

A NIGHT LAMP FOR A KING.

Checked Career of the Brilliant Stone After the Death of Charles the Timid. Some Facts About the Invention of Diamond Cutting.

Louis de Berquem, says tradition, was a poor jeweler's workman, but he fell in love with the daughter of a wealthy jeweler.

After many investigations and deep thought Louis bethought himself that iron is fashioned with steel, which is only hardened iron, and it occurred to him that perhaps the diamond would yield to the diamond.

A few days later he presented himself before the rich jeweler with two diamonds cut into facets. He obtained the hand he sought and amassed a great fortune by his secret, which he divulged only after he had become wealthy.

King Charles the Timid was the principal customer of Louis de Berquem. The fastidious enemy of Louis XI, then possessed a large diamond, since become celebrated, accounted among the finest of precious stones.

Louis de Berquem cut and polished this stone, and nothing could equal the joy of Charles the Timid when the jeweler brought him the great diamond, so glittering with light that it lit up the darkness.

As for the diamond, this is the one which was found in January, 1477, on the body of Charles the Timid after the battle of Nancy.

From the hands of this prince it passed into the possession of the king of Portugal. He sold it for 70,000 francs to one of the companions of Henri III, Nicholas de Harlay, baron of Sancy.

This legend leads to other considerations of the cutting of diamonds ascribed to Louis de Berquem at Brussels in 1465.

Hardly any one will assert boldly that no diamonds were cut before that date, but it is reasonable to suppose that Louis de Berquem regulated cutting by arranging the facets.

Long before the birth of Louis de Berquem cutting was known in India. Even in Europe we find among the treasures of the churches thick diamonds cut into table and culet, the upper sides beaten into sections.

History informs us that 150 years before the first work of Louis de Berquem there were at Paris, at the corner of the Corroyerie, several diamond cutters.

The Duke of Burgundy, after a fastidious repast given at the Louvre to the king and the French court in 1403, offered to his noble guests eleven diamonds estimated to be worth 786 pieces of gold, the money of the period.

It is hardly possible to suppose that these were uncut diamonds; all of which goes to prove, notwithstanding some opinions, that Louis de Berquem did not invent the process of diamond cutting.

It is no less interesting to follow the fortunes of the Sancy a little further. It remained in the Sancy family some time, and Henri III took it from them. It was destined to serve as a pledge for the raising of a body of Swiss soldiers, but the servant entrusted with bringing this diamond to the king was attacked, put to death, and the diamond was thought to be lost.

It disappeared in 1792 to reappear in Russia. Its value is estimated at a million francs. Before the revolution it was among the French crown jewels.—New York World.

Never bear more than one kind of trouble at a time. Some people bear three kinds—all they have had, all they have now and all they expect to have.

DYNAMITE IN THE MAKING.

Workmen Who Are Encircled by Death in Gallons and Tons.

So thoroughly deceptive is dynamite in the making that you are apt to be disappointed on viewing the surface of things. You could more readily fancy thunderbolts leaping and crashing from tender blue skies than that the most fearful forces in creation are hidden under such a peaceful exterior.

It is making itself in big iron retorts, cascading down leaden gutters and merrily tumbling in minute Niagaras into immense vats, where the deliquescent yellow peril pursues its journey powderward.

Around you are other houses at uniform distances apart and connected by a series of narrow gauge tracks wherein workmen are railroading nitroglycerin from here and pulp cotton from there to be compounded into dynamite and blasting gelatin.

Around you are long storehouses packed with pulp in tons of innocent whiteness. Presently this pulp will assume a tan color under the nitrating process, and then, suddenly becoming carbonite, red cross, hercules, judson and giant powder, forcite or what you order, it develops the quasi virtues of dynamite—dynamite or blasting gelatin in which more natural forces are condensed to the cubic inch than exist anywhere else in creation.

LIBRARY SLOW POKES.

Time Killing Methods of Officials in Continental Europe.

"Americans who grumble about having to wait a long time for books when applying to a public library," said a Boston literary woman, "should try to work or study in a foreign library, particularly in Germany."

"The typical continental librarian takes no account of time. The reader, worker or student must turn in his or her application for books at least a day in advance. The men who search for the books applied for are aged, tottering creatures who have been shuffling around the dusty piles of books for years, and the word hurry is not in their vocabulary."

"The most priceless books and manuscripts are kept in places which are perfect fire traps, and disorder predominates in every department. When you speak about the impossible methods employed the librarians tell you that they are too poor to introduce any modern indexes or catalogues. This is to some extent so, but as a matter of fact they would not change if they had all the money in the world at their disposal."

"They do not wish to encourage the common people to use books. The learned are among the aristocracy, and the spread of the knowledge which is hidden in those wonderful literary museums is far from the purpose of the men at the head of Europe's libraries."

"There may be some delay in our libraries, but our people in the lower walks of life are certainly ahead of the common people of the old world in the matter of getting books when they want them, and generally free of charge."—New York Telegram.

The Town to Be Born In.

