

Bellefonte, Pa. August 10, 1906.

Just for a Change.

I'm sort of tired of things that is; Their lackin' somewhat as to fix. There ain't no ginger in life's jar With things a-goin' as they are.

Of course the public read the item, and of course the widow read it. There wasn't a word of truth in it, but when people came and showered their congratulations she couldn't bring herself to deny the story.

"We understand," it said, "that the fortune left to the Widow Bidwell by her deceased brother in the west will go \$50,000 better than at first reported. There are reports about that she will remove to New York city as soon as she comes into possession and buy a residence on Fifth avenue. Her poem this week is the best thing in the paper."

There were more congratulations and the widow got deeper into the toils. It was so nice to be patted on the back and soft soaped that she couldn't bring herself to deny the reports.

Between the second and third issues of the Clarion the editor had a caller. His ostensible occupation was selling Bohemian oats to farmers at \$5 a bushel and sailing mighty close to prison as a swindler, but he had the hair and face and eyes of a poet. Even the fat and healthy editor had to admit that. The caller wanted to insert a small ad. and ask about the Widow Bidwell. He had seen the notices in the Clarion about her legacy, and he wanted a few pointers.

Editor Flint praised the woman who had jumped on his bleeding heart. Aye, he spoke in highest terms of her, and even told Mr. Harold De Lisle how he could get an introduction to her. Then the third issue said:

"We had a pleasant call the other day from Mr. Harold De Lisle, who has just made a million dollars out of Pennsylvania oil. We understand that he may remain in our village for some days. Indeed, Dame Rumor is connect-

ing his name with that of a rich and prominent widow on Chestnut street."

Mr. De Lisle was duly introduced to the Widow Bidwell. She had no sooner set eyes on him than her heart began to palpitate. The poet had come. He looked and dressed the part. He also acted it. Nothing was said of her dressmaking on the one hand nor of his oil business on the other. They talked of sonnets and poems and idyls, and the widow was not in the hotel dining room to note the quantity of corned beef and cabbage he got away with at dinner.

There was a fourth notice in the Clarion. The spurned editor hadn't much to do with auction bills just then, and he had time to keep track of affairs on Chestnut street. He had been told that Mr. Harold De Lisle was only a traveling agent for a gang of eastern swindlers, but he wasn't going to say so. On the contrary, what he said was:

"The wealthy and distinguished Mr. De Lisle is still with us, and if he has not won the heart of a Reed City lady then rumor has gone far astray. The wedding will probably be a quiet affair, and bride and groom may make a honeymoon trip to Europe."

The Bohemian oats man who looked like a poet and the widow dressmaker who really wrote rhymes were not exactly frank with each other. He never asked the name of her brother or what disease he died of. He never asked if that fortune had come or when it might be expected.

On her part, she didn't ask in what part of the Keystone State his oil well was situated or what national bank he honored with his deposits. They read the Clarion and trusted in each other.

There were more farmers waiting to buy Bohemian oats and find a crop of weeds, but still Harold De Lisle lingered. There were dresses that customers were waiting for, but still the widow's sewing machine was silent. The languidness and lethargy of looking like a poet and being a poet beat sliding down hill all hollow. The fifth "puff" in the Clarion was a send-off.

"The event of the season occurred at the Methodist church two days since," it read. "As we have all along predicted, we have lost our fairest flower. In other words, Mr. Harold De Lisle prevailed upon the charming Widow Bidwell to give him her hand and heart, and the Rev. Mr. Peters made them man and wife in a very impressive ceremony. The happy couple left for Chicago immediately after, but may return next week to prepare for the jaunt abroad."

Ten days later the bride returned and at once notified all old customers that business was to be resumed at the old stand.

Ten days later in a distant state the bridegroom was talking up Bohemian oats. They had come to an understanding about money matters. They had understood that each had played the confidence game on the other and that they hadn't \$300 between them.

Editor Flint of the Clarion and Fergus County Advertiser sat down and wrote an auction bill for Farmer Jones and told him what the price for 200 copies would be, and as he found himself setting it up he found himself saying to himself:

"Oh, I don't know. I don't seem to have so much ache under my vest as I did. I shouldn't wonder if I recovered from the blow in time."

