

Church at Ft. Randall Built by U. S. Soldiers

Fort Randall, South Dakota, has a church called a "mystery church." The church, concerning the erection of which all records were believed lost, was built in 1875. Its material was chalk rock, quarried out of the hills two miles south of the fort by soldiers of the first United States infantry, stationed at the fort at that time.

The central portion of the building was intended for the use of the second I. O. O. F. lodge organized in the territory, and made up of soldiers. The east wing was the church and the west wing the post library. The building was used in this manner until the fort was abandoned in 1892.

The church was well furnished, all the pews being two and one-half-inch black walnut. There was a large organ and a large bell that could be heard for miles. All this was bought by the soldiers and citizens employed at the fort. The organ is still at the fort in the commanding officer's house, which is still standing intact. The walls of the old church building are still standing. Hundreds of names are written on the insides of the walls and carved on the outsides.—Detroit News.

Golf Seems to Have Taken Hold in Japan

Japan is perhaps one of the last places in which one would expect golf to become popular, yet within recent years the pastime has made enormous strides.

Formerly the leading players were members of the Anglo-American communities settled at Yokohama and Kobe, but Japanese golfers have now taken up the game so keenly that for some years past the holder of the championship of Japan has been a Japanese.

The prince regent, who was married recently, is one of the most enthusiastic golfers in the country. The Japanese national costume does not lend itself to golf, and nearly all Japanese golfers wear the regulator "plus fours."

In the Japanese paper *Golfdom*, which is printed partly in Japanese and partly in English, the following story is told (in English): "Oh, sir, ye see, anybody can teach these ladies" (meaning the students of the university); "anybody can teach these laddies Latin and Greek; but gowt ye see, sir, gowt requires a held."

One of the most noticeable differences in the Japanese game is the lack of bad language. Japanese contains no swear words; the worst term of abuse is "baka," which means "fool." But Japanese golfers, we are told, are rapidly making up for this deficiency by learning English!

Flour From Alfalfa, Montana Man's Claim

A westerner who is interested in the manufacture of breakfast foods some time ago made the startling announcement that he could make at least 75 various kinds of candy from alfalfa. It is also contended that an excellent grade of syrup can be made from that substance. The man mentioned is so enthusiastic with respect to his experiments with alfalfa that he is reported to be planning to establish a mill for the manufacture of alfalfa flour, which, he asserts, will be found to be superior to all other flours for baking.

Hitherto, at his small mills in Montana, this man has been turning out a balanced ration for live stock from alfalfa. Biscuits and a variety of pastries may be made from the flour. It is highly probable, in the opinion of experts, that alfalfa may some day revolutionize the confectionery business. Certainly if alfalfa proves its worth as a candy material the acreage planted yearly will quickly increase and prices may be demanded far above those now prevailing.

Record Frigidity

According to the United States weather bureau "the extreme low temperature for this country occurred at Miles City, Mont., in 1888, when a record of 65 degrees below zero was attained." Orris W. Roberts, meteorologist with the government weather bureau station at Blainville, N. D., reports: "For the past forty to fifty years we have maintained minimum thermometers in all parts of the state, and while it is human nature to like to excel a record, the lowest temperature (official) ever recorded in North Dakota was 56 degrees below zero at Goodall, McKenzie county."

Tokyo's Broadway

The Ginza, the Broadway of Tokyo, its main shopping street and thoroughfare, has been rapidly resuming its former activity. Many jewelry stores, department stores, restaurants and shops for foodstuffs, furniture, clothing, toys, novelties and hardware have been able to secure sufficient equipment and stocks to reopen business on their former sites. American watches and clocks, hats, haberdashery, canned goods, toilet articles, hardware, cash registers, etc., are making their appearance.

—When you see it in the "Watchman" you know it's true.

RESCUED FROM JAWS OF GIANT CROCODILE

Incident English Officer Is Not Likely to Forget

The following interesting account of a thrilling fight with a powerful crocodile in an Indian river is told by Lieutenant Colonel Carserly, in the Montreal Family Herald:

One afternoon the column halted by the river as usual and prepared to camp. When the men had cleared the ground and set the pickets they fell out to get their food and rest. A captain, unslinging his empty water bottle, went to the river to fill it.

