Dickens' Characters.

Dickens bestowed many of his fictitious names on real fiesh and blood personages, says an admirer of the famous novelist. Indeed he and David Copperfield were not far apart, so far as salient features were concerned. Tracy Tupman was the happy counterfeit of a man named Winters, who at the present day would be pounded or arrested for what is known in slang as "mashing." Paul Dombey was an invalid nephew of the author, his right name being Harry Burnett. Dora Copperfield was a Miss Beadwell, with whom Dickens was in love at the early age of eighteen. Mrs. Bardell, who gave Pickwick the worst time in his life, was a scheming boarding house widow named Ann Ellis. Tommy Traddles was Colonel Froom Talfourd, formerly superintendent of Indian affairs in Canada. Miss Mowcher was a Miss Wilkes, Mrs. Skewton a Mrs. Campbell; the abominable Squeers was William Shaw; the lovely Cheeryble brothers were cotton spinners and merchants of Manchester; the fat boy was a true to life character, and so was Captain Cuttle, one of the most attractive of all.

Didn't Impress Him.

Shortly after his rise to the bench Judge Coleman had occasion to pronounce a life sentence upon a notorious offender. In the course of his remarks the judge spoke with so much feeling and eloquence that many of the listeners were deeply affected. The prisoner, on the other hand, seemed to be guite indifferent, looking at the celling and apparently giving no attention whatever to what was being said. After he had been remanded to fall one of the young lawyers had gone into the cell, curious to know how the criminal had felt when his honor was passing sentence upon him.

"What do you mean?" asked the convicted one.

"I mean when the judge was telling you you must go to prison for life." "You mean when he was talking to me?

"Yes." speaker nohow!"-Argonaut.

The Fate of the Fancy Set.

James, aged seven, had been promoted. In recognition of this great event his father purchased for him the following things that James insisted were necessary:

A box of one dozen pencils, assorted top, three copybooks for home work, two penholders and a patent strap that books very firmly.

days after and found that it con- less than half grown ch

One much chewed lead pencil fur-nished by the city, a scribbling pad had two in her mouth, and fastened to pen that did not work and never could the things together.

-New York Press.

Her Answer.

An Atchison girl had a proposal of fly.-St. Nicholas. marriage and asked a week to think It over. She went to all of her married sisters. One, who used to be a belle, had three children, did all her own work and hadn't been to the theater or out riding since she was married. Another, whose husband was she was married, was supporting him. A third didn't dare say her life was her own when her husband was around, and a fourth was divorced. After visheroine of this little tale went home. think it was refusing him, but it in a month.-Atchison Globe.

Faith, Hope and Charity.

A London weekly offered 2 guineas for a definition of faith, hope and charity. The winner is as follows: Faith, blind trust in a first page; hope, what investors are fed upon; charity, what some of them are likely to be brought to.

That is certainly not bad, but this one is perhaps even better: Faith, the gift that saves mankind; hope, the gift that cheers mankind; charity, the gift that makes man kind.

The Dear Friends. "Fred didn't blow his brains out because you jilted him the other night," said girl friend No. 1. "He came over and proposed to me."

"Did he?" replied girl friend No. 2. "Then he must have got rid of them in some other way."

Hindsight.

"I made enough money in Wall street last week to buy a house and

"Did you buy it?" "Well, no, but I wish I had."-New Tork Herald.

Why She Did It. "Why is it," they asked, "that you let your husband have his own way

in everything?" "Because," she replied, "I like to have some one to blame when things go wrong."

Proof. I guess their honeymoon is ab

What makes you think so?" He's quit coming home for his h."-Detroit Free Press.

Zeal without knowledge is like expe-Itten to a man in the dark.-Newton.

There are avalanches of different kinds, but when the term "avalanche" is used it is generally supposed to apply to falls of great bodies of snow or ice, says Mr. Edward Whymper in the but not altogether above feeling a cerfirst occasions of this kind which at- of husbands: tracted attention took place in 1820, called the Hamel accident. Dr. Hamel, matter with them." a Russian, set out on Aug. 18 to go up Mont Blanc, accompanied by two Eng- Hankey," replied Mrs. Bateson. "The lishmen and eight guides. They had very best of them don't properly know ascended to a height of more than the difference between their souls and 14,000 feet, with five guides in front, their stomachs, and they fancy they who were cutting or making steps, are a-wrestling with their doubts when when all at once the snow above them | really it is their dinners that are wresgave way, and the members of the tling with them. party were carried down a thousand feet or more over the slopes up which tinued Mrs. Bateson. "A kinder husthey had toiled. Snow again broke away above and more or less covered breath, yet so sure as he touches a bit them. Some of them struggled out, of pork he begins to worry hisself but three of the leading guides were about the salvation of his soul till hurled into a crevasse and buried un- there's no living with him. And then der an immense mass of snow. The bodies of these men reappeared at the in prayer for hours at a time till I foot of the glacier thirty years after says to him: ward.

