

ORIGIN OF CORN

A STUDY IN BOTANY.

BY IRENE HILL HUNNICUTT.

When Columbus reached Cat Island on that fateful day of 1492, he found poor savages cultivating a plant that was new to the Spaniards. Later, when they saw the Islanders gathering from the stocks a material which they used for food, the Spaniards took a curious interest in their actions.

This plant which the natives called "Mahiz" was wholly unknown to Europe or any other part of the old world. Afterwards the Spaniards themselves cultivated this plant for food, calling it "maize" by which name it has since been known in the botanical world.

In this small way began what is now the most important and most valuable crop in the civilized world.

Looked at from the standpoint of the botanist, a strange fact is disclosed in considering the habits as well as the habitats of this celebrated cereal. It was indigenous to the two Americas, but at the time of the conquest had made little progress towards the wonderful development it was subsequently to attain.

The Indian tribes in various sections, from the Canadas to Patagonia, were found to be acquainted with its merits. They cultivated in little patches, planting it in a hole in the ground made with a stick and from it made certain dishes afterwards famous as "succotash," "hominy and hockeak."

What is especially noticeable is the fact that no other grain or vegetable has such difficulty in reproducing itself unaided as "maize." Left to itself it is difficult to see how it could keep alive. The grain being encased in a thick and close-fitting sheath and growing closely to the cob, can not reproduce unless in falling it becomes shattered and covered. Birds and other animals might help some in this process but not enough to greatly extend the area of its productivity.

The aid of man is needed, not only to plant, but to cultivate the corn, and it is questionable whether if left unattended the whole of the fields in our mighty belt would spontaneously bring forth next season a single ear.

Fortunately, the savages in a limited way assisted this wonderful plant sufficiently to keep it alive in many places until the white man came with his hoe and plow to do the work on an extensive scale.

It is just possible that but for the Indians it might have been lost entirely to man. Its only chance of survival would be in the tropics where the first grain that fell and became covered would escape freezing and thus sprout in the returning season for its propagation.

It is a far cry from the little patches on Gunnahain Island, to the corn fields now smiling over the United States preparatory to a production of 3,000,000,000 bushels this fall. These fields occupy an area greater in extent than the German Empire.

Though every State and Territory in the Union produces corn, the principal crop comes from Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Missouri and Nebraska, which constitute the far-famed "corn belt."

It is estimated that if all corn produced in one year in these six States were shelled and loaded in wagons, the train would extend nearly 150,000 miles, belting the earth six times and 4,000 miles of wagon to spare. Iowa alone has produced a crop equal in value to the annual output of gold, silver, and lead in this whole country, or more than the net earnings of all the national banks.

Our farmers may understand what is meant by improved corn culture, when it is understood that an increase of one ear in every ten in the five principal corn States, that would mean an addition of \$44,000,000 a year to their wealth.

Though the origin of corn is very ancient, its use on a large scale is very modern.

Darwin, the great naturalist, while traveling in Peru, found an ear reposing in a metal vessel eighty-five feet below the present surface of the soil. Others have been found with mummies in the tombs of the Incas.

my well-meaning friends, that it would "make them dreadfully savage." They grew very fast, and as they became more powerful, their fights for possession of the greatest share of the food became more and more serious.

A little later, the bolder ones would not confine their fighting to meal times, but would scarcely tolerate the presence of the weaker ones at any time, and fought them savagely whenever they came near. So, recognizing nature's law of the survival of the fittest, I had the two which were leading a miserable existence humanely disposed of, and kept the two which were all wolf. One, because of his dark color and peculiarly sinister aspect, we named Death, and the other, the larger of the two, we named Dauntless, because he had always been the boldest of the lot. These two were great friends, and never fought over anything, though at meal times they often growled a mutual warning to respect one another's rights. They romped and played a great deal, were perfectly happy when together, but seemed greatly distressed whenever they were separated. They were entirely friendly with me, and allowed me to handle them with some freedom, except when they were feeding, and because they were now able to do serious injury I seldom attempted to caress them at meal times.

