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## BIRDS THAT DO NOT SING.

**Although They All Utter Vocal Sounds of Some Kind.**

Singing is applied to birds in the same sense that it is to human beings—the utterance of musical notes. Every person makes vocal sounds of some kind, but many persons never attempt to sing. So it is with birds. The eagle screams, the owl hoots, the wild goose honks, the crow caws, but none of these discordant sounds can be called singing.

With the poet the singing of birds means merry, light hearted joyousness, and most of us are poetic enough to view it in the same way. Birds sing most in the spring and the early summer, those happiest seasons of the year, while employed in nest building and in rearing their young. Many of our most musical singers are silent all the rest of the year; at least they utter only low chirpings. It is natural, therefore, that lovers of birds should regard their singing as purely an expression of joy in the returning spring and in their happy occupations.

Outside of what are properly classed as song birds there are many species that never pretend to sing—in fact, these far outnumber the musicians. They include the water birds of every kind, both swimmers and waders; all the birds of prey, eagles, hawks, owls and vultures, and all the gallinaceous tribes, comprising pheasants, partridges, turkeys and chickens. The gobble of the turkey cock, the defiant crow of the rooster and even the musical call of the "bobwhite" are none of them true singing, yet it is quite probable that all of these sounds are uttered with precisely similar motives to those that inspire the sweet warbling of the song sparrow, the clear whistle of the robin or the thrilling music of the wood thrush.

But naturalists have set apart a very large group as song birds, and even among these there are many species that never sing at all. Birds are grouped according to their anatomical characteristics, the structure of their bones, bills, feet and wings. And thus we have the songless song birds, looking at the matter from the standpoint of the classifying naturalist. — Philadelphia Times.

## BRUTAL CLUBBING.

**A Blow That Knocked Fire and Smoke From a Negro's Head.**

Negroes in the south have a habit of sticking matches, toothpicks and cigarettes behind their ears, and it is a common thing to see one of them, when asked for a match, pull one of them out of the closely kinked wool just over his ear. Frequently they have a dozen or more stowed away there. Not long ago an Atlanta policeman, whose beat includes "Rusty row," a favorite resort for idle negroes, had occasion to arrest a notorious vagrant, whose main occupation was fighting and draining the beer kegs left in front of barrooms.

This man, as usual, resisted arrest and attacked the officer fiercely. The officer saw that extreme measures were necessary and, drawing his club, aimed a blow at the negro's head. The result was as alarming as it was unexpected. As the club came in contact with the man's head, just over the left ear, there was a cracking sound, and from the hair tongues of blue, sulphurous flame shot out. The negro dropped to the ground, and the club fell from the officer's nerveless hand, while a look of wild eyed amazement appeared on his countenance.

He had hit people with the same club before—in fact, rather frequently—and blood had sometimes followed the blows, but never before had they drawn flame and smoke. He was about to leave the place hurriedly, not knowing what he had done, when his victim sat up and said reproachfully: "Go way, man! You done splode all my matches and swinge my ha'r offen my haid." The officer was so much relieved that he broke his record by letting the man go his way in peace.—Washington Star.

**What Stamps the Gentleman.**

"In all questions of manners a young man should always remember that, while politeness is a good trait to acquire, courtesy is infinitely better," writes Edward Bok in The Ladies' Home Journal. "Politeness is manners, but courtesy is heart. Mingling in good society can give us that veneer which the world calls a polish of manners, and true politeness is not to be made little of nor scoffed at. Politeness is a fine art, but is an art pure and simple even at its best. Infinitely better is the cultivation of that courtesy of refinement which enters into the feelings of others and holds them sacred. It is idle to say that courtesy is a relic of old fashioned days and is no longer looked for. It is as much the current coin of good society as it ever was. More than any other element or grace in our lives it is instantly felt and recognized and has an unfailing influence. It calls for respect as nothing else does. Courtesy of manner and courtesy of speech are the gifts a young man should cultivate."

**"Spells" of Southern Negroes.**

There are numerous harmless "spells" which are regular observances in the lives of the average southern negroes. Besides the root chewing, the track lifting, etc., they have a love philter of frogs' legs cooked in still water, and the ashes of a bat are powerful enough to keep away a rival or an enemy. To make a dog stay at home they cut off the tip of his tail and bury it under the doorstep. To make a wife obedient they "draw her pictur'" and hide it in the shingles. Thus, waking or sleeping, there is a constant forcing or counteracting of destiny.—Philadelphia Times.

**His Young Wife.**

"He lived a bachelor until he was 50 and then married a woman young enough to be his daughter."

"Daughter? Why, she was young enough to be his second wife."—Detroit Journal.

**Credit.**

Embarrassed country dealer in a Boston wholesale grocery:

"I would like to make a settlement."

