

The Feeling of Pride That is Born of Paying Taxes.

"Many a time," said a policeman in the southern part of the city, "when arresting men, especially intoxicated men, I have been told by my prisoner that he was a taxpayer and that he helped pay my wages."

"I always regarded this sort of back talk as merely drunken insolence and never paid much attention to it until about a year ago, when I bought a house and lot and became myself a taxpayer. I had always rented before and never gave a thought to taxes, but as soon as I moved into my own house I began to appreciate the feelings of men who resented arrest because they paid taxes."

"There is certainly a considerable addition to the dignity of the man who helps support the government. He feels a degree of responsibility that a renter or roomer never understands, and my idea is that every man in the country ought to become a taxpayer as soon as he can. And the mere fact that he does help support the government and bears his share of the expense makes him a better citizen. Habitual criminals are rarely taxpayers. They know they may have to run any day and perhaps never come back, so they do not buy real estate, but are roomers and lodgers all their lives."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A WHISTLER DINNER.

Sealing Wax Played an Important Part at the Banquet.

In the Pennells' "Life of James MacNeill Whistler" is the story of a dinner given by the eccentric artist in which he was assisted by Mr. Luke Ionides, who describes the banquet:

"I remember calling one early afternoon, when Jimmy was busy putting things straight. He asked me if I had any money. I told him I had 12 shillings. He said that was enough. We went out together, and he bought three chairs at two and sixpence each and three bottles of claret at eighteenpence each and three sticks of sealing wax of different colors at twopenny each. On our return he sealed the top of each bottle with a different colored wax. He then told me he expected a possible buyer to dinner and two other friends. When we had taken our seats at the table he very solemnly told the maid to go down and bring up a bottle of wine, one of those with the red seal. The maid could hardly suppress a grin, but I alone saw it. Then, after the meat, he told her to fetch a bottle with the blue seal, and with dessert the one with the yellow seal was brought, and all were drunk in perfect innocence and delight. He sold his picture, and he said he was sure the sealing wax had done it."

A Queer Trunk Problem.

One of the minor problems that present themselves to managers of homes for elderly persons is the accumulation of trunks. Each new arrival brings one or more trunks, often several, and it is not expected that these ever will be taken away, as the inmates are to remain permanently. It is not, however, considered safe to sell the trunks or give them away, as they are the private property of the inmates, and there is a possibility that the trunks may be needed again through some change in affairs or fortunes. The trunks therefore pile up until they become the despair of managers, and it is a relief when some of the older or least substantial boxes break apart from mere decrepitude and can conscientiously be consigned to the scrap heap.—New York Press.

Napoleon's Bible.

An Italian journalist has the copy of the Bible which Napoleon used during his compulsory sojourn in the Isle of Elba. It is a copy of a cheap popular edition, illustrated with rough wood cuts, with the initial N and the imperial crown stamped upon its back. A number of texts are underlined, and the inference is that the exiled emperor searched the Scriptures for passages appropriate to his misfortune and his hopes. "I will smite the shepherd, and the sheep shall be scattered," is perhaps the most significant of them. The Bible was discovered in the sanctuary of the Madonna del Monte, in Elba.

Strategy.

Rodrick—Great Scott! Has Bilkins lost his mind?
Van Albert—I don't think so. Why?
Rodrick—Just look at the illumination in his house. He has had every gas jet burning all day long.
Van Albert—Oh, that's just a little scheme Bilkins has to increase his gas bill this month. His wife is coming back to-morrow, and he told her he had been remaining at home and reading every night since she went away. If she looked at the gas bill and found 't to be only 32 cents, he would be cornered for an explanation.—Chicago News.

Eternal Fitness.

"I see a retired knockabout comedian is going to buy a title and have a coat of arms."
"Has he decided on anything?"
"I think he is considering two slapsticks crossed over a seltzer siphon."—Pittsburg Post.

The Poor Sheep.

Mr. Foolish—Why are sheep the most dissipated animals? Mr. Silly—Because they gambol all their lives, spend most of their time on the turf, many of them are blacklegs, and all are fleeced to the end!

EFFORT BY PROXY.

Involuntary Attempts to Help Athletes at Exciting Moments.

