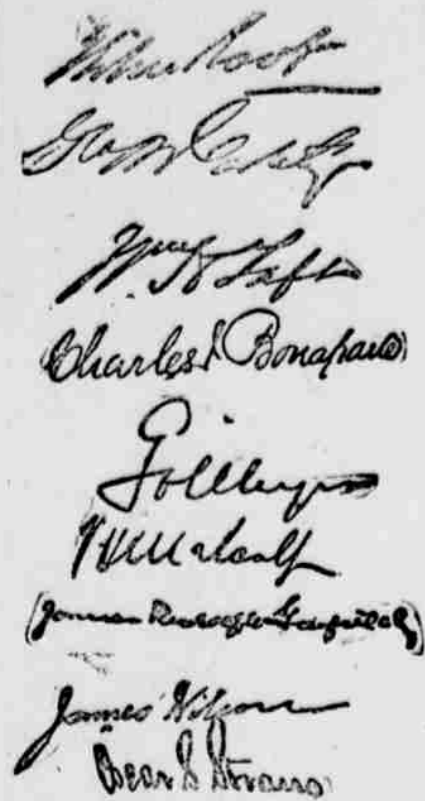


SIGNATURES OF A CABINET

Bonaparte, Wilson and Straus, Write Plainly—Others Like Cashiers.

Nearly every one is familiar with the pictures of the members of the Cabinet of President Roosevelt, but how few persons there are that ever saw the handwriting of the men. There are reproduced the signatures of these nine: Secretaries Root, Cortelyou, Taft, Meyer, Bonaparte, Metcalf, Garfield, Wilson and Straus.



Messrs. Bonaparte, Wilson and Straus write their names so that he who runs may read," write Messrs. Cortelyou, Meyer and Metcalf try the bank cashier style a trifle—i. e., write their names so that it is difficult to read them. Oscar S. Straus writes a very pretty signature, which some would call a vertical hand. James R. Garfield puts in his mother's maiden name, Rudolph.

THRIVES ON GUTTA PERCHA.

Little Sea Animal Which is Much Dreaded by Engineers.

The vicissitudes of a submarine cable are many, says the Magazine of Commerce. It may be torn by an anchor, crushed by a rock or seriously damaged by a coral reef such as abound in the tropics. Some of the growths often found on a cable tend gradually to decay the iron sheathing wires. Then again a cable is sometimes covered by an earthquake. It may be fatally attacked by the snout of a sawfish or by the spike of a swordfish.

But perhaps the little animal that makes itself most objectionable from the cable engineer's standpoint, is the insignificant looking teredo navalis. This little beast is intensely greedy where gutta percha is concerned, working its way there between the iron wires and between the serving yarns. The silica in the outer cable compound tends to defeat the teredo's efforts at making a meal of the core and this defeat is further effected by the core being enveloped in a thin coating of brass.

But where the bottom is known to be badly infected with these little monsters of the deep the insurer is often composed of India rubber, which has an attraction for the teredo and possesses a toughness, moreover, which is less suited for its boring tool than the comparatively cheese-like gutta percha. From one cause or another, faults occur in most cables from time to time. These require to be electrically localized from the cable testing hut and a ship sent out to the supposed position to grapple for the line, pick it up and effect the necessary repairs. When the cable has really been hooked and picked up—an operation which may entail several weeks or even months, if only in waiting for favorable weather—the light is secured at the bows and reeled out. Each end is then brought on board alternately and tested electrically. If found to be sound the necessary repairs are then effected.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, ss. Lucas County.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(SEAL.) A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Rapid changes of temperature are hard on the toughest constitution. The conductor passing from the heated inside of a trolley car to the icy temperature of the platform—the canvasser spending an hour or so in a heated building and then walking against a biting wind—know the difficulty of avoiding cold. Scott's Emulsion strengthens the body so that it can better withstand the danger of cold from changes of temperature. It will help you to avoid taking cold. ALL DRUGGISTS; 50c. AND \$1.00.

HUMAN HIBERNATION.

Peasant Custom Which is Worrying the Russian Government.

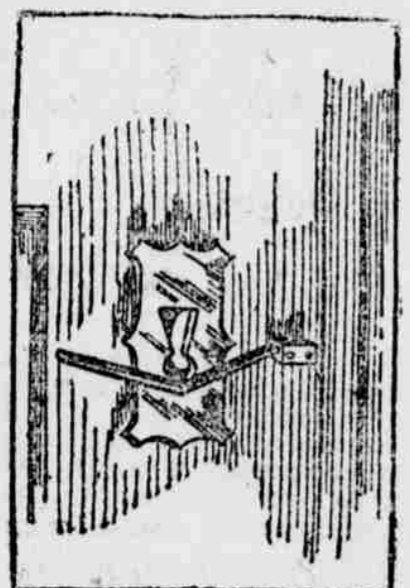
In the province of Pskov in Russia there are peasants who are addicted to what is practically hibernation. When the harvest has failed and provisions are scarce, they lay down on the top of the great stove in the inner room, the kitchen of their hut. The stove is high, reaching almost to the roof, and the space between the great brick structure and provisions are scarce, they lie place of the family.

