

Illegible Coin Inscriptions.
Lying on the table in front of a numismatist was an old copper coin. It had experienced hard usage.

"Can you read the date and the inscription?" inquired the collector.
The visitor inspected the specimen; but, although he had the aid of a magnifying glass, he confessed that the words and figures were illegible.

"Let me assist you," the collector remarked. Going to the kitchen range, he thrust an ordinary coal shovel into the fire and permitted it to remain there until red hot. Withdrawing it, he dropped the coin on the utensil, and it speedily became as red hot as the shovel itself. Immediately the date, 1794, shone brightly in glowing figures on the obverse side of the coin, and similar treatment revealed the words "United States of America, One Cent," on the reverse. This test, according to the numismatist, seldom fails with any coin even when the inscriptions have been worn so perfectly smooth that they are invisible to the naked eye.—New York Press.

The Dignity of the Office.
An Indian judge when first appointed to his position was not well acquainted with Hindustani, says the Bombay Gazette. He was trying a case in which a Hindu was charged with stealing a "nighal." The judge did not like to betray his ignorance of what a nighal was, so he said, "Produce the stolen property."

The court was held in an upper room, so the usher gasped, "Please, your lordship, it's downstairs."
"Then bring it up instantly!" sternly ordered the judge.
The official departed, and a minute later a loud bumping was heard, mingled with loud and earnest exhortations. Nearer came the noise; the door was pushed open, and the panting official appeared dragging in the blue bull. The judge was dumfounded, but only for an instant.
"Ah! That will do," said he. "It is always best, when possible, for the judge personally to inspect the stolen property. Remove the stolen property, usher."

"Catgut" From Silkworms.
Probably a small percentage of the fishermen who use flies strung with fine translucent "catgut" are aware that the almost unbreakable substance that holds the hooks against the fiercest struggles of the struck fish comes from silkworms.

The principal center of the manufacture of this kind of catgut is the island of Procida, in the bay of Naples, but most of the silkworms employed are raised near Torre Annunziata, at the foot of Vesuvius. The caterpillars are killed just as they are about to begin the spinning of cocoons, the silk glands are removed and subjected to a process of pickling, which is a secret of the trade, and afterward the threads are carefully drawn out by skilled workers, mostly women. The length of the thread varies from a foot to nearly twenty inches.—Scientific American.

Chopin's Likes and Dislikes.
Bach and, above all, Mozart were Chopin's ideals, "his gods." Hummel, Field and Moschies were his favorite pianists. Field's nocturnes were greatly prized by him. He admired Schubert, though not without reserve. Weber and Beethoven only partially satisfied him. He disliked much of Mendelssohn's music and found still less to praise in Schumann, never using any of his pieces in giving his lessons. He disapproved of Berlioz, and while he liked Meyerbeer personally, he heartily disliked his music. Liszt says truly that Chopin sought in the great masterpieces only that which corresponded with his nature. "What resembled it pleased him. What differed from it received scant justice from him."—Dole's "Famous Composers."

The Thirsty Elm.
It has been computed that if the leaves of an elm tree sixty feet high were spread out on the ground edge to edge they would cover five acres of land. These leaves, averaging 7,000,000 to a full grown tree, will absorb water to the amount of seven tons during the normal summer day. Were it not for the ingathering by the stomata during the night a few elms would soon draw off all the water from a district.

He Was Prepared.
Mrs. McTurk—Mr. McDougall, up-stairs, fell over his window sill and was kilt last night, sir. The Minister—Dear, dear, how sad! I trust he was prepared for the end? Mrs. McTurk—Oh, I'm sure he was, because when he passed our window I heard him say, "No fur the bump!"—Dundee Advertiser.

Three of Them.
Dearborn—Do you know the seven wonders of the world? Wabash—Well, I know three of them. Dearborn—Only three? Wabash—Yes. I've only got three sons, you know.—Exchange.

