

BRITISH P NKRUPTS.

PRIVILEGES WHICH ARE ACCORDED BY LAW TO PEERS.

Some English Legal Decisions as to What Constitute the Necessaries of Life—They Widely Differ From Duke to Ordinary Mortal.

Recent bankruptcy cases in London have brought up various legal decisions which have been reached in England on the subject of what are necessities of life for men of various stations and degrees who are not in command of their own incomes.

A duke, for instance, or even a marquis or an earl is entitled by law to one bottle of champagne a day for his trustees hold the money to pay for it. In the case of the former Duke of Manchester the law decided that seven bottles of champagne a week are necessary to a duke whose affairs may be in the hands of trustees and that if he had not the control of his own income he must be allowed to have a carriage with one horse, a riding horse as well, one manservant and a house with a rent of not less than £250 a year; otherwise he must be allowed to have the use of £2,000 a year, while the rest might be allowed to accumulate for the good of the estate till the trustee period expired.

A viscount or a baron is allowed by law to describe as necessities things which smaller fry might struggle along without. But a viscount's income—provided there is anybody to pay it—is fixed at £1,500 a year and a baron's at £1,000. He is, supposing any guardians have a few thousands a year to pay out to him according to discretion, only entitled to a carriage and a horse, for his yearly wine allowance only runs to £60, which would not keep him in champagne unless he drank it very seldom. The duke's wine bill may run to £150.

The viscount must have a carriage, but it may be attached to debt, and he cannot force his guardians to give him a horse. Of course, if he has no guardians, nor any income, either, he must do as other people and go without, but these things are considered necessary to peers. A manservant is allowed to a viscount or baron, but the house rent need not exceed £200, nor can it be less than £150.

A doctor is better off than a viscount in one way—his carriage cannot be seized in most cases, nor can the expenses of it be reckoned in his income tax returns. In selling up a doctor for debt he may retain one horse, and two of his carpets are considered as necessities to his business—in the hall and consulting room—and reckoned at £20 apiece. He may have surgical instruments and medical appliances to the value of £1,000, and these cannot be seized.

An ordinary man can retain nothing but his clothes, his hairbrushes and a few stern necessities of that kind. No wine is allowed to a doctor, but if a student in the hands of trustees, he can demand a couple of servants and a house rent of £90 per year.

The son of a well to do merchant or tradesman making about £1,000 a year can demand neither wine nor horses nor servants, but the law may allow him a rent of £50 and another £150 or £200 to keep himself on, supposing he is in the hands of guardians, whether under or over age. As to debt, he can be sold up, but his personal necessities and his clothes, though he is not generally allowed to keep more than six suits of the latter.

If he has more a judge might allow them to be taken with the other chattels, and he can be left without a chair to sit on or a spoon to eat with. Jewelry, if he has any, can be taken; but if he has, say, two pairs of valuable sleeve links he can keep only one of them. In the same way he may keep a dress suit, but if he has two an order may be made to sell up one of them.

A lawyer can have 500 books on legal subjects or in some way pertaining to law, and these have to be left alone by the brokers. There are extreme cases in which every thing, even necessities, may be taken, but the lawyer may also demand exemption even in such cases for his wigs, or at least two of them, and two gowns. As a student in the hands of guardians he can make them pay him £80 a year for chambers, and they must pay his examination and other fees.

A clergyman or minister of any kind is worst off of all and can keep very little for himself. He can make his guardians come down with the fees his profession needs, however, and if he lives in the country as a curate and has some trustees and also a guardian he can make them supply him with a gardener.

Why She Wept.

Among the Malnotes, descendants of the Spartans, thieving is considered a very honorable employment. An English traveler, being entertained at the house of one of the mountaineers, took some silver articles from a packing case he had with him to eat his dinner with. At the sight of such costliness an old woman began to cry, the Englishman having asked what affected her so much:

"Alas, my good sir," she replied, "I weep because my son is not here to rob you of those beautiful things!"

No Gentlemen.

"Name," said the girl in the red shirt waist and plaid skirt, "ain't he just a prince?"

"Oh, rats!" replied her lady friend, with dignity. "Any one kin see that he wears a collyoid collar, and them trousers is \$3 ones."—Philadelphia North American.

