

REYNOLDSVILLE, PENN'A., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 8, 1894.

Ballvoad Cime Cables.

VOLUME 3.

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER & PITTS-BURGH RAILWAY.

The short line between Pulkois, Ridgway, Bradford, Salamanca, Buffalo, Rechester, Ningara Falls and points in the upper oil restor.

region. On and after June 17th, 1804, passen-ger trains will arrive and depart from Fails Creek station, daily, except Sunday, as fol-

Bernstein, dahle, except Sunday, as follows:
1.20 P. M. and A.P p. m. Accommodations from rom surrowney and ills fun.
8.50 A. M. - Influio and Rochester mail. For Brockway-ville. Eduxuy Johnsonburg with the Accommodation for Sylves. Bit Row and Constant Accommodation - For Sylves.
10.52 A. M. - Accommodation - For Sylves.
10.54 A. M. - Accommodation - For Sylves.
10.55 A. M. - Accommodation - For Sylves.
10.54 A. M. - Accommodation - For Sylves.
10.55 A. M. - Accommodation - For Sylves.
10.54 A. M. - Accommodation - For Sylves.
10.70 P. M. - Mail-For PuBols, Sylves. Bit Ron and Ponseurow Water.
10.9 P. M. - Mail-For PuBols, Sylves. Bit Rom Bradford Accommodation - For Sylves.
10.9 P. M. - Mail-For PuBols, Sylves. Bit Roman. Public Sylves.
11.9 P. M. - Mail-For PuBols, Sylves. Bit Ronding and Bradford.
12.9 P. M. - Mail-For PuBols, Sylves. Bit Ronding and Bradford.
13.9 P. M. - Mail-For PuBols, Sylves. Bit Ronding and Bradford.
14.9 P. M. - Mail-For PuBols.
15.9 P. M. - Mail-For PuBols.
16.9 P. M. - Mail-For PuBols.
17.9 P. M. - Mail-For PuBols.
18.9 Public Sylves.
19.9 Public Sylves.
10.9 Public Sylves.</l

DENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

IN EFFECT NOV. 19, 1893.

Philadelphia & Erie Railroad Division Time Table. Trains leave Driftwood. EASTWARD

EASTWARD 201 A M-Train s, duily except Sunday for Sunbary, Harrisborg and Intermediate sta-tions, arriving at Philadelphia 6.20 p.m., New York, 20:36 p.m. Pullman Pariof car from Williamsport and passenger conches from Kause to Philadelphia. 200 P. M.-Train 6, duily except Sunday for Harrisburg and Intermediate stations, ar-riving at Philadelphia 4.20 A.M.: New York, 7235 A.M. Through coach from DuBois from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York, 7435 D. Philadelphia and New York, Philadelphia passengers can remain in

Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York.
 Thiladelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturted until 7:00 A. M.
 9:35 F. M. – Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermedilate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 6:50 A. M. Yoew York, 9:30 A. M. Fultman cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia. Passengers in sleeper for Baltimore and Washington will be transferred into Washington Schemer Arrisburg, Passenger conducts from Erie and Williamsport. To Philadelphia and Washington Schemer Schemer Schemer and Washington Schemer Schemer Schemer and Schemer and Schemer Schemer

WESTWARD

7:32 A. M.-Train I. daily except Sunday for Ridgway, DuBois, Clermont and Inter-mediate stations. Leaves Ridgway at 5:00

mediate stations. Loaves Ridgway at 3:00 P. M. for Erie. 9:50 A. M.-Train 5, daily for Erie and inter-mediate points. 6:27 P. M.-Train 11, daily except Sunday for Kane and intermediate stations.

THROUGH TRAINS FOR DRIFTWOOD FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH.

TRAIN II leaves Philadelphia 8:55 A. m.; Washington, 7:59 A. M.; Baltimore, 8:45 A.M.; Wilkesharre, 10:15 A.M.; daily excent Sun-day, arriving at Driftwood at 6:57 P. M. with Pullman Parlor car from Philadelphia to Williamsport.

