

## DRY BONES VALLEYS

PLACES WHERE DEAD BODIES ARE PRESERVED BY THE CLIMATE.

In Chile, for instance, the air is so dry that it is almost impossible for an unburied body to decompose in the ordinary manner.

Among the most curious things in this queer old world perhaps the weirdest is the "valley of dry bones" which continually crops up in various parts of both hemispheres.

In Chile, for instance, the air is so dry that it is almost impossible for a body to decompose in the ordinary way. Here and there in the mountains or on the plains one may discover a body that has been clay for several years, but has no more returned to dust than to life.

There is literally a "valley of dry bones" not far from Valparaiso where a battle was fought during the Balmaina troubles. Here may be seen today bodies of men and horses scattered among the rocks that are like nothing so much as Egyptian mummies, shriveled by the fierce sun and embalmed by the natural dry atmosphere.

This is not, strictly speaking, a valley of dry bones, but that there is a real one in Ceylon no one who has visited that island can doubt for a moment. It is a peculiar fact and one which is borne out by the testimony of the English planters in Ceylon that when an elephant feels its last hour approaching it will if permitted to do so escape into the jungle to die. Once the sick elephant gets away it is never seen again. Where they go to is the problem.

It is absolutely certain that they must go somewhere, and therefore as they vanish so mysteriously in the hour of death one cannot but give credence to the tale which is often brought down from the hills by the Tamils and Cingalese.

According to these people, there is a "valley of dry bones" near Talawakole, which is about twenty-five miles south of Kandy, the old capital of the island. This valley, to be correct, is said to be a vast underground tunnel, with numerous but difficult to find entrances and exits. Such places are common in Ceylon, but the particular cave where the elephants go to die has never been discovered, though numerous expeditions have sought for it.

In view of the fact that the elephants do disappear when they are about to die it seems probable that some such place does exist on the island, for it is certain that the great unwieldy beasts do not swim across the gulf of Manaar. The person who finds this elephant sepulcher will probably reap a fortune in ivory.

Another strange place exists as a real "valley of dry bones" in the island of Jamaica, West Indies. Of course there is a legend attached to it, but here are the hard facts and an actual description of the valley itself. It is situated near the Cunacuna gap, in the Maroon country, at the eastern extremity of the island. This region is clothed in primeval forest, and the fact that rain falls on an average twelve hours a day all the year round gives the jungle a luxuriant green vegetation not to be found elsewhere. But this valley, though situated right in the heart of the "wet country," is bare of leaf and life.

The limestone rock is white and hot. Giant trees that seem to have been blighted suddenly stand up all gaunt, white and dead. The valley is sheltered from the wind and the first force of the rainstorms. As a consequence this strange ravine is silent, unmolested and quite dry.

The weird feature is that, although vegetation seems to have been dense here in former years, nothing will grow now. Nature has come to a complete standstill. During the hot season the temperature of the valley is almost unbearable, and it is visited by seismic disturbances that cause the dead trees and dry hot stones to rattle like dry bones; hence the name the valley has acquired.

The legend of this "valley of dry bones" can hardly be taken without a pinch of salt, but let us be nothing if not complete. Many years ago, says the negro story teller, a woman lived on a plantation in Cuba. She was notorious for her cruelty to her slaves. She used to throw cayenne pepper in their eyes and afterward stick cactus needles into their bodies just for sport. One night the slaves revolted and burned the plantation house to the ground. The woman managed to escape in an open boat to Jamaica, where she sought refuge from her enemies in the heart of the jungle.

Here she developed a mania for collecting all sorts and conditions of cats. When she had procured a multitude of the feline tribe she amused herself by torturing them. The legend has it that every night the demoniac shrieks of the woman and the cries of the cats were to be heard even in the Maroon villages. But one night a severe earthquake came and swallowed up the cats, their tormentor and her home.—New York Herald.

**Forbidden Fruit.**  
A request was once made to the authorities of one of the colleges at Cambridge that room might be found on the spacious lawns of their garden for the lady students of Girton college to play lawn tennis. Guessing clearly enough what would be the result of the admission of these students of the fairer sex among the undergraduates, the master replied that it was ordered in the statutes of the college that the gardens must be devoted to the purposes of floriculture and must not be used for husbandry.—Spare Moments.

