

A Cardinal's Story.
"I'm afraid I can't tell you," answered Cardinal Wiseman on some one asking the names of several choice plants on the table. "I am often as much puzzled by botanical nomenclature as the old lady who said she couldn't remember all the old Latin names. The only two she had been able to retain were *aurora borealis* and *delirium tremens*."

The cardinal thoroughly enjoyed humorous stories and often told them at his table. "I have seen Father Faber," writes the author of "Social Hours With Celebrities," "at the cardinal's table, laugh till the tears rolled down his face."

A story which the cardinal enjoyed much was that of an Irishman, who, while taking a large up the Shamoon, was asked what goods he had on board, and answered, "Timber and fruit."

"What kind of timber and what sort of fruit?"

"Well, as if you must know, the timber is just birch brooms, and the fruit, well, it's potatoes."

An Irishman avowed that the habit of Irish landlords of living outside of Ireland was the great grievance Ireland had to complain of.

"Oh, yes," answered an Englishman, "that's the old stalking horse. I don't believe in your absence."

"Not believe in 'em! Come to Dublin with me, and I'll show you 'em by the hundred. Why, the country just swarms with 'em."

Why Elephants Fear Mice.
It seems incredible that so small and harmless an animal as a mouse is able to frighten an elephant almost out of his senses. One little mouse in the hay on which they are feeding will stampede an entire herd. In their native land there are little animals, known as chameas, which feed on a small, sour berry of which elephants are very fond. They live in settlements, something after the manner of prairie dogs, under the berry bushes.

When feeding, the elephants trample the little towns, and the chameas, in their fright, run up the sides of the elephants' trunks. Their long, sharp claws catch in the flesh, and they cannot be ejected. The more violently the monster blows through its coiled trunk the more firmly the hooked claws of the little animal become imbedded in the flesh. Inflammation and death are the result. In captivity the elephants think they are in danger of the deadly chameas when they see a mouse.—New York Sun.

Ways of Actors.
In the country one has few opportunities of meeting these children of nature. Occasionally one sees an individual or a company at the railway stations, and then it is curious to note how instinctively they treat the platform as a stage and take up the important positions on it. I wonder if acting now is as lucrative a profession as it was under Elizabeth. Shakespeare, we are told, got nothing to speak of for his plays, but made his fortune as an actor, and Alayne, another actor, after providing for his family, founded Dulwich school. Another curious point about actors is that they should not be content with their own names, like painters and writers, but take names, the ladies especially, that belong to other people. Is there no property in names? N. told me of a model of his who wished to go upon the music hall stage and whom he asked, "What should you call yourself?" "Oh, Alice Burne-Jones, certainly."—Cornhill Magazine.

The Traveling Frenchman.
The Petit Journal of Paris says that nothing is so curious and instructive as to observe the Englishman when traveling as compared with the Frenchman. The former is calm, punctual, precise and with only the necessary quantity of baggage. He will journey through China with merely a valise. He is not impatient. He loves travel. It is to him an inclination and a felt want. On the other hand, the Frenchman when journeying is restless, nervous, impatient, bored, the entire time he spends looking furtively at his watch or consulting the railway time table. He is always crowded up with parcels in addition to his portmanteau. He is, as a rule, incumbered with many useless articles. In fact, he dislikes travel, which he finds an ennui and a fatigue.

The Pope and Rome.
The Osservatore Romano thus explains why the pope does not appear on the streets of Rome: "If the pope went about in Rome, he would inevitably be made the object of demonstrations of respectful enthusiasm on the part of the faithful, and by a natural reaction these demonstrations would be followed by others of a hostile character. The pope would be simultaneously applauded and hissed and surrounded by tumults and faction fights. The government would render military honors to him, but it could not long tolerate in the streets of Rome demonstrations in favor of the pope, who, after all, is a dispossessed sovereign."

