

PRECING THE SLAVE.

Instead of Weeping and Begging to Stay, He Gave Out Yell, Ran Away and Never Was Heard of Again.

All present had heard, ever so many times, those good old stories of how the slave of ante-bellum times, when told that he was free—Yes, free, Scipio—had thrown himself, sobbing, at his master's feet, and begged, with tears in his eyes, that he be not sent away—that he be allowed to serve the family in any capacity until the end of his days. Therefore all present looked wise and resigned when the southerner launched on his story.

"Down at our old home in the south," he said, "there was an old negro called Joe who had been on the place as far back as any of us could remember. In fact, so long had he been there that he had grown to be just like a member of the family. We children included him in all our games and treated him exactly as we would any other playmate, while his long years of service had earned him every sort of special consideration from the grown folks.

"So meritorious was Joe that my father decided one day to make him a free man. He went about the necessary formalities quietly, and, when all was ready, resolved to give the thing a dramatic setting.

"So he called the family together, likewise his slaves, and when they were all there, grouped impressively about him, he summoned Joe.

"The faithful old slave appeared. 'Joe,' said my father solemnly, 'you have served us long and well. We have a great affection for you.'

"We all beamed approval. Joe's face grew puzzled.

"I feel that we should show that affection in some substantial way," continued my father. 'Then, after a short pause, he said:

"Joe, you are a free man! 'Joe did not seem to understand. He looked at my father and then at the rest of us in a bewildered way.

"'You are no longer a slave. I am no longer your master,' said my father. 'The slave's face began to clear.

"'Free?' he queried. "'Yes,' said my father. 'For one moment Joe stood there. Then—

In his turn, the southerner made a dramatic pause, even as his father had done before him. His auditors were listening, bored but polite.

"Then," he continued, "that negro gave one ungodly yell, swung his cap about his head, and without so much as saying 'goodby' dashed out of the house as fast as his legs could carry him. We never so much as heard of him again."

Insurance and Hymen.

Grasse, a German authority on race biology and life insurance, in a recent number of the Journal for Life Insurance Examiners, is of the opinion that life insurance may be made to play an important part in the prevention of the union in marriage of uncleanly or otherwise unclean individuals. He holds that the public should be educated to expect that every prospective bridegroom and bride be insured before marriage; if insurance were denied to either one it should be necessary to prove to the parents of the bride or bridegroom, as the case might be, that the grounds for the refusal of insurance were not equally strong grounds against entering into the married state. Grasse says if this custom should become universal life insurance would become a great factor in the preservation of the strength and health of the race. Evidently Germany is doing some good thinking in other lines than in merely developing the commerce of the nation, and has a most practical way of presenting the case in insurance as well as in other lines. "The proper study of mankind is man."

Poor Sophia's Case.

Dr. Ronald H. Curtis, the well-known zoologist, said in a recent lecture in Charleston: "I take no stock in all these yarns about the disinterested affection of animals. An animal's affection is parasitic—your dog loves you because you feed it. Analyze these yarns about animal affection, and they turn out like Sophia's case. There was a rich old maid who had an ill-natured cur named Sophia. The old maid died, leaving her fortune to her nephew, who had lived with her. I met the nephew one day, and ventured to offer him my sincere sympathy. 'Yes, it's sad. And the morning after my aunt's decease the dog, Sophia, also died.' 'Grief, I suppose?' said I. "'No,' said he; 'prussic acid.'"

Railway Clerk's Specialty.

Among the voluntary helpers in the work of compiling the Oxford English dictionary, the most learned authority on words and phrases of the Elizabethan period, according to Dr. R. A. Miers' principal of London university, was a railway clerk. Practical Philosophy. "My husband worries so over the gas." "Tell him he ought to make tight of it."

Logical Progress.

"The new show went like a breeze." "I was told the backer had to send a lot of drafts."

KIND HE WEARS HIMSELF

Clerk Sells the Editor Some "Non-Itchy" Underwear But His Veracity Is Doubted.

We believe in giving every man the benefit of the doubt. We do not like to attack anyone's veracity in haste. Often men have deceived us as to facts and conditions, but always we have liked to think they were mistaken. We have gone our way confident that they had not intentionally led us astray.

