A HORSE VELOCIPEDE

Pedals Not Only Operate Wheels, But Fut Life Into Horse.

Something decidedly novel in the velocipede line and been designed by an Ohio man. It might be called a horse velocipede, for want of a bet-



ter word, but the horse will stand a great dear of whipping without moving. The vehicle is designed like a road cart, but the third wheel, which is some distance in front, supports the body of a horse, which moves up and down, as if trotting, when the machine is in operation. The rider sits in the seat of the cart and treads the pedals as he would in an ordinary velocipede, the difference being that when the wheels go around they put life into the horse, and when the machine is going at a rapid rate of speed it is difficult at a distance to distinguish it from a real pony cart. The reins are of elastic and stretch as the horse's head move: up and down, and the steering gear is the rod that runs back from the upright that ascends from the forward wheel. The saddle and the steering gear are maintained at the same distance from each other.

ENGLISH TURF TRAGEDY.

Owner's Sudden Death Just as His Horse Won a Great Race.

The death of St. Simon, perhaps the greatest racehorse of his generation, recalls an almost forgotten tragedy of the turf.

Half an hour before the race for the Two Thousand Guineas of 1883 Prince Batthyany, who bred St. Simon and who was one of the most popular racing men of any time, was talking with Lord Cadogan ir the luncheon room of the Jockey Club stand at Newmarket when he suddenly reeled and fell.

He was carried to Weatherby's of fice and doctors were summoned; but the Prince was beyond all human aid, and just before the bell rang for the race for which his colt Galliard, brother of St. Simon, was first favor ite he breathed his last.

A few minutes later "the clear blue sky rang with cheers and shouts as the horses came thundering along, which rose into a roar as Galliard won by a head"; while behind the drawn blinds of Weatherby's office Galliard's owner, who had been looking forward so eagerly to this moment, was lying dead. It was owing to the weath of his owner that Galopin's great son could not run in the Derby of 1884, which he would almost certainly have won.

Chinese Street Barbers.

It is believed that the Tartars first compelled Chinamen to wear the pigtail, as a mark of inferiority; but what was once a badge of servitude is now a national pride—a Chinaman would feel disgraced without it. Of course, a lot of shaving of the head



has to be done to keep the rest of the scalp free from hair, so consequently barbers are in great request. Many of them do not have shops, simply a chair or two along the street. So the scene as shown by our illustration is a familiar one on the streets of China's cities.

How Many?

"How many seed compartments are there in an apple?" he queried. No one knew. "And yet," said the school inspector; "all of you eat many apples in the course of a year, and see the fruit every day, probably. You must learn to notice the little things in nature." The talk of the inspector impressed the children. They earnestly discussed the matter at recess time, and the teacher the next day overbeard this conversation in the playyard. A little girl getting some of her companions around her, gravely said: "Now, children, just s'pose that I'm
Mr. Inspecter. You've get to know
more about common things. If you
don't you'll all grow up to be fools.
New tell me," she said, looking sternly
at a playmate, "how many teathers a belle the pur pur

THE BLUE HOSE

BY ADDISON TALBOT

There is a certain something about old clothes peculiarly stimulating-nay, even intoxicating to the Imagination. What hardened bachefor is there who can-- in the rush of dressing for dinner-gaze upon a famillar pair of sock -every fiber of their soft texture scening to breathe forth the spirit of old associationsand beholding their beauty marred, their very footing undermined as it were, still remain unmoved? What man is there, I say, who can thus perceive the ravages of time upon these dainty pedisal adornments and not be affected?

I once possessed a pair of lovely silken hose of a most delicate blue color. As I walked forth on a clear, sunny day, it was only necessary for me to cast down my eyes to see glimpsing there above my shoe tops what might readily have been mistaken for a portion of the same blue sky that rested so serenely overhead. Or if the skiek were cloudy and overcast, I had but to glance at my feet to see there a vision of better days. And day after day, as I strolled along the fashionable promenademy trousers rolled up to just the height prescribed by correct style -many were the envious glances cast in my direction. In time I came to be recognized as one of the attractions of the quarter. Spectators would fill the benches along the promenade as the hour for my usual stroll drew neur. As I passed by their talk would be stilled to suppressed whispers. But through it all I kept down my pride-for pride is a dangerous thing.