About Telegraph Poles.
The number of poles used for telegraph wires per mile varies from 20 to 22 on minor lines to 26 to 30 on main lines. These poles are of regulation height, in order that the lowest wire shall not be less than 12 feet from the ground, and as the poles are set into the ground from 4 to 6 feet they measure from 20 to 23 feet in length. The sag, or dip, varies of course with the number of poles per mile and the condition of the atmosphere, but the average is about 14 feet.

Pursued by Fate.
"McGuffin thinks he has more bad luck than any man living."
"Any special instance?"
"Yes, if he happens to have a counterfeit half dollar it is always the one his wife picks out to leave in his pocket."—Detroit Free Press.

Dangerous Atmosphere.
Some smells are dangerous. A single sniff of highly concentrated prussic acid will kill a man as quickly as a shot through the heart. The odor of a bad egg is due to the presence of sulphuretted hydrogen, and the objectionable perfumes of sewers and bone factories are attributable chiefly to the same gas. Chemical laboratories are famous for bad smells. Berzelius, who discovered the element called "selenium," created the experiment of permitting a bubble of pure hydrogen sulfide gas to enter his nostril. For days afterward he was not able to smell strong ammonia, the olfactory nerves being temporarily paralyzed. Selenium gas has the odor of putrid horse radish. Tellurium is even worse. There is a story of a physician whose patient, a lady, refused to take an absolutely necessary rest because she was so fond of being always on the go in society. He gave her a pill containing a small quantity of tellurium, and her breath was affected by it to such an extent that she was not able to appear in public for a month. She never guessed what the trouble was. The volatilized essential oil of roses is supposed to cause "rose cold." This peculiar complaint is so far nervous in its character that paper roses sometimes excite it.—Boston Transcript.

John Milton's Portrait.
John Milton's harmonical and ingenious soul did lodge in a beautiful and well proportioned body. He was a spare man. He had abundant (auburn) hair. His complexion exceeding faire—he was so faire that they called him "the lady of Christ's College." Oval face. His eye dark gray. He had a delicate tunable voice, and had good skill. His father instructed him. He had an organ in his house; he played on that most. Of a very cheerful humor.—He would be cheerful even in his govt. duties, and sing. He was very healthy and free from all diseases; seldom took any physque, (only sometimes he took manna) only toward his latter end he was visited with the govt. spring and fall. He had a very good memory, but I believe that his excellent method of thinking and disposing did much to help his memory. He pronounced the letter R (Ritter canina) very hard—a certain sine of a satirical wit. Temperate man, rarely drunk between meals. Extreme pleasant in his conversation, and at dinner, supper, etc., but satirical.—Aubrey's "Brief Lives."

Told on Kentucky Legislators.
A member of the late legislature from southern Kentucky was invited one evening to participate in a Welsh rabbit lunch at the Capitol hotel. Diving himself out, he awaited the hour. With that prince of good fellows, Tutt Burman, he walked into the dining room, where coffee and rabbits were served standing. After partaking of one or two and a cup of coffee, he remarked to Tutt: "This is no rabbit. It's nothing but fried cheese and light bread." It is needless to say that member never attended any more lunches.

On another occasion the assembly balls or Germans, which were given every Tuesday night, attracted the attention of a mountain member, and he asked, "Whar are all them people goin that are goin up stairs?" Some one remarked up to the german. "The— you say. Do they let the Dutch dance here?"—Owenton (Ky.) News.

A Glorious Sight.
A very amusing mistake was that discovered by a proofreader in a work written by Dean Stanley. The latter wrote, to use a colloquialism familiar in printing establishments, the "vilest hand" that ever puzzled the compositor. In one chapter the dean was describing a journey to Jerusalem, the frequent recurrence of the name of the Holy City causing him to use the contraction "Jers." Narrating the approach of his party to Jerusalem, Dean Stanley described their ascent up the hills overlooking the city. He pictured in glowing language and striking phrases the effect of the setting sun as it gilded the hilltops in a golden haze, concluding, as the compositor put it, in these words, "And as we slowly turned our faces to the east our eyes met with the glorious sight of Jeyes."

