

A TELEGRAPH JOKER.

He Knew What the Crowd Wanted and Delivered the Goods.

ELECTION RETURNS TO SUIT.

Swung States and National Chairmen into Line in His Reports and Gave the Boys of the Mining Camp the Time of Their Lives.

A funny incident happened on the night of the national election of 1896 in a little camp tucked away in the mountains of southwestern Colorado, where the only means of quick communication with the world were a single uncertain telegraph wire and a single more uncertain telegraph operator. Naturally only the nearest scraps of election news reached the camp, but before the certain news of McKinley's election could have been got the uncertain operator had fallen a victim to his favorite vice and, further, had fallen beneath the table.

The only other person who knew anything about telegraphy was "Shorty," the local wit and humorist, who volunteered to write out the election returns as they clicked off from the telegraph instrument. Political sentiment was aflame for Bryan. News of his election was not only sought, but demanded, for the average American miner is as sanguine concerning the uncertainties of politics as he is concerning the uncertainties of mining. The volunteer telegrapher was noted for an obliging disposition. He was the "genial" of the camp.

The "boys" had placed stores of giant powder at various points. They had cleaned and oiled their six shooters and refilled their cartridge belts. Bontires were ready to be lighted on the hillsides, and natural enthusiasm had been stimulated at the Metropole, the Cosmopolitan, the Fashion, the Trocadero and less pretentiously named ones in the desert of mining camp existence—in fact, every preliminary to the grandest celebration the San Juan country ever had known.

Shorty was not the man to neglect an opportunity like that. The first bulletin he handed to the waiting crowd stated that New York and Indiana were in doubt and it looked like a close election, with the chances favoring Bryan. That whetted the crowd's keen appetite for returns to razor edge. The second bulletin sent their spirits up with a leap, "Bryan has carried Kansas, and the Democrats are claiming Iowa."

"Whoopie!" from the crowd. Shorty bent his ear to the clicking sounder and inscribed "Bulletin No. 3—Illinois joins the Bryan column with 100,000 majority, Indiana certain, New York very close."

When the deafening chorus had died down a young member of the party asked the leader, "Hadn't we better begin to set off the giant?"

Before the leader could answer Shorty reproved him by word and look. "Don't go off half cocked," he said. "It's always best to wait until you are sure. You can't be too conservative in a case like this."

After a long pause, in which the crowd displayed much impatience, the imperturbable and conservative Shorty transcribed bulletin No. 4, but before passing it out he said:

"Now, boys, don't do anything rash. Wait for the actual returns."

Bulletin No. 4 read, "Senator Jones claims Ohio and Pennsylvania for Bryan."

Under ordinary circumstances a doubt might have been expressed concerning the probability of such states reversing their political records, but the crowd was convinced of an impending landslide for their favorite and yelled with delight. "Now we are beginning to get the news," remarked Shorty when the cheering ceased, and he began to write bulletin No. 5 as follows:

"New York gives Bryan 100,000 plurality; Indiana, 40,000. Returns from Wisconsin and Minnesota indicate large Democratic gains."

The crowd heard only the first sentence. Shouting, cheering, yelling, screaming, it broke for the street.

"Hold on!" called Shorty. "Here's another."

Bulletin No. 6, "Quay concedes Pennsylvania to Bryan."

Another fragment broke from the crowd and ran down the street shouting the news. The new operator's pencil was traveling rapidly over the pa-

per, while his friends and fellow citizens crowded closely upon him and read as he wrote bulletin No. 7, "Mark Hanna has locked up Republican headquarters and gone home."

The roar of the crowd was drowned by the roar of exploding giant powder. Buildings shook, windows rattled, accompanied by the crash of broken glass. The celebration was on, and Shorty McIntyre was alone.

The celebration lasted for two days. The morning after election the regular operator had recovered sufficiently to transcribe messages announcing McKinley's victory. Those who were sober enough to understand them didn't believe them. After several warnings of what would happen to him if he didn't quit "trying to fool people" the operator desisted and joined in the general jubilation. Not until the arrival of the Denver papers on the second day did the camp awake to a realization of the outcome of the election, and then there was not sufficient energy left to vent even indignation upon Shorty, much less to take revenge. On the third day the volunteer operator was more popular than ever, for all admitted he had given them the time of their lives.—New York Post.

