REYNOLDSVILLE, PENN'A., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1895.

Mattroad Cime Cables. DENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

IN EFFECT MAY 10, 1805.

Philadelphia & Eric Railroad Division Time Table. Trains leave Driftwood.

EASTWARD EASTWARD

9:04 a m—Train R, daily except Sundisy for
Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p.m.,
New York, 9:23 p. m.; Battimore, 4:13 p.m.;
Washimaton, 7:30 p.m. Pullman Parlor cay
from Williamsport and passenger conchefrom Kane to Philadelphia.

5:25 p.m.—Train 6, daily except Sinday for
Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:25 a. M.; New York,
7:33 a. M. Pullman Sleeping cars from
Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York.
Philadelphia passengers can remain in

Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York, Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:00 a. M.
135 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbiury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 6:32 a. M.; New York, 9:33 a. M. on week days and 10:36 a. M. on Sunday; Baltimore, 8:20 a. M.; Washington, 7:30 a. M. Philadelphia, Passengers in sleeper for Baltimore and Washington will be transferred into Washington will be transferred into Washington before at Harrisburg. Passenger conches from Eric to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

more. WESTWARD

7:26 a. m.—Train I, daily except Sunday for Ridgway, Dullois, Clermont and intermediate stations, Leaves Ridgway at 3:00 p. M. for Eric.

9:50 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Eric and Intermediate points.

8:27 p. m.—Train II, daily except Sunday for Kane and Intermediate stations.

THROUGH TRAINS FOR DRIFTWOOD FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH.

TRAIN II leaves Philadeiphia 8:50 A. m. Washington, 7:50 A. M.; Baltimore, 8:53 A. M.; Wilkesbarre, 19:15 A. M.; daily except Sunday, arriving at Driftwood at 6:27 P. M. with Pulman Parlor car from Philadeiphia to Williamsport.

Williamsport.

TRAIN 3 leaves New York at 8 p. m.: Philiadelphia, 11:20 p. m.; Washington, 10:40 a. m.; Baitimore, 11:30 p. m.; daily arriving at Briftwood at 9:30 a. m. Pullman sheeping cars, from Philadelphia to Eric and from Washington and Baltimore to Williamsport and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia to Eric and Baltimore to Williamsport.

TRAIN I leaves Renovo at 6:35 a. m., dally except Sunday, arriving at Driftwood 7:5

JOHNSONBURG RAILROAD. (Daily except Sunday.)

TRAIN 19 leaves Ridgway at 9:30 a. m.; John sonburg at 9:45 a. m., arriving at Clermon at 10:40 a. m.

TRAIN 20 leaves Clermont at 10:50 a. m. arriving at Johnsonburg at 11:44 a. m. and Ridgway at 12:00 a. m.

RIDGWAY & CLEARFIELD R. R.

DAILY EYCEPT SUNDAY. NORTHWARD. SOUTHWARD. STATIONS. P.M A.M. A. M. P. M.

12 10	9 30	Ridgwny	1.33	6.6
12 18	0.38	Island Run	1.25	6.2
10 90	0.42	Mill Haven	1 21	15 1
12 31	0.52	Croyland	1.11	15 0
12 38	10.00	Shorts Mills	1.02	6.0
19.42	10 05	Blue Rock	12.56	0.0
12 44	10 07	Vineyard Run	12 53	55
12 46	10 10	Carrier	12 50	5.4
1 00	10 22	Brockwayville	12.38	5.3
1 10	10 32	McMinn Summit	12.30	15 11
1 14	10.38	Harveys Run	12.26	古 地
1 20	10 45	Falls Creek	12 20	5.1
1 45	10.55	DuBols	12 05	50
100	TR/	INS LEAVE RIDGW	AY.	
E	natwar	d. W	est ware	Le .
Then to	B 2. 2	a re. Teater	9 11-94	16 . 640

8 M. PREVOST, Gen. Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen. Pass. Ag't

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER & PITTS-BURGH RAILWAY.

