

NOT SELF-SLAUGHTERERS.

Snakes and Scorpions Do Not Commit Suicide, as Has Been Supposed.

Writing to Nature Prof Ray Lankester says: "The letter of Edward S. Holden on this subject is extremely interesting. It appears that he, like other individuals who have imagined that they have witnessed the suicide of scorpions, have fallen into the error (so common in the interpretation of biological phenomena) of stating his inferences and beliefs as though they were observations. The instance which occurred before my eyes (to quote his words, which remind one of the old herbalist, Gerard) was simply that of a snake biting itself when imprisoned in a jar of water. That the blow was deliberate, 'intentional,' and of 'suicidal purpose' is pure speculation, and nothing occurred before Mr. Holden's eyes to warrant his entertaining such a notion. Had Mr. Holden been aware that the poison of the rattlesnake has little or no effect upon another rattlesnake nor upon the individual from which the poison is furnished he would probably have been less ready to conclude that the bite was one of suicidal purpose. He would then perhaps have inquired as to the depth to which the bite penetrated into the tissues of the snake and how far such a superficial bite as a snake can inflict upon a part of its own body is likely (in the absence of any poisonous action) to be seriously injurious to the snake. In this case, as in that of the scorpion confined in a fiery circle (experimentally studied both by myself and by Prof. Bourne, of Madras, and reported on in the proceedings of the Linnean society and the Royal society), the spasmodic struggles of an animal artificially confined and tortured have been, as we clearly demonstrated, mistaken for efforts at self-destruction. The biting of its own body by the snake may be justly compared with the 'biting the dust' attributed to men who die in a hand-to-hand struggle or to the biting of their own hand or arm by unhealthy children when suffering from a paroxysm of anger."

A SCHEME THAT FAILED.

An Austrian Editor Who Cried "Wail! Wail!" When There Was No Wail.

The Kleine Zeitung relates a story of the Austrian censorship of the press. The editor of a small provincial print was either in great difficulty to find a fit subject for his leading article, or else was too intent upon other business or upon pleasure to provide one. The last moment had come, and the editor was in despair. He tortured his brain in vain, when he was suddenly inspired by a happy thought, and dashed off the following lines: "After carefully perusing the leading article written for the present number by one of the ablest of our contributors, we have arrived at the conclusion that it may be misinterpreted by the authorities and regarded as an attack upon the government. We ourselves consider it to be perfectly innocent, but as we are unwilling, for our readers' sake, as well as for our own, to have our newspaper confiscated, we have very unwillingly, though, as we think, prudently, resolved to withdraw the article. This must serve as the apology to our readers for the blank space in our present issue." The journal was published in the evening, and the sly editor, after performing this smart little piece of stratagem, left the office in high good humor with himself. As soon as he arrived in the office on the following morning a clerk came up to him with a doleful expression and said: "Herr Redaktor, the paper is confiscated by the police!" "For what reason?" said the astonished editor. "For malicious ridicule of the institutions of the Austrian empire by the omission of the leading article," replied the man.

MONKEY WORKMEN.

Apes That Possess the Knowledge of Pottery Making.

An extraordinary story is told by the London Daily News, which states that Dr. Macgowan lately returned to Tientsin, bringing with him, among other curious discoveries, some particulars of a race of Manchurian monkeys inhabiting the mountain region of the Great Wall of China. They are said to know how to make pottery; more remarkable still, they are represented as having made extraordinary progress in the art of making wine. A recent edition of the official history of Yungking states that lately a large body of immigrating monkeys passed a certain village in crossing from one mountain to another. The boys of the village clapped their hands and shouted at the spectacle, and the monkeys, being frightened, fled, taking their young in their arms, but dropping in their flight a number of earthen vessels, some of which would hold a quart. On opening these, the villagers found they contained two kinds of wine, a pink and a green, that had been made from mountain berries. It is affirmed that the monkeys store this liquor for use in the winter when the water is all frozen. Dr. Macgowan cites other independent testimonies to similar facts, including a Chinese account of monkeys in Chekiang who pound fruit in stone mortars to make into wine.

Beasts of Burden in China.

