

DEATH OF CHIEF JUSTICE FULLER

Noted Jurist Was Stricken With Heart Disease—Served as Chief Justice of United States Supreme Court For Twenty-two Years.

Melville Weston Fuller, chief justice of the supreme court of the United States, died at his summer home, Main Stay, at Sorrento, near Bar Harbor, Me. His death was due to a sudden attack of heart disease.

The death of the chief justice was entirely unexpected, as he had been in apparently good health lately, and there had been no premonitory symptoms of trouble.

Though there have been reports that ill health would force Mr. Fuller's retirement from the bench during the last seven years, he was believed to be in the best of health when he left Washington for his summer vacation.

It is believed by many that Governor Charles E. Hughes, of New York, will become chief justice of the United States supreme court when that body reconvenes this fall.

Chief Justice Fuller was one of the picturesque members of the supreme bench. He was born in Augusta, Me., in 1833, but had always been identified with Illinois, because after his graduation from Bowdoin college at the age of twenty years, and admission to the bar in 1856, he took up his residence in that state and for thirty-two years was one of the most prominent lawyers of that state.

Before leaving his native city his talents had been recognized and he was made city attorney and president of the common council, and was also one of the editors of the Age, the leading Democratic paper. These positions he resigned to take up life in the west.

In 1862 he was named as a member of the Illinois constitutional convention, and the following year was elected to the legislature. Prior to his appointment as chief justice he was seen at all the state and national conventions of his party, and his counsel was widely sought by Democratic leaders.

President Cleveland offered him at different times the positions of solicitor general, civil service commissioner and member of the commission on Pacific railways; but all of these he declined.

At length, however, on the death of Chief Justice Waite, in 1887, the president offered him the vacant position and he accepted it. From a financial standpoint he made a great sacrifice. At this time he was one of the foremost lawyers at the western bar, having argued during the two decades previous more cases before the United States supreme court than any other lawyer in the west. His income was something like \$75,000 a year. His salary as chief justice was only \$10,500.

Chief Justice Fuller held third rank for length of service as presiding justice in the highest American tribunal. For twenty-two years he was chief justice. Chief Justice Marshall presided for thirty-four years and Chief Justice Taney for twenty-eight years.

The chief justice was expected to retire in 1906, but declined to do so, and his action doubtless had much to do with the election of Taft to the presidency. Roosevelt desired to make Taft chief justice. Fuller stood in the way. He held his job and Taft went to the White House.

His first wife, Mrs. Mary E. Fuller, died while seated on the porch of the Sorrento home, where the chief justice expired, in August, 1904.

An Essay on Cats. A schoolboy wrote an essay on cats. The chapter on different breeds supplies the following information: "Cats that's made for little boys and girls to maul and tease is called Maltese cats. Some cats is known by their queer purrs—these are called Persian cats. Cats with very bad tempers is called Angorrie cats. Sometimes a very fine cat is called a Magnificent. Cats with deep feelin's is called Felina cats."—Exchange.

Estimated in Money. "Tommy," said the boss, "you quit smoking two or three months ago, didn't you?" "Yes, sir," answered the office boy. "How much have you gained in weight?" "Well, sir, countin' it in nickels, I reckon I've gained about four pounds."—Chicago Tribune.

Diplomacy. She longed for a new hat. So she began to worry her husband for a new dress.

He—A new dress! Can't afford it. If you wanted gloves or a new hat I wouldn't mind. But a new dress!

She—Well, don't get flurried, dearest. You know I always give in. So just buy me a new hat.

The Other's Pet. Neighbor—How did that naughty little boy of yours get hurt? Ditto—That good little boy of yours hit him in the head with a brick.—Independent.

Ready For the Next One.

A generous and brave but very eccentric Virginia planter named Hill Carter, who had once been an officer in the United States navy, had a hand to hand battle at fistcuffs one day with his plantation overseer and came off second best. He therefore challenged the overseer to a formal duel, but the latter declined on the ground that, being a husband and father, he was under obligation not to risk leaving his family destitute.

