

IN FAR CATHAY.

It daily meets my dreamy eyes. That old world scene by farther seas, And all unchanged; the water sighs Still in that bay, and still the breeze Sings low, sweet songs amid the trees

Here stands a house—quaint, shadowed o'er By clustering branches; wavelets fill The river whirling near the door That white path meets the threshold still, And birds chirp love with bill to bill.

That rude old bridge—spans the stream, The passers few are passing yet; The boat is there—it doth messem The sailors sleep—mayhap forgot— For ne'er was sail since furled or set.

The bay spreads out—clear, placid, bright— A summer sea, fringed round with green; Afar some isle, mayhap, in sight Rising from out its breast is seen. And houses mirror in its sheen

And all is still—no voice, nor song. Comes the enjoyment to atone Of that fair scene—fair, though a wrong It tells—of love—father's hate— Upon a willow pattern plate

Revolution in Printing. To the Man About Town an old printer remarked the other day: "We are on the eve of a great revolution in the typographical appearance of printed matter, especially newspapers, that is, the use of black paper printed in white letters, instead of white paper printed in black letters, as now. The change is one to be desired by the public, for the reason that a white letter on a black ground possesses greater contrast and distinctness, and is, consequently, easier on the eyes.

When Lee, the poet, was confined in Bedlam, a friend went to visit him, and finding he could converse reasonably, imagined that he was cured of his madness. The poet offered to show him Bedlam. They went over this melancholy prison, Lee moralizing philosophically enough all the time, to keep his companion perfectly at ease. At length they ascended to the top of the building, and as they were both looking down from the perilous height, Lee seized his friend by the arm, and exclaimed: "Let us immortalize ourselves! Let us take this leap. We'll jump down together this instant." "Any man could jump down (said his friend coolly); we should not immortalize ourselves by this leap; but let us go down, and try if we can jump up again." The madman, struck with the idea of a more astonishing leap than that which he had himself proposed, yielded to this new impulse, and his friend rejoiced to see him run down stairs full of a new project for securing immortality. It is needless to say they did not again ascend together.—Montreal Star.

Composition of Coffee. Coffee is the seed of the coffee plant, which is a shrub that will grow in any part of the world where the minimum yearly temperature never falls below 55 degs. Fahrenheit. One pound of unroasted coffee beans or seeds contains: Of water, 1 oz. 407 grs.; of sugar, 1 oz. 17 grs.; of fat, 1 oz. 402 grs.; of caseine (flesh forming matter), 2 oz. 35 grs.; of gum, 1 oz. 192 grs.; of woody matter, 5 oz. 262 grs.; of caffeine and caffeine acid (or stimulating principles), 400 grs.; of aromatic or odoriferous oil, about 2 grs., and of mineral matters, about 1 oz. 32 1/2 grs. The caffeine of coffee is exactly the same, both chemically and physically, as theine, the stimulating principle of tea. Both substances are alike composed of 10 parts of hydrogen combined with 16 parts of carbon, 4 parts of nitrogen, 4 parts of oxygen and 2 parts of water.—Grocers' World.

The New Water. "This coffee is so poor I can't drink it," said the guest. "Just shut your eyes, put it out of sight, and don't say anything about it," was the reply of the new waiter, who was a humorist. The guest did not make any reply, but when he came to pay he handed over to the proprietor of the establishment a solitary cent.

"Where's the rest of the money?" "Just shut your eyes, put it out of sight, and don't say anything more about it. That is what your new waiter told me when I said the coffee was weak."

The new waiter tendered his resignation.—New York News.

Teaching Dancing. I differ with the professor who thinks that he can teach pupils the art of dancing by mail, using printed instructions. No person will ever become a dancer by that mode of instruction. You might as well try to learn the shoemaking trade in a similar way. Many pupils who wish to acquire the art of dancing are quite shy at first, and the bashfulness can only be overcome by going into company. Good instruction and plenty of practice is required to learn dancing, and no one will ever become an adept in the art who follows instructions sent by mail.—Dancing Master in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Jinks' Mistake. Blinks—What? Can't keep your engagement with me? Jinks (sadly)—No, I can't. I was drawn on a jury this week, and couldn't get out of it. "Did you try?" "Indeed I did. I did my best to make myself out to be a hopeless ignoramus, but they wouldn't let me go."

