

BEST GAMBLING SYSTEM.

The One That Will Surely Beat Faro and Roulette.

"Every confirmed gambler in the world has spent more or less time trying to figure out some system to beat the game," said a well known northern sporting man. "The commonest and most plausible scheme is the one known as 'progression.' It is simply a doubling of bets until a winning occurs, and theoretically it is perfect, but the trouble is that all gambling games have a limit, and the doubling process increases a wager with such enormous rapidity that it is apt to get over the stipulated amount before the winning takes place.

"I was at Monte Carlo last spring," continued the speaker, "and was surprised at the number of touts who infested the grounds peddling 'sure thing' systems to break the bank. The ludicrous part of it was that most of the peddlers were seedy and poverty stricken in appearance, yet they purported to sell secrets which would infallibly enrich any purchaser. I asked one fellow why he didn't try his system himself and buy a new hat, and he replied very glibly that he was 'working for a syndicate' and under bonds not to play.

"Nearly all of these systems are based on progression and would be impossible in high play owing to the casino limit. Nevertheless I saw a number of small progression players at the tables and was told that they have been a fixture there for many years. They were nearly all horrible looking, bloodless old women, who began with the smallest possible wager and quit when they won 20 francs, or less than \$4. A house official informed me that they were tolerated about the place on account of age and infirmity and that their daily winnings were regarded in the light of a pension.

"In the days of open gambling in New Orleans I remember there used to be several broken down sports who were said to make a living off the games by 'progression playing.' I have my doubts about it, however. The best system and the only system that will beat faro and roulette is to stay away." - New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Read This Before You Write.

Never write poetry until you are at least 30, unless you fall in love, when it will come to you like the measles. You would better begin with stories—that is, if you have a leading idea and can invent situations. Do not attempt the novel until you have passed your fortieth year. A novel requires a knowledge of men and manners, a study of human character, and powers to create dialogue and invent surprises. I know that there have been instances when very young men have written clever poems and novels, but these were freaks of genius which do not often occur. Avoid attempts at humor. That mine has already been worked for more than it is worth, and the best of it seems to be labored. What the funny men do produce is not equal to the unintentional humor which is to be found in congressional speeches on the tariff, and in the old fashioned epitaphs in the country churchyards.—Thomas Dunn English in Success.

Uses of Olive Oil.

Olive oil should be found in every nursery and on every medicine shelf. In time of croup it can be given frequently and will not disturb the digestion, as do many medicines. It is often given in place of cod liver oil and is as effective in building up the system and far less disagreeable. It is recommended by many specialists both as a food and a tonic. A certain young chemist never has a cold or requires any medicine except a spoonful of olive oil every night and morning, which he takes regularly. He seldom wears an overcoat.—New York Tribune.

THERE WASN'T ANY ROW.

It Was Simply a Case of Spontaneous Combustion.

He was a very young man, almost too young to be out on the street at that time of the night, 8:30 p. m., and his general appearance indicated that he had been picked up by a cyclone somewhere during his wanderings. He was not utterly demoralized, but there was something in his manner that would lead the close observer to the conclusion that all had not been well with him.

"Gee!" he exclaimed as he spun around the corner and went bump into a policeman.

"Hello," ejaculated that worthy, instinctively grabbing at him; "what's the row?"

"There wasn't any," responded the youth.

"What are you running like that for?" persisted the policeman.

"I've just been up against a case of spontaneous combustion."

"You look too green to burn," chuckled the bluecoat.

"It's on me, just the same. My girl lives around the corner, and I went to see her. I thought it was all—"

"Where does the combustion come in?" interrupted the officer.

"Come out, you mean," corrected the youth.

"Come off!" exclaimed the officer. "Tell me what the row is before I chase you."

"Well, that's what I'm trying to do, pleaded the boy. "The girl's old man and I don't harmonize a little bit, and when he met me at the door he fired me so suddenly that I had vertigo. If you don't call that spontaneous combustion, what the dickens do you call it?"

"Oh, excuse me," apologized the policeman. "You run along home and get into your trundle bed!" and the bluecoat gently wadded the remnant on its way.—Detroit Free Press.

