

HIS EPITAPH.

By Clarence Flynn.

He wasn't rich; he wasn't great.
His place was lowly and obscure.
His clothing was not up-to-date,
His house was tumbled-down and poor.
No special honor did he claim.
He never walked with lords and kings.
No glory has illumined his name.
But he was kind to helpless things.
He won no victories to boast.
He made no conquests, waged no strife.
He never led a conquering host;
He lived an unpretentious life.
But when it was his judgment scroll,
And Time its final verdict brings,
This will be said of him; his soul
Was rich in love for helpless things.

VIBRATIONS.

By L. A. Miller.

Of all the wonderful vistas that the science of the present age has opened to us to look down, it seems to me that none has any more marvelous possibilities at the end than the realization that the impressions which we receive by our sense are caused by vibrations of varying rapidities.

Vibrations of from 25 to 30,000 a second we receive as sound. Then there is a gap. And then vibrations of from one million to two millions a second we call electricity. Vibrations at the rate of 50 millions a second we get through our vision as rays of red light, and the color scale increases to violet rays at 1,000 billions a second. One more gap, and then we reach the X-Rays at 250 trillions a second. Now, not only is it intensely interesting to perceive these relationships, but even more interesting is the thought that immediately comes to the scientist's mind—shall we not come some day to understand the vibrations between, to control them and respond to them? Is it not possible that the key to all the mysteries of the universe, the secrets not only of this world, but of the other world, lie in these gaps?

We all know that Edison has been working at some mechanism to make it possible for those who have passed beyond to communicate with us if they wish to. Many have made fun of him on this account, and said that his great intellect must be tottering. My faith is with Edison—not necessarily that he will do the thing, but that he has some good reason for thinking that some of these wonderful vistas that have been opening up might lead in that direction. Ever since I outgrew the conventional Heaven of golden floors and harps, I have wondered if Heaven might not be a place in which we take in happiness through many senses that we do not possess here on earth. That is, if the creative force could give us the joy of sound hearing, why could it not give us other happinesses through other senses that no one on earth can possess or can imagine? If it can give us sex love, and mother love, and father love here, might it not have other great emotions to give us in a further existence?

Now, may it not be possible that this is true, and that these missions of vibrations which we do not respond to here, do manifest themselves to us when we pass out of the body and into the spirit world?

Of course, I am talking about matters of which I know nothing; but since the vistas have been opened to us, is it not permissible for any one to glance down them and wonder what may be the end?

And could there be any more fascinating direction in which to send one's thoughts than these vistas offer? It has hardly seemed as if the age to come could be more wonderful than the age just passed; with its steam-engine, its steam-boat, its telephone, its wireless, its flying machines. And yet, who would dare say that it may not be infinitely more wonderful; that powers and possibilities that we have not yet the ability to imagine, may not be opened to the human races?

Honey Good After 3,300 Years Burial.

Discovery in Tutankhamun's tomb of perfumes which retain their scent recalls the equally amazing find in 1905 of a jar of honey, still liquid and still preserving its characteristic scent after 3,300 years!

This remarkable announcement was made in a communication to the National Geographic Society by James Baikie. The honey was found in the tomb of Yuua and Thuaa, father and mother of that Queen Tyi, whose influence played so great a part in Akhenaten's religious reformation.

"The tomb was intact and the objects it contained were as perfectly preserved as though they had only been shut up a few weeks before," Mr. Baikie wrote. "An observer described his sensations on entering the place as being very much like those of a man who enters a town house which has been shut up for the summer.

"Armchairs stood about, beautifully carved and decorated with gold, the cushions on one of them stuffed with down, and covered with linen so perfectly preserved that they might have been sat upon or tossed about without injury. Two beds of fine design decorated with gold, occupied another part of the chamber, while a light chariot in perfect preservation stood in a corner.

"One looked from one article to another with a feeling that the entire human conception of time was wrong. These were the things of yesterday, of a year or two ago."

Medically Speaking.

"What is the meaning of false doctrine, Willie?" asked the Sunday school teacher.

"It's when a doctor gives the wrong stuff to a patient," confidently answered wise Willie.

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SHOWS NEED OF EARLY CHANGES IN GAME LAWS.

