

SHOOK OFF DEATH.

Ordeal Through Which Archdeacon Stuck Once Passed.

Archdeacon Stuck, who climbed Mount McKinley, the great American peak, once had his life saved in a most extraordinary way.

Late one evening, while exploring in the arctic regions, he was unlucky enough to fall through the ice into the water on his way back to camp.

The resourceful boy thought of a better plan than that. The explorer was already scarcely able to move, but the boy took one of the dogs out of the traces and forced the archdeacon to take its place.

In this way the boy kept him moving rapidly toward their camp, and by the time they reached it the terrible languor of death that had threatened to overcome the archdeacon had been shaken off.—Pearson's Weekly.

SOOTHING STEINITZ.

Pathetic Scene After Lasker Had Beaten the Old Master.

For thirty years the late William Steinitz beat every player who ventured to oppose him and was at last beaten by a mere youth. I had prophesied that his hour had come, writes Robert J. Buckle in the Chess Amateur, and at Hastings the moment he saw me he rushed in with a red-hot attack.

Lasker had actually beaten him, as I had foretold. The crowd looked on for a row. We were in the dining room of the Queen's—a score of masters present. I took his arm and led him outside.

"You had no right to say it," he cried, "and I demand an explanation." He continued to protest until we had reached a quiet corner.

I waited till he had blown off steam, then "Because you were sixty," I said. That softened him. He examined me with his innocent blue eyes.

"A man of twenty-two," I continued, "after a hard day's play is fresh next morning. A man of sixty-two is still brain fagged. You were giving the odds of forty years. It was too much."

A Sunset in Scotland.

It was a sunset of strange tints that evening, a background of clouds of deep violet tipped with crimson. The sky, of the very palest blue, had been turned by the brightness of the sun into a lake of silver, in which floated small fleecy cloudlets of brilliant rose pink, like islets floating in a crystal sea.

Realism in Art.

Two artists were boasting how they could paint. "Do you know," said one, "I painted a sixpence on the ground one day, and a beggar nearly broke his fingers trying to pick it up!"

As It Struck the Small Boy.

"Father, are generals brave men?" asked Johnny of his parent. "Yes, my son, as a rule. I think they are," was the answer.

A Real Grievance.

"So your uncle paid your debts; that was very kind of him." "Humph! I don't think so. He might have given me the cash and let me pay them."

Tired of Ice.

When Admiral Peary was feted in Paris a big afternoon party was given in his honor by the municipal council. After the speeches the president of the municipal council escorted the discoverer of the north pole to the buffet.

Fear and Danger.

Nervous Old Lady to deck hand on steamboat—Mr. Steamboatman, is there any fear of danger? Deck Hand (carelessly)—Plenty of fear, ma'am, but not a bit of danger.

Anxiety never yet successfully bridged over any chasm.—Ruffin.

FLOWERS AS FOOD.

In India the Natives Eat Bassia Tree Blossoms Uncooked.

In these days one would hardly call a dinner of rosebuds a feast, nor should we be inclined to accept an invitation to dine on the blossoms of the pumpkin vine. Yet some Indians, like the old Aztecs, used to esteem these flowers, when properly prepared, a great delicacy.

So, in the same way, do natives of many parts of India depend for food upon the blossoms of the bassia tree. They do not need even to cook the flowers, but make a good meal of them raw. These blossoms are described as sweet and sickly in odor and taste. They are sometimes dried in the sun, when they are kept and sold in bazaars as a regular article of diet.

The trees are so highly esteemed that the threat of cutting down their bassia trees will generally bring an unruly tribe to terms. This is perhaps not to be wondered at when it is considered that a single tree will yield from 200 to 400 pounds of flowers. The Parsees cook the flowers and also make sweetmeats of them.

"Nobody would be inclined to deny that smoked fish and smoked meat are agreeable varieties in our bill of fare, but few, perhaps, would feel ready to plead guilty to a taste for smoked flowers. And yet, when we give to the clove its well earned place among flavorings we are making use of a smoked flower bud. The buds grow on a small evergreen and are plucked from the ends of the branches before they expand. Then they are dried in the sun and smoked over a wood fire to give them the brown color.—Philadelphia Press.

USELESS THINGS.

Ghosts of the Past That Were Formidable in Their Time.

"An enumeration of the useless," says Richard Jeffries, "would almost be an enumeration of everything hitherto pursued."

What a pile of junk the men of the world labored to produce! Heap up all the books that are of no possible use, the contents of ancient libraries, books of heraldries, theologies and discarded sciences, books of wrangling and tedious arguments the world has willingly forgot, and the myriads of chaff products that pour like a ceaseless Niagara from the modern press; heap them up into one mountain, and from its top you could look down upon the Himalayas.

