WOOD WAS SCARCE.

HOW THE FREIGHTERS ON THE PLAINS DID THEIR COOKING.

A Gentleman Out Hunting Had an Opportunity to See How a Plainsman Prepared a Meal With Fuel Which He Carried

With Him In Small Chunks,

It was in the days before the railroads had been pushed out through northwest Nebraska, and supplies were freighted into the forts and trading posts in big wagons, pulled sometimes by eight or ten yoke of oxen and sometimes by one span of great mules.

It was evening when we evertook the freighter. We went into camp within 100 yards of where he stopped. It was almost at the head of the Elkhorn river, and the stream, where it flowed a few rods from our camp, was hardly more than a yard wide. The guide had told us at the start that we should strike country where we could find no wood, and we had brought along a small oil stove, with a tin oven and a big can of kerosene. When I had watered our horses and staked them out for the night, I wandered over to see the freighter. He had an enormous wagon, pulled by two giant mules. He had staked them out and was getting sup-per. It was the first time I had ever seen it done by a plainsman and I staid to watch him.

He was an old hand at freighting, and he knew just how many stops he would have to make where he could get no firewood. For each one he car: his wagon, when he started out of ? folk, a piece of 6 by 6 pine timber a eight inches long. Each piece repreed the fire for one meal. He was ting up one of them when I struck

camp. "'D evenin," he said, without ing up from his work, "prospectia fer

"No, hunting," I replied.
"Oh," he said, with an intonation

that seemed to convey his feeling that he knew all about us.

He had split the piece of pine into little sticks. He gathered a handful of dry grass and wadded it up into a ball. en he beat down the tall grass and cleared a little spot where he could make his fire. In the middle of it he put the ball of grass, and over it he piled eight or ten little sticks of pine. It was ready for the match. From a box at the end of his wagon he brought out a long handled steel frying pan, a coffee-pot and a tin can that looked as if it had once held two pounds of tomatoes or pie apples. Then he brought out a wooden box and set it on the ground. It held part of his supplies and served as a table. Out of it he took some flour and bacon and a little tin can of coffee. got a mill out of the box and ground his coffee. He was very particular about his coffee, he said to me, half apologetically. He couldn't endure the ready ground stuff. When he had got that done, he sliced his bacon. Then he got a sheet of tin out of the wagen and stood it up behind the little pile of sticks. It helped to concentrate the heat by acting as a

He put the coffee in the pot, poured in some water from the bucketful he had brought from the river, and set it down beside the pile of stic..... Then he arranged the slices of bacon in the fry-ing pan and settled it on top of the pile of sticks. Then he lit his fire. In a minute it was blazing up merrily, and the bacon was sizzling in the pan. He poured some flour into the tomato can, dumped in a pinch of salt and some baking powder and stirred it all up vigorously with a spoon. Occasionally he ed stirring to turn the bacon. Presently the bacon was done. He fished it ture of flour and other things from the tomato can. That was going to be "bull-whacker's bread," or "scrugene."

As soon as he took the frying pan off the fire he put the coffeepot on, and when the thick, stiff dough was nicely smoothed out in the frying pan he prop-ped it up in front of the fire, where the reflector would do its best work. Then out of the wagon he hauled a jug of sorghum. Three or four more little sticks of pine were deftly arranged under the coffeepot, and by that time the bread had begun to brown in the pan. He took the pan by the end of the long handle and gave it a quick sidewise twist and a little forward jerk. The mass of half baked dough slid out of the an and flew up into the air. It turned bottom side up, and he caught it as deftly as any French cook catching pancakes, and propped the unbaked side up against the fire. By the time it had baked the coffee was boiling, and the meal was ready. He drank the coffee, strong and black, out of a tin cup and used sorghum for sweetening. Butter and lard he despised. His sorghum took the place of the one and the bacon

grease served as substitute for the other.

