

THE BICYCLE LEG.

Wheeling is Not Conducive to Graceful Dancing and is Commended by Some. Expert wheelwomen as well as beginners are burnishing their wheels preparatory for the summer. The bicycle dealers are as busy as bees in honey-making time, and, although they do not expect to do such a vast business as they did last year, they expect the trade to increase from this time on. These are merely stags showing that the bicycle season is on. The wheelwomen seem delighted to turn once more to their favorite pastime. For two weeks little knots of them have gathered and discussed wheels and wheeling. A rest seems to have whetted their appetites for bicycle talks as well as runs. "Bicycling beats dancing, and I for one am glad to return to my second love," announced a dainty looking girl in an imported suit. "Of course it beats dancing; but why do you say second love?" asked a plump brunette. "Oh, because I danced before I wheeled," she answered.



Count that day lost whose low descending sun hath not beheld at least a ten-mile run. "For my part, I've learned one thing this winter," said an athletic girl in a short skirt and a red sweater. "I've got to give up either dancing or wheeling. It's impossible for me to do both."

"The same here," put in three other girls. "What on earth has bicycling got to do with dancing?" queried the brunette. "You dance in winter; you wheel in summer. Why they should interfere with one another I can't see. Of course, I didn't learn to ride until last fall, and—"

"That's the very reason you don't understand why we must stop dancing," interrupted the athletic girl. "You see, we've developed the bicycle leg."

"The bicycle leg," repeated the brunette, agitated. "What is it? I've heard of the bicycle face, the bicycle back, the bicycle brain and the bicycle voice, but the bicycle leg is new to me. Tell us about it."

"We've got it," put in three others. "And you'll get it if you ride much," said the athletic girl with a malicious laugh. "It attacks women riders a great deal oftener than it does wheelmen," she continued, "probably because their muscles are more vulnerable than those of a man. I never rode much until last summer, and didn't notice that my legs had been affected by it at all until the dancing season opened. The muscles of my legs seemed to remain stiff all the evening the first dance I attended, and I was really uneasy for I thought Ed contracted rheumatism. My legs wouldn't act light, and I couldn't manipulate my feet or make them go. My partners glared at me, and none of them came forward for a second turn, so I pleaded a headache and went home. I was puzzled, but I didn't say anything to anybody, for I'd always had the reputation of being a fine dancer. It was the same thing at the next dance, and the next and the next, and at last it dawned upon me that I had the bicycle leg."

"I had the very same experience," testified another enthusiast. "I, too, used to be considered a pretty good dancer, but since I've been riding a bicycle I'm no longer a desirable partner."

"Why, how does wheeling affect the legs so as to make it impossible to dance?" asked a novice. "Well, it seems we have two sets of muscles in our legs," explained the athletic girl. "One we use in all kinds of graceful exercise such as dancing and Delsarte movements, and the others are used for work. Pushing the pedals develops these working muscles, and the others are overcome, and when you attempt to do the graceful act you are about as graceful as a cow would be. The preachers who oppose dancing would find a good argument in favor of the wheel as a moral agency right along this line. Dancing is unquestionably a form of dissipation; if bicycling does away with that pastime, it will certainly do more than moralists have ever been able to accomplish, and I believe in time that it will. If wheelwomen find out that they have to give up one or the other, I predict the abandonment of dancing."

"And I predict the abandonment of the wheel," put in a man who came up in time to hear the last remark. "Wheeling is a fad with women. They won't stick to it, especially if it interferes with their dancing. In another twelve months they will have forgotten that they ever rode a bicycle."

A Valuable Man. "We pay our minister \$2,500 a year." "Ours gets \$4,000." "Has he ever been tried for heresy?" "No, but he says eyther and nythgr."—New York World.

BOUND TO BE SKINNED.