**Order and falsehood cannot subsist together.**—Cervantes.

## The Kiwi.

In New Zealand is found the kiwi, a strange bird of the ostrich family. Ostriches have two toes, but the extinct moas had three toes; so also have the existing emus, cassowaries and rheas, or South American ostriches. The kiwi, however, differs from the other struthious birds in having four toes. Further, the kiwi cannot be said to be quite ostrichlike, for in size it is not larger than an ordinary barnyard fowl. It has a small head, with a large and muscular neck and a long, slender bill, with the distinguishing feature that the nostrils are placed very close to its tip. The legs are short, but the muscles on the thighs are well developed, and the feet are strong and powerful and provided with sharp claws. It is a bird devoid of any external trace of wings, and there is no trace of tail visible, while it is covered with long, narrow, hairlike feathers, and on the fore part of the head and sides of the face are straggling hairlike feelers.—Chicago News.

## How He Made the Alps.

Has any painter ever fixed on canvas visions, distinct and haunting, of lands he had never seen? I know not. The nearest thing of the kind was a wonderful erection of brown paper and apparently ingeniously arranged shavings, built up in rocklike fashion, covered with little green toy box trees and dotted here and there with bits of mirror glass and cardboard houses, which once puzzled me considerably in the parlor of a cottage. "Do tell me what that is?" at last rose to my lips.

"That," answered my hostess very slowly—"that is a work of my late husband—a representation of the Alps as close as 'e could imagine it, for 'e never was abroad." I often think of that man "who never was abroad" and of his representation of the Alps; of the hours of poetic vision, of actual creation perhaps from sheer strength of longing, which resulted in that quaint work of art. As close as he could imagine them!—Macmillan's Magazine.

**Anathemas of the Middle Ages.**  
The Rhenish and Westphalian Society of Popular Studies published in its Journal an interesting paper upon the subject of ecclesiastical anathemas launched in the middle ages against animals. These maledictions did not relate to mischiefs already done, but were in the nature of a protection against evils to be apprehended and were solely directed against creatures considered mischievous. Thus in 1121 St. Bernard cursed the mosquitoes, as some unsaintly Americans have done in more recent times and probably with just as little effect. Even post-reformation Protestants sometimes had recourse to comminatory measures, as witness the pastor of Dresden who in 1559 cursed the sparrows for distracting his congregation.

**Chinese Business.**  
A Chinaman can be trusted in a business transaction where a Japanese cannot. The foreign residents of the orient have the greatest regard for the word of a Mongolian. If a Chinaman undertakes a contract, he will carry out the terms of that contract though it impoverishes him. There is no trick he will not play to win his case where his word is not involved, but once let him give that word and you can bank on it that he will die rather than betray it. The Japanese are crafty business men. So long as they see profits in sight they will hold to a contract, but if there is a chance of losing, Mr. Jap. in the majority of cases, will find some means to get under cover before the crash comes.

**Where Wives Are Cheap.**  
In Tartary no father will surrender his daughter unless he gets a goodly quantity of butter in return, and in certain parts of India no girl can marry until her father has been pacified by a present of rice and a few rupees.

Twenty oxen is the regular price for a wife among the Mishimis, but a poor man has more than once succeeded in obtaining a bride on payment of one pig.

At Anyoro any desirable but impetuous suitor may purchase his wife on credit, but will not be allowed to enjoy her company until he has paid the utmost farthing.

**Red a Favorite Flag Color.**  
Red seems to be the most popular of national colors, if flags may be used as criterions. Of the twenty-five leading national flags nineteen have red in them. The same cannot be said of any other color. The chief flags that are marked with red are those of the United States, England, France, Germany, Austria, Italy, Spain, Denmark, Belgium, Sweden, Switzerland, Turkey, Mexico, Chile, Portugal and Venezuela.

**How It Happened.**  
Aunt Martha—Don't deny it, Martha. I saw you. Your lips and his met as I came into the room. Martha—Yes, auntie, but it was all an accident. I started to whisper something into Charley's ear at the same moment that he tried to whisper something into my ear, and that is how it happened. Charley felt as bad about it as I did, I'm sure.

