

The Scrap Book

Mulcahy's Lament.

Thirty-five years ago Mulcahy dispensed both liquors and politics in the Fourth ward, New York. A visitor found him civil, but doleful, his very soul rent with grief over the speculations of his barkeepers.

"Faith, and I've tried all sorts of thim-Catholics, black Protestants and Jews. Divil a bit cud I ever tell which stole the most, but I have thim now. I'm afther buyin' this new invention: 'tis called a cash register, and divil burst the man who can shtear from that thing."

It was more than two weeks before the visitor called again. He found him tending bar himself, using his pockets for a till, while the cash register stood forlorn and neglected and cobwebby on its shelf. He was calm, but there was that in his air that told of blighted hopes and the fall of an ideal. However, the Celtic vivacity of expression awoke at some vague reference to the cash register.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "The curse o' Crumme! be on it, on thim that made it and on thim that told me it would prevent stealing. Thim barkeepers had it bate the first week; they wint t'rough it like the divil wint t'rough Athlone—in ahtand-ing leps."



USING HIS POCKETS FOR A TILL.

Today,
So here hath been dawning
Another blue day,
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

Out of eternity
This new day is born,
Into eternity
At night will return.

Behold it aforeside
No eye ever did,
So soon it forever
From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning
Another blue day,
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

—Thomas Carlyle.

Awkward Congratulations.
When James F. Smith, former governor general of the Philippines and now a member of the court of customs appeals, was practicing law in San Francisco just before the Spanish war he was famous for the pugnacity with which he fought in court for his clients.

On one occasion a judge, considering him a trifle too emphatic in his pugnacity, sentenced Smith to serve twenty-four hours in jail. It happened that on the same day there was made the announcement of Smith's selection as colonel of the First California militia. Just as he reached the jail the following telegram was handed to him:

"Congratulations. The right man in the right place."—Minneapolis Journal.

His Own Manuscript.
George Ade in the early days of his career, before the "Fables in Slang" had brought him fame, called one morning in Chicago upon a Sunday editor on a mission from a theatrical manager.

"I have brought you this manuscript," he began, but the editor, looking up at the tall, timid youth, interrupted:

"Just throw the manuscript in the wastebasket, please," he said. "I'm very busy just now and haven't time to do it myself."

Mr. Ade obeyed calmly. He resumed:

"I have come from the — theater, and the manuscript I have just thrown in the wastebasket is your comic farce of 'The Erring Son,' which the manager asks me to return to you with thanks. He suggests that you sell it to an undertaker to be read at funerals."

Then Mr. Ade smiled gently and withdrew.

A Shad "Row."
An unruly class in a public school reformed on a promise by the teacher to let them give a negro minstrel show in the school at the end of the term, and when the performance came off it was a howling success.

One little temporary dandy, rubbing his arm, finally attracted the attention of the interlocutor.

"Why, Mistab Jones," he exclaimed, "what's de mattab wif yo' a'm?"

"Why, Mistab Bones, Ah wuz out in de Hudson ribber yestaday fo' shad, an' Ah got mah s'm lame rowin' against de tide."

"Well, well," returned the young Mr. Bones; "Ah nevah saw such foolishness! Why didn't yo' let de shad row?"

—New York Herald.

Tempo.
"In what time was that composition written?" asked the man who professes to be expertly musical.

"I don't know," replied the man who doesn't. "But it sounds to me as if it ought to have been written in about ten minutes."—Washington Star.

Educated.
The Press—And we understand you are a self taught as well as a self made man? The Personage—I ham, sir. At twenty-one I knew nothin. Then I set to work, and at twenty-two I'd taught meself all I knew!—Sydney Bulletin.

He is wise to no purpose who is not wise to himself.—Latin Proverb.

Apple Rust.

