Butler Citizen.

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Address
THE BUTLER CITIZEN,
BUTLER, PA.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

BUTLER, KARNS CITY AND PARKER RAILROAD

Trains leave Butler for St. Joe, Millerstown, Karns City, Petrolia, Parker, etc., at 7.27 a. m., and 2.25 and 7.25 p. m.

Trains arrive at Butler from the above named points at 7. 7 a. m., and 2.15, and 7.15 p. m. The 2.15 train connects with train on the West Penn road through to Pittsburgh.

SHENANGO AND ALLEGHENY RAILROAD.

Trains leave Hillard's Mill, Butler county, for Harrisville, Greenville, etc., at 7.50 a. m. and 2.25 p. m.

Trains arrive at Hilliard's Mills at 1:45 A. M., and 5.55 P. M.

Hacks to and from Petrolia, Martinsburg, Fairview, Modoc and Trentman, connect at Hillard with all trains on the S & A road.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

Trains leave Butler (Butler or Pittsburgh Time.)

Market at 5.06 a. m., goes through to Allegheny, arriving at 9.01 a. m. This train connects at Freeport with Freeport Accommodation, which arrives at Allegheny at 8.20 a. m., railroad time.

Express at 7.21 a. m., connecting at Butler Junction, without change of cars, at 8.26 with Express west, arriving in Allegheny at 9.56 a. m., and Express east arriving at Blairsville at 10.55 a. m. railroad time.

Mail at 2.26 p. m., connecting at Butler Junction without change of cars, with Express west, arriving in Allegheny at 5.01 p. m., and Express east arriving at Blairsville Intersection at 5.55 p. m. railroad time, which connects with Philadelphia Express east, when on time.

The 7.21 a. m. train connects at Blairsville at 11.05 a. m. with the Mail east, and the 2.26 p. m. train at 6.59 with the Philadelphia Express east.

Trains arrive at Butler on West Penn R. R. at 9.50 a. m., 4.58 and 7.01 p. m., Butler time. The 9.50 and 4.58 trains connect with trains on the Butler & Parker R. R.

Main Line.

Through trains leave Pittsburgh for the East at 2.50 and 8.35 a. m. and 12.51, 4.21 and 8.06 p. m., arriving at Philadelphia at 3.40 and 7.20 p. m. and 3.00, 7.0 and 7.40 a. m.; at Baltimore about the same time, at New York three hours later, and at Washington about one and a half hours later.

Time of Holding Courts.

The several Courts of the county of Butler commence on the first Monday of March, June, September and December, and continue two weeks, or so long as necessary to dispose of the business. No causes are put down for trial or traverse jurors summoned for the first week of the several terms.

[From Harper's Monthly for December.]

MRS. FLINT'S MARRIED EXPERIENCE.

The deacon forgot he was not in a prayer-meeting, and so dropped into the hymn book, as Mr. Wegg did into secular poetry.

'H'm, well, there's a good deal to be thought of for and against it, too,' remarked Mrs. Gold, not willing to give an easy assent, and so cheapen herself in the eyes of her acute adorer; but when her thoughts were sternly sifted down they appeared to be slight matters, and the deacon soon carried his point. He wasted no time in this transaction; having 'shook hands on it,' as he expressed himself, he proceeded at once to arrange the programme.

'Well, Sarepty, we're both along in years, and to our time o' life delays is dangerous. I think we had better get married pretty quick. I'm keepin' that great lazy Polly Morse, and payin' cash right along; and you don't need to fix up any, you've got good clothes enough; besides, what's clothes to worms seech as we be? The catechism says, 'man's chief end is to glorify God and enjoy Him forever,' and if that's so—and I expect 'tis so—why, tain't nothin' to be concerned about what our poor dyin' bodies is clothed in.'

Mrs. Gold did not agree with him at all; she liked her clothes, as women ought to, but his preternatural piety, awed her, and she said meekly enough, 'well, I don't need no great lot of gowns. I shan't buy but one, I don't believe.'

