

The anxiety of multimillionaires to endow libraries and universities shows a very graceful readiness on the part of money to pay tribute to brains.

New Mexico, now seeking statehood, was organized as a territory September 9, 1850. Arizona was not organized as a territory until February 24, 1853.

It is inconsiderate for young women to mob a male celebrity in an effort to kiss him. No kindness could be more mistaken. The celebrity, however innocent he may be, invariably has to take all the blame for the transaction.

A school of instruction for laundry girls is to be established in Chicago. The School of Domestic Arts and Sciences, established in that city a year and a half ago by a number of philanthropic women, is to bring about the innovation, and the laundry school is to be a department of this institution. Miss Isabel Bullard, head of the school, says that washing is just as much of an art as making pie or baking bread, "and as for ironing, that is a fine art."

Pinkerton, the present head of the detective agency of that name, declares that in no country on earth do women manifest so much maudlin sentimentality for criminals as in the United States. Even when the men have no pronounced personal charms, he says, they are not without their female admirers in this country, who send them flowers and other tokens of esteem. The problem seems to be one for psychologists to study and explain.

A well known English dean recently had the misfortune to lose his umbrella, and he rather suspected that its appropriation by another had not been altogether accidental. He there fore used the story to point a moral in a sermon in the cathedral, adding that if its present possessor would drop it over the wall of the deanery garden during the night he would say no more about it. Next morning he repaired to the spot and found his own umbrella and 45 others.

It is said in Ohio that Governor George K. Nash has now realized the ardent dream of his life in having for the second time been chosen as chief executive of the state. At his recent second inauguration he said: "For the future I have but one ambition, the most sacred of my life. It is to show my appreciation of the people who have so highly honored me by being their faithful servant during the next two years. Upon this foundation must rest whatever of fame lives after me."

Lumbering has been going on in Minnesota for over fifty years, during which time it is probably safe to say been cut. Of this amount perhaps \$20,000,000 worth was granted to railroads. How much has the United States received for all this pine? Beginning with the year 1849 and up to October, 1897, the exact and total amount that the United States has received for all lands sold in Minnesota—agricultural as well as timber land—was just \$7,286,599.40. If these splendid pine forests had been managed on forestry principles the general government would have received many more million dollars, and Minnesota herself would have been in a much better situation. In view of such a record it is not unreasonable that the public now demand that some little remnant of the pine woods be saved as a forest reserve, observes the St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

America is not the only country in which there is difficulty in raising funds for memorials and monuments. England is again demonstrating that not republics alone are ungrateful when it comes to a question of contributing money for such a cause. The fiasco made in the effort to raise a great fund for a Gladstone memorial is still fresh in mind, and now it has been announced that the king will be most reluctantly compelled to appeal to parliament to provide sufficient money to make up the needed balance to complete the Victoria Memorial Fund. The scheme that has been approved and adopted calls for the expenditure of about \$2,500,000. Of this amount in the year since the late queen's death only \$927,000 has been subscribed. The same difficulty was found in raising a fund for the Albert memorial, which is more understandable than in the case of the beloved Victoria for the Prince consort, although a man much honored in his adopted country, was always a foreigner. Parliament made a grant at that time, and despite the huge war expenditures, will doubtless accede to the king's request.

CLEM.

By Percy T. Griffith.

It was noonday in a little country village on the banks of the Hudson, well termed "the Rhine of America." From many a low-roofed farmhouse came the welcome sound of the dinner horn, calling the weary toilers in the fields to their midday meal. Relieved from their toilsome studies, a merry stream of children trooped forth from the village school, some repairing to their homes nearby, others flocking together in groups, to eat a generous luncheon beneath the shade of the great overhanging oaks.

Their joyous laughter, echoing afar, rippled through the closed shutters of a small cottage not far distant, whose evident gloom strangely contrasted with Nature's gay, springlike splendor. It reached the ears of a group seated in the "best room" of the little house—a group composed of three persons of varied ages, whose countenances each expressed a different emotion.

