

The hen has it all their own way. There can be no such thing as an imitation egg.

The conviction is gaining ground among writers on hygiene that children should not be sent to school before they are eight or nine years old.

The pressed steel industry, now one of the most formidable in the world, was founded on a patent granted for a device to hold back the doors of railway cars.

The gifts of our millionaires for education in the United States astonish our foreign correspondents, exclaims the Christian Register. Nothing like it is seen elsewhere.

The European nations are so insistent in their avowals of friendship for the United States that we can not gracefully do otherwise than continue to sell our goods in their markets.

Incidentally, though not unimportant, it is said that the rural free delivery in the United States is distributing forecasts of the weather to about 42,000 families in the farming districts.

Andrew Carnegie has composed his own epitaph. It reads: "Here lies a man who knew how to get around him men much cleverer than himself." Many a rich man could copy this epitaph, leaving out the "him."

When and where will come to the front the inventive genius and benefactor of the race who will make public a simple, easy and satisfactory way of getting letters ready for mailing without the bother and annoyance of wetting stamps and sticking them to envelopes? The Sir Isaac Newton of the twentieth century who will confer this boon on humanity can write big drafts on the gratitude of mankind and every one of those drafts will be honored readily and gladly.

The Russification of Finland proceeds apace. A correspondent of a London paper, writing from Odesa, says that scarcely a week passes but some new imperial ukase, ministerial edict, or gubernatorial order deprives the Finns of one or another of their old self-governing institutions, rights and privileges. Finland, he says, can no longer be called an autonomous grand ducal appanage of the imperial crown. The latest ministerial edict, promulgated at Helsingfors, orders the disbandment of the Finnish metropolitan police, who are to be forthwith replaced by Russians, and the Russian system of organization and administration.

According to a recent statement of the director of the census regarding the growth of urban population north and south, the large cities, taken collectively, are growing nearly twice as fast as the rest of the country; the percentage of the population of northern states living in large cities is nearly three times as great as the corresponding percentage in the south; the north has a rate of increase no greater than that of the south. The large cities in the north are growing much faster than those of the same size in the south, but this difference is balanced by an extremely rapid growth of small towns and cities in the south, and especially by the high rate of increase of southern rural population.

The New York Sun states that not the least important detail of the mechanism of Wall street is its elaborate system of detective protection. A very effective dead line has been established at Fulton street for years, beyond which no crook known to the police, nor even suspicious looking person, is allowed to pass. As an additional precaution a score or more of Central Office detectives are constantly on guard at the principal entrances to the financial district. They usually congregate near the United States Treasury building at Broad and Wall streets. Millions of dollars are constantly being carried past this point. The money comes in gold, packed in sacks and carried by the ton in steel wagons; it is brought down town in cabs or carried in ordinary traveling bags or in the pockets of the crowd which constantly pours into Wall street. Such a thing as a hold-up is unknown. A cry for help in the financial section would instantly bring a formidable force of armed detectives to the spot. The men who stand guard here can usually tell from their long experience when a man carries a large sum of money from the nervousness of his manner or some sign of self-consciousness, and a careful eye is kept upon him.

In the Light of Truth.

By George Madden Martin.

Anne looked about the class room. She was a new pupil, and was wondering which of the many would prove the interesting girl.

She based her liking for people on the degree to which they were interesting. At least, this was her way of putting it. Not even to herself would she have acknowledged that they were interesting according as they were fit—fine in the sense of fashion and of show. For Anne secretly longed to be fine.

Matilde was fine. She attracted Anne. She wore charming clothes, and she wore them with an air. Perhaps Anne envied her the air more than the clothes. And Matilde made incidental mention of appointments with the dressmaker.

Anne soon learned about Matilde. She and her father and her older sister came down from their sugar plantation for the winters, that Matilde might attend school and that her sister might attend society. Every girl in school had something to tell about the sister. She was a belle, and her goings and her comings were ever in the newspapers.

Anne came down from an adjoining parish, too, for school, going home every Friday to stay until Monday. Only an unusual price for the cotton crop had made possible for her this year at the Gray college preparatory school. When the year ended—well, there were two scholarships open to the pupils of the school, and Anne was ambitious. She was also a student and a worker.

