

He Obeyed Orders. General Dabney H. Maury in his "Incidents of General T. J. Jackson" says that when the war between the states broke out Jackson was the professor of mathematics at the Military College of the South. He wished strongly to take command of a cadet corps, but the heads of the institution were desirous to have him continue his teaching. Governor Wise called out the state troops and ordered that a corps of cadets be held ready for immediate service. Jackson, then major, reported at once at the guardroom as ready for duty. General Smith said: "Major Jackson, you will remain as you are until further orders."

Major Jackson, you will remain as you are until further orders. Jackson at that moment was sitting on a camp stool in the guardroom with his water across his knees. At reveille the next morning he was found in the same position. "Why, major, why are you here?" exclaimed General Smith. "Because last night you ordered me to remain where I was," was the reply.

Royal Jewels in Pawn. The ex-Sultan Abdul Aziz pawned all his crown jewels for a million francs at the Mont de Piete at Paris, and they were only just redeemed by the Moorish government in time to prevent their being sold among other unredemmed goods. The sword of state, which is regarded in Serbia as a sacred relic, was also pawned by a former king, while one well known European monarch found himself in such straitened circumstances that the famous house of Attenborough once temporarily had possession of all his old silver. Queen Isabella was, however, the most famous royalty who made no secret of the fact that she raised money upon the security of the portraits of her ancestors, which hung on the walls at the palace. Cattle, her Parisian home. The royal lady often declared how deeply she was indebted to her royal forbears for coming to her rescue and helping her out of her financial predicaments.—London M. A. P.

The Road to Success. Just back this up somewhere where you can see it. Success consists in getting out of yourself everything that's in you. It does not consist in doing almost quite as much or a little more than the other fellow. What the other fellow does doesn't amount to a dent in a door-knob so far as you are concerned. The fact that he succeeds by laying an Atlantic cable, building an Eiffel tower, inventing wireless telegraphy or cornering the world's supply of oil doesn't make you a failure because you haven't got enough ready money to buy an automobile. You're successful when you put to some useful purpose every ounce of energy, every grain of gray matter, every mite of muscle that you're got. You're successful when you've developed all there is to you and have given that to the world.—Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

A Hard Hearted People. Filial piety finds no place in Tibetan character. It is no uncommon thing for a son to turn his father, when too old for work, out of doors and to leave him to perish in the cold. The superstition that the souls of the dead can, if they will, haunt the living drives their hardened natures to gain by the exercise of cruelty the promise of the dying that they will not return to earth. As death approaches the dying person is asked, "Will you come back or will you not?" If he replies that he will they pull a leather bag over his head and smother him. If he says he will not he is allowed to die in peace.

A Lightning Change Artist. The rapidity with which chameleons change their color is marvelous. You gather one from an outdoor shrub and it immediately becomes dark, almost black, hissing and with its mouth wide open, threatening to bite. Meanwhile it is never still, but continues to crawl upward whenever possible—up you, up your sleeve, always upward. By degrees the angry black changes into whatever color is nearest. If one's dress is of a brownish color so is the chameleon's.

The Real Thing. "This," said the young benedict who was just realizing that he had caught a tartar, "is what I call real married life."

"I'm glad you're satisfied with something," she snapped. "Oh, I'm not! I merely meant to inform you that it is not ideal."—Philadelphia Ledger.

His Good Action. A little Canadian boy went to bed and then suddenly recollected that he hadn't done one good action that day. His conscience was gnawing at him. He heard a little squeal in the corner of his room, and he got up and released a mouse that had been caught in the trap. Then he gave it to the cat.

Expensive Fiction. "Is that picture really a work of art?" "I don't know," replied Mr. Cumrox, "but the story the dealer told me about it surely was."—Washington Star.

Enough Said. "Thrifty, is she?" "Thrifty! I merely go into a long discourse. I merely tell you that she banks money in December."—Washington Herald.

TOWER HILL.

A Noted London Spot, the Scene of Many Famous Occurrences.

Tower Hill is perhaps both the most important eminence and the most notable spot in all London. Few of us think what great persons have quietly lived there and what others, equally great, have wept and died upon it. To it, or rather to Great Tower street, came Rochester to pursue his trade as an Italian fortune teller, while the bedizened Buckingham often walked thither to consult a conjurer, a shrewd, farseeing rogue, who, when Felton bought at the cutler's shop on the summit of the hill for a shilling the knife with which he killed the duke's father, may have known for what purpose it was required.

William Penn was born on this hill in a house close to London wall. Forty-four years later—that is, in A. D. 1685—a poet lay dead, choked by a crust which starvation had urged him to devour too greedily, in an upper room of the Bull tavern. This was the ill fated Otway. At the time when the son of the muses lay dead Betterton, the celebrated founder of the stage after the restoration, was wringing tears from the eyes of the public, not for the famished dead, but at his own fictitious sorrows in "Venice Preserved."

