

JOHN DOYLE—MATCHMAKER.

When Louise Doyle entered the offices of Delancey & Griffin, architects, in the humble capacity of copyist, the soul of her father rose in angry rebellion. Two years previous John Doyle had retired from the grocery business with a tidy income, a substantial brick residence and chronic rheumatism. Whenever the malady loosened its grip, Doyle wandered back to the scenes of his commercial achievements. His successor always gave him cordial welcome, and a comfortable chair back of the cashier's booth was at his disposal. When too lame to walk as far as the store, he consoled himself by playing innumerable games of pinochle, in the rear of Simpson's cigar store, just across the street.

It was from a disastrous defeat at pinochle that he came home to hear that Louise was "going to business." The moment was inauspicious. "I never heard tell of such tomfoolishness. My girl going to chase downtown six days in the week, like the daughters of that no-account Tom Saunders? People'll be questioning my credit next. And she won't make enough to pay for the new feathers and fixing she'll want, to say nothing of the shoe leather she'll wear out tramping back and forth in all kinds of weather!"

Mrs. Doyle, who in spite of the fact that she never joined a Mothers' club nor studied household economics, had succeeded in making John Doyle comfortable and content, calmly set a gusset in her husband's new shirt as she replied:

"I don't know about that, John. I think that if more girls knew how hard it is to earn money, and to make a success in business, we'd have fewer shiftless and grumbling wives."

Mr. Doyle groaned at his wife's desertion to the enemy.

"And as for her wasting her money, I don't believe Louise'll do anything of the sort. She's got too much of her father's blood in her. Besides, she's going to pay her board—says it's only right, seeing that she won't be home to help me with the work."

Mr. Doyle fairly gaped in his fury. "Pay her board? Or are you turning miser, like your Uncle Sam? My daughter shan't pay her board, so long as I'm here to prevent it."

But Louise had her way. Every Saturday night she paid her board, and every Monday morning Mr. Doyle carried the money straight to the savings bank and deposited it to the credit of Louise Doyle.

Three years rolled round and Louise failed to fulfill any of the dire predictions set forth by her parent. She did not take pneumonia from facing keen northwesterly winds. She did not catch smallpox from riding in ill-ventilated cars. And she refused to elope with the junior partner. But she had risen steadily in the estimation of her employers, until, when George Shaw came to the city, she was confidential secretary to the senior partner of Delancey & Griffin.

In his secret heart, John Doyle was wonderfully proud of this self-possessed, capable young woman, and when young Shaw, from up-State, vigorous, well set-up and well-poised, appeared on the scene, Mr. Doyle groaned afresh.

"If Louise hadn't that business bee in her bonnet, there's the man I'd pick out for her husband. Why on earth any sensible girl would rather take dictation from a snarling, bald-headed old crank downtown than to make a nice home for a fellow like George Shaw, I don't see."

But as a matter of fact Mr. Delancey was neither bald nor ill-tempered, and George Shaw had come to the city with but one well defined ambition—to gain a business foothold. John Doyle's successor in the grocery trade being second cousin to George Shaw's mother, he had taken the first thing at hand, a position as clerk in the store where Doyle had once ruled with an iron hand.

Perhaps the happiness of Louise was not the only thing at stake, in Doyle's mind. He might have cherished a secret longing to maintain even a distant family connection with the scene of his commercial success. At any rate, Mr. Shaw was in due time invited to call, and Mr. Doyle fairly hugged himself when he saw the admiration in the young man's eyes on meeting Louise.

But for six months matters progressed no further. Mr. Shaw called at irregular intervals, and was courteously received by Louise—in the presence of her parents.

From his point of vantage behind the cashier's booth Mr. Doyle studied the young man whom he coveted as a son-in-law, and decided that an occasional cigar could be offered his idol with impunity. In the meantime George Shaw was studying the uncertainties of customers and markets, to the profound satisfaction of his mother's second cousin.

When Mr. Shaw invited Louise to accompany him to the theatre, John Doyle went into the seventh heaven of delight. The calmness of Louise irritated her exuberant father.

