CENTRE HALL, PA. THURS, Jan. 26, 1888.

TERMS;—One year, \$1.50, when paid in advance. Those in arrears subject to previous terms.

That there should be a coal famine in a mining town is singular. The 1500 in habitants of the town of Trevorton are seriously threatened by a coal famine. has fully arrived when we Humorist's The Reading's Mount Franklin colliery, ought to stand by each other. which is the only one at, that place, is without coal and the employes on a strike. There seems to be no way out of the difficulty but to return to work or that at the age of eighteen he married a perish for lack of fuel. The nearest place at which they can receive coal is Shamokin, 5 miles, and the people, who are now eking out a scanty living, could not afford the heavy expense.

M. De Lesseps and his canal have received a serious set-back from the French Government. Some time ago his proposal to issue lottery loans to obtain funds to carry on the work at Panama, was made public, and the opinion at the time seemed to be that the Government would permit their issue. The Ministers discussed the matter at their Council yesterday, and unanimously refused the application. The prospects for obtaining further money for prosecuting the work are not bright, and the immediate effect of the Council's decision was to depress the price of Panama Canal shares 25 francs.

A NEW WAY TO PURIFY WATER. Probably one of the most useful and interesting discoveries of the century has just been perfected and put to practical use by Professor Hugo Blanck and R. W. Smith, of Pittsburg. A method of thoroughly purifying water by the passing of electrical currents through, it has been subjected to the severest tests, the results leaving no doubt whatever as to the effectiveness of the invention.

The passage of the electric current through the water kills all germs of disease that it may contain, also leaving it clear of any impure substances. The experiments were made with water taken from the Monongahela River in the vicinity of the sewer escapes. After being electrified only the purest water flowed from the specially constructed tank. Applications for patents have been made.

THE AUSTRALIAN VOTING SYSTEM PROPOSED TO BE ESTABLISHED.

A bill to establish the Australian system of voting was introduced in the Assembly at Albany. It provides that all ballots shall be printed at public expense and that the voter shall retire to a private compartment and there mark with an X the names of candidates for whom he proposes to vote. Those unable to read may be aided by an inspector of election. The voter is forbidden to show the contents of his ballot or state for whom he voted. No "pedling" of ballots is permitted and except two challengers for each party no person but election officers and voters, in turn, are allowed within 100 feet of the polling place. A second bill contains this latter provision only. The general bill is a long and elaborate affair, and, as it is to go into effect at the November election, the chances of its passage are meagre, as each party would fear confusion resulting in the presidential vote from its many novel features. It is highly improbable that Governor Hill would sigh it if it passed.

HOW THE WAR SCARE AFFECTS GERMANY.

As a consequence of the war rumors in Europe there will be such an emigration from Germany to the United States in the coming spring as was never witnessed before. Information to this effect comes, from so many sources that it would seem that all the discontented who are so circumstanced that they can possibly get away from the coutry will do so

The men, young and middle-aged, drilled into machine-like stolidity as they are, do not admire the prospect of being shot at any more than the inhabitants of less warlike nations would, and the most strenuous efforts are being made by the. civil and military bureaucracy of the Government to discourage and prevent the rush of the outgoing human tide Difficulties are thrown in the way of disposing of landed or other property, the lists of persons liable to military service are kept with the most scrupulous exactness, the frontier towns and seaports have made the principal part.
Shakespeare did not want his plays published. He wanted to keep them out of the press in order to prevent their use at spellswarm with spies and detectives, and one steamship line, at least, has been refused permission to add extra vessels to its

#### DONT

let that cold of yours run on. You think it is a light thing. But it may run into eatarrh. Or into pneumonia. Or into

Ostarrh is disgusting. Pneumonia is dangerous. Consumption is death itself.

The breathing apparatus must be kept healthy and clear of all obstructions, and offensive matter. Otherwise there is

All the diseases of these parts, head, nose, throat bronchial tubes and lungs, can be delightfully and entirely cured yb the use of Boscher's German Syup. If you dont know this already, thousands and thousands of people can tell you They have been cured by it, and "know how it is themselves." Bottle only 75 ents: Ask any druggist.

BILL NYE TAKES A HAND.

The Shakespeare-Bacon Puzzle Wrestled with Conscientiously—Why Bill Favors the Claims of Bill Shakespeare—His Handwriting Skillfully Touched Upon—Its Likeness to Horace Greeley's—Difference Between Shakespeare and Hacon—A Kind Lift for the Yeomany.