Williamsport. TRAIN 3 leaves New York at * p. m.: Phila-delphia, 11:20 p. m.; Washington, 10:40 a. m.; Baltimore, 11:40 p. m.; daily arriving at Driftwood at 9:26 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Philadelphia to Erie and from Washington and Baltimore to Williamsport and through passenger conches from Phila-delphia to Erie and Baltimore to Williamsport port and to DuBois.

TRAIN I leaves Renovo at 6:35 a. m., dally except Sunday, arriving at Driftwood 7:32 a. m.

JOHNSONBURG RAILROAD. (Daily except Sunday.)

TRAIN [9] [eaves Ridgway at 0.40 a.m.; Johnsonburg at 9:55 a.m., arriving at Clermont at 10:45 a.m.; arriving at Johnsonburg at Johnsonburg at 11:40 a.m.; and Ridgway at 11:55 a.m.;

RIDGWAY & CLEARFIELD R. R.

DAILY EYCEPT SUNDAY. SOUTHWARD. NORTHWARD.

Just CAUSE AND EFFECT. No wonder that the sea is sad, Or that the ocean roars: The love tales they hear told and told Must be such awful bores.

From yachts and boats the story floats, All through the summer weather. From stream and straid, where hand in hand

Walk man and maid together.

The lovers always like dump spots Wherein their yows to make. They mostly choose some brookside or Malaria giving lake.

The sweet, shy summer budlets come; Till numbers would appall. Perhaps each girl hears one youth rave-The waters hear them all

Roar on, O seal Laugh on, O streaml And murm'ring brocklet bubble, But don't you take to telling tales, Or you'll make lots of troublet -New York Recorder.

HOWPETEWASCURED

WHAT HIS SHORT STAY IN LOUISIANA DID FOR HIM.

Bill Zach Thought Pete Raines Was Incur able and Sent Him Away-Plunk Took His Life In His Hand, So He Thought, but Pete Came Back Completely Changed.

"I never knew any one but Pete Raines that had ever been to Louisiana," said Slote Bondell of Gibson county, Tenn., "and I never heard him say a word against it, but from the way he acted when he came back to Tennessee from there I can't say that I cathered the idea that Louisiana held out many inducements for folks to go there and stay-that is, if the district Pete Raines went to was any fair sample of the way things strike visitors in Louisiana. That district was Tangipahoa parish. I saw Pete when he started for Tanginahoa parish, and I saw him just after he back. That's why I can't get up got and shout much when I hear folks brag about Louisiana, although Pete never said a word. There was good reason for that, though.

"Now, I s'pose that when I rise to remark that west Tennessee is the garden spot of all creation some folks'll snicker and maybe snort. But they wouldn't if they knew how 'shamed they'd be if they could ever strike luck enough to be turned loose in Gibson county once, especially around where Humboldt is. William Zachariah Raines lives there.

'One day, two years or so ago, Bill Zach said to Plunk-Plunk was a nigger that worked for Bill Zach, and a good one he was, too-'Plunk,' said Bill Zach, 'there ain't no kind o' use, we got to do something with Pete. The better I treat him the worse he acts. He won't plow, and he won't nothing that ain't cussedness. Kicked the bay mare in the belly this morning, and she won't be worth a picayune for a week. Chased the old woman from the cowyard clear to the house and into the house and followed her half way up the kitchen stairs. There ain't any living with Pete any longer. Something's got to be done. Guess I'll send him 'long with you down into Louisiana.

