

It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than it is for a rich man to please all with his charities.

Monte Carlo has a special cemetery for gambling victims who commit suicide. Since 1860 over 2000 graves have been dug there.

A woman cashier has defaulted. This should end all controversy over the question whether woman can really fill man's place or not.

An Illinois man after courting his cousin for 20 years began to fear that they might not be temperamental fitted for each other, and so he committed suicide. She kept him guessing a good while.

After all, the world doesn't move very swiftly. James Hargreaves, inventor of the spinning jenny, was mobbed. Stage coach men tried to kill the engineer who piloted the first railroad train. Nox the Anglo-American Telegraph company orders Marconi to get off the piece of earth it owns or stop trying to perfect an invention that may injure its cable traffic.

The new Siamese minister at Washington is to devote all his time to the diplomatic relations of his country with the United States. The old system under which he would have had to act as representative to England, Holland and Belgium has come to an end. This is very significant, as showing the serious way in which the Orientals now regard us as a world power, as compared with their attitude even a few years ago.

The moment a man ceases to grow he begins to diminish. Such is the conclusion at which a German physician has arrived, after several months' careful study of the subject of human height. Men, so it is asserted, begin to grow smaller in their 35th year, and women a little before they are 40. Men, however, stop growing when they are 30, and for five or six years their stature remains stationary. Then it decreases, at first very slowly, but afterward more rapidly.

Where did it come from. No trees grow anywhere on the coast of western or northern Alaska, and yet these shores for thousands of miles and the islands of Bering sea are strewn with immense quantities of driftwood, in places piled high on the beach, bearing testimony to the work of the rivers. This drift is the salvation of the Eskimo, furnishing him with fuel and material for houses, boats and sleds. It would seem that nature provides for the necessities of the human race under all circumstances and conditions.

The bureau of animal industry has in the last few years won a high place in the scientific world, and from all the civilized countries comes high praise for what it has accomplished and for the impetus it has given to investigation along similar lines. "Veterinarians, agriculturists and the consumers of meats the world over owe much to the American bureau," said a distinguished scientist from Europe recently, who had come to the United States to study the methods of this department. "It is far above any other institution of the kind in the world, and our debt to it cannot be overestimated. Its officers are the most enthusiastic and devoted scientists I ever met, and richly deserve the applause of humanity for what they have already done and what they are doing."

A writer in the Westminster Review remarks that the attitude of England toward Russia has been "vacillating, absurd, and without result," and that the object of British diplomacy has apparently been to thwart important Russian schemes, in order to obtain unimportant advantages for Great Britain. There is much truth in this view. Russia has been for many years, to the British "man in the street," whose views must ultimately come to be those of the British government, a kind of bogey, always plotting something to the detriment of England. For example, the aim of British diplomacy was for a long time to cut Russia off from the ice-free port on the Pacific which was a most legitimate requirement of Russian expansion, and the natural terminus of the trans-Siberian road, which, without such a port, would lose much of its usefulness. Now, in spite of Great Britain, though more at the expense of American than of British trade, Russia has acquired such a port in the Gulf of Pe-Chi-Li, and the British opposition has been not only unavailing but irritating. It is certainly not good diplomacy to incur at the same time enmity and defeat.

## A QUEER BLUNDER.

The morning sun brightened the gilt letters on the sign above the entrance to the staunch old warehouse, but its radiance was lost on the young man with keen, gray eyes who stood at the office door and hesitated before he turned the knob. In that brief moment he tried to recall the directions that Emily Quarles had given him.

"Father is peculiar," she had said. "You must know him before you can appreciate him." And Spencer Grant wondered how long it would be before this appreciative stage could be reached. He hadn't met this peculiar father, and here he was standing on the doormat of his office mustering up courage to go in and ask him for his daughter.

