

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

"Talk about yer huntin' trips," said ole Jimmy Chambers. "Why, there ain't no huntin' nowadays; no, not none 'tall—leastwise none worth mentionin'."

"It was different when I wuz a young feller. Them wuz huntin' days! When ye went out to hunt ye got sumthin', I tell ye. An' most always ye got a dum sight more 'n ye expected."

"I remember onct down in ole Pennsylvania when I had a hunt as wuz a hunt. I had er ole muzzle loader rife that could shoot some, I tell ye. An' I wuz no slouch at shootin' in them days myself. I could shoot about as well as ther next feller. Well, I went down to ther river lookin' fer er deer. I seen one standin' right in front of er big tree. I pulled up ther ole muzzle loader an' let her go. Jest as I fired a big fish jumped out of ther water, an' my shot went plumb through him. I seen by ther way he fell 'd plugged er hole in him. The deer jest dropped where he stood—never stirred, jest fell stone dead."

"I rushed out into ther river an' grabbed my fish 'fore it could float away. With ther fish under my arm I started fer ther deer. An' what d'ye suppose? S' help me, jest back of where that deer stood ther bullet had knocked er hole in that tree as big as yer fist, an' out of that hole er regular stream of honey wuz flowin'! That good honey wuz goin' to waste dum fast, an' I hadn't nary er thing to stop it. Jest then er rabbit jumped out of er hole I hadn't noticed, an' I grabbed him by ther hind legs jest as he wuz leapin'. I wuz goin' to stuff him in ther hole when er flock of quail flew up on ther other side of ther tree. They wuz goin' straightaway, an' ther wuz more 'n 10,000 of 'em. Ther ole muzzle loader wuzn't loaded, an' I wanted some of 'em bad, so I jest let go that ole rabbit, right in ther middle of 'em, an' ther way he kicked an' clawed as he wuz goin' through ther air wuz a caution. He landed right on top of ther whole bunch, an' when I got over ther seventeen of 'em wuz dead on ther ground—yes, sir, jest seventeen of 'em! An' ther shock had killed ther rabbit too. He wuz all smashed up. I stuck his head in ther hole to stop ther honey 'til I could go home fer sum barrels."

"I hitched up ther ole gray mare to ther sled an' went back. I chopped that there ole tree down, an' ther wuz honey enough to fill all my barrels. Well, I slung ther deer an' ther fish an' ther rabbit an' ther quail on ther sled an' started home. It wuz some load fer ther ole mare, an' I walked at her head, kinder coaxin' her along. I wuzn't payin' any attention to ther load, an', by gum, when we got up to ther house ther wuz that there load way back in ther middle of ther river. Of course I knowed what wuz ther matter. That ole groundhog harness had got wet an' jest stretched. I wuz kind of hungry, so I jest throwed ther harness over a stump an' went into dinner. When I cum up agin ther sun had dried ther harness an' ther load wuz jest pullin' up to ther stump. That wuz some hunt. Yer don't get nothin' like that nowadays, I tell ye. Them wuz good old days!"

"An', speakin' of ther ole gray mare, she was ther willin'est mare that ever wuz. She'd pull anything yer hitched her to. I tried her, an' she pulled ev'rything. One day I sez to myself, 'By gum, I'll give yer ole lead yer can't pull,' an' I hitched her to er stone boat loaded with all ther bowlders in ther county. She got right down an' pulled an' pulled an' pulled, but ther load didn't budge. I heard er little crack, but for er minute I didn't suspicion anything, an' before I noticed that ther skin on her face had cracked it wuz too late. I yelled at her to stop, but she wuz so dum mad she kept right on pullin', an' she help me, before I could stop her she'd pulled herself clean out of her skin! I didn't want to lose that there mare, an' I got busy an' did er little skin graftin' fer myself. I had some fresh sheep pelts, an' I sewed them on as fast as I could sew. Well, sir, them pelts took root fine. They grewed on that there ole mare jest like they'd always been there, an' ther next season I sheared jest 375 pounds of wool off'n her. She wuz er good ole mare. I tell ye, an' every year I got 375 pounds of wool so long as she lived. Yes, sir; it was always jest 375 pounds. Yer don't have no such horses nowadays, I tell ye."—Outer's Book.

**The Pimpernel.** The common pimpernel, "poor man's weather glass," has the disadvantage of being a native plant and has been almost completely expelled from our flower gardens in favor of exotics which are rarer, but lack much of being as pretty. The pimpernel is a charming little flower which opens about 8 in the morning and closes late in the afternoon, but has the remarkable peculiarity of indicating a coming shower by shutting up its petals.

**A Deadly insult.** "Do you like my new hat?" asked Mrs. Brooke. "Yes, indeed," replied Mrs. Lynn. "I had one just like it when they were in style."—Lippincott's Magazine.

**A Relief.** "Johnny," said the boy's mother, "I hope you have been a nice, quiet boy at school this afternoon." "That's what I was," answered Johnny. "I went to sleep right after dinner, and the teacher said she'd whip any boy in the room who waked me up."—Boston Post.

Ruse by Which He Escaped Arrest and Had His Debts Paid.

Many amusing stories are told of Joe Haines, a comedian of the time of Charles II., sometimes called "Count" Haines. It is said that he was arrested one morning by two bailiffs for a debt of £20, when he saw a bishop to whom he was related passing along in his coach. With ready resource he immediately saw a loophole for escape, and, turning to the men, he said, "Let me speak to his lordship, to whom I am well known, and he will pay the debt and your charges into the bargain."

