

BRILLAT-SAVARIN.

Tribulations of the Famous French Epicure and Jurist.

Brillat-Savarin, the author of "The Physiology of Taste," was the absolute realization of the typical good liver. The French revolution confiscated his property and removed him from his office as civil judge. He fled to Switzerland and then to the United States, where he played a fiddle in a New York theater to gain a living.

His property was afterward returned to him, and he was made a counselor of the supreme court, an office he clung to successfully through changes of empire and kingdom. His "Physiology of Taste" shared the fate of many celebrated books. It was refused by several publishers and eventually was published at the author's expense, but without his fame attached to it, as he considered the nature of the work incompatible with his judicial functions.

It was Brillat-Savarin who declared that "the discovery of a new food does more for the happiness of the human race than the discovery of a star."

"Monsieur the counselor," a hostess asked him one day, "which do you prefer, burgundy or bordeaux?"

"Madame," replied the judicial authority, "that is a lawsuit in which I have so much pleasure in taking the evidence that I always postpone judgment."

ROUTED THE SINGER.

Tosti's Encounter With a Persistent and Peppery Stranger.

"Tosti used to tell an amusing little story of feminine persistence," says Harold Simpson in his book, "A Century of English Ballads." It was during one of his busiest mornings, with a long list of singing lessons to be got through, that a knock came at the door of Tosti's flat. His valet was ill, and so Tosti went to the door himself. A lady, a stranger to him, stood on the threshold.

"Signor Tosti?" she inquired.

"Tosti bowed.

"Oh," said the lady, "I am singing your song, 'My Memories,' at Manchester tonight, and I want you to kindly run through it with me."

"Madame," answered Tosti politely, but firmly, "I fear it is impossible. I have two pupils with me now, and a third is waiting in the anteroom, while others will shortly be arriving."

"But you must!" the lady persisted.

"I am sorry," began Tosti again when he suddenly received a violent push backward and the lady walked into the studio.

"Tosti followed, protesting. After a long argument, which threatened to become heated, the lady snapped out:

"Very well; I shan't sing your song, then!"

"Madame," said Tosti, taking her by the hand, "I am infinitely obliged to you."

"The lady gave one look at him and fled."

When Lawyers Are Quiet.

One George Wilson, a lawyer, who had much litigation, in some of which he was personally interested as a party or as a trustee, finally passed away, and a short funeral sermon was delivered by a member of the bar in the presence of a few old personal friends. The lawyer told how the old man had been abused and maligned, but that, in fact, he had helped the poor and unfortunate often and was not a bad man.

On returning from the services an old lawyer was asked by another lawyer about the services and what was said. The old lawyer replied, "For once old George could not file a demurrer or motion to any of the proceedings which had taken place."

The lawyer who made the inquiry replied, "Well, this must be the first time George did not move for arrest of judgment."—Green Bag.

Wagner as an Acrobat.

Ferdinand Praeger related an incident of a visit to Wagner at his Swiss home. The two men sat one morning on an ottoman in the drawing room talking over the events of the years. Suddenly Wagner, who was sixty years old, rose and stood on his head upon the ottoman. At that moment Wagner's wife entered. Her surprise and alarm caused her to run to her husband, exclaiming, "Ah, Richard, Richard!" Quickly recovering himself, he assured her that he was sane and wished to show that he could stand on his head at sixty, which was more than Ferdinand could do.

A Hiccough Cure.

A correspondent writes to us to the effect that he has found hanging by the hands with the legs clear of the ground, the hands well apart and the breath held for say fifteen seconds, an infallible cure for hiccoughs. With children, hold them up off the ground by both hands. Our correspondent states that he has never found this method to fail.—London Globe.

Prosaic.

They began their honeymoon trip in the day coach.

"Darling," he murmured, "I can see the coals of love in your eyes."

"Them ain't coals, Jonathan," she said; "them's cinders."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Changed Impressions.

"What has become of that man who talked hard times so vigorously?"

"Oh, we won't hear any more of that from him," replied Mr. Dustin Stax.

"He's on the other side of the market now."—Washington Star.

