

SIGNS ON YOUR FACE.

TELLTALE EXPRESSIONS THAT EXPOSE YOUR THOUGHTS.

Many Ways by Which the Careful Observer May Detect Your Real Feelings in Spite of Strong Efforts to Hide Them.

Everybody in this imperfect world likes to be able to take care of himself, and to do this the more insight one has into one's fellow men the better. Rogues, as a rule, get on because they are shrewder observers than the people they cheat. This article, among other things, gives the honest man the power of protecting himself.

There are dozens of little signs which, do you but know them, give you the key to a man's thoughts and betray him without his being aware of it. This paper is the last paper in the world to assist the private detective mania or encourage morbid suspicion of deceit, but a clear comprehension of the real significance of these face signals will, besides making people's observations of use to them, lead to a better understanding all round.

Most of these muscular actions by which—to the skilled facial reader that is—we give ourselves away are involuntary and hence their value. Supposing, for instance, you are telling something to a man who can keep his countenance and you want to find out whether he likes your news or not. In the ordinary way, if he has sufficient self control to look placid you would be hard put to discover it; but if you know where to look for it he cannot, even if he has a face of brass, hide the sign you are wanting.

There are certain muscles which Darwin called the "grief muscles," for the reason that when any one hears information he doesn't care about these muscles act instantly and without the person knowing it.

These muscles are connected with the eyebrows, and in a case like that above it is the eyebrows you must watch, for, if your information be unwelcome, the inside ends will for an instant arch acutely upward and a slight wrinkle come across the brow. Then, though the rest of the face be wreathed in smiles, you may disregard these and feel certain you have "got home." The action is so involuntary that it often escapes observation, and even those who notice it frequently take it as being indicative of pleasant surprise.

The individuals who invariably smile when you speak to them are a difficult class to read, but there is none the less a way of doing it. The man who smiles out of pure good nature and because he is pleased always does it more with his eyes than with his lips, but the smile you must never trust is that of the man who shows you the pointed end of his canine tooth.

Watch him in a rage and you will see precisely the same movement. The fact that he does when smiling shows infallibly malevolence, cloaked by deceit.

A good many people seem to think that there is a difficulty in finding a sly person before the mischief he does discloses his character. As a matter of fact it is absurdly easy. You have only to watch him for ten minutes and he will give himself away.

The sly person is always trying to see something without being supposed to see it. When that something is outside his visual field, he has to move his eyes instead of his head. Any man's eyes therefore that you see very much drawn to one side, say twice in five minutes, is sly, and you would do well to mistrust him.

The old trick of making a man you suspect look you "straight in the eyes" while you glare into his has more in it than people think. Any ordinary person bent on deception will ten to one find his optics flinch under the ordeal.

But the accomplished liar and swindler has by long practice taught himself to withstand the test, and for him an additional one is advisable. The most delicate portion of the face after the eyes are the lips, and any man or woman whose lips, when they are being brought to book, don't twitch visibly, is "acting on the square."

Determination, one would think, is an easy thing to discern in a man, but as a matter of fact it isn't, especially if he talks loudly and has a good deal to say.

As a rule, most people are deceived by the appearance of determination which a man, when he is "bluffing," puts on to carry his point. In these matters it is the involuntary things that tell, and directly a man is thoroughly determined he is resigned as to what will probably happen. There, if you will watch closely, you will see his shoulders suddenly become arched (not in a shrug), and when he says he doesn't care he means it.

A difficulty that most face readers experience is that of discriminating between surprise and the action of the grief muscles, inasmuch as both cause the eyebrows to be elevated slightly. But the fact that surprise always makes people open their mouths, even when they are threading a needle, should help them. The brow, too, is full of difficulties, for it may be beetled either from intellectual effort or melancholy. Probably in the first case, however, the eyes will be not quite wide open.

Then laughter should be received with suspicion, for a person will often laugh hilariously after coming through an ordeal that has left him heavy of heart, and a fresh, spontaneous smile is more surely indicative of happiness. Perhaps, however, the most difficult thing to detect in a person of strong self control is fear or violent agitation.

A man of pluck and healthy nerves will betray his excitement only by the back of his neck, which gets crimson, and to see this one has to look behind him.—Pearson's Weekly.

NOT AFRAID OF MAN.

Remarkable Tameness of Animals in the Yellowstone Park.

The slaughter of birds has almost entirely removed one of the delightful accompaniments of life in the rural east—the music of the feathered songsters. Apropos of this, it may be said that one of the most pleasant features of the drive through the Yellowstone National Park is the apparent intimacy between man and the animal and bird life in the park. Thanks to the wise and stringent regulations, no shooting is allowed within its boundaries.

