

CHARACTER IN GAIT.

PERSONALITY OF PEOPLE SHOWS ITSELF IN THEIR WALK.

The Strutter Has Boundless Conceit—The Woman Who Steps With Painful Accuracy—Ah, Here Comes the Man With Steady Tread and Manly Carriage.

It is Plutarch who says that "An action of small note, a short saying or jest will distinguish a person's real character more than the greatest sieges or the most important battles," and Lavater, the father of physiognomy, declares that no man can set a glass upon a table without betraying to a certain extent his individuality. True, no doubt, but one must have the keen vision, the well trained eye, in order to interpret these mystic signs. The indications of character as exhibited in the walk of a person, however, are patent to every beholder and may be deciphered by the most untutored, the least astute.

Sit by your window some fine morning and watch the men and women as they pass to their varied avocations. Take, for example, the man just approaching. His chin is elevated to an angle of 80 degrees, a self important frown corrugates his brow, a complacent smile plays about his mouth, he struts rather than walks. Need I point him out as a man of boundless conceit, of monumental brass, of colossal gait? His amiability is imperturbable, for one who is absolutely self satisfied is apt to take an indignant view of the world at large. His faith in himself is limitless. No traitorous feeling of self distrust will ever cause his failure. He will undertake without the slightest misgiving what a man of ten times his ability would hesitate to attempt. His success in life is assured, and yet one cannot help feeling that if traced to its roots it would be found to spring from defects rather than merits.

The dress of the woman coming just behind him is arranged with mathematical exactness. The placing of each pin has been a matter of special care. Her lips are compressed, her hands clasped primly before her, her steps are taken with painful accuracy; there is not a hairbreadth's difference in the length of them. If you follow her to her home, you will find that the same scrupulousness prevails in the disposition of everything about her. The furniture is arranged with rectangular exactness, there is not a pin out of place in her bureau drawers, and the jars upon her pantry shelves are marshaled like soldiers on parade. She will accomplish no great work in life, however. She is a precisianist and spends her time laboriously doing nothing. And, also, take care of this woman. She is absolutely uncompromising, and all about her must be lopped off or stretched out to fit the procrastinate idea of order which exists in her own mind.

But don't you who are in search of a wife—fall into the opposite error of choosing as a life companion the girl with the frowny head, the skirt of whose dress dips in points, whose gait is careless, possessed of noble traits, but confusion, with all its hideous train of evils, follows in her wake. One foresees for her an untidy, chaotic household, irregular, ill arranged meals and uncleanly, badly governed children. If her husband happens to be a strong, an exceptionally strong man, he will simply be supremely wretched and uncomfortable. If not, his ambition will be paralyzed, his disposition spoiled; he will escape the physical discomforts of his situation by every means in his power and perhaps even the recollection of them in drink.

The man with the shuffling, uncertain gait, whose steps seem to be directed by no guiding power within, is weak-minded. There is nothing which more surely betrays feebleness of intellect than the walk. And he of the awkward gait, the restless manner, the furtive glance, the morbidly self conscious man, who cannot for a moment divest himself of the sense of being observed, who lives so to speak, under a glass case. And he of the soft, cautious tread, who gives you the impression of creeping upon some object as a cat creeps up upon a bird, is feeble in his nature. He is not to be trusted; he is treacherous; every faculty of his mind is poised for a spring.

Let me commend to your confidence the man just coming into view—the man with the earnest eye, the manly carriage, the firm tread, who walks with simple, straightforward directness, as if toward some given point. He is "stable in all his ways." He has a distinctly defined, well considered purpose in life, toward the attainment of which he advances with unwavering steadfastness, never turning to the right or the left, never allowing himself to be drawn into by-paths, no matter how alluring. His victory is assured, his success merely a question of time.

And so might one multiply types ad infinitum, for the variety in mankind is limitless. Nor is it to be wondered at that the characteristics of men and women exhibit themselves in the gait, for the motive power, the propelling force is from within.

In his account of Cataline, Sallust, the great master of nature, has not forgotten to remark that "his walk was now quick and again slow," as an indication of a mind revolving with violent emotions.—Philadelphia Times.

No Danger of a Salt Famine.

The amount of salt in the sea waters of the globe, if extracted, would be greater in mass than the land, so far as it appears above the surface. The sea covers 73 per cent of the earth's surface, estimated at 9,269,000 (German) square miles. The percentage of chloronium in the sea is the same at all depths. Assuming that the average depth of the sea is a half (German) mile, there are then 3,400,000 cubic miles of sea water. A cubic mile of sea water contains on the average about 25 kilograms of salt. The 3,400,000 cubic miles of sea water would therefore contain 85,000 cubic miles of distilled pure salt.—From the German.

