

## HE COMPROMISED.

A Story John B. Gough Told in His Temperance Lectures.

John B. Gough, the temperance lecturer, was noted as a story teller, and his stories were always well suited to his argument. W. A. Mowry in his "Recollections of a New England Educator" recalls one of them:

Compromise, compromise! What does compromise mean? I will tell you. A colored man met a friend one day and said:

"Samba, Samba, do you know dat tuder night I was sorely tempted? You know I used to steal. Well, since I jined de church I stopped stealing, but you know Mr. Jonsing's shoe store? Well, tuder night I was in dat shoe store, and I looked on de shelf and I see a pair of boots, jes' de nicest pair of boots—jes' my size, No. 14.

"Dere was de debil, and he say, 'Take 'em, take 'em.' Den de Lord say, 'Let 'em alone; dat's stealin'.' But I wanted dem boots; mine all out at de bottom and sides. Dere was de debil and me, and we both say, 'Take 'em.' But de Lord say, 'Don't you take 'em; dat's stealin'.' Now, dere was a clear majority of two against one.

"Jes' den Mr. Jonsing he leeb de store, and he leeb me all alone. Den de debil say, 'Take 'em quick and skeedaddle.' I could take dem boots and chuck 'em under my coat and go right away an' Mr. Jonsing would neber know nottin' about it. But, bress de Lord, I 'stood de temptation! I compromised and took a pair of shoes instead."

## HER LOST COAT.

The Sequel to a Ladies' Afternoon Card Party.

A number of women were putting on their wraps preparatory to going home from an afternoon card party in the upper residence district of New York one afternoon last winter when a valuable fur coat belonging to one of them could not be found. There was, however, another fur coat of inferior quality in the dressing room, which the hostess said had evidently been left by mistake by the woman who had taken the other garment. The available coat was taken away by the woman whose wrap was missing in the hope that the mistake would be rectified without much trouble.

Several days passed, and no claim was made for the coat the guest had worn away from the house, and the woman took it to a dealer, where her garment had been purchased, hoping that some mark on the substituted coat might be found by which the owner could be identified. The plan was successful, and, much to her amazement, she discovered that the inferior coat was the property of her card hostess.

The "lost" coat was found, and on its return the matter was to be hushed up, but the promise of silence was evidently poorly kept. No more invitations for afternoon card parties have been issued from the house where the "mistake" was made.—New York Tribune.

## Maori Women.

Maori women of New Zealand know nothing about kissing. Nose rubbing is their form of salutation, and when two friends meet they hold each other by their hands, bend their heads until their noses touch and then rub them gently from side to side. This form of greeting is not confined to the women, but is practiced by the men. They seldom meet without rubbing noses. In times of lamentation the Maori women will sit for hours with their noses touching and moan for the loss of some chief whom they have in all probability never seen. The loss of a brother or friend is enough to start them off for days, all moaning and howling piteously. They are essentially a sympathetic race, and the sorrows of one are the sorrows of all.

## Too Good to Waste.

A churchgoer and a backslider met on the hillside. The churchgoer was bound double quick for the church at the foot. The backslider, oddly enough, was going up.

"Hi! You're going the wrong way!" called the churchgoer.

The backslider yelled back, but his answer was lost.

"Say," he demanded of the churchgoer the next day, "did you hear what I said?"

"No."

"Well, it's too good to waste. You said I was going the wrong way. I said you seemed to be going downhill pretty fast yourself."—New York Sun.

## Gave Her Room.

A gentleman who had a very large nose while walking in a street in Leeds the other day was subject to a few remarks about it. The height of impudence, however, was reached when a woman stopped a few yards in front of him apparently to have a good look at it. The gentleman also stopped and, taking hold of his nose with his finger and thumb, pushed it on one side and calmly said:

"Now, then, missus, can you pass now?"

## A Pair of Bulls.

Here are a couple of Irish bulls. A son of Erin, seeing a very tiny coffin, exclaimed, "Is it possible that that coffin was intended for any living creature?" An Irish judge thus addressed a prisoner, "You are to be hanged, and I hope it will prove a warning to you."