**Strongly Recommended.**  
Lady (engaging a page boy)—Well, how soon can you come? Page (readily)—At once, mum. Lady—But surely your present mistress won't like that. Page (brightly)—Oh, yes, she will, mum! She'll be only too glad to get rid of me.—London Punch.

**Contentment.**  
"Contentment has one advantage over wealth," said the philosopher. "What's the explanation?" "People don't try to borrow it."

The eye of the master will do more work than both his hands.—Franklin.

## DEVOTED WAGTAILS.

These Birds Mate For Life and Are Extremely Affectionate.

The wagtail frequently migrates from one part of the country to another and sometimes congregates in flocks, but he pairs for life, and the same pair always reappear, sometimes when they are least expected and all the more welcome from their occasional absence, on their favorite lawn. Their devotion to one another is extreme, as a scene I witnessed some forty years ago, but which is as fresh in my memory as if I had seen it yesterday, will show.

A wagtail had been killed, probably by a stagle, and was lying dead in the middle of the circular drive in front of the Down House, Blandford. The survivor seemed beside himself with grief. Like Eve in "Paradise," he "knew not what death was," or, at most, the reality was only gradually breaking in upon him. He kept running up to the body with loud and plaintive call notes. He called, but there was no response. He crossed the body, caught hold of it with his little bill, coaxed it to move and drew it after him for a yard or two. He even tried to rise with it in the air. Then, like one distraught, he dashed away to the edge of the gravel drive and then as quickly dashed back again, and so through the same mournful process.

Sometimes he would fly right off in wavering, uncertain flight as far as the eye could follow him, as though he could bear the sight no longer, but without stopping to rest he hurried back in straighter and quicker flight, unable to tear himself away or as if he hoped that something might have happened in his absence. This long drawn tragedy, this abandonment of grief, I watched from the window throughout the afternoon till darkness came on. Next morning the body had disappeared, and I saw the survivor no more.—R. Bosworth Smith in Nineteenth Century.

## SENTENCE SERMONS.

**Self conceit is self deceit.**  
Only the weak have time to worry. Meditation is the mold of character. All great deeds have been born of dreams.

A man's size does not depend on his situation. There never was greatness without gratitude. Benevolence for business only breeds malevolence.

A light heart makes a light house in a dark world. Life is the fruit of the past and the seed of the future.

Put out the lamp of works and you lose the light of faith. It is the truths we do and not the ones we endorse that save us.

People who are always trying to be someone else succeed in being nobody at all.—Chicago Tribune.

**Rousseau's Affection.**  
Rousseau lived long on his fifth floor in Paris, forgotten by the world which he affected to despise and from affection really shunned, when an accident happened to him in one of his solitary walks. He was met in a narrow part of the street by M. de Fargue, driving very fast in his carriage, and in his attempt to get out of the way was pushed down by a large Danish dog running before the horses. M. de Fargue immediately stopped his coach and hastened to assist the person whom his dog had thus knocked down, but when he saw it was the author of "Emilius" he renewed his apologies and attentions.

The next day he sent to ask after Rousseau.

"Tell your master to chain up his dog," was the only answer.

**A Bishop's Comment.**  
Bishop W. A. Candler was once advocating a more liberal loosening of the purse strings and told his audience that several years before he sent an article to a paper, in which he said, "We pray too loud and work too little." The compositor, consciously or unconsciously, perpetrated a little joke, for when the article appeared it read, "We pray too loud and work too little." "I let it go at that," said the bishop. "The fact is, I believe the printer was right, and I never ventured to correct him."

**Benefits Reversed.**  
French and German had proved too hard, but Algeron took up the study of Italian with high hopes.

"How are you and your Italian teacher getting on?" asked one of Algeron's friends when the study had proceeded for three months.

"Aw—aw, I'm just about where I was," said Algeron ambiguously, "but my teacher, if you know, he's speaking English much better than he was when we began."

**War.**  
"Taking my life in my hands, I advanced into the very midst of the cannon until both my arms were shot off!" "And then?"

"Sir, I took my life in my teeth and pressed on!" exclaimed the old veteran or invalid, with glowing eyes.—Puck.

