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THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

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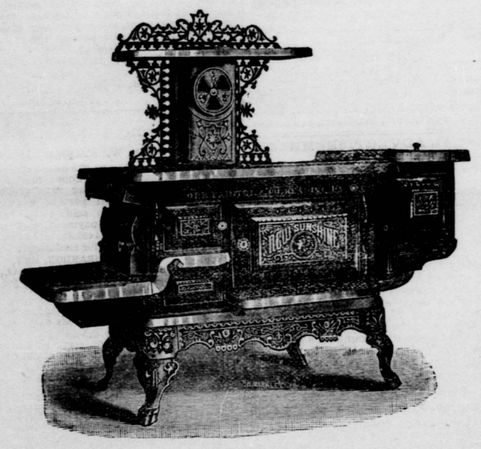

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BE UP TO THE MARK
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A Story Of Seven Devils.

The negro church which stood in the pine woods near the little village of Oxford Cross Roads, in one of the lower counties of Virginia, was presided over by an elderly individual, known to the community in general as Uncle Pete; but on Sundays the members of his congregation addressed him as Brudder Peter. He was an earnest and energetic man, and, although he could neither read nor write, he had for many years expounded the Scriptures to the satisfaction of his hearers. His memory was good, and those portions of the Bible which from time to time he had heard read were used by him, and frequently with powerful effect, in his sermons. His interpretations of the Scriptures were generally entirely original, and were made to suit the needs, or what he supposed to be the needs, of his congregation.

Whether as "Uncle Pete" in the garden and corn-field or "Brudder Peter" in the church, he enjoyed the good opinion of everybody excepting one person, and that was his wife. She was a high-tempered and somewhat dissatisfied person, who had conceived the idea that her husband was in the habit of giving too much time to the church and not enough to the acquisition of corn-bread and pork. On a certain Saturday she gave him a most tremendous scolding, which so affected the spirits of the good man that it influenced his decision in regard to the selection of the subject for his sermon the next day.

His congregation was accustomed to being astonished, and rather liked it, but never before had their minds received such a shock as when the preacher announced the subject of his discourse. He did not take any particular text, for this was not his custom, but he boldly stated that the Bible declared that every woman in this world was possessed by seven devils; and the evils which this state of things had brought upon the world he showed forth with much warmth and feeling. Subject-matter, principally from his own experience, crowded in upon his mind, and he served it out to his audience hot and strong. If his deductions could have been proven to be correct, all women were creatures who, by reason of their seven-fold diabolical possession, were not capable of independent thought or action, and who should in tears and humility place themselves absolutely under the direction and authority of the other sex.

When he approached the conclusion of his sermon, Brother Peter closed with a bang the Bible, which, although he could not read a word of it, always lay open before him while he preached, and delivered the concluding exhortation of his sermon:

"Now, my dear brev'ren ob dis congregation," he said, "I want you to understan' dat dar's nuffin in dis yere sarmon wot you've jus' heerd ter make yer think you-sef angels. By no means, brev'ren; you was all brung up by wimmen, an' you've got ter lib wid 'em, an' ef anythin' in dis yer worl' is ketchin', my dear brev'ren, it's habin debbils, an' from wot I've seen ob some ob de men ob dis worl' I 'spect dey is persest ob 'bout all de debbils dey got room fur. But de Bible don' say nuffin p'intedly on de subjec' ob de number ob debbils in man, an' I 'spec' dose dat's got 'em—an' we ought ter feel pow'ful thankful, my dear brev'ren, dat de Bible don' say we all's got 'em—has 'em 'cordin' to sarcumstances. But wid de wimmin it's dif'rent; dey's got jus' sebin, an' bless my soul, brev'ren, I think dat's 'nuff.

