

A PREHISTORIC ROAD

THE OLDEST MEMORIAL OF HUMAN ACTION IN ENGLAND.

Older by far than the Romans is the ancient Winchester-Canterbury highway, which counts its age by thousands of years.

There runs from Winchester to Canterbury a prehistoric track which is probably the oldest memorial of men's action in England. It is certainly older than the Romans—that is, it is certainly 2,000 years old, and how much older it may be than that we have no way of telling, but we do know that Winchester and Canterbury must have been the two great centers of the national life in the old barbarian times before the Romans came, and we may therefore suppose without too much temerity that this road is almost coeval with the existence of organized human life in Great Britain.

Two years ago I explored this road thoroughly. The whole distance is about 120 miles, and of that one may say that antiquarians had discovered, before my friends and I understood its thorough exploration, about three-quarters. Of the remaining quarter some part was doubtful and the rest unknown, but this unknown part did not make one continuous stretch. It was pieced in, as it were, along the length of the way, a bit here and a bit there. Thus one would have ten or fifteen miles along which the old British road corresponded with the modern highway; then would come perhaps two miles of doubtful lane, the history of which had to be read and the direction noted before one could be certain that it was really part of the old road; then after that would come, say, half a mile of pure waste heath or marsh or forest, in which nothing but a most careful examination, the records of old maps, the evidence of place names, and so forth, helped one to identify the track of the British way; then the highway would appear again, coinciding with the old trail, and so forth, long known or obvious bits coming in between short doubtful or unknown bits, until after infinite pains we built up the whole of the original track with the old trail, and so forth.

It may interest my readers to know what causes chiefly preserved this road and what have tended to its obliteration. The causes which preserved it were three. In the first place, it ran for the main part along the chalk hills which are known as the North downs, just above the level of cultivation, and chalk is an excellent preservative for a road of this kind. It takes the impression of passing traffic, the weight of which makes a sort of platform along the hillside. It is not easy to cultivate, and people do not build upon its heights. Moreover, chalk does not wash away, so that such a road, once formed, would remain for centuries.

The second cause which preserved the road was the system of turnpike which was introduced, I think, about 200 years ago and lasted until our own time. Men naturally tried to avoid the turnpike if they were on horseback or if they were drovers, and they would turn off the good turnpike roads of the

valley, where they had to pay at every gate, and go along the old free road above the hills.

And, thirdly, the pilgrimage to the tomb of St. Thomas at Canterbury, which sprang up about 700 years ago, powerfully helped the survival of the road. Winchester was beginning to fall into decay when this pilgrimage arose, and Canterbury was no longer a very important town, but when thousands of men had occasion to go from the west of England to Canterbury on a pilgrimage Winchester became the natural meeting place, and the road from Winchester to Canterbury once again grew in importance. Churches and villages sprang up along it, traditions and legends began to cling to it, and one way and another the memory of it was saved for history and for ourselves.

I have said that there were many places where the road was almost or entirely lost. The main cause of this was cultivation. As the population grew denser it became necessary to plow up the poorer land high up on the hillside, and as these old roads were not noted in any way the moment their surface was plowed up no trace of the road could possibly remain. Another cause was the formation of the great parks which rich men began to inclose and to wall around about 150 years ago and later. If a rich man took a fancy to a bit of ground which used to be common and through which the old road went he would put a wall round it and turn it into a park and divert the right of way by a special act of parliament round his new property. There are examples of this all along the old road—as, for instance, at Lord Stauhope's park at Cheltenham, at the Leveson-Gowers' place at Tisbury, at Lord Gerard's park at Eastwell and many other places.

The old road would also be lost over marshy ground, and now and then, but very rarely, modern buildings would appear on it, and then, of course, it was impossible to track it out unless one could get a record of what the ground was like before the buildings were erected.—London Black and White.

Golden Silence.

Mother—You're very fond of your dolly, aren't you, dear?

Little Mary—Yes, she's nicer than anybody else I know.

Mother—Oh, no! She's not nicer than your mamma surely?

