

Various Mourning Customs.
When mourning for their dead the Israelites neither washed nor anointed themselves. Greeks and Romans fasted. In Europe they wear black. In China white, in Turkey violet and in Ethiopia brown.

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When Zeal Is Praiseworthy.
Zeal is no further commendable than as it is attended with knowledge.—Thomas Wilson.

Turbine Dates Back to 1650.
The turbine as a means of power was known in an extremely primitive form as far back as 120 B. C., while the first steam turbine was invented by an Englishman in 1650.

Well-Fixed Usually.
However, the man who is always telling other people that money is not everything usually has all the coin he needs.

Uncle Ezra Says:
"Big thoughts may come to you while you are lyin' abed in the mornin', but big results won't come unless you jump out an' hustle for 'em."—Boston Herald.

The Proviso.
A country convert, full of zeal, in his first prayer meeting remarks offered himself for service. "I am ready to do anything the Lord asks of me," said he, "so long as it's honorable.—Life.

A COMMON KIND.



Ted—What kind of a motor car did you have?
Ned—Oh, 20 horse-power going out, and one horse coming back.

George III. and the Wigmakers.
When George III. ascended the throne of England his wealthy subjects were beginning to leave off wigs and to appear in their own hair, "if they had any." As the sovereign was himself one of the offenders, the wig makers, who feared a serious loss of trade, prepared a petition in which they prayed his majesty to be graciously pleased to "shave his head" for the good of distressed workmen and wear a wig, as his father had done before him.

When the petitioners walked to the royal palace, however, it was noticed that they wore no wigs themselves. As this seemed unfair to the onlookers they seized several of the leading petitioners and cut their hair with any implement that came most readily to hand.

From this incident arose a host of curious caricatures. The wooden leg makers were said to have especial claims on the king's consideration, inasmuch as the conclusion of peace had deprived them of a profitable source of employment; hence the suggestion that his majesty should not only wear a wooden leg himself, but enjoin the people to follow his laudable example.

As Others See Us.
"The man who can pick out the best picture of himself is a rare bird," said a photographer. "Even an author, who is reputedly a poor judge of his own work, exercises vast wisdom in selecting his best book compared with the person who tries to choose his best photograph. Every famous man or woman who has been photographed repeatedly has his or her favorite picture. Usually it is the worst in the collection. It shows him or her with an unnatural expression, sitting or standing in an unnatural attitude. The inability to judge of his best picture must be due to the average man's ignorance of how he really looks, or perhaps it can be partly attributed to a desire to look other than he does. A stout man will swear that the photograph most nearly like him is the one that makes him look thin, a thin man the one that makes him look stout, the solemn man selects the jolliest picture, the jovial man the most cadaverous.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Famous Quotation.
A story about Keats is quoted by the late Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson in his "Lives" of disciples of Aesculapius. Mr. Stephens, a friend of the doctor, once told him that one evening at twilight when he and Keats were sitting together in their student days, Stephens at his medical books, Keats engrossed in his dreaming, Keats called out to his friend that he had composed a new line—"A thing of beauty is a constant joy."
"What think you of that, Stephens?"
"It has the true ring, but is wanting in some way," replies the latter as he dips once more into his medical studies.
An interval of silence, and again the poet, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." What think you of that, Stephens?
"That it will live forever."
A happy prophecy indeed!

The Forests on the Niger.
The insects of Africa are expert disease carriers, and they come in such numbers on the Niger that one hardly dares to use one's lamp or go too near a light of any sort at night. These forests on the Niger are deadly places for all their haunting attraction and take a big toll both of European and native life. Yet the first three days on the Niger, with all its mud and its smell and its mangrove flies and its frogs and its crickets, are enough to give the newcomer an inkling of the drawing power, the fascination, of what is probably the most unhealthy country in the world.—W. B. Thompson in Blackwood's.

Dodging a Slander.
During a suit for slander brought in an Ohio town one of the parties was asked by the presiding magistrate:
"Is it true, as alleged, that you declared that Thomas Mulkins had stolen your pocketbook?"
"Your honor," responded the man, "I did not go so far as that. I merely said that if Mulkins had not assisted me in looking for the pocketbook I might have found it."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Before and After.
She was a frivolous, fashionable young woman with beaux galore, but one man with only a small income seemed to be the favorite.
"You'll have to work hard before you win that girl," said his mother.
"And a good deal harder after you win her," answered his father, who knew what he was talking about.

