

Gold Trodden into Floor. The wooden floor of a jewelry work-shop becomes valuable after a few years because of the gold dust that is trapped into the pores of the wood and into the cracks.

The Remaining Good. If you lose heart about your work, remember that none of it is lost, that the good of every good deed remains and breeds and works on forever.

Pay for Privilege of Hunting. Different German states have different rates for persons who want to hunt. In Prussia, for instance, Germans pay about \$5.50 a year for the privilege, and foreigners pay four times that amount.

"Second Sight" for Blind. A London scientist has devised an instrument which gives the blind a "second sight" through the sense of hearing.

Nature True Comforter. Nature knows best how to comfort the heart of the mourner. Her soothing is the best because she deals in hints and suggestions, not in conventional phrases.

He Cannot Understand. The man who lets his hair grow long at one side of his head, so that he may comb the scanty strands over his bald spot always wonders how any woman can expect to make herself attractive by dabbing powder on her nose.

Dusting It Off. "Bah!" exclaimed the Socialist. "Money is filthy lucre." "Well, I've done the best I could today," replied the man who dabbles in stocks.

Very Well Said. The billboard man's point of view is that the billboard helps business. He can't see that there are times and places when and where business is not the point.

Makings of a Pugilist. "I understand your boy has the makings of a champion pugilist." "I really believe he has. He positively won't fight with anybody he isn't sure he can whip."

His Urgent Need. "What was the only thing Jonah needed to make him safe?" thus the Sunday school teacher, trying to impress the necessity of faith.

Agreed on One Point. Hokus—Toothache, eh? I'd have the blamed thing pulled if it were mine. Pokus—So would I, if it were yours.

Prehistoric Monster. Eighty feet long and thirty feet high, the atlantosaurs was one of our prehistoric animals.

New York's Demand for Coal. One year's supply of coal for New York city loaded into fifty-ton cars would make a train reaching from Salt Lake City to the Atlantic ocean, a distance of 2,452 miles.

Hope Yet. "Everything goes against me," he declared sadly. "I've played the game out." "Tut, tut, old man!" replied his cheerful friend. "Brace up. Borrow some money and be somebody."

Daily Thought. It has been well observed that advice is not hated because it is advice, but because so few people know how to give it.—Leigh Hunt.

Sources of Wealth in Arkansas. Arkansas produces coal, silver, galena, slate, oil stones and clay of every description.

And His Self-Respect. The man who marries for money sells his liberty.—Proverb.

Short Life of Dollar Bill. The life of a dollar bill is about fourteen months.

Sunshine of Life. The sunshine of life is made up of very little beams that are bright all the time. To give up something when giving up will prevent unhappiness; to yield when persisting will chafe and fret others; to go a little way around rather than come against another; to take an adverse look or word quietly rather than return it—these are the ways in which clouds are kept off and pleasant, steady sunshine is secured.—Aikin.

George Meredith's Belief. "Let nothing flout your sense of a Supreme Being, and be certain that your understanding wavers whenever you chance to doubt that he leads to good. We grow to good as surely as the plant grows to the light. The school has only to look through history for a scientific assurance of it."—George Meredith, writing to his son.

Many Languages Spoken. At the entrance of a New York city department store is a placard announcing that twelve foreign languages are spoken by employees. These are: French, German, Italian, Russian, Polish, Hungarian, Danish, Swedish, Norwegian, Spanish, Portuguese and Romanian. Can any foreign store offer equal inducements, in the polyglot line, to its customers?

Unfortunate Situation. Willesden Magistrate (to a woman who complained that her husband would work if he is determined not to do so. There are so many wives willing to work in these days to keep their husbands that the wives who will not do so are apt to become unpopular.)—London Mail.

Value of Garlic. The scientific name for the active principle of garlic is allyl sulphide, which is a powerful germicide. For this reason, people who are in the custom of eating garlic are far less subject to any form of tuberculosis than those who refrain from the odorous vegetable.

Models of Teeth in Wood. An Indian carpenter in Uganda has sent to a dentist in Nairobi cedar wood patterns of a couple of teeth which he wants made to order. It is stated that when the work is completed the cedar models are to be sent to the British museum.

Writing Pad. A compact traveling case is a book-shaped writing pad which folds over flatly, and when opened reveals compartments for all the correspondence necessities, as well as a calendar and narrow slides holding memorandum slips. One of these fits nicely into a handbag.

To Wipe Out Finger Marks. Rub the finger marks on doors with a piece of clean flannel dipped in kerosene oil; afterwards wipe with a cloth wrung out of hot water to take the smell away. This is better than using soap and water, as it does not destroy the paint.

Willing to Be Good. "You children are not all obedient," "Well," said the sadly precocious youngster, "we are willing to be obedient, only paw and maw and grandpa and grandma haven't yet come to an understanding as to which is boss."