"The result," says an English tourist, "is positively charming. Hundreds of little chipmunks, with their gaudy striped backs, scampered impudently about or peered at the passing coach from the roadside. The squirrel did not bolt for the nearest tree, but nodded a welcome. All bird life treated us likewise. Even the lordly eagle hovered near, and the wild turkey stalked unconcerned through the rank grass. We were fortunate enough to see a fine specimen of the wolf tribe. He stood, a beautiful creature, and watched us out of sight, showing only curiosity, not fear. Another time we perceived a doe and fawn grazing by the road. Not until we were within a few feet did they seek the shelter of the woods, yet not to fly. They simply moved aside. Here at least mankind was regarded as a friend—one who could be trusted. The only animal who ran away was a brown bear. He turned tail at the sight of a coaching party, yet it was quite a common thing for bears to approach close to the hotels at evening to feed on the refuse thrown out. It was an after dinner relaxation for the guests to watch them feeding. They munched and disputed the choicest morsels, for the most part indifferent to the company. Only when we became inquisitive and approached too near did they retire, and these animals were perfectly free and unfettered in their movements. It may read like a fairy tale, but it is solid fact."—Troy Times.

MEN OF GENIUS.

Nature Likes Them Not and Invariably Crushes the Breed.

Through all time men of genius have scoffed at and have ridiculed the attempts of purse proud old "richesse" to create superior orders of manhood. Nor is this a matter for wonder. They were and are ridiculous. Yet these attempts are repeated every hour. Considering them one would suppose that wealth, titles, dignities, are talismans which insure virtue and honor and personal worth and beauty in those to whom they descend. Talismans are ridiculous, and so are titles.

Nobility is of blood and not of garters, royal sponsors and christening robes. Pedigrees, portraits and family history when truthful tell us a great deal about the nobility of a race. Titles, quarterings and patents are worthless, and the production of a great genius is in general as bad a sign as the production of a great profligate. Races that produce geniuses should be avoided. The best is the second best—the normal.

Genius, as some one (Victor Hugo, I think) has finely said, is a promontory stretching out into the ocean of the infinite. Look for the descendants of Shakespeare, Bacon, Macaulay, Wellington, Nelson, Gibbon, Swift, Voltaire, Carlyle, Bonaparte, Goldsmith, Spencer, Milton, Cromwell, Disraeli—to take a few names at random—and you will find that they are not, for the genius is always a transgressor of the normal—a "sport." He is never symmetrical. Such a one nature likes not, and she makes provision for the extinction of his race.—Humanitarian.

Illuminated Buoys.
Another form of beacon for mariners of smaller dimensions, but hardly less important, is the illuminated buoy. These floating lamp holders, placed in an estuary where the available channel is often only a narrow one, bounded by mud or sand banks only a few feet below the surface of the water, are invaluable to shipping. Hitherto the illuminant chiefly employed has been compressed gas, necessitating a high pressure reservoir and compressing machinery.

Mr. Wigham, whose name has long been known in connection with light-house apparatus, has introduced a mineral oil lamp which can be fitted to any existing buoy and will burn for a long period at very small cost. The maintenance of one form of lamp can be kept up at a cost of one penny for 24 hours, and as no compressing machinery is required this is the only expense plus the original cost of the lamp. The approach to port—such as that of Liverpool, for instance, where a ship has to enter through a long avenue of buoys—could by this invention be almost as well lighted as a city street.—Chambers' Journal.

A Warm England.
The extremes of outdoor temperature in England vary more than 125 degrees. The greatest heat probably on record was registered in the valley of the Medway on July 22, 1868, when the thermometer at Tonbridge stood in the shade at 100½ degrees F. Eleven years later, in December, 1879, 55 degrees of frost were recorded at Blackadder, in Berwickshire—i. e., 23 degrees below zero F. More remarkable, however, than the heat in summer were the hot winters of 1748 and 1857 and the warm Januaries of 1877, 1884 and 1898.—Notes and Queries.

His Only Alternative.
Little Dot was very fond of Bible stories, and one day after her mother had read the story of Lot's wife she asked, "Mamma, what did Mr. Lot do when his wife was turned into a pillar of salt?"
"What do you think he did?" asked mamma.
"Why," replied the practical little miss, "I s'pose he went out and hunted up a fresh one."—Chicago News.

HONOR ABOVE GOLD.

