

WISEST OF MONKEYS.

A Chimpanzee of Rare Intelligence and Fine Manners.

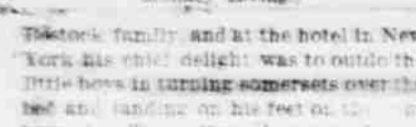
He Lives in a Private Apartment Supplied with All Modern Conveniences—Not a Success as an Electrician.

There have been other monkeys who have worn dress suits, eaten at table with knife and fork, ridden bicycles, slept in beds, and all that sort of thing, but they have done these things usually at the end of a whip lash. But with Consul it is very different. Consul is a chimpanzee of rare intelligence. He enjoys whatever he is doing. He is a natural-born humorist, and a most precocious child of four years. At present he inhabits a spacious apartment in a cozy hotel, raised as the star boarder and bosom companion of Frank C. Roosevelt. His nature has endeared him to the hearts of all who have had the good fortune to know him.

Consul arrived at the port of New York recently after a pleasant voyage across the sea aboard the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosser. On his arrival he met with his boy and suit cases, and entered his apartment in his own little suite at a hotel.

Consul is only about three feet high, and his ears are so short that he has to hold up his fingers and walk on his knuckles when he drops to all fours. His face is thin, but most extensive when he smiles, they reach from ear to ear. He has so young, he wears a fine pair of side whiskers which most and gleam beneath his chin, but the rest of his face is fairly smooth. His nose is not noticeable, but there is a fine line upon it. His ears are generous to a fault, and his forehead is so low that the top of his ears had they been joined to each other over the top of his head, he is rather sensitive about his large ears, and conceals the deformity under a spacious floppy cap, which he wears over to bed.

Consul is very fond of children, especially the curly-haired boys of the



"GOOD MORNING" Consul, said to be the wisest of monkeys living.

Stork family, and at the hotel in New York his chief delight was to outdo the little boys in turning somersaults over the bed and landing on his feet on the carpet. These three had very happy times playing the children's game known as "follow the leader." Consul was the leader, and the little boys tried to do everything he did. Consul, after the children had finished their play, would take the children to the bathroom and wash their faces, and then he would take them to the kitchen and give them a glass of milk.

As a rule, the chimpanzee at Consul's hotel is very obedient. Consul showed him the installed one-act-rod and roller of the machine, and he immediately began to work on it. He was very obedient, and he would do anything that Consul asked him to do. He was very obedient, and he would do anything that Consul asked him to do. He was very obedient, and he would do anything that Consul asked him to do.

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Among the other serious things as a nation are becoming hygienists.

Too Much Science.

So said Dr. Henry Hopkins in his baccalaureate sermon at Williams college. "The modern scientific habit," says Dr. Hopkins, "is, in certain directions, unfavorable to robust courage. In the matter of health we are becoming hygienists. We coddle ourselves. Some one has said we have ceased to fear God and have learned to fear microbes." But we do not all fear microbes. We only talk about them. The germ theory is a gigantic permeating bore. It is a nuisance to know so much. Willingly would we go back to primitive ignorance, at least as far back as 1842, when a poultice of burdock leaves was good for a rusty nail hole in the foot and we didn't know exactly what tetanus was. In those days the water in the well in the back yard was good enough for anybody and if a family was swept away by typhoid fever it was a dispensation of providence. Nobody was afraid of a consumptive and people who "went into a decline" didn't know why they did, and took their affliction in a Christian spirit. Now, they know all about it, but can't stop it any more than they could then. Additional hygienic knowledge only succeeds in adding to human discomfort. It takes all day to disinfect and medicate, to frustrate germs and microbes, and the dates of birth and death on the tombstones are no farther apart than ever. We last just so long with our knowledge as without it. It may be that we are becoming hygienists. The word looks like coming hygienists. The word looks like coming hygienists. The word looks like coming hygienists.

If anything were needed to prove that mankind are like sheep, the doubter ought to go to one of the elevated stations where the company according to the New York Post, has installed two ticket sellers. It tells the people would go to one window and half to the other, nobody would be delayed and all would work splendidly. But nobody ever saw this happen. Suppose the place is empty at some particular moment and that 25 men then file in at regular intervals of four feet. The first man sees the nearest window and makes for it. Eight men follow him without looking to right or left, and there is congestion there and some outside of the company. All of a sudden the right man gets to the top of the stairs and sees the vacant window. It is an inspiration, and he rushes over to it. Numbers 10 to 19 follow him, and they pile up there and fidget while the first window is deserted. The last three men jump for it and almost fight to see who gets his ticket first. It is so complicated as an example of routine superiority that men know how to form in line and wait for turns, while women don't; but to form in two lines is a thing the human race doesn't seem to have learned.

