

**The Pyrophore.**

A living light, called the pyrophore, makes illumination cheap and convenient in Brazil. The pyrophore is a monster firefly, an inch and a half long. With one it is possible to read fine print, and three will light a room. The Brazilian peasant, when he traverses by night the perilous forest paths of his country, fastens to each shoe a pyrophore. Thus illuminated, he has no difficulty in avoiding poisonous snakes, rattlesnakes and wild beasts. The Brazilian coquette fastens in her hair or her corsage a pyrophore incased in white tulle. The effect is as of a great luminous pearl or opal. When a pyrophore's light goes out it is not necessary to fill him up with oil, to drop a coin in him or to throw him away, but a moment's ducking in cold water suffices. Thereafter his three little lanterns, one on the breast and two on the back, emit again as bright a radiance as ever. The pyrophore, as all nature students know, is called vulgarly *cuengo*, but scientifically the name is *Coleopter serripennis sternosemata alaterides*.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**In the Presence of Death.**

Some years ago a Swansea vessel was caught in a terrible gale, says an English paper. The captain had his wife on board, and when the wind was still rising he told her to go down below and sleep, for all was well. He remained on the bridge till the mate came up and said: "We've done all we can. Hadn't you better tell the chaps to get out the boats?"

"Yes, yes, my lad, if you think so," said the captain, who knew the only choice left was whether to go down with the ship or in a small boat, which couldn't live ten seconds in that sea. The engineers came up with the news that the fires were all out.

"Very well, my lads," said the captain quietly. "Save yourselves if you can."

"Won't you fetch the wife on deck, sir?" asked one of the men.

"No," was the calm reply. "Let her sleep, poor girl! I am going down to have a smoke." And, smoking by the bedside of his sleeping wife, he went down with the ship.

**A Man of Resources.**

A young man genial of face and correct in attire arose from his seat in a well patronized cafe an evening or two ago, raised high a dollar bill and addressed those present.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I have here a dollar bill. It is a good bill, open to inspection by all. I want to raffie it off, and I will esteem it a favor if fifteen gentlemen will come in. Ten cents a chance—ten cents for a dollar bill. It's dirt cheap. Who will come in, please? I'll esteem it a favor, as I said, and there's the chance for a real bargain."

Fifteen men good naturedly clipped in 10 cents each, drew small squares of paper from a hat, and the winner pocketed the bill, with a laugh.

"Thank you, gentlemen," said the raffler, with a Chesterfieldian bow. "That dollar was of no use to me. But now that I've sold it for a dollar and a half I have my car fare home. Thank you. Good night."—New York Globe.

**Old College Ways.**

Students at St. Andrews university two centuries ago paid nothing for their rooms, but £3 10s. per quarter enabled them to dine at the high table. For £5 11s. 1d. poorer men could get through the whole session—just six months. Breakfast was served at 7 a. m. and consisted of an oatmeal loaf and half a pint of beer. For supper each had half a twopenny loaf and a pint of beer. At the high table poultry, broth and beef were served, and at the second a plentiful supply of broth and beef. Herrings and flounders sometimes graced the board. Beer there was in abundance, and the colleges in those good old days had their brew house, a perquisite of the porter, who was permitted to sell ale to the students.—London Antiquary.

**Just a Mistake.**

During one of the banquets of the church congress in London a certain bishop had as his left hand companion a clergyman who was completely bald. During dessert the baldheaded vicar dropped his napkin and stooped to pick it up. At this moment the bishop, who was talking to his right-hand neighbor, felt a slight touch on his left arm. He turned and, beholding the vicar's pate on a level with his elbow, said: "No, thank you, no melon. I will take some pineapple."

**Line Carrying Rockets.**

The first line carrying rockets were invented in 1820 by an Englishman named Tregonse and were soon after adopted by the Massachusetts Humane society for use at its stations, where they proved very successful, though today brass cannons are exclusively used for throwing lines to wrecks.

**Pretty Weary.**

Weary (lying under apple tree)—Say, mister, kin I have one of dem apples? Farmer—Why, them apples won't be ripe for four months yit. Weary—Oh, dat's all right. I ain't in no hurry. I'll wait.—Life.

**Then He Was Fired.**

Father—I cannot give you my daughter, my dear sir. I am mighty particular in such things. Suitor—Oh, pshaw! Now, I am not in the least so.—Megendorfer Blatter.

**Different Ways.**

Hewitt—I have been pinched for money lately. Jewitt—Well, women have different ways of getting it. My wife kisses me when she wants any.

**Why Tailors Sit Crosslegged.**

A tailor making a dress coat sat crosslegged on a table, like a Turk. "Why do tailors always work in that uncomfortable position?" asked a visitor.

