

A SWIFT STORY.

The Way the Dean Rebuked His Publisher, Faulkner.

An amusing story of George Faulkner, the printer of many of Dean Swift's works, who lived in Parliament street, Dublin, is told by Mr. Wilmot Harrison in "Memorable Dublin Houses." Mr. Harrison relates how Faulkner, after a visit to London on business for Swift, called to see the dean, having arrayed himself in a nice waistcoat, a bagwig and other foppish.

Swift received him ceremoniously as an entire stranger and asked: "Pray, sir, what are your commands with me?"

"I thought it my duty to wait upon you, sir, on my return from London."

"Pray, sir, who are you?"

"George Faulkner, the printer."

"You George Faulkner, the printer? Why, thou art the most impudent, barefaced impostor I ever heard of."

George Faulkner is a sober, sedate citizen and would never trick himself out in lace and other foppish. Get you about your business and thank your stars that I do not send you to the house of correction."

Poor George returned home and, having changed his dress, returned to the deanery and was received most cordially by Swift, who, having welcomed him on his return from London," said:

"There was an impudent fellow in a lace waistcoat who would fain have passed for you, but I soon sent him packing with a flea in his ear."

THE OLD TIME NAVY.

Treatment of British Jack Tars in Nelson's Day.

Jack tars in the British navy in Nelson's day were treated like dogs and worse. Imps of midshipmen, twelve or thirteen years old, were permitted to cuff and kick them with impunity, and none dared protest. Torture, under the guise of punishment, was part of the regular routine of the service.

From one to five dozen lashes with the cat-o-nine-tails could be inflicted at the whim of a commander, but the usual number was three dozen.

Such sentences were for trifling deviations of duty. For really serious offenses, such as violence to a superior officer, desertion or mutiny, offenders were strung up at the yardarm or flogged round the fleet, the latter a punishment more dreaded than death itself.

Other savage punishments, such as "starving," "running the gauntlet" and the hideous one known as "keelhauling" were also frequently resorted to, although nominally they were illegal.

Nowadays, of course, a bluejacket, although subject to naval discipline, is in no more danger of being subjected to corporal punishment than is the average civilian.

His officers are courteous, kindly and considerate, and if his life is not a happy and comfortable one he has, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, only himself to blame.—Pearson's Weekly.

Louis the Magnificent.

As soon as he rose he was dressed by his valet in a coat of blue cloth. Two little epaulets of gold cord were sewed to the cloth. Under the coat was a white waistcoat, which was almost entirely hidden by the ribbons and wide slashes of his orders. His satin breeches ended in a pair of high boots or gaiters of red velvet, which came above the knees and were more supple than leather, for the thickness of leather on legs that were often painful from gout would have created too much friction. He made a great point of these boots. He thought that they made him look like a general, ready at any moment to spring upon a horse, though this was a physical impossibility to him since he was much too fat and too infirm. He used powder with a view to hiding the white locks of age, and this gave his complexion an appearance of youth.—From "The Return of Louis XVIII," by Gilbert Stenger.

Telling the Time.

His horse had lost a shoe, and as it was being replaced by a Somerset blacksmith he asked the time. "I'll tell 'ee presently, sir," said the man. Then he lifted a hind foot of the horse and, looking across it attentively, said, "Half past 11."

"How do you know?" asked Coleridge.

"Do 'ee think I have shod horses all my life and don't know by sign what time it is?"

The poet went away puzzled, but returned in the evening and offered the blacksmith a shilling to show him how he could tell the time by a horse's hoof.

"Just you get off your horse, sir. Now do 'ee stoop down and look through the hole in your pollard ash and you'll see the church clock."

Hard to Tell.

"If your mother bought four bunches of grapes, the shopkeeper's price being ninepence a bunch, how much money would the purchase cost her?" asked the new teacher.

"You never can tell," answered Tommy, who was at the head of the class. "Ma's great at bargaining!"—London Answers.

Of Vital Importance.

Mrs. Benham—The doctor says that mother won't live until morning. Benham—Does he promise that or merely predict it?—New York Press.

PASSPORTS.

Method of Applying For Them to the State Department.

Passports are issued to citizens of the United States upon application to the state department in Washington. The application must be accompanied by an affidavit attested by a notary public or other officer empowered to administer oaths stating that the applicant is a citizen and giving the piece of birth and age, and it must be accompanied by the certificate of one other citizen to whom he is personally known that the declaration made by the applicant is true.

The application must be accompanied by a description of the person, particularly as to age, height, complexion, forehead, eyes, nose, mouth, chin, hair and face. Blank forms are furnished by the state department on application. The fee for each passport is \$1. Citizens traveling abroad may also obtain passports by applying to United States ambassadors and ministers.