He Got a Pass.

"Halt!" cried an alert patrolman in Manila as a beautifully caparisoned carriage drove up containing a portly gentleman. The driver reined his steeds, and the sentry, standing firmly in the center of the street, shouted, "Who is there?"

Not knowing what else to say, the occupant of the carriage answered, "Judge Taft, president of the civil commission."

"Advance, Judge Taft, to be recognized," bawled the sentry. The judge advanced, and the following dialogue took place:

Sentry—Have you a pass?

Taft—No, sir; do I require one?

Sentry—You do, sir, and it's my duty to run you in.

Taft—But I am the civil governor of the Philippine Islands.

Sentry—That doesn't cut any figure. You're a civilian and out after hours. I'll let you go by this time, but the next time I catch you you'll have to see the captain.

"Thank you," murmured Judge Taft as he drove away. And there and then he formed a resolution to put in an application for a pass. According to the Manila Freedom, he got it.

A Couple of Bulls.

An advertisement recently published in a newspaper in Ireland set forth that "Michael Ryan begs to inform the public that he has a large stock of cars, wagonettes, brakes, hearses and other pleasure vehicles for sale or hire."

This is the same paper which, in a glowing description of a funeral, announced that "Mrs. B. of G. sent a magnificent wreath of artificial flowers in the form of a cross."

His Pointed Remark.

"I frequently hear you say that money talks," she remarked.

"Yes; it is an old saying and a true one," he replied; "but, unfortunately, while money talks, all that talks is not money."

"Why do you say 'unfortunately?'" she asked.

"Because if that were so," he answered, "I would be married to a fabulously fortunate."—London Fun.

IRISH FURNS AND TWISTS.

The Unconscious Humor That Crops Out in the Green Isle.

The author of "Irish Life and Character" says truly that one has only to mix with an Irish crowd to hear many a laughable expression, quite innocently uttered. As the Duke and Duchess of York were leaving Dublin in 1897, amid enthusiastic cheering, an old woman remarked:

"Ah! Isn't it the fine reception they're gettin, goin' away?"

In 1892 Dublin university celebrated its tercentenary, and crowds of visitors were attracted to the city. Two laborers, rejoiced at the general prosperity, expressed their feelings.

"Well, Tim," said one, "thin tin cantinaries does a dale for the thrade of Dublin, and no mistake."

"Oh, faix they do!" said the other. "And whin, with the blessin of God, we get home rule, sure we can have as many of thin as we please."

An old woman, seeing a man pulling a young calf roughly along the road, exclaimed:

"Oh, you bla'guard! That's no way to thrate a fellow crather."

"Sure," said a laborer to a young lady who was urging him to send his children to school. "I'd do anything for such a sweet, gentlemanly lady as yourself."

Again, the laborers on a large estate decided that it would be more convenient for them if they could be paid every week instead of every fortnight. One of their number was sent to place their proposition before the land agent, and this was his statement:

"If you please, sir, it's me desire, and it is also every other man's desire, that we resave out fortnight's pay every week."

An exasperated sergeant, drilling a squad of recruits, called to them at last:

"Halt!" Just come over here, all of ye, and look at yourselves. It's a fine line we're makin' isn't it?"

The Average Lawsuit.

There is nothing more ridiculous than the average lawsuit. Two men dispute over a few dollars and go to law. Both are sure to lose. Their neighbors are dragged in as witnesses, and the costs amount to 10 or 20 times the amount in dispute. Frequently these lawsuits ruin families and start quarrels that last for years. Some men claim it is "principle" that actuates them in these lawsuits. It is bullheadedness, pure and simple. It is nearly always easy to "split the difference."

Another bad feature about these lawsuits is that the county is put to considerable expense, and men willing to work are compelled to sit on the jury. Settle your disputes without going to law. If the man with whom you are disputing is not willing to "split the difference," he will probably accept a proposition to leave it to three neighbors.—Achtson Globe.

Custom Influences Language.

