

Weeping Animals.
Travelers through the Syrian desert have seen horses weep from thirst. A mule has been seen to cry from the pain of an injured foot, and camels, it is said, shed tears in streams. A cow sold by its mistress, who had tended it from childhood, wept piteously. A young ape used to cry with vexation if Livingstone didn't nurse it in his arms when it asked him to. Wounded apes have died crying, and apes have wept over their young ones slain by hunters. A chimpanzee trained to carry water jugs broke one and cried, which proved sorrow, though it wouldn't mend the jug. Rats, discovering their young drowned, have been moved to grief. A giraffe which a huntsman's rifle had injured began to cry when approached. Sea lions often weep over the loss of their young. Gordon Cumming observed tears trickling down the face of a dying elephant. And even an orang outang when deprived of its mango was so vexed that it took to weeping. There is little doubt, therefore, that animals do cry from grief or weep from pain or annoyance.—Harper's Weekly.

The Laborer's Thanks.
A tram car was going down a busy street one day and was already comfortably full when it was hailed by a laboring man much the worse for liquor, who presently staggered along the car between two rows of well dressed people regardless of polished shoes and tender feet.
Murmurs and complaints arose on all sides, and demands were heard that the offender should be ejected at once.
But amid the storm of abuse one friendly voice was raised as a benevolent clergyman rose from his seat, saying:
"No, no! Let the man sit down and be quiet."
The discomfiture of the party turned to mirth when the drunken one seized his benefactor by the hand, exclaiming:
"Thank ye, sir—thank ye. I see you know what it is to be tight!"—London Answers.

Served Him Well.
During the early days of the career of William Allen White, when he was charged with the conduct of a country paper in Iowa, he one day received a call from an indignant contributor, who bitterly complained that matter of his, long before submitted, had not been published.
"Softly my friend," said White in his most soothing tone, "Really I must offer my best thanks to you for those features. They have served me well. From time to time when I get to thinking that this sheet is a pretty poor one to inflict upon a long suffering public I look up your stuff and read it carefully, a process which enables me to perceive how much worse my paper might be, whereupon I become real cheerful. Please don't take them from me."—Cleveland Leader.

A Multiplication Trick.
Here is a little trick in multiplication that may amuse you. Ask a friend to write down the numbers 12345679, omitting the number 8. Then tell him to select any one figure from the list, multiply it by 9 and with the answer to this sum multiply the whole list—thus, assuming that he selects either the figure 4 or 6:

Select 4x9=36	Select 6x9=54
12345679	12345679
36	54
74074074	4382716
87087087	6173535
44444444	66666666

You see, the answer of the sum is composed of figures similar to the one selected.

Men in Petticoats.
It will probably be a matter of surprise to the general reader to learn that the petticoat was first worn exclusively by men. In the reign of King Henry VII, the dress of the English was so fantastic and absurd that it was difficult to distinguish one sex from the other. In the inventory of Henry V, appears a "petticoat of red damask, with open sleeves." There is no mention of a woman's petticoat before the Tudor period.

Cruel Blow.
"Are you aware of the fact?" remarked Miss Cutting, "that I am a mind reader?"
"Never suspected it, weally," answered young Softy. "Would you—aw—object to reading my mind, docher know?"
"Certainly not," she replied. "Bring it with you the next time you call."
"Waiter, ask the orchestra to play something different."
"Any particular selection, sir?"
"Something slower. I can't chew my food properly in waltz time."—Kansas City Journal.

Only Chance.
"Do you believe," queried the fair widow, "that universal peace will ever be established?"
"Not unless people quit getting married," growled the old bachelor.—Chicago News.

The Settlement.
Supper—What will your father settle on the man who marries you? The Girl—All the rest of the family, I suppose.—St. Louis Times.

Work Has Been Done.
"How do you like the monkey out of me, Powell?"
"No, you seem to have already awarded the contract."—New York Press.

