

A College Joke.

My roommate (Jim) and myself had worked on some geology charts until pretty late, and when we finally closed the books Jim had promptly suggested that we go down to the court for a short game before retiring. I acquiesced, and we went down. A half hour of vigorous exercises, and we were ready for the refreshing shower. This taken and followed by a good rub down, we ascended to the main floor for the evening. Naturally, both of us were in the best of spirits. A full length mirror on the wall near the doorway allowed us to see the main entrance to the dormitory before any one who might be coming in could catch a glimpse of us. No sooner had we closed the door leading down to the basement than the front door banged loudly. Of course, we both looked toward the mirror, in which we saw the reflection of our chum Elbert, immaculate, as usual, in his dress suit and tie hat. "Let's put up a game on Elbert," suggested Jim.

"All right, what shall we do?" I replied. "He is out in that rig altogether too often," by way of apology for anything his mischievous pal might propose. "I have it!" exclaimed Jim. "We'll pretend he's full and that we happened along just in time to carry him up stairs. Come on. It'll be a bully good stunt." Elbert, by the way, although by no means a total abstainer, prided himself on his moderation and on the fact that he had never been known to indulge too heavily. On the other hand, he was in the evening and had dropped into the club on his way home to play a few games of billiards.

Quickening our steps, we met our chum just as he was beginning the ascent of the first flight. "Hello, Elbert; out late again?" "This will never do, old man."

"Have to tell Maud if you don't keep better hours, you old scamp!" "What? Been drinking?" And after a church festival in the bargain! Oh, Elbert, you're going to the devil fast!" "By the bones of Methuselah, but he's full!" This last exclamation from Jim, who promptly grabbed the bewildered Elbert by the coat sleeve and motioned me to do the same.

"What in Jehu is the matter with you fellows?" snapped Elbert. "Come up to bed without waking the proctor. It's late, and I've got a 9 o'clock recitation in the morning. For heaven's sake, don't make so much noise!" This last remark addressed to Jim, who was singing and hiccoughing at the top of his lungs.

"Lean on me," said the irrepressible James. "We'll set up all right with you, old man, and we won't give it any. Gad, but it's a peach you've got! Where did you find it? Careful, now, careful; we're going by Professor Howard's door."

Suddenly the door of Professor Howard's room flew open, and the venerable dispenser of Latin poetry gazed out at the trio on the landing. For a moment a look of surprise flitted over his handsome face. He knew of Elbert's much vaunted propriety. This look was succeeded by a broad grin. "Get him up as quietly as you can, boys, and give him plenty of bromo seltzer. Man is but mortal. Good night."

During the moment that the professor's door had been ajar we had eyed Elbert violently from one side of the landing to the other and had drowned all his attempts to explain. He now became furious, and his loud expostulations only added to the din and brought more people to the doors.

"What'll you take for it?" "Drunk and dressed up," "Take him down and drown him!" These and a hundred more like remarks were showered upon the poor unfortunate as we lugged him along. The uncertain light and the persistence with which Jim crowded Elbert's hat down over his eyes from time to time left no chance for a doubt as to his condition. Staid old graduates appeared at their doorways in pyjamas and bathrobes and stood there looking on for a moment at the supposed jag through the halls.

These same fellows would have slammed the door in disgust if any of the rest of the top floor gang had awakened them by coming home half seas over. They looked upon Elbert, however, as almost too good for his associates, and his frightful fall from grace made him an object of derision. At last the top floor was reached, and we let him go.

"Well, you differs, you've ruined my reputation all right," said our suddenly revived friend, "but I must confess it was a good joke. I was pretty mad about the third floor, but I've cooled down now. Come in and have a drink. I shan't try to square myself with Howard and those stuffs down stairs, but do call in our own gang and put them on. It's too good to lose."

The game was called in and enjoyed the joke hugely. Elbert was voted the best fellow on earth, if he did come home from church festivals jagged, and we all settled down to a game of cards. Things were too much stirred up to think of sleep that night.

