The new Sying machine with a bird's head and the tall of a fish ought to do as a submarine boat at a pinch.

Europe has no Niagara rapids, but It has people who aim at immortality on similar lines by trying to swim the Euglish Channel.

A Torrens land title was passed by the last Minnesota Legislature, but it is practically a dead letter, as no one has ventured to attempt to put it into operation.

Young Mr. Rockefeller's bank account is so large that he will never feel like hunting up the man who started the theory that two can live as cheaply as one.

St. Joseph. Mo., enjoys the substantial pre-eminence of figuring as the most healthful city in the United States. It has an annual death rate, according to the figures of the Federal census, of only 9.1 per 1000.

There were 12,107 fires in the State of New York during 1900, and the total of the losses thereby occasioned was \$21,737,785. This was a little over one-eighth of the ioinl fire losses of the United States last year, which are stated by the Chronicle tables at \$161,000,000.

A minister in a Kansas town recently adopted a novel scheme for bolstering up the church collection, which had been diminishing. He informed his congregation just before the plates were passed around that the members who were in debt were not expected to contribute. The collection that day was double the usual sum.

The hostility to the teaching of vertical writing in the public schools seems to be gaining headway both in the East and the West. School boards. and citizens generally appear to lean toward the slanting support of upright penmanship. The smooth, forward, flowing method of forming letters carries along with it the favor of the masses.

"Speak no evil of the dead" is a maxim that should not always be obeyed. There are occasions when duty to the living imperatively calls for the utterance of ugly truths concerning those who have closed their earthly account. But it is a rare occasion that requires a minister to rake up the sins of the departed and recount them over his coffin in the presence of those who loved him, says the Washington Post.

Niagara is a young river. G. K. Gilbert, of the United States Geological Survey, explains that it came into existence after the glacial epoch. The cataract has sawed a slot seven miles long, moving back four or five feet each year. This would make the river 7000 years old. But the falls have not always been so high, nor the crest line so uniform, nor the volume of water so great. From this it would



PAIR of eagles were wheel- [s.id along the side of the cliff and fell ing in vast slants about the crashing to the narrow ledge, a shattop of Cone Mount, in Centered mass of rotten wood. It was all over so quickly that I

tral Colorado, and I was watching them with delight from the had had no time to consider anything valley on the south side, when the except present danger, but when I English settler, an "old timer," who looked down at the ledge I saw that was riding the range with me, advised my trouble was not yet ended. The brute stood directly underneath me, me to beware of the birds. They had quivering with rage and quite unbrought him into a strange prehurt from his fall. Of course he could dleament once. As he and I looked up at the precipice of the south side not reach me, but how was I to escape except by dropping to the same of Cone Mount he began the story. ledge squarely in front of him? And

he stood almost as high as a wolf and It was during the summer of 1886. was much more active and dangerous. just three years after I came out here. I should at him and pelted him I was very young and rather reckless. with all the stones I could pick up or Only a few settlers were in this part tear loose, but this only made him anthen, and as I had only a small bunch of cattle I was alone. I had been ridgrier, so I tried another plan. Perhaps he would go away if I vanished. ing the range one day, and was return-Back into the cave out of sight I ing in the afternoon, when I saw those crawled and waited for perbans twenengles hovering over its creat, as I ty minutes, then quietly crept to the had seen them a hundred times before mouth again. The lynx was gone? -the very same pair we see now, I After waiting a few minutes longer I belleve. started to let myself down at arm's

Well, I wanted to find their nest, If length, meaning to hold on by the butt would not be dark for three or four of my stick, which I jammed upright hours, and as I was on the north side of the hill I could ride some distance tightly into a small crevice. toward the summit. So up 1 went About half way from bottom to top I come bounding along the ledge. tied my horse to a tree and finished the eilmb an foot.

I lay face down, looking over the How I feared the stick would give edge of the eliff for several minutes. closely scanning its steep side, with and I scrambled back, the lynx jumpout scolng anything of the engles' nest. ing at me and screaming as I pulled Then I heard something very different myself up into the cave. from any noise an eagle ever makes. It was a queer little wall, muffled and catlike, which seemed to come from tomewhere near me.

