

DEATHS.

MRS. SAMUEL KERN

Mrs. Samuel Kern, of Bellefonte, while calling on her neighbor, Mrs. Howard Stover, took ill Friday evening of last week and died before she could be removed. She was aged sixty-one years. Interment took place Monday.

The deceased, before marriage, was Miss Clarissa Garbrick, daughter of Joseph Garbrick, deceased. She is survived by her husband, a son and two daughters—Harry and Jeanette, both at home, and Mrs. Thomas Meyer, of Millheim. She also leaves three brothers, G. W., of State College, Mitchell and Joseph, of Bellefonte.

MISS LYDIA MUSSER.

At the advanced age of about seventy-eight years, Miss Lydia Musser died Saturday morning at the home of her sister, Mrs. Fred Catherman, in Millheim. Interment took place Monday morning. Death was mainly due to ravages of old age. She is survived by Mrs. Catherman, and one brother, Ilgen Musser, of Wilkinsburg.

Change of Date.

The date of the meeting of the Odd Fellows Picnic Association has been changed from August 17 to August 10.

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LOCALS.

Harry Buck, of Milton, a professional ball player, is visiting his sister, Mrs. Frank P. Geary, in this place.

Dr. W. A. Alexander, dentist, will be prepared to do all kinds of dental work at Will Smith's, Spring Mills, Friday, July 20th.

H. F. Rossman, the Spring Mills merchant, advertises something of special interest to purchasers. Read his adv. in this issue.

Mr. and Mrs. I. J. Zubler, of Spring Mills, and Mrs. Carrie Tibens Heckart, of Morgantza, last week, were guests of Mrs. Henry Ziegler and Mr. and Mrs. Perry Luse, west of Centre Hall.

ODD WATER WHEELS.

Some Float on Streams—Huge Ones Make a River Lift Itself.

The people of Syria and Tiflis make their streams do things that Americans do not seem to have learned the secret of persuading the water courses of this country to perform.

At Tiflis the natives have learned how to utilize the power of the current of the river Kur without building dams. What they have accomplished possibly might be done by an American farmer living on the banks of a rapidly moving stream and desiring a small, cheap power. The Caucasians build floats on the surface of the river. Into them are set water wheels. The whole affair is fastened to the bank in such a way that it will rise and fall with any change in the level of the surface of the river, so that the power is about constant all the time.

In Hama, the ancient "entering in of Hamath," the Syrians have accomplished a feat that makes one think of lifting oneself over a fence by tugging at one's bootstraps. They have harnessed the historic Orontes, or Nahr el Asi, as the Syrians call it, into the work of lifting itself many feet toward the zenith and trained it thus to water their fruitful gardens and orchards.

As for size, the water wheels which do this work are as to other water wheels what Niagara is to other waterfalls. As one stands by one of these great wooden frames revolving upon its wooden axle and looks up at its perimeter forty feet above one thinks it large and is astonished when he turns his gaze up stream to see that relatively it is not a great wheel, for in the distance looms up one sixty feet in height. Even then he is not prepared for the spectacle of one ninety feet in diameter grunting around on its cumbersome axle just outside the town.

Life in Hama for some people is like the liking of others for olives, an acquired taste, because of these very water wheels. According to some folks about it, it is a musical city or one filled with nerve racking groans. Day and night without ceasing these massive, slow revolving structures utter speech. For those who have acquired a taste for their companionship the never ceasing tones are soothing, resembling the ocean roar or a slow fugue played on some cyclopean organ. The diapason tones are deeper and louder than the deepest organ stop. Now they are in unison, now repeating the theme, one after another, now for a brief moment in a sublime harmony never to be forgotten, according to one traveler, then once more together in a tremendous chorus. The sounds are described as a slow movement up the scale, followed with a heavy drop to the keynote as: Do mi sol, do do do; do sol la, do do do. This unceasing Slayphean music, it is said, has been going on for a century at least.—New York Tribune.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

How hard a man falls after having been boosted too high!

When a man gets the baby to sleep, how proud he is of himself!

There is usually enough humiliation in all our lives to keep us modest.

It is not the stingy man who becomes a burden as age approaches; it is the spendthrift.

HEAT AND TANNED SKINS.

The Miracle That Nature Performs When Sunburn Occurs.

