BUFFALO, ROCHESTER & PITTS. BURGH RAILWAY.
The short line between Dulfols, Ridgway,
Bradford, Salamanca, Buffalo, Rochester,
Ningara Falls and points in the upper oil ion.
On and after Nov. 13th, 1892, passentrains will arrive and depart from Fallsek station, daily, except Sunday, as fol-

Baitrond Cime Cables.

ger trains will arrive and depart from Italis Creek station, daily, except Sunday, as follows:
7110 A. M.—Bradford Accommodation—For points North between Falls Creek and Bradford. 7:18 a. m. nikod train for Punzyentawney.
10:05A.M.—Buffaio and Rochester mail—For Brockwayville, Ridgway. Johnsonburg. Mt. Jewett, Bradford, Salamanea, Buffalo and Rochester; connecting at Johnsonburg with P. & E. train 3, for Wilcox, Kane, Warren, Corry and Erie.
10:55 A. M.—Accommodation—For DuBiols, Sykes, Big Run and Punxsutawney.
120 P. M.—Bradford Accommodation—For Beechtree, Brockwayville, Ellmont, Carmon, Ridgway, Johnsonburg, Mt. Jewett and Bradford.
4:50 P. M.—Mail—For DuBols, Sykes, Big Run Punxsutawney and Walston.
7:55 P.M.—accommodation—For DuBols, Big Run and Punxsutawney.

Trains Arrive—7:19 A. M., Accommodation—Punxsutawney; 19:03 A. M., Accommodation from Funxsutawney; 1:20 P. M., Accommodation from Punxsutawney; 1:20 P. M., Accommodation from Bradford. Thousand mile tickets at two cents per mile, good for passage between all stations. J. H. Rannert E. C. Lapry, Gen. Piss. Agent Bradford, Pa. Bradford, Pa. Rochester, N. Y.

A LLEGHENY VALLEY RAILWAY

A LLEGHENY VALLEY RAILWAY A COMPANY commencing Sunday Dec. 18, 1892. Low Grade Division.

Red Bank	STATIONS.	No.1.	No.5.	No. 9.	101	100
WHEN LUD	Red Bank Lawsonham New Bethlehem Oak Ridge Summerville Benokville Bell Fuller Reynoldsville Paticosk Falls Creek DuBois Saluia Winterburn Penfield Tyler Glen Fisher Benezette Grant	A. M. 10 47 10 57 11 38 11 48 11 12 05 12 34 11 12 05 12 34 11 12 55 12 34 12 12 12 12 12 12 12 12 12 12 12 12 12	17. 44405000000000000000000000000000000000	A. M. 5 15 22 5 20 5 50 6 16 6 28 6 47 7 10 7 224	P. M.	
WESTWARD		WEST	WARD			

	- 11 Alberta				
STATIONS.	No.2	No.6	No.10	106	110
Driftwood Grant Benezette Glon Fisher Tyler Penfield Winterburn Sabula DuBois Falls Creek Paneoss Reynoldsville Fuller Bell Brookville Summerville Maysville Oak Ridge New Bethlehem Lawsonhm Lawsonhm	1 17:55 11 45:55 2 10:20 1 2 42:55 1 2 42:55 1 3 42:55 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2	6 19 15 10 20 20 20 20 20 20 20 20 20 20 20 20 20	800 E 34 45 40 E 32 S 3 S 5 S 5 S 5 S 5 S 5 S 5 S 5 S 5 S 5	P. M. 12 05 12 15	
Red Bank	A. M	10 00 A. M.	P. N.	A M.	P. M.

Trains dally except Sunday. DAVID McCARGO, GEN'L. SUPT...
Pittsburg, Pa.
JAS. P. ANDERSON, GEN'L. PASS. AGT.,
Pittsburg, Pa

DENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

IN EFFECT DECEMBER 18, 1892.

Philadelphia & Eric Railroad Division Time Table. Trains leave Driftwood. EASTWARD 9:04 A M-Train 8 dully except Sunday for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate sta-tions, arriving at Philadelphia 6:50 p. M., New York, 9:35 P. M.: Baltimore, 6:45 p. M.; Washington, 8:15 p. M. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia.

washington, 8:15 P. M. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia.