What else had Emily said? "Do not contradict father. Do just what he tells you to do. Let him have his own way. If he bustlers and fumes, wait quietly. He will soon cool down. Father's gruff manner is largely assumed. If you have tact, you will discover the way to handle him. Tell him truthfully, if you have a chance, how we met at Aunt Stanhope's, and that as soon as we were quite assured that we were all in all to each other, which, you must add, came to both of us as a complete surprise, I sent you directly to him. I will prepare him as far as I think judicious for your coming. Keep up a stout heart and guard your temper."

Spencer turned the knob and went in. There were several clerks writing in the outer office, but they did not end up as he passed along the narrow space before the high railing to the door marked "private." He knocked at this door, and a gruff voice bade him come in. Spencer summed up all his resolution and entered.

A sharp-featured old man, with heavy eyebrows was seated at a desk, with his bushy gray head bent above a handful of papers.

"Sit down," he said, without looking up.

Spencer obeyed, and after a little the old man raised his head, glanced at the clock, and then gave the young man a long, searching glance. As he did so he drew a letter toward him and glanced at a page of it. Again he stared at Spencer.

"Well," he said abruptly, "you are exactly on time. You were to be here precisely at 10. This argues well for your early training. You have made a good impression on me to start with."

Spencer murmured his pleasure at this favorable comment, but the old man interrupted him.

"Your father says here that you resemble him. He writes that the resemblance is so strong that I couldn't help but know who you were if I chanced to meet you anywhere. I don't agree with him, though there is a family resemblance. You are much better looking than he ever dreamed of being."

"Did my father say that?" inquired Spencer hastily. He knew the thing was quite impossible. Emily's father was laboring under some queer delusion. But he didn't mean to contradict him.

"Yes, he did," chuckled the old man, with a grim smile. "Fathers with but one child are apt to be asses." Then his tone changed. "What can you do? Can you write shorthand? Do you understand typewriting? Can you compose a good letter? Can you spell?"

"I think," said Spencer quietly, "that I can best answer that by saying that I have a pretty thorough business training that was picked up in four years of practical work. I've been hard at it, in fact, ever since I left college."

"Your father doesn't make any such claim," said the old man, referring again to the letter. "All he says is 'Try him.' I will. I've made a place for you. I am going to indulge in the luxury of a private secretary. Ha, ha, ha! Here, take these letters. See what answers they need. Answer 'em. That's your little side room there. Leave the door open—I may want to call you."

Spencer smilingly took the letters and without a trace of hesitation went into the little room assigned him. He found the conveniences he needed, and with his amused smile deepening he went at his task.

Presently he heard the outer door of the office open and shut, and a moment later the following dialogue came to him through the half-closed door:

"So you have come," growled the old man.

"Yes, sir," said a mild voice with a little quaver in it.

"You? That's right. She's only a foolish, headstrong girl. In a month she'll forget your existence."

"But I don't see what your daughter has to do with it. She is nothing to me, sir."

"Spoken like a sensible youth. I thought I'd convince you. There, there, let the whole thing drop."

"And you positively refuse to give me a trial?"

"Confound you, there you go again! Do you take me for an idiot?"

"I—I wouldn't go as far as that, sir. You don't seem to understand that I was led to believe you would give me an opportunity to show my worth. I am greatly disappointed, sir."

"Heavens, man, are we going over all that again?"

"Try me for a month, sir."

"Not for a minute!"

"For a week."

"Leave the room, sir! Go, sir! Go to the idiot asylum and marry someone in your own mental class."

"I'm going, sir. My father will be greatly surprised at your unreasonable treatment."

"Your father! Who cares for your father? Why doesn't he keep his weak-minded children at home?"

"Good day, sir."

The door closed with a sharp bang, and there was a brief silence.

I wonder what the deuce he meant by saying he'd tell his father? Spencer heard the old man mutter. "Who's his father? Well, whoever he is, his son shall never marry my daughter. What in the world could she have seen in such an unbalanced fellow?"

His heavy step sounded on the floor, and when Spencer looked up the old man was gazing down at him from the doorway. His face was very red and his white hair still bristled with indignation.

"Well, Mr. Secretary," he said, "how are we coming on?"

"Very well, sir," replied Spencer. "I'll lay these replies upon your desk in a few moments."