" 'Golly !' said Plunk. 'Who'll fotch me back ag'in den? Pete he kill me thus no need for protection, they are sure! Dead nigger can't walk back from noisy and clamorous, like parrots and "But Bill Zach had made up his mind, and the mule had to go with Plunk, dead nigger or no dead nigger. "Guess I forgot to say before that Pote Raines was a mule, and a slick one he was too! Bill Zach raised him. He was 8 years old when all this happened, and I'll bet his cars were a foot and a half long. His tail wasn't as long as his ears, but it had a tuft on it like a cannon swab. Pete was fat as a seal, and his hide glistened like a darky's face in a green cornfield. But Pete wasn't reliable. He had a way of kicking and biting and fighting on the spur of the moment and without any provocation that made him practically the boss of things around Bill Zach's place, and he knew it. Bill Zach bought a place a couple of years ago down in Tangipahoa parish, La., to which he intended to send Plunk down to work, and so he thought he'd get rid of Pete in a merciful sort of way by sending him down there, too, although it might be that he'd get rid of Plunk at the same time. 'They shipped Pete on the railroad, nd he went away tickled to death. He had it in his mind that he was going into a wider field to spread his cussedness in, and he fairly yelled with de-light in his car when the train pulled out. It is 180 miles from Humboldt to Tangipahoa parish by rail. When they unloaded Pete down there, he came out smiling. He thought he had it in for that country and would make his mark. But he hadn't looked around much before dejection seemed to seize him. Plunk had never seen Pete that way, and he got scared. Plunk was more uneasy still when Pete went listlessly to the plow and dragged it all day without once lifting his ears or his heels. "'' 'I bet dis whole plantation 'gin a alligator what ain't kotched yit, ' said Plunk, 'dat dey's a yarthquake wuckin in dat mool, an dat when it busts it'll h'ist dis nigger clean to de udder side ob Jurdan! "But it wasn't so. The mule go down in the dumps worse and worse ev-ery day, and after Pete had been in Louisiana a week Plunk went to the field after him one day, and there was no mule to be seen. Plunk hunted all over that country for three days, but couldn't find any trace of Pete. Then Plunk sent word to Bill Zach that the mule had gone off somewhere and died.

And Bill Zach was glad About three weeks after that Bill Zach was startled out of his sleep at half past 3 in the morning by a noise that awakened memories. He listened. The noise broke out again. It rattled the windows; it echoed among the hills; it wailed; it yooped, it heehawed.

" 'Pete, by the living jumper!' yelled Bill Zach, jumping out of bed and hurrying to the door. A mule was leaning wearily against the front fence. He was thin and scraggy, his eyes were hollow and his cars half way to his knees. like a yaller hound's. When this mule saw Bill Zach at the door, he lifted up his voice again and actually wept. It was Pete, back from Louisiana. It is 500 miles from Tangipahoa parish to Humboldt by road, and so you may know what Petermust have thought of Louisi ana to take his overburdened heart with him, so to speak, and pull out for Ten nessee on the hoof. Pete was as slick as ever he was in a few days and started in to be pretty near as sassy and cussed as ever, but Bill Zach said one day to his wife when Pete was by:

" 'I'm going to send Pete back to Tangipahoa parish again, Susan."

"Pete dropped his ears and walked away, and ever since then he has been the best mule in the whole of Gibson county, and Bill Zach wouldn't take \$1,000 for him."-New York Sun.

THE TOUCAN.

A Queer South American Bird With an Extraordinarily Large Bill.

A queer kind is the toucan. It seems to have been made expressly to take charge of its buge banana shaped beak, which, in some species, is fully 7 inches length and more than 2 inches in width—entirely out of proportion to its comparatively small body. This beak is the most brilliant possession of the toucan, being orange and black, scarlet and yellow or green and red, according to the species of the bird.

Its home is in the wild South Ameri can woods, where, mingled with the screaming of parrots, macaws and other tropical birds, is heard its monotonous "Tucano, tucano!" from which cry, its name is probably derived. It is a fruit eater, and climbing among the branches it gathers its food with its long beak, whose strength no stem can resist.

The toucan nests in trees, and it is uncertain whether it excavates its burrow or builds in a natural cavity. Nothing more comical can be imagined than the head of this creature, with its sparkling eyes and enormous, gayly colored beak, appearing from a hollow in the trunk of some forest monarch. It is said that the young birds are subject to the attacks of monkeys and birds of prey, and that when the parent bird is alarmed all she has to do is to poke her head out of the aperture leading to the nest. The assailant, seeing so huge a bill, fancies an animal of corresponding size behind it and leaves, without bowing or saying farewell.