I glanced along the half-way ledge below, and then down among the rocks and bushes at the bottom, but could see nothing. Eut soon the ery was repeated, this time much clearer and at once I caught sight of a small yellowish object protruding from the to succeed. face of the rock wall ltself, not thirty feet Felow me. I had no trouble in making out a pair of pointed black. dark it must be done in some other way, and soon, for the sun was altipped cars on the head of what I knew must be a lyax cub. The little creature was standing in the month of that dark place you see up there, about

thirty feet above the ledge. That dark place is a shallow cave. Naturally I thought no more about the eagles. The cub would make a far odder pet. But how was I to get

11.2 ledge would be vacated. At the present time there is no way of reaching the cave except by a rope from the top of the cliff, or a ladder from the ledge, but at that time a dead pine, which had grown on the ledge, leaned against the cliff. Its knotty trunk formed a perfect natural ladder between the cave and the ledge below. I saw at a glance that the old lynyes must reach their den by way of the tree. Why couldn't I do the same

thing? A more experienced man would not have tried such a thing in such a place, alone and unarmed-I had shot away all the cartridges in my pistol at a coyote. But the spice of danger did not stop me, although my only weapon was a jack-knife! I knew how to reach the ledge-any

trimmed a small sapling, so that I had

a stick like a short, stiff fishpole. To

one end of this I now tied six or eight

feet of the stout cord that I always

carried in my "shaps" pocket for

emergency repairs and so on. On the

lower end of this cord I made a run-

ning noose. I hoped to get at the young wildcat. But too late! For

exactly what I had been dreading oc-

curred. An alarming scratching sound

from below made me face around

Iynx!

Certainly I had blundered into a strong young man can easily get down to it where it passes around the eastneat trap. 1 could hope for no human ern side of the hill. After reaching aid in that lobely spot, and there were the ledge, I began to wonder whether ne at home to miss

high. About the first thing I did was to look for the cub. It was still crouching in the crevice. Therefore I was yet a prisoner-prisoner to a pair of bobtailed cats!

But perhaps I was not. I glanced at the ledge. It was empty. My hopes had scarcely risen, however, before one of the old lynxes appeared, bringing a dead rabbit-the kitten's breakfast! When it reached the spot where the tree had stood it dropped the rabbit and ran about, sniffing and calling in great distress. Then suddenly, as if remembering what had occurred, it turned around, bristling all over, and glaring up at me, utter a long low growl-a direct challenge.

As this lynx had been away hunting probably the other was still on a similar errand. I had therefore lost an opportunity to escape. Another day might pass before I got the chance again. This prospect was unbearable, So I decided to go down and fight before the other lynx should appear.

My plan was simple enough. the lynx should be farthest down the ledge, and by a quick rush attempt to hurl him over the edge.

Keeping my eyes on him I took out my builte and began whetting it along the leg of my calfskin shaps. The big blade was broken, so that the longest one left measured only two inches, One short blade against a mouthful of sharp teeth and twenty sharp claws, each an inch long and as good as a knlife! But the advantage in weight was taine.

Just as I was in the act of the first While I was whetting the point the part of the drop I heard the fiend lynx, as if taunting me with what it would do ou my carcass, coolly com-It was too late for me to stay at th menced clawing and monthing a piece cave level. I fell at arm's length. of the fallen tree. Now and again he would lift his big head my way, and way with my weight! But it held. on one of these occasions it occurred to me-what a chance for a rone! Of course my lariat was fied to my saddle-wherever that might be-but I I tried the same plan several times, could not get the idea out of my head although I did not again drop to arm's how easy it would be to get rid of length, but the moment I made the the bruite if I only had a noose around least noise the lynx came bounding his neck!

back. I suspected him of deliberately It would only be necessary to choke concealing himself in order to tempt him, or swing him over the edge. I me to drop, but he had not enough even thought of tearing my shirt into self-control or else was too stund to strips to make a rope, but that would walt long epough for his stratagen be too flimsy.

