THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS A "TIRED BRAIN."

When a Man Thinks His Brain Is Tired, It Is Really His Stomach That Is Overfed or Some Other Vital Point That Is Weakened.

Every man should have impressed upon him the fact that the human brain is capable of absolutely unlimited development. It can be developed more easily, more permanently than the muscles. Like the muscles, it is developed by exercise, but unlike them there is no limit to its possible development and there is no age limit to the growth of mental faculties.

If you go to a certain hotel in Chiengo you will find at the door of the large dining room a colored gentleman who takes your hat, overcost and umbrella. He gives you no ticket. When you walk out again, to your intense amazement be hands you your property, identifying you among hundreds of other guests and immediately associating you with the proper hat and

In a big store in Twenty-third street, New York city, a small negro lad, 14 or 15 years old, works for a living. One day at that store this writer asked for a book apparently seldom purchased. Various dignified white men were asked about the book. thought that they did not have it, but to make sure they asked the colored boy. Without a moment's hesitation he pointed out a certain balcony on east side of the store and told exactly where the small volume could be found. Every one of the thousands of books in that store was located in a definite spot in that young negro's mind, despite the fact that he probably had seen the insides of very few of the volumes.

The two instances quoted are not unusual. They indicate merely the most superficial sort of development of one particular mental faculty, that of recollection. A more remarkable instance of such development was shown by Houdin, the French prestidigitator. He could pass a shop window containing perhaps scores of different articles. cast a glance at the window as he went by and enumerate without error everything in it from that one glance. Some men learn a score or more of languages.

Yet the greatest development of any human brain has never taxed even to the slightest degree the actual capacity of the mind.

No matter to what extent you may train your mental faculties, no matter how much you may use your brain, you will still be like the man who has spent 5 or 6 cents and has a million dollars in the bank.

We are justified in believing that we are destined to marvelous mental achievements in the future, when we consider the instrument of thought that has been given to us and which is so little used at present.

A scientist named Meinert calculates that the gray matter of the brain contains 600,000,000 cells.

That in itself seems quite complicated. If we only had one thought stored away in each cell, we would know quite a good deal,

But you must remember that each cell is divided into several thousand

molecules separately divisible. Every one of these molecules contains many millions of atoms. Unquestionably each separate atom plays its part in the working of the brain. Figuring on a very modest basis, you find that your brain contains 18,000,-000,000,000,000,000 separate atoms.

The theory that the atom is an indivisible particle of matter, which is indicated by its name, meaning uncutible, is only a theory not by any means demonstrated. There is no reason to believe that there is any limit to the universe in the direction of bigness or littleness. What we call an atom may be in effect an indivisible particle of matter or it may be a small universe in itself. However this may be, don't you think that with a brain organized as above you ought to be able to develop a good deal of mental energy and be quite free from any worry about overworking the machine which has

been given to you to do your thinking? When a man thinks his brain is tired, it is really his stomach that is overfed or some other vital point that is depleted or overloaded. Keep the rest of your body in good condition, and your brain will never feel any amount of work that you will be able to give it .-

The Practical Joke.

The practical joke is a remnant of barbarism. Hunted back to its origin. it is a survival of the methods of torture in vogue with savages the world over. The idea behind every practical joke is the infliction of pain, shame, fear or ridicule upon the victim. It is not often that tragic effects follow a joke, repeating the news chronicles of the daily press, but when one reflects that the real object of every alleged "joke" of the practical kind is simply to inflict physical or mental pain upon some one it seems as if it must be time, by the clock of the ages, for the practice to end, at least among civilized and half civilized people. — Ada C. Sweet in Woman's Home Companion.

Gaylord-Glad to have met you, old boy. Come up and see me some time. Meeker—I deciare, it's too bad! It will be impossible for me to come then. I've an engagement elsewhere. So sorry.—Boston Transcript.

Persis has the most famous turquois nes in the world, which have been rised no less than eight centuries. me pretty stones, however, are to be nd in many parts of the world, in-ing Saxony. Couldn't See the Humor,

"I can't for the life of me see," remarked an Englishman during the course of conversation with Nat Goodwin once, "what people mean by Amer-ican humor. To me all humor is alike. whether it be of American or English origin. Perhaps you can explain to me just what distinguishes American bumor from any other sort?"

"Well," replied Mr. Goodwin, "I think the american type of humor is rather more subtle. It doesn't niways fully impress itself upon you at once. The more you think about it the funnier it seems. I can perhaps best illustrate my meaning with a little story.

