

## SELLING BY SIGNAL.

HOW CATTLE ARE DEALT IN AT THE CHICAGO STOCKYARDS.

Sitting in Their Saddles, With the Lot Between Them, Seller and Buyer Conclude a Transaction by Raisin. Their Whips Over Their Heads.

The Chicago stockyards are unique among the great marts of the world. In no other place, say those who are most familiar with its daily routine, is so large an aggregate of business transacted in the language of gestures and without the "scratch of a pen" as in the noisy pens of the stockyards. A whip is held high in air, across a sea of clattering horns; the signal is answered by the momentary upflitting of a hand, and a "bunch" of cattle worth thousands of dollars is sold.

There is something splendidly picturesque and even spectacular in these wordless transactions. They ignore the artificialities of the complex system upon which modern business relationships are almost universally maintained. Trade in the cattle pens gets boldly back to primitive simplicity. It is done on honor, not on paper. And the undisputed transfer of millions of dollars' worth of the property here dealt in proves that a bargain sealed with the wave of the whip and an assenting gesture of the hand is quite as safe and sacred as if the whole transaction were recorded "in black and white."

The trader in the wheat pit is armed with his tally card, upon which he passes to note the names of those with whom he deals and the amount, nature and price of the commodities bought and sold. The broker upon the floor of the Stock Exchange places equal reliance upon the quickly pencilled memoranda made at the moment when the details of each transaction were upon the lips of those concerned in its fulfillment; but the buyer and seller of the yards carry whips, not pencils, and their deals are recorded in memory instead of written upon trading cards. As well try to picture the old knights making laborious written memoranda of their challenges as to think of the rough and ready traders of the cattle yards pausing in their saddles to jot down upon paper their purchases and sales. Such a procedure would bid defiance to the very nature of things and do violence to the magnificent unconventionality of every environment.

"Is there never any trouble in this kind of dealing?" a leading commission man was asked.

"If you mean do the men go back on their bargains made by whip and hand, I can answer, never," was the trader's answer as he brought his trim black horse to a halt in the cattle alley and leaned forward in his saddle. "There isn't another place in America, or the whole world, for that matter, where so much business is done on the basis of personal integrity, without a written word to show for the transactions, as right here," he continued, "and the method beats all the bonds on earth. The day's business in these pens will run about \$1,500,000. And how is it done? Little talk, a considerable waving of whips and hands and no exchange of written documents between buyers and sellers.

"Here is a bunch of cattle that will figure up about \$10,000. Over there in the other alley is a buyer who this morning offered me a price of \$5.10 for them. I thought that I could do better, but the market has been a little off, and I have decided to let the bunch go at his offer. Up to the present moment we have exchanged about a dozen words on this subject. Now, if he is willing to pay the price which he named in the morning I'll show you how a \$10,000 bunch of fat steers is sold without word of mouth or a scratch of writing at the time the bargain is really made."

The commission man then straightened up in the saddle and waited for the distant buyer to look in his direction. A moment later this representative of a big packing house wheeled his horse about and faced in the direction of the seller. Instantly the commission man lifted high his rawhide riding whip and held it aloft. His attitude was as striking as that of a cavalry colonel up-lifting his saber to concentrate the attention of his regiment before making a desperate charge. The pose, however, was full of natural grace and freedom and showed that the man was more at ease in the saddle than he could have been out of it.

Only a moment elapsed before the alert eye of the buyer caught sight of the upraised whip. The next instant he raised his hand a little above his head, held it motionless a moment and then dropped it with a forward movement. Quickly the seller repeated the motion of assent with his whip, and then, turning to his caller, said:

"That's all there is to it. To a stranger this kind of a performance looks like a long range sign talk between deaf mutes, but we understand each other perfectly. We both know how many cattle there are in the bunch and the price at which they have been sold. Had we been within speaking distance of each other the transaction would probably have been a verbal one, just for the sake of sociability, but not because it would have made the bargain better understood or any more binding."—Chicago Post.

**A Coin in the Bottle.**  
There have been patented all kinds of schemes devised for the purpose of securing a bottle that cannot be refilled after having once been emptied of its contents. A great deal of fraud is said to be perpetrated by filling the bottles of some standard liquor with an inferior grade and palming it off as the original bottling. An ingenious Philadelphia proposer to accomplish this by blowing a coin in the body of the glass bottle, and he thinks that this will be tempting enough to induce some one to break the bottle as soon as it has been emptied. —Philadelphia Record.