JUDGE COFFIN'S FIRST CASE.

A Bluff That Was Called Down in a Most Humiliating Manner.

The following story is told of Timothy Coffin, who was for a long time judge of the New Bedford district: When a very young man, he was retained in a case of sufficient importance to bring out almost every resident of the town, so that the little New Bedford courthouse was packed when court was opened that morning. Coffin had been secured as counsel by the defendant. Although it was his first attempt in open court, he had made a little preparation, thinking that he could get through somehow or other when the time came. Thus, when the counsel for the defendant came into court that morning, he was greatly surprised, and no less agitated, to see the big crowd and realize the wide public interest in the trial at hand. He saw that he had looked upon the case too lightly. The prosecution was strong, and he had made not even a slight preparation.

To lose the case meant the loss of a hoped for reputation. Could he afford to commit this blunder by displaying his ignorance of the case? How could he get out of it? These were a few of the questions that are known to have flashed through the young lawyer's head, for afterward he himself told of the awful perplexity of the hour. Being a shrewd fellow, he devised a plan. As soon as the court had been called to order and the clerk had said his little say he arose and asked for a postponement of the trial, on the ground that he had just received a telegram announcing the sudden and fatal illness of his mother, who resided at Nantucket.

Scarcely had the words of this appeal proceeded from the lips of young Coffin, when an elderly woman quietly arose on the balcony of the courtroom and gave utterance to these words, "Timothy, Timothy, how many times have I chastised thee for lying?"

Timothy recognized the sound of that voice only too well. It was that of his mother. This being Timothy's first public case, the old lady had secretly come up to New Bedford to see how well her son would do. Her presence was, of course, totally unknown to him. The further developments need not be recorded here. Suffice it to say that Timothy Coffin in after years made sure that his excuses would not be thrown back at him by any member of his own family.—Boston Herald.

Probs In Champagne.

The returns are enormous when a brand of champagne is firmly established, but it is slow and laborious work to build up a demand for a new wine. Accident more often popularizes a brand than design. The sudden terribles rash for dry wines some 15 years ago was caused by a remark of the Prince of Wales, made casually in the course of an after dinner chat. It was immediately pointed upon by the manufacturers of dry wines, the world was informed of it and their success was assured. But it requires continual effort to maintain the popularity of a wine. There must be no flagging.

Brands that were in great demand a few years ago are now dropping out of sight. Only a few hundred cases are sold annually. Others have come to the front with remarkable strides, and their sales run up in the thousands. As many as 80,000 cases of a certain brand have been sold in this country in one year at a net profit to the agent of not less than \$400,000. Such a statement is enough to make a young man giddy.—New York Tribune.

Dress of Short Women.

Women who are short must avoid much trimming on their skirts, be they stout or slender, as they are shorter in proportion from the waist to the feet, writes Emma M. Hooper, in an article on "Gowns For the New Year," in "The Ladies' Home Journal." For the same reason they must omit wearing large plaids and designs. All full portions of the waist must be moderate in size, as the sleeves, bertha, belt and vest. The short, wide revers now worn are becoming, also round waists and short, pointed basques. Jacket fronts are in good taste, but the umbrella back basques give a short figure a cut off appearance, as do tiny capes with a close fitting jacket add apparently several inches. Materials must be selected with a view to making the wearer look taller.

A Juvenile Pessimist.

Jeremiah, who is 12 years old, is already a confirmed pessimist. Among the things he continually grumbles about are his lead pencils, which never have points, and to sharpen which he always has to borrow a knife of some schoolmate.

"Why don't you have a knife of your own, Jerry?" one of the boys asked.

"Got no pockets to keep it in," said Jerry.

"Then why don't you have a pocket?"

"If I had one I'd have a hole in it."

"Well, even then you wouldn't be any worse off than you are now."

"That's true, I know. If I had a pocket a hole in it I never'd have anything to lose through it."

Jerry sighed deeply and went on whitening his pencil with the dull blade of the other boy's knife.—Lewiston Journal.

Progressive Dinner Parties.

Progressive dinner parties are finding plenty of admirers in Boston. "If the girl you take in is slow, all you have to do is to take your wine glasses, your bread and your napkin and go to other fields. The worst of it is you can stay but one course when you strike the progressive and interesting girl," is the way one who has tried it puts the case.—Boston Record.

Unreasonable.

He (to the matrimonial agent)—I've married that rich lady you engaged for me, but she won't give me any money.

Matrimonial Agent—And what could you ask better? Not only have you a rich wife, but also a prudent one.—London Tit-Bits.

LOVE'S REMINDERS.

