

The Shyness of Shorty.

(Continued from page 6, Col. 4.)



"Han's up!"

brought him unsteadily to his legs, the agonized scream of a woman. It echoed through the house, chilling him, and dwindled to an aching moan.

Something was wrong, he knew that, but it was hard to tell just what. He must think. What had happened before what a laborious process it was.

"You've got me, all right. You did this, Bailey, you — traitor!"

"He's never been a traitor, as far as we know," sneered one of the four.

"I didn't think you made war on women, either, Marsh Tremper, but it seems you're everything from a dog thief down. Why couldn't you fight me alone, in the daylight, like a man?"

"You don't wait till a rattier's coiled before you stamp his head off," said the former speaker.

"So these were the Tremper boys, eh? The worst desperadoes in the south-west, and Bailey was their ally. The watcher eyed them, mildly curious, and it seemed to him that they were as bad a quartet as rumor had painted — bad even for this country of bad men.

"The sheriff was a fool for getting mixed up with such people. Shorty knew enough to mind his own business, anyway, if others didn't. He was a peaceful man and didn't intend to get mixed up with outlaws. His mellow meditations were interrupted by the hoarse speech of the sheriff, who had broken down into his rage again and struggled madly white words ran from him.

"Let me go, — you! Let me free! I want to fight the coward that struck my wife. You've killed her! Who was it? Let me get at him!"

Shorty stiffened as though a douche of ice water had struck him. "Killed her! Struck his wife!" My God! Not that sweet creature of his dreams who had talked and smiled at him without noting his deformity!

An awful anger rose in him, and he moved out into the light.

"Han's up!"

Whatever of weakness may have dragged at his legs, none sounded in the great bellowing command that flooded the room. At the compelling volume of the sound every man whirled and eight empty hands shot skyward. Their startled eyes beheld a man's squat body weaving uncertainly on the limbs of an insect, while in each hand shone a blue-black Colt that waved and circled in maddening, erratic orbits.

At the command Marsh Tremper's mind had leaped to the fact that behind him was one man, one against five, and he took a gambler's chance.

As he whirled he drew and fired. None but the dwarf of Bar X could have lived, for he was the deadliest hip shot in the territory. His bullet crashed into the wall a hand's breadth over Shorty's cowl. It was a clean heart shot, the practiced whirl and flip of the finished gun fighter, but the roar of his explosion was echoed by another, and the elder Tremper spun

unsteadily against the table with a broken shoulder.

"Too high," moaned the big voice.

"Dern the liquor!"

He swayed drunkenly, but at the slightest shift of his quarry the aimless wanderings of a black mauler stopped on the spot and the body behind the guns was congested with deadly menace.

"Face the wall!" he cried. "Quick! Keep 'em up higher!" They sullenly obeyed, their wounded leader reacting with his uninjured member.

To the complacent Shorty it seemed that things were working nicely, though he was disturbingly conscious of his alcoholic lack of balance and tortured by the fear that he might suddenly lose the iron grip of his faculties.

Then, for the second time that night, from the stairs came the voice that threw him into the dreadful confusion of his modesty.

"Oh, Rosa," it cried, "I've brought your gun!" And there on the steps, disheveled, pallid and quivering, was the bride, and grasped in one trembling hand was her husband's weapon.

"Ah-h!" sighed Shorty seraphically as the vision beat in upon his misty conceptions. "She ain't hurt!"

In his mind there was no room for desperadoes contemporaneously with her. Then he became conscious of the lady's raiment, and his brown cheeks flamed brick red, while he dropped his eyes. In his shrinking, groveling modesty he made for his dark corner.

One of those at bay, familiar with this strange abashment, seized the moment, but at his motion the sheriff screamed, "Look out!"

The quick danger in the cry brought back with a surge the men against the wall, and Shorty swung instantly, firing at the outstretched hand of Bailey as it reached for Tremper's weapon.

The landlord straightened, gazing affrightedly at his finger tips.

"Too low!" and Shorty's voice held aching tears. "I'll never touch another drop. It's plumb ruined my aim."

"Cut these strings, girlie," said the sheriff as the little man's gaze again wavered, threatening to leave his prisoners. "Quick! He's blushing again."

When they were manacled Shorty stood in moist exudation trembling and speechless, under the incandescent thanks of the bride and the silent admiration of her handsome husband. She duttered about him in a tremor of anxiety lest he be wounded, caressing him here and there with solicitous pats till he felt his shamed and happy spirit would surely burst from its mishapen prison.

"You've made a good thing tonight," said Turney, clapping him heartily on his massive back. "You get the five thousand all right. We were going to Mexico City on that for a bridal trip when I rounded up the gang, but I'll see you get every cent of it, old man. If it wasn't for you I'd have been a heap farther south than that by now."

The open camaraderie and good fellowship that rang in the man's voice affected Shorty strangely, accustomed as he was to the veiled contempt or open compassion of his fellows. Here was one who recognized him as a man, an equal.

He spread his lips, but the big voice squeaked dismally; then inflating deeply, he spoke so that the prisoners chained in the corral outside heard him plainly.

