

That is One Sight You Will Not See in Edinburgh.

A writer of the London Tatler has been in Edinburgh and reports as follows: There is one thing that always disappoints the visitor to Edinburgh, and that is a complete absence of kilts, or, rather, the absence of Scotsmen in kilts. If you meet a man wearing a kilt in the streets of the Queen City of the Forth it will be a grave mistake to suppose that he is the laird of Gormuck or some other equally famous highland chieftain. He is nothing of the sort. As a matter of fact, his name is Hodgkins, and he is employed during eleven months of the year licking up envelopes for a firm on the shady side of Lothbury avenue, London, E. C.

Another mistake which strangers are apt to make lies in supposing that the good people of Scotland talk Scotch. I shall never forget my surprise on the occasion of my first visit to Edinburgh, when a policeman at the corner of Frederic street, to whom I remarked pleasantly that it was "braw, brient nicht the nicht, whateffer," told me to push off and stop asking him conundrums. Scotsmen do not as a rule talk at all. They possess the gift of silence to a really remarkable degree. I know a gillie named Donald, who lives in Perthshire, in whose society I have sometimes spent whole days stalking the elusive stag without his ever vouchsafing a single remark of any kind. I remonstrated with him once, pointing out that such silence as his almost amounted to taciturnity. He promised to try and cultivate a certain measure of garrulity, and after we had walked across the heather for five hours, during which time I could see that his brain was working feverishly, he suddenly turned to me and exclaimed, "Yon's a fearful earthquake they had in Jamaica!" after which striking effort he relapsed once more into his habitual attitude of respectful silence.

"OLD GLORY."

The Way This Name For the Stars and Stripes Originated.

The term "Old Glory," used to designate the flag of our country, is a favorite, and the expression is a very happy one.

It is said by those who claim to be well informed that the name originated with William Driver, captain of the bark Charles Doggett. This statement appears in a history of the Driver family, and from this we find the following facts:

Driver was a successful deep sea sailor and was at the time making his vessel ready for a voyage to the southern Pacific. In 1831, just as the brig was about to set sail, a young man at the head of a party of the captain's friends saluted Driver on the deck of the Doggett and presented to him a handsome American flag 19 by 38 feet in size. The banner was done up in stops, and when it went aloft and was flung to the breeze Captain Driver, says the tradition, then and there named it "Old Glory." The flag was carried to the south seas and ever afterward treasured by its owner.

Driver removed to Nashville, Tenn. in 1837 and there died in 1886. Before the outbreak of hostilities between the north and south Old Glory flew daily from a window in the captain's Nashville house, but when the rumors of war became facts it was carefully secreted.

When the war broke out the precious flag was quilted into an innocent looking comfortable and used on the captain's bed until Feb. 27, 1862, when the Sixth Ohio marched into Nashville. Then the flag came out of its covering, and the captain presented it to the regiment to be hoisted over the capitol.

There it floated until it began to tear in ribbons, when it was taken down and a new one placed on the building. After the death of Captain Driver the first Old Glory was given to the Essex Institute at Salem, where it is still preserved and may be seen by the curious.—Kansas City Journal.

Too Much to Expect.

Camp Meeting John Allen, the grandfather of Mue. Nordica, was for many years a picturesque figure among the Methodist ministers in the state of Maine. He was a good deal of a wag, and his utterances were much appreciated by both saint and sinner. At one time, having gone to Lewiston to attend a quarterly meeting, he was approached in the street by several young men who were evidently out for a good time. "Camp Meeting John," said the spokesman, "who was the devil's grandmother?"

"The devil's grandmother," replied the old man in the quick, sharp tone so characteristic of his speech, "the devil's grandmother—how do you expect me to keep your family record?"—Cleveland Leader.

Peanut Meal Bread.

Peanut meal has been for a long time a staple article in the dietary of the poor classes in Spain. Bread made from pure peanut meal is light and porous, but it is said to be unpalatable because of a persistent, poppylike taste. Rye bread containing 25 per cent of peanut meal cannot be distinguished from ordinary rye bread, while far more nutritious. Skim milk cheese is the only ordinary article of diet comparable to peanut meal in its percentage of nitrogenous matter.

All Alike.

Visitor (in country village)—Well, it's a simple thing to elect a man surely. Choose the cleverest man. Villager—There isn't one unfortunately.—Meggendorfer Blatter.

