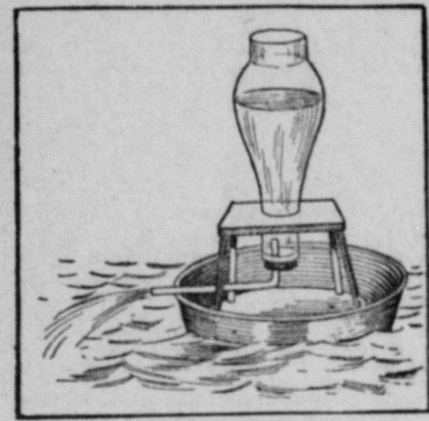


AN ODD BOAT.

One That Is Driven by Water as Well as Through Water. Of course any boat, unless it happens to be an iceboat, a stoneboat or a gravity boat, may be called a water boat, but I am speaking of a boat driven by water as well as through water.



THE WATER BOAT AFOAT.

en boat of more shipshape model, with the water tube projecting over the stern, but unless the vessel is very broad of beam it will capsize.

In fact, the boat is made not to go fast, but to illustrate a principle by going at all, and another example of the same principle is given by the water mill now to be described.

The mill is made of the same lamp chimney or another, with corks or plugs in both ends. Instead of one water tube it has two, three, four or more, going out like the spokes of a wheel and bent at the end, all in the same direction.

In an article on "An Ideal Nursery," by Carrie May Ashton, in the Mothers' Journal, it is urged that children be made so happy in the nursery that they will be made happy twenty years hence by the memory of it.

The only use of the top plug, in fact, is to give a point of support, and the vessel must be open to the air at the top. As the water flows out through the little tubes the mill turns in the opposite direction, and if there is not too much friction at the pivots it will soon be spinning rapidly.

The principle they illustrate is that, generally speaking, you cannot move anything without moving something else in the opposite direction.

In both of these cases as the water is forced out in the direction of the water tube the boat or the part of the mill from which it flows is driven in the opposite direction.

The recoil or "kick" of a gun is another illustration. At the instant of firing the gun moves backward, if it can, but if you are holding it against your shoulder you feel the reaction as a "kick," and if the gun is heavily loaded you may move backward with great promptness.

A vessel might be propelled by firing heavy cannon from the stern.

Cannot Find His Nose. If you want to amuse a party of friends, ask one of them to catch hold of his nose with his right hand and of his right ear with his left hand.

After he has done so, tell him to place each hand as quickly as possible in a reverse position—that is, he must catch hold of his nose with his left hand and at the same time grasp his left ear with his right hand.

Tell him to repeat this operation several times, and the more often he does it the more amusement he will furnish for the company, since he will find it ever more and more difficult to grasp his nose and ear and will spend considerable time searching for them in places where they cannot possibly be.

Two Marble Trick. Place an ordinary marble in the palm of your left hand. Cross the first and middle fingers of the right hand (the middle over the first), so that you can feel the marble in the cross so made—that is, with the right hand side of the middle finger and the left hand side of the first finger touching the marble at the same time. Do not look at the marble while doing the trick.

You will be astonished when you distinctly feel not one but two marbles. Practice a little while, and you can have lots of fun among your friends and with some of the older ones too.

Sleepers. A sleeper is one who sleeps. A sleeper is that in which the sleeper sleeps. A sleeper is that upon which the sleeper sleeps while the sleeper sleeps. Therefore, while the sleeper sleeps in the sleeper, the sleeper carries the sleeper over the sleeper, under the sleeper.

Grandma's Glasses. When grandma puts her glasses on and looks at me—just as— If I have done a naughty thing she's sure, somehow, to know. How is it she can always tell? So very, very, very well!

Mutton Fat. If uncooked mutton fat is soaked in cold water twenty-four hours, then cooked in water, putting a scant quarter teaspoonful of soda to a quart of water, it loses its strong taste and can be used for pastry. Do the same with mutton drippings. All bacon and ham fat should be clarified and kept to fry eggs in.