At that spot the bank was perhaps four feet high and rose straight up. It curved in a sharp bend, and the water close in ashore was shallow. There was no current near the bank, but only a few yards out the deep and mighty stream swept along like a mill race.

The officer knelt on the bank and, lowering the bottle by its long strap, turned his head to speak to a sub-hadar (native company commander) near him. Half a dozen sepoy, some holding their rifles, were standing close by.

Suddenly out of the still water under the bank came a monstrous head, and like a trout rising to a fly a huge crocodile snapped at the white man's outstretched hand. The great jaws closed on it, and in a twinkling the officer was down in the river!

As he fell the astonished soldiers gasped in horror. Then without hesitation two or three leaped in after him. Standing waist deep, they clung to the captain's body and strove to pull him away from the giant reptile, which was backing out into deeper water.

The Englishman, with his hand in the crocodile's mouth, was too dazed to struggle, and submitted passively to be pulled this way and that in the grim tug of war. The native officer snatched a rifle from the man beside him and jumping into the water fired at the monster at a yard's range. A sepoy followed his example, but neither man thought of aiming at the eyes, and so their shots had no effect; an old crocodile's hide is impervious to bullets except in the throat, the belly and behind shoulders.

The weight and strength of the brute was too much for the united efforts of the men. In vain they dug their heels into the yielding sand and pulled with all their might and main. Slowly, remorselessly, the officer was drawn farther out; the sepoy clinging to him were dragged with him.

The Englishman seemed doomed. The crocodile was swimming now tail foremost out into the swift, racing flood.

Then a miracle happened! When it seemed that nothing could save the man the strong current caught the monster with full force and swept it away, and by a marvelous stroke of luck the officer's hand was torn from its mouth.

The irregular teeth of a crocodile fortunately do not fit close together. So little injured was the captain that after the doctor had bound up his hand he was able to attend to his duties immediately.

Tennis Thirty Years Ago

A well-known tennis player of the Doherty period told me an amusing story the other day. He said he used to play on a public court in one of the squares in Kensington some thirty years ago. There was a large notice up to the effect that 'gentlemen were requested not to play in their shirt sleeves.' It goes to show the type of lawn tennis that was played in those days.

"This player also told me how he remembers going to stay at a certain country house, and how some irate colonel became quite angry with him for volleying. The player was told what bad form it was."—From *Lawn Tennis*, by F. Gordon Lowe.

Taking No Chances

A troop of barnstormers out from Liverpool were in imminent danger of stranding in Wales.

"We got to get out of Wales before we strand," declared one, "and that's all there is to it."

"What's the difference," asked another, "whether we break up in Wales or elsewhere?"

"I was once stranded in a town, called Llicregollwih and from there I wrote to my friends for help. Of course they all thought I was on a spree and nobody would send me a cent."

How It Was Done

A sportsman with a wonderful power of imagination was telling how at one shot he had bagged two partridges and a rabbit. His explanation was that, though he had hit only one partridge, the bird in falling had clutched at another partridge and brought that to earth in its claws.

"But how about the rabbit?" he was asked.

"Oh," was the calm reply, "my gun kicked and knocked me over, and I fell on the rabbit as it ran past."—Edinburgh Scotsman.

Immense Difference

"I tell you, sir, I have played in all the largest theaters in Europe."
"Yes, but they're nothing compared with the theaters we have in America. Why, sir, we have theaters so big that when a man in the back seat throws an egg it hatches out before it reaches the stage."—London Tit-Bits.

Account Book of Long Ago Is Interesting

Some interesting sidelights on the dealings of the Hudson's Bay company's agents with the Indians of northern Ontario nearly a century ago are shown by the entries in a book of records just recovered from an old desk found floating on the Ontario side of Lake Timiskaming.

