Star. The

REYNOLDSVILLE, PENN'A., WEDNESDAY APRIL 11, 1894.

VOLUME 2.

Hailvoab Cime Cables.

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER & PITTS-BURGH RAILWAY. The short line between Duflois, fildgway. Bradford, Sahmanca, Buffalo, Rechester, Singara Falls and points in the upper off

On and after Nov. 19th, 1993, passen-gertrains will arrive and depart from Falls Creek station, dally, except Sunday, as fol-

Iowa: 7.10 A M.; 1.29 p. m.; and 7.09 p. m. Accom-modulious from Punxsutawney and Big

Kun.
St.50 A. M. Burfalo and lice hotton sill for Brockwayville, Ridgway Johnsonburg, Mt. Jowett, Bradford, Salamanea, Buffalo and Rochester: connecting at Johnsonburg with P. & E. train 3, for Wilcox, Kane, Warren, Corry and Erie,
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DENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

IN EFFECT NOV. 19, 1893.

ciphia & Erie Railroad Division Time Units leave Driftwood. EASTWARD

EASTWARD M. Train S. daily except Sunday for the function of the sum of the sum of the sum of the training of the sum of the training of the sum of t

WESTWARD

Train 1, daily except Sunday for DuBols, Clermont and inter-stations. Leaves Bidgway at 3:00

Erie. -- Train 3, daily for Erie and inter-

diate points.
P. M.--Train II, daily except Sunday for the and intermediate stations.
DI GII TRAINS FOR DRIFTWOOD FROM THE FAST AND SOUTHS.
(1) II draves Philadelphia 5.36 A. m.: locsbarre, 10:55 A. M.: Baltimore, 5:45 A. M.: locsbarre, 10:55 A. M.: Baltimore, 5:45 A. M.; Jucsbarre, 10:55 A. M.; Baltimore, 5:45 A. M.;

Palitant Parlor car from Philadelphia to Williamsport.
 WEATN & leaves New York at 8 p. m.: Phila-delphia, i1:20 p. m.: Washington. J640 n. m.: Baltimore, H:40 p. m.: daily spriving at Parli sood at 550 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars. From Philadelphia to Erie and from Washington and Baltimore to Williamsport and hrough passenger coaches from Phila-delphia to Eriesand Baltimore to Williams-port and to Pulkos.
 TRAIN 1 leaves Benovo at 625 a. m., daily except Sunday, arriving at Prifewood 7.55 B. m.

JOHNSONBURG RAILBOAD

(Daily except Sunday.) TRAIN 19 leaves \$2169 ay at 9:40 a, m.; John-sonburg at 9:55 c, m., arriving at Clermont at 10:45 a, m. TRAIN 20 leaves Clermont at 10:55 a, m. ar-riving at Johnsonburg at 11:40 a, m. and Ridsway at 11:55 a, m.

RIDGWAY & CLEARFIELD R. R.

DAILY #YCEPT SUNDAY. SOUTHWARD. NORTHWARD.

P.M.A.M. STATIONS. A.M. P.M. 12 10 Ridgway Asland Run 9 40 17 48 130 630 130 6集

BE MY SWEETHEART. [The first love song ever written by Mr. Field.]

Sweetheart, be my sweetheart When birds are on the wing, When bee and buil and babbling flood Bespeak the birth of spring. Come, sweetheart, be my sweetheart And wear this posy ring!

Sweethcart, be my sweethcart

In the mellow golden glow Of earth allush with the gracious bluch Which the ripening fields foreshow. Dear sweethcart, he my sweethcart As into the moon we go!

Sweethcart, be my sweethcart When falls the bounteous year, When fruit and wine of tree and vine Give us their harvest cheer. Oh, sweetheart, he my sweetheart, For winter it draweth near!

Sweetheart, be my sweetheart When the year is white and old, When the fire of youth is spent, forscoth And the hand of age is cold. Yet, sweetheart, be my sweetheart Till the year of our love be told! --Eugene Field in Ladies' Home Journal.

EXPERT IN EMBLEMS WISE IN THE MATTER OF FRATER-

NITY PINS AND BADGES.

