

FIRST AID.

A Case Where It Was Applied Not Wisely, but Too Well.

An extremely ludicrous incident occurred in a fashionable church on a recent Sunday. A young lady, evidently a stranger, of a naturally pale complexion, accidentally let her handkerchief fall on the floor. By repeatedly stooping to reach it furtively she attracted the notice of a gentleman in the pew behind, who thought she was about to faint.

With the best of motives, therefore, he took her gently under the arms and raised her up, greatly to her surprise. As she tried to release herself another gentleman went to her assistance, and before the young lady knew what was the matter they were moving her out into the aisle.

Naturally she was too much astonished to find words for protest, and they had managed to half carry, half lead, her some distance when she directed an appealing look to another gentleman in a pew, as if asking him to help also. He, too, promptly rose from his seat and helped to lift her up and carry her into the vestry room.

There, as the three officious but well meaning gentlemen were trying to force the now thoroughly exasperated lady into an armchair, she recovered her powers of speech, and the verbal explosion that followed, while it cleared away the misunderstanding, moved the very meek men who passed out of the vestry to mutter in unison, "Never again!"

Didn't Keep a Diary.

At an important trial in a London law court one of the witnesses was an Irishwoman who was decidedly hard to handle. She was particularly categorical as to her dates and told how "this happened at 4:27 on Tuesday, this at 6:33 on Friday," and so on. At last the patience of the advocate was exhausted.

"My dear woman," said the exasperated counsel, "do you keep a diary?" "No, sir," replied the woman, "a dramshop."

The Way It Helps.

When Sir Andrew Clark, Mr. Gladstone's physician, recommended a patient to drink wine the latter expressed some surprise, saying he thought Sir Andrew was a temperance doctor, to which Sir Andrew Clark replied:

"Oh, wine does sometimes help you to get through work. For instance, I have often twenty letters to answer after dinner, and a pint of champagne is a great help."

"Indeed," said the patient, "does a pint of champagne really help you to answer the twenty letters?"

"No, no," said Sir Andrew. "But when I've had a pint of champagne I don't care a rap whether I answer them or not!"

Have a Purpose.

Have a purpose. No one ever reached great things without trying for them. Thoughts of what is great, love for great ideals, daily acts done in a great spirit, prepare the hero's hour and bring it to him. Purpose makes or mars life. Purposelessness ruins life.

He Wasn't an Exception.

It was married men's night at the revival meeting. "Let all you husbands who have troubles in your minds stand up!" shouted the emotional preacher at the height of his spasms. Instantly every man in the church rose to his feet except one. "Ah!" exclaimed the preacher, peering out at this lone sinner, who occupied a chair near the door and apart from the others. "You are one in a million." "It ain't that," piped back this one helplessly as the rest of the congregation turned to gaze suspiciously at him. "I can't get up; I'm paralyzed!"

The Abduction.

An Englishman from the rural districts who was on a visit to London drew up in a four wheeler opposite the British museum and, having alighted, timidly approached the cabman and tendered him 1 shilling and 6 pence as his fare.

Cabby, desecrating a half sovereign among the coppers, whipped up his horse and drove frantically away. Hearing cries from the countryman,



"I AIN'T GOT NOTHIN' OF HIS."

who ran after the cab, he had an attack of deafness until, nearing Holborn viaduct, he was stopped by a policeman.

The countryman, much out of breath, soon came up with the cab, and cabby mentally bade goodby to the half sovereign.

"I ain't got nothin' of his," said the driver, turning appealingly to the policeman.

"Yes, he hev!" yelled the flustered countryman. "Ye ran away w' me grandmother!"

"Yes, I found out," the principal said scowlingly. "One is your nephew, and the other is my son," he replied, and the woman teacher almost collapsed.

AGE CAME QUICKLY.

For It Must Have Seemed a Long Time Between Drinks.

This story has to do with the captivity of Governor Isham G. Harris and Senator Bate of Tennessee in the penitentiary at Nashville as prisoners of war during the sixties. After an unaccustomed period of abstinence, somewhat longer than that preserved by the governors of North and South Carolina the governor and the senator cast about for a means to the alleviation of their consuming thirst. In the course of time an old coffeepot and other necessities fell into their hands, and from their rations they managed to save out a little corn now and then.

