

PRINCESS BEDR'S RING.



Miss Whitton looked rather bored when her mother suggested that they spend their second day in Cairo at the pyramids of Gizeh.

"Mother, the pyramids are tiresome," said Paula irritably. "We have seen them a dozen times within my recollection. It is much more interesting to sit here on the terrace and watch the crowds."

Mrs. Whitton laughed comfortably. "Well, do as you please, Paula; but, as this is Eve's first visit to Egypt, I am going to take her out to see the Sphinx and the pyramids."

Paula smiled tolerantly on her cousin. Eve Raymond was enthusiastic and quite unsophisticated in spite of her twenty years.

When the morning came and Eve Raymond and her guardian aunt had departed in a carriage for the pyramids, Paula went out on the terrace and looked at the passing crowds.

A sweet-faced, elderly lady walking on the hotel terrace caught a glimpse of Paula's beautiful profile and came up to her chair.

"It really is Paula Whitton!" cried the newcomer cordially.

Paula jumped up and held out both hands. "Dear Mrs. Long! I am so glad to see you! This is the most charming surprise—tell me, when did you come?"

Mrs. Long sat down beside Paula's chair and told the smiling girl that they had arrived the night before from a trip to Luxor.

"You know Jack is an inveterate relic hunter, and despite the fact that he did not arrive until late last evening he is off this morning to the pyramids—what he expects to find there in that thoroughly harrowed field, I can't imagine!"

Paula bit her lips. It was vexatious indeed when she had remained at home in the hope of meeting Jack Long, to discover that he, too, had gone to that hackneyed spot which Eve had been chattering about for several weeks.

"Oh, Aunt Felice, look at the darling bracelets!" cried Eve enthusiastically after she had exhausted her delight in the wonders of the plain of Gizeh.

Mrs. Whitton looked indulgently at the dark-skinned Arab who was offering his tray of bizarre jewelry to her niece.

"The ring of the Princess Bedr—her bring fortune to one who wears it," urged the peddler eagerly. "Love comes to one who possesses the ring as love come to the most beautiful of Egyptian princesses; 'twas found buried in sand at the feet of the Sphinx."

As they visited other points of interest, Eve thought again of the ring of the Princess Bedr and of the charm it was said to hold for the unlucked.

"It might be true, after all. Who knows?" she argued to herself, so, on their way back to Cairo, when they passed the white-clad peddler with his tray of ornaments, Eve stopped the carriage and dismounting, ran after the man.

To her dismay, just as she reached Ahmed, another person hurried breathlessly up to the peddler.

"I want the ring of the Princess Bedr!" cried Eve impulsively, and as the newcomer drew back out of hearing she brought forth her purse and paid the price demanded by Ahmed.

Eve showed the ring of the Princess Bedr to Mrs. Whitton and made her promise not to tell Paula the magic of it.

That evening Eve Raymond was introduced to Jack Long on the terrace at Shepherd's hotel. In five minutes Jack found himself telling Eve all about his collection of Egyptian antiquities.

"Of course I know half the junk is faked," he admitted naively; "but it's rather fun, you know, to fancy it's all right and to dream dreams about the people of those other days—don't you think so?"

Eve nodded. "I understand; I suppose that is why I bought the ring of the Princess Bedr," she confessed.

"The ring of the Princess Bedr?" he echoed.

"The man called it that—of course I knew it couldn't be genuine—but I liked to imagine it might be!" Eve held out her left hand and displayed the ring of the Princess Bedr on the third finger. The orange eyes glowed dully.

Jack Long laughed indulgently. He held out his own left hand and there on the little finger was the duplicate of Eve's ring.

"I also fell a victim to the charms of Princess Bedr's ring."

"Oh!" cried Eve; and there was disappointment in her tone.

"Do you really care whether the ring of the Princess Bedr ever belonged to that departed lady or not?"

"Not a bit," agreed Eve quickly; "it's a dear ring, though, and I shall always wear it—I like the orange eyes—and there may be virtue in it."

"I am sure there is," agreed Long quietly. "For my part I shall always have faith in the magic properties of the ring of Princess Bedr—perhaps some day, you will permit me to tell you why."

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A CANINE TRAGEDY

Trouble Came In Bunches With the Purchase of a Watchdog.

ONE NIGHT OF WILD RUCTION.

It Taught the Battered Master of the Wrecked Home That Under Some Circumstances a Burglar May Be Better Company Than a Mastiff.

"If a man is afraid of burglars," said Quackenbush, "he can't have a better safeguard than a good watchdog."

"But where is he going to get the good watchdog?" inquired Clinkenbeard. "Such animals don't grow on trees, and they are not advertised by department stores."

"Of course, if you go around telling that you are in the market for a watchdog every man who has a chicken killing pup he wants to get rid of will tell you that his critter is just what you are hunting for. But you'll try out a million dogs before you find one that will get down to brass headed nails and do police duty."

