

URGENT

OF IT ON BOARD  
ANTIC LINER.

Not a Sinecure, and  
Ist He a Man of Wise  
and as Progressive as  
on Shore.

It would be so good, sir, there  
in the part aft hospital  
in need of your services,  
and the salutation of the third  
and as he awakened the ship  
and a comfortable sleep and  
delightful dream concerning  
and where ship surgeons were  
to sleep uninterrupted each

As 3 o'clock on a miserable morn-  
A heavy gale from the northeast  
blown steadily for thirty hours,  
making up a nasty sea. Despite the  
great length of the ocean greyhound,  
he plunged about in the turbulent wa-  
ter like some frightened monster. Her  
enormous head plowed through the  
mighty waves and sent mountains of  
spray flying to the very stern.

With an alacrity born of a physi-  
cian's innate desire to relieve suffer-  
ing the ship surgeon set into his clothes  
and started for the scene of his labors.  
The decks were wet with rain and flying  
spray, and the rolling of the ship added  
to the discomfort of perambulation.  
As the doctor passed a companion  
way leading from the weather side  
of the ship a huge wave slapped  
against the vessel and sent a torrent  
of water through the passage. The  
surgeon's cap went flying to the board,  
and his overcoat was drenched. He was  
tempted to be angry, but as his mind  
barked back to other days, when on  
cold, wet nights he had driven ten  
miles or more over the bleak New  
Hampshire hills on errands of mercy,  
he congratulated himself on having the

anchest of decks under his feet in-  
stead of being compelled to guide a  
horse through the murky, impenetrable  
darkness.  
In a few moments the doctor had  
ushered into the world a little life, and,  
though the vessel rolled and pitched,  
causing the hospital to assume all sorts  
of crazy positions at times, he felt  
amply repaid for the loss of sleep, for  
this tiny boy had by a few days es-  
caped being born on the soil of a desol-  
ate European nation.

And this ushered in one of the doc-  
tor's busy days. No sooner had he  
comfortably ensconced himself on his  
settee for a nap until the first bugle  
call than he was summoned to attend  
a sailor who had scalded his leg and  
foot while preparing to swab one of  
the decks. Before the sailor's needs  
had been attended to it was breakfast  
time. That gave a brief breathing  
space.

At 9 o'clock the round of visits com-  
menced. In the forward port hospital  
a steaming passenger was found to be  
ill with pneumonia, showing a tempera-  
ture of 104 degrees; a steward had  
acute nephritis, a fireman tonsillitis and  
a boy a septic hand, which he had  
brought aboard. In the after hospital,  
devoted to women, there were also va-  
rious cases. A woman taken acutely  
and maniacally insane after leaving  
port demanded a good deal of atten-  
tion. A young woman with pleurisy,  
an old lady with facial neuralgia,  
a child with laryngitis and another with  
a bronchial cold each took up a portion  
of the surgeon's time.

At 10:30 o'clock came inspection. For  
an hour the captain, purser, surgeon  
and chief steward thoroughly inspected  
the ship from stern to stem. Every  
part of the vessel, from the first cabin  
to the promenade deck and from the saloon  
to the fore-castle, was gone over.  
The forecastle, was the  
sole mass of the cooler materials of the  
upper layers, formed principally of hy-  
drogen, and thus produce in their cen-  
ter a decided extinction of light and  
heat as long as the gyration movement  
lasts. Finally the hydrogen, set free  
at the base of the whirlpool, becomes re-  
heated at this great depth and rises up  
tumultuously, forming irregular jets,  
which appear above the chromosphere.  
Sun spots often break out or disap-  
pear under the eye of the observer.  
They divide like a piece of ice dropped  
on the surface of a frozen pond, or  
the pieces sliding off in every direction,  
or they combine like separate discs driven  
together into a pack. Sometimes a  
spot will last for more than 200 days,  
through six or eight revolutions of the  
sun. Sometimes a spot will last only  
half an hour.  
"The velocities indicated by these  
movements," writes Henry White  
Warren, D. D., "are incredible. An up-  
ramp or downrush at the sides has been  
measured of twenty miles a second,  
a sidrush or whirl of 120 miles a second.  
These tempests are over regions so  
wide that our own Indian ocean is too  
small to be used for comparison. As  
they cease the advancing sides of the  
spots approach each other at the rate  
of 20,000 miles an hour. They strike  
together, and the rising spray leaps  
thousands of miles into space."—Chi-  
cago News.