Resourceful Schoolma'am.
An editor in Nebraska visited the schoolma'am and found her "hot stuff." Here's what he swears to:
"She is the pride of the town, the star of invention and a jewel of brilliancy. She drew a picture of an iceberg on the blackboard. It was so natural that the thermometer froze up solid. With rare presence of mind she seized a crayon and drew a fireplace on the opposite wall. The prompt action saved the school, but nearly all the pupils caught a severe cold from the sudden changes."—Crockston (Neb.) Times.

After Him.
Here is an extract from one of the latest novels:
"Gerald Harbison panted heavily. The close atmosphere of the little apartment constrained his splendid lungs. He went to the window, opened it and threw out his massive chest."
All of which would go to show that the landlady was hot on his track.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Diagnosed.
Patient—I'm feeling wretched, doctor. I take no interest in anything, have no appetite, can't sleep—
Doctor—Why don't you marry the girl?—London Punch.

In France when the use of yeast was first introduced it was deemed by the medical faculty to be so injurious to health that its use was prohibited under the severest penalties.

The only two civilized countries in the world in which a white man is not permitted to acquire civil rights or own property are Liberia and Haiti.

A Jesse James Hold Up.
A. M. McCoy of Horsecave, Ky., is famous throughout the Blue Grass State. For about two score years he owned the stagecoach lines between Horsecave and Mammoth cave and Glasgow and Mammoth cave. He operated these lines all through the troublous times of the civil war. Of course he met with many harrowing experiences during the time, and which he likes to tell.

Probably no incident connected with his career is more thrilling than the hold up of one of his stages by Jesse James and three of his "pals" some time back in the seventies. This incident is described in one of the stories of that notorious highwayman. It occurred early one morning. When the stage was about half way between Horsecave and Mammoth cave, four men sprang out from the side of the road and ordered the driver to halt. One of the men caught the horses and the other three drew pistols and held them at the heads of the driver and passengers. The driver of course did as ordered, and the men proceeded to search the passengers. Everything of value was taken.

One of the men robbed was a man named Roundtree, who was well known at that time. He had a valuable gold watch, which James confiscated for his own use. The timepiece was held very dear by Roundtree, as it had been presented him by ex-Governor Knott, who was at that time a young man. The notorious Jesse carried this watch during the rest of his life.—Louisville Dispatch.

She Was Well Posted.
In the Sunday school room of an Episcopal church in Brooklyn the other day a lecture was given for the benefit of some worthy object. It was on a weekday, but on the hymn board in the front of the room were what the regular members of the congregation said were the numbers of the hymns that had been sung on the Sunday before. But an outsider was struck with something peculiar about them. There were four numbers arranged in line one under the other, as is customary on the hymn boards, and they were, as they appeared to the audience gathered for a lecture, "4, 11, 44," and "7-11."

"Why, it was the funniest thing," said a woman who was present. "I noticed it the minute I went in, and it must have been done on purpose, for there is no seven hundred and eleven hymn in the hymnal; six hundred and something is the last. The first three were policy numbers and the last crap. Wasn't it funny?"

"Funny?" said the friend, who was listening to the joke. "I should say so. But not so much the numbers being there as that you should know what they meant. Now, confess, how in ever did you?"—New York Times.

When You Meet In Japan.
Nothing is more amusing than to watch two acquaintances saluting in the streets of a Japanese town. As they come in sight of each other they slacken their pace and approach with downcast eyes and averted faces, as if neither was worthy of beholding the other. Then they bow low, so as to bring the face on a level with the knees, on which the palms of the hands are pressed.

A succession of hissing sounds is next made by drawing in the breath between the closed teeth, interspersed with a series of complimentary phrases uttered with great volubility in a sort of under-toned falsetto, each trying to outdo his friend in rapidity and extravagance of language, while the palms are diligently rubbed against each other.

At last the climax is reached, and each endeavors to give the precedence to the other. For some moments, perhaps for a full minute, the polite contest continues. Then the ceremony abruptly ends, as if the difficulty were capable of none but a brusque solution, and the two pass on hurriedly, with a look of extreme relief.

