

FIVE REMARKABLE TREES.

Which Rank Among the Curiosities of Plant Life.

The whistling tree, or *Aecia fistula*, is found in Nubia and the Sudan. The Arabs call it *saffar*, or piper, because of the whistling sound that it produces, and the specific name of *fistula*, a word also meaning pipe or flute, has been given it for the same reason.

Insects infest the tree and deposit their eggs in its shoots. A gall-like excrescence about an inch and a half in diameter is produced at the base of the shoots, and when the larvae have emerged from circular holes in the sides of the shoots the holes, played upon by the wind, produce a whistling sound equal to that produced by a sweet toned flute.

The cow tree is so called because it yields an abundant supply of milk. To obtain the milk deep incisions are made in the tree, from which the fluid flows into vessels placed ready to receive it. This vegetable milk is white, somewhat viscid and has an agreeable flavor, and an analysis of it shows that it is very much like the milk of a cow in its composition. The cow tree grows on the slope of the mountain chain bordering on Venezuela.

The cloth tree is found at Otabeite, in the south sea. The bark is taken off in long strips and put to soak overnight in running water. The soaking softens it, so that the inner fiber may be easily separated from the rest of the bark. The fibers are put together in lengths of about 11 or 12 yards, and the lengths are placed side by side until they are at least 12 inches in width, and two or three layers of fibers are put one upon another.

The fibers adhere together in one piece, and the material thus formed is beaten upon a smooth piece of wood until it becomes as thin as muslin. It is then bleached in the air for a time, when it is ready to be made up into clothing.

The stinging tree of Queensland is pleasing to the eye, but dangerous to the touch. Its effects are curious. It causes great pain to the person or animal that has the misfortune to get stung by it, but it leaves no wound, no mark of any kind, and for months afterward the part stung is painful in rainy weather or when in any way it gets wet. Frequently it is necessary to shoot horses and dogs that have been stung by the tree, so maddening is its effect upon them.

The angry tree grows in Nevada, eastern California and Arizona. When in the least disturbed, this highly sensitive tree shows its anger by ruffling up its leaves and emitting a disagreeable odor.—D. V. F. in Philadelphia Times.

A Movable Code.

"Other time, other manner," remarked the man in the big leather armchair, "ought to be amended to read 'Other countries, other manners.' Not long ago I went back to the small country town of my boyhood to make a short visit, and while there the whole town was set agog by the appearance of a highly interesting foreigner—a Hungarian of noble birth. No, he wasn't a barber in disguise. He was a genuine titled Hungarian. One of the clever, pretty girls in Smalltown had gone abroad to study music and had there met and made a serious impression on this Hungarian gentleman, who had crossed the water to make her a visit. He held a military position in his own country, and the tails of his military coat, lined with a brilliant red, nearly surrounded the entire community.

"One Sunday morning he accompanied the young lady to church, and of course Smalltown was out in full force to get a good look at him. Certainly his church department differed widely from anything ever witnessed in this country. He was seated in the pew with the young woman when her father came down the aisle. As the father entered the pew the tall Hungarian arose, placed his hand across his breast and bent double in a ceremonious bow, then seated himself, the red coat tails being much in evidence during the salute. When the girl's mother entered a few minutes later, the same formal reception bow was made to her. As a rule, Americans do not rise and make sweeping bows in church; but, as is evident, such is the Hungarian fashion, and Smalltown was naturally much interested and agitated over this unusual display of foreign manner."—Detroit Free Press.

The Moslem's Rosary.

The rosary consists of 90 beads, and a distinct ejaculation is appropriated to each as it passes between the fingers. Each ejaculation generally consists of two words, and declares a name or attribute of God. Almost all Moslems in the upper and middle ranks of life carry in their pockets or bosoms a string of beads for this purpose, which they use not only on the occasion I am describing, but while sitting and smoking their pipes, walking in the streets or even while engaged in conversation.

When a Moslem has gone over his beads at the regular time of prayer, he folds his hands, and then, holding them up open, as if to receive something from above, he prays for such blessings as he desires for himself or his household. When this is concluded, he strokes his beard with his right hand and says, "Praise be to God!" This concludes the whole.—Mind.

Of Honest Parents.

"My opponent," shouted the orator, "has soon fit to refer to the fact that my mother took in washing. She did, and what is more to the point she always sent it back."

After that there was nothing to do but cast a majority vote for the man whose parent showed such evidence of perfect honesty and attention to duty.—Indianapolis Journal.

What Did Jones Do.

"What did Jones do after he insulted the judge?"

