

LAND OF VAST RESOURCES

Not Hard to Predict a Great Future for the Island Continent of Australia.

The resources of Australia have not yet been fully exploited. It is possible that at some time in the future the great desert regions in the north-west of the island continent and the wide plains in the center may be brought under cultivation.

The principal vegetable productions of the country are its evergreen trees, which furnish valuable timber, and its pasturage. Vegetable products include eucalyptus, red gum, blue gum, palau, stringy bark, iron bark, acacia, jarrah, karri, salt bush, kangaroo grass; maize, wheat, potatoes, hay, barley, oats; bananas, grapes and other fruits, and tobacco, sugarcane and cotton. The wine industry is an important one. Animals raised are chiefly sheep (Australia being the world's greatest wool-producing country), and cattle (cattle rearing having developed to a large extent lately because of the spread of the frozen-meat trade). Mineral resources include gold, silver, copper, iron, tin, antimony, manganese, cinnabar and coal; and the chief exports are mutton, beef, butter, hides, skins, wool, wheat, gold and copper.

Besides the products already named, there are valuable gems, such as sapphires, rubies, emeralds, opals and garnets—while pearls are obtained through the pearl fisheries off the north coast of Queensland and the northwest coast of Western Australia.

SOUNDLY BEATEN BY INDIANS

Expedition Under Captain Lovewell Met With Disaster in the Spring of 1725.

Of all the combats in Maine between the whites and Indians, the best known was "Lovewell's fight." In the spring of 1725 Captain Lovewell and 46 volunteers started from Dunstable, Mass., to hunt Indians about the headquarters of the Saco. They did this partly because the Indians were a menace to the settlements, and partly to secure the liberal bounty which had been promised for every Indian scalp.

On the night of May 7 Lovewell and his men camped beside what is known as Lovewell's pond, in Fryeburg, Maine, only two miles from Pigwacket, the principal village of the Indians of that region. Early the next morning they killed an Indian, and not long afterward were attacked by three times their number. The fight continued until dusk, when Lovewell and his band began to retreat. Only nine were uninjured. Some of them died on the way to the settlements, and those who finally arrived home were half starved.

Shark Towed Large Boat.

While crossing the bay from English harbor, Newfoundland, to Fort-tune, about twenty-five miles, an 18-ton boat was becalmed about ten miles from shore. Hearing several splashes, the owner went forward and looking over saw a blue shark about ten feet long. He writes that he picked up a large iron hook, and tying a stout piece of rope to it he fastened the other end to the mast. He then put a piece of salt pork on the hook and dropped it over to the shark. No sooner was it in the water than the fish grabbed it and swam swiftly away. The rope was slackened off about ten fathoms, brought up with a jerk and the boat commenced to move. The shark came to the surface several times but continued straight ahead, a little out of the course. The boat was towed eight miles when a strong breeze sprang up and it began to go faster than the fish. The shark was hauled alongside and in payment for the tow was allowed its liberty, the rope being cut close to its mouth.—Montreal Family Herald.

Floral Chimeras.

There are orchids of the tropics which exceed in strangeness of form and splendor of color anything produced in conservatories. Among the most remarkable of these plants are those belonging to the genus masdevallia. One species closely imitates the trunk of an elephant and is named accordingly, masdevallia elephanticeps. Another looks like a flying pig-oon. The species to which the name "chimera" is specially applied is very extraordinary. With what resembles two slender legs and a flail-like trunk upraised from its head, the flower starts the beholder with its resemblance to some fantastic and monstrous insect. The resemblance of these flowers to animals is so exact that even birds are sometimes deceived by them.

New Weapon of War.

An "invisible force" whereby the United States would be rendered impregnable against attack by land, sea or air, is claimed by an inventor who is at Washington to lay his discovery before the secretary of war. By means of his discovery, the inventor says, an "invisible force" could be unleashed against a foreign foe, annihilating whole armies or navies by the pressing of a button. It is based on a natural law which he described as "penetrability, the first law of universal movement."

