

Her Goodby.

She was one of those very gushing, effusive ladies who occasionally infest newspaper offices...

Davenport came next. There was no escape for him. "Dear Mr. Davenport, goodby" she cried with all the delicate shading of a tragedy queen.

There was silence for a moment after she had gone. Then Davenport found his voice. "Where is she going?" he asked.

"Up to Ninety-third street," replied the assistant managing editor.

"Suffering cats!" drawled Davenport. "What should have happened if she had been going to One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street?"

She Handed It Back.

A noted doctor believes in training children to reason for themselves, and this policy he carries out with his own child, a little girl of eight, and he tells a story in connection with her with great glee.

"My dear," he said to her, "I saw something today that I hope I shall never be pained to hear of you doing."

"What was that, papa?" the daughter asked.

"I saw little Mary Goodgirl stick her tongue out at a man today."

The child, evidently thinking that it was an occasion to tell of the faults of the other girl, said:

"Papa, I saw Mary— The doctor interrupted and told the child she must not gossip and if she knew anything that was not nice about anybody she must keep it to herself.

The child looked at her father and then said quickly:

"Well, papa, why did you tell me about Mary?"

The physician was so surprised he could not answer.—Philadelphia Times.

His Only Blemish.

When the pious looking lady entered the London birdshop and stated her need of a talking parrot the proprietor, reckoned 'e'd got the very thing the lady wanted.

"Course, ma'am," he said, "you don't want a vulgar bird. This 'ere one, now, was brought over by a missionary. Talks like a reg'lar 'ymn book, 'e does. I wouldn't let 'im go if I didn't think you'd give 'im a respectable 'ome. Thirty-five shillings that bird, ma'am."

"You'll soon know," screamed Polly. "You'll soon know!"

"Dear me! How quaint!" gushed the lady, and 35 shillings changed hands.

"What does he mean by 'you'll soon know'?"

"It's 'is only blemish, ma'am," smiled the birdshop man. "'E's got it into 'is 'ead that every one's wonderful anxious to find out wot a missionary sez when 'e 'its 'is thumb with a 'ammer."

What She Missed.

Six-year-old Ruth was very unhappy because one of her many wants had been denied. Her papa was giving her a lecture and said, "You have everything that most little girls have, and I don't think there is another little girl in town has more than you."

"Oh, yes," said Ruth. "Alice has."

"What has she that you have not?" said papa.

"Well, I guess she had a ride to her grandma's funeral."—Exchange.

The Serpent's Venom.

A physician while talking with a group of friends remarked: "It is common to hear people speak about poisonous serpents. Serpents are never poisonous; they are venomous. A poison cannot be taken internally without bad effects; a venom can. Venoms do have effective have to be injected directly into the circulation, and this is the manner in which the snake kills. Their venom taken internally is innocuous."

The Weapon He Needed.

An excited citizen burst frantically into the police station. "My life's in danger!" he cried. "I've just received a threatening letter from the Black Hand, and I want a permit to carry a weapon."

"All right, sir," replied the captain. "I'll give you a permit to carry a fan—that's the weapon you need; something that will keep you cool."—Chicago News.

An Odd Apology.

This is the classic apology of a celebrated statesman of the last generation: "Mr. Speaker, in the heat of debate I stated that the right honorable gentleman opposite was a dishonest and unprincipled adventurer. I have now, in a calmer moment, to state that I am sorry for it."

Get It Mixed.

An amusing blunder was made in the case of a judicial declaration that certain resident magistrates "could no more state a case than they could write a Greek ode."

Yorkshire Men's Fingers.

A Yorkshire man and a Lancashire man were conversing together the other day. The Lancashire man said to the Yorkshire man, "Well, Bill, do you know the best way to find a Yorkshire man's lost fingers?"

"No," says Bill. "Well, I will tell you what happened at our place the other day. Yorkshire Dan had two of his fingers cut off with a steam saw, and they got lost among the sawdust, and two of my mates were down on their hands and knees looking for them when the foreman came up and asked what they were doing. One of them said:

"We are looking for Dan's fingers."

"Oh, come out of the road," said the foreman. "That's not the way to find a Yorkshire man's fingers," at the same time taking a shilling out of his pocket and throwing it among the sawdust, when the two fingers at once popped up after it.

"There!" said the foreman. "That's the way to find a Yorkshire man's lost fingers."—Pearson's.

Providing For His Guests.

Two men stopped at the store of a haberdasher who displayed in his showcase a job lot of collars at 5 cents apiece. One of them bought two dozen, in sizes ranging from 15 to 17½. His friend politely controlled his surprise at discovering that the broker wore five cent collars and inquired only about the elastic neck. The purchaser said:

"We live in the suburbs. Friends who visit us and remain overnight unexpectedly want clean collars the next morning. It depletes my own stock too far to keep furnishing these. I can't always supply a comfortable size either. Of course the collars never come back. Since I discovered the scheme of five cent collars I can pick up anybody, take him home with me and inform him that he need not bring any luggage, because one of my wife's benefices includes five cent toothbrushes for the wayfarer."—New York Sun.

