

Effects Upon the Nerves of Wrecks Upon the Rails.

A wreck sometimes upsets even the most iron nerve. Once the wreck master on his arrival noticed a bare-headed man in overalls, covered with coal dust and blood, sitting beside his engine with tears running down his face.

A passenger conductor of a train that was derailed and had plunged down an embankment crawled out of the confusion and rendered cool and efficient help during the half hour before the wreck train arrived.

"What's the matter with you?" asked the wreck master.

"My watch has stopped. I can't get it to go, and I don't know what time it is," answered the conductor, still listening to his matchbox.

The wreck master took the conductor by the shoulders and shook him roughly. Then he "came to."—Thaddeus S. Dayton in Harper's Weekly.

The Gift Was Delayed, but the Groom Got the Bird.

A wealthy patron of the turf in New York told an amusing story of a favorite groom and a turkey.

"I had once promised this groom," he said, "a Christmas turkey, but somehow I forgot it. It was some days after Christmas when I remembered how I had overlooked my faithful old friend."

"Meeting him in the paddock one morning and intending to make good my forgetfulness, I said to the groom by way of a joke:

"Well, Jenkins, how did you like that turkey I sent you?"

"It was a very fine bird, sir," said the groom. "I came very near losing it, though."

"How so?" said I, astonished.

"Well, sir," said Jenkins, "Christmas morning came, and your turkey hadn't reached me, so I rushed right off to the express company and asked the manager what he meant by not sending the bird up. The manager apologized, sir, very politely, and he took me into a back room, where there were ten or fifteen turkeys hanging, and he said the labels had been lost off them and I'd just better take my choice. So I chose the largest, sir, knowing your generosity, and it was fine. It ate grand. Thank you very much indeed, sir."—Washington Star.

The Gems the Collector Bought and Showed to the Expert.

That the collector falls into a trap occasionally is shown by an episode which we recall. An enthusiastic purchaser of old tapestries was once offered in Paris a masterpiece executed on a large scale and held at a large figure. Consulting an expert, he was urged to buy, but the sum demanded seemed to him at the moment a good deal to invest in a tapestry, and he let the opportunity pass.

A year or so later he met his friend, the expert aforesaid, and asked him to come to his house to look at two tapestries he had just secured. "They are smaller," he said, "than the one you advised me to buy and which, to tell the truth, I have always regretted, and I paid twice as much for them as I was asked to pay for that glorious piece, but while it seemed a fearful lot of money to spend I simply couldn't resist the chance."

The specialist in tapestries walked into the gallery of the proud collector and gazed upon his prizes. He gazed for a time in silence and then had to be very guarded in his speech of congratulation. He was looking at the original tapestry, which his friend could have had for half the money, now neatly cut in two and supplied with borders. He never revealed to the victim of this ingenious little game what precisely had happened.—New York Tribune.

The Fattening Process of a Marriageable Girl in Tunis.

The marriageable girl in Tunis has a trying ordeal to go through after her betrothal to the man not of her choice, but whose choice she is. She has to be fattened to the required size before the ceremony can take place.

As soon as the betrothal takes place she is taken to a room and there cooped up till the fattening process is concluded. Silver shackles are fastened round her wrists and ankles, and the task of her parents and future husband is to increase her bulk till her wrists and ankles fill up the shackles. If the husband is a widower or has "discharged" his first wife the girl has the shackles of the first spouse placed on her, and she must fill them out.

It takes a long time to do this as a rule, and sometimes it cannot be accomplished in spite of all efforts. It is then open to the future husband to cry off the bargain or waive the condition. In the case of a bachelor he takes care to see that the bracelets and anklets are not too large—that is, if he is fond of the girl—but if he is being forced into the marriage by his parents he is

a great stickler for custom. Stout girls are the more quickly snapped up in Tunis.—St. James' Gazette.

Wrong Diagnosis.

Mrs. Slingchin put her head over the fence and thus addressed her neighbor, who was hanging out her washing:

"A family has moved into the empty house across the way, Mrs. Mangie."

"Yes, I know."

"Did you notice the furniture?"

"Not particularly."

"Two loads, and I wouldn't give a sovereign a load for it. Carpets? I wouldn't put 'em down in my kitchen. And the children! I won't allow mine to associate with 'em. And the mother! She looks as if she had never known a day's happiness. The father drinks, I expect. Too bad that such people should come into this neighborhood. I wonder who they are."

"I know 'em."

"Do you? Well, I declare! Who are they?"

"The mother is my sister, and the father is the superintendent of the Sunday school."

"Oh—ah—um! Do you think it's going to rain?"

The First Tooth Festival.

Among the Syrians there is no such thing as giving a party in celebration of the first anniversary of the birth of a child. The celebration is held when the baby cuts its first tooth. On such an occasion friends of the parents are not invited to the house to eat cakes and listen to a phonograph, but whatever sweets may be prepared for the occasion are sent by the parents to the homes of the friends whom they wish to inform of the news. The friends later visit the parents and tender their congratulations. The dishes in which the sananleeh is carried to neighbors and friends are not returned immediately. Sometimes it is a week or even two before they are back in their customary places in the family cupboard. When they are returned they are not empty.

Old Superstition and Cold Facts From the Astronomers.

