

RIDING THE BELLS.

Spectacular Feats of the Daring Ringers of Seville.

The ringing of a bell is not, as a rule, a performance particularly trying to the nerves, but there is one set of bell ringers the members of which must know no fear, for a moment of tremor would in all probability be for them the moment of death. They are the bell ringers of the Giralda, in Seville.

When the city is to make merry on feast days the ringers climb to the belfry, and then by the aid of a rope and steps cut in the wall of the tower each mounts to the bell he is to ring and stands astride the shoulder of the brazen monster. Then he presses the bell with his feet, holding on the cross-piece on which the mass of metal is swung.

Gradually the great bell sways to the muscular movement of the man astride it until it acquires a momentum that swings the hammer, first gently and then with increasing force as the sweep of the bell widens until the air is trembling from the giant blows that strike the massive sides of the monster.

The mere vibration of the atmosphere as the huge bells ring out would be enough to make an unpracticed ringer turn dizzy and fall from his perch. But this is not all, for many bells are ringing in the belfry at the same time in obedience to the movements of their riders, and the din is deafening.

Notwithstanding all this, the riders bend and rise and fall with the action of the bells, now appearing to the observer from below to be in a horizontal position as the bell reaches the limit of its swing and again riding gracefully to an upright position as the monster sways backward with another thundering note.

The most extraordinary part of the daring performance is the sight of a bell ringer calmly swaying the bell while it hangs far out of the belfry over the city, for the outward swing sends the counterpoise with the ringer into space beyond the arch.—Success Magazine.

HEIGHT AND WEIGHT.

Their Relation to a Man's Chances For Long Life.

The ideal insurance risk, from the point of view of height, is said to be from five feet seven inches to five feet nine inches tall. According to the National Fraternal congress, longevity and build have a close relation; the greater the variation in height from the above figure the greater the risk.

Brockbank says that tall men are not so long lived as their brothers whose heads are nearer to the ground. Men who are both tall and stout are not as good risks as stout men of medium or below medium height, says a writer in American Medicine. They do not bear acute illness so well, and accidents to them are likely to be more severe.

Risks over the allotted limit of weight are especially liable to diabetes, heart affections, apoplexy, gout, diseases of the kidneys and arteriosclerosis; excessive eating and abuse of alcohol are common among this class. It is stated that stout men under forty are worse risks than those over forty and under sixty, and that men who were unduly fat while they were boys are considered poor risks, especially if the tendency is hereditary.

Stout men are better average risks than their very thin brothers who are liable to tuberculosis and disorders of the nervous system. But for even the featherweight there is much consolation. He bears acute illness better than the heavyweight, and most of the people living beyond the allotted threescore years and ten are of light build. A slim, wiry, small framed man is said to be a better risk than a thin but big boned one.

Ore Deposits.

Men sometimes dream of enormous wealth stored deep in the earth, below the reach of miners, but experts aver that there is little or no ground to believe that valuable metallic deposits lie very deep in the earth's crust. Such deposits, it is said, are made by underground waters, and owing to the pressure on the rocks at great depths the waters are confined to a shell near the surface. With few exceptions, ore deposits become too lean to repay working below 3,000 feet. Nine mines in ten, taking the world as a whole, are poorer in the second thousand feet than in the first, and poorer yet in the third thousand.

A Stationary Growler.

"Well, how are you making it now?" "Still in the low grounds." "Why don't you climb higher?" "High climbin' makes my head swim." "Well, then, get a move on you." "Oh, no! I never move until the rent is due!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Strenuous.

"Was the play exciting?" "Oh, very! The management had engaged two leading ladies, and there was a constant struggle for the center of the stage."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Waiting For the Chance.

Marks—My old aunt had not been dead twenty-four hours when her parrot died too. Parks—The poor bird died of grief, I suppose. Marks—No, poison.—Boston Transcript.

TESTING AN EGG.

Many Ways to Detect Staleness Besides Smell and Taste.

