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BATHING AND HEALTH.

Benefits to Be Derived From Cold Water and Rubbing.

A cold bath—we might as well get at the straight of the thing—is not really a matter of cleanliness so much as a matter of getting the skin livened up and the capillaries and veins next to the surface full of blood. Ice cold water or scalding hot water will do that, but tepid water—no, no!

THE HEART MUSCLES.

How They Do Their Work and Why They Never Tire.

It is generally supposed that the heart is an organ which never takes a rest. But this is not so. The muscles of the heart are not incessantly working. The heart contains four chambers—two upper, called the auricles, and two lower, the ventricles. In the beating of the heart the auricles first contract and force the blood into the ventricles; they then relax while the ventricles repeat the process. Then follows a pause, during which the heart is perfectly at rest.

The contraction of the auricles takes one-fifth of the time between one beat and the next, the contraction of the ventricles two-fifths and the pause two-fifths, so that the heart is really resting two-fifths of its time. Sleep also aids in relieving the muscles of the heart, as it considerably diminishes the rapidity of its action.

This alternation of rest and activity, endows the heart muscles with their capacity for untiring work.

Sacred Mountains in Japan.

Travelers in Japan are astonished to find the grandest shrines throughout the land situated on the tops of high, precipitous mountains. This is because every mountain in that country is dedicated to some deity who is believed to be its guardian. These temple grounds are covered with the oldest and largest forest trees, and to the eyes of the people below the effect of the clouds which hover around the peak has originated the belief that the gods hold the power over the clouds to give or withhold rain.

Serenity of Temper.

One sign of mental health is serenity of temper and a self control that enables us to bear with equanimity and untroubled temper the petty trials and jars of life, especially those arising from contact with scolding, irascible, irritating folk. It is well to remember, at such times that these unfortunates are their own worst enemies, and a cultivation of the art of not hearing will help us very much. It is a very useful art all through life and well worth some trouble to acquire.

Far From It.

Young Widow (to partner at ball)—Mr. Crogan, I've made a wager, of a pound of chocolate that you are a single man. Mr. Crogan—Ye've lost, ma'am. I'm van av thriplets.—Chicago Tribune.

Force of Habit.

Miss Antique—Why have you always remained single? Oldbach—Simply from force of habit, I suppose. You know—you know I was born that way.—Philadelphia Record.

Education is needed, not only to help us to do our work. It is also needed to help us to enjoy our leisure.

Her Age.

Tom—Did Maud tell you the truth when you asked her age? Dick—Yes, Tom—What did she say? Dick—She said it was none of my business.

If goodness were only a theory, it were a pity it should be lost to the world.—Hazlitt.

A USEFUL WIZARD.

The Glassmaker Has a Picturesque Trade.

The glassworker is the wizard of useful arts. Before his stand at the county fair the caution to look out for pickpockets, often reiterated on the way to the annual gathering, is swallowed up in the wonderment aroused by the astonishing marvels wrought by his deft hand and a blowpipe. Here a touch and there a pat, and then suddenly the tiny champagne glass seems to fill with a film of rosy wine. "Who will have this? Only 5 cents!" cries a glassblower, holding the little stemmed bowl upside down to show that, like the pitcher of old, hospitable Philemon and Baucis, it can never be emptied. A nickel is thrust up by some one in exchange for the little souvenir of the wizard's art, and it is next seen standing on a parlor mantel many miles away from the fair grounds serving as a memento of the fair and a sample of the wonder beheld that day.

In his workshop the glassworker and his crystal liquid become more fascinating. The roomy building is full of the mystery of an ancient alchemist's laboratory. The glow from the mouths of many furnaces dazzles the eyes. Here and there men with mighty wands tipped with white hot masses swing them deftly about or, putting them to their lips, conjure the gleaming tips until they do their bidding, expanding into great cylinders or disks or growing into delicate globes.

