

FARM NOTES.

Do you keep your chickens, or do they keep you? Good warm water makes a nice breakfast for the biddies. If you stamp a date on your eggs, sell them before the date gets old. Perfect cleanliness from now on will cut short the louse crop of June. Let other folks do the fancy poultry business. You stick to practical work. Skim-milk is thin looking stuff, but it may be put to good use in the poultry yard. Chickens that lay around almost anywhere sometimes are merely emulating their betters. A little more clean litter on the floors. Keep the fowls hard at work. It is the price of health. Keep your meat scraps where they will not get stale and sour. Fresh feed is what makes heavy hens. For hatching purposes take the eggs from the hens that lay best. Build up; never let the standard down. Feed little and often, and be careful about overfeeding. This is the great secret in feeding brooder chicks. Keep the brooder perfectly clean, and always feed the chicks in a clean place if you want them to live and thrive. Cook some beans or peas, mix them with wheat bran and feed twice a week and see if you don't get a lot more eggs. Have everything convenient. Steps saved in the care of poultry will mean that much less labor. Poultry costs money. Banish the fighting stock from your pens. Give them a place all by themselves. That is the best kind of arbitration. A shelf, a couple of feet below the roosts, is handy to catch the droppings, and handy to clean. And don't forget to clean it. The baby ducks are just as well off, in fact better, without water to swim in until they have grown their crop of feathers. Keep your hens from straying over on the land of your neighbor. Be particular about this if he has any crop growing there. Bits of meat carried out with grime from the barrel and left on the ground will give hens serious bowel trouble. Don't risk it. In the northern latitudes May is the last month when hens should be set. Chicks hatched after that will be too late for laying next fall. Give the houses a good cleaning, and plow or spade up the yards. Dirty houses breed vermin, and polluted soils are incubators for the gape worm. Guinea fowls will now be laying, and a watch must be kept on their nests, as it is their nature to hide them. The eggs had better be hatched by hens. Give the turkey hen and her brood a coop large enough for the mother to move about and stand erect in, and you won't be so apt to have bad luck. Wheat bran, crushed egg-shells, cut bone, broken mortar and oyster-shells are fine for making eggs with good solid shells.—From May Farm Journal. The eggs of hens that did heavy laying during the winter are not so apt to be as strongly fertilized as eggs from hens that made but a fair showing. As a rule, eggs from two-year-old hens give better satisfaction at this time of the year than when from younger stock, and the chicks are more vigorous. It's annoying, perhaps, just about supper time, to have to stop to wash dirty eggs when the hen breaks one, but this is a task that must not be put off until tomorrow. The last egg laid before a hen goes to setting will often be so small that it will have no yolk at all. There is an old notion that it is bad luck to bring these small eggs in the house. A nest that suits the turkey hen first-rate may be made by turning a salt barrel on the side. Put straw in the hollow, and a nest egg, and cover the barrel over with brush, if you have it handy. One of my neighbors says that there's no money in poultry, and that the easiest way to get eggs is to buy them. He says that he keeps chickens to eat the bugs in his orchard; pays 'em a cent a bug. Is there a place under some old building where you can spade up the earth and give it to the hens, to work at? They will dig away hard to find the worms that may be in it. Nothing will do them more good. When a hen lays now and then, and not soon again, and you can't decide whether she hadn't better quit altogether, I'll tell you what to do: Why, just ax her to, and neither in box nor in keg will she ever lay another egg. If fowls must run at large on range over a farm, by all means keep one breed and give them all the time, knowledge and attention possible. You will have something of which you may be proud, and that will profit you financially as well. Because hens are out on the land now do not therefore think they do not need shells and such things. They may not be able to find a bit of that kind of food in all their travels. A shortage here is apt to mean a shortage in eggs with good shells on them. Especially in early hatches, care should be taken not to set a hen until she is thoroughly broody. It does not take much experience to know when a hen is really broody. She will be very fussy when approached, and hug close to the nest when the hand is placed under her. Any system of feeding is expensive if the hens do not lay, and the greater the number of non-producers the greater the cost of every egg produced. Improper feeding or overfeeding may be the cause of a flock yielding only half of what it should. It will be found that the surest course of feeding is to follow as nearly as possible along the line of nature, and this means variety in such a way as to compel exercise.

