

As Solemn as a Funeral, With the Women All Weeping.

A Chinese marriage is all ceremony—no talk, no levity and much crying. The solemnity of a funeral prevails. After the exchange of presents the bride is dressed with much care in a red gown, brocade or silk if she can get it; her eyelashes are painted a deep black, and she wears a heavy red veil attached to a scarlet headress, from which imitation pearls are pendent over the forehead.

A feast is spread upon a table, to which the blushing bride is led by five of her best female friends. They are seated at the table, but no one eats. The utmost silence prevails, when finally the mother leads off in a cry, the maids follow, and the bridesmaids leave the table, and the disconsolate mother takes a seat beside the chair of state where the bride sits.

The bridegroom now enters, with four of his best men. The men pick up the throne on which the bride sits and, preceded by the bridesmaids, form in procession and walk around the room or into an adjoining parlor, signifying that he is carrying her away to his own home. The guests then throw rice at the happy couple, a custom we have borrowed from the heathen.—St. James' Gazette.

Varying Sounds That May Be Heard Through the Stethoscope.

The doctor hears some curious noises when he places the stethoscope against your chest. When the lungs are in a healthy condition the medical gentleman hears a pleasant, breezy sound, soft in tone, as you draw in the breath and expel it. Should the instrument coming to his ear a gurgling or bubbling sound, it makes a mental note of the fact that you are in what is known as the moist stage of bronchitis.

One of the signs of pneumonia is the crackling note that comes through the stethoscope. It is not unlike the sound that can be heard when your finger and thumb have touched a sticky substance and you first place them together and then part them, holding them close to your ear.

Doctors occasionally hear a dripping sound, and that indicates that air and water have got into some part of the chest where they have no right to be. Blow across a bottle, and you will produce a sound which is actually to be heard in your chest. It is caused in the same way—that is, by air passing over a cavity.

Filipino Buglers.

"Speaking of buglers," says Boat-swin Juraschka in his article, "Captured by Filipinos," in Wide World Magazine, "it astonished me to find that the insurgents had so many buglers and that many of them were of the best. They knew all our army calls, although they did not know their significance. I was often asked the meaning of various calls and was careful to give them any but the proper one. One insurgent colonel asked me what call was sounded as the retreat was from the charge. I told him that we had no such call, but that the charge once sounded, American soldiers and sailors went through or never came back. He was very much interested and with good reason, as he had just escaped from the attack of our men at Iloilo and could well believe it. He said that charging was unfair—that both sides should simply snipe at each other."

So He Would.

A little country girl visited city relatives who dwelt in a flat. Her visit lasted two weeks, and all of the time they were warning her not to make so much noise, not to run across the street and not to waken the people in the adjoining flats. In fact, they were constantly curtailing her freedom. When she got home she told her papa she never wanted to go to the city again, and he said: "You must have had a hard time of it. You do look hollow eyed."

Not Ambiguous at All. In one of England's elections a candidate for parliament, the late Lord Bath, called attention to himself by means of a donkey, over whose back two panniers were slung bearing a ribbon band on which was printed "Vote For Papa." It must be added, however, that in each pannier stood one of Lord Bath's daughters.

Sightseeing.

On a visit to his grandmother Harry examined her handsome furniture with interest and then asked, "Grandma, where is the miserable table that papa says you always keep?"—Success Magazine.

An Extremist.

A London bookseller recently received this order from a customer: "Please forward me a copy of Tennyson's poems. Do not send one bound in calf, however, because I am a vegetarian."

Good Reason.

"Here's the doctor again, miss. Don't you think he comes more often than he needs to?" "It all depends. He may be very poor, Marie."—Frou-Frou.

Think not that thy word and thine alone must be right.—Sophocles.

The Talkative Barber.

"The talkativeness of barbers long has been the subject for puns and jokes," said a barber. "I had always fancied the matter one of recent origin until the other day. You know in my profession we have a great deal of spare time. Well, the other day I was sitting on the bench waiting for the shaves and hair cuts to come in and to while away the time was glancing through a copy of Plutarch's 'Archelaus.' Imagine my consternation when I happened on a line reading: 'A prating barber asked Archelaus how he would be trimmed. He answered, 'In silence.'"

"Well, that got me. I never knew they even had barbers that long ago. I always supposed the ancients let their whiskers grow and that they wore curly locks as long as their togas, but it seems that the barber is an ancient relic and that his talking proclivities are a matter of history. I'll have to give it to the humorists there."

"But, say," he whispered, "that man-œuvre girl over there has got us beat to a frazzle. I wonder if there's anything in Plutarch about her."—Kansas City Star.

