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WELSDYER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.
BUFFALO & ALLEGHANY VALLEY DIVISION.

Low Grade Division.
In Effect May 25, 1902. (Eastern Standard Time.)

EASTWARD.	
STATIONS.	No. 101 No. 102
Pittsburg	9:15 9:00
Red Bank	9:25 9:10
Lawsonham	9:35 9:20
New Bethlehem	9:45 9:30
Oak Ridge	9:55 9:40
Mayville	10:05 9:50
Summersville	10:15 10:00
Brookville	10:25 10:10
Iowa	10:35 10:20
Fuller	10:45 10:30
Reynolds	10:55 10:40
Panconost	11:05 10:50
Falls Creek	11:15 11:00
DuBois	11:25 11:10
Sabula	11:35 11:20
Winterburn	11:45 11:30
Pennsfield	11:55 11:40
Tyler	12:05 11:50
Bonnetts	12:15 12:00
Grant	12:25 12:10
Driftwood	12:35 12:20

WESTWARD.	
STATIONS.	No. 101 No. 102
Driftwood	12:45 12:30
Grant	12:55 12:40
Bonnetts	1:05 12:50
Tyler	1:15 13:00
Pennsfield	1:25 13:10
Winterburn	1:35 13:20
Sabula	1:45 13:30
DuBois	1:55 13:40
Falls Creek	2:05 13:50
Panconost	2:15 14:00
Reynolds	2:25 14:10
Fuller	2:35 14:20
Brookville	2:45 14:30
Summersville	2:55 14:40
Mayville	3:05 14:50
Oak Ridge	3:15 15:00
New Bethlehem	3:25 15:10
Lawsonham	3:35 15:20
Red Bank	3:45 15:30
Pittsburg	3:55 15:40

Train 101 (Sunday) leaves Pittsburg 9:00 a. m., Red Bank 11:30, Brookville 1:30, Reynoldsville 3:30, Falls Creek 5:30, DuBois 7:30, Sabula 9:30, Winterburn 11:30, Pennsfield 1:30, Tyler 3:30, Bonnetts 5:30, Grant 7:30, Driftwood 9:30. A. M. P. M. P. M. P. M. P. M.

Train 102 (Sunday) leaves DuBois 4:10 p. m., Falls Creek 6:10, Reynoldsville 8:10, Brookville 10:10, Red Bank 12:10, Pittsburg 2:10. A. M. P. M. P. M. P. M. P. M.

JOHNSONBURG RAILROAD.

a. m.	WEEKDAYS.	a. m.
1:30	at Clermont	11:15
1:45	at Woodville	11:30
2:00	at Quinwood	11:45
2:15	at Smith's Run	12:00
2:30	at Instant	12:15
2:45	at Straight	12:30
3:00	at Glen	12:45
3:15	at Johnsonburg	1:00
3:30	at Ridgeway	1:15

RIDGWAY & CLEARFIELD RAILROAD and Connections.

a. m.	WEEKDAYS.	a. m.
6:30	at Ridgway	4:15
6:45	at Mill Haven	4:30
7:00	at Morris Mills	4:45
7:15	at Blue Rock	5:00
7:30	at Brockway	5:15
7:45	at Lanes Mills	5:30
8:00	at Clearfield	5:45
8:15	at Hayes Run	6:00
8:30	at Falls Creek	6:15
8:45	at DuBois	6:30
9:00	at Sabula	6:45
9:15	at Winterburn	7:00
9:30	at Pennsfield	7:15
9:45	at Tyler	7:30
10:00	at Bonnetts	7:45
10:15	at Grant	8:00
10:30	at Driftwood	8:15

J. B. HUTCHINSON Gen. Manager. Gen. Pass. Agt. 12:30 p. m. - Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:25 p. m., New York 10:25 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:25 p. m. Vestibule parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

4:00 p. m. - Train 6, daily for Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:25 a. m., New York 7:25 a. m., Baltimore 2:30 a. m., Washington 3:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia to Washington. Passenger coaches from Erie to Philadelphia, and Williamsport to Philadelphia, and Williamsport to Washington. Passenger coaches from Erie to Philadelphia, and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:07 p. m. - Train 5, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 10:22 a. m., Baltimore 7:25 a. m., Washington 8:20 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie to Philadelphia, and Williamsport to Philadelphia, and Williamsport to Washington. Passenger coaches from Erie to Philadelphia, and Williamsport to Baltimore.