One morning, while I was breakfasting in my cosy little apartments, a letter was brought me. It was a daintily scented little epistle of delicate blue. The handwritingunknown to me-was unmistakably ferainine, and I opened the envelope with rather more haste than was altogether warrantable. Inside was a communication from a young ladyshe mentioned her age at the very be landing of the letter informing me that the writer had noticed-(I Hed the word)-noticed me many times on the promenade and had been charmed (a very expressive phrase) by my lovely stockings. She begged that I would honor her with a reply and inclose a small sample of my stockings. (Truly a feminine young woman, without doubt.)

Then I dressed for my usual walk, but during it I took pains not to show by any sign that unaccustomed perturbation that filled me.

That evening I sat in my study and smoked and thought. More blue letters had come in the evening mail. My life had been peculiarly quiet and consequently the happenings of this day had disturbed my mind not a little. There were five letters before me in their five envelopes. They were all blue. But-I looked from one to the other-the blues were not all of one shade! Then suddenly a most happy thought came into my mind. I compared each blue envelope with my hose. Not a one of them matched that rare, beautiful color! And following fast on this came another thought and a resolution-I would marry the girl whose letter matched in color my heavenly hose!

Days passed-nay, rather sped by -and my collection of blue feminine sentiments increased and still increased. Oh female eyes, thus to be entranced by vain apparel! Oh feminine heart, thus to be led cap-tive by entranced eyes! The sight of a young woman's eyes fixed upon my hose would cause the blood to mount uncomfortably to my face. I thought seriously of discontinuing my walks, nay, even of giving up my blue hose. I finally decided to do the latter.

The shades of blue are unnumbered. At least so it began to seem to my bewildered brain. And still none of them matched-not a one was of that particular shade which had been designated the fatal one. I began for the first time to feel selfconscious, embarrassed in my walks.

On the evening of this decisionwhen I had but made it-there arrived in the mail a large number of blue letters. Without opening them I put them to the test in the customary manner. It had become a mere form-done without any hope of success--for I was now satisfied that nowhere did there exist a shade of blue exactly similar to that of my hose. My perception of color grades had grown acute, and I ran through the pile of envelopes, surely, that I might be true to my resolution. And all at once my nerves bounded. The letter in my hand trembled and shook, for my eyes had told me that it was the right shade. I compared it closely with my hose the two colors were identical! I placed the envelope in my pocket and lit my pipe. It is always well to collect yourself when you feel your blood racing in that mad fashion. I smoked my pipe for some minutes, my thoughts whirling on. "You are a fool," I said to myself. "Are you going ahead in this mad fashion and place everything upon a mere identity in colors? But then, none of the others were of the right shade, and this one is. Therefore none of the other writers saw correctly, but this one did." In my heart I knew this arguing back and forth was to no purpose. For hadn't I decided in the beginning? Then, feeling that I was somewhat calmer, I drew the blue envelope from my pocket. Ah, how my heart pounded! Then, telling myself to be cool, I carefully opened the letter. It said only—"I effer my beert to you, my Knight of the Bise Socking. If you would

laim M. look to-morrow for one

wearing a ribbon of blue upon has

I held the letter open in my hand, and from its pages there breathed a faint perfume sweet as the odor of apple blo soms. I raised the letter to my H s and gently kined it. For a long time I sat there-my senses as though under a spall. Pipe after pipe I smaked for the pictures that grew out of them. At last, long after my usual hour, I went to bed,

The next day was one of exceeding restlessness. As the hour for my stroll drew near my heart was fluttering in a fashion quite unusual. But bidding myself take courage, I walked forth. The promenade was thronged that afternoon. All the fashionables, it seemed, were taking the air. As I strolled along, nodatog now and then to an acquaintance, my ealm exterior showed not the excitement which raged in my breast. Eagerly my eyes sought among the throng for the wearer of the blue ribbon. Then it seemed as though my heart stood still for a moment-my eyes had caught a elimpse of blue, clear as the skies, I hurried forward. In a moment I was at her side.

