

Gave it Up.

A friend of the writer recently made application for a public appointment in a small Scottish town, and thinking that his chances of success would be greater by a little judicious canvassing, he resolved to call upon a few of the town councilors, in whose hands the appointment lay. Of the civic dignitaries' position in private life he knew nothing. Journeying to the town in question, he hired a cab at the railway station and requested the Jehu to take him to Councilor Bisset's, the treasurer. The councilor was found in his blacksmith's shop shoeing a horse.

"I'll see somebody of more importance than this, anyhow," said the candidate to himself, and, turning to the driver, he said, "Drive me to Councilor Maitland's office."

The cabman thereupon drove him to the local joiner's shop. This was worse even than the smithy, and in despair he ejaculated:

"Drive me to Councilor Gray's."
"I am Councilor Gray, sir," replied the cabman.

The answer staggered the candidate. He quietly paid his fare and disappeared, resolved to leave his fate in their hands without prejudicing them in any way in his favor. — London Standard.

When Life Was Little Valued.
The 223 capital offenses which the old English law recognized as punishable by death did not keep down crime, and with the abolition of the death penalty for all crimes but murder crime in England, as well as everywhere else all over the world where the death penalty has been modified, lessened markedly, notes the Boston Traveler.

Edmund Burke said that he could in his time obtain the assent of the house of commons to any bill that carried the death punishment.

A man's life was not very valuable in those strenuous days. If he scratched his name on Westminster bridge, if he wore a wig or false moustache or any other disguise on a public road, if he cut down a young tree, if he stole property worth more than \$1.25, if he had been transported for crime and returned a day ahead of the expiration of his term of punishment, if he wrote a threatening letter, if he stole a hide from a tanner's, for any and all of these things and for 200 more than these he was hanged by the neck until he was dead.

Loading Freight by Cards.

"I don't know whether the practice is still kept up in the far south, but I remember how tickled I was at seeing the method used in loading goods into freight cars down in Mississippi some while ago," said a railroad man of St. Louis.

"A lot of strapping black fellows will be on the job under the supervision of a white man, who will be issuing orders with great volubility. 'Put this about the king of diamonds; take this to the ace of hearts; load this on the ten of spades; this to the jack of clubs,' and so on, and then you'll notice each one of the long line of freight cars has tacked on it some of the fifty-two cards composing a full deck. The Senegambian loafers for the most part were ignorant of letters and figures, but every man of them knew the paste-board emblems which he had often handled in games of seven up. That next to craps is the chief diversion of the colored sports of Dixie."—Baltimore American.

Cruel Spring.

The talk in the village hostelry had been on the subject of vegetable freaks, but at length it veered round to goats.

"Did ever you keep a goat, Bill?" inquired a gray whiskered gentleman in a corner seat.

"Did I ever?" answered the little man addressed with rustic familiarity. "I bought one last Christmas what nearly brought me to the work'us. Eat anything, from tins o' blackin' to flatirons; that goat would. Lucky thing for me the spring killed it."

"I didn't know the seasons affected goats," observed the gray whiskered gentleman.

"Who's talkin' about seasons?" came the reply. "It was the spring of our alarm clock what 'e made a meal of one day as done it!"—London Express.

Generally the Case.

"I wish you would mention this to Jinks. It is highly important."
"I'll mention it to him today."
"But how do you know you will see him today?"
"I'm bound to bump into him. I owe him money."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

No Mercy.

Mistress—Sarah Jane, what has happened? Sarah Jane—Oh, mum, I've fallen down the stairs and broken my neck! Mistress (firmly)—Well, whatever you've broken will be deducted from your wages.—Sydney (N. S. W.) Bulletin.

He Could Not Will.

"Can you lend me a fiver, old fellow?"
"Surely I can."
"But will you?"
"Ah, my will power has utterly deserted me these days!"—Town Topics.

Motoring.

"Motoring is the very poetry of motion."
"Except when you have a smashup!"
"No; even then—it's blank verse!"—London Opinion.

Animal Instinct.

