Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., April 5, 1929.

BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

(Continued from page 2, Col. 6)

else to go, come to me." She smiled painfully through tear-starred eyes and twisted lips. "There, there, Bill. Buck up. It's all right and you're as full of pep as a butcher's dog. Aren't you, Darling?" She kissed his rough cheek.

"For heaven's sake, Ollie, go! I'm going to make a fool of myself," he pleaded.

And Ollie went! She was a product of Bill Garford's country and knew much more about men than women!

It was nearly five o'clock before Bill could trust himself to greet Uncle Jimmy Breeze. The old prospector entered the office with a shuffling, sidelong gait, not unreminiscent of the sidewinder rattlesnakes of the deserts wherein, for forty years, he had been wandering behind a couple of jacks, seeking his El Dorado. He sidled over to Bill and smiled up at him from under a scraggly white mustache; his brown, seamed old face wore an ingratiating smile, his eyes, blue and childlike, were those of the born visionary.

"Well, you old desert terrapin, Jimmy, how about you?" Bill greeted him kindly. They shook hands and he indicated a chair for Uncle Jimmy.

"Jes' r'arin' to go, Bill," Uncle Jimmy piped.

Bill decided to have the ordeal over with promptly. So he said: R'arin' to go where, Uncle Jimmy?'"

"Prospectin' down to the Hell's Bend country, Bill. There's a range o' low hills down that way I been aimin" to prognosticate around in for forty year—an' if I don't do it this year mebbe I don't get another chance. Somehow, Bill, I got a sneakin notion that country ain't ever been half scratched over. A feller I met once in Silver Peak showed me some samples he'd picked up down there an' they sure looked mighty soothin' to the eye. He was figgerin' on goin back in but took pneumony o' the lungs over to Rhyolite an' was dead in four hours."

Bill handed Uncle Jimmy a cigar and Uncle Jimmy proceeded immediately to chew it, so Bill brought the brass cuspidor over to his side and waited.

"Well, Bill," Uncle Jimmy resumed, "it's been quite a spell since me an' you've met up an' a whole lot o' water has flowed under the bridges since. From what I hear you're rich. Got this here bank an' six branches, mines, ranches, cattle, sheep, horses, mules an' jacks but nary a wife or papoose to leave 'em to. How come, Bill, you ain't done nothin' for your country?"

"No time, Uncle Jimmy. I'm always as busy as a one-armed man saddling a colt."

"Well-l-l," Uncle Jimmy drawled, "seein' as how you ain't exactly a pauper an' realizin' you ain't got more'n a couple o' distant relatives mebbe to leave your bank-roll to, the thought occurred to me mebbe you'd consider throwin' in with me. If you could see your way clear to grub-stakin' for me about two hundred dollars, Bill, you got my word for it I'll cut you in as a full pardner on any good thing I run across durin' the next year!"

He looked up at Bill wistfully, eagerly—pathetically eager! He reminded Bill of an aged terrier anticipating the receipt of a nice bone. He was desperate and Bill knew it. Hungry, perhaps. Certainly he needed a new pair of overalls, for the ones he wore were faded almost white and patched beyond further repair. His soggy old hat was a ruin, his miners' boots broken and warped.

(To be contiued next week.)

YEAR 1816 SUMMERLESS.

"January and February of 1816 were warm and spring-like. March was cold and stormy. Vegetation had gotten well along in April when real winter set in. Snow and sleet fell 17 different days in May. In June there was either frost or snow every night but three. Snow was five inches deep for several days in succession in the interior of New York and from ten inches to three feet in Vermont and Maine. July was cold and frosty and ice formed as thick as window panes in every one of the New England States. August was still worse. Ice formed nearly an inch in thickness and killed nearly every green thing in the United States.

"In the spring of 1817 corn that had been kept over from the crop of 1815 sold for $5 and $10 a bushel, the buyers purchasing it for seed. May 10, 1839, snow fell to the depth of a foot in Jamestown, Va., and was piled in high drifts in most of the southern States. There was snow in many parts of Iowa and Illinois May 11, 1878 and again on May 23, 1882.

CABIN IS INTACT AFTER 125 YEARS.

A log cabin 125 years old and in an excellent state of repair, was discovered recently in Sugar Valley, Clinton county, by Colonel Henry W. Shoemaker, a member of the State Forest Commission.