He Changed. "Greymair's wife brought him home a suit of clothes, but I understand he mustered up the courage to tell her that he had made up his mind to change it."

"Did he change it?" "Oh, yes; he changed his mind."

The first smile of an infant, with its toothless gums, is one of the pleasantest sights in nature. It is innocence claiming kinship and asking to be loved in its helplessness.—Dr. D. Livingston.

SLIPS OF NOVELISTS

LEGAL MISTAKES THAT HAVE BEEN MADE BY GREAT AUTHORS.

Dickens and the Famous Case of Bardell Versus Pickwick—The Trial Scene in Reade's "Hard Cash." Trollope's Dip into the Law.

"Legal fictions," says one of Gilbert's gondoliers, "are solemn things." Yet it is curious how seldom a novelist ventures into a law court without driving his quill through acts of parliament and rules of law alike.

That Dickens' knowledge of law, like Mr. Weller's of London, was "extensive and peculiar" is amply demonstrated by the famous case of Bardell versus Pickwick. Students of that report may have been struck by the fact that neither plaintiff nor defendant appeared in the witness box. The explanation is that at that time parties "upon the record" were not competent witnesses, their interest in the case being regarded as too strong a temptation, to shall we say, inaccuracy. But had Dickens been a lawyer Mr. Winkle and his friends might also have been spared the ordeal of cross examination and their friends and admirers deprived of many merry moments.

In his anxiety to satirize the abuses of cross examination Dickens overlooked the legal rule that the counsel who calls a witness is not permitted to cross examine him at all, but, on the contrary, is bound by his answers; therefore had Serjeant Buzfuz permitted the Pickwickians to be called as witnesses for the plaintiff (which he would have known better than to do) their version of the words heard through the door "on the jar" must have been accepted, and at the first attempt to badger either of them it would have been the learned counsel for the plaintiff who received his lordship's injunction "to be careful."

But all lovers of Dickens will rejoice at his ignorance of the rule which forces counsel never to call a hostile witness. Who could bear to be deprived of the evidence of Mr. Samuel Weller?

Exactly the same mistake is made by Anthony Trollope in his well known novel, "The Three Clerks." There the hero, Alaric Tudor, is placed upon his trial for misappropriating trust money and defended by that famous leader, Mr. Chaffanbrass of the Old Bailey. Tudor's Mephistopheles, the Hon. Underclerk Scott, is called, much against his will, as a witness for the defense, cross examined by the celebrated Chaffanbrass, forced to confess his misdeeds and dismissed covered with ignominy, to be subsequently expelled from his club—poetic justice which would have been defeated even by a chairman of quarter sessions.

The great theoretical and practical knowledge of law possessed by Charles Reade saved him from this error, as from many others. Yet the famous trial scene in "Hard Cash" would have been ruthlessly deprived of its most dramatic moment by any judge of the high court. When the hapless Alfred Hardy, who has been wrongfully imprisoned in an asylum by his wicked father, comes at last to establish his sanity before a jury, his case is closed by the reading of a letter from his dead sister. Writing at the point of death, she solemnly denies his insanity and begs him to show her words to his accusers when she is no more. Read aloud by the judge himself, her letter reduces a crowded court to tears and goes far to secure her brother a triumphant verdict, with heavy damages.

"Hard Cash" is termed "a matter of fact romance," but, as a matter of fact and law, no such letter could have been received in evidence. Knowing that, under ordinary circumstances, such testimony would be inadmissible, Reade is careful to establish that the writer knew herself to be dying; but he was unaware that a "dying declaration" is only admissible in evidence upon a charge of murder or manslaughter of the person who has made it, and cannot be laid before the jury in any other case whatever.

Numerous and entertaining are the trial scenes which adorn the works of Mrs. Henry Wood, but they hardly profess to be strictly accurate. Let me point, rather, to an interesting slip on the part of that most careful of novelists, David Christie Murray, who shares to some extent the popular confusion on the subject of the law of libel and slander. His powerful story, "A Capful of Nails," has for its hero a working nailer, who becomes an agitator on behalf of his much oppressed class. In consequence of a speech denouncing an unscrupulous employer he is prosecuted on a charge of criminal libel; but, thanks to a faithful friend and a smart lawyer, he emerges triumphantly.

