

JOYS OF A COLLECTOR.

Picking Up a Valuable Painting at an Auction Sale.

Collecting will always have its romances. I know of one that occurred at the sale at Christie's of the effects of the late Sir Henry Irving. Some one I knew had been to see the collection before the sale. He came across a portrait with which he was familiar because he had seen it thirty years before. On consulting his catalogue he discovered that the portrait was described as being that of a man unknown, and, further, the artist was also unknown. Now, he knew that the portrait was that of a famous actor by a famous English painter. He longed to buy it, but decided that it would go at too high a price. He went to the auction with very little hope. The Whistler and the Sargent were sold, and then it was the turn of this picture. Nobody recognized it. Finally he had to start the bidding himself, and this he did. Only one man bid against him, but he soon stopped, discouraged, and then the picture was knocked down to the man who had never expected to get it. He hurried to the desk to pay the small amount and to carry off his prize. "Do you happen to know anything about that portrait?" the auctioneer asked him as a porter took it down to a cab. "I know it very well," said the new owner, conscious that it was now safely his property. "It is a portrait of Buckstone, the actor, by Daniel Maclise. There is an engraving of it in the Maclise portrait gallery."—Mrs. John Lane in Pearson's Magazine.

Started the French Walking.
The celebrated Dr. Tronchin, friend of Voltaire, Rousseau and Diderot, was the inventor of walking. In France until his epoch (1700-51) the leisured class never walked either for health or recreation. Walking was only practiced by the Tiers Etat. Folks footed it from one place to another simply because they possessed neither coach nor sedan chair. Dr. Tronchin, an initiator in many other respects, introduced "les elegants et les elegantes," writes a historian, to take what is now called a constitutional. To stroll abroad was named "tronchiner" after the inventor, and for their airings both sexes had special costumes and shoes, the latter being more especially necessary. The verb "tronchiner," by the way, has not had the fate of our "to boycott," having passed into disuse long ago.—Westminster Gazette.

Home Grown Motors.

Even a book agent sometimes falls of achievement through unforeseen misunderstanding. "Colonel," said one of them affably to a Texan whose record he had looked up beforehand, "those are mighty fine boys of yours." "The finest in the country, stranger," said the colonel. "The finest in Texas." "I reckon you buy them anything they want?" "Why, stranger, I buy them anything they need, whether they want it or not." "Then, colonel, let me sell you a cyclopedia for them. There's nothing else will do them so much good." The colonel looked at him in astonishment. "Why, stranger," he said, "them boys of mine don't need any cyclopedia. They ride mules."—Youth's Companion.

Put Crape in Windows.

Passengers on the Second avenue elevated road witness one custom that seems peculiar to the people living in the flats along that line of travel. They frequently see streamers of crape tied to the second and third story front windows that open on fire escapes. Somehow the bereaved relatives feel that crape on the flat house door will not indicate with sufficient clearness which family has suffered loss, so to point out exactly the rooms where mourning exists the windows are hung with crape.—New York Press.

As London Sees Us.

In an article on smoking the Westminster Gazette of London says: "At Waslington senators not only smoke in committee rooms, but in the senate itself. Often a Washington orator has been known to deliver a peripatetic speech, attending to his cigar at regular intervals, and followed by a crowd of reporters eagerly taking down his utterances."

Hit Harder.

"Woman is considered the weaker vessel," she remarked, "and yet"— "Well?" she queried as she hesitated. "And yet," she continued, "man is the oftener broke."—Exchange.

Be rich in patience if thou in goods be poor.—Dunbar.

The word idea formerly meant a completed performance, whether mental or physical.

SCOTSMEN IN KILTS.

That is One Sight You Will Not See in Edinburgh.

A writer of the London Tatler has been in Edinburgh and reports as follows: There is one thing that always disappoints the visitor to Edinburgh, and that is a complete absence of kilts, or, rather, the absence of Scotsmen in kilts. If you meet a man wearing a kilt in the streets of the Queen City of the Forth it will be a grave mistake to suppose that he is the laird of Gormuck or some other equally famous highland chieftain. He is nothing of the sort. As a matter of fact, his name is Hodgkins, and he is employed during eleven months of the year hicking up envelopes for a firm on the shady side of Lothbury avenue, London, E. C.

