

Humors of the Right of Way on the Streets of Havana.

Between 2 and 3 o'clock in the afternoon Havana begins to revive from the lull which falls at about 11, for, although this city no longer frankly retires to sleep the siesta as she ought, she does doze dully in the motionless thick heat of midday.

After 3 one sees ladies venturing forth in twos and threes to the streets where the best shops are. This is the hour in which to witness, if one has eyes and humor for it, a whole series of comic occurrences.

Havana's sidewalks are narrow, and their lack of width gives rise to some local customs and a deal of heart-burning. One does not keep hard to the right, regardless, in approaching another person traveling along the narrow flagging in the opposite direction. One must take under advisement sex, age, color and present condition of servitude as blazoned forth for all to read in the details of personal attire.

Men usually give women the inside of the walk, stepping down when necessary to let them pass. Serving people, regardless of age and sex, and all others who so humble themselves as to carry packages are expected to yield the walks to their superiors, who then are about everybody they meet.

Frequently, of course, it is difficult to make in the flash of turning a corner all the nice calculations requisite to deciding who shall have the walk and who shall surrender it.

I know of nothing funnier than to watch two fairly well dressed and corpulent Cuban ladies determining, as they stand tottering, face to face on a foot wide flagging, the whole delicate problem of their relative rank. The one arrayed in the giddiest garment seems usually to win.

If there is small choice in color and cost between the pink costume of one and the blue costume of the other the one with the straightest hair stands fast and the other walks round, sometimes with grunts and comments sotto voce.

Or, all details seeming equal, they face each other and glare until the one with least nerve winks, swerves into an adjacent doorway, and the victorious one sweeps by with uplifted chin and exultant petticoats.—Irene A. Wright's "Cuba."

Warning Before Command.

In bringing up my children I found that at night when they were tired they were spared many tears by being warned before I gave them a strict command. Instead of saying "Now it is time to go to bed. Put away your blocks at once," I would say, "It is nearly time to go to bed. Finish your house first and then put away your blocks." In this way the children were fully prepared to go, and there was consequently no begging and no temptation for me to show my lack of firmness by being persuaded to allow them to build "just one more house."

Imagine a mother in the midst of an absorbing chapter being told by one in higher authority to put down her book at once and go to bed. Would it not save a frown of impatience to be told to finish the chapter first?—Harper's Bazar.

A Curiosity of Sound.

If when riding in a balloon at a height, say, of 2,000 feet a charge of gun cotton be fired electrically 100 feet below the car, the report, though really as loud as a cannon, sounds no more than a pistol shot, possibly partly owing to the greater rarity of the air, but chiefly because the sound, having no background to reflect it, simply spends itself in the air. Then, always and under all conditions of atmosphere, there ensues absolute silence until the time for the echo back from earth has fully elapsed, when a deafening outburst of thunder rises from below, rolling on often for more than half a minute.

Impartial.

Professor C. Alphonso Smith once wrote an English grammar. The book was published while Dr. Smith was teaching at the University of North Carolina. One day he received from a farmer a letter containing the following:

"I am glad somebody has written an impartial grammar at last."

Dr. Smith immediately wrote to the farmer asking what he meant by an "impartial grammar." The answer was:

"You give the children this sentence to parse: 'One Confederate killed ten Yankees.'"—New York Post.

Where Honesty Failed.

"You are still having trouble in your search for an honest man?"

"Yes," replied Diogenes. "There are plenty who are scrupulous about business and politics. But I have never yet found a man so honest that he wouldn't try to ring in a portrait taken when he was ten years younger when you ask him for a picture for publication."—Washington Star.

Indispensable.

"That banquet tonight can't get along without me."

"You have a pretty good opinion of yourself. Billed for a speech?"

"Oh, no. I was invited to listen."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Proof.

Kicker—Have you a cook engaged at present? Snicker—I think so; there's a man out in the kitchen every night.—Harper's Bazar.

