

Democrats Polled Largest Vote in History of the State.

C. E. LITTLEFIELD RE-ELECTED

Portland, Me., Sept. 11.—Governor William T. Cobb, of Rockland, Republican, standing on a platform devoted almost exclusively to a continuance of the prohibitory law of the state, was re-elected by a plurality of less than 8000, with but few exceptions the smallest margin of votes ever given a Republican governor in the state of Maine.

Cyrus W. Davis, of Waterville, the Democratic candidate for governor, polled one of the largest votes in the history of the party in this state. His issue in the campaign was the re-submission of the liquor question which was incorporated in the state legislature four years ago.

More interesting from a certain standpoint was the re-election of Congressman Charles E. Littlefield, Republican, of the Second district, by a greatly reduced plurality. Congressman Littlefield's candidacy was the subject of bitter opposition on the part of Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, who asked for his defeat on the grounds that he had voted against certain labor measures at the late session of congress.

The issue between Gompers and Littlefield was taken up by the Republican congressional committee, and for three weeks the district has been the scene of a hard fight, in which Secretary of War William H. Taft, Senator Lodge and Senator Beveridge and several congressmen were pitted against the head of the American Federation of Labor.

Mr. Littlefield's plurality is estimated at about 1000. Congressman Edwin C. Burleigh, of Augusta, Republican, was re-elected in the Third district by an estimated plurality of 2000, and Congressman Llewellyn Powers, of Houlton, Republican, in the Fourth district, by a plurality estimated at 2000. The re-election of Congressman Ames L. Allen, of Alfred, in the First district, is claimed by the Republican leaders.

The legislature will be Republican by a safe margin.

GRADE CROSSING HORROR

Three Killed and Twenty Injured When Train Hit Trolley Car.

Philadelphia, Sept. 8.—Three men were killed and a score of others injured in a grade crossing accident at 25th street and Passyunk avenue, near the Atlantic Refining company's plant. A trolley car containing about 50 passengers, all men returning from work at the oil refinery, was struck by a train of empty tank cars on the Pennsylvania railroad. Owen Sweeney, aged 25 years, was ground to pieces under the wheels of a tank car, and Julius Bewar, aged 60, and an unknown man died later at a hospital. Twenty others were conveyed to various hospitals, but none of these is believed to be seriously injured.

A shifting engine was backing the train, and the motorman of the trolley car thought he could cross the railroad tracks before the tank cars reached the point. The last tank car struck the trolley car full in the side, overturning it and forcing it 15 feet along the railroad track.

JUMPED FROM BROOKLYN BRIDGE

Unknown Man Successfully Makes Daring Leap of 135 Feet.

New York, Sept. 11.—An unknown man, a passenger on a trolley car on the Brooklyn bridge, left the car when the central span of the bridge was reached and jumped to the river below. A tug stopped and picked up the bridge jumper.

Persons who had observed the man's act and his rescue said that he struck the water feet first and that when he reappeared he seemed none the worse for his leap of 135 feet and swam with strong stroke to the tug which picked him up.

From the man's actions and the fact that he signalled to some friends on the bridge after his rescue the observers were inclined to think the man was a professional bridge jumper. The tug steamed away after the rescue.

GOVERNOR STOKES ILL

Chief Executive of New Jersey Taken Sick On a Train.

Trenton, N. J., Sept. 10.—Governor Stokes, while on his way to Trenton from his home in Millville, was taken ill on a train. The governor with much difficulty reached his apartments in this city, although without assistance. Dr. H. P. Norton, who was summoned, stated afterwards that the governor was unwell and that he would require several days of absolute rest. The governor's condition is not regarded as serious.

Mayor of Erie Dead.

Erie, Pa., Sept. 11.—Mayor R. J. Saltzman, of Erie, died at Cambridge Springs. He suffered a stroke of paralysis last week in the dining room of a hotel at the springs, since which time his life had been slowly ebbing away.

Boozer Leaves Prison a Free Man.

Wilmington, Del., Sept. 11.—John Boozar, colored, alias Charles Thorne, who two years ago was convicted of the murder of George D. Farris, in December, 1897, was pardoned by Governor Lea on the recommendation of the pardon board.

Some Theories And a Bear Trap

By C. B. LEWIS

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Uncle Peter Scott, farmer on the outskirts of the village of Hillside, had lost his good wife, and his daughter Jennie kept house for him. He had got to be fifty years old and finicky, while she had got to be twenty and was called one of the nicest girls in Adams county.

Tom Barlow, the youngest of the village merchants, agreed with all others. He had driven out to see Jennie on half a dozen occasions on Sunday afternoons, and it was whispered around that a marriage would come of it. The father had scratched his head and said nothing, but in his own mind he had regarded it as a good match.

All was going well when an interruption suddenly occurred. Mr. Barlow dealt in hoes, rakes and shovels as well as in dry goods and groceries. Uncle Peter bought a hoe of him and started into the cornfield one morning to make the dirt fly. The hoe pleased him, the air was balmy and the corn was knee high and still growing. He was humming to himself and wondering how long before he would lose Jennie when he pulled over a sod with his hoe and caught sight of a big fat mole underneath.