What a Dollar Dog Can Do.

A man in a nearby city bought for his wife and child a year ago a dog, for which he paid a dollar. It was obviously nothing wonderful in the canine way—merely a mongrel, with the bulldog strain predominant. The owner was a man in humble circumstances, and the dog in his modest dwelling was the principal asset aside from a few sticks of furniture. The other night Tom was tied to a leg of the kitchen sink, as usual, and the family went to bed. They were awakened by the dog at midnight scratching at his master's door. When his master came out to see what was the matter the dog, with a remnant of chewed rope hanging from his collar, whined and ran to the head of the stairway. The house was on fire, and shortly after woman and child and man and dog made their escape their poor dwelling was a mass of glowing embers. The owner of the dog has been urged to part with him for a large cash consideration; but, though he is penniless, he will not part with the four footed savior of his family. Neither has the dog at any time had thoughts of leaving them for luxurious kennels.—New York Times.

Slaves to the Servants.

"I am very tired," said the fashionably dressed woman. "I have been working dreadfully hard all day. Doing what? Why, seeing to my servants—working for them. Didn't you know that the more servants you have the harder you must work? Certainly I have to do all the shopping for my servants. I have to buy their uniforms, the caps and aprons of the maids, the clothing of the housekeeper, and have to see to the marketing, too—yes, and very often, in spite of the fact that I have a housekeeper. I must, or they will form a combine to rob me of everything I have. The housekeeper will get a rakeoff that will enable her to retire in a few years. Then perhaps it is I who must hunt a place as housekeeper for some one else. Oh, yes, if you want to keep your position as mistress of a household of servants you must keep hustling! You can't afford to let the grass grow under your feet to any great extent."—New York Press.

He Got a Hundred.

Sammy's mother talked to him long and earnestly about the poor marks he had been getting in his work at school. She painted in alluring colors the career of the little boy who studies his lessons and gains the love and respect of his teachers. She went even farther. She promised him that if he got good marks she would give him a whole dime all for his own. Sammy seemed impressed.

That afternoon he returned from school fairly dancing with joy.

"Oh, mother," he shouted, "I got a hundred!"

"Sammy" cried his delighted mother. She hugged him and kissed him and petted him and—gave him the dime.

"And what did you get a hundred in?" she finally asked.

"In two things," replied Sammy without hesitation. "I got forty in readin' and sixty in spellin'."—Everybody's Magazine.

Musical Note.

"How do you sell your music?" asked the prospective customer.
"It depends on the kind you want," replied the smart clerk. "We sell piano music by the pound and organ music by the choir."

A Blowing Up.

"Now, Willie," said the teacher to a small pupil, "can you tell me what dynamite is used for?"
"Yes, ma'am," answered Willie. "It's used to blaspheme things with."—Chicago News.

A Frank Woman.

A woman gave another woman her photograph, and the recipient, instead of saying, "I will treasure it always," refused to accept it. "It means only one more thing to be dusted," she said. "If I have it out on the table it becomes a nuisance, and if I put it out of sight you will be offended. Moreover, every day that passes it will become a little more old fashioned and a little more of a caricature. I won't have it."—Athlison Globe.

Much Rather.

"She says she'd rather waltz than eat."
"Well, she'll find plenty of men who would rather sign a dance program than a dinner check."—Exchange.

Contentment gives a crowd where fortune hath denied it.—Ford.

EARTHQUAKES.

Great Shocks Almost Always Followed by After Shocks.

Although seismologists have not yet succeeded in finding out any means of definitely predicting the occurrence of an earthquake, they are very hopeful of finally arriving at this desired goal, and already they can discern danger by the pulsations which are always gently agitating the surface of the earth. A sudden cessation of these heart beats is a danger signal, extreme stillness invariably preceding an earthquake, whereas constant tremors are a good sign.

