

THE POOR OF BERLIN

HOW THEY ARE SUPERVISED BY THE CITY AUTHORITIES.

Seeing Is Not to Be Seen on the Streets of the City, and Rags and Misery Dare Not Lie About in the Parks and Public Places.

"What," I exclaimed in Berlin, "are there no poor in this city? Are you altogether without rags and wretchedness?"

"My dear friend," said the German, winking a heavy eyelid, "we are a very clever people. We do not show our dirt bins."

Berlin is ruled by municipal experts. It has its wretchedness and its despair, but these things are not permitted to increase. To be out of work in Berlin is a crime, even as it is in London, but with this difference—in Berlin the municipality legislates for labor in a fashion which makes idleness all but indefensible.

The laws to this end may not commend themselves to English minds, for the Germans are not so hearted in such matters, but they have this engaging recommendation, they succeed.

Let a ragsman make his appearance in Friedrichstrasse or the Linden or in any of the numerous open spaces, and a policeman is at him in a minute. "Your papers?" demands the man of law. The beggar produces his documents. If it is proved that he has slept in the asylum for a number of nights he is forthwith conducted, willingly, to the workhouse and made to labor for his board and lodging.

Now, the workhouse in Germany is not a prison, but the vagrant would leave so to the one as to the other. The administration of the workhouse is conducted with iron severity. Every ounce of bread and every drop of thin soup consumed by the workhouse man is paid for a thousandfold by the sweat of his brow. So it comes about that the man least disposed to work, the born vagabond, finds it more agreeable to toil for his bread in the market than to fall into the hands of a paternal government.

Berlin takes advantage of the system in Germany which numbers and tickets every child born in the fatherland. No man can roam from district to district, changing his name as the story with the change of place. He is known to the police from the hour of his birth to the hour of his death. For a few pennings I can read the history of every person in Berlin. Therefore the municipality has an easy task. Every citizen's life story is known to them, and every vagrant is punished for his crime against the community.

Moreover, every person of humble means is insured by the state. Even clerks, shop assistants and servants are compelled to insure against sickness and against old age. This insurance is effected by the pasting into a book of certain stamps or receipts. It is the duty of each employer to see that this contract is faithfully obeyed. And the state has at Berlin an enormous sanitarium costing 10,000,000 marks (500,000), where the invalid citizen is sent with his individual card to undergo his treatment.

It pays the city of Berlin to nurse its sick and cherish its invalids. The whole object of the municipality is to secure the physical and intellectual well being of its citizens, and on this task it concentrates its labors with amazing energy.

Berlin has a huge building resembling a factory where the unemployed, whole families, are received and provided for, but no one must take advantage of this hospitality more than five times in three months. Consider this point of view. If you are homeless five times in three months you are dubbed a reckless creature and packed off to the workhouse. Private enterprise has provided another asylum where the homeless may come five times in one month and where the police are not allowed to enter at night. I have visited this place and seen the people who attend it. Some decent enough, others criminal in every line of their faces. There are many of these desperate men in Berlin, many of these dirty, ragged and unhappy wretches, doomed from the day of their birth, but they dare not show themselves in the decent world as they do in London. They sink into these asylums at 5 o'clock; they have their clothes disinfected; they cleanse themselves under shower baths; they eat bread and drink soup, and then they go to bed at 8 o'clock like prisoners to their cells.

Now, this system is a hard one, for when once a man gets down in Berlin it is almost impossible for him to rise. But it has this clear advantage—everybody feels that it is better to beg than to fall into the hands of the law. Rags and misery dare not be about in the parks or scatter disease through the crowded streets. If there is any virtue in the unemployed the state will certainly develop it as well as it is possible to do so. There is a central bureau for providing men with work, and when a man knows that not to work means the workhouse he solicits employment here and elsewhere with such a will as almost compels wages. In one year the state has secured employment for 50,000 men.

The citizen is provided with sanitary dwellings, with unadulterated food, with schools and technical colleges and with insurance for sickness and old age. For a penny he can travel abroad from one end of Berlin to the other by electric tramway or electric railway. His streets are clean, brightly lighted and noiseless; his cafes and music halls are innumerable. He lives in a palace. And all this is the result of municipal government by experts instead of by amateurs.—London Mail.

