

A Story of Father Mathew.
"Father Mathew was the most loving and lovable of human beings," and in the light of this statement found in a biography of the famous Irish priest by Mrs. Katherine Tynan Hinkson two incidents of his crusade for temperance in the north of Ireland should be read.
At Clones, in Ulster, there were two Orange flags raised when he visited it. Instead of considering it as an insult, he thought it a very great compliment, never having seen one or been honored with one before. When he saw them he called for three cheers for the Orange flag. Commenting on this, an Irish writer says:
"A Catholic priest calling for a cordial salutation of the Orange banner and a Catholic assembly heartily responding was something almost inconceivable. It had never occurred before in Ireland. I'm afraid it has never occurred since."
For the time being there were good will and friendly feeling from one end of Ulster to the other. One recruit who knelt for Father Mathew's blessing said:
"You wouldn't be blessing me if you knew what I am."
"And what are you, my dear?" Father Mathew called men, women and children "my dear."
"I am an Orangeman, your reverence."
"Why, God bless you, my dear, I wouldn't care if you were a lemon man!"

A Lost Fee.
The Right Hon. Augustine Birrell once believed that he had been smitten with a mortal disease and went to consult a distinguished doctor who lived in the neighborhood of Harley street and who was a great expert on the disease of which he thought he was a victim. It was a hot day in July, and as he walked from his London home, which was in the neighborhood of Addison road, to Harley street he perspired freely.
He found the great physician's rooms all crowded with patients—probably, he thought, suffering from a similar complaint to himself.
While waiting he found on the table a book written by the great physician on the subject of the particular disease. He opened the book, and the first words which caught his eye were these: "The patient who is suffering from this disease never perspires."
He had Scotch blood in his veins, so he picked up his hat and gloves and walked out, and he never saw that eminent physician.—London Scraps.

Raynard's Cunning.
While crossing an old field waist high with withered mullein stalks, goldenrod and other weeds I noticed a dog within forty feet. He was partly hidden by the grasses, but appeared to be a young, reddish brown setter, pottering along, smelling at this clump and that bunch of weeds and gradually circling behind me. In a few minutes I heard a yell. "There goes a fox." Sure enough, over the top of a neighboring hill a hundred yards away went my "dog." It was a shrewd piece of work on his part to throw me off my guard by seeming indifferent and when behind me and out of sight to streak it for cover. I had probably disturbed him during his afternoon siesta. Many a fox have I hunted and killed, but this one fooled me completely. It forms a very pleasant recollection as an instance of brute sagacity.—Forest and Stream.

Crafty Master Fox.
A fox was one day seen coming out of a pile of stones near the water-side. He hid in the heather for awhile and then pushed out something on the water, which proved to be a bunch of moss. The wind took it into the middle of the lake and blew it past some ducks sitting on the surface. Having watched his venture for perhaps ten minutes with apparent satisfaction and observed that it neared the ducks without arousing their suspicions, our friend began to collect another and larger bunch of moss, which he allowed to float in the same direction, but this time he swam behind it, taking care to show only his eyes and nose above water. Just as it was passing the group of ducks he made a sudden dive, pulled down a bird and swam back to shore under water. Arrived there, he carried the duck to the pile of heather, where his wife and daughter were no doubt waiting to enjoy the fruits of his labors.—"Forty-five Years of Sport."

Some Troubles of a Pianist.
Harold Bauer, the pianist, has had some curious experiences during his travels.
While playing in Barcelona he was challenged to fight a duel by an excited member of the audience whom he had reproved for disturbing the recital by his noisy conduct. On another occasion, in Italy, he had to be carried through an underground tunnel to escape the attentions of frantic admirers.
One of his most extraordinary experiences was in Russia. It was in a little town near Moscow, and in the middle of his performance the pianist was arrested by the police on the grounds that he was obtaining money under false pretenses. The police action was based on the grounds that a Hungarian dance appeared on the program and that there were no dancers. They overlooked the terrible fact that Mr. Bauer had played two marches without a single soldier being present.—Cincinnati Tribune.