My bluebird on you maple spray,
My coming causes you surprise,
You cry aloud and fly away
On wings that glitter as they rise,
So blue are they, so blue are they,
Unequaled blue their beaming wings
For now I think the most dear
Whose eyes are bright as bluebird's wings.

From covert groves glides forth a trill
Of wild birds singing lustily,
Yet while I list my thoughts will still
Seek her who is most dear to me,
For, oh, her soft and soothing voice
Sounds sweeter than the laughing throng
Of waters when spring rills rejoice—
Its music makes the time's song.

Upon a bourgeoned white birch bread
A squirrel gambols very and fast,
Until, by my rule spigot sawed,
The higher moments of feast feet:
And as she bounds without a fall
From lower limbs to limbs above
The little motions well recall
The first-light footfalls of my love.
—Maurice W. Casey in Boston Pilot.

Advice From a King.

Kabarega, the negro king of Uyooro, in Central Africa, is a man who rules his subjects by displaying his small actions, and a host of spies inform him of any disobedience to his commands.

Among other things, he has made a fixed tariff of prices for everything bought or sold in his country, and every deviation from it is severely punished. An instance of this is given by Vita Hassan in his book about Emin Pasha and the Equatorial Province.

About a month after Hassan's arrival in Uyooro he bought a fowl and paid 30 cowries for it, while the market price was only 25. In that part of Africa it takes about 250 cowries to make \$1. Soon afterward a dragon of the King appeared and brought back 5 cowries, with the message:

"A fowl costs only 25 cowries, while you have given 30. The seller has done wrong, and the king will punish him, and he sends to you the advice to be careful hereafter in your purchases—never to give for anything more than it is worth, first of all in your own interest, and next to this in order not to disturb the market."—Youth's Companion.

An Interesting Predicament.

A man who lives in a flat near Central park recently had a peculiar experience. A couple of deaf mutes rented an apartment underneath his own and were blessed in due season by the arrival of a bouncing baby with an excellent pair of lungs. At night the little one woke up nearly the entire house by its cries, but through all of it the parents slept until the tenant above, at the solicitation of his wife, went down stairs and fairly forced an entrance. The deaf and dumb couple were to many ingenious devices to overcome the disadvantages under which they labor. They are unable to hear their doorbell, so they have arranged a piece of colored paper upon the gong in such a way that the paper flutters when the bell rings. By keeping a watchful eye on the bell they are able to receive their visitors promptly, but their inventive genius has not as yet devised a scheme to indicate the baby's distress at night.—New York Mail and Express.

Mr. Romney's Water Cooler.

The Colorado journalist, Mrs. Romney, has patented, among several other articles, a water cooler which does not require ice. It is a covered receptacle, of cellular brickwork, manufactured of clay, sawdust and asbestos fiber. In the process the sawdust is burned out, leaving the product cellular, or porous. The receptacle, with the water to be kept cool within, stands in a tray of galvanized iron which holds water to a depth of two or three inches. By reason of the porosity of the cooler and the force of capillary attraction, the water in the tray constantly rises through the cellular walls of the receptacle, and is as constantly evaporated—thereby keeping the water inside as cool as it is usually drawn from a well or spring.—Denver Letter.

The Emperor and the Pirate.

Alexander the Great was about to pass sentence of death on a noted pirate, but previously asked him, "Why dost thou trouble the seas?"

"Why," rejoined the rover boldly, "dost thou trouble the whole world? I, with one ship, go in quest of solitary adventure and am therefore called pirate. Thou, with a great army, warrest against nations and therefore art called emperor. Sir, there is no difference between us but in the name and means of doing mischief."

Alexander, so far from being displeased with the freedom of the culprit, was so impressed with the force of his appeal that he dismissed him unpunished.—Sala's Journal.

New York Women Officials.

Eighty-five women were nominated for school commissioner in the late canvass in New York and four were elected. The Republicans nominated eight, the Democrats 30, the Prohibitionists 42, the People's Party 42 and the Political Equality party 1. The list of women commissioners is increased by one over last year.

The French have long been famous for their riddles, but it was an English family who lived in such an atmosphere of puzzlement that on the husband inquiring in excited accents of his wife, "Why is that door always left open?" she took on a reflective air, and after a moment's musing answered, "I give it up."

A young man advertised for a wife, and his sister answered the advertisement; and the young man thinks there is no balm in advertisements, and the old people think it is pretty hard to have two fools in one family.

It was an old bachelor who said that he never read the women's corner in his paper, although he was something of a women scourger himself.

No representation of the face of a man was ever stamped on a coin until the death of Alexander the Great, who was regarded as a divinity.

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