Where any person has made a declaration of intention to become a citizen of the United States and has resided in the United States for three years a passport valid for six months may be issued to him. This passport is not renewable and does not entitle the holder to the protection of this government in the country of which he was originally a citizen.—New York American.

MOUNT ETNA.

It is Said to Hold All the Climates of the Earth.

Mount Etna has furnished more material for travelers' tales than any other mountain on earth. Astonished Englishmen of a century ago, who fell into the fashionable habit of climbing to its highest peak—and some did so to the amazement of the Sicilians, even in the dead of winter—have left on record in the exuberant language of their day the emotions that thrilled their soul. "The man who treads Mount Etna," wrote one of these, "is a man above the world. Every river on the island can be traced from its mouth to its source."

"The characters," the same writer continues, "of all the climates of the earth can be detected—the frigid close around one, the temperate with its belt of trees just beneath and the tropical at the base of the mountain, with its vineyards and luxuriant groves. The great ocean around, with the islands of Lipari, Panari, Alicudi, Stromboli and Volcano, with their smoking summits, appear under your feet, and you look down upon the whole of Sicily as upon a map."

In addition to all the climates, Etna is reported to have trees that rival the giants of California, lakes that never thaw, bottomless caverns and salable snow.—Chicago News.

Why We Laugh.

Laughter seems to be a specialized form of either the scream of a startled or injured animal or the cry of triumph common to many beasts of prey. In children the cry of terror and the shout of laughter often shade into each other, and the young child escaping from pursuit will scream with laughter or fear, according to his chances of escape. Some unexpected event that causes slight alarm short of actual terror is the commonest cause of children's laughter, but in adults some sudden event that gives a sensation of triumph over others has much more influence. Really clever jokes seldom cause laughter, and it has been pointed out that a man chasing his hat will produce laughter far more heartily in character than the best efforts of the cleverest wit. The sight of ill fortune in another causes by contrast a feeling of triumph in ourselves. The ticklish parts of the body are for the most part the sites of important blood vessels, and the laughter produced in children by tickling is even more closely allied to the cry of pain.

The Cuckoo.

Where does the cuckoo lay its eggs? What is its staple diet? What course does it take in its autumn migration when it returns to its African haunts? These are questions that await satisfactory answers. Until it was found that the cuckoo laid its egg on the ground and subsequently carried it in its bill to a neighboring nest it was supposed that the bird fed largely on the eggs of smaller birds. This fallacy has been disproved. Probably in the whole range of British birds there is no other that can boast such curious domestic traits as the cuckoo. It makes no nest, does not attend to incubation duties and rears no young and apparently never sees the bird that is hatched from the egg that it surreptitiously places in the nest of some smaller bird.—London Globe.

Served Him Right.

"You're looking very gloomy today, Tomkins. What's the matter?" "Matter! Do you know Miss Parno, the old maid that lives over the way? Dawkins told me that she was engaged to him, so just for the fun of the thing I went and proposed to her, and she accepted me. Now I'm looking for Dawkins!"—London Tit-Bits.

Light.

Father—You seem to look at things in a very different light since your marriage. Newly Married Daughter—Well, so I ought after receiving fourteen lamps and nine candelabra for wedding presents.

It is easier to appear worthy of a position one does not hold than of the office one fills.—La Rochefoucauld.

FILIPINO WOMEN.

Their Careers Begin Early, and They Win Husbands by Hard Work.

"Filipino women know how to win husbands," says an American woman who is living at Manila. "It is a common thing in the islands to see a girl, young and brown and strong, crushing rice with a heavy wooden mallet, while around her sit a number of admiring swains, looking on, but never dreaming of offering to help. And the girl doesn't expect it. She pounds cheerfully away, and by and by her reward comes in a husband to work for."

"Life accustoms the Filipino woman to labor at a very early age. As a tiny girl she is rarely seen without an appendage in the shape of a baby brother or sister perched on her little brown hip. When she grows a few inches taller and a few degrees stronger she is pressed into service as a water carrier, bearing heavy jars of water poised gracefully on her head from the river to her home. Now, too, she works in the fields, and a vivid bit of color she makes in her short kilned scarlet skirt. When she becomes a woman—and she is a woman at fifteen or before—she may have a small shop to tend, and there is the rice to beat and much other work to do.

"Marriage brings no vacation. She is pretty sure to have many children to care for. She tends the fields, cooks and frequently has a stall in the market for several hours a day. But when the women are really old then their rest time comes. They sit quietly by, looking on as life goes past them, but taking part no more. In spite of the hard labor they have had there is generally a very peaceful look in the brown, wrinkled faces of these old women."—New York Tribune.

