

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., March 15, 1912.

Picturesque Manchuria.

Wheat comes into the mills and to the rivers and railroads of Manchuria from almost incredible distances. In the winter, when the rough, ungraded roads are frozen hard and smooth, the natives haul wheat for 200 miles, in some cases by means of a heavy, two-wheeled cart drawn by four to eight mules. Long trains of these carts, traveling together for protection and companionship at night, can be seen on the main highways all winter and are the most picturesque feature of Manchurian life.

Merely Moral Effect.

"Some o' dese reformers," said Uncle Rastusberry, "makes me think of 'Rastus Pinkley's dog. I says to 'im, 'Rastus, I says, 'Is dat dog good foh rats?' An' he says, 'No, he's mighty bad foh rats.' Does he ketch 'em an' kill 'em?' 'No,' says Rastus; 'he don't ketch 'em, ner he don't kill 'em. But if they comes foolin' around him he'll mighty near skeer 'em to death.'"—Washington Star.

Not Profanity.

The word "dam" is the name of a small coin used in India and of very small value, and is also the name given by tinkers to a small wad of paper put into a hole in tinware when mending it for the purpose of preventing the solder from running through. Both mean of little value, and the expression really means "I don't care the value of a dam."

Forewarned.

"Your father tells me," said the earl, "that he intends to leave all his money to charity." "Oh, don't let that worry you at all," replied the beautiful heiress. "I'm sure he doesn't mean it. He told me last night that he was going to try to find out whether you really loved me for myself alone."

Raising the Wind.

"There ain't a dollar in the town treasury," said the mayor of Billville to the town marshal, "and you'll get no salary this month." "Never believe it," said the cheerful marshal. "There are six automobiles headed this way. Just make out the fines for exceedin' the speed limit, an' leave the rest to me!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Good Substitute for Sardines.

The fact that Maine herring, when quite young, are canned and marketed for sardines done up in olive oil, is fairly well known. As the home product is about as tasty and wholesome as the imported article, there is not much use of getting excited over the imposition.

Napoleon's Capricious Appetite.

Napoleon had a penchant for roast fowls, cutlets and smoking coffee. He ate at odd times, and only when he felt hungry, driving his cooks to distraction because when he called for food it had to be ready for him almost on the instant, or at least as soon as the table could be laid.

Home Defined.

Home is a magic word, and we seldom try to analyze it. A little Polish girl in a public school was asked recently to write a definition of "home." "A home," she wrote, "is where people live, and where a man or somebody comes home and finds people there, and then eats!"

Credit Societies.

There are now 3,456 urban and rural co-operative credit societies in India, with a membership of 226,958 and a working capital of \$2,442,580, of which only \$240,590 is contributed by the government. These figures represent the work of about seven years.

Letter Undraped.

Little Lola, aged five, went to the door in answer to the postman's ring, and was handed a postal card, the first one she had ever seen. "Oh, mamma," she exclaimed, "here's a letter for you, but it hasn't got any skirt on!"

Fortune in Burro's Kick.

Once, in Colorado, a miner who had been kicked in the stomach by his burro found, when he began to dust off his breeches, that it was gold dust from soft quartz adhering to 'em—and he was made.

Platinum.

Referring to platinum, books say that "this metal has never yet been successfully deposited as a protecting coating to other metals" and add "the metal to be plated must be coppered."

Superficial.

There are some people who keep their morality in the piece; it is a stuff of which they never cut themselves a coat.—Joubert.

Once in Awhils.

A little music, now and then, is furnished by the long-haired men.—Judge.

Make Right Use of Money.

Money is sublime or ridiculous, according to the man who has it.

HIS SECURITY WAS ASSURED

Man With Wooden Leg Had No Fear of Slipping on Polished Floor.

One of New York's leading actors has an elegant country home out in Long Island, and he has spent a great deal of money in fitting it up with costly decorations and exquisite furnishings. The library was recently refurbished with a most expensive floor of beautiful parquet, in which the owner felt a great degree of pride and of which he was scrupulously careful.

A few days ago an old friend of the good old road days learned how well he was prospering and went out to call on him. He had met with reverses financially, and also with the physical misfortune of an amputated leg, in place of which he wore a wooden one.

When the servant announced him in the library the host went in and was horrified to see the man stumbling about the floor with the wooden leg. In a tour of inspection of its gorgeous fittings. Speechless at first, he was finally able to breathe a gentle hint to his friend:

"I say, Henry, old fellow, hadn't you better keep well in on the rug? I'm so deucedly afraid you might slip and get a fall."

"Oh, no! That's all right," assured the guest. "Don't you worry about me. I'm all right, thanks. There is a couple of nails in the end of the old peg, you know."—Judge's Library.

TO PUBLISH POET'S LETTERS

Interesting Collection of Correspondence of One of France's Greatest Poets Discovered.

An interesting literary discovery has been made, an immense collection of the correspondence of Marceline Desbordes-Valmore, the greatest of the women poets of nineteenth century France. The letters included in it were bought one by one from the autograph dealers by her son Hippolyte Valmore. He annotated them and meant to publish them; but when he died a bachelor of 72 about twenty years ago, there was no mention of his intentions in his will.

