

TO FIND FAULT.

People Are Sometimes Paid For That Express Purpose.

You have no idea how many things are wrong in a big business until you are paid to look for them, writes Gelett Burgess in Collier's. There were the clocks, for one thing, when I first began. The girls wore too many rats in their hair, there was grease on the elevator doors, expensive hats were dumped one on another, the ventilation was bad, the boxes on the shelves showed from the street through the show windows and about a thousand other things. Then Spindelheim sold teapots just like our eighteen cent ones for 14 cents, and for a concern like Smith & Co. to be undersold is fatal. There's really nothing that so enrages Mr. Smith; also Rubinstein's window dresser has beaten ours, too, at times. Down it goes in my little report. Wouldn't any woman love my job.

Yes, it's fun to be paid for being a misanthrope, but it's hard work too. At 9 o'clock I begin my promenade through the store—downstairs, upstairs, basement, attic and annex. If a girl at the counter has dirty finger nails or too wide a pompadour to suit me I stop and talk pleasantly, buy 9 cents' worth of edging and so get her number from the sales slip. She never knows anything about it till her superintendent gives her a scolding the next day. I have eyes like a hawk and a nose like a bound and ears like a small boy under the sofa when a young man's calling on big sister. In ten minutes I have spotted the dust in the corner of the aisle, a girl who wears brass bracelets, a porter who is not attending to his duty, a badly arranged counter, an error in spelling on a placard, two store detectives loafing on their job and a hideous combination of colors in the front window. I go to the ladies' room and make a note of these things surreptitiously. I don't dare do there too often, though, for fear I'll be identified, so sometimes I run back to my office, two blocks away. So it goes till about 4 o'clock, hither and thither, nigh and yon, looking for trouble. It doesn't do a clerk any good to be uncivil to me, I can tell you, or to make me wait too long for my change, but I try to be fair, and if I find a particularly willing and considerate sales person down that name goes in my report too. You might suppose that there'd be good graft in that; but, of course, I keep my position only so long as the head of the firm has absolute confidence in my integrity. The funny part of it is that the more I complain the better he likes it. I'm like the opposition party in congress. I'm never satisfied. When I am I'll have to look for another position.

At 4 o'clock I go back to my little office and dictate my report from my notes to a stenographer, and when it's typewritten I send it to the head of the firm.

When "Pluck" Was Slang.

The word "pluck" affords an instance of the way in which slang words in the course of time become adopted into current English. We now meet with "pluck" and "plucky" as the recognized equivalents of "courage" and "braveheartedness." An entry in Sir Walter Scott's "Journal" shows that in 1827 the word had not yet lost its low character. He says (volume 2, page 30): "Want of that article blackguardly called pluck." Its origin is obvious. From early times the heart has been popularly regarded as the seat of courage. Now, when a butcher lays open a carcass he divides the great vessels of the heart, cuts through the windpipe and then plucks out together the united heart and lungs—lights, he calls them—and he terms the united mass "the pluck."—London Notes and Queries.

Henry Ward Beecher's Wit.

On one occasion as Mr. Beecher was in the midst of an impassioned speech some one attempted to interrupt him by suddenly crowing like a cock. The orator, however, was equal to the occasion. He stopped, listened till the crowing ceased and then, with a look of surprise, pulled out his watch. "Morning already!" he said. "My watch is only at 10. But there can be no mistake about it. The instincts of the lower animals are infallible."

There was a roar of laughter. The "lower animals" in the gallery collapsed, and Mr. Beecher was able to resume as if nothing had occurred.

French Convicts.

Convicts who are sent to the French penal colony in French Guiana are punished in exactly inverse ratio to their crimes. The murderers and the most dangerous convicts are sent to the island of Salvation, where they lead lazy and healthy lives, but the men convicted of lesser offenses work and die in a terrible climate on the coast. In the settlement of St. Jean de Maroni the mortality is from 40 to 50 per cent. The average life of a convict is two years.

Which Was It?

"Are we slaves or are we free men?" thundered the orator. "I pause for a reply."

"Some of us are married," came the answer from the last row of seats.—New York Sun.

