

KEYSTONE OARSMEN

Defeat the Crews of Wisconsin, Cornell and Columbia.

THE WONDERS FROM THE WEST.

Wisconsin's Oarsmen Led From the Start, and Had the Race Well in Hand, When Their Coxswain, to Avert an Accident, Steered Out of the Course.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., June 18.—Twenty thousand people yesterday saw one of the most exciting four mile boat races ever witnessed in the history of college rowing. Five thousand people on the observation train yelled themselves hoarse in frantic appeals to the various college crews to do their best, and with the other 15,000 they saw the Pennsylvania crew come over the line by a short half length from the Wisconsin, who lost in the last 200 yards by bad steering. Cornell, the victor in former years, pulled after, full four lengths in the rear, and Columbia, never in the fight after the end of the first mile, trailed in a good three lengths from the stern of the Cornell boat.

It was the kind of a race that makes the blood tingle, and was made so by the crew that came over a thousand miles to meet former victors, for without the gallant Wisconsin in the race it would have been a doleful procession after the second mile was scored. To say that there was surprise on the observation train and amid the great crowds upon the banks when the Wisconsin shell swept mile after mile of the course until the last half was reached, with a clear lead over all the crews, is putting it mildly. When the people on the bank, unable to place the stranger crew, looked toward the observation train inquiringly and were told that it was Wisconsin, they were almost dumb with amazement, and when those on the train saw the gallant struggle, mile after mile, they dropped their appeals for their own crews and yelled in a friendly manner for the boys from the west.

The alleged ragged stroke, the badly keeled boat, the too long reach, all were forgotten as the fast moving craft kept its sharp nose to the fore, and then the people saw the leaders turn out toward the shore at the finish and lose the race to the men from Pennsylvania by a short half length. Well did the Pennsylvanians obey the injunction of Ellis Ward to not lose their heads. From the first eighth of a mile they rowed a stern, hard chase, at one time being astern of both Cornell and Wisconsin, but their pluck and endurance sent them over the line first in good time and by such a small margin that the glory is greater.

For Cornell, the winner of many battles, the contest proved to be a race only in two miles. For those first two miles she did gallant work, but she was struggling against evidently better crews, and it was only by exertions of a phenomenal nature that she managed to keep the nose of the boat ahead of Pennsylvania for a brief time in the second mile. Of Columbia it may be said that she was outclassed from the start, and, barring an accident, there was never a time when she stood a chance of winning the race. She went to the rear in the first quarter of a mile, although she made a good start, and stayed all through the race. After the second mile the contest was between Wisconsin and Pennsylvania, with Wisconsin keeping the lead until the unfortunate break that gave Pennsylvania the winning chance. It was after passing the quarter mile point that Wisconsin was seen to swerve badly toward the western shore, and to the surprise of everybody maintained this course, although it took them inside of a number of small pleasure boats and fully 500 yards, if they maintained their angle, out of their course at the finish.

Coxswain J. G. Dillen, of the Wisconsin, was greatly crestfallen over his defeat, but has explained it to the satisfaction of the crew. It seems that he went out of his course in order to avoid a collision with a berry crate floating ahead of his boat.

Naturally the Pennsylvania boat, pulled desperately by the Quakers, gained upon the Wisconsin boat, and as they passed into the last quarter the noses of the shells were on a line. The Pennsylvania contingent on the train were frantic with joy, and, standing up, gave vent to their feelings with yells to the crew to win the race. The Wisconsin boat, unable to turn back into its lane, had found dead water in the new lane which they had sought near the shore, and, pull as they would, and as desperately as they did, the nose of Pennsylvania came out inch by inch, until it crossed the line a scant half length ahead of the badgers' boat. It was a finish that set wild with delight every lover of good sport. The Cornell boat was fully three lengths to the rear of the Wisconsin boat, while the Columbia's finished gamely their stern chase almost four lengths behind Cornell. None of the crews were in what could be called bad condition when they finished.