The Note the Pig Squeaked.  
Among the musical gifts possessed  
by Sir Herbert Oakley, the famous  
composer, organist and teacher, was an  
ability to tell offhand the exact pitch  
and key of any sound he happened to  
hear. As a boy of four years of age  
he could, without seeing the keys, name  
any note or combination of notes play-  
ed on the piano.  
An anecdote which illustrates the  
musician's perfect perception of pitch  
is told.  
Sir Herbert was staying with his old  
friend, the bishop of Colchester, at  
High Wyck and one day heard a pig  
squeak.  
"G sharp?" at once cried Sir Her-  
bert.  
And that, possessing these, a man  
amply qualified to watch over the  
welfare of several hundred people among

the passengers and crew of his vessel.  
In point of fact, the average steam-  
ship surgeon is at least as well quali-  
fied as the average physician on shore.  
Many of them indeed are men of the  
highest scientific attainments. The  
number of men who would like to go to  
sea as surgeons is so great that steam-  
ship companies may pick and choose  
among the ablest of the younger men.  
It is extremely difficult nowadays for  
any but an exceptional physician to ob-  
tain a regular berth aboard a transat-  
lantic liner.

To secure a place as physician on one  
of the ships it is essential to have had  
ample hospital experience. As a rule,  
the management gives preference to  
men who have been in private practice  
after completing their hospital work.  
All steamships sailing under the Eng-  
lish flag are required to carry as regu-  
lar surgeons men who have been  
trained in England, Scotland or Ire-  
land.

The ship surgeon, however he may  
devote some of his time to the ameni-  
ties of civilized life, cannot be the so-  
cial butterfly he is sometimes repre-  
sented as being. Indeed, most sur-  
geons see the passengers only at the  
table over which they preside and occa-  
sionally on the promenade deck. The  
ship surgeon leads, in fact, practically  
the same kind of life as his confreres  
ashore. He is a busy man. The larger  
vessels seldom carry fewer than 500  
people on each trip, and in the summer  
months 1,500 would be nearer an av-  
erage number.

Each one of these persons, in what-  
ever class, is privileged to call on the  
surgeon at any time, day or night. And  
the average passenger feels free to ex-  
ercise his privilege. His ailments are  
the same at sea as ashore, augmented  
by the troubles peculiar to the sea, and  
if anything he is more particular when  
on the water than when ashore. Prob-  
ably the ship's doctor listens to more  
tales of woe in one trip than he would  
hear in six months ashore.

It will be seen that the surgeon of  
the big transatlantic liner is no drone.  
His working hours are long, and much  
of his leisure time is taken up in the  
study and the perusal of the medical  
literature, of which he usually has a  
generous supply. The surgeon's library  
is ample and up to date and his med-  
ical and surgical equipment of the best.  
He therefore who supposes that the  
doctor at sea is not the peer of the doc-  
tor ashore should at once disabuse his  
mind of that impression. The medical  
profession has no more high minded,  
earnest and hardworking representa-  
tives than the ones who go down to  
the sea in ships.—New York Times.

GREAT SUN SPOTS.

The Furious Solar Tempests That  
Mark Their Appearance.  
Back in 1843, when the Millerites  
were looking for the end of the world,  
there was a great sun spot that to  
many seemed to lend weight to the  
Millerites' arguments from the time  
prophecies in the Bible. For a week  
in that year there was a sun spot that  
was visible to the naked eye. It mea-  
sured 74,816 miles across. On the day  
of the eclipse in 1853 a spot 107,000  
miles in extent was clearly seen. These  
spots are considered to be storms in  
the glowing gases that correspond to  
the atmosphere of this earth. If there  
were ships on the sun as large as this  
earth they would be tossed about like  
autumn leaves in an ocean storm.

These solar spots are most abundant  
on the two sides of the sun's equator,  
where they mark something akin to a  
terrestrial cyclone belt. The center of  
a cyclone is rarefied and therefore  
colder. Cold on the sun is darkness.  
An astronomer says that these cyclones  
eray down into the depths of the  
sun, and thus produce in their cen-  
ter a decided extinction of light and  
heat as long as the gyration movement  
lasts. Finally the hydrogen, set free  
at the base of the whirlpool, becomes re-  
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tumultuously, forming irregular jets,  
which appear above the chromosphere.  
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And that, possessing these, a man  
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AN OFFENDED BISHOP.