An Opportunity.

Judge—Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth? Fair Witness—It will be just perfectly lovely if you really have the time to listen.—Harper's Bazar.

"A little of this goes a long way," said the aeronaut as he flicked the ash from his cigar.—Harvard Lampoon.

SHOE SIZES.

How the Standard of Measurement Was Established.

It is most difficult for many persons to remember the sizes of their different articles of wearing apparel. Collars, shirts and gloves are easy enough, because in the case of these it is a matter of actual inches. But the hat and shoe numbers are what puzzle most people, to say nothing of the mystery why a No. 11 stocking goes with a No. 8 shoe.

This last puzzle is, however, easily explained. Stockings have always been measured by the inch from heel to toe, but the numbering of shoes was fixed a long time ago by a Frenchman.

The Frenchman permanently fixed the numbers of shoes for all Europe and America. He arbitrarily decided that no human foot could possibly be smaller than three and seven-eighths inches. So, calling this point zero, he allowed one-third of an inch to a size and accordingly built up his scale. It follows therefrom that a man cannot find out the number of his own shoe unless he be an expert arithmetician. Even then he is likely to go wrong, because all the shoe experts allow for the weight of the individual and the build of his foot before they try to determine what size shoe he ought to wear.

As far as women's shoes are concerned the problem is still more difficult, because many of the manufacturers instead of keeping to the regular scale have marked down their numbers one or two sizes in order to capture easily flattered customers. For this reason most dealers ask out of town customers to send an old shoe with their orders.

The system of measuring hats is much simpler. Any man can tell what size he wears simply by adding the width and length of the inner brim and then dividing by two. Orders can also be sent to the shopkeeper by stating the circumference of the head.—Boston Globe.

BURNED PAPER MONEY.

Source of Great Profit to the Government and Banks.

At the redemption windows of the treasury and of the subtreasuries of the country any silver coin that has not been mutilated willfully and which still is recognizable as from the mints of the United States will be redeemed at face value, this in spite of the fact that the silver in the worn coin may not be worth half its face value. As to gold coin, the government stands only a small portion of the loss from abrasion; but, according to weight, these worn gold coins always are redeemable.

In the case of the paper currency two-fifths of a note must be presented if it shall be redeemed or a new note issued, and, no matter what the evidence may be as to total destruction of this paper currency, the government regards it as the holder's individual loss with which it is no further concerned. Fire may melt \$1,000 worth of silver coins and it is worth its metal value. It may melt \$1,000 in gold coins and the mint will pay \$1,000 in new twenty dollar gold pieces for the mass. But the ashes of \$1,000 in paper currency is without value.

In the thousands of fires over the country every year involving office buildings, factories, business houses and family residences an untold total of legal tender notes of all kinds are destroyed. Every piece of such paper lost is loss to the holder and gain to the government or to a national bank. It is a promissory note hopelessly lost to the holder. It is even more, for in many cases an individual man might redeem his debt obligation if he were assured by the holder of it that the piece of paper to which he had signed his name had been destroyed by accident and by no chance could turn up again against him.—Chicago Tribune.

Pope as a Witness.

Pope, like Garrick, made but a poor figure in the witness box. He was cited to appear in defense of Bishop Atterbury when that prelate was tried for high treason in the house of lords in 1723. "I never could speak in public," he told Spence afterward, "and I don't believe that if it was a set thing I could give an account of any story to twelve friends together, though I could tell it to any three of them with a great deal of pleasure. When I was to appear for the bishop of Rochester in his trial, though I had but ten words to say and that on a plain point (how the bishop spent his time when I was with him at Bromley), I made two or three blunders in it and that notwithstanding the first row of lords (which was all I could see) were mostly of my acquaintance."—London Standard.

The Lost Company.

"Hungry, I suppose?" said the sharp faced woman as she opened the door just a little bit.

"Why, no," answered the ragged wayfarer. "I've clean forgot how to be hungry. But I'm out and out lonely."

"Lonely?"

"Yes. You see, I hain't had nothing to eat for so long that I've got so thin I can't cast no shadow, and you ain't no idea what company a man's shadow is to him while he is travelin' along the road."