One, a spectacled old gentleman, attired in clerical garb, who listened with manifest approval to the matter of fact tones of a strong minded looking woman of perhaps 40, with repressed malice and well simulated charity struggling for mastery on her brow. The last of the trio was a slight figured child, whose ordinary half-girlish, half-boyish face, surrounded by golden, curly hair, now seemed wondrously mature and almost manly in its righteous wrath, while the old clergyman spoke.

"My child, what you suggest is impossible. You could not live in this cottage all alone, now that your mother and brother are dead. You are barely 14 years of age, and we have decided it to be for your best interests to stay—with Mrs. Anderson."

"You mean, sir, that we are bound out. You might as well say the words at once. Why should I fall from the status of a free citizen to that of a pauper and a slave? Did not my poor mother leave all this property which you benevolent people have just sold for over \$300? And if I went into this bondage, what opportunity should I have for study and improvement? You know mother always wanted me to go to college and be a teacher or a musician or an author or something great, but I don't see what chance I would have if I followed your plan."

"What did I tell ye, parson! What did I tell ye!" cried the sharp-visaged woman with uplifted eyebrows. "That's what comes of sendin' a child to school when it ain't no more than five years old and a makin' of it study all its life to home. What good's a person what's spent their life on book-learnin'? Tell me that."

"Oh, Mrs. Anderson," deprecated the minister, who prided himself on his knowledge, "education is surely valuable."

"Yes, I know all that—I allus thought so, too. I wuz giv a good eddication myself, but it warn't none of this new-fangled book-learnin' that this ostinate child's got. My mother, at any rate, warn't no fool, which is more than you can say of some people's mothers, even if they be dead an' gone—though it ain't for us poor mortals to say where they're gone. I might give a mighty sure guess where some people's mothers is gone, what never taught them nothin' but book-learnin', but then, we're all poor, frail human beins."

"Doctor Wesley," here broke in the child, "if you think I'm going to stand here and have my mother's spotless name reviled and desecrated by that low-lived—"

"Low-lived, you little pauper in-grate, you!"

"Yes, low-lived, ill-bred, rude, uncouth!" declared the angry young person. "Oh, I know all about you, Mrs. Anderson, and I know why you've got a grudge against her and me. Did you ever hear the name of Francis Sumner? Ah! you see I know—I read all the papers—"

"Ye've been spyin', reading a pack o' lies, have ye? Just wait till I have the charge of ye, and I'll larn ye to spy around things what don't belong to you."

"I beg your pardon. As I am the only heir to my mother's property, they are now mine. And, doctor, let me tell you what they said. You know Francis Sumner and my mother were engaged to be married and broke it off. Do you know why? Because—"

"Parson, if you don't shet that little liar up I will!"

"Gently, gently, Mrs. Anderson," said the old man, "it's only natural for Clem to be excited after just losing two dear relatives, and you must make allowances. Now, Clem, we'll leave you to rest after all this worry and trouble. And tomorrow morning Squire Morgan and I will come over, and we'll make all the arrangements for you to stay with Mrs. Anderson—"

"I'll never go! I'll die first!" declared his excited young hearer, passionately.

"Oh, ye won't, hey? Jest wait. Me and my Hiram'll take some o' them high spirits out of ye. Good-by, ye little firebrand. Jest wait."

That night a little figure stole to the window and looked out upon the road below and the sky above. All Nature was sleeping.

"How still!" it murmured. "Oh, mother! Can you see me now? Am I right in fighting against this woman who lost you your life's happiness?"

And myself—how can I bear living with her and her ignorant husband and children?"

The figure stole to a chest, and raising the lid drew out a suit of manly, neatly made but neat-appearing clothing, and divesting itself of several lighter, but less serviceable garments, was soon arrayed in the former apparel.

