

THE HORSEY MAN.

We Was Pressed Into Service as an Art Critic. A London horse dealer famous for his expert treatment of "whistling," "roaring," "bucking" and other equine ailments had a friend who was a picture buyer. The latter, hearing that one of James MacNeill Whistler's works had been put on sale, was hurrying to New Bond street to have a look at it.

Meeting the horsey man on his way, he stated that he was going to have a look at a Whistler and inquired jocularly if his friend knew anything about Whistlers.

"If I know anything in the world it is what constitutes a genuine whistler," replied the man, greatly to the astonishment of the first, who had never heard of such an infirmity of the horse.

"Come along, then," said he, "and I'll get your opinion on one that's in this neighborhood."

Well, they entered New Bond street, and when they came opposite the print seller's where the picture was hanging the leader of the quest said:

"Here we are. It's inside."

"What's inside?" asked the other.

"The Whistler," said the first.

"It's the queerest place for a stable I ever knew," remarked the horsey man.

"Where's the whistler here?"

"It's upstairs," said his friend, entering.

"How the mischief did they get it upstairs?" inquired the other.

"I suppose they carried it up. You didn't fancy it could walk, did you?"

"Is it so far gone as that? It must be a roarer," said the horsey man as they went up to the first floor.

"I don't know any modern painter named Roarer," said the other. "But there's the Whistler, and you may give me your opinion on it. He calls it 'Sauterne in a Flat.'"

The horsey man turned without a word, strode out of the shop, and the two have never spoken since.

Varying Sounds That May Be Heard Through the Stethoscope.

The doctor bears some curious noises when he places the stethoscope against your chest. When the lungs are in a healthy condition the medical gentleman hears a pleasant, breezy sound soft in tone, as you draw in the breath and expel it. Should the instrument convey to his ear a gurgling or bubbling sound he makes a mental note of the fact that you are in what is known as the moist stage of bronchitis. In the dry stage of the same complaint the sound is a whistling, wheezy one.

One of the signs of pneumonia is the crackling note that comes through the stethoscope. It is not unlike the sound that can be heard when your finger and thumb have touched a sticky substance and you first place them together and then part them, holding them close to your ear.

Doctors occasionally hear a dripping sound, and that indicates that air and water have got into some part of the chest where they have no right to be. Blow across a bottle, and you will produce a sound which is actually to be heard in your chest. It is caused in the same way—that is, by air passing over a cavity.

Filipino Buglers.

"Speaking of buglers," says Boat-swin Jurashka in his article, "Captured by Filipinos," in Wide World Magazine, "It astonished me to find that the insurgents had so many buglers and that many of them were of the best. They knew all our army calls, although they did not know their significance. I was often asked the meaning of various calls and was careful to give them any but the proper one. One insurgent colonel asked me what call was sounded as the retreat from the charge. I told him that we had no such call, but that the charge once sounded, American soldiers and sailors went through or never came back. He was very much interested and with good reason, as he had just escaped from the attack of our men at Iloilo and could well believe it. He said that charging was unfair—that both sides should simply snipe at each other."

The Golden Rule.

'Tis a kind little dog,
'Tis a kind little cat;
When the dog has a treat,
Why, the cat shares that.

When the cat makes a feast,
Then the dog she invites,
And the cat does not scratch,
And the dog never bites.

I know two little boys—
They are named Ned and Nat—
But I much rather write
Of the dog and the cat.

And the little lady know
I have good reasons why,
But never will I tell—
Oh, no, not I!

Sightseeing.

On a visit to his grandmother Harry examined her handsome furniture with interest and then asked, "Grandma, where is the miserable table that papa says you always keep?"—Success Magazine.

An Extremist.

A London bookseller recently received this order from a customer: "Please forward me a copy of Tennyson's poems. Do not send one bound in calf, however, because I am a vegetarian."

Good Reason.

"Here's the doctor again, miss. Don't you think he comes more often than he needs to?"

"It all depends. He may be very poor, Marie."—Frou-Frou.

Think not that thy word and thine alone must be right.—Sophocles.

Peary's Canvas Tents, Which Were Absolutely Snow Proof.