TOILET TIPS.

Don't go to bed without brushing the teeth. Of the mineral acids as skin whiteners only one is of service—hydrochloric. It is well to start with a weak solution, say 1 per cent.

To whiten and soften the skin parboil a few medium sized potatoes, remove the skins and use them as you would a piece of soap for washing the hands.

A bit of pumice stone is to be found on the dressing table of most women these days and is invaluable in removing all traces of grime on finger tips or around the nails.

Two drops of camphor on your toothbrush will give your mouth the freshest, cleanest feeling imaginable, will make your gums rosy and absolutely prevent anything like cold sores or affections of your tongue.

The water of the toilet must be soft. If possible use distilled water. A little borax or a few drops of ammonia will soften hard water, but habitual use of either is not advisable, too dry a skin being the result. A water softener is better.

Oriental Rugs.

In buying antique or modern oriental rugs there is a trick of the trade to be looked out for. Many old rugs are so touched before displayed for sale that the home furnisher is easily deceived into thinking she is purchasing perfectly genuine goods.

This is accomplished by the crafty oriental by various processes. He shaves the upper surface of the weave, removing the worn, faded part and of course lessening the wearing powers of the rug, or he retints the upper surface with water colors. A rug frequently shaved is easily recognized by thinness and lack of body.

To ascertain that the rug you have in view has not been touched up with pigments have it sent home on approval and before deciding to buy it take a clean, soft muslin rag, dip in clear water, wring out well and with it go gently over the surface of the rug.

If the rug shows signs of coloring matter, a deduction must be drawn. This treatment will not injure a good rug in any way. It will be found an efficient means of detecting cheats.—Good Housekeeping.

The Ideal Nursery.

In an article on "An Ideal Nursery," by Carrie May Ashton, in the Mothers' Journal, it is urged that children be made so happy in the nursery that they will be made happy twenty years hence by the memory of it.

A large, light, sunny room is a perfect delight to most children and makes them stronger mentally, morally and physically. Simplicity should be the keynote here and harmony throughout the furnishings.

Paint the walls or use a plain ingrain paper of a soft tan color or sage green, which makes an admirable background for pictures. A hardwood floor, with a large rug, is easy to keep clean and preferable from a sanitary point of view.

Low bookcases filled with the children's books should be found here; also a place for their specimens, a writing desk, a comfortable couch and plenty of chairs. There should be an abundance of cupboard space, with deep drawers in a closet opening out of this room sufficient for each child, where games, toys and other treasures can be carefully stowed away.

The Trained Woman.

Dr. Edward Alderman, president of Tulane university, Louisiana, has strikingly defined for us the qualities that go to make the "trained woman."

In an address to a class of Tulane women graduates Dr. Alderman said that the age called loudly for more trained women. "The trained woman is one who has no nerves," who has a good, strong body, is swift to serve others and who has a mind that wishes to know why things are as they are.

"Such women are needed in the home first of all, for the woman who builds a home is as great as the one who writes an epic poem. The trained woman is needed in society, for at the last the woman is the teacher by the laws of her life and her subtle graces of mind, heart and perception."

Characteristic Worth.

The woman who carries herself well is more apt to command respect than the woman who trudges along with her head inclined forward and her shoulders in a stooping position.

The possessor of a graceful, erect carriage unconsciously impresses us as having characteristic worth, says the Pittsburg Observer. There are many noble hearted women who really do themselves injustice by the awkward way they carry themselves.

It is very hard for others to see beauty and grace of heart in an unlovely outward appearance. It is the exterior charm of the rose that gives fitting expression to its hidden sweetness.

Are Women Too Restless?

The American woman is restless, dissatisfied. Society, whether among the highest or lowest classes, has driven her toward a destiny that is not normal. The factories are full of old maids. The colleges are full of old maids. The ballrooms in the worldly milieu are full of old maids.

For natural obligations are substituted the fictitious duties of clubs, committees, meetings, organizations, professions, a thousand unwomanly occupations.—Everybody's Magazine.