2:38 P. M.—Train a, daily except Sunday for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia (25 A. M.) New York, 7:19 A. M. Through coach from DuBols to Williamsport. Pullman Sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:09 A. M.

2:56 P. M.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 6:30 A. M.; New York, 9:30 A. M.; Baltimore, 6:20 A. M.; Washington, 7:30 A. M. Pallman cars and passenger coaches from Erle and Williamsport to Philadelphia. Passengers in sleeper for Baltimore and Washington will be transferred into Washington Seeper at Harrisburg.

WESTWARD.

7:35 A. M.—Train 1, daily except Sanday for Ridgway, DuBols, Clermont and intermediate points.

8:27 P. M.—Train 3, daily for Erie and intermediate points.

9:50 A. M.—Train 3, daily for Eric and intermediate points.
6:27 P. M.—Train II. daily except Sunday for Kane and intermediate stations.
THROUGH TRAINS FOR DRIFTWOOD FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH.
TRAIN II leaves Philadelphia 8:36 A. M.: Washington, 7:50 A. M.: Haltimore, 8:45 A. M.: Wilkesbarre, 10:15 A. M.: daily except Sunday, arriving at Driftwood at 6:27 P. M. with Pullman Parior car from Philadelphia to Williamsport.

Pullman Parior car from Philadelphia to Williamsport.

TRAIN 3 leaves New York at 8 p. m.; Philadelphia, 11:20 p. m.; Washington, 10:40 a. m.; Baltimore, 11:40 p. m.; daily arriving at Driftwood at 9:50 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Philadelphia to Erie and from Washington and Baltimore to Williamsport and through pussenger coaches from Philadelphia to Erie and Baltimore to Williamsport and to DuBois.

TRAIN I leaves Renevo at 6:35 a. m., daily except Sunday, arriving at Driftwood 7:15 a. m.

JOHNSONBURG RAILROAD.

(Daily except Sunday.)
TRAIN 19 leaves Ridgway at 9:40 a. m.; Johnsonburg at 9:55 a. m., arriving at Clermont sonburg at m.

at 10:45 a. m.

TRAIN 20 leaves Clermont at 10:55 a. m. arriving at Johnsonburg at 11:40 a. m. and
Ridgway at 11:55 a. m.

RIDGWAY & CLEARFIELD R. R.

DAILY EYCEPT SUNDAY.

HOU	THWAR	LD.	NORTHW	ARD.
P.M	A.M.	STATIONS.	A. M.	P.M.
12 10	9.40	Ridgway	1 30	7.00
12 18	9.48	Island Run	1 20	6.51
12.22	9.52	Mill Haven	1.16	6 46
12 31	10.02	Croyland	1.06	6.95
12 38	10 10	Shorts Mills	12 59	6 30
15 42	10:15	Blue Bock	12 54	6 25
12 44	10 17	Vineyard Run		
12 46	20 20	Carrier	12 50	6 23
1.00	1032	Brockwayville		6.00
1 10	10 42	McMinn Summi	t 12 38	5 57
1 14	10 48	Harveys Run	12 26	A 53
1.20	10 55	Fulls Crook	12 20	5 45
1.45	11 06	Fulls Creek DuBols	12 05	5 45 5 30
	****			0.00
- 50	TRA	INS LEAVE RID	GWAY.	
25 36	astward		Westwar	
Trate	1 6 :17 :	t.m Tr	min 3, 11:34	a. m.
Trak	1 0, 1 :45 t	p. m. Tr	min 1, 3:00	D. m.
- Obrus	7:05	o.m. Tr	aln 11, 8:25	p. m.

CHAS. E. PUGH.

LANGUAGE IS SWEET.

EXPRESSION BY THE TONGUE IS NECESSARY TO HAPPINESS.

Life Would Be Mighty Desolate Withou Sweet Words - Much More Beautiful Could We Make This Existence if We Took More Pains in Talking.

