

COMPARISONS.

As Soon as We Begin to Make Them We Begin to Suffer.

We would not have to strive so for courage if what we vaguely call "things" were more evenly distributed among us, for no one's lot would then seem to him an evil one.

It is because we see our estate differing from that of our fellows that we are tempted to comparisons, and it is in the making of these comparisons that a sense of our sorrows, like the knowledge of our afflictions, is first born.

It comes to this, then: When we begin to make comparisons, we begin to suffer. This may seem to be a hard saying, but it is a true one.

ROMAN ROSES.

They Are Beautiful and Abundant Because They Eat Meat.

"I have yet to see a rose equal to those grown in Rome," said the amateur horticulturist. "They bloom in the greatest abundance all through the winter, and they are as large and rich and velvety as American Beauties, living out of doors, climbing like ivy or honeysuckle over the crumbling marble walls of ruined temples, gleaming in crimson and green masses upon ancient columns, giving to the grimest and saddest of mediæval palazzos an air of gayety and youth.

"One day on the Via Sistina, as I passed the garden that had once been the garden of Lucullus, I saw an old man tending the superb roots that grow there. He was pouring on their roots a dark, rich looking fluid.

"Why are the Roman roses so beautiful and abundant?" I said to the old man.

"Because they eat meat," he answered.

"Eat meat? Nonsense," said I.

"Well, they drink meat—meat extract, which is the same thing," said the old man. "We Roman gardeners have for centuries watered our roses thrice a week with a strong decoction of fresh beef—a rich grade of beef tea. They are meat eaters. That is why the roses of Rome are as hardy and prolific as weeds and at the same time as richly, delicately beautiful and as sweetly perfumed as flowers grown under glass."

Called Back.

A commercial traveler for a London firm secured an order for £1,000 in the west of England and, as it was not duly acknowledged, wrote a letter to the firm calling special attention to it and saying, "I thought you would consider such an order quite a feather in my cap."

In reply he received this note from his principal: "We have filed your order and inclose for your cap the one feather you require."

After a fortnight came another letter from the firm: "The people who gave you the £1,000 order have failed, and we lose the goods. We have this day sent to you a bagful of feathers for you to fly home with, as we do not want you out on the road for us any more."

Food Value of Cheese.

It is said that one pound of cheese is equal in food value to more than two pounds of meat. It is very rich in proteins and fat. Considering this, it is low in price when compared with meat and ought to do good service to the poor man in replacing occasionally the regular diet of meat. In America cheese is looked upon more as a side dish and luxury than in some parts of Europe.

Delay Fatal.

Visitor (to widow)—I am so sorry to hear of the sudden death of your husband. Did they hold a postmortem examination?

"Yes, and, like those doctors, they did not hold it until he was dead, or they might have saved his life."—Clinical Reporter.

What It Cost Him.

Mrs. Watts—There! We have cleared off the last of that church debt, and it never cost you a cent. See what women can do. Mr. Watts—I don't know about the other fellows, but I know you have made me spend more than \$100 for extra meals downtown while you were out monkeying around.

The First Sight.

Ethel—I understand it was a case of love at first sight between Jack and Miss Oldgirl. Maud—Yes, dear. But the first sight was at her bank book.

Wonder is the first cause of philosophy.—Aristotle.

EL TERREMOTO

By HONORE WILLISIE

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For three months now Eleanor had been on the desert edge fighting for her brother's health. At first the desperation of the struggle had kept her thoughts from straying eastward; had crammed with anxiety each moment that otherwise would have been wretched with homesickness.

But now, with the leisure that came with Jack's returning health, homesickness was beginning its inroads upon her. This made doubly hard to bear the fact that Jack was developing the fractiousness of the convalescent and that an ordinary pacific disposition was becoming so irritable that it taxed even the devotion of this most devoted sister.

On this particular afternoon he had expressed an inordinate desire for a certain brand of cigars.

"But, Jack dear," objected Eleanor, "the doctor says that you must not smoke."

"Who says I want to smoke?" growled Jack. "I just want to look at them and sniff of them and feel them. And I want them today."

Eleanor sighed patiently. "It's five miles to town, Jacky. And though it's 4 o'clock, it's frightfully hot. Don't you want to wait until tomorrow?"

"Oh, of course, if you don't want to do the favor for me," replied the invalid, walking feebly across the tent to pick up a fan.

"Why, certainly I'm going, Jacky," she cried. "The heat won't last much longer," and she disappeared toward her own tent, leaving her brother looking a bit sheepish.