His Poems.
"May I offer you this little gift, Fraulein Kate?"
"Excuse me—I never take presents from men."
"But it is only a copy of my book of poems."
"In that case I will accept. I thought it was something valuable."—Flegende Blatter.

The Place For It.
An old Scotswoman was advised by her minister to take snuff to keep herself awake during the sermon. She answered briskly, "Why dinna ye put the snuff in the sermon, mon?"

The Shake.
"What did you say last night when Jack asked you to marry him?"
"I shook my head."
"Sideways or up and down?"—Boston Transcript.

There is no plety in keeping an unjust promise.—German Proverb.

Death on the Guillotine.
Sardou, in order to be present at the execution of Tropman in January, 1875, spent the night before with La Roquette, the prison director. In his description he says: "At daybreak the guests went out upon the cold, bleak execution place, where the guillotine had already been erected. The bedraggled crowd, which had spent the night in drinking places, sang ribald songs and from time to time shouted for Deibler, the executioner, who meanwhile was explaining the mechanism. The basket in which the head was to drop was brought, and while looking at it I was horrified to see the lid arise and a human form emerge. 'Don't worry,' said Deibler, with a smile; 'that is only my wife, who wanted to see the execution, and I chose the simplest way to secure a good place for her.' Clemenceau saw Emile Henry decapitated on May 22, 1894, in his capacity as a journalist, and, describing how the culprit was dragged to the machine, strapped upon the plank and there tortured by awaiting the pleasure of Deibler till the knife finally ended it all, said that the "horror of it" made him sick.

Why Blinds Were Drawn.
The Edinburgh mad lady of the seventies who astounded James Payn by her stern determination to have the blinds drawn closely down on the Sabbath was but carrying on the traditions of her great-grandparents. The Scot of the early eighteenth century had a reason for drawing his blinds on Sunday. Mr. Thompson in his "Weaver's Craft" gives it. "Sometimes the minister himself," he writes, "when he got a colleague to preach for him would make the rounds, accompanied by an elder, to spy with his own eyes the sins of the absentees. Here one man is found romping with his bairns, another as the minister peeped through the window was detected kissing his wife, two men were found drinking ale, and one was found with his coat off, as if he were going to work, and still another was seen eating a hearty dinner. All were pulled up before the session of the kirk and repentance forced upon each."—London Standard.

Bread and Cheese.
A couple advanced in years got married lately.
The husband had a room in the house securely locked, the inside of which his wife had never seen, and, being curious of its contents, she begged again and again to see the room.
At last he consented, and, lo and behold, the room was full of whole cheeses!
He explained matters by telling her that for every sweetheart he had in his young days he bought a cheese.
His wife began to cry.
"Don't cry, dear," he said. "I've had no sweethearts since I met you."
"It's not that," she replied, still sobbing. "I only wish I had been as thoughtful as you and bought a loaf of bread for every man that kissed me. We could have had bread and cheese enough to last us all our days."—London Tit-Bits.

Trouble For Creditors.
Even the simplest law transactions seem to be beyond the comprehension of some people. An old farmer went into a grocer's shop a short time ago, ordered a sovereign's worth of goods and when they were ready for delivery laid down a five shilling piece in payment thereof.
The shopkeeper called out, "Here, this isn't right!" as the customer started to leave.
"Oh, yes, that's all right," replied the man. "I've got permission from the judge to pay 5 shillings in the pound."
A heated discussion revealed that the man had lately settled an insolvency upon this basis and expected to continue that method indefinitely. When he was shown his mistake he was very indignant and evidently considered himself a much abused man.—London Globe.

She Wasn't Superstitious.
"Mary, Mary," cried Mrs. Johnson to her maid, "what shall I do? I've just had a most dreadful accident and don't know what's going to happen. I've broken my new hand glass, and you know how unlucky it is to break a looking glass. It means seven years' unhappiness."
"Lor', mum," replied Mary, "don't you set no heed on that. Look at me, I'm not fretting, and I've just broken the large pier glass in the drawing room."—London Fun.

Leftover Material.
Barbara, aged four, had always been allowed to make small cakes out of the scraps of dough left from the morning's baking, so one morning after being sent to gather the eggs she came running in with a very tiny one and exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, see this little egg! It must be that's all the dough the hen had left!"—Delineator.