A Marries Rebuke. At the age of eighty-six Mme. Reynolds still found much zest in life, and, having retained all her faculties, she felt that a few of the physical disabilities of her age were of small account and portended nothing. Her nephew Thomas was a man of much worth, but of a certain tactlessness of speech, which always roused the ire of his aunt. A few weeks before the old lady's eighty-seventh birthday Thomas, who had been overweighted with business cares for years, started on a trip round the world which was to consume two years. "I've come to say goodbye," he announced when he appeared at his aunt's house in a town fifty miles distant from his home. "I'm starting round the world next week, and as I'm to be gone two years and perhaps longer I thought I might not ever—well, you understand, I wanted to be sure to see you once more." The old lady leaped forward, fixing him with her beaklike eyes. "Thomas," she said imperatively, "do you mean to tell me the doctor doesn't think you'll live to get back?"—Youth's Companion. Perpetual Motion. Little Jimmy had arrived at the questioning age. He had just made an inquiry concerning perpetual motion of his father. "No," said his father; "nobody has ever discovered perpetual motion yet." But Jimmy was not quite satisfied. "What is perpetual motion like, dad?" he asked next. His father thought a moment. "Why, it's pretty hard to say, Jimmy," he replied, "but it's something that keeps going and going forever. Here is an illustration. I once saw a woman in a train who had put on her gloves. She then tried to button her right hand glove, but she found that she must take off her left hand glove to do so. She took it off and buttoned the right hand glove. Then she saw that in order to button her left hand glove she must take off her right hand glove, which she did. Then she put on her left hand glove, buttoned it and put on the right hand one again. But she couldn't button her right hand glove with her left hand glove on, so she took off—That, Jimmy," he said after a pause for breath, "is what perpetual motion would be like if you could get it." A Remarkable Dinner Service. The remarkable dinner service made by Josiah Wedgwood for the Russian empress, Catherine II., in 1774 consists of 952 pieces, and on each piece is painted a different view. The body is of a pale brimstone color, and the views are painted in a rich mulberry purple. As the service was intended to be used at the palace of La Grenouilliere (meaning marshy place full of frogs), each piece also bears a green frog within a shield on the rim. The views represent British ruined castles, abbeys, parks, bridges, towers, etc. Several pieces are decorated with views of Hampstead, and there are custard cups with views of Richmond and sauce boats with the scenery of Windsor park. In many cases the views are the only pictorial records left of the old buildings. Altogether there are 1,282 views painted on the 952 pieces.—Connoisseur. What Was Missing. Dr. Watson (Ian MacLaren) used to tell a story about his trip to the Holy Land, to which he had been looking forward for a number of years with pleasurable anticipation. As he was nearing the center of historic Palestine he met an American who was making all haste to get away. After such greetings as two English speaking men meeting in a foreign country might exchange the American asked Dr. Watson where he was going. "To Jerusalem," was the reply. "Jerusalem!" exclaimed the American in tones of unfeigned disgust. "You don't want to go there. I've just come away. It's a slow town. Why, there isn't a single daily newspaper in the whole place!" The Flag at Half Mast. The custom of showing the flag at half mast originated from the way at sea of showing the pre-eminence one ship had over the other in time of warfare. The vanquished always had to lower its flag, while the victor's would be raised as high as possible in exultation. To lower a flag is an act of submission or betokens respect to a superior or is a signal of distress. The hoisting of a flag half mast high came to be used, therefore, as a sign of mourning and respect. Not Enough to Go Around. "What are you laughing at, dear?" asked a fond mother of a little four-year-old miss who seemed to be greatly amused. "Oh, at something funny that happened," was the reply, "but it's no use to tell you, because it isn't funny enough for both of us to laugh at."—Chicago News. A Musical Opinion. "What selection is that the orchestra has just finished?" "I don't know. Sounded to me like neuralgia expressed in music."—London Tit-Bits. Hypnotism and Marriage. A Georgian complains that his wife "has hypnotized him." That is a habit women have; otherwise there would be no marriage.—Charleston News and Courier. There are a thousand persons in the world who can hurt you to one that can help you.—Billings.

