

TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

With a Humorous View on the Eternal Fitness of Things.

Speaking of telephone numbers, a good number for a cigar dealer would be 2-4-5, and a cheap suburban spot might as well be 4 Flushing as anything else.

An Irishman wishing to dine would naturally call up a place 2-8, but a blighted, blooming creditor regarding a bill would be '82.

A lover ordering a chair would want 1-4-2, and a newly wed couple wishing a flat would want 1-4-2-2, but the German maiden refusing to marry would about 9-9-9-9. (Oh, how clever?)

If you want to borrow you wish 4-2-0, and probably that is a money lender's number, but if you only want a small loan from a friend you will wish 2-0-5. (That's pretty cute. What?)

The bookmaker should have two phones—9-2-1 for long shots and 4-2-5 for favorites. The man with a dog might call 6-6-6-6 (get that?)—and the farmer should put 8-0 on his list. (Put-eight-o, hey, what! I rather guess that's a rotten potato?)

If two horses were in the running and 1-1-0 John he would be a happy lad and his smile would be 2-2 Broad. (This is one 1-8-2 Spring on you.)

And if John spent the cash for liquor he would cry 5-5-4 John! But that is just how careless John is. His drinking is hades for his wife, but it's 7-4 John. (What, ho?)

(Honesty.) I could keep this up all night! If two of you wished to be wed you would not have 2-8-4 Spring, because you could call 4-1 Rector to make you one immediately, and then, if tired of being united in one, you could go to a fat judge and let that 1-2 Broad-party-W again. (If you can't see that, ask for information.)—Ellis Parker Butler in Judge.

MODERN CHEMISTRY.

Prediction of a Scientist and its Remarkable Verification.

When a mathematical astronomer in Paris gave a Berlin observatory a search warrant for a new planet and, turning his telescope as directed, the Berlin observer found the previously unknown planet all the world wondered. Equally remarkable have been a prediction and its verification in the history of modern chemistry.

Grading the known elements of nature according to the weight of their respective atoms, it was observed that the elements, some seventy or more in number, formed a scale marked by periodicity like the scale in music. This periodic law in the hand of genius became an instrument of research.

It was in 1871 that Mendeleef, the Russian chemist, in forming the scale of elements, found it necessary to leave three spaces vacant for undiscovered elements to make his table true.

Neither did he hesitate to predict the properties which these elements should possess when discovered. It was as if an astrologer should inform you that you would meet some time in your life three men and that with the utmost particularity he told you their respective physical weights, the color of their hair, the size of hat, shoe and glove worn by each and, in a word, all the habits of mind and body sufficient to discriminate them positively from all other men. Not only was the prediction literally fulfilled, but Mendeleef had the unexpected pleasure to see the verification in his day, for out of the night of the unknown one after another came the predicted elements into the clear sunlight of science and were instantly recognized.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Trick of the Sun.

Upon a mountain in Andalusia quaint spectral forms are frequently seen. Whenever there is a heavy mist and persons are ascending the mountain they appear in all their ghostly splendor and sometimes so suddenly as to strike dismay into the hearts of those who see them for the first time. Of course it is all a trick played by the sun. When a mist partially shrouds the mountain the sun is naturally obscured, and then he revenges himself by projecting the shadow of any person who is ascending the mountain until it assumes the form of a gigantic specter.

An Insect Gunner.

Many insects have some means of defense from their natural enemies, none of which is more curious than that of a small beetle, which, when closely pursued, discharges a puff of poisonous vapor with a distinct detonation. Undoubtedly in many instances this aids the diminutive gunner in his escape, mainly, in all probability, by startling his pursuer and causing him to abandon the chase. From this peculiar acquirement, this little fellow is known as the bombardier beetle.

She Doesn't Ask.

"Does your wife ask you for things she knows you cannot afford?" "She hasn't asked me for a thing since we were married." "Great! How do you manage it?" "When she wants a thing she does not ask me; she tells me."—Houston Post.

He Found It.

"I started out on the theory that the world had an opening for me, and I went to find it." "Did you find it?" "Oh, yes; I'm in a hole."

THE CANOPY BED.

