Some Odd and Interesting Facts About Barnyard Fowls Roosters as Well as Hens Are Great Gossipers - Inside Information About Crowing.

The simions that Professor Garner hiscovered in Africa and which he claims can talk as readily as human beings will have to look to their laurels, for Professor Asger Hamerik of the Peabody Institute of Baltimore has made the discovery that hens and roosters of the ordinary barnyard breed hold protracted and interesting conversations with each

The careful attention he has given to the subject has not been in vain. Although he has not yet advanced so far in his researches as to be able to discuss the topics of the day with his chickens, he has learned enough to be able to tell what a hen means when she cackles, whether it is for a newly laid egg or merely a tale of woe or a prean of triumph over the discovery of a fresh worm or a juicy grasshopper. He can also tell you from the tones of a rooster's crow whether he is signaling a victory over a conquered foe or merely passing away the time or heralding the ap-

proach of day.

The rooster has been the professor's pet subject. He has been on the greatest terms of intimacy with Sir Chan ticleer for upward of 20 years. "Roostsaid he to a reporter, "as well as hens are the greatest gossipers in the world. When they get together, they do nothing but chatter continually. This is true also of the young pullets. I have watched them for hours at a time, and they would talk in this way." the professor gave an imitation of a hen clucking and other of the sounds so familiar in the farmyard.

That they are conversing with one another is proved by the fact that a rooster or a hen when alone is absolutely silent, excepting on rare occasions, when it sings a low lullaby, as it were, to itself, much as humans hum when alone or as a cat will pur when content-Just as soon, however, as the solitary ben or rooster meets another you will hear an animated conversation. have not progressed so far that I am able to understand all they say, but I understand some of their sounds and can imitate one or two so successfully that a hen listening will pay close attention to Thus if I sound the note of alarm a hen makes when a hawk is near or some other danger menaces she will immediately fly to cover."

The professor believes chickens tell each other current news. One day he introduced a new hen into his yard who, the very first time she spied the dog, set up a great eackling and flew around the yard in a state of evident terror. An old hen observed her for a few minutes, meanwhile making some sounds that were intended to reassure the scared fowl, but which had no effect, for the new arrival cackled worse and londer than ever. Finally the old hen approached close to the stranger, chuckling in a low tone. What she said he had no means of knowing, but it must have been something of a reassuring character, for the new hen at once ceased her clatter, and never after that did she display the least fear of the dog.

Crowing among the roosters afforded Professor Hamerik another interesting study. He noted the crows of over 500 roosters and never found two who crowed alike. Each, after a little practice, could readily be distinguished from the other. The duration of crowing is between midnight and noon. Each crow lasts from three to seven seconds. Although roosters may grow at any time of night, especially if it is moonlight or they are disturbed by a light, they crow the most frequently at dawn or just

The crowing seems to be a sort of telegraph service between the roosters, according to Professor Hamerik, for invariably in a neighborhood where there are many chickens the crowing is always started in the morning by the same rooster. Immediately response comes from all the other roosters. Generally there are about seven crows given in an interval of 10 seconds, and then there is silence for the space of perhaps 20 seconds, when the first rooster starts again, and the performance is repeated. A rooster always crows, too, shortly after eating, and never fails to voice his joy in a deep toned crow after he vanquishes a rival.

The professor has discovered, among other things, that chickens have a very acute sense of taste, hearing and vision, but lack the sense of smell. The most powerful fumes of acid are impercepti-ble to them. An experiment with am-monia proved that, though overcome with it, the hens walked blindly into

the same danger repeatedly.

The sense of taste is exceedingly well developed. The professor frequently observed a chicken after eating anything it particularly relished give vent to a peculiar chuckle that was undoubtedly meant for an exclamation of pleasure. The sound is a low, soft intonation, rontinued for some seconds. — New York World.

Good pencil cedar is getting so scarce that one great firm has begun to cultivate forests of cedar (Juniperous virginiana) in Germany. At Schloss Stein there is a cedar forest which covers 13 acres, and the head of the firm has for many years maintained nurseries and plantations of cedars on his land in Bavaria grown from seed which he im-ported from Florida.—Chicago Herald.

They Were Talking About Dogs. "Well," said Snaggs, "I think many dogs have more sense than their mas-ters."

"Yes," chimed in Craggs. "I have a log like that myself." And yet he souldn't make out why they laughed. —London Million.

HE MET A FRIEND.

There Was a Little Mistake, but It Was Pleasant One. His face beamed with surprise and

deasure as on entering the great store ne saw a friendly figure and features with which he was familiar confront him just within the door.

"I'm right glad to see you," he said, shifting the satchel he carried from his right arm to his left, and he was about to grasp the hand extended to him when a clerk touched him on the shoulder and inquired:
"What department, sir?"