Two or three years ago there was a burglar scare out in our suburb. Several houses had been entered and some false hair and things carried away. So my wife got so nervous she couldn't sleep at night. She was sure some masked bandit would break in and steal the 'What is Home Without a Mother' chromo from over the mantel, and just to give her a sense of security I bought a big mastiff and took him home and chained him to a tree in front of the house.

"Along about 12 o'clock at night that dog got to thinking over his misspent life, and remorse gnawed at his heart-strings, and he began lamenting the past. He had the most bloodcurdling voice I ever heard. Every yell he let out froze the marrow in my bones. He'd begin with a sort of plaintive wail and wind up with a howl that would remind you of a hyena in a graveyard on a rainy night. My wife said the uproar would have to be stopped and I'd better bring the dog into the house. He'd probably be quiet there."

"So I slid into a few rags and went downstairs and into the yard. Just as I approached the dog old Billshaw, who lived next door, opened his bedroom window and threw an old frying pan. Of course he meant it for the dog, but his aim was poor and it caught me in the bread basket and knocked the wind out of me."

"I sat down on the grass and gasped for breath, and a shower of bottles and bootjacks and stove wood came from Billshaw's window, and every blamed item hit me in one place or another. When I finally got my breath I yelled to Billshaw to let up, for he was murdering me, and he said it was just what I deserved for keeping such a menagerie where it would give the whole neighborhood the horrors."

"After I had rubbed my bruises for half an hour I took the dog into the house and went back to bed. I was just dropping off to sleep when I was roused by the all-fired racket. It sounded as though the side of the house was falling in. My wife was shrieking that the dog was upsetting all the furniture and ruining everything. So I went downstairs again, quoting a few passages from Webster's Dictionary."

"I had forgotten about the cat when I took the dog into the house. But the dog had discovered the pet and was chasing it through the house, and you never saw such a scene of wreckage. Everything that wasn't nailed down had been overturned, and nearly everything was broken. The gas light was burning, and there was the cat hanging to the gas fixtures and the dog standing on his hind legs trying to reach her."

"My memories of what followed are rather confused. I seem to recall grabbing the dog by the scruff of the neck to take him outdoors, and he bit a sample from my shin, and then we mixed things on the floor. I managed to stuff the pincushion into his mouth so he couldn't bite, and we resorted to Greco-Roman wrestling."

"Then the cat came down from the gas fixture and took a hand and clawed most of my scalp off, and my wife came to the rescue with the poker. She said afterward that she was trying to hit the dog. I reckon I'd have been on ice next day if the neighbors hadn't come in with shotguns and pruned hooks and such things and pried me up apart."

"That experience was enough for me. I'd rather have forty burglars on the premises than one watchdog."—Wait Mason in Chicago News.

Stationers.

When pens and ink and other writing materials came into common use a great many years ago they were sold by peddlers from house to house. After awhile a few dealers in writing materials opened stalls and remained stationary at their place of business. To distinguish the two classes of paper sellers the man in the stall was called a stationer, and the goods he sold came to be known as stationery.—Wisconsin State Journal.

Foiled.

A mother of four daughters, one of whom had recently married, cornered an eligible young man in the drawing room. "And which one of my girls do you admire, might I ask?"

"The married one," was the prompt reply.—Argonaut.

The aim, if reached or not, makes great the life.—Browning.

SIRIUS, THE DOG STAR.

It Was Given Its Canine Name by the Superstitious Egyptians.

The giant sun, the bright star Sirius, is now called the "dog star" from the very ancient and curious custom of personification. The great nations of remote antiquity personified every activity of nature—that is, compared them to living men or animals.

They didn't know a thing of any law of nature, so they said that motion is caused by living animals, because only animals have the inscrutably mysterious power of moving themselves. No wonder the ancients were astonished to see an animal move itself. And the wonder has vastly increased now, for the ablest scientific man cannot possibly see how an animal is able to move.

The overflowing of the Nile was the chief event in all of Egypt. Without this pouring of water over the land once each year, the valley would be a desert. The Egyptians at a certain period in their long history noticed that when they first saw the star Sirius early in the morning before sunrise the Nile river began to rise and pour over the banks. They personified Sirius as a watchdog, watching the sun and the Nile and the land of Egypt, its people, destiny and harvests.

The Egyptian name of the Nile was Siris, and the faithful dog watching in the sky was finally named Sirius. Centuries later their horrible religion taught that it was necessary to murder or sacrifice a dog to the star Sirius to secure its aid in growing grains and herds. This terrible habit of slaughtering animals to propitiate imaginary gods descended to the Greeks and Romans. The Romans named the stars near Sirius the constellation Canis Major (the great dog).—New York American.

She Was Wise.

Mrs. Gaybird (from the stern of the canoe)—Your mother has recognized us and looks annoyed.

"Nonsense." She knows I'd never lose you overboard.

"That's exactly what I gather from her expression."—Life.

Fast Color.

"That salesman prevaricated."

"As to how?"

"Said this color was fast."

"Well, did you ever see a color get out of sight more rapidly when it once started to run?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Strange Difference.

"They say that people who are married get to look alike."

"Yes, but it's a queer thing that they rarely get to think alike."—Boston Transcript.

