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HARD BATTLE FOR THE DOG

Sport Killed the Big Bob Cat, but He Suffered Severely in the Combat.

After a battle in which he came near meeting death himself, Sport, a medium sized coach dog, the property of W. M. Butterbaugh, a rancher living in Lempi's Gulch, Idaho, killed a bob cat that measured six feet from nose to tip of tail.

The dog was terribly scratched and bitten and has not yet entirely recovered. He was mauled by the long, sharp claws of the big cat and in some places the scratches are deep, digging clear to the bone. The cat would weigh half again as much as the dog, and towered above him in height.

Mr. Butterbaugh did not see the fight, but arrived on the scene shortly after the dog had killed the cat and found his faithful friend lying on the ground, unable to move, and scarcely living. It looked at the time like a bad case, but he succeeded in nursing the animal back to life.

"For some days we had been missing chickens," Mr. Butterbaugh said, "and I was unable to figure out what was killing them. I would get up in the morning and find one or two lying dead in the barnyard, still warm, and I could not tell what sort of an animal was doing the mischief."

"But Sport figured it out, and one morning I found him take out after something. I got up as soon as I could and followed up the gulch, expecting that they would take that trail. When I got there I found the dog lying on the ground and the big cat dead."

"The dog had chased him up there, but the cat had turned on him and shown fight. They must have fought there 15 minutes before the battle was settled. And from the looks of both the cat and the dog it must have been a terrible battle."

IT PLEASES THE SERVANTS

Berlin Police Arbitrarily Fix the Sums They Shall Be Allowed for Food.

Another instance of the way in which the Berlin police authorities interest themselves in every detail of the private life of the city's inhabitants is afforded by a decree just issued by the police president which arbitrarily fixes the sum per day which is to be allowed for food to domestic servants during their employers' absence in summer.

The term "domestic servant" includes everything, from the maid of all work of the small household to the butler, with all his retinue of lesser lights, in the house of the rich, and the decree lays down that each man servant shall receive a daily allowance of 35 cents and each maid servant 30 cents for food during the whole time of their employer's absence.

The new police regulation has been greeted with more delight by the servants than by their employers, especially among the middle classes, where the domestic servant problem in Germany is already acute enough. Although the amount of the daily allowance cannot be considered as excessive in relation to the present price of food, when it is remembered that the ordinary wage, which in Germany is anything from \$7.50 per month upward for the average domestic servant, has also to be paid during the employer's absence, it will be seen that the new regulation will mean a considerable item in the reckoning of the middle-class family about to start on its summer vacation.

Artificial Sponge.

An artificial sponge, the outcome of German ingenuity, is now to be had, according to the Scientific American. The process of making it consists principally in the action of zinc chloride on pure cellulose. This results in a paste, of a mass, which is mixed with coarsely grained rock salt.

Placed in a press mould armed with pins the mass is pierced through and through until it appears traversed by a multitude of tiny canals, like the pores of a natural sponge. The excess of salts is subsequently removed by prolonged washing in a weak alcoholic solution. The artificial sponge swells up with water but hardens on drying, just like its prototype; it is said to be eminently adapted for filtering water for sanitary or industrial uses and it can be employed for all the purposes that are usually assigned to the genuine article.

Ancient Roman Long Branch.

The sea coast of Laurentum may have been in favor with the fashionable and the wealthy for a brief space of time under Augustus and his immediate successors, but was given up quite soon to pavements and merchants and retired officers, and the same set of noisy people who haunt at the present day the popular watering places of the world. To make the analogy more striking, an inscription has been found at La Capocotta singing the praises of a wealthy Jew, and revealing the fact that a synagogue had been built at Ostia for the use of the Semitic "villeggianti" on the neighboring coast.

His Misfortune.

"You got a raise in pay. Didn't you?" "Yes but it didn't do me any good." "Why not?" "I talk in my sleep and my wife finds out about it."—Teledo Blade.

TIP QUESTION IS SERIOUS

Gratuities of the Season Give a Severe Jolt to Man of Small Income.

"This tip business," said a man of small income, "has come to be a serious matter."

"Every summer I send my wife and daughter to the country, to a modest hotel in a quiet place—does them good and doesn't cost us much more than it would to have them stay home, or didn't use to."

"Years ago we gave some small tips, a little to the waitress and a little to the chambermaid, amounts not great, but now we have to give more to them and we have to give also to the chef and to the housekeeper and so on, something to everybody that does something for us. It seems to be the custom, and it all counts up."

