

Great Shocks Almost Always Followed by After Shocks.

Although seismologists have not yet succeeded in finding out any means of definitely predicting the occurrence of an earthquake, they are very hopeful of finally arriving at this desired goal, and already they can discern danger by the pulsations which are always gently agitating the surface of the earth.

A great earthquake is almost always followed by weaker ones, and when it is violent and destructive the number of minor shocks following it may amount to hundreds or even thousands and continue for several months or years.

The occurrence of after shocks is quite natural and necessary for the settling down into stable equilibrium of the disturbed tract at the origin of disturbance, each of these shocks removing an unstable or weak point underneath.

Further, as a very great shock would remove a correspondingly great underground instability it is probable that such a shock would not for a long time be followed by another of a magnitude comparable to its own in the same or a neighboring district.

When, however, the initial shock is not very great it may be followed by another like it, but even in this case the position of the origin of the second shock would usually be quite distinct from that of the first.—Wide World Magazine.

A CAMEL STORY.

Foiled in its Revenge, the Animal Committed Suicide.

Some years ago it chanced that a valuable camel working in an old mill in Africa was severely beaten by its driver, who, perceiving that the camel had treasured up the injury and was only waiting a favorable opportunity for revenge, kept a strict watch upon the animal. Time passed away. The camel, perceiving that it was watched, was quiet and obedient, and the driver began to think that the beating was forgotten.

One night after a lapse of several months the man, who slept on a raised platform in the mill, while, as is customary, the camel was stalled in a corner, happening to remain awake, observed by the bright moonlight that when all was quiet the animal looked cautiously around, rose softly and, stealing over toward a spot where a bundle of clothes and a burnoose, thrown carelessly on the ground, resembled a sleeping figure, cast itself with violence upon them, rolling with all its weight and tearing them most viciously with its teeth.

Satisfied that its revenge was complete, the camel was returning to its corner when the driver sat up and spoke. At the sound of his voice and perceiving the mistake it had made the animal was so mortified at the failure and discovery of its scheme that it dashed its head against the wall and died on the spot.—Sheffield Telegraph.

Lavender.

How many of those who delight in the odor of fresh sweet lavender ever think how the plant came by its soothing name? Back he must go in imagination to the clean old Romans and their cult of the bath. Lavender found high favor with them to perfume their baths, and it was they who called it *lavandula*, the root of the name being the Latin *lavare*—to wash. In olden days, too, lavender leaves were an important ingredient in the making of precious spikenard ointment. Although we regard lavender as so peculiarly English a plant, owing to its extensive cultivation in the home counties and its associations with our English homes and gardens, it was not, as a matter of fact, introduced to this country until the sixteenth century, when it came from France with the Huguenot settlers. The Romans did not apparently think it to us when they gave us our fine roads.—Westminster Gazette.

An Old Sheep.

A Bengali clerk who had been transferred at his own request from my office to another government office in Calcutta was anxious to return and wrote to me personally on the subject. Although not a Christian himself, he was evidently acquainted with the familiar lines of Bonar's hymn:

I was a wandering sheep, I did not love the fold.

This is how he applied them to his own case. "It is true I have wandered from the fold—that is, the director general's office—but I trust that your honor will be merciful and receive back an old sheep."—"Stray Stories From India," by Sir Arthur Fanshawe, in Blackwood's Magazine.

A Frank Woman.

A woman gave another woman her photograph, and the recipient, instead of saying, "I will treasure it always," refused to accept it. "It means only one more thing to be dusted," she said. "If I have it out on the table it becomes a nuisance, and if I put it out of sight you will be offended. Moreover, every day that passes it will become a little more old-fashioned and a little more of a caricature. I won't have it."—Acheson Globe.

Much Rather.

"She says she'd rather waltz than eat." "Well, she'll find plenty of men who would rather sign a dance program than a dinner check."—Exchange.

What a Dollar Dog Can Do.