Think of the ruined cities of the orient, the ghostly temples of Egypt, the broken fragments of castles by the Rhine and the Danube, the Coliseum, the Golden House of Nero, the Garden of Hadrian at Tivoli! Think of the useless sciences men studied, the faded religions they once believed, the inconsequential wars of history, the realms of antiquated law, the gold gathered together only to be mispent! Think of the useless passions, dreams, thoughts and desires of men!

One is sometimes tempted to think that we front the great questions of life, love and death as freshly, with as little advantage from experience, as the cave man.—Dr. Frank Crane in Woman's World.

No Promotion.

The late Bishop Doane of Albany, a strict conservative, had his own views as to woman's place in the world. No feminist this good Tory bishop, no advocate of "newness" of any sort.

Bishop Doane believed in marriage of the real old fashioned kind, and to bridegrooms at weddings he used sometimes to make a little speech.

"My young friend," he would say to the pale and nervous bridegroom, patting him on the back, "you are now embarking on a long, hazardous voyage, and I bid you remember the Finnish proverb:

"For the Finnish sailors have a proverb to this effect: 'The man who on the ship of matrimony signs as mate will never get promoted.'—New York Tribune.

Better Than a Clock.

"My father," said the small boy to the lady who was calling on his mother, "is a great man. He knows what time it is without even looking at his watch."

"What do you mean, Tommy?" queried the visitor.

"Oh, when I bother out an' ask him what time it is in the morning, he always says it's time to get up. An' when I ask him what time it is in the evening," he allus says, 'Time to go to bed, Tommy.' Oh, I tell you my father is a great man!"—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Her Forebodings.

"Why are you worrying, dear?" he asked after they had got things settled in their charming little bungalow.

"I was just thinking, but if you turn out to be as great as I expect you to be and we have any children, they will have to take their places among the idle rich."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Not All Blank.

"How about this shooting?" "My client's mind is blank, judge. That ought to be sufficient excuse to get him off."

"I might consider it if the cartridges had been blank too."—Kansas City Journal.

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Deceitful.

"Men are queer animals," said the pessimist. "They are all more or less deceitful."

"Oh, I don't believe that," replied the optimist. "I think there are plenty of people who strive to be honest. I know I do, and I don't give myself credit for being any better than the majority of men."

"Then why do you ask me how my health is every time we meet and stand around and look bored if I tell you?"—Exchange.

Aeroplane Poison.

He was a wag and was a spectator at an aeroplane contest.

"That's a terrible poison that's been discovered," he remarked amiably to no one in particular.

"What's it called?" inquired an elderly gentleman beside him.

"Why, aeroplane poison, of course!" came the curt reply.

"Is it deadly?" asked the E. G.

"I should say so!" jerked out the juvenile wag.

"And how much would kill a person?" went on the questioning one.

"Oh, one drop," came the retort. Then that particular group became the less by one.—New York Globe.

Constantine and Sofia.

Sofia, it is curious to recall, might have been Constantinople if Constantine had adhered to the preference he felt at one time for it. Several places were thought of as the site of the new Rome before the unrivaled natural advantages of Byzantium secured the honor, among them Troy and Serdica in Moesia, which we now know as Sofia. "Serdica is my Rome" was an actual saying of Constantine, who was almost certainly born not far off, at Nish, for the claim of York to be his birthplace is generally abandoned. But "Constantinople" would not have meant what it has if it had been fixed anywhere but on the Bosphorus.—London Standard.

COURTESY.

It has been said that courtesy is to the daily intercourse of life what fragrance is to the flower. It ought to be just as steady, as unconscious, as gently pervasive as that, and it is just as certain to be noticed and appreciated as the rich perfume of a rose or the delicious scent of a lily.

All Sorts.

First Diner—Let me see I think I'll order some lamb. Second Diner—Don't! I never order lamb in this place; it's mutton before you get it.—Boston Transcript

People who are troubled by fermentation in the stomach, sour or bitter risings, irregularity of the bowels or sluggishness of the liver, will find no other medicine so good as Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They do not simply relieve but absolutely cure.

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"Waverly" Prices. 76 Gasoline (73-76) 20c. Special Gasoline (68-70) 18c. Motor Gasoline (63-65) 16c. Auto Gasoline (60-62) 14c. Family Favorite Oil, 150 9c. Pittsburgh Lamp Oil, 175 6c. All f.o.b. Pittsburgh, with extra charge for wood or steel barrels. All refined products from Pennsylvania Crude Oil. Waverly Oil Works Co. 58-45-2t PITTSBURGH, PA.

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Health and Activity.