More Than Skin Tight. Senator Joe Blackburn, who was quite a dandy in his younger days, once ordered a pair of trousers from his tailor, and as the fashion then was to wear tight necker ties he emphatically demanded that the particular pair be skin tight. In due time the trousers were sent home and tried on, whereupon the senator sent for the tailor and proceeded to open fire.

"What in the blawdy blank blank have you done with these trousers?" he demanded. "You told me to make them skin tight, sir," protested the tailor. "Yes, but, by the great locust upon you, you've made them too tight. You've made them skin tight, sir," roared the senator. "I can't get them on, sir, but I can't get them off, sir," said the senator. "I can't get them on, sir, but I can't get them off, sir," said the senator. "I can't get them on, sir, but I can't get them off, sir," said the senator.

She Was Going. Hoax—My wife went out to shop to-day and lost a pocketbook containing \$20. Joe told me she was going to the store or on a long walk. Hoax—Going. I said there was money in it, didn't I?—Philadelphia Record.

One of the striking points of human nature is that a man usually can see how apply a thing fits some one else.—Insurance Press.

THE CURVED BALL.

It Is the Atmosphere Which Causes Its Eccentric Shots.

Most any ten-year-old youngster can curve a ball, even though he does not know why he can do so except that the leather must be held in a certain way. Possibly a half dozen of the major league twirlers know something about the science of the curve, but comparatively few understand why they can produce their "benders." The Scientific American gives the following as the scientific explanation of the matter:

The pitcher in the field tells us that the ball curves because he gives it a twist, but scientifically this will not do. Why will the twist make the curve? If a ball were thrown in a certain direction and if the force of gravitation were not at work the ball would continue on in a straight line forever.

Suppose the ball is made to deviate in a curve from its straight course. If a feather is dropped in a vacuum in an exhausted receiver of an air pump it will drop like a shot, but if it is dropped into the air it will go down irregularly and slowly, shifting from side to side.

It is the atmosphere which causes the ball to curve. Bearing in mind that the atmosphere is a compressible, elastic gas, we find that when the ball leaves the hand of the pitcher with a rapid rotary motion it impinges upon the various elastic particles of the air, and this moderate resistance, or friction, changes its course in the direction which is given to the rotary motion. Take an outshoot of a right handed pitcher, for instance. He impresses upon the ball a rapid centrifugal rotary motion to the left, and the ball goes to the left because the atmosphere is compressible and elastic, it is packed into an elastic cushion just ahead of the ball by the swift forward and rotary motion, and the friction, which is very great in front of the ball, steers it in the direction which it is turning."

A NOTABLE MEETING.

Held in the Interest of "Woman's Rights" in 1701.

The first recorded public meeting in the interest of "woman's rights" was held in the town of Medford, Mass., in 1701. The gallery of the church was occupied by the young unmarried people of the town, one side and one half the front gallery being given to the young men, the other side and the other half being given to the young women. But in the seating in this eventful year the young men were given the entire front of the gallery as well, and the young women were only allowed one side of the gallery.

Then it was that things began to happen. Treatment like this wasn't to be tolerated even for a moment. The blood of the future mothers of the Revolution was fully aroused, and the young women made such an uproar and commotion that it speedily became a town matter, and a town meeting was called to restore to them their rights in half of the front gallery.

The young men of the day were bitterly opposed to extending any new privileges to women, and the fight extended beyond Medford. Shortly after the introduction of "poes" into the churches, by which families were separated from the remainder of the congregation, the selectmen of the town of Newbury gave permission to a group of young women to build a "pue" in the gallery of the church upon their own side of the house. This extension of privilege was resented by the young bachelors to such a degree that they broke a window of the church, forced an entrance and hauled the pest in pieces. For this act of sacrilege the young men of Newbury were fined \$10 each and sentenced to be whipped or pilloried. But they were manly enough to confess their folly and ask pardon, so this part of their punishment was omitted. So you see the "woman's rights" movement isn't a modern one.—Boston Herald.

