

**AN OWL'S ODD FIGHT.**

Sample of the Wonderful Stories That Brighten Life in a Pennsylvania Town.

Story telling is a favorite pastime winter nights in a comfortable sitting-room of one of the taverns of Susquehanna, Pa., says the New York World. Many of the yarns spun are wonders. Here is a sample:

As Zach Chandler, a Deep Hollow wood-chopper, was out on Turks Hill one day last fall in search of game, he saw what he supposed to be two birds sitting upon the limb of a red poplar tree. Crouching and creeping ahead, he hid behind a stump, when he saw the objects above him were evidently two white owls. The owls were fighting savagely for the possession of a ground mouse which they had captured in an adjoining field.

The struggle was lively and noisy. For a moment the mouse could be seen in the bill of one bird, then in the claws of the other. There were loud hoots and shrieks, and feathers fell from the tree into the underbrush. Fearing that the game would fly away and escape, Chandler fired at the object and it came tumbling down.

Chandler rushed forward, and was amazed to find but one owl, yet it had two heads and four legs and feet. There was but one body. The two heads had been fighting for the possession of the mouse.

The freak bird was badly riddled by shot, but Chandler had sense enough to know that he had a valuable curiosity, and he worked faithfully to save it, but it gave up the ghost the next day. One head appeared to be lifeless half an hour before the other one died.

**NO SMOKING AT WHITE HOUSE.**

Sign Has Been Posted in the Reception Room Bearing the Notice.

The average congressman who goes bustling around from department to department is inclined to smoke where he listeth and knock the ashes from his cigar where he pleases, says the Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Press. The practice is all right for the ante-rooms of cabinet officers, but President Roosevelt thought it should not be carried into the white house reception room. So he gave orders to Arthur Simmons, the colored doorkeeper from North Carolina, to request gentlemen not to smoke. Arthur Simmons had a number of strenuous interviews in carrying out his instructions. Southern and western congressmen were frequently moved to consign Arthur to a superheated climate for his pains. Arthur is one of the pillars of the church in colored circles, and he finally complained to Secretary Cortelyou that it pained him to hear gentlemen using such violent language. At his request the "No Smoking Allowed" sign has been posted in the reception room, and when gentlemen come in with lighted cigars Arthur merely looks meaningly toward the sign.

**BUFFALO HAD TO CLIMB.**

An Exceptional Case, According to the Narrator, Who Was Descended from Ananias.

A near relation to the late Baron Munchausen on the maternal side, lineally descended from Ananias and Sapphira, was telling a party of friends

about treeing a bull buffalo in one of the trees of California.

"That story lacks likelihood," remarked the man who knows everything, like so many other men; "the buffalo belongs to the ruminant family, has four or five stomachs and walks on hoofs. It has no claws at all and could no more climb a tree than a Jersey cow."

"As a general proposition you are right," said the story teller, with a perfectly unruffled mien, according to the New York Times. "But this case was quite exceptional. We were after the buffalo with four of the most vicious dogs that I ever knew. One was a boar hound, one a great dane, one a psovie or wolf hound, and the other a registered bulldog, with jaws like wrought iron. Well they brought the buffalo to bay at the foot of a big tree and pressed him so blamed hard that he just had to climb. That was his only salvation."

**CLOTH MADE FROM ROCK.**

A Piece Eighteen Inches Square That It Had Taken a Ton of Rock to Supply.

The weaving of stone into material for clothing, the making of flexible and lasting granite trousers, black marble coats and fancy onyx waist-coats may be a possibility of the future, the weavers say. Already curtains are made of asbestos and cloth manufactured from chalk, while a certain spinner has an arm-chair covered with a soft and silky fabric of Titian red which he wove toilsomely out of a rock-red shell. The weaver, says the Detroit Free Press, thus describes the weaving: "I threw a ton of rock, in lumps as big as your head, into the picker. The picker blades were dulled, but the rocks were crushed and came out good stock with a staple an inch long like asbestos. This fluffy stuff I threw into my carding machine, and first it become a soft inch-thick rope, then a harder quarter-inch twine, and at this point my mule took it and twisted it till it was an ordinary thread, like that you see on a spool of cotton. I wove it on a hand loom then. This little piece of cloth—it's 18 inches square—is all I got. It took a ton of rock to make it. I claim it is the first cloth ever woven out of real rock in the history of the world."

**SELLS SMILES AND SERMONS.**

"Lady of Quality" and Merchant in London Engage in Novel Enterprises.

In London one can buy a sermon for one dollar, and for five dollars one can learn to smile like Queen Alexandra. The merchant who deals in sermons has more than 2,000 in stock, and they are classified to suit all tastes. Thus some are dignified, others flowery, others pathetic, others long-winded, and some are even humorous, says the Detroit Free Press. It is "a lady of quality" who gives instructions in the art of smiling, and she is said to have a host of pupils, all of whom desire to smile like her majesty, and who are assured that they can learn the art in three lessons.

Another curious profession is that of a man who offers to sell absolutely new anecdotes of the king and queen at a price ranging from 25 cents to two dollars. For the authenticity of these anecdotes he vouches, and scarcely a day passes that he does not offer some new story.

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