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ANCIENT ROME.

It Could Not Compare in Splendor With Some Modern Capitals.

Rome, even in the times of its greatest splendor, was poor in comparison with the modern world. Even in the second century after Christ when it stood as metropolis at the head of an immense empire, Rome was smaller, less wealthy, less imposing than a great metropolis of Europe or of America. Some sumptuous public edifices, beautiful private houses—that is all the splendor of the metropolis of the empire.

Moreover, the palaces of the Caesars on the Palatine are a grandiose ruin that stirs the artist and makes the philosopher think, but if one sets himself to measure them, to conjecture from the remains the proportions of the entire edifices, he does not conjure up buildings that rival large modern construction. The palace of Tiberius, for example, rose above a street only two meters wide, less than seven feet, an alley like those where today in Italian cities live only the most miserable inhabitants. We have pictured to ourselves the imperial banquets of ancient Rome as functions of unheard of splendor; if Nero or Elagabalus could come to life and see the dining room of a great hotel in Paris or New York, resplendent with light, with crystal, with silver, he would admire it as far more beautiful than the halls in which he gave his imperial feasts. Think how poor were the ancients in artificial light! They had few wines; they knew neither tea nor coffee nor cocoa, neither tobacco nor the innumerable liquors of which we make use. In face of our habits they were always Spartan, even when they wasted, because they lacked the means to squander.—Guglielmo Ferrero in Putnam's.

THE BUSY BEES.

How the Insects Work When They Are Collecting Honey.

Upon the approach of a bee to any flower it flies around the calyx almost always before alighting upon the flower itself. This is a cursory examination, and with its antennae outstretched and quivering it is evidently scenting the honey contained within.

Should this prove a fruitful flower and of the flavor required the bee settles on the center of the stamen and, clutching it with its four front legs steadily itself with its longer outstretched two hindmost ones and withdraws the nectar by its proboscis, the wings of the body assuming a vibratory motion the while.

The bee's proboscis is a most important instrument. It is composed of about forty cartilaginous rings, each of which is fringed with minute hairs having also a small tuft of hair at its extremity, where it is somewhat serrated. Its movement is like the trunk of an elephant and is susceptible of extension and contraction, bending and twisting in all directions. Thus, by rolling it about, it searches out the calyx, pistil and stamen of every flower and deposits its nectar upon the tongue, whence it passes into the gullet at the base.

The gullet, or first stomach, is the honey bag. No digestion takes place here. In shape it is like an oil flask and when full contains about one grain. It is susceptible of contraction and is so arranged as to enable the insect to discharge its contents into the cells of the hive.—Philadelphia North American.

Menu of an African Hunting Party.

In addition to the groceries and canned provisions carried in their outfits the hunters in East Africa depend for fresh provisions on their guns. Water buck, zebra and elephant are said to be tough eating and are mostly partaken of by the native porters, who keep elephant meat till it is quite high and gamy. Eland tastes like the best American beef; oryx, impala and all gazelles are edible and tender, but the delicacies of the East African Protectorate are the kilpspringer and the dikdik gazelles. Hartbeest is hard except the prime cut along the backbone. An ordinary meal on safari consists of marrow soup, dikdik cutlets, roast guinea fowl, curried venison and corn-flower pudding, with jam, washed down with tea or coffee.—London Letter.

His Success.

"John," said a Glasgow minister to his headle one morning, "I would seem to have been more than usually successful in pleasing the congregation on Sabbath. To which of the three heads of my sermon would you attribute my success?"

"Weel, sir," replied the headle, with something like a leer in his eye, "to tell ye the truth, congregations nowadays concern themselves less about the heads than the tails o' sermons. The one you preached on Sabbath was considerably shorter than the general run o' yer discourses, and therefore a body was weel pleased w't."

Hopelessly Out of Style.

"When we take charge of the government," says the wise old suffragette, "we will make some changes in the naval bureau."

"I should hope so!" agrees the enthusiastic young suffragette. "Why, bureaus are hopelessly out of style! We will have a combination wardrobe and chiffonier."—Judge.

A Sample.

Hoax—I can always tell a woman who takes things because they look cheap. Hoax—How? Hoax—Simply by looking at her husband.—Philadelphia Record.

