THE FRIEND IN NEED.

IRVING'S STORY OF THE "BUSTED"

A Reminiscence Which Seemed to Touch

house in a quiet street off the Strand, London. The time was Saturday; the hour, midnight. A company of professional wagen, composed of some of the lawyers, doctors, newspaper men and ctors whose names are famous on both sides of the Atlantic, was scattered in groups about the rooms smoking and chatting after the Saturday night supper, which had become a standard instiper, which had become a standard insti-tution with them. In a sheltered cor-ner over by the fireplace sat a small knot of men, every one of whom had reached the top, or at least the front rank, of his profession. The talk, drift-ing in a smooth, desultory, half sleepy way from phase to phase, had gradually assumed a retrospective hue. From one to another the story had passed, each telling the tale of an empty stomach, or an empty pocket, or a hopeless tramp of 30 miles or so in thin shoes along a snowbound road in search of employ-

Henry Irving, thoughtfully smoking. with an air of deep attention, had not spoken and did not speak until the others, having exhausted their stock, turned to him. He had experienced harder luck than any of them, and they knew it. He looked up at them for a moment and then, after a pause, said:

"The recollection uppermost in my mind just now, while you boys have been talking about tramping and winter roads and all that, is of a certain Christmas dinner at which I was present. I wonder whether any of you remember a poor fellow, long since dead—Joe Robin who played small parts in London and outside it, and who made the one big mistake of his life when he entered the profession. Joe had been in the men's underwear business and was doing well when an amateur performs for a charitable object was organized, and he was cast for the part of the clown in a burlesque of 'Guy Fawkes.' Joe belonged to one of the bohemian clubs, and on the night of the show his friends among the actors and journalists attended in a body to give him a 'sendoff.' He played that part capitally, and the mischief might have ended there. but some one compared him to Gri-maldi. His fate was sealed. He sold his stock, went on the stage, and a few months later I came upon him playing general utility on a small salary in a small theater in Manchester. One relic of his happy days still remained to him. He had retained shirts, collars and underwear sufficient to last him for a gen-

tor he had a heart of gold. He would lend or give his last shilling to a friend, and piece by piece his stock of under-wear had diminished until only a few shirts and underclothes remained to

"The Christmas of that year-the year in which we played together—was perhaps the bitterest I ever knew. Joe had a part in the pantomime. When the men with whom he dressed took off their street clothes, he saw with a pang at his heart how poorly some of them were clad. One poor fellow without an overcoat shivered and shook with every breath of the wind that whistled through the cracked door, and as he dressed there was disclosed a suit of the lightest summer gauze underwear which he was wearing in the depth of that dreadful winter. Poor as Joe was, he was determined to keep up his annual custom of giving his comrades a Christmas dinner. Perhaps all that remained of his stock of underclothing went to, the pawnbro-ker, but that is neither here nor there. Jos raised the money somehow, and on the Christmas day was ready to meet

"Among the crowd that filed into the room was his friend with the gauze un-derclothing. Joe beckoned him into an adjoining bedroom, and pointing to a chair silently walked out. On that chair hung a suit of underwear. It was of a /comfortable scarlet color; it was of silk and wool; it was thick and warm, and it clung around the actor as if it had been built for him. As the shirt fell over his head there was suffused through his frame a gentle, delicious glow that thrilled every fiber of his body. His heart swelled almost to bursting. He seemed to be walking on air. He saw all things through a mist of tears. The faces around him, the voices in his ears, the familiar objects in his sight, the very snow falling gently outside the windows, seemed as the abadows of a dream with but one reality—the suit of

"His feelings seem to have entered your heart," said one of the listeners.
"They might well do so," replied Mr. Irving, "for I was that poor actor."-New York Tribune.

Valuable Pumps. The hydraulic pumps at the Combina-tion shaft cost \$3,000,000; the first set put in cost \$750,000. The surface pump plant at the same shaft cost \$400,000. That at the Union shaft cost \$650,000. At the Yellow Jacket's shaft the steam pump plant cost nearly \$800,000, while that at the Forman shaft cost \$500,000. Statistics show that the pumping ma-chinery on the Comstock is not only the most costly but the most powerful in the world.—Virginia (Nev.) Enterprise.

How to Discourage Treating.

Gayboy—Have a drink with me?

Hardhead—Certainly. Here's to you.

Gayboy—Ah! That's good.

