HONORS AND WORTH.

From Father to Son.

When you find a man a most excellent runner, poet, surgeon or mariner, you give him due respect for his skill. If he is very eminent, his occupation esteemed and you chance to be some ruling power, be may receive a title, You do not confer this title because of his grandmother, and you do not make the old indy a duchess or indeed pay her any particular attention. This mission does not reflect discredit on the grandmother. It is obvious to her mind that to make her a peeress because not she, but some one else, has ione something "good" would be as absurd as giving her twelve months' bard labor if he had done something otherwise.

Still less rational would it be to make the man's son a peer. The old lady has given the world this grandson. Perhaps she is in a measure the cause of his greatness, just as she might be to a certain extent responsible were he a criminal. But the son of the man dld not make his father. He is not to be more greatly praised for what his father has done than for what William the Conqueror did.

The world seldom or never gives a man a title because his father earned one, but it does an equally silly thing when it allows a son to inherit such an "honor," says Home Notes.

Until a man can transmit merit it is absurd to allow him to transmit a testimonial as to merit. And, if there be no pretense of claim to exceptional worth, what solid reason can be advanced for a man receiving a designation that commands deference?

TOOTHPICKS.

A Visit to London and a Little Les son In Etiquette.

"I ran over for a short visit to Loudon," said a globe trotter. "On the boat was a pretty widow from Altona who disgusted and amused all hands one day by saying:

"I am surprised that a fast and expensive boat like this should fall to supply us with toothpicks.'

"She thought toothpicks indispens ble, like napkins or forks. For thinking so we set her down as a hecker. But wait.

"I dined during my visit in London at Prince's, in Piccadilly, and at the Savoy, in the room that overlooks the embankment and the river, and at the Carlton, where I paid a dollar for a plate of soup, and at all these restaurants, which are admittedly the finest and the smartest and the most fashionable in the world. At all of them there were toothpicks on the table, each toothpick done up in a sterilized envelope.

"This taught me a lesson. It taught me that it is narrow and provincial to despise people for their disregard of certain small rules of cliquette. The things we despise them for, which may be glaring errors in Scattle or New York, may be again, as like as not, the correct thing in Paris and London."-New York Press.

How Sound Waves Move.

The speed with which sound waves are transmitted through the atmosphere depends on several conditions. When the temperature is at 32 degrees F. sounds move with a speed of 1,090 feet per second, the velocity increasing with temperature at the rate of about one foot of speed per second for each degree above the freezing point. Then, again, in damp air sound moves with a greater velocity than it does in dry air, no odds if the dry air be warm and the damp cold. In water sound moves more than four times as fast as it does in air, or, say, at about the rate of 4,700 feet per second.

Wooden Spoons.

A curious industry in Russia and one which nevertheless finds employment for thousands of men is that of making wooden spoons. In the district of Semenovsk, where they chiefly come from, no fewer than 7,000 men make a living at the trade. The spoons are generally made from birchwood, and a skilled workman can turn out several hundred a day. No fewer than 12,060,000 spoons are manufactured during the course of the year, which are sold at 6 to 8 rubles per thousand. They find a ready market and penetrate as far as Persia, Khiya, Bokhara and Khokand.

Husbands.

A woman who shall be nameless furnishes the following essay on hus-

"There are three kinds of husbandsthe young husbands who make us untappy because we are so jealous of them, the middle aged husbands who break our hearts because they would rather make money or play golf than devote any attention to us and the old husbands who sicken us with their silly objections whenever we turn to look at younger men."-Chicago Trib-

Different Times.

Sarasate once found his memory deserting him at a recital, but he discovered the reason of the mishap in time to prevent a failure. A lady was fanning herself in the front row of the stalls. The violinist stopped playing, "Madam," he said "how can I play in two-four time when you are beating six-The hally shut up her fan, and the recital was concluded successfully.

Impodent Dog.

A dog had the sidneity to bark at the deputy commissioner of Purulia, in agal, when he came to the house of the master of the dog on a bike. The owners of the dog were sent up for tries under section 289, and one of them, Karusha, was fined 20 rupees .-

POWER OF MIND.

Always a Valuable Asset in Presence of Danger.