Official summary: Pennsylvania's time, 20:04; Wisconsin, 20:05 1/2; Cornell, 20:13; Columbia, 20:20. The record for this course is 19:29.

Right after crossing the line the giants from Wisconsin paused a moment to take in their surroundings and then wormed their way out from among the maze of rowboats and small yachts that lined the course on its shore side. They were in the pink of condition, not a man in the eight showing the least symptom of collapse, and immediately rowed across the river to their boathouse, which is situated about opposite the finish mark.

The victory of Pennsylvania was the second in the series, the crew of that university having won the four oared two mile race against Cornell's crew, Pennsylvania's time, 11:12; Cornell, 11:14 1/2.

The two mile race between the eight oared freshmen crews on Monday was won by Cornell, with Columbia second and Pennsylvania third. Cornell's time, 9:55; Columbia, 10; Pennsylvania, 10:10.

SPRING SHIRT WAIST.

It Has Many Points of Difference from That of Last Season.

The new shirt waist is a subject of vast interest and importance to every woman in the land, for no matter how poor she may be, she greets the summer attired in a trim light waist and a tidy dark skirt.

The new shirt waist has many points of difference from last year's waist. In the first place, it has seven essential points of difference from the old shirt waist. How exciting! Especially when we had about concluded that the shirt waist schemes could be expanded no further.

The fullness in the front piece is made by plaits in two groups. One group is run into the neckband as close as can be sewn to the button strip, and the other into the shoulder seam, about two inches from the first group. The plaits turn out, away from the center—just the reverse of the former way.

The yoke no longer appears in front, but is entirely confined to the back of the shirt waist, and that in a modified form. For, instead of the yoke coming down in a point behind, there is a point cut away in the center of it, and the material of the back piece of the waist runs all the way up to the neckband in the middle.

The sleeves of the new waist are about the same size as last year's, but the cuffs are somewhat narrower, and the corners, to be quite correct, must turn back like those of a Piccadilly collar.

Shirred tucking is used on the more elaborate waist. It is very effective, especially when made up in alternate rows with lace insertion.

A beautiful soft and washable fabric called silk pongee is the favorite material for the best shirt waist. This material shows a delicate floral design, as well as cording in form of a plaid.

Two new neckties, which in all probability will be seen accompanying the new shirt waist, the narrow satin ties, with tiny nickel buckles and holes—just like little belts, and the mascot with a very wide end. The latter has with it—if so desired—a stock collar to match.—Chicago Chronicle.

MARKING LINEN.

It is Done in a Plain and Simple Manner with Needle and Thread.

Household embroidery is a form of decorative work entirely distinct from that known as "art needlework" and is, as its name signifies, a form of needlework used to embellish in a practical manner household articles, principally bed linen, table linen, towels and children's underwear.

In Denmark and Germany the marking of linen in this way is as much a matter of course as the hem on a sheet or a tablecloth is in this country. It is a pity that as much cannot be said for this country, as attention to details of this sort goes far to make up the dainty refinements of home life.

The "household" lettering is really all that is required in order to mark one's linen simply and beautifully, and to do these letters satisfactorily requires hardly any practice. The principal stitches employed are outline of a very fine and even quality—long and short stitch, buttonhole stitch, French knots, satin stitch, feather stitch and seed stitch.

Table linen looks best in pure white. For towels, red, white, blue, or a mixture of any two is suitable. In "household" lettering the effect depends entirely upon the care with which the work is done. Little details should be attended to. No matter how the stitches may be worked, if the letter is stamped on the cloth in a careless, slovenly way the effect is completely ruined, and if well stamped and poorly worked the effect is the same. Neatness and exactness should be the motto.—Hartford Times.

A Gentle Hint.

