

AN ARCTIC TRAGEDY.

Heroic Self Sacrifice in the Cause of Science.

Surely the darkest side of arctic exploration was never more poignantly exhibited than it is in Lieutenant A. Trolle's account in Travel and Exploration of the death of Mylius Erichsen and Hagen and Bronlund, members of the Danish expedition to northeast Greenland.

"For thirty days these men walked on with only one sledge and four feeble dogs, covering a distance of 150 miles, or five miles a day. Every morning they must have had only one wish, one craving—the craving for sleep, sleep and rest forever.

"Ten miles from the depot, on Lambert Land, Mylius Erichsen and Hagen died. Only Bronlund reached the depot, leaving his dead comrades behind and creeping along on his wounded feet alone in the dim moonlight.

How the Ingenious Little Builders Construct Their Houses.

When the beavers' dams are completed, the animals separate into small companies to build cabins or houses for themselves. These are constructed upon piles along the borders of the pond. They are of an oval shape, resembling a beehive, and they vary from five feet to ten feet in diameter, according to the number of families they are to accommodate.

These dwellings are never less than two stories high, generally three, and sometimes they contain four apartments. The walls of these are from two feet to three feet thick, formed of the same materials as the dams. On the inside they are made smooth, but left rough without, being rendered impenetrable to rain.

The lower story is about two feet high, the second is formed by a floor of sticks covered with mud, and the upper part terminates with an arched roof. Through each floor there is a passage, and the uppermost floor is always above the level of the water. Each of these huts has two doors, one on the land side to admit of their going out and seeking provisions that way, another under the water and below where it freezes to preserve their communication with the pond.—English Magazine.

Three of a Kind.

Duprez, the great but ill favored French tenor, was once walking from the Grand Opera House in Paris with the baritone Barollet, who was not an Apollo either. They happened to meet Perrot, the dancer, a man of very great ability, but short and thin and so ugly that a manager once said he could never engage Perrot unless for the Jardin des Plantes (zoological gardens), as he engaged no monkeys.

Perrot told them the story, and when Duprez laughed at him Perrot said: "Why, surely you need not laugh. If I am ugly I am certainly not so ugly as either of you."

"You monkey," said Duprez, "this difference shall soon be settled." And, seeing a stranger pass who appeared to be a gentleman, "Monsieur," said he, "will you be so good as to arbitrate in a little difference of opinion between us?"

"With pleasure," said the stranger, "if I can."

"Well," said Duprez, "just look at us and say whom you consider to be the ugliest of the three."

The gentleman looked for some time from one to the other and then said, "Gentlemen, I give it up; I cannot possibly decide," and went away roaring with laughter.

What He Wanted.

Young Mr. Charles was plainly embarrassed, and Miss Smith knew what was coming, or thought she did.

"Er—Miss Smith," he said feverishly, "could I—er—see your father for a moment or two?"

"Certainly, Mr. Charles!" And, excusing herself, she swept from the parlor. Presently the old man came in, and, after a short conversation with Mr. Charles, he stepped to the door and summoned his daughter.

Mr. Charles, whose face was radiant, said, "As I have a long ride before me, I think I will say good night."

"Oh, papa," pleaded the girl immediately her lover disappeared, "did he—did you?"

"I did," broke in the old man. His daughter fell on his neck and kissed him. He held her at arm's length.

"I did," he repeated. "I lent him fourpence to get home with—that was what he wanted me for."—London Mail.

Change of Front.

The Groom—Great heavens, who is this coming up? The Bride—Why, that is Aunt Maria! The Groom—Well, have I got to embrace that old fairy? The Bride—Sh! It was she that sent us the handsome silver service. She's worth thousands. The Groom (kissing her rapturously)—My darling aunt!—London Answers.

MILITARY ACCURACY.

Exactness in Keeping Tab on the Movements of Soldiers.