No fault can be found in this case with the way in which the villain is cross examined to pieces. The difficulty is that no such prosecution could have been instituted at all. You may slander a man by defamatory speech, but to libel him you must "write, print or otherwise permanently record" your defamation of him, and, though slander and libel alike may expose you to an action for damages, it is libel alone that can bring you within the grasp of the criminal law.

It is difficult to uphold this distinction. A libel is regarded as a public crime as well as a private wrong because it tends to provoke a breach of the peace, but one would think as much might be said of slander. Still the distinction exists, and the aggressor who confines his attack to words may suffer in purse, but not in person.

Such are a few of the slips to which the novelist is liable who unwarily trespasses upon legal preserves.—Pearson's Weekly.

WOMEN CHESS PLAYERS.

Why None of Them Is Mentioned in the Annals of the Game.

Ladies' chess clubs are being established in various parts of the country; special inducements are held out for their patronage by the promoters of national and international tournaments, and articles on the game appear regularly in journals which cater specially to them. Women have always played and taken part in the game, though probably never to the same extent as now. It is, therefore, remarkable that in the whole of its enormous literature there does not appear the name of any woman among the stars of the first, second or third magnitude. One may go through volume after volume containing thousands of games and not find a single one played by women which any editor thought worthy of a permanent record.

When the question has been raised before, it has been involved with that of the intellectual superiority of one sex over the other. Today the answer to this would be totally inadequate and inconsequential. There are men in the front rank of players at the present moment who by no stretch of the imagination or the term can be said to occupy their position on account of exceptionally intellectual endowments. While the game always appeals to intellectual men and women, intellect is not the only factor which makes the great player.

A careful examination of the games of players whom the world recognizes as great reveals the fact that the faculties and qualities of concentration, comprehensiveness, impartiality and, above all, a spark of originality, are to be found in combination and in varying degrees. The absence of these qualities in woman explains why no member of the feminine sex has occupied any high position as a chess player.

There are many women who are earnest students of chess whose knowledge of the theory, principles and all the accoutrements of the game is phenomenal. But mere knowledge can make nobody great. Taking results, good judgment is much superior to knowledge imperfectly applied.—London Saturday Review.

A WONDERFUL CALENDAR.

The Four Ages From the Theosophical Point of View.

There is nothing more wonderful in the chronological and time keeping line than the "Theosophical Calendar, According to the Secret Doctrine." From the theosophical point of view the four ages are as follows: Satya yuga (golden age), 1,728,000 years; treta yuga (silver age), 1,296,000 years; dwapara yuga (iron age), 864,000 years; kali yuga (iron age), 432,000 years. The total of these four ages makes one mahayuga, or great age, of 4,320,000 years. One thousand mahayugas make one kalpa, or day of Brahma, equal to 1,000 times 4,320,000 years. After the expiration of that unthinkable period of time the night of Brahma, equal in duration to the length of the day, comes on, and the earth vanishes from the plane of existence. Three hundred and sixty days and nights of Brahma make one year of Brahma, and 100 years of Brahma make the great kalpa, a period of 311,040,000,000 years, after which the sun and the entire solar system plunge into impenetrable night and everything on the "objective plane" is destroyed. Then comes the period known as the great night, which is equal in length to the great kalpa. After the great night has lifted its sable mantle a new solar system is formed and evolution begins anew.

According to the doctrine of the theosophists, we are now living in the kali yuga, the last of the four ages, and it began nearly 5,000 years ago, with the death of Krishna, who died 3,102 years before our era began. The first minor cycle of kali yuga ended in the years 1897-98, but we still have something like 427,000 before we arrive at the end of the present age. Kali yuga is also known to the theosophists as the black age. It is an age of spiritual darkness, in which the human race pays for the misdeeds which are recorded against them in the previous ages.

His Prescription.