Toucans are sociable birds and go in large flocks They make common cause against their enemies, such as owls and falcons, which they surround and mob, as the rooks do in England. Having mo WH.

These Allowed to Ripen on Tree Are Not the Best Flavored.

Whether for shipment or for home consumption the banana is out as soon as it is "full"-that is, when it has reached its adult form and size, but is still quite green. The plant is cut off by a single blow of a machete wielded by a powerful arm. As it falls the bunch is caught, lopped off and laid aside, while the harvester goes on to the next bunch. It is a popular supposition that bananas "ripened on the tree" are incomparably superior to those cut green. But, as a matter of fact, one never eats them thus ripened in Jamaica. They are said to be not so good. At all events, one finds no better fruit in texture and flavor than the best of our own markets. But every lover of this fruit knows that its quality varies ex-traordinarily as it is offered to us. This is due partly to the different sources from which it comes.

The best that is brought to us comes from Jamaica. It is also due still more to the condition of the fruit when cut. Bananas which are perfectly full will ripen mellow and delicious, but those cut when immature, as too many are. will turn yellow, yet never truly ripen, retaining always their hard texture and unripo taste. In Jamaica, as elsewhere, the competition of buyers leads the unscrupulous ones to accept fruit of any sort, even when totally unfit, and this sort of competition makes all the more unavailing the efforts of honest buyers to raise the standard and to teach the people to withhold their fruit until it is properly developed. Americans can give more moral support to these efforts by accepting only such fruit as is mature at any price. A little pains will soon enable one to distinguish good from poor fruit, though it is difficult to give a general statement of the distinctive differences. But, as a rule, it will be found that bananas which are largest, deepest yellow and least angular are the most mature and best .- Popular Science Monthly.

AS TO THE FLOOD, DOCTORS DIFFER.

Some Think It Local to the Euphrates, Oth ers the Melting of the Ice Age.

Suess, in "Das Antlitz der Erde," and Neumayer, in "Erdesgeschichte," have attempted to show that the Mosaic account of the deluge was copied with little from an original Assyrian version, and that it was a local flood which took place in the plains of the Tigris and Euphrates, not in the valley of the Jordan. In a recent number of Natur Wochenschrift, however, Herr Richard Hennig tries to prove that a general flood took place in the ice age during the quaternary period.

Many facts, such as evidences of glaciation and lowering of temperature, found in the rocks and in sagas and myths, as well as the vast extension of a great lake in the far west of America, whose level was 1,000 feet above that of the Salt lake, go to prove that floods accompanied the retreat of the glaciers Countries in warmer latitudes-for ex ample, the Sahara-were converted into seas and swamps or were locally flood-ed. Isolated lands kept clear of the inundation-for instance, Egypt-but we may remind Herr Hennig that, accord-

SPOUSE OF A SIOUX PRINCESS. Charles P. Jordan, Cousts of General Custer

The queen of the Sioux is the wife of a white man. Neither of them is or has any reason to be ashamed of it. Red Cloud, without question the greatest Indian chief of this generation, gave her away at the altar on the Sioux reservation. The Sioux queen's husband is Charles P. Jordan, brother of Lieutenant Colonel Jordan, United States army, a cousin of General Custer and one of the most tried representatives of the government in the Indian country. Ho hears the honor of being the only white man who was ever elected a member of the Sioux council. In their days of pow er, before hardly a single white face had been seen west of the Missouri river, the Dakotas (Jioux) were one nation, ruled by one chief. The last of this au-tocratic dynasty was Old Smoke, who died in 1859 after seeing his people pushed westward and his power curtailed. Although the husband of more than one squaw, he left but one child, a tiny girl, who could hardly coo when Old Smoke got ready to float upward to the happy hunting grounds. When dying, he took her in his arms and named her The Beautiful Woman, and so she has since been known. The Beautiful Woman was a princess. She did no work, but learned of missionaries, scorned dog meat and kept her nails trimmed and her glorious black hair plaited and combed. She grew to womanhood, high spirited, proud and capricious-an ideal squaw. But as no ideal chief came to woo her she scorned an alliance with any common member of the tribe,