LAST OF THE YAQUIS.

Passing of a Once Famous Tribe of Mexican Indians.

All the world has heard of the famous Yaqui Indians of the state of Sonora, Mexico. They are for the most part dwellers in the hills, crudely armed with primitive weapons, but terrific fighters who have more than once decisively beaten the soldiers of Mexico.

Peaceable when undisturbed, fully alive to the richness of their mines and the value of their fertile valleys, they sought only to defend that which was theirs from the grasping hands of those who desired their mines and their lands. Like most aborigines, however, they were doomed from the first. What was at the time of Cortes a tribe of 5,000 strong, able to defy the warriors of Montezuma, has dwindled until there are now not more than 500 souls in the valley of the Yaqui river and in the mountain gorges which wall in the source of this stream.

The bulk of the Yaquis have been wiped out in sanguinary wars or taken prisoners and shot, and those for whom no excuse for death could be found have been deported to the fever stricken vales of Yucatan. The Yaquis as a race are no more, but their passing has been made complete only during the past few years.—Wide World Magazine.

TESTING A PICTURE.

Tissot, the Famous French Painter, and His Critic.

An interesting story is told of Jacques Tissot, the great French painter. While in England he painted a beautiful religious picture and, meeting a countrywoman, asked her opinion of his work. "It's a chef d'oeuvre," she replied, giving a remarkably just and detailed appreciation of the various merits of the really splendid painting.

"Are you satisfied?" asked a friend. Tissot answered in the negative. He entirely repainted his picture, working night and day.

When finished he sent again for his fair critic, who pronounced it admirable and remained silently admiring it with smiling criticism.

"Are you satisfied?" asked the friend again when the lady had departed. "No," replied the artist, and he set to work for the third time.

When the Parisienne saw the new painting she gazed at it for some moments with evident emotion and then without a word sank softly to her knees and began to pray.

"Are you satisfied now?" whispered the friend, and Tissot said "Yes."—London Saturday Review.

Hannibal's Downfall.

The fate of Hannibal turned upon the result of a promenade. It was after he had crossed the Alps and entered Italy, with winter quarters established at Capua. His residence was one of the best houses in the city, and while walking in the garden he heard a female voice singing not far away. Struck by the tones of the voice, he issued an order that the singer should be brought before him. He was so greatly impressed by her charms that he at once attached her to his household, disposing of the husband by beheading him. Retribution followed closely upon the cowardly perpetration of the outrage. The balance of the winter was devoted to pleasure, discipline and drills were practically abandoned, and with the advent of spring the Carthaginian army was so demoralized by the dissipation of the city that its prestige was lost, and with it came the downfall of Hannibal.

The Sara-Kabbah Fashion.

The Sara-Kabbah people of central Africa adopt the hideous fashion of wearing large wooden disks in the lips, the one in the upper lip about three inches in diameter and that in the lower six inches. "These ornaments," says Mr. Karl W. Kumm in "From Hausaland to Egypt," "restrain the wearers from prolonged conversation. One of the chiefs, when I asked him the reason why they disfigured their women, informed me that their forefathers had developed this habit in order that the women might exercise no attractions for the Moslem slave raiders."

Warning a Serpent.

Down in Bermuda Mark Twain made a speech about snakes to a group of little girls. The speech was great. The only trouble was that the little girls could not appreciate it. It flew over their heads. This was the humorist's conclusion:

"Never warn a serpent in your bosom. It is far easier to warn it by placing it under the pillow of an intimate friend."—Harper's Weekly.

Recklessness.

Singleton—Wigwag seems frightfully despondent. He says he doesn't care what happens to him. Henpeckke—The first thing you know that fellow will be going off and getting married.—Philadelphia Record.

Bungalow.

The word bungalow is an Anglo-Indian version of the Hindu bangla, which primarily means Bengali, or of Bengal, and is also applied to a thatched hut.

