

### He Could Get Another Wife.

A middle aged farmer of German lineage suffered the worst of a mix up with an Erie train on one of the East Buffalo crossings, and in it his wife and horse had been killed, his wagon demolished, and he himself had received a few bruises. For these injuries and losses he had brought a suit for about \$20,000, but as it was a toss up as to who was the negligent party the Dutchman was perfectly willing to settle instead of fighting for his \$20,000 in the courts.

He appeared at the office of the road's attorney and after considerable bargaining said he would accept \$200 for his horse. To the attorney this seemed a rather long price, so he asked the man what he wanted for his wagon. The Dutchman said he would take \$100.

"No; that is impossible," responded Mr. Marcy. "Why, it would cost a fortune to pay for your wife's death if you value your horse and wagon so highly! I guess you will have to continue the suit."

"Ach, nein!" began the German "Schust listen to me once. See hier. You gif me swel hundred for der wagon und er—er—twenty-five fer der harness, und I vill call it square about de wife. I can get another wife, but der horse und wagon, ach, dey would cost much money!"

Needless to say a settlement was soon reached which was highly agreeable to both parties.—Buffalo Times.

### A Famous Bowman.

The Romans were very skillful bowmen, although they discarded the weapon in warfare, trusting to the charge and to hand to hand fighting. Many of the Roman emperors were famous archers. It is said that Domitian would place boys in the circus at a considerable distance from him and as they held up their hands with the fingers outstretched he would send the arrows between them with such nicety and accuracy of aim that he never inflicted a wound.

The wicked emperor Commodus boasted that he never missed his aim or failed to kill the wild beast that he shot with a single arrow. He would set a shaft in his bow as some wild beast was set free in the circus to devour a living criminal condemned to die. Just when the furious animal was springing on his prey, the emperor would strike it dead at the man's feet. Sometimes 100 lions were let loose at once in order that he, with 100 arrows, might kill them. With arrows, the heads of which were semicircular, he would sever the necks of ostriches in full flight.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

### Spiders That Eat Fish.

There are certain large sea spiders (two feet from toe to toe, Colossendeis gigas, that live in the water and feed entirely upon mollusks and worms. The carnivorous wolf spider, an amphibious inhabitant of the tropical regions of South America, is said to prefer a fish diet, though it is not averse to eating mice, young birds and even snakes, resembling in this respect the theropodidae, or bird catching spiders of India and Queensland, some of which equal a rat in size. The Colossendeis is the most formidable specimen of the spider family, measuring 6 inches around the body and possessing 12 long, hairy legs, with which it grips its prey. It attacks fish several times larger than itself, and after biting them through the back and sucking the juices from the bodies of its victims.—Portland Oregonian.

### The London of Pepps.

It is disappearing fast; it has almost vanished, the London of Pepps; but a few traces of it are still left and should be visited by lovers of the past and readers of the famous "Diary" before they are entirely swept away. Regret can never cease that a threatened blindness should have forced Pepps to close his manuscript 34 years before his death and that thus it should only depict 11 years of his life for us. Yet, as Mr. Lowell said, "the lightest part of the diary is of value, historically, for it enables one to see the London of 200 years ago, and what is more, to see it with the eager eyes of Pepps" while there will be few of its readers who will deny that "there is probably more involuntary humor in Pepps' Diary than in any book extant."—Pall Mall Magazine.

### The Price of Asparagus.

At dinner one day Mr. Gladstone remarked that the best asparagus was £2 a bundle. Mrs. Gladstone, who was present, was moved to say: "How can you possibly know that? I am sure we have bought none." "No, my dear," was his instant reply; "but when I see a new thing in the shops I always like to inquire the price, and I went into a shop in Piccadilly this morning and asked what the remarkably fine asparagus they had in the window was selling at." Truly the old simile of the elephant's trunk was not inapplicable to the intellect of Mr. Gladstone.—Read's "Life of Gladstone."

### Too Extravagant.

Washington's steward once purchased the first shad of the season for the president's table, as he knew his master to be extravagantly fond of fish. He placed it before Washington at table as an agreeable surprise. The president inquired how much he paid for the shad.

"Three dollars," was the reply.