"This year, for instance, I sent the folks along weekly the little check for their board and their other moderate expenses—and they are always careful about those—and everything is going along very pleasantly and I see us settling the financial problem very nicely, and then a week or two before they are coming home we put down a little memorandum of the tips to give when they come away, and do you know that this year these amounted to \$30."

"Thirty dollars; and that gives me just a little jolt. I know it's coming, but I never realize it till it comes."

"You know what Lincoln said about paying bills? that it was easier to pay a big bill if you had the money than a little bill if you hadn't, and that sum up on the tips hits us in something that way. We pay 'em, but it does sort of put the kibosh on our nice little financial schedule."

DODGE THE POSTAGE STAMP

Foreign Countries Devising Schemes for Benefit of Large Users of the Mails.

Any man who can devise a practical substitute for the postage stamp will deserve the gratitude of every large business house in the world, and may earn a large fortune. For the labor of affixing stamps to their enormous mail necessitates in some firms the employment of a special clerical staff.

In the postoffices of some countries steps in this direction have already been taken. Here, for instance, newspapers and magazines are mailed by the publishers in bulk without stamps, and the postage is paid in a lump sum of one cent a pound. Then, again, some firms that send out large quantities of circulars register themselves under a certain number at the postoffice, their envelopes are printed with this number and the circulars so mailed are paid for in bulk. In Bavaria large consignments of letters may merely be postmarked by machinery and sent without stamps, the postage fee being paid in a lump sum at the time of mailing. It is said that since February 1, 1910, this system has saved the Bavarian postoffice the expense for paper and the printing cost for 10,000,000 stamps.

A writer in the Umschau, a German publication, suggests a further development of this system along the lines of a meter, like those used for water, gas and electricity, in which the letters would be placed and automatically stamped with a postmark, the machine recording each letter so mailed. These machines would be inspected periodically and the bills collected, just as are those of the consumer of gas or water.

The Nation of Hotel Keepers.

The "playground of Europe" is the very appropriate name bestowed upon Switzerland. In the summer time tourists come from all parts of the world and fill the hotels—the best organized and best kept of any in the world—for the Swiss are a nation of hotel keepers. The statement of the Chocolate Soldier, the hero of Bernard Shaw's "Arms and the Man," that his family has a home with three hundred rooms, fifty servants, twenty cows and so on, sounded like a baronial tale until he explained that he was the son of a Swiss hotel keeper. Now the long and severe Swiss winter has been turned to advantage, and even when the great, blue lakes are frozen and the snow mantles the lower hills, the tourist still raves over the varied beauties and grandeur of the Swiss scenery and the many delights of her mountain hostelry.—Joe Mitchell Chapter in National Magazine.

She Knows What to Do.

A North side matron, directing an electric coupe for the first time, ventured far out on the South side and punctured a tire. She drove home on the rim and came in for a scientific treatise on tires from her husband. "Never drive the electric with a busted tire," said he. "It will ruin the tire, and tires cost money."

Another puncture followed a few days later, but this time she was not far from home.

Also this time she did not drive the rest of the way. She sat in her chaperon and six boys pushed her home.—Chicago Post.

Tragic Wedding Party.

An appalling happening occurred in Turkey a few days ago, at a wedding celebration, the bride, bridegroom and twenty-eight of the guests being blown to pieces. A powder merchant named Yahia was celebrating his wedding in the village of Sina, in the Yemen, when a terrific explosion occurred in one of the rooms where powder was stored. The bride and bridegroom and guests all perished, some of them being terribly mutilated.

The Joys of Christmas Time

By Kennett Harris



Hark! the merry chimes are warning us that this is Christmas morning. And it's time that we were rising, though the hour isn't late. Still, the kiddlets will be flocking, each to overhaul his stocking. And there's scads of things we've got to do that really cannot wait.

Let's indulge in dreamy musing on this joyous Christmas tide; Let us, while the bells are pealing, get up some real Christmas feeling, Fill ourselves with sweet emotions that are not quite cut and dried. True, the minutes fast are gliding, but, consarn 'em, let 'em glide.

Think of these long weeks of waiting, all the glad anticipating Of the gay and festive season that at last, at last is here; Never resting, never stopping in our mad career of shopping, Searching over the ideal, not too cheap and not too dear; Crusaded and elbowed in the reeking crowds, that like ourselves are seeking Just the very thing of all things that their loved ones most desired. Limp and dragged then emerging from the pushing, struggling, surging Mob, with parcels overladen, reaching home at last, dog tired. Those experiences may be best described as "most all-fired."

