premature reports of his death are kept from him as far as possible, as they give him much concern, for the pontiff takes these most seriously.

"Why do they want me to be gone?" he exclaims. "I do no one any harm." It is impossible to make his holiness understand that it is the interest taken in his person which leads to the publication of these rumors.

Sallie and Willie. "Strange about giddy young girls, ain't it, Sallie?" "How so, Willie?" "Why, there's a girl in town who used to boast that she was kissed by President Grant when she was a baby, but now she declares it was President Hayes who kissed her. In a few years she will be claiming that President Roosevelt kissed her when she was a mere child." —Roller Monthly.

WORST OF ALL EXPERIENCES.—Can anything be worse than to feel that every minute will be your last? Such was the experience of Mrs. S. H. Newson, Decatur, Ala. "For three years" she writes, "I endured insufferable pain from indigestion, stomach and bowel trouble. Death seemed inevitable when doctors and all remedies failed. At length I was induced to try Electric Bitters and the result was miraculous. I improved at once and now I'm completely recovered. For Liver, Kidney, Stomach and Bowel troubles Electric Bitters is the only medicine. Only 50c. It's guaranteed by Green's druggist.

Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

Medical.

BACK GIVES OUT.

PLENTY OF BELLEFONTE READERS HAVE THIS EXPERIENCE.

You tax the kidneys—overwork them. They can't keep up the continual strain. The back gives out—it aches and pains; Urinary troubles set in.

Don't wait longer! Take Doan's Kidney Pills. Bellefonte people tell you how they act.

Geo. Cox, residing on what is known as Halfmoon hill, says: "I can conscientiously recommend Doan's Kidney Pills. Judging from what they did for me, I suffered intensely from pains in my back and lameness across my kidneys. State agents in this paper about Doan's Kidney Pills attracted my attention and I called at F. Potts Green's drug store and got a box. They did me a great deal of good although I did not take them as 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 of saving me much suffering."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agent for the U. S. Remember the name Doans and take no substitute.

WANTED—Live agents to sell Dr. White's Electric Comb, patented Jan. 1, '90. Cure dandruff, hair falling out, sick and nervous headaches, yet cost no more than an ordinary comb. Sells on sight. Agents are wild with success. Send 50c. for sample (half price). Write quick. The Dr. White Electric Comb Co., Decatur, Ill.

Plumbing etc.

CHOOSE YOUR PLUMBER as you choose your doctor—for effectiveness of work rather than for lowness 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. 42-43-44

College Hardware Co.

HARDWARE, STOVES, TINWARE AT... WE are prepared to furnish our patrons with a full line of Hardware, Stoves, and Tinware.

OUR Hardware consists of an assortment of Tools, Cutlery, Garden Tools, Shovels, Rakes, Wire Screenings, Poultry Netting, Locks and all kinds of Builder's Hardware.

STOVES.—We have just received a full line of the Prizer Ranges. We consider these stoves of the best make. For style they are unsurpassed, in weight they are the heaviest. The flues are large, with well regulated dampers making them one of the best working stoves in the market. Everything that is modern is found in these stoves. We ask you to come and see them for yourselves. The prices are the lowest, considering quality, etc.

TINNING.—Our tinning is up to date. We are prepared to do all kinds of work in this line. For spouting and roofing we use none but the best materials and the best workmen.

PAINTS, OILS, GLASS.—We have also a full line of paints, oils, varnishes and glass at the lowest prices.

WE ask the public to come and see our stock. We will be pleased to quote prices at any time. It is our desire to deal fair, as we wish to continue in business.

COLLEGE HARDWARE CO. State College, Pa

Saddlery.

SPECIAL OFFERS THE OLD RELIABLE KEYSTONE HARNESS FACTORY

Will offer for the NEXT SIXTY Days Robes, Blankets, Nickle and Rubber Trimmed Harness in single and double.

