

The KITCHEN CABINET



HE happiest thing. The freest thing. That man may hope to see. Is a sunbonnet mite Of a country child In the top Of an apple tree.

-Mary Dawson.

TIPS FOR THE HOUSEKEEPER.

When washing lace curtains, put them to soak in cold water over night. Change the water several times in the morning, then put on to boil in clean cold water with borax, a teaspoonful to a quart; boil 15 minutes; then rinse in several waters until perfectly clean. Never wring curtains in the hands, as they are easily torn.

Rinse out silk stockings in soapsuds before wearing them, and after each wearing; they will last much longer. Cold water and naphtha soap should be used.

Dip cheese and plum pudding in paraffine and it will keep moist indefinitely.

Use a garden trowel for packing ice and salt in the ice cream freezer.

Instead of sewing up a stuffed fowl use tooth picks, and lace the string back and forth; the tooth picks and string may be easily removed without tearing the fowl.

Wet the edge of the lower crust of pastry when putting in fruit in a pie. It keeps the juices from escaping.

Beets dropped in cold water after boiling may be easily peeled; the skins slip off with a touch.

A tablespoonful of coffee to a gravy will add color when the sauce lacks the caramel color.

Put your azaleas, buried in the ground in their pots in the sun, watering every night all summer and in the winter you will be rewarded with plenty of blooms.

Rub soap into the nails when working in the garden and when the hands are washed there will be no stained nails.

Thread in a box or basket often causes much trouble by unwinding. Wrap the thread once around the spool and then under itself and it will not unroll, but can be used from the spool.

Thread to be used in making buttonholes should be 20 sizes coarser than that used in making the garment. For example, if 80 thread is used for the garment, 60 should be used for the buttonholes.

Nellie Maxwell

Gaelic Alphabet.

Men familiar with the Gaelic tongue tell us that the alphabet of that ancient language is the most curious of all alphabets, in that nearly every letter is represented by a tree. The alphabet of today comprises eighteen letters; ancient Gaelic had seventeen. Now, as of old, all the letters with the exception of g, t and p, which stand for ivy, furze and heather, are called after trees. The Gaelic a b c now runs Allm, beite, coll, dur, eagh, fearn, gath, huath, logh, luis, mull, nulin, oiv, peith, ruis, suil, teine, ur, which is equivalent to saying: Elm, birch, hazel, oak, aspen, alder, ivy, whitehorn, rowan or quicken, vine, ash, spindle-tree, pine, elder, willow, furze, heath. In the ancient Gaelic alphabet, the letter h (the huath, or whitethorn), does not exist. The alphabet is called the beith-luis-nulin, because b, l, n and not a, b, c, are its first three letters.

Love and Grammar.

Some time ago a New York business man, who is blessed with an extremely pretty daughter, took his family to England for an indefinite period, during which he was to establish British branches of his mercantile enterprises in that country.

The charms of this young woman wrought much havoc in the rank and file of the men who met her abroad. She was sweet and gracious to all, but her heart, as well as her wit, belonged to her native land. One day her father found her at her desk, knitting her brows over a letter.

"What's the trouble, my dear?" he asked solicitously.

"Father," she responded dolefully, "I must write another declension, but nothing will induce me to conjugate until I get back to the United States."

-Lippincott's.

Bachelors in Distress.

The bachelors of an unpronounceable town in Hungary called Nagy-perkata are holding meetings of distress and indignation. The town council at its last sitting unanimously voted that every unmarried man over the age of twenty-four must pay an annual tax. The thing is to be upon a sliding scale, poor bachelors having to pay but 40 cents and the wealthier ones as high as \$20. As soon as enough has been collected from the matrimonial delinquents a well-equipped home is going to be built in the town for the education and maintenance of homeless children. The tax, it is thought, will be ample to keep up the institution without other aid, and the town council is well satisfied with its new enactment.

NEW NEWS OF YESTERDAY

Emperor Who Remembered When He Reached the Throne.

How Louis Napoleon Rejoiced the Kindness Shown Him by Gen. Webb When He Was Penitent in America.

By E. J. EDWARDS.

Nobody familiar with American history is astonished to hear that a mill boy or a rail splitter or a canal mule driver became in later years of their lives presidents of the United States. But to have been in poverty in New York at one time and the emperor of France at another, at the head of the most dazzlingly brilliant court of Europe, involves a story which seems to belong to the realm of imagination rather than fact. And yet imagination has no part in that history, as is proved by the hitherto unrecorded story I am about to relate, and which was told to me recently by Gen. Alexander S. Webb, hero of civil war days, for many years president of the College of the City of New York, and son of Gen. James Watson Webb, in his day one of the great Whigs, the most intimate friend of William H. Seward and a famous newspaper editor.

"It was in 1836, I think, that my father was the host at a dinner given by him in the Astor house, which, at that time, was the largest and most fashionable of the hotels of New York," said Gen. Webb.

"The dinner had not long been in progress when a servant brought to my father a card. He looked at the name it bore, was clearly puzzled for a moment, then excused himself and went to the hotel's reception room.

"There he was confronted by a young man of handsome and foreign appearance. My father looked quizzically at him and then at the card in his hand.

"Yes," said the stranger, noting the suspicious doubt that was in my father's mind, "it is I who have sent you that card, Gen. Webb. I am he whose name is upon it.

"You are Louis Napoleon?" asked my father.

"Yes, I am Louis Napoleon, the nephew of Bonaparte."