CABBAGE NOT PLURAL WORD

Error Is Somewhat Common, but It Must Always Be Classified as an Error.

A mistake frequently made is the misuse of cabbage as plural. The correct plural of cabbage is cabbages. Cabbage is not one of the nouns that retain the singular form unchanged in the plural, like deer, fish and sheep. A farmer might say, "My cabbages are a failure," and a grocer, "These cabbages are defective" exactly as many folks who know better say "Yep," "Yah," and "Yis" for Yes, but that does not make the use correct. The word cabbage dates from the Fifteenth century. Its first use in the plural dates from 1440 when the word was spelled cabaches. In the "Merry Wives of Windsor," Shakespeare (act 1, scene 1, line 124) uses "Good worts? good cabbage." Heads of cabbage is an old use, dating from 1620, but here the pluralized "heads" does not call for "cabbages." Today the tendency of educated people is to use cabbages when the plural is meant, and "heads of cabbage" when quantities are considered, but the farmer and the grocer both would say: "A hundred head of cabbage." As to cabbage served at table the correct form to use is, "This cabbage is good."—Exchange.

BELIEVE CORPSE FEELS PAIN

Mohammedans Meticulously Careful in the Handling of the Bodies of Their Dead.

The traditions of Mohammed, as well as the works of Moslem doctors, teach that a dead body is conscious of pain, and great care is consequently taken to avoid undue pressure while washing a corpse. Seven balls of cotton wool enveloped in calico, over which warm water is poured, are successively used for this purpose, and the dead Moslem has performed for him for the last time the ablution which insures his being buried in a state of "legal purity."

These formalities being accomplished, 700 drachms of cotton are weighed out, small portions of which are placed under the armpits and between the fingers and toes, and the remainder of the body—over which a sleeveless gown has been drawn—is enveloped. Pepper and other spices are placed in the folds of the shroud, and rose-water sprinkled over it. The corpse is reverently lifted, by means of slings passed under it, into the temporary coffin.

Sense of Duty.

There is no evil that we cannot either face or fly from but the consciousness of duty disregarded. A sense of duty pursues us ever. It is omnipresent, like the Deity. If we take to ourselves the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, duty performed or duty violated is still with us for our happiness or our misery. If we say the darkness shall cover us, in the darkness as in the light our obligations are yet with us. We cannot escape their power nor fly from their presence. They are with us in this life, will be with us at its close; and in that scene of inconceivable solemnity which lies yet farther onward we shall still find ourselves surrounded by the consciousness of duty, to pain us where ever it has been violated and to console us so far as God may have given us grace to perform it.—Daniel Webster.

Salem Witch Delusion.

One of the most interesting of colonial relics in Salem, Mass., known as the "Witch City," is "The Witches' House." This was the residence of one of the judges before whom those accused of being witches appeared for examination.

The witch delusion created more turmoil at Salem than anywhere else in the colonies, yet its tragic period there lasted only about six months in the year 1692. During that period 19 persons were hanged, and a well-to-do farmer, eighty-one years old, was put to death by placing heavy stones on his body.

Nathaniel Hawthorne was born in Salem. In his manhood he was collector of the port for a time, and daily labored at the custom house, though it was said that "he never could add up figgers."

To Clean Bottles.

The best method of cleaning water bottles is with a handful of fine, white gravel kept for the purpose. Others use the same amount of crushed eggshells, from which the inner lining or film inside the shell has been taken. Shot is also excellent.

Fill the bottle half full with hot soapsuds after setting it in hot water and shake the shells, gravel or shot around in the suds to remove any marks inside. Rinse it well in hot water and drain it upside down. Polish the glass outside with a glass towel while the bottle is hot.

Cheerful Kitchen.

There are more things to consider in a kitchen than even its usefulness, convenience and hygiene. Remember that it is always possible to add attractive touches without making it less serviceable and less hygienic. It may have an attractive oilcloth kept bright by frequent applications of oilcloth varnish. It may have any sort of curtains at the window so long as they are substantial and washable, and even the old kitchen chair may be painted a bright, pleasing color.

