

INDIA'S SACRED MONKEYS.

An intruder into Their Jungle Retreats Get a Good Scare.

In various parts of India monkeys are regarded as objects of worship. One of the principal monkey temples is at Nodda. Such veneration is shown there to Hanuman, the monkey god, that visitors may not enter the court of the temple without removing their shoes.

On one occasion an English officer on passing up the country near Nodda, changed to stroll into a bamboo jungle when his boat had "put to" for the night. He had not advanced far before he heard a terrific uproar all about him, and he was not a little alarmed to behold a whole army of the largest monkeys he had ever seen making toward him from all quarters.

Some jumped on the ground, before him, others swung by the bamboos over his head, and many closed up the path in his rear. Several females had young ones clinging to them, but this fact did not seem to render them less agile than the others.

The Englishman knew not what to do. He yelled at the top of his voice for assistance. To his intense relief, each time that he yelled the monkeys retreated a bit. This encouraged him to persevere in his shouting, but he observed that when he himself began to retreat the monkeys would again begin to close in upon him.

Then he stood still and gave one tremendous shout, whereat the monkeys went back again. This time the man had gained fully twenty yards and was about to repeat the call when there appeared a new figure upon the scene in the person of an aged, decrepit woman bobbling through the midst of the animals.

This aged person shook two or three of the monkeys by the paws as she passed. No sooner had she come within hearing of the Britisher than she opened upon him the vials of her wrath for disturbing the sacred animals in their retirement. She bade the intruder depart, and that quickly, an order which he lost no time in executing. The monkeys all seemed implicitly to obey the old woman's bidding, making way for the man's retreat.

The old woman, it appeared, was employed by the Brahmans to supply the monkeys with their food each day. They were worshipped by all the people in the country round, who brought offerings of rice and sweets to them continually.—Harper's Weekly.

Dancing Stars.

The spectroscope makes the starry heavens to the astronomer's eye appear almost as full of mazy motions as is a cloud of gulls dancing in the washline. Every increase in the power of the observing apparatus brings to notice new spectroscopic binaries, which are simply double stars that cannot be seen separately either because of their extreme closeness or because only one of them is a shining body. It is the erratic motions of these stars that reveal their true character. One of them discovered within recent years is Eta Orionis, which hangs just below the belt of Orion. Sometimes this star is speeding toward the earth more than forty miles a second and a few nights later is hurrying away with a similar velocity.—New York Sun.

A Paradox.

A maiden well advanced in years used to wait every morning for the postman, a bachelor of about her age, and ask him if there was not a letter for her. Several weeks passed thus, but the anxiously expected letter did not arrive. Finally one morning the postman said to her: "Well, tomorrow you shall get your letter, if I have to write it myself."

"That's right; do it," replied the old maid. "I shall be delighted to accept it."

"Well," said the postman, smiling, "what do you want me to write—a business letter or a love letter?"

"If you mean business please write a love letter," was her blushing reply.—London Answers.

Catching Red-hot Rivets.

This would not seem to be a pleasing occupation even if the rivet is caught in an old mail bag, yet the feat is constantly performed by workmen. Ordinarily they catch rivets in a rivet bag or something of that sort, but there are men who catch rivets with a pair of tongs—just reach out for them and slip a red-hot rivet out of the air with the nipper part of the tongs to catch the same way that a bird nips a flying feather out of the air with its beak. The feat is commonly seen by persons who watch workmen on high buildings.—Harper's Weekly.

Bending Wood.

Wood may be made soft and flexible by steeping it in a concentrated solution of common table salt to which some acetate of iron has been added. A better method is to immerse the wood in a bath made by dissolving twenty-five parts of calcium chloride in a hundred parts of water. It should be left there for some time and after bending thrown in cold water to harden.

He Would Divide.

"Yes," said the eminent specialist to the tramp who had called upon him. "I will examine you carefully for ten dollars."

"All right, doc," said the tramp resignedly. "Go dat, an' if you find it I'll give you half."

