

Worse Than His Own. A gentleman who owns one of the best estates in the north of England while in his gardens one morning noticed one of the laborers very badly clad and asked him:

"Have you no better clothes than those, Mat?"

"No, in troth, yer honor, worse luck," replied Mat.

"Well, call at the house this evening on your way home," said the gentleman. "I'll leave an old suit of mine with the butler for you."

A few days later when showing a party of visitors through the gardens he was much annoyed to see Mat looking as if possible more a scarecrow than ever.

"Why are you still wearing those old clothes, Mat?" he asked.

"Sure, yer honor, they're the best I have," replied Mat.

"But did you not get the suit I left for you the other day?" asked the gentleman.

"Indeed, an' I did, thank yer honor kindly," replied Mat; "but, sure, I had to leave them at home to be mended."—London Tatler.

When Baseball Was an Infant Industry. It was a crude game, but merry. In theory the pitcher was there only to give the boys a chance to "soak the ball."

"First bound" was still out. The unfortunate catcher, handling a heavy, lively ball without mask, glove or protector, stood up near the bat when men were on bases if he had the skill and courage. The early guides recommended him to do so when he could.

Had not the pitcher been restricted to an artificial throw scarce a catcher would have lived to tell the tale. Many catchers took everything "on first bounce" and managed at that to prevent much base stealing. Base running also was in its infancy.

"Smith," says the Spirit of the Times, "caught a remarkable game, having but five passed balls scored against him." Here and there we get a glimpse which shows how crude it all was, what a matter of hit and miss natural force.

In the fifties Dicky Pearce shone without a peer as an infielder. He used to stop grounders with his hand and foot:—Will Irwin in Collier's.

She Did So. "Always," said papa as he drank his coffee and enjoyed his morning breakfast—"always, children, change the subject when anything unpleasant has been said. It is both wise and polite."

That evening on his return from business he found several of his flower beds despoiled and the tiny imprint of slipped feet silently bearing witness to the small thief.

"Mabel," he said to her, "did you pick my flowers?"

"Papa," said Mabel, "did you see a monkey in the city today? We had a"—

"Never mind that. Did you pick my flowers, Mabel?"

"Papa, what did grandma send me?"

"Mabel, what do you mean? Did you pick my flowers? Answer me, yes or no."

"Yes, papa, I did, but I thought I would change the subject."—London Tit-Bits.

Moroccan Red Taps. Official correspondence in Morocco is couched in a very flowery and flamboyant style. It is interspersed with a variety of meaningless adulatory phrases that tend to confound the real meaning of the epistle.

For example, an order to the minister of finance to contract a loan begins thus: "In our present letter (God increase his power and make the glorious sun and his moon glitter in the firmament of his felicity) we have authorized our incorruptible servant (here follows name) to contract in the name and on the behalf of the treasury (heaven fill it) a loan of —," etc.

Considering that the "incorruptible servant" is fishing as much as he possible can from the treasury it is certainly necessary to pray that "heaven fill it."—London Graphic.

Improved the Opportunity. The Empress Eugenie had long entertained Napoleon III. to confer upon Rosa Bonheur the cross of the Legion of Honor. He had refused because he did not wish to found a precedent for bestowing it upon a woman.

Being called across the border into Spain, Napoleon made Eugenie regent in his absence, and she, with woman wit, took advantage of her authority to confer the honor upon the great artist. Napoleon laughed on hearing his wife's confession, but the act stood.

His Ambition. "Tommy," said a visitor to the five-year-old pride of the household, "what would you do if you were president of the United States?"

"I wouldn't let anybody wash my neck or comb my hair," was the prompt reply.—Exchange.

His Objection. The Lawyer—Madam, what is your age? The Opposition (interrupting)—Your honor, I submit that my honorable opponent is inciting the witness to perjury.—Cleveland Leader.

His System. Wife—John, there must be a lot of iron in your system. Husband—Why do you think so? Wife—Because you invariably lose your temper when you get hot.

Mean Comment. Ella—Her face speaks for itself. Stella—Yes, and it is pretty plain talk.—Chicago News.

