

Cases in Which They Are Perceptible to the Eye.

"It is not such an uncommon thing," said a physician, "to find a person whose pulse beats can be plainly seen, and yet I suppose there are but few outside of the profession who realize the fact. In most persons the beat of the pulse cannot be perceived, but the mere fact that the beating is perceptible does not mean that the pulse is other than normal. I have come across a number of cases where the throbbing of the wrist could be plainly seen, and yet the persons rarely gave evidence of abnormality in temperature. They were rarely feverish and were in good physical condition generally. Pulses of this kind, from this view, which is based upon actual observations of cases, do not indicate anything more than an abnormal physical condition in the formation of the wrist vessels.

"I have met with one case which was possibly a little extraordinary in that it was plainer and much more distinct than any I had ever seen before. It could almost be heard. The artery would rise to a point almost as large as the ball of the little finger of a child and would change from the white of the skin to a blood purple with each beat of the pulse. I found it easy to count the pulse beats without touching the patient's wrist. I could see plainly enough to keep the record, and in order not to err in my calculation I tested it in several ways and found it was correct and that there was no mistake in my counting with the naked eye."

His Nerve and His Drawing Combined Made the Editor Meek.

The editor had given the artist an order to illustrate the story and had drawn a rough diagram of the kind of sketch he wanted. It must show a deer vaulting in a high leap over a clump of bushes. The artist read the manuscript, made the picture and sent it in. It was well done. The deer was a magnificent fellow, with a pair of antlers that the most ambitious buck might well be proud of. The editor took one look at the drawing and then in disgust returned it to the artist, with a letter stating that the figure must be redrawn because "the story plainly states that the buck was a yearling, consequently he would have had only spike horns and not the kind of antlers you have depicted."

The artist was not, however, dismayed. He stood pat for antlers. With courage born of immovable conviction he returned the drawing unaltered to the editor and wired him: "Composition demands antlers. Change manuscript to 'three-year-old buck.'"

The editor was struck so dumb by this manifestation of nerve that he actually took time to study the drawing. He let his imagination picture the spike buck instead of the majestic antlered beauty and meekly decided that the artist knew a thing or two, so the editorial blue pencil was brought into requisition, the buck gained two years in a less number of minutes, and the periodical lost nothing by the change.—New York Press.

Obedient Instructions.

Mr. Dabbs was still out at 2 a. m. Unable to wait calmly any longer, Mrs. Dabbs began pacing the hall. She had gone back and forth about thirty-seven times when she heard a thump at the back door.

She walked back and peered through the glass. It was Mr. Dabbs, all right. He seemed to have fallen in the mud two or three times.

She let him in and steadied him up stairs.

"Why did you come to the back door?" she asked.

He collected his fugitive wits before he answered.

"There is a sign in front which says that all packages must be delivered at the rear," he said.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Why Turkish Women Go Veiled.

Turkish women do not wear veils because of their religion, as many suppose. It is merely the survival of an old custom. When the Turks still lived in Tartary, before the time of Mohammed, it was the habit of the man to steal such women for wives as attracted them. This led to so much fighting that about the second century after Christ the Turks came together and decided that henceforth the women should go veiled and should not meet men, but dwell in harems, as soon as they arrived at womanhood, which was at about eleven years of age.—Mrs. Kenneth Brown in Metropolitan Magazine.

The Laborer's Thanks.

A tram car was going down a busy street one day and was already comfortably full when it was halted by a laboring man much the worse for liquor, who presently staggered along the car between two rows of well-dressed people regardless of polished shoes and tender feet.

Murmurs and complaints arose on all sides, and demands were heard that the offender should be ejected at once. But amid the storm of abuse one friendly voice was raised as a benevolent clergyman rose from his seat, saying:

"No, no! Let the man sit down and be quiet."

The discomfiture of the party turned to mirth when the drunken one seized his benefactor by the hand, exclaiming:

"Thank ye, sir—thank ye. I see you know what it is to be tight!"—London Answers.

The Two Pies.

Ruth, who has been married just two weeks, lives in a little flat and there keeps house for her lord and master. She has read a little and is wise beyond her nineteen years. On Sunday after their dinner had been served by the wife she went to the kitchen and returned with a pumpkin pie.

"What's that?" asked the L. and M. "I made a pumpkin pie yesterday," his wife answered timidly.

He attacked the confection with a knife and fork, but could not make much headway and was about to declare himself when Ruth announced:

"I have another in the pantry, dear. Your mother sent one over yesterday."

She then produced the second pie, which was as tender and appetizing as the first had been tough and unsavory.

"That's something like it," he said patronizingly. "Of course you couldn't expect to become expert at once, my dear."

The girl laughed. "You're eating the one I made now," she said. And in her diary for the day is written:

"An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."—Portland (Me.) Express.