Part of the volume is missing, but apparently the records are those of the agent and his assistants established at a trading post on Lake Timiskaming. The records cover parts of the years 1830-35.

Most of the entries have reference to payments made in goods to Indians for the long trip to Moose Factory, on James bay, perhaps in time the terminus of the Timiskaming & Northern Ontario railway. The journey appears to have occupied from two to three months, and the redskins received 50 pounds (\$25)—goods to that value, at least—for the voyage. The custom appears to have been to advance a certain quantity of supplies at the Timiskaming post, while the balance was paid to the Indians at Moose Factory.

Powder and shot, ribbons, blankets, tobacco, knives, wearing apparel, corn, flour and an occasional purchase of rum are the principal entries, and the values in those far-off days make an interesting reading in the light of present-day prices.

Three pounds of flour cost 25 cents, which was also the price of a quart of rum, a pair of moosehide shoes or five plugs of tobacco. A supply of ammunition for the chase meant an outlay of \$2.50. Green and red colored cloth came high, costing \$1.25 a yard, while the price of 10 cents a pound for sugar will bring back memories of the war period to the present generation.

The braves could deck themselves out in corduroy trousers for \$2 and could add a vest for a similar outlay. If they bought ribbon for the squaws at home they were called upon to expend 12 cents a yard for this article of adornment. Three point blankets cost \$2.50. A man's calico shirt was valued at \$1.50, and a scalping knife could be secured for 12 cents. Soap cost 50 cents a pound. One ivory comb was priced at 25 cents, and the price for fine blue cloth was \$2 a yard. A bag of corn was entered at about \$4. For two days' labor a youth was credited with 75 cents.—Toronto Globe.

Sails to See Mother, 109

"Tom" Brennan, at the age of eighty-five years, when most men are tired and retired, has left for Ireland to visit his mother, one hundred nine years old, who is too busy to come over and visit her "young" son, who is an active accessory salesman.

One of the infant salesmen was contemplating a visit to his mother. "Tom" spoke up and said he had not seen his mother for twenty years.

"What, your mother still living, Tom?" asked his employer.

"Sure; hale and hearty at one hundred nine," "Tom" replied.

"You're going to see her," commanded his boss. "You can get ready at once."

So Brennan is off to dear old Dublin, near where his mother lives, to spend some time with her, and return sometime in the fall, as suits his whim.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Knocking Hubby's Book

Mr. and Mrs. Author were going out for the evening. They had engaged for a new nurse and she was left in charge of the children for the first time.

"Dear," remarked Mrs. Author, as she came downstairs, "I looked into the nursery and noticed nurse was reading. Who gave her the book?"

"I did," replied her husband.

"What book is it?"

"My last," he answered.

"Darling," exclaimed his wife, "and you know how important it is that she should not go to sleep until we return!"

Squaring Things

An inveterate poker player who hadn't been trotting in double harness very long went to an old married owl for some friendly advice.

"What is it, son?" asked his mentor. "Wife been jumping on you too severely?"

"No, that's just the point. That's what makes me uneasy. My wife doesn't say much, but when I have been out late with the boys she apparently does a lot of thinking. Now, what should a husband do when his wife looks at him oddly?"

"Look at her evenly."

Malaria Long Known

Although malaria was not given its present name until 1753, the disease has been known and described in various writings for thousands of years. Before 1000 B. C. both the tertian and quartan types of the disease were alluded to in the Orphic poems. According to Dædlerick, the Iliad of Homer and the Wasps of Aristophanes contain allusions to what we now call malaria, and according to Goroff, the word AAT, found among the inscriptions of the temple of Denderah, referred doubtless to malaria.—Bass.

Bumping Him

"Say, looky here, now!" snarled the landlord of the Petunia tavern. "What's your idy in lopping and lally-gagging around here from morning till night, cluttering up the whole place with yourself, sponging your tobacco, and snouting in on every conversation that is going on? What are you trying to do, anyhow—impersonate an officer?"—Kansas City Star.

CABBAGE GIVEN HIGH PLACE IN DIETETICS

Vegetable Worthy to Grace Table of Kings.

