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DON'T FORGET.

A. C. Fisher.

Curious Mexican Laws.

They have some very curious criminal laws in Mexico. For instance, it is twice as much of an offense to mutilate the face of a woman as that of a man. The law seems to be based on the idea that a woman's best possession is her beauty and that to mar it does her a great injury.

There is an atrocious law. If a person should be wounded in an encounter, the punishment to the offender is fixed by the number of days his victim has to stay in the hospital or under a doctor's care. A line is fixed at 40 days in the way of a general division. If the injured man occupies more than 40 days in his recovery, the penalty doubles up.

An Impudent Fraud.

An impudent fraud was perpetrated upon a Manchester bank by one of its customers, who opened an account with some few hundreds of pounds. The man, after a few weeks, drew two checks, each within a pound or so of his balance, and, selecting a busy day, presented himself at one end of the counter, while an accomplice, when he saw that his friend's check had been cashed, immediately presented his own to a cashier at the other end. Both cashiers referred the checks to the ledger clerk, who, thinking the same cashier had asked him twice, said "right" to both checks. The thieves were never caught.

"The Devil's Turnip Patch."

On the top of Bald Eagle mountain, just where the old turnpike breaks over the brow down into Black Hole valley, is a queer field of rock, which years ago was christened "The Devil's Turnip Patch." The rocks, which are of a reddish sandstone, have a striking peculiarity of all standing on end, thus forming a jagged, irregular surface, that won for it its queer name from the early settlers.

In bygone days, when the stages wheeled their way up from Northumberland to Williamsport, the four in hands traversed the old pike that skirts the turnip patch, and the strange garden of rocks was a constant source of wonderment to the traveler. Added to its interest as a natural curiosity is a hidden stream of water somewhere beneath the standing stones, the noisy flowing of which forms a romantic song beneath one's feet. Nobody knows where the source of this stream is, nor can anybody find where it empties itself into Black Hole valley.

The rock field covers an area of two or three acres, with its widest part to the north, then narrowing down to a shape to the south, where the angle is lost in a fringe of stunted hemlocks and elders. Theorists have figured on the cause of this mountain freak, but the theory obtaining most credence is that it is a legacy of the glacial age, the rocks being a collection pushed into their present vertical position by the moving ice.—Philadelphia Record.

They Changed.

At a dinner party the other day a well known and deservedly popular dramatist took a lady down to dinner, neither knowing who the other was. As a subject the theater was started, as it is so often under similar circumstances.

"I can't think why they have revived that piece at the King's," the lady said. "I never liked it, and it's so worn that I should have done better than that?"

"Yes," the dramatist replied, "perhaps so. It was one of my first pieces, however, and I had not had much experience when I wrote it. Let's change the subject."

The lady was quite ready to do so and wished, no doubt, that she had known who her neighbor was. He presently said:

"Are you interested in the Fenton case?" speaking of a cause celebre that was in progress.

"Yes. I've read all the evidence," was the reply.

"He'll lose it, of course," the dramatist went on. "He never could have had the faintest chance from the first. It's a marvel to me how any lawyer could have been idiot enough to allow such a case to go into court!"

"Well," answered the lady quietly, "my husband was the idiot. Let's change the subject."

The Wrong Text.

Very few good speeches are really prompt," said a New Orleans lawyer, who has a reputation as a clever and talker, "but it is generally to produce that effect by simply bling off with some strictly local allusion. Of course, that's a trick, but it is a good many times broken off by a peculiar incident.