The effects of that joke were fearfully far-reaching, and I wonder that Elbert did not cut our acquaintance. Maud heard of it and would not be pacified until the whole floor went around and swore that Elbert never touched a drop except for medicine. For the whole of the rest of that year our poor chum was always getting unpleasant reminders of the jag he didn't have. Not till Elbert left college could the sedate crowd on the lower floors be persuaded to believe that he wasn't as bad as the worst of the top flighers. However, the fact remains that I was never party to a practical joke that worked with better success.—Brooklyn Eagle.

THE SPORTING WORLD.

Probably no name has been more widely known in connection with the game of football than that of Walter Camp. He was born in 1859 and entered Yale in 1876 and graduated in 1880, receiving both senior and junior appointments. He captained both the freshman nine and eleven and was also half back on the varsity team in his first year. For six years he played on the Yale eleven, of which he was twice



WALTER CAMP.

captain, and he was in every Harvard and Princeton match during that time. He rowed on his class crew, won the high hurdle in his sophomore year and was one of Yale's representatives in the first intercollegiate tennis tournament.

When Camp was finally forced to give up football, he still retained a keen interest in the sport and was its warmest supporter before it was so firmly established in popularity as it is today. He acted occasionally as referee in the big contests between Harvard and Princeton. His chief field of action has always been at Yale. As her leading coach the invention of many of her best plays must be credited to him, while from year to year he has been very largely instrumental in determining her general football policy. He has earned the title of "The Father of American Football." The success of Yale is Mr. Camp's highest praise.

Sloane Better Than Fred Archer. According to the well known British racing authority Captain Cox, Sloane is a better jockey than Fred Archer was when that great artist, the best that England ever produced, was in his prime. Captain Cox says:

"Insular prejudice must be blamed for a deal of the criticism poured out on the American jockeys. The old timers want to know what chance Sloane would have against Fred Archer. I give my opinion for what it is worth. I think that Sloane, given an equal chance, would have beaten the late Fred Archer four times out of six in a true run race. Archer's motto was, 'First at the starting post and first away,' but after that his tactics were sometimes altered, for he often rode waiting races, to come with a wild rush at the finish. With Sloane the case is entirely different. He believes in getting his work forward, and 'waiting in front' is his trump card. At the same time he is such a thorough judge that he seemingly knows the strength of the opposition to a pound, and at times he rides on and on to just get home by a neck when in the opinion of the majority of the spectators he is dead out of the race at the distance. Sloane is an artist. At the same time I would add that it is hard lines on English jockeys who have to ride half fit horses in races to find them handled by American jockeys later on. I think Weldon rode Lord William Berosford's horses very well in the opening months of the season, but the animals were not ready and could not be expected to win. Now the horses are trained to the hour they are always ridden by one of the brothers Reiff. This is hard lines on Weldon. However, I should fear to protest against the system of finding excuses for English jockeys when they lose on horses that look to have big chances. The racing reporters are never tired of saying that the horse was unreliable when the jockey might have been incapable. Diamond Jubilee was amused right and left until he began to win. Now we seldom read anything about 'the mad horse' or the brute that 'should be kept off all courses.' Diamond Jubilee has routed the opposition completely."

Stopped All He Saw. "One of the funniest things I ever saw come off in the ring," remarked an old time boxer, "happened when I was seconding fighters at the old California club. One night in a preliminary we had an Irishman fighting a colored man. The latter had an awful good left, and he was planting it effectively on his opponent's nose. At the end of the third round the Irishman came back to his corner all blood. 'You must stop that left,' I said to him, 'or that coon will cook you.' " "Pretty soon they went at it again, and the darky was right there with his left. The Irishman would shake his head when he stopped one, but showed no desire to avoid any of the leads. When he came back to his corner again, I warned him once more that he must stop the left or he would be beaten. Well, he went at it again, and the darky never forgot his favorite blow. At the end of this round the Irishman was bloodier than ever and moreover half dazed. 'Now, look here,' I yelled at him, 'if you don't stop them lefts you will be licked.' The Irishman looked up at me and muttered, 'Have you seen any lefts that I have not stopped?'" "When I got this, I fell off the block."

LAUGHING GAS.