The Reformed Gambler Says Egotism Wrecks Good Men. "I tell you," declared the reformed gambler, "that there are people in this country who insist upon being swindled. Nine out of ten of the men who are caught know that they are going up against some kind of a bunco game. They have read all about it, but it is the infernal egotism of the average man that leads him into the trap. He knows that others have been caught, but he's too smart for anything of that kind, don't you see. "I was at a county fair in Iowa exposing the tricks of gamblers. My graft was in selling a little book that I had on the subject. There was a pretty lively gang there from a back township, and when I showed them how the shell trick was done, one big fellow insisted that he could locate the elusive pea and was bound to bet on the proposition. I told him that I was out of the business, but that he was mistaken. Then they set up a cry that I was a fraud and afraid of my own game. I went over the whole thing again, and showed how they were fooled, but I must give the fellow a chance or they would wreck my whole outfit. "At last, just to save myself, I let him put up his money, and tendered it back to him after I had won. Then it took three other men to keep him from whipping me because I took him for a squealer. One or two others insisted on having a try at it, and never turned a hair because of their losses. When it came to three-card monte, it was the same. Each of half a dozen men was sure that he could pick the card, and, despite warning, would have a try at it, and some of them two or three times. When they were cleaned out there went up a howl that I was the rankest kind of fraud, and they chased me three miles into the country before it was dark enough for me to escape."—Detroit Free Press.

OHIO'S NEW SCHOOL SYSTEM. Graded School Pupils Collected in Coaches for Three Miles in Every Direction. Ohio's Western Reserve, that home of advanced ideas and institutions, is now advancing an idea that bids fair to supplant the old time district school. It is called the Kingsville system, having originated in that place in the northern part of this country, although it is now spreading with prairie-fire celerity. It gives to every pupil in a township a graded school education, securing it by means of coaches stopping night and morning to collect and return pupils for and from a graded school in the centre of the township. The new plan is proving popular and it is relegating the little stuffy district school-house to the position in American history of the log cabin and the extinct buffalo.

These calls of coaches are operating to both augment attendance and promote punctuality, the pupil being marked tardy if not ready when called for. The education in the teacher service secured by this process of centralization is found to go far towards offsetting the cost of the coach service.

Prof. C. A. Corbin, principal of Kingsville high school, suggested the system five years ago, his successor, Prof. F. E. Morrison, pushed it, and Assemblyman William S. Harris, of this district, procured the needed legislation which is now resulting in its general adoption. Legislative reforms in school government have accompanied this reform.

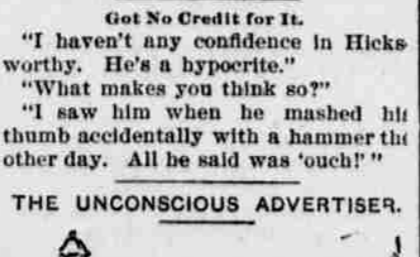
The Old Chap Himself. A young recruit, who lately joined a line regiment, was set on sentry-go, and was, of course, new to the business. A good-natured comrade brought him a sandwich from the canteen, and the recruit was about to consume it, when the major appeared.

As the officer was in mufti, the sentry did not recognize him, and did not salute. The major took in the situation, and asked: "What's that?" "A sandwich," replied the recruit. "Have a bit?" "Do you know who I am?" asked the major. "Don't know you from Adam; perhaps you're the major's coachy."

"No, I'm not." "His groom, perhaps." "No; try again." "Perhaps the old chap himself." "Right this time," said the major. "Oh, Lord!" exclaimed the frightened sentry, "Hold the sandwich while I present arms!"—Answers.

Got No Credit for It. "I haven't any confidence in Hicks worthy. He's a hypocrite." "What makes you think so?" "I saw him when he mashed his thumb accidentally with a hammer the other day. All he said was 'ouch!'"

THE UNCONSCIOUS ADVERTISER.



Meekins is by no means an outlaw, but nevertheless there is a prize on his head.—Harper's Weekly.

COST OF LIGHTS.

A Comparison of the Relative Cost of Different Artificial Systems.

The director of the electrical company of Cologne has made a comparison of the cost of the different sorts of artificial light reduced to the same standard of illuminating power. As the cost of materials for illuminating varies in different localities he has taken the price of coal gas at 91 cents per 1,000 cubic feet, of alcohol, for use in incandescent lamps, at 30 cents a gallon, of coal oil at 15 cents a gallon, and of electricity at 1 1/2 cents per kilowatt. Supposing the "mantles" of the incandescent gas burners to last 400 hours and to cost 50 cents each, and other apparatus to have the average life, he finds the most expensive ordinary light to be that from incandescent electric lamps, which costs 10 per hour for a given amount of illumination. Next comes the light from ordinary gas burners, with openings in the form of slits, which cost 6 cents for the same illumination. Argand burners are, light for light, about 20 per cent more economical than the other sort. Next to these come incandescent lamps burning alcohol, which give light at half the price of the ordinary gas burner. Ordinary coal oil lamps give light much more cheaply, the cost per unit of illumination being little more than one fifth that of incandescent electric light, but the modern gas lights with incandescent mantles are still more economical, furnishing for 1 1/2 cents per hour the same amount of illumination as incandescent electric lamps at 10 cents. Electric arc lamps are about 10 per cent more economical still and are the cheapest sources of artificial light at present known to us.—American Architect.