Labor Poorly Paid. Palermo, Italy, produces quantities of outfits for brides, principally in muslin. The girls who do the work get from 12 to 25 cents and the skilled workers from 30 to 60 cents a day.

Improved Capstan. A capstan is built into a new block and tackle with which one man can handle loads of one thousand pounds and two men, loads of four thousand pounds.

Uncle Eben's Philosophy. "I likes to hear a young gemman say he's tryin' to keep up wif de times," said Uncle Eben, "pervided he uses an alarm clock to help him."—Washington Star.

Excellent Reason. "I suppose you know why you are here?" "Yes, sir," answered the cheerful prisoner. "I was brung 'ere."

Necessities From Japan. For each person in the United States a dozen paper napkins and a third of a pound of tea are imported from Japan every year.

Unappreciated. "Miss Screecher is chuck full of music, isn't she?" "I guess she is. I've never heard any of it coming out yet."

Evidently Not a Success. "How did you like the actor who played the king?" "Ever since I saw him I've been in favor of a republic."

Where Honesty is Worthless. Many a man would have turned rogue if he knew how.—William Hazlitt.

DUKE OF RICHMOND

He Was Counterfeit and Tried to Marry a Rich American Girl.

By JOHN PHILIP ORTH.

It was whispered that Brian Dinsdale, the young lawyer, and Miss June Temple were engaged. It wasn't true. No young lady on the face of the earth ever waited over ten minutes to spread the glad tidings, and in this case they hadn't been spread.

That Mr. Dinsdale was calling on Miss Temple, and with her mother as chaperon was escorting her to the theater and other places, was a plain fact, and that their attitude toward each other was all that could be hoped for, was whispered with other whispers.

Then came what they call down in Texas a "norther." The balmy wind suddenly shifts into the north, and those who have been swinging in hammocks and eating ice cream hike into the house and build a fire in three stoves.

It was a "norther" that Mr. Dinsdale got. He had been so successful at law that he owned an auto. He had Miss June and her mother out for a spin one day, and the pace was moderate. He was not a young man to take chances with his neck. That day there were two other necks to be guarded. Therefore, he hadn't instructed the chauffeur to jump the machine over creeks and climb rail fences.

The party was floating along on wings of peace when another auto came tearing up. In it was seated a pompous middle-aged man and his driver. The pompous man indicated by a wave of his hand that he was going to pass.

"Don't you let him," said Miss June to Mr. Dinsdale.

"Perhaps he's going for a doctor." "He should have telephoned."

"But we are in no hurry." "But he acts as if the road belonged to him, and I don't like his style. Tell your man to hit 'er up."

"But there's a bad turn ahead, and I don't want to race around." "Oh, well, let him throw a barrel of dust over us."

As the road widened the stranger whizzed by. He smiled a lordly and patronizing smile as he did it.

"Mother," whispered the girl, "I feel humiliated."

"But why, dear?" "Because we let that man by. Mr. Dinsdale hasn't much pride or courage. I hope he never comes to the house again."

"You see what a bad spot it is," said the lawyer as he reached the turn.

"Very bad," replied the mother. "It's as good as the rest of the road!" sulkily replied the daughter.

Few doctors have enough confidence in themselves to treat themselves when ill, and when a lawyer has a case of his own to plead he is almost sure to bungle it. Here was an example of it. Mr. Dinsdale realized that Miss June was miffed. But he soon had greater cause than that. They were passing slowly through a village when they caught sight of a real estate office. Just then the pompous man came out and the real estate man with him. The latter, as it happened knew Mrs. Temple in a business way, and he beckoned for her to stop. When he had asked her about a certain piece of property he called to the pompous man and said to the ladies: "Mrs. and Miss Temple, permit me to introduce the Duke of Richmond. He is thinking of buying five or six farms of me and creating a large estate here."

Both women gasped for breath, and in the confusion Mr. Dinsdale was overlooked. Mrs. Temple was a woman who doted on titles. Here was a title. Almost before she knew it she had invited the Duke of Richmond to call, and he had replied, and he was looking full at the daughter, that it would make him the happiest man in the world.

Yes, he thought of buying a large estate in America and settling down to get married and live out the rest of his days.

As the Dinsdale auto went on Mrs. Temple suddenly exclaimed: "Why—why, Mr. Dinsdale was not introduced to the Duke!"

"Why, mamma!" said the daughter, pretending surprise.

"Oh, that's all right," replied the lawyer. "One can run across a duke or a lord any day in the city."

"Then you know a number of them?" queried Miss June.

"In a way, yes. Several hotels have sent me bills against them to collect. I have forgotten whether the Duke of Richmond is among them or not!"

