

THE VALUE OF REPOSE.

Restless Women Constantly Waste Their Strength and Energy.

If women would learn to sit still when they sit, to stand still when they stand and to lie still when they lie they would save in a week as much strength as most women devote to a hard washing.

But woman when she sits twiddles her fingers, taps her toes on the floor, rocks nervously and without rhythm; rhythm produces a restful sensation, but she doesn't rock easily and evenly, she jerks the chair back and forth irregularly. When she lies down she continually moves her hands and feet, and even resorts to wriggling her toes, for no other reason under the sun than that she is restless and does not know how to rest without expending more strength in the process.

These physical indications of weariness express not only weakness of the body, but weakness of the mind. The woman who constantly taps the floor with her foot while she is sewing or while she is talking with a caller is mentally unstrung. Her mind is wandering. This is always noticeable. Whenever a woman gets in earnest she forgets to tap the floor with her foot, though she may stamp the floor with her heel.

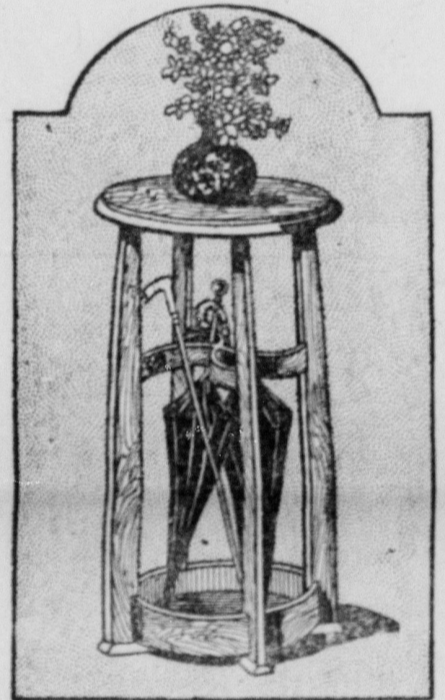
The toe tapping woman is not capable of settling down to a long and complicated problem of any sort. She is easily swayed, easily disturbed, easily turned from a line of thought.

If any one wishes to stand for the strength which she hopes she possesses let her remember that all unnecessary physical movements express both physical and mental weakness just as clearly as a wandering tongue discloses a lack of thought.—Pittsburg Press.

AN UMBRELLA STAND.

One to Serve the Double Purpose of Use and Ornament.

Where space is at a premium it is something of a problem how to satisfactorily dispose of the family stock of umbrellas. To be sure, there are umbrella stands by the score, but they do not always meet the requirements, and then, too, a collection of umbrellas in the average household can hardly



ORNAMENTAL UMBRELLA STAND.

be classified as ornamental. The accompanying illustration suggests one method of solving the umbrella problem. The design is that of a combined umbrella and plant stand in weathered oak, but the wood is immaterial. Such a stand could advantageously be placed in a corner of a room or hallway and with a plant or bit of pottery on top serve the double purpose of use and ornament.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Salt in Ponticizing.

Salt serves admirably when it is desired to apply either dry or moist heat for a considerable time. The virtue of an ordinary poultice is due to moist heat. Now, the great drawback to such a poultice is that it soon gets cold. If we place over it a bag of very hot, dry salt the poultice will retain its heat for hours provided the part be well covered. A flannel bag will suffice. The salt should be heated on a plate placed in the oven or on a stove. More warmth will be quite useless. The heat should be too great for the hand to bear. Between the poultice and the salt bag a layer of flannel should be placed. Another way of using the salt bag is to let the fierce heat pass away and to apply the bag without any poultice over a layer of flannel.

The Programme Plan.

Wouldn't it be nice if you could have a neat little programme mapped out every month in the year telling just what you ought to do that particular month in order to be the best and most scientific housekeeper in the world? A woman's magazine has hinted that such a thing may be done, and we certainly hope to live to see it tried. The woman who realizes that she can do certain things better one month than she can another is on the road to success, and success in the case of a housekeeper spells many things, among them economy of time, money and strength. The programme idea wouldn't be a bad one, even if you made it yourself.—Exchange.

Mending Table Linen.

It is well to keep on hand a yard or two of damask from which to pull threads for mending table linens. When these are bought (as they commonly are nowadays) by the pattern, there is no chance for the "trimmings" which used to fall to the lot of the buyer in getting them in shape. The ravellings from this class of goods make a darn which is practically imperceptible after laundering.



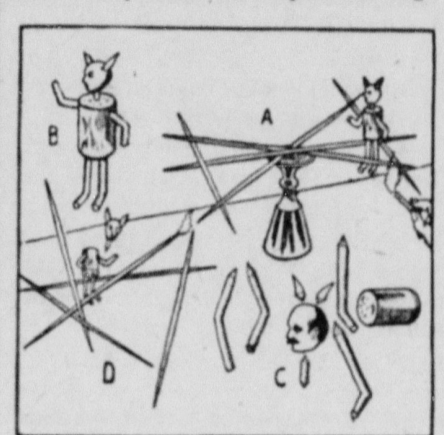
A TOOTHPICK BOMB.

