

Bellefonte, Pa., May 17, 1912.

DOING ELLIS A FAVOR.

Conrad, threading his way across the steamboat dock littered with boxes and trunks and trucks and people, saw Ellis at a distance and headed his way.

Ellis was a man that it paid to cultivate. Conrad was glad they were crossing the lake on the same boat, for there was the chance of a smoke and a chat together.

"Great jam tonight, isn't there?" Conrad remarked after greeting Ellis. The man with whom Ellis had been talking when Conrad came up laughed at this. "There sure is," he remarked. "I can't get a berth, let alone a stateroom! Guess I'll have to sit up all night!"

Conrad eagerly grasped this chance to do a favor for a friend of Ellis. "You can have a berth in my stateroom," he said, cordially. "I'm alone in it."

Later on Conrad sought his room. Somehow he had lost Ellis after the boat started. He had patiently patrolled the decks without finding him, and was consequently disgruntled. Ellis had not even seemed decently pleased at the kindness to his friend. The stateroom door was locked.

Conrad rapped. There was no answer. He rapped louder. He repeated it.

The man in the next stateroom flung open his door crossly and asked Conrad to stop trying to knock in a side of the boat. He said he had pressing business in port, and if Conrad sunk the vessel and he had to swim in he would be late for his appointment.

Thereupon Conrad kicked the door of his stateroom. It was opened six inches and a sleepy and blinking face peered forth. Conrad shoved himself inside.

"Who are you?" demanded the blinking man.

"Here, wake up!" replied Conrad, disgustedly. "This is my stateroom, and I'm going to bed. Don't you remember that I offered to share with you?"

"Oh!" said the blinking man, comprehendingly, sitting down. Then he rolled over and went to sleep again. Suddenly Conrad gave a howl.

"What have you got in here?" he asked. The sleepy man sat up and regarded the floor on which Conrad was dancing. "Oh," he said, and seemed amused. "They've got out, haven't they? I must have kicked a hole in the paper covering! There's a hundred of those crabs!"

"Then there are just a hundred too many!" Conrad announced as he made a leap for life.

"You see," said the other passenger, sociably. "I'm going over to visit a friend, and he's daffy about eating little fresh water crabs. He asked me to bring him some. I put 'em in a basket."

"Well, put 'em back!" Conrad ordered, ferociously.

Crouched on the edge of the berth, he watched the other man try to corral those agile crabs. He chuckled and shooed and coaxed and dived headlong and at last had most of them back in their basket. Then he promptly went to sleep once more.

Vastly irritated, Conrad retired. He awoke later to find himself being violently shaken by two strong hands. "Don't you see it? Don't you see it?" shouted a voice. Can't you stop it?"

"Are those crabs loose again?" Conrad cried in horror, making a spring for the electric light switch.

"No, no!" moaned the voice. "That automobile! It's tipping over and they'll all be killed!"

Conrad shook the sleep walker violently. "Where am I?" the man asked when he came to.

"You'll be overboard in the lake if you repeat that performance!" Conrad told him. "I want to get a little sleep."

In an hour a yell once more sent Conrad to his feet. It seemed that a crab which they had missed in the roundup had ascended a blanket to the berth and had fastened upon its owner's ear. No one could reasonably be objected to a man's yelling under these circumstances, so Conrad merely detached the crab, threw it out of the window and tried again to sleep, but by that time the boat had reached shore. Sleepy and angry, he started to dress. The other man was slumbering as sweetly as a baby. He woke up, though, when Conrad tried to put on his shoes, because the shoes had crabs in them.

As he disembarked Conrad met Ellis, who was looking fresh, rested and vigorous. Conrad longed to smite him.

"Here," he growled at Ellis. "You let me in for an awful night with that friend of yours! I've had hardly a wink of sleep and have nearly had heart failure besides! What's the matter with him, anyway?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Ellis, genially. "I never saw him before last night. He had just stopped to ask me for a light when you came along and took him in like a brother!"

