

He Lost All His Bets and Made Money by Doing So.

The captain of one rather old and slow steamer of years ago, finding that he would have to be a long time in China before he received a full cargo of tea and would have probably to return in ballast, began, to every one's astonishment, to say that, owing to the repairs that had been done to his engines, he hoped to make a racing passage back to England. Then, still more to the astonishment of the captains of the fast steamers and the world at large, he commenced to back himself to make the fastest passage home.

In such very considerable sums of money did he wager that people began to think there was something in it, and the merchants sent their tea almost entirely to his ship, arguing that as the captain stood to lose \$250 the repairs to his steamer's engines had probably put him in a position to bet almost on a certainty.

Of course the steamer, whose greatest speed was eight knots an hour, arrived in England weeks after the others, and the captain lost \$250, but instead of having to lie in China waiting his chance of cargo coming in from the interior, a probable delay of weeks, he had cleared in a few days after his bets became known to the public with a full ship, thus recouping to his owners, who, of course, paid his betting losses, a considerable number of thousands of pounds profit.—Blackwood's Magazine.

The Result of Pechantre's Plot to Kill the King.

Probably no well meaning poet was ever more taken by surprise than was M. Pechantre, a gentle and mild mannered French dramatist of the seventeenth century, who was one day arrested for high treason as he was peacefully eating his dinner at a village inn.

The landlord of the inn where he was in the habit of dining discovered on a table a piece of paper on which were written some unintelligible phrases and below in a plain, bold hand, "Here I will kill the king."

The landlord consulted with the chief of police. Clearly this clev to a conspiracy ought to be followed up. The person who had left the paper had already been remarked for his absent air and gleaming eye. That man was Pechantre.

The chief of police instructed the landlord to send for him the next time the conspirator came to dinner.

When Pechantre was shown the evidence of his guilt he forgot the awful charge against him and exclaimed: "Well, I am glad to see that paper. I have looked everywhere for it. It is part of a tragedy I am writing. It is the climax of my best scene, where Nero is to be killed. It comes in here. Let me read it to you." And he took a thick manuscript from his pocket.

"Monseigneur, you may finish your dinner and your tragedy in peace," said the chief of police, and he beat a hasty retreat.

Mild Result.

The courtroom was crowded. A wife was seeking divorce on the grounds of extreme cruelty and abusive treatment. Guns, axes, rolling pins and stinging invectives seemed to have played a prominent part in the plaintiff's married life.

The husband was on the stand undergoing a grueling cross examination.

The examining attorney said: "You have testified that your wife on one occasion threw cayenne pepper in your face. Now, sir, kindly tell us what you did on that occasion."

The witness hesitated and looked confused. Every one expected that he was about to confess to some shocking act of cruelty. But their hopes were shattered when he finally blurted out: "I sneezed"—Everybody's.

How He Remembered.

A confident young Roseville man went to a party if you are diffident yourself and know how hard it is to remember names when you meet a crowd of strange and lovely ladies you will be able to understand why it was that the young man's dance card read as follows:

1. Twostep—Helen.
2. Waltz—Harry's friend.
3. Twostep—Fifi girl.
4. Waltz—Violet.
5. Twostep—Sweet eyes.
6. Waltz—Fuffy hair.
7. Twostep—Little blue.
8. Waltz—Beauty spot.
9. Twostep—Pink ribbons.
10. Waltz—Helen.

—Newark News.

The Diagnosis.

The disastrous results of interference by relatives in the course of courtships was well exemplified in the case of a young Baltimore couple not long ago. They had been engaged for some time when it became generally known that the affair was at an end.

"What was the trouble, Jack?" an intimate friend asked the youth, who, by the way, is a recent medical graduate.

"Well, as it was nothing relating to Nan personally, I don't know why I shouldn't tell you," he replied, with a sigh.

"I suppose it was some outside influence—you seemed to fairly dote on her," the friend commented.

"I did," the dejected lover replied. "She is the sweetest little girl in the world, but terribly fond of her relatives. Her old maid aunt from Kansas came along the other day and announced that she was going to live with us after we were married, and—well she proved an antidote."—Detroit Free Press.

The Castle of Despond.

One of the finest French renaissance buildings in France is the Castle of Despond, famous in the legendary lore of the Toulousain country in which it stands. Over the window of one of the inner courtyards is sculptured in the stone a head above the motto, "Plus d'Espoir." These were the last words of Rose de Martial, whose story has been sung by the poets of Toulouse. She was the daughter of the house of Martial, to whom the castle belonged, and she was courted by the lord of Castelnet, whose manor she could see from her window. But, although she was beautiful and tender hearted, the lord jilted her, and she fell into a melancholy. She sat every day by the window, whence she could see the fickle lord of Castelnet's manor. One morning he passed by in the valley below. She sang to him, but he never looked up. "Plus d'Espoir!" she cried and threw herself out of the window on to the flag below where she was killed. The manor of Martial was known thenceforward as the Castle of Despond. The fine building was falling to ruins when M. Feuille bought it, and he had it completely and skillfully restored before making a gift of it to the nation.

His First Taste of Discipline.

Admiral Jonett, probably one of the jolliest seadogs our navy ever knew, once told an amusing story of his early days as a cadet.

"I was a sociable youngster," he says, "and when I went to my first assignment, the Independence, and saw the stars and stripes floating over it I remembered my mother had taught me that my first duty was to the flag, so I attempted some conversation on this line with the executive officer who had received me when I came on board and who was one of the strictest disciplinarians in the navy of that day.

"'Silence, sir!' he roared at my first question, his face red with anger. 'Silence, sir! Who gave you permission to speak? Let me hear only six words from you, sir, while you are on this ship—'port,' 'starboard,' 'yes, sir,' and 'no, sir.'"

