

A FATAL FRIENDSHIP.

Devotion of Princess Lamballe to Marie Antoinette.

SLAIN BY A PARISIAN MOB.

The Assassination of the Princess, Who Escaped and Returned to Comfort Her Friend, Was One of the Worst Acts of the Reign of Terror.

It was in the historic Carignano palace at Turin that the Princess Lamballe was born. Her father was Louis Victor of Carignano, of the royal house of Sardinia and Savoy.

Her childhood was spent in Turin during the period that followed the defeat of the French through the brilliant military tactics of Prince Eugene of Vienna. At eighteen she was married to Stanislaus, son of the Duke of Penthièvre of France.

The chief place of this duchy was the town of Lamballe, about fifty miles from Rennes. The Prince de Lamballe died in one year, and as soon as etiquette allowed a marriage with Louis XV, was contemplated. This did not go into effect, however, and the princess withdrew from the court.

She met Marie Antoinette when that princess first came to Paris, and they were mutually attracted and became friends. The Princess de Lamballe saw the dangers to which this young foreigner was exposed, and when Marie Antoinette became queen of France in 1774 and appointed the princess superintendent of the royal household she entered upon her duties with the sympathetic understanding of a loyal friend.

The closest ties of affectionate regard drew these two young royal personages together. Through the careless gaiety of court life the Princess de Lamballe was the judicious friend. When illness came to the queen she was faithful and devoted.

When the storm of adversity broke over the royal family and it was arranged that an escape should be effected Mme. de Lamballe got safely to England, going across from Dieppe but the royal family were arrested at Yverness and declared traitors to France.

Mme. de Lamballe's devotion was so true she at once hastened back to Paris to be with the queen. Her friends urged and implored her to think of the danger to herself and pointed out that she could be of no real service at such a critical time. But she knew better than they did what a comfort her presence would be, and her heart was entirely occupied with the sorrows of her sovereign. She was allowed to become a prisoner with the royal family in the temple, and for one week she was a cheerful and helpful companion, full of affectionate arts to make the hours less bitter and giving to Marie Antoinette the loving, devoted care that only a friend so loyal could give.

When those about the prison saw what an influence of joy Mme. de Lamballe brought to the royal prisoners an order was issued for her removal to the prison of La Force. From here she was taken for a mock trial and offered her life if she would take oath against the monarchy. With scorn she refused to do this.

Then came one of the most terrible acts of the period of the reign of terror. She was delivered to the people, wild with the desire for blood, and was killed in the courtyard of La Force prison. They stabbed her with sabers, cut off her head, tore her heart from her body while it was yet palpitating and then dragged her body through the streets to the temple.

On the way there they stopped at a hairdresser's and made him rouge the beautiful face and friz and powder the hair. This man nearly died with fear while at this awful work. When it was done and the head set on a pike, the long, fair curls of her pretty hair fell about the neck. Those of the mob who suggested this hideous work upon the head said, "Antoinette will now recognize her friend."

The head was also put on the end of a pike and the route to the temple resumed. The royal family were together, and Louis was reading to them, when they heard the sound of the mob and loud, high voices. Suddenly the door was opened violently, and as they all started to their feet some men pushed themselves past the guard and shouted to the king: "The people have something to show you. If you don't wish them to bring it up here you had better go to the window."

With the deadly fear in their hearts they did as directed and looked into the dead and painted face of their devoted friend and also saw her tender heart and her poor body, hacked by the sabers of these wretches.

With a cry of horror and despair Marie Antoinette fell into a state of stupor. Mme. Elizabeth forced her into a chair, and her children clung to her and cried with fear. Louis tried to control his voice as he said with pathetic dignity, "You might have spared the queen the knowledge of this frightful calamity."—Boston Globe.

To Make a Hit. "You send me violets every morn," said the beautiful girl. "I do," responded the ardent lover. "no matter what the cost." "Quite so. Now, why not send up a bunch of asparagus tomorrow instead. It would be just as expensive and would make a big hit with pa."—Pittsburg Post.