The Real Shillalah. The shillalah, accounted Ireland's national weapon of defense, was originally a common blackthorn stick, but in modern times it has been replaced by the more viry ash sapling. The real shillalah is a young shoot of the sloe shrub or blackthorn pulled by the root from the crevice of some rock. After being trimmed it is placed in the smoke of turf peat, which softens the hard fiber, and when it has reached a condition as pliant as rubber it is straightened. When cooled in the air it becomes as strong and firm as iron. The trimming process is then continued, and when it is desired to make a particularly handsome weapon the spurs, so effective in a melee or faction fight, are ornamented with small brass nails.

Natural Preference. Miss Violet preferred a rapid tour of the European continent and found little to impress her, either favorably or otherwise.

"You say you saw all you wanted to see of Italy," said a friend on Miss Violet's return to her native land in Kansas. "What did you think of the Sardanians?"

"Don't talk to me about it," said Miss Violet briskly. "I'd rather have a good dish of plain American macaroni baked with cheese any time."

Mistaken Kindness. Jack—Hello, old man, awfully glad to see you. Here, take off your coat and put on this smoking jacket and make yourself comfortable. Dick—Don't take it! Do you mean to insinuate that I don't feel comfortable in a dress suit?

ANIMAL STRIKERS. Both birds and beasts occasionally go on strike, according to observers. A herd of horses will bunch together, neglect their food, become restive, neigh and rub noses when in a field. The outcome is that the herd will not allow themselves to be saddled or harnessed and will chase and attempt to kick the attendants. Female birds take tantrums and refuse to do the housework. They desert their nests and leave their eggs to become cold and barren. The animal naturally becomes greatly concerned, but with the bird and beast creation the male will never attack the female, so there is no remedy. Wardens and starlings are given greatly to these strikes.

A species of black ants have little yellow ants which do most of their work for them. Occasionally the yellow species will go on a strike. Their food supply is cut off, but if that does not avail the strikers are attacked or another lot of yellow ants are secured.

Even the rabbit is a hardened striker. In rabbit colonies the stronger rabbit is most of the time, and is often as perhaps once in two years these become discontented and refuse to work.

No matter how stupid, uninteresting and tiresome a man may be, there is always some sentimental woman ready to make a hero of him.—Chicago Record Herald.

AN AFRICAN INCIDENT.

A Python, Some Goats and a Man That Was Relieved.

"During several years spent in central Africa we were for the greater part of the time dependent on goats for our fresh milk supply," writes a traveler. The goat kraal was made very strong, proof against lions, leopards and other carnivora, but a python entered between the poles, though they were spaced three inches apart, one night, killed all the goats in the compartment by strangling them, swallowing two and was found gorged, slung and self-trapped within the kraal in the morning. The swellings of his body where the two goats were prevented him from escaping between the pallings, as he had come in. To look at the snake's small head and slender neck it seemed impossible for him to swallow anything larger than a rat, but by dislocating his jaw and stretching his skin he accomplished the apparently impossible feat of getting through. The goats were cut out of him intact by our boys, who evidently considered that premature burial in the python did not affect the edible qualities of the meat, as within half an hour it was all roasted and eaten with considerable relish."

Where Time Is Nothing. Miss Mary E. Indiana in her book of travels through the Balkan states says she found that the idea of women traveling without a male escort in those countries struck the people whom she met as most singular. A Montenegrin was also astonished at an expedition of money upon travel which seemed to him without an adequate purpose.

The English, he had been told, wanted to see and know everything. They traveled everywhere. It must be a very expensive habit. It had perhaps cost me 48, he suggested, to come the distance. I admitted that it had, and he expressed great astonishment at the lavish expenditure.

"And it takes not only money, but time," said my companion. He laughed merrily. "Time! What is time? Time is nothing. You live, and then you die." The idea of regarding "time" amused him vastly.

"Time," said a Hungarian who was of the party, in order to show his superior knowledge, "is thought very much of by the English. I have been told that they have a proverb which says, 'Time is money.'"

We corroborated this report to the astonishment of both men, for even the Hungarian thought this was going rather far. The Montenegrin thought it one of the wildest statements he had ever met with and shook his puzzled head.

Marked by Bad Clothes and an Absence of Baggage. "They are a curious crowd," says a friend describing the conscripts of the French army, "these boys of twenty and of twenty-one, in various stages of decay. Some are clean shaven, others have the fire of gentle and superior sarcasm from the young men in uniform who have already done a year or two, climb into the third class cattle pens which are to take them to the threshold of their lives in barracks. The sons of wealthy men elbow the scourgings of the street."