When he took the coffeepot off the
fire, he put on a little can of water that newed and simmered and presently soiled over the embers. That was his lishwater. He had to have it hot to take pacon gresse out of his pans. And

the bacon grease out of his pans. And when it was all done, there were three or four of the little pine sticks still left. I asked him if he did not want potatoes. You, he said, and he had them, but only when firewood was plenty. It took too long and too much wood to cook potatoes, and he couldn't do it when he had to depend on one pine stick to cook his meal.

In the morning, before we had watered the horses, he had cooked his breakfast and was off up the trail.—New

and was off up the trail.-New

On the Blug.

Did you read that story about 'The on the Bluff?' " asked the literary

English clovers are Irish shamrock. Perhaps no greater myth exists than that relating to the shamrock. St. Patrick would find clover in almost all parts of Ireland, as he would in England, and it was a fitting emblem of the Trinity. Consequently there is little doubt that he used it as an illustration. 'low the little fiction that it is a distinct plant and will grow only in Ireland has been maintained so long seems incompre-hensible unless it is due to the peculiarity of Englishmen when regarding most things Irish. It is almost as absurd as regarding Lever's characters as typical of the Irishman of today, probably of any day, as he appears to have had as great a genius in inventing characters as in inventing stories. Ireland largely owes its clovers and shamrocks to its limestone. Around Dublin, where limestone is not very prevalent, the inferior type of clover, the yellow trefoil, is commonly employed as a badge, its convenient shape, owing to its top root, rendering it convenient as a buttonhole

In limestone districts the white clover is more commonly used, though there is no definite rule, as is shown by the specimens collected by natives in all parts of Ireland now to be seen in the Dublin museum. These specimens were allowed to go to flower, and four distinct varieties of clover are represented. each frequently. Even the large red clover is included. There is no other plant shown, because there is no other shamrock. The myth is destroyed, but clovers remain, and it is due to their presence that the Irish pastures are so rich and so valuable for grazing. They have accumulated fertility, and they have done so in England. Therefore their presence in lawns must not be regarded as prejudicial. — London

Visibility of Lights at Night.

The results of the experiments in light visibility conducted by the international committee on behalf of the governments of the United States, Germany and the Netherlands have been handed in. The German section gave as the distance at which a light of 1 candle power became visible 1.40 miles for a dark, clear night, and I mile for a rainy night. The American experiments show that a light of one candle power is visible at 1 mile and one of three candle power is plainly visible at 2 miles. A 10 caudle power light was seen with a binocular at 4 miles, one of 29 at 5 miles, though faintly, and one of 33 candles at the same distance without difficulty.

To be on the safe side the experiments were made with green light, as it has been conclusively proved that if a light of that color fills the required tests a red light of the same intensity will more than do so.

It was found that the candle power of green light which remained visible at 1, 2, 3 and 4 miles was 2, 15, 51 and 106 respectively. It was noticed, however, that great care had to be exercised in the selection of the shade of the color, so as to give the minimum interference with the intensity of the light. The shade adopted is a clear blue green. Yellow and grass green should not be employed. The tests may be of interest to railroad men and seamen. - Progress-

A Man Is No Hero to His Typewriter.

The mystery of men's lives in the world, out of which illusions are spun, has always had a greater influence in determining the fate of women than is readily admitted. To feel transmitted through the ring finger the electric thrill of business, of politics, of clubs, of the stirring movements in the life of men, gives any woman vantage ground over others of her sex. But in the actual of affairs, the wear and tear of daily out into a tin pie pan with a fork, and life in offices and elevators, this mystery into the hot grease he poured the mix-vanishes. A couple of typewriters at vanishes. A couple of typewriters at luncheon will illustrate badly a situation yet too new to be fairly reckoned up. Over knife and fork they will match

employers as small boys do pennies. Out of hours the boss is only a man whose necktie they may disapprove, or of the way he wears his hair or perhaps of his grammar, and it may be he appears greatly to the advantage of me young man at a neighboring machine. - Mary Gay Humphreys in Scrib-

Bonnin Pasha

Bonnin Pasha, the chief of the sultan's private police, is a plump, thick-set Frenchman. In 1884 he went to Constantinople as a detective with the French embassador. Abdul Hamid took a fancy to him and desired him to organize a detective force for service about the palace. A corps of bludgeon men was the result, and their tactics much surprised the Parisian agent, Soudais, a few years ago, when he invited his colleague's help in arresting a notorious swindler. Tapping at the malefactor's door, the Turkish official felled to earth the servant who opened it, and the party proceeded through the house, knocking insensible everybody they met. Soudais was busily engaged in succoring the wounded, while Bonnin collared the real criminal. Bonnin has a comforta-ble house in Pera, and his wife, as court dressmaker, has considerably increased his savings.-New York Trib-

ource of Her Confidence.

