

SAYS THE BEST THING

WOMAN WHO IS NOTED FOR THE WORD FITLY SPOKEN.

Her Remarks Are Always Apt and Pleasing and the Hearers Know That There is Absolute Sincerity Behind Them.

"Do you remember what Mrs. Gregg wore at that reception of yours two years ago?" asked Mrs. Crane.

"No," replied Mrs. Chase, "but I remember what she said. After most of the others had made the usual polite remarks and gone away, Mrs. Gregg came up, and putting out her hand, said, with her refreshing sincerity: 'You've given me a good afternoon and now I must bid you one.'"

"That is why I asked you," said Mrs. Crane, with interest. "Although I've met Mrs. Gregg 100 times, I cannot remember distinctly what she wore at any time; but I can remember so many things that she has said and just how she looked when she said them."

"I remember once," continued Mrs. Crane, "after a recital by Miss Patillo, the women crowded round her and said all sorts of inane things in the effort to impress the pianist with their knowledge and love of music. Miss Patillo received their compliments in a polite tired way. Then Mrs. Gregg came up, took the girl's hand in both hers, and said:

"My dear, I don't know anything about music, but when you played I imagined I was a girl again in a field of wild daisies."

"At once the pianist's eyes lighted with pleasure, and there was real gratitude in her 'Thank you,' and the pressure of her hand."

"And I'll venture," said Mrs. Chase, "that if you asked her today about that recital, the only thing she would remember would be Mrs. Gregg and her field of daisies."

"It is not that she says startling things," continued Mrs. Chase. "She does not try to be odd or witty, but she always succeeds in putting things freshly. Can you imagine her saying, 'It was such a success, Miss Watts! I've had a perfectly delightful time, Mrs. Coombs?'"

"I remember," said Mrs. Crane, with a laugh, "that one summer Mrs. Gregg was at our house party in the mountains. One evening, after watching the sunset, she turned suddenly to me. 'Do you know what I was thinking, Mrs. Crane?' she answered."

"No," I answered.

"I was thinking," she said with a smile, "how glad I am that I lost my very best doll when I was a little girl."

"Why?" I asked, curiously.

"If I hadn't lost my doll," she said, "my mother would not have sent me to the store for another; and if I hadn't gone to the store I should never have met Lizzie Smith, who happened to be there with her aunt; and if I had never met Lizzie I should never have known you—and so I shouldn't be here now."

Both women laughed appreciatively.

"I know many women," said Mrs. Chase, "who are more striking to look at, many with finer clothes, and some with keener wits, but Mrs. Gregg says the word you want to hear."

"And it is something more than a word," replied Mrs. Crane. "There's the genuine feeling behind the word. She really enjoys things—with her it is not a matter of showing her clothes, or paying social obligations, or making friends. That, I suppose, is why she can always say the thing that makes the hostess remember her with such vivid pleasure."—Youth's Companion.

The Man—Say, don't you know that gas comes from that stove you sold me?

The Dealer—Well, you didn't expect electric lights, did you?

\$79 Realized.

A ball it was for charity— in truth, a worthy cause; Fine clothes were there no rarity, The jewels gave one pause.

A Weak Rejoinder.

"Our landlady was guilty of an unconscious bit of humor today." "What was it?" "One of the boarders asked for a punch, and she said she never served strong drinks, but she would give him some coffee."

Diagnosis.

"I am afraid, as I gaze upon your unconscious friend, that his is a case of atrophy." "If you knew him and his unconscious fits, you'd say it was more like a case of beer."

Applied Maxim.

"My dear, I am very sorry, but the man who was fixing here said the fastenings were too short to put up this portrait of yours on the wall." "All right. Just give me rope enough and I'll hang myself."

Vicious Penance.

"Have you given up any pleasure as a penance during Lent?" "Certainly. I've given up giving my wife money for matinee tickets."

A Careful Young Man.

"You want to marry my daughter?" "Yes, but only if you'd like an op-

PRESERVE FOES' HEADS

SOUTH AMERICAN TRIBE THAT EMBALMS THE TROPHIES.

Method Employed Reduces the Grisly Relics to the Size of a Billiard Ball With Changing or Mutilating Features.