"I'd rather see took it anyhow blushing violently."

"No, no," they cried. "It's yours. We'll then, half of it." And for once Shorty betrayed the strength of Gibraltar even in the face of the lady and so it stood.

As the dawn spread over the dusty prairie, tipping the westward mountains with silver caps and sucking the mist out of the cottonwood bottoms, he bade them adieu.

"No; I got to get back to the Bar X or the old man'll swear I been drinking again, and I don't want to dissipate no wrong impressions around."

He winked gravely. Then, as the sheriff and his surly prisoners drove off, he called:

"Mr. Turney, take good care of them Tremper boys. I think a heap of 'em, for, outside of your wife, they're the only ones in this outfit that didn't laugh at me."

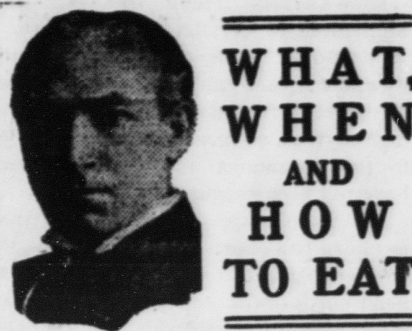
In a dark night a traveler gropes his way along a familiar path, slowly and doubtfully. Suddenly a blaze of lightning shows him that he is on the brink of a precipice, having wandered in the darkness from the familiar road. What that blaze of lightning is to the eye, Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser is to the mind; a revelation of unknown dangers and unappreciated perils. This great work on biology, physiology and hygiene is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send 21 one-cent stamps for the paper covered book or 31 stamps for cloth binding. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Curious luminous circles or arcs, delicate and perfect in form, have been seen over the craters of Vesuvius and Etna—one at each explosion. A study of this strange phenomenon has been made by Mr. Frank A. Perret, who has witnessed it hundreds of times, and he concludes that these "dashing arcs," as he calls them, are really sound waves made visible for an instant, the rate of propagation of the images seeming to be about that of sound. The appearance is analogous to the air waves seen above heated roofs.

An Exception.

"When a fellow starts to do anything he can always succeed if he only sticks to it."

"Not always. How about you when you start to remove a sheet of sticky fly paper that you've sat down on?"—London Telegraph.



WHAT, WHEN AND HOW TO EAT

Many Things That People Do That Seriously Injure Their Health.

By EUGENE CHRISTIAN, F. S. D.

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FROM the way people cling to life, from the measures they adopt to avoid disease, one would think that their most profound study would be the laws that would make them healthy and extend their period of life, but when we examine their habits, when we put the searchlight of science, we find that most of the things they do tend toward shortening their life period and toward the production of disease. This is rather a gloomy aspect of the question, but it is true.

The dreamy optimist who can see sunshine through the darkest cloud is not always the best friend to humanity; neither is the pessimist who sees nothing but the cloud, but the true friend of humanity is the one who can stand midway between and see the facts as they exist and tell them in plain language and thereby relieve suffering and aid in extending our period on earth. This is what I have endeavored to do.

As stated in one of my previous articles, man gets his growth at about twenty-four years and dies at little less than thirty-nine. If he should live eight times his period of maturity, as do all other animals, his period of life would be about 300 years. The fact that he does not do this is evidence conclusive that there is some-



TOO FAT FOR HEART TO WORK WISE PROPER EASE.

thing wrong—that he is committing some fundamental error that is shortening his life and rendering him less able to enjoy the time he does live. The purpose of this article is to point out some of these mistakes and suggest a few remedies.

Wrong Eating. Man is by nature a vegetarian. From this healthy and natural custom, however, he has departed and preys like a wild beast upon his brother animals. When we take the flesh of another animal into our bodies we must take in the uric acid, the toxic carbon dioxide and carbon monoxide poisons that reside in all flesh food. This adds greatly to the same poisons that are residual in our own bodies. Inability of the system to throw off these poisons causes disease and shortens life.

Instead of studying our diet as we would our business and balancing our food as we would our cash, we eat at haphazard. It is a system of guesswork. The most skillful mechanics and the most learned of our population are called upon to construct our houses and machinery, to cut and make our clothes, but the most ignorant of our population lay out our diet. The city people are fed from cellars. The food is selected, prepared and combined by uneducated persons, who neither know nor care anything about the harmonious chemistry of the things they serve. The one primary object is to appeal to the taste, which causes people to eat more than they should.

Food Should Suit Age. Bread is the great American staple of diet, and yet cereal starch—that is, everything made out of corn, wheat, rye, oats, barley or rice—is the most

difficult of all foods to digest and convert into energy. Food should suit age.

These cereal products are composed largely of starch. The principal purpose of starch is to make bone, cartilage and teeth. When a person is grown, middle aged or old he needs but very little of these foods, and yet starch composes probably 50 per cent of the human diet. Inability of the body, therefore, to cast out this great excess of unused matter is the cause of a tremendous amount of disease, such as stomach and intestinal fermentation, intestinal gas, rheumatism, Bright's disease, sclerosis of the arteries and liver and consequent nervousness and insomnia. A book could be written upon the evil effects of cereal starch and the subject would not be exhausted.

