

Jefferson Davis and His Nerves. Jefferson Davis shrank from the sight of every form of suffering, even an imagination. When the "Babes in the Wood" was first read to him, a grown man, in time of illness, he would not endure the horror of it.

Irving and His Money. John Hare, the English actor, said that one of the fallings charged to Irving's account was that of extravagance—that he did not know the value of money. It is quite true he did not know the value of money for himself, but he knew its value to others.

The Myth of the Doones. How largely Mr. Blackmore drew upon his imagination for the story of "Lorna Doone" is made clear by F. W. Hackwood in his book, "The Good Old Times." There were, in fact, no Doones. The word was simply a local bogey, a modified form of "Dane," a memory of the fact that when the Viking invaders harried the coast, the only vestige of actuality discernible is a faint tradition that a fugitive from the battle of Sedgemoor, to escape the hangings of Judge Jeffreys, appropriated the ruins of some wretched huts in recesses of the Badworthy glen, now "the Doon valley," finding there a safe retreat in which he reared a considerable family, which managed to eke out a living by committing petty depredations in the district. The last of the Doones, an old man and his grand-daughter, are said to have perished in the snow during the winter of 1800.

Joy In Store For Some One. Among the advertisements in a monthly magazine we find this: For Sale or Exchange.—A fine young male bobcat and a female coyote; also a mandolin and set of fieldglasses.

The Laziest People. There is no doubt that the Malays are among the laziest people in the world. Except in rare cases they will not take the trouble to learn when they are young, and afterward, if they have learned, they will not exert themselves to apply their knowledge to any object which requires a sustained effort.

A Marked Judge. The descriptive reporter of a certain daily paper in describing the turning of a dog out of court by order of the bench recently detailed the occurrence as follows: "The ejected canine as he was ignominiously dragged from the room cast a glance at the judge for the purpose of being able to identify him at some future time."

Work of Providence. "The man died eating watermelons," some one said to Brother Dickey. "Yes, suh," he said. "Providence sometimes puts us in paradise before we gits ter heaven."—Atlanta Constitution.

Unspeakable. "What would you think, daddy, if Algernon Nocsash should suggest becoming your son-in-law?" "Withdraw, my dear, while I think aloud."—Brooklyn Life.

SURGEONS' FEES.

Pretty Big Sometimes, but Then There Is Another Point of View.

I have a warm spot in my heart for the big American surgeons, says a writer in the New York Telegraph, and because of regular attendance for years at some of the most famous clinics in this and other cities I have been a witness of their unadverted charities—acts of mercy and kindness which were never heard of outside the walls of the hospitals they honor by their services.

I knew a wealthy man whose daughter was suddenly stricken and whose life was saved by the attending surgeon. His fee was \$25,000. Straightway the father emitted a wail.

"It's robbery," he said. The surgeon stood firm.

"Your daughter's life is worth \$25,000 to you," he countered. There was no denial.

"Well, this fee means that I can operate on fifty persons without any charge, and if you don't like it you can force me to sue, but I will get it without a suit or you will stand a lot of publicity."

And he got the money without recourse to a court of law. It is safe to mark it down when you see a story of some great surgeon who has charged a high fee that there are many of his patients enjoying good health and relief from pain because he charged them nothing at all.

THE CLANRICARDE PLAQUE.

A Famous Specimen of the Sixteenth Century Goldsmith's Art.

One of the greatest encheuement jewels in the world is the Clanricarde plaque, owned by Lord Clanricarde, who is known as the "hermit peer" and who claims direct descent from the kings of Connaught. He guards with jealous care this precious example of the goldsmith's art, keeping it safe from possible thieves and the common gaze in a bank vault, to which he goes occasionally with great secrecy to feast his eyes upon its magnificence some years ago, by royal request, he lent it to an art exhibition in London, where it was admired and coveted by some of the greatest connoisseurs of Europe.

The huge disk is as delicately wrought as a spider's web and represents the figure of Hercules wielding a diamond sword. The sword blade is composed of a mass of perfectly matched steel white stones, and a superb blue diamond scintillates from the hilt. The present owner inherited it from his mother, who was a Miss Canning before her marriage to the Irish lord, and the plaque is practically priceless. Aside from its value to collectors and its worth as a specimen of rare and exquisite art, it is intrusted with a fortune in jewels.—New York Press.

"Clipping Sunday." At Painswick, in Gloucestershire, the Sunday following Sept. 8 is called by the curious name of "Clipping Sunday" and connected with a quaint custom. In the churchyard are ninety-nine yew trees, and tradition says that all attempts to complete the hundred by planting another yew have failed by planting another yew have failed because the newcomer invariably dies. Every year before the feast of the Nativity of Our Lady—Sept. 8—these mystic yews are clipped, and the Sunday "in the octave" thus becomes "Clipping Sunday." After service there is a procession of parishioners around the churchyard, and then all join hands and form a ring round the church. Finally they gather at the foot of a flight of steps leading to the chancel door, from which a sermon is preached.—London Chronicle.

City of Three Kings. Do you know what city has been given the name of the City of Three Kings? It is Cologne, in Germany, and the reason is that it is in Cologne that the three "kings," or "magi," or "wise men," who went to Bethlehem to offer gifts to the infant Jesus are supposed to be buried. According to an ancient legend, their bones were brought from Milan to Cologne by the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa in 1162 and presented to the archbishop of Cologne. Visitors to the cathedral are shown the supposed souls of the magi, studded with diamonds and inscribed with the wise men's names in rubies.—St. James' Gazette.