Boerhaave, the greatest doctor of his time, was anxious that it should go forth that even the most eminent doctor is somewhat of a "humbler." He carefully handed the key of a small diary to his executor, bade him open it immediately after his decease and let the contents go forth to the world at large. When the notebook was opened all its pages but the last were blank, and on that final one there was written in large letters: "Directions to patients: Keep your feet warm and your head cool and trust for the rest to Providence."

Very Like It.

His mother tucked four-year-old Johnny away in the top berth of the sleeping car, says a writer in Youth. Hearing him stirring in the middle of the night, she called softly: "Johnny, do you know where you are?" "Course I do," he returned sturdily. "I'm in the top drawer!"

A Wise Man.

Hewitt—How did you come to marry your typewriter? Jewett—Well, you see, I got a good wife and got rid of a poor stenographer.—New York Press.

The Unsafe Man.

The man who knows better how to do another man's work than he does his own is not safe for any kind of work.—Louisville Herald.

LIGHTHOUSE REPAIR SHOP.

Little Building Where Delicate Machinery Is Made.

In the reservation of the lighthouse department at St. George, Staten Island, there is an ugly three story building of brick that is the "department store" of the lighthouse service in this country and its foreign possessions. Practically everything in the nature of a mechanical device used in the apparatus from the biggest lantern to the smallest order of light, and including the apparatus for blowing fog signals and making the lights flash on gas buoys, is turned out in this place, and not only sent to all the stations in this district, which includes Porto Rico, but also as far away as Alaska, and even to the Philippines.

The mechanics employed are all men of the highest grade, for the objects they are at work on are too delicate, as a rule, to allow of much machine labor, and in addition to this the government has never seen fit to spend sufficient money on the plant to fit it out with such machinery. In a stroll through the workrooms one can see men turning out the delicate brasswork that keeps the flashlights on a gas buoy going for three months at a time, the curious brass cylinders that make the wailing cry of a fog siren, tiny floating stops that serve to keep the oil from overflowing in the lamps after the manner of a student lamp, and the clockwork that keeps revolving lights turning around hour after hour through the long nights.

The only thing they don't make in this department store are the lenses, which are imported from Paris or London. These are "assembled" in these shops, however, and one can see lanterns of all sizes in the course of preparation, from the smallest size used in the service to ones of the power sufficient to be ready for emergencies in the way of breakdowns of lights, as well as of lightships, and so they not only keep two light vessels at the wharf always ready for instant service, but they also have in this storehouse an emergency light that can be put up anywhere and fitted to take the place of any light of any description, whether it be fixed or revolving, red and white or all red.—New York Press.

SOME FIRST OCCASIONS.

Cannon and small arms were introduced in 1390.

Spinning wheels came to the rescue of women in 1530.

The first stereotyping was done in 1813 in New York.

Shirts resembling those now worn were in use in 1830.

Phrenology, "discovered" by Franz Joseph Gall, a Viennese physician, in 1796, became a so called science in 1805.

The first submarine telegraph wire in this country was from Governors Island to the Battery in New York, laid in 1842.

Double entry bookkeeping was first used in the mercantile cities of Italy, notably Venice and Florence, in the fifteenth century.

Schwartz invented gunpowder in 1328. But Roger Bacon, a thirteenth century alchemist, gives a recipe for it in a work of his in 1270.

Natural Wells in Yucatan.

Since Yucatan, where the Mayas built their strange cities, is a coral limestone formation, it would, says a writer in Records of the Past, have been a barren desert but for its subterranean rivers and the cenotes, or water caverns, which give access to them. The Mayas noted the courses of the underground streams and built their towns round the cenotes. Many cenotes are now found surrounded by ruins and give indications of the methods employed by the Mayas to reach their cool waters. In Uxmal a cenote about forty feet deep is inhabited by a peculiar species of fish. At Bolanchen there is a cenote having five openings in the rocks at the bottom of the cavern. Ladders made by tying tree trunks together lead down a total distance of 1,400 feet, but the perpendicular depth from the surface to the water is not over 500 feet.

The Mixture in Roumania.

