

American and English Ways of Doing It Are Very Different.

In America a speculator's capital (with an exception to be noted below) is necessarily at least the size of his margin in his broker's hands, though it is to be feared that in only too many instances it is just this and nothing more.

On the London Stock Exchange another method prevails which, says Moody's Magazine, it is probable has done more in the long ago past to give stock speculation its bad name than all the episodes of an unsavory nature which have ever occurred on American exchanges.

The broker is supposed to learn something of his new client's means and how far he should be allowed to commit himself. Twice a month the English have what they call their settlement days. A customer long of a stock whose commitment has gone somewhat against him is then required to pay the difference, as they are called, between his purchase price and the current quotation.

He must also pay a charge called a outgo for holding the settlement over into the next fortnightly period if he does not wish to close the commitment. As a consequence of this way of doing business a speculator may be trading on a few points margin in reality or, in fact, on no margin at all. He may be utterly penniless without the broker knowing it.

That this method works out with fewer losses in England than it would do here is due to the fact that the social and economic strata to which an Englishman belongs are much easier to determine than the corresponding facts among us, and also that an introducer means more there than here, as the introducer is regarded as to a certain extent responsible morally for the business department of his friend.

It is worth while observing (and this is the exception referred to above) that in certain instances the methods pursued in American stock exchange houses are the same as those obtaining in London. Little as the fact is known, it is not an infrequent custom for very wealthy speculators to have no fixed margin or even no margin at all with their brokers.

If a man of this sort loses on a commitment he sends his broker a check for the loss. If he wins his brokers remit to him for his gains. The broker dislikes to attend a very powerful client by trying to get him for funds, and hence takes care with his account which he would not dream of taking with the account of smaller men. Instances of this sort sometimes become public in cases where the broker is forced into bankruptcy, whether owing to this cause or not.

Could Do For Herself.

She was a very delightful but a very aged lady—over ninety—and her friends and relatives and even chance acquaintances, drawn by her exquisite personality, all did her homage and, as the saying is, "waited on her hand and foot."

She accepted it all very graciously, but with some inward rebellion for to a very old and close mouthed friend she once said, with a quaint pucker of lips and brows:

"I am reminded sometimes of the old lines:

"Two were blown" at her nose, And three were buckled at her shoon." —Smith's Companion.

The Fortune That Came to a Man and His Clever Wife.

An Irishman named Whalen found a fortune in a very amusing way, says the Cape Town Argus. With the savings of his wife he bought not far from Ballarat a few acres of ground containing a water pool and a sluggish spring. With the mud and gravel from the bottom of the pool he made sun dried bricks and, building a cabin for himself and family, started a bar for the miners.

Quite contrary to their usual habits, a colony of Chinamen living near by commenced to visit his bar every night. Then Mrs. Whalen discovered that some one had bit by bit carried off the mud pigstye and its surrounding wall so gradually that it had almost gone before she noticed it. Soon the chimney and the cabin walls also began to vanish. After a careful watch Mrs. Whalen discovered that while one band of Chinamen kept her husband busy in the bar another band was stealing the chimneys and walls.

When she knew the Chinamen were no fools, and, acting on his wife's suggestion, he also "stole a pan of dirt" from his own pigstye and washed it out. Then he ordered tents for his family to live in and washed away the entire house. It was literally built of gold dust. After that the pool and the spring were also attacked, and the result was a big fortune for the lucky Irishman and his cute little wife.

All Three Were Trimmers, but One Was a Star.

The story, long since familiar, of the little boy whose boast that his father had put a cupola on his house was capped by his playmate, who remarked proudly that his father had just put a mortgage on theirs, is brought to mind by an occurrence which was told the other day by a prominent politician.

The small son of a man who was in politics for revenue only on moving into a new district went out and struck up an acquaintance with two other kids of the same age who lived

in the neighborhood. They were interested in the newcomer and began to try him out as to what his parents amounted to anyhow.

"My father is a window trimmer and a awfully big man," said the first kid.

"Ah, that's nothin'!" said the second. "My father's a dump trimmer, and he's twice as big as yours."

It was plainly up to the stranger to make good. And he did it with much gusto.

"My father is a politician," he said, "but I heard a man tell him last night that he was the biggest trimmer in this ward."

And it was apparent to any one that the new kid had made a strong impression upon the neighborhood.—New York Herald.