Health is always active. The healthy woman must have an outlet for the vigor she feels, and she will find it in work or play, in dancing or in darning, in the chase or at the churn. Even work does not satisfy her, so, as she works, she sings, her busy fingers keeping time to the tune she carols. Directly the duties of the house become a burden, when the song dies on the lips, and the limbs move sluggishly, when amusements have no more attraction and sports fail to interest, the health is declining, vitality is being lowered, and it is time for the woman to look around for the cause of her weakness. She will find it usually in disease of the delicate organs; in debilitating drains, nerve racking inflammation and ulceration, or female weakness. For this condition a perfect and permanent cure is contained in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It makes weak women strong, sick women well. It is a temperance medicine, absolutely non-alcoholic and non-narcotic.

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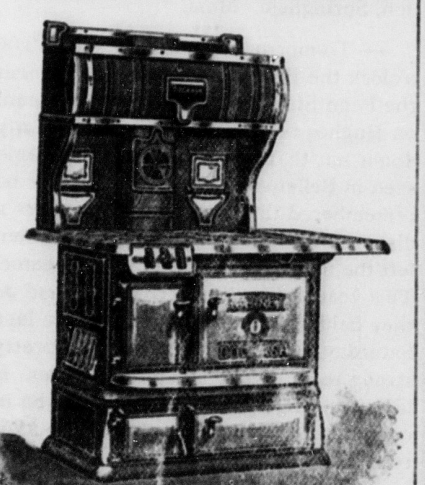
Medical.

Judge for Yourself. WHICH IS BETTER—TRY AN EXPERIMENT OR PROFIT BY A BELLEFONTE CITIZEN'S EXPERIENCE. Something new is an experiment. Must be proved to be as represented. The statement of a manufacturer is not convincing proof of merit. But the endorsement of friends is. Now supposing you had a bad back, a lame, weak, or aching one. Would you experiment on it? You will read many so-called cures. Endorsed by strangers from faraway places. It's different when the endorsement comes from home. Easy to prove local testimony. Read this Bellefonte case.

James H. Rine, 239 W. High St., Bellefonte, Pa., says: Doan's Kidney Pills are certainly a wonderful kidney remedy. Ten years ago I first used them and at that time I told in a public statement of the benefit they brought. That statement still holds good. I have often urged my friends to try Doan's Kidney Pills and in every instance where my advice has been followed, relief has been had from kidney trouble. Whenever I hear anyone complaining of kidney disorders, I advise a trial of Doan's Kidney Pills, knowing that they will have a good effect. The above statement must carry conviction to the mind of every reader. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—ask distinctly for Doan's Kidney Pills, the same that Mr. Rine had—the remedy by home testimony. 50c. all stores. Foster-McBurr Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y. "When Your Back is Lame—Remember the Name." 58-41

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Cabinet Dockash.

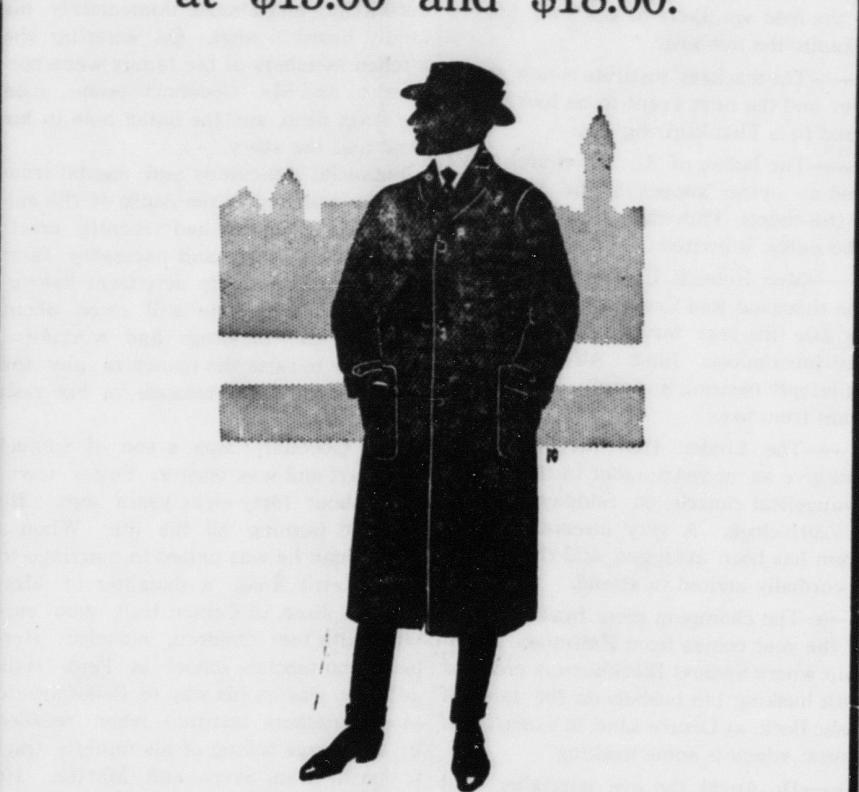


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