Another mistake which strangers are apt to make lies in supposing that the good people of Scotland talk Scotch. I shall never forget my surprise on the occasion of my first visit to Edinburgh, when a policeman at the corner of Frederic street, to whom I remarked pleasantly that it was "brav, brient nicht the nicht, whatever," told me to push off and stop asking him conundrums. Scotsmen do not as a rule talk at all. They possess the gift of silence to a really remarkable degree. I know a gillie named Donald, who lives in Perthshire, in whose society I have sometimes spent whole days stalking the elusive stag without his ever vouchsafing a single remark of any kind. I remonstrated with him once, pointing out that such silence as his almost amounted to taciturnity. He promised to try and cultivate a certain measure of garrulity, and after we had walked across the heather for five hours, during which time I could see that his brain was working feverishly, he suddenly turned to me and exclaimed, "Yon's a fearful earthquake they had in Jamaica!" after which striking effort he relapsed once more into his habitual attitude of respectful silence.

"OLD GLORY."

The Way This Name For the Stars and Stripes Originated.

The term "Old Glory," used to designate the flag of our country, is a favorite, and the expression is a very happy one.

It is said by those who claim to be well informed that the name originated with William Driver, captain of the bark Charles Doggett. This statement appears in a history of the Driver family, and from this we had the following facts:

Driver was a successful deep sea sailor and was at the time making his vessel ready for a voyage to the southern Pacific. In 1831, just as the brig was about to set sail, a young man at the head of a party of the captain's friends saluted Driver on the deck of the Doggett and presented to him a handsome American flag 19 by 38 feet in size. The banner was done up in stops, and when it went aloft and was flung to the breeze Captain Driver, says the tradition, then and there named it "Old Glory." The flag was carried to the south seas and ever afterward treasured by its owner.

Driver removed to Nashville, Tenn. in 1837 and there died in 1886. Before the outbreak of hostilities between the north and south Old Glory flew daily from a window in the captain's Nashville house, but when the rumors of war became facts it was carefully sequestered.

When the war broke out the precious flag was quilted into an innocent looking comfortable and used on the captain's bed until Feb. 27, 1862, when the Sixth Ohio marched into Nashville. Then the flag came out of its covering, and the captain presented it to the regiment to be hoisted over the capitol.

There it floated until it began to tear in ribbons, when it was taken down and a new one placed on the building. After the death of Captain Driver the first Old Glory was given to the Essex Institute at Salem, where it is still preserved and may be seen by the curious.—Kansas City Journal.

A French Joke.

Two doctors were called to attend a man who had suffered an accident to his hand.

"We shall have to amputate three fingers," said one.

"No, two," said the other.

"Three," maintained the first.

"Oh, well, three, then," replied the second. "We won't quarrel over a little thing like that."—Nos Loisirs.

Easy Permission.

"Willie, did you put your nickel in the contribution box in Sunday school today?"

"No, mamma; I ast Eddie Lake, the preacher's son, if I couldn't keep it an' spend it fer candy, an' he give me permission."—Denver News.

They who menace our freedom of thought and of speech are tampering with something more powerful than gunpowder.—Conway.

What He Said.

"I once gave a waiter a two dollar tip."

"What did he say?"

"To me he expressed his thanks, but I heard him say to another waiter that I couldn't have real good sense."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

BALANCE IN THE AIR.

The Necessity For Equilibrium in Bird Flight.

It is likely that the bird's superb ease and grace in the air are due to its ability to maintain absolute balance. If a gull makes the mistake of bending until the wind strikes its head and wings on the top it will tumble instantly. And the sailing birds, though they make no flapping motion of their wings, are constantly balancing themselves, like a man on a tight rope. Some scientists have maintained that the air sacs make it possible for the bird to manage minute changes that are very valuable in restoring equilibrium. It is known that the wing is joined to the body of the bird by what is called a universal joint, enabling the creature to make almost every possible motion. The body of a man is heavier than water, but if he gets into a position of perfect balance he will float. In some such way, it is claimed, the bird floats in the air. But as the bird would fall much more rapidly in the air than a man's body would sink in water the necessity for a far more subtle ability to keep the center of gravity on the part of the bird is apparent; hence, according to this theory, the bird is provided for this purpose with the most sensitive equipment, made up of nerves and mysterious air ducts, many of the wing feathers perhaps acting as sentinels, warning instantly of the slightest approach of shifting currents.—Everybody's Magazine.