"Great Scott, man! The way to escape jury duty is to act as if you knew something."—New York Weekly.

Parisian Barber Shops.

Long ago a royal decree compelled barbers and hairdressers to hang at their door a white basin, so as to distinguish them from surgeons, who sheltered themselves behind a copper basin, and these basins are still used for sign purposes.

They are of oval shape, and a small piece is clipped out at one end. This is intended to show that the basin will fit the neck under the chair.

But nowadays there are no such basins inside French barbers' shops. You must wash the lather off your own face when Figaro has finished shaving and cutting you. Then, if you want your hair dressed, you get back into the chair—and such uncomfortable chairs as they are too—again, and the fellow recomences.

There are some hairdressers who are not barbers, but all barbers are hairdressers, and most of them are also wig-makers. They put some very queer signs over their shop doors sometimes.

There is one old man up by the College of France who has an oil painting outside his premises which represents Absalon hanging by his hair to a large tree while his horse is galloping away in the distance, and below the following words are written: "If he had worn one of our wigs this misfortune would not have happened him."

A barber of my neighborhood has a sign which reads: "Shaving done here today for money and to-morrow for nothing." This "to-morrow" that never comes, and which the evening before is so often promised, is it not the most bitter sarcasm of all the illusions of life that we are acquainted with?—Cor. New Orleans Picayune.

Terrible Asian Heat. The horror of the heat is unknown to us, or indeed to any part of Europe, though Naples and Athens are desperately trying sometimes. But to the native of Scinde, Central Asia, the shores of the Persian gulf, the sun of Greece is but a trifle. The utter helplessness of man under this infliction adds horror to his sufferings.

There is no hope and no resource when the red hot air penetrates to those underground chambers in which the summer is passed in Central Asia. "The inhabitants," we learn, "are shutting themselves up to escape"—probably closing all the apertures of their subterranean abodes, except those absolutely necessary for ventilation. The air down below, under such circumstances, cannot be imagined by one who has not a touch of experience. Houses of good class are solidly constructed under ground, with chambers and doors and corridors, but the mass of the people inhabit big holes, roofed over, with no kind of permanent convenience. Every winter the frost and snow and rain play mischief with these roofed pits, and the damage is not always, nor often, repaired by the following summer. Fancy thousands of Mongols in these dens, pursuing their filthy habits in semi-darkness, suffering the awful torment of heat, children wailing, adults raving, always in want of water and generally of food, in an atmosphere beyond conceiving.—London Standard.

A Singular Community. The valley of Gressoney is one of the most beautiful localities in the Italian Alps. It also has a curious history. In the Eleventh century it was colonized by German soldiers, to whom it had been given by King Otto in recognition of their valiant services to him. The descendants of these soldiers, though in a strange land, have stuck fast to their German traditions. They still speak German and keep up the closest connection with Germany, which they consider their fatherland. Their daughters are educated in the best German schools and seminaries. When the young women come home from the big cities of the north, however, they are compelled by their parents to lay aside their fine Berlin and Frankfurt garments to don the curious customs of their forefathers, and to learn to bake, and scrub, and wash as their mothers and grandmothers did before them. The cleanliness of the "Gressonari" has made them famous throughout Italy. It is a proverb that their barns are cleaner than other people's houses. German is spoken in the family, French in the church, and Italian in the schools. Consequently all the Gressonari know at least three languages.—New York Sun.

Hung It Up. An awkward young countryman, from Vermont, some years ago entered a Boston warehouse and asked for employment. He could do any kind of "chores," he said, and boasted of his strength.

"Stout as you are," said one of the clerks, "I'll give you ten dollars if you will carry that bag of salt twice across the store and never lay it down."

The Vermonter stood for a moment, thoughtfully eyeing the bag, and then shouldered it easily enough, carried it twice backward and forward, walked up to a rope with a hook at its end, which hung through a scuttle, and hung the bag on the hook.

"Mister," said he, "I guess I'll trouble you for that air ten. I didn't lay it down—I hung it up!"

The clerk rather unwillingly joined in the laugh which followed, and handed over the ten dollars.

"That's better than chopping logs," the young man remarked, as he deposited the money in his wallet.—Youth's Companion.

