

Some Queer Ones Gleaned From a High School Examination.

Among the questions in an examination in definitions in a well regulated high school in an eastern city were these: "What is a broncho?" "What is a boomerang?" "What is a pantomime?" "What is a cartoon?" And these four excited some most remarkable answers.

In reply to the first query, "What is a broncho?" were the following: A broncho is an herb used as a medicine, a part of your body, a foreigner, a man that lives on ranches.

"What is a boomerang?" called forth, among others, these: A boomerang is a species of the baton family, what an Indian chews, something explosive.

The replies to "What is a pantomime?" included the following: A pantomime is an animal that eats human flesh, a person who finds fault, a man who is always on the bad side of everything, a trunk, a box to carry people in, resting on the shoulders of four men; a vision of one's former sins.

As for the question "What is a cartoon?" that seemed to excite the wilder ideas of all, and there were brought forth such answers as these: A cartoon is a vessel for holding articles, a strong windstorm, a kind of fish, a bunch of flowers presented to a hero or a nobleman, a soldier's water bottle, a statue, a strong gust of wind.—New York Tribune.

MONTENEGRO DANCES.

The Kolo is a Feature of All Great National Festivals.

The national dance of Montenegro is the "kolo," somewhat similar to the "horos" of Bulgaria. Both sexes take part, crossing hands and forming an unjoined circle. The music they supply themselves, each end of the horn alternately singing a verse in honor of the prince and his warlike deeds. The "kolo" is always danced at any great national festival, and the effect of the sonorous voices and swaying ring is very fine. Then there is another dance performed by four or five, usually youths, to the accompaniment of a fiddle, the leader setting a lot of intricate quick steps which the rest imitate at once. It is really a sort of jig and makes the spectator's head swim if he watches it for long.

I never saw any dances in northern Albania, though certain Slav artists love to depict wonderful sword dances, with beautiful maidens awaiting gracefully after the style of natch girls. A casual observer who has seen the Albanians come into Montenegrin markets or to their great weekly gatherings in the bazaar of Scutari could never picture these stern, lean men dancing or at play. They never smile, and they look the life they lead, each can ever ready for war with its neighbor and absolutely pitiless in the vendetta. The red Indian is not more stoical in his bearing than the northern Albanian clansman.—Wide World Magazine.

Kent and Burr.

James Kent, famous for his "Commentaries on American Law," was a great admirer of Alexander Hamilton, and when the great Federalist was killed by Aaron Burr in a duel he became the implacable enemy of the latter. One day long afterward when in New York the judge saw Burr on the opposite side of Nassau street. He went across the street as fast as his years would permit and, brandishing his cane in Burr's face, shouted: "You're a scoundrel, sir, a scoundrel, a scoundrel!" Burr proved equal to the emergency. He raised his hat and bowed to the ground and then said in his calmest professional tone, "The opinions of the learned chancellor are always entitled to the highest consideration."

The Deserter.

"Do you desire to have it understood," asked the judge, addressing the lady who wanted the divorce, "that your husband deserted you?" "Yes, sir."

"Please tell the court as concisely as you can how he deserted you."

"Two months after we had completed our wedding trip he scolded me because he thought I was extravagant in the matter of getting clothes, and I went home to my people."

"Yes, proceed."

"Well, I waited and waited and waited for him to come and beg me to return to him, and he never did."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Eye For Business.

White—Why are you so anxious to lend that friend a dollar whenever he asks it? He only spends his money in drinks and cigars. Black—Oh, he always pays it back. White—But there must be some other reason for your ready generosity. Black—Well, there is. He always spends half the money on me.—Judge.

Not Guilty.

"Young man," said the serious person, "don't you realize that the love of money is the root of all evil?" "Well," answered the spendthrift, "you don't see me hanging on to money as if I loved it, do you?"

Same Thing.

"No; court a girl and the rest will take care of itself."—Boston Herald.

Old Manx "Banknotes."