A Martyr to Art.

"Which tooth?" inquired the man of forceps grimly. "Any one you like," responded the victim calmly, "so long as it's a front one."

"But"—began the astounded dentist. "Hurry up!" thundered the visitor. With bleeding heart the operator hunched his forceps on to a bit of absolutely sound ivory, dragged his patient three times around the room and—

"Hey, presto!" smiled the dentist. "It's out! But will you be so good as to tell me why on earth you wanted a sound tooth extracted?"

"By all means," responded the patient. "You see, I'm an actor, and I have to take a part where the thespian lispeth. At first I couldn't mather it, but now I'm thure it'll be a thimply threaming thuctheth!"

The Ever Active Brain.

The question, "Does the brain ever rest?" would seem to be answerable only in the negative. Unconscious cerebration appears to be a necessary concomitant of the powers of intellect, and during sleep, whether we remember it or not, we are always dreaming. Of course, during waking time we are perpetually thinking, thinking, thinking—not always logically and deliberately, but all the same, thinking. Dream is the thought of the sleep time, when reason is out of the game, and the fancy, or imagination, has the reins, with nothing to hold her back. We take many a trip under her guidance that we are unable to recall when she has resigned the reins into the hands of reason. Awake or asleep, we are always busy. The mind never rests.—New York American.

The Turkish Soldier's Fatalism.

The lethargy of mind which is the mental habit of the Turkish soldier—the personal expression of fatalism—is a most valuable quality in its way, for it means that its possessor is always cool and collected, grumbles little and has marvellous endurance. It is alien to all forms of panic, just as it is alien to a conspicuous elan. If the Turkish soldier never goes very fast, he never goes very slow. Except by the best trained or most dashing troops he is had to beat.—London Spectator.

He Chose Quickly.

"Gerald," she said, facing him with heightened color and putting her hands behind her, "you will have to choose between me and your old pipe."

Not an instant did Gerald hesitate. "The old pipe goes, dear," he said, throwing it away. "I was thinking of buying a new one anyhow."—Chicago Tribune.

Look Up.

We dig and toil, we worry and fret, and all the while close over us bends the infinite wonder and beauty of nature, saying: "Look up, my child! Feel my smile and be glad!"—G. S. Ferris.

Very Different.

Mrs. Bronson—My husband is plain spoken. He calls a spade a spade. Mrs. Woodson—So does mine, but I must decline to repeat what he calls the lawn mower.—Boston Globe.

Caustic.

The Girl—What's your opinion of women who imitate men? The Man—They're idiots. The Girl—Then the imitation is successful. —Cleveland Leader.

Peerishness covers with its dark fog even the most distant horizon.—Richard.

Etiquette and Danger.

"Ezra," said the farmer's wife, "I wish you wouldn't lean your elbows on th' table."

"Huh," sneered the farmer, "gettin' fastidious, ain't you? Mebby you'll be warnin' me next to keep my knife outen my mouth an' tellin' me not to cool my tea in my assner. But my granther kep' his elbows on th' table, an' so did my father, an', by heck, I'm goin' to lean on it as hard an' as long as I dun please, so there!"

Whereupon he leaned hard, so hard that the ancient table suddenly collapsed and sprawled out its legs and went down with a frightful crash of crockery.

"Well, you've gone an' done it now!" screamed the old lady. "That's a pretty mess, ain't it? Ef you'd had th' sense of a chipmunk you'd have knowed th' reason I didn't want you to lean on th' table wuz 'cause th' legs wuz rickety. An' I guess a little etiquette wouldn't hurt you none anyway, Ezra Doolittle, to say nothin' of savin' \$2 wuth of family crockery."

And the disgusted farmer stumbled out from the scene of wreckage and chased a harmless tramp three miles down the road with an ax handle.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Handicapped.

Englishmen use their hands comparatively little in conversation, but Frenchmen use them a good deal. Quaintly enough, Parisians have a very keen sense of the exaggerated way in which the southern Frenchman and the Italian help on what they have to say with their hands, and this accounts for the following story:

An Italian railway thief was caught red-handed in the train, handcuffed and brought to Paris. As he was walking out of the Gare de Lyon between two detectives a friend met him.

"Hello!" he said. "Where have you been this long time, and how are you?" The prisoner looked at him pathetically and shook his head.

"What's the matter?" said his friend. "Have you been stricken dumb?" The prisoner raised his handcuffed hands. "Very nearly," he said.—London M. A. P.

Room and Board For Single Gentleman

"So, Belinda, I hear you and 'Doc' have parted company. Couldn't you get along?"

"No'um; least I couldn't. D'ye know that low down nigger just ma'led me fo' my money?"

"No?" I said.

"Yas'm. He saw all them things in my pa'lor, silber butter dishes and crayon portraits that you and the other white ladies' gi' me, and he just thought he was goin' to set in there and smoke while I washed and 'tend. And I had a big burial insurance, too, and he knowed that. So I jes' natch'ly tu'ned him out."

