

THE ENGLISH PARTY WHIP.

Reverting to the duties of a whip and patronage secretary, it is an astonishing fact that gentlemen of birth and social position can be found to fill the post. The junior whips' duties are not only onerous, but irksome. They sit or stand in the outer lobby of the house from 3:30 to 12:30 at night, and they ask every member who passes where he is going, whether he is paired and when he will be back. If he is not paired, they have either to find a pair for him or to prevent him from passing out by coaxing or threats, the former for preference. When their party are in, these gentlemen have to attend to their office from 12 to 3. Their hours of duty are, therefore, from 11 a. m. to 12 p. m., or thirteen hours, with intervals for lunch, and this they do for £1,000 a year. When their party is out, they do it, minus their office work, for nothing.

In addition to keeping an eye on his juniors, the chief whip, who has £2,000 a year, deals with the members on their more touchy side. It is he who practically distributes ribbons and titles and sees that cards of invitation are sent to this man and that; that no one is given undue preference, a delicate duty which requires much tact and skill.—London Standard.

When Visiting Is Pleasure.
After all is said and done, visiting friends must always be the most delicate of pleasures. Of all forms of social enjoyment, a well chosen house party is perhaps the most complete and satisfactory. It is only during such short vacations (and on board ship) that the galling harness of every day routine drops completely from one's weary shoulders; it is there only that we escape entirely from the myriad little cares and worries that lie in wait for us outside. On looking back many of us will be surprised to find how most of our truest friendships date from the occasions offered by a visit. One may go on meeting people for a decade at formal entertainments, and at the end of that time know less of their real selves than is revealed by one short "weekend" passed together under a congenial roof—especially if it be a home where the welcome is sincere and the liberty is complete, and where the host and hostess have taken the trouble to sleep from time to time in their guest chambers.—Elliot Gregory in Century.

Birds and Their Beaks.
Why do birds live so much longer than mammals, which are often a hundred times their size? Possibly, among other things, because they have beaks instead of teeth. All carnivorous beasts become weak and liable to starvation as their teeth drop out or break. Neither are the herbivorous animals in much better case. Old horses would probably die of starvation if wild, for their teeth would fall; indeed, in some stony countries old horses have to be killed because their teeth are worn away by cropping grass close to the rock. Rodents constantly die from injuries to teeth. But a bird's beak neither wears out nor drops off, and as it constantly swallows fresh grit to aid in grinding food in the gizzard that needs no repairing either.

A Remarkable Tree.
The most remarkable tree yet discovered flourishes in the island of Ferro, one of the largest of the Canary group. This island is so dry that not even a rivulet is to be found within its boundaries, yet there grows a species of tree, the leaves of which are narrow and long and continue green throughout the year. There is also a constant cloud surrounding the tree, which is condensed and, falling in drops, keeps the cisterns placed under it constantly full. In this manner the natives of Ferro obtain water, and as the supply is limited the population must of necessity be limited also.

Had Made a Change.
"Isn't there something in my policy," asked a caller at an insurance office the other day, "about my having to report any change of residence?"
"Yes, sir," said the man at the nearest desk, peering up a pen. "Where have you moved to?"
"I haven't moved anywhere," rejoined the caller. "I have made a change in my residence by painting it a light straw color and putting a chimney pot on the kitchen chimney. I think that's all. Good day!"

Best Things.
The best things are nearest—breath in your nostrils, light in your eyes, flowers at your feet, duties at your hand, the path of God just before you. Then do not grasp at the stars, but do life's plain, common work as it comes, certain that daily duties and daily bread are the sweetest things of life.—Impressions.

Your Learning.
Wear your learning, like your watch, in a private pocket and do not pull it out and strike it merely to show that you have one. If you are asked what o'clock it is, tell it, but do not proclaim it hourly and unasked like a watchman.—Chesterfield.

His Malady.
Tess—She's a professional nurse, I believe. Jess—Not at all. What gave you that idea? Tess—She remarked that she sat up last night with a sick man. Jess—Love sick, that was all. It was that fancy of hers.—Exchange.

By Himself.
Friend—I didn't know you painted. Host—I don't. Friend—But your portrait says, "Thomas Newrick—by himself." Host—Well, ain't I by myself? There ain't nobody else about.

He who can conceal his joys is greater than he who can hide his griefs.—Lavater.

She's Just Practicing.
"I understand that Mr. Blinx and his fiancée have had a quarrel."
"Yes," answered Miss Cavanaugh. "But it is nothing serious. She is a prudent girl and wants to make sure she can manage him when he is angry."—Washington Star.