A faint color stole to her cheek as she said it, for she meant a wedding dress; and Decon Flint was acute enough to perceive it, and to understand that this was a point he could not carry.

'One gown ain't neither here nor there, Sarepty, but I aim to fix it on your mind that, as I said afore, delays is dangerous. I prppose, with the Divine blessin', to be married this day two weeks. I suppose you're agreeable?' The widow was too surprised to deny this soft impeachment, and he went on: 'Ye see, there's papers to be drawed up; you've got independent means, and so have I, and it's jest as well to settle things fust as last. Did Ethan Gold leave a life-interest in your thirds, or out an' out?'

The widow's lip trembled; her dead husband had been careful of her, more careful than she knew, till now.

'He didn't will me no thirds at all; he left me use and privilege for my nateral life of everything that was his'n, and all to go to Mindwell when I'm gone.'

'Do tell! He was forehanded, I declare for't!' exclaimed the deacon, both pleased and displeased; for if his wife's income was to be greater than he supposed, in case of her death before his there would be no increase to his actual possession.

'Well, I always calculated you had your thirds, an' probably, knownin' Ethan was free-handed, you had 'em out an' out. This makes some difference about what papers I'll have to have drawn up. Now I guess the best way is to have an agreement like this: I agree not to expect you to hev and to hold none of mine; but I to have the use of your'n, and you to have your livin' out of mine. You see, you don't have no more'n your livin' out of mine. You see, you don't have no more'n your livin' out of your'n now; that's all we any of us get in this here world: 'hevin food an' raiment, let us therewith be content,' as Scripter says. You agree to this, don't ye?'

Bewildered with the plausible phrases, ballasted by a text, unaware that even the devil can quote Scripture to serve his turn, Mrs. Gold did not see that she was putting herself entirely into the hands of this man, and meekly agreed to his arrangement. If this story were not absolutely true, I should scare dare to invent such a character as Deacon Flint, but he was once a living man, and hesitating to condemn him utterly, being now defenceless among the dead, we can but hope for him and his like that there are purifying fires beyond this life where he may be melted and refined into the image of Him who made him a man, and gave him a long life here to develop manhood. Not till after he was gone did Mrs. Gold begin to think that he had left her to explain his arrangements to Mindwell and Sam and instinctively she shrank from doing so. Like many another weak woman, she hated words, particularly hard words; her life had flowed on in a gentle routine, so peacefully that she had known but one sorrow, and that was so great that, with the propensity we all have to balance accounts with Providence, she thought her trouble had been all she could bear; but there was yet reserved for her that sharp attrition of life which is so different from the calm and awful force of sorrow—so much more exasperating, so much more educating. Some instinct warned her to avoid remonstrance by concealing from her children the contract she was about to make, and she felt, too, the uncertainty of a woman unaccustomed to business about her own clear understanding of the situation; so she satisfied herself with telling Mindwell of the near approach of her marriage.

'Oh, mother! so soon!' was all Mindwell said, though her eyes and lips spoke far more eloquently.

'Well, now the thing's settled, I don't know but what it may as well be over with, We ain't young folks, Mindwell. 'Tisn't as if we had quite a spell to live.'

Tears stood in her eyes as she said it; a certain misgiving stole over her, just then it seemed a good thing that she could not live long.

Mindwell forced back the sob that choked her. A woman of single heart she did not consider a second marriage sacred. For herself, she would rather have taken her children to the town farm, cold as corporative charity is, than married another man than Samuel, even if he had been dead thirty years; and she bitterly resented this default of respect to her father's memory. But her filial duty came to the rescue.

'Dear mother, I can't bear to think of it. What shall I do? what will the children say? I did hope you would take time to consider.'

'It ain't real dutiful in you to take me to do, Mindwell; I'm full old to be lessoned, seems to me. As for you and the children, I don't feel no great distress. Love runs down, not up, folks say, and I don't believe you'll any of ye pine a long spell.'