Should the history of the cabbage ever be written, it may prove to be unexpectedly thrilling. Remarkable facts concerning that humble vegetable have been discovered by Prof. Ruggles Gates, the botanist.

"Cabbages, kales, cauliflower and brussels sprouts," says the professor, "all originated in the wild cabbage, a native of the coast and the south of England. The cabbage, as we know it, was the first development of the wild plant, and from it appeared the cauliflower and the sprout."

"The origin of the species is lost in antiquity, but the Romans appear to have cultivated it. The remarkable thing is that each type entered more or less suddenly into the vegetable garden."

"A gardener in these ancient days may have planted a cabbage on a certain spot and had wakened up some morning to find a cauliflower or a stalk of sprouts in its place."

There was no gradual development. It happened spontaneously. In the case of the cauliflower there was an inflorescence, and the green flower became white, succulent, and fleshy, though not to the degree that we know it today.

"The sprout was the result of the cabbage, instead of confining its efforts to the attainment of one large bloom, determined to multiply itself into a numerous clump of tender heads."

"It is in this way that we now think evolution has taken place—the production of new and marked varieties with fully developed characteristics."

"As a food the cabbage has a long and honorable career," says Dr. Royal S. Copeland, commissioner of health, New York city. "It has graced the table of kings. The favorite dish of Emperor Pompey was cabbage. I have no doubt that many another ruler, if he admitted the truth, would confess a yearning for corned beef and cabbage. It must be terrible to live on ambrosia and nectar!"

"Humans require roughage, coarse, indigestible material, just as animals do. Every farmer can testify to the necessity of such foods for his stock. Every dietary expert agrees that roughage must be supplied if we are to be healthy."

"Cabbage is important, then, because it supplies lime and because it furnishes roughage. When it is served with delicious mayonnaise or other dressing it makes a fit dish for any table."

"In Scotland the oatmeal is cooked in the cabbage water, making a dish called 'kale brose.'"—In this way the mineral elements are saved.

"Almost everybody can eat raw cabbage, but the cooked vegetable disagrees with many. As a matter of fact, too, when the cabbage is boiled much of its valuable material is carried away. Steaming, instead of boiling, guards against calcium loss."

Thrift

During a big snowstorm a genf drove his car down to a filling station on a side street, intending to get some gasoline. He went down in his jeans to see how much money he had. One piece—a quarter—dropped in the snow. The man scraped around a while in the snow, but couldn't find it. So he left his car there and went away. Three days later he came back. The snow was gone. He picked up the quarter.

"Why did you leave your car here for three days?" asked the gas man.

"Just to mark the place where I dropped the quarter," he replied. "I never would have been able to find it if I had driven away."—Capper's Weekly.

Gifts to the Zoo

Most of the wild animals that come to Bronx park zoo, of New York, are not bought by the zoo. They are the gifts of private citizens. Among gifts received last year are more than a dozen opossums, two canaries, a Texas rattlesnake, which is described as partly albinistic; a horned grebe from Astoria, L. I., and forty birds from various parts of the world, the gift of Emory W. Clark of Canandaigua. Possibly the oddest gift of all is a collection of 3,700 white rats and 1,600 white mice from Crocker laboratory, of Columbia university, to be used as food for reptiles.

Duval Real Personage

Claude Duval was a notorious highwayman, born in Domfront, Normandy, 1648. He was a follower of the duke of Richmond at the time of the Revolution, but forsook him for the life of a highwayman. He was famous for his gallantry to women as well as for his audacity and robberies. He was captured while intoxicated, and executed in 1670 at Tyburn. A part of the inscription on his tomb in Covent Garden church is as follows: "Here lies Du Vall; Reader if male thou art Look to thy purse! if female to thy heart."

Similar Occupation

"Well, John," said the eminent personage, who was now an invalid, "who is it wishes to see me now? My bleg-rapper?"

"No, your excellency," replied the outler, "your physician."

"Ah! Almost the same thing. He's at work upon my life, too."—Philadelphia Record.

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