

Danville, Pa., Dec. 3, 1908.

Perils of Our Dwelling Houses.

The school in one of the Fuchow Chinese schools was recently destroyed by a fire...

The Hog.

No other animal has been more modified by civilization and none reverts more quickly to the original wild type...

Her Exercise.

Many readers think insufficient exercise is responsible for worrying moods. "Dare I whisper it?" writes one correspondent...

Walt Whitman's Pride.

Whitman's grandmother was a Quaker, and the bard had been all his life used, Quaker fashion, to sitting in the house with his sombrero on if it suited him to do so...

A Pair of Poets.

Hearing a noise in the street before his house one morning, Robert Browning, the poet, went to his window and saw a great crowd gazing at some Chinamen in gorgeous costumes...

When the Sun Grows Cold.

Dr. Friidjof Nansen predicts the fate of the earth in the far distant future, when the sun grows cold. The simple, low organisms, he says, will probably live longest, until even they disappear...

Mozart's Skull.

"If we were all constituted like Hamlet and could handle a skull as philosophically as he," writes a sentimentalist in a Hamburg paper, "we could visit the Mozart museum at Salzburg, enjoy the sights it offers and leave there without finding any fault. Unfortunately, however, we are not so cold, and therefore the protest which I make among the Mozart souvenirs which are pointed out to the visitor, in the same line with the old piano, letters, manuscript music, portraits, etc., is the skull of the great master. It matters little whether the skull is really that of the composer or one used for show purposes. The fact remains that in the Mozart town, in Salzburg, there seems to be no one who can make the city fathers believe that the exhibition demonstrates a lack of reverence which shocks many people."

Afloat on Hot Air.

Members of the house of representatives are fond of poking fun at the florid style of speech affected by a certain congressman, who invariably contributes much "hot air" to any debate in which he may participate. On one occasion the politician in question ventured to air his views touching a financial act under consideration, when he drew the following ribald observation from an opponent: "Our able and adventurous friend has undertaken to present his views upon this question. In this he reminds me of a beautiful swan breasting the sea with arched neck and wings outspread to catch the glint of the sun, moving along in serene and stately splendor, but blissfully unconscious of the unathomable depths below."

He Explained.

At a school one day a teacher, having asked most of his pupils the difference between an island and a peninsula without receiving a satisfactory answer, came to the last boy. "I can explain it, sir," said the bright youth. "First get two glasses. Fill one with water and the other with milk. Then catch a fly and place it in the glass of water. That fly is an island, because it is entirely surrounded by water. But now place the fly in the glass of milk, and it will be a peninsula, because it is nearly surrounded by water."

Fulton's Power of Thought.

Robert Fulton possessed to a remarkable degree the power of concentrated thought. He studied French, Italian and German and acquired a proficiency in the three languages. Higher mathematics, physics, chemistry and perspective also demanded his attention as he progressed in scientific research.—Century.

Not Led.

"So she was led to the altar at last?" remarked the girl in blue. "Led?" repeated the bride's dearest friend. "Well, I fancy you didn't see her. She didn't have to be led. When she started down the aisle you couldn't have driven her off with a regiment of cavalry!"—London Telegraph.

Small Change.

"It's three years since I was in this city," said the stranger as he finished his dinner. "City looks the same." "I don't find much change," remarked the waiter as he took up the dime that was left from the dollar bill.—Puck.

The Midnight Sun.

The midnight sun is visible wholly above the horizon at the North Cape from May 13 to July 30, at Hammerfest from May 15 to July 27 and at Tromsø from May 20 to July 22.

It Happened Before.

A self-made, self-satisfied and self-assertive itinerant preacher was expatiating to a college graduate on his own eloquence. "Colleges," he declared, "ain't necessary when a preacher's got a genuine call to the ministry. I'm thankful to say the Lord opened my mouth without education."

Why We're Ahead.

A curious explanation of the reason why "Canada has but about 7,000,000 people against America's 80,000,000" is given in a review of the world's production of coal and iron. Canada produces but 9,000,000 tons of coal against 370,000,000 tons produced by the United States, and that is why, as long as the coal age lasts, "Canada is not likely to grow to anything like the dimensions of her southern neighbor." This is an English view, and it is not open to the charge of bias.—Boston Globe.