Fitting Trait.

"Young Biffins' infatuation for pretty Miss Gladys is merely puppy love." "I suppose that accounts for his dog-like devotion."—Baltimore American.

Idleness is the sepulcher of a living man.—Holland.

The Tale of a Purposely Interrupted Yachting Cruise.

A few seasons back a well known hostess chartered a splendid yacht for August and invited a large number of her friends for a three weeks' cruise. At first all went well, though the party was not specially well assorted, but after a few days they began to evince signs of being somewhat bored with each other's company.

The hostess marked these signs of incipient boredom, which became more plainly evident each day, and at last in despair she took counsel with one of her guests, an old and experienced yachtsman.

"What on earth shall I do to amuse these people?" she asked.

The yachtsman looked at the serene sky and calm, blue water and shook his head doubtfully.

"A storm would enliven them up a bit," he said, "but the weather looks quite settled. There is only one thing to be done. You must arrange a breakdown; the engineer will manage that all right for you. He has probably often done so before. Then you must make for the nearest port for repairs and let your guests have a run ashore. Some of them, I expect, will find an excuse for bidding you goodby and those who remain with you will get along all right together."

The hostess took her guest's advice and arrived at Toulon a day later. Where high twenty of her guests bid her goodby.—London M. A. P.

THE PRINCE WINKED.

And Miss Alcott Was at the Other End of the Flirtation.

It seems an awful thing, but here is the circumstance on record that Louisa M. Alcott, the sainted author of "Little Women," once publicly flirted with Edward VII. The fact comes out in Mrs. Belle Morse's book, "Louisa May Alcott, Dreamer and Worker." There is a passage in the book which contains Miss Alcott's personal account of the incident. It refers to the time when the late king, then Prince of Wales, made his famous visit to this country.

"I went to Boston," Miss Alcott relates, "and I saw the Prince of Wales trot over the common with his train at review—a yellow haired laddie, very like his mother. Fanny W. and I nodded and waved as he passed and he openly winked his boyish eye at us, for Fanny with her yellow curls and wild waving looked rather rowdy, and the poor little prince wanted some fun. We laughed and thought that he had been more distinguished by the saucy wink than by a stately bow. Boys are always jolly—even princes."

By the way, this incident occurred in 1860, when the Prince of Wales was nineteen years old and consequently quite a broth of a boy, and when Miss Alcott—we blush to record it—was twenty-eight.—New York Mail.

The Gold Dust Was There.

North America has counted as a gold producing continent only since the late forties. But it might well have done so for about 200 years. According to the London Chronicle, in the voyage round the world which began in 1719 the privateer Captain Shelvocke found in certain California valleys "a rich black mold which, as you turn it fresh up to the sun, appears as if intermingled with gold dust. Though we were a little prejudiced," he adds, "against the thought that it could be possible that this metal should be so promiscuously and universally mingled with common earth, yet we endeavored to cleanse and wash the earth from some of it, and the more we did the more it appeared like gold. In order to be further satisfied I brought away some of it, which we lost in our confusion in China."

Ats Himself Thin.

A terribly emaciated man, about thirty-five years of age, was eating four meals a day, including a heavy breakfast. He was also taking milk between meals. I induced him to give up the milk between meals and to take only a cup of weak tea for breakfast. At once his weight began to increase. It is now normal. Obviously it was a case not only of ordinary mental worry, but also of worry and overwork of the millions of cell lives within him. He gave the cells and organs a rest and at once there was a storage of energy and weight.—Metropolitan Magazine.

Partnership.

Mr. Lately Married—But, dearest, I thought we had planned to go to the opera this evening? Mrs. Ditto—Yes, love, but I have changed our mind.—Puck.

His Carelessness.

"Why didn't you answer my letter about the money you owe me?" "Cause you didn't inclose a stamp."—Judge.

A Very Great Impediment.

