

SHE HATED LOTS OF THINGS.

And Jenny Lind Abhorred the Very Name of Barnum.

In January, 1896, Mrs. Charles Moulton met Jenny Lind in France and tells her experience in her book "In the Courts of Memory."

Mrs. Moulton describes the singer as "neither handsome nor distinguished looking—in fact, quite the contrary—plain features, a pert nose, sallow skin and very yellow hair."

"I wish you could have seen her. She was dressed in a white brocade trimmed with a piece of red silk around the bottom, a red, blousy waist covered with gold beads sewed fastidiously over it, perhaps odds and ends of old finery, and gold shoes just fancy, at 11 o'clock in the morning."

"We talked music. She hated Verdi and all he had made; she hated Rossini and all he had made; she hated the French; she hated the Americans; she abhorred the very name of Barnum, who, she said, exhibited me just as he did the big giant or any other of his monstrosities."

"But," said I, "you must not forget how you were idolized and appreciated in America. Even as a child I can remember how they worshiped Jenny Lind."

"Worshiped or not," she answered sharply, "I was nothing more than a show in a showman's hands. I can never forget."

SAVED HIS TREASURE.

Clever Ruse of a Blind Man Who Had Been Robbed.

"My great-uncle, who was blind," said a Frenchman, "once buried \$4,000 in gold louis under a pear tree in his garden. His neighbor saw him do it and in the dead of night came and stole the money, replacing the earth carefully."

"Some days later my uncle brought fifty more louis down to the pear tree for burial. He soon discovered his loss, and, silently weeping, he, too, replaced the earth."

"He knew whom to suspect, and that night he called on his neighbor. He seemed thoughtful and distrustful, and the neighbor asked him what oppressed his mind."

"Well, I'll tell you," said my great-uncle frankly. "I have 1,000 louis hid away in a safe place, and today a tenant paid off a mortgage, and I have another 1,000 louis in cash on my hands. I don't know whether to seek out another hiding place for this money or put it where the other is. What do you advise?"

"Why," said the neighbor eagerly, "if your first hiding place is safe—and you declare it to be so—I should certainly put this money there too."

"My great-uncle said firmly that that was what he would do on the morrow. It was the wisest course. Then he took his leave."

"And when next day he went to the pear tree again there, sure enough was his lost 1,000 louis, all put back again."—Exchange.

Landseer's Persistent Wooer. Charles Landseer was a brother of Sir Edwin "and for some years," says the writer of "Leaves From a Life," "was the victim of the most extraordinary persecution that I should think any man ever met with. An eccentric woman fell desperately in love with him and used to pester him first with the most extravagant love letters and then by lying in wait for him when ever he left the house. Finally she issued invitations to the wedding, prepared breakfast and an enormous cake and called for poor Mr. Landseer in a carriage and pair, the horses decked out with white satin streamers and she herself dressed most gorgeously as a bride. But that was the end of the persecution. Her friends took her away, and Mr. Landseer remained a bachelor to the day of his death."

Just For a Starter. "What are you going to call the new baby?" "Reginald Claude," replied Mr. Bliz Elin.

"Isn't 'Reginald Claude' a rather affected name?" "Yes. I want him to grow up to be a fighter, and I fancy 'Reginald Claude' will start something every time he goes to a new school."—Washington Star.

The Irresponsible Child. Small Boy (noticing the Phi Beta Kappa key hanging from the minister's watch chain)—Did you find it again, or is this another? Minister—Why, my little man, what do you mean? I never lost it. Small Boy—Oh, mother said you had lost the charm you had when you were young.—Judge.

Alike in One Way. "He's quite wealthy and prominent now," said Mrs. Starvem, "and they say he rose practically from nothing." "Well, well," remarked Mr. Boarder, "that's just what I rose from—at the breakfast table this morning."—London Answers.

Diplomacy. The Fussy Patron—Why, mercy, this shoe is a 6. The Tired Clerk—Pardon me, madam, you have it upside down. It is really a 9—child's size. What a perfect fit!—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

PUZZLED THE DRIVER.

Now He Believes the Policeman is a Real Mind Reader.

A certain truckman in the habit of using the new Manhattan bridge on his morning trip to Brooklyn has abandoned that route because of superstition.

