

THE GAZETTE. A KENTUCKY MIRACLE.

Published Every Thursday

C. W. WARD, Editor and Publisher.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
One Year, postpaid, \$1.00

Entered at the Shiner, Tex., Postoffice as second-class matter.

LANGUAGE OF ANTS.

Yes May Not Understand It But the Insects Do.

YOUTH'S COMPANION thinks it is no longer necessary to prove the existence of language among insects.

What is now of interest is to find out if we can, the extent and limits of their language and the ideas and inferences to which it gives rise.

It is still a question, however, in what way communication is opened and kept up. Is it by rubbing the antennae together? The movements of the insects make this seem reasonable, yet a professor of natural history, in Prussia recently stated that ants are provided with a sounding apparatus resembling that of the wasp, by means of which faint sounds suited to the ears of the ants are produced. This remains to be proved.

How is it that these small creatures can venture far from the nest, distances that are relatively enormous, and never hesitate about the road to take when they wish to retrace their steps? Learned men who have studied the matter attribute the power to the formic acid given out by the insect as it travels, so that it finds its way in exactly the same way that a fox or a dog does.

"One day," says M. Lavallois, "I followed an ant for a long time. She was far from the ant-hill and seemed to have no intention of soon returning.

"In the middle of the path she came upon the dead body of a good sized snail. She first walked all around it, then climbed upon the ugly creature's back, crawled all over it, and after this thorough examination, instead of going on, immediately returned to the nest.

When half-way home she met one of her companions. In an instant they had touched or rubbed antennae with great animation, and she was pursuing her course. The same performance took place when she met a second and a third, and as soon as she had left them they quickly turned toward the spot where the snail lay.

"The first ant soon entered the nest, and I lost sight of her; but doubtless she continued her work of informing and exhorting the rest, for a long line of ants immediately came out and set forth for the prey. Ten minutes afterward the snail was entirely covered with the yellow swarm, and by evening not a trace of it remained."

Glass That Withstands Heat.
Hundreds of mirrors have been gained by lamps being placed close to them to assist in boiling purposes, and the average glass seems to be exceptionally mean in respect of temperature. Of late years lamp glasses have been made by a secret process which makes them so tough that, even if touched with red-hot iron, they will seldom crack. Now an inventor has gone a step farther and has produced a glass which will stand a greater heat, without bending or breaking, than iron. If this can be put on the market on a commercial basis it will promptly revolutionize our ideas of building and enable much larger pans of glass to be used than is practicable now.

An Old Irish Shilling.
George Russell, of Baywick, Ky., has an Irish shilling which is probably one of the first issues of that coin. It is a family heirloom that has been bequeathed to the oldest son in his family through successive generations. It is silver and about the size of our twenty-five-cent currency. Mr. Russell has bequeathed it to his son Kelly Russell, with its tradition.

Sure Fit.
"What have you named your new boy?"
"William. I wanted to get a name that would be sure to fit."
"I don't quite catch on."
"Why, don't you see? If he grows up to be a real nice, good kind of a young man he will be called Willie, and if he should happen to turn out pretty tough he can be called Bill."

Black Eyes Changed to Blue.
A dark-eyed man was kept for fifteen years in an unlighted dungeon, in Salzburg, Austria. During that time he never saw a human face. When he came forth into daylight it was noticed that his black eyes had become blue.

A MOTHER'S DEAR EGG.
Seldon Spencer of Essex, Conn., has a hen which lately astonished him by laying an egg that weighs twenty ounces and measures eight and a half inches in circumference.

THE HON. JOHN M. RICE TELLS HOW HE WAS CURED OF RHEUMATISM.

Crippled for Six Years With Sclerosis in Its Worst Form—He Expected to Die But Was Saved in a Marvelous Manner.

(From the Louisville, Ky. Post.)

The Hon. John M. Rice, of Louisa, Lawrence County, Kentucky, has for the past two years retired from active life as Criminal and Circuit Judge of the sixteenth Judicial District of Kentucky.

He has for many years served his native county and state in the legislature at Frankfort and at Washington, and, until his retirement, was a noted figure in political and judicial circles. The Judge is well known throughout the state and possesses the best qualities which go to make a Kentucky gentleman honored wherever he is known.