The Polite Chesterfield.
A nobleman of questionable veracity told Lord Chesterfield one day that he had drunk six bottles of champagne. "That is more than I can swallow," remarked his lordship.

A Historic Irish Bull.
Notwithstanding the large amount paid for medicine and medical attendance very few deaths occurred during the year.—From an Irish Benevolent Society's Report.

Feeble Snake Keeper.

The only fatal case of snake bite on record in the London zoological gardens was directly due to the foolishness of the victim. He was in charge of the snakes and, coming in one morning with some friends, began to boast of his power over the creatures and the extent to which they would submit to be played with by one whom they knew. This led to practical experiments. The overconfident keeper took an Indian cobra from its comfortable sleeping place and, declaring he was a snake charmer, proceeded to swing it about his head and play other tricks with it. A native snake charmer would have known there was no more certain way to rouse the snake's temper than this, for the race abhors rough handling or sudden movement of any sort. The result of the exploit was that the keeper was bitten on the nose. He was hurried off to the hospital, but died in a few hours.—London Globe.

The Dreadful Looking Person.
Rodin, the world famous French sculptor, has had a wonderful career, and, like most men who have risen from obscurity to fame, he still preserves much of the simplicity of his early days. One day he was entertaining a few artists, among them a German who had never before visited the sculptor. At dinner they were waiting on by a particularly plain looking woman.

"I'm surprised," remarked the German during one of the woman's absences from the room, "that you should have such a very dreadful looking person about you. Why don't you get a nice, good looking young house-keeper?"

"There was a sudden ghastly silence. Then Rodin smiled.
"I don't like to be waited on at meals by servants," he explained. "The dreadful looking person is my wife."

"The Texas of Europe."
In the reminiscences of Mrs. T. P. O'Connor, "I Myself," the author tells of her first meeting with Henry James, whom she calls "a sort of Massachusetts Sir Galahad."

The first time I met him I sat next him at a dinner. I had just come to London, and he asked me if I liked it. I said I hadn't made up my mind, and he said I would—that in London you were allowed every independence of opinion and action, only you must contribute something socially—beauty (and he bowed very prettily to me, and I bowed very prettily to him) or wit or agreeableness—and then London accepted you. I said: "History repeats itself. In Texas, where I was born, they say a man is not asked his nationality, his religion or his politics, but only if he is a good fellow." "Ah," said Mr. James, "then London is the Texas of Europe."

Jilted Mark Twain.
"Mark Twain," said a magazine editor, "brought out 'Joan of Arc' anonymously. Before he acknowledged its authorship he sometimes fished for compliments about it. One evening at a dinner he said carelessly to a senator:
"Are you a novel reader?"
"Yes, a great novel reader," was the reply.
"I don't suppose you're following that anonymous new serial, 'Joan of Arc?'"
"Indeed I am, though, every installment."
"What do you think of it? Is it good?"
"That's hardly a fair question to ask me," the senator, who knew the book's real author, replied. "You see, I wrote 'Joan of Arc' myself."

Brides in Iceland.
A quaint old superstition in Iceland is that every bride must invite all her friends to a dinner in her own home and every article of food must be prepared by the bride herself. If she is successful in pleasing her guests she not only receives praise for her own skill, but helps along her younger sisters, who are then assumed to be equally good at cooking and consequently have a much better chance of getting married.

Woolgathering.
"For one's wits to go woolgathering" is an allusion to a pitiful industry sometimes seen in older countries. In parts of France, Germany and Spain very old people are sometimes employed in gathering wool from bushes in sheep pastures, where it has been plucked from the fleece as the animals pass too close to the branches.

Kind Little Boy.
"Has my boy been a little defender and been kind to dumb animals today?"
"Yes, grandma. I let my canary out of the cage, and when my cat caught it I set Towser on her."

A Change of Opinion.
"I suppose, old fellow, your wife still thinks she married a treasure?" remarked a bachelor to a married friend.
"No," said the benedict; "I have a distinct impression that she regards me as a treasury!"