The theatre-going became an established weekly event, and Mr. Doyle beamed, even when defeated at pinochle. Each day he spent less time in the rear room of Simpson's cigar store, and longer visits were made to the grocery store. He bought a better brand of cigars, too, and proffered them at more frequent intervals.

But when Louise impudently announced that Mr. Shaw had invited her to see Bernardt in "L'Aiglon," and followed up the information with the gross observation that her rainy-

day skirt needed a new binding, the vials of Mr. Doyle's wrath were again uncorked. As the door closed on her retreating form, he turned to his wife: "Well, that beats me! I'll bet George paid every cent of \$25 for those two seats, and she takes it as cool as if she was used to such treats every night in the week. I do believe she's more interested in Delancey's contract for that Newport palace than in getting a husband."

"Like as not," responded Mrs. Doyle, gathering the "butter scraps for the cooking jar. "An architect's contract is easily filled, but marriage is uncertain and it's got to stand for most of us. I don't see that there's such a rush about her settling down. She's doing well. Besides, how do you know that Mr. Shaw wants her?"

"Want her!" roared Mr. Doyle. "Who wouldn't want her? Ain't she pretty? Ain't she bright and up to the mark every time? Ain't I got money to leave? And ain't she as cool as a cucumber, too, the independent mink?"

A week after the Bernardt episode John Doyle came home fairly brimming over with excitement.

"What do you think? George has bought an interest in the store. Had a tidy bit of money laid by when he came down here, and seeing this was a good opening, bought in. Everybody around the store is tickled to death. Say, I invited him round to dinner Sunday, to celebrate the occasion."

Mrs. Doyle smiled.

"That's nice."

Louise likewise smiled placidly—and passed her plate for another chop. John Doyle hotted inwardly.

"Don't care a rap. Tals comes of letting her work among a lot of counterjumpers and upstart young brokers. She don't know a real man when she sees one."

The next night Louise dined with two young women who lived in true Bohemian fashion, in two rooms with a bath. She came home animated and gossipy.

"Oh, mother," she exclaimed, as she folded her new veil with thrifty care. "It's the dearest little den. The parlor couches are their beds at night, and inside there's a place for their gowns. And such a cute dinner—with a fern in the middle of the table, and everything so easy to get—canned soup, fried chicken and salad and things from the delicatessen store, and rolls heated in the gas oven, and charlotte russe, with the queerest black coffee and preserved sweets from India to finish off. No two dishes alike and each one with a history!"

Mrs. Doyle patted the two slender hands that stole round her neck.

"We had a good dinner, too, dearie, roly-poly pudding with strawberry jam."

"Not strawberry jam," sighed Louise. "Naughty mother, not to wait till a night when I was home. I've been thinking that when Mr. Shaw came Sunday we might have something out of the ordinary, just to celebrate the occasion." This with a sly look at her father.

"To be sure," responded Mrs. Doyle heartily. "The poor fellow has boarded ever since he came to town. No doubt he'll enjoy some good home cooking. We'll have a fine roast of beef with both kinds of potatoes, celery and vegetables, and I'll make some extra thick mince pies."

Louise tapped the table thoughtfully.

"I know, mother dear, you're the best cook in the world, but—don't you think it would be nice to have some little extras like—well—like the girls had tonight?"

"Bless my soul," remarked Mrs. Doyle, wiping her glasses anxiously, when Louise left the room. "Whatever does she want, I'm sure—"

"Never mind what she wants, she's going to have it," growled Mr. Doyle, in unconcealed triumph. "That's the first ray of sense she's shown since George's been coming here. Let her buy what she wants for Sunday."

In fulfillment of this injunction, he pressed a ten-dollar bill into his daughter's hand, bidding her spend it for anything she liked for the momentous occasion. An when the two young people had retired to the parlor, after dinner on Sunday, and he was exuberantly wiping the dishes for his wife, he remarked:

"Well, Minerva, that dinner'll do one of two things for George Shaw. It'll either kill him or make him propose."

"I declare, John Doyle, I believe you've gone daff on the subject of marrying off Louise. But I must say that I do feel a bit squeamish myself after theseiced oysters."

The next morning after breakfast Louise lingered over the task of tying her veil and rebusted her gloves nervously. Finally she crossed abruptly to her mother's side and rested one hand caressingly on the gray hairs.

