

BULL RING ANTICS

Mexican "Sport" as Viewed Through American Spectacles.

TACTICS OF THE TOREROS.

They Were Better Runners Than Fighters and Displayed More Cowardice Than Bravery—Mirth That the Natives Couldn't Appreciate.

"Thank you, Aguirre, but I hardly think I want to see one of your bull-fights. I have heard enough about them to make me sick of the thought." I had seen every other kind of fight, from messenger boys up to bull moose and buffalo, and Aguirre felt that I would forever regret it if I left Mexico without at least once witnessing the national sport.

I reluctantly consented to accompany him, and after our dinner, instead of taking the usual siesta, we went to the ring. I had often read the stories of such fights, and after the series of three had been finished I wondered if any writer had ever taken the trouble to describe the ridiculous and funny stunts that crop out during the course of the fights.

The first bull that was released went through the ordinary course of sprouts, first goring a broken down race horse which had seen service on many of the tracks in the States and was used in the bull ring only because he was a thoroughbred. Finally the bull was put to death by a stab between the shoulders, which paralyzed his spine.

The second entrant was a little black fellow full of fire, which had been especially raised on the big ranch of Governor Tirrazos. Between the toril (pen) and the ring there was a short alley, just wide enough to allow the bulls to get through without rubbing the hair from their flanks. Leaning over the boards which formed the sides of the passageway was a Mexican negro, who, when the little bull was shoved out of the toril, jabbed a fishhook "barbo" into his left shoulder, which maddened the animal to such an extent that he hardly knew which way to turn, so eager was he to locate his enemy.

The crowd at this time was going mad and from all sides could be heard frantic cries of "Cobardo, podrido, putrefaccion" (coward, rotten, rotteness), and "El toro es muerto" (the bull is dead). On the contrary, he was very much alive and showed it a few moments later. After he was chased into the toril the torero, whose name was Albertis, appeared before the president's box, as is the custom when a failure is made, to explain himself and ask for another chance before he was condemned. The opportunity was given, and the result was only a repetition of the former attempt, except that the bull was prevented from catching him by helpers who were armed with long pikes and prevented the beast from scaling the fence.

Springing ten or a dozen yards toward the center of the ring, the frenzied creature stopped short, spread his front feet out as far as he could and madly pawed the ground. In his shoulder the wicked barb still stuck, and to it were fastened a big yellow rosette and a half dozen red streamers trailing the ground.

Presently a volunteer novice torero bullfighter on foot jumped over the fence on the north side of the ring and advanced a few feet toward the defiant bull. One faint of the torero's red bandera (banner) and the bull became a demon. With head down he rushed at the novice, who meanwhile had lost his nerve, for he stood quaking with fear when he should have been advancing to meet the onrushing animal. When the latter was only twenty yards away the volunteer dropped the bandera and espada (sword) and put for the fence as fast as he could go. The fence was about four feet high, and the torero cleared it in a straight-way dive.

The poor bull was not so fortunate, although he was game enough to attempt the fence in his mad effort to catch his tormentor. He landed on top of the boards and stuck there, with his hind legs in the air, until he was released by some attendants who ventured from the other side of the ring.

I took a heap of fun out of the antics of my little hero, the bull, and was having a good laugh all to myself while the mob was going wild with disgust at the cowardice of Albertis when Aguirre advised me to suppress my mirth or there would be trouble for both of us.

When order was restored the little black bunch of muscle, brawn and grit was brought into the inclosure for the third time, but it took the efforts of two toreros bullfighters on horse-back and a professional foot fighter to beat him, and his defeat was then due only to the fact that he was exhausted.

Aguirre told me that it was bad form in Mexico to laugh at anything in a bullfight but the death of the bull, but I remarked to him that in all America he would not find a gringo who would not instantly grasp the funny side of that particular bullfight and carry it home so that others might laugh too.—Denver Republican.

The Reluctant Request.

Edgar—Ethel, I've left my umbrella downtown. Ethel—Well? Edgar—I'm afraid you'll have to lend me the gold handled umbrella you gave me on my birthday.—Detroit Free Press.

Read the Reporter.

THE AMERICAN DISEASE.

Indigestion, Chronic and Acute, and the Digestive Organs.

Indigestion, a phase of dyspepsia which has been called the American disease, is very common, and its disagreeable symptoms are but too well known. Chronic indigestion, or dyspepsia, is very prevalent, and in medical phrase an acute disease is opposed to chronic in the sense that while a chronic disease runs a long time the acute form is attended with severe symptoms and is likely to come speedily to a crisis.

Acute indigestion, therefore, is a condition in which the digestive organs, because they are either naturally weak or are worn out, overworked or temporarily abused, fail to perform their functions and the whole system is thrown "out of gear." This may be due primarily and directly to overeating or to eating improper food, to gorging the stomach with inadequately masticated food, to retarding its normal action with too much liquid or to other local influences.