So now Eleanor was riding slowly along the blistering trail toward the sleepy little adobe village which boasted a single Yankee store, at which she thought she could get the cigars. She was a beautiful girl, slender of body and lovely of face, with the refinement of good blood through many generations showing in every lineament.

"It's getting pretty hard," she thought. "It's spring up there, with the snow melting into little rivulets, and the pussy willows out, and the wind flowers coming. Only the thought of Jack's getting well keeps me from going mad."

She started a little as a cheery halloo greeted her, and she saw riding down the trail toward her a broad shouldered, jolly chap in cowboy attire. He wheeled his mustang and rode beside her.

"I was taking a jaunt out to tell you that I have almost finished my work and must fly eastward again."

"Oh, that is too bad!" cried Eleanor. "The man's fine brown eyes beamed. "I've only known you a week," he answered, "but it's been a mighty pleasant week."

"Jack will miss you," said the girl. The man eyed her silently. "She's wearing herself out," he thought. "I wish I could take her away from here. Burwell's nearly strong enough to go it alone now. Gads! She's a beauty!"

Eleanor wiped the alkali dust from her face and told him the reason for her trip to town.

"Rather hard on you," commented Hartley.

Eleanor smiled, but said nothing, and they rode for some distance in silence, Hartley's gaze scarcely leaving for an instant the drooping profile beside him.

"I wonder," he thought, "if she realizes that she's never told me a word of herself, who she is or—by the Lord Harry, if she'd have me I'd marry her tomorrow even if they both came from a foundling asylum."

By this time they were riding up the street of the dirty little Mexican village, whose inhabitants were too absorbed in the sight of the Americans to move from beneath the horses' feet until urged to do so by Hartley in a patois that made up in vigor what it lacked in lucidity.

The Yankee store was the only frame building for miles around. It was owned by an enterprising Vermonter, who was making a small fortune in the lazy little town, where money went faster than it came.

Hartley tied the horses and they entered the store. Just as they stepped within the door it slammed shut violently behind them and the tremor of its impact shook the entire building. The storekeeper, the only other person in the dusky room, looked up in surprise that quickly changed to alarm. The tremor instead of ceasing increased.

"What's the matter?" he cried, running to the front of the store.

"I don't know," replied Hartley. "If I were up north I'd think it was a dynamite blast, but—"

Here the crockery in the window clattered and a roll of turkey red fell to the floor.

"It's an earthquake!" cried the Vermonter. "Come on, get out of here quick," and he made a dash for the knob. But the door was fast and immediately the floor was rocking so violently that the whole room seemed filled with flying articles from the store shelves. Hartley suddenly pulled Eleanor toward him, as if trying to shield her with his body. Then a great rumble, with continuous shocks like explosions, a fearful crash and darkness!

It had all happened in so short a space of time that Eleanor had scarcely realized that she was actually encountering an earthquake. She had

been thrown violently to the ground, as the final shock came, and now she felt out in the darkness and encountered Hartley's quiet form. Almost hysterical with fright, she called to him and chafed his hands feverishly. Then came the voice of the storekeeper:

"Hello, you two in there!" "Yes," called Eleanor weakly. "I'm all right, but Mr. Hartley seems badly hurt."

"The whole dinged front of the store has fallen in," called the Vermonter, "but I got out through a hole. Can you stay still till I get help?"

"Yes," answered Eleanor, and again she fell to chafing Hartley's hands.

It was a long and arduous task to remove the debris without injury to the prisoners beneath. The work was doubly long, owing to the fact that what few natives had not fled to the desert were hovering over their ruined adobes with walls of "El terremoto!" so that the storekeeper did most of the work himself.

Long before their rescue Hartley had recovered his senses and by combining their two handkerchiefs Eleanor had bound the wound in his head that seemed to be his only injury. It was twilight when they reached the street, a quiet, southern twilight, with just the edge of a great full moon coming up over the edge of the desert.

As soon as it was possible Eleanor with Hartley on guard set out for camp. She was greatly disturbed over her brother, though the natives assured her that the shock was not serious where there were no buildings.

Hartley, looking like a picturesque bandit with his bandaged forehead, was in great spirits despite his aching head. He said little until they were well out on the trail. Then he rode close up to Eleanor's pony.

"Miss Burwell," he said, "an accident like this makes us friends of about ten years' standing, doesn't it?" "It surely does," cried Eleanor.

"Then," he went on eagerly, "don't you think that two such old friends could safely care for each other and—perhaps marry each other?"