The short line between DuBois, Ridgway, Bradford, Salamanca, Buffalo, Rochester, Magara Falls and points in the upper oil

region.
On and after June 17th, 1894, passenger trains will arrive and depart from Falls Creek station, daily, except Sunday, as fol-

 1.20 p. m. and 5.30 p. m.—Accommodations from Punssutawney and Rig Run.
 8:50 a. m.—Buffalo and Rochester mail—For Brockwayville, Ridgway, Johnsonburg, Mt. Jewett, Bradford, Salamanca, Buffalo and Rochester; connecting at Johnsonburg with P. & E. train R. for Wilcox, Kane, Warren, Corry and Erie. 10:53 a. m.—Accommodation—For Sykes, Big Run and Punxsutawney.

2:20 p. m.—Bradford Accommodation—For Beechtree, Brockwayville, Ellmont, Car-mon, Ridgway, Johnsonburg, Mt. Jewett and Bradford.

5:10 p. m.-Mail-For DuBois, Sykes, Big Run Punxsutawney and Walston. Passengers are requested to purchase 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 ticket office is maintained. Thousand mile tickets at two cents per mile, good for passage between all stations. J. H. McIstyne, Agent, Falls creek, Pa.

MATHEWS. E. C. LAPRY, Jeneral Supt. Gen. Pas. Agent Buffalo N. Y. Rochester N. Y

A LLEGHENY VALLEY RAILWAY A COMPANY commencing Sunday May 26, 1895, Low Grade Division.

EASTWARD.

STATIONS.	No. 1.	NO.5.	No. 9.	101	109
Red Bank Lawsonham New Bethlehem Oak Ridge Maysville Signe Maysville Brookville Brookville Bell Fuller Reynoldsville Pancoast Palls Creek DuBois Rabula Winterburn Panfield Tyler Gien Fisher Benezette Grant Driftwood.	2 26	4 40 4 52 5 25 5 41 6 60	6 44 6 52 7 00 7 23 7 34 7 7 40 7 50 8 18 8 28 8 55 A.	10 55 11 05	P. M
STATIONS.	No.2	-	No.10	106	110
Driftwood Grant. Benozette Glen Fisher Tyler. Penfield Winterburn Sabula. DuBola. Falls Creek Fancoast. Seynoldsville Fuller Bell Brookville. Brookville.	A. M. 10 10 42 10 52 11 09 11 20 11 30 11 37 1 25 1 34 1 42 1 42 2 10 2 20	5 00 5 32 5 42 5 50	6 35 7 06 7 16 7 33 7 44 7 54 8 00 8 12 8 25 8 32 8 40 8 48 9 05	P. M.	5 00 5 10

DAVID COARGO, GRE'L SUPT

TIDE WAVE FORTY FEET HIGH.

Awful Bore That Sweeps Everything Before It on a Chinese River.

Twice a year-at each equinox-the famous tides of the Tsien Tang river. that flows from the borders of Kiangsi, Fuhkien and Chekiang to Hangehow bay, attain their greatest height, and a bore of sometimes over 40 feet in height sweeps irresistibly up its shallow and funnel shaped estuary, often producing tremendous havoe to the surrounding country; hence its name, "money dike," from the amount expended in successive centuries on its embankments.

It is seen at its best at Hangehow, the prefectural city not far from its mouth. Twelve or 14 minutes before it is visible a dull, distant roar is heard. momentarily swelling, until the wall of muddy water, tall as the bulwark of the biggest liner, as overwhelming as a glacier, sweeps into sight round the

bend a mile away.

Not a boat is to be seen on the lately crowded river. All are hauled up on to the huge embankment and moored fore and aft with a dozen rattan cables, for none but ocean going steamers could stem the current, and even they would

need skillful navigation.

As the eagre nears the roar becomes deafening as a storm at sea, drowning the excited shouts of the thousands who line the walls, until finally it foams past in turbid majesty, burrying toward the heart of China.