Mutton Fat.

If uncooked mutton fat is soaked in cold water twenty-four hours, then cooked in water, putting a scant quarter teaspoonful of soda to a quart of water, it loses its strong taste and can be used for pastry.

Clothes and Colors.

White makes a woman look big, innocent, winsome and classic. Clear white is for the blond, cream white for the brunette. Is it not the woman in white who has all the attention and the wide eyed young thing in white, with a blue ribbon, who captures all the boys?

Black is the thinnest color a stout woman can wear; indeed, the woman who wears black to best advantage is she who is stout and has black eyes and black hair.

In gowns of certain colors flesh seems to shrink; in others to expand. A subdued shade of blue, heliotrope and olive green, with black, of course, is the color under which flesh seems less ostentatious, while certain shades of blue, pale gray and almost any shade of red are to be avoided.

Mauve and the higher shades of green are the two colors that in decoration about the throat and shoulders are especially helpful in diminishing the effect of flesh.

The Business Woman.

Frequently when a girl enters business she thinks of it as a temporary thing, not as a career or a profession. She takes it merely as a means of earning a living until she marries, and she gives to it half hearted, indifferent attention.

There is no harm in looking forward to marriage "with the right person, when the right time comes," as grandmother used to say, but you should remember that if you are a poor worker you will be a poor homemaker.

You must realize that by developing your best powers of mind, by learning regular habits of work, self discipline and concentration you will be gaining what will be as useful to you in home life as in business.

It is natural to wish for a home of your own, but you will be badly prepared to make it a pleasant or a comfortable abiding place if you are inefficient, lazy, careless or undisciplined.

Breadcrumbs For Breakfast.

Stale breadcrumbs, made palatable in the following way, were at first suggested by physicians for dyspeptics and those who wished to gain flesh rapidly, but so delicious a breakfast dish were they found, and so cheap, that they have taken a firm hold.

Slices of good, sweet stale bread are toasted brown in the oven and then ground or pounded into crumbs to be eaten with milk. They may be hot or cold when served. Children grow fond of bread prepared in this way, and it gives them a good, satisfying supper, with no chance of bad dreams to follow in its wake.

HE WAS A PAINTER.

A Drunken Prisoner's Excuse in a New York Police Court. It is characteristic of almost all the prisoners except the drunks that their chief concern is to secure a delay.

They plead and beg for an adjournment, which they know will only postpone the inevitable for a day or two, and that although, through their inability to obtain bail, they will have to stay in prison just the same.

The most plausible explanation is that they all are fatalists, always hoping that something unexpected may turn up to stave off the impending catastrophe.

The drunks, on the other hand, are more eager to face the arbiter of their fates, knowing that nothing worse than a fine is likely to befall them and that the sooner it is imposed the sooner it may be paid or served off.

And then there is the chance, if the magistrate is in good humor, that they may get away unscathed at once.

As a rule, although not seldom still in their cups, they are loath to make any incriminating admissions. "No, sir," protested a man who kept himself from falling over by holding on nervously to the bar; "I'm not drunk, 'cause no one's drunk who's not falling all over himself."

Excuses of the most wonderful kind, some of them really ingenious, others merely ridiculous, are put forward when the futility of feigning innocence has been discovered.

The cleverest explanation of that kind that I ever heard was advanced by a man who, when taxed with having displayed unmistakable signs of intoxication, simply replied that he was a painter by trade.

"That has nothing to do with your condition," said the magistrate. "Of course it has," rejoined the prisoner. "I was painting a barber pole and I got so dizzy after the stripes until I got so dizzy that the cop thought I was boozey."—Edward Birkman in Century.

An Obstacle to Piety.

A story told by a western congressman is about two brothers, Ed and Jim, who dealt in wool at their home in Iowa. Jim went to a revival meeting (unthinkingly, the congressman says) and "got religion."