AN ENIGMA IN STONE.

"Nirvana" in the Rock Creek Cemetery at Washington.

So many things may be said of St. Gaudens—of the traits of his genius, his modesty, his deep sympathy with all who possessed high ideals or who had noble thoughts; of his own noble generosity, his willingness to sacrifice himself for the advancement of art, his keen perception of beautiful character, or of a fine impulse that often shone for him out of the most commonplace of lives or of features. One incident of many, says Harper's Weekly, may not only illustrate him, but help to illumine a masterpiece of his which has perplexed some minds that may be worth the enlightening. "The work is the figure of 'Nirvana' in the Rock Creek cemetery at Washington. St. Gaudens was in Washington in the winter of 1902, making his beautiful relief of Wayne MacVeagh and Mrs. MacVeagh, and Hildegard Hawthorne was there, too, and visited more than once that dreaming figure in the cemetery. At last she was moved to write some verses, which she sent to a magazine, but the editor thought that he had seen verses on the sculptor's work that better expressed its sentiments, and returned the verses with the stimulating suggestion that some day he would show the young woman some real poetry about the figure. St. Gaudens, too, had seen both poems, and when he heard of this expression of the editor's he wrote to him and said that Hildegard Hawthorne had divined his intention as no writer had done, and therefore the verses are in print. So, if you like, you may solve the riddle by reading them."

JOYS OF A COLLECTOR.

Picking Up a Valuable Painting at an Auction Sale.

Collecting will always have its romances. I know of one that occurred at the sale at Christie's of the effects of the late Sir Henry Irving. Some one I knew had been to see the collection before the sale. He came across a portrait with which he was familiar because he had seen it thirty years before. On consulting his catalogue he discovered that the portrait was described as being that of a man unknown, and, further, the artist was also unknown. Now, he knew that the portrait was that of a famous actor by a famous English painter. He longed to buy it, but decided that it would go at too high a price. He went to the auction with very little hope. The Whistler and the Sargent were sold, and then it was the turn of this picture. Nobody recognized it. Finally he had to start the bidding himself, and this he did. Only one man bid against him, but he soon stopped, discouraged, and then the picture was knocked down to the man who had never expected to get it. He hurried to the desk to pay the small amount and to carry off his prize. "Do you happen to know anything about that portrait?" the auctioneer asked him as a porter took it down to a cab. "I know it very well," said the new owner, conscious that it was now safely his property. "It is a portrait of Buckstone, the actor, by Daniel Maclise. There is an engraving of it in the Maclise portrait gallery." Mrs. John Lane in Pearson's Magazine.

Started the French Walking.

The celebrated Dr. Tronchin, friend of Voltaire, Rousseau and Diderot, was the inventor of walking. In France until his epoch (1709-81) the leisured class never walked either for health or recreation. Walking was only practiced by the Tiers Etat. Folks footed it from one place to another simply because they possessed neither coach nor sedan chair. Dr. Tronchin, an initiator in many other respects, induced "les elegants et les elegantes," writes a historian, to take what is now called a constitutional. To stroll abroad was named "tronchiner" after the inventor, and for their airings both sexes had special costumes and shoes, the latter being more especially necessary. The verb "tronchiner," by the way, has not had the fate of our "to boycott," having passed into disuse long ago.—Westminster Gazette.

A Baldheaded Reply.

A naval officer, very well and favorably known in London, has for some unknown reason been advanced in his profession very slowly, though he has grown gray in the service and indeed lamentably bald. Recently one of his juniors was bold enough to question him as to his remarkable absence of hair.

"How comes it that you are so very bald?"

The officer replied promptly and with much vindictiveness:

"You, man, you would be bald, I think, if you had had men stepping over your head for years in the way I have."—London Punch.

A French Joke.

Two doctors were called to attend a man who had suffered an accident to his hand.

"We shall have to amputate three fingers," said one.

"No, two," said the other.

"Three," maintained the first.

"Oh, well, three, then," replied the second. "We won't quarrel over a little thing like that."—Nos Loisirs.

Easy Permission.

"Willie, did you put your nickel in the contribution box in Sunday school today?"

"No, mamma. I ast Eddie Lake, the preacher's son, if I couldn't keep it an' spend it fer candy, an' he give me permission."—Denver News.