With man's best of his misfortunes are occasioned by man's—Henny.

The Two Pies.
Ruth, who has been married just two weeks, lives in a little flat and there keeps house for her lord and master. She has had a little and is wise beyond her nineteen years. On Sunday after their dinner had been served by the wife she went to the kitchen and returned with a pumpkin pie.
"What's that?" asked the L. and M.
"I made a pumpkin pie yesterday," his wife answered humbly.
He attacked the confection with a knife and fork, but could not make much headway and was about to declare himself when Ruth announced:
"I have another in the pantry, dear. Your mother sent one over yesterday."
She then produced the second pie, which was as tender and appetizing as the first had been tough and unsavory.
"That's something like it," he said patronizingly. "Of course you couldn't expect to become expert at once, my dear."
The girl laughed. "You're eating the one I made now," she said. And in her diary for the day is written:
"An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."—Portland (Me.) Express.

The Hip Joints.
The cup and ball socket and the air tight valve were first used in the human body. If our hip joints and arms were not provided with air tight sockets we should get too tired to continue our work for any length of time in just holding these limbs together by muscles. It is the pressure of the air which holds them in place, and thus all physical effort is avoided. In the various air tight joints and sockets found in the human body one may find nearly all the mechanical principles involved in the air brake or the use of compressed air for a thousand different things. Some may aver that nature did not discover ball bearings, a mechanical device which has revolutionized the vehicular world. But this principle is almost developed in the ball of the leg bone and the socket of the hip, which are made so smooth and are so well oiled that they slide backward and forward with practically no friction.

Marrying For Votes.
Marrying for votes was a device of old time British election agents. As the law stood before the reform act of 1832 widows of freemen on marrying again made their second husbands freemen and therefore voters. At election times widows were consequently paid handsomely to go through a formal marriage with a voteless bachelor, who, for a consideration, similarly agreed to support the candidate. The pair were married, the man voted according to instructions, and then he and his wife, standing on either side of a tombstone, said, "Death us do part." With this formal fulfillment of the matrimonial vow they regarded their marriage dissolved. At the last election in Bristol before 1832 a hundred women gave votes to men.

A Literary Light.
A short time ago a well known writer of London, remembering that he had never read the noncanonical books, went out in search of a copy and in one bookshop after another drew blank. At last he went to his own particular newspaper shop, which also dealt in Bibles and light literature.
"Have you the Apocrypha?" he asked.
For a moment the young woman behind the counter was puzzled; then, brightening, she said, "Is it a weekly or a monthly?"

Acres and Bible Letters.
It has sometimes been stated that there are more acres in Yorkshire than there are letters in the Bible. A person hearing the statement for the first time is inclined to doubt it, but it is true, all the same. Authorities differ as to the exact acreage of the county, one giving it as 3,882,848 and another as 3,771,843. But the number of letters in the Bible is said to be 3,566,480, so the acres beat the letters, with something to spare.—London Notes and Queries.

On the Wrong Side.
A temperance missionary in Glasgow left a few tracts with a young woman one morning. Calling at the same house a few days after, he was rather disconcerted to find the tracts doing duty as curl papers on the head of the damsel to whom he had given them.
"Weel, my lassie," he remarked, "I see ye have used the tracts I left w' ye, but," he added in time to turn confusion into merriment, "ye ha' putten them outside instead of inside your head."

The French Horn.
The French horn, or cor de chasse, is regarded by some musicians as the sweetest and mellowest of all the wind instruments. In Beethoven's time it was little else than the old hunting horn, which for the convenience of the mounted hunter was arranged in spiral convolutions to be slipped over the head and carried resting on one shoulder and under the opposite arm. The Germans still call it the waldhorn—that is, "forest horn."

No Occasion For Alarm.
Said a nervous lady to another lady, at whose house she was making a call, "Are you not afraid that some of your children will fall into that cistern in your yard?"
"Oh, no," was the complacent reply. "Anyhow, that's not the cistern we get our drinking water from."