Misplaced Sympathy.

A sympathetic Frenchman unblinkingly brought an almanac that gave the dates of the world's chief events. From that day on he lived a life of mourning. Thus on April 30 he had craped on his hat.

"Have you lost a relative?" a friend asked. "Not exactly," said he. "But today is a sad anniversary for the French people. On April 30, 1524, the Chevalier Bayard died." On May 2 he had craped on again. "Still mourning Bayard?" said the friend. "No," said he. "But don't you remember that on May 2 a great and charming poet, Alfred de Musset, breathed his last?" On the 6th of the same month, "Whom are you mourning for now?" "For an honest man, General Cavaignac." On the 30th, crying terribly, he said: "Al! Joan of Arc! On this date, in 1431, a handful of Englishmen and a miserable bishop put the gallant maid to death." On July 13 he took a bath in memory of the assassination of Marat. On the 16th Beranger's death gave him a fatal shock. On the 18th, having read of Napoleon's departure to St. Helena, he felt better, but on the 25th the bombardment of Djeppé by the English, in 1894, confined him again to his bed. He was taken with a fever and died on the 23d, muttering, "In a month the massacre of St. Bartholomew!"—New York Sun.

Eloquence of the Welsh.

Here is a little story of an Englishman in Wales: "On the comparative qualities of the English and Welsh tongues let me tell of the Welshman who saluted me in the Welsh. I was compelled to confess ignorance. 'Ah,' he said, turning fluently enough to English, 'you should learn the Welsh! My wife was English, and she can speak conversations now quite well.' 'I acknowledge the shortcomings and admitted that I had always understood the Welsh to be a remarkably eloquent tongue. 'Yes, yes, it is so,' said the native. 'In Welsh a man can express exactly what he means. As for the English, I call it not a language at all—only a dialect.' 'You had noted that an Englishman or a foreigner in speaking his language waves his hands and arms about to help out the meaning of the words, but a Welshman who can speak Welsh well he has no need to move his hands. In the Welsh he can say all that he means.'—Chicago News.

A Bad Quarrel.

"Why don't you try to get him to straighten up?" "He's his own worst enemy." "Well?" "It's pretty hard to patch up that kind of a quarrel."

JUDGE'S OFFER TO A BOY.

To Get \$100 If He Gives Up Revolvers and Yellow Backs Until Twenty-one. "Stop carrying a revolver and quit reading yellow backs until you are twenty-one. Then come around to my office and I will give you a check for \$100 to help you along."

Judge John T. Sims of Kansas City, Kan., was moved to generosity the other morning when James Higgins of 2800 North Tremont street, Kansas City, a youth of sixteen, entered the police courtroom in that city and, stepping up to the desk, laid down a .32 caliber revolver and a pile of paper back novels.

"There they are, judge, all of them," he said. He started to run away, but a new thought struck him. "I like to read stories of hunting and of adventure, and, as for the revolver, I only used it to practice shooting when I went down to the river bank."

Judge Sims looked at the paper backs. Two of them were of the Tip Top Weekly series and were entitled "Dick Merriwell in the Wilds" and "Dick Merriwell's Red Comrade," both stories of hunting in the mountains. The other was of the Nick Carter's Weekly series, entitled "Nick Carter's Japanese Rival." It was a detective story of Japan.

"These may not be so bad," Judge Sims commented. "But as a general proposition such reading is bad for a boy, and too often it leads to evil. There is something good in you, something hopeful, something manly. See that you quit reading such things, stop carrying a gun, make a man of yourself and the \$100 is yours."

Had Been Anticipated.

A London composer was one summer engaged on the score of an opera, and as the weather was very hot he worked with the windows of his study open. This fact was taken advantage of by his neighbor, a lady, an accomplished pianist, with a very quick and retentive ear, to play upon him a new practical joke.

One morning he completed and tried out a new march, and the lady on the same afternoon seated herself at her grand piano, opened her windows and rolled forth the air fortissimo. The composer rushed distractedly into his garden to his wife and, tearing his hair in anguish, cried out: "My dear, I give it up! I thought I had composed an original tune, but it must be a delusion, for my grand march—my chef d'oeuvre, as I thought it—is only a reminiscence and is already the property of some music publisher!"

