

Bellefonte, Pa., March 4, 1910.

FARM NOTES.

Keep the pens level and dry. Then wrap the lamb in hot flannel and rub it dry. A small quantity of oil-meal is a valued addition to the grain ration at this time. If a ewe loses her lamb, she can be taught to mother a twin by confining her in a narrow stall. Keep the boys from fooling with any of the farm animals. Joking with calves or colts will surely bring jokes that make us laugh out of the other corner of our mouths. Neighbors may save a nice bit of money by putting their orders together and buying a large quantity of grass seed or other farm necessities. Nice to think that farmers have confidence in each other to do that. Don't wait till the last minute to polish up that rusty old plow, or to get new bolts, or to grind the mowing machine knives. Preparatory licks in time blaze the way to final success. Delay is a dragging anchor, when your wife asks you for a little spending money, don't draw a wry face as though she had trampled upon your corn. Just shell out with a smile, remembering all the while that the half of what you have is hers by right. Most folks throw away their felt boots when holes come in the feet. Just cut the felt off and draw the legs on above your shoes when you have a cold job to do. Those boots have not outlived their usefulness when the felt give way. Try it and see. Pruning raspberries and blackberries: Cut out all canes that fruited last season (should have been done last fall); also all winter-killed canes. Shorten remaining canes to three or four feet, and cut off at least a third of the long side shoots. Rake up and burn all brush. Standing in the barn will spoil a horse sooner than good steady work. When you see his legs begin to stock up, hurry and get him to work at something, if it is nothing more than exercising in the yard every day. Keep that up till you have some real business to do. Don't think the old orchard is past hope. If too thick, thin out the trees. Clean out all bad limbs. Spray and cultivate. Feed plenty of stable manure and, my word for it, in nine cases out of ten, the old orchard will pay for itself ten times over. Take care of it, be good to it; it pays. How natural it is when one man makes a pretty good thing of any one crop, for everybody to rush in and try to do just as he has done. The best way, though, is to take it steady. If you do venture into a strange crop, do it conservatively. The middle course is always best in all such things. Albert Repp, New Jersey, speaking about apples, says: Taking the total population of the United States and dividing it by the number of apples produced, it leaves but twenty-four apples for each person from now till July 1st. It is wrong, when we can grow such good apples, not to grow more; 80,000,000 barrels would be but one barrel each, yet we now have but 4,000,000 barrels on hand in this entire country. Formula for making the Bordeaux mixture: Four pounds of sulphate of copper, four pounds of quicklime, fifty gallons of water. First, dissolve the copper sulphate. The easiest, quickest way to do this is to put the copper sulphate in a cheese-cloth bag and suspend the bag in a barrel partly filled with water. Next, slake the lime in another receptacle, and strain the milk of lime thus obtained into the copper sulphate solution. Lastly, add sufficient water to make fifty gallons. The farmer should hustle around in early Spring, order new tools and fix up old ones. In many localities the blacksmith is overburdened in repairing farming tools just at the time when the tools are needed for Spring work. Not having implements ready for work at the first opportunity means a loss of several days in getting in a crop. Let us be on hand with the season. If we have been hibernating during the winter like the frog, we had better wake up and stir around some now. May I presume to give a hint as to how to boil an egg? I know it seems out of place for a mere man to offer such advice, but really to cook an egg, have some boiling water in a saucepan, put in the egg, cover it, and let it stand on the stove for five minutes. Then if you examine it you will find the white creamy, but not hard, and the yoke as well cooked as the white. Most things cook better slowly than fast, and it is a great mistake to think that an enormous fire and very fast boiling water are necessary to cook a dinner. It is said that there is no fruit tree that gives the careful, observing pruner more satisfaction than does the peach. No fruit tree will suffer more from neglect, or respond more quickly to careful treatment. The object should be to cut out enough wood to force good, strong growth each year; to remove superfluous fruiting wood and to give the tree the desired shape. The mature peach tree should make an annual growth of at least 18 inches. With such new growth much of the new wood will have to be removed entirely, while that remaining may be cut back to remove a part of the fruit buds if carries. To keep sausage and spare rib fresh till summer: Fry and pack in jars, then pour over all melted lard. Be sure to use pure lard and not the grease in which the sausage or meat has been fried, for such grease will contain some water which will cause the meat to become strong as soon as warm weather comes. The lard used will be good for cooking purposes, for being poured over after sausage is fried it will have none or very little of the flavor from it. After trying several ways this has proved the only satisfactory one of keeping either sausage or spare rib through the warm weather of summer. From March Farm Journal.