Speaking of the curious Manx banking lore of the past, the Liverpool Post says that a singular state of affairs was exhibited in "the island" at the close of the Napoleonic wars. Trade was brisk, money was more freely advanced, and all sorts of private persons began to issue notes. There was no occasion whatever to have sterling against them. All you had to do was to get some one to take them and pass them on. The fashion grew till even the humblest traders issued cards "promises to pay," the values most in circulation being 5 shillings, a shilling and even sixpence. Once an advocate from Castletown went to Peel to collect a judgment of £350 from the corner of Glenfaba. This worthy paid him 2,704 card notes, many of them worthless. They took several hours to examine and count, and their transport was an item of extreme difficulty. Finally they were put into a big sack, half shaken to one end and half to the other, and the whole slung over the back of a horse. The lather of the horse, soaking through, spoiled nearly half the cards!

Clearing the Atmosphere.

In his capacity of dramatic critic Mr. J. Comyns Carr, the author, wrote a notice of the play of "Charles I.," in which Irving played under the management of Mr. Bateman. His production deeply incensed the manager. In order perhaps to find the opportunity of informing the critic of his disapproval, the manager invited him to a supper at the Westminster club on the second or third night of the production. When he thought the fitting moment had arrived Mr. Bateman led the conversation to the point at issue and, emphatically banging the table with his fist, declared in the loudest of tones that he did not produce his plays at the Lyceum theater to please Mr. Comyns Carr. There was a moment's awkward silence, which Mr. Carr confesses he did not feel quite able to break, but which was released by a wit of the company with the happy retort, "Well, dear boy, then you can't be surprised if they don't please him."

Sight Lost and Restored.

A farmer's wife who had had much trouble with her servants was accosted by one of them.

"I fear I shall not be able to work much longer. I think I am going blind."

"Why, how is that? You seem to get along pretty well with your work."

"Yes, but I can no longer see any meat on my plate at dinner."

The farmer's wife understood, and the next day the servants were served with very large and very thin pieces of meat.

"How nice!" the girl exclaimed. "My sight has come back. I can see better than ever."

"How is that, Bella?" asked the mistress.

"Why, at this moment," replied Bella, "I can see the plate through the meat."—London Scraps.

His Passport.

On one occasion Gustave Dore, the artist, lost his passport while on a tour in Switzerland. At Lucerne he asked to be allowed to speak to the mayor, to whom he gave his name.

"You say that you are M. Gustave Dore, and I believe you," said the mayor, "but," and he produced a piece of paper and a pencil, "you can easily prove it."

Dore looked around him and saw some peasants selling potatoes in the street. With a few clever touches he reproduced the homely scene and, appending his name to the sketch, presented it to the mayor.

"Your passport is all right," remarked the official, "but you must allow me to keep it and to offer you in return one of the ordinary form."

Brutal Indifference.

"It seems since his marriage Jack Thornley has developed into a perfect brute."

"You surprise me! What has he done?"

"Why, the other night while his wife was regaling him with all the particulars of that choice Verifast scandal she noticed that he seemed very quiet. And what do you think? He was sound asleep!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Nearing the Limit.

An old lady was going down in the cage in a Cornish mine. She looked with apprehension at the rope, and asked the miner anxiously: "My man, are you sure this rope is quite safe?"

"Well, mum," was the cheerful answer, "these ropes is guaranteed to last exactly six months, and this ain't due to be renewed till tomorrow."—Birmingham Mail.

The Real Trouble.

"I'm afraid," said the lady to a diminutive applicant, "that you are too small to act as nursemaid to my children."

"Oh, I'm not too small," replied the applicant. "I guess the trouble is your children are too large."—Chicago News.

The Press Agent Proposes.

"Your pulchritude is peerless. You are an astounding aggregation of feminine faultlessness. Be mine!"

"Sure!" responded the girl. "I never could resist that press agent language."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Return of the Prodigal.