Ladies' Seminary Examiner—Miss Jones, state the chief impediment to marriage. Candidate—When no one presents himself.—Flegende Blatter.

Politeness is good nature regulated by good sense.—Sydney Smith.

QUEER CAVALRY CHARGE.

Attack Upon a Stranded Gunboat by a Mounted Squad.

After the action at Sabine Crossroads (in April, 1864) the Lexington was leading the fleet on the way down the Red river. A rifle fire was directed upon her decks from the Confederate skirmishers on the shore. At one point the river widened out and the channel meandered through an open stretch of comparatively shallow water. As the Lexington reached this open stretch the man at the wheel, who had been replaced once or twice during the trip, was struck by a well directed shot from the bank. The little vessel turned sidewise to the current and grounded bow and stern across the narrow channel. A squad of Confederate cavalry, led by General Green and ex-Governor Mouton, seized the opportunity for a brilliant coup. They rode out through the shallows, the water being up to the shoulders of their horses, leaping up such a sharp fire that the decks of the gunboat had to be abandoned. The cavalry reached the edge of the channel, and it seemed for a moment as if they would be able to get on board and take possession of the vessel. If their attempt had been successful the vessel would have been sunk where she lay and the channel would have been blocked. The next vessel in the column was still above the point waiting until by the movement of the smoke from the stacks of the Lexington it could be known that the channel was clear. The men on the gunboat finally succeeded in bringing to bear a gun from below, and a volley of shrapnel killed General Green. Discouraged by the death of their leader, the cavalry turned back to the bank. The Yankee gunners again took possession of the deck and the wheelhouse, and, getting out their stilts (long poles fastened by swinging bolts to the side of the vessel), they succeeded, although still under a sharp fire, in pushing the bows of the vessel around and getting her again under way.—American Review of Reviews.

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READ DOWN STATIONS READ UP

No 1 No 5 No 3 No 6 No 4 No 2

a. m. p. m. a. m. p. m. Ar. p. m. p. m. a. m. p. m.

7 05 6 55 2 20 BELLEFONTE 9 10 9 05 9 40

7 15 7 05 2 30 BELLEFONTE 8 57 8 52 9 27

7 20 7 11 2 37 Zion 8 51 8 47 9 21

7 27 7 18 2 45 HECLA PARK 8 45 8 41 9 15

7 33 7 24 2 51 Hubbersburg 8 39 8 35 9 09

7 37 7 28 2 55 Snyderstown 8 36 8 32 9 05

7 42 7 33 3 01 Huston 8 32 8 28 9 01

7 48 7 39 3 07 Lumar 8 29 8 25 8 57

7 52 7 43 3 12 Krider'siding 8 22 8 18 8 50

7 57 7 48 3 18 Mackeyville 8 16 8 12 8 44

8 05 7 56 3 22 Cedar Spring 8 12 8 08 8 40

8 10 7 57 3 25 MITH HALL 8 10 8 06 8 38

(N. Y. Central & Hudson River R. R.)

11 40 8 53 Jersey Shore 3 09 7 52

12 15 9 30 Arr. WMPORT Lve. 2 35 6 50

11 29 11 30 Lve. Phila. & Reading Rv. 2 30 6 50

7 30 6 50 PHILADELPHIA 18 36 11 30

10 10 9 00 NEW YORK 9 00

p. m. a. m. Arr. Week Days. Lve. a. m. p. m.

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Schedule to take effect Monday, Jan. 6, 1910

WESTWARD READ DOWN STATIONS EASTWARD READ UP

1 No 5 1 No 3 No 1 1 No 2 1 No 4 No 6

p. m. a. m. a. m. p. m. Ar. a. m. p. m. a. m. p. m.