## A Patent Office Incident.

The patent office official bowed politely from his place at his desk as the visitor in clothes of clerical cut and a smooth face greeted him with a subdued "Good morning, sir."

"Good morning," responded the official, with a cheerful, \$150 a month manner. "Is there anything we can do for you this morning?"

"I don't know really, sir," crooned the caller softly. "To know if you can is the object of my visit this morning, sir."

"Very well, state your case, and if we can do anything for you you may rest assured it will be done."

The visitor cleared his throat pretty much as if he were going to deliver a sermon.

"I think," he said slowly and with hesitation, "if I mistake not, that I saw a statement in some one of the public prints to the effect that this office would not issue a patent on Sunday. Is that true, sir?"

"Quite true. It does not."

"Why is that, sir, if I may ask?"

"It is against the rules of the office is all I know."

"Will it issue one on any other day of the seven, sir?"

"Certainly it will. That is what it is here for."

"Oh, thank you, how nice," twittered the visitor, taking a large madras handkerchief from his coat pocket, shaking it out and wiping his brow with it. "That being the case, if you will be kind enough to let me have one on Tuesday, sir, you will do me a great personal favor. You see, sir, Tuesday is my birthday, and I want a patent on it so no one can use it for birthday purposes, sir, except myself."—Washington Star.

**Mental Telegraphy.**  
"Let me take your hat, John, dear. I'll close the door. You're tired, I know. Give me another kiss. What's one?"

"Thank you, my dear. You are very thoughtful."

"Of you always, to be sure, you poor, dear boy. I have the nicest supper for you. Look—some lovely biscuits, the kind of cake you like best and your favorite preserves too!"

"How kind of you."

"Not at all. It's a wife's duty, you know, to study her husband's wishes and comfort."

"Why, so it is! I had quite forgotten that."

"Now, John, aren't you pleased?"

"Oh, of course, of course, my darling, only—"

"Well, only—"

"Nothing, nothing—but you've been down town this afternoon, haven't you?"

"Why, John, how did you guess? Yes."

"And to the milliner's?"

"You're a mind reader."

"No, not at all." (After a reflective pause.) "Well, here it is."

"Oh, John, \$10—you dear, sweet, good hubby."

"Um—yes—ain't I? But, come on, let's have that delicious supper now. I need it." (To himself, as he spreads his first biscuit.) "Mind reader—I guess so! I thought she was talking through your hat, and she was."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

**Greeks as Fighters.**  
Smolenski had placed a battery of mountain guns on a plateau overlooking the village of Velesino, and along the base of this plateau was a battalion of Evzones, sheltered by the position of the ground and by intrenchments. The battery on the plateau played on the Turkish advance with great effect, and the order was given by the Turkish commander to charge it. The Turkish infantry swung clear, and the cavalry, led by a young officer, came on in column, first at the trot and then at a swinging gallop. It seemed a mad undertaking for cavalry to charge a battery of well served artillery planted on the crest of a long, steep slope.

The brave horsemen were met with salvos of shells which plowed through their ranks. Then suddenly uprose the Evzones from their partially hidden cover and poured upon them volley after volley. No troops could withstand such fire, and, completely broken, the Turkish horsemen turned and sought shelter in the woods in the neighborhood of Bismoylos. —"With the Greeks in Thessaly," by W. Kinnaird Rose.

**Sick at Sea.**  
Walter Wellman gives us the following statistics as to a voyage with moderately rough seas or long swell: Men seasick and invisible, 20 per cent; men sick and on deck, but not going down to meals, 25 per cent; men who go to meals, but only nibble through pride's sake, 15 per cent; men who were "never seasick," but who have "eaten something that disagreed with them," 10 per cent; men not sick at all, 25 per cent; women too sick to leave their cabins, 35 per cent; women sick on deck, 40 per cent; women who are "not seasick at all," but who have "bad headaches," 15 per cent; women who "don't feel just right," 7 per cent; and women who really enjoy it, 3 per cent.

**Coal Miners.**  
One million and a half men work in the coal mines of the world. Of these Great Britain has 535,000; United States, 300,000; Germany, 285,000; Belgium, 100,000; Russia, 44,000. The world's miners of metal number 4,000,000.

The German emperor's imperial train cost \$820,000 and took three years to construct. There are altogether 12 cars, including two nursery carriages. The reception saloon contains several pieces of statuary, and each of the sleeping cars is fitted with a bath.

## MODERN CHICKEN COOPS.

The Once Familiar Laths Have Given Way to Wire Netting.