It does not require a very discriminating palate to detect an old egg from a new one, says a correspondent of the New York Sun. The former has a musty flavor that the latter never has, and the mustiness may range from a slight taint to a very pronounced one. It is always noticeable in storage eggs.

If any one wishes to verify the judgment of his palate, the following tests may be used:

1.—It is almost impossible to peel the shell from a fresh hard boiled egg without having some of the white come away with it.

2.—A stale egg cannot be beaten to a froth.

3.—When a fresh egg is broken into a dish the yolk stands up and the white does not spread, whereas in a stale egg the yolk lies flat and the white seems watery.

4.—The shell of an egg after a certain length of time loses its chalky appearance and becomes shiny.

5.—The air space in the large end of a newly laid egg is about half an inch in diameter, and as the egg ages this space grows larger. In storage eggs it sometimes extends to one-fourth the length. An expert can very closely approximate the age of an egg by examining this space. This is known as candling and is done by holding the egg in a beam of light. A simpler test is to hard boil the egg and notice the relative size of the space.

THEIR AWFUL SECRET.

It Caused the Real Estate Agent to Change His Mind.

When the family who admitted that they were moving because their lives miserable confided to the renting agent that they had one peculiarity which they wished him not to mention to their neighbors in his building the agent got uneasy and executed a mental quickstep trying to devise some way to break the lease. But aloud he said very courteously:

"I shall be glad to oblige you if I can. What is it you wish me to keep a secret?"

"The fact that we pay our rent promptly on the 1st of every month," said the head of the family. "That was something that nobody else in the other house did, and the agent as an incentive to quick action on their part published the news of our promptness. The only action it stirred them into was persecution of us, and they carried that to such extremes that we had to move. If you will kindly refrain from using us as a club to whack your delinquents into obedience we will appreciate it."

The agent resolved not to cancel the lease, but at the same time he relinquished a hastily conceived plan for procuring prompt remittances.—New York Times.

That Yankee Dodge.

The description of the first operation under ether in Europe as given by Dr. P. William Cook in the University College Hospital Magazine is reproduced in the London Lancet, and the scene is referred to as the "most dramatic ever enacted in which medicine grouped the stage." The operation was performed by Robert Liston on Dec. 21, 1846. "At 2:15 Liston enters, that magnificent figure of a man six feet two inches in height, and says, 'We are going to try a Yankee dodge today, gentlemen, for making men insensible,' so Liston introduced ether to a London hospital." The subject was a man, thirty-six years old, whose thigh was amputated. The operation was successful, and Liston uttered the epilogue, "This Yankee dodge, gentlemen, beats mesmerism holier."

Marvels of India.

What a wonderful country is India! There is only one India. Its marvels are its own. There is the plague, the black death, India invented it. The car of Juggernaut was also India's invention. So was the suttee, and within the time of men still living 800 widows willingly and, in fact rejoicingly burned themselves to death on the bodies of their dead husbands in a single year. And 800 would do it this year if the British government would let them. Famine belongs especially to India. India has 2,000,000 gods and worships them all. On top of all this she is the mother and home of that wonder of wonders, caste, and also that mystery of mysteries, the Satanic Brotherhood of the Thugs.—Churchman.

Setting Her Right.

The pretty and petulant wife of a congressman stood for a moment before the window of the receiving teller in a Washington bank, then tapped the window with her parasol, exclaiming: "Why don't you pay attention to me?"

"We pay nothing here, madam," was the reply. "Please go to the next window."—Denver Republican.

Those Useless Questions.

"How did you get the bruised face?" "It was caused by the hatrack last night."

"Accidentally?" "No, I think it attacked me purposely."—Kansas City Journal.

Biblical Reference.

"And who?" asked the Sunday school teacher—"who was it that cried, O king, live forever?" "All the life insurance agents," suggested the small boy whose father was an adjuster.—Judge.

A QUEER LEGEND.

Fedor Kosmich, the Hermit, May Have Been a Russian Czar.

