

IRISH TURNS AND TWISTS.

The Unconscious Humor That Crows Out in the Green Isle.

The author of "Irish Life and Character" says truly that one has only to mix with a Irish crowd to hear many a laughable expression, quite innocently uttered. As the Duke and Duchess of York were leaving Dublin in 1897, amid enthusiastic cheering, an old woman remarked:

"Ah! Isn't it the fine reception they're gettin' goin' away?"

In 1892 Dublin university celebrated its tercentenary, and crowds of visitors were attracted to the city. Two laborers, rejoiced at the general prosperity, expressed their feelings.

"Well, Tim," said one, "thim tarantinnies does a dale for the tharade of Dublin, and no mistake."

"Oh, faix they do!" said the other. "And whin, with the blessin of God, we get home rule, sure we can have as many of thim as we please."

An old woman, seeing a man pulling a young calf roughly along the road, exclaimed:

"Oh, you bla'guard! That's so way to thrate a fellow crather."

"Sure," said a laborer to a young lady who was urging him to send his children to school, "I do anything for such a sweet, ghilemanly lady as yourself."

Again, the laborers on a large estate decided that it would be more convenient for them if they could be paid every week instead of every fortnight. One of their number was sent to place their proposition before the land agent, and this was his statement:

"If you please, sir, it's me desire, and it is also every other man's desire, that we reseave out fortnight's pay every week."

An exasperated sergeant, drilling a squad of recruits, called to them at last:

"Halt! Just come over here, all of ye, and look at yourselves. It's a fine line ye're keepin, isn't it?"

JUST A BIT OF LIFE.

A Pathetic Incident of the Pawnshops in the Metropolis.

Sneaking into a small shop in an obscure and poverty ridden locality, the man who "went broke" at the races was realizing on a superfluous article of jewelry. A woman so poor and pinched in feature, so marked with care and desperation that it made him feel sick to look at her, was holding something under her shawl and waiting nervously until he should have finished his transaction.

"Wait on her. She seems to be in a hurry," he said to the man behind the counter, and at the word of permission a carpenter's plane was produced from the shelter of the shawl.

"How much do you want?" queried the unmoved pawnbroker monotonously.

"Fifty cents," replied the woman, with a gulping in her throat and an eager look in her eyes. She clutched the money tightly and ran into another creature, poor as herself, but bearing her troubles in duller fashion. She had a baby's cloak, never costly and much worn, on which she wanted to borrow money, the same sum as the other woman had asked for.

The man who had been offering a diamond felt uncomfortable. "There, give me \$50. The stone's worth four times as much." And, seizing the money, he hurried after the woman who had just left the shop. He was not given to acts of charity, and he felt awkward, the more so as the woman shrunk from him as he accosted her.

"I beg your pardon," he began, "but here's \$5 I have no use for. Perhaps you?"

"No, no!" she cried, drawing further from him.

"For your child," he said gently.

"My child is dead!" cried the woman, with a queer sob, and fled into the labyrinth of alleys and byways that shelters so much wretchedness.—New York Times.

Curious Mexican Laws.

They have some very curious criminal laws in Mexico. For instance, it is twice as much of an offense to mutilate the face of a woman as that of a man. The law seems to be based on the idea that a woman's best possession is her beauty and that to mar it does her a great injury.

There is another curious law. If a person should be wounded in an encounter, the punishment to the offender is fixed by the number of days his victim has to stay in the hospital or under a doctor's care. A fine is fixed at 40 days in the way of a general division. If the injured man occupies more than 40 days in his recovery, the penalty doubles up.

The Explanation.

One morning the readers of a certain newspaper were perplexed to see in type the announcement that "the Scotus handed down an important decision yesterday." The afternoon paper of the town, with which the morning paper for years had held a bitter controversy, interesting none but themselves, laughed that day, as the poets say, "in ghouliah glee," and it was up to the morning paper the next day to explain that "the types" made them say that the Scotus did so and so when the telegraph editor should have known that that word was merely the abbreviation of the telegrapher for supreme court of the United States.

Municipal Ownership.

Municipal ownership long ago passed out of the stage of theory and experiment, if, in fact, it ever belonged there. Centuries before America was discovered public ownership of public utilities was highly developed. The city of Rome 2,000 years ago possessed its splendid public baths, its superb aqueducts and other utilities owned and managed by the government.

HE WORKED DESTRUCTION.

A Sample of What a Fairly Healthy Cockatoo Can Do.

A light chain securely fastened on the cockatoo's leg promised safety, but he contrived to get within reach of my new curtains and rapidly devoured some half yard or so of a hand painted border, which was the pride of my heart. Then came an interval of calm and exemplary behavior which lulled me into a false security. Cockie seemed to have but one object in life, which was to pull out all his own feathers, and by evening the dining room often looked as though a white fowl had been plucked in it.

I consulted a bird doctor, but as Cockie's health was perfectly good and his diet all that could be recommended, it was supposed he only plucked himself for want of occupation, and firewood was recommended as a substitute. This answered very well, and he spent his leisure in gnawing sticks of deal—only when no one chanced to be in the room he used to unfasten the swivel of his chain, leave it dangling on the stand and descend in search of his playthings. When the fire had not been lighted, I often found half the coals pulled out of the grate and the firewood in splinters. At last, with warmer weather, both coals and wood were removed, so the next time Master Cockie found himself short of a job he set to work on the dining room chairs, first pulled out all their bright nails and next tore holes in the leather, through which he triumphantly dragged the stuffing.

