

BLUE HILL BEAN KILN

IT TAKES IN ALL THE BEAN POTS IN THE TOWN.

This Unique Oven Bakes For Families, the Boarding Houses and the Hotel—How "Old Dave" Linscott Spiced and Made It Hot.

There is a comfortable little town, called Blue Hill, because it is situated under the brow of a little mountain of that name...

Blue Hill doesn't vary from the average New England village in its loyalty to baked beans. Its profound respect for the bean as a staple article of diet may perhaps be especially marked...

As in other places, tastes differ, and while some cling to the original big fat "yaller eye," others like the smaller pea bean, while the epicurean delight in the diminutive Carolina pea bean...

There are baked beans and baked beans. There is the New England golden brown kind, baked with plenty of salt pork and something more than a dash of molasses...

The average person in charge of a New England kitchen "picks over" the beans Friday night. Having picked out all the foreign material which may have been left in the process of winnowing...

The beans are first "broached" on Saturday night, when the top layer is removed for supper, care being taken not to "mush" the balance, portions of which are served Sunday morning...

Beans are the great staple of the lumber camps, of the coasting vessels and wherever convocations of hungry men gather together to satisfy their appetites.

But about the great and only institution of Blue Hill. It was away back in the sixties when the Linscotts went to Blue Hill. They were brickmakers from Hackensack...

Although the house was equipped with a spacious brick oven, what with the bread and pies and puddings and other things the capacity was considerably strained...

"Build 'er big enough," said David, and it was big enough for hundreds of bean pots. The "kill" was a great success. Nothing was ever seen like it...

And this was the origin of the kiln. The original structure has been rebuilt and altered many times. The Linscotts got rich and moved back to New Jersey...

In the summer time backboard loads of guests from the Blue Hill Inn drive down and peer into the fiery furnace which "Shadrach," "Meshach" and "Abednego," the three huge pots from the copper mine, the quarry and the spoil mill boarding houses, are going through their fiery ordeal.

Perhaps the most adventurous addition to the house manager in London is that of a live of bees which live in a sitting room and fly out to gather honey in Hyde park among the flowers and the blossoms of the London lime trees...

AN ANALYSIS OF WOMAN

A Complicated Subject Successfully and Practically Discussed.

"Woman," said the old codger during one of his meditative spells, "is a peculiar paradox, a chronic conundrum without an answer, an unknown quantity possessed of unexpected possibilities...

"Most of man's trouble is caused by woman, but so deftly does she pile the load on him that whatever his burden of trouble is lifted he wanders unceasingly about hunting for more; otherwise there would be very few second wives..."

"She scorns all advice in the selection of a husband, but takes two other women along to help her pick out a hat. The less actual comfort to be obtained from the more enjoyment a woman gets out of its possession..."

"The average married couple of this day and age, with a fine disregard for respect and all former courtesy usually call each other by a nickname of varying degrees of beauty and which has oftentimes a remote connection with the one given them in baptism..."

"I'd rather have more affection and less respect," said the daughter rebelliously. "It doesn't sound as if you had anything but a bowing acquaintance with him when you say mister all the time..."

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Every bee carries his market basket round his hind legs. Any one examining the body of the bee through a microscope will observe that on the hind legs of the creature there is a fringe of stiff hairs on the surface, the hairs approaching each other at the tips, so as to form a sort of cage...

"You married me for my money?" she exclaimed angrily. "Oh, blame me. I couldn't get it any other way, you know,"—Chicago Post.

The World's Births. The world's births amount to 20,702,000 every year, 100,500 every day, 4,300 every hour, 70 every minute or one and a fraction every second.

During the civil war as well as our late war with Spain, diarrhoea was one of the most troublesome diseases the army had to contend with. In many instances it became chronic and the soldiers still suffer from it. Mr. David Taylor of Wind Ridge, Greene Co., Pa., is one of those. He uses Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and says he never found anything else that would give him such quick relief. It is for sale by all druggists.

The Soothing and Healing Properties of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Its pleasant taste and prompt and permanent cures, have made it a great favorite with the people everywhere. For sale by all druggists.

KILLING A RATTLER.

CLEVER WAY IN WHICH THE KING SNAKE DOES THE JOB.

A Battle to the Death in Which Lightning Swiftness and Muscle Were More Than a Match For Venomous Fangs That Couldn't Strike.

If the rattlesnake is justly called the king of America's woods and rocks, yet his crown is not held without danger, since he is hunted diligently and successfully. His fangs are indeed deadly, and he wears a suit of armor, but the deer and the wild hog never fail to attack him, and he has an enemy of his own kind still more dangerous to him...

