

Various Mourning Customs.
When mourning for their dead the Israelites neither washed nor anointed themselves. Greeks and Romans fasted. In Europe they wear black. In China white, in Turkey violet and in Ethiopia brown.

We promptly obtain U. S. and Foreign

PATENTS

Send model, sketch or photo of invention for free report on patentability. For free book, How to Secure TRADE-MARKS, write to

CASNOW

OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE WASHINGTON, D. C.

Pure Water!

DRINK **SIZERVILLE MINERAL WATER**

Clean, Pure and Healthy.

We are prepared to furnish the citizens of Emporium this popular Water, either PLAIN OR CARBONATED, in bottles. Drop a postal card—we will do the rest. The analysis of the celebrated Sizerville Water has made it famous all over the country. Orders may be left at Geo. F. Balcom's store, or water may be purchased by the case at the same place.

Address: **Magnetic Mineral Water Co., SIZERVILLE, PA.**

A BRIGHT CLEAR LIGHT "Family Favorite" LAMP OIL

Absolutely the best oil possible to produce from the best known source—Pennsylvania crude oil. Smokeless, sootless, odorless. Burns clean and steady to the last drop without readjusting wick. Your dealer knows it's a good oil. He can supply you.

Waverly Oil Works Co. Independent Refiners Pittsburg, Pa.

Also makers of Waverly Special Auto Oil and Waverly Gasoline.

CHAMBERLAIN'S COUGH REMEDY

Cures Coughs, Colds, CROUP, Whooping Cough

This remedy can always be depended upon and is pleasant to take. It contains no opium or other harmful drug and may be given as confidently to a baby as to an adult. Price 25 cents, large size 50 cents.

Making Herself at Home.
Last summer five-year-old Lola's aunt came to spend a week with them. "Now, aunt," said Lola, "you must make yourself at home."
"How can I do that, dear?" queried her aunt.
"Why," answered Lola, "you can pitch in and help mamma work."—Chicago News.

The Finisher.
Lawyer—What is your occupation? Witness—I'm a piano finisher. Lawyer—Be a little more definite. Do you polish them or move them?—Boston Transcript.

The Gossip.
Nell—She's an awful gossip. She tells everything she hears. —Belle—Oh, she tells more than that.—Philadelphia Record.

Do not make unjust gains. They are equal to a loss.—Hesiod.

Located.
Diogenes, lantern in hand, entered the village drug store. "Say, have you anything that will cure a cold?" he asked.

"No, sir, I have not," answered the pill compiler.
"Give me your hand," exclaimed Diogenes, dropping his lantern. "I have at last found an honest man."

A Wayside Philosopher.
"How'd you like to be a senator?" inquired the first wanderer.
"I'd like it first rate," responded the second wayfarer. "Still, a hobo's life has got its good points. He ain't got no constituents to kick about his inactivity."—Kansas City Journal.

Good Tree, Poor Crop.
"I suppose you know of my family tree?" said Baron Fucash.
"Yep," answered Mr. Cumrox. "It may have been a good tree, all right, but it looks to me as if the crop was a failure."—Washington Star.

Credulous.
Blotbs—The girl to marry is the girl who believes in love in a cottage. Slobbs—Yes, if a girl believes that, you could stuff her with any old thing.—Philadelphia Record.

Be sure to put your feet in the right place, then stand firm.—Lincoln.

He Was the Same Man.
A prominent merchant of Sheffield recently accosted a gentleman on the street with:
"Good morning, Mr. Johnson. How is coal today?"
"Well," responded the other, "I am not much acquainted with the coal market, but I can ascertain the price if it will accommodate you."
"I beg pardon," laughed the merchant. "I really thought you were Mr. Johnson, the coal dealer. You certainly resemble him."

A few days later the merchant entered a tram car and, seating himself beside a gentleman, exclaimed heartily:
"Well, Mr. Johnson, I'm glad to recognize you today. I made a laughable mistake one day last week. I mistook another man for you and, addressing him very familiarly, asked how coal was. He looked amused and replied that he did not know much about coal, but would inquire if it would accommodate me. Then I looked at him and saw that he was a perfect stranger. It really was laughable, Mr. Johnson, but he looked so much like you."
"Yes," responded the gentleman, looking more amused. "and I am that same party again."
The merchant recognizes no more coal dealers.—London Tit-Bits.