It Will Blow Your Little Toy Demon High in the Air.

Here is the way to make a simple apparatus out of which you can get a lot of sport: Select five toothpicks. They must be as long as you can find and quite straight and without any imperfections.

Lay two crosswise on the table. Lay a third one on top of these two in such a way that it will divide the cross formed by the first two into equal parts.

Then adjust the two remaining toothpicks across the ends of the others in such a way that the complete arrangement shall be in the form as shown in Fig. A of the picture, where the toothpicks are depicted as resting across the foot of an inverted tumbler.



THE WAY TO MAKE THE APPARATUS.

Now you must make the figure of the little demon. Make the head of kneaded breadcrumbs or of wax. The body is made of a small cork. The limbs are made of toothpicks or matches whittled into the shapes shown in Fig. C.

Fig. B shows the completed body. Having adjusted the toothpick apparatus on the foot of the tumbler, balance the little figure on the end of the middle toothpick, as shown in the picture.

Now light a match and set fire to one end of the apparatus. When the fire burns to the point where the toothpicks are braced against each other the whole thing will fly apart with the effect of a little infernal machine and the figure will go hurtling into the air. If you do not join your little demon together too tightly it will fly to pieces, too, when the crash comes, as shown in Fig. D.

REAL BRAVERY.

A Boy Who Did Not Cry For Every Bump and Bruise He Got.

When Morton was a little boy his father and mother paid little attention to his bumps and bruises, and so he learned not to mind them himself.

One day, when he was five years old, he was playing with his dearest friend, Wilfred, across the street. Morton was at the head of the back stairs—a long, steep flight—and somehow he lost his balance and down he tumbled from top to bottom.

Hearing the noise and the screams of the other children, Wilfred's mother and a neighbor who was there, together with Ann, the kitchen girl, rushed to the spot. Morton reached the foot of the stairs, and, turning to look at the way by which he had come, he said cheerily:

"That was quite a fall, wasn't it?" On an earlier occasion Morton displayed even greater bravery and endurance. He was on a visit to an uncle with his father and mother, and they had been for a drive in his uncle's carriage. The small boy wanted a longer ride, and the coachman, who had taken a fancy to the lad, said that he might ride round to the stable and that he would bring him home when he came.

So Morton jumped in again, happy enough. The coachman gave the door a bang. Alas, one of the little hands chanced to be right in the way of that door! Nobody saw it, but they heard a sudden cry of pain. When they turned the little fellow's lip was quivering, but not even a whimper did he make.

"That was my thumb!" he remarked, holding it up to view. Of course everybody was sorry, for they all knew how such an injury hurts; but, although it was enough to cause the loss of the nail, there was never any further ado about it—Youth's Companion.

Willie's Question.

Where do you go when you go to sleep? That's what I want to know; There's loads of things I can't find out, But nothing bothers me so. Nurse puts me to bed in my little room And takes away the light. I cuddle down in the blankets warm And shut my eyes up tight. Then off I go to the funniest place, Where everything seems queer. Though sometimes it is not funny at all, Just like the way it is here. There's mountains made of candy there, Big fields covered with flowers, And lovely ponies and birds and trees, A hundred times nicer than ours. Often, dear mamma, I see you there, And sometimes papa, too, And last night the baby came back from heaven. And played like he used to do. So all of this day I've been trying to think— Oh, how I wish I could know— Whereabouts that wonderful country is Where sleepy little boys go.—Independent.

Indian Names.

Quashk—A blue heron. Deedeaskh—A blue jay. Unk-Wunk—A porcupine. Mitches—A ruffed grouse. Keyskawis—A barred owl. Umquenaun—A moose. Upweekie—A Canada lynx. Skooktum—A trout. Sekagadagee—A Canada grouse. Kusasekho—A sheldrake.—Wood Rambler.



No. 82.—Decapitations.

Behad a public walk and leave an adjective. Behad a tropical fruit and leave to rove at large. Behad to supplicate earnestly and leave a soft metal. Behad extravagant language and leave a small insect. Behad a large flat bottomed boat and leave a domestic animal. Behad to make merry and leave a harbor. Behad a plant used for dyeing red and leave a poisonous serpent. Behad hatred and leave a feminine name.

No. 83.—Word Square.

1. To conspire. 2. Affection. 3. Egg shaped. 4. To make known.

No. 84.—Enigmatical Authors.

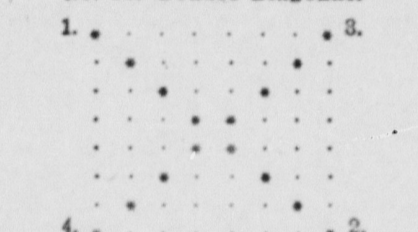
T T O C S—A native of Scotland and a companion. U K S R N I—A sweet biscuit and a proposition. T F I W S—Very rapid. O P O R E C—Works in a shop. E E L E T S—An instrument to sharpen knives upon and a vowel. L I M L—Part of a cent. R O M E O—What Oliver Twist wanted and an exclamation. E O P—A river in Italy and a vowel. S U N B R—Often extremely painful.