The Chinese annals tell how, 1,000 years ago, Prince Wu Shu made 500 'daring' archers shoot half a dozen arrows each at the advancing flood, and then, after praying to Wu Tsz-si (the tutelary deity of the stream, and originally an upright minister, whose body was cast into the rive after Wu had committed snicide), put the key of the dike water gate into an envelope and threw it into the stream, whereupon the waters retired.

But as by that time they would have flowed back in any case, even the Chi-nese did not regard the experiment as very miraculous.

A couple of hundred years later the emperor, Kan Tsung,had ten iron plates, each weighing about 150 pounds, sunk in the river by way of propitiating the spirits, but the water promptly carried away both charms and embankments.

Only last century a Hang-Chow tea merchant leaped into the river, like another Marcus Curtius, to avert the annual disaster.—Black and White.

Mining by Hog Power.

"I was riding through the mountains in Trinity county a few days ago," said a prominent mining man yesterday, "when I happened to take a trail that led by old Burlap Johnson's cabin. You know he has always been called Burlap Johnson because he was never known to wear a pair of boots, but always kept his feet sewed up in burlaps like can-vas packed hams. I took dinner—cold corn bread and bacon—with him, and

then sat down for a smoke.
"'Wouldn't you jest as soon do your smokin outside, podner?' he asked.
"'Certainly,' said I, 'but you don't object to the smoke of a cigar, do you?

I was naturally surprised, for he was already puffing away at an old corneob

pipe. "'No, course not, seein as I've smok ed nigh on to 50 years, but I keep my

hogs at work.'
"My curiosity was aroused, but I said nothing. He took down a double barreled muzzle loading shotgun and his powder horn. Then he went out to a shed and got a pan of shelled corn. He sat down on a bench at the cabin door. rammed down a couple of charges of powder and poured a handful of corn into each barrel. He put on a percussion cap, pressed it down with the hammer, cooked both barrels and blazed away at the side hill across the little gulon. The roar had not died away till a drove of hogs came running, grunting and squealing, and commenced to root the sidehill for the corn. Whenever they slacked up in their work, the old man fired another charge of corn.

"'That's a mean trick,' I said. 'Why don't you feed it to them in a trough?' "'Feed it to 'em?' he repeated in amazement. 'Then they wouldn't work.

Besides, they don't need it.' "'What do you want to make them work for, and why do you waste corn

on them if they don't need it?' "Why, man alive! They do as much work as four men would. They root up the dirt, and when the rain comes I aluice it.

"Then I understood that he was using the hogs to help him mine."—San Francisco Post.

A High Priced Hangman.

L'Intransigeant says that some years ago Charles Castellani, the Parisian painter, wanted to paint a picture of M. Deibler, the executioner, to be exhibited in a panorama of Parisian notabilities. He didn't, because Mme. Deibler de-manded 20,000 francs for the privilege of taking the "famous" hangman's

A Good Auctioneer.

"I'm going now. Yes, I'm going, going," marmured steam

make," said the heartless but tired Miss Nycegirl.—Boston Courier. Sweet In Comparis

"Doesn't the rag peddler annoy you with his horn?"
"Not half as much as the piano pedaler next door."—Detroit Free Press.

THE THREE GREATEST ACTRESSES. Bernhardt, Modjeska and Duse Sald to Have No Living Rivals.

There are perhaps only three living actresses now in active life to whom the title "great" would be applied by common consent. These are Sarah Bernbardt, Helena Modjeska and Eleonora Dusc, Janauschek, alas! although still upon the stage, belongs to the past, while Ellen Terry, with all her dainty skill and radiant charm, has not yet reached those heights to which genius alone can as-Each of them excels in ways peculiar to herself.

Bernhardt, after carrying off all the laurels offered in the artificial and de clamatory school of French tragedy, has devoted her maturest powers to the il-Instration of the most violent passions conceivable by morbid imagination. Her achievements in this direction have been extraordinary, and her dramatic genius cannot be disputed, but some of her latest triumphs have been won in deflance of most of the laws of nature and many of the rules of true art.