A friend of mine saw two cats approaching each other on the top of a board fence. There was no room for them to pass each other, and he wondered what would happen. When they were near each other one of them stopped, turned around and retreated till it came to another board fence that joined at right angles the one they were on. The cat stepped off on this fence and waited there till the other went by. My friend thought this act showed an appreciation of the problem beyond the reach of instinct. No doubt those cats had met before, and one was master of the other. What more natural than that the defeated cat should retreat before the superior and when it came to the other fence step off upon it and let the victor pass? The action involved no mental process any more than when two inert bodies in motion meet each other and one gives way. There was no other course open to the cat. If she or he had turned back and taken to the side fence solely to accommodate the other cat, why, that were another matter.

The Gordon setter that met a train of cars upon a railroad bridge and stepped down upon one of the timbers of the bridge and stood there while the train passed gave no proof of reasoning powers. It was the only thing the dog could do. Nearly all animals know enough to get out of the way of danger. If they did not, what would become of the race of animals?—John Burroughs in *Outing Magazine*.

Old Roman Laws.

The old Roman laws, according to Colquhoun, conferred on the husband complete emphy over the wife. All she owned or earned was vested in him, and he acquired the same rights over her person and property as if she were his natural daughter. The wife, on the other hand, acquired all the rights to a child and to her husband's name and succession in the event of an intestate estate, and she could exercise all the privileges to which her sex admitted. The power of the ancient Roman father over his offspring was originally perpetual, nor could the child be emancipated from the father's control during the father's life except by that parent's consent, nor did he become sui juris until the father (being himself sui juris) died, when the son was emancipated by the simple operation of the law. In those brave days the father had legal permission to scourge his children or to send them, fettered like slaves, to work on his estate or even to kill them, choosing whatsoever means for their taking off he thought proper.

How the Brahman Cleans His Teeth.

When the Brahman cleans his teeth he must use a small twig cut from one of a number of certain trees, and before he cuts it he must make his act known to the gods of the woods. He must not indulge in this cleanly habit every day. He must abstain on the sixth, the eighth, the ninth, the fourteenth, the fifteenth and the last day of the moon, on the days of new and full moon, on the Tuesday in every week, on the day of the constellation under which he was born, on the day of the week and on the day of the month which correspond with those of his birth, at an eclipse, at the conjunction of the planets, at the equinoxes and other unlucky epochs and also on the anniversary of the death of his father or mother. Any one who cleans his teeth with his bit of stick on any of the above mentioned days will have hell as his portion.—"Hindoo Manners," by Abbe Dubois.

The Way to the Station.

A party of automobilists was touring through Virginia. An accident to the car forced them to take a train home. As they walked down the road seeking some one from whom they could inquire their way they met an old dinky, says the *Success Magazine*. "Will you kindly direct us to the railroad station?" one of the party asked.

"Cert'n'y, sir," he responded. "Keep a-go'in' right down dis road till yo' gets to where two mo' roads branches out. Den yo' take de lef' one an' keep on a-go'in' till yo' gets to where de ole postoffice uster be."

Creative.

A certain man coming from abroad was taken up by the smart set.

"We'll make a lion of him," quoth they. "for the distinction he will thereupon reflect upon us."

But the man was too little. It takes much material to make a lion.

"Then we'll make a monkey of him," said the smart set, determined to have some exercise for their creative genius.

Nor was the world the worse off. For, after all, it is the contribution to the gayety of nations that is especially needed.—Puck.

Disappointment.

Amateur Sportsman (after shooting best friend)—Too bad, too bad, but I thought you were a deer. The Victim—Don't fret. Amateur Sportsman—Don't fret! Why, man, I promised my wife a pair of horns.—Illustrated Bits.

The Main Trouble.

Wise—Oh, give us a rest for awhile, won't you? Doubtless—Well, every fellow has a right to his opinion and—Wise—Yes, but the trouble is that he can't be made to realize that there may be a wrong to it.—Indianapolis News.

Patience.

Traveler (after waiting patiently for train for four hours)—She'll no be comin' the day, I doot? Porter—Hoots, mon, hae ye no patience? Ye'll just bide a wee while an' she'll be by!—Punch.

Indiscretion, malice, rashness and falsehood produce each other.—L'Enfer.

