

Sydney Smith's Prescription.
The late Henry Reeve, C. B., D. C. L., for many years leader writer of the London Times and until his death editor of the Edinburgh Review, has narrated much amusing gossip of the celebrities of his acquaintance in his "Memoirs and Correspondence." The book contains one great rarity—a new story of Sydney Smith.

Mr. Reeve was dining one night at a house where the other distinguished guests included Macaulay and Sydney Smith. Macaulay was at that time laying society waste with his water-pots of talk. People in his company were always bursting for want of an opportunity of dropping a word, and this was not an exceptional occasion.

At length, dinner being over, Sydney Smith, Reeve and a few others went away by themselves, and immediately got on the overpowering subject of Macaulay.

"He confounds soliloquy and colloquy," said Reeve.

"He is a book in breeches," Smith declared.

"The very worst feature in Macaulay's character is his appalling memory," said Reeve.

"Aye, indeed," said Sydney Smith. "Why, he could repeat the whole 'History of the Virtuous Bluecoat Boy,' in three volumes, post 8vo, without a slip."

After a pause, as if of consideration, the witty divine added, "He should take two tablespoonfuls of the waters of Lethé every morning to correct his retentive powers."

Cheap Living.
Government experts say that a man can be well fed for 85 cents a day. This, however, means feeding men in mass. There is a man in Philadelphia, however, who laughs at this lavish expenditure, inasmuch as his bill of fare for the entire week only costs that amount. Twenty years ago he made up his mind that Americans ate too much. His staple meal is in the middle of the day, and it always consists of soup—good, rich soup—and a baked potato. Some days instead of the baked potato he has what southerners call cowpeas, which are extremely cheap and whole some. They cost 5 cents a pound and swell very much in cooking. He cooks them with a bit of salt pork. Rice is also one of his staple foods and occasionally a little milk. He buys two loaves of stale bread a week, which cost 2 1/2 cents a loaf. These are always toasted.

Cabbage is another article of diet, cheap and of great value. He has an arrangement with his grocer by which he gets the scraps of cheese left over from the large cuttings at 2 cents for a day's scraps. He is in sound health and has not had indigestion for 20 years.—*York World.*

Linked Eyebrows.
It is popularly believed that if one's eyebrows meet it indicates death. Charles Kingsley indorses this belief, but Tennyson has other ideas and poetically speaks of "married brows."

In Turkey meeting eyebrows are greatly admired, and the women use artificial means to bring the brows to this condition, and if art cannot induce thin eyebrows to grow they make up by drawing a black line with paste.

It would appear that the Greeks admired brows which almost met, and the fashionable inhabitants of Rome not only approved of them, but resorted to pigments to make up the lack which sometimes existed.

Some proverbial state that the person whose eyebrows meet will always have good luck, while others state exactly the reverse. The Chinese say that "people whose eyebrows meet can never hope to attain to the dignity of a minister of state," and in Greece of today it is held that where brows meet is said to be a sign of a while in Denmark and Germany he is a werewolf.

English of 1485.
The population consisted of nobles and craftsmen, as a people. It was a novel division. Traders and mechanics took their places somewhat beside their fellow political standing, filling the land till it seems for a moment as if nothing counted any more in English life save its middle class—a busy, hard, prosperous, pugacious middle class, slowly emerging from its early obscurity. In this century it had arrived at power definitely, ostentatiously, carrying a proud look and a high stomach, intent on its own affairs, heedless of the court, regardless of ministers save when it had to bribe them, irreverent to the noble, the "proud penniless with his painted sleeve," tolerant of ecclesiastics only so long as they could be kept rigidly within their allotted religious functions.—*Denton's "England in the Fifteenth Century."*

His Last Question.
The counsel for the opposition had been bullying the witness for an hour or more, when he finally asked: "Is it true that there are traces of insanity in your family?" "It would be folly to deny it," replied the witness. "My great-grandfather, who was studying for the ministry, gave it up to become a lawyer."—*Exchange.*

A Remarkable Vase.
On the roof of a brewery at Maidenstone, Kent, is to be seen one of the most remarkable vases in England. It represents an old brown jug and glass. The jug, which is made of copper, stands 3 feet 6 inches in height and is 3 feet in diameter and capable of holding 108 gallons.