Modjeska, if less potent in the interpretation of the Gercest emotions than her French rival, seed fear no compari son with her in poetic tragedy, while in the field of poetic comedy she is un rivaled. Her performances of Juliet. Rosalind and Ophelia are almost ideally beautiful.

Electora Duse, whose fame has blazed up with meteoric suddenness, is pre eminent above all actresses of her time for versatility, that rare gift of impersonation, still rarer among women than among men, which can conceal the real beneath the assumed identity without resorting to the common expedients of theatrical disguise. The purase that such or such a part was assumed by this or that actor is heard every day. It is a convenient, conventional and meaning less expression. In the case of Duse it is used correctly and signifies just what has happened.—"Eleonora Duse," J. Ranken Towse, in Century.

ENGLISH AND ZULUS.

Count Tolstoi Says They Are the Tw Most Brutal Nations.

Count Tolstoi says the English and Zulus should both be bracketed together as the two most brutal nations on earth. Both worship their muscle, and while the Zulus go about naked all day long. English women strip themselves half

naked before they dine.

The count wishes he had time to write a book about them and their brutality.

Apropos, some one has found time to write a book about the count, and it promises revelations. This person is a lady who lived for ten years as govern

ess in the Tolstoi family.

The following story is told about the pretended vegetarianism: "The old count always demanded that vegetarian dishes should be brought to the table for him, while his wife and the rest of the, family ate beefsteaks and other flesh

"It often happened that the countess would put a little chicken on her husband's plate, but he, with indignant looks, would push it back, murmuring 'No, I will not eat meat. Absolutely, I will not.' But I have often surprised him going to the sideboard for a piece of roast beef which the evening before he had solemnly refused at table. The carm rous instinct having been awakened, the enormous piece of meat would be swallowed in one bite by this apostle of vegetarianism."—New York World Letter

The Diplomatic Clerk.

"Henry, you haven't a room left have you?" inquired a New York drum mer of his friend of many years' stand-ing on the other side of the counter.

"Standing" is used advisedly.
"Not one," replied Henry, "but I'll look over the rack again and see if I

can't find you a place somewhere."

"All right," said the New Yorker
while his friend gave the slips his anxious attention. Light broke over his

"A man up on the parlor floor gave up his room about an hour ago, but he didn't expect to leave it quite so soon. I'll send up and see if I can't hurry him a little."

The porter's bell was rung, a whis pered colloquy took place between Henry and that blue shirted functionary, and in 15 minutes the man from the seaport of which Chicago makes such frequent use was rejoicing in one of "the best

But the clerk omitted to inform him that the previous occupant had given up his room at the precise moment when he had given up his life.—Na-tional Hotel Reporter.

Striking a Bargain

A story is told of St. Foix, the French poet. Like many other students aspiring to the gifts of this classic art, he forgot to pay his debts. His creditors were larger in proportion than the checks received for his poems. Ere long he found himself in a precarious condition. But somehow he managed to evade all creditors through the exertion of his caustic wit. One day he sat in the barber's chair with his face lathered and ready to be shaved. Suddenly a creditor approached him and in stentorian tones demanded the payment of a bill. "Won't you wait until I get a shave?" inquired the poet in utmost civility. "Certainly," replied the other, pleased at the prospect of collecting some money. St. Foix made the barber a witness to the agreement, then calmly wiped the lather from his face. He were a beard to his dying day.—Paris Letter.

THE HAUNTED KITCHEN.

Terrible Fright of a Helated Cook and Her Precipitate Flight.

Out in the neighborhood of Iowa circle lives a government clerk who has grown gray in the services of his country, and with his gray hairs have gradnally crept up in him several ills that flesh is heir to, among others an occasional touch of insomnia. Insomnia breeds irritability, and his irritability had been stirred to its lowest depths by inability to get a satisfactory hired girl but a month or so ago he was fortunate enough to get a "settled woman," who was pretty near perfection. She was a good cook, staid in nights except when her "s'ciety" met, and in other ways was a model. About once a month the oblong piece of buff colored paper that was slipped under the basement door by the gasman would bring a frown to Mr. ——'s brow, but he would only caution the hired girl to turn down the gas when not using it. A few nights ago a "s'ciety" meeting had called the girl out before she finished washing the dinner dishes, and she hadn't returned when the family retired for the night.

