

A FEAT OF CONJURING.

The Popular Coffee Trick, and How It Is Performed.

METHODS OF THE MAGICIAN.

Changing White Paper Into Milk. Blue Paper Into Mocha and Bran Into Cut Sugar Is Comparatively Easy When You Have Been Shown the Way.

A trick always popular with the professional conjurer is that known as the "coffee trick," though some high-falootin' title, as, for instance, "Marabout Mocha," is better for a program. It has the advantage, too, of not conveying any idea of what the trick is to be. The trick is as suitable for the drawing room as for the stage, and an amateur with a little practice may do it easily. Remember, with a little practice, for like everything in conjuring, not only a little but sometimes a great deal of practice is necessary if the performer desires to do his tricks with ease and skill and so as to bewilder his audience.

When about to present this trick the performer has on a table three wooden boxes, a large goblet shaped glass jar and two German silver "shakers" or cups, such as are used in mixing lemon juice, ice, etc., for a glass of lemonade. In one of the boxes is a quantity of bran, in another some pieces of chopped up white paper and in the third a similar lot of blue paper. These, with two pieces of black velvet, each about nine inches square, and a paper cylinder, are all that appear to be used in the trick. Picking up one shaker, the performer fills it with white paper and immediately pours it back into the box. Again he dips the shaker into the box and, with a shovelling motion, fills it and stands it on a table so that every one may see it. The other shaker he fills in the same way, but with the blue paper. Finally the glass jar is filled with bran and stood on a table by itself. Over one shaker is spread one of the velvet squares and on top of it is placed a small, round metal plate. The other shaker is covered with the second velvet square, but without any metal plate.

"Remember," says the performer, "this cup is filled with white paper and that one with blue," and, pulling the velvet piece off one cup, he pours from it into a small pitcher about a pint of milk—"The milk of human kindness as extracted from the daily press." Removing the metal plate and the velvet from the second cup, he pours from it into the first cup "steaming Mocha coffee; no grounds for complaint." Picking up the paper cylinder, he drops it over the upper part of the glass jar, and, lifting it up almost immediately, it is found that the bran is gone and the jar is filled with lumpy sugar.

It is a showy trick which is generally followed by applause, that sweetest of music to a performer. Here is the explanation.

In each box of paper is a duplicate shaker, one filled with milk; the other with coffee. Fitted into the mouth of each shaker is a shallow metal saucer, the edges flaring out so as to rest on the mouth of the cup. At one point on the edge of each saucer is soldered a semicircle of stiff wire about the size of a dime, so that the performer may easily grasp it. On each saucer is glued some bits of the paper with which the shaker is supposed to be filled. These shakers stand upright in the box in such position that the wire piece of the saucer will be toward the performer when he is ready to remove the velvet cover. As he shovels the paper into the shaker he leaves that one in the box, grasps the other filled with milk or coffee and brings it out some of the loose bits of paper clinging round the top. These he brushes off carelessly and in doing so, when necessary, adjusts the shaker so that the wire finger piece will be in the proper position. In covering the shaker the performer takes hold of the velvet covers so that the thumb and the third and fourth fingers are under the cover, and with these he catches the edge of the projecting finger piece, lifts up the saucers and draws them off, dropping them instantly into a padded box or bag fastened at the back of the table.

As a glass jar is transparent, it follows that a mere saucer of bran in its mouth would not do, so resort is had to another device. A hollow shape of tin, slightly tapering, that fits loosely in the jar is used. The larger end, which is the top, is closed while the bottom is open. From the top is a fine stiff wire passing from one side to the other. It describes a small bow that serves as a handle to lift out the shape. Bran is glued over the outside of the shape, and some loose bran is spread over the top. The shape is filled with lumpy sugar, placed inside a goblet jar and stood inside the box of bran. When the first jar is put into the box, ostensibly to be filled, the performer exchanges it for the second. This he takes out and shows it apparently filled with bran. It is covered with the paper cylinder, which is picked up and in removing this the performer slips one finger under the wire handle, lifts out the shape, and the sugar falls into the jar. As the shape is taken out the performer's hand passes carelessly over the box of bran, into which the shape is dropped. At almost the same moment the paper is crumpled up and tossed into the audience. The trick is so neatly done and is withal so simple that it must be a bungler, indeed, who cannot deceive even a clever audience.

The coffee may be served to the audience.—St. Nicholas.

HE GOT THE GOODS.

Business Deal Between Potter Palmer and A. T. Stewart.