The Man in the Cream Shirt Waist. He came this way from Newport gay— The man in the cream shirt waist! He drifted down to Chicago town— The man in the cream shirt waist! And he thought as he walked in the sultry heat The people would say as he passed on the street, "He's fashionable, comfortable and neat"— The man in the cream shirt waist!

He thought, with a smile, he'd set the style— The man in the cream shirt waist! They'd be "in the swim" and follow him— The man in the cream shirt waist! He thought he'd be one paradigm When winds came up from a sultry clime And shirt waist mills would work overtime— The man in the cream shirt waist!

But, alas, and, lo, his cup was woe— The man in the cream shirt waist! And everywhere he saw them stare— The man in the cream shirt waist! "Sissy's shirt!" the women would yell; "Saw a frack!" the women would tell; "Put on your coat!" at the big hotel— The man in the cream shirt waist!

So he'll go away to Newport gay— The man in the cream shirt waist! Among the belles and foreign swells— The man in the cream shirt waist! Where beauty sports in the breaker food, Where wealth's autos are stalled in the mud, Where you may wear cream or wild oatmeal— The man in the cream shirt waist! —Chicago News.

Sure of the Good Effect. Mrs. Pow—Oh, Dr. Proffext, I was so edified by what you said this morning! I am sure your words sank so deep into my heart that I never shall forget them. Dr. Proffext—Indeed! What part of my discourse particularly impressed you? Mrs. Pow—That part of it where you spoke of the—about the—where you referred to the—Well, of course, I cannot repeat your words exactly, but the impression is ineffaceable. —Boston Transcript.

To a Poet. Those amara. Poet, although you've been extremely kind, The time has come when I must speak my mind. I think it is absurd for you to write My "lips are like twin cherries." What a sight I'd be if such a silly thing were true! Do cherries really look like lips to you? Then, "shell-like ears!" To the marines, pray tell, My ear is like a hard and slimy shell!

"With eyes like stars!" Indeed, sir, even at night My eyes are not two yellow dots of light. And I confess it gives me quite a twinge Just to imagine "lips with jetty fringe." "Hair like a raven's wing!" Fancy a maid With short, stiff curls that wouldn't coil or braid! And I would be the most distressed of girls Were my teeth small and spherical "like pearls."

As to my neck, you really should be told "It's not 'like alabaster,' hard and cold. "Thy arms like ivory!" Candid, I must own! Why don't you say they're nothing but a bone? Oh, prithee, poet, if you think me fair, With better things than these my charms compare! —Carolyn Wells in Life.

Bixby's French. "Bixby went into a French restaurant and called for 'coffy oh lay.'" "That's all right—'coffee with milk.' What then?" "Why, he got mad." "What for?" "Because they didn't bring him coffee and an egg." —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Summer Fads. Oh, where are the follies of summer flow? No more we hear of the kissing bug. Who came from a source that was all unknown And caused the lassies to shriek and shriek. The kissing bug, he has taken wing, And we even hint there was no such thing.

And we hear no more of the monster stringe Who once was praised in exalted rhymes; "Her fluffy dress" and "her dainty curl" And "the gossamer" and "the beyond time." No more do we gather to sing her praises; She is only a half remembered phrase.

Oh, where are the follies of summer flow? Where is each fable and fleeting fad? Those friends have drifted to realms unknown And left the scene to one stalwart lad. We see no more of the good old curl, And all we have left is the shirt waist man. —Washington Star.

Somewhat Shady. "Aha!" exclaimed the policeman. "Reading a paper, are you? I thought you claimed to be a blind man." "So I am," replied the beggar who had been taken off his guard. "My trade is putting blinds on windows." —Philadelphia Press.

Helping a Little. When the days are hot and growing hotter And earth is dry as a warm blotter, When the grass is crisp and the sky is copper And more than a burden is each grasshopper, When the shrill cicada's red-hot voice is A note at which no heart rejoices, And with every crack the sifting And gapping leas the wings are lifting, I like to think of the deep snore drifting, Of frothing pond and icicles brittle; It helps a little. —American Agriculturist.

Fineal. Superintendent—What is the cause of all that howling in No. 13's cell? Attendant—He's kicking because his cell is padded with excelsior instead of hair.—Indianapolis Press.