How the Heart Works. A curious calculation has been made by Dr. Richardson, giving the work of the heart in mileage. Presuming that the blood was thrown out of the heart at each pulsation in the proportion of sixty-nine strokes per minute, and at the assumed force of nine feet, the mileage of the blood through the body might be taken at 297 yards per minute, 7 miles per hour, 163 miles per day, 61,320 miles per year, or 5,150,880 miles in a lifetime of 84 years. The number of beats of the heart in the same long life would reach the grand total of 2,869,770,000.—Medical World.

Proofs of Laziness. When Cyrus W. Field owned The Mail and Express he occasionally poked around the various editorial rooms to get some idea of how his paper was being conducted. "Who is that man who sits in that room to the right up stairs?" he once asked of his managing editor. "That's Mr. —, our exchange editor," replied the managing editor. "Well," said Mr. Field, frowning, "it's my opinion that he isn't worth his salt. As often as I have been in this office I've never seen him do anything except read newspapers, and he's always got a big pile of 'em in front of him."—St. Louis Republic.

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS.

Several Attempts to Start a Horse While the Driver Was Looking for a Brick.

A bay horse drawing a heavy express wagon balked on Dearborn street, near Washington, about noon the other day. The horse was a vicious looking animal with a sinister eye, reeking nostrils, and long, reclining ears, and he balked with such determination right across the cable track that the cars were stopped as far down as Monroe and La Salle streets, and the gripmen all swore as gripmen will.

A crowd of young clerks, old business men and jolly little typewriter girls gathered on the sidewalk, and all the office boys in the block took front seats, after their habit, and awaited developments. The driver, who was a tall, thin youth with a red neck and freckles, left his seat, and by way of opening business kicked the horse rudely in the abdomen. A member of the Humane society caught the boy by the collar and shook him, and everybody laughed except the boy and the member of the Humane society, who glared at each other.

"Has anybody got a lump of sugar?" the member of the Humane society asked after a while, the boy having gone to look for a brick.

"I have," a typewriter girl replied, diving into her handbag. The member of the Humane society said, "Thank you, miss," bowed, rolled back his curls in the manner of the gentleman who is just about to make a nickel disappear in his ear, and then attempted to thrust the sugar into the horse's mouth. The horse's ears flapped back, his eye reddened and he grabbed at the Humane man's arm with his pink jaws. The Humane man yelled, "Whoa!" and jumped away; the young men in the crowd laughed hoarsely and the girls shrieked.

Banker George Schneider had been standing in his window watching the performance, and he now came down stairs and walked through the crowd. "In the old country," he said, "we used to make balky horses move in this way," and he got on his tiptoes and threw his arms around the horse's neck. The animal snorted savagely and shot up his angry head till his neck looked like a stand pipe, and of course Mr. Schneider went with it. When he had gone up so high that he could almost see the roof of the Tacoma building he let go, and, falling, struck Tailor Joe Day. A. r. Day changes his trousers every hour, and he now wore a pair of goblin blue trousers with white flecks. When he jumped out of the way to avoid Mr. Schneider he rubbed some axle grease off a wagon hub with his trousers and swore softly. Mr. Schneider blushed under the taunts of the crowd and withdrew to the bank.

A red faced man with a sandy mustache, who wore a checked scarf around his neck, then came forward and remarked: "Ere's the holy woye to do the bloomin' think." He took a hitching strap from a horse attached to a buggy near by and passed it behind the balky horse's right front leg.

Then he began to pull and haul, and Assistant Postmaster John Hubbard, who has a good voice, started to sing "Saw my leg off." Everybody in the crowd knew "Saw my leg off," and the chorus was large and enthusiastic. Officer Lavin paused on his way home to dinner, saw the unhitched horse, and calmly drove off with the buggy, according to the ordinance regularly made and provided. The owner, a little man with a plug hat, came out of the Grannis block at this juncture and assaulted the Englishman, and somebody began wailing the balky horse with a barrel stave. This was the signal for a combined attack, and everybody who could get near enough took a hand in hammering the poor brute. While this bombardment was at its height the driver came up. He inquired for the member of the Humane society, and finding that he had gone he climbed into the wagon, glared contemptuously at the crowd, kicked the horse in an ungentlemanly like manner, yelled "G—e—t—e—app," and drove away.—Chicago Tribune.

