

CITY IS HIGH IN THE AIR

Gwalior, Capital of Native Indian State, Built on Top of Rock 300 Feet in Height.

South of Agra in the hot half-desert country of central India a great rock looms out of the flat plain. The sides of the butte, as it would be called in the Rocky Mountain country, rise sheer for about 300 feet, and the area of its surface is large enough to support a city. It is about two miles long by a quarter of a mile in breadth. This is Gwalior, the capital of a native Indian state under British domination, and once one of the strongest military positions in India.

Two other cities are instantly called to mind by the sight of Gwalior—one, the neighbor city of Chitor, perched on its rock to the southwest, the other the Pueblo Indian village of Acoma, just half way around the world in the New Mexico desert. All three of them were picked for their military value, and all three have outlived their usefulness.

A narrow winding road cut out of the rock leads from the plain to the citadel above. At the top of the road is the beautiful painted palace, its exterior tiled over with ornamented, highly glazed tiles of a workmanship whose secret has been lost. Color and design are each perfect after their fashion, making the palace one of the sights of India. Inside, alas, it is not a sight but a smell. The bats, the multitudinous Indian bats, have taken possession; they swarm here as in no other place for hundreds of miles around, and no creature with a nose can remain to admire the interior of the painted palace.

SEA WATER FOUND IN LAYERS

Lower Strata Contain Less Dissolved Oxygen and This Has Influence on Fish Life.

Land animals breathe in oxygen with the air. Fish get it, but less of it, of course, dissolved in water. Messrs. J. W. Sale and W. W. Skinner reported in a paper presented at a meeting of the American Chemical society that the lower layers of certain tidal waters contained less dissolved oxygen than the upper layers.

They show this to be due to the greater specific gravity of the under layers compared to those above them. In other words, the water is found in strata, according to its weight, and this prevents an up-and-down circulation. When we recognize that the oxygen is also depleted by other agencies there is sometimes found to be very little of it in the lower layers. The depletion is greatest in September.

Tidal waves and storms bring precipitates which with the depletion of oxygen have a great influence on fish life.

Substitute for Olive Oil.

The production of sim-sim of sem-seem (Sesamum indicum) seed is an important agricultural endeavor on the East coast and in the interior lake districts of Africa. The total exportation of this product from the protectorates of British East Africa and Uganda during the fiscal year ended March 31, 1915, (the last available detailed statistics), amounted to 3,134,320 pounds, valued at \$102,824, of which amount about 20 per cent was produced in Uganda and the remainder on the coastal plain of British East Africa.

In that year 28 per cent of these exports went to India, 22 per cent to Aden, 18 per cent to Italy, 15 per cent to Italian Somaliland, and most of the balance to Zanzibar and France. In former years Germany was the largest purchaser of this product, which is a substitute for olive oil. These figures, it should be understood, do not represent the total production of sim-sim within the territory mentioned inasmuch as a very large amount is consumed locally.

Nature Smiles on Malaga.

Malaga is perhaps the oldest of Spanish cities. Certainly she is in many ways the fairest of them all. If ever there was a lotus land, it is here. The rich earth is fairly bursting with fertility, hidden under a wealth of semi-tropical vegetation, with here and there the green vine hills that bear the grapes for which Malaga is known all over the world. There are flowers, too, great, gaudy blooms, that go with the South sea appearance of the aloe and palmettoes and palms. In a word, Malaga is a city where nature smiles. Sometimes a year will go by there without seven cloudy days.

Something in the Way.

"What are you going to do?" asked the sweet young thing. "I'm going to kiss you," said the man. "But don't you see I have a chap-son with me?" "Yes, but she's deaf, isn't she?" "But she's not blind, and, besides, she has a very jealous nature."

His Advantage.

"A shoemaker is in no danger of saving any of his stock left on his hands." "Why isn't he?" "Because the shoes he makes are sold by the time he finishes them."

—The "Watchman" has all the news

JAPAN IS SELF-SUFFICIENT

Country Has Preserved Its Nationalism and Independence Thanks to Anti-Foreign Government.

Japanese egoism has caused much trouble and misunderstanding. It has doubtless also caused much progress. In Turkey, the young men from Armenia, Persia, Syria and Egypt dare not call their souls their own. Nationalism in the Syrian Protestant college has to give way to international brotherhood, and no matter how much emphasis is laid on the development of the individual talent for leadership in those small lands, which are denied nationalism by the powers not of heaven but of Europe, there is little hope that the young graduate can ever really lead his nation to better things.

Japan, thanks to the anti-foreign government, has saved her nationalism and independence; and methods similar to those used in Turkey or China do not apply. If unity and strength come to China or Turkey, conditions there will become similar. While we exclude the yellow men from America, we cannot hope eternally to dominate their souls at home. Christian money, sent to Japan, will be administered by the ones for whose use it is given, teaching democracy and not autocracy in a land which denies foreign domination in all things. —Maynard Owen Williams, in the Christian Herald.

CITY HALL 220 YEARS OLD

Dungeon and Cell in Dundee Structure Show Severity of Punishment Two Centuries Ago.

In the High street of the city and royal burg of Dundee is an ancient structure, within which the town council still transacts the business of the city. This building was erected some 220 years ago and cost £4,000. In the underground basement is the "condemned cell," seven feet six inches in height and eight feet by seven feet, and without light, ventilation, or sanitary provision of any kind. In this gruesome dungeon the old-time criminal condemned to death awaited his end.