Two Bits of Wood.

Importance cannot be reduced to a matter of size. The success of a piece of work may depend on a tiny detail. Such is the case in regard to that marvel of construction, the violin. Rev. H. R. Haweis in his "My Musical Life" tells of the care and labor ex- attraction to the display," said a clubpended on two little pieces of wood sound post is a little pine prop, like a are soft, and in a short while th "Oh, I never paid no attention to all vibrations. Days and weeks are too much color. They are prettier Dick Coleman. He ain't no public spent in adjusting the tiny sound post. with just so much. Then remove misery of the player.

Moving on Short Notice.

I was lying on the floor of an old country log house one summer day near a big open fireplace when I heard a peculiar, frightened squeak. I got up leads; one ink and one pencil eraser, to see what looked like a huge mouse one pencil box with a marvelous roll moving at a very rapid walk across the room. When I got a closer look I saw that it was a mother mouse movwas a marvel of ingenuity, but some- ing her whole family. At least I hope how or other didn't seem to hold the there was none left behind, for very soon a small snake, but large enem-The father examined the outfit a few to put into a panic the mother of for through the empty firepla cand all:

with a few sheets on it, a tin fountain either side of her, apparently holding on with their mouths and for 'dear have worked and a skate strap to hold life," were the other two. I killed the snake and watched the moving family The father asked no questions. He disappear through a hole in the corner. instinctively knew what had become I do not know whether they returned of the fancy implements of education. after awhite or whether the father mouse put up a "To Let" sign and joined them in a foreign country, but I do know that I saved a happy fam-

The Creditor's Letter.

Here is an interesting letter received by a well known English tailor in reply to a "final" application for settlement of a long outstanding account: "I have much pleasure in informing you a promising young man at the time that I have placed you on the list of my creditors, your number on the roll being 103. In view of your name appearing so far down my list and in common fairness to my other creditors iting them and hearing their woes the who have been on my books now for some considerable time, I am afraid I got pen, ink and paper and wrote an cannot hold out the slightest hope of answer to the young man. You may the 'early' settlement which you ask for. I think it will be well, therefore, wasn't. She said she could be ready if you discontinue forwarding your frequent 'reminders,' which can do no possible good and which are a constant source of annoyance to me."-London Pick-Me-Up.

A Doubtful Outlook.

A woman in evident distress was standing at her door. "What's the matter, Mrs. Brown?" inquired a neighbor.

"Oh, I don't know what to do!" was

the reply. "Bill's away at the football match." "Well, what about that?" said the

other. "Ah," responded Mrs. Brown, "you don't know Bill! When his side wins he gets on the loose, and when they lose he comes home and whacks me. They've played a draw today, and I'm sure I don't know what be'll do this

time!"-London Express.

"I can't see why you don't like hotel life," said Mrs. Gramercy. "It relieves a woman of all her cares and gives her so much spare time. Now honestly, don't you find that home cooking becomes rather monotonous?" "Not at all," replied Mrs. Park. "Why, my dear, we have a new cook every few weeks."

Fair Offer. "Can you tell me how to live 100

years 7 The philosopher stroked his beard thoughtfully. "I will try," he said, "If can give any good reason for sting to live 100 years."-Philadelphia Record.

Earlier Vet.
Clubman—I understand, sir, that you seem life as a newsbey? Guest of the Evening—I fear some one has been willing you. I began life as an infant.
Philippine Gossip.

Not Piety, but Pork.

The following bit of humor is taken from "The Farringdons," an English romance. The speakers are Mrs. Bateson and Mrs. Hankey, worthy wives, London Strand Magazine. One of the tain pleasure in showing up the ways

"They've no sense, men haven't." upon Mont Blanc, and it is commonly said Mrs. Hankey; "that's what's the

"You never spoke a truer word, Mrs.