The bailiffs thought they might venture this, as they were within two or three yards of the coach, and acceded to the request. Joe boldly advanced and took off his hat to the bishop. His lordship ordered the coach to stop, when Joe whispered to the divine that the two men were suffering from such scruples of conscience that he feared they would hang themselves, suggesting that his lordship should invite them to his house and promise to satisfy them. The bishop agreed, and, calling to the bailiffs, he said, "You two men come to me tomorrow morning, and I will satisfy you."

The men bowed and went away pleased, and early the next day waited on his lordship, who, when they were ushered in, said, "Well, my men, what are these scruples of conscience?"

"Scruples?" replied one of them. "We have no scruples! We are bailiffs, my lord, who yesterday arrested your cousin, Joe Haines, for a debt of £20, and your lordship kindly promised to satisfy us."

The trick was strange, but the result was stranger, for his lordship, either appreciating its cleverness or considering himself bound by the promise he had unintentionally given, there and then settled with the men in full.

His Decision in a Case of a Woman With Two Husbands.

There was a Chinese judge named Wang, who was as wise as Solomon. Before Wang two men and a woman appeared. The older man was the woman's first husband. He had gone to the wars and been reported dead. Now he returned alive to claim his wife. But she meanwhile had married the younger man, who refused to give her up; hence all three came before Wang that he might decide this truly difficult case.

"Yang Ki," said the judge to the woman, "which of these two men made the better husband?"

"Both were perfect husbands, my lord judge," Yang Ki modestly replied. So the judge told the men that he would keep the woman by him for a week, examining her thoroughly, and a week hence he would decide the case. Well, the week passed, and the two husbands came once more before the judge. He shook his head gravely and said to them:

"The woman, Yang Ki, has died. There is no case. Let her original husband take the body away from my house and pay for the burial."

"Ho, not I!" said the original husband. And, so saying, he darted from the court and was soon lost to view.

"You, then," said the judge to the other man, "must stand these burial expenses." The man answered, "that is just, and I will give this woman, who was good and kind, the finest burial my purse will allow."

The judge clapped his hands. Yang Ki, blushing and smiling, entered the courtroom in a rich dress of gold brocade.

"Take her," said the wise judge, "for you and not the other merit her love and service."

How the Rash Comes.

In measles a rash appears on the fourth day of the fever. It is first seen on the forehead, face and neck, afterward over the whole body. It consists of raised red spots. In scarlet fever the rash appears on the second day of the fever, commencing on the upper part of the chest and neck, whence it spreads over the body. In smallpox an eruption is seen on the third or fourth day on the face, neck and wrists. In chicken pox the eruption is made of small blebs. In typhoid fever the rash rarely shows itself before the seventh day of the fever. The spots are rose colored, and they disappear on pressure.

Diplomatic Politeness.

There are two kinds of politeness, politeness to yourself and politeness to others. When you come home late at night, for example, even if you are very tired, always remove your hat and coat before getting into bed. It is little attentions like this that constitute you a gentleman. At the same time, do not disturb your wife if you can possibly avoid it. It is the height of rudeness to awaken a sleeping lady.—Thomas L. Masson in Lippincott's.

Waited Twenty Years For a Solution.

A bit of pure and harmless mischief at recitation at Yale was the device of a member of the class of '72, who introduced at recitation a turtle covered by a newspaper pasted on the shell. The tutor had too much pride to come down from his perch and solve the mystery of the newspaper movement, but twenty years after, meeting a member of the class, his first and abrupt question was, "Mr. W., what made that paper move?"

The Change.

"You didn't use to object to your husband playing poker." "No, but that was before I learned to play bridge. It is a lovely game, but I cannot afford to play it unless he stops playing poker."—Houston Post.

After the Honeymoon.

"Pa, what's the difference between idealism and realism?" "Idealism, my son, is the contemplation of marriage; realism is being married."—Boston Transcript.

Greatly Overestimated.

Hewitt—Half the world doesn't know how the other half lives. Jewitt—I think you overestimate the number of people who mind their own business.—Brooklyn Life.

Do not think that years leave us and find us the same.—Meredith.

While riding on an electric car, during his first visit to the city, a farmer passed the yard of a monument company, where gravestones and monuments were displayed. Turning to his host, he remarked in an awe-stricken voice: "They dew bury 'em close in the city, don't they?"

"What's your position in this polar controversy?" "My position is that I ain't a-going to buy either book."

Do not delay trimming the grapevines too long. They will "bleed" and suffer if trimmed in the spring.

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Knew Where He Was.

"When I was studying in Boston," said a musician, "they used to tell a tale about a man named Harper, an old old character, who played a trombone in one of the small theaters there. One time they were rehearsing a new overture. Throughout the piece Harper was a little behind the rest of the men. Before they started it a second time the leader reproved Harper for not coming in more regularly with the other players. When they attempted it again Harper came in, as usual, two or three beats behind time. The leader stopped and, after letting loose a lot of profanity, demanded to know if the trombonist knew he was playing about half a dozen notes behind the others."

"Harper nodded. 'That's all right,' said he. 'I can catch up with the others any time I want to.'"—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Nature of the Goods.

"I suppose a manure establishment cannot possibly run out of stock." "Why not?" "Because it is a business in which the goods are always on hand."—Baltimore American.

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