Bellefonte, Pa., June 24, 1910.

Used to Locate an Aerolite That No One Had Ever Seen. Arithmetic, algebra and trigonometry are not romantic, but they may accomplish things which greatly impress the

imagination. By means of them a professor at Yale university found a few years ago an aerolite that no one had

It appears that a photographer in Ansonia, Conn., was occupied in taking pictures by the aid of a telescope of a comet which was invisible to the naked eye. When his negatives were developed one of them revealed the fall of a meteor. It was too small an object to attract the attention of the unaided eyes, but its line on the pho-

tograph indicated that it must have

come to the earth. The picture was shown to an astronomical professor at Yale. Ascertaining the point of observation and reckoning with the aid of the data which the photograph itself supplied, he made a calculation which proved that the meteor must have fallen in the neighborhood of a reservoir some two miles north of Danbury, Conn. There the aerolite was found in the very place indicated by the calculation. It was oval in form, measured tifteen and a half inches in length, seven and a half inches in diameter and weighed twenty-six pounds. It was sent to the museum of Yale university, where it serves not only as an illustration of the nature of the vagrant bodies of the skies, but testifies also to the wonders of calculation which it is possible

The Way Mother Nature Charms Away

plish.-Pittsburg Dispatch.

How do we go to sleep? How does Mother Nature charm away our consciousness? First of all she throws her spell on those centers of our bodies that preside over the muscular system, causing one group of muscles after another gradually to collapse. Thereafter various powers of mind succumb in regular order. First we lose attention and judgment, then memory goes, and imagination wanders away in reveries of its own. Ideas of time and space cease to control thought as gentle sleep, the nurse of our life, draws nearer. Then comes the turn of the special senses, beginning with sight. Eyelids close, and eyeballs turn upward and inward, as if to shut out all light, the pupils contracting more and more as slumber

The turn of the ears comes; the power of bearing fades away. The heart beats and breath is drawn more and more slowly. The heart beats from ten to twenty times less frequently each minute, or 5,000 times less during the night, while breathing is not only slower but much more shollow than during waking hours. Temperature falls by perhaps 2 degrees, and the body loses three times less heat than when awake. And so at last sleep covers a man all over—sleep that shuts up sorrow's eye.—London Express.

Both In Front and Behind. A police magistrate recently learned that it is possible to be back of a person even if you are in front of him. The means of this startling intelligence was a stout German conductor. witness to a "breach of the peace" that occurred aboard his car.

"You were on your platform and yet you say that the prisoner was in back of you?" said the puzzled magistrate.

"Ya. "Was the prisoner in the car?" "Ya.

"Well, then, he must have been in "Nein," said the man patiently.

"Then," exclaimed the magistrate. "you were on the rear platform. The prisoner was in the car. Now, how in heaven's name was he in back of

The conductor smiled sweetly. "My back was turned," he said.-Philadelphia Times.

Lived Up to Her Name. Apropos of the eternal domestic question, an Englishwoman relates this experience: "I engaged a maid named Pearl, and as I simply couldn't ask a Pearl to fill the coal scuttle or to bolystone to the doorstep I said: 'I would rather call you by some other name. Have you a second one? 'Yes,' replied the damsel brightly, 'my second name is Opal.' So I stuck to Pearl. At one time I all but engaged a maid named Hermione, but upon asking her, 'Have you a black dress, white caps and aprons?' she replied acidly: 'Yes, I have, but I'm not going to wear 'em. Ma didn't christen me 'Ermione for to

Thought He Had Seen It. Yankee Tourist (watching Vesuvius in eruption - Great snakes! It reminds me of hades. English Tourist clocking at him in amazement .- My word! You Americans go everywhere! - Boston Transcript.

wear a livery."

Not Necessary. A country bridegroom, when the bride hesitated to pronounce the word "obey." remarked to the officiating clergyman: "Go on. mister. It don't matter. I can make ber."

Still Grieving. "So she has lost her husband? Has she recovered from her grief yet?" "Not yet. You know how slow those insurance companies are in settling."

Calamity is the opportunity of virtue and a spur to a great mind.

