

KING OF ALL CATFISH.

As "Old Joe" He Is Known to Fisherman of the Cumberland.

Just how or when he received his cognomen no one seems to know, but should you call the name "Old Joe" anywhere along the Cumberland River above Celina, Tenn., your hearers will at once become attentive, and usually the query, "Have you seen him," or "Who saw him last?" will greet your remark.

"Old Joe" is an immense catfish, eight to nine feet long, and it is thought will weigh more than two hundred pounds. He was first seen about twenty years ago in the Cumberland River where Marrowbone Creek empties into that classic stream in Cumberland county. Since that time hardly a week passes during the fishing season that some one does not see this huge fish, writes a correspondent of the Louisville Courier-Journal, and always near where he was first seen. The furthest point that he has been known to roam was a mile.

Many plans to capture or kill "Old Joe" have miscarried, and from the way he has eluded the various traps and snares set for him he must be wise as well as large. Fishermen anxious to possess "Old Joe's" scalp have camped on the river for weeks, remained all day waiting for a chance shot, placed poison in the river, dynamited all along for a mile, and after becoming worn out would leave in disgust, only to learn from some one that "Old Joe" had been seen the day he broke camp floating near the surface of the water, evidently enjoying a sun bath.

After "Old Joe's" habitation was established steamboat men began to look for him and there are very few pilots on the upper Cumberland that have not seen "Old Joe." If at any time a pilot spoke of having seen a dog or snail in that locality he was promptly told it was "Old Joe."

Recently a well known pilot on the Cumberland River had a good look at the king of the upper Cumberland, and in speaking of his observations says: "Some time since I had the pleasure of seeing this enormous catfish. In length I suppose it would measure close to eight feet possibly more. I was in a position to get a good view of him while on duty in the pilot house, being as high above the water, I could see him clearly. Noticing a break in the water I thought it was a large snag. I had moved to the opposite side of my wheel in order to steer around what I thought to be a snag, when I saw what it was. I called to the clerk through the trumpet to get his gun and get that big fish. I was getting close on him when the clerk appeared with his gun, and he could only see the waves that the king of the Cumberland made on his descent to the deep. "Old Joe's" habitation is in the neighborhood of the mouth of Marrowbone Creek. This fish, I suppose would weigh more than two hundred pounds. His tail seemed to be larger than a palmleaf fan."

As "Old Joe" has been a familiar figure for twenty or thirty years it is hard even to surmise how old he is, but river men are of the opinion that he must be more than fifty years old.

ILLITERATE LETTER CARRIERS.

Better You Treat Them the More Mail You Receive.

Incredible as it sounds to English ears, there is at least one European country in which many of the letter carriers are unable to read. This is the country over which in the ordinary course of events the latest royal baby will be called upon to reign.

Of the 10,000,000 people inhabiting Spain only about 25 per cent can read and write; another 2 1/2 per cent of the population can read without being able to write, but the remaining 72 1/2 per cent are quite illiterate. In the South of Spain it is impossible to get a servant who can read and write, and many of the postmen, says the London Tit-Bits, are unable to tell to whom the letters they carry are addressed.

They bring a bundle of letters to a house, and the owner looks through them and takes those which are (or which he thinks are) addressed to him. The Spanish postmen are not paid by the State; the recipients of the letters have to remunerate them according to the amount of their correspondence, and each letter costs the addressee at least a halfpenny. It is a joke among the easy going Spaniards that he who treats the postman best receives the most letters, whether they are intended for him or not.

In a population where 65 per cent are illiterate and where out of the remaining 35 per cent, probably one in ten can only read or write very little, it is obvious that the badly paid and precarious posts in the lower ranks of life are not likely to be filled by the comparatively few possessed of these accomplishments, and herein lies the reason for the otherwise inexplicable fact that many of the individuals handling the nation's correspondence cannot read.

Strides in Farming.

No other business is making such mighty strides in improvement of methods as farming. Official reports begin to read like accounts of things in fairyland. Burbank is becoming only one of a crowd of wonder workers who are teaching the world how to do it as well as themselves.—Burlington News.

ACCOMPLISHED POLLY.

Soon Became an Important Factor in the Household.

