The day was rather tropical,
Our talk was rather topical,
When suddenly upon a rock we saw just what we seen:
'A mermaid quite attractive like
A-settin' there, inactive like,
And sort of doin' up 'er hair, which same was long and green.

I made as if to speak to her,
But what I said was Greek to her;
For she remained ob-liv-i-ous, a-powderin' 'er nose,
And with a pair of girley-gews,
She done her hair in curley-kews,
And kind o' smiled, as if to say, "I'm pretty, I suppose. I yelled, "Ahoy there!" breezily,

Special Anoy there: breasy.

She turned around quite easily,
And snapped 'er fingers in the air as perky as could be.

(The way you talk to fareigners)
At two lone, lornsome mariners,
And one of 'em was Henry Smith and one of 'em was me

Though Henry's face was laffable,
I doffed my bonnet affable,
And said: "Though me and Henry Smith has sailed for years a store,
In schooner, junk and tub marine,
A charming maiden submarine,
A settin' plain before our eyes, we never seen before."

She looked at first suspiciously,
And then she spoke deliciously,
"I've often wished a sailorman me hand and heart to win."
Says Henry, "Thankee, marm," says 'e,
Says she, "I meant no harm," says she,
"For I'm a niece o' Neptune, and me name is Alice Finn."

I speaks without a falter: "Ma'am,
I've tackled around Gibraltar, ma'am,
I've navigated rocks and shoals on many ocean tours;
I've sailed through Spain and Venice, too,
But never seen a menace to
The art o' navigation like them handsome eyes o' yours."

Says Hank (his mind's so sordid-like!):
"I've got some money hoarded-like.
Full fifteen hundred dollars in the bank o' Greenwich town.

(Intention matrimonial)
And in you housecolonial,
A mermaid and a mariner might wed and settle down."

Says she, "My fear of losing you"—
Makes matters hard in choosing you"—
Just then above the waves appeared her mother, Mrs. Finn,
Who said: "Who's them there men, my dear?
What! flirting there again, my dear?
Your father's home for luncheon, now—come in, my child, come in

So Alice, lookin' sweetly up,
Just tied her back hair neatly up,
Then dove ker-plunk into the sea and never spoke at all;
Just gave a sort o' hop-and-skip,
And hit the water flop-and-flip,
Without so much as askin' if we'd drop in for a call!

Says Hank, "She tried to divvil us!"
Says I, "Her natur's frivolous!"
Says Hank, "Her mind is shallow, but 'er home is deep," says 'e.
And so, as meek as tailor-men,
Back walked two lonesome sailormen,
And one of 'em was Henry Smith and one of 'em was me.

—The Century.

On the Side of Chimborazo.

By ALBERT W. TOLMAN.

stirring experience of Joseph Belmont, a young Englishman of science. The story is given practically in his

In the latter part of 1889 I was employed in Ecuador by one of the English universities to estimate altitudes and measure distances among the higher peaks of the Andes, and to collect information about the country and its people. During December I camped for some time with a single guide on the slopes of Chimborazo, about 1000 feet below the snow line.

My companion was called Manuel; be had no surname that I could dis cover. He was a full-blooded Indian who had been recommended to me by a Spanish official. I found him silent and stolid, but thoroughly trustwor-

Much of our time was spent in sharp ridges that fell off abruptly on either side, in creeping cautiously up steep slopes of rolling stones, and in scaling sheer precipices, exposed to the cruel winds that haunt those high altitudes.

One morning we left our camp at early dawn, and did not turn back until late in the evening. Our labors that day were more than usually ar duous, and the thinness of the air panting breaths we had crept along knife-like edges until late in the afternoon. The sun was setting, and we were two miles from camp.

