

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

The evening of the year draws on,
The fields a later aspect wear;
The summer's garb of green is gone,
Some grains of light tincture the noontide air.

Behold! the shadows of the trees
Now circle wider 'bout their stems,
Like sentries that by slow degrees
Perform their rounds, gently protecting them.

And as the year doth decline,
The sun allows a scantier light;
Behind each needle of the pine
There lurks a small avenger to the night.

I hear the cricket's slumberous lay
Around, beneath me, and on high;
It rocks the night, it soothes the day,
And everywhere is Nature's lullaby.

But most he chirps beneath the sod,
When he has made his winter bed;
His creak grows fainter, but more broad,
A film of autumn o'er the summer spread.

Small birds in flocks migrating by,
Now bat across some meadow's bay,
And as they tuck and veer on high,
With faint and hurried click beguile the way.

Far in the woods those golden days,
Some leaf obeys its Maker's call;
And through their hollow aisles it plays
With delicate touch the prelude of the fall.

Gently withdrawing from its stem,
It lightly lays itself along
Where the same hand hath pillowed them,
Resigned to sleep upon the old year's throng.

The loneliest birch is brown and sore,
The furthest pool is strewn with leaves,
Which float upon their watery bier,
Where is no eye that sees, no heart that grieves.

The jay screams through the chestnut wood,
The crow and yellow leaves around
Are hue and texture of my mood,
And these rough burrs my helmsoms on the ground.

The thornbare trees, so poor and thin,
They are no wealthier than I;
But with as brave a core within
They rear their boughs to the October sky.

Poor knights they are, which bravely wait
The charge of winter's cavalry,
Keeping a simple Roman state
Disembarrassed of their Persian luxury.

—H. D. Thoreau.

FUNERAL MEATS.

One dreary afternoon in January, during the siege of Paris, M. Reboulet left his office in a state of great mental perturbation. He went directly home, and, bursting in upon his wife, exclaimed tragically: "Virginia, we must kill Adolphe!"

Mme. Reboulet sat beside a table sewing. At her husband's emphatic words she rose, trembled, grew pale, then dropped back into her chair in an attitude of abject helplessness.

"Yes, we must kill Adolphe! It is hard, but there is nothing else to be done. We really ought to have expected it. What did you say?"

Mme. Reboulet had said nothing. She sat quite still in limp helplessness and great tears were chiding each other down her pallid cheeks.

"You are crying! Well, that's quite natural, and if I weren't a man—but what good would it do? One should be reasonable!"

"But couldn't we—wait a little while longer?" sobbed the lady.

"You know, Virginia, that there is one thing I have always been very careful about; that is my reputation. Well, that is now at stake, and all because of Adolphe. You have persisted in taking him out for exercise daily on the avenue. He is insolently fat, and people think it strange that at such a time as this, when many poor creatures haven't even a piece of horse meat to eat, that we should keep a useless mouth to feed. Talk of it has even reached the office. For some time past I have noticed a coolness among my companions. I couldn't understand it, but today Sergt. Bosc said to me, at the distribution of provisions, 'Adolphe is still thriving, I presume!' Then I understood that the sacrifice was necessary, and it must be made."

After a silence, Mme. Reboulet stammered: "But I shall never have the courage."

"Nor I," replied her husband. "We shall have to leave it to Rose."

Rose, who was the domestic, and who hated Adolphe as much as her masters loved him, agreed to perform the agreeable task.

It may be said right here that Adolphe was a dog, and an extremely ill-favored one at that. A curious mixture of pug and hound, with long ears, a stubby tail and slender legs, he certainly would have been no loss to the world from an aesthetic point of view.

M. and Mme. Reboulet went out to walk the next morning at 10 o'clock, leaving Adolphe to the tender mercies of Rose. They were disconsolate, but, spurred on by the cold, they were soon walking at a brisk pace up and down the avenue. Both were silent. After a time, Mme. Reboulet gasped out: "It must be over by this time!"