RIDING THE BUZZARD.

The Ricebird Uses His Bulky Enemy as an Aeroplane.

People generally associate size and brute strength with victory, especially among the lower animals. Many times, however, this is far from being the case, especially in the bird kingdom. Among the rice flats of the Carolinas there abound at some seasons of the year tiny ricebirds, birds so small that it takes two dozen for a good meal, though bones and all are eaten.

The great buzzard is found circling over the flats at all seasons. He dreads the time for the ricebird to come, for he is then nearly pestered to death. It is a common sight to see one of these little birds fly up to a buzzard and, after dodging this way and that round the awkward bulk, finally alight well forward between the buzzard's wings on the back. Here the tiny passenger grabs a few feathers in his beak and holds on for grim life. After enjoying a ride for as long as he desires the little fellow hops off and is gone before Mr. Buzzard is well aware of it.

The peculiar part of the whole thing is that apparently the only purpose the ricebird has in getting on the back of the buzzard is to take a free ride. It puzzles every one who chances to see the little drama to find any other reason, yet the fact remains that it is a frequent occurrence, and the little birds seem to enjoy it immensely.—New York Tribune.

INDIAN DEATH CUSTOMS.

Graves of the Hopi and the Hogans of the Navajos.

The Hopi Indian believes that the souls of all deceased adults go to the Grand canyon. When a man dies a grave is dug. The nearest relative of the deceased carries the body to the grave, places it in a sitting posture facing the Grand canyon, erects a long pole between the legs, locks the dead man's fingers around it and fills the grave. To the top of the pole, protruding above the ground, he ties one end of a string and leads the other end in the direction of the Grand canyon. At the end of four days it is believed the soul leaves the body, climbs the pole and with the string to guide it goes to its eternal home in the canyon.

The Navajos, on the contrary, are very superstitious about handling dead bodies. They believe that the evil spirit that kills the person hovers around the hogan, as they call their lodge, awaiting other victims, and a hogan in which a death occurs is never occupied again. Navajo hogans are always built with the entrance facing the east. When a death occurs in one of them an opening is invariably made in the north side. Therefore when one sees a hogan with the north side knocked out he may be certain some one has died in it.—Dillon Wallace in Outlook.

Antiquity of the Dog.

It is impossible to say when dogs were first domesticated, but some of the earliest traces are found on Egyptian monuments, with figures of dogs, somewhat of the greyhound type, which date back to at least 3500 B. C. Even in those remote days the dog was highly esteemed. Coming down a little later, we read that Ulysses, 3,000 years ago was recognized by his dog Argus after his swineherd had failed to do so.

Plutarch speaks of Alcibades, who cut off the tail of his dog, and Myron, the sculptor, immortalized the animal by chiseling his image in marble. The Romans valued their dogs and kept them from the chase and also as pets. Alexander the Great owned a veteran fit to tackle a lion.

A Bibulous Goose.

Geese will live to a great age, and some few years ago I came across a very venerable goose (male or female I cannot now say) in Westmoreland in unexpected circumstances. I was walking from Milnthorpe to Arncliffe and at Ganaside found an acquaintance sitting on a seashore bench feeding a pet goose with biscuits steeped in ale. He told me that this goose had been in his family for over forty years and was partial to beer, stout and even gin.

Rev. James Hall, M. A., told of a goose in Stirlingshire, Scotland, that had been killed by accident after living at the same place for "above eighty years."—London Field.

Skating on a Tennis Court.

When one is building a tennis court provision may easily be made for a rink by excavating from six inches to one foot deeper than the surrounding ground and making this depressed area as much greater than his court as his purse or surroundings will permit. Twenty-five feet in the clear outside the lines of the court will give an area of over 11,000 square feet—an ample space for a number of people to occupy without crowding. The court may be flooded by means of a hose attached to the house faucet, first saturating the ground and then when it has frozen flooding the court.—Suburban Life.

Deafness of Blue Eyed White Cats.

All white cats are not deaf, but most blue eyed white cats are. It has never been discovered why the blue eyed cats should have the tendency to deafness, but it is a fact, while there has never been a case known of a yellow eyed or green eyed white cat being deaf unless by accident.—St. Nicholas.

