

At HALL'S

- Iron Beds,
- Bed Room Suites,
- Side Boards,
- Velvets,
- Tapestries,
- Ingrain Carpets,
- China and Japan Mattings,
- Havaland, German and Austrian China
- Semi-Porcelain Dinner Sets
- Nottingham, Insti-point and Bobbinet Curtains,
- Go-Carts,
- Cradles and Cribs,
- Gas and Coal Cook and Heating Stoves.

ANYTHING YOU NEED TO FURNISH A HOUSE.

At - Hall's

Opposite Postoffice.

RHINOCEROS HUNTING.

The Killing of a Big Rhino on the Banks of the Nile.

I was dashing along, confident that the rhino must be far ahead, when Zowanji whistled. I could see nothing till he pointed out the brute lying quite close to me. The sun beating on her mud caked hide made it blend so perfectly with the red earth and yellowish grass that I should have walked right up without seeing her. She sprang to her feet. We both fired. She made a short dash toward us, but thought better of it and rushed down a small slope on to a flat bed of short reeds. Here she turned again and defied us. Again the heavy guns roared. She spun round and round several times, staggered, recovered and dashed off only to stop, however, under the next tree. The .303 cracked, and in a wild chorus of thankful yells she toppled over, rose again, spun round and finally subsided into the grass. We went up quite close to finish her. She fought hard to rise and have a last charge, but the little pencil-like bullet again sped on its errand, and the game old relic of prehistoric times breathed her last. We were sad men as we gazed upon her grotesque, misshapen form. Somehow one feels such a blatant upstart in the presence of the pachyderms when one thinks of the unbroken line that dates back unchanged into the unthinkable ages of the past.—Ewart Grogan in-*Outing*.

The Headman's Perquisites.

Strange and unreasonable laws guaranteed to the headman his full share of emoluments. He was well paid for his work and never suffered from a dull season. From the towns he received poultry and fodder, from the monasteries fish and game. The Abbot of Saint-Germain gave him every year a pig's head; the Abbot de Saint-Martin five loaves of bread and five bottles of wine. Cakes were baked for him on the eve of Epiphany. For each leper in the community he exacted— heaven knows why—a tax at Christmas time. Les filles de Jote were his vassals. It was his privilege to seize in the market place as much corn as he could carry away in his hands, and the peasants thus freely robbed submitted without a murmur, crossing themselves with fervor as he passed. He had the power to save from death any woman on her way to the scaffold, provided he were able and willing to marry her. He was the first official called to the body of a suicide, and, standing on the dead man's breast, he claimed as his own everything he could touch with the point of his long sword.—Agnès Repplier in *Harper's Magazine*.

scenotmaster—what is the meaning of one twenty-fifth?

Boy—I don't remember. Schootmaster—if you had twenty-five friends visiting you and only one apple for them, what would you do?

Boy—I'd wait till they'd gone and then eat it myself.

Look for Honest Bargains

—AT THE—

People's Bargain Store

Men's heavy fleeced-lined underwear, regular price 50c, bargain 39c a piece.

Assorted line of Men's Sweaters from 50c up to \$2.50.

A big assortment in Men's and Boys' Gloves from 25c to \$1.25.

Complete stock of Mens Shoes from \$1.25 to \$3.

Big assortment of children's and boys' Shoes at very low figures.

Ladies' and children's underwear from 15c up to \$1.25. Misses' underwear from 15c up to 50c. Children's from 7c to 25c.

Ladies' umbrellas at a big bargain, 38c to \$1.90.

Ladies' Skirts just received, for winter wear, from \$2.25 up to \$4.50.

A fine line of ladies' wrappers at low price.

It is impossible to mention all the articles we keep in our store. Come in and visit us and you will find astonishing bargains inside. Our motto is "Quick Sales and Small Profits."

A. Katzen, Proprietor.

Persian Customs.

In Persia, as well as in Turkey and throughout the orient generally, modern waterworks are unknown, and in every Persian town the women and girls may be seen at daybreak on their way to the common wells just as in old Bible times. They carry their pitchers on their shoulders and bring water for the household uses of the day. The well is the general clearing house for news. Another common sight in Persian towns is the tea seller. He carries a big brass teapot in either hand, the one full of hot water, the other of tea. His cups are in a tray, which is fastened to his belt. He cries in a singsong tone: "Hot tea! Sweet tea! Ten of crimson color!" His tea is prepared with herbs and has a delicious thymy odor. Wine is carried about in beefskins, which, plumped out to their original form by the fluid within, present a startling appearance to the novice. It is one of the impossible things for the western barbarian to attain admission to the Persian royal harem, but the rage for photographs has penetrated even that sequestered spot, and photographers have lately been admitted for the purpose of photographing the royal infants.—*New York Tribune*.

