

WHY

Weather Forecasting Is of Great Value.

In connection with the modern system of weather forecasting, it is interesting to know its origin and history. Scientific weather forecasts depend upon the rapid collection of the reports of meteorological observations taken at places scattered over a wide expanse of territory. This process was not, of course, possible before the invention of the electric telegraph, says the United States Department of Agriculture.

The earliest experiments in forecasting with the aid of telegraphic reports were probably those of Prof. Joseph Henry of the Smithsonian Institution, made in 1849. The first national forecasting service, however, was established in France in 1855, and was the result of an episode of the Crimean war. In November, 1854, a severe storm did much damage to the French and British warships in the Black sea. The French astronomer, Le Verrier, director of the Observatory of Paris, made a study of this storm and came to the conclusion that, with the aid of telegraphic reports, its eastward progress across Europe might have been predicted so that the disaster to the ships could have been averted. This idea led to the foundation of the French meteorological service.

In this country the establishment of a similar service was frequently recommended by scientific authorities, including the famous Lieutenant Maury and Dr. I. A. Lapham of Wisconsin, and finally, in 1869, an experimental service was established in the Cincinnati observatory by the late Prof. Cleveland Abbe, with the aid of the Western Union Telegraph company. Professor Abbe's experiments in weather forecasting were so successful that congress was induced to establish a national service, one of the principal duties of which was forecasting the weather. This service was originally attached to the signal corps of the army, but since the year 1890 it has been a branch of the Department of Agriculture.

Pidgin English Used by Natives of Guam

Pidgin-English would sound phony to one who had never roamed the wilds of Guam. I was attached to the radio station there for nearly two years, and this is exactly the way the natives used to talk to us, and we to them. There's a peculiarity of inflection, sort of a singsong jump and flop to the Guam native's conversation that's difficult to describe. He sings you a song when he talks to you. This, I suppose, is owing to the narrow limitations of their own language. Their entire vocabulary comprising not more than 400 words, they have to make one word do the work of many, depending more on tone of voice than pronunciation.

For instance, the word *affa*. It means anything they make it mean. You see a native woman coming along, leading a child by the hand. The kid's a little slow on the lead, its attention on a goat, pig, chicken just passed, thus causing the old lady much irritation. She turns in her wrath, with her bare foot gives the kid a side swipe on the rump and snarls—

"*Affa!*"
Two minutes later the same woman meets a friend. She smiles sweetly, bows sedately and softly murmurs: "*Affa.*"

It's all in the tune.—By Charles Victor Fischer, in *Adventure Magazine*.

Love Is Blind

Viola will never go into a barber shop again. She says so herself. "My husband went into the barber shop next to our home and as I wanted him to go downtown with me I thought I'd step in and wait for him. There was a man in every chair and each of them had a towel over his face.

"Finally I spotted a pair of shoes and a silk shirt that I thought belonged to my husband and while the barber turned away for a moment I went to the chair, took the hand of my suspected husband, squeezed it and said: 'Hello, dearie.'"

"Imagine how I felt when a corner of the towel lifted and an amazed face I had never seen before stared at me blankly!"

Bank Director Who Directs

An aged darkey was renewing acquaintances in a section of the city where he had once resided. "Well, Henry," said the drug store clerk, "what y' doing now?" "Lawdy, man," replied Henry boastfully, "Ise done got a magnolious position. Ise a bank directah."

"You, the director of a bank?"

"Deed I is, boss. I jes' stan' dar an' when folks comes through de do, I directs 'em what t' go."

So It Goes

"There are no great actors any more."

"I don't know," said the old-timer. "The fault may be largely vested in ourselves: In the old days actors used to yell and we registered emotion. Now they are repressed and so are we. We approve the repressed school and yet we say there are no great actors any more."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

LEWIS, THE ROBBER.

By permission of Frederic A. Goddard, author, of Milton, Pa., we herewith publish the second installment of his absorbing story of the escapades of Lewis, the robber.—Ed.

Last week's story was a brief outline of the early life of David Lewis, the robber and counterfeiter, and in this will be told those events which followed and ended in his death.

In 1818 Dr. Peter Shoemaker, owner of the Huntingdon Furnace, in Huntingdon county, had made extensive shipments of iron to Harper's Ferry and prepared to cross the mountains to receive his pay. Lewis and his band knew of this proposed trip and determined to waylay and rob him. The sum to be collected amounted to more than \$13,000, and the ironmaster's credit would be ruined if this sum was not on deposit in Bellefonte by a certain date.

While they were scheming to rob Shoemaker news reached them that their victim was returning home by way of the Cumberland Valley and Harrisburg.

When Lewis and his gang arrived at Harrisburg they learned that the doctor, warned of their designs, had again changed his route, but the highwaymen knew the country and soon got in advance of their victim. In the early hours of the morning, a few miles east of Bellefonte, the doctor was confronted by a large man on horseback, who, with a pistol in hand, ordered him to "stand and deliver."

The doctor was in a dilemma; he faced financial ruin or loss of life. As he reached for his saddlebag he heard a shout and at the same time saw the top of a Conestoga wagon reaching the top of the hill. The wagoners were encouraging their horses as the doctor yelled in desperation, "Men I am being robbed. Help! Help!"

Lewis snapped his pistol but it failed to discharge. Connelly, a mate of Lewis, rode up and would have killed the doctor but for Lewis. A shot by one of the wagoners struck Connelly in the shoulder, but he and Lewis escaped in the woods.