"A man's first night in a canvas tent in the arctic is likely to be rather wakeful," says Commander Peary in Hampton's. "The ice makes mysterious noises, the dogs bark and fight outside the tent, where they are tethered, and as three Eskimos and one white man usually occupy a small tent and the oil stove is left burning all night the air, notwithstanding the cold, is not overpure, and sometimes the Eskimos begin chanting to the spirits of their ancestors in the middle of the night. Sometimes, too, the new man's nerves are tried by hearing wolves howl in the distance.

"The tents are specially made. They are of lightweight canvas, and the floor of the tent is sewed directly into it. The fly is sewed up, a circular opening in it just large enough to admit a man, and that opening fitted with a circular flap, which is closed by a drawstring, making the tent absolutely snow proof. An ordinary tent when the snow is flying would be filled in no time.

"The tent is pyramidal, with one pole in the center, and the edges are usually held down by the sledge runners or by snowshoes used as tent pegs. The men sleep on the floor in their clothes with a musk ox skin or a couple of deerskins wrapped around them.

"The kitchen box for our sledge journeys is simply a wooden box containing two double burner oil stoves with four inch wicks. The two cooking pots are the bottoms of five gallon coal oil tins fitted with covers. When packed they are turned bottom side up over each stove, and the hinged cover of the wooden box is closed.

"On reaching camp, whether tent or snow igloo, the kitchen box is set down inside. The top of the box is turned up and keeps the heat of the stove from melting the wall of the igloo or burning the tent. The hinged front of the box is turned down and forms a table. The two cooking pots are filled with pounded ice and put on the stove. When the ice melts one pot is used for tea and the other may be used to warm beans or to boil meat if there is any.

"Each man has a quart cup for tea and a hunting knife which serves many purposes. He does not carry a fork, and one teaspoon is considered quite enough for a party of four. Each man helps himself from the pot—sticks in his knife and fishes out a piece of meat.

"The theory of field work is that there shall be two meals a day, one in the morning and one at night. As the days grow short the meals are taken before light and after dark, leaving the period of light entirely for work. Sometimes it is necessary to travel twenty-four hours without stopping for food."

The Difference.

"Mistah Walkah, kin yo' tell me de diff'unce 'tween a cold in de head an' a chicken coop wit' a hole in de rufe?"

"No, Sam; that's a hard one. What is the difference between a cold in the head and a chicken coop with a hole in the roof?"

"De one am a case o' influenza, an' de udder am a case o' out few hens, sub."

"Ladies and gentlemen, the vocal wonder, Professor Wabble Izzeers, will now sing the popular ballad entitled 'The Lips That Caress a Story Shall Never Touch Mine.'"—Chicago Tribune.

The Cobra of India.

Among the true cobras of India the naja is found all over India and Ceylon, Burma, the Andaman islands, southern China and the Malay peninsula and archipelago. It ascends the Himalayas to an altitude of 8,000 feet. It extends also over Afghanistan and through Persia to the eastern shore of the Caspian. It may attain a length of nearly seven and a half feet, but it is usually not more than a little over five and a half feet long. Najas vary much in color and markings, but have generally the spectacle mark on the back of the neck, which they always distend before making an attack.

Fish in Former Times.

Men of former ages, unless they lived near the sea or a river, had great difficulties in gratifying their taste for fish. The great houses had their fish ponds or stews, but sea fish, such as cod, bream, sturgeon, herring and sprats, were salted, and the excessive consumption of highly salted fish in the middle ages is said to have produced leprosy. Fish was also baked in pies to enable it to be carried for great distances.

So He Would.

A little country girl visited city relatives who dwell in a flat. Her visit lasted two weeks, and all of the time they were warning her not to make so much noise, not to run across the street and not to waken the people in the adjoining flats. In fact, they were constantly curtailing her freedom. When she got home she told her papa she never wanted to go to the city again, and he said:

"You must have had a hard time of it. You do look hollow eyed."

"Well, papa," she said, "if you had folks hollerin' at you all the time you'd look holler eyed too."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Not Ambiguous at All.

In one of England's elections a candidate for parliament, the late Lord Bath, called attention to himself by means of a donkey, over whose back two panniers were slung bearing a ribbon band on which was printed "Vote For Papa." It must be added, however, that in each pannier stood one of Lord Bath's daughters.