Overdid It.
"I understand she married him to return him." "That was it. And she did the job as thoroughly as she does the laundry. She had a kind of man in mind when she got married, and she got a man."

The Streets of New York.
It was lunchtime and the "frankfurter and roll" men of Frankfort street were doing their best to appease the appetites of the 300 or 300 newboys who thronged Park row. One of the dealers in giving change to a buyer accidentally dropped a dime, and before he had time to pick it up his brother dealer quickly stooped down and grabbed it. Then ensued an argument in a way which only "frankfurter men" can argue, each claiming that he had dropped the dime. It is very likely they would be arguing yet had not a young fellow of the Bowery type who had chanced to witness the trouble interfered. Walking up to the one who had really dropped the money he said:

"Dat's yer dime dat bloke has, ain't it?" "Yes."

"Well, say, how much will yer gimme if I gets it back for yer?" "A nickel," was the answer.

Then addressing the other contestant, the Bowery boy said: "Say, yer got dat feller's dime, 'cause I saw yer take it. But, say, if I don't take it away from yer how much will yer gimme?" "Six cents," was the quick reply.

"All right; hand over." The bargain was concluded just as a policeman came rushing up and grabbed the one who had dropped the dime, and took him to the station house for disorderly conduct.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

A Punctual Man.
A certain Mr. Scott of Exeter whose business required him to travel constantly was one of the most famous characters for punctuality in the kingdom. By his methodical habits, combined with unwearied industry, he accumulated a large fortune. For a great many years the landlord of every inn in Cornwall or Devon that he visited knew the exact day and hour he would arrive. A short time before he died, at the advanced age of 80, a gentleman who was making a journey through Cornwall put up at a small inn at Port Isaac for his dinner. He looked over the bill of fare and found nothing to his liking. He had, however, seen a fine duck roasting on the fire. "I'll have that," said he.

"You cannot, sir," replied the landlord. "It is for Mr. Scott of Exeter."

"I know Mr. Scott very well," replied the traveler. "He is not in your house."

"Very sorry," said the landlord, "but six months ago, when he was last here, he ordered the duck to be ready for him this day exactly at 3 o'clock."

And to the amazement of the traveler, who chanced to look from the window, the old gentleman was at that moment entering the inn yard about five minutes before the appointed time.—*Harper's Round Table.*

An Acceptable Clock.
A well known professor sometimes became so much interested in his lecture that when the noon bell rang he kept the class five or ten minutes over the hour. Certain restless spirits among the students thought they would give him a gentle hint, so they bought an alarm clock, set it to go off precisely at noon and placed it on the professor's desk when they came in to the next lecture. They knew that he was a little absent-minded and expected that he would not notice it.

As the noon hour struck the alarm went off with a crash, and those of the class not in the secret started and took in the joke at once. There was a round of applause. The professor waited until the alarm and the applause were over and then said: "Young gentlemen, I thank you for this little gift. I had forgotten it was my birthday. An alarm clock is something my wife has needed for our servant for some time. It is a very kind remembrance on your part." The professor then went on to finish a demonstration interrupted by the alarm.—*London Tit-Bits.*

A Bad Dream.
It is not likely that any English speaking people understand so keen and punctilious a devotion to the niceties of language as that which characterizes the French grammarians. We may help ourselves to understand it perhaps by reading a story told of M. Lamany.

One night lately he awoke and sprang out of bed with a wild cry. His wife came running. He was in alarm and despair.

"Why, what is the matter?" she gasped.

"I dreamed," said the professor. "Oh, I had a horrible, a heartrending dream."