All this time I had plenty of the right material at band-the leather if I intended to get out of there before shaps, or trousers, on which I was whetting my knife! They had been worn long enough to be soft and pliable, and although they had cost me

I looked up and down the bare wall \$30 it did not take me thirty seconds of rock. It offered no hope. But just to pull them off, nor ten minutes to as 1 turned away a plaintive little reduce them to a pile of long, inch meouw wailed out from behind me, strips, which when knotted together and like a flash a new idea came, made a very tolerable line. I then Why had I not thought of it before? tied one end securely around a point I had merely to lower or toss the kit of rock, and was ready to make my ten to its parent, when of course the first throw.

But I was so excited that, notwith But again I was doomed to disapstanding the lynx never moved when 1 threw, I missed him altogether. The ward rapidly, and ended in a sort of ose went spinning over his back. crevice, and the cub had gone back down over the ledge. He glared at it into that. There it crouched in a for a few moments, then sprang at it place barely six inches high, and the furiously. I barely had time to jerk little creature was a foot beyond the it out of his way. If he had caught it reach of my noose. I tried to dislodge there would have been a sudden end it by a bombardment of dust and to my hope. other refuse, but there it staved, blink-

My next throw was better. As he sprang to avoid the loop it caught him ord. fairly. The jerk almost pulled me out of the cave; in fact I had to let go the line to save myself. The noose, as nearly as I could see, was drawn tight around the brute's neck and under one foreleg, but he was jumping and bouncing about so that I could not see him well. For the space of perhaps forty seconds there was simply a whirling, snarling mass of yellowish gray, with teeth.



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A simple disinfectant to use in sick room or in any room where a close, musty or sewer smell is noticed is to put some ground coffee on a shovel, a bit of camphor gum in the middle of it. Light the gum, which is non-explosive and easily ignited, with a match, and allow the coffee to burn with the gum. A refreshing and sanitary perfume is the result.

House Furnishing Chat. Correct house furnishing these days has comfort as a foremost consideration. Every room, except, perhaps, would watch my chance, drop when the most formal reception room, should have the air of being in daily, homely use. One rule conducing to this is a table for the head of each divan or sofa, just large enough to support a lamp, hold a book or magazine or support an elbow. . . .

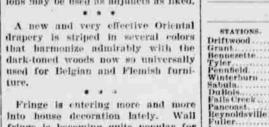
A shelf supported by brackets and from which falls a curiain is a good scheme to conceal a radiator. Then the shelf may be embellished by a large brass or copper pot or a few pleces of brie-n-brae. . . .

A plate rail is better four or five inches wide, so the monotony of the straight line of plates may be broken by an occasional bawl, pitcher, etc. This should be placed from six to eight feet from the floor, according to the height of the celling. . . .

A screen to shut off the kitchen door is an indispensable adjunct of the furnishings of present-day dining rooms. Anything from a silkoline filled one to the handsomest leather is used, but, of course, the latter is the swagger kind,

. . .

A full width of the material used in cushioning corner or wall sent is often tacked to the wall behind it with good effect. Flat, so-called "mattress" cushions are best liked to upholster these sents; then as many down cushions may be used as adjuncts as liked. . . .