But just now her ambition centred on things social. She had made up her mind that Matilde would be a charming friend. Besides being a leader in her set, Matilde was, perhaps, a mocker at things serious and earnest.

On first meeting Anne she had given her a preoccupied smile. She evidently had many and large interests outside of those of school. Her conversation chiefly concerned a dancing club and a schoolgirl box party for a matinee.

Presently conversation turned upon the coming recitation of mathematics. Matilde gave a dramatic shrug.

"I haven't a problem solved," she declared. "Ount that I mind algebra. I haven't had time. However," Matilde's laugh was provokingly charming, "there's nothing like establishing early the reputation you mean to sustain."

Anne, on the outskirts of the group, felt nettled. Matilde seemed to make light of worth and work and achievement.

"Really?" Anne said. "I can't imagine any one willingly taking an inferior place in anything."

Matilde flushed. It was perhaps a new point of view to her. She turned and looked at this newcomer.

Anne bore the scrutiny well; she was pretty.

The two girls happened to be near each other when they were going in from recess. "I have the problems solved here if you care to look at them," said Anne. "It's a mere detail to work them out, any way, when you've got the principle."

"Why, thank you—I should like to," said Matilde. "I really meant to do them, but went to a dance, and—well—just didn't." Matilde, flushed and grateful, was more charming than ever.

She was clever, too. She studied the paper up the stairs and into the schoolroom and through the roll call. When her time came, she rose with a smiling readiness and made a clever recitation of her gleanings. Going out at dismissal, she slipped an arm through Anne's.

The next day she asked Anne to drive with her in her father's carriage. She also asked and received permission to take Anne home to dine. Matilde's sister appeared in a bewildering gown of trailing gauziness. With a preoccupied goodby, she bade them be "good children," and left in the carriage for some more festive dining elsewhere.

Matilde's father was silent and dark, and hardly glanced at his daughter's guest. Afterward Anne told Matilde that he looked sad.

"Sad," the girl replied. "Who? Father? O Anne, how absurd."

It was a servants' meal, just as it was a servants' house. There was profusion, but there were also laxity and carelessness. But to Anne it was only fine—the glitter, the show, the form.

Afterward Anne gazed at the books in the library, although she was used to books. Then, as if reminded, she asked: "Our themes for tomorrow—have you written yours?"

Matilde made a little moue. "Haven't thought of it. I hate work. I'll scribble off something in study hour tomorrow," and her shrug indicated that deeper concern over such a matter was not worth while.

Matilde's estimate of these things of such moment to Anne, her assumption that carriages at beck and call, servants, a fine house, were common to all persons who were anything at all—this point of view seemed to Anne to put her at a disadvantage. Matilde seemed to have no idea that cleverness and ability played any part. Anne decided to make her feel their advantages.

"But so many are good in English. It would never do to fall down in the rank. Write it now; I'll help you."

They did it then; that is, Anne wrote and Matilde lit her pencil and praised.

"And you are not like most of the smart ones, Anne; generally they're so goody and prissy!"

"Matilde Leveaux has taken Anne Norwich up," was the school comment before long, but none except Anne knew it was because she was making school life easy for Matilde.

When the school year was half over, Miss Henry said to the class in English one day, "I wish a special theme this week upon original lines. Doctor Gray desires to note class progress as compared with earlier work of the year."

Anne worked early and late on her theme. She spent a night with Matilde, delving into volumes for excerpts and quotations. She meant to win by her theme the notice of Doctor Gray.

Matilde produced her sentiments. They were sparse and abbreviated. Her head was filled with thoughts of the coming dance on Friday. "Do help me, Anne!" she begged.

Anne laughed, and taking Matilde's essay, said it was merely "notes." She placed the pages in her book, promising to put them into shape. But being incapable of surring anything, and not averse to impressing Matilde, she threw herself into her friend's point of view, and wrote the essay. It was bright, it was clever, it was humorous.

Anne was proud of the work, but she was prouder of that which she did for herself. It showed more study.

"Pick out some quotations for it when you copy it," she begged Matilde, who embraced Anne and promised. But the dance intervened.