From this point it is as well to let Huntsman tell the story in the words of Governor Harris:

"Well, seh, we made three quarts of the finest whisky yo' ever sampled. But what do yo' think, seh? One of the Inhuman gyards, seh, found two of them when we had secreted them an' took them from us at th' pint of his bay'nit, seh?"

"And what did you do with the other quart?" Huntsman asked.

"We aged it and drank it, seh," said the governor.

"How long did you age it, governor?" said Huntsman.

"Fo' days," was the dignified response.—Louisville Times.

The Rule of Three.

A man who had been timidly thinking about matrimony for several years and who had finally goaded himself to the point of becoming engaged took his seat at his desk in a rather thoughtful mood the other morning. Finally he turned to the man at the next desk and said:

"I say, old man, can you tell me what is meant by the rule of three? My girl asked me about it last night. Never heard of it before."

"Well," said the man at the next desk, who was adorned with a frayed collar and an incipient bald spot on his head, "if you can wait till you're married and live with your wife, her ancient maiden sister and their mother you will know the rule of three all right."

The Dean's Grace.

A famous dean was once at dinner when, just as the cloth was removed, the subject of discourse happened to be that of extraordinary mortality among lawyers. "We have lost," said a gentleman, "not fewer than six eminent barristers in as many months."

The dean, who was quite deaf, rose as his friend finished his remarks and gave the company grace. "For this and every other mercy make us truly thankful."

A Living Emetic.

A servant who did not find her way very promptly to the kitchen one morning was visited by her mistress, who found her in bed suffering from pain and violent sickness. She explained that she had a cold and had taken some medicine which had been recommended for the children.

"How much did you take?" asked her mistress. "Well, mum, I went by the directions on the bottle. They said, 'Ten drops for an infant, thirty drops for an adult and a tablespoonful for an emetic.' I knew I wasn't an infant or adult, so I thought I must be an emetic, and the pesky stuff has pretty nigh turned me inside out."

Cheeriness.

Cheeriness is a thing to be more profoundly grateful for than all that genius ever inspired or talent ever accomplished. Next best to natural, spontaneous cheeriness is deliberate, intended and persistent cheeriness, which we can create, can cultivate and can so foster and cherish that after a few years the world will never suspect that it was not an hereditary gift.—Helen Hunt Jackson

Forestalled.

"Yes, it is true," said a detective "that we catch criminals more frequently than we used to. It is true too, that, knowing the criminal's ways, we forestall him—we take preventive measures that reduce crime enormously."

"We are like," he resumed, "the alert deacon. This deacon was passing the collection plate one Sunday morning. When he came to a certain penurious citizen he noticed that the man extended toward the plate not a hand with a coin displayed between finger and thumb, but a tightly closed fist.

"The deacon frowned at the fist and jerked the plate back from it.

"Give it to me, Mr. Keene," he whispered audibly. "One has just come off my vest."

Who They Were.

One of the women teachers went to the principal of a school in New York the other day. "Mr. Mark," she said "I think you had better go upstairs. A substitute teacher is on duty up there, and I am afraid she is having a terrible time. The noise is so terrific the children down here scarcely can study."

The principal went up the stairs two steps at a time, and the noise soon ceased. When he returned to the lower room his face was grim. "Miss Henderson," he said, "if you hear any more of those noises let me know at once."

"Indeed, I will," she replied. "It is simply outrageous that parents or guardians should bring their children up so they will behave that way. Did you find out who the children were?"

"Yes, I found out," the principal said scowlingly. "One is your nephew, and the other is my son," he replied, and the woman teacher almost collapsed.

HOUSE DECORATION.

How to Paper the Walls in an Attractive Manner.

So many mistakes are made in the papering of walls that perhaps a few hints will not be out of place, as spring will soon be here, when repairs are being made everywhere.

Never paper the walls of a small room with large figures. No matter how pretty they are, the whole effect is likely to be crowded and very homely. If the room faces north, use a warm tone, never a blue or a gray or a green. Yellow is admirable in a dark room, and bright rose makes even a plain, dreary room look rich and inviting.

The fashion in dining rooms at present dispenses entirely with pictures. The walls are either covered with tapestry paper or done in paneled effects. Wainscoting is very much the fashion for those that can afford it.