"Poor Frank! I am indeed stepping into a dead man's shoes! But he has no use for them now, and I—I could never wear them all the way to New York. New York! It is awful to go out into the world alone, with not a friend. Why not take mother's money? It is now mine—but no—it would be like stealing, and then they would have some incentive to search for me. But I will take my own money out of my iron bank—that's \$18 and they don't know I have it. Oh, mother, the Bible, which they say gives them the right to enslave and beat me, says one must not take his own life. But had not the same words often dropped from your own lips, tomorrow I would be with you and Frank."

The gray dawn was just appearing in the east, when a boyish form crept out of the house and swiftly fled toward the railroad station, four miles distant.

"Farewell, old home—my own home, from which strangers drive me—farewell," murmured a voice trembling with emotion, and the next moment the small fugitive had disappeared in the darkness.

The morrow's sun had nearly reached the meridian as it poured through the dim window panes into the dusky office of a prominent city lawyer, who gazed perplexingly down upon a small applicant, who stood hanging upon his scarce formulated answer.

"Why, my boy, you are much too young—you could not do the work—you know nothing about office routine. You should first take some position at two or three dollars. Your parents should—"

"My parents—all my relatives are dead, sir, and I am thrown upon myself for a living. I could not live on such wages as you speak of, and seeing in the paper that you offered \$8, I thought I'd try and get you to give me the place. I can write well and figure accurately, sir. Won't you give me a trial?"

The legal light hesitated. The plea, while earnest, had been made in such a dignified tone and manner that he could not, worldly as he was, turn the boy away as he had many another more hardly one. And then he thought of his own child, surrounded by every luxury.

"Well, my lad," he said, with a sigh, "I'll see what you can do. What is your name?"

"Clement, sir," answered the boy, boldly, though flushing somewhat. "Clement Travers."

"Well, Clement, you can start in at once. Fuller (to the head clerk), this is the new boy. Give him something to do. And Fuller (in an undertone), "don't treat the poor little devil like you did the last—he can't stand it."

"All right, sir," assented the clerk, respectfully, but with a sneer at his employer's softness after the latter's back was turned. "Here, just sit down and copy this off, and don't make any more mistakes than you can help!"

Despite the apparent hospitality of Fuller, this was indeed a promising opening for Clement, and he set to work with such will and energy as to astonish the ordinarily somewhat easy-going employees of the law firm of Johns, Clarkes, Robinson, Smyth and Browne, who wondered "how that delicate looking kid was such a hustler."

However hackneyed the authority for the assertion, it must be said that perseverance will always win in every branch of life, and the lad who had made such a favorable entry into the celebrated law office was no exception to the rule. Before three years had fully gone by, his industry, had more than doubled his starting compensation.

"Fuller," said Browne, the junior partner, one morning, "isn't today the date set for the transfer of that town site of Pullman's?"

"Yes," answered that individual without looking up. "But he provides the customer, and we only draw the papers."

"We were to look up the title," responded the junior partner, sharply, "and your report guarantees its clearness. Are you sure there's nothing in the way? No second mortgage?"

"There is but one document recorded besides the original grant of 60 years ago," said Fuller, in the staccato tones of a man who wishes his words to impress the hearer.

He uttered a slight of relief as his inquirer walked away satisfied, and, glancing around the room and meeting the honest blue eyes of Clement keenly fixed upon him, he turned ashen pale, and wheeling his chair around, abruptly left the room.

Clement withdrew his gaze and bent it thoughtfully upon a law book before him.

"You seem to be deeply interested in something, Clement," broke in upon him suddenly.

He looked up.

"Will you stand a catch question, Mr. Jefferson?" he eagerly inquired of the new comer, somewhat irrecant.

"If it has a practical bearing," laughingly replied the latter, a young member of the bar, who was already noted as being the one lawyer who could always anticipate the decisions of the judges of his circuit.

"Suppose," said Clement, "a man makes out a document—say a mortgage—can he draw another for the same property upon the same sheet of paper?"

"Hum—that's a case that I cannot conceive of," answered the lawyer, cautiously, "why should he want to?"

"What else could he do, presuming, for example, that he had no other paper within reach?"