PILL SENSE.—It stands to reason that Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills will crowd out of the market many of the nauseous old timers. A better medicine at less than half the price is all the argument needed to keep the demand what it has been—Phenomenal—40 doses 10 cents. They cure Sick Headache, Biliousness, and allay all stomach irritations. At all druggists. Sold by C. A. Kleim.

A FEW WEDDING HINTS.

The bride remembers her bridesmaids and the groom his ushers with a souvenir, very often an appropriate pin.

Only maids should wear white; widows are to be dressed in gray or mauve, and a bonnet, too, is considered best form for a widow.

All the expenses of a wedding, except the minister's fee and, in the event of a church wedding, the organist's and sexton's fee for the opening of the church, falls upon the bride's family.

It has become very fashionable to have odd days to be married on, such as Monday or Saturday, an unheard-of thing a few years ago, when Wednesday or Thursday was the day invariably chosen.

A very pretty fashion is to have loose bunches of the prevailing flower fastened to the top of the pew's end in the church; not every one, but at careless intervals, and the effect is very striking.

The bride-to-be, or some near friend if she can't get through with so many, writes a note of thanks for each gift, the sooner the better, and it is usual to introduce the groom's name in some way and write them in the plural number.

A very pretty idea is the one in vogue for the last few years of having the marriage certificate bound in white kid, with a number of vacant pages appended for each guest to sign his name. It makes a very interesting thing to have and to hand down.

Brides no longer wear gloves; their sleeves are quite long and very close-fitting, with a ruffle that falls to the tips of the fingers, and no matter how many or handsome the rings they possess their fingers are ringless ready for "the" ring.—Chicago Chronicle.

Female Bicycle Races.

Bicycle races between female contestants is a cheap sport at its very best, and none, but men of diseased minds and little or no intellect find it an attraction. Certainly no man of self-respect would attend an event of this sort even as a witness, much less to serve in an official capacity. There is no necessity for wasting valuable space on the people connected with this mongrel game. They are too low in the scale of humanity to deserve attention from anything but the Salvation Army, which organization might profitably use them as horrible examples. They are caricatures on men and women; nothing more.—Cycling Gazette.

DOES YOUR SKIN CHAFE?—Dr. Agnew's Ointment cures Chapped Hands, and is proof against chafing of the flesh in any part. A sure cure for Eczema, Salt Rheum, Tetter, Barber's Itch, and all skin eruptions. Comfort in one application, and never fails to cure. 35 cents. Sold by C. A. Kleim.

Exciting Kansas.

William Allen White tells a story of a Kansas man who left the state, but soon returned to it because he missed the excitement. "Why, man," said White, "what do you mean? What excitement can there be in living where there isn't a piece of vegetation higher than a sunflower and where human beings are as few as summer showers? "Well, you see, it's like this," he replied. "You put in a crop, and from the moment the seed's in the ground until the last day of harvest it's a gamble whether or not you get a full crop or barely enough to feed a mule. The sustained excitement amounts to what you would get out of a four months' poker game in which you had staked everything. Oh, there's plenty of excitement about it, and I've become so accustomed to the feature of it that I'm lost without it." This farmer was a Greek letter fraternity man, and, ludicrous as it may seem, he unquestionably spoke with the utmost seriousness.—New York Tribune.

It may save you time and money to be informed that, when you need a blood-purifier, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the kind most in favor with the medical profession. It is the standard and, as such, the only blood-purifier admitted at the Chicago World's Fair.

Shaving a Lady.

A story is going the rounds concerning "Tom the barber," whose dexterity with the razor is a household word in Bombay.

A lady just arrived from England drove to the hotel in Bombay which had been recommended her and was given a spacious bedroom, which she was told had just been vacated by a military officer who had gone up country. She was very tired and very sleepy, and after dinner she retired at once to rest, with an instruction that she was not to be disturbed in the morning.