A great earthquake is almost always followed by weaker ones, and when it is violent and destructive the number of minor shocks following it may amount to hundreds or even thousands and continue for several months or years.

The occurrence of after shocks is quite natural and necessary for the settling down into stable equilibrium of the disturbed tract at the origin of disturbance, each of these shocks removing an unstable or weak point underneath.

Further, as a very great shock would remove a correspondingly great underground instability it is probable that such a shock would not for a long time be followed by another of a magnitude comparable to its own in the same or a neighboring district.

When, however, the initial shock is not very great it may be followed by another like it, but even in this case the position of the origin of the second shock would usually be quite distinct from that of the first.—Wide World Magazine.

A CAMEL STORY.

Foiled in Its Revenge, the Animal Committed Suicide.

Some years ago it chanced that a valuable camel working in an old mill in Africa was severely beaten by its driver, who, perceiving that the camel had treasured up the injury and was only waiting a favorable opportunity for revenge, kept a strict watch upon the animal. Time passed away. The camel, perceiving that it was watched, was quiet and obedient, and the driver began to think that the beating was forgotten.

One night after a lapse of several months the man, who slept on a raised platform in the mill, while, as is customary, the camel was stalled in a corner, happening to remain awake, observed by the bright moonlight that when all was quiet the animal looked cautiously around, rose softly and, stealing over toward a spot where a bundle of clothes and a burnouse, thrown carelessly on the ground, resembled a sleeping figure, cast itself with violence upon them, rolling with all its weight and tearing them most viciously with its teeth.

Satisfied that its revenge was complete, the camel was returning to its corner when the driver sat up and spoke. At the sound of his voice and perceiving the mistake it had made the animal was so mortified at the failure and discovery of its scheme that it dashed its head against the wall and died on the spot.—Sheffield Telegraph.

Lavender.

How many of those who delight in the odor of fresh sweet lavender ever think how the plant came by its soothing name? Back he must go in imagination to the clean old Romans and their cult of the bath. Lavender found high favor with them to perfume their baths, and it was they who called it *lavandula*, the root of the name being the Latin *lavare*—to wash. In olden days, too, lavender leaves were an important ingredient in the making of precious spikenard ointment. Although we regard lavender as so peculiarly English a plant, owing to its extensive cultivation in the home counties and its associations with our English homes and gardens, it was not, as a matter of fact, introduced to this country until the sixteenth century, when it came from France with the Huguenot settlers. The Romans did not apparently bring it to us when they gave us our fine roads.—Westminster Gazette.

"An Old Sheep."

A Bengal clerk who had been transferred at his own request from my office to another government office in Calcutta was anxious to return and wrote to me personally on the subject. Although not a Christian himself, he was evidently acquainted with the familiar lines of Honor's hymn:

I was a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold.

This is how he applied them to his own case. "It is true I have wandered from the fold—that is, the director general's office—but I trust that your honor will be merciful and receive back an old sheep."—"Stray Stories From India," by Sir Arthur Fanshawe, in Blackwood's Magazine.

A Frank Woman.

A woman gave another woman her photograph, and the recipient, instead of saying, "I will treasure it always," refused to accept it. "It means only one more thing to be dusted," she said. "If I have it out on the table it becomes a nuisance, and if I put it out of sight you will be offended. Moreover, every day that passes it will become a little more old fashioned and a little more of a caricature. I won't have it."—Athlison Globe.

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THE TAX ON SALT.

One of the Things That Started the French Revolution.

Before the French revolution the government established warehouses at which the inhabitants were compelled to purchase their stores of salt. These warehouses were numerous in some provinces and few in others; but, whether sufficient or insufficient for the needs of the population, they were often situated at a considerable distance from the towns and villages, whose inhabitants had to trudge miles along bad roads to buy their salt.

But this was not all. It was prescribed by law that the head of every family must lay in his stock of salt not at such times as might suit his own convenience, but on one stated day in the year. Should he fail in this observance he was fined, and he was also fined if he purchased a smaller quantity than the law prescribed.