Continued from page 6, column 2. His worldly knowledge, his ancestry, against the charms of the women he had met; but here with this girl standing like a young goddess under the wide, sunset sky, he felt that only for strength and beauty should she choose her mate.

He wondered what he must seem in her eyes; with his shoulders on a level with hers, with his stocky build that saved him from effeminacy, his carefulness of attire—which is at once the burden and the salvation of the small man.

As for his face, he knew that its homeliness was redeemed by a certain strength of chin, by keen gray eyes, and by a shock of dark hair that showed a little white at the temples. There were worse-looking men, he knew, but that, at the present moment, gave little comfort.

She chose to receive his remark in silence, and, as they came to a path that branched from the road, she said: "I am going to help take care of a child who is sick. You see I am mistress of all trades—nurse, waitress, charwoman, when there is nothing else."

He glanced at her hands. "I can not believe that you scrub," he said. "I sit up at night to care for my hands"—there was a note of bitterness in her tone—"and I wear gloves when I work. There are some things that one doesn't hold on to, and my mother and my grandmother were ladies of leisure."

"Would you like that—to be a lady of leisure?" She turned and smiled at him. "How can I tell?" she asked; "I have never tried it."

She started to leave him as she said it, but he held her with a question: "Shall you sit up all night?" She nodded. "His mother has had no sleep for two nights."

"Is he very ill?" "The girl shrugged her shoulders. "Who knows? There is no doctor near, and his mother is poor. We are fighting it out together."

There was something heroic in her cool acceptance of her hard life. He was silent for a moment, and then he said: "Would you have time to read my book tonight?"

"Oh, if I might," she said eagerly, "but you haven't it with you." "I will bring it," he told her, "after supper."

"But," she protested. "There are no buts," he said, smiling; "if you will read it, I will get it to you." The sky had darkened, and, as he went toward home, he faced clouds in the southeast.

"It is going to rain," Otto Brand prophesied as they sat down to supper. The other three men hoped that it would not. Already the ground was soaked, making the cutting of corn impossible, and another rain with a frost on top of it would spoil all chance of filling the silo.

Van Alen could not enter into their technical objections. He hoped it would not rain, because he wanted to take a book to Mazie Wetherell, and he had not brought a raincoat.

But it did rain, and he went without a raincoat! The house, as he neared it, showed no light, and under the thick canopy of the trees there was no sound but the drip, drip of the rain. By feeling and instinct he found the front door, and knocked.

There was a movement inside, and then Mazie Wetherell, asked softly: "Who's there?" "I have brought the book."

The bolt was withdrawn, and in the hall, scarcely lighted by the shaded lamp in the room beyond, stood the girl, in a loose gray gown, with braided shining hair—a shadowy being, half-merged into the shadows.

"I thought you would not come," in a hushed tone, "in such a storm." "I said I should come. The book may help you through the long night."

She caught her breath quickly. "The child is awfully ill. Let me stay." "Oh, no, no. His mother is sleeping, and I shall have your book."

She did not ask him in, and so he went away at once, beating his way back in the wind and rain, fording a little stream where the low foot-bridge was covered, reaching home soaking wet, but afire with dreams.

Otto Brand was waiting for him, a little curious as to what had taken him out so late, but getting no satisfaction, he followed Van Alen upstairs, and built a fire for him in the big bedroom. And presently, in the light of the leaping flames, the roses on the canopy of the bed glowed pink.

"Ain't you goin' to sleep in the bed?" Otto asked, as he watched Van Alen arrange the covers on the couch. "No," said Van Alen shortly, "the honor is too great. It might keep me awake."

"My feet would hang over," Otto said. "Funny thing, wasn't it, for a man to make a will like that?" "I suppose every man has a right to do as he pleases," Van Alen responded coldly. He was not inclined to discuss the eccentricities of his little old ancestor with this young giant.

"Of course," Otto agreed, and his next remark was called forth by Van Alen's pale blue pajamas. "Well, those are new on me."

Van Alen explained that in the city they were worn, and that silk was cool, but while he talked he was possessed by a kind of fury. For the first time the delicate garments, the luxurious toilet articles packed in his bag, seemed foppish, unnecessary, things for a woman.