"Unless the State Legislature changes the law governing the killing of bucks so that the limit is set at bucks with two points to one antler the time will soon come when there will be nothing but spike bucks left to kill," declared Dr. H. J. Donaldson, in discussing the proposed changes in the game laws, and the criticism which they have evoked.

"In 1907, when does and fawns were first protected, only two hundred deer were legally killed in the State. Last year the number had increased to 6,115. The increase in the kill is due in part to the greater amount of game and also very largely to the increase in the number of hunters.

"Some sections of the State have been so closely hunted that practically the only deer being killed are spikes and two-points," Dr. Donaldson declares. "The carcasses are small and but few of the heads are being mounted. Few sportsmen other than the amateur with his first deer care to have a head mounted unless it has a good rack of antlers.

"Sportsmen who have gone to these hunted-out sections are disgusted and discouraged, and are crowding into sections which have not been hunted so closely. The result will be that in but a short time these territories, too, will yield only spike bucks or those with very small antlers, and hunting camps now enjoying almost absolute privacy will be surrounded by many other camps covering the same ground.

"We here in this section of the State do not realize just what has taken place in other less favored sections. Figures compiled by the game commission from accurate information show just what the situation is.

"In 1921, 4,830 deer were legally killed. In 1922 the number reached 6,115. In 1921 spike bucks constituted 13 per cent. of the total; in 1922 they constituted 18 per cent.

"Some sections of the State have had two points to an antler. In 1922 this item reached 20.5 per cent.

"It will be seen that the percentage of small-antlered bucks increased.

"Now take those with smaller antlers. In 1921, 26 per cent. of the bucks had three points to an antler. In 1922 this was reduced to 25.5 per cent.

"The great decrease was in the percentage of bucks with four or more points to an antler. In 1921 they constituted 45 per cent. and in 1922 but 36 per cent.

"From the above it is plainly apparent that the percentage of bucks with sizable racks of antlers is decreasing rapidly. If one year makes such a difference is it not logical to presume that each succeeding year will bring a corresponding decrease unless some remedy is obtained? The only feasible remedy seems to be to prohibit the killing of 'baby bucks.'

"The ratio between the breeding animals in many parts of the State is greatly unbalanced, through the wholesale killing of bucks. The male deer greatly outnumber the female, and too, there are few really mature deer for breeding stock.

"Seth E. Gordon, secretary of the game commission, points out that the opposition to change in the deer law

comes from sections of the State which some years ago offered most strenuous opposition to the elimination of the deer hound, and which not so many years ago were opposed to protection for deer and fawn, considering such protection unnecessary. The hunters in these sections surely must be convinced that the commission was right then, and should be ready to believe that it is right now."

Urged to Walk on Left Side of Country Roads.

Pedestrians on country roads are advised to walk on the left side of the road, facing oncoming traffic, by Dal H. Lewis, of the American Automobile Association.

"Courtesy on the part of the automobile driver demands the use of dimmed lights at night," said Mr. Lewis, "and this factor, while it contributes to the safety to passing motorists, makes it difficult for the automobile driver to see a pedestrian walking along the edge of the road in the same direction the car is traveling. This difficulty is increased if the pedestrian wears dark clothing. The result is that the driver is practically on top of the pedestrian before the latter becomes visible.

"Walking on the left-hand side of the road is just as good for the pedestrian and enables him to see the approaching automobile in time to step aside if the motorist does not see him in time to swerve."

Greatest Foes.

Every house should have its life-guards. The need of them is especially great when diseases, the greatest foes of life, find allies in the very elements, as colds, influenza, catarrh, the grip, and pneumonia do in this stormy month.

The best way to guard against these diseases is to strengthen the system with Hood's Sarsaparilla—one of the greatest of all life-guards. It removes the conditions in which these diseases make their most successful attack, gives vigor and tone to the vital organs and functions, and imparts a genial warmth to the blood.

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Real Estate Transfers.

Sarah A. Grubb to William Groh Runkle, tract in Milesburg; \$1.

I. J. Zubler, et ux, to M. T. Zubler, tract in Gregg township; \$500.

Jacob Robb to Mary M. Robb, tract in Howard; \$1.

Alfred D. Lucas, et ux, to Marsh Creek Fishing club, tract in Curtin township; \$7,200.