In his first burst of enthusiasm he told his brother of how much better he felt since his conversion and urged Ed to come into the fold. The latter pondered gravely for a time and then said: "Ain't any doubt but what religion's a good thing, and I'm glad you've got it, Jim, but I guess you better let me alone just now," he continued reflectively. "You see, Jim, one of us has got to weigh the wool."

Chase That Frown.

Learn to laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine. Learn how to tell a story. A well told story is as welcome as a sunbeam in a sickroom.

Learn to keep your own troubles to yourself. The world is too busy to care for your ills and sorrows. Learn to stop croaking. If you cannot see any good in the world, keep the bad to yourself. Learn to hide your pains and aches under pleasant smiles.

No one cares to hear whether you have the earache, headache or rheumatism.

NERVOUS ENERGY.

Don't Overdraw Your Account in the Bank of Nature. You have a deposit of nervous energy placed to your account in the bank of your body.

It may be large, in which case you are a millionaire in strength and accomplishing power, or it may be so microscopic as to need careful husbanding and little expenditure to keep it from dwindling out altogether.

But many millionaires become paupers, and some "dime savers" swell into millions. It depends upon the way the capital is managed.

You may think you have so much that there is no need to be economical. You get up in the morning and feel the blood bounding through your veins like mountain cataracts, and you think you can turn the mill wheels of the world.

You work day and night or you play day and night, which is sometimes more exhausting, and go at the limit of your speed all the time.

You are over-drawing your bank account of energy, and that needlessly, for you probably have enough to last a long and useful lifetime. It pays to sit down and sharpen your tools, and it adds cent per cent to your body bank deposit.

Another with not half your brains or bustle will get ahead of you in the end, for he makes every act, every thought, go straight to the mark. He wastes no effort. Everything he does means something. It helps toward some given end.

You spend a great deal of ammunition on your quarry because you are over-anxious. He keeps cool, takes steady aim and wings his bird.

You get wrinkles and frost tipped temples and become a bankrupt in vitality when you should be in your prime. You have overdrawn the best and most valuable bank account the Lord ever placed on the books of life—the ability "to love and to work and to play and to look up at the stars."

A MONTE CARLO LEGEND.

The Story the Croupiers Tell of the Wandering Jew. All gamblers are superstitious, and some of their pet superstitions are now so old as to have acquired the respectability of venerable traditions.

The croupiers of Monte Carlo have an interesting set of traditional superstitions of their own, most of which are entirely unknown to the many thousands of visitors who toy with the "tiger" in that gilded court of chance.

The most striking of these is the story of the Wandering Jew, which the croupiers believe as fervently as they do that the bank will down any "system" that ever was invented.

There is one day, and one day only, in the year on which the rooms of the casino at Monte Carlo are closed—that is on Good Friday. When the rooms are opened on the following day, they say, the first person to enter the "Grand Nouvelle Salle de Jeu" is an old man of venerable appearance.

He wastes no time; but, walking straight to one of the tables, he places with the trembling fingers of extreme old age a piece of money upon a certain number. The wheel is turned, the croupier's nasal cry falls upon the ear, announcing that the number selected by the old man has won.

With a bitterly savage exclamation the aged man seizes his winnings, throws them about him and hurries from the room to disappear, no one knows where.

He is the Wandering Jew, and until he can lose a bet at Monte Carlo he must continue his wanderings. Get on the "blind side" of any of the old croupiers of Monte Carlo, and they will tell you this legend. Have they seen him? Of course they have and are fully persuaded that the aged and mysterious stranger is none other than the man condemned to perpetual earthly wanderings nearly 2,000 years ago.

The Women of Langum.

Woman supreme—without the ballot! And this feather which London answers sticks in the cap of woman is no less brilliant because she is allowed to wear it only in the town of Langum.

In that little Welsh village man neither is nor pretends to be. In other villages he sometimes pretends to be, but in this sequestered nook on the Pembrokehire coast he is simply Annie Williams' man or Mary Jones' man and recognizes himself as such.

