

FEATHERED FREAKS.

BIRDS WITHOUT WINGS AND BIRDS WITHOUT SONG.

The Penguin is a Bird That Walks and Swims, but Does Not Fly—A Bird That Can Run Faster Than the Swiftest Horse—The Tailor Bird.

Birds without wings are found in New Zealand and Australia. Kivi is the name of one species. Beautiful mats are made of the feathers of the white variety, but it takes ten years and more to collect enough feathers to make even a small mat which would sell for about \$150.

Birds without song belong to Hawaii. In Honolulu one sees a bird about the size of the robin, an independent sort of fellow, that walks about like a chicken, instead of hopping like a well trained bird of the United States, and it has no song.

A bird that walks and swims, but does not fly, is the penguin. No nests are made by penguins, but the one egg laid at a time by the mother is carried about under her absurd little wing or under her leg.

The largest of flight birds is the California vulture or condor, measuring from tip to tip 9 1/2 to 10 feet and exceeding considerably in size the true condor of South America. The bird lays but one egg each season—large, oval, ashy green in color and deeply pitted, so distinctive in appearance that it cannot be confounded with any other.

The California condor is rapidly approaching extinction and museums all over the world are eager to secure living specimens. It is believed that there is only one in captivity.

Another large bird is the rhinoceros bird, which is about the size of a turkey. One recently shot on the island of Java had in its crop a rim from a small telescope and three brass buttons, evidently belonging to a British soldier's uniform.

A bird which is swifter than a horse is the road runner of the southwest. Its aliases are the ground cuckoo, the lizard bird and the snake killer, snakes being a favorite diet. In northern Mexico, western Texas and southern Colorado and California it is found. The bird measures about two feet from tip to tip and is a dull brown in color. Its two legs are only about ten inches long, but neither horses with their four legs nor humans nor electric racing machines are in it for swiftness when it comes to running.

Most curious are the sewing or tailor birds of India—little yellow things not much larger than one's thumb. To escape falling a prey to snakes and monkeys the tailor bird picks up a dead leaf and flies up into a high tree, and with a fiber for a thread and its bill for a needle sews the leaf on to a green one hanging from the tree. The sides are sewed up, an opening being left at the top. That a nest is swinging in the tree no snake or monkey or even man would suspect.

Many a regiment cannot compare in perfection of movement with the flight of the curlews of Florida winging their way to their feeding grounds miles away, all in uniform lines in unbroken perfection. The curlews are dainty and charming birds to see, some pink, some white.

Birds in flight often lose their bearings, being blown aside from their course by the wind. In this case they are as badly off as a mariner without a compass in a strange sea on a starless night.

All very young birds, by a wise provision of nature, are entirely without fear until they are able to fly. The reason of the delayed development of fear is that, being unable to fly, the birds would struggle and fall from their nests at every noise and be killed. Suddenly, almost in a day, the birds develop the sense of fear, when their feathers are enough grown so that they can fly.

It is always a source of wonder to arctic explorers to find such quantities of singing birds within the arctic circle. They are abundant beyond belief. But the immense crop of cranberries, crowberries and cloudberrries that ripen in the northern swamps accounts for the presence of the birds.

A stick of wood seven inches long and a quarter of an inch in diameter was once taken from a wren's nest. It is very singular that so small and delicate a bird should use such rough material with which to construct its nest. If an eagle should use material proportioned to its size, its nest would be made up of fence rails and small saw logs.

The extraordinary situations in which nests are found occasionally almost give one the impression that birds must be endowed with a sense of humor. For instance, a wren built its nest upon a scarecrow, a dead sparrowhawk, which a farmer had hung up to frighten away winged ravagers of his crop. In the pocket of an old jacket hanging in a barn a bird, also a wren, made its nest, which when discovered contained five eggs. It was a robin that raised a young family in a church pew and a robin that built its nest in the organ pipes of a church. Places of worship have always been favorite building places for birds.

