

A WOMAN'S TACT.

The Actress Spoiled a Scene, but Soothed the Angry Star.

There is a pretty story of Modjeska and a new leading woman who was to play the part of Elizabeth in Schiller's dreary play, "Mary Stuart."

The new leading woman, who was to assume the part of the red haired sovereign, was a beautiful young person whose acting experience had been limited to a few seasons in modern society plays. On the night of the first performance, in the most important scene of the drama, where the captive Mary confronts Elizabeth in Fotheringhay park, all was not well. The new leading woman, wearing a wig for the first time in her career and looking uncomfortable in the high Elizabethan uniform, was ill at ease in the beginning, and, losing one of the chief words and thereby the meter from her opening lines, she began to flounder and soon "fried up" completely.

This left Schiller's unhappy Mary standing in the center of the stage waiting to be adequately insulted. But Elizabeth's mind was a blank, madam could see that, and, jumping to her feet, she said, "The curtain was brought down. Everybody on the stage was distressed. But instantly the beautiful young woman, disguised as the irate Elizabeth, rushed to the star's side and said:

"Dear madam, I am so sorry, but you know you do look so lovable in this part it was impossible for me to say those terrible things to you!"

For a second there was a mixed expression on Modjeska's face, and then she forgivably patted the speaker's cheek and walked away.—Metropolitan Magazine.

THE STAGE DRINK.

Some Sarcastic Comments Upon Its Terrific Potency.

What we have always noticed about the stage drink is its terrific potency. That there are other points of interest in this thing we do not deny, and we are inclined to agree with a writer in one of the weekly papers who says that "our actors, even the best and most experienced of them, haven't the faintest notion of how to drink naturally and with the air of men who are enjoying the process." And we have frequently noted that curious unspillable quality in the musical comedy drink. In this particular type of potation, which is set to music and which we may call the gay drink, the careless gestures of the flagon holders, who do not actually drink until they have waved the goblet upside down, have been known to make strong and thirsty galleries burst into tears, commingled with reproaches. When falsely accused Frederick suffers a momentary attack of depression and decides to set out for territories exclusively canine he pours into a small liquor glass a little very pale brandy and, with a desperate cry of frenzy and despair, drinks it at one go. Sometimes it is half a glass of noncorporeal elixir. But the result is the same. Falsely accused Frederick instantly starts his Apache dance with the grand pianoforte, and friends who believed in him, entering at that moment, say, "Good heavens, he's drunk!" The drink is potent. It cannot always be a case of weakness of head.—London Globe.

No Beggars in Copenhagen.

Copenhagen is a city of 500,000 inhabitants. During a week's stay I have seen no seller of matches or boot laces, no gutter merchant, no blind or other afflicted persons about the streets asking for alms—not one single sign of distress due to poverty. I have explored the artisans' quarters by day and late at night. There is not a single spot in the whole of Copenhagen that could be compared even remotely to the slums in our large towns. There are no unemployed hanging about the street corners, no unemployed women standing idly at the doors, no ragged and dirty children playing in the gutter. There are no dirty houses, with dirty or broken windows, mended with bits of paper, and a ragged apron or a torn bedcloth doing duty for a curtain.—Denmark Letter in London Express.

An Ancient Greek Relic.

As a memorial of their victory in their final and desperate struggle at Salamis to hurl back the invading east the ancient Greeks made a tripod from the golden cups of the Persians' table and the bronze of their soldiers' armor. It bore on its sides the names of every city whose soldiers fought and fell in the supreme moment of a nation's life. That tripod still exists at Constantinople, a national relic which has endured longer than the states whose deeds it consecrated.

The Seventh Son.

"Yes," said the despondent man, "I was a seventh son."
"And didn't it bring you luck?" asked the superstitious one.
"Well, if being obliged to wear the castoff clothes of six other brothers is luck it did," replied the despondent man.—Philadelphia Record.

The Dear Friends.

Miss Thin—Don't you think my new dress is just exquisite? Fannie—Oh, lovely! I think that dressmaker of yours could make a clothes prop look graceful.

His Chance.

Little Boy—I want a dose of castor oil. Druggist—Do you want the kind you can't taste? Little Boy (anxious to get even)—No, sir; it's for mother.

Silence is one of the hardest arguments to refute.—Billings.

FRENCH DETECTIVES.