A man in a nearby city bought for his wife and child a year ago a dog, for which he paid a dollar. It was obviously nothing wonderful in the canine way—merely a mongrel, with the bulldog strain predominant. The owner was a man in humble circumstances, and the dog in his modest dwelling was the principal asset aside from a few sticks of furniture. The other night Tom was tied to a leg of the kitchen sink, as usual, and the family went to bed. They were awakened by the dog at midnight scratching at his master's door. When his master came out to see what was the matter the dog, with a remnant of chewed rope hanging from his collar, whined and ran to the head of the stairway. The house was on fire, and shortly after woman and child and man and dog made their escape their poor dwelling was a mass of glowing embers. The owner of the dog has been urged to part with him for a large cash consideration; but, though he is penniless, he will not part with the four footed savior of his family. Neither has the dog at any time had thoughts of leaving them for luxurious kennels.—New York Times.

Slaves to the Servants.

"I am very tired," said the fashionably dressed woman. "I have been working dreadfully hard all day. Doing what? Why, seeing to my servants—working for them. Didn't you know that the more servants you have the harder you must work? Certainly I have to do all the shopping for my servants. I have to buy their uniforms, the caps and aprons of the maids, the clothing of the housekeeper, and have to see to the marketing, too—yes, and very often, in spite of the fact that I have a housekeeper, I must, or they will form a combine to rob me of everything I have. The housekeeper will get a rakeoff that will enable her to retire in a few years. Then perhaps it is I who must hunt a place as housekeeper for some one else. Oh, yes, if you want to keep your position as mistress of a household of servants you must keep hustling! You can't afford to let the grass grow under your feet to any great extent."—New York Press.

He Got a Hundred.

Sammy's mother talked to him long and earnestly about the poor marks he had been getting in his work at school. She painted in alluring colors the career of the little boy who studies his lessons and gains the love and respect of his teachers. She went even farther. She promised him that if he got good marks she would give him a whole dime all for his own. Sammy seemed impressed.

That afternoon he returned from school fairly dancing with joy. "Oh, mother," he shouted, "I got a hundred!"

"Sammy!" cried his delighted mother. She hugged him and kissed him and petted him and—gave him the dime.

"And what did you get a hundred in?" she finally asked.

"In two things," replied Sammy without hesitation. "I got forty in readin' and sixty in spellin'."—Everybody's Magazine.

Trapping the Parson.

William Morris did not always get his jokes right end first. In a biography of her husband, Mrs. Edward Burne-Jones tells of the ease with which he reversed them.

A dinner gathering had all been asking conundrums.

"Who killed his brother Cain?" asked Burne-Jones.

Morris fell into the trap at once. "Abel!" he shouted.

Later in the day he came in laughing.

"I trapped the parson, by Jove!" he exclaimed. "I asked him, 'Who killed his brother Abel?'"

"'Cain,' he said at once.

"'Ha!' I said. 'I knew you'd say that. Every one does.' I came away and left him puzzled enough, and I doubt if he's found out yet what the joke was."

Not Qualified.

Two men were getting warm over a simple difference of opinion.

They turned to the third man.

"Isn't a homemade strawberry short-cake better than a cherry pie?" demanded one of them.

"Isn't a homemade cherry pie better than any shortcake?" inquired the other.

The third man shook his head.

"I don't know," he said. "I board."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Tripping Tongue.

"Henry Peck, you're a fool!"

"You didn't seem to think so when I was single."

"No, you never showed what a big fool you were until you married me."

—Exchange.

Not an Umpire.

A clergyman startled his drowsy congregation the other day as follows:

"My dearly beloved friends, permit me to remind you that I come here to preach, not to act as umpire in a snoring match."

The Explanation.

Fred—There seems to be a lot more fuss made of Miss A.'s singing than Miss K.'s, and I am sure Miss K. has by far the richer voice. Jack—Ah, yes, but Miss A. has by far the richer father.

Made Sure of the Pie.

A young girl who carried her dinner was observed to eat her pie first.

When asked why, she replied, "Well, if there's anything left it won't be the pie, will it, now?"

Why He Was Deaf.

Scene—Stable of Scottish village inn. Landlord is busy repairing a piece of harness and is carrying on at the same time a conversation with the village blacksmith. Enter farmer.

Farmer—Look here, landlord! Can ye gie me a bottle o' yer best whisky?

Landlord—Weel, ye see, the horses are a' out, an' I dinna ken when any o' them 'll be hame.

Farmer—It's no a horse I want; it's a bottle o' whisky.