Count art by gold and it fetters the feet it once winged.—Ouida.

THE GREEN MORAY.

A Savage and Voracious Eel Found in Bermudian Waters.

The experienced sea fisherman takes care to kill every large conger eel as soon as it is brought into the boat. The conger has not only extraordinary jaw power—it can triturate shellfish, shells and all—but is also so abominably active that the fisherman's opinion of it coincides with that held of the Indian by the western plainsman. "No good eel except dead conger."

Wildly and savage brute as the conger is, it is a lamb compared with its relative, the green moray of Bermudian waters. This great eel is of an unnaturally brilliant green and has an eye which is the very epitome of intense and morbid ferocity. It is voracious and savage beyond words. The negro boatmen have such a holy horror of it that they absolutely refuse to allow a moray to the boat. An acquaintance of the writer, a marine officer, fishing in a small boat off Bermuda, hooked one of these, but as soon as his boatman saw the hideous head above the water he whirled out his knife and made to cut the line. The officer shouted to him to stop, but had to threaten to throw the man overboard before he would put up his knife. When the great eel was pulled over the side the negro went absolutely ashy with fright. As for the moray, no sooner was it in the boat than it doubled upon itself, and its jaws met with a clash in its own side, cutting out a chunk of white flesh as neatly as a scoop would cut cheese. That was enough for the officer. He picked up a boathook and forked the uncanny creature overboard.—Chambers' Journal.

A MANUFACTURED CLIMATE.

Methods of the Paris Market Gardeners in Forcing Nature.

The gardeners of Paris get their products on the market weeks before the regular season for them. This forcing of nature is described by Ernest Poole in Success Magazine.

The secret is simply this: The French maraichers have manufactured a climate to suit them. As one observer has said, "They have moved the climate of Monte Carlo up to the suburbs of Paris."

Some new prodigy of modern science, this? Not at all. Only enormous expense in money and in time. The gardens, whenever possible, are placed on land with a slope to the south and are well protected by walls on the north and east, walls built to reflect light as well as to give protection from the northeast winds.

The ground is practically covered with glass, not as in a greenhouse, but by glass frames in the open, "three light" frames of uniform size, 12 by 4½ feet, and also by glass bells. These, too, are of a uniform size, about the shape of a chapel bell, a little less than seventeen inches in diameter and from fourteen to fifteen inches high. The French call them cloches. You may often see over a thousand frames and over 10,000 glass bells in one two-acre plot in the suburbs of Paris.

A more recent innovation is the employment of hot water pipes run under the soil, making of the earth a veritable steam heated hotel, with this essential difference, that the hotel keeper here is desperately eager, not to keep his guests, but to persuade them to leave on the earliest possible day.

A Memorable Wreck.

The most memorable wreck in the history of the American surf was that of the bark Mexico, stranded on Hempstead beach, Long Island, early in the morning of Jan. 3, 1837. She carried 104 passengers and a crew of twelve men. Four passengers and four of the crew were saved by a surfboat from the beach under the command of Raynor Rock Smith. All others were frozen to death, though the wreck was so close to the shore that their cries and even some of their words were plainly heard on the beach. It was the story of this wreck, as published throughout the nation, that led to the establishment of the United States life saving service.—Scrap Book.

The Bayonet.

The bayonet was due to the fortunate inspiration of a Basque soldier, who, when he and his regiment, having expended their ammunition, were driven to bay on a mountain ridge near Bayonne, suggested that they should fix the long knives with which they were armed into the musket barrels and charge the enemy. This advice, which was followed with complete success, was the means of introducing the weapon to the notice of military Europe.

What He Lacked.

It is related of a South American general, who was extremely well pleased with himself, that once when about to sally forth to a grand dance he surveyed himself contentedly in the mirror and then soflouquized thus:

"Ah! Thou hast all—bravery, wealth, position, good looks. Ah, what dost thou lack?"

Whereupon his orderly, who, unknown to the general, was close at hand, remarked:

"Sense, general, sense!"

The Difference.

Little Lester Livermore—Papa, what is the difference between a vision and a sight? This book says—Mr. Livermore—The difference between a girl before and a girl after she is married.—Puck.

Very Plain.

Restaurant Patron—That isn't a very good looking piece of meat. Waiter—Well, you ordered a plain steak.—Exchange.