They Are Trained For Their Duties in a Regular Police School.

In Paris aspirants for positions in the detective force are taught in a regular school, where day after day they are put through various exercises until they become proficient and receive appointments or show that they have not the detective instinct in them.

The students first are trained in the use of their eyes and their hands. One of the lessons consists in placing the pupil in a brilliantly lighted room full of furniture and ornaments. Then he is taken to another room and required to make a sketch of the room he just has left, indicating the position of all the objects in it. He is allowed to look at a face for a minute and then required to describe the color of the hair, the eyes, the general form, etc. He afterward is required to pick out a photograph of the face from among several hundred others.

In educating the hand the student is placed in a dark room in which are many curious and unusual objects. These he feels over and then writes a description of them. He must remember even the slightest details. One test is to let him handle gems in the dark and then tell what they are, whether diamonds, rubies or what not. This is, of course, an exercise for the more advanced pupils.

CHINESE PRINTING.

The Compositors Are Staid and Dignified and Never Rush.

A font of type in the Chinese language requires 11,000 spaces, and in the large and spacious rack each word, instead of each letter, as in English, has a place by itself. There is also a peculiar grouping or classification of symbols into groups to further facilitate the mental labors of the typesetters. Thus in the immediate vicinity of the symbol for fish would be found the symbols of scales, net, fins, tail, gills. This simplifies the labor, which in any event must be so strenuous that it is evident that the compositor's end of the Chinese newspaper should, if perfect justice ruled, be the highest paid.

The compositor is a staid and dignified individual, and as he slowly walks from symbol to symbol, picking up those which he requires with provoking calmness, the American compositor might well wonder when the work would be completed, and to set up the type required for a small four page daily paper the constant labors of eight or nine skilled Chinamen are required for twelve or thirteen hours, the entire work in every department being the antipodes of the rush and whirl and marvelous celerity of the modern American publication.

He Obeyed Orders.

Old world domestics make the best possible servants because they work like machines, never forgetting an order and doing exactly as they are told, without presuming to think for themselves. But once in awhile this literal adherence to duty produces some awkward results. An American woman living in India, with native servants, once told her butler to see that there was always a napkin at the bottom of the fruit dish, cake basket, etc., when these were brought to the table. The napkin was thereafter always seen in its place. But one day a tureen of vegetable soup was served, and the hostess began to wield the long, old fashioned silver ladle about in it. Something very like a fringed rag made its appearance in the first plateful. The butler was summoned to remove the dish. "It cannot be that the napkin found no napkin at the bottom," he hazarded, much distressed because of this unexplained disapproval, "for I myself placed there the largest one I could find."

Quiser Goldfish.

Beautiful and most interesting of all goldfish is a native of Japan, and it is noted for the beauty of its tail and the abnormal length of its fins. The tail resembles a delicate veil, and the fins are developed to such an extent that it is impossible for the fish to make rapid progress in the water. It is therefore solely on account of its beauty that it is prized and because in this respect it differs widely from other varieties of goldfish, such as the "telescope fish," the eyes of which bulge out of the head in most unsightly fashion; the "celestial eyed fish," which is also unbecome because its eyes are bullet shaped and are ever turned skyward, and the "egg fish," which is so called because its body is somewhat amorphous, but resembles an egg more than anything else.

His Impartiality.

Lord Lansdowne once congratulated Lord Crewe on an eloquent speech in the house of lords. "I have followed it," he said, "with earnest attention, not only on account of the importance of the subject, but also on account of the noble lord's judicial attitude. I admired his earnestness and his eloquence, but what impressed me most was his impartiality." A pause. "Yes, until the last minute I did not know on which side of the fence his lordship was coming down."

Thoroughly Broken.

"Subster is a perfect husband."
"I never heard he was so wonderful."

"Well, every time he sees a mail box he feels in his pockets."—Buffalo Express.

There Was Fruit.

Jack—So your efforts to win the rich heiress were fruitless, eh? Tom—Fruitless! Oh, no! I got the lemon.—Boston Transcript.

A Big Baby Farm.

