THE CASSOWARY.

A Peculiar Bird That Fishes With Its Feathers.

Habits of the cormorant and of the fish hawk are generally known. Their methods of taking fish are very much like those of birds of prey. But the cassowary fishes according to a method of its own. A well known naturalist witnessed its operations on a river in the island of New Britain.

He saw a cassowary come down to the water's edge and stand for some minutes apparently watching the water carefully. It then stepped into the river where it was about three feet deep and, partially squatting down, spread its wings out, submerging them, the feathers being spread and ruffled.

The bird remained motionless and kept its eyes closed as if in sleep. It remained in this position for a quarter of an hour, when, suddenly closing its wings and straightening its feathers, it stepped out on the bank. Here it shook itself several times, whereupon a quantity of small fishes fell out of its wings and from amid its feathers. These the bird immediately picked up and swallowed.

The fishes had evidently mistaken the feathers for a kind of weed that grows in the water along the banks of the rivers in this island and which much resembles the feathers of the cassowary. The smaller fishes hide in these weeds to avoid the larger ones that prey on them.—Exchange.

THE MOON.

Its Visual Size No Greater When It Is High Than When It Is Low.

The artist has to choose between scientific truth and "convention" when he sets out to paint the moon. A threepenny piece fixed at a distance of six feet from the eye (say at the end of a horizontal six foot pole, the other end of which is made to press the lower edge of the eye socket) will just cover the disk of either the sun or the moon hanging in the sky. It is an absolute fact that this is true whether the moon (or the sun) be high in the sky or low down near the horizon.

The real "visual size" of the moon's disk is no greater when it is low than when it is high. No one who reads what I have just written will believe me. Every one thinks that he knows that the disk of the harvest moon or of the setting sun occupies a larger space in the sky when low than when high. This is due to a judgment or mental process and is an erroneous one. The eye is not at fault, but the curiously untrustworthy mind is.

What, then, is the painter to do? He yields to prejudice and often paints the low moon or low sun of a size which compared with scientific fact is ridiculously exaggerated.—Sir E. Ray Lankester in London Telegraph.

Her Choice.

They were sisters-in-law and reasonably well disposed toward each other. One was the mother of George, aged six months, and the other was the mother of Marian, aged six months and four days. It was impossible that a slight parental rivalry should be altogether concealed.

"Marian does not seem to grow very fast," said the mother of George, with a suggestion of commiseration in her tones. "George is much taller"—(height being measured in inches).

"Perhaps he is," replied the mother of Marian coldly, "but Marian weighs more."

"Oh, well," responded the sister-in-law, with a smile of high bred superiority, "of course I should not wish George to be gross."—Exchange.

A Frank Estimate.

To many persons who are not actors the stage seems a delightful and fascinating place. In a book called "The Actress" Louise Closser Hale, herself an actress, tells some of her experiences with girls who envy her her profession. One day one of them from behind a counter in a shop said, "I should have went on the stage."

"She evidently wanted to talk, and I strove to be interested," says Miss Hale.

"But see how tired I am," I said to her. "I have to work very hard as it is, and I had to work much harder to gain what little recognition I have had."

"Oh, yes," she responded, complacently gazing at herself in a mirror. "But, you see, I have talent."

Dangers of Handwriting.

A young man is bringing an action against a graphologist in Paris for substantial damages. A pretty heiress, to whom he was engaged to be married, showed a specimen of his handwriting to the graphologist and asked for information. This is the reply she got: "If you should meet the man who wrote these lines upon your way through life avoid him. He is an egotist and a fool, has a bad temper and a despicable nature. The existence of the woman who has the misfortune to marry him will be a Calvary." The marriage has been broken off; hence the action.

Her Usual Remark.

"What did Mame say when her father gave her that new gold watch?" asked one gladsome girl.

"Oh, the some thing that she always says. She remarked that she was having a perfectly lovely time." — Exchange.

A Good Shot.

Mr. Juggins—A black cat came to our back fence last night. Mrs. Juggins—Did it bring you good luck? Mr. Juggins—That's what it did. I hit it the very first time I fired.

Man's chief wisdom consists in knowing his follies.—Rochefoucauld.

War With Japan.

could not possibly make so many cripples as rheumatism does every year. And yet there is no reason why this disease should cripple anyone, if all sufferers will rub the affected parts night and morning with Ballard's Snow Liniment. Cures all aches and pains. Sold by North Bank Pharmacy.

Subscribe for the Review and be happy.

GENERAL LEE.

His Personal Influence and His Military Prowess.

