

THE GREAT PHAROAH.

Morehheb Did More For Egypt, Perhaps, Than Any Other.

Morehheb at the time of his accession was forty-five years of age, full of energy and vigor and passionately anxious to have a free hand in the carrying out of his schemes for the reorganization of the government. It was therefore with joy that in about the year 1350 B. C. he sailed up to Thebes in order to claim the crown.

Had he lived longer he might have been famous as a conqueror as well as an administrator for the vision that he had and the bones refuse their office. As it is, however, his name is written sufficiently large in the book of the world's great men, and when he died, about 1315 B. C., after a reign of some thirty-five years, he had done more for Egypt than had almost any other pharaoh. He found the country in the wildest disorder, and he left it the master of itself and ready to become once more the master of the empire which Akhnaton's doctrine of peace and good will had lost.

Under his direction the purged worship of the old gods, which for him meant only the maintenance of some-time proved customs, had gained the mastery over the chimerical worship of Aton. Without force or violence he substituted the practical for the visionary, and to Amon and order his grateful subjects were able to cry: "The sun of him who knew thee not has set, but he who knows thee shines; the sanctuary of him who assailed thee is overwhelmed in darkness, but the whole earth is now in light."—Arthur E. P. Wetgall in Century.

BELLS OF THE BASTILLE.

They Are Hung in a Little Rustic Building in Paris.

The bells of the Bastille are still in Paris in a little court in Avenue d'Eylau, where they are hung in a little rustic building. There is no doubt as to their authenticity. They carry in relief their story. "These three bells were made by Louis Cheron, founder of the court, for the royal Bastille in the year 1761." Fleurs-de-lis, crosses and sacred figures adorn the legend. The bells formerly were part of the clock installed by M. Sartine in 1764. In the archives de l'arsenal are all the documents relative to the work.

On July 14, 1789, the bells of the Bastille stopped the clock of the Bastille at a quarter past 5 in the evening. Falloy, who demolished the prison, three days later received the order to deliver the clock to the commander of the Paris militia, who transported it to no one knows whither. After the revolution the bells were found at the foundries of Rouilly-sur-Andelle, in Eure, where, under the reign of terror, the church bells were converted into money. The proprietor of the foundry was interested in these relics and did not melt them. He installed the three bells in his works with the movement of the clock. By this time the dial plate had disappeared and the figures which belonged to it. Some years ago the bells were transferred from the Rouilly foundry to Paris, and there they have since remained.—London Globe.

The French Academy. The French academy is one of the five academies and the most eminent constituting the Institute of France. It was founded in 1635 by Cardinal Richelieu and reorganized in 1816. It is composed of forty members, the new member elected by the remaining thirty-nine members for life after personal application and the submission of the nomination to the head of the state. It meets twice weekly and is "the highest authority on everything pertaining to the niceties of the French language—to grammar, rhetoric and poetry and the publication of the French classics." The chief officer is the secretary, who has a life tenure of his position. A chair in the academy is the highest ambition of most literary Frenchmen.

Why Men's Hats Have a Bow. A bow is always to be found on the left side of a man's hat. This is a survival of the old days when hats were costly articles. In order to provide against the hat being blown away in stormy weather a cord or ribbon was fastened around the crown, with ends hanging so that they could be fastened to part of the attire or could be grasped by the hand. The ends fell on the left side, of course, as the left hand is more often disengaged than the right. When not required it was usual for the ends to be tied in a bow. The bow became smaller and smaller, but it still remains and is likely to do so as long as men wear hats.

Preparing For a Siege. Wife—The last time I asked you to give me some money you said you couldn't because the cashier was sick. Now you say it's the treasurer. Husband—I know it. He caught it from the cashier, and now I'm afraid the secretary will get it.—Life.

A Queer Attack. "Some people can stand on the top of a high building and look down," said Mrs. Lapsing, "but I can't. It always gives me an attack of vertigris."—Chicago Tribune.

