THE TILLER OF THE SOIL

By dint of craft he coaxes from the field, Stubborn ofttimes, a rich, luxuriant yield Wherewith to feed the nations of the earth. Yet they be few who ken his honest worth.

And some do deem him narrow; but of stream, Forest and field, his lore they little dream; For Nature teaches him her mystic ways Throughout each changing season's passing days.

Far from gilded haunts that tempt men's souls. His burnished share the fallow furrow rolls

Along the fertile field; and later, there The merry harvest song lilts on the air. Content to labor in his humble place, Content to fill his small, allotted space, He quaffs the glowing sunshine's mellow

And dwells beneath his own fig tree and -Ingar Ingram, in Minneapolis House-

A Mystery of the Desert

By Neville Cain

"I URING my sojourn in Egypt," said Walton, removing his hookah from his burnt black beard, "I became interested in the horse; and, desirous of possessing an Arabian of high quality, sought guidance of our local consul as to the best way of going about obtaining one. He gave me a letter to a certain camel and horse breeder of renown, located near Samana, a Bedouin sheik, Hassam Moakbar by name. The sheik, he informed me, had reason to feel under obligations to him, which would insure me a pleasant reception. I took with me only a small escort-the consul's letter, in the Arabian tongue, being a sort of passport and affording me immunity from the toll gathering customary among the desert tribes. Arriving at the encampment at twilight, a scene of great beauty burst upon me. The stars were beginning to blaze forth with unusual size and brilkaney through the wonderfully rare atmosphere. Threads of smoke rose perpendicularly from fires which sparked among the long, low, wide tents, where preparations for the evening meal were going on.

"Negro slaves were roasting coffee, which gave forth a perfume only 'Araby the Blest' could yield. Round about parties of Arabs were exercising the horses-such creatures!-with manes flowing like the tresses of Princess Badroulbadour.

"Sheik Hassam, a man of noble appearance, met me, and after reading the letter, at once relaxed the stern dignity of his countenance, and the supper being now ready, bade me partake of the same tray with himself. The meal consisted of a kid's flesh roasted delicately with certain condiments, of the nature of eau de cologne, and washed down with mare's milk. A noble cup of coffee, however, atoned for the singularity of this repast, and lighting cheroots of a strong, sweet flavor, we strolled among the horses, much of whose beauty and fine points were observable in the moonlight, for that luminary had now risen above the horizon. For reasons of his own, the sheik certainly did his best to get me what I wanted, and out of 50, every one of which seemed to possess some different charm, I chose one, and regretted that I had not chosen all the others. I was loath to leave so romantic a spot, and, though duty called, lingered some days, the guest of the sheik, who seemed equally unwilling to have me go, and plied me with rare tobacco and still rarer legends, dusky happenings of desert land, which had come within his ken, and revealed to few. I began to feel as if I had chewed the lotus buds, and did not care greatly whether I returned to my native land or not.

"One evening (that before the day set for my departure) while strolling and smoking, as usual, in the moonlight, at some distance from the encampment, our footsteps, whether by accident or the sheik's design, were directed toward a dark ridge of rocks which crested a great rise of sand on the horizon and shone jagged against the rising moon.

"'That forbidding pile,' said Sheik Hassam, with a wave of his long arm, eausing a meteoric effect with the glowing end of his cheroot, "formed once the center of an oasis, discovered by myself and tribe while seeking an unfrequented portion of the desert for the purpose of establishing ourselves for the favorable pursuit of our business.

"This oasis seemed the portal of paradise when, in the splendor of the noontide, we halted, after days of travel beneath a copper sky, before its waving palms and luxuriant shade, among which gurgled hidden springs of water, blessed water, and the songs of birds echoed among the foliage.

"""Allah be praised! We shall prosder here!" I cried aloud, and bade them set up the tents, which were not few, and dig a cistern, which was filled from the springs amid the groves. The heat diminished not, but rather intensifled from day to day, so that the outer springs became dry, and we had to force our way inward (for the oasis was wide and of densest growth) to obtain suppaes of water.

"'Here and there we encountered Herald. beaten paths, which struck us as being rather singular, as we had seen no living thing save birds. Possibly, we argued, they were made by the jackala, which howled about in the daytime and went there for water after dark, although on one occasion I could have sworn that a vague imprint in the sandy pathway was that of a beast of prey.

