

A HOG'S MOUTH.

The Way It Enables the Animal to Eat Hickory Nuts.

"People often wonder how it is that a hog can get all the kernel out of a hickory nut, or any other kind of nut for that matter, without swallowing any of the shell," said a man from the country, "but as a matter of fact there is nothing mysterious about the process. Mind you, hogs don't swallow any of these harder substances. They get rid of them, and then it is just as easy for them to get rid of the shell of a nut as it is for a man or a squirrel. You might think because a hog crushes the nut into small fragments that he would necessarily swallow a good portion of the hull. But he doesn't do any such thing.

"It is a conceded fact among men who know anything about the subject that the hog is the most perfectly constructed animal in the world, considering the purposes for which the hog is used and his method and habits in life. But I want to put in a good word for the hog when it comes to the thing of cracking and eating nuts without getting any of the harder substances into the stomach. The hog has very fine teeth. The back teeth particularly are finely constructed with a view of enabling the hog to crush its food well before passing it into the stomach. These heavy grinders, heavily set in the hog's jaw, are looked upon as marvels. So they are.

"But what's the matter with the teeth of the hog? What's the matter with that marvelous process by which they separate the kernel of the nut from the hull? It has occurred to me that this is no small achievement, and nature is at least entitled to some sort of tribute for her skill in making this result possible. In the first place the hog's tongue is more sensitive than would be supposed, and it can easily detect the husk from the softer substances. By some sort of process the hog is able to work the bits of a hickory nut hull over to the sides of its mouth, the tongue being used for the purpose, and here they are thrown out at the corners. Probably you have noticed that the corners of a hog's mouth are somewhat different from the corners of the mouths of other animals. The lines of the mouth do not end so pointedly, and hence it is a much easier thing for the hog to work the harder substances which he does not care to swallow out through these little openings."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A FEW WHYS.

Why do many employers say their clerks are a stupid lot and unworthy of their consideration?

Why do many clerks look with envy on their employers and rage over every correction or sharp word?

Why do many persons behave more courteously and kindly to outsiders than they do to the ones they really love the best of all?

Why do many men laugh at women's lack of business ability and yet sneer and rather look down on the woman who shows she has some?

Why do many children resent anything their parents say and look on them as bores and long to be grown up so as to escape from them?

Why do many rich folk look on their poor relatives as being always on the lookout for favors and so prevent the poor relatives from giving them little presents or being natural with them?

Why do many husbands work hard for their wives and family, but never think how the wife would appreciate an invitation to the theater, a little dinner at a restaurant, a box of candy or some flowers brought home unasked?—Chicago Record-Herald.

Time in Japan.

The Japanese divide the twenty-four hours into twelve periods, of which six belong to the night and six to the day, their day beginning at sunrise and ending at sunset.

Whether the day or night be long or short, there are always six periods in each. To attain this the characters or numerals on the scale are adjustable.

Two of them are set, one to agree with the sunrise, the other with sunset, and the four characters between them divide the space into equal portions.

Thus when the period of daylight is longer than the night the day hours will be proportionately longer than those at night.

Another peculiarity in their scale is that they use only six characters, those from four to nine, and these read backward.—London Express.

Didn't Move on Time.

A typical tough boy, aged thirteen, was committed to a certain asylum not long ago by a city magistrate.

"What did you do that they sent you here?" asked the superintendent mildly.

"Huh! They sent me up just for playing a game," snarled the boy.

"What game?" asked the superintendent.

"Checkers wid de police," he explained. "It was me move, an' I didn't move, so dey jumped me."

He had been arrested for loitering.—New York Tribune.

The Carat.

We talk of a diamond being so many carats in weight. The carat was originally the seed of the Abyssinian carat flower. These seeds are very equal in size and so were at one time used in weighing gold and precious stones.

Today the carat as applied to gold means simply the twenty-fourth part of the weight of any piece of gold or alloy of gold.

