

Paris at Night.

To a traveler arriving at night... reveals a glamour and conceals a mystery—the excited, gesticulating... that greet the train as though they were there to welcome friends and... to serve them; the uncertain... of the train shed, the dining... of a strange language; a beautiful... strange language—and the wild... of flight in a trunk laden taxi... through unknown streets.

There is glamour, if you will, in the lights of the restaurants, in the dizzy crowds and in the broad, brazen avenues teeming with a race of people who like to believe that every day is a holiday, but there is mystery in the silent by streets, lined with high blank walls and darkened windows, where a footstep echoes dismally and the beat of a horse's hoofs resounds like music, and there is mystery, too, in the stretches of fragrant gardens, with their treetops reaching up dark masses into the golden glow that hangs like a halo above the City of Lights.—Gordon Arthur Smyth in Scribner's.

Echoes.

An echo is a sound repeated from some obstructing surface so that a person in the path of both the original and reflected waves hears the sound twice. Sound being produced by waves of the air, when such waves meet an opposing surface as a wall, they are reflected like light waves. The sound so heard as if originating behind the reflecting surface is an echo. An echo returns to the point from which the sound originated if the reflecting surface is at right angles to it. An oblique surface deflects the sound in another direction so that it may be heard elsewhere, though not at the point where the sound originated. If the direct and reflected sounds succeed one another with great rapidity, as happens when the reflecting surface is near, the echo only clouds the original sound so that it is not heard distinctly, and it is this which interferes with the hearing in churches and other large buildings.—Philadelphia Press.

Deals by Barter.

Long as it is since deals were usually effected by barter money still does not enter into much of the business done in rural parts of Great Britain. The most general transaction by this system is grinding corn. Gleaners instead of paying the miller for converting their wheat into flour or barley into meal allow him to retain a certain proportion of the grain, and in Wales even farmers commonly do likewise. Village blacksmiths in Wales have many similar deals. Frequently one gets a neighboring farmer to haul him a load of coal to his smithy, and thus becomes indebted to him for so many hours' work, the number depending on the distance and whether more than one horse is employed. If before the next harvest the farmer requires any smithy work done the debt may be wiped out, but if it is still owing then the smith discharges it by going into the harvest field himself.—Pearson's Weekly.

Witchery of a Barn.

There is a spirit of poetry about a barn, and unconsciously men are touched by it. In youth it kindles our imagination and fosters our susceptibility to the simple beauty of common things; daybreak, with the fresh sweetness of the wet grass about us as we go up the path toward the great barn still darkly silhouetted against the brightening sky, with the weathercock, high up against the topmost band of pink, pointing to clear. With the opening of the barn door the day's work begins; the horse whinnies at the sound for his corn; the cattle move expectantly in their stanchion rows; the chickens cackle and cluck in the daylight as they drop fluttering to the floor. Day has begun—day, with all its activities, with all its commonness, with all its mysteries. Something of all this we feel unknowingly as we pull back the heavy bolt and throw open the barn door. Suburban Life.

Elephants' Tusks.

The largest tusks of Indian elephants measure not over four or five feet in length, outside curve, and about sixteen inches in circumference at the gum and weigh about seventy-five pounds. The tusks, except those of very aged elephants, are sold only for a portion of their length. The hollow is filled with firm, bloody pulp. In young animals the tusks are solid only for a portion of their length even outside the gum and are hollow through out the embedded portion. With age the pulp cavity decreases in depth till in very old animals it becomes almost obliterated.

When She Would Return.

"I saw your mother going to one of the neighbors as I crossed the street," said the lady caller to her friend's little son. "Do you know when she will be back?"

"Yes, 'm," answered the truthful Jimmy; "she said she'd be back just as soon as you left."—Lippincott's.

One Way of Getting Out.

Gaston burst like a whirlwind in upon his friend Alphonse. "Will you be my witness?" he cried.

"Going to fight?"

"No; going to get married."

Alphonse after a pause inquired, "Can't you apologize?"—Cri de Paris.