A Grim Ghost Story That Comes From the Netherlands. The following remarkable ghost story is told of two brothers, members of a distinguished family in Friesland, a province of the Netherlands: The young men were officers in the same regiment, and their only fault—a certain rash valor, so different from the quiet prudence so characteristic of their nation—made their comrades almost idolize them. These young officers were exceedingly anxious to see a ghost and took a great deal of pains to plunge into all sorts of gloomy places in the hope of finding them tenanted by beings from the other world. At last they seemed to find the orthodox old castle with its haunted room. Everybody bore witness to the horrible sights and sounds nightly to be seen and heard therein, and these young gentlemen determined to pass the night there. It was Christmas eve, and they provided themselves with a good supper and a bottle of wine each, a fire, lights and loaded pistols. The hours wore on. No ghost was seen; no ghostly sounds were heard. The younger brother, wrapped closely in his warm cloak, laid his head on the table and deliberately resigned himself to a comfortable sleep. The elder brother, though exceedingly weary, determined to remain awake and await the issue of events. After awhile a noise roused him from a reverie into which he had fallen. He raised his eyes and beheld the wall opening in front of his seat. Through the opening glided a tall figure in white, who signed to him to follow. The rose and followed the figure through long, damp, dark passages till they reached a large, brilliantly lighted room where a ball was going on. Above the strains of music and the din of voices pierced a strange, sharp, clicking sound, like the notes of castanets. Bewildered and dazzled by this sudden transition from darkness and silence to this gay festive scene, it was some moments before he could collect his senses, but he was shocked by perceiving that these gayly dressed ladies and their richly uniformed cavaliers were skeletons, and the curious sound that impressed him so strangely was the clicking of fleshless jaws! The figure at his side ordered him to take a partner from this hideous throng, which he refused to do. Irritated at this refusal, the figure raised his arm to strike, but the officer instantly leveled at him the pistol he had continued to grasp and discharged it full in his face. With the shock and report he started to his feet. The white figure, the ball-room, the fearful, ghastly dancers, all had vanished, and he was in the room where he had supped, but his brother lay dying at his side. He had shot him in his dream and awakened only to receive his last utterance. From that awful Christmas night he was an altered man. All the gayety had gone out of his life, all the sunshine had faded from his days, and after a few years of unavailing anguish of remorse he found himself unable to bear the burden of his regrets and put an end to his life. To Gauge His Wife's Temper. "I heard about a peculiar case of henpecked husband recently," said a young woman the other day. "What was it?" her friend inquired. "There is a man who has some difficulty in gauging his wife's temper. At times she is considerate of his welfare, and at other times—well, he rather thinks that married life is a failure. "He has a peculiar manner of finding out the state of his wife's feeling toward him. In the evening when he returns home from work he never steps into the house without going through a sort of ceremony. First he throws his hat in the house, and then he seats himself on the steps and waits. If five minutes pass without the hat being thrown out again he enters and generally finds his wife very agreeable. However, if the hat is thrown out again the unfortunate man seeks hospitality for the night somewhere else rather than brave the anger of his helpmeet." London's Police Press. An article in the Illustrated English Magazine gives an account of the printing department of Scotland Yard and the astonishing amount of work it turns out. Four times a day a broadside is issued to all the police officers. At 9 in the morning the first is sent out, giving an inventory of all property lost. At noon is issued a list of all persons missing, and this often occupies several pages. At half past 6 the broadside contains both subjects, and also at half past 10. A habitual criminal register is distributed and every few days an account of persons released on tickets of leave. A sheet of missing articles is sent to every pawnbroker, and as many as 4,000 copies of this document are needed. This is only a small part of the work done by the Scotland Yard press. When You Can't Sleep. There is an odd theory, which many people believe and which is certainly harmless, that sleeplessness may often be cured in the following odd way: Move your bed out into the room so that no part of bed or covers will touch the wall. Then place under each corner of the bed a piece of rubber or a rubber overshoe or set the custer in a thick glass dish. Then go to bed, making sure the covers do not touch the wall. Thus the bed and yourself will be cut off from all electric contact with floor or wall. Such absence of electric contact, it is claimed, will make you sleep better. It is said to have cured stubborn cases of insomnia. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