In looking for the source of Lee's personal influence we have to go back, I think, to the habit of inherited respect which the people of the south paid to social position. It was not born of a feeling of subservience, however, for the poorest "cracker" had an unmistakable and unself conscious dignity about him. He always walked up to and faced the highest with an air of equality. No, this latent respect was a natural response on the part of men of low estate to good manners and oft displayed sympathy. Lee by his connection through birth and marriage with the most distinguished and best families of Virginia represented the superior class. Moreover, that he was a Lee of Virginia and by marriage the head of the Washington family had from one end of the south to the other a weight which the present commercial, mammon worshiping age knows or cares but little about.

Again, Nature in one of her moods had made him the balanced product in manners and looks of the well bred and aristocratic traditions of the gentleman transmitted and ingrafted at an early age through the cavaliers into Virginia life. But for his military prowess he had something vastly more efficacious than ancestry or filling the mold of well bred traditions. He had the generative quality of simple, effective greatness—in other words, an unspotted, serenely lofty character whose qualities were reactive, reaching every private soldier and making him unconsciously braver and better as a man.—Morris Schaff in Atlantic.

THE MISSING TURK.

An Incident in the Stage Career of Sarah Bernhardt.

Sarah Bernhardt was once playing at Marseilles in a spectacular play in which she made her entree accompanied by six Turkish slaves. A line on the program announced that these six Turks would accompany Mme. Bernhardt, but when the time came for them to go on one of the youngsters had disappeared. Sarah mustered the five in order and made her entrance with a grand flourish. The house was crowded, but not a handclap greeted her as she appeared. Then a still, small voice in the gallery murmured something in an indignant tone. Fifty voices immediately took up the strain, and in ten seconds more the whole house was shouting the same phrase.

Bernhardt strained every nerve to catch what they were complaining about. She knew the phrase began with "Manque," but the rest of it was lost in the general hubbub. For a full minute the tumult continued. Then Sarah, muttering things below her breath, rushed like a fury down to the footlights. In the front row the actress had spotted one man who was not taking part in the hullabaloo. Pointing at him, the actress exclaimed sternly: "You seem to be the only sensible person in the house. Tell me what on earth they are kicking up this row for?"

The man rose, bowed to the actress and remarked in very bad American-French, "Madam, you are shy one Turk."

Paris Actresses.

It is a very usual thing for the Paris hostess to engage actresses to perform for her guests, and they, of course, mingle with these guests on fairly equal terms during the rest of the evening. But I know of very few Parisian society hostesses who would invite actresses to dinner. I am not sure, either, that the actresses would accept such an invitation if they got it, and I may add that it is an amusing lesson in "equality and fraternity" to hear Mme. la Marquise address an actress as "mademoiselle." The tone is exquisitely polite, but it would freeze you on the hottest day in summer. And yet numbers of Paris actresses are married women and, if unmarried, essentially respectable, but the word "actress" is a label, and Paris is a town of labels.—M. Raphael in London Strand Magazine.

Men and Women and Money.

Divide $500 between a boy and a girl and start them on a vacation with it, and the girl will go twice as far, see ten times as much and come home with new clothes and money in her purse. But the boy will be dead broke and have seen less. This is the difference: A girl when out sightseeing will live on crackers and soda water, and the boy will stuff himself with three big meals a day. The same difference is apparent when the boy and girl are grown. Ever know that father spends a lot on eating when traveling and doesn't get to see as much as mother, who makes every time she misses a meal take her a few miles farther?—Atchison Globe.

A Wonder of Science.

"I have been taking some moving pictures of life on your farm," said a photographer to an agriculturist. "Did you catch my laborers in motion?" asked the farmer. "I think so." "Ah, well, science is a wonderful thing!"—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Crushing.

Mrs. Newbride (with an air of triumph)—Really, I was greatly surprised to get a wedding present from the Van der Gilds. They are so exclusive, you know. Miss Jellus—Yes, but they are very charitable, I believe.

His Only Reason.

Mrs. Jawback (angrily)—Since you stayed out so late, why did you come home at all? Mr. Jawback (drowsily)—To sleep, m' dear—jusht to sleep—thatsh all!—Exchange.

$850 TAKES THEM.

The two lots, 50x100 each, corner Jersey and Wall street, South St. Johns, and on the highest and sightliest building spot in the addition are offered for sale. The price for the two is $850. See R. W. McKeon. 2tc.

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THE FIRST CHOICE.

It Was Right, Too, Because the Bravest Are the Tenderest.

Some years ago the excursion steamer returning from Alaska to Seattle dislocated its propeller in a dreary portion of the inner passage and came to a forced stop. For two days the vessel's engineers and machinists labored to repair the break, but without success. Two of the boats were manned and dispatched for aid to Victoria, 300 miles away. In the meantime it was discovered that the ship's stores were not abundant. Alarm bred in the minds of pessimistic passengers, and the contagion spread. Starvation might assail the vessel before help arrived.