"Now, take Bateson hisself," conband or better Christian never drew he'll sit in the front parlor and engage

"'Bateson,' says I, 'I'd be ashamed to go troubling the Lord with a prayer when a pinch of carbonate of soda would set things straight again!"

Dyeing Real Flowers. "Every once in awhile some florist gets busy and puts some odd colored blossoms in his window as an extra man. "I just noticed one down the which go to make up the perfect street. It consisted of a bunch of imwhole. The sound bar is a strip of possibly green carnations. At first pine wood running obliquely under the glance a good many people thought left foot of the bridge. A slight mis- they were made of paper, but they got take in its position, looseness or in- interested when they found out that equality or roughness of finish will they were 'natural.' Now, anybody produce that hollow, teeth on edge who wants to have any of these freak growl called "wolf." It takes great flowers can get them by buying some cunning and a life of practical study kind of aniline ink, any color desired. to know how long and how thick the Carnations are the easiest to colorsound bar must be and exactly where white ones, of course. Put their stems to place it in each instrument. The in a glass filled with ink. Their stems short bit of cedar pencil. It is the larger veins in their petals are filled soul of the violin, and through it pours with the ink. Don't let them absorb Its position exhausts the patience of them and put them in a vase of salt the maker and makes the joy or the water. Lilles of the valley lend themselves to this scheme also. In fact, any white, soft stemmed flower may be used."-Philadelphia Record.

> Famous Golf Match. A projected golf match between two well known amuteurs and a leading member of the London stock exchange for a stake of £500 recalls the famous foursome in which the Duke of York, afterward James II., took a prominent part on the Leith links in the year 1682. It was really an international contest, in which the duke, with John Patersone, a golfing shoemaker of great repute, championed Scotland was able to build a goodly house in the Canongate, in a wall of which bearing the Patersone arms with the main to the building. house, we understand, survives today. -Westminster Gazette.

Foiled. Noiselessly, but with all his might, the burglar tugged at the dressing table drawer. In vain. It refused to open. He tugged again.

"Give it another jerk," said a voice behind him.

The burglar turned. The owner of the house was sitting expression of the deepest interest on his face.

"Jerk it again. There's a lot of valuable property in that drawer, but we haven't been able to open it since the damp weather began. If you can pull it out I'll give you a handsome royalty on everything that's"-But the burglar had jumped out

through the window, taking a part of the sash with him.-Exchange.

Tat For Tit.

They were sitting out in the conservatory. Sam sat on the sofa, and Sally sat on Sam, but it was all right, for he had just asked her to marry him. She had said, "I don't care if I do," and thus they were engaged.

"Sam, dear," she began, "am I the only girl"-

"Now, look here, Sally," he interrupted, "don't ask me if you're the only girl I ever loved. You know as well as I do"-

"Oh, that wasn't the question at all, Sam," she ruswered. "I was going to ask if I was the only girl who would have you."-London Answers.

Difficult Advice. Mrs. Rayce was talking to another young woman at a tea.

"How decidedly better off a man would be," said the other young wo-man, "if he would only take his wife's

"Quite true, my dear," said Mrs. Rayce, "I've advised my George time and time again not to bet on horses that don't win, but he will do it."

Why He Quit. "So you abandoned the simple style of spelling?" "Yes," responded the former adve-cate of the fad. "I found it so difficult

to make people understand that I knew better."—Philadelphia Ledger. And Enjoyed It. Ethel-Didn't it seem an age from the time you were engaged till you got married? Maud-Yes, but Jack and I

managed to squeeze through it.-Lon-

First of the Swifts.

Gustavus Franklin Swift, the first of this commercial dynasty, was a Cape Leavenworth was ordered to the range Cod Yankee, who bought a steer now for the first time for target drill. Out and then and peddled the meat from of twenty-one chances the newcomer the back of a certain gocart which made never a hit, has since become famous. He moved discarding one after another partners get every time! What's the matter?" who had not the foresight and daring touch the new west and the older east. straight line from here." It was he who invented the first refrigerator cars. This was the one revclutionary act which put his sons and a few other sons in very fair control of half of the meat of America. He saw the market for dressed beef ex-All great revolutions are fought bricks together as the ancients did, against. All the rest, all England, all and consequently the buildings we beef and then accepted it. I doubt if we could do without it now .- Cosmopolitan Magazine.