Snakes may be divided into three classes, those which are venomous, the constrictors and those which are neither. Unless the second of these are wonderful for their size they secure little of our attention, and yet they are generally beautiful in color, most graceful in action and often among our best friends...

One day I was returning from a day's hunt, at peace with the world and myself, when I heard a squirrel scolding as if he were a ward politician the night before election. The noise he made was so loud and insistent that I turned out of my way to see what could be the matter. I found the little fellow on the trunk of a pine about ten feet from the ground, jumping about as if in convulsions...

I looked carefully and saw that his anger was directed at a rattlesnake that lay coiled at the foot of the tree. The snake was compressed into a ball, from the middle of which he protruded his head and tail continuously. His blazing little eyes were fixed unchangeably upon those of the squirrel. The buzz, buzz, buzz of the summer air with a sleepy effect, but the squirrel scolded in an ever ascending key...

Was the squirrel only curious to satisfy himself as to the character of that strange object or was he hypnotized? I have often amused myself by exciting the latent curiosity of a little animal, but never did I witness such intense and painful emotion as the rattler always demands. I knew what must follow soon—that the squirrel's cries would grow weak; that he would grow dizzy and finally tumble from the tree, hanging a moment by one claw and then drop to the earth with a crash, his death that lay in wait. I had raised my rifle to save the little fellow, when the tragedy was interrupted from another quarter...

Swift as light a form raced on the stage. It was clothed in a gleaming coat of beautiful white and black spots. It shined and shimmered in a necklace of precious stones, and I knew the king snake claimed a victim. The newcomer was smaller than the rattler, its ground color was a greenish gray, and the spots scintillated in the sunlight which sifted down upon the scene from the tangled branches overhead...

The king snake held his head high and raced round the rattler in a wide circle, while the rattler tried to sink away. The king darted forward as if to attack, and the rattler threw himself into a coil. The king was again away and racing round with a swiftness the rattler seemed unable to follow. The rattler was covered all over. His crest was lowered, his buzz, buzz was jerky and uneven, and although he presented a very different appearance from the self confident arbiter of the woods which he had seemed when I first saw him I could think of nothing but some human bully surprised in the act of torturing his helpless victim and suddenly compelled to face an adversary worthy of his strength...

Round and round went the king snake, and the rattler followed the movement till its neck was twisted. Whenever it attempted to turn, the king would spring forward, and it was evident that the first failure of the rattler in swiftness would be the signal for muscle to clinch with venom. The king would race from left to right and then reverse, and if the rattler failed to follow that would be the end of him. This happened, and I saw the king in an instant upon the rattler's side. There was a confusion of flying pine needles in a cloud of white dust, and I saw that two inches of the king's coil was about the throat of the rattler. Over and over they went, the king's head above that of his enemy and a curve of his body acting as a buffer to keep up the motion which enabled him to take another turn and still another. And so the struggle continued till the rattler could not writhe freely, and he was held as a vine wraps a tree...

When he lay still, the snake began to uncoil himself slowly, and at every motion of his enemy the constrictor's folds contracted and crushed with killing effect. Even when there was only a quiver left in the rattler's body, the king thrust. It was plain he had a wholesome respect for the fangs that were still terrible. As a last precaution the king applied his nostrils to those of the rattler and repeated that several times as if to detect the faintest breath. Satisfied at last, it released its enemy, but still watched, ready to resume its hold at the slightest sign of life. There I left him, keeping grim guard over the body of his vanquished foe.—Youth's Companion.

"Remember," said the young man's father, "that when I was your age I earned my own living." "Of course," was the answer. "You did the best you could with your opportunities. But I'll venture to say you didn't get nearly as good a living as I get now without working."—Washington Star.

A Mother Tells How She Saved Her Little Daughter's Life. I am the mother of eight children and have had a great deal of experience with medicines. Last summer my little daughter had the dysentery in its worst form. We thought she would die. I tried everything I could think of, but nothing seemed to do her any good. I saw by an advertisement in our paper that Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy was highly recommended and sent and got a bottle at once. It proved to be one of the very best medicines we ever had in the house. It saved my little daughter's life. I am anxious for every mother to know what an excellent medicine it is. Had I known it at first it could have saved me a great deal of anxiety and my little daughter much suffering. Yours truly, Mrs. Geo. F. Burdick, Liberty, R. I. For sale by all druggists.

Little Girl to Visitor—Don't you think I look just like mamma? Her Mother—Hush, dear; don't be vain.—Ohio State Journal.

"HIGH" LIVING.

