

### GUARDED BY ICY WIND

#### A Frigid Convict Station In the Northeast of Siberia.

#### THE COLDEST SPOT ON EARTH

No Precautions Are Necessary Against Escape at Verhoyansk—When the Wind Blows. Half an Hour in the Fierce, Biting Cold Means Death.

The coldest place in the world one would naturally expect to be either the north or the south pole, but it is not. It is a village in the northeast of Siberia named Verhoyansk.

There the average temperature of the three worst winter months is 55 degrees F. below zero, which means 85 degrees of frost. During January the average temperature is 56 degrees below zero, or 88 degrees of frost. On one occasion the thermometer registered the remarkable figure of 120 degrees of frost! The average January figure for London, on the other hand is 7 degrees above freezing point.

But in Verhoyansk most months are winter months. July, curiously enough, is as hot there as in London, but the shadow of the terrible winter hangs over even the warmest months.

Even in midsummer the forests which surround the desolate plain in the center of which Verhoyansk stands are withered and gray. The grass is colorless. The few flowers are odorless. The bare soil of the plain itself refuses to produce vegetables of any kind. The ground is frozen hard to an incredible depth.

No farming, of course, is possible. There are no cattle or poultry. All food is imported. Why, then, does this little village exist? It is a convict station, and its population of 400 is made up of officials and exiles.

No precautions against escapes are needed. Prisoners are known to have gone mad with the loneliness of the place. But no one has ever been mad enough to try to escape. Verhoyansk, strange though it sounds, is guarded by the wind. A gale when the thermometer stands at 30 or more below zero will destroy every living thing that is not under shelter.

One of the many curious facts about cold is that intense cold is in itself easy to bear provided the air is still. One traveler has declared that he has often felt colder in Piccadilly on a damp day in November than during his entire stay in Verhoyansk, where the thermometer sometimes showed 90 degrees of frost.

The reason is that at Verhoyansk the air is intensely dry, and dry cold does not penetrate far. With a tent at night and warm furs in the daytime one can be quite comfortable, however low the temperature.

But let a wind once rise and things are different. As Verhoyansk is the coldest place in the world, the few winds that come must bring warmth. And so we have the curious fact that, though one may be quite comfortable with the thermometer showing 60 degrees of frost, if a wind springs up and adds 20 or 30 degrees of warmth to the air one has to fly for dear life to shelter.

Half an hour in that fierce, biting cold means death. But the intense dry cold that is Verhoyansk's normal weather is, if not so dangerous, quite as powerful in its effects. In that icy stillness an iron ax head dropped on the ground smashes like glass. A board of unseasoned wood, on the other hand, freezes hard as iron.

De Windt in his travels in this region carried his milk in solid cubes in a net attached to his sleigh. His thermometers all burst, for at the Verhoyansk temperatures quicksilver freezes and can be hammered like copper. It has indeed been turned into bullets and shot through a deal board. All he could find of a case of claret were a few lumps of red ice and some splintered glass. But what troubled him most was the discovery that it was impossible to smoke. At 40 degrees below zero frozen nicotine blocks the stem of the pipe, while cigarettes or cigars freeze to the lips.

It must be embarrassing to find, as one does when the thermometer reaches 80 below, that one's very breath fails at one's feet in a fine white powder. A mustache becomes a torture—a heavy, solid lump of ice. To lay a bare hand on metal means that the skin will stay where it touches. A careless traveler once witlessly left a shirt outside his hut to dry. When he picked it up again it beat and almost broke. When swung through the air it made a noise like theatrical thunder.

At these temperatures many usually trusty articles, such as combs and razors and knife handles, shrivel or bend or break.

Verhoyansk is a huddle of mud plastered huts along one straggling street. The windows are of ice, so that candles are needed both summer and winter. Twenty miles away, across a dismal plain of snow, lies a low, black line of pine forests.

