

THE TRANSVAAL SNARL.

Events Have Again Taken an Alarming Turn.

TO RESIST BRITISH DEMANDS.

Boer Government Will Concede Reforms Only on Conditions Already Reported—Women and Children Fleeing From Johannesburg.

London, Aug. 30.—The Pretoria correspondent of The Chronicle telegraphs: Events have taken an alarming turn. Great Britain, at the request of the Uitlanders' council, has enlarged the original demands of Sir Alfred Milner, the British high commissioner, and is adopting the view of Cecil Rhodes that President Kruger will never withstand an ultimatum. I have, however, high authority for asserting that the nation will not yield to an unconditional demand for giving effect to the Milner program, but will concede reforms on the conditions already reported.

The Times, referring editorially to the statement of William P. Schreiner, the Cape premier, that in the event of war he would do his best to keep the Cape Colony aloof from the struggle, says: "This is a startling misconception of duty. When the government of the queen declares war it is the duty of all loyal subjects, whatever their position, not to keep aloof, but to do their utmost to bring the struggle to a successful end."

The members of the progressive party in the Cape house of assembly, according to a dispatch from Cape-town, freely declare their dissatisfaction with the speech of the premier, W. P. Schreiner, in the debate precipitated by Right Hon. Sir John Gordon Spriggs' motion to adjourn as a censure of the policy of the government with respect to the transit of arms intended for the Orange Free State. They announce their intention of organizing public meetings to protest against Mr. Schreiner's course in the matter.

Dispatches received from Pretoria and Durban show that the Uitlanders are suffering greatly from the strain involved in the political crisis. Many ladies are leaving Pietermaritzburg, capital of Natal. The women are preparing a petition to Queen Victoria in favor of peace, which will be sent to all parts of the colony for signatures. The Cape-town correspondent of The Daily Mail says: A pitiable scene was witnessed at the railway station today on the arrival from Johannesburg of 150 children whose parents are too poor to come themselves. It is estimated that 15,000 people have left the Transvaal since the crisis began.

In the house of assembly today the government announced that it was considering a proposal to afford greater facilities for women and children to leave Johannesburg.

Bechuanaland is in a state of ferment, owing to the fears of a Boer raid. Colonel Baden-Powell's forces there are wholly inadequate to protect such an extended frontier, and the Boers appear to be quietly concentrating in the western part of the Transvaal. A Boer spy has been arrested in Ramattabana camp, in British Bechuanaland.

The Standard and Diggers News, of Johannesburg, credits General Joubert, the commander-in-chief of the Transvaal forces and vice president of the republic, with the statement that, although he is personally desirous to do everything to preserve peace, the situation is such that the republic must be prepared for war.

The Johannesburg correspondent of The Morning Post says: President Kruger, in the course of an interview regarding the crisis, said he considered the Boer position best defined by Psalm 83.

JIMINEZ UNDER ARREST.

Santo Domingo Pretender Held by Order of General Wood.

Santiago de Cuba, Aug. 30.—General Juan Isidro Jimenez, the revolutionary aspirant to the presidency of the republic of Santo Domingo, who arrived here on Monday with his two sons by the south coast steamer, but was not allowed to land, came ashore yesterday and was placed under arrest by the order of General Leonard Wood, the military governor, who will not permit him to proceed to Santo Domingo except after instructions to that effect from Havana.

General Jimenez is very indignant at the treatment to which he is subjected, though he does not attempt to conceal his intention to proceed to Santo Domingo and to become president of the republic.

General Jimenez said that when General Heurieux, the late president of Santo Domingo, was assassinated, he cabled to his friends in Santo Domingo to do nothing until his arrival. The principal portion of the revolutionary forces complied with this request, but he asserted, his detention by the Americans had forced a general outbreak, which would probably be successful immediately, and would certainly accomplish its purpose within ten days after his arrival in the country.