Plants and Gravitation.

The sense of gravitation in plants is that sense, for example, that makes a pine tree grow straight upward. A plant that curves assumes that position because its sense of gravitation makes it take the one best suited to its needs. Some flower stalks are very curiously guided by the gravitation sense. The narcissus is an example. At first there is a straight shaft piercing the ground, with its compact pointed flower bud, but as the flower opens the stalk bends close to the top and brings the flower tube into a roughly horizontal position, where it shows off its bright colored crown to attract the insects, on the visits of which it depends for fertilization. The flowers are guided to the right position by the gravitation sense, and they increase or diminish the angular bend in their stalk until the right position is attained.

Hugo and the Poets.

"One day," said Turgeneff in his "Reminiscences," "we were discussing German poetry. Victor Hugo, who did not like others to monopolize the talk when he was by, interrupted me with a disquisition upon Goethe. 'His best work,' he remarked in an Olympian tone, 'is "Wallenstein."'

"Pardon me, cher maitre, "Wallenstein" is not Goethe's, but Schiller's."

"No matter; I have read neither of these authors, but I understand their spirit better than those who know them by heart."

Cheerful Prospect.

Patient—Tell me candidly, doctor, do you think I'll pull through?

Doctor—Oh, you are bound to get well. You can't help yourself. The Medical Record shows that out of a hundred cases like yours one recovers invariably.

What a cheerful prospect.

"What more do you want? I've treated ninety-nine cases, and every one of them died. Why, man alive, you can't die if you try! There's no humbug about statistics!"

Sagacious Bird.

Mexico has a clever bird, called the melanarpe, which has discovered a use for the telegraph pole. At the foot of the post this bird makes a large hole, in which it rears its family. Somewhat higher up the post it makes an observatory, from which bored holes permit it to observe the horizon in every direction. Still higher this sagacious bird makes its storehouse, and thus the pole serves as its home, fortress and warehouse.

Instinct of the Muddfish.

The remarkable instinct of the muddfish to roll himself in a ball of mud when the dry season approaches is a wonderful provision of nature intended solely, it would seem, to prevent the extinction of the species. The most interesting fact about this fish is that it breathes my means of its gills when in its native element and by means of lungs during its voluntary imprisonment in the mud cocoon.

Changed View.

"He's dreadfully disagreeable and boorish."

"Tut, tut, my dear. He used to be, but he is no longer."

Relative Importance.

"And you really think that the political boss of your party is a greater man than Henry Clay?"

"Well," answered the candidate, "I won't exactly say he's greater, but he has a great deal more influence with the people with whom I am doing business at present."—*Washington Star*.

Put the Paint on Himself.

The Plasterer—I thought you were working on old Kay's new house?

The Painter—So I was, but we had a row, an' he said he'd put the rest of the paint on himself.

The Plasterer—And did he?

The Painter—Yes; at least that's where he put most of it.

E is the most common letter.

In 1,000 letters e occurs 137 times in English, 184 times in French, 145 in Spanish, 178 in German.

HOT FROM THE FRONT.

A War Correspondent and His Story of a Great Feast.

Newspapering, not fighting, is the trade of the war correspondent. But it is news at any personal cost, and a fine unpremeditated heroism often goes with the gathering of it.

One morning after the siege of Paris, when the city was believed in London to be still in the hands of the commune, Sir John Robinson, manager of the Daily News of London, reached his office to find the late Archibald Forbes lying on the floor asleep, his head on a postoffice directory, while the printers were hard at work on his manuscript, the story of "Paris In Flames," a most vivid description of the last days of the commune.

"Forbes had telegraphed from Dover announcing his coming," said Sir John Robinson, "the printers had been waiting, and thus the country heard of those terrible days for the first time.

"London was ablaze with excitement. Boulevard street was impassable through the newboys shrieking for copies, and in parliament Mr. Gladstone was questioned that afternoon and could only say he hoped the story was exaggerated.