Articles Made of Eelskin.
An eelskin leather factory is situated in a quiet street in the neighborhood of London bridge. Here are prepared and manufactured various articles from the skin of the common eel. The skins are manipulated by numerous complicated processes until they resemble and would easily be taken for leather, although of a more glutinous and pliable nature. This strange commodity is cut into long, thin strips and plaited very closely together for whiplashes and to cover portions of the handles of more expensive whips. Certain kinds of lashes and harness leaces are also made of eelskin. This leather is almost indispensable in articles of this description, where flexibility allied with an uncommon toughness is desired.—Invention.

Duffy and His Poems.
Sir Charles Gavan Duffy relates that he once had put into his hands by a hostess a volume containing some of his own poems and was asked for his opinion of them.
"Dreadful drivel," replied the modest Sir Charles.
His hostess flushed. "I don't mind your laughing at me," she said, "but pray don't laugh at verses which came to me from the very heart of my husband when we first knew each other and which I will treasure to my dying day."

Rejected With Thanks.
Strong Minded Woman (pointing to article in paper)—Sir, did you write that?
Terror Stricken Editor—Y-y-yes, madam. I—I wrote it.
Strong Minded Woman—It meets my approval exactly. It is seldom one meets a person of your sex capable of such just discrimination. Will you marry me, sir?—Chicago Tribune.

A Difference.
Effie—Uncle John, are you an authority upon the language of flowers?
Uncle John—What do you mean—the language employed by the woman who receives them or by the poor devil who has to pay the bill?—Boston Transcript.

Only One Boot to Clean.
The French soldier is as easy to lead as a child. His cheerfulness and gay philosophy enable him to endure the greatest hardships without a murmur. All he wants is justice. When he has received his provisions, he straightaway goes to weigh his meat, his bread, his coffee, his sugar, even his salt. All he wants is his due, and if he finds that he has not received short weight he is satisfied and cheerful. A kind word from an officer will make him happy, a cigarette offered to him if he is short of tobacco will make a hero of him.

I remember one day passing a young soldier who was being taken to the hospital. His right hand had been shot off clean. "Cheer up, my boy," I said to him, "no more fighting for you. They will nurse you and take care of you."
"Ah, lieutenant," he replied with a look pitiful to contemplate, "how am I to roll my cigarettes now?"

I put a small box of cigarettes in his breast pocket. I shall never forget the expression of gratitude on his face.

In another instance a devoted orderly was pitying his captain whose leg had just been amputated. "Don't cry, old fool," said the captain to him. "I am going to keep you, and in the future you will have only one boot to clean every morning."—Max O'Rell in North American Review.

The Nonchalant Canton Merchant.
Frequently on entering a Canton shop you will find its owner with a book in one hand and pipe or fan in the other and wholly absorbed in his studies. You will be doomed to disappointment if you expect the smelter to start up at once, all smiles and blandness, rubbing his hands together as he makes a shrewd guess as to what he is likely to take out of you and receiving you with obsequiousness or with rudeness accordingly. Quite the reverse.

Your presence is apparently unnoticed unless you happen to lift anything. Then you hear that the fan has been arrested and feel that a keen eye is bent on your movements all the while. But it is not until you inquire for some article that the gentleman, now certain that you mean to trade, will rise without bustle from his seat, show you his goods or state the price he means to sell at, with a polite yet careless air which plainly says, "If it suits you, we make an exchange."—"Through China With a Camera."

Her Idea of It.
"Journalism for Women," a book recently published in England, relates a story of a woman journalist in the north of England who wrote to a London paper for permission to act as its special correspondent during the visit of some royal personages to her town. The editor of the paper, knowing her for a good descriptive writer, gave the necessary authority, with explicit information as to the latest moment for receiving copy. The moment came, but not the copy, and the editor had to go to press without it. The next day, no explanation having arrived, he dispatched to his special correspondent a particularly scathing and scornful letter. Then came the excuse. It was long, but the root of it amounted to exactly this:

"I was so knocked up and had such a headache after the ceremonies were over that I really did not feel equal to the exertion of writing. I thought it would not matter."

