Maliroad Cime Cables.

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER & PITTS-BURGH RAHLWAY. The short line between DuRois, Ridgway. Bradford, Salamarra, Buffalo, Rochester, Niggara Falls and points in the upper oil

region.
On and after Nov, 19th, 19th, passenger trains will arrive and dejart from Falls Creek station, dully, except Sunday, as fol-

7.10 A M.: L20 p. m.; and 7.00 p. m. Arcen-modations from Puncoutawney and Rig

modation For Sykes, Hig Run and Punxsultawney.
2.20 F. M. Bradford Accommod a feer for
Beechtree, Brockwayxille, Klimont, Carmon, Eldgway, Johnsonburg, Mt. Jewett
and Bradford.
6:00 F. M. Wall For DuRois, Sykes, Hig
Run, Praissmawney and Walston.
0:20 A. M. Sunday train for Brockwayville, Ridgway and Johnsonburg.
6:00 F. M. Sunday train for Brockwayville, Ridgway and Johnsonburg.
6:00 F. M. Sunday train for Brockwayville, Ridgway and Johnsonburg.
6:00 F. M. Sunday train for Bullois, Sylics,
Big Run and Pinxsanawney.
Passengers are requested to parchase tickets, before entering the cars. An excess
charge of Ten Cents will be collected by conductors when fares are paid, on trains, from
all stations where a telect office is unfantained.
Thousand mile tickets at two cents per
mile good for passage between all stations,
J. H. McKrywe, Agont, Falls creek, Pa.
J.H. Ramerri
General Supt. Gen. Pas. Agent
Buffalo, N. V. Rochester N. Y

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

IN EFFECT NOV. 19, 1893.

Philadelphia & Eric Railrond Division Time Table. Trains leave Driftwood. EASTWARD

EASTWARD

6:04 A. M.—Train 8, daily except Sunday for Sunbary, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia (5:09 p. m., New York, 19:08 p. m.; Baltimore, 7:29 p. m.; Washington, 8:38 p. m.; Pullman Parior carfron Williamspert and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia.

3:29 P. M.—Train 8, daily except Sunday for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:39 A. M.; New York, 7:33 A. M. Through coach from DuBois to Williamsport. Pullman Sleephing cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York, Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:09 A. M.

9:35 P. M.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 6:50 A. M.; New York, 2:30 A. M.; Baltimore, 6:20 A. M.; Washington, 7:30 A. M.; Baltimore arrs from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia, Passengers in sleeper for Baltimore and Washington will be transferred into Washington sleeper at Harrisburg. Passenger coaches from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

WESTWARD

7:32 A. M.—Train I, daily except Sunday for Ridgway, DuBois, Clermont and inter-mediate stations. Leaves Ridgway at 3:00 P. M. for Eric. P. M. Train 3, daily for Eric and inter-

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 DIRIFTWOOD FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH.
TRAIN II leaves Philadelphia 8:50 A. m.; Washington) 5:50 A. m.; daily except Sunday, arriving at Driftwood at 6:27 P. M. with 21man Parlor car from Philadelphia to Hillmanshort.

2 Elman Parlor car from Philadelphia to illiamsport.

AIN 3 icaves New York at 8 p. m.; Phila-delphia, Ili20 p. m.; Washington, 10,40 a. m.; Baltimore, Ili40 p. m.; daily arriving at Deft wood at 9:50 a. m. Pulinam sleeping cars from Philadelphia to Eric and from Washington and Baltimore to Williamsport and through passenger conches from Phila-delphia to Eric and Baltimore to Williams-port and to bulleds.

TRAIN t leaves Renovo at 6:35 a. m., daily except Sunday, arriving at Driftwood 7:32

JOHNSONBURG RAILROAD.

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

at 19:45 a. m. TRAIN 20 leaves Clermont at 49:35 a. m. ar-riving at Johnsonburg at 11:40 a. m. and Ridgway at 11:55 a. m.