Appreciated the Beautiful.

That it is not always well to put on one's dowdiest garments when one goes to visit the poor is the moral of a story told in an English magazine recently. There were two philanthropists, according to the tale, one a professional and the other an amateur. The professional had arranged to take the amateur to a gathering of slum dwellers in the east end of London. At the appointed hour the amateur, who happens to be a duchess and a great beauty, appeared at the house of her friend, a dazzling apparition in court dress, tiara and jewels. "Oh, my dear," gasped the professional, falling helplessly into the nearest chair, "don't you know that we are going to one of the lowest and most squalid slums? I can't promise that you will bring any of that back with you." But the beauty only laughed. "That's all right," she said. "I quite understand you. But poor people love beautiful things. Their children especially are captivated with fine dresses and feathers. Just wait and you will see!" And the professional did see. Those poor, half starved, half naked slum dwellers had eyes for no one but the dazzling young beauty who had done them the infinite honor of coming to see them in her most beautiful frock and jewels.

Not Much News.

In the summer of 1903 an exploring expedition set out from Cook Inlet, Alaska, in an attempt to climb Mount McKinley, the highest peak on the American continent. They went in with a pack of kayuses through a hundred miles of tundra and then struggled for weeks over glaciers and through terrible hardships, to emerge at last on the Chulitna river, down which they rafted to civilization, as represented by Cook Inlet.

As they came in, worn, ragged, almost dead from exposure and hunger, a tall old man strolled upshore with four white men's dogs, says Robert Dunn in "The Shameless Diary of an Explorer." They asked him the news of the world.

"Waal, yer know the pope's dead," he drawled, "and the cardinals held a sort of convention and elected a new pope.

"Roosevelt he's agreed to complain to the czar of Rooshia about them massacred Jews, and some one's killed that Queen Dragon of Servia trying to jump her claim to the throne. An Rooshia's going to fight the Japs. The ain't much happened this summer."

Murdered by a Statue.

The death of Kenneth, the half mythical king of Scotland, was one of the most curious and remarkable in history. If it may be called a historical fact, it seems that Kenneth had slain Cruithnillus, a son, and Malcolm Duffus, the king and brother of Fennella. She, to be revenged, caused Wiltus, the most ingenious artist of the time, to fashion a statue filled with automatic springs and levers. Finished and set up this brazen image was an admirable work of art. In its right hand Wiltus placed a ewer and in the left an apple of pure gold finely set with diamonds and other precious stones. To touch this apple was to court death. It was so arranged that any one guilty of such vandalism would be immediately riddled with arrows shot from loop holes in the statue's body. Kenneth was invited to see the wonder and, kinglike (and just as Fennella hoped), tried to pluck the imitation fruit. He was instantly riddled with poisoned arrows, dying where he fell.

Still Ahead.

A congressman says he was riding in a smoking car on a little one track road and in the seat in front of him sat a jewelry drummer. He was one of those wide awake, never-let-any-one-get-the-better-of-him style of men. Presently the train stopped to take on water, and the conductor neglected to send back a flagman. A limited express, running at a rate of ten miles an hour, came along and bumped the rear end of the first train. The drummer was lifted from his seat and pitched head first against the seat ahead. His silk hat was jammed clear down over his ears. He picked himself up and settled back in his seat. No bones had been broken. Then he pulled off his hat, drew a long breath and, straightening up, said: "Hully gee! Well, they didn't get tv us anyway!"

Get His Wish.

At the height of their nightly quarrel the other day Mrs. Blank choked back a sob and said reproachfully: "I was reading one of your old letters today, James, and you said in it that you would rather live in endless torment with me than in bliss by yourself."
"Well, I got my wish," Blank growled.

The Dolphin Violin.

The Dolphin violin was so named on account of the beauty of the wood, the back of the instrument resembling the strain of a dolphin. It was made by Stradivarius in 1714, and it is considered the most beautiful violin in the world. It is owned by an Englishman and is valued at £5,000.—Musical Home Journal.

Well Occupied in Either Case.

It is beautiful to see a young girl start out with the avowed intention of devoting her life to teaching school, and yet few people blame her seriously when she quits to get married.—Tombs-tone Epitaph.