LACK OF APPETITE.

Sture's Method of Telling Us That We Should Not Eat.
A man who retires at 9 o'clock should have his dinner at 5. As our business methods prohibit this way of living, the next choice for this class is a noon-day dinner, a light meal at night and a more substantial breakfast. The man who eats a dinner well proportioned, served in courses, at 6 or half past will find a light breakfast all that is necessary. Most persons have been brought up to think it necessary to eat three good meals a day, which few Americans can do for any length of time. To prick up the stomach, to bring the gastric secretions in that it may receive the food in a welcome condition in the morning, an "appetizer" in the shape of the juice of one or two oranges is taken, or other acid fruits. At dinner, condiments or large quantities of salt are eaten. The irritation these create we call "appetite."

It must be understood that the lack of appetite is nature's way of telling us that we should not eat. Those who insist on eating without appetite live for awhile, but go about their daily toll with languid movements and an expression of stern duty, making every one around them feel that life is a burden rather than a pleasure. This class also go from place to place wishing for new dishes, new ideas, new ways of dressing the ordinary things they are so tired of eating. Their sense of taste has got into revolt, and to keep the appetite at all alert new and highly seasoned dishes must be constantly concocted. The oyster cocktail, enough to ruin the finest stomach, is seen on their tables. A natural appetite to them is but a remembrance of childhood. Their names swell the list of sufferers from dyspepsia, rheumatism, gout, Bright's disease, biliousness and "sick headache."—Woman's Home Companion.

NATURE'S HANDIWORK.
The Wonderful Bridge That Spans a Canyon in Utah.
Writing about the colossal bridges of Utah, W. W. Dyer says in the Century: Across a canyon measuring 335 feet 7 inches from wall to wall nature has thrown a splendid arch of solid sandstone sixty feet thick in the central part and forty feet wide, leaving underneath it a clear opening 357 feet in perpendicular height. The lateral walls of the arch rise perpendicularly nearly to the top of the bridge, when they flare suddenly outward, giving the effect of an immense coping or cornice overhanging the main structure fifteen or twenty feet on each side and extending with the greatest regularity and symmetry the whole length of the bridge. The majestic proportions of this bridge may be partly realized by a few comparisons. Thus its height is more than twice and its span more than three times as great as those of the famous natural bridge of Virginia. Its buttresses are 118 feet further apart than those of the celebrated masonry arch in the District of Columbia known as Cabin John bridge, a few miles from Washington city, which has the greatest span of any masonry bridge on this continent. This bridge would overspan the capitol at Washington and clear the top of the dome by fifty-one feet. And if the loftiest tree in the Calaveras grove of giant sequoias in California stood in the bottom of the canyon its topmost bough would lack thirty-two feet of reaching the underside of the arch.

This bridge is of white or very light sandstone, and, as in the case of the Caroline, filaments of green and orange tinted lichens run here and there over the nightly buttresses and along the sheltered crevices under the lofty cornice, giving warmth and color to the wonderful picture.

Jovial on the Scaffold.
Sir Thomas More, who was beheaded in 1535, was famous for his wit. "He died," says the chronicler, "with an unconcern that in others would have appeared to be levity, but in him was nature." He jested on the scaffold, and he had been just as humorous during his imprisonment. With a pathetic touch which is never absent from the humorist he closed all his windows when they took his books from him. "It is time to shut up shop," he said, "when the wares are all gone."

The Angel in Him.
Rev. Dogood—No man is so bad that there is not a little of the angel left him. Bobson—Yes, that's so. Remember Spilkins? Everybody thought he was about the worst man on earth. Why, his own mother wouldn't come to his funeral. Well, sir, I've been told a thousand times a month for the last five years that Spilkins was the only real saint that ever lived. Rev. Dogood—My goodness! Dobson—I married Spilkins' widow.

How It Hurts.
Tommy—Smokin' cigarettes is dand sure to hurt yer.
Jimmy—G'on! Where did yer git dat notion?
"From pop."
"Aw, he wuz jist stringin' yer."
"No, he wuzn't stringin' me. He wuz strappin' me. Dat's how I knows it hurts."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Ideal Laborers.
She—What gave you nervous prostration? Weary Will—Overwork, mum.
She—I never heard of a tramp overworking himself. Weary Will—I s'pose not, mum. They be generally too tired to tell of it.—New York Times.

