

HE READ HIS MAN.

Lincoln's Rebuke to a Visitor Who Would Not Meet His Gaze.

As I came up to the railing in front of the president he was reading a paper that had just been presented to him by a man who sat in the chair opposite him and who seemed by his restlessness and unsteady eyes to be of a nervous disposition or under great excitement.

Mr. Lincoln, still holding the paper up and without movement of any kind, paused and, raising his eyes, looked for a long time at this man's face and seemed to be looking down into his very soul. Then, resuming his reading for a few moments, he again paused and cast the same piercing look upon his visitor.

Suddenly, without warning, he dropped the paper, and, stretching out his long arm, he pointed his finger directly in the face of his vis-a-vis and said, "What's the matter with you?"

The man stammered and finally replied, "Nothing."
"Yes, there is," said Lincoln. "You can't look me in the face! You have not looked me in the face since you sat there! Even now you are looking out that window and cannot look me in the eye!"

Then, flinging the paper in the man's lap, he cried: "Take it back! There is something wrong about this! I will have nothing to do with it!" And the discomfited individual retired.—T. B. Bancroft in McClure's Magazine.

ORIENTAL PARAGONS.

Japan's Four and Twenty Models of Filial Piety.

Filial piety, as is well known, is the special virtue of China and Japan. From it springs loyalty to the emperor, who is regarded as "the father and mother of his people." There are no greater favorites with the Japanese than the "four and twenty paragons of filial piety," whose acts of virtue are the subjects of Chinese legend.

One of the paragons was a cruel stepmother, who was very fond of fish. Never repining at her cruel treatment of him, he lay down on the frozen surface of a lake. The warmth of his body melted a hole in the ice, at which two carp came up to breathe. These he caught and took home to his stepmother.

Another paragon, who was of the female sex, clung to the jaws of a tiger that was about to devour her father until the latter escaped.

The drollest of all these stories is that of Rorashi. This paragon, though seventy years old, used to dress in baby's clothes and crawl about on the floor, his object being to delude his parents, who were really over ninety years of age. Into the idea that they could not be so very old, after all, as they had such an exceedingly infantile son.—Sunday Magazine.

Caught Them All Around.

A Moslem ruler spoke to his people one Friday from the pulpit in the market place.

"People, what shall I preach to you about today?" "We do not know," they replied. "Well, if you don't know I shall not tell you." And down he came from the pulpit. There was no sermon that Sabbath.

The next week the old inquiry was made, and the people rejoined, "We know." When the royal preacher said, "If you know you do not need me to tell you." And again an abrupt close to the services.

The third week the people were more wary and replied, "Some of us know, and some do not know." And now they expected to trap the man, but he was wiser than they thought. "Let those who know tell those who do not know," came his utterance, and the people were trapped instead.—Boston Post.

A Rat's Tail.

A rat's tail is a wonderful thing. The great naturalist Cuvier says that there are more muscles in this curious appendage than are to be found in that part of the human anatomy which is most admired for its ingenious structure—namely, the hand. To the rat, in fact, its tail serves as a sort of hand, by means of which the animal is enabled to crawl along narrow ledges or other difficult passages, using it to balance with or to gain a hold. It is prehensile, like the tails of some monkeys. By means of it the little beast can jump up heights otherwise inaccessible, employing it as a projectile spring.

Hurt Worse Than the Razor.

The Barber—You've got a nasty, deep lot of crow's feet, sir, and them lines runnin' down from the corners of the mouth is somethin' fierce. A massage—The Patient (fiercely)—You've got a hump like a camel and a chest like a doughnut, and I don't believe, with legs like those, you could stop an elephant up an alley, let alone a pig. But hang it, man, do you want to be reminded of it every time you get a shave?—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Evils of Tobacco.

An illustration of the evils resulting from the use of tobacco is found in the life of a Georgia man of eighty-two years who has chewed since he was eleven and is now the father of twenty-five children. Out out tobacco, young man.—Clio (Aia.) Free Press.

Willing to Try It.