It was in Great Tower street that Peter the Great used to pass his evenings drinking hot pepper and brandy with his boon companion, Lord Carmarthen.—London Standard.

ATHLETIC DEVOTIONS.

Gymnastic Exercises That Impress the Kurdish Villagers.

Everything is liable to be misunderstood, even gymnastic exercises. This truth was brought home to George H. Hepworth, and he tells his experience in "Through Armenia on Horseback." The author was stopping in a Kurdish village, and the inn possessed but one general living room.

In the morning I began my regular gymnastics, stooping until my fingers touched the floor, throwing my arms about like the spokes of a wheel, striking out from the shoulder and going through all the exercises, none of which I ever omitted. I would gladly have taken a sponge bath, but it would have been impossible to get enough water. A pint is enough to suffice a Turk.

Well, I got under way with my exercises when I saw that my audience was excited; conversation dropped into a whisper, then ceased; word passed from one to another, and one by one the occupants of the room quietly left. I feared that they were offended and wanted to call them back and apologize. Just then my dragoman entered, laughing.

"What has happened?" I asked. He laughed the harder as he replied: "The Kurds think you are practicing devotional religious exercises, and they retired under the impression that you would regard their presence as an intrusion."

Invisible Indians.

All Indians seem to have learned a wonderful way of walking unseen, making themselves invisible like certain spiders, which, in case of alarm, caused, for example, by a bird alighting on the bush their webs are spread upon, immediately bounce themselves up and down on their elastic threads so rapidly that only a blur is visible. The wild Indian power of escaping observation, even where there is little or no cover to hide in, was probably slowly acquired in hard hunting and fighting lessons while trying to approach game, take enemies by surprise or get safely away when compelled to retreat. And this experience transmitted through many generations seems at length to have become what is vaguely called instinct.—John Muir in Atlantic.

An Elusive Water Lily.

The water lily of the Amazon has very elusive habits. The buds open twice, the first time just a chink at the tip in the early sunrise hours, a sort of premonitory symptom. On the following evening it spreads its four sepals with such alacrity that you can see them move. But the big white bud among them remains unchanged until 4 o'clock in the morning, when it hurriedly spreads its blossom wide open, remaining in this condition only half an hour. Within the hour it has nearly closed, and by another hour and a half the entire flower has been drawn under water by the coiling of the stalk.

Diamonds.

Diamonds were first brought to Europe from the east, where the mine of Sumbulpoor was the first known. Golconda, now in ruins, was once a celebrated diamond mart. The mines of Brazil were discovered in 1728 and for a long time furnished most of the diamonds of commerce. In 1867 diamonds were discovered in Cape Colony, and in 1870 the wonderful finds in the Transvaal were made which resulted in the immense fortunes of the late Cecil Rhodes and others. Most of the diamonds of the world are now furnished by the South African fields.—New York American.

A Crusher.

"Yes, sir," said the trust magnate proudly, "I am the architect of my own fortune." "Well," rejoined the friendly critic, "all I've got to say is that it's a lucky thing for you there were no building inspectors around when you was constructing it."—Chicago News.

The Honeymoon.

"Mamma, is a honeymoon a vacation?" "It may be, my dear, and it may be the beginning of a long period of servitude."—Youngstown Telegram.

Disappointed in Her.

"And so your father refuses to consent to our union." "He does, Rodolphus." The sad youth swallowed a sob. "Is there nothing left for us, then, but an elopement?" said he. "Nothing."

The girl was fond, but firm. "Do you think, Clementine, that you could abandon this luxurious home, forget all the enjoyments of great wealth, banish yourself forever from your devoted parents' hearts and go west with a poor young man to enter a home of lifelong poverty and self denial?"

"I could, Rodolphus." The sad youth rose wearily and reached for his hat. "Then," said he, "you are far from being the practical girl I have all along taken you to be."

And with one last look around on the sumptuousness that some day he had hoped to share he sobbed and said farewell.—Browning's Magazine.

Had to Take His Own Medicine.

George Barr McCutcheon was waiting for a train in Chicago, and as he passed through the station he saw one of his latest best sellers displayed on the newsstand counter. He picked it up, wrote his name on the fly leaf and handed it to the boy behind the counter. He was moving away when the boy called excitedly: "Hey, mister, come back here. You've got to buy this book 'cause you've spoiled it by writing your name in it."

"Yes, but did you see the name?" the author asked. "That don't make no difference," the lad insisted; "nobody'll want to buy it now."

And, hearing his train called, Mr. McCutcheon was forced to pay real money for one of his own books.—Success Magazine.

Outduns.