The little-known Indian tribes that inhabit the more distant provinces of the South American republic of Ecuador, in almost entire independence, have a strange custom of preparing the heads of their vanquished enemies in a manner which reduces them to extremely small dimensions, without changing or mutilating the features.

For many years a war of extermination has been going on between the various tribes. Ambushes and night attacks are of frequent occurrence, and the parties often march dozens of leagues to surprise their enemies. The head of the vanquished chief is cut off and becomes the most esteemed booty of the victorious leader. It is then, in due time, desiccated and reduced by the latter by means of a process, the secret of which has so far been jealously guarded. As far as is known, the skull, jawbones and fleshy parts are entirely removed without the skin of the head and face suffering any damage, and the only trace of the operation is a small incision in the nape of the neck which is afterward sewn together again.

After removal of the bony and softer parts of the skull the skin is filled with hot stones and a vegetable concoction, the secret of which, as well as that of the process, is carefully guarded. This procedure is continued until the head is shrunk to the dimension of a good-sized billiard ball and has become as dry and tough as sole leather.

It is remarkable that during the process neither the natural luster of the hair nor its quantity is diminished, that eyebrows and lashes remain intact, and that even the grain of the skin with the fine hairs are plainly distinguishable after the preparation is completed.

The process lasts about one year, and the head during that time hangs in smoke, for which purpose a stout string is drawn through the upper part of it. The lips are sewed together in order to prevent the dead enemy from speaking and eating, and the long threads by which it is done remain attached and hanging from the mouth.

The trophy, which by the reduction has lost its ghastliness, is kept in a niche in the hut of the chief, stuck on the end of a spear. During the three years succeeding the killing, feasts, lasting three days, are held on the anniversaries of the victory, during which the shrunken head is exhibited. After three years the victor may dispose of his trophy in any way he sees fit, but this is rarely done, as the head forms a war trophy of the highest honor.

Case of Poetic Justice.

That was a case of poetic justice when a jury of women in San Francisco were called upon to pass on the fit of a man's clothes. A certain tailor in that western city sued a customer for money due for clothes. The customer pleaded that the suits did not fit and asked for a jury of women to decide the important point. The 12 good women and true, who from their own experience were no doubt eminently qualified to pass on the fit of clothes, found for the defendant. It must have afforded them infinite satisfaction to know that, after all the sarcasm with which their husbands treated their own troubles with dressmakers, their exasperating experiences should in the end be drawn upon to render a lawful judgment on clothes worn by men. All the fun poked at women and their dressmakers in San Francisco and all the jokes collateral to that engaging theme have been recalled.

Book Don'ts.

Good books are treasures, and they should be handled with the greatest of care by everyone. Here are a few rules that should be observed:

Never drop a book upon the floor. Never turn leaves with the thumb. Never lean or rest upon an open book.

Never turn down the corners of leaves. Never touch a book with soiled or damp hands.

Always place a large book upon a table before opening it. Never pull a book from the shelf by the binding at the top, but by the back.

Never close a book with a pencil, tablet or anything else that is bulky between the leaves.

Influence of Clothes.

It is said that the average man is, to a great extent, influenced by the kind of clothes which he wears, in the same way as he is affected by his environment. A well-dressed man will walk better, talk better and, they say, even do better work than the man who is carelessly dressed. Therefore, the man who is neglectful of his personal appearance, is unseemly, slouchy, his clothes not pressed or carefully brushed, his shoes unpolished, his linen soiled and his hat dented and covered with dust, discards one of the most potent instruments of success. Perhaps he cannot afford to buy linen or suits made at the best tailors, but every man can afford to be clean and neat in his dress.

The KIPPONEN CABINET

O H, IF the berry that stains my lips Could teach me the woodland chat, Science would bow to my scholarship And Theology doff the hat.

A FEW SALAD OR LUNCHEON ROLLS.

Bread should have a sweet, nutty flavor, never a flavor of yeast. The quick breads which may be made in three to five hours are all right for an emergency, but for every day living the better bread is made with a small quantity of yeast.