The Making of Lenses

The essential part of any device for the study of the starry millions-the suns, planets, comets and the nebulae that are perhaps new worlds in the of astronomy possible. There is abso- the piano recital. lutely no other human occupation that and the delicacy of touch that are requisite for the making of the finest lenses. These are the most perfect products of human hands. It may convey some idea of the labor required in the making of a large lens to quired for the grinding and polishing of a thirty inch object glass. A little lens two inches in diameter requires a skilled workman for two or three that even lenses of high class photoobject glass for a large telescope canyears' time, and if everything does not go just right it may require much longer than that.—Kansas City Star.

An exceedingly ugly man, says the Persian Joe Miller, was once in the mosque, asking pardon of Allah for his sins and praying to be delivered from the fires of hell. One who overheard his prayers said to him: "Wherefore, O friend, wouldst thou cheat hell of such a countenance? Art thou reluctant to burn up a face like that?"

Another story the l'ersian jester tells is that a certain person with a hideous nose was once on a time woolng a wofor mathematical science to accomman. Describing himself to her and trying to make an attractive picture. ness and frivolity, and I am patient in bearing afflictions."

"Aye," said the woman. "Wert thou not patient in bearing afflictions thou hadst never endured thy nose these

forty years!" All of which is more witty than kind.

Bohemians and Wedding Ringe. "Here are two wedding rings that I have just made over," said the jeweler. "They are for Bohemian women They lost their own rings, so they had their husbands' rings cut down to fit. That is a custom in their country. Both husband and wife wear wedding rings there. If the man loses his ring he has to buy a new one, but if the woman loses hers she wears her husband's. I do a good deal of that kind of work. Other women who lose

wedding rings just buy another one and say nothing about it, but these women are too conscientious for that. Usually I have to make the man's ring smaller, but once in awhile it has to be spliced to make it fit. The women are always considerably chagrined over the splicing and offer all kinds of explanations to account for fingers."-New York Sun.

The Roulette Ball. That capricious little ball that decides our fortunes at the ever fascinating game of roulette at Monte Carlo occasionally flies from the skillful croupler's hand, though not often. One afternoon it slipped from its manipulator's tingers and found its way into an Englishman's coat pocket. So impressed was the Englishman that he promptly lost a couple of hundred pounds. But the little ball once found a far stranger destination than that. Escaping from the croupler's hand, it flew straight into the mouth of a German onlooker, and he was so impressed that he promptly swallowed

it.-London Bystander. Tea In Paraguay. When the natives of Paraguay drink tea they do not pour it from a teapot nto a cup, but fill a goblet made out of a pumpkin or gourd and then suck up the hot liquid through a long reed. Moreover, the tea which they use is altogether different from that which comes from China, being made out of dried and roasted leaves of a palmlike plant which grows in Paraguay and southern Brazil. The natives say that this tea is an excellent remedy for fever and rheumatism.

Sparrowgrass.

It is stated that a well known riddle was written by a costermonger. The riddle in question is a charade and

runs as follows: My first's a little bird as 'ops; My second's needful in 'ay crops; My 'ole is good with mutton chops. The answer, of course, is "sparrow grass." which the learned Dr. Parr always insisted on using in preference to

A Real Poet.
"Poetry," said the literary girl, "is the art of expressing intense feeling

the politer "asparagus."-London Notes

in figurative speech." "In that case," replied Miss Cavenne. "the man who writes baseball news is sure a poet."-Washington Star.

She Wanted to Know. Bridegroom-Now that we are married, darling, we must have no more secrets from each other. Bride-Then tell me truly, Jack, how much did you really pay for that engagement ring? trated Bits.

She Was Numerous. "I want a license to marry the best girl in the world," said the young man. "Funny, isn't it?" commented the clerk. "That makes 1,300 licenses for that girl this season."-Philadelphia Telegraph.

I do not know of any way so sure of making others happy as of being so oneself .- Sir Arthur Helps.

The Power of Paderewski.