"Department?" queried the old man turning around. "Am I in the depart-I reekon it were only in

"This is the dress goods and mantle department," said the clerk blandly. "Well, young man, I ain' lookin for dress goods, and I dunno as we want another mantel, seein as we hev only one clock, and I made a shelf for that ntyself. I want a pair of suspenders if so be you keep them. But first I want to speak to my friend here."

He turned about and confronted the smiling face of his friend.

'I don't seem able to name you," he said regretfully. "It's kind of queer, too, when I know you by sight as well as I do myself"

'Suspenders this way in the gentlemen's furnishing department," here interrupted the clerk

'That's all right, young man. Idon't keer which way they are there. I know how I want 'em, and I ain't a-goin to change my style of wearin suspenders at my age. Now, my friend here''——

extended his hand, expecting to grasp that of his friend, but his knuckles struck a cold, bare expanse of looking glass let into the wall. Then he saw the face of the clerk over his shoulder, and he knew he had been fooled and had mistaken the semblance of himself for an old friend. And he meekly followed the clerk, bought a pair of red, white and blue suspenders, and walked out of the "department,"

"I guess I'll have a gardeen 'pinted 'fore I come to town agin, "he remarked humbly as he left.-Detroit Free Press.

Glass Weaving.

The key to the process of making glass curtains, in connection with knit material, consists in operating particular needles of the machine at the right time and allowing others to remain idle. for which purpose a set of chain bars is used, so arranged as to render it possible to command the different needles according to the needs of the process. A chain is made up of bars, links and balls, like those used on the loom for weaving cloth, and there is a lever attached to the shoulder of each needle and extending from the part where the goods circle the needles down to the first bar of the chain, the latter resting in bearings. On the turning of a crank connecting beveled gears motion is imparted through the agency of an upright shaft to the chain cylinder, and every time the yarn is delivered to the needles a revolution is made, the chain bar cylinder presenting a new bar to the levers the needles, and whenever a ball on the bar contacts on the lever the needle to which it belongs is pushed forward, and a mechanical device causes the needle to operate and form loops, thus knitting. There are, however, blanks on some of the bars, and when these blanks connect with the levers of the needles no movement is made. - Uphol-

Plant Propagation. Some very curious processes for propa gation are practiced at the public gar-One consists in cutting with a knife a ring around a branch of a plant. One might imagine that the intention was to kill the branch, but such is by no means the object in view. The cut having been made, a piece of wet moss is wrapped and tied around the branch at that point. Beneath this protection the sap exudes from the wound, and little rootlets are developed. After a few days the branch is cut away from the parent stem, being then itself a complete plant, with roots, all ready to put in a pot. This plan is adopted with plants of slow growth, because one plant may thus be split up into half a dozen or more of good size, instead of waiting for a seedling or little slip to develop.—Wash-

Insulted.

An American traveler relates that alighting at a hotel in Granada, a man at the door put out his hand toward him. The traveler supposed that the man was the porter of the hotel and offered him his valise. The man step-ped back, tossed his head and frowned scornfully. "Caramba!" he exclaimed. "Do you take me for a porter? I would have you understand that I am no porter." "Indeed? Then may I ask you, senor, what you are?" "I am a beggar, sir, and asked you for alms."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Irritating.

James Payn tells in the London Illustrated News of a whist player being told by an opponent that he could always tell by his face when he had a good hand. This he resented exceeding-ly and applied to his partner for a refutation of it, but he was only still more irritated by his form of corroboration "that he had never noticed any expression in his countenance whatever.

Miste

"It seems too bad," said Mr. Easywell, "that authors and reviewers do not get on together better."

"Yes," replied his wife, "the world seems to be quite wrong. Judging by what one reads, the crities should all be novelists and the novelists all critics."—Washington Star.

The Way Girls Do.

Harry—Has Mabel's engagement been announced yet?

Ethel—No, but she blushes furiously every time his name is mentioned and says she just hates him.—New York

A SON OF KIT CARSON.

HOME AND FAMILY OF A DESCENDANT OF THE FAMOUS SCOUT.

An Adobe Cabin In the Shade of a Spreading Oak Up a Santa Monica Canyon Shelters Sam Carson, His Indian Wife and Their Dark Browed Offspring.

When old Kit Carson died, full of years and Indian fights, he left a son, who, resting content with the name which his father had won, betook himself far from the strife of this world and built him a home under the suns of southern California. Far up in one of the canyons of Santa Monica he cut down a few sturdy cedars and built his shelter. Then he covered it with the mud which he dug from the bed of the mountain torrent flowing noisily at the bottom of the canvon. His house was on the hillside overlooking the stream and was shaded by a huge live oak, which spead its branches this way and that for his half Indian children to sit and

This was the home of Sam Carson, and just before he built his adobe he had taken to wife a comely Indian woman whose tribe for centuries had lived in the foothills of the Sierras Santa Moniea, whence they could look out upon the blue Pacific, with Santa Catalina rising, a blue hump in the ocean, 30 miles away.