Something to Draw On.
Jones (who is broke)—I have one faithful friend left.
Brown (also broke)—Who is it?
"My pipe. I can still draw on that."—Town Topics.

THE HEAD ON THE FLOOR.

terrible Incident Accompanying the Death of a Slave Trader.
In a squallid court in Edinburgh many years ago a man who had been notorious for his cruelties as a slave trader lay dying. Mental terror made his end appalling to witness. According to Scotch custom, the family opened the door to let the spirit pass. To their infinite horror, the bloody head of a black man suddenly rolled into the room. The family shrieked with fright. The man on the bed gave a yell of terror. They turned to his bedside, but he expired as they watched him. When he looked toward the door again, the head had disappeared. There was a splash of fresh blood upon the floor to mark the spot where it had been, but nothing else to certify that the horrid fight had not been a creation of morbid imaginations.

This appearance of a negro's head in the room of a man dying after he had committed innumerable barbarities upon black slaves was a strange coincidence and nothing more. Professor Owen, the famous anatomist, had been attending an anatomical lecture where the body of a negro had been dissected. He was taking the head home with him to examine it more carefully. The streets were wet and slippery. Just as he was passing the open door of the house in which the man lay dying he tripped, and the head, slipping from the cloth in which he had it, rolled into the little room. The cry of the dying man diverted the attention of those who were in the room, so that Owen was able to secure his treasure undisturbed.

A MODERN HAMLET.
Wherein Hawthorne Was akin to the Melancholy Dane.
Certain characteristics of Hawthorne are, of course, indisputable, and it is not fantastic to add that some of these qualities bear a curious resemblance to those of that very Prince of Denmark who seems more real to us than do most living men. Hawthorne was a pessimist; in body the mold of form, and graced with a noble mind. Like Hamlet, he loved to discourse with unlettered people, with wandering artists, with local humorists, although without ever losing his own dignity and inviolable reserve. He had irony for the pretentious, kindness for the simple hearted, merciless wit for the fools. He liked to speculate about men and women, about temptation and sin and punishment, but he remained, like Hamlet, clear sighted enough to distinguish between the thing in itself and the thing as it appeared to him in his solitude and melancholy. His closest friends, like Horatio Bridge and William D. Ticknor, were men of marked justice and sanity of mind—of the true Horatio type. Hawthorne was capable, if need be, of passionate and swift action, for all his gentleness and exquisite courtesy of demeanor. Toward the last he had, like Hamlet, his forebodings—"such a kind of gain giving as would perhaps trouble a woman"—and he died, like Hamlet, in silence, conscious of an unfinished task.—Bliss Ferry in Atlantic.

Reason For Marrying.
They were talking about a friend of hers who had married a bishop stationed in Kamchatka or Timbuktu or some other heathen land.
"I never could understand why she married him," said the young woman.
"She seemed the last girl on earth to marry a bishop. She cared so much more for having a good time than she did for church work and sewing circles."
"Girls are pretty wise nowadays," said the young man, "and they generally have a good reason for marrying the way they do. A girl friend of mine married a doctor so she could always be well for nothing, and maybe this girl married the bishop so she could be good for nothing."—New York Tribune.

The Traitor's Stone.
A curious specimen of the famous Traitor's stone of Rome is still preserved in England. It is a large round piece of sandstone, much of the appearance of a millstone, with a few apertures which make it bear a faint resemblance to the human face. At one period in Roman history it was the custom to have all persons suspected of traitorous conduct place their hands in the mouthlike opening. If the stone bit their fingers the prisoners were deemed guilty.

Japanese Prison Food.
The food given the prisoners in Japanese prisons is in proportion to their conduct and industry, the prisoners who do not conduct themselves as they should receiving a cake of rice, which must last for seven days, while in the case of the orderly prisoners the same cake lasts only four days. The prisoners who conduct themselves properly receive also a little horse meat and potato or pea sauce with their meals.

They Go Together.
"And what are you going to do when you're a man?" asked the visitor.
"I've been thinking," replied the bright boy, "of starting an elephant farm in Virginia."
"An elephant farm?"
"Certainly. Why not? They raise peanuts there."—Philadelphia Press.

Fond of Children.
"The dog you sold me yesterday would have eaten my little girl up this morning if she had not been rescued."
"But you insisted on having a dog that was fond of children."

The Reason a Man Marries his Sweetheart is because she is not like other girls. The reason he divorces her is because she is.—Illinois State Journal.