Imagine her surprise when, shortly after sunrise, she awoke to find half her face covered with lather and a ferocious native holding a razor in close proximity to her throat. She shrieked aloud, and Tom the barber, for it was he, fled.

When the alarm subsided, it transpired that Tom had a contract to shave the departed officer at a certain time every morning, asleep or awake, and that he was unaware of the fact that the bedroom had changed hands. Tom makes it his boast that he can shave a man without arousing him from slumber.—Scottish Nights.

Are These Bills Jokes?

Right in line with a whole lot of other fool bills that have been introduced since the thirty-ninth general assembly of Missouri began its session was one by Representative Wamsley of Jackson county. The bill provides that railroad companies shall be prohibited from using wooden rails and tying them with a string.

The penalty attached thereto for a violation of the law is \$50,000. Of course it is understood that this was a huge joke, but its introduction was no more nonsensical than that of scores of others which are bobbing up daily. As an example of those that are not introduced as jokes may be mentioned one which was sprung by Representative Spofford, which provides for the creation of a board for inspection of barbers as for their capability.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

When the blood is kept pure and the system thoroughly invigorated by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, sudden changes of temperature and extremes of heat and cold, so characteristic of certain climates, are rarely attended with injurious results. Take it now.

Lincoln's Hat a Football.

The favorite hat worn by Abraham Lincoln was a tall "stovepipe." It has been described as a foot high, with a brim almost as wide as a southern sombrero. Many anecdotes are connected with that famous tall hat. In it Mr. Lincoln carried many of his valuable papers, the briefs of his law cases and other documents, says the Youth's Companion.

On the night of Mr. Lincoln's election to the presidency several ladies who had gathered at the old home-stand at Springfield testified their glee by using the hat as a football.

A few of us went to assist Mrs. Lincoln about the supper which was to be given some gentlemen who had come in to hear the returns. It was after midnight before enough had been learned to warrant the belief that our candidate was elected. We went nearly wild with joy and congratulate Mr. Lincoln most heartily.

Some one saw the famous "stovepipe" in the hall, and, seizing it, threw it up to the ceiling. Another caught it, and then it went the rounds till it fell on the floor, when one gave it a kick and then another and another gave it a send off till it was so battered that it had lost all resemblance to its original shape. Mr. Lincoln looked on and smiled good naturedly at the childish performance.

Important Notice! The only genuine "Baker's Chocolate," celebrated for more than a century as a delicious, nutritious, and flesh-forming beverage, is put up in Blue Wrappers and Yellow Labels. Be sure that the Yellow Label and our Trade-Mark are on every package. WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd., Dorchester, Mass.

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IF YOU ARE IN NEED OF CARPET, MATTING, or OIL CLOTH, YOU WILL FIND A NICE LINE AT W. H. BROWER'S 2nd Door above Court House. A large lot of Window Curtains in stock.

ASK FOR THE BUCKLET ON "LIGHT" AND Burn Crown ACME OIL. GIVES THE BEST LIGHT IN THE WORLD AND ABSOLUTELY SAFE FOR SALE BY THE ATLANTIC REFINING CO.

The Broomstick Preventive. Cassius White, aged 23, is the son of a well to do landowner and has been regarded as a swell beau in Paintsville, Ky. He fell deeply in love with pretty Mamie Huff, aged 18. He made known his devotion to the parents of the young woman after winning the heart of Mamie. They objected. He was dissipated, and they would not consent for Mamie to risk her fortune with such a youth. Love could not be put aside and laughed at reason. They planned to elope, and in telling mutual friends about the plan the girl's mother got an inkling, and as he stole up in the moonlight to carry his prize away the mother lay in waiting with a broomstick and struck him a heavy blow, felling him to the ground. She then publicly whipped the girl. This severe chastising has not conquered the young lovers, who now look for another day when they will not be foiled.—St. Louis Republic.

There is a Class of People Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-O, made of pure grains that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over 1/2 as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15cts. and 25cts. per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O. Blair County Auditors allow the County Treasurer John F. Akers, one per cent. for receiving and alike amount for disbursing funds, thus saving \$4000 a year on his fees for the county. An 8 mill tax rate has been fixed upon for Harrisburg. Send for a copy of Tasker's Beautiful Song "Gone Forever". The very latest. Pronounced by critics to be the prettiest song ever written. Price 40 cts. At music stores, or sent upon receipt of price by David J. Tasker, Bloomsburg, Pa.