This weak and petulent outburst dismayed Mindwell, who had never seen her mother otherwise than gentle and pleasant; but, with the tact of a great heart, she said nothing, only put her arms around the elder woman's neck and kissed her over and over. At this Mrs. Gold began to cry, and in soothing her distress Mindwell forgot to ask any further questions, but set herself to divert both the minds from this brief and bitter outburst by inquiring what preparation her mother meant to make in the fortnight.

'I don't look to no great preparation,' sighed the widow. 'I have always had good clothes enough, and there's a piece of linen I wove before we come here, that'll do for all I want. I suppose I had ought to hev a new gown to be married in. When I was married to Ethan I had a white dimity gown and a blue levantine petticoat and if he didn't fetch me a big bunch of sand violets—they was blossoming then—for to match my eyes and my skirt, he said; but that's past and gone as the hymn-book says. I do want to have one good gown, Mindwell; and now I'm a little along in years, I guess I'll have a dark one. T'other night when he was up to 'Squire Barnes' to tea, Miss Barnes was telling about a piece of plum-colored paduasoy Mr. Battle bought in Hartford for Lecty's weddin' gown, and she wouldn't hev it. She said 'twasn't lively enough, and so she's set her mind on a piece of blue laventine; but I should think the plum-color would become me real well.'

So the plum colored silk was bought, and arrayed in its simple folds, with a new worked collar and a white satin bow, the widow Gold was dressed for her second wedding.

Did she think as she looked into her oval mirror that morning, what a different vision was this quiet, elderly, sober woman in decent but not festal garments, from the smiling, blushing, blue eyed creature, in her spotless diminity gown opening over a blue petticoat, and clasped at the throat with a bunch of still bluer violets? What does a woman think who is married the second time? A man is satisfied that now his house will be kept once more, his clothes mended, his whims humored, his table spread to his taste and his children looked after. If it is needful he can marry six wives, one after the other. They are a domestic necessity. The Lord himself says it is not good for man to be alone; but it is quite another thing for the woman, Such a relation is not a movable feast to her; it is once for all; and if circumstance or pique betray her into this faithlessness, what does she think of herself when it becomes inevitable?

The widow Gold did not tell. She was paler when she turned from the glass than when she first looked into it, and she trembled as she went down stairs to sign the papers before Parson Roberts should arrive.

The best parlor was opened to-day. The high-backed chairs with old brocade cushions that had belonged to Sam Pratt's grandmother were ranged along the wall like a row of stiff ghosts; the corner cupboards were set open to display the old china and glass that filled them; there was a "bow-pot" of great red peonies, abundant and riotous with color and fatness, set under the chimney in the well-whitened fire-place; and a few late roses glowed in a blue china jar on the high mantel-piece. On a square table with a leaf lay a legal paper that Sam was reading, with his hands supporting his head, as if it was hard to understand the document.

The deacon, in his Sunday garments, was looking at him askance; and Mindwell, with the little girls, Ede and Sylvia, clinging to her gown, was staring out of the window, down the road—staring but not seeing, for the splendid summer day that lavished its bloom and verdure and odor on these gaunt New England hills, and hid their rude poverty with its royal mantle, was all a dim blur to the heart rung woman

'Mother,' said Sam Pratt, raising his head, 'do you know what's the sum and substance of these here papers and do you agree to't?'

The widow glanced aside at Deacon Flint and caught his 'married eye,' early as it was to use that ocular weapon.

'Why, yes, Sam? I don't know but what I do,' she said, slowly and rather timidly.

'Well,' said Sam, rising and pushing the paper away, 'if you do, why, then you're goin' right into't, and it's right, I s'pose; but, by Jinks! I think it's the d—"

Mindwell's touch on his arm arrested the sentence. "There's Parson Roberts, Sam; you just help him out of the gig, will you? He's quite lame I see.'

