One Way Out.

Perkins had been appointed tutor to the young lord of the manor, and together they were making the grand tour Perkins was congrammating him pupil; but, alas, they had only reached in love with a pretty Swiss peasant. In vain did he remonstrate with the young lord, pointing out the social barthat existed between the lovers and the total impossibility of marriage. But all to no purpose. The beautiful Swiss maiden held the young tord's heart captive, and he would scarcely leave her side.

Distracted, Perkins wrote home to the marchioness asking her advice and pointing out her son's infatuation.

A day or two passed in agonizing

At last the answer came. Perkins breathed a sigh of relief. All his anxiety would now be over. He tore open the envelope, but as he read the letter he grouned in the anguish of his soul.

It consisted of three words: "Marry her yourself."

Poor Bijou!

During the siege of Paris. Francisque Sarcey indignantly protested against the practice of eating dogs. Hunger, however, knows no law, and canine and feline butcher shops were opened in different parts of Paris Skillfully prepared, properly skinned and cooked, with a good sauce, the dogs proved excellent eating. Their meat was pink and delicate and by no means tough. Canine cutlets were sold at 2 francs each, and a leg of dog might be purchased at double that price a pound.

Two good bourgeois, husband and wife, had a little dog of which they were very fond. But a day came when there was nothing to eat in the house, and poor Bijou had to be killed and cooked. His master and mistress sat down to dinner with tears in their eyes, and during the dinner the latter mechanically placed the tiny rib bones on the side of her plate. "Poor Bijou!" she ejaculated with a sigh. "What a treat these would have been for him!" -Frank Schlosser in Contemporary Review.

A Tearful Eye to Business.

Advertising is nowadays almost a fine art. Clever advertisements attract customers in two ways-first, because they effectually call attention to goods, and, second, because their cleverness, pure and simple. Such a one is the following, quoted from London M. A. P., which adorned a boot shop in the Rue d'Amsterdam, in

Paris:

Liquidation.

With tears in my eyes, 1 am obliged to clear the whole of my stock of boots.

To get rid of it all in a week 1 offer it to you at a loss of 50 per cent.

My husband seeing fit to abandon me with five children.

WHY

Can't 1 go on without my husband? Be cause my husband alone was able to obtain job lines from the big provincial and foreign bootmakers.

Prudent ladies will profit by these extraordinarily low prices, which will enable me to clear out my stock and search for my husband throughout Europe.

MME. MARIE-LOUISE X.

Nothing to Say.
According to a delightful story of Shelley, recounted in the International Journal of Ethics by the Rev. Bradley Gilman, the splendid mental equipment of the poet did not include hu-In his characteristically impas sioned way, Shelley was deeply interested in the problem of immortality One day he met a nursemaid wheeling ry young child in a perambulator

"Here is a little soul," he reflected. great unknown preceding human life about the great unknown after human life. The two realms may be one and the same."

He accosted the infant twice, but of course gained no response, only a blank

infantile stare.

"Alas, alas!" sighed Shelley. "How very reticent these little creatures

Rubber and Gutta Percha.

tween india rubber and gutta percha, and in the majority of purposes for which they are employed one cannot replace the other. While the trees yielding india rubber are well distrib-uted over the tropical parts of the world and may be cultivated with more or less facility, the tree which furnishes gutta percha is to be found only in Borneo, Sumatra and the Malay archipelago generally.

Something For Nothing. Wise Old Uncle-Remember, Tommy, as you go through this world that you can't get something for nothing. Precocious Nephew-Oh, yes, you can, un-cle! When I don't eat nothin' I git an awful pain in my stummick.-Chi-

Undecided.

The dealer was busy filling bottles from a hogshead of wine. "What kind of wine is that?" queried

an innocent bystander. 'Don't know," answered the dealer. "I haven't labeled it yet."-Argonaut.

Hard Job.
Matrimonial Agent-Really, when 1 see those two whom I am going to introduce to each other I don't know to which I shall break it gently.-Flie-

The First Spat.
She—If I had known that you would scold I never would have married you. He—If I had known that you would marry me I would have scolded.

Hath man no second life? Pitch this one high. - Matthew Arnold.

His Lesson in Golf.