Landlord—Aye; but, ye see, they're a guid bit awa', an' it'll be late before the first o' them's back.

Farmer (louder)—I tell ye, it's no a horse, but a bottle o' whisky, I want.

Landlord—Weel, ye see, the beasts 'll be tired, an'—

Farmer—Gang awa' wi' ye an' yer beasts!

Exit.

Blacksmith—Man, John, ye're gettin' as deaf as a doorpost. It wadna' a horse, but a bottle o' whisky, the man was askin' for.

Landlord—Ou, aye, I heard him fine, but he didna' pay for the last bottle he got.—Pearson's Weekly.

The Order of the Bath.

The last Knights of the Bath made according to the ancient forms were at the coronation of Charles II., when various rites and ceremonies, one of which was bathing, were enforced.

According to Froissart, the court barber prepared a bath, and the candidate for membership in the order, having been undressed by his esquires, was thereupon placed in the bath, his clothes and collars being the perquisites of the barber. He was then removed from the water to the words "May this be an honorable bath to you" and was placed in a plain bed quite wet and naked to dry. As soon as he was quite dry he was removed from the bed, dressed in new and rich apparel and conducted by his sponsors to the chapel, where he offered a taper to the honor of God and a penny piece to the honor of the king. Then he went to the monarch and, kneeling before him, received from the royal sword a tap on the shoulder, the king exclaiming, "Arise, Sir—," and then embraced him, saying, "Be thou a good knight, and true."—London Strand Magazine.

England's Patron Saint.

The story of England's patron saint is surrounded by a mixture of truth and fable which defies definite sifting. He is generally believed to have been born at Lydia, but brought up in Cappadocia, and suffered martyrdom in the reign of Diocletian, A. D. 305. The legend of his conflict with the dragon may have arisen from a symbolical or allegorical representation of his contest with the pagan persecutors. When our crusaders went to the east in 1096 they found St. George elevated to the rank of warrior saint, with the title of the "victorious," and as they believed that they were indebted to him for aid in the siege of Antioch they adopted him as the patron of soldiers. Edward III. was thus led to make him patron of the Order of the Garter, and so gradually St. George became the tutelary saint of England.—London Mail.

Eve and the Apple.

Princess Duleep Singh at a dinner in New York said that she found the American woman a marvel of beauty and the American man a model of good looks and kindness.

"The American man," said the charming princess, "is rightly held up to the world as the pattern husband. In Europe they have a saying about Eve and the apple which shows how wretched a failure the European husband is. This saying is unknown in America, I am sure. It would have no point, no application, here in the land of pattern husbands. The saying is this: 'The evil one didn't give the apple to the man, but to the woman, because the evil one knew well that the man would eat it all himself, but the woman would go halves.'"

A somewhat similar incident occurs in Edgar Allan Poe's "The Purloined Letter," when Dupin, having obtained entrance to the house of a minister of the state who had purloined a letter of great importance from a lady, wished to take it from its hiding place—a card rack over the mantelpiece—and substitute a facsimile. While Dupin was talking to the minister there was a sudden report of a pistol beneath the window, followed by fearful screams and loud shouting. The minister rushed to the window, and while his attention was thus distracted Dupin took the real letter and substituted the false one which he had prepared. Needless to say, the diversion had been created by Dupin's assistants.

Although "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" somewhat overshadows the stories of other detectives which appeared in the Strand Magazine, one should not forget to mention Martin Hewitt, investigator, and Dick Donovan.

Both these detectives worked alone and were past masters in the art of solving robbery mysteries, murders and the crimes of secret societies.

And the value of noting trifles, particularly in detective work, is strikingly illustrated in "The Case of Mr. Foggatt." The latter had been murdered in his chamber, which was situated at the top of the building in which Hewitt had an office. Hewitt was the first one on the scene. The door was locked, and when he got inside the room he found Foggatt lying across the table, shot dead. There was a sheer drop of fifty feet outside the windows. How had the murderer got in, and how had he escaped?

