

HOW TO GET RICH.

"How to get rich is a phrase that has magic charm," said F. C. Schneider, of Boston, at the New Willard. "To its sound every one lends an attentive ear. It is only natural. We say 'money talks' and money does this and that. In fact, money does everything and anything, except buy happiness. Money is the world's motive power, the great dynamo which keeps the wheels of progress in motion, and how to get it is one of the problems of every man's life. I was thinking of a plan a young friend of mine adopted for the attainment of a certain object in which money, not riches, was an important factor. And yet the lesson which he taught himself by this scheme was of such value that it has to a more or less extent dominated his course until now he is in easy circumstances.

"I am persuaded that my friend had studied systems of economics and finances no little in quest of the rule which would make a safe foundation for the building of a fortune. The rule he found is as easy as it is simple. A laborer works for his money, for instance, while a capitalist's money works for him.—Having this principle firmly fixed in his mind, he determined, although he was working for a salary, to make his modest income do a certain amount of work for him. First I will mention why he cast about for a solution of this problem. He was in love.—He wished to marry, and the girl of his choice was reared in refinement, if not luxury. He sickened at the thought of condemning her to a life of drudgery. He wished to surround her with comforts, and to do this he had to lay his plans well.

"Here is what he did. He was earning a fixed salary. He concluded he would make his money pay him 10 per cent. He had to handle it, to be bothered with it, to be responsible for it, and why not exact a tribute for his services? Accordingly he consulted a banker who was his personal friend and the friend of his father before him. He sought the counsel of the banker. He unfolded his plans. He gave the banker notes drawn up against himself for \$10 per week, with the request that the bank attend to the collection of the notes the same as if they represented a business transaction between two people.

"He knew to neglect one meant that it would be protested and his name would be handed around among the bank clerks as a young man who would not meet his obligations. This was a spur to him. He paid these notes promptly and they were deposited to his credit. He worked this plan for two years, and it became so firmly fixed in his system that to this day he is his own creditor. In this manner he got his start and laid the foundation for a successful business career. It is a good plan and as simple as falling off a log."—Washington Star.

HARRISONVILLE.

Miss Sadie Barber spent Saturday night with Miss Bertha Wilson.

Mrs. Jane Decker is dangerously ill.

N. S. Strait and Miss Roxy M. Sipe spent Christmas with Miss Roxy's sister at Foltz, Franklin county.

We are glad to hear that the Knobsville correspondent gets along so well on his beer and native herbs. We are away off in a lonely place where we can't get that many doses a year.

The memory of our good friend R. P. Schooley runs back as he sits by his comfortable fireside these long winter evenings to the times when his grandmother spent her evenings with the little spinning wheel, preparing flax or wool for domestic use. This led Dick to go to the garret and brush the dust off the old wheel and bring it down stairs, and now he takes great pleasure in showing his friends how the wheel did its work.

Our friends down on Pleasant Ridge say they have plenty of wood to keep them warm this cold weather; plenty to eat; plenty to wear; not much to do, and all the neighbors are sociable and each minds his own business.—[We wonder whether there are any houses for rent over there?—Editor.]

Reed Downs was visiting friends in the Cove.

Mrs. Annie Plessinger is seriously ill.

George Diehl and Charles Crookes were at Rays Hill.

Hello, boys! Next time you go out Saturday evening take your sleighs with you.

Will Diehl took a sleigh ride to the Valley with Miss Layton.

Miss Verna Downs is visiting in the home of Samuel Diehl, and other friends.

Lemuel Smith has now got the cage; next will be the bird.

A number of the young people were expecting a merry sleigh ride to Pleasant Grove to attend an institute, but were disappointed.

John Morgret is done sawing at one set, and will move to another.

Rettie Hixon is working for Andy Mellott.

Miss Lilly Layton visited her cousin Grace.

Emory Diehl made a trip to Franklin Mills Thursday. Make good use of the snow, Emory.

Miss Bessie Sharp is working for her grandfather, Abner Mellott.

We think that Ira Smith is learning the road.

Harry Plessinger will move in the near future.

Miss Grace Layton spent a few days in the Cove.

Thought He Was a Doorkeeper.

Two ladies were wandering through the senate wing of the capitol one day recently when one of them approached Senator Hawley.

"Will you please show us the president's room?" they asked.

Senator Hawley not only did the honors of the president's room, but



"THANK YOU VERY MUCH."

escorted them to the room of the committee on military affairs to display to the visitors the handsome frescoes of that apartment.

"Thank you very much," said one of the ladies, and then she slipped into Senator Hawley's hand a silver quarter.

"My dear madam," said Senator Hawley, "I am one of the senators from Connecticut, and you cannot expect me to accept anything for doing you a kindness."

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed the lady. "Are you a senator? I thought you were a doorkeeper."—Washington Letter.

And He Winketh Not.

If there is one thing more annoying than another that a cabinet officer has to contend with, it is the oft repeated rumor that he is about to resign or that the president is trying to force him out. Both Secretaries Gage and Long grew very tired answering questions about their tenure of office long before they were ready to step out, and now Secretary of Agriculture Wilson and Secretary of the Interior Hitchcock are having the same experience.