"Women's tailors don't. Only men's do," was the reply. "And for men's tailors it is the most comfortable and the most convenient position possible. You see, the sewing on men's clothes is very fine. The work must be held up close to the eyes. Well, in this position I lean the work on my elevated knees, and thus it is nearer my eyes, while at the same time my back remains straight. Ankleed, the position is a fine one. It keeps the back straight and the chest out, the knees make a table close up to the face, and eye strain is avoided."

"Tailors for women sit on chairs. For one thing, the sewing on women's clothes is less fine than on men's. For another, the woman's tailor has to get up every few minutes to go to the manikin, and all that rising, if he sat crosslegged on the floor, would tire him too much in the day's run."—New York Press.

**No Suffering Too Great.**

Not long since a young woman suffering with an incurable disease applied for admission to a hospital in a southern city.

"I know I must die," she said simply to the attendant physician, "but do something to keep me alive for a little while for my babies' sake. In a few years they will not need me so much."

Her own chance lay in a very painful operation, but her heart was so weak that the surgeon dared not administer an anesthetic. Very gently he explained the situation—the operation would make but a year's difference at most; it seemed hardly worth while to suffer so much for so brief a respite; she would best go home and wait. But the little woman shook her head.

With mother love shining in her eyes, she allowed herself to be strapped upon the operating table and there willingly underwent the torture of the knife that gave her a few months to devote to her precious babies.—Delinicator.

**Marlborough House.**

Marlborough House is one of the numerous buildings of Sir Christopher Wren. It was built at a cost of £44,000, the whole of which was defrayed by the duke. Here the great duchess lived till her death in 1744, waging an incessant warfare upon the society of her time. Here, too, she received a deputation of the lord mayor and sheriffs of London while still in bed, an incident which was satirized by Gay: Acquainted with the world and quite well bred, Drusa receives her visitants in bed.

In the earlier years of the nineteenth century Marlborough House was rented by Leopold, king of the Belgians. It was afterward bestowed by the crown upon Queen Adelaide, the dowager of William IV.—London Chronicle.

**The Savage Pike.**

There are several instances on record of bathers being attacked by pike, and an old writer, *O'Fall*, tells of a giant pike inside which was found the body of an infant. Not long ago a good sized retriever which was swimming in the Thames just above Chitty's boat-house at Richmond was tickled by a pike, which bit one of its hind legs so badly as to sever an artery. It was another Thames pike which attacked that well known naturalist and fisherman, Mr. Cholmondeley-Pennell. He had actually landed the fish, when it sprang from the ground and fixed all its sharp teeth into his leg just above the knee. The creature hung so fiercely to its hold that a stick had to be used to pry its jaws apart.—Chambers' Journal.

**Force of Habit.**

In reward of faithful political service an ambitious saloon keeper was appointed police magistrate.

"What's the charge agin this man?" he inquired when the first case was called.

"Drunk, yer honor," said the policeman.

The newly made magistrate frowned upon the trembling defendant.

"Guilty or not guilty?" he demanded. "Sure, sir," faltered the accused, "I never drank a drop."

"Have a cigar, then," urged his honor persuasively, as he absently polished the top of the judicial desk with his pocket handkerchief.—Everybody's.

**A Want.**

"I have here a device," said the inventor, "to increase the speed of motor cars."

The patent attorney frowned and shook his head.

"But what we really want," said he, "is a device to increase the speed of the pedestrians who have to dodge them."—Exchange.

**And Catches Him.**

"Man," declared the old fashioned preacher, "is a worm."

"And," said a man who had been married three times and who was occupying a small space in a rest paw, "woman is the early bird."—Chicago Record-Herald.

**An Impossible Man.**

"Why did you marry me?"

"Because I thought you were different from other men."

"And now you want a divorce because you were mistaken?"

"No; because I was right."—Cleveland Leader.

I believe in laughter. In love, in faith, in all distant hopes that lure us on.—Groves.

**Servant Girls in Defoe's Day.**

It is evident from the comment below, found in "Gleanings After Time," that there is nothing new to be said on the servant question:

Defoe, castigating the extravagances of his time, fell foul of the downward spread of fashion. His theme was a familiar one—the heinousness of a servant girl's attempt to imitate her mistress's costume.

"Her neat leather shoes," Defoe's amusing indictment runs, "are now transformed into laced ones with high heels, her yarn stockings are turned into the woolen ones with silk clocks, and her high wooden pattens are kicked away for leather clogs. She must have a hoop, too, as well as her mistress, and her poor mussey woolsey petticoat is changed into a good silk one, four or five yards wide at the least. Not to carry the description further, in short, plain country Joan is now turned into a fine city madam, can drink tea, take snuff and carry herself as high as the best."

