

DOWN IN THE DUST.

Is it worth while that we justify a brother bearing his load on the rough road of life? Is it worth while that we peer at each other in blackness of heart? that we war to the knife? God pity us all in our pitiful straits.

For specific rates and time of of trains application should be made to ticket agents, or to Tourist Agent, Room 111, Broad Station, Philadelphia.

Special Reduced Rate Excursion to the Ocean Grove Camp Meeting via Pennsylvania Railroad.

For the benefit of those desiring to visit Ocean Grove (Asbury Park) during the great camp meeting, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will, on August 22, sell excursion tickets to that point from stations named below at the very low rates quoted.

These tickets will be good for passage to Philadelphia or train named below, thence or regular trains of that day to Ocean Grove (Asbury Park):—

Table with columns: Leave Williamsport, Sunbury, Adamsburg, Beavertown, Middleburg, Selinsgrove, Harrisburg, Arrive Philadelphia. Includes times and rates.

Tickets will be good for return passage on regular trains until August 29, inclusive, and will permit of stop-off at Philadelphia within limit.

Choir Convention.

The eighth Annual Snyder county Choir Convention will be held at the usual place near Freeburg on Saturday, August 23, at 10 o'clock A. M.

THIRTEEN YEARS EXPERIENCE.

MILLER'S FALLS, MASS.—"During the past thirteen years," said Mr. W. A. Johnson of this place, "my wife has been sick from kidney and liver complaint and ulceration of the stomach. At each time she has taken Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, and it cured her. It is a family medicine with us and many of our neighbors."

Reduced Rates to the Seashore.

The next of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company's select excursions to Atlantic City, Cape May, Sea Isle City, Ocean City, Avalon, Angelsea, Wildwood and Holly Beach will be run on Thursday, August 15.

The tickets will permit of a stay of nearly two weeks; and a choice of either of the seashore points named above will be allowed. A special train of parlor cars and day coaches will leave Pittsburg on the above-mentioned date at 8.50 A. M. and the time from other stations will be as follows:—

Table with columns: Rate, Train Leaves, A. M., P. M. Lists destinations like Pittsburg, Altoona, Tyrone, Lewistown, Mifflin, Washington.

A special train will leave Market Street Wharf at 7.30 P. M., August 15, for Atlantic City.

And Theodora went vigorously on with the pear marmalade, until the old clock in the corner struck eleven, and then she poured out a cup of chocolate and ran up stairs to her father's room.

Mr. Reed sat before his study-table, with his temples resting on his hands, his elbows among the chaos of books and papers. Theo went to his side at once and laid her hand on his head.

"Papa," she said wistfully, "is your neuralgia worse?" "Very much worse, Theo," he said, lifting his pain-glazed eyes to her eager, questioning young face.

"But, papa," said she, "what can you do? Old Doctor Denton is out of town, and—"

PIGEONS AT SEA.

PIGEONS AT SEA. FIRING 1500 AERIAL MESSENGERS IN MID-OCEAN.

An Experiment Made to Test the Value of the Birds as Carriers in Case of Accidents to Vessels—Many Messengers Return.

AFTER the accident to the steamship Gascoigne last winter the question was asked of all sides how to get the news in the future of a vessel disabled at sea. By an extraordinary chance the Gascoigne met no other steamer. However provision be made against a parallel occurrence? Some one thought of carrier pigeons. Would they be able to stand their imprisonment on board? Would they suffer from seasickness? And, finally, being let loose, would they set out for their respective destinations, or, seized with fear, would they settle on the yards? These two points were of paramount importance.

It was for the purpose of solving this complicated problem that the Paris Petit Journal placed itself at the head of a carrier pigeon movement. After having let loose the enormous number of sixty thousand pigeons from the Trocadero, the manager chartered an ocean steamer (the Manoubia), and invited the owners of carrier pigeons to a conclusive experiment.

It was decided to put the pigeons on board and let them loose at sea at varying distances. June 29 was the date set for sailing. The port chosen was Saint Nazaire. All the previous day the baskets continued to arrive in such numbers that the entire night was passed in perfecting the multiplicity of arrangements necessary for accommodating so extraordinary a gathering.