But there is a certain clerk in a certain underwear shop in this town whom we would not believe again under oath. We were in search of some new white undergarments. We hesitated in our choice. The clerk saw that we were slipping from his grasp, to-wit: that he was about to lose a sale.

"Now this garment," says he, "is one of the kind that I always wear myself."

Pulling back his coat and shirt sleeve he exhibited his undergarment. Aside from the fact that it wasn't quite as clean it looked like the very stuff on the counter.

"Does it itch?" was asked. "Not a bit," he replied. "That's the beauty of this make. I've never had any trouble. You can put a suit of this right on and it won't bother you a particle."

He looked so honest and straightforward and frank when he said it that we fell for his line of talk. That we haven't known a moment's peace since we need not relate. What we wish to emphasize is the fact that that young man, with the honest countenance, must have had a back red with itching and scratching when he told us that unmitigated falsehood.

His legs and arms must have been crimson with irritation, yet he stood right up there and denied it. Either that or he lied when he said that he wore the kind of flannels he sold us. Even as we write we hardly know whether to finish this sentence or get up and scratch our back against the door.—Detroit Free Press.

Knowing One Another. I have a friend who says: "When I first saw the Oriental rug of the professor of our new red brick high school building's wife, hangin' on the line, I says to myself: 'No. Not that woman. I won't never vote for her for president of the Ladies' Aid. She ain't one of us.' And while they was votin' that day I set over in one corner feelin' mean, and thinkin': 'No. You don't get no ballot out of me. You ain't folks.' And then the next mornin', while I was gettin' breakfast she comes walkin' across the yard between our two houses, and she says: 'Oh, Mis' Arthur, I'm makin' Johnny Cake, and I can't tell whether you put in soda or bakin' powder. Which do you?' And when I'd told her how, and she'd started back, I stood inside the screen door just lookin' after her. And I thought: 'Why, my land. Underneath your Oriental rug you was like that all the time. Why, you're folks.'"

The thing is as simple as the light: Getting to know one another is the problem. Social centering is the way to work it out. And at the last, democracy is the answer.—Zona Gale in La Follette's Magazine.

"Geological Tuberculosis." The Washington monument at the national capital, highest of stone structures, and designed by its builders to stand as long as the pyramids, is suffering from a disintegration that, while not immediately fatal, will shorten its life, says John S. Mosby, Jr., in the December Popular Mechanics Magazine.

The great shaft, 555 feet in height, consists of walls 15 feet thick at the base. These walls are made up of an outer facing of marble blocks and a four-foot inner wall made of granite and other hard stone. Between these two walls there is a filling of heterogeneous stone, held together by a cement. This describes the first 100 feet, which is the part now affected. This part was built continuously from the beginning of the structure. Then, for years, the construction halted at that height. It is the interior filling between these walls that is now, through the deadly effect of heat and cold and dryness and dampness attacking it alternately, beginning to disintegrate and ooze out between the joints of the outer wall and the crevices made by the action of the elements.

A Real Delicacy. A New York clubman who prides himself on his knowledge of things epicurean was much interested in an item he discovered in the menu laid before him on the occasion of his visit to a town of the middle west. The item was "green bluishfish."

"Walter," demanded the New Yorker, "what sort of bluishfish are green bluishfish?" "Fresh, sir," quickly responded the servitor. "Right from the water."

"How dare you impose upon me?" continued the clubman. "You know well enough that bluishfish are not taken at this season."

Whereupon the waiter picked up the menu and gave it a careful scrutiny, as if by that action he would solve the mystery. Then, with an air of one suddenly enlightened, he added: "Oh, that, sir? That's hothouse bluishfish."—Lippincott's.

A Good One. "Is little Mrs. Bings' worthless husband going to dine home on Thanksgiving day?" "No; I understand he is going to stay away for a culinary reason."

"A culinary reason?" "Yes. He knows his goose is cooked."

NERVOUS IN PUBLIC

MANY WORLD-FAMED SPEAKERS NEVER OVERCOME THIS.

With Some It Persists as Mannerisms—Yawn and Handkerchief of Late Duke of Devonshire—Gladstone's Peculiar Actions.