A Bad Man.

Herman Whittaker wrote a story of the Tehuantepec rubber plantation, Guadalupe, the mandador on one plantation at which Mr. Whittaker stayed, was informed that he was to be one of the characters in his story. "He never failed to question me each day as to the things I had made him do—in the story," said Mr. Whittaker. "When one morning I informed him that I had killed him off, he expressed great surprise.

"Porque, señor, porque?" "Because you are a bad man, Guadalupe? Which was perfectly true.

"I, señor?" he questioned, greatly surprised.

"St. Guadeloupe, you are bad. Think of how many men you have killed, according to your own count."

"He thought for awhile, then looked up with a humorous smile. 'Oh, well! Did I put up a good fight?'"

"You bet you did, Guadalupe."

"Whereupon eyebrows and shoulders went up in a shrug. 'Bueno! Bueno! Then it ees all right!'"—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The Colleges of Oxford.

Each college is built round a quadrangle with a large entrance gateway which often rises into a quasi tower. The rooms immediately over the gateway are invariably designed for the residence of the warden, provost or principal of the college, so that the eye of the master may be over all who enter or leave the place. This mode of building still exists in Europe, having been introduced into Europe by the Moors when they conquered Spain, where we find that the compound, or quad, is still used for the tethering of all kinds of animals. Around the quad are arranged the chapel, library, hall or refectory, president's lodgings, butery and kitchen. The students' rooms generally occupy the upper floors. William of Wickham, the celebrated architect, wisely placed his taller buildings—the chapel and hall—on the north side to keep off the cold winds, the lower buildings on the south more freely admitting sunshine.

Rainbow Upside Down.

Not very many persons have ever seen an inverted rainbow, although the phenomenon sometimes appears. At the Italian geodynamic observatory of Rocca de Papa not long ago the director and a party of visitors were fortunate enough to see one. The morning was showery, and as the party looked down from an elevation of 2,300 feet they saw in the Campagna a perfect rainbow with its concave side up, the middle point bearing to the northeast. From the Eiffel tower in Paris one has also been seen, in this case the rainbow being double and extending above and below the horizon to form two concentric circles nearly complete. Generally the inverted rainbow is to be seen only in the mountains and then very rarely. The phenomenon, of course, is due merely to the position of the observer, which must be above the refracting agent instead of below.—Pathfinder.

An Old Ash Wednesday Custom.

At one time it was on Ash Wednesday the custom to appoint an official of the English palaces to crow the hours of the day, like a cock, as a reminder of the denial of St. Peter. This practice excited the furious indignation of George II. His ignorance of English made it very difficult for the courtiers to explain that the royal cock crower was not making fun of him. The cock crower was a salaried officer at the English court as late as 1823.

A Boy's Idea of Parsons.

Not long ago a class of boys in an elementary school had an essay set, the subject being "Clergymen."

This is what one youngster wrote:

"There are 3 kinds of clergymen, Bishops, rectors and curats. The bishops tells the rectors to work, and the curats have to do it. A curat is a thin married man, but when he is a rector he gets fuller and can preach longer sermons and becums a good man."—London Scraps.

A Dreadful Analogy.

The hypothetical question had just been asked, and the prisoner fell forward in a faint. All was confusion in the courtroom.

"What is the matter with the prisoner?" demanded the judge, hammering his desk madly.

"Nothing, your honor," groaned the unhappy man as he came to. "I was only thinking how long I should have to serve if my sentence was as long as that."—Harper's Weekly.

No Price Limit For Brains.

If a young man develops a first class business ability he needn't bother about a fortune. His professional talents will find employment at rates which will make the possession of a fortune superfluous.—Saturday Evening Post.

The Cause.

Irving Washington (wiping his lips) "That was really the sweetest kiss I have ever had! Louise Barkis—I thought you would think so, Irving. My face powder gave out, and I used confectioner's sugar."—Judge.

Very Gently.

"How do you tell bad eggs?" queried the young housewife.

"I never told any," replied the fresh grocery clerk, "but if I had anything to tell a bad egg I'd break it gently."—Christian Guardian.

The Very Highest.

"What is the highest form of animal life?" was a question set for the pupils in a school some time ago, and one little girl was heard to reply, "The giraffe."

