

HOW THE INDIANS VOTE.

They Are Very Deliberate and Then Have a Simple Method.

The Chickasaw Indians cast their vote differently from the way the white man does it. They meet the day before the election, and none but Chickasaws by blood is allowed to vote.

The polling place is quite unlike that of the white man. There is a great sheet of paper, white, yellow or brown as the case may be, about three feet square. Upon this sheet of paper are vast numbers of cross lines, regularly tied off with a pencil.

The Indian is thoroughly deliberate. He takes his time when it comes to voting. He proceeds to the polling place, looks carefully over the poll sheet, and if he is ready to cast his ballot he calls out his name, and the clerk records it on the sheet.

Thus it is that every voter knows exactly how every other voter has cast his ballot, and there are no remarks, no suggestions and no quarrels over differences of opinion.

POSTAL STATISTICS.

The number of pieces of matter of all kinds mailed increased from 500,000 in 1790 to 7,424,390,329 in 1901.

The first year's issue of postal cards, 1873, numbered 31,094,000, while in 1901 659,614,800 were issued.

In 1865 money orders to the amount of \$1,360,122 were issued, while in 1901 the total amounted to \$274,546,067.

In 1853, the year in which stamped envelopes were first issued, 5,000,000 were used, while in 1901 the total was 772,839,000.

The registry system was started in 1855, and in that year the registered pieces numbered 629,322. In 1901 they numbered 20,814,501.

From June 30, 1847, to June 30, 1851, 6,003,200 postage stamps were issued, while in the single year 1901 4,320,473,696 stamps were used by the people of the United States.

In 1789 there were only seventy-five postoffices established, the length of the post routes being 2,275 miles and the gross revenue of the department being only \$7,510. The expenditures were \$7,560.

There were in 1901 76,504 postoffices in operation, 511,898 miles of post routes, 496,146,059 miles of mail service performed. The gross revenues of the department were \$111,631,193, the expenditures \$115,039,607.

The Old Lady and the Incubator.

An old lady visiting an exhibition went to see some incubators which were on show and, complaining of the expense of keeping fowls, said that if they were cheaper she would buy an egg hatching machine.

Marvelous Medicine.

A patent medicine vender in a country village was dilating to a crowd upon the wonderful efficiency of his iron bitters.

"Why," said he, "Steve Jenkins had only taken the bitters one week when he was shoved into the prison for murder, and what does Steve do but open a vein in his arm and take iron enough out of his blood to make a crowbar, with which he pried the doors open and let himself out. Fact?"

Lucky.

"No use o' talkin'," said Mr. Erastus Plinkley, "dat brother o' mine is a mighty lucky man. He ailsus has money."

"But you must remember that he is much more industrious than you are. He isn't at all afraid o' work."

"Dat's jes' de point. He were lucky in bein' born industrious."—Washington Star.

His Early Promise.

"Does my boy," inquired the parent, "seem to have a natural bent in any one direction?"

"Yes, sir," said the teacher; "he gives every indication of being a captain of industry some day. He gets the other boys to do all his work for him."—Chicago Tribune.

Versatile.

Mrs. Bjones—Your husband, I hear, is quite versatile.

Mrs. Brown-Smythe—Versatile is no name for it. Why, he can actually stay out late every night in the week and not give the same excuse twice.—Philadelphia Record.

Animal Superstitions.

There are many animals that the superstitious consider it unlucky to kill. Among them may be mentioned a ladybird, a martin, a robin, a stork and a money spider, while to kill a wren means that you will break a bone before the year is out.

The howling of a dog at night near a house is supposed to predict the death of a sick inmate, as also the setting of a white pigeon on a house bodes death to some one in the house, while, again, an old saying among the superstitious runs, "No person can die on a bed or pillow containing the feathers of a white pigeon."

That the gnawing of furniture by rats presages death is also a common superstition. To meet certain animals is considered lucky, while to meet others is the reverse. For instance, to meet a sow with a litter of pigs is very lucky, but it is unlucky if a sow crosses a traveler's path.