What has been called the biggest baby farm in the world is situated at Moscow, and it is claimed that this institution shows an annual crop of some 14,000 babies, not to speak of that put out by a branch at St. Petersburg, which numbers 8,000. The Moscow Foundling asylum was founded by Empress Catherine II., and it is maintained, oddly enough, by a tax on playing cards. Servants in the red livery of the royal family guard its doors, and its accounts are carefully audited by the Russian treasury department. The buildings comprising this institution stand in a hollow square round a garden with trim lawn and trees, which forms a playground for the children. Youngsters of all sorts and sizes, from tender nurslings, who in the incubating rooms are just struggling into life, are tended by careful nurses and are as sure of good attention and wholesome food as any baby can need. About fifty babies are received every day, and after four weeks the nurses take them to their own homes in the villages.—New York Tribune.

Opulence.

They numbered four. They absolutely exuded prosperity. The things which they ordered were such as to fill with envy the breast of the man at the next table engaged in consuming the most modest dish disclosed by the bill of fare.

The four were conversing—languid, plutocratic conversation. After awhile it turned to the question of money. Evidently they wanted something. How much money they had, one of the four took out his pocketbook and counted up a roll of bills.

"Oh, I have a hundred and fifty," he said carelessly.

The second and third members of the party went through their pockets.

"I have two hundred and fifteen," remarked one.

"And I have three hundred," said the other.

The fourth waved his hand grandly.

"Never mind, you fellows," he said. "I'll lend you all you want."

Tenderly waiters bore the man at the next table out into the cold air. He will recover.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Thrilling Sport.

At Waikiki, the home of surfboating for pleasure, there is no dangerous reef, but in the south Pacific often the reef is two miles from shore and is exposed at low tide. The waves form almost on the edge of the reef and drop down upon the hard coral perpendicularly, covering the reef for the time being with about two feet of rushing water. The canoe that must jump this reef places itself before a wave, every one paddles for dear life, and if the boat does not touch coral, but is held suspended until a cushion of water rushes onward to receive it, the jump is successfully negotiated, the reef is crossed, and there is but a two mile paddle across the quiet lagoon to the sandy beach. If the bow of the canoe does touch the coral on the down leap there is a shattering of the dugout, and its occupants are sent flying in every direction. One might laugh at this at Waikiki, where there are no sharks, but not in the south seas.—Recreation.

Tons of Pins.

Nothing better shows the bigness of little things than the manufacture of pins. In England there are made each week between fifteen and sixteen tons of the small necessities, the materials being iron, steel and brass. The yearly production would amount to about 100 tons. The number of pins included in this great weight would make any ordinary figures seem insignificant—would, in fact, defy realization or comprehension. Germany also makes great quantities of pins, her production totaling about 144 tons a year. The United States makes great quantities of pins and imports many from England. Most of the latter country's output is manufactured in Birmingham by two firms, one of which has been in existence nearly a century and the other over a century.—Philadelphia North American.

He Didn't Complain.

Young Wife—This talk about men being so impatient when a woman is getting ready to go anywhere is all nonsense.

Friend—Doesn't your husband complain at all?

Young Wife—No, indeed. Why, last evening I couldn't find my gloves and had a long hunt for half a dozen other things, and yet when I was finally dressed and went downstairs to my husband there he was reading and smoking as calmly as if I wasn't half an hour late.

Friend—Well, I declare! Where were you going?

Young Wife—To prayer meeting.

Method.

Method goes far to prevent trouble in business, for it makes the task easy, hinders confusion, saves abundance of time and instructs those that have business depending what to do and what to hope.

Blissful Ignorance.

"Shall I tell you a secret, Mr. Black?" asked a little boy. "My sister Louisa is to be engaged to your brother. Even your brother hasn't been told yet."

An Order Could Be Filled.

Customer (in Boston restaurant)—Waiter, have you any fried eggs? Waiter—We have eggs, sir, and they are susceptible of being fried.

Trust him little who praises all, him less who censures all, and him least who is indifferent to all.—Lavater.

Got the Train Stopped.

When the late Robert Bonner purchased Maud S. he sent her to Charter Oak park to be trained. One day a friend of Mr. Bonner left New York to visit him at the park, but found that the train did not stop at that station. The conductor was polite, but said that he could not go against orders. At New Haven a halt was made, and Mr. Bonner's friend tried to bribe the engineer with a ten dollar bill, but in vain. He was then told that Charles P. Clark, the president of the road, was on the train, and he went to him.

"Why don't you see the conductor?" asked Mr. Clark.