On the other side is the frozen river, from which dense, unhealthy mists roll up for weeks together in the autumn. There are no flowers in spring, and summer is dingy. Perhaps they are right at Verhoyansk in looking forward to the long months of winter. But it is not a cheerful place.—Pearson's Weekly.

The order of society is founded on human misery and imbecility, and these are foundations which will never crumble.—Anatole France.

### SIR MARK'S HOTEL BILL.

Relic of an Early Nineteenth Century Election in Ireland.

During the time of a contested election in Meath, Ireland, in the early part of the last century, Sir Mark Somerville sent orders to the proprietor of the hotel in Trim to board and lodge all that should vote for him, for which he received the following bill, which he got framed, and it still hangs in Somerville House, County Meath:

MY BILL.  
£ s. d.  
To tenting sixteen freeholders above stairs for Sir Mark, at 3s a head, is to me ..... 2 12 0  
To eating sixteen more below stairs, and two more after supper, is to me ..... 2 15 0  
To eighteen horses and five mules about my yard all night, is to me ..... 6 6 0  
To six beds in one room, and four in another, at two guineas every bed, and not more than four in any bed at any time, cheap enough, God knows, is to me ..... 25 15 0  
For breakfast on my table in the morning, for every one of them, and as many more as they brought in, as near as I can guess, is to me ..... 4 12 0  
To raw whiskey and punch, without talking of pipes and tobacco, as well as for breaking a pot above stairs and other glasses and delph for the first day and night, I am not very sure, but for the three days and a half of the election as little as I can call it, and to be very exact, it is in all or thereabouts as near as I can guess, and not to be too particular, is to me at least 75 15 0  
For shaving and cropping off the heads of thirteen freeholders for Sir Mark, at 13s for every head of them by my brother, who has a vote, is to me ..... 13 15 0  
For a womit and nurse for poor Tom Kernan, in the middle of the night, when he was not expected, is to me ..... 10 15 0  
Ten hogs, I don't talk of the piper for keeping him sober as long as he was sober, is to me ..... 110 15 7  
Signed in the place of Jimmy Cars wife, his Mark X  
Bryan and Geraghty's Mark X

You may say ill, so your honour Sir Mark send me this Eleven Hundred by Bryan himself, who and I pray for your success always in Trim, so no more at present.

The hotel keeper must have got weary as he neared the end of his long bill, for his account becomes wabbly as some of his guests must have been when the crash of glass and delph accompanied their deep potation of raw whiskey and punch.

### NOTHING WAS LOST.

An Omission in a Wedding Ceremony That Didn't Count.

A distinguished officer of the United States navy once told this story on himself:

At the time of his marriage he had been through the civil war and had had many harrowing experiences aboard ship, through all of which he kept courage and remained as calm as a brave man should. As the time for the ceremony came on, however, his calmness gradually gave way. At the altar, amid the blaze of brass buttons and gold lace marking the full naval wedding, the officer was all but stumped, and what went on there seemed very much mixed to him. Fearing the excitement of the moment would temporarily take him off his feet, the officer had learned the marriage ceremony letter perfect, as he thought, and he remembered repeating the words after the minister in a mechanical sort of way.

After the ceremony was over and all was serene again, including the officer's state of mind, the kindly clergyman came up to him and touched him on the shoulder.

"Look here, old man," he said; "you didn't endow your wife with any worldly goods."

"What's that?" asked the bridegroom with something of astonishment in his voice.

"Why, I repeated the sentence 'With all my worldly goods I thee endow' several times, and despite my efforts you would not say it after me."

The bridegroom seemed perturbed for a moment, and then a beaming light came into his face.

"Never mind, sir," he said. "She didn't lose a blessed thing by my failure."—Exchange.

Not What She Expected.

A popular and clever English actress, who is also considered well above the average in good looks, got a setback a short time ago. Arriving, as was her habit, at the theater a considerable time before the rise of the curtain, she chanced to meet the call boy.

"Good evening, miss," he said.

"Good evening, Harry," she replied. "I'm early, am I not?"

"Yes, miss," said the boy.