News has reached here from Santo Domingo confirming the report of the defeat by the revolutionists of General Pepin, in command of a government force, who lost 30 men killed and had 40 of his soldiers captured. In addition General Pepin was compelled to abandon a convoy of provisions.

McLean For Governor of Ohio, Zanesville, O., Aug. 30.—Although the Democratic state ticket will not be nominated till late this afternoon, the result was decisively forecast in the preliminary meetings last evening. The McLean men carried a large majority of the 21 congressional districts, and will control not only the convention, but also the party machinery in Ohio until the next presidential election.

Another Mountain Climber Killed, Vienna, Aug. 30.—Frau Julia Steiner, a teacher, started on Sunday to climb the Plana, in the Julian alps, without a guide. As she did not return a search was made for her, and her mutilated body was found at the foot of a rock 200 meters high.

SPANISH GARROTE.

Relic of Modern Barbarism Unearthed from an Old Havana Prison.

Among the many relics of the Spanish war taken to the government palace for cataloguing none is attracting more attention in Havana just now than the old official garrote. The machine has been in active service for more than a century, the last executioner, an aged negro convict, having presided at 70 ceremonies. The garrote itself is a shabby enough old trap, consisting mainly of rusty iron and an unpainted board or two. The Dons are awfully punctilious in regard to form, but scandalously careless of appearance. A judge who might have seven kinds of fits if he should omit one syllable of the interminably long harangue delivered at the scene of the judicial murder, would calmly officiate at the same in a condition which to the untrained olfactories of the ignorant Yankees might savor of the humble animal the Dons declare we resemble. Thus it is that the garrote is simple to excess. It is about ten feet high all told. The platform, which is four feet from the ground, is some six feet square. Attached to the iron column which runs through and supports this is an iron chair. Two feet above this is the fatal screw. The culprit (?) is seated in this chair with his hands and feet firmly tied, and his eyes blindfolded. At the proper moment, a twist is given to the screw, which penetrates his neck and breaks his spinal column. The operation may or may not be very painful. If it were not for the peculiarly fiendish manner in which the affairs were conducted there is reason to believe that the garrote is less inhuman than either the rope or the chair. It is the Spanish who have thrown the method into odium.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

CALLING CURLEW.

How the Fowler Steals Upon the Birds in the Gunning Season.

Taking off shoes and stockings and walking with naked feet in sand, mud and running water, with the slanting sun still hot and the whole marsh smelling like a salt pan, we followed endless windings until the fowler arrived opposite a point where the birds had settled in the morning. Sticking our toes into the mud of the bank, we climbed to where our heads were level with the fringe of crab grass and peeped over. No birds were visible except a flock of gulls. But the old man knew that the curlew were near. Keeping close under cover of the bank, he began a series of piercing whistles, uttered with the aid of a piece of tin like a croquet clip. In a second the sleepy and silent marsh was full of sound. Curlews screaming, whimbrels calling, the harsh clatter of the terns and the wild whistle of the redshanks filled the air. In an instant more the whole mixed multitude came drifting over our heads, curlews, gulls, whimbrel and redshanks together.

We shot a brace of curlew, missing two more, when the most astonishing part of the performance began. The old gunner continued whistling, and at the same time shook his cap over the edge of the creek. The birds apparently do not know this trick, and take it for another curlew "jumping." Back they came, and another bird was shot; nor did the others leave for some time, but remained as long as the gunner whistled, circling round and screaming, just beyond range of shot. We picked up our birds and crossed the marshes to the sandhills, where we had permission to shoot some rabbits with the rook rifle.—Cornhill Magazine.

Street Cars of Havana.