They are laughing in Washington over a rebuke that a sentry of one of the departments administered recently to the Russian ambassador's coachman. The coachman, it appears, wished to drive his master's carriage along a road-way that for some reason was barred. When the sentry refused to let the carriage pass the coachman reproached. "I drive," he said, "for the Russian minister." "I can't help it," returned the sentry. "Let me through," persisted the coachman. "My master is a Count Cassini, an ambassador extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of a czar of all Russia." "Frenchy," said the sentry, "I wouldn't let you through even if your master was a free-born American citizen."

Modern philanthropy seeks to do its work with increasing care and delicacy, a sense of prevention and healing, but it doesn't forget to be kind. Out of regard for the feelings of the patients and their friends, the name of the "insane asylum" of Bellevue hospital, New York city, has been changed to "psychopathic ward." The same consideration for patients' sensitiveness prompted the substitution of the name "depression ward" for the old "insane asylum." The "insane asylum" is called "Trinity" for the aged and infirm, and the "Outdoor Poor Bureau" is known as the "Bureau for Dependent Adults."

Examinations of over 20,000 pairs of eyes and nearly 100,000 of the teeth of the New York public schools show that nearly all children enter the primary schools with defective eyes. In the higher grades one-fourth of the pupils are myopic, and in universities the percentage rises from 30 to 75 per cent. of the students are myopic. In other words, near-sightedness increases steadily from the school to the highest grade, and a large proportion of the length of time devoted to the education of school boys is spent in the correction of vision.

TREES AMONG STUMPS.

A System of Orchard Cultivation That Is Highly Recommended by Some Authorities.

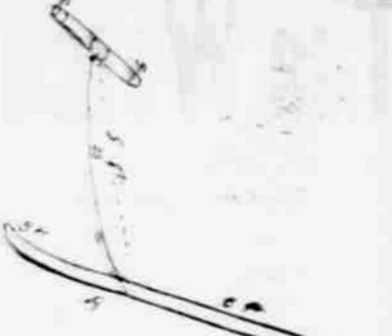
Mr. Samuel B. Woods, president of the Virginia Horticultural society, writing to the Rural New-Yorker, says: I gave the matter of planting orchards in new ground much study some years since. The result was that we planted 34,000 trees and will set 20,000 more this spring, among the stumps. We cut the trees down, burn up what will do for lumber and saw the rest on the ground. Then we plant the trees in rows very regularly laid off, and hoe and bush them thoroughly, going over the ground about four times a season. We are planting rough mountain land from 1,000 to 1,800 feet above the sea level. We bush with blades and mattocks, and we are very anxious to learn what cheap chemical will kill a stump, and the best way and time to apply it, as the cost of work would be much reduced if we did not have to take off so many sprouts from the big stumps. As we kill out the growth we use a colter, putting the land into corn or peas, and will thus eventually give all the orchard cultivation with a plow. I am satisfied that it is a positive advantage to leave the stumps; they carry the moisture deep into the ground, help the drainage and enrich the soil by decay. You may have noticed that a young tree planted by an old oak, hickory or chestnut stump is the best tree in the orchard. I have. At the same time I believe that the more cultivation given to the new ground the better for the trees. Some people fear that the worms always found in decayed wood will attack the growing trees, but there is no danger from that source, as the worm which lives on decayed wood is of a different kind entirely from the worm which attacks growing trees. You might as well expect a dove to eat a hawk's food.

We have in Albemarle county some orchards now in fine bearing raised on above plan. I have been told of a peach orchard, the returns from which have in recent years run up to \$25,000 per annum, which was grown among the stumps. I was talking last year to a man who has one of the largest orchards in the state, and who had spent a good deal of money in pulling up stumps and getting the land absolutely cleared, and he stated to me that if he had to do it over again he would leave the stumps, as he regarded their advantages as outweighing their disadvantages, and in addition the cost of the work was tremendous. He told me that it cost as much to fill up the hole as it did to pull the stump, which I had not thought of.

REMOVING VINE ROOTS.

A Handy Tool Which Does the Work of Several Men and Does It Neatly, Too.

It is sometimes desirable to pull out a vineyard and use the land for other purposes. I send a sketch of a simple tool which is effective in tearing out



SIMPLE VINE ROOTER

the roots. A wire (B), five feet long, is fastened about three feet from the end of a nine-foot pole (A), or hard wood sapling and to a single tree. The larger end of the pole should be slightly bent at the bottom so it will scoop under a vine. If vineyard rows are long begin tearing out vines at center stump in a pile at each end and burn.—J. H. McDonald, in Farm and Home.