Reboulet looked at his watch. It was only ten minutes past 11, so the couple resumed their mute promenade. In a few moments Mme. Reboulet exclaimed again with a start: "We forgot to tell Rose what to do with poor Adolphe after—where to bury him."

"True; I never thought of it. But don't worry; he shall have the sort of burial he deserves."

Distraught in spite of themselves by the movement in the street and exhilarated by the biting air, they began to think less exclusively of their dog, and when at noon they found themselves in front of their home, Reboulet exclaimed: "How hungry I am!"

"Immediately after Mme. Reboulet, and I, too," sighed Mme. Reboulet. "Immediately after they gave each other a look that promptly brought them back to a due sense of propriety. The pair were soon seated at the table in the little oak dining room. On entering this room, so full of haunting

memories of Adolphe, and on sitting down at the table around which he had always wandered during meals, watched for bones and delicate morsels. Mm. Reboulet had a fresh outburst of grief. So when her husband asked what they were to have for luncheon, she replied between her sobs: "I don't know, my dear; I ordered nothing else, you remember."

"Bring in luncheon, Rose!" called out M. Reboulet.

The maid entered noisily, her cap strings flying. "Here it is, and it's a good one, too!"

As she spoke she set down a large dish, filled to the brim with yellowish gravy, in which a number of small objects were floating about.

The same thought instantly struck both M. Reboulet and his wife. "What is that?" they asked in concert.

"Why, the dog—stewed in white wine. I thought first I would serve him roasted, but as madame said nothing about it!"

Reboulet half rose from his chair, exclaiming: "Have you dared?"

"What! Wasn't it to have him to eat that—? If I had known, I could have sold him for twenty francs, he was so fat!"

"Leave the room," sobbed Mme. Reboulet.

Rose shrugged her shoulders and went out, slamming the door after her, saying: "Such a fuss—for a dog!"

M. and Mme. Reboulet sat for a time without speaking a word. In the funeral silence savory odors arose from the steaming dish between them. The miserable girl was right. It must be excellent; but, oh, no, never!

But what was to be done with it? Give it to Rose, who would eat it herself, or worse still, sell it to some unscrupulous restaurant keeper? Throw it out into the street? What a humiliating end! Bury it? Who ever heard of burying a stew?

The appetizing odor continued to greet their nostrils, and finally Reboulet said: "Perhaps Rose is right, after all! A dog is only a dog. Besides, this is no ordinary time. Paris is not besieged every day. Dog, indeed! Why, every one is glad nowadays to eat cats, rats, hippopotamus meat, or any other kind, for that matter. Of course, I would never have desired to see Adolphe on our table in this state. But the mischief is done—and now, sapristi, if we don't eat him, what shall we do with him?"

The clouds had scattered and the sunshine streamed into the little dining room. A calm seemed to pervade the air. Rose had been thoughtful enough to put on the table a bottle of their very best wine, and full justice was done to it. Half an hour later, as Mme. Reboulet sat contemplating the little bones ranged on the plate of her plate, she sighed, and said plaintively: "Poor Adolphe! He loved bones so well!"—San Francisco Argonaut.

Spectacles in Germany.
The German Emperor has entered upon a new phase of his development, if we are to believe the statement that he was lately seen reading the newspapers in a railway train with the help of a pince-nez. Nor is this to be wondered at when we remember the lament once made by the kaiser himself, who, speaking of his school days at Cassel, remarked that out of a class of twenty, "no fewer than eighteen of his fellow-pupils wore spectacles, while two of these, with their glasses on, could not even see the length of the table." As compared with other nations, the Germans may be described as a spectacle-wearing people, and there can be no doubt that the main cause of their defective sight is the peculiar character of their type, which is most trying to the eyes. The present emperor, no less than Bismarck, has always protested, on patriotic grounds, against the substitution of the Roman for the Teutonic, or black-letter, character in print, and both have had to suffer equally for their Chauvinism.—London Chronicle.