Uncle George—I really can't under-stand you, Hattie. All the married women you know you say have made bad matches, and yet you are quite ready to

Hattie — Don't you know, Uncle George, that there's an excellent chance of getting a prize in a lottery where so many of the blanks have been drawn?—
Reston Transcript. Boston Transcript.

He—You may be engaged, but I can ever conceive of your being in love. She—And you may be in love, but I an never conceive of your being en-aged.—Detroit Free Press.

One of the drollest instances of the monkey's keenness of observation and power of mimiery that we have met with is the following: A retired admiral and his wife living at Cheltenham had a favorite monkey. One day the lady, hearing a strange noise in the dining room, looked in to see what it was. The sight which met her eyes was a ludicrous one. Seated in the armchair, with the admiral's smoking cap on his head and the admiral's specta eles on his nose, was the monkey, and in his hand was the open newspaper, which he shook and patted, while he jabbered and gesticulated with great emphasis at the cat, which lay blinking on the hearth rug. It was a clever and carefully studied imitation of the testy old admiral's tone and manner when reading to his wife some passage from the newspaper which excited his wrath or indignation.

It is strange that so little attempt is made to utilize this strong imitative faculty in monkeys. They might easily be trained to perform as athletes and acrobats. Some 50 years ago an Italian count, who had a villa on the shore of Lake Albano, kept a monkey which he had taught both to row and sail a small skiff. The monkey used to navigate this tiny craft with great skill, but unfortunately one day, when climbing the mast, he capsized the boat and was drowned. As jockeys, monkeys might surely be made useful and would fulfil every purpose for which the manikins who ride on race horses are artificially stunted and sweated. - Chambers' Jour-

Lighthouse Lights.

In a series of papers contributed to Engineering by Du Riche Preller on lighthouses in Europe the remarkable statement is made that the luminous range of a light of 500,000 candle power in the Mediterranean (44 miles) is equal to that of 5,000,000 candles in the channel—equal to a ratio of one to ten hence, it is added, that, with the exception of the electric flashing light of Planier, near Marseilles, of 600,000 candle power, the most powerful min-eral oil lights recently installed on the French, Corsican, Algerian and Tunis-ian coasts of the Mediterranean do not exceed 35,000 candle power, having a luminous range of about 30 miles in average weather. On the other hand, in the channel and in the bay of Biscay the largest mineral oil lights have luminous powers up to about 200,000, and the electric lighting flash lights up to 22,500,000 and 37,500,000 candles. Further, the maximum light of French lighthouse towers-that is, the height of the focus above ground-varies from about 50 to 70 meters, but some towers are, of course, on very elevated positions, so that, taking the height of the focus above the sea level, the highest light, that of Cape Bream, is 751 feet above the high water sea level, while its luminous power is 6,000 candles and its luminous range 25 miles. This light is an oil light, and the geographical range, or direct visibility of such lights on high elevations, is usually in excess of their luminous range, the reverse of this, however, being commonly the case with electric coast lights.

Machinery Lubrication.

The results of some valuable experiments on the Inbrication of machinery bearings have been set forth by Mr. Dewrance in an address before the Civil Engineers' institute, London. His observations show that olive oil becomes black and thick after passing through the bearings several times. This oil, after filtration, was composed of 16 per cent of cleate of lead, 9.57 per cent of oleate of acid and 74.62 per cent of olive oil and glycerin, the cleate acid in the clive oil appearing to attack lead, zinc and copper with great activity. Thus disks of metals used in the manufacture of bearings were immersed in oleate acid, occasionally drawn up out of the acid so as to be exposed to the air. Lead and zinc rapidly corroded away, copper was corroded to a less extent, while tin and antimony were not appreciably affected. In regard to the compressibility of alloys, it is suggested by this authority that no alloy be used until it is satisfactorily demonstrated that its point of first yield is considerably above the greatest load or shock to which it will be subjected in use. In testing the effect upon soft metal bear-ings when the shaft sustained a heavy pressure a piece of iron was found to leave no mark upon a surface softer than itself.