**Vivisection Thieves.**

Breaking into houses where funerals have just taken place and plundering there is spoken of by the Berliner Tageblatt as a trick of the thieves of that city. While this may be a new form of criminality in Berlin, says the writer, it is really only an imitation of an incident described by Dion Cassius as having taken place 2,500 years before Christ. The historian says that when the consort of the emperor was laid away in the mausoleum at Memphis a band of Greek marauders entered the deserted palace of the pharaoh and took all the precious stones and metals and the women slaves and reached the banks of the Red sea with their plunder. Only two of the band were captured, and they were turned over by the ruler to the wise men, by whom they were vivisectioned in the interest of science. No matter how much the robbers of the modern houses of mourning may be despised, they need not fear that form of punishment.

**The Newsboy.**

Do you see the newsboy? You can hear the newsboy a long time before you can see him.

What does the newsboy say? It doesn't matter what the newsboy says. You know he is the newsboy because he has the papers to prove it.

What has the newsboy concealed in his hand? The newsboy has a cigarette butt in his hand. He saw it smoking in the gutter and was afraid it would set fire to the street, so he picked it up.

Good little newsboy, you will be a fire chief some day!

Did ever you try a trick on the newsboy? Give him a nickel some time for your paper and tell him to keep the change. Ten chances to one he will do it.

Does the newsboy never sleep? Oh, yes, the newsboy sleeps, but never on his job.

P. S.—Lots of people can learn something from the newsboy.—Boston Herald.

**Hungry Thespians.**

They looked like actors, or, rather, they looked as if they would have been actors if some manager with more than the usual discernment would recognize their ability and give them a job, says the *Stroller* in the Portland (Me.) Express. Just now they were staring through the window of a popular priced restaurant in Congress street, absorbed in the unerring accuracy of the chef as the griddlecakes were flipped into the air by him, only to fall gracefully back into the grease mark they had just quitted. The tall man jingled some keys in his pocket, and the little one pulled his belt another notch.

"Lord!" said the big one. "I'm hungry enough to eat my own words."

"I'm in just as bad," complained the little one. "I feel as though I could bolt a front door."

**Animals and Electricity.**

Man has much greater power of electrical resistance or much less susceptibility than many other animals. A leech placed upon a copper plate which rests upon a larger plate of zinc is unable to crawl off on account of the feeble electric action excited by the contact of the metals. Horses are troubled by slight differences of potential. An ox treated for rheumatism with electricity succumbed to a current absolutely inoffensive to man.

**Exactly.**

Little Mrs. Hunter had heard so many jokes about the brides who couldn't market successfully that she made up her mind that the first request she made of the marketman would show her to be a sophisticated housewife. "Send me, please," she said, "two French chops and one hundred green peas."

**The Timidity.**

Her mother—Mabel, dear, do you ever feel timid about asking your husband for money?

The bride—No, indeed, mamma, but he seems to be rather timid about giving it to me.—Exchange.

**Pretty Thin.**

"Thin" repeated the man who was talking about a mutual acquaintance. "Well, he's so thin that when he eats macaroni he can only swallow it one piece at a time!"

**The Fun of It.**

Mother—Did you enjoy your ice cream soda, Dickie?

Dickie—Yes, ma; there were seven other boys lookin' through the window at me.

What is not necessary is dear at a penny.—Cato.

**Bullying the Hens.**

Years spent in providing food for boarders, in watching them eat it and in hearing them comment on it had accustomed Mrs. Orne to all sorts of complaints, reasonable and otherwise. She was a pleasant woman and tried to anticipate the objector's objections and to smooth his feelings as speedily as might be. Once in awhile her readiness with a soft answer was a trifle too quick.

It was at breakfast, and Mr. Smith, who, since his attack of typhoid, had been consuming vast quantities of eggs, looked up from his fourth with a slightly offended air.

"I wish," he said from the opposite end of the table, "that these hens could be got to lay their eggs fresh."

"The last two words only caught Mrs. Orne's ear. 'I know it,' she said emphatically, "and I think just the way you do about it. It seems somehow as if it couldn't be done any more. Years ago, before Mr. Orne died, it wasn't like this at all. Then you could make them give you fresh ones."