"'I kept a sharp lookout and sentinels ever on watch about the horses, camels and goats tethered a short distance from the camp beneath | Philadelphia Press. leafy sheds. Nothing of note transpired for some days, except slight additional proofs from time to time that some living creature inhabited the ing clothes are rarely ever comfortable. place. The heat seemed to increase -Washington Democrat.

faily, and the skies assumed the reddish tinge which bodes no good to the aweller in the desert. At rare intervals across the yellow hillocks would come pirouetting diabolical little spirals of sand, moved by puffs of wind, like breaths from a furnace.

"'On the morning of the fifth day Hamed, my Circassian slave, a man of rare courage and singular personal beauty, disappeared into the depths of the oasis in quest of fresh water, that in the eistern being used for the beasts only, and, from the length of time elapsing, must have penetrated further than usual. Suddenly we perceived him at the edge of the jungle wildly gesticulating. The Arabs' rifles were at their shoulders in an instant, but there was a mingled scream and roar, a flash of tawny flanks, and Hamed, dragged down from behind, disappeared in the wood.

"'The riflemen who had been nearest to him fell upon their faces, paralyzed with some awful fear, and could not be induced to stir. What they had seen I knew not. Drawing my scimitar and grasping my pistol I bade a huge black, under threat of instant death, follow with a lance, and plunged into the tangled wood at the spot where Hamed had disappeared. White fragments of cloth upon the broken twigs, borne down by what must have been a creature of unusual size and ponderous strength, guided us onward. Panting with the heat, bruised with falling, and now feeling giddy with a strange odor which began to pervade the air, we proceeded with the utmost caution along a path grown steep and rocky.

"'The terrible odor had grown almost stifling, and mingling with it came a low, whining purr, apparently at no great distance now.

"'Crouching behind a ragged mass of rock which seemed to have been split by the heat (the black calling incessantly upon Allah with chattering teeth) I peered through the crevice into the space beyond. Soul of Mohammed! What a sight met my gaze!

" 'Sprawling upon its belly at the entrance to a cavern, the lithe tail beating the ground, was a creature, the sight of which caused my scimitar to fall from my nerveless grasp. Out of of most of the South Sea islands and the a tangled red mane, rose a white neck | Indian archipelago, as well as the southof columnar strength, surmounted by a countenance of awful beauty. Beneath netted eyebrows glowed eyes like burnished brass, human in all save the slit like pupils. The lips were a venomous red arch, through which flashed long canine teeth.

"'Before her, slightly propped against a bowlder, lay Hamed, white and limp, but conscious and fascinated. Ever and anon the great furry paw was thrust forward caressingly, the claws sheathed, and the eyes of the dread creature became narrow and tender, and the purring sound was repeated.

" 'Streaming with sweat, I had managed to level my pistol across a projection, when a shadow fell over us which deepened, and a murmur broke upon our ears, increasing to a roar. springing to its feet, its eyes blazing greenly in the gathering gloom, the Thing seized the shoulder of Hamed's garments in its teeth, and with a horrid screaming snarl leaped past us, as the simoon in all its fury burst upon

"The black had already clambered to the highest rock and lay clasping the base of a large palm, face down, enveloped in his burnous. I did likewise, and after a period of unconsciousness, awoke, and painfully drawing myself up to a sitting posture against what remained of the palm tree, gazed about me. The black lay rigid at my side,

"'Around about among the rocks and trees and across the plain were great drifts and billows of sand, but of all my faithful people and valuable beasts there was no trace. A tent pole, with a fragment of canvas here and there, marked their graves, "'I was rescued in a delirious condi-

tion by my partner, who came weekly

to visit the encampment. "That I am stopping in this vicinity is owing to an irresistible fascination the spot has for me, and to its being in the direct road to the market town, whither I go at intervals to trade. The mystery that yonder sand heaps envelop will never be revealed until the desert and the sea give up their dead."

-N. Y. Herald. Polly's Burial.

Their parrot had died, and young Master Tommy, with his little sister Jennie, had just concluded the funeral services over the grave of their feath-

"I s'pose Polly is in heaven now," remarked Jennie, tearfully.

"Yes," remarked Master Tommy, "I a'pose he is." "He-he's got wings, but he wouldn't

be an angel up there, would he?" inquired the little maid, anxious about his present status. "Oh!" cried Tommy; "he wouldn't be

an angel; only people is that." "Then what do you s'pose he is now?" persisted his sister.