Roumania is inhabited by a bewildering variety of races, but whether of Greek, Slav or Teutonic lineage, the modern Roumanian makes it a point of honor to claim descent from the colonists whom Trajan planted in the conquered province of Dacia A. D. 107. Calling themselves Romuni and their language Romunie, the proud citizens seldom draw out a legal document without some allusion to their founder, whom they style "the divine Trajan." The Roumanian language reflects the composition of the race and now but faintly suggests the language which Trajan spoke.

Tennyson's Gruffness.

Apropos of Tennyson's gruffness is a story repeated by the London Chronicle. Tennyson, in his last days gave audience to an American, a friend of Longfellow and Lowell, who came armed with credentials. "I hope you don't write," was the cautious old poet's first remark. "No, my lord, and I don't talk!" was the swift reply. This response set Tennyson at his ease, and he at least "talked," to his guest's vast contentment.

Flattered Men.

There is no exaggerated and barefaced compliment a man will not swallow greedily if it be served by a woman. He suspects it from the lips of another man, but is so innately convinced that woman, his inferior, is always secretly worshipping him and longing for him that he will bolt every sugared pill she offers.—M. A. P.

LIVING FOR THE FLAG.

A Beautiful Example of Devotion From Our War Records.

One of the most touching as well as the most beautiful examples of devotion to the flag is to be found in the records of our civil war. The Sixteenth regiment of Connecticut volunteers after three days of the hardest and bloodiest fighting became convinced that defeat and capture by the enemy was imminent. The ranks were depleted, and to hold out longer would only involve needlessly further sacrifice of life. But even in their hour of peril the zealous patriots thought more of the fate of their battle scarred flag than of their own. Just before the final assault on the breastworks the gallant colonel shouted to his men, "Whatever you do, boys, don't give up our flag; save that at any price!" In an instant the flag was torn from its staff and cut and torn into hundreds of small fragments, each piece being hidden about the person of some one of its brave defenders.

The survivors of the regiment, about 500 in number, were sent to a prison camp, where most of them remained until the end of the war, each cherishing his mite of the regimental colors. Through long months of imprisonment many died, and in all such cases the scraps of bunting guarded by the poor unfortunates were entrusted to the care of some surviving comrade.

At the end of the war when the prisoners returned to their homes a meeting of the survivors was held, and all the priceless fragments of the flag were sewed together. But a very few pieces had been lost, so that the restored emblem was made nearly complete.

That flag, patched and tattered as it is, forms one of the proudest possessions of Connecticut today and is preserved in the state capitol at Hartford, bearing mute testimony to the devotion of the brave men who were not alone ready and willing to die for it on the field of battle, but to live for it through long years of imprisonment in order that they might bring it back whole to the state that gave it into their hands to honor and defend.—St. Nicholas.

NAIL CHARACTERISTICS.

They Are an Aid in Diagnosis of Diseases and Traits.

It is said that the moon at the base of the nail is simply an indication of good health and excellent circulation, while the white spots are always the accompaniment of an impaired nervous system. The common idea that an external application of vaseline will cure the white spots is erroneous, and those afflicted with the little "story tellers" would far better turn their attention to securing perfect physical health in the assurance that the spots will disappear with improved circulation.

It is not possible to create moons at the base of the nails. Frequently the moon is there, but through negligence it is covered by skin, which without attention will grow upward over the base of the nail.

It is not generally understood that the shape and appearance of the finger nails are carefully considered and form an important factor in the diagnosis of disease. Long nails are said to indicate physical weakness and tendency to lung trouble, and this tendency is aggravated where the nails are corrugated and yet more aggravated if they curve from the top back to the finger and across. Where the nails are long and bluish they indicate bad circulation. This same type of nail, but shorter, denotes tendency to throat affection, bronchitis and the like.

Short, small nails indicate heart disease. Where they are short, flat and sunken you may look for nervous disorders. The short nailed woman will criticize her friends and her foes, but she will criticize herself with the same severity. She is apt to be sarcastic and sometimes so quick at repartee that she appears almost brutal. The best dramatic and literary critics possess this type of nail.