All wear their worst clothes, except those who do not possess a second suit. The chief peculiarity about the whole of them is an entire absence of luggage. A young friend of my own was one of them. His luggage for the two days of his first trip to Paris consisted of a comb and an extremely good toothbrush, and before leaving Paris he was asked me to keep his overcoat for him till he returned. They will only spoil it, and it is a new one," was his plea.

I counted the valises of a whole train load of conscripts who accompanied my friend, and they numbered exactly four. "Those four will have their lives teased out of them tomorrow," was the verdict of a private under arms upon the platform.

THE DICTIONARY. Its Story May Lack Plot, but It Is Decidedly Interesting. Whoever says "dull as a dictionary" cannot be very familiar with one. We may sympathize with the old lady who checked off the dictionary, that she "didn't think much of the story," but nevertheless no one can use a good unabridged edition with any frequency and not attest to the fact that it is full of the most fascinating reading. Indeed, notwithstanding the old lady's opinion, the dictionary often exerts a charm not unlike that of an exceedingly interesting novel. To be sure, the narrative lacks consecutiveness, but the work is full of most interesting stories.

When we go to look up a word we are in doubt about where we are attracted to other words in its neighborhood; they entice our curiosity; we are impelled to find out their meanings, too, and to make ourselves acquainted with their life histories. Very strange things, most unsuspected things, they often tell us. Occasionally a very familiar word that we thought we knew all about reveals a most remarkable meaning—much as some commonplace neighbor who for years we have nodded to in passing and from, regarding him as an excellent but rather dull individual, may chance to join us in a walk down the street or sit beside us on the train and casually betray traits, interests, qualities and habits that will entirely change our opinion of him. So we may read on and on, perhaps forgetting all about the word that we set out to look up, and finally have to turn to it again to reassure ourselves as to the precise points we were in doubt about.—Boston Herald.

AS A WOMAN LUNCHES. One Little Chap Who Escaped the Bullets of the Soldiers. A writer in the Cornhill tells of a scene that Charles Austin witnessed when the Versailles entered Paris. He saw one day roaming about Paris—a not uncommon sight—a group of men and women put against a wall to be shot. Their hands were supposed to be blackened with powder.

Among them was a lad of twelve or fourteen, who, before the order to shoot could be given, stepped forward and begged to be allowed to take back the watch which he had on him. He produced a huge turban of a watch and presented faithfully to return.

Mr. Austin said it was a moment of anguish. None could be sure that the child was telling the truth, but the officer commanding, giving him a kick, said, "Be off with you." The child ran away, the order to shoot rang out, but the boy reappeared round a corner and, putting himself against the wall, prepared for death.

It was impossible to kill that heroic little soul.

"It's long ago," said Mr. Austin. "It was only a boy's faith in human nature," said Mr. Austin.

Soon to Be Older. After other amusing replies to his questions, an examining physician connected with a life insurance company relates that of a son of Erin who, when asked the age, declared that he was thirty-three years old and added, "But in two months I will be a year older."

Not Jane's Way. Mistress (excitedly)—Jane, Jane! The house is on fire! Jane (calmly)—Yes, I know. It's the first fire in this house that I haven't had to fight.

PANAMA HATS.

They Are Made From the Undeveloped Leaves of the Bombonaje.

The Panama is a leaf hat made in Colombia, Ecuador and Peru from the undeveloped leaf of the "bombonaje," which is a screw pine rather than a palm. The trunk of the plant is only a yard in height, but the leaf stalks are two yards long.

The leaf before it has opened is prepared for the manufacture of hats. It consists of a bundle of plaited about two feet long and an inch in diameter called a "cogollo." The green outside is stripped off, and by means of a forked instrument it is cut into narrow strips of uniform size.

The cogollo is next boiled to toughen the fiber and hung in the sun to dry and bleach, when the strips shivel into cordlike strands ready for use. It takes sixteen cogollos for an ordinary hat and twenty-four for the finest, and a single hat is plaited in from four days to as many months, according to its texture and quality.—Mexican Herald.