Mr. —— had a protracted interview with his enemy, the sleep killer, the same night and could find no rest. In vain he thought over all his misdeeds and counted 100 backward and forward several times. Sleep wouldn't come, so, after tossing about until long after mid night, he finally got up and sat at the window. Happening to look down into the yard, he saw a streak of light glinting from the basement shutters, and he thought of burglars. Creeping stealthily down the stairs, he heard dishes, so he went back up to his room. Then he got mad at this wanton waste of gas, and going to the speaking tube yelled, "Put out that gas and go to bed!" It was the first time there had been an occasion to use the tube since the new girl came, and she hadn't been introduced to it before.

A smothered exclamation in the kitch en, the noise of a chair knocked over and pans rattling to the floor were followed by a scurrying up stairs, three steps at a time, and the badly scared colored wo-man gathered her few belongings in her room and made a rush for the front door. Mr. - tried to intercept her, but she was thoroughly frightened and wouldn't stop. "Lemme go, boss; lemme go. I wouldn't work heah any mo' fer all the money in the treasury. I was washin the dishes down stairs jes' now and a loud voice come right through the tin pan I was jes' hangin up, and it said,
'Put out dat gas and go to h—!' I know this house is haunted, and I wouldn't work heah any mo' for nuffin. And she wouldn't. The next evening in the "want" column of The Star was an ad. for a settled colored woman to do housework up at some hundred and something Thirteenth street. - Washington Star.

A MONSTER BOOK.

The Largest One In the World In the British Museum.

The Chinese department of the British museum library contains, says a writer in Cassell's "World of Wonders," a single work which occupies no fewer than 5,020 volumes. This wonderful production of the Chinese press purchased a few years ago for \$6,000 and is one of only a very small number of copies now in existence. It is an en-cyclopedia of the literature of China, covering a period of 28 centuries—from 1000 B. C. to 1700 A. D.

It owes its origin to the literary pro-clivities of the Emperor Kang-he, who reigned from 1662 to 1792. In the course of his studies of the ancient liter ature of his country Kang-he discovered that extensive corruptions had been al lowed to creep into modern editions, and he conceived the idea of having the text of the originals reproduced and pre served in an authoritative form. This was a mighty conception truly, and in its execution it remains unique down to the present time. For the purpose of carrying out the work, Kang-he appoint ed a commission of learned men to se-lect the writings to be reproduced and employed the Jesuit missionaries to cast copper types with which to execute the

printing.

The commission was occupied for 40 years in its great task. Before the work was completed Kang-he died, but he had provided that his successor should see the book completed, and he faithfully carried out his trust. The book is ar ranged in six divisions, each dealing with a particular branch of knowledge. The divisions are thus designated: First, writings relating to the heavens; second, writings relating to the earth; third, writings relating to the earn; third, writings relating to mankind; fourth, writings relating to inanimat-nature; fifth, writings relating to phi-losophy; sixth, writings relating to political economy.

Taking Desperate Chances Mr. Billus—It's very kind of you, Maria, but I'd rather buy my cigars myself. Seven for 10 cents is rather too

Mrs. Billus-I know that's cheap, but I thought there might be one good one in the seven.—Chicago Tribune. Misso ri ranks first in mules, having

in the last census year 251,714; the next being Texas, with 227,432, and the third Tennessee, with 208,639. The Acquia creek, in Virginia, has an idian name signifying muddy water.

Why People Like Dogs.

