

A Fowl That Won a Battle.

A singular story is told of a gallant fowl whose moral influence at a critical moment during the battle of St. Vincent helped to save a British man-of-war from the hands of the enemy.

Cigar Smoke.

The stale smell of cigar smoke is peculiarly unpleasant and peculiarly difficult to get rid of. It clings to the curtains and to most of the articles of furniture which present any sort of an absorbent surface.

Perry's Big Guns.

Commodore Perry had not yet electrified a grateful nation with his immortal message: "We have met the enemy, and they are ours."

Turning a Tight Screw.

Any one who has attempted to remove a very tight screw knows what a very difficult business it is. After straining and twisting for a considerable time the operator frequently ends by losing his temper and destroying the bite of the screw.

Bird Dogs.

Bird dogs have been known as such for only about three or four centuries. So far as we know, the Duke of Northumberland, sixteenth century, was the first trainer of bird dogs.

A Retort Discourteous.

A young lady full of good deeds noticed the tongue of a horse bleeding and with a use of technical terms too little appreciated said to the caddy, "Cabby, your horse has hemorrhage."

Good Terms.

"I'm sure we shall be on good terms," said the man who had just moved into the neighborhood to the corner grocer.

Child Management.

I don't like punishments. You will never torture a child into duty, but a sensible child will dread the frown of a judicious mother more than all the rods, dark rooms and scolding school-mistresses in the universe.—White.

A National Trait.

A traveler returned from Jaffa tells this tale at his own expense. Having journeyed to the historical seaport on his way to Jerusalem, he succeeded in hiring a conveyance to carry him to the station.

He had no sooner seated himself in the vehicle, however, than the driver whipped up his horse and whirled the dismayed traveler at a furious pace through all the dust and over all the stones of the notoriously rough streets of Jaffa.

Arriving at the station, he found that he still had two hours to wait. "Why in the world," he demanded indignantly, "did you ever hurry like that?"

"You American," responded the driver, with an expressive shrug. "All American like go very much fast."—Youth's Companion.

He Was Too Smart.

He was the only man at the table full of lovely girls, and, like all only men, he was spoiled. So when the belle of the table remarked that she was very fond of pepper and then sifted half the contents of the pepper box over her food he sprang an old gag on her.

"It won't hurt you. This pepper is half peas."

"What is that you say?" asked the landlady from the next table. "Speak a little louder, please."

He reiterated his remark.

"That isn't true," retorted the landlady hotly. "I do not use adulterated goods on my table."

"My dear madam," said the bland joker, "there are always a lot of p's in pepper."

There was an impressive pause. Then the landlady said in a crushing voice:

"Oh, yes, just as you always furnish part of the dessert."

"I don't understand."

"The chestnuts."—London Standard.

Did She Keep Her Temper?

Mr. Biles is a very hasty tempered man, but he is also one who keeps his promises to the very letter. Therefore Mrs. B. has trained him to believe that second thoughts are best and even in a moment of his weakness extracted from him a promise always to count twenty before he speaks if he feels rage coming upon him.

"M-mary, I-I-I!"

"Hush, dear," said the sweet woman. "Count twenty and conquer yourself, and I shall be more proud of you than if you had conquered the world."

"Eighteen, nineteen, twenty!"

"Now tell me, dear."

"It's that new hat of yours that you paid 6 guineas for, and the new servant's gone out in, and it's raining hard—that's all."—London Express.

Long Sentences.

Ruskin, it is said, has written more sentences of inordinate length than any other classic writer of modern English prose. Frederic Harrison some years ago counted the words in a number of typical sentences, finding that in the earlier books it was no uncommon thing for Ruskin to run beyond the page before permitting himself and his readers the relief of a full stop.

The Retort Courteous.

Street Railway Superintendent—I don't think we can use you any longer. Your cash register doesn't ring often enough. Conductor—I have got rheumatism and can't reach up to the register cord. Superintendent—All right. I think you need a long vacation. Conductor—I am much obliged to you for allowing me to run the car as long as you have. Superintendent—Don't mention it. I'm much obliged to you for bringing the car back.—Judge.

Tempting Fate.