A Voice From the "Gods." In a certain theater which makes a specialty of melodrama there is a large following of gallery "gods," and LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS very naturally the "sky" assemblage is composed of knowing critics, who are loud in their demands to be pleased. Woe unto the actor who is unfortunate

enough to incur their displeasure! Recently a play with a hair raising plot was put on the boards. The hero was evidently new to his part, for he fumbled his lines badly and spoke in a faltering tone. Perhaps it was for this reason that he did not meet with the sympathy of the gallery.

Just before the crisis of the play the hero clasped his sweetheart in his arms and said:

"Keep a brave heart, my darling. The worst is yet to come.' Whereupon a voice that had no doubt

received its training in crying "Extry!" on the street yelled out: "What are y' goin' t' do, mistersing?"-London Tit-Bits.

There Was Something Doing.

In a barber's shop the other day I saw a man for whom I felt sorry-not that he needed my sympathy from the well to do man, having many business affairs, but I felt sorry for him because of what he was doing. A barber was cutting his hair. He was having his left hand manicured. In his right hand he held a newspaper. Howas smoking a cigar, and a porter was standpoint of charity, for he was a was smoking a cigar, and a porter was shining his shoes. There he sat reading a newspaper. Three persons were busy waiting on him, doing their best to please him, and he was oblivious to the joy which his opportunity afforded him.-Fort Worth Star.

New Club House The Clinton County club house, near against two noblemen of England, a Mill Hall, is nearing completion and is heavy wager depending on the issuel an ideal place not only on the interior an ideal place, not only on the interior. The duke and the cobbler had an easy but all around the outside of the buildvictory, thanks largely to the man of | ing shows great taste. A rustic bridge the last, and John Patersone's share two span long is being conducted across of the stakes was so substantial that the creek as a means of getting to the boat house and golf links. A brick walk from the trolley track to the clu house is being built and the West End the duke caused a stone to be placed Water Co. is laying pipes from their The croquet motto "Far and sure," a tribute to the ground and tennis court, a model of cobbler's driving powers. Patersone's beauty, will prove very interesting to those who delight in these popular

stitutes. \$1.00 and 50c. Bottles, at Druggists.

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Two Ways of Doing

In days agone, a builder dealt with a In days agone, a builder dealt with a dozen different supply houses. He bought his brick and stone here, lumber there, glass elsewhere, and nails and bolts round the corner.

A building that didn't "jibe" was the usual result, but no one person could be blamed for it or held reponsible.

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it differently. He makes his plans. orders everything from one complete supply house, and when the material comes, IT SUITS. And you are here now, today, with

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weigh every fact well; of course you want to buy the one that will wear the longest and give the best satisfaction, and at the same time have light draft to be easy on your team. All these quali-ties and more too are found in

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"Oh, you dub!" exclaimed an officer to Albany and went deeper into meats, standing near. "You've missed the tar-"Well, sir," answered the recruit nonwhich he possessed. He located in chalantly, "the only reason I can think Chicago at the beginning of those days of at present is that the person who of great possibilities in bringing into set up my target hasn't placed it in a

Modern Buildings.

Probably not one out of every 10,000 RECEIVE DEPOSITS; DISCOUNT NOTES buildings standing in all parts of the world and built by modern masons will be standing 500 years hence. We tended only after the hardest of fights. do not know how to put stones and Europe, fought the idea of dressed raise nowadays are really mere temporary structures and will be in ruins when the ancient buildings of Greece and Egypt, built thousands of years ago, are in as good condition as they are now.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of James H. Duck, late of Gregg twp., tentre Co. Penna deceased. Letters Testamentary in the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment and those having claims to present the same without delay for payment to.

WILLIAM GROH RUNKLE, Exr.

EXECUTRIX' NOTICE.

Estate of Elizabeth Freidell. late of Walker twp. deceased.

Letters testamentary in the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims to present the same without delay to me without delay to SARAH ALICE SHAFFER, Exr.

ADMINISTRATORS NOTICE.

Estate of Frederick Zettle, late of Gregg twp Letters of administration in the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said estate are request-

to present the same without delay to

E. E. SMITH.

Administrator d. b. n. c. t. a..

X24 Spring Mills, Pa.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE

ed from coming in on said D. PAUL FORTNEY.

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.

Estate of P. W. Bullock, late of Snow Shoe twp., deceased.

Letters of administration having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims to present the same without delay to AMELIA BULLOCK. W. E. BULLOCK

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