"A fool and his money are soon parted," quoted the pessimist.
"Yes," rejoined the optimist, "but it's worth while being a fool to have the money to part with."—Chicago News.

Family Prescience.

Nearly every family picks the wrong member for the fool.—Life.

Somewhat Puzzling.

It is not at all surprising that the American vernacular should sometimes prove a little too much for the Englishman. A case in point was that of a visitor from London who came to New York last summer and was taken by his host to see one of the league baseball games at the Polo grounds. The game had progressed as far as the third inning without anything in particular happening, when suddenly one of the Giants pounded out a three bagger that set everybody howling with joy.

"That was a bird!" ejaculated the Englishman's host after the excitement had subsided.

A moment later a foul tip sent the ball flying back to the grand stand.

"And what do you call that?" queried the Englishman.

"That's a foul," said his host.

"Ah," returned the Englishman, "a fowl, eh? Well, it seems to me that the language of baseball is most extraordinary. A fowl is a bird and a bird is a fowl, and yet you use these terms to describe two plays that seem to me to be diametrically opposed to each other. Do you call that logical?"

The Englishman is still trying to think it out.—Harper's Weekly.

England's Generals.

There has not been an English general since Marlborough. Wellington was born at Dangan castle, Meath, of an old Irish family called Wesley and christened in Dublin. Wolfe was born at Fernaux abbey, Kildare, and christened at Westerham—nearly in the same case as the Brontes (Bronty). His grandfather defended Limerick against William III.

Sir John Moore and the Napier were Scotchmen, and so was Abercrombie (Egypt); so were Napier of Magdala, Crawford and Clyde, Wolsley, Roberts and Fitzhugh are Irish; so was Gough. The generals and statesmen who saved India to Great Britain were Neill, Nicholson, the two Lawrence (Irish), Edwards (Welsh) and Rose (Scottish).

I know of Wolfe because my great-grandfather served under him at Quebec. His Irish birth was corroborated to me by Captain Dunne, once well known in literary circles of a Queens county family. I don't know whether Scotchmen like to be called English, but certainly Irishmen do not.—London News.

A Queer Battle.

A traveler in South Africa tells of a singular combat that he witnessed. He was musing one morning with his eyes on the ground when he noticed a caterpillar crawling along at a rapid pace, followed by hundreds of small ants. Being quicker in their movements, the ants would catch up with the caterpillar, and one would mount his back and bite him. Pausing, the caterpillar would turn his head and bite the ant and kill his tormentor. After slaughtering a dozen or more of his persecutors the caterpillar showed signs of fatigue. The ants made a combined attack, basking himself to a stalk of grass, the caterpillar climbed up tall first, followed by the ants. As one approached he seized it in his jaws and threw it off the stalk. The ants, seeing the caterpillar had too strong a position for them to overcome, resorted to strategy. They began sawing through the grass stalk. In a few moments the stalk fell, and hundreds of ants pounced upon the caterpillar. It was killed at once.

Taking the Step.

It happened while a marriage was being celebrated. The bridegroom did not have the usual happy, bashful look. Instead he seemed to be profoundly unhappy and fidgeted about, standing first on one foot and then on the other.

So patent was his state of mental uneasiness that the "best man" deemed it expedient to elucidate the mystery. "Have ye lost the ring?" he solicitously inquired.

"No," answered the unhappy one, with a woeful look; "the ring's safe enough, but man, I've lost my enthusiasm."—London Scrap.

Impressed.

"I appear to have made something of an impression on that man over there," remarked a young lady at a wedding party. "He has been looking at me ever since I arrived."
"If you mean that one with the black mustache, he's the detective engaged to look after the presents!" said a friend.

Very Little Change.

"It's three years since I was in this city," said a stranger in a restaurant as he was walking out after finishing his dinner; "city looks the same."
"I don't find much change!" responded the waiter as he took up the nickel that was left on the table.

Quite Handy.

"The automobile is a great institution."
"For instance?"
"You can sit up in it as you pass a friend and crawl under it when a creditor heaves into sight."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Brave Reply.