The Scrap Book

It Made His Wife Laugh.

At breakfast she said: "Dearie, you know the plumbers are coming this morning and the water will be shut off a couple of days. We'll need some up in the bathroom, and I thought you could carry up a few bucketsful from the cistern and fill the tub."

"All right," he replied. He had found the best way to have peace at home was always to agree with his wife.

"You get the buckets, wifey, and I'll get busy right away," he told her.

She found a couple of pails, and he started to work. A dozen or more buckets of water had been poured laboriously into the bathtub when on his next trip he found her waiting at the cistern.

She was laughing so hard it was with some difficulty she managed finally to tell the hard-working hubby what the matter she was laughing at.

was. It had just occurred to her that the water pipes had not yet been disconnected and the faucet in the tub might just as well have been turned on.

Hubby never said a word. He only turned red, put on his hat and coat and went downtown. — Kansas City Star.

The Earth and Man.

A little sun, a little rain,
A soft wind blowing from the west,
And woods and fields are sweet again,
And warmth within the mountain's breast.

So simple is the earth we tread,
So quick with love and life her fame,
Ten thousand years have dawned and fled,
And still her magic is the same.

A little love, a little trust,
A soft impulse, a sudden dream,
And life as dry as desert dust
Is fresher than a mountain stream.

So simple is the heart of man,
So ready for new hope and joy,
Ten thousand years since it began
Have left it younger than a boy.

—Stoptord A. Brooks.

A Standing Joke.

Trains were always slow and far between on the branch road. Nobody knew this better than the people at the junction, except perhaps those on the branch itself. It was an old story to them, and the jokes about the situation were many and good. One day the newsdealer at the junction station came home to lunch grinning broadly to himself.

"What's the joke?" asked his wife. "You look pretty well pleased with yourself."

"Oh, nothing particular," he replied, "excepting an odd fellow from the end of the line said a funny thing."

"He'd missed his train, and there wasn't another for two hours. He came to the counter to buy some reading matter. He asked for a joke book, and I said I didn't keep them. Then he pawed over the stock and finally said, 'Well, I guess I'll take a time table instead.'"

A Stomach on a Holiday.

A Chicago wine merchant went on a yachting trip with a judge from the same city. They were out together for two weeks and had a good time. When they returned the agent was much upset to find himself summoned on a jury, but cheered up when he discovered the judge on the bench was his late yachting companion. He hurried to the court and pleaded business pressure as a reason for an excuse for him.

"What is your business?" the judge inquired of him coldly.

"I represent a wine in Chicago."

"Selling it or drinking it?"

"Well, drinking it largely."

"Step into the box, sir. A ten days' rest will do you good."

The wine agent served.—Saturday Evening Post.

Just a Little Dubious.

Uncle Solon Winslow had secured a succession of four admirable wives, all of whom had been removed from the scene of their earthly activities by one cause or another within a period of twenty years.

Uncle Solon's weddings had grown to be so much a matter of course that when, after a year of widowerhood, he announced his approaching fifth marriage one of his neighbors said, "Well, Solon, I s'pose they seem pretty natural to you by this time—weddings, I mean."

"This one won't," said the prospective bridegroom, "for old Parson Frost's off on his three months' leave, you know, and he's never failed to tie the knot for me."

"I said to Susan that I didn't know as 'twould hardly seem like a wedding to me without him, and she said to me that 'twas her turn to choose this time, and she intended to start out with young Parson Corner over to the Center, and if he did well she guessed she'd stick to him."

"She didn't explain what she meant," added Uncle Solon thoughtfully, "but it sounded kind of ominous to me."

An Innocent at Large.

A Philadelphia young man whose pocketbook is of a bulging size visited the exposition in Seattle in 1909. He had a good education and was out at Seattle alone, away from the eyes of his loving mother.

Concluding that he could not go home without buying her a present, he went to a store, selected the gift and asked the price.

"Four bits," was the answer of the storekeeper.

"Wrap it for me, and I'll call for it later," said the gentleman.

Going out of the store, he walked to an old junk shop where for a small sum he purchased four horse's bits and had them wrapped up.