If the chair covers and portieres are of figured material they require a plain paper, and vice versa. A plain paper is much better than a figured one for showing off paintings and engravings.

If the room is very high it is a good plan to do away with the frieze and to bring the ceiling tint down on the side walls at least eighteen inches, when the molding can be placed at the top of the wall paper proper.

The servants' rooms and the kitchen should be painted with a durable color, so that they can be scrubbed thoroughly with soap and water.

It is dangerous to trust the eye in matters of color; therefore the samples of upholstery materials should always be taken along when choosing the paper.

ASPARAGUS CULTIVATION.

How to Make a Bed of the Edible Young Shoots.

Asparagus is a perennial herb cultivated for its edible young shoots. It is a rugged plant and will thrive under adverse conditions, but to obtain the succulent stalks needed for culinary purposes well drained, rich soil is absolutely necessary. The soil should be well mixed with rotted manures containing much nitrogen and potash.

Prepare the bed by plowing or spading deeply, beginning the work early and looking after the drainage problem carefully. Plants at least one year old should be obtained for this bed. They can be raised from seed, which is sown outdoors in April in drills one foot apart, the seed being covered about one-half inch. Plants suitable for transplanting the following spring may be easily grown this way, or roots may be obtained from one to three years old.

Set the plants in the permanent bed in furrows eighteen inches apart, the plants being the same distance apart in each furrow. Be careful to spread the roots out naturally and set each plant on a little mound of earth in the furrow. Cover at first to a depth of a few inches, gradually filling in as the season advances. In the fall cut back all the stalks to a level with the ground for the winter.

In the second year loosen the soil by shallow spading. When the first shoots appear the rows may be filled up somewhat, cut sparingly until the third year, as the plants will be more productive afterward.

WOMEN TELLERS.

Why They Supplanted Men in a New York Bank.

An embroidery hoop is not exactly what one would expect to see on the other side of a bank teller's window, but that is precisely what one is likely to see any day of the week if one goes to get a check cashed or to make a deposit at the Maiden Lane Savings bank, Maiden lane and Broadway, New York. The hoop has been there for the last five years, and it has never been observed that business suffered in consequence.

There are times when there is no line of depositors at the windows, and during such intervals there is no reason why shining moments should not be improved.

As a matter of fact, the bank employs women tellers. Miss Sadie Clare has been paying teller for five years, while Miss Marie McClusky has served as receiving teller for an equal period, and the president, Louis Windmiller, said that he had never had occasion to regret this departure from precedent. The bank was obliged to economize, he explained, and had engaged the women because it could not afford to pay the wages usually demanded by men, but the women had been found to do the work just as well as their predecessors.

"We have had no cause for complaint in five years," Mr. Windmiller said, "and that can hardly be said of the men who were employed previously. The women are always pleasant and always ready to answer questions, and there never has been any occasion to apply to their bondsmen to make up shortages. They have become experts in the identification of signatures, and no discrepancy ever escapes them."

Mr. Windmiller doesn't believe in votes for women, but says he believes in giving credit where it is due.

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Receipts and Expenditures of Centre County for 1909.

(Continued from page 7)

Table showing Receipts and Expenditures of Centre County for 1909. Includes columns for Dr. (Receipts) and Cr. (Expenditures) with various entries and amounts.

Table showing Assessors' Accounts. Columns include Delin'g (Noticed), Regis. (Appeals), Postage and Mileage, Milit'ry and Enroll-ment, Annual Ass'm't, and Total. Lists various townships and their respective amounts.

Statement of Taxes on Duplicates of 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, 1905, 1906, 1907 and 1908, Outstanding January 3, 1910.

Table showing Statement of Taxes on Duplicates of 1901-1908, Outstanding January 3, 1910. Lists districts and collectors with their respective amounts.

Attest: E. J. WILLIAMS, Clerk. Commissioners' Office, Bellefonte, Pa., February 26th, 1910. We, the undersigned Auditors of Centre County, having carefully examined the accounts of the County Commissioners, Sheriff, Prothonotary and Treasurer of said County, do certify that the foregoing is a true and correct statement of receipts and expenditures, and of their respective accounts for the year 1909. H. B. PONTIUS, R. D. MUSSER, C. U. HOFFER, Auditors.