Cure for Old Age.

A GOOD WAY TO CHEAT DEATH.

The Prescription Is to Mix Open Air and a Hobby, Shake Well and Take as Many Hours a Day or Night as Possible-The Cure In Real Life.

Old age can be cured. The prescription is a simple one. Mix open air and a hobby, shake well and take as many nours a day as possible. No one begins to age until he is bored, and the tirst gray hair comes when a man suddenly thinks to himself. "What's the use?" Then is the time when a hobby

makes life interesting again, There was an official on one of our great railroads who was retired at seventy. "He'll die now," said his friends kindly. But he didn't. Instead, he became interested in the wild flowers, and now he is too busy in looking for the ram's head orchid and trying to find a new station for the hart's tongue fern and tramping around in the woods and fields in all kinds of weather even to think of dying. Anyway, he would not have time until he's finished his monograph on the willows of the Unit-

ed States. There is a woman in Baltimore, seventy-two years old, who years ago sought to forget a great sorrow by learning the butterflies. Her city home has become a rendezvous for entomologists all over the world and houses a famous collection. While her contemporaries are dozing their lives away in caps and easy chairs she spends her summers in the mountains and her winters in Florida with a butterfly net. Twenty-one new species to identify are her contribution to the lepidoptera, and she plans to live until the last goal of an entomologist is reachedthe using of her single initial species

An octet of men in Philadelphia, all well past their threescore years, some in business and some foot loose, belong to the same ornithological society. They are afield every day of the year, rain or shine, to watch the ever changing bird life. In the spring each prepares migrant sheets showing the arrivals of the hundred odd migrants that pass through every place every year. There is great rivalry as to who shall score the most warblers or identify the largest number of birds in one day. At present writing the oldest of the eight holds a record of seventyfive different kinds of birds seen or heard in one day between dawn and dark-one for each year of his age and one to grow on

A man in North Carolina by the sudden death of two of his family was live. To while away the few months still left to him as well as to help out his household expenses he took up the study of edible mushrooms. At the end of a year in the open he notified his indignant physician that he had become too much interested in his hobby to confirm his diagnosis. In ten years he has discovered, classified and tested 170 kinds of edible mushrooms and has published a book which is one of the standard authorities for mushroom eaters of the world.

Another septuagenarian attributes his long life to the stars. Confined to business during the day, he sought the open air at night and began to study the changing constellations and the per plexing planets. Then he found that with an opera glass he could detect their colors and reveled in the blue light of Vega, the green glare of Sirius. the rose red of Aldebaran, the flame color of Betelguese and the strange shades of other gleaming sky kings Finally he bought a small telescope. Now, at seventy, he has published a monograph on the double stars, besides a quaint little star guide that has interested thousands in his hobby.

None of the nature studies requires much money or time. A cheap illustrated guidebook, an opera glass and, if possible, some walks and talks with an expert, and you will learn almost immediately to identify a score or more of flowers, or birds, or constellations, or mushrooms, and you will have found sa hobby on which you may ride away from Death.

Try it, young men, lest you grow old. Try it, old men, before you grow tired Escape into the open from these narow indoor days and learn the way to where the wild folk dwell. In their and you will find the help of the hills and hope wide as the world, and strength, and youth, and happiness. Try it.-Samuel Scoville, Jr., in Lippin cott's

Across the Atlantic. The narrowest part of the Atlantic is

between Brazil and Guinea, where the ocean is only about 1,800 miles wide. From Newfoundland to Ireland, the narrowest breadth north of the equafor, is nearly twice as far. From New York to the nearest point of France is nearly three times as far.

The Lesser Evil. "It's Mr. Boreleigh. I think I'll send

him word I'm out." "Won't the still, small voice reproach

you?" "Oh, yes, but I'd rather listen to the still, small voice than to Mr. Boreleigh's."-Boston Transcript.

The most deadly foe to success in the future is the inertia which springs from self satisfaction in the success of Ruskin.

ORIGIN OF METALS

Varied Theories as to How the Ores Are Formed.