The Hip Joints.

The cup and ball socket and the air tight valve were first used in the human body. If our hip joints and arms were not provided with air tight sockets we should get too tired to continue our work for any length of time in just holding these limbs together by muscles. It is the pressure of the air which holds them in place, and thus all physical effort is avoided. In the various air tight joints and sockets found in the human body one may find nearly all the mechanical principles involved in the air brake or the use of compressed air for a thousand different things. Some may aver that nature did not discover ball bearings, a mechanical device which has revolutionized the vehicular world. But the principle is almost developed in the ball of the leg bone and the socket of the hip, which are made so smooth and are so well oiled that they slide backward and forward with practically no friction.

Marrying For Votes.

Marrying for votes was a device of old time British election agents. As the law stood before the reform act of 1832 widows of freemen on marrying again made their second husbands freemen and therefore voters. At election times widows were consequently paid handsomely to go through a formal marriage with a voteless bachelor, who, for a consideration, similarly agreed to support the candidate. The pair were married, the man voted according to instructions, and then he and his wife, standing on either side of a tombstone, said:

"Death us do part." With this literal fulfillment of the matrimonial vow they regarded their marriage dissolved. At the last election in Bristol before 1832 a hundred women gave votes to men.

A Literary Light.

A short time ago a well known writer of London, remembering that he had never read the noncanonical books, went out in search of a copy and in one bookshop after another drew blank. At last he went to his own particular newspaper shop, which also dealt in Bibles and light literature.

"Have you the Apocrypha?" he asked. For a moment the young woman behind the counter was puzzled; then, brightening, she said, "Is it weekly or a monthly?"

Acres and Bible Letters.

It has sometimes been stated that there are more acres in Yorkshire than there are letters in the Bible. A person hearing the statement for the first time is inclined to doubt it, but it is true, all the same. Authorities differ as to the exact acreage of the county, one giving it as 3,882,848 and another as 3,771,843. But the number of letters in the Bible is said to be 3,561,480, so the acres beat the letters, with something to spare.—London Notes and Queries.

On the Wrong Side.

A temperance missionary in Glasgow left a few tracts with a young woman one morning. Calling at the same house a few days after, he was rather disconcerted to find the tracts doing duty as curl papers on the head of the damsel to whom he had given them.

"Weel, my lassie," he remarked, "I see ye have used the tracts I left w' ye, but," he added in time to turn confusion into merriment, "ye ha' putten them outside instead of inside your head."

The French Horn.

The French horn, or cor de chasse, is regarded by some musicians as the sweetest and mellowest of all the wind instruments. In Beethoven's time it was little else than the old hunting horn, which for the convenience of the mounted hunter was arranged in spiral convolutions to be slipped over the head and carried resting on one shoulder and under the opposite arm. The Germans still call it the waldhorn—that is, "forest horn."

No Occasion For Alarm.

Said a nervous lady to another lady, at whose house she was making a call.

"Are you not afraid that some of your children will fall into that cistern in your yard?"

"Oh, no," was the complacent reply.

"Anyhow, that's not the cistern we get our drinking water from."

He Didn't.

"Do you believe in signs?"

"No. A dentist's sign reading 'Teeth Extracted Without Pain' fell the other day just as I went under it and knocked out two teeth of mine."

HIS STUPID LITTLE WIFE.

They were walking together on the riverside.

Both were young, and one was beautiful. The crown of her hat was big enough to fit the head of the colossal statue of Athena on the Acropolis at Athens. They were talking of love and marriage. Most young couples while dawdling talk either of love and marriage or platonic friendship, the man taking the ground that it is impossible for the girl that it is the most desirable form of affection between the sexes.

"As for me," he said, "when I marry I prefer a girl whom I can love with my whole heart and soul."

"Then you must get one with a strong personality, good judgment and an excellent mind."

"I wish nothing of the kind. Give me a girl with a pink and white complexion, a pretty pair of rose lips and not too much brain."

"Well, I declare!"

"She must not only be stupid, but must prove herself stupid. No; I will not even trust her to do that. I will prove her stupid myself."

"You don't mean what you say. How could you love such a girl?"

"I love her already."

She cast a quick glance at him, then bent her eyes to the ground. She had been under the impression that he had been falling in love with her. She was at a loss to know what this meant. Had she a rival?

"A man doesn't wish the counterpart of himself in a woman. Her intellectual gifts repel him; her feminine stupidity delights him. If she is strong he looks upon her as he would a man. If she is weak he longs to protect and comfort her."

"This dunce that you love, is she?"