How He Worked the Artist.

This account of how an intimate friend of the great artist Kyosai obtained one of the painter's drawings is from Mrs. Hugh Frazer's "Letters From Japan."

Kyosai always refused if asked outright for a sketch. So his friend began the negotiation by offering the artist an excellent dinner. When Kyosai had drunk deeply and seemed in a mellow humor his host called for drawing materials, saying that he felt an artistic fancy taking possession of him. No one was surprised, as Japanese gentlemen often amuse themselves in this way after a feast. The servant then brought an enormous sheet of white paper and spread it on the floor with the brushes and Indian ink beside it. The crafty host, without looking at his guest, sank on his knees and began to draw, apparently absorbed in his occupation, but intentionally producing weak and incoherent lines. Kyosai watched the feeble effort in silence and growing irritation, and at last jumped up, dashed the tyro aside and tore the brush out of his hand, exclaiming: "Out of the way, you wretched bungler! I will teach you how to draw!" And the result was a priceless sketch, which remained in the possession of the wily entertainer.

A Max O'Rell Story.

Before he attained fame with his various books M. Blouet (Max O'Rell), who was for several years French master at St. Paul's school, related how he obtained his post there. After two or three earlier applicants had returned unsuccessful from their interview with Dr. Walker, who was at the time headmaster of the school, M. Blouet's turn came.

"I want," said the doctor after a few words, "a French master who can preserve discipline. My last was a perfect gentleman and a good fellow, but he could not keep the classes in order. The end of it was that after being much worried by one of the boys the poor fellow went home and shot himself."

"Sir," replied Max O'Rell, "that is where my countryman made a little mistake. I should have shot the boy."

The doctor rose, says M. Blouet, and grasped my hand.

"M. Blouet," he exclaimed, "you are my French master!"—London Captain.

Tips Costlier Than Treats.

They were going out of the Waldorf when he saw her look so longingly in at the big, beautiful roomful of white tables laden with roses that he said, "Will you go in and have a cup of tea or something?"

She assented willingly. "Your hat and overcoat, sir," said the waiter firmly. "You are not allowed to sit in here with your overcoat on."

"But," objected he, "I shall stay only a few minutes."

"No matter, sir," said the waiter and took his hat and overcoat with an air of determination and disappeared.

"That's the third time," sighed he, "that I have started to go home, met somebody and parted from my hat and coat to treat them. If it happens again the tips to the waiters for keeping my hat and coat will amount to more than the sum I have paid for the treats."—New York Press.

A Bad Mixup.

"Say," remarked one government clerk to another, "I'm up against it good and proper."

"What's the trouble?" queried g. c. No. 2.

"I got two medical certificates from two different doctors yesterday," explained the party of the first part. "One was a certificate of health for a life insurance company, and the other was a certificate of illness to be sent to my chief with a petition for two weeks' leave of absence."

"Oh, that's nothing," rejoined his fellow clerk. "I've done that myself."

"Yes," continued the other, "but I mixed the certificates in mailing. The ill health certificate went to the insurance company and the certificate of good health went to my chief. See?"—Chicago News.

A Threatening Comet.

M. Camille Flammarion, the great scientist, after many years of study, arrived at the conclusion that the world will in the twenty-fifth century come across the path of the comet Belia. On this occasion a collision will take place, and Belia being infinitely greater than the earth, a shock may be expected which, he calculates, will be 865 times greater than the shock caused by the collision between two trains, each traveling at sixty-five miles an hour.

Loving Letters.

Never burn kindly written letters. It is so pleasant to read them over when the ink is brown, the paper yellow with age and the hands that traced the friendly words are folded over the hearts that prompted them. Keep all loving letters. Burn only the harsh ones and in burning forgive and forget them.

More Than Pleased.

"Did Miss Flavilla seem pleased when you asked her to go to the theater?"

"Pleased! She wanted to keep the tickets for fear something might happen to me."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Gallant.

"Beautiful Olden—Do you know, I'm forty years old today. Gallant Bachelor—Madam, you are just twenty. I never believe more than half of what I hear.

Saturate yourself with the philosophy of optimism. It softens the kicks and takes the jar off the bumps.—Detroit Free Press.