'Mademoiselte," I said, and my voice trembled most miserably.

"Ah, I fenred you would not At her smile I surrendered without conditions.

'It is to make my clnim," I said. And the eagerness in my voice brought the color to her face. I motioned to a carriage and we were driven to the nearest church. All the time my eyes scarcely left her. and I only remembered afterwards that we spoke barely a dozen words. Perhaps both were silent from the same cause. I was lost in admiration of her beauty. Think not that I am vain .- but remember, I was wearing my blue hose.

"You have won the blue ribbon," she said, laying her hand in mine as we drove home later.

"And not a day too soon," said I. 'For my hose are past all wearing. Hardly anything remains of them but the uppers," And I pressed her hand gently, for I am a timid man where the opposite sex is concerned. "We will put them away as a keepsake," she suggested.

"The very thing," said I. "There is a certain something about old clothes--

"Especially stockings," she said. And we both smiled.-Princeton Tiger.

Finding of a Lost Tribe. At the north end of Hudson Bay is an island about the size of the State of Maine, which is called Southampton Island, on which has been discovered a lost tribe of Esquimaux, which has been without any intercourse with human beings for centuries and until a few years ago had never seen a white man. Apparently these people have dwelt here since before the time of Columbus. They are still in the stone age, knowing no metals. They grow no plants and their homes are built of the skulls of whales. Their huts are built by putting together the great jaws of whale and covering them over with skins. In the middle of this dwelling is the familiar elevated place on which stands the lamp. With this they cook, light their dwelling, provide warmth, melt snow and dry their clothes. The whale is their chief means of subsistence. They use the bones in a variety of ways, even making their cups and buckets of it. by bending it in shape and sewing

on the bottom. The tribe is composed of about fifty-eight individuals, about evenly divided between the sexes. They speak a dialect peculiar to themselves, quite unlike that spoken by any other tribes of Esquimaux. A fact which shows the perfect isolation of the community is evidenced by their ignorance of soapstone. Among other tribes it is the favorite material for pots and kettles, and when they are unable to obtain it in their own neighborhood they will make long pligrimages, lasting several years, in quest of this mater'al But as the people of this lost tribe are in ignorance of such a stone they make their receptacles from slabs of limestone, which they glue together in rectangular shapes by mixing deer's blood and grease.

BRICKS SHIPPED WITH CARE.

Some Wrapped in Paper to Save Them from Damage in Transit. Bricks might not seem delicate

objects that would require wrapping up to save them from damage, but many thousands of bricks are now so protected to keep them from chipping in transportation and handling.

Common red bricks for backs of walls and for fillers are still handled just as they have always been -stacked together and dumped from the wagons in which they are delivered, but not so with pressed brick for front walls or with glazed bricks.

Pressed bricks have, to be sure, always been handled with care and stacked with hay spread between the layers; but they go a good deal further than that with glazed bricks, of which many are now used. These are wrapped up for shipment, each individual brick in a wrapper of corrugated or embossed paper, in which it is cushioned as well as wrapped.

It costs something to wrap up bricks in this way, but it costs less than the damage to the bricks unwrapped would amount to, and so there may be seen nowadays big stacks of bricks with every brick done up in a paper.

The small steel screws used in watchmaking are worth siz times their weight in gold. Woman's Power

Over Man Woman's most clorious endowment is the power to awaken and hold the pure and honest love of a worthy man. When she loses it and still loves on, no one in the wice world can know the heart agony she endures. The woman who suffers from weakness and derangement of her special womanly or-ganism soon loses the power to sway the heart of Her general health suffers and she loses a man.

her good looks, her attractiveness, her amiability and her power and prestige as a woman. Dr. R.V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N.Y., with the assistance of his staff of able physicians, has prescribed for and cured many thousands of women. He has devised a successful remedy for woman's ail-ments. It is known as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is a positive specific for the weaknesses and disorders peculiar to women. It purifies, regulates, strengthens and heals. Medicine dealers sell it. No honest dealer will advise you to accept a substitute in order to make a little larger profit.