In adversity it is easy to despise life. The true, brave man is he who can endure to be miserable.—Martial.

A PERILOUS PERCH.

Two Nights on a Ledge of a Lofty Peak in the Tyrol.

In the northeastern corner of the Tyrol is the best snow ground in Europe, writes W. A. Baillie-Grohman in "Tyrol." The region has many lofty peaks, which make mountain climbing of interest. The author gives one of his adventures on a peak near the village of Kitzbuhel.

On one of these peaks occurred to me many years ago a little adventure which gave me an opportunity of admiring the grand view rather longer than was pleasant.

I was out stalking chamois, and, having some unoccupied hours in the middle of the day, when stalking is practically useless, as the beasts are resting, I thought I would ascend one of those pinnacles upon which at that time few human beings, I suppose, had ever set foot.

The very last bit was a smooth faced rock not more than twelve feet high, but absolutely unclimbable if unaided by rope or another man upon whose shoulders one could get and so obtain a hand grip of the top and thus draw oneself up. As I was alone I had recourse to a short length of rope I had in my rucksack. Making a slip noose, I threw it upward till it gripped some projection. Then I drew myself up.

While looking about me an unfortunate movement of my legs, which were dangling over the brink as I sat, caused the rope to slip and fall down to the small ledge on which I had stood when flinging it upward. This ledge or band of rock was uncomfortably narrow, not wider than thirty inches, and the abyss below was a perpendicular wall four or five church steeples in depth.

At first it did not seem such a serious fix to be in. By letting myself drop to the ledge, my extended arms gripping the top, the distance between the soles of my feet and the ledge was not more than four feet or so—nothing to speak of if that yawning gulf had not been there and I had had boots on my feet. But, having taken these off and left them below, together with my coat and rifle, I should have to drop on to sharp rocks barefooted and hence would be very apt to lose my balance.

The more I considered the position the more I funked that drop, and, to make a long story short, I stayed on that pinnacle two nights, until the morning of the third day, before hunger drove me to risk the drop, which I did in safety.

How I got down the remainder of that descent, "shinning" down chamois and creeping along narrow edges, was a mystery to me afterward, for I was faint with hunger and my knees trembled and shook under me. When I reached the first habitation where I happened to be known the peasant woman at the door hardly recognized me.

A BUSINESS EXTENDER.

The Kind of Man For Whom There is a Big Demand.

"I am looking for a clerk, a man with a personality, a man who can do things and increase my business. Money is no item. I will not take salary into consideration. I will pay \$100, \$125 or whatever he is worth. I want the man." That is what a successful merchant said some days ago.

Let us pay our respects to the merchant who is looking for a clerk of this kind. A good clerk deserves a good salary and usually gets it. This matter of good pay for good services is the basic principle of the relations between employer and employee. While all merchants are not willing to pay enough salary to their clerks, there are more merchants who are glad to pay all a clerk is worth than there are clerks who are glad to be worth all they are paid.

Every village, town and city is looking for the man who can "increase business." The man who will work for the interests of his employer is wanted the world over. The world of business is crying out for such men, for men whom it can trust and in whom it can place confidence that a thing will be done when the "boss" back is turned. This man is wanted in every store, factory, at every post and in every great business in the land.

If you are attempting to avoid responsibility and as much work as possible you will, unless by great mistake, escape promotion or increase in salary. There are two kinds of clerks, and only two kinds. One the entire business world is anxiously searching for, and the other the entire business world is anxiously waiting to get rid of.—Twin City Commercial Bulletin.

Where Women May Not Pray. In some parts of the world the women are not even allowed to pray. Certain Hindoo congregations deny their women this privilege, and among the Ainus women can pray only in very rare cases as the deputies of their husbands. The natives of Madagascar, however, stretch a point and permit their women to intercede with the powers of evil, but prayer to their supreme being is strictly a masculine prerogative.