"While I was a-turnin' ober in my min' de subjec' ob dis sarmon, dere come ter me a bit of Scripter wot I heerd at a big preachin' an' baptizin' at Kyarter's Mills, 'bout ten year ago. One ob de preachers was a-tellin' about ole mudder Ebe a-eatin' de apple, and says he: De sarpint fus' come along wid a red apple, an', says he: You gib dis yer to your husban', an' he think it so mighty good dat when he done eat it he gib you anything you ax him fur, ef you tell him whar de tree is. Ebe, she took one bite, an' den she frew dat apple away. Wot you mean, you triflin' sarpint, says she, a fotchin' me dat apple wot ain't good fur nuffin but ter make cider wid. Den de sarpint he go fotch her a yaller apple, an' she took one bite an' den says she: Go 'long wid ye, you fool sarpint, wot you fotch me dat June apple wot ain't got no taste to it? Den de sarpint he think he like sumpin' sharp, an' he fotch her a green apple. She takes one bite ob it, an' den she frows it at his head, an' sings out: Is' you spectin me to gib dat apple to yer Uncle Adam an' gib him de colic? Den de debbil he fotch her a lady apple, but she say she won't take no sich triflin' nubbins as dat to her husband, an' she took one bite ob it an' frew it away. Den he go fotch her two udder kin' ob apples, one yaller wid red stripes, an' de udder one red on one side an' green on de udder,——mighty good lookin' apples, too—de kin' you git two dollars a bar'l fur at the store. But Ebe, she wouldn't hab neider ob 'em, an' when she done took one bite ob each one, she frew it away. Den de ole debbil-sarpint, he scratch he head, an' he say to hise'f: Dis yer Ebe, she pow'ful 'ticular 'bout her apples. Reckin' I'll have ter wait till after fros', an' fotch her a real good one. An' he done wait till after fros', an' den he fotch her a' Albemarle pippin, and when she took one bite ob dat, she jus' go 'long an' eat it all up, core, seed, and all. Look h'yar, sarpint, says she, hab you got anudder ob dem apples in your pocket? An' den he tuk one out, and gib it to her. "'Cuse me,' says she, 'I'se gwine ter look up Adam, an' ef he don' want to know war de tree is wot dese apples grow on, you kin hab him fur a cawn-fiel' han'."

"An' now, my dear brev'ren," said Brother Peter, "while I was a-turnin' dis subjec' ober in my min', and wondering how de wimmin come to hab jus' seben debbils apiece, I done reckerleck dat bit ob Scripter I heard at Kyarter's Mills, an' I reckin' dat 'splains how de debbils got inter woman. De sarpint he done fotch mudder Ebe seben apples, an' ebery one she take a bite out of gib her a debbil."

As might have been expected, this sermon produced a great sensation, and made a deep impression on the congregation. As a rule the men were tolerably well satisfied with it; and when the services were over many of them made it the occasion of shy but very plainly pointed remarks to their female friends and relatives.

But the women did not like it at all. Some of them became angry, and talked very forcibly, and feelings of indignation soon spread among all the sisters of the church. If their minister had seen fit to stay at home and preach a sermon like this to his own wife (who, it may be remarked, was not present on this occasion), it would have been well enough, provided he made no allusions to outsiders; but to come there and preach such things to them was entirely too much for their endurance. Each one of the women knew she had not seven devils, and only a few of them would admit of the possibility of any of the others being possessed by quite so many.

Their preacher's explanation of the manner in which every woman came to be possessed of just so many devils appeared to them of little importance. What they objected to was the fundamental doctrine of his sermon, which was based on his assertion that the Bible declared that every woman had seven devils. They were not willing to believe that the Bible said any such thing. Some of them went so far as to state it was their opinion that Uncle Pete had got this fool notion from some of the lawyers at the court-house when he was on a jury a month or so before. It was quite noticeable that, although Sunday afternoon had scarcely begun, the majority of the women of the congregation called their minister Uncle Pete. This was very strong evidence of a sudden decline in his popularity.