A Place of Great Heat. The largest of the Aval Islands, which are scattered over a considerable area in the Persian gulf, is said to be earth's hottest place. The mean temperature of Bahrein, as it is called, is 98 degrees for the whole year. No European can endure the heat which at midnight rises to 100, in the morning is 107 or 108 and by 3 in the afternoon reaches the phenomenal height of 140 degrees. The island is inhabited by Arabs. The following high temperatures are also experienced at the places named: Paris of Algeria, 127 degrees; Agadez, 117 degrees, and Lahore, 107 degrees.

Quiet Traveling Man.—Call me at 5:30, please. Smart Hotel Clerk.—What shall I call you at 5:30? Quiet Traveling Man.—Call me a poor, misguided idiot for cutting my way out here to stay all night here!—Baltimore American.

FRENCH CONSCRIPTS. "They are a curious crowd," says a friend describing the conscripts of the French army, "these boys of twenty and of twenty-one, in various stages of decay. Some are clean shaven, others have the fire of gentle and superior sarcasm from the young men in uniform who have already done a year or two, climb into the third class cattle pens which are to take them to the threshold of their lives in barracks. The sons of wealthy men elbow the scourgings of the street."

All wear their worst clothes, except those who do not possess a second suit. The chief peculiarity about the whole of them is an entire absence of luggage. A young friend of my own was one of them. His luggage for the two days of his first trip to Paris consisted of a comb and an extremely good toothbrush, and before leaving Paris he was asked me to keep his overcoat for him till he returned. They will only spoil it, and it is a new one," was his plea.

I counted the valises of a whole train load of conscripts who accompanied my friend, and they numbered exactly four. "Those four will have their lives teased out of them tomorrow," was the verdict of a private under arms upon the platform.

THE DICTIONARY. Its Story May Lack Plot, but It Is Decidedly Interesting. Whoever says "dull as a dictionary" cannot be very familiar with one. We may sympathize with the old lady who checked off the dictionary, that she "didn't think much of the story," but nevertheless no one can use a good unabridged edition with any frequency and not attest to the fact that it is full of the most fascinating reading. Indeed, notwithstanding the old lady's opinion, the dictionary often exerts a charm not unlike that of an exceedingly interesting novel. To be sure, the narrative lacks consecutiveness, but the work is full of most interesting stories.

When we go to look up a word we are in doubt about where we are attracted to other words in its neighborhood; they entice our curiosity; we are impelled to find out their meanings, too, and to make ourselves acquainted with their life histories. Very strange things, most unsuspected things, they often tell us. Occasionally a very familiar word that we thought we knew all about reveals a most remarkable meaning—much as some commonplace neighbor who for years we have nodded to in passing and from, regarding him as an excellent but rather dull individual, may chance to join us in a walk down the street or sit beside us on the train and casually betray traits, interests, qualities and habits that will entirely change our opinion of him. So we may read on and on, perhaps forgetting all about the word that we set out to look up, and finally have to turn to it again to reassure ourselves as to the precise points we were in doubt about.—Boston Herald.

AS A WOMAN LUNCHES. One Little Chap Who Escaped the Bullets of the Soldiers. A writer in the Cornhill tells of a scene that Charles Austin witnessed when the Versailles entered Paris. He saw one day roaming about Paris—a not uncommon sight—a group of men and women put against a wall to be shot. Their hands were supposed to be blackened with powder.

Among them was a lad of twelve or fourteen, who, before the order to shoot could be given, stepped forward and begged to be allowed to take back the watch which he had on him. He produced a huge turban of a watch and presented faithfully to return.

Mr. Austin said it was a moment of anguish. None could be sure that the child was telling the truth, but the officer commanding, giving him a kick, said, "Be off with you." The child ran away, the order to shoot rang out, but the boy reappeared round a corner and, putting himself against the wall, prepared for death.

It was impossible to kill that heroic little soul.

"It's long ago," said Mr. Austin. "It was only a boy's faith in human nature," said Mr. Austin.

Soon to Be Older. After other amusing replies to his questions, an examining physician connected with a life insurance company relates that of a son of Erin who, when asked the age, declared that he was thirty-three years old and added, "But in two months I will be a year older."

Not Jane's Way. Mistress (excitedly)—Jane, Jane! The house is on fire! Jane (calmly)—Yes, I know. It's the first fire in this house that I haven't had to fight.

THE WET TABLECLOTH.

It Puzzled the Ship's Passenger Until It Was Explained.