Gold.

The first mention which we have of gold is in the eleventh verse of the second chapter of Genesis, or, in other words, 4,004 years before Christ. Gold was used as money by the ancient Egyptians at a very early date. Herodotus tells that the invention of the coinage of gold belongs to Lydia, about 750 B. C. Authorities conflict about the first coinage of gold. Some say it was Miletus and some the Persians, but there are no records to show just when.

The Justs.

Banaram of Persia bore the enviable title of the Just. The righteousness of his decisions was seldom called in question. This title has been conferred on several monarchs, among them being Casimir II. of Poland, Ferdinand I. and James II. of Aragon, Haroun-al-Raschid of "Arabian Nights" fame, Khosron of Persia, Louis XIII. of France and Pedro I. of Portugal.

A Colored View.

"Mammy," said Pickaninny Jim as he watched the meteors falling, "does you see all dat brightness comin' down?"

"Yaas, indeed."

"I know what makes it. De cullud angels has been put to work sweepin' up de golden city."—Washington Star.

His Way.

Mr. Henneypeck (peevishly)—When you tell me to do a thing, like a fool I go and do it. Mrs. Henneypeck (acidly)—No, you go and do it like a fool.—Puck.

We have committed the Golden Rule to memory; now let us commit it to life.—Markham.

When the Editor "Puffed"

By DONALD ALLEN

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There was just one reason why the Widow Bidwell refused the matrimonial offer tendered her by Editor Flint of the Weekly Clarion and Fergus County Advertiser. Editor Flint had owned and edited the Clarion for many years. He had never married because he had been too busy making up and working off his edition of 900 copies, getting up and printing auction bills, writing thrilling local notices of wood wanted on subscription and other matters connected with a weekly journal of twenty years ago. Some of his esteemed contemporaries sneeringly remarked now and then that he stole his editorials, but when it came down to writing out an auction bill they yielded him the palm.

"Auction! Auction! Auction!" read the average bill. "Take notice that on the 14th of September George Styles, farmer, will sell at public vendue all the live stock and other personal property on his farm on the Red Bridge road. Said stock consists of horses, cows, sheep and hogs and about 100 hens and geese. Sale to begin at 10 a. m., and all will go to the highest bidder."

There was no doubt about the success of the Clarion as a newspaper or about the success of Editor Flint as an editor. When he finally made up his mind to marry the Widow Bidwell, there was no doubt that he would be a success as a Benedict. He struck a snag, however. The widow had been obliged to turn to dressmaking since her husband's death, and she did not rank with the Four Hundred of the village, but she was a lover of poetry and she had dreams of poets. While this kept her grocery bill down, it interfered considerably with her getting out orders on time, and she calculated that one about offset the other.

The poetry loving widow had had fifty different poetic effusions published in the Clarion over the nom de plume of Flossie, but Mr. Flint had received the copy with a grunt, and the public had recovered from the shock each time within twenty-four hours.

The "poems" had been published to save carrying dead advertising. Mrs. Bidwell was rather surprised when the editor dropped in on her one evening and proceeded to say that he wanted her for the mistress of his house, but she soon rallied and answered that there was an insurmountable barrier between them. He didn't look like a poet. She knew what he could do in the way of an auction bill, but the man who wed Flossie must look the part. She would attend to the poetry as heretofore, but he must at least have long hair, an aesthetic face and dreamy eyes.

The editor saw at once that he couldn't fill the bill. He wore his hair short, had a fat face, and his eyes were on the lookout for delinquent subscribers instead of looking into the far away. He therefore picked up his hat and walked back to the office.

However, the iron had entered Mr. Flint's soul. He had laid his forty-year-old heart at a woman's feet, and she had spurned it. He either wanted to commit suicide or secure revenge, and after figuring up that the Clarion plant was worth about \$4,000 he decided to hang on to earth. The first installment of his revenge was shown in his next issue, when he said:

"We take pleasure in informing our readers that a brother of the Widow Bidwell, who writes beautiful verse under the name of Flossie, has just died and left her a fortune estimated at \$100,000. She has our heartiest congratulations."