In pictures of athletic competitions, chiefly hurdle races and high jumps, an occasional spectator is seen in a queer posture.

If it is a picture of an athlete leaping, ten chances to one the spectator has involuntarily raised his right leg, twisting his body in automatic expression of a desire to help the jumper. With hurdle race photographs this often may be noticed, too, and in the case of sprinters not a few men stand with faces twisted up and holding the breath in correct imitation of the athlete actually competing.

So, too, with football views. In one of a big game there was a photograph of a man on the side line watching a tackle who was crouching down in almost exact imitation of a waiting defense man who was shown at the moment making ready for his leap at the runner.

Men who follow athletics know how involuntary this is. One athletic trainer has appeared in hundreds of pictures as watching some one of his charges high jumping, with his leg swung out just as if he were making the leap himself. There is a sort of relief for the feeling of trying to help the jumper in swinging the leg up so, and almost any person is likely to find himself doing it instinctively.

It may be noticed at prizefights that some men go through the entire battle punch for punch, crossing and countering an imaginary opponent as they watch the struggle before them. Men drive and ride horses in races from the stand, making the effort in the stretch along with the jockey of their fancy. This is one of the well known features among the race crowd where there are many "grand stand riders." In wrestling matches almost any one will try, purely by instinct, to help the athlete who is down and who is bridging desperately to avoid the fall.

And yet there is rarely enough telepathic suggestion in the air surcharged with desire to bring about a result different from what naturally might be expected at the moment when the greatest wish for something else is born—that is to say, the high jumper doesn't necessarily clear the bar, nor the sprinter squeeze out the inch or so that he needs, nor the jockey whip his mount in for the head that means victory.—Washington Post.

Eugene Sue's Vanity.

Notwithstanding the extraordinary literary success which he enjoyed when his works were the vogue, Eugene Sue posed much more as a man of fashion than a man of letters. After his dinner at the Cafe de Paris he would gravely stand on the steps smoking his cigar and listening to the conversation with an air of superiority without attempting to take part in it. His mind was supposed to be far away, devising schemes for the social and moral improvement of his fellow creatures. These philanthropic musings did not prevent him from paying a great deal of attention—too much perhaps—to his personal appearance, for even in those days of beaus, bucks and dandies, of Counts d'Orsay and others, men could not help thinking Eugene Sue overdressed.

Umbrella Etiquette in Turkey.

In China ladies are attended by servants who hold umbrellas over their heads. The Chinese and Japanese introduce both the umbrella and parasol into their decorative work and athletic sports. In western Turkey it is necessary to close an umbrella on meeting people of high rank, and a European traveler who was passing one of the palaces of the sultan was nearly run through by the guard before he comprehended that he must put down the open umbrella he carried. Every one passing the actual residence of the sultan lowers his umbrella as a salutation to "the brother of the sun and the moon."

An Old Idea.

Macaulay was not the first man to frame the famous image of the man of a new civilization standing amid the ruins of that which we know today. Long before he wrote of his traveler from New Zealand meditating upon London bridge Mrs. Barbauld had used the same image, with the difference that she applied it to Blackfriars bridge. An earlier reviewer had used it in an article published in 1767, we are told by an English commentator, and Horace Walpole says in one of his letters, "At last some curious traveler from Lima will visit England and give a description of the ruins of St. Paul's."

The Perfect Woman.

There is a quaint old tavern sign in Kent, "The Perfect Woman"—a woman's head without a mouth. This signboard was once quite common, and as late as 1818 a "silent woman" stood in St. Giles, in what is now New Oxford street, bearing beneath the picture of a headless female the following motto:

A silent woman—how can it be?
Patient traveler, do not scoff.
Drawn from the very life is she
And mute because her head is off.
—London Chronicle.

Like a Mule.

"A man wif a bad disposition," said Uncle Eben, "is a heap like a mule. You's always havin' yob doubts about whether his usefulness on some occasions pays for his troublesomeness on others."—Washington Star.

Ogilby, translator of Homer and Virgil, was unacquainted with Greek until he was past fifty years of age.

RULE OF THE ROAD.

A London Policeman Explained the Matter Very Clearly.