A hard headed business man went to hear Paderewski play, says A. E. Thomas in Success Magazine. The man is not a musician. He spends his making—is the lens or the optical train days trying to buy cotton when it is that consists of a series of lenses. It low and sell it when it is high. This is this that makes the modern science is how he described his experience at

"You know, I'm not easily stirred up, requires the accuracy of observation and I don't know anything about music. I wouldn't know whether a man was playing the piano extremely well or just fairly well. But I do know that Paderewski played one thing that afternoon that stirred me up as I never was stirred in my life. I don't resay that at least one year's time is re- member what it was. I couldn't have told whether he was playing an hour or five minutes. All I know is that it stirred up feelings within me I had the unremitting care and attention of never felt before. Great waves of emotion swept over me. I wanted to shout days. It is easy, then, to see why it is and I wanted to cry, and when the last chord was struck I found myself graphic work are costly. A forty inch on my feet waving my umbrella and shouting like a wild Indian. I went not be made in much less than four out of that hall as weak as a rag and happier than I'd been in years. I can't account for it. I've tried, but I can't explain it. Can you?"

Burglar's Besetting Sin.

The burglar's besetting sin is heedlessness. The chances are that it was heedlessness that first drove him out of honest employment and made a burglar of bim. The burglar ransacks a house and carries away a spoon holder, a card tray or some other inexpensive souvenir of the occasion, and he overlooks the thousand dollar bill on the dining room table and the rope of pearls on the towel rack. This heedlessness seems to be common to the whole fraternity. We do not know what the experience of other cities is, he said, "I am a man devoid of light- but in Newark the burglar leaves an astonishing amount of portable wealth behind him invariably. When he reads on the day after the robbery that he took Mrs. De Stile's chating dish and ignored her \$500 ruby bracelet beside it or that he upset the Pompleys' dresser drawer to get the revolver and failed to see the government bonds that lay in plain sight on the washstand, how he much gnash his teeth and hate himself for neglecting to develop his powers of attention and observation in his youth!-Newark News.

> What "Garbler" Once Meant. "Garble," "garbled," "garbler," are words which nowadays convey quite a different meaning from that which was formerly accepted. "Garble" originally signified simply "to select for a purpose." At one time there was an officer, termed "the garbler of spices," whose duty it was to visit the shops and examine the spices, ordering the destruction of all impure goods. His duties were similar to those of the inspector of the modern health department, who forbids the sale of decayed vegetables or tainted meat. The word comes from a root meaning "to sift." The impurities sifted out have in the course of generations corrupted the term till a "garbled report" is no longer a report wherefrom all uncertainty has been removed, but one that is full of misrepresentation and made misleading with deliberate intent.

Mississippi Steamboating. The steamboat age on the Mississippi began about 1821 and flourished for fifty years. As early as 1834 the number of steamboats on the Mississipp and its tributaries is estimated at 230, and in 1842 there were 450 vessels, with a value of \$25,000,000. But the golden era was from 1848 till the war. Never did the valley and steamboating prosper more than then. Thousands of bales of cotton were annually shipped to southern markets, and the wharfs of St. Louis and Memphis and Vicksburg and other large ports were stacked with piles of merchandise and lined with scores of steamers.-Travel Mag-

Corrected.

It is the custom of a well known minister to point his sermons with either "dearly beloved brethren" or "now, my brothers." One day a lady member of his congregation took exception to this.

"Why do you always preach to the gentlemen and never to the ladies?"

"My dear lady." said the beaming vicar, "one embraces the other." "But not in the church!" was the instant reply.

The Cruel Reason. Mrs. Gossip-How does it come that Mrs. Newrich invited you to her party? I thought you were enemies. Mrs. Sharp-We are, but she thought I had nothing fit to wear and wanted to make me feel bad.

So Foolish. "She is neglecting her game of bridge dreadfully."

"Why is she doing that?" "Some silly excuse. Says the children need her, I believe."—Pittsburg Post.

An Ancient Custom

"I wonder if men have always com-

plained about the food their wives prepared for them," said one woman,
"I guess so," replied the other.
"Adam started it."—Washington Star. Wifey-This pudding is a sample of

the new cook's work. What do you

think of it? Hub-I'd call it mediocre.

