

ANIMAL BLANKET WEAVERS

How the Birds and Beasts Prepare Their Winter Clothes and Bedding—Field Stories.

At this time of the year the birds and beasts of the woodlands are laying in their winter clothes and bedding. Not merely the extra thick suit of fur or feathers that grows on them naturally in autumn, but all kinds of artificial rugs and blankets that they make themselves. Field mice, which swarm every meadow, are very busy now gathering in sheets and rugs that will keep out the cold and are filling their tiny underground houses with all sorts of luxurious bedding, says the St. Louis "Globe Democrat."

They dig out an underground sitting room at the end of one of their burrows and line it, to begin with, with fine, dry grass, smelling sweetly of new hay. This is a healthy foundation, and next they pad it with soft, dead leaves, beech or hick for choice, especially the latter, when they can find any. A little raised bunch of moss here and there is also a point in the field mouse household, though they do not care to be bothered with it in summer. But anything to keep out of the cold.

Next they search in the neighborhood for a feather or two, if such things are to be had. They will not allow wool in the blankets, or any animal covering, but are great on the white fluff of the cotton grass, which makes a most luxurious mattress. They will hunt the meadows a long way round, at the risk of hawks and other enemies, to find a crop of this treasure, even traveling over half a mile, which equals a 50-mile journey for a man.

Cotton grass does not grow everywhere, however, and they often have to go without it and make their mattress and blankets of fine hay. When this is done, a field mouse's winter parlor, with the store cupboard round the corner, is as cozy a place as one could want.

Weasels are great sticklers for comfort, though they go out in winter more than the field mice. They line their winter parlors with thistle and despise feathers. But they like wool and do not turn up their nose at animal furs, as do the mice—though they haven't so much nose to turn up. They sometimes lay down a sort of mattress of thistle, collected with great pains, upon the hay, and it makes a very soft, springy bed. Then they search the low-growing brambles for bits of wool, which have stuck to the thorns from the fleeces of passing sheep, and take the bits home. They thread them out, and make them as light and soft as possible, then work them carefully into the texture of the hay and hair, and make up an extremely snug bed.

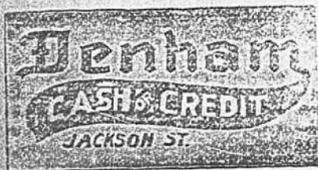
It takes a lot of weather to turn the weasel out of his couch, and it is one place where he can sleep soundly. He never brings anything home to eat, but sucks the blood of his victims when he kills them and then goes home and turns in.

Water rats are famous blanket makers. They fill their bedrooms in autumn with sheets of the gray vegetable down that grows on various plants in the marshes and by the banks of the streams. The bed and mattress of Mrs. Rat is generally made of dry rushes, which form a capital couch, if you know how to arrange them. The big, fat water rats that live in fenny districts have a very good way of making a bed from the reed heads that have been dried and ripened by the autumn sun. The reeds are very high, but the water rats gnaw them through the stem and then nip the heads off and carry them home, where they furnish the winter parlor with them. These, with some sheets of the dry flags, compose the warmest couch possible, and it takes a great deal to make a water rat feel cold when well wrapped in the blankets.

But the oddest of all autumn clothes makers are the winter gnats, who come in little parties even in the coldest weather and dance in the air under the trees. They sleep under the bark of willows and oaks, and somehow always manage to choose a soft spot and pull over themselves a sort of quilt of woody fiber, which is one of the best of all safeguards against cold.

Notice.

Party having the French Marine spy-glasses will please return same to M. R. Stone. The glasses were bought of Miss Eudora Stone.



FAIRMONT, W. VA.

THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION

By the Governor.

Whereas, the President of the United States, in accordance with custom, has issued his proclamation appointing and setting apart a day of festival and thanksgiving to be observed by all the people of the United States; now, therefore, I, Albert B. White, Governor of the State of West Virginia, do hereby proclaim and designate

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24, as Thanksgiving Day to be so observed by the citizens of West Virginia. On that date the people are requested to cease from their ordinary occupations and to assemble in their various places of worship or homes, there to devoutly thank the giver of all good for His many mercies and blessings conferred upon us as a Nation, as a Commonwealth and as individuals, and to beseech a continuance of God's favors upon us.

As one of the sisterhood of States of this great country West Virginia has been favored greatly during the past year. Our material development has continued and expanded; our husbandmen have been rewarded with bounteous crops; we have been spared from pestilence and great disasters; our people have been contented, happy and prosperous, and each and all have abundant reason to feel gratitude and to abound in the spirit of thanksgiving. We have been more generously favored than some other sections of this great country and should be correspondingly grateful.

Never were religious, educational, and benevolent institutions of our State doing as great and beneficent work as at present. The uplifting influences of our communities were never more active and the results more marked. The future is bright with promise and West Virginians are full of hope and courage.

Under these circumstances this annual festival and day of praise should be even more generally observed than any similar anniversary.

Given under my hand and the great seal of the State at the City of Charleston on this the eighth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and four, and of the State the fortysecond. [Seal.]

ALBERT B. WHITE,

By the Governor:

Wm. M. O. DAWSON,
Secretary of State.

WAR CORRESPONDENTS.

Some of Their Famous Feats of Physical Endurance.

