

GUINEAS AND POUNDS.

"Funny thing," said the writer, who had just received a check for £2 2s. from London.

"They're two kinds of money over there. One kind is straight business money. An even £2 would have meant in effect that I had performed a routine job of some kind, such as compiling a table of statistics for the editor, and that I was being paid for mechanical labor.

"But the editor adds an extra shilling to every pound he pays me. This means that I am not supposed to have performed any labor at all, but to have created a work of art and submitted this work of art—otherwise literature—for art's sake.

"My check is written 'Two guineas,' and the envelope in which it is sent me is addressed 'John Smith, Esq.' This in effect is a second recognition that I have submitted a piece of literary art. Yet the figures on the check are '£2 2s.' to prevent errors in book-keeping.

"If I'd been on the staff of the periodical my salary would be paid me in pounds sterling, for then I'd be supposed to be working for pay and, according to English ideas, no longer a gentleman.

"These two kinds of money, guineas and pounds, show up in many curious ways. All professional men are paid in guineas. If you are running a big private school you make a charge in guineas for tuition, and parents of your pupils pay you in guineas because you're supposed to be merely engaging in an altruistic, philanthropic project of building brawn and brain for Britain. But you pay the teachers in your school in pounds sterling, for they're supposed to be working for pay, not for love.

"If you're a doctor you make your bills for professional services out in guineas. Barristers are paid in guineas. Horse race prizes are given in guineas for all gentlemen's races.

"The most curious mixture of all is the clergyman's pay. This is a queer mixture of commercial and professional ideas. The charge of a parish is known as a living and is paid in pounds sterling, but if a wedding or a christening takes place in the parish the clergyman receives a personal fee, always guineas instead of pounds.

"Artists are paid in guineas. The late James MacNeill Whistler, who had a delightful habit of turning a keen wit on friends and making enemies thereby, was once paid for a work of art in pounds sterling, a delicate implication that Whistler was a dauber and a tyro.

"Two trades are paid in guineas for goods purchased, but other trades are paid in pounds sterling. These trades are the interior decorator and the jeweler. The jeweler's goods are supposed to be works of art, and such commercial articles as watch chains and watches are priced in guineas. Certain swell and exclusive London tailors, to whom you have to be introduced, by the way, charge you in guineas for the coats and trousers they consent to make for you.

"Directors of companies were formerly paid in guineas for their attendance. They are now paid in pounds sterling, but when a pound sterling is in minted gold it isn't a pound sterling any more, but a sovereign.

"The idea is that directors of companies are always fed in gold, and as sovereigns only are coined now they are paid in sovereigns. The only exception is the directorate of the Bank of England. The members of the board are paid in golden guineas, part of a small store kept in the bank and dated in the early years of the last century.

"A gentleman wagers with his friends in guineas. He buys a hunter or a pony polo from a friend in guineas, but in pounds from a horse trader. But if he is buying a work horse from a friend and equal he pays in pounds sterling.

"If a gentleman wagers with a bookmaker at a race track he posts his bet in pounds. If he tries to break the bank at Monte Carlo he puts up his wagers on the roulette wheel in gold twenty franc pieces and speaks of his winnings or losses in pounds sterling, while he mentions his winnings or losses at bridge, paid in gold, in guineas.

"There are hundreds of delicate distinctions in British etiquette in the matter of money. One of the most curious is that of a certain London club where the members receive their change in gold, silver and penny postage stamps, neither paper money nor copper being given, and gentlemen are not supposed to know any money except coined gold and silver."—New York Sun.

A Considerate Girl.

Madge—He said you were very punctual. Marjorie—Why shouldn't he? I never kept him waiting more than half an hour in my life.—Lippincott's.

A good laugh is sunshine in the house.—Thackeray.

Profanity of His Profession.

"Who is that scientific gent in room 15?" asked the scrub lady. "I dunno," answered the broom gentleman. "But he's a funny one to swear. You ought to hear him. When he saw a lot of mold on top of his ink he said, 'B'ellus!' just that way."—Chicago Tribune.

Designed For Ten Horses, It Took Fifty to Move It.

What is said to be the largest plow in the world was made some years ago at Bakersfield, Cal. This plow was the result of the ingenuity of a ranch superintendent who had authority to make improvements, but not to introduce steam plows. The superintendent had grown very tired of preparing 3,000 acres of land for wheat with ordinary nine or twelve inch plows drawn by two horses.