Little Mary—Yes, she is, 'cause she don't never 'sturb me when I'm talkin'.

—Catholic Standard and Times.

THADDEUS STEVENS.

His Sense of Humor and His Unostentatious Charity.

Many a joke is credited to Thaddeus Stevens, who led the Republicans in congress during the civil war and the troublous times after.

One of the very keenest of his jests, which is undoubtedly authentic, is so commonplace in sound that one might easily be forgiven for failing to take it in its meaning. In his last days David Reese and John Chauncey, two employees of the house of representatives, used to carry him in a large armchair from his lodgings across the public grounds, up the broad stairs of the capitol.

"Who," he said to them one day, "will be so good to me and bear me in their strong arms when you two mighty men are gone?"

Such a question implied nothing short of a sense of intellectual immortality.

When he had taken to his bed for the last time a visitor told him he was looking well.

"Oh, John," was the quick reply, "it is not my appearance, but my disappearance, that troubles me!"

One day a member of the house of representatives, who was noted for his uncertain course on all questions and who confessed that he never investigated a point under discussion without finding himself a neutral, asked for leave of absence.

"Mr. Speaker," said Stevens, "I do not rise to object, but to suggest that the honorable member need not ask this favor, for he can easily pair off with himself!"

One anecdote always remembered in connection with Stevens illustrates his unostentatious charity. A beggar woman met him one morning as he was limping to the house.

"Oh, sir," she said, "I have just lost all the money I had in the world!"

"And how much was that?"

"Oh, sir, it was 75 cents."

"You don't say so!" he replied, putting a five dollar bill in her hand. "And how wonderful it is that I should have found what you lost!"—Philadelphia Press.

Foods That Make You Fat.

Potatoes, peas, baked beans, fats, sweets—such as puddings, pies and cake—ale, beer, sweet wines and even water, when taken with meals, all conduce to obesity. But in lieu of the foregoing flesh producers one may satisfy hunger with a moderate amount of lean meats, poultry, fish; with fruits (excepting figs, dates and bananas) and with vegetables, such as spinach, string beans, eggplant, celery, beets, etc. I would recommend also that too generous one eat a little of each of these things, but that they drink copiously of water between meals to flush their systems. Water, he it remembered, is an excellent purgative.—G. Elliot Flint in Outlook.

Not Buried Yet.

"There has never been any decisive action on that bill you introduce year after year."

"No," answered the statesman. "That bill has been of such value in giving me prominence that I should rather regret to see it removed from active controversy and buried in the statute books."—Washington Star.

WEBSTER AND MONEY

THE GREAT DANIEL WAS CARELESS IN FINANCIAL AFFAIRS.

He Troubled Himself Little About What He Owed or About What Others Owed Him—The Way the Famous Orator Charmed His Creditors.

As often as nature makes a demigod out of a man she tacks on to him some badge of infirmity, some sign or token by which the less favored of the race may know that he is not absolutely removed from them, but is, in certain ways, co-heir with them in common humanity.

The "godlike Daniel," expounder of the constitution and father of the sentiment of American nationality, whose eloquence the "applause of listening senators" did command, was mighty careless about his financial obligations, seldom troubling himself about what he owed or about what others owed him.

The late Erastus Corning and Webster were warm friends, and thereby explained the fact that once upon a time Mr. Corning indorsed Mr. Webster's note for a considerable amount.

As things go in this world notes must sooner or later come due, and when this particular note reached maturity it went to protest. But Webster was the "great expounder," and the firm, not wishing to embarrass him, paid it.

Time passed, and when it was supposed that Webster's financial condition was improved Mr. Corning was prevailed upon by the firm to ask Webster if he could make it convenient to liquidate the claim.

In answer to Corning's letter Webster sent a note abounding in apologies for the trouble he had put his friend to, and wound up with a most cordial invitation to the gentleman to visit him, when he would probably be in a position to pay him, or, at least, to give him some sort of satisfactory security.

Corning accepted the invitation and went to see the expounder.

In due time Corning returned home, delighted and charmed with his visit to Marshfield.