Persons who are unaccustomed to speak in public believe that their nervousness is solely due to their inexperience, and that public men can make speeches as coolly as they make conversation. In some cases this may be so, but few speakers are ever wholly able to cast off their nervousness. Sometimes it persists only in the form of a mannerism, attractive or otherwise, but some old parliamentarians never escape from the tremors and terrors which shook them when their maiden speech was delivered.

The late duke of Devonshire is usually spoken of as the perfect type of the impassive Englishman. When he entered the house of commons as Lord Cavendish, he distinguished himself by prefacing his maiden speech with a prodigious yawn. But he was by no means as languid in fact as he was in appearance.

When he rose to speak he would lean one arm on the nearest of the two iron-bound boxes on the table between the front benches. After a slight hesitation and a few quiet words, the other hand would steal to the tail pocket of his coat and emerge holding a neatly-folded white cambric handkerchief. Without unfolding it he would gently rub the corners of his mouth, and this done, the hand, still holding the handkerchief, would rest on the hip or be thrown back.

Sitting near him, one could observe that the grip on his handkerchief tightened, and that the muscles of the hand were in continuous action. At the close of his speech the hand opened, and one saw not the clean, folded cambric handkerchief, but only a solid, greasy ball, which was quickly returned to the pocket. Here was the safety valve for the impassive nobleman's nervousness.

Gladstone was one in whom nervousness had become mannerism. When he rose to speak he began with a few gracious words on the speech which was about to follow, or some pointed remark as to the character and importance of the subject. In his earlier days this was, no doubt to "get his breath."

His next act was to raise his right hand over his head with the thumb bent down and gently scratch his skull. This is rather common among public speakers. The third action of Mr. Gladstone was his peculiar and individual sign. Throwing his arms downward by his side, he would with his fingers seize the cuffs of his coat and draw these down over his shirt cuffs so as to conceal them completely. The ordinary practice is just the reverse, the desire being to expose and not conceal the white linen of the shirt cuffs. These were the invariable preludes to the great commoner's speeches.—Pall Mall Magazine.

Not in the Library. Mr. Claptrap arrived at the circulating library the other day with his hands full of small packages and as cross as two sticks because his wife had asked him to fulfill some commissions for her while he was out. With a look which was just as disagreeable as he felt he handed to the little librarian a list which he had made to aid his memory.

"My wife wants these books," he said gruffly. "Be quick about getting them, if you please. I'm in a great hurry."

The girl, who was a trifle shy and inexperienced, flushed, and, saying that she should have the books directly, went to look for them. She was some time and when she returned he glared at her indignantly and asked if she expected him to "wait all day."

"I'm very sorry," she apologized, "but you see I've been looking for the last book on the list. Here are the other three, but 'Hairpins and Castor Oil' I can't find and I'm afraid it isn't in the library."

"Good heavens!" groaned Mr. Claptrap, quite crestfallen. "Did I put those things down in the book list?"

In Praise of Modesty. Reginald De Koven told at a musicale in Chicago a pretty story in praise of modesty.

"A group of tourists," he said, "visited Beethoven's house in Bonn. One of the tourists, a girl of twenty or so, sat down at Beethoven's piano and played the 'Moonlight Sonata' none too well. Beethoven's own work, in his own room, on his own piano! "When the girl had finished, she rose and said to the old caretaker: "I suppose lots of famous musicians have been here and played on this instrument?"

"Well, miss," the caretaker answered gravely, "Paderewski was here last year, and his friends urged him to play, but he shook his head and said: "No, I am not worthy."

A Good One. "Is little Mrs. Bings' worthless husband going to dine home on Thanksgiving day?" "No; I understand he is going to stay away for a culinary reason."

"A culinary reason?" "Yes. He knows his goose is cooked."

MANY USES FOR COMMON SALT

Indispensable Household Mineral More Medicinal as Well as Culinary Value.

Salt on the fingers when cleaning fowls, meat or fish will prevent slipping. Thrown on a coal fire when broiling steak it will prevent blazing from the dripping fat. Salt as a gargle will cure soreness of the throat.

Salt in water is the best thing to clean willow ware and matting. In the oven under baking tins it will prevent their scorching on the bottom.

Salt puts out a fire in the chimney. Salt and vinegar will remove stains from discolored teacups.

Salt and soda are excellent for bee stings and spider bites. Thrown on soot which has fallen on the carpet salt will prevent staining.