Ups and Downs.
"The world is full of ups and downs," noted the wise guy. "That's right," agreed the simple mug. "We are either trying to live up to a good reputation or trying to live a bad one down."—Philadelphia Record.

A Piano Club.
Mrs. Hutton—We are organizing a piano club, Mr. Flatteigh. Will you join us? Flatteigh—With pleasure, Mrs. Hutton. What pianist do you propose to club first?—Chicago News.

Better Left Unsaid.
Hostess—It's beginning to rain. You'll get wet. I think you'd better stay to dinner. Departing Guest—Oh, dear, no! It's not raining so badly as all that.—Sydney Bulletin.

The Art of Saving.
I believe that if somebody could invent unique ways of saving money the public would have an assured future. Men, women and children would regard saving as a game and play it with all their heart. There are penny savings banks where newsboys and bootblacks carry their tiny savings, but other children regard their penny bank at home with unfriendly eyes. There are working girls who put away their five cent pieces and fatten their small bank accounts by walking instead of riding and making other petty sacrifices. But the majority of working girls spend as fast as they can earn and declare that they cannot help it.

One reads of a man who began his career by regarding every dollar as a worker and getting all the profit he could. With that quaint conceit in his head saving became a pleasure, and he woe rich without realizing that it was a struggle. I know of more than one woman who receives each night from her husband every dime he has received in change through the day, for he is careful to avoid spending such a piece of money. These, with her own savings in the same direction, make a respectable weekly showing.—Kansas City Journal.

Only Seeking Information.
The average New York boy is not a wonder of wit and wisdom, but most of them know a good thing when they see it. Also the contrary. Not long ago one of them saw a sign in front of a Sixth avenue place, "Boy Wanted." He was looking for something of that kind and walked in. There was nobody in sight, and he stood gazing. Presently the proprietor, a most grumpy person, appeared.
"What do you want here?" he inquired with scant courtesy.
"Well," replied the boy, disturbed by the man's manner and hesitating, "do you want a boy here?"
"That's what the sign says, don't it?" snapped the man.
"Yes," responded the boy, getting his second wind.
"Then we want a boy."
"Aw right," grinned the boy, backing away. "You git one. You can't have me," and he wiggled his fingers at the man and went out quickly.—New York Herald.

Time Themselves Getting Ready.
Washington Irving tells a story of a man who tried to jump over a hill. He went back so far to get his start for the great leap and ran so hard that he was completely exhausted when he came to the hill and had to lie down and rest. Then he got up and walked over the hill. A great many people exhaust themselves getting ready to do their work. They are always preparing. They spend their lives getting ready to do something which they never do. It is an excellent thing to keep improving oneself, to keep growing, but there must be a time to begin the great work of life. I know a man who is almost forty years old who has not yet decided what he is going to do. He has graduated from college and taken a number of postgraduate courses, but all along general lines. He has not yet begun to specialize. This man fully believes he is going to do great things yet. I hope he may.—Success Magazine.

The Paper They Were Written On.
The average author would probably laugh at the statement that at one time in the world's history manuscripts, simply as such, irrespective of the nature of the text, were immensely valuable. In ancient times manuscripts were important articles from a commercial point of view. They were excessively scarce and were preserved with the utmost care. Even the users were glad to lend money on them when the owners were obliged to offer them in pawn. It is related in an ancient tome that a student of Pavia, who was reduced by his debaucheries, raised a new fortune by leaving in pawn a manuscript of a body of law, and a grammarian who was ruined by a fire rebuilt his house with two small volumes of Cicero through the ready aid of the pawnbroker.