An Incident Which Illustrates the French Character.

Speaking of French politics, I heard a most extraordinary story of another strange extract of contemporary life. Some years ago one might see in a restaurant at night, playing dominoes quietly or conversing in tranquil tones, a gentleman named Levy. He was a man who knew more of the secret history of the courts of Europe than any man of his time. To get a full account of his personality and history you must spend an evening with Joe Lyons, the owner of the Trocadero and a score of other restaurants, one of the most brilliant raconteurs as well as one of the best fellows in all London. Mr. Levy was a private detective, employed whenever a task of extreme delicacy and enormous importance was on hand. He was retained by the Bank of England, among other institutions, and I have heard that his services were esteemed so valuable that he got the magnificent salary of £10,000 a year from that institution.

Well, just after the downfall of the commune Mr. Levy was intrusted with one of the most delicate and, I might say, terrible missions in his life. There were several communist refugees in London. Levy tracked them out. A man of the world, without enthusiasm, acquainted with all the seamy side of life and of man, he yet had a broad, sympathetic imagination, and he was astounded by the picture he found in the miserable den—if I remember rightly it was a stable—in which he discovered the objects of his search. These men, who but a few weeks before had the government and the revenues of the great city of Paris at their command, were engaged in making a wretched bowl of soup, which was to be the one meal—and the one meal of them all—for 24 hours. Not one penny had stuck to their palms of all the millions that were at their mercy! "These men may be madmen," he said to a friend to whom he told the story, "but, according to their lights, they are patriots!"

His wonder grew as they refused scornfully to surrender some papers which had fallen into their possession, in spite of dazzling offers of gold, which, as agent of the French government, he was authorized to offer them. They knew the horror and the terrible and appalling importance of the domestic secret in the life of a great man of which they held proofs, but they decided to keep the proofs until they thought it right or wrong to publish the story to the world. And, though they refused the gold, they never told the secret, and France and Europe were saved one of the most cruel and devastating scandals of our times.—New York Herald.

SHE TIED UP HIS TONGUE.

An Experiment Which Led to the Breaking of an Engagement.

I don't know why the simple fact of being in love should deprive people of the vestige of common sense with which nature, never overgenerous with that rarest of blessings, has endowed them, but all my observation tends to confirm me in the opinion that it does. For example, a man I know is engaged to a Georgetown girl—that is, he was engaged to her up to a quarter to 10 o'clock Thursday night, week before last. He went out to call on her, and—first I must tell you that she belongs to a Georgia family, and he is from Boston, and both of them are exceedingly proud of their birthplace and ancestry. After a few preliminaries, said she to him:

"Oh, let's hear how fast you can say, 'She sells seashells.'"

So, of course, he said, "She sells seashells" and "She shells seashells" and "She shells shesells," and goodness only knows what, till his tongue was so tangled up that his mouth was full of knots. And she began to laugh, and he told her to say it herself. Then they both went at it, and midway of their sibilant mouthings somebody's temper began to get frayed at the edges. She said that Boston people speak abominably anyway, and he retorted in quogue about the Georgia dialect. From discussion of speech they came to a discussion of manners, and things were said which it were painful to repeat. The engagement was broken, as I said, at 9:45 o'clock. It has staid broken ever since. The rupture bids fair to be permanent. And all this misery because—well, because two ordinarily intelligent persons happened to be made temporarily feeble minded by mutual affection.—Washington Post.

Two Ways of a Sameness.

Skeptical Patient (to faith doctor)—How do you propose to cure this pain in my chest, doctor?
Faith Doctor—I shall pass my hands over your chest a few times, then tell you the pain is gone, and it will be gone.

Patient—Ah, yes! Will you dine with me, doctor? You can perform the cure afterward.

Doctor—With pleasure.

Patient—Well, take this loaf of bread and rub it on your waistcoat a few times and say you have had your dinner, and you will have had it. If the experiment is a success, we will go on with the chest cure.—London Telegraph.

Occumbers are native to the East Indies and are grown in Cashmere, China and Persia. They were much esteemed by the ancients and are common in Egypt, where a drink is prepared from them when they are ripe.

A digitorium is a soundless piano upon which learners may become proficient with a knowledge of the keys of the instrument; also in the art of fingering.

The last safe retreat of the beaver in the United States is the canyon of the Rio Grande, between Eagle pass and El Paso, a distance of about 800 miles.

The Woman and the Directory.