Presence of mind is always an asset. It is especially valuable in presence of danger such as springs from the presence of men intent upon mur This was never better exemplider. fied than when a gang of men set out to take the life of Mazzini. He got to hear of their project. All the precautions he took was to get ready a store of very excellent cigars. The ruffians resently appeared at his address. Come in, gentlemen," he said and produced his cigars. To each man he handed one. Taken aback at their reception, they seemed abashed and confused. "I know that you came to kill me," he said. "Why do you not proceed to your task?" This was too much for even this bloodthirsty deputation. They could not kill the man whose cigars they were smoking and who invited them to carry out their Muttering some excuse for havtask. ing interrupted his studies, they shuffled out of the room and troubled him no more.

Each man has his own method with would be assassins. With Napoleon it was the eye which counted. While he was visiting the Duke of Saxe-Co burg-Gotha one of the duke's retainers made up his mind to slay him. He had so frequently heard the great man enounced as the curse of Europe that he felt impelled to seize the chance to destroy him. He was a common sol Her at the time and had to do sentry duty in one of the corridors of the pai ace along which Napoleon passed. He test his finger to the trigger as the duke, accompanied by Napoleon, drew in sight. He aimed for Napoleon's heart. Napoleon saw him. He said nothing, but simply fixed his eagle eye upon the youth. The latter seemed ellbound. He let the musket fall with a crash to the floor of the stone porridor. He felt, he said, as if he must have swooned. Napoleon took no further notice, said no word, passed upon his way as if nothing had hap pened. That one nashing glance had saved his life. He knew its effect and value.—St. James' Gazette.

LANGUAGE EVOLUTION.

the of the Suffix "Less" in Verba,

Nouns and Adjectives. Many will remember that some years ago there went on a violent controversy about the word tireless. The discovery had been made that "less' was a suffix which could properly be appended only to nouns; hence the orm must be discarded, and we must all take pains to say untiring. The cuty of so doing was preached from scores of professional and newspaper pulpits. No one seemed to think or are for the various other adjectives similarly formed and therefore liable to the similar censure which they never received. Hostility was directd against it alone. The actual flaw which vittated the arguments against fireless its censors never knew or took late consideration. This was that the fancied rule covering the creation of such words had practically long ceased to be operative whenever a new formation struck the sense of the users of language as being desirable.

Unquestionably in our earliest speech the suffix "less" when employed to form adjectives was joined only with nouns. But the general sloughing off of nominal and verbal endings which went on in later centuries reduced a great proportion of substantives and cerbs in the speech to precisely the same form. In consequence the sense of any fundamental distinction between the two broke down in many ways-in one way in particular. There is nothing easier in our speech than to convert a verb into a noun or a noun into a verb. It is a process which has taken place constantly in the past and is liable to take place at any time in the future, either at the will or the whim of the writer or speaker .-Thomas R. Lounsbury in Harper's.

A Horse Story.

Our Dumb Animals tells a remarkble story about the intelligence of a mare who saved her coit from death y stopping a train on a railroad in exas. The colt had fallen with its egs through a railroad bridge, and the nother started down the track to meet he coming train. As the train came an she stood on the track whinnying. as train stormed, and then the mare trotted ahead of it as it moved slowly bridge. Here the colt was disovered and extricated from its perilous position. The story was vouched for by the engineer, railroad men and assengers in the train.

He Was at Church.

Saunders, the village slater, was a very poor attender at the church. One day the minister met him and said; "Come, now, Saunders, why is it you

are never at church nowadays?" "Never at the kirk?" replied Saun-"Ye're quite wrang there, sir; I spent the hale o' last week on the tap o't."-Glasgow Times,

Says the London Times of May, 1806: A decently dressed woman was last night brought out into Smithfield for sale, but the brutal conduct of the bidders induced the man who was, or pretended to be, her husband, to refuse to sell her; on which a scene of riot and confusion highly disgraceful to our police took place."

There's a Reason.

Bill-He used to be a lawbreaker, but he's changed now. Jill-Keeps within the law, now, does he? Bill-Oh yes. Keeps within the Jail too. Yonkers Statesman.

A man cannot escape in thought, any more than he can in language, from the past and the present.

THE CHILEAN "YAPPA."

R Is Similar to the "Lagniappe" of New Orleans.