Salt put on ink when freshly spilled on a carpet will help in removing the spot. Salt in whitewash makes it stick.

Salt thrown on a coal fire which is low will revive it. Used in sweeping carpets it keeps out moths.

Never salt meat that is to be grilled, as it hardens the fibers of the meat and tends to extract the juices. Salt on the table platter just before sending to the table. No meat should be salted uncooked, but after the surface has been seared and the meat partly cooked.

CARING FOR THE KITCHEN

Should Be Kept Scrupulously Clean and Furnished With That End in View.

No part of our home is more important than the kitchen, whether we occupy it ourselves or relegate it to a maid. It does not do to imagine when furnishing that "any old thing" is good enough for kitchen use. Faded oilcloth and soiled rag carpets should not be seen in a part of the house that from the hygienic point of view should be all freshness and brightness. Our kitchens should be kept scrupulously clean, and they must be furnished with this end in view.

No unnecessary articles should be there to get in the way of the occupants. The walls should be painted or, if there is paper, it should be light and easily washed, and the floor ought to be covered with light linoleum. Inlaid floor covering costs in the beginning more, but it is the only satisfactory wear, and it has been found that light colors are really more economical than dark. A bright table cover and a basket chair are details of kitchen furnishing that will be much appreciated by the occupants.

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Church For Funerals Only.

New York has one church which is devoted entirely to funeral services. It is called the Funeral church, and its usefulness comes from the fact that many families living in small apartments in the city desire to have the last services for their dead conducted in a larger place than is provided by their home. Having no fixed church affiliation, they seek this place for the services.

Faithful to Duty. When the army of Pompey stormed and took Jerusalem, at the moment the temple was taken, the priests were engaged with the daily sacrifice, and amid all the horrors which surrounded them, they continued their solemn duties unmoved, thinking it better to suffer whatever came upon them at their very altars than to omit anything their law required.

The Duke's Dream. The duke of Devonshire, who passed away some years ago, once said to a friend: "Yesterday I went to sleep, and I dreamed that I was addressing the house of lords, and when I awoke I found I was addressing the house of lords."—London Telegraph.

Their Vision Dimmed. How many learned men are working at the forge of science—laborious, ardent, tireless Cyclops, but one-eyed!—Joubert.

Stuffed Dates. Stuffed dates with whipped cream: Remove seeds from choice dates; fill with English walnuts and press into original shape; stew in a little hot water, adding sugar and lemon juice at the last; whip a cup of double cream and a cup of milk with whip churn; remove the froth, drain and serve with the dates around it. Dates stuffed with walnuts: Select large dates, remove the seed by cutting one side only and fill with chopped nuts prepared with a little powdered sugar and lemon juice to form a paste. Press the dates together and dust with powdered sugar.

Stewed Cucumbers. Cut the cucumbers fully half an inch thick right through; put them in a saucepan, just covering them with hot water, and let them boil slowly for a quarter of an hour or until tender, but not long enough to break them; then drain them. You want now a pint of good cream with a teaspoon of butter in a saucepan, and when it is warm drop in the cucumbers; season with a little salt and white pepper; cook five minutes, shaking the saucepan all the time, and serve hot. It is just as delicate as asparagus and a very nice dish, indeed.

While Waiting for His Oatmeal. "What has become," asked the inquisitive boarder, "of the old-fashioned man you used to say, 'as the feller says'?"

Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Your Friends May Not Know You

If you take Hood's Sarsaparilla and receive as much benefit from it as did Mr. Benjamin C. Rose of Saundertown R. I. He says: "My sickness and bad feelings from dyspepsia and nervous prostration extended over seven years. Physicians, medicines and treatments gave practically the same result,—no help, but Hood's Sarsaparilla did the work for me and did it well. Friends would say I did not seem to be the same man, and when I told my story I strongly recommended Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is a great spring medicine, a fine stomach tonic, and good to build up the nerves."

Thousands testify that in the treatment of diseases and ailments arising from or promoted by impure blood or run-down condition of the system, Hood's Sarsaparilla gives entire satisfaction. They are grateful for it as an agreeable, effective and easily-obtainable, remedy for scrofula, eczema, catarrh, rheumatism, lack of strength, that tired feeling, loss of appetite, or general debility. 57-13.

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