The Way a Fond Mother's Joke on  
Her Son Went Astray.

"Bishop Maxwell, is it not?" inquired  
Mrs. Spaulding cordially as her  
guest came down to breakfast, suit  
case in hand. "I feel that I know you  
through my son, and I was so glad  
when he arranged to have you stay  
with us on your way through the city.  
But what does this luggage mean?  
You're going to stay a day or so?"

"No, thank you, Mrs. Spaulding," re-  
turned the bishop. "I must go right  
on today."  
"Oh, that makes it doubly unfor-  
tunate that I had to be away last even-  
ing. I hope you found my message of  
welcome. The friend I was called for  
was very ill, and I felt sure you  
would understand, but the fact that  
Mr. Spaulding was out of town, too,  
made me regret going especially. I  
do hope my maid took care of you  
comfortably and that you rested well.  
I thought you must have been weary  
when I came in at 10 and found you  
had retired."

The bishop replied politely, but there  
was an odd constraint in his manner  
which lasted until he had bowed him-  
self out of the house after breakfast.  
"What can be the matter?" puzzled  
Mrs. Spaulding as she watched the  
distinguished gentleman strolling down  
the street. "Dick was so anxious he  
should like us!"

Then a sickening thought struck her,  
and she darted up the stairs.  
It had been Mrs. Spaulding's custom  
during the boyhood of her only son to  
correct his failings by posting about  
the house little placards which gently  
pleaded with him on the error of his  
ways. A week or two earlier, when  
Dick was coming home for a college  
vacation, she had unearthed some of  
these old signs and just for a joke had  
pinned them up in his room, like old  
times. They had been taken down  
later, but she remembered now that,  
after being summoned to the sick  
friend the morning before, she had let  
her new—and not brilliant—maid to  
Dick's door and had said, "I want  
this room swept and arranged for Bis-  
hop Maxwell exactly as we did it for  
Mr. Dick last week. Do you under-  
stand?"

With wings on her feet Mrs. Spauld-  
ing flew to the room the bishop had oc-  
cupied, but at the threshold she paused  
and gasped.  
On one of the pillows was a startling  
notice to this effect: "Please put your  
bed before in the morning." Over the  
mirror, "Please don't spatter the glass!"  
On the window curtain, "Please don't  
throw your shoes on the floor noisily!"  
Everywhere, on pictures and wall:  
"Please don't leave your coat on a  
chair. Hang it up!" "Please don't  
leave your toothbrush in the bath-  
room!" "Please turn off the hot water  
faucet!"

There were at least fifteen of these  
placards, the "Please" underlined three  
or four times in each, but—horror of  
horrors—the largest of all was this, on  
the inside of the door: "If you take a  
bath please wash out the tub. It's dis-  
graceful not to!"—Youth's Companion.

The American Accent.  
There is no such thing as the "Ameri-  
can accent" except in a few words such  
as "advertisement," wherein America is  
superior as to pronunciation and prac-  
tice.  
Nor does the American born man  
"talk through his nose." The real dif-  
ference that we all notice is a differ-  
ence in the general pitch of voice. The  
American voice is pitched in a slightly  
higher key than the English, and here  
you may find the reason why the  
American assimilates French so easily.  
Put roughly, the case is this: The  
Frenchman talks from his palate, the  
American from the top of his throat,  
the Englishman from his chest and the  
German from his diaphragm.—London  
Chronicle.

First of the Lazy Men.  
During the civil war a captain of a  
company which had sixty men in its  
ranks, none of whom was as energetic  
as the officer thought he should be,  
hit upon a plan which he believed  
would cure the men's habits of laziness.  
One morning after roll call the  
captain, addressing his command, said:  
"I have a nice, easy job for the laz-  
iest man in the company. Will the  
laziest man step to the front?"  
Instantly fifty-nine men each took a  
step forward.  
"Why didn't you step to the front?"  
inquired the commander of the one  
man who did not come.  
"I was too lazy," replied the soldier.  
—Philadelphia Ledger.

Shopping Troubles.  
"Tomorrow is my wife's birthday,  
and I want to buy a present that will  
tickle her."  
"We have a nice line of feather  
bos."  
"No, no. I want something that  
would make a hit with her."  
"Anything in hammers?"  
"You misunderstand. I want some-  
thing striking!"—  
"Ah, you wish a clock."  
"That's all."—Cleveland Plain Deal-  
er.