Stealing a Child. A remarkably intelligent elephant working on a new bridge in Ceylon, says Murray's Magazine, had a young one to whom she was perfectly devoted. It died, and she became inconsolable. Formerly the gentlest of creatures, she grew irritable and even dangerous. One morning she broke the chain which confined her and escaped into the forest.

One night, about ten days after her escape, the officer who had been in charge of her went out to lie in wait for bears at a pond in a jungle at some distance.

As he and his native attendant were returning, early in the morning, the native silently nudged him, and they saw in the dim, gray light an elephant with her calf making their way toward the camp. They both sprang behind trees, and when the elephants had passed the native insisted that the older one was their old friend.

When they reached the camp they found that the trunk had indeed returned, and had gone from one person to another, touching each with her trunk, as if she were exhibiting her adopted child, which she had evidently begged, borrowed or stolen during her absence.

Her good temper and usual docility returned at once, and her owner blessed the good fortune which had enabled her to steal a child.

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More Money for Tobacco Than Flour. A prominent contractor who does business all over the state has employed a crew of 12 men for six months, and on reckoning up matters preparatory to a final settlement for the year the following figures were brought to light: Ten of the 12 use tobacco, and the bill for plug tobacco for these 10 men was more than the flour bill for the entire crew. The men consumed \$33 worth of tobacco outside of cigars, and got along with but \$51 worth of flour. The fact seems incredible, and yet it is verily the truth.—Tobacco.

About Diamonds.

Colorless diamonds are usually the most valuable, but a colored stone with an exquisite tint fetches as high a price as any. The famous Hope diamond, which weighs about 1441 troy grains, and is said to be worth \$25,000, is of a superb sapphire blue color. Large diamonds of the first water are very rare, and in the whole of Europe at the present time there are only five of more than 100 carats weight. (A carat is 2 1/4 grains troy.) The largest of these is the gem of the imperial scepter of Russia, which came from India.

The others are the Pitt or Regent diamond belonging to the French government (this was the jewel Napoleon used to wear in the hill of his sword); the Tuscany diamond, which is now the first crown jewel of the Emperor of Austria; the "Kohinoor," in the possession of Queen Victoria; and the "Star of the South," which originally came from Brazil, and is now lying in pawn in some banking house in Paris. The diamond, which can only be cut and polished by its own powder, is either fashioned into a "rose" or a "brilliant." In the former, one portion is made flat, while the rest of the stone is carved into a faceted dome. The latter, which is always made about three times as thick as the rose, is always cut into facets, but so as to form a kind of double pyramid, with a common central base or girdle.—London Telegraph.

Rest in the Open Air. Dr. Oakman S. Paine is a great believer in rest, and thinks that, next to sleep, the most beneficial kind of rest may be taken in the open air. Talking of rest recently, he said: "How rest should be taken depends entirely upon the person who is wanting the rest. If a busy man can sit still for a few minutes at odd intervals during the day and put away all thoughts of business and just dream for a few minutes, he will find that he would be greatly refreshed by so doing. There can be no stated time to take rest. One should never get so tired as to be compelled to take rest, and if the rest was taken judiciously and at certain intervals, one never would get so tired as to be compelled to go away for rest.

"Literary men, or men who do a great deal of brain work, require a great deal more rest than manual laborers. Physical workers only get their muscles tired. The muscles are much more easily rested than the brain is. Brain workers should take their rest in the open air. Any change of thought is a rest to a brain worker, and after he has been studying hard and exercising his brain to any great extent, a walk or ride in the country will be the greatest possible rest that he could have."—New York Mail and Express.

The Turks and the Crescent. The crescent was not originally an emblem of the Turk. It was first used by the primitive Christians of Constantinople and the eastern provinces of the old Roman Empire as an emblem of the growing influence of Christianity. It was not until about the year 1453, after the Turks had overrun Asia Minor and parts of southeastern Europe, and had captured Constantinople, that the Turks adopted the crescent as their national emblem. The Koran prohibits the use of images and symbols in the religious ceremonies of the strict Turk, or the internal decorations of their temples and mosques, the rule being so strict as not to allow the martial or civic decoration of their greatest generals or pashas, successful commanders or other distinguished persons. The adoption of the crescent by the Turk as a national emblem is an oddity which has, so far, remained unexplained.—Exchange.