Prince in a Boiler.
While the Prince Consort, the husband of Queen Wilhelmina was strolling through the large government building the other day at The Hague in which engines and other machines are constructed he saw a large boiler, which was being made for the new packet boat Java. Desiring to ascertain the exact manner in which the various parts were riveted together, he got into it. For some minutes he examined it closely, and then turned to go out, but discovered, to his dismay, that the cover had been placed on the manhole of the boiler. His predicament was soon made known to the officials and strenuous efforts were made to remove the cover, but they were utterly in vain, and the prince was obliged to remain in his uncomfortable position until a large hole was cut in one of the sides. Through this hole he came, smiling, and at once assured the anxious officials that his detention in the boiler had not done him any injury.—Philadelphia Press.

Not a Superstitious Ceremony.
During a marriage ceremony at Northeast Harbor, a week ago, the long veil of the bride, in some unaccountable way, became loosened and fell. A superstitious bride would have been horror-stricken at such an occurrence; perhaps would have fainted; perhaps postponed the event. Not so this bride; she just stopped the proceedings long enough to readjust the refractory adornment, glanced smilingly at the groom, and then, with a let-the-procession-move look toward the minister, resumed her position at the altar. The reverend gentleman proceeded, and it was noticed that he gave an extra tug at the nuptial knot.—Daily Kennebec Journal.

LOW-DOWN JOURNALISM.

A Newspaper That is Printed Seventy-six Feet Below Sea Level.

So far as is known there is but one newspaper in the world printed below the level of the sea. That paper is the *Indio Submarine*, or, as it is now known, the *Coachella Submarine*. The paper is a little four-page weekly which does not present a remarkably imposing appearance, but it serves the requirements of the community in which it circulates.

The desert does not present too abundant facilities for journalism, as one or two extracts from the paper itself will suggest, and the *Submarine* is situated in the midst of the most formidable of the deserts of California—the Colorado desert of this county. Regarding the paper's recent move from Indio to Coachella, the editor of the paper says:

"Inducements of a flattering character having been offered the publisher in the way of a bonus, we have removed our printing office from Indio to Coachella, a distance of three and one-half miles. We have dropped from twenty-two feet below sea level to seventy-six feet below sea level.

"We hit Coachella with a dull yet raucous thud. The low rumbling noise you heard last Tuesday was caused by our printing office making the drop. It may be truly said that the *Submarine* is the lowest-down or the low-downest or the most low-down newspaper on earth. As nearly as we can compute the distance, Hades is about 212 feet just below our new office. The paper will continue to advocate the interests of all the country below the sea level, and we want you to fire in all the news you know."

A short time ago the *Submarine* failed to appear for two consecutive weeks, and the editor made the following apology and explanation:

"Having business to transact in Riverside, in Los Angeles and in Ventura County, the editor left Indio on September 8 and was gone an even two weeks. Before leaving he printed one-half of the *Submarine* for the next week. At Los Angeles he gave a printer \$10 as expense money and a key to the office to come down and get out the rest of the paper for the 13th, as well as the following issue. Care free, he sped away to Ventura County, and after transacting the business in hand set out for a good time, and he had it, too.

"Returning to Los Angeles he read a Riverside dispatch to the Los Angeles papers to the effect that fears were entertained that he had met with foul play, as the paper of the 13th had not made its appearance and the editor had not been heard of in two weeks. That brought us home in a hurry.

"The only foul play we met with outside of a baseball game was the failure of the printer to come down and get out our paper during our absence.

"When we discovered that the paper hadn't been issued we immediately returned and took up our work where we had left off, and that's why, gentle reader, the last issue you received bore two dates—one sheet that of September 13 and the other that of September 27. The issue of the 20th? We were obliged to cut that out!"—Chicago Chronicle.

