

AN INSPIRING TRIBUTE.

It Made a Remarkable Scene in the House of Representatives.

A touching scene occurred in the house of representatives a number of years ago when an aged member from New Jersey arose and for the first time addressed the speaker. All eyes were turned in his direction as he stood calmly awaiting recognition. He was tall, spare and erect. His venerable appearance and kindly expression, coupled with most courteous manners, at once commanded attention.

As in husky tones he again said "Mr. Speaker" there came from the farthest end of the great hall in a whisper, but distinctly heard by all, the words, "Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt." A moment later and from the floor and gallery many voices blended in the familiar refrain, "Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?"

The ovation which immediately followed was such as is rarely witnessed in the great hall. Business was suspended for the moment and the hand of the new member warmly grasped by the chosen representatives of all parties and sections. It was an inspiring tribute, one worthily bestowed. The member was Thomas Dunn English, author of the little poem, sung in palace and cottage, which found its way into all languages and touched all hearts.—Adlai E. Stevenson in "Something of Men I Have Known."

CURIOUS ESKIMO LIVING.

The Pallet Rooms in Homes Entirely Devoid of Furniture.

"Furniture is quite unknown in a common Eskimo home," writes the wife of the Danish governor of Greenland, Anna Bistrup, in an article on "Eskimo Women in Greenland" in the Century.

"The houses of the Eskimos are all built of stone and turf, with the windows opening toward the sun, the one entrance always being on the side that is least exposed to the wind. Along the back wall runs a platform, a pallet of boards, raised eighteen inches above the floor. It is from six to eight feet deep, and through its whole length it is divided into rooms or spaces of eight or ten feet. Each room is separated from the neighboring room by a partition of board or skin. An open passage runs the whole length of the house along the pallet rooms and serves for the traffic of all the inmates, but each pallet room claims for its own the bit of passageway adjoining. Each pallet room is occupied by one family, and there they stay night and day. The best pallet room is the innermost and is always occupied by the owner of the house or the oldest if the house has more than one owner."

Worthy of the Highest.

The talk had turned to the orphan children of Henry Doane of Cherryville. The former resident asked the stage driver how they had prospered. "They've done first rate," was the hearty response. "Both of them have done first rate."

"Joe Eddie, he learned the carpenter's trade and has worked right along, and as for Emma Susan—well, I'll tell you what somebody from over the Center said to me only last week about her in conversation regarding her husband."

"Emma Susan married Frank Baxter, one of the James Baxters. Well, that man from the Center, he said to me: 'I hear Frank Baxter's been chosen selectman. Well, I don't know but what he'll do all right for you,' he said; 'but, whether he's the man for the place or not, there's one thing certain—if ever a woman looked suitable to the position of selectman's wife and would do credit Emma Susan Baxter's that woman?'—Youth's Companion.

Too Many Books.

Barnaby Rudge in his preface to "A New Description of Ireland," published in 1690, writes: "One of the diseases of this age is the multitude of books that doth so overcharge the world that it is not able to digest the abundance of idle matter that is every day hatched and brought into the world, that are as divers in their forms as their authors be in their faces. It is but a thriftless and thankless occupation, this writing of books. A man were better to sit stinging in a cobbler's shop, for his pay is certainly a penny a patch! But a book writer, if he gets sometimes a few commendations of the judicious, he shall be sure to reap a thousand reproaches of the malicious."

No Use.

Pocahontas had saved the life of Captain John Smith. "What would have been the use of killing him, anyhow, pa?" she said. "There are millions of other John Smiths, and there wouldn't have been a line about it in the papers."

Her news instinct was unerring. Saving the captain's life made a first page story of the affair.—Chicago News.

Black Eggs.

The black Cayuga duck, a South American bird, frequently lays black eggs. The coloring does not penetrate the shell, being due to an oily pigment which can be rubbed off. In successive layings the coloring fades and disappears.

The Usual Way.

She—What would you do if you had money enough to supply your needs? He—I'd start in to make a lot more to supply my wants.—Exchange.

A Mighty Drinker.

William Lewis, Esq., of Llandrissan, who died on Dec. 30, 1793, in the act of drinking a "tumbler maur"—that is, a cup of Welsh ale containing about a wine quart—had made it a rule in his life to read a certain number of chapters in the Bible every morning and by way of assisting in the digestion of so much spiritual food to drink no less than eight gallons of ale every morning. It was calculated by some mathematical genius of the time that in the course of his life Mr. Lewis must have drunk enough ale to float a seventy-four gun ship. His size was extraordinary. If we may believe the Gentleman's Magazine he weighed 590 pounds, and the diameter of his body was no less than six feet. Fortunately, says the writer of his obituary notice, he died in his parlor, for it would have been impossible to bring him downstairs in a coffin. Even as it was, the undertakers had to use a crane to lift the coffin on to a carriage and to have the same machine in the churchyard to let it down into his grave.—Chambers' Journal.

Whale Extract.