Here is a man standing before the fiery mouth of a furnace. He has in his hand a long rod, and his face is shielded from the searing heat and the glare by a shield which he holds in place by a plug grasped between his teeth. He dexterously twists his blowpipe in the white hot gummy glass until it has collected on its end an ovoid mass weighing from twenty to forty pounds. Revolving the ball in the glowing pot for a moment until it becomes symmetrical, he lifts it forth and plunges it into a pear shaped mold. Then the blower, the master workman of the place, takes the mass and begins to play with it. He blows a big bubble of air into the glass and then another and another until the solid sphere is swelled into a great decanter. Now swinging the white hot bulb like a giant pendulum in the depths of a yawning pit beneath his feet, now blowing through the tube, now thrusting it again into the furnace, at last the mass becomes a thin shelled cylinder as long as the man himself. After being cut and rolled as one would cut and roll a sheet iron cylinder into a flat piece of metal, and annealing, this piece of glass will be cut into window panes.

In another workshop a workman is rolling and smoothing a coil of the sparkling fluid at the end of his blowpipe on a polished slab. Then he blows through his magic wand, and a sphere begins to blossom from the tip. It grows and flows from the point of contact over the shining surface.

A row of keen edged grindstones are turning swiftly in another room. Before each stands a workman with his shirt sleeves rolled to his armpits. A long apron protects his clothing. In his hands he holds a heavy piece of glassware. Lightly, but firmly, so that the veins stand out on the backs of his hands, he presses it upon the edge of the stone. With sureness of pressure he deftly carves the glass, facet upon facet, jewel upon jewel, until the whole piece has become a massive setting of gleaming diamonds which some day will shimmer on the table of a fine house.

And to his art the glassworker adds something of the alchemist's art. Mixing a little gold with the glass, he turns it into the richest of rubies, violets and an amber that is solidified sunshine. He adds a little iron and draws from his glowing furnace glass furnished with all the colors of the rainbow. All in all, he is one of the wonder workers of the twentieth century.—New York Tribune.

Argentine Vineyards.

Wonderful yields of grapes are produced in some Argentine vineyards. "In one vineyard, covering five or six acres, a small tram road ran up the middle," writes a traveler. "I asked what that was for, and when told that it was to bring the grapes to the wine press I wondered why they were not carried in baskets. When I learned that off these five or six acres eighty tons of grapes are gathered each year I ceased to think of the tramway, and my wonder was turned to the marvel of the earth's productiveness. Eighty tons were the average yield, after house servants, farm and garden servants and peons who drive troops of mules up and down the mountains with ores from the mines had eaten their fill, and the house dogs and the dogs of the servants and peons and also a vast number of the little silver gray foxes which crowded in yearly from all corners of the desert during the grape season and birds that came from all places. There was enough and plenty for all of these and then eighty tons besides."

A Bit of Hoar's Wit.

As a wit Senator Hoar had few superiors, though he believed the floor of the senate not the place to display it. One of the occasions when he violated this rule was during a speech by William V. Allen of Nebraska, who made a record of talking for ten solid hours. Toward the end of a long speech Senator Tillman of South Carolina interrupted Senator Allen with a correction. He said that Allen pronounced an infinitum as if it were "an infny-tum." Allen contended that that was the proper way and appealed to Mr. Hoar as an authority. The latter, of course, supported Tillman. "But," he said, "I suppose the senator from Nebraska gave the short sound on the 'I' in order to save the time of the senate."

PIGEON COURTSHIP.

It Sometimes Leads to Battles That Result in Death.

On a south Jersey farm, which was the home of a thousand pigeons and which was conducted by a woman who had formerly been a bookkeeper in Philadelphia, was found one particular fly and coop which was the abiding place of young doves that had reached the mating season. Purposely these young birds were associated together so that they might select their life companions.

The interior of the walls of the coop were filled with boxes, and those pigeons which had mated would select one of these boxes for their home and nest.

This period of courtship is one filled with excitement for the birds. Two young pigeon cocks, having selected the same hen for a mate, have been known to fight to the death in their rivalry. The method of combat is peculiar. The beak and wings alone are used, the combatants catching each other with their beaks by the skin of the head and beating each other with their strong wings.

GODPARENTS.

An Ancient Institution, Doubtless of Jewish Origin.

We must doubtless look to the Jews for the origin of godfathers and godmothers. The use of them in the primitive church is so early that it is not easy to fix a time for their beginning. Some of the most ancient fathers make mention of them, and through all the successive ages afterward we find the use of them continued without any interruption. By a constitution of Edmund, archbishop of Canterbury, 1236, and in a synod held at Worcester, 1240, a provision was made that there should be for every male child two godfathers and one godmother and for every female one godfather and two godmothers. King Henry VIII, referring to the Princess Elizabeth, says:

My lord of Canterbury, I have a suit which you must not deny me— That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism. You must be godfather and answer for her.