11:30 p. m. - Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 10:22 a. m., Baltimore 7:25 a. m., Washington 8:20 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie to Philadelphia, and Williamsport to Philadelphia, and Williamsport to Washington.

10:30 p. m. - Train 3, daily for Erie and intermediate stations.

10:00 p. m. - Train 2, daily for Buffalo via Sunbury.

9:30 p. m. - Train 1, daily for Erie, Ridgway and week days for DuBois, Clermont and principal intermediate stations.

8:30 p. m. - Train 1, daily for Erie and intermediate stations.

8:00 p. m. - Train 1, daily for Buffalo via Sunbury.

7:30 p. m. - Train 6, weekdays for Kane and intermediate stations.

THE COURT OF CUPID
SOME DEFINITIONS OF LOVE, POETIC AND OTHERWISE.

Differing Tones That Blend Into a Harmonious Matrimonial Chord. Diverse Views as to What Constitutes "The Ideal Woman."

Tomnyson says in the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. With the young men and women of Vigo county consideration of this interesting theme is not confined to one season. It has the right of way at all times and seasons.

Definitions of love were being discussed when a refined woman said the most comprehensive and beautiful definition she had ever seen was written by Amanda Douglas. Here it is:

"Love comes with truth in her heart and constancy in every pulse to sit down an everlasting guest in the hearts of those who truly welcome her. If there are sorrows and storms, she spreads her wings for an ark of shelter; if toll and care, she lightens them with her blessed smile. No room for regrets or jealousies, for both are true in deed and thought; no coldness, for she stands between them and the frosts of time. Year by year they grow into perfect accord, bringing heaven nearer with every dawn.

"Can such love ever fall?"

A jolly girl present said, "Love is a tickling sensation round the heart that cannot be scratched."

A modest, blushing young lady remarked, "It is something indescribable, must be spontaneous, cannot be bought or coaxed into being and when it grows cold cannot be warmed." Still we hear people constantly saying, "I learned to love him."

There is no subject upon which a man or woman, young or middle aged, provided they are not married, will be so animated as "my ideal woman" and "my ideal man."

Usually the tall men and women admire those of medium or diminutive stature; the fat, the lean; the blond, the brunette; the jolly, the sedate. The union of two people with different characteristics, provided they agree on the fundamentals, makes a harmonious whole, the one furnishing the needed complement of the other.

The lawyer prefers the woman averse to arguing. He gets his sufficiency of close reasoning in the courtroom. The garrulous man seeks a good listener. The conceited one admires the modest woman who enjoys burning incense before his altar. The man of few words picks out the woman of bright conversational powers.

It is difficult to surmise from a man's general attributes what is his ideal woman.

I asked a Terre Haute gentleman who has been much in public life and has been thrown with many brilliant women what was his ideal woman. I was surprised to hear him say emphatically not a convention woman or one who goes about delivering speeches and lectures upon a public rostrum. "My ideal woman is one who can hold her own in conversation with other women and men of brains in the parlor, who is self-reliant, yet looks to a man and depends upon him; not too good to drink a glass of wine, to tell a good story if the occasion warrants it, yet she must not be carried off her feet. She must be able to work both physically and mentally and be ashamed to follow in the wake of idle women."

A society young man not given to explicit statements has confided this much about his ideal woman. She must be good looking. Perish the thought of sitting opposite an ugly woman at the table one thousand and ninety-five times in a year. His ideal woman must not be bold, still not afraid of athletic sports; must be a good golfer and tennis player, ride a horse with confidence, fire a gun, row with a steady stroke. "A superb looking, well proportioned woman in the saddle is a sight for the gods." Anything but a nabby pambly woman, one afraid of her shadow, for this young fellow.

There is a proverb that runs thus: "Whistling girls and crowing hens always come to some bad end." At least one Terre Haute gentleman thinks this is an absurd statement. In fact, the ability to whistle well he regards as an essential in his ideal woman. And she must have rich, glossy hair, lustrous dark eyes, shapely hands and fingers, nails, dainty feet, be jolly and companionable, a person to cheer a fellow up when worried and worn out with business. No bookworm or woman's suffrage advocate can be classed as his ideal. A lover of music, not the ultra classic, is an essential for this gentleman's ideal woman.

A bold, dashing youth holds as his ideal a womanly woman, even to timidity, but morally brave, one who will regard him as her oak and clasp her soft tendrils about him for support. This dependence, he avers, will keep him at his best and his ideal refined, sweet, noble, human.—Susan W. Ball in Terre Haute Gazette.