This time like all times, is a very good one if we but knew what to do with it.—Emerson.

Medical.

Doing Their Duty

SCORES OF BELLEFONTE READERS ARE LEARNING THE DUTY OF THE KIDNEYS.

To filter the blood is the kidneys' duty. When they fail to do this the kidneys are weak. Backache and other kidney ills may follow. Help the kidneys do their work. Use Doan's Kidney Pills—the tested kidney remedy. Bellefonte people endorse their worth.

Fred Scott, 247 E. Lamb St., Bellefonte, says: "I have to drive quite a bit over rough roads and the jolting had a bad effect on my kidneys. The trouble started with pains across the small of my back and if I stooped, I could hardly straighten. Doan's Kidney Pills were recommended to me by friends and I got a box at Green's Pharmacy Co. I found relief after taking the first few doses. One box made a cure and I have not had the slightest backache since."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Fred Scott had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y. 59-45-11

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— FULL LINE OF —

Oil Heaters, Ranges and Heaters

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See our display before purchasing.

The Potter-Hoy Hardware Co.

59-11-ly Bellefonte, Pa.

When the Clock Stops.

When the clock has stopped you may have seen the wife or husband take it up and shake it to start it again. Sometimes they succeed. Some little clogging particle is removed by the shock and the clock starts again. But it does not go very long before it runs down. Another shock perhaps starts it, but the clock soon stops again, and presently has to be overhauled by the clock doctor. It's something the same way with the liver. It stops its useful and necessary offices, sometimes, and the man or woman affected tries to jar it into starting, with some powerful pill or potion. Perhaps they succeed. But the success does not last. The liver soon stops again, and finally they have to go to a doctor. The value of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery in such cases, is that it carries off the clogging particles which interfere with the health of the body. It strengthens the liver, purifies the blood, and heals diseases of the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition. There can be no substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery."

Our sins have made us suffer much, but they have made others suffer more.

The greatest man is he who renders the greatest service.

—Have your Job Work done here.

Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Catarrh Leads to Consumption

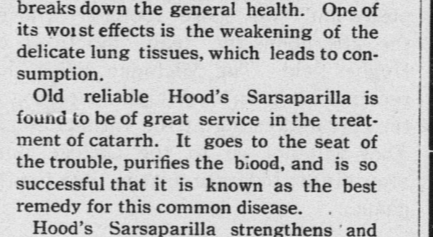
IT REQUIRES A BLOOD REMEDY—HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA IS THE BEST.

Catarrh is as much a blood disease as scrofula or rheumatism. It may be relieved, but it cannot be removed by simply local treatment. It causes headache and dizziness, impairs the taste, smell and hearing and affects the voice, hurts the stomach, deranges the digestion, and breaks down the general health. One of its worst effects is the weakening of the delicate lung tissues, which leads to consumption.

Old reliable Hood's Sarsaparilla is found to be of great service in the treatment of catarrh. It goes to the seat of the trouble, purifies the blood, and is so successful that it is known as the best remedy for this common disease.

Hood's Sarsaparilla strengthens and tones the whole system. It builds up. Ask your druggist for it. 59-45

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Dockash base burner, guaranteed the best, most powerful, and most economical hard coal stoves made. Is strongest of all up-stair heaters.

Olewine's Hardware

59-10-1f Bellefonte, Pa.

Biggest Thing He Could Think Of.

Two employes were discussing what they would buy the boss, whose birthday was approaching. Said Mr. Biggins with enthusiasm: "Wiggins, old boy, we have raised \$50, and we want something that will make a show for the money. Something that will look big, you know. Can't you suggest something?" "Sure," replied Mr. Wiggins; "buy \$50 worth of rice and boil it."

CASTORIA

Bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. In use for over thirty years, and The Kind You Have Always Bought.

More Than He Needed.

"At the end of five hours and a half, if you are in town," said the judge, "you will be arrested on the same charge." "You may have five hours of that back," said the lawbreaker, "I can get along with the 30 minutes."

Little Hotel Wilmot.

The Little Hotel Wilmot IN PENN SQUARE One minute from the Penna Ry. Station PHILADELPHIA

We have quite a few customers from Bellefonte. We can take care of some more. They'll like us. A good room for \$1. If you bring your wife, \$2. Hot and cold running water in every room.

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When there's a nip in the rawish wind and the cold creeps in 'round the edges just bundle up in one of those big, warm

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and you won't care whether it's cold or not.

They're big, they're comfortable and they're stylish, too. Yet without they're light in weight, because they're all wool. In the cut of collar, cuffs and lapel, in the shape of front and back, you'll find them just ahead of the 1915 Fashion.

If you know good clothes, you'll be delighted with these "High Art" overcoats at

\$15.00 to \$25.00.

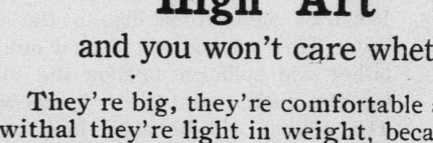
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