It was a mean remark and it struck home. That was the lawyer of it. He was befuddling his own case. There was a cool silence for five minutes following his remark, and then both ladies complained of feeling tired and the auto was turned about. It was a very formal parting. Three heads bowed stiffly, and after Mr. Dinsdale was a block ahead he trusted himself to say to himself:

"If that young lady wants to make an idiot of herself let her go ahead!"

He tried to make himself believe that he didn't care a copper for any one of the female sex, but what a sham! He had no sooner reached his office than he set about tracing the Duke of Richmond.

As Miss June entered the house she turned and said to her mother with great positiveness:

"I think Mr. Dinsdale is the most disagreeable man I ever met."

"I am both surprised and shocked," was the reply.

"I hope he never calls here again!" "So do I. Thomas must be instructed to say that we are not at home to him."

Hypocritical June Temple! Within half an hour she was writing Mr. Dinsdale a note to say that she had left her handkerchief in the auto and "would be so kind as to bring it with him when he called again!"

Mr. Dinsdale might have called after a few evenings, but the lost handkerchief would not have been with him securely wrapped in tissue paper and then in tinfoil outside. The reason it wouldn't was because it was not to be found in the auto. It had never been dropped there. It was right before the girl as she wrote the note. The lawyer was thinking of calling, however, when he heard that the Duke of Richmond was on the job, so to say. If he wasn't calling every few minutes it was at least every day. His highness was having a heap to say about his title, his castles and his plans for the future. Mrs. Temple swallowed the words greedily, but Miss Temple found that she didn't care much about titles and vast estates and the family jewels of a duchess. She was more concerned about a plain young lawyer. She had set out to make him sorry, and she was being sorry herself.

One day the duke called when Mrs. Temple was alone. He seemed to be glad to find it so. In one way he was almost a stranger to her, but in another the friendship had progressed so fast that he dared to ask for her daughter's hand. That is, he wanted permission to win the hand if he could. Of course, he had brought scores of testimonials with him, and stood ready to submit a barrel or two of them at any moment.

"I should be proud to be your mother-in-law," was the prompt answer received.

"And I should certainly be proud to call you by that title. As the Duchess of Richmond your sweet daughter would have the world at her feet, almost."

"How grand!" "I should honor her as if she had been born queen."

"I know you would." "All I ask is a fair chance to win her."

"I will aid you all I can." "And there is one more thing, my dear Mrs. Temple. It is a matter I must ask you to hold in the strictest confidence."

"You have my word that I will, Duke."

"My solicitors in London were to send me a hundred thousand dollars a week ago, but a letter just received from them says it will be a whole fortnight yet before they can comply. Meanwhile—"

"You need funds?" said Mrs. Temple.

"Ah, what a woman! If you have \$3,000 you are not going to use for a few days—"

"I will gladly give you a check for it."

An hour later, when Miss June had returned and been told of the loan, she went straight to the telephone and said to Mr. Dinsdale:

"Come at once with your auto! Never mind what for, but come!"

Then she telephoned her mother's bank and stopped payment on the check, and was at the door when the auto drove up.

"Where to?" asked the lawyer. "Fourth National bank."

"What for?" "To nab the Duke of Richmond!"

On the way down two detectives were picked up. The duke had taken a trolley car and got into a block, and had only reached the bank three minutes ahead of the others. He was in line to present his check, but made a break to get away when he saw the detectives.

"Who is he?" asked Miss June as Mr. Dinsdale was taking her home.

"Dick Turner, the greatest confidence man in the country!"

"But he has thirteen trunks at the Belmont and occupies a parlor suit." "He has a carpet-bag and occupies a room in a cheap lodging house."

"Gracious, but how he has fooled mamma!"

"And the real estate men and you and others!"

"No, not me, sir." "And why not?"

"Because I had a feeling—feeling—" "Well?"

"A feeling that I shouldn't marry any other man but you, Brian!"

And Mrs. Temple was the only one who shed tears and talked of the wickedness of the world.

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Really Not Borrower's Fault. "Now, look here, Thompson, remarked Bloom, "it is six months since you borrowed that \$10 bill from me."

"Seven," corrected Thompson, gravely.

"Well, then, seven months," snorted Bloom; "and you promised to give it back to me in a week—promised faithfully to return it to me in seven days instead of months."

"I know it," answered Thompson, sadly, drawing a memorandum book from his pocket. "That bill was marked No. 672,929. I made this memo and then I spent the money. Since then I've been trying to recover it."

"But," shouted Bloom, "any other would do as well."

"No," responded Thompson, shaking his head. "I'm a man of my word. When you gave me the bill I said, 'I will return this to you,' and I meant it. Bloom, old man, just as soon as I come across N. 672,929 I'll see that you get it, for I am not the one to go back on my promise."

Dry Goods, Etc.

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