Specifications. "I believe in a man of deeds, not words." "So do I, if they're little deeds."

—There are many good newspapers published, but none that is quite as good as the DEMOCRATIC WATCHMAN. Try it.

ANCIENT SURGERY.

They Used a File in Trepanning Operations in Hippocrates' Time.

There is no doubt that some rough form of surgery must have existed from very ancient times, but it is strange to find that so complex and delicate an operation as trepanning is one of the oldest.

So far as actual records go, Hippocrates gives us the earliest account. He wrote treatises on fractures, dislocations and wounds of the head, in which he described the method of procedure to be followed in the case of a fractured skull. His direction was to cut away a piece of bone so that the pressure on the brain might be relieved.

There are also records about this time and later of a file being used for this purpose, which at a time when anaesthetics were undreamed of must have been, to say the least, painful.

According to Dr. T. Rice Holmes, the operation of removing pieces of bone was performed long before historic times. The effects on the skull are easily seen after death and are visible so long as the bones are preserved.

From inspection of certain skulls of the later stone age in ancient Britain, Dr. Holmes has come to the conclusion that some of these had undergone the operation, which must have been performed with a stone implement.—London Standard.

VERY WELL INVESTED.

A Loan That Carnegie's Old Kinsman Didn't Want Repaid.

Andrew Carnegie told the following story with great relish. When his father was leaving his native country to settle in America he borrowed £20 from a relative. The family had an uphill battle on the other side of the Atlantic, but when the tide of prosperity turned with the son he remembered his father's indebtedness and determined to clear it off, together with its accumulated interest. He started by remitting the sum of £20 and for several years sent the same amount, a dividend equal to exactly 100 per cent.

Returning to Scotland, the Pittsburgh ironmaster met his old relative. "Well," said Mr. Carnegie, "having paid up a good deal of the interest, I should like now to clear off the principal."

"Ay, ay, Andrew, dinna ye fash yer self about the loan! A'm perfectly satisfied with the interest."

"Oh, but I'm rich enough now, I think, to clear off the principal!" replied the millionaire.

"Dinna mind the principal, Andrew," said the relative. "It's very well invested as it is!"—London Family Herald.

Laziness a Disease.

Laziness should be regarded as a disease when no organic cause of ill health exists, and people should be compelled to get through their allotted work as they would have to take their powders of quinine if they were suffering from influenza. There are scores of self pitying loafers on the sick list of every doctor who need, not drugs, not treatment of any kind, but simply work. To prescribe rest cures for this type is directly inclining them to a lazy life, when their dissatisfaction, general seadiness and lack of vitality are the direct outcome of having too little to do already. It is not more rest that they require, but compulsory, methodical, regulated work six days out of seven. Work is the best medicine in the world, the ideal stimulant, because it leaves no ill effects.—London Express.

Pert Answer.

In his book, "The Spice of Life," Thornaby, the author, says that he knew a learned counsel once who always boasted that he looked twenty years younger than he was, but he had an awful blow one day when he was cross examining a very self possessed young lady. He wanted her to tell him the age of somebody she knew or at least to make a guess at it, but he couldn't get a satisfactory answer from her.

"Come, you can generally form an idea of age from people's looks," he said, coaxingly. "Now, how old would you say I am?" To which the lady replied, "You might be sixty by your looks; but judging by the questions you ask, I should say about sixteen."

Shoreless Bolivia.

In territorial extent Bolivia stands third among the republics of South America and is one of the two without a seaport. Her natural outlet to the Pacific ocean was taken by Chile at the end of the war of the Pacific, and to day she is shut off from the sea like Switzerland. La Paz, Oruro and Potosi are all cities standing over 12,000 feet above the level of the sea.

Pathetic Case.

Staggers—Ish no ush; I can't open this door. Itsh because I'm bald headed. Jagers—Bald headed? Whatsh thash got to do with it? Staggers—Ev'rything, m' frien'; ev'rything. Whatsh good ish a key if you haven't any locks?—Philadelphia Record.

