

Warfare that Ended Most Unexpectedly.

"Eggs again?" It was a query, an accusation and a protest.

"Yes," said Tommy Thomas. "Why not? There's more nourishment in a soft-boiled—"

"Feather bed," interrupted his chum. "Truth is, you're too lazy to cook anything else."

"Oooh, you tell whoops! And what, Mr. Simian Wellington, did YOU cook last week?"

Simion was obliged to take the defensive. "Aw, but I didn't plain-boil and plain-boil till the hens came home. I served those eggs in eight different ways, and you know it."

"Yass, and with the shells every time. Fact is, Sim, I'm tired of pot-wreelin'. I'll run you a race to the postoffice and back to see who cooks for a month."

"Nay, nay. Not being blessed with drumsticks like yours, I'll have to decline your glittering offer. But I'll be sportier than that."

He picked up all eggs, held it to the light, listened at each end mysteriously, and then rejected it. He took up another egg and did the same. After diagnosing the third, his face lighted with joy.

"A very strong egg, Tommy. A perfect type of the Roman arch. Now, sir, I can fix this egg so you cannot break it with an iron implement—er, that stove-lid, we'll say."

"Just try me."

"If you do, I'll cook for a month. If you don't I'm to have riz biscuits and hot rolled oats for a month."

"I weep for a poor orphan like you, Sim, but—turn on the blizzard."

Wellington took his chosen egg—it was a small one—and stood it in a corner of the room.

It was an ancient trick, almost as old as the Columbus stunt, and Tommy knew he could not hope to break the egg in that position with the circular weapon. But he betrayed no chagrin. He calmly picked up a poker as well as the stove-lid, and proceeded to pry away the partitions forming the corner.

"I say," began Sim, farsome of the landlady's bill. Then a brilliant idea bumped him.

"Pfoosh! A moist, warm, soft-boiled egg struck Tommy on his pet cowlick and the effluvia began to cascade into his collar, thence to the back of his vest.

And the battle was on. Tommy jumped to the table and commandeered the plate of cooked eggs. Sim rifled the cupboard of the half-bagful of raw ones. Only a baseball reporter could adequately deal with the doings of those eggs thereafter.

Presently Sim retreated—or Tommy thought he did. He ran downstairs pursued by a "Yah, squealer, come again!" from the apartment victor.

On the first floor was a grocer's shop. A sign read:

FRESH RANCH EGGS, 35c doz.

"Gimme two dozen eggs," cried Sim. "Charge it to Mr. Thomas, as usual."

Ustains he galloped and began a fusillade from the doorway. Poor Tommy dodged behind the bed. Sim entered and pursued him from his hiding place, punctuating his howls with fresh ranch eggs. Tommy now fled, but grabbed the door key as he ran.

Sim understood. Tommy was coming back with ammunition. He moved bed, oil stove and table against the door. He was in the act of uprooting the stationary wash basin when a balmy, squashy, not-quite-so-guaranteed ranch egg hit him in the bridge of his nose. It had come over the transom.

The next one decorated his shirt front. The third missed him and broke the mirror. Eggs now came thick and fast, two whole dozen, at 35 cents per, pursuing him to the fire escape. With simian agility he made his way down to that corner grocery and asked for more eggs.

But Sim was in too big a hurry to explain. He gathered up all the eggs left in the crate, put them into a huge paper bag and with a "Charge 'em to Mr. Thomas," bounded up those stairs again.

Tommy was nowhere in sight. The barricade had been pushed in. "But I'll get the rascal," muttered Nemesis-of-the-Ova. "He's gone after more eggs. Score one point for me."

He shut the window to prevent a rear attack, then threw up fortifications in front of the open door.

Steps, soft steps, ascending the stair! A head looming from the semi-darkness, looking inquiringly into the room.

Whizz! Pfoosh! An egg cleaving the air and finding its mark.

"Got ye, did I?" yelled Sim, triumphantly, emerging from the rampart with another egg ready for the throw.

"Have another?" A scream. Feminine. Not the landlady's, either. The too-eager egg stifled the scream.

"Sim Wellington, you nasty, good-for-nothing wretch!" The victim was spluttering eggshells with every syllable. "I called to tell you your aunt—but I won't."

And the girl—young, pretty and all that—bounced down the stairs.

It was Sim's sweetheart. But Sim didn't feel like calling her back.

"Polly!" gasped the gallant warrior in awe. "And auntie of the money bags probably coming to see me this very day!"

SAVES LIFE OF BOY; WANTS HERO MEDAL

Yet Cleveland Lad Would Take "Three Bucks" or Life Saver's Job Instead.

Cleveland, O.—"Here's my chance to be a hero and get a Carnegie medal," said Frank Patterson, twelve years old, as he threw off his coat, jumped into the Cuyahoga river at the foot of Main avenue and saved four-year-old Willie King from drowning the other afternoon.

Instead of hurrying home to change his clothes after making the rescue, Frank ran to the West Twenty-ninth street station and notified Sergeant O'Donahue of the accident.

"You're a brave lad," was O'Donahue's comment.

"It's a cinch I'm a brave kid, all right, but where's my Carnegie medal?"



Saved Four-Year-Old Willie King.

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ONE TRUTHFUL AMERICAN.

The incumbent of an old church in Wales asked a party of Americans to visit his parochial school. After a recitation he invited them to question the pupils, and one of the party accepted the invitation.