The Dialogue That Took Place After the Dance Ended. A well known and popular Los Angeles physician upon the occasion of a recent visit to a professional friend at Fresno (the physician in charge of the state institution for the deaf and dumb) was invited to attend one of the periodical "hops" given the inmates. All the unfortunates and a goodly sprinkling of guests were present. Before the function had progressed very far the Fresno physician approached his Los Angeles medical friend with, "Get busy, doctor!" The doctor got busy. Although tipping the scales at 210, he is an easy and graceful dancer and much enjoys the exercise. Approaching a young lady of singular sweetness and beauty, he indicated his desire to dance with her. She proved to be as witching with her feet as with her eyes, and our Los Angeles friend, in contempt of all convention, danced two or three numbers with her. At the close of the last one a gentleman approached his charming partner and asked for the next dance. "I should be delighted to favor you, my friend," said she in a voice no less sweet than her face, "but I've promised to dance the next number with this dummy here!" Each had taken the other for an inmate!—Los Angeles Times. ANCIEN LONDON. When Danger and Lanterns Were Abroad After Dark. Less than 200 years ago the watchmen of London town, carrying horn lanterns and halberds, dressed in long coats and knee breeches, walked up and down the cobbled streets of the world's largest city chanting the following verse: A light there, maids! Hang out your light And see your horns be clear and bright, That so your candle clear may shine, Continuing from six to nine. That honest men that walk along May see to pass safe without wrong. It is beyond our comprehension and imagination in these days of flaming arc lamps and brilliantly lighted streets to picture the streets of London in the lawless age when only a candle with a cotton wick was hung out here and there on dark nights. It was an age of lanterns, of flambeaux and halberds, when every one made his will and prepared for death when he ventured out at night. It is so written that it was a common practice in that city for a company of a hundred or more to make nightly intrusions upon houses of the wealthy to kill and rob, and it is recorded "that when night was come no man durst venture to walk in the streets."—Springfield Union. A Rattlesnake Story. In "Life and Sport on the Pacific Coast" Horace A. Vachell relates one of his narrow escapes from a friend's bullet. "My cousin and I had been camping and hunting for several days in a sort of paradise valley. One day during a long ride on horseback we had seen a great many rattlesnakes and killed a few, an exceptional experience. That night my cousin woke up and saw by the light of the moon a big rattler crawling across my chest. He lay for a moment fascinated and, horror struck, watching the sinuous curves of the reptile. Then he quietly reached for his six shooter, but he could not see the reptile's head, and he moved nearer, noiselessly, yet quickly, dreading some movement on my part that should precipitate the very thing he dreaded, and then he saw that it was not a snake at all—only the black and yellow stripe of my blanket, which gently rose and fell as I breathed. Had he fired—well, it might have been bad for me, for he confessed that his hand shook." Medical. The proof that Bellefonte readers cannot deny. What could furnish stronger evidence of the efficiency of any remedy than the test of time? Thousands of people testify that Doan's Kidney Pills cure permanently. Home endorsement should prove undoubtedly the merit of this remedy. Years ago your friends and neighbors testified to the relief they had derived from the use of Doan's Kidney Pills. They now confirm their testimonials. They say time has completed the test. Mrs. John Fisher, 51 South Water street, Bellefonte, Pa., says: "I can recommend Doan's Kidney Pills just as highly today as I did three years ago when I gave a public statement in their favor. A member of my family procured Doan's Kidney Pills from Green's Pharmacy Co. and received prompt and permanent relief through their use from an attack of kidney complaint. I have also taken Doan's Kidney Pills for backache and pains through my kidneys and they have always had the same effect. You are welcome to publish this statement." 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. 55-7 This is Certain.