"I'll tell you what I'll do when I get ready to leave," said Secretary Wilson to a knot of inquirers the other day. "I'll wink my left eye very impressively, and then you'll know that the resignation is in."

"But you may forget some day and wink when you have no intention of conveying that idea," he was told.

"Don't be alarmed," was the answer of the head farmer of the government. "You know the Scripture says, 'Cursed be he that winketh with the eye.'"

Which was taken to mean that he has no immediate intention of quitting.—Washington Letter.

Midshipman Once More.

Twenty years ago the term "midshipman," to designate the young man at the Naval academy, was abandoned and the meaningless "naval cadet" was substituted for it. Now, by the naval appropriation act just passed, the old form is restored. Every lover of Cooper and Captain Marryat and Clark Russell and other romancers of the sea will be glad to welcome back the good old title of midshipman.—Youth's Companion.

The general staff of the French army was all present at the scene of the battle of Sedan recently for the purpose of receiving an object lesson in American organization in moving, housing and feeding an army of people. The first of the four big trains of Barnum & Bailey's circus arrived at 5 o'clock, and by 9 a hot and elaborate breakfast for 700 was served at tables. Meanwhile every tent had been erected and every seat mounted. Costumes had been unpacked and hundreds of horses stabled, curried and fed. The staff declared that even the crack artillery regiments could not equal the performance, and the Thirty-sixth field artillery regiment was ordered out from barracks to entrain and detrain. Various faults were pointed out by Mr. Bailey and his superintendent. A stenographer took down the suggestions, which will later be embodied in a report to the minister of war. The staff was served with supper in the circus tent, and then the whole circus melted away toward the next town in three hours.

Scheel's Prompt Reply.

Fritz Scheel, director of the Philadelphia orchestra, has a fondness for American slang and colloquialisms that is far in excess of his aptness in acquiring the exact words and sense. When he first came to Philadelphia in the summer of 1899, he was struck by the expression "out of sight" spoken with fine heartiness to indicate pleasure and satisfaction with the general order of things. Scheel determined to make use of it at the first opportunity and to that end repeated it over and over to himself, always keeping in mind the circumstances under which it should be uttered.

Mr. Elias met the musician one afternoon when the latter was playing at Woodside park and cheerily called out:

"How are you, Fritz?"

"You don't see me!" was Scheel's prompt and amazing reply.—Philadelphia Times.

New Jersey's Leech Industry.

"Hirudo day" is an anniversary in New Jersey that is never heard of elsewhere. It is the day on which the men who gather leeches for medical use go to town to collect their pay, leaving it till this particular day. Leech buying is not the work for a novice. The question of price is not at all involved in the game, as the leech catchers have the only trust permitted on New Jersey soil, and they fix the price per dozen at which they will sell. Their prices range from \$1.50 to \$3.50 per dozen this year, according to the age of the leech. A leech under the age of eighteen months is not a medicinal leech. His suctorial proboscis is not fully developed until he passes seventeen months, although he acquires a full set of semicircular teeth in his jaws at the age of one year.

How Russell Sage is Guarded.

Mr. Sage's office is in the building occupied by the National Bank of Commerce, in Nassau street. In an anteroom sits his faithful guardian and confidential man, Mr. Menzies, through whom the aged financier must be reached. Mr. Menzies is protected by a partition having a latticed wire top with iron spikes reaching to the ceiling. It would be impossible for a man to climb over these spikes or to throw a bomb between them. Mr. Sage is not always accompanied in the street or in traveling between his home and office by a bodyguard or detective. Frequently he goes about entirely alone and seemingly is without fear except when in his office.—New York Press.

A Singular Competition.

A singular contest has just taken place near Birmingham. Stones were placed a yard apart for a hundred yards, and a local butcher had undertaken to pick each one up separately and return it to a basket at the end of the line. The time allowed to accomplish this performance was fifty-five minutes, and the butcher succeeded in finishing in forty-eight minutes. The task is not so simple as it first appears, for when in the seventies he was running something like 150 yards for each stone, which was increased to 200 at the finish. In this way he covered a considerable distance—it is estimated between five and six miles.—London Standard.

Our Meat Exports.

The total annual export value of United States meat, of which beef forms the principal item, is in round figures \$100,000,000. If we add to this the distributive sales of the various packing establishments in the United States for the domestic market as well, we find that it reaches the enormous total of 1,000,000 carloads, valued at \$2,000,000,000. Added to this is the value of the many byproducts of the packing house, which amount to many millions more.—Leslie's Monthly.

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You will find many articles here that you do not see in other stores. There has been a furniture store on this spot for 75 years and yet there are many of the younger people and some others who don't know it. That is the reason we are telling you about it.

About a block farther, on the bank of the Conococheague, whose water drives the machinery, you will find our factory; where with skilled mechanics and seasoned lumber we can make almost anything you may require.

COME TO OUR STORE and look around—Much to see that is interesting even if you don't want to buy. We want you to know what it is and where it is.

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I will make monthly visits to these places during the season, and will receive work and return it.

Thankful for past favors, and soliciting a continuance of the same, I am, respectfully,

H. H. HERTZLER, Burnt Cabins, Pa.

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