The life or death of that mole had little to do with the future prosperity of Adams county, but Uncle Peter jumped in with intent to slaughter. He made three or four blows with the hoe and finally one tremendous blow. The mole was immolated, but at the same time the handle of the hoe was broken and the old man fell forward and plowed his nose into the ground. He got up mad. He was mad at the mole, the hoe and himself, and he jumped up and down and used cuss words.

One does not remain mad at himself very long. He finds some one else to blame for the whole thing. In this case Uncle Peter put the calamity on the shoulders of Mr. Barlow. He had sold him a hoe handle that was weak in the back—sold it with intent to defraud and deceive. Uncle Peter had sold short tons of hay more than once, but when any one cheated him he looked upon it as a wrong to all humanity. He was near the roadside fence when he massacred the mole, and he had just got the dirt out of his mouth after the fall when a man he knew came driving along in his buggy.

He naturally asked what was the matter, and the old man cut loose. He called the merchant a cheat, fraud and swindler and vowed by the whiskers of his ancestors that he would never, never buy aght more of him. He wanted his words repeated, and they were.

When the father went up to the house after another hoe and the daughter asked what was the matter he had more to say about the merchant and something particular to say to her. He made more fuss about that broken hoe handle than the county commissioners had in building a bridge over Goose creek, and he ended off with:

"Now, you gal, listen to me. If that swindler over sets foot on my land ag'in I'll cr-u-s-h him as I would a-a mouse!"

Jennie argued and protested and tried to soothe, but the father was obdurate. He told her of the message he had sent to town, and she wrote a few lines of excuse to Mr. Barlow and sent them by a passing boy. That afternoon several persons had several theories to advance to themselves.

Uncle Peter held to his anger. His theory was that Mr. Barlow would drive out in the evening and try to get speech with Jennie and seek to excuse his disgraceful conduct in selling for 25 cents a hoe not worth a dime.

Jennie's theory was that the merchant would drive out with half a dozen hoes in his buggy and tell her father to take them all, but she feared the result. The old man was mad all through, and it always took him at least a week to get over one of his fits. Old Mrs. Davis, who lived just across the road, heard something about the broken hoe, and her theory was that there would be a row of some sort and that she would be there to hear and to see.

The merchant didn't have any particular theory. He simply made up his mind to drive out to Uncle Peter's and tell him to come in and help himself to hoes, rakes and shovels without stint.

Nothing further of moment happened during the day. It was after supper when Uncle Peter was milking the brindle cow that he got another theory. It might have worked well had not his daughter observed him half an hour later oiling up the springs of a bear trap that had hung in the barn for the last twenty years. Then she got a new theory. Her father hoped and intended that some one should walk into that trap. It must be the man who sold him the deceptive hoe that he was laying for. Old Mrs. Davis kept her eye on the Scott homestead between sundown and dark, and though no tragedy took place, she turned to her husband and said:

"Andrew, something is goin' to happen. I feel it in my bones. I've got a theory that there's goin' to be awful doin's across the road tonight."

Father and daughter sat on the porch till the clock struck 9, and then the girl arose and entered the house to go to bed. That was his chance. He jumped down on the grass and ran for his bear trap and set it just inside the gate and ten minutes later was winding up the clock with an innocent expression

of countenance calculated to deceive the cat.

"Now, why did father linger behind?" asked Jennie of herself as she went upstairs, and, poking her head out of a front window, she saw him engaged in some nefarious business on the path—something that she investigated fifteen minutes later and dragged to one side on the lawn.

The merchant had been detained. He had also forgotten that farmers retired to their beds when the hens went to roost. It was 10 o'clock when he came driving out. Jennie heard him coming and walked down the road to meet him. Knowing her father as she did, she knew that a present of a dozen new hoes that night would not suffice to soothe his injured feelings. It would be best to notify Mr. Barlow of this fact and turn him back and say good night.

At about the hour mentioned above Uncle Peter roused up out of a doze with a new theory. It was to the effect that some lightning rod men might come along in the night and seek to arouse the house for lodgings and step into that waiting bear trap. He was about to get up when he remembered that a man of lightning had cheated him out of \$10 five years before, and he therefore decided not to budge. He had just come to this decision when old Mrs. Davis said:

"Andrew, I'm goin' to get up and go over to Scott's."

"What fur?" he dreamily asked.

"I've got a theory that Uncle Peter has hung himself in the wood shed."

"Nonsense!"

"Don't say 'nonsense' to me. I never had a theory yet that didn't turn out right. I'm goin' right over there, and if you hear me yell out you'll know what has happened."

She partly dressed and left the house. Jennie and Mr. Barlow and the horse and buggy were not so far away that she could not have made them out had she been less occupied with her theory, but as it was they escaped her notice. The wood shed to every well regulated house is in the rear. It was so in the case of the Scott home. To reach it old Mrs. Davis had to leave the straight path, and she hadn't made above ten steps when there was a scream and a long drawn yell to freeze the blood of all hearers. Uncle Peter heard it as he was beginning to dream of broken hoe handles and fat moles, and he jumped out of bed.