A month later Doctor Gray announced to the school that on these themes the faculty had based their choice for the Groyly scholarship in English.

The assembled class gave breathless attention; the announcement came as a surprise. Anne flushed, and was conscious that more than one girl glanced her way.

Doctor Gray continued: "And in making the choice known, I would say that it is not only on the merits of the actual theme in hand, which is marked by clearness, simplicity and a rarer quality—humor—but because of her fine showing in English as compared with earlier work of the year that the scholarship is awarded to Miss Matilde Leveaux. A close second, but lacking the simplicity and humor of Miss Leveaux's work, stands the work of Miss Anne Norwich."

As it was Friday, Anne went home. Home meant a low, broad house in a group of live oaks and pines. Home meant father working early and late for a cotton crop. Home meant younger sisters and brothers, and a sacrifice by all to give Anne her year at school. Home meant mother, never strong, today lying on her couch, her hand at this moment on Anne's head, which was buried against the sofa while Anne sobbed.

"But it's mine, mamma, don't you see—it's mine, for my work won the scholarship. Of course—I know—you think I did wrong—and all that—but that's not the point; it wasn't for morals or department—it was for English—and it's mine—I earned it."

"Earned it, Anne?" There was pain in the tone of questioning.

But Anne did not notice it. "For the credit of the scholarship, Matilde owes it to Doctor Gray to tell—if for nothing else. I owe it to him—if she doesn't speak, mother—"

"Why, you, dear, will not. Don't you see? Be honest to yourself, my child. Your punishment is silence. In confession now, Anne, lies only self-interest."

Matilde had laughed hysterically, uncontrollably. She had seized Anne after school, in the cloak room, and could only speak in snatches for laughter. "It's the funniest—situation I ever dreamed of, Anne. If only we could tell it—the joke—to the others! I—the despair of the faculty—I—I don't want it. It's honors thrust upon me. I'll be buying me a cap and gown some day, Anne."

There was no comprehension of the bitterness to Anne. But then Anne had to remember that she had made light of these very things with Matilde. How, then, could Matilde know? As for the falseness of the situation, that, to Matilde, was plainly the funniest thing of all.

But by Monday Matilde had changed. She looked across the schoolroom several times wistfully toward Anne. At recess she drew her aside, and told her that Doctor Gray had met her father on Friday, and had informed him about the scholarship before Matilde reached home.

"And—and—you won't believe what it meant to father, Anne!"

Matilde's eyes left Anne in embarrassment; she was one to hide emotions and deeper feelings.

"He—papa—he kissed me on the forehead—twice. Papa—think of it!"

Was Matilde pretending to laugh through tears?

"He—papa—he had been mistaken about me; it had been his unhappiness to think me shallow—and frivolous; he begged my pardon. O Anne!"

There was no concealing it. Matilde was crying.

"He said it was the greatest gratification either of us had ever given him—Hortense or I. He had been so disappointed in us! We haven't been anything he wanted us to be. How could I tell him it was all a

joke?" and Matilde turned away her head.

Later that day Matilde spoke again. "Really, there's a zest in the getting, isn't there, Anne? I've actually worked every problem."

"There's nothing like it," said Anne. It was joy to be honest, and not to laugh falsely at things one loved and believed in.

Son Matilde's work took the spirit of personality that the girl gave to whatever she did. She forged to the front speedily in mathematics. She said her father was helping her.

Anne went home with her now and then on a Friday night.

"Comrades—in accord," said Matilde's father, with a smile at both girls, as the three opened books around the lamp. He said it in French; the three had agreed to talk in French to help Anne with her accent.

And Matilde went home on a Friday low and then with Anne. Anne did not even ask that the silver service of a former generation's grandeur be brought forth. The simplicity of the family's acceptance of a reduced mode of living was beginning to reveal its dignity to Anne.

Matilde would drop on a cushion by the couch. "There's a charming pink in your cheek tonight, Madame Mere," she would say, as if Anne's mother were a girl like herself, "and your hair—your lovely hair—let me take it down and arrange it the new way."

The mother liked it; she liked Matilde to come—she said so. And yet, trample the thought as she would, Anne remembered. Had mother forgotten? Matilde had never told.