The albums then fell into the hands of his servant, who was ignorant of their value but did not destroy them. Finding them too cumbersome to carry about with her she gave them away. The recipient preserved them, though without attaching any particular importance to them; and now at last they have attracted the attention of a collector and are to be edited and published in the course of the autumn.

The Gloomy Poets.

In the course of a week a large number of poems reach this office, most of them written by persons with little experience in verse making, says the Kansas City Star. The striking thing about the output, however, is not that so many persons who have never written poetry should be experimenting with it, but that nine-tenths of them should be so melancholy. The great majority of poems submitted for publication reflect a spirit of gentle gloom.

"What are the wild waves saying?" inquire the poets with one accord. And why do they say it? Why should a sense of woe weigh us down? Why are the autumn winds so melancholy? Why is anything, anyhow?"

A careful reading of several hundred poems of this type does not leave the impression that the writers are such a gloomy lot as they might appear. One comes to believe that most of them are normally cheerful, but that somehow they have been led to suppose that sadness belongs to poetry.

More Used to Horses.

Here is a story that J. O. Chenoweth tells on William Grafeman, the ice cream manufacturer:

Grafeman had been having engine trouble with his motor car, and after each trip to the repair shop the same trouble recurred, only worse.

Finally, in desperation, Grafeman called on his friend, Emil Gartner, who owns a machine of the same kind, and asked him to look the car over, and see if he could find out what was wrong. Gartner carefully inspected the engine and listened to its ca-chug, ca-chug. Then, turning to Grafeman, he announced that there was nothing wrong with the engine except that one of its cylinders was "missing."

"What!" exclaimed Grafeman, incredulous. "I'm positive all four of them were there when I left the garage."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Sensitive.

"You've lost him for good this time," said the master barber to one of his assistants as a customer went out and slammed the door behind him.

"Yes, but I forgot."

"That's no excuse. If you can't attend to business, you must go."

"What's the trouble?" inquired a customer.

"He didn't brush the gentleman's head."

"But his head was a bald as an egg."

"Certainly, and that is why he should have brushed it. Bald-headed men are very sensitive; you must use the brush the same as if they had plenty of hair. To do so gives them an idea that you don't take particular notice of their baldness."

"And won't that customer return?"

"Never. He'll try some other barber's next time, and will even advise his friends to avoid this."

Chicago's Way.

"I haven't tried it in New York, so I don't know how obliging they are here," remarked a Chicago man, "but in Chicago they used to take pains to reimburse patrons of gum and chocolate vending machines if the deposited cent failed to deliver."

"I had been defrauded of several pennies, and finally reported one loss to the ticket agent of the elevated road at the station the cent had been lost. He took my name and address. A few days later I received a letter, saying:

"We regret to learn that you lost one cent on account of one of our machines being out of order. We are sending you herewith gum to make good your loss, and wish to assure you that we use every effort to keep the machines in perfect working order, but we cannot prevent attempts at robbing them, which occasionally damage them or put them out of order."

"It was typewritten, had been copied in a letter press, bore a cancelled stamp and contained two sticks of gum, a blotter and a return envelope."

Heroic Dream Came True.

Patrolman William Noble of Dorchester, Mass., dreamed that he was standing in Peabody square when runaway fire horses rounded the corner. In his dream he saw five little children in the path of the mad animals. He seized the horses by the bits and brought them to a stop within three feet of the children—and then he woke up.

Still pondering over the dream Noble went off duty, walked to Peabody square and told another "cop" about the dream. Just as he had finished two fire horses dashed around the corner, running wild toward a group of children in the square. At the risk of his own life Noble seized the bits and stopped the pair within a yard of the nearest child. Then he counted the children and was astonished to find there were just five.

Chinese Complexions.

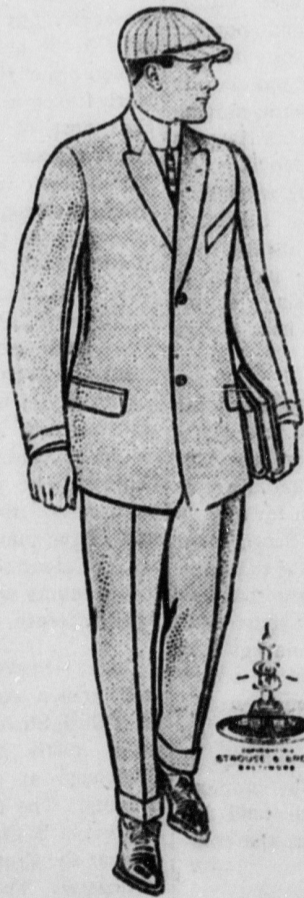
A French writer has given in La Presse Medicale the results of his observations on massage in China. He remarks that the exquisite complexion of the young Chinese women is due not to enameling, as has been suspected, but to careful manipulation of the face done by expert masseuses.

They begin by a gentle pinching of the cheeks between the tips of their fingers, which lasts fully ten minutes; then apply lotions on absorbent cotton, then an unguent, and finish by kneading the cheeks with an extreme delicacy of touch, always proceeding

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