Consideration. "My wife is very considerate," said the newly married man. "She is always buying me neckties and colored shirts."

"And I suppose you are considerate and generous in your turn."

"Yes, I wouldn't hurt her feelings for the world. I wear 'em."—Washington Star.

Tom—So she did, but her father was powerful anti-dote.—St. Louis Republic.

Vestal Virgins.

Ovid tells us that the first temple of Vesta at Rome was constructed of wattle walls and roofed with thatch, like the primitive huts of the inhabitants. It was little other than a circular courtyard fireplace and was tended by the unmarried girls of the public hearth of Rome, and on it glowed, unextinguished throughout the year, the sacred fire which was supposed to have been brought from Troy and the continuance of which was thought to be linked with the fortunes of the city.

The name Vesta is believed to be derived from the same root as the Sanskrit was, which means "to dwell, to inhabit," and shows that she was the goddess of home, and home had the hearth as its focus. A town, a state, is but a large family, and what the domestic hearth was to the house that the temple of the perpetual fire, became to the city. Every town had its vesta, or common hearth, and the colonies derived their fire from the mother hearth.

Should a vestal maiden allow the sacred fire to become extinguished she was beaten by the grand pontiff till her blood flowed, and the new fire was solemnly kindled by rubbing together of dry wood or by focusing of sun's rays. The circular form and domed roof of the temple of Vesta were survivals of the prehistoric huts of the aborigines, which were invariably round.—Cornhill Magazine.

Impossible at the Price. A certain parvenu of great wealth has hanging in his drawing room a large and hideous dab in oils which some dealer in Paris induced him to buy. He is very fond of taking a call by the arm, leading him before the canvas and saying:

"Great picture that. By Macaroni di Vermicelli, you know. Paid £2,000 for it in Paris and got a great bargain. F." (naming an eminent artist) "says it is worth £10,000."

A few days since this gentleman was lunching at the Artists' club when the cat came out of the bag. Some one said:

"F., old Centpercent says that you have appraised that frightful nightmare of his at £10,000. Is it true?"

The artist answered smilingly: "I will tell you how that happened. He asked me to dinner one day and after we left the table took me to see the picture and told the usual story. Then, turning abruptly, he asked:

"How much is that painting worth?" "Why, Mr. Centpercent," said I, "I really would not like to place a value upon it!"

"Well, I'll put it differently," said he. "How much would you charge for such a picture?"

"I don't mind saying," I answered, "that I would not paint such a picture for £10,000. I had to be civil, you know."—London Answers.

The French Cavalry at Sedan. Both banks of the Meuse were in German hands; so was Balan, a small village nearer to Sedan than Bazelles, and soon after 1 o'clock no fewer than 425 German guns were halting shells into the French army, which stood in close formations within a space measuring less than two miles in breadth or depth. Out of this terrible cauldron of defeated troops about this time rode the French cavalry in a heroic endeavor to turn the fortunes of the day and retrieve the honor of France.

General Marguerite, called by some "the star of his arm," was struck in the face by a bullet while riding out to reconnoiter the ground before he charged. He now handed over the cavalry command to De Gallifet, who for the second time on that tremendous day led the flower of French cavalry against the enemy and for the space of half an hour charged the German ranks again and again on the hillside north of Sedan.

But the courage of the gallant horsemen was all in vain. The arme blanche was unequally matched against the breechloading rifle held in steady hands, and no effort of the French cavalry could withstand the slowly tightening grasp of that fiery circle.—Chambers' Journal.

Could'n Follow Him. At a small country church in England a newly married couple were just receiving some advice from the elderly vicar as to how they were to conduct themselves and so always live happily.

"You must never both get cross at once; it is the husband's duty to protect his wife whenever an occasion arises, and a wife must love, honor and obey her husband and follow him wherever he goes."

"But, sir," pleaded the young bride. "I haven't yet finished," remarked the clergyman, annoyed at the interruption. "She must!"