**It Worried Him.**  
"That land," said the city nephew, "is valued at \$800 a front foot." "Thunderation!" exclaimed the old farmer, hastily moving back on to the sidewalk. "An' I stood on it most five minutes! Do you reckon they'll charge me rent?"—Chicago Post.

**An Unexpected Delay.**  
Mrs. Lakeside—She married in haste. Mrs. La Selle—And repented at leisure? Mrs. Lakeside—It seems so. She was fully a year in getting her divorce.—Smart Set.

**Sound Logic.**  
Professor of Logic—I put my hat down in this room. I cannot see it anywhere. There has been nobody in besides myself. Therefore I am sitting on it. (He was.)

**Incidental.**  
Bursley—He claims to be related to you and says he can prove it. Floyd—The man's a fool. Bursley—That may be a mere coincidence.—Smart Set.

## Certain That He Would Win.

"I once knew an old Irishman who would invest his last cent in any kind of a gamble he happened up against," said a Philadelphia magistrate the other day. "One Christmas eve he came home with a ticket entitling him to a chance on a horse and sleigh that were to be raffled off.

"We'll be drivin' out through Fairmount park th' mornin' like th' big guns, Mary," he announced with pride to his wife.

"Oh, pop, won't that be fine?" chimed in his little son. "You an' me can ride on the front seat, and mom and little Johanna can sit in the back."

"Ye'll be doin' no sich thing," asserted the old man. "Twill be the back seat for you, my lad. Yer mother will be on the front seat wif me."

"I will so!" whined the youngster. "I will so be ridin' on the front!"

"The old man assumed a stern parental air and took his pipe from his mouth to deliver his final decision.

"Ye'll not, I tell ye," he said. "I'll be havin' no back talk from ye. Git off the sleigh!"—Philadelphia Press.

**How the Mails Are Robbed.**  
There is a vast number of employees in the postoffice department, yet only about 400 cases of rifting the mails are discovered in the course of a year. It is so easy to open and reseal letters that it is a wonder there are not thousands of cases. Their fewness speaks volumes for the honesty of the men in the service. Here is the method of the expert in opening letters: Place the envelope, address down, upon a piece of dry blotting paper. Then lay a piece of wet blotting paper upon the sealed flap and allow it to remain there under pressure of a book or something for a few minutes. This moistens the mullage, and the flap may be lifted without injury by rolling a cedar pencil beneath it. The contents being extracted, press the flap back with the dry blotting paper, and nobody can possibly detect the robbery. The only safeguard is sealing wax.—New York Press.

**Why Birds Are Easily Poisoned.**  
Birds seem to have no discrimination whatever in regard to poisons, probably because they have no sense and swallow their food without masticating it. They are terrified to paralysis by the appearance of a poisonous snake, and the terror be due to dread of the appearance of the serpent rather than to a habituated knowledge of its venomous power, but such intelligent birds as rooks will pick up and eat poisoned grain, and crows and ravens readily eat poisoned eggs or meat. Chickens will eat the poisonous seeds of laburnum and die from its effects. Whether birds such as tits and greenfinches ever do so does not seem to be known. But wild birds are frequently found dying in gardens, though apparently they have been in good health a few hours before, and their death may be due to the consumption of poisonous seeds.—London Spectator.

**A Short and Caustic Review.**  
In "The Life of Dean Farrar," has included many extracts from "Men I Have Known"—for example, the following story of Browning, which is worth recalling: John Stuart Mill, happening upon a copy of "Bells and Pomegranates," sent a request to Tait's Magazine for permission to review it. The editor answered that "unfortunately he could not insert a review of 'Bells and Pomegranates,' as it had been reviewed in the last number." Mr. Browning had the curiosity to see this "review" and found the following: "Bells and Pomegranates," by Robert Browning; Balderdash."

**The Origin of "Tip."**  
It has often been stated that the origin of the word "tip" was from the initials of the words "to insure promptness." I think this is an error. In 1834 to see a waiter was regarded in New York city as a bribe—that is, an attempt of one guest to secure attention at the expense of other guests. This is on the authority of Phil Hone, then New York's mayor. "Tip" means "an accidental spilling." A guest who tipped was ashamed of it. So he "accidentally" dropped a coin where and when only the waiter could see it so as to prevent the exposure of a mean trick.—New York Times.