Tommy thought for a moment. Then the light of inspiration dawned on his beaming countenance.

"I guess Polly is a bird of paradise now," he announced, joyfully .- N. Y.

Wanted Something Better. "Is there is any place in this town where they telegraph without wires?"

he asked of the policeman on the cor-"That discovery is too new and we haven't got it yet," replied the officer. "What's the matter with the old way?"

"No good. I've kept five or six wires red hot for half a day trying to get my brother-in-law to send me money to get home on, but I can't even raise him."-

Comfort sad Appearance. We wonder why it is that nice-look-



THE GIRLS OF SAMOA

They Wear Kill Skirts and Neckinces of Shark's Teeth and Are Born Coquettes.

The girl of Samoa is a born coquette, full of romance and natural grace. Her usual costume is a necklace of shark's teeth, some metal earrings and a short skirt. The number of shark's teeth in her necklace is the measure of her popularity among her admirers. The more teeth the greater the belle.

From the time she is ten years of age she begins to make eyes from behind a beautifully carved fan. As usual with coquettes, she is fickle in the extreme, as well as romantic. Her nature is as fierce as that of the warriors of her country, and she is a thoroughly trained athlete as well. She is skillful in the use of arms and is cruel and relentless in war. She is equal in strength to many of the Samoan warriors.

For dress occasions the older Samoan girls wear the same costume as a man. This is a kilt or piece of drapery wound about the waist, in a manner which seems to a foreigner nothing short of miraculous. This is called lava-lava, a sort of mat material. A mere scrap of it wound about the waist of a child is considered dress sufficient. Ordinarily the children wear no garments whatever. The drapery is of the same general character as that worn by natives



SEALATANA, A SAMOAN BELLE.

countries of Asia. It is called by the Malays the sarong.

But the Samoan girl has been out in the world more or less of late years. The tourists from other countries have visited Samoa; so the natural beauty of the native Samoan girl is being spoiled by her great vanity. She not only spends a great deal of time in beautifying herself, but she adopts such incongruous combinations as a fine mat lavalava and a ball gown waist or velvet basque cut V necked, her hair done up empire style and wearing, to complete her toilet, a string of ferns around her waist and a necklace of the inevitable shark's teeth about her bronze throat.

Her arms and limbs are bare. She has seen shoes, but she prefers to be comfortable. She also refuses stockings, contrary to the Samoan warrior, who, it is told, marched with his comrades in battle array wearing a pair of opera length silk hose, the soles of which were worn completely off. These had no doubt been given to him by some European travelers.

Although the Samoan girl does not wear clothes, properly speaking, she is taught while still very young to embroider and sew.

The hairpins worn in her hair are beautiful in their workmanship. They are made out of the wood of a cocoanut tree, and are carved with a dead cocoanut leaf. This is most delicate work.

The girls are taught to swim when bables. They are graceful and readily learn to dance. As a people the Samoans are great dancers, and during their boliday seasons they dance day and night. They are also fond of music, and have native instruments, which they beat to strange rhythmic music, not altogether beautiful, but harmonious.

The marriage of the Samoan girl is arranged by her parents. The girl never thinks of having any opinion of her own on the subject, but accepts the parents' decision as inevitable. This does not prevent her from having any number of admirers before or after marriage, which seems to be another matter entirely. She is far more interesting in her native costumes, pursuing the customary life of her own people, than when she tries to ape the foreigners who visit her beautiful tropical country to admire her in all her native simplicity and beauty .- N. Y. Tribune,

To Preserve Old Letters.

Here is a unique method of saving old letters. A youthful bride has been trying to bring herself burning up her love letters, They had accumulated during the years of her engagement to such an extent that to save them all was out of the question, and to burn them was out of the question, too. Instead, she has torn them, painstakingly, into small bits and changed them into an embroidered covered pillow. It's a suggestive idea, and might be utilized in preserving all sorts of old letters and manuscripts.

WATCH THE SHOULDERS.

They should Be Level, Large, Erect, aibly Descending and Delicately Poised.