Cutting. Hubby (modestly)—I was taken by surprise when you accepted me. Wife (sarcastically)—Is that so? You were taken by mistake, if anything.—Kansas City Journal.

THE GUILTY PARTY.

By O. HENRY.

(Copyright, 1905, by S. S. McClure Co.)

A RED haired, unshaven, untidy man sat in a rocking chair by a window. He had just lighted a pipe and was puffing blue clouds with great satisfaction. He had removed his shoes and donned a pair of blue, faded carpet slippers. With the morbid thirst of the confirmed daily news drinker, he awkwardly folded back the pages of an evening paper, eagerly gulping down the strong, black headlines, to be followed as a chaser by the milder details of the smaller type.

In an adjoining room a woman was cooking supper. Odors from strong bacon and boiling coffee contended against the cut plug fumes from the vespertine pipe.

Outside was one of those crowded streets of the east side in which as twilight falls Satan sets up his recruiting office. A mighty host of children danced and ran and played in the street. Above the playground forever hovered a great bird. The bird was known to humorists as the stork. But the people of Chrystie street were better ornithologists. They called it a vulture.

A little girl of twelve came up timidly in the man reading and resting by the window and said: "Papa, won't you play a game of checkers with me if you aren't too tired?"

The red haired, unshaven, untidy man sitting shoeless by the window answered, with a frown: "Checkers! No; I won't. Can't a man who works hard all day have a little rest when he comes home? Why don't you go out and play with the other kids on the sidewalk?"

The woman who was cooking came to the door. "John," she said, "I don't like for Lizzie to play in the street. They learn too much there that ain't good for 'em. She's been in the house all day long. It seems that you might give up a little of your time to amuse her when you come home." "Let her go out and play like the rest of 'em if she wants to be amused," said the red haired, unshaven, untidy man, "and don't bother me."

"You're on," said Kid Mullaly. "Fifty dollars to \$25 I take Annie to the dance. Put up." The Kid's black eyes were snapping with the fire of the baited and challenged. He drew out his "roll" and slapped five tens upon the bar. The three or four young fellows who were thus "taken" more slowly produced their stakes.

"And, oh, what'll be done to you'll be a plenty," said a better, with anticipatory glee. "That's my lookout," said the Kid sternly. "Fill 'em up all around, Mike."

After the round Burke, the Kid's sponge, sponge holder, pal, mentor and grand vizier, drew him out to the boot-black stand at the saloon corner, where all the official and important matters of the Small Hours Social club were settled.

"Cut that blond out, Kid," was his advice, "or there'll be trouble. What do you want to throw down that girl of yours for? You'll never find one that'll freeze to you like Liz has. She's worth a hall full of Annies." "I'm no Annie admirer!" said the Kid, dropping a cigarette ash on his polished toe and wiping it off on Tony's shoulder. "But I want to teach Liz a lesson. She thinks I belong to her. She's been bragging that I daren't speak to another girl. Liz is all right—in some ways. She's drinking a little too much lately. And she uses language that a lady oughtn't."

"You're engaged, ain't you?" asked Burke. "Sure. We'll get married next year maybe."

"I saw you make her drink her first glass of beer," said Burke. "That was two years ago, when she used to come down to the corner of Chrystie bare-headed to meet you after supper. She was a quiet sort of a kid then and couldn't speak without blushing." "She's a little spitfire sometimes now," said the Kid. "I hate jealousy. That's why I'm going to the dance with Annie. I'll teach her some sense." "Well, you better look a little out," were Burke's last words. "If Liz was my girl and I was to sneak out to a dance coupled up with an Annie I'd want a suit of chain armor on under my gladsome rags, all right."

Through the land of the stork-vulture wandered Liz. Her black eyes searched the passing crowds ferily, but vaguely. Now and then she hummed bars of foolish little songs.

Liz's skirt was green silk. Her waist was a faded brown and pink plaid, well fitting and not without style. She wore a cluster of rings of huge imitation rubies and a locket that banged her knees at the bottom of a silver chain. Her shoes were run down over twisted high heels and were strangers to polish. Her hat would scarcely have passed into a flour barrel.