The Fishing Otter. The otter used by Scottish poachers is one of the most deadly fishing instruments known. In some waters it is far more effective than a net. It may be described as a water kite, which serves to take out over the water a line bearing fifty or more flies. The otter itself is a floating piece of board leading along one side to keep it upright. The poacher walks along the side of the loch or river, letting out the fly decorated line as he goes, the otter board gradually working out toward the net. An enormous area of water is fished at one time and numbers of fish are killed. A Drop of Water. A gallon of distilled water weighs 8.350 pounds, and there being four quarts to the gallon, and two pints to the quart, and sixteen fluid ounces to the pint, and two tablespoons to the fluid ounce, and four teaspoonfuls to the tablespoon, and forty-five drops to the teaspoon, a drop of water weighs 0.00018057 pound, slightly more. His Mistake. Irrate Customer—Señor! That student lamp you sold me a week ago is no good. It won't work. Dealer—Beg pardon, sir. I ought to have told you it was a college student lamp.—Puck. Castoria. The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision for over 30 years. Allow no one to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, imitations and "just-as-good" are but experiments, and endanger the health of Children—Experience against Experiment.

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it Bears the Signature of The Kind You Have Always Bought. Flour and Feed. CURTIS Y. WAGNER, BROCKERTHOFF MILLS, BELLEFONTE, PA. Manufacturer, Wholesaler and Retailer of Roller Flour Feed Corn Meal and 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 The only place in the county where that extraordinary fine grade of spring wheat Patent Flour can be secured. Also International Stock Food and feed of all kinds. All kinds of Grain bought at the office. Flour exchanged for wheat. OFFICE AND STORE—BISHOP STREET, BELLEFONTE, PA. 47-19 MILL AT ROOPSBURG. Money to Loan. MONEY TO LOAN on good security on houses to rent. J. M. KEICHLINE, Attorney-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. 31-14-y. Fine Job Printing. FINE JOB PRINTING AT THE WATCHMAN OFFICE. There is no style of work, from the cheapest "Dodger" to the finest BOOK WORK, that we can not do in the most satisfactory manner, and at Prices consistent with the class of work. Call on or communicate with this office. Saddlery. James Schofield's HARNESS MANUFACTORY, Established May, 1871. Manufacturer of and Dealer in all kinds of LIGHT AND HEAVY HARNESS and a complete line of Horse Goods. 39 years continued success is a guarantee that the goods and prices are right. JAMES SCHOFIELD, Spring Street 34-27 BELLEFONTE, PA. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

And They Didn't Exercise. William M. Everts, who lived until he was nearly ninety, said he kept his health by never taking exercise. The celebrated Dr. William George Mead, who lived to the surprising age of 148 years, spent nearly all of his time in the open air and played a little golf. Dr. Mead used to drink two or three quarts of water every day, and perhaps there is a suggestion in that. Old Dubois, who lived in Canada for the better part of 119 years on the north shore of Lake Erie, never worked and never took exercise. He spent seventy-five years of his life fishing with hook and line and ate nothing but baked apples and milk and brown bread and unsalted butter. Perhaps you can live that long if you do nothing but fish and eat what old Dubois did. But take notice that these long lived never exercised.—New York Telegraph. —You can't toughen a horse to the spring work in a day. Start in easy. Think how it is with your own shoulders.