"Good," said the old man.

"By the way," said Spencer, "what do you want to say to Van Annam & Co.? They make an offer for your stock of cochineal, you know."

"Accept it and tell them we'll ship the stuff tomorrow."

"I wouldn't do that," said the secretary.

"Eh?" cried the astonished old man.

"You don't seem to know that there is a corner forming in dyestuffs," said Spencer, with a slight smile. "Wait a minute, and I will telephone for the latest quotations."

He arose as he spoke and stepped into the outer office and entered the telephone box.

"It is just as I supposed," he said, as he rejoined the old man. "Cochineal jumped 34 percent at the opening of the market this morning."

child are asses. How can I explain?"

"Suppose you leave the explanation to your new secretary?" said Emily. "Let me suggest," said Spencer, with a happy smile, "that you leave it to the junior member of the new firm of Quarles & Grant."

And then the grim old man chuckled. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### CAPTAIN COOK AND CANNIBALS.

Portion of His Viscera Said to Have Been Eaten by Mistake.

A new version of the alleged cannibalism on the body of Captain Cook, who discovered the Hawaiian Islands, has been brought to light by the superintendent of public works, James Boyd. Captain Cook was killed in 1778 near Kealahou bay, on the Kona coast of the island of Hawaii. The British government erected a monument to his memory near the place where he was buried. According to accepted accounts, parts of Cook's body were eaten by the natives who killed him, in the ferocity of the passions engendered by the dispute which led to his death.

Superintendent Boyd, who is part Hawaiian, and well versed in Hawaiian traditions, recently visited Kona and met many old Hawaiians, who received the tale of Captain Cook's death from eye-witnesses. Boyd gathered from them a well-connected account, which varies considerably from that which has been accepted by the historians.

After the death of Captain Cook, who had been regarded by the natives as a god, it was decided to make an offering of his body to the gods. The viscera was taken out and placed in a calabash, to be offered to one of the powerful gods of the sea of Hawaiian theology, the viscera being considered a higher and better offering than any other part of the body. The remainder of the body was to be offered to another but less powerful god. While the viscera was in the calabash, awaiting a suitable time for the sacrifice, it was found by children, who, mistaking it for the viscera of a pig, which was considered a great delicacy, built a fire and cooked and ate most of it. The remainder of the body, as all accounts substantially agree, was afterward returned to Cook's successor in command of his vessel.

Natives who gave this account to Mr. Boyd showed him the place where the calabash containing the viscera was hidden when it was found by the children. The part of Kona where Captain Cook was killed, though densely populated and a very important part of the islands at the time of Cook's death, soon ceased to be important by the removal of the King's residence to La Haina, and afterward to Honolulu, as Kamehameha the Great advanced with his conquest of the islands. It has remained ever since the place least influenced by alien immigration, and today more than anywhere else the Hawaiians of Kona retain their primitive habits of living, industries and pagan beliefs, and some vestiges of the old practices. On this account Mr. Boyd thinks this account of the affair worthy of belief.

Girls are inclined to be superficial where young men are concerned," says the Matayunk Philosopher. "The fellow who can match ribbons doesn't always make the best husband."

Mrs. Malaprop—That's young Mr. Jenkins. He's engaged to be married, you know. Mrs. Gabbler—Indeed? And is that the young woman with him now? Mrs. Malaprop—Yes, that's his fiancée.

Mrs. Muggins—My husband is a perfect crank. Mrs. Eugene—All husbands are, my dear. Mrs. Muggins—But fancy a man who complains that my mustard plasters are not as strong as those his mother used to make.

### HISTORIC KASKASKIA OFF THE MAP

Postmaster General Takes from Once Famous Capital Its Name.

Kaskaskia, the first capital of Illinois, will soon be wiped out of official existence by an order of the postmaster-general. Only five families now live in the once flourishing town, and the department has decided to abolish the postoffice and accommodate the residents through the extension of a rural free delivery route from Fort Gage.