A ROYAL BED.

The Magnificent One That Was Used by Queen Elizabeth.

An interesting description of the magnificence of a bedstead ordered for Queen Elizabeth's use is found in a "wardrobe warrant" dated 1581 and quoted in "Gleanings After Time." It was of walnut tree, richly carved, painted and gilded. The eulore, tester and valance were of cloth of silver, figured with velvet, lined with changeable taffeta and deeply fringed with Venice gold, silver and silk.

The curtains were of costly tapestry, curiously and elaborately worked, every seam and every border laid with gold and silver lace, caught up with long loops and tufts of bullion.

The headpiece was of crimson satin of Bruges, edged with a passymayne of crimson silk and decorated with six ample plumes containing seven dozen ostrich feathers of various colors profusely decorated with gold spangles.

The counterpoint was of orange colored satin quilted with cutwork of cloths of gold and silver and of satins of every imaginable tint embroidered with Venice gold, silver spangles and beautifully colored silks fringed to correspond and lined with orange sarcenet.

This was a queen's bed, but almost equally gorgeous ones were common for several centuries. In the reign of Queen Anne a bedstead put up as a prize in a lottery was reported to have cost over £3,000.—London Family Herald.

Graft in the Household.

The tipping system has become acute now that graft is boldly recognized as "business," and the world has no shame for the majority of workers in the vineyard. A charming young matron exclaimed the other day that graft had even invaded her household. She was asked how that was possible and replied, "I have discovered that my most trusted and faithful maid has been approached by some one who shall be nameless to advise the cook, who is another treasure, to leave me."

"But she did not?" "Yes, she did," said the young matron, laughing. "Yes, she did, and I don't blame her for the price. My nice Julia was paid \$20 to sell me out, and the cook's wages are about double what I can pay." "A case of bribery." "Not at all—plain, unvarnished graft." This is the philosophic response.—Boston Herald.

One of Field's Jokes.

Edward Everett Hale greatly enjoyed a joke which was perpetrated on him by Eugene Field. Field celebrated one of Dr. Hale's visits to Chicago by giving a luncheon in his honor and inviting a number of prominent persons to meet him. "Field was aware," said Dr. Hale, "that I was a temperance man, and therefore I was somewhat surprised to see that the table on which the luncheon was served was very abundantly supplied with bottles labeled 'Whisky,' 'Brandy' and 'Champagne.' But when these bottles came to be uncorked they were all found to contain nothing but water!"

Effective.

A Chicago judge recently rebuked a person who was sitting in the courtroom with his feet placed upon the table by sending him, through a bailiff, a piece of paper on which he had written the following query: "What size boots do you wear?" The feet were at once withdrawn.

No Panic.

"We had a bad fire scare in church today."

"Good gracious! Was there a panic?" "Not to notice. The minister preached on the infernal regions."—New York Journal.

Prodigal.

"That fellow seems to be extravagant."

"Hopelessly. He spends his own money just as if it were the government's."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

ADVICE TO HUSBANDS

Give Up Your Barren Scepter as Master of the House.

JOHN HAY'S FIRST SPEECH.

A Witty Response to the Toast "Our Countrywomen" at a Banquet in Paris When He Was Secretary of Legation in the French Capital.

By official proclamation President Johnson set apart the first Thursday of December, 1895, as a day of national thanksgiving. The American residents and visitors in Paris deemed it an occasion to be celebrated with more than usual ceremony. The result was that at 8 o'clock on the evening of the 7th of December some 253 of our countrymen sat down to a dinner in the spacious dining room of the Grand hotel in Paris, then regarded by travelers as the most elegant public dining hall in Europe.

After a succession of speeches the chairman closed the entertainment with a toast to "Our Countrywomen" and asked Colonel John Hay, then secretary of legation in Paris, to respond to it. As this was probably the first public speech Mr. Hay had ever made and though nothing he then said could possibly add any luster to his subsequent career, it may justly be said that it was more successful than the first public effort in oratory either of Sheridan or of Deaconsfield. He replied in part as follows:

"My Countrymen and I would say my countrywomen but that the former word embraces the latter whenever opportunity offers—I cannot understand why I should have been called upon to respond to this toast of all others, having nothing but theoretical ideas upon the subject to be treated—one, in fact, I must be presumed never to have handled. [Laughter and applause.]

"I have been called up, too, by a committee of married men. I can think of no claim I have to be considered an authority in these matters except what might arise from the fact of my having resided in early life in the same neighborhood with Brigham Young, who has since gained some reputation as a thorough and practical ladies' man. [Great laughter.] I am not conscious, however, of having imbibed any such wisdom at the feet of this matrimonial Gamaliel as should justify entitle me to be heard among the elders.