Considerate.

Muggins is not handsome, and he knows it. When his first baby was born he asked, "Does it look like me?" Of course they replied in the affirmative.

"Well," said he, with a sigh, "break it to my wife gently."—London Tit-Bits.

THE HARP CAME BACK

Incident in the Career of an Old Time Opera Manager.

A SURPRISE FOR MAREZTEK.

It Came at a Time When Max W. Broke and the Sheriff Had Levied Upon All His Stage Properties—Miss Mareztek's Thanks to the Carpenter.

In the old days in New York city, before there was a Metropolitan or a Manhattan Opera House and when the center of the theatrical world was around Fourteenth street, Max Mareztek and Strakosch were prominent at the old Academy of Music. There was a keen rivalry between them. Strakosch had Nilsson, and Mareztek was exploiting Di Murska.

By some error of dates both were booked for New York at the same time. Strakosch was at the Academy and Mareztek, having closed a poor season elsewhere, had halted in New York before going to Philadelphia and secured a week at the Lyceum theater on Fourteenth street. There were strong bills at both places. Each manager had his friends, and the bill-posters had a busy time of it. A round of bills for one company was no sooner posted than the rival billposter covered up the poster with the rival company's sheets.

At last, for the matinee on Saturday, bills at both houses were suddenly changed, every vacant fence place plastered over quickly, and with a pelting storm in the morning the managers began to put out "paper" to fill the houses. Alfred Joel was the business man for Mareztek and an adept at "papering" when necessary. With a house packed from parquet to gallery Joel had counted the boxes, found only \$100 in the house and announced it to Max when the curtain fell between the acts.

This was serious to Max. The ever ready money lender who had "put up for him" had a lien on the box office, a sheriff's officer was in waiting on the stage, and it was a question of reprieve before the properties and costumes could be liberated to follow the company to Philadelphia early next morning.

"Well, Alfred," quietly said Max, "I guess I'm used to trouble. But there is a good, big house anyway!" Then, turning to his wife, who was the harpist of the orchestra, he clasped both her hands, kissed her and remarked: "Let your fingers do their best. I want to hear you play. It does my heart good, you know, even when there's trouble."

There was hustling after the performance. Legal talent was at a premium, creditors were obdurate, everything that was supposed to be Mareztek's was temporarily in "hock," and Mme. Mareztek in tears, with longing looks at the harp she valued.

The scene of negotiations was transferred to the greenroom just as the officers making the levy were searching for more, and when their backs were turned the old stage carpenter hurried Mme. Mareztek away, then called her back again five minutes after and pointed to the orchestra.

The harp had disappeared. Clearing out everything on Sunday morning, while the boxes of properties were being taken away, Max and his wife stood in the center of the darkened stage. Both were crying. The instrument they valued most had been taken from them. Other things had been liberated, but no harp, and with a scene of grief that no others than themselves could have appreciated they were silent.

Then Old Man Guernsey stood between them and waved his hand above them into space. There were a creaking of pulley wheels, an injunction from the carpenter to "look out for your heads," and, lowered from above, came Mme. Mareztek's harp, landing on the stage between them.

"Now you've got it again, get it away quick!" said Guernsey. "Stop crying and be thankful. That's all."

He moved off without waiting for thanks, and a pathetic scene with Max and his wife closed the incident. To them the harp was as a part of themselves. To lose it was more than a misfortune, and in a broken voice the lady called the carpenter back to her.

"Please let the harp thank you," said she, "and listen. It will speak with my hands on this Sunday morning."

She placed herself beside it, seated on a box, and, with a smile that chased away tears, gave for a moment or two, as only she could give it, the air of the doxology, "Praise God, From Whom All Blessings Flow."—New York Times.

Trouble Ahead.

A north country coroner is said to be waiting the suicide of a local poet who wrote about clasping "the two tremendous hands" of his ladylove, but which the printer made to read "the two tremendous hands."—London Mail.

A Queer Question.

Small Harold (at the zoo)—What is that funny looking bird, papa? Papa—That is a bald eagle, Harold. Small Harold—How long does an eagle have to be married before he gets bald, papa?—Chicago News.