**The Cat's Eye.**  
The cat's eye stone, now prized as an ornament, is a very different thing from the ancient cat's eye, or eyestone of India, an agate cut so as to show the so called eye or eyes. It is supposed by some that this latter was used as money in some parts of India four centuries ago, and specimens found today have an interest to numismatists.

**Making It Personal.**  
"Did you ever long for death?" asked the soulful, dyspeptic young man of the practical young woman. It was the fourth long call he had made on her that week, and she was sleepy.

"Whose death do you mean?" she asked in a dry, discouraging tone.

**A Certain Test.**  
Daughter—I sometimes wonder if Jack really loves me. Brother—Well, you needn't. I've been borrowing money from him for the last nine months, and he hasn't decreased his visits.—Brooklyn Life.

**Sound Logic.**  
Professor of Logic—I put my hat down in this room. I cannot see it anywhere. There has been nobody in besides myself. Therefore I am sitting on it. (He was.)

**Incidental.**  
Bursley—He claims to be related to you and says he can prove it. Floyd—The man's a fool. Bursley—That may be a mere coincidence.—Smart Set.

## FRENCH MIDDLE CLASSES.

They Are Passing Rich on a Thousand Dollars a Year.

"A French lady, widow of an officer, once said to me," says the writer, "that she always traveled first class because she was rich, afterward explaining that her income was exactly £200 a year. But she was rich because most likely she never spent more than £170, and the explanation, I dare say, applies to the medical men in the country. They are rich, in all probability, on three or four hundred a year—rich just because they make much more than they spend. In order to comprehend French life and character we must bear one fact in mind. Appearance is not a fetish in France as in England; outside show is not sacrificed to Mrs. Grundy's no twentieth century Baal. On the other hand, good repute is sedulously nursed; personal dignity and family honor are hedged round with respect.

"We must not take the so called realistic novelist's standard to be the true one. Frenchmen, I should say, as a rule, spend a third less upon dress than Englishmen. It does not follow that the individual is held in slight esteem, personality discounted. These provincial and country doctors do not outwardly resemble their spick and span English colleagues, nor do they affect what is called style in their equipage—in most cases the conveyance is a bicycle—and manner of living. How can they upon an income derived from one and eight penny fees? But many are doubtless rich in the logical acceptance of the word—that is, they live considerably below their income and save money."—Chambers' Journal.

**STARFISH AND OYSTERS.**

**Mistake That Was Made by a Planter of the Bivalves.**

"A few years ago," said a Long Island oyster planter last week, "one of the planters here made a big mistake that nearly cost him his whole year's oyster crop.

"You know, I suppose, that the worst enemy of the oysters is the starfish. We catch them with an instrument called a tangle in great quantities and pile them up ashore, where the sun soon kills them. But that, as you may imagine, is not an operation calculated to make the neighborhood of the place very fragrant, for the star has a fearful odor after he dies.

"Now, this planter of whom I am speaking had a plan to avoid all this. He told one of his men off with an ax, and as fast as the boats brought in a load of starfish the ax was plied, and the pieces were then dumped overboard.

"He rubbed his hands over his good idea, but he wasn't so pleased a month or so afterward when the starfish began to devour his oysters again, and investigation with the dredge and tangle showed that there were more of them than ever on his beds.

"About this time an expert from the fish commission came snooping around for curiosities, and he heard, of course, about the stars. He began to laugh.

"All that you succeeded in doing," said he to the oyster planter, "when you chopped up the starfish was to increase them. Don't you know that starfish can be cut into as many as six pieces and still not only survive, but form a new starfish from almost every piece?"—New York Press.

**England's Oldest Railway Station.**  
The only railway station in England that can boast of being really old is that at Bourne, Lincolnshire, which is an ancient Elizabethan mansion, formerly in the possession of the Digby family, some members of which were implicated in the gunpowder plot. When the Great Northern and Midland railroads came through this district, a memorial was sent from the inhabitants of Bourne asking that instead of pulling the old landmark down it might be converted into a railway station, for which purpose it answers admirably now. Part of the house is used as a residence by the station master.