About six years ago the bodily troubles which finally caused his retirement at a time when his mental faculties were in the zenith of their strength, began their encroachment upon his naturally strong constitution. A few days ago a Kentucky Post reporter called upon Judge Rice, who in the following words related the history of the causes that led to his retirement.

"It is just about six years since I had an attack of rheumatism, slight at first, but soon developing into sciatic rheumatism, which began first with acute shooting pains in the hips, gradually extending downward to my feet.

"My condition became so bad that I eventually lost all power of my legs, and then the liver, kidneys, and bladder had in fact, my whole system, became deranged. I tried the treatment of many physicians, but receiving no lasting benefit from them, I had recourse to patent remedies, trying one kind after another until I believe there were none I had not sampled.

"In 1888, attended by my son John, I went to Hot Springs, Ark. I was not much benefited by some months stay there when I returned home. My liver was actually dead, and a dull persistent pain in its region kept me on the rack all the time. In 1890 I was reappointed Circuit Judge, but it was impossible for me to give attention to my duties. In 1891, I went to the Silturian Springs, Watahshaw, Wis. I stayed there some time, but without improvement.

"Again I returned home, this time feeling no hopes of recovery. The muscles of my limbs were now reduced by atrophy to mere strings. Sciatic pains tortured me terribly, but it was the disordered condition of my liver that was I felt gradually wearing my life away. Doctors gave me up, all kinds of remedies had been tried without avail, and there was nothing more for me to do but resign myself to fate.

"I lingered on in this condition sustained almost entirely by stimulants until April, 1893. One day John saw an advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People in the Kentucky Post. This was something new, and as one more drug after so many others could not do so much harm, John prevailed upon me to try the Pink Pills. It was, I think, in the first week in May the pills arrived. I remember I was not expected to live for more than three or four days at the time. The effect of the Pills, however, was marvelous and I could soon eat heartily, a thing I had not done for years. The liver began almost instantaneously to perform its functions, and has done so ever since. Without doubt the pills saved my life, and while I do not crave notoriety I cannot refuse to testify to their worth.

The reporter called upon Mr. Hughes the Louisa druggist, who informed him that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been very popular, since Judge Rice used them with such benefit. He mentioned several who have found relief in their use.

An analysis of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People shows that they contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of influenza, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness either in male or female, and all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, (50 cents a box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50)—they are never sold in bulk or by the 100 by address to Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

No School for Them.
It seems that in the city of Washington there are 4,000 colored children of a suitable age for whom there is no school accommodations. There are thousands more who are not old enough to attend the public schools.

A LOVE STORY.

An Off-Repeated Scene in an Old World Garden.

An old-world garden, so peaceful, quiet and still, where the roses nod their heads in the summer breeze, whispering round them the secrets of the high, overarching trees, bringing them, too, the music of the tiny fountain blithely dancing in the sunlight while reflecting back their brightness in a thousand pearly tints, and singing sweetly all the live-long day to the rippling brook wending far away through the meadows beyond, to lose itself amid waving fields of corn, gleaming like yellow gold in the valley below.

On the close-cropped grass plot, ringed over and over, where the fairies hold their court on its green carpet night after night, stands an old moss-covered sundial, marking off the hours, keeping steady pace with the march of time. How many love tales could that old dial tell, the same sweet story had been poured out so often by its stones that it must know it all—the sighs and tears, the sweet love whispers, the hot, swift words that sprang so quickly from the parted lips, the faltering answer so low as to hardly break the stillness as the seconds pass under the shadows of the dial's face.

A young man, strong and straight as an Apollo, kneeling by its weather-beaten stones, is pouring out his love story to a dainty maiden so small and fragile that almost the fairies might claim her for their own. There is a delicate rose flush under the tender skin of the maiden's face, while her eyes are shaded from sight under long drooping lashes, and the sweet lips are pointingly curved as her little hands push back the roses he offers her so tenderly. Her blue eyes elude a moment as she turns away her dainty head.

"Then you don't love me any more, Mignon? And I picked these pretty roses all for you, and these wild flowers to twine in your hair and crown you a queen, my queen, my little queen, Mignon." A tender thrill runs through the young man's voice.

"Mignon, am I to go away? Don't you want my love any more? Is your love like the roses and wild flowers, as quickly dying, Mignon?" His face comes closer to hers, and one arm steals gently around the tiny waist. "Mignon," his pleading voice goes on, "you love me; you're only making believe not to."

