

LINCOLN'S QUESTION.

It Stilled the Storm of Applause For His Opponent, Douglas. Professor James T. McLeary of Mankato, Minn., who for fourteen years represented a district of his state in congress, told this Lincoln story: "A friend of mine told me that when a boy he attended with his father one of the famous Lincoln-Douglas debates in Illinois. My friend's father was a Lincoln man, but the place in which that particular debate took place was a Douglas stronghold. "Douglas spoke first, and he was frequently interrupted by vociferous applause. The cheering and the hand-clapping at the end lasted four or five minutes. When Lincoln was introduced the crowd broke out into cheers for Douglas and kept it up for several minutes. Lincoln meanwhile waited patiently. "When at length the enthusiasm had subsided Lincoln extended his long right arm for silence. When he had partly got this he said in an impressive tone, "What an orator Judge Douglas is!" "This unexpected tribute to their friend set the audience wild with enthusiasm. When this applause had run its course Lincoln, extending his hand again, this time obtained silence more easily. "What a fine presence Judge Douglas has!" exclaimed the speaker earnestly. Again tumultuous applause followed the tribute. "How well rounded his sentences are! How well chosen his language is! How apt his illustrations are! ending up with, "What a splendid man Judge Douglas is!" "Then when the audience had again become silent at his call Lincoln leaned forward and said: "And now, my countrymen, how many of you can tell me one thing Judge Douglas said?" "My friend told me he searched his own heart for an answer and found none. Afterward he asked his father if he could remember anything Judge Douglas had said, and the latter remembered practically nothing. "But," my friend said to me impressively, "even now, half a century later, I can recall practically all that Lincoln said."—Exchange

THE USE OF ARSENIC.

How the Poison Acts When Taken as a Complexion Beautifier. "You no doubt have observed the illly white complexion of some women. These women are sacrificing years of their lives for that beautiful skin by the use of arsenic," said a chemist of Manchester, England. "It is a well known fact that thousands of women in all countries of the world use the poison in small quantities to bleach their skin. It is an effective means of whitening and clearing the complexion, but the complexion given by its use has no permanency unless the absorption of the drug be continued. "Arsenic, as science has long told us, is an accumulative poison. When one takes it either by prescription for the upbuilding of an appetite or for the bleaching of the skin he does not feel any ill effects for several years. The effect of the drug is tracing and makes a person feel like eating. It also aids the digestion. The average user of the poison takes it in such small quantities that he does not realize how much of it will accumulate in his system in the course of four or five years. "Being an accumulative poison, it often takes that length of time to see the results of the drug. Then the user may complain of not being able to control his fingers or toes. Subsequently he loses control of his hands and arms. Paralysis, superinduced by arsenical poisoning, is the fearful result.—Washington Post.

That Was Enough.

They were talking about the nosy women who knew everybody in the middle of the block. "Apparently she's got it in for those people who moved away from 35 last week," said he. "What did they do to her?" "Nothing," said she, "except to borrow her opera glasses the day before they moved and keep them till the day after, so she couldn't get a chance to train them on their back room furniture."—New York Times.

What Damp Means.

Learn to know what damp means, especially when used upon polished woodwork. Think it means wet and you will be reviling valuable information as "newspaper rubbish." Dip a cloth in hot water, wring it as hard as you can, then shake it in the air and it should have about the right amount of moisture.—Exchange.

The Silver Lining.

"Oh, John," exclaimed Mrs. Shortcash, who was reading a letter, "our son has been expelled from college. Isn't it awful?" "Oh, I don't know," answered Mr. Shortcash. "Perhaps I can pull through without making an assignment now."—Chicago News.

Getting On.

"How is your daughter getting along with her vocal lessons?" "Splendidly, splendidly! She's got so now that she can say 'I can't sing without my music' just beautifully."—Detroit Free Press.

LONDON'S HISTORIC TOWER.

And the Egg From Which Was Hatched the Great Charter.

Richard Davey in "The Tower of London" connects the historic edifice with the wresting of the great charter from King John.

King John, it would seem, though legally married to Isabella of Angoulême, fell desperately in love in 1214 with "Matilda" or "Maud," "the Fair," the beautiful daughter of Robert, Lord Fitzwalter. This lady, remaining deaf to his entreaties, was treacherously abducted from her father's seat at Dunmow by the king's order and shut up in the round turret of the White tower. On this Fitzwalter made a vain attempt to rouse the people to revolt, but was forced to fly to France with his wife and remaining children. Maud once safe in the tower, King John renewed his suit, but only succeeded in driving her to utter silence, which so infuriated him that he sent her a poisoned egg for her breakfast, and she died early in 1215. A year later her remains were translated to the family vault at Dunmow.