Swedish Rolls.—Take a pint of scalded milk, a cake of compressed yeast or half a cup of the liquid yeast, half a cup of luke warm water, three eggs, a half cup of butter, a half cup of sugar, a teaspoonful of salt. Make a sponge and prepare the dough as in all biscuit mixtures made with yeast. When light, roll in a sheet a fourth of an inch thick, brush with butter, sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon and currants; roll up like a jelly roll, cut in rounds and set on end, side by side, in a pan; when light bake about half an hour. When baked brush with egg and milk, or sugar and milk and return to the oven to brown.

Tomato Biscuit.—Roll a light dough made like French bread, of a cup of warm water, a half a yeast cake, a half teaspoonful of salt, and four cups of flour. Use two cups of the flour to make the dough and half of the water. Knead well and shape in a small ball. Make two cuts in the top about a fourth of an inch deep, then place the ball in a small sauce pan of tepid water, cut side up. In a few minutes the ball will begin to swell and float on the top of the water. When quite light, remove it with a skimmer to a bowl containing the salt and the rest of the water. Stir in enough flour to make a dough stiff enough to knead, nearly two cups, and let stand in a warm place until light. Roll out the dough in a sheet half an inch thick, cut in four-inch squares, brush the corners with cold water, then fold them over to meet in the center; press the corners down upon the dough below. Arrange in a biscuit pan so that they will just touch each other, brush with melted butter; when risen to double in bulk brush again with butter and bake.

German Coffee Cake.—Soften a yeast cake (compressed) in a fourth of a cup of water; add two cups of scalded milk, cooled, and flour to make a batter. When light add four eggs beaten without separating, one cup of melted butter, one cup of sugar, the juice and rind of a lemon, a teaspoonful of salt. Knead and when light roll in a sheet, butter and sprinkle with almonds chopped fine.

Nellie Maxwell.

The KIPPONEN CABINET

P LANT flowers in the soul's front yard. Set out new shade and blossom trees. An' let the soul once froze an' hard. Sprout crocuses of new ideas. Yes, clean yer house, an' clean yer shed. An' clean yer barn in ev'ry part; But brush the cobwebs from yer head, An' sweep the snowbanks from yer heart. —Sam Foss.

SOME GOOD OLD FASHION DISHES.

For those who prefer to make their own mustard to use on the table for corned beef and cabbage, the following is a good one to prepare:

German Mustard.—Mix one-half a cup of dry mustard with a fourth of a cup each of salt and sugar and a fourth of a teaspoonful of cayenne. Stir in two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, the juice of one onion and vinegar to make a thin paste.

The story is told of a fussy man at a hotel in the west who sat down to a dinner of pork and beans. He remarked to the landlord that he never ate pork and beans. The landlord replied: "Then help yourself to the mustard." He was not lacking in hospitality as long as there was mustard that wasn't refused.

Berry Muffins.—Mix thoroughly two cups of sifted flour, one-half teaspoonful of salt and three teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Cream one-fourth of a cup of butter, add a half cup of sugar and the well-beaten yolk of one egg, a cup of milk and the flour mixture; beat well. Add the white of egg beaten stiff, and stir in a heaping cup of well-washed blueberries, drained and rolled in flour. Bake in muffin pans about 20 minutes.

Fried Apples.—Core and pare the apples, cutting in thin slices. Lay in a granite pan with butter, sprinkle with sugar and place in the oven to bake until tender. Serve around fried sausage. The apples may be fried in some of the sausage fat, adding a little sugar.

Serve hard sauce in the halves of lemons or oranges, decorate the edges with a scallop if liked.

Nellie Maxwell.

PICNICS AT HECLA PARK.—In addition to the regular Friday afternoon and evening concerts at Hecla park the following picnics will be held there during July and August:

August 15th, United Brethren Sunday school, Bellefonte.

August 28th, Alkoonia Erecting shops.

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

—Subscribe for the **WATCHMAN**.

—Mrs. Gnaggs—You are not a man. You are a— a worm. Mr. Gnaggs—Well, I noticed you played the part of the early bird.

—Subscribe for the **WATCHMAN**.

Newton Hamilton Camp Meeting August 8 to 20.

Excursion tickets to Newton Hamilton will be sold by the Pennsylvania Railroad August 6 to 20, inclusive, good to return until August 22, inclusive, from Harrisburg, Altoona and intermediate stations, and from stations on the Tyrone Division, at reduced fares. 57-302t

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