Say not always what thou knowest, but always know what thou sayest.—Claudian.

MONSTER WHALES.

A Dozen Men Might Stand Upright in the Blue's Big Mouth.

Specimens of the blue or sulphur bottom whale weighing seventy-five tons and measuring eighty-seven feet have been known. The mouth is sufficiently large to permit ten or twelve men to stand upright in it, but the throat measures only about nine inches in diameter.

The "finback," closely related to the blue whale, has been called the "greyhound of the sea." for its long, slender body is built on the lines of a racing yacht, and the animal can equal the speed of the fastest steamship.

The "humpback" is the most interesting of our large whales, because of the fact that its habits are more easily studied than are those of other members of the family.

But most extraordinary of all is the square nosed sperm whale. Instead of having plates of baleen, this whale carries a row of twenty to twenty-five heavy teeth on each side of the lower jaw. These fit into sockets in the roof of the mouth and assist in holding the giant squid and cuttlefish on which the enormous animal feeds. The squid seldom gets away from the warm currents; hence the sperm usually remains in the tropics and in the gulf of Japan streams.—London Family Herald.

VALUE OF A PASSPORT.

The Odd Experience of a Stranded Tourist in Paris.

"Until you go broke in a foreign country you never can realize just what a useful thing a passport is," said the returned traveler. "It not only enables you to get into a country, it also helps you to get out, sometimes in a most unexpected way. Every body abroad thinks well of a passport, but nobody sets quite so high a value on it as a pawnbroker.

"Owing to a delayed remittance I had occasion to visit one of those men in Paris. The article I offered for security was worth many times the loan requested, but he refused an advance on account of unsatisfactory references. My temporary address in Paris and my permanent address in Washington were not sufficient guarantee of my honesty.

"Just as the case assumed a desperate complexion the broker suggested a solution of the difficulty.

"Have you a passport?" he asked. "I had, at the hotel." "Fetch it," he said. "If that looks all right, I'll let you have the money." "Up to that time my passport had been a useless piece of luggage, then I blessed the foresight that had bidden me secure it."—Washington Star.

His Conquest.

He was a simon pure, edition de luxe lady killer. The girl in the next opposite him was easy to look at. Further, she looked demure and shy and impressionable. It wasn't long before he had things going right—he thought. He had raised the window for her and readjusted the blind, he had fished her bag from under the seat, where the porter had shoved it; he had placed her pillow in a better position for her; he had handed her a magazine; he had looked after her comfort in every way he possibly could, and she had been very sweet about it besides. He thought he was coming along splendidly. She started to get off the train before he expected her to leave, but he carried her luggage to the platform for her. Then she turned and handed him a nickel with a sweet smile and the remark: "I think it is so nice of the railway company to furnish an assistant porter."—Argonaut.

Hew the Katydid Sings.

Everybody is familiar with the rasping notes known as the katydid's "song." It is the male only that is capable of emitting the well known sounds, and he does it in a most peculiar manner. His "vocal organs" are at the base of his wings and consist of two flat excrescences of thin, dry membrane. It is the rubbing of these two membranous plates together which produces the "song." If your shoulder blades were so loosely put together that one could be slipped under the other and the underside of one and the upper side of the other were so rough that the operation of slipping them past each other would cause a rasping sound you could imitate the katydid's musical efforts very nicely.

Setting Her Right.

A newly married woman made a plea for dinner. "I am afraid," the bride said, "that I left something out, and that it's not very good." The husband tried it and said: "There is nothing you could leave out that would make a pie taste like that. It's something you've put in."—Argonaut.

Matthew Arnold.

"Matthew Arnold had a curious way of telling little stories against himself," writes Sir H. W. Lucy in the Cornhill.

"Talking about Mrs. Arnold, he said: 'Ah, you should know my wife! She has all my charms of manner and none of my conceit.'"

Badly Smitten.

"I wish there were ten days in the week," sighed Gladys.

"Why?" asked Grace.

"Jack could call oftener then."—London Answers.

When our hatred is too bitter it places us below those whom we hate.—La Rochefoucauld.