Expensive. "Yes," said the young wife proudly, "father always gives something expensive when he makes presents." "So I discovered when he gave you away," rejoined the young husband.—Exchange.

A Polite Waiter. "Here, waiter," exclaimed an irascible diner, "this beef you have given me isn't fit for a pig to eat!" "Well, sir, don't eat it then!" the waiter advised pleasantly.—London Scraps.

When fatterers meet the devil goes to dinner.—Italian Proverb.

Ancient Greek Training.

The manner in which the Athenians brought up their children is worth remembering. At seven years of age the Athenian had entered the palestra. All the first and better half of the day was spent in gymnastics, dancing, games and play. In the afternoon there were singing, some writing, some reading, all in the open air, and then came a long period of play again. Such was the schooling of the Greek lad up to the age of ten or eleven, and it did not differ essentially up to the age of sixteen, except in the severity of the exercises. And yet the world has not ceased to marvel at the results of the Greek education. It produced the highest type of man, physically and intellectually, that the world has ever seen, which Galton says was as far in advance of the modern Englishman as the modern Englishman is in advance of the native African. In physical beauty, courage and patriotism, in philosophy, literature, architecture and art, the Greeks have been the unsurpassed models of the ages and are still the inspiration of our schools today. But they placed the emphasis upon hygiene, exercise, games and play, which are too much neglected in these days.—Kansas City Star.

Geographical Knowledge in 1492.

But very little was known in regard to the extent of the world in Aristotle's day, in the fourth century before Christ, and but very little more was known about it 1,800 years later, in the time of Columbus. In 2,000 years the world had in reality retrograded rather than advanced. It was the popular belief in the time of Columbus that the world was flat, though many contemporary scholars thought differently. The great civilizations of the world at that time were grouped around the Mediterranean sea, although England was a considerable power and the Scandinavians were a great maritime people. But Europeans at that time knew but little of Asia and but little of Africa, and America, of course, was undreamed of. Even after Columbus had discovered the latter continent he was perfectly oblivious of the fact. He thought Haiti was Cipango or Japan and for a long time regarded Cuba as a part of the mainland of Asia.

A Famous All Potato Banquet.

One of the most remarkable menus ever drawn up must have been that of the feast in Paris to which Benjamin Franklin, Lavoisier, the founder of modern chemistry, and other distinguished men sat down as guests of Parmentier. Every dish at this banquet was made of potatoes, and even the brandy and liqueurs were the product of the same vegetable. This was Parmentier's final proof to his skeptical fellow countrymen that potatoes were not poison, as they persisted in believing. Louis XVI. himself was one of Parmentier's earliest converts, granted him land on which to grow his plants and did not disdain to wear the potato fower as a buttonhole. Then Parmentier cleverly posted guards round his potato fields by day and withdrew them by night, so that people were tempted to come then, steal, eat and be convinced. The all potato banquet was the climax of the great campaign.—Chicago News.

Horses in Pantaloon.

"Equine subnouns are very well," said a veterinary, "but what would you say to equine trousers? You'll see them in Guayaquil. There the mosquitoes and greenhead flies are so thick that horses and donkeys, unless their legs are cased in cloth, become unmanageable with the pain. Guayaquil is in Ecuador. It is directly under the equator. The heat there is insufferable. Up and down its narrow and foul smelling streets in bluish clouds of buzzing insects walk horses and donkeys in subnouns and pantaloon."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

No Accent.

Many stories are told of a former Canadian bishop who had passed his youth in Scotland, but flattered himself that not a hint of his origin could be gained from his speech or manner. One day he met a Scotchman, to whom he said at last abruptly, "Hoo lang hae ye been here?" "About six years," was the reply. "Hoot, mon!" said the bishop sharply. "Why hae ye na lost yer accent, like myself?"

It Didn't Work.