One of the finest achievements of a war correspondent was that of Holt White, a representative of the New York Tribune, in the Franco-Prussian war. He witnessed the battle of Sedan from the Prussian headquarters on Thursday, Sept. 1, 1870. At its conclusion he rode to Brussels, but there the postoffice authorities refused to transmit his dispatch to London and even threatened to arrest him for saying that the French had been defeated. He then went on to Calais, crossed to Dover by special steamer and took a special train to London, where he arrived at 5 o'clock on Saturday morning. Next day there was a description of the battle six columns long in the Tribune. It was not till Tuesday that the London newspapers had accounts of the conflict from their correspondents.

But the most famous deed of physical endurance in the race for news between war correspondents was told of Archibald Forbes. In the Serbian war of 1876 Semlin, the nearest telegraph station, was 120 miles distant from the scene of the battle. So soon as Forbes knew the result he rode off, and all night long he kept at a gallop, changing his horses every fifteen miles. At Semlin he had one long drink of beer and then at once sat down to the task of writing, hour after hour, against time, the tidings of which he was the bearer. After he had written the story of the battle and put it on the wires he lay down in his clothes and slept twenty hours without waking. He had witnessed the battle, which lasted six hours; ridden 120 miles and written and dispatched a telegraphic message four columns in length to the Daily News, all in the space of thirty hours.—Macmillan's Magazine.

Just Like Americans.

A peculiar revelation in regard to train travel in Japan is that the people of various classes, customarily polite in their intercourse with one another and in their dealings with aliens, lose nearly all sense of courtesy when they enter a passenger car. When I first rode in a first class car in Japan and saw several dainty Japanese women in pretty silks standing while Japanese men remained resolutely seated I could almost fancy I was on an elevated train in New York bound for Harlem.—Harold Boice in Booklovers' Magazine.

His Coat of Arms.

"Now that you are wealthy, Mr. C.," said the man who deals in pedigrees and the like, "you really should begin to adopt a coat of arms."
"I'll do just as I please," retorted Mr. C. hotly. "If I like to go about in my shirt sleeves, that ain't none of your business!"

A Real Hero.

"You don't believe in divorce, then?"
"No, sir; I've got too much sportin' blood."
"What has that to do with it?"
"I believe in a fight to the finish."—Philadelphia Ledger.

SEEKS DIVORCE FROM DEAD WIFE.

Husband Believes the Certificate of Her Decease is Only a Scheme.

NEW YORK, Nov. 8.—What was declared yesterday by attorneys to be the most remarkable divorce action ever brought in any court will be heard before Justice Blanchard, of the Supreme Court, next Wednesday, when the suit of a husband, who is asking for a divorce from his dead wife, comes up for trial. The suit is that of James C. Pettigrew, of No. 83 Seventh avenue, against his wife, the late Maude Mary Middleton Pettigrew.

Though Attorney George Robinson, of No. 99 Nassau street, who represents the husband, has received information that Mrs. Pettigrew is dead, he will ask the court to grant the divorce on the ground that it is undefended and that the court has no proof that the wife is not still living.

The suit for divorce was begun by James Pettigrew more than two years ago, and for a year an effort was made by private detectives and subpoena servers to serve upon Mrs. Pettigrew the summons and complaint in the action. They traced her from place to place, but were always too late. One night the subpoena server followed her to a restaurant and waited outside for her. When he attempted to serve the paper as she was leaving the place the woman's escort held off the subpoena server while she jumped into a cab and escaped. After that experience she left the city and went to Winnipeg, Manitoba, and it was in that city she is said to have died June 8.

When Mrs. Pettigrew left the State Lawyer Robinson obtained an order of the court to serve her by publication, and when, after the allotted time, she did not file an answer to the suit it was placed on the calendar of undefended divorce actions. The hearing has been set down for next Wednesday.

A few days ago Mr. Pettigrew received a supposed transcript of the certificate of his wife's death. This transcript has not been properly certified and Pettigrew fears that it is another plan of his wife to block the divorce proceedings.

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If you see a nice looking couple driving around with a good stylish horse, elegant harness, nobby run-a-bout, carriage or trap, with nice clean robes, and everything to match, you can wager ten to one it was hired from the Jackson Livery Barn, as we put out only that kind. FRED S. JACKSON, Manager. Open day and night.

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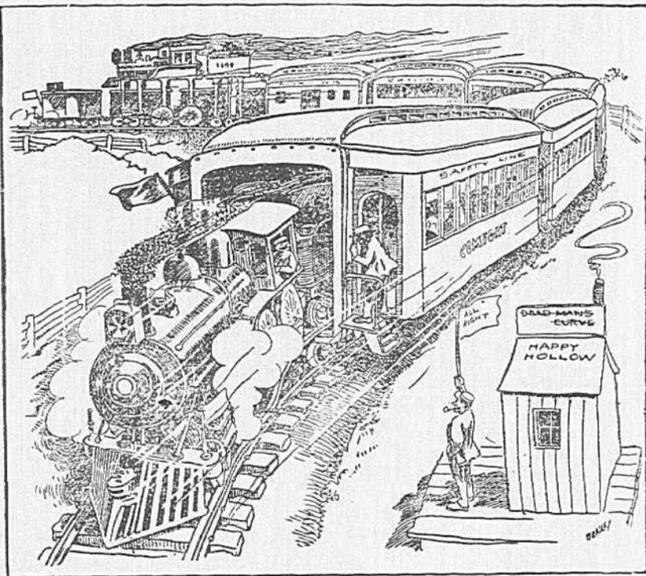
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