In Langum woman is the dominating force in the market; she is the household financier, the family accountant, and in fact fills all the positions which in any other community, civilized or barbaric, are established by precedent given to man.

Whether he of Langum has resigned or been divested of all responsibilities of life is no part of this story.

There is another important fact in Langum life—oysters. The place is famous for them. But Langum oysters are in no sense rivals of Langum woman; their proverbial dumbness precludes that.

Newport's Architecture.

The cottages of Newport afford a strange commentary upon the contrasting tastes of the American nation. Their heterogeneity were impossible in a race of settled culture, in a race of common blood, in a country of limited extent.

But the United States is a nation of nations. Its people are not Americans, but Englishmen and Scotsmen, Frenchmen and Germans, Italians and Spaniards of the third or fourth or tenth generation, says the Smart Set.

Their taste in architecture is a taste that was born on the sunny Mediterranean shore, in cozy Normandy orchards, in classic Spain and Italy, in bar-and-woodland and England. It is revealed in the chalet, the casita, the villa, the cottage of Newport.

Florida and Florida houses, back by side on the same street, separated only by a grille from Venice or Antwerp.

RAFTS OF GNAT EGGS.

Their Floating Illustrates a Curious Property of Water. Many simple experiments show that the surface of water possesses a property which causes it to resist the passage of bodies either from above or below.

This is true not only of soapy water, but of the cleanest and purest water as well. A sheet of fine gauze tends to float, because, its weight being widely distributed, each of the numerous separate wires is resisted by the surface film so that the water cannot readily pass through the meshes.

Insects and plants utilize this fact in many interesting ways. Some water plants whose leaves float on the water have a very simple contrivance to keep the upper surfaces of the leaves dry.

This consists of a great number of minute hairs covering the tops of the leaves. Water cannot penetrate among these hairs even when the leaves are forced down beneath the surface.

The little rafts of eggs that gnats set afloat on the water are kept from sinking and from being upset through this same principle. The tiny eggs have their points all upward, and they are glued together so closely that, while there is open space all around the point of each egg, yet the width of these spaces is so slight that water cannot readily pass through.

You may again and again upset such an egg raft, but it will right itself every time, and the upper surface will remain dry.

Boist With His Own Petard.

A Philadelphia clergyman told the story of a young man who took his best girl to church and when the time for "collection" came round rather ostentatiously displayed a five dollar gold piece. Presuming upon the engagement to marry that had been made by her, the young woman placed a restraining hand upon the arm of her fiancé.

"Why, don't be so extravagant, George!" she exclaimed. "Oh, that's nothing," he replied. "I always give \$5 when I go to a strange church."

Just then the deacon came with the plate, and George dropped a coin. Everything seemed favorable, and the young man beamed with a sense of generosity. Then the minister made the announcements for the week and concluded with the wholly unexpected announcement of the day's collection.

"The collection today," said he, "was \$3.75." George hadn't much to say all the way to his fiancée's home.

Greenery For the Table.

A pretty bit of greenery can be had for the dining room table by getting a small open willow basket (a school child's lunch basket will do nicely), line it with florist's moss, fill with rich loam and plant in it the curly leafed variety of cress seed.

Keep it on a sunny shelf, turning it daily to make it even all round, and the basket will soon become a mass of feathery green. When the basket gets dry, it is plunged into a pan of tepid water. Keep it evenly trimmed, the prunings helping to garnish a dish or furnish a dainty salad.—Good Housekeeping.

A BANK STORY.

An Incident That Started the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street. Some years ago the directors of the Bank of England were started to receive an invitation to meet an unknown man in the strongroom of the bank at midnight.

"You think you are all safe hand you bank his safe, but I know better. I bin hainde the bank the last 2 nite hand you nose nuffin about it. But I am nott a theaf so hif yer will met mee in the great square room, with all the moneys, at twelf 2 nite, Ie explain orl to you, let onty ther 2 cum down, and say nuffin to nobody." The strongroom was guarded the next night in spite of a disposition to regard the letter as a hoax by police and—nothing happened.