The street car lines of Havana are all controlled by one company, known as the Urbano company, and the entire length of all the systems is about 25 miles. The cars of the company are dirty and old. Each car is drawn at a snail's pace by three mules, except on the line to Vedado, where steam dummies are the propelling power. There has always been stealing on the line by employes, and the usual corruption attendant upon the management of any enterprise, public or semi-public, by Spanish interests. The Spanish soldiers never pretend to pay fare on any of the lines, and on some of them it was the custom not to charge fare for persons who rode on the platform. The entire system was run down, with miserable rolling stock and roadbed; and yet, with all these disadvantages, and with the corruption that found a lodging place there, it managed to pay such dividends that the stock is said to have been quoted at par.—Harper's Weekly.

Reflections of an Old Maid.

Anything worth doing in this world is hard to do. Hope paints beautiful pictures and actuality puts a knife through the canvas. In some cases even matrimony is not an absolute cure for old maidishness. There is nothing so irritating as the constitutional patience of intolerably good-natured people. The energy which some expend to make the burden of idleness bearable would accomplish a good deal of work. He who says he longs for death has need of a larger intellectual, emotional or physical vitality. In a word, he really longs for life.—Detroit Free Press.

British Empire.

The British empire is now a territory of 11,500,000 square miles, or 13,000,000 if we include Egypt and the Sudan, and in this territory there is a population of about 407,000,000, which would be increased to over 420,000,000 if Egypt and the Sudan were included—a population about one-fourth of the whole population of the earth. Of the population, again, about 50,000,000 are of English speech and race.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

QUEER POSTAL SERVICE.

That of Havana When the United States Took Charge of Its System.

Under the Spanish system the letter carriers received their pay by charging from three to five cents, and sometimes more, for every letter they delivered. It took only a day or two to have that system abolished in Havana, much to the relief of the merchants. The carriers were put on salaries equivalent to that which they were supposed to earn by the assessment method they were permitted to use under the former regime.

The carriers under the Spanish system not only charged for the delivery of mail matter, but they rifled letters freely, and made money by stealing stamps from mail matter and selling them. The letters and other grades of mail matter would be forwarded without stamps, and the carrier at the other end of the route would collect not only for delivery, but for the stamps that had been stolen. There was simply an unparalleled looseness in the conduct of post office business, and every man seemed to have license to steal wherever he could. Even newspapers would be stolen from bundles and sold for whatever could be got for them.

Another form of corruption was evident when the salary lists were examined. There was no scale of salaries. In one city a postmaster would receive twice the salary that the postmaster of a larger city received. Salaries seemed to be arranged on the "pull" plan, with the possibilities of division with the appointing power afterward. Places that under the liberal payment of the United States would rate at \$1,500 a year were worth frequently as much as \$3,000 a year.—Harper's Weekly.

THE REPORTORIAL SCOOP.

How It Was Worked on a St. Louis Scribe by a Conscientious Contemporary.

A reporter named Jones on a daily in St. Louis was detailed to interview the governor of another state, who had slipped into the city on a secret political mission, says the San Francisco Argonaut. He learned to his disgust that Jackson, the star reporter of a rival sheet, also proposed to call in an hour. Acting on inspiration, he sent up a card bearing Jackson's name and was promptly admitted. When he had learned all he wanted he asked, with gross intentional impudence, whether the information was really true.

The governor turned purple. "D'y' question my word?" he asked. "Oh, don't get gay!" replied Jones airily: "common governors cut no ice with my office."

"The old man foamed at the mouth. 'You insolent scoundrel,' he roared, 'get out of my room!'" That was exactly what Jones wanted and he went.

Presently Jackson showed up. "Here, boy," he said, pompously, "take my card to the governor." When the old man looked at the pasteboard he nearly expired. "The blankety-blanked infamous villain!" he spluttered. "I never heard of such blankety-blanked effrontery in my life! Tell that miscreant if he or anybody else from his infernal paper comes up here I'll kill 'em!" The word was carried to Jackson, who went away raving. Next day the paper intimated the governor was in town on a bender. Jones' paper had a capital interview and a big "scoop."

FIRE SERVICE IN ENGLAND.