## Artificial Beauty.

One reason why women suppose the men are fooled by artificial beauty is that most of the men are too gallant not to pretend that they don't know the difference.—Chicago Record-Herald.

## Josephine's Many Names.

Josephine, empress of the French, was Yeyette to her intimate friends. Her name in reality was Marie Josephine Rose. Napoleon after the marriage exacted that she should be known as Josephine. He had a mania for re-baptizing the women of his entourage. He made his sister Marianne an Elise, of Annonciade a Caroline, of Paulette a Pauline.

Among her numerous friends Josephine remained Yeyette. Barras never called her otherwise.

The pope was so unfamiliar with her name that when he sent his benediction the letter borne by his legate was addressed to "Our Sister in Jesus Christ, Victoria Bonaparte."

In 1814, on the departure for Elba, the Debats designated Josephine under the paraphrase "the mother of Prince Eugene."

At Ruell her tomb bears this simple inscription, "A Josephine, Eugene et Hortense, 1825." The restoration did not permit her recognition as empress. —Cri de Paris.

## What Was the Matter.

E. A. Sothern once told a dilemma he got into:

"I was acting in a comedy when I had to speak the words, 'What's the matter?' Well, one night I was rather slow about taking my cue and was prompted. I forgot myself for the moment, and when the words came, 'What's the matter?' I thought something or other had occurred out of the common. I paused and looked round. Everything seemed normal, and the stage waited. Then came another 'What's the matter?' from the O. P. side. They were all getting anxious behind the scenes, and so was I, for that matter. I looked myself up and down and then scanned my fellow actor, but for the life of me couldn't see anything wrong. At last an audible whisper came: 'Go on with your lines, you idiot! What's the matter with you?' Then it suddenly dawned on me where I was, but the house had tumbled to the situation and came down in convulsions."—Minneapolis Journal.

## The Substitution.

It is a well known fact that both Sir Arthur Sullivan and Sir W. S. Gilbert had a horror of the titles of their operas becoming known until the very night of their performance. This fear that they might be forestalled created considerable confusion at the initial production of "Iolanthe; or The Peer and the Peri." The opera was rehearsed for weeks under the title of "Perola." It was only at the dress rehearsal that the company was instructed to substitute the name "Iolanthe" for that of "Perola" wherever it occurred in the text or lyrics. It was no easy task to replace vocally and in the dialogue a name of three syllables for one of four. Sullivan, however, said (maybe aside) to one or two of the actors who were nervous: "Go ahead and sing the music. Gilbert won't be in front" (Gilbert never attended the first night), "so use any name that you think of first if you are rattled. No one in the audience will be any wiser."—Boston Post.

## Young's Impromptu.

To most persons Edward Young is the author of "Night Thoughts" and nothing more, but he was also a man of the world and a shrewd and caustic wit as well as the rector of St. Mary's church at Welwyn.

It was there in the garden of the rectory that he composed some of the best impromptu verses known. He was walking with two ladies when some one summoned him to the house. His companions were agreeable, and he was in no haste to leave them. Turning as he reached the gate, he said: "Thus Adam looked when from the garden driven."

And thus disputed orders sent from heaven. Like him, I go and yet to go am loath; Like him, I go, for angels drive us both. Hard was his fate, but mine still more unkind; His Eve went with him, but mine stays behind.

## The Alternative.

"If the window had been eight feet from the ground," pouted the young wife, "instead of eight stories, I'd have thrown myself out when you quarreled with me. Then you'd have had to be sweet to me when you picked me up. A lot of wives attempt suicide, they say, just to be petted when they come to."

"Yes," said he, "but sometimes they don't come to, remember."—New York Press.

## One For Every Day.

"I've been reading about one of them rich men wot's got er suit of clothes for every day in the week," said one tramp to another.

"That's nothin'. So 'ave I. This is it I've got on now!"—London Globe.

## His Precaution.

The Artist's Wife (in a whisper)—There's some one knocking, Jack. Shall I open the door? The Artist—No; it's Jabber's knock. It's a special knock I gave him, so I wouldn't let him in by mistake.—Life.

