

It Was the Means of Betraying Marshal Ney to Death.

A saber of honor brought Marshal Ney to dishonor and death. When Napoleon entered Cairo on July 22, 1798, he was presented with three swords of honor richly inlaid with precious stones.

Ney received his at an imperial reception. The sword passed from one to another of those present, among whom was a young subaltern of the Auvergne regiment.

One day, feeling tired, he threw himself on a couch, first taking off his oriental sword, which he always wore out of affection for the emperor.

Flinding that he was discovered, Ney gave himself up quietly. On Dec. 7, 1815, the marshal, whose sobriquet was the Brave of the Brave, the hero of a hundred battles, was shot.

And Yet He Had More Cash in Bank Than He Could Use.

One morning last year I sat in the office of the head of a very large business, one of the shrewdest men I know.

"That's a pretty big balance," said my friend to his clerk. "It's much more than we need in this business. But we have borrowed no money for several months, so I wish you would send to each of our banks a note for \$100,000."

When the clerk went out I expressed surprise at this action. For a man to borrow \$200,000 when he had more money than he could use seemed to me a wasteful proceeding.

"I do it," he said "to keep my credit alive. I want the banks accustomed to lending me money. I want them to regard a good line of credit as a regular thing with me. Some time I may need it, and when I do I want to have it ready and waiting.

I have thought of that action a good many times since. I had always prided myself on not borrowing money. And I paid cash on the spot for everything that I bought.

But a few months ago I wanted some money—a small amount and for only a month. I went to a bank where I had kept a deposit for over fifteen years, and they asked me to deposit good bonds as collateral to the full amount of the loan.

Talking Canaries.

Talking canaries are a great rarity, but several authenticated instances are on record. At Norwood, England, in 1856 a lady had a canary bird which began by repeating a word which its mistress had often used to it—"Kissie, kissie"—and by following the word up by an imitation of the sound of a kiss.

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Unidentified. Suspicious Neighbor—Did your mother have a rooster for dinner yesterday, sonnie? Sonnie—Yes'm. Suspicious Neighbor—A big one with black tail feathers? Sonnie—Dunno. Mother didn't cook the feathers.—Sydney Bulletin.

Regrets. Regrets are a waste of time in every possible instance except one—when they become valuable lessons for the future.

When Big Guns Crash.

The effects of two ten-inch turret guns fired simultaneously on board a war vessel are rather astonishing. A correspondent on board the vessel says: "For several moments I wondered what hit me and where I was hit.

The glass that protects the helmsman from the weather and the windows of the chart-house, the glass of which is one-third of an inch thick, were smashed to atoms. An ink bottle that stood on the table in the chart-house jumped about six inches, and every drop of ink sprang out, but the bottle dropped back to the spot from which it jumped.

A Beaver's Day's Work.

A young beaver in Regent's park gardens, London, was once placed at work upon a tree twelve feet long and two feet six inches thick just as the town clocks sounded the hour of noon.

he attacked the wood. He worked hard, alternating his labor with dips in his bathing pond. He bathed and labored alternately until 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when he ate his supper of bread and carrots and paddled about in his pond until half past 5 o'clock.

A certain public office has been the object of much satire because of the passive nature of the incumbent's duties—except when he is called by tragic occurrence into the thick of action. So very negative, indeed, is the work of this public servant that he sometimes serves his country most efficiently by being absent, as appears in this extract from Moses Colt Tyler's journal, written in Washington years ago:

Serving His Country.

"President Grant never starts a conversation, but when it is started he often says an neat thing. Last year there was an excursion down the Potomac. He was on board, with his cabinet and a quorum of both houses.

"Mr. President," said Mrs. Judd, who sat near him, "it would be a pretty bad thing to have a great accident happen to this party. Nearly the whole government would be destroyed."

"Yes, Mrs. Judd," assented the president, "but you observe that the vice president has very prudently stayed at home."

Victoria and Napoleon.

Queen Victoria once gave a remarkable description of her visit to the tomb of Napoleon I. during the reign of Napoleon III. "The coffin is not yet here," she wrote, "but in a small side chapel of St. Jerome. Into this the emperor led me, and there I stood at the arm of Napoleon III., his nephew, before the coffin of England's bitterest foe, I, the granddaughter of that king who hated him most and who most vigorously opposed him and this very nephew, who bears his name, being my nearest and dearest ally! The organ of the church was playing 'God Save the Queen' at the time, and this solemn scene took place by torchlight and during a thunderstorm. Strange and wonderful indeed!"

An Offensive Cravat.

A man once called upon Whistler with a letter of introduction, and an amusing scene followed, arising out of the fact that the visitor was wearing a red necktie. Whistler declared it interfered with the color scheme of his room and "put him off" a picture he was painting in quite a different "key."

The Lamb.

"Does your husband play poker?" "Yes, but not for money." "That so?" "No. He wouldn't do such a thing. When he plays it's only for fun, and he keeps tally with little red, white and blue checks."—Detroit Free Press

His Pet.

Harker—Think I'll try to sell old Stuffem some pet dogs. Barker—Useless job. All he thinks about is eating. Harker—Hasn't any four legged friends, eh? Barker—Only one, and that's the dining room table.—Chicago News.

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The Changing Colored Terraces at the Mammoth Hot Springs.