Enail. A stretch of landscape rather and serene, A dull, gray sky farreaching overhead, A flight of swallows wheeling eastward seen, But from the earth all signs of life are fled. The seven cliffs no movement swift can boast, The fields are quiet with the still of death; The languid wavelets softly kiss the coast; The wind has hushed its stillness to a breath.

The strangeness born of silence still abounds, And in the woods rest each bird and its mate, Until the shrill, hoarse cry of curlew sounds Like trumpet blast of destiny and fate. Upon the rocks two silent figures sit, A fair young girl with him who loves her so. She sighs and shivers; then she yawns a bit. And potentially says: "Oh, dear! How slow!" —Brooklyn Life.

ROUND THE REGION.

A boiler attached to a stationary engine, used to operate a washing machine in the yard of Mrs. David Stephenson, exploded at Shamokin while a number of men were inspecting the machinery. Thomas Stephenson was instantly killed by being hurled against a fence, while Harry Daubert and James Wilson were so badly scalded that they will probably die. John Music, Robert Lindenmuth, Thomas Daubert, Hayden Evans, Lewis Kleber and Joseph Ryan had their faces severely scalded.

Six weeks ago Thomas McCarthy, a Wilkesbarre florist, was arrested on the charge of sending obscene matter through the mails and was taken to Pittsburgh for trial before the United States court. After being confined in jail several weeks he was given a hearing. The district attorney, after reading the letter, said it was an injustice to arrest a man for writing such a letter, as it contained nothing to warrant it. McCarthy was then discharged.

Do not get scared if your heart troubles you. Most likely you suffer from indigestion. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure digests what you eat and gives the worn out stomach perfect rest. It is the only preparation known that completely digests all classes of foods; that is why it cures the worst cases of indigestion and stomach trouble after everything else has failed. It may be taken in all conditions and cannot help but do you good. Grover's City drug store.

Sheriff Toole has sold the colliery operated by the Williams Coal Company, near Pottsville, for a nominal sum, subject to a claim of \$48,110. The purchaser was Hon. Morgan B. Williams, of Wilkesbarre, one of the interested parties. The company will be reorganized and the colliery placed in operation.

Friday evening Patrick Ford, of Wilkesbarre, employed at the Vulcan Iron Works, was instantly killed while returning from work at the Central Railroad crossing. While walking on the tracks he stepped to one side to get out of the way of a train and in doing so walked directly in front of another. The deceased was 52 years of age.

Dr. W. H. Lewis, Lawrenceville, Va., writes, "I am using Kodol Dyspepsia Cure in my practice among severe cases of indigestion and find it an admirable remedy." Many hundreds of physicians depend upon the use of Kodol Dyspepsia Cure in stomach troubles. It digests what you eat, and allows you to eat all the good food you need, providing you do not overload your stomach. Gives instant relief and a permanent cure. Grover's City drug store.

The property owners of Shenandoah have organized a tax-payers association and have engaged an expert accountant to go through the borough books, which has already had a good effect upon the borough officials.

Daniel Loftus, aged 30 years, a former resident of Plains and for some years a brakeman on the Pennsylvania Railroad, was killed in Philadelphia on Friday. He was a son of Martin Loftus, of Plains, and the body was sent here.

The largest mortgage ever filed in Schuylkill county was placed on record Saturday. It was that of the Schuylkill and Juniata Railroad Company to J. P. Green and J. C. Simms, trustees, for \$12,000,000.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. Digests what you eat. It artificially digests the food and aids Nature in strengthening and reconstructing the exhausted digestive organs. It is the latest discovered digestant and tonic. No other preparation can approach it in efficiency. It instantly relieves and permanently cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Heartburn, Flatulence, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Sick Headache, Gastralgia, Cramps and all other results of imperfect digestion. Price 50c and \$1. Large size contains 24 times small size. Book all about dyspepsia mailed free. Prepared by E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago. Grover's City Drug Store.