## He Wanted to Know.

Johnnie—Mother isn't blind, is she? Pa—Of course not. What put that into your head? Johnnie—Mrs. Bowser, who was here today, said mother'd never see forty again.—Boston Transcript.

## Not a Crack Shot.

"My aim is truth—always truth," said a man.

"Possibly," rejoined an acquaintance, "but you were always a bad marksman!"

A man's fate lies in his character and not in his conditions.—Mable.

## NOT RELIGION.

It Was Something Very Different That Animated Eliza.

Mrs. S. of New Orleans has for many years been faithfully served by two negro women who, although bound by the tie of common devotion to their mistress, yet detest each other cordially, so that the kitchen is the scene of continuous battle.

Martha, the cook, is a leading light in the church. At revival meetings she was always the first to occupy the mourners' bench, the first to shout "Hallelulah!" and to fall into those contortions of body and outflung limbs that to the African mean "getting religion." Eliza, the maid of all work, on the other hand, had always been an unregenerate heathen, scoffing at religion, jeering at Martha and declaring no power on earth could induce her to go inside a church. Great, therefore, was Mrs. S.'s surprise on the occasion of the last revival to find that it was Eliza and not Martha who was attending the meetings.

"Why, Martha," she exclaimed, "aren't you going to church?"

"No'm," answered Martha sullenly.

"Why?"

"'Cause dat Liza she goes now."

"But isn't there room for both of you?"

"No'm, dey ain't."

All Martha's pent-up indignation emphasized the answer.

"'Cause, Miss Mary, dat Liza she jes' goes ter spite me. No sooner I gets up to go to de mo'ners' bench dan Liza she follows me and sets down clost beside me, and befo' I has a chanst ter git 'ligion Liza she begins ter grate around and shout 'Glory hallelulah!' and she out wid her fists and hits me bim in de jaw, and she out wid her foots and kicks me spang in de shin. But, I tell you, 'tain't 'ligion Liza's got, Miss Mary; hit's debility."—New York Times.

## PLUCKING BATS.

A French Industry That Is Linked With the Restaurants.

"I plucked bats in Paris once at 4 francs a day," said a sailor. "Bats hibernate in the winter. What I mean to say is that they fall into a kind of drugged sleep. In this here sleep, clingin' together in big, black, soft bunches, they hang from the roofs of caves or the inside of chimneys. Seen 'I was down on my luck—I was studyin' art in them days—a restaurateur over in the Latin quarter, or Cart-shay, as we used to say, giv me a job of bat pluckin'."

"He showed me the ropes the first day. I soon got on to it. It was dead easy. Just go into a cave, you know, locate a bunch of bats and then pluck 'em one at a time like grapes and drop 'em in your burlap bag. All that winter I'd set out from the Cart-shay with my big bag in the mornin', and on toward night you'd see me staggerin' back along the Boulevard Michel, loaded down with hibernatin' bats.

"You don't feed these to your clientele, Jacques? I said to the boss one night.

"'Maybe—oh, yes,' said he. 'They always figure in our farmed-out franc dinner.'

"I gave him a reproachful look.

"'Bat's meat is excellent,' he says. 'The meat is plink and very fine. Fried in butter with a parsley sauce, the gourmets in the Cafe Anglais could never, never tell it from venison.'

"'You wouldn't catch me eatin' it,' says I.

"'He chuckled and nudged me in the ribs.

"'No?' says he. 'No? And yet, mon vieux, the bat largely figures in our excellent five sou navarin that you so dearly love!'"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## LINCOLN'S IRONY.

His Reply to a Petition For a Dishonest Boy's Pardon.

The Hon. Alexander H. Rice once paid a visit to President Lincoln on behalf of a Boston boy who had been imprisoned for robbing his employer's letters. After reading the petition, signed by many citizens of Boston, the president stretched himself in his chair and asked Mr. Rice if he had met a man going downstairs.

"Yes, Mr. President," replied Mr. Rice.