He Didn't.
"Do you believe in signs?"
"No. A dentist's sign reading 'Teeth Extracted Without Pain' fell the other day just as I went under it and knocked out two teeth of mine."

Absentminded.
Modjeska used to tell a story about her honeymoon that is somewhat amusing. When the Countess and Count of Bozenta were on their wedding trip it happened one morning that she had just got up when the count, who had been out for an hour or two taking a morning walk, came back and called to her excitedly:
"Helen! Helen! Come here."
"What is it?"
"Come here quick. I've brought you some lovely fruit, the first of the market."
"All right; I'm dressing. I'll come as soon as I have finished getting ready."
She dressed leisurely and entered the sitting room. The count was sitting reading, deeply interested in his book. She looked round. No fruit was to be seen. She looked all over the place. The count looked up.
"What are you looking for?"
"Where's that fruit?"
The count looked on the table. It was not there.
"Good gracious!" he said. "I'll be hanged if I haven't eaten it!"

The Wicked Multiplication Table.
A minister was hearing his Sunday school repeat the catechism one Sunday preceding confirmation when a boy from the class of small children ventured to ask a question of the minister.
Turning to the clergyman, the boy inquired in an anxious tone, "Why does the multiplication table make people wicked?"
The minister thought at first that the child had taken occasion to propound a conundrum at a most unseasonable time and was about to reprove him when the earnestness of the expression in the upturned face assured him that the question was asked in good faith and required a reply.
"Why do you ask such a question, John? I never knew it to do so," he said.
John turned to his catechism and read from it with a mystified air the question, "Did man grow worse as he began to multiply?" and the accompanying answer, "He did."

Two Convincing Reasons.
Lord Peterborough, who lived in the reign of Queen Anne, was very frolicsome, and one day, seeing from his carriage a dancing master with pearl colored stockings lightly stepping over the broad stones and picking his way in extremely dirty weather, he alighted and ran after him with drawn sword in order to drive him into the mud, but into which he of course followed himself. This nobleman was once taken for the Duke of Marlborough and was mobbed in consequence. The duke was then in disgrace with the people, and Lord Peterborough was about to be roughly handled. Turning to them, he said:
"Gentlemen, I can convince you by two reasons that I am not the Duke of Marlborough. In the first place, I have only 5 guineas in my pocket, and, in the second, they are heartily at your service."

Patroness of Music.
The origin of music is lost in antiquity. Among civilized people it is probably to be traced to the ancient Egyptian priests, who employed this art in their religious rites and ceremonies. From the Egyptians the Greeks and the Romans derived their knowledge of music. The ancient Egyptians probably took with them into Palestine some of the songs they had learned in Egypt. The hymns used in the temple formed the basis of the melodies of the early Christian church, and from these hymns was formulated the first authoritative musical system. St. Cecilia is termed the patroness of music.—Exchange.

The Spit Snake.
There is a snake belonging to the small family caudate, inhabiting Africa, that is said to have the power of ejecting its venom to a short distance. This snake is called by the Dutch, Boers, "spuw slang" or spit snake. When this snake erects its teeth the pressure of the maxillary bone on the gland causes the venom to flow in drops, and it may be quite possible that by discharging air from its mouth the poison may be blown some distance.

The Gypsies.
The origin of the people known as gypsies remains largely a mystery. Egypt, India, Persia and Arabia have in turn been pointed out as their original country, but there is little definite knowledge on the subject. The weight of evidence is in favor of their having originated in India. They first appeared in Europe about 1400 and from the Danube region spread all over the continent, appearing in England about 1520.

Effective.
"The climax to his wooing was very romantic. He proposed to her on the verge of a mountain gorge."
"What did she do?"
"She threw him over."—Baltimore American.