At the time of the civil war Potter Palmer was in the dry goods business in Chicago, and Levi Z. Leiter and Marshall Field were working for him. Palmer wasn't so well known, but he had a good reputation in the trade, and he didn't have to introduce himself when he called on old A. T. Stewart to buy some goods. After some dickering they agreed upon the price, and Palmer calmly said that he would take about \$100,000 worth. It was a little larger bill than Stewart exactly cared to sell young Palmer on credit, but he concluded to make the deal and told him to come in the next morning and arrange some final details. That night some big war news came, and it didn't require any declaration by the government to inform every dry goods man in the country that the price of goods would take a big spurt up. Stewart recognized it as soon as he had the news, and he immediately thought of Palmer. He also thought of the big bill of goods Palmer had bought of him. It didn't particularly tickle Stewart, that thought didn't. But it required only a few scratches of his red head to fix things to his satisfaction. He would simply tell Palmer that he was sorry, but that he didn't feel that he could sell such a big bill on credit, and as he knew that Palmer couldn't raise the cash immediately, why, that would end it, and the sale would be off. Well, young Palmer called early, and Stewart greeted him in his very abrupt manner, telling him how sorry he was, etc., but really he didn't think it wise business to extend credit for such an amount.

"Just how much does the bill come to?" said young Palmer, seemingly sorrowful-like.

"Just \$110,000," Stewart replied, and then he straightway gulped for breath as young Palmer drew an immense pocketbook from his inside vest pocket and, opening it, counted out 110 thousand dollar bills and, laying them quietly on Stewart's desk, said: "If you will kindly count them and give me a receipt I'll be obliged, as I must take the next train home. Ship the goods soon as you can, and when you're out our way drop in. Always glad to see our friends."

AN ARTFUL REPORTER.

Got the Oil King Unconsciously to Submit to an Interview.

Playwright Eugene Walter is numbered among the newspaper men who obtained the "first interview with John D. Rockefeller." When the First Interview With Rockefeller club is formed Mr. Walter will be one of the charter members.

This is how he managed it: In the days when he was a newspaper reporter in Cleveland Walter was an extremely youthful looking young man. He decided to capitalize his puerile appearance, for it was not an easy task even at that time to get Rockefeller to say anything. He was utterly "improachable" as a colored man once remarked.

Walter got into the Forest Hill grounds from the rear and walked about, looking at the flowers and shrubbery with an apparent lack of purpose, just as a boy would.

Rockefeller finally noticed him gazing abstractedly at a flower bed and went up to talk to him.

"Ah, my fine lad," began John D. "are you fond of flowers?"

"Indeed I am, sir," replied Walter in true McGuffey Reader style.

"Well, I am always glad to see a boy who appreciates the beauties of nature. Would you care to walk over and look at the pond lilies?"

"Ah, sir, I should enjoy that more than I can tell you."

Thus the conversational ice was broken, and the youthful visitor was so enthusiastic over all he saw that the master of Forest Hill passed him out plattitudes for about an hour. The interviewer didn't even have to ask questions.

Next morning Walter's interview was the best thing in the paper.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Sure Enough Kid.

Bob was telling about his visit to the country. While there he had acquired some rustic idioms, and his mother was correcting these as he proceeded.

"Well, we goes up"—
"Went up"
"Went up on the farm"—
"To the farm."
"To the farm, and there we see"—
"We saw."
"We saw a little kid"—
"Little child. Now begin again and tell it properly."
"Well, we went up to the farm, and there we saw a goat's little child." (Further narration suspended.)—Judge.

The First Dessert Spoon.

When the dessert spoons were invented Hamilton palace, the seat of Sir Charles Murray's uncle, was the first household north of the Tweed to adopt them. A small laird, invited to dine with the Duke of Hamilton, was disgusted to find a dessert spoon handed to him with the sweets. "What do you get me this for?" he exclaimed to the footman. "Do you think ma mooth has got any smaller since I lappit up ma soup?"—London Chronicle.

An Exception.

She (protestingly)—That's just like you men. A man never gets into trouble without dragging some woman in with him. He—Oh, I don't know! How about Jonah in the whale?—Boston Transcript.

Moral good is a practical stimulus.—Plutarch.

Speak For Yourself, John.

The Lord Leicester of a century ago had no sons by his first marriage and, being well on in years, was anxious to see his heir apparent, a nephew, happily wedded. His wish was that a charming daughter of his neighbor, the Earl of Alburnie, should be the future Lady Leicester. With her and her sisters he used to enjoy his morning rides. One morning she came alone, and during the ride he asked, thinking to forward his nephew's interests, "Anne, my dear, how should you like to be mistress of Holkham?" "There is nothing I should like better," she replied. "Then I shall send my nephew William to court you," said the earl, glad that the fates seemed to favor his project. But the lady calmly and gravely answered, "I shall never be mistress of Holkham on those terms." "Why," exclaimed the astonished old gentleman, looking the lady hard in the face, "you don't mean to say you would marry me!" "Yes, indeed I would," was the answer, "and nothing I should wish better." And as a consequence the nephew did not succeed to the earldom.—London Chronicle.