It is said that the flesh of both the shark and the whale (which latter, however, cannot, of course, be properly classified as a fish) are largely utilized in northern Europe for the preparation of a fish extract that resembles in some respects the popular extracts of beef, being at the same time far cheaper. All fishy flavor is eliminated by chemical processes, and the extract is valuable for the foundation of soups and in general cookery. Whale meat is very nutritious, but its excessive amount of fat renders it unpalatable to most persons. So this fat is removed before the extract is boiled down to a sirupy consistency and sealed in jars. In many of the fish factories of Norway a "fish meal" is made that is eaten extensively by the nations of northern Europe. In these several ways fish which were formerly rejected as being unfit for food are being utilized to the advantage of many.—Scientific American.

Housed the Naturalist.

One of the most remarkable books ever published is the "Lithographia Wirceburgensis," written by a Wurzburg naturalist named Behringer in 1728. Probably very few copies are in existence, as the author destroyed all that he could get possession of soon after the book appeared. He had been victimized by some practical jokers, who had made a great variety of artificial "fossils" and hidden them in a quarry, to which they then enticed the professor. Behringer was overjoyed by so rich a find and had no suspicion of the trick, although many of the fossils were of a very grotesque character. He took his treasures home, made elaborate drawings of them and wrote a minute description of each, as well as an exhaustive commentary filled with ingenious and plausible theories. When he had published the book the jokers confessed, and then, of course, the professor did his utmost to suppress the work.

Superstition About Cats.

In the Montferatto it is believed that all the cats who wander about upon the roofs during the month of February are really witches, whom it is lawful and even necessary to shoot. An old German superstition has it that if a black cat sits upon the head of a sick man it is a presage of his death, while if after his decease it is seen upon his grave it is enough to arouse doubts as to the locality to which his soul has departed. In Hungary it is thought that cats generally become witches between the ages of seven and twelve years. A French belief concerning the cat is that if the animal be carried in a cart and the wind blow from it to the horses they immediately fall tired. If any part of the horseman's clothing be made of cat's skin the horse will feel as though it carried a double burden.

Restored Courage.

The southern lover was impetuous, says the author of a book of reminiscences of eastern Virginia entitled "Memory Days," and the maiden was timid and naused to passionate proposals of marriage.

"Oh, don't!" she interrupted in a whisper. "You frighten me dreadfully!" Overcome by contrition, the young man humbly apologized for his fervor, and a painful silence ensued. The girl broke it at last.

"Robert," she began, with a hopeful smile, "I—don't think I—shall be so frightened this time."

Sick Herrings.

"Why," said a youngster to his elder brother, "do herrings have so many more illnesses than other fish?" "Who says they do?" asked the youth addressed.

"Why, this book says that thousands upon thousands of them are cured every year."

Society as the Doctor Saw It.

When the doctor was asked what he thought of the reception he had attended the previous evening he said: "It was a carbuncle." "What do you mean by that?" "Why, it was a great gathering and a swell affair."—New York Times.

The Bluff Physician.

The Doctor—You would have an attack of brain fever but for one thing. Impatient Patient—And what's that? The Doctor—The fact that nature made you an immune from that particular variety of fever.—Baltimore American.

Wealth is social in its origin and should be used for social purposes.—Comte.

Origin of the Four Posts.

In medieval times, when life was very insecure, it was usual for people to sleep on a bed which was surrounded by sides of boards with strong posts at the four corners. These sides contained sliding doors, which could be fastened inside. When men retired to rest they took a weapon with them. If attacked in the night they were aroused by the noise made by the crashing in of their wooden defense and were able to defend themselves. When the law became strong enough to protect human life the sides of the bedstead were gradually dispensed with, but the four posts remained. The boxlike bedstead still survives in the rural parts of Scotland and is almost necessary where the earthen floors and imperfect ceilings cause much damp. Emily Bronte in "Wuthering Heights" describes one of these bedsteads in the old mansions as forming a "little closet." Mr. Lockwood, who had to sleep in it, says, "I slid back the panel sides, got in with my light, pulled them together again and felt secure."

He Lagged Superfluous.

Pittsfield, in the Berkshire hills, had in the old days, like many another New England town, a number of men and women who were called "characters." One of these was Bill Brown, a man unfortunately addicted to drink and frequently intoxicated for days at a time.

On one occasion he went into the shop of the local hatter, Mr. Smith, and asked for the best heaver in the store. Mr. Smith produced the desired article, saying as he took the money, "That heaver will last a man a lifetime."

Bill went proudly down the main street with his fine heaver on his head and immediately celebrated the event with a protracted debauch. When he recovered he returned to the shop with a most disreputable hat.

"Look here, I thought you said this here heaver would last me a lifetime."

"So it would," growled Mr. Smith. "If you had died when you ought to."

—Youth's Companion.

Penalty of the Peach.