On the sideboard were the freshly bitten remains of an apple. Hewitt noticed that it had been bitten by a person who had lost two teeth, one at the top and one below. He also saw that the dead man had an excellent set of false teeth, with none missing. He observed, too, that an active young man could, by standing on the window sill, draw himself on the roof and thus escape. Thus Hewitt comes to look for a tall, athletic looking young man with two teeth missing. He finds him, obtains by a ruse another apple which he has bitten, compares the two and ultimately obtains the startling story of the murder from the murderer himself after the coroner's jury had returned a verdict of "accidental death."—London Tit-Bits.

It is the little pleasures which make life sweet, as the little displeasures may do more than afflictions can to make it bitter.

Confide a secret to a dumb man and it will make him speak.—Livonian.

Perseverance is more prevailing than violence, and many things which cannot be overcome when they are together yield themselves up when taken little by little.—Plutarch.

Life repentance is seldom true, but true repentance is never too late.—Venetian.

A Use For Arithmetic.

"My boy," said the head of the firm, "I've noticed that you have a great head for figures, although you don't seem to be able to spell or write at all. How does it happen?"

"I studied 'rithmetic," replied the office boy, "'cause I wanted to know how to figure de battin' averages."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Myth Chaser.

"What makes your youngest son so eager for athletics?"

"Filial admiration," answered the worried looking mother. "He believes all the stories his father tells about the wonderful things he did when he was a boy and is trying to equal the record."—Washington Star.

Perseverance.

Perseverance is more prevailing than violence, and many things which cannot be overcome when they are together yield themselves up when taken little by little.—Plutarch.

Life repentance is seldom true, but true repentance is never too late.—Venetian.

Confide a secret to a dumb man and it will make him speak.—Livonian.

DETECTIVE STORIES.

Little Things as Aids in Solving Problems in Crime.

THE VALUE OF SMALL CLEWS

"In All My Experience," Says Police Sergeant Cuff, One of Wilkie Collins' Creations, "I Have Never Yet Met Such a Thing as a Trifle."

If you ask some London publishers they will tell you that no book sells so well as a detective story and that people still find a fascination in the achievements of Edgar Allan Poe's Dupin, Gaboriau's Lecoq and Tabaret and the redoubtable Sergeant Cuff of Wilkie Collins.

These men were the forerunners of Sherlock Holmes, and their feats of criminal tracking were as remarkable as those achieved by the famous character created by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Perhaps the least known is Cuff, who figures in "The Moonstone."

Cuff looked for clues in trifles. Investigating a smear on a newly painted door, he was told by the superintendent who had the case in hand that it was made by the petticoats of the women servants. The superintendent said petticoats were trifles.

"In all my experience along the dirtiest ways of this dirty little world," replied Cuff, "I have never met such a thing as a trifle yet. We must see the petticoat that made the smear, and we must know for certain that the paint was wet."

Lecoq, the bean ideal of the French detective, was wont to explain his deductions to assistants, just as Sherlock Holmes did to his friend Watson. In the story of "File No. 113" a safe has been robbed. There is a scratch on the door of the safe which seems to have been made by the key slipping from the lock. But Lecoq explained that the paint was hard and that the scratch could not have been made by the trembling hand of the thief letting the key slip.

He therefore had an iron box made, painted with green varnish, like the safe. As Lecoq inserted the key he asked the assistant to endeavor to prevent him using the key just as he was about to insert it in the lock. The assistant did so, and the key held by Lecoq, pulled aside from the lock, slipped along the door and traced upon it a diagonal scratch from top to bottom, the exact reproduction of the one shown in a photograph of the safe. Thus it was proved that two persons were present at the robbery—one wished to take the money and the other to prevent its being taken.

In the play Sherlock Holmes, the detective, with the aid of an accomplice, raises an alarm of fire at the house of the Larabees, during the excitement of which he is able to investigate the mystery of the purloined documents.

A somewhat similar incident occurs in Edgar Allan Poe's "The Purloined Letter," when Dupin, having obtained entrance to the house of a minister of the state who had purloined a letter of great importance from a lady, wished to take it from its hiding place—a card rack over the mantelpiece—and substitute a facsimile. While Dupin was talking to the minister there was a sudden report of a pistol beneath the window, followed by fearful screams and loud shouting. The minister rushed to the window, and while his attention was thus distracted Dupin took the real letter and substituted the false one which he had prepared. Needless to say, the diversion had been created by Dupin's assistants.

