

Bellefonte, Pa., April 9, 1915.

SAM AND WATERLOO.

[By Eugene Townsend.]

"I haven't any prejudice against you because you are in business, Mr. Butts," repeated the earl of Waterbury. "None whatever. I understand that the United States Watch company is a prosperous and honorable concern. Pray put that idea out of your head. I myself am connected with a farm-er, products institution." In point of fact the earl of Water-

bury was the head of a model dairy, and therefore could have no such objection against Sam Butts of Binghampton, New York, formerly, but now domiciled in London.

"But as for your marrying Lady Muriel, Mr. Butts, it is out of the question," the earl continued. "You are an American. I say nothing against you on that score. If you could have had the choice you would, guid interest. of course, have been born an Englishman. Far be it from me to penalize and I'll tell you," he said. a man for a misfortune of birth. But, sir, you cannot understand the English spirit. You are ignorant of our sports. Only yesterday you remarked in my presence that you hoped Surrey would score a run in its eighth inning. Mr. Butts, there are only two innings in cricket, and Surrey did not score a run, it scored 237 runs. In short, sir, you have not the essential temperament to admit of an instant's consideration of your preposterous request. Besides, I intend that Lady Muriel shall marry Mr. Charles Stephen Langholme. Good-day, sir."

Sammy had known that it was a forlorn hope. He and Lady Muriel had been in love with each other for six months, ever since they had met, in fact. Mr. Butts moved in good society; he was a presentable young man, and a Cornell graduate; but that did not make any difference in the earl's eyes. He had never heard of Cornell and would not have cared if he had heard of it. The earl was intensely English, and a devotee of sport. "The battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton," was his favorite slogan. But he did not call it a slogan. He called it an original remark, and each time he uttered it he thought he was giving a new idea to the world.

There was nothing the matter with Charles Stephen Langholme. He had assimilated himself so well to the prevailing style that there was nothing to him at all. He had no individuality. If you had removed Mr. Langholme

A Threat.

So, on the day of the match, be

inning. It should be explained that

since the Players had scored 267 and

He led the unresisting Langholme

had taken from about his waist.

off the field with his wicket down.

man. "I've taken his place."

Sammy hastily thrust on a pair of

there, but he didn't care, either. If

he could hit the ball with a baseball

the block. The spectators gasped.

his side.

at his side again.

"Run, sir!" he gasped.

trieve the situation.

A cavalry regiment was starting for hold Sammy, in cricketing flannelsthe front. Just before the column which should have been a frock coat reached the railway station where and a high hat-loitering near the pavilion, about which a number of flanthey were to entrain the noisy cheering of the crowd in the street caused nel-clad men are congregated, Players a big bay mare ridden by a weatherand Gentlemen, all on good terms with beaten sergeant to grow very restive each other, and each side waiting to and troublesome. She reared and "knock the stuffing" out of the other. plunged so that her rider was over-Behold, too, Mr. Langholme, testing heard to remark as he held her firmhis new bat and watching with cool ly with one hand and patted her neck. disdain the low Hobbs, who is twistwith the other: "Be done, Lucy! Be ing a cricket ball lovingly in his hand. done! A little more of this and you Sammy, being in flannels, manages sha'n't go with us at all. I'll leave to gain entrance to the sacred inclosyou at home, I will." ure during the Gentlemen's second

Special Ink Evolved.

the Gentlemen only 75, the Gentlemen As the carbon of ordinary printing were having their second inning on inks does not bleach in using printed top of the first, the Players fully exmaterial for new paper, a French firm pecting to wallop them with one inhas patented a special ink. The black ning to their two, and a good many pigment is a compound from tanbark runs over. And when the next wicket extracts acting on ferrous sulphate, fell Mr. Langholme, the Gentlemen's and this is incorporated with resin, hope, who had made a creditable 18 or mineral oil and resin, or boiled linin his first attempt, was to try to reseed oil. In repulping the paper the ink is bleached with an acid solution "Hello, Butts! How did you get of a hypochloride, chlorine gas, or here?" inquired Langholme, with lanhydrochloric or oxalic acid, the pulp being made perfectly white. Sammy smiled. "Have a bracer,

Toll of Black Death.

toward the little booth behind the pa-Black death became epidemic in vilion. Nobody was there, Sammy Asia and Europe in 1425. In a few having squared the booth man. With years this black death had carried off climbing old horsethief?" they are a deft, unexpected movement of the 23,000,000 persons in Europe and 85,arm, Sammy thrust a gag into Mr. 000,000 in Asia. In streets and road-Langholme's mouth. Then he threw ways the dead decayed where they him on the floor behind the booth and happened to fall. During the 800 years tied him fast with a rope that he up to this period the plague is estimated to have killed more than 900,-Next instant shouts of "Langholme! 000,000 human beings in Europe and Next man!" resounded, and Sammy Asia. saw one of the Gentlemen walking