With all of them he could not compete with this fair young god, who used a rough towel and a tin basin on the kitchen bench. "Maybe I'd better go," the boy offered. "You'll want to go to bed."

But Van Alen held him. "I always smoke first," he said, and, wrapped in his dressing-gown, he flung himself into a chair on the opposite side of the fireplace.

And after a time he brought the conversation around to Mazie Wetherell. He found the boy rather sure of his success with her.

"All women are alike," he said; "you've just got to keep after them long enough." To Van Alen the idea of this hulking youngster as a suitor for such a woman seemed preposterous. He was not fit to touch the hem of her garment. He was unmannerly, uneducated; he was not of her class—and even as he analyzed, the boy stood up, perfect in his strong young manhood.

"I've never had much trouble making women like me," he said; "and I ain't goin' to give up, just because she thinks she's better than the rest round about here."

He went away, and Van Alen stared long into the fire, until the flames left a heart of opal among the ashes.

He had not been unsuccessful with women himself. Many of them had liked him, and might have loved him if he had cared to make them. But until he met Mazie Wetherell he had not cared.

Desperately he wished for some trial of courage where he might be matched against Otto Brand. He grew melodramatic in his imaginings, and saw himself at a fire, fighting the flames to reach Mazie, while Otto Brand shrank back. He stood in the path of runaway horses, and Otto showed the white feather. He nursed her through the plague, and Otto fled fearfully from the disease.

And then having reached the end of impossibilities, he stood up and shook himself. "I'm a fool," he said to the flames, shortly, and went to bed, to lie awake, wondering whether Mazie Wetherell had reached that chapter of his book, where he had written of love, deeply, reverently, with a foreknowledge of what it might mean to him some day. It was that chapter which had assured the success of his novel. Would it move her, as it had moved him when he reread it? That was what love ought to be—thing fine, tender, touching the stars! That was what love might be to him, to Mazie Wetherell, what it could never be to Otto Brand.

At breakfast the next morning he found Mrs. Brand worrying about her waitress. "I guess she couldn't get back, and I've got to do her work," he said.

"I'll go and look her up," Van Alen offered; but he found that he was not to go alone, for Otto was waiting for him at the gate.

"I ain't got nothin' else to do," the boy said; "everything is held up by the rain." It was when they came to the little stream that Van Alen had forded the night before that they saw Mazie Wetherell.

"I can't get across," she called from the other side. The bridge, which had been covered when Van Alen passed, was now washed away, and the foaming brown waters overflowed the banks.

"I'll carry you over," Otto called, and straightway he waded through the stream, and the water came above his high boots to his hips.

He lifted her in his strong arms and brought her back, with her bright hair fluttering against his lips, and Van Alen, raging impotently, stood and watched him.

It seemed to him that Otto's air was almost insultingly triumphant as he set the girl on her feet and smiled down at her. And as she smiled back, Van Alen turned on his heel and left them.

Presently he heard her running after him lightly over the sodden ground. And when she reached his side she said: "Your book was wonderful."

"But he carried you over the stream." Her eyes flashed a question, then blazed. "That you've come back to it," she said. "What makes you?"

"Because I wanted to carry you myself." "Silly," she said; "any man could carry me across the stream—but only you could write that chapter in the middle of the book."

"You liked it?" he cried, radiantly. "Liked it?" she asked. "I read it once, and then I read it again—on my knees." Her voice seemed to drop away breathless. Behind them Otto Brand tramped, whistling; but he might have been a tree.

or the sky, or the distant hills, for all the thought they took of him.

"I wanted to beg your pardon," the girl went on, "for what I said the other day—it is a great thing to write a book like that—greater than fighting a battle or saving a life for it saves people's souls; perhaps in that way it saves their souls."

"Then I may sleep in the canopy bed?" His voice was calm, but inwardly he was much shaken by her emotion. Her eyes, as she turned to him, had in them the dawn of that for which he had hoped.

"Why not?" she said, quickly. "You are greater than your grandfather—you are—" She stopped and laughed a little, in this moment of her surrender, her beauty shone like a star.

"Oh, little great man," she said, tremulously, "your head touches the skies!" —By Temple Bailey, in Collier's.

The Origin of the Kiss.