Will Low, the painter, told a story of the Latin quarter days of Robert Louis Stevenson. Low and Stevenson were great friends in their youth. Their friendship indeed continued up to the time of the writer's death.

"Louis," said the artist, "was no less diplomatic than brave. He could be fiery, and he could also be gracious and pacific. One night, I remember, we sat in a garden in Montmartre. The red wine had been flowing pretty freely, and one of our party got heated and aggressive.

"Finally some one said a thing that this fighting chap disliked. As soon as the words were spoken he grabbed up a bottle and hurled it at the other's head. It was a strong, true shot and would have hit the mark had not Stevenson sprung to his feet and caught the missile.

"Tut, tut, George," he said to the thrower; "tut, tut. If the bottle is passed so quickly, none of us will be able to stand out the evening."—New York Tribune.

Reason to Be Happy.

What is the use of being at odds with the world? What is the use of being blue and despondent? The world is full of trials for us all—has plenty of trouble and worry to hand out even to the best of us from time to time. But there would be no need for men and women—we could all be babes—if there were no great life problems to solve, no burdens to bear, no sorrows to live down.

The Butler Was In Doubt.

The recent St. Andrew's dinners, according to the Westminster Gazette, have been noteworthy for the profusion of Scotch stories, which in several cases fairly set the tables in a roar. Some of them have an ancient ring, but there is one that is perhaps not generally known.

An Authority.

Peter McArthur was once talking with a friend when he quoted another man as a financial authority. His friend disputed the right of the person quoted to be considered an expert.

"What is your definition of an authority?" asked his friend.

"My idea of an authority," retorted Mr. McArthur, "is a person who bluffs beyond my limit."

Strained Relations.

It took place in a dairy. The dairyman was pouring large quantities of milk through a fine wire netting.

There were microbes in the milk. Other microbes by the hundred were sitting on the edge of the crock and gaily looking on.

Their relations were being strained.—Baltimore American.

Science to the Rescue.

Housekeeper—Has any way been discovered to kill the pests that destroy carpets?

Great Scientist—Yes, madam. Take up the carpets, hang them on a line and beat them with a heavy stick.

"Will that kill the insects?" "Yes, madam, if you hit them."

After the Fact.

What a pity it is that our learned anthropologists never discover that a man has criminal eyes, mouth, ears and nose until after he has committed a murder! Oh, science, how many frauds are perpetrated in thy helpless name!—New York Press.

Painless Pulling.

Sufferer—Do you pull teeth without pain?

Dentist—Well, not always. I sprained my wrist last time I pulled a tooth, and it hurts me yet occasionally.

It makes some men prouder to be the friend of a rich man than it makes other men to be rich.

A Terrible Weapon.

The weapon common to every part of Hindustan, so as to deserve the name of the national arm, is the "katana." This is a broad, two edged dagger, the hilt of which is formed something like an H, the hand grasping the crossbar, which is generally double, while the side bars extend on each side of the wrist.

Some katars are made with five blades, which unite into one, but by squeezing together the crossbars diverge like the fingers of a hand when the thrust has been given. Other katars are made in sets of two or even three, of diminishing sizes, the blades of the larger being hollow and forming sheaths for the smaller.

Eye Exercise.

An exercise which, if perseveringly practiced, will greatly strengthen the eyes and which has entirely restored many cases of impaired vision, so that spectacles and eyeglasses were discarded, is to turn the eyes upward and downward alternately, as far as possible, twenty times, says a writer in the New York Herald.

Admitted on One Question.

Patrick Henry Cowen, a prominent Saratoga lawyer, was fond of relating the story of his admission to the bar. The committee met at Ballston, and young Cowen was the only candidate.

Squeaking Sands.

Singing sands are found in many parts of the United States, but squeaking sands are not so common. The singing sand emits a musical sound only when dry and loses this property on being dampened.

Finland.