Entertaining his partners with enthusiastic accounts of the great statesman's hospitality and with descriptions of the various incidents of his visit, Corning forgot to say a word about the main object of the visit.

Finally, after Corning had exhausted himself in describing the good time he had had, a member of the firm broke in with the remark, "Well, I suppose Mr. Webster was highly pleased to be able to pay the note."

"Highly pleased to pay the note?" responded Corning. "He didn't pay any note. He not only did not pay the note, but he so charmed and delighted me that he got me to sign another note for him for \$5,000, and I am thankful that he did not ask me to make it \$10,000, for I don't think I could have refused to grant his request."

An old Bostonian who knew Webster well told me some years ago the following story: A Portsmouth (N. H.) tailor had a bill against Webster for several hundred dollars. When Webster was elected United States senator, the tailor went down to the "Hub" to see him about his bill, thinking that he was then in a fair frame of mind to pay it.

When the Portsmouth man got to Boston, Webster was holding a levee, at which were gathered the most distinguished men of the nation.

Presenting himself at the door, the tailor was denied admission on the ground that Mr. Webster was engaged with affairs of state and could not be disturbed.

The tailor sent up his card, which Webster no sooner saw than he ordered the gentleman to be ushered into his presence.

Receiving the man with a cordial hand shake and a look of supreme benignity, Mr. Webster introduced him, one by one, to the illustrious company, dined him and wined him, and in the course of time the guests, including the Portsmouth man, departed.

Upon reaching home the tailor was asked if he got the money for his bill.

"Money for my bill, the mischief!" he replied. "Mr. Webster treated me like a lord, introduced me to more big folks than I ever saw before in all my life, and do you suppose I could have the heart to mention that bill to him?"—New York American.

A Factual Artist.

One well known and decidedly inartistic quality of Lord Leighton was his punctuality. He was once in Damascus and was urged to remain there, but he declined. His reason was that he had to be in London on a certain day because he had made an engagement with his model. A friend was anxious to learn whether Lord Leighton had actually kept this engagement, and he found that when the artist was ascending the staircase straight from Damascus the model was knocking at the door of the studio.

His Weakness.

"Alas!" confessed the penitent man, "in a moment of weakness I stole a carload of brass fittings."

"In a moment of weakness!" exclaimed the judge. "Goodness, man! What would you have taken if you had yielded in a moment when you felt strong?"—Judge.

Contradictory.

Jack—You should have seen Miss Waldo. Her eyes flashed fire, and—Arthur—That's funny. You said a moment ago that she froze you with a glance.

Judge thyself with a judgment of sincerity and thou wilt judge others with a judgment of charity.—Mason.

AN INGENIOUS SUGGESTION

The Questions by Which a Young Lawyer Won His Case.

At the Metropolitan club in Washington a group of lawyers were discussing the value of expert medical testimony when a well known criminal lawyer was reminded of a curious case in Richmond some years ago.

"At that time," said the lawyer, "about the most prominent physician in the community was an exceptionally learned and able medico whose name for obvious reasons I cannot give. For the purposes of this story it will suffice to refer to him as Dr. Morgan."

"Now, Dr. Morgan one morning received a visit from a young friend, very recently entered upon his practice before the bar of Richmond, who had just been retained in his first important case. Naturally he was very anxious to win in his maiden effort, and it was with reference to certain phases of the case that he sought the advice of his old friend the doctor.

"The young lawyer explained to the doctor that he was greatly perplexed. It was a poisoning case, and the youthful attorney had been retained to defend the prisoner, a young woman of whose innocence he had no doubt. It was, however, the lawyer explained, not an easy thing to prove the girl guiltless of the crime.

"An intelligent motive can easily be assigned for the crime by the prosecution," said the lawyer, "for the reason that her husband, the murdered man, was elderly, rich and ill tempered to a degree that made her life a burden. Moreover, the wife is the only heir. Now, I have reliable information to the effect that counsel on the other side will offer medical testimony to show arsenical poisoning."

"You say that you are positively convinced of the young woman's innocence?"