They who menace our freedom of thought and of speech are tampering with something more powerful than gunpowder.—Conway.

Thanks to the Weather.

By JOANNA SINGLE.

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It was the weather in the first place, thought Edith very drearily as she watched the rain beat against the window. If she and Richard had not been caught in a sudden shower to the utter ruin of her very prettiest dress, she would never have been irritated and quarreled with him about nothing at all, and she would not have expected him to take the fault upon himself when she alone—after the weather—was to blame. And now it had rained for nearly a week, and the inaction was driving her wild. She could only think, think and vainly try to overcome her pride and send for him.

For the thousandth time she drew from her dress his last letter and re-read it:

Dearest—We have been friends and neighbors and sweethearts all our lives and should not let anything come between us. I love you, and if you will just send me word saying you want me I will come at your call and forget the nothing we quarreled about. Should we let anything so childish part us? I look for a word from you. If it does not come I shall know that you really meant to break our engagement and shall of course not trouble you. But you couldn't have meant it, Edith? Fraternally yours, RICHARD COPELAND.

That was all, but she had sent him no word, thinking that in time he would come anyhow, and then she would let him coax her out of her anger. But he had not come, and she could not fall to respect him for refusing to be played with.

So she was very wretched and blamed her own pride and the weather. The rain beat down warmly and intermittently, and all nature expanded and thrived under its moist influence. Edith looked across the fields to the south to Richard's home, which one day was to have been also hers, and saw him to be in the rain on his horse, coming from the town a few miles away. How often they two had ridden about the country together! And now it was all over. He would never come back to her—unless she sent for him. Could she do it? It was early in the afternoon, and she might send her little brother over with a note. She hesitated; then she went to her room and sat down to her desk. It would be a relief to write to him, even if she could not bring herself to send it to him.

Dear Richard—Will you come to see me tonight? I was horrid, and I am very sorry. If I had not been wet and cross I should not have thought of caring because you rode to town with Fay. Of course you could not help her overruling you. She always was forward. Forgive me and come back. You know that—I love you—always. EDITH.

She sat looking at it. Then her heart misgave her. It had been two long months since they parted, and he might no longer care for her. He might care for Fay. The neighbors had said he had been to see her. The letter was altogether too unguarded. She could not tell him she loved him. So she carelessly thrust it into her dress with the letter from him.

She tried to busy herself about the house, but somehow she could not work. She was restless and felt as if her mother and sister saw it and would know that she fretted for Richard. She tried to read in her own room, but it seemed like a prison.

Along about 3 o'clock she felt as if the day had been years long. She could bear it no longer. She put on some heavy shoes and an old waterproof riding habit, wound her fair hair closely under a little cap and stood before the glass thinking what a fright she looked and rather rejoicing in the fact. What was the use of being beautiful when Richard no longer loved her?

She slipped out to the barn and saddled Ginger, her little mare, mounted and rode quickly out of the gate and northward, as she did not want to pass Richard's house. Her mother saw her ride off in the storm and wondered if the girl was going crazy, but was too late to call after her. At first Ginger wheeled and refused to believe that she was expected to splash her dainty hoofs through such pools of mud and water, but after a few snorts of protest Edith convinced her with the quirt that this wind and rain were really to be faced, and the little beast settled into a spiteful trot.

Edith rather rejoiced in buffeting the storm. The rain and wind cooled her hot cheeks, and the open air relieved the unbearable tension of her nervousness. For the first time since the trouble with Richard she allowed herself the unrestrained luxury of tears. Here out in the open, with the sting of rain-drops in her face, she was free from prying eyes. She did not need to keep up her pride, and she could be as wretched as she really felt. She did not look about her, but rode mile after mile, letting the mare take her own course.

After riding an hour or so she noticed that the storm abated and, looking up, saw that the clouds were less dark. Here and there was a gleam of blue, though the warm wind still blew intermittent drops into her face. She drew her collar closely about her neck and pulled her cap over her eyes and rode on with her own thoughts.

At last an idea came to her. Why not phone to Richard—just call him up and talk to him in the old way about nothing in particular and, if he made it easy for her, ask him to come to see her that evening? Strong in this new resolve, she looked to see where she was and realized that after a long detour they were about a mile below Richard's house, which they

must pass. She could not go back, for it was probably near evening. The sun threatened to break through the clouds near the horizon. The rain had entirely ceased. She felt tired, but happier and quiet after the relief of tears.