"Mother, I guess you'll have to teach me how to roast beef your way. George—how Mr. Doyle started and his paper fell to his knee. "George never—never—mentioned the salad, nor the charlotte russe, nor anything I bought, but he said your beef and pies made him think of his mother—and—and when we go to housekeeping we're to have roast beef every Sunday."

Mrs. Doyle wheeled round to clutch at empty air. Louise had vanished and the front door swung to with a crash.

"Well, John Doyle, I hope you're satisfied!" she exclaimed, a suggestion of tears in her voice.

"Satisfied ain't no name for it, Minerva. If I'd had him made to order I couldn't have got a son-in-law to suit me better."—New York Sun.

RELAXATION CURES ILLS

NEW SYSTEM OF EXERCISE BASED ON PSYCHOLOGICAL LAWS.

Nature Wastes Violence and by Putting the Subconscious Self in Control of the Body secures Restoration to Health—Diseases Helped by Relaxation.

A new system of physical exercise, formulated by a former supervisor of music in the public schools of Washington, has to do with the subconscious mind, says the Chicago Inter-Ocean. Yawning and stretching are not generally considered important, but as part of the so-called natural movement exercises they are regarded as significant, as they are usually the initial movements. The following account of the exercises and their theory comes from their chief teacher:

The first step in these exercises is to lie loosely clothed, with closed eyes and perfectly quiescent, until there is consciousness of gravity—in other words, until the weight of the body is realized.

There must be relaxation not only of the body, but also of the mind; the grasp on things in general must be lessened and all action suspended as far as volition is concerned. This depends on whether or not the person needs the breath expansion which yawning brings.

He may be so in the habit of deep breathing that he has no need of this particular form of interior exercise at this time, or it may be that a habit of insufficient breathing has so atrophied certain parts of his body that they must be relaxed by other movements before yawning is possible.

An assertion made for the natural movement exercise is that it brings about an exact meeting of need and help. If one is nervous, general relaxation is gained; the inert are stimulated, and in one part of the body is over-active, leaving another part abnormally inactive, an equilibrium is established.

No two individuals have exactly the same experience, but while differing in rate and power in each person, the spontaneous movements are all in accordance with certain general principles. For example, a hysterical patient, when perfectly relaxed and when the will, for the nonce, is in abeyance, will massage one arm and hand from the elbow downward, with the opposite hand, alternating from time to time.

This at once indicates the disease, and is the movement which quiets over-wrought nerves. The involuntary tendency, when a person has remained long enough quiescent to be subject to the subconscious mind, to press with the fingers over the eyes, along the upper orbit just under the eyebrows, is another indication of extreme nervousness. Another is the lifting of the spine when the patient is lying on the back.

When the trouble is insomnia there is a tendency to bring the head forward, repeating the action many times. As an act of will this movement tends to induce sleep, as by stretching the nerves and muscles of this part of the body the nerve particles are separated as by an opiate.

Dober points out that sleep is simply a separation of the nerve sheaths, and this movement has a tendency to bring about such separation. This is why a kitten curls itself up when it sleeps, and all animals drop or bring forward the head in sleep. In activity the particles which form the nerve sheaths are in intimate contact, and the more intense the activity the closer the contact.

When there is contraction along the spine or in the region of the back, there is a tendency to clasp the feet with the hands and straighten out the limbs, which acts as a self-adjusting derrick, stretching and strengthening the muscles and nerves. Brain fatigue is indicated, and also relieved, by wiping off the face with the hands.

Rubbing of the skin denotes nervous irritation of some sort, and deep movements, as taking as much as possible of the flesh of the arms and limbs with the hands, indicate general muscular contraction. The movements of a neuritic are rapid, often almost a whirl.

It is also asserted by the author of this system that these involuntary motions follow geometrical forms; that they are at first in straight and horizontal lines, then vertical and oblique; after this, arches, circles, double circles and ovals are described. Also that there is just as much stretching as there has been contraction.

Nature hates violence, and the part most affected often comes into motion tardily. More than this, like a coiled spring, a nerve or muscle long contracted tends to return to the abnormal position, so that a cure is often a matter of considerable time.