When to Find Them.  
Blimkins—No, sir, I tell you most  
friends are uncertain. I want friends  
who will be friends in need. Hodges—  
Take a fool's advice, old man, and look  
for them before you need them.—  
Brooklyn Life.

Designs Upon Him.  
Gladys—He tells me you have de-  
signed upon him. Ethel—Did the wretch  
say that? Gladys—Yes. He said your  
image was engraved upon his heart.—  
Judge.

It often happens that the man who  
pays the piper has nothing left for his  
creditors.—Puck.

The Acrobat Gibbon.

A great ape which makes its home  
in Borneo is the gibbon, which is a  
small animal compared with the orang,  
weighing only about forty or fifty  
pounds. It is very frail in its bodily  
makeup. The head is set squarely on  
the shoulders, and it looks upward.  
When walking on the ground it bal-  
ances itself along like a walker on a  
tight rope. Its remarkable power of  
grasp and dexterity in using its hands  
are equally with the shape of its  
cranial indexes of its superior intelli-  
gence, perhaps because it is able to  
take hold of a greater number of  
things and examine them. The gibbons  
live in droves, whereas orangs live by  
families, and one of the most interest-  
ing spectacles imaginable is to see a  
troop of them crossing a great gap in  
the forest by throwing themselves in  
succession through the air, each one  
taking a swing or two to gather mo-  
mentum before launching himself. So  
great is their agility that in executing  
feats of this sort they seem like birds.

A Cordial Welcome.  
The first demand that the association  
in charge of New York foundlings had  
to meet was for a baby girl between  
one and two years of age with blue  
eyes, curly hair, dimple in chin, etc. A  
number of hospitals and asylums were  
canvassed, and finally Randall's Island  
produced a sole survivor eight months  
old who had a number of the requisite  
traits. The candidate was visited and  
pronounced worthy, the home up the  
river found to be all that could be de-  
sired, and on a stated afternoon the  
agent took the train with her charge.  
As she alighted at the station she no-  
ticed an unusual gathering of people,  
which was promptly explained by a  
shout: "There she is! There is Mrs.  
Blank's baby!" The entire village had  
gathered to offer a welcome.—Every-  
body's Magazine.

When Leather Was Money.  
Leather was very early used as a  
currency, the Romans employing it for  
this purpose before either gold, silver  
or brass came into common use. His-  
tory is full of references showing that  
leather was used by the ancients as a  
sort of circulating medium of ex-  
change. It is said on good authority  
that so late as during the reign of  
Louis XII. of France the currency was  
so impoverished and as a conse-  
quence money was so scarce that  
little pieces of leather with a small  
silver nail driven through each were  
in general use as money. Some few  
specimens of this leather money are  
still in existence, but are only to be  
found in the possession of numis-  
matists, by whom they are highly  
prized.

Cultivate Your Wife's Friendship.  
If a man has a good wife he has the  
best friend it is possible to have. "A  
man's best friend," says Bulwer Lyt-  
ton, "is a wife of good sense and good  
heart, whom he loves and who loves  
him. In woman there are at once a  
subtle delicacy of tact and a plain  
soundness of judgment which are rare-  
ly combined to an equal degree in a  
man. A woman, if she be really your  
friend, will have a sensitive regard for  
your character, honor and repute. She  
will seldom counsel you to do a shabby  
thing, for a woman always desires to  
be proud of you. At the same time her  
constitutional timidity makes her more  
cautious than your male friend. She  
therefore seldom counsels you to do an  
imprudent deed."

How It Happened.  
An English lawyer was cross exami-  
ning the plaintiff in a breach of promise  
case. "Was the defendant's air when  
he promised to marry you perfectly sa-  
tional or one of jocularity?" he inquired.  
"If you please, sir," was the reply,  
"it was all ruffled with 'im a-rannin'  
'is hands through it."  
"You misapprehend my meaning,"  
said the lawyer. "Was the promise  
made in utter sincerity?"  
"No, sir, not a place like it. It was  
made in the wash-house, and me a-wring-  
in' the clothes," replied the plaintiff.—  
Harper's Weekly.

An Easy Problem.  
A man wanted a ticket to Olathe and  
had only a two dollar bill. It required  
\$3 to get the ticket. He took the two  
dollar bill to a pawnshop and pawned it  
for \$1.50. On his way back to the  
station he met a friend, to whom he  
sold the pawn ticket for \$1.50. That  
gave him \$3. Now, who's out that dol-  
lar?—Kansas City Star.