You may refuse to believe a compliment, but it was a good deal like a snowball. It left a spot on you.—Atlanta Daily.

BEET SUGAR.

It Was Born of France's Isolation During the Napoleonic Wars.

Sugar as an article of food was not known to the ancients. Maunkind has always exhibited the greatest fondness for sweets, and from the earliest times the demand was supplied by honey.

The royal socialist sets up honey and the honeycomb as the highest standard of material sweetness. A land flowing with milk and honey was the picture drawn by the most ancient poets to describe the earthly paradise. Romans of the republic, and subsequently of the time of the empire, who were at the same time the most luxurious epicures and the grossest foodies the world ever knew and spared neither money nor exertion to secure every delicacy possible for their tables, had no knowledge of sugar, but robbed the bees to obtain sweets for their famous honey cakes and other confectionery.

Sugar was made in India and Arabia in the earliest times, but it was not brought into Europe until the invasions of the Mohammedans into the countries around the Mediterranean sea, in the seventeenth century. The Moors cultivated the cane in the countries of north Africa, and they introduced it into Spain. The Spaniards, about 1510, planted sugar canes in their West Indian possessions, whence it spread through Spanish America and into the French province of Louisiana.

The cane was the original source of sugar, and so remained up to the time of the Napoleonic wars in Europe. The ports of France were so closely blockaded by the British fleets that it was impossible to secure sugar from any tropical countries, and Napoleon assembled the chemists in France and commissioned them to discover some means of making sugar out of material found in the country, at the same time offering a large reward. This proceeding resulted in the production of sugar from the beet.—New Orleans Picayune.

DAVID GARRICK.

The Great Actor's Art and His Wife's Ruffled Feelings.

Mrs. Garrick's admiration of her husband's dramatic talents was intense, and on his great nights she would hang over her box, next the stage, in rapturous delight. The one flaw in her idol, she claimed, was a taste for low life, for which she blamed him greatly, insisting that he loved better to play Scrub to a low lived audience than one of his superior characters before an audience of taste.

On one particular occasion she was in her box in the theater when Garrick's impersonation of Richard III. was applauded to the echo. In that day a farce followed the tragedy of the evening, and as Mrs. Garrick rose to leave before it her husband came to the box to say he had some business in the greenroom which would detain him, so most unwillingly the lady was obliged to acquiesce and remain through the closing entertainment. This proved to be a comical series of blundering adventures which had befallen a countryman who had left his farm to see London and on his return gave his neighbors an account of the wonders he had met.

This characterization was received with such peals of applause that Mrs. Garrick, ever zealous of her husband's fame, began to think it rivaled those lately lavished on Richard III. Her feelings were nearly worked up to fever heat when she was attracted by the frantic efforts of her little spaniel dog to overleap the balcony that separated him from the stage, when she immediately became aware of the truth that the actor was Garrick and exclaimed, "Strange that a dog should know his master when the woman who loved him best in the world could not pierce his disguise."

Wealth in Lapland.

What the buffalo was to the Indian the reindeer is to the Lapps. At the present day the wealth of a Lapp is calculated in reindeer. Thus, when the people speak of a man's estate they say, "He is worth so many deer." Those who have only fifty or sixty head are poor servants, and their deer are put with those of their "betters." To have any kind of social standing in Lapland one should possess at least 500 of these animals. A Lapp is considered well off when he is the happy owner of not less than 1,000 reindeer.

A Couple of Bulls.

In General Moore's command was an Irish soldier who, having been asked if the Hollanders were a hospitable people, immediately replied: "They are that; too much so. Ol was in the hospital all the time Ol was there."

This criticism is quite on a par with that of the Englishman who objected to the French because he said the stupid idiots couldn't understand their own language when he spoke it to them.

Most Important News He Had.

"Well, John, I am going to your native town, and if I see any of your folks what shall I tell them?"

Proud Youth—Oh, nothing, only if they say anything about whiskers just tell them I've got some.—Stray Stories.

Hard Patients.

