

The new flying machine with a bird's head and the tail 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 English Channel.

A Toronto 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 total 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 admitted 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 sacked 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 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 Bantay 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 Luck. 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 have.



The Cone Mount Captive.

A PAIR of eagles were wheeling in vast slants about the top of Cone Mount, in Central Colorado, and I was watching them with delight from the valley on the south side, when the English settler, an "old timer," who was riding the range with me, advised me to beware of the birds. They had brought him into a strange predicament once. As he and I looked up at the precipice of the south side of Cone Mount he began the story.

It was during the summer of 1896, just three years after I came out here. I was very young and rather reckless. Only a few settlers were in this part then, and as I had only a small bunch of cattle I was alone. I had been riding the range one day, and was returning in the afternoon, when I saw two eagles hovering over my crest, as I had seen them a hundred times before—the very same pair we see now, I believe.

Well, I wanted to find their nest. It would not be dark for three or four hours, and as I was on the north side of the hill I could ride some distance toward the summit. So up I went. About half way from bottom to top I tied my horse to a tree and finished the climb on foot.

I lay face down, looking over the edge of the cliff for several minutes, closely scanning its steep side, without seeing anything of the eagles' nest. Then I heard something very different from any noise an eagle ever makes. It was a queer little whistling and rattling, which seemed to come from somewhere 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. But soon the cry was repeated, this time much clearer, and at once I caught sight of a small yellowish object protruding from the face of the rock wall itself, not thirty feet below me. I had no trouble in making out a pair of pointed black-tipped ears on the head of what I knew must be a lynx cub. The little creature was standing in the mouth 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 it? 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 lynxes 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 strong young man can easily get down to it where it passes around the eastern side of the hill. After reaching the ledge, I began to wonder whether the old lynxes were not about. That ledge is a singularly wild and lonely place, with fifty feet of cliff below it and as much towering above. I looked up the winding shelf, very narrow in places, and could not help wondering whether I or a lynx or lynxes would go over if one or more of the brutes should meet or overtake me midway. After I had gone nearly all the way I saw some distinct claw-marks on various bushes, and big foot-prints on some sand, but as there were no other signs of the old lynxes I went on to the dead pine. There the den was more than twenty feet overhead.

The climb up that dead tree was not difficult, but it was alarming; for, although the roots seemed deeply embedded in fissures, there was such an unsteady shaking about it that I was glad to reach the top in safety. The cave proved to be merely a washed-out clay pocket, some five feet high by about seven wide at the mouth, and from ten to fifteen feet from front to back. At the far end was the lynx kitten, crouching among a lot of small bones and leaves, spitting and snarling. Its eyes shining like two great balls of topaz. It was no larger than a house cat, but its paws looked as if they were wrapped up in fur mittens three sizes too big.

Before I left the ledge I had cut and 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 running noose. I hoped to get at the young wildcat. But too late! For exactly what I had been dreading occurred. An alarming scratching sound from below made me face around with a jump, and there, already half way up the tree, was a full grown lynx!

It was all over so quickly that I had had no time to consider anything except present danger, but when I looked down at the ledge I saw that my trouble was not yet ended. The brute stood directly underneath me, quivering with rage and quite unhurt from his fall. Of course he could not reach me, but how was I to escape except by dropping to the same ledge squarely in front of him? And he stood almost as high as a wolf and was much more active and dangerous.

I shouted at him and pelted him with all the stones I could pick up or tear loose, but this only made him angrier, so I tried another plan. Perhaps he would go away if I vanished. Back into the cave out of sight I crawled and waited for perhaps twenty minutes, then quietly crept to the mouth again. The lynx was gone! After waiting a few minutes longer I started to let myself down at arm's length, meaning to hold on by the butt of my stick, which I jammed upright tightly into a small crevice.

Just as I was in the act of the first part of the drop I heard the head come bounding along the ledge. It was too late for me to stay at the cave level. I fell at arm's length. How I feared the stick would give way with my weight! But it held, and I scrambled back, the lynx jumping at me and screaming as I pulled myself up into the cave.