NATURE HIDES THE SECRET.

Science Has For Centuries Tried to Wrest It From Her, but Geologists and Mineralogists Are as Yet Unable to Agree Upon the Process.

You have read of that legendary Indian who while chasing game on a Bolivian mountain side seized a bush to prevent himself from falling, and. the bush being pulled loose from its scanty hold on the rocks, he saw its crooked roots grasping masses of gleaming white ore and thus became the discoverer of the famous silver mines of Potosi.

You have also read, perhaps with itching fingers, of prospectors picking up nuggets of gold worth a thousand dollars each or opening veins of quartz all shot through with heavy threads of the yellow metal.

You know that ores of gold and silver or of any other precious or useful metal are not to be found in everybody's back yard, but must be sought for in certain favored parts of the

But has your intelligent curiosity ever led you to inquire how those ores came to be where they are and nowhere else? Have you ever wondered what makes a gold nugget?

Possibly you think that gold and other metals grow somewhat as fruits do-in soils and climates that are specially suited to them. Well, there is considerable truth in that idea, and the word "grow" is, in one sense, sur prisingly applicable to such deposits.

But there is a great deal more in the matter than you would imagine, and on no subject has science fought more battles royal than on this of the origin of metallic ores. I think that there are some geologists who would rather find out this secret to the very bottom than discover the richest lode that the ribs of the earth contain. If they could do both that would be perfection, and we must not forget that knowledge is

Until about 400 years ago everybody who thought about it at all believed that veins of precious ore were distributed under the influence of the planets. At that time astrology held

the place of science. Finally George Agricola, a German mineralogist, who lived about the time when the gold and silver of Mexico and Peru were making Spain the temporary mistress of the world, hit upon a theory which came in substance very near the truth. He taught that water, penetrating into the earth and becoming heated, took up scattered minerals left alone with but little money, no in solution and afterward deposited friends and the cheering dictum from them as ores in cavities in the rocks. his doctor that he had only a year to The mineral solutions he called the earth's "juices.

A couple of hundred years later the German geologist Werner set forth a view that became very famous under the name of the "Neptunist theory," from Neptune, the god of the sea. Werner's idea was that as the earth cooled down from the primeval nebula out of which it was formed it was enveloped in a universal hot ocean, holding in solution all kinds of minerals. and that when the rocky crust was formed the water leaking down into it deposited its metallic contents by chemical precipitation in veins and lodes wherever the circumstances were

favorable. But a hundred years ago the Neptunist theory, which had swept everything before it in the minds of men hands of Hutton, the Scottish geolo-Pluto, the god of the infernal regions). which fill the metallic veins were meltthe clefts and fissures of the strata

The "Neptunists" and "Plutonists" had a hard fight, with the latter holding the upper hand, until their theory had assumed a kind of compromise form, with water again playing the principal role. The American geologist, Van Hise, is the author of one of the latest theories, according to which meteoric water (condensed atmospheric vapor) penetrates deep into the earth's crust, and, with steadily increasing temperature, takes up mineral matter into solution. Spreading, as it gets deeper, the water reaches larger openings in the rocky crust, in which it ascends, with decreasing temperature and pressure.

There it deposits the ores, whose materials it has collected in its wanderings and carried along in solution. But this is not the last word, and in recent years there has been a partial

reaction toward the Plutonist theory. Besides, a great deal seems to depend upon the nature of the ore whose origin is in question.-Garrett P. Serviss In New York Journal,

He Knew. Mrs.-Oh, Jack! Dolly told me the most exciting secret and made me swear never to tell a living soul! Mr. -Well, burry up with it. I'm late to the office now.-Cleveland Leader.

Axiom In Economics. As a rule, the money a man doesn't save by remaining a bachelor would be more than enough to support a wife and ten children. - Chicago News.

Life without industry is guilt.-John

The state of the s

MEXICO'S ROYAL GHOST.

