

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., June 16, 1911.

GOLD FOR JEWELERS.

Most of the Raw Material is Bought From the Government. Jewelers derive their gold supply from various sources, such as old jewelry, banks and refineries, but the greater part of the raw gold used by the manufacturer comes from the government.

From the refiner the gold comes to the factory in the form of buttons or granules. The refiners employ the waste of the jewelry shops and by burning off the material portions and subjecting the result to certain processes recover much gold that otherwise would be lost to the trade.

For many years there was a steady drain on the gold coin in circulation, caused by the use of the coin by jewelers in search of raw material. The fact that our government turned out a coin that after passing through the assay office was of twenty-two carat fineness, only two grains below the pure gold standard, and had also been worked over, the silver and copper forming the alloy having been mixed thoroughly in the gold before the coin was minted, made the gold coin particularly attractive to the jeweler.

STANDARD MEASURES.

The Old Bucket and the Half Bushel Basket Were Alike.

Farmer Giles had heard rumors of the short weight scandal; but, as for himself, he was honest in thought, word and deed. He was naturally incensed when an apple buyer from the city objected to his half bushel measure.

"I've used that red bucket five years," he said, "and I know it's correct."

"A dozen years' use wouldn't affect its correctness," was the reply. "Have you any other reason for thinking it is correct?"

The farmer controlled his anger and after a moment's thought led his critic to the corner and showed him a basket woven from hickory splits.

"That measure twice full fills this," he said. "And this holds exactly a bushel."

"How do you know it does?"

"Because Bill Sullivan made it, as he makes baskets for everybody, and he said it was a bushel."

Still the man was not satisfied. They went to interview Bill.

"Why, of course," said the basket maker. "I weave every one of them of an exact size. I make only one pattern basket to hold a bushel."

"But how do you know the pattern holds a bushel?"

"How do I know? I'm sure of it. I made it originally to hold two of this half bushel basket."

"And this half bushel basket?"

Bill frowned and pulled his hair in an effort to remember. Then his face brightened.

"Why, yes," he said, "I'm sure of it. I tried it one time, Giles, by that old red bucket measure of yours!"

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

The Way to Bake Beans.

To make baked beans soak one and one-half pints small white beans overnight in soft water. In the morning drain and parboil, but not enough to crush the beans.

The High Hatbox.

If you keep your hatbox on a high shelf in a closet you may find the following suggestion worth trying: Slit open the two upright edges of one side of the hatbox, so that when the cover is raised this side will drop down as if on hinges.

His Sincerity.

"I was surprised when I heard that Grabrook had joined the church."

BASEBALL STRATEGY.

Bench Orders at Times Queers the Batter With the Fans.

One of the charms of the game is its unexpectedness, the fact that you never can tell what's going to happen until it is history.

Do you know what "inside ball" really is? Most "fans" think they do, but few really do know. In fact, it is a very interesting sidelight, both on the game and on the American character, to realize that nine out of ten people who see a ball game see only the flesh of it, never realize the skeleton on which it is built, never see the heart beating nor watch its lifeblood flow.

"Hit it out, you, you 'bonehead'! What yer standing there for? Think this a pink tea? They're all perfectly good—hit 'em!" And the player at the plate, bearing, longs to obey—for all players love to hit—yet holds himself in.

"Make him give you three balls. Then hit!" are his orders from the bench from the baseball general ordering the game. A man is on third. There is but one out. Hits have been few and far between, but a long fly will score the man. How get a long fly?

By meeting one which "cuts the heart of the plate" square and fair. How get the pitcher to serve such a ball? By "working" him until three balls have been called, when the fourth will must come over the plate or the batter be given a pass; hence the orders. If they go wrong, if the pitcher succeeds in getting three strikes across before three balls, the batter strikes out, and a groan goes up from the crowd. But the batter knows, and the pitcher knows, and the team knows, and the players on the bench know that the man at the plate struck out because he was obeying orders.

World Today.

TOLD IN FEW WORDS.

Shortest Robber Story in History, as Narrated by Voltaire.

In his study of "Seven Great Statesmen" Andrew D. White describes the work done in the eighteenth century by the French minister Turgot against the vicious system then prevailing of "farming out" the taxes. A great combination of contractors resulted, who grew enormously rich at the people's expense, not, however, without able criticism.

This syndicate assumed the character of what in America of these days would be called a "combine," and at the head of it were the farmers general, wealthy, powerful and, as a rule, merciless. Their power pervaded the entire nation, from the king's apartments at Versailles to the cottages of the lowliest village.

To those men and their methods Voltaire had made a reference which ran through France and indeed through Europe.

A party of Parisians were amusing each other by telling robber stories. Presently Voltaire, who had been listening quietly, said:

"I can tell a robber story better than any of yours."

The whole room immediately became silent and listened to the greatest personage in the French literature of the eighteenth century.

Voltaire after clearing his throat began as follows:

"Once on a time there was a farmer general."

"Then he was silent. Presently all began to cry out:

"Why do you stop? Go on. Tell us the story."

"I have told the story," said Voltaire. "Do you not see that my statement implies the greatest robber story in history?"

What is a Bath?

What is a bath? Is it the simple bath of hot or cold water and soap, or the Turkish bath of hot air or the Russian one of steam, or the mud bath of Saint-Amand-les-Eaux, or the compressed air bath of Reichenhall, or the baths of wine favored by famous beauties, or the sun bath of modern hygienists, or the Laplander's plunge into the hot blubber of a just killed whale, or the bath of asses' milk, to provide which for his consort an Earl of Portman bought cheap the Portman estate north of Oxford street as a farm to keep a herd of asses? Now, which of these is a bath?—London Chronicle.