There are certain arctic animals, dark coated in the short summer, that in winter turn pure white, thus matching the snow covered landscape and escaping notice and harm.

This change of color, this protection, effected no one knows how, is wonderful, as wonderful as a miracle, and yet a kindred change of color, a kindred protection, happens among mankind every summer, and nobody ever notices it.

When the pale city people go out in the summer sun at the seashore or the mountains the light attacks them fiercely, first reddening their skin, then swelling, blistering and scorching it. If they kept in the sun enough, and if no miracle occurred, the light would kill them finally, burning off the skin first and afterward attacking the raw flesh.

But a miracle does occur. The skin changes from a pale color to a tan and on this tan the sun has no effect. The sun may beat on tan colored skin for days and weeks, but such skin remains always sound, unblistered, whole.

This nature works a miracle. The white skin is suffering, and nature, aware, somehow, that a tan skin is sun proof, changes to tan the white. How does she do this? Where did she learn that it was wise to do this? No one knows. Only the fact of the miracle remains.

To prove this miracle—to prove that it is not the hardening of the skin, but the change in its color which protects it from sunburn—is an easy matter.

Let a pale person, unused to the sun, stain one side of his face yellow, and, leaving the other side untouched, go out in the bright summer sun for a couple of hours. The one side of his face is no tougher, no more hardened than the other, yet the unstained side will be inflamed, blistered, while the tan colored one will be quite cool and unburnt.

Sunburn is a miracle, a protection to mankind as inexplicable and as wonderful as the miracle of the arctic animals' change in the winter from dark coats to snow white ones.—New York Herald.

"The Perfect Spanish Beggar."

There is a calm dignity about the Spaniard of every class which will strike a stranger. Even the beggars, of whom, goodness knows, there are plenty, seem to stand on a higher platform than their confreres in other lands. In our country the statutory address is, "Could you spare me a copper?" but a Spanish beggar thus addressed us at a railway station, and we give his address as typical of his class, "O senorito, da me un almonista, y rogare por su feliz viaje!" which may be translated into English thus: "Oh, little gentleman, give me an alms, and I will pray for you a happy journey."—Chambers' Journal.

A Singular Epitaph.

At Annapolis, N. S., and in the military cemetery attached to old Fort Anne is a tombstone with the following odd inscription:

Here Lyeth the Body of Margaret Winlett, Born the 6th day of April, 1723, and Dyed the 25th of February, 1732.

The singular part of the epitaph is that the child, according to the engraving on the headstone, died nearly a year before its birth.

Interpreted.

"Father," asked the youth, "what is your understanding of the saying, 'The race is not always to the swift?'" "Practically, my son," replied the wise father, "it means that in the race of life the fast men don't usually come out ahead."—Catholic Standard and Times.

The Decline of Chivalry.

Wife (dramtically)—Ah, me! The days of chivalry are past. Husband—What's the matter now? Wife—Sir Walter Raleigh laid his cloak on the ground for Queen Elizabeth to walk over, but you get mad simply because poor dear mother art down on your hat.

Birds That Carry Their Young.

The woodcock, it is said, has been known to carry away her young when threatened with danger. She places them on her spread feet, pressing them between the toes and the breast. A naturalist says many woodcocks also carry their young down to marshy feeding grounds in the evening, returning before dawn. In fact, they have no means of feeding their young except by carrying them to their food, for they cannot convey their food to them.

Not a Bombardment.

Kissam—Has her papa ever fired you? Higgins—He has never resorted to bombardment. His tactics are more in the nature of a passive blockade.

"How is that?" "When I call to see his daughter he remains in the parlor during the whole of the interview."

Also When is a Sea Dog?

"Maw!" "What is it, Johnny?" "Do the ocean greyhounds ever bite the ocean tramps?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

It is very easy to get angry with somebody for doing what it would be very unreasonable for anybody to get angry over if you do it.

When you go in to collect a bill, the man at the counter is less apt to inquire about the health of your family than when you go in to pay one.

The summer girl wears a coat of tan as well as tan shoes.

A fish as well as a prize fighter may be put out by a hook in the jaw.

THE PALACE OF DOOM

STRANGE LEGEND OF A MYSTERIOUS STATUE IN ROME.