Eleanor did not seem so much astonished as the short acquaintance might warrant. But she blushed deeply in the moonlight.

"But you don't know me and I don't know you," she said.

"Well, I'm an architect," he answered, "and I live in Chicago and—"

"Not the 'John Hartley, architect,' that all the world knows!" cried Eleanor.

"I'm afraid so," he replied, a little sheepishly.

Eleanor gasped. "My little name sinks into insignificance," she said. Hartley looked at her suspiciously.

"You aren't E. Burwell, the illustrator!" he exclaimed.

"I'm afraid so," she mocked. Hartley stopped the ponies and drew her close in his arms. "Whatever the names," he whispered, "we belong to one another, anyhow."

A Bible Courtship.

A young gentleman at church conceived a most sudden and violent passion for a young lady in the next pew and felt desirous of entering into a courtship on the spot, but the place not suiting a formal declaration, the exigency suggested the following plan: He politely handed his fair neighbor a Bible, open, with a pin stuck in the following text, second epistle of John, verse 5: "And now I beseech thee, lady, not as though I wrote a new commandment unto thee, but that which we had from the beginning, that we love one another." She returned it with the following, second chapter of Ruth, verse 10: "Then she fell on her face and bowed herself to the ground and said unto him, Why have I found grace in thine eyes, that thou shouldst take notice of me, seeing I am a stranger?" He returned the book, pointing to verse 12 of the third epistle of John, "Having many things to write unto you, I would not write with paper and ink, but I trust to come unto you and speak face to face." From the above interview the marriage took place the following week.—Scottish American.

The Geese Won.

An English gentleman once laid a wager with George IV. that geese would beat turkeys in a race. The king, thinking that such a wager was already as good as won, willingly made the bet, and the gentleman was left to choose time and place and distance. Being well acquainted with the habits of the birds he accordingly chose for the time the evening, just before sunset, and for the place the road outside the city walls and a mile for the distance. The time came and each appeared with his flock of birds and the race began. Long ere the end came the sunset and immediately, true to their instincts, as soon as the sun had quite disappeared all the turkeys flew up into the nearest tree to roost, and no persuasion could induce them to budge an inch farther, and the geese, which had been slowly toddling on behind, quietly cackled in—the winners.

Moving the Well.

A New England woman once had in her employ a rosy cheeked Irish maid of all work, whose blunders afforded them amusement to compensate for any trouble she might entail. One day the owner of the place stated in the girl's hearing that he intended to have a wood house built on a piece of ground which at that time inclosed a well.

"Shure, sor," said the inquiring Margaret, "will you be movin' the well to a more convenient spot whin the wood house is builded?"

As a smile crossed the face of her employer Margaret at once perceived she had made a mistake of some sort. "It's a fool I am, shure," she added hastily, bound to retrieve herself. "Of course whin the well was moved livery drop of wather would run out of it!"

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TOOTHPICKS.

A Visit to London and a Little Lesson in Etiquette.

"I ran over for a short visit to London," said a globe trotter. "On the boat was a pretty widow from Atlanta who disgusted and amused all hands one day by saying:

"I am surprised that a fast and expensive boat like this should fail to supply us with toothpicks."

"She thought toothpicks indispensable, like napkins or forks. For thinking so we set her down as a hecker. But wait.

"I dined during my visit in London at Prince's, in Piccadilly, and at the Savoy, in the room that overlooks the bankment and the river, and at the Carlton, where I paid a dollar for a plate of soup, and at all these restaurants, which are admittedly the finest and the smartest and the most fashionable in the world. At all of them there were toothpicks on the table, each toothpick done up in a sterilized envelope.

"This taught me a lesson. It taught me that it is narrow and provincial to despise people for their disregard of certain small rules of etiquette. The things we despise them for, which may be glaring errors in Seattle or New York, may be again, as like as not, the correct thing in Paris and London."—New York Press.

Medical.

BLOOD HUMORS

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Excited No Comment.

Tess—Of course, I knew that May and Bess were bitter enemies, but do you mean to tell me they actually engaged in a fist fight? Jess—Yes. Tess—Why, what a scandal! I declare I—Jess—Oh, nobody noticed it. They went to a bargain store to do it.—Philadelphia Press.

The Opinion She Sought.

"Well, what do you think of my new hat?" she asked.

"Do you want a candid opinion?" he questioned.

"Heavens, no!" she replied. "Say something nice."—New York Press.

And Insight.

"What happens when people fall in love at first sight?"

"Usually marriage and second sight."—Springfield (Ill.) Journal.

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