"Sixty days, I understand."—Chicago Record.

Drawing a Splinter.

Removing a splinter from a suffering hand may not be a nice and pleasant subject, but home surgery may sometimes give some one a feeling of heart-felt joy. The sufferer who illustrates the matter on this occasion was a carpenter. He was working at his trade at an institution over which the sisters of the Roman Catholic church presided. One day he broke off an ugly splinter in his hand and could not get it out. He went home at the close of his day's work feeling no annoyance from the wound, but by the next morning the hand was in a serious condition and so painful that working was as impossible. On his way to the doctor's the carpenter stopped to tell the sisters why he must delay his work.

"Let me see what I can do with your hand before you go to the doctor," said one of the sisters. The man demurred. "Yes," said the sister, with gentle insistence, "it will do no harm anyway." She quickly filled within an inch or so of the top a rather wide mouthed bottle with steaming hot water, and as she held it another sister pressed the inflamed part of the injured hand gently down over the opening. Such a peculiar sensation! It seemed to the man that his whole hand was being drawn with great force into the bottle. He would have taken it away, but the sister was holding it gently, but firmly. Then there was a feeling of relief. It seemed as if the inside of that hand had become liquid and was pouring its unpleasant contents into the bottle. That was almost exactly what was happening, and with the liquid went the offending splinter. The hand was bathed and bandaged, and the carpenter continued his work without further inconvenience.—New York Times.

How Sugar Is Refined.

The method used by the best sugar refineries is substantially as follows: The raw sugar is dissolved in large cisterns on the ground floor, enough hot water being added to produce a specific gravity of 1.25. The solution is then drawn through a connecting pipe having a coarse wire strainer into large pumps, by which it is pumped into the highest story of the building, usually the seventh or eighth. It there passes into vessels heated by steam coils to a temperature of about 210 F. Milk of lime is added to the solution in these pans for the purpose of neutralizing any acid which it may contain. From these pans the liquid passes down to the next floor, where it is filtered through a series of bags, each made of two thicknesses of cloth, an outer one of coarse and an inner one of fine cotton. The bags are inclosed in boxes to prevent cooling. After leaving these the sirup is run through filters of boneblack, which absorbs all the coloring matter left in it. After leaving these it is pumped into vacuum pans, large vessels heated by steam and exhausted by air-pumps. The pressure being thus reduced, the liquid is boiled at a lower and lower temperature until, at 140 degrees, evaporation is complete and the sirup rapidly crystallizes into sugar. This is the process by which the best white sugar is made, while poorer qualities are prepared by a method less complete.—St. Louis Republic.

"The March of the Men of Harlech."

In military music the march occupies a prominent position and has been employed not only to stimulate courage, but also from about the middle of the seventeenth century to insure the orderly advance of troops. One of the earliest instances of rhythmical march is the Welsh war strain, "The March of the Men of Harlech," which is supposed to have originated during the siege of Harlech castle in 1468. In England the military march was of somewhat later development.

Sir John Hawkins in his "History of Music" tells us that its characteristic was dignity and gravity, in which respect it differed greatly from the French, which was brisk and alert, and apropos of this subject the same author quotes a witty reply of an Elizabethan soldier to the French Marshal Biron's remark that "the English march, being beaten by the drum, was slow, heavy and sluggish." "That may be true," he said, "but slow as it is it has traversed your master's country from one end to the other."—Chambers' Journal.

Colored Mrs. Partington.

In spite of all that the public schools can do the colored person still gets terribly tangled up with the English language. A lady lately sent her colored servant to hang out the washing, and before long the girl returned and remarked, "Mrs. —, the wind is playing hammock with those clothes!" Coming back one day from the office of a physician, where she had been treated for an ailment, the same girl said in answer to an inquiry as to how the doctor had prescribed for her, "Oh, he gave me some elder down to paint my side with!" (It turned out to be iodine.)—Boston Transcript.

To Be Kept Secret.

He was a great bore and was talking to a crowd about the coming local election. Said he: "Gibbs is a good man; he is capable, honest, fearless and conscientious. He will make the very kind of representative we need. He once saved my life from drowning."

"Do you really want to see Gibbs elected?" said a solemn faced old man.

"I do, indeed. I'd give anything to see him elected," answered the bore.

"Then never let anybody know he saved your life," counseled the solemn faced man.—London Tit-Bits.

Right From the Vineyards.

"So you've decided not to buy Lord Hardup's castle, have you?"

"Yes," said Mr. Nevrocks. "He wanted to include 10,000 bottles of wine at \$1 a bottle and admitted that some of it was 40 years old. Why, I can get it right from the vineyards for less'n that."—Chicago Post.