In the German town of Klingenberg, near Aschaffenberg, Bavaria, in addition to having no rates to pay for the upkeep of the town, those actually born in the parish receive from the municipality a sum of £12 15s. a year. This sum, if invested regularly at, say, 3 per cent, would entitle the owner to receive about £1,500 at the age of sixty—a very handsome old age pension.

Were it not necessary that the inhabitants should prove birth in the parish before becoming entitled to this payment, the popularity of Klingenberg as a place of residence would doubtless be enormous.—Westminster Gazette.

For Bargain Day.

"She's no lady!" "Why, I always thought her most refined." "On the surface, yes. But what do you think of a woman who wears her little boy's football shoes to the bargain sales and spikes every one who gets in her way?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

After Him. "It's hard to lose your friends," remarked the man who was down and out.

"Hard?" snorted the man who was on the high tide of prosperity. "It's impossible."—Philadelphia Record.

The Prompter. "I suppose that inspiration prompts many of your jokes."

"A few," admitted the press humorist. "Desperation, however, prompts the most."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

IT HAS A STORMY HISTORY.

This Picturesque Burial Place Has Served as a Battleground as well as a Graveyard—its Monuments, Lovers and Disconsolate Widows.

Pere Lachaise is the largest and quite the most interesting of the Paris cemeteries and named after the Jesuit confessor of Louis XIV., whose country seat occupied the site of the present chapel until the ground was made a cemetery in 1804. It covers 110 acres of ground, is picturesque, but quite unlovely.

Pere Lachaise has a stormy history. In 1814 the Russians fought the French there and gave them a beating. During the commune the Versailles and Communards fought several pitched battles among the tombstones and did considerable damage. But it is not so much with the history of the cemetery as with the people buried in it that we have to deal.

In Pere Lachaise the monument which attracts most visitors is that of Abelard and Heloise, the two most famous lovers in the world. The monument was first erected 687 years after their death and brought to Pere Lachaise in 1817 from the museum where it had been during the revolution. Another famous lover, Alfred de Musset, lies buried not far from the two willows over the graves of Heloise and Abelard.

But Pere Lachaise has more romance than in its tombstones. Chatting one day with one of the old soldiers who are the keepers of this grim park, I learned some curious facts about it.

"We never have a dull moment," the man said. "You may think that our time here is monotonous, but you are quite wrong if you do so. To begin with, there are the burglars. The cemetery is overrun with them. There are three kinds of burglars. There are the connoisseurs who often get away with valuable prizes, for you will be surprised at the works of art of small size which people put in their chapels. The window is broken, a stick slipped through the hole, and all sorts of things worth having are fished out; then the bronze stealers, who take away as much as they can carry in their special pockets and make from 15 to 20 francs a day at the game until we catch them."

"A little while ago a bust weighing forty pounds was taken out of the cemetery over one of the walls. But the most curious form of robbery is, perhaps, that of the pearl wreaths. Women are the principal offenders. They select the new ones, which are not weather stained, flatten them with their backs against the tombstone, and when they have got away with them (we have no right to search even suspicious looking customers) sell them to dealers, to whom they tell the well worn story of a poor workwoman who has need of food."

"You would hardly believe it, but Pere Lachaise," said the keeper, "is a favorite meeting place for lovers. We get lovers of all ages, and perhaps more schoolboys and schoolgirls than anything else. But the three most curious things we see here in the cemetery are the forlorn widows, the letter boxes and the cafe." "The cafe?" I asked. "Yes. There are hundreds of people in Paris who refuse to believe that their dead do not enjoy after death the good things they used to like when they were alive. Mothers bring apples and sweets and leave them on the tombstones of their children. People bring wine and glasses, and there is one old gentleman who leaves a potato salad on his son's tombstone regularly every Sunday. Of course the children soon find out these things, and we have never been able to convince the people who bring them of the absurdity of doing so. It is a very harmless superstition, after all."

"And the letter boxes?" I asked. "Lovers' letter boxes," said the guardian. "There are dozens of them in all parts of Pere Lachaise. Sometimes they are holes in the trunks of trees; sometimes they are little hollows under stones."

"The inconsolable widow is a frequent visitor. She is a pretty woman, and black suits her. She kneels down by a tombstone, rarely the same one, and when a likely looking mourner of the other sex appears bursts into tears. He consoles her pretty soon, and the two leave the cemetery arm in arm. One of these widows invited me to her wedding six months ago, and last month I was called to give evidence about her meetings with her victim, for she had seven other husbands living."—St. James' Gazette.

The Whale's Blow. Porpoise—What is the whale blowing about? Dogfish—Oh, he got so many notices for his feat in swallowing. Jonathan has been blowing ever since.—F. change.

Progress is the real cure for an over-estimate of ourselves.—Macdonald.

THE STORAGE WAREHOUSE.

It Sheds Some Side Lights Upon Life and Morals.

