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Correspondence
ELMIRA.
Council 101, C. R. & B. A. held their regular meeting Tuesday evening at St. Mary's hall.
Branch 199, L. C. B. A. held their regular meeting Friday evening.
The local branches of C. M. E. A. No. 51, 51 and 150 met in joint session at St. James hall last Sunday afternoon. The branches in session resolved to protest against the readjustment of rates. Copies of these resolutions were ordered to be forwarded to the officers of the supreme and grand councils.
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Maloney have returned from their wedding trip and are at home to their friends on High St.
At St. Mary's church the prayers of the congregation were offered for the repose of the soul of John Reidy, who died on Saturday, and for the speedy recovery or happy death of James Haggerty, who is dangerously ill at his home.

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Hidden away in a dark corner of the model room in the patent office at Washington, with the dust of years giving its brown surface a coat of gray, is an apparently worthless block of wood cut in the shape of a staircase, with small blocks of wood mounted on wires on each of the stairs. When I happened to see this object while looking through the 40,000 models the other day I thought it must be some sort of child's plaything. On closer examination my curiosity was aroused, so that I induced one of the busy attendants to look up the matter for me. It was discovered to be the first "typewriter" ever made in the United States—perhaps in the world. If placed by the side of one of our 1899 model typewriters the first typewriter could not fail to provoke a smile from the spectator. Instead of being black and nickel letter keys, with an open framework, showing the sawy working of the intricate machinery of the inside, as is usual in the typewriters of today, this first typewriter consists of a closed wooden box with blocks of wood half an inch square for its letter keys. The paper carriage of the first typewriter is also of wood, and instead of the operator turning the paper carriage by a mere touch on an extension rod, as is done with all typewriters now in use, when one line was finished on the first typewriter the operator had to use both hands to turn the paper carriage—one hand to lift a catch from the cogwheel, and the other hand to push the paper round as far as desired. However, much as the first typewriter differs from its grandchildren, close examination shows that it has all the essentials of typewriters as we know them today.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

ITHACA.
A meeting of the L. C. B. A. was held Monday evening at 8:30 in Lieberman's hall.
Monday morning at 8 o'clock a high mass was celebrated for the deceased Mrs. McGrade.
Thursday the masses were at 7:30 and 8 o'clock.
Tuesday morning at 8 o'clock a high mass was celebrated for the souls in Purgatory.
School closed Wednesday noon for the Thanksgiving holiday.

LIMA.
High mass was celebrated in St. Rose's church at 9 a. m. on Thanksgiving day.
The prayers of the congregation were requested last Sunday for the repose of Mrs. Andrew McKenna, who died in New York city. She was a former resident of this town.
The annual coal collection was taken up in St. Rose's church Sunday.
A gang of Italians is now employed digging a ditch from this village to West Bloomfield, preparatory to laying pipe for gas to be carried from the latter village. The work will be completed in about a month's time.

Our Agent
Mr. A. Herman will call on subscribers in AUBURN and next week. Kindly have amount ready when he calls as we cannot afford to carry subscribers more than one year.