It Pointed the Way to a Scene of Silent and Dazzling Splendor—The Fate of the Man Who Solved the Enigma of the Finger Message.

There stood in Rome many ages ago a beautiful marble statue the mystery of which attracted the attention of all the wise men from far and near. Nobody could remember when it had been erected, and nobody knew what it meant.

It was the figure of a woman, tall, strong and agile. She stood erect, with her right arm outstretched, her mantle falling in graceful folds about her figure, on her face a look, half smile, half frown, luring, yet appealing, but always holding the observer by a strange feeling that it roused of mystery, glory and horror.

But even all that, written so clearly in the mystic signs that art uses, might have been overlooked by the people had it not been for a more material puzzle presented by the statue. On the third finger of the outstretched hand was written in unfading letters, "Strike here." And therein lay the mystery.

Years came and went, and wise men puzzled their brains to find the secret. Seers from faroff lands came to Rome, attracted by the statue, and still it stood, mute, cold, inexplicable.

One day a young man stood before it. He had grown up with the idea of solving the mystery, and each day since he was a little child he had come for a few moments and stood silently gazing at the strange countenance.

He had learned to love the face, the wise lips that looked as if they might part and tell the secret that ages had yearned to know, but through these eyes only he had been sincere in his search. Faithful through all disappointments he had gained strength and wisdom, and now as he stood before the statue the sun, halfway up the eastern sky, shone full upon the image.

A strange thrill passed through the man, and, looking in the direction indicated by the pointing finger, he saw, some yards away, the shadow of the outstretched hand on the ground. He gave a low cry, and, after noting the spot well, he departed.

That night at midnight he went to the place and began to dig in the ground where the shadow of the hand had fallen. A long time he worked, never ceasing his digging, when suddenly his spade struck something hard. Then his zeal increased, and, clearing a space, he saw beneath him a trapdoor, with a great stone ring. Grasping the ring he pulled open the door and started back, dazzled, for a flood of light burst upon him from out of the depths.

Quickly recovering, the young man looked again and beheld a wide marble staircase descending from the trapdoor. Throwing down his spade he passed through the door, down the steps and found himself in a vast hall. The floor of this room was of marble, pure white, while the walls and ceiling were of the same material in many colors. The huge pillars upholding the vast dome shone like alabaster. Rare paintings hung upon the walls, and rich rugs lay strewn upon the floor.

In the center of the room a fountain stood. The water in its basin was as pure as crystal, but not a ripple stirred its surface, and no pleasant lapping charmed the ear as it does when water falls from on high, for, though the fountain was apparently perfect, no water rose from it to fall again.

On seats running around this silent fountain were many men in rich brocades and costly fur robes. Lifelike they looked, but to the touch they were as marble. It was as if in the midst of life death had come and petrified these beings in mockery.

Around on tables and benches were scattered piles of gold and precious gems. Delicate enameled vases and swords inlaid with gems added their wealth to the place.

But rarest of all the gems was a great carbuncle, which stood in a corner of the room and from which came the sole light by which the place was relieved from darkness. In the corner opposite to this stone stood an archer, his bow bent, his arrow on the string, aimed at the carbuncle. On his bow, shining with reflected light, were the words:

"I am that I am. My shaft is inevitable. You glittering jewel cannot escape its stroke."

As he looked on all this in silent wonder the young Roman heard a voice utter one word—"Beware!"

Then he passed into the next room and found it fitted up as magnificently as the one he had just left. All manner of couches were about this room, and reclining on them were wonderfully beautiful women. But their lips were sealed in this place of silence.

From there he passed on, finding many more wonders—rooms filled with treasures of art, stables filled with fine horses, granaries filled with forage. Everything that could make a palace complete was there.

The young Roman returned to the hall.

"I have here seen," he said, "what no man will believe. I know that of this wealth I should take nothing, but to prove to them that I speak truth can be no harm."

Then he took in his arms a jeweled sword and some rare vases, but suddenly all was dark.

The charm was broken. The arrow had left the bow and shattered the carbuncle into a thousand pieces. Pitch darkness overspread the place.

Then the young man remembered the warning, but too late. And there he probably adds one more to the silent watchers in the magic chamber.

Has this story a moral? Let those answer who have eyes to see.

The way of the transgressor is hard on other people.

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