For a few dazzling side lights upon life and morals apply to the storage warehouse. You can find almost anything there from baby alligators to blocks of ice cream and from Teddy bears to sauerkraut. So you won't be amazed at what the institution has most recently divulged. Here you have the story:

Mrs. Q. repaired to the storage warehouse to extract her soup spoons, though it may have been aunts or uncles or popcorn or guinea pigs. At any rate, her property declined to come out. It had been tucked in by Mr. Q. Only Mr. Q. might tempt it forth. Mrs. Q. protested. She wanted her catnip or theology or safety razor, or whatever it was, and made representations with great emphasis. She stormed and wept. After long wrangling the warehouse decided it would yield up the college ice—or was it the piano?—if Mrs. Q. would swear she was still married to Mr. Q. and would send him a written statement (he was in Quebec, and I lost track of him owing to bewilderment produced by merely thinking of a storage warehouse) and make him return the statement, countersigned, to the management. This, then, is how Mrs. Q. regained possession of her golf links or prayer book or sugar tongs. Well, say it was sugar tongs, though golf links would be likelier.

Pressed for an explanation, the warehouse remarked: "Have to be careful, you know—divorces, separations, affinities, you know. Minute such things start up there's a race to the storage place. Game is for each to snatch out everything first. Becomes embarrassing!"—Boston Transcript.

MIXED THE SIGNS.

Sarasate and the Sandwich Men in Edinburgh.

To advertise Sarasate's performances in Edinburgh eight sandwich men were sent out, each of whom bore in front and behind him one letter of the great musician's name. They started all right, but after a time removed the boards from their shoulders to have a rest.

On resuming their labors each man shouldered the board nearest him and fell in behind the man who had formerly marched before him.

When the leader, who bore the initial "S," turned around to see if his men were ready, what he saw was "Sarasate." He knew enough to realize that something was wrong, but how to right it was more than he could tell.

After changing a man here and there he got it "Sarasate." But still it didn't seem correct.

By this time the poor fellow was in a terrible state. If any of their employers' people were on the outlook and could see them, their day's wage would be stopped! He tried again and yet again, but it was no use.

And a moment later a man bearing the letter "S" before and behind was seen running toward the music hall to copy down the name from one of the posters there. And along the right side of Princeton street there walked toward the appointed rendezvous at the Mount three men who bore the strange device "A A E," while opposite them there paced along the left side gutter four others, who, if to advertise means to attract attention, succeeded well, for every one who passed looked around in wondering amazement as to what "Rats" meant.—Edinburgh Dispatch.

Too Much For the Ferret. An old buck rabbit is not to be lightly tackled by weasel, stoat or even ferret. On the sanded floor of a small public house a ferret of long experience was matched with an old lop eared buck, the property of the landlord. The ferret made straight for the rabbit's throat, but the latter was in the air before master ferret could reach him and, leaping clean over the ferret's head, let out with those powerful hind legs of his a kick which hurled the ferret bodily against the wainscot. Twice the ferret returned to the attack, and twice he missed his grip and went hurtling through the air. The third repulse was enough for him. He knew he was beaten and could not be persuaded to stand up for a fourth round.—Pearson's Weekly.

Brilliant Fish Hues. Like birds, many fishes assume their brightest hue when they wish to attract the opposite sex of their species. The colors of the male common pike become exceedingly intense, brilliant and iridescent in the breeding season. The eel also puts on an intense silvery hue at the breeding time which is very noticeable and at one time caused naturalists to distinguish it as a distinct species. The males of the tench, roach and perch also show a marked increase in brilliancy in the breeding season.

Mental Arithmetic. "Two years ago I asked Aunt Jane to visit us for a fortnight, and she has not gone home yet." "It's a blessing!" "What's a blessing?" "That you didn't invite her for a month."—Harper's Weekly.

Uncovered. Horace—I can't understand you girls. Now, you hate Mabel, and yet you just kissed her. Hetty—I know, but just see how the freckles show where I kissed the powder off.—London Tatler.

Domestic Politics. "Whom did you support during the last campaign?" "A wife, two children and a mother-in-law and kept up my life insurance at the same time."—Puck.

Lyon & Company. WE HAVE BEGUN A GREAT REDUCTION SALE OF COAT SUITS FOR LADIES. A handsome Herringbone Weave Coat Suit, the new browns and blue, also black, all made in the new long Coats, new sleeves handsomely lined and well made. This Suit we sold for \$20.00, reduced price \$17.00. A better quality in the new stripe handsome Suitings in the new blue, green and black, new cut skirt and new style coat and new sleeves, the best quality in workmanship, a fine suit at \$28.00, reduced price \$22.00. All our Coats for Ladies' in black kersey and black Broadcloth handsomely lined and well made, ranging in price, 10, 12, \$15, now sell at 7, 9 and \$12. Misses and Childrens Coats at a big reduction. All our Dress Goods in broadcloths must be sold at a big reduction. A handsome Chiffon broadcloth in the new colors and black that sold at \$2.00 now \$1.50. A cheaper quality of Chiffon broadcloth, black and new colors that sold at \$2, now \$1.50. A cheaper quality of Chiffon broadcloth, black and new colors that sold for \$1.35 now \$1.00. All other new dress weaves of this seasons styles at reduced prices. Give us a call if you want these fine goods at the reduced prices. Our Furs are all of this seasons. A handsome line of new furs just in, see them and get our reduced prices. LYON & COMPANY, 47-12 Allegheny St., Bellefonte, Pa.

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