What we call "time" is but a single sun ray thrown across the infinite void of eternity, and "life" is but a floating flicker or mote that vanishes even as it becomes visible thereon.

THE ACT OF A HERO.

He Snatched a Life Out of a Pool of Molten Metal.

Three men came up carrying a long iron shaft, which had been cut in two, so that an iron ring could be inserted between the two halves. An empty crucible a foot wide and deep hung in the ring. The forward end of the pole held a crossbar, making it, as it were, a huge T. Two men held the T part of the pole; the third grasped the rear end. The crucible hung between. The remainder of the molten metal from the caldron was tipped into one crucible, and the men trotted off with it, the two in front with strained faces, the man behind driving them complacently, the oddest team in the world. He steered them through a doorway, and they emptied their crucible into a small mold. As they went they kept step in an unusual manner. Instead of stepping out right foot with right foot the left man's right leg and the right man's left leg went forward together, knee with knee, foot with foot. We asked why.

"That," said our guide, "is to prevent them from tripping. If they should fall, you know, that metal would pour over them."

"Of course such a thing never happened?"

"Yes, it did once. One of the men went down. The other jumped clear, but the fellow on the floor swam in it." "Horrible! Of course he died instantly, poor man?"

"No; the foreman of the carrying gang, taking in the situation, made several terrific leaps for him, jumped right into the middle of it, picked him up and threw him out of it bodily. Then he jumped clear himself, with the stuff dropping from his shoes. They both went to the hospital, but they are all right now. Heroic, wasn't it? By the way, that's him, the foreman, Jim H., over there now. He is still looking after those fellows."

We looked over to where a big muscular fellow was directing a gang of men manipulating molten metal. He was not disguised, and he did not look like a hero, but thereafter the grime that covered him seemed noble indeed, and he would not say a word of his feat when we sought to talk with him about it. But Jim H. will probably never want for a job as long as Baldwin's is working.—From an Article on the Baldwin Locomotive Works in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.

ONLY AN OLD SONG.

But It Illustrated the Curiosity of a New York Crowd.

It was only a song, and an old one at that, but it came near causing a block on the Broadway surface line the other day. The singer was as black as the coal in the cart he was driving, but that fact cast no shadow on his exuberant spirits. As he swung his chariot from Broadway into Cortlandt street he raised his voice. Then the trouble began.

When the notes of "Old Black Joe" rang out high and clear above the din of traffic, expressions of blank amazement overspread the faces of the hurrying pedestrians who thronged the sidewalks. Necks were craned in a vain search for the location of some newly patented phonograph. Crowds collected and gazed vacantly upon the air, as if they expected to locate the sound in some office window; teams were drawn up until a long line of trucks extended up Cortlandt street to Broadway, barring access to the street, that their drivers might ascertain the cause of the crowd's curiosity. Suddenly a newsboy cried:

"Ah, rubber! Dontcher see it's only de nigger a-singin?"

The crowd laughed. The darky, now lustily holding forth on "The Swanee River," turned sharply into Church street, totally oblivious to the excitement he had caused, and the long line of wagons began to move once more.

"Well," exclaimed a Jerseyman on his way to the ferry, "New Yorkers call country people curious, but"—He shrugged his shoulders and passed on.—New York Mail and Express.

Treasures of the White House.

There are doubtless in every large city in the country larger and more valuable collections of bric-a-brac and art furniture than that to be found in the private apartments of the executive mansion, but it is a question whether there is in the length and breadth of the land any other half so interesting. Rarely is, of course, a universal characteristic of the artistic gems scattered through the home of the presidents, but better than that is the fact that almost every piece is fraught with memories and associations that make it a prized possession. Of the whole number probably half are the gifts of kings and rulers, tokens of appreciation from friendly nations, and the remainder, having been fashioned especially for the White House, have no duplicates anywhere else in the world.—Woman's Home Companion.

Very Like a Scandal.

"This dollar that I hold in my hand," he said, "reminds me of a deep, dark, scandalous secret."

"Oh, George!" his wife exclaimed, dropping her hands in her lap and bending forward eagerly, "tell me about it."

"Yes," he went on, "it reminds me of a secret of that kind, because it's so hard to keep."

And then she refused to speak to him for three hours.—Chicago Times-Herald.