"I have been amused many a time," said a clerk in a drug store, "to note the way women consult the directory. They never turn swiftly to a name like a man, skipping down through the alphabetical unclassification, but pore over it by sections, as if it were aovel. If a man doesn't find a name exactly where it ought to be, he stops instantly and walks off, but a woman will examine everything under that letter before she gives up. Moreover, she is sure to be reminded of other people in the course of the search and never fails to look them up also.

"A lady came in one morning, sat down and opened the book. She would linger over one part for awhile and then turn to another, keeping the places with her fingers and bent apparently on reading the whole thing. Meanwhile at least half a dozen men collected behind her, all waiting impatiently to get a chance at the volume. At last she turned around and was startled to see the crowd. 'Are you quite through, madam?' asked one of the men. 'Oh, yes,' she replied, 'I was just running through it to see who was there.' It's an everyday occurrence for women to come in to wait for a car and get so interested in the directory that they miss a dozen or so. The book seems to have a weird fascination for the sex."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"A Dangerous Man."

Here is a story illustrative of the ignorance of the colonies that once prevailed in the colonial office and is not yet entirely banished from Downing street. As we all know, the late Lord Carnarvon, when colonial secretary, officially recorded his opinion of Sir George Grey as "a dangerous man." Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, on one of his visits from Victoria, called upon Lord Carnarvon in Downing street, and in conversation chanced to introduce a reference to Sir George Grey.

"A very strange and comprehensible character," said Lord Carnarvon, with a shake of the head. "I hear he has now withdrawn to an island off the coast of New Zealand and surrounded himself with a number of wallabies."

"Oh, yes; I think that is not at all improbable," replied Sir Charles.

"You surprise me," rejoined Lord Carnarvon. "What must be the state of morality in a country where you make light of such a proceeding?"

"Why, my lord, what do you suppose a wallaby to be?"

"A half-caste female, of course. Is that not so?"

"Certainly not; a wallaby is simply a small kangaroo."—London Chronicle.

Statistics of Marriage.

The chances at birth that baby will eventually marry are 9 in 20, or rather less than one-half. This result may seem surprising, but it is largely accounted for by the great mortality of persons under the age of 5. No fewer than 38 per cent of babies die before they are 5 years old, and 44 per cent of the whole population before the age of 18. In England, as in this country, according to belief, the females outnumber the males.

Out of every 100 persons now living, 60 are single, 35 are married and 5 are widowed. So that on the average 1 person in every 20 you meet in the streets, in the train, or wherever it may be, will be either a widow or a widower, and 3 out of 5 will be unmarried. In England an average husband and wife on their wedding day may expect to live together for 27 years, in France only 26, in Holland and Belgium 23, but in Russia 30.—New York Home Journal.

The Hebrew Flag.

One of the results of the Zionist congress at Basel is the reappearance of the Hebrew flag. At the meeting place of the delegates a flag was hoisted which had two blue stripes on a white field, and between these the six pointed star, or sign of David. It was explained at that time that a similar flag was used as the standard of the Hebrews in the days of the Hebrew nation. Pictures and descriptions of the flag came to the United States with accounts of the proceedings of the congress, and dwellers in the New York Ghetto began to look for Hebrew flags. The consequence was that the American flag company turned out a quantity, for which there was ready sale.—New York Tribune.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of G. W. Bussard, late of the Borough of Reynoldsville, Pa., deceased.
Letters of administration on the estate of George W. Bussard, late of the borough of Reynoldsville, deceased, have been granted to Simon P. Bussard, whose postoffice address is Emerald Hill, Jefferson county, Pa. All persons indebted to said estate are required to make immediate payment to the administrator, and those having claims against it will present them properly authenticated, for settlement.

The books of account of said decedent at present have been left with Mrs. May E. Bussard at her meat market on Main street in said borough, at which place all demands may be presented for inspection and settlement by the administrator.

SIMON P. BUSSARD, Administrator.
CARMALT & STRONG, Attorneys.



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ALLEGHENY VALLEY RAILWAY COMPANY, in effect Sunday, June 20, 1898, Low Grade Division.

STATIONS.	EASTWARD.			
	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
Pittsburg	8:00	1:00	4:00	7:00
Red Bank	8:10	1:10	4:10	7:10
Lawsonville	8:20	1:20	4:20	7:20
New Bethlehem	8:30	1:30	4:30	7:30
Oak Ridge	8:40	1:40	4:40	7:40
May, Pa.	8:50	1:50	4:50	7:50
Summersville	9:00	2:00	5:00	8:00
Brookville	9:10	2:10	5:10	8:10
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