Returning to the store, he deposited the package upon the counter and picked up the souvenirs with the remark, "I have read about the south sea Islanders using shells and the Indians using wampum, but this is the first time I ever knew that the westerners used bits for money."—Cleveland Leader.

God Bless Us Every One!

"God bless us every one!" prayed Tiny Tim.

Crippled and dwarfed of body, yet so tall

Of soul we tiptoe earth to look on him,
High towering over all.

He loved the loveless world nor dreamed, indeed,

That it at best could give to him the while

But pitying glance when his only need
Was but a cheery smile.

And thus he prayed, "God bless us every one!"

Infoling all the creeds within the span
Of his child heart, and so, despoiling none,
Was nearer 'saint than man.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

Mixed His Poetry.

Mixed metaphors, absentmindedness and inattention have caused many laughable incidents. Teachers in the elementary grades of the public schools especially bear many of these amusing "breaks."

One day a bright youth in one of the higher grades of a Kensington school during an elocution period furnished an addition to the long list. He mixed up two poets with a result that provoked much laughter in the school. He quoted, or, rather, misquoted, as follows:

Oh, woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy and hard to please;
But, seeing too oft, become familiar with
Her face.

We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
—Philadelphia Times.

A New Case of English Humor.

Two southerners were entertaining an Englishman when one of them told the following story:

"There was a poor white in our county named Yarrow, whom every one thought dishonest, but who had never been caught stealing. At last he got too bold, and through the testimony of a Mr. Brown he was sent to jail. Soon after Yarrow served his sentence Mr. Brown was obliged to go to Baltimore and have his eyes operated upon. A much exaggerated account of the operation reached the county and was told to Yarrow.

"I wish ter gracious," said that worthy, "that when the doctor took out that old Brown's eyes he'd dropped 'em on the floor and the cat had got 'em."

At the conclusion of the story the other southerner laughed heartily, but the Englishman was horrified. "Just think," he said, "of having a cat in the room when such a serious operation was being performed!"—Lippincott's.

The Highest Court.

When Tom Bagnell was justice of the peace at Altman, the highest incorporated town in the country, standing 12,000 feet above the sea level, he had occasion to fine a disorderly character \$10 and costs. The victim of the operation of justice objected to the finding of the court and announced that he would take an appeal.

"What! Appeal, would you?" asked the astonished court. "You can't come any of that, now. This is the highest court in the United States, and you can't appeal."

Astronomical Query.

When the cow jumped over the moon did she leave the milky way behind her?

Getting Cheap Lights.

There was keen competition between two electric companies for the street lighting contract for that town, and when the bids were opened by the Sunbury borough council last Friday evening, it was found that the town would be able to save several thousand dollars in the future. The Edison Co. agreed to furnish arcs for \$38 per year, \$27 less than it has been receiving in its present contract, and 32 candle power incandescents at \$16 per year. Another company bid \$38.50 for the arcs and \$12 for incandescents. The contract is about the lowest paid in the country, and through competition the taxpayers were greatly benefitted.

Alaska Goes Insurgent.

Even the people of far-away Alaska have rebelled at Republican stand-patism. James Wickersham, insurgent Republican of Juneau, has just been re-elected to Congress over Edward Orr, the Taft-Guggenheim candidate.

The general run of office-holders are too patriotic to resign.

That hot air in Bellefonte comes higher than gas or steam heat.

Bees Go at Minister.

Responding to the appealing hymn, "Bring Them In From the Fields of Sin," an army of black-headed bumblebees attacked the shining pate of the Rev. S. C. Dickson, pastor of the First Presbyterian church, of Bloomsburg, at the moment he was starting a hymn in a religious service incident to a congregational outing at the country home of one of his parishioners. The service was broken up, but the day was enjoyed, nevertheless. The minister never before quite so fully realized what it really meant to be without a thick head of hair.

Blacksnakes Robbed Kittens.

Chas. Brown, a farmer who lives near Shamokin Dam, placed a saucer of milk on the back porch for his two kittens recently. Hearing a commotion Mr. Brown opened the door and saw two big blacksnakes on the porch calmly drinking the milk. Securing a club, Mr. Brown killed the larger of the two snakes, the other escaping. In about a half an hour the second one returned to the milk and that one was also dispatched. They measured four and five feet and one was as large in diameter as a man's arm.

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