Usually Has To.

"Say, paw, what is a genius?" "A genius is a man who can do his own washing, sewing and cooking, my boy."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Weak men never yield at the proper time.—Latin.

TWO UGLY ANIMALS,

Those Big Pigs, the Rhinoceros and the Hippopotamus.

THEY ARE HARD TO CAPTURE.

Getting Away With One of the Colossal Brutes Makes the Work of Trapping the Big Felines Seem Like Child's Play—Methods of the Hunters.

Trapping the big felines is child's play compared with the work of capturing those lumbering, colossal animals of the "big pig" family, the rhinoceros and the hippopotamus.

Too stupid to tame or to break to a halter and too heavy to transport through hundreds of miles of wilderness, it would take a man half a lifetime to bring one of these five to six thousand pound creatures out of a jungle into civilization. Therefore the expert's only chance is to find a cow with a calf and to capture the young one.

Compared with the alert, grim exterior of the felines, there is little in the appearance of a phlegmatic, ponderous pig like a rhinoceros to indicate its real ferociousness. There is hardly a wild animal in existence which is more dangerous than this rarest of all our menagerie captives. Awkward as the great creature appears when at rest, once aroused it dashes through the densest thicket with the irresistible speed of an express train.

To catch a rhinoceros the trapper proceeds with preparations much as would an explorer bound for a two or three year expedition in the interior of an unexplored continent, for the difficulty confronting him is the threefold one of first penetrating a thousand or more miles into the interior, second, of finding not only a rhinoceros, but a rhinoceros cow with a calf old enough to capture, and, lastly, of transporting his prize across hills and mountains and plains, over rivers and ravines, across swamps and through forests to civilization.

Skirting swamps and rivers, the men are ever on the lookout for the deep round spools, like a pie plate driven into the mud, for in this wet ground the rhinoceros loves to wallow. Frequently five or six months elapse before the tracks of a cow and a calf are picked up.

Noiseless and from well to leeward, the trapper and his men gradually steal nearer until the cow and the calf are included in a circle. From ahead, out of the maze of cane and creeper, sounds the uneasy stamping of the cow. With a half snort, half grunt, in an instant the rhinoceros is all attention. Head raised and nostrils sniffing, she searches the air steadily. At sight of one of the savages the cow dashes with the speed of a race horse at the man, charging the human decoy, and at that instant the trapper's rifle is heard, and her furious charge is over, provided the bullet reaches the heart by striking just behind the left foreleg—the only vulnerable point in the inch thick armor with which the beast is clad.

Now and then it happens that the trapper fails to kill in time—his gun may miss fire, intervening trees may interfere or the marksman may miss his aim. Then the life of the decoy depends upon his own agility. To run to one side before the rhinoceros is almost on top of him would be fatal, for the swift brute would overtake him with a few bounds. His only hope is to wait until the deadly horn is almost at his feet and then, with the swiftness of a mongoose dodging the aim of a cobra, to leap to one side while the ponderous creature, unable to turn short in time, dashes onward under its own impetus. Twice, three times, a clever native hunter will dodge in this way, giving the trapper ample time to bring down the rhinoceros.

Then comes the tracking of the frightened calf, which has fled at the first sign of trouble, and soon it is pushed, prodded and shoved up a bridge of log skids into a cage of the bullock cart.

But even more dangerous is the trapping of the hippopotamus, for, although in itself the "rhino" is a more savage antagonist than the "river horse," the trapper hunts the former on land and brings down at a safe distance, whereas in the case of the hippopotamus he must fight in the same primitive fashion that savages have used for ages. Hand to maw, as it were, he must engage this two ton monster while standing in the bow of a frail canoe, for the hippopotamus, as its name, the "river horse," means, is a land and water animal, and is harpooned and brought ashore before it expires, otherwise it would sink at once to the bottom of the river, the coveted calf escaping among the other hippopotamuses instead of following the stricken cow to shore, so that the youngster may be caught.—A. W. Roiker in St. Nicholas.

The Blue Danube.