NOTES ABOUT FLOWERS.

No lawn is complete without a Colorado blue spruce. Tricolor, or red-hot poker plant, will be one of the noticeable features in summer gardens.

Autumn frosts, together with the recent cold wave, have played havoc with European stock.

Blue and silver and red maple seeds are ripening now, and the sooner they are sown after being gathered the better.

A wicker chair will clothe a porch, an old tree will form a little tree if shaken, or will form a running bank if there be plenty of seed.

In addition to the common flowers which the spruce Anthony Waterer will produce throughout the season, it is now gaining structure because of the crimson of the new foliage which stands up from a well-pruned plant. The spruce's common name is now's heart and shadow tree.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. This signature, E. W. Johnson. Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months.

In Doubt. "You see," said Farmer Cornstossel, "a phrenologist once told us that our boy Josh had a remarkable head." "So you sent him to college?" "Yes. Now we're waitin' to see whether his head is goin' to turn out to be a congenial residence for brats or jes' a garden for football hair."—Washington Star.

Sympathy. Cecil (sentimentally)—Don't you feel gloomy when the sky is overcast with gray, when the rhythmic rain sounds a dirge upon the roof, and the landscape's beauties are hid by the weeping mist? Hazel (sweetly)—Yes; it's dreadfully annoying. It does make one's hair come out of curl so!—N. Y. Times.

Shout It Out. "It's said that blood will tell, and while it may be true, some folks depend upon their tongues to tell their blood is blue."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

HIS CLAIMS CROWNED UPON.



"I," said the individual with the bulging brow, "have sat at the feet of Gamaliel." "You have?" remarked the fair young girl, with sarcastic smile, "well, I have no use for a chiroprapist at present."—Chicago Chronicle.

Cure for Insomnia. The poets burn the midnight oil, and lonely vigils keep, and products of their wakeful toil put other folks to sleep.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

SUFFICIENT PROOF.



"How do you know young Nobras married for money?" "I've seen his wife."—Judy.

Due Warning. "The seed the rain sows in the snow," the sage said with a sigh, "it will be sowing for a fall."—Chicago Daily News.

A Saker-tinge. "Don't you know that it is wrong to gamble?" "Naw," said Mechanism Jim, as he shook the dice, "I know it's wrong to gamble, but I shan't let my gambler's desire be a quack's content."—Washington Star.

A great deal of unpleasantness in our surroundings is due to imagining we would be better off elsewhere.

Business obstacles always decrease in size the nearer you get to them. —here to Leap Out.

Patience—Will is awfully worried about his incipient monstache. Patrice: He needn't worry. A monstache is like a good man. It's impossible to keep it down.—Yonkers Statesman.

Second Edition. "Fennib—do you think Scribbleton's jokes are as good as they were in former years?" Inkerton—Sure. They are the same jokes he used 10 years ago.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

DR. FENNER'S KIDNEY and Backache CURE. All Diseases of Kidneys, Bladder, Urinary Organs, etc. Don't become discouraged. There is a cure for you. If necessary write Dr. Fenner. He has spent a life time curing just such cases as yours. All consultations Free.

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NIAGARA FALLS EXCURSION. Low-Rate Vacation Trips via Pennsylvania Railroad. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has selected the following dates for its popular ten-day excursions to Niagara Falls from Washington and Baltimore: July 24, August 7 and 21, September 4 and 18, and October 2 and 16. On these dates the special train will leave Washington at 8:00 a. m., Baltimore 9:05 a. m., York 10:45 a. m., Harrisburg 11:40 a. m., Millerstown 12:20 p. m., Sunbury 12:38 p. m., Williamsport 2:30 p. m., Lock Haven 3:08 p. m., Renovo 3:55 p. m., Emporium Junction 5:05 p. m., arriving Niagara Falls at 9:45 p. m.

Spring Opening. At the NEW STORE Sunbury Pa. Larger stock and prices lower than ever. Our Store is overflowing with new things for Spring in Wash goods, Gremdines, Wool Dress Goods, Silk Waists, Dress Trimmings, Beautiful line of Rafts, Spring Jackets, Wrappers, Muslins, Calicoes, Gingham and White Spreads. We will have a special sale of Ladies Muslin Underwear, May 1st to the 10th. We will have the most beautiful line of underwear ever shown in Sunbury. 20 yds. muslin \$1.00, 33 yds. muslin \$1.00, Gingham 5c and 7c, Calico 5c and 7c, \$1.00 White Spread 85c, \$1.00 Table Linen 20c to 25c. Come in and see, no trouble to show.

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