He argued that if two horses could pull a twelve inch plow six horses could pull a plow thirty-six inches wide and that eight horses could pull a plow forty-eight inches wide. He made the calculations carefully, and, being clever with his pencil, also made drawings and sent for blacksmiths and machinists to construct a plow on his principle.

Some simple folk told him that his great plow would not work, but they contented themselves with saying this dogmatically without giving any mathematical reason therefor. So the superintendent went on with his plans.

The blacksmiths and machinists finished the plow in due time. The share was made to cut a fifty inch furrow. The top of it reached five feet above the ground to give room to throw the earth. The beam was more than a foot thick, but the machine was constructed to run between two great wheels, so that it could be turned around easily, and on the axle between these wheels was the seat for the man who was to drive the ten horses which were hitched to it.

The plow was brought to the great field, the ten horses were attached to it, the handles were raised, the driver mounted his seat, and the team was started. But as soon as the share struck well into the ground the horses stopped short. They were stuck fast. And yet the plow had not gone too deeply into the earth. But it was evident that they could not pull the plow. More horses were brought out, but not until fifty were attached did the plow move along.

Even then it required four men to hold the handles in order to keep the plow in the furrow. It was an economic failure.

Then the superintendent, through the intervention of some one who was a better mathematician than he, learned that he should have cubed the capacity of his twelve inch plow every time he doubled the width of it.—Harper's Weekly.

Which Led Him to Express an Opinion on Married Life.

A young man from Kansas City was talking to a young woman from the same town whom he had met by accident at a matinee in New York. The young woman was married. The young man was not.

"You've heard that we're to have a new theater back home?" the woman asked to make conversation.

"Oh, of course," the young man answered. "I get all the news. I get a letter from Kansas City every day."

The woman began to laugh. "So when you go back home for that vacation you're going to be married?" she mused.

"How did you know that?" the man cried. "We both said we wouldn't tell. And now she's—"

"You told me yourself a few seconds ago, everything but the date," she answered. "You see, no matter how fond your brother may be of you or your uncles or aunts or your mother or father, none of these would send you a letter every day. There's only one person who writes a letter every day, and that's a girl who's engaged to be married. For the rest of my sentence I added two and two."

"You're right," the man mused. "Say, a married man must have to play close to the bases. It must be like living with a mind reader."—Boston Herald.

The Order of the Shell.

Employees of the Krupp works can easily be distinguished, even when attired in their Sunday best. Every workman on his enrollment is presented with a curiously fashioned scarfpin composed of a miniature artillery shell made of platinum and set in silver. After twenty years' service he receives a second pin modeled on the same lines and mounted in gold. The higher grades of employees, including the engineers and those employed in the counting house, wear their shells in the form of sleeve links. The workmen are very proud of this distinction, which they call the Order of the Shell and wear on every possible occasion.

A Strenuous Preacher.

Whitefield, one of the founders of Methodism, who died in 1770, was a strenuous preacher. His usual program was forty hours' solid speaking each week and this to congregations measured in thousands, but he often spoke for sixty hours. This was not all, for "aft." his labors, instead of taking rest, he was engaged in offering up prayers and intercessions or in singing hymns, as his manner was, in every house to which he was invited.

insinuating.

"Yes," boasted Slowpay, "I have bought an automobile now, but I will pay you that \$5 I borrowed six years ago."

"Better be careful," responded Binks, with fine sarcasm. "You might be apprehended for speeding."—Chicago News.

First and Last Words.

"Why do we pay so much attention to the last words of great men?"

"Possibly because their first words are all alike."—Washington Herald.

One makes one's own happiness

only by taking care of the happiness of others.—Saint-Pierre.

THE MASKED WOMAN.

During the protectorate of Oliver Cromwell there appeared in one of the stalls (or shops, as we would call them) in the Royal Exchange, London, a masked woman who sold small articles, such as gloves, laces, neckwear and other goods, called by the Britons haberdashery.

One day the Marquis of Lorenton, who since the defeat of the Cavaliers had kept himself away from London, passed that way. The estates of his father, the Duke of Ethelstone, had been forfeited on account of the family's adherence to King Charles I. and the marquis was in sad straits for a living. He stopped at the stall of the "masked woman," as she was universally known, and entered into conversation with her, pricing such articles as he saw on her counter. Then, with a sigh, he turned away, saying:

"I would fain buy of your goods, mistress, but I am without means."