Five thousand pigeons as passengers! They must be received registered, sorted, the hampers stowed in such a manner as to be reached conveniently according to distance, thus avoiding future confusion; each pigeon must be marked on the wing with the stamp of the Petit Journal, and be fed constantly, paying special attention to assuaging their thirst, as a pigeon cannot get along without its full supply of fresh water. The plan which the owners had adopted for calling attention to their birds' thirst was very curious. On all the cages cards were tied, by means of which the pigeons made their wants very politely known, as follows:

"A drink, if you please." "We are thirsty." "Some fresh water, if you please." "Please fill our drinking cups."

The water pails circulated freely, while corn was frequently thrownto the cages. The first sorting was done in the station, then the cages were loaded on wagons and driven to the dock, transferred on board the Manoubia—a fast steamer which was bound for terra firma. The Manoubia set out to sea by way of Croisic and Belle Isle, steering toward the west. The account continues:

The barometer said "variable." Amateur sailors as we were, we would much rather have seen the glass point to "fair weather!" But the enthusiasts were delighted. The wind whistled, the sky was overcast and these were excellent conditions for the pigeons, who are timid under a very brilliant glare of sunlight.

The afternoon was well employed, watering the pigeons, attaching the despatches to the winged messengers, tilting the cages for fear of a shower or countermarking them.

Night passed—badly for the landmen—but without a y discomfort to the pigeons, no one of whom suffered from seasickness. We were all aroused at three o'clock in the morning. Every one on deck. Preparations were made for loosening the one hundred kilometre pigeons at four. The cages were brought out. The pigeons seemed to know that the moment had come. They showed every sign of impatience. The doors were lowered. What was going to happen?

The pigeons came out of their temporary homes with an appearance of stupefaction. The spectators were uncertain as to whether they would leave the deck and settle on the yard arms. There was a great fluttering of wings and fifteen hundred pigeons whirled into the air. In five minutes they had disappeared.

At eight o'clock the second batch was let loose under the same conditions at two hundred kilometres. The Manoubia cast anchor at Belle Isle. The sea was decidedly too rough for the passengers. There still remained on board two thousand pigeons to countermark and set loose at three hundred and five hundred kilometres.

The first known results were satisfactory. Not only did the carriers return unerringly, but great flocks of them displayed wonderful sagacity. But two or three bewildered pigeons alighted in the rigging. As to the remainder, they took the homeward route with an admirable precision, and the pigeon houses were alive and noisy with the returning messengers.

The Windmills of Kansas. Western Kansas is entirely unlike Holland because of the scarcity, almost absence, of water, but is becoming very like the Dutch lowlands in the great abundance of windmills, which are becoming so numerous as to fill up the landscape. In the town of Wilson a traveler counted seventy-two windmills in view from the hotel veranda. There is an excellent water supply a few feet below the surface in that region, and every man has an individual supply, raised by the windmills.—New York Sun

A Curiosity in Cells. "The general prevalence of slight colds," said a well-known lawyer at the Continental Hotel last evening, "reminds me of the sad case of an intimate friend of mine who suffers very much from annoying colds. His first wife was a robust woman, who had a wealth of fiery red hair, which, according to his notion, must have kept him comfortably warm at nights. Be that as it may, when she died my friend married a dark-haired woman, and, strange to relate, from the very first night of the honeymoon he was afflicted with a pestering cold. He had a suspicion that the lack of that red hair accounted for his affliction, so, by way of test, he sent his new wife to the seashore, and strange to say, he enjoyed immunity from the cold during her absence.—Philadelphia Record.

What would the reader think of seeing a farmer traveling to market with as many ducks as could be crowded into more than the space of the park between the City Hall and the Post-office in New York City—a mass of perhaps two city blocks of duck flesh and feathers? That was what was driven past us on the Grand Canal one day. Two men in two boats were driving the ducks before them, all as thick upon the water as they could swim. Each man carried a long pole, and the ducks were kept in a line by the pole. With this he kept the red and gray squawking mass in order. He whipped back into its place every duck that sagged out of the mass, or that lagged behind, or showed a disposition to make for the shore. Suddenly several boats came along in the opposite direction—a big chop-boat and two or three smaller vessels. They were sailing swiftly before a fresh breeze directly down upon the acre or two of ducks. There seemed to be no way of preventing a terrible slaughter of poultry. The big chop-boat, like a horse blown before a gale, sped toward the advancing feathered host, and at last the birds that were in the way were almost under her bow. Then a flutter seized many square yards of ducks, the immense flock broke apart, a crack in it opened before the chop-boat, and widened until the boat swept through a canal that divided the flock. Not one duck was run over.—Harper's Magazine.