The Trolley's "Right of Way."
That a trolley car should come clanging down upon a procession of carriages and horsemen on the public highway, warning them to clear the track at peril of life, and that the motorman, after the death of one of the party, the frightful injury of another, and lesser injury to still others, should proclaim his "right of way" with prompt effrontery, is only an incident of an extraordinary state of things which has sprung up in a few years with regard to our streets and roads. These have been invaded, with a rapidity that is dumbfounding, by uses never contemplated, and which the public should have been better advised than to have so easily allowed. Just as we were on the point of getting rid of "level crossings" in the country, level crossings became the rule everywhere, in city and country, so far as the trolley and the horseless carriage are concerned. In the city the street trolley is inevitable, but it has too often taken possession without sufficient recompense or safeguarding. In the city there is no place for a surface car line except in the street, and the speed is partly regulated by the necessity of frequent stops. But in the country and in the smaller communities there is no excuse for the seizure by the trolley companies of the roads, which were long ago dedicated to foot passengers and private conveyances, and where the meeting between these and the rushing cars has always a possibility of danger. The trolleys should—as often they do—go through the fields and touch the villages and smaller towns at points where the danger from running down pedestrians and frightening horses would be reduced to a minimum.—The Century (Editorial).

Feeding British Sailors.
Reforms in feeding the sailors in the British navy, which have been more or less neridly discussed for the last ten or fifteen years, have at last been made. Under the old regime breakfast was served at 6.30, and consisted of a pint of milkless cocoa and dry bread or biscuit. At noon meat and pudding was served, and at 4 o'clock came a slender supper, the last meal until the next morning. The result of this has been that the sailors have had to spend a good part of their pay in extras in order to keep from being hungry. Under the new rules two more meals will be given each day, one at 8.30, at which jams and preserved fruits will be served, and another supper later in the evening, so that Jack may be able to do all his work on a full stomach and at the expense of his country.

AUTOMOBILES IN BATTLE

MILITARY CHARIOTS-AS DEVISED BY MODERN MAN.

Germany's Interesting Experiments with Motor-maximities—An Invincible Machine Manned by Gunners Behind Steel Plates—Future of Military Automobiles.

The automobile seems so eminently fitted for pleasure purposes that it is somewhat of a distortion of its original object in life to convert it into an engine of warfare; yet so progressive are modern military experts in adopting every imaginable invention for their particular line of work that the automobile appears destined to create as much of a revolution in transportation in times of war as in times of peace. The development of the war automobile has been fully as rapid in the last few years as those designed for ordinary riding. Germany in particular has striven to construct practical war machines out of automobiles, and some quite remarkable tests and experiments have been made by the military authorities of that country.

There are two distinct purposes kept in view in developing war automobiles. One is for the simple purpose of transporting troops rapidly over a country that has not been provided with railroads. In Austria-Hungary the Minister of War has lately had a number of automobiles constructed for this purpose. These war machines practically represent an entirely new type of transport. They are the heaviest motor vehicles yet constructed, and are intended to carry troops over rough country at an average speed of 12 to 15 miles an hour. Each vehicle has a capacity of five tons, and this will be sufficient to carry 40 soldiers, with their necessary provisions and equipments. A score of such machines would be able to carry a respectable sized army across a country in a short time. The success of the experiments seemed to justify the Austrian army in carrying on further work in this line.

The second line of development of the military automobile is for the purpose of carrying small field or Maxim rapid firing guns, the gunners and operators being protected from the enemy by shields of nickel plate. With the shield in front of them they can run down an army, and almost annihilate a body of infantry without exposing themselves to any great danger. In the German army a number of these motor-maximities have been constructed and tested so satisfactorily that more of them have recently been built. When these are completed the German army will have more than a dozen mechanical gun movers in the field equipped with Maxims, and the small automobile cavalry thus organized will be quite able to attack almost anything in the way of light soldiery.

Germany learned much from England's experiments with the armored cars in South Africa last year, and military experts were sent there to investigate the practical field tests of these new war horses. The armored cars which the English operated were all right except that they had one very weak point. They were easily derailed and their progress or return over railroad lines easily obstructed. They were thus rendered almost helpless by a band of quick horsemen, who could double on their tracks and tear up the rails in the rear. This necessitated repairs by the soldiers under the exposure of sharpshooters on distant hills. The effect of the armored railroad car was thus totally neutralized by simply military tactics.