The next phase of the mystery was more astonishing than ever. A heavy chest of papers and securities taken from the strongroom arrived at the bank, with a letter complaining that the directors had set the police upon the writer, and that he had therefore not appeared as he promised, but to prove that he was neither a thief nor a fool he sent a chest of papers he had taken from the bank.

Let a few gentlemen be alone in the room, and he would join them at midnight, said the writer, and to cut short a long and strange chapter of bank history, a man with a dark lantern burst into the strongroom of the bank at midnight after calling from behind the stone walls for the directors to put out the lights.

He was one of a strange class of men who gained a living by searching the sewers at night, and through an opening from a sewer he had found his way into the richest room in the world.—St. James Gazette.

The Strain on Parents.

"What is mohair, mammy?" asked Sally Peterson Jones, looking up from her slow perusal of the newspaper and keeping her place on the page with a dusky forefinger.

Mammy Jones began to rock faster. "You know w'at hair is, I s'pose, don't you?" she inquired.

"Oh, yas'm," responded Sally promptly. "Well, den, does you know w'at a mo is?" asked her mother rocking still faster.

"No'm," admitted Sally with great reluctance. "Well, child, you can't 'speak' me to take de place ob a natched hairy ob animals fo' you," she said indignantly, allowing the newspaper to slip back on its spine and to be held up by de ma'nding fingers of de old lady.

"You know w'at hair is, I s'pose, don't you?" she inquired.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD AND BRANCHES. In effect on and after Nov. 24, 1901.

VIA TYRONE—WESTWARD. Leave Bellefonte 9:55 a. m., arrive at Tyrone 11:05 a. m.; at Altoona, 1:00 p. m.; at Pittsburg 5:50 p. m.

VIA TYRONE—EASTWARD. Leave Bellefonte 1:05 p. m.; arrive at Tyrone 2:20 p. m.; at Altoona 3:10 p. m.; at Pittsburg 6:55 p. m.

VIA TYRONE—WESTWARD. Leave Bellefonte 9:55 a. m., arrive at Tyrone 11:05 a. m.; at Harrisburg 2:40 p. m.; at Philadelphia 5:47 p. m.

VIA LOCK HAVEN—EASTWARD. Leave Bellefonte, 9:52 a. m., arrive at Lock Haven, 10:30, leave Williamsport, 12:40 p. m., arrive at Harrisburg, 3:15 p. m.; at Philadelphia 5:20 p. m.

VIA LEWISBURG. Leave Bellefonte at 6:40 a. m., arrive at Lewisburg at 9:55 a. m.; Harrisburg, 11:30 a. m.; Philadelphia, 3:17 p. m.

BALD EAGLE VALLEY.

WESTWARD. EASTWARD. Nov. 24, 1901. Leave Bellefonte 8:55, Harrisburg 9:53, Altoona 10:51.

Leave Harrisburg 8:50, Altoona 9:48, Bellefonte 10:46. Leave Altoona 11:05, Harrisburg 12:03, Bellefonte 1:01.

Leave Harrisburg 11:05, Altoona 12:03, Bellefonte 1:01. Leave Altoona 1:20, Harrisburg 2:18, Bellefonte 3:16.

Leave Harrisburg 2:45, Altoona 3:43, Bellefonte 4:41. Leave Altoona 4:00, Harrisburg 4:58, Bellefonte 5:56.

Leave Harrisburg 5:25, Altoona 6:23, Bellefonte 7:21. Leave Altoona 6:40, Harrisburg 7:38, Bellefonte 8:36.

Leave Harrisburg 8:05, Altoona 9:03, Bellefonte 10:01. Leave Altoona 9:20, Harrisburg 10:18, Bellefonte 11:16.

Leave Harrisburg 10:45, Altoona 11:43, Bellefonte 12:41. Leave Altoona 12:00, Harrisburg 12:58, Bellefonte 1:56.

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