There is an old superstition which dies hard, and that is that the position of the horns of the new moon tells what the weather will be. If the horns of the crescent are on the same level it will hold water, and hence it is a dry moon, but if it is tipped up then the water will run out, and it is a wet moon.

One thing has helped keep this belief alive. "The moon is 'dry' in the part of the spring that is usually fair, while it is 'wet' during the season of autumn rains.

If this were a sure sign of the weather we could have our predictions published many years in advance, for an astronomer can predict the exact position of the moon at any time in the future.

The cause for the different positions of the crescent is simple. The moon is south of the sun in the autumn and north of it in spring. The crescent is found by the light of the sun falling on the moon, and the horns are naturally in a line perpendicular to the direction of the sun from the moon. That is all there is to this old superstition.—Boston Herald.

Daring of the Eskimos and Their Work With the Harpoon.

With the harpoon as a weapon the hunters left the solid ice to spring lightly from one small piece to another until a pan large enough to hold them was reached far out in the open lake. The pieces over which the passage was made were often so small that they would have sunk under a man's weight had he faltered or hesitated upon them for a moment. It seemed to me that the Eskimos were absolutely reckless in this passage over the broken pieces and took no account of the manner in which they should return. Certainly only a fearless man with a clear eye and nerves of iron could accomplish it.

A large, safe pan once attained well in the midst of the blowing walrus, a stand was taken near its edge, where, with harpoon poised, the hunter waited until a walrus came within striking distance. Then like lightning the weapon was sunk deep into the animal's body, and quick as a flash a harpoon shaft provided with a heavy point of iron was driven firmly into the ice and several turns of line taken around it and held taut by the Eskimo.

This strong line held the walrus in spite of its struggles to free itself, and not an inch was surrendered to it by the Eskimo. As the walrus gradually tired the line was tightened little by little until finally the great animal was well alongside the pan, when it was quickly dispatched with a lance.—Harry Whitney in Outing.

Subdued.

Hotel Guest (to pretty waiter girl)—This steak is not very good. Pretty Waiter Girl—Tea or coffee? Guest—This steak—it's tough and—Pretty Waiter Girl (to another pretty waiter girl)—Charley was asking after you this morning, Jen. (To guest)—Did you say tea or coffee? Guest (glomily)—Coffee.—New York Sun.

He Failed to See It.

Mr. Closecoyne (during his wife's reception)—She gives 'em lights; she gives 'em music; she gives 'em food, flowers, champagne, and that's what she calls receiving!—Puck.

Shocked.

Ella—Bella married an octogenarian. Stella—I don't think the girl ought to change her religion for a man.—Exchange.

We are not in this world to do what we wish, but to be willing to do that which it is our duty to do.—Gounod.

How an Obstinate English Lord Was Outwitted in Naples.

Lord Charles Hamilton used to go about Naples attended by a large, ferocious bulldog. Having decided upon going to Rome, he proceeded to the station and took his place in a first class carriage, the "dawg" taking up a position on a seat opposite his master. The platform inspector, with many gesticulations, declared that the bulldog should not travel in a passenger carriage.

"Very well, then; take him out," was Lord Charles' rejoinder.

In vain the official expostulated. He merely reiterated his former reply, a piece of advice it is needless to say

which was not followed, and Lord Charles, apparently master of the situation, threw himself back in his seat and calmly lighted a cigar.

But the Italians were not to be outdone, and, quietly detaching the carriage in which the English "milor" was seated, they made up the train with another compartment and started it off.

Lord Charles sat quietly smoking for about a quarter of an hour and then, surprised at the delay, thrust his head out of the window and demanded when the train was going to start. His feelings when the situation was described to him may be imagined.—London Tit-Bits.

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Sacred Nuts of Japan.

Although well known to travelers and collectors of curiosities, the horn nut, or "sacred nut," of Japan was almost wholly unknown to fruit and nut dealers in this country prior to 1888, when a New York commission merchant received the first large consignment. They are called "sacred nuts" because used in certain forms of Japanese worship, where they are placed on the altar and ignited. Being very rich in oil, they burn with a hot, bluish flame and give off a peculiar odor, the fumes being supposed to rise as an acceptable incense to the gods. They grow under water and have a leaf like an American lily, the form of the nut itself being an almost exact counterpart of an Asian buffalo's head, drooping horns and all. In the raw state they are hard and tasteless, but when cooked the flavor resembles that of boiled chestnuts. They are said to retain their edible qualities for upward of twenty years.

Pert Suggestion.

Mr. Boastem—I often regret that I did not attend some college and acquire a little more polish. Miss Cutting Hintz—Why don't you hire some brass finisher to rub you up a trifle?—New Orleans Picayune.

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Table with columns: READ DOWN, STATIONS, READ UP. Lists stations like Bellefonte, Hecla Park, Hubbersburg, Snyderstown, Nittany, Huston, Lamar, Clintonville, Krider's Sidings, Mackeyville, Cedar Spring, Salona, MILL HALL, and New York.

Mr. Wallace H. Gephart, General Superintendent.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD. Schedule to take effect Monday, Jan. 6, 1910.

Table with columns: WESTWARD, STATIONS, EASTWARD. Lists stations like Bellefonte, Coleville, Morris, Stevens, Lime Centre, Hunter's Park, Fillmore, Briarty, Waddles, Krumrine, State College, Strubles, Bloomersdorf, and Fine Grove Mt.

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Hair Dresser.

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