How would you enjoy life with sweet words left out? My littlest one runs to me and with both arms about my neck pulls me down to kiss me, and whispers as if it were a new secret: "Papa, I lovyou. Oh, how I just do love, love you! What a pest it is to be pulled about so when one is busy! How it dislocates one's collar and one's thoughts! But what would you take for such prattle? How would you like it checked, and instead of such spontaneity be compelled to imagine you are loved? Dear me, old man, but why so fussy? Do you not you are loved? Do not actions speak louder than words? Does not your wife cook your meals, and does not your girl put your room in order? Must you also be mussed over and gabbled to in order to be satisfied?

Then comes my oldest boy, a grand fellow, stout and wholesome and brainy, and before I am aware his arm is about my neck, and he pulls my head over on his shoulder with a kiss and a "Papa, you are awful dear to me." Pshaw, what is there in words? A few sounds—nothing else! I am not so certain about that. I only know that I would not take a mint of money for that small bouquet of my boy's words. No, not for the world would have to guess at his affection and get hungry for a solid certainty. There is not enough such eloquence, as I have looked about the world. And yet it should not flow too easily. Tonguy love is quite another thing from open heartedness. In my qpinion we should bring up our young folk to easily and frankly express their feelings, only not to express any more than they feel. The art and trick of speech is to be more eloquent than true, and so to turn love into a lie.

Somewhere I have lately read a good story of a married couple that from some spleen vowed not to speak to each other. Well, if they had not really loved they could have got on without talk, but in this case they could not. So by happy inspiration they used the household cat as a go between. "Go," said Betsy, "and tell John that dinner is ready." "Go," answered John, "and tell Betsy I am on hand." "Here, puss," says John, I am on hand. "Here, puss," says John, "tell Betsy this pudding is remarkably good, and I will take another plate of it if she pleases." "Go tell John," answers Betsy, "that I am glad he likes this peach shortcake, and he shall have three pieces if he will."

So for years they kept their vows, but told their love and got on famously. It is a general fact that friendship grows stronger by a short separation and cor-respondence by pen. A man or woman will say sweet or true things in a letter that they would not say first by mouth. I do not quite understand this, but I know it is true. Friends treasure letters, and friendship never is quite itself until a few letters have passed. I en-courage young folk to write letters to learn the art of talking well. One would suppose it would be the other way-that good talkers should write well.

How came it about that the tongue and adjacent organs got control of lan-guage? Possibly Dido can explain this. She leaps and bounds about me in overwhelming joy. Her nose is in my face and her paws on my chest. At last, ut-terly unable to express all her emotion, she throws back her head and explodes in a bark. It is nothing but an explosion, but it is a great relief to her. That is the beginning of speech in all creatures-only a noise made by the rush of emotion through the mouth. By and by this noise is modified to express different emotions. The dog can express a dozen passions and resentments, and yet most of these are told by the

tail and the body in general. The next step is, or was, to medify these sounds into musical roles. The bird does not enunciate first, but sings, The lower races sing well and talk badly. The highest art is to sing well and talk equally well. So language slowly gets stolen by a certain set of organs that at first had little to do with The legs and hands come less into play to tell emotions; the tail, which has done so much animal talking, is aborted. I think it is aborted mainly because its functions are mostly passed whether the tailed tribe of Africans wag those appendages in friendly greeting like dogs or not. I would not own a tailless cat or have a horse's tail even clipped of its hair. It is to abbreviate speech; it is to lop off the organ of ex-pression.

You will see that my theory about the development of language accounts for many abnormal forms of speech. Profanity is a mere explosion of sound closely allied to the dog's bark and the cat's squall. It is not so wicked as it is beastly. It is the natural language of a vulgar fellow who has no art of high language. Half the world talks by ex-plosion and expletives. The more beasty a man's habits the more profane he becomes by necessity. It is his natural language. What a stretch it is from such a man to Coleridge or Emerson or

I heard of a man the other day, "Ah, he is a great scientist, to be sure, but he is also such a splendid talker." The art of saying fine things finely you cannot afford to be without. "Live with wolves

and you will learn to howl," says the Spanish proverb. We ought to be able to add, "Live with men and you will learn to talk well." But that is not so. There are too few really good talkers—really wise and witty tongues.—E. P. Powell in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

He Knew.