"You see, Harry, it takes a long time for me to make myself beautiful."

The boy looked at her for a moment, then answered gravely:

"Yes, miss, I suppose it does."

### OLD GAMBLING CLUBS

#### Famous Resorts of the Betting Fraternity in London.

#### THE WAY FOX WAS TRICKED.

A Scheme That Allowed Him to Be Cheated by Lord Barrymore—Watier's, Commanded by Lord Byron and Patronized by Beau Brummel.

In America such a thing as a proprietary club owned and managed by one man is almost unknown. In London it is the usual thing, and almost all the medium sized clubs which are devoted to some special purpose, such as card playing, are proprietary.

In the old days this was a money making enterprise, and some immense fortunes were piled up by the proprietors of London card clubs. But now whenever a club shows signs of unusual prosperity the members get together and insist on forming some sort of governing body which shall have power to pass upon the proposals for membership. They also see to it that the proprietor spends a proper proportion of his profits on the comfort of the members instead of putting everything in his pocket.

The fashions in the card clubs continually change with the years and with the games that are the rage. A century ago it was against the rules in many of the best clubs to play cards before dinner, whereas nowadays the principal play is between the hours of 4 and 7. The income of the proprietor today is from the annual subscriptions and from the fixed fees for card money. In the old days the largest source of revenue was from the counters picked up from the floor after the game was over.

George Raggett, the owner of White's, one of the most famous gambling clubs in the world, situated on St. James' street, made it his rule to attend to his guests in person whenever exceptionally high play was in progress, knowing that he would be well repaid for his time. Upon one occasion, after picking up counters to the value of nearly \$1,000 from the floor, he received a gift of almost as much from Harvey Combe, who had been playing from Monday evening until 11 o'clock on Wednesday morning. Sir John Malcolm, Tippee Smith and Ward, the member of parliament for London, being the other players at the table.

Some of the proprietary clubs adopted curious rules to attract and keep their customers. One of the chief difficulties then, as now, was to insure a game from any one that might happen to drop in at odd hours. One of these, nicknamed the Nerve Ending club, had a bylaw that no player should quit a table until a fresh arrival was ready to take his place.

One very popular feature was to provide light silken curtains which could be drawn between the faces of the players so as to conceal from an adversary any unguarded expression of disappointment or of triumph upon picking up a hand or following the course of play.

It was at this club that Fox lost a large sum of money to Lord Barrymore, who took advantage of the concealment of his own face to study the reflection of Fox's cards in the large polished steel buttons which he wore upon his coat.

At the corner of Bolton street and Piccadilly was Watier's club, which Byron records was a "superb club" in 1815. Beau Brummel played here regularly for ten or twelve years, but the club eventually fell into disrepute through the want of proper supervision of the admissions to membership.

Swinburne says in his "Courts of Europe" that it was in this club that a player upon seeing the witty Lord Alvanley enter the room and, dreading his satirical tongue, laid down his cards and pulled out a pair of pistols, which he laid on the table beside him. The only comment of Alvanley was: "I hope you don't expect your adversary to follow suit?"

Every visitor to London who has passed down Piccadilly has probably remarked the imposing home of the Devonshire club at the southwest corner of St. James' street. Within this building the highest gambling in the world has probably taken place, the sums won and lost at Monte Carlo being nothing to those that changed hands here. The entrance was originally from the Piccadilly side, and many changes have been made in the interior arrangements, but some of the gilt chairs that were used by the high rollers of seventy years ago are still preserved in the clubrooms.

The proprietor of this club was originally a small fishmonger named William Crockford, who had a shop near Temple Bar. His first venture in club proprietorship was to take Watier's old house, where hazard, the American game of craps, was the chief attraction. In this he had a partner named Taylor, and they both made money, but at the end of a year they separated, and Crockford went to St. James' street, where he prospered so well that he instructed the Wyatts to prepare plans for a new building.