"Take it away," commanded Washington rather sharply. "I will not encourage such extravagance in my house."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

### Not Good Form.

Many an originally honest man has been labeled rogue for endeavoring to fly high in localities where the flying was not good.—Scranton Tribune.

### Origin of the Banjo.

Over half a century ago, in the town of Hanjoemas, on the island of Java, a negro native of the place, desiring an instrument to accompany his voice, conceived the following plan: Taking a cheese box and crossing it with goat or sheep skin, he ran a handle through it; then, using violin strings, which were tuned to the first, third, fifth and eighth notes of an octave, he gave it the name of "banjo," from the first two syllables in the name of his native town.

No banjo of this time is known to be in existence, but from descriptions handed down they must have been very rude instruments. As the years passed improvements were made. Throughout the southern states banjoes became as plentiful as pickaninies, and negroes might be found on any plantation who could "make the banjo talk."

In a clever performer's hands the banjo seems capable of doing everything—bells chime, waters ripple, winds blow, birds sing and many other pleasant ideas are evoked—but it will never do for romance. Its very name is against it. Whether from association or not, we cannot connect romance and the banjo.—Washington Star.

### Traveling in Alaska.

I have seen many pictures of the manner in which the Eskimos travel, and the man is generally seated comfortably on the sled cracking a whip, and the dogs are going at a smart gallop. But we soon found that picture to be a delusion and a snare.

Journeys in the arctic regions consist mostly in pushing behind the sled, for the poor little animals frequently have to be helped over the rough places and in going up hill or any rise in the ground. Where there is no better trail—as was the case most of the distance we traveled—the dogs have nothing to guide them, and one man is obliged to run ahead. He generally runs some distance and then walks until the head team comes up with him, when he runs on again.

When the snow is hard and the road level, the dogs, with an average load, will maintain a trot which is too fast for a man to walk and not so fast as he can run. By alternately running and walking one does not become greatly fatigued. Natives who travel from village to village are so accustomed to this mode of travel that they can keep it up all day without showing signs of fatigue.—Harper's Magazine.

### A Clever Little Dog.

A curious illustration of canine intelligence—and its limitations—was observed by a writer in The Outlook a few days ago. Passing down a street he saw a fine Airedale terrier lying down and with both forepaws and muzzled nose scrubbing the surface of an iron grating with a bone, as if to bring it to a high state of polish. The owner saw and explained. The grating is just over a cellar in which the dog sleeps. His muzzle prevents him from attacking bones to advantage by day, so he brings the bones of his finding to the grating, hoping to push them through and gnaw luxuriously when unmuzzled at night. But the little chap had but the vaguest ideas of the size limits of the grating, and as the ordinary sizes of bones go, he must have had at least two failures to every success. Yet, with real terrier ingenuity, he turned even his failure to account, for after vigorously trying every hole in the grating he would quietly stop, lick the entire grating clean of the grease and meat juice rubbed off the bone, then rub off another layer and repeat the licking.

### A Little Bit of Salt.

Every child needs a little bit of salt, and in almost every food it is well to put some, not only for the taste, but for its value in digesting the food. It is a notable fact that all animals welcome salt occasionally, and like human beings, pine when there is a lack of it. In Holland, some generations ago, it is said to have been the custom to punish criminals by allowing no food but bread without salt. The consequence was the blood became depraved, they became infested with worms and died miserably. Blood contains a large percentage of salt, and no one can be healthy without it. An experienced physician has stated that if a strong solution of salt and water be injected into the veins of a person dying with cholera the patient will be roused from his stupor, and occasionally it has led to recovery.—Ledger Monthly.

### A Pretty Little Story.

The prettiest child story that I have seen lately is in French. A mother tells her little girl that because she has been naughty she will not kiss her for a week. Before two days have gone by the child's lips hunger so for her mother's kiss that she begs her not to punish her any more. The mother says: "No, my dear, I told you that I should not kiss you, and I must keep my word." "But, mamma, mamma," says the little girl, "would it be breaking your word if you should kiss me just once tonight when I'm asleep?"—Boston Transcript.