Her Correction. Two young women were talking over their restaurant luncheon the other day about the quality of a certain prima donna's voice. "Oh, she can sing," cried one of them enthusiastically. "She certainly can sing. Music like that would coax Apollo from his lyre."

The other girl flushed and looked troubled. After a slight pause she spoke in gentle reproof. "I don't want to correct you, dear," she said. "But don't you think that word is usually pronounced 'air'?" It is spelled a-i-r, you know.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Disinterested Affection. "I'm afraid, Edward, you're marrying me only because I've inherited from my uncle 100,000 crowns." "Why, Blanche, how can you think that of me? Your uncle is nothing to me. I would marry you no matter from whom you inherited the money."—Der Floh.

The Faultfinders. Mention has been made of a person who, even in heaven, would complain that his cloud was damp and his halo a misfit.—William Winter.

Who serves his country well has no need of ancestors.—Voltaire.

SPENDTHRIFT ISABELLA.

A Sight That Checked Her Royal Extravagance For Awhile.

We are accustomed to think that the day is long past when a sovereign could oppress and offend a whole kingdom by personal extravagance. But the late Isabella of Spain belonged in spirit to the sixteenth century. An incident of her reckless career—which ended in the loss of the throne—is noted in Munsey's Magazine.

She spent money, pouring it out like water, at a time when the treasury was nearly bankrupt and when the proverb "Poor as a Spaniard" was far too true. All her best advisers urged her to practice economy. Very few of them succeeded, and these only for a short time.

A certain chamberlain of hers once hit upon a plan to make her realize how enormous were the sums that she was spending. Passing through the hall of the palace, she was surprised to see a vast heap of silver pieces, resembling the contents of a great bin of wheat, but piled up in the middle of the floor. The queen summoned her chamberlain.

"What is the meaning of all this money?" she demanded of him. "Oh," he replied, with a low bow, "this is merely the amount which I have brought out to pay the bill of your majesty's glove-maker."

The queen colored and then laughed, and for several months she was less extravagant in her expenditures for clothes.

E Pluribus Unum.

The country is indebted to John Adams for its national motto, with an Englishman of note sharing in the honor. It seems that while Adams was minister to England Sir John Prestwick, an eminent English antiquary, suggested to him a good motto to represent the union of the American colonies. Adams at once was taken with the idea, which he transmitted to Charles Thompson, the secretary of congress, who on June 20, 1782, reported to that body his design for a government seal. In this the Latin legend "E Pluribus Unum" was to be borne on a ribbon held in the beak of an eagle.

Just where Sir John got the idea is not certain, but it is a fact that the motto was in use on the cover of the Gentleman's Magazine, first published in 1730, and it may have struck his fancy by its applicability to the situation then obtaining in America.

New Zealand's Glaciers.

The great size of the glaciers around Mount Cook, in New Zealand, has been often remarked. The Tasman is eighteen miles long, the Murchison ten miles, the Godley eight miles, the Mueller eight miles and the Hooker seven miles. Most of these glaciers have moraines of exceeding roughness, but the approaches to them are not steep, as is usually the case with

European glaciers. The southern Alpine snow line is only a little over 7,000 feet. Glacially polished rocks are rare, and in many ways the mountains are singularly different from those of central Europe.

A Natural Mistake. "I was just telling our friend here, Molly, that it was storming on the day of our marriage."

"Surely not, Hiram! The weather was perfectly lovely!" "Well, well! I don't know how I got so mixed up about it; probably because it's been storming ever since!"—Atlanta Constitution.

A Fish Story. "There are as good fish in the sea as were ever taken out of it," remarked Small to Young, who had been refused by Moneybag's daughter.

"Yes, I know. But they are not goldfish."

Circumstances are the rulers of the weak. They are but the instruments of the wise.—Samuel Lover.

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision for over 30 years. Allow no one to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, imitations and "just-as-good" are but experiments, and endanger the health of children.—Experience against Experiment.

WHAT IS CASTORIA. Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrup. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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Money to Loan. MONEY TO LOAN, on good security and houses to rent. J. M. KEICHLINE, Attorney-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. 51-14-ly.

Clothing. Clothing.

Time to Make a Change.

Sir William Phips was appointed governor in chief of the province of Massachusetts Bay in 1692. During his administration the terrible war against witchcraft raged for some six months. When his own wife, Lady Phips, was named as having exercised the powers of witchcraft Sir William began to view this whole terrible madness in a new light, and he put a stop to all trials and discharged the prisoners then awaiting trial.

The Way it Happened. Brother Lobstock—How did yo' all got yo' nose busted? Brother Tump—I done slipped down an' plumb lit on my back. Brother Lobstock—But, name o' goodness, sah, yo' nose isn't located on yo' back! Brother Tump—No, sah, an' needer was Brudder Wack.—Puck.

Ambiguous. "Why did you spend so much money on your wife's funeral?" asked a man of a neighbor. "Ah, sir," was the reply, "she would have done as much for me and more, too, with pleasure."

Carpet Cleaner.

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We want to supply one lady in every neighborhood with a "Simplex" Vacuum Cleaner, for advertising purposes.

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Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

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Travelers Guide.

CENTRAL RAILROAD OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Condensed Time Table effective June 17, 1909.

Table with columns for READ DOWN, STATIONS, and READ UP. Includes routes for Bellefonte, Lehigh Valley, and New York Central & Hudson River R. R.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD.

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

Table with columns for WESTWARD, STATIONS, and EASTWARD. Includes routes for Bellefonte, Lehigh Valley, and New York Central & Hudson River R. R.

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