"Positively," was the young lawyer's reply. "The girl is innocent, but the evidence is overwhelmingly in favor of the state. It will be easy to prove that the pair lived unhappily, that it was an ungenial marriage and that the traces of arsenic were found in the old man's body after a suspiciously sudden death."

"The case looked like a bad one. Dr. Morgan was very quiet and thoughtful for some moments. Then he said: 'The medical experts will probably produce in court the glass tubes containing the drug. You must ask them whether they tested the tubes for arsenic before they experimented with the fluids.'"

"I see the point," eagerly interrupted the youthful lawyer. "And if they should admit that they neglected to make that test?"

"Then you will put your question in this form: 'Is not arsenic used in the manufacture of some kinds of glass?'"

"The lawyer acted on the doctor's suggestion. The principal medical expert seemed taken by surprise and finally admitted, after some hesitating about the bush, that he had not tested the tubes for arsenic. He was also induced to concede that arsenic was sometimes used in certain kinds of glass.

"The young counsel, having obtained these two answers, was clever enough to cease his cross examination at that point.

"When he came to the summing up of the case he dwelt at length upon the possibility that the arsenic had been 'sweated' out of the glass and said the neglect of the experts to test the tubes should certainly be considered as vitiating to a large degree, if not wholly, the medical testimony."

"Well, the young woman was acquitted. As the other evidence was purely circumstantial, the acquittal verdict was given mainly because the dangerous force of the medical testimony had been weakened by the old doctor's ingenious suggestion."—New York Herald.

Mint and Money.

We all know that a place where metal is coined is called a mint, but why? Is it not a strikingly curious fact that the two words mint and money are made from the same Latin word? Yet it is not more so than many other facts disclosed in the study of etymology. There is very commonly a close connection between the history of events and the making of the words most prominent in the record of that history. Mint is the name of a place for making coins simply because when the need of such a name was first recognized the place used for their making happened to be the Roman temple of the goddess Juno, one of whose surnames was Moneta, said to mean literally "adviser." In Anglo-Saxon the word had two syllables—mynet—which show its origin more clearly than the monosyllable mint does. Money is called moneta in Italian and monnaie in French, and the French name for a mint is "hotel des monnaies."

A Great Earthquake.

Probably few people are aware that the greatest earthquake our country has experienced since its settlement was the now almost forgotten earthquake of New Madrid, the first tremors of which took place on Dec. 16, 1811. Strange is that trait of human nature by which even the most appalling of nature's manifestations slip rapidly from the memory, so that only a hundred years later little but tradition remains of the earthquake which changed the configuration of extensive areas of the Mississippi valley, raising some portions, depressing others, shifting the course of streams and forming new lakes at others. All this and more, however, took place during the successive vibrations which shook the New Madrid region almost continuously for a period of many months in 1811 and 1812.—M. L. Fuller in Popular Science Monthly.

HANDLING MEN.

Directing Others in Business Demands Tact and Ability.

Business men often fail because they do not know how to handle men. They can do their own work all right, but they are failures when it comes to directing others. They lack tact, diplomacy.

Many men antagonize others; they lack patience, lose temper, fly to pieces over little things. And no man is a good leader who cannot control himself.

A great many business men seem to think that it takes a deal of driving, scolding, fault finding, to get the best out of others. It is, however, just the opposite. Employees never give up their best in response to forcing methods.

I know a young man who promises to be a leader in his line who is as quiet and gentlemanly in his methods as a modest woman. He never raises his voice, never gets angry. When an employee needs correcting, instead of scolding or nagging he sits right down and shows him or her just how to do the thing. He tries to help them out of their difficulty, not to confuse them. He does not need to scold, because everybody respects him, admires him and knows that he is always trying to do the fair thing, to give a square deal, that he wants only what is just right and there is nothing arbitrary in his methods.

The result is he does not need to storm around his establishment and use abusive, profane language. He knows there is a stronger force, a better way than that. The result is that he has perfect discipline.

Not one would think of taking advantage of him or trying to deceive him, because he is so kind, square, true.