Sometimes I took the two young wolves for a walk with me in the forest, and it was most interesting to see them working together through the woods and across clearings, or splashing along the trout brooks in a cloud of spray. They were creatures of seemingly tireless energy, galloping along for hours at a stretch, their long tongues lolling from their mouths. Now and then they would start a rabbit from beneath the low-growing spruce branches where she had been sitting, and often they would send a red squirrel scurrying up a tree in a panic of fright, and then watch him apparently in amazement, as he sat on a branch above their heads, uttering remarks, which, had they been translated into English, would scarcely have been fit to print. Sometimes they would scratch for mice under fallen logs, or in the long grass, and rather rarely their efforts were rewarded by finding a nest of the little rodents, which were quickly dispatched. Once or twice they destroyed birds' nests which had been built on the ground, and once they caught a full-grown wounded robin. Their eyes were wonderfully quick to notice any movement of bird or beast in the landscape about them, and if it were but a butterfly, their jaws were quick to snap at it.

If there was anything the young wolves enjoyed better than a walk with me, it was to be allowed to pay a visit to Romulus, the coyote, whose liberty had been curtailed since his last and biggest offense against the property of my nearest neighbors. He is now in a long chain, the last link of which runs upon a wire stretched across the orchard, giving him a range of a hundred feet or more. Here I would sometimes take the two young timber-wolves, and it would be hard to say whether the host or his visitors were most delighted. They would all wag their tails and whine affectionately, the prairie-wolf racing from end to end of his long wire, with Death and Dauntless in hot pursuit. Then Romulus would stand quite still, shut his eyes and allow the timber-wolves to lick his face and chew his ears. And sometimes I would take part in the game myself, by tossing sticks and apples for the wolves to race after. But after a frolic of this kind, the youngsters were always wilder than ever, and in order to catch them it was often necessary to use both patience and strategy.—From Ernest Harold Baynes's "Dauntless: My Big Timber Wolf," in St. Nicholas.

Girl's Escape From a Wildcat.

When a young girl I spent several years on a ranch in southern Arizona. One day as I was riding through the desert I noticed the sun's brightness gradually becoming obscured by a yellowish haze and the increased force of the wind whirling great clouds of dust everywhere. Dismounting and leading the horse, I discovered we were on the dry bed of a river and partly protected from the fury of the storm. A clump of mesquite on the opposite bank apparently affording a shelter I decided to avail myself of it.

I opened the pouch containing my lunch. The latter was thickly covered with dust and I threw it into the nearby bushes.

Instantly there was a blood curdling scream, and the fiery, glaring eyes of a huge wildcat were watching me. The brute was crouching, working its way in my direction.

Just then another hair raising scream brought me to my knees, and there was the brute on its back, gnashing its teeth, with a quivering arrow in its side. Later I found that a party of Indians who had been out rabbit hunting, heard the cat's growls and had shot it.—Chicago Tribune.

Asylum for Refugees.

Switzerland has always had the honor of offering the right of asylum. In this classic land of liberty, political refugees have for a long time enjoyed a warm reception, especially Republicans, Democrats, and patriots. If of late the welcome has been less enthusiastic it is because Russians educated in Swiss universities have been guilty of so many crimes.—Paris Journal des Debats.



GIRLS MARK THEIR LINGERIE.

In this day of ready-made, the only thing that makes one's clothes seem at all personal is to have some individual way of marking them. Even girls who make many of their own things enjoy putting on the little touch which makes them peculiarly their own. The easiest way and the latest is to have the name in full, first marked in the owners' handwriting. Then it is worked with plain outline stitch, or the work can be done with the sewing machine, by going over it twice. Handkerchiefs are especially dainty done this way, and much easier to identify than when marked simply with the initials or indelible ink, which becomes dim. The machine stitching can also be used on small initials for underwear, and if a set of lingerie is being trimmed in colors the machine may be threaded with color.