A French chemist has shown that the apple contains an oxidizing ferment which produces the brownish or reddish color of cider. The manner in which this substance produces oxidation can readily be observed by any one who cuts an apple open and leaves it exposed for a short time to the air. The cut surfaces gradually turn red as the oxygen of the air unites with the juice—in a word, the apple rusts. Rusting of an apple may also be brought about by simply bruising the fruit without breaking the skin. Everybody knows that apples that have fallen violently to the ground show red or rusty spots underneath the bruised rind. In this case the oxygen is derived from the air contained in the ducts or interstices among the tissues of the fruit, and it becomes active through the breaking of the cells that inclose the oxidizing ferment. If an apple is cooked before its skin is broken its tissues do not oxidize when exposed to the air. This is explained on the supposition that the oxidizing properties of the ferment are destroyed by heat.—Harper's.

A Recipe.
"Dear, will you please follow directions while I read the recipe?" said Mrs. Walbrook to her obedient husband. He took the pan while she read aloud:

First you mix a beaten batter. Then you take an earthen platter. Bat the batter in the platter. Without clamor, clatter or clatter; Stir it gently while you scatter Milk and sugar till the batter In the platter grows much fatter. Pour it in a dish that's flatter Than the first and earthen platter— Tin will do; it doesn't matter So the fatter batter's flatter— Then, Gently lifting up the latter Flatter platter, pour the batter With a percolating patter In the former earthen platter Without clamor, clatter or splatter.

Now, Once again in latter platter Scatter fatter batter— "Catch your wife and throw it at her," were the last words of Marulion, for the poor man was dead.—Baltimore Sun.

Music in the Home.
We are all more or less aware of the value, and indeed the necessity of furnishing books to all children and even of making it possible for them all to see good pictures. We are apt, however, to regard music as something that we need provide only for the exceptional child, the child who shows signs of being what we call "musical." This is due partly to the fact that music lessons are more expensive than books, and that a ticket to a concert costs about four times as much as a ticket to a museum. Our mistake is in fancying that costly music lessons and concerts are the only means of furnishing musical instruction of the best kind to children. Some of the finest music in the world is so simple that any mother who plays the piano at all can perform it for her children, and, moreover, teach them to play it themselves.—Home Progress.

Formosa.
Geologically speaking, Formosa is divided into three longitudinal belts. The western belt is on the average about twenty miles wide and is an aluvial formation containing no mineral deposits. The middle belt is of tertiary formation. This belt is about fifteen miles wide, broadening out in the north to include the entire north coast, and ranges in altitude from 200 to 3,500 feet above sea level. This strip contains all the mineral deposits which are at present productive. The eastern belt includes about one-half of the island and consists of high mountain ranges, reaching an altitude of 13,000 feet. The formation of these mountains is paleozoic limestone, granite and crystalline schist. Their mineral resources are practically unknown.—New York Post.

Tragic Applause.
Two friends, juniors at Brown, were attending a French play one evening when the leading man suddenly appeared before the curtain and made a few brief remarks.

"Why did you applaud him so vigorously when he made his speech?" inquired the tall young man of his friend.

"So that folks would think I understood French," replied the other confidentially. "What did he say?"

"He said the remainder of his part must be taken by an understudy, as his father was dying."—Boston Herald.

No Pleasing Her.
"That Mrs. Oldes is dreadfully hard to please," said a woman.

"How so?" another woman asked.

"Why, I told her the other day that she carried her age well, and she didn't seem to like it at all. So then I told her that she didn't carry it well, and she liked that less than ever."—Exchange.

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No Place For a Sailor.

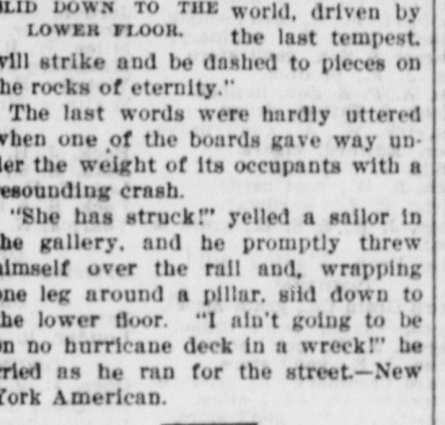
The Rev. Mr. Payson was invited by the Marine Bible society of Portland, Me., to address the seamen who happened to be in port on a certain Sunday, and as he was famous as a preacher and there were several of Uncle Sam's warships in the harbor the church was overcrowded with Jack tars.