A Soft Answer.
The wife of a man who came home late insisted upon a reason.
"When I go out without you," he said, "I do not enjoy myself half as much, and it takes me twice as long."

Must Have Been Poor.
Critter—Where did you get the idea for that play? Playwright—Out of my head, of course. What do you mean? Critter—You must be glad that it is out!

Ambition is like love—impatient both of delay and rivals.—Denham.

Japan's Snapping Turtle Farm.

One of the oddest farms in the world turns out each year tens of thousands of snapping turtles and has solved the problem of preserving the supply of what is to the Japanese as great a delicacy as diamond back terrapin is to some Americans. This queer farm consists of a number of ponds. Certain of them are set apart as breeding ponds. Once a day a man goes over the shores and with little wire baskets covers up all new egg deposits. Sometimes thousands of these wire baskets are in sight at a time marking the places where the eggs lie and preventing turtles from scratching the earth from them. Hatching requires from forty to sixty days, according to the weather. The young as soon as they appear are put in separate small ponds and are fed with finely chopped fish. They eat this during September and October and late in October burrow in the mud for the winter, coming out in April or May. Most of them are sold in the market when they are from three to five years old, at which time they are most delicate.—Harper's.

A Resourceful Badger.

An English artist while painting a sea piece discovered a badger's lair and thought to play the animal a practical joke. Gathering together a bundle of grass and weeds, he placed it inside the mouth of the hole and, lighting it with a match, waited for the ignominious flight of the astonished household. But Master Badger was a resourceful animal and not disposed to be made a butt of practical jokers. He came up from the depths of his hole as soon as the penetrating smoke told him that there was a fire on the premises and deliberately scratched earth on the burning grass with his strong claws until all danger was past. No human being could have grasped the situation more quickly or displayed greater skill in dealing with an unfamiliar event.

Building a Reputation.

Young physicians in the smaller towns have an idea that appearing very busy will help them greatly in starting a practice. The following is told by a now prominent Kentucky physician. He had a call the afternoon following the hanging out of his shingle and started through town in his buggy at terrific speed. A policeman stopped the enterprising physician.

"Doctor," he said, "it is against the city ordinance to drive at the speed you are going. You must accompany me to the judge and pay your fine."

"What is the fine?" inquired the doctor.
"Five dollars."
The doctor's hand flew to his pocket. "Here's \$10. I have to come back just as fast as I am going."—Success Magazine.

Worked the Visitor.

"Speaking about visiting Englishmen," said a hotel manager recently who had been reading about one in the newspapers, "reminds me of one that came to the Palmer House in Chicago some years ago when I was room clerk out there. He and another had been paying a visit to the Rockies, and their last stopping place had been Cheyenne. Coming east they had fallen in with some Americans who made themselves agreeable, with this result:
"After they had put their names on the register one of the Englishmen leaned over the desk.
"I say," he whispered, "I am expecting President Cleveland's son to call this evening to return £50 which I lent him on the train. Will you please put the money in the safe for me if I do not happen to be in?"
"I promised, for I had not the heart to shatter his confidence in human nature. President Cleveland didn't happen to have such a thing as a son at that time."—New York Sun.

Royal Perquisites.
The king has many privileges which he never exercises. He enjoys an immemorial right to all gold and silver mines, not only on his own land, but upon any of his subjects' lands within his dominions. So shareholders in Rand and Westralian mines would have to forego their dividends if the king felt avariciously disposed. The king is also entitled to a yearly tribute from his tailor, consisting of a pair of white doves, a pound of cummin seed, a pair of scarlet hose and a silver needle.

All sturgeons and whales caught in British waters are royal perquisites. The whale has a split liability. Its tail belongs to the king, while its head goes to the king. It is generally assumed that the partition was decided upon in order that the queen should always be supplied with whalebone, but if so the founder of this act of beneficence committed the mistake of giving the queen the wrong half.—London Chronicle.