"The first day in England," says an American traveler, "my heart jumped into my throat several times. Riding on top of a bus, the driver would always turn toward the left when we were about to pass another vehicle, and, although I knew that that was the English custom, I held on tight and got shivers anticipating a collision every time. One morning I stepped up to a policeman at King's Cross to get my bearings, and, as he was disposed to be talkative, I kept him company."

"Among other things, I asked him whether there was any rule requiring pedestrians to keep to the left. No, he told me; it was only for the roadway that the rule held."

"I then asked him why it was that in England they always turned to the left, whereas in all other countries the rule was to turn to the right."

"Oh, it's very important to keep to the left," he said seriously. "I knew it was very important to observe the rule of the road, but why turn to the left?"

"Well," he said, "I'll show you. Now you come here," and he led me to the middle of the roadway. "You see," he continued, "how the traffic moves along the two sides of the road?"

"Yes, I saw, and a pretty sight it was, too—a string of all sorts of conveyances coming toward us on our right and another moving away from us on the left as far as the eye could see."

"Well, now"—and he was very impressive—"suppose you were driving along in the middle here and another kerriage was coming the other way, and suppose you turned to the right, don't you see you would be getting in the way of all those vehicles?"

"Yes, I saw that."

"Well, that's why we always turn to the left."

"I learned afterward that the 'bobby' expected a tip for all the information he had given me."—Youth's Companion.

A ROYAL DESPOT.

Wurttemberg Prince Who Sold His Subjects Like Cattle.

Cruel and despotic were some of the epithets which ruled the fatherland before the Napoleonic wars swept them away. Charles Eugene of Wurttemberg, born in 1728, died in 1793 and during his sixty-five years of life tormented his parents, his wives and his subjects. His first consort, Frederica of Beyreuth, was worthy of him. When entering Wurttemberg soon after their marriage the girls threw masses of flowers in front of them. "What do those dogs want?" the princess asked her husband. They were always quarrelling and never spoke to each other without snarling. The prince was always short of money and sold 6,000 of his subjects to England to raise the wind. He took the poor wretches from the fields, clapped a uniform on them and sent them to their destination as if they were cattle. Once he called all the young men of a certain district before him and made the following speech: "My brave boys, do you want to go to fight in the ranks of the English heroes against the savages of the continent?" No reply was made for the moment. Then a number of the youths stepped forward, and one of them said, "We do not want to be sold like sheep." The prince promptly gave orders for two of them to be seized, put against a wall and shot at once. Then while the blood was running from the mutilated bodies of the two unfortunates the prince by divine right said: "Run away. You see I do not want to impose my will on you. I think of your welfare like a father does of his children. You want to fight by the side of the valorous English." All consented. Schiller heard his father tell this story, and he himself related it in a scene of one of his plays.

Phil May's Drawings.

The late Phil May was popularly supposed to be the "lightning artist" par excellence of England. It is quite true that he could draw many wonderful things "straight off." But when a subject had been chosen for a Punch illustration many drawings were made from a model or models who first had to be discovered. By a process of selection each drawing of the subject bore fewer lines. When the drawing was published most of those who looked at it thought that it had been done with a few rapid strokes of the pen, whereas it probably represented a week's hard work.—London News.

Bank of England Watchers.

When you enter the Bank of England by any door four pairs of eyes watch you, though you are unaware of this fact. Situated close to the doors are hiding places in which are four guardians of the bank. You cannot see them, but they can watch you with the aid of reflecting mirrors in which they can see your entrance and exit and every movement from the time you enter the portals of wealth to the moment you leave them.

Her Version.

Mr. Highbrow—it was Michelet, I believe, who observed that "woman is the salt of man's life." Miss Keen—Quite true. Young men aren't half so fresh after they get married.—Boston Transcript.

History Revised.

The Professor—What was it defeated Leonidas at Thermopylae? The Bright Student—The new rules. He held the pass too long.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

CAVE HOUSES.

France is Dotted All Over With These Curious Habitations.