Be Stings.

If stung by a bee rub off the sting instead of pulling it out with the nail of the thumb and forefinger and therefore more venom into the wound. Ammonia applied to the wound made by a bee sting will usually afford immediate relief.

The danger of a little knowledge of things is disputable, but beware the little knowledge of oneself.—George Meredith.

—Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

Hood's Sarsaparilla.

As a Spring Medicine Hood's is King

"For all the troubles I have had Hood's Sarsaparilla surely is the king. I have taken it at different times in the past three years when I have suffered from catarrh and stomach troubles, and have always found it a grand medicine. My stomach is very much better than it was, and as spring medicine, too, I know that no one can do any better than take Hood's Sarsaparilla. My husband and I have reason to recommend it cordially, and we also think very highly of Hood's Pills, which we always intend to keep in the house." Mrs. E. R. Plummer, 387 Union Ave., Laconia, N. H.

Thousands of intelligent and economical men and women have come to know by experience the great value of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and to regard it as "common sense" to use this proprietary medicine in many diseases and ailments.

It is Rich in Protein, the Most Costly of Food Ingredients.

An ordinary glass of buttermilk contains about as much nutriment as two ounces of bread, a good sized potato or a half pint of oysters, says a bulletin of the United States department of agriculture. It thus contains about the same food constituents as skim milk, but it has an added hygienic value because the protein is more easily digested than the protein in skim milk and therefore is often prescribed by physicians for children and invalids, especially those suffering from intestinal trouble.

Protein, being the most costly of food ingredients, is the one most likely to be lacking in inexpensive meals, and this is the nutrient which both skim milk and buttermilk supply in a cheap and useful form, and when taken with bread or used in cooking they form a very nutritious addition to the diet. Two and one-half quarts of skim milk or buttermilk contain about the same amount of protein as one pound of round steak and cost about one-quarter as much. Two quarts of milk have a greater nutrient value than one quart of oysters. The nutriment in the form of oysters would cost 30 to 50 cents, while the skim milk or buttermilk would have a value on the farm of from 2 to 4 cents.

A QUEER PRESENT.

The Memento Henry Irving Once Presented to Helen Keller.

In J. Henry Harper's book, "The House of Harper," he tells a story of Helen Keller and Henry Irving. They met at Laurence Hutton's house, and the blind girl seemed to be so conversant with "Hamlet" that Irving invited her to "witness" his performance, and she readily accepted. "After the second act Irving sent word to her that he should like to have her come on the stage if she was so inclined, and when she arrived he showed her around and explained the stage setting. She ran her hands gently over his costume and seemed to be much pleased with his makeup.

"As she was leaving to return to her box Irving thought that he ought to give her some little memento of the occasion. He realized that in his costume as Hamlet there was nothing he could readily spare, but as it was his custom to put on his eyeglasses as soon as the curtain went down he took them off and handed them to her.

"In the middle of the next act he suddenly recalled the fact that Miss Keller was blind, and he told me that it almost broke him up when he had thought of the faux pas he had made."

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TREASURER'S SALE OF UNSEATED LAND FOR NON-PAYMENT OF TAXES FOR 1910 AND 1911.

Agreeable to the provisions of law relating to the sale of unseated lands for the non-payment of taxes, notice is hereby given that there will be exposed to public sale or outcry the following tracts or parts of tracts of unseated lands in Centre county, Pennsylvania, for taxes due and unpaid thereon, at the Court House in the Borough of Bellefonte, on Monday, June 10th, 1912, at 1 o'clock p. m., and to continue from day to day, if necessary, by adjournment, until all are sold.

Table with columns: Acres Per., Warrant, Owners, Taxes. Lists various land parcels and owners across different townships.

Table with columns: Name, Address, Amount. Lists names and addresses of individuals and their associated amounts.

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JOHN D. MILLER, County Treasurer.