

Attractive Title. The difficulty of using a foreign language was amusingly illustrated when a certain mission started work in China. They were in some perplexity, says Rev. Lord Gascoyne-Cecil in "Changing China," as to the title they should choose for their society. They wanted to convey to the Chinese that their denomination claimed especially to feed the souls of men. They explained all this to an educated Chinaman and quoted well known texts. He immediately wrote down two characters and assured them that they represented what they had said about the spiritual food that they provided and would also be very popular with the Chinese, as indeed it proved. The moment they opened the door of the chapel they were besieged by hundreds of Chinese of the poorer class, who, after listening for a short time, went away discontentedly. The missionaries found out afterward that the title given to them, literally translated, was "health giving free restaurant"—a most attractive title to the hungry Chinese!

Proof of His Generosity. The teacher had a class in English literature before her. The subject for the day was Gray's "Elegy." She had asked the class to bring in questions on the life of Gray. These questions were to be deposited in a box which was to be opened before the class and each question read aloud. If no one could answer it the one who contributed it was to be called on for the answer. The first slip drawn out contained this: "Give a proof of Gray's generosity." The teacher thought of what a reclusive Gray had been and of how little interest he had ever shown in his fellows, and she wondered how any one could have received the impression that he was generous. Every one looked blank, and no one attempted to answer. The girl who wrote the question was called on for her "proof," and this is what she said: "He gave to misery all he had—a tear."—National Monthly.

Letters and Postage Stamps. "Strange ideas some people have about postage," said the clerk who opens the mail. "Yes, see this letter here with three one-cent stamps on it and stamped 1 cent due? That's a case in point. The writer of that letter thought that perhaps it weighed a little over an ounce, a little more than would go for 2 cents, and so he put on a little more postage—1 cent more—which he thought would cover it, when the fact is that it required an additional two cent stamp. Of course you know that letter postage is not fractional, but that it goes in multiples of two. If a letter weighs ever so little over an ounce it requires an additional two cent stamp. But not everybody seems to know this, and so we sometimes get letters like this one with a little more postage for a little more weight."—New York Sun.

A Strange Situation. "Honor is a very funny thing," said Binks. "It ought to be," said the philosopher. "Oh, I don't mean that way," said Binks. "I mean that it is a strange thing. Now, I can't speak French, but I can always understand a French joke, and I can speak English, but I'm blest if I can see an English joke." "Most people are," said the philosopher. "Are what?" said Binks. "Blest if they can see an English joke," said the philosopher. "It is a sign of an unusually keen vision."—Harper's Weekly.

Force of the Imagination. There is a story of a man who was tied up in a dark room and informed that he was to be put to death by bleeding. His tormentors made a small incision in his neck and arranged for a stream of lukewarm water to trickle down his back for fifteen minutes. At the end of fifteen minutes the man died of exhaustion. He had not lost a drop of blood, but he thought he had. Such is the power of suggestion.—London Saturday Review.

Suggested a Remedy. Even medical gentlemen are not devoid of professional jealousy. Two doctors were bragging about the number of their patients. "Why, last night I was awakened up half a dozen times," said the younger doctor. "You were, eh?" replied the other. "Well, why don't you buy some insect powder?"

Did Not Look Like It. "What is it?" asked the visitor in the studio. "An Italian sunset," replied the proud artist. "Oh!" "Didn't you ever see an Italian sunset?" "Oh, yes. That is the reason I asked what it was."—Yonkers Statesman.

Considerate. "The most considerate wife I ever heard of," said the philosopher, "was a woman who used to date all her letters a week; or so ahead to allow her husband time to post them."

Accomplished. Blobs—I never knew such a liar as Longbow. Slobbs—Yes; that fellow could actually eat an onion and lie out of it.—Philadelphia Record.

HE PUNISHED GRANT.

The Cadet Was Guilty of Dismounting Without Leave.

While a student at West Point U. S. Grant excelled in mathematics and horsemanship. He jumped his horse over a bar five feet six inches high, which made a record for the academy and a close second to the highest jump ever recorded in America. He received little honor for some of his efforts, however, notably in the case recalled by Nicholas Smith in "Grant, the Man of Mystery." But perhaps the humor of it reconciled him.

The riding master was one Hershberger, "an amusing sort of tyrant," and on one occasion, whether seriously or as a joke, he determined to "take down" the young cadet.

At the exercise Grant was mounted on a powerful but vicious brute that the cadets fought shy of and was put at leaping the bar.

The bar was placed higher and higher as he came round the ring till it passed the record. The stubborn rider would not say "enough," but the horse was disposed to shy and refuse to make the leap.

Grant gritted his teeth and spurred at it, but just as the horse gathered for the spring his swelling body burst the girth, and the rider and saddle tumbled into the ring.

Half stunned, Grant gathered himself up from the dust only to hear the "strident, cynical voice" of Hershberger calling out: "Cadet Grant, six demerits for dismounting without leave!"

BEAT HIM TO THE STATION.

The Message That Got There Before the Patrolman Did. "When I was a patrolman," says a prominent detective, "there used to be a sergeant on the force who had it in for me. He reported me for various delinquencies, and—well, he's dead now, and I won't say anything against him. He got sick, and it was reported at the station that he wasn't expected to live. So the boss called me and told me to go around and see if I could do anything for the old fellow. I called at the house and asked if I could see him. They let me in. I tiptoed into the room where the sergeant was in bed and said, 'The lieutenant sent me around to see how you were getting along.'"