A Hypocrite.

Teacher (after explaining the character of the Pharisee)—And now what do we mean by a "hypocrite"? Pupil—Please, miss, a man wot says he is wot he isn't, but he ain't.—Punch.

Mild Hazing.

The proprietor of a plumbing establishment downtown has a poor opinion of goat initiations. A young man, dapper and twenty, came into his plumbing shop and asked to see an expensive porcelain bathtub. The proprietor explained at length the good qualities of a certain make.

"This seems to be an excellent one," said the young man.

Without warning he jumped into the bathtub, drew his coat closely around him and exclaimed: "Quick, turn on the water! I want to try it."

The proprietor thought he was insane and, soothing his head, said: "There, there, you're all right."

"Yes," the young man gurgled, splashing in the imaginary water; "it's very comfortable."

Then he began to squirm and splutter.

Good as a Corkscrew.

"Do you know how to take a tight cork out of a bottle without a corkscrew?" was asked by a woman the other day at a gossip party. "It's a mighty good thing to know in an emergency."

"My sister and I were coming back from the mountains, and she got faint on the cars. I had a bottle of aromatic spirits of ammonia in my bag, but when I tried to get the cork out I simply couldn't make it budge.

"Let me take it out for you," suggested a man across the aisle.

"Then, borrowing my pocketknife and using his own with it, he removed the cork in a jiffy. He inserted the blades on opposite sides between the bottle and the cork, each one turned in a different direction. Then when the blades were firmly pushed in he simply pressed the two together, gave them a wrench sideways, and the cork came out without any trouble. I have since tried it on larger bottles with success. It is a trick worth knowing."

The Quest of Truth.

It is a good deal easier to poke fun at history than to write history meriting credence. Mr. Bodley when writing his "France" experienced the force of this in a curious way. He shut himself up in France for years to get the atmosphere and the knowledge necessary for his work. One of his trials arose over some question of electoral jurisprudence. It was not of international importance, but still interesting to students of comparative procedure. Therefore he wrote to a deputy who is a parliamentary expert to clear up the obscurity in which the text books involve the point and incorporated his reply in the text of the book. Later, being invited by an experienced mayor to be present at a poll over which he presided, Mr. Bodley put the question to him and received a quite different reply. Finally the author referred the point to a senator of indisputable authority, who showed that the deputy and the mayor were both wrong.—St. James' Gazette.

Woman's Wit.

An emporer of Germany besieged a city which belonged to one of his rebellious noblemen. After the siege had lasted for a long time the emporer determined to take it by storm and to destroy all it contained by fire and sword. He did not, however, wish to injure the defenseless women; therefore, he sent a proclamation into the town, saying that all the women might leave the place unhurt and carry with them whatever they held most precious. The nobleman's wife instantly decided to take her husband, and the other women followed her example. They soon issued from the city gate in a long procession, each one with her husband on her shoulders. The emporer was so much struck with the noble conduct of the women that he spared all; even the city itself was left untouched.

Wouldn't Tip It.

A Toronto man who visited England last summer appears to think that country the champion tip taker. He says: "Well, I had tipped every man from the swell gent who seemed to own the house of commons down to the hireling who gummed the wrong labels on my luggage, and I went into the waiting room on the landing stage at Liverpool to wash my hands of everything English, and what do you think stared me in the face when I had finished? A placard saying, 'Please tip the basin.' I'll be hanged if I did!"

Monuments.

Dr. Griffin—I must say the world is very ungrateful toward our profession. How seldom one sees a public memorial erected to a doctor! Mrs. Gollightly—How seldom! Oh, doctor, think of our cemeteries!—London Answers.

Doesn't Always Follow.

Because some men get over a fence safely with a loaded gun it is not always safe to assume that they won't examine a male's heels to settle a bet.—Washington Post.

The Difference.

Upgarson—Doesn't Weerlus bore you nearly to death? He talks like a phonograph. Atom—Not at all. When a phonograph runs down it stops.—Chicago Tribune.

It improves a girl's looks immensely to be rich.—New York Press.

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