"I haven't anything fit to wear," she said. "Neither have I," he replied. "Let's stay at home." Taken up thus, there was nothing for her to do but hurry and get ready.—Buffalo Express.

The Chump.

Miss Gatt-Thayer—Do you know, Mr. Slowboy, you remind me of the Venus de Milo. Mr. Slowboy—But I've got arms. Miss G.T.—Have you, really?—Boston Transcript.

Time and Life.

What we call time is but a single sun ray thrown across the infinite void of eternity, and life is but a floating flicker or mote that vanishes even as it becomes visible thereon.—Exchange.

Perhaps.

"Who was it said that art was long?" "I don't remember now, but I think it must have been somebody who was trying to learn to fiddle."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Half a man's wisdom goes with his courage.—Emerson.

THE "BREAK" IN THE GAME.

Baseball Almost as Much Psychological as Athletic.

Nearly every baseball game is won and lost on one play—a play that comes at the psychological instant. Among the players who do not study psychology the crucial moment is known as "the break," a phenomenon which no one has analyzed and which the players themselves do not understand. Twenty men on the bench are watching closely and intently every move of the pitcher, every swing of his arm. The tide of battle rises, ebbs, and then suddenly at the start of some lining something happens. What it is no one outside the psychic sphere of influence ever will understand, but the silent, tight lipped, watchful, alert fellows on the bench see something or feel something, and the mysterious "break" has come.

"One ball!" The players on the bench suddenly stiffen and prepare for action.

"Two balls!" Two players jump for bats and begin swinging them; the coaches, who have yelled only because it was their duty, suddenly begin raging, screaming and pawing the dirt, and the manager, who has appeared half asleep, makes a trumpet of his hands and leads his men, bawling loud orders and wild taunts.

The spectators do not understand anything has happened. Other batters have had two balls called many times, and it looks the same to the spectator who is beyond the mysterious "break" sphere. In two more moments the players' bench is a madhouse, with twenty men shouting, screaming, ordering, moving. "Three balls!" and a madman rushes out to the "deck." "Four balls!" and the spectators join the players in the demonstration. The madness is spreading. Crack—a base hit, a bunt, a wild throw; another base hit, screams, shouts, imprecations, a roar of frantic applause, a final long fly. The manager reaches for his glove, splits into it and says quietly, "Four runs—we've got 'em." The "break" is over, and the players' bench is again the quietest part of the grounds. The surge of enthusiasm, confidence and noise subsides, and the game is won.

Baseball is almost as much psychological as athletic. Why one team can beat a stronger one regularly and lose to a weaker with the same regularity, why one pitcher can hit one pitcher and is helpless before another, why one pitcher is effective against a strong team and at the mercy of another that cannot but half as hard, are psychological problems.—American Magazine.

A MISER'S END.

Meanness of M. Vandille and the Way He Hastened His Death.

M. Vandille was chief magistrate at Boulogne and by miserly habits left a fortune of \$4,000,000. His usual diet was bread and milk. The bread cost very little, and after eating his loaf at home his habit was to become his own public milk inspector, whom as chief magistrate he had the right to appoint. And so, as he declared, to protect the inhabitants from being imposed upon by an inferior quality of milk he took his walk immediately after eating his loaf and demanded to taste the milk of every salesman he passed, thus saving himself from purchasing any. Misers are generally strong men—they have to be so in order to live a life of privation—but eventually Vandille, like other misers, was seized with illness, and the surgeons had to be called in. In those days they bled their patients. The surgeon asked Vandille half a livre for the operation, but the millionaire ordered him at once out of his sight and sent for the apothecary. The apothecary refused to cut the price down, so Vandille sent for a poor barber, who undertook to open a vein for three sous a time.

"Aye, but," said this worthy economist, "how often, friend, will it be necessary to bleed me?"

"Three times."

"And what quantity of blood do you intend to take each time?"

"Eight ounces."

