

GERMAN GLEE CLUBS.

Early Days of the Saengerfests in This Country.

In the early days of saengerfests in this country they were held annually. The third saengerfest was held in New York in 1852, and many Newark Germans attended. Below are given extracts from the Newark Daily Advertiser, printed at the time:

June 10, 1852.—The German glee clubs of New York will celebrate the third annual festival in New York this year on the 19th to 22d of June. The New York Journal of Commerce states that the glee clubs from abroad will be received by the New York clubs and honored with a torchlight procession. The principal performance will take place at the Academy of Music, Fourteenth street, when the choruses will be sung by over 1,200 male voices, accompanied by an orchestra of 100 pieces. On the 22d will be held a picnic on the Bloomingdale road, opposite Striker's bay.

June 22.—Third musical jubilee of German singers, Saturday to Tuesday, 19th to 22d. The execution of the "Magic Flute" overture by 1,200 voices was very uncommon and surprising by the New York clubs and was received with great applause. The Eintrachts of Newark sang "Wallischer Schiffergesang" in a distinguished manner. But the most marked performance was Martin Luther's "Ein Feste Burg Ist Unser Gott," arranged by Finke. We felt immediately what religious music really is—how grand, solemn and sublime such a hymn is when performed by a large orchestra and hundreds of voices. It was something to be remembered long. Kossuth was present during an intermission and was cheered.—Newark News.

THE SERPENT'S VENOM.

Mohammedan Legend of the Origin of the Tobacco Plant.

The prophet was taking a stroll in the country when he saw a serpent, stiff with cold, lying on the ground. He compassionately took it up and warmed it in his bosom. When the serpent had recovered it said: "Divine prophet, listen. I am now going to bite thee."

"Why, pray?" inquired Mohammed. "Because thy race persecutes mine and tries to stamp it out."

"But does not thy race, too, make perpetual war against mine?" was the prophet's rejoinder. "How canst thou, besides, be so ungrateful and so soon forget that I saved thy life?"

"There is no such thing as gratitude upon this earth," replied the serpent, "and if I were now to spare thee either thou or another of thy race would kill me. By Allah, I shall bite thee."

"If thou hast sworn by Allah, I will not cause thee to break thy vow," said the prophet, holding his hand to the serpent's mouth. The serpent bit him, but he sucked the wound with his lips and spat the venom on the ground. And on that very spot there sprang up a plant which combines within itself the venom of the serpent and the compassion of the prophet. Men call this plant by the name of tobacco.—Conte Arabie.

No Wool Over His Eyes.

Uncle Abe, a grizzled old negro, visited a zoological garden. He stood fascinated before a cage containing a chimpanzee and could not be induced to move. After awhile the animal came to the front of the cage and Uncle Abe spoke to him.

"Howdy?" he said. "Howdy?" The chimpanzee not making any response, Uncle Abe chuckled and winked at him knowingly.

"Dat's right; dat's de way ter do! Doan' you nebbin' 'gin ter talk. Ef you does white man put er hoe in yer han' on meck yer wuk!" he said.—Harper's Weekly.

Stephen Girard, Hero.

A tablet "in commemoration of the courage and humanity displayed by Stephen Girard during the epidemic of yellow fever in the year 1793" in Girard college in Philadelphia discloses a phase of character in the philanthropist not generally understood. During the fever epidemic he gave up his business and his luxurious home and assumed the superintendency of a yellow fever hospital. He took up the work others recoiled from and did the work because it was his duty.

On Himself.

They had quarreled again. "Perhaps you are not aware," she said, "that I had over a dozen proposals of marriage before I accepted yours."

He flushed. "And perhaps, madam," he retorted laughingly, "you are not aware that I proposed to nearly twenty women before I became acquainted with yourself."

Temper.

If a man has a quarrelsome temper, let him alone. The world will soon find him employment. He will soon meet with some one stronger than himself who will repay him better than you can. A man may fight duels all his life if he is disposed to quarrel.—Cecil.

Posted.

"Can you repeat the Declaration of Independence?" she asked. "I used to be able to," he replied, "but about all I remember of it now is, 'To be or not to be—that is the question.'"—Judge.

Serenading Felicia

By OTHO B. SENG

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"Run out, children; run out and play," coaxed Felicia, "shooing" them along with the skirt of her pretty gown.

"You come, too, Aunt Fille," begged Jimmie. "You said you'd play 'tim-buktu' today."

"I'm going to be very busy this morning, Jimmie," evaded Felicia.

"Going to try on?" cried Gladys ecstatically. "Oh, do let me stay!"

"I'm not going to 'try on,' Gladys; it isn't the dressmaker who is coming." Felicia smiled happily.

The brown eyes of Bobby the adorable opened wider and then narrowed knowingly. "You goin' to have p'tic'lar comp'ny?" he demanded.