But Matilde was learning some things. The Norwich plantation was isolated, and the children could not attend the daily school.

"Mother's teaching us this winter so Anne can go to town to school," little Dorris had explained. Most generally was to be proved.

And Matilde was to be proved. There came a day at school when, as she and Anne were passing through the hall, Doctor Gray called her into his office.

"And Anne?" asked Matilde.

"And Anne," said he, smiling.

The two girls entered.

The doctor looked at Matilde over his glasses. The smile was earnest, now.

"It is to speak a word of commendation I called you in. It is about your work this year. You have earned more than the Groyly scholarship; you are earning the respect and admiration of the faculty."

Matilde held Anne's arm tight as they went out. It was a grip that hurt. She had forgotten even Anne, and was looking inward. She drew a breath suddenly.

"Earned," he said, Anne—

"earned!"

And Anne knew, all at once, that Matilde saw.

"Oh, no, don't!" said Anne, for Matilde had turned back to the office.

"That is, not—for me; I couldn't bear it, Matilde."

"But—but your father—"

"O!" said Matilde. But she went.

And Anne went, too. Matilde incriminated only herself. "My theme was not original work. I took the scholarship from Anne, whom you ranked second."

Then Anne spoke. She drew Matilde's hand away from her lips in its endeavor to stop her. "I proposed it to her; she never realized anything but the joke. Then—"

"Who wrote the theme?" asked the doctor.

Neither girl spoke. Anne fearing to seem to lay claim to its merit, Matilde because to speak would incriminate Anne.

"You know," said the doctor to Anne, "you, in this case, stand next for the scholarship."

There was a flash illuminating Anne's inner vision. "Oh, no; I—I was the one. A—a scholarship includes honesty. I—I forfeited it, Doctor Gray."

But Matilde's part was harder. "I have to tell papa! O Anne, Anne, how can I?"

Later there was an announcement in the chapel. Miss Matilde Leveaux and Miss Anne Norwich were declared ineligible for the Groyly scholarship on their own declaration. Miss Ellen Ward stood next in order of merit.

But down stairs Anne and Matilde made the story clear. That the girls made heroines of them forthwith was bewildering but soothing. There had been enough to study.

"Help me to study, Anne, to make every minute count!" begged Matilde. "I've got to make it up to papa—to show him. There's the Otis scholarship in mathematics in June. Do you think, Anne, I could?"

Anne winced. She had remembered that, too. Then she kissed Matilde. "I'll help you every way I know," she said.

June brought its own surprises. Matilde Leveaux had won the Otis prize.

Matilde herself told her father this time. She cried a little as she did so, but his arm about her made her sure he understood.

"Anne was the only one that could have taken it over me," Matilde explained, "and she would not try for it. She wanted me to gain it for you, Anne; I let her do it for me, papa—although they are not well off."

The price for cotton was not so good that year, but autumn saw Anne Norwich back at school. She made no secret of how she had come. She had found the joy of frank honesty. She had accepted the gift from Matilde.—Youth's Companion.

American coal has been imported by Brazil in small quantities for a long time.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

It is not easy to flatter people who do not flatter themselves.

The smaller the intellectual fountain the more continuously does it squirt.

The false witness of his foes affords opportunity for true witnessing by his friends.

Politeness towards "cubs" pays. Boys are more gallant than the unthoughtful believe.

One of the most prevalent hallucinations is that of those persons who think they are overworked.

One whose heart is filled with God's love never refuses food to one whose stomach is filled with nothing.

There are quite a number of people whose chief objection to sinners is the fact that other people have them.

Many a man after attaining a high position forgets all about the laws of gravity until it is everlastingly too late.

Success is seldom attained before the seeker's feet are stone-bruised and his hands blistered by climbing the steep steps of difficulty.

Society may wear a new face; customs may vary; rules and standards, like human opinions, may change. But the soul and its life, man's religious aspirations and his religious activities—these abide.

OIL WELLS AND EARTHQUAKES.
A Suggestion That the Disturbances May Be Caused by Letting Out Gas.