"A man was walking along the street one day when he passed another man who was carrying a letter in his hand. "'Pardon me,' said the man with the letter. 'Do you know where the postoffice is?

" 'Yes,' said the other man and passed on. On second thought be decided that he had been rude and went back to where the man with the letter was still standing.

"'Do you wish to know where the postoffice is?' he asked.

"'No.' said the other man." The Englishman's gaze was vacant. "Just turn it over in your mind for a few minutes and tell me what you think of it," said Mr. Goodwin.

Ten minutes later the Englishman clutched at Mr. Goodwin's elbow. "You won't be offended, will you, old chap?" he murmured. "But, really, I think they were both blawsted rude!"-Saturday Evening Post.

Closeness Personified.

There's a good story told on a young fellow here noted for his closeness. He went to spend the night with a friend. During the entire night be betraved much restlessness, which kept the host wide awake, and finally the slumberer betrayed signs of violent emotion. 'He's going to have a nightmare," said the friend, "but he always grumbles so when you wake him up that I hate to disturb him." He waited awhile ionger, sitting up in bed staring on the miserable sleeper, and finally, becoming alarmed, he roused him. He sprang up in bed, glared wildly around and said: "Where am 1? I don't see the

"Why, here in my room," said the host soothingly. "You remember you staid all night with me? I beg your pardon for waking you up, but you carried on so I had to.

"Beg your pardon," gasped the guest. "I shall never be grateful enough to ou. I dreamed I was out with Miss Bud, and a terrible storm came up, and my shoes were new, and I was just ordering a coupe for two when you roused me. Old boy, you have saved me a dollar."

And the host says he was actually afraid to go to sleep again that night for fear the coupe would come.-Louisville Times.

A Social Ambiguity.

He had hoped to be asked to take her in to dinner, but to his great disappointment that duty fell to somebody else. And so until the men arose to let the women file out he could only gaze at her from afar and be politely stupid to the woman next him. He had never met her before, but somehow they seemed to know each other very well by the time they had spoken a few ords in the course of the short wait before the guests paired off on their way to the dining room. He didn't know what she thought of him, but he knew that from his point of view she was about right. And he was a man difficult to please.

The men seemed to him to linger over their cigars an interminable time. At last they trooped to the drawing room. He sought her out.

"How did you get along?" he asked. "To tell you the truth," she said frankly, and her frankness was charm-

ing, "I have been bored to death. Have you been? "Yes," he said.

"Isn't it a pity." she remarked, "that we didn't get the chance to be bored in each other's company?"-New York

Lost Her Match.

Loren P. Merrill of Paris tells the story of the particular old woman, and he makes her a resident of Livermore. She was not only old, but she was of the worrying, fretting species of antiquity. She had fretted away her friends and relatives until she was at length living alone in a small house in the outskirts of the town. Just as she was retiring one bitter cold night she dis-covered that but one unlighted match remained in the house. She lay awake until almost daylight, worrying and disturbing berself with wondering if the match was good. At last she got up and hunted up the match and struck It to see if it would light her kindlings in the morning.-Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

Taken by Surprise.

"That cousin of yours is from Chica-go, isn't he?" asked the village post-"Yes," replied Farmer Haycraft.

How d'ye know? "When he was in here yesterday and asked if there was any mail for the Haycrafts, I told him no. And then a second later when he was turning away I said: 'Hold up. There is one letter for them.' I noticed that when I said 'Hold up' he threw up his hands quicker'n lightning."—Chicago Trib-

Pont Pay. Dr. Pill—That's the worst paying family I ever attended.
Dr. Pellet—Yes; I once attended them, but I never succeeded in getting a penny out of them.
Dr. Pill—Well, I have had better luck. I got a pickel out of one of the children after it had nearly choked the kid to death.—Exchange.

THAT WAS DIFFERENT.

Papa Said There Was No Similarity

"Papa," asked the little boy, "do you remember the first money you ever

"Yes," said papa. "It was a nice, new, shiny 5 cent piece that old Mr. Gregg, the grocer, gave me for doing about a quarter's worth of work in carrying a load of potatoes into his cellar, I worked all Saturday afternoon to earn that nickel, and when he paid me I ran three blocks home, tired as I was,

"And did you put it in your little bank?" asked the little boy.

to show it."

"No; I got father's permission to spend it just as I pleased. However, I kept it for three or four days, just to have the satisfaction of having money of my owned, earned by my own exer-tions. And if I could have bought all the things I thought of buying with that nickel I would have had about \$10 worth of books, toys, marbles and what not. Finally I made up my mind. What do you think I bought?"