Flower marking is a dainty fad with several prospective brides. Everything that they make has a daisy, a buttercup, or, latest of all, a rose on it. If the girl doesn't embroider, she buys Hamburg flowers and button-holes them on. Another idea is to have a whole set of rose lingerie, another of butterflies, and so on. In this case very often the cloth is marked with the owner's name in indelible ink in some out-of-the-way corner, where only the laundress will see it. Another idea is the color marking. A whole trousseau seen lately was in white, except for the tiny blue bell which appeared on each piece of the lingerie.

If the lingerie is marked with a monogram it is correct to have the same design stamped in several sizes. Any girl who is at all clever with a pencil can draw the different sizes for herself after she has the first design done. The same is true of initials. Both these and the monogram are now done in script rather than old English style.

Perhaps the simplest of all marking is with the tiny medallion initials, which come in several sizes for a few cents apiece. They are sewed into place and one initial outlasts several garments.—Pittsburg Press.

NO HONOR FOR DOMESTIC WORK.

There are two kinds of work in the world, both equally necessary; the one kind is pleasant, the other unpleasant, and the great permanent struggle of humanity is to get the pleasant work for themselves individually, and to compel others to relieve them of the horrid necessity of performing the second kind. Now domestic labor is not pleasant, first because it leaves no record, second because the work brings no honor to the performer other than the very doubtful honor which attends the destruction of the results.

If domestic work had been pleasant, man would have reserved it for himself, having the strength and the opportunity to make his own conditions, but primitive man preferred the pleasures of the chase, and to cultivate the free gait and lofty mien of a bold and beautiful brave, while woman cooked the flesh and dressed the skins of the fruits of the chase, carrying the tentpoles and other portable objects during family migrations.

When we can impress on others not only that the unpleasant things are their portion but that they like the allotment, we have added a new element to the art of government. When we have convinced people that they are inferior they think it a privilege to be permitted to look after obscure and disregarded things. Woman believed for ages that she could not throw a stone, could not grasp the elements of the science of mathematics, and was so timid that she was bound to scream when she saw a mouse. The great uprising began when she recognized, as a woman, that these statements were not true.

Domestic work is not liked, not held in honor, and until it is accorded national distinction, women will seek another outlet for their efforts.—New Haven Register.

TREND TO GAYER GOWNS.

"Every time I come to New York," said a woman who visits the city at intervals of two or three years, "I notice a distinct advance in the gayety of gowns worn for walking. Apparently the tailor-made costume is losing its grip even on the progressive woman. New Yorkers are working back to the theory of their grandmothers, that woman should be attracted attractively at all times. Frocks are worn in the street today which a few years ago would have made a carriage imperative. It is no uncommon sight to see women in Fifth Avenue dressed in a way that in the preceding decade would have been considered correct only in drawing rooms. At first I thought the trend had to do only with actresses and the newly rich, but I realize all your best families have yielded to it. Twentieth century fabrics have had something to do with causing the reversion to early nineteenth century frilliness. I dare say, for the number of materials tending themselves to glacial colors and soft effects is growing early. But the chief reason probably is that women have regained the understanding that they are on earth to make life worth living to mankind, and that the more becomingly they array themselves the happier and better the race will be."—New York Press.

THE GIRL SERIOUS.

The girl who would make herself popular with men will take neither herself nor them too seriously. It is difficult to tell which of these two is the more fatal error to commit. If she considers herself irresistible, either as to looks, conversation or clothes, she fails to make the natural effort that might render her most attractive, and satisfied as she is, becomes either dull or ridiculous. If, on the contrary, she thinks every man who speaks to her a second time, is on the verge of falling in love with her charms and takes seriously attentions merely of the moment, it will be only a few years when she finds herself high and dry on the sands of time, because every man who knows her is either afraid or bored.