Residents of New Orleans and northern readers of Cable's stories of the city are familiar with the interesting and gracious custom of small trades men of giving lagniappe. The word, commonly pronounced "lanyap," refers to the small present which the dealers make to their customers as a sort of inducement to call again. The custom is so firmly established that the people are in the liabit of waiting for their little present after they have made their purchases, and children ask for it. Mrs. Hort in her book "The Garden of the Pacific" describes a similar custom in Valparaiso. The Chileans, however, call the gift a "yappa," which one readily sees is kindred to the word used in New Orleans.

"I used to frequent the fruit market, which was well stocked. The fresh figs were the largest and sweetest that I had ever seen or tasted, and I made a point of daily bringing some home for breakfast.

"The first time I selected the number which I wanted the girl placed them between leaves in my basket and then laid another half dozen on the top. I supposed that she wished me to buy an extra quantity and shook my bead in the negative. She smilingly explained that it was for a yappa. As I had nothing more to pay, I was agreeably impressed by the custom.

"The Chilerins exact the yappa as their due. We were in a confectionery shop one day when a small child came in and held up a centavo (halfpenny for some sweets. The man handed them to her. She held up her other hand and disped out, 'Mi yappa,' and got it."-New York Globe.

THE SAIS OF EGYPT.

A Warning Runner Who Hellows Like a Bull as He Goes.

The sais is a runner who keeps in front of a carriage and warns common people out of the way and who beats them with a stick if they do not hurry up about It.

It is obvious that to do this he must run quickly. Most men when they run bend their bodies forward and keep their mouths closed in order to save their wind. The sais runs with his shoulders thrown back and trumpeting like an enraged elephant. He holds his long wand at his side like a mus ket and not trailing in his hand like a walking stick, and he wears a soft shirt of white stuff and a sleeveless coat buried in gold lace.

He is a perfect ideal of color and movement, and as he runs he bellows like a bull or roars as you have heard a lion roar at feeding times in a menagerie.

There are sometimes two of then running abreast, dressed exactly allke and with the upper part of their bodies as rigid as the wand pressed against their sides and with the ends of their scarf and the long tassel streaming out behind.

As they yell and bellow donkeys and carriages and people scramble out of their way until the carriage they precede has rolled rapidly by, princesses of the royal harem and con suls general and the heads of the army of occupation and the Egyptian army are permitted two sais; other people

When Thackersy Struck.

A letter written by Thackeray to the proprietor of Fraser's Magazine is quoted under the head of "When Thackeray Went on Strike." As a matter of fact, Trackeray, so far from acting on the principle of unionism, acted on precisely the opposite principle and asserted his right to individual preference. "Well," he says, "I dare say you will be very indignant and swear I am the most mercenary of individuals. Not so, But I am a better workman than most of your crew and desire a better price." He ends amiably, "You must not, I repeat, be angry or, because we differ as tradesmen, break off our connection as friends."-

A Barbarous Policy.

After the Dutch had taken the Moluceas from the Portuguese they introduced the cultivation of the clove into their own possessions, cut down all the clove trees of the Moluccas and pronounced death on any one who would plant a single clove bush or gather or sell a pound of the product. Expeditions were sent from their other eastern possessions every year to cut down any bushes that might have accidentally started in the Molucca is lands. This barbarons policy made the islands a desert, for, deprived of their forests, the volcanic soil was washed away, and the population starved or was deported.

His Pair Share.

The Chinese always have understood the great art of making the punishment fit the crime. Man or joss, if he offends, gets exactly his deserts. Viceroy Shum, who was anxious to see the end of the heavy rainfalls, was very angry with the guardian joss of Canton, who remained deaf to all prayers to bring about a little sunshine. A Weivnen was dispatched to the temple with orders to uncover the roof over the joss' head and let him have his fair share of the rain.

Logient.

She-I think we should be able to Hve nicely on \$3,000 a year. He-But my salary is only \$2,000. She-I know it, dear, but my clothes come to \$1,000 a year, and I have enough now to last for the first twelve months.

Woman's Love.

"Which of the two do you think you will love the longest, Peter or Paul?" "The one who will forget me the aulekest."-Paris Figuro.

THOUGHTLESS TRAPPERS.

Torture to Animage and Ruthless Bestruction of Game.