Several days ago while the truckman was taking a load of chicken crates to Brooklyn a fine cap popped down before him just as his team had passed under the Manhattan tower. He looked around, and, seeing that none of the teamsters ahead of him or behind him was bareheaded, he picked up the cap and put it under the cushion of his seat.

Now, it chanced that the cap had been blown from the head of one of the engineers of the bridge department who was high up in the tower at the time. On reaching the tower base he called up the policeman at the Brooklyn approach on the telephone, described the teamster and his wagon and told how he had lost his cap.

As the long file of trucks passed by the policeman the latter halted the trucking driver, saying: "I'll trouble you to hand over that cap you picked up on the Manhattan side. It's a black and white check, and you've got it right there under your seat."

Amazed and frightened at the cop's demand, the driver pulled out his hidden find and tossed it to him. "Here you are," he said. "You're a mind reader or one of them guys what can see around corners."—New York Tribune.

MASSENET'S HOBBY.

A Story of the Composer and His Dear Friend, the Bookbinder.

In the recollections of Massenet a story is told, says the Hamburger Nachrichten, illustrating the composer's passionate admiration for beautiful bindings. Not a week passed without a visit from him to his bookbinder when he brought a new book or a new edition to be bound. In the course of time he and his bookbinder became the best of friends, and when Massenet arrived the talk was at first of everything on earth except the real object of his visit.

"Look here," Massenet would say eventually, giving the man the volume to be bound. "Splendid!" replied the bookbinder, and then for his customer and friend he would devise some fresh wonder in the art of binding.

One morning Massenet suddenly learned that his friend was giving up business. He hurried to his shop. "Heavens! Is it true you are leaving Paris?" he asked.

"Why, certainly! I have bought a charming little country house near Nantes."

"What! A country house! And in the provinces?" And he added sadly "Ah, my poor friend, I am partly responsible for that!"

Who Am I? Last leap year I did not want to embarrass my best girl to make her propose to me, so asked her to be my wife, and she said, "I would rather be excused," and I, like an idiot, excused her. But I got even with the girl. I married her mother. Then my father married the girl. Now I don't know who I am.

When I married the girl's mother the girl became my daughter, and when my father married my daughter he became my son. When my father married my daughter she was my mother. If my father is my son and my daughter is my mother, who in thunder am I? My mother's mother (which is my wife) must be my grandmother, and I being my grandmother's husband, I am my own grandfather.—National Monthly.

A Bargain. A young society woman met a count and fell in love with him. Her father was opposed to a match of this kind and declared the foreign nobleman was simply after his money.

"Count," said the young woman one evening, "you can't imagine how my love for you distresses my parents. My father told me he would give \$10,000 if I would never see you again."

"Ah, darling," said the count, "see your fazaire in bees offices now, you sink?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Very Complimentary. Mrs. Gray (meeting two acquaintances on the parade)—Oh, I didn't know you were here. Mrs. Greene: Awfully pleased; You must come and spend an evening with us.

Mrs. Greene—It's very kind of you, but you must really excuse us. You see, we've never been in the place before, and we're only here for a few days, so, of course, we must make the best use of our time.—London Express.

Free and Equal. "Do you truly and honestly believe that all men are born free and equal?" asked Jimson of the genial philosopher.

"I sure do," replied G. P. "Free of all responsibility and equal to not less than three square meals a day."—Life.

Experience. "How did you come out of that deal in Wall street?" "I got several thousand dollars' worth of experience. But the price on experience has gone away off, with no chance that I can see of recovering."—Exchange.

Ocean Depths. Scientists have found fifty-six areas in the oceans where the water is more than three miles deep, ten where it exceeds four miles and four where the bottom is further than five miles down.

Duels in France.

A large proportion of the duels in France end without bloodshed. When the offense is not very serious it is agreed beforehand that the words of command shall be given so rapidly that the duelists will not have time to take good aim. Sometimes three shots are exchanged without a hit, and then the seconds step in and—"honor is satisfied." At the word "Fire!" the pistol is raised instantly, and it must be discharged not later than the word "three," so the speed with which these words are given regulates the time in which it is possible to take aim. There fore the speed with which they are spoken is agreed upon beforehand, this depending upon the seriousness of the duel. The words are timed with a metronome. If the encounter be very serious this is set at the lowest speed, eighty beats a minute, which gives time for taking accurate aim. A speed of 140 beats a minute allows no time for aiming, and therefore is used when the seconds consider the duel should be made as little dangerous as possible.—London Answers.

