COMFORT IN CONGRESS.

Free Baths and Shaves and Massage

and Other Things as Well. Every member of congress has the free use of the congressional baths and the barber shops under the capitol. He can take a nifty Turkish bath. a Russian bath, a Roman bath, a needle shower or the plain, old fachoned Pike county style of bath, lying down in a tub with both faucets going. and it doesn't cost him a cent.

As often as he pleases he may have a shave, a hair cut, a facial massage and be manieured all around, as they say in parts of lowa when shoeing a horse. Every other day he can have the back of his neck shaved, just as if he were going to some large social function back home. Uncle Sam pays for the attendants and provides the

whole outfit We musin't overlook the notion counter at the capitol either. The members don't, so why should we especially as the said notion counter is a gracious and enduring boon to statesmen, their wives, families, heirs and assigns.

It contains everything you can think of that would properly come under the head of notions and a great deal besides-all kinds of stationery, all kinds of typewriter and desk supplies. pocket knives, scissors, fountain pens, card cases, purses, wrist bags, visiting cards business cards and-sh-h-h'even the kind of cards which run fiftytwo to a set and may be used for playing old maid and other harmless games.-Munsey's Magazine.

FAKED PAINTINGS.

An American Who Was Fooled and an

Artist Who Was Insulted. M. Henri Rochefort was being interviewed one day on bogus picture collections, says the Paris correspondent of the Kansas City Journal. He is as good an expert as any on the question. The subject always interests him. "Sit down, my friend," he said to the journalist. "I will tell you a good story. It happened not long ago either. An American one day rushed in and begged me to say what I thought of the pictures he had just bought. 'They are here at your door,' he said. 'I brought them along in a cab.'

"They were carried into the room. There were Rembrandts. Corots and Harnignies.

'The Rembrandts are false,' I said. 'the Corots ditto, the Harpignies ditto.' The American was horror struck. He said they had cost him \$160,000.

"'Then.' I said, 'let us leave the Rembrandts and Corots aside. These masters are dead, but Harpignies is not. ly "cure" has a trick with a little glass Here is a note for him from me. Ask pipe. He is imitated by the wise. Afthim yourself if he signed these pic- er the first fell glass you hurry to the tures.' My American disappeared. I little glass pipe stall and buy a little never heard from him again, but I got glass pipe for your very own, and hall a letter from Harpignies some days an hour later you brace yourself tolater. He said: 'My dear friend-If I gether for the second dose. If you were not ninety-two years of age I have sinned deeply you may be orderwould have sent you my seconds for ed even three, but probably you will sending that American to me to ask if be let off with two goes of "Sprudel" those worthless daubs were mine. and one of smelting lighter.
Yours, Henri Harpignies."

Kept His Head.

An ambassador of the great Charlemagne while visiting a court in the east, ignorant of a law of the king that condemned to death any one who moved a dish at table before the tyrant was served, committed this offense. "Great king," said the ambassador, "I die without a murmur; but, in the name of the great emperor whose servant I am, I beg of your majesty one favor before I die." The insufficiencies. At 4 o'clock you drink request was granted. "Give me the eyes of every man who saw me commit the crime." "It is well." said the king. "Their eyes shall be plucked out for thee." But no one admitted he had seen the ambassador move the dish, not even the king. "Then why should I die, great king?" asked the ambassador. "The deed cannot be proved against me." The king was pleased and forthwith pardoned the ambassador.

Might Is Right. "Effic." said the timid highland lover, "I wad kiss ye, but I'm feart ye wadna let me."

She blushed as red as the sunset, but did not answer.

later. "I said I wad kiss ye, but I'm for your days are ordered now more in feart ye wadna let me."

At the third repetition she asked: "Dae ye min'. David, yesterday 1 couldna lift a bag of potatoes intae the cairt an' ye lifted them for me?"

"Oh, aye!" he replied. "Weel, that shows, David," she murmured, "that ye're far stronger than me!"--London Answers.

On the Right Road. "Our daughter puts on too man; airs," observed Mr. Spillikins.

"She does, does she?" sneered Mrs. S. "What's the trouble?" "She seems to be too aristocrátic a: d haughty."

"What do you want her to be?" "I'd rather have her to be a good

"And did you ever know anybody a haughty as a cook?"-Cleveland Plain

His Usual Preference. "What kind of meat have you this morning. Larry?" asked the board of trade operator. "Well, sir," said the butcher, "I've

rot some fine bear steak and some beef that's just bully." "H'mph! Give me some lamb!"-Chicago Tribune.