Legend of the Rumbling Cave of Las Siervas Hot Springs. The hot springs of Las Siervas, near Valle de Canizos, in a remote part of the state of Guerrero, Mexico, have been visited by few people from the

outside world, but they are famous in the legends and history of the Indian tribes of that part of the republic. According to the natives, the waters of the springs possess great medicinal properties. In ancient times the springs were the favorite bathing resort of the noble families of the Tepa-

neca, Alcolhua and other tribes that

lived in that region. On both sides of the chief spring there are huge rocks with hieroglyphics and the figures of women beautifully carved. Judging from the robes worn by the women, their stately appearance and the jewels around their necks, the figures must represent princesses or ladies of very high rank.

The spring is at the entrance to a grotto that has never been explored. From the grotto a rumbling sound resembling distant thunder is to be heard all the time. According to natives, the rumble is caused by the ghost of King Excamina, who ruled over that part of the country three or four centuries be-

fore the Spaniards discovered America. King Excamina, the tradition says, was as bad as man could be. He murdered people merely for the pleasure of seeing them die and committed every crime. He had his palace constructed in another cave, which communicated with that of the spring by a tunnel. There Excamina, in company with some of his favorites, had orgies that lasted weeks and months.

When he died an earthquake destroyed his palace. Since that day his ghost has been haunting the cave near the spring, and none of the natives has ever dared go into the cave.-New York

GREEKS LOATHE THE TURKS.

An Incident That Shows How Deep Seated Is the Hatred.

The extent to which the Greeks' hatred of the Turks goes is illustrated in "A Child of the Orient," by Demetra Vaka. The author's Aunt Kalliroe was an old Greek woman, whose feelings were the most anti-Turk. She had bought a large Greek homestead, for which she had no use and which she could not at all afford, solely to keep it from falling into the possession of a Turk. The author writes:

"The next time we visited Aunt Kalliroe she was installed in the Spathary homestead. Just within the front door stood a small table, covered with a white linen tablecloth, such as an orthodox Greek woman spun herself for the purpose of putting on the table where the ikons were laid-a tablecloth always washed by the mistress herself in a basin kept apart from the other dishes. On the table lay a Greek ikon, a brass candlestick holding three candles, all burning, and a brass incense burner, from which a column of blue smoke was rising, filling the house with the odor of incense.

'Why, it isn't Easter, and it isn't Christmas!' I cried. 'It isn't even a great saint's day. Why are you burning the candles and the incense, great-

"They have been burning since I moved into this house, and they shall burn for thrice forty days, to cleanse it from Turkish pollution.

"But since Baky Pasha never bought it and never lived in it'-"'No. but a Turk coveted it, and that is enough to pollute a Christian

Good Word For Religion.

This is a broad minded age, and the gentleman on the last tram, who was in what one may define as the talkaof science, met its Waterloo at the tive stage, shared the characteristics of the times. "I've nothin' to say gist, with his "Plutonic" theory (from against 'im even if he does belong to a P. S. A. I'm no bigot, not a bit of Hutton's idea was that the materials it. An' I say this-that, considerin' all things, I've not found these relied by heat and forcibly injected into gious chaps to be worse than ordinary tator. fellers like you an' me."-Manchester

Planning a Future.

"Do you think you can support my daughter in the style to which she has been accustomed?"

"Yes," replied the slangy young man after some hesitation. "But don't you family a few years so as to get accustomed to it?"-Washington Star.

Nothing Doing. "Can I interest you in an attachment for your typewriter?" asked the agent as he entered the office.

"No chance," replied Mr. Grouch. "I'm still paying alimony on the strength of the attachment 1 had for my last typewriter."--Cincinnati En-

Drawing Materials. "What have you got in that little

"Drawing materials." "I didn't know you were an artist." "Artist nothing! It contains a couple of pairs of forceps the dentist asked me to get for him."-Boston Transcript.

Nothing to Offer. "Have you," asked the judge of a recently convicted man, "anything to offer the court before sentence is pass-"No, your honor," replied the prison-

er. "My lawyer took my last farthing." -London Mail. To Clean Mother-of-pearl. Mother-of-pearl articles that have

become dull and blurred may be restored by cleaning them with pure olive oil, then applying the ordinary nailbrush and rubbing with chamois.

