

A CROSBUS OF GINGERBREAD COVE.

Continued from page 2 col. 4

"Money talks," says Tom.

"Tauntin' me again, Tom?"

"No, I isn't," says Tom. "I means it. Money talks. What 'll you give for my seat in the boat?"

"Tis not for sale, Tom."

The lads began to grumble. It seemed just as if Long Tom Lark was making game of an old man in trouble. 'Twas either that or lunacy. And there was no time for nonsense off the gingerbread coast in a spring gale of wind.

"Hiss!" Tom whispered to the lads. "I knows what I'm doin'."

"A mad thing, Tom!"

"Oh, no!" says Tom. "'Tis the cleverest thing ever I thought of. Well," says he to Peter, "how much?"

"No man sells his life."

"Life or no life, my place in this boat is for sale," says Tom. "Money talks. Come, now. Speak up. Us can't linger here with night comin' down."

"What's the price, Tom?"

"How much you got, Peter?"

"Ah, well, I can afford a stiffish price, Tom. Anything you say in reason will suit me. You name the price, Tom. I'll pay."

"Aye, ye crab!" says Tom. "I'm namin' prices now. Look out, Peter! You're seventy-three. I'm fifty-three. Will you grant that I'd live to be as old as you?"

"I'll grant it, Tom."

"I'm not sayin' I would," says Tom. "You mark that."

"Ah, well, I'll grant it, anyhow."

"I been an industrious man all my life, Skipper Peter. None knows it better than you. Will you grant that I'd earn a hundred and fifty dollars a year if I lived?"

"Aye, Tom."

Down came a gust of wind. "Have done!" says one of the lads. "Here's the gale come down with the dark. Us 'll all be cast away."

"Rodney's mine, isn't she?" says Tom.

Well, she was. Nobody could say nothing to that. And nobody did.

"That's three thousand dollars, Peter," says Tom. "Three—thousand—dollars!"

"Aye," says Peter, "she calculates that way. But you've forgot to deduct your livin' from the total. Not that I minds," says he. "'Tis just a business detail."

"Dammie," says Tom. "I'll not be harsh!"

"Another thing, Tom," says Peter. "You'r askin' me to pay for twenty years o' life when I can use but a few. God knows how many!"

"I got you where I wants you," says Tom, "but I isn't got the heart to grind you. Will you pay two thousand dollars for my seat in the boat?"

"If you is four enough t' take it, Tom."

"There's something t' boot," says Tom. "I wants to die out o' debt."

"You does, Tom."

"An' my father's bill is squared?"

"Aye."

"Tis a bargain!" says Tom. "God witness!"

"Lads," says Pinch-a-Penny to the others in the rodney, "I calls you t' witness that I didn't ask Tom Lark for his seat in the boat. I wasn't no coward. I've asked no man t' give up a straight business deal. Business is business. 'Tis not my proposition. An' I calls you to witness that I'm willin' t' pay what he asks. He've something for sale. I wants it. I've the money t' buy it. The price is his. I'll pay it. Then he turned to Tom. "You wants this money paid t' your wife, Tom?"

"Aye," says Tom, "t' Mary. She'll know why."

"Very good," says Pinch-a-Penny. "You've my word that I'll do it. . . . Wind's jumpin' up, Tom."

"I wants your oath. The wind will bide for that. Hold up your right hand!"

Pinch-a-Penny shivered in a blast of the gale. "I swears," says he.

"Lads," says Tom, "you'll shame this man to his grave if he fails to pay!"

"Gettin' dark, Tom," says Peter.

"Aye," says Tom; "t' his growin' wonderful cold an' dark out here. I knows it well. Put me ashore on the ice, lads."

They landed Tom, then, on a narrow pan. He would have it so.

"Leave me have my way!" says he. "I've done a good stroke o' business."

Presently they took old Pinch-a-Penny aboard in Tom's stead; and just for a minute they hung off Tom's pan to say good-by.

"I sends my love to Mary an' the children," says he. "You'll not fail t' remember. She'll know why I done this thing. Tell her 'twas a grand chance an' I took it."

"Aye, Tom."

"Fetch in here close," says Tom. "I wants to talk to the ol' skinkflint you got aboard there. I'll have my say, eed, at last! Ye crab!" says he, shaking his fist in Pinch-a-Penny's face, when the rodney got alongside. "Ye robber! Ye pinch-a-penny! Ye liar! Ye thief! I done ye! Hear me? I done ye! I vowed I'd even scores with ye afore I died. An' I've done it—I've done it! What did ye buy? Twenty years o' my life! What will ye pay for it? Twenty years o' my life!" And he laughed. And then he cut a caper, and came close to the edge of the pan, and shook his fist in Pinch-a-Penny's face again. "Know what I done in St. John's last fall?" says he. "I seen a doctor, ye crab! Know what he told me? No, ye don't! Twenty years o' my life this here ol' skinkflint will pay for!" he crowed. "Two thousand dollars he'll put in the hands o' my poor wife!"