It Was All Within.

A practical joker carried an onion in his pocket to the depot when bidding farewell to a young lady and took a bite now and then to induce tears. Before the train departed he had eaten the entire onion. The young lady, perceiving the situation, remarked, "Ah, you have swallowed your grief!"—Harper's Weekly.

Men of Yesterday and Today.

In our great-grandfather's young days a man was usually not only considered, but really was, elderly at forty, old at fifty and a gouty, flannel swathed wreck at sixty. —London Throne and Country.

Avarice Is the Vice of Declining Years.

"The wives of Siamese noblemen cut their hair so that it sticks straight up from their heads. The average length of it is about one and one-half inches."

Couldn't Scream.

"I was afraid you'd scream when I kissed you." "I didn't dare. Mamma was in the next room and would have heard me."—Houston Post.

The Power of Necessity Is Irresistible.

"Seeing" Plants. Professor Darwin is right. Plants can see—some plants. Take corn and rye, for instance. With proper treatment these plants sometimes see double, and frequently they see things that aren't there.—New York Telegraph.

End of Mankind.

"Now, boys," queried the teacher of the juvenile class, "can any of you tell me the final end of all mankind?" "Yes, ma'am, I can," promptly answered the boy at the foot—"the letter 'd.'"—Exchange.

Salt Lakes.

The Great Salt lake is gradually drying up, and the inhabitants of Salt Lake City seem quite surprised. They ought not to be. All salt lakes owe their salinity to the fact of their having no outlet, and a lake without an outlet is a dying lake.

Nor is death usually long delayed, speaking geologically. Lakes Koko Nor and Lob Nor were undoubtedly extensive inland seas not so very many decades ago, yet Sven Hedin found them reduced to mere acid puddles set in the midst of well kept fields, salt deserts that once were their beds. The terrible Taklamakan desert, too, in which Hedin nearly died of thirst, was once the bed of just such a lake. So also were the salt deserts of Persia, Northern Tibet is studded with salt lakes in process of desiccation. The Aral and the Caspian seas were at one time far more extensive than is now the case, proving that they, too, are undergoing the inevitable process of desiccation to which all such bodies of water are sooner or later invariably subjected.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Negro Pioneers.

Some years ago one of Texas' widely known statesmen who is now dead was passing along a street in Dallas when an old colored man who had once belonged to him approached, took off his hat and passed a hand over his white wool as he asked: "Marster, gin de old man 50 cents." "Dan," was an answer. "How?" asked the astonished dandy, opening his eyes, around which rough-shod age had walked.

Running for the Car.

If you feel like emulating Sherlock Holmes try your luck occasionally when you see some one run for a street car. It's a good, easy way to determine the present training and the present occupation of the subject. You will see one fellow dash easily toward the car with a long, swinging stride that usually means athletics, but no special training in the sprint. The old time college runner can be picked out by the way he throws his knees in front, like a high bred trotter.

Some waddle, and you must relegate them to the general category of "cheap business men" whose duty to the desk has robbed them of wind and waist. Others are getting more than their share of avoidpoids, but in spite of that manage to show you that they are not out of it by any means. To that type it is a veritable triumph to overhaul a moving car and to swing on without the assistance of the conductor.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Joys of Life in Africa.

You must never walk barefoot on the floor, no matter how clean it is, or an odious worm called a jigger will enter your foot to raise a numerous family and a painful swelling. On the other hand, be sure when you put on boots or shoes that, however hurried, you turn them upside down and look inside lest a scorpion, a small snake or a perfectly frightful kind of centipede may be lying in ambush. Never throw your clothes carelessly upon the ground, but put them away at once in a tin box and shut it tight or a perfect colony of fierce biting creatures will beset them. And, above all, quinine!—Winston Churchill, M. P., in London Strand.

Self Disgraced.

In Boston, as every one knows, the symphony concerts are viewed in the light of sacred ceremonials. In this connection the story is told of two little girls of a certain family who returned from the music hall "in a state of mind." One of them carried an expression of deep scorn, the other an air of great dejection.

Austria's Venture With Radium.