Trapping Sparrows.

knee-guards, took the bat that lay be-In England sparrows are trapped side the glaring, speechless Mr. Langwith a sieve, one end held up by a holme, and walked out into the field. short stake to which a long string is "Langholme's had a stroke." he extied. The trap is baited with bread plained truthfully to the retiring batscrumbs, oats or wheat. The birds are permitted to eat the bait until a num-A minute later he was standing beher have gathered under the sieve, fore his wicket, facing the demon when the cord is pulled, removing the Hobbs, 22 yards away. Beside him stake and allowing the trap to fall stood a second batsman. Sammy over the birds gathered under the didn't know why he was standing sieve.

bat, what couldn't he do with the club in his hand? He held it over his shoulder instead of putting it down in in 1302. It had started in Asia, where more than 200,000,000 of human be-"Play!" yelled the umpire. The deings perished. After reaching Europe the plague lasted 20 years, and during mon's arm went up above his head, and the ball trundled slowly toward that period it carried off 40,000,000 per-Sammy. Sammy let fly, and the ball sons. When it began Norway had a went spinning across the field. Next population of 2,500,000, when it ended instant the second batsman was at "Run, sir." he gasped. "Run!" And

"Did your playmate enjoy her visit?" said a mother to her small daughter, who had just bidden adieu to a little friend. "Why, yes, mother; I think she did," replied the child. "I called her 'my dear' very often in that dressy tone you use when you have company."-Youth's Companion.

Copying Mother.

Pulsations of the Blood.

A grown-up person has ordinarily twenty-eight pounds of blood, and at each pulsation of the heart ten ounces are sent through the arteries and veins. The pulsations average 120 per minute in infancy, 80 in manhood and 60 in old age, and are rather more rapid in women than in men.

Self-Deception.

Another pathetic little feature of everyday life is the way every bulletheaded old cuss in the audience will prick up his ears and look keenly interested when the candidate announces that he now wishes to address a few remarks to thinking men. -Columbus (Ohio) Journal.

Foes and Friends.

When two men are extremely polite to each other it is a sign that they don't like each other. But when they say, "Hello, you onery old pup!" and "How's yourself, you porchgood friends.-Cincinnati Enquirer.

His Patience.

If father spends three hours at home on Sunday and doesn't kill or maim a few of the children, he spends the rest of the week bragging about his patience.-Cincinnati Enquirer.

Where Steadiness Is Requisite. A steady hand in military affairs is more requisite than in peace, because an error committed in war may prove irremediable.-Lord Bacon.

It seems singular that any woman should continue to suffer one moment with diseases like that from which Mrs. Mary A. Sasser was cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. From High, Lamar Co., Texas, she writes 'For three years I suffered with falling of the womb and ulceration. After using three bottles of your 'Favorite Prescrip-tion,' and 'Golden Medical Discovery and 'Pleasant Pellets,' I have found an entire cure. I am able to do my work with .ease.

"Favorite Prescription" benefits when all else has failed. Prove it.

The Blood is the Life.

population of 2,500.000, when it ended this great population had been re-duced to fewer than 300,000. Power of Suggestion. The greatest tightwad I ever knew was a man who owned a hardware store, says a correspondent. In the early fall this man, instead of making a fire in the stove to warm his cus-tomers, would place a lighted candle inside, the light of which showed

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Bubonic Plague Ravages. Bubonic plague appeared in Europe

"I'm Afraid It's Useless, Sammy."

from the world a thousand other Langholmes would have leaped in to take his inconspicuous place. And Lady Muriel, bound by tradition as she was, knew that she would have to marry Mr. Langholme unless he died, cheated at cards, or scored a "duck's egg" in the forthcoming match between Gentlemen and Players at the Oval.

Mr. Langholme, needless to say, was playing cricket for the Gentlemen.

Yes, there was that one point about Mr. Langholme. He was a good cricketer. He had a batting average of 47 for the season. If he went down ig- still going strong, when time was nominously before the bowling of the demon bowler, a coarse fellow named Hobbs, the earl's disgust might possibly induce him to consider some other man's suit-not Mr. Butts'. "I'm afraid it's useless, Sammy,"

sighed Lady Muriel. "I've got to marry Charles."

"Why have you got to marry Charles?" demanded Sammy truculently.

his beloved. "If we got married there -wouldn't be any bridesmaids." And she looked at him piteously.