People who have not seen can form no idea of the suffering trappers cause nor of their ruthless destruction of game, Nothing escapes them. Even the squirrels are sacrificed to bait traps for marten and fisher, and not only the equirrels, but all kinds of birds, wheth game or song birds.

In trapping mink, otter, beaver and few other for bearing animals the trap is nearly always set near the water, where the animal when caught can drown itself, thus ending its suffering.

But with bear, marten and fisher it is

different. The bear must drag a heavy clog about until it catches in some root or bush. There he must wait until the trapper comes to kill him, and this in some cases is not for days. The bones of the leg are almost invariably broken by the trap, and the leg swells to incredible size. One trapper in one day shot nineteen large blue grouse merely to try a new rifle. The birds were nest He had no use for them, and not

Years ago in British Columbia an old trapper camped near our bear hunting party. He shot everything he could find, even little ducks and marmots. A goat he killed fell over a cliff, and as it was harder to recover it than to shoot another he shot another. He was trapping beaver out of season and boasted of having caught one that was about to become a mother.

one did he even bring to camp.

I have seen the spot where a bear fast in a trap had been caught for more than a week in a thicket through which it was impossible to drag the trap and clog. I once knew an old French trapper who shot seventy-three moose and elk in one winter for bear balt for the spring catch. I asked why he killed so He said that he wanted a big many. stink in the spring so as to bring the bears around. All of the animals he had slaughtered for a spring stink were shot with a revolver, for they were snow bound and could not escape. He told me that he dropped five big elk in one pile. This frightful destruction by trappers has exterminated the game. World's Work.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Don't save your money and starve our mind.

Vigorous thought must come from a fresh brain.

Tens of thousands of people fall because they love their ease too much. "Keeping alive that spirit of youth," Stevenson used to say, was "the perennial spring of all the mental facul-

A man may build a palace, but he can never make of it a home. The spirituality and love of a woman alone can accomplish this.

If we are contented to unfold the life within according to the pattern given us we shall reach the highest end of which we are capable.

By proper training the depressing emotions can be practically eliminated from life and the good emotions rendered bermanently dominant.

Every time you crowd into the memory what you do not expect it to retaln you weaken its powers and you lose your authority to command its services.-Success.

John Wesley and Beng Nash.

In a book about Bath is set forth a story about John Wesley. Beau Nash had told Wesley that his preaching in the street was not only contrary to law, but it "frightened people out of their wits.'

"Sir," said Wesley, "did you ever hear me presch?"

"No," said the master of ceremonies. "How then can you judge of what you never heard?" "By common report," said Nash

"Common report is not enough. Give me leave, sir, to ask, is not your name Nash?"

"My name is Nash." "Sir," said Wesley, "I dare not judge of you by common report."

Mrs. Portly-Puffington (proudly)-We can trace our ancestry back to one of the Saxon kings.

Visitor-Indeed? Mrs. Portly-Puffington - Oh, dear, yes! We have been descending for generations.-Puck.

I don't want to brag, but I've got my health and my friends, so what on earth more do I want?-Deland.



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FAMOUS BALLET DANCERS.

Stories of La Taglioni, Fanny Elssler and Lola Montez.

It has been asserted that the grand ballet died when the famous Taglion! retired in 1845. At any rate, the ballet today is chiefly a spectacle of dress and colored limelight. Except for a very few performers, dancing as a high art has vanished.

There is no one now to set beside La Taglioni, who was the oneen of the stage. Balzac introduced her into his novels. Even Thackeray condescended to notice her and declared enthusiastically in "The Newcomes" that the "young men of the day will never see anything so graceful as Taglioni in 'La Sylphide.'" At that time she was the rage. Stagecoaches and greatcoats were named after her.

La Taglioni owed her charm to a wonderful lightness and grace. Her style was rather ideal than realistic and voluptuous, as was then the vogue. The hideons ballet skirt of today she never wore, but a skirt that reached nearly to her ankles. It was one of the principles of her father, who taught her all she learned of the art, that the dancer should be modest in dress, in movement and in expression.

Another famous master, who called himseif "Le Dieu de la Danse," always told his pupils to use all the coquetry they could.

