

KILLS SHARK WITH CROWBAR

Great Battle Waged for an Hour Against a Man-Eater Results in Victory.

A man-eating shark up to his eyes in mud and a stranger in the Bronx, was killed near Throggs Neck after everyone within half a mile of him had screamed at least once and missed him with a rock at least twice. David McGowan, an inspector in the Bronx department of sewers, is the amateur treader who finally sent him winging or flapping into the valley of death.

Mr. McGowan, accompanied by a quartet of pickax welders and a double sextette of shovelers, was improving the Bronx sewerage facilities when he heard a hoarse cry. Mr. McGowan selected a crowbar he could trust and hurried to where a struggling form was creating a whirlpool. He inserted the crowbar into the huge bulk. The head of an indignant shark appeared, and Mr. McGowan, with four excellently executed handsprings, was back on shore again.

Then began a battle which lasted an hour and endangered the life and property of all who dwell near Weir Creek. Pickaxes were hurled by the drainage pickadores and shovels described parabolas that were interesting, but dangerous.

Finally, when the shark was at the point of death from ennuil and exhaustion, Mr. McGowan stepped forward and inflicted the fatal wound. The shark groaned, sighed, whistled, rolled over, kicked once and was no more. He was found to weigh 200 pounds when dragged to the shore and was seven feet long.—New York Herald.

NECESSARY TO FIND TICKET

Bishop Had Good Reason for Making Search for Article That He Had Misplaced.

The distinguished and well-beloved bishop of a certain southern state is so absent-minded that his family is always apprehensive for his welfare when he is away from them.

Not long ago, while making a journey by rail, the bishop was unable to find his ticket when the conductor asked for it.

"Never mind, bishop," said the conductor, who knew him well. "I'll get it on my second round."

However, when the conductor passed through the car again, the ticket was still missing.

"Oh, well, bishop, it will be all right if you never find it!" the conductor assured him.

"No it won't, my friend," contradicted the bishop. "I've got to find that ticket. I want to know where I'm going."—Youth's Companion.

British North Borneo.

The state of British North Borneo is governed by the British North Borneo company, a chartered company, the only one remaining under the British flag. The governor is appointed by the company with the approval of the British secretary of state for the colonies. The population is estimated at 500,000, there being less than 400 whites. United States Consul Hanson, at Sandakan, states that he is informed that within twenty miles of that place are natives who have never seen a white man, and who live by the spear and the blow pipe just as did their ancestors of the tenth century. Mr. Hanson states that elephants and rhinoceroses are so plentiful that they are a nuisance to owners of rubber and coconut estates by destroying young trees, and that "the telegraph line across the country is out of commission a third of the time because the elephants rub against the posts and push them down."

French Soldiers' Ways.

A lieutenant describes in Everyman's Belgian Supplement the soldiers of France as "big children." He says that the foundation of the army of the republic is the peasant who has a simplicity that makes him docile to the dictates of discipline and the orders of his superiors. A democracy is growing in the army that did not before exist. "You may," he says, "be as exacting as you like, regarding the divers service duties. For three or six months of rainy winter you may make them work 14 hours a day at earthworks exposed to shot and shell if you treat them as friends; if you trouble about their meals, their footgear, their straw bedding, and above all if you swear at them, when they do impudent things. You can get wonderful results out of them; if you tickle their vanity, they are charmed, they adopt you, they would face death to fetch you if you lay wounded on the field."

Pay of Capital Employees.

Uncle Sam has more than 36,000 employees in Washington to whom he pays an average of \$1,135 a year, or a total of about \$41,140,000. The highest average salaries are paid to White House employees who get \$3,900 a year, and the lowest is paid to employees in the state, war and navy building, averaging \$560 a year. Co-operative buying is now practiced by a part of the employees, and it is suggested that this and other co-operative activities might be profitably practiced by the entire army of Uncle Sam's workers in the capital city.

A SHELL THAT HIT

Graphic Description Penned by Frederick Palmer.

One Successful Shell Out of a Thousand; the One Supposed to Make Waste of Other 999 Worth While.

By FREDERICK PALMER.

(International News Service.)
British Headquarters, France.—There are points along the British front which see nothing but desultory shell fire and sniping for weeks and months on end; points where neither side has made an attack through the winter and spring. These are known as quiet corners. A practical stalemate exists. Neither Briton nor German finds any object in trying for a gain. Troops who have been in the thick of it elsewhere are sometimes sent to these regions for a rest and a change.

Other points—points which stick out, as it were—are known as "hot corners," where the guns and rifles seem always busy. Such has been the La Bassee region.

A visitor may see about as much of what is going on in La Bassee as an ant can see of the surrounding landscape when promenading in the grass.

The guns of both sides seem engaged in a kind of savage, vindictive, blind man's buff sparring. Of course, the gunners have a point on the map at which they are aiming. They have information in one way or another that there is something at this point worth shelling. It may be a house; and of course, every house is down on a large scale map. Troops may be in the house; or if they are not, and you destroy the house, you have destroyed shelter for troops and made the enemy nervous. At least, theoretically, you have made him so; nothing seems to be able to make the British soldier actually so, or the French peasant either.

We had left our car to go forward on foot. We were coming into the zone where the inhabitants had been ordered to vacate their homes. This is an unfalling sign that whatever the condition of your health you are becoming a poorer risk every minute for a life insurance company. A shell may get a group of soldiers in a house or in a dugout. Houses are not safe shelter in hot corners where the visitor, instead of looking for houses which have been damaged by shell fire, looks for the anomalous one that has not.