One of the most disastrous earthquakes of recent times is that reported from Russia Transcaucasia. The town of Shamaka has been practically destroyed, only a dozen houses being left standing, while a population of 25,000 has been rendered homeless. The number of fatalities is as yet unknown. Perhaps it never will be correctly determined, for the fissured earth swallowed up some of the victims, and others are buried in ruins where they never may be disturbed. Over 300 bodies had been recovered at the latest accounts.

To the student of seismic phenomena the interesting and suggestive feature in the Shamaka earthquake is that it has occurred in the neighborhood of the Baku oil district—the most productive field in the world, not excepting that of Beaumont, in Texas. It is, furthermore, a section of the world which has hitherto been exempt from these phenomena. The scientific inquirer will naturally search for a cause, for cause and effect go together in the scientific analysis of all phenomena. As the great natural oil reservoir tapped by the oil wells of Baku, on the shores of the Caspian sea, located under the site of Shamaka, and has the tremendous drain of mineral oil from the same caused a void and a subsequent shrinkage in the earth's crust in that neighborhood? The inquiry is not far-fetched. It is usually assumed that water takes the place of the oil withdrawn from the measures filling the vacuum created by the latter's withdrawal; but if the water, being more tenuous, should find an independent vent elsewhere, the vacuum created by the draining of the mineral oil would remain, and a shrinkage of the unsupported crust of the earth would naturally follow sooner or later.

It has been suggested that the tapping of the oil measures in the southern part of this state has relieved the mineral oil-bearing formations from the pressure of the gas contained in them and the possible subterranean gas explosions produced by excessive pressure, and thus removed one of the supposed causes of earthquakes in that section. There may be nothing in the theory, but it has been observed that the Los Angeles district has been notably exempt from seismic disturbances since the oil measures were tapped and vent given to the gases generated in them. Likewise, the theory that the Shamaka earthquake was due to the drain on the petroleum reservoirs in the Caucasus by the Baku wells may be entirely at fault. But the two phenomena seem to invite the attention of the scientist, and open a new field for the study of seismic disturbances.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Come to Us for Cars.
The coal miners of New South Wales have been suffering from the same trouble as our own, the short supply of cars at the mines and the delay in transporting coal to consuming points. In New South Wales there is only one party to blame, the railroads being owned by the state; and the responsible minister has been bombarded with complaints accordingly. His explanations indicate a growth of traffic, for he says that the railroad department has been hampered by contractors' delays in delivering 40 new locomotives and 1250 cars ordered especially for the coal traffic. Of the cars it may be noted that 450 are steel cars built in the United States. They are smaller than are usually employed here, their capacity being only 15 tons each.—Engineering and Mining Journal.

His Congenial Surroundings.
The head of a well known shipping firm in this country received a letter from a millionaire Swiss banker, asking him to try to help his son get a job in some mercantile or shipping house to learn the business. The ship pig firm head shortly wrote back to the dotting parent:

"Dear Sir—You son has arrived. I have given him employment at my offices at \$5 per week with others of his class. One of these young men has just bought a \$60,000 yacht and another comes to the office in an \$8000 automobile. I think your son will find his surroundings congenial."—New York Sun.

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Stanch Old Quaker Opposed the State Designation Pennsylvania.

Many people are under the impression that Pennsylvania owes its name to William Penn's vanity. In point of fact it is not named after him, but after Admiral Penn, his father, and the son only accepted the name under protest. This fact is proved by this paragraph, in a letter written by William Penn, under date January 5, 1681: "This day, after many writings, writings, solicitings and disputes in council, my country was confirmed to me under the great seal of England, with large powers and privileges, by the name of Pennsylvania, a name which the king would give it in honor of my father. I choose New Wales, being a hilly country; and when the secretary, a Welchman, refused to call it New Wales, I proposed Sylvania, and they added Penn to it, though I was much opposed to it, and went to the king to have it struck out. He said it was past, and he would take it upon him; nor could 20 guineas move the under secretary to vary the name; for I feared it might be looked on as vanity in me, and not as a respect in the king to my father, as it really was."

There is a passenger steamer on the Elbe where the warning against speaking to the man at the wheel is displayed in four different languages. This is the English version: "To the helm marine gentlemen try conversation not."

One factory in England is turning out 4,320,000 ping-pong balls each week.

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