Artificial Teeth. The finest artificial teeth are made of the best ivory, but the great majority of false nasticators now in use are simply pieces of specially prepared hard porcelain. The following is one of the processes adopted for their manufacture: Fine calcined or roasted quartz powder, well ground flint spar, china clay, and a very little oxide of tin are very intimately mixed and ground together, and afterwards made into a soft paste with water. This paste is poured into molds of various kinds and sizes of teeth, and allowed to set. The plastic grinders are then transferred to a furnace, where they are "cured"—that is, half baked or hardened. When this has been done they are covered with an enamel made of paste of spar and quartz, and finally subjected to an intense heat, until they are sufficiently baked, when they are ready for the dentist.—Surgical Reporter.

Spotted Ills Programme. A thug who was recently imprisoned in India, having been caught almost in the actual commission of a murder, complained bitterly to an English officer at having been deprived of the opportunity to fulfill his ambition. He had begun life with the fixed determination to kill an even thousand human beings, and at the time of his capture was in a fair way to carry out his design. He had already killed 700 persons, and if the authorities would have let him alone for quite a little while longer he would have reached the 1,000 mark. He was willing to agree to give himself up again if he were allowed to go free long enough to bag the additional 300 needed, and he thought it great hardship that so reasonable a request should be refused.—San Francisco Chronicle.

HOW IT WORKED.

Good morning, Jack! why I haven't seen you for a month past. What in the world is the matter with you? You seem to have renewed your youth."

"Well Phil, I have. Don't you remember the last time I saw you, how miserable I was? Sick and blue, and in that sort of mood a man gets sometimes when he feels the most noble thing in life is to go straight to the devil."

"Not so bad as that, I hope; at all events you didn't go that way you are looking far too happy and hearty."

"Thank goodness, no! or rather, thank Vinegar Bitters. Do you remember that day I saw you last, when you recommended that remedy to me so persistently, and I was first vexed and then half convinced."

"I remember it perfectly, and you needn't say another word upon the subject; your looks tell me that you took the medicine."

"No doubt of it: everybody remarks upon my improved looks and temper; but I must really tell you all about it. I got the old style, as you recommended, and didn't mind the bitter taste at all. I finished the bottle in about two weeks, and was greatly improved, so much so that I determined to change off and try the new style."

"Well, how did you like it?" "You told me your wife preferred the new style, I believe well, I must say I agree with her. I like the old style very much but the new is a finer, smoother, more expensive preparation."

"I believe it is; in fact, I have heard so, and I wonder the McDonald Drug Company sell it for the same price they do the old style, because it is really a very costly preparation."

"Well, that doesn't concern us. Who was it said that people feared themselves plump sometimes when they were only bilious? No matter! I was only going to say that I believe people often seem wicked when it is only their liver, or their stomach, or some other cantankerous organ of the body so out of order they couldn't be good if they tried."

"And if all the miserable dyspepsia, and victims of biliousness, headache and the thousand and one ills that flesh is heir to would only take Vinegar Bitters, what a happy world this would be!"

"I should recommend the new style." "I never go back on the old style." "Well, they can pay their money and take their choice, for both kinds work admirably."

WANTED—Agents in every city and town of Pennsylvania for the New England Mutual Accident Association, of Boston, Mass., cheapest and best accident association. Address L. H. STAYTON, Manager, 6 Fifth avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.

HINDERCORNS. The only sure Cure for Corns. Stops all pain. Restores comfort to the feet. See at Druggists. HINCOX & CO., N. Y.

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ACHING Sides and Back. Aching Sides and Back, Hip, Kidney and Uterine Pains, Rheumatic, Sciatic, Sharp and Weakening Pains, relieved in ONE MINUTE by the CUTICURA Anti-Pain Plaster. The first and only instantaneous pain-killing strengthening plaster, 25c per 5 for \$1. At Druggists, or of POTT, DRUGS AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

Table with columns: Distance and Fare, Miles, Fare. Rows include Johnstown to Altoona, Johnstown to Harrisburg, etc.

Table with columns: Leaves, Arrives. Rows include Pittsburgh, Altoona, Harrisburg, etc.

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ESTRAY.—Came to the premises of the undersigned, in a small town, ship about the 1st of May, light-red cow, piece of left horn and hangs down, short tail, and apparently an old animal. The owner is requested to come and prove property, pay charges, and take her away, or she will be disposed of according to law. PHILIP SKELLEY.