Young Jordan, a tall, bright eyed fellow of good education and address, came west as clerk to the Indian agent at Pine Ridge. He fell in love with the princess, and his love was reciprocated by the Sionx maiden. And so they were married by a priest in stole and surplice and with all the formalities of the white man's laws and customs. The big Sioux chiefs came from miles around to attend the wedding, the army officers from the neighboring posts jingled their spurs in the Old Virginia reel, which followed the benediction, and the pretty Sioux queen has since been plain Mrs. Jordan. A bevy of black eyed children bless the alliance. Charles P. Jordan, the Sioux queen's husband, has lived on the frontier for many years. He is still in his prime, and his adventures would fill a book-or several of them. He has been scalped, shot full of arrows, has been tortured and even condemned to death by the hostiles. Thirty miles from Rosebud agency he has a fine farm and stock ranch, well wooded with oak, elm, ash and box elder. There is a big orchard of cultivated fruits close by and a series of artificial dams down the valley, in which heaver are encouraged to construct their own peculiar fortifications. -Sioux City Journal.

Crazed Engineers.

Insanity is very frequent among railway employees. Two dramatic illustrations can be mentioned. There is living in New Jersey, not far from Philadelphia, a man who for many years was the foremost passenger engineer between New York and Philadelphia on the Pennsylvania railroad. He ran all the and best trains, and in never had an accident. One night in the gleam of the headlight he saw a woman. He had only time to see her hands raised and to hear her cry, and before he could put his hand upon the lever he felt a jerk under the wheels and know that all was over. Since that night he has never been on an engine. For months he did not sleep and later became practically insane, but only on the one point of seeing and hearing the woman his engine killed. Now he goes about harmlessly and aimlessly, but he has to be kept away from railroads, and in his fretful sleep he awakes with cries and paroxysms of horror. The other case is that of a man who was conductor of a train on the Camden and Amboy, whose train had an accident. He came out all right himself, but it preyed so upon his mind that one night he left his home, and going to the point where the accident occurred threw himself in front of a passing train, receiving injuries from which he died.-Philadelphia Times.

NUMBER 13.

PERILS OF BULL FIGHTING. It Is an Easy Matter For Toreros to Meet a Violent Death.

One is necustomed to hear bull fighting denounced as both cruel and cow-ardly-cruel because of the suffering it inflicts upon animals, cowardly because the risk run by the bullfighter is infinitesimal. The first charge is absolutely true, so far at least as concerns the cufortunate horses. The second is equally false, as the tragic death of Espartero should serve to teach the amateur critics who for the most part have never seen the spectacle they denounce in such unqualified terms.

If the Spaniards would only revive the original form of the sport they borrowed from the Moors-that is to say, the riding, not of wretched cab horses, only fit for the knneker and mounted by professional picadores, but of valua-ble horses, with "owners up," who would, of course, exercise their skill in trying to save their mounts-there would be little to be said against bull fighting on the score of cruelty.

As to the current succes at the cowardice of the bullfighters, they are the outcome of sheer ignorance. One has but to witness the entry into the ring of a fresh caught Andalusian bull twice the size and weight of a lion, fully as fierce and almost as active to understand that every man in the ring carries his life in his hand, and that a momen-tary loss of nerve, of judgment or of footing will probably mean instant death.

That terrible fighting "spear"-a Spaniard never talks of a bull's "horn" any more than an Englishman of a fox's "tail"-would make short work of any man who had not devoted the flower of his age to the study of the most perilous of all forms of sport. Those who have seen such daring and accomplished toreros as Lagartijo or Frascuelo take the cloak from the hand of a subordinate and play with the infuriated beast as a child might with a kitten, knowing all the time that the slightest mistake would be fatal, cannot, if they speak the truth, refuse to admit that the combination of skill and courage is unparalleled. The perils of the plaza redeem the sport from the charge of cowardice, though not, as it is at present conducted, from that of cruelty .-- London Graphic.