It's Withholding That Costs.

Diner—Come, tell me straight. Is it any real advantage to a man who gives you a tip?

Truthful Waiter—Honestly, I can't say that it is, but it is apt to go hard with the gentleman that doesn't tip me.—Boston Transcript.

HE SLEPT IN SECURITY.

The Tonic a Small Boy Used For His Weak Feeling.

There is a 5-year-old boy in Massachusetts avenue who is of the blood of patriots. His grandfather was in both the Mexican and civil wars, and his father was also a soldier, consequently the little fellow has heard much "flag" talk in his short life and has exalted ideas of its protective qualities. He was the baby of the family till very recently and occupied a crib bed in his mother's room. When the new baby came, Harold was put to sleep in a room adjoining his mother's, and as he had never slept alone before his small soul was filled with nameless fears which he was too proud to tell in full.

"It's mighty lonesome in here, mamma," he called the first night after he had been tucked in his little white bed.

"Just remember the angels are near you and caring for you," replied mamma from the outer room.

"But, mamma," he objected, "I ain't acquainted with any angels, and I'd be scared of them if they came rustling round, same as I would of any other stranger."

"Now, Harold, you must go to sleep quietly. Nothing will hurt you."

"Can't I have the gas lighted in here?"

"No; mamma doesn't think it necessary, and it is not healthy."

There was silence for some time, and then the small voice piped up again.

"Oh, mamma!"

"Yes, dear."

"May I have grandpa's flag?"

"Why, what for? I want you to go right to sleep."

"Please, mamma!" and a small night-gowned figure appeared at the door.

"Just let me stick the flag up at the head of my bed, and then I'll go right to sleep, indeed I will! You know the other night grandpa said at the meeting that 'under the protecting folds of the flag the weakest would be safe,' and I feel mighty weak, mamma."

He got the flag, and when his mother looked in on him an hour later he was fast asleep, with a fat little fist under his red cheek, holding fast the end of the "protecting" flag.—Washington Star.

"JES" COMMON OLE MISERY.

Why Rufus Suddenly Decided That He Didn't Have Paralysis.

The boy's name is Rufus, and he was busily engaged in polishing the doctor's shoes while he was being shaved. As was his custom, the doctor said, "How are you feeling, Rufus?"

"I ain't much. Kindly poobly, thank you, doctah," answered the boy.

"What's the matter?"

"Paralysis."

"What?"

"Paralysis."

Had the doctor not been so well acquainted with the negro race, he might have allowed himself to show astonishment. As it was, he determined to see what would result from further inquiries.

"Where's your paralysis?" he asked kindly.

Rufus was drawing a rag swiftly across the left shoe.

"In the right hip, doctah," he answered.

"It's probably rheumatism," suggested the physician.

"No, indeed, it's paralysis. I reckon I knows rheumatism and I knows paralysis. This is sudden paralysis."

The doctor drew a good sized pin from the lapel of his coat.

"Well, Rufus," he said seriously, "there is only one way to tell. Come here. I'm going to jab this pin in your hip. If it hurts, then you have rheumatism. If you don't feel it, then you are right, and you have paralysis."

The boy did not rise, but drew the rag thoughtfully across the shoe. Finally he said:

"Doctah, I reckon you mus' know more about them things than I do. I know it ain't nothin but jes' common ole misery."—Kansas City Star.

What Forty Poles Make.

A good story is told about a certain professor whose business it was to lecture to a number of students on surveying. During one of the lectures, the professor said that in his opinion the pole was of little or no value. To the astonishment of those present a Polish gentleman arose and, after accusing the professor of insulting his countrymen, demanded an apology.

The professor thereupon explained that the pole to which he referred was merely a term of measurement. The Polish gentleman, seeing his mistake, asked the professor to forgive his apparent rudeness. To this the professor smartly replied:

"You could not be rude, sir, even if you tried, for it takes 40 poles to make one rood!"

Quite Fit.

"Mr. Upner," said the prosecuting attorney, "this is an action in which the plaintiff seeks to recover damages for alleged injuries received at the hands of White Caps. Have you heard anything about the case?"

"No, sir," replied the testaman.

"Mr. Upner," asked the attorney for the defense, "do you know what a 'whitecap' is?"