Lying down upon the long, flat stone, the peasants avoid all conversation and all exertion, except as necessary to keep the stove replenished and to sustain life by eating a little black bread soaked in water. The hut is both dark and silent throughout the winter.

This custom is called jejka. It is not, of course, calculated to develop the resources of the region where it obtains, and it is said that the Russian Bureau of Statistics has lately begun to inquire into the matter.

Device to Aid "Night Owl."

A Cincinnati man has invented a key guide which will prove immensely beneficial to the man who has the habit of remaining out late at night after fumbling too freely. With the assistance of this little contrivance he will experience no difficulty in locating the key-hole. In fact, he can't miss it. No matter how shaky the hand, or how bleary the eyes, he will be able to get the key in the hole, even if he imagines he sees a half a dozen. The guide comprises a metal plate which is attached to the door so that it extends above the key-



hole. The plate is bent in the middle, the point registering with the top of the key-hole. In the dark it is an easy matter to bring the key in contact with the guide. Intuition will direct it to the key-hole.

Wife of Mikado a Poetess.

Haru-Ko, the wife of the Mikado, is not only a woman of great intelligence and erudition, but a poetess of talent; she will certainly take her place in the literary history of her country. Every Japanese child knows her poetry by heart and on all the important events of the reign she has written verses.

ON THE EDGE

By Ford Henffer.

"And Waring?" one of the men asked. "What became of Waring? Did he go off with Mrs. Statham? You know there were bets about it before I went out there." "Oh, Waring," the other answered. "No. It was rather funny. He went off by himself." The man from "out there" whispered softly.

"Dapper Waring," he said, "discreet Waring. Got the—giddy mittens; mustache and all!" The other had the air of shuddering a little at the slang. It was a matter of going back to old times, and they were at the club, the old place—in the old armchairs. The man who had come back "wanted to know" furiously.

The other knew; he was the sort of man who did; who knew his way about, too, having stayed for all his life in a town where, for the man who knows, there are more gold and more fruit than in all the other hemispheres. He had put on more flesh than the other, and was the older man and the quieter. His beard was trimmed square, and was thick. At home, he had a collection of very choice water colors, and underneath his broad, bare forehead another of modern instances. All these things gave him an air of balance and assurance.

"Oh, it was the other way round," he said. "You see, Waring had got as far as packing his bag. Further, you didn't know Mrs. Statham, or Statham?"

"Wasn't it Statham who used to sit over there sometimes—sit huddled up in a hooded chair and wear some guy's hygienic clothing?" he said. "The other nodded. 'Yes, that was Statham,' he answered. 'Mrs. S. was another sort. I knew her a bit—very well before she was married. She used to be one of your bright and beautiful English ones; the sort you fellows talk about. Tall, golden hair in coils. And blue eyes. Drooping eyelids, though, and a nose with a tendency to quiver in the nostrils like a blood horse's. Looked splendid, sometimes. Splendid!"

"I don't now what she married Statham for. Bored at home, I suppose. I don't know. Anyway, she married him. And then he began to get on her nerves after a year, or, maybe, two. You see, he discovered his monstrous importance in the scale of things—his scale. Something reminded him that there were such things as death and health."

"As long as he limited himself to pills she didn't mind. I suppose, but when it came to red flannel liver pads she aged a little. Grew up, you might say. It was a sort of foretaste, and opened up prospects."

"Well, Statham grew worse and worse, became the Statham you were speaking of; went to all the doctors in town, and took to wearing hygienic clothes. And then Mrs. Statham became the Mrs. Statham that Waring knew—a woman. And a real woman's the devil. It was tragedy, really, for her. And I began to realize that I, too, was—well, growing up when I saw her. I began to think my hair must be

getting thin on the top; round the crown. Bit of a tragedy for me, too, eh? You see, I had been away on business for the firm, to New York and Boston, and then I came back and found the middle of the whole thing again. We had rather intimate business with Statham's house, and I used to see him a good deal and talk things over at night. I got the whole position in a minute—in two, if you like. You remember Waring—a little fellow, well set up, nose curly golden hair, blue eyes, with a twinkle, and that mustache of his you spoke of—a yellow one that looked as if it carried him about. You fellows didn't know the man here—not as I know him and saw him in that manage. His eyes had a different quality; they didn't flicker, but went soft, when he talked to a woman. So did his voice, and his mustache drooped.