A Rare Autograph.
"What is the most expensive autograph you ever sold?" inquired the reporter.
"That of Thomas Lynch, Jr.," answered the dealer. The reporter looked perfectly blank. "Never heard of him," he confessed.
"Well, he was a signer of the Declaration of Independence. He signed it as proxy for his father, who was ill at the time. Soon after he went to sea and was never heard of again. Now, autographs of Declaration signers are much sought by collectors. None approach in rarity those of Thomas Lynch, Jr. In fact, so far as I know, there is only one in existence."
"This is affixed to an autograph letter addressed by Lynch to George Washington, which lends it additional value. It was owned at one time by Jared Sparks, president of Harvard college. Subsequently it passed to Thomas Addis Emmet, from whom I bought it for the sum of \$4,000. I sold it to Augustin Daly, who was a keen autograph collector, for \$4,500. Later Emmet repented of letting the autograph go from his possession and secured it from Daly for \$5,250, presenting it afterward to the Lenox library, New York, where it is now."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Origin of "Boz."
The origin of "Boz" is known to most readers interested in Dickens. A younger brother of the novelist was known in the family circle as Moses, in facetious allusion to one of the characters in the "Vicar of Wakefield," and this being pronounced in fun through the nose became "Boses" and so "Boz," which Dickens adopted as his early pen name. "Boz," he once wrote, "was a very familiar household word to me long before I was an author, and so I came to adopt it."
Before the real name of "Boz" became well known somebody invented and circulated the following smart epigram:
Who the Dickens "Boz" could be Fuzzled many a curious elf Till time unveiled the mystery And "Boz" appeared as Dickens' self.
Hood wrote punningly, but ungrammatically:
Aren't that ere "Boz" a tiptop feller? Lots write well, but he writes Weller.
—London Globe.

Thanked His Stars.
When the French revolution broke out a number of scientists lost their lives, but Lalande, the astronomer, only paid the more attention to the skies and its constellations. When he found, after the reign of terror, that he had escaped the fury of the mob he exclaimed gratefully, "I may thank my stars for it." Would any apparent jest possess more genuine truth?
Allison tells how during Napoleon's Egyptian campaign no sooner were the mamelukes observed at a distance than the word was given, "Form square; artillery to the angles; asses and savans to the center." The command afforded no little merriment to the soldiers even at such an exciting moment and made them call the asses demisavans.

Animals Are Poor Sailors.
The polar bear is the only wild animal that likes a trip on the water, according to a French scientist who has studied its behavior at sea. He is quite jolly when aboard ship, but all other animals violently resent such a voyage and vociferously give vent to their feelings until seasickness brings silence.
The tiger suffers most of all. He whines pitifully, his eyes water continually, and he rubs his stomach with his terrible paws. Horses are bad sailors and often die on a sea voyage.
Oxen are heroic in their attempts not to give way to seasickness. Elephants do not like the sea, but they are amenable to medical treatment. A good remedy is a bucketful of hot water containing three and a half pints of whisky and seven ounces of quinine.—Fur News.

She Was No Child.
This college professor, like many other men of erudition, was fond of Lewis Carroll. While visiting his sister he asked his niece, a miss of fifteen, to get "Through the Looking Glass" for him from the public library. She evidently did not like the task, and he asked her the reason. With some hesitation she replied: "Oh, I'll get it if you really want it. But I don't like to have the librarian think that I read children's books."—New York Tribune.

No Need For Talk.
"Does the baby talk yet?" asked a friend of the family.
"No," replied the baby's disgusted little brother; "the baby doesn't need to talk."
"Doesn't need to talk?"
"No. All the baby has to do is to yell, and it gets anything there is in the house that's worth having."

The Resemblance.
Facetious Old Lady (to tramp)—You remind me of a piece of flannel. Tramp—I do, eh? And why so, missus? Facetious Old Lady—You shrink from washing.
The Ruling Passion.
A certain arithmetician is so devoted to figures that when he has no problem before him he casts up his eyes.
Without health life is not life; it is only a state of languor and suffering.—An Image of death.—Rabelais.

The Queen Bee.
The truth is that throughout all the wonder workings of the beehive the queen is little more than an instrument, a kind of an automaton, merely doing what the workers compel her to do. They are the real queens in the hive, and the mother bee is the real subject. The workers have made her for their own wise purpose, just as they make the comb and the honey to store in it. The egg she is hatched from is in no way different from any worker egg. If you take one from a queen cell and put it in the ordinary cell it will hatch out a common female worker bee, and an egg transferred from worker comb to a queen cell becomes a full grown queen. Thousands and thousands of worker eggs are laid in a hive during the season, and each of those could be made into a queen if the workers chose. But the worker egg is laid in a small cell, and the larva is bred on a bare minimum of food at the least possible cost in time, trouble and space to the hive, while when a new queen is wanted a cell as big as your finger tip is built, and the larva is stuffed like a prize pig through all its five days of embryo life until, with unlimited food and time and room to grow in, it comes out at last a perfect mother bee.—Van Norden's Magazine.