But it is reasoned that the military automobile, carrying its Maxim guns and its soldiers, could not thus be crippled. There would be no track to tear up, and the automobiles could return across country where no enemy could possibly obstruct their ways. There would, of course, be certain parts of the wild country, where the operators might be entrapped so that it would be impossible to escape without running back over a narrow road. But that would be the fault of the operators rather than of the machines. The modern military automobile is intended for the open country, and not for narrow, mountainous defiles, where a mobile, wandering band of horsemen could entrap them.

Finally, there is another field in military tactics for which the automobile is eminently so far perfected better than any other nation. As armed scouts the modern high racing military automobile is of the greatest promise. The machines built for experimenting in the French army are of the heavy, fast type, with speed and durability emphasized above everything else. They are capable of rushing across country so swiftly that they would quickly outrun anything which might be sent in pursuit. At the same time, the operators being protected by steel shields from any ordinary rifle bullets, they could approach the lines of the enemy far better than any other scouts could. Their only possible enemies would be other armed automobiles or artillery concealed in some unexpected place. No infantry or cavalry could hurt or overtake them. Messages could be carried in this way with impunity, actually dashing through the sentry lines of the enemy, and riding close up to the inside posts of a camped army. The races which would follow would be exciting in the extreme and full of interest to the daring.

The automobile scouts of the future will also be provided with military balloon equipments for quick and accurate observation in the field. The automobile carries the balloon, coil or leading rope, and the necessary implements for inflating the balloon. The automobile can in this way run quickly across the country to some

favorable point of observation, and then the operators can inflate the balloon and make an ascension. The whole equipment is compact and complete. A telephone connects the balloon with the automobile, and the operator of the latter proceeds in any direction indicated by the ascension. In this way the automobile carries the balloon nearer or farther away from the line of the enemy. The observations from the care of the balloon can be taken from a dozen different points of view. In the event of an unexpected attack from cavalry the automobile would be ready for retreating. The cable of the balloon could be quickly approached within shooting distance the automobile would be ready for a savage attack. With the steel shields raised in sloping positions the bullets of the enemy would have little chance to touch the operators, while the sharpshooters from behind the shields could pick off the horsemen with ease.

Meanwhile the power of the automobile could be shown in another way. With a speed that no horse could hope to equal the machine could charge down upon the cavalry and disperse it. No horsemen would be foolhardy enough to wait for such an attack. There would be a complete and demoralizing retreat. The automobile could fight a retreating battle equally well as a front one. While running rapidly from the enemy it could train its guns on them and fire with pretty fair precision. On the whole the automobile party would be far safer than cavalry or infantry, and so long as the machine kept to the open country and steered clear of batteries it would have a fair fighting chance to escape from almost any trap laid for it. This is so generally appreciated by the military authorities of Europe that extra heavy types of these modern Juggernaut war machines are now in the course of preparation.

Military automobilism furnishes a variety of sport which, in times of peace, has its excitement and risk not generally obtained by those who operate their machines merely in the interest of personal recreation. In Europe the military chateaux are practically exempt from local restrictions concerning speed, and their endurance and speed tests are conducted in a manner to excite the interest of any one familiar with automobile matters. The military automobiles have the right of way in Germany and Austria-Hungary at certain times of the year, and in specified parts of the country, and they are rushed across the country at their highest possible speed. The automobile courier is first entitled to all the privileges of the highway, and the high speed machine must make a record or lose the honors laid out for the quickest in the races. These automobile couriers instead of following some fine, well-graded public highway, are supposed to cross the country and go through narrow and rough by-paths which would test the skill of the best chauffeur. The result of such speed trials is not to lower any race record such as we are accustomed to hear about in ordinary races on good roads, but the experiments show the value and durability of the machines, and testify to the skill of the rough riders. For, in truth, the military automobile courier is a rough rider of the most modern type, and he performs tricks and evolutions in the fields that might well eclipse the work of the best cowboy on his broncho.