The Nickel Plate Rd. is selling one way and round trip tickets to points on Pacific coast and all through the west at very low rates. Elegant trains, including famous transcontinental tourist cars. See local agents or write R. E. Payne, Genl. Agt., Buffalo, N. Y.
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HAZE HUSON'S DOG.
HE BRINGS IN TROUT AND DUCK FROM THE LAKE.
This Wonderful Dog Gets Out a Wire in the Hunter's Camp by Hanging and Pouring Water—Other Knowing Tricks by Sam.
Haze Huson, a noted hunter in the wilderness around Squaw Pond Lake, in Aroostook county, Me., owns a mongrel dog which much fine gold cannot buy. This dog knows nothing about the pampered life which his city cousins lead. He answers to the name of Sam, is three years old and weighs forty pounds. Haze got him when a pup from a Tobique River Indian, giving in exchange for him two muskrat skins and a half pint of red liquor.
Sam gave proofs early in his career that he was no ordinary dog. He never wasted time on running after small birds, and has never been known to exert his energy in chasing cats or saying at the moon, but gives his leisure time to more industrious pursuits. His sagacity, intelligence and remarkable doings have been the topics for many an evening's discussion at the village grocery, where the residents of the town congregate twice a week to get their letters and papers from town the State.
Huson has a camp on the shore of Squaw Pond Lake, where he spends the greater part of his time, and Sam constantly keeps an eye out for bear, moose and caribou, but Sam has learned the laws of the State and in close time will not chase one of the animals. However, if any of them strays into the camp yard, Sam sees to it that he does not long remain. No charge of illegal killing has ever been laid at the dog's door, so to speak.
As a fisherman Sam has become an expert. In the lake nearby are many trout that are not molested by the high-priced kit of the city fisherman, and the dog spends much of his time on the shores of the lake, where he watches with great interest the slimy bottom of the lake where the trout come up to feed off the water weeds. When Huson wants a trout for dinner he calls Sam and tells the animal to bring a trout. Sam immediately goes to the shore of the lake, watches a few minutes, and then swims out. Shortly after he dives toward the bottom, and nine times out of ten when he reappears at the surface he has the fish in his mouth. Sam dislikes chub, eels and suckers and never touches them.
Near the lake there are fine flocks of ducks. They come up in the fall and remain for a few weeks, and Sam is then on velvet. His long suit is catching ducks. He enters the water some distance from where a flock is, and swims along carefully until within a few feet of the birds. Then he goes under water and rises underneath a duck and pulls it under the water. Then he starts for shore, leaves his catch and goes after another.
Sam's most notable exploit was last June. Huson's camp is built along the side of a big, sloping rock, the top of which is nearly even with the eaves of the cabin roof. One day, just after dinner, Haze started in his canoe across the lake. A slight fire was burning in the camp's stove at the time, and the stovepipe being defective, sparks fell on the dry roof. A flame was soon started, and the camp was in danger of being burned unless something was done quickly to prevent it. Sam was lying in the yard, having his noon-day nap, when he smelled the smoke. He awoke and found a small blaze on the roof. Without ringing in an alarm by barking, the dog rushed into the camp and grabbed a water pail in his teeth, and ran to the lake. There he filled the vessel and ran back to the house, climbed the rock and turned the water onto the blazing roof. He repeated this operation several times until the fire was extinguished, and before Huson, who had seen the flames from his canoe, could reach the house.
Last April Sam added another name to his list of remarkable performances, whereby the grandfather of Maine bears was captured and the pelt is now stretched in the warm sun in front of Huson's camp. One fine afternoon Haze was at work about a mile from his camp getting out some new cedar splits for a roof to his camp. As was his custom on such occasions, he had left his rifle at the camp, not thinking that he would have a use for it. Sam was with his master at the time, but after dozing in the warm sun for awhile he arose, sniffed the air once or twice and then snuffed into the woods. About an hour and a half later he returned over the road leading from the camp to the place where Huson was at work, bringing between his teeth his master's rifle. Dropping the rifle at Huson's feet, the dog made certain motions that indicated that there was important business to be transacted in the vicinity. Haze picked up the rifle and followed the dog for about a mile, and they struck a fresh bear track. They followed the trail for some distance over the burned land, which for years had been a favorite resort for bruin. In less than twenty minutes after striking the trail on the burned land they found the bear sunning himself on a little knoll only a short distance ahead of them. Haze took one shot at the bear and hit his aim. From the pelt, oil, meat and bounty Haze got over \$50. This bear was the biggest ever captured in the Allegash region.
Haze has had many fabulous offers for Sam, but he says he had much rather lose his right hand than to give up the animal.