"What was it?" "I dreamed I was talking, and I distinctly heard myself utter a sentence which had a grammatical error in it."—*Youth's Companion.*

Two Lockouts.
Editor's Wife (from second story window)—You don't get in this house at any such hour of the morning as this. Editor (appealingly)—But, my dear, I was unavoidably detained at the office. You see, we had late news of a tremendous big lockout, and—

Wife—All right; you've got news of another now (slamming down the window).—*London Answers.*

A Married Man's Musings.
A man believes what he sees; a woman what she hears.

If all women were tongue-tied, there would be no sewing societies.

If a woman could do as much damage with her fist as she can with her tongue, the pugilists would have to retire.

Nothing makes a man feel more like going out in the back yard and kicking himself than to have his wife read aloud some of the letters he wrote just before their marriage while temporarily insane.

The older a woman gets, the more she says they don't make as good girls nowadays as when she was a girl.

My wife says most girls who sweep into a room with queenly grace would think it beneath their dignity to sweep out a room with a carpet sweeper.

If love makes the world go round that must be why it makes so many people giddy.

My wife says if all women would wear price tags on their Sunday clothes the feminine attendance at church would double in two weeks.—*Pittsburg Daily News.*

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Philadelphia & Erie Railroad Division.

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EASTWARD
8:00 a. m.—Train 8, weekdays, for Sunbury, Williamsport, Hazleton, Pottsville, Scranton, Harrisburg and the intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:22 p. m.; New York, 9:30 p. m.; Baltimore, 5:00 p. m.; Washington, 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

WESTWARD
4:38 a. m.—Train 9, weekdays, for Erie, Ridgway, DuBois, Clearmont and principal intermediate stations.
6:44 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and intermediate stations.
5:47 p. m.—Train 15, weekdays for Kane and intermediate stations.

THROUGH TRAINS FOR DRIFTWOOD FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH.
TRAIN 1 leaves New York 5:50 a. m., Philadelphia 8:50 p. m.; Washington 7:20 p. m., Baltimore 8:40 p. m., arriving at Driftwood 4:38 a. m., weekdays, with Pullman sleepers and passenger coaches from Philadelphia to Erie and Washington and Baltimore to Williamsport.

JOHNSONBURG RAILROAD.
(WEEKDAYS)
Connections via Johnsonburg R. R. and Ridgway & Clearfield R. R.

Station	8:00 A.M.	10:00 A.M.	12:00 P.M.	2:00 P.M.	4:00 P.M.	6:00 P.M.	8:00 P.M.
Driftwood							
Clearmont							
DuBois							
Ridgway							
Clearfield							
Johnsonburg							
Williamsport							
Harrisburg							
Scranton							
Pottsville							
Hazleton							
Sunbury							
Philadelphia							
New York							
Baltimore							
Washington							

Trains 1 and 2 Sunday only. All other trains daily except Sunday.
CHAS. B. PILEG, Act'g. Gen'l. Supt.
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BUFFALO, ROCHESTER & PITTSBURGH RAILWAY.
On and after January 1, 1899, passenger trains will arrive and depart from Falls Creek station, daily, except Sunday, as follows:

DEPART
For Dulhous, Big Run and Punxsutawney, 10:22 a. m., 12:35, 4:50 p. m.
For DuBois, Currysburg and Clearfield, 7:25 a. m., 1:40, 5:05 p. m.
For Ridgway, Bradford and Rochester, 10:11 a. m.
For Reynoldsville, Bradford and Buffalo, 1:15 p. m.
For Reynoldsville, 10:35 a. m., 4:11 p. m.

ARRIVE
From Punxsutawney, Big Run and DuBois, 7:00, 10:11 a. m., 1:15, 4:12 p. m.
From Clearfield, Currysburg and DuBois, 10:35 a. m., 1:25, 4:17, 7:31 p. m.
From Buffalo, Rochester, Bradford and Ridgway, 8:55 p. m.
From Bradford and Ridgway, 10:22 a. m., 1:53 p. m.
From Reynoldsville, 1:05, 5:02 p. m.

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 good for passage over any portion of the B. R. & P. and Beech Creek railroads are on sale at two cents per mile.

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