Try.  
Try to be something in this world,  
and you will be something. Aim at ex-  
cellence, and excellence will be attain-  
ed. This is the greatest secret of suc-  
cess and ambience. "I cannot do it"  
never recommended anything. "I will  
try" has wrought wonders.

Man's Vanity.  
There is no exaggerated and bare-  
faced compliment a man will not swal-  
low greedily if it be served up by a  
woman. And his complacency under  
the process of swallowing is something  
delicious to witness.—Lady's Realm.

Defiance of American Girls.  
A generally ignored point in assessing  
the many reasons why American girls  
are so popular is the very captivating  
shrewdness of defiance with which they  
treat those older than themselves.—  
Lady's Pictorial.

Time to Break.  
Miss Asum—Have you really broken  
off your engagement to him? Miss Fly-  
de—Oh, yes, I just had to. He was get-  
ting too sentimental—began to talk to  
me about matrimony.—Philadelphia  
Press.

Men are sent into the world with  
bills of credit and seldom draw to their  
full extent.—Walpole.

A RATTLER'S BITE.

How, Under Some Conditions, It May  
Not Kill the Victim.

It may seem absurd to claim that  
there are cases where the bite of a rat-  
tlesnake is not fatal, yet such have  
happened, and to understand these it is  
necessary only to understand the man-  
ner in which this reptile strikes.

The spectacle of a rattlesnake at bay  
is one a beholder never forgets. The  
great, long body lies coiled in a tense  
spiral, the very embodiment of wick-  
edness. Poised in air, the white bellied  
fore body is bent into a horizontal S,  
right as an iron bar. Raised from the  
middle of the spiral is the tall, quivering  
like a twanged banjo string and  
emitting a rattle like steam escaping  
from the pet cock of a radiator or like  
the sound of a mowing machine in a  
distant hayfield. Ave inspiring, the  
dead, flat, triangular head, eyes gleam-  
ing black and cold as ley steel, is ready  
to strike. As the grewsome mouth  
opens wide and pink, the long, thin  
poison fangs arise from a horizontal pos-  
ition and stand upright like a pair of  
slender, curved, needle pointed shad  
bones, ready for business. Like a flash,  
far too quick for the eye to follow, the  
snake strikes, sending home its fangs  
an inch or two, and in that same frac-  
tion of an instant he has squirted a te-  
lale-spooof of emary yellow, viscusous  
fluid into the wound and lies coiled  
ready for a second attack.

In this incomprehensibly swift attack  
lies the answer why sometimes the bite  
of a rattler is not fatal, for so won-  
derfully swift is the attack that a bite  
may be imperfect, leaving only a pair  
of tiny needle punctures with just  
enough venom to make a victim seri-  
ously ill.

Another reason why a rattlesnake's  
bite is not always fatal is that (tempo-  
rarily) the reptile may be without ven-  
om. The snake may have exhausted its  
poison on a previous enemy. In which  
case it would have to wait several days  
before the deadly fluid has reaccumu-  
lated, or, again, the viper's fangs may  
have suffered accident. They may have  
been broken off and require time for  
new growth. In any case, certain it is  
that a rattlesnake's poison, applied in  
the proper way will do its work, and  
then only the most expert and prompt  
assistance will save a victim.—A. W.  
Reiker in Pearson's Magazine.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.  
How a man who is hoarse likes to use  
his voice!  
A person with a forgiving disposition  
has to put up with a lot.  
The average woman is fond of saying  
that her ambition exceeds her strength.  
A merchant is never so busy involunt-  
arily that he isn't willing to wait on a  
good customer.  
After a man gets converted his neigh-  
bors speculate every time they see him  
as to how soon he will pay what he  
owes them.  
A family with an artistic tempera-  
ment isn't really as much of an addi-  
tion to the neighborhood as one owning  
a stepladder.

How easily gossip starts! Ever think  
how little pleasure you get out of a  
"story" you start and how much trou-  
ble you may be making others?—Atch-  
ison Globe.