The Sunny Side of Superstition.

That there is anything genial, cheering or therapeutically valuable about superstition may seem a tall statement. The adjective generally associated with it is "dark." On the contrary, there is something very brightening about a four leaf clover. Who is not a little more of an optimist for picking up a horseshoe? What lonely farmer's wife, stornbound on a winter afternoon, with unwelcome leishure on her hands, but feels a little quickening of the pulse as she sticks up in the carpet or discovers that she has laid an extra place at the table? Company signs are the commonest and welcomed of all superstitions. The scissors, the needle, the dishcloth, the fork, the Saturday sneeze, all inculcate hospitality and reward it by an unexpected visitor. If the needle slants as it stands up in the crack of the door it foretells a gentleman. Run, young daughters of the house, and put a blue bow in your hair!—Atlantic Monthly.

Working It Out.

The following note was delivered to a schoolmistress recently:

"Dear Mum—I am sorry that Johnny won't be able to come to school today. He has gone with his father to act as timekeeper. The sum you gave Johnny last night was, 'If the road is one and a quarter miles long how long will it take a man to walk that distance twenty-six and a half times, his average rate of progress being three and three-quarter miles per hour?' Johnny ain't a man yet, so as dad's the only man in this house he had to go. They started at 4 o'clock this morning, and dad said he'd finish the sum in one day if he could manage it, though it would mean hard going. Dear mum, next time you want any information please make it 'woman,' then I can do the sum and dad can go to his work."—London Scraps.

A Custom of the Balkans.

He or she who enters a house for the first time is supposed in the Balkan countries to bring it good or bad luck for the whole twelvemonth. This belief gives rise to a curious observance. The visitor before crossing the threshold picks up a stone (token of strength) or a green twig (emblem of health and fruitfulness) and lays it on the hearth. He also brings with him some grains of salt, which he casts into the flames, and then, squatting by the fireside, wishes his hosts "a prosperous year, a plentiful crop and many blessings." Then as the grains of salt burst and crackle in the fire he utters the following quaint formula: "As I am sitting, even so may sit the hen and warm the eggs. As this salt splits, even so may split the eggs of the clucking hen and the chickens come forth."

Reptiles' Eggs.

Reptiles' eggs are not very attractive objects. In the case of crocodiles and many kinds of tortoises they are pale colored or white and resemble those of birds in shape. But the egg of the gopher tortoise is remarkable for its complete roundness. It might well be mistaken for a golf ball. Many snakes' eggs are soft skinned, brown as to color and look for all the world like a number of new potatoes.—Scientific American.

Enthusiasm.

The organist sent a little boy to inquire of the minister what the first hymn would be. "Tell her," said the minister, "I would like 'Carol, Brothers, Carol.'" The little boy thought he said "Howl, Brothers, Howl," and told the organist that the minister's selection was "Yell, Brothers, Yell."—New York Times.

Runs in the Family.

Mr. Agile (to Mr. Stoutman, running for a car)—Hello, old boy! I thought you were too lazy to run like that. Mr. Stoutman (languidly)—Easily explained, my dear boy. Laziness runs in our family.—Lippincott's.

Suspended Animation.

"What is suspended animation?" "It's what happens at an afternoon tea when the very woman they have been talking about enters the room."—Puck.

Cramped.

Knicker—How large is their suburban place? Bocker—Large! Why, they have to have folding beds for the flowers.—New York Sun.

Bless the fools! What would we do if every one were wise?—Antrim.

The Picturesque Old Structure on the Banks of the Thames.

The Tower of London is one of the most picturesque places in all England. It is located on the north bank of the Thames and just east of the business district of London. It occupies about twelve acres and is surrounded by a broad and shallow moat. In feudal days it was one of the strongest fortresses in the country and was deemed impregnable. It is now a government storehouse and armory and, above all, one of the sights of London.

The moat, which, with the battlement and towers, makes the stone structure such a hoary antiquity, is bordered within by a lofty castellated wall. At frequent intervals of this part of the structure there are massive flanking towers.

Within this wall rises another of similar construction, but of greater height. Here are the various barracks and armories. In the center of all is the lofty keep or donjon known as the White tower. This was erected in the days of William the Conqueror and contains one of the most charming little chapels of Norman design which have remained till the present day.

The White tower was the court of the Plantagenet kings. In the north-west corner is St. Peter's chapel, now the garrison church. In another part is the jewel office, containing crown jewels of enormous value. One set which you see in the center of a case is said alone to be worth about \$15,000,000.