Colonel Shoemaker purchased the log cabin and had it taken down and hauled on four two-horse sleds twelve miles across the mountains to his home at McElhattan, where it will be used as a garden house in a wild flower garden. Although the cabin was built in 1804, only two of the logs were found to be unfit for use in reconstruction. The logs are an extra large size and of clear white pine. The floor boards are of white oak and none of them less than twenty-four inches in width. The house was built by Jacob Embigh, an early pioneer from Berks county whose descendants are still numerous throughout Sugar Valley.

FATHER AND SON TRAVERSE NORTH

Expedition Goes on Foot to Hudson Bay.

New York.—A small expedition in which two generations are represented recently left Hudson, Manitoba, to travel northward by snowshoes across the unexplored lands of northern Ontario and Manitoba to Hudson bay.

Arthur W. North, his son, Robert, now fourteen years old, and already an author; an Indian and a five-dog team will compose the party.

They will cross territory uninhabited except by wolves and a few Indians, making the trip in winter because the mosquitoes and swamps make travel in this region impossible at other seasons.

The party will have a distinct collegiate atmosphere. Mr. North, who was captain of the University of California track team some years ago, will carry a banner of his alma mater recently presented to him at a dinner in New York given in his honor by his college mates.

Robert, who is on leave of absence from the Phillips-Andover academy, will also carry a banner presented to him by his school.

From Hudson, a station on the Canadian National railroad just east of Winnipeg, the expedition is making a 200-mile dash northeast to Cat lake. From here father and son will head for Big Trout lake, at the head of the Severn river, a distance of 15 days of Indian travel, crossing the Height of Land, or watershed, on the way. The Indians in this section are primitive nomads.

From Big Trout lake they will travel north to the Hayes river, following it down to its junction with the Nelson river at York Factory, a leading post of the Hudson's Bay company, situated on the west coast of Hudson bay.

After a short stay at York Factory the party will travel west to connect with the Hudson Bay railway, now in the course of construction, which will connect the Pas, Manitoba, with Hudson bay. They will study the lives and customs of the Ojibway and Swampy Cree Indians who inhabit this region, and will also visit the scenes of the recent gold rushes between Red lake and Fort Hope. Mr. North will take pictures of Indian scenes.

U. S. Locomotives Find Foreign Resting Spots

New York.—What happens to good locomotives when they die? The subject, says the Baltimore Sun, has been brought up for discussion by the Baldwin Locomotive works, which cites the case of No. 4287, built by Baldwin in 1878 and which once provided motive power for the old Camden & Atlantic Railway company. Very recently No. 4287 was found quite by accident by an explorer in the jungles of Dutch Guiana, covered with the forest growth just as it had been abandoned long before.

Many years ago, it seems, an adventurous soul named Bradley staked a gold mining claim 60 miles up the Maroni river, in Dutch Guiana. A short railroad line was built through the jungle and No. 4287 apparently purchased in this country to furnish the motive power. An explorer recently going through the jungle was startled when he came upon the relic quite by accident. New Yorkers can also recall the "dinkies" which formerly hauled the trains for the Manhattan Elevated lines in New York. When the railroad was electrified in 1902 the steam engines were sold to Chinese interests. At last reports these locomotives were still doing duty in the Orient.

Sees Test-Tube Era Ousting That of Ax

Moscow, Idaho.—The lumberman of tomorrow will swing a test tube as well as an ax, says W. D. Humiston, Idaho lumber expert.

"The era," Humiston declares, "is approaching, with science producing countless substitutes for lumber, when a vastly different and intensely more valuable by-product will be precipitated from timber through the chemist's laboratory."

Commercial companies, he says, have found 1,200 uses for cellulose, one by-product obtained from trees and plants. Tamarack, or larch, which is too heavy to be shipped with profit, is now exploited through the test tube as a valuable derivative; carbohydrate galactan can be extracted from the tree and the wood chips can be converted into synthetic lumber.

Pianist's Beads Cause Static on the Radio

San Francisco.—The mysterious reverberation in the KGO radio studio here which caused no end of trouble to the station staff has at last been found.

After an expert piano tuner tried for hours to remedy the trouble, all of the station's pianists were summoned to appear and Eva Garcia was found guilty.

Miss Garcia was "ordered" to leave her beads at home when she played at the studio. Sensitive microphones picked up a note in pitch with the beads and sent the vibrations over the air.