Men whose memories go back, say, 40 years will remember that in those days when a man wanted to build a chicken coop he bought a bundle or two of laths and built it. There are mighty few lath chicken coops built nowadays. Even the smallest chicken raiser, who keeps a few in his back yard, makes his coop or runway of poultry netting. The chicken house, or shelter, is made of boards, often of two thicknesses and with tarred paper between, for better protection from the weather, and with openings at the bottom and under the projecting roof for ventilation.

Laths were cheap; poultry netting is still cheaper. It is made of steel wire, galvanized, in various widths and in various sizes of mesh. The netting most commonly used is six feet wide, with a two inch mesh. The chicken raiser sets up a frame and tacks the netting to it.

Narrow nettings of smaller mesh are used in various ways to keep in little chicks—sometimes a foot wide small mesh netting to run around at the base of the inclosure, the regular netting being set above it, thus increasing the total height of the netting. Sometimes the small mesh netting is run around inside of the regular netting, thus making the lower part of the netting double. Sometimes it is used to make separate small inclosures within the large runway and perhaps to make a number of small inclosures to keep separate broods of chicks apart. The narrow, small mesh netting is made up to three and a half feet in width.

There is nowadays a use for wire netting in chicken houses. A netting with a square mesh is laid on the floor of chicken houses to keep out rats and mice.

There are now many large establishments in this country for the raising of chickens for commercial purposes, for market and for breeding, and there are as many men as ever who raise chickens at home, from the many who keep a few in the back yard, with a simple chicken house and coop, to men who raise many chickens and maintain an elaborate plant for their breeding and keeping. But under whatever conditions they are raised, chickens are rarely seen nowadays in coops made of laths, such as were familiar 40 years ago.—New York Sun.

## AN ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.

Somber and Terrible Was the Scene at the Moment of Totality.

Mrs. Mabel Loomis Todd, writing in The Atlantic of an eclipse seen in Japan, says: "Just before totality, to occur at 2 minutes after 3 o'clock, I went over to the little lighthouse, taking up my appointed station on the summit, an ideal vantage ground for a spectacle beyond anything else I ever witnessed. Grayer and grayer grew the day, narrower and narrower the crescent of shining sunlight. The sea faded to leaden nothingness. Armies of crows, which had pretended entire indifference, fighting and flapping as usual on gables and flagpoles with unabated fervor, finally succumbed, and flew off with heavy haste to the pine forest on the mountain side. The French man-of-war disappeared in the gloom, the junks blended in colorlessness, but grass and verdure suddenly turned strangely, vividly yellow green."

"It was a moment of appalling suspense. Something was being waited for. The very air was portentous. The flocks of circling sea gulls disappeared with strange cries. One white butterfly fluttered by vaguely.

"Then an instantaneous darkness leaped upon the world. Uncarthy night enveloped all things. With an indescribable outflashing at the same second, the corona burst forth in wonderful radiance. But dimly seen through this drifting cloud, it was nevertheless beautiful, a celestial flame beyond description. Simultaneously the whole northwestern sky was instantly flooded with a lurid and startlingly brilliant orange, across which floated clouds slightly darker, like flocks of liquid flame, while the west and southwest gleamed in shining lemon yellow. It was not like a sunset; it was too somber and terrible."

## Sane Advice to Young Artists.

"Don't give in" was about the gist of what Sir Wyke Baylis said to the English art students in a lecture at the South Kensington museum. He told them what ought to be their watchword:

"Do not believe, he said, in the insidious lie that the devil is always whispering to the soul of the artist that the golden age of art is past and that what was done yesterday cannot be done today, for art is in its decadence. Such an assertion was the danger of the time, and he would have them track it to its source and kill it there. It had two forms—despondency and temptation—but he urged them not to be influenced by either. Let their study be based upon knowledge, the knowledge that had accumulated during the ages and was formulated in what was known as academic training, and let their knowledge in turn be based upon their own study."

Certainly that is the best of advice, for what has been done before can be done again.

**No Need to Cry.**  
"Don't cry, Buster," said Jimmieboy after the catastrophe. "Napoleon didn't cry every time his brother hit him accidentally on the eye."

"I know that," retorted Buster. "Napoleon did all the hitting on the eye himself."—Harper's Bazar.

**Rare Felicity.**  
She—Such lovely bargains as there are at that new place!

He—Ah!

She—Yes, silks at 18 cents, and in a store so small that a hundred persons crowd it to suffocation!—Detroit Journal.