Sammy looked back at her and knew that he was "up against it." But that only set his Binghampton get near him. He looked as flustered brains to working faster. Sammy had been a pretty good ball player in his look, and he might even have been day. Why shouldn't he make a cricketer?

A sleepless night produced a brilliant scheme. He would do it. He would! And he wouldn't say a word to anybody about it. He kept away from Muriel. But he induced the earl loo-" to send him a ticket of admission to the grand stand.

again. It was tiring work, and, not understanding that he was to stop when the ball was retrieved, ne started a fourth time, and only got back inside, the light of which showed to his crease without having his wicket down by a miracle of luck.

So Sammy ran again, and then

Sammy ran to the opposite wicket. Next minute the batsman was back

The demon scowled and sent down a high lob. Sammy, half way across the pitch, caught it and sent it beyond

the boundary. "Get back!" yelled the other batsman. "That's a boundary. That's a four hit."

Then Sammy understood something of the principle. When you hit the ball you ran, but if you could hit it beyond the boundary you scored four

automatically. That was easier. After that Sammy began hitting four every time. Of course, he had intervals of rest, because every fifth or sixth ball the field dissolved like a kaleidoscope and he found himself standing idly beside the bowler. But then again the field would be rearranged, and Sammy would face the demon Hobbs, who, much discomfited, would try him with new kinds of balls. There were fast balls and slow balls, spinning balls and breaking balls. Sammy didn't care. Each ball

went to the boundary for four. The field was extended almost to the boundary to stop his strikes, but they failed. The ball went whizzing over their heads. In half an hour Sammy's score stood at 150, and the cheers of the spectators were continuous.

In two hours Sammy had passed the two hundred mark. He didn't care anything about Hobbs now, or any of the other bowlers. With his bat over his shoulder he just waited, and then, shutting one eye, he swiped.

The Players were demoralized. But the Gentlemen did not win. They were some 200 points ahead, and called. And Sammy, still with the bat over his shoulder, found himself surrounded by a cheering, raving mob. The first face he looked into was the earl's.

"My boy!" he gasped. "Why didn't you tell me? You have saved the honor of the day. The battle of Waterloo"-an impressive pause-"was won on the playing fields of Eton, sir. Is there anything-anything 'Because it's the proper thing," said I can do for you to acknowledge your

magnificent triumph?" "Yes," said Sammy. "Give me Lady Muriel."

On the outskirts of the crowd Sammy saw Mr. Langholme trying to as such a gentlemanly man could goaded into slapping Sammy, but he couldn't get near enough.

The earl looked at the lovers and relented.

"Take her, my boy," he faltered. "It is your right. For the battle of Water-"Yes, I know," answered Sammy.

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through the cracks, making them think he was burning coal for their benefit.

When Dad Is All Right. He may have a greasy hat and the seat of his pants may be shiny, but if a man's children have their noses flattened against the window pane a half hour before he is due home to supper, you can trust him with anything you have. He is all right .-- Cincinnati Enquirer.

American Cheese Liked. American cheese is regarded by con-

noisseurs as equal to the imported. The states of New York and Wisconsin lead in cheese producing. From these states each year a large quantity of this dairy product is shipped to Central and South America, as well as

Ingenious Youngster. A little boy came near getting a good spanking for answering his father in a pert way, but escaped by saying, "When you were a small boy, dad, didn't you ever get excited and say the wrong thing?"

to Europe.

Water Power Wasted.

The famous Victoria falls of the Zambesi river, in Rhodesia, it is estimated, could be made to yield 35,-000,000 horsepower, or just about the same amount as all of Europe's water courses.

Bird Feared by Snakes.

Snakes in South Africa fear the secretary bird and will even crawl away from his shadow. This bird devours snakes and can easily kill a reptile twice its size.

Failure.

The only failure a man ought to fear is failure in cleaving to the purpose he sees to be best.-George Eliot.

Daily Thought.

Gentleness and cheerfulness, these come before all morality; they are the perfect duties.-R. L. S.

Popular Innovation. Cheerful Old Lady-"Well, Dominie, the new churchyard's fillin' up real

nicely, ain't it?"-Puck.

Best Disposition of Enemy. A merely fallen enemy may rise again, but the reconciled one is truly

vanguished.-Schiller. High Street.

CASTORIA

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"Do you know Mrs. Gabb to speak to?" "Well, I know her to listen to, if that s what you mean," replied White.-Cin-

cinnati Enquirer. "What little boy in class can mention a memorable date in Roman history?" asked the teacher.

"Antony's with Cleopatra!" ventured one of the boys.—Froth.

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