RIDGWAY & CLEARFIELD R. R.

SOU	THWAI	ILY EYCEPT	SUND	RTHW.	ARD
P. M	A.M.	STATION	8.	A.M.	P. M
12 10	9.40	Ridgway		1.30	6.0
12 18	17:45	Island Ru	m	1 20	6 2
12 22 12 31	9.52	Mill Have	711	1.16	6.1
12 31	10 02	Croyland	1	1.06	55
12 38	10.10	Shorts Mil	16	12.50	6.0
12 44 12 44 12 46	10:15	Blue Roc	k	12.54	55
12 44	10 17	Vineyard I	tun	12.52	5.5
12 46	10 20	Carrier		12.50	00.00
1 00	10/32	Brockwayy	ille	12.48	153
1 10 1 10 1 14	10 42	McMinn Sun	amit	12.30	53
1 14	10 48	Harveys R	un	12.26	5.2
1 20	10.55	Falls Cres	ekc.	12 20	5.1
1.45	11.05	Falls Cree DuBois		12 05	50
-	TRA	INS LEAVE I	angv	VAY.	
	astware		V	Cestwar	d.
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S M.	PREVO	ST.		WOOD.	
	Gen. Ma	nager.	Ge	n. Pass.	Ag't
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A LLEGHENY VALLEY RAILWAY COMPANY commencing Sunday May 27, 1894, Low Grade Division.

	HAST	WARD	4		
STATIONS.	No. 1.	No.5.	No. 9.	101	100
Red Bank Lawsonham New Bethlehem Oak kidge Maysville Summerville Brookvillos Heli Fuller Full	10 45 10 570 11 38 11 46 12 255 12 31 12 43 1 12 43 1 12 43 1 1 50 2 2 55 2 55	4 45553410000035773475601034455	5 2 4 7 7 6 6 1 2 5 4 4 2 6 6 6 4 4 2 6 6 6 6 6 6 7 7 7 2 4 0 9 1 2 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5	10 55	1 36 1 45
STATIONS.	No.2	No.6	No.10	106	110
Driftwood Grant Benezette Glen Fisher. Tyler Penfield Sabula. DuBols. Falls Creek Paticosst Reynoldsville Fuller. Bell Brookville Summerville Mayaville New Bethlehem Lawsonham Meed Bank	10 10 10 42 10 52 11 06 11 20 11 30 11 36	5 00 5 32 5 42 5 50 6 20 6 26	***************************************	P. M. 12 10 12 20	5 00

A CROP O' KISSES.

From her side I go a-singin in the mornin cool When the dew shines in the furrow an the hills elimb into day,
An I kiss her at the partin—she's the sweetest

thing in lifeLike I we' to kiss my sweetheart 'fore my
sweetheart was my wife.

It's kind o' "goodby" kissin, though it's kissin mighty soon, cay, "I'll make it last me till the shad-

ders point to noon."

An the been backs sing "He kiesed ber," an the wind sing "So did we,"

When some wild rose comes n-elimin an jes' steals her kies from me.

Then the plow stands in the furrow, an my dreamin eyes I shield As I leak where last I left her as I sing across

the field:
"Here's the winds a laughin at me, here's the lark n-singin (bis,
'He's kissed her, kissed her, but
the rose has stole the kiss.'"

Then with all the birds a singin an a-twittin I lose sight o'all the grasses roun the corn

blades at my feet

An my horse looks roun a-wonderin till he almost seems to say,

"Will yed make a crop o' kisses or another crop o' hay?"

An I don't know how to answer, for I'm thinkin, an I seem Like a feller jes' a-wakin from the middle of a

dream,
An horse is out o' harness, with his mane
a-flowin free.
An the rose that stole her kisses—well, she kisses it an me. Southern Magazine.

AWFUL ABSINTHE.

THE HORRIBLE DRUG WHICH IS POP-ULAR IN FRANCE.