The Egyptians appear to have been acquainted with what is commonly called prussic acid, the most deadly of poisons. It is held that they distilled it from certain plants and trees, notably the peach. In the Louvre there is an ancient Egyptian papyrus from which the following has been deciphered: "Pronounce not the name of I. A. O. under the penalty of the peach." This has been supposed to be a death warning to those who might be tempted to reveal mysteries in connection with the religious rites of the priests.

The Romans probably learned of prussic acid from the Egyptians. History has it that in the reign of Tiberius a Roman knight accused of treason drank poison and immediately fell dead at the feet of the senators, a significant circumstance, inasmuch as no other poison has the almost instantaneous effect of prussic acid.

The Light Was There.

A well known New York clubman was found by a police officer very late one night in a pitiable state of intoxication. The wretched fellow stood beneath a lamppost, which he was kicking with might and main.

Slightly amused, the policeman watched him a moment. Then he said: "Here, sir, what are you doing there?"

No reply. Only—bang, bang, bang—the tipsy one dealt the lamppost three more kicks.

"What are you doing?" repeated the policeman.

The man delivered another quick volley of very furious kicks, and then, looking up, he said:

"Oh, I know she's in all right, 'cause there's—hie—hie—a light upstairs."

A Poor Press Agent.

Max O'Rell was exceedingly popular as a lecturer, and the way in which his mother viewed the suggestion that her son should take to the platform is worth repetition. She wrote to him from the native village which she had never left for more than a day to say that she did not think appearing before

audiences to be reputable business, and when he replied that he had decided to do it and had signed a contract to that effect the dear old lady wrote back that she was "still" his loving mother and that she would tell no one in the village about it.

Office of the Lungs.

"What is the office of the lungs?" a teacher asked a small pupil in a class in physiology.

"The chest," she promptly replied. "And," said the teacher, telling the story, "I guess she was somewhat near right, for the lungs certainly do business in the chest."

Helping Him.

Intrepid Widow—Speaking of conundrums, Mr. Stoenm, here's a good one. Why is the letter "d" like a wedding ring? Procrastinating Bachelor—Oh, I'm no good at conundrums. Intrepid Widow—You give it up? Why, because "we" can't be "wed" without it.

The Possibility.

He—Nothing could ever come between us, could it, dear? She—I can't think of a single thing unless I should happen to become engaged to some other man before we get married.

Not Digestible.

Tramp—Please, ma'am, will you give me a bite to eat? Lady—I haven't anything cooked, but I can give you a pair of old shoes. Tramp—Excuse me, ma'am, but I'm no goat.

A Way They Have in Germany.

"One day while I was in a big beer garden in Bavaria," said a returned traveler, "a handsome young officer in a magnificent new uniform came in and seated himself at a nearby table. There was brought to him a big radish, several slices of rye bread and a tall mug of beer. Then I saw that handsome young officer draw from the tail pocket of that magnificent uniform something wrapped in paper. This he unrolled, a sweet smile playing about his blond mustache as he did so, and at last a piece of sausage seven or eight inches long was revealed. My astonishment at this sight was carefully concealed. I doubt if any officer of our infantry would dare attempt such a movement on the subsistence department."—Indianapolis News.

What More Could He Want?

"What is your father's objection to me, Millie?" asked the young man. "He says you have no application, Gerald." "No application," he echoed bitterly. "I wonder if he knows I've been coming to see you twice a week for nearly six years?"—Chicago Tribune.

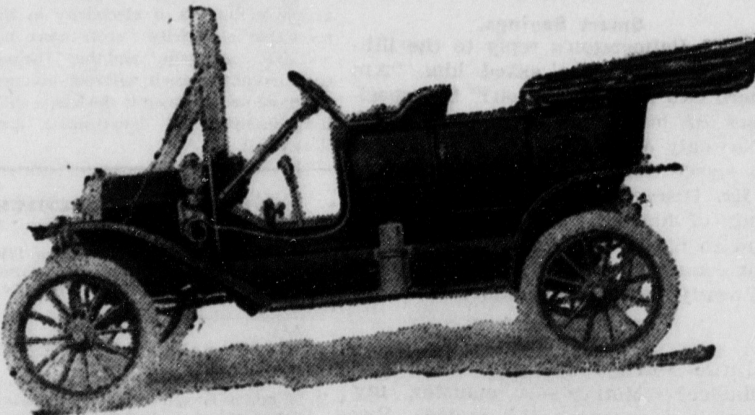
Peculiar.

"Peculiar chap, very. His wife is boss in his house." "What's peculiar about that?" "He admits it."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Waverly Oils

Advertisement for Waverly Gasoline Motor 76. Includes text: "No matter what car you use, be sure of the best gasoline. The three famous Waverly Gasolines—76° Special Motor are best because they have no carbon deposits—the explosion is instantaneous, powerful, clean—the ignition is quick. No 'natural' gasolines used in Waverly. WAVERLY OIL WORKS CO. Independence Building, PITTSBURGH, PA. Also makers of Waverly Special Auto Oil. FREE 200 Page Book—Tells All About Oil."

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