"Dost hear that?" asked the fair maid mentioned by the Atlanta Journal. There was a sound of a heavy step.

"Tis father, Fly, sweetheart, fly!"

"You mean fee," corrected the lover.

"As you like," said the maid, "but this is no time for entomological distinctions."

Dramatic Note.

There's nothing makes a man feel queerer than to have his wife describe a play to him all wrong when he can't correct her because he told her he didn't go to it the night he worked late at the office.—New York Press.

One Cure.

"I believe I'll rock the boat," declared the man in the stern. "Don't do it," advised his companion. "It might discharge this unloaded pistol I have in my jeans."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A man never borrows the scales of justice for the purpose of weighing the shortcomings of his neighbor.—Chicago News.

A Chinese Bunko Game.

"I want to show you," remarked George Wilson of Los Angeles, "how keen the Chinese are at a bunko game. When I was in Tientsin they pulled off a good one. Poor fellow entered a pawnshop. Moment later man came in with package and inquired for him by name. Had a letter. First man handed letter to pawnbroker to read.

Said: 'Am sending you ten tael bar of gold as present. Am getting very rich. You must come to me. Your brother.' 'Then I don't need to pawn my watch!' joyfully exclaimed the poor man. 'But 10 taels is great amount for one like me. No one would believe it was mine. Will you buy it from me? The pawnbroker took it back and weighed it. It weighed 12 taels. He handed over 10 and said nothing. When the men were gone, he sawed into the bar and found it filled with lead. In a moment a third man rushed in. 'Did you have any dealings with those fellows? They cheated me. For 3 taels I'll lead you to them to get even.' And he did. The two came back, protesting their entire innocence. 'Produce the bar, and if it be not all right I shall return your money.' The pawnbroker returned with the sawed bar. 'Weigh it,' directed the poor man. 'Ah, but this is a twelve tael bar. Mine was 10, and you paid me but 10.' Stung for 13 taels!—San Francisco Chronicle.

Restless Animals.

When you see the animals in the park menageries pacing back and forth restlessly in their cages, do not take it for granted that the creatures are unhappy or even discontented. It may be that the lion or the tiger or the polar bear that moves about with apparently ceaseless activity is only taking his daily exercise, without which he would pine and die soon. When the wild creatures are in their native jungles they are kept pretty busy hunting food. Thus each day they walk many miles perhaps. In their narrow cages in the parks they are plentifully supplied with food, but their brawny bodies still demand a great amount of exercise. Mile after mile is paced off daily by the uneasy creatures. Usually they move with a long, swinging stride, but when mealtime comes around then the step quickens until when the keeper appears with his baskets of meat the tigers and lions and other animals leap against their bars and growl and whine and lash their tails. In fact, they act like great hungry boys do after a long day's tramp if they find that supper is late.

Fish as They Bite.

"If you will take the time to investigate," said an old time angler who has observed as he fished, "you will find that the full stomach trout in your catch will outnumber the empty stomach ones ten to one. This would seem to indicate that it is the trout which has already dined well that is eager for more, while the one which has not dined at all regards it with indifference. In other words, it is the satiated trout that bites and the hungry one that doesn't—paradoxical proposition. And this odd circumstance is not confined to brook trout. Pickerel not only swollen with food, but having the tails of fish they have since caught protruding from their mouths because there is as yet no room for the newly taken victims in the capacious pickerel maw, will yet voraciously seize the tempting live bait of the fisherman, as any angler who has fished much for pickerel has doubtless had frequent proof."—New York Sun.

A Book Accident.

When M. Henri, a quaint and shabby miser of threescore and ten, died in Paris some time ago, the closest search for treasure revealed nothing more valuable than two shelves of dingy looking books, which were sold, with his few sticks of furniture, to pay his funeral expenses. When the buyer of the books examined his purchase he discovered to his amazement two volumes of rare value—absolutely unique in the whole history of books—every page in each of them consisting of a five pound sterling note of the Bank of England. In all there were 820 pages, a neat accident of \$20,500.

The Holy Carpet of Turkey.