A Scientific Experiment

By WILLARD BLAKEMAN

When the Franco-Prussian war broke out Edward Penton, a young American medical student who, on account of youth, had escaped being either killed by ammunition or disease in the great struggle that had ended five years before in his own country, went to Germany and through the influence of the American minister was accepted as assistant surgeon with rank of lieutenant.

After the battle of Gravelotte, when all the medical staff was most needed, word was brought to Dr. Snedicker, medical director of the Prussian army, that the American had deliberately insulted a medical officer of his own rank and that a duel was to be fought between the two.

"This is very wrong," exclaimed the doctor with a scowl. "These two young men may both be disabled, and we have not now enough physicians to take care of the wounded."

"And yet, doctor, the challenge having passed, there is no way out of it. Both would have to leave the army if they did not fight."

"They don't fight duels in America," said Dr. Snedicker. "Send this American to me."

Penton reported, and the doctor endeavored to persuade him to apologize. "I'll tell you what I'll do, doctor," Penton replied. "I'll agree to fire an imaginary shot at him, and if he is not killed at the first fire I will apologize to him."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Permit the duel on the following terms: Make two tablets, both harmless. Announce that one contains a deadly poison. The principals each choose a tablet. Convince my opponent, Lieutenant Berkhalter, that he has chosen the poisoned one."

"If that will satisfy you, proceed." As soon as the wounded were at least temporarily provided for Dr. Snedicker called a number of medical officers into his tent and, last of all, the participants of the duel. He showed them two pellets exactly alike in appearance, announcing that one was harmless while the other contained prussic acid. The one containing the poison would have the taste of the kernel of peach stones. "And now gentlemen," concluded the doctor, "choose. It is better for this army to have one live surgeon than two disabled ones."

Berkhalter bravely stepped up to his superior, put his hand into a glass tumbler and took out one of two tablets. Penton took the remaining one. Then at a word from the commander each put his tablet in his mouth. An officer handed each a glass of water, which he was required to drink in order to make sure that he had swallowed his dose.

Berkhalter turned pale. He had recognized the taste of prussic acid given him by his superior. One of the officers stepped up to the doomed man and said:

"If you have anything to say say it, quick. The poison acts at once."

"I have only to say that I propose to die as an officer of the Prussian army should," replied the plucky doctor.

At the same time he felt his legs giving way under him, and he sank into the arms of his second, who carried him to an army cot and laid him upon it. Penton went to him and offered him his hand.

"I envy you," he said, "your opportunity to show your bravery. I would not have you die without withdrawing the offensive words I spoke to you."

But Berkhalter had passed into an unconsciousness.

"Are you satisfied?" asked Dr. Snedicker to Penton.

"Wait a moment. His imagination cannot act while he is unconscious. He will revive presently."

Snedicker was disposed to put an end to the matter before it should be too late, but a German is nothing if not an investigator, and he was content to grant the request on the ground of science.

Presently Berkhalter opened his eyes, but seeing a group of officers standing over him, watching him die, he closed them again.

One of the medical men present went to the cot and placed his hand on Berkhalter's heart, then looked anxiously at the American.

"A few minutes," he said, "will place him beyond the pale of revival."

Penton whipped a vial from his pocket and, removing the stopper, held it under his antagonist's nose. Berkhalter again opened his eyes.

"Tell him," said Penton and immediately left the tent.

"Doctor," said Snedicker, "you have not swallowed poison. The duel has been turned into a scientific demonstration. Neither tablet contained poison."

"Where is the cursed American?" cried Berkhalter, standing erect. "I shall kill him!"

"Here is a written apology."

"I want no apology. I shall kill!"

A corporal came in, but Berkhalter had no mind to be handled by an enlisted man and subsided.

Penton received a warning from his commander that he had better keep out of his late opponent's way if he didn't wish to die a violent death. Instead of doing so, the next time he saw his enemy he approached him with outstretched hand.

"These Americans," said Berkhalter, "have no sentiment."

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