"I have, but he will not disobey orders."

"Why not then go forward and bribe the engineer?"

"I tried bribery at New Haven, but it would not work."

The absence of evasion was the best policy. Mr. Clark not only gave orders to have the train stopped at Charter Oak, but promised some day to see Maud S. He had witnessed the attempt at bribery, and the frank confession of the offense seemed to please him.

Preparing For a Journey.

Jerome K. Jerome recalled with reverence a habit of his methodical uncle, who, before packing for a journey, always "made a list." This was the system which he followed, gathered from his uncle's own lips:

Take a piece of paper and put down on it everything you can possibly require. Then go over it and see that it contains nothing you can possibly do without.

Imagine yourself in bed. What have you got on? Very well; put it down, together with a change. You get up.

What do you do? Wash yourself. What do you wash yourself with?

Soap. Put down soap. Go on till you have finished. Then take your clothes.

Begin at your feet. What do you wear on your feet? Boots, shoes, socks.

Put them down. Work up till you get to your head. What do you want besides clothes? Put down everything.

This is the plan the old gentleman always pursued. The list made, he would go over it carefully to see that he had forgotten nothing. Then he would go over it again and strike out everything it was possible to dispense with. Then he would lose the list.

Chicago the Danger Line.

"Speaking of fishballs," remarked an ardent New England admirer of that form of food who was eating in a Dearborn street restaurant the other day, "I will tell you a sad, sad truth about them."

"If you order them in Boston they are practically all fish. Yes, sir—solid, bona fide fish. Move west a bit—to Albany, say. What happens? The amount of fish in each fishball has dwindled. Proceed to Buffalo. A certain self assertiveness begins to be apparent with the fish. On to Cleveland! Fishballs there are half potato, half fish, with the accent on potato. On to Chicago! There potato has the upper hand!"

He groaned.

"How is it in the far west?"

He leaned forward.

"I've never dared travel farther west than Chicago!" he whispered hoarsely.

—Chicago Tribune.

Golf in the Old Days.

Centuries back golf was a pastime of the royal family, though then usually played in Scotland. The Stuart family was very fond of the game, and the first English club was established at Blackheath in 1608 by James I. His eldest son, Henry, frequently played and on one occasion nearly struck by accident his tutor with a club, whereupon he coolly remarked, "Had I done so I had but paid my debts." Charles I. was playing golf when he received the news of the Irish rebellion. James, duke of York, afterward James II., was another ardent player. Golf is frequently mentioned in ancient Scottish records and in the fifteenth century was prohibited because it interfered with the practice of archery. Strutt considered it the most ancient game at ball requiring a bat.—London Standard.

Vegetable Chat.

"I see that some college professor has been saying that he believes that vegetables can see and hear while growing in the garden."

"Is that so?"

"Yes; not only that, but he believes that ages hence they will be able to converse with one another."

"Oh, that's old!"

"What's old?"

"Vegetables conversing. I've often heard 'Jack and the Beans-talk'."

Maid Worth Having.

The Mistress (entering the kitchen)—Jane, didn't I hear a dish break a minute ago. The Maid—I hope you did, mem. It made noise enough. If you hadn't heard it I should have thought you were getting deaf, and that, you know, would be awful.—Boston Transcript.

Cause and Effect.

The Earl of Ennui (dreamily)—Wish I just had er million and ten years ahead of me. Baron Beating It—Well, you grab the million and you'll get the ten years all right, all right.—Puck.

Then What?

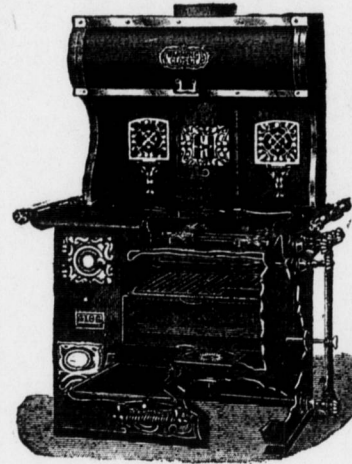
Mrs. Hoyle—My husband doesn't care for money. Mrs. Doyle—That adds to the mystery as to the motive for his marriage.—New York Press.

Sure Thing.

Bill—When all the fools are dead I don't want to be alive. Jill—Well, don't worry; you won't be.—Yonkers Statesman.

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