"Then, as the general continued to look inquiringly at the young man, the latter went on:

"I have come to the United States because I was exiled from France. I have heard much of this country from my uncle, who, you know, lived here for a time. I have come here to see what I can do to support myself. I have often heard your name and of your kindness to strangers, and I thought I could commit myself to your friendly interests."

"Have you no means of livelihood?" the general asked.

"None," answered the nephew of the great Bonaparte, "and I will tell you frankly that I am almost without money. If you could assist me in any way, I should be very grateful, and some day it might be in my power to make full acknowledgment of my obligation."

"Impressed by the young man's manner, my father, after a little further conversation, not only promised to help Louis Napoleon, but also took him to the banquet room and there introduced the exile to the guests. Several times thereafter he advanced Napoleon funds and furthermore undertook to find him congenial employment. Indeed, all through Napoleon's short stay in the country the general was his benefactor, and a day or so before he returned to France he thanked my father for his great kindness and repeated his promise to repay the loans when the sun should shine again for him.

"Thirty years later the general, who had been sent to the empire of Brazil as our minister there by President Lincoln, decided to return home for a vacation. He had to reach this country by way of Europe, there being no direct line of steamers between any of our ports and Brazil. So, in due time, he landed at Calais with his family, and there took a train to Paris, in order to make a short stay in that city before taking passage for New York.

"The train had not proceeded far on its journey when the general heard a guard calling out in French: 'I have a telegram from his majesty the emperor for Gen. James Watson Webb!'

"I am Gen. Webb, he said, and the message was handed to him.

"He tore it open. Sure enough, it was a message from the emperor of France. It read:

"Will you take breakfast with me very informally to-morrow at 12 o'clock at St. Cloud. I have just learned of your arrival at Calais.—Napoleon."

"Napoleon III., emperor of France, had not forgotten the debt of gratitude that Louis Napoleon, the moneyless and friendless exile, owed to his benefactor."

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It Gives Actors Away.

"You can always tell how long an actor has been out of work."

The speaker, an actor, stroked his long mustache.

"It is our long mustaches," he said, "that give us away. At work we must keep clean shaven. Once out of work, we start mustaches; for we love them; it is our nature to love them, as it is woman's nature to love dress."

"Lend money, if you will, to the actor with a young mustache. He but recently lost his job. No doubt he will soon hook up again. But the actor with a long, luxuriant, drooping mustache should be advised to take office as a hodcarrier, for his day is done on the boards."

Mexico's Political Disease.

From the San Francisco Star. Dr. John B. Ruffo, who was chief surgeon in the army of the Mexican revolutionists, is now in San Francisco for a brief visit. Speaking of the causes underlying the political unrest in Mexico and the revolution, Dr. Ruffo says:

"It is an economic issue. That issue is the demand of the masses, the demand of the working classes for land of their own."

"Land has for years been the compensation of political workers in Mexico. As a result, politicians, men in power, and men who have done service at one time or another for the powers that be, hold enormously large pieces of land."

"In fact, the greater part of Mexico's land is owned by such political leaders. Men who have played their part in politics own hundreds and thousands of acres of fertile land. Capitalists and manufacturers also are heavy land owners."

"But the masses, the thousands and thousands of Mexico's populace who earn their living by manual toil, have no land. That is the seat of the trouble in Mexico. The awakening has come, and the working classes are demanding enough for each man to use as a farm for the support of himself and his family."

"Until such an apportionment of land occurs in Mexico political unrest cannot be quelled. Oil may be poured upon the troubled waters for a time, but the masses of Mexico will never remain at ease until the great land holdings have been taken from the hands of politicians and divided among the working people."

"It was that dissatisfaction and demand of the masses for land that crystallized in the rebellion against President Diaz. It is the germ from which comes Mexico's political disease."

Backache.

It looks like Greek. But it is plain English for backache. People who suffer with backache and want to be cured, write to Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

"I wrote you for advice February 4th, 1896," writes Mrs. Loma Halstead, of Claremore, Cherokee, Nat. Ind. Ty. "I was racking with pain from the back of my head down to my heels. Had hemorrhage for weeks at a time, and was unable to sit up for ten minutes at a time. You answered my letter, advised me to use your valuable medicines, viz.: Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and 'Pleasant Pellets,' also gave advice about injection, baths and diet. To my surprise, in four months from the time I began your treatment I was a well woman and have not had the backache since, and now I put in sixteen hours a day, at hard work."

Pigmy Pills.

As far as their size goes Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets may well be called "pigmy pills." They are the smallest of their kind. But when their work is considered they are more wonderful than the giant pills of whatever name. Giants

Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Catarrh

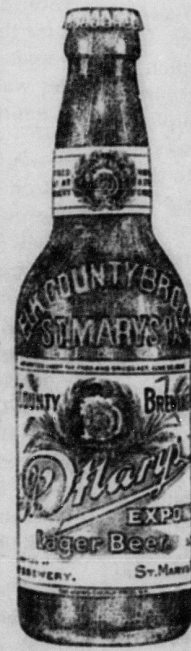
IS A CONSTITUTIONAL DISEASE. Whatever organ or passage of the body it affects, and requires a constitutional remedy for its permanent cure. It depends on an impure, impoverished, debilitated condition of the blood, which keeps the mucous membrane in a state of inflammation, and causes a debilitating and generally offensive discharge; also headache, rising noises, partial deafness, weak eyes. Hood's Sarsaparilla, by purifying, enriching and revivifying the blood, removes the cause and effects permanent cures of all forms of catarrh.

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