"Who's that a-hollerin' down yander in the branch?"

"That's the prodigal son. The old man's a-wailin' 'thunder out o' him fer runnin' away!"—Atlanta Constitution.

There is no wisdom like frankness.

Beaconsfield.

Choosing a Builder.

The selection of a builder is quite as important a matter in putting up a house as the choice of an architect. Don't choose the cheapest builder merely because he is cheapest. If you accept his bid, find out the reason of the cheapness. Frequently the builder is a man of little means, and often he operates on borrowed capital. Should the builder become bankrupt or fail to pay for his labor or materials the owner, under the mechanics' laws of most states, becomes liable for the builder's debts. This is true even though the owner has paid the builder for his work. In order to obtain his house free and clear in such a case the owner must meet the builder's obligations. The prudent owner will, of course, pay for his house only as it is constructed. Even then it would be a useful caution to make sure that the builder has paid his indebtedness on the house. Payments are usually made the builder when the foundations are done, when the frame is up, when the house is closed, and when the completed house is turned over to the owner.—Circle Magazine.

Ancient Castle, Curious Clock.

Rushen castle, Castledown, Isle of Man, is the ancient seat of the kings and lords of Man. The castle is a veritable curiosity both historically and otherwise. The first mention of it dates to the year 1257. It was taken after six months' siege in the year 1315 by Robert the Bruce. The castle is built of limestone and is not a ruin. Until a few years ago it was used as a prison. The town clock seen in the castle wall was presented by Queen Elizabeth in the year 1597. It has only one hand on the dial. This is the hour hand. The minutes are judged by the position of the hand between the hours. The works of this clock are also a curiosity. The weight at the end of the pendulum is a large stone, and it is driven by a rope coiled around a cylinder of wood, with another stone at the end of the rope. The clock is still going after its centuries of service and is still the town clock.—Newcastle (England) Chronicle.

Where She Got the Money.

They were at the circus. The conversation ran to the subject of how they had financed their admission ticket projects. One said she had gathered rags and sold them. Another had helped her brother spade a garden. The third member of the party presented a sickly grin and seemed reluctant about explaining where her half dollar came from. An explanation seemed absolutely necessary.

"Lizzie, whah yo' git dat half dollar yo' flipped up to de ticket man?"

"Nevah yo' mind. Yo' all saw me pay de man, didn't yo'?"

"Sho 'nuf we did, but dat ain' no explanation."

"Well, I got de money all right."

"Sho 'nuf yo' did. Sho 'nuf yo' did."

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To Sleep Like a Top. To "sleep like a top" has probably a very different origin from that which appears. "Top" is thought to be a corruption of the French taupe, or mole. This interpretation is far more in accordance with the idea usually conveyed—that of a prolonged, undisturbed sleep like that of a mole in winter rather than the short, enduring so called "sleep" of a top when it revolves on its axis with a gentle, humming sound.

An Oversight. "Look here," exclaimed the angry man as he rushed into the real estate agent's office, "that plot I bought from you yesterday is thirty feet under water!"

"Pardon my oversight," apologized the gentlemanly agent. "We give a diving suit with each plot. I will send yours to you today."

Oddly Expressed. The following letter of gratitude for services rendered appears in a London publication: "Mr. and Mrs. Blank wish to express thanks to their friends and neighbors who so kindly assisted at the burning of their residence last night."

Both Willing. "He said he'd rather go to jail than pay his divorced wife alimony." "Did she let him go?" "Yes; she said she'd rather see him save his money behind the bars than spend it over them."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Precocity. "Every time the baby looks into my face he smiles," said Mr. Meekton. "Well," answered his wife, "it may not be exactly polite, but it shows he has a sense of humor."—Exchange.

Hunger or Fame. "It is a good thing to hunger for fame," remarked the struggling author. "Yes," assented his friend the artist. "If you don't get the fame you are sure to get the hunger."—Chicago News.

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