Democratic Tatchman. TAKING THE CURE.

Graphic Pen Picture of Carlsbad and Its Dyspeptics.

MUD BATHS AND VILE WATER

The Victims Drink Often and Drink Deep and Absorb With the Evil Brew Large Doses of Misery-An Unpleasant and Costly Road to Health.

A city shaped like a cup, a cup containing hot water. The sides of the city are clothed with pines, and in the hollow lie the waters where the dyspepties of the world foregather to drink and to be healed. They desire to be freed from excess of fat, from yellow skins, from pains that catch one in the small of the back and from the stiff joints that follow hard upon the pleasures of the too abundant board.

In Carlsbad von drink often and drink deep. Drinking is your main occupation. Your drinking glass is strapped over your shoulders as you wander, sipping from spring to spring as assiduously as any one bee, but you do not get honey.

Your misery begins at 6. At 6 o'clock they call you, and you are expected to be shaved and decent before you face the world of waters and of miserable sinners at 7 o'clock. If you had not been a miserable sinner, too, you would not be here, but you have done those things you ought not to have done and you have left undone those things you ought to have done, and your penalty is Carlsbad.

So you take your place at the end of a queue 300 dyspept'es long and wish you were dead. You very nearly are, for no "morning tea" sustains you; they forbid that; it is strictly against the law. You take your turn at the "Sprudel" spring uncomforted by the cook. Everything contributes to your misery. A German close behind you is treading on your heels and breathing loudly down your neck, and a gentleman in a curious top hat is conducting an orchestra with intent to make you merry. He fails. You hate him. And every moment you draw nearer to the "Sprudel" spring. It leaps from the bowels of the earth toward the roof of the colonnade shrouded in its own steam. and a girl in waterproof overalls catches you a glassful by means of a long pole.

Then you retire to a corner with the evil brew and try to drink it. It tastes of dead rats-hot ones, long dead. Your character may be divined by your method of dealing with it. It may be faced as one faces a pet beverage. "with an air," or it may be dallied with in sips-or thrown away. It may beat you altogether, but this is rare. The hardened dyspeptic who does his year-

An hour afterward you may have an inadequate meal of sour milk, one egg and a browny roll that would baffle a dentist. During the morning you will be required to undergo a bath. possibly of mud, reeking with curative properties and very expensive-as expensive as the lunch you would like to have afterward if they would let you. Even as it stands your mockery of a meal, fruit, rice and a bit of a boiled bird climbs up to a total hitherto unassociated with such elementary more water. At 10 the long day closes with a final gulp, and the dinner intervening is beneath the dignity of words -of any words.

Sixty thousand of the sorrowful subject themselves to these penalties year-

ly every summer. But in spite of the 60,000 you will probably be a lonely soul in Carlsbad. Its dietetic system does not make for sociability or mirth. But as the days go by the pink hues of health begin to return to your cheek, your color ceases to be drab and your temper becomes less vile. You find you can tolerate your fellow man with some degree of courtesy even when he breathes down your neck and clears his throat in the region of your ear. There is less of "Effic." he repeated timidiy, a little Hamlet about you and more of Puck. conformity with nature's plan and your reward is an equability that is foreign to the life of broken laws in the place from whence you came. For two or three weeks this quickening process will develop and continue until in the exuberance of health you return to

your land. When you are not here Carlsbad puts its shutters up and goes away to cure itself of the tedium of having cured you, and by the time it has finished with you its coffers are quite comfortably stocked against a holiday, for you were not a "cureguest" for nothing. Still you were cured, and a cure is always cheap. But on the whole perhaps it would have been cheaper if you had kept the law .- London Mail.

Interesting Spots. "I suppose," says the lady next door, "that you saw many really wonderful places while you were abroad." "Yes, indeed." replies the returned traveler. "I think the most shivery of them all, however, was the catacorners in Rome. I have the nightmare about it yet."-Judge.

No whip cuts so deeply as the lash of conscience.-Proverb.

RUBBER CANNON BALLS.

A World's Fair Exhibit That Puzzled Louis Napoleon.

An instance of the obsession of the mind by one idea is seen in a ludicrous mistake made by Louis Napoleon in 1855 at a world's fair held in Paris while he was emperor. He had been trained to war, and he could not see a strange object without regard ing it in relation to war. The head of the United States commission at the exhibition was Maunsell B. Field. who tells in his "Memoirs of Many Men" how greatly disturbed the emperor was by an American invention. The commissioner was present at a

reception held at the palace. "The emperor approached me and remarked that he had that afternoon walked through our department of the exposition-this was just before it was open to the public-that he had seen many things there which interested him, but that nothing had so much pleased him as the exhibition of vulcanized india rubber. Among the articles he had noticed something which had puzzled him ever since. He very much regretted that I was not present at the time of his visit.