At one time he went on a visit for some weeks and ate up everything within his reach in that friendly establishment. His "bag" for one afternoon consisted of a venerable fern and a large palm, some library books, newspapers, a pack of cards and an armchair. And yet every one adores him, and he is the spoiled child of more than one family.—Cornhill.

ARMORED COFFINS.

They Were Once Used in a Churchyard in Scotland.

In the earlier half of the nineteenth century the practice of stealing bodies from the churchyards for the purpose of sale as subjects for dissection, which was known as "body snatching," was for a time very rife. Various plans were made to defeat the nefarious and sacrilegious proceedings of the "body snatchers," or "resurrectionists," as they were sometimes called, a very common one being the erection of two or more small watch-houses whose windows commanded the whole burying ground, and in which the friends of the deceased mounted guard for a number of nights after the funeral.

A usual method of the grave robbers was to dig down to the head of the coffin and bore in it a large round hole by means of a specially constructed center bit. It was to counteract this maneuver that the two curious coffin-like relics now lying on either side of the door of the ruined church of Aberfoyle, in Perthshire, were constructed. They are solid masses of cast iron of enormous weight.

When an interment took place one of these massive slabs was lowered by suitable derricks, tackles and chains on to the top of the coffin, the grave was filled in, and there it was left for some considerable time. Later on the grave was opened and the iron armor plate was removed and laid aside ready for another funeral.

These contrivances still lie on the grass of the lonely little churchyard, objects of curiosity to the passing cyclist and tourist.—Scientific American.

Straw Horseshoes.

Straw is put to strange uses in Japan. Most of the horses are shod with straw. Even the clumsiest of cart horses wear straw shoes. In their case the shoes are tied around the ankles with straw rope and are made of the ordinary rice straw, braided so that they form a sole for the foot about half an inch thick. These soles cost about a half penny per pair, and when they are worn out they are thrown away. Every cart has a stock of fresh new shoes tied to the horse or to the front of the cart, and in Japan it was formerly the custom to measure distance largely by the number of horse-shoes it took to cover the distance. So many horseshoes made a day's journey, and the average shoe lasted for about eight miles of travel.

The Lobster.

A scientist has entered a protest against the use of the term "lobster" as an epithet implying lack of skill or courage. He says that lobsters on the Nova Scotian coast draw up in battle array and fight for hours according to thoroughbred rules, the coast being littered with claws and other evidences of dismemberment when the struggle is over.

A Heroine.

In a cemetery on the banks of the St. Lawrence river, near Prescott, is an epitaph saying that the stone was "erected to the memory of Elizabeth Richardson, who heroically defended the life of her lover by sticking a pitchfork in a mad cow's nose." The heroic Miss Richardson was 38 years old when she died.

If a man has a good scheme and makes money out of it, people call him a genius; if he loses, they call him a fool.—Chicago News.

Rascality would have a much harder row to hoe if it were not for fools willing to be victimized.—Chicago Democrat.

Niagara power was used as long ago as 1725, when the French erected a sawmill near the site of the present factory of the Pittsburgh Reduction company. It was used for the purpose of supplying sawed lumber for Fort Niagara.

Costly Violins.

The current value of Stradivarius violins in London is said to range from £80 to £800. In Stradivarius' own time one Cervetto of London received a commission of the master's instruments which he was commissioned to sell for £4 apiece. But he was obliged to send them back, as no Englishman at that time would buy them at any such figure. Stradivarius himself is said to have asked a price of 4 louis d'or for each of his violins.

Without Regard to Expense.
The king assembles the royal architects.

"Build me a temple," he commands, "so costly that no smoker will ever be told he might have owned it had he let tobacco alone!"

Ah, this was aiming high indeed! But when was true art ever known to falter?—Detroit Journal.

About one half of the questions of life we solve; the other half solve us.—Milwaukee Journal.

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DEPART.
2:25 p. m. Week days only. For Falls Creek, DuBois, Curwensville, Clearfield, Punxsutawney, Butler, Pittsburg, Brockwayville, Ridgway, Johnsonburg, Mt. Jewett and Bradford.


ARRIVE.
1:30 p. m. Week days only. From Clearfield, Curwensville, Falls Creek, DuBois, Pittsburg, Butler and Punxsutawney.

TRAINS LEAVE FALLS CREEK.

SOUTH BOUND.
2:54 a. m. Daily. Night Express for Punxsutawney, Dayton, Butler and Pittsburg.
7:43 a. m. Week days only. For Big Run, Punxsutawney, Butler, Pittsburg and intermediate points.
10:54 a. m. and 7:43 p. m. Week days only. For DuBois, Stanley, Sykes, Big Run and Punxsutawney.
2:44 p. m. Daily. Vestibule Limited. For Punxsutawney, Dayton, Butler and Pittsburg.

SOUTH BOUND.
2:24 p. m. Daily. Night Express for Ridgway, Johnsonburg, Buffalo and Rochester.
7:28 a. m. and 3:30 p. m. Week days only. For Brockwayville, Ridgway, Johnsonburg, Mt. Jewett and Bradford.
12:25 p. m. Daily. Vestibule Limited. For Ridgway, Johnsonburg, Bradford, Buffalo and Rochester.
1:00 p. m. Week days only. Accommodation for Reynoldsville.

Trains for Curwensville, Clearfield and intermediate stations leave Falls Creek at 7:28 a. m., 2:40 and 3:30 p. m.
Thousand mile tickets good for passage over any portion of the B., R. & P. and Beech Creek railroads are on sale at two (2) cents per mile.
For tickets, time tables and full information apply to
E. C. DAVIS, Agent, Reynoldsville, Pa.
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