We hear much of the perfection of military organization abroad, but it is doubtful whether any foreign war office follows with an accuracy greater than that displayed by our own war department the movements of its officers. The following is an interesting case in point:

A young army officer who has seen service in this country and in the east was once with a scouting party in Arizona. After two weeks in the desert his squad came to the railway near a small station. Within ten minutes a telegram from Washington was brought to him by the station agent. It asked if the officer wished to be transferred to one of the new artillery regiments then forming.

He answered by telegraph that he would be glad to enter either of them. Then with his squad he set off again across the desert.

It was six days later when they again struck the railway, this time eighty miles from the point at which they had previously crossed it, but the officer's reply from the war department was awaiting him. It had been telegraphed to every station within 200 miles.

A more striking instance of accuracy occurred after the same officer's transfer to the east. He was traveling home on leave, and, as the regulations require, he had notified the department of the day, hour and probable route of his journey. After he had been on the train for eight hours at a small station the porter entered with a telegram, asking if any one of his name was present. On opening the telegram the officer found that it ordered him to detached duty.

Exactness of detail could not be carried much further. The war department knew the whereabouts of an insignificant second lieutenant even when he was traveling on leave of absence.—New York Herald.

A SNAKE STORY.

The Reptiles Were Frozen Stiff, but That Didn't Harm Them.

A naturalist once told how in a thicket on a mountain side he saw a man kill a rattlesnake. He beat the life out of it with a club and continued the pounding till it was mangled beyond recognition. When the naturalist reconstrated the man said, "Boss, you can't kill a rattlesnake too dead."

On one occasion a boat bound for the United States from Rio de Janeiro touched at Pernambuco, where the mate drove a bargain with a snake dealer for a half dozen reptiles of various sizes.

The mate had them in a cage on deck and charged a sailor with the duty of washing it out with sea water every evening. All went well as long as the weather was mild, but on the night before the gulf stream was crossed the sailor left a quantity of water in the cage, and about thirty hours from port a biting gale struck the ship.

All hands were busy with the storm, and the snakes were forgotten. When the mate thought of them and went to look after their condition he found them frozen stiff and apparently as dead as the proverbial doornail.

The dealer for whom the mate had brought them came on board the following day. He professed great disappointment over the loss of his intended purchase, but offered to take the snakes away as a kindness to the mate. He gathered them in his arms like so much firewood and carried them home. But a rival dealer afterward told the officer that plenty of warm water had resuscitated the snakes and that they had been sold to various museums not a bit the worse for their "death" by freezing.—Harper's Weekly.

The Ambulant Barber.

Paris, like Peking, has its ambulant barber. Armed with a little box, containing the necessary apparatus, razor, badger brush, soap, scissors and serviette, he exercises his calling on the banks of the Seine. All the barges, navvies and quay laborers are his clients. "Figaro" seats his patient on the pavement, covers his knees with a newspaper and for a sou shaves, cuts his hair and gives a human appearance to the tramps and others who intrust themselves to his care.

Odds and Ends.

Uncle Jim, an old negro driver in Richmond, Va., had some ladies to drive through the cemetery. He took them round and showed them the notable graves and monuments and then drove to that part of the cemetery where the derelicts were interred.

"Who are buried here?" asked a lady in the party. "I don't think I ever was here before."

"Oh," replied Uncle Jim, "odds and ends, missus, odds and ends!"—Pittsburg Press.

How She Knew.

"Will you have some fresh mushrooms?" asked the hostess sweetly. "Yes," faltered the guest, "if you're quite sure they're mushrooms and not toadstools."

"Oh, I'm quite sure," replied the hostess. "I opened the can myself."—Detroit Free Press.

The Big Bill.

Little Bob (just started in school)—Uncle Harry, what is the bird with the biggest bill? Uncle Harry (who is still thinking of the night before)—A quail, my boy; a quail—on toast.—Judge.

In general, pride is at the bottom of all great mistakes.—Ruskin.

LUCKY SWISS HOUSEWIFE.

She Lets the Rain Do All the Family Washing For Her.

Swiss methods of laundering are original, practical and labor saving. The women there have learned well how to make the best use of their opportunities with the least exertion. How they use the tourists every one who has traveled in the country of the Alps knows. They also know how to make nature do their housework.