A Bowery Man Who Makes These Things a Feature of His Pawabroker's Sale Shop and Finds Them the Most Fascinating Incident of His Business.

On the Bowery not far from Broome street is a pawnbroker's sale shop, the proprietor of which makes a specialty of dealing in college fraternity pins and badges. You may examine every other pawnshop and sale store on the Bowery and find not more than five or six such emblems in all of them, but in this shop, occupying a conspicuous position in the show window, there is always a velvet covered tray on which a dozen or more pins of different secret societies are displayed. The place is getting to be known among college men, and people who have lost fraternity badges go there as the first step to finding them.

Every few weeks the proprietor of the lace goes on a tour of the pawnshops looking for badges, and in his long experience he has picked up a fund of information about college fraternities that would put the average graduate to the blush. There is not much money in that particular branch, he says, but he has become interested in it and made it a sort of study. Not only does he know the emblems of every fraternity in this part of the country, but he is a perfect encyclopedia of information regarding their relative size, importance and the peculiar characteristics of each society and of the colleges in which each has its chapters. One would be certain that be himself is a college man but for certain peculiarities of speech that proclaim the east sider and his positive assertion that be has never been inside the doors of a college and has never even seen any but the local colleges from the outside.

A reporter in search of a lost badge which he thought might have found its way, as many lost articles do, into a Bowery pawnshop went into this store to look over the stock of fraternity pins. He didn't find his badge, but he found many others. The proprietor had some interesting things to tell about some of bis pins.

"There ain't many things in this line that's fun," said he. "A man woaldn't go into it for his health. But this secret society pin business is mighty interestin. Of course you understand it's only a side lay-not my regular trade. How did I get into it? Why, the funny letters on the pins used to catch me when I was on the lookout for stuff in the bockshops, and I began pickin 'em up. Then I got interested more by an old gent from the University club that was up on that line and used to tell me things about the badges and their different organizations. He came into my shop one day to look at a badge. That's how I got to know him. He used to send me books and magazine articles on fraternities till I got to know as much about it as he did, and now I guess they ain't many college societies in this part of the country that I don't know enough about to surprise the members if I wanted to tell it. "They ain't a college fraternity in the east but what I've handled one or more of its piss. I'm keepin tab on the hockshops all the while, and whenever I find a badge I nail it. Usually I get 'em cheap, for they ain't any demand for 'em to speak of. Occasionally a man brings in a pin to me, or I see one on a bum's coat and buy it, but it's mostly the pawnshops. How do I s'pose they get there? Well, most of 'em are lost, I think. I know enough about 'em to know that the last thing a college man'll bock is his society pin. When they do hock 'em, though, it's down here, and not up town, where they think other college fellows may go in and see 'em. They get mighty little on 'em, for the hocksnop men are dead leary of things they don't understand. Of course the pin itself has a good deal to do with it. If it's heavily jeweled, a man may get half its value on it. Then pins that are a marked design hock well, because they sell well. The T pin of the Delta and the star and crescent of the Alpha Delta, and the crosses like the Alpha Tau Omega or Delta Phi will find a market easier than the plain monogram pins or the diamond shaped.

by Canal street chowin the rag over a couple of badges that the proprietor had, when in came a young woman about 26 or 28 maybe and pretty, too, only she looked kind of half starved. She unpinned the pin from her dress and nsked:

'How much will you loan me on this?'

"Her voice trembled, but she was game and kept a steady face. The man offered her \$1, and she turned to go out, when I said I'd give her \$3 for it.

'I don't want to sell it,' she said. 'I want to get it back some time. Well, I'll keep it six months for

you,' I told her and gave her my business card. She took the money, and she kissed the pin before she handed it to me. I never saw her again. There's nothin on the pin but her name."

The speaker handed the pin to the re-porter, who looked on the back and saw engraved the one word "Lizzie." He returned the pin to its place, and it probably there now if any Psi U wants to go Bowery hunting for it.--New York Sun.

Calling Smith.