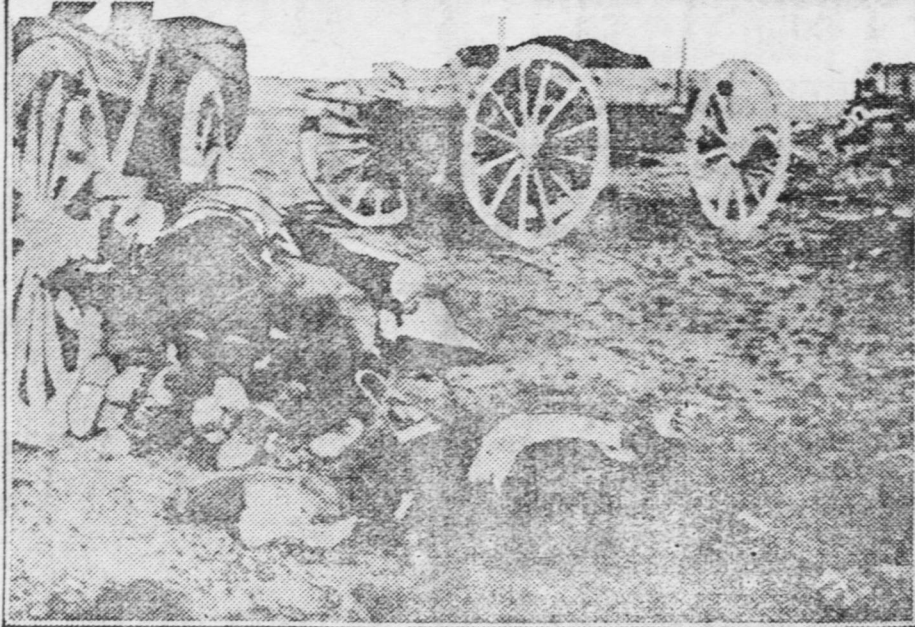
Same Thing Now.

"You know woman was once the head of the family," she said.

"No need to speak of that in the past tense," replied her husband meekly.—Philadelphia Ledger.

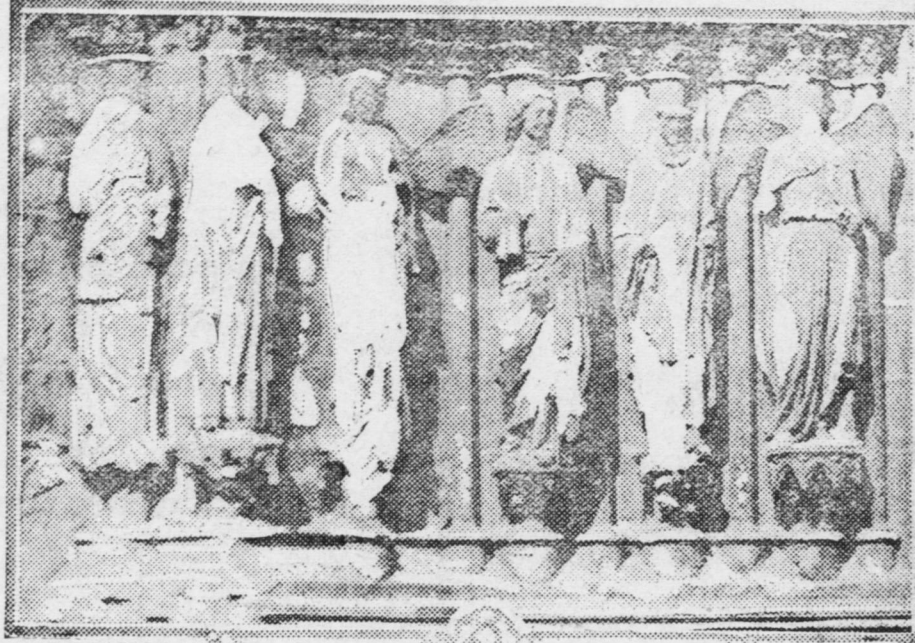
Jealousy is the fear or apprehension of superiority; envy is our uneasiness under it.

REMOVING DEAD FROM BATTLEFIELD.



This photograph was made just after the battle of Mons.

DAMAGE DONE TO RHEIMS CATHEDRAL.



© 1914, by American Press Association.

This shows merely a small section of the outer wall on which the damage done to the statues by the German shells is plainly seen.

CARRIER PIGEONS IN WARFARE.



Photo by American Press Association.

The Belgian soldiers carry carrier pigeons with them, transporting them in cages on the backs of cavalrymen.

Atomic Attraction.

