Bellefonte, Pa., March 17, 1916.

A Case of Human Justice.

[By Alan Heresdale.]

Reading incidents connected with the part taken by Russia in the great European war brings back to me my own part in the fate of a single Russian person years agone. I was a press correspondent in the dominions of the czar in one of the provinces northeast of St. Petersburg when, looking down a road covered with snow, I saw a mass of beings coming slowly toward me. When they came to where I could distinguish them I saw that they were a body of political prisoners marching under guard and doubtless bound for Siberia.

My attention was arrested by a girl not over eighteen years of age. She fixed her eyes on mine for a moment. and in that brief glance I read a tale which made my heart bleed. It betokened one who was buoyed up by the consciousness of suffering for a great cause, but whose life was nevertheless blighted. She passed on. trudging through the snow, knowing that she would be shut up within the dreadful Kara inclosure. I did not suppose for a moment that I would ever see her again.

But I did. Six years after this meeting I was in London. One evening I attended the opera and, looking up from the parquet at one of the boxes. there was the girl I had seen on her way to Siberia. But, oh, how changed! What a picture of past suffering! There was the same loftiness, but it was tinged with melancholy, that melancholy which comes from endurance of agony. And yet there was a temporary absence of endurance.

"Who is that lady?" I asked a frien! who knew every one in London.

"That is Adela Alexandrovna, the daughter of a Russian nobleman. She has a history. Her father is one of the czar's trusted officers. She was caught in some complication with revolutionists and sent to Siberia. Her father succeeded in interesting the czarina in her, and a pardon was secured for her, but it was coupled with a banishment. She came to England. and it is supposed that the czarina has opened a way for her here. At any rate, she is received in society in London

When the war broke out I returned to Russia as correspondent for an English journal and accompanied the army that moved against the Austrian frontier. I was a witness of the terrible fighting that occurred during that campaign and wondered if some wave of madness had not swept down upon Europe. I grew sick writing descriptions of the carnage, the universal distress. the agony of women and children. It seemed to me that the clock of the height just obtained. civilized world had been turned back to the middle ages, when every man was a soldier and every soldier was a

In one of the terrific battles between the Austrians and the Russians I went out to draw my word pictures of its horrors to feed the appetite of readers all over the world. Then for the first time I saw modern warfare, the slaughter of men by machinery, while the aeroplanes floating above seemed to me like huge birds of prey waiting for their feast on the corpses.

When I had seen all I could stand I went to the rear, where the wounded were being carried and, bending over the litter on which rested a dying soldier, who should I see in the uniform of a Red Cross nurse but the woman who had passed me on her way to Siberia and at the opera in London.

Again she was changed. At my first meeting with her she was a beginner in a life of sacrifice; at the second she had seemed out of place in the gay world. Now she appeared to have become accustomed to her work for others. Shough now and again a bullet sang in her ears, it made no more impression upon her than if a snowflake had dropped on her shoulder. She was taking the last words of a dying soldier, spoken through her to loved ones far away who were doubtless praying that he might be returned to them.

She remained beside him while he drew a few long breaths, and when they ceased she arose, with a momentary sadness on her face, to devote herself to unother butchered by her fellow men. I followed her with my eyes as she moved from one to another. making one more comfortable in his position, giving another water and speaking words of sympathy to a third.

After this came the driving back of the Russians, the fall of Warsaw and the establishment of a defense line farther eastward. But the fighting continued. I remained with the Russian army, from time to time writing descriptions of scenes which I witnessed and sending them as best I could to America. One of the most impressive I give here in substance:

One morning, hearing that the czar would decorate a Red Cross nurse who had been conspicuous for her attention to the wounded in a battle, I went to witness the ceremony. Troops were drawn up in two lines, waiting. Presently the nurse to be decorated, attended by several officers, marched to a position between the lines, where they, too, stood waiting. Then the czar, surrounded by his staff, appeared. went to the point where the last comers stood and pinned a medal on the woman's breast. Then the band played the national hymn.