Wifey-No, dear; it's tapioca.-Boston Disguised. Customer-I'm going to a masked ball, and I want something that will completely disguise me. Costumer-Certainly, sir. I will give

you something nice.-Pele Mele.

Dying to Order.

Dying to order is one of the most

sacred customs of the American Indian. Many years ago Standing Eik went to Major James McLaughlin, the author of "My Friend the Indian," and said, "Father, my wife will die today. and she wants a coffin from you."

The major asked him what the allment was, and he replied: "Just nothing but that she heard the ghosts calling and must go."

Somebody had told her, it turned out, that she was sick, so she had "painted for death," and all her relatives had gathered about to bemoan her-and incidentally divide her prop erty as soon as she was dead. There was no use in the major's arguing about it, so he had the co" n made. In many cases those "palated for death" are actually bullied into dying but Mrs. Standing Elk was still too vigorous. Finally in despair she carried the coffin into the house on her own shoulders, and several years later the major saw it still standing on end in her house. Shelves had been titted into it, and it was doing duty as a cupboard .- Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Improving Americans. "Nothing is fixed but the certainty of change," said Goethe, and we know that the future American will represent a change. He may be taller or shorter or thinner or fatter than the American of today, but there is nothing in the existing state of societyand we use society in its broad senseto indicate that he will not be better in many ways. Confidence in this is based largely on the evident determination of the American of today to leave our institutions and our ideals better than he found them. Every American, native or foreign born, wants his children to have a better education than it was possible for him to secure. He wants to have his children live in a community of higher standards and ideals than he has; he wants betterment in local, state and national conditions, and the result of the want will be improvement and a demand by his children for still greater improvement.-St. Paul Pioneer

An Economical Man. A commercial traveler told of a man who was riding on a train and pretended to become ill after eating a sandwich. The man opened his grip and took out a hot water bag. "He got a sympathetic porter," the commercial man continues, "to fill the water bag with boiling water, and then he opened up his lunch basket, took out a piece of fried steak and warmed it up on the water bag. You talk about your light housekeeping! Then after he had warmed the steak he cut it all up with a pair of scissors and fed it to himself with a pair of sugar tongs, because be would not take a chance with a fork going around a curve. But his finish was a limit. After he had eaten the water bag and poured himself out a cup of hot coffee. He had the grounds in the bag all the time."

In a Quandary.

The young lady sighed deeply and was almost affected to tears. "Harold," she said, "declares that if I don't marry him he will end his life. And I am afraid he will."

She stifled a sob, then continued: "And Randolph declares that if I don't marry him he will go into politics and become great and famous, and then he says I shall see what I have missed. And I am afraid he will keep his word too."

Overcome by emotion, she buried her face in her hands, not knowing whether to save a life or to spare the country another politician.-Exchange.

"Are you ready to live on my in come?" he asked softly. She looked up into his face trust-

"Certainly, dearest," she answered "If-If"-"If what?"

"If you get another one for your self."-New York Journal.

The Dreaded Doctor. "How did you like your dinner?" in quired the epicure.

"Well," answered the dyspeptic, "it was admirable in every respect. But my doctor has put me into such an apprehensive frame of mind that whenever I really enjoy eating anything I become utterly miserable."

The Analysis. "Did you have the soil of your back yard analyzed by the agricultural de-

"Yes. They said it consisted largely of glass, tin and putty, with traces of builder's lime, and suggested that it might do to raise a mortgage on."-Louisville Courier-Journal.

Great Achievement. "And what do you regard as the greatest triumph of modern surgery?" "Collecting the bills." promptly reonded the great practitioner.-London Spare Moments.

Especially In the Subways. "There ain't but one trouble with this here city air." said Uncle Rufe, sniffing the atmosphere speculatively; "It do need ventilatin." - Holland's Magazine.

His Reason. "Why do you always leave the bouse, James, when I begin to sing the old songs?" pouted Mrs. Howlit. "Fresh air," said Howlit.—Harper's Weekly.

He who has the truth in his heart need never fear the want of persuasion on his tongue.-Ruskin.

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