Sam Pratt went with the half finished sentence on his lips. He was glad his wife had stopped him, on many accounts, but did long to give Deacon Flint his own opinion of that preliminary contract.

He indulged himself to this deprivation after the stiff and somewhat melancholy wedding was over, and the staid couple had departed for Bassett in the Deacon's wagon, by freeing his mind to his wife.

'Miss Pratt, I was some riled to hav you stop me when I was a-goin' to tell the deacon that I thought about that there contract; but I don't never stay riled with you, marm, as you'd ought to know by this time,' and Sam emphasized this statement with a hearty kiss. "Besides I will own on second thoughts I was glad you did stop me, for it's no use pinchin' your fingers in a pain o' nippers; but I do say, now and here, it was the darndest piece o' swindlin' I ever seen done under a cover of law an' gospel you may say, for the deacon had stuck in a bit of Scripter so's to salt it like. He's got the best of the bargain. I tell ye, a long sight. I'm real glad your father went and fixed his property so she has the use on't only, for she wouldn't have two cents in two years' time, if she'd had it to do with what's she's a mind to.'

'I'm glad he did,' said Mindwell. 'I have felt as though mother would be better suited if she did have it to do what she liked to with it; but if she is provided for, she can't want for nothing now."

'I guess she'll want for more'n money, and mabbe for that too. The paper says she's to have her livin'; now that's a wide word; folks can live on bread and water, I expect, and he can't be holden for more than he's a mind to give.'

'Oh, Sam, you don't think Deacon Flint would grudge her a good living? Why, if he is near, as folks tell he is, he's a professor of religion.'

'I'd a durned sight ruther he was a practicer on't Miss Pratt. Religion's about the best thing there is, and makin' believe it is about the wust. I b'lieve in Amasy Flint's religion jest so far as I hear him talk, an' not an inch further. I know he'll pinch an shave an' spare to the outside of a cheese rind; and I haven't no great reason to think he'll do better by Mother Gold than he does by himself." Mindwell turned away, full of foreboding, and Sam, following her, put his arm about her and drew her back to the settle

'Don't worry dear; she's made her bed, and she's got to lie on't; but after all it's the Lord who lets folks do that way, so's to show 'em, I expect, that beds ain't always meant to sleep on, but sometimes to wake folks up. We're kind of apt to lie long an' get lazy on feathers. I expect that's what the matter with me. I'll get my husks by-and-by, I guess.'

Mindwell looked up at him with all her heart in her eyes, but she said nothing, and he gave a sly laugh; their deep love for each other was "a fountain shut up," and so far no angel had rolled away the stone and given it visible life; it is still voiceless and sleeping.

Before her wedding day was over Mrs. Flint's new life began, for Polly Morse had been sent off the night before being the end of an even week, lest she might charge ninepence for an extry day; so her successor without wages had to lay aside her plum-colored silk, put on a calico petticoat and short gown, and proceed to get supper, while Polly, leaning over the half door of the old red house which she shared with the village tailoress, exchanged pungent remarks with old Israel on the topic of the day in Bassett.

'No, they didn't make no weddin', Isr'el; there wa'nt nobody asked, nor no loaf-cake made for her; he wouldn't here to't noway. I'd have staid and fixed up for her to-day but he was bound I shouldn't. As for me, I'm most amazin' glad to get hum, now I tell ye. I'd a sight ruther be in Simsburg prison for a spell, if it wa'nt for the name on't.'

'Say, Polly, do you call to mind what I said three weeks back about Miss Flint comin' home? Oh, ye do. Well, I ain't nobodys' fool, be I? I guess I can see through a millstone, providin' the hole's big enough, as well as the next man. I'm what ye may call mighty observin', now. I can figger consider'ble well on folks, ef I can't on'rithmetic, and I know'd jest as well when I see him rigged up in his Sabba'-day go-to-meeting's, and his nose p'inted for Colebrook, what he was up to, as though I heard him a askin' her to hev him.'

