

JOY THAT BRINGS WOE.

It is no exaggeration to assert, said an asylum doctor of long and varied experience, that there are scores of men and women in insane asylums who have literally been sent there through excess of joy. Many of these cases which are, in my opinion, the saddest of all have come under my own observation.

I remember in the very first asylum with which I was connected one of the patients was a strikingly handsome and very well educated man, who was as sane as you or I except on one point. He was really a man of considerable wealth, but his delusion was that he was a pauper, and he would tell the most pitiful tales of his destitution, begging, with tears in his eyes, for a few coppers with which to buy bread.

According to the story told me, he was the only son of a wealthy merchant. In his youth he had fallen among evil companions and had led such a dissolute life that his father not only threatened to disinherit him, but forbade him ever to enter his house again. After that he seems to have sunk into the lowest depths of poverty until he was glad to earn a few coppers by selling papers or matches in the streets.

It was at this last and lowest stage that news came to him that his father had died intestate and that he was heir to all his vast fortune. The sudden news completely turned the man's brain and brought on such a condition of excitement that he had to be sent to an asylum, and when he calmed down again he had lost all recollection of his good fortune, and nothing could shake his delusion that he was on the verge of starvation.

Another patient in the same asylum was a young and in his lucid moments a most intelligent fellow, whose "brain was turned," as the saying is, on learning that he had passed an examination. He had sat for the matriculation examination at the University of London, on passing which he had set his heart and had asked a friend in London to wire the result as soon as the names were screened at Burlington House.

About three weeks later came a fatal telegram. "Failed—sorry," which sent the young man into the lowest depths of despair, for he was too old to sit again. Not many hours later, however, came another telegram. "Passed honors—very sorry crush so great did not see name this morning." The revulsion of feeling was so great that the student's reason gave way, and he became so violent in his excitement that he had to be confined. Fortunately he was not with us long and is now, I am glad to know, doing very well as a solicitor.

Disappointed love sends many people to asylums, but it is very seldom that success in wooing drives a man mad. It had this strange effect, however, on one of my late patients. The girl he loved had gone out to India to keep house for her brother before he had screwed up his courage to the point of proposing to her, but an offer followed by mail very quickly after her.

Weeks and months passed and no answer came to the impatient lover until, after waiting two years in despair, he became engaged to a girl who had nothing but her money bags to recommend her and for whom he had not a particle of love. Scarcely, however, was his fate sealed than he received the long despatch of letter from India, accepting his offer and explaining that the girl's brother had received and mislaid the letter, which had only just been found and had come into her hands.

Within an hour of the receipt of this letter the man was a raving maniac, and, although his condition is improved, I doubt whether he will ever recover his reason.

In another remarkable case it was the joy at seeing her husband again that robbed a lady patient of her reason. Her husband was the captain of a merchant ship which was reported to have gone down with all hands. The widow had deeply mourned her husband for nearly a year when one day on returning from a walk she found him sitting in the drawing room as hale and robust as ever.

With a shriek she fell unconscious on the floor, and when she recovered her reason was gone. It seems that her husband, after floating for some time, had been picked up by a passing "tramp" and had been landed on the west coast of Africa, from which he had returned home by the first available vessel.—London Spectator.

Confucius.

Confucius regarded his own life as a failure. He spoke against ambition, yet he coveted high office, nothing less than that of political adviser to some great ruler. A man of the highest lineage in China, he was yet poor and early supported himself by teaching. His pupils showed him an extraordinary devotion. The pick of the young men in his native state of Lu sat at his feet, and it was they who transmitted his tremendous influence. But Confucius saw not his immortal success, but his temporal failure. Only for a few brief years did circumstances permit him to exercise his practical genius for government. He became first a magistrate, then chief criminal judge in Lu, and, to quote Professor Legge, "crime ceased." Confucius, however, became dissatisfied with the ruler whom he served, a weak man who neglected his duty and gave himself up more and more to dissipation, so he resigned his post and banished himself.—London Spectator.

The Leather of the Egyptians.

The ancient Egyptians were skilled in the art of tanning leather and manufacturing it in various ways and for various purposes besides that of furnishing covering for the feet. Indeed, it is to those builders of the pyramids that we are indebted for the first artistic forms of footwear, and so far as can be ascertained from history and the researches of archaeologists, the Egyptians were the first shoemakers who were worthy of that name. It is a fact, too, that tanners of today employ very much the same methods as did the ancients. About the same materials are used, and the processes are almost precisely similar to those in vogue hundreds of years ago. It is true that tanners of the present day have found a means of greatly shortening the time required to convert a hide into leather and that steam power and modern machinery have done much to expedite and improve the processes of finishing the leather; but, after all, the principals of tanning remain the same as they have been from the first.—London Globe.

Posthaste.

He kicked off his wet boots, slid his tired feet into a pair of carpet slippers, lit his pipe, sat down in the easy chair with a sigh of relief and declared that twenty thousand wild horses couldn't make him stir from the house till morning.

"Henry," remarked the lady with the knitting needles, "you posted that letter I gave you this morning. I suppose?"

"I did, my love," he answered unblushingly.

"I asked you to postpone her visit for awhile," his wife went on. "You see?"

Henry did see. His wife saw too. What she saw was the tired man jump from his chair, kick off his slippers, put on his boots and skip out into the street as if rain was the very thing he liked wading through.

And when, five minutes later, Henry came back with a tale that he'd just been to see how the thermometer outside the postoffice stood she smiled.—London Scraps.

Just Like Eve's Apple.