The Deadly Tarantula.  
The poison of the Mygale species of  
tarantula is of a fearful nature—more  
dreaded than that of a rattlesnake—  
and unless only slightly scratched and  
heroic measures used the result is fat-  
al. Many deaths are on record caus-  
ed by these spiders. The most pro-  
longed suffering was that of a San  
Diego woman. A tarantula sunk its  
fangs in her hand during the night.  
The flesh was cut away with a razor  
and medical assistance summoned at  
once. Her life was prolonged for a  
time as well as her sufferings. For  
three months she lingered under the  
effects, her hands constantly creeping  
and crawling along the bedding in  
horrible imitations of the motions of  
the tarantula.

A Bishop's Connardum.  
The bishop of Landaff is fond of  
the connection of connardums, with  
which, when a country parson in Pera-  
broshire, he loved to bewilder the  
grave historian Thirlwall. The story  
goes that not long ago Bishop Lewis  
concluded a clerical meeting by asking  
his flock, "If it takes your bishop a  
week to eat a ham, how long would it  
take him to eat a hammer?" and made  
a diplomatic departure to catch his  
train. When the company had given  
up the problem they wired to Landaff  
for the solution and received the mad-  
dening reply, "I don't know; I've nev-  
er tried."—London Globe.

Secret of Living.  
If we can only come back to nature  
together every year and consider the  
faults and our mistakes under the sil-  
ent stars and hear the river murmur-  
ing in absolute we shall die young,  
even though we live long, and we shall  
have a treasure of memories which  
will be like the twin flower, a double  
blossom on a single stem, and carry  
with us into the unseen world some-  
thing which will make it worth while  
to be immortal.—Henry Van Dyke.

An Overdose.  
"Is it true," asked Mr. Quiso, "that  
your husband ordered Dr. Smoother  
out of the house?"  
"Yes. Poor Jack had been carrying  
the baby all night and every night for  
a week and was run down to a thread.  
I called the doctor, and he told Jack  
that he must take exercise."

The Father's Eden.  
Johnny—Paw, what's the rest of that  
quotation beginning, "Truth is mighty"  
Father—"Source." I reckon.—Pittsburg  
Post.

**PITTSBURGH BANK FOR SAVINGS**  
Pittsburgh, Pa.  
This Best Century bank  
method brings this  
strong, old bank to every  
post office in the world.  
Write for blank  
Mail booklet  
Founded, 1862  
Assets, \$14,000,000.00  
4 per cent. interest paid  
PITTSBURGH  
BANK FOR SAVINGS  
of Pittsburgh, Pa.

**The Cure that Cures**  
Coughs,  
Colds,  
Grippe,  
Whooping Cough, Asthma,  
Bronchitis and Incipient  
Consumption is  
**OTTO'S  
CURE**  
Cures throat and lung diseases.  
Sold by all druggists. 25¢ & 50¢.  
Sold by H. Alex. Stoke.

**JEFFERSON  
MACARONI  
FACTORY**  
REYNOLDSVILLE, PENNA.  
One of the largest macaroni factories  
in the state. Orders sent C. O. D. or on  
good reference anywhere in the  
United States. Also wholesale agents  
for the well known brand of  
**Premium Flour.**  
C. & J. AEBINARO, Proprietors

**WANTED!**  
Girls to learn Cloth Picking  
and Winding.  
**Enterprise Silk Co.**

**BANNER  
BAKING  
POWDER**  
FOR BISCUITS  
PASTRY  
FANCY CAKES  
**ALWAYS THE BEST**

An Ambassador's Wit.  
The late Lord Pauncefote, while at-  
tending the peace congress at the  
Hague, attracted the attention of the  
delegates by taking notes with a foun-  
tain pen the handle of which was  
formed by the shell of a dum dum bullet.  
One day, says a biographer, the  
representative of a foreign power, ex-  
cited by the heat of the discussion in  
the interests of peace, said to him  
sharply:  
"Sir, that isn't right for you to  
use that murderous shell in this con-  
gress. The instruments used by per-  
sons are almost emblematic. They can  
become a part of themselves, an ex-  
pression of their ideas and of their per-  
sonality."  
Lord Pauncefote smiled, but said  
nothing. The following day his critic,  
wanting to write something, turned to  
the English diplomat to borrow a pen.  
The ambassador pulled out of his  
pocket an old-fashioned pen made of a  
grape quill and after the borrower  
had intimated said:  
"Monieur, it isn't right for you to  
use such an instrument in this con-  
gress. The instruments used by per-  
sons are almost emblematic. They can  
become a part of themselves, an ex-  
pression of their ideas, of their person-  
ality."