"I hated him, until one day it came into my head that, but for the grace of God, there might have gone—me. Anyhow, I pitied her. There we used to sit at that dinner table of theirs; Statham with his head buried between his shoulders and a gigantic screen behind his back; hygienic clothes and a blue flannel shirt that swathed round his neck like that sort of patent legging you see advertised. Well he had his tragedy, too, poor beast; he looked like an old bald crow on a railing in a dripping fog.

"As for her, she'd sit opposite, with Waring near her. She'd look at her husband, and practically age as she looked at him. There'd be lines on her face. 'She had grown up, as I said, and hardened in type. It was pretty sad to see, because she used to be, oh, a glorious girl. She was a glorious woman, too, when she didn't happen to have her eyes on her husband. But the face was intensely proud.

"What she clung to most desperately was the tradition of indistinguishability, of being like everybody else. Anything else amounted to—what do you call it? 'altruism' when you're a white chaffinch in a flock all alike. It's a race instinct, accented by a moral code, when you come to think of it, and this was like a blow from a clear sky, some-

thing unheard of and quite hateful. She was horribly afraid was was 'noticeable' as far as Waring went. I could see it in the way she looked at me, as if she were trying to catch me 'noticing.' It frightened her, and fascinated her; and Statham was no kind of moral support.

"She would look at him, and I could see a sort of light in her eyes; flashes of rebellion against, not Statham, but the infinite that had tied her to him. Then Waring would say something, in a voice as if he were gargling eau sucrée, a voice you never heard here. She would take a sip of wine, and brighten up; flush all over; become like a Bacchante. There was a sort of fitness of things in it. That sort of man will do the trick for that sort of woman; and any one would have looked well opposite Statham, even I."

He paused, and began dropping lumps of sugar into his coffee; gazed at the little clusters of bubbles that resulted, and separated them with the extreme point of his teaspoon. His friend looked at him with the suspicion of a grin. "You were pretty hard hit, old chap," he said. "Oh, I don't say," the other answered. "Anyway, I saw the tragedy of her position. Waring either did or didn't see, I don't know; Statham certainly did not. I don't believe he ever spoke to his wife, except to tell her what Dr. Ferguson had said in the morning, and Dr. Thwaite at lunch time, and both in consultation with Sir Saul Samson on the morning of the day when he had felt such palpitations.

"I don't know what put the screw on—in Waring's affair, I mean. Things reached a head in one way or another, and they decided to knock the head off in the approved way. You know how these things come about; or, perhaps you don't. It probably upset little Waring when it came; he too, had a sort of fear of the noticeable. Anyhow he got his bags packed and deposited at Charing Cross, and the tickets taken (told me that himself), and put on a bowler hat and a long coat for traveling in. Then he trotted to their house to take her for a trip—outside the radius.

DR. HUMPHREYS' SPECIFICS.

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A small bottle of Pleasant Pellets, fits the vest pocket. Sold by druggists, or sent on receipt of price. Medical Book sent free. HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC MEDICINE CO., Corner William and John Streets, New York.

"She was standing there gloved and veiled and frozen, ready for traveling to—the Isles of the Blest. Waring saw she had a letter in her hand. It struck him that she had been writing to Statham; the sort of letter one leaves on a dressing table, I believe.

"Ready?" he asked, a little throaty, but determined to avoid a scene or anything like it, as if it were a matter of a trip to Putney. "Oh, I'm ready," she answered. "But—look here." She held the letter out to him.

"I knew what was in it; I'd written it. I had had to go round from us to Statham's—it was something about bonded business. I had found him with a couple of doctors called in by his head clerk. And there was a basin full of something red—and a sponge. Poor beggar, he had never taken his maladies seriously, and he knew it. He was anxious to see his wife, as far as we could tell, because he was speechless. I think he wanted to get some sort of acknowledgement from her, it was a triumph for him; if he had been able to speak, he might have said, 'I told you so!' I had sent the office boy in advance with the letter I wrote and then I followed with Statham in a cab.

"That was the real tragedy of her life, poor thing, that scene in the drawing room. I don't know just what passed. I imagine that she must have tried to—not to persuade exactly—but to point out that the letter did not make any difference; that it was probably only one of Statham's 'little ways.' But Waring had a lively sense of the conveniences, you know.

"I expect, too, she didn't look quite up to the mark that morning. She used to get washed out pretty easily then. Probably she had had a bad time the night before, thinking of the momentous step, and there remained in her face nothing but—oh, the pride and something else, a little alarming for a man like Waring. He had a sort of vision of the future, of what she would be for ever and ever, in that pale woman. That and the idea of running away with—with the wife of a corpse were a little too noticeable even for Waring.