Chinamen have such regard for beasts of burden, such as an ox and the mule, that they make companions of them when alive and never use their meat for food when they are dead. These animals usually live in the same building with their masters, but in a separate apartment, which is especially devoted to them. They are not required to eat at the family table unless they wish to, and meals are served in their rooms without extra charge. They are expected to report any incivility or inattention on the parts of servants to the master of the house. A pair of oxen can reside in the house of their master and enjoy all the privacy they would have in a stall of their own, and a sensitive and retiring mule is never in any danger of being intruded upon.

THE HABIT OF DRUDGERY.

Some Advantages and Otherwise of Having a Distinguished Brother.

Since my brother Mundanus has become rich and famous as the author and autocrat of the bootjack trust, I have been very strongly tempted to stop working for myself and arrange with him for my support, says a writer in Scribner's. It may be that I shall conclude that the habit of drudgery is too firmly fixed on me to be thrown off with impunity, so that perhaps I shall elect to go on working; but if I do it will be in the nature of self-indulgence, maintained for more personal ease, against my conviction of what is just and right.

For my argument is, and it is conceived on general and impersonal grounds, and founded without prejudice on dispassionate observation, that a comfortable maintenance without work is a very moderate set-off to any ordinary man for the inconvenience and detriment of having an immoderately successful brother. The reason lies in the inextinguishable tendency of society to measure brothers by the same standard. When they are little society puts them back to back and observes which is the taller. When they are grown it piles their achievements or renown or incomes up side by side, and remarks which pile is bigger.

Mr. Rockefeller's or Mr. Astor's income may run up into the millions, without making anyone think the worse of my capacity; but ever since it became known that Mundanus was getting fifty thousand dollars a year (largely payable in bootjack stock, as I happen to know, but the public doesn't), it has been imputed to me as a fault, and somewhat of a disgrace, that my in-stallings were not so large. However conscientiously a man may have used the talents given him, and whatever progress he may have made in life, if it be his misfortune to have a meteoric brother who has sailed conspicuous where he has had to plod, and arrived glorious where he has sweated in patient aspiration, the slow-gaited man is bound to suffer as I do by disparaging comparison with his occupied fellow of the same brood.

ENGLISHMEN NOT LOVABLE.

A Briton Calls Them Aggressive, Purse-Proud and Hypocritical.

The editor of the Times appears to have just discovered that the French detest the English as bitterly, if not more so, than they do and other neighboring nation, says London Truth, and in a leading article on Saturday that paper astonished the world with a labored attempt to account for the cause of this dislike to us. But the reason is a very simple one.

We English are by no means a lovable race. We have many admirable qualities. We are a hardy, practical, persevering people; but these are not in themselves sympathetic properties. We are aggressive, self-assertive, purse-proud and hypocritical. We are apt to sing psalms and pick pockets at one and the same time, and our neighbors, not altogether unjustly, therefore, resent the over-righteous tone that we adopt in criticising them and their concerns.

Wherever the Englishman goes he has the fatal influence of spoiling even the most simple of characters. A few British tourists will make the inhabitants of the most inexperienced province shrewd, suspicious, grasping and dishonest. This is within the common knowledge of any who have traveled in little-visited lands, and a consideration of this phenomenon will enable us the better, perhaps, to understand why our neighbors, and more especially the French, so heartily detest us.

It is also a curious fact that whenever there are any general elections to be held in the great republics the most popular policy is to twist the tail of the British lion. It would be instructive as a subject for the dull season to discuss the question: "Are we English really much superior to all other nations?" I think we are, but apparently our neighbors think otherwise; and it might be well, therefore, to discover whether we are mistaken or whether they are stupidly prejudiced.

DEVOTED DOGS.

They Sacrificed Themselves for Their Little Mistress.

A writer in Our Animal Friends relates a story of two fox-terriers, Tan and Tally, which belonged to a physician in southern California, and were the playmates of his little daughter Mabel. They had been her companions from her babyhood, and she was now five years old. On the day in question she and they were frolicking in the garden, when the little girl's attention was attracted by a peculiar noise in a bush at her elbow.

She peered into the branches to see what had made the noise. Instantly the head of a snake reared itself before her, and the sound of its rattles was repeated. Mabel stood as if fascinated. The gardener, at work not far off, screamed to her to run, and hurried as fast as he could to her rescue. Hurry as he might, however, he would have been too late but for the dogs.