There was one such on an adjoining road—an estaminet, which is a public drinking place or cafe.

A stretcher was being borne into the door of this estaminet and above the doorway of the estaminet was chalked some lettering which indicated that it was a first clearing station for the wounded. Lying on stretchers on the floor were some wounded men. They looked a little stunned, which was only natural when you have been as close as they had to a burst of a shell—a shell that made a hit. The concussion was bound to have this effect.

A third man was the best illustration of shell destructiveness. Bullets make only holes. Shells make gouges, fractures and pulp. He too had a bandaged head, and had been hit in several places; but the worst wound was in the leg, where an artery had been cut, causing a loss of blood. He was weak with sort of a "Where am I?" look in his eyes. If that fragment which had hit his leg had hit his head or his neck or his abdomen he would have been killed instantly. He was an illustration of how hard it is to kill a man with several shell fragments unless some of them strike in the right place. For he was going to live; the surgeon had whispered that fact in his ear, that one important fact.

And it was the one successful shell out of the thousand; that one which was supposed to make the waste of the other nine hundred and ninety-nine worth while.

Returning by the same road by which we came, an automobile passed swiftly by. We had a glimpse of the big, painted red cross on an ambulance side and, at the rear where the curtains were rolled up for ventilation, of four pairs of soldier boot-soles at the end of four stretchers which had been slid noiselessly into place at the estaminet by the sturdy, kindly, experienced medical corps men.

As we walked along, one of our guns of a battery near by smoked again in the course of a desultory cannonade, seeking to pay back in kind for injuries which the four prostrate figures in the ambulance had received.

LEAVES MONEY FOR A CLOCK

Pioneer Wants a Timepiece in the Courthouse in Morrison County, Minnesota.

Little Falls, Minn.—By the provisions of one of the most peculiar wills ever filed in Morrison county a clock will probably be installed in the courthouse tower shortly. The will of Cyrus Page, a pioneer resident, contained directions for the payment of \$2,000 to the county for a tower clock for the courthouse.

In the event the request is rejected by the county the testator ordered that the money be given to the Little Falls Council in trust to be used for the relief of deserving poor.

SAME OLD HEN EVERYWHERE

Roosters Have Often Saved the Traveler in Foreign Lands From Homesickness.

The efforts of the California poultrymen to prove that eggs laid by Chinese hens are not sanitary are amusing. If these California hen owners had ever traveled a bit they would have found out that the hen is the same old hen wherever it scratches and cackles.

It is a homesick feeling that comes over the sojourner in a foreign land, who does not understand a word of the language spoken around him, to hear a rooster crow, says the Hartford Courant. It is the same old crow and is like a voice from home. So of the dog's bark, the horse's neigh, the mosquito's hum, the fly's buzz, the pig's squeal. They are the same thing in every land and in all climates.

The birds in different lands vary somewhat in what they have to say, but the barnyard and household creatures speak their same old language everywhere and at all times. They are the true world inhabitants; and the notion that an egg laid in China is any different from an egg laid by a hen in Connecticut or in California is the fanciful and selfish production of those who have never heard the friendly greeting of the hen in strange lands.

Don't Forget to Live.

Prepare to live by all means, but for heaven's sake do not forget to live. You will never have a better chance than you have at present. You may think you will have, but you are mistaken.—Arnold Bennett.

Balm for Little Women.

The fine little woman who weighs only one hundred pounds can thank her stars that she is on earth. If she resided on Mars she would weigh only thirty-eight.—Galveston News.

What a Woman Can Do.

A woman may not be able to write poetry, but she helps to make life a grand, sweet song every time she cans a bushel of cherries.—Toledo Blade.

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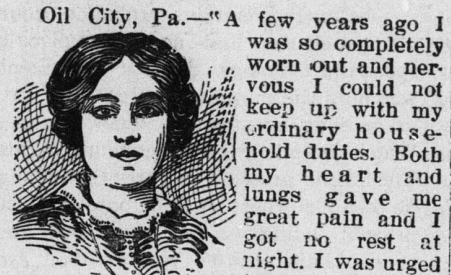
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Medical.

THE HEART.

How It Acts in Every Day Life.

The human heart, in a healthy man weighs but eleven ounces. It beats from long before birth until death, in an average lifetime, about seven million times, allowing seventy beats to the minute. Every twenty-four hours this slight organ performs labor equivalent to lifting a ton of material eighty feet into the air. If the blood becomes poor, and filled with poisons from diseased kidneys, the heart is not only starved, but poisoned as well. It soon becomes exhausted and unable to meet any extraordinary demand which may be made upon it. Supply pure blood; get the kidneys to working; tone up the feeble stomach! Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery purifies the blood, relieves the kidneys and tones up the alimentary canal. Give the heart the food it needs and it will continue to work till the natural end of life.



Oil City, Pa.—"A few years ago I was so completely worn out and nervous I could not keep up with my ordinary household duties. Both my heart and lungs gave me great pain and I got no rest at night. I was urged to try 'Golden Medical Discovery' by my sister (now living in Oklahoma) who had been so much helped by Dr. Pierce's remedies that she was insistent. I took four or five bottles in all and was so much better and stronger for it, and am only too glad to commend its use to others in such a hopeless condition as I was then."—MRS. GEORGE F. SPENSE, Cor. Walnut and Third Sts., Oil City.

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