Hardhead—Fint rate. Order another round if you lite. I belong to the Antitreating lease and have promised got to treat, but there is nothing in the false about accepting treats. Order right along, old boy. Yes my, and C'll drink.—New York Washiv.

ACTOR'S GOOD SAMARITAIN.

Reminiscence Which Seemed to Touch a gentleman called Fritz. He is the proprietor of a large factory and is, more over, well known as a jovial, whole souled fellow, who delights to give large delights to give large and where the starry jasmine hides the wall we two would stand together once again. I know your patience—I would tell you all I know your patience—I know your patience This story is going the rounds

to all his business friends to partake of his hospitality at a dinner party. At first, as is frequently the case at a dinner party at which there are gentlemen only, the proceedings were somewhat tedious. By degrees, however, the guests became more lively under the stimulating influences of the wines.

Only one little hour. And then once more The litter word, farewell, beset with fears and all my pathway darkened, as before, with shades of lonely years. Their tongues became loosened by the frequent lubrications, and there was a Should hover mear me in the quiet air frequent lubrications, and there was a

crisis Fritz stood up and intimated that he would like to make a few remarks. "Bravo!" said a fat man with a red face, pounding on the table with the handle of his knife.

"Now we will hear something funremarked another guest, getting his mouth ready to laugh. Speech, speech!" exclaimed several

of the guests who had contemplated the wine when it was red.

There was a solemnity about the host that almost convulsed the merry gentlemen present. "Gentlemen, I see around me all my creditors, and I have some important information to impart to you." And he paused. The fat man, to whom Fritz was owing 20,000 marks, turned a trifle pale and seemed to be unable to close his mouth, in which he had deposited a morsel of pate de foie gras. Several other creditors looked at

'you will regret to hear that I am-a Roars of laughter. "That is good. 'Over the Hills to the Poorhouse,'

sang another.

The orator did not join in the laughfer. With increased solemnity he said:
"I wish, gentlemen, for your sakes
and for my sake that I were jesting,
but I am not. Of late I have experienced severe losses. It is impossible for me to meet my obligations. If however, you gentlemen are willing to give me six months' time, I can pay off every-thing and thus save my honor—and my life, for"-and here Fritz drew a revolver-"I propose to blow out my

brains in your presence," and he placed the deadly weapon to his temple. The horrified guests sprang to their feet. A few of the more courageous endeavored to wrest the revolver from the desperate man, but they did not succeed. Frits declared that he would not For instance, if he is asked for an intergive up the revolver until a certain docmonths was signed, and he suddenly drew the document from his breast

As we have already intimated, all the creditors, owing to the wine, were in a most genial mood, and in a few minutes the document was signed by all the creditors of Herr Fritz.

Then the merriment was renewed in earnest, although there was a hollow ring in the laugh of the fat man that told of an aching heart. Fritz put up has finished the general inventory of this revolver, which, so it has been intimated, was not even loaded.

A potato bagger went into a Pfttsburg

plied the proprietor, "a car load of potatoes is waiting at the station to be bagged. What will you do it for?" "A among the volumes.—Philadelphia Ledcent a bushel, boss." "Now, I'll tell ger. you what I'll do. There are 800 bushels in the car. I'll give you \$9 for the job." The bagger shook his head. "I'll give you \$10 to bag those 800 bushels." 'No, sir; a cent a bashel is my price. "I'll make it \$11, and that's as high as I'll go." "Can't do it, boss. I never If so, will he please discharge his pistol? scabbed on potato bagging in my life, and I won't begin now. My price is 1 cont a bushel." The bagger started out, when the proprietor called him back again and said, "All right; I'll give you your price." After the man started to the station a bystander asked the proprietor the meaning of the conversation. "I just wanted to show you versation. "I just wanted to show you something queer. That man won't work unless he gets an even cent a bushel. He can't compute any other rate. When he has a bushel bagged, he cuts a notch on a stick, and that represents 1 cent."— Pittsburg Dispatch.

At Chancellorsville, while Jackson's trated at Versailles during the great corps was moving to the flank and rear Paris exhibition of 1900. There is of the Union army, the Confederate cavthe enemy. Presently a wounded trooper emerged from the woods in front. After surveying the scene he moved in the direction in which the infantry were marching, apparently in search for the

met by another cavalryman, to whom low its stem. he called out: "Hello! Wounded?"