WRONG KIND OF SINCERITY

Straightforwardness Will Not Always Stand the Great White Light of Investigation.

People always say that what they value most in a friend is sincerity. Everybody likes the genuine, whole-hearted, straight-forward person. You can't help it. You believe thoroughly in what she says.

It is a fine trait, this sincerity. I have lately come to value it in a different way.

Lots of people are always sincere, but they are sincere about different things at different times.

They are so enthusiastic that they can always make themselves believe what they are saying at the time.

They are always sincere at any given moment, but their conversations do not match up.

They will condone with the office girl about how exacting the chief is and they will agree with the chief about how sloppy the office girl is.

They are always pleasant, always convincing, and every one likes them. But some day two or three of their friends will begin to check up.

And perhaps that reputation for genuineness will not stand the strain. Everybody thinks that he or she is sincere. We all approve of honesty, and try to make our own acts seem honest to ourselves.

The only way to be really genuine is to stand on your own feet, and not be too much swayed by other people's words.—The Designer.

DEPENDED ON THE OUTLOOK

Forthcoming Work Had Much to Do With Duration of Job of Painting Watkins' House.

Watkins was having his house painted. The expense was mounting up, and he was beginning to fear he would have to let the painter take the house as part payment for the job, when Mrs. Watkins overheard something that shed some light upon the matter, to say the least. The painter was working at the front of the house when a friend of the same profession passed by.

"Hello there, Bill," the friend called. "Hello yourself," the painter responded. "Where are you going?"

"Got a garage to paint down here in the next block. How's business?" "Can't complain."

"How long will it take you to finish the job you're on there?"

"Well, I'll tell you, Carl," said the painter, lowering his voice to a confidential tone, "the boss has gone to see about another job now. If he gets the new work we'll be done here tomorrow. If he don't it will take until some time next week."—Kansas City Star.

Social Success.

"Oh, don't you know how they got into society?" one woman questioned another.

"The other admitted ignorance and repeated her surprise that such as those about whom they were talking had been able to climb the social barriers."

"You see," the first one continued, "prohibition did it for them. They kept dropping remarks when they did get a chance at conversation with any of the elite about the champagne they had managed to put away and how they were going to open it up before long and have a lot of parties."

"It was perfectly simple after that. Everyone went to everything they had—always hoping, always hoping."

"I don't think anyone has had a taste of it. Personally I think they never had any. But they're in society now, and that's all they care about. Pretty clever of them, don't you think?"

Spanish-Speaking Americans.

Texas, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona and California are the centers of our Spanish-speaking colonies. El Paso has a Mexican population of 45,000 out of its 75,000 people. In New Mexico approximately 65 per cent of the people speak Spanish and many public officials know only a smattering of English. Colorado and New Mexico house a peculiar sect called the Penitentes, who practice flagellation and carry on weird religious rites like those of the Middle Ages—such as cross-country pilgrimages, with the penitents lashing themselves and each other with cactus until they drop from exhaustion or the loss of blood, when a cross is planted at the point of collapse.

Real Homemaker.

The real homemaker, of course, is born, not made. There are women, and even men, who can't arrange a room without almost unconsciously producing effects that are cozy and comfortable and that give one a sense of being welcome in that particular room. It is not a question of the kind of furniture, or even the colors, but a certain gift for disposing and grouping of pieces of furniture to make a room look kind and habitable.

Lakes in Tahoe Basin.

The principal lakes in the Tahoe basin are Fallen Leaf, Watson's, Cascade, Heather, Susie, Rock Bound, Dick, Eagle, Gilmore, Half Moon, Lily, Grass, Angora, Lucille, Medley, Echo, Crystal, Cliff, Le Conte, Devil's, Bryant and Frog. Besides these there are dozens of smaller lakes in Desolation valley. None of these lakes except Tahoe and Fallen Leaf contained trout until artificially stocked.

WAY OUT OF DIFFICULTY

Junior's Offer Not Altogether Eribory But Certainly Not the Best of Ethics.