**Lengthening Life.**  
The difference between rising every morning at 6 and 8 in the course of forty years amounts to 29,200 hours, or 3 years, 121 days and 10 hours, which are equal to eight hours a day for exactly ten years. So that rising at 6 will be the same as if ten years of life (a weighty consideration) were added, wherein we may command eight hours every day for the cultivation of our minds and the dispatch of business.

**When Cats Were Scarce.**  
In a curious collection of ancient Welsh laws, dated 443 A. D., appears the following sentence, from which it would appear that cats were rather scarce at that time: "The worth of a kitten until it shall open its eyes is one legal penny; from that time till it shall kill mice, two legal pennies; after it shall kill mice, four legal pence, and so it shall always remain."

**The Other Way.**  
"Did I understand you to say that Skandachase was suffering from heart trouble brought about by financial embarrassment?"

"No, I said he was suffering from financial embarrassment brought about by heart trouble. The distress he was engaged to has jilted him."

**Eccentric.**  
Burgess—Oh, yes; Charley is all right; a little eccentric, though. I've noticed several times when he has borrowed a lead pencil, instead of putting it into his pocket, as any one else would do, he hands it back to the owner.—Boston Transcript.

**A Good Book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, treasured up to a life beyond life.**—Milton.

## A Modern Antique.

A story which Mr. Davenport told of Pistrucel has its point for collectors. Pistrucel was an Italian and chief engraver at the mint. It is, by the way, to him that England is indebted for the fine group of St. George and the dragon on the reverse of the sovereign. He insisted that modern work in cameo could be quite as fine as ancient work. A "potboller" head of Flora which he engraved and sold to a dealer for 55 was afterward sold as an antique to Richard Payne Knight for £500. Knight took the cameo in triumph to Pistrucel. "Where can you get modern work like that?" he asked. Pistrucel smiled and claimed the antique for his own. Knight would not believe him.

"Examine the roses," said the artist, "and you will see that they are modern flowers." The point was admitted by others, but never by Knight, who bequeathed the gem and the rest of his collection to the nation. Mr. Davenport said that but for the roses an expert would undoubtedly pronounce Pistrucel's cameo a fine antique.—Manchester Guardian.

**The Habit of Minimizing Difficulties.**  
You will find that the habit of minimizing annoyances or difficulties, of making the best of everything that comes to you, of magnifying the pleasant and the agreeable and reducing to the least possible importance everything that is disagreeable or unpleasant, will help you wonderfully not only in your work, but also in your attainment of happiness. It transforms the disagreeable into the agreeable, takes the drudgery out of distasteful tasks, eases the joys of life wonderfully, and it is worth infinitely more than money. You will find yourself growing to be a larger, completer man. The sunny, buoyant, cheerful soul manages, to glide over difficulties and annoyances which throw others off their balance and make them miserable and disagreeable. By the alchemy of serenity he extracts from the annoying rocks in his path the precious metal which enables him to do something worth while.—Orison Sweet Marden in Success.

**Women of Muscle.**  
In the time of Louis XV. there was an actress engaged at the Theatre Francaise—Mlle. Gauthier—who could break a coin between the fingers of one hand and roll a silver plate into the form of a cup of conical shape. No one could bear the pressure of her hand, and only Maurice de Saxe, one of the strongest men of his time, was able to open her closed hand.

In the same century there lived in England a woman, Miss Bettie Thompson, who could break chains with her hand.

Miss Kerra, a young mulatto woman, who appeared in most of the capitals in Europe, was, we believe, the first to perform the feat, while hanging with the bend of her knees in a trapeze, of holding a man at his belt with her teeth and turning him rapidly round with her hands.

**Reputed National Debts.**  
Spain, at one time by far the most powerful of European nations, was the earliest power to contract a national debt, which in 1556 only amounted to the modest sum of £1,000,000. By 1610 it had grown to £40,000,000 under Philip III., after whose death the whole of it was repudiated.

France in 1643 began to incur her debt, chiefly through the wars of Louis XIV. and the lavish expenditure in building Versailles. In the later years of Louis XVI. this amounted to £48,000,000, only to be repudiated on the establishment of the republic, when some creditors received 33 per cent and others nothing.