Miss Kate Field relates an experience which she had in trying to sleep in a hotel in a Utah mining town where the partitions between the rooms were of boards merely and quite innocent of lath and plaster. The ordinary going and coming of the early part of the night were bad enough, but toward morning when at last she had fallen asleep, a loud voice shouted from her keyhole: "Smith! Smith!"

As her name was not Smith, she made

no response. "Smith!" came the shout again. "It's

time to skip!" "My name is not Smith," she then an-

swered. From across the hall came the call of the day clerk, who occupied the room

there: "No. That ain't Smith. Smith's at

the end of the hall." "Well, this is the end of the hall," came from the neighborhood of the key-

hole again. It was the voice of the por "Aren't there two ends to the hall?

It's the other end, you blockhead." "Who wants Smith?" came a sharp

voice from the distance. "I'm Smith." "What's the matter? I'm Smith," came still another voice. "Well, whichever Smith wants to get

up at 4 o'clock, him's the one," growled the porter.

Both these Smiths slammed their doors with a vehement protestation that they didn't want to get up. "It's Smith in No. 1!" screamed the

day clerk.

The right Smith had not been waked at all, so the porter found No. 1 and pounded on the door so hard that everybody in the house who had not already been waked was aroused, and several people rushed out into the hall, thinking there was a fire.

The porter went down complacently to the office on the floor below. "Well," said he to the night clerk, "I

waked him up anyhow."

A Curious Parasite.

It is an old saying that every dog has his day. According to an English authority, that day is neither very long nor specially comfortable in Fiji. It is impossible to keep foreign dogs alive for much more than a couple of years. Those born there may live four years. The cause of this mortality is a species of worm that lives in the blood vessels, arteries and heart. Adult specimens of this parasite sometimes measure as much as five inches, and the blood of some animals is actually swarming with them. Puppies are often troubled with them, although it seems to take about six months to develop them to a troublesome stage. When a dog is attacked, it begins with a sharp barking, which is at once recognized as the beginning of poor Fido's last chapter. Thus far no remedy has been found or even suggested. The same parasite is found in dogs in eastern Asia and identical symptoms are noted. The animal may live six months to two years after the first indications are observed.-New York Ledger.

CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT DOGS. Eskimos Find the Faithful Animal a Necessity of Their Miserable Existen

"Without dogs the larger portion of the great Eskimo family peopling the barren northern coast of America would find it impossible to exist in its chosen home." So writes E. W. Nelson in his "Mammals of Northern Alaska," They are used in the winter for huntin sledge drawing and the like, but in sui mer are mostly left to shift for themselves. They receive much hard usage, as well as do much hard work, but are described nevertheless as a rollicking set, full of play, fond of human society and quarrelsome as schoolboys.

Mr. Nelson credits them with a vein of humor and declares that their varying characteristics can be read in their faces. They are worth from \$2 to \$15 apiece, according to age, size and intelligence. For sledge drawing they are harnessed in teams of either seven or nine-three or four pairs and a leader. The load is from 350 to 700 pounds, and the course is mainly through unbroken snow or over rough ice. With a team of seven dogs and a load of more than 300 pounds Mr. Nelson made a journey of more than 1,200 miles in about two months. The last 60 miles were made over a bad road in a continuous pull of 21 hours. They are much affected by the moon. During full moon half the night is spent by them in howling in chorus.

"During the entire winter at St. Michael's," says Mr. Nelson, "we were invariably given a chorus every moonlight night, and the dogs of two neighboring villages joined in the serenade." speaks of its "wild, weird harmony" and seems to have found it agreeable rather than otherwise. The influence of the moon is also very apparent when the dogs are traveling. They brighten up as the moon rises, and pricking up their ears start off as if they had forgotten their fatigue. The fur traders take advantage of this fact and sometimes lie over during the day and travel at night. The dogs endure an astonishing degree of cold. Mr. Nelson saw a female with two newly born puppies lying upon the snow near a hut, with no sign of shelter, when the thermometer ranged from 80 to 35 degrees below zero.

Indian Coronets.

American women who long for coronets should hesitate before accepting Indian ones. The case of an English woman who sued for divorce from her Hindoo husband points a moral. She alleged cruelty as a ground for her suit, and it is claimed that the same plea might be made by nearly all the women who marry orientals and go home with them.