Hydrogen and oxygen gases separately may be compressed to the liquid form, and then the compression further is exceedingly difficult. But in the chemical union of two atoms of hydrogen with one of oxygen to form a water molecule the immense force of atomic attraction, or chemism, as one may prefer to name the force, is one of the most powerful in nature. It reduces huge volumes of the gases down to a far less volume, and the force is far greater than can be secured in any machine of screws, levers or hydraulic presses. Atomic attraction is perhaps the most powerful in nature. At least it is strong enough to hold atoms of steel and platinum together and diamonds.—New York American.

Napier at the Battle of Mesinee.

When in the fight I held my life as gone, for as to escaping all idea of that vanished when I saw the Twenty-second giving way and was obliged to ride between the fires of two lines not twenty yards apart. I expected death as much from our men as the enemy, and I was much singed by our fire, my whiskers twice or thrice so and my face peppered by fellows who in their fear fired high over all heads but mine and nearly scattered my brains. In agony I rode, holding my reins with a broken hand (he had sprained it a few days before) and quite unequal to a single combat had a Beloochee picked me out, as one was about to do when Marston slew him.—Letter of Sir Charles Napier.

Easily Classified.

Hemmandhaw, who was writing a letter, looked up to inquire: "Is it ever permissible to apply gender to volcanoes?"

"I don't know," Mrs. Hemmandhaw returned, "but if it is they are surely masculine."

"Why?"

"Because they sputter, grumble and smoke."—Youngstown Telegram.

Strong Talker.

"Mr. Smith, won't you please talk to me?"

"Why, certainly, my little girl. But what do you want me to say?"

"Won't you please talk like you did when you were talking to yourself in the library when the dog jumped at you? Mine's so straight, and mamma said the way you talked made her hair curl."—Baltimore American.

Fashionable Fainting.

In an old English scrap book is the following clipping, dated June 1, 1790:

No Woman can now discover her Distinction of true Breeding better than by a well-timed Faint at the musical Festival in Westminster Abbey. The Noble Managers fly from their Box to her Assistance. "Who is she?"—"Lovely Girl!"—"Feeling Creature!" instantly reverberates from one Aisle to another. But like all tonish Ails, this, it seems, is now descending to inferior Ranks; for no less than three City Ladies were among the five female Fainters of Saturday last. To prevent therefore the further Extent of this fashionable Influenza the Managers, we learn, intend issuing some thing like the following Notice, in Imitation of the Lord Chamberlain's Notice to the Courty Dancers, viz:

"Such Ladies who intend to Faint at the next Abbey Performance, are desired to send their Names, Rank, and Places of Abode to Mr. Ashley, on or before 12 o'clock to-morrow; that a sufficient Proportion of Bars Rest may be set apart, in Order to give to the whole Performance the desired Effect!"

Waylaying Mendelssohn.

After the London performance of "St. Paul" by the Sacred Harmonic society at Exeter hall in 1837 Mendelssohn's coach was waylaid at midnight on his way to Dover, but instead of being robbed the composer was presented with a silver snuffbox by a group of devotees. He had behaved with charming grace in an awkward incident. The London performance in question was to have been conducted by him. But the Birmingham festival was just due, and he was the great attraction there in the same oratorio. It was felt that his appearance as conductor in London at that juncture would detract from the importance of his visit to Birmingham. Mendelssohn saw the point and canceled his London engagement. But he attended the performance and was so winning to all concerned—audience, performers, officials—that he turned a disappointment into a scene of wild enthusiasm.

Good Guess.

First Passenger—I understand that your city has the rottenest political ring in the country. Second Passenger—That's right. But how did you know where I'm from? First Passenger—I don't.—Life.

Inventor of Turpinitie Which Has Killed Many Germans



M. TURPIN.

This is the inventor of turpinitie, the deadly gas which has been inclosed in French shells. It is said that one of these shells weighing fifty-six pounds will kill every one in a space of 400 yards of where it explodes. M. Turpin, the inventor, is shown in his laboratory. Scores of Germans have been found dead in trenches without a single wound in localities where this shell has been used. The French however, are about to abandon its use because of the great danger in firing it.

African English.