For some time we proceeded very slowly. The light disappeared from the west, the stars came out and the moon bathed the mountainside in a pale bluish radiance. Manuel, who was going ahead, came to a sudden stop. Right across our path lay a slope of rocks about 300 feet wide. It was a declivity innocent enough to look upon, a smooth slant at an angle of about forty degrees, but at the lower edge it stopped as clean and square as if it had been cut off with a knife. We were about three-quarfeet above us the slope started at the of rock imparted an impulse to the of any considerable size might have foot of an unscalable cliff; 200 feet below it stopped. I give these figures as approximate merely, for in the moonlight it was difficult to judge accurately of distance.

Beyond the slope lay our camp, and in some way we must get across. but we knew that if once those rocks were started rolling, we should be swept over the precipice in the avalanche. The passage would have been a very easy matter had there beer any ice upon the incline to cement the pieces together. But so far as we could see there was not a particle, nor was it difficult to understand why this was so. The slope faced the portheast, and all day long the hot equatorial sun lay upon it, preventing any moisture from gathering.

One way or the other we must go. We could not stand long inactive without becoming so chilled that we could not go either forward or back. Which course should we take?

The answer was plain. To retrace our way was impossible. The jour-

The following narrative recounts a ney had been hard by day. Now, when the thin, shifting moonlight rendered it difficult to calculate distance, and black chasms of shadow flung themselves athwart the path,

> perish of cold and hunger and fatigue. For several minutes we stood in silence, gazing out upon the slope.

> the idea was not to be entertained for

an instant. Food, warmth, shelter

lay before us; to retreat meant to

"Shall we try it?" said I at last to my guide.

It was the first time in our acquaintance of two months that I had ever seen him show hesitation; generally he was prompt in his decisions. But this time he realized the danger better than I did, and before replying he stooped, picked up a bit of rock, flung it out into the middle of the declivity. It started a miniature the torrent. Then my guide, at the making our way along the summit of avalanche, which swept rapidly down risk of his own life, let go the ledge and disappeared over the edge of the precipice.

The most terrifying thing about it was that after the rocks fell we could hear no sound for several seconds. and then only a faint rumble thousands of feet below. It was a warning of the fate that a mis-step might bring upon us.

But nothing was to be gained by delay, and at last we decided to at- the ravine. The next moment there caused us much suffering. With tempt the passage. The one thing was utter stillness, as sudden as if a that gave us hope of getting over in safety was the appearance here and there of a boulder, apparently projecting from the solid ledge beneath. rearing its head above the surrounding debris like a little island.

Manuel went first, putting his feet down very carefully, one after the I followed, stepping exactly other. in his tracks. Once started, there was no turning back. I did not fully realize the treacherous nature of that rocky slope until we were upon it. We were fifteen minutes traversing a space of fifty feet.

The farther we got out the sorrier one by one, until the whole slant be I grew that we had come. The whole came charged with fragments ready slide was bound together as a single ters of the way down. Five hundred mass. The displacement of one bit pulse. Possibly the next falling rock

next below, and took away its support from the next above. A single false step, a slip on the part of either, would involve both in a fearful catastrophe.

We did not say a word to each other. All our energies were needed for crossing the slope. The fatiguing na-ture of that cautious tread I cannot tell you. Every muscle was tense to rigidity, every nerve keyed high; our eyes were strained to detect the smallest motion, and our ears were alert to catch the slightest sound.

Seventy-five feet out we reached a boulder that rose above the shingle. It barely afforded footing for us both. We did not dare to remain long upon it, for the temperature was far below the freezing point, and we were stiff with cold. After a few minutes Manuel made a sign and once more we took up our perilous journey.

We had gone about fifteen feet, when my guide, who was two yards in advance, gave a sharp exclamation. There was a harsh rattling sound.

"Run, senor, run!" Manuel shouted, and his great leaps set me the example.

He must have stepped on what was the keystone of the entire mass, so set that its slightest movement would affect the whole. As I ran I cast one hasty glance upward. I verily be-lieve that every piece of rock from top to bottom was in motion at once The whole mountainside seemed to be crawling toward us.