His Apology.

"You mustn't eat with your knife," said the city relative reprovingly.

"Excuse me," answered Farmer Cornstossel penitently. "I thought they were regular knives. I didn't know they was only imitation, same as the pillow-shams."—Washington Star.

Returned Traveler. I have often thought of that young Mr. Tease and how he used to torment Miss Auburn about her hair. Did she ever get even with him?

Old Friend—Long ago, she married him.—Illustrated Bits.

Nothing can be truly great which is not right.—Johnson.

A DESERT CARAVAN.

Its Start Across the Dreary Sand Wastes of Sahara.

There were the last words, instructions, cautions, adieus, and then Abdullah held up his hand. All gave the cry of the camel driver, and the unscathed beasts, twisting and snorting under their loads, struggled to their feet.

Another cry, and they began their voyage. They traversed the square, passed the mosque, turned down a narrow street and in five minutes crossed the line that bounded the oasis and entered upon the desert.

Immediately the dun leader took his place at the left and slightly in advance. The fourth on the right of the dun was the black racer. He carried two water skins and Abdullah's saddle. Then came in ranks fifteen camels, all riding in the center. On the right flank rode the two women, with enormous red and white cotton muslins stretched behind them; then at an interval of six rods came fifteen camels unattended. They simply followed the squad in front. The dun leader and the black racer had lances about their necks. The other camels had no harness save the arched lances that held their loads.

In a panic, a sandstorm, a foal from Bedouins, a mirage and a race for water, if Abdullah and All could grasp these labyrinths the caravan was saved since the other camels followed the dun leader and the black racer as sheep follow the bellwether.

Abdullah walked at the left, abreast of the dun. At intervals he rode the black racer.

The pace of a caravan is two miles an hour, but Abdullah's two cripples included, could make two miles and a quarter. The black racer could make sixty miles a day for five days without drinking, but at the end of such a journey his hump would be no larger than a pinhead, and his temper—

For centuries it has been the custom of Sahara caravans to travel not more than five miles the first day.—"The Desert," by Arthur Cozzlett Smith, in Scribner's.

JAPANESE PROVERBS.

Some Really Fine Sayings Worthy of Universal Acceptance.

The Japanese do not expect to gather grapes from thorns or figs of thistles, but they phrase our thoughts somewhat differently. They say, "The spawn of frogs will become nothing but frogs."

We have a saying, "Despite not the day of small things." Their "Famous swords are made of iron scrapings" is much more picturesque.

The idea of our "All lay the load on the willing horse" they express by "Those who know the ropes do most of the hauling." While our commonplace "Out of evil good may come" finds within them a fine poetical expression in "The lotus springs from the mud," and in point of poignancy our "Adding insult to injury" is vastly inferior to their "Rubbing salt on a sore."

The Japanese have some really fine sayings worthy of universal acceptance, such as "This one heart makes the entire universe" or "The throne of the god is on the brow of a righteous man."

Their nice observance of manners is evidenced by sayings such as "Excess of politeness becomes impoliteness," their national suspiciousness in the like of "Don't trust a pigskin to carry grain," and the handy man's abhorrence of a bungler finds expression in numerous quips such as "Learning to swim in a field" or "Scratching the foot with the shoe on."

Words Ending in "ator."

There never has been any general rule of pronunciation as to nouns ending in "ator." In Scotland the mode differed from the English rule in more usually throwing the accent back. Was it not Erskine who in his earlier days, having spoken of a curator, making the word a dactyl, was interrupted by the judge before whom he was pleading with "Cura-tor, if you please, Mr. Erskine; a Latin word with a long penult!"

"Thank you, my lord," was his ready retort, "for your correction. I bow to the authority of so distinguished a 'sena-tor' and 'ora-tor' as your lordship."—London Spectator.

A Mighty Man.

Topham, the prince of English strong men, had knots of muscles where the armpits are in the ordinary man. He could take a bar of iron 1 1/2 inches in diameter and 5 feet long, place the middle of it over the back of his neck and then force the ends forward until they met before his face. On one occasion he called upon a village blacksmith and made of him an everlasting enemy by picking up a number of horseshoes and snapping them in two as easily as if they had been pine sticks.

A Swift Conscience.

Dr. Fourthly—I believe my sermon on sincerity this morning sank deep into some hearts and did good.