In most of the towns everything that is washed or cleaned is washed or cleaned in one of the big watering troughs that stand at regular intervals along the main thoroughfares. Into it goes everything from potatoes to human beings, and the only sanitary regulation existent is that it must be cleaned out with a large broom made of brush or twigs after the potatoes have had their bath. But when it rains then everything else gives way to the family wash, no matter if it is Thursday or Sunday or Saturday or Wednesday, for in Switzerland they seek the rainy days for wash days, instead of deploring a cloudy Monday.

The steady downpour provides running water in the village washtub. Into the sweeping current the family linen goes, and there it is whirled and twirled about until every speck of dirt is thoroughly rinsed away. The scrubbing board is not put into commission at all. Occasionally the good housewife, protected under the family umbrella held over her head by one of her youngsters, who is allowed to enjoy the drips from that same umbrella, takes a look at her wash and encourages it with a gentle poke with her husband's best cane. But the rest of the day she enjoys to the full in her snug chalet, while the elements do her work. In fact, with her conscience at rest that her day's tasks will be done, she can spend her time gossiping with her neighbor, whose conscience is also at peace.

On the next day the wash goes through a process of bluing and starching—all in that same basin—and finally, when the sun shines, it is laid out on the wonderful green grass of the Swiss meadow and is there bleached to a snowy whiteness. If the glaciers and the landslides were to accommodate her by rolling down over her wash and ironing it out without soiling the Swiss housewife would not be at all surprised. In fact, it is not to be doubted that she now regards as an oversight the failure of Dame Nature to provide an ironing board.—New York Post.

Willing to Divide.

Cobble—I should like to lend you that \$10, old man, but I know how it would be if I did. It would end our friendship. Stone—Well, old chap, there has been a great deal of friendship between us. I think if you could make it five we might worry along on half as much.—Life.

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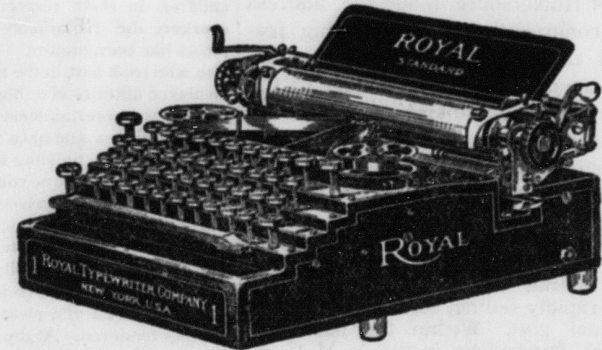
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Women Braver Than Men.

It has always been maintained that women were more courageous at standing physical pain than men, but it is a new claim that they are braver, more careless of their own safety, quicker to act than men in an emergency. Yet according to Herbert Longfellow, chief of the United States Volunteer Life-Saving Corps, in the Designer not only women, but children, are braver than men. He is quoted as saying:

"It has been my experience that women and children are more heroic than men. They are more impetuous. A man thinks of his responsibility, of those dependent on him, and of his own personal well-being. Women and children think of nothing but the human life in

peril. They act on the moment, so quickly that fear has no chances to sway them at all. It is in the nature of things that men are more frequently at the post of danger. Yet when opportunity presents itself a far larger percentage of women and children will risk their lives. Heroes are not those who deliberate upon their chances. Heroes are those who rush to the rescue without considering themselves at all. This women and children do."

It is more true in repairing the health than in repairing clothes, that "a stitch in time saves nine." The timely use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription before the strength is run down, before the hole in the health has grown so big by neglect, would save many a woman from periods of suffering. But whether used soon or late, "Favorite Prescription" is the one remedy for the ailments of women which can be always relied upon to soothe the nerves, strengthen the body, brighten the mind, and build up the health. It contains no opium, cocaine or other narcotic, and is free from alcohol.

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Yeagers Shoe Store

Are Children Worth Bringing Up?

It can't be done without RUBBERS.

This is what appeared in a recent number of the American Journal of Health:

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