"She is not a dunce judged by a proper standard. There must be one standard for men and another for women. A man—a real man—wouldn't know how to take care of a baby—at least he wouldn't do it the right way. When I was a boy my mother left me one afternoon to mind my little sister, eight months old. I wished to go and play. If I could put the baby to sleep I would be free. I blew in the little thing's eyes, forcing her to shut them. I kept up this process till she went to sleep. You see, I didn't know anything about babies."

She thought awhile before saying:

"It seems to me that was rather clever—for a boy."

"But you couldn't lay it down as a recipe for putting babies to sleep."

"No. I suppose it wouldn't do always."

"Will you kindly tell me," he asked, breaking away from the topic of conversation, "how you women make those big crowned hats stay on the tops of your heads? I don't understand why they don't slip down over your eyes. If I wore one of them I'd have to cut holes to see through."

"Well, you see, we women have a lot of hair, and all that to fill them up."

"Oh, I supposed there was some patent contrivance for the purpose."

"We have hatpins, you know."

"You mean those rapiers with coachman's buttons for hilts?"

"They must be long to go through the large crowns."

"I see. Would you mind unseating yours and letting me see the inside of your hat?"

She removed the hatpins and, taking off her hat, showed him the inner crown.

"Why, the diameter is two or three inches less within than it is without!"

"I don't understand you."

"This part inside is smaller than any man's hat. There is a false inner crown."

"There is a difference, isn't there?"

"I should say so."

"I didn't know that."

"Better put it on again and the swords through. It might fall down over your eyes."

"I dare say," pouting, "you consider me very stupid."

"I have not left it to you to prove yourself so. I have done it myself. You know I said I would."

"In the case of the creature you wished to marry."

"There is a method in my madness."

"Will you kindly explain wherein the method lies?"

"I told you I wished a stupid girl for a wife. Could there be anything more stupid than a girl wearing one of these hats on her head and not knowing how it is kept on the top of her head?"

There was a slap with one hand, a caress with the other. She may have been stupid about the hat, but she was bright enough to catch his "method" and, catching it, held her tongue. Indeed, from this point she let him do all the talking. He took her hand and whispered a number of lovely things in her ear.

They had been married long enough for the problems of life to loom up, such as winter coal bills, gas bills, doctor's fees and other items that will always be coming up without being expected. Notwithstanding her stupidity she proved a good manager.

But at the end of the first year one day her husband received a bill for a new hat the amount of which astonished him. He remonstrated.

"I thought it very cheap," she said. "Cheap? Are you so stupid as to buy a thing merely because it is cheap?"

"I thought you loved me for my stupidity," she replied, laughing her head.

He Got His.

A cynical old bachelor who firmly believes that all women have something to say on all subjects recently asked a female friend:

"Well, madam, what do you hold on this question of female suffrage?"

To which the lady responded calmly: "Sir, I hold my tongue."

The Practical Method Adopted by a French Scientist.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century the French Academy of Sciences offered to give a prize to the first person who would solve the following problem: If you take a vase full of water and put a stone or any similar body in it the water will flow over. If, however, you put into it a fish, the volume of which is equal to that of the stone, it will not flow over. Explain this phenomenon.

Learned essays on the subject poured in from all quarters, but the problem was not satisfactorily solved in any of them, and consequently the prize was not awarded.

In the following year the same question was again proposed, and for five years answers continued to pour in to the academy. Then it suddenly occurred to one of the academicians that, after all, the problem might be incapable of solution, and he determined to make a test for himself.

Filling a vase with water, he put a stone into it and saw that the water flowed over. Then he took out the stone, filled the vase again with water and put into it a fish, the volume of which was the same as that of the stone, and saw, to his surprise, that the water again flowed over.

He told the academy of his discovery, and the result was that the offer of a prize was at once withdrawn.

Weeping Animals.

Travelers through the Syrian desert have seen horses weep from thirst. A mule has been seen to cry from the pain of an injured foot, and camels, it is said, shed tears in streams. A cow sold by its mistress, who had tended it from calfhood, wept piteously. A young ape was used to cry with vexation if Livingstone didn't nurse it in his arms when it asked him to. Wounded apes have died crying, and apes have wept over their young ones slain by hunters. A chimpanzee trained to carry water jugs broke one and cried, which proved sorrow, though it wouldn't mend the jug. Rats, discovering their young drowned, have been moved to tears of grief. A giraffe which a huntsman's rifle had injured began to cry when approached. Sea lions often weep over the loss of their young. Gordon Cumming observed tears trickling down the face of a dying elephant. And even an orang-utang when deprived of its mango was so vexed that it took to weeping. There is little doubt, therefore, that animals do cry from grief or weep from pain or annoyance.—Harper's Weekly.

Soaked.

"What think is it?"

"I don't know."

"Isn't your watch going?"

"Worse—it's gone."—Cleveland Leader.

Travelers Guide.

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