"Now I have what I want," said Jefferson. "Clement, you may always consider it a safe rule that in law every wrong has a remedy." In such a case the second deed, unless incompatible with the first, would hold—barring fraud.

"Barring fraud!" echoed the boy, as the attorney left. "But it would hold until upset by a court."

"Is Mr. Brown in?" inquired a voice at his elbow, interrupting his reverie.

"Yes, sir," answered Clement, rising and facing a handsome stranger, who, at first sight, scarce looked the 40 years a sharp observer would have pronounced him.

"Then please give him my card and tell him I have a note of introduction from Mr. Pullman, a client of his."

Clement started. This was the "customer" then. He took the card, and glancing at the scrooped name on the small slip of pasteboard, the words "Francis W. Sumner" seemed to brand themselves on his brain. The card dropped from his hands, and reeling, he would have fallen had not the stranger caught him in his arms.

"Young man," he murmured, in a kindly but trembling voice, "where have I seen you before? Your face is familiar. Why does my card affect you in this manner?"

Clement scanned the deserted ante-room in which they were.

"Will you promise not to reveal a warning if I give it?" he whispered, and as Sumner assented, "Postpone buying this property, on any ground you like, for one week."

"How do you know? Why? What reason why I should?" ejaculated the astonished caller, and then, after a pause, he added calmly: "I will take your advice, but I shall want to know all before tomorrow."

"Fuller," said Brown, the next day, after a long interview with the customer, whose entrance to the legal precincts had resulted in such a curious encounter with the young law clerk, "Pullman's buyer holds off on that deal."

"What!" cried that ordinarily pompous individual. "What's his reason?"

"Short of funds," said his employer, dryly, noting his excitement. "Not remarkable for a man to find it hard to raise \$50,000 all at once, is it? By the way, I've let Clement off for a day or two. You'll have to make some of the others do his work."

Two days later Clement Travers was seated opposite the individual referred to, in a Pennsylvania train speeding to New York.

"Clement," said the latter, "how came you to detect the fraud in this matter? I can understand Pullman and Fuller drawing that second mortgage for \$40,000 upon the back of the first one, but they had covered up their tracks so well that I don't see how you first found a clue to work on."

"Oh, as to that, it was their intimacy and something I overheard that gave me my first suspicion. At first I couldn't understand why Fuller should want to risk his position for such a sum as he could secure in this way, but of course his plan ensured secrecy for years until a thorough examination of the title was made, and then it would merely appear as if he had overlooked this second mortgage on the back of the first, and no harm would be done even to his reputation. I never, though, clearly comprehended the case until the very day you called, and then I had just found it out."

"You have great intellect, Clem, for a boy."

"For a boy!" repeated Clem, half sadly, half bitterly. "Oh, it was nothing but guess work all through," he added.

"A clever guess, which has saved me that forty thousand, and I shall see that you lose nothing by it, though Johns and company's head clerk will, by the way, Clem, you have never told me your name. Why, what's the matter?"

He peered into his companion's face, somewhat obscured by the dusk of evening, which was rapidly falling.

Clem nodded himself.

"Clement Harrison Travers," he answered.

"Clementine Harrison!" murmured Sumner, in startled accents. "Oh! Clem! I'm doubly fortunate in finding you. Your mother—it must be—the likeness, I see it now. Is she alive?"

"Your name was the last word she breathed," answered Clem, mournfully. "A letter to you, the last lines she wrote. It explained—"

"Needless! I always loved her, though parted by a lover's quarrel. That letter, have you it with you?"

"I have carried it constantly in the hope of finding you," replied Clem, and then in a tone of anguish, "But oh! how can I give it to you—you will learn all!"

"All! All what? Clement, can you betray your mother's trust? I must see it."

"Take it, then," replied Clem, sadly, "and with it my secret."

Sumner refused the letter with mingled grief and bewilderment.