Two Ways to Catch Rabbits. By the first method "you take a lot of salt, mix some pepper with it, strew it on a very hard rock, then watch the rabbits cum and eat the salt, and the pepper makes 'em sneeze so violent they bump their noses on the rock till they fall in a swoon and you step up and pop 'em in your bag."

The other method was to "build a bustin' fire in the woods when the snow is plenty. Now, rabbits, you must know, is a mite cold blooded little critters, so they'll cum and set round it and warm their toes. Well, pretty soon they'll drop off asleep and the fire'll melt the snow into slush. And pretty soon the fire'll die out and the moraine'll cum on sharp and 'll freeze the slush into ice and kerch the little critters fast by the paws. Then you ax him to do is cum round with yer ax and chop 'em out."—Robert Haven Schaffer in Metropolitan Magazine.

Captured by an Orang. There is an old story told of a native of Borneo who, with a party, went out to hunt an orang outang to sell to show men. This particular hunter got separated, and at the end of the day was still missing. A search was organized, and at the end of the second day he was found high up in a tree with an orang outang by his side. A rifle shot killed the big ape and then the man descended and told of his strange adventure. He had gone into the river to bathe, and as he came out was seized by the orang, and carried to its lodging in a tree. To his surprise he was not otherwise molested. What the orang supposed him to be or what would have been the eventual outcome of this strange captivity no one knows, and the hunter willingly gave up the chance of finding out.

Postal Rates in 1830. According to a table of the post offices in the United States as they were Oct. 1, 1830, the whole number of offices in the United States was 8,610. The rates of postage established by congress in 1825 were: On a single letter composed of one piece of paper for any distance not exceeding thirty miles, 6 cents; over thirty miles and not exceeding eighty miles, 10 cents; over eighty miles and not exceeding 150, 12½ cents; over 150 miles and not exceeding 400, 18½ cents; over 400 miles, 25 cents; a letter composed of two pieces was charged double these rates; of three pieces triple and four pieces quadruple these rates. For newspapers the rate was 1 cent for 100 miles and 1½ cents for over 100 miles.

Bells of Old England. To one sixteenth century visitor at least the English seemed to be a nation of bell lovers. This was Paul Hentener, a German, who wrote of his travels in this country during the reign of Queen Elizabeth "The English," he said, "excel in dancing and music, for they are active and lively, though of a thicker make than the French. They are vastly fond of great noises that fill the air, such as the firing of cannon, drums and the ringing of bells, so that in London it is common for a number of them, that have got a glass in their hands, to go into some belfry and ring the bells for hours together for the sake of exercise."—London Chronicle.

Father's Reason. Young Harold was late in attending school on Sunday, and the minister inquired the cause.

"I was going fishing, but father wouldn't let me," announced the lad. "That's the right kind of a father to have," replied the reverend gentleman. "Did he explain the reason why he would not let you go?"

"Yes, sir. He said there wasn't bait enough for two."—Harper's Magazine.

A Duty Well Done. The teacher had been giving a long lecture to the juvenile class on the subject of morals.

"Now, Harry," she said, "what is our duty toward our neighbors?" "To keep an eye on 'em," was the reply.—Exchange.

Marital Dialogue. She—The tried and loving husband is one who when his wife has the neuralgia suffers more than she does. He—And she generally sees to it that he does.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Sign of Wealth. "Is he rich?" "Say, he's so rich that his neighbors have all begun to tell what they'd do for charity if they had his money."—Detroit Free Press.

DUTCH BELTED CATTLE.

Once Nearly Exterminated, They Are Now Bred by the Nobility.

Dutch belted cattle originated in Holland several hundred years ago. At the time of the great Holland wars they were nearly exterminated by the invading armies, and the few that remained because the property of the nobility, who have bred them pure ever since, but do not willingly part with them. They are known in Holland as Veldrangers, which name means "wrapped around with a sheet."

In color they are black, with a band of pure white entirely around the body. They may also have white fore feet, white hind feet and legs up to the gambrels and a white swish. The "belt" varies in width. On some it is but a few inches wide. On others it reaches back on the hips and forward on the shoulders. Usually it covers the body from just in front of the hips nearly to the shoulders.