"Yes," replied the other laconically, adding, "Let's git to the r'ar."
"R'ar!" returned the disconsolate cavalryman. "This is the worst fight 've been in yet. It ain't got any r'ar.'

**There is one thing I like about your husband; he never hurries you when getting ready for a walk."

"Precious little credit due to him for that, my dear. Whenever I see that I am not likely to be ready in time, I simply hide his hat or gloves out of the way and let him hunt for them up and down till I have finished dressing."—Detroit Rews.

\$30,000 000 and Brooklyn's \$47,000.000.

With tobacco has been found growing in Texas, and it is claimed that for delicatory of perfume and strength of leaf the plant is not surpassed by the real Havana.

From Cambridge comes this definition of a popular game, "Football is the pursuit of blown leather by blown humanity."

And you would listen, with your tender s ring the lines upon my tearworn face, inding, even for a little while, Our earth a weary place.

flow of geniality and wit such as is found only on press excursions.

Good humor prevailed to an almost alarming extent. Everybody present was in a hilarious mood. Just at this This hour at even-song.

t it seems to turn.
This hour at even-song.

-New York Ledger How to Protect Yourself.

If you get into a quarrel with man and see that you can't get out of without a fight right then and there, forget that he has a head, pick out the second button of his vest and smash him on it as hard as you can. In 90 cases out of 100 you'll win the battle without are other lick. There is no foul about a stomach blow; it's only when you get below the belt that you are open to criticism. Of course you are liable to hurt a man by hitting him in the stomach, but that's what you are there for Most people who get into a sudden row -1 am speaking of course of those who have never been taught how to take care of themselves-go at each other hand over hand like a sailor climbing up the rigging, and they invariably try for each other's head. As I said before, forget your antagonist has a head if you are forced into a fight. Just take aim at the place where you think his chest protector stops and let drive at it. There is not one man in 10,000 can stand a crack there. It takes months of training to make a man's stomach hard enough to receive even a medium blow there. Then, if you want to spoil his beauty and leave your visiting card with him in the shape of a black eye, you can do it at your leisure, for the fellow who is hit in the bread basket forgets all about his body above that, for the time

being anyhow. - Washington Post. Not Easy to Interview.

H. N. Higinbotham of World's fair fame is one of the most genial of Chicago's big men and one of its easist to approach. But that does not mean that Mr. Higinbotham is an easy man to interview. Quite the reverse. Except on matters to which his opinion is pertiview on the tariff he will lead the connt giving him an extension of six versation away from that topic and de scribe volubly the condition of the Mohammedans in Palestine as he saw it when last visiting the Holy Land. The result is that the interviewer spends half an hour or so in delightful convering to write about .- Chicago Post.

The Cost Paris Library. work with a large staff of assistants, since 1875. The figures given out thus far show that the National library of First Nation'l Bank France contains 2,150,000 volumes commission house one day and asked if This number does not include the col-there was anything to do. "Yes," re-lection of French provincial newspalection of French provincial newspa pers, which is still in an unbound form and could therefore not be counted

Not a Good Substitute. Guide-Ladies and gentlemen, right here among these cliffs is a wonderful echo. A pistol shot is repeated 15 times. Is there a gentleman here from the west. Man From Kentucky-I don't ge much on a gun, but if you can use a 'leven inch bowie knife I've got one right on hand in my boot.—American

Herds of Elephants. Sir Gerald Portal says that between the coast and Uganda the supply of elephant tasks in Africa is "apparently almost inexhaustible." Enormous numbers of elephants are in the country still.
One of the officers of his expedition,
while exploring the country west of
Mongo, saw more than 300 in one herd.

The history of gardening from the of the Union army, the Confederate eav-alry in advance became engaged with the lakes would give ample scope for the display of floating gardens such as the Aztecs and the Chinese loved to arrange.

There is a ripe side to the orange as well as to the peach. The stem half of Almost immediately the blue jackets juicy as the other haif, not because it re- MR. EDITOR. closed behind Jackson's corps, and the ceives less sunshine, but possibly bepoor cavalryman appeared again, look-ing hopeless and distraught. He was half, as the orange commonly hangs be-

> The net debt of New York city is \$100,762,407. Chicago's debt is \$18,-000,000; Philadelphia's \$22,000,000 Boston's \$30,000,000, New Orleans' \$16,000,000, Cincinnati's \$26,000,000, Baltimore's \$16,000,000, Washington's \$20,000 000 and Brooklyn's \$47,000

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