**Norse-American English.**  
There is one European country where "the United States vernacular," or something very like it, is widely spoken. Hosts of Norwegian young women have been in domestic service in America, and a good many Norwegian young men have sought fortune there with the result that transatlantically accented English is not at all an uncommon accomplishment in Norway. I remember one carriage driver in particular who habitually rounded off his remarks with "You bet!"—London Chronicle.

**Respected the Law.**  
Whether an epithet is libelous or not is determined by the law alone. There is a pleasant story of an English gentleman rushing into his friend's chambers in Lincoln's Inn and exclaiming: "Quick! Quick! That scoundrel Jones is in Chancery lane, and I want a list of all the abusive names I can call him without risk of prosecution!"

**Scorched.**  
Crabbe—You needn't call any more. I'm going to try another laundry. Landryman—Why, what's the matter? Weren't your shirts and collars well done? Crabbe—Yes, too well done. I don't like them so brown.—Philadelphia Press.

**What He Feared.**  
Wife—Why, John, what do you mean by burning our old love letters? Husband—I have been reading them, my dear. After I die some one who wishes to contest my will might get hold of them and use them to prove I was insane.

**Evened Up.**  
"I think," he said, "that I am now just about even with the world."

"Even with the world?"

"Yes, I figure that I have now reached a point where I owe just about as many people as I don't owe."—Chicago Post.

If you wish to be held in esteem, you must associate only with those who are estimable.—Bruyere.

## W. L. JOHNSTON.

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## PRIESTER BROS.,

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The U. S. Burial League has been tested and found all right. Cheapest form of insurance, secure a contract. Woodward Building, Reynoldsville, Pa.

**WANTED—SEVERAL INDUSTRIOUS PERSONS** in each state to travel for house established eleven years and with a large capital, to call upon merchants and agents for successful and profitable line. Permanent engagement. Weekly cash salary of \$25 and all traveling expenses and hotel bills advanced in cash each week. Experience not essential. Mention reference and enclose self-addressed envelope. "THE NATIONAL," 32 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

**NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR ALTERATION IN CHARTER.**  
In the Court of Common Pleas of Jefferson County.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Court of Common Pleas of Jefferson County, on the 27th day of June A. D. 1904, at 9 o'clock a. m. of said day, under an Act of Assembly entitled "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations" approved April 29th, 1874, and the supplements thereto, by the Reynoldsville Presbyterian Church, of Reynoldsville, Pa., for the allowance and approval of certain amendments and alterations in the charter of said church, an set forth and contained in a certificate now on file in said court.

G. M. McDONALD, Solicitor.

**NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR A CHARTER.**  
Notice is hereby given that an application will be made by Charles McSherry, C. F. Hoffman and W. W. Wiley, to the Governor of the State of Pennsylvania, on the 28th day of June A. D. 1904, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, under the provisions of an Act of Assembly entitled "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations" approved April 29th, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for a charter for an intended corporation, to be called the American Production Company, the character and object of which is the manufacturing of articles of commerce from sheet, plate, bar or cast metal, and cement roofing tile, composed of cement and metal, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges by said Act of Assembly and the supplements thereto conferred.

G. M. McDONALD, Solicitor.

**ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.**  
Notice is hereby given that letters of administration on the estate of Robert McInnis, deceased, late of Washington township, County of Jefferson and State of Pennsylvania, have been granted to the undersigned, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay.

JAMES S. DOUGHERTY, Administrator.

G. M. McDONALD, Attorney for Adm'r.

If you have anything to sell, try our Want Column.

**CELESTINE KING**  
NATURE'S CURE

**Headache for Forty Years**

For forty years I suffered from sick headaches. A year ago I began using Celestine King. The result was gratifying and surprising. My headaches leaving at once. The headache used to return every seventh day, but thanks to Celestine King, I have had but one headache in the last eleven months. I know that what cured me will help others.—Mrs. John D. Van Kuren, Saugerties, N. Y.

Celestine King cures Constipation, and Nerve, Stomach, Liver and Kidney diseases.