The military evolutions of the automobiles carrying Maxim guns are no less interesting, but of a somewhat different appearance. They select likewise the open country, and the machines are driven at great speed across the country where few, if any, decent roads connect distant points. The machines must be heavy and durable enough to make these rough trips in all kinds of weather, and the operators are not by any means sparing on the machinery or their own nerves. It is the nearest approach to rough riding in a modern battle that could very well be imitated.—George E. Walsh, in the Automobile Magazine.

A Few Facts About New York.
New York is the greatest city on this side of the world in population, wealth, architecture, commerce, manufactures and transit facilities.

It is laying 32 miles of tracks underground.

The Metropolitan street railway carries a million passengers a day.

The 62 miles of elevated roads carry 225,000,000 people a year.

Local improvements, public and private, actually planned and in progress will cost \$350,000,000.

Ground is worth in the market as high as \$400 a square foot.

New York spends five times as much as London to maintain parks and open spaces and four times as much as London for public improvements in general.

One hundred thousand visitors are in the city every day.

The Stock Exchange sells 231,000,000 shares every year.

Newspaper readers pick up 1000 tons of white paper every day.

Every night between \$75,000 and \$100,000 is spent at places of entertainment.

The postoffice handles 650,000 pounds of mail matter daily.

Nine new private residences now building average in cost over \$1,500,000 each.

A single Broadway business building is costing nearly \$6,000,000.

The new public library will cost \$5,000,000. The Carnegie libraries will cost \$5,000,000 more.

Six millions were appropriated in 1902 for school buildings and school sites.

The Cathedral of St. John the Divine is estimated to cost \$16,000,000.—New York World.

THE JEFFERSON SUPPLY COMPANY

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

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

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

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

The fourth accession celebration of the Emperor of Korea has been set for April 30, 1903.

The Emperor William has been conducting a regimental band and denouncing the German socialist party.

Governor Yates, of Illinois, who has recovered sufficiently to go to Florida.

Justice Granham is England's record-breaking murder judge. He recently tried three murder cases in one day.

Emperor Menelik of Abyssinia, who has started a temperance movement in his dominions, expects soon to make a tour of Europe.

Baron Tschimits, the German publisher, casts a new light on the sales of books, in saying that only six out of 800 in the last decade sold 10,000 copies.

The King of Italy has but one extravagant taste. He is an ardent collector of ancient coins, of which he has one of the largest and most valuable aggregations in Europe.

Emperor William has presented his photograph, richly framed, to the Austrian Foreign Minister, Count Goltschowsky, as a memento of the renewal of the triple alliance.

Sir William Harcourt takes very great care in preparing his speeches. On some occasions he writes them out from beginning to end and often commits large parts of them to memory. He has declared that in doing so he is simply following in the footsteps of many a great orator.

Lord Kitchener, who becomes Commander-in-Chief in India, takes up the best paid appointment in the British Army. The Commander-in-Chief in India is worth about \$30,000 a year, and is tenable for seven years. Lord Kitchener becomes Commander-in-Chief in India at the age of fifty-two, and is the youngest General who has been appointed Commander-in-Chief in India for many years.

Lord Kitchener, who becomes Commander-in-Chief in India, takes up the best paid appointment in the British Army. The Commander-in-Chief in India is worth about \$30,000 a year, and is tenable for seven years. Lord Kitchener becomes Commander-in-Chief in India at the age of fifty-two, and is the youngest General who has been appointed Commander-in-Chief in India for many years.

Honduras is threatened with a revolution.

A university has been asked for by Marselles, France.

New York City women have begun a "no seat, no fare" crusade.

The Russian Government prison at Archangel has been destroyed by fire.

Mexico has refused to allow American vessels to fish in its Pacific Coast waters.

The Cuban House of Representatives elected an anti-American President of the Chamber.

Corporal punishment has been abolished in the disciplinary battalions of the French Army.

Contracts have been signed in California for the delivery of 750,000 barrels of fuel oil to Hawaii.