Well, well! The rodney was moving away. And a swirl of snow shrouded poor Tom Lark. But they heard an laugh once more.

"My heart is givin' way anyhow!" he yelled. "I didn't have three months t' live!"

Old Pinch-a-Penny Peter done what he said he would do. He laid the money in poor Mary Lark's hands. But a queer thing happened next day. Up went the price of pork at Pinch-a-Penny's shop; And up went the price of tea and molasses! And up went the price of flour.—By Norman Duncan, in Harper's Monthly Magazine.

CITY PRACTICALLY WIPED OUT

Tarnopol Has Twice Been Center of Fierce Fighting Between Russian and German Forces.

Tarnopol, one of the pivotal points evacuated by the Russians during their recent retreat on the Gallician front, is the subject of the following war geography bulletin issued by the National Geographic Society:

"Before the Russians swept into the town in the course of their first offensive through Galicia in 1914, Tarnopol had a population of 35,000, the Poles and Jews being about equally divided. Today there is no means of determining its size, but its corn milling and brewing industries have practically disappeared, and it no longer carries on the thriving trade in honey, agricultural products and in horses, for which it was once famous.

"Tarnopol lies on the left bank of the River Sereth, 30 miles inside the Austrian boundary, on the railway line from Odessa to Lemberg, the former being 400 miles to the southeast and the latter 87 miles by rail to the northwest. The River Podhorce forms the Russo-Austrian boundary east of Tarnopol, the Austrian station on the right bank of the stream being Podowolozyska. The Russian village on the left bank is Woluczyska.

"No one who values a salubrious climate would ever select Tarnopol as a place of abode, for the extremes of temperature are very severe. Like all Galicia, it is exposed to the northern and northeastern winds in winter, but is cut off by the Carpathians from warm, southerly winds. As a result the winters are very trying; with an abundance of snow; the springs are very rainy, the summers short and hot. Only the autumns show any steadiness of weather. The mean annual temperature is less than 12 degrees above freezing."

LOYAL TO MOTHER CHURCH

Deep Religious Instinct Characterizes the Peasants of Both Russia and Poland.

A deep religious instinct seems to be inborn with the Slav peasants, both Russian and Pole. The only difference is the form of his religion, for practically all the Poles are adherents of the Church of Rome. With both races religion and patriotism are closely intertwined. The Slav temperament seems to be particularly susceptible to religious impressions, and devotion to the church reaches a degree for which it is difficult to find analogies in any other part of modern Europe. In the daily life of the Polish peasant, the name of Christ and the Virgin will be heard repeatedly. He would not think of living in a house that had not been blessed by a priest. A manufacturer would find it difficult to keep his hands if the factory had not been blessed. A theater would die from lack of patronage if the priestly blessing had been denied the building. The Pole is probably the most faithful of all the adherents of the Church of Rome.—The Christian Herald.

Balfour's Impressions of America.

Mr. Balfour has said in public singularly little about his experiences in America, but some day he may consent to record his impressions. Should he do so we may look for an entertaining comparison between the house of commons and the house of representatives. Here, for example, is a characteristic circumstance which the reporters seem to have missed:

The first stage of the war crisis was a kind of Baby Month in Washington. Children, and sometimes very young children, were taken into the visitors' galleries in order that they might carry into later life the memory of being present at an historic sitting, and on the day of Mr. Balfour's address to the house a good many members of congress had children with them on the floor. The one congresswoman, Miss Rankin, was accompanied by two juvenile relatives. It was remarked that some of the children in the galleries were kept, overcome with sleep, to the end of the long night sitting at which the war vote was taken.—Manchester Guardian.

Girl Conductor Beats Literalist.

A well-known provincial paper in England makes itself responsible for the following story: The tramcar was hopelessly overcrowded, and several people who had achieved the upper deck were transgressing all regulations by standing. "Now, then," called out the girl conductor, with emphasis, "you can't stand on top." "Well," said one literalist, smiling blandly, as he peered down the steps, "we are standing, whether we can or not." The girl answered nothing, but promptly pressed a button. The car jumped forward and the literalist involuntarily took a seat on the floor. "There," said the girl, apparently in good humor, quoting the barrister in a famous play, "you think you can, but you can't."—Christian Science Monitor.

When She Finds a Penny.

