

**No, indeed.**  
"There's no place like home, you know."  
"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum, "but home doesn't always pay the salary that Washington does."—Washington Star.

**Walking Exercise.**  
In a brisk walk of twenty minutes' duration a person brings into play all the muscles of the body, the abdominal organs are shaken into activity, the lungs are filled with fresh air and are thus assisted in their natural function of purifying the blood, the action of the heart is quickened and strengthened, so that the blood, well aerated in the lungs, flows abundantly to the brain and washes out all the poison with which work and worry clog it. Every business man with a sedentary occupation ought to walk to and from his office if it is possible, as he would derive great benefit from the practice.

**Curious Beehives.**  
In the village of Hoefel, Silesia, there are a number of beehives in the shape of life size figures cleverly carved in wood and painted in colors. The figures were carved more than a century ago by monks of the Naumburg monastery, who were at that time in possession of a large farm in the district. The beehives represent different characters, ranging from Moses to a military officer, a country girl and a night watchman with a spear.

**Chance Visitors.**  
"Is there such a thing as a new thought?"  
"Maybe there is and maybe there isn't," replied the cynical man. "Some people entertain a thought so seldom that whenever one strikes them they get the idea that it's new."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

**Cause For Worry.**  
"You must take exercise," said the physician, "and by all means worry less. Play golf."  
"Doctor," replied the patient, "you mean well, but a man who plays my kind of golf game can't help worrying."  
**Too Bad.**  
Jinks—Couldn't you borrow a thousand at the bank on your character? Binks—Impossible! I keep hens, and the banker lives next door to me!—St. Louis Republic.

**Optimistic.**  
Cheerful Undertaker—Beautiful day for the funeral, sir; just enough breeze to stir the plumes. Now jump in, sir, please.—London Tatler.

**Montezuma's Castle.**  
In the Verde valley, twenty-six miles southeast of Clarkdale, Ariz., is a remarkable ruin known as Montezuma's castle. It is one of the finest and best preserved monuments left by a people known as the ancient cliff dwellers. The castle is on the right bank of the beautiful tree fringed Beaver creek, three miles from the inland town of Camp Verde, and occupies a natural depression in the vertical limestone cliff 340 feet from the stream and eighty feet above it. The castle proper is five stories, each story receding by several feet, and is substantially built. The masonry is admirable when it is considered the rude stone implements with which the builders had to work. The stones are squared and faced and laid in cement that has stood the wear of centuries. The lintels over the doors are of hewn cedar. Seen from a distance, it is very striking. In the perpendicular front of the white and gray and yellow limestone cliff, about halfway up, is a huge circular natural cavity, and therein stands the noble pile of Montezuma's castle.—Exchange.

**Our Wisdom Teeth.**  
The wisdom teeth are the four last molar teeth to grow. They come one on each side of each jaw and arrive somewhere between the ages of twenty and twenty-five years. The name is given them because it is supposed that when a person has developed physically and mentally to the point where he has secured these last four teeth he has also arrived at the age of discretion. It does not necessarily mean that one who has cut his wisdom teeth is wise, but that, having lived long enough to grow these, which complete the full set of teeth, the person has passed sufficient actual years that, if he has done what he should to fit himself for life, he should have come by that time at the age of discretion or wisdom. As a matter of fact, these teeth grow at about the same age in people whether they are wise or not.—Exchange.

**Naval War College.**  
The naval war college, to provide post graduate courses of study for officers of the United States navy, was established at Newport, R. I., in 1884, with Commodore Stephen B. Luce as its first president.

Trees are carried away by the flood, while rushes remain.—Proverb.

**An Impossible Undertaking.**  
"I hear that you have been laid up with nervous prostration. What's the cause—overwork or worry?"  
"Both. I tried to have a photograph taken that suited my wife."—New York Times.

**An Odd Court Incident.**  
Sensational incidents are not uncommon in the closing stages of famous criminal trials. One of the most remarkable occurred in Melbourne on the last day of the trial of Ned Kelly, known as the "ironclad bushranger of Australia." A knife dropped from a gallery overhead and fell at the feet of the desperado in the dock. He had every temptation to grasp it and put an end to his existence, for there was not the slightest chance of his escaping the gallows. But it was promptly picked up by a bailiff, and its owner was arrested and brought before the judge. He pleaded that the occurrence was purely accidental, and the explanation was accepted by the court.

**Burying the Hatchet.**  
This expression, meaning "let bygones be bygones," is derived from a custom once in vogue among the North American Indians. According to a command of the "great spirit," they were obliged, when they smoked the pipe of peace, to bury in the ground their tomahawks, scalping knives and war clubs in token that all enmity was at an end.

**Modern Version.**  
The Amazon forces were about to charge.  
"Wait until you can see the powder on their noses," directed the lady military genius who commanded the other feminine troops.—Kansas City Journal.