Judge—Come, you'd better plead guil-ty. You'll get off easier. Prisoner—Ah, I twig yer lay. Yer want to get home to dinner!—London

A Grateful Old Woman, A dean was visiting his parishioners when one of them, an old woman, informed him that since they met "she'd gone through a sight o' trouble. Her sister was dead, and there wor a worse job than that: the pig died all of a sudden, but it pleased the Lord to tak' him and they mun bow, they man bow." Then the poor old lady brightened up and said, "But there's one thing, Mester Allen, as I can say, and ought to saythe Lord's been protty well on my side this winter for greend"—Exchange.

Detecting Disease by the Eye.

It is perfectly possible, by means of the instruments of the Nineteenth century, to exactly learn the optical condition of an eye, to decide just what glasses, if any, are needed for its perfect working, and it is also possible to look in upon it, and by the appearance of its tissues and its blood vessels to decide as to the existence of serious disease when there are few other symptoms that point to it, when there may be none besides to be found in the body that positively prove it.

I may mention two classes of disease one constitutional and the other local, which illustrate this statement. The eye mirror opthalmoscope is the instru-ment by which such things are settled. Bright's disease, a name carrying dread to many a household, is the constitu-tional disease to which I refer. In not a few cases the diagnosis of it is made by the examination of the retina with

the eye mirror. The expert will make no mistake if the eye gives evidence of it, for its signs are positive in minute bleeding from the blood vessels and peculiar fawn colored spots on the retina. The surgeon dreads to find them, because they are evidence of an advanced stage of the malady which prematurely destroys so many Bright's disease is in fact a de generation of many of the tissues of the body, the walls of the arteries being among them. In no part of the bocan this degeneration be so readily c tected as in the retina of the eye.-Co.

Pure Narcotic Death.

Under chloroform, as under all anæ thetic gases and vapors, there is a mode of death which may be called the final or natural. It need never be produced, and never could be except under the most unskillful management, and it is a long time in its progress. When death does occur in this manner it is by the slow extinction of the natural animal zymosis, and is illustrated, as to method, perfectly by the simple experiment of gradually extinguishing a candle in a confined space by introducing vapor of chloroform into the air that fills the

It can be illustrated also by the experiment of stopping ordinary ferments tion by the presence of chloroform, and by the simpler process of using chloroform vapor as a preservative of animal tissues from decomposition. All anæsthelics are open to kill in this manner, but that is the safest anæsthetic which puts out life in no other manner, does not, that is to say, cause either of the reflexes of spasmodic character during administration .- Asclepiad.

When Jay Gould Was a Boy. "At one time," said Mr. Woolhiser, who as a boy worked in the same store with Jay Gould, "while Gould was in the employ of Burnham he fell sick. My father, who was a general nurse and something of a doctor, attended him and brought him around all right. Not long after he recovered he met my father and said, 'You saved my life, and if at any time you are in need and I can help you I shall do so with pleasure Fortune has not smiled on my poor old father of late, and being in absolute need he wrote to Mr. Gould, telling him of his condition and asking for help No reply was ever received. I think that our letters never reached Mr. Gould, or he would surely have helped us. wrote to him only a few days before his death for the fourth or fifth time. Gould was always a good boy, and for awhile we slept together in the same bed in the old store in Roxbury. Jay never missed saying his nightly prayers before retir-ing."—New York World.

The Study of Philately.

Philately is a study. It is a pursuit that adds more to the life of the young collector than any other of his pleas ures. Philately in the present genera tion is assuming vast proportions as an instructive science and is even now a formidable rival of numismatics. No longer is it called a mania or a craze but a science teaching the geography history, language and the morals of a country. Our philatelists are not mere schoolboys and girls, although they collect stamps, but men of mature minds men well established in business and professions, men of sound judgment intellectual and thoughtful men. And it is this fact that gives the young col lector encouragement, the knowledge that such men do exist in the ranks of philatelists.—Ohio State Journal.

WOMEN AT ENGLISH RACES.