Concerning the kiss and its origin, opinions differ. Some wise men declare that the kissing habit is one of the remnants of cannibalism, and that its beginning was nothing more than the carnivorous impulse to bite. When primitive man gave a kiss, he expressed an affection equal to his love for his foods. The kiss meant, "I love you well enough to eat you."

It is certain that kissing was one of the most ancient customs. It was current among the ancient Jews, and is well known among all Orientals. Nor is it to disappear. Exalted by the dying act of more than one historical hero, sung by all the poets, from Solomon onward, the kiss is here to stay. The world could not do without it.

Life is a ceaseless struggle between the bad and the good, and it must be always remembered that the good is inherently stronger than the bad. All Nature is on the side of the good and whenever a man puts himself in line with Nature to fight the bad within or without him, he is practically invincible.

The newborn is taken to the temple when it has attained the age of two weeks, and to the priest who receives him the father of the little one suggests three names deemed to be appropriate. The priest writes these three names on a few moments, and then throws them over his shoulder, sending them as high in the air as possible. The slip that reaches the ground last contains the name that is conferred on the waiting baby.

The next step in the process is for the priest to copy the name on a piece of silk or fine paper, which is handed to the proud parent with these words: "So shall the child be named."

—People are very much alike, except that a few nice ones do less talking than the others.

—Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

Cowardly Women.

A great many times a woman is regarded as cowardly because she fears to be alone at night, starts at unusual noises and faints if startled or shocked. It is not cowardice but sickness. There is a nervous condition which in its extreme sensitiveness renders life a daily torment. If the door slams, "it seems as if the sound goes right through me," cries the startled sufferer. Behind this nervous condition will generally be found a diseased condition of the delicate womanly organs. The functions are irregular, or there may be an enfeebling drain. Inflammation may be scorching or ulceration eating into the delicate parts. Such conditions are promptly relieved and permanently cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It heals the diseases which cause nervousness, backache, headache, etc. It works wonders for nervous women. "Favorite Prescription" contains no alcohol, and is absolutely free from opium, cocaine and all other narcotics.

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How Japanese Babies are Named.

In Japan a curious custom is in vogue with respect to the naming of babies. The newborn is taken to the temple when it has attained the age of two weeks, and to the priest who receives him the father of the little one suggests three names deemed to be appropriate.

The priest writes these three names on a few moments, and then throws them over his shoulder, sending them as high in the air as possible. The slip that reaches the ground last contains the name that is conferred on the waiting baby.

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Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Spring Debility

Felt by so many upon the return of warm weather is due to the impure, impoverished, debilitated condition of the blood which causes that tired feeling and loss of appetite as well as the pimples, boils and other eruptions so common at this season. It is cured by the great constitutional remedy

Hood's Sarsaparilla

which effects its wonderful cures, not simply because it contains sarsaparilla, but because it combines the utmost remedial values of more than twenty different ingredients. There is no real substitute for Hood's Sarsaparilla. If urged to buy any preparation said to be "just as good" you may be sure it is inferior, costs less to make, and yields the dealer a larger profit.

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Travelers Guide.

CENTRAL RAILROAD OF PENNSYLVANIA. Condensed Time Table effective June 17, 1909.

Table with columns: READ DOWN, STATIONS, READ UP. Lists train schedules for various routes including Bellefonte, Harrisburg, and Philadelphia.

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

Table with columns: WESTWARD, STATIONS, EASTWARD. Lists train schedules for routes including Harrisburg, Philadelphia, and New York.

F. H. THOMAS, Supt.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

Clothing.

Advertisement for Allegheny St., Bellefonte, The Fauble Stores. Text: "We Honestly Believe That we are selling Better Clothes this season than you will find with other Bellefonte Stores and at prices that mean a real saving. We Know beyond a question that the Assortment you will find with us is Larger than any of Bellefonte's other two stores combined, coupled with the fact that you can have your money back any time you ask it. Don't you think it worth your while to see us. We want the fellow who has been buying his clothes elsewhere to come see us. Learn by seeing that he can buy better clothes here and for less money than he ever thought possible. We mean it. Let us see you. Allegheny St., Bellefonte. The Fauble Stores."