Young Doctor—Which kind of patients do you find it the hardest to cure?

Old Doctor—Those who have nothing the matter with them.

Saving the Pennies.

Some people's idea of economy is to break every dollar they get hold of so as to save up the pennies they receive in change.—Baltimore American.

Give the world more sunshine and less moonshine.—Dallas News.

A BANQUET IN JAPAN.

Talking and Amusements Are More Important Than the Eating.

Dining is not in Japan a serious business. The Japanese do not meet to eat, but eat because they have met, and conversation and amusements form the principal part of a banquet. Conversation need not be held only with your neighbors, for if a man wishes to speak to a friend in another part of the room he quietly slips the paper panel behind him, passes into the veranda, enters the room again and sits down on the floor before his friend. Exchanging cups is the chief ceremony at a Japanese dinner. Sake, a spirit made from rice resembling dry sherry, is drunk hot out of tiny lacquer and gold cups throughout dinner, and the guests, who sit on their heels in the open space of the floor, patiently watch for every opportunity to fill your cup with sake.

When a gentleman would exchange cups, which is equivalent to drinking your health, he sits down in front of you and begs the honor. You empty your cup into a bowl of water, have it filled with sake, drink, wash it again and hand it to your friend. He raises it to his forehead, bows, has it filled and drinks. As this ceremony has to be gone through a great many times drinking is often a mere pretense. Eating is, however, but a small part of the entertainment. We must be amused, and to amuse is the business of the geishas, the licensed singing and dancing girls who are attached to every tea-house.

But the singers at a Japanese dinner only take the part of the chorus in a Greek play, and they sing the story which dancing girls represent or suggest by a series of gestures or postures. The dancers are splendidly dressed, and their movements are so interesting, so unlike anything seen in Europe, that we watch them with a curious sense of pleasure.

"LOST MONDAY."

A Popular Fete Day in Belgium Whose Origin is a Mystery.

The first Monday after Epiphany is a fete day throughout Belgium. "Lost Monday" it is called; exactly why no one seems able to explain. The origin of the fete is lost in the legends of the middle ages, but the modern acceptance of the day is certainly lost to no one here. Like Mardi Gras, Lost Monday is a day of general merrymaking. Every cafe and restaurant in Brussels keeps "open house," and free drinks are on hand for all patrons of the establishment, and as a matter of fact for many others as well who are not regular patrons.

On Black Monday, then, as it is ironically called by some of the natives not overhaunted with the day, the streets of Brussels are given over to the people, and the adventurous foreigner, who, ignorant of the country's customs, ventures out, is apt to find that the Belgian populace is no respecter of persons. On this day the shopkeepers, sighing behind their counters, find themselves compelled to hand over to their customers' servants a forced contribution, amounting to a certain percentage of the year's purchases, while the bakers, too, have a contribution to offer in the shape of cakes specially made for the occasion and offered as gifts to their clientele.

In this manner the unique fete is perpetuated, though the calendar does not note in any particular manner the first Monday after Epiphany.

Where the Other Half Was.

A young minister in the course of an eloquent sermon on the pomps and vanities of the world staggered his congregation by exclaiming: "Here am I standing here preaching to you with only half a shirt on my back, while you sit there covered with gewgaws and other baubles."

The next day a parcel containing several brand new shirts was left at his house by one of his hearers, a kind hearted old lady. Meeting the donor a few days afterward, he thanked her exceedingly, but expressed much surprise at receiving such an unexpected gift.

"Oh," said the lady, "you mentioned in your sermon on Sunday that you had only half a shirt on your back."

"Quite true," added his reverence, "but you seem to forget the other half was in front."—London Tit-Bits.

Vindicated Their Victim.

Bjornson was once asked by a friend upon what occasion in his life he had taken the greatest pleasure in knowing that he was a poet. "It was when a delegation from the Right came to my house in Christiania," he answered, "and smashed all the windows. Because when they had thus attacked me and were starting for home again they felt that they ought to sing something, and so they began to sing. 'Yes, we love this land of ours.' They couldn't do anything else. They had to sing the song of the man whom they had attacked."