A wanderer up the canyon green under the warm February sun found Mma. Carson sitting placidly on a stump in an onion field, mending her lord's jeans. She was Indian, and Indianlike was wrinkled and worn and bent, though her eyes were still bright and sparkling. She looked at least 60 years old as she sat there, glancing cannily at me and then pointing out the ravages which storm and fire had made in past years.

She put her sewing down on her knee and in broken English, mixed with Movican Spanish and frequent expressive little grunts, she told me all their troubles of the past.

The old Indian woman suddenly turned to watch three little dark browed children that were chasing one another along the hill's crest, their chubby bodies silhouetted against the blue sky

"Mine—all mine," she said proudly, Sam's and mine. I have had seven children, four grown, three little. See?' and she pointed her wrinkled finger at the youngsters, now rolling gleefully down the hillside

"T'rantulas, chil'ren!" she screamed. 'T'rantulas like the warm earth on the sunny hills and come out and stingsometimes little chil'ren dead," she explained, and then she started sewing again, leaving the youngsters and the tarantulas to their own devices.

"How-how old are you?" the visitor ventured.

The old woman dug thoughtfully into the dirt with one of her brown toes. Then she drew it back hastily beneath her skirt and looked over at the moun-"Maybe 49," she said, with a sudden smile.

"Oh, no, not so much as that." She thought again for a long time, watching the Pacific gleaming in the "Well, maybe 39 then," and sunlight. she smiled contentedly.

The ocean breeze blew up the canyon, bringing with it the faint roar of the breakers. Occasionally one could hear the crack of a rifle, at which the old Indian woman never failed to glance up quickly. Her sewing was almost done when Sam Carson, her husband, walked out of the thickets up the canyon and stalked lazily across the field, gan in hand and a small yellow dog at his heels. The wife arose quickly, and Sam sat down on the smooth stump. He was as brown as his Indian wife, his hair was gray, and his beard was grizzled. He spoke in a low toned, deliberate fashion, as most people do who live long

under a semitropic sun.
"Do you see that little cur?" he said. "That darned little dog has just killed a wildcat," and the son of the old scout wiped his brow and prepared to tell the rest of his story. He had a reputation for thrilling and impossible tales.

"Me and Baldy-I named him after the old mountain over there—me and Baldy, we was a-slyin through the underbrush. I thought I'd shoot some gophers just for luck. Well, sir, I was standin in front of a big live oak, way the canyon there where it gets narrer. All of a suddin I heard a whirrin noise in the air. I looked up, and bless me if there wasn't a big wildcat flying right down on me. I gave one jump, but I expected the cat would have me the next lick. Oh, she was a big un, I'm tellin

"But Baldy was there. He just sailed into that cat. My, how Baldy did shake her," and Sam caressingly shied a lump of dirt at the diminutive cur's nose. It would have been an unpardonable insult to suggest that any wildcat would have made two mouthfuls of little

Baldy. "Did Baldy kill her?" "As dead as a snail," said Sam.

"Well, where is the skin of the cat

anyway?" I asked.
"Baldy chewed him all up," said
gam thoughtfully. "Chewed him all up. 'Twasn't worth bringin home," and handing his rifle to his wife to car-'Twasn't worth bringin home,' ry Sam walked slowly back among the onion sprouts and disappeared with her in the cabin under the big oak.—Cor. New York Tribune.

Chicago has a federation of women' clubs numbering 23 organizations. One of these is called the Orio club and is interested in almost everything under the sun. It has a peculiar rule to the effect that the president may address any member whose name she forgets as "Mrs. Tipps."-Chicago Correspondent

Not That Kind.

Lady—Have you any celery? Green Huckster—Not much, ma'am only \$2 a week.—Detroit Free Press.

AN ANGEL UNAWARES.

A Pathetic Little Tale of Three Women and Two Babies.

It was on a Sixth avenue surface car, and when she got on at Twenty-eighth street there were but five passengers two women, each with a baby, and the spectator.
One of the women sat in the far cor-

ner, while the other sat on the opposite

The spectator is not, as a rule, "giv en" to babies, but that baby was one of that irresistible sort that laughs and makes fun of you, gurgling out all sorts of disjointed criticisms of your personal appearance and general makeup that would be simply unbearable could you but understand it. How such a delightful baby could

ever have selected such a mother was inexplicable.

As you looked at her hard and unwomanly face-which not even her baby's smile could soften-you involuntarily pitied the child that some day must turn to her for sympathy and help.