Stated briefly, the foundation fact of the natural movement system as a cure is the one well known, but not so generally realized, that absolutely perfect circulation is perfect health. That is, when all the exquisitely delicate and infinitely numerous tubings of the human mechanism are normally open, so that the life fluids flow unrestricted through them, there is the equilibrium which is unconscious health.

That this state is not common the briefest and most superficial observation demonstrates. To hold one's self tense, as if braced against something, is so common as to be almost universal. This habit of body has its source almost invariably in unconscious habit of mind.

The value of various forms of physical culture is the correcting of this fixed tension in various parts of the body so that the tubings are normally open. It is pointed out that there are two reasons why ordinary physical

culture does not reach the more intricate of these conditions.

First, a person is not by any voluntary act able to locate them, and would not, even if they were discovered to him, be able to reach them by movements controlled by his conscious mind.

Again, physical culture is racial rather than special, and as each individual is different from every other it is only when allwise nature is set in operation that the need of each is adequately met.

To understand just what is asserted for the natural movement system of exercise it is necessary to take into account that man's inherent and persistent tendency in his subconsciousness is to be healthy and to return ever and again to the normal. This is demonstrated by the healing of wounds by first intention, and in many other ways.

Still, man is so truly a free moral agent that in a thousand ways his body is contracted and hardened by his own action; while the strong natural tendency is to openness and flexibility. When the tense and stiffened condition is continued so persistently that it becomes fixed, the human mechanism can do but partial and imperfect work, as certain parts are then incapacitated and their duties are thrown on others, which have no capacity to fulfill them. It is said that the natural movement system of exercise by putting the subconscious self in control secures restoration to perfectly normal conditions.

As the author relates, this system was worked out from a very simple beginning. When preparing herself to teach, in waiting as her instructor directed, perfectly quiet for the breath to come with which to sing, she observed that certain uniform movements followed. She became interested and began a series of experiments and observations.

In doing this she found that whenever she completely relaxed herself and waited in quiet silence she was invariably inclined to movements which were quite involuntary. Yielding to these, she found that from day to day they progressed in a regular sequence, and, also, she found her health constantly improving.

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FROM TEACHER'S DESK TO FARM.

A Woman Who Despises the Aid of the Dilatory Hired Man.

Miss Abbie Pfeffer bears the distinction of being the only woman in Indiana who conducts a farm without any assistance. With her aged mother Miss Pfeffer lives in a quaint little house three miles southeast of Misawaka. She takes care of 40 acres of land, ploughing it, attending to the harvesting, and doing all the necessary chores.

Miss Pfeffer is a niece of former Senator Pfeffer of Kansas. When her father died ten years ago she began teaching school. She had then just finished her studies at the University of Indiana. But at this time Miss Pfeffer's mother became an invalid. She had been managing the farm after the death of her husband, and when she was stricken with an ailment that prevented her from leaving the house she appealed to her daughter to manage the land.

When the young woman took charge of the farm several men were working on it. Miss Pfeffer was a most exacting employer. Furthermore, she did not think the men got as much out of the land as it was able to produce. So she discharged them. Since then no man has performed a day's work on the Pfeffer property.

The former school teacher has "run" the farm during the summer and winter; the girl who was graduated from one of Indiana's leading universities guides the plough through the soil; she who at one time saw a brilliant future before her harvests the grain. Her hands, which were once white and soft, have become callous and brown in the performance of that work which calls her to the fields at sunrise and finds her in the garden at sunset. But in spite of all this she says that if she were asked to choose between farming and teaching school she would keep right on working in the fields.

The hardest work performed by Miss Pfeffer is raising strawberries. She is the recognized owner of the finest tract of strawberries in the state, and the name of the "Pfeffer berries" is a widely known one. The greater part of them are shipped to Chicago, where they find a ready market, and it is from this product that Miss Pfeffer derives most of her income.

In addition to cultivating the forty-acre tract, Miss Pfeffer also does all the marketing, churns butter, and maintains an inviting lawn, with floral beds, in front of the house, around which she herself built a well-made picket fence.—Correspondence Chicago Inter-Ocean.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

Australian blue gum timber has been chosen by British engineers for harbor works because it will sink if washed away, and will not endanger shipping.