Rome's Great Fire.

In A. D. 64, 10 of the 14 municipal districts of Rome were destroyed by a conflagration instigated, it is said, by the Emperor Nero. The number of lives lost is known to amount up into the hundreds, but the value of the property destroyed cannot even be estimated. By the emperor's command, thousands of Romans rendered homeless and destitute were employed in removing the debris and rebuilding the burned city. Nero, to divert the odium of the crime from himself, charged it upon the Christians, and thus began one of the greatest persecutions in the history of the early Christian church.

To brown gun barrels, wet a piece of rag with chloride of antimony, dip it into clive oil and rub the barrel over. In 48 hours it will be covered with a fine coat of rust. Then rub the barrel with a fine steel scratch brush and wipe with a rag dipped in boiled linseed oil. To rebrown, remove the old coating with oil and emery paper; then remove the grease with caustic potash.

Peacocks generally scream vociferous ly when a change of weather is impend-ing. In the countries where these birds are native the sign is regarded as un-

Kublai Khan, the first mogul em-arce of China, was called the Mur-arer, from the tragedies in his own

A Check For 8700.

There was once a comedian who out-financed Edward E. Rice. Startling as the statement may seem, it is neverthe-less true that when this farceur retired from Mr. Rice's company he owed the manager \$700. To Mr. Rice the coudition was not alone unusual-it was also irksome. One morning, when he was fretting under it, he learned that the actor had secured a first rate engagement at a large salary. He sat down and wrote an urgent letter, finishing with a demand for an immediate remittance of "a check for 700." In due course he received a communication by mail containing a heavy metallic disk. The letter read:

"Dear Ned-Yours received. Find inclosed, as requested, check for 700. The metallic disk was a C., B. & Q. railroad baggage check numbered 70° -New York Herald.

Getting Ready For a Fight.

On the way to Richmond Sherman paid but slight attention to dress, but when he did the staff knew something was going : happen. "There is going to be a fight today, sure," said Colone Audeureid of the staff one morning. "How can you tell?" asked a com

"Why, man, the general's over there by the fire; tting on a clean collar."

That day heraw with 40 cannon fe.
into the hands of the army.—Human

Spirited Chemistry.

Documents.

A French savant thinks that by the year 2000 a spiritual chemistry will have been discovered that should entire ly change human nature. This will be greatly due to chemistry utilizing the heat of the sun and tapping the central heat of the globe. Under the reign of chemistry the earth, we are told, will become a vast pleasure garden and the human race will live in peace and

The first manufactory of edged tools, including axes, hatchets, chisels and cutlery, was opened in Hartford, in the year 1826. Previous to that date it is that coarse butcher knives and hunting knives were made by black-smiths, and the better quality of cutlery was imported from England.

Doom of the Derby.

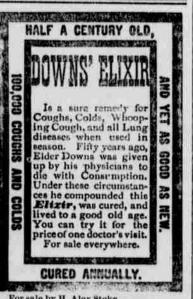
The derby hat is a thing of the past. Time was when no self respecting race-goer thought of presenting himself upon the Epsom downs without a white hat and a green veil. But this state of things exists no longer. Hats were conspicuous enough at Epsom at the last Derby, but the white hat was conspicuous mainly by its absence, while veils were few and far between.—Boston

When dogs refuse their food, the chances are for a rain. It often happens that a storm is foretold by dogs seeking long leaved grass and chewing and swallowing the blades.

The insurance of buildings against fire loss was practiced in Rome in the time of Augustus.

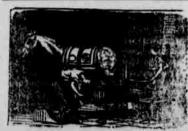
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