Its Chief Ingredient Is Wormwood, and It Poisons the Body and Burns Away the Brains of Its Victims—The Wickedest Intoxicant In the World.

During the Algerian war, which lasted from 1844 to 1847, the French army were more in danger from African fevers than from Algerian enemies. Several things were tried as antidotes or preventives by the skillful army physicians. Finally absinthe was hit on as the most effective febrifuge.

The soldiers were ordered to mix it in small quantities three times a day with the ordinary French wine. The luckless happy-go-lucky privates grew to like their medicine, which at first they swore at bitterly for spoiling with its bitterness that beautiful purple vinegar they fondly fancy is wine. But when absinthe alone began to usurp the time honored place of claret in the affections of the French army the evil became an unmixed one.

Absinthe straight as a beverage is a direly different thing from absinthe mixed as a medicine or an occasional tonic. The victorious army on their triumphal return to Paris brought the habit with them. It is now so wide-spread through all classes of Paristan society-and Paris gives the cue to France-that Frenchmen of science and publicists regard the custom of absinthe tippling as a vast national evil.

The consequence of the use-and use of this drug ripens to abuse, even with men of unusual will power—has been in France disastrous to a dreadful de-Many men of remarkable brilliancy have offered up their brains and their lives on the livid altar of absinthe. Baudelaire, who translated all Poe's works into French, had a terribly grotesque passion for the pleasant green In one of his mad freaks this poison. minor French poet actually painted his hair the same tint as the beverage that corroded his brain, possibly from an odd fancy to have the outside of his head correspond with or match the inside

Alfred de Musset, who was the French Byron, plus a tenderer, naiver touch, also fell a victim to the drug after George Sand gave the final smash to his fragmentary heart. Guy de Maupassant is reported to have burned his brains away with the same emeraldine flames. The brain disease caused by this drug is considered almost incurable. Far worse than alcohol or opium, it can only be compared to cocaine for the fellness of its clutch on poor humanity.

Yet we take it occasionally as an

after dinner settler of digestive debts in this country, and quite often as an ap-petizer or tonic before meals, while in New Orleans, throughout the older quarter, little cabarets, devoted almost ex-clusively to the sale of it, are quite

What, then, is this dreadful drink composed of, and how is it made? The answer is easy enough, though the process, to insure perfection in the evil, is not so. Absinthe may be technically described as a redistillation of alcoholic spirits (made originally from various things - potatoes, for instance), in which, to give it the final character, bsinthium with other aromatic herbs and bitter roots are ground up, or macerated, in chemist lingo.

The chief ingredient is the tops and leaves of the herb Artemisia absinthium, or wormwood, which grows from two to four feet in great profusion under cultivation, and which contains a volatile oil, absinthol, and a yellow, crystalline, resinous compound called ab-sinthin, which is the hitter principle. The alcohol with which this and the essentials of other aromatic plants are mixed holds these volatile oils in solu-

It is the precipitation of these oils in water that causes the rich clouding of your glass when the absinthe is poured

on the cracked ice-double emblems or warnings of the clouding and the crackling of your brain if you take to it steadily. Thus every drink of the opaline liquid is an object lesson in chemistry

that carries its own moral.

Some barroom Columbus, ambitious to ontdo Dante and add another lower circle to the inferno, recently invented or discovered the absinthe cocktail. A little whisky—the worse the better—a dash of bitters, a little sugar and plenty of iced absinthe make about the quickest

and wickedest intoxicant in the world. The continued use of absinthe gives rise to epileptic symptoms as an external expression of the profound disturbance of the brain and nerves. One large dose of the essence of the wormwood indeed has been noted as causing almost instant ly epileptiform convulsions in animals. But the drug is not without its uses from a broad point of view. As the name implies, it is an anthelmintic, or a pretty sure cure for certain kinds of animal life that sometimes infest the intestines of men, causing pain and death. This peculiar property was well known to the Greeks, who had a wine infused with wormwood called absinthites.