A NARROW ESCAPE. I was in Egypt before the fanatical outbreak of 1882. When a trouble of that kind is coming those who are not in the secret either know nothing about it or have only vague suspicions. I heard some ugly rumors as to what was about to happen, but did not know how much dependence could be placed upon them. To all outward appearances everything was moving on as usual. I was obliged to go to Ismailia on business. If I had known the condition of the people of the country I should not have trusted myself out of Port Said, where Europeans were comparatively safe. To make a journey into the interior was madness, but I did not know it. Indeed, I only realized that under the circumstances I would rather not go. A matter of ordinary gain and being murdered were the alternatives. I went on a night train. Being somewhat finical about my diet, I took with me a hamper filled with such succulent eatables as I could get together and on the top placed a box of cigars from which only a few of the weeds had been taken. I got into my compartment, put my hand baggage on the rack and settled myself for a journey. Being in a smoking compartment, I lit a cigar. The compartment was filled with natives. I being the only European in it, this in itself was not encouraging. The train had hardly got under way when an old Arab sheik sitting opposite me leaned forward and calmly took my cigar from between my lips and, placing it between his own, smoked it himself. To have resented the insult would have been equivalent to inviting the man to stab me. I therefore paid no attention to him and, taking a newspaper from my pocket, began to read—that is, I pretended to read, but I had no idea of what was on the sheet before me, my mind being taken up with the fact that I was in a compartment with seven Arabs and utterly at their mercy. My eyes appeared to be fixed upon the paper, but I was casting quick glances sidewise at the natives and knew by their chatter and occasional looks at me that I was the subject of their conversation. Then a lucky thought occurred to me. I reached up to the rack, got my box of cigars from my hamper, took out one for myself and handed the box to the sheik who had robbed me of the one I had been smoking. He took it, appropriated a handful of the contents and passed it to the others, who did the same, and the box was returned to me empty. Notwithstanding my peace offering I expected every moment to feel cold steel entering my vitals. Most of the Arabs wore long knives where they could be seen, and I knew not what other weapons they had concealed. As for me, I was unarmed, and even if I had been armed my opponents were seven to one. I cannot describe the agony of that night, expecting, as I did, death at any moment. The Arabs in my compartment paid no attention to anything that was going on in the rest of the train, but I had a vague feeling that something very important might be going on. I can't account for this feeling. I only knew that I felt that there was murder in the air. Finally their looks and acts were so suspicious that I leibought myself of some other way similar to my offer of cigars to placate them. Then my luncheon occurred to me. Reaching up again to the rack, I brought down my hamper, opened it and displayed the eatables. Every man's eyes were on them, but not a man moved to touch any of them. I offered the ham-