"But, please, sir (in desperation), can't you alter that last part? My husband is going to be a postman."

A Question. Jack's father and mother were having a very heated discussion at the table one day. They entirely forgot him, and as the argument waxed fiercer he looked from one to the other with real concern on his chubby face. Presently during a lull he cleared the air by asking, pointedly:

"Papa, did you marry mamma or did mamma marry you?"—Brooklyn Life.

It is Written. "So?" said Mr. Upjohn in his most witheringly sarcastic manner. "Johnny gets all his good qualities from me, and all his bad ones from me, does he?"

"Certainly," answered Mrs. Upjohn, triumphant but calm. "Doesn't the Bible expressly say that the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children?"—Chicago Tribune.

BOLTON'S LAST YEAR.

The Way He Spent It Preparing For His Death.

"Billy Bolton, the Lansingburg brewer, was a very rich man and one with a host of friends," said an up state man to the New York Sun. "His brewery in Lansingburg was a profitable concern, and he practically owned about all the saloons in that town."

"One day after a consultation his physicians told him that he had Bright's disease and that he surely would not live more than a year. Billy took their word for it and made up his mind to make the fur fly while life was left. He had never traveled much, and so he decided to go around the world.

"He took with him a congenial friend and plenty of money, and away they went. They left a trail of fire and ashes through all the capitals of Europe and the queer and strange places of Asia and Africa. After nine months they came back, and Bolton brought with him the most marvelous collection of souvenirs and presents that any man not a professional collector ever brought into this country. The duties amounted to \$3,000.

"Arrived in Lansingburg, Billy hired the town hall, sent his packing boxes filled with these oriental and European treasures up to the hall and had them all taken out and put on exhibition as though for a church fair. Upon each article he marked the name of some friend whom he wished to remember with a gift. There were hundreds in this category, but Billy had presents for them all.

"On the day appointed for the presentation he invited his army of friends to the town hall. To each he turned over the present selected for him, and amid the cheers of his grateful and admiring fellow townsmen the hall was stripped of its beautiful things.

"When the last present had been placed in the hands of its recipient, Billy went back to his home and lay down to die. Within the year his physicians' prophecy came true, and the town gave him the finest funeral that any man ever had."

THE SHOTE WAS THERE.

Why One Old Farmer Thinks He Would Make a Good Detective.

"Guess I wouldn't have much trouble gittin on the 'tective staff in Detroit," said the old farmer with a chuckle, "and the old farmer kicked a log in the open fireplace so that he could see his neighbors better. They were assembled to hear him tell all about it."

"When I missed that shote outen the pen, next mornin it just came ter me sudden as lightning that it had been stole by that ther George Washington Pepperville what had been workin fur me. He knowed the dog, so it wouldn't bother him none, and he was the powerful man fur fresh pork I ever see. So I goes inter town and tells the head man of the 'tective, and he puts a couple of fellers on the job, and they reports that they was no shote about Pepperville's shanty, and they was no pepper in him. I 'lowed I might be follerin the wrong track, but I kim home here and set my own stakes, and I was to Pepperville's afore sunup.

"Wash," I says, "why didn't you keep that dog when you had him? Wasn't he fat 'nough yit ter suit you?" "Who you talkin to?" he muttered. "I'll hab de law on you ef you make me any mo' trouble 'bout dat havg."

"Now, Wash," says I, "don't git your dander up. That ther shote kim home in the night and went ter squeal in ter git inter the pen. I put ole Rascal on the seat, and he landed me right here."

"Dog gone dat Rastus," he shouted. "I'll hab dat dog allib!"

"And he sprung ter the middle of the room and ripped up the floorin, and there was the shote. Wash would have jumped on me, but I jest kivered him with that ole muzzel loadin pistol of mine and tole kim ter go gentelike.

"Well, sir, he begged and whined so I let him off, him agreein ter tote the pig home in a bag and ter chop wood fur me three days fur my trouble."—Detroit Free Press.

The Rehearsed Wedding.