Nearby is the horse armory, containing a truly wonderful collection of ancient and mediæval arms and armor. In the court just beyond is a slab marking the spot where Anne Boleyn, wife of Henry VIII., was beheaded. Similar fates befell many other famous personages in English history within the great walls of the Tower of London.—Boston Herald.

Dramatic Manner in Which Zelaya Caged the Conspirators.

Zelaya, the extraordinary man who for sixteen years retained the presidency of Nicaragua, only to lose it because he went too far in offending the government of the United States, was never satisfied unless he performed his coups d'etat in the most dramatic fashion possible. This story the New York Sun tells of him:

His spies once brought him information that a revolution was being planned by several of his army officers. They were to meet on a certain evening at the house of one of the conspirators to arrange the final details. While they were eagerly discussing the best way to seize the president the door opened and in walked Zelaya himself.

"Good evening, gentlemen," he said pleasantly. "I heard you had a party here this evening, and I have dropped

in to share the fun. Quite a distinguished gathering. You are discussing military matters, no doubt?"

He went on, chatting affably for a half hour, while his enemies were torn with fear and suspense. Did he know of the plot? Most of them thought he did and wondered whether they had better not put a bullet in him at once. But he was so cordial, so thoroughly at ease, that they hesitated.

Presently he rose, poured out some wine and raised his glass. "A toast, gentlemen," he said. "Here's long life to the president of Nicaragua and confusion to all traitors!"

As he spoke he hurled the glass against the window, where it smashed in pieces with a crash. The door flew open, and thirty or forty soldiers, who had been waiting outside for the signal, rushed in. All the plotters were convicted, but the president dealt leniently with them. Some were imprisoned and some exiled, but none was shot.

How Weasels Carry Eggs.

One morning a weasel was surprised crossing the public highway leading from Jedburgh into Oxnam Water. It was observed to be carrying something under its chin and pressed against its slender neck, and when a collie dog belonging to one of the lookers made a dash at the little creature it dropped its burden—a hen's egg—and, sliding under the roadside hedge, disappeared in the woodland. On being picked up the egg was found to be without a crack. The nearest poultry run is about 300 yards distant from the place where the weasel was intercepted.—Scotsman.

Liberia.

Liberia shares with Haiti the distinction of being the only place in the world where the negro rules not only himself, but also such white men as dwell there. Liberia's history has been one long record of intertribal and civil wars, although its record in this respect, it is only fair to say, is less sanguinary than that of Haiti. In fact, so careful is the Librarian of his skin when fighting is in progress that it has become a standing joke that a Librarian battled in the safest place on earth and that to become a soldier in Liberia is to embrace the least dangerous profession known to mankind.—Pearson's Weekly.

The Prettiest Feet

A Swiss professor named Redorta states that not one woman in a score has a perfect foot owing to the wearing of high heeled boots and pointed toe shoes. Russian, German, American, Austrian and Dutch women, he says, have broad feet, while those of Englishwomen are too narrow to fulfill classical and healthy conditions. The women of the Latin races, excluding Frenchwomen, have the best formed and therefore the prettiest feet, the professor says.

Paraguay Lace.

Making lace by hand is a well developed art in Paraguay. It was taught the natives 200 years ago by the missionaries and has been transmitted from generation to generation till it is now quite general throughout the republic. Some towns are devoted to making a certain kind of lace. In one town of 8,000 or 9,000 inhabitants almost all the women and children and many of the men make lace collarets, handkerchiefs and ladies' ties. Another town makes lace embroidery and others drawn thread work, such as centerpieces, tray mats, tea-cloths and dollies. The designs used in making the lace are taken from the curious webs of the semitropical spiders that are so numerous there. On this account it is called "manduti," an Indian name which means spider web.

Preaching and Practice.

W. S. Gilbert on one certain occasion was on a visit to a friend, the owner of a fine English country house. On the morning after his arrival he was chatting with his host before breakfast when he became suddenly aware that family prayers were about to be read. The household fled in, and the distinguished guest knelt down on the spot where he happened to be standing. Looking up, he caught his host's eye fixed on him with a warning glance, which he, however, failed to read aright. The service began, "Almighty Father, who hast made all men alike" (more telegraphic glances, "rich and poor, gentle and simple"—then, unable to contain himself any longer, the host called out, "Gilbert, you are kneeling among the servants!"

Why He Smiled.

Magistrate (to prisoner)—You are charged with having beaten your wife. Prisoner (smiling)—Quite right, your worship. The charge is correct. Magistrate—Then what are you smiling at? Prisoner—I may well smile. We have been married five years, and in all the fights we've had this is the first time she hasn't been able to give me a jolly good hiding. Have a cigar, judge?—London Scraps.

Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Years of Suffering CATARRH AND BLOOD DISEASE—DOCTORS FAILED TO CURE. Miss Mabel F. Dawkins, 1214 Lafayette St., Fort Wayne, Ind., writes: "For three years I was troubled with catarrh and blood disease. I tried several doctors and a dozen different remedies, but none of them did me any good. A friend told me of Hood's Sarsaparilla. I took two bottles of this medicine and was as well and strong as ever. I feel like a different person and recommend Hood's to any one suffering from catarrh."

Get it today in usual liquid form or chocolate tablets called Sarsatabs.

Travelers Guide.

CENTRAL RAILROAD OF PENNSYLVANIA. Condensed Time Table effective June 17, 1909.

Table with columns: READ DOWN, STATIONS, READ UP. Lists stations like BELLEFONTE, HUBBERSBURG, etc. with times.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD.

Table with columns: WESTWARD, STATIONS, EASTWARD. Lists stations like BELLEFONTE, COLEVILLE, etc. with times.

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Hair Dresser.

FOR THE LADIES—Miss Jennie Morgan in her room on Spring Street, is ready to meet any and all patients wishing treatment by electricity, treatments of the scalp, facial massage or neck and shoulder massage. She has also for sale a large collection of real and imitation shell and jet combs and ornaments, small jewelry, belt and belt buckles, hair goods, and is able to supply you with all kinds of toilet articles, including creams, powders, toilet waters, extracts, and all of Hudnut's preparations. 50-16.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

Clothing.

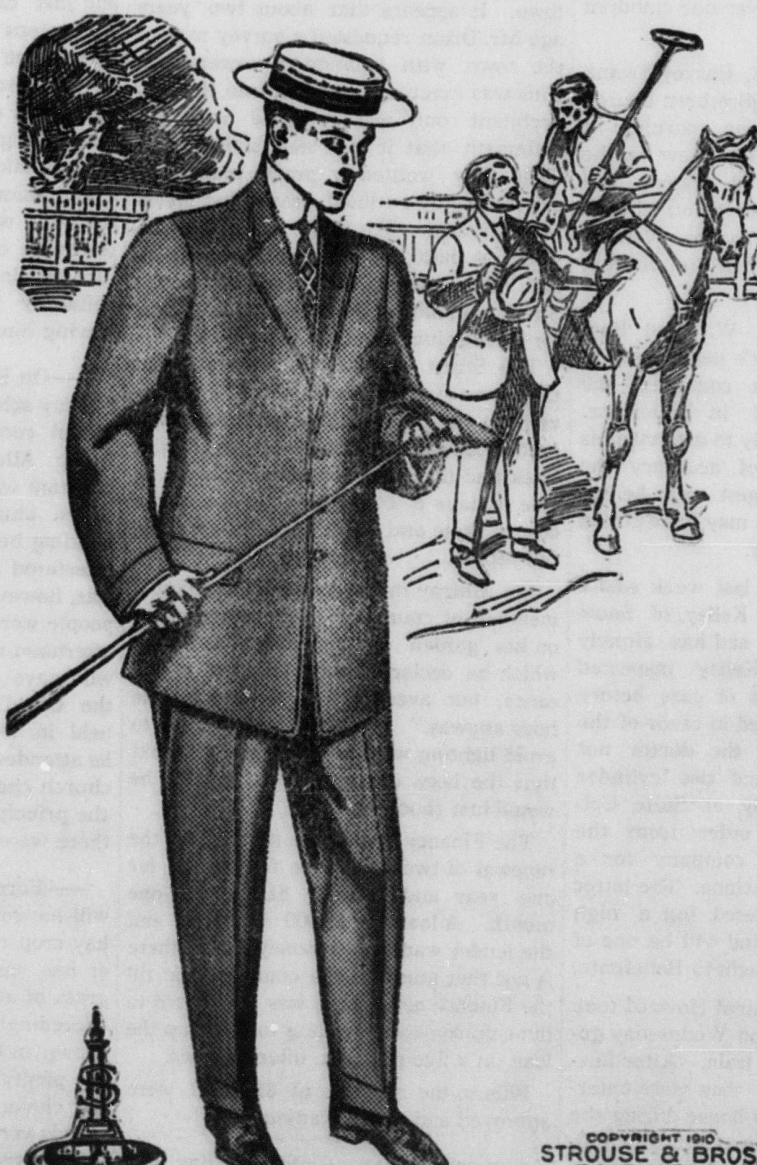
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