RUSTING that it will not in any way impair the sale of Mr. Donnelly's book, I desire, says Bill Nye in the New York World, to offer here a few words in favor of the theory that William Shakespeare wrote his own works and thought his own thinks. The time

I do not undertake to stand up for the personal character of Shakespeare, but I say that he wrote good pieces and 1 don't care who knows it. It is doubtless true woman eight years his senior, and that children began to cluster about their hearthstone in a way that would have made a man in a New York flat commit suicide. Three little children within fourteen months, including twins, came to the humble home of the great Bard and he began to go out and climb upon the haymow to do his writing. Sometimes he would stay away from home for two or three weeks at a time, fearing that when he entered the house some one would tell him that he was again

Yet William Shakespeare knew all the time that he was a great man, and that some day he would write pieces to speak. He left Stratford at the age of twenty-one and went to London, where he attracted very little attention, for he belonged to the yeo manry, being a kind of dramatic Horace Greelev both in the matter of clothes and penmanship. Thus it would seem that while Sir Francis Bacon was attending a usiness college and getting himself familiar with the whole arm movement, so as to be able to write a free, cryptogamous hand, poor W. Shakespeare was slowly thinking the hair off his head, while ever and anon he would bring out his writing materials and his bright, ready tongue and write a

sonnet on an empty stomach Prior to leaving Stratford he is said to have dabbled in the poaching business in a humble way on the estates of Sir Thomas Lucy, since deceased, and that he wrote the following encomium or odelet in a free, running hand, and pinned it on the knight's

O, deer Thomas Lucy, Your venison's juicy, Juicy is your venison; Hence I append my benison. The rose is red, the violet's blue, The keeper's a chump and so are you, Which is why I remark and my language is Yours truly,

High Low Jack And the Game, Let me now once more refer to the matter of the signature. Much has been said of Mr. Shakespeare's coarse, irregular and vulgar penmanship, which, it is claimed, shows the ignorance of its owner, and hence his inability to write immortal plays. Let us compare the signature of Shakespeare with that of Mr. Greeley, and we notice a won-derful similarity. There is the same weird effort in both cases to out-cryptogam Old Cryptogamous himself, and enshrine immortal thought and heaven-born genius in a burglar-proof panoply of worn fences, and a chirography that reminds the careful student of the general direction taken in returning to Round Knob, N. C., by a correspondent who visited the home of a moonshiner with a view toward ascertaining the general tendency of home-brewed whisky to fiv to the head.

If we judge Shakespeare by his signature, not one of us will be safe. Death will wipe out our fame with a wet sponge; John Hancock in one hundred years from now will be regarded as the author of the Declaration of Independence, and Compendium Gaskell as the author of the New York Tribune. I have every reason to believe that while

William Shakespeare was going about the streets of London, poor but brainy, erratic but smart, bald-headed but filled with a nameless yearning to write a play with real water and a topical song in it, Francis Bacon was practicing on his signature, getting used to the full arm movement, spoiling sheet after sheet of paper, trying to make a violet swan on a red woven wire mattress of shaded loops without taking his pen off the paper and running the rebus column of a business college paper.

Poets are born, not made, and many of

them are born with odd and even disagreeable characteristics. Some men are born poets, while it is true that some acquire poetry while others have poetry thrust upon them. Poetry is like the faculty, if I may so denominate it, of being able to voluntarily move the ears. It is a gift. It can not be taught to others.

So Shakespeare, with all his poor penmanship, with his proneness to poach, with his



SHARESPEARE REACHES LONDON.

poverty and his neglect of his wife and his children, could write a play wherein the leading man and the man who plays the bass drum in the orchestra did not claim to

ing schools in the hands of unskilled artists,

During this time Francis Bacon was in public life. He and Shakespeare had nothing in common. Both were great men, but Bacon's sphere was different from Shakespeare's. While Bacon was in the senate, living high and courting investigation, Shakespeare had to stuff three large pillows into his pantalcons and play Faistaff at a menight stand

Is it likely that Bacon, breathing the perfuned air of the capital and chucking the Treasury girls under the chin ever and anon, hungered for the false joys of the under-paid and underscored dramatist?

That is one reason why I prefer to take the side of Shakespeare rather than the side of Bason.

Mr. Donnelly's book shows keen research. and preserves the interest all the way through, for the reader is impressed all along with the idea that there is a hen on, if I may be permitted to coin a phrase, but so far my sympathies and kind regards go

with Shakespeare. He was one of the yecmen of Stratford, and his early record was against him, but where do poets usually come from? Do they first breathe in the immortal sentiments which, in after years, enable their names to defy the front teeth of oblivion while stopping at one of our lead

ing hotels? Did Burns soak his system with the flavor and the fragrance of the Scotch heather while riding on an elevated train? Did any poet ever succeed in getting up close to nature's great North American heart by studying her habits at a twenty five-dollar german? I trow not. Moreover, every one who studies the history of our great poets and orators will trow likewise. Lord Tennyson wrote better things before he tried to divide his attention between writing poetry and being a Lord. So I say that from our yeomanry frequently spring the boys whose rare old rural memories float in upon and chasten and refine their after lives even when fame comes, and fills them full of themselves and swells their aching heads as they swoop gayly across the country in a special car.