They saw the little girl's danger, and threw themselves between her and it, worrying the snake till the man could come up and kill it. They were quite aware of their own danger; again and again, when camping out with their master, they had shown the greatest terror at the sound of a snake's rattles; but they could not see the child injured.

When the mother came in answer to the shouts of the gardener, she found Mabel safe, but both dogs were already in the agonies of death.

Slightly Different.

An English lawyer, Mr. William Willis, was once rather amusingly interrupted in a speech.

In addressing a political meeting, Mr. Willis found an opportunity of referring to Charles Dickens' character, Barkis, and of exclaiming "Barkis is willin'!"

"No, no," shouted a workman in the audience, "it aint 'Barkis is willin', but 'Willis is barkin'!"

Want to Sell Exhibits.

General A. B. Nettleton, ex-Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and Colonel Alex. D. Anderson, as attorneys for nearly two thousand foreign exhibitors at the World's Columbian Exposition, had a hearing before the Ways and Means Committee of the House, and the Finance Committee of the Senate, Tuesday. They asked, first that during the brief remainder of the exposition period they be allowed, under regulations and limitation to be fixed by the Treasury Department and the Exposition management to sell goods for current delivery, and second, that for customs purposes the appraisal of goods sold to be reduced fifty per cent. They urged among other considerations these: The deterioration from transportation and exposure, has materially reduced the selling value of many of these exhibited goods, but the appraisals for customs purposes are fully up to the invoice value.

The bulk of the goods to be sold under the proposed legislation is of such a character as not to enter into competition with articles of American manufacture.

Similar action was had after the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition in 1876. A bill to carry out these purposes has been introduced into the House by Mr. Durborrow.

Something to Remember.

If you're a weak or ailing woman—that there's only one medicine so sure to help you that it can be guaranteed. It's Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. In building up over-worked, feeble, delicate women, or in any "female complaint" or weakness, if it ever fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back. It's an invigorating, restorative tonic, a soothing and strengthening nerve, and a safe and certain remedy for woman's ills and ailments. It regulates and promotes all the proper functions, improves digestion, enriches the blood, dispels aches and pains, brings refreshing sleep, and restores health and strength. Nothing else can be as cheap. With this, you pay only for the good you get.

We Live Too Rapidly.

THAT IS THE OPINION OF A JAVANESE GIRL AT THE FAIR.

"At home we are happy and live our lives slowly. Here people live lives in one day." Thus spoke Egot, a Javanese girl who is visiting the World's Fair, in response to a reporter's desire to know how she liked Chicago. Her ready perception of chief points of difference between oriental and American life stamps Egot as a person of discrimination. She speaks patronizingly of our institutions and laments our bad taste, but thinks we may improve in this respect as the "country is young."

"America is large, strange and cold," she said. "The climate seems to me to affect the people and make them rough and noisy. I never heard so much noise in my life. In my home we do not make great noise. The ladies are the most beautiful things in America, but they are very strange to me. They always want to shake hands. Then they kiss each other. I do not like that. In my country we only kiss our mother and sisters. Their dress is beautiful. Their form is strange."

"I will some day get an American lady's dress and put it on just to see how I look. No one will ever see me with it on. I should be ashamed. I do not like the men in America. They are not polite."

Married.

On Friday, September 15th, at the parsonage of Trinity Reformed church, by Rev. C. H. Brandt, Mr. Herman Aitenhoff and Miss Lizzie Zoeller, both of Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

An Open Letter to Women. Laurel Ave., San Francisco, May 18, 1892.

"Dear friend of women: When my baby was born, five years ago, I got up in six days. Far too soon. Result: falling of the womb. Ever since I've been miserable."

"I tried everything: doctors, medicines, apparatus; but grew worse."

"I could hardly stand; and walking without support was impossible."

"At last I saw an advertisement of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and decided to try it. The effect was astonishing. Since I took the first bottle my womb has not troubled me, and, thanks only to you, I am now well. Every suffering woman should know how reliable your compound is. It is a sure cure."—Mrs. A. Detweiler.

All druggists sell it. Address in confidence, LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., LYNN, MASS. Liver Pills, 25 cents.



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