"How much can you pay?"

"Seventy-five cents."

"Very well," said Wholesale, "we will close the account."

"I suppose you will continue to let me have goods?" said Retail.

"Not a dollar's worth," responded Wholesale, and the former, discouraged, dropped into a chair.

Embarrassed retailer No. 2 stepped to the desk and wanted to settle.

"How much do you offer?"

"Five cents."

"All right," said the unembarrassed Wholesale.

"Can I have any more goods?"

"All you want."

Retail No. 1, rising:

"How is this? I propose paying you 75 cents on the dollar, and you refuse me credit. This man offers you only 5 cents, and you will trust him with all he wants."

"My dear sir," exclaimed Wholesale, "you are paying too much. You won't have any capital left with which to commence business again." Whereupon the crediless retailer went his way, wondering who originated the proverb, "Honesty is the best policy."—New York Observer.

**Fool Luck.**

"You can bet it is always a fool for luck," said the man who has had his nose to the grindstone all his life.

"Now, there was Jack Shane of Tennessee, who drew $25,000 in a lottery. Jack didn't know enough to go in out of the wet, but he had a little money, and he bought a ticket that won, while I got ten and didn't fetch a cent. The winning number was 42, and when I saw Jack I asked him how he happened to take that number. 'Well,' he said, 'you see, it was this way: I had a dream one night, and I dreamed that the door of my room opened all of a sudden and a big number seven walked in. Then right after it came other sevens and more and more till the room was chuck full and I was about smothered under them. Then I woke up and began thinking it over. I knowed that one seven wasn't the number to draw nor 77 nor 7,777, for there was a million of them, and no lottery had that many numbers. But I figured awhile and at last made up my mind that seven times seven was 42, and 42 was the number, so I drawed that one. That was all there was to it.'

"Now," concluded the talker, "if that isn't a case of a fool for luck what the dickens is it?"—Washington Star.

**Savage Crabs.**

The most savage specimen of the crab species is found in Japan, seeming to dream of nothing but fighting—to delight in nothing half so much. The minute he spies another of his kind he scrapes his claws together in rage, challenging him to the combat. Not a moment is wasted in preliminaries, but at it they go, hammer and tongs. It sounds like two rocks grinding against one another as their claws rattle against the hard shells. The sand flies as the warriors rush each other hither and thither until at last one of them stretches himself out in the sun, tired to death.

But he does not beg for mercy or attempt to run away, only feebly rubbing his claws together in defiance of the foe. That foe comes closer, and, with his claws trembling with joy at his victory, the conqueror catches hold of one claw of the vanquished crab, twists it until it comes off, and bears away the palpitating limb as a trophy of his prowess. Such is a battle between warrior crabs.

**A Bibliophile's Reply.**

Mandell Creighton, the bishop of London, has a horror of lending his favorite books, says a London correspondent. The bishop is a charming wit as well as a great scholar. A fellow clergyman once visited the bishop and took a fancy to an old edition of Shakespeare. He borrowed the volume and did not think to return it for several months.

Finally the minister returned it with a letter, saying: "My Dear Bishop—I have great pleasure in returning the volume you loaned me."

The bishop answered: "My Dear Brother—All the joy is mine."—Denver Republican.

**A Book She Wouldn't Read.**

"There is one book of Mr. Stevenson's that I myself have never read," said Mrs. Stevenson. "I refused to read it and held to my refusal. I make it a rule never to read a novel the scene of which is laid in a bygone age. The author always deems it his duty to make his characters talk in what he considers the language of that period, and I am always sure that he doesn't know positively how they did talk, so I won't read such books. I would never read the 'Black Arrow,' and Mr. Stevenson thought it such a good joke that he insisted upon dedicating it to me."—Illustrated Indiana Weekly.

**Wise Man.**

"Great idea, that of Mike's," said the enthusiastic beeler of the better sort. "He isn't satisfied with shaking hands with his constituents in the ordinary way. When he meets one of them, he grabs both his hands."

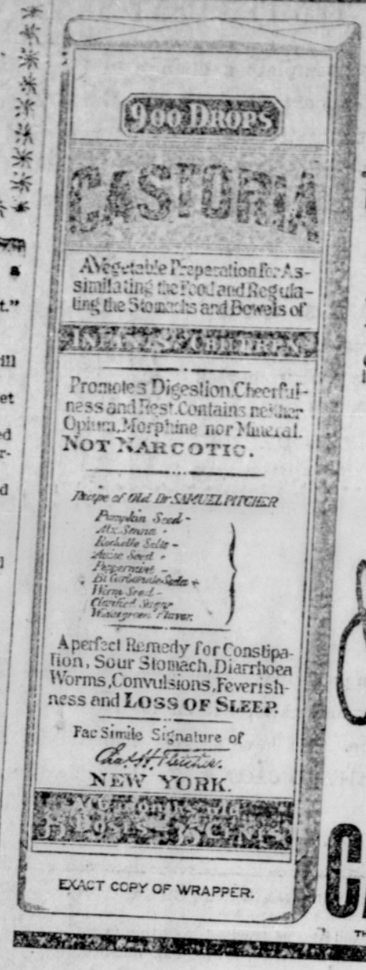
"Ain't that rather overdoing it?" said the cautious person.