Parishioner—Yes; as Foley and his wife went home he explained to people on the street car that his wife's hair and teeth were false.

Good Scheme.

"To what do you attribute the curative properties of your springs?" asked a visitor at a health resort.

"Well," answered the proprietor thoughtfully, "I guess the advertising I've done has had something to do with it."

His Badly Chosen Phrase.

"Don't you think that young Hunker wants to marry Miss Dollyers for her money?" asked Hojok.

"I think so," replied Tomdick. "I heard him say that he loved her for all she was worth."—Judge.

PROPERTY.

Real Estate Versus Modern Paper Evidence of Wealth.

What a wonderful change has passed over our entire conception of the word "property!" The writer is old enough to remember when nothing except land and houses were regarded as true property, but now a man may be a millionaire and own nothing that he can see. A few pieces of paper in a box at his banker's or, better still, an inscription in a book of which he knows nothing except that it exists constitutes him a man rich beyond the dreams of avarice, and, moreover, a man who has not to guard his property and who can realize it—in half an hour. It is a very curious change and one yet to be pondered, but we suspect that among them will be an immense increase in the amount of wealth at the disposal of industry and enterprise and an astonishing decrease in the permanence of the wealthy families. It is so easy to spend shares or bonds, and there are so few to notice whether you spend them or not. It took years to spend a great landed estate, but a fortune in bonds may disappear in a year of unlucky speculation or in the early lifetime of one spendthrift heir.—London Spectator.

Petrified the Englishman Too.

Colonel Tom Ochiltree once upset Lord Lonsdale when the latter was entertained in New York on his way home from an expedition to Alaska. "At a dinner given in his honor Lord Lonsdale told many thrilling stories, and an audible 'oh' went around the table when he finished telling of a petrified forest in Africa, in which he found a number of petrified lions and elephants. As the Englishman lapsed into silence and the applause sank to an echo all looked to Colonel Ochiltree to defend his nationality and beat this petrified lion story."

"Texas," said the colonel after a pause, "has its petrified forests; but, although they contain no petrified lions, they are remarkable for having petrified birds flying over them."

"Nonsense!" said Lord Lonsdale. "That is impossible. Such a phenomenon is contrary to the laws of gravitation."

"Ah, that's easily explained," responded Colonel Ochiltree quickly. "The laws of gravitation down there are petrified too."

Trundle Beds Out of Date.

"There are no trundle beds on the market nowadays," said a New York furniture store salesman. "They are not manufactured. It has been years since we carried them in stock, and the chances are that they will never be in vogue again. Science is against them, for one thing. Doctors and nurses have agreed that as a promoter of colds the trundle bed has no equal. For hygienic reasons trundle beds have been superseded by cribs and infants' beds of a dignified height. Fashion has also had something to do with the change. Regular beds are now built so low that it would be next to impossible to slip the trundle bed under them. Perhaps there may be a few out in the country districts that have not been seized by curio collectors or split into kindling wood, but you cannot find one in a New York furniture store."

Skulls in a Crypt.

In the crypt of St. Leonard's church at Hythe, England, are 7,000 skulls. The remains have been the subject of much discussion by scientists. They were once declared to be the bones of Danish invaders. Now the balance of opinion assumes that they are the bones of a battle fought between Vortimer, a prince of the Britons, and the invading Saxons about A. D. 456. Many of the skulls bear the marks of the battle-axe. On a table on one side of the crypt are placed two skulls which are declared to be typical Saxon and British, one being long and narrow and the other short and broad. The custodian points out in another part of the crypt what he contemptuously describes as a "common churchyard skull."

His Two Great Remedies.

"Meddlen chestn!" said the old retired skipper, with a snort of contempt. "I didn't ave no such foolery aboard my ship when I were a-goin' to sea. Ketch me a-coddlin' of my croo. No, sir! If so be as wun of the 'ands was feelin' queer, I se to 'im; 'Wero's the pain? Is it above the belt or below the belt? If 'e sez it's below the belt, I giv's 'im a hemmet; if 'e sez it's above the belt, I giv's 'im a dose o' hepsom sorbs. Turn my ship into a bloom'n' chemist's shop! Not me, sir!"—London Telegraph.

Ointments From Whales.

Spermaceti, which is often used internally in catarrh and other affections, as well as in the form of ointments for wounds and excoriations of the skin, is obtained from the head of a monster of the whale kind which abounds in the southern seas, while the highly esteemed ambergris is only a condition of disease in the same animal.