According to a cynical old philosopher, says Brockton Times, the reason that men as a rule are more attentive to married women than to girls is because they have no fear of the former being unduly impressed. A married woman knows that even the most slavish devotion is for amusement, or distraction only.

On the other hand, if a bachelor were to show half the same pleasure in the society of a girl, their friends, if not the girl herself, would think that the matter was seriously on the way to an engagement.

GREAT YEAR FOR LACE.

This is the year of lace. Every thing in that line from machine-made cotton to handwork of the greatest artistic value is in demand. For years women of wealth in all parts of the world have devoted their time to encouraging revival of lacemaking. They have supplied the raw material to working women and have impressed on their proteges the possibility of profit in light labor at home. Few crafts offer such a margin of gain, for thread costing a few cents may be transferred into lace that will sell for as many dollars, the difference representing only the talent and industry of the worker. It is not an easy task to make a community enthusiastic over lacemaking. A good deal of time has to be spent in learning the art, and the beginner is likely to be discouraged. To offset that tendency the women who patronize the craft buy early efforts, which, on account of their imperfections, have little market value. But they reap their reward when the beginners become experts, for one never can tell when a worker will produce a pattern so novel as to be a delight to the buyer.—New York Press.

PRESENTED TO AN OLDER WOMAN.

A young woman always rises when being presented to an older woman, and some faddists have adopted the English rule of not introducing persons who come together in the drawing room, the theory being that as they meet in the hostess' home introductions are not necessary. While the broad basis is correct, that the hostess' friends are also those of her guests, some persons find themselves embarrassed when confronted by perfect strangers, whose names they do not even know.

It is always the part of good form to speak to any person, man or woman whom one finds in the same drawing room. This rule is not to be applied to dances or gatherings in big halls, and two strangers, who speak then commit a very ill-bred act.—Washington Star.

FASHION NOTES.

A huge white chip lined with pink straw is a dream.

Cretonne is full of charm, and it is little wonder that the fabric is popular.

With the tailor-made suit the flat sailor seems to be the leading favorite.

There are many net hats which are generally in black with frills of black lace and huge bows of black velvet.

One particularly smart tie was double, with the lower wings edged with German valenciennes and the upper with tiny crocheted circles and stars.

The big picture hat lined with black satin put on plain and trimmed with a mass of wisteria, morning-glories, lilies or other similar blossoms is a high favorite among millinery conceits.

A JAPANESE HOME.

Lack of Ornament and Extraordinary Cleanliness Make the Charm.

We ended our pleasant day by being taken to see the houses and gardens of Mr. Iwasaki, a magnate of Tokio, our host having arranged the visit beforehand. After a long drive in a landau, which was driven by a Japanese coachman garbed in a dark-blue kimono and mushroom hat, with a belt, or groom, dressed in the same way, on the box, we came to the two houses. One was European, full of fine things, while the other, in which the former lived, was Japanese. Having removed our shoes, we were taken over it. I wish I could describe its fascinations; but where there were no ornaments, no furniture, no pictures save a kakemono here and there, no curtains, no color anywhere, it is difficult to say where lay the charm.

And yet it was charming. The fineness of the matting, the beauty of workmanship of the woodwork, the lacquer frames of the screens, which were so adjusted that they parted at a touch without a sound, the extraordinary cleanliness everywhere, and, above all, the different little courts on which the rooms looked, were delightful. The bathroom particularly pleased me. Made of some light-colored wood, it shone like satin and felt like it.