Attorneys-at-Law. J. C. MEYER—Attorney-at-Law, Rooms 20 & 21, Crider's Exchange, Bellefonte, Pa. 43-4. SKLINE WOODRING—Attorney-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Practices in all courts, Office Room 18 Crider's Exchange. 51-1-1y. N. B. SPANGLER—Attorney-at-Law, Practices in all the Courts. Consultation in English or German. Office in Crider's Exchange, Bellefonte, Pa. 49-22. H. S. TAYLOR—Attorney and Counselor at Law, Office, German House block, Bellefonte, Pa. All kinds of legal business attended to promptly. Consultation in English or German. 40-49. J. H. WETZEL—Attorney and Counselor at Law, Office No. 11, Crider's Exchange, second floor. All kinds of legal business attended to promptly. Consultation in English or German. 39-4. G. ETTIG, BOWER & ZERBY—Attorneys-at-Law, Eagle Block, Bellefonte, Pa. Successors to Orvis, Bower & Orvis. Practices in all the courts. Consultation in English or German. 50-7. J. M. KEICHLINE—Attorney-at-Law, Practices in all the courts. Consultation in English and German. Office south of court house. All professional business will receive prompt attention. 48-51-7y. Physicians. W. S. GLENN, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, State College, Centre county, Pa. Office at his residence. 44-11. Dentists. Dr. J. E. WARD, D. D. S., office next door to J. M. C. A. room, High street, Bellefonte, Pa. Gas administered for painless extracting teeth. Superior Crown and Bridge work. Prices reasonable. 58-52. Dr. R. H. W. TATE, Surgeon Dentist, Office in the Bush Arcade, Bellefonte, Pa. All modern electric appliances used. Has had years of experience. All work of Superior quality and prices reasonable. 48-81y. Veterinary. Dr. R. S. M. NISSLEY, VETERINARY SURGEON, Office Palace Livestock Stable, Bellefonte, Pa. 3-20-1y* Graduate University of Pennsylvania. Business Cards. UPHOLSTERING.—Have your Sofas, Chairs, Mattresses or anything in that line repaired? If you have, call me on Commercial phone. He will come to see you about it. 44-21-1y* H. M. BIDWELL. Restaurant. RESTAURANT. Bellefonte now has a First-Class Restaurant where Meats are Served at All Hours Steaks, Chops, Roasts, Oysters on the half shell or in any style desired, Sandwiches, Soups, and anything eatable, can be had in a few minutes any time. In addition I have a complete plant, prepared to furnish Soft Drinks in bottles such as SODAS. SALSAPARILLA. SULTZER SYPHONS, ETC., for picnics, families and the public generally all of which are manufactured out of the purest syrups and properly carbonated. C. MOERSCHBACHER, Bellefonte, Pa. 50-32-1y. High St. Meat Market. Get the Best Meats. You save nothing by buying poor, thin or gristly meats. I use only the LARGEST AND FATTEST CATTLE and supply my customers with the freshest, choicest, best blood and muscle making Steaks and Roasts. My prices are no higher than poorer meats are elsewhere. I always have DRESSED POULTRY Game in season, and any kinds of good meats you want. TRY MY SHOP. P. L. BEEZER, High Street. 43-34-1y. Bellefonte, Pa. Coal and Wood. EDWARD K. RHOADS Shipping and Commission Merchant, and Dealer in ANTHRACITE AND BITUMINOUS COALS CORN EARS, SHELLED CORN, OATS and other grains. BALED HAY AND STRAW Builders' and Plasterers' Sand. KINDLING WOOD by the bunch or cord as may suit purchasers, respectfully solicits the patronage of his friends and the public, at his Coal Yard, near the Pennsylvania Passenger Station. 16-18 Telephone Calls: Central 1312, Commercial 682. PILES.—A cure that is guaranteed if you use RUDY'S PILE SUPPOSITORY. Dr. Matt. Thompson, Supt. Graded Schools, Statesville, N. C., writes: "I can say they do all you claim for them." Dr. S. M. Devore, Raven Rock, W. Va., writes: "They give universal satisfaction." Dr. H. D. McGill, Clarksville, Tenn., writes: "In a practice of 25 years I have found no remedy to equal yours." Price 50 cents. Samples Free. Sold by Druggists, and in Bellefonte by C. M. Parrish. Call for free Sample. MARTIN RUDY, Lancaster Pa. 52-25-1y.

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