In a Bad Way Anyhow.
George Ober once overheard some acquaintances in the hotel lobby, at Hastings-on-the-Hudson discussing the demise of one Bill Jones, a well known character in that lively country village. Ober immediately joined the group, whereupon the following conversation ensued:

"Did I understand you to say Bill Jones was dead?"
"Yes. Died last Thursday."
"Is that possible?"
"Yes, that's right."
"So Bill Jones is dead. Well, well!"
"Yes, he's dead."
"Do you know, I can scarcely believe it, poor chap! Poor Bill! I knew him well. So he's really dead, is he?"
"Well, if he ain't dead, he's in a damned bad predicament. I saw him buried."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Where They Marry to Kill Time.
One strange feature of Australia social life is the perfectly casual way in which men marry for no ostensible purpose except the purpose of vanishing wearily around the corner immediately after the ceremony. In a Sydney case now on hand the husband, it is alleged, married in 1894 and shortly afterward made his tired, indifferent exit around the corner and never came back. In 1896 he married again and immediately faded away up the street. He never lived with his second wife. When he was arrested on a charge of aggravated harassment, he offered no explanation whatever. Apparently he only did it because a fellow must do something.—Sydney Bulletin.

A French Way to Cure Baldness.
A French surgeon announces a novel cure for baldness, which, however, is only within the reach of the wealthy. The first thing is to find some poor, starving wretch with a fine head of hair of the color which the patient desires. The former having consented to part with his hair for a stipulated sum, the doctor scalps the pair delicately and applies the hairy scalp of the subject to the bald client, and vice versa. With luck the graft is said to be a success.—New York Sun.

Theatrical Villain.
Mr. Crimsonbeak—Was there any villain in that play you saw last night?
Mrs. Crimsonbeak—Not on the stage. He sat a few seats from me, though, and insisted upon climbing over my lap to go out between the acts.—Yonkers Statesman.

In France it is illegal to capture frogs at night.

Financial Statement
Of the Public Schools of Winslow District, Jefferson County, Penn'a. for the Fiscal Year Ending June 1st, 1898.

Whole number of schools.....	23
Number of teachers employed.....	85
No. pupils enrolled in all the schools.....	1,246
Average daily attendance.....	863
Am't tax levied for school purposes.....	\$1,066 09
Am't building.....	800 98
.....	\$5,557 97
TREASURER'S ACCOUNT—MONEY RECEIVED.	
From Col. Stinson.....	\$1,131 80
From State Appropriation.....	3,182 88
From Col. Robor, including taxes of all kinds.....	1,684 82
From L. G. Liddle.....	2,582 97
From County Treas., unassigned funds, fines, etc.....	487 11
From all other sources.....	17 37
Total Receipts.....	\$8,707 21
TREASURER'S ACCOUNT—MONEY PAID OUT.	
For building houses.....	\$ 327 53
For teachers' wages.....	5,488 75
For rent and repairs.....	314 94
For fuel and contingencies.....	160 21
Fees of Collectors, City Treas., \$177 77.....	207 12
Salary of Secretary, Expenses, Stationery, Postage, etc.....	50 00
For printing and Auditors' fees.....	10 00
For debts and interest paid.....	139 50
For new books.....	344 08
For supplies.....	150 00
For all other purposes and sundry exp.....	122 77
Total money paid out.....	\$8,401 95
RESOURCES AND LIABILITIES.	
The Treasurer.....	\$ 24 74
Am't borrowed.....	1,250 00
Am't due District.....	1,190 41
Total debt of District.....	2,440 41
We hereby certify that we have examined the above and find it correct.	
J. B. STOKES, Auditor.	
W. J. SCHUCKERS, Auditor.	
Witness our hands this 6th day of June, 1898.	
JOHN D. HARTSHORN, President.	
W. A. LADDIN, Secretary.	

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Nice Over Shirts, with white band, 23c.

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" " 10c. " 6 1/2, 7 1/2c.
Challies, " 5c. " 4c.

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