Finland is larger than England, Ireland, Scotland and the Netherlands combined. It has its own constitution, which was framed in 1772. This instrument was modified and changed when, in 1809, the grand duchy was ceded to the emperor of Russia, but it still provides for a national parliament.

Ancient Glove Etiquette.

Woodstock and Worcester leather gloves are of ancient celebrity. In the middle ages the giving of a glove was a ceremony of investiture in bestowing lands and dignities.

Took No Chances.

He (after being promptly accepted)—Why didn't you say "No" at first and keep me in suspense for a while? I understand that is the way women generally do.

She—Well, I tried that once, and—

And what?

"He didn't ask me the second time."

Obedient Orders.

A mistress told her maid, Betsy, that she must not always do things on her own responsibility, but first ask permission. The next day Betsy walked into the parlor and said politely:

"Please, madam, the cat is busy eating up the duck in the pantry; must I drive her away or not?"

Real Talent.

Mrs. Bruce—Really, Mr. Hamilton's acting is the greatest I ever saw.

Mrs. Scott—It's good in its way, but you should see my Johnny when he is simulating a stay-away-from-school headache!—Exchange.

When the pessimist gets to heaven, his first move will be to look about for the fire escapes.—Saturday Evening Post.

FILIPINO FUNERALS.

Picturesque For the Rich and Pathetic For the Poor.

One of the most striking things to be seen on the streets of Manila is a Filipino funeral. If the deceased was wealthy and had hosts of friends, the funeral will be headed by a band playing selections from comic operas.

Most Filipino funerals, however, are more pathetic. The father of a few weeks old baby will trot out to the cemetery entirely alone, with the little white coffin balanced well on his head, and if a man had not the price of a vehicle his remains will be carried out on bamboo poles by four Chinamen, and the coffin will be one that has seen service before.

The natives have different ways of burial. Some bodies are put into the ground, while the larger majority are placed in niches in the wall of the cemetery. A slab cemented into the opening of the niche contains a brief biography of the deceased.

Some Survivals of Fashion.

Man is unquestionably a highly rational being. Still, if you travel and observe, from the mouth of the Danube to the Golden Gate you will find most men wearing a coat with a useless collar marked with a useless V shaped slash and decorated with two useless buttons at the small of the back and one or two more useless buttons at the cuffs.

The Certainty of Fate.

The Mohammedans have a fable which they repeat to illustrate the certainty of fate. The Philadelphia Times quotes it as having been told by Mr. Robert Barr, the celebrated novelist.

A sultan was once asked by his favorite, the grand vizier, for permission to leave at once for Smyrna, although a brilliant court fete was then in progress. Upon being asked his reason for such haste the vizier replied:

"Because I just saw the angel of death yonder in the crowd. He looked at me so earnestly that I know he has come for me. I wish to escape him."

"Go! Go at once!" said the sultan, who then beckoned to the angel and asked why the latter had looked so earnestly at the vizier.

"I was wondering," replied the angel of death, "why he was here, for I have orders to kill him in Smyrna."

Nelson's Only Defeat.

Nelson, like all the greatest commanders on sea or land, made his mistakes and his failures, but there is only one instance on record of his having been actually defeated in a direct attack. This occurred at Santa Cruz, in the Canary islands, on July 24, 1797.

As an instance of the observance of the Sabbath in Scotland, an English paper tells of a postman having a route between Stirling and Blairdrummond.

The Scotch Sunday.

He was observed to ride a bicycle over his six miles on weekdays and to walk the same distance on Sunday, and when asked why he replied that he was not allowed to use the machine on Sunday. An investigation followed, and the postman's explanation proved to be correct.

The Poet Turned.

Office Boy—I told dat poet wot called dat you wuz out o' town.

Uncertain.

"Yes. Just now he was saying that nothing was certain in this world but the uncertainty of things, and you couldn't bank on that."—Detroit Free Press.

Justifiable.

"Johnson writes that he's just killed the hero in his new novel."



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