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JAILS IN JAPAN.
Discipline Is Military in Form, but Reformatory in Spirit.
A Japanese prison is thus described: "Imagine a park or garden in the Japanese style, with dwarf trees, surrounded by a hedge instead of a wall. In this park one sees a group of Japanese whose lives those occupy by the peasants. The prisoners are all at work, proportioned to their physical ability. Some are threshing and grinding rice. Others are weaving coarse cloth of a dark red color of which the prison uniforms are made. The old and infirm are separating leaves of paper. All of them receive percentage of their earnings. The younger prisoners are in school. The discipline is military in form, but in its spirit reformatory. There are few evasions, notwithstanding the ease with which they could be effected. One reason for this is the efficiency of the Japanese police, which is said to be the best in the world. The prisoners are divided into three grades and are differently fed, according as they are idle and refractory, amenable to discipline or exceptionally well behaved. The only other punishment is solitary confinement in a sort of dungeon, not exceeding five days. No prisoner may be discharged, however short his term of sentence, unless his family or friends assume responsibility for him. The result has been the organization of a large number of prisoners' aid societies."

FEVER HEAT.
The Reason Some Fruits Have the Effect of Cooling the Blood.
In health the temperature of the blood is constant, and even when spots and rashes appear on the skin there is no departure from the normal temperature unless there is a cause for fever, such as blood poisoning, the invasion of some microbe or serious disturbance of the nervous system. In fevers, when the temperature of the blood is raised, vegetables are never given, as they would not cool the blood, but might help to heat it. Some fruits have cooling properties, as they contain citric acid, and this forms citrates in the blood and increases the perspiration. In serious fevers, however, it is much safer to give measured quantities of citrates to produce this effect than to trust to the uncertain action of fruit. Fruit and fresh vegetables are anti-scorbutics—that is to say, they are opposed to scurvy. The cause of this disease is not clearly understood, but it is certainly due to an absence of these wholesome constituents from the diet. The flushing of the skin, with spots and rashes, popularly called "heating of the blood," is relieved and effete matter is eliminated by their use, hence the popular phrase that they cool the blood.

SOAP BUBBLES.
The Method Newton Adopted in Measuring These Thin Films.
Sir Isaac Newton studied the colored rings in soap bubbles, which appear white at first and then, as the bubble is blown out, brilliant iridescent colors appear in zones around the summit till it becomes black and bursts. These films Newton succeeded in measuring by their color, producing them by a plano convex lens on plate glass. At the point of contact was a black spot with some six or seven rings of light and dark colors alternately. The thickness of the dark rings he found proportional to the numbers 0,

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PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD
BUFFALO & ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.
Low Grade Division.
In Effect May 29, 1904. Eastern Standard Time

STATIONS.	No. 108	No. 113	No. 101	No. 101	No. 107
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Pittsburgh	8:15	9:00	1:30	5:30	
Red Bank	8:45	9:30	2:00	6:00	
Lawsonham	9:15	10:00	2:30	6:30	
New Bethlehem	9:45	10:30	3:00	7:00	
Oak Ridge	10:15	11:00	3:30	7:30	
Mayport	10:45	11:30	4:00	8:00	
Summersville	11:15	12:00	4:30	8:30	
Brookville	11:45	12:30	5:00	9:00	
Iowa	12:15	1:00	5:30	9:30	
Fallers	12:45	1:30	6:00	10:00	
Keokuk	1:15	2:00	6:30	10:30	
Pancoast	1:45	2:30	7:00	11:00	
Falls Creek	2:15	3:00	7:30	11:30	
DuBois	2:45	3:30	8:00	12:00	
Summersville	3:15	4:00	8:30	12:30	
Brookville	3:45	4:30	9:00	1:00	
Fallers	4:15	5:00	9:30	1:30	
Iowa	4:45	5:30	10:00	2:00	
Brookville	5:15	6:00	10:30	2:30	
Fallers	5:45	6:30	11:00	3:00	
Iowa	6:15	7:00	11:30	3:30	
Brookville	6:45	7:30	12:00	4:00	
Fallers	7:15	8:00	12:30	4:30	
Iowa	7:45	8:30	1:00	5:00	
Brookville	8:15	9:00	1:30	5:30	
Fallers	8:45	9:30	2:00	6:00	
Iowa	9:15	10:00	2:30	6:30	
Brookville	9:45	10:30	3:00	7:00	
Fallers	10:15	11:00	3:30	7:30	
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