When the news of this crafty murder came to the ears of Fitzwalter he forthwith returned to England and discovered to his joy that the barons were on the point of declaring war against John. He at once placed himself at their head, hoping, it is said, to combine his personal revenge with his duty as an English peer and is indeed supposed to have forced the king to sign the great charter for the express purpose of humiliating his daughter's murderer. Thus from an egg was hatched the great charter. Whether the story be true or false, it is a certified historical fact that the barons held the tower in pledge till John consented to accept the charter and affixed his reluctant signature to the deed.

About a year later, when the war with the barons was at its height and John once more a power, the tower again fell into his hands, and, though the barons laid siege to it, they were repulsed by the king's men. To complete its strange vicissitudes during this strenuous reign the tower became on Nov. 1, 1215, the temporary court of King Louis of France, whom the rebellious barons had summoned to assist in the adjustment of their grievances. Appearing before the gates with a large body of men, he so completely awed the officials that they handed over the keys without striking a blow for their rightful monarch.

FREAKS OF A RIVER.

A Stream So Crooked That It Double Crosses Itself.

There is a stream in Massachusetts called the North river. It rises in a pond near Hanson and runs to the sea at Scituate. It is ten miles by air line from Hanson to Scituate, and the river is forty miles long.

This river is probably the most remarkable body of water, barring the Dead sea, on this footstool and has stood more abuse and bad language than the Chicago river. When the tide is coming in the river runs upstream, and not only that, but the upper part of it, which is fresh water, also runs up, and the spectacle of a fresh water river beating it uphill is alone enough to call attention to itself. But there is much more to it than that.

The North river is noted for being the scene of the last Indian raid on the coast settlements. It is notable for having given birth to the ship Columbia, whose captain discovered and named the Columbia river, and was the first American vessel to circumnavigate the world. It is notorious for having suddenly changed its mind on its course on the night of Nov. 27, 1808, when it moved its mouth three miles to the northward, presented the town of Marshfield with a deep harbor, killed three men and converted about 200,000 acres of prime meadow land into a salt marsh.

But the chief thing about this river is its crookedness. This river is so crooked that it double crosses itself. If you don't believe it go and see. There is one place in Hanson where by making three loops the river moves toward the sea for a distance of almost fifty feet and meanders about for fifteen miles in doing it.—Boston Traveler.

The Open Fire.

The open fire is a primitive, elemental thing. It cheers with more than mere heat; it is a bit of the red heart of nature laid bare; it is a dragon of the prince docile and friendly there in the corner. What pictures, what activity, how social, how it keeps up the talk! You are not permitted to forget it for a moment. How it rejoices when you nudge it! How it rejoices when you feed it! Why, an open fire in your room is a whole literature. It supplements your library as nothing else in the room does or can.—John Burroughs in Country Life in America.

Out or In.

"What's that noise?" asked the visitor in the apartment house. "Probably some one in the dentist's apartments on the floor below getting a tooth out." "But this seemed to come from the floor above." "Ah, then it's probably the Popleys' baby getting a tooth in!"—Catholic Standard and Times.

Dolly and Doris.

Nurse—Come, Doris. It is time for you and dolly to go to bed. Doris—What's the use? Dolly's so tired she can't sleep, and I've got a touch of insomnia.—London Punch.

The best of us lack more'n wings to be angels.—Thomas B. Aldrich.

A Parting of the Hair From Which We've Partly Parted.

What has become of our well known fellow townsman that used to brush his hair two ways from a line extending from crown to collar and swing the ends over his ears? He was a leading citizen. He sat in the next pew in front at church and always attended the shows. He worked in a bank in St. Louis and was mate on one of the Mississippi river steamboats. He was a floorwalker in a New York dry goods store and kept a saloon just off the main street. Usually he wore a cluster of diamonds with a little chain attached in his shirt front. He was a conductor on the day express, a Mason and an Odd Fellow. He practiced medicine and worked in the boot and shoe store. He had been to California and played cards for money.

Well, he's still in town, although greatly changed. It was all the barber's fault. When he was in his prime and known to everybody the barber used to trim hair. Later he began to cut it. It wasn't long before our well known fellow citizen was nipped by the shears, his locks curled on the calico pinned around his neck and rolled to the floor, and there wasn't anything to part. When the barber's ruthless shears cut their way to the very scalp they killed a famous pomade customer, for the man that parted his hair behind always stood (or sat) for the things in the bottles which cost 10 cents extra.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A Compliment For Him.

She was eighteen and very shy, and she never had been in the city before. There was no one at Broad street station to meet her, and she looked about timidly for a cab. Her mother had told her to take a hansom. She did not see any hansom, nor did she know that the "cabbies" wore a livery all their own. She did not see a policeman either, so she approached a youth who was standing on the corner of Fifteenth street with her bashful question.