## The World as it Is and Was.

The earth, which we find today bright with varied hues, vocal with innumerable sounds, rich in fruits and fragrant with odors, lay for an almost incalculable period of time destitute, or all but destitute, of color, soundless save for the noise of wave and tempest, and with no promise as yet of the rich profusion of vegetable and animal forms that now diversify its surface and fill it with the thrill and manifold activities of life. We often speak of man as "the heir of all the ages," but not often, probably, do we pause to realize the significance of the word. We talk of evolution, but seldom make any due effort to grasp the plenitude and grandeur of the thought. These senses of which we have the use, and each of which brings a different world within our ken, whence are they? It seems so natural to see, it seems so natural to hear, to touch, to smell, to taste, that we forget through what slow processes, by what an incalculable number of slight accretions and delicate modifications these wonderful channels of knowledge and sensation have been made for us. We go back through the ages, and we come to a sightless, voiceless world.

For a period probably as long as all the rest of geological time the only forms of life were protozoa. Sight was developed among the wonderful crustaceans of the silurian period, but as yet there were no organs of hearing. The first stridulation of an insect wing was heard (if it was heard) in the devonian age, the birth epoch of the first vertebrates—fishes—but long ages had to pass before the first bee hummed over a flower or the first butterfly fluttered its wings in the sunshine.—Popular Science Monthly.

## A Vision of the Future.

One day in October, 1889, Lady A., living in Rue du Bel-Respiro, Paris, found that she had been robbed of a sum of 3,500 francs. She notified the commissary of police on Rue Berryer, who instituted a search and questioned the servants, but discovered nothing. Lady A., when enumerating her servants, begged the commissary to exclude from his suspicions her second valet de chambre, a youth of 19, very good looking, very respectful, and very well qualified for his duties, who had been nicknamed "le Petit," not on account of his stature, for he was rather tall, but from a feeling of delicate, protecting familiarity which his good qualities had won for him. Meanwhile, among the friends of Lady A. there had been a good deal of talk about a certain Demoiselle E., who, they said, could see the most surprising things in a bowl of coffee grounds. M. L. d'Erveux had the curiosity to accompany his governess to the Louve of this person, and was quite surprised to hear her describe exactly each piece of furniture in Lady A.'s apartment, pass in review her seven servants, and say that, though she could not name the thief, he would be guillotined within two years. Some weeks later "le Petit" left the service of his mistress without giving any reason, and two years later he mounted the scaffold. This servant, so highly esteemed, was none other than Marchandon, the assassin.—Arena.

## Edison's Marriage.

The idea of the great electrician Edison marrying was first suggested by an intimate friend, who told him that his large house and numerous servants ought to have a mistress. Although a very shy man, he seemed pleased with the proposition and timidly inquired when he should marry. The friend somewhat testily replied, "Any one." But Edison was not without sentiment when the time came. One day, as he stood behind the chair of a Miss Stillwell, a telegraph operator in his employ, he was not a little surprised when she suddenly turned round and said, "Mr. Edison, I can always tell when you are behind me or near me." It was now Miss Stillwell's turn to be surprised, for Edison frowned the young lady, and, looking her full, said, "I've been thinking considerably about you of late, and if you are willing to marry me I would like to marry you." The young lady said she would consider the matter and talk it over with her mother. The result was that they were married a month later, and the union proved a very happy one.—San Francisco Argonaut.

## Fists or Swords.

Boxing, though better appreciated now, was not so popular in the north of England and Scotland as in the south, not assuredly because the people are either better mannered or less aggressive, but probably because the science was less understood. Sir Walter Scott's touching tale of the "Two Drovers" is a good illustration of this difference of feeling on the subject, and as long ago as 1790 a book was written by a highland officer with the following curious title: "Antipugilism, or the science of defense exemplified in short and easy lessons, for the practice of the broadsword and single stick, whereby gentlemen may become proficient in the use of the weapons, without the help of a master, and be enabled to chastise the insolence and temerity so frequently met with from those fashionable gentlemen, the Johnsonians, Big Bennians and Mendosians of the present day, a work perhaps better calculated to extirpate this reigning and brutal folly than a whole volume of sermons."

It was precisely this feeling which poor Robin Oig, Sir Walter's hero, expressed when his friend Harry Wakefield, with whom some words had passed, suggested that they should have a round or two and be friends. "To be beaten like a dog," said Robin—"is there any reason in that? But if I am to fight I've no skill to fight like a jack-anapes, with hands and nails."

"How would you fight, then?" said his antagonist. "Though I'm thinking it would be hard to bring you to the scratch anyhow."

"I would fight with broadswords and sink point on the first blood drawn, like a gentlemen."—National Review.

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