Some of the more vigorous-minded women, not seeing their minister among the other people in the clearing in front of the log church, went to look for him, but he was not to be found. His wife had ordered him to be home early, and soon after the congregation had been dismissed he departed by a short cut through the woods. That afternoon an irate committee, composed principally of women, but including also a few men who had expressed disbelief in the new doctrine, arrived at the cabin of their preacher, but found there only his wife, cross-grained old Aunt Rebecca. She informed them that her husband was not at home.

"He's done 'gaged hisse'f," she said "ter out an' haul-wood fur Kunnel Martin ober on Little Mount'n fur de whole ob nex' week. It's fourteen or thirteen mile' from h'yar, an' ef he'd started ter-morrer mawnin', he'd los' a'mos' a whole day. 'Sides dat, I done tole him dat ef he git dere ter-night he'd have his supper frowed in. Wot you all want wid him? Gwine ter pay him fur preachin'?"

Any such intention as this was instantaneously denied, and Aunt Rebecca was informed of the subject upon which her visitors had come to have a very plain talk with her husband.

Strange to say, the announcement of the new and startling dogma had apparently no disturbing effect upon Aunt Rebecca. On the contrary, the old woman seemed rather to enjoy the news.

"Reckin he oughter know all 'bout dat," she said. "He's done had free wives, an' he ain't got rid o' dis one yit."

Judging from her chuckles and waggings of the head when she made this remark, it might be imagined that Aunt Rebecca was rather proud of the fact that her husband thought her capable of exhibiting a different kind of diabolism every day in the week.

The leader of the indignant church members was Susan Henry, a mulatto woman of a very independent turn of mind. She prided herself that she never worked in anybody's house but her own, and this immunity from outside service gave her a certain pre-eminence among her sisters. Not only did Susan share the general resentment with which the startling statement of old Peter had been received, but she felt that its promulgation had affected her position in the community. If every woman was possessed by seven devils, then, in this respect, she was no better nor worse than any of the others, and at this her proud heart rebelled. If the preacher had said some women had eight devils and others six, it would have been better. She might then have made a mental arrangement in regard to her relative position, which would have somewhat consoled her. But now there was no chance for that. The words of the preacher had equally debased all women.

A meeting of the disaffected church members was held the next night at Susan Henry's cabin, or rather in the little yard about it, for the house was not large enough to hold the people who attended it. The meeting was not regularly organized, but everyboby said what he or she had to say, and the result was a great deal of clamor, and a general increase of indignation against Uncle Pete.

"Look h'yar!" cried Susan, at the end of some energetic remarks, "is dar enny pusson h'yar who kin count up figgers?"

Inquiries on the subject ran through the crowd, and in a few moments a black boy, about fourteen, was pushed forward as an expert in arithmetic.

"Now, you Jim," said Susan, "you's bèn to school, an' you kin count up figgers. 'Cordin' ter de chu'ch books dars forty-seben women b'longin' to our meetin', an' ef each one ob dem has got seben debbils in her, I jus' wants you ter tell me how many debbils come to chu'ch ebery cl'ar Sunday ter hear dat ole Uncle Pete preach."

This view of the case created a sensation, and much interest was shown in the result of Jim's calculations, which were made by the aid of a back of an old letter and a piece of pencil furnished by Susan. The result was at last announced as three hundred and nineteen, which, although not precisely correct, was near enough to satisfy the company.

"Now, you jus' turn dat ober in you all's minds," said Susan. "More'n free hundred debbils in chu'ch ebery Sunday, an' we women fotchin 'em. Does anybody s'pose I'se gwine ter b'lieve dat fool talk?"

A middle-aged man now lifted up his voice and said: "Ise been thinkin' ober dis h'yar matter, and Ise 'cluded dat p'r'aps de words ob de preacher was used in a figgerato form o' sense. P'r'aps de seben debbils meant chillun."

These remarks were received with no favor by the assemblage.

"Oh, you git out!" cried Susan. "Your ole woman's seben chillun, shore 'nuff, an' I s'pec' dey's all debbils. But dem sentiments don' apply ter all de udder women h'yar, 'tic'larly ter dem dar young uns wot ain't married yit."