"Well, but why can't you take the whole twenty-four ounces at once? You want to make a job of me, you scoundrel! Here, sir, there are your three sous. Take the twenty-four ounces immediately." The barber was generous to obey. M. Vandille lost the twenty-four ounces of blood and died in a few days, leaving all his vast treasures to the king, whom he made his sole heir.—Strand Magazine.

The Oldest Bridge in Paris.

The Pont Notre Dame is the oldest bridge in Paris. It was first built in 1413 in the reign of Charles VI., but it was carried away, together with the houses which lined it, by ice floes when the frost broke in 1490. A new bridge was begun at once under the direction of Jean Joconde of Verona and was ready for traffic in 1507. On that bridge stood the famous picture shop of Gersaint, which had a sign-board specially painted for it by Watteau.—Westminster Gazette.

Jolting Him.

Bashful Youth—Miss Bella, does—does your mother object to my coming here so much? Fair Charmer—Oh, I think not! I heard her telling papa the other evening that you merely came to pass away the time; you didn't mean anything serious.—London Tit-Bits.

The Division.

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Flatleigh. "You don't mean to tell me you pay a girl \$10 a week for cooking?" "Oh, no!" replied Mrs. Urbanville. "We only pay her \$2 a week for cooking. The other \$8 is for staying."—Chicago News.

Town Booming Helps

VI.—How Is Your Front?

A frontless man Is an "also ran." But the man with the front, He gets there!

The author of this poem is unknown.

He wasn't strong on versification, but he was long on horse sense. He knew that the winners in life are THE ONES THAT PUT UP THE BEST FRONT.

It's just the same with a town. IT MUST HAVE A FRONT. Everybody living in it or doing business in it should boost at all times and in every place.

One of the best ways to boost is to boom your own business by EVERY KIND OF ADVERTISING



THAT IS PROFITABLE. Other people will realize that you are living in a live town and move in.

We are doing what we can to put up a front for our town. Lend a hand, or, better still, let us help you do it.

The right kind of stationery will help your business front and the front of the town.

DON'T BE AN "ALSO RAN" in your business. Don't let your town be classed "among those mentioned." When a new business or the opening of a new factory is under discussion get up to the front.

Arranging and repairing business fronts is our specialty.

HOW IS YOUR FRONT?

ADMINISTRATRIX'S NOTICE.

Estate of Sylvester Brentnan, Late of the Borough of West Reynoldsville, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that letters of administration upon the estate of said deceased have been granted to the undersigned. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands against the same will make them known without delay to

SARA E. LEYDA, Administratrix, Reynoldsville, Pa.

EXECUTRIX' NOTICE.

Estate of Dr. S. Reynolds, late of Reynoldsville, Jefferson County, Pennsylvania, Deceased.

Letters testamentary upon the above named estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons having claims against the same will present them for payment, duly authenticated; those indebted thereto will please make immediate payment to

WIGGINS A. REYNOLDS, Executrix, C. T. A., Warren, Pa.

Smith M. McCright, Attorney, July 9th, 1909.

WINDSOR HOTEL

W. T. Brubaker, Mgr. Midway between Broad St. Station and Reading Terminal on Filbert st. European \$1.00 per day and up. American \$0.50 per day and up. The only moderate priced hotel of reputation and consequence in PHILADELPHIA

If you have anything to sell, try our Want Column.

WAVERLY

If you have any difficulty in obtaining

Waverly Special

from your dealer or garage, communicate with us at once and we will see that you are supplied. "Perfect fabrication with out carbon deposit." Waverly Oil Works Co. Independent Refiners Pittsburgh, Pa.

SPECIAL AUTO

ECONOMY IN THE KITCHEN

Should begin at the point where waste is the greatest. That point is the cook's fire.

PRIZER'S GAS RANGES

Are a complete—economical—kitchen appliance. Every improvement has been introduced. You run no risk. We take it back if not satisfied.

Reynolds Hardware Co.