### Not to Be Sat Down On.

"One of those little chickens won't mind the old hen at all. It runs about by itself and doesn't pay any attention to her clucks."

"I don't really blame the poor little thing. It's one that was hatched in an incubator."—Chicago Tribune.

### Words That Live.

"When a man pays a woman a compliment, it is said that she never forgets him."

"That's not exactly the way of it. She sometimes forgets the man, but she always remembers the compliment."—Chicago Record.

### Embarrassing Remembrance.

It is only the tactful people who should be allowed to give personal reminiscences, but unfortunately they are not the only ones who do give them.

"How well I remember your father, when I was a little girl!" lately said an elderly woman to a Massachusetts clergyman. "He used to come often to our house to dinner. We were always delighted to see him, children and all."

"That is very pleasant to hear," said the clergyman, with a smile; but the narrator remained gravely unconscious of his interruption.

"I remember what a hearty appetite he had," she continued, blandly. "It was a real pleasure to see him eat. Why, when mother would see him coming along the road of a morning in his buggy she'd send me running out to cook and say, 'Tell Bridget to put on just twice as much of everything as she had planned, for here is Mr. Brown coming to dine with us!'"

The eminent son endeavored to preserve a proper expression of countenance at this interesting reminiscence, but his composure was sorely tried when, with great cordiality, the lady said:

"You're so much like your father! Won't you go home to dinner with me?"—Youth's Companion.

### Hotel Keys His Fad.

"I know a drummer," said a local traveling man, chatting with a party of friends, "who has decorated one of the walls of his lachelor apartments with a trophy composed entirely of hotel keys. It is the queerest thing I ever saw in my life. The keys are arranged in a huge circle, and each of them is attached to a metal tag, some round, some square, some triangular—in fact, they are of every imaginable size and shape, and of all kinds of material, from cast iron to aluminum.

"In the middle of the decoration is a cluster of enormous specimens, most of them battered and rusty, and looking as if they might have locked the gates of ancient fortresses. They came from village taverns where modern improvements are unknown. All the keys in the collection—and I am sure there are at least 300—have been stolen from different hotels throughout the country.

"Their present owner, or rather their present possessor, told me that he began getting them together several years ago, and wherever he chanced to stop he always made a point of carrying away his room key."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

### On the Verge.

He considered it a parental duty to see that his daughter kept only the very best marriageable company.

"Mary," said her father, "you have been going with that Mitchell fellow for more than a year now. This courtship must come to a termination."

"Oh, pa, how can you talk so? He is, oh, so sweet and nice!"

"Ah!" And the fond father arched his eyebrows. "Sweet and nice, eh? Has he proposed?"

"Well, pa, not exactly." And the girl hung her head and fingered the drapery of her dress. "He hasn't exactly proposed; but, then, last evening, when we were out walking, we passed by a nice little house, and he said, 'That's the kind of cottage I am going to live in some day,' and I said 'Yes,' and then he glanced at me and squeezed my hand. Then, just as we got by, I glanced back at the cottage, and—and I squeezed his hand, pa."

"Oh, ah, I see! Well, we'll try him another week or two."—London Tit-Bits.

### Thrashing a King.

During the Ashanti campaign there was a grotesque exhibition of a native policeman's indifference to the "divinity" that doth hedge a king." General Colley, then the major commanding the transport column, writing to his sister, describes how one monarch had his foolishness driven out of him by "the rod of correction." He says: "I am afraid one's idea of the majesty 'that doth enshroud a king' is not exalted in this country. At one station on my way down I heard a row in camp during the night and the next morning sent to inquire what it was. A native police corporal of mine, a first rate fellow, came up and saluted.

"Heard row in Mankassin camp last night, sir. Found king making great noise, gambling with his subjects. Very bad form, sir. Gave king great thrashing, sir."

### Disappointing Effect.

"I hope you are getting good results from the gymnastic exercises I recommended," said Mr. Pner's medical adviser.

"Well, I'm not," replied Mr. Pner. "They have ruined a good coat for me."

"Didn't you take your coat off?"

"Certainly, but the exercise has enlarged my shoulders so I can't wear it any more. Coat was as good as new too!"—Chicago Tribune.