Strategy.

Daughter—Papa did not take the paper to the office with him this morning.

Mother—He didn't? I'll bet it's got a lot of stuff showing how women can trim their own bonnets.—New York Weekly.

Deep.

"I don't see why you call him greedy when he gave you his nice large apple to divide."

"That's just it. Of course I had to give him the biggest piece."

We see others as they are not; ourselves as we should like to be.—Saturday Evening Post.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

His Dainty Hands, Tropical Countenance and Good Digestion.

Poe's arms and hands were slender and tapered very gracefully and gently down to the ends of his fingers, which were very tender, gentlemanly and ladylike. In fact, his hands were truly remarkable for their rosy softness and lily white, feminine delicacy. You could have judged of his nobility by his hands.

His face was rather oval, tapering in its contour rather suddenly to the chin, which was very slender, and, especially when he smiled, really handsome. His countenance was tropical in its aspect, precisely the reverse of his heart, which, like the fountains of Solomon, had long been kept sealed up as something sacred from the vulgar gaze of the world, his face whenever he wrote long at any one time putting on a sickly, sallow and rather pallid hue, but never to such an extent as to indicate indisposition. His digestion was always good, which is prima facie evidence that he was never a student.

His dress was always remarkably neat for one in his circumstances. But I do not believe that it would have done for him to have had money. He was raised in his youth. His college life in Virginia was the cause of all his after tribulation. That was the infernal whirlpool into which was driven the beautiful milk white ship of his soul, never to be reclaimed. Is it not one of the most remarkable things in the world that any man of his abilities should have been so amenable to the dictations of others?—Poe-Chivers Papers in Century.

Speaking From Experience.

"Blanche, dear," said the watchful aunt to her niece, "don't you think that Fred spends too much money upon you?"

"Do you think so, aunt?"

"Indeed I do, Blanche. I've been noticing, and I think he's really extravagant. You ought to check him and tell him to save his money. You will need a good deal when you begin housekeeping, and it is far better for him to put in the bank the money he is now spending on carriage rides and luncheons and tickets to this thing and that than to be squandering it. Think over the matter a minute or two, dear, and you will see it as I do."

"Oh, I've thought about it already, aunt. I'd take your advice if I were absolutely certain that we shall be married, but I've been engaged before, aunt, and I don't intend to advise a young man again to economize for some other girl's benefit."

Reading and Talking.

Reading will be of little use without conversation and conversation will be apt to run low without reading. Reading fills the lamp and conversation lights it. Reading is the food of the mind and conversation the exercise, and as all things are strengthened by exercise so is the mind by conversation. There we shake off the dust and stiffness of a retired scholastic life. Our opinions are confirmed or corrected by the good opinions of others, points are argued, doubts are resolved, difficulties cleared, directions given and frequently hints started which, if pursued, would lead to the most useful truths, like a vein of silver or gold which directs to a mine.—Washington Times.

City of Three Kings.

Do you know what city has been given the name of the City of Three Kings? It is Cologne, in Germany, and the reason is that it is in Cologne that the three "kings," or "magi," or "wise men" who came to Bethlehem to offer gifts to the infant Jesus are supposed to be buried.

According to an ancient legend, their bones were brought from Milan to Cologne by the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa in 1162 and presented to the archbishop of Cologne.

Visitors to the cathedral are shown the supposed souls of the magi, studded with diamonds and inscribed with the wise men's names in rubies.

Love Plants.

Plants used in love divinations are common. In many parts of England and Scotland the familiar southern wood is known as "lad's love," "lad loveless" or "lads' love and lasses' delight." Another British name for the plant is "old man's love" or simply "old man," from its use recommended by Pliny. In Woburn, Mass., this herb is called "boys' love," and it is said that if a girl tucks a bit in her shoe she will marry the first boy she meets.

He Understood.

"And after I get off the cars," said young Markley, who had asked and received permission to call, "which way do I turn to get to your house?"

"Why," said she, "right in front of you, on the corner, you'll see a candy store—a very nice candy store—and—when you come out you walk two blocks east."

The Gravedigger.

A gravedigger, walking in the streets the other day, chanced to turn and noticed two doctors walking behind him. He stopped till they passed and then followed on behind them. "And why this?" said they. "I know my place in the procession," returned he.

A Beautiful Bull.