"The Almighty Dollar."

The idea of the forceful phrase "the almighty dollar" is much older than the time of Washington Irving. Ben Jonson's "Epistle to Elizabeth, Countess of Rutland," commences thus:

Whist that for which all virtue now is sold, And almost every vice, almighty gold.

—London Notes and Queries.

When Tennyson Sat Up Nights.

We have had Alfred Tennyson here; very droll and very wayward, and much sitting up of nights till 2 or 3 in the morning with pipes in our mouths, at which good hour we would get Alfred to give us some of his magic music, which he does between growing and smoking, and so to bed.

—Fitzgerald's "Letters" (1838).

Had Misjudged Him.

"Does your father ever kiss your mamma, Willie?" asked the lady who had once been the gentleman's sweetheart.

"Yes, every morning when he goes away to the city."

"Dear me! And to think that I once doubted his courage!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Creditors have better memories than debtors.—Franklin.

SKIN OF A BADGER.

So Loose the Animal Can Almost Turn Somersaults in It.

The pelt of an adult badger is extremely thick and difficult for a biting adversary to penetrate, writes a trapper in Fur News, and so loosely does the skin cover the body that the animal is able to turn almost around in its hide.

Should a dog acquire a hold on the throat the badger turns himself so that the dog's grip is on the back of the badger's neck without having loosened his first hold. Then the badger secures a viselike grip upon some vulnerable portion of his enemy, and while his long tusks penetrate to the limit he digs and scratches with his front feet that are furnished with claws almost as formidable and deadly as might be expected from an anteater of the dark continent.

He who has removed the pelt of a badger and is at all observing does not wonder at this animal being sharp bitten and that he is so to hang with bulldog tenacity. The formation and adjustment of these are noted. Neither is it so much of a mystery how he manages to bore through the soil so rapidly that half a dozen men with shovels cannot overtake him, for he is a mass of cords and muscles, particularly in the neck, chest and shoulders, very similar in physical construction to the ground mole.

The badger toes inward sharply when traveling and always on the walk, twisting about here and there very much like the movement of a skunk, while if it be in winter he makes a business of hunting buried dormant woodhucks.

He is a fur bearer of rather coarse quality, and there is a great range of value in the pelts taken, depending upon the length of the coat. A badger is chiefly valuable when it has a long coat, so that the guard hairs can be plucked and used to make shaving brushes.

CORSICAN CRUELTY.

It Loomed Up Large in Napoleon's Treatment of Children.

Napoleon had a singular rage for pulling children's ears, sometimes so hard as to make the poor children cry. Caroline was very vexed when she saw her little Achille the victim of his uncle's caresses, and more than once her son's tears made her weep too.

One day the First Consul, pulling the ears of the little fellow, hurt him, and he cried out. To teach him not to cry his uncle pulled his ear again, harder. Achille, having freed himself, came back to him in a fury and, raising his little fist, shouted:

"You are a villain, a wicked, wicked villain!"

To prove the contrary Napoleon should have embraced his nephew and

made him forget the pain he had gratuitously inflicted by some show of affection. But tenderness was not in his character. Corsicans scarcely know what it means, and, though Napoleon used to say, "I am less of a Corsican than one thinks," he was really more so than any one or he himself thought.

Instead of quieting his nephew he became angry and gave him a violent slap on the face. The child ran weeping to his Uncle Lucien, who was present, while Mme. Murat was so upset that she was taken ill. "From the effort," says Lucien, who relates this episode, "she made to control her feelings, which such violence to her child outraged. As for the First Consul, he left the room, shrugging his shoulders and slamming the door and saying that Caroline had always been an affected creature and acted like all parents who spoiled their children." —Turquan's "Sisters of Napoleon."

Old Time Smallpox Cure.

To cure smallpox was apparently a very simple matter in the good old times. John of Gaddesden, court doctor to Edward II., has recorded that he got rid of the disease by the simple expedient of wrapping his patients in red cloth.

"Let scarlet red be taken," he says, "and let him who is suffering smallpox be entirely wrapped in it or in some other red cloth. I did this when the son of the illustrious king of England suffered from smallpox. I took care that all about his bed should be red, and that cure succeeded very well."—London Chronicle.

Sleep and Dreams.

The brain is more active while engaged in dreaming than when thus engaged. The only perfect sleep is that which is dreamless. The moment the sleeper begins to dream he begins to work, and the more vivid and protracted the dream the more intense, naturally, becomes the work. It is possible that at no time during the waking hours of life is the brain so active as it is in the strange business of dreaming.

A Treasure of a Cook.

Mr. Newedd—What! No cook stove in the house? I gave you money to buy one. Mrs. Newedd—Yes, my love, but I found I hadn't enough to buy a stove and hire a cook, too, so I let the stove go. But the cook is here, and she's a treasure. She has just gone out to get us some crackers and cheese.

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Clothing.

Clothing.

Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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Clothing.

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Condensed Time Table effective June 17, 1909. READ DOWN STATIONS READ UP. Table with columns for stations and times for various routes.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD. Schedule to take effect Monday, Jan. 6, 1910.

Table with columns for WESTWARD and EASTWARD, STATIONS, and times for various routes.

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