The "family entrance" of the Blue Jay cafe received her. "Whisky, Tommy," she said as her sisters farther uptown murmur, "Champagne, James."

"Sure, Miss Lizzie! What'll the chaser be?" "Seltzer. And, say, Tommy, has the Kid been around today?"

"Why, no, Miss Lizzie. I haven't saw him today."

"I'm lookin' for 'm," said Liz after

the chaser had sputtered under her nose. "It's got to me that he says he'll take Annie Karlson to the dance. Let him. The pink eyed white rat! I'm lookin' for 'm. You know me, Tommy. Two years me and the Kid've been engaged. Look at that ring. Five hundred he said it cost. Let him take her to the dance. What'll I do? I'll cut his heart out. Another whisky, Tommy."

"I wouldn't listen to no such reports. Miss Lizzie," said the waiter smoothly from the narrow opening above his chin. "Kid Mullaly's not the guy to throw a lady like you down. Seltzer on the side?"

"Two years," repeated Liz, softening a little to sentiment under the magic of the distiller's art. "I always used to play out on the street of evenin's 'cause there was nothin' doin' for me at home. For a long time I just sat on doorsteps and looked at the lights and the people goin' by. And then the Kid came along one evenin' and sized me up, and I was mashed on the spot for fair. The first drink he made me take I cried all night at home and got a liekin' for makin' a noise. And now—say, Tommy, you ever see this Annie Karlson? If it wasn't for peroxide the chloroform limit would have put her out long ago. Oh, I'm lookin' for 'm. You tell the Kid if he comes in. Me? I'll cut his heart out. Another whisky, Tommy."

A little unsteadily, but with watchful and brilliant eyes, Liz walked up the avenue toward the Small Hours Social club.

At 9 o'clock the president, Kid Mullaly, paced upon the floor with a lady on his arm. As the Lorelei's was her hair golden. Her "yes" was softened to a "yah," but its quality of assent was patent to the most Milesian ears. She stepped upon her own train and blushed, and—she smiled into the eyes of Kid Mullaly.

And then as the two stood in the middle of the waxed floor the thing happened to prevent which many lamps are burning nightly in many studies and libraries.

Out from the circle of spectators in the hall leaped Fate in a green silk skirt under the nom de guerre of Liz. Her eyes were hard and blacker than jet. She did not scream or waver. Most unwomanly she cried out one oath, the Kid's own favorite oath and in his own deep voice, and then while the Small Hours Social club went frantically to pieces she made good her boast to Tommy, the waiter—made good as far as the length of her knife-blade and the strength of her arm permitted.

Liz ran out and down the street swift and true as a woodcock flying through a grove of saplings at dusk.

And then followed the big city's biggest shame, handed down from a long ago century of the basest barbarity—the hue and cry. Nowhere but in the big cities does it survive, and here most of all, where the ultimate perfection of culture, citizenship and alleged superiority joins bawling in the chase.

They pursued, a shrieking mob of fathers, mothers, lovers and maidens, howling, yelling, calling, whistling, crying for blood.

Knowing her way and hungry for her succor, she darted down the familiar ways until at last her feet struck the dull solidity of the rotting pier. And then it was but a few more panting steps, and good mother East river took Liz to her bosom, soothed her muddled, but quickly, and settled in five minutes the problem that keeps lights burning of nights in thousand of pastoras and colleges.

It's mighty funny what kind of dreams one has sometimes. Poets call them visions, but a vision is only a dream in blank verse. I dreamed the rest of this story.

I thought I was in the next world and there was a great crowd of us outside the courtroom where the judgments were going on. And every now and then a very beautiful and imposing court officer angel would come outside the door and call another case in a loud voice.

While I was considering my own worldly sins and wondering whether there would be any use of my trying to prove an alibi by claiming that I lived in New Jersey the balliff angel came to the door and sang out, "Case No. 99,852,743!"