Three Remarkable Weeks of It in the Petersburg Trenches.

"Speaking of delicacies," said an old veteran of one of the Louisiana regiments the other afternoon, "the highest living that ever fell to my lot was during three weeks in the winter and spring of 1863 that I spent in the trenches at Petersburg. I don't mean to say that the bill of fare would greatly appeal to me now, but at the time of which I speak I thought I was living in royal style..."

"It came about in this way: There were eight of us in one mess, and all of us except one had managed to get through the winter with some sort of covering for our feet. We called them 'shoes' then, but I don't suppose that the term would be used by many people of the present generation who are used to patent leather, victrola and tan shoes. The eighth man, however, had gone barefooted from November, 1862, until the middle of February, 1863. I don't know how it came about, but he was finally issued a pair of new shoes. The day the shoes were given we all gathered about him and examined them with curiosity, and it must be confessed, a rather envious interest. Our messmate looked at the shoes, then at his bare feet and then at us, as if debating a serious problem. Then he said: 'I'll tell you what we'll do. I've gone barefooted for so long that I reckon I can stand it now until summer. If two of you fellows will take these shoes and trade 'em off for something to eat, I'll make a contribution to the bill of fare of the mess...'"

"That night two of us slipped out from the trenches, got through the Yankee lines and went 20 miles out in Dinwiddie county to a gristmill. We succeeded in trading the shoes for two bushels of cornmeal and bore it back in triumph. Well, sir, for two weeks our mess lived like lords. Three times a day we had cornmeal 'coffee,' cornmeal cakes and cornmeal gravy, and I reckon you can understand at a glance that we were the eight best Confederate Grant ever got hold of."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

SAILORS AS SWIMMERS. Why Jack Tar Drowns When He Falls Overboard. "In The Star recently," said a captain in the United States navy, "I saw a dispatch which recounted the death by drowning of seven men in a single day in the waters surrounding New York, of whom two were sailors, one a petty officer and one a yacht..."

"To a landsman it appears strange that all sailors are not swimmers, but the converse of the proposition is more apt to be true, and men ashore, especially those who live near water, can usually swim."

"Jack aboot does not take kindly to water, and though he spends his life upon it, he seldom gets in it, and when he does he is apt to go down. I explain the incongruity by advancing another one, which is, that they do not have the opportunity to learn, and they are, as a rule, disinclined to do so in any event. Throw a man overboard, and if he has not learned to swim he sinks. All of the lower animals swim naturally, from an elephant to a kitten or a puppy. Man has the same sustaining power, but the mental influence of the fear of death is so overpowering that he founders, his mouth and lungs fill with water, and he sinks."

"Deep water sailors, always on shipboard, cannot learn as a man may ashore. The latter learns when a boy or goes to the beach or river and picks it up stroke by stroke, but there is initially a bottom upon which his feet may rest. No such opportunity is offered on board of ship with the fathomless ocean beneath the keel."

"In the United States and other navies swimming is a compulsory part of a seaman's education. Our landsmen are trained by expert swimmers. They are placed in slings in the first lessons and dropped from the boom into the ocean, where they are taught the stroke. Some of our jacksies have no aptitude and at best make indifferent swimmers, while others take to the water like ducks."

"Swimming ought to be made, were it possible, a part of the curriculum of every school. If one can sustain himself even for a minute or two and make a dozen strokes to the surface, or a life line, it may mean preservation from a watery grave."—Washington Star.

Put's Hoist on His Nose. "Isn't it strange," said Mr. Burton while in a reminiscent mood, "how discoveries are made? Of course that is a general statement, but to the case in question, I wear glasses, as you know, but I don't get into trouble in keeping them on. They were continually following the laws of gravity, and falling to the floor. The trouble was that I did not have a bridge of size, and I spent money and time experimenting with different kinds of springs and clasps and nose pieces, but all proved failures."

"Now, the other night I had an idea. That's all right, I am guilty of an idea once in awhile; that if I would put some powdered rosin on my nose that would hold 'em for awhile, so I accordingly hunted up my friend, the violinist, and getting some rosin, made the test."

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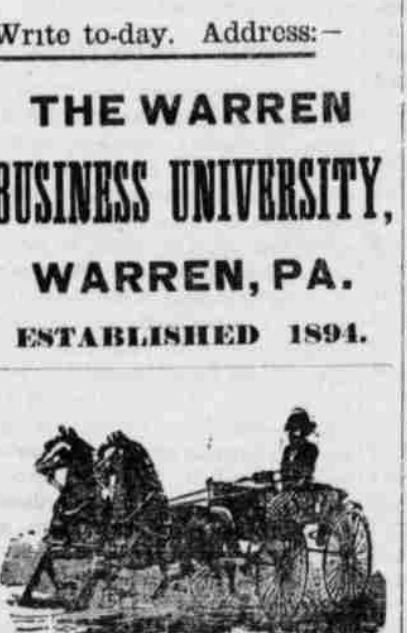
THE NEW YORK STATE BUILDING. PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION.