When the newly decorated girl left the ground she passed very near me. She was the girl I had first met on her way to Siberia and again at the opera in London.

TOP OF THE WORLD

Nature's Skyscraper That Towers High Above All Others.

THE GIANT MOUNT EVEREST.

This Still Unconquered Peak Is In a Wild Country That Is Extremely Difficult to Traverse and Has So Far Defied the Surveyors of India.

For many years the East Indian government has prohibited any attempt at the ascent of Mount Everest. As long ago as 1902 six European Alpinists set out for India to view the world from the virgin snows of Everest could not have cooled their ardor half so rapidly as did the cold water with which the Indian government soused them. The mountaineers simply met with a blank refusal, and the reason of it was perfectly obvious and logical.

The nearest approach of a railroad toward Mount Everest is about 100 miles away. To the north of this railroad terminal is a succession of parallel ranges of the Himalayas separated by deep valleys. It is one of the traverse, and no white man has ever crossed it.

The surveyors of India have never been nearer than eighty miles from Mount Everest. Some of the valleys are peopled by a few wild tribes who flercely resent the intrusion of any strangers. The whole country lies in Nepal, which while still an independent state strictly forbade any person to go north among these mountains, and since Nepal came under the suzerainty of India the prohibition has been continued, for obvious reasons, by the Indian government.

When the ascent of Mount Everest is finally made it will probably be on the side of Tibet, whose southern boundary is not far from the mountain, but by her agreement with China the Indian government is bound to keep explorers from crossing into Tibet from India. Permission was refused to Sven Hedin to cross the border on his last great expedition, when he finally crossed from Ladakh.

Some interesting facts about Mount Everest may not generally be known. Many persons have wondered how the determination of the height of Mount Everest could be so exact that its elevation is fixed at precisely 29,002 feet. In happened in this way: In 1849 and 1850 six trigonometrical determinations of the height of the mountain were obtained by the Indian survey at six different stations, all south of the mountain. The height of 29,002 feet assigned to Mount Everest was the

But the geographical survey of India informed the world in 1908 that Mount Everest is higher than it was computed to be by those six trigonometrical determinations. It reported that between 1881 and 1902 six other determinations of the height of the mountain were made at five stations, all excepting one being nearer to the mountain than the previous surveys. These six new determinations gave a mean value of 29,141 feet after correction for refraction. Acformation, Mount Everest is 139 feet higher than it was earlier computed

sult of the scientific computation of the height of Mount Everest has not yet appeared in books and maps? It is because the Indian survey is not convinced that the final determination! has been reached. It says that the height, 29,141 feet, is a more reliable result than 29,002 feet, but the more recent determination is still probably too small. It desires to acquire more thorough knowledge of the problems of refraction and of the effects of deviations of gravity upon trigonometrical work before announcing the final determination of the elevation of the world's highest mountain. Meanwhile it will retain on its maps the first de termination of 29,002 feet.

This decision certainly commended itself. It would be more vexatious than useful to change the figures now and then in order to add or subtract a few feet as the latest determination of the mountain's height. It is better to wait yields the closest approximation possible. This is the suggestion of the Indian survey, and all map makers have apparently adopted it ..- New York

As the Times Change.

In the sixties the customary pro posal was, "Will you be mine?" Very faintly signs are showing that men will yet say, "May I be yours?" It will take time, for the possessive, the dominating instinct in man, is still strong, and long may it live, for that is the vigor of the race. Only we do not want that instinct to carry man away, any more than we want a well bred horse to clinch its teeth upon the bit and bolt.-W. L. George in Atlantic.

An Essay on Man.

What a chimera, then, is man! What a novelty, what a monster, what a chaos, what a subject of contradiction, what a prodigy! A judge of all things, a feeble worm of the earth, depository of the truth, cloaca of uncertainty and error, the glory and the shame of the universe.—Pascal.

Children think not of the past nor of what is to come, but enjoy the present time, which few of us do.-La BruJAPANESE PATIENCE.

A Strong Man's Challenge to an Artist and the Result.