I know another man in business near by him who adopts just the opposite method. He storms and swears, scolds, nags, goes through his establishment like a bull through a china shop, making everybody feel mean and disagreeable. Nobody respects him. He rules by brute force, keeping everybody cowed and afraid of him. They obey him and let him impose upon them in order to avoid a scene or for fear they will lose their positions. If an office boy or stenographer makes a little mistake he will go all to pieces, fly into a rage and make it very uncomfortable for everybody about him.

People waiting in the outer office often hear loud talking and most abusive language in his private office. But he is not nearly as successful as his quiet, unobtrusive neighbor.

He never thinks of recognizing one of his employees on the street.

The other man always lifts his hat to the humblest girl in his employ and has a pleasant smile for everybody, because he feels an interest in everybody and they all love him.—Success.

The Vision of Insects.

A notable fact about the vision of insects and one which it may be supposed must largely influence their view of the external world is the number of facets or lenses in compound eyes. A German naturalist, K. Lehmann, has been painstaking enough to count the number of facets in the eyes of no fewer than 150 species of beetle. He finds that in the same species and sex the number increases with the size of the body. There is usually no permanent difference between the sexes as to the number of facets. Occasionally, however, the difference is marked, as in the case of *Lampyrus splendens*, in which the male has 2,500 and the female 300. One species is noted which has the extraordinary number of 24,000 facets in its eye. The number of facets is greater in the rapidly moving active forms than in the more sluggish species.—Philadelphia Record.

Classical and Romantic Music.

Classical composers are those of the first rank who have developed music to the highest pitch of perfection on its formal side, and, in obedience to generally accepted laws, preferring aesthetic beauty, pure and simple, over emotional content, refusing to sacrifice form to characteristic expression. Romantic composers are those who have sought their ideals in other regions and striven to give expression to them, irrespective of the restrictions and limitations of form and the conventions of law—composers with whom, in brief, content outweighs manner.—"How to Listen to Music," Krehbiel.

Preserving Leather.

Leather goods, if their appearance is to be preserved, should not be kept in places that are too dry, as the heat will cause the leather to crack. Nor in damp places that will make it moldy. To freshen leather chair seats, traveling bags, book covers, etc., that have become shabby or spotted, rub them with the well beaten white of an egg. Sole leather bags are best cleaned by using ordinary russet shoe polish, cleaning them in the same way that shoes are cleaned.

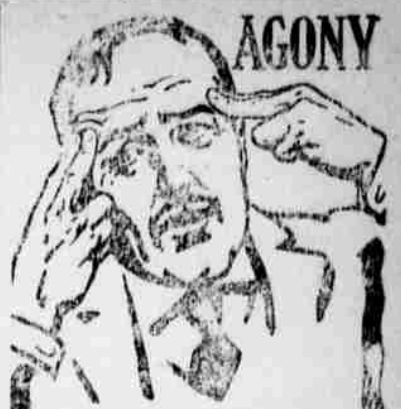
The Social Whirl.

Fair Hostess—I want you to take that lady over there by the door in to dinner. My husband says she is a bit of an old tramp, but as she has money one of his greatest friends has just married her for it, and we must be nice to her. Guest—I am sorry, but, you see, I am the particular friend who married her.

A Rival's Opinion.

Mrs. Style—Mrs. Cashe has a great deal of embonpoint. Mrs. Parvenu—Then if she has a good deal of it, I know she got it cheap.—Baltimore American.

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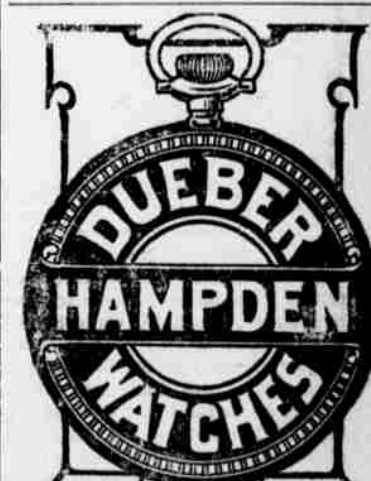
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