A former California official took it on himself to reassure his timid companions, but his effort was not perfectly adapted to raise drooping spirits. In fact, his closing sentences but added to the gloom. "Let us be brave," he said. "If the worst comes and that dread necessity which in such misadventures has met others must be faced by us, let us remember that it is good to die that our friends may live. The one or more that may be sacrificed will be consoled by that thought."

There was a moment's silence, awful in its intensity, then a cheerful voice was heard. "You should be taken first, Governor Booth. You know the bravest are the tenderest." And even the terror stricken smiled once more.—San Francisco Argonaut.

TAPA CLOTH.

Attire of the Native Hawaiians Before Civilization Arrived.

The "paper mulberry" tree (Broussonetia papyrifera) is the source of the famous "tapa cloth" of the Polynesian islands. This is a natural tissue and is derived from the inner bark and after being torn off in strips is scraped with shells and beaten with a mallet until it resembles a soft, flexible paper. The individual strips are united by overlapping the edges and beating the fibers together until large pieces of the tissue are formed.

It is said that before Hawaii was swept with the wave of civilization men and women were dressed in this natural bark cloth "tapa" or "kapa." The dress of the women consists of the "pa-u," or wrapper, composed of five thicknesses of tapa, about four yards in length by three in width, passed several times around the waist and extending below the knee. The dress of the men was the "malo," or girdle, about a foot in width and several yards long. A "kikei," or mantle, six feet square, was sometimes worn by both sexes. In former years these natural cloths were sometimes bleached to snowy whiteness or were dyed in colors and even printed or ornamented usually in checks or squares. — Exchange.

A Practical Demonstration.

"The best way to study nature is to go right to it."

"I suppose so."

"Oh, I know it. I was once disposed to doubt the industry of the ant, of which so much is said."

"And you learned better?"

"I did. I had a controversy with a naturalist over the question, and I thought I had him beaten until he gave me a demonstration."

"Took you out and showed you the ants at work, did he?"

"Well, not exactly that, but he took me along on one of his scientific expeditions and then maliciously pitched my tent over an ant hill. By the time I discovered what was happening the conviction was forced upon me that ants are really and truly industrious. They are small, but they made me move, and some of them went right along with us to the next camping place."—New York Times.

Under Examination.

"Do you know the prisoner well?" asked the attorney.

"Never knew him ill," replied the witness.

"Did you ever see the prisoner at the bar?"

"Took many a drink with him," was the reply.

"How long have you known this man?"

"From two feet up to five feet ten."

"Stand down," yelled the lawyer in disgust.

"Can't do it," said he. "I'll sit down or stand up."

"Officer, remove that man." And he did.

An Athletic Game.

The cobbler's shop in a small village was filled with old men and a young man, the young man being a good football player. Naturally the conversation drifted to the game of football.

The young man turned to one of the old men and asked him if he had ever played the game. The veteran thoughtfully blew a cloud of tobacco smoke from his lips and replied:

"Nay, lad. I've never played at none o' them athletic games 'cept dominos."—London Mail.

Her Qualification.

Father—Now, look here, you girls—when you grow up one of you must be able to speak French and the other German. Brenda—All right, dad, and Muriel had better learn German, because she can gargle best.—Punch.

Assuring.

Have courage, count. Father won't hurt you! Why, he told me only yesterday that if he had to pay so much for you he certainly wouldn't do anything to damage you.—Life.

Equality may be all right, but no human power can convert it into a fact.—Balzac.

The Correct Time

to stop a cough or cold is just as soon as it starts—then there will be no danger of pneumonia or consumption. Just a few doses of Ballard's Horehound Syrup taken at the start will stop the cough. If it has been running on for sometime the treatment will be longer, but the cure is sure. Sold by North Bank Pharmacy.

THE COMPROMISE.

He Thought He Was Firm and Knew He Was Considerate.

The young man had entered that mysterious realm called matrimony, and as it was his first offense his father was handing him some paternal advice as to how he should treat the young wife.

"When you have any little differences of opinion, my son," he said to the boy, "if you can't persuade Margaret that you are right—and you probably can't, for they are all about alike—you must compromise. Be firm, yet be considerate and compromise."

"Yes, father," replied the son.