Maruyama Okyo was the founder of the naturalistic school of Japanese painting. He was born in 1735 and died in 1795. In the International Studio Mr. Harad arro tells this story about Okyo:

Tanikaze Kajimosuke was a champion wrestler. One day he called on Maruyama Okyo and proposed a trial of strength, each according to his own line of pursuit. He would show the greatest feat he was capable of by his physical strength, and Okyo would show his by his ability to paint. Okyo agreed. The next morning he was awakened by the sound of something falling outside the door of his house. He opened the door and found Tanikaze standing by a rock large enough the top of its highest mountain. But to tax the strength of a dozen ordinary men. He had brought it, without resting, all the way from Mount Kurama, many miles distant.

> Now it was Okyo's turn. He gave lessons to his pupils as usual, but spent every available minute in his private atelier, working very far into the night. Tanikaze called four or five times, but was told that the painting was not yet ready.

At last, after four months had passed, the wrestler said to the painter, "If you cannot show me your work most difficult countries in the world to today I think it is only fair to consider myself as the winner of the contest. I came here today prepared to take the

rock back to the mountain." "I have finished the work," answered Okyo, with a smile. And he presented to Tanikaze a roll of silk. Tanikaze slowly unrolled it-it was seven feet long-and looked at it in amaze-"Has this taken you four months to paint?" he asked. "Does this represent your greatest skill?"

His surprise was not altogether unjustified, for the artist had painted nothing except a stringed bow in its actual size. Then Okyo calmly explained the matter as follows:

"This is a picture of the bow you received from the emperor when you had the honor of wrestling in the palace grounds. The greatest achievement in it is the drawing of this cord. To draw a straight line over six feet long without anything for a guide is by no means an easy task. Just as you brought the rock from the mountain without resting, so I have drawn this line with a single stroke of the brush. Many a time in my attempts the line faltered or the ink gave out before the line was finished. I have experienced with the brush a hardship such as you encountered with the rock on your way from Kurama. Come

and see the proof." So saying he led Tanikaze to his atelier and emptied a large box full of papers and rolls of silk that he had spoiled in his endeavor to draw in a single sweep of the brush a straight mean of the six different values for the line over six feet in length. Tanikaze was thoroughly convinced. He raised the drawing to his brow in token of gratitude and left Okyo, promising that he would treasure it and hand it down to his posterity and praising the artist for his perseverance and steadfastness of purpose.

The Roman Forum.

The Forum was originally a market place and only by degrees became the center of Roman civic and political life. About B. C. 470 it became the place of cording, therefore, to our present in- assembly of the people in their tribes and was gradually adorned with temples and other great public buildings. The Roman forum—the Acropolis at Why is it, then, that this latest re- Athens alone excepted-is perhaps the most thrillingly interesting spot on earth to such as know and appreciate the teachings of history. From the forum came the august laws which governed the then known world for more than a thousand years.

Working the Air Brake.

Contrary to the general impression, the air pressure used in the air brake on railroad cars is applied to hold the brake shoes away from the car wheels. The instant that the air pressure is released the brake shoes are forced against the car wheels, bringing the car or train to a stop. It is the releasing of the air or the passage of the air through the valves that causes the whistling noise heard under the cars.

The Great Chain.

The "great chain," the links of which were two and one-half inches square and one foot long, each link weighing until refinement of scientific method 140 pounds, was stretched across the Hudson river at West Point, just below Fort Clinton, May 1, 1778, to prevent the British warships from ascending the river. The total weight of the chain was 180 tons, and its length was 450 yards. Parts of it are still preserved at West Point.

> Breaking It Gently. He had just been accepted. "Does your father know I write poetry?" he

asked anxiously. "Not yet, dear," she replied. "I've told him all about your drinking and your gambling debts, but I couldn't tell him everything at once."-Life.

You Know Him. "Now, old fellow, I want to tell you my side of the whole case." "But I thought you had already told "By Jove! So I did. Well, it won't do

any harm to go all over it again."-Tears of Recreation.