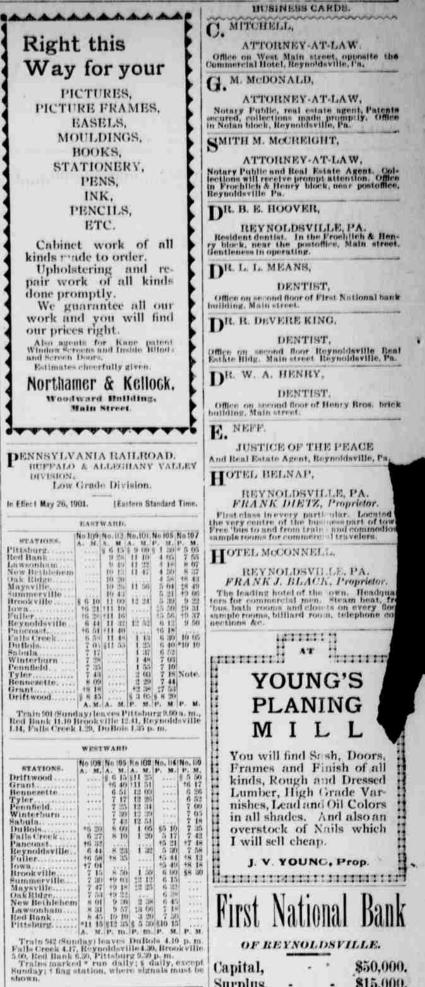


into house decoration lately. Wall fringe is becoming quite popular for finishing bed valances, bedroom window hangings, bureau or chiffoniere covers, etc.

lown Brookville Summerville Maysville OakEidge New Bethlehem . . . Metallic finished burlaps are the latest. These are finished at the back so they are no more difficult to hang than the ordinary paper .-- Philadelphia Rec-



Custard Toast-Bring one plnt of milk to the boiling point, then add one egg well heaten. Boil one minute,



\$15,000. Surplus, -Philadelphia & Erie Railroad Division C. Mitchell, President; Scott McClelland, Vice Pres.; John H. Kaucher, Cashler. In effect May 26th, 1901. Trains leave Directors:

Mitchell, Scott McClelland, J. C. King John H. Corbett, G. E. Brown, G. W. Fuller, J. H. Kaucher.

Does a general banking business and solicits the accounts of morchants, professional men, farmers, mochanics, miners, himbermen and others, promising the most careful attention to the gusiness of all presents.

seem that the river may be anything from seven thousand to a hundred thousand years old. No more exact computation can be made.

The proposition to establish terminals for a trans-Atlantic steamship line at Bearhaven, on Bantry Bay, on the west coast of Ireland, and thus shorten the sea voyage to Europe by 120 miles, has so far progressed as to be the subject of favoring legislation in the British Parliament. It is predicted that with swift vessels the trip across the ocean may be shortened to four and one-half days. An almost similar saving in the length of water transportation might be effected on this side of the Atlantic by carrying out the project of the late Austin Corbin for a steamer terminal at the eastern end of Long Island.

The present perils of old age should be abated, remarks Puck. A minister of the gospel not long since wrote in one of the magazines to the title-"Should the Old Minister be Shot?" letting us see that this would often be the most graceful solution of the problem. And it is quite true of the other underpaid professions and trades. There are intelligent, decent persons who lead regular and industrious lives and who yet never make enough to have anything left when old age takes them from their work. There are thousands of these whom, under our present system, it would be merciful to shoot. Often they are wise enough to perform the service for themselves, Too often they linger on through the stages of starvation. Here is an inviting field for the puzzled philanthropist. Our homes for old people are just numerous enough to show the need for many times the number we

the old lynxes were not about. up.

It was getting clear to rie now that

pointment. The cave roof dropped in

ing and cringing in a frightened little

heap, until at last, having no longer

the heart to worry it, I left it to itself.

When I resumed my place at the

mouth of the cave the sun had set.

but I could see new cause for fear

down on the ledge. Instead of on

big lynx there were now two-the mate

of the first had come home!

ready low.