An extraordinary jargon, which is claimed to be the English language, is spoken by many of the natives on the African continent. Mrs. Mary Gaunt in her book "Alone in West Africa" says:

"Listening very carefully, it took a great deal of persuasion to make me believe the words were English. When I bought bananas from a woman sitting under the shade of a spreading cotton tree and the man behind her came forward and held out his hand, saying, 'Make you gie me been, voman coppa all,' I grasped the fact that he intended to have the money long before I understood that he had said in the only English and probably in the only speech he knew, 'Give me her money.'

"Some of the words, of course, become commonplaces of everyday life, and I am sure the next time I call on a friend who is rich enough to have a manservant association of ideas will take me back, and I shall ask quite naturally, 'Massa lib? instead of the customary 'Is Mrs. Jones at home?'"

Bush Negroes of Guiana.

The bosch negroes (bush negroes) of French Guiana are magnificent specimens of physical manhood. To the numerous cues of their braided hair are often attached nickel bicycle clips and to their ears rings of gold. Gaudy colored breechcloths "made in Germany" are practically their only clothing. They are pagans and worship the cotton tree to propitiate a bad spirit. Obeah is the name they give to anything about which they may be superstitious, applying it to all evil influences, to their fetishes or charms in general. Many resented a camera as a bad obeah.

Their language, called taki-taki (talk-talk) is a most remarkable linguistic compound of their original Cromanti coast dialects, with a good measure of pidgin English and Dutch and spiced with a few derivatives from French and Spanish.

Dilemmas of Welsh Postmen.

The postal departments of certain districts in Wales are in a well nigh chaotic condition owing to the preponderance of families bearing the name of Jones. For example, the poor, unfortunate Swansea Valley postman is to be pitted when he finds that he has to deliver correctly seventeen letters, all addressed confidentially to "Mr. Jones," where there are nine different families of the name within a radius of 500 yards in a district where the houses are erratically numbered and most of the streets are nameless. So numerous are the Joneses in this part of the principality and so rapid is the growth of the places in the valley that it is now almost impossible for a postman—probably a Jones himself—to give the right letters to the right Joneses every time.—London Cor. Washington Post.

A Thundering Yarn.

A year or two ago, in a North of England city, writes Mr. J. H. Elgir, F. R. A. S., in the Yorkshire Weekly Post, a man told me that during a very violent thunderstorm all the windows of his club were thrown wide open. "To let the lightning in!" I remarked. "Not exactly," he replied, "but to let it out again if it did get in." As a fact, it accepted the invitation to enter the club with alacrity, and though it magnanimously spared the foolhardy people responsible for the invitation, it wrecked a large safe in an adjoining room. The person who related this to me said he would ever after look upon lightning as the "cutest thing in creation." It is the flash that murders; the poor thunder never harm'd head.

The Little Thing Counted.

The Pastor (dining with the family)—Ah, yes, Brother Smithers, it is the little things of this life that count! Little Willie (in a loud whisper)—Maw, that's the sixth biscuit he's took.—Exchange.

WHEN FACING DEATH.

Pain or Fright, It Would Appear, is Rarely Present.

A distinguished British physician who has been at some pains to collect data on the subject asserts that few persons about to die have really any fear of dissolution. There is cited the case of the African explorer who was partially devoured by a lion. He declared that he felt no pain or fear and that his only sensation was one of intense curiosity as to what portion of his body the lion would take next.

Zustem Pasha, Turkish ambassador at London, used to tell of an attack made upon him by a bear during a hunt in the east. The bear tore off a bit of the Turk's hand, a part of his arm and a portion of his shoulder. Rustem solemnly averred that he suffered neither pain nor fear, but that he felt the greatest indignation because the bear grunted with so much satisfaction while munching him.

Grant Allen, whose scientific habit of thought gave weight to his words, says that in his boyhood he had a narrow escape from drowning.

While skating he fell through thin ice over a place whence several blocks had the day before been removed. He was carried under the thicker ice beyond and when he came to the surface tried to break through by butting his head against it. The result was that he was stunned, then numbed by the cold and so waterlogged that artificial respiration had to be employed to restore him. These are the impressions as recorded by him with reference to the pain he suffered:

"The knowledge that I have thus experienced death in my own person has had a great deal to do with my utter physical indifference to it. I know how it feels. I had only a sense of cold damp and breathlessness, a short struggle, and then all was over.