Felicia's joyous laugh rang out sweetly. "Yes, Bobby, very particular company."

"I'll bet anything it's Mr. Parker," grumbled Jimmie. "I don't want to go away if it is."

"Oh, let us stay!" cried Gladys, jumping up and down. "Mr. Parker'll want to see us—he always does. You know, Aunt Fille," argumentatively, "he said the other day he was very fond of children."

"Yes, I know," hurriedly, "he is fond of children—good children, obedient children!"

"Then we'll thtay," agreed Donald placidly.

"Of course," assented Gladys and Jimmie, with one accord, seating themselves on the steps with cheerful alacrity.

"Come on, Bob," Jimmie added patronizingly.

But the adorable one stood aloof, regarding Felicia with gravely reproachful eyes. "Has he got somepin' p'tic'lar to say to you?" frigidly.

Felicia laughed and blushed rosyly. "I think so, Bobby," gently. "Now, Jimmie," coaxingly, "you are the oldest—you ought to set the others a good example. Take them away and have them play something. I want to talk with Mr. Parker a little while, and then perhaps we'll play."

Jimmie rose grandly. "I'm most nine," importantly. "I'll boss the others. Come on, kids."

He stopped and turned to his pretty aunt with masculine superiority. "But if you're smart you won't keep Mr. Parker shut up in that dark parlor very long. I bet he'd rather play 'tim-buktu.' Come on, Bob. What you standin' there for?"

Felicia paused on the steps and looked back apprehensively. The adorable one stood in the path, his feet planted wide apart, his hands thrust into the pockets of the recently acquired trousers and a faraway look upon his beautiful face that somehow filled Felicia's heart with foreboding. Had she known Bobby better she might have feared less—or more! She ran down the steps and laid a detaining hand on Jimmie's arm.

"Jimmie, dear," she whispered impressively, "remember that Bobby is your guest, and you must do everything you can to make him happy."

"All right," gruffly, still with a sense of being defrauded. "Come, Bobby."

"Go with the others, Bobby," coaxed Felicia alluringly; "they will show you their pets."

He brought his heaven turned eyes down to her face.

"Some day," he breathed sweetly, "I shall give you a Sarah Nade."

"So you shall, Bobby," gratefully, "whenever you wish."

Bobby skipped away, and Felicia ran singing up the steps.

"Isn't it sweet of him?" she thought. "I never heard him sing except that once at All Saints'. I don't wonder they call him the adorable one! Such a lively thought, to give me a serenade!"

"This is my dog," introduced Jimmie proudly. "His name is Bunch of Brightness, but we call him Bunch for every day. Get your cat, Gad. Glad's cat is a blue ribboner!"

The big, stuffy Persian was brought out for the admiration of the guest, who regarded it with coldly critical eyes.

"Where's Don's pet?"

"It's a parrot," explained Gladys. "He's in the house—in a cage. When we got Fluff we had to shut the parrot up, 'cause he wanted to pick Fluff's eyes out."

"You orter hear the parrot talk!" cried Jimmie. "He can say 'Now's the time,' 'Go it, old boy,' and 'I'll bet on you,' plain as I can."

"Let's bring him out," tempted the adorable one, "and look at all three together and see which is the nicest."

"Oh, we can't!" cried Gladys hastily. "If they should fight, Aunt Fille would be most scared to death."

The back of the adorable one is turned squarely upon the timorous Gladys. "Girls," witheringly, "are always scart!"

"I guess we'd better, Gind," said Jimmie slowly. "She said do everything we could to make Bobby happy."

"We'll make everybody happy," answered Bobby serenely. "We'll give her a Sarah Nade!"

"What's a Sarah Nade?"

"He means lemonade," interposed Gladys, anxious for reinstatement. "I'll help make it."

"No, it's a Sarah Nade—singing and—bringing gifts. You make a p'cession and have your pets for gifts, and we'll all sing."

"Can't we dress up?" The girl never wanders far from her wardrobe.

"Now!" in concert from the three masculines.

"Oh, I mean play dress up," pleaded Gladys. "I'll put on one of mamma's dress skirts, and Jimmie can put on papa's coat."

"Has it got tails?" The possibilities of the proposal appeal to the adorable one.

"I can find one with tails," eagerly—"two tails."

"All right. Can't you put a skirt on, Don? Then there'll be two ladies and two gentlemen in the Sarah Nade."

Don objected, but his minority vote was not recorded, and twenty minutes later the procession stole noiselessly up the steps and opened the door into the cool, dark hall.

Don, bearing the bellicose parrot, staggered patiently up the front of his mother's new tailored skirt; Gladys, with Fluff's claws digging wildly into her bare arms, switched the train of a pale blue foulard; Jimmie held his hand over the quivering jaws of the anxious Bunch and divided his attention between the trailing silk draperies in front of him and the two tails that dragged the ground at his rear. The adorable one, walking somewhat remotely, bore no indication of any participation in the proceedings.