A Sad Prospect.
"They say there's no fool like an old fool."
"That makes me shudder for the future. I've already been all the other kinds"—Kansas City Journal.

The Woman Question.
Tommy—Pa! Pa—Well, what is it now? Tommy—What's the woman question? Pa—Did you mail that letter?—Toledo Blade.

Naturally.
A girl feels flattered when told she looks well in anything, but a wife thinks such a compliment only a plot to get her to wear old clothes.

Not Like a Baby.
Mrs. Benham—Atlas supported the earth. Benham—That's all right. He didn't have to walk the floor with it.—New York Press.

Men who are so afraid of doing foolish things that they lack the courage to attempt wise ones will never do much.

Witty Ann Pitt.
Bellingbrooke called England's great statesman, William Pitt (Lord Chat-

ham), "Sublimity Pitt," and he dubbed his sister Ann "Divinity Pitt." But that must have been long after there were written and received the delightful letters addressed to Pitt's "Dearest Nanny," his "little Nan," his "little Jug."

"Oh, for the restless tongue of dear little Jug!" he exclaims in a letter written by him from Northampton when, a lad of twenty-three, he had but lately joined his regiment.
Ann Pitt's restless tongue was never stilled, for when Chesterfield, calling on her in his later life, complained of decay with the words, "I fear that I am growing an old woman." Ann briskly replied:
"I am glad of it. I was afraid you were growing an old man, which, as you know, is a much worse thing."

He Was Polite.
He—The great trouble with Gableigh is he talks too much. She—That's strange. When he's been with me he's scarcely said a word. He—Oh, he's too much of a gentleman to interrupt.—Boston Transcript.

Central Railroad of Pennsylvania.
Condensed Time Table effective June 17, 1910.

READ DOWN				STATIONS				READ UP				
No 1	No 5	No 3		No 1	No 5	No 3		No 1	No 5	No 3		
a. m.	p. m.	a. m.	p. m.	BELLEFONTE	a. m.	p. m.	a. m.	p. m.	a. m.	p. m.	a. m.	p. m.
7 05	6 35	2 20		BELLEFONTE	9 10	5 05	9 40					
7 15	7 05	2 30		N. H.	8 57	4 52	9 27					
7 20	7 11	2 37		Zion	8 51	4 47	9 21					
7 27	7 18	2 45		JECLA PARK	8 45	4 41	9 15					
7 29				Dunkles	8 43	4 38	9 13					
7 37	7 23	2 47		Humboldt	8 32	4 29	9 09					
7 37	7 28	2 55		Soydertown	8 36	4 29	9 05					
7 40	7 30	3 00		Nittany	8 34	4 27	9 02					
7 42	7 33	3 01		Houston	8 32	4 24	8 59					
7 46	7 38	3 06		Lamar	8 29	4 23	8 57					
7 48	7 40	3 08		Clintonville	8 26	4 21	8 54					
7 52	7 44	3 12		Krider's Sidings	8 22	4 14	8 50					
7 56	7 49	3 16		Mackeyville	8 18	4 09	8 48					
8 02	7 54	3 22		Cedar Springs	8 12	4 03	8 43					
8 02	7 57	3 25		Alona	8 10	4 01	8 41					
8 10	8 02	3 30		MILL HALL	8 05	3 56	8 36					