"I am sure I can't guess," said the little boy. "What did you buy, papa?" "I went to the bakery and bought a

"Why, papa! And you said grandma always had custard ple at home and let you have a slice of it as soon as you home from school!"

Yes, I used to get a slice, but not a whole ple, and she never let me eat it the way I wanted to. So I went to the bakery and bought my ple and borrow-ed a spoon from the baker and ate all the custard and left the crust. I never had anything taste so good in all my life.

"You never allow me to eat custard pie that way, papa," said the little boy.
"Oh, that's different!" said papa.—Indinunpolis Press.

PAINT ON INDIAN FACES. Nearly All of It Means Something to

Those Initiated. The fact of the matter is that every paint mark on an Indian's face is a sign with a definite meaning which other Indians may read. When an Indian puts on his full war paint, he decks himself not only with his own individual honors and distinctions won by his own bravery, but also with the special honors of his family or tribe. He may possess one mark of distinction only or many. In fact, he may be so well off in this respect that, like some English noblemen, he is able to don a new distinction for every occasion. Sometimes he will wear all his honors at one time.

Among the Indian tribes is one desig nated by the symbol of the dogfish, painted in red on the face. The various parts of the fish are scattered heterogeneously on the surface of the face; the peculiarly long snout is painted on the forehead, the gills are represented by two curved lines below the eyes, while the tall is shown as cut in two and hanging from either nostril. When only one or two parts of an animal are painted on a man's face, it is an indication of inferiority; when the whole animal appears, even though in many oddly assorted parts, the sign is one of great value and indicates a high rank.

Very peculiar are some of the honorable symbols painted on the Indians' There are fish, flesh and fowl of all kinds-dog salmon, devilfish, starfish, woodpeckers, engles, ravens, wolves, bears, sea lions and sea monsters, mosquitoes, frogs, mountain goats and all manner of foot, claw or beak marks-each with a special meaning of its own.-Pearson's Magazine.

He Got Some Work to Do. "Prisoner," said the learned magistrate to a lazy fellow before him, "this

is the third time you've been here." "But, your honor," pleaded the pris-oner. "I've been trying to get work, but couldn't."

"You wouldn't work if you could get

"Yes, I would, your honor." "What kind of work?"

"Anything, your honor, so long as it was bonest work."

"What kind of wages?"

"Wages is no object, your honor; all want is work, with food and clothing and shelter."

"And you'd work if you had that sort of a Job?"

"Indeed, I would, your honor; only try me," and the tears actually came into his eyes.

"Very well." said the magistrate kindly. "we'll give you a job with shelter, food and clothing combined. Six months' hard labor. Next case."-Tit-Bits.

Asparagus With Oil.

Fontenelle, who was passionately fond of asparagus with oil, invited to dinner an abbe friend, who preferre it with butter. Mindful of hospitable obligations, M. Fontenelle had given orders that half the dish should be served one way, half the other.

Just before the course came on the abbe fell down in a fit. Without tak-ing the slightest notice of him Foutenelle rushed straight to the kitche erying: "All with oil! All with oil!"-Cornhill Magazine.

"Do you think those two letters were written by the same person?" "I really couldn't say," answered the

handwriting expert.
"Oh, I see! You haven't studied "Yes, I have; but I haven't as yet

Particular About His Name "Don't drag my name into print in connection with this absurd affair" cried the indignant citizen. "But if you do be sure to spell out my middle name in full." Geveland Plain Dealer.

been retained either by the prosecution or the defense."—Exchange.

Fanny Frenks of Yvette Guilbert. Mile. Yvette Guilbert in the heyday of her American success was in splen did spirits. In crossing a certain district on Sunday she was unable to get

a bottle of claret. "If I give it to you, madame," said the waiter. "I shall have to go to jail."

"Then go," said Mile, Guilbert cheerfully, "but first get me my claret." One afternoon in Chicago two blank cards were sent up to her by callers desiring her autograph. On the one she wrote, "Yvette Guilbert is a very good singer," and on the other, "Yvette Guil-

bert is a very naughty singer."
"Now," she said airily as she dropped them on the tray, "let them choose wheech is wheech."

Her wisdom was of a worldly description. "For who will give me bread when I no longer please by my songs, the dear publicee? No. Therefore I come to America, and I come high."-Saturday Evening Post.

The Source of Wisdom. "I wonder how Solomon became the wisest man on earth?"