In cases of acute indigestion or dyspepsia there generally is intense pain, often followed by sickness and vomiting of the surplus or offensive matter by which the stomach seeks to correct the effects of abuse and regain a normal condition. But it does not always succeed. Other measures of relief also fail, the machinery breaks down, and death ensues.

The main difference between chronic dyspepsia and acute indigestion is that one is slow death and the other quick. The moral as to dietetic habits, eating and drinking, is too obvious to need pointing out.—Indianapolis News.

AWED BY NAPOLEON.

Queer Impression the Emperor Made Upon Countess Potocka.

We waited rather long, and it must be acknowledged our curiosity was not unmingled with fright. Of a sudden the silence was broken by a swift rumor, the wings of the door opened noisily, and M. de Talleyrand advanced, with a loud and intelligible voice uttering the magic word that made the world tremble, "The emperor." Immediately Napoleon made his appearance and halted for a minute as if to be admired.

So many portraits exist of this astonishing man, his history has been so much written about, all the stories told by the children of his old soldiers will live so long, that the generations to come will know him almost as well as ourselves. But what will be difficult to grasp is how deep and unexpected the impression was which those felt who saw him for the first time.

As for me, I experienced a sort of stupor, a mute surprise, like that which seizes one at the aspect of a prodigy. It seemed to me that he wore an aureole. The only thought I could grasp when I recovered from this first shock was that such a being could not possibly die; that such a mighty organization, such a stupendous genius, should never perish. I inwardly awarded him double immortality.—From the Memoirs of the Countess Potocka.

The Pulse Watch.

Among the ingenious devices for the physician may be mentioned a watch constructed on the "stop" principle whereby the number of pulse beats per minute may be indicated. A push button is pressed at the beginning of the count and again at the twentieth pulsation, when the number of beats per minute is shown on a dial without the necessity for calculation. Still another push on the button brings the counter back to the starting point. In the ordinary method of taking the pulse the observer is obliged to do two things at the same time—count the beats and keep his eye on the second hand of his watch. With the pulse watch only one operation is necessary, the counting of the pulsation up to twenty, when the push button is pressed.—New York Press.

English Earthquakes.

English earthquakes are not uncommon, but we can rejoice that they have decreased in severity, for the damage done nowadays is as nothing compared with the ravages wrought by early English earthquakes. In 1580, for instance, part of St. Paul's cathedral was wrecked by an earthquake shock, and at an earlier date Glastonbury abbey had been completely destroyed. Staffordshire, where the latest shock was felt, would appear to be the earthquake area of England, for shocks were also felt there in 1903. Even as recently as 1884, however, an English earthquake was severe enough to require a mansion house fund to repair its ravages in the eastern counties.—London Chronicle.

London Street Beggars.

Speaking of the swarms of beggars and "panhandlers" in the English metropolis, the London Times says: "The streets of London never fail to attract the professional beggar and never disappoint him. The Mendicity society tells us that a beggar can earn more than the wages of the average working man and that 'it is probably no exaggeration to say that well over \$500,000 is given away haphazard to beggars in the streets of London every year.'"

Her Discovery.

"I have made a discovery," declared the bride. "So?" "Yes, I find one can cook as well on a stove as on a chafing dish. Really, I was surprised."—Louisville Courier Journal.

He never wrought a good day's work who went grumbling about it.—German.

The public sale season is on.

MENDING A FAUCET

An Easy Job That Mr. Gimp Tackled With Confidence.

IT GAVE HIM A BIG SURPRISE.

When He Got Through, or as Near Through as He Was Permitted to Get, He Was Rather Subdued—The Plumber's Comment Was Quite Brief.

Mr. Gimp came home from the city the other day and burst into his house with an air that meant business. He smiled when the maid told him his wife was out, laid a parcel on the stairs, took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, took his parcel and went up to the bathroom, where he opened the package. It contained a monkey wrench, a screw driver, half a dozen assorted rubber washers and a pipe wrench.

"Thank goodness, my wife's not home!" said Mr. Gimp. "If there is anything upsets a man it is the foolish questions a woman asks when he is trying to do a job. Plumber! She'd get a plumber to mend a leaky faucet, would she? I'll show her that a man of intelligence can do a job in five minutes that a plumber would take all day to do and charge \$5. Now!"

Mr. Gimp turned the faucet. Not a drop of water came out. He turned the other. It was dry. They were the bathtub faucets, and the far one had been leaking for a week, while Mr. Gimp promised day by day to attend to it.

"Well," said Mr. Gimp as he saw that no water came out of the faucets, "that's more sense than I thought that woman possessed. Turned off the water, did she? Didn't let it run all day when there was no need of it, hey? Now!"