Quintuple Conduces to Long Life. That quintuple conduces to longevity seems to be demonstrated by the record of longevity in Philadelphia, a matter on which the city prides itself considerably. During the first half of this year the obituary columns of the Ledger contained death notices of 234 women and 189 men who had lived to or beyond the age of eighty years. The greater part of the deaths were of residents of Philadelphia. Thirty women and twenty-six men lived to or beyond the age of ninety years. The extreme ages reached were ninety-nine years by one woman and ninety-six by three men. One colored man has a record all to himself. He was John Gibson, a well known character in Philadelphia, who died on February 21 at the Home for Aged and Infirm Colored People. He claimed to be 139 years old, but the most authentic information made him out to be 117, which was accepted as being probably correct.—New York Sun.

My little girl is only a little girl, and sometimes forgets that the tongue is an unruly member. But she will improve as she grows older." Mr. Hervey spent the summer at Windfield. He was revising the proof-sheets of a theological volume, and liked the quiet and seclusion of the little village.

Perhaps, too, he liked something else about it. At all events, although he did not make the parsonage his home, he spent a great deal of his time there.

"Theo," he said, one day—they had become fast friends by this time—"you have tested so many of the petty trials and annoyances of being a minister's daughter that I wonder if you would ever consent to be a minister's wife?"

"Well," said Theo, half laughing, half blushing, "it would depend a good deal upon who the minister was."

"Suppose it was Henry Hervey?" "Do you really mean it?" said Theo, suddenly growing grave. "It is strange, isn't it?" said he, "that I should lose my heart to such a little termagant as you proved yourself the first day I ever saw you? But it is a foregone conclusion—I am entirely at your mercy. Sweet Theo, will you be my wife?"

And Theo placed her hand in his, with a lovely look of awe and happiness, and answered: "I will!"

Deacon Powers could not comprehend it at all. "If he marries such a high tempered girl as that," said the deacon, "he does it at his peril. Why, I never was so berated in my life as I was that day at the parsonage."

IN A JAPANESE SHOP.

The Japanese shops are uninviting looking places. They have no show-windows; no counters. Their exteriors are blank walls and the entrances are hidden by heavy curtains of black or dark-blue cloth, bearing large red or white letters in Japanese, which take the place of sign-boards. Two or three feet from the sidewalk is a raised platform about fifteen or eighteen inches high, and around it a curious assortment of wooden clogs and sandals, for a native customer always leaves her shoes outside when she enters a shop. And when she is buying or looking at goods she sits on the edge of this platform or squats ungracefully on the matting within.

Foreign buyers are allowed to enter with their shoes on, and three or four chairs are usually kept for their accommodation. The goods are not spread out on shelves or in show-cases, but are kept in boxes and chests usually wrapped in yellow cloth. You take your seat in a chair, a small boy brings you a cup of tea and you tell the merchant what you want, while he bows himself almost double several times to express his appreciation of your patronage. He shouts his orders to a dozen youngsters in what seems outlandish jargon, but they understand it and come rushing in from some back room or "go down"—which is the word for warehouse here—with baskets and boxes full of rolls of the most dainty fabrics. There is usually some one about the place who speaks a little English and he is sent for. The merchant sits down on the floor, unrolls the goods and chatters away, while his chief clerk pretends to explain to you what he is saying. If he cannot show exactly what you want he will ask the hour of sending it to your house and the interpreter will usually bring it the next day. There is no limit to the politeness and deference shown by the Japanese tradesman, and he expresses the highest degree of respect for you when he sucks his teeth with a lessing sound.—Chicago Record.

AT THE DAWNING.

Out in the bush at the morning breaking there came a twitter of startled birds. I turned to see if the child, a strapping, the faint herald of daylight had, sweet eyes looked love into mine that day.