A New City a Thousand Years Old. Budapest, whose front is circled with lights like a crown, whose hills rise dark and feathery above the river, whose parliament buildings run along the bank and are second to none but Westminster—Budapest, bright, flashing, gay, beautiful, modern and rich, ardent and executive, close built and amalgamative, blender of peoples—is the product of only a few decades, and yet at its last exposition it celebrated its thousandth birthday.

Pest, to the right of the river—for the cities are twin and divided by the Danube—Pest dates back to 1200, and Buda was the Ofen of the Romans. Buda climbs up the opposite hill, today magnificently new, but sown round with green crumbling walls that mark the passing of the original founders whose painted galleys came up the Danube from the Black sea. The twentieth century civilization, sharply new and powerful, must for a moment be brushed aside and the Buda of mediæval times put in its stead.—Marie Van Vorst in Harper's Magazine.

Gathering Cloves. Cloves are now cultivated in many of the tropical regions of the earth. A clove tree begins to bear at the age of ten years and continues until it reaches the age of seventy-five years. There are two crops a year, one in June and one in December. The tree is an evergreen and grows from forty to fifty feet high, with large oblong leaves and crimson flowers at the end of small branches in clusters of from ten to twenty. The tree belongs to the same botanical order as the guava.

The cloves, which are the undeveloped buds, are at first white, then light green and at the time of gathering bright red. Pieces of white cloth are spread under the trees at harvesting time, and the branches are beaten gently with bamboo sticks until the cloves drop. They are dried in the sun, being tossed about daily until they attain the rich dark color which proclaims them ready for shipment.

Cards and Their History. Cards are square shaped pieces of pasteboard printed with various devices and employed as a business medium by money changers. They are usually made up in packs of fifty-two, one for each week of the year. A good many people play cards for pleasure, in which case their opponents are said to be buying experience. In most card games the rule is that the cards may be cut, but not otherwise marked. This rule is not strictly observed in games in which only three cards are used. Indeed, the marking of cards has attained a high degree of perfection since the introduction of numerous card index systems. Fashions change in card games as in everything else.

Old maid, for instance, is nowadays seldom played in the best clubs. Playing cards should not be confused with score cards, which are rather larger, or with visiting cards, which are smaller.—Fry's Magazine.

A Rhineland Legend. There is a Rhineland legend of three German robbers who, having accounted by various atrocities what amounted to a very valuable booty, agreed to divide the spoil and to retire from so dangerous a vocation. When the day appointed for this purpose arrived one of them was dispatched to a neighboring town to purchase provisions for their last carousal. The other two secretly agreed to murder him on his return that they might divide his share between them. They did so. But the murdered man was a closer calculator even than his assassins, for he had previously poisoned a part of the provisions, that he might appropriate to himself the whole of the spoil. This precious triumvirate were found dead together.

Salt Codfish Omelet. Soak a piece of salt codfish about six inches square overnight. Split six crackers and lay them in cold water. Just enough to cover them. In the morning pick the fish fine and mix well with the soaked crackers, three well beaten eggs and a piece of butter the size of an egg, also salt and pepper. Take one quart of milk and add to it one dessertspoonful of flour. Boil five minutes and pour over in the dish in which it is to be baked. Bake twenty minutes.—Boston Post.

Regatta in England. The first regatta in England was in 1775, and it was imported into that country by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who had been impressed by the water show of Venice. There was no series of races. There was a procession of city barges to a "temporary octagon," where there was reveling that night and well into the next day. Only seven of the company were drowned on the return journey, which speaks well for the average sobriety of the crowd.—London King.

Breakfast Hours. A traveler stopped at a hotel in Greenland, where the nights are six months long, and as he registered asked a question of the clerk.

"What time do you have breakfast?"

"From half past March to a quarter to May."—Harper's Weekly.

Boring the Bore. "What do you do to get rid of bores?"

"Just as soon as they come into my office I start in telling them of the latest cute thing my baby said."—Detroit Free Press.

But He Did. Her Mother—I saw him kiss you! I am terribly shocked. I did not for a moment imagine he would dare take such a liberty. Himself—Nor did I, ma'am. In fact, I bet him a pair of gloves I dared!