They Are Nearly Always Wealthy and Attend Because They Love Sports

The women one sees at the races here are the women of the fashionable world beautifully attired, escorted by gallants. They move about on the lawn, or preside at their luncheon tables under the trees or over their hampers in their carriages; they chat and promenade, take a light interest in the races, walk about the paddock and look at the horses, do the honors in a box or rest in their sents at the grand stand; but one doesn't see them hauling out money to put on a horse or chasing around to find out "what's good in this race." One doesn't see them consulting the tips in the morning papers, or Jack's tips, or anybody's tips, or in any way showing that they are afflicted with a severe attack of gambling fever.

The English women are the most charming feature of the English races. They, with their lovely toilets and holiday airs, give it the garden party flavor that helps to keep it a sport instead of a

But it's not in nature for them to always look on and never participate.

English women have a finger in the racing pie also. You'd hardly suspect it to watch them at the races, but they do. They are usually women who go racing for the love of the sport and who know more or less about the horses. When they want to bet they ask a commissioner, some gentleman who is betting for himself, or else some one they car tip for the trouble, to put a certain amount on a horse for them. No money passes on the course. The "settling" is all done away from there, and usually by letter and checks.

Women who bet heavily and continually—and there are such—transact their business directly with a bookmaker. just like a man. But this again isn't evident on the course. When such a woman fancies a horse she sends a tel egram from her home the morning of the day he runs, making her bet, or she wires her bet-or "order"-from the course before the race. Usually, too. she's the sort of a woman who can retail the latest fashionable gossip in piquant style, while her equine "fancy" is adding to or subtracting from her bank ac

There are a great many English wom-en who bet in this way, and who now and then stand to win tidy sums in the early books on big races. Then there's a lot of playful impromptu betting at places like Epsom and Ascot. I've seen ladies lean over the front of the boxes at Epsom and hand the shouting bookies who stand in line in front of them sovereigns and half sovereigns and name their horses, to give the day zest or "have it to say" that they were on a Derby or Oaks favorite.

And I've seen ladies going to and from the paddock at Ascot stop to have a look at the shouting ring, and go up to some bookie and make a bet "just to have the experience," and the bookie would be "as polite as a basket of chips," and the "experience" would be filed away with those other wonderful ones of hedged in lives, like a ride on Jumbo or a dash into the slums.-London Cor. Chicago Inter Ocean.

Native Wit in a Street Gamin.

Wit in the New York "young fellow," if sometimes brutal, is usually ready and often imaginative. An unmistakable oriental, in turban, baggy trousers gay stockings and tinseled coat, sat on a bench in Madison square the other day, an object of interest to all the boys, and apparently not displeased at the attention he attracted. There came along presently, however, two rough looking young men, and one of them, pausing in front of the stranger, looked at him in undisguised astonishment. His first surprise over, he called back his fellow, who had passed on, and said, pointing to the oriental, "Jimmy, git on to this." The eastern stranger's splendor seemed to call up some strange picture in the rearward of Jimmy's imagination, for his instant answer was, "Oh, Cinderella; pull his fringes."-New York Sun.

Fogg's Alarm Clock.

Fogg staid up very late yesterday morning, or very early, if you like that expression better—at any rate it was nearly 4 delock before he had roughly footed up the amount be would have to pay in hats and cigars and wine and oyster suppers and climbed into bed. He was to arise in good season, and set the alarm clock to ring "for all it was worth" at 7 o'clock. It rang with a vengeance, and fearful that it would awaken the whole household he reached up, smothered the bell with his hand and took the clock down into the bed to hold it until it would stop ringing. When he awoke again the bell had stopped ringing and he was still hugging the clock, which truthfully asserted that it was after 9.—Hartford Post.

Philosophy from a Child.

Two of the Virginians who have come to the Pasteur institute to be vaccinated against hydrophobia were in grave con-sultation. "I am sorry you told the doctor that he must not hurt you," said the elder, aged twelve. "I am sure you would rather suffer than die."

"No," replied the other, aged six, "I would rather die and be born again and

not be bitten by a dog." Savants have tortured their brains for centuries and not found truer philosophy, and the innocent say things that make the experienced turn pale.—New

EXPLOITS OF A CROW.

VERY CLEVER INDEED, BUT HE MET AN UNTIMELY DEATH.

Star.