'Well, I never did think Sarepty Gold would demean herself to have him. She's got means and a real good home, and Mindwell sets a sight by her, and so does Sam Pratt; but here she's ben an' gone an' done it. I wouldn't ha' thought it, not if the angel Gabriel had have told me on't!'

'Guess he's in better business than goin' round with Bassett gossip, anyhow; but what was you so took back by? Lordly! I should think you was old enough to get over bein' surprised at women folks; them and the weather is two things I don't never calc'late on. You can't no more tell what a woman 'll do, 'specially about marryin', than you can tell which way in the road a pig 'll go; onless you work it back'ard same as some folks tell they drive a pig, and then 'tain't reel reliable—they may go right ahead when you don't a mite expect it.'

'That is one thing about men, I allow, Ira'el; you can always tell which way they'll go for sartin, and that is after their own advantage, an' nobody else's, now and forever.'

'Amen! They'd all be fools, like me, if they didn't,' assented the old man with a dry chuckle as he drove off his empty cart. Yet, for all his sneers and sniffs, neither Polly nor the new Mrs. Flint had a truer friend than Israel; rough as he was, satric as a chestnut burr that shows all its prickles in open defiance, conscious of a sweet white heart within, his words only were bitter, his nature was generous, kindly, and perceptive; he had become the peripatetic satirist and philosopher that he was out of this very nature,

'Dowered with a scorn of scorn, a love of love,'

and free with the freedom of independent poverty to express pungently what he felt poignantly, being in his own mind and measure the 'salt of the earth' to Bassett.

But in spite of comment and pity the thing was a fixed fact. Mrs. Flint's married life had begun under new auspices, and it was not a path of roses upon which she entered. Her housekeeping had always been frugal, with the thrift that is or was characteristic of her race; but it had been abundant for the wants of her family. The viands she provided were those of the place and period, simple and primitive enough; but the great brick oven was well filled with light bread of wheat and rye both; pies of whatever material was in season, whose flaky crust and well-filled interiors testified to her knowledge of the art; deep dishes of baked beans, jars of winter pears, pans of golden sweet apples, and cords of yellow ginger bread, with rows of snowy and puffy biscuit. Ede and Sylvia knew very well where to find crisp cookies and fat nut cakes, and pie was reiterated three times a day on Sam Pratt's table.

It was a part of her 'pride of her' that she was a good housekeeper, and Mindwell had given her the widest liberty; but now the tide had changed She soon found that Deacon Flint's parsimony extended into every detail Her pies were first assailed.

'Sarpty, don't make them pies o'your'n so all-fired rich. They ain't good for the stomach; besides, they use up all the drippin's, and you had ought to make soap next month. Pie is good, and I think it's savin' of meat; but it pompers up the flesh, too good livin' does, and we have got to give an account, ye know. I don't mean to have no wicked waste laid to my account.'

So she left out half the shortening from her crust; and felt ashamed to see the tough substance this economy produced. Next came the sugar question.

'We buy too much sweetenin', Sarepty. There's a keg of tree molasses down cellar. I expect it's sour, but you jest take an' bile it up, an' stir considerable saleratus into 't, an' it'll do. I want to get along jest as reasonably as we can. Willful waste makes woeful want, ye know.'

Yet in his own way the deacon was greedy enough He had the insatiable appetite that belongs to the people of his figure far more often than to the stout.

'He's a real racer,' said Uncle Israel, reverting to his own experience in pigs—'slab-sided an' lank I bet you could count his ribs this minnit; and that's the kind you can feed till the day after never, and they won't do ye no credit. I never see a man could punish vittals the way he can; but there ain't no more fat to him than there is to a hen's forehead.'

Mrs Flint was not 'hungry or hankering,' as she expressed it, but a reasonable eater of plain food; but the deacon's mode of procedure was peculiar.