As a usual thing, the oriental gentleman pursuing his studies at an English or American university is a picturesque figure. He is likely to be very clever, and it is taken for granted that he is a prince at least, when he is at home. He is popular with his fellows, and through one of them he meets and marries a pretty, freely brought up girl. Then he takes her home.

She may not meet with unkindness from her husband's family, for the orientals have many amiable and attractive qualities, and they are not cruel. But if the husband has not cut himself adrift from the religion and ties of his childhood his wife must conform to a certain extent to the ordinary lize of the native woman. And, inasmuch as she will only do this so far as her love and duty to her husband oblige her, she will cer-

SMITH WAS A BAD MAN. And He Had Learned One Game of Which

He Could Boast.

"But speaking of train robberies," put in the colonel, "reminds me of a man I met when I was in command of Fort D. A. Russell at Cheyenne. He was an express messenger named Smith, and his run was on what they called out there the 'high line' of the B. and M. railroad. Smith ain't much of a man to look at, but he was great in action, as you'll agree.

"I'd heard of Smith before I met him. He'd killed two men down in western Kansas, and they were saying around Cheyenne that he was 'bad.' So I was So I was curious to get him to tell me the story. and after awhile he did.

"He used to have a run on the Santa Fe down where it crossed into Colorado, All the messengers, you know, carried guns in those days-they do yet, for that matter-but Smith understood the use of a six shooter better than some of his mates. Things had been so smooth on his run for so long that he got a bit careless at last and used to leave the door of his car unlocked so that the brakemen could come in and talk with him whenever they liked without his having to go to the end of the car to unlock the door.

"Smith had one game, though, which was all his own. He told me that he had practiced it a good deal so that he could shoot within a fraction of a second after hearing any one say, 'Put up your hands.' All the train men on his run knew that. You know those fellows are great in skylarking, and Smith had warred them never to try to play that joke on him, because, he said, the first man who came into his car and took him unawares with that remark would be likely to die.

"One day he was sitting behind his little square iron safe checking off his money packages. He had the safe in a corner of the car facing one end. He always sat with his back against the front end of the car. The front door was al-ways barred. When he raised the lid of the little trunklike safe the messengers used then, he always put his two big six shooters on the corners of the safe in front of the lid. Any one approaching him from the rear end of the car couldn't see the guns, but they were ready for in-

"Well, on this day I'm telling you about, as he was checking off the packages, he heard the car door open and some one come in. He took it for granted that the visitor was the brakeman whom he was expecting, and without looking up went on with his work. He checked two or three more packages and was almost finished when he heard the sharp command, 'Put up your hands!'

"He looked up on the instant and saw two men, not in the least disguised, covering him with six shooters. His own hands were behind the lid of his safe. 'All right, boys,' he said. 'Don't shoot. They're up."

"They went up, that was true, but as they came over the lid of the safe there was a six shooter in each one. Both six shooters cracked the instant their muzzles came above the safe lid, and both bullets killed. The robbers fired, but they didn't pull until after they had been hit, and their bullets went wild.

"It was all done so quickly that there was no outcry or noise, and when the brakeman went into the car a few minutes afterward he found Smith washing up the blood from the floor. The dead men were on a blanket in a corner. That was how Smith got his reputation for beA SPY'S CLOSE CALL.

NUMBER 47.

He Was Rescued From Impending Death by a Clever Newspaper Ruse.

On the battlefield of Antietam Mr. Mc-Clure met General William J. Palmer, then a captain, and strongly urged him not to continue his movements as a spy after Lee had crossed into Virginia, but the gallant young soldier gave no promise as to what he would be likely to do, and the very first night after Lee crossed the Potomac he was again in Lee's camp and brought back important information to General McClellan.

Again he returned and entered the Confederate lines, and when he did not report after a week it was assumed that he had been captured and would probably be executed as a spy. He had been captured, was tried and condemned as a spy and sentenced to be executed, but he was saved by a clever newspaper device determined upon after a conference in this city between President J. Edgar Thomson of the Pennsylvania railroad, Colonel Scott and Mr. McClure. Thomson took special interest in Palmer, as he had been his secretary, and was much attached to him.