His hardships did not stop even there. On making his annual purchase he had to state the different purposes for which he intended to use the salt during the ensuing year, and in the event of his being discovered sniffing his soap instead of his pork according to his statement or his pork instead of his soap on the day he had named he was also liable to a fine. His kitchen was never secure from the intrusion of the inspecting officer, and woe to the housewife who was detected in any petty infraction of this law.

WONDERFUL ROCK GARDEN.

Englishman Has a Three Acre Reproduction of the Matterhorn.

The largest rock garden in England is that of Sir Frank Crisp at Friar Park, Henley. It is a faithful reproduction of the Matterhorn on a scale of about three acres. Seven thousand tons of limestone were brought from Yorkshire to make it.

The snow capped peak is represented by quartz. Below it are thousands upon thousands of alpine flowers growing in pockets between the rocks and filling every chink in the trails that ascend the mountain. There must be 200 different species in bloom at once.

At the base of the mountain, says Country Life in America, is a miniature Swiss chalet, where one may sit and enjoy the scene, comparing all the main features with a little bronze model of the Matterhorn which Sir Frank had made for the entertainment of his guests. A brook courses down the mountain side, and just before it reaches the chalet it forms a pretty cascade and then spreads out at your feet into a miniature lake decorated with pygmy water lilies and richly margined with pinks, primroses, gentians and other alpine flowers.

A Good Laugh Is Good For the Health.

Look at the laugh in whatsoever light you will, whether you see it as the deliverer from the bondage to out-grown notions; a schoolmaster with the sharp switch of ridicule to teach us manners; an apostle of democracy, proclaiming that we are all of the same clay, made of it and to return to it, but every lump of it holding some sparkle of the divine fire, and woe betide the man that tries to make us think that he is of different stuff! Look at the laugh, I say, in any light you choose, and you will see that it is not so much the downfall and confusion of the laughed at that makes us happy, that joggles our waistbands and sends the ha-ha spouting out, that pumps the blood along the sluggish veins, massaging the interior works and replacing the shopworn stock of air with a new consignment, as it is the sudden, sharp, intense realization of our personal well being.—Eugene Wood in Success Magazine.

Harlem in New York.

In an early charter of what is now New York occurs the name of Lancaster. That is what Harlem used to be called. It comprised the territory on Manhattan Island north of a line drawn from the foot of East Seventy-fourth street to the foot of Manhattan street. The real Harlem village was a settlement collected within a radius of a quarter of a mile from One Hundred and Twenty-fourth street and Third avenue. Today the name Harlem is applied to the whole territory north of One Hundred and Tenth street, east and west. After the name Lancaster was eliminated the village was called Nieuw Haarlem.—New York Press.

New Kind of Setter.

Little Oscar, aged five, had a dog which was almost always to be found behind the stove in the kitchen. Oscar once visited at a house where there were two fine dogs. The master of the house told him that they were Irish setters. The little fellow, who was very fond of his pet, answered quickly, "Mine is a kitchen setter."—Delineator.

Better Than Ever.

Mary Backstoop—Did he tell you life with him would be one grand, sweet song? Maudie Sidelstreet—No. He said it would be one grand, beveled, sweet toned, silver coated, indestructible phonograph record.—Puck.

Getting On.

Father—And how are you getting on at school, Johnny? Johnny—Oh, I have learned to say "Thank you" and "If you please" in French. Father—That's more than you ever learned in English.

Not Quite a Sponge.

Percy—Skitts is a sponge—a perfect sponge.
"Oh, no! When a sponge absorbs anything, by squeezing it you can get it again."—Detroit Free Press.

Self is the first object of charity.—Latin Proverb.

Cotton Holds Wrinkles —Wool Holds Style

You don't care what your clothes are made of—all you want is the result.

If somebody could invent a way to make more lasting and more stylish clothes out of part cotton than out of pure wool, you would prefer the cotton.

Clothcraft All-Wool Clothes

But the facts, as you know, are that part cotton clothes hold wrinkles and keep shabby while clothes of pure wool hold style and keep shapely.

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United States Marine Band, Oct. 11 to 23

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