### Cheering Him Up.

Little Elmer—Grampa, why do you look so sad?


Grampa—I was just thinking. Here I am 89 years of age, and I have never done anything that will be likely to make posterity remember me.

Little Elmer—Oh, well, don't worry. Mebby you'll still have a chance to live in history as somebody's grandfather.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Humming birds are domesticated by placing in their cages a number of paper flowers of tubular form containing a small quantity of sugar and water, which must be frequently renewed. Of this liquid the birds partake and quickly become apparently contented with their captivity.

On an average every woman carries 40 to 60 miles of hair upon her head.

## SOME OF THE GOOD THINGS ABOUT THE ELK



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The construction of the ELK is so arranged as to give perfect combustion, thus overcoming one of the greatest objections in the use of gas heaters. If the ELK is connected with fine gas we suggest and recommend, there never will be the slightest tinge of burnt gas.

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By a retention and concentration of the heat by means of projections on the fire front, the cold air which is drawn from the floor as it passes through a chamber directly in the rear of the fire front, is heated and passes out at the top, thus creating a current. This results in an even temperature, and the entire apartment is warmed instead of it being extremely hot directly in front of the heater and cold elsewhere in the room, as is the case in the use of most gas heaters.


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One of the strong points in favor of the ELK heater is in the economy of gas consumption by its use. One No. 3 will comfortably heat a double parlor connected with folding doors, with less than half the consumption of gas of two old-style heaters, giving heat by direct radiation with imperfect combustion.

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## PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

Philadelphia & Erie Railroad Division.

In effect May 21, 1899. Trains leave Driftwood as follows:

EASTWARD

9:02 a. m.—Train 1, weekdays, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Hazleton, Pottsville, Scranton, Harrisburg and the intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 5:29 p. m.; New York 9:39 a. m.; Washington, 7:35 p. m.; Washington, 7:35 p. m.; Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to York, Gettysburg and Washington.

1:00 p. m.—Train 6, weekdays, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:35 a. m.; New York, 7:45 a. m.; Baltimore, 2:30 a. m.; Washington, 7:45 a. m.; Pullman Sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia, and New York, Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:12 p. m.—Train 10, weekdays, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:32 a. m.; New York, 9:38 a. m. on week days and 10:38 a. m. on Sundays.

12:45 p. m.—Train 11, weekdays, for Harrisburg and Washington. Passengers in sleeper for Harrisburg and Washington will be transferred into Washington sleeper at Williamsport. Passenger coaches from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

WESTWARD

4:28 a. m.—Train 9, weekdays, for Erie, Ridgeway, DuBois, Clearport and principal intermediate stations.

9:45 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and intermediate stations.

5:42 p. m.—Train 15, weekdays for Kane and intermediate stations.

THROUGH TRAINS FOR DRIFTWOOD FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH.

TRAIN 9 leaves New York 6:55 p. m., Philadelphia 8:50 p. m.; Washington 7:30 p. m.; Baltimore 8:40 p. m., arriving at Driftwood 7:45 a. m., weekdays, with Pullman sleepers and passenger coaches from Philadelphia, Erie and Washington and Baltimore to Williamsport.

TRAIN 3 leaves New York at 7:55 p. m.; Philadelphia, 11:20 p. m.; Washington, 10:40 p. m.; Baltimore, 12:30 p. m., daily arriving at Driftwood at 9:44 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Phila. to Williamsport, and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia to Erie and Baltimore to Williamsport. On Sundays only Pullman sleeper Philadelphia to Erie.

TRAIN 15 leaves Philadelphia 8:40 a. m.; Wilkesbarre, 10:35 a. m., weekdays, arriving at Driftwood at 12:38 p. m. with Pullman Parlor car from Philadelphia to Williamsport and passenger coach to Kane.

Connections via Johnsonburg R. R. and Ridgway & Clearfield R. R.