The Steam Engine. The Marquis of Worcester while imprisoned in the Tower of London in 1656 invented and constructed a perfect steam engine and had it publicly exhibited the same year at Vauxhall in successful operation. Thirty-four years later, in 1690, Dennis Papin added the piston to the marquis' discovery. In 1698 Captain Savary devised and built a steam engine different in many details from those made by Worcester and Papin, and in 1705 Newcomen, Cavley and Savary constructed their celebrated atmospheric engine, which was complete in every detail. The above array of historical facts notwithstanding, James Watt, who was not born until sixty years after these great men had given the steam engine to the world, enjoys the distinction of being the veritable inventor, originator and author of the most useful contrivance of the present day. Fulton, who lived and worked in the early part of the nineteenth century, is given the credit of being the man who demonstrated that steam could be applied to navigation—this, too, in face of the well known historical fact that De Gary propelled a vessel by steam in the harbor of Barcelona in 1543.—St. James' Gazette.

Genius and Misfortune. Homer was a beggar; Plautus turned a mill; Terence was a slave; Boetius died in jail; Paul Borghese had fourteen trades and yet starved with them all; Tasso was often in distress for 5 shillings; Bentivoglio was refused admission into a hospital because he had erected; Cervantes died of hunger, and Vagelas left his body to the physicians to pay his debts so far as the money would go; Sir Walter Raleigh died on the scaffold; Spenser, the charming, died in want; the death of Collins was through neglect, first causing mental derangement. Milton sold his copy of "Paradise Lost" for \$75 at three payments and finished his life in obscurity; Dryden lived in poverty and distress; Otway died in the street; Steele lived a life of perfect warfare with the bailiffs; Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" was sold for a trifle to save him from the grip of the law. Savage died in prison at Bristol, where he was confined for a debt of \$40; Butler lived a life of penury and died poor; Chatterton, the child of genius and misfortune, destroyed himself.

Arms and the Woman. "Did anybody ever see a one armed woman?" asked a gray headed man as he surveyed the afternoon parade. "I never did. Almost every day I meet one armed men, but I have yet to encounter a woman with that pitifully empty sleeve. Are there no women who have suffered that mutilation? If not, why not? And, if so, where are they?"

"Yesterday I heard it argued that there was no cause for a woman to lose an arm; that women do not go to the wars and are not engaged in occupations that are likely to carry away a part of their body. But that reasoning is not sound. Many women work in mills and factories, and they are as liable to accidents in the streets and public conveyances as men. Frequently they figure in these accidents; but, although men in the same situation would lose an arm, women never do."

"What is the cause of their immutability?"—New York Globe.

Keeping Time in Holland. "Railroad time, as we generally understand the phrase in the United States, is a little ahead of the town's time, but in The Hague, the quaint old capital of Holland, all private and un-official clocks and watches are kept twenty minutes fast," said a traveler. "When it is noon in the railway station, postoffice and other government buildings of The Hague the timepieces in the shops and the watches of the sturdy burghers show 12:20 p. m. Just what reason there is for this I don't know, although I asked enlightenment in many quarters. It seems a custom that has been handed down for generations, and the Dutch are too conservative to change the ways of their progenitors without some mighty inducement."—Baltimore American.

Attraction. Fruits fall to the earth because the earth attracts them. Bubbles in a cup of tea stand around the sides of the cup because the cup attracts them. The little bubbles gather about the large ones because the large bubbles attract the smaller ones. Why do the bubbles follow a teaspoon? Because the spoon attracts them. Why are the sides of a pond covered with leaves, while the middle is clear? Because the shore attracts the leaves to itself.

They Changed. A Vienna paper relates an anecdote of the painter Makart, who was sometimes as taciturn as Von Moltke. One evening at a dinner he sat for an hour next to the soubrette Josephine Gallmeyer without volunteering a word. Finally she lost patience and exclaimed, "Well, dear master, suppose we change the subject."

His Mistake. "I am very sorry to hear, captain, that your wife left you so unceremoniously."

"My mistake, sir. I took her for a mate, and she proved to be a skipper."