It was decided that Washington dispatches should be prepared for all of the Philadelphia morning papers announc-ing the arrival at the capital of Captain William J. Palmer, stating in what particular lines of the enemy he had oper-ated, and adding that he had brought much important information that could not be given to the public at the time. These dispatches appeared next morning in all the Philadelphia papers, promi-nently displayed, and of course reached the southern lines within 48 hours. The result was that Captain Palmer's

identity was never established in Rich-

mond, and his execution was thus sus-

pended. In a little while, when some prisoners had been exchanged, there was a

vacancy made in the list of the exchanged

men by death. Palmer's friends had

him take the place and name of the dead

soldier, and he thus escaped and returned

African Ants.

Dr. Sharp gives the following extract from Dr. Livingstone's "Narrative of an

"We tried to sleep one rainy night in a native hut, but could not because of at-

tacks by the fighting battalions of a very

small species of formica not more than one-sixteenth of an mch in length. It

soon became obvious that they were un-

der regular discipline and even attempt-

ing to carry out the skillful plans and

stratagem of some eminent leader. Our

hands and necks were the first objects of

attack. Large bodies of these little pests

were massed in silence round the point

to be assaulted. We could hear the

sharp, shrill word of command two or

three times repeated, though until then we had not believed in the vocal power

of an ant. The instant after we felt the

storming hosts over head and neck."-

A New Kind of Insurance

Agent-Ah, good morning, Mr. Talk-ed-to-death. I've called to see you

about insuring you in my company. I

Mr. Talked-to-death-Oh, go away! I don't want any insurance. I'm al-

"But, sir, you don't understand.

"No, I tell yon! I've been nearly

New York Ledger.

want to-

ready

crat.

This"-

to the service.-Philadelphia Times.

Expedition to the Zambezi:"

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A LLEGHENY VALLEY RAILWAY COMPANY commencing Sunday Dec. 24, 1893. Low Grade Division.

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Trains daily except Sunday, DAVID MCCARGO, GES'L. SUIT. JAS. P. ANDERSON, GEN'L. PASS, AGT.

A. MA. M. P. M. A M. P. M

"Now, here's a pin," continued this erudito student of fraternities, taking a small, plain Psi Upsilon pin from the case, "that I've had here for 18 months, and not an offer for it. I got it in a queer way. I was in a hockshop down

His Wish.

A wicked story is told about two partners who respected each other's busines ability, but who hated each cordially. To one of them came a fairy saying that he could have any boon he desired, and whatever he had his partner should have in double portion. Naturally his first wish was for a barrel of money. "All right," said the fairy, "but your partner will get two barrels on that wish." a little," said the first. "Perhaps "Stop you'd better not give me a barrel of money. I'd rather you would make me totally blind in one eye."-New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Practical.

Romeo Up-to-date-What does it matter whether we are rich or poor, darling, so long as we have

Two souls with but a single thought-Two hearts that beat as one? Jullet Fin-de-siecle-Only this-that,

for all that, we've always got two mouths that eat as two.-Liverpool Mercury.

A Watch on the Wall.

For many years a silver watch might be seen fastened to the wall of one of the fronts of the inner quadrangle of Somerset House. Londoners used to point it out as having saved the life of its owner when he fell from a scaffold, and he placed it there as a testimony .-New York Advertiser.

tainly fail to satisfy her new relatives and will be looked on with coldness and suspicion by them.-New York World,

The Sun's Fire.

How was heat originally imparted to our great lun "ary? Was he "born in fire" and has he been in an active state of combustion since the day of his birth. or was he once "a darksome body, flitting hither and thither and yet going nowhere in particular?"

If once a mighty planet of somber hue, why is he now the torchlight as well as the heating apparatus of a great system of worlds, and, being both, who is equal to the task of calculating even the cycle of time wherein the great change took place? It may have been that there were no worlds in what is now the solar system prior to that time, or, if there were, probably only two. These two black giants of this dark-

med portion of the great universe may have collided and coalesced into a vast nebula, from whence the whole of our system has been evolved. If light and eat were thus mechanically produced and still retained to a certain degree in our sun, the largest fragment of the two colliding worlds, is it not altogether likely that the great solar fires will finally burn out and that as a result man and all living creatures will become extinct on all of the inhabited planets?-St. Louis Republic.