I do not go as far as some of the friends of Shakespeare, and say that while he was a lovely character and a great actor, that Bacon was a ham. I do not say that, for

Bacon had his good points. The thing that has done more to injure Shakespeare in the eyes of the historian than aught else, perhaps, was his seeming neglect of his wife. But we should consider both sides of the question before we pass The Hathaways were queer people and Anne was unusually so. Her father snubbed her in his' will just as her husband did, which shows that Mrs. Shakespeare was not highly esteemed even by her parents. The brief notice which Anne received in these two wills means a good deal, for there is nothing quite so thoroughly unanswerable as a probate snub.

Shakespeare in his own will gave to his wife his second-best bed, and that was all. When we remember that it was a bed that sagged in the middle, and that it operated by means of a bed-cord which had to be tightened and tuned up twice a week and that the auger-holes in the bedstead seemed ever to mutely appeal for more powder from Persia's great powder magazine, we will be forced to admit that William did not passionately love his wife.

I know that Shakespeare has been severely criticised by the press for leaving his family at Stratford while he himself lived in London, only visiting home occasionally, but I am convinced that he found that they could live cheaper in that way. Help in the house was very high at that time in London, and the intelligence offices were doing a very large business without giving very much intelligence. Friends of his told him that it was not only impossible to get enough help in the homes of London but that there was hardly enough servants to prevent a panic in the employment bureaus. Several offices were in fact compelled to shut down for a half day at a time, one using the limited stock in the forenoon

and the other in the afternoon.

Shakespeare was a perfect gentleman, having been made so by the Herald's College, which invested his father with coat armor. This coat armor made a gentleman of the elder Shakespeare, and as William's mother was already a gentleman under the code, William became one also, both on his father's and on his mother's side. Of course



SIR FRANCIS BACON'S PLIRITATION.

all this is mere detail and is dull and unin teresting, but I refer to it to show that those who have read things in Shakespeare's works that they did not like and who, therefore, say that he was no gentleman, do the great Bard an injustice.

I think I like Shakespeare's expurgated poems best, and I often wish that he had confined himself entirely to that kind. If I had a son who seemed to lean towards poesy and felt like twanging his lyre now and then, I would advise him to write expurgated poems exclusively.

I do not say that Shakespeare was the author of his own works, and it would not look well in me to set up my opinion in op-position to that of scholars, experts and savants who have had more advantages than I have, for I would never take advantage of any one; but I say that somehow the impression has crept into the papers that he was a pretty good little play-writer, and I am glad that Mr. Childs has had a testimonial made and sent over to England that will show an appreciation, at least, of his ability to keep before the people.

It will be noticed by the alert and keen-scented litterateur that I have carefully avoided treading on the tail of Mr. Donnelly's cipher. Being rather a poor mathema-tician anyway, I will not introduce the cipher at this time, but I will say that although the whole thing happened about three hundred years ago, and has now near-ly passed out of my mind, to the best of my recollection Shakespeare, though he was the son of a buckwheater, and though he married his wife with a poetic license, and though he left his family at Stratford rather than take them to live in a London flat, wrote the most of his plays with the assistance of an expurgator who was out of the city most all of the time,

city most all of the time,

I can not show Shakeaspeare's ready wit
better at this time than by telling of his
first appearance on the stage as I remember
it. He came quietly before the footlights
with a roll of carpet under one arm and a
tackhammer under the other. In those
days it was customary to nail down stage
carpets, and while doing so, "Shake," as
we all called him then, knocked the nail off
his left thumb, whereupon he received as we all called him then, knocked the nail off his left thumb, whereupon he received an ovation from the audience. Some men would have been rattled and would have "called up," as we say, but Shakespeare was always ready to please his friends or respond to an encore, so putting his right thumb up against a large painted rock in a mountain scone, he obliged by knocking off the other thumb-nail.

the other thumb-nail. Shakespeare wrote the poem called "Venus and Adonis" during the absence of his expurgator and sent it to the editor of the Stratford Appeal, who deadheaded the paper to him for a year and told him that he

paper to him for a year and told him that he wished he would write up any other gossip that might come to his knowledge in that part of the country, especially if it promised to be spay.

Shakespeare was one of the few Englishmen who never visited this country for two weeks for the purpose of writing an eight-mound book on his impressions of America.

# Merry New Year!!

Old Fathnr Time, like the Harvester, annually gathers in the crop and 1887 like its predecessors has been stored away for reference only. 1888, in its gay and youthful attire is upon us, and with it brings new resolutions, inspiration and vigor. We enter the New Year with the best of wishes towards all and kindly solict a share of your patronage.

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