An Irish editor being unable to obtain a sufficiency of news for his daily paper, made the following extraordinary announcement: "Owing to an unusual pressure of matter we are today obliged to leave several columns blank."

English as She Is Spoke.

Tourist—Say, my good fellow, am I on the right road to the town?

Native (after a pause)—Ye-ah, stranger, but I reckon you're goin' in the wrong directshun.—Lippincott's.

MAN'S LITTLE TOE.

Physicists Declare That It Is Doomed to an Early End.

Eminent scientists assert that the small toe of the human foot will be crowded out of existence by the end of the present century. Such is the view of chiropodists generally and of physiologists who have given the matter more than passing consideration, says the Philadelphia Press.

Just as, according to Darwin, the tail was crowded out of the human bony skeleton many years back because it had no useful functions to perform, just as the vermiform appendix, the only apparent function of which is to necessitate dangerous and expensive operations, will eventually find no place in human anatomy, so, according to present indications, the little toe must ultimately disappear altogether.

Whether or not the big toe is all that is needed in walking and running is a question which has not yet been satisfactorily answered, but the fact remains that athletic instructors and coaches have universally striven to develop the big toe at the expense of the others in the training of fast runners and football players, and to that end the shoes have been made so narrow that any possibility of using the little toe has been precluded.

Between the modern method of walking and the wearing of tight fitting shoes the little toe is doomed to an early end.

Her Blessing.

There is always a possibility that the person whom we regard as a proper object for sympathy may look upon himself in another light. This interesting and instructive surprise often awaits the well-meaning bearer of condolence.

When Mrs. Hastings learned that her old friend, Mrs. Warren, had become "stun deaf," she went with a long face to see her.

"It must be an awful cross, Lavinia," she wrote on the slate which Mrs. Warren presented to her as soon as she was seated.

"'Tain't either!" snapped the afflicted one, who, though deaf, was by no means dumb. "Folks that have got anything to say can write it on that slate, and Henry Warren, that's had to put a curb on his tongue for upward of thirty years on account of the high temper he took from his mother's folks, is no abler to say anything he likes and no feelings hurt. I count my deafness a real blessing. How's your rheumatism?"

Scarcer Eggs.

The eggs of some common birds of the present day have never been found. There is the robin snipe; its eggs have never been seen. An English zoologist kept a man going up and down the coast of Labrador for weeks purposely to get a robin snipe's egg, but it was in vain. The bird is known by thousands of people, but it breeds so far north and so remote from any civilization that no scientific observer can ever get to its nest ere the young are hatched and have taken to wing. The frigate bird that is so commonly seen at sea on the Pacific and off the West Indies is such a solitary bird and is so seldom seen in its nest during the hours of daylight that its egg is rare. It seems strange, but the eggs of so well known a bird as the sandpiper have never been found and are almost priceless.

The Wrong Suggestion.

A good teacher's wife "befo' de wath" was teaching a jet black house girl, just fourteen and fresh from the plantation, the letters of the alphabet. Betsy had learned the first two, says Harper's Magazine, but always forgot the letter "C."

"Don't you see with your eyes? Can't you remember the word see?" said her mistress.

"Yessum," answered Betsy. "But she could not. Five minutes later Betsy began again bravely, "A—B— and there she stopped.

"What do you do with your eyes, Betsy?"

"I sleeps wif 'em, miss."

Another Way of Expressing It.

"When Mrs. Parvenu was poor, they used to say she was a great talker, but since she became rich it is different."

"Indeed! What do they say now?"

"They say she is a brilliant conversationalist."

Pretty, but so Thin!



"Doctor," said our clerk, as a customer went out, "that woman would be a beauty if she were not so horribly thin."

"Yes," said the doctor, "she is really ill; most thin women are ill."

Unusual thinness may mean worry, extra work, care of the sick, nervousness, dyspepsia, bowel troubles, or the first sign of a serious disease like consumption.

The best thing we have found for thin people, whatever the cause, is Vinol.

To combine the medicinal properties of cod liver oil with organic iron in such a powerful and yet well-tasting preparation, was a great discovery. If you try it and are not pleased, we pay the money back.

H. ALEX. STOKES
DRUGGIST.
Mail orders supplied. One dollar per bottle—express prepaid.

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The newest, finest cloths, the latest designs, all the most fashionable cuts for the summer season. Call at our shop and see samples of cloth—a complete line—and let us convince you that we are the leaders in our line. Reasonable prices always and satisfaction guaranteed.

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