The Sunday School Teacher—And now, children, can you tell me, when Balaam and his ass conversed, what language they spoke in? Little Harry Green—Please, sir, Assyrian.—Bellman.

Interested.

"Wot ye readin' about, Chimmy?"
"About a guy named Hannibal. He was de greatest general of his time."
"Football or ring?"—Kansas City Journal.

Talent knows what to do; tact knows what not to do.

JUDGING A CIGAR.

The Only Real Way to Find its Quality Is to Smoke It.

On no point is the average smoker so ill informed as that of judging a cigar. Nine times out of ten, upon being handed a cigar, he will hold it to his nose, unlighted, sniff at the wrapper with a critical air and deliver his verdict in a self satisfied manner. This characteristic maneuver is always a source of amusement to any tobacco man who happens to observe it. There is only one way to ascertain the quality of a cigar, and that is to smoke it. No expert will pass judgment on a cigar until he has lighted it and smoked it well down toward the middle. The first and most important point upon which he bases his opinion is the "burn." Tobacco may have every other virtue, but if it does not hold the fire and burn evenly it is poor tobacco. Next in order of importance comes the aroma: the smoke must have a pleasing "smell;" next comes the flavor—the smoke must be smooth and not "scratchy" or bitter. Then there is the color—rich brown, indicating a ripe leaf, well cured—and last is workmanship—good if the wrapper is put on smoothly and the "bunch" is made so that the cigar "draws" freely and is neither too hard nor too spongy, but if the reverse.—Bohemian Magazine.

ROMANCE OF HISTORY.

These Things Read Like Legends, but Are Matters of Fact.

A peasant girl called half witted did promise to defeat the victors of Agincourt and did it; it ought to be a legend, but it happens to be a fact. A poet and a poetess did fall in love and eloped secretly to a sunny clime; it is obviously a three volume novel, but it happened. Nelson did die in the act of winning the one battle that could change the world; it is a grossly improbable coincidence, but it is too late to alter it now. Napoleon did win the battle of Austerlitz; it is unnatural, but it is not my fault. When the general who had surrendered a republican town returned, saying easily, "I have done everything," Robespierre did ask, with an air of inquiry, "Are you dead?" When Robespierre coughed in his cold harangue Garnier did say, "The blood of Danton chokes you." Stratford did say of his own desertion of parliament, "If I do it may my life and death be set on a hill for all men to wonder at." Disraeli did say, "The time will come when you shall hear me."

The heroic is a fact, even when it is a fact of coincidence or of miracle, and a fact is a thing which can be admitted without being explained.—G. K. Chesterton in London News.

No Drums in the Middle Ages.

As we come to the middle ages, when the nations of modern Europe were struggling into existence, we find that at first the drum was not used at all. So, although melody had been known and practiced for many centuries, rhythm had been quite forgotten, for what there is left to us of the music of the middle ages contains no bars, and we know that it was slowly and monotonously chanted, without the least accent.

In the eleventh century, however, things began to improve, more particularly as the crusaders brought into Europe all sorts of percussion instruments from the east. Various kinds of drums, tambourines and cymbals were then seen in Europe for the first time since the days of savages, and they have been used, with very little change, ever since.—St. Nicholas.

An Epistolary Hint.

In the letter from Boston was a special delivery stamp.

"What did she send that for?" the woman wondered. "The information she wants can be sent in an ordinary letter. It won't need to be sent special."

"That stamp," said the man, "is a delicate hint to be quick about answering. It is a hurry up device used by many men. It is very effective. A two cent stamp does not always spur one on to any special effort, but a special delivery stamp means that the writer wants what he wants when he wants it, and the most dilatory correspondent alive is not going to let any grass grow between the scratches of his pen when answering."—New York Press.

Mantle Rays.

"There are X rays and X rays, and there are also rays from those mantle things that you put on gas burners to improve the light." The speaker, a photographer, pointed to a batch of fogged plates. "I know by my coat that there are mantle rays," said he. "For a month I stored new plates in a closet along with a mantle, and all of them got fogged. The mantle, you see, contained thorium, a radio-active substance that penetrates a cardboard plate box as easily as it penetrates glass. I didn't know that till my doctor told me so last week. My ignorance cost me over a hundred plates."—New York Press.