This was good logic, but the feeling on the subject proved to be even stronger, for the mothers in the company became so angry at their children being considered devils that for a time there seemed to be danger of an Amazonian attack on the unfortunate speaker. This was averted, but a great deal of uproar now ensued, and it was the general feeling that something ought to be done to show the deep seated resentment with which the horrible charge against the mothers and sisters of the congregation had been met. Many violent propositions were made, some of the younger men going so far as to offer to burn down the church. It was finally agreed, quite unanimously, that old Peter should be unceremoniously ousted from his place in the pulpit which he had filled so many years.

As the week passed on, some of the older men of the congregation who had friendly feelings towards their old companion and preacher talked the matter over among themselves, and afterwards, with many of their fellow-members, succeeded at last in gaining the general consent that Uncle Pete should be allowed a chance to explain himself, and give his grounds and reasons for his astounding statement in regard to womankind. If he could show biblical authority for this, of course nothing more could be said. But if he could not, then he must get down from the pulpit, and sit for the rest of his life on a back seat of the church. This proposition met with the more favor, because even those who were most indignant had an earnest curiosity to know what the old man would say for himself.

During all this time of angry discussion, good old Peter was quietly and calmly cutting and hauling wood on Little Mountain. His mind was in a condition of great comfort and peace, for not only had he been able to rid himself, in his last sermon, of many of the hard thoughts concerning women that had been gathering themselves together for years, but his absence from home had given him a holiday from the harassments of Aunt Rebecca's tongue, so that no new notions of woman's culpability had risen within him. He had dismissed the subject altogether, and had been thinking over a sermon regarding baptism, which he thought he could make convincing to certain of younger members of the congregation.

He arrived at home very late on Saturday night, and retired to his simple couch without knowing anything of the terrible storm which had been gathering through the week, and which was to burst upon him on the morrow. But the next morning, long before church time, he received warning enough of what was going to happen. Individuals and deputations gathered in and about his cabin,—some to tell him all that had been said and done; some to inform him what was expected of him; some to stand about and look at him; some to scold; some to denounce; but, alas! not one to encourage; nor one to call him "Brudder Peter," that Sunday appellation dear to him ears. But the old man possessed a stubborn soul, not easily to be frightened.

"Wot I says in de pulpit," he remarked, "I'll 'splain in de pulpit, and you all ud better git 'long to de chu'ch, and when de time fur the sarvice come, I'll be dar."

This advice was not promptly acted upon, but in the course of half an hour nearly all villagers and gone off to the church in the woods; and when Uncle Peter had put on his high black hat, somewhat battered, but still sufficiently clerical-looking for that congregation, and had given something of a polish to his cowhide shoes he betook himself by the accustomed path to the log building where he had so often held forth to his people. As soon as he entered the church he was formally instructed by a committee of the leading members that before he began to open the services, he must make it plain to the congregation that what he had said on the preceding Sunday about every woman being possessed by seven devils was Scripture truth, and not mere wicked nonsense out of his own brain. If he could not do that, they wanted no more praying or preaching from him.

Uncle Peter made no answer, but ascended the little pulpit, he put his hat on the bench behind him where it was used to repose, took out his red cotton handkerchief and blew his nose in his accustomed way, and looked about him. The house was crowded. Even Aunt Rebecca was there.

After a deliberate survey of his audience the preacher spoke: "Brev'ren an' sisters, I see afore me Brudder Bill Hines, who kin read de Bible, an' has got one. Ain't dat so, Brudder?"

Bill Hines having nodded and modestly grunted assent, the preacher continued. "An' dar's Aun' Priscilla's boy, Jake, who ain't a brudder yit, though he's plenty old 'nuf, min', I tell ye; and he kin read de Bible, fus'rate, an' has read it to me ober an' ober ag'in. Ain't dat so, Jake?"

Jake grinned, nodded, and hung his head, very uncomfortable at being thus publicly pointed out.