Teacher—Now, boys, I want to see if any of you can make a complete sentence out of two words, both having the same sound to the ear. First Boy—I can, Miss Smith. Teacher—Very well, Robert. Let us hear your sentence.

First Boy—Write right. Teacher—Very good. Second Boy—Say, Miss Smith, I can beat that. I can make three words of it—wright, write right. Third Boy (excitedly)—Gee! Hear this—wright, write rite right. Teacher (thrown off her guard)—Whew!—Topeka Journal.

Wanted to Show.

A rich old farmer once had his portrait painted. When the portrait was finished the old farmer looked at it, shook his head and said to the artist: "Very good. Very good, indeed. But there is one fault that you must remedy. Please make the right side of the chest bulge out. That is where I carry my wallet."

The Sad Part.

"Doesn't it make you sad," exclaimed the member of the Audubon society, "to see women wearing on their hats the feathers of the poor little birds?" "It isn't the feathers that make me sad," replied the practical married man. "It's their bills."—Philadelphia Record.

His Dilemma.

"For \$200 I'll fix your teeth so you can chew without difficulty." "If I was to give you \$200 I couldn't get anything to chew on."—Life.

Valentine Favors.

Valentine's Day is fast becoming as much of a gift festival as Christmas. It seems as if everything which can possibly be utilized as a valentine is gayly arrayed in ribbons and hearts. Heart-shaped boxes of bonbons, stationery in fancy boxes decorated with cupids and garlands are greatly in demand. The florist does not forget to add a touch of the valentine

spirit to the gorgeous boxes of orchids, violets, or roses which go in hundreds from his establishment. Flowers and bonbons are always most welcome and thoroughly enjoyable, but one of the most satisfactory valentine gifts is a book. A popular shop has a corner hung with hearts and mottoes, and here one can find a choice collection of handsome books suitable for valentines. They are dressed in gala attire. Some have broad bands of white ribbon with bows, and others bands of silk sealed with hearts. The titles are all appropriate to the season.

Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Roots, Barks, Herbs

THAT ARE KNOWN TO POSSESS GREAT MEDICINAL VALUE!

Are so combined in Hood's Sarsaparilla as to be raised to their highest efficiency for the cure of all blood diseases.

SPRING AILMENTS are blood diseases—they arise from impure, impoverished, debilitated blood. That Hood's Sarsaparilla cures all of them is proved by more than forty thousand testimonials.

TAKEN EVERY SPRING.—"One spring I was feeling bad, and could not do my housework for a family of three. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and it did me so much good. I have taken it every spring since." Mrs. J. Johnson, Manchester, N. H.

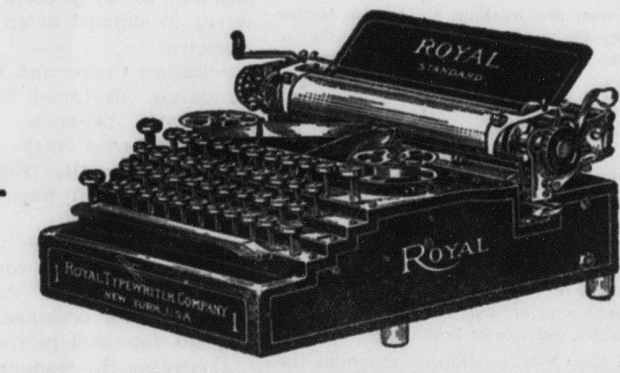
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Is Peculiar to Itself. It makes people well and keeps them well.

56-6.

ROYAL TYPEWRITERS.

ROYAL Standard Typewriter. Whether you use one machine or fifty, your typewriter equipment is an item of EXPENSE. Reduce the expense, and you increase your PROFITS. The Royal represents economy in more ways than one. It costs less to keep in order, because it stays in order—doesn't waste time in breaking down on a busy day. It turns out more work, because it is easier to understand, easier to operate, and capable of unlimited speed. It does Better work, and lasts longer, because it is simpler, has fewer working parts, and they are made of better materials. A Royal in Your Office will Soon Save its Own Cost. Price, \$65.00. The right price to pay for a high-grade writing Machine. ROYAL TYPEWRITER CO. Royal Typewriter Bldg., New York. BRANCH OFFICE 55-47-9t 904 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. THE MALLORY STUDIO, Representative at Bellefonte, Pa.



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.

LYON & CO. On account of numerous requests from a great many patrons, we will continue our Big White :: Sale TWO WEEKS LONGER. New Goods added every day in all departments. The finest line of new Dress Goods in all the new Spring shades with Trimmings to match. Everything in washable fabrics in stripes and checks. RUMMAGE TABLE. Our Rummage Table has been very busy. We are putting on new remnants, odds and ends, every day. LYON & COMPANY, Allegheny St. 47 12 Bellefonte, Pa.

Dry Goods.

Dry Goods.