A delicate carving round the base of the wall, representing flights of birds, formed a dado; two large wooden tubs of the same wood stood at the end of the room, encircled by brass bands beautifully polished, and half a dozen tubs of different sizes stood on a low table; the window looked out upon a small court with one large magnolia tree, and a very old graystone lantern. Another room, a sanctum sanctorum, where the "tea ceremonies" were held, gave upon a wild scene ten feet square, where jagged rocks, prickly bushes, and rushing torrents spanned by stone bridges, made the urbanities and rigid etiquette of these ceremonies appear a pleasant contrast. The smoking room, made by opening and closing a screen, looked upon a lake artificial and cleverly planned, with beautiful trees and shrubs on its banks, and rocks of strange and varied colors. These rocks alone cost a fabulous sum, and had been brought from a great distance. The lake was fed from the sea, and as the sun was setting we watched the fish jumping high in the air. Walking round the gardens until it was nearly dark, every turn of the path presented an absolutely new aspect, the variety being marvellous. The gardens and houses covered twenty-four acres, and seemed four times that size.—(From "The Reminiscences of Lady Randolph Churchill," in the Century.)

SHARK FISHING OFF HONOLULU.

Either Hook or Harpoon Used—Monsters Often Caught Near the Shore.

"One of Honolulu's most exciting pastimes is shark fishing," said George T. Wilson, a planter of Honolulu. "Large sharks abound off Honolulu harbor, and fishermen may usually count on bringing back one or two sea monsters from eight to fourteen feet long by going three or four miles from shore. The fish may either be harpooned or hooked, the latter method being the easier. The harpooning is more dangerous and more difficult.

"The shark fishers need a small launch, a dead horse, some harpoons or hooks and some large calibre rifles. The horse is sometimes killed a day or two before the expedition, as sharks are supposed to like their horse meat 'high.' The horse is tied at the end of a rope and left to float about sixty feet away from the launch, and then the wait for the sharks begins.

"A shark will usually show up in a very short time. At a distance of sixty feet he is a long green object of indefinite outlines. He approaches the dead horse slowly until a few feet away and then veers off to one side and disappears. But he always returns. Over and over again, sometimes for an hour, he will circle about the dead animal, seeming to be as suspicious as any fox. While the shark is making these repeated investigations the bait is slowly drawn toward the boat. When harpooning is to be done the bait is drawn gradually closer until the shark comes right up to the boat. Then the harpoon is plunged into him and the battle begins. He gets exhausted by and by and then the rifles come into play.

"The sharks are more easily hooked than harpooned. Many tourists who came to Honolulu get up shark fishing parties. There are launches and assistants for hire. The shark usually goes to the fishermen who help, and a small sum is to be realized from the oil its liver affords.

Kerosene Shale Deposit.

In the valley of the Wolgan River, 120 miles west of Sydney (Australia), are what are said to be the largest known deposits of kerosene shale in the world. "They are estimated to cover forty-one square miles," reports Consul Orlando Baker, "the depth of seam varying from a few inches to six feet. The richest shale is at Joaja mine, 77 miles from Sydney; it is said to yield 150 gallons of crude oil per ton, or 15,400 cubic feet of gas, with an illuminating power of 48 sperm candles. Some of this shale has averaged as high as 100 gallons of crude oil per ton."

BUSINESS CARDS.

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MARKETS.

PITTSBURG.	
Wheat—No. 2 red.....	\$ 85 93
Do—No. 2 yellow.....	80 91
Do—No. 2 yellow, ear.....	87 92
Mixed ear.....	77 78
Oats—No. 2 white.....	53 54
Do—No. 2 white.....	52 53
Flour—Winter patent.....	5 90 5 90
Fancy straight winters.....	19 00 19 00
Hay—No. 1 Timothy.....	11 00 11 00
Do—No. 2 Timothy.....	10 00 10 00
Feed—No. 1 white, ton.....	30 00 31 00
Brown middlings.....	27 01 28 50
Brain, bulk.....	24 00 24 00
Straw—Wheat.....	7 00 8 00
Oat.....	7 00 8 00
Dairy Products.	
Butter—Elgin creamery.....	\$ 21 26
Ohio creamery.....	21 26
Fancy country roll.....	17 18
Cheese—Ohio, new.....	15 17
New York, new.....	15 17
Poultry, Etc.	
Hens—per lb.....	\$ 17 18
Chickens—dressed.....	12 13
Eggs—Pa. and Ohio, fresh.....	22 23
Fruits and Vegetables.	
Potatoes—Fancy white per bu.....	91 1 00
Cabbage—per ton.....	1 00 1 75
Onions—per barrel.....	5 50 5 50