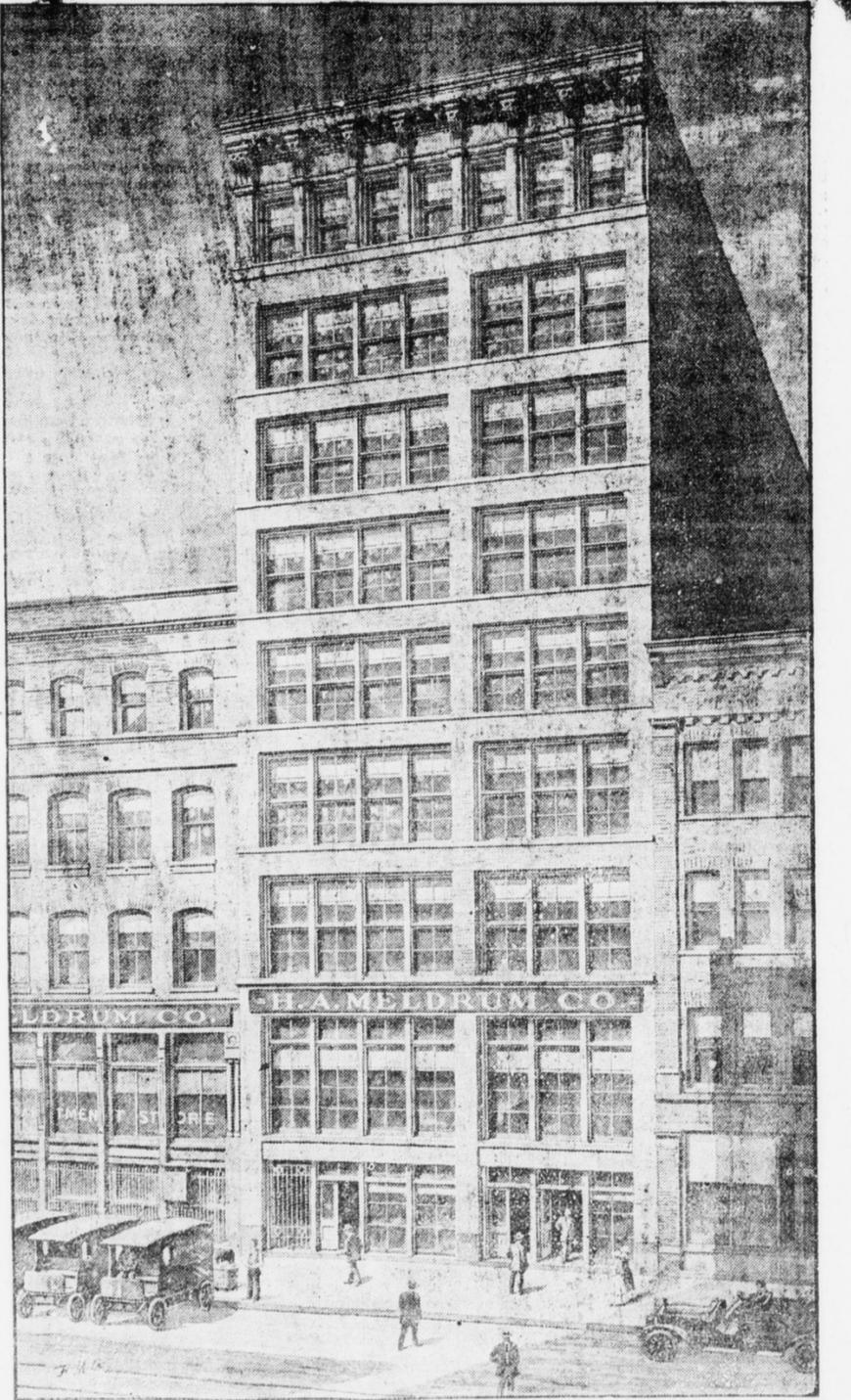
Highest Cross in the World.
The highest cross in the world is said to be that which ears the loftiest peak of the Harz mountains. The cross is in reality a tower, and it commands a magnificent view of the country around. The height of the tower is 120 feet, and it stands on a mountain 1,731 feet above the sea level. A stair of 200 steps leads to the top of the cross, but there is an elevator of which people may avail themselves who for any reason wish to avoid the long climb.

Grateful.
Young Lady—Give me one yard of—why, haven't I seen you before? Draper's Assistant—Oh, Maud, have you forgotten me? I saved your life at the seaside last summer. Young Lady (warmly)—Why, of course you did. Then you may give me two yards of the ribbon, please.—Illustrated Bits.

Letture Salad With Fried Cheese.
Dress the lettuce in the usual way with French dressing. Have a mild cheese, rather dry, cut in strips like French fried potatoes, dip the strips in beaten egg, roll them in fine bread-crumbs and drop them into boiling fat to brown as quickly as possible. Serve with the lettuce.—Boston Post.

Passing Events.
Time is a sort of river of passing events, and strong is its current. No sooner is a thing brought to light than it is swept by and another takes its place, and this, too, will be swept away.—Marcus Aurelius.

Vengeance should be left to women.—Petrarch.



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