Christian Symbol in Old Turkish Mosque

A beautiful mosaic of the Virgin Mary has been found in a Turkish mosque in Constantinople. For 500 years it had been hidden under whitewash.

The workmen who were replastering the interior of the mosque reported the glint of gold which they had uncovered to the religious authorities, who notified the National museum, whose experts were sent at once to complete the uncovering of the mosaic. Once disclosed in all its glory of form and color, the next step was to ask Angora what to do about this picture of the mother of Christ dead on her bier surrounded by saints and angels high on the wall of a Moslem mosque.

Angora, seat of revolutionary Turkey, replied that the mosaic was to remain where it was and was to be preserved with the utmost care.

Thus for the first time in history Moslems worship beneath the shadow of images, the representative of which has for centuries been absolutely prohibited by the Moslem religion.

Watch That "Stepped Out" Pleased Leslie

Little Leslie Luckiboy had been given a beautiful watch—which, by the way, was his first—as a Christmas present.

Funnily enough, he did not seem very excited about it, and managed to restrain his enthusiasm in a very marked manner. However, he went out to a party, and returned in tremendous spirits, exclaiming:

"I've got a ripping watch!"

"I'm so glad you like it," said his mother, duly pleased at his joy which up to now he had concealed.

"Yes," he continued, "it's half an hour ahead of Lew's watch, and it's a whole hour ahead of the church clock. It beats them all!"—London Answers.

No Use for Them

"No," said the sunburned farmer, "you won't do any business here, me lad. I've finished with labor-savin' machines. I don't hold with 'em."

The young traveler could not help but smile.

"Look here," continued the farmer, pointing to a typewriter, "take a look at that. That's a writin' machine my wife spent all her savin's on 'cos I ain't very handy wi' me pen."

"What's the matter with it?"

"Matter!" exclaimed the farmer, "Why, nobody can write their blinkin' name with it unless they can play a church organ!"—London Answers.

Variation of "Quoits"

The game of horseshoes is based on quoits, which is a pastime resembling the ancient discus-throwing of Greece. Few traces of a game resembling quoits can be found on the continent of Europe and its origin may be sought for on the borderlands of Scotland and England. There are references to it in the Midlands, dating from the beginning of the Fifteenth century. Ascham, in his Toxophilus (1545), refers to the game as being played chiefly by the working classes, who often used horseshoes for want of quoits, a custom still prevailing in country districts.

Determining Mental Age

Mental age is most accurately based upon the individual Terman-Binet test of intelligence. A child is said to have a mental age of ten years, for example, when he passes the tests on the Terman-Binet scale which, it has been found, are passed by a majority of normal ten-year-old children. Terman defines mental age as follows: "By a given mental age we mean that degree of general mental ability as is possessed by the average child of corresponding chronological age."

A Wee Bit Tune

A millionaire who wrote a rather illegible hand took a "place" in the north of Scotland. One night before retiring he sent the head keeper detailed written instructions for the morrow.

Next morning he was awakened very early by the persistent skirling of bagpipes beneath his window. Summoning his man-servant, he asked: "What's that racket?"

"Oh," said the man, "that's Donald the keeper, playing that wee bit tune ye sent him last night."

Wit of Conversation

The wit of conversation consists more in finding it in others, than in showing a great deal yourself. He who goes out of your company, pleased with his own facetiousness and ingenuity, will the sooner come into it again. Most men had rather please than admire you, and seek less to be instructed and diverted than approved and applauded, and it is certainly the most delicate sort of pleasure, to please another.—Franklin.

Returned With Thanks

A man sent a small boy to deliver a note to a young women who lived a few streets away. He gave the boy a nickel so that he would hurry.

After a short time the messenger came back, and, returning the money, said:

"Miss Jones says she will be glad to see you tonight, but she didn't want the nickel!"

IS PRAYER FOR THE DEAD A FUTILE SUPPLICATION.