BALTIMORE.	
Flour—Winter Patent.....	\$ 3 70 5 90
Wheat—No. 2 red.....	1 04
Do—Mixed.....	71 76
Eggs—Wint. creamery.....	17 18
Butter—Ohio creamery.....	21 24

PHILADELPHIA.	
Flour—Winter Patent.....	\$ 5 00 5 75
Wheat—No. 2 red.....	88 97
Do—No. 2 mixed.....	88 88
Do—No. 2 white.....	51 54
Butter—Creamery.....	22 23
Eggs—Pennsylvania dress.....	17 18

NEW YORK.	
Flour—Patents.....	\$ 3 50 5 90
Wheat—No. 2 red.....	1 01
Do—No. 2 mixed.....	99 99
Do—No. 2 white.....	54 55
Butter—Creamery.....	22 23
Eggs—State and Pennsylvania.....	17 18

LIVE STOCK.

Union Stock Yards, Pittsburg.	
CATTLE.	
Extra, 1400 to 1600 pounds.....	6 11 @ 6 25
Prime, 1200 to 1400 pounds.....	5 90 @ 5 90
Good, 1000 to 1200 pounds.....	5 31 @ 5 75
Fair, 800 to 1000 pounds.....	4 45 @ 5 35
Fair, 500 to 800 pounds.....	4 00 @ 4 75
Common, 300 to 500 pounds.....	3 00 @ 4 00
Bulls.....	2 00 @ 2 50
Cows.....	1 50 @ 4 00
HOGS.	
Prime, heavy.....	7 10 @ 7 15
Prime, medium weight.....	7 10 @ 7 15
Best heavy Yorkers.....	7 10 @ 7 15
Light Yorkers.....	6 45 @ 6 75
Pigs.....	5 25 @ 5 75
Roughs.....	5 25 @ 5 50
Stags.....	4 00 @ 4 50
SHEEP.	
Prime wethers.....	4 40 @ 4 40
Good mixed.....	4 20 @ 4 20
Fair mixed ewes and wethers.....	3 45 @ 4 17
Wool and common.....	1 20 @ 1 00
Spring lambs.....	5 00 @ 4 25
Fat calves.....	5 00 @ 4 75
Heavy to thin calves.....	3 00 @ 4 75

THE NATIONAL GAME.

George Paige, the Charleston pitcher, reported to the New York Club.

Manager Ganzel will this fall try his recruits one by one, and not by wholesale.

The Chicago Club has loaned pitcher Neuer to the Johnstown Tri-State Club.

Fred Clarke picked up two strong veterans for his outfield in Thomas and Shannon.

President Charles Murphy, of the Cubs, is hot on the trail for pitchers. He is not the only one.

Bill Sweeney, of the Boston, is of opinion that third base is the hardest infield position to play.

Boston has bought outfielder Beals Becker from Little Rock, Ark., with the consent of Pittsburg.

Pitcher Reubach is acquiring Pat Flaherty's expertise in rapid-fire delivery when the batsman is off his guard.

Wagner leads the National League in extra bases, with 19 doubles, 13 triples and 8 home runs, an aggregate of 109.

Catcher George Gibson, of Pittsburg, has shown great improvement in his work this season over any preceding season.

Kid Eberfeld has not given the umpires the least bit of trouble since he became a manager. He has behaved admirably.

Del Howard is hitting the ball good and hard this season, and his timely hitting has earned more than one victory for the Cubs.

Mathewson has the best strike-out record to date for both major leagues. In the National League Rucker is second to Mathewson.

President George Dovey, of Boston, is on the still hunt for rising young players. Good old ones will get the money when doing their best.