In the gray peace of the dawning dim, As the birds woke up to the light and dawn, Thrilling the air with their music dim, Quiet we lay and smiled to each other, Over the side of the little bed, Till the child said softly: "I love you mother."

"Darling, I did not speak," I said. "A happy light on her face came then, 'Yes, you do,' she said, 'I love you, I love you, your eyes are talking, I love them, your dear little girl, I love you so.'" Thus she smiled down to me, that day, Laying a pink palm 'neath her cheek, With childish trust in the wonderful Of the love that made me look to you.

PITH AND POINT.

"That woman's story is wrong, her face." "How do you know?" "It's so dreadfully plain."—Chicago Record.

"Isn't he rather fast?" "Anxious mother." "Yes, but you sense of the world. I don't he can get away."—Indiana Journal.

There is one redeeming thing about the bicycle craze; the girl who buys his girl one with her money left to buy a piano.—Chicago Globe.

"Three minutes for dinner?" "The railroad porter." "No, he claimed the dollar." "The porter with a three dollars."—Allentown Intelligencer.

McSwatters—"How is that?" "Can always tell when it is raining?" "No, it's not raining." "Oh, no, it's not raining."—Syracuse Post.

"No, Lajo, I can't marry you, the belle of Fater Holber, who shiver." "I'm afraid it will be lucky." "You wear No. 11 shoes."—Chicago Tribune.

At a French Hotel: "Clean your boots, John—well, too." "All right." "Een onnetoyer may not, at your expense, wash them?"—Penny.

Ellis—"Miss Ballou has a pretty sweet voice." "Warburton ought to have it. It has cost him sixty pounds of chocolate in the last six months."—Boston Courier.

A witty Frenchman said: "Death is an excuse for not keeping dinner engagement, and even a polite man would send his excuses to apologize for him."—The Sun.

The skies are blue, the sun is bright, No cause for gloom at all, For crops are good and the year is bright, And the ho-ho-oo's piping all.—Saxton's.

She—"So there are the apples last!" He—"Must be. You suppose a first-class tomato, like this would work off any conditions or imitations on its natural life."

"What makes men of mature years wear so sad an expression?" "They have forgotten all they know they knew when they left school."—Boston Transcript.

"Keep your temper, ladle, no quarrel with an angry person, especially a woman. Mind ye, a soft answer aye best. It's common to say, 'bye-bye,' it makes them far madder than anything else ye could say."—The Sun.

He—"Is there anything to prove my affection, so that you not doubt it?" She—"There's my sister. She is ten years older than I, and mamma is determined that me marry till Sophia is disposed."—Household Words.

Not Hunting Hobbies. A story comes from New York to the effect that Greenville Templeton, a member of the British Parliament, who was making a tour of America, visited Birmingham six weeks ago, and while at the hotel there had a money order cashed for Miss Estella Wessel, the clerk. Miss Estella was a case of love at first sight, sought a friend and secured an introduction. His visits to the Grosvenor building were frequent. His attentions were rewarded, and he married last week. Then he sailed for Europe, and, after a tour of the Continent, they will side on Mr. Templeton's estate in Broadlands, England. Of course he has an estate. The wedding was quiet one and caused much surprise. Now the Postmaster is overruled, applications from romantic looking longingly for Mrs. Templeton's position. The Englishman in this case, was not after money, did not object to the pretty girl who had the stamps, and leans Picayune.

Made False Measures. In the course of a crusade by the users of false weights and measures the Philadelphia police found a manufacturer who displayed sign over his shop door: "One-half peck measure. All sizes, made here." When viewed as to the exact meaning, sign he said it meant just what people wanted measures of, sizes, and he made it his business give his customers what they wanted. He made tin quart measures on same basis, too, he said.—New Sun.

Forgot the Chairman. A story is told of a certain committee meeting in which the proceedings commenced with noise, and gradually became uproarious. At last one of the disputants exclaimed to his opponent: "Sir, you are, I think, the biggest ass that I ever had the misfortune to set eyes upon!" "Order! order!" said the chairman, gravely; "you seem to forget that I am in the room."—Household Words.

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