A prominent business man not long since became afflicted with a bad case of "golfitis" -that is, he joined the my of cranks at the game, wanted to play all the time, talk of nothing else, As is the case with all "duffers," had his troubles at the start, and the way he fired questions at his friends was a caution. His golf acquaintances accommodatingly with all sorts of remedies, until finally the bewildered one got his stenogra-pher to jot them down. One friend's advice included three points-first, keeping the eye on the ball; second, he necessity of hitting the ball with an easy stroke, and, third, the use of rocking horse to develop the stroke. The fact that the friend had a keen ense of humor did not occur to the yro until later. He immediately purased a large rocking horse and after ousiness hours seated himself astride he fiery charger and swung at the ball, which was securely fastened to the floor by a strong cord. He has learned a thing or two since. hobbyhorse is no more, and he has vowed to get square with "Mr. Joker" If it takes a thousand years .- New York Tribune.

Sabduing a Bully. A writer in a Vladivostok paper tells of an encounter he once witnessed on Siberian train between a lady and à nobleman.

When the train pulled up at Tsitikar, in Manchuria, a Manchu noble who had bullied all his fellow passengers. lighted at the station restaurant after warning them that he would decapitate any of them who took his seat. During his absence a smartly dressed oung Russian lady entered the car nd, despite the alarmed expostulations of its occupants, calmly appropriated the seat. When the noble reurned he flew into a passion and advanced threateningly with his curved saber drawn. But the young woman coolly covered him with a shining re-

"Do you take us for a pack of cow-ardly mandarins?" she exclaimed, and then, pointing to her feet, she rened, "Here is your place, my hero." pointing to her feet, she remark-

The Manchu noble surrendered and sat at her feet for the rest of the jour-

Hugo and the Barber.

When Victor Hugo lived in Paris in he Place Royale he used to be shaved by a barber named Brassier. A friend of the poet asked the barber one day of the poet asked the barber one day if he was busy. "I hardly know which way to turn," was the reply. "We have to dress the hair of thirty ladies for solrees and balls." And M. Brasfor soirces and balls." And M. Brassier showed the list to his friend. A few days after the friend returned and inquired about the thirty ladies. "Ah, monsieur," said the barber sadly, "I was not able to attend half the number, and I have lost many good customers through M. Victor Hugo." It appears that the poet when about to be shaved was suddenly inspired and seized the first piece of paper he could find to write a poem. Hugo hastily left the shop with his unfinished verses, on the back of which were the names and addresses of the thirty la-dies, many of whom waited in vain for their coiffeur.

Used the Wrong Gender.

A Frenchman with an imperfect mowledge of English was once called spon for an after dinner speech. He truggled along manfully for a few ninutes, managing to turn one or two ood phrases. Finally he excused himelf from further effort by saying, "I vill no longer cockroach on your time."

An Englishman sitting next to him t the table remarked: "Your speech was dooced clever, bah Jove! But you used the wrong word at the close, don't you know. You should have said 'I will no longer hencroach upon your

"I see," said the Frenchman. "I used the wrong gender."—Exchange.

A Curious Stone.

It is a dark green stone that is polished, cut and set, very like a fine topaz or amethyst, in large showy rings surounded by diamonds. By the light of day the alexandrite has no special beauty save its fine luster, but directly a shaft of artificial light strikes the ull stone deep gleams of red flash out of the green, and under the gas or in the firelight one ignorant of this vagary would instantly pronounce it a

Kesping Up Appearances. Husband (suddenly waking up at lead of night)—What in the world was that noise? Wife (calmiy)—It's all right, dear. The guests of the Money-bags' ball are just coming home, and I slipped down and gave our front door a slam, so the neighbors\would think we were there .- New York Journal.

He Found It Was.

Judge (to prisoner)—You are charged with having seriously injured your life by inclosing her in a folding bed. What have you to say for yourself? Prisoner-Your honor, I wished to see if it was possible to shut her up.

The Rescue. The Major-What's this I hear, David, about your nearly saving a man from drowning? David-I did save 'im from drownin', only the life buoy 'it 'im on the 'ead and killed 'im .- London

Did Not See It Before.

Miss Eastside — That is a lovely gown, but haven't I seen it before? Miss Westside—No; I think not. 1 have only worn it at a very few smart affairs this season.

Burr's Self Control.