"Here I interrupted him to say that I very much regretted it myself and that if he had sent me an intimation of his purpose I should have been certain to attend.

'Well,' he answered, 'in one corner saw, stacked as one sees them in an artillery yard, a pile of vulcanized india rubber cannon balls. There was nobody there to answer the inquiries which I desired to make. Perhaps you can explain the matter to me. "I had not even seen the balls in

question and had to say so. "'I cannot imagine, resumed his majesty, 'how any preparation of india rubber can be used for projectiles. It has often occurred to me that, in combination with other materials, it might be made useful for defensive purposes.

"I was compelled to admit that it was equally mysterious to me how the inventor could have thought seriously of making cannon balls of it. After so unsatisfactory an interview the emperor probably did not think that it would be civil to leave me immediately, so he asked me if I took much interest in military matters. I answered that I did not any more than civilians usually do.

"I was at that time residing very near the Palace of Industry. The next morning i went over before breakfast for the purpose of getting information upon the subject which had so puzzled the emperor. I went directly to the india rubber exhibit, and, sure enough. found the balls there just as they had been described to me. It was too early for me to expect to see the man in charge, but there was a person in bis place. I asked what in the world he expected to do with india rubber cannon balls.

"They are not cannon balls," he answered: 'they are footballs!' '

The Literary Lady.

In the course of duty and society obligations a senator one evening was a guest at the house of a man noted for the number of literary people he gathered about him. The senator had been told that the guests would be either authors or people competent to discuss literature from Confucius down ; to the present day.

Finding himself beside a middle aged but handsome woman, the senator observed that he supposed she was they were ripe."

a literary person. She pleaded guilty

"I think the world of Iridee, and I like Haythorne's 'Red Letter,' and I'm simply mad about Dickenson's

The senator has never been able to figure out who Iridee is, but he believes the literary lady meant Onida .-St. Louis Republic.

One of Nature's Mysteries.

The zodiacal light, still one of the unsolved mysteries, has shown very regular pulsations in intensity and form in a communication to the French Academy of Sciences M. Birkeland has pointed out that these variations agree closely with the periods of regular magnetic waves of polar regions, and this would seem to indicate that the zodinent light is an electrical phenomenon. A number of experiments suggest that it may be part of a ring of luminous matter surrounding the sun in the plane of its magnetic equa-

Universal and Eternal

"Yes, life is universal and eternal, for time is one of its factors-yesterday the moon, today the earth, tomorrow Jupiter. In space there are cradles and tombs The red carbon stars will soon be dead; the hydrogen stars, like Vega and Sirius, are the stars of the future: Procyon. Copella and Arcturus are the stars of the present. Aldebaran seems to be already an autumn fruit." So said Flammarion.

The Place to Paint.

A party of gunners were painting the guns and wagons of a field battery when a sergeant came up to them "There will be an inspection tomorrow." he said "Be sure you paint all those parts which no one can see, for that's just where the colonel is sure to look!"-London Telegraph.

The Aesthetic Beard. A man does not properly appreciate

the limitations of headgear until he grows a beard A man with a beard cannot take liberties with his hat

Who is able to help is not yet poor; who is able to love is not yet old.

Germany's Telephone "Girls."

Telephone "girls" in Germany cannot work after the age of seventy, though they can retire on pension prior to that advanced day. Positions are obtained by civil service examination. The average on entering the business must be near thirty, and, as many remain for life, it would be ungallant to speak intimately of ages. Discharges cannot be effected without considerable red tape. When an operator has worked up to \$450 a year and \$150 extra for house rent, she stays at that pay until retired on pension.

On Her Birthday. "Congratulate me," said "ounghus-

band. "My daughter is just one year "This is her birthday, eh? What did

"I don't know whether was soothing sirup or paregoric, but it was one of the two."

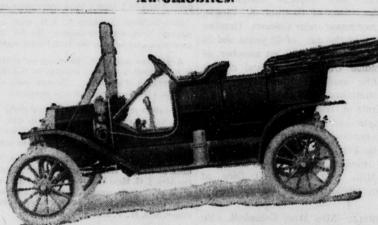
They Were Picked. "Do you call this a band of picked musicians?" said the hotel manager to the leader of a band.

"Ach! Dot ves so. I bick 'em mine sellef," replied the bandmaster. "Well, then, you picked them before

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