Up stepped a plain clothes man—there were lots of 'em there, dressed exactly like preachers and hustling us spirits around just as cops do on earth—and by the arm he dragged—whom do you think? Why, Liz!

The court officer took her inside and closed the door. I went up to Mr. Fly Cop and inquired about the case.

"A very sad one," says he, laying the points of his manicured fingers together—"an utterly incorrigible girl. I am special terrestrial officer, the Rev. Jones. The case was assigned to me. The girl murdered her fiance and committed suicide. She had no defense. My report to the court relates the facts in detail, all of which are substantiated by reliable witnesses. The wages of sin is death. Praise the Lord!"

The court officer opened the door and stepped out. "Poor girl!" said Special Terrestrial Officer the Rev. Jones, with a tear in his eye. "It was one of the saddest cases that I ever met with. Of course she was—"

"Discharged," said the court officer. "Come here, Jonesy. First thing you know you'll be switched to the people squad. How would you like to be on the missionary force in the south sea islands—hey? Now, you quit making these false arrests or you'll be transferred—see! The guilty party you've got to look for in this case is a red haired, unshaven, untidy man, sitting by the window reading in his stocking feet while his children play in the streets. Get a move on you!"

Now, wasn't that a silly dream?

Nature's Object Lesson.

In almost every community will be found some one woman who is a splendid example of perfect health. She knows nothing of diseases which afflict most women. Motherhood to her is pure joy with scarce a pang to mar it. She can enjoy life to the full, eat heartily, sleep soundly and throw her whole energy into work or play as it may happen. That woman is Nature's object lesson. She has no privilege above any other member of her sex. No rights that do not belong to thousands of cases in which women have been lifted from misery to the high level of robust health by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. The possibilities of perfect health inhere in every woman. In development is obstructed by local diseases. "Favorite Prescription" removes the obstruction and makes weak women strong and sick women well.

Do you know we have the old style sugar syrups, pure goods at 40 cents and 50 cents per gallon, Sechler & Co.

Castoria.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

Castoria.

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of

CHAS. H. FLETCHER and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-goods" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

WHAT IS CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrup. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

CHAS. H. FLETCHER.

THE KIND YOU HAVE ALWAYS BOUGHT

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY 77 MURRAY STREET NEW YORK CITY. 54-22-131

Insurance.

D. W. WOODRING.

GENERAL FIRE INSURANCE.

Represents only the strongest and most prompt paying companies. Gives reliable insurance at the very lowest rates and pays promptly when losses occur. Office at 111 East Howard street, Bellefonte, Pa. 62-34

LOOK! READ

JOHN F. GRAY & SON, (Successors to Grant Hoover.)

FIRE,

LIFE,

AND

ACCIDENT

INSURANCE.

This Agency represents the largest Fire Insurance Companies in the World. —NO ASSESSMENTS.— Do not fail to give us a call before insuring your Life or Property as we are in position to write large lines at any time. Office in Crider's Stone Building, 43-18-17 BELLEFONTE, PA.

THE PREFERRED ACCIDENT

INSURANCE CO.

THE \$5,000 TRAVEL POLICY

Benefits: \$5,000 death by accident, 5,000 loss of both feet, 5,000 loss of both hands, 5,000 loss of one hand and one foot, 2,500 loss of either hand, 2,500 loss of either foot, 600 loss of one eye, 25 per week, total disability (limit 52 weeks.) 10 per week, partial disability (limit 26 weeks.) PREMIUM \$12 PER YEAR, payable quarterly if desired.

Larger or smaller amounts in proportion. Any person, male or female, engaged in a preferred occupation, including house-keeping, over eighteen years of age of good moral and physical condition may insure under this policy.

FIRE INSURANCE

I invite your attention to my fire Insurance Agency, the strongest and Most Extensive Line of Solid Companies represented by any agency in Central Pennsylvania.

H. E. FENLON,

50-21 Agent, Bellefonte, Pa.

Do you know where you can get a fine fat mess mackerel, boue out, Sechler & Co.