YOU MUST DO THE SUM TO PROVE IT We have at present the largest stock of WINTER GOODS that has been placed on our counters for many years, the latest styles of Fine Flank and Fur Robes, a full line of Stable and Square Blankets, and at prices that will astonish you at a glance. You must see these goods to find what you can do for little money.

We Have Made a Big Cut in these Goods BLANKETS, ROBES and HARNESS. Come in and let us figure with you on anything you may want in our line. We are Headquarters for EVERYTHING IN THE HORSE LINE

Now is your time for bargains Take care of the horse and he will take care of you. We carry a full line of Shoe Findings, Sole and Harness Leather, Azle Grooves, Harness Oil, Soap, Brushes, Curry Combs, Whips, Working Gloves, Large line of Saddlery, Hardware.

In fact everything you may need. All purchasers of \$5.00 worth will be entitled to a present of one dollar's worth of a useful article.

Yours truly, JAMES SCHOFIELD, Spring street, BELLEFONTE, PA.

RESTAURANT. CITY RESTAURANT.

I have purchased the restaurant of Jas. I. McClure, on Bishop street. It will be my effort and pleasure to serve you to the best of my ability. You will find my restaurant CLEAN, FRESH and TIDY.

Meals furnished at all hours. Fruits and delicacies to order. Game in season. COME IN AND TRY IT. 47-28-3th CHAS. A. HAZEL

Travelers Guide.

LOW RATES WEST JULY 1st to 10th. One fare for the round trip Chicago to San Francisco or Los Angeles and return, via the

CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL Railway. Choice of routes. Unusual opportunity to visit the Pacific coast at little expense. \$25, Chicago to Colorado and return, July 1 to 10. Complete information on request.

JOHN R. POTT, D. P. A., Room D, Park Bldg., Pittsburg, Pa. 42-23-1m

CENTRAL RAILROAD OF PENNA.

Condensed Time Table. READ DOWN Nov. 24th, 1902. READ UP

No. 1 No. 2 No. 3 No. 4 No. 5 No. 6 No. 7 No. 8 No. 9 No. 10

PHILADELPHIA SLEEPING CAR attached to East-bound train from Williamsport at 11:30 P. M. and West-bound from Philadelphia at 11:30 P. M.

J. W. GEPHART, General Superintendent. BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD. Schedule to take effect Monday, Apr. 3rd, 1899.

WESTWARD read down EASTWARD read up

Travelers Guide.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD AND BRANCHES. Schedule in effect May 24th, 1903.

VIA TYRONE—WESTWARD. Leave Bellefonte, 9:53 a. m., arrive at Tyrona 11:05 a. m., at Altoona, 1:00 p. m., at Pittsburg 3:15 p. m.

VIA TYRONE—EASTWARD. Leave Bellefonte, 1:05 p. m., arrive at Tyrona, 2:10 p. m., at Altoona, 4:10 p. m., at Pittsburg, 6:35 p. m.

VIA LOCK HAVEN—WESTWARD. Leave Bellefonte, 4:44 p. m., arrive at Tyrona, 6:00, at Altoona, 6:55, at Pittsburg at 10:45.

VIA LOCK HAVEN—EASTWARD. Leave Bellefonte, 9:33 a. m., arrive at Lock Haven 10:53 a. m., arrive at Tyrona, 11:05, at Harrisburg, 2:40 p. m., at Philadelphia, 5:47 p. m.

VIA LEWISBURG. Leave Bellefonte, 1:05 p. m., arrive at Tyrona, 2:10 p. m., at Harrisburg, 6:35 p. m., at Philadelphia, 10:20 p. m.

VIA LEWISBURG—EASTWARD. Leave Bellefonte, 4:44 p. m., arrive at Tyrona, 6:00 at Harrisburg, at 10:00 p. m.

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VIA LEWISBURG—WESTWARD. Leave Bellefonte, 4:44 p. m., arrive at Lock Haven 6:00, at Tyrona, 6:10, at Harrisburg, 9:45 p. m., at Philadelphia, 12:50 p. m.

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