Temporary seats were erected in the aisles and at the rear of the pews by putting dry goods boxes here and there and stringing boards across them like rude circus seats.

The preacher was describing the day of the last judgment and in an endeavor to use language suitable to his audience was closing his sermon with the words, "Then our world, driven by the last tempest, will strike and be dashed to pieces on the rocks of eternity."

The last words were hardly uttered when one of the boards gave way under the weight of its occupants with a resounding crash.

"She has struck!" yelled a sailor in the gallery, and he promptly threw himself over the rail and, wrapping one leg around a pillar, slid down to the lower floor. "I ain't going to be on no hurricane deck in a wreck!" he cried as he ran for the street.—New York American.



SLID DOWN TO THE LOWER FLOOR.

Our Purpose Here.
You ask me, oh, sincerest friend, What is our purpose here While passing days may onward trend And year supplanted year?

What purpose largest place should hold In heart and life and plan? What is a soul's most treasured gold In this the sphere of man?

The answer is not hard to see. Has it escaped your view, And have you learned so scant of me And I so small of you?

Oh, kindly friend, the answer seen, Like stars that shine above, Is this, and only this, I ween: We live that we may love.

—Douglas Dobbins.

An Intelligent Goat.
In the old days, when New York's Harlem was mostly rock and was known as Goatville after some of its most conspicuous inhabitants, the New York Central railroad trains would pass bowlder after bowlder painted over with advertisements in vivid colors.

J. Pierpont Morgan, younger than he is now, was riding out of the depot with a friend, when his hat, blowing off, was seized by a vagrant goat, which began to devour it. The friend was too much amused to offer any sympathy.

"Duced intelligent goat that!" he said. "See how he obeys the orders of the owner of the field." And he pointed to a large sign that read, "Chew Morgan's Plug."—New York Tribune.



"SEE HOW HE OBEYS."

No Encore For Von Warble.
"Von Warble, the baritone, committed an unconscious faux pas at the Suffragette club reception the other night, and the poor fellow is still wondering why the members refuse to recognize him on the street."

"Why, what on earth did he do?"

"He was asked to sing and responded with 'What is Home Without a Mother?'"—St. Louis Republic.



BABY'S CARE IS MOTHER'S WORRY.

SCOTT'S EMULSION improves the quality of breast milk—it supplies the material for bone and muscle—if scanty or thin, it makes it rich and abundant.

For bottle babies a few drops of emulsion with every feeding produces marvelous effects—makes new, firm flesh and ruddy health.

SCOTT'S EMULSION is the cream of the purest cod liver oil delicately emulsified into tiny particles resembling maternal milk and each particle is coated with glycerine—no alcohol or stimulant—a wholesome, nourishing, strength-making food.

Mothers everywhere are enthusiastic about **SCOTT'S Emulsion**. Insist on getting **SCOTT'S**.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Bloomfield, N. J. 13-44

Judgment For \$10,540.

Last November D. W. Anderson, of Phillipsburg, was badly injured while driving his automobile on the public highway in Greenwood township, near the Johnston Woolen Mills. A guy wire supporting a pole on the Bell Telephone Co's line hung low over the road and when Mr. Anderson came in contact with it he was swept off the seat and the machine wrecked. The injuries he received were very serious, confining him to his bed for many weeks.

He brought a suit against the company, asking for damages to the amount of \$50,000. The case was tried in Clearfield court last week before Judge Smith. Late Wednesday evening the jury came in with a verdict, which was sealed. Thursday morning it was opened and gave the plaintiff \$10,240.

He Couldn't—Mother—I am sorry to hear that Tommy Smith tied a kettle to a poor dog's tail. You wouldn't do such a thing, would you? Bobby—No indeed, mother. Mother—Why didn't you stop him, Bobby? Bobby—I couldn't, mother. I was holding the dog.

BRONCHITIS SUFFERER

Takes Druggist's Advice With Splendid Result.

If anyone should know the worth of a medicine, it is the retail druggist who sells it over his counter every day in the week, and is in a position to know what remedy gives the best satisfaction.