The Danube still retains its ancient splendor. The Rhine is the river of vine-clad, sunny hills, ruined castles on rugged crags, mediaeval history and modern glory in war and in peace, a river bright as the warble of a bird in the wood. The Danube hills carry immense, almost untouched, forests, higher and grander than the heights of the Rhine. In the midst of this rich, deep green verdure lonely white mountains break in on the eye. There are many wayside chapels, too, on the banks. In solemn, awesome, majestic beauty the Danube far exceeds the cheery, pretty Rhine, and it must be called a pity that so few American travelers take a tour on this indescribably superb river.—Omaha Bee.

EASILY MANAGED.

The Clever Scheme Evolved by the Clock Winder.

The contract for keeping the church and town hall clocks in order was given to a new man. Unfortunately from the start he experienced a difficulty in getting the clocks to strike at the same time. At last the district council requested an interview with the watchmaker.

"You are not so successful with the clocks as your predecessor," he was told. "It is very misleading to have one clock striking three or four minutes after the other. Before you took them in hand we could hardly tell the two were striking. Surely you are as competent?"

"Every workman has his own methods, gentlemen," replied the watchmaker, "and mine ain't the same as H.'s were."

"I'm decidedly of the opinion that it would be for the general good if they were," remarked one of the councilors. "Very well, sir, in future they shall be," came the reply. "I happened to write to him last week about the trouble I had with the clocks, and—perhaps," he added as he produced a letter and handed it to the chairman, "you'd like to see what he said."

"Dear sir," ran the letter—"about them clocks. When you get to know what a cantankerous lot of busybodies the council consists of you'll do the same as I did for fifteen years—forget to wind up the striker of the town hall clock, and the blooming jackasses won't be able to tell that both clocks ain't striking together!"—London Tit-Bits.

Ancient Sacrifices.

Many Roman and Greek epicures were very fond of dog flesh. Before Christianity was established among the Danes on every ninth year ninety-nine dogs were sacrificed. In Sweden each ninth day ninety-nine dogs were destroyed. But later on dogs were not thought good enough, and every ninth year ninety-nine human beings were immolated, the sons of the reigning tyrant among the rest, in order that the life of the monarch might be prolonged.

A Far Sighted Man.

"Women vote! Never, sir, with my consent!"

"Why not?"

"What! And have my wife losing thirty dollar hats to other women on the election!"—Boston Transcript.

Particular.

"He's a very particular man."

"Yes. If the doctor told him that he was going to die he would want to telephone ahead for a good room."—New York Press.

Science Now and Then.

In the earliest ages science was poetry, as in the latter poetry has become science.—Lowell.

Chestnut Street

Jewelry Store

R. H. HIRSCH, Prop

Our store has been especially prepared for the HOLIDAY TRADE and invite the citizens of Cameron county to call and examine our new assortment of

Gold and Silverware
Diamonds
Watches, Clocks
Rings, Locketts,
Chains, Etc.

These are newly purchased from the factory and I am prepared to give my customers some real bargains.

Don't forget the place

R. H. HIRSCH

The Sugar Bowl

OPPOSITE HEILMAN'S HARDWARE STORE, EMPORIUM, PA.

The best place in Cameron County to purchase

HOME-MADE CANDIES
NUTS, FIGS, DATES, Etc.

Fruits of all kinds for Christmas
Bananas, Naval Oranges,
Florida Oranges, Lemons,
Malaga Grapes,
Tangerines, Grape Fruit.

New Dates 3 lbs for 25c
New Figs, 15c a 1 lb

Special Sale Until New Year's Day Only
Commencing Dec. 20.

NOTE THE PRICES—Best Pennut Brittle, Cocoa
Brittle, all varieties of Taffy, 3 lbs for 25c; Fresh Xmas
Candies fresh and pure daily. We have a fine line of
nuts of every variety.

New Mixed Nuts, Walnuts per lb 15c and 20c
Fresh Roasted and Salted Peanuts 15c lb.

LOOSE HOLLY; HOLLY WREATHS

We deliver goods to any part of town.
Phone 61K.

The Sugar Bowl