Anecdotes by a Man Who Saw Some Strange Things Even Though He Had a Gun-The Crow Disliked Certain Kinds of Animals-He Was a Great Hunter.

"When this region was nearly all woods sixty years ago," said an old resident of Bell Meadow, "I picked a young crow out of the mud in Tamarack swamp, where he had tumbled out of the nest before he was old enough to fly. I named him Abe and tamed him, and he developed into the brightest bird I ever saw. Like all tame crows, Abe was mischievous and inquisitive. There was a knothole in the floor of our cistern and the crow couldn't find out what was under it, although he tried very hard.

"Several times a day Abe flew down to the creek, hunted up a pebble and carried it in his bill to the floor of the cistern, where he dropped it through the knothole. The instant he let the pebble drop he would put his car close to the hole and listen. He could hear the pebble strike the water, and the noise out of his sight excited his curiosity so much that he dropped a half bushel of pebbles into the cistern before he gave up.

"Abe accompanied me on all my hunting trips in the fall and winter, and be saw me kill five or six wolves, half a dozen wildcats and several deer. The woods were full of deer, and there were so many wolves that we couldn't keep any sheep. Abe took a great liking to deer and rabbits, but he hated wolver and wildcats, seeming to understand that they were destructive and dangerous. One afternoon, the summer that he was a year old, Abe flew into our little clearing and cawed and fluttered about as if he wanted me to leave my work.

"I knew the crow had seen something that displeased him, and so I picked up two rifles and told him to go ahead, just to see what he would do. He went squall ing through the air toward Bell Meadow brook, and when he alighted on a tree he kept yelling and looking down in the ravine. I looked, too, little expecting to see what I did. A pair of wolves were tearing at a doe they had pounced or and pulled down. I killed them both before they got three leaps from the doe. and when Abe saw that they couldn't move he cawed and croaked as though he was glad.

"The next winter there were three feet and a half of snow on the level, and we had to wear snowshoes to get around. While I was splitting wood near the house one cold morning the crow came sailing and squalling to the settlement from the direction of Lake Henry. He was excited about something, and he perched on the log and went to flapping his wings and dancing up and down. understood him well enough to know that he had seen something that he didn't like the looks of up in the woods toward the lake, so I and my brother and cousin put on our snowshoes, shouldered five loaded rifles and started into the woods, Abe leading the way and

"He led us to the lake, where we saw a sight that I shall never forget. In a space where the wind had blown the snow from the ice a flock of seven deer cannon were fired off close to my ear." had been cornered by a pack of five wolves. The deer couldn't get out on account of the deep snow, and the wolves had killed three of them when we got there. While we were blazing away at the brutes the crow flew overhead and shouted his approval. We killed the whole pack, and Abe felt so good that he rolled over on the crust several times

"One day in the spring the crow caw fisher catch a rabbit and carry it to a hole in a basswood tree, thirty feet from the ground. My brother and I were chopping near by, and Abe squalled around till he attracted our attention, when he flew up to the hole where the fisher was concealed. We chopped the basswood down, and the fisher skipped out and ran up a hemlock tree to where the leaves were so thick we couldn't see it. Abe flew up, alighted above the fisher and began to squall, and squinting through the foliage below him I could see enough of the fisher to fire at. banged away, and down came Mr. Fisher with a bullet in his head. fairly laughed when the fisher tumbled.

One morning I found six pullets on the floor of the hen shanty. A mink had killed them, and that night I set two steel traps and put one of the pullets be-In the morning a mink had its fore feet in one of the traps and one of its hind feet in the other. Abe tagged me in, and when he saw the mink struggling to get out he ran up in front of it and began to yell in its face. I let the crow torment it, and while my back was turned the mink caught Abe by the neck and bit him so hard that he died in a few minutes."—Cor. New York Tribune.

Always Willing to Load Merchant (to persistent peddler)-Oh, don't bother me this morning. I wish you'd kindly leave me alone.

Morris Abrams (producing wad)-Why, shertinly, my frent, how much and vot inderesht vill you gif?—Kate Field's Washington.

Sumatra Buffaloes in Water. The buffaloes in Sumatra, according to an English traveler, in fear of the tiger take refuge at night in the rivers, where they rest in peace and comfort, with only their horns and noses sticking

above the water.