**Grim Solace.**  
"Is Bliggins an optimist?"  
"Yes. He's one of the kind who convince you that everything is going to the bowwows and then tell you there is no use worrying about it."—Washington Star.

**His Ordeal.**  
The sympathetic neighbor asked: "Is your little brother ill this morning, Johnnie? I heard him crying in the most heartrending way."  
"No, not exactly," Johnnie explained, "but Willie pulled down a jar of molasses on himself in the pantry, and mother has been trying to comb his hair."—New York Globe.

**Girl's Father**—But how can you support my daughter? Twenty dollars a week won't pay the rent.  
**Suitor**—You don't mean to say you'll charge Edith and me rent, do you?—Boston Transcript.

**Under Cover.**  
"Johnny, did you go to the butcher's and see if he had calf's brains?"  
"Yes, mother, but I couldn't see them."  
"Why not?"  
"Because he had his hat on."—Philadelphia Record.

**The Macgregors.**  
The Macgregors were forbidden to use their family name in 1603. The proscription was removed by Charles II., only to be inflicted again in the reign of William and Mary. It was not till 1822 that a royal license to use the name was granted to Sir Charles Macgregor, up to then known as "Murray." In the early years of the seventeenth century every man's hand was raised against this persecuted race, and they could be mutilated and slain with impunity.—London Spectator.

**Winged Creatures.**  
"Is your wife trying to make a social butterfly of you?"  
"No," replied Mr. Cumrox. "I don't stand any chance of being a winged creature of airy grace. If you want to classify me you'll have to get away from the insects and try the birds. I'm the goose that lays the golden eggs."—Washington Star.

**"A Heart Bowed Down," Etc.**  
A teacher in a Boston public school received an examination from a little girl of ten years, who wrote beneath the questions she had answered:  
"If some of these questions are wrongly answered it will be because I have troubles of which the great world neither knows nor cares, therefore excuse wrong answers."—Exchange.

Why is it that a girl who can't get her own brother to walk across a road for her can get some other girl's brother to run a mile for her?—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Hope is a dream a man has when he is awake.

Stretching the truth won't make it last any longer.

It is not our wrong actions which it requires courage to confess so much as those that are ridiculous and foolish.—Rousseau.

**RECIPROCITY.**  
There is one word which may serve as a rule of practice for all one's life—that word is reciprocity. What you do not wish done to yourself do not do to others.—Confucius.

**Pretty Ancient.**  
A Welsh chieftain quoted a genealogical tree which carried his family beyond Adam, but a living historian begins his book on the valley of the Connecticut at a date now 17,000,000 years old!—Florida Times-Union.

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**Heard on the Highway.**  
We ought to be mighty glad when heaven comes down to see us, but that's the time some folks run away.  
Folks miss happiness by sittin' still an' waitin' for it to come an' pay the rent an' cancel the mortgage. But happiness is no free gift, an' it ain't on the bargain counter.—Atlanta Constitution.

**Queer Nest of the Tontobane.**  
The oddest of all birds' nests is the one built by the tontobane, a South African songster. It is built of cotton and always upon the tree producing the material. In constructing the domicile the female works inside and the male outside, where he builds a sentinel box for his own special use. He sits in the box and keeps watch or sings nearly all the time, and when danger comes in the form of a hawk or a snake he warns the family, but never enters the main nest.

Typhoons do not occur outside of the tropics. They break out only in hot, damp, still air.

**Expecting Too Much.**  
It was a cold, raw day, but the Neversweats and the Fearnoughts were playing a game of ball on the prairie just the same.

The pitcher for the Neversweats, his fingers half frozen, failed dismally in getting the balls over the plate.  
"Aw," said the captain, "I tought ye wuz one o' dese cold weather pitchers!"  
"I am," said the slab artist, blowing on his benumbed digits to warm them. "but I aint a ice pitcher, blame ye!"—Chicago Tribune.

**FOR SALE**  
Confectionery Store, located in the heart of business section of Punxsutawney. Owner wishes to sell on account of leaving for different state. Write  
314 East Mahoning St.,  
Punxsutawney, Pa.

**Funston's Nickname.**  
General Frederick Funston was a member of the Phi Delta Theta fraternity at the University of Kansas. The general's fraternity brothers at Kansas knew him as "Timmy." This nickname came about through the poor writing of the fraternity member who sent in the names of the pledges the year Funston became a Phi Delt. The name was printed "Timston" in the Phi Delta Theta magazine, and in the form of "Timmy" stuck to the stocky, cocky collegian throughout his college career.—Kansas City Star.

Many a man imagines that he knows all about the financial question because he once had occasion to cash a two dollar check.

**Too Sore to Shake.**  
"Did you take the mixture I gave you?"  
"To tell you the truth, I did not, doctor."

"Why not?"  
"Well, I fancy you made a little mistake. You gave me ague mixture. It says, 'Shake before taking,' and my complaint is rheumatism."—Pall Mall Gasette.

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