Perseverance.

Timour, the great Asiatic conqueror, commonly known by the name of Tamerlane, had extraordinary perseverance. No difficulties ever led him to recede from what he had once undertaken, and he often persisted in his efforts under circumstances which led all around him to despair. On such occasions he used to relate to his friend an anecdote of his early life. "I once," he said, "was forced to take shelter from my enemies in a ruined building, where I sat alone many hours. Desiring to divert my mind from my hopeless condition, I fixed my eyes on an ant that was carrying a grain of corn larger than itself up a high wall. I numbered the efforts it made to accomplish this object. The grain fell sixty-nine times to the ground, but the insect persevered, and the seventieth time it reached the top. This sight gave me courage at the moment, and I never forgot the lesson."

The Landscape Near Jerusalem.

The country about Jerusalem is essentially a pale country. Indeed, I often thought it looked stricken, as if his pallor had come upon it abruptly, had been sent to it as a visitation. I was not sorry that I saw it first under grayness and swept by winds. The grayness, the winds, seemed to me to emphasize its truth, to drive home its reality. And there was something noble in its candor. Even nature can take on an aspect of trickiness at times, or at least a certain coquetry, a daintiness not wholly free from suggestions of artificiality. The landscape in the midst of which Jerusalem lies is dreary, is sad; in stormy weather is almost forbidding. Yet it has a bare frankness that renders it dignified, a large simplicity that is very striking. The frame is sober, the picture, within it is amazing, and neither, once seen, can ever be forgotten.—Robert Hichens in Century.

What Happened to Bill.

Mrs. Dixon was putting Frank, aged six, and Willie, aged four, to sleep with a bedtime story when she was suddenly compelled to answer the doorbell. Hastening away with the intention of immediately returning, Mrs. Dixon was detained by a caller. The boys grew restless. Finally, running to the top of the stairs, where he knew his mother could get a perfect view of him, Frank used nearly all his small stock of diplomacy in trying to attract his mother's attention without disturbing the visitor. After several futile attempts at gesticulations he called out in a loud whisper perfectly audible to both ladies below, "Mamma, you'd better come up," then in a most awe-inspiring tone adding, "'cause Bill's nose is comin' unwiped!"—Youth's Companion.

Tibetan Penal Code.

The Tibetan penal code is curious. Murder is punished with a fine varying according to the importance of the slain, theft by a fine of seven to one hundred times the value of the article stolen. Here, again, the fine depends on the social importance of the person from whom the theft has been committed. The harboring of a thief is looked upon as a worse criminal than the thief himself. Ordeals by fire and by boiling water are still used as proofs of innocence or guilt, exactly as was the custom in Europe in the middle ages. And if the lamas never inflict death they are adepts at torture.

Taken Literally.

The tramp approached the pompous gentleman and asked for a copper. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard," quoted the gent.

"Tain't no use, mister," answered the weary one. "Me aunt's list as tight fasted as me uncle and me other relatives."—Exchange.

The Boy Told Him.

Father (after a long search)—Well, here it is. I wonder why one always finds a thing in the last place one hunts for it? Bright Boy—I s'pose it's cause after people find it they leave off looking.

She Still Lectures.

Mr. Tile—Your wife used to lecture before she was married. Has she given it up now? Mr. Mills—Well—er—yes—that is, in public.

Tommy's Reason.

"Tommy," the schoolma'am asked, "why are you scratching your head?"

"Cause nobody else knows just where it itches."

To bear is to conquer our fate.

Campbell.

Happiness in Sleep.

I saw once how like sleep was to life in the deep waters. A man who to my waking eyes looked cold and starved and ragged sat upon one of the benches on the embankment. He was sleeping, and I knew from his face that then at least he did not count himself miserable. But presently a policeman came and shook the sleeper into waking life. Then all the violence of the world seemed to be let loose upon this wreck of a man. He shook and blinkered his eyes and breathed with heavy spasms. It was just as when a fish is caught out of the depth of the sea and suddenly cast into a basket. I have seen mackerel shake and gasp like this poor man suddenly caught up 'out of the native depths of sleep. Or if you think that a fish thus dying is only an amusing and not a painful sight then think of what it might be if some giant of fable could catch us up out of our native air into the space between the stars. Would we not willingly sink back again into the depth of air? So it is when the loud world lets us glide down into sleep.—London Outlook.

His Name in the Directory.

"One funny thing I have learned about human nature," said the drug store cashier, "is the habit many people have of marking their own names in the city directory. They do that because the directory is the only place where their names ever get into print, and it has such a fascination for them that they can't resist calling attention to it. A funny old man who likes to talk tells me that he has made special trips to different parts of the city just to mark his name in the directories of the neighborhood. He puts a little cross in red ink before it. I asked him what good it did. He said none possibly, although he is a teacher of languages and may get a few calls on account of that queer advertisement. But his is an exceptional case. Not many persons spend time and money hunting city directories, but every time they happen to see a now one they can't help looking up their names and putting some kind of a mark around them."—New York Sun.

Mansfield's Coaching.

"Richard Mansfield," said an actress who played in his company, "was a great teacher, but terribly relentless. I shall never forget a time when I was playing with him in 'The First Victim.' I could not, strive frantically as I would, do the thing he wanted. He was gentle at first, and then, persisting in my failure, he began to lash and whip and sting me with his words until I thought I should have to run away. In agony of impotent desperation I cried out:

"I cannot! Oh, I cannot!"

"Mr. Mansfield threw up his hands in a gesture of relief, and a smile played about his lips.

"Why," he said sweetly, 'you're doing the very thing right now. No one on earth could do it better.' And then I knew what he meant, and those lines were a triumph to me all that season."—Detroit Free Press.

Walking.

The Almighty has not freighted the foot with a single superfluous part. Every inch of every foot is meant for use. When a man walks in the right way, speaking literally, the back of the heel strikes the ground first. Then the rest of the heel comes down, after which the outer edge of the foot takes the bulk of the burden until the forward movement shifts the weight to the ball of the foot and finally to the toes. The ideal step is a slightly rocking motion. At no time should the entire foot be pressed against the ground. Heel to toe is the movement. Try it and see how much farther and more easily you can walk. It's the Indian's way, and what poor Lo doesn't know about footwork can go into the discard.—New York Press.

A Lesson With His Autograph.

An admirer once wrote to Lowell describing his autograph collection and concluding with the remark, "I would be much obliged for your autograph." The reply came, bearing with it a lesson on the correct use of the words "would" and "should," which deeply impressed itself on the mind of the recipient. The response read:

Pray, do not say hereafter, "I would be obliged." If you would be obliged, be obliged and have done with it. Say, "I should be obliged," and oblige yours truly,

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

A Remodeled Text.

"Perhaps you could preach us a sermon about the condition of things in our town," says the resident pastor to the visiting one. "Saloons, gambling houses and the like run wide open all the time, and the officers pay no attention to them."

"Yes," agrees the visitor; "I might take as my text, 'There's no arrest for the wicked.'"—Judge.

Grace Before Meat.

The Zulu admires a woman according to her weight. The Zulu can respect a 200 pound woman, but it is only a 300 or 400 pound one that he can really love. We enlightened persons, on the other hand, have been taught to like grace before meat.—Exchange.

Made a Noise.

"He didn't win the prize in the life race, did he?"

"No, but he hollered like he had it, and some people died envyin' of him."—Atlanta Constitution.

Armed For Peace.

Wife—Will your disarmament meeting finish late? Husband—Yes, about midnight, I expect. But don't be nervous. I shall have my revolver.—Bon Vivant.

A Gastronomical Joy.

Of all the superb victuals which, by their great variety and unique location, make Maryland the Eden and Arcadia of every man who loves good eating, the planked shad is probably the most powerful and poignant in its appeal to the senses. The wild duck, though it sets the palate to vibrating like an aeolian harp, has no thrill for the eye. It is a small and unlovely bird of a dull color and ungraceful outline. So, too, the diamond back terrapin. It has no more beauty in death than a plate of soup. And certain other exquisite delicatessen, for all their sweetness, do not soothe the sense of smell. Of such are the raw oyster, the boiled hard crab and the Magothy river cabbage. But the planked shad—ah, here we come to a delicacy which enchants us alike through the eyes, the palate and the nose! As it comes upon the table it has the imperial dignity of a Charlemagne. Its noble head moves one to reverence; the epicycloid curve of its tail is like the curl of a great comber upon a coral beach. And it radiates a perfume as of Araby.—Baltimore Sun.

Water Under Deserts.

Some of the most curious phenomena of the world are the underground water supplies beneath deserts. In the Rajputana deserts water is held in vast quantities in sandstone beds under the scorched surface and is drawn up from wells sunk into the strata. Bikaner raises its walls in the midst of a weary, almost rainless waste of sand and depends on these hidden cisterns for its very existence. Whence it comes, where is the outfall and what quantity runs under the baked sand remain a mystery. In one well at Bikaner it has been ascertained that the water supply is equal to 20,000 gallons an hour, which is held to point to the conclusion that there is an enormous subterranean flow and that the snow fed rivers of the Himalayas must be the source. People in Bikaner say that pieces of wood dropped into one well have come up in another. The idea of an underground river opens up a wide range of possibilities to the imagination.—Times of India.

Dashing into Danger.

"When I was younger," a big Broadway traffic cop remarked, "I used to cuss at everybody who insisted on dashing across the street in front of a car or truck. I cuss the act still, but not the person. Fact is, I've learned that a majority of people just can't help it. An approaching vehicle about to cross their path is like a red rag to a bull. It's a sort of challenge, a dare. And the impulse to defeat its purpose can't be controlled. There isn't any plan of action. It's a case of dash first and think afterward, and sometimes, of course, the thinking is done in a hospital.

"It's a sort of disease of the nerves, I guess, because the head of a business house will do this fool thing just as quick as his errand boy will. But the cop and the driver are to blame whenever there's a miscalculation."—New York Globe.

Fenced In.

Near Harvard square, in Cambridge, stands the old elm under which Washington first took command of the American army. Around this tree is an iron picket fence enclosure perhaps a couple of rods across. One night a man who had imbibed too freely stumbled against this circular fence. Grasping one picket after another, he groped his way painfully round and round the outside of the enclosure about a dozen times. Finally he sank down in utter despair. "Oh, ain't it awful—fenced in and no gate to get out of it!" said he as a party of students rescued him and took him home.—National Monthly.

A Memory of Edwin Booth.

My season with Edwin Booth was delightful. I found him one of the kindest and pleasantest men of the profession. He also possessed what I consider a great quality—simplicity of manner. Some stars have the idea that it is necessary to be haughty and inaccessible with the members of their companies. They put on airs. They like to crush their fellow actors and pose as a kind of divinity before them. —From Mme. Modjeska's "Memoirs"

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of the late Mrs. Sarah Welsh, of Reynoldsville.

Notice is hereby given that letters testamentary on the estate of Mrs. Sarah Welsh, late of Reynoldsville, county of Jefferson and state of Pennsylvania, deceased, 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.

U. J. KAHR, Executor.

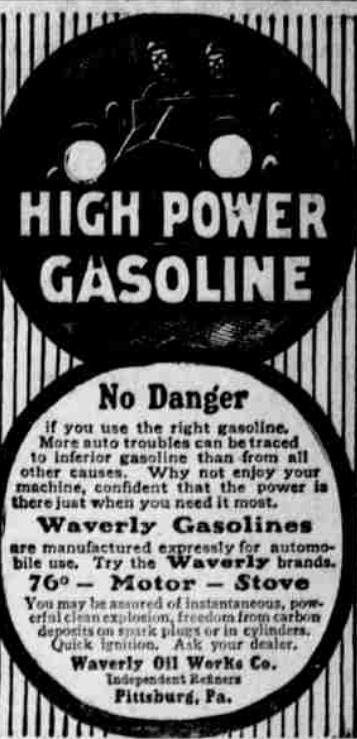
NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS.

The stockholders of the Jefferson and Clearfield Coal and Iron Company, a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, with its principal office at Reynoldsville, Jefferson county, Pennsylvania, are hereby notified that a meeting will be held at 10 o'clock, a. m., on the twelfth day of July, A. D. 1910, at the general office of said company, to take action on the approval or disapproval of the proposed increase of the indebtedness of said corporation, in pursuance of the following resolutions, which were adopted by a majority of the entire Board of Directors of the Jefferson and Clearfield Coal and Iron Company, to-wit:

"RESOLVED, That the indebtedness of the Jefferson and Clearfield Coal and Iron Company be increased from Two Million, One Hundred and Forty-one Thousand (\$2,141,000) Dollars to Four Million, six Hundred and Forty One Thousand (\$4,641,000) Dollars."

"RESOLVED, That a meeting of the stockholders be called to convene at the general office of this company on the 12th day of July, A. D. 1910, to take action on the approval or disapproval of the proposed increase of the indebtedness of this company, and that the secretary do as he is hereby directed to give notice thereof, as required by law."

Attest: LEWIS HARKIN, Secretary.
May 10, 1910.



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