ENTERTAINING THE DUKE.

Rudely Interrupted While He Was Chatting With Royalty.

The daily papers do their best, but not even their ubiquitous representatives garner all the store of good things which attend a royal visit to Ireland, says the London Sketch. No paper at the time printed the cream of the stories which grew out of a visit of the Duke of Connaught to the Emerald Isle. "Welcome to Ireland!" said a man as he saw the duke on the steps of a hotel in the little western town in which he was staying. "Welcome to Ireland, your royal highness. I hope I see your royal highness well." "Quite well, thank you," answered the duke. "And your noble mother, the queen. I hope her old leddyship is enjoyin' the best of health?" "Yes, thank you. The queen is very well indeed," said the duke, vastly amused with the easy familiarity of the peasant. "It's glad I am to hear it. And tell me, your royal highness," the other went on, "how are all your noble brothers and sisters?" Before the duke could answer an aid-de-camp appeared, with, "Here, get along there." The peasant looked up with infinite scorn. "Arrah! What are ye interruptin' for?" he exclaimed. "Can't you see that me and his royal highness is houldin' a conversation?"

Explanation Was Necessary.

As the Pratts' dog was at last detached from the trousers leg of the new milkman by Mr. Pratt's vigorous efforts the victim of the onslaught began to express his mind with considerable freedom.

"I wouldn't keep a dog like that," he said indignantly, but Mr. Pratt broke in before he had time to say more.

"He's only playful, that's all," he insisted, and at the same time he pressed something into the new milkman's hand.

The man glanced at the wad of green, and then as he transferred it to a safe pocket his expression changed.

"I guess I can take a little fun as well as anybody," he said dryly. "But till you explained it I had a notion that dog was in earnest when he bit that piece out of my trousers."—Youth's Companion.

Seeing the Sights.

Even in these days of liberal education the young women sometimes show how confused are the ideas shut up in their heads. Illustrative of this is the native blunder which Edmondo de Amicis recounts in his story of a voyage from Genoa to Buenos Ayres:

The captain of the steamer which lumbered the charming young blunderer among its passengers met her one morning, and said:

"Signorina, we cross the tropic of cancer today."

"Oh, indeed!" she cried with enthusiasm. "Then we shall see something at last."

A Zulu Rain Charm.

The Zulus employ a rain charm which is very remarkable considering their usual fierceness and cruelty. They catch a bird, and after the tribal wizard has consecrated it and made it a "heaven bird" they throw it into a pool of water. In spite of their own indifference to the sufferings of animals they believe that the sky, which they conceive to be a personality, will be full of woe at the death of the bird and drop sympathetic tribute in showers of rain.

To tell our own secrets is generally folly, but that folly is without guilt. To communicate those with which we are intrusted is always treachery, and treachery for the most part combined with folly.—Johnson.

The bounty of nature is too little for the greedy man.—Seneca.

AN EXTINGUISHED ANIMAL.

The Saber Toothed Tiger Was a Formidable Creature.

The most remarkable of all the extinct feline animals are those known to naturalists as the saber toothed cats or tigers, a group comprising the greater part of all the fossil forms. They date back to the earliest times of which we know anything about the family in North America and reach down to the time of man himself. A large and powerful species described from the Indian Territory by Cope lived contemporaneously with the hairy mammoth, as evidenced by the commingling of their skeletons. There can be little or no question but that the hairy mammoth was contemporaneous with man in North America as well as in Europe. Its geological range is from the close of the eocene to the latter part of the pleistocene.

The chief peculiarity of the animal is the extraordinary elongated canine teeth. The tail is of unusual length and the legs are short. The animal measures about seven feet in length aside from the tail. The lower jaws have a downward projection in front, due to a flange-like widening of the jawbones, which doubtless served as a protection to the teeth, preventing their injury or loss. In some of the larger forms from South America this flange was not present, while the canine teeth were even more elongated than is the case with this species, attaining a length of over six inches and protruding far below the jaws when closed.

A FAMOUS ROAD.

India's Tree Bordered Highway 1,200 Miles in Length.