Wood Too Hard to Burn.

There are certain kinds of wood that are too hard to burn or refuse to ignite for some other reason, such as ironwood and the good brier root, but it is a curiosity to come across a piece of common deal—the soft, light wood of which so many boxes are made—that cannot be set fire to. The piece of wood in question was common white deal from Sweden, but was remarkable for its comparative weight. It formed part of a boat belonging to a whaler and had been dragged below the surface of the water to the depth of more than half a mile by a harpooned whale. The length of line and the short distance from the point of descent after being struck at which the whale rose to the surface was a proof of the depth to which it had dragged the boat. Only part of the boat came up again at the end of the line, and it was taken on board when the whale had been killed. That piece of wood was so hard that it would not burn in a gas jet. The weight of water had compressed it.—London Standard.

Some Peculiar Facts About These Great United States.

The following collection of geographical peculiarities about the United States and places therein embodies certain unique points well worth remembering.

A novel way to demonstrate the size of the state of Texas is to spread out a map of the union and stretch a string across Texas the longest way. Then, placing one end of the measure at Chicago, one will find that the other end will extend into either the Atlantic ocean or the gulf of Mexico.

The two largest counties in the United States are Custer county, Mont., and San Bernardino county, Cal. Each of these is a little more than 20,000 square miles in extent, and the states of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Delaware and New Jersey could be put inside the boundaries of either of them.

The smallest county in the union is Bristol county, N. H., which has only twenty-five square miles. About fifty miles from Durango, Colo., there is a point where four states meet. Here by stepping a few feet in either direction one can walk in four different commonwealths in as many seconds. These commonwealths are the states of Colorado and Utah and the territories of New Mexico and Arizona.

A nearly parallel case is at Harpers Ferry, where the train stops a few minutes to allow the passengers to alight and enjoy a view which permits them to look into three states, Maryland, Virginia and West Virginia.

The highest and lowest elevations in this country are in California, within 100 miles of each other. The loftiest is Mount Whitney, 14,499 feet high, and the lowest is Death valley, about 450 feet below the level of the sea.

Two oceans pass, in Yellowstone park, is so named because, whenever there is a shower in the vicinity and a certain small creek overflows, its waters spread out over the edge of the continental divide and pass into tributaries of rivers which flow to the Atlantic and to the Pacific.—Boston Globe.

They Are Found In Only Two Places In The World.

In only two places in the world, Queensland and the west coast of Africa, can there be found that most remarkable of nature productions, the Erythrophloeum laboucheri (or poison tree). Referring to this tree in speaking at a meeting of the Sydney Natural History society, A. Moston, formerly protector of aborigines in northern Queensland, says that when in full foliage it is one of the most beautiful trees in the world. The wood is elegantly grained and marked by colors and peculiar streaks which readily distinguish it from any other known timber. It is extremely hard and tough, and the blacks of the Cape York peninsula use it for making their woomeas, with which they throw the spear. The tree bears long rods containing beans, which, like the leaves, are fatal to all animal life. The stomach of a dead goat or a dead sheep may show only three or four undigested green leaves. All animals are blind before they die and remain blind if they recover. This tree killed sixteen of the Chillagee company's emmis. It killed some of the horses and cattle of the Jardine brothers in their expedition to Cape York in 1834. On one occasion it killed several thousand sheep on the gulf rivers. Occasionally an aboriginal Limerick Borgia disposes of a rival by mixing some crushed beans in a mashed yam or pounded enjebel, and the unhappy Juliet can nevermore gaze upon her lost Romeo. Even inhaling the smoke of the burning wood is said to have a disastrous effect upon ladies who, in Byronian phrase, are among those "who love their lords;" consequently it is never used for firewood except in extreme cases of matrimonial infelicity.—London Standard.

Conditions Under Which Water Actually Flows Upward.

"Water seeks its level" is an expression heard so frequently as to be almost trite, and yet the law has its exceptions. There are conditions under which water actually flows upward and rises above its source. If a glass tube be dipped into water the column inside will be above the level of the surrounding surface. Moreover, if a tube of half the diameter be substituted the column doubles its height. The water creeps along the inside of the tube, owing to the adhesion, and forms a cup shaped depression at the top.