Size of a Whale's Throat.

1

One of the favorite arguments of the skeptic is that the Biblical story of Jonah and the whale cannot be true sim-ply because the books on natural history say that such animals have very small throats. Appleton's American Cyclo-pedia says, "The food of whales consists only of the smallest of the marine mollusca, a herring being the largest fish they can swallow." Chambers' Encyclo-pedia, in the article "Whale," says: "The gullet of whales is very narrow. It is said not to be more than 116 inches in diameter even in a large whale, so that only very small animals can pass through it." In McMillan's book on the curiosities of the ocean. "The Sea and Its Denizens," chapter 3, page 69, I find the following: "That the story of Jonah and the whale cannot be refuted simply because such animals have, as a rule, very small gullets or throats may be inferred from the fact that there are certain species of the sperm whale now living that can swallow an object 2 feet in diameter. I myself was present at Lamarck when a buoy as large as a 13 gallon water cask, and greater in diameter than the chest and shoulders of a 200 pound man, was taken from the belly of a whale which was not more than two-thirds grown."-St. Louis Republic.

RIPE AND UNRIPE BANANAS.

and a Typical Border Scout.

Star.

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A LLEGHENY VALLEY RAILWAY COMPANY commencing Sunday May 27, 1894, Low Grade Division.

	EAST	WARD	e .		
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STATIONS.		WARD	7	106	1 110
Driftwood Grant Benezette Glen Fisher. Tyler Penfield Winterburn Rebula. DuBols. Falls Creek Reynoldsville. Reynoldsville. Bell. Bell.	A. M. 10 10	A. M. 5 00 5 32	P. M. 6 35 7 06	P. M.	P. N

A. M. A. M. P. M. A M. P. M. Trains daily except Sunday. DAVID MCCABGO, GEN'L. SUPT. JAS. P. ANDERSON, GEN'L. PASS. AGT.

The plumage is generally black, but

the throat is white, tinged with yellow and commonly edged beneath with red. The tail is nearly square or moderately rounded, with the upper feathers red and the lower scarlet. Alternations of the brighter colors are displayed in the feathers of the throat, the breast and the tail.

The bird is kept easily in confine-ment, and no doubt from early times many were brought alive to Europe. Some of its brilliant tints are very fleeting, and they often leave little or no trace after death, so that little idea of its beauty can be obtained from a stuffed specimen. -- Philadelphia Times.

The Smith Family Ham.

"The average citizen is fond of a piece of sweet ham, but it is an absolute waste to set before an uneducated palate a slice of a genuine old Smithfield that has been two years in curing," said Colonel Thomas Longley of Virginia. "The fame of the Smithfield ham has been spread to the uppermost parts of the land, and I never yet knew a man who was cognizant of the merits of both that didn't prefer the product of old Virginia to the choicest that ever came from Westphalia. I can't describe the process of the former's treatment in detail, but I know it is enveloped in ashes a good while and subsequently buried in mother earth, where it stays for many moons.

"Some high flying epicures aver that a Smithfield should be liberally drenched with champagne while in process of cooking, but I don't think wine is at all necessary. My mode is to parboil it till the skin comes off easily, then put it in the baking pan and baste judiciously with vinegar and sugar. Then it comes out a dish fit for the Olympian gods. Of course all the hams bear the name do not come from the little town of Smithfield, for that little hamlet couldn't supply one-hundredth part of the demand

"A member of the universal Smith family, old Captain Isaac, for whom the town was named, and who was if, I mistake not, a contemporary of Gen-eral Washington, invented the process of curing that part of the hog in ques-tion, and today his imitators are scat-tered all over Virginia and Maryland." --Washington Post.

ing to Herodotus, Egypt was formerly in great part a marsh.