Then she remembered a way through Richard's fields that they had often taken. She would have to pass a bad slough, but that could not be helped. He must not see her in her present plight. She realized that her face was swollen and her eyes red with weeping and that she was covered with mud. Her hair was flying wildly, though the dampness always made it the curlier. She turned into the pasture after dismounting to open a heavy gate, and as she rode along she removed her cap and, transferring her hairpins to her mouth, let the reins fall on Ginger's neck while she shook out her long hair and prepared to coil it more closely. But Ginger gave a sudden jerk, and in calling "Whoa!" the pins fell from her mouth into the mud, and water. Then she laughed long and heartily and gave the wind its will with her hair. No one would see her anyway.

As she neared the slough she felt very warm and unfastened her habit at the throat. Ginger was plunging and snorting through the mud and stopped once with a jerk that almost threw the girl from her saddle. The wind caught at her dress, and before she realized it the two luckless letters were spread out in the mud. It was no laughing matter, for Richard would be sure to find them, and the mud was so deep she could not possibly dismount. She drove Ginger as close to them as possible and was leaning over reaching for them so attentively that she did not see Richard till he rode up almost against her.

Her eyes met his, defiantly conscious of her floating hair and her soiled face and above all the telltale letters. She wished her writing was finer—she could see that hateful "I love you" from where she now was! He lifted his hat and was getting down to hand her the letters when she stopped him. "Richard Copeland, you go right away. Don't touch them. I will get them myself."

"You can't. You'd get stuck in the mud. Let me."

"If you do, I'll—hate you."

"You do anyway, and, besides, I won't look at whatever it is you seem to value so." He coolly dismounted, but she sprang down ahead of him and snatched at them, sinking to her knees in the slush. Ginger started, and Richard called "Whoa!" but gave the poor beast a sly cut with his whip that sent her on a mad gallop for home. He held Colonel by the bridle. Edith faced him.

"Now, Edith," he said, "hate me or not. You will have to get on Colonel and be taken home. Come—dear."

"I'll die here first!" He mounted and, riding close to her, suddenly caught her in his arms and drew her struggling and angry to the saddle in front of him.

"Edith," he said, "I couldn't help seeing the 'I love you' on the letter you were so anxious about. Was it written for me?" Suddenly she felt that she could bear it no longer. She turned her face against his shoulder and cried, while he smoothed back her long hair and held her very close. Her pride was quite gone. She was in tears and a fright generally. She felt that it was positively a miracle that he could still love her. He kissed the only available place, which happened to be her left ear. Then he asked her again about the letter.

"I meant it for you," she owned, "but I couldn't send it, and I was miserable."

He laughed softly and bade her look up, and Colonel somehow understood that he was expected to go very, very slow.

Crow's Way of Opening Clams.

The crows that live along the seashore live on sea food. At times they show a gull's dexterity in picking eatables from the tossing water with their bills. Their ingenuity, however, is taxed by the hard shells of clams, which they can neither pry into nor break with their bills. Like some gulls, the bright crow will seize a clam and fly to a great height and drop it on a ledge of rock. That breaks the shell, and the crow gets the meat. Near Vancouver, B. C., the crow rides around on the backs of hogs that are rooting in the flow ground of the tide. The hogs crush the shells of clams and mussels in their jaws and then drop them on the ground in order to separate the meat from the shell. The crow jumps in and gets the meat for itself. On the other hand, the remarkable story comes from Africa that crows there carry stones to a considerable height above a nest of ostrich eggs and let them fall on the tough shells, and then feed on the exposed albumen.

His Poem on a Dog.

The ethereal being with the unshorn locks was shown into the editorial sanctum.

"I have written a poem on the dog," he said.

"Whose dog?" demanded the editor fiercely.

"It is not on any particular dog," faltered the poet.

"Do you mean to say that you took advantage of the dog because it was not particular and wrote your poem on it?"

"I am afraid that you do not understand me. I was inspired by the dog's fidelity."

"If the dog was faithful, why should you hurt its feelings by writing a poem on it? Did you have the poor brute shaved and tattoo the verses on its back, or did you brand them on? Perhaps you?"

But the poet had fled.—London Tit-Bits.

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