IT MAKES WEAK WOMEN STRONG, SICK WOMEN WELL.

Dr. Plerce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and strengthen Stomach, Liver and Bowels,

COVERS THE HOT WATER JUG.

Simple Cosy That Will Aid in Keeping the Contents Warm.

It is quite as necessary to keep the hot water warm that has occasionally to be added to the teapot as it is to keep the tea itself warm. It is, therefore, a good plan to make a cosy of s similar nature to the ordinary tea cosy, but of course, differing in shape, to fit the hot water jug. A simple cosy of this kind is shown in



our sketch, with the picture of a hot water jug embroidered on one side. It is edged with a stout cord, with three loops at the top to form a handle by which it may be lifted when required. A cover of linen or campric that can be removed is nice, as it can then be frequently washed. A wadded foundation covered with sateen should be made, then the cover should be a trifle larger so as to slip on easily, and button at the lower edge to buttons on the foundation.

Australian Teachers Win.

Since the granting of the suffrage to the women of New South Wales, Australia, the woman suffrage society of that province which no longer has any reason for existence has been formally dissolved, and from its ashes has arisen the woman's Progressive Association. This organization appears to be a body that has to be reckoned with, for it has just accomplished the most difficult of all tasks, namely, the raising of the salaries of women teachers. Parliament voted \$300,000 to increase teachers salaries, and the men teachers tried to get the whole of the amount. The association, whose members are all voters, did not see the logic of such a division of the grant and objected to it so strongly that the men were forced to share the money with the women. The association is now trying to reform the university and to secure among other things the admission of women to the senate and faculty.

Playing House.

If provided with scrapbook, paste pot, scissors, and old furniture catalogues, a child seldom will tire of "housekeeping." Let each page represent a room, to be furnished with the different pieces of furniture cut from the catalogues,

The Father of Odessa.

A French emigre was the father of Odessa in Russia. He was the Duc de Richelieu of the line of the famous cardinal, who left France in the troublous days of the revolution and entered the Russian service. He was the governor of Odessa just a century ago. He found it little better than a fishing village and left it as it was developing into a flourishing seaport. In 1814, when the monarchy was restored, the Duc de Richelieu returned to his native land and became one of Louis XVIII.'s ministers. He died in 1821. In Odessa a statue is erected to his memory.

Women Photomicrographers.

Dr. V. A. Latyam, of Chicago, and Miss Mary ... Booth, of Springfield, Mass., are said to be the only expert women photomicrographers in this Photomicrography, be it understood, is the delicate art of D.D. For WORMS, Boss. Grube. taking photographs through a microscope.

A Glove Whim.

A whin: of fashion is gloves of pale tea shade. Gloves of an elusive pale givy color are favorites, too, and so are gloves of lemon yellow. Not so pretty, but very striking, and fashionable, are dead black gloves with colored stitchings to match the costume.

Reformed. Mrs. Henpeck-I married you to re

FOR THE GROWING GIRL.

Should Be Taught That She Has a

Right to Good Health. It is easier for a girl of the growing age to injure herself than for the mature woman. The bones are not thoroughly hardened, there are changes taking place in the anatomy, the body has not become settled, it is growing, expanding, developing and strength is absorbed in the process. For these reasons a girl should learn to exercise properly if she is

to derive benefit.

I know of one sensible mother who, as soon as her child was able to stand alone, taught her to use simple culture exercises on rising and retiring. First, it was a simple motion of the hands over the head, then came swinging of the legs, hitting out from the body, lying on the floor and kicking the air. At six the child could fill a half hour with elaborate exercises and not feel the strain. To see the tiny body, filled with the unconscious grace of babyhood, go through the exercises and consider it as much of a routine as she did taking her bath, having her hair combed or brushing her teeth. was a delight.