The wedding was, upon the whole, an artistic success. The bride particularly evinced unmistakable talent. She trembled with all the technical accuracy of an aspen leaf and the emotional intensity of a startled fawn. Her trembling indeed was irreproachable. If she cast down her eyes with something of amateurish awkwardness, the fact is easily attributable to her inexperience, this being her first wedding, rather than to an essentially defective method. She was fairly well supported.

The bridegroom rose from his knees too soon and had to be knocked down by the prompter, but otherwise the minor parts were carried out creditably.—Detroit Journal.

Felt Families.

Bennet Burleigh related a pleasant story in the London Telegraph. The incident which happened in his sight and hearing was as follows: Two officers, total strangers, new arrivals from up country, rather lonely and bored, were awaiting lunch. The elder having proposed that they should sit together a mutual friendliness developed so rapidly that at last one said to the other: "Do you know, I rather like you and there's something about you that seems familiar, as if we had met before? I'm Major S. of the Hussars." "Indeed? Are you? I thought so," said the lieutenant S. of — "I shall just point your youngest brother."

A Great Error. "My hero died in the middle of my latest novel," said the young author.

"That's a great mistake," replied the editor. "He should not die before the reader does."—Atlanta Constitution.

"Why Don't It Bust?"

We quote from The Century an anecdote related as one of "A Woman's Experiences During the Siege of Vicksburg."

Speaking of fun, the rector told us one day a very funny thing that he had seen during one of his trips to town. Every day, as long as the siege continued, he crossed that hospital ridge and passed over the most exposed streets on his way to the church, always carrying with him his pocket communion service, apparently standing an even chance of burying the dead, comforting the dying or being himself brought home maimed or cold in death. His bowing was a daily anguish to those who watched him vanish over the brow of the hill. One evening, coming back in the dusk, he saw a burly wagoner slip off his horse and get under it in a hurry. His head appeared, bobbing out first from one side, then from the other. Above him the air, bobbing, too, and with a quick, uneasy motion, was a luminous spark. After a full minute spent in vigorous dodging the man came out to prospect. The supposed fuse was still there, burning brilliantly. "Damn the thing," he grunted, "why don't it bust?" He had been playing hide and seek for 60 seconds with a fine specimen of our southern lightning bug, or firefly!

Going Into a Safer Business. It was Cassidy's first morning as newspaper carrier. From side to side of the avenue he hurried, dropping the moist sheets in vestibules and running them in the space between the door and sill. Finally he came to a house that was separated from the sidewalk by an iron studded yard. Cassidy opened the iron gate and walked up the stone path. He knelt in the vestibule and started running the paper under the door. An upper window was raised, and a woman's voice called:

"Is that you, Harry? You are awful late. I hear the milk carts rattling."

Cassidy thought it best to remain quiet. The voice continued:

"You needn't think I'm coming down at such an hour! The idea of you, a married man, coming home at such a time! Lost your key, as usual? Well, catch this one."

A heavy piece of brass shot two stories. There was a heavy fall, and the vestibule resembled a pressroom.

Some one found Cassidy smoking his pipe in the "accident ward."

"Going back to the carrier route?" they asked.

"Niver once more," responded Cassidy. "O'n my back to wun-ruk in the quarry. Tho's no fallin kers thar; only dynamited rocks."—Chicago News.

An Abandoned Test.

Sir Hiram S. Maxim was once a victim of one of the British war office's sudden freaks. When the Maxim quick firing gun was being tested by the government with a view to finding out its weak points, its inventor was asked to have 10,000 rounds fired at the highest possible speed. The experiment was successfully carried out, but the chairman of the committee of investigation was still unsatisfied.

"That's very well as far as it goes," he exclaimed, "but could you guarantee your gun to go on firing automatically at the same rate for, say, 24 hours?"

"I can," was the quiet reply, "and I will—on one condition."

"And that is?"

"That the government finds and pays for the ammunition."