Balloon Talk of 1906.
Robertson, the celebrated aeronaut who ascended from Petersburg last year, is endeavoring to obtain the necessary assistance at that place for the construction of an air balloon on a very large scale. He proposes that it shall be 722 feet in diameter, which he calculates will carry up thirty-seven tons and which he supposes, therefore, will easily support fifty people and all necessary accommodation for them. It is to have attached to it a vessel furnished with masts, sails and every other article required for navigating the sea in case of accidents and provided with a cabin for the aeronauts, properly fitted up, gallery for cooking, proper stores for stowing provisions and several other conveniences. To render the ascent more safe, it is to take up another smaller balloon within it and a parachute, which will render the descent perfectly gentle if the outer balloon bursts. From its construction it will be calculated to remain in the air several weeks.—From Hudson (N. Y.) Balance and Columbian Repository of July 15, 1906.

An Awful Rebuke.
Once upon a time a certain community planned to give a dinner to a judge there. When the judge came to scan the list of those invited he raised vigorous protest against one name, that of a man who had been the most brilliant lawyer in town, but who was now the town drunkard. They finally overcame his opposition, but the town drunkard had heard of it. He was the last speaker called upon. He arose and said: "Mr. Toastmaster—Fifteen years ago I had a practice in this town that amounted to \$12,000 a year. I had a wife and family whom I supported in comfort. I had my own horse and carriage. At that time the guest of the evening was on his way west in an elegant wagon. He landed in this town and started in to make his living. Since then, Mr. Toastmaster," he cried, with a pathetic break in his voice—"since that time I have been going steadily down, down, down, and our guest has been going up, up, up, until now we are just about on a level."

Disraeli's Jokes.
Disraeli dearly loved a joke at the expense of others. An author who had sent his latest effort in fiction to him received the following complimentary acknowledgment:
"I thank you for the book you sent me and will lose no time in reading it."
"I wonder what makes my eyes so weak," a fierce Radical once said to Disraeli.
"It is because they are in a weak place," was the reply.
An incident in the life of the late Lord Rosslyn shows how acute was the sense of humor in Disraeli. "What can we do with Rosslyn?" he asked of a colleague.
"Make him master of the buckhounds, as his father was," suggested the latter.
"No," replied the premier; "he swears far too much for that. We will make him high commissioner to the Church of Scotland." And such he was made.—Chambers' Journal.

A Maker of Bulls.
Some excellent bulls are credited to William Arollin, who was a London police judge in the thirties of the last century. He once remarked to counsel, "If you can show precisely at what moment the offense was committed and prove that the prisoner was not there when he did it, he could not possibly have done it." And he sagely added, "We cannot direct ourselves of common sense in a court of justice." Of a similar character was an axiom he once delivered himself of, which has been maliciously fathered on many other occupants of the bench. "If ever there was a case of clearer evidence than this case, this case is that case."

A Prophecy.
A certain college president in Indiana, a clergyman, when addressing the students in the chapel at the beginning of the college year observed that it was "a matter of congratulation to all the friends of the college that the year had opened with the largest freshman class in its history."
Then, without any pause, the good man turned to the lesson for the day, the Third Psalm, and began to read in a voice of thunder:
"Lord, how are they increased that trouble me!"—Detroit News-Tribune.

A Drawing Card.
"I see sixteen years elapse between acts 2 and 3," said the manager.
"Gives me an idea."
"What's that?" inquired the author.
"I'll have the gowns that the heroine wears during those sixteen years on exhibition in the lobby. That ought to draw the women in droves."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Cruel.
Leading Tragic Man—Did you see how I paralyzed the audience in the death scene? They were crying all over the house! Stage Manager—Yes; they knew you weren't really dead.—London Tit-Bits.

Contradictory.
Blobs—Women are certainly contradictory. Slobbs—That's right. It's when a woman gets hot at you that she treats you coldly.—Philadelphia Record.

Woman's Needs.
A woman in a divorce case was asked why she bought adornments instead of necessities. Who shall decide what are necessities for women?—Chicago News.

Lookers on many times see more than the gamblers.—Racon.

Building Lots For Sale.