Other exercises were added as she grew, and this girl at eighteen would never think of dressing or preparing for bed without her beauty culture helps. She can understand in school what many of her companions cannot, for ever since babyhood, she has been cultivating what aids in the making of health. She is well developed, stands erect with chest expanded, and has good lung capac-

A girl should be taught that she has a right to good health, for it is usually when we become conscious of the possession of any organ that we discover something the matter. still a girl should understand that it is due to herself and others that she take every means to keep in goo! physical condition.

If the basis of good health is ne glected before twenty there are many chances that it will be for the remainder of life. Even if the sirl : length realizes that she has been neglectful of herself, and starts to correct defects, valuable time in been lost that might have been in proved, if only the girl early in iff had been taught a few simple by gienic rules.

Missouri Laws Severe.

The Missouri laws are severe in penalty for neglect of a land owner to cut thistles before the seed ripen. The first offense is a fine of \$10 and the road overseer is instructed to bring action against any land owner who fails to carry out the letter of the law. When the owner of land does not reside in the county the law directs the overseer to employ labor and the cost of cutting out the pest is taxed against the land.

Sippers and Guipers.

Did you ever watch an Englishman at a bar? As soon as he gets his drink he sits down at a table and begins to sip it. It takes him half an hour to finish a drink which would be a mere swallow for a Yankee Some psechologist ought to take hold of this and try to find out whether some of our disagreements with England were not due to the fundamental differences between a nation of sippers and a nation of gulpers.

Church of Sealskins.

The Rev. E. J. Peck, who returned from a lonely mission station in Labrador, says his first church was constructed by the natives out of sealskins, and did good service till a pack of Eskimo dogs ate it one night.

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6:00 a. m Leave Bloom for Catawissa A. M. 5

Columbia & montour El. Ry.

TIME PAGLE IN EFFECT

June 1 1904, and until arther tice.

Carsleave Bloom for Espy, Almedia, Lim

Ridge, Berwick and intermediate points .

A. M. ¶5:00, 5:40, 6:20, 7:00, 7:40, 8:2 9:00, 9:40, 10:20, 11:00, 11:40.

0:15, t7:00, t8:00, 9:00, t10:00, 11111

1. M. 1:00, †2:00, 3:00, 4:00, 5:00, 6:00, †7:00, 8:00, 9:00, 10:20, *(11:00)

Cars returning depart from Catawissa 2 minutesfrom time as given above.

First car leaves Market ! quare for Ferwick on Sundays at 7:00 a. m. First cur for Catawissa Sundays 7:00 a. m.

First car from Berwick for Bloom Sundays eaves at \$:00 a. m First car leaves Catawissa Sundays at

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*Saturday night only. †P. R. R. Connection.

WM. TERWILLIGER. Suj erintendent.

Bloomsburg & Sullivan Railroad.

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Ricomsburg P & R.	9 02	2 8 9	
Paper Mill	9 14	5 5 2 5 9	
Light Street	9 18	2 5 5 9	
Crangeville	9 26	8 6 3 13	
Zaners	7 40	73	7 3 13
Zaners	7 40	73	7 3 13
Stiliwater	9 48	3 9 5	
Benton	9 56	3 3 3	
Rdsons	70 00	73	37
Coles Creek	710 03	73	40
Laubachs	710 05	73	47
Central	10 15	3 5 9	
Jamison City	16 15	3 5 5	

SOUTHWARD, A.M. A.M. P.M. A.M. A.M. A.M. A.M. P.M. A.M.

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Central... 5 53 10 51 4 38 7 03
Grass Mere Park f6 01 711 00 ft 47 77 12
Laubachs... 76 03 /11 02 /4 48 /7 18
Coles Creek... 16 12 /11 09 74 58 77 22
Beaton... 618 11 13 5 00 7 28
Beaton... 618 11 13 5 00 7 28
Stillwater... 6 28 11 21 5 09 7 38
Zaners... 76 35 711 29 75 17 77 45
Forks... 6 39 11 35 5 21 7 79
Or ngeville... 6 80 11 42 5 21 8 00
Light Street... 70 0 11 50 5 39 8 10
Paper Mill... 7 03 11 53 5 42 8 13
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