"That's easily explained," replied the man with the intellectual but worried face. "You see, Solomon had a large number of families, and of course his children asked questions, just as all children do. I have no doubt Solomon was like anybody else and had a certain dislike to exposing his ignorance. When one of the children would ask him something he didn't know, he'd make believe he wanted a drink of water and then go out and look in the back of the dictionary. I shouldn't be surprised if he were compelled to do this 50 or 60 times a day. Under such conditions a man couldn't help getting wise."-Washington Star.

An Aerial Anchorage.

On last bank bollday a fete and gala was held in a country town. A balloon ascent was the chief feature of the day's amusements, and the process of filling the balloon with gas was watched with great interest by a crowd of country bumpkins, one of whom east his eye upon the grappling iron in per-

"Wot be that, Golles?" quoth he to a companion.

"Whoy, that be the anchor," answered Giles

"Anchor!" repeated the first bumpkin in even greater perplexity than before. "Wot use be an anchor to 'em up in the air? Wot can they anchor 'er to?"

"To the clouds, o' course!" replied Giles in tones expressive of scorn for his mate's ignorance. - London An-

A tederal union of vegetarian societies exists in London. London has a vegetarian hospital with 20 beds in connection with it.

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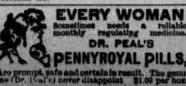
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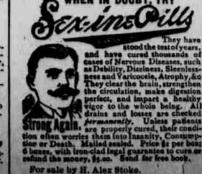
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Low Grade Division.

In Enect Nov. 25, 1900.		(Eastern Standard Ti			
RASTWARD.					
STATIONS.	No.112	No.114	No 106	No 104	H
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Iowa	6 6 20	11 00	12 24	5 30	
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Philadelphia & Eric Railroad Division

In effect Nov. 25, 1900. Trains leav
Driftwood as follows:
EASTWARD

\$:00 a m—Train 12, weekdays, for Sunbur;
Wilkesbarre, Hagleton, Pottsville, Scrantoi
Harrisburg and the intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:25 p. m.
New York, 9:30 p. m.; Baltimore, 6:20 p. m.
Washington, 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parior ca
from Williamsport to Philadelphia and pas
senger coaches from Kane to Philadelphi
and Williamsport to Baltimore and Wash
ington.

and Williamsport to Baltimore and Wash ington.

4:00 p. m.—Train 6. daily, for Har risburg and intermediate stations, ar riving at Philadelphia 4:25 A. M.; New York 7.13 a. m.; Raltimore, L. D. a. m.; Washingto 4.05 A. M. Pullman Sleeping cars fron Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York Philadelphia passengers can remain is sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 A. M. 10:22 p.m.—Train 4.0 daily for Sunbury, Harris burg and intermediate stations, arriving a Philadelphia, 6:52 A. M.; New York, 9:2 A. M. on week days and 10.23 A. M. on Sunday; Baltimore, 6:35 A. M.; Washington, 7:4 A. M. Pullman sleepers from Erie, Buffal and Williamsport to Philadelphia, and Buffalo and Williamsport to Washington. Passenger coaches from Erie to Philadelphia and Buffalo and Buffalo to Washington.

4:38 a. m.—Train 9, daily for Buffalo, via Emporium, and weekdays, for Eric, Ridg-way, DuBois, Clermont and principal inter mediate stations. 9:44 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Eric and inter-mediate points. 5:45 p. m.—Train 15, weekdays for Kane and intermediate stations.

arClermont ly Woodvale Quinwood Smith's Run Instanter ly Ridgway ar ar Ridgway ly Island Run Carm'nTrnsfr Croyland Shorts Mills Blue Rock Carrier Reschwaye'l

ar Falls C'k lv Reynoldsville 8 55 Hrookville 9 60 New Bethl'm 9 40 Red Bank 10 15 Iv Pittsburgar 12 35 p.m. a.m. a.m. p.m. p.m. p.m. p.m. For time tables and additional information

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER & PITTS:

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2.20 p. m. Week days only. For Falls Creek,
DuBols, Curwens ville, Clearfield, Punxuitawney, Butler, Pittsburg, Brockwayville,
Ridzway, Johnsonburg, Mt. Jewett and
Bradford.

2.57 a. m. Daily. Night Express for Punxsu-tawney, Dayton, Butler and Pittsburg, Pullman sleepers. 10.54 a. m. and 8.20 p. m. Week days only. For DuBols, Stanley, Sykes, Big Run and Punx-sutawney.

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A DMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that letters of administration on the estate of Joseph Britton, late of Washington towaship, deceased, have been granted to the undersigned. All sons having claims or demands against estate are hereby notified to make before the work of the same without delay.

G. M. McDonald, Rockda Att'y for Adm'r.

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