This was opened in 1827, and, although it was a proprietary club, Crockford was shrewd enough to invest a committee with the right of election to membership, a move to which many persons attribute his immense success. Among the first of the names presented was that of the Duke of Wellington, and almost every man of note in England was either a member or a guest at some time or other.—Chicago Record-Herald.

### YOU WON'T BE ASKED

Some of the Pointed Questions Printed Below.

The census enumerators are on their labors and are compelled by the rules of the census department to ask many questions—mostly proper ones—and they should be treated courteously and given ready and accurate answers. There are some questions, however, that they will not ask, among them the following:

Have you paid your dog tax?  
Have you whitewashed your cellar?  
Do you throw your waste paper in the alleys?

Does your son smoke cigarettes?  
What is the best weapon to throw at a black cat on the back fence on a dark night?

If you owned a trolley line, would you sell six tickets for a quarter?  
Are you in favor of a sane Fourth of July?

Who owns the streets, the pedestrians or the autoists?  
How long has it been since you tasted real country raised beef?

Has your coal bin been emptied?  
Do you know when to go out and shut the door between yourself and the busy man?

Which would you rather be, Cook or Peary, or neither?  
How would you like to live in Pittsburgh?

Were you ever shot by a gun that wasn't loaded?  
Can you remember how many trolley lines were not built last year?

What is the smallest fish you ever caught?  
Or the largest snake you ever killed?

Do you like lemon butter and angel cake?  
Can a mile of good turnpike be built for about half what the state pays?

Are you subject to the hookworm disease?  
And perhaps many more too numerous to mention.

### HIS MONEY A BURDEN.

Son of Hetty Green Laments His Bachelorhood.

The secret of E. H. R. Green's bachelorhood is out. At 42 years of age, he says, the only reason he has never married is the fact that he cannot disguise himself and live incognito that he may win a maid for himself and not for the millions that he will inherit. Mr. Green will share half the estate of his mother, one of the richest women in the world, and owner of a vast estate in Texas.

"The problem of marriage," says he, "does not lie as heavily on the mind of the poor man as it does a rich one. The poor man has at least the most comforting thought that he is the loved head of the household and not the treasury vault."

"What a fine thing it would be if a man burdened with wealth could just eliminate the 'million' side of his personality and fit a way for a year. How gratifying it would be, young man, if he could woo like other men, the men of the market place and the shore and the factories. He would get a girl who wanted him. There's a whole lot in that, yes, sir. Then when he had won a wife by mutual choice the money would be no objection."

"But you can't do it," is Mr. Green's great sorrow.

A gossip is a person who can read between the lines when there is nothing there.

### THE TRUE TEST.

Tried in Bellefonte, it has Stood the Test.

The hardest test is the test of time, and Doan's Kidney Pills have stood it well in Bellefonte. Kidney sufferers can hardly ask for stronger proof than the following:

Mrs. E. J. Hogarth, W. High street, Bellefonte, Pa., says: "I suffered for years from a weakness of my kidneys, accompanied by a constant dull backache. I used plasters and liniments, but found no relief, and I was suffering severely when Doan's Kidney Pills were brought to my attention. If I took cold, it settled in my kidneys and at such times, the secretions from these organs passed too frequently. Reading about Doan's Kidney Pills, I decided to give them a trial and procured a box from Green's Pharmacy Co. Soon after commencing their use the backache and other difficulties disappeared and my kidneys no longer troubled me. I am grateful to Doan's Kidney Pills for what they have done for me." (Statement given October 21, 1907.)

TWO YEARS LATER.

Mrs. Hogarth was interviewed on November 22, 1909, and she said: "I am pleased to confirm my former endorsement of Doan's Kidney Pills. I have had but little trouble from my kidneys since I was cured in 1907."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N.Y., sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

CORTRIGHT METAL SHINGLES ARE FIRE PROOF

THEY will not burn. Will not split or curl like wood shingles. Will not crack and roll off like slate. Will not rip at the seams like plain tin. Neither will they rattle during high wind storms. They never need repairs and last as long as the building. And last of all, they make the handsomest roof and are not expensive.