Although "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" somewhat overshadows the stories of other detectives which appeared in the Strand Magazine, one should not forget to mention Martin Hewitt, investigator, and Dick Donovan.

Both these detectives worked alone and were past masters in the art of solving robbery mysteries, murders and the crimes of secret societies.

And the value of noting trifles, particularly in detective work, is strikingly illustrated in "The Case of Mr. Foggatt." The latter had been murdered in his chamber, which was situated at the top of the building in which Hewitt had an office. Hewitt was the first one on the scene. The door was locked, and when he got inside the room he found Foggatt lying across the table, shot dead. There was a sheer drop of fifty feet outside the windows. How had the murderer got in, and how had he escaped?

On the sideboard were the freshly bitten remains of an apple. Hewitt noticed that it had been bitten by a person who had lost two teeth, one at the top and one below. He also saw that the dead man had an excellent set of false teeth, with none missing. He observed, too, that an active young man could, by standing on the window sill, draw himself on the roof and thus escape. Thus Hewitt comes to look for a tall, athletic looking young man with two teeth missing. He finds him, obtains by a ruse another apple which he has bitten, compares the two and ultimately obtains the startling story of the murder from the murderer himself after the coroner's jury had returned a verdict of "accidental death."—London Tit-Bits.

It is the little pleasures which make life sweet, as the little displeasures may do more than afflictions can to make it bitter.

Confide a secret to a dumb man and it will make him speak.—Livonian.

LYON & CO.

LET US SHOW YOU

Ladies' and Misses Suits WITH INDIVIDUALITY.

Our Special Sale of Ladies and Misses' Coat Suits has brought so many buyers, that we were compelled to order for the fourth time a full line of Coat Suits.

This week we have again received a large, fine assortment of the latest New York designs. Black and all the new shades—Catawba, Raisin, Smoke Grey, Green, Blue and Garnet, all made with the very best linings and well tailored, in the new long coats, mayenage cut, Plaited and Flare Skirts with the latest styles in Collars, etc. These Coat Suits would be cheap at \$16 to \$20, our sale price is from

\$12.00 to \$20.00.

A special line of handsome long semi-fitting black Coats. A handsome black Caracul Coat, full length, well lined and made by first class tailors; regular values \$20.00.

Our Price \$15.00.

A handsome Kersey Cloth Coat, full length, at prices that will save dollars for you. Misses' and Children's Coats at the special sale prices.

ROYAL WORCESTER AND BON TON CORSETS.

Our Corset Department is now complete with the new Winter models. All the new long models in Royal Worcester; prices from \$1 to \$3.

Bon Ton models that will compare in style, workmanship and quality with any \$10 Corset; special from \$3 to \$5.

A full line of the celebrated Adjusto Corsets at \$3. We invite every one to inspect all our new Winter Stock. Every department is now filled with choice selections.

We are agents for the Butterick Patterns, Delineators, The Fashions.

LYON & COMPANY,

47-12 Allegheny St., Bellefonte, Pa.

Bellefonte Shoe Emporium.

A MISTAKE IN BUYING SHOES.

Retail shoe men in order to get their shoes when they want them, and get them as they want them, must buy six months in advance of a season. It is very hard to tell just what is wanted in styles as the styles of shoes change very quickly. I for one, made a mistake this season; purchased too many lace shoes.

Lace Shoes are Not Wanted

Button Shoes have the floor.

I will sell at once all my new fall Ladies' Shoes, in Lace and Blucher,

AT A BIG REDUCTION,

Sale begins at once. Must sell them before the season becomes advanced. Will not hold them until they become old.

To the Ladies' that wear Lace Shoes now is the time to get New Fall Shoes at a big reduction. Dorothy Dodd, John, Cross, and Clement & Ball, Ladies' High Grade Shoes.

\$4.00 Shoes now \$3. \$3.50 Shoes now \$2.75 and a big lot of \$3.00 Shoes now at \$2.00.

Ladies, this is a chance you cannot afford to miss if you like Lace Shoes.

Remember the sale starts at once and lasts until all the Lace Shoes are sold.

Do not put it off until the best are all picked out, come at once, or you will be sorry for it later.

YEAGER'S SHOE STORE.

successor to Yeager & Davis.

Bush Arcade Building, BELLEFONTE, PA.