"And this was my first discipline in the navy."

A Ludicrous Word Twister.

Professor William Archibald Spooner of Oxford university became famous as a ludicrous word twister. Once at a special service, seeing some women standing at the back of the church waiting to be seated, he rushed down the aisle and addressed the ushers as follows: "Gentlemen, gentlemen, sew these ladies into their seats." Being asked at dinner what fruit he would have, he promptly replied, "Pigs, fleas." This is the way in which Dr. Spooner proposed to his wife: Being one afternoon at the home of her father, Bishop Harvey Goodwin of Carlisle, Mrs. Goodwin said, "Mr. Spooner, will you please go out into the garden and ask Miss Goodwin if she will come in and make tea?" The professor on finding the young lady said, "Miss Goodwin, your mother told me to ask you if you would come in and take me."

Method.

Method is the very hinge of business, and there is no method without punctuality. Punctuality is important because it subserves the peace and good temper of a family. Calmness of mind, which it produces, is another advantage of punctuality. A disorderly man is always in a hurry. He has no time to speak to you because he is going elsewhere, and when he gets there he is too late for his business or he must hurry away before he can finish it.

Siamese Tobacco.

The best tobacco in Siam is grown at Petchabun. It is planted in open fields near the town after the floods in September or October, and the first crop, or tips, which is considered the best quality, is gathered about February and the last about the beginning of May. The very best quality cannot be purchased, as it is reserved for the special use of the king and sent down to Bangkok, where it is smoked in the palace and distributed to the chief officers of state.

Never Learned How to Live.

There are people who go through life looking for slights, and they are necessarily miserable, for they find grievances everywhere. One has the same pity for such men as for the very poor. They are the morally illiterate. They have had no real education, for they have never learned how to live.

Still in the Family.

Jack—My grandfather had a very fine collection of silver, which he bequeathed to my father on the condition that it should always remain in the family. Ethel—Then you have it still? Jack—Well—er—my uncle has it.

His Suspensions Aroused.

Reggie—I hear you've broken it all off with Edna. Archie—I should say so. That pet parrot of hers is all the time saying, "Kiss me again, Jack." That isn't my name, you know.—Lippincott's.

Parts of Speech.

Teacher—Thomas, what are the parts of speech?
Tommy Tucker (after an exhaustive mental effort)—It's the way a man talks when he stutters.

The Better Scheme.

"The man who knows just what he wants is bound to be successful."
"Not half so much as the man who knows how to get what he wants."—Cleveland Leader.

The Chinese Way.

In its wars with England and France in 1850-60 China was easily conquered and forced to a humiliating peace. The Pekin Gazette, the official organ of the government, however, reported the following concerning that treaty of peace:

"As the western barbarians had admitted their wrongs and humbly solicited for peace, the emperor in his infinite goodness has granted their prayer and, moreover, has made them a present of a large sum of money (indemnity of war) to enable them to begin an honest life, so that they may not again be driven to murder and rapine."

A Joker Among Birds.

The bluejay is a practical joker. It is his habit to conceal himself in a mass of leaves near the spot where small birds are accustomed to gather and when they are enjoying themselves in their own fashion to suddenly frighten them almost to death by screaming out like a hawk. Of course they scatter in every direction, and when they do so the mischievous rascal gives vent to a cackle that sounds very much like a laugh.

The Real Test.

"My husband is the kindest man—lets baby break his watch or pull his mustache and never scolds it at all."
"But did the baby ever get hold of one of his pipes? That's the real test."
—Buffalo Express.

The Work of Time.

"And to think," sighed the man who was trying to find a belt which was long enough to be buckled around him, "that the boys at school used to call me Skinny!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

He Gave It.

The Girl (rather weary, at 11:30 p. m.)—I don't know a thing about baseball. The Beau—Let me explain it to you. The Girl—Very well; give me an illustration of a home run.—Life.

Simplicity is, of all things, the hardest to be copied.—Steele.

Religious Situation at Rome.

To the editor of the Press.

Sir:—It is my desire to tell the truth, nothing but the truth, so far and fully as I see it in the Roosevelt-Methodist-Vatican case, now rather painfully agitating the Christian world.

First, Roosevelt. It is most highly pleasing for me, politics and all semblance of secularism aside, to believe that Roosevelt very manifestly and unmistakably stands on the "square deal" in his outspoken, decisive manner and "big stick" (may I not say?) Christian action—verbum sat.

Second, Methodist.—I can venture to express but very little on this side of the situation. Otherwise I might say too much. This I think, may be safely expressed, that the pastor of the Methodist church in Rome saying what he did about the vatican, if he had it to do over again he would not do at all.

A similar observation applies to every one of us. So "let bygones be bygones."

Third, Vatican. In a strictly Scriptural and consistently Christian modus operandi, I say with no reservation, that the Roman Catholic Church is doing a vast amount of good in our united Dominions and at the same time staying a frightful degree of evil.

I could easily itemize further, but verbum sat sapientibus.

A nonagenarian nearly, I want to live long enough to see the names "Protestant" and "Roman" disappear forever from our ecclesiastical vocabulary, no longer religiously used except in reference to the past, now, in the near future when all shall be Catholics earnestly striving day by day to be Holy Catholics.

Rev. R. CRITTENDEN.
Bellefonte, Pa., April 15, 1910.

An advertisement in the WATCHMAN always pays.

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Diogenes stared anxiously at his lantern. The wick feebly sputtered and when he shook the vessel it gave forth no gurgling sound. The oil reservoir was empty—and the lantern was out.

"What place is this?" he anxiously asked a grimy native.

"This is Pittsburg."
The searcher for honest men looked relieved.

"There's no use lighting up here," he said. "I'll wait until I get outside."

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