"I had been momentarily uncomfortable, but it was not half so bad as breaking an arm or having a tooth drawn. In fact, dying is as painless as falling asleep. It is only the previous struggle, the sense of its approach, that is at all uncomfortable. Even this is less unpleasant than I should have expected. There was a total absence of any craven shrinking. The sensation was merely the physical one of gasping for breath.—Harper's Weekly.

Not Since the Flood.

Sir Henry Irving once received what he at the time considered a very paltry snub, delivered him by a highlander. While touring in Scotland the actor visited some of the notable traditional scenes associated with Shakespearean drama. As a matter of course one of the first pilgrimages was to the blasted heath where Macbeth met the witches. In an agreeable mood Sir Henry as they drove along turned smilingly to his driver.

"Are there any witches about now?" he asked.

The driver whipped up his horses. "Not since the flood," he replied in his curt Scots way.

BUILDING A LIGHTHOUSE.

Rearing the Bell Rock Tower Was a Perilous Piece of Work.

Right down to the time of John Smeaton, who invented the stone tower, lighthouses were built of wood. It was Smeaton's success in placing a stone edifice on the dreaded Fiddystone rocks in the eighteenth century which really gave an impetus to lighthouse building, and since then the sea builder has achieved many notable conquests in all parts of the globe.

The next erected was that built by R. Stevenson on the Bell rock, on the famous Inch cape reef, off the coast of Scotland. The construction of this lighthouse was one long, terrible battle with the angry sea. The securing of the foundations, naturally the most hazardous part of the whole undertaking, proved exceedingly difficult.

It is recorded that the men worked with desperation. Only two could remain on the rock at a time, but they stuck there with the tenacity of leeches, the cold waters of the North sea bearing down every few minutes and sweeping entirely over them. When the first stone was at last swung into position the men, ragged, chilled and worn with the awful struggle, clung to the iron rods which they had erected upon the reef and cheered madly, like soldiers just over the ramparts of an enemy's fort.

Again and again they were absolutely driven from the rock. When the tower began to appear well above the sea terrible storms arose and swamped the works. On several occasions blocks weighing as much as two tons were ruthlessly torn out of their places and swept into the sea despite dovetailed joints and portland cement. In the end the sea builder proved victorious, as he always does, but it cost four years' labor and the expenditure of £60,000 before the lighthouse stood complete.—Wide World Magazine.

Near Laurels.

A certain major in the Philippines, who seemed to be favored with the good will of the powers, managed in some way always to get leave just before trouble with the natives was due. His colonel suspected him of having no stomach for fighting.

"Some day," remarked the colonel, "they'll want to give that fellow a decoration, and I'll suggest one. It will be a wreath of leaves of absence."

Why Men's Hats Have a Bow.

A bow is always to be found on the left side of a man's hat. This is a survival of the old days when hats were costly articles. In order to provide against the hat being blown away in stormy weather a cord or ribbon was fastened around the crown, with ends hanging so that they could be fastened to part of the attire or could be grasped by the hand. The ends fell on the left side, of course, as the left hand is more often disengaged than the right. When not required it was usual for the ends to be tied in a bow. The bow became smaller and smaller, but it still remains and is likely to do so as long as men wear hats.

JAMES COLANGELO

Italian interpreter

and Labor Information Bureau

Hotel Montgomery

Indiana, Pa.

To the Wholesaler.

In placing INDIANA MACARONI on the market we are confident that the quality of our product will create a big demand. Our plant is equipped with the most modern machinery, and our Mr. L. Giammerini has expert knowledge and experience in Macaroni preparation.

To the retailer.

If you are unable to procure INDIANA MACARONI from your wholesaler, or if we have no representative in your town, write us and we will refer your name and address to your nearest wholesaler. If you desire a special kind of Macaroni, we can supply you. It will pay you to stock the highest grades. If our product is given an opportunity, we are convinced that your costumers will always ask for INDIANA MACARONI.

To the Consumer.

INDIANA MACARONI is made in the same way as the genuine Italian Macaroni. Macaroni, like bread, is best when fresh, and of course being made in Western Pennsylvania, you can buy INDIANA MACARONI when only a few days old.

If you want absolutely the highest quality, ask for INDIANA MACARONI.

If you want good fruits go to ROSS' STORE corner Sixth and Water st. or call Local 'phone.

We get fresh fruits of all kinds twice a week.

We specialize on California fruits.