HISTORICAL
William Penn was for a time, during the year 1692-1694, deprived of his province by the authorities in England, but it was afterwards returned to him again.
The first successful settlements in Virginia were made under the auspices of a commercial corporation. The charter, however, bestowed on one man full title to a large territory, and gave to him alone, with scarcely any restriction, full powers to govern the people that settled there.
About 1490 the art of printing was invented, and this gave a channel for communication new thoughts and ideas and announcing new discoveries and inventions. The times were marked by an outburst of commercial enterprise, by a zeal for a wider trade, by a fresh interest in travel and discovery.
In 1519 Ferdinand Magellan started upon a great and eventful voyage. He discovered the straits that bear his name, and passing boldly through, crossed the broad Pacific and reached the East Indies, thus actually doing what Columbus had failed to do. Magellan himself was killed in the Philippine Islands, but one of his vessels with a remnant of her crew, sailed to Spain, completing the first circumnavigation of the globe.
After the discovery of America by Columbus, the Pope, Alexander VI, issued two bulls, dividing the heathen lands of the world between Portugal and Spain. This gave to Spain all she might discover west of a line one hundred leagues west of the Azores and the Cape Verde Islands. The next year the two powers entered into an agreement, in accordance with which the dividing line should be 370 leagues west of the Cape Verde Islands. Upon this agreement, duly ratified by the Pope, Spain based her claim to the new world.
Cable cars were introduced into Chicago in 1839.
The side saddle is said to have originated in Germany during the twelfth century. It became common in the fourteenth century. Anne of Bohemia, first wife of Richard II. of England, is said to have introduced it into England about 1382.
The first subway was constructed in Denver (Col.) by Sidney H. Short, in 1855. The Boston subway, projected by George B. Upham, is one and a third miles in length, and was constructed at a cost of \$5,000,000, and opened to public travel in 1897.
The grave of William Dawes, in King's Chapel burying ground, Boston, is to be suitably marked by the Massachusetts Society, Sons of the Revolution. Dawes was one of the two messengers—Paul Revere being the other—who were sent by Warren on the night of April 19, 1775, to warn Lexington and Concord that the British soldiers were coming. A bronze tablet giving this and other facts is to be unveiled on his grave on the coming anniversary of his exploit.
The Hon. William Jackson, in a lecture delivered Jan. 12, 1829, before the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association, at their hall on Pearl street, stated "that the commissioners upon the survey of a route from Boston to Albany presented several calculations upon the present travel and transportation, and have come to the conclusion that the net receipts from the use of the road would amount to a sum averaging \$80,000 a year; that the number of passengers annually passing over the road would be twenty-three thousand, and the amount of goods passing between Boston, Albany and Troy but little short of thirty thousand tons."

LITTLE CLASSICS
With none who bless us, none whom we can bless—
This to be alone; this, this is solitude!
—Byron.
Love is rarely a hypocrite; but hate—how detestable and how to guard against it! It lurks where you least expect it; it is created by causes that you can't see; it is the least foreseen; and civilization multiplies its varieties, whilst it favors its disguise.—Bulwer Lyton.
Fortune, to show us her power in all things, and to abate our presumption, seeing she could not make fools wise, has made them fortunate.—Montaigne.
Just laws are no restraint upon the freedom of the good; for the good man desires nothing which a just law will interfere with.—Froude.
The grandest of heroic deeds are those which are performed within four walls and in domestic privacy.—Richter.
Slight troubles render us tender—great ones make us hard and unfeeling.—Andre Chenier.
Believe and love—a believing love—will relieve us of a vast load of care.—Emerson.
Is there any one so wise as to learn by the experience of others?—Voltaire, d'Alambert.
Duty grows everywhere—like chili-utopia are often only premature truths.—Lamartine.
Hurry is only admissible in catching flies.—Halliburton.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.
The easiest person to deceive is one's own self.—Bulwer Lyton.
The crow thinketh her own birds the fairest in the wood.—John Heywood.
The greatest men may ask a foolish question now and then.—Peter Pindar.
The clothing of our minds certainly ought to be regarded before that of our bodies.—Steele.
See the spider cast out her film to the gale, and consider that it will adhere somewhat and form the commencement of the web. We are to toil in the assurance of triumph.—Spurgeon.
Our whole trouble in our lot in this world rises from the disagreement of our mind there with. Let the mind be brought to the lot, and the whole tumult is instantly hushed.—T. Boswell.
New Orleans Times-Democrat.