per to the man who sat next me, but he declined. In turn I handed it to every man in the compartment; but, though they all looked with eager eyes upon the viands, not a man would accept a morsel. At first I was astonished at this. Then I remembered that no Arab will break bread with an enemy. The moment this occurred to me I knew I was doomed. I put my hamper back on the rack and, wrapping myself in my overcoat, lay back in my seat, with my eyes closed, to await whatever was in store for me. I heard a great deal of wrangling on the part of the Arabs, but I thought I would rather rely on my weakness than on being prepared for resistance that would be useless. So I did not open my eyes. Presently I felt a hand on my arm. Thinking my time had come, I looked, and there was the sheik who had taken my cigar from my mouth holding out a piece of dry bread. I took it and, biting from it, chewed vigorously. A flood of relief and joy seemed to have been poured over me. I knew from that moment I was safe. Reaching up for my hamper, I took it down and handed it to the sheik. He helped himself, then passed it around to the others, each man partaking plentifully of the contents. Now that they had broken bread with me and I having no more to fear I again leaned back in my seat and this time slept. I knew that I was safe from my Arab companions as if I were in my own bed at home. But I did not reach Ismailia that night. In the morning I found that the natives had murdered the engineer, stoker and every European on the train. 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. 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. Bears the Signature of CHAS. H. FLETCHER. In Use For Over 30 Years. 54-36-21m Insurance. JOHN F. GRAY & SON, (Successor to Grant Hoover) Fire, Life 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-ly. BELLEFONTE, PA. The True Test. Tried in Bellefonte. It Has Stood the Test. The hardest test is the test of time, and Doan's Kidney Pills have stood it well in Bellefonte. Kidney sufferers can hardly ask for stronger proof than the following: Mrs. E. J. Hogarth, W. High Street, Bellefonte, Pa., says: "I suffered for years from a weakness of my kidneys, accompanied by a constant, dull backache. I used plasters and liniments but found no relief and I was suffering severely when Doan's Kidney Pills were brought to my attention. It took cold, it settled in my kidneys and at such times, the secretions from these organs passed too frequently. Reading about Doan's Kidney Pills, I decided to give them a trial and procured a box from Green's Pharmacy Co. Soon after commencing their use, the backache and other difficulties disappeared and my kidneys no longer troubled me. I am grateful to Doan's Kidney Pills for what they have done for me." (Statement given October 21, 1907.) TWO YEARS LATER. Mrs. Hogarth was interviewed on November 22, 1909 and she said: "I am pleased to confirm my former endorsement of Doan's Kidney Pills. I have had but little trouble from my kidneys since I was cured in 1907." For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-McBarn, Buffalo, New York, are sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

Another Kind of Walk. Ethel did not rush into his arms and cry "Oh, Cuthbert!" as usual. When he was ushered into the drawing room she gave him the frigid eye, and the gas was kept on at full pressure. "I've been studying pedomanacy, Cuthbert," she announced. "Pedomanacy, pet?" "Divination by the feet," she explained. "Feet that incline to fatness are a sign of meanness, Cuthbert." Cuthbert looked down at his No. 10 tans and sighed. "A hurried yet silent walk," she continued, "is indicative of criminal instincts. Your walk is so hurried, so noiseless, Cuthbert." "You are speaking of only one of my styles of walking, Ethel," he answered brightly. "I have another. I used it this afternoon to walk into a jeweler's shop and buy a \$150 engagement ring that I had hoped—" "Oh, Cuthbert!" she cried, and the next minute the pedomanacy expert and a splay footed youth were crowded into one saddlebag chair, and the gas was turned down into a little blue bubble.—San Francisco Chronicle. 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 Chas. H. Fletcher. In Use For Over 30 Years. 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 extraordinarily 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 ROOFSBURG. Money to Loan. MONEY TO LOAN on good security on houses to rent. J. M. KEICHLINE, Attorney-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. 51-14-ly. Fine Job Printing. FINE JOB PRINTING —A SPECIALTY— 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. 50 SETS OF SINGLE HARNESS REDUCED IN PRICE To the Buyers of Harness in Centre County: To make April the banner month of the year in sales on Heavy and Light Harness, we will offer 50 sets of Single Harness in Imitation, Genuine Rubber and Nickel, running in prices from \$13.50 to \$25.00. With the advance price of leather you cannot afford to miss this opportunity to supply your wants in Heavy and Light Harness. Remember, this sale will last only through the month of April. Give us a call before buying and see for yourself. Goods will be cheerfully shown whether you buy or not. JAMES SCHOFIELD, DEALER IN Harness, Saddles, Blankets, Robes, Nets, Bells, Whips, and Horse Furnishing Goods. Established 1871. Spring Street 34-27 BELLEFONTE, PA. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

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