They have the prominent eyes, thin neck, silky hair, soft skin, elevated flanks, broad hips, long, slim tails, shapely, well placed udders, prominent milk veins and so called milk form, which make up the dairy type of cow. They are very tame and docile, hardy and vigorous.—G. G. Gibbs in American Cultivator.

STOPPING THE EARTH.

It Would Generate Heat Enough to Turn Our Globe to Vapor.

The stopping of a projectile always results in the generation of heat. The velocity and weight of a projectile being known the amount of heat developed by its stoppage can be calculated. In the case of large bodies moving rapidly the result of the calculation is something astounding.

For example, the earth weighs 6,000,000,000,000 tons and travels in its orbit at the rate of over eighteen miles a second. Should it strike a target strong enough to stop its motion the heat developed by the shock would be sufficient not merely to fuse the earth, but also to reduce a large portion of it to vapor. It has been calculated that the amount of heat generated by a collision so colossal would equal that obtained from the burning of fourteen gies of coal each equal to the earth in size.

And should the earth after its stoppage fall into the sun, as it certainly would, the amount of heat that would be developed by its impact on the sun would be equal to that generated by the combustion of 5,000 earths of solid carbon.

Two Waterloos. It is a very curious fact that a good many people do not know that two battles were fought at Waterloo. Both of these were fought against the French, the first under the command of the Duke of Marlborough on Aug. 17, 1705, who on this date actually occupied the same ground as the Duke of Wellington did a little more than a century later, June 17, 1815, the only difference being that the former was marching on Brussels and the latter was marching from Brussels. In the first battle the French were defending Brussels. They marched out to meet Marlborough, but owing to the slackness on the part of Schlagenburg, the Dutch general, who was fighting with him, it was not a success, Marlborough only taking a few of the French troops as prisoners. The following one, fought against Napoleon by Wellington, proved to be one of the greatest victories ever recorded in the annals of England.

On a Monday Morning. Monday morning is a hard test for the institution which we call life. Life may be all very well on Saturday night and Sunday morning, but how about Monday morning? If you wake up then with a pleasurable anticipation of the week of work which is ahead of you, you are a happy man. The instinct of the bad boy who plays truant never quite dies out of us. One dreams of a Monday morning when the sun is shining and the air is clear, of slipping quietly into one's clothes, of tiptoeing softly out of the house, of scaling the fence and crossing the meadow and losing oneself in the aluring woods, while time clocks remain unpushed and whistles blow in vain.—San Francisco Bulletin.

Improving It. A foreigner meeting an American friend said to him, "How are you?" The latter replied, "Out of sight." The man considered this very clever and decided to use the expression on the next occasion. Shortly after he was met by a friend, who asked, "How are you?" With visible pride he answered, "You don't see me."—New York Globe.

She Was Safe. Little four-year-old Mabel was running downhill, holding her dress tightly.

"Be careful," called her mother, "or you will fall." "Oh, no, I won't," replied Mabel, "cause I'm holding tight to myself."

Reassured. "What is this white spot on that goldfish I bought from you?" "He has simply shed a scale." "Oh, I thought maybe the plating was wearing off."—Pittsburgh Post.

Better Chance. Ted—I'm trying to find some one who knows me to go security on my note. Tom—Don't you think, my boy, you'd better look for some one who doesn't know you?

Sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.—Tennyson

A young mother living in New York recently drowned herself in agony at the discovery that she was a consumptive and had transmitted to her idolized boy the seeds of consumption. When the doctors told her the child was diseased she caught him in her arms and they died together. Consumption is not hereditary. Consumption has been cured, a fact which has been proven in autopsies in which the lungs show the healed scars of tuberculosis. Hope should never be taken from the consumptive. It is a certain thing that people with obstinate cough, bronchitis, bleeding at the lungs, weakness and emaciation, conditions which if neglected or unskillfully treated terminate in consumption, have been perfectly and permanently cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

—Why do you prefer Mr. Jombat to Mr. Wipfiddle? Mr. Wipfiddle has the most money." "But Mr. Jombat has only one lung."

"So we're short on space? What shall I do with this appendix story?" "Cut it out." "And this story of the man who hanged himself?" "Cut him down."

Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Pure Blood

Is healthy blood—blood that is normal in red and white corpuscles and all other important constituents. To have it, and the strength it gives, be sure to take HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA.

Your blood is not pure if you have scrofula, pimples, boils, or other eruptions, eczema or salt rheum, psoriasis, rheumatism, anemia, nervousness, that tired feeling, loss of appetite or general debility. You should take Hood's Sarsaparilla, and begin taking it at once. There is no real substitute for Hood's Sarsaparilla. If urged to buy any preparation said to be "just as good," you may be sure it is inferior, costs less to make, and yields the dealer a larger profit. 38-46

The World.

The Thrice-a-Week Edition of THE NEW YORK WORLD. Practically a Daily at the Price of a Weekly. No other Newspaper in the world gives so much at so low a price. This is a time of great events, and you will want the news accurately and promptly. All the countries of the world steadily draw closer together, and the telegraph wires bring the happenings of every one. No other newspaper has a service equal to that of The World and it relates everything fully and promptly. The World long since established a record for impartiality, and anybody can afford its Thrice-a-Week edition, which comes every other day in the week, except Sunday. It will be of particular value to you now. The Thrice-a-Week World also abounds in other strong features, serial stories, humor, markets, cartoons; in fact, everything that is to be found in a first-class daily. The Thrice-a-Week World's regular subscription price is only \$1.00 per year, and this pays for 156 papers. We offer this unequalled newspaper and The Democratic Watchman together for one year for \$1.65. The regular subscription price of the two papers is \$2.00. 58-46-tf

The Pennsylvania State College. The : Pennsylvania : State : College. EDWIN ERL SPARKS, Ph.D., LL. D., PRESIDENT. Established and maintained by the joint action of the United States Government and the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. FIVE GREAT SCHOOLS—Agriculture, Engineering, Liberal Arts, Mining, and Natural Science, offering thirty-six courses of four years each—Also courses in Home Economics, Industrial Art and Physical Education—TUITION FREE to both sexes; incidental charges moderate. First semester begins middle of September; second semester the first of February; Summer Session for Teachers about the third Monday of June of each year. For catalogue, bulletins, announcements, etc., address 57-26 THE REGISTRAR, State College, Pennsylvania.

Dry Goods, Etc. LYON & COMPANY. Holiday Readiness In Every Department. We are ready to help the early Christmas shopper with suggestions that will mean money saved on every gift purchased at our store. Art Needle Work. In our Art Needle Work Department we have a large variety of useful gifts including hand-made Centre Pieces, Scarfs, Cushions, etc., in white and ecru. Also a complete line of Stamped Goods, with all the necessary requisites. Doilies and Centre Pieces in Renaissance and Cluny. Neckwear. Christmas display of Neckwear. Always an acceptable Gift. Collar and Cuff Sets in Embroidered Velvets and Nets, Collars, Yokes and Stocks in white and ecru. Also a big assortment of Frills, Bows and Frilling. Table Linens. Table Linens, Napkins and Towels at special Holiday prices. Hosiery. We are sole agents for the famous Rivoli and Blue Ribbon Brands Silk Hose in black, white and colors, now specially priced. Knit Goods. Ladies' and Childrens' Sweaters in all colors. Bridge Jackets in solid colors and pretty combinations; white and blue, lavender and black, white and pink. Children's and Infant's Caps in all colors. Ladies' Auto Hoods. Gloves and Mittens for all. We have added to this department for the holiday shopper a big line of Bed Room Slippers. All the newest designs in Leather Bags, Pocket Books and Mesh Bags. A large line of Men's and Boys' Sweaters, Silk and Linen Handkerchiefs at all prices, also a large line of Men's Neckwear and Silk Hose. LaVogue Coats and Suits Reduced. This month we will make Clearance Sale prices of Coats and Suits. Every garment in this department must be sold now. We never carry any Coats or Suits over, and the greatly reduced prices always help to keep our stock clean. Children's Coats included in this clean-up sale. Christmas Fur Sale. Our entire Fur Stock has been re-marked at greatly reduced prices. These prices will put the selection of fine Fur Sets within the reach of the most conservative buyer. Single Mitts and Children's Sets included. Come early and make your selections, as the early buyer gets the first choice. Lyon & Co. 57-34-1y Bellefonte