**Immune From Arrest.**

In Washington, in the capital of the nation, there reside 200 men who, with their households, have absolute immunity from the laws of the land, even though they commit crimes of the first degree. They may shoot down the man who injures them; they may, if they see fit, paint the equestrian statue of General Phil Sheridan a vivid pea green, yet the hands of Uncle Sam must be kept from their shoulders, and we too the unfettered policeman or other servant of the law who undertakes to bring them to justice once they have declared their official connections. These men who are so clothed in immunity are the members of the diplomatic corps, and their shield is international law. It is provided in the laws of nations that they must answer before the tribunals of their own countries for the offenses they commit here in Washington, but that they shall not be tried by any court of the United States.—Washington Star.

**A Quaint Cookbook.**

Amid the horrors of the siege of Paris in 1871 one Cadot found time to issue a book of recipes for the preparation of the strange fare to which the city was reduced. "Our stomachs are turned into natural history museums," he wrote, "but we must make the best of circumstances and render our food as palatable as we can." So housewives were instructed how to disguise the flesh of dogs, horses, asses, rats and mice and were shown that, despite the old adage, one can make an omelet without breaking eggs. The recipe for an eggless omelet was as follows: "Soak an army biscuit in sugared water flavored with orange flower, chop finely and spread on a hot dish, powder well with sugar and then pour over and set light to a liberal helping of rum." With eggs at \$6 a dozen and rum at but little more than its normal price, this palatable imitation of an "omelette au rhum" became a most popular dish.

**Professional Advice.**

The irate victim blundered into the office of the secondhand automobile dealer.

"Look here, sir," he thundered, "the automobile you sold me yesterday won't run. One of the cylinders is cracked, the spark plug is badly connected, the steering gear is loose, one wheel is wabby, and—"

"Hold on a minute," the dealer interposed. "Did I sell you a machine yesterday?"

"You certainly did."

"And you paid me for it?"

"Of course I did!" was the emphatic response.

"Then the machine belongs to you. doesn't it?"

"Why, to be sure it does."

"Well, that being the case, I'd advise you not to amble through the city shouting about its defects. If you do, I'd like to know how you expect to sell it."—Lippincott's.

**Birthdays and Health.**

For several years I have noticed that in a period of from about three to two weeks preceding the anniversary of my birth I have had a feeling of returning vigor, a renewal of vitality such as I have not experienced at any other time of the year. This has lasted for from two to eight days, but has always ceased some days before the anniversary; hence it has occurred to me that there may be some connection between the approach or recurrence of one's birth date and the maintenance of one's health.—London Graphic.

**A Modern Miracle.**

"I caused the dumb to speak today."

"How was that?"

"I was stopped in the street by a beggar with a 'I Am Deaf and Dumb' placard on his breast, and when I expressed the opinion that he was an impostor he immediately recovered his speech and in vigorous Anglo-Saxon requested me to go to—the place that the new theology tells us doesn't exist and mind my own business and he'd mind his!"—New York Times.

**A Useless Invention.**

"This new collection box," argued the inventor, "has some unique advantages. When you drop in a quarter or more it doesn't make a sound. Drop in a dime and it tinkles a bell, a nickel blows a whistle, and a penny fires a shot. And when you don't drop in anything the box takes your picture."

"No, thanks," said the pastor wearily; "I already have pictures of my entire congregation."—Louisville Herald.

**How It Is Done.**

"I don't see how you can write so many!"

"Alleged witticisms?" interrupted the press humorist. "Oh, I get an idea occasionally, and every idea is good for several hundred jokes."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

**Nerve.**

Heiress—The count states in his mad love letter that he will call and end up by saying, "I beg to remain forever, Count Hlickoff." Irate Father—Remain forever? What does he think this is—a charity hotel?—Chicago News.

**Isn't It True?**

Mrs. Baker—George is going off to get strong. I think he ought to stay a fortnight, but he says no, only half that time. Friend—You're right, of course. Seven days only make one week.—Lippincott's.

It must have been tough on the people of the stone age when they tried to turn over a new leaf.—Pittsburg Press.

**Grecian Food For Dreamers.**

Hasheesh, the strange drug which has given our language its word "assassin"—a man so frenzied by the drug that he accomplishes murder—is used by the Persians, Turks and Egyptians in a manner akin to the use of opium by the Chinese. It is the product of a plant grown in large quantities in the Peloponnese (southern Greece), in the district about Tripolitza. The plant grows to a height of about four feet, and its branches are thickly covered with small leaves and studded with tiny seeds. The entire plant, stalk and branches, is cut within a few inches of the root and laid out in the sun to dry. The branches are then rubbed to separate the seeds, and these in turn are ground into a fine powder, which constitutes the drug. The drug has the power of inducing sleep and producing pleasant and fantastic dreams. Continued use of hasheesh renders its devotees reckless and results in a wreck of their mental and physical constitution.—Montreal Standard.

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