

A HORSE VELOCIPED

Pedals Not Only Operate Wheels, But Put Life Into Horse. Something decidedly novel in the velocipede line has been designed by an Ohio man.



ter word, but the horse will stand a great deal 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.

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 Bathynany, who bred St. Simon and who was one of the most popular racing men of any time, was talking with Lord Cadogan in the luncheon room of the Jockey Club stand at Newmarket when he suddenly reeled and fell.

He was carried to Weatherby's of fee 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 favorite he breathed his last.

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.



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.

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 BLUE HOSE

BY ADDISON TALBOT

There is a certain something about old clothes peculiarly stimulating—nay, even intoxicating to the imagination. What hardened bachelor is there who can—in the rush of dressing for dinner—gaze upon a familiar pair of socks—every fiber of their soft texture sobbing to breathe forth the spirit of old associations—and beholding their beauty marred, their very footing undimmed as it were, still remain unmoved? What man is there, I say, who can thus perceive the ravages of time upon these dainty pedicel adornments and not be affected?

I once possessed a pair of lovely stoken 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 skies were cloudy and overcast, I had but to glance at my feet to see there a vision of better days.

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 handwriting—unknown to me—was unmistakably feminine, and I opened the envelope with rather more haste than was altogether warrantable.

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.

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 captive 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.

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 self-conscious, embarrassed in my walks.

On the evening of this decision—when 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.

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wearing a ribbon of blue upon his breast.

I held the letter open in my hand, and from its pages there breathed a faint perfume—sweet as the odor of apple blossoms. I raised the letter to my lip and gently kissed it. For a long time I sat there—my senses as though under a spell. Pipe after pipe I smoked 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, nodding now and then to an acquaintance, my calm exterior showed not the excitement which raged in my breast.

"Mademoiselle," I said, and my voice trembled most miserably. "Ah, I feared you would not come." At her smile I surrendered without conditions. "It is to make my claim," I said, and the eagerness in my voice brought the color to her face.

"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 horse 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.

"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 Eskimaux, which has been without any intercourse with human beings for centuries and until a few years ago had never seen a white man.

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 pilgrimages, lasting several years, in quest of this material.

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.

Woman's Power Over Man



Woman's most glorious 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 wide world can know the heart agony she endures. The woman who suffers from weakness and derangement of her special womanly organism soon loses the power to sway the heart of a man.

IT MAKES WEAK WOMEN STRONG, SICK WOMEN WELL. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and strengthen Stomach, Liver and Bowels. FOR THE GROWING GIRL. Should Be Taught That She Has a Right to Good Health.



COVERS THE HOT WATER JUG. Simple Cozy 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.

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.

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.

Women Photomicrographers.

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

A Glove Whim.

A whim of fashion in gloves of a pale tea shade. Gloves of an elusive pale gray 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 reform you. Mr. Henpeck—I succeeded. I'd never marry again if I live to be a thousand years old.

Columbia & Montour El. Ry.

TIME TABLE IN EFFECT June 1, 1904, and until further notice. Cars leave Bloom for Espy, Almedia, Lido 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, 11:40.

WM. TERWILLIGER, Superintendent.

Bloomsburg & Sullivan Railroad.

Taking Effect Feb'y 1st, 1908, 12:05 a. m.

Table with columns for NORTHWARD and SOUTHWARD, listing stations and times.

Table with columns for SOUTHWARD, listing stations and times.

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE PATENTS

TRADE MARKS DESIGNS COPYRIGHTS &c. Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable.

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND. Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chichester's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Yellow Boxes.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Prevents Falls to Restores Gray Hair to its Youthful Color.

PATENTS

PROCEDED AND DEFENDED. We have secured for you the best means of securing your patent.

HUMPHREYS'

Humphreys' Veterinary Specifics for the cure of diseases of Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Dogs, Poultry.

A Reliable Remedy FOR CATARRH

Ely's Cream Balm is quickly absorbed. Gives Relief at Once. It cleanses, soothes, heals and protects the diseased membrane.