Aaron Burr was by nature and training a man of extraordinary self con-He allowed no circumstances to throw him off his balance. An anecdote told by Rufus Choate to Richard .H. Dana, recorded in Mr. Dana's "Diary," illustrates the callousness which alded Burr so greatly in controlling himself. Several years after the death of Hamilton, killed by Burr in a duel Burr visited Boston, and Mr. Devereu: of Salem paid him some attentions The visitor was taken to the Boston Atheneum, where, while the two mer were walking through the gallery of sculpture, Mr. Devereux happened to catch sight of a bust of Hamilton. The thought flashed across his mind that Burr might not care to be con fronted with the sight of the feature of the man he had slain. But no. Burn was undisturbed. He also espied the bust, and, although Mr. Devereux had Instinctively turned away, he walked up to it and said in a loud tone: "Ah! Here is Hamilton!" Then, passing his fingers along certain lines of the face. he added. "There was the poetry! Hamilton's contemporaries gave him credit for possessing a poetic mind.

When Beau Nash and Wesley Met

Beau Nash, though but an indiffer ent churchgoer, not only went to hear Whitefield preach, but attended a serv ice at Bath held by John Wesley. incident is related in Southey's "Life of Wesley:"

"While he was preaching this re markable personage entered the room. came close to the preacher and de-manded of him by what authority he was acting. Wesley made answer, 'By that of Jesus Christ, conveyed to me by the present archbishop of Canterbury, when he laid his hands upon me and said. "Take thou authority to preach the gospel." Nash then affirmed that he was acting contrary to the laws. 'Besides,' said he, 'your preaching frightens people out of their wits.' 'Sir.' replied Wesley, 'did you ever hear me preach?' 'No.' said the master of ceremonies. 'How, then, can you judge of what you never heard?' Nash made answer, 'By common report. 'Sir,' said Wesley, 'is not your name Nash? I dare not judge of you by common report, I think it not enough to judge by."

To Save You Time.

Have ye ever noticed that when reading you waste a certain amount of time in turning from the end of one line to the beginning of the next?
Long ago, when the world was not so busy as now, columns were of a much greater width. Since then they have been narrowed more and more

Of course in an hour's reading little time is lost, but in a lifetime it is likely to be considerable. Realizing this some one has suggested that type should be arranged as follows. read to the end of the line, drop the eyes and read backward:

What a luxury tuohtiw daer ot the inevitable ta kcab repmacs the end of each s'ti woh eeS .enil

The argument is that practice will make perfect. Five minutes' practice is usually found more than sufficient for most people.-Pearson's.

The desperate struggle to do some thing worth while is the very thing which draws out our reserve forces and develops latent power, says Orison Swett Marden in Success Magazine. Without this struggle many peo ple would never have discovered their real selves. Napoleon was never so resourceful, never so level headed, never er had that vigorous mental grasp, was never able to make such powerful combinations, as when he was driven to desperation. It was when all bridges were burned behind him and there was no possibility of retreat that the possible Napoleon came to the rescue. Napoleon said of his great general Messena that he never showed his mettle until he saw the wounded and dead falling all around him in battle. Then the lion in him was aroused, and he fought like a demon.

Enlightenment.

"Father," remarked Johnny after deep thought, "suppose I should knock this jug off the table and catch it, then I wouldn't catch it, would I?" "N-no, I suppose not," his fathe.

slowly said. "But," continued Johnny, still toying with the jug, "if I should knock it off and not catch it, then I would catch it. wouldn't I?"

"Yes, you would!" his father grimly returned, this time with quick deci

Well Connected.

The Maple—What is the oak so conceited about? The Elm—He is the original oak under which Washington stopped in 1776. The Maple—But the souvenir fiends have left him only a blackened stump. The Elm-That's it He has extensive branches in every city and town in the country.-Puck.

A Hard Question. Bobby-What was the hardest question the teacher asked you today? Johnny-She asked me whether I'd rather be licked with a ruler or a strap -Chicago News.

Unromantic. "Anything romantic about their wed ding?"
"Not a thing She can cook, and he city Journal

has a job."-Kansas City Journal

A Fierce Threat.

Maid—Do you want a good beating.

Master Jimmy, or do you not, because
if you don't behave yourself this minute you'll get both?