Don pushed aside the portiere at the parlor door.

"In a Sarah Nade," the manager had explained before starting, "every one sings the things he likes best. Just as quick as we reach the curtains all begin!"

Don was like the heroes at Balaklava—not his to question why. He poked himself into the dim, sweet smelling room and opened his mouth in a doleful howl. Gladys pushed in close behind him, shrilly yelling; Jimmie planted both feet firmly on the blue foulard and gruffly vociferated in an imitation bass.

Their entrance was evidently not happily timed. An athletic young man sprang to his feet with a smothered exclamation, and Felicia was silent from sheer consternation.

Don's next step, gasping "Where the love in your eyes I could see," was inimical to renewals of any sort. Being born under Cancer, his movements were usually sidewise and crablike, and the clinging broadcloth skirt added to his uncertainty of balance. He fell heavily, and his chubby foot and legs upset the shrieking Gladys and bowled the valiant rag and bone vander on top of his suffering sister. Gladys in falling grasped despairingly at the legs of the astounded Parker and brought him to his knees on the howling heap.

Poll escaped from Don's clutches and instituted a severe investigation of every leg, arm or body within reach of her vicious beak, clamoring incessantly. "Go it, old boy! Now's the time! I'll bet on you!" Bunch of Brightness showed his fighting blood in violent attacks on Poll and the yowling Persian.

The man disentangled himself angrily and turned to the now hysterical girl. "I suppose you call this funny, Miss Austin, but I must confess my idea of a joke fails to coincide with yours."

He stepped grimly over the struggling mass, kicked Bunch—cut gently—and with apparent relish cuffed the squeaking parrot.

"Glad tidings of great joy I bring," sang a seraphic voice as Parker strode into the hall. The adorable one was standing in his most admired Sunday pose, his hands loosely clasped before him and his beautiful face turned upward. He smiled beatifically into Parker's face and completed his carol.

"Did she like it?" with sweet solicitude. "Did she like the Sarah Nade?"

"Bobby," sternly, "who put up this job and what is it for?"

"Me," proudly. "We wanted to Sarah Nade her."

From the parlor came a pitiful sob and then a shrill, incontinent, childish voice. "Did he say, Aunt Fille—did he say that p'tic'lar thing he came to say?"

Parker went back.

"I didn't, Gladys, but I'm going to now. I won't be driven off so easily."

And, to the astonishment of the serenaders, he took Aunt Fille in his arms, whispering swift, passionate words that brought back the sweet flush to her cheeks and a tremulous, happy smile to her lips.

Onions.

Onions are an excellent cure for sleeplessness. They act as a kind of soporific if taken in small quantities before retiring. They will be found to be more appetizing if finely chopped up and laid between two thin wafers or biscuits. Eaten in this way, they are also easily digested. The reason so many people complain of onions disagreeing with them is that they eat too much of the homely vegetable. Onions are not intended to be eaten en masse. When they are taken raw they should be thoroughly masticated, or, better still, the juice of the onion should be pressed out and taken on bread or as a sauce. In this form the onion is splendid for liver complaints and acts in consequence as a purifier for a dark and muddy complexion.

Medical.

BLOOD HUMORS

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Salmon Sometimes Caught at Sea. The salmon is one of the anadromous fishes, of which the shad and sturgeon are other examples, anadromous fishes being those that come from the sea and ascend fresh water streams to spawn and return to the sea again after spawning. It is not known of the shad whether it remains in deep water in the ocean nor very far away from the river whence it came or whether it goes south, but it seems certain that some salmon at least spend their sea life not far away from their rivers, for salmon have been caught at sea in northern waters off the New England coast on hooks baited for cod, haddock and halibut.

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RED OR GREEN.

Color Troubles of the Color Blind. Poet, Whittier.

It is well known that the poet Whittier was color blind and unable to distinguish red from green. He once bought for himself a necktie which he supposed to be of a modest and suitable olive tint and wore it once. He never wore it again, for his friends soon made him aware that it offended against the traditional quietness of costume enjoined alike by the habits of the Friends and by his own taste. The tie was of flaming scarlet.

On another occasion, when he found a little girl in distress on account of a new gown, made over from her elder sister's, which was not becoming to her coloring and complexion, he tried to console her.

"I wouldn't mind what a rude boy says about it, Mary," he said kindly. "These looks very well indeed in it, like an oread, Mary, dressed all in green."

Unfortunately, Mary was not dressed in green. She was red haired, and her dress was red. That was the trouble.

Once, on a day in mid-March, when out walking with a Friend and deeply engaged in conversation, Mr. Whittier approached too near for safety to a place where blasting was going on. The danger signal was shown, but

Medical.

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