"Anyhow, as we were carrying Statham up the steps—all that remained of him—Waring was coming down. He never saw her again; took a trip round the world; bolted, in fact. He would have faced the scandal the other way; he would have stuck to her, too; he'd even have faced out the being tied to her as he saw her then; I suppose because he would have had the run for his money—the glow and the glamor. That's what it amounts to."

He came to a stop, and relit his cigar.

"And Mrs. Statham?" the Colonel asked. "She's still Mrs. Statham."

"And you?"

"I'm still I—not more of a fool than Waring, and a little less than Statham. And I began to get bald soon after."

The man from "out there" hummed involuntarily the tune that goes with—

Combien Je regrette Mon bras si dodu.

The other was scratching a minute speck of mud off his coat sleeve "Oh, it hardly amounts to that," he said.

Columbia & Montour El. Ry.

TIME TABLE IN EFFECT June 1 1904, and until further notice. Cars leave Bloom for Espy, Almedia, Lime Ridge, Berwick and Intermediate points as follows: A. M. 5:00, 5:40, 6:20, 7:00, 7:40, 8:20, 9:00, 9:40, 10:20, 11:00, 11:40. P. M. 12:20, 1:00, 1:40, 2:20, 3:00, 3:40, 4:20, 5:00, 5:40, 6:20, 7:00, 7:40, 8:20, 9:00, 9:40, 10:20, 11:00. Leaving depart from Berwick one hour from time as given above, commencing at 6:00 a. m. Leave Bloom for Catawissa A. M. 5:30, 6:15, 7:00, 7:40, 8:20, 9:00, 9:40, 10:20, 11:00, 11:40. P. M. 1:00, 1:40, 2:20, 3:00, 3:40, 4:20, 5:00, 5:40, 6:20, 7:00, 7:40, 8:20, 9:00, 9:40, 10:20, 11:00. Cars returning depart from Catawissa 20 minutes from time as given above. First car leaves Market Square for Berwick on Sundays at 7:00 a. m. First car for Catawissa Sundays 7:00 a. m. First car from Berwick for Bloom Sundays leaves at 8:00 a. m. First car leaves Catawissa Sundays at 7:30 a. m. From Power House. Saturday night only. P. R. K. Connection. WM. TERWILLIGER, Superintendent.

Bloomsburg & Sullivan Railroad.

Taking Effect May 1st 1906, 12:05 a. m. NORTHWARD. 21 A. M. P. M. P. M. A. M. Bloomsburg D. L. & W. 9:00 2:37 6:15 6:00 Bloomsburg P. & R. 9:02 2:39 6:17 6:02 Bloomsburg Main St. 9:05 2:42 6:20 6:03 Paper Mill 9:15 2:52 6:30 6:20 Light Street 9:26 3:03 6:41 6:35 Orangeville 9:36 3:13 6:51 6:40 Forks 9:46 3:23 7:01 6:50 Zaners 9:56 3:33 7:11 7:05 Stillwater 10:06 3:43 7:21 7:15 Benton 10:16 3:53 7:31 7:25 Edsons 10:26 4:03 7:41 7:35 Coles Creek 10:36 4:13 7:51 7:45 Laubachs 10:46 4:23 8:01 7:55 Grass Mere Park 10:56 4:33 8:11 8:05 Central 11:06 4:43 8:21 8:15 Jamison City 11:16 4:53 8:31 8:25 SOUTHWARD. 22 A. M. P. M. P. M. A. M. Jamison City 5:50 10:48 4:35 7:00 11:30 Central 5:58 10:56 4:43 7:08 11:45 Grass Mere Park 6:01 11:12 4:45 7:11 11:55 Laubachs 6:03 11:14 4:47 7:13 12:05 Coles Creek 6:12 11:23 4:56 7:22 12:08 Edsons 6:14 11:25 4:58 7:24 12:10 Benton 6:16 11:27 4:59 7:26 12:12 Stillwater 6:28 11:39 5:08 7:38 12:25 Zaners 6:35 11:46 5:15 7:45 12:32 Forks 6:39 11:50 5:21 7:49 12:36 Paper Mill 6:48 11:58 5:30 7:58 12:45 Bloom. Main St. 7:12 12:02 5:53 8:22 12:55 Bloom. P. & R. 7:19 12:09 5:59 8:29 1:10 Bloom. D. L. & W. 7:30 12:10 6:00 8:30 1:18 Trains No. 21 and 22, mixed, second class. Daily except Sunday. Daily 1 Sunday only. Flag stop. W. C. SNYDER, Supt.

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