CORTRIGHT METAL ROOFING CO. Philadelphia, Pa.

John F. Gray & Son  
Successors to Grant Hoover  
Fire, Life and Accident Insurance  
CRIDER'S STONE BUILDING, BELLEFONTE PA.  
Also Surety Bonds

Fire, Life, Accident and Tornado Bonds of every description  
HARRY FENLON, INSURANCE  
Successor to Frederick K. Foster and William Barnside  
TEMPLE COURT BELLEFONTE, PA.

### FACT, FUN AND FANCY.

Bright, Sparkling Paragraphs—Selected and Original.

FOWL WEATHER.  
Mother's dressed up like a pheasant; it's the latest style, you know. Father says things that ain't pleasant. She ignores his grumblin', though. Sister dresses like a chicken.

On account of "Chantecler." Gee, but there's a lot of kickin'! At the cost of livin' here! Life would be a whole lot grander if they'd not brought out that play. Father's hisn't like a gander, but it doesn't seem to pay.

How it Happened.  
"If you didn't take so much interest in horses, you would be better off!" snapped Mrs. Growler. "You have had horses on your brain all your life." "I guess that's how I came to marry a mare," retorted Mr. Growler, his face ambuscaded behind the sporting page.

Not Used Hyperdermically.  
While a young girl, Lady Somerset was a great temperance worker. One day as she was walking along the street, a tramp asked her for aid. She was about to hand him some money, but as she did so she said to him: "There is one question I want to ask you first. Do you or do you not drink beer?" The tramp, who was a hardened customer, looked at her in amazement and then said: "Why, Miss, ye don't think I squirt it into my arm with one of them syringes, do ye?"

His Faith Unshaken.  
A clergyman happened to tell his son one Saturday afternoon what lesson he would read in church the next morning. The boy got hold of his father's Bible, found the lesson's place and glued together the connecting pages. In consequence the clergyman read to his flock the following day that "when Noah was 120 year old he took unto himself a wife, who was"—here he turned the page—"149 cubits long, 49 cubits wide, built of gopher wood, and covered with pitch inside and out." After reading the passage, the clergyman read it again to verify it. Then, pushing back his spectacles he looked gravely at the congregation and said: "My friends, this is the first time I ever read that in the Bible, but I accept it as evidence of the assertion that we are fearfully and wonderfully made."

By putting in a National Cigar Stand, Green's Pharmacy Co. has brought to Bellefonte the greatest cigar values offered anywhere today. Three thousand American drug stores own these National Cigar Stands and buy their cigars together. This enormous single buying power enables them to have their brands produced in enormous quantities. The Royal Sovereign Cigar (Invincible size), at 15c is a striking example of the buying power represented by this gigantic organization.

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.  
Estate of Sarah S. Dillen, late of Huston township, deceased.  
Letters of administration on the estate of Sarah S. Dillen, late of Huston township, Centre county, Pa., deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the said estate are requested to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present them duly proven for settlement.

FRANK W. DILLEN, Adm'r.  
N. B. Spangler, J. J. J. Pa.  
Attorneys. 118

ADMINISTRATRIX'S NOTICE.  
Estate of John H. Gentzie, late of Walker Township, dec'd.  
Letters of Administration in the above named estate having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of Wills of Centre County, Pa., all persons indebted to the said estate are hereby requested to make payment and all persons having claims against said estate are requested to present the same, duly authenticated without delay to:

MARY WEAVER, Adm'r.  
Gettig, Bower & Zerbe, Huhnsburg, Pa.  
Attorneys. 119

ADMINISTRATRIX'S NOTICE.  
Estate of J. Edward Poorman, late of Boggs Township, dec'd.  
Letters of Administration in the above named estate having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of Wills of Centre County, Pa., all persons indebted to the said estate are hereby requested to make payment and all persons having claims against said estate are requested to present the same, duly authenticated without delay to:

IDA A. POORMAN, Adm'r.  
W. Grob Rankle, Ravinville, Pa.  
Atty. Bellefonte. 19

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.  
Estate of George Heverly, late of Liberty township, deceased.  
Notice is hereby given that letters testamentary on the above estate have been issued to the undersigned. All persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the estate will please present them duly authenticated to the undersigned.