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD  
BUFFALO & ALLEGHENY VALLEY  
DIVISION.  
Low Grade Division.  
In Effect Nov. 27, 1904. Eastern Standard Time.  
EASTWARD.  
STATIONS. No. 109, No. 113, No. 107, No. 15, No. 107  
A. M. P. M. A. M. P. M. A. M. P. M. A. M. P. M.  
Pittsburg, 9:00, 11:05, 4:03, 7:55  
Red Bank, 9:25, 11:30, 4:28, 8:20  
Lawsonham, 9:47, 11:52, 4:50, 8:42  
New Bethlehem, 10:12, 12:17, 5:15, 8:47  
Oak Ridge, 10:39, 12:24, 5:42, 8:43  
Mayport, 10:52, 10:34, 11:54, 8:04, 8:49  
Summersville, 11:02, 12:34, 5:50, 8:52  
Brookville, 11:20, 12:42, 6:08, 8:52  
Lora, 11:38, 12:50, 6:26, 8:52  
Fairport, 11:56, 1:08, 6:44, 8:52  
Reynoldsville, 12:14, 12:58, 6:59, 8:50  
Pancoast, 12:30, 1:14, 7:15, 8:58  
Falls Creek, 12:45, 1:29, 7:30, 8:58  
DuBois, 1:02, 1:46, 7:45, 8:58  
Sabula, 1:18, 1:52, 8:03, 8:58  
Wintersburg, 1:34, 2:08, 8:15, 8:58  
Pennfield, 1:50, 2:24, 8:30, 8:58  
Tyler, 2:06, 2:40, 8:45, 8:58  
Bennettsburg, 2:22, 2:56, 8:58  
Grant, 2:38, 3:12, 9:10, 8:58  
Driftwood, 2:54, 3:28, 9:25, 8:58  
A. M. P. M. P. M. P. M. P. M.  
Train 951 (Sunday) leaves Pittsburg 9:00 a. m.,  
Red Bank 9:55 a. m., Brookville 10:50 a. m.,  
1:59, Falls Creek 1:14, arrives DuBois 2:30 p. m.

WESTWARD.  
STATIONS. No. 108, No. 106, No. 102, No. 116, No. 106  
A. M. P. M. A. M. P. M. A. M. P. M. A. M. P. M.  
Driftwood, 7:50, 11:10, 4:50, 8:50  
Grant, 8:06, 11:26, 5:06, 9:06  
Bennettsburg, 8:22, 11:42, 5:22, 9:06  
Tyler, 8:38, 12:02, 5:38, 9:06  
Pannfield, 8:54, 12:18, 5:54, 9:06  
Wintersburg, 9:10, 12:34, 6:10, 9:06  
Sabula, 9:26, 12:50, 6:26, 9:06  
DuBois, 9:42, 1:06, 6:42, 9:06  
Falls Creek, 9:58, 1:22, 6:58, 9:06  
Pancoast, 10:14, 1:38, 7:14, 9:06  
Reynoldsville, 10:30, 1:54, 7:30, 9:06  
Fauler, 10:46, 2:10, 7:46, 9:06  
Lora, 11:02, 2:26, 8:02, 9:06  
Summersville, 11:18, 2:42, 8:18, 9:06  
Mayport, 11:34, 2:58, 8:34, 9:06  
Oak Ridge, 11:50, 3:14, 8:50, 9:06  
New Bethlehem, 12:06, 3:30, 9:06, 9:11  
Lawsonham, 12:22, 3:46, 9:22, 9:11  
Red Bank, 12:38, 4:02, 9:38, 9:11  
Pittsburg, 12:54, 4:18, 9:54, 9:11  
A. M. P. M. P. M. P. M. P. M.  
Train 952 (Sunday) leaves DuBois 4:00 p. m.,  
Falls Creek 4:45, Reynoldsville 5:30, Brookville  
6:15, Red Bank 7:00, Pittsburg 7:45 p. m.  
On Sundays only train leaves Driftwood at  
8:20 a. m., arrives DuBois 10:00 a. m. Return-  
ing leaves DuBois 4:40 p. m., Pittsburg 5:15  
leaving 3:40 p. m., stopping at intermediate sta-  
tions.

Trains marked \* run daily; † daily, except  
Sunday; ‡ flag station, where signals must be  
shown.

Philadelphia & Erie Railroad Division  
In effect Nov. 27th, 1904. Trains leave  
Driftwood as follows:  
EASTWARD  
9:04 a. m.—Train 12, weekdays,