Ponologists, like botanists, find it impossible to enforce the rules of priority in names of fruits and flowers. In fruits the names of Bartlett for a pear and Telegraph for a grape have not been changed in spite of the efforts of leading ponologists and pomological societies to support prior names. Those who lead in these good efforts forget that the only law for language is the law of custom. In a famous grammar we are told "the English language requires the pronoun 'it' for all inanimate objects," but custom has so firmly made the sun a he and the moon a she that we have accepted it. Thus it will ever be. To secure the adoption of a prior name reformers must bestir their selves before custom gets possession of the field.—Meehan's Monthly.

In ten minutes he was at the club and shook hands with a man who smilingly asked if the scheme worked. He replied that it was as good as ready money for at least 60 days, and then each bought a stack of chips that pass in the night.—Detroit Free Press.

SAVE MONEY

By going to THE BAZAAR and learning their prices before you buy elsewhere. You will be surprised at the difference.

BARGAINS.



BARGAINS.

Hemp Carpet, worth 20c, at 12½c.
Ingrain carpets, worth 45c, at 29c.
Part wool Ingrain, worth 60c, at 48c.
All wool Ingrain, worth 85c, at 70c.
Brussels, worth 75c, at 58c.
Better grade worth 95, at 80c.
Velvet Brussels, worth \$1.10, at 87.
Wilton Velvet, worth \$1.40, at \$1.15.

Matting, worth 15c, at 11½.
Fancy Carpet Pattern Mattings, all colors, red, blue or green, worth 40c, our special price is 24c yard.

All Carpets and Matting Matched without Extra cost.

Wall paper is now in demand. We have it at cut prices—from 8c to 40c per double bolt. Give us a call.

 Men's Summer Pants, were \$1.00, now 24c.	 Boys' Suits, worth \$2.25, at \$1.25.	 Men's Dress Shirts 29c.	 Boys' and Men's Suits reduced to close them out.	 Big Drive in GUNS This Season.	 Ladies' Waists and Skirts at cut prices.
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SHOES **SHOES**

Our stock of shoes is large and complete. We please others and if you look at our shoes we can please you in price, style and quality. Come and see our shoes when you need another pair.

Our fall lines are coming in and we are offering special values in the following: Ladies' Furs, Underwear, Hosiery, Knee Pants, Working Coats, Blankets, Trunks, Graniteware, Tinware, Lamps, Dishes and Cutlery.

Our Motto holds good in every line. **UNDERBUY AND UNDERSSELL.** Your Motto should be: **"WHY PAY MORE?"**

THE BAZAAR,

G. O. Brady, Prop'r.

Patton, Penn a.