First there came the faint rolling and clinking of scattered pebbles. then a loud rattle, swelling into the roar of an avalanche, as rock after rock added itself to the sliding mass. One instant the declivity lay silent and motionless in the moonlight; the next it was all alive, slipping, grinding, roaring, with the sound of a stone crusher in full action.

It was useless to think of gaining the ledge at which we had aimed. Twenty-five feet below it was another, not quite so high, but longer and narrower, and toward this we bent

our course in flying leaps.

There was no chance to pick the best spot for holding on. We threw ourselves down upon the ledge on our faces, fortunately clutching a Had we gained the boulder above, at which we had aimed we should have been swept away by the flood that poured over it. As it was it broke the force of the slide and kept the great mass of rock away

Our situation was still perilous in the extreme. The ledge which afforded us refuge rose only a few inches above the surrounding debris Had the stones confined themselves to rolling it would have been bad enough. But the smaller ones, deflected and shot high, into the air by passing over the ledge above, rained down upon us like the spray of a rocky waterfall.

It was fortunate that our eyes and teeth escaped, for, as we lay, we were obliged to face the avalanche. Of course we could not shelter our faces with our hands, for we needed every finger to hold on with. So we ducked our heads as low as possible, and the missiles beat a tattoo upon our skulls until our hair was matted with blood. Had the stones been any larger we should have been battered into insensibility and quickly hurled over the precipice.

Once I was in deadly peril. rock, larger than the rest, struck my fingers, numbing them and causing me to relax my hold. My grasp was torn away, and for the fraction of a with one hand and clutched my shoulder. Again I regained my place and clung with redoubled strength.

The force of the slide abated. The dust cleared. Lastly a few scattered rocks dashed down over the denuded surface. At one instant a stony Niagara seemed to be roaring around us; then we heard the distant rumble of its fall die away in the depths of great door, padded and muffled, had shut out the sound. Only the snowcrowned peak, high above us, gave back the pale light of the moon.

Then we saw the reason why the mass had slid so smoothly and rap-The slope was practically a plane inclined at a sharp angle, broken, to be sure, by a few projecting ledges, but in the main free from obstructions. How long it had been collecting its load we could only conjecture. As the cliff above disintegrated under the action of frost and rain and ice, small pieces fell from it to be set in motion by the least im-

had the same effect that our steps had had. There was every reason for thinking that the thing had happened many times, although I very much doubt if human feet had ever before been the agency to set the mass in motion.

Manuel had suffered worse than I. for he had occupied a more exposed position. When I looked at his face in the moonlight I could not repress an exclamation of horror. He was fearfully cut and bruised, having a ragged gash on his right cheek and another above his eye. I was apparently in little better plight, but later. after the dirt and blood had been washed off, my injuries turned out to be not severe. Our clothing hung in tatters about the upper portion of our bodies, which were black and blue from the bombardment we had received.

Now that the rocks were gone the remainder of the slope gave us no more trouble. An hour later we were warming ourselves by the spirit lamp in our tent, and the aroma of boiling coffee was very grateful to our nostrils. We spent the next day in resting and attending to our infuries and repairing the damage to our clothing. It was a full week before we wholly recovered from the results of our adventure.-Youth's Companion.



It has been recommended that new courses for the study of electricity be established at the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

It has been found that electrical currents will soften concrete. This is of importance in the wrecking of old foundations.

At the bottom of the sea there are in all 250,000 miles of cable, representing \$250,000,000. The average life of the cable is forty years.

A new process for hardening steel has been discovered. The temper is increased by electricity and the new process is said to be superior to any other.