"It might look that way to you, but Mike knows his business. As long as he holds the fellow's hands his watch is safe."—Indianapolis Journal.

**The Shame of It.**

"Doesn't it hurt your conscience to wear those pretty bird wings on your hat?"

"It does a little, because they are not genuine wings. They are only clever imitations."—Chicago Tribune.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I have used Ripans Tabules with so much satisfaction that I can cheerfully recommend them. Have been troubled for about three years with what I called bilious attacks coming on regularly once a week. Was told by different physicians that it was caused by bad teeth, of which I had several. I had the teeth extracted, but the attacks continued. I had seen advertisements of Ripans Tabules in all the papers but had no faith in them, but about six weeks since a friend induced me to try them. Have taken but two of the small 5 cent boxes of the Tabules and have had no recurrence of the attacks. Have never given a testimonial for anything before, but the great amount of good which I believe has been done me by Ripans Tabules induces me to add mine to the many testimonials you doubtless have in your possession now. A. T. DEWITT.

I want to inform you, in words of highest praise, of the benefit I have derived from Ripans Tabules. I am a professional nurse and in this profession a clear head is always needed. Ripans Tabules does it. After one of my cases I found myself completely run down. Acting on the advice of Mr. Geo. Bower, Ph. G., 88 Newark Ave., Jersey City, I took Ripans Tabules with grand results. MISS BESSIE WINDMAN.

Mother was troubled with heartburn and sleeplessness, caused by indigestion, for a good many years. One day she saw a testimonial in the paper indorsing Ripans Tabules. She determined to give them a trial, was greatly relieved by their use and now takes the Tabules regularly. She keeps a few cartons Ripans Tabules in the house and says she will not be without them. The heartburn and sleeplessness have disappeared with the indigestion which was formerly so great a burden for her. Our whole family take the Tabules regularly, especially after a hearty meal. My mother is fifty years of age and is enjoying the best of health and spirits; also eats hearty meals, an impossibility before she took Ripans Tabules. ANTON H. BLAUKEN.

I have been a great sufferer from [illegible] for over five years. Nothing gave me relief. My feet and legs and abdomen swelled so I could not wear shoes on my feet nor clothes on my body. I saw Ripans Tabules mentioned in a daily paper, bought some and took them as directed. Have taken them about three weeks and I owe it all to Ripans Tabules. My feet and legs are reduced to their natural size, I can do my own household duties and nursing my little boy, seven years old, have no symptoms of dropsy. He has had the dropsy and I have given him Ripans Tabules for him. He feels so much better that I think he will take some time, he has been sick so long. He has had the dropsy and I have given him Ripans Tabules for him. He feels so much better that I think he will take some time, he has been sick so long. You may use my letter and name as you think best. MRS. MARY [illegible]

I have been suffering from bad [illegible] since I was a little girl. I could [illegible] Ripans Tabules. [illegible] aunt of mine [illegible] taking them [illegible] of the stomach [illegible] found out [illegible] have been [illegible] last [illegible] say they have [illegible] ly cured my [illegible] I am [illegible] old. You are [illegible] to use this [illegible] MRS. I. [illegible]

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TRADE MARK

Reading some of the testimonials [illegible] Ripans Tabules, I tried them. Ripans [illegible] only relieved but actually cured my [illegible] the headaches have disappeared, [illegible] good condition and he never complains [illegible] stomach. He is now a red, chubby-faced [illegible] wonderful change I attribute to Ripans [illegible] I am satisfied that they will benefit anyone [illegible] the cradle to old age) if taken according [illegible] tions. [illegible]

A new style packet containing TEN RIPANS TABULES packed in a paper carton (without glass) has [illegible] at some drug stores—FOR FIVE CENTS. This low-priced sort is intended for the poor and the [illegible] dozen of the five-cent cartons (120 tabules) can be had by mail by sending forty-eight cents to the RIPANS CHEMICAL COMPANY, No. 10 Spruce Street, New York—or a single carton (TEN TABULES) will be sent for [illegible] RIPANS TABULES may also be had of some grocers, general storekeepers, news agents and at some [illegible] and barber shops. They banish pain, induce sleep and prolong life. One gives relief.

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