Time was when Kaskaskia was a thriving town—a central point in the western wilderness, a trading post known far and wide. It was predicted then that Kaskaskia would eventually become the metropolis of the west. The town was situated at a point where the worn trails from the south, north and east united and swept westward in the broad path followed by the pioneers.

In 1823 Gen. Lafayette visited Kaskaskia and stopped beneath the roof of one of the few houses still standing in the town. He predicted a great future for the place. Then came the devastating flood of 1844, and 40 years later the Mississippi cut a channel through the sandy soil above the town and united its waters with those of the Okaw, leaving the town on an island and destroying all of its future prospects.

Many of the inhabitants moved to the new town of New Kaskaskia, two miles south, where the village organization is still maintained. Numerous old landmarks and objects of interest still remain, among them the old Randolph county court house. There is still a remnant of the old state house clinging tenaciously to the bank of the river, but the next "fresh" will doubtless undermine and bury it in the sandy bottom of the "Father of Waters." —New York Times.

A Wedding Feast.

The wedding feast has from time immemorial played an important part in Maoriland. S. Percy Smith, the surveyor-general of New Zealand, gives this account of one such feast: "The guests numbered hundreds, and when the sweetened paste was to be served no dish could be found large enough. Accordingly a large canoe was brought, cleaned after their by-no-means-particular fashion, and into this the paste was put. As the multitude sat about it, each dipping in and helping himself with the mussel-shells, which they use instead of spoons, a greedy child fell head first into the canoe, being entirely immersed in the food. Quickly rescued, it was decided it would never do to waste so much good food, so the little one was passed from one to another along the line of guests, who proceeded to lick him over until clean." —Woman's Home Companion.

### AN IMPRESSIONIST'S INVITATION.

Come out, my love, and stroll with me Across the cobalt dunes; We'll sit beside the sunset sea That green-and-grassy fringes That dies along the madder sands In lines of scumbled foam; And then we'll clasp our amber hands, And mauveously wander home, —Mersey E. Baker, in Harper's Magazine.

### HUMOROUS.

Mrs. Hoyle—I can read my husband like a book. Mrs. Doyle—You must have good eyes to read such a small type.

Nell—You should not treat Mr. Self-made as you do. He's a diamond in the rough. Belle—Which proves that he ought to be cut.

"Somebody has sent in \$18,669 to the conscience fund." "Say, a man must be awful rich who can afford to have a conscience like that."

Tommy—Pop, what is scribbler's itch? Tommy's Pop—Scribbler's itch, my son, is a disease that forces its victims to scratch for a living.

"I don't like to have people walk all over me," said the snow. "Neither do I," replied the thin ice. "I simply can't bear people who do that."

"Take keer of yob money," said Uncle Eben. "Don't think so much of a dollar dat you loses de opportunity to git busy an' earn one or two mo'."

"She enjoys conversation, I believe." "She thinks she does, but as a matter of fact she doesn't know the difference between conversation and a monologue."

Miss Gnah—Isn't her complexion lovely? It's like a beautifully tinted china cup I saw—Misa Kostiouque—Yes; it certainly is a beautifully painted mug.

"This is a fire-proof hotel," said the bell-boy. "Without a doubt!" assented the new guest, as he blew his fingers and stamped around to keep from freezing.

Irate Mother—But why did you fight with those street boys? You should have gotten out of it. Weeping Son—Well, mamma, there was never a moment when I was in it.

Blobs—Hardlype says he worries a great deal over money matters. Slobbs—The money he owes, I suppose. Blobs—No; the money he would like to borrow and can't.

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## THE JEFFERSON SUPPLY COMPANY

Being the largest distributor of General Merchandise in this vicinity, is always in position to give the best quality of goods. Its aim is not to sell you cheap goods but when quality is considered the price will always be found right.

Its departments are all well filled, and among the specialties handled may be mentioned L. Adler Bros., Rochester, N. Y., Clothing, than which there is none better made; W. L. Douglass Shoe Co., Brockton, Mass., Shoes; Curfiss Bros. Co., Rochester, N. Y., Canned Goods; and Pillsbury's Flour.