"I well remember a little experience," and a reminiscent expression came over the old man's face, "on the very threshold of the married life of your mother and myself, and it was the basis of all future disputes. It was this way: I wanted to spend the summer, our first vacation together, in Maine, and your mother wanted to go to Saratoga. That was thirty years ago. But I shall never forget how firm and yet how considerate I was with your mother and how we compromised, avoiding all dispute. We stayed from Saturday noon to Tuesday morning at Bar Harbor, and then we spent the rest of the summer at Saratoga. Yes, indeed," the old man added, with a sigh, "that's the only way to deal with a woman. You must be firm, but be willing to compromise a little once in awhile, as I have done with your mother."—New York Tribune.

TIGERS IN INDIA.

Strange Hindoo Beliefs Concerning the Man Eaters.

In India the traditions of folklore are numerous and strange. Among those pertaining to the tiger the following are the most peculiar: The uneducated Hindoo (and he is in the great majority) believes that the ghost of a man killed by a tiger rides on the head of the beast that slew him to warn him of danger and to guide him to new victims. It is declared that God provides for the tiger's daily wants to the amount of 1 rupee a day—that is to say, if the tiger kills a calf worth 6 rupees he will not be allowed another victim for five days.

Eating the flesh of a tiger is supposed to give one great courage and alertness, but the whiskers must first be singed off the beast or his spirit will haunt the man who fed off him, and he is likely to be turned into a tiger in the next world.

The following incident really occurred in a small Indian village in the interior: One of the villagers was unfortunately killed by a tiger. The police investigated the accidental death and rendered this verdict: "Pandu died of a tiger eating him. There was no other cause of death. Nothing was left of him save his bones and some fingers, which probably belonged to either the right or left hand."—Washington Star.

The World Went Round.

When Bloggins senior on the occasion of his annual party was obliging his guests with "'Tis Love That Makes the World Go Round," Master William Bloggins seized the opportunity to retire for a few minutes behind the Japanese screen with his sire's half smoked cigar.

The applause subsiding, Master Bloggins was observed by one of the company to be looking far from well. His face had taken on the hue of putty, and his eyes stood out like small hat pegs.

"Good gracious, Willie! What's the matter?" cried Mrs. Bloggins in alarm. "I believe you've been smoking."

Willie shook his head.

"'Tain't that," he declared untruthfully. "If it's true what father's been singing about, I—I re-reckon I'm in love!"—London Express.

Astronomical.

Some curious and interesting astronomical phenomena are recorded in the old Chinese annals which go back to a great antiquity. In 687 B. C. a night is mentioned without clouds and without stars. This may perhaps refer to a total eclipse of the sun, but if so the eclipse is not mentioned in the Chinese list of eclipses. In the year 141 B. C. it is stated that the sun and moon appeared of a deep red color during five days, a phenomenon which caused great terror among the people. In 74 B. C. it is related that a star as large as the moon appeared and was followed in its motion by several stars of ordinary size. This probably refers to an unusually large bolide, or fire ball. In 38 B. C. a fall of meteoric stones is recorded.

Got the Hard Stuff.

Jedson—Ha! Ha! Ha! Silas—What's the joke, Jedson? Jedson—Why, just as soon as the county went prohibition old Hiram Hardapple got buncoed. Silas—What was the game? Jedson—Why, Hiram got a circular that stated some firm up in town would send him a keg of hard stuff for $2. Hiram sent the $2 and smacked his lips. Silas—Gosh! And what came back? Jedson—Scrap iron, and they said if that wasn't hard enough they'd sen him a keg of spikes at the usual rates.—Chicago News.

Sorry He Spoke.

"I was a fool when I married you."

"But you're wiser now?"

"You can bet I am."

"Well, I've improved you a little, then, haven't I?"—Cleveland Leader.

He Was Trusty.

Mrs. Handout—I would like to know whether you are a trustworthy character. Dusty Stryper—Why, lady, at the last place I worked they called me a trusty.—St. Louis Republic.

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As is customary, we will charge for card of thanks, 50c; for resolutions of respect, $1.00; for notices of church or lodge entertainments, suppers, sociables, etc., where there are charges for admission, 5c per line, but where there are no charges for these events, we will break the rule and insert them free. We make this announcement so that our good friends may understand our rule in this respect.

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A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
5.45	12.40	7.00
6.05	1.00	7.10
6.25	1.18	7.20
6.40	1.36	7.40
6.48	1.54	8.00
6.56	2.12	8.25
7.05	2.30	8.50
7.20	2.50	9.10
7.35	3.08	9.30
7.55	3.26	9.50
8.15	3.44	10.10
8.35	4.02	10.30
9.00	4.20	10.50
9.22	4.40	11.10
9.44	5.00	11.30
10.06	5.15	12.00
10.26	5.30	
10.50	5.45	
11.12	6.00	
11.34	6.20	
11.56	6.40	
12.18 p. m.	6.50	

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