Old Mr. Davis heard it as he dozed and wondered about theories, and out of bed he came with his hair trying to stand on end. Jennie and Mr. Barlow heard it and started forward with exclamations of alarm, and thus it happened that the four reached old Mrs. Davis at about the same time. She had been caught in the bear trap, of course. In leaving the path she had stepped fairly into it, and as the jaws came together she felt, as she said afterward, that the last day had come and she was ready to sail away.

There was an exciting time for the next ten minutes. The poor old woman was frightened half to death, and a good deal bruised by the teeth of the trap, and while she was being carried across the road her husband was announcing his determination to have satisfaction under the law. Uncle Peter realized that his theory had failed, and Jennie and Mr. Barlow had been discovered conspiring, as it were. It wasn't until the victim had been put to bed, her hurts attended to by a doctor and her husband calmed down by a promise that the right thing should be done that Uncle Peter turned on the young folks and demanded:

"Well, what you got to say about all this?"

"Nothing, father," answered Jennie.

"Nothing, Mr. Scott," added the merchant.

"Well, I duno as I have, either," observed the mole killer, as he jogged into the house and left the others at the gate to talk things over.

One of the Family.

"Are you the editor that takes in the society news?" inquired the caller, an undersized man, with a timid, appealing look on his face.

"Yes, sir," replied the young man at the desk. "I can take in any kind of news. What have you?"

"Why, it's this way," said the caller, lowering his voice. "My wife gave a swell party last night, and I'm willing to pay to have this report of the affair put in your paper."

"We don't charge anything for publishing society notes," observed the young man at the desk, taking the proffered manuscript and looking it over.

"That's all right," was the reply. "You don't understand. I wrote this up myself, and I put in a line or two that says, 'Mr. Halftick assisted his distinguished wife in receiving the guests.' That's the way I want it to go in, and I don't care if it costs \$5 a line. I want my friends to know, by George, that I still belong to the family!"

Not Soon Enough.

A man who is now one of the leading members of the Stock Exchange was rather wild in his youth, which is not an exclusive characteristic of this member of the Stock Exchange. But this man was a favorite with his mother and generally called on her to help him out of his scrapes, and she usually responded freely, even lavishly. On one occasion, however, when his demands had been especially frequent and extravagant, it was with considerable trepidation that, on discovering himself "the morning after" in a distant city and picked as clean as a new fledged sparrow, he penned the following heart moving appeal, to be sent C. O. D.:

"Send \$50 and save disgrace."

His worst fears were realized when, an hour later, he received the reply from his mother, "Too late."—New York Tribune.

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Burlington Engineers May Strike.

Chicago, Sept. 11.—A serious labor situation, affecting the entire Burlington railroad system, developed following the adoption of a new and radical rule by the company. Engineers obliged to wear eye glasses by the new rule are reduced in rank and assigned to unimportant and unremunerative "runs." The reduction applies to all engineers, regardless of length of service for the company. The engineers of the entire system took a vote on the acceptance of the new rule, and it is said the returns already in the hands of the grand officers of the brotherhood show an overwhelming majority in favor of taking extreme measures to oppose the company's order. With the hope of preventing a strike, it is said Mr. Stone decided to appeal to Mr. Hill as a last resort.

Dropped Dead Returning From Church

Johnstown, Pa., Sept. 10.—Rev. Dr. Owen James, pastor of the First Baptist church of this city, died suddenly while on his way home from services. Dr. James was ordained a minister in 1879. He was pastor following that of the North church, in Washington, D. C.; the First Baptist church, in Scranton, Pa.; Hathoro, near Philadelphia; Hollidaysburg, Titusville and Johnstown. From 1895 until 1898 he was president of Roger Williams University in Nashville, Tenn. The remains will be taken to Scranton for interment Wednesday.

Medical.

GENERAL DEBILITY. Day in and day out there is that feeling of weakness that makes a burden of itself. Food does not strengthen. Sleep does not refresh. It is hard to do, hard to bear, what should be easy—vitality is on the ebb, and the whole system suffers. For this condition take RHOOD'S SARSAPARILLA. It vitalizes the blood and gives vigor and tone to all the organs and functions. In usual liquid form or in choicest tablets known as Sarasatabs. 100 doses \$1.

Robbed Woman of \$51,790.

New York, Sept. 11.—Charged with robbing Mrs. Emily L. Heine, of Cincinnati, of \$51,790 by means of a fraudulent sale of costly rugs and paintings, two Austrians were arrested in this city on the eve of their intended sailing for Europe. The prisoners gave their names as Frank Kiss, a rug dealer, and Samuel Rosenfield, a commission broker. The arrests were made on warrants issued by a justice of the peace in Cincinnati on August 28. According to the complaint, \$48,000 of the money that the prisoners are alleged to have stolen from Mrs. Heine was on the false sale to her of Oriental rugs owned by the firm of Vangassbeck & Arkel, and of paintings owned by Knedler & Co., both of New York.

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