Years ago I happened here a large commercial association, and was invited to the boys during the noon recess. I mentally framed a little talk on the subject of energy, and as I was going into the main hall I chanced to notice the word 'Push' in big letters on the outside of the door. 'By Jove,' I said to myself, 'that's the very thing I need for localizing my opening sentence!' So when I reached the platform I launched out something like this:

"My young friends, as I approached the entrance to this room a moment ago I observed a word on the panel of the door that impressed me as being an appropriate emblem for an institution of this eminently practical character. It expressed the one thing most useful to the average man when he steps into the arena of a day's life. It was— "Push" yelled a dozen of the boys on the back seats. There was a roar of laughter, and I was so horribly disconcerted that I was unable to take up the thread of my remarks. The confounded door had 'Push' on one side and 'Pull' on the other. I had taken my text from the wrong side."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Queen Catherine obtained pins from

France, and, in 1543, an act was passed: "That no person shall put to sale any pines but only such as shall be double headed and have the heads soldered fast to the shank of the pines, well smoothed, the shank well shapen, the points well round filed, cauted and sharpened."

At this time most pins were made of brass, but many were also made of iron, with a brass surface. France sent a large number of pins to England until about the year 1626.

In this year one John Tilsby started pin-making in Gloucestershire. So successful was his venture that he soon had 1,500 persons working. These pins made at Stroud were held in high repute.

In 1636 pinmakers combined and founded a corporation. The industry was carried on at Bristol and Birmingham, the latter becoming the chief center. In 1775 prizes were offered for the first native made pins and needles in Carolina, and during the war in 1812 pins fetched enormous prices.

Pins vary from 3/4 inches in length to the small gilt entomologists' pin; 4,500 weighing about an ounce.—Good Words.

A Lucid Decision.

A correspondent, referring to a recent article in Law Notes on "The Grammar of the Courts," calls attention to the following lucid decision of Sir John Taylor Coleridge in the case of Turley against Thomas, 8 C. and P. 103. 34 E. C. L. 312: "It has been suggested as a doubt by the learned counsel for the defendant whether the rule of the road applies to saddle horses or only to carriages. Now I have no doubt that it does."—Law Notes.

An Accident.

Little Bessie having been punished for misbehavior, slunk to the other end of the room crying. Her mother turned to view her repentance, but found her engaged in making faces at her.

"Why, Bessie," said her mother, "how can you do so?"

"Oh, mamma," answered the little girl, "I was trying to smile at you, but my face slipped."—London Answers.

Still Free.

After two solid hours of moonlight and uninterrupted she thought she had him. "I admit that you are the sweetest!"

"Yes, go on," she whispered. "But the doctor has forbidden me sweets," he added.

And the sensitive moon retired behind a cloud.—Philadelphia Record.

An astronomer declares that Jupiter is in the state that our earth was 34,000,000 years ago. Those who can remember back 34,000,000 years will understand what this means.

A man can walk a mile without moving more than a couple of feet.—CHICAGO BEAUTIES OF A GLACIER.

Scenes That Are Likened to Visions of a Glorified City.

The fascinations of a glacier are as witching as they are dangerous. Apocalyptic vision of a crystal city glorified by light "that never was on land or sea" was not more beautiful than these vast ice rivers, whose onward course is chronicled, not by years and centuries, but by geological ages, says a British Columbia correspondent of the New York Post. With white domed snow-capped wreathed fantastic as arabesque and with the glassy walls of emerald grotto reflecting a million sparkling jewels, one might be in some cavernous dream world or among the tottering grandeur of an ancient city. The ice pillars and silvered pinnacles, which scientists call seracs, stand like the sculptured marble of temples crumbling to ruin. Glittering pendants hang from the rim of bluish chasm. Tints too brilliant for artists brush gleam from the turquoise of crystal walls. Rivers that flow through valleys of ice and lakes, hemmed in by hills of ice, shine with an azure depth that is very infinity's self.

In the morning, when all thaw has been stopped by the night's cold, there is deathly silence over the glacial fields, even the mountain cataracts fall noiselessly from the precipice to ledge in tenuous, wind blown threads. But with the rising of the sun the whole glacial world bursts to life in noisy tumult. Surface rivulets brawl over the ice with a glee that is vocal and almost human. The gurgle of rivers flowing through subterranean tunnels becomes a roar, as of a rushing, angry sea. Ice grip no longer holds back rock scree loosened by the night's frost, and there is the reverberating thunder of the falling avalanche.