WON ON HIS BLUFF

How an American Consul Brought a Dictator to Terms.

A THREAT AND A SURPRISE.

The Venezuelan Despot to Whom Uncle Sam's Official Had Issued a Comic Opera Ultimatum First Got on His High Horse and Then Stepped Down.

A great many years ago Phil Hanna was consul at La Guayra, Venezuela, when a little revolution broke out. A military martinet in command of the town announced himself dictator and, needing money to carry on his activities, seized a bunch of American, English and German residents in the place and locked them in the town jail. They were informed that they would be released when they had made certain cash contributions to the revolutionary war chest.

Hanna was notified of the situation. and, looking up the consulate and leaving an extra sized American flag flying, he marched up to the headquarters of the dictator.

"Mr. Dictator," said Hanna, "I note that you have locked up a number of Americans. Permit me to introduce myself as the American consul."

The dictator asked what interest that fact had for him. "It signifies that I am here in the name of my government to demand that these Americans be released in-

stantly," replied Hanna. "Can't do a thing for you," replied the general. "They've been told that when they cough up they'll be turned

loose.

"They'll be turned loose without coughing and without delay," retorted Hanna. "I desire, in the name of my government, to say that if the Americans and all the European citizens whom you have locked up are not released by 6 o'clock this afternoon I shall proceed to shell the town."

"To shell-what'll you shell it with?" snorted the dictator. "Why, you haven't an American ship within a

thousand miles, and you know it." "What I said," replied Hanna with frozen faced dignity. "was that if those people are not released by 6 o'clock I'll shell the town." And he marched out

Hanna knew perfectly well that there wasn't an American ship nearer than New Orleans, and he knew the dictator knew it. But he had something up his sleeve. He went back to his office and waited patiently, meanwhile sending a clerk down to the water front to watch

The day wore on to midafternoon. Hanna was getting nervous. He must make good somehow. At last his messenger returned.

"Two British cruisers are coming into the harbor, sir," he reported.

"I knew they were due today," replied Hanna. "Now, you get word to the commander about what we've done here and tell him it's very important for him to come and see me."

At 5 o'clock that afternoon three very impressive officers in the uniform of the British navy came ashore and marched straight to the American con-

Hanna slouched out of his chair. shook hands all round and explained his scrape. The naval man wanted to know how he could best serve the

necessities of the moment. "Just go back on shipboard and begin clearing those vessels for action in the most ostentatious way you can,' replied Hanna. "I'll do the rest."

As soon as the necessary time had elapsed to assure that these facts would have duly impressed themselves on his dictatorship Hanna started for the palace again. He didn't have to wait for admittance.

"Have the American and European prisoners been released?" he asked. "They have not yet," replied the dic-

"Then permit me to say that at 6 o'clock sharp, as I mentioned this morning. I begin shelling this town!" "Where's your American ships?" per-

sisted the dictator. "The two British cruisers that have entered the harbor today are under my orders." replied the American consul "and we'll blow you and your town off think I'd better stick around with your this coast before morning if you don't perform. Do you get it?"

The dictator didn't know whether it was bluff or not, but at 5:59 o'clock the Hanna got a promotion for the job .-

prisoners were turned loose. New York Sun.

Overworked. He had carried a cue nine miles around a billiard table and pushed a lawn mower once across his 30 by 20

lawn. Then he collapsed. "Overwork," said the sympathetic doctor and put him to bed .- Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Where the Soft Spot Was. Gladys-Jack really has a soft spot in his heart for me. Muriel-How do you know he has? Gladys-He says he is always thinking of me. Muriel-Why, a man doesn't think with his heart. The soft spot must be in his head.-Judge.

Not Satisfactory. Betty Van Rocks-Did you have a satisfactory interview with papa? Jack Brokeleigh-Not very; he said all he would give was his consent.-Boston Transcript.

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