Yet no antiquated stoic showed endurance more heroic Than we've manifested through the weary ordeal of that time; We have stood the stress of barter with the courage of a martyr; Now we find sweet compensation listening to the Christmas chime. Whose clear cadence, soft and mellow, seems to whisper to a fellow That the worst is nearly over, that we soon may breathe again, Soon may find succor of sorrow, and that, maybe by tomorrow Or the next day, may be lifted something of this mental strain, That a blessed sense of rest may soothe the tissues of our brain.

We have done with haste and flurry, no occasion now to worry, Lest some sensitive relation may have been quite overlooked. All the lists of names are checked and all the walls with green are decked, and Now within a few short hours the Christmas dinner will be cooked. Hail to Christmas! happy season! There is some substantial reason To be grateful at thy advent—the beginning of the end. As thou comest wreathed with holly, we can certainly be jolly, Welcome thee with feast and wassail, and in general unbend, For we know that we have spent for thee the last cent we can spend!

Now the door bell will cease ringing to the people who were bringing An endless string of packages from morn to dewy eve; We no longer will be running to conceal those things with cunning, And we'll lose our wonted air of having something up our sleeve. There will be a deuced litter, when the gewgaws gleam and glitce. Of waste paper, string and cotton, from the kitchen to the hall; But, with consciences elastic, we will grow enthusiastic And "wonder how they guessed," as on the donors' necks we fall, Looking blissful over dewdrops that we didn't want at all.

Ah, this blessed thing of giving! It is half the joy of living To watch the looks of gratitude and pleasure and surprise That, at least to outward seeming, are upon loved faces beaming— As the loved one opens his parcel and digs out his gaudy ties. And the gentle wife and mother her emotion tries to smother When conducted by her husband, to some secret corner, where, As a proof of fond affection, he has hid from her detection, His gift to her: a cozy, costly, well-upholstered chair (Of whose comforts, in the future, you may bet he'll get his share).

Now this Christmas spirit moves us to sense that it behooves us To keep Poverty's bare platter and all Destitution's cup. Bring turk and pie and gladness to the homes of empty sadness! To help out sweet Christmas charity who would not loosen up? But it's highly aggravating not to say exasperating, When we've given most nobly and without thought of stint, To find out, as we expected, that the modest are neglected. And our princely benefaction hasn't found its way to print. (Certainly we didn't ask it, but a man might take a hint).

But away with sad reflection! This is no time for dejection. Merry Christmas, happy Christmas, as we said, has come at last! All the many tribulations, all the trials and vexations That have crowded thick upon us for the last six weeks, are past, Not a protest shall be uttered, though the house with toys is cluttered. And the kids are all parading to the sound of horn and drum. Lusty lung and larynx voicing the extent of their rejoicing. We will have to stand the racket now that Christmas day is come. (Later tone our nervous system at some sanitarium).

Thank the Giver if we're able to sit round a well-spread table, Where the plump white-bosomed turkey sheds its savor through the room, And pudding comes on smoking, and there's no end to the joking, And no heart that harbors malice and no mind o'ercast with gloom.

Let us be profoundly grateful that we have at least a plentiful, Grateful for the pepin tablets that correct our Christmas cheer; Hold it as among our mercies if there's coin left in our purses. Be thankful for those dear to us and those who hold us dear. (And most supremely thankful Christmas comes but once a year).

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CHRISTMAS IS A PROPHECY

It Forecasts the Perfect Social Conditions Which Will Fulfill the Promises of Christ. Christmas is not only a fact commemorating the one sacred festival in the world's calendar, but the glorious prophecy of a coming day, surpassing all the brightest social dreams that have ever visited the most advanced human mind. He sprang on His human nature side, from kings and peasants, from saints and sinners. He is yet to lift every peasant to the kingliest throne of character and transform the chief of sinners into the holiest of saints. He allied Himself with poverty and the common people. He is yet to banish poverty with all its ills, from the world, and to give to common humanity their rightful sovereignty. He worked with His hands for His daily bread. He is yet to dignify and glorify in the thought of mankind all honest toil. He honored woman with His sympathetic and appreciative regard. He is yet to believe her from every form of serfdom created by the past ages. He took little children in His arms and blessed them. He is yet to make blessed the child life in every welcoming home. He gave His peace to His distracted disciples. He is yet to make wars cease unto the end of the earth. He united His brethren with Himself and His Father in one unbroken oneness. He is yet to make every man a brother to his fellow-man and at one with his Father in Heaven.