The New York State Building at the Pan-American Exposition, to be held at Buffalo in 1901, is to be an edifice of substantial and enduring character. The architect is Mr. George Cary, of Buffalo. He has chosen for his guidance in the work a Greek temple of the Doric order, adapting his plans to the purposes for which the building is intended. The site chosen is on high ground near Elmwood Avenue, overlooking the North Bay of the lake in Delaware Park and near the principal entrance to the Exposition grounds by street cars. The location is not only thus convenient to the electric cars, but one that is fortunate and beautiful as well from every standpoint, so that the building will add to the beauty of this popular pleasure ground. Immediately in front and across the park by the Albright Art Gallery will stand as a companion piece in the park picture. The building will be used during the Exposition as New York State headquarters, and will contain certain of the State exhibits. After the Exposition it will become the permanent home of the Buffalo Historical Society, whose large collection of pioneer and other historical relics will be placed therein. The floor area will be three times that now used by the Historical Society in the building of the Buffalo Public Library. The dimensions of the building are 130 x 82 feet, the north front to be 20 feet less than the south. The height is 83 feet on the north and 40 feet on the south walls. The height of the basement is 12 feet, and the second floor walls reach to the roof, making the ceiling 18 feet high. In the basement are janitor's quarters and bicycle rooms (which may be entered at grade from Elmwood Avenue), boiler and coal rooms, storage rooms, etc. A dining room containing 1,000 square feet faces the park to the south. On the ground floor is also one of the Museum rooms, which communicates with the floor above by a grand staircase.

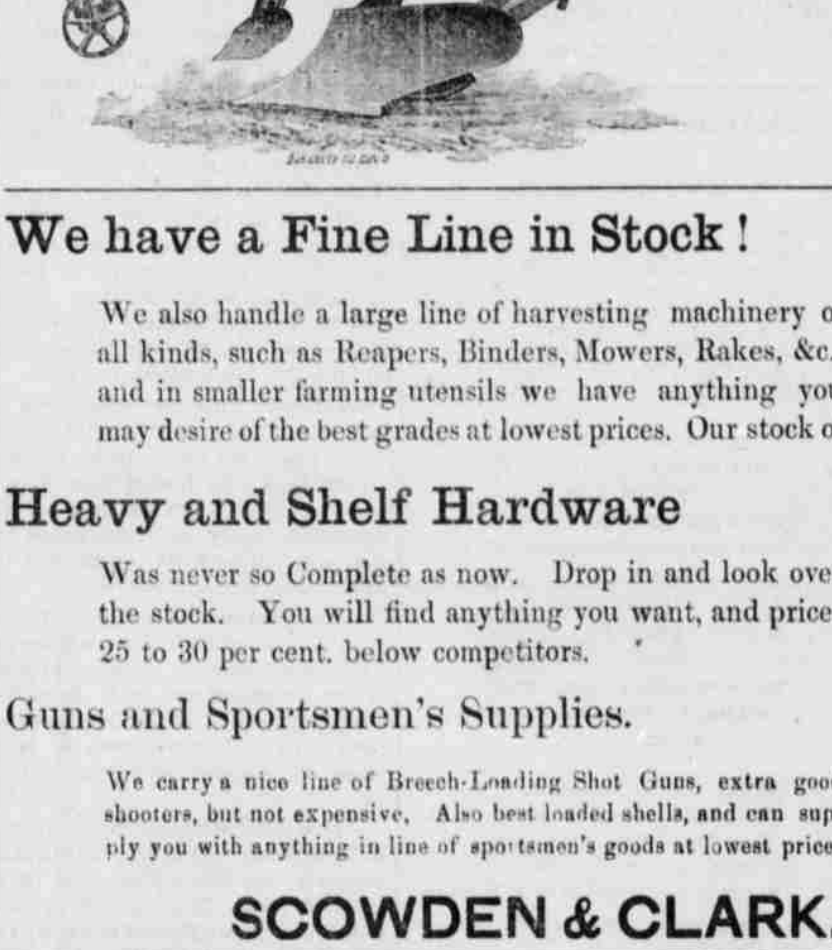
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