Retort Photographic.
The photographer was drying his plates in the warm sunlight.
"What are you doing there?" asked a friend.
"Oh," was the reply, "just airing my views."

Strict Obedience.
Salesman—Shirt, sir? Will you have a negligee or a stiff bosom? Customer—Negligee, I guess. The doctor said I must avoid starched things.—Exchange.

The measure of a man's sin is the difference between what he is and what he might be.—Jordan.

He Could Not Recommend It.
The editor was seated at his desk, busily engaged in writing a fervid editorial on the necessity of building a new walk to the cemetery, when a battered specimen of the tramp printer entered the office.
"Mornin', boss," said the caller. "Got any work for a printer?"
"I have," answered the editor. "You happened in just right this time. I've got only a boy to help me in the office, and I need a man to set type for about a week. I have to make a trip out west. You can take off your coat and begin right now. I start tomorrow morning."
"All right," said the typographical tourist, removing his coat. "What road are you going to travel on?"
"The X, Y, and Z mostly. I've never been on it. Know anything about it?"
"I know all about it. I've traveled it from one end to the other."
"What kind of road is it?"
"Bum!" said the printer in a tone indicative of strong disgust. "The ties are too far apart!"—Youth's Companion.

The Artistic Japanese.
Artistic impulses govern even the ordinary artisan in Japan. This, from an article in the Craftsman by Mr. L. Wakeman Curtis, illustrates the fact: "In so commercial and nonartistic a porcelain district as Nagoya I saw a big room full of men working in clay, hastily copying in quantities pieces that were to go, in a shipload, to fill an order in England. I paused beside a man who was finishing soap dishes. On each cover, before it went to be baked, he was adding the knob by which it could be lifted. That on the European model before him was utterly without sentiment, less graceful of shape than a freshly dug onion or potato. With a few slight, quick touches, seemingly as unthinking as a machine, he was yet doing more than was required—he was causing each knob as it passed under his hands to take the look of a half opened bud, a faint hint of a leaf being also quickly modeled in the 'biscuit' beneath it."

Paris' Worst Flood.
In the year 1296 rose the greatest flood of which history makes any record in Paris. "Men went in boats over the wall of the king's garden." All the island was covered, and from the foot of the hill of the university to the rising ground beyond the Marais the upper stories of the houses rose out of a lake a mile wide. In that flood was swept away the old stone bridge that Charles the Bald had built centuries earlier, before even the Normans besieged the town, and in that flood the Petit Chatelet was destroyed. The Petit Pont fell into the river also, but that was nothing wonderful, for it was the most unfortunate of bridges and never stood firmly for fifty years at a stretch, but was forever being destroyed and regularly rebuilt. The waste of this flood was the signal for Philippe le Bel's rebuilding.—Hilalre Belloc's "Paris."

Points About a Good Horse.
There are some points which are valuable in horses of every description. The head should be proportionately large and well set on. The lower jawbones should be sufficiently far apart to enable the head to form an angle with the neck, which gives it free motion and a graceful carriage and prevents it bearing too heavily on the hand. The eye should be large, a little prominent, and the eyelids fine and thin. The ear should be small and erect and quick in motion. The top ear indicates dullness and stubbornness. When too far back there is a disposition to mischief.

An Odd Gypsy Custom.
In Hungary, when the question of the baby's future comes up for discussion among the gypsies, there is no time wasted in argument. A blanket is held by the four corners, and the baby is thrown into the air. If it comes down on its little stomach it is a sign that it is going to be a musician; if it falls on its back it is to be a thief, and the education of the child is begun as soon as possible in one of these two time honored professions.

Painfully Frank.
"Mr. Coldcash, I have come to ask for the hand of your daughter."
"My daughter, sir?"
"Yes, I can't live without her."
"Well, sir, finish your sentence."
"Finish my sentence?"
"Yes, you were about to say you could not live without her income. Let us be candid."