"So I am inevitably forced to the conclusion that these husbands cannot trust each other's discretion. The secrets of the prison house are too important to be trusted to one of the prisoners. So ignorance of the matter in hand has come to be held an absolute prerequisite when any one is to be sacrificed to the exigencies of this toast.

"I really do not see why this should be so. It is useless for husbands to attempt to keep this thin veneering of a semblance of authority. The symbols of government they still retain deceive nobody. They may comfort themselves with the assurance of some vague, invisible supremacy, like that of the spiritual malkede or the grand lama, but the true tycoon is the wife. A witty and profound observer the other day said, 'Every husband doubtless knows he is master in his own house, but he also knows his neighbor's wife is master in hers.' [Laughter and cheers.]

"Why should not you, husbands of America, admit this great truth and give up the barren scepter? Things would go much easier if you ceased the struggle to keep up appearances. The ladies will not be hard on you. They will recognize the fact that, after all, you are their fellow creatures, and you can be very useful to them in many little ways. They will doubtless allow you to pay their bills, take care of their children and carry their votes to the ballot box just as you do now.

"You had better come down gracefully, and, above all, let no feeling of discovered inferiority betray you into evil speaking of the domestic powers. There have been recent instances of distinguished gentlemen, no doubt investigated by rebellious husbands, who have recklessly accused these guardian angels of your fronside of being extravagant and frivolous. These things are never uttered with impunity. I would not insure the life of one who libels the ladies for less than cent per cent.

"Discite justitium morit et non temere Divas, which, as you may not understand the backwards pronunciation of the classic warning, I will translate with a freedom befitting the day we celebrate:

"Now, all you happy husbands, Beware the rebel's fate! Live in obedience all your lives. Give up your hatchkeys to your wives And never stay out late."

[Laughter and cheers.]—From John Bigelow's "Retrospections of an Active Life" in Metropolitan Magazine.

The Alternative.

Constituent—Say, Bill, the salary that goes with my job isn't half enough to live on. Can't you use your influence to have it raised a little? Alderman—I'm afraid not, Jake. But I'll do better than that. I'll use my influence to have a cheaper man appointed to the place.—Chicago Tribune.

A Quick Thinker.

Dittersdorf—Here come two evil looking rascals. I shouldn't wonder if we were held up. Heinz—I'm afraid so. By the bye, here's that dollar you lent me this morning.—Megendorfer Blätter.

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.

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We are prepared for the early Christmas buyers. We will make shopping easy for you. Come in and see our large assortments. Here is just a small list of the many things to select from:

FURS, FURS.

The largest assortment of Furs, Pillow Muffs, Rug Muffs in black and colors to match. The new shapes in the long pelerine and throw scarfs. Prices the lowest; qualities the best.

SILK SCARFS.

Our assortment of Silk Hemstitched Scarfs is the best ever shown in the town. All colors. Black and white from 50c. to \$5.00.

PETTICOATS.

A handsome gift and appreciated by all women. A fine Silk Petticoat or a handsome Heather-bloom Petticoat. Prices always the lowest.

SILKS, SILKS.

Silk Messaline and Silk Crepe De Chine. The largest assortment of black and colored Silk and Messaline suitable for waists, street and evening gowns.

BLACK TAFFETA SILK.

SPECIAL—We just received a soft Taffeta Silk (in black only). Suitable for dresses, skirts and linings, 36 inches wide. Special price 85c per yd.

LINENS, LINENS.

Our assortment of Table Linens is better and larger than you will see in any other store. See our 2-yard-wide in the stripe and floral patterns. Also have 2 1/4 yard Satin Damask in the rose stripe patterns. Napkins to match all table linen. Linen Scarfs, hemstitched and lace and insertion trimmed, from 25c up.

Handsome Doilies, lace edge and drawn work insertion.

HANDKERCHIEFS.

In Cotton, Linen and Silk, Initial and plain, hemstitched, white and colored border; for men, women and children.

HOSIERY.

Hose in cotton, wool and lisle gauze, in black and all colors, to fit the youngest or the oldest.

LACE COLLARS.

Lace Collars and Jabots in all styles from the cheapest up, including the handsome baby Irish Jabots and Dutch Collars.

LEATHER GOODS.

The latest styles in Leather Goods. Everything new in Chamois Bags and Pocket Books.

Big reductions in all Ladies' and Misses' Coats and Coat Suits and Children's Coats. Come into our store and we will save you money and help you do your Christmas buying with little worry.

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