"There are no fewer than 2,000,000 cave dwellers in France," writes a traveler. "Whether you travel north, south, east or west you find these curious imitations of the homes of primitive man. They stretch for fully seventy miles along the valley of the Loire, from Blois to Saumur, and as the train proceeds you can catch a glimpse from time to time of their picturesque entrances, surrounded by flowers and verdure. As likely as not you will see the inhabitants standing or sitting in front of their mysterious looking caverns, and unless you have learned the country you will be inclined to imagine that they possess some of the characteristics of the troglodytes of old and that their homes are mere dens. Not so, as you will find on visiting them."

"They are nearly all well to do peasants, owners perhaps of some of the vineyards that deck the slopes on all sides, and their habitations are, as a rule, both healthy and comfortably furnished. These singular houses are remarkably cool in summer without being in the least damp, while in winter they can be warmed much more easily and better than ordinary apartments. The health of the modern troglodyte is, as a rule, excellent, and it is not uncommon to find centenarians among them. This, however, is by no means surprising when we consider that their homes are not only healthful to live in, but are also comfortably furnished and fitted up."

"In the majority of cases these rock houses were not excavated for the special purpose of being inhabited, but with the object of obtaining stone for the building of houses. At Rochecorbon there is a rock dwelling carved out of a single block of stone, and the ingenious owner, in addition to making a two story villa therefrom, has provided himself with a roof garden, from which a fine view of the valley can be obtained. A similar house exists in Bourre, in which locality the dissolved quarries are said to date back to the days of the Romans."

WAYS OF THE ARABS.

Dodging the Evil Eye and Tests of Filial Piety.

Very curious to the occidental mind are some of the ways of Arabia and other Mohammedan countries. A traveler says: "One of the objects of the most anxious solicitude for Mohammedan parents is the shielding of their children from the evil eye. Any person expressing admiration for a child except by pious ejaculation or the invocation of blessings upon the prophet fills the heart of the parent with apprehension. When children are to be taken into the street their faces are often even smeared with mud or greasy substances lest their comeliness should attract attention, and in order that the person of the child itself should escape attention gaudy and glittering ornaments are hung about it and written charms sewed into leather medallions suspended from its neck."

"One of the best of Arab characteristics is that of filial piety. Sons and daughters of deceased parents take upon themselves all sorts of irksome tasks accounted as expiatory of the minor faults committed by the departed ones during their lifetime and discharging faithfully every payment or obligation left unfulfilled by dead parents, for has not the prophet said that martyrdom even will not atone for an unpaid debt?"
"Eloquence is accounted the greatest of all possible gifts. According to Arab tradition, the most superlative degree of eloquence was attained by King David, such being the beauty of his diction, added to the poetry of his words, that when he declaimed the Psalms even birds and wild beasts were spellbound, while on some occasions as many as 400 men died from the excess of delight induced by his reading."—Chicago News.

Fumigating Library Books.

The library subscriber sniffed suspiciously at the copy of "The Three Musketeers" which she was about to take home. "Carbolic acid," she said. "Have you been fumigating the books?"
"No, we haven't," said the librarian, "but some subscriber has. Many of our patrons like to do their own fumigating. Usually they use carbolic acid. At times when a good deal of sickness is reported the fumigating craze is especially severe and one-third of the books brought into the library smell to heaven with carbolic acid."—New York Press.

A Raw Recruit.

Corporal (to town recruit on stable guard for the first time)—Now, you've got to patrol these 'ere lines an' 'ammer in any pegs that get loose an' generally look after the 'orses.
Recruit (whose knowledge of horses is of the slightest)—And what time am I to wake the horses in the mornin'?

Off Guard.

"How did it happen that your friends got the best of you?" queried the inquisitive person.
"They got busy while I was watching my enemies," explained the man who had got the short end of it.—Chicago News.

Simplified Spelling.

"Write me an example of simplified spelling, children," said the teacher, and Tommie wrote: "The man who serves monuments urns his living."—New York Times.

Man's great fault is that he has so many small ones.—Richter.

Lyon & Company.

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In addition to our White Sale we will sell all our Winter Goods at cost. Ladies' Misses and Children's Coats, Ladies' Coat Suits, Men's Overcoats and Suits, Gloves, Underwear, Hosiery, Caps, etc. Everything in Winter goods must be sold now. We are showing new Spring Dress Goods and must have room.

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