At first the committee were inclined to close with the offer, but when it was discovered that 864,000 rounds would be fired and that the cost of the experiment would be something like £5,700 they dispensed with the trial.

When Horace Greeley Lost His Hat. A very distinguished assemblage honored Grant's ball, which was held in the newly completed north wing of the treasury building. Elaborate preparations were made for dancing, the manager, by telegraphic communications, keeping the dance moving simultaneously on three floors. But the man who preferred eating to dancing and could not get even within the sight of food was not well pleased. Refreshments were served in the basement, in a room too small to accommodate the 6,000 guests, but large enough to contain the provisions, which were scarce indeed. In the cloakrooms the committee in charge lost their heads, visitors lost their hats, and it is stated on good authority that the sulphurous vapors which rose in the vicinity of the place where Horace Greeley searched for his hat during two hours were stifling.

It is recorded that one gentleman walked to Capitol Hill, two miles distant, in dancing pumps and bareheaded and that many frightened women still covered in the corners of the dressing rooms at dawn the next morning. So, in preparing Grant's second ball, the committee made elaborate arrangements in order that these unpleasantnesses should not again occur.—National Magazine.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

Of West Reynoldsville Public School District for the Fiscal Year Ending June 30, 1901.

Table with columns: Description, Amount. Includes items like School Bldg., Building, and Treasurer's receipts.

W. L. JOHNSTON, Collector School Tax, DR.

To bal. due last settlement... \$ 80 87

By amt's exonerations... \$ 22 02

By amt's exonerations... \$ 80 87

To bal. due district... \$ 3 70

Whole number of schools... 5

Number of teachers employed... 5

Number of pupils enrolled in school... 208

Average daily attendance... 177

Am't taxes lev'd for school purposes... \$127 42

Am't taxes lev'd for build'g purposes... \$26 91

THEASURER'S ACCOUNT—RECEIPTS.

Teachers' wages... \$1,890 25

Heat and repairs... 240 17

Fuel and contingencies... 150 00

For rent, a free \$12.50... 125 00

Salary of Sec., expenses, etc... 15 00

For printing and auditors' fees... 12 50

For text books... 11 75

For supplies, Stoke, Woodring... 97 63

For all other purposes... 72 91

By balance... \$2,425 30

Cash on hand... 302 51

From Col. Dempsey... 96 41

From Johnston... 3 70

By balance... \$25 87

JOHN CRAWLEY, T. C. McINTOSH, Auditors.

O. H. JOHNSTON, DR.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

Of School Board of Winslow Township, Jefferson County, for Year Ending June 30, 1901.

Table with columns: Description, Amount. Includes items like School Bldg., Building, and Treasurer's receipts.

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER & PITTSBURGH RY.

CONDENSED TIME TABLE IN EFFECT MAY 15, 1901.

Table with columns: Station, Time, Direction. Includes Buffalo, Rochester, and Pittsburgh.

Additional train leaves Punksawney for Falls Creek at 6:00 A. M.

Additional train leaves Falls Creek for Punksawney at 8:30 P. M.

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Additional train leaves Falls Creek for Punksawney at 8:30 P. M.

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Daintiest Styles in Footwear.

SHOES BUILT ON HONOR.

Our footwear for ladies mirrors the latest dictates of Dame Fashion. What is proper and popular in Oxfords and High Shoes, in dainty styles and worthwhile leathers is here. Up-to-date shoes for gentlemen. Also handle first-class working shoes.

Our Prices, like our styles, Are All Right.

Johnston & Nolan, NOLAN BLOCK.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD. BUFFALO & ALLEGANY VALLEY DIVISION.

Low Grade Division. In Effect May 26, 1901. (Eastern Standard Time.)

STATIONS. No. 108 No. 109 No. 110 No. 111 No. 112

Pittsburg... 6:15 A. M. 6:00 P. M.

Buffalo... 6:30 A. M. 6:15 P. M.

Buffalo... 6:45 A. M. 6:30 P. M.

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