And why do people keep such lots of dogs themselves and go in such numbers to see other people's dogs? Because the dog is at once the sincerest flatterer and the most successful cheerer that the human race ever had. A good dog always gives us the feeling that we men and women are a sort of gods. No other animal does anything of the kind. The cuttreats us as an inferior, and the horse will treat us as a dear friend, not a divinity. The dog, moreover, imparts something of his peculiar gayety to us in a way that is irresistible. He mingles his suggestions of gayety with his flat tery, for he not only leaves his dinner untasted to walk with us, but the mere fact that we are apparently giving ourselves the pleasure of a walk raises him into such a delirium of delight that the sight of it puts all our dumps and blues to such reproach that we shake them off in very shame. And when we don't walk, but sit moodily at home, the dog curls up lovingly at our feet and looks up now and then into our eyes and glides into our darker musings with a wild and healing sympathy." Yes, there s a solid reason for the fondness of men for dogs, and it will never come to an end until either men or dogs become very different beings from what they are now. -Boston Transcript.

The Oldest Wooden Building

Japan possesses what is probably the oldest wooden structure in the world. It contains the art treasures of the mikado and is situated in Nara, which for some years was the imperial residence. The building is oblong in shape and is built of triangular logs of wood. It rests on piles. The wood used is of native growth and shows extraordinary lasting power, considering the trying climate which it has had to endure for over 1,200 years. A peculiar feature about the logs of which the building is constructed is that, in the parts most posed to the weather, the logs are thin ner by several inches than in those in a more sheltered position, the wood having gradually worn away. The treasures which the storehouse contains are of great antiquity and have been seen by Europeans during only the last three They consist of rare and beautiful fabrics of Persian, Indian, Chinese and Turkish manufacture and ancient articles from all parts of the world.— Architecture and Building.

One on the Lawyer.

One of the leading young lawyers of Washington went away from home recently in a hurry and forgot to give all instructions to his clerk. He had an of-fice in one of the large buildings of the city, where a lock postoffice box is supplied for mail. The lawyer particularly wanted some letters forwarded to him that he was expecting, and so instructed his clerk in a letter. He addressed it in his own care so as to insure delivery at his office early. He inclosed his postof-fice box key. No letters were forwarded, and he was in something of a quandary until he returned and found that the box could not be unlocked, and he had shut himself and his clerk out by having his key mailed in his care. A locksmith was called in, but the joke on the lawyer got out and cost him several rounds .-Washington Star.

The Spider's Spinning Machine. The "spineret," or web machine of

the common garden spider is an object worthy of the careful study of every owner of a microscope. It consists of four united masses, each pierced by a multitude of holes, the openings being imperceptible to the naked eye. These several holes each permit the passage of a single thread. Some idea of the infinitesimal fineness of these threads may be gained when it is known that the spider's thread as we see it is made up of upward of 4,000 minute webs, 1,000 from each of the four spineret masses. These 4,000 separate threads unite at the main opening of the spineret, mak-ing the single filament from which the spider spins its web.—St. Louis Repub-lic.

Fish and Tobacco

The Antinarcotic society can, it seems, claim the fish of the sea among its supporters. Fish are known to have a very keen sense of smell, and it was re-marked at this week's reunion of the Piscatorial society at the Holborn restaurant that even some of the greediest sea fish would decline a bait which had been touched by an angler whose hand had recently held a pipe or cigar. An-glers therefore should not smoke, but then to most persons angling minus the pipe would be angling without one of its chief pleasures.—Westminster Gazette.

Keeping Down Competition.

There existed at one time a ring of brokers at Paris who, by way of keep-ing down competition, hired a number of pale faced ragamuffins to attend every public sale and occupy the best places, in order to frighten away the general public. As a further precaution these mercenaries were served with on-ions and garlic. The plan succeeded.— Henry Rochefort, "Mysteres de l'Hotel des Ventes."

"When he proposed last night he told me he had actually bought the ring." "Have you accepted him?" "Not yet. He forgot to bring it with him."—Town Topics.

A man's wisdom is his best friend; folly his worst enemy.

Students of Many Colors.