Portable houses are in great demand in Cape Colony because of the destruction caused by the war.

Taxes are so high in Norway that many factory owners are intending to move to Denmark or Sweden.

It will require \$32,000 to repair the dry dock bought from the Spanish at Havana by the United States.

The Lewis and Clark Exposition managers will ask Congress for \$2,000,000 for the 1904 Oregon show.

Congress has been asked to appropriate \$40,000 for a monument to the Pilgrims to be located in Washington, D. C.

The farmers of Walla Walla County, Washington, are trying the experiment of laying their roads with straw to improve them.

The semi-centennial of the first iron done by the Lake Superior Iron Company, at Ishpeming, Mich., will be celebrated next summer.

The Navy Department will make one more attempt to fit the torpedo destroyer *Goldborough* for service. It having failed on every trial.

Photograph at a Funeral.

Another odd piece of news comes from Kansas. When the funeral services for the late D. P. Williams, of Leavenworth, were being arranged the church choir of the Congregational Church was engaged to sing the hymns. At the last moment the pastor, the Rev. Samuel Pearson, discovered that there was a hitch, and the choir could not be present. He refused to be discommoded by a little thing like this. He took a photograph with him to the funeral, and when the proper rolls, and the hymns inserted were present heard "Rock of Ages" and "The Holy City," thus vicariously sung. So pleased was the pastor with the experiment that he urges his congregation to do away with expensive choirs on such occasions and use the machine.

The Boer Flag.

The Boers were great admirers of their flag and almost every postage stamp issued by the republic has a bunch of the flags of the Transvaal in the center of the design. The last issue of stamps of the Hawaiian Republic prior to its absorption by the United States gave a prominent place to the flag upon one of its values, and the inhabitants of the little "black republic" of Haiti got a good view of their national emblem every time they licked a stamp; in fact, the flag was featured on every denomination, contesting first place honors with the portrait of the ruling chief executive. It is understood that the Cuban flag will adorn one of the values of a new series of stamps soon to be brought out by the newest republic on earth.

BUSINESS CARDS.

C. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office on West Main street, opposite the Commercial Hotel, Reynoldsville, Pa.

G. M. McDONALD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Notary Public, real estate agent, Patents secured, collections made promptly. Office in Nolan block, Reynoldsville, Pa.

SMITH M. MCCREIGHT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Notary Public and Real Estate Agent. Collections will receive prompt attention. Office in Froehlich & Henry block, near postoffice, Reynoldsville, Pa.

DR. B. E. HOOPER,
REYNOLDSVILLE, PA.
Resident dentist, in the Hoover building next door to postoffice, Main street. Gentleness in operating.

DR. L. L. MEANS,
DENTIST,
Office on second floor of First National bank building, Main street.

DR. R. DEVERE KING,
DENTIST,
Office on second floor Reynoldsville Real Estate Bldg., Main street Reynoldsville, Pa.

DR. W. A. HENRY,
DENTIST,
Office on second floor of Henry Bros. brick building, Main street.

E. NEFF,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
And Real Estate Agent, Reynoldsville, Pa.

YOUNG'S PLANING MILL

You will find Sash, Doors, Frames and Finish of all kinds, Rough and Dressed Lumber, High Grade Varnishes, Lead and Oil Colors in all shades. And also an overstock of Nails which I will sell cheap.

J. V. YOUNG, Prop.

EVERY WOMAN

Sometimes needs a reliable monthly regulating medicine.
DR. PEAL'S PENNYRILL PILLS,
Are prompt, safe and certain in result. The gentle Dr. Peal's never disappoints. \$1.00 per box. For sale by H. Alex. Stokes.

WHEN IN DOUBT, TRY Sexine Pills

They have cured thousands of cases of Nervous Disease, such as Debility, Dizziness, Headache, and various other ailments. They clear the brain, strengthen the circulation, make digestion perfect, and impart a healthy vigor to the whole being. All druggists and grocers are charged to keep them in stock. Price 50 cents per box. Sold by H. Alex. Stokes.