In some parts of Germany wormwood is used in lieu of hops for the brewing of certain brands of beer, and it unquestionably has valuable tonic properties. Absinthe is made almost everywhere, except in the extreme tropics, and the New York variety is just as good-or bad—as any. The duty on French absinthe is very high—\$12 a case of a dozen bottles.

The first effects of it are a profound serenity of temper and a slight heightening of the mental powers, coupled with bodily inertia. This is the general rule; but, as a famous physician once re-marked of a dreadful disorder in his lecture room, "Gentlemen, the chief glor of the beautiful disease I am now explaining is the remarkable variety of its manifestations."-New York World.

When the World Was a Cube.

To a person who reads modern books and modern literature in general, and who has never had either time, opportunity or inclination to strike off into the bypaths which were so frequently and industriously followed by ancient writers, thinkers and dreamers, the heading this "note" will be an enigma. Without further speculation, however, and following the desire which should always be uppermost in every writer's mind-that of at once getting the subject itself before the reader-I will say that there was a time, centuries since, of course, when the learned men of the world really taught that the world was a square, not merely flat, but that it was a cube. The primitive geographers of Egypt, Assyria and China all taught that the world was a "square plane," evidence of which may be found on thousands of ancient monuments in the countries mentioned, as well as in their ancient manuscripts, upon their in-scribed tablets of clay and other early literary remains.

One of the most curious discoveries ever made in Central America concerning Toltec belief, symbols, etc., is that they also had a similar idea concerning the form of what we now speak of as the "globe." A late writer on the dis-coveries made among the monumental ruins of that country says, "They (meaning the Peruvians, Toltees and Quiches) believe the world to be a cube, suspended from the heavens by cords of gold fastened to each of its corners."-

Higher Education.

We have now a high school for the culture and development of feminine beauty. At this beauty college the fair pupils are taught the science of imparting the highest degree of graceful expression to their features and movements. The young ladies are taught how to speak—i. e., without pulling faces—and how to pronounce difficult words in the most bewitching manner. One of the most difficult words is the simple "potato." Two hours are barely ufficient to acquire a correct and agree able pronunciation of the name of this homely tuber. The professors at the col-lege have discovered that music lends a peculiar charm to the expression of the countenance. But the difficulty lies in the choice of the compositions. Ladies of fair complexion grow melancholy as they listen to Chopin. Wagner is specially adapted to dark ladies. His "polychromatic music imparts the req-uisite softness to brunettes," rendering them charming and pliable. The largest attendance is found, however, at the lectures where the pupils are shown how to sleep-that is to say, with a sweet expression and in a graceful pose. Un-fortunately we are not told by what means this delightful accomplishment is to be acquired. - Frankfurter Zeitung.

A Comparison In Years.

How strange our ideas of growing old change as we get on in life! To the girl in her teens the riper maiden of 25 seems quite aged. Twenty-two thinks 35 an "old thing." Thirty-five dreads 40, but congratulates herself that there may still remain some ground to be pos-sessed in the 15 years before the half century shall be attained.

But 50 does not by any means give up the battle of life. It feels middle aged and vigorous and thinks old age aged and vigorous and thinks out in is a long way in the future. Sixty re-members those who have done great things at threescore, and one doubts if things at threescore, and one doubts in Parr, when he was married at 100, had at all begun to feel himself an old man.—London Tit-Bits.

AN EXPERIMENT IN THIEVERY.

The Greasers Did Not Calculate on the Plunder Being So Heavy.

At the time Geronimo was massa croing people for amusement and stirring things up generally along the border of old Mexico and the states I was with a party of American engineers who were constructing a branch of the Mexican Central railroad not far from the border and directly in old Geronimo's territory.

Down there the Indians and the poorer class of Mexicans are inveterate thieves and will steal anything they can manage to carry away without be ing detected. They will steal a thing totally regardless of whether it is of any earthly use to them or not.