Some years ago we were presented with a young green parrot. The bird can only have been a few months old, as she gave no sign of her red tail. This, however, quickly appeared, and Polly soon gave evidence that she was listening to sounds and learning to reproduce them. We now began to give her talking lessons by continually repeating over and over again set words or phrases, and were soon repaid for our pains. Polly began to talk and quickly mastered a good many of her lessons. She added a good many self-acquired accomplishments, such as cab calls, milkmen's and paper boys' cries and cawing of rooks. Her piercing whistle would often cause the milkman to stop and look around, thinking the "call" was for him.

Polly also learned to imitate the song of the canary. She would look up at her little yellow mate in her cage above and call her "Sweet, sweet, pretty little Dick, pretty little Dick." On one occasion the dressmaker was ushered into the dining room and was startled by the bird exclaiming "Hullo! What's your name? What do you want?" She surprised a lady visitor on one occasion with the rather unusual inquiry: "Are you nice?" About this time I was suffering from a very painful complaint, and it would seem almost as if my suffering drew out the bird's sympathy, for on one occasion she said to me: "Hullo! what's the matter with you? Are you quite well?" I replied: "No, not quite well, Polly," whereupon she replied, "Not quite well?" She was once in the room where a member of the family was practicing singing, and presently made the remark, emphasizing the last word: "What's the matter with you?"

When signs of going out for a walk are apparent we are invariably and repeatedly bade "Good-by, good-by," with the accompaniment of showers of kisses. Upon our return Polly inquires "Where have you been?" and upon being informed usually replies "Glad to see you back."

During last winter my wife was one morning putting up an oil stove for Polly's benefit near her cage. On the half landing the bird watched her with great interest and presently said: "Do you feel cold?" "Count your blessings" was a phrase Polly found great difficulty in mastering, "Count your blessing" being all she succeeded in uttering, and soon dropped this as too troublesome. However, after a time we tried her again. Now she drops out the "bless," and solemnly exhorts us to "Count your count your—sins." A few weeks ago a servant was engaged polishing brasswork near Polly's cage, and the bird immediately started talking to her: "Hullo Polly. What do you want? What's the matter with you? Are you quite well? Do you feel cold? Where have you been?" and much more. Eliciting no reply she shouted out: "Why don't you talk?" and drew the retort from the woman: "Because I am too busy, Polly," Polly replied: "How shocking!"—The Spectator.

THE LATEST THREE STORY BEDS.

Designed for Use in Camps, Apartments and Steamers.

Two story beds, that is to say bedsteads containing two beds placed one above the other, have been in use for some few years, but something entirely new in this line is the three story bed, containing three beds one above the other, which have been placed on the market.

These bedsteads, which are made entirely of iron, are so constructed that they can be knocked down to occupy comparatively small space for convenience in handling in shipment and transportation, the three story bed separating into five parts, the head and foot sections and the three beds, each bed section having a wire mattress permanently attached to the side and end pieces.

At the ends of each mattress frame are pins that fit into slots placed at suitable heights up the head and foot pieces. To set up a two or three story bed you simply stand up the head and foot pieces and drop the pins on the mattress frames into the slots and there is the bedstead with its wire springs in each tier ready to receive the mattresses.

Bedsteads of this sort are intended for camps, apartments, steamers or wherever the floor space is limited. A two tier bedstead with wire springs complete, but without mattresses, costs \$24, and a three tier bedstead \$35.

Perennial Youth Flowers.

The street peddlers of floral merchandise who do business in the shopping districts have a way all their own of living up to the appearance of their wares. When the women patrons bite on bargain offerings of roses or bouquets of violets they are in blissful ignorance of the fact that the huckster depends upon a rubber bulb syringe to support his "freshly plucked" statement. When the "squirter" is not doing active duty in some out of the way place it is concealed in a handy pocket of the vendor's coat. In the vicinity of Union and Madison Squares New York these "newly plucked" fake operators seem to be especially notorious for contrasting their "cut rates" with lower store prices. They also devote particular attention to the "to-day only" feature in announcing quotations.

TO FRESHEN FLOWERS.

One of the Little Things That Every Woman Should Know.