A new electric light "shifter" has been invented which, it is claimed, puts the light, not approximately near the efficient point over the desk, but just in that particular position. The mechanism can be screwed to the wall or ceiling.

The egg-hatching process of the incubator, says an expert in the breeding of fowls, is remarkably sensitive to vibration. The rumble of a train, or passing wagon, even the banging of a door may spoil a whole incubator full of eggs. A thunderstorm always gives the breeders a scare.

Geologists state that Washington, Oregon and much of Idaho are largely overspread with lava. This great desert of molten rock, 200,000 square miles in extent, and 4000 feet deep, has undergone great changes since its volcanic days. Rivers have diligently plowed out canyons famous for beauty and grandeur. Between the rivers are rolling plateaus of rich, deep soil—the vast wheat and grass lands of the Northwest.

Formerly, when paper for newspapers was made of rags, old papers had some value in the eyes of the old rag man, but in these days when all such paper is made from wood pulp paper with printing on it worth nothing. An English paper maker has lately demonstrated a system whereby he recycles old newspapers and makes clean new paper from them, of a quality equal to the original. The main difficulty in such a process is to get rid of the carbon of the printing ink, which does not yield to bleaching.

It was recently suggested to the Institution of Civil Engineers in London that solid metals might reveal by their structure the vibrations to which they have been subjected. Professor Roberts-Austen made a series of experiments, showing that a wave-structure may be imparted to the surface of mercury by the vibrations of a tuning-fork. He also showed that a surface of solid lead possesses a structure resembling that of a vibrating surface of mercury. This was done by subjecting the lead to vibrations similar to those used with mercury.

The flow of Texas rivers has been studied by the hydrographic parties of the United States Geological Survey. Daily records of water heights and frequent measurements by current-meter of the velocity and volume of water carried by each stream are made. The economic value of such hydrographic surveys is well illustrated by two examples. The flow of the Brazos river at Waco was the lowest on record during the past season and the Waco dam, with a head of 30 feet, developed only 130 horse-power. The minimum flow of the Colorado was found to be only one-fifth of what was popularly estimated at the time the bonds were issued for the dam at Austin. The comparatively small cost of such surveys repays taxpayers and investors a hundred fold.

Coal Mining Machines.

Actual figures referring to the use of coal-cutting machines in the two countries show that 311 such machines were in use in Great Britain in 1900, whereas in America there were 3907, or about twelve and a half times the number, this figure corresponding approximately with the ratio of the percentages cut by machines in the two countries, namely, 1.1-2 per cent and 20 per cent. It should be pointed out, however, that as British mining is very largely on the long-wall system, the 311 machines include a large number of long-wall and heading machines, while the 3907 machines in America include 2350 of the pneumatic percussive type, which is, of course, a much smaller and cheaper machine. Still, in the States there were 1509 chain breast machines and 48 long-walled machines, and the increase in the percentage of coal-mining by machinery in West Virginia was from 9.27 per cent in 1899 to 15.09 per cent in 1900. The corresponding increase for Pennsylvania (considering the bituminous coal only) was 29.67 per cent to 33.65 per cent.—Engineering Magazine.

Tips on Walking.

Steps that are quick are indicative of energy and agitation.

Tip-toe walking symbolizes surprise, curiosity, discretion or mystery.

Turned in toes are often found with preoccupied, absent-minded persons.

The miser's walk is represented as stooping, noiseless, with short, nervous, anxious steps.

Slow steps, whether long or short, suggest a gentle or reclusive state of mind, as the case may be.

The proud step is slow and measured, the toes are conspicuously turned out; the legs straightened.

Where a revengeful purpose is hidden under a feigned smile the step will be slinking and noiseless.

The direction of the steps wavering and following every changing impulse of the mind inevitably betrays uncertainty, hesitation and indecision.

Obstinate people, who in argument rely more on muscularity than on intellectual power, rest the feet flatly and firmly on the ground, walking heavily and slowly and stand with the legs firmly planted and far apart.—St. Louis Star.

When a girl has a single idea, it is generally to get married.

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

SPORTING BREVITIES.

Betting on the Sorotona, N. Y., race track averages \$2,000,000 a day.