Consul King David. This amusing anecdote of Lamartine is related by the Baroness Bonde in her volume of letters. Shortly after the revolution of February he wrote on the blank leaves of his pocketbook the names of his proteges and sent the list to be provided with places immediately. Previously, however, it seems, he had scribbled "David" on the page, and the head of the cabinet appointed the said David consul at Bremen.

Language of Switzerland. It is a curious fact that the people most celebrated for love of country should in a manner be without a language—that is, a mother tongue. The Swiss have three official languages—German, French and Italian. About three-fourths of the population of the mountain confederation speak German, while the remainder divide four other languages among them, chiefly French and Italian, these languages being found, as a rule, in districts in close proximity to the countries where those languages are the principal tongue. In Switzerland documents and notices are printed in both the French and German languages. In the national assembly members deliver their speeches in either French or German, for nearly all members understand both tongues. The decrees and proclamations of the president are translated by an official interpreter and furnished to the press in both languages.—New York Press.

Her Fault. The teacher in charge of the primary department at a school in West Philadelphia was talking the other day about her work and her pupils.

"They are dear youngsters," she said, "but they sometimes make curious remarks. Several times I have had occasion to reprove a little boy who isn't bad, but who is very mischievous and annoying. He is always getting into trouble and making a disturbance.

"One day he had been more than usually uproarious, and I was very tired. Instead of scolding or punishing him I began in rather an exasperated tone to talk to him.

"Tom," I said, "I'm afraid I'm never going to meet you in heaven." "He looked up with the most shocked face. 'Why, teacher,' he said, 'isn't that just too bad? What have you done?'"—Philadelphia Times.

A Modest Request. An impeccably dressed gentleman the other day when walking along Piccadilly felt a movement in his pocket and, clapping his hand thereto, seized the wrist of the thief. He drew forth the erring member, and, looking at it with supreme disgust, he released it, saying, with a grimace of disgust, "For heaven's sake, my good man, go and wash your hands before you put them in a gentleman's pocket again!"—London Tatler.

Made Him Feel Old. "What's the matter?" "Oh, nothing much." "But you look as if you had something serious on your mind." "Well, if you insist on knowing, a boy who was named after me has just become engaged to be married. How time flies!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Dollar Mark. "Have you seen the Washington monument?" "Yes," replied the New Yorker. "It's a pretty tall building, but what's the good of it without any offices for rent?"—Washington Star.

Economy. Husband—Excuse me, dear, but don't you cook much more for dinner than we can use?—Wife—Of course! If I didn't how could I economize by utilizing leftover dishes?—Cleveland Leader.

Not New. "Electricity isn't a modern discovery. It is as old as the food." "How do you make that out?" "Why, didn't Noah have to have ark lights?"

Better a blush in the face than a blot in the heart.—Cervantes.

The Bride's Troubles.

It was the servant's day out, and the young bride was doing her best to hurry along the dinner she was trying to cook. The husband, tired of waiting, bustled into the kitchen and said impatiently: "You know, we'll be late for the theater if you don't hurry dinner."

"Well," sighed the bride, "I can't tell what's the matter, but these coffee grains simply won't boil soft, and as for the eggs, they've been boiling at least two hours, and they're still as hard as ever."

But the dinner was concluded at last, and then the young husband declared he couldn't find his silk hat. "Oh," exclaimed his wife, "you said it needed ironing, you know, so I sent it this morning to the laundry with the wash."

Settling the Barber. "Hair's a bit thin on the top, sir," remarked the barber. "Won't you try a bottle of our hair restorer?" The victim squirmed. "You made the same observation last week," he said, "and I expressed my desire to see you try the stuff on the doorman."

"Sorry," I didn't know you had been here before, sir," replied the barber as he went on shaving. "I didn't recognize your face." "No," was the growling reply; "my face has healed since then."—London News.

The Maid's Reply. As William bent over her fair face he whispered: "Darling, if I should ask you in French if I might kiss you what would you answer?" She, callign up her scanty knowledge of the French language, exclaimed, "Billet doux!"—Exchange.

Suspense. "There isn't any suspense about your play," said the technical critic. "That shows how you jump at conclusions," replied the author. "You just ought to see me waiting for royalties."—Exchange.

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