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The Best Spring Medicine

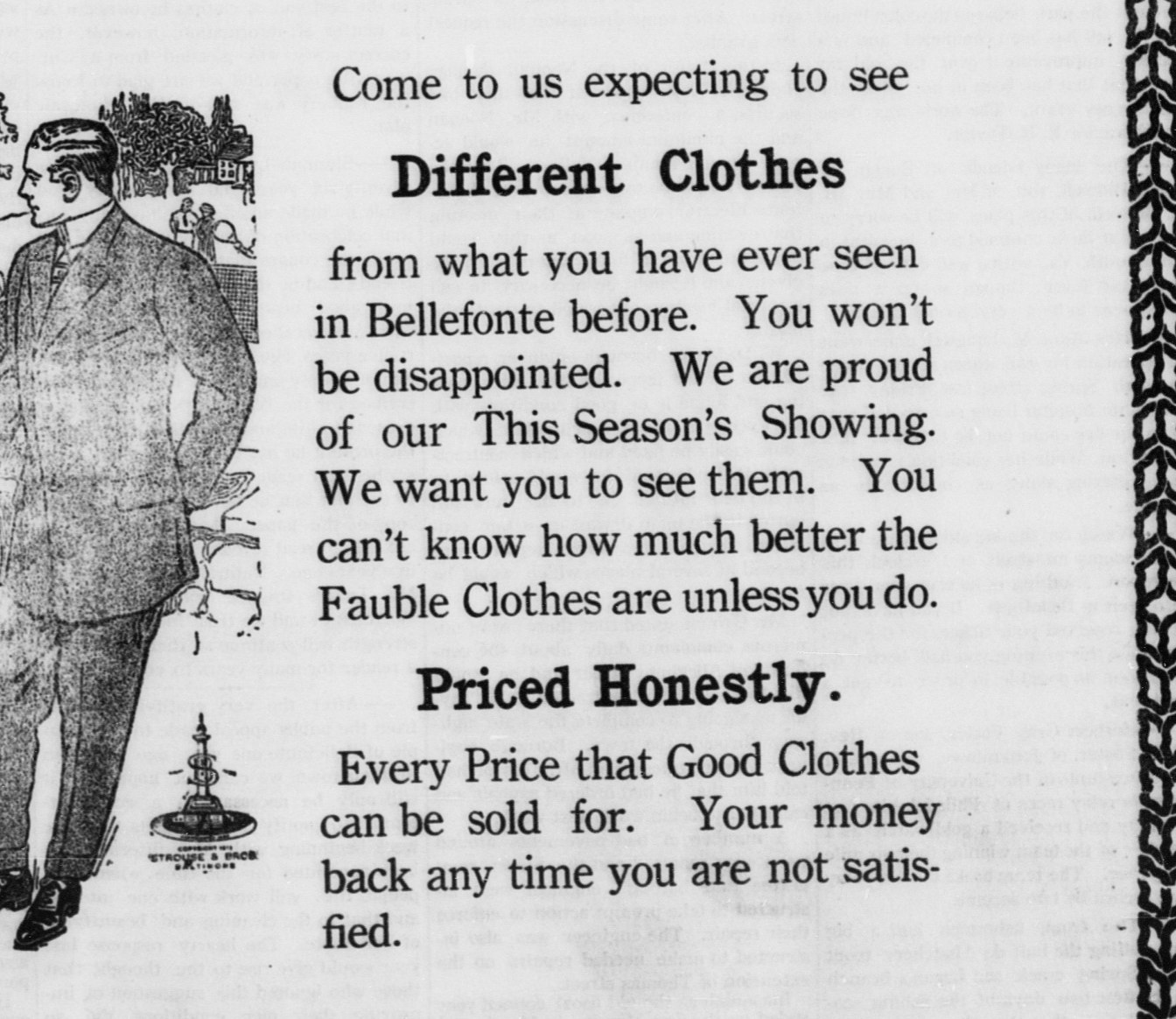
It is as easy to prove that Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best spring medicine as it is to say it. Spring ailments are blood ailments—that is, they arise from an impure, impoverished, de-vitalized condition of the blood; and Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies, enriches and revitalizes the blood as no other medicine does.

It is the most effective of all blood medicines. There is a Solid Foundation for this claim, in the more than 40,000 testimonials of radical and permanent cures by this medicine, received in two years, this record being unparalleled in medical history.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Cures all spring humors, all eruptions, clears the complexion, creates an appetite, aids the digestion, relieves that tired feeling, gives vigor and vim.
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