The underwriter in setting the table poured a half glass of water on the clean white cloth and placed a dish of fruit on the puddle he had made. He made another puddle and placed on it the coffee. On a third puddle he placed the butter dish, and so on.

"Why do you spill the cloth with all that water?" asked a passenger. "Because the weather's rough, sir," said the steward, and then, making another puddle, he went on.

"We stewards on ocean liners must not be merely good waiters—we must be good wet weather waiters. And we have a number of tricks. "One of our tricks is to set the heavy dishes upon wet spots. If we were to set them on dry spots in the ordinary way they would slide to and fro with every lurch of the ship. But if the cloth is wetted they don't slide. They adhere to the wet place as though glued to it.

"One of the first things a steward learns is to set a stormy weather table—to spill water on the cloth at each place where a heavy dish is to stand. This water serves its purpose thoroughly, and it doesn't look bad, either, for the dish covers it. No one knows of the wet spot underneath."—New York Press.

Beggars in England. Beggars who feign diseases are no new thing in the streets of London. They existed in Charles II's time, only then the beggar was called a "luncheon," a "buff" or a "shabbardun." If he was deaf and dumb he was called a "dumner." The woman who sung hymns and led borrowed children by the hand was called a "clapperdozen." Vagrancy is no new thing, though it practically did not exist in medieval times. It was when the cities ceased to be confined within their own walls and long before the days of policemen that the people got beyond the control of the aldermen and their officers and vagrancy became a regular profession. The first English law against beggars was made by Henry VIII, who gave license to beg in the cities, but it was to be given to the old and impotent and ordered that all other beggars should be whipped and sent back to their parishes.

Curious Snuffboxes. "Lawrence Kirk" snuffboxes, first made at a place that name in Cumberland, were the ingenious invention of one Sanday, a cripple, who made his own tools. Instead of taking out a patent he confided the secret of cutting them, hinges and all, from the solid wood to a joiner in the village, who in a few years grew rich, while Sanday died in poverty. Special tools are of course required for this work, and the mystery of their formation is carefully maintained. These curious snuffboxes are generally made of plain wood, and the actual cost of the material, with paint and varnish, is about threepence. In early times they sold readily for £2 12s. 6d. and ladies' workboxes of similar construction for £25.—London Chronicle.

A Hint to Smokers. In an article on the hygiene of smoking published in the Municipal Medical Weekly by Dr. J. Bamberger he says the injury that may follow the use of tobacco differs with the manner of smoking. Those who use a mouthpiece, or, if not, are careful not to keep the end of the cigar saturated with saliva, with point and varnish, is about the absorption of the various products of the burning tobacco. "Hard smokers" run much less risk of harming themselves than those who chew the ends of their cigars. Dr. Bamberger suggests that a bit of absorbent cotton saturated with chloride of iron be placed in the holder, and he claims by doing this some of the harmful products of combustion are rendered innocuous.

Miserable Creatures. "Talking of matrimony," said the sage, "there are two sorts of men who are equally miserable specimens."

"And they are?"

"The fellow who says he's sorry he ever married and the fellow who says he's glad he never did!"—Philadelphia Press.

WHY DON'T YOU?

Why don't you answer your friend's letter at once?

Why don't you make the promised visit to that invalid? She is looking for you day after day.

Why don't you send away that little gift you've been planning to send? How kind intentions never accomplish any good.

Why don't you try to share the burden of that sorrowful one who works beside you? Is it because you are growing selfish?

Why don't you speak out the encouraging words that you have in your thoughts? Unless you express them they are of no use to others.

Why don't you take more pains to be self-satisfying and loving in the every day home life? Time is rapidly passing. Your dear ones will not be with you always.

Why don't you create around you an atmosphere of happiness and helpfulness so that all who come in touch with you may be made better? Is not this possible?—Class Mate.

Early Tobacco.

According to John Aubrey, who wrote a celebrated work on "the very queer Indian weeds," there was a time when tobacco was worth its weight in silver. Among other things Aubrey says: "Sir Walter Raleigh was the first that brought tobacco into England, and in our parts—North Wilts—it came in fashion through Sir Walter Long. They used silver pipes, but the commoners used a walnut shell. It was sold then for its weight in silver. I have heard some of your old yeomen neighbors say that when they went to Chippingham to market they always carried their shillings to lay in the scales against the tobacco. Now the customers of it are among the greatest that his majesty hath."