Ancient philosophers suspected, and modern scientists have practically proved that the ocean is the great original storehouse of organic life, and that the ancestors of all that lives and moves upon the land and in the air at one time dwelt in and drew their nourishment from the waters of the deep.

great development in the use and manufacture of alumnium in England is being looked for, and the company which has a monopoly of the business is planning for a great enlargement in 1909. The price of the metal was reduced last October to \$500 a ton, and this has led to a demand for it in new fields, notably by telegraph and telephone companies. Aluminum, it may be noted, is used in the new explosive "ammonal." of which much is expected be cause it does not, like lyddite, detonate on contact, but will penetrate armor or earthworks before exploding.

In a study, which purports to be entirely scientific, of the alleged conbetween the physical and mental character of an individual and his kandwriting, Mons. Solange Pellat, an expert attached to the Tribunal of the Seine, Paris, maintains that distinct relations exist between the handwriting and the voice. An expert, he declares, can determine from the handwriting whether the writer's voice is high or low in pitch, sonorous or veiled, harsh or soft and agreea ble. But he remarks that in all cases where it is sought to determine character from handwriting, great pains should be taken to choose for examination only writing that has been done under normal conditions.

Among the industries that have been profoundly modified by the advent of electricity into daily use is that of making porcelain. Formerly artistic considerations alone governed the various operations of the workmen in porcelain, but now, since this substance is employed for insulators in all electric installations, scientific processes have been introduced in its manufacture which demand a great deal of special attention. The exact amount of contraction that the clay undergoes, the exact temperature to which it is submitted in the process of baking, the constant employment of instruments for measuring the temperature and for determining the size of certain pieces — such are among the essentials in the modern art of porcelain making for electric purposes.

Satisfactory Anyway.

In a rural district a Scottish minister was out taking an evening walk when he came upon one of his parishioners lying in a ditch. "Where have you been the nicht, Andrew?" "Weel, I dinna richtly ken," answered the prostrate sinner, "whether it was a wedding or a funeral, but whatever it was, it has been a most extraordinary success."-Bellman.

Boon For Writers.

"I think," said the struggling writer, "that the publishers might well take a hint from the politicians."

"In what respect?" Publicity for all contributions. How that would help!"-Louisville ART OF DANCING LOST.

Choregraphic Congress to Discuss Question and Provide Remedy.

Is dancing degenerating? Next month, in Berlin, will be held an international choregraphic congress

which will have to answer that grave question. M. Lefort, secretary of the Choregraphic Association, French gives a forecast of the task which will lie before the meeting.

"The art of dancing," he said, threatens to lose all its charm if something be not done in time. Either dancers turn like teetotums with stiffened joints or they make violent efforts to look graceful, with still more dire results, leaping about, contorting themselves and gesticulating grotesquely. This, sir, is a lamentable state of things. Dancing should, above all, have grace, and elegance, and should impart distinction to the bearing. The dancer should study to acquire elasticity and suppleness of movement, not the habit of disarticulating his or her limbs-a most disastrous practice.

"Deportment is the first thing to be learned, and it will be useful to the proficient pupil in all walks of life. It was thus in the olden times, in the day of Prevot, of Galant du Desart and of Guillaumme Raynal, who were dancing masters at the court of King Louis XIV, who founded the Academy of Dancing. Then the minuet, the gavotte, the pavane, the passepled, the forlane were danced. What could be more exquisite? But in 1860 the polka was introduced in France. That was the beginning of the end. To dance the polka the men held his partner around the waist. The novelty of the thing pleased the popular imagination. Good-bye, then, to the beautiful old dances in which partners just touched the tips of each other's fingers. The mazurka, the schottische followed, and the waltz, imported by Desart from Russia.

"Nowadays, when a man comes to us to learn dancing, he generally stipulates that he is to be taught only those dances in which he holds the girl round the waist; What have we come to? Still, there are hopes, after all. In the last few years some little has been done to restore to the art of dancing its pristine nobleness, Setting aside the inexplicable vogue, now happily past, of the Negro cake walk, we observe that the Boston is increasingly popular in drawing rooms The Boston comes from America.