"Please," she began, "are you a hansom man?"

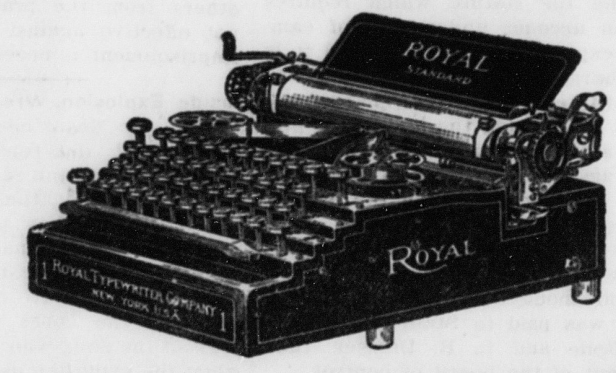
The youth raised his head and twirled his mustache ingratiatingly, smiling with deprecating assumption of modesty.

"I am so considered," he replied.—Philadelphia Times.

Hunger From the Liver.

Hunger, appetite, does not start from the stomach, as all believe and as you all feel when hungered, but the call for food really comes from the flesh of the whole body, mostly from the liver, it seems, for people who have had to have their stomachs taken entirely from their body still have the absent old stomach growl and yell three times a day for meals, something like people having finger pains and pleasures in a hand that has been cut off for years.—New York Press.

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warning For Him.

"Yes, mum," said Poetic Pete as he twined an autumn leaf through his buttonhole. "I am a great lover of the romantic. I stopped at his gate because I saw de sign 'idlewood.'" "You did?" approved the housewife. "Well, there is a lot of idle wood down at the wood pile. Just take this ax and split up half a cord."—Chicago News.

A Greater Attraction.

Herr Harden told of a meeting at Gasteln between William I. and Francis Joseph. The Austrian sovereign commented impatiently on the too pressing attentions of the crowd. "It won't last long," returned his ally soothingly. "Bismarck will be here directly, and then no one will look at us."—London Spectator.

We may forgive those who bore us. We cannot forgive those whom we bore.—La Rochefoucauld.

A Study in Wild Beasts.

From the Washington Post. The man who lost two fingers tickling a lion wouldn't have got off so easy if he'd tackled the Tammany tiger.

—The Indiana Agricultural Experiment Station has shown that dry fodder loses 25 to 85 per cent. of its nutrition, compared with corn silage in feeding. That ought to commend the silage method of saving the cornfodder to any one. If one were losing that large a percentage in handling his wheat, corn or other cereals he would certainly change his methods to something better when the loss was shown to him.

A woman who has mislaid her hat has been known to look for it in her purse, among other impossible places. If women realized that much of the medical treatment received from local practitioners was an effort only to locate disease, and a search for it in most unlikely and

impossible places, they would place a higher value on the opinion of a specialist like Dr. Pierce. His wide experience in the treatment and cure of more than half a million women enables him to promptly locate the disease by its symptoms. For all diseases of the delicate womanly organs there is no medicine so sure to heal as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter, free of charge. All correspondence strictly private. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

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Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Shoes. Shoes. Yeagers Shoe Store. Are Children Worth Bringing Up? It can't be done without RUBBERS. This is what appeared in a recent number of the American Journal of Health: The family doctor should din it into the mother's head all the time, that the health of their children lies in the feet. Keep the feet dry. Never let them get wet. No child should be allowed to go out in snow or rain, or when walking is wet, without Rubbers. REMEMBER, Yeager's Rubbers are the best and the prices just a little cheaper than the other fellows. Yeager's Shoe Store, Bush Arcade Building, BELLEFONTE, PA.

Dry Goods. Dry Goods. LYON & CO. THE LARGEST White :: Sale. Is now on at our store. Everything new and bought with special care to make this the largest and best White Sale we ever held. New muslin Underwear for Ladies and Children, new Table Linens and Napkins, Towels, etc. Muslin and Sheetings at old prices. New White Goods in Cotton, Linen and Wash Silk. Lace and Embroideries, the finest and at lowest prices. New Tailored Shirt Waists, Percales, Gingham, in fact, everything that belongs to a large store. Complete in every department. We cannot give you a full list of all the Bargains. Come in and see our stock and you will see we mean to do as we advertise. Rummage Sale. In addition to this big White Sale we are making a Rummage of all small lots of odds and ends in everything in the store. This will mean goods bought at less than cost for winter and summer stuffs. The Rummage Table will mean dollars saved for all customers. LYON & COMPANY, Allegheny St. 47-12 Bellefonte, Pa.