Demonstrated Facts. For many reasons you will find this a good store in which to do your trading. Good merchandise rightly bought and honestly priced always finds a ready market. We give a wide berth to jobby, side-tracked, trashy truck. Our buyers will have none of it. This is highly complimentary to your intelligence, and strongly suggests a knowledge of true economy. Newest and best of the season's products here, all priced with absolute fairness. Seasonable Underwear. It's high time you bought your heavier underwear. Devotee, the weather prophet, says winter will be here in real earnest by November 8, so be prepared. We've been ready for you for several weeks. Never was our stock so extensive, never was it more reliable, never better in all the requirements in cotton, silk, silk mixtures, wool and merino, the best of them all, made into comfortable, good-looking, long-wearing garments, that ought to command bigger prices than we ask—and generally do command them. We can verify all we say by examination. The stock is complete. McMENAMIN'S Gents' Furnishing, Hat and Shoe Store. 88 South Centre Street.

CELESTINE NATURE'S CURE. Headache for Forty Years. For forty years I suffered from sick headache. A year ago I began using Celestine King, and in a few days my headache disappeared. I have had but one headache in the last eleven months. I know that what I cured me will help others.—Mrs. John D. Van Keuren, Saugerties, N. Y. Celestine King cures Constipation, and Nerve, Stomach, Liver and Kidney diseases. DePIERRO - BROS. CAFE. Corner of Centre and Front Streets. Gibson, Dougherty, Kaufor Club, Rosenbluth's Velvet, of which we have EXCLUSIVE SALE IN TOWN. MEALS - AT - ALL - HOURS. PATENTS TRADE-MARKS AND COPYRIGHTS OBTAINED. ADVISOR TO PATENTABILITY. NOTICE IN "INVENTIVE AGE" BOOK "How to Obtain Patents" Charges moderate. No fee till patent is secured. Letters strictly confidential. Address E. G. SIGGERS, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C. HAZLETON, Pa.

VOTE FOR HON. T. R. MARTIN FOR Additional Law Judge. CITIZENS' TICKET. Election Day, November 6. THE DELAWARE, SUSQUEHANNA AND SCHUYLKILL RAILROAD. Time table in effect April 18, 1897. Trains leave Drifton for Jeddo, Eckley, Hazle Brook, Stockton, Beaver Meadow Road, Iron and Hazleton Junction at 5:30, 6:00 a. m. daily except Sunday; and 7:15 a. m., 2:38 p. m. Sunday. Trains leave Drifton for Harwood, Cranberry, Tomhickon and Deringer at 5:50, 6:10 a. m. daily except Sunday; and 7:55 a. m., 2:38 p. m. Sunday. Trains leave Drifton for Onedia Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Onedia and Shepton at 6:30 a. m. daily except Sunday; and 7:30 a. m., 2:38 p. m. Sunday. Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Harwood, Cranberry, Tomhickon and Deringer at 6:35 a. m. daily except Sunday; and 7:35 a. m., 2:38 p. m. Sunday. Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Onedia Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Onedia and Shepton at 6:50 a. m. daily except Sunday; and 7:50 a. m., 2:38 p. m. Sunday. Trains leave Deringer for Tomhickon, Cranberry, Harwood, Hazleton Junction and Onedia at 6:55 a. m. daily except Sunday; and 7:55 a. m., 2:38 p. m. Sunday. Trains leave Shepton for Onedia, Humboldt Road, Harwood, Hazleton Junction, Hazleton Junction at 7:15 a. m. daily except Sunday; and 8:11 a. m., 3:44 p. m. Sunday. Trains leave Shepton for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Onedia at 8:25 a. m. daily, except Sunday; and 8:11 a. m., 3:44 p. m. Sunday. Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 8:45 a. m., 5:40 p. m. Sunday, except Sunday; and 10:10 a. m., 5:40 p. m. Sunday. All trains connect at Hazleton Junction with electric cars for Hazleton, Jenksville, Audenried and other points on the Traction Company's line. Trains leaving Drifton at 5:30, 6:00 a. m. make connections at Deringer with P. R. R. trains for Wilkesbarre, Sunbury, Harrisburg and points west. For the accommodation of passengers at way stations between Hazleton Junction and Deringer, a train will leave the former point at 3:30 p. m. daily, except Sunday, arriving at Deringer at 5:10 p. m. LUTHER C. SMITH, Superintendent.