"Let us thank the Americans, not for the step, which they did not invent, as it is none other than our own old-fashioned redowa, but for the de velopment which they have given it, and which makes it an admirable physical exercise. The Boston gives breadth of movement and expands chest and lungs. This year we started with considerable success a new dance, "the wave," a kind of more undulating and gliding Boston, recalling the rhythm of the sea, hence its name. Next winter we intend to revive the old dances of France, the pavane and the gavotte, for instance, and we shall require our pupils to sing while dancing, a most graceful practice, and one calculated to develop the chest. That will be the chief article of our program at the Berlin congress."-Paris Cor. Philadelphia North American.

Who He Was.

We were sitting on the upper deck on the last day of the voyage home from Bremen. I had been introduced to her on the first day out, and we had many interesting talks together fore the trip ended. She was a garrulous person and much given to gossip, but it was all harmless and without malice, I felt sure.

Not far away from us stood a young man who had a very intellectual air about him. He wore his hair very long and looked in every way the professional musician.

"Do you know him?" she asked. "He plays"-I began, but she interrupted me and proceeded in her usual talkative fashion.

"O," she said, "I have heard nearly every violinist of note in my time. have often regretted that I never had the chance of hearing the soul-stirring performances of Ole Bull, but I've listened, entranced, to the heavenly strains of Kubelik, and that was ectasy indeed!"

"He plays"-I edged in, but she just

ignored me and rattled on. "And I've heard every modern planist of note, too. Often I've been wrought to a high pitch of excitement by the adorable Paderewski. And then Joseffy, DePachman, Rosenthal, Saint-

She seemed out of breath here and got a chance to put in a few words. "O." I said, "I saw him several times in the card-room on this trip, and, as I was about to say when you interrupted me, he plays the best game of pinochle of any Dutchman I ever met." -Brooklyn Life.

Satisfied With Her Work.

It was noticed that the woman devoted many more hours to mirrorgazing than formerly. "I can't tell," she said with dreamy satisfaction, how many times I have caught people, especially women, snap-shooting me recently."

"I shouldn't be so puffed up about it if I were you," said the brute of a man. "It wasn't your good looks that attracted them. They were taking pictures of your dresses, so they could copy the best points in their own

"In that case," said the woman, after moment's visible disappointment, "I feel more highly complimented than If they had photographed me. Nature is responsible for me, but I designed my clothes myself."—New York Press.

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LABOR WORLD. Forty thousand men were in the Labor Day parade in New York City. About 500 painters in New Orleans, La., have gone on strike for increased

In 1893 there were only thirtys seven unions in New Zealand; now there are 310.

The wage dispute is at an end in Glasgow, Scotland, and the s building centres along the Clyde. New York Typographical Union

("Big Six") has transferred \$5000 to a special fund to be paid out to its out-of-work members According to Labor Minister Millar, the wage earners of New Zealand are

now in revolt against the Arbitration Courts of the Dominion. It has been decided by the leather

workers that they will make a uni-versal demand for the eight-hour day within the next two years. A reorganization of the building trades unions has been brought about

in Buffalo, N. Y., after many years of warfare. It has 10,000 members. A rearrangement of conditions and increase of wages has been generally conceded to the employes in the

Queensland (Australia) railway ser-Serious mining catastrophes re-corded in the United Kingdom last year have resulted in an increase in the death rate from 1.29 in 1906 to

1.32 in 1907. New Bedford (Mass.) Weavers' Union has laid over the proposed amendment making it obligatory for members to have their families enrolled in their respective craft or-

ganizations. San Francisco (Cal.) Lodge No.

68, International Association of Ma-chinists, has adopted a plan by which the youngsters are to be instructed by lectures on the different branches of the trade.

HE ART OF PAPER-MAKing ought to be regarded as one of the most useful which has ever been invented in any age or country; for it is manifest that every other discovery must have continued useless to society if it could not have been disseminated by manuscripts or by printing. - MATTHIAS KOOPS

-From the Printing Art Sample Book.