"Why, Clem, how she speaks of you! 'An orphan to make her way—let her take my place!' " And then, reading the truth in his companion's face, "Ah, Clem, why could I not see? My poor little girl! Image of her. What trials you must have had! But cheer up. Your mother's friend will make amends—ha, she's fainted!"

The three years' strain and the present embarrassment had been too much for the delicate girl, and her limp form lay almost lifeless at his feet before his sentence was finished.

"I don't understand this, Browne," remarked Johns, one morning, perhaps a year following, as he held an open letter in his hand. "Our old friend Sumner writes that he's sent Clement on to Europe and married his sister. He, of course, means Clement's sister."

"Nothing queer about that," answered Browne, who, in such leisure moments as an active attorney gets, dabbled in amateur biology and was a crank on Darwin. "Clem was a bright chap, though awfully dainty. Got rid of Fuller before he wrecked the firm for us, and saved Sumner big money. Why shouldn't his sister be attractive and all that. Science tells us that inheritance—"

"But where did he get a sister?" persisted Johns, impolitely interrupting this flow of learning. "Clem told me he had no relatives."

"Don't believe it," answered Browne. "Survival of the Fittest don't agree with it. Smart people and hustlers ought, according to this theory, to have enormous families, and if evolution—"

"Fiddleticks!" replied his partner, as he took down "The Evances of Insanity" from the well stocked shelf and repaired to his sanctum.—Waverly Magazine.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Every Chinese woman is practically a slave until her son marries. Then, as mother-in-law, she begins to rule, her son's wife being her subject.

The Chinese pen from time immemorial has been a brush made of some soft hair and used to paint the curiously formed letters of the Chinese alphabet.

From Tomsk, to Irkutsk, on the Siberian railway, a distance of 922 miles, there is only one town deserving the name—Krasnoyarsk—with a population of 28,000.

Berlin pays a salary to a professional bird catcher, who keeps scientific educational institutions supplied with birds, birds' eggs and nests. He is the only man in the empire permitted to do so.

At Montalto, in the province of Genoa, in tearing down an old church, a small underground room was found full of art objects of the Roman time, chiefly chiselled silver amphorae and vases filled with gold and silver coins.

The plow is certainly the oldest and probably the simplest of agricultural implements, being represented among the hieroglyphics on the ancient tombs of Egypt, dating back more than 4000 years. As early as the year 1600 B. C. the plow was described by a Greek historian as consisting of a beam, a share and handles.

The following curious advertisement recently appeared in a London paper: "Gentleman wants board residence. Real good home, in small family. No other boarders. Being overworked, therefore subject to many annoying remarks, advertiser prefers very stout people's company. No others need write. References exchanged. Address," etc.

A syndicate comprising English capitalists has been formed to promote the sale of "tie silks," composed of 50 percent wool pulp and 50 percent artificial silk. Samples are being submitted to the New York wholesale neckwear manufacturers, and considerable experiment is taking place. In point of price this material shows advantage over conventional fabrics. Its luster, feel and general appearance, closely resemble genuine silk.

Wu Ting-fang's Regard for Truth. The reporter who lied to the Chinese minister at Washington, Wu Ting-fang, about his salary, no doubt judged himself with the thought—if he gave the matter a thought at all—that it was a "white lie" that would hurt nobody. But let us see the sequel—

On the first occasion, when he called to interview the minister, he was asked what salary he received. "One hundred and fifty dollars a week," glibly replied the youth. "It is too much. It is altogether too much," said the more candid than polite Wu Ting-fang. "You are not worth more than twenty-five dollars a week."

The Chinese minister, it is said, learned later, through other newspaper men, that the reporter had not spoken the truth, and that, instead of one hundred and fifty dollars a week, he received but sixty. Consequently, when he again presented himself at the Chinese legation for information for his paper, he was curtly dismissed by Wu Ting-fang with these words: "You lied to me about your salary. If you will lie about such a thing as that, you will lie about anything. I do not trust you. I have nothing to say to you. I want to revise my former estimate of your value. Instead of being worth twenty-five dollars a week, you are not worth anything, sir."—Success.

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