Whited Financial Sepulchers.

With some very few exceptions, which it were invidious to name, but which all in the railway world know as such exceptions, the railway corporations of the United States literally live from hand to mouth and have no working or reserve rapital whatever, although their business requires it more than any other. The railways are capitalized for much more than they are worth. Usually the bonded indebtedness, car trust certificates, equipment and terminal securities, taken at par, represent a value in excess of the cost of the road, and upon them fixed interest is compulsorily payable. Hence, whatever the road earns upon actual cost must, unless it exceed, say, 6 per cent, be paid out annually in the shape of interest alone.-Simon Sterne

ing 'bad.' "-New York Sun.

Painstaking Forgers.

"Men try in every way possible," said prominent bank president, "to obtain the signatures of New York bankers.

"Their object is evidently to use them in committing forgeries. At least we suspect so, and for that reason try to be as careful as possible in signing letters.

"In this bank we have many letters from the west of such a trivial nature that we suspect an ulterior motive upon the part of the writers, and if we answer them at all do so by typewriter, even to the signature.

"One forger or counterfeiter in Indiana is exceedingly systematic and per-sistent in his efforts to obtain the signatures of our officers. As regularly as the year comes around he writes, inclosing a \$10 bill, and requests us to send him one of our new \$10 bank notes in exchange.

"He always gives the same reason for the request-that he wants it for 'his colection.' Of course that is nonsense. We believe that he wants a new bill so that he may discover if we have changed our officers and get their signatures.

"He never does get them though. We always return his bill with a typewritten letter on paper containing no names, excusing ourselves on the ground that we have no circulation outstanding."-New York Herald.

Took the Train.

Employer-You are late again. Didn't I tell you to take the train because it would bring you much faster than you could walk the distance?

Boy-Yes, sir, and I did.

Employer-Then how do you explain our lateness?

Boy-I had to loaf around the station for half an hour waiting for the train, which was away behind time.-Philadelphia Times.

Great Feat.

Mr. Grogan (telling the story of the argument)-An I had to sthand there ukin at him, shmoilin th' best Oi cud, an all the toime I was so mad Oi was grittin me teeth behind me boick.-Indianapolis Journal.

talked into my grave by insura agents, and"-

Aba, now we're talking business! That's just why you ought to take a policy in my company.'

What is your company?"

"Wby, it insures you against being talked to death by insurance agents!" -Boston Traveller.

There is a species of the bird known is the woodpecker in the far west that has an unusual amount of reasoning faculty. It is much tamer than the species of that bird found farther east and frequents the towns rather than the woods. They make holes along the eaves of the dwellings, and in these holes they place corns, not for the purpose of eating them, as the birds do not eat the acorns at all, but for the purpose of devouring the grubs that germinate in the acorn. This indicates a continuous train of thought, looking forward to the time of the creation of the worm and its desirability as food .- St. Louis Globe-Demo-

A Curious Fatality.

A curious fatality seems to have at-tached itself to the family of Captain Wilson, the African fighter. All the members of it that have died have been the victims of accident or violence, except his mother, who succumbed to an attack of paralysis. The husbands of two of Captain Wilson's sisters were drowned, as were two brothers in South Africa. There remains now the eldest son, Dr. George Wilson, a pioneer of sanitary science and a lover of fox hunting.-New York Ledger.

Seen From a Balloon.

A remarkable sight to be seen from a balloon is the bottom of lakes and ponds. While over Lake Erie Carl E. Myers, the balloonist, says he saw clearly a wreck lying under 75 feet of water. It was that of a schooner, sunk 40 years ago. At a height of half a mile the entire bottom of a small lake or pond can be clearly seen, and Mr. Myers believes that on a clear day an aeronant of good vision could see from a height of a mile submarine objects at a depth of 400 or 500 feet beneath the water.