A Test of Sobriety.

Gentlemen who have put an enemy into their mouths are recommended to try a very simple test for the purpose of finding out whether their brains have been stolen. They must stand erect with their eyes closed, and if they can perform this feat for a brief period that they are all right. Two individuals who were accused of drunkenness at Pontefract proved that they had honorably stood the test, and the cases against them were dismissed. The great merit of the plan is that it can be put into operation anywhere and at any time.—London Tit-Bits.

J. J. BROWN'S THE EYE'S SPECIALTY.

Eyes tested, treated, fitted with glass and artificial eyes supplied. Market Street, Bloomsburg, Pa. Hours—10 a. m. to 5 p. m.

SOMETHING NEW! A Reliable TIN SHOP

For all kind of Tin Roofing, Spouting and General Job Work. Stoves, Heaters, Ranges, Furnaces, etc. PRICES THE LOWEST! QUALITY THE BEST!

JOHN HIXSON

NO. 116 E. FRONT ST.

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS

WITH **Dr. King's New Discovery** FOR CONSUMPTION AND ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES, OR MONEY BACK.

Price 50c & \$1.00 Free Trial.

Buffalo, N. Y. 11 11 30 11 55 12 20 12 45 1 10 1 35 2 00 2 25 2 50 3 15 3 40 4 05 4 30 4 55 5 20 5 45 6 10 6 35 6 60 6 85 7 10 7 35 7 60 7 85 8 10 8 35 8 60 8 85 9 10 9 35 9 60 9 85 10 10 10 35 10 60 10 85 11 10 11 35 11 60 11 85 12 10 12 35 12 60 12 85 1 10 1 35 1 60 1 85 2 10 2 35 2 60 2 85 3 10 3 35 3 60 3 85 4 10 4 35 4 60 4 85 5 10 5 35 5 60 5 85 6 10 6 35 6 60 6 85 7 10 7 35 7 60 7 85 8 10 8 35 8 60 8 85 9 10 9 35 9 60 9 85 10 10 10 35 10 60 10 85 11 10 11 35 11 60 11 85 12 10 12 35 12 60 12 85 1 10 1 35 1 60 1 85 2 10 2 35 2 60 2 85 3 10 3 35 3 60 3 85 4 10 4 35 4 60 4 85 5 10 5 35 5 60 5 85 6 10 6 35 6 60 6 85 7 10 7 35 7 60 7 85 8 10 8 35 8 60 8 85 9 10 9 35 9 60 9 85 10 10 10 35 10 60 10 85 11 10 11 35 11 60 11 85 12 10 12 35 12 60 12 85 1 10 1 35 1 60 1 85 2 10 2 35 2 60 2 85 3 10 3 35 3 60 3 85 4 10 4 35 4 60 4 85 5 10 5 35 5 60 5 85 6 10 6 35 6 60 6 85 7 10 7 35 7 60 7 85 8 10 8 35 8 60 8 85 9 10 9 35 9 60 9 85 10 10 10 35 10 60 10 85 11 10 11 35 11 60 11 85 12 10 12 35 12 60 12 85 1 10 1 35 1 60 1 85 2 10 2 35 2 60 2 85 3 10 3 35 3 60 3 85 4 10 4 35 4 60 4 85 5 10 5 35 5 60 5 85 6 10 6 35 6 60 6 85 7 10 7 35 7 60 7 85 8 10 8 35 8 60 8 85 9 10 9 35 9 60 9 85 10 10 10 35 10 60 10 85 11 10 11 35 11 60 11 85 12 10 12 35 12 60 12 85 1 10 1 35 1 60 1 85 2 10 2 35 2 60 2 85 3 10 3 35 3 60 3 85 4 10 4 35 4 60 4 85 5 10 5 35 5 60 5 85 6 10 6 35 6 60 6 85 7 10 7 35 7 60 7 85 8 10 8 35 8 60 8 85 9 10 9 35 9 60 9 85 10 10 10 35 10 60 10 85 11 10 11 35 11 60 11 85 12 10 12 35 12 60 12 85 1 10 1 35 1 60 1 85 2 10 2 35