The Force Employed in London is Only Half as Large as That of Paris.

The British towns seem to have the smallest number of paid firemen of any cities in Europe and America, says Municipal Affairs. The London fire brigade has about 800 men, about the same number as Berlin, which has only a fourth of the population, and less than one-half the size of the Paris corps. Glasgow has but 100 men to 800,000 population; Leeds but 33 to 400,000 people, and Sheffield 22 men to a population of 350,000. Liverpool, Bristol, Cardiff, Norwich, Bromley and other towns have no separately organized fire department, the work of suppressing fires being performed by the regular police force. The expenditures for fire protection are on a similarly unimportant scale. Thus Leeds spends less than \$5,000 a year, and Sheffield less than \$10,000 a year; Preston, with a population of 113,000, reports only \$1,200 spent for its fire brigade, and Norwich, with 100,000 population, only \$750 a year. A few towns, however, show a somewhat larger range of expenditures. Glasgow and Liverpool each annually expend in the neighborhood of \$75,000—about ten cents per capita—and proportionate amounts are expended by Edinburgh, Dublin, Belfast and Salford. The London brigade costs about \$950,000, or 20 cents per capita. But even these exceptional instances are below the per capita expenditures for fire protection in other European cities of the same size.

A Faithful Dog.

The Paris Figaro relates a touching souvenir of the poet de Musset, as mentioned by the poet's governess, Mme. Adele Collin Martillet, who has just published her memoirs. The poet had a small dog named Marzo. After the poet died, the dog, supposing him absent, continued to await his return at the same hour every evening for a period of seven years, when it also died. Mme. Martillet's husband took the dog to Antwerp to be buried, and found some workmen engaged in digging out a new street. The faithful dog was buried by the men, and the street in which the animal's remains were laid is called the Rue de Musset.

Invention by the Marquis of Lorne. The marquis of Lorne has taken out a patent for a brake to be applied to the back wheel of a bicycle.

CONCERNING CLOTHES MOTHS.

Some Valuable Information as to Protecting Furs and Woollens from Their Ravages.

The month of June is that in which the depredations of the clothes moth, that most destructive of household pests, are chiefly to be dreaded. Never safe from it, in the steam heated atmosphere of our city houses, the warm, damp evenings of the early summer, when furs and woollens, though little used, are still kept out in case of possible need, are those in which it finds its greatest opportunities and works its most appalling mischief, mischief often not discovered until months later, when the cherished garment is found to be a ghastly wreck.

Entomologists tell us that this innocent looking little silver gray insect, smaller than the ordinary house fly, lays 500 eggs; therefore it is no wonder that the progeny of a single moth miller is sufficient to destroy a whole garment and a large one at that. Your costly fur cape is lying on your lap in the carriage, as you take your drive, or tossed down on a chair as you come in. In amongst its silky hairs creeps Mme. Tinea Microlepidoptera and deposits her eggs where her offspring will find comfortable quarters and abundant food. Nature has provided her with the means of fastening the infinitesimal eggs securely at the very root of the hairs. Therefore when you give your furs a cursory examination and lay them away until fall, alas and a-lack-a-day, when the fall comes the fur flies, and Ichabod is written above your beautiful wrap. So if you wish to escape such a catastrophe, be careful. Pounds of tar and camphor will not preserve your garment if the moth eggs have already been deposited when they are laid away. Practical experience proves that while the moth miller objects to strong odors of any sort, the worm which does the mischief has apparently no olfactory organs, and will do its deadly work in the midst of tar and camphor galore. If there are no moths in the garments when laid away, and you wrap them securely in newspapers—moths, like other evil doers, object to printer's ink—you may feel reasonably secure that they are safe. The thing is to make sure that no moths are in them, and that none can get at them.