"When Forbes awakened from his slumber amid all this turmoil, what a spectacle he was! His face was black with powder, his eyes red and inflamed, his clothes matted with clay and dust; he was a dreadful picture. He had been compelled to assist the communists in defending a triangular space upon which three detachments of the Versailles troops were firing, and had actually taught the citizens how to build a barricade."

By aid of dummy dispatches addressed to Lord Granville and the queen, Forbes escaped from this threatening triangle and wrote all the way to England, being the solitary passenger on the mailboat.—*Youth's Companion*.

The Apology Was Still Worse.

A philanthropic lady visited the asylum at Kingston, Canada, says Brooklyn Life, and displayed great interest in the inmates. One old man particularly gained her compassion.

"And how long have you been here, my man?" she inquired.

"Twelve years," was the answer.

"Do they treat you well?"

"Yes."

"Do they feed you well?"

"Yes."

After addressing a few more questions to him the visitor passed on. She noticed a broad and broadening smile on the face of her attendant and on asking the cause heard with consternation that the old man was none other than Dr. Clark, the superintendent. How successful she was may be gathered from these words: "I am very sorry, Dr. Clark. I will never be governed by appearances again."

Origin of the Cannon.

It is a curious fact that the first cannon was cast at Venice. It was called a "bombard," and was invented and employed by General Pisan in a war against the Genese. The original bombard, which bears the date of 1380, is still preserved and stands at the foot of Pisan's statue at the arsenal. The bombard threw a stone 100 pounds in weight; but another Venetian general, Francesco Barde, improved it until he was able to handle a charge of rock and bowlders weighing 3,000 pounds. It proved disastrous to him, however, for one day during the siege of Zara, while he was operating his terrible engine, he was hurled by it over the walls and instantly killed.

The Lipari Islands.

From the Lipari islands of mythology, the abode of Aolus, the ruler of the winds, and the scene of his meeting with Ulysses, to the Lipari islands of today is a very far cry indeed. There are no hotels, and the islands are almost unknown to tourists, while the 13,000 inhabitants are almost in a state of primitive and patriarchal simplicity. They tender their services voluntarily as guides and refuse payment, regarding all visitors as their guests. The donkey is the only means of locomotion. Horses are unknown in the island.

A Cinnabar Mine.

A very curious old mine with many romantic associations is that at Quindo, in the United States of Colombia, where cinnabar, the ore of mercury, has been wrought from the time of the earliest Spanish explorers, almost 200 years ago, at a spot 10,000 feet above the sea. Its locality is further remarkable as being one of the wettest places on the globe. It is exceptional for the rain to cease throughout the greater part of the year.

Inexpensive Garment.

"Yes," said the soprano in the choir loft, "religion is absolutely free and without price."

"And yet," grumbled the basso profundo, "it is considered quite the thing to make a cloak of that cheap material."—*Baltimore News*.

Too Much.

Clara—Didn't you find Charlie Castleton too fresh?

Maud—I should say so. I didn't mind his kissing me, but I thought it was too much when he asked me to be his wife.—*Life*.

As Soon as Possible.

Diner—Waiter, bring me a napkin. Waiter—in a moment, sir; give you the first one that is vacant.—*Boston Transcript*.

Sure Test.

"I don't know whether she sings or not."

"You would if you heard her."—*Funk*.

HOMESICK CADETS.

The New Man at West Point and the Pangs of Nostalgia.

The new man at West Point has one misfortune to endure throughout the first few weeks of his course—he must suffer the pangs of homesickness. He has entered upon a course of discipline quite unlike anything in his experience. Every act of his daily life is regulated by an inflexible system. He has no friend at hand; the word sympathy seems to be unknown. Older cadets look on, understand, pity, but give no sign. H. Irving Hancock says in "Life at West Point":

"It is a common sight for a cadet corporal, going into the room of a 'plebe,' to find him seated at his table, pen in hand and a sheet of paper before him, staring blankly at the paper or the wall. The cadet corporal takes in the scene before him.

"Homesick, mister?" he asks.

"Yes, sir!" replies the plebe, looking shamefaced.

"Sure sign a new man's homesick when he's caught at study table writing his resignation," rejoins the corporal compositely.

The plebe, wondering how it is that the cadet corporal is such a mind reader, flushes, looks at the sheet before him and slowly tears it up.

"That's right!" says the corporal. Then, with a momentary touch of sympathy, he goes on: "Don't get down in the mouth, mister. I've been through the nostalgia drill myself. It's tough on you, but when you've been here a little while there's no inducement on earth that could make you leave of your own choice. Brace up! Homesickness hits 'em all at first."