AN UNFORTUNATE EDITOR.

Edison's Experience in Newspaper Making Was Not a Happy One.

In her history of Edison Mrs. Sarah A. Tinsley relates the following concerning the "Wizard":

"Having been successful as a news-seller, Edison lost no time in becoming an editor and publisher, and like Garrison:

What need of help? He knew how types were set.

He had a dauntless spirit and a press.

"True, Tom Edison's press only consisted of a disused set of type purchased for a nominal sum, and his contained printing office and editorial sanctum was a dilapidated log-cabin, but it possessed an advantage of which even Printing House square cannot boast—it was migratory. The van converted to this novel purpose was attached to the train on the Grand Trunk railway, and appropriately enough the paper was entitled *The Grand Trunk Herald*.

"A further venture was Paul Pev. to which, if any one may be excused a pun, the editor 'pried' into things in too free a manner, and some individuals, incensed at his fun at their expense, dipped him into the river to cool his imagination. Further disaster followed when one day a phosphorus bottle upset in his laboratory and nearly set the train on fire. The conductor promptly removed Edison and his apparatus, printing and chemical, to the platform at the next stopping place.

"It was a bitter moment of which Edison cannot think without feeling over again the sense of utter hopelessness and desolation which came upon him when he saw the train whirling off while he stood alone and forsaken among his broken goods, his ear tingling with a brutal box which injured his hearing for life."

DIDN'T RECOGNIZE GOULD.

Story of a Man Who Thought the Financier a Bank Steerer.

Once when the late Jay Gould went to Margaretville, N. Y., with his physician and private car, he called on his old friend George Decker, a retired merchant of the village, who was formerly a clerk with Gould in Roxbury. Every one who knows Mr. Decker well calls him "G." and this was what Mr. Gould said to him:

"Hello, 'G.' I guess you know me this time, don't you?"

A few years before Decker, while in New York on business one afternoon, was suddenly confronted on Broadway by a dapper, black eyed little man, who grasped him by the hand, exclaiming: "How are you, Mr. Decker? I am glad to see you."

Mr. Decker looked the little man over from head to foot, and hurriedly answered:

"Yes, so am I, but I don't know you, sir. Good day."

"But, hold up," said the other, "aren't you George Decker of Margaretville?"

"Oh, yes; that's all right," responded Decker, "but I am in too great a hurry to be interviewed today, my friend. You have struck the wrong man."

"Yes, perhaps," said the little man, "but my name is Jay Gould. Don't you know me?"

"Jehoshaphat!" exclaimed Decker. "I took you for a confidence man."—Philadelphia Press.

Metalized Wood.

The following process, invented by Mr. Rubenbeck, for metalizing wood, is thus described by Les Mondes: "The wood is first immersed for three or four days, according to its permeability, in a caustic alkaline lye (calcareous soda) at a temperature of from 75 to 90 degrees. Thence it passes immediately into a bath of hydrosulphate of calcium, to which is added, after 24 or 36 hours, a concentrated solution of sulphur in caustic potash. The duration of this bath is about 48 hours, and its temperature is from 35 to 50 degrees. Finally the wood is immersed for 30 or 50 hours in a hot solution (35 to 50 degrees) of acetate of lead. The process, as may be seen, is a long one, but the results are surprising. The wood thus prepared, after having undergone a proper drying at a moderate temperature, acquires under a brush of hard wood a polished surface and assumes a very brilliant metallic luster. This luster is still further increased if the surface of the wood be first rubbed with a piece of lead, tin or zinc and be afterward polished with a glass or porcelain burnisher. The wood thus assumes the appearance of a true metallic mirror and is very solid and resistant.—Invention.

Tennyson and Birds.

Agnes Weld, a niece of Tennyson, speaks thus of the poet in *The Contemporary Review*: "Much as Tennyson noticed every individual tree and plant, bird life had a still greater attraction for him. He was much touched by the fact that the caged linnets loses the red plumage from its head and breast at the first molt after its captivity, and never regains them, and he thought of devoting a whole poem to the deep yearning for liberty of which this was the sign and type. And one reason he climbed almost daily, when at Freshwater, to the summit of the Beacon down was because he loved to watch the wild, free flight of the sea gulls circling around its lofty cliffs."

Contrary Infant.

"My wife couldn't go to the concert last night because the baby threatened to have a croup."

"That was too bad."

"Yes, and now she is hopping mad because the baby didn't have croup after all."—Chicago News.