Does a dimple steal into the maiden's cheek and the eyes shyly glance at the brave fellow kneeling at her feet in all the glorious strength of his young manhood? The tiny arms are clasped tightly around his neck, her dainty cheek close presses his, and in a whisper sweet and low, while the seconds pass under the shadow on the old dial's face, comes the answer he awaits—"I do love you, papa."

SPOKE MONKEY LANGUAGE.

A Man Who Converses With Them as Far Back as 1852.

In 1857 Jules Richard had occasion to visit a sick friend in a hospital, where he made the acquaintance of an old official of an institution from the south of France who was exceedingly fond of animals. He claimed also to be perfectly familiar with the languages of cats and dogs and to speak the language of apes even better than the apes themselves. Jules Richard received this statement with an incredulous smile, whereupon the old man, whose pride was evidently touched by such skepticism, invited him to come the next morning to the zoological garden.

He met him at the appointed time and place, says Mr. Richard, and we went together to the monkeys' cage, where he leaned to the outer railing and began to utter a succession of guttural sounds, which alphabetical signs are scarcely able to represent—"Kira, kira, kira"—represented with slight variations and differences of accentuation. In a few minutes the whole community of monkeys, a dozen in number, assembled and sat in rows before him, with their hands clasped in their laps or resting on their knees, laughing, gesticulating, and answering. The conversation continued for a full quarter of an hour to the intense delight of the monkeys, who took a lively part in it. As their interlocutor was about to go away they all became intensely excited, climbing up the balustrade and uttering cries of lamentation. When he finally departed and disappeared more and more from their view they ran up to the top of the cage and, clinging to the frieze, made motions as if they were bidding him good-by.

Sheep as Beasts of Burden.
In the northern parts of India sheep are put to a use unthought of in European countries. They are made to serve as beasts of burden. The mountain paths among the foothills of the Himalayas are so precipitous that the sheep, more sure-footed than larger beasts, are preferred as burden carriers. The load for each sheep is from sixteen to twenty pounds. The sheep are driven from village to village, with the wool still growing, and in each town the farmer shears as much wool as he can sell there, and loads the sheep with the grain which he receives in exchange. After his flock has been sheared he returns it homeward, each sheep having on its back a small bag containing the purchased grain.

A Cunning Thief.
Since October 1, Joseph Johnson of West Salisbury township, Chester county, Pa., has lost 200 chickens, geese, ducks and turkeys. The snow at last enabled him to track the robbers. He found their home in a hole in the hillside near by. With a little powder and a pick he unearthed the thieves, and was astonished to find two large polecats that his blast of explosive had killed. The cavity in which the polecats lived was immense and in it were the skeleton remains of his lost flocks and fully feathers enough to make two large feather beds.

Queer Effect of an Earthquake.
The correspondent at Atlanta of the London Times has visited Chalcis, the capital of the northern part of the island of Euboea, which island was greatly affected by the recent earthquakes. A most peculiar incident noticed by him was the action of the lofty Venetian tower in the center of the town. It swung to and fro so violently that it knocked down an adjoining wall, though it remained standing itself and sustained no damage.

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Every one has heard that old and popularly accepted story of Marie Antoinette and the starving peasants, and it is always told as an illustration of the heartlessness and carelessness of royalty concerning the common people. It has served its purpose well, but unfortunately it is not quite true. Mr. Mattieu Williams gives the correct version. He says:

"We are told that when Marie Antoinette was informed of a famine in the neighborhood of the Tyrol, and of the starving of some of the peasants there, she replied: 'I would rather eat pie crust than starve.' Some of the story-tellers, by the way, have it pastry, others cake. Thereupon the courtiers giggled at the ignorance of the pampered princess, who could suppose that starving peasants had such an alternative food as pie crust.

The ignorance, however, was all on the side of the courtiers and those who repeat the story in its ordinary form. The princess was the only person in the court who really understood the habits of the peasants of the particular districts in question. They cook their meat, chiefly young veal, by rolling it in a kind of dough made of sawdust, mixed with coarse flour to hold it together, then placing in an oven or wood embers until the dough is hardened to a tough crust and the meat is roasted throughout to the proper point of cooking. Marie Antoinette said she would rather eat pie crust than starve, knowing that these meat pie crusts are given to the pigs, and they are nourished by them, and digest them in spite of the wood sawdust.

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