That ledge is a singularly wild and However, I took out my pipe, say lonely place, with fifty feet of cliff ing to myself, "While we live, let m below it and as much towering above. live." Sooner or later the brutes would I looked up the winding shelf, very have to go away for food and water narrow in places, and could not help then would come my chance. And as wondering whether I or a lynx or night was their natural hunting time lynxes would go over if one or more this thought gave me comfort.

of the brutes should meet or overtake Eur hour after hour passed, and me midway. After I had gone nearly smoked pipe after pipe; and whenever all the way I saw some distinct claw-I looked down at the ledge it was almarks on various bushes, and big footways either to look into a pair of prints on some sand, but as there were glowing spots and sometimes two no other signs of the old lynxes I went pairs, shining up through the darkness on to the dead pine. There the den or to be greeted with a low, threaten was more than twenty feet overhead. ing growl from somewhere in the The climb up that dead tree was not bushes below.

difficult, but it was alarming; for, al-I began to realize what it meant to though the roots seemed deeply embe hungry and thirsty, and my horse bedded in fissures, there was such an was tied up down there alone. I wonunsound shaking about it that I was dered where I should find bim if he glad to reach the top in safety. broke loose. Once, when the wolves The cave proved to be merely a were making a fuss somewhere in the washed-out clay pocket, some five feet distance a sickening fear seized mehigh by about seven wide at the my six calves were shut up in the cormouth, and from ten to fifteen feet ral at home! from front to back. At the far end All the time the coarse rock under

was the lynx kitten, crouching among me grew harder and harder, until my a lot of small bones and leaves, spitlegs and thighs were numb. At last, ting and snarling, its eyes shining like could I have been certain of having two great balls of topaz. It was no but one of the cats to face, I believe larger than a house cat, but its paws I should have dropped down and looked as if they were wrapped up in taken my chance on the narrow ledge fur mitten three sizes too big. in the dark. Before I left the ledge I had cut and

You can guess, then, how I felt when, just as the moon was rising I caught sight of an object moving long yonder high ridge two or three hundred yards east of the hill. I then kept three large hounds, and in the dim light this object looked like one of them. I whistled shrilly at the chance, but when the creature became exactly outlined it dropped on its haunches and mocked me with the doleful howl of a coyote. Then all was still again. Finally I firmly resolved to end my

with a jump, and there, already half way up the tree, was a full grown torture by a hand-to-hand fight in the morning if I should find the lynxes To reach down, grasp the end of still on guard. Then I stretched my-

the pine trunk and push with all my self along the rocky floor and fell might was about the only chance left asleep. It never occurred to me that me, and I did so instinctively. For the lynx kitten might attack my throat an instant it did not move. The brute or that the parent beasts might find was almost upon me. I pushed again some means of helping one another up from the ledge to the cave. When I awoke the sun was an hour frantically. The trunk started a lit-

tie, then snapped short off at its roots,

claws and spinning rope forming a confusing picture.

Back and forth, out to the edge, then close in again, to and fro in lightning moves he sprang, until at last, with Put one mad rush, he went flying over the Ret narrow shelf and down out of sight.

The leather cord snapped across the sharp edge of the rock near me like a thread, and a moment later I caushi a final glimpse of the terrified creature plunging through the bushes down the hill.

About six feet of the line yet remained tied to the rock. It meant just six feet less for me to drop. I tied it brown.

to the butt of my stick, which I re-Scalloped Cheese-Any person who placed in the crevice. Five minutes later I was on top of the hill, hurrying toward home. I found my horse, still saddled, calmly nibbling beside the corral, and the calves safe inside On the following day I went back with a double-barreled gun charged with buckshot and my revolver, hoping to kill the old pair and capture the cub, but they and it were gone. I have no doubt the little creature cheese. jumped down safely and joined its would bake a bread pudding. parents. At least I have always hoped Prune Pudding-Wash and soak one

so.-T. Dwight Hunt, Jr., in Youth's Companion.

Fame and the Military Officer.

A new story about the late Felix Faure is causing amusement in Paris, He invited to dinner one day the military officer in charge of the Elysee. The latter was a shy young man and was very uncomfortable. His discomfort increased greatly when the President asked him pointblank: "Am I popular?" The officer, with his presence of mind entirely

gone, answered: "I do not think so, M. le President." "Why don't you peas, one pint of stock or water, yolk think so?" asked Faure. Getting hold of himself a little the officer replied: of butter and flour, salt and pepper.