At the March meeting of the Centre and Clearfield Ministerial Association, held in the Methodist church, Philipsburg, Monday, March 4, 1929, Rev. C. S. Brown, Episcopalian minister, Osceola Mills, made the address, his subject being, "Shall We Pray for the Dead?" taking his text from the second book of Maccabees, 12-43, "It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead." The subject, very clearly presented, was followed by much discussion. Among other things Rev. Brown said:

Dr. Cadman, when asked, "Shall we pray for the dead?" answered, "Why not?" To show that this pious habit is not confined to the Episcopal church the words of Dr. Spurr, a leading Baptist minister of England, were quoted: "Of late years there has been a revival of belief in an intermediate state for righteous souls in the next life, before entering heaven." In the protestantism of today the statement in the Webster Confession that "at death the souls of the righteous are at once received into the highest heavens" is increasingly disbelieved. None who pass over are wholly good, none are perfect. The grace and help of Christ in response to prayer, will be available as here. This is a truth we should recover and live by, for it agrees with the teaching and entire spirit of the New Testament."

Mr. Brown, continuing said: "Many who profess to believe the Apostles' creed have neglected the beautiful flowers of practice growing from the root, "I believe in the Communion of Saints," the relation between the living and dead never ceasing, each interceding for the other. In St. Paul's letter to Timothy, he mentions a Christian named Onesiphorus, who at the time appeared to have died and passed on. For him the prayer of the Apostle is, "The Lord grant that he may find mercy in that day (the day of general judgment.") Among the Jews, prayer for the departed souls was practiced long before the birth of Christ as the Book of Maccabees shows. Jesus rebuked some of the superstitions of his day, but never said a word in condemnation of this practice.

The writings of the early teachers of christianity show that primitive christians in private prayer and public worship pray for their dead. St. Augustine, in the Holy Communion, condemned unto God the spirit of his pious mother, Monica. They believed that the interval between death and the end if the world is one of the only imperfect bliss, in which the souls of the righteous await the perfection of their happiness at the day of resurrection and general judgment. Therefore prayers for their progressive sanctification in Paradise seem reasonable. All the early Liturgies or Communion Services such as used in many cities prayer that the guilt of the departed may be washed away and his soul find rest in joy and felicity. From a devotional book prepared by two ministers of the American denomination known as The Disciples of Christ, Mr. Brown quoted a poem by Julia Dorr:

"How can I cease to pray for thee?
Somewhere in God's great universe thou art today:
Can He not reach thee with His tender care?
Can He hear not me when for thee I pray?
What matter it to Him who holds within the hollow of His hand all worlds, all space,
That thou art done with earthly pain and sin?
Somewhere within His Ken thou hast a place."

This sacred ode is followed by the petition.

"Holy Father those who have gone on into the life beyond, our hearts prompt us to bear up to Thee in our petitions.

Hold them safe in Thy good care till the night is over and the shadows flee away."

Real Estate Transfers.

Henry S. Illingsworth, et al, to D. E. Woomer, et ux, tract in Ferguson Twp.; $3,400.

Jared L. Zettle, et ux, to Samuel W. Zettle, et ux, tract in Spring Twp.; $1.

Louise Gardner, et bar, to Charlotte Walker, tract in Howard Twp.; $1.

William A. Rockey, et ux, to Ralph R. Rockey, et ux, tract in Harris Twp.; $1.

R. Roy Finkel, et al, to James P. McCool, tract in Gregg Twp.; $450.

James P. McCool, et ux, to Charles L. McCool, tract in Gregg Twp.; $1.

John H. Carver, et ux, to Howard Callahan, et ux, tract in Potter Twp.; $1.

Clara V. Alexander, et al, to Micheal J. Howard, et ux, tract in Spring Twp.; $500.

Maude E. McMullen to Harry H. Deihl, et ux, tract in Boggs Twp.; $1,500.

James E. Williams to James H. Weaver, tract in Boggs Twp.; $1.

Howard G. Krape, et ux, to S. R. Bierly, tract in Miles Twp.; $1,450.

Frank T. Knoll, et ux, to William B. Gates, et ux, tract in State College; $950.

William M. Garis, et ux, to C. D. Bartholomew, tract in Centre Hall; $1.

Nannie B. Homan to Gilbert H. Solt, et ux, tract in Ferguson Twp.; $1.

Harry A. Leitzel, et ux, to Mabel Leizell, tract in State College; $1.

Eleanor R. Gettig, to Margaret P. Garbrick, et ux, tract in Bellefonte; $1.

John M. Coldren, et ux, to Lawrence Runkle, tract in Centre Hall; $290.

J. E. Johnstonbaugh, et ux, to J. Earl Crust, tract in Patton Twp.; $4100.