Harry T. Fetzter, et ux, to Mrs. Flora B. Walker, tract in Boggs township; \$400.

John L. Holmes et al., to J. G. Neidigh, tract in Ferguson township; \$400.

Eleanor G. Garman to Wm. P. Seig, tract in Bellefonte; \$1.

Mary E. Sholl to A. Walker's trustees, tract in Penn township; \$840.34.

HONESTY IN MERCHANDISING PAYS.

An acquaintance related to me this incident, or pair of incidents:

He went to a small florist shop upon request of his wife to purchase a plant. He lived in an apartment. Both he and his wife were city-bred and knew nothing about the proper care of plants. If all the plants they purchased had survived, a small green-house would have been required to house them.

The florist asked, "Do you live in a house or an apartment?" and on being told by my friend that it was the latter, he asked, "Do you have a porch?" The reply was in the negative.

Then the florist surveyed his stock and selected a hardy fern—certainly not the most expensive bit of plant life in the shop. In detail he explained to the prospective customer how to care for the fern, adding "If you do the things I tell you, that fern will last you a year, perhaps two."

It was a sale. The man carried the fern home and repeated the instruction to his wife. He was buying a home and grew, continually shooting out fresh fronds to replace the old ones that turned brown and crisp as the months passed. This fern, because of the florist's unsolicited advice, lived long beyond the promised period.

Poor business for the florist, you say. If he'd kept his advice to himself perhaps he'd have sold three or four ferns in the same period of time.

But while the fern was growing, so was the bank account of the chap who bought it. He was buying a home—with a porch—and with window boxes and a fine little yard which required some shrubbery and an English box hedge.

He went back to the florist who sold him the fern in the apartment house days, rejecting bids from bigger florists and landscape gardeners who got his name from a new building list company. His order for the planting work was placed with the little florist who seemed to care more that a plant should thrive than that he would accomplish a certain turnover of stock. The check received in payment was around \$600.

My acquaintance related this to me purely as an incident. To me it seemed that the florist in going out of his way to explain the care of that fern was either building better than he actually knew or was shrewd enough to know he was practicing a superior salesmanship, by creating confidence, that must pay big dividends.

English as She is Spoke.

Explaining that trickle means "run" and narrative means "tale" the teacher asked for a sentence containing both words, whereupon Billy offered the following:

"The big yellow dog trickled down the street with a tin can tied to his narrative."

From J. M. M.

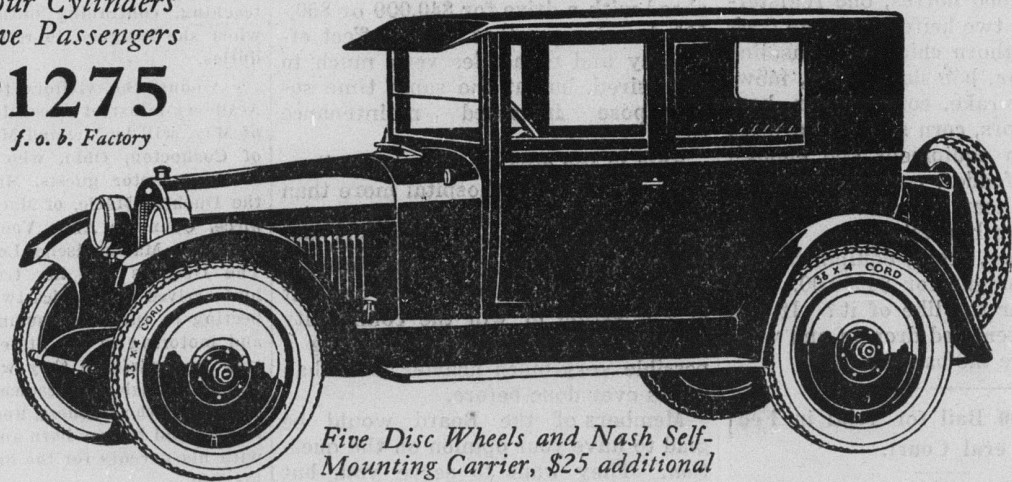
Not Easily Crushed.

A steam roller ran over the legs of an optimist, and when they were hurting him to the hospital, he said: "My pants needed pressing, anyway."

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