"Yes," I said. "But I thought I saw him going in your back gate last week."

"Oh, to be sure! He's round, but he's jes' boad'in' with me now."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Beginning of the Germ Theory.

Agostino Bassi, a country doctor in the north of Italy, early in the last century was the starter of the germ theory of disease. At that time a peculiar disease was killing the silk worms, bringing ruin to the whole silk country of Italy. Bassi, by the microscope, discovered the germ which is the cause of the disease. The germ later was named Botritis bassiana. Bassi believed and stated that human diseases were also caused by germs. Bassi's work was sneered at and pooh-poohed by his fellow men and physicians, and he failed to make a lasting impression, thereby losing great glory for Italia.—New York Press.

The Orkney Islands.

"The member from the Orkneys" is the only man in the British house of commons who can say he sits for 200 islands. Only sixty of the islands are inhabited, but the constituency embraces more than 60,000 people.

The Orkneys were once given by Norway to England as security for a queen's dowry and never redeemed. In the islands the voters must go to the polls by boats, and in some cases the distance to be traveled is eight miles.

First Aid.

"Now," said the professor, "suppose you had been called to see a patient with hysterics—some one, for instance, who had started laughing and found it impossible to stop—what is the first thing you would do?"

"Amputate his funny bone," promptly replied the new student.—Houston Post.

Did Her Best.

"We're always careful about these contagious diseases," said Mrs. Lapsing. "When Johnny had got well of the measles we bought some sulphur candles and disconcerted the nouse from top to bottom."—Chicago Tribune.

An Advantage.

"So you prefer servants who speak English imperfectly?"

"Yes," replied the housewife. "If I don't understand what they say I am not obliged to dismiss them so frequently."—Exchange.

Suspicion.

Once give your mind to suspicion and there is sure to be food enough for it. In the stillest night the air is filled with sounds for the wakeful ear that is resolved to listen.

The Common Complaint.

Probably this expression is used oftener by people than any other: "Everything is blamed on me."—Atchison Globe.

The Message a Dying Girl Conveyed to Her Brother.

This is an absolutely true dream story: A certain young lady, whom we will call Mary A., was recovering from illness. The doctor had declared her to be out of danger, and her friends and relatives were rejoicing in the fact. Nevertheless Miss A., receiving a visit one day from a sister, gravely assured her that she was going to die. The sister pooh-poohed the idea and treated it as an invalid's fancy. Miss A., however, with the utmost calmness, repeated her statement. She was certain that she would die that night and begged her sister to fetch her parents and other relatives to say goodby. Thinking to humor her, the sister complied. One person was absent from this strange family gathering—a brother, who was at sea and was expected home in a week or two. "But it does not matter," Miss A. quietly observed. "I saw him last night in a dream and said goodby to him in his cabin." Before the sun rose again Miss A.'s prediction had come true; she was dead. That, however, is not the strangest part of this weird story. When in due time the sailor brother reached port he was met by his other sister, who began to tell him the sad news. "Ah," he interrupted, "you need not tell me. Mary is dead. I knew it, for she came to me one night in my dream and told me she was going to die and wanted to say goodby." On comparing dates it was found that the dreams were dreamed on the selfsame night.—London News.

Know What His Few Days Meant.

Quackly—By the bye, have you got \$10 about you that you don't need for a few days? Snackly—I have, but I might need it some time.—Exchange.

Want of care does us more damage than want of knowledge.—Franklin.

Hood's Sarsaparilla.

That have great medicinal power, are raised to their highest efficiency, for purifying and enriching the blood, as they are combined in Hood's Sarsaparilla. My two boys were broken out with running sores. I began giving them Hood's Sarsaparilla and it cured them in less than a month.—Mrs. J. A. BIRD, Port Morris, N. J. 40,366 testimonials received by actual count in two years. Be sure to take HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA. Get it today in usual liquid form or chocolate tablets called Sarsatabs. 35-29

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Hair Dresser.

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Travelers Guide.

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

Table with columns: READ DOWN, STATIONS, READ UP. Rows include No 1 No 5 No 3, No 6 No 4 No 2, and various stations like BELLEFONTE, NEIGHBORHOOD, HECLA PARK, etc.

(N. Y. Central & Hudson River R. R.)

Table with columns: p. m., a. m., Arr., Lve. Rows include Jersey Shore, WASHINGTON, PHILADELPHIA, NEW YORK.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD.

Schedule to take effect Monday, Jan. 6, 1910.

Table with columns: WESTWARD, STATIONS, EASTWARD. Rows include No 1 No 3 No 1, No 2 No 4 No 6, and various stations like Bellefonte, Coleville, Morris, etc.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

NEXT WEEK

One Week Only

They Won't Last Any Longer.

150

Men's Suits

Some Young Men's in the lot. All this season's goods. One and two suits of a kind,

At 1-3 Less

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Come early if you want a good selection.

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