R. M.	WEEKDAYS.	P. M.
10:45 Ar	Clearport	Lv 10:55
10:58	Woodvale	7:07
10:55	Quintwood	11:05
10:51	Smith's Run	11:08
10:25	Instanter	11:14
10:20	Straight	11:19
10:11	Glen Hazel	11:27
10:05	Bondsville	11:32
9:55	Johnsonburg	11:41
9:40 Lv	Ridgway	Ar 11:59

R. M.	WEEKDAYS.	P. M.	
7:15	9:35 Ar	Ridgway	Ar 7:00
7:08	9:28	Island Run	7:07
7:03	9:23	Carlman Transfer	7:15
6:54	9:15	Croyland	7:21
6:41	9:11	St. Michaels	7:28
6:47	9:07	Blue Rock	7:28
6:43	9:02	Carrier	7:30
6:33	8:53	Brookville	7:42
6:28	8:47	Clearfield	7:48
6:22	8:43	McMillan Summit	7:51
6:19	8:39	Harveys Run	7:54
6:15	8:35 Lv	DuBois	Ar 8:01
6:00	8:15 Lv	DuBois	Ar 7:19
6:10	7:00 Ar	Falls Creek	Ar 6:33
5:50	6:45	Reynoldsville	Ar 6:18
5:16	6:10	Brookville	Ar 5:23
4:30	5:50	New Bethlehem	Ar 4:45
3:50	5:10	Red Bank	Ar 4:00
1:30	1:00	Pittsburg	Ar 1:00

Through Pullman Parlor Car to Pittsburg over the Reading and Clearfield R. R., returning on train leaving Pittsburg at 1:30 p. m.

J. B. HUTCHINSON, J. R. WOOD, Gen. Manager, Gen. Pass. Agt.

## ALLEGHENY VALLEY RAILWAY COMPANY.

In effect Sunday, July 24, 1899, Low Grade Division.

EASTWARD

STATIONS.	No. 1.	No. 5.	No. 9.	No. 7.
Pittsburg	9:00	10:00	11:00	12:00
Red Bank	11:07	12:07	1:07	2:07
Lawsonham	11:17	12:17	1:17	2:17
New Bethlehem	11:29	12:29	1:29	2:29
Oak Ridge	11:32	12:32	1:32	2:32
Maysville	11:38	12:38	1:38	2:38
Summerville	11:53	12:53	1:53	2:53
Brookville	12:15	1:15	2:15	3:15
Bell	12:47	1:47	2:47	3:47
Fuller	12:47	1:47	2:47	3:47
Reynoldsville	12:53	1:53	2:53	3:53
Pancost	1:09	2:09	3:09	4:09
Falls Creek	1:15	2:15	3:15	4:15
DuBois	1:35	2:35	3:35	4:35
Sabula	2:35	3:35	4:35	5:35
Winterburn	1:57	2:57	3:57	4:57
Pennfield	2:02	3:02	4:02	5:02
Tyler	2:11	3:11	4:11	5:11
Bennettsville	2:35	3:35	4:35	5:35
Grant	2:44	3:44	4:44	5:44
Driftwood	3:10	4:10	5:10	6:10

Train 41 (Sunday) leaves Pittsburg 9:00 a. m., Red Bank 11:02 a. m., Brookville 12:27, Reynoldsville 1:00, DuBois 2:30 p. m., returning on train leaving Pittsburg at 1:30 p. m.

Train 49 (Sunday) leaves Pittsburg 5:15 p. m., Red Bank 7:45 a. m., Brookville 9:06, Reynoldsville 9:37, DuBois 9:55 p. m.

WESTWARD

STATIONS.	No. 2.	No. 6.	No. 10.	No. 8.
Driftwood	11:30	12:30	1:30	2:30
Grant	11:36	12:36	1:36	2:36
Reynoldsville	11:42	12:42	1:42	2:42
Tyler	11:59	12:59	1:59	2:59
Pennfield	12:47	1:47	2:47	3:47
Winterburn	12:47	1:47	2:47	3:47
Sabula	12:53	1:53	2:53	3:53
DuBois	1:03	2:03	3:03	4:03
Falls Creek	1:15	2:15	3:15	4:15
Pancost	1:35	2:35	3:35	4:35
Reynoldsville	1:50	2:50	3:50	4:50
Fuller	1:50	2:50	3:50	4:50
Bell	1:55	2:55	3:55	4:55
Brookville	2:15	3:15	4:15	5:15
Summerville	2:19			