It is with surprise that visitors to the Yellowstone National park who return after an absence of a year or more find that many changes have occurred in the appearance of the colored terraces at the Mammoth hot springs. Indeed, such alterations occur sometimes in a period of a few weeks.

The terraces consist of a series of basins, each set being a few feet lower than its predecessor, and the hot water from the springs at the top of the terraces flows from basin to basin, depositing its chalky sediment at the rims, thus slowly building them up.

Wherever the flow of water continues constant for a considerable time the fluted edges and sides of the basins become beautifully colored.

The variegated hues are mainly due to vegetable matter, and so if the flow of water ceases these bright colors rapidly fade, leaving the terraces milk white. In a little while the edges and walls of the dry basins begin to crumble, and the most beautiful forms disappear in white dust and chalk-like fragments.

One of the favorite terraces at the hot springs, called the Minerva terrace, exhibits these changes in a marked degree because of its conspicuous position.

Sometimes, owing to a failure of the flow of water, the Minerva terrace parts with its splendid colors and resembles a set of fluted basins carved out of snow white marble. But when the water begins to run freely again the colors return with all their former vividness and beauty.

The changes in the flow of the water seem to depend in part at least upon conditions prevailing in the heated rocks underlying the terraces.—Harper's Weekly.

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CANALS IN ENGLAND.

They Had Their Origin in a Matrimonial Disappointment. The British system of artificial inland navigation, which includes several thousand miles of canal, may be said to have had its origin in a matrimonial disappointment.

The Duke of Bridgewater, the originator of the system, was engaged to be married just after he had attained his majority. A dispute arising between the couple, the match was broken off. The duke's chagrin changed the course of his life. He gave his first and last ball to the London world of fashion and then buried himself among his coal fields at Worsley. Eschewing the society of women, he refused even to employ them as servants in his manor house.

Disappointed in marrying the most beautiful woman in England, he determined to unite by means of a canal his coal fields with Manchester, then beginning its career as a manufacturing town. In those days good roads were the exception, had roads the rule. The cottons of Manchester and the woollens of Leeds were conveyed from place to place on pack horses, which jogged along in single file. The freight charge from Leeds to London was \$63 a ton. When the duke's canal was finished the prices of coal and other commodities in Manchester fell one-half.

The success of this canal started the duke to build one which would connect Manchester with Liverpool. To procure the funds he reduced his personal expenses to £400 a year. So straitened was he at times that the London bankers hesitated to discount his note for £500. Sometimes when "hard up" he would send his steward upon a collecting tour among the tenantry of the ducal estates. The steward would ride from tenant to tenant, getting 5s here and £10 there. When he had collected money enough he would return and pay the canal laborers their weekly wages. In a few years, however, the duke's canals paid him an annual revenue of £80,000.—New York Press.

Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Scrofula. Is commonly inherited. It may, however, develop so slowly as to cause little if any disturbance during childhood. It may then produce dyspepsia, catarrh, and marked tendency to consumption, before causing eruptions, sores or swellings.

In the treatment of this serious disease do not fail to take the great blood-purifier and tonic, Hood's Sarsaparilla. My boy suffered with scrofula, which covered his face entirely. I gave him Hood's Sarsaparilla, and when he had taken three bottles he was completely cured. Mrs. Elsie Hotaling, Voorheesville, N. Y.

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Travelers Guide.

CENTRAL RAILROAD OF PENNSYLVANIA. Condensed Time Table effective June 15, 1911.

READ DOWN STATIONS READ UP

No 1 No 5 No 3 No 6 No 4 No 2

a. m. p. m. a. m. p. m. Ar. p. m. p. m. a. m.

7 05 6 45 2 20 BELLEFONTE 9 40 5 05 9 45

7 15 6 55 2 30 F. Nigh 9 50 5 15 9 55

7 20 7 05 2 35 ZION 10 00 5 20 10 05

7 27 7 08 2 45 HECLA PARK 9 15 4 41 9 21

7 29 7 10 2 47 F. Dunker 9 15 4 41 9 21

7 33 7 13 2 51 Hubersburg 9 05 4 30 9 14

7 37 7 18 2 55 F. Snyderstown 9 05 4 30 9 14

7 40 7 20 3 00 Nittany 9 05 4 30 9 14

7 42 7 22 3 01 F. Huston 9 05 4 30 9 14

7 46 7 26 3 05 Lamor 9 50 4 24 9 01

7 48 7 28 3 08 Clintondale 9 50 4 24 9 01

7 52 7 34 3 12 F. Kriders Siding 8 52 4 14 8 55

7 56 7 38 3 16 Mackeyville 8 45 4 09 8 50

8 02 7 44 3 22 F. Cedar Spring 8 45 4 09 8 50

8 05 7 47 3 25 Salona 8 40 4 01 8 43

8 10 7 52 3 30 MILL HALL 8 35 3 50 8 37

(N. Y. Central & Hudson River R. R.)

11 40 8 45 Jersey Shore 3 00 7 40

12 15 9 20 Arr. WM'PORT Lve. 2 30 7 10

12 27 11 30 Lve. PHILA. & Reading Ry. 2 30 6 45

7 30 6 50 PHILADELPHIA 10 36 11 30

10 10 8 50 NEW YORK (Via Phila.) 9 00

p. m. a. m. Arr. Lve. a. m. p. m.

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