Mr. Gimp took the monkey wrench in one hand and the pipe wrench in the other and climbed into the bathtub. Then he sat on the edge while he studied the faucet.

"Lemme see!" he said. "You take off that handle, and you unscrew that top dingus. That's what you do." So he did that. Twice the monkey wrench slipped and he skinned three knuckles, but he got the handle off, and he unscrewed the cap and pulled out the rod that held the washer. Then he peered down into the remaining portion of the faucet and looked at the washer.

The washer seemed in good condition. He peered into the faucet and ran his finger around it, accumulating iron rust on it. If the washer was not broken what could be the matter with the thing? There must be something the matter deeper down. He set his pipe wrench around the pipe and grasped the faucet with the monkey wrench. The faucet held like grim death. The more it resisted the more he pushed and pulled and grunted and said strong words.

When the faucet gave at last it gave suddenly, and Mr. Gimp fell over the side of the bathtub and landed with a bump that shook the house. He was up again in a minute and in the bathtub. The faucet was badly marred where the wrench had dug into its soft brass, and the nose of it was twisted awry, but the faucet was off. He took the faucet to the window and studied it. Except for the damage he had done it, there seemed nothing the matter with it.

"Some fool plumber," said Mr. Gimp angrily, "has put the wrong sort of washer into this faucet. That's what's the matter, and that's all."

He picked out a different sort of washer and put it on the plunger. It was not a good fit, but it was a change anyway.

"Now," said Mr. Gimp, and he climbed back into the bathtub. He humped himself down on his knees and looked into the water pipe on which he had to screw the faucet. "Now," he said.

As if that had been the signal, a strong, vigorous stream of water shot out of the pipe and struck Mr. Gimp in the eye. He gasped for breath and tumbled backward. But the stream pursued him. He got up and grappled with the stream.

Unless you have tried to grapple with a stream like that you cannot even faintly imagine the difficulty of giving it a good, self-satisfying grapple. A stream like that will not fight fair. If you put your hand over the pipe the stream will squirt out in forty-two directions. Some of them hit the ceiling. Most of them hit Mr. Gimp. He wrestled silently until the bathroom was well soaked and he was well soaked, and then he decided it was better just to let the stream spurt. It spurted into the bathtub anyway. So he got out of the tub and dripped on the floor and pawed water out of his hair and wiped water out of his eyes.

And just then the plumber came upstairs again. He had been down cellar to turn on the water after he had fixed the faucet, and it was quite natural that he should come up again to see if the faucet was well fixed. So he came up, and he looked into the bathroom, and he saw the faucet lying in the bathtub among wrenches and water, and he saw the water spurting heartily.

And all he said was, "Well, I'll be darned!" Just like that—"Well, I'll be darned!" That was all he said.—Ellis Parker Butler in Judge.

You are probably aware that pneumonia always results from a cold, but you never heard of a cold resulting in pneumonia when Chamberlain's Cough Remedy was used. Why take the risk when this remedy may be had for a trifle? For sale by all dealers.

Centre Reporter \$1 per year in advance.

Special prices at EMERY'S STORE during the month of March to clean up our odds and ends of Shoes, Dry Goods, etc.

We must have the room for new Spring and Summer goods.

This is an opportunity you cannot afford to miss, as the goods we are offering are all reasonable and in good condition.

C. F. EMERY, - - - Centre Hall

To those wishing to do their Spring Sewing:

We have just received Dress Goods White Goods Lawns, Linens Percales Gingham Calicoes Willow tubing and casing Sheeting, Shirtings

A new line of Embroidery for Full Skirts, and All Over to match Laces & Insertions

Embroideries and Insertions, per yd. 5c

Call and see

H. F. Rossman SPRING HILLS, PA.

LADIES' "FITZ-EZY" SHOES will cure corns!

SOLD ONLY AT YEAGER'S SHOE STORE BELLEFONTE

The Hoosier Double Row Corn Planter

is one of the most correctly constructed planters manufactured; drops absolutely regular, depth easily controlled; draft light.

THE DeLAVAL CREAM SEPARATOR

is acknowledged to be the only perfect machine. DeLAVAL SEPARATOR OIL will prove a great economy if used on any separator or other high-gear machine.

D. W. BRADFORD CENTRE HALL, PA. Bell Telephone calls will be promptly answered.

A NEAT AND LEGIBLE SALE BILL

draws the attention of prospective buyers and causes every article to be read with care. We print your bill with this end in view. Our equipment of poster type is far above the average. We have added a strong, legible type face—for descriptive use—to our sale printing department, which will enable us to print better bills this spring than ever before.

Our prices are cheaper but not the quality of work

The Centre Reporter Centre Hall, Pa.