"Yes, sir. It's a wave that's got foam on top of it."

"We'll take him, your honor."—Chicago Tribune.

Hard Luck.

Dashaway—Miss Pinkerly told me the other day that her doctor had put her on a meager diet, and I thought it would be just the time to ask her out to luncheon.

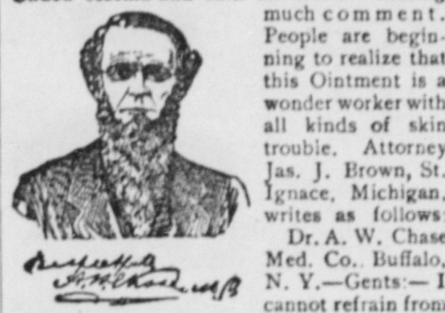
Clevertown—And did she accept?

"Did she! Well, I should say so. She informed me that there was one day in the week that he allowed her to eat anything she pleased."—Detroit Free Press.

Eczema for Forty Years.

The Unqualified Statement of a Well Known Attorney, St. Ignace, Mich.

Some of the cures made by Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment of stubborn and long continued eczema and skin diseases are causing much comment.



People are beginning to realize that this Ointment is a wonder worker with all kinds of skin trouble. Attorney Jas. J. Brown, St. Ignace, Michigan, writes as follows: Dr. A. W. Chase Med. Co., Buffalo, N. Y.—Gents— I cannot refrain from expressing my acknowledgment for the relief I have felt from Dr. Chase's Ointment. For 40 years I was afflicted with a skin disease which was located in one spot—on my leg. I have spent at a rough estimate five hundred dollars trying to effect a cure, and not until I applied this ointment did I get relief. You are strangers to me and this letter is prompted directly because I want to say and I feel as though I ought to say it. That Chase's Ointment has effected a complete cure of my affliction. Three boxes did the work on my leg. I was also suffering from itching piles and applied the ointment which gave the best of satisfaction by affording me rest at night and rapidly causing the disease to disappear. I have received such relief and comfort from the ointment that I cannot withhold expressing my gratitude. I was so long afflicted with the tortures of eczema. I feel now that I am cured, a word of recommendation is due from me.

Yours truly, JAS. J. BROWN. Dr. Chase's Ointment is sold at 50 cents a box at all dealers or Dr. A. W. Chase's Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y.



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Lemons, finest Mediterranean juicy fruit... 30 and 40 cts per doz

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(Mr. Drescher some years ago resided in Bellefonte and was reared in Potter township, near Centre Hall. He is a Centre countian and will take special pains to entertain any one from this section. His house is clean, commodious, centrally located, and serves good meals. In going there don't permit any "runners" to take you to other houses called "The Allen" who try to catch his trade. The writer was there and endorses the above.—CENTRE DEMOCRAT.)

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WANTED—Several persons of character and good reputation in each state (one in this county required) to represent and advertise established wealthy business house of solid financial standing. Salary \$18.00 weekly with expenses additional, all payable in cash each Wednesday direct from head office. Horse and cartages furnished, when necessary. References. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Manager, 318 Caxton Building, Chicago.

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RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD AND BRANCHES. In effect on and after Nov. 26, 1900.

Table with columns for stations and times for various routes including Tyone, Harrisburg, and Philadelphia.

HALD EAGLE VALLEY.

Table with columns for stations and times for the Hald Eagle Valley route.

LEWISBURG & TYONE RAILROAD.

In effect Nov. 26, 1900.

Table with columns for stations and times for the Lewisburg & Tyone Railroad.

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOES BRANCH.

Time Table in effect on and after Nov. 26, 1900.

Table with columns for stations and times for the Bellefonte & Snow Shoes Branch.

THE CENTRAL RAILROAD OF PENNA.

Time Table effective Jan. 21, 1900.

Table with columns for stations and times for the Central Railroad of Pennsylvania.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD.

To take effect Apr. 8, 1899.

Table with columns for stations and times for the Bellefonte Central Railroad.

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Trains from Montandon, Lewisburg, Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyone, connect with train No. 1 and 5 for State College. Trains from State College connect with Penna. Railroad at Bellefonte for points eastward. F. H. THOMAS Supt.