Coleridge's Imagination.
From his early youth Coleridge lived in a world of books and dreams, yet his favorite walk seems to have been the Strand, the last place in the world for a poet to lose himself in reverie. As he strolled down the street he imagined himself swimming the Hellespont, the feat of which other poets had written and which the poet Byron was to accomplish later. Once while the mind of Coleridge was thus far from the busy Strand he absently thrust his hands before him in the manner of one swimming. Suddenly one hand came in contact with a gentleman's pocket.
The gentleman, thinking to capture a thief, seized the hand and exclaimed: "What! So young and so wicked!" He accused the poor, poetic boy of an attempt at pocket picking.
With some fright and a few tears the boy explained, and we can imagine that words did not fall him who was to become the most brilliant talker of his age. The gentleman was delighted with Coleridge's imagination, which could turn the Strand into the Hellespont. The intelligence of the young Leander made the stranger inquire into Coleridge's tastes, and when he found the boy liked books he opened for him a subscription at the circulating library in Cheapside.—Westminster Gazette.

The Facetious Traveler.
"How did you like Pittsburg?"
"It suits me."
"Do you think Boston is a great city?"
"It has been."
"Did you find Philadelphia the place of sleep they say it is?"
"Not for me. Everybody else snored so loud I couldn't."
"Is Washington a good place to live in?"
"Capital."
"How did you find Chicago?"
"Didn't have to. It was there when I arrived."
"How were the mountains back of Denver?"
"Rocky."
"How did they treat you in New Orleans?"
"All the time."
"Well, I'm glad to see you're back."
"How does it look?"
"How does what look?"
"My back. I've never seen it."
It was then that the assault took place, but the court on hearing the evidence decided that it was justifiable.—Judge.

An Organ Recital.
A dozen or more women had gathered at a home on Walnut street to attend a business meeting of a society to which they belonged. Before they commenced to talk business one of the women had to tell everybody about her recovery from a recent operation for appendicitis. After she got through it reminded another of an operation she had gone through a few years ago for the same thing, and it took some time to tell about it. That reminded a third of an operation she had once gone through, and when she finished telling it another of the visitors started to tell her experience on the operating table.
At this moment a quiet little woman in one corner of the room arose to go.
"I thought," she explained to her hostess, "that this was to have been a business meeting, but it seems to be an organ recital."—Philadelphia Times.

The Key of Death.
The "key of death" is apparently a large key which is shown among the weapons at the arsenal at Venice. It was invented by Tibaldo, who, disappointed in love, designed this instrument for the destruction of his rival. The key is so constructed that the handle may be turned around, revealing a small spring, which being pressed a very fine needle is driven with considerable force from the other end. This needle is so very fine that the flesh closes over the wound immediately, leaving no mark, but the death of the victim is almost instantaneous.
Strong Paper.
A single United States treasury note measures three and one-eighth inches in width and seven and one-quarter inches in length. It will sustain without breaking lengthwise a weight of forty-one pounds, crosswise a weight of ninety-one pounds. The notes run four to a sheet, a sheet being eight and one-quarter inches wide by thirteen and one-half inches long. One of these sheets lengthwise will suspend 108 pounds and crosswise 177 pounds.

Evasion.
"See here, you, sir!" cried her father "Didn't I tell you never to enter my house again?"
"No, sir, you didn't," replied the persistent suitor. "You said not to 'cross your threshold,' so I climbed in the window."—Exchange.
Then He Wouldn't Have It.
"How much of an income do you think you could live on comfortably?"
"I think I could manage to be very comfortable on about \$10,000 a year until my wife found out that I was getting that much."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Careful.
Hotel Clerk—Just sign your name, please. The other guests would like to register.
"Don't you try to hurry me, young man. I don't never sign nothin' that I ain't read carefully."—Life.
A Primer of Life.
Only a dreamer asks time and tide to wait for him when he might "head" them off, sell time for money and make tide turn a mill wheel.—Atlanta Constitution.

We Pay Your Railroad Fare



460-470 MAIN STREET, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Fall Fashion Show



Is now on at Buffalo's busiest Department Store with thousands of lovely **New Hats, New Suits, New Shirt-waists, New Dress Goods, New Silks, New Carpets, New Draperies**--biggest gathering in the twelve years of our history—and it is a matter of common knowledge that our prices are always in favor of the customer.

Our splendid new 8-story retail addition is now approaching completion—and will be ready about November first. This means **50,000 square feet more selling space**—and greater conveniences for our public.

We pay back your railroad fare, under the easy conditions prescribed by the Retail Merchants' Board.

460-470 MAIN ST. **H. A. MELDRUM CO.,** BUFFALO, N. Y.



Visiting Englishman—What are the most notable features about football as it is played here?
The Native—Broken bones.