The road I have in my mind is in India and stretches 1,200 miles from Lahore to Calcutta. It is the famous Grand Trunk road. Let me explain its nature, though one cannot do so by comparison, for there is no road of five miles in England that is anything like it. It is level. Indeed, there is not above a mile the whole distance where even a lady need dismount to walk. The material with which it is made is called kunker, and if you care to turn that word into concrete you have an idea of what it is like. It is exceedingly hard and as smooth as a prepared pavement. There is no dust. When I first got on this road and enjoyed the luxury of easy traveling I said, "This is magnificent, but in a little time I suppose it will become gritty and uneven." I went 50, 100 miles, 200 miles, 500, 600, 700 miles, and it was always the same, with not even a small stone to give a jog. Nearly the whole of the way is lined with a double row of majestic trees.

With two friends I rode across India during the hottest time of the year, in April and May, and was never seriously inconvenienced by the heat, for at a pace of fifteen miles an hour one could create a draft.—Chambers' Journal.

Roadside Wit.

He who matched wits with the author of "The Ancient Mariner" had indeed a lively task before him, for Coleridge was never caught napping. The poet was so awkward a horseman that his riding often attracted comment of anything but a complimentary nature. One day he was riding along the turnpike road in the county of Durham when a wag who met him fastened upon him as an excellent subject for sport. Consequently he drew rein and said in an impertinent drawl:

"My graceful friend, did you happen to meet a tailor on the road?"

"I'm inclined to think I did," said Coleridge meditatively. "I was not sure at the moment, but he said something about my meeting a goose farther along the road."

The wag put spurs to his horse, and the poet jogged calmly on his way.

Past Salaries of Actors.

A number of autograph letters of Edmund Kean supply some interesting information about the salaries of actors early in the nineteenth century. One relates to an offer by Mr. Ellison offering Kean £3 a week as acting manager of "the new theater in Wych street." Later this rose to £25 a week. In 1826 Kean was offered \$12,000 a year to go to America. In the prime of his popularity he received £200 for a week in Edinburgh and apparently reached the highest point when Mr. Bunn wrote from the Theater Royal, Dublin, on Feb. 8, 1829, and offered him £50 a night to play in Dublin and Cork.—Liverpool Mercury.

Home Influences.

Each one of us is bound to make the little circle in which he lives better and happier; each one of us is bound to see that out of that small circle the widest good may flow; each of us may have fixed in his mind the thought that out of a single household may flow influences which shall stimulate the whole commonwealth and the whole civilized world.—Dean Stanley.

Got Too Important.

"What has become of the maid you thought such a prize?"

"Oh; I had to let her go!" replied the second fashionable woman. "After her operation for appendicitis she thought she was one of us."—Philadelphia Ledger.

His Dear Old Mother.

"My dear old mother, who is now eighty three years old, thrives on Electric Bitters," writes W. H. Brunson, of Dublin, Ga. "She has taken them for about two years and enjoys an excellent appetite, feels strong and sleeps well." That's the way Electric Bitters affect the aged, and the same happy results follow in all cases of female weakness and general debility. Weak, puny children too, are greatly strengthened by them. Guaranteed also for stomach, liver and kidney troubles, by Stokes & Feicht Drug Co. Druggists, 50c, Reynoldsville and Sykesville.

Don't miss the closing out sale of \$4,500 worth of goods at the Cash New York Racket Store. All goods must be sold. Going to quit business.



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Best of Workmanship
Best Material.
Right Prices.
Prompt Service.

All these you can get when you leave your work with

Gooder, the jeweler, in the Peoples National bank building.

Do You Belong to "The Citizens' Committee?"

This committee is made up of the men who sit around an excavation for a new building, whittle pine sticks, spit tobacco juice on the fresh dirt and watch the other fellows work.

It's all right to show interest in new buildings, in town development and progress, but there's a better way.

You can do more good for yourself and the community by resigning from "The Citizens' Committee" and getting into the General Progress Committee.

This committee is the one that PUTS UP THE NEW BUILDINGS, brings new business into town to occupy them, paints the old houses, keeps the sidewalks in good repair, beautifies the front yards, cleans up the back yards and otherwise makes this town a better town to live in.

The General Progress Committee is the Unofficial Town Booming Committee. It really ought to be organized and made official. Let all of us work together for the advancement of the town we live in, and there will be more room around new excavations for the fellows at work to throw out the dirt.

Eternal industry is the price of progress. Let's all fall in line for the General Progress Committee—and then



JUST WATCH THE OLD TOWN GROW.