Our party had missed a quantity of tools, supplies of railroad iron, ties, etc., and could not imagine how the thieves could utilize the material unless they were building a little railroad for their own amusement. Night after night we placed guards to watch for them, but it seemed they always knew when the guards were on the lookout and refused to attempt a foray on those nights. So we concluded that the culprits were members of the camp and knew all that was going on. After arriving at that conclusion we made it a practice to collect all portable property into convenient groups and guard it

carefully.

In the outfit we had a large steam pile driver, a heavy piece of machinery difficult to transport even under the most favorable circumstances-which we did not deem necessary to guard, never for a moment thinking the thieves would attempt to make away with it. But, as subsequent events showed, we had underrated Mexican acquisitive-

It may be well to explain that a pile driver is a sort of derrick varying in height from 50 to 75 feet. It weight several tons and is held in an upright position by strong guy topes. This pile driver was located in advance of the camps and probably a quarter of a mile from the nearest.

One bright moonlight night the camp was aroused by an unearthly noise and a heavy crash, the disturbance seeming to come from the direction of our pile driver. We immediately surmised some devilment, knowing, as we did, that the "greasers" were none too friendly to "los gringos," a: they called the Americans. Four of us hastily arose, buckled on our revolvers, and with a winchester spiece moved on the enemy. When we reached a knoll a few rods from and overlooking the location of the disturbance, we "limbered up" our artillery and cautiously peered over the knoll, expecting to see a band of Indians or "greasers" doing some sort of malicious work and were fully determined to an nounce our disapproval with a hot broadside from the winchesters. What we did see when we viewed the scene of the commotion surprised us more than would have the whistling of a few bullets around our heads.

The Mexicans had attempted to steal our pile driver and had brought a team of burros to drag it away. They of course placed the team in the wrong position, cut the guy ropes and the pile driver fell squarely across the backs of the poor little burros, smashing them as

flat as tortillos (pancakes). After that our pile drivers were safe in Mexico. - Chicago Record.

He Got Turnip Seed.

There is a gentleman in Alexandria who involuntarily started a farm. It happened this way: His front yard was as barren of grass as Bill Nye's head is of any hirsute adornment. With a view to having it green and pretty he went over to the agricultural department and begged some lawn seed, which were willingly given him by Secretary Mor-ton. He then returned home, and with much satisfaction and expectation planted them. Pictures of a beautiful green lawn and neighbors green with envy were conjured up before his fanciful mind, and he watched the beaming sunshine and refreshing April showers with

the deepest interest. In a few days the sprouts began to show above the earth. But they were very curious looking sprouts, and they seemed about as much like blades of grass as a spade is like a pick. The gentleman began an investigation. sprouts began to grow with rapidity. and in a few weeks there was more prospect of having a vegetable garden than a lawn. Authorities were consulted and after a time it was discovered that Mr. Morton had made a mistake. Instead of grass he had presented the Alexandrian with turnip seed.—Washington News.

He Knew Boys.

The boy had applied for a job.
"We don't like lazy boys around here," said the boss. "Are you fond of work?"

"No, sir," responded the boy, look-ing the boss straight in the face. "Oh, you're not, ain't you? Well, we want a boy that is."

"They ain't any," said the boy dog-

gedly.
"Oh, yes, there are. We have had a
half dozen of that kind here this morning to take the place we have."
"How do you know they are?" asked

the boy.
"They told me so." "So could I if I was like them, but I'm different. I ain't a liar," and the boy said it with such an air of convinc-ing energy that he got the place.—De-