TRAP-DOOR SPIDERS.
and Others That Show They Have Intelligence.
A curious species of insect is the trap-door spider, whose nest consists of a tube excavated in the earth to the depth of six or eight inches. It is always lined with silk and it is closed with an ingeniously constructed door. The sort of door closes into the nest like a cork in a bottle; another is as thin as a piece of paper.
In all cases the door opens outward, and when the nest is placed, as it usually is, on a sloping bank, it opens upward, so that there is no fear of its rapping. The object of the trap-door is to conceal the nest, and consequently it is always made to resemble the general surface of the ground. Sometimes, however, an enemy attempts to open the door, and then the inmate braces its legs against the sides of the nest and holds it as fast as possible.
Still other spiders have inner doors besides outer, so that if their first defense be carried, they may have another behind which to retreat. More curious still is the ingenuity of the branch trap-door; that is to say, a door that opens from the main tunnel of the nest into a side branch, which the spider knows, of course, but which no stranger could discover, since there is nothing to distinguish it from any other part of the main nest. So, then, if an enemy should effect an entrance, the lawful occupant of the nest can quietly slip into the side branch, close the door and there remain in security while the intruder wonders what has become of her.
If all these wonderful things are done by instinct, have we any proof whatever of individual intelligence among spiders? Most assuredly. If we remember that intelligence is proved whenever we observe a manifold application of means appropriate to the accomplishment of particular ends, it is hardly possible to deny that here is some evidence of the intelligence of spiders. Many instances have occurred more or less like the following:
"One of my friends was accustomed to grant shelter to a number of garden spiders under a vacant veranda, and to watch their habits. One day a sharp storm broke out, and the wind aged so furiously through the garden that the spiders suffered damage from it, although sheltered by the veranda. The manyhairs of one of these webs, as the sailors would call them, were broken so that the web was blown either and thither, like a slack sail in a storm.
"The spider made no fresh threads, but tried to help itself in another way. It let itself down to the ground by a thread, and crawled to a place where some splintered pieces of a wooden fence, thrown down by the storm, it fastened a thread to one of the bits of wood, turned back with it and hung it with a strong thread to the lower part of its nest, about five feet from the ground. The performance was a wonderful one, for the weight of the web sufficed to keep the nest tolerably firm, while it was yet light enough to yield to the wind, and so prevent further injury. The piece of wood was about two and one-half inches long, and as thick as a goose-quill.
"On the following day a careless servant knocked her head against the wood and it fell down. But in the course of a few hours the spider mended her web, broke the supporting thread in two, and let the wood fall to the ground.—Our Animal Friends.

STILL EXANT
The First Typewriter in the United States Hidden in the Patent Office.
Hidden away in a dark corner of the model room in the patent office at Washington, with the dust of years giving its brown surface a coat of gray, is an apparently worthless block of wood cut in the shape of a staircase, with small blocks of wood mounted on wires on each of the stairs. When I happened to see this object while looking through the 40,000 models the other day I thought it must be some sort of child's plaything. On closer examination my curiosity was aroused, so that I induced one of the busy attendants to look up the matter for me. It was discovered to be the first "typewriter" ever made in the United States—perhaps in the world. If placed by the side of one of our 1899 model typewriters the first typewriter could not fail to provoke a smile from the spectator. Instead of being black and nickel letter keys, with an open framework, showing the sawy working of the intricate machinery of the inside, as is usual in the typewriters of today, this first typewriter consists of a closed wooden box with blocks of wood half an inch square for its letter keys. The paper carriage of the first typewriter is also of wood, and instead of the operator turning the paper carriage by a mere touch on an extension rod, as is done with all typewriters now in use, when one line was finished on the first typewriter the operator had to use both hands to turn the paper carriage—one hand to lift a catch from the cogwheel, and the other hand to push the paper round as far as desired. However, much as the first typewriter differs from its grandchildren, close examination shows that it has all the essentials of typewriters as we know them today.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

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