'Say, Sarepty, don't bile but a small piece 'o pork with that cabbage to-day. I've got a pain to my head, an' I don't feel no appetite, an' cold pork gets eat up for supper when there ain't no need on't.'

Obeying instructions, the small piece of fat pork would be cooked, and once at the table, transferred bodily to the deacon's plate. 'Seems as though my appetite had reely come back. I guess 'twas a hungry headache.' And the tired woman had to make her dinner from cabbage and potatoes, seasoned with the salt and greasy water in which they had been cooked.

There were no amusements for her out of the house. The younger people had their berrying frolics, sleighrides, kitchen dances, nuttings, and the like, and their elders their huskings, apple bees, and sewing societies, but against all these the deacon set his hard face.

'It's just as good to do your own extry chores yourself as to ask folks to come an' help. That costs more'n it comes to. You've got to feed 'em and like enough keep a big fire up in the spare room. I'd ruther be dilligent in business, as Scripter says, than depend on neighbors.'

The sewing society too was denied to poor Mrs. Flint, because they had to have tea got for them. Prayer-meetings he could not deny her, for they cost nothing, and officially he attended them. Meeting on Sunday was another outlet; when she could see friendly faces, receive kind greetings, and read in many eyes a sympathy and pity that an once pleased and exasperated her.

Another woman in her place might have had spirit or guile enough to have resisted the pleasure under which she only quailed and submitted. She was one of those feeble souls to whom a hard word is like a blow, and who will bear anything and everything rather than be found fault with, and who necessarily become drudges and slaves to those with whom they live, and are despised and ill-treated simply because they are incapable of resentment. They are some persons who stand in this position not so much from want of strength as from abounding and eager affection for those whom they serve, and their suffering, when they discover how vain has been their labor and self-sacrifice, is known only Him who was

'At once denied, betrayed, and fled
By those who shared His daily bread.'

But Mrs. Flint had no affection for her husand; she married him because it seemed a good thing to do, and obeyed him because he was her husband, as was the custom in those days. So she toiled on dumbly from day to day, half fed, overworked, desperately lonely, but still uncomplaining, for her constitution was naturally strong, and nerves were unrecognized then.

Her only comfort was the rare visits of her children. Mindwell found it hard to leave home, but suspicious of her mother's comfort, she made every effort to see her as often as possible, and always to carry her some little present—a dozen of eggs, which the poor woman boiled privately, and ate between her scanty meals, a few peaches, or little loaf of cake—small gifts, merely to demonstrate her feeling. She did not know what good purpose they served, for Mrs. Flint did not tell her daughter what she endured. She remembered too well how Mindwell had begged her to delay and consider her marriage, and she would not own to her now that she had made any mistake, for Mrs. Flint had as much human nature in her composition as the rest of us; and who does like to hear even their dearest friend say, 'I told you so?'

To be Continued.

The will of the late James E. Brown of Kittanning, bequeathes $25 to every widow in Kittanning and $25 to every wife who shall become a widow, this gift to be made to include those Kittanning girls who shall hereafter become wives.

Doubts are traitors and make you lose the good you might receive by fearing to try one of DAYS KIDNEY PILLS

ADVERTISING RATES.

One square, one insertion, $1; each subsequent insertion, 50 cents. Yearly advertisements exceeding one-fourth of a column, $5 per inch Figure work double these rates; additional charges where weekly or monthly changes are made. Local advertisements 10 cents per line for first insertion, and 5 cents per line for each additional insertion. Marriages and deaths published free of charge. Obituary notices charged as advertisements, and payable when handed in Auditors' Notices, $4; Executors' and Administrators' Notices, $3 each; Estray, Caution and Dissolution Notices, not exceeding ten lines, each.

From the fact that the CITIZEN is the oldest established and most extensively circulated Republican newspaper in Butler county, (a Republican county) it must be apparent to business men that it is the medium they should use in advertising their business.