"Little boy," he said to a rosy-faced lad, "can you tell me who George Washington was?"

"Iss, sir," was the smiling reply. "E was a 'Merican general."

"Quite right. And can you tell me what George Washington was remarkable for?"

"Iss, sir. 'E was remarkable 'cos 'e was a 'Merican an' told the truth."—Youth's Companion.

Ah!

"When some one asked Mrs. Biffers if there were any wicked little boys in her neighborhood she said there were four."

"How many little boys live in her neighborhood?"

"Five, but one of them is named Bobby Biffers."

The Double Shake.

"Are you aware that merely by shaking hands a person can accumulate in his palm 3,000,000,000 deadly or disagreeable germs."

"No, I was not aware of that, but the next time I meet Janice I expect to accumulate 6,000,000,000 deadly or disagreeable germs."

What Tiger.

One of the animals came up to be named. "Er—tiger!" announced Adam.

"Princeton, Tammany or Detroit?" clamored the reporters, who were, of course, present.

Whereupon the first father perceived that he had a task of delicacy cut out for him.—Puck.

Improving His Looks.

Bacon—Besides the usual burglar alarms that protect bank vaults, a snapshot camera has been introduced. Automatically it will take the burglar's picture as he looked while in the act.

Egbert—What's the matter with having a phonograph attachment asking him to look pleasant?

Couldn't Afford to Then.

Scribbler—It took me nearly ten years to learn that I couldn't write poetry.

Friend—Gave it up then, did you? Scribbler—Oh, no. By that time I had a reputation.—Puck.

A tree in the orchard begins to droop, its leaves begin to wither. There's no apparent injury to the tree, no visible parasite preying on its life. But the tree keeps on failing. At length the farmer digs around it to loosen the soil at the roots, and in digging he comes on a great, flat stone, which had cut the tree off from proper nourishment. When the stone is taken away the tree regains its original beauty and strength. Women fail and droop sometimes. There's no apparent cause. They take care of themselves but in spite of all they droop daily. They begin to think the cause must be within them and hidden. When, in this condition, they turn to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, the result is almost always a complete cure. "Favorite Prescription" searches out and removes the obstructions to woman's health. It not only heals the local organs but enriches the whole body.

A \$25,000.00 Gift.

In the past year it has cost Dr. Pierce over \$25,000.00 (exclusive of postage) to give away copies of his great work The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser. This book containing 1008 pages and over 700 illustrations should be in every family. It answers the unspoken questions of young men and women. It points the path to healthy, happy life. It is sent free on receipt of stamps to defray expense of mailing only. Send 21 one-cent stamps for book in paper binding, or 31 stamps in cloth. Address Doctor R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

CANNED FRUITS—In Canned Fruits we have Peaches at 18c, 25c, 30c and 35c. Apricots at 25c and 30c. Pineapples at 10c, 25c and 30c. White Cherries 25c and 30c.

COFFEES—Our line of Coffees is fully up to the usual standard, at 25c, 28c, 30c, 35c and 40c per lb. We guarantee to give you better value than you get elsewhere at the same price.

ORANGES—California Navals and Indian River Florida Oranges, Grape Fruit, Lemons, Bananas.

EVAPORATED FRUIT—New crop California Apricots at 16c, 20c and 25c per lb.

UNPAID PEACHES—At 12c, 15c and 18c per lb. Fancy peeled Peaches at 35c per lb.

BUCKWHEAT—Buckwheat Flour (guaranteed all buckwheat.) Prepared self-raising buckwheat flour.

NUTS—Fine, bright, new California Walnuts, Almonds, Pecans, Brazil Nuts, Filberts, Italian Chestnuts and Mixed Nuts.

FANCY EVAPORATED CORN—At 25c per lb. This is something especially fine and less expensive than a good grade of canned corn.

TEAS, ETC.—We carry a large line of fine Teas, Pure Spices in bulk; we handle no package spices. Burnett's and Knight's flavorings. Fine Lucca Table Oil, C. & B. Pickles, Pure Maple Syrup and Sugar, Raisins, Sauces, Ketchups, and the finest Cream Cheese ever sold in Bellefonte.

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CORN EARS, SHELLED CORN, OATS and other grains.

BALED HAY AND STRAW

Builders' and Plasterers' Sand.

KINDLING WOOD

by the bunch or cord as may suit purchasers, respectfully solicits the patronage of his friends and the public, at his Coal Yards near the Pennsylvania Passenger Station.

16-18 Telephone Calls: {Central 1312, Commercial 682

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Get the Best Meats.

You save nothing by buying poor, thin or gristly meats. I use only the LARGEST AND FATTEST CATTLE

and supply my customers with the freshest, choicest, best blood and muscle making Steaks and Roasts. My prices are no higher than poorer meats are elsewhere.

I always have DRESSED POULTRY

Game in season, and any kinds of good meats you want.

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BENEFITS: \$5,000 death by accident, 5,000 loss of both feet, 5,000 loss of both hands, 5,000 loss of one hand and one foot, 2,500 loss of either hand, 2,000 loss of either foot, 500 loss of one eye

25 per week, total disability, (limit 52 weeks) 10 per week, partial disability, (limit 26 weeks)

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Larger or smaller amounts in proportion. Any person, male or female, engaged in a preferred occupation, including house-keeping, over eighteen years of age of good moral and physical condition may insure under this policy.

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