"The office of the state authorities is an impartial one. The state troops are sent to the scene of disturbance for the sole purpose of protecting life and property and preserving order when the county authorities are unable to cope with the difficulty. The owner of a mine claims the right to stop work at any time. The miner claims the right to stop work at any time. If capital can shut down, labor can shut down. If capital can strike, labor can strike. No greater right is claimed for one than for that for the other and no right can be withheld from one that is not conceded to the other. But neither has the right to resort to public violence. No one, under any circumstances, has a right to commit violence."—Chambers' Journal.

Piccadilly.

One of London's most famous streets is Piccadilly, which consists of shops the ruffs, or "pickadills," worn by the and fashionable dwelling houses. The name is said to have been derived from galleys of James I and Charles I, the stiffened points of which resembled spear heads or pickadills. Some years before the introduction of these collars, however, "Piccadilly" is referred to, and it is surmised that the collar may have been so called from being worn by the frequenters of Piccadilly House.

A certain conceited nobleman once observed to Charles Townsend, "When I happen to say a foolish thing, I always burst out a-laughing." Townsend eyed him curiously and at length remarked in the most deliberate manner, "Ah, I envy you your happiness, for you must certainly live the merriest life of any man in Europe."

When you are invited to a real old fashioned woman's house for supper, she always has floating island. This is a sure test.—Atchison Globe.

The temple of fame stands upon the grave. The flame that burns upon its altars is kindled from the ashes of dead men.

A Water of Special Value.

While Sir William Harcourt was traveling in the highlands with Lord John Russell and other friends they were one day crossing a Scotch loch, and in course of some conversation with a boatman, from whom they were trying to elicit information as to his views on the beauty of the surrounding landscape, the man assured them that the water of the loch had a special value. When asked to explain what it was, he remarked that it had the reputation of making the finest toddy in Scotland.—Chambers' Journal.

In the Interest of Accuracy.

At a meeting of the Mansfield House settlement Mr. Percy Alden, the warden, told a story of the mother of Robert Louis Stevenson. The widow of the novelist was telling how, in the island of Samoa, the old lady had taken walks with a native chieftain "who had killed thousands and eaten hundreds." "Oh, Fanny!" exclaimed the novelist's mother in horror, "you know it was only 11!"—London Chron.

Rattlesnake Poison.

"Years ago when I was a boy at home," said a southern man, "an uncle of mine, who lived near Montgomery, was out on his plantation one day when he saw an enormous rattlesnake stretched in a furrow of a cotton field. He seized a hoe lying near by and made a pass at the monster. At the same time it struck out at him and broke off one of its fangs on the edge of the hoe blade. My uncle dispatched the snake and then picked up the fang and brought it to the house as a curiosity. It was sharp as a needle, and a faint yellow stain at the tip showed where some of the virus had exuded.

"The bit of bone lay for at least three or four years in an ebony box on my uncle's writing table in his study, when one day a stupid negro servant girl, not knowing what it was, used it to extract a splinter from her thumb. In less than an hour her whole lower arm was swollen, and she exhibited all the characteristic symptoms of snake poison.

"My uncle had studied medicine and by prompt measures saved the girl's life, but for some mysterious reason gangrene subsequently appeared in her arm, and amputation was necessary. My uncle lost no time in burning his murderous relic."

From criminal statistics a German sociologist has deduced that property rights of all kinds are respected more generally by the married than by the

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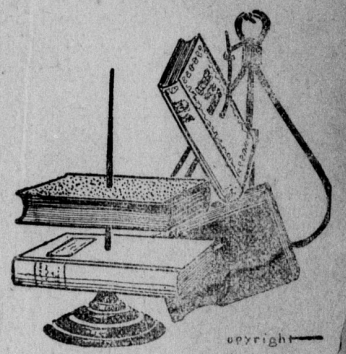
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