"His errand," said the president, "was to get a man pardoned out of the penitentiary, and now you have come to get a boy out of jail." Then, with characteristic humor, Mr. Lincoln continued: "I'll tell you what it is, we must abolish these courts or they will be the death of us. I thought it bad enough that they put so many men in the penitentiary for me to get out, but if they have now begun on the boys and the jails and have roped you into the delivery let's after them!"

"They deserve the worst fate," he went on, "because, according to the evidence that comes to me, they pick out the very best men and send them to the penitentiary, and this present petition shows they are playing the same game on the boys and sending them all to jail. The man that you met on the stairs affirmed that his friend in the penitentiary is a most exemplary citizen, and Massachusetts must be a happy state if her boys out of jail are as virtuous as this one appears to be who is in."

"Yes, down with the courts and deliverance to their victims, and then we can have some peace!"—Boston Post.

## Compensation.

"I must have an iron bedstead," declared a tourist at an inn.

"Sir," answered Boniface, "I am sorry there ain't a single iron bedstead in the 'ouse. But you will find the mattresses very nice and 'ard, sir!"—London Tit-Bits.

## Called the Deal Off.

A lad attending school craved a little holiday one morning when he started out to wrestle once again with the trials incident to getting an education. As he entered the schoolroom he hatched a plot to get the coveted holiday. He went up to the teacher's desk and told his story. "My mother wants to know if you won't excuse me for today?" he began. "She wants me to do some work at home and thought if I'd study at home this evening and make up what I'd missed mebby you'd let me off."

Something about the lad's manner kept the words from carrying conviction. The teacher bluffed back as follows: "Tommy," said she, "you won't need to go home at all. Since you started to school your mother called me on the phone to tell me that she had changed her mind and for you to stay here."

The lad looked at her, startled. "Aw, well," he said, "as long as both of us are lyin' about it let's just call it quits. I'll stay here."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## A Wealthy Soldier's Idea.

Australian still tell stories of the colonial volunteers, although the war is a far memory. One, a member of the Stock Exchange, was left one wet and miserable night to guard a wagon load of goods. He shivered in the unsheltered place for some hours pondering many things, and then a bright thought struck him just as the colonel came around on his tour of inspection.

"Colonel," he asked, "how much is this wagon worth?"

"I don't know," was the answer.

"Much or little, we can't afford to lose it."

"Well, but, colonel," persisted the amateur soldier, "you might give me a rough idea of the value."

"About £200," said the colonel testily.

"Very well," was the answer; "I will come down to the camp and give you a check for the amount. Then I'll turn in. I wouldn't catch my death of cold for twice that much."

What the colonel said is not recorded.—Melbourne Times.

## Fourteenth Century Doctors.

Synges "Social Life in England" quotes a number of fourteenth century hints to success for physicians:

"Suppose you know nothing, say there is an obstruction of the liver. Perhaps the patient will say, 'Nay, master, it is my head or legs that trouble me.' Repeat that it comes from the liver, and especially use the word 'obstruction,' for patients do not understand it, which is important.

Never dine with a patient who has not paid you. It will be cheaper to get your dinner at an inn, for such feasts are usually deducted from the surgeon's fee.

When you are treating a wound or accident, the friends of the patient should be excluded, for they may faint and cause a disturbance, but sometimes a higher fee may be got from persons present fainting and breaking their heads against wood and the like than from the principal patient.

## Secret Society Among Sese Islanders.

The Sese islanders have attained a peculiar notoriety in Uganda because of a secret society called the Bachieli, which is not a burial society, although its members take a deep and intelligent interest in all deaths and burials in their midst. In the more retired villages, although greatly discouraged by the British authorities, it is said to be still the custom for the sorrowing relatives to bear the body of the deceased wrapped in bark on a rough bier to some forest thicket, desolate ravine or other unfrequented spot, where it is left unburied by the bearers, who never revisit the place again. The Bachieli, who are denizens of a neighboring village, and distant relatives of the deceased avoid the necessity of burial or cremation and show their respect for the deceased by simply eating him.

—National Magazine.

## A Disappointment.

"Yes," says the lady after an acquaintance of ten or fifteen years before has been renewed, "I remember you perfectly."