It always seems so distressing to see beautiful cut flowers wither and fade, and to revive flowers that are not actually dead try my plan. Cut a tiny piece from each stem and place the stems in a large glass, or even better, jar of cold water; then submerge the jar in a bucket of cold water, allowing the entire bunch to be almost covered. Put all in a dark place, cover with a newspaper to exclude the air; let them remain thus overnight; in the morning they will be as fresh as dews.

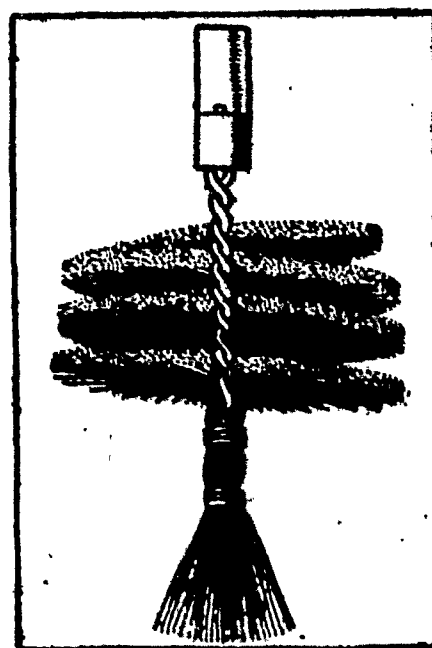
Roses and carnations respond better than other flowers treated in this manner, but so far I have not found any way to freshen violets satisfactorily, says a writer in Success.

It might not be amiss to add that wilted green vegetables, such as spinach, lettuce and celery, are to be freshened by this same means, and may be kept for days, changing the water every morning, of course.

However, we all know that the fresher all vegetables, the better they are.

Novel Bottle Washer.

Very few of the brushes designed to clean bottles and similar receptacles come up to expectations. In the majority of these cleaners the bristles of the brush fail to reach the sides of the bottle, which renders them practically useless for cleaning nursing and medicine bottles. This failure seems to have been overcome



CLEANS BOTTLE THOROUGHLY.

In the bottle-washing brush shown in the accompanying illustration, the invention of a Chicago man, in this cleaner two brushes are used, one to reach the bottom of the bottle and the other to remove particles adhering to the sides. All the brushes are connected to a spiral handle, the operation of which is well known. Then the handle is pulled, a whirling motion is imparted to the brushes, any substance adhering to the inside of the bottle being thus cleaned off.

HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS.

A pinch of salt improves cakes, candies, and almost everything that is cooked.

Salt on the fingers when cleaning meat fowl and fish will prevent the hands from slipping.

Starch made with soapy water prevents the irons from sticking, and gives a better gloss to the linen.

Cold baked potatoes, sliced thin, then put in a baking dish with salt, pepper, butter and milk, make a much better scallop than raw potatoes.

The molasses to be used for gingerbread is greatly improved by being first boiled then skimmed.

In roasting meat turn with a spoon, instead of a fork, as the latter pierces the meat and lets the juices out.

An equal mixture of turpentine and ammonia will remove paint spots, no matter how long the blot has been upon a garment.

Paraffin can be used the second time to cover jelly and jam if it is washed clean and boiled before being turned over the fruit again.

A Hard-Working Queen.

A hard-working queen is Wilhelmina of Holland. She rises early, breakfasts at 7 with her mother, Queen Emma, and then withdraws to her private study, where she conscientiously goes through the state documents which await her perusal and signature. It is a task involving serious application, for the young queen insists on making minute investigations of all details, and puts her name to no documents with the contents of which she is not thoroughly familiar. Like the queen of Portugal, she finds a congenial hobby in millinery, in which she is skilled

When They Have a Chance.

One has only to go to a fancy dress ball to see how eagerly the men folk escape from their eternal black and white; how they revel in uniforms and burnouses, in robes and peacock coats, in sandals and turbans. For one golden hour they live in a fantastic world, in which they are not all garbed like crows, but can taste the innocent vanity of the Spanish toreador or the African sheik, and wear as staid and as rakish dress as they choose.

HOW MOUNTAIN SHEEP LEAP.

Race With Which One of Them Rides Himself of Dogs in Pursuit.