This is a fair representation of the class of goods it is selling to its customers.

## FIRE INSURANCE.

*J. G. Dimmey*

Brookville Pa. Since 1878.  
12 FIRST-CLASS COMPANIES.  
JOHN TRUDGEN, Solicitor, Reynoldsville, Penn'a

### BUFFALO, ROCHESTER & PITTSBURGH RY.

#### CONDENSED TIME TABLE

IN EFFECT NOV. 3, 1901.

##### NORTH BOUND.

	4	6	8	14	2
Buffalo	7:00	8:00	9:00	10:00	11:00
Pittsburg	7:15	8:15	9:15	10:15	11:15
Albany	7:30	8:30	9:30	10:30	11:30
West Seneca	7:45	8:45	9:45	10:45	11:45
Buffalo	8:00	9:00	10:00	11:00	12:00
Pittsburg	8:15	9:15	10:15	11:15	12:15
Albany	8:30	9:30	10:30	11:30	12:30
West Seneca	8:45	9:45	10:45	11:45	12:45
Buffalo	9:00	10:00	11:00	12:00	1:00
Pittsburg	9:15	10:15	11:15	12:15	1:15
Albany	9:30	10:30	11:30	12:30	1:30
West Seneca	9:45	10:45	11:45	12:45	1:45
Buffalo	10:00	11:00	12:00	1:00	2:00
Pittsburg	10:15	11:15	12:15	1:15	2:15
Albany	10:30	11:30	12:30	1:30	2:30
West Seneca	10:45	11:45	12:45	1:45	2:45
Buffalo	11:00	12:00	1:00	2:00	3:00
Pittsburg	11:15	12:15	1:15	2:15	3:15
Albany	11:30	12:30	1:30	2:30	3:30
West Seneca	11:45	12:45	1:45	2:45	3:45
Buffalo	12:00	1:00	2:00	3:00	4:00
Pittsburg	12:15	1:15	2:15	3:15	4:15
Albany	12:30	1:30	2:30	3:30	4:30
West Seneca	12:45	1:45	2:45	3:45	4:45

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##### SOUTH BOUND.

	11	9	7	5	7
Buffalo	7:00	8:00	9:00	10:00	11:00
Pittsburg	7:15	8:15	9:15	10:15	11:15
Albany	7:30	8:30	9:30	10:30	11:30
West Seneca	7:45	8:45	9:45	10:45	11:45
Buffalo	8:00	9:00	10:00	11:00	12:00
Pittsburg	8:15	9:15	10:15	11:15	12:15
Albany	8:30	9:30	10:30	11:30	12:30
West Seneca	8:45	9:45	10:45	11:45	12:45
Buffalo	9:00	10:00	11:00	12:00	1:00
Pittsburg	9:15	10:15	11:15	12:15	1:15
Albany	9:30	10:30	11:30	12:30	1:30
West Seneca	9:45	10:45	11:45	12:45	1:45
Buffalo	10:00	11:00	12:00	1:00	2:00
Pittsburg	10:15	11:15	12:15	1:15	2:15
Albany	10:30	11:30	12:30	1:30	2:30
West Seneca	10:45	11:45	12:45	1:45	2:45
Buffalo	11:00	12:00	1:00	2:00	3:00
Pittsburg	11:15	12:15	1:15	2:15	3:15
Albany	11:30	12:30	1:30	2:30	3:30
West Seneca	11:45	12:45	1:45	2:45	3:45
Buffalo	12:00	1:00	2:00	3:00	4:00
Pittsburg	12:15	1:15	2:15	3:15	4:15
Albany	12:30	1:30	2:30	3:30	4:30
West Seneca	12:45	1:45	2:45	3:45	4:45

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##### CLEARFIELD DIVISION.

	75	73		70	72
Buffalo	7:00	8:00	9:00	10:00	11:00
Pittsburg	7:15	8:15	9:15	10:15	11:15
Albany	7:30	8:30	9:30	10:30	11:30
West Seneca	7:45	8:45	9:45	10:45	11:45
Buffalo	8:00	9:00			