"Indeed?" murmurs the gratified man. "I am glad to know that."

"Yes; at one time I thought of marrying you."

"Oh," he replies dejectedly. "I thought for the moment that there might have been something that made me different from all the other men you ever knew."—Life.

## A Stranger to His Ways.

A distinguished bishop of the Episcopal church, arriving late at a small town one night, found the hotel closed, and, hammering at the door for admission, a neighbor stuck his head out of an adjoining window with, "Say, stranger, knock like the devil!" to which the bishop replied, "I don't know how."

## Hit Home.

Tommy—Paw, what is three card monte? Mr. Tucker—It's the most diabolical, infernal swindle that ever anybody—er—oh, it's some sort of a gambling game with cards, I believe, Tommy.—Chicago Tribune.

## Not Too Often.

"They tell me New England is full of old maids," said the Philadelphia girl. "Now, I suppose you Boston girls don't often marry?" "No; only once, as a rule," replied the Boston girl.—Philadelphia Record.

## Spots Removed While You Sleep.

Dill—Has your wife a recipe for removing spots from clothing? Pickle—I should say she had! She removed two five-spots from my trousers pocket with quietness and dispatch last night.—Judge.

## The French Schoolboy's Hard Day.

French children are often on their way to school a little after 7 o'clock in the morning. If they have concluded their lessons by 9 o'clock in the evening it is only by dint of great application. Young men studying for the higher professions have appointments with their tutors at 5 o'clock in the morning in summer time; otherwise they cannot accomplish the mountain of work that lies before them. In all branches of art the labor of the tyro is immense. At the conservatory the strenuous life is carried to a point which provokes the astonishment even of laborious German students.—Fall Mall Gazette.

## How High a Tiger Can Jump.

For the benefit of the prospective big game hunters a correspondent finally disposes of the theory that a tiger is unable to jump to any height from all fours. He records that he took refuge in a tree from a particular tiger. The beast, however, jumped up to him, "like an india rubber ball, a good seven feet," and it was only "by letting go with my right and ramming both barrels down his mouth that I did not have a very bad time of it."

The moral evidently is that when avoiding a tiger it is necessary to find a tree with its lowest branch at least sixteen feet from the ground.—India Field.

## Domestic Bliss.

They had been trotting in double harness for seven long, weary months, and the honeymoon had bumped the bumps for fair.

"John," she said, as she dished out the breakfast food, "I need a little pin money this morning."

"What did you do with the \$5 I gave you last week?" asked the man who had promised to love, honor and pay the freight.

"Oh, I don't remember," she replied. "It's so easy to spend \$5 and have nothing to show for it."

"Right you are," sighed John. "That was the amount I paid the minister for marrying us."—Chicago News.

## Tongue Twisters.

Among brief tongue twisters the following are hard to beat: "The sun shines on the top signs;" "She says she shall sew a sheet;" "The sixth sick sheik's sixth sheep's sick." Some of Shakespeare's lines offer pitfalls to the rapid speaker. In "Midsummer Night's Dream" we find, "When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar," and in the same play

Oh, Fates, come, come!  
Cut thread and thrum;  
Quill, crush, conclude and quell.

—London Chronicle.

## A Corsican Vendetta.

Lecturing on "The Land of the Vendetta" at the Royal Geographical society's headquarters, the Rev. T. T. Norgate said he had discovered instances of a vendetta being started in Corsica through a pig getting into another man's field, and this had caused the loss of perhaps hundreds of lives and had made two families deadly enemies for upward of 300 years. The men who carried on such a vendetta would scorn to rob any one of a six-penny piece.—London Globe.

## Why She Opened the Letter.

Willis—It's sorry your wife opened that business letter I sent you, Harris. You told me that she never opened your letters.

Harris—She doesn't, as a rule, Willis, but you see, you marked it "private."

## A Little Too Young.

New Boarder—How's the fare here? Old Boarder—Well, we have chicken every morning. New Boarder—That's first rate! How is it served? Old Boarder—In the eggs.—Brooklyn Life.