A cedar chest is a nice thing to have, more especially if you live in a flat and it takes the shape of a box lounge, but a good packing trunk, lined with two thicknesses of newspapers laid between the clothing at every layer, is just as efficacious for the preservation of the goods. Indeed, if you like, you may keep your rugs on the floor all summer and your wraps in the wardrobe, and if you beat and brush them regularly twice a week they are as safe as though packed away.

I once asked a well-known furrier what moth preventive he preferred. His answer was: "A man with a stick." Then he went on to explain that all the garments in his shop were kept hanging in cedar-lined closets, and once a week, all the year round, were taken out and well beaten and examined. This proceeding rendered them perfectly safe. Nowadays the large houses use cold storage, and your costly furs which they insure for the summer are kept in rooms where the air is as dry as a bone and many degrees below freezing. Any venturesome moth who should gain access to the safety deposit chamber would be at once frozen stiff. This is also good for the furs, since warm weather is injurious to their beauty. A month's wear in warm weather is harder on fine furs than years of use with the mercury at freezing.

As the moth miller has a supersensitive nose, it rarely attacks any fur with a scent, however faint. Seal skin is comparatively safe from their ravages, and the beautiful skunk fur, which, however carefully deodorized, still retains a slight scent, is never molested. But in laying away your seal skins be careful to see that every hair is in its correct position. Carelessness in this regard is certain to produce a rough and rubbed effect which can only be remedied by a visit to the furrier and expensive treatment at his hands.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Cup Pudding.

One heaping cupful of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one pinch of salt, one piece of lard the size of an egg; stir the above ingredients with milk to make a dough. Put one-fourth or more of a cupful of fruit, either plums, cherries or berries, and plenty of juice, in each teacup, and nearly fill with the dough described above. Steam an hour in these cups, without lifting the cover. Then put in saucers and serve with the following dressing. The juice of the fruit ought to run over the pudding when it is turned out: Dressing.—One-half teacupful of sugar, one teaspoonful of flour, butter the size of an egg, salt. Beat sugar and flour, then stir in the butter and pour over it boiling water. Flavor with vanilla or lemon.—Philadelphia Press.

A Capricious Infant.

Mrs. Newlywed—So baby cried while I was out, and you didn't know what he wanted?
Uncle Bourbon (from Kentucky)—Exactly, niece; and I don't believe he knows himself. I tried him on ten-year-old whisky, three-star brandy and some applejack that I put up myself, but I'm darned if he seemed to know just what he did want.—Judge.

Self-Precluded from Disparagement. The attorney for the plaintiff in an action for killing a dog said: "Gentlemen of the jury, he was a good dog, a fine-appearing dog, a valuable dog, and it does not lie in the mouth of the defendant to say he was a worthless cur, because it is in evidence before you that on one occasion he offered five dollars for one of his pups."—Case and Comment.

Boils and Pimples Give Warning.

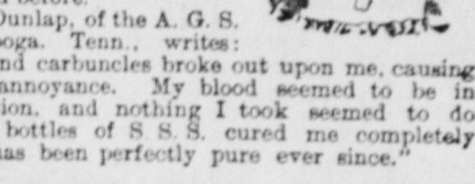
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To neglect to purify the blood at this time means more than the annoyance of painful boils and unsightly pimples. If these impurities are allowed to remain, the system succumbs to an ordinary illness, and is unable to withstand the many ailments which are so prevalent during spring and summer.

Mrs. L. Gentile, 2004 Second Avenue, Seattle, Wash., says: "I was afflicted for a long time with pimples, which were very annoying, as they disfigured my face fearfully. After using many other remedies in vain, S. S. S. promptly and thoroughly cleaned my blood, and now I rejoice in a good complexion, which I never had before."

Capt. W. H. Dunlap, of the A. G. S. Tenn., writes: "Several boils and carbuncles broke out upon me, causing great pain and annoyance. My blood seemed to be in a riotous condition, and nothing I took seemed to do any good. Six bottles of S. S. S. cured me completely and my blood has been perfectly pure ever since."



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