Mrs. Frank H. Uline, of West Sand Lake, N. Y., says: "For a number of years I was a great sufferer from bronchitis. Last July I had an attack which was more severe than any, and my friends thought I could not recover from it. Then I was advised by my druggist to try Vinol, which I did, with wonderful results. My cough has left me; I have gained in weight and appetite, and I am as strong as ever I was. I advise all who have bronchitis, chronic coughs, or who are run down to try Vinol."

It is the combined action of the medicinal curative elements of the cod's liver, without the greasy oil, aided by the blood-making and strength-creating properties of tonic iron that makes Vinol so efficient.

Remember, we guarantee Vinol to do just what we say—we pay back your money if it does not.

C. M. Parrish, Bellefonte, Pa.

True Values B & B True Value

dress cottons

Voiles in plain colors—plain weaves and fancy silk stripe effects—some with neat jacquard figures—27 to 40 inches wide 15c, 25c to \$1.00 yard.

New Tissue Gingham—plain weaves and embroidered effects 12 1/2c to 20c yard.

New Silk and Cotton Meuse-lines—all colors—27 to 36 inches, 25c and 35c yard.

Irish Dimities—made and printed in Ireland, 20c and 25c yard.

Cotton Poplins—material for serviceable dresses for either self or children's wear—White and all colors, 12 1/2c, 15c to 45c yard.

gloves

Women's 16 button length Milanese Silk Gloves—Paris point stitching—Black, White and all colors, \$1.00 pair.

bed spreads

Fine White Crochet Bed Spreads—Marseilles patterns—full double bed size, \$1.00.

BOGGS & BUHL

PITTSBURGH, PA.

All There But the Tail—Dressed in the latest and most approved motor-cycling costume, with goggles all complete, the motorcyclist gaily toot-tooted his way by Regent's park toward the zoo. Suddenly he slackened, dismounted, and said to a small, grubby urchin: "I say, my boy, am I right for the zoo?" The boy gasped at so strange a sight, and thought it must be some new animal for the gardens. "You may be all right if they have a spare cage," he said, when he could find his tongue, "but you'd ha' stood a far better chance if you'd 'ad a tail!"

What He Needed.—A clerk showed 40 pieces of gingham to a man whose wife had sent him to buy for her, and to every pattern the man had said, "My wife said she didn't want anything like that." The clerk put the last piece back on the shelf. "Sir," he said, "you don't want gingham. What you want is a divorce."

Queen Quality SHOE

Do you know what it is to walk out of a shoe store in new shoes that feel exactly as easy and comfortable as the old ones you have just discarded?

If you wear Queen Quality you do.

The new models in all styles at \$3.50 to \$5.00

Sole Agency
A. C. Mingle

Just a Single Operation to Start

Here are five features of the Cross Country unit gasoline and electric motor:

- First:—It's an integral part of the engine—not an extra moving part added.
- Second:—It operates silently. You can start the motor without jerk or jar.
- Third:—It turns the engine over at three hundred revolutions per minute.
- Fourth:—No additional bearings, chains, sprockets, gears or belts.
- Fifth:—Parts larger and more substantial than those of any other starting device.

R. C. LOWDER
Oak Hall Station, Pa.

Memorial Day Excursion Friday, May 30

GETTYSBURG

The best marked battlefield in the world

Special Train Leaves

Train	Round-trip leaves	Fare	Train	Round-trip leaves	Fare	Train	Round-trip leaves	Fare
Bellefonte	6:40 A. M.	\$2.75	Rising Spring	6:45 A. M.	\$2.50	Vicksburg	8:02 A. M.	\$2.20
Lemont	6:03 "	2.50	Coburn	7:05 "	2.50	Lewisburg	8:15 "	2.05
Oak Hall	6:08 "	2.50	Glen Iron	7:40 "	2.50	Montandon	8:27 "	2.05
Linden Hall	6:14 "	2.50	Millmont	7:46 "	2.40	Northumberland	8:50 "	1.95
Centre Hall	6:29 "	2.50	Mifflinburg	7:52 "	2.30	Sunbury	9:10 "	1.90

Returning, special train will leave Gettysburg 6:50 P. M. Consult ticket agents or David Todd, Division Passenger Agent, Williamsport.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD