

BUZZARDS' NESTS.

The Same One Are Rarely Used Two Consecutive Seasons.

The flight of the buzzard is as well nigh perfect as is possible to find. In fact, he might be called the most perfect aeroplane in existence. To see him soaring between the bare hills, with a vast green fertile valley below him and with the spring sun lighting up his brown plumage as he slowly sails around with outspread pinions, is a sight never to be forgotten.

The buzzard usually chooses a ledge on a cliff for an eyrie, but in certain parts of Wales there are a few well used nests in trees, and as they are generally used by some bird of prey each season they grow to an enormous size. The buzzard does not, as a rule, use the same nest two consecutive seasons, but returns to it the third, and after that allows another season to elapse before occupying it again.

Two nests are often constructed in one dingle, and an amusing incident happened a few years ago in one of these places. The hen laid one egg in each nest, and, as it was quite impossible for her to sit on both at once, we did her a good turn by placing one of these eggs in the nest with its companion. The result of our kindness was that a collector passed by about two hours afterward and put both eggs in his collecting box.

When I thought the matter over I came to the conclusion that that old buzzard was not half such a fool as we took her to be, and if we had left the eggs as we found them the bird might have had a chance of rearing one youngster.—Country Life.

A STRANGE REVERSAL.

Napoleon and Wellington and an Exchange of Residences.

In the days before the Suez canal was opened to the world St. Helena was a frequent port of call for British vessels bound to and from India and the far east. This custom, explains Harper's Weekly, was caused by the need of obtaining supplies for the long voyage, and it was therefore for this reason that the ship which on one occasion bore the Duke of Wellington, then Sir Arthur Wellesley, returning to England from India, touched at the island. The great commander spent one night at Jamestown at the house of a Mr. Balcom.

Ten years later Napoleon Bonaparte landed to begin his six years of exile and was assigned to the same room that his conqueror at Waterloo had occupied. This coincidence came to the knowledge of the duke at Paris during his occupation by the allied forces, and he dispatched the following letter to the British officer then in command at St. Helena:

"I am very much obliged to you for Mr. Simpson's book, which I will read when I have a moment's leisure. I am glad you have taken the command at St. Helena, upon which I congratulate you. You may tell 'Bony' that I find his apartments at the Elysee Bourbon very convenient and that I hope he likes mine at Mr. Balcom's. It is a droll enough sequel to the affairs of Europe that we should change places of residence."

His Quick Wit Saved Him.

An ancestor of the great Tolstoy was an officer in the Russian army and a great mimic. One day he was impersonating the Emperor Paul to a group of his friends when Paul himself entered and for some moments looked on unperceived at the antics of the young man. Tolstoy finally turned and, beholding the emperor, bowed his head and was silent.

"Go on, sir," said Paul. "Continue the performance."

The young man hesitated a moment, and then, folding his arms and imitating every gesture and intonation of his sovereign, he said:

"Tolstoy, you deserve to be degraded, but I remember the thoughtlessness of youth, and you are pardoned."

The czar smiled slightly at this speech.

"Well, be it so," he said.

Willing to Pay.

When the British square at the battle of Abu Klea, in the Nubian desert, was penetrated by the dervishes one of them attempted to spear a gunner who was in the act of ramming home a charge. The Briton brained the Sudanese, but the rammer head split on the man's hard skull. Next day the gunner was sent for. Mistaking the reason and knowing from experience that soldiers are charged for government property which they break, he led off: "Please, sir, I'm very sorry I broke the rammer, but I never thought the fellow's head could be so hard. I'll pay for the rammer so as to bear no more of the case."

Obedient.

"Well, my little man," queried the minister who was making a call, "do you always do as your mamma tells you?"

"You bet I do," answered the precocious five-year-old, "and so does papa."

Papa Was Seen.

She—You will ask papa, will you not, or what? He—Oh, I have seen him. Fact is, he made the suggestion that it was about time for me to propose.

Consulted.

Gyer—That fellow Perkins reminds me of a ball of twine. Myer—What's the answer? Gyer—He's completely wrapped up in himself.—San Francisco Star.

Truth is the highest thing a man may keep.—Chambers.

MATHEMATICS.

Used to Locate an Aerolite That No One Had Ever Seen.

Arithmetic, algebra and trigonometry are not romantic, but they may accomplish things which greatly impress the imagination. By means of them a professor at Yale university found a few years ago an aerolite that no one had ever seen.

It appears that a photographer in Ansonia, Conn., was occupied in taking pictures by the aid of a telescope of a comet which was invisible to the naked eye. When his negatives were developed one of them revealed the fall of a meteor. It was too small an object to attract the attention of the unaided eyes, but its line on the photograph indicated that it must have come to the earth.

The picture was shown to an astronomical professor at Yale. Ascertaining the point of observation and reckoning with the aid of the data which the photograph itself supplied, he made a calculation which proved that the meteor must have fallen in the neighborhood of a reservoir some two miles north of Danbury, Conn. There the aerolite was found in the very place indicated by the calculation. It was oval in form, measured fifteen and a half inches in length, seven and a half inches in diameter and weighed twenty-six pounds. It was sent to the museum of Yale university, where it serves not only as an illustration of the nature of the vagrant bodies of the skies, but testifies also to the wonders of calculation which it is possible for mathematical science to accomplish.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

DROPPING ASLEEP.

The Way Mother Nature Charms Away Our Consciousness.

How do we go to sleep? How does Mother Nature charm away our consciousness? First of all she throws her spell on those centers of our bodies that preside over the muscular system, causing one group of muscles after another gradually to collapse. Thereafter various powers of mind succumb in regular order. First we lose attention and judgment, then memory goes, and imagination wanders away in reveries of its own ideas of time and space cease to control thought as gentle sleep, the nurse of our life, draws nearer. Then comes the turn of the special senses, beginning with sight. Eyelids close, and eyeballs turn upward and inward, as if to shut out all light, the pupils contracting more and more as slumber steals over us.

The turn of the ears comes; the power of hearing fades away. The heart beats and breath is drawn more and more slowly. The heart beats from ten to twenty times less frequently each minute, or 5,000 times less during the night, while breathing is not only slower but much more shallow than during waking hours. Temperature falls by perhaps 2 degrees, and the body loses three times less heat than when awake. And so at last sleep covers a man all over—sleep that shuts up sorrow's eye.—London Express.

Both in Front and Behind.

A police magistrate recently learned that it is possible to be back of a person even if you are in front of him. The means of this startling intelligence was a stout German conductor, witness to a "breach of the peace" that occurred aboard his car.

"You were on your platform and yet you say that the prisoner was in back of you?" said the puzzled magistrate.

"Was the prisoner in the car?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, he must have been in front of you."

"Nein," said the man patiently. "I am the conductor."

"Then," exclaimed the magistrate, "you were on the rear platform. The prisoner was in the car. Now, how in heaven's name was he in back of you?"

The conductor smiled sweetly.

"My back was turned," he said.—Philadelphia Times.

Lived Up to Her Name.

Appropos of the eternal domestic question, an Englishwoman relates this experience: "I engaged a maid named Pearl, and as I simply couldn't ask a Pearl to fill the coal scuttle or to holly-stone to the doorstep I said: 'I would rather call you by some other name. Have you a second one?' 'Yes,' replied the damsel brightly, 'my second name is Opal.' So I stuck to Pearl. At one time I all but engaged a maid named Hermione, but upon asking her: 'Have you a black dress, white caps and aprons?' she replied acidly: 'Yes, I have, but I'm not going to wear 'em. Ma didn't christen me 'Hermione for to wear a livery.'"

Thought He Had Seen It.

Tankee Tourist (watching Vesuvius in eruption)—Great snakes! It reminds me of hades. English Tourist (looking at him in amazement)—My word! You Americans go everywhere!—Boston Transcript.

Not Necessary.

A country bridegroom, when the bride hesitated to pronounce the word "obey," remarked to the officiating clergyman: "Go on, mister. It don't matter. I can make her."

Still Grieving.

"So she has lost her husband? Has she recovered from her grief yet?" "Not yet. You know how slow those insurance companies are in settling."

Calamity is the opportunity of virtue.—Aesop.

YOUR MEMORY.

If It Seems to Fail You Just Give It a Good Jogging.

Memory does not "fail" (except in loss of all the faculties); it simply gets weak and languid for want of use, just as the physical organs do. People often say "My memory is failing" when it is really as good as ever if they would give it a chance.

A word, a date, a name, an incident, comes up, or, rather, fails to come up when you want it. There seems to be no possible way of remembering it. You make two or three efforts, give up and say, "There's no use; it's gone from me."

Nonsense! It hasn't. It is there just as much as it ever was, only there are a lot of things over it. Keep at work, bring your will to bear upon it, try and try, and after awhile you can get it.

And, better, you will find that the exercise required in remembering it will help you next time and that a little toil and determination put together will accomplish wonders in the whole range of faculties.

Look over your memory, see where you are most deficient and exercise it in that respect. You can do it at any odd time, while you are walking, riding, resting after a day's work, listening perforce to a dull speaker. Don't let a few failures discourage you. The long corridor of recollection lined upon both sides with valuable material will be opened for you because of your impetuosity if you use it.—Exchange.

BARGAIN HUNTING.

The Strenuous National Game of the American Women.

There is always something impressive about a crowd that is swayed by a single emotion. You get an impression of force, says Mary Heaton Vorse in Success Magazine. These women, who a few moments ago had been quiet shoppers, formed a mob. They swayed and pushed as though moved by a common impulse toward a table where were the embroideries. From their throats came a "little dull growl, a curious noise—the whisper of a mob."

The noise of a mob in joy or in anger or in fright or just its restless murmur as it waits is different from any other noise that comes from the human throat—quite distinct, of a curious animal timber. I heard it once on the occasion of the throwing of a bomb, again from a crowd waiting for a theater to open and a third time in a bank when fire had been called, and now here it was in miniature from a couple of hundred women waiting to buy ten cent embroideries.

They were poor women with shawls and baskets, women with babies in their arms, women with threadbare clothes carefully brushed, who must think before spending each dime in the dollar, but for once indulging in the great sport of American women—bargain hunting.

Edward Everett.

Edward Everett was one of the most purely literary of all American orators. Among the more eminent scholars and statesmen of our land no one had ever been more deservedly honored for intellectual power, purity of character, public and private, and for clearness and penetration of judgment than Everett. To the efforts of Edward Everett more than to any other one person is to be credited the raising of funds sufficient to purchase the home of Washington at Mount Vernon. He delivered a lecture on the character of that great man more than a hundred times and gave the proceeds to the Ladies' Mount Vernon Association. He personally placed over \$30,000 in the treasury. It is probable that his oratory won for benevolent purposes at least \$100,000.—St. Louis Republic.

The Oldest Reliable Date.

It used to be supposed that the most ancient civilization of which real records had been found dated from B. C. 3500. This had relation to Peru and its earliest known inhabitants, but Dr. Eduard Mayer, professor of ancient history at the University of Berlin, studying the Egyptian calendars on the monuments in the state museum of the German capital, discovered that the date B. C. 4241 is frequently cited as that in which the early Egyptian astronomers first calculated their solar year from the rising of the star Sirius. This is by far the oldest reliable date in the history of the human race.

The Word "Belfry."

The word "belfry" had originally no connection with "bell," an idea which is now intimately associated with the term. The first meaning given is "watchtower," from the middle English "berfy," a watchtower. The first part of this word is connected with "borough," the second with "free." As the practice grew of hanging "bells" in such towers people reminded themselves of the fact by changing the word "berfy" into the modern "belfry."

No Chance.

"Why don't you ask that young man up to tea some evening, dear?" "I don't believe it would do any good, mother. He's a confirmed bachelor."—New York Journal.

A College Fun.

"Can your horse jump?" "I don't know. I never asked him." "Really? Why not?" "I'm afraid he might take a fence."—Harvard Lampoon.

Appropriate.

"What do you suppose is the song of the desert?" "I don't know, but I should think it would be 'The camels are coming.'"—Exchange.

A CURIOUS WATCH.

Made by a Clever Workman on a Challenge From Royalty.

Some years ago the czar, hearing of the marvelous inventive genius of a Polish mechanic, determined to put him to the test and accordingly caused to be forwarded to him a few copper nails, some wood clippings, a piece of broken glass, an old cracked china cup, some wire and a few cribbage board pegs. The box was accompanied by the request that the Pole should transform these unpromising articles into a timepiece.

It was a challenge and one that few watchmakers would have cared to take up. But it would have taken a harder task than this to daunt the Pole. He set to work on the unpromising materials and out of them fashioned a watch that was quickly dispatched to the czar. Just eight hours after he began his work of transformation the watch started on its journey to St. Petersburg, where it arrived safely, to the great delight of the czar.

It was a most unique timepiece, its case being made of china and its works composed of the material that had accompanied the old cup. Yet it kept good time and had to be wound up only once in three or four days. So pleased was the czar that he sent for the Pole and conferred upon him several distinctions, besides granting him a pension.—New York Press.

A TRAGIC OLD CUSTOM.

Human Beings Once Walled Up in Building Foundations.

The practice of putting money under the foundation stone of a new building is the shadow of an older tragic custom. The money stands theoretically for the ransom of the human being who by ancient superstition should have been buried in its place. Otherwise, it was held, the building would not stand firm and endure.

There was a time when this particular kind of human sacrifice had a vogue extending to most parts of the world. Even in England skeletons have been found imbedded in the bases of castle walls, and there is record of one German fortress at the building of which a child was bought from its mother with hard cash and walled into the donjon tower, the unnatural mother, according to the story, looking on the while. Effigies of human beings are still used in some parts of Europe as harmless substitutes, and in remoter and more ruthless places the old custom crops out from time to time in all its grim reality. Within the last century two children, a boy and a girl, were, it was reported, walled into a blockhouse by some laborers at Duga, Asiatic Turkey.—Westminster Gazette.

Millais' Faith in Himself.

The artist Millais, writes J. E. Reid, was as open and frank as a boy in expressing his belief in himself. When the Leyland collection was on view, previous to its dispersal, Millais went to see it and openly asserted that his "Eve of St. Agnes" was the best picture there. This egotism was part of his character, a thing it was impossible to resent on account of the manner in which it was expressed. Millais never lost the self confidence of youth. In this respect, as in many others, he remained a boy to the end. Neither was the egotistic note confined to art matters. His public speeches were invariably about himself. His conversation on all subjects was impregnated with the essence of a sincere conviction of his own authority to speak. He liked to be always right, and such was his grasp of realities and his power of reasoning that it required very strong evidence and a very clever argument to convince him that he was wrong.—Youth's Companion.

Flogging at Eton.

On more than one occasion Dr. Hornby, the famous headmaster at Eton, is said to have flogged the wrong boy by mistake. A boy thus victimized was asked why he did not attempt to exculpate himself or offer any explanation. "If you had not been complained of," said the tutor, "why did you not say so to the headmaster?" "Well, sir," he replied, "I thought that if Mr. — had not complained of me some other master might have done so." The young scapegrace was so seasoned a campaigner that he was prepared to take a flogging without asking captious questions, as all in the day's work.—From "Eton Under Hornby."

The Story of Four Uncles.

"I have four uncles," writes a correspondent, "who are all widowers. Uncle Sam and his wife used to fight, Uncle Tom was always flirting, and Uncle Joe was ruined by his wife's extravagance. Uncle Martin alone loved his wife, and when she died he was broken hearted. Still, he is the only one who married again. He married a girl who has all the qualities he used to proudly boast his wife lacked. Men are funny and grow funnier as you know them better."—Acheson Globe.

Under Water.

Howell—They can't take photographs under water, can't they? Powell—I guess so. I got a negative there once. Howell—I don't understand you. Powell—A girl refused me while we were in bathing.—New York Press.

The Limit.

Worthless Husband—Going to leave me, are you, Moll? Didn't you take me for better or worse? Long Suffering Wife—Yes, but you are absolutely the worst. I didn't take you for that.—Chicago Tribune.

It is the temper of the highest hearts, like the palm tree, to strive most upward when most burdened.

The Power of Paderewski.

A hard headed business man went to hear Paderewski play, says A. E. Thomas in Success Magazine. The man is not a musician. He spends his days trying to buy cotton when it is low and sell it when it is high. This is how he described his experience at the piano recital.

"You know, I'm not easily stirred up, and I don't know anything about music. I wouldn't know whether a man was playing the piano extremely well or just fairly well. But I do know that Paderewski played one thing that afternoon that stirred me up as I never was stirred in my life. I don't remember what it was. I couldn't remember whether he was playing an hour or five minutes. All I know is that it stirred up feelings within me I had never felt before. Great waves of emotion swept over me. I wanted to shout and I wanted to cry, and when the last chord was struck I found myself on my feet waving my umbrella and shouting like a wild Indian. I went out of that hall as weak as a rag, and happier than I'd been in years. I can't account for it. I've tried, but I can't explain it. Can you?"

Burglar's Besetting Sin.

The burglar's besetting sin is heedlessness. The chances are that it was heedlessness that first drove him out of honest employment and made a burglar of him. The burglar ransacks a house and carries away a spoon holder, a card tray or some other inexpensive souvenir of the occasion, and he overlooks the thousand dollar bill on the dining room table and the rope of pearls on the towel rack. This heedlessness seems to be common to the whole fraternity. We do not know what the experience of other cities is, but in Newark the burglar leaves an astonishing amount of portable wealth behind him invariably. When he reads on the day after the robbery that he took Mrs. De Stille's chafing dish and ignored her \$500 ruby bracelet beside it or that he upset the Pompeys' dresser drawer to get the revolver and failed to see the government bonds that lay in plain sight on the washstand, how he much gnash his teeth and hate himself for neglecting to develop his powers of attention and observation in his youth!—Newark News.

What "Garbler" Once Meant.

"Garble," "garbled," "garbler," are words which nowadays convey quite a different meaning from that which was formerly accepted. "Garble" originally signified simply "to select for a purpose." At one time there was an officer, termed "the garbler of spices," whose duty it was to visit the shops and examine the spices, ordering the destruction of all impure goods. His duties were similar to those of the inspector of the modern health department, who forbids the sale of decayed vegetables or tainted meat. The word comes from a root meaning "to sift." The impurities sifted out have in the course of generations corrupted the term till a "garbled report" is no longer a report wherefrom all uncertainty has been removed, but one that is full of misrepresentation and made misleading with deliberate intent.

Mississippi Steamboating.

The steamboat age on the Mississippi began about 1821 and flourished for fifty years. As early as 1834 the number of steamboats on the Mississippi and its tributaries is estimated at 230, and in 1842 there were 450 vessels, with a value of \$25,000,000. But the golden era was from 1848 till the war. Never did the valley and steamboating prosper more than then. Thousands of bales of cotton were annually shipped to southern markets, and the wharfs of St. Louis and Memphis and Vicksburg and other large ports were stacked with piles of merchandise and lined with scores of steamers.—Travel Magazine.

Customer—I'm going to a masked ball, and I want something that will completely disguise me. Costumer—Certainly, sir. I will give you something nice.—Pele Mele.



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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 & 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 be and is hereby directed to give notice thereof, as required by law.
Attest: **Lewis Iselin,** Secretary.
May 10, 1910.

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