Shunted.

Editor—Is this your first effort? Budding Poet—Yes, sir. Is it worth anything to you?
Editor (with emotion)—It's worth a guinea if you will promise not to write anything more for publication until after this has been printed. I want your entire output, you understand.
Budding Poet—I promise that, all right. When will it be printed?
Editor—Never while I'm alive.—London Telegraph.

A kindness done to the good is never lost.—Plautus.

Field of Honor Commission.

Perhaps wit is stimulated by a slight derangement of the nerves, and good things said on the field of battle are sometimes recorded. When "Bully" Egan fought Curran with pistols the bulky Egan complained that his opponent was as thin as a blade of grass, "Let my size be chalked out upon your body," said Curran, "and any hits outside of the line shall not count."

It was not good form, however, to make a parade of malignity, and the comical practice of firing in the air or "dumb shooting" or "children's play" was strictly prohibited by the rules, of which thirty-six were drawn up by representatives of the five most eminent counties—Galway, Tipperary, Mayo, Sligo and Roscommon—in 1777. They met at the summer assizes at Clonmel and seem to have done their work very gravely and honestly, including a special rule for "simple, unpremeditated encounters with the small sword." There is a large element of absurdity about it all no doubt, but even dueling has had its place as a rough, inefficient test of manhood.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Grand People in London in 1806.

"I came to town on Wednesday and intended to go to the Ancient Music; made a Bangle about my Ticket; it was too late to get it. The Drawing Room was the object yesterday. They made a mistake in my Dress. It was not deep enough for my Mourning, and the glass of my Sedan Chair was not mended. Looked at my Lodgings; found them Abominable. I walked all over the Town till I was, Lord, how tired! Looked in upon the Duchess of Gordon while she took off her Hoop to Dine with the Edwards."

This was Jane, duchess of Gordon, who rode down the High street of Edinburgh on a pig's back in the days of her wild girlhood and raised recruits for the new highland regiment when other means had failed by allowing each man to take the shilling from between her lips. Hoops were de rigueur for court dress until the days of George IV., although in private life the ladies' skirts had been growing more and more scanty since the days of the French revolution.—From "John Hookham Frere and His Friends," by Gabrielle Festing.

Winning a Violin.

The way M. Ysaye, the great violinist, became the owner of a Guarnerius violin dated 1742 was thus quaintly told by the Guarnerius:

"The Guarnerius was bought in Paris by a pupil of mine, a charming young woman. I envied her the violin, and fate gave it to me. I teach this pupil, and by and by I meet her sister, a most lovely young woman, with whom I fall in love straightway and marry. Soon I go to my sister-in-law, who was my pupil, and say to her:

"It is time you stop fooling with violin. You will never learn how to play it! I take the liberty of a big brother, but she do not like it for long time. At last she succumb to my experience and wisdom, and she stops playing. Then I say grandiloquently: 'I will take the Guarnerius, 1742.' I take it, and that is how the violin came into the possession of Ysaye."

They Meant Business.

A Chicago stage manager was telling of amusing incidents of blunders and errors caused by stage fright. In a romantic play recently revived one of the minor characters, a dairymaid, comes forward at the end of the recital of a love romance and comments as follows:

"Hope filled their youth and whetted their love; they plighted their troth!"

But at one of the performances the girl who played the dairymaid was absent without notice. At the last moment the manager gave the lines to a shepherdess, who had never had lines to speak before and who was excessively nervous when her cue came. This is what the astonished audience heard:
"Hope filled their trouh and blighted their love; they whetted their tooth!"

The Hourglass.

Instead of being obsolete and simply an interesting relic, the hourglass in various forms is a twentieth century necessity. A machinist authority points out that for such purposes as timing hardening and tempering heats in twist drill manufacture, where seconds or minutes must be gauged accurately, nothing serves like the hourglass with the right amount of sand. Accuracy to fractions of a second can be had much more easily than by watching the hands of a watch.