Jessie was more than a year older than Junior and of course felt much superior on account of her advanced age. Mamma had gone to town shopping for a few hours and the two children had been left at home together. Jessie felt that all the responsibilities were upon her shoulders and she was very much put out when she found Junior standing on a chair, reaching up to a shelf in mamma's closet.

"Junior!" Jessie exclaimed sharply. "What ever in the world are you doing?"

"Nothing," Junior informed her. "Yes, you are, too," Jessie insisted. "I can see your jaws moving! Junior, what are you eating?"

"Candy," Junior confessed. "Junior Tydings! I'm ashamed of you! Climbing up there and getting into mamma's candy—What will she say to you when she finds it out?"

"I don't know."

"Well, you'll find out, for I'm going to tell her just as soon as she comes home. There!"

Junior thought over the situation for a minute. Then: "Jessie, wouldn't you rather have some candy?" he asked.—Exchange.

DOGS POPULAR IN LONDON

Women Particularly Seem to Have Taken Them Into Favor—in Demand in France.

Londoners are very fond of dogs, and more than half the women one meets on the street have them on leash, or running loose. I was discussing this phase of London life with a London policeman when a lady passed with a little dog, of a type and breed that were entirely strange to me.

"What kind of a dog is that?" I asked him.

He turned from motioning a fast-speeding motorist to stow down. "That," he replied, "Oh, there are only two kinds of dogs in London—the quick and the dead."

A part of fashionable Hyde Park is set aside for a "dog cemetery," and the headstones and epitaphs show the affectionate regard in which many people hold their dog friends.

Good dogs are very scarce in France and command a high price. This is due to the fact that for several reasons dogs were very generally destroyed during the war.—People's Gas Club News.

Not Looking for Rattlers.

The road was rising from the foothills into the Tennessee mountains. The motorist had borrowed a bucket of water for his radiator and stood talking with the old resident. "Nice country you have around here," he began.

"Pretty fair, pretty fair, stranger," returned the old farmer, looking into the distance.

"Many snakes?" was the next inquiry.

"Well, my wife killed twenty-four rattlesnakes down in the pasture," said the old man.

"Why, that was a fearful experience," gasped the motorist.

"Yes, it was kind of annoying," replied the farmer. "You see, she wasn't out after rattlesnakes, she was after persimmons."

Too Much for Lady Officer.

Last year they had a lady traffic officer in an eastern city and she was good, too. She wore white gloves, knickerbockers, a jaunty cap, and directed traffic with all the nonchalance of an experienced cop. One day, however, she turned in her equipment and returned to skirts.

A lady friend wanted to know what the trouble was. "I don't care to discuss it," the L. C. declared.

"Aw, go on and tell me, dearie," said the other.

"Well, the chief refused a reasonable request and I quit," conceded the L. C.

"Something in the line of duty?" the other woman wanted to know.

"I so consider it. I merely wanted an hour off to get my hair washed."

Stoat Family in Hard Luck.

There is a family of ten young plovers which enjoyed a miraculous escape from death while yet in their shells. One morning an English gamekeeper came face to face with a stoat bearing one of the eggs; she paid the penalty, and it was then found that all the eggs were missing. He suspended the dead robber in a hedge and set a trap below, in which her mate was taken. Their nest was found near by and among the baby stoats were the missing eggs. A massacre of innocents followed—innocents they were, since not an egg had been touched. The keeper bore the eggs home in his shirt to a broody fowl, who duly hatched the young birds.

How He Left the Court.

A young colored man wearing very squeaky shoes entered a crowded courtroom and proceeded around three sides of the room in an effort to find a seat. Squeak, squeak, squeak—thus went the shoes. The judge was peevisish that morning and snapped at a bailiff: "See here, I want order in the court."

"Order-r-r in court," bawled three bailiffs in unison.

The culprit made a hasty exit.

"Wasn't that a mistake, Sam?" asked his employer when apprised of the episode. "Didn't your shoes squeak as you walked out?"

"Boss, I didn't walk out. I flew."

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