2 00 10 15 6 30 Bellefonte 8 50 12 50 5 40

2 07 10 20 6 35 Coleville 8 40 12 40 5 50

2 12 10 23 6 38 Morris 8 37 12 37 5 47

2 17 10 27 6 43 Stevens 8 35 12 35 5 45

2 21 10 30 6 46 Hunter's Park 8 31 12 31 5 40

2 26 10 34 6 50 Fillmore 8 28 12 28 5 35

2 32 10 40 6 55 Briarly 8 24 12 24 5 30

2 35 10 45 7 00 Waddles 8 20 12 20 5 25

2 50 10 57 7 12 Exumrine 8 07 12 07 5 07

3 20 11 10 7 25 State College 8 00 12 00 5 00

3 26 11 16 7 31 Strubles 8 45 3 20

3 40 7 31 Bloomdorsf. 7 40

7 35 Pine Grove Mt. 7 35 3 30

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Clothing.

Clothing.

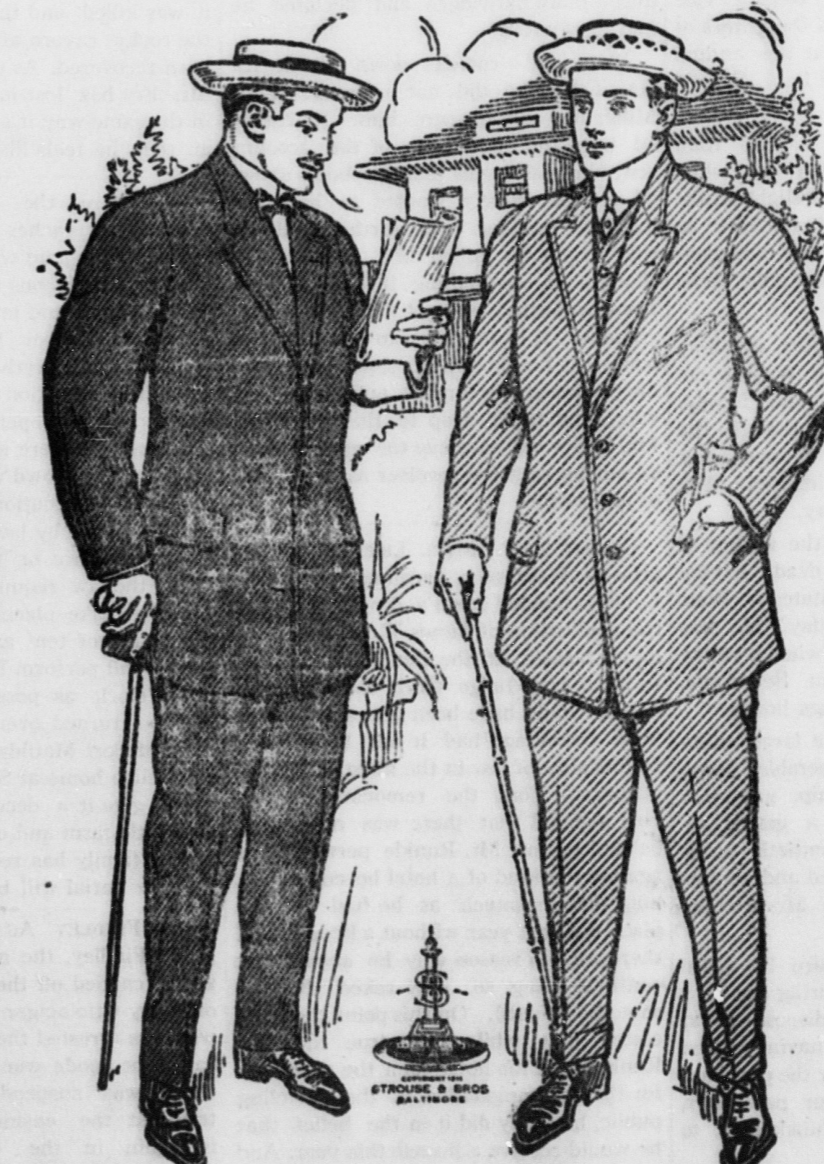
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