Polish yourself up, madam; you had a pretty wit once, a pleasant laugh, a conversation that was not confined exclusively to the shortcomings of servants, the wrongdoings of tradesmen. My dear madam, we do not live on spotless linen and crumpled carpets. Hunt out that bundle of old letters you kept tied up in faded ribbon at the back of your bureau drawer—a pity you don't read them oftener! He did not enthuse about your cuffs and collars, gush about the neatness of your darning. It was your tangled hair he raved about, your sunny smile—we have not seen it for some years, madam—the fault of the cook and the butcher, I presume; your little hands, your rose-bud mouth—it has lost its shape, madam, of late. Try a little less scolding of Mary Ann, and practice a laugh once a day; you might get back the dainty curves. It would be worth trying. It was a pretty mouth once.—Jerome K. Jerome.

Brushing Hair Backwards.

Have you ever tried brushing your hair the wrong way? I know a little woman whose hair had long been thin and scraggy. She was in despair, having used a host of different tonics without benefit, when a French maid suggested brushing the hair the wrong way, assuring her mistress that in Paris this was a favorite way of grooming the hair. The American woman decided to try the experiment. Her maid carefully divided the hair into many small parts, and then, with a huge and very stiff brush, began her work. Holding the extreme end of the strand to be brushed in her left hand, she started at the bottom of it and brushed upward toward the head. After each strand had gone through this process the maid smoothed each hair back into its original position. Now the woman brushes her hair in this manner each night and morning. She declares it has proved more beneficial than an expensive tonic.—N. Y. Herald.

MEXICO'S QUEEREST CITY.

Catorce, So Named Because It Was the Stronghold of Fourteen Robbers.

Eight miles due east over the mountains from Catorce station, on the Mexican National railroad, is the city of that name, a city along whose steep, winding streets neither wagons nor cart, neither stage nor bus, nor any other wheeled vehicle was ever known to pass, although it has often boasted of a population of 40,000 souls.

The city takes its name from once being the stronghold and property of a band of 14 of the most daring, desperate, dangerous and successful robbers that ever laid tribute on roads of Mexico. They discovered, and for many years worked, the rich deposits of silver that abound in this entire section of the country—deposits, the value of which, if current reports be true, for hundreds of years overvalued the mythical riches related of Ophir. Strange to relate, every piece of machinery, every pound of freight, and every passenger to and from Catorce is transported today, as for centuries past, either on the backs of men or mules.

Catorce is one of the most interesting places in Mexico. Here are found the customs of Mexico in their purity, unaffected by the influence of the stranger. Difficult of access, the town can be reached only by horseback or on foot. Catorce has seldom been visited by any except those making business trips. The ride up the mountains into the town is something, once accomplished, always to be remembered, partly from its element of personal peril, but more because of the beauty of the landscape encountered at every turn. Glancing down, as you near your journey's end, you catch a gleam of the white walls of Los Catorces outlined against the green of the mountain side. Thousands of feet below shimmer the waters of a mountain stream. The shifting coloring of the mountains as light and shade chase each other over their rugged expanse, the browns and greens of the valley below, and the hills in the hazy distance are "beautiful exceedingly."

The Real de Catorce is built on the side of a ravine near the top of the range, and has a varying population of 8,000 to 40,000, as the mines are paying well or poorly. Here are found all varieties of silver ore from carbonates to refractory ore, assaying \$15,000 to the ton. Catorce has a fine cathedral, richly decorated, and a pretty plaza, the only level spot in the place. To use a railroad phrase, it is a combination of cut and fill, so that to tumble into it on one side and out the other would be extremely disastrous. The streets are neatly paved, and run up and down hill, many of them at an angle of 45 degrees. Altogether this is one of the show places of Mexico.—Modern Mexico.

SOME CURIOUS RECORDS.

Singing 50 Hymns in 58 Minutes and Making 2,000 Sandwiches a Day.

A unique record has lately been made at Bruges—not with the view of proving who should smoke the greatest quantity of tobacco in a given time, but the more economical way of finding out who could make four grammes of tobacco last the longest without allowing the pipe to be extinguished. The holder of the record contrived to keep his pipe alight for 67 minutes.

A German, aged 49, has made a curious record. He told a friend that he was going to make a record, and did so by swallowing 250 fruit stones. Having made his record, he experienced excruciating pain. While under treatment, on the first day of sojourn in the hospital, the medical men succeeded in removing 200 stones.