I have had in my own study at Oxford not only Turks, Arabs, Hindoos, Siamese, Japanese and Chinese, but I received only the other day a visit from one of the Blackfoot Indians, the first of that tribe who had ever set foot on English soil, a most interesting and intelligent man, who was bewailing to me the fate of his race, Jeomed, as he thought, to disappear from the face of the earth, as if Babylonians and Assyrians, Acadians and Hittites bud not disappeared before. His name was Strong Buffalo (not Buffalo Bill), and a mon powerful, determined and sensible man e seemed. He reminded me of a young Mohawk who also used to deplore to me the fate of his race. He came to Oxford many years ago to study medicine. He came in his paint and feathers, but left in his cap and gown and is now a practicing physician at Toronto.

These visits of strangers from distant lands are often highly instructive. I netted some knowledge of the Mohawk language from Dr. Oronyha Teka. One is thus brought in contact with some of the leading spirits all over the world. I have now, or have had, pupils, friends and correspondents in India, Burma, Siam, Japan, China, Korea—aye, even in the Polynesian and Melanesian islands, in South America and in several African settlements. - Max Muller in Nineteenth Century.

The Vanished Descriptive Poem.

It may be fanciful to attempt to trace a connection between the rarity of the meditative mood among readers and the prevalence of short poems among writers, but certainly there is a falling off in long poems on the aspects of nature. It would be a brave Wordsworth who today would write an excursion and expect to have it read in the moments of leisure accorded to the normal man or woman. Somebody would read it in order to write a review of it, a short review that one could read while waiting to start on an expedition for enjoying nature, but very few other peo-ple would. We are so used to the transient and the various, we can go so quickly from one aspect to another, that we demand that our poets shall give us an impression, not a description, or we have so completely ushered into the quietest scenes the presence of contest. effort and attainment that we insist on some human suggestion or some dramatic contrast within the limits of so called poetry of nature. Our poets have realized that there is scant time for addresses and odes to the mighty manifestations of creative force, and content themselves with the reflection of a fleeting mood caught in a dozen lines and fixed on the page of a magazine.—Philadelphia Citizen.

A Naught of Soda.

The little girl came into the drug

store.
"Pleath, thir," she said, "mother

thayth have you a naught of soda?"
"A what?" repeated the clerk.
"A naught of soda," reiterated the

little girl. "Do you want a glass of soda water?"

asked the clerk.
"No, thir. Mother chayth I can't have that till evenin. She thayth have you a naught of soda?"

"What can she mean?" muttered the puzzled clerk. The child grew impatient. "A naught of soda," she said sharp-"Why, it ith a funny bottle wif a thquirter to it, and it goeth 'si-z' when you work it."

exclaimed the clerk. 'Oh! Thiphen? Thiphen? Yeth, thir,

"Oh! You mean a siphon of sods,"

it wath thiphen. But thiphens and naught ith the thame, ain't it?''
And the clerk said that ciphers and naughts were the same.—Philadelphia

One of the Wonders of Physics

An experienced mechanic who was asked what he regarded as the most wonderful thing for general utility replied: "The tracking of a car wheel is the most wonderful thing to me in the whole range of science and invention. Here are two rails, up hill and down hill, round the sharp curves and along false tangents, and upon them fly at more than a mile a minute, without jar or jostle, a dozen heavy cars drawn by an engine weighing 60 tons. Passe realize no danger, yet there is only the little flange of a wheel between them and eternity. An inch and a half of steel turned up on the inner side of the wheel holds up the whole train as securely to the rails as if it were bolted there in grooves."—Albany Express.

The Origin of Mrs. Grundy.

How many who daily use the name of Mrs. Grundy have any idea of her origin? It is generally believed that Dickens was somehow responsible for her, but a writer in the Dundee Advertiser points out that this is an utter mistake. real creator of Mrs. Grundy was Thomas Morton, the dramatist (born 1764, died 1838), the father of the author of "Box and Cox," and she is referred to in his comedy, "Speed the Plow," which was first performed in 1798. Mrs. Grundy is not a character in that play. She is merely a mysterious personage whom Dame Ashfield, the farmer's wife, constantly quotes, much in the same way as Sairey Gamp alludes to Mrs. Harris.

Shiloh's cure, the great cough and croup cure, is in great demand. Pocket size contains twenty-five doses, only 25c Children love it. Sold by J. C. King