Austria's government intends to construct a real radium spring and build around it a city which will control, at St. Jochimetal, near Carlsbad. The water in the uranium mines there contains a large quantity of radium.

Myrt at the Game.

Myrtilla, when you go with me to see the Giants swipe the Cubs. As they have wiped some two or three less helpful and puissant clubs. Ask me no more. "Why don't they hit it?" Cease, discontinue, stop it, quit it!

At crucial moments yesterday.

"When we were just about to tie the Yankees with a home run," said Myrtilla. "Why doesn't Donlin knock a fly?" "Great grief, Myrtilla, did I know it I would be a daily poet!"

"Why doesn't Herzog run to third?"

"Nobody's looking at him now. Why isn't such a play allowed?" "What did he do then? What? Why? How?" Myrtilla, I love you dearly—only today I'm going by my lonely. —New York Mat.

CHANCES IN GAMBLING.

The Rule of the Unexpected at the Tables in Monte Carlo. There are systems, some will say, that will defeat the bank at Monte Carlo. I have not found one. Two factors settle all systems. One is the bank's limit, which prevents the doubting system so often advocated; the second, the extraordinary idiosyncrasy of chance. Red or black will often run in long series. I saw fifteen red, seven up in succession on one occasion, seventeen uneven numbers in an unbroken series on another. One evening on a losing day I was playing on the first six numbers and persistently for some hours the last twelve numbers invariably turned up. Once I saw 21 come up four times in succession when mathematically it should have taken 144 coups to make it show that number of times, and still more strange that on this occasion each time it came up a gentleman had staked the limit on the number—namely, 150 francs—winning in ten minutes something over 24,000 francs. One readily sees by these instances the unexpected very often happens—in fact, more often than that not—Arthur Hewitt in Bohemian Magazine.

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SMOOT ON FORESTS.

Utah Senator Favors American Adoption of European Forestry System. United States Senator Reed Smoot, chairman of the commission appointed by President Roosevelt to look into means for the conservation of the national forests, recently arrived in London after a tour of inspection of the European forests.

He is convinced by what he has seen that the general principles of continental scientific forestry may be successfully applied to the United States, although the character of the west demands some modification in them. Senator Smoot considers the forest of Sitka, owned and managed by the city of Zurich, the most carefully developed in the world. Such forests cost more per acre to take care of, but yield a greater net gain because there are arrangements for the utilization of all possible products. Under the direction of the municipal government sawmills, planing mills and excelsior and tool handle factories are run. At Munch the senator examined the experimental forest of the university, directed by Professor Mayer. Mr. Smoot considers that what he observed being done in the Black forest of the United States. Years ago the Black forest was being destroyed. It has now been greatly built up by the rigorous care of the German authorities. Every tree is numbered, and stock is taken each year.

In Mr. Smoot's opinion the same thing is imperatively necessary to save the 164,000,000 acres of forest reserve in the United States at the present time. He says the commission he heads will probably advise an increase in the United States forestry department to that end.

Etruscan Vases.

The famous Etruscan vases were wrongly named, for, though made in Etruria, they were the productions of Greek genius. They are elegant in form and enriched with bands of beautiful foliage and other ornaments, figures and similar subjects of a highly artistic character. One class has black figures and ornaments on a red ground—the natural color of the clay; another has the figures of the natural color and the ground painted black. The former class belong to a date about 600 B. C., the latter date about a century later and extend over a period of some 200 or 350 years.—New York American.

Where the Cost Comes In.

"Do you find the cost of living any higher in New York than it was in the little old town?" "No. Living doesn't cost so much more, but a fellow has to pay a big price to keep from getting lonesome."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Labor Lost.

"A man kin alius fix up arguments to quiet his conscience," said Uncle Eben, "but 'tain't no use. No matter how much you turns de clock back, sundown gwinter come jes' de same."—Washington Star.

The Ruler.

Facetious Friend (teasingly)—Well, which rules, you or your wife? Mr. Youngwood (with hauteur)—You forget we can afford to keep a cook.—Baltimore American.

His Hearing to Come.

Old Lady (reading newspaper)—I despair! The poor fellow arrested yesterday is deaf. Listener—How do you know? Old Lady—Why, it says here that he is expected to have his hearing next week.

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