I tried the same plan several times, although I did not again drop to arm's length, but the moment I made the least noise the lynx came bounding back. I suspected him of deliberately concealing himself in order to tempt me to drop, but he had not enough self-control or else was too stupid to wait long enough for his stratagem to succeed.

It was getting clear to me now that if I intended to get out of there before dark it must be done in some other way, and soon, for the sun was already low. I looked up and down the bare wall of rock. It offered no hope. But just as I turned away a plaintive little moan wafted out from behind me, and like a flash a new idea came. Why had I not thought of it before? I had merely to lower or toss the kitten to its parent, when of course the ledge would be vacated.

But again I was doomed to disappointment. The cave roof dropped inward rapidly, and ended in a sort of overhang, and the cub had gone back into that. There it crouched in a place barely six inches high, and the little creature was a foot beyond the reach of my noose. I tried to dislodge it by a bombardment of dust and other refuse, but there it stayed, blinking 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 one big lynx there were now two—the mate of the first had come home!

Certainly I had blundered into a neat trap. I could hope for no human aid at that lonely spot, and there were none at home to miss me and look me up. However, I took out my pipe, saying to myself, "While we live, let us live." Sooner or later the brutes would have to go away for food and water; then would come my chance. And as night was their natural hunting time this thought gave me comfort.

But hour after hour passed, and I smoked pipe after pipe; and whenever I looked down at the ledge it was always either to look into a pair of glowing spots and sometimes two pairs, shining up through the darkness or to be greeted with a low, threatening growl from somewhere in the bushes below.

I began to realize what it meant to be hungry and thirsty, and my horse was tied up down there alone. I wondered where I should find him if he broke loose. Once, when the wolves were making a fuss somewhere in the distance a sickening fear seized me—my six calves were shut up in the corral at home!

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 bottled 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. I would watch my chance, drop when the lynx should be farthest down the ledge, and by a quick rush attempt to land him over the edge.

Keeping my eyes on him I took out my knife 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 sharp blade against a mouthful of sharp teeth and twenty sharp claws, each an inch long and as good as a knife! But the advantage in weight was mine.

While I was whetting the point the lynx, as if taunting me with what it would do on my carcass, coolly commenced clawing and mauling a piece of the fallen tree. Now and again he would lift his big head my way, and on one of these occasions it occurred to me—what a chance for a rope! Of course my hair was tied to my saddle—wherever that might be—but I could not get the idea out of my head—how easy it would be to get rid of the brute if I only had a noose around his neck!

It would only be necessary to choke him, or swing him over the edge. I even thought of tearing my shirt into strips to make a rope, but that would be too flimsy.

All this time I had plenty of the right material at hand—the leather 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 \$30 it did not take me thirty seconds to pull them off, nor ten minutes to reduce them to a pile of long, thin strips, which when knotted together made a very tolerable line. I then tied one end securely around a point of rock, and was ready to make my first throw.

But I was so excited that, notwithstanding the lynx never moved when I threw, I missed him altogether. The noose went spinning over his back, down over the ledge. He glared at it for a few moments, then sprang at it furiously. I barely had time to jerk it out of his way. If he had caught it there would have been a sudden end to my hope.

My next throw was better. As he sprang to avoid the loop it caught him 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 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, claws and spinning rope forming a confusing picture.

Back and forth, out to the edge, then down in again, to and fro in lightning moves he sprang, until at last, with one mad rush, he went flying over the 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 caught a final glimpse of the terrified creature plunging through the bushes down the hill.



A Simple Disinfectant. A simple disinfectant to use in a 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, 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 curtain is a good scheme to conceal a radiator. Then the shelf may be embellished by a large brass or copper pot or a few pieces of bric-a-brac.

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 bowl, pitcher, etc. This should be placed from six to eight feet from the floor, according to the height of the ceiling.

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

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

A new and very effective Oriental drapery is striped in several colors that harmonize admirably with the dark-toned woods now so universally used for Belgian and Flemish furniture.

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

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 Record.

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