He Walked.

"Good afternoon, Miss Brown! Going for a walk? May I go with you?" asked an elderly but ardent admirer of the lady.

"Yes; my doctor says that we must always walk with an object, and I suppose you'll answer the purpose!"

The Exporter.

"Who is your Chicago friend?"
"He is a prominent exporter."
"What does he export?"
"I didn't say he exported anything. He used to be a porter at the hotel where I stopped."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Way They Have.

"Some men," said Uncle Eben, "has a way of keepin' der consciences quiet by takin' de minister's advice on Sunday an' de lawyer's advice all de res' o' de week."—Washington Star.

A Brave Patient.

Dentist (to assistant)—I think I heard a patient in the waiting room. Assistant—Yes, but I can't bring him in. He's turned the key on the inside.—Meggsendorfer Blatter.

A FLOWER LEGEND.

How the Myosotis Came to Be Called Forgetmenot.

Dr. A. F. Thomson communicated to Mills' "History of Chivalry" the following romantic account of the origin of the popular name, forgetmenot, of the favorite little flower myosotis:

"Two lovers were loitering on the margin of a lake on a fine summer's evening when the maiden espied some of the flowers of myosotis growing on the water close to the bank of an island at some distance from the shore. She expressed a desire to possess them, when the knight, in the true spirit of chivalry, plunged into the water and, swimming to the spot, cropped the wished for plant, but his strength was unable to fulfill the object of his achievement, and, feeling that he could not regain the shore, although very near it, he threw the flowers upon the bank, and, casting a last affectionate look upon his ladylove, he cried 'Forget me not!' and was buried in the waters. As the world insists upon a reason, this story is as good as another, but the worthy knight must have been sadly out of his element not to have been able to return from a bank on which his mistress could discern so minute a blossom, unless, indeed, we suppose him to have been clad in armor, which was a habiliment ill adapted for a lover by land or water."

THE RHINOCEROS.

This Malicious Brute Is the Assassin of the Jungle.

If the genius of hell used up all his mental energy making a devil for the animal kingdom, he could not have created a more uncertain, malicious and ugly brute than the rhinoceros. This animal has buried more hunters than all other big game combined. It seems to be the hired assassin of the jungle.

Its success as a homicide is not due to the fact that it seeks its victim, but because its victim falls over it. If the rhino knows that there is an enemy about, it will try to get away without being seen. If, on the other hand, it thinks that by keeping still it will be unnoticed, it stays as silent and motionless as Gibraltar. Its little hog eyes watching the direction of the noise and its nose sniffing the air.

Should an enemy show up suddenly in the jungle the rhino charges like a flash, nose down and horns leveled like swords for the thrust, its huge bulk crushing through the brush like an express train. It is always a fight to the death, for a rhinoceros, once in a fight, wins or dies, and it mostly wins if it is not confronted with an express rifle in the hands of a cool, good shot.—Hampton's Magazine.

The Old Time Album.

"The terrors of the autograph album" must have been more general in the middle of the last century than they are now. The volume had embossed pages of various colors and showed alternate literature and art—original verses and drawings of ruins and bridges heightened with white chalk. Girls presented it for contributions so universally that Charles Dickens was on one occasion much astonished to find none forthcoming. He had actually brought with him some verses addressed to a beautiful maiden, on whose parents he was calling, and he carried them away again. Sending them to her by post, he wrote, "I had meant to put these lines into your album, but you, who do nothing like anybody else, did not produce one."—London Standard.

In Morocco.

In Morocco the prevailing tone is grayish white, men's clothes and houses, towns, bushes, tall umbrellas, nodding like ghosts in autumn—all are white; white sands upon the shore and in the Sahara and over all a white and saddening light, as if the sun was tired of shining down forever on the unchanging life. In no part of Morocco I have visited does the phrase "gorgeous east" have the least meaning, and this is always noted by the wandering easterners, who find the country dull and lacking in color compared with Asia, or, as the Arabs call it, "Blad Es Schark."—"A Journey to Morocco."