The Irish hare found both in Ireland and Scotland has two coats a year of different colors. In the summer it is brown with black tipped ears, while its winter coat is white with the exception of the ear tips, which do not change color.

Do you know that you can get the finest oranges, bananas and grape fruit, and pine apples, Sechler & Co.

The cross mark, still used occasionally instead of a signature, did not originate in ignorance. It was always appended to signatures in medieval times as an attestation of good faith.

Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

Medical.

BLOCKADED

EVERY HOUSEHOLD IN BELLEFONTE SHOULD KNOW HOW TO RESIST IT.

The back aches because the kidneys are blocked. Help the kidneys with their work. The back will ache no more. Lots of proof that Doan's Kidney Pills do this. It's the best proof, for it comes from Bellefonte. Wm. McClellan, 244 E. Lamb St., Bellefonte, Pa., says: "I can recommend Doan's Kidney Pills as a very reliable kidney remedy. I suffered for a long time from a lame back and pains across my loins. My back was so stiff and lame in the morning that I was hardly able to get out of bed and I was also bothered by my kidneys, the secretions being irregular in passage. I heard so much about Doan's Kidney Pills that I concluded to give them a trial and procured a box at Green's Pharmacy. They cured me and I have not had any pains in my loins or kidneys since. I feel so much better in every way that I do not hesitate to recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to other kidney sufferers."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Fine Job Printing.

FINE JOB PRINTING

—A SPECIALTY—

AT THE WATCHMAN OFFICE.

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

—BOOK-WORK—

that we can do in the most satisfactory manner, and at Prices consistent with the class of work. Call on or communicate with this office.

Hair Dresser.

FOR THE LADIES.—Miss Jennie Morgan in her rooms on Spring St., is ready to meet any and all patients wishing treatments by electricity, treatments of the scalp, facial massage or neck and shoulder massage. She has also for sale a large collection of real and imitation shell and jet combs and ornaments, small jewelry, belts and belt buckles, hair goods, and many novelties for the Christmas shopper, and will be able to supply you with all kinds of toilet articles, including creams, powders, toilet water, extracts and all of Hudnut's preparations. 50-16

Flour and Feed.

CURTIS Y. WAGNER,

BROCKERT MILL, BELLEFONTE, PA.

Manufacturer and wholesaler and retailer of

ROLLEE FLOUR, FEED, CORN MEAL, Etc. Also Dealer in Grain.

Manufactures and has on hand at all times the following brands of high grade flour

WHITE STAR, OUR BEST, HIGH GRADE, VICTORY PATENT, FANCY PATENT—formerly Phoenix Mills high grade brand.

The only place in the county where SPRAY, an extraordinary fine grade of Spring wheat Patent Flour can be obtained.

ALSO:

INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD. FEED OF ALL KINDS. Wholesale or Manufacturer.

All kinds of Grain bought at office. Exchange Flour for Wheat.

OFFICE AND STORE, Bishop Street, Bellefonte. MILL ROOFSBURG, 47-19

SOFT DRINKS

The subscriber having put in a complete plant is prepared to furnish Soft Drinks in bottle such as SELTZER SYRONS, SODASAPARILLA, SODAS, POPS, ETC.

for people, families and the public generally all of which are manufactured out of the purest syrups and properly carbonated.

The public is cordially invited to test these drinks. Deliveries will be made free of charge within the limits of the town.

C. MOERSCHBACHER, 50-32-17 High Street BELLEFONTE, PA.

PILES A... guaranteed if you use RUDY'S PILE SUPPOSITORY D. Matt. Thompson, Supt. Graded School, Statesville, N. C., writes: "I can say they do all you claim for them." Dr. S. M. Devore, Evers Rock, W. Va., writes: "They give universal satisfaction." Dr. H. D. McGill, Clarksville, Tenn., writes: "In a practice of 23 years I have found no remedy to equal yours." Price, 50 cents. Samples Free. Sold by Druggists, and in Bellefonte by G. M. Parrish. Call for Free Sample. 52-25-17 MARTIN RUDY, Lancaster, Pa.