C. A. WILLIAMS, Ex'r.  
GOTTIG, BOWER & ZERBE. 117

### COAL STRIKE SETTLED.

The Central Pennsylvania bituminous coal operators and miners are again at peace, the danger of a strike has passed and Monday morning the majority of some 46,000 miners and mine workers resumed work. It was all brought about by the joint committee reaching an amicable agreement Saturday at Altoona and adopting a wage scale to govern the mining of coal in the field for the next two years ending March 31, 1912. The miners get their demanded increase in wages, three cents per ton for the mining of coal with the pick and an increase of 5.55 per cent, on all labor about the mines, becoming effective on April 1, 1910. The people of Central Pennsylvania may be glad that the operators came to such a wise conclusion.

Wages Advanced.  
Friday at all the works of the Harbison-Walker Refractories Co. notices were posted telling of an advance of wages to all employees of 10 and 15 per cent. As the advance was entirely unexpected the jubilation of the workmen is great.

The rates for common labor are increased from \$1.45 to \$1.60 per day, all day labor being increased 15c per day. The hard clay miners are to get 3c per ton increase and the soft clay miners 2c per ton. The new rate is to take effect May 1st. The rate will effect in the district named about 2,500 men and boys. An increase has been granted at all the thirty-two plants of the company, one of which is located at Philipsburg, this county.

Dr. Sol M. Nissley,  
Veterinary Surgeon,  
A graduate of the University of Penna. Office at the Palace Livery stable, Bellefonte.

Centre County Banking Co.,  
Corner High and Spring Streets.  
Receive Deposits; Discount Notes  
John M. Shugert, Cashier.

W. H. MUSSER,  
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT,  
Notary Public and  
Patent Attorney,  
BELLEFONTE, PENNA.

Beezer's Meat Market  
HIGH ST., BELLEFONTE, PA.  
We keep none but the best quality of BEEF, PORK, MUTTON, SLICED HAM All kinds of Smoked Meat, Pork Sausage, etc. If YOU want a nice juicy Steak, go to PHILIP BEEZER.

PATENT YOUR IDEAS and make "HOW TO GET THEM" Money. Best Service. Free Examination. Highest References.

JOSHUA R. H. POTTS  
206 North St., Washington, D. C. U. S. and Foreign Patents  
427 Chestnut St., Philadelphia. 148 Duane St., Chicago.

Pure Candy  
All Candy sold to Retail Dealers by the Camp Candy Company, Manufacturing Confectioners, Tyrone, Pa., are NOT ADULTERATED IN ANY FORM, are strictly pure and are guaranteed to comply with all Pure Food Laws.

Camp Candy Company,  
MANUFACTURERS,  
Tyrone, Pennsylvania.

E. K. RHOADS  
At his yard, opposite the P. R. R. Passenger station, sells only the best qualities ANTHRACITE AND BITUMINOUS COALS. Also all kinds of Wood, Grain, Hay, Straw and Sand.

Superior Screenings for lime burning, Builders' and plasterers' Sand.

Telephone Calls: Commercial No. 1321 Central No. 1321

The New BUICK IS HERE! Arrange for demonstration. Also second-hand cars for sale and supplies.

Wm. W. Keichline & Co.  
S. Water St., Bellefonte.  
LIVERY ATTACHED.

BUILDING MATERIAL  
When you are ready for it, you will get it here. On LUMBER, MILL WORK, ROOFING, SHINGLES AND GLASS.

This is the place where close prices and prompt shipments of reliable materials get the orders of all who know them.

AN ESTIMATE?  
BELLEFONTE LUMBER CO.  
Bellefonte, Pa.