A curious legend is associated with the name of Alexander I. of Russia. It is to the effect that the emperor in 1825 was sojourning in the Crimea. When near Taganrog his coachman by some means managed to overturn the carriage of a court courier named Markof, who was killed. The emperor, wishing to rid himself of the courier of state, so the story runs, caused it to be reported that it was he himself who was killed. Then he carried out a plan which he had for long conceived of retiring to Siberia and living there under an assumed name. Schilder, the historian, professes to have satisfied himself that at all events the remains in the Cathedral of Peter and Paul are those of the courier. Schilder asserts that he learned this much from the children of Markof.

According to the legend, Alexander I. of Russia died in Siberia in 1864, but history records that he died at Taganrog in 1825. It seems that in 1825 a mysterious stranger appeared in Siberia. He gave his name as Fedor Kosmich and never revealed any other or the place whence he came. He lived the life of a hermit and was received generally with respect. In 1826 he accepted the invitation of a rich merchant to take up his abode in his house at Tomsk. There he was very retired and held communication only with Mlle. Kromof and the merchant, her father. Every one who saw him was struck with his extraordinary resemblance to the deposed czar. The Grand Duke Nicholas Michailovitch contributed an article in the Revue Historique in which he denied the sensational part of the story, but admitted that the hermit of Siberia might have been a natural brother of Alexander I.—London Globe.

IRISH BROGUE.

It Is Really the Old Time Method of Pronouncing English.

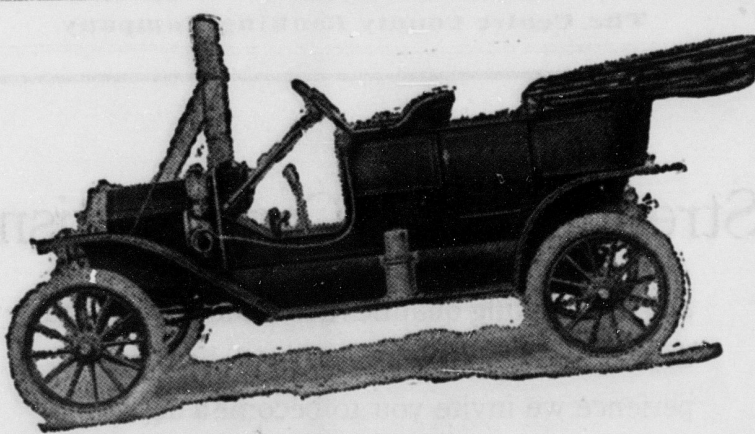
Perhaps nothing illustrates better the vicissitudes of pronunciation in English than a study of what is called the "Irish brogue." This lingual mode, for it is scarcely to be called a dialect, is usually presumed to be a deterioration of language due to lack of education and contact with legitimate sources of English. It proves after a little study to be a preservation of the old method of pronouncing English, which has come down to a great degree unchanged in Ireland from Shakespeare's time.

In Elizabeth's time, however, it came to be realized that if there was to be any real affiliation of the two countries then the Irish language must be supplanted by English, and a definite effort in this direction was made. This change of speech, resented and resisted, was nevertheless successfully accomplished all over the island except in the west within a decade after Shakespeare's death. This fact takes on a new significance when we study what we now call the Irish brogue in connection with what is known to have been the pronunciation of English at that time. The two are found to conform in practically every respect. Irishmen pronounce English as their forefathers learned it and have preserved its pronunciation because they have been away from the main current of English speech variation ever since.—Harper's Magazine.

Uncalled For Courtesy.

The Vicomte Toussaint was formerly a colonel in the French army and mayor of Toulouse. He was a brave man and a dashing officer. During one of the hottest engagements of a terrible year of war, noticing that his troops were bending forward under a galling fire to escape the bullets of the enemy while he alone maintained an erect position, he exclaimed, "Since when, I should like to know, has so much politeness been shown to the Prussians?" The sarcasm took instantaneous effect, for the soldiers rushed forward and carried everything before them.

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