IN A GOLD THE Crashing Hundreds of Tons of Rock For a

Small Ball of Ore. For recovering free-gold from its orethe only successful method, though crude, which has attained any measure of confidence is that known as stamp milling. Imagine a long, low building, one side lined with partholes, through which rock is fed into huge mortars. In these, ranged along the wall, pestles, called stamps, drop at regular intervals, pulverizing the rock in a bath of water. One hundred and twenty-five of these stamps, weighing 600 pounds each. pound away at the quartzose ore, with 20 or 30 strokes a minute, amid infernal din, contrasting strangely with the

engine that quietly drives them all. Each swish of the water that seems glad to escape the noisy thraldom and ceaseless pounding drives a little of the pulpy ore through screens in the front of the mortars and over inclined copper plates, the mercurial surface of which seizes the freed gold while the rock disappears over the tailboard, onward to the creek. Formerly no effort was made to recover any value from these tailings, which still contained over 50 per cent of the mineral. Now, however, the use of additional plates and tables adds to the total receipts, which are further in-creased by the introduction of blankets, in the nap of which some of the riches are mechanically collected. Though crude, this is an improvement upon the method of collecting gold in the Malay islands, where the washings swept over prostrate women, in whose hair the metal was caught. On every Sunday the giant pestles are hung up for rest, while the mercury gold alloy is scraped off the plates. After straining, the amalgam is of almost the consistency of thick cornmeal mush and contains about onefourth of its weight in invisible particles of gold. From the results of each week's run the mercury is distilled, leaving a beautiful, porous cake of metal of the size of a baseball, as the fruits of prospecting for, mining and stamping of perhaps 200 tons of ore.—Cassier's Magazine.

Ills Order.

A speaker who has planned an address for a multitude and finds himself confronted with but a single auditor sometimes fails to readjust his remarks, and the result is apt to be ludicrous. A little story illustrative of this point is told in connection with a former president of the University of North Carolina.

One day as this dignified and stately personage was walking about the campus he observed an unlawful assemblage of students at some little distance. He did not hasten his steps, but proceeded slowly toward them, with his head down and his eyes apparently bent in contemplation of his own boots, When this leisurely proceeding had

brought him to the spot where the students had been gathered, only one young man remained, the others having precipitately departed. The president raised his head and sur-

veyed the solitary culprit with apparent severity, although the young man always contended that he detected a twinkle in his keen eyes. "Sir," said the president in a com-manding tone, "instantly disperse to

your several places of abode." Difficult though the feat required

certainly was, the young man executed it to the best of his ability by "dis-persing" without further delay. — Youth's Companion.

A Legal Tilt.

The following amiable contest occured in Westminister hall between Lord Campbell and an eminent queen's counsel. The action was one brought to recover for damages done to a carriage which the Q. C. repeatedly called a broug ham, pronouncing both syllables of the word brougham, whereupon Lord Campbell pompously observed: "Broom is the more usual pronuncia-tion. A carriage of the kind you mean is generally and not incorrectly called a broom. That pronunciation is open to no grave objection, and it has the great advantage of saving the time consumed by uttering an extra syllable." Half an hour later in the same trial Lord Campbell, alluding to a decision given in a similar action, said, "In that the carriage which had sustained injury was an omnibus"- "Pardon me, my lord," interposed the Q. C., "a carriage of the kind to which you draw attention is usually termed a 'bus.' That pronunciation is open to no great objection, and it has the great advantage of saving the time consumed by uttering two extra syllables." The interruption was fol-lowed by a roar of laughter, in which Lord Campbell joined more heartily than any one else.—Argosy.

"Dyed Milk" For Lor

A writer reveals some of the secrets of the milk trade as discovered by himself in an attempt to run a London dairy upon honest principles. His first discovery was that all London milk has to be "dyed" to suit the London fancy. This is effected by mixing about one easpoonful of liquid "anotta," vegetable dye of a harmless nature, with every eight quarts of milk. In vain he explained to his London customers that the proper color of most milk is white. "They insisted that my white milk was 'chalk and water' and other people's 'cream colored' milk was creamy, beau-tiful, rich and fresh. My milk was akimmed, etc. I gave way in this thing alone. I gave them their hearts' desire—the cream colored milk."