Put the peas in boiling water and let 'My father told me one day that he boil twenty minutes. Drain and press realized M. Thiers's popularity only through a colander. Put the stock or when he saw his portrait in gingerwater on the fire; when boiling add bread in all the booths at the fair on the peas. Rub the butter and flour the Place du Throne. I have not yet together and add to the boiling soup. noticed your portrait in this guise, Stir constantly until it thickens and M. le President." Faure thought over add salt and pepper. When ready to this matter for some time, and then serve add about one-half cup of cream remarked with great gravity; "That's or good milk, Canned peas may be true; I thank you. I have not yet thought of that."

season with one-half teaspoonful of salt and pour over five slices of buttered toast placed in a baking pan. In the oven until the custard is

Thimide Cakes-With one quart of flour sift two tenspoonfuls baking powder and salispoonful of salt; rub in one-half cup butter and one-half cup lard; moisten with milk to the consistency of biscuit dough, roll out one-quarter inch thick and cut with

small cutter. Butter griddle slightly and bake on both sides to a delicate

is fond of cheese cannot fail to relish this dish. Three slices of well-buttered bread, first cutting off the brown outside crust. Grate fine one-quarter of a pound of any kind of good cheese; lay the bread in layers in a buttered baking dish, sprinkle over it the grated cheese, salt and pepper; mix four well beaten eggs with three cups of milk; pour it over the bread and Bake in a hot oven as you

> pound of prunes over night in a little water and stew them in the same the next morning until soft enough to re-

move the stones; after seeding chop in the hash-bowl, then add sugar to taste. Make a baking powder dough, roll out as thin as ple crust, spread on this the prunes and then roll up as you would a jelly roll. Cut in slices about three inches thick, lay them in a baking pan and bake in a quick oven about twenty-five minutes. Serve with cream.

Driftwood as follows: EASTWARD 1:69 a m-Train 12, weekdays, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Halketon, Pottsville Scranton, Harrisburg and the Intermediate sta-tions, arriving at Philadelphia (22) p.m., New York, 9:30 p.m.; Baltimore, 6:00 p.m.; Washington, 7:15 p.m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia and pas-senger coaches from Kane to Thiladelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Wash-luston. 2:46 p.m.-Train s, daily for Sunbury, Har-risburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 p.m., New York 10:23 p.m., Vestihuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffaio to Philadel-phia and Washington. 2:09 p.m.-Train 5, daily, for Har-risburg and Intermediate stations, ar-riving at Philadelphia 4:25 A.M.; New York, 7:13 a.m.; Baltimore, 2:30 p.m.; Washington 4:05 A.M.; Pullman Sleeping cars from Harrisburg and Dintermediate and New York, 7:13 a.m.; Baltimore, 2:30 a.m.; Washington 4:05 A.M.; Pullman Sleeping cars from Harrisburg and sunderphia daily for Sunbury, Har-risburg and intermediate and New York, 7:13 a.m.; Baltimore, 2:30 a.m.; Washington 4:05 A.M.; Pullman Sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York, 7:14 a.m.; Baltimore daily for Sunbury, Harris-burg and intermediate stations, arriving at 1:09 p.m.-Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harris-burg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphib, 7:22 A.M.; New York, 9:31

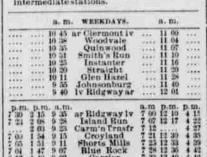
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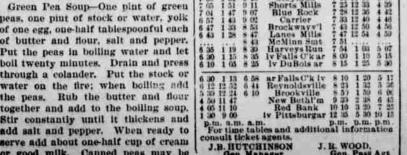
and an analysis of the state of

WESTWARD ain 7, daily for Buffalo via 39 a. m.-Train 7.

Emporium. 1:38 a. m.-Train 9, daily for Erie, Ridg-way, and week days for DuBois, Clermont and principal intermediate stations. 1:44 a. m.-Train 3, daily for Erie and intermediate points. 48 p. m.-Train 15, daily for Buffalo via

5:45 p. m.-Train 61, weekdays for Kane and intermediate stations.





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