During his operations in New York city he formed a partnership with other noted crooks. Each one signed an iron-clad compact with blood drawn from the veins of each member as they formed in a circle, while Lewis held a basin to receive the blood of each, which was used as ink.

ROBBED MRS. ASTOR.

Lewis knew that Mrs. John Jacob Astor was to attend a well-advertised auction sale, where she made many purchases of rare laces and jewelry, placing them in a reticule, which she kept on a bench close by her side. While she was engaged in conversation Lewis stole the bag and made his escape. He failed to divide the plunder with the gang, but gave it all to his wife, barely escaping their wrath.

Lewis headed for Princeton, where, he said, he found "empty heads and full purses." He succeeded in fleecing many of the students of all the money they had or could obtain.

His next exploits were in Philadelphia, where he was the leader of a band which attempted to decoy Stephen Girard out of the city into the country, to keep him in confinement until forced to purchase his freedom. They also planned to dig a tunnel from the Dock street sewer to Girard's banking house, where they intended to reach the bank vaults from below. The dangerous illness of Lewis' daughter caused a delay in these plans, his gang drifted apart and the scheme was abandoned.

He then drove a team in the United States Army, where he robbed officers and men. When he received his pay for his services and for his employer's teams and wagons, he stole the entire proceeds and left for western Pennsylvania, where he was most active and successful in his nefarious pursuit.

His wife died about this time and his grief was so genuine that he almost changed his mode of life, but soon fell in with another gang and for some time devoted his attention to making and circulating spurious money. He was caught passing bad money and arrested in Bedford and sentenced to the penitentiary, from which he was pardoned by Governor Findlay.

FREE ALL PRISONERS BUT ONE.

Lewis and his band robbed a Mr. McClelland, who was riding from Pittsburgh to Bedford. Lewis saved McClelland's life when Connelly insisted on shooting him, saying "Dead men tell no tales." Lewis was again caught and confined in the Bedford jail. He not only escaped, but he set all the convicts free who entered into the plan with him, leaving behind "an ordinary thief who had robbed a poor widow. Such a thief should remain in jail and pay the price," wrote Lewis in his confession.

Lewis and Connelly made a trip through York and Cumberland counties robbing wealthy German farmers. A well-laid plot to rob a wealthy Mr. Bashore was frustrated through the presence of mind and bravery of his wife, who blew a horn to alarm the neighborhood, as Lewis confessed, "displaying as much courage as any man and more resolution than any woman I had met with."

On several occasions he was known to have risked capture, and even his life, just to spend a few hours with his mother, whom he dearly loved. Lewis learned that a wagon load of merchandise belonging to Hamilton and Page, of Bellefonte, was expected to pass through the Seven mountains. He and his gang quickly planned and successfully executed this robbery, and immediately thereafter made a rich haul from the store of General James Potter, of Penn's valley, near the Old Fort.

Lewis was smart as a steel trap and a shrewd mountaineer, but like all such criminals of his daring was sure to meet his fate. Even though frequently arrested and confined in jail, none was strong enough to hold him. He never served a sentence in a single institution.

After the robbery of General Potter's store, Lewis and Connelly start-

ed for Sinnemahoning, meeting at the house of Samuel Smith, where they participated in shooting at a mark, and mingled in the crowd. Lewis and Connelly were recognized and their surrender demanded as rewards were everywhere offered for their arrest. Connelly opened fire, killing one of the captors.

Lewis, never having taken life, snapped his pistol twice in the air, but the fire was returned in earnest, Lewis being shot in the right arm and Connelly in the hip. The latter was found hiding in a tree top. Lewis and Connelly were loaded in canoes and taken down the river to Great Island, now Lock Haven, where three physicians attended them. Connelly died that night. Lewis was removed, as soon as his wounds would permit, to the Bellefonte jail, where he died a month later, July 13, 1820.

Thus a sad commentary in the life of Lewis, the robber, that the only jail from which he failed to escape was the Bellefonte bastille, and while there his wounds were of such a nature he could not plan nor did he desire to escape, but he often told his jailer he could easily get away any hour he pleased.

Leal Estate Transfers.

J. L. Winegardner, Exr., to Bland Frankenberg, tract in Millheim; \$925.

F. R. Musser, et ux, to W. J. Emerick, tract in State College; \$900.

C. O. Harvey, et al, to Sylvia E. Pletcher, tract in Howard township; \$1,000.

Andrew Lytle, et ux, to C. B. Bartholomew, tract in State College; \$3,600.

Bertha Kline, et bar, to Bertha Hoy, tract in Gregg township; \$50.

H. D. Weaver, et ux, to Bertha Kline, tract in Gregg township; \$110.

Adam Ertel to Barbara Hoy, tract in Gregg township; \$35.

Clarence E. Blazer, et ux, to Theodore D. Boal, tract in Harris township; \$1,760.31.

Helen M. Lutz, et al, to Albert E. Schad, tract in Spring township; \$2,800.

John P. Harris, guardian, et al, to Albert E. Schad, tract in Bellefonte; \$1.

Margaret A. DeLong to Charles T. Bennet, tract in Liberty township; \$800.

Joseph Schell, et ux, et al, to J. W. Weaver, tract in Taylor township; \$1,200.

John W. DeLaney, et al, to John D. Homan, tract in Potter township; \$2,000.

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