It is curious to note, in connection with the glacial theory, that an old Aryan tradition tells of the "Aryans" having been driven from their original seat by the country becoming colder and the winter longer. The German flood saga tells that "the floods of the north came far from their home and were turned into ice, and the ice stood still. and the mist which hung over it froze. The sun warmed the drops, however, and Ymir of Hrimthursen, the frost giant in the form of a man, was born. Bors killed the giant, and in his blood drowned the race of Hrimthursen except Bergelmir, who, in a boat, saved himself and wife, and from them sprang the new race of Hrimthursen.-London Globe.

Queer Guesta.

Lady Morgan records in her "Diary" that while dining at the palace of the archbishop of Taranto she met with guests whose presence would have been more becoming to the playroom of a boy than to the dining room of an Italian prelate.

Between the first and second course the door opened, and several enormously large and beautiful cats were introduced by the names of Pantaleone, Des demona, Otello, etc. They took their places on chairs near the table and were as silent, as motionless, as well behaved, as one could desire.

On the bishop requesting one of the chaplains to assist Signora Desdemona to something, the butler stepped up to his lordship and observed: "Desdemona will prefer waiting for

the roasts."-Youth's Companion.

Hot Water For Cows

"Hot water for cows" is the maxim of the French dairy farmers in the de-partment of Finistere. They claim to have proved by experiments that when cows drink hot water they yield one-third more milk than when they are refreshed with cold water only. Caution must, of course, be observed in adopting the new system. Avaricious dairymen must beware of scalding the throats of their cows in their haste to avail themselves of this discovery, which is vouch ed for by our consul at Brest. The proportions, we are told, are half a pail of boiling water and half a pail of cold.-

The Latest In Letter Writers

An enterprising country publisher, who has remarked that immense numbers of people suffer from an almost unconquerable repugnance to letter writing, has prepared a special post card for the use of lazy correspondents. The back of the card is divided lengthwise into 10 unequal spaces, and the energies of the reluctant scribe are spurred by the following suggestive headings, one of which is conspicuously printed to the left of each of the divisions: 1. Date. 2. Excuse for not having written sooner. 3. State of health-(a) of self, (b) of family. 4. The writer's recent experi-ences. 5. News. 6. Family gossip. 7. Questions to be answered in your next. 8. Love to —. 9. Love from 10. Signature.—London Tit-Bits.

His Will.

The rich old man with a young wife was having a hard time trying to make her coincide with his idea of what her

duties were with reference to himself. "Madam," he exclaimed after a heat-ed argument, "I tell you I shall mold you to my will." you to my will." "That's easy enough," she retorted. "Only make it in my favor, and I'll at-tend to the balance."—Detroit Free

A Dog With Eyeglasses.

Pedestrians on Market street the other morning jostled each other to see a novel sight. A huge dog, with a sleek drab skin and a generally contented look, plodded along the thoroughfare wearing spectacles of large size astride his shapely nose. The dog was not at all inconvenienced seemingly, and apparently was not aware that he was doing anything out of the ordinary, as he critically surveyed the public through the spectacle glasses. The spectacles were much too large for any human be ing, and probably were made with glasses without magnifying power, at the order of some waggish owner.-San Francisco Bulletin.

The Reverend Jasper.

Rev. John Jasper of Richmond, the most noted of all slave preachers, is now over 80 years old and believes as firmly as he did in 1878, when his famous ser-mon was preached, that "the sun do He recently gave an outline of that celebrated discourse, which, he says, was composed in order to set at rest some doubts which had arisen in the mind of a young member of his flock. -Chicago Herald.

"That disagreeable Mrs. Highfli acted as though she didn't want to speak when she met me on the street, but I'll get even with her.

Florence—What will you do? "Kiss her the very next time I meet her."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A man may float in salt water without moving his hands or feet if he has the presence of mind to throw his head back and allow the body to sink to the position which it will then naturally

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In 1987 a teacher in Florence had, his house burned and built a new residence by selling two volumes of Cicero.