JUPITER IN PERIHELION.

Jupiter has reached its perihelion, or nearest point to the sun. This is an astronomical event of considerable importance, as it occurs only once in about twelve years. As the planet is some millions of miles nearer the earth than usual, an excellent opportunity is given for the study of its features. Even the smallest telescopes will now show some of the wonders of this great planet and its system of satellites, and with large telescopes astronomers hope, within a month or two, to add much to our knowledge of the chief member of the sun's family. Jupiter will remain the leading brilliant in the sky throughout October, shining so brightly that even Sirius must temporarily yield the palm.

There is another reason for the interest that Jupiter's arrival at perihelion excites. More than a year ago some professed scientific person on the Pacific slope wrote a pamphlet on the terrors of the perihelia of the four great planets, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune, which, it was represented, would occur nearly simultaneously, and with those planets in conjunction, fearful results to the earth were predicted. The false alarm was spread by other pretended savants, and, no doubt, awoke the fears, not merely of the ignorant, but of persons who knew enough of astronomy to be aware of the gigantic attractions that the planets exert upon one another. Stories of plagues, pestilence, famine and death were based upon the supposed influence of the perihelia. Mr. Proctor and other astronomers sought to counteract the effect of this by showing, in the first place, that it was not true that the planets named would all be in perihelion together. In fact, Saturn does not reach its perihelion until 1885. Uranus will be in perihelion next spring, but Neptune will not reach its nearest point to the sun until six or seven years hence. It was also denied by scientific men of high authority that there was any reason to fear evil results to the earth, even though the predicted perihelia should occur very near together. Still, alarm was felt, and no doubt many persons will be pleased to know that Jupiter, the most powerful of all the planets, has reached the dreaded perihelion point, and is already turning to retrace his steps, without having in any way injured his sister planet the earth.

That the sun has felt the approach of the great planet, as is shown in the prevalence of vast sun spots and outbursts of gaseous matter, is not improbable, and through the reflex action of the sun upon the earth our planet may, even now, feel the same influence in violent atmospheric phenomena. It is difficult to realize the enormous power of the bright speck, Jupiter, shining so quietly in the sky. A recent writer has shown that the power which the sun has to put forth to hold Jupiter in his orbit is equal to the combined strength of 170,000,000 bars of solid steel, each a mile in diameter. Jupiter's pull upon the earth, according to the same authority, is equal to the strength of 23,000,000 bars of steel, each of them one foot in diameter. So, if the mere power of gravity were all that was required to make Jupiter's approach dangerous to the earth, evidently he is not lacking in the power. But no one need fear that the sisterhood of worlds which acknowledge the dominion of the sun will prove mutually destructive.—*New York Sun.*

THE PULSE.—Many erroneous impressions prevail about the pulse as indicative of health or disease—a common notion being that its beatings are more uniform than they really are. Frequency varies with age. In the newborn infant the beatings are from 130 to 140 per minute; in the second year, from 100 to 115; from the seventh to the fourteenth year, 80 to 90; from the fourteenth to the twenty-first year, from 75 to 85; from the twenty-first to the sixtieth year, from 70 to 75. After that period the pulse is generally thought to decline, but medical authorities differ radically on this point, having expressed the most contradictory opinions. Young persons are often found whose pulses are below 60, and there have been many instances of pulses habitually reaching 100, or not exceeding 50, without apparent disease. Sex, especially in adults, influences the pulse, and in women it beats more rapidly than in men. Muscular exertion, even position, materially affects the pulse. Its average frequency in healthy men is, when standing, 81; when sitting, 71; when lying, 66 per minute; in women of the same age and in the same positions, 91, 84 and 79. In sleep the pulse is considerably slower than in wakefulness. In certain diseases, such as acute dropsy, for instance, there may be no more than 20 or 30 per minute Thus one of the commonest diagnostic signs is liable to deceive the most experienced practitioner.—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.*