ONE DAY.

Death came along one day And asked his pay— The life of a child.

In this world, right and left, Parents are thus bereft. The child but smiled.

Shall we, too, smile, And after awhito Be reconciled? -Edward S. Creamer in New York San,

Ancient Musical Instruments, In the Metropolitan Museum of Art

in New York city there is an interesting collection of musical instruments of all nations, many of which belong to past centuries. They lie silently in the glass cases. The strings of mandolins and lutes that made sweet music in days gone by are broken and twisted, and the fingers that once swept them have passed away, but still the air seems trembling with melody. Imagination pictures the banquet hall, the summer nights when the tronbadour sang songs under his ladylove's window, or the Bedouin camp in the desert, where the flute and guitar were played during the evening hour of repose. There are in-struments here of all characters—rude violins and banjos fashioned by savage hands, and dainty lyres inlaid with gold and mother of pearl, instruments which have played their part in ancient ceremonies in faraway India and China, in the castles of the middle ages and in the African wilderness. It is interesting to note that all nations have tried to make instruments to please the eye as well as to produce sweet sounds. The stringed instruments and fintee of savage races are often grotesque and even ugly to civilized eyes, but the poor savage did his best. He carved his instruments as well as he could and also adorned it with whatever precious trinkets he had in his possession.—H. S. Conant in St.

Care of Curtains and Portieres.

When any cleaning or sweeping is in progress, the heavy curtains and portieres should be removed and after being thoroughly brushed and shaken should be allowed to hang in the air until the rooms are cleaned and ready for their return. Heavy hangings will absorb the odor from eigar smoke or from any food which may be cooking, and the greatest care should therefore be taken that they be kept well aired. The doorway curtains may be so easily removed and placed in position again that there should be no excuse for any unpleasant odor being attached to them .- James Thomson in Ladies' Home Journal.

Too Competent.

A duchess requiring a lady's maid had an interview with one, to whom, after having examined her appearance, she said:

"Of course you will be able to dress my hair for me?"

"Oh, yes," replied the girl. "It never takes me more than half an hour to dress a lady's hair."

"Half an hour, my child!" exclaimed the duchess in accents of terror. "And what on earth then should I be able to do with myself all the remainder of the morning?"-London Tit-Bits.

Fencing Little Ones,

Fencing is the latest fad for little girls, whose older sisters have long been experts in the art. Even tiny creatures of 7 or 8 are now taught to put themselves en garde and make their thrusts with delightful recklessness. In fact, the fin de siecle little maid is quite a marvelous product of the times with her riding, fencing, ballet dencing, etc., and it will be curious to see what will be the effect of these isms of the day on her later development. - New York

Selfish Opposition,

Especially in those women who are always at work upon public opinion by letters, speeches and writings does opposition to woman suffrage seem selfish and narrow. They exercise the largest liberty of affecting the public for themselves, but they would deny to the masses of women even the secret ballot.

—Boston Transcript.

A Pointer.

Unless a gentleman is a lady's escort he should never offer to pay her car fare, as it places her under an obligation she may not desire, and for which 5 cents is a poor remuneration. The intention is kind, but the act intrusive .-Table Talk.

The Radeliffe library has a volume of immense interest to bachelors. It is the work of an unknown author and is entitled "The Art of Governing a Wife, With Sundrie Rules by the Observance of Which She May Be Kept From Usurping the Powers Which Appertain Unto Her Lord and Master."

A spring of marvelously pure water discovered on the farm of ex-Congressman Carlos French, near Seymour, Conn., has been analyzed by Professor Chittenden of Yale college and pronounced to be the purest water yet analyzed in America.

"I like to look at you," said a dear little girl to a stately woman one day.
"Why?" asked the latter, pleased at the
childish confidence. "Because your eyes
are so green," was the unexpected an-

Statisticians estimate that there not less than 50,000 barrels of coal used every day for illumination, f