"Do you ever make your wife cry?" "Sure. I buy her matinee tickets to see every emotional actress who comes to town."-Washington Star.

Search others for their virtues and thyself for thy vices.-Fuller.

The Houseman Inheritance

By HENRY HOLMES

Caspar Houseman many years ago came from the Rhine region of Germany to the United States, bringing his wife and children with him, and settled at the base of the Catskill mountains in the very region where Rip Van Winkle lived. Why Houseman settled in such a place where so little is to be got out of the ground is not apparent.

Houseman brought means with him from the fatherland and put it all into a home directly back of the present town of Catskill. There is nothing now left of his house except a few stones that formed the basement. So no one can say what it was like, but tradition has it that he fashioned it after a Rhine castle near whose ruins he was born and reared. At any rate, the description that has come down to us indicates that it was a much finer place than was usual in America at the time it was built.

Houseman's wife died soon after he came to this country, and soon after her death he married a widow with children. This made two sets of children. Houseman's and those of his second wife, living together. No sooner was he married to the widow than she began to pester him to leave his property, which was all in his Catskill home, to her children, cutting off his own offspring. By this time some of his children were old enough to look out for their rights, and the consequence was that the poor old man was besieged first by one family, then by the other, until-so it is said-he was well nigh driven crazy.

From all accounts that have come down to us, it seems likely that these two parties pulling upon him in opposite directions did affect his sanity. At any rate, when the old man had been driven into his grave by the importunities of these different claimants and his will was opened a great surprise was in store for his survivors, It read:

I give and bequeath my estate to th

Of course this brought about a lawsuit as to the disposition of the prop erty, for such a will was not legal. Houseman's children claimed the property, his widow claimed it, and her children claimed it. The case came up before old Vanderdicken, a Dutch judge who could speak no English. The lawyers could speak nothing but English, and the claimants only spoke German The consequence was that the court broke up in a fearful row, the judge in his wrath stating that the property rightfully belonged to Satan and he hoped Satan would get it.

same roof, for neither would surrender the occupation of the property. They were quarreling one day, their voices extending nearly to the river, some ten or fifteen miles away, when a man was seen standing at the gate quietly surveying the premises. The disputants ceased to wrangle, and Mrs. Houseman asked the stranger what he wanted.

"I have come over from Germany." he replied, "to claim an inheritance. Is this the property of Caspar Houseman, deceased?"

"Well, I am Louis Brackenthaler of Bingen. Caspar Houseman sent me shortly before he died a will leaving his property to me."

He drew a will from his pocket written in Houseman's handwriting and bearing his signature. All looked at it aghast, for they knew well the testator's writing, and it was his.

This new complication was too much for the wranglers, and they all left the premises without a struggle. As they passed out Herr Brackenthaler stood bowing and smiling at them, with his hat in his hand, and so sardonic was his demeanor that they were all glad when they got away.

One would expect to find the will on file in the surrogate's office. I got the story from a German barber at Catskill while he was shaving me, and as soon as he had finished I went to the courthouse and made inquiry there for it. I was informed that about once a year some one inquired about a Houseman will, but there was no record of any such document.

But to finish my story. During the night following the surrender of the Houseman people to Herr Brackenthaler there came up a thunderstorm that caused the mountains to reverberate, if anything, worse than when Hendrick Hudson's men had played at bowls there. For a time it seemed to those who lived on the banks of the river that the whole Catskill mountains were ablaze. To this very day there are citizens of towns that were settlements in those days who remember their grandparents or great-grandparents giving descriptions of that storm, the spot below where now stands the Mountain House shooting up fire like a volcano. This is the place where the meager ruins of the Houseman castle stand.

The next morning persons went to this spot and found the Houseman house burned to the ground, the only remains being a small part of the basement wall. As for Herr Brackenthaler. the only time he was ever seen was when he took possession of the prop-

The barber who told me the story has no more doubt that Brackenthaler was the devil and had claimed his own than that the tonic he put on my bald head would restore the hair that formerly grew there.

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