Mite boxes which are found in many homes of Alexandria to receive stray pennies for missionary societies are gazed at with frowning faces by the smaller children of many homes because the boxes take pennies that otherwise would go to the youngsters. The other day a little girl inquired of her mother "what that thing was hanging on the wall." The mother replied that it was a mite box and that money for foreign missionary work was collected in them. "Well," said the little girl, "when I find a penny I am going to drop it in the box."—Indianapolis News.

CATCHING BULLETS IN AIR

This is Latest Sport of British Aviators, According to One of Latest Tales From Trenches.

In a London newspaper is printed an account of a British aviator flying over the German lines and catching a bullet that had "stopped dead still for the smallest fraction of a second" before turning from an ascending into a descending missile. Although the newspaper prints no photograph of the bullet, nor even of the pocket into which the aviator placed it, the odd story has other elements of truth sufficient to prove the authenticity of the whole narrative, remarks the New York Herald. It has a swarm of German bullets "whizzin'," this is indisputable, because that has been the characteristic of all Teutonic bullets ever since the battle of the Marne. It has the Germans trying to "wing" the flier; here is the typical Teutonic attempt to induce suffering through maiming.

But the greatest evidence of truth is the final sentence explaining how "the aviator reached quickly, grabbed the bullet and put it in his pocket." He "grabbed" it quickly merely because he was flying at the rate of 180 miles an hour, but he put it in his pocket because a whizzing German bullet that had been fired from a rifle and had gone through the superheated air surrounding the aviator was as white hot as Munchausen would be if he were alive to castigate those who doubt the newest tale from the trenches.

CASE OF BROTHERLY LOVE

New King of Greece Once Hurled Challenge at Crown Prince, But Latter Declined to Accept.

A good story is told concerning the new King Alexander of Greece, between whom and his elder brother, Prince George, there is not, nor ever has been, any love lost. One day shortly after his father's accession to the throne a shot was in progress on the royal estates near Athens, and during the luncheon hour a discussion arose on accidents at shooting parties.

"No man has ever peppered me in mistake for a pheasant," remarked Prince George. "If anyone were foolish enough to do so I would shoot him dead on the spot."

Shortly afterward, when sport had been resumed, the crown prince felt a shower of shot rattle round his gaitered legs, and, turning in a fury to find whence it proceeded, saw his brother with a gun leveled in his direction.

"I've got another barrel ready," said Prince Alexander. "Will you shoot?"

The challenge was not accepted.

Maid of Orleans Annexed.

More annexations! This time the German victim is Joan of Arc. Yes, the Germans are actually claiming the patron saint of France as a fellow-countryman, says the London Chronicle. They have acquired large quantities of statues and images of the maid in the French towns which they still occupy. In one case, at least, they ordered a manufacturer to make duplicates of his casts. The Frenchman was astonished, and asked the reason of this devotion. "Oh," was the reply, from a Bavarian officer, "Joan of Arc is not French, since she was a Lorrainer, and Lorraine is German. Certainly she prayed to heaven for the success of our arms, for they are directed against her mortal enemies; the French, who delivered her up, and the English, who burned her!"

The Perfect Blockade.

Carl W. Junch, a millionaire dyer, said in Cincinnati:

"Now we've cut off the neutrals, Germany is bound to fare as sparsely as the Schmidt family."

"Mrs. Schmidt, you know, took her large family of children to the city one day, and when lunch time came she led them into a restaurant.

"Waiter," she said, 'one sirloin steak and seven plates.'

"The waiter gave a start. Then he bent over Mrs. Schmidt and whispered, respectfully:

"Beg pardon, madam, but if you and your family was to take that there table by the kitchen door and sniff hard I think you'd get more of a meal."

Cold Congregations.

Billy Sunday told a story at a Brooklyn luncheon about an apathetic Missionary congregation.

"This bunch's preacher," he said, "has wrestled among 'em for thirty-seven years, and never an encouraging word but one has he got in all that time.

"He told me about it with tears in his eyes. He said he was on the way home to dinner when a deacon halted him. The deacon shook him by the hand and then actually said:

"Ah, parson, that was a beautiful text you preached from Sunday evening!"

Social Centers for Soldiers.

The Y. W. C. A. has opened its first camp house at the Plattsburg training camp. Intended as a social center where student soldiers may meet their woman friends and their families, it is equipped with a restaurant, a broad terrace facing the parade grounds, a reception room and rest and writing rooms. The Y. W. C. A. is endeavoring to raise \$1,000,000 for the erection of similar buildings at other training camps here and in Europe. Some of its workers are already in France in preparation for this work.

SELECT YOUR LAYING HENS.

Egg Yield is Doubled by Culling Poultry.