English farmers, who know it is against the law to use ferrets to drive out rabbits, place in the burrow a rubber hose with a tin horn on the end inserted. Then they blow the horn, and bunny comes out in quick order.

"Pot Boilers Emerging."

After weeks in the forest of Fontainebleau it is difficult to realize its monotonous amplitude, its endless repetition of similar prospects. And yet as a forest it has no surpassing beauty. One may compare it with Dartmoor—Dartmoor pared of its highest tops and set thickly with young trees, growing close as the moss on a boulder. It is a rolling inland with a scanty mantle of soil, through the frequent gaps in which the broken gray bowlders of the naked earth sometimes rise in fantastic heaps, sometimes line concavities a mile across, or fringe the gaping lips of long ravines. Like Dartmoor, the surface is arid, and you may tramp miles and see never a pool, and yet, on every side you may descend from the forest by green valleys into green plains and find brooks leaping miraculously from the dusty rocks to dip under fringing willows.

It is to these painter's skirts of the forest that the painters' villages cling; Barbizon, advertised by Stevenson and now abandoned to the cultured tourist; Cerisy, with its great village square; Marlotte, smothered under masses of lilacs like a child laughing in new mown hay; Moret, on the Seine, with its tower flanked, steep pitched bridge, its mills and ruined castles and spreading river, and a dozen others. The simplest of them turn austere faces to the solemn spaciousness of the forest, but their sweet gardens give access to the green comforts of the plain; an image maybe of the artists themselves; high unprofitable aims in the salon; pot boilers emerging and red wine coming in by the studio doors.—Saturday Review.

Self Inducing Methods.

An article in *The Lancet* gives some hints on the inducing of sleep which will be of interest to all victims of insomnia. So vital is the necessity for sleep that any method by which it may be secured is worthy of attention. The means employed is to produce weariness by muscular exercise after retiring.

Lying on his back, the patient first reaches for the foot and head boards at the same time. He then raises his head half an inch. At the same time he breathes slowly and deeply about eight inspirations to the minute, which are counted. After about 20 inspirations the head, which begins to feel heavy, is dropped. The right foot is then raised (the reaching for the boards and counting being continued) and similarly dropped when fatigued. The left foot goes through the same process. The muscles which are used in reaching for the head and foot boards are then relaxed, and the body is elevated so that it rests on the head and heels. He then turns on the right side and reaches for the head and foot boards again and raises first the head and then the foot, as before. The same process is gone through on the other side. Thus eight positions have been assumed and a large number of muscles used. If sleep has not been induced, the same cycle is gone over again.

A Wise Male.

Among our pack mules was one who on a fishing trip several years before had visited this very locality in which we were encamped, but she had come the previous time the straight route over the mountains. What was our amazement one morning to find this mule gone and with her two of her comrades, whom she had evidently led astray. Hunt high and hunt low, we could not find them, and after wasting several days in this fruitless search we were surprised and delighted to find that the mules had preceded us. The old mule had at once recognized her previous camping place, changed though it must have been by the severe storms to which this region is subject, and had determined in her wise old head to strike out for home immediately without waiting for the formality of carrying a pack, and this she and her companions, ill advised but evidently not misguided, did, not following the trails for we had carefully inspected them, but heading through the dark and confusing forests, guided by the old mule, as straight as though directed by the unswerving needle of a magnetic compass.—Charles Dudley Rhodes, U. S. A., in Lippincott's.

An Unfortunate Synonym.

An American girl who recently studied in Germany tells of a German girl who was studying English, and who used to write letters in English to her parents. One day the German girl handed a letter to her, saying:

"Here is the letter which I have written to my mother. I want you to read it over and see if it is properly written." The letter was all right, excepting the closing phrase, which read as follows:

"God pickle and keep you."

An investigation proved that the young German woman in looking for a synonym for "preserve" had come across "pickle."—New York Tribune.

In the Far North.

Commissary—We are almost out of provisions.

Arctic Explorer—Then we can't wait longer for the relief expedition. We must return home at once.—Detroit Journal.

Of No Conscience.

"Is your play copyrighted?" asked the intimate friend.

"Oh," said the dramatist, with utter indifference, "some of it was probably!"—Indianapolis Journal.

An Earnest Bidder.

"Daughter, do you think young Thompkins means business?"

"Of course, papa. I have just received his sealed proposal."—Chicago Record.

Clear the window of the soul of cobwebs, spider weaved by prejudice and unbelief and sin, that through faith's crystalline atmosphere you may look through the gate into the heavenly city.—F. R. Macduff, D. D.

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