An explanation is not difficult. It can be proved mathematically that if the diameter of a circle be diminished one-half the circumference is also reduced to that extent, while the area is one-fourth of its former value. The circumference of the column of water being reduced one-half, its contact with the glass, and hence the adhesive force, is also diminished to that extent, while the cross section, and hence the weight, is decreased to a fourth of what it was before. Therefore the second column can be twice the height of the first without exceeding the lifting power.

Remarkable as the underlying principles of this phenomenon undoubtedly are, nature made use of them long before man made their discovery. Every tree and flower adds its testimony. The core of a tree or plant, instead of being a single open channel, consists of a spongelike substance containing many miniature tunnels, through which the sap and moisture collected by the roots flow upward in small rivulets, rising higher and higher in sheer defiance of the great law of gravity.—St. Louis Republic.

Sense of Danger.

Dr. Waldo of London holds that people should develop a sixth sense to inform them of the approach of danger in the streets. Lafcadio Hearn once said: "While in a crowd I seldom look at faces. My intuition is almost infallible, like that blind faculty by which in absolute darkness one becomes aware of the proximity of bulky objects without touching them. If I hesitate to obey it a collision is the inevitable consequence. What pilots do so quickly and safely through a thick press is not conscious observation at all, but unreasoning intuitive perception."

What Happened at Night and What the Passenger Was Told.

It was a dirty night, to use a sailor's phrase, and the talk in one corner of the smoking room drifted to events at sea and the childlike faith that passengers repose in navigators.

Said the scientist who had been collecting specimens on a coral reef: "I've often heard men and women say they felt so safe with Captain So-and-so, and I've wondered, too, whether their sense of security would still be retained if these favored travelers knew exactly what happened on shipboard during a voyage. For my own part I have more confidence than ever in a captain of my acquaintance since I learned that he could tell a white lie when it was necessary to calm the fears of a nervous traveler. It so happened that one foggy night I was awakened by the sudden stoppage and reversal of the engines. I jumped out of my bunk, went on deck and was told by the second officer that we had had a narrow squeeze. It appeared that we had nearly run down a schooner as she silently crossed our bows and disappeared into the haze.

"Next morning a woman passenger who sat at the captain's table asked him whether the engines had been stopped and reversed, and he replied: 'Yes, we sometimes do this to test the engineer's watch and see if our machinery is in proper order. We do it at night so as to create no excitement.' Then he got the woman to describe what she had heard and asked her, 'Did you find much time between the stopping and reversing?'"

"No," she replied. "Then," said the skipper, "that showed how well everything was working, did it not?"

"When I got the skipper's ear I told him confidentially that I didn't think the schooner's engines had worked as well as ours, and he remarked that it might have been worse. Whether he meant the lie or the incident I didn't inquire, but I suspect it wasn't the lie."—New York Post.

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A Sight Worth Paying For.

The cab drawn by a weary looking horse, came to a standstill opposite a public house. As the driver was preparing to descend a small boy ran up with, "Old yer 'orse, guv'nor?"

"Old my 'orse? Look 'ere, my lad, Ah'll give yer a bob if it runs away."—Manchester Guardian.

His Contribution.

"Have you ever done anything for the good of the community?" asked the solid citizen. "Yes," replied the weary wayfarer; "I've just done thirty days."—Philadelphia Record.

The Very Latest.

"Nice car." "Yes." "Is it the latest thing in cars?" "I guess so. It has never got me anywhere on time yet."—Houston Post.

Not a Bit Conceited.

Husband—How conceited you are, Edie! You're always looking at yourself in the glass. Wife—I'm sure I am not. I don't think I'm half as pretty as I really am.—Illustrated Bips.

Health and Activity.

Health is always active. The healthy woman must have an outlet for the vigor she feels, and she will find it in work or play, in dancing or in darning, in the chase or at the churn. Even work does not satisfy her, so, as she works, she sings, her busy fingers keeping time to the tune she carols. Directly the duties of the house become a burden, when the song dies on the lips, and the limbs move sluggishly, when amusements have no more attraction and sports fail to interest, the health is declining, vitality is being lowered, and it is time for the woman to look around for the cause of her weakness. She will find it usually in disease of the delicate organs; in debilitating drains, nerve racking inflammation and ulceration, or female weakness. For this condition a perfect and permanent cure is contained in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It makes weak women strong, sick women well. It is a temperance medicine, absolutely non-alcoholic and non-narcotic.

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