Actual test by a poultryman in Pennsylvania shows that egg yield is frequently doubled or tripled by a judicious selection of the farm poultry flock.

The period from August to November is the best time to judge of a hen's production. It is an established fact that the poor producing hen seldom lays any eggs during the season of high prices. Eggs are high in price at present and will continue to rise. Poor producers stop laying in June, July and August. Good layers continue to produce during the winter months.

Instances are not lacking to show the value of poultry selection. In one flock in Pennsylvania 50 good hens and 50 poor ones were selected from a flock of 200 Barred Rocks. The remaining 100 birds represented the average run of the flock. During the first nine days the 50 good hens laid 117 eggs, the 50 poor ones 69, and the unsorted hens 177, in other words for every egg the poor birds laid, the good hens laid 2 1/2.

In another case 10 good white Leghorn hens selected from a flock of over 200, laid in ten days 43 eggs as against 14 eggs laid by 10 poor birds from the same flock.

In still another instance 75 superior and 75 inferior hens were selected from a flock of 150 white Leghorns. During an equal period the 75 poor hens did not lay any eggs while the former 75 good hens equalled the former yield of the entire flock.

Now is the time to cull the flock. The good winter layers have bright eyes, legs set well apart, pale beak and shanks in late fall and early winter, a strong, broad back, a deep white abdomen, a deep rounded chest, and is vigorous and active.

The farm bureau will be glad to help anyone who is interested in selecting their flock. We expect to have the poultryman, who has selected the above flocks, in this county during the month and anyone interested in having their flocks selected should get in touch with the farm bureau at once. This selection work is done free of charge.—By R. H. Olmstead, County Farm Agent.

Well-Expanded Lungs Not Enough.

Pure blood is indispensable to the health and strength of the lungs. The delicate structure of these organs makes it necessary. With the blood is impure the lungs lose their tone, and even if they are permitted to expand freely, they have not the power fully to perform their important work. The fact is, there is nothing more necessary in our physical economy than pure blood—the kind of blood that Hood's Sarsaparilla makes. This medicine is the good old reliable family remedy for diseases of the blood, scrofula, rheumatism, catarrh, and low or run-down conditions of the system. At this time, when coughs and colds are so prevalent, Hood's Sarsaparilla is an invaluable tonic. Get it today, and begin to take it at once. Accept no substitute. 32-40

37 Cow Testing Associations Operating in Pennsylvania.

"It is the best paying investment I ever made, for with the first visit of the tester I learned how to save more than the whole cost of testing." This is the verdict of a member of a West Virginia Association concerning the value of cow-testing work.

Because the cost of membership in a cow-testing association averages in most States from \$1 to \$1.50, the statement of another West Virginia association member, "I would pay \$5 per cow if necessary, to keep this work going another year," is also of interest.

Cow-testing work in Pennsylvania which is under the supervision of A. A. Borland, in charge of dairy husbandry extension at The Pennsylvania State College, and W. L. Kellogg, of the dairy division, U. S. Department of Agriculture, also located at State College, is growing rapidly. Thirty-seven associations are now in operation in this State.

One association reports that forty-eight cows have been sold as poor producers and that nineteen out of thirty-six members feel balanced rations. Another reports that thirty cows produced more than forty pounds of fat in a month and that cows are of better grade as a result of the interest stimulated by testing work.

A third organization reports that eighteen out of twenty-six members feed balanced rations; that two carloads of feed were bought at a saving of \$160; that one member stopped making butter and shipped milk to Pittsburgh, thereby increasing his profit \$35 a month; that another member on learning his test changed dealers and increased his profits \$28 the first month; and that two thousand dollars have been invested in purebred Holsteins.

Thorough Work

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It will be to your interest to consult us before placing your Insurance.

JOHN F. GRAY & SON, Bellefonte. 43-18-1y State College

Activities of Women.

Every woman in Cologne, Germany, is forced to work.

A Two Rivers, Wis., factory has replaced men with women on all the light machines in the plant.

Mrs. Florence Kelley has been appointed by Secretary of War Baker a member of the Labor Control Board.

As a result of work done by agents of the Home Economics Bureau of the Department of Agriculture, thousands of Southern women are now practical and successful farmers in many of the Southern States.

After attempts by others failed, Miss Jeannette Rankin, Congresswoman from Montana, has been successful in securing passports for two Montana boys of German parentage, who wished to join the Red Cross forces at the front.

—Subscribe for the "Watchman."

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This combination is especially recommended in cases that are scrofulous, or rheumatic, anemic and nervous, or where the blood is both impure and pale, deficient in iron—one of the most common disease conditions of the present day.

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