The Persian Crow's Beak.

There is a weapon known as the "crow's beak" which was formerly much in use among men of rank in Persia and north India. It was a horseman's weapon and consisted of a broad curved dagger blade fixed at right angles to a shaft, pickax fashion. The shaft incloses a dagger, unscrewing at the butt end. This concealed dagger is a very common feature of Indian arms and especially of the battle axes of Persia.

The Light That Failed.

Mrs. A.—When I was engaged to my husband, he was the very light of my existence.

Miss D.—And now—
Mrs. A.—The light goes out every night.—Brooklyn Life.

Things do not go wrong of themselves; somebody pushes them.—Puck.

Black Bucks of India.

The black buck of India is a very graceful animal, weighing between thirty and fifty pounds. The hide of the male when full grown is of inky blackness on the back, while the belly is as white as snow, the contrast being very striking. The horns are black and spiral in shape and in length average about eighteen inches, although they have been known to reach twenty-six inches. The animals are usually found in herds and are difficult to approach on foot, as the bucks toss their heads in the air from time to time in a very graceful manner, and some of them are almost sure to detect any attempt at stalking.

Roll Butter.

The young housekeeper who told the fishman that she wanted some eels and when he asked her how much replied, "About two yards and a half," was a rival.

"I wish to get some butter, please," she said to the dealer.

"Roll butter, ma'am?" he asked politely.

"No. We wish to eat it on toast. We seldom have rolls."—Chicago News.

Helping the Butler.

Misses (in surprise)—Why did you place the alarm clock by the back-swing butter?

Nora—So it would know what time to rise, mum.—Chicago News.

Sweated the Conscience Fund.

The legislator took up his hat to leave the statehouse. It was in Connecticut some years ago. Tucked in under the sweatband was a roll of greenbacks. The legislator counted the bills. "H'm! Five hundred dollars," he said, and put the money into his pocket. Later in the day he encountered a man with a shifty glance of the eye who asked him, "Did you, ah, that is, h'm, did you find anything in your hat?" "Yes, I found something in my hat." "Well, it was a mistake." "It looked like one." "See here, that roll was meant for another hat, see?" "I see." "As it's a mistake, I suppose you are willing to rectify it?" "Not I," said the legislator. "I'm going to send that money to the conscience fund. Good morning."

Making Up For Lost Time.

Husband (to second wife)—You don't cook like Mary, my first wife, used to do, Alice, he said, in tones of gentle, exasperating reproach. No, it seems to you you can't cook like she used to.

On another occasion he remarked: "You are not so smart at getting about as Mary was. You don't appear to catch on where she left off."

About this time a heavy rolling pin came in contact with his head.

"What do you mean by that, you?" he exclaimed, in agony.

"I am doing the work that Mary neglected," she replied.

There was more peace in that family afterward.

From the Cookbook.

Mrs. New Wed—You don't like the dumplings, Harry? Why, I made them from Mrs. Suorer's cook book.

Mr. New Wed—Well, my dear, the book itself may be very palatable, but I must have been helped to a piece of the cardboard cover.—New York Times.

The Servant's Question.

Mrs. Newly Wed (from above)—Bridget, put the lemons on the ice so they won't get sour.

Bridget (to herself)—Is it anny whonder that I asks dooble pay fer serving the loikes of that?—Exchange.

Not the Same.

Tess—He said I looked handsome in that gown, didn't he?

Jess—Not exactly. He said that gown looked handsome on you.—Exchange.

Charity.

Charity itself commands us, where we know no ill, to think well of all. But friendship, that always goes a jot higher, gives a man a peculiar right and claim to the good opinion of his friend.

Great men should think of opportunity and not of time. Time is the excuse of feeble minded and puzzled spirits.—Disraeli.

Melancholy is the pleasure of being sad.—Hugo.

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