Nothing New Under the Sun.

"I am beginning to believe that there is absolutely nothing new under the sun, but that every thought is a revival or an imitation or a downright plagiarism of some one which preceded it years and years ago," said Calvin S. Southwood as warmed his feet against a heater in the rotunda of the Liudell. "Even the inventions that appear so brand new may have existed or their possibility been suggested away back before the dawn of history. At any rate this is evidently true in the realms of literature. In this line, if in nothing else, history repeats itself and the world runs in cycles. I attended church Sunday-fact, I assure you-and heard a distinguished gentleman use a metaphor as his own which I at once recognized as used once by Oliver Wendell Holmes, and which in different form I once ran across in an old book containing the 'Canterbury' Tales. Yes-terday I read in a magazine an article by a writer of national reputation, who

used as his own the expression, 'Pride that dines on vanity, sups on contempt.' "This expression was evidently taken bodily from the 'Poor Richard's Almanac' of Benjamin Franklin, and this distinguished philosopher I feel sure bor-rowed it either consciously or uncon-sciously from an old German book full of folklore. Many of these old thoughts in more recent writers are unconsciously reproduced, and in their new dress cau hardly be recognized. 'A guilty con-science needs no accuser' may easily be recognized in Hamlet's soliloquy, 'Thus conscience does make cowards of us all," but it appeared far back of that, in the sacred pages, 'The wicked flee when no man pursueth,' and no doubt in other shapes ages before that. No, there's nothing new under the sun."-St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

More Potato.

Renan had a great contempt for mere words, however eloquent. One evening he met at a sort of a literary dinner M. Caro, the philosopher beloved of fine la-dies, who set himself to prove the existence of God. His eloquent assertions did not seem to interest the sage. In the middle of one of his most sonorous periods M. Renan attempted to make himself heard.

But all the ladies were intensely interested. They would not have their pleasure spoiled.

"In a moment, M. Renan, we will listen to you in your turn." He bowed submissively.

Toward the end of dinner M. Caro, out of breath, stopped with a rhetorical emphasis. At once every one turned to-ward the illustrious scholar, hoping that he would enter the lists, and the hostess, with an encouraging smile, said: "Now, M. Renan'

"I am afraid, dear lady, that I am now a little behindhand." 'No, no!

"I wanted to ask for a little more potato."-Fortnightly Review.

Indorsed for Office.

I nice looking old gentleman with a florid complexion approached the ap-pointment clerk of the treasury one day with an application for a place, indorsed by some letters of recommendation. When the official asked him a question he said: "Please write it down. I am so

General McCauley thought that this was rather a disadvantage for an applicant for employment as a clerk, but he asked the stranger to write his name and address. The old gentleman shook his head. "It is impossible," he said. "I cannot write at all, because my hand is palsied."-Washington Cor. New York Sun.

As Good as He Gave.

A reproof which was just and not discourteous was once addressed to a young rector who had been reared under the highest of church doctrines, and who held that clergymen of all other denominations are without authority and not entitled to be called ministers of the Gospel. One evening at a social gathering he was introducted to a Baptist clergyman. He greeted the elder man with much manner and ostentation.

"Sir," he said, "I am glad to shake hands with you as a gentleman, though I cannot admit that you are a clergy man." There was a moment's pause, and then the other said, with a significance that made the words he left unsaid emphatic, "Sir, I am glad to shake hands with you—as a clergyman. -San Francisco Argonaut.

Why the Child Cried.

A Brooklyn physician says that he was recently attending a family where the little man of the house was in a somewhat refractory humor, and thinking to quiet him he said, "How would you like it now if to punish you I should take your little sister away from you?" The boy sulked and did not reply, but as the doctor arose to take his leave the child burst into a woeful blubbering. He was asked what was the matter. "Doctor's goin away without takin sister," he answered.—New York Recorder.

A Paris furniture dealer recently bought from an architect an old writing table, and in overhauling it he found a packet containing 1,600 francs. He at once informed the former owner of his find, and he was rewarded by an honest declaration on the part of the architect that the latter knew nothing whatever about the money and would not accept it.—Paris Letter.