Animal Vanity.
In a small town in Jersey there is a corner greecry where you may buy anything from a twenty foot laddet to a pearl necklace. Adhesive plaster sauerkraut and tollet articles are also sold, and in case of necessity you may get a hair cut or a horse shod in the back yard. Some time since a farmer stopped in the store to get some horse liniment to rub the rheumatism out of sick cow, and two or three days later he came back with a life size

"Look here, Abuer," he complaining ly remarked, "I wish ye would be leetle might more keerful how ye throw yerself back o' thet counter Tother day ye give me cologne stead o' hoss liniment, and gosh dass if I didn't put it on thet sick cov afore I found out what it was.'

"It didn't hurt her any, did it?" broke in the groceryman.

"Can't say thet it did," answered the farmer, "but ever sence she has had thet sweet smellin' stuff on her she hain't done a derned thing but jes' look at her reflection in ther duck pond an' sigh."-Philadelphia Telegraph.

Damascus, a Garden City.

Damascus is a garden city touched by the great desert. Under its roses one feels he sands. Beside its trembling waters one dreams of the trembling mirage. The cry of its muezzins seems to echo from its mosque towers to that most wonderful thing in nature which is "God without man." breath of the wastes passes among the poplars as that Bedouin boy passed among the merchants when he came and when he went. In Damascus one hears the two voices. And when one looks from the sacred mountain upon that city of dream, cradled among the woods, one sees far off the tawny be ginnings of that other magic which looks out from the Bedouin's eyes And though perhaps with the pilgrims from Samarkand one loves to rest be side the fountains under the hedge of roses, one is aware of the other love, intercourse with which has made Damascus an earthly paradise for them and for you.—Robert Hichens in Century.

Handicapped.

Two old settlers sat smoking in their cabin far away in the backwoods. No woman's hand had ever desecrated that sanct..m. and grime reigned su preme and triumphant. The conver sation veered around from state poli ties to cooking.

"Ya-as," aid the elder of the two, with a drawl, "I did get one o' them there cookbooks wunst, but I could never do nothin' with it."

"How was that?" inquired the other What was the hitch?"

"Waal," was the answer, "every one o' them receits begun in the same way with the same words. Every one o'''em started off with 'take a clean dish,' and I never got no farther."

And he slowly replaced his old black clay pipe in his mouth and fell to ruminating sadly on the narrow outlook on the world of human beings as displayed by authors of cookery books

Origin of Kilts.

It will doubtless surprise many Scotchmen to learn that the kilt as at present worn is only a modern fancy costume and is not of Scottish origin at all. The honor of its invention is due to two Englishmen—an army tailor who accompanied General Wade's forces to Scotland in 1719 and Thom as Rawlinson, overseer of some iron works in Glengarry's country. For more than a century previously, in-deed, the tartan plaid had been the common garb of the highlanders, but it was all in one piece, wound in folds around the body, leaving the knees bare. Prior to the adoption of the tartan, which probably took place about the close of the fifteenth century, the long, loose saffron colored skirt, the real "garb of old Gaul," was the highland dress.-London Mail.

Gift to the Ugly Man.

The practice of making such gifts appears to have arisen in America and is nearly obsolete. It therefore seems to deserve a note. It goes back to Harvard college (now Harvard university) beyond 1794. In that year William Biglow was the recipient of the jackknife. In 1795 he handed it on to Charles Prentiss, with these lines:

Item: C. P. has my knife
During his natural college life,
That knife which ugliness inherits
And due to his superior merits,
And when from Harvard he shall steer
I order him to leave it nere
That 't may from class to class descend
Till time and ugliness shall end.

-Notes and Queries.

Meaning of Cemetery. It is not correct to say that "cemetery" means the "city of the dead. The word is from the Greek "koime terion," meaning sleeping place, not the place of the dead. There is nothing in the etymology of the word to warrant us in thinking that it was originally intended to convey the idea that the departed were really dead any more than there is in the old Hebrew term for cemetery, "bethaim," the house of the living.—Exchange.

Their Advantages. Diobbs—This musicale is a charity affair for the benefit of the poor. Slobbs
I den't see just where the poor come
in Mobbs-Well, they don't have to e present.-Philadelphia Record.

Deduction.

Scott-1s Jones married? Mott-1 guess not. I never heard him blame his wife for anything.—Boston Tran-

If a man look sharp and attentively he shall see fortune, for, though she is blind, she is not invisible.—Bacon.

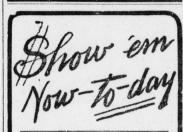
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