Then the corporal glances about and falls at once into the brusque tone of the instructor.

"See here, mister," he remarks, "policing is one of the most important duties of the soldier. Your shoe brush is out of place. Haven't I told you where it belongs? And you cap is on your bed. Now, mister!"

So he goes on with a list of criticisms which at once reduce life to a practical level. The plebe has enough to do for the next half hour in "tidying up," and at the end of that time he is not tempted to resume his letter. At least, he puts it off for one day more.

PICKINGS FROM FICTION.

It's a great thing to be of some use in the world.—Brinton Elliot.

If not sure of the merit of your ideas, quote them as another's.—Myra of the Pines.

The woman who makes a doormat of herself will always be trodden upon.—"Fables for the Elite."

Those who have not been imposed upon are a thief's equal, with a thief's discernment.—"The Fool."

If a man is obliged to make a fool of himself, it is best he should afford amusement to others while doing so.—"The Minority."

No man should ever try to be artless. He is too clumsy. It is like trying to do miniature painting with a white-wash brush.—"The Riddle of Life."

When once a woman has the folly to plead for herself, in that moment she murders love, and every tear she sheds thereafter becomes another clod upon his grave.—"Margaret Tudor."

A woman is all heart and sentiment, and while her fortress is a strong one, yet she expects to be conquered, and once she surrenders she loves no one more than her conqueror.—"Buell Hampton."

A Change Had Come Over Him.

There are some things in this world for which not even the most profound rural philosopher can account to his own satisfaction.

"I never saw an animal move so slowly before in all my life!" cried an exasperated traveler in a New Hampshire stage, behind which the clouds of a rapidly rising storm were growing blacker every moment. "Can't the horse go any faster? You had an excellent one ten years ago, when I used to spend the summer here."

"That's the curious thing about it," said the driver, gazing first at his steed and then at the uneasy passenger in a mildly speculative way. "This horse is the very same identical boss that I drove that summer. I don't know what in tunket's got into him! He seems to have lost his animation."—*Youth's Companion*.

His Free Will Offering.

"What's that \$5 kept out of my salary for?" demanded the employee of the state institution.

"That's your voluntary contribution for campaign purposes," blandly replied the superintendent.

"But it isn't a voluntary contribution. You've no right to hold it out on me. That wasn't in the bargain. I never heard anything about it before. It is a gouge, and I won't stand it!"

"But you have to pay it, you know, or lose your job. Does it go?"

True Sympathy.

Tom—Why so melancholy, old man? Jack—Miss Jones rejected me last night.

Tom—Well, brace up. There are others.

Jack—Yes, of course; but somehow I can't feel sorry for the poor girl.—*Chicago News*.

Too Much Promised.

"Did her father forgive her for running off and getting married?"

"Yes; the old man said that he would forgive and forget them."—*Indianapolis News*.

Although she may have no knowledge of medicine, the dressmaker who can cure bed ticks has a lot of patience.

A TWENTIETH CENTURY PLAN A TWENTIETH CENTURY HIT

OPERATED BY
A TWENTIETH CENTURY COMPANY

Our plan, which we have in successful operation in many places throughout the country, is one that puts clothing buyers on an entirely new and better basis. The Middleman takes no part whatever in our tailoring business. We take his place at the mill and by so doing change the price of a \$25.00 suit to \$15.00.

From Mills to Man Direct.

Best Fabrics, Reliable Tailors.

SUITS OR OVERCOATS

\$15.00

TO ORDER.

We Guarantee a Perfect Fit.

The Union Label on Every Garment

ABOUT MATERIALS. There is no trouble to secure materials which can be made up to sell at \$15.00, but there is trouble to secure anything but the real known fabrics turned out by the Dundee Woolen Mills to sell for \$25.00. Thus the sort of goods we wear for our suits is entirely new.

THE TAILORING. We employ none but the best skilled union workmen, from the cutter to the one who puts on the buttons, and every garment bears the Union Label.

DUNDEE WOOLEN MILLS TAILORING CO.

THE BIG TAILORS, 44 N. Brady St., DuBois, Pa.

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER & PITTSBURGH NY.

CONDENSED TIME TABLE
IN EFFECT JUNE 15, 1902.

NORTH BOUND.	
EASTERN TIME.	12 6 8 14 2
Pittsburg	9:00
Buffalo	10:12
Rochester	11:25
Pittsburg	12:38
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