<p>THE SCHEME WORKED.</p> <p>A Scheme by Which Brown Quietened His Wife's Suspicion.</p> <p>To be perfectly honest, Brown does not go to his Griswold street office every night that he tells his wife he is going there. The business which he says is pressing is frequently imaginary and the man whom he is going to meet does not exist. He belongs to a club, and clubs have their attractions. He thought that his wife was growing suspicious, and Brown is resourceful.</p> <p>On the evening in question, as the lawyers would say, he told her that there was a matter of business that could not possibly be deferred until the next day. About 9 o'clock she answered the phone and was asked if Brown was at home, and she replied that he was at his office.</p> <p>"Guess not," was the alarming response. "I was just down there and all looked dark."</p> <p>She rang off viciously, if women ever do such things, ordered a coupe, told the driver to go as fast as the ordinance allows, kept taking on temper as she went and flew up stairs to the office as though a mouse were in hot pursuit. Her husband met her smilingly, insisted that she had given him a delightful surprise, put his easest chair near the light, handed her a paper and apologized for having to resume work that would possibly keep him till 3. She could not explain, she could not keep a wake, she was ashamed of herself, and after lamely telling him that she had dreamed that he was ill she left.</p> <p>In ten minutes he was at the club and shook hands with a man who smilingly asked if the scheme worked. He replied that it was as good as ready money for at least 60 days, and then each bought a stack of chips that pass in the night.—Detroit Free Press.</p>	<p>JACK TAR'S GROWL.</p> <p>A Story Illustrating the Sailor's Habit of Grumbling.</p> <p>The author of "From Edinburgh to the Antarctic," writing of the sailor's habit of grumbling, says: "The dinners are all the same—that is to say, Monday's dinners are all alike, and what we have today we shall have this day six months hence. Jack's forefather this day 100 years ago had the same menu and made the same uncomplimentary remarks about the dishes, and 100 years hence on this day Jack's children will growl over their salt horse and plumless duff." The author also tells this "yarn" to illustrate that Jack's habit of grumbling can't be cured and must be endured.</p> <p>Once upon a time there lived a skipper whose wife said to him that if she went to sea the poor men would never find fault with their food. Her husband took her with him on a voyage, and the good woman attended to the cooking in the galley herself.</p> <p>The seouse was thick with fresh vegetables, the bread was white and without weevils, the meat was good, and the duff was almost half plums, but still the men growled.</p> <p>Then the skipper's wife thought of the hens she had brought on board to lay eggs for her husband's breakfast. She took them out of the coop, wrung their necks with her own fair hands, plucked them, roasted them and sent them to the forecabin on the cabin china.</p> <p>"Now the men," she said to herself, "will know how much we think of their comfort."</p> <p>At eight bells she stole forward to the forecabin to listen to the praise of her skill as a cook. She looked down the hatch and saw a big black fist plunge a fork into the hen and heard a hoarse voice growl, "I say, Bill, what d'ye think this 'ere bloody fowl died</p>	<p>Parnell, Cowher & Co</p> <p>—Agents for—</p> <p>FIRE, LIFE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE</p> <p>REAL ESTATE AGENTS.</p> <p>Good Building, Patton, Pa.—Phone No. 9.</p> <p>T.R. MORRISON,</p> <p>Dentist,</p> <p>PATTON, PA.</p> <p>Office in Brady Building.</p> <p>It's always dangerous to jump at conclusions," said the careful man. "You're liable to make yourself ridiculous, to say the least."</p> <p>"That's right," replied the Jersey commuter. "I jumped at the conclusion of a ferryboat once and missed it."—Catholic Standard and Times.</p> <p>Strong cheese is recommended in moderation; it is suitable to those who suffer from "nerves," for it acts as a sedative, but if eaten to excess its effects are not good.</p> <p>Scene Painting.</p> <p>A good scene painter may get anywhere from \$400 to \$1,000 for a scene. The average price paid to the best half dozen scene painters for a scene is \$500. But there are a great many more scenes painted for \$100 than \$500.</p> <p>As soon as a married man gets a comfortable home built he begins to worry his wife by talking about selling it.—Indianapolis Journal.</p> <p>There is nobody quite so busy as the editor who tries to publish a ten page newspaper in a four page town.—Washington Post.</p>	<p>First National Bank</p> <p>OF PATTON.</p> <p>Patton, Cambria Co., Pa.</p> <p>CAPITAL PAID UP, \$100,000.00. SURPLUS, \$25,000.00.</p> <p>Accounts of Corporations, Firms, Individuals and Banks received upon the most favorable terms consistent with safe and conservative banking.</p> <p>Steamship tickets for sale for all the leading lines, Foreign Drafts payable in the principal cities of the Old World.</p> <p>All correspondence will have our prompt and personal attention.</p> <p>Interest paid on time deposits.</p> <p>WM. H. SANDFORD, T. J. SCHOLL, President, Cashier.</p> <p>Home Killed Meat</p> <p>No embalmed business in ours. We deal strictly in meat killed at our slaughter house. Everything in season.</p> <p>Little Bros.,</p> <p>Butchers and Dealers in All Kinds of Fresh and Smoked Meats.</p> <p>PATTON, PA.</p> <p>GET TREKO</p> <p>THE SWELL FRENCH PERFUME FOR SALE BY</p> <p>JOHN A. GUNN, Patton, Pa.</p> <p>Who does your printing? If the other fellow does it, it may be right. If the COURIER does it, you know it is right.</p>
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