Vestris, who founded the famous Vestris family, was an eighteenth century celebrity and quite remarkably conceited even for a dancer, "There are but three great men alive," he used to say, "myself, the Prussian Frederick and Voltaire." (It is interesting to compare Southey's remark that a male dancer deserves to be hamstrung.) That profession of which he was so proud is indeed an arduous one Vestris used to practice for about six hours a day. A dancer must be extremely strong and supple.

A curious story is told about Fanny Elssler, a German dancer with coal black hair, which illustrates the extreme muscular strength a dancer requires. She was crossing to America when she entered her cabin one day and discovered a thief abstracting the jewel case which she kept hidden under her pillow. Before he could attack her she planted her foot full in his chest and killed him on the spot. It is curious that no Englishwoman

has ever achieved supreme success as a dancer. It is possible, as foreigners assert, that they lack the dramatic gift. It is certain that a lifelong devotion and arduous apprenticeship are essential to any expression through the medlum of dancing. The "rats," the beginners at the Paris Opera, are articled for five years, and then, unless they have danced from their cradle, they cannot hope to attain the first rank.

Another quality essential to the great dancer is infinite patience. The only English dancer who ever gave promise of attaining the front rank failed in this respect. Lola Montez was the somewhat foreign name she had taken. She lost her temper one day with the manager at rehearsal and expressed her feelings so dramatically as to break an umbrella over his head. Managers will endure much for art's sake, but this was too much,

Carlotta Grisi is another famous name of the old opera. It was she who first introduced the polka into England-a Bohemian dance that came to stay. It was for her, too, that Heine, Gautier and Adolphe Adam collaborated in writing "Giselle.

There were a score more famous names that were familiar words in those days. Of the twelve leading dancers engaged at the King's theater in 1824 for a two months' season five were a sufficient attraction to receive more than £1,000 each.-London Mail.

His Exact Menning.

Bellefield-What did you mean by saying that Spinius was a man of rare intelligence? That isn't the way in which he is usually regarded. Bloomfield-1 mean that his gleams of intelligence are so far apart as to be very

A First Essay In Housekeeping. Mr. Jones - What is it, my pet? Mrs. Jones-This rabbit (sob)-I've been plucking it (sobi-all the afternoon, and It isn't half done "of!-Punch,

COMPARISONS.

As Soon as We Begin to Make Them

We Begin to Suffer. We would not have to strive so for courage if what we vaguely call "things" were more evenly distributed among us, for no one's lot would then seem to him an evil one. If we were all humpbacked or lame or blind; if every husband were unfaithful and every child a cross; if we were all poor and no man had any more than another; if nobody's son died in his early strength and nobody was loved while we sat neglected, then who of us would know what sorrows and afflic tions were? We would take each of them for granted, as a Chimman takes his yellow skin and an Indian his red

It is because we see our estate differ the from that of our fellows that we are tempted to comparisons, and it is the making of these comparisons that a sense of our sorrows, like the knowledge of our afflictions, is first born. How would we have known that we were poor unless we had seen some one else who was richer or that our son was unsuccessful unless the son of somebody else were making a great mark in the world? Would our little children be unhappy with only one dress had they not seen other children with two?

It comes to this, then: When we be gin to make comparisons, we begin to suffer. This may seem to be a hard saying, but it is a true one,-Hamilton French in Harper's Bazar.

STAG LEGENDS.

Ancient Stories of the Animal's Antipathy to Santies.

There is no beast in the world to which more legendary virtues are attributed than the stag, partly owing to the tale of St. Hubert, partly to a supposed antipathy of stags toward serpents, partly to a peculiar mass of gristle in the shape of a cross which is found in the animal's heart. A whole book might be written on the miraculous power of the heart and the efficacy of different parts of him agrinst the troubles of this evil world. l'oullloux, in the sixteenth century, eves a long list, and Master Robert l'opsel fills page upon page with them, but our author in his solid English fashion is chary of accepting such stories.

Men say, he admits, that when a stag is right old be beateth a serpent with his foot till she be wroth, and then eateth her, and then goeth to drink, and then runneth hither and thither till the water and venom be meddled together, and maketh him cast all his evil humors that he had in his body, and maketh his flesh come all anew. But he adds, with the shlemnity of Herodotus himself, "Thereof make I none affirmation." And this phrase occurs again and again, for the Comte de Folx is too great and noble a hunter that any assertion of his should be laughed at.-Macmillan's Magazine,



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