Soon after we started a black bear he ran along the foot of a cliff and past a bunch of mountain sheep up on the cliffs, following one of them to the edge, writes D. C. Reaman in the Denver Post. It was a big ram and when he got near the edge of the cliff he came to bay, and for several minutes stood off one of the fox terriers which had kept close to him. Pretty soon a foxhound got up on top and joined the terrier, and they both made a charge on the sheep and it looked pretty bad for him, as we thought, but he did not seem to think so, for he made a side-wise spring straight out from the edge of the precipice, apparently six or eight feet, and then spread his feet in a sort of bracing way, and with his body in a perfectly horizontal position and parallel to the face of the cliff dropped straight down to the foot of the cliff.

There is an old theory that mountain sheep in jumping from a cliff light on their horns, but that has long been exploded. However, many have supposed that they jumped down in the ordinary way, alighting first on their front feet. This I believe is also an error, except when the distance is slight. Where the distance is at all great, I now entertain no doubt that they light on all their feet at once, and as squarely as if standing still, just as this one did.

The position of this sheep when dropping was stiff legged, but the instant his feet touched the ground his joints gave way, with increasing resistance, however, acting as springs, until his belly almost touched the ground, before the force of the impact was overcome by the muscular resistance. The philosophy of this is obvious.

The hoofs of the mountain sheep are also heavily cushioned and are about as elastic as a rubber ball. There seemed to be no more jar when this sheep lit than if he had descended but two or three feet. He was up and away instantly, and was soon out of reach of the dogs, which wouldn't think of making the jump.

A short distance to the left of where the sheep stood the cliff sloped off so that he could have descended to the foot of it easily and without a leap of more than four or five feet, but the dogs could have followed and thus kept hot after him. This way down was in plain sight of the sheep and he was no doubt perfectly familiar with it and with all the features of the cliff, as it was his home. It seemed as if the sheep decided that the only or best way to baffle the dogs was to do something that they could not do. I would not dare to assert that such was the case, but I should run up against some of the naturalists who claim that wild animals do not reason.

The dogs were afraid to approach even as near the edge of the cliff as where the sheep stood when he jumped, and when he had passed out of their sight over the edge they seemed to think he had taken wing as they immediately quit the chase and came back to us.

INDIAN NAMES IN OKLAHOMA.

What Early Settlers Have Called Some of the Towns and Streams.

The cowboys, plainsmen and early settlers of Oklahoma and the Indian Territory were not possessed of a highly developed poetic sense. Some of the names they bestowed upon settlements and localities were more forcible than elegant, and were inspired by some incident of the moment or by a desire to perpetuate the name of an individual. In spite of this, says the Kansas City Star, however, many of the early white settlements received Indian names that delight the ear and are eminently suited to the locality and the country.

As samples of the titles given to some Indian Territory waterways there may be mentioned Dog Creek, Five Mile Creek, Hell Roaring River, Mud, Oil and Polecat creeks. These are scarcely to be preferred to a couple with Indian names—Hiawasa and We-Wo-ka. Some of the white man's names for towns mentioned are Bob, Grit, Amor, Bailey, Fame, Briartown, Owl, Fishertown, Beef Creek and Jimtown. These may be compared with some Indian names bestowed on other localities—Alluwe, Chocotah, Lapita, Muskogee, Nowata, Okmulgee, Sequoyah, Tahlequah, Wewoka, Konoma, Okcheta, Tiawah and Wetumka.

Oklahoma is likewise afflicted with many rough and ready names that may have seemed highly appropriate to the pioneer but hardly answer the purpose as permanent titles for communities that may some time become important cities. Archibald, Fry, Monk, Nall, Pawpaw and Kellyville are a few. On the other hand, there are such Indian names as Atoka, Kiamichi, Tologah, Waukomis, Waukita, Weynoka, Tonkawa and Ogees.

Duchess Paints a Sign.

The signboard of an inn at Rosneath, on the Clyde, was painted some time ago by the Duchess of Argyll to while away a period of tedious waiting. The Duchess is, of course, well known as an artist and has for many years had a studio in Kensington Palace, where she spends many hours in painting and modeling. As a sculptor she has great ability, and her tutor the late Sir Edgar Boehm, thought very highly of her skill.—London Reader.

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