The holy carpet of Turkey is a gorgeous piece of red velvet embroidered with gold. It takes a year to make the carpet, and the sultan of Turkey then intrusts it to the Egyptian pilgrims to place on the tomb of the prophet at Mecca. At the end of that time it is replaced by another carpet and is returned to Cairo with great ceremony. The right to carry the carpet has been handed down from camel to camel in the male line for hundreds of years.

Neighbors Do the Repeating.

"I wonder what's the meaning of the expression 'History repeats itself?'" asked Dudley. "I don't know," replied Subbuba, "but I do know if it's scandalous family history it needn't exert itself at all."—Philadelphia Press.

In Luck.

"Mamma, do animals know what they are called?" "No." Jack uttered a sigh of relief and remarked, "It would have been so unpleasant for the donkey, wouldn't it?"

Might Be Made Useful.

"This kid," declared the New York broker, "is no good as an office boy. He has absolutely no memory." "Well," inquired the junior partner, "shall we fire him or take him into the firm?"—Kansas City Journal.

A Slow Process.

The constant dripping of water will wear away the hardest stone, but people who sit and wait around for it to do so don't get very far.—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Romance of Buried Pictures.

A romantic story of a picture purchased at a London auction which on expert examination proved to be painted over a Rembrandt worth £8,000 is curiously reminiscent of the discovery of a Correggio under similar circumstances. A good many years ago two picture restorers, Lovers and Hunterspergh, bought at an art sale in Rome a number of old pictures in order to provide themselves with canvases for repainting. In the division of the spoils Hunterspergh received an indifferent picture of flowers, on which he painted a study of a head. This picture he offered to Lovers, who on close examination found that the new ground scaled off and that underneath were traces of a figure painted in a style that denoted the hand of a master. Replacing the scales and concealing his discovery, he purchased the picture for little more than the value of the canvas. Removing the two grounds, he disclosed an exceedingly clever painting by Correggio, which he sold to the Earl of Bristol for £1,500.—Dundee Advertiser.

Dogs of Luxury.

The appearance of little dogs as objects of luxury goes back to the most ancient times. Documents are not wanting that go to show that Greek and Roman women had little dogs which were idolized by their mistresses. Even men, particularly among foreigners, were not ashamed to walk the streets of Rome with pet dogs under their arms. Speaking of this subject, Plutarch relates that Julius Caesar, seeing one day in Rome some strangers thus loaded with their dogs, asked them ironically whether the women of their country did not bear children. Tertius, the daughter of Lucius Aurelius Paulus, was so fond of her dog that in the moment of bidding farewell to her father, who was about to leave his country and his family to go against Persius, king of Macedonia, she frankly admitted that the sadness imprinted on her face was due to the death of her pet dog Persa. In Europe the greyhounds were the first favorites of women during the middle ages.—Boston Post.

Too Much of a Good Thing.

George Marshall, a philanthropist who always kept a sharp lookout never to be wasteful, decided to go for a week's camping, taking as his guests some ragged street urchins. One morning he used the bits of meat left from the evening before and made hash for breakfast. There was some left over, which he concluded to reheat and serve again at noon.

"Johnnie, will you have some hash?" he asked one lad.

"Bet your life," replied the lad, who was constitutionally hungry.

"Peter, pass your plate for some hash"—to another freckled nosed lad.

"Not if I know it," was the unexpected reply.

"I thought you liked hash from the way you ate it this morning," replied Mr. Marshall.

"I did like it for breakfast," said the lad, "but none of yer review of reviews for me for dinner."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Precious Stones and "Paste."

Glass, or "paste," as it is called, is made which cannot when new be distinguished from diamonds by any one but an expert armed with the necessary tests.

And the same is true as to paste imitations of all precious stones excepting the emerald (whose beautiful green tint cannot be exactly obtained), the cat's eye, which has a peculiar fibrous structure, and the opal. The real value and quality of precious stones as compared with glass depend on their durability, their hardness, their resistance to scratching and "dulling" of face and edge.

Even our Anglo-Saxon ancestors made gems of glass and paste. It is only in modern times that the art of making artificial "precious stones" has reached a degree of perfection which, so far as decorative purposes are concerned, leaves the natural stones no claim to superiority.—London Telegraph.

Castoria.

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