No. 85.—Letter Changes.

Supply missing words by changing the third letter of the first word guessed.

The **** we see every morning; How early a **** is he? As a rhymer he seeks inspiration Where the **** flows silent and free.

No. 86.—Double Diagonal.



Crosswords: 1. Imaginary. 2. Pertaining to the margin. 3. Corrugated. 4. Such as belittles a vulgar jester. 5. Divulged. 6. Relating to marriage. 7. A marginal annotation. 8. Having the power of expressing strong emotions in an effective manner. From 1 to 2 and from 3 to 4 each name a naval hero.

No. 87.—A Familiar Proverb.



What familiar proverb is here expressed?

No. 88.—Charade.

Teddy put on my first and tied A wooden sword at his side And played he was whole so fine And ranged his soldiers in line; And though of snow they were made, Yet still it was a fine parade.

No. 89.—Primal Acrostic.

Primals name a spring flower. 1. A large waterfall. 2. A book of rites. 3. Having the shape of an egg. 4. An astringent vegetable extract. 5. Polite. 6. Raining in showers.

No. 90.—Syncope.

Syncope to limit and have chain. Syncope a trick and have small talk. Syncope to hinder and have an animal. Syncope an opening and have an insect. Syncope rank and have fury. Syncope a kind of raft and have level. Syncope reason and have a box. Syncope a country and have to twirl.

No. 91.—Something to Eat.

Food for the spinning wheel. Dinah's favorite epithet. What I do when I see a mouse. No longer a chicken. Impudence. The emblem of stupidity. Tokens of peace.

The Reason.

The reason Bossie is so easily subjugated is because she is constantly cow-hided.

Key to the Puzzler.

No. 74.—Word Squares: 1.—1. Disk. 2 Iron. 3. Solo. 4. Knob. 11.—1. Dome. 2. Over. 3. Mess. 4. Erst. No. 75.—Illustrated Rebuses: 1. Catastrophe. 2. The (k)night at the poles are longer than those on the line. No. 76.—Double Acrostic: Primals—Jamestown. Finals—Strangers. Cross-words—1. Jewels. 2. Assent. 3. Mother. 4. Enigma. 5. Sampan. 6. Throng. 7. Oracle. 8. Winner. 9. Nurses. No. 77.—Charade: White-bait. No. 78.—Pied Cities: Venice. Naples. Dublin. Oporto. Lisbon. Vienna. Berlin. Prague. Zurich. Geneva. London. No. 79.—Arithmograph: Thackeray. No. 80.—Prefixes and Suffixes: 1. S-hear-s. 2. H-eat-b. 3. R-are-r. No. 81.—Anagrams: Phaeton. Forget. Memoranda.

An Animal Story For Little Folks The Disobedient Duckling

"Children, do not run far away," said Mamma Duck to her four little ducklings one day as she sat down in a place for a nap. But she had no sooner closed her eyes when Dick Duckling said to his three brothers: "Let us take a stroll in the meadow." "No," they replied; "mamma told us



HE GRABBED POOR DICKY.

we would get into trouble if we wandered away." "Oh, she's too careful," declared Dicky. "Come on; let's have some fun. There's no harm."

And so he finally persuaded them to go with him, and they wandered through the grass a long way from where their mother was asleep.

They were having a real good time, too, when suddenly a large, hungry fox sprang from the bushes. He grabbed poor Dicky by the throat and ran off as hard as he could to his home, where he made a good meal off the disobedient duckling.

Can you guess what the moral of this little story is?—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Short and Long Days.

The day is longer or shorter as you go north or south of the equator. Off Cape Horn, 56 degrees south latitude, the days in midwinter are about nine hours long. The longest day at London is sixteen hours and a half; at Stockholm, eighteen hours and a half; at Hamburg, seventeen hours; at St. Petersburg the longest day has eighteen

hours and the shortest five; at Tornea, in Finland, the longest day has twenty-one hours and a half and the shortest two hours and a half; at Spitzbergen the longest day is three months and a half.

Flying Machine.

This toy, which is slightly built of thin cane, Japanese paper and elastic, is in the form of a butterfly, part of which serves as a propeller. It is enclosed in a cardboard envelope, and the directions are as follows: "Hold Fifi by the bottom part of the body in your left hand and wind the screw forty to fifty times to the right. Afterward put Fifi in the envelope, and by opening same Fifi will escape." She does and flutters prettily across the room like a large, sleepy moth.

A Laundry Suggestion.

In ironing, the laundress should be instructed to hang upon one side of the clotheshorse only such articles as can be put away immediately after airing. By separating those which need a stitch or button the work of searching through the clothesbasket and the tumbling of the freshly laundered pieces are avoided.

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