These observations were just completed when the car stopped, and she stepped on.

She was plainly dressed in a gown of dark brown, made of some rich corded material, edged with fur. Her coloring was of that warm, rich tint that one finds in the women of the south, with golden brown hair and eyes. Altogether she was most good to look at.

But about her was that intangible, illusive something, that indescribable air-in spite, or perhaps because, of her otherwise modest demeanor-that proclaimed her the woman of pleasure.

She scated herself across the car, and immediately that baby, attracted by something—who can say what?—some latent goodness in that face perhaps, which her innocent wisdom, untainted as yet by the wisdom of this world, recognized-prepared to make a conquest of the newcomer.

She moved her little plump hand and cooed and laughed. Who could resist

Her face became suffused; her eyes gleamed with happiness. She was no longer merely a pretty coquette. She was a beautiful, womanly woman.

Leaning forward, she kissed the little

hand tremulously. Finally, yielding to an irresistible impulse, she crossed over and sat beside the mother, who might have been a carven image for any sign of life she

"Would-would you let me hold that dear baby just a minute?"

For the first time that wooden face became expressive. These light blue eyes actually glinted and sparkled. In a thin voice that gave vent to all the malice of a narrow nature, she

jeered: "You! Why, I wouldn't let you touch her!"

The poor face changed.

The beautiful, happy flush deepened to a cruel red. From an expression of angelic tenderness it took on one that was in itself an imprecation. For the baby's pure sake she smoth-

ered it at the door of her lips. At that moment the car stopped, and she hurried to the door.

She was not so quick, however, but that the other mother caught her hand, her plain, kind, motherly face all alight with a divine impulse of generosity.

"I get off here," she said. "Won't you carry my baby a little way? My arms are very tired."

As they stepped together from the platform of the car the spectator, overcome with reverence for the beautiful charity of that act, felt that he dimly understood what it was to "entertain an angel unawares!"-New York Recorder.

A Bad Break.

"It is well for a speaker to know where his peroration is going to end when he begins," said E. R. Harper of Denver

"I heard a young lawyer make his maiden speech. It was in defense of a fellow who was about half witted, arrested on the charge of stealing a hog, the young attorner, having been appointed by the court. His defense was that his client was an idiot and unable to distinguish between right and wrong. He closed a flowing speech with a per-

oration like this:
"Gentlemen of the jury, look at my client. That low, receding forehead, those lusterless eyes, portend that he was deprived by nature of the power to distinguish right from wrong, ignorant of the distinction which exists between his own property and that of others. To him, as to the 2-year-old child, whatever he wants and can reach belongs to him. He knows neither why it does nor why it does not. But, gentlemen of the jury, such are the institutions of this, our free and glorious country, that my client, idiot though he is, stands for a trial today by a jury of his peers.' The culprit got the full limit of the law."— St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

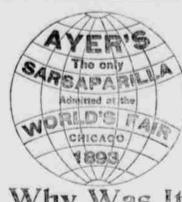
The literature of the world was Von Bulow's. He loved the music of all the world, so he knew it by heart. I saw some illustrations of his wonderful memory. I got some of Greig's lyric pieces from Warmouth, which I showed to Bulow. He was not acquainted with Children's Suits. to Bulow. He was not acquainted with them. I believe they were then quite new. He glanced them through before giving them back to me. A few days afterward, at a party, he sat down to the piano and played one of them, the most difficult one. "Was not that it?" "Yes, exactly." He could multiply figures like 1,750,374 by 2,656,793 in his head. I think most people would need pencil and paper.—Bjornstjerne Bjornson.

His Day Off. "Thank heaven," sighed the weekly editor, "for one day's rest in seven!"
"What do you do on Sunday?"

"Nothing—only split the wood and light the fire and milk the cow and draw the water and whip the children and swear around at leisure!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Easy to Make a Strong Cigar.

tobacco manufacturer who moves in a select coterie of tobacco loving friends was recently told by one of those connoisseurs that he had yet to find a cigar that was too strong for him to enjoy. Acting on the suggestion, the man-ufacturer took occasion to have a cigar specially constructed of stems and neat ly covered with a rich, appetizing Ha-vana leaf, rolled into points at both ends. This he presented to his friend with the wish that it might prove strong enough to suit his taste. Suspecting nothing, the friend proceeded to smoke, and was soon surprised to see coals like redhot nails exuding from the end of the cigar. As the skin peeled off his tongue his brain began to reel, and he soon gave up in an old fashioned attack of nausea. He no longer boasts of his capacity before people who are in the business.—Philadelphia Record.



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Mas. R. J. MULNOLLAN, Administratrix of John F. Mulholian, dec'd.

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