A very curious record was made recently by the head carver in a cafe, situated in one of the boulevards of Paris. A visitor from Cuba offered a prize of 1,000 francs to the man who could make 2,000 complete sandwiches in 24 hours. The carver accomplished the extraordinary feat in 19 hours and 4 minutes, thereby establishing a record in sandwich cutting.

A record was made a few weeks ago in stealing, by a French lady. She is a middle-aged lady, with a passion for smoking, which has caused her to make a record in stealing. She has succeeded in pilfering 2,600 pipes (all meerschaums), which were found in her lodgings.

An extraordinary record has lately been made by an adjutant of the Salvation Army. He has achieved the marvelous record of singing 59 hymns in 58 minutes.

A very curious record was that made by a Manchester servant girl. She had just completed, a few weeks ago, her sixth month in the service of her mistress, in the capacity of "general," and in that time she had succeeded in breaking 25 cups, 20 glasses, two washing basins, a complete dinner service and half another besides.—Tit-Bits.

Learned Bird.

"Pretty Polly!" said the visitor, approaching the cage. "Want a—?" "My name," interrupted the parrot, speaking slowly and distinctly, "is Ibsen, and I want nothing. I am meditating."

"He's a queer bird," explained the hostess. "He won't eat anything but beans. I think my husband got him somewhere in the east."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Preposterous.

M. de Beauchamp, the living skeleton, was plainly jealous. "You seem to forget you are engaged!" he protested. "Mlle. Eau d'Omaha, the fat lady, laughed in his face. "The very idea of expecting a person to be wholly wrapped up in one man!" she exclaimed, with a fine scorn.—Detroit Journal.

AMERICAN CEDAR.

We Supply Almost All the Wood Used in Lead Pencil Manufacture—Whole Forests for Matches.

"The American pine and cedar cannot be equaled anywhere in this world," remarked a foreign manufacturer to a Star reporter, "and my visit to this country this time is to make some contracts for a supply of the same. I am interested in sawed lumber of all kinds, the greater part of which of course we obtain in Europe. The American pine and cedar, however, have to be secured here. Nine-tenths of the lead pencils used in the world are manufactured of American cedar, a large part of which is grown in Florida. Some so-called American manufactured lead pencils are made in Europe, but the cedar from which they are made all comes from this country. It is shipped to Europe in convenient sized logs and manufactured in proper shape after it arrives there. There are a number of cedars throughout the world, but the Florida cedar is particularly valuable in the manufacture of lead pencils. It is of a fine structure, the grain being hardly distinguishable, and can be worked up to the last inch. In the various grades of the cheaper pencils other cedars can be used, but for the finer goods the American cedar is exclusively used. For all practical purposes all the pencils used in Europe are manufactured of Florida cedar. Much of the lead, plumbago and graphite which is used in them also comes from this country. There are a number of woods in Europe that are used in the manufacture of matches, but the American pines are gradually weeding them all out, for the reason that the American pines can be handled and worked at less expense than any other woods. The amount of wood consumed in matches amounts to two or three forests of trees a day, but even with this consumption hardly any increase has been made, for the growth more than keeps up the supply. The American match, as well as the wood, now goes to all parts of the world. The business is simply enormous, and it is constantly on the increase."—Washington Star.

SURRENDER OF SANTIAGO.

Gen. Shafter's Description of the Close of the Campaign in Eastern Cuba.