"He spoke with difficulty, but I could make out what he said. 'Go back,' he grunted, 'and tell 'em that I'm getting along fine. The boys have fixed me up all right, and I don't need anything; I'm feeling better.'"

A Picture of Night. Along the high hedged lane John Strong swung, the June gloaming deepening into night. He loved to shove his face into the night. He gloried in the uncertainty of night, the indefiniteness of night, and his soul cried back a wild answer to the cry of the night hawk and the owl. Night is more primitive than day; night is more calamitous; night is a savage; night everywhere is the true aborigine. Day has taken on civilization. Night hurries the world back to the day of the war club, the flint arrowhead, the painted visage. John Strong loved the night with an almost malevolent love. In the night he could hear the Valkyries screaming, the witches riding their broomsticks, the ghouls scraping the mold from off the new buried coffin. John Strong swung along, his face set to meet oncoming night.—Adventure.

Where He Drew the Line. Thomas was an old gamekeeper on Sir Greville's Scotch estate, says Sir William Kennedy in "Sport in the Navy." When he was sixty years old he contracted measles and was very ill for a time. Sir Greville, with characteristic kindness, sent the old man some hothouse grapes and a pineapple. The next time the two met Sir Greville asked Thomas how he liked the fruit. "Well, Sir Greville," answered the gamekeeper, "the plums was good, but I dinna think much of the turnip."

Utterior Motives. "See, here," said the kind hearted lady, "I gave you a piece of pie two weeks ago, and you have been sending one or more of your friends here every day since."

Not Familiar With the Quotation. "Ah, Mr. Blinks," said the fair one lightly, "I see you wear your heart upon your sleeve." Mr. Blinks looked bewildered and hastily pulled down his cuffs.

The Bed. The bed is a bundle of paradoxes. We go to it with reluctance, yet we quit it with regret. We make up our minds every night to leave it early, but we make up our bodies every morning to keep it late.—Colton.

The Church That Stands in the Field of Forty Footsteps.

The church in Woburn square, London, is said to occupy the site of the "Field of Forty Footsteps," to which a tragic legend attaches. The story dates from the days of Monmouth's rebellion. According to the version given in Mr. J. S. Ogilvy's "Relics and Memorials of London Town," two brothers fell in love with a woman who, either from callous vanity or fearing reprisals from the unsuccessful suitor, would not say which was to be the favored swain, suggesting that they should fight a duel and to the victor she would give her charms. They came from the town to this suburban field. The woman calmly sat down to wait events. She had not long to wait, judging from the number of footprints, when one of the brothers fell dead, and as the victor approached she held out her arms to greet him, when, with a sudden revulsion of feeling for his brother's death, he slew her as she stood, and, turning the weapon, he drove it through his own heart. So they were found stiff in death with the footprints stamped in the wet clay, where they remained indelible through summer heat and winter frost; no green thing would grow, nor any man build himself a dwelling there. Streets were erected all round, but it was not until the nineteenth century that men took heart of grace and built a church there, when the consecration of the ground rolled back the curse and the memory of the legend grew faint and faded away.

Organ Pipes. The names of the different parts of an organ pipe are interesting. For instance, the air is forced in through a hole in the pointed toe of the pipe, goes through the flue (the slit cut in the side) and strikes the lip. In some cases it then hits the beard (a metal cylinder attached just below the opening) and rebounds against the lip, producing a double vibration. There is also a tongue, and the upper part is called the barrel.—Exchange.

Faultfinding. Often the most unhappy people are those who have lost the art of admiration and become experts in the art of faultfinding. Beauty is everywhere, but they see it not because of the flaws somewhere below it. Faultfinders should turn their magnifying glasses upon themselves and there discover why they are not loved.

Carries On. Woggs—So young Saphead and his father are carrying on the business? Boggs—Yes. The old man does the business, while young Saphead does the carrying on.—Puck.

Repentance is the golden key that opens the palace of eternity.—Milton.

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.

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The Original Encyclopedia. The first real encyclopedia was Pliny's "Natural History." This work was an extensive one, numbering some thirty-seven volumes and dealing with all the then known facts of the world. Pliny, who died A. D. 79, collected the data for his work in his leisure intervals while engaged in public affairs. The "Natural History" was for its time an amazing production, treated of some 20,000 facts and was of very high authority throughout the entire middle ages. Forty-three editions of the work were printed before the year 1536, and no scholar's library was considered complete without it.—New York American.

the husband. "Another sleepless night?" "Worse than that," she replied gloomily. "I did manage to drop off to sleep, and I dreamed all the time I was asleep that I was awake."—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

Made the Rhyme. "Carpet" rhymes with no single word, but some bold poet dared to evade the difficulty thus: "Sweet maid of the inn, 'tis surely no sin to toast such a beautiful bar pet; believe me, my dear, your feet would appear at home on a nobleman's carpet."—London Answers.

Cynical. "The course of true love doesn't always run smooth," sighed the young widow. "That's right," rejoined the old bachelor. "Sometimes it ends in marriage."—Chicago News.

Many Meanings. Traveler—Some expressions in the Chinese language have as many as forty different meanings. Little Miss—Same way in English. "You amaze me. Mention one." "Not at home."

The beloved of the Almighty are the rich who have the humility of the poor and the poor who have the magnanimity of the rich.—Sandi

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