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Scorched Table Linen.
When the three men sat down the leader of the trio began a minute inspection of the tablecloth. Presently he put his finger on several little scorched spots.
"See this?" he said to the waiter.
"Yes, sir."
"Well," said the man, "just bear in mind, won't you, that these holes were here when we came in? And when we get through don't tack a dollar on to our bill to pay for burned table linen." "That's all right," said the waiter. "I'll look out for that."
The order having been given, the cautious diner elucidated his remarks still further. "That is a trick those fellows have," he said. "Somebody burns the tablecloth with sparks from a cigar and gets away before the damage is discovered, and the next corner, if it happens to be a smoker, is blamed for his predecessor's sins and is charged with the cost of the linen. I have had to pay well for other people's carelessness, so nowadays I make it a point to examine tablecloths at the beginning of a meal."—New York Press.

A Royal Romance.
The second son of Prince Oscar II. fell in love with a Miss Ebba Munck while at Bournemouth. She was one of the ladies in waiting to the Swedish crown princess, and King Oscar wished his son to make an alliance with one of the royal houses of Europe. The difficulty seemed one to be met only by drastic steps on the part of the lovers, but Queen Sophia's heart was won, and she it was who obtained the king's consent. She was very ill, and a dangerous operation was the only chance of saving her life. "If I undergo it and it is successful, will you allow Oscar and Ebba to be married?" she asked the king, and of course the king promised. A year later the queen was quite well again. The lovers were in her room when the king approached. At the door he stood and listened. Miss Munck was singing to the queen, and he waited until it was over. Then he advanced, held out one hand to his son and gave his other to Miss Munck, and so his pledge was fulfilled and the couple came into their happiness.

A Narrow Escape.
An old circus man tells this incident as one of the narrow escapes he had in the show business. He had trained lions, zebras, leopards, rhino—you know—and all sorts of beasts of prey, but this, he says, was his narrowest escape. It was when he was running a dime museum in Milwaukee.
One day a mild mannered Russian came out of the railway station with a valise in his hand. He was a heavily bearded man and with shaggy hair and arms like George East. He hunted up a cabman and inquired modestly, "Where is the dime museum?" The cabman told him and then asked, "Want to ride up?"
"Yes," the bearded stranger told him quietly, almost bashfully. "I'm to be employed up there. I'm the wild man."
"The narrow escape," says the ex-circus man, "lay in the fact that no newspaper man heard the man's remark and that the cabman was an Englishman, with no sense of humor, who never thought to repeat it."—Exchange.

Origin of the Word "Mustard."
Our English word "mustard" is traceable to the French "moutarde," the origin of which is curiously given in 1382 Philip the Bold, duke of Burgundy, granted to the town of Dijon the privilege of bearing his armorial ensigns, with the motto "Moult me tarde" ("I wish ardently"), in return for a handsome contingent of a thousand men furnished to him at his expense. Pleased with the royal concession, the authorities ordered the device to be affixed over the principal gates of the city. Time or accident at length obliterated the middle word, and the two remaining, moult tarde, were printed on the labels which the merchants of Dijon pasted on pots in which they sent this commodity all over the world.

The Word "Wallop."
The origin of the familiar vernacular verb "wallop" is not generally known. It comes from the family name of the earls of Portsmouth. Sir John Wallop, K. G., was admiral commander in the reign of King Henry VIII. of the fleet which avenged French raids by burning French ships and twenty-one French villages. This was called, in the current parlance of the times, "walloping" them, and the phrase passed into the language and still survives.

A Convenient Topic.
"I wonder what persuaded Mr. Bliggins to believe in reincarnation?" "The fact," replied Miss Cayenne, "that so few people know anything about it. It enables him to have the conversation almost entirely to himself."—Washington Star.

A Man's Birthday.
We do not know whence a man comes nor whither he goes, yet we choose his birth or death day to celebrate his recurring century. We should choose his day of achievement.—London Saturday Review.

No Reason.
Braiden Tapes—Yes, I'm fired—discharged without any reason! Silkson Thredd—Well, you didn't have any when you took the job, did you?—Syracuse Herald.

The Drawback.
"The unlucky in love are said to be lucky at cards."
"What good does it do 'em? They can't get out nights to play."—Exchange.

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