Always After Us. "No matter what we do, there is one class of people who will always be after us," declared a funny man.

"Who are they?"

"Posterity."

Says the woman. "Oh, that mine enemy would let me trim a hat for her."—Cleveland Leader.

The Dream of the Key. Some small article had been lost—I forget now what; let us say a key—belonging to one of two sisters who were traveling together. It could nowhere be found. But one night one of the sisters dreamed that she saw the key in the pocket of her traveling bag. She told this dream on waking to the other.

"And have you looked in the pocket?" the sister asked. "No, I have not," said she, "for the very good reason that there is no pocket in my traveling bag."

"Well," said the other, "there is a pocket in mine. I will just have a look there on the chance." And there the key was found. The inference is that the dreamer had seen with the eye of sense, though not with the eye of observation, the key put into the pocket. Even when the key was so found she had no recollection of seeing it placed there, but the brain had unconsciously recorded the sensation. In course of sleep it had stumbled on that record, and by good luck the sleeper on awaking chanced to remember the mental operation that had taken place during sleep. It is a singular and almost alarming reflection that our brains are stored with countless such records of which we know nothing nor ever shall know unless the association of ideas or some peculiar mental state brings them to our notice.—Westminster Gazette.

Queer Pronunciations. There are many names of places in England that puzzle the stranger. Happisburgh, in Norfolk, for instance, is pronounced Hazeboro, Aberavenny simply drops a syllable and becomes Abervenny, and it is alleged that St. Neots sounds more like Smoots than anything else. Cirencester seems to vary from Sister to Sizer. In Suffolk Waldringfield is "Wunnerful" and Chelmondston "Chilmston," while in the adjoining county of Norfolk Hunstanton is "Hunston," and in the west country Badgeworthy is "Badgery" and Cornwood "Kernood." Huntingdonshire claims the purest English, but they call Papworth "Parpur." And not far away is another village of beauty. The motorist turned upon a rough road and asked the intelligent laborer where it would take him. "That road," said the honest countryman, wiping his brow, "will take you to 'Ell, sir." The courageous motorist went on and found Elsworth, which is pronounced "Elser."—Manchester Guardian.

Don'ts. Don't attempt to punish all your enemies at once. You can't do a large business with a small capital. Don't say "I told you so." Two to one you never said a word about it. Don't worry about another man's business. A little selfishness is sometimes commendable. Don't imagine that you can correct all the evils in the world. A grain of sand is not prominent in a desert. Don't mourn over fancied grievances. Bide your time, and real sorrow will come. Don't throw dust in your teacher's eyes. It will only injure the pupil. Don't worry about the ice crop. Keep cool and you will have enough. Don't borrow a coach to please your wife. Better make her a little sulky. Don't imagine that everything is weakening. Butter is strong in this market. Don't publish your acts of charity. The Lord will keep the account straight. Don't color meerschaums for a living. It is simply dyeing by inches.—Mark Twain.

Tired of Being in Print. "Mr. Smithers," said his wife, "if I remember rightly you have often said that you disliked to see a woman constantly getting herself into print?"

"I do," said Smithers positively.

"You considered it unwomanly and indelicate, I believe?"

"Very."

"And you don't see how any man could allow his wife to do anything of the kind?"

"Yes, I think so now."

"Well, Mr. Smithers, in view of all the facts in the case I feel justified in asking for a new silk dress."

"A new silk dress?"

"Yes. For the last eight years I have had nothing better than fourpenny calico, and I want something better. I'm tired of getting into print."—London Tit-Bits.

Standing Up For Him. "Miriam, isn't that young Fergus coming to our house pretty often now?"

"I suppose he is, mamma."

"Do you know anything about him? What is he worth, for instance?"

"Well, he's worth any dozen of the ordinary young men of my acquaintance."

"Yes, but—"

"And he's worth \$100 a week to the firm he works for, even if he does get only \$25 now."—Chicago Tribune.

All the Same. The "horny handed" calls what he lives on "pay," the skilled mechanic "wages," the city clerk "salary," the banker "income," a landowner "rent roll," a lawyer "fees," a burglar "swag," but it all comes to the same in the end.—London Scraps.

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