Peace rules the day where reason rules the mind.—Collins.

## Scottish Miner's Wit.

An amusing comment was made by a miner at an ambulance lecture in Elphinstone, East Lothian. The lecturer had stated that if suffocation from choking was likely to ensue the simplest remedy to give relief till medical aid arrived was to take a fine pointed penknife and make a small incision in the throat. One of the miners then shouted: "Ye dinna ken Elphinstone folks. If I was to try that the morn here's what wad happen: if that man died his folk wad hae me prosecuted for murder, and if he got better he himself wad be the first to prosecute me for cutting his throat."—Dundee Advertiser.

## The British Museum.

In the early days of the British museum, a century or more ago, the place was open for only six hours daily on five days a week during the summer and four hours daily during the rest of the year. Nobody could remain in the building for more than two consecutive hours, and the number admissible at one time was strictly limited to fifteen. Each batch of visitors was shepherded by an attendant.

## Ready For It.

Young Wife—Don't you admire a man who always says the right thing at the right time? The Spinster—I'm sure I could if I ever have the pleasure of meeting such a man.—London Illustrated Bits.

## Crossed.

"Father, what are wrinkles?"

"Fretwork, my boy, fretwork."—Independent.

## Deduction.

"Tell me what you eat, and I will tell you what you are," boasted an amateur sage.

"Well, I ate a weish rabbit and a lemon pie last night."

"You're a fool."—Kansas City Journal.

## As Helpless as a Child;

## Rheumatism the Cause.

Finds Almost Immediate Relief in Uric-O, the Remedy Recommended A'one for This One Disease.

T. B. Singleton, 419 North Elizabeth Street, Lima, Ohio, advises all who suffer with rheumatism, no matter what form, to commence at once a Uric-O treatment, and find in it a harmless, speedy cure. He writes as follows:

"After being stricken down with rheumatism for four years, in which time I spent over \$400 with doctors and treatment at sanitariums, I have found right here in my own town a remedy of wonderful merit. Through the recommendation of Druggist Vorkamp, I have used two bottles of Uric-O, and can truthfully say that it has done me more good than all the other medicines, baths and doctors combined.

I was at times as helpless as a child and could not even dress myself. Since taking Uric-O, I feel as active in my limbs as ever, I am again an able bodied man.

Uric-O is sold and recommended by Stoke & Felcht and by druggists everywhere at 75c and \$1.00 the bottle. They will furnish samples and literature upon request or same can be obtained by writing to the Smith Drug Co., 110 Smith Bldg., Syracuse, N. Y.

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## Woodwork Supply Co.

If RELIANCE RUBBER ROOFING does not last for ten years, we furnish you material for a new roof without extra cost. Come examine it before buying.

Also see our patent window screen. Cheap and convenient. Don't need to take screen out to raise or lower sash, but can be taken out in a jiffy if you want.

## The Woodwork Supply Co.

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## NOTICE OF BOND ISSUE.

Notice is hereby given to whomsoever it may concern, that the Board of Directors of the School District of the Borough of West Reynoldsville, County of Jefferson and State of Pennsylvania, will present their petition to the Court of Common Pleas of Jefferson county, on Monday, August 9th, 1909, praying for a decree authorizing them to borrow \$15,000 and increase the indebtedness of said School District by such an amount, for the purpose of erecting and equipping a new school house adequate to accommodate the schools to be held and maintained in, and for the use of the School District of the Borough of West Reynoldsville, by issuing bonds, in denominations of One Hundred Dollars each, said bonds to bear interest at the rate of 5 per cent per annum, payable semi-annually, and said bonds to be redeemed within thirty years from the date thereof, with the option and right reserved to said School District to redeem any number or amount of said bonds, on any interest date after the expiration of five years, and also for leave to file their statement as required by the act of Assembly approved April 30th, 1874, and its supplements.

By order of the Board of School Directors of the School District of West Reynoldsville Borough, Jefferson county, Pennsylvania.  
Wm. P. Woodman, Pres.  
O. H. Johnston, Sec.

## Garment Dyeing and Cleaning