A fruit supposed to bear the mark of Eve's teeth is one of the many botanical curiosities of Ceylon. The tree on which it grows is known by the significant name of "the forbidden fruit," or "Eve's apple tree." The blossom has a very pleasant scent, but the really remarkable feature of the tree, the one to which it owes its name, is the fruit. It is beautiful and hangs from the tree in a peculiar manner. Orange on the outside and deep crimson within, each fruit has the appearance of having had a piece bitten out of it. This fact, together with its poisonous quality, led the Mohammedans to represent it as the forbidden fruit of the garden of Eden and to warn men against its noxious properties. The mark upon the fruit is attributed to Eve. Why the bite of Adam did not also leave its mark is not known, but as only one piece seems to be missing its loss is ascribed to the woman.

Constable Had the Evidence.

One of Philadelphia's leading corporation lawyers was visiting in New England, and, returning home, he told how he had been arrested there. He had not had a vacation for some years, and, getting into the country, he proceeded to be a boy again. He struck a piece of country road and ran along for a half mile. He found a fence and vaulted it. He saw a tree and climbed it. Finally he struck the town a hand was laid on his shoulder, and a man said in a gruff voice:

"Come with me."

"What for?" inquired the other in amazement.

"I'm the constable, and you're under arrest. I've been following you, and I think you're crazy."—Philadelphia Times.

Cool Presence of Mind.

Debtor (to shopgirl)—It's an outrage for your employer to have you present this bill here at the railroad station in the presence of all these people! Tell him I'll attend to the matter as soon as I get home. And now give me a kiss, so the people will think that you are a relative and have come to bid me goodbye!—Fliegende Blätter.

A Risky Study.

"Why have you dropped your popular astronomy?" asked the visitor. "Cause I got too many lickings," confided Tommy. "The other night I told pa that Mars' face was ever changing, and ma heard me and thought I meant her face. Next thing I didn't get any supper and got a licking besides."—Chicago News.

Ministers Aboard Ship.

A minister aboard ship has always been taken as a "Jonah sign" by seamen. In recent years, however, this superstition has been modified to a certain extent. A young minister, the seamen believe, will not bring as much of a "Jonah" with him as an old one.

Simplicity Itself.

"There are only two points in success." "What are they?" "Work and keep other people from working you."

Do It Now.

Decision never becomes easier by postponement, while habit grows stronger every day. Common sense as well as conscience says, "Choose this day."

The feet of Fate are tender, for she sets her steps not on the ground, but on the heads of men.—Homer.

They Are Frequently Miscalled by Travelers Abroad.

"How far are you going?" asked my fellow traveler as we came across the St. Gotthard. "To Paris," I replied. He looked puzzled. Then I recollected that he was an Italian and that he had told me he had never been out of Italy before. "Parigi," I said, smiling, and he knew at once what I meant.

Then it occurred to me to mention London to him and see if he understood. He obviously did not. "London," I translated. "Ah, Londra!" he repeated. "Yes, yes." Here were two of us journeying together across Europe in an age which is supposed to have broken down the barriers that once hindered free intercourse, yet we were not even agreed as to the names of the principal places on our route.

He called Milan Milano, Florence Firenze, Turin Torino, Naples Napoli. For Basle he said Basilea and Lucerna for Lucerne (which the Swiss themselves call Luzern, pronouncing the "z" like ts).

Stop a moment, though. When I say he called Florence Firenze, and so on, I am laying myself open to misconception and the charge of insular intolerance. Rather should I put it that we English call Firenze Florence, just as we call Padova Padua and Livorno Leghorn. We cannot even give the Eternal City its proper beautiful name. Instead of Roma we say Rome, which is only a trifle better than the German, who deep down in their throats grout out "Rom."

The Germans are very bad offenders in this matter of miscalculation, for they give them often such cacophonous equivalents as one would never think of connecting with the real name. The first time I went to Italy I let the train leave Bellinzona without me, I was drinking a cup of coffee and it slipped off. I thoroughly enjoyed a sunny September afternoon's ramble amid vineyards and along the shore (so far as I recollect) of an enchanting little lake. Then I went back to the station to catch the evening service to Milan.

Presently a long and important looking train thundered in. On it were boards—"Berlin-Mailand." I regarded them idly, wondering where Mailand was and why I had never heard of it before. It was only when I saw a friendly porter wildly summoning me to enter and heard a guard crying out, "Chiasso, Como, Milano," that I realized the situation and understood Mailand to be German for the city we call Milan. The German for Venice is even more ill sounding—"Venedig." Who would ever associate that harsh trisyllable with the glories and loveliness of the miracle city of the lagoons?—London Mail.

Odd Signs.

A thimble in the south of England has a sign which reads, "Quart Measures of All Shapes and Sizes Sold Here."

At a market town in the midlands the following placard was affixed to the shutters of a watchmaker who had decauped, leaving his condoling creditors mourning: "Wound Up and the Mainspring Broke."

In one of the principal streets of another small town the same shop was occupied by a doctor and a shoemaker, the man of medicine having the front and he of the leather working in the rear. Over the door hung the sign, "We Repair Both Body and Sole." On the window of a coffee room there one day appeared the notice, "This Coffee Room Removed Upstairs Till Repaired."

Playful Monkeys.

Apes and gorillas are usually vicious and resentful and less addicted to playful tricks than the common monkey. Indeed, the monkey, as we all know, is a trickster both in his wild and domestic state. In their native forests monkeys spend hours in swinging from the branches of trees, suspended by their tails, and chattering and grimacing with evident signs of delight. Humboldt mentions seeing over a hundred so employed in a South American forest.

Nothing Miraculous.

"You had rheumatism in your right leg for years and were cured of it in an instant? How?" "By being accidentally mixed up in a train wreck. My right leg is a cork leg now."—Chicago Tribune.

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