In the upper portion of the building are 22 cells, once used for ordinary prisoners. One of these cells, under the sloping roof of the facade, illustrates the severity of methods of punishment two centuries ago. To a strong iron staple in the center of the apartment the unfortunate prisoner was attached by shackles on his ankles, the roof overhead being so low that he could not stand upright. Only the worst type of criminal was confined in this cell. The ponderous key of the heavily studded door which admits one to the cells has quite a medieval appearance, being eight inches long, with wards of 2½ inches.

Spare Convict's Hands.

Now we know exactly what Justice Darling really thinks of violin players, says the London Globe. "One of that tuneful craft appealed against doing hard labor for felony because it might spoil his hands. The court remitted the hard labor and gave reasons.

Justice Darling said that it was expedient for the convict to have a profession in which he could do no harm. If his hands became hard and he could not play the violin, he might again take to practices of the kind of which he had been convicted.

This is quite a new view to take of the uses of the violin. Playing the violin is useful, according to his lordship, because it keeps the performer out of mischief. We wonder if this applies to all music. The vocalist who breaks out in song, we presume, less likely to break into a dwelling house. He who picks the banjo will be kept from picking pockets. And the performer who blows the cornet with feeling will not blow a safe with nitroglycerin.

Paid Wages Due 40 Years.

Edwin Fawcett, son of a former paper manufacturer, surprised Cornwall-on-Hudson, New York, by appearing there, distributing to former employees at his father's mill in Moodna pay that had been due them 40 years. The elder Fawcett's concern got in financial straits after the panic of '73. When the mill closed in 1877 it owed wages to several employees, and Samuel Fawcett told them they would get their pay some day.

His son appeared with a list of former employees, including Charles D. Smith, who was a mere boy when the mill employed him. He received pay, with interest, amounting to \$65; his sister received \$30 due to their mother, now dead. Others were paid and, in case the employee had died, his next of kin received the money.

Little Things That Count.

Go to your garden work with a will and stick to it all during the summer. You may not raise much, but every little helps. Everything that you raise for yourself lessens the drain on the general supply that must be provided for those who cannot raise anything. If you raise only a peck of potatoes, that means that there will be just one more peck of potatoes for the world than there would have been if you had done nothing, and helps the world situation just so much. This is a day of big things, but it is also a day of small things, because many of them are necessary to make a big thing. Your garden is one of the little things that is to help feed the world, so stick to it and serve both your country and yourself directly and importantly.—Exchange.

Pathetic Picture of Poor Peasants.

Few more pathetic pictures of the sad condition of the Macedonian peasant have been drawn than that presented by Herbert Corey, the war correspondent in a communication to the National Geographic Society, a part of which is issued as the following war geography bulletin:

"Along the Monastir road there is a continuous dribbling stream of refugees—not many at a time. Sometimes half a dozen will trudge by in the course of a day. Sometimes an entire village has been evacuated farther up the line, and fifty or so who have held on to the bitter end, tramp stolidly and unwillingly to safety. These poor folk never leave their homes until they have been compelled to. The outer world is a strange and hostile place to them. Perhaps not one in a hundred has ever been twenty miles from his hamlet.

"They pile their poor effects on a donkey, put the babies on top, and load the women with what there is left. If there is a spare donkey, the man of the house always rides. If there are two spare donkeys, the eldest sons ride. The women always walk. Only once did I see a man walking while his wife rode the donkey. The road buzzed with gossip of it.

"They have suffered greatly, these poor folk. Yet candor compels me to say that at first sight the difference between a Macedonian peasant evicted and a Macedonian peasant at home is so slight that it fails to arouse much sympathy. These poor folk seem to a westerner always on the edge of starvation. The principal item of their diet is maize, so poorly ground by crude water turned wheels that their bodies are repulsively swollen from the resultant indigestion.

"A man with a yoke of oxen and forty sheep is rich. Yet enclosures of stone, topped with blackened thatch, without windows and sometimes without other door than a blanket or a bit of flapping skin. Often the fire is lighted in the middle of the dirt floor and the smoke seeps out through the crevices of the walls and the holes in the roof. Baths seem unknown and vermin are a commonplace of their existence.

"Yet they cling blindly to these hovels. When they hide themselves from an invader they always choose some nook in the hills from which they may watch their roofs. They cache foodstuffs in secret places, from which they take a handful of corn or a cheese of ewe milk at night. "When they are driven out the men go silently. Sometimes they are sul- len. Sometimes they smile at the soldiers in a sort of twisted, sidewise fashion, in a poor attempt at propitiation. The women follow at their heels patiently. After the first outcry against the order of eviction they never openly defy the soldiery. Yet it is the women who most flagrantly disobey.

"They return at night to the abandoned homestead, taking their children with them. To do so they must evade the guards and tramp across a desolate country in the darkness, in continual danger from the prowling dogs or from the rifles of the sentries. Somehow they manage to do it. Humanity requires that these little villages in the war zone be emptied to the last human, for in the rear is food and shelter, while at the front is only starvation and danger.

"Yet little by little the inhabitants trickle back. At first they are unobtrusive. Although fifty may be living in a hamlet one sees no more than four or five at a time. Eventually they resume their former mode of life, so far as that is possible. Sometimes they live on the hidden stores of food. Sometimes it is quite impossible to discover how they live at all."

—Much has been said about American ingenuity as a factor in the world war. A little contrivance known as the farm tractor is one of the devices made in the United States that is certain to figure largely in the present emergency, and also in the future of agriculture. If all the horses in the United States have to go to war, these farm tractors will do their work at home, and maybe more than horses have ever done. Not much is yet generally known about the machine, since it has not fully emerged from the experimental stage, but its work is giving eminent satisfaction. It is said that, as a human and horse labor-saving invention, it has come to stay. In that case the farm-labor problem has apparently been partly solved.—The Monitor.

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