As witnesses of the ceremony of surrender, I took the general officers with their staffs, and a guard of 100 men. Gen. Toral brought out with him his general officers and staffs and a body of troops of the same number. Gen. Ludlow had given me the sword and spurs taken from the body of Gen. Vara del Rey, who had been killed in the defense of El Caney, and requested me to give them to Gen. Toral. During the interview prior to the declaration of surrender I handed Gen. Toral the sword, informing him of the circumstances and the request from the officer who had secured it that it be taken back by Gen. del Rey's companions to his home in Spain, and given to his family. The presentation of these articles was entirely unexpected by Gen. Toral, and as I spoke in English it was not until the translation was completed that he fully realized what I was doing. He then showed a great deal of feeling; in fact, he could hardly speak, as his emotions nearly overpowered him. He received the sword and spurs and handed them to one of his staff, all of whom were equally surprised and gratified. Gen. Toral then made the formal declaration of the surrender. He placed himself in front of the hundred men that he had been permitted to bring out to represent the Spanish army, with his officers near him. Our detachment was drawn up in lines fronting them. Advancing to the front of the center of his troops, he drew his sword and presented arms, and said: "I surrender the Spanish troops under my command, and this place." I was about 20 feet in front of and facing him, and, causing my command to present arms, replied that I accepted his surrender in behalf of the government of the United States. This completed the ceremony of the surrender so far as the troops were concerned.—Gen. William R. Shafter, in Century.

Peccolities of Filipinos.

The Filipino is artistic and his clothing is clean—two tremendous strides toward civilization. The men do clever work in wool, silver, and brass. Their old war-knives are highly embellished. Their pottery is often picturesque, and the clothing of the women, made of the indigenous fiber that abounds throughout the islands, is picturesque, and has a jaunty, attractive style, which their straight forms and exposed shoulders carry off well. The fiber is often woven as finely as silk, and some of the drawn work of the Filipino lace makers is most exquisite and expensive. I have seen single handkerchiefs which could not be purchased under \$300. The Filipinos love jewelry, and some of the crude settings contain magnificent pearls, found along the shores of the islands. The women, as a class, are attractive—many are really pretty. While eschewing shoes, gloves, and hats, they often wear dresses of the finest texture, beautifully embroidered, and made with a flowing train. Both sexes love music, and the Filipino music is not the wild banging of tom-toms and the beating of cymbals and drums; nor is it the squeak of the two-stringed violin and the pounding of sticks attune, as with the Chinese and Japanese; but it has melody and air, for the Tagal plays all the instruments of the European, and outplays him on many. Aguinado's band of 60 pieces is one of the finest on the island.—Edwin Wildman, in Leslie's Weekly.

Capital Needed. Smith—Have you got your flying machine onto the market yet? Inventor—Why, no! I can't start the thing on air, you know!—Puck.

CANCER IS DEADLY!

Results Fatally in Nine Cases Out of Ten—A Cure Found at Last.

This fearful disease often first appears as a mere scratch, a pimple, or lump in the breast, too small to attract any notice, until, in many cases, the deadly disease is fully developed.

Cancer can not be cured by a surgical operation, because the disease is a virulent poison in the blood, circulating throughout the system, and although the sore or ulcer—known as the Cancer—may be cut away, the poison remains in the blood, and promptly breaks out afresh, with renewed violence.

The wonderful success of S. S. S. in curing obstinate, deep-seated blood diseases which were considered incurable, induced a few despairing sufferers to try it for Cancer, after exhausting the skill of the physicians without a cure. Much to their delight S. S. S. proved equal to the disease and promptly effected a cure. The glad news spread rapidly, and it was soon demonstrated beyond doubt that a cure had at last been found for deadly Cancer. Evidence has accumulated which is incontrovertible, of which the following is a specimen:

"Cancer is hereditary in our family, my father, a sister and an aunt having died from this dreadful disease. My feelings may be imagined when the horrible disease made its appearance on my side. It was a malignant Cancer, eating inwardly in such a way as to cause great alarm. The disease seemed beyond the skill of the doctors, for their treatment did no good whatever, the Cancer growing worse all the while. Numerous remedies were used for it, but the Cancer grew steadily worse, until it seemed that I was doomed to follow the others of the family, for I know how deadly Cancer is, especially when inherited. I was advised to try Swift's Specific (S. S. S.), which, from the first day, forced out the poison. I continued its use until I had taken eighteen bottles, when I was cured sound and well, and have had no symptoms of the dreadful affliction, though many years have elapsed. S. S. S. is the only cure for Cancer.—Mrs. S. M. IDOL, Winston, N. C.



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