Efforts are being made to match Joe Nelson and Harry Elkes, the cycling champion.

Marens Hurley broke the world's amateur one-third mile bicycle record at the Coliseum at Springfield, Mass.; time, 39.35 seconds.

Frank Farrell's Blues, at eight to one on, was beaten by Honess at Sorotona, N. Y. David Johnson lost \$20,000 betting Blues.

The Musketeer owned by Mrs. Frank Farrell broke the world's record for seven laps at Sorotona, N. Y., going the distance in 1.25 flat.

Among the six-day bicycle riders there is a great deal of interest being taken in the report that Paris is to have a six-day team race next January.

Fred McFarland, the big California bicycle racer, does not like the long distance game. He has cut that style of racing, and will in future confine himself to sprint racing.

An effort will soon be made to reintroduce, or to at least shake up or wake up the League of American Wheelmen, and the beginning will be made with the New York Division.

At the Grand Circuit trotting meeting at Brighton Beach, New York City, Anzellotti defeated The Monk, and the amateur wagon record was twice lowered, by York Boy, 2:08 1/2, and Lord Dooly, 2:05 1/2.

The biggest two-year-old filly with speed that has been seen on a race track for several years is J. F. Scherer's, Judith Cromwell. She is long, tall and heavy. Having accidents she will be a wonder as a three-year-old.

With the startling improvements made in the lively ball and increased driving power of the clubs, the golfers will soon have to begin increasing the length of their courses a mile or two in order to get the full use of their clubs, as it is now rapidly becoming a case of a drive and a putt.

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

Rudyard Kipling has written 100 short stories.

Henry Watterson denies that he is a candidate for Governor of Kentucky.

Professor Schenck, author of "The Determination of Sex," died in Styria.

Governor Cummins, of Iowa, is one of America's foremost authorities on forestry.

Prince Henry of Prussia, like his brother, the Kaiser, is an earnest student of music.

King Edward has devoted the gift of \$50,000 received from the Maharajah of Gwalior to the hospital fund.

John D. Rockefeller, as all the world knows, plays golf. That and a mild game of ping-pong indoors keeps away the blues.

William A. Hemphill, former Mayor of Atlanta, Ga., and founder of the Atlanta Constitution, died suddenly at his home in Atlanta.

The will of John W. Mackay divided his estate into two portions, leaving one to his widow and the other to his son, Clarence H. Mackay.

Friends of Senator Foraker, of Ohio, are working for his nomination for Vice-President, hoping to block any chance of the nomination of Senator Hanna for President.

The gallant General De Wet objects to being termed a "guerrilla leader." The Bloemfontein Post so referred to him, and subsequently withdrew the phrase at the Boer general's request.

Senator Pettus, of Alabama, whose term expires in March, 1903, enjoys the distinction of being the oldest man in the United States Senate. He was born in 1821, and when his term expires he will be eighty-two years old.

Colonel George B. McClellan Harvey, under whose editorship Harper's Weekly has much improved, is only thirty-eight years of age. He comes of a Scotch ancestry, was born in Vermont, received only a grammar school education.

Wheat in Russia.

An American grain dealer, who has just made a tour of Russia and Roumania, reports the wheat crop there the best known in years. A similar report comes from all over Canada, and yet one of the leading English authorities on grain statistics says that the world's visible supply is the smallest known since the famous Letter "wheat" corner, when it was 103,000,000 bushels. Ey visible supply is meant the supply in elevators, in transit on vessels and wherever trustworthy statistics are obtainable.

Standrop Parish, Darlington, has only had two vicars in the last 106 years.

The Earliest Human Being.

Recent speculation regarding the origin of the human race has led to more careful study of some of the earliest known remains, including the so-called "man of 997," the Neanderthal skeleton and the creature—human or semi-human—some of whose bones were discovered several years ago in Java. Two German anatomists, who have given much attention to the subject, are confident that the first-mentioned skeletons must be ascribed to a distinct species of man, which they have named Homo Neanderthalensis. The Javanese skeleton, which its discoverer calls Pithecanthropus (monkey-man) is lower down in the evolution scale, and the direct ancestor of both, who may be regarded as the earliest man, must have lived, they think, as far back as the Pliocene period of geological time.

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