Russian Vengeance.

The Russian revolutionaries have absolutely no mercy on those who betray them. It is well known that in the year 1903 a traitor caught at Odessa was bricked up alive in a cellar. Regnier, a French spy in the pay of the Russian police, for a long time eluded the vengeance of the revolutionaries. But they caught him at last, and that just at the moment when he fancied himself safe. His body was found in his cabin on a ship which reached Antwerp. He had been suffocated by fumes of sulphureted hydrogen. How this was done was never discovered.

The Considerate Clock.

"One kiss!" pleaded a departing lover.
"Nonsense!" exclaimed his fiancée in a teasing mood. "Some one might see us."

"Who?"
"Why, the clock; it has a face."
"Yes, but it keeps its hands in front of it!"

When He Missed It.

The baldheaded man was asked if he missed his hair much.
"Only when some fool question makes me so mad I want to pull it!" he replied pleasantly.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The rain falls on the just and unjust, but the latter nearly always have the former's umbrellas.—Town Topics.

Helpful Hints on Hair Health

Scalp and Hair Troubles Generally Caused by Carelessness.

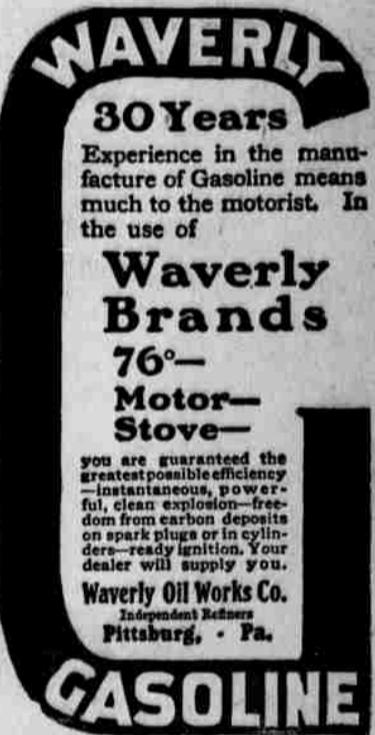
Dandruff is a contagious disease caused by a microbe which also produces baldness. Never use a comb or brush belonging to someone else. No matter how clean the owner may be, these articles may be infected with microbes, which will infect your scalp. It is far easier to catch hair microbes than it is to get rid of them, and a single stroke of an infected comb or brush often produces the cause of baldness. Never try on anybody else's hat for the reason that many a husband is a nesting place for microbes.

If you happen to be troubled with dandruff, itching scalp, falling hair or baldness, we have a remedy which we positively know will cure these troubles, and we are so sure of this that we offer it to you with the understanding that it will cost you nothing for the trial if it does not produce the results we claim. This remedy is called **REXALL "93" Hair Tonic.** It is the most scientific remedy for all scalp and hair troubles, and we know of nothing else that equals it for effectiveness. We know this because of the results it has produced in hundreds of cases.

REXALL "93" Hair Tonic will positively banish dandruff permanently, restore natural color when its loss has been brought about by disease, and make the hair naturally silky, soft and glossy. It does this because it stimulates the hair follicles, removes dandruff, destroys the germ matter, and brings about a free, healthy circulation of blood which nourishes the hair roots, causing them to tighten and grow new hair.

We want everybody who has any trouble with hair or scalp to know that **REXALL "93" Hair Tonic** is the best hair tonic in existence, and no one should scoff at or doubt this statement until they have put our claims to a fair test, with the understanding that they pay us nothing for the remedy if it does not give full and complete satisfaction in every particular. Two sizes, 50 cents and \$1.00.

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Estate of John Damore, late of Reynoldsville Borough, Deceased.
Notice is hereby given that letters testamentary on the estate of John Damore, late of Reynoldsville Borough, Jefferson county, Pa., have been granted to the undersigned, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay.
ROSS DAMORE, Executrix.
Reynoldsville, Pa.