The overconsumption of acid fruits is another fundamental error in nutrition. If we were living in the tropics, where the pores of the skin were constantly open, the body could eliminate and volatilize a great deal of acid, but in our northern climate such articles as grape fruit, lemons, limes, pineapple, apricots and all sour fruits should never be taken except in exceedingly hot weather. When taken at other times the tendency is to ferment other foods, crystallize the starch atom which makes the blood crystal, which in its turn makes rheumatism, gout, lumbago, knotted hands and feet, stiffness and premature old age.

The overconsumption of sweets is another mistake in our diet. The carbohydrate (starch and sugar) element is prominent in nearly all of our foods, and when we add to this pure concentrated cane sugar in any quantity, especially in the hundreds of combinations which compose the desserts on the average table, we are burdening the digestion and assimilation of our food and especially the elimination of waste. The failure of the body to utilize sweets and throw off the excess is a most prolific source of disease.

Overeating. Overeating is one of the greatest errors of civilized people. There is nothing more conducive to this habit than the average "good dinner," composed of six to a dozen courses. We eat all that we should of probably some good, plain food; then we change from one thing to another, appealing to a different set of taste buds with each change, until we have laden the stomach with twice or perhaps three times as much food as the body needs.

If the stomach cannot dispose of it indigestion, fermentation and sour stomach result. This poisons every ounce of food that passes through the intestinal tract. If the stomach can dispose of it and it is taken into the cells we become supertat, laden with adipose tissue that we do not need and that possesses no item of strength to its own support. It is as much a burden as carrying so much brick on our shoulders day in and day out.

The surplus fat accumulates around the vital organs, limiting the capacity of the lungs to purify the blood. It also accumulates around the heart, making the action of that much overworked organ more and more difficult. This is why fat people have no endurance and often fall down with vertigo and dizziness.

Endurance is measured almost entirely by the ability of the lungs to oxidize and purify the blood.

Wrong Drinking. In addition to man's "civilized" errors in eating, he has made nearly as many mistakes in his drinking habits. Pure water, designed by nature as the great universal solvent, the helper, the digester of foods, the maker of good blood, is the last thing man seems to want to drink. Instead of this purifying, life giving beverage, he takes whisky, brandy, cordial, rum, gin, beer, wine of a hundred kinds, fermented grape juice and the hundreds of soda fountain concoctions, bubbling, sparkling vehicles, sharp tasting carbonated waters, anything and everything except the pure article.

In addition to these mistakes the old dieticians have told him for a hundred years not to drink with his meals, the hypostasis of these good old teachers being that water diluted the gastric juice. Modern science shows that this is the very thing that should be done; that man does not take enough water with his food.

The normal human body is composed of 66 per cent water, and the average meal is composed of only 25 to 30 per cent water. If this difference is not made up by drinking pure water, then the stomach calls to its aid a large amount of gastric juice, which robs the body of its normal amount of moisture and sours and ferments the food. Every meal, therefore, should be composed of 66 per cent water, but the liquid should be water, nothing but water.

Tobacco and Liquor. The tobacco and liquor habits are probably the most universal and the most injurious vices of civilized people. Liquor is a stimulant that not only dethrones the reason, but poisons the body, and thus the heart action is quickened in the effort of nature to oxidize and cast out these poisons, while tobacco is a sedative which paralyzes, as it were, and slows down the action of the heart and the general circulatory and vital processes.

All the mistakes and errors above recited are difficult, troublesome, expensive and worse than useless. Man's health would be as much superior to what it now is as pure water is superior to beer and whisky if he would obey the simple laws of his organization, and his period of life would gradually increase until in a few generations he could live out his natural period of 300 years if he would obey the three great fundamental laws of life—natural eating, natural exercise and natural breathing.

A young mother living in New York, recently drowned herself in agony at the discovery that she was a consumptive and had transmitted to her idolized boy the seeds of consumption. When the doctors told her the child was diseased she caught him in her arms and they died together. Consumption is not hereditary. Consumption has been cured, a fact which has been proven in autopsies in which the lungs show the healed scars of tuberculosis. Hope should never be taken from the consumptive. It is a cer-

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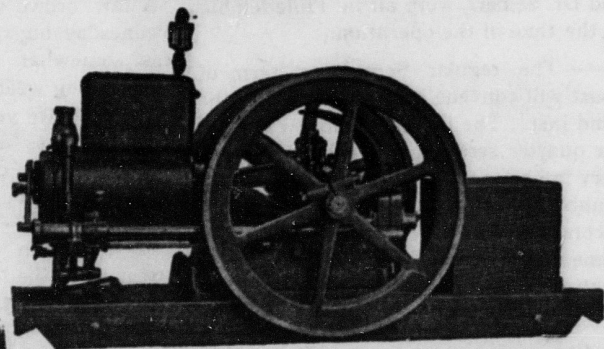
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