—"Henry VIII." Act 5, Scene 2. A constitution of 1281 makes provision for a Christian name being changed at confirmation. This is practically a renaming of the child. The manner in which it was done was for the bishop to use the name in the invocation and afterward for him to sign a certificate that he had so confirmed a person by such new name. It is possible that this practice might have been in Shakespeare's mind when he wrote: Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized. Henceforth I never will be Romeo. —"Romeo and Juliet." Act 2, Scene 2. —Westminster Review.

Tired of Being Fired.

Peter was a good workman, but he would go on a spree. His employer was lenient, but when Peter turned up after having been absent for a couple of days without leave he discharged him. But Peter did not take his discharge seriously and went back to work as usual. Again he went on a spree, and again he was discharged and taken back. These little escapades had been repeated four or five times within a couple of years, when Peter walked into the shop one morning looking much the worse for his celebration. "See here," said the employer, "you are discharged." "Look here," said Peter, "I am tired of this. If I am fired again I'll quit the job." And he went on about his work and has not been "fired" since.—Philadelphia Record.

Some London Streets.

In some of the older and narrower streets and alleys of London may be seen at each end two upright posts. At first it might be supposed that they served no more useful purpose than affording material for children to swing on. But they are used to indicate that the streets which are guarded by the posts are closed to wheeled traffic. Some of the thoroughfares in the poorer parts of London are so narrow that a large vehicle would do serious damage if it were driven along them, and as they are generally short cuts would be much used were they not protected.

Doing One's Duty.

Let us do our duty in our shop or our kitchen, the market, the street, the office, the school, the home, just as faithfully as if we stood in the front rank of some great battle and we knew that victory for mankind depended on our bravery, strength and skill. When we do that the humblest of us will be serving in that great army which achieves the welfare of the world.—Theodore Parker.

Handy to Have Around.

"You don't mind my leaving so many of these bills, do you?" said the collector, with a touch of sarcasm. "No, indeed," replied the woman in the door. "We rather like it. The children do their examples on the backs of them."

A man never learns how to make his own coffee when he lives at home and his mother has headache, but after he marries he learns.—Atchison Globe.

DEATHS.

MRS. JOSEPH CANTNER.

The death of Mrs. Joseph Cantner occurred at her home in Millheim Friday morning, at the age of about seventy years. Interment was made Sunday morning. She was a member of the Evangelical church, the pastor of the deceased officiating.

Mrs. Cantner is survived by her husband seven children, namely William, Wallace Edward and Joseph, of Sistersville, West Virginia; Mrs. Deibel, Colorado; Mrs. Margaret Bricker, Scranton; Mrs. Samuel Wisser, Millheim.

GILBERT WOOD.

Gilbert Wood, son of J. A. Wood, Jr., pastor of the Bellefonte Methodist church, died in the Presbyterian hospital, Philadelphia, Wednesday morning of last week. The young man was a student in the dental department of the university of Pennsylvania. Interment was made in Bellefonte Saturday afternoon.

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HOURS FOR DECORATING. Memorial Day will be observed at the several points in Penna Valley. Memorial services will be held at the various points in Penna Valley. The hours at which the departed soldiers will be honored and the speakers are noted below: Centre Hall—6 p. m. Union Cemetery, Farmers Mill—9:30 a. m.; speaker, Rev. M. J. Snyder. Georges Valley, Cross Church—2 p. m.; speaker, Rev. G. W. Mellnay. Madisonburg—9 a. m. Rebersburg—2 p. m. Aaronsburg—10 a. m.; speaker, Sheriff H. S. Taylor. Millheim—2 p. m.; speaker, Rev. R. Illingsworth. Potters Mills—2:30; speaker, Prof. S. Ward Gramley. A detail of veterans will decorate at Tusseyville, Zion and Centre Hill. ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—In the matter of the estate of Sarah L. Fisher, late of Gregg township, deceased, letters testamentary cum testamento annexo upon said estate having been granted by the register of wills, etc., to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make immediate payment, and those having claims to present them duly authenticated for settlement. CHAS. W. FISHER, Administrator c. t. a., Penn Hall, Pa.

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