A common form of neglect is the shoulders, which are allowed in child-hood to grow lopsided, and take on an form of neglect is the ungraceful stoop. Often they are crowded so by ill-fitting corsets that they seriously displace the collar bone. Instead of such malformation they should be level, large, erect, insensibly descending, and well poised, making the waist appear round and small. Massage and oils will do much to tone up the neglected shoulders, and the skin can be whitened and made beautifully firm by this paste, which is of Spanish origin: Beat the whites of four eggs in rose water, adding a few grains of alum. Beat until the paste is thick. Spread the composition on a layer of old liner and apply to the neck and shoulders at night. French ladies are so expressive with their shoulders that they give them every advantage, as their "shrug" is a part of French conversation. An authority on the subject says: A difficult habit to break is that easy, lazy manner of sagging down when sitting, which, in addition to sleeping on high pillows, makes so many round shounders and sunken chests. People should always watch themselves, and when they discover the fault straighten up; but it is so easy to settle down in this way after years of indulgence in the habit that many get discouraged and prefer to grow crooked. Let me warn you, ladies, to be eternally vigilant in acquiring a good sitting posture. The joints you possess were given to you to bend with, and it is almost a crime to sag down as if you had no lungs or other vital organs. Hold in the backbone, throw the chest out, bend from the hips only, and so contribute to the perfection of your figure, your beauty and your health .- St. Louis Re-

HOSPITAL INCIDENT.

Curious Way in Which an Ignorant Foreign Woman Interpreted a Simple Prescription.

Doctors and nurses who have to deal with foreigners in hospitals know by experience how careful they must be in the use of words when giving directions about medicine, otherwise the most ordinary instructions would be apt to be misunderstood, with probably fatal results. The head physician of a wellknown charitable organization in this city recently had a curious experience of this kind. A woman had brought her baby for medical attention. It was not really ill, but very much needed daily application of soap and water. The doctor gave the mother some medicine for the child and then directed her to "wash the baby." To many of the foreigners the word "bathe" is entirely un-



"KIN I PUT A LITTLE SUGAR IN,

known. Knowing from experience that the mother would have little faith in the efficacy of soap and water alone, the doctor wisely added that she should put a certain amount of salt in the water. The use of salt in this way being entirely new to the mother, she would naturally conclude that this alone was the curative agent and obey the doctor's directions. As the woman was about to leave, the doctor, as was her custom, repeated the directions, saying: "Now, remember to give the baby the bath of soap and water and salt every day."

The woman looked up and asked: "Please, lady, ken I put a little sugar in

"Sugar?" said the astonished doctor. "Why do you want to put sugar in it?" " 'Cause the baby won't take nothin' that ain't got sugar in."

And then only did the bewildered physician realize that she had unwittingly said: "Give the baby the bath." To the mother the word "give" meant to feed, and the baby's salvation is probably due to the fact that it had always so strenuously objected to taking anything that did not have sugar in it. -Chiengo Daily News.

The Ripple a la Mode.

There is not an inch of crinoline used in the new skirts; there is not an ounce of starch put in the petticoat, but everything around the foot must ripple and billow and curl and swirl until one feels as if one were following in the wake of a steamship when going behind the fashionably

After Six Years of Intense Suffering, Promptly Cured

Obstinate sores and ulcers which refuse to heal under ordinary treatment soon become chronic and deepseated, and are a sure sign that the

By S. S. S. entire circulation is in a depraved condition. They are a severe drain upon the system, and are constantly sapping away the vitality. In every case the poison must be eliminated from the blood, and no amount of external treatment can have any effect.

There is no uncertainty about the merits of S. S. S.; every claim made for it is backed up strongly by convincing testimony of those who have been cured by it

and know of its virtues by experience. Mr. L. J. Clark, of Orange Courthouse, Va., writes: "For six years I had an obstinate, running ulcer on my ankle, which at times caused me intense suffering. I was so disabled for a long while that I was wholly unfit for business. One of the best doctors treated me constantly but did me no good. I then tried various blood remedies, without the least benefit. S. S. S. was so highly recom-mended that I concluded to try it, and the effect was wonderful. It seemed to get right at the seat of the disease and force the poison out, and I was soon com-pletely cured." Swift's Specific—

-drives out every trace of impurity in the blood, and in this way cures permanently the most obstinate, deep-seated sore or ulcer. It is the only blood remedy guaranteed purely vegetable, and contains not a particle of potash, mercury, or other mineral. S. S. S. cures Contagious Blood Poison, Scrofula, Cancer, Catarrh, Eczema, Rheumatism, Sores, Ulcers. Boils. or any other blood trouble. Insist upon S. S. S.; nothing can take its place.

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