How She Got the Job.
"The one thing we demand from our employees," said the head of the office force, "is correctness in figures."
The applicant smoothed her hipless skirt complacently.
"I have never had any complaints on that score," she replied, with a glance of assurance.—Bystander.

Anticipated.
"I've often marveled at your brilliancy, your aptness at repartee, your—"
"If it's more than 5 shillings, old man, I can't do a thing for you. I'm nearly broke myself."—London Mail.

Innocent Fun.
"Hey!" exclaimed his uncle. "What are you trying to do—break my watch?"
"No," replied the innocent solemnly; "I'm 'twin' th'ow it thoo the floor."—Buffalo Express.

Early and provident fear is the mother of safety.—Burke.

Butler's Reply.
There was a time, while Lyman Trumbull was chairman of the senate committee on judiciary, that Benjamin Butler was chairman of the judiciary committee of the house. It was at this period that a delegation from one of the southern states visited Washington with a desire to secure the impeachment and removal of the federal judge of their state. They interviewed Mr. Butler as to the probability of carrying such a measure through that session.
"I don't know," was Mr. Butler's reply; "I am chairman of the judiciary committee of the house. The necessary action can be had here. But Lyman Trumbull is chairman of the senate committee, and Judge Trumbull is troubled with two things—the dyspepsia, which makes him miserable, and conscience, which makes him uncertain."

Ginseng's Growth.
The manner of the ginseng's growth gives it a queer shape and in some cases fabulous value. There is first a main root or trunk. Then on the sides there will be smaller roots, one on a side, and by a curious formation the offshoots resemble arms and legs, so that the full grown ginseng looks for the world like a human figure. The more the fancied likeness to the human form is developed the greater the value, according to some of the Chinese. The root as an herb has wonderful properties, but, too, so much beyond the value of one that looks human. The others will cure cancers and all sorts of other diseases, but the precious one having the human shape will keep off devils and all bad luck.—Argonaut.

Not His Fault.
A story is told of a well known Sheffield tenor who when asked to sing at a dinner, although he had no music with him, went on to the platform to try.
He did his best, but he broke down in the middle and retired.
He was cheered up by an elderly man sitting next to him, who tapped him on the shoulder and said:
"Never mind, lad; that's done thy best, but 'feller at asked thee to sing out to be shot!"—London Telegraph.

Had to Do It.
Hogan—Phwat makes ye swally all your dinner in two minutes, Grogan? Are yez atin' on a bet? Grogan—It's for the good av me dyspepsy, Molke Sure, the docter told me to rist an hour after 'atin', and how else am Ol goin' to get the hour to rist in unless Ol ate loike the divil?—Boston Transcript.

The Higher Court.
"The courts have decided that a woman has no right to open her husband's mail."
"My wife reversed that decision before it was made."—Houston Post.

Still Young.
Teacher—I am surprised that you are not further advanced. You are extremely backward for your age. Little Girl—Yes'm. Mamma wants to marry again.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

For Congress—
J. N. LANGHAM,
Of Indiana.
Subject to the action of the Republicans of the 27th Congressional District, at the primary election, Saturday, June 4th, 1910.


For Assembly—
S. TAYLOR NORTH
Of Pennsylvania.
Subject to action of the Republicans of Jefferson county at the primary election to be held June 4, 1910.

For Assembly—
HENRY I. WILSON,
Of Big Run.
Subject to the action of the Republican voters of Jefferson county at the primary election to be held June 4, 1910.

For Assembly—
JAMES G. MITCHELL
Of Perry Township.
Subject to the action of the Republican voters of Jefferson county at the primary election to be held June 4, 1910. Endorsed by the Anti-Saloon League of the county, state and nation.

For Assembly—
WILLIAM A. CALHOUN,
Of Falls Creek.
Subject to the action of the Republican voters of Jefferson county at the primary election to be held June 4, 1910. Endorsed by the Anti-Saloon League of the county, state and nation.

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