Duty.

Duty stands for the most part close at hand, unobscured, simple, immediate. If any man has the will to hear her voice, to him is she willing to enter and be his ready guest.—Francis Peabody.

CARBOLIC ACID.

Peculiar Effect Pure Alcohol Has on This Irritant Poison.

One of the most frequent irritant poisons used for suicidal purposes is carbolic acid, and a more agonizing death could not be selected. Why any one should select this poison it is hard to understand unless on account of the fact that it is cheap and easily obtainable. This form of poisoning can usually be easily recognized by the odor, which is well known, and by the white burns or marks on the lips and mouth, which are typical of carbolic acid poisoning.

Send for the nearest physician, and in the meantime, as carbolic acid kills quickly, the first aid treatment must be prompt in order to get results. If possible cause the patient to vomit by giving an emetic, such as ipecac or salt and water, a tablespoonful to a pint of warm water. This, however, frequently fails to work on account of the irritated condition of the mucous membrane of the stomach. One of the best chemical antidotes is epsom salt in solution. Another good chemical antidote is alcohol, the only trouble with this remedy being that it cannot be given in a pure form. It has to be diluted with water and for that reason loses its efficacy.

Just exactly why alcohol counteracts the effect of carbolic acid is not known, but if, for instance, carbolic acid is splashed on the hands and they are at once immersed in absolute alcohol there will be no resulting burn.—Dr. H. H. Hartung in National Magazine.

Effect of Tight Lacing.

"Is tight lacing unwise?" a teacher asked a young lady in a physiology lesson.

"Yes, it is very unwise," was the reply.

"Why is it unwise?" the teacher pursued.

"Because it busts the corset," said the young lady.—Exchange.

Age and Youth.

W. D. Howells' said of old age at one of his Sunday afternoons:

"Age is milder than youth. I've often noticed that when I tell a mother that her daughter is the image of what she was herself at nineteen the mother is delighted, but the daughter looks startled."

Turn to the Light.

If there is anywhere on your horizon a spot of light, fix your eyes upon it and turn your thoughts away from the clouds which may cover the rest of the sky.

Just Like Shopping.

First Suffragette—If you were running for office would you buy votes? Second—Suffragette—Not unless they could be changed or credited.—Life.

Miles' Grave. "Which is the deepest, the longest, the broadest and the smallest grave in the churchyard?" said a pedestrian to his companion while meditating among the tombs in the burying ground at Esher.

"Why," replied his companion, "it is that in which poor Miles Button lies buried, for it contains Miles below the sod, Miles in length and Miles in breadth, and yet, after all, it is but a Button-hole."—Pearson's Weekly.

Gun Powder

is made of nitre, charcoal, and sulphur in proper proportions intimately mingled with water. Nitre, charcoal and sulphur without that exact proportion and commingling have no more explosive value than common dirt. The nourishment of the body is made out of the food which is eaten; bread, meat, potatoes, etc. But unless this food is perfectly mixed in the stomach with the digestive juices it is as

incapable of nourishment as the unmixed elements of gun powder are of explosion. For this reason health cannot be gauged by appetite. To obtain the benefit of food, to have it converted into nourishment for blood, nerve and muscle, the organs of digestion and nutrition must

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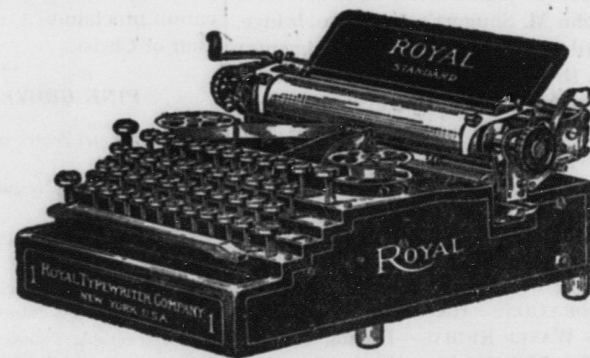
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Yeagers Shoe Store

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.

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