"Select what you wish, sir, and pay when Charlie comes home."

Now, the term "when Charlie comes home" meant in those days "when Charles, eldest son of the beheaded king and legitimate heir to the throne, is recalled to assume his rights as sovereign of England."

"I see," said the marquis, "that you are a royalist. Mayhap you are, like myself, an impoverished noble."

"I am a royalist, but I am simply the masked woman making an honest living. These gloves would, I think, fit you. Will you let me try them on your hand?"

The marquis permitted her to try the gloves on him, but not with the expectation of buying them. He liked to feel her fingers on his own.

"There," she said when she had finished: "It is a perfect fit. Take them and pay, as I said, 'when Charlie comes home.'"

But the marquis stubbornly refused to accept credit, especially from a commoner, for the woman had said, "I am simply the masked woman," and he went away.

But there was something in the figure, the voice, the carriage of the masked woman that appealed to him in a way he could not account for. Wherever he went the masked woman in fancy went with him. Waking or sleeping, he saw her moving about in her little booth and heard the sweet sounds of her voice.

So it was not long before he again found himself at her counter pretending that he came to look over her goods, though in reality he came to get another glimpse of her.

"What can I sell you this morning?" she said.

"Indeed, Mistress Masked Woman—I know not your name—I am lounging today, and I like to come here to see you sell your wares. I would that I could give you my custom; but, alas, I have none to give. The Roundheads have taken my all."

"Mayhap they have spent it for psalm books."

"What they have spent it for I know not, but this I know—it is hard for me, who have always had a sufficiency, to get on with nothing."

"May I sell you the gloves today?"

"Alas, I have no more the where-withal to pay for them than when I was here before."

The masked woman took up the gloves the marquis had tried on the day before and, making them into a packet, handed them to him.

"Would you give a poor woman pleasure?" she asked softly.

"I would not rob a poor woman," he replied, drawing back.

"I ask you to permit me to do you this favor."

There was that in her tone which appealed to him. He took the packet and kissed the hand that gave it.

The marquis was seen no more at the masked woman's stall after that for some time. Then one day he drove up in his carriage and purchased the whole stock of the masked woman. When she congratulated him on coming to his own he told her that a cousin had died and left him a legacy.

When the marquis drove away he did not take the stock with him, though he left the money for it. That was his last visit to the masked woman's stall, for soon after "Charlie came home." There was great rejoicing among the Cavaliers that after the rule of the Puritans the rightful king had returned from France. Then the masked woman disappeared from the exchange.

But the marquis thought of her by day and dreamed of her by night. His estates were restored to him, but he was not satisfied, because he longed for her and knew not where to find her.

One evening he drove to a fete given by the king. The young dowager Duchess of Abergild, whose husband had fallen in the late war, was present and approached the marquis.

"Have you still the gloves?" she asked archly.

The marquis recognized her voice as soon as she spoke. "I have," he replied, "but have never worn them. I hold them too precious to be used."

The duchess, having been cut off from her income during the protectorate, had the choice of emigrating to France and there being supported by the French king or earning her own living. She had chosen the latter alternative.

Before the marquis came into the dukedom he married the masked woman.

The Poor Cobbler Who Found Himself Upon a Throne.

It was in the days of Phillip the Good, duke of Burgundy, that a cobbler mounted a royal throne. As the duke was traveling one night to Bruges he came upon a man stretched upon the ground sound asleep and bade his attendants carry him to the palace, strip off his rags and place him, robed in fine linen, in his own bed.

When the man awoke next morning he was addressed as "your highness" and astounded to find himself among such rich surroundings. In vain he protested that he was no prince, but a poor cobbler. They asked him what clothing he would wear and at last conducted him, splendidly dressed, to mass in the ducal chapel. Every ceremony was observed throughout the day. The cobbler appeared in public in his new role, was received on all sides by command of the duke with deep respect and ended his brief reign in the palace with a grand supper and ball.

When presently he fell asleep he was re clothed in his rags and taken to the spot where he had been found when this practical joke was conceived. Waking in due time, he returned home and related to his wife what he took to be his wonderful dream.

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