"An' dar's good ole Aun' Patty, who knows more Scripter' dan ennybuddy h'yar, havin' been teached by de little gals from Kunnel Jasper's, an' by dere mudders afore 'em. I reckin she know' de hull Bible straight froo, from de Garden of Eden to de New Jerus'lum. An' dar are udders h'yar who knows de Scripters, some one part an' some anudder. Now I axes ebery one ob you all wot know de Scripters ef he don' 'remember how de Bible tells how our Lor' when he was on dis yearth cas' seben debbils out o' Mary Magdalum?"

A murmur of assent came from the congregation. Most of them remembered that.

"But did enny ob you ebber read, or hab read tu you, dat he ebber cas' 'em out o' enny udder woman?"

Negative grunts and shakes of the head signified that nobody had ever heard of this.

"Well, den," said de preacher, gazing blandly around, "all de udder women got 'em yit."

A deep silence fell upon the assembly, and in a few moments an elderly member arose. "Brudder Peter," he said, "I reckin you mought as well git out de hymed."

On New Year's Day, before the coals,
We sit and 1 der why
We made so many blunders in
The year that's just gone by.

We look back on our many calls
On fickle F 8 's hard blows,
And fondly hope that this year's joys
Will outweigh last year's woes.

And yet if it should happen that
By Times be 9 decree,
The same old troubles should come back
To test both you and me,

Remember that, in this queer world,
For every 1 who tries
His level best, and is content,
There's sure to be a prize.

He Fell Out.

A Wisconsin man who went to Kansas and fell in love with a girl, received the following note and fell out: "Dear Sir—If you call on Mary again I will put a bullet into you on sight. Your obedient servant, X."

A Hit Back.

A Russian editor who has been traveling in Germany says that the sight of a body of conscripts at a railway station is exactly akin to that of a body of exiles on their way to Siberia, both being downcast, lamenting and taking a long farewell of sorrowing friends.

Bad Medicine.

A Michigan doctor who has spent years among the Indians says that the Indian medicine men have no standard remedy for even the simplest ailment. They can't break a chill or stop a fever, but trust to luck and the first handy compound to pull them through.

—Rheumatism cured in a day—"Mystic cure" for rheumatism and neuralgia, radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cts. Sold by J C Redick, druggist, Butler.

—Dr. Fenner's Golden Relief is warranted to relieve toothache, headache, neuralgia, or any other pain in 2 to 8 minutes. Also bruises, wounds, wire cuts, swellings, bites burns, summer complaints, colic, (also in horses), diarrhœa, dysentery and flux. If satisfaction not given money returned.

Game for Winter Evenings.

The spelling game is a popular amusement for winter evenings. Each player is provided with a pencil and a slip of paper, and the person having charge of the game sits where a clock or watch may be readily consulted. A word is then selected and announced, a long one containing a number of vowels being preferable. This word is written at the top of each paper, and at a given time each of the players begins to write down as many words as he can think of which commence with the letters of which that word is composed, each letter being used only as often as it occurs in the word selected. At the end of three minutes the leader calls "time," and each person reads aloud the words on his slip and sets the number of them down in numerals. When ones writes a word that contains a letter or letters not in the original word, he loses two marks, which he must set down against himself; and if anyone has words which no one else has thought of, he is allowed to take two credits for each. After the words have all been read, the next letter of the original word is taken as the initial for a new set of words, and when these have been treated like the others the next letter is taken and so on until all have been used.

Take, for example, the word aristocratic. Beginning with the letter a will be found the words art, artist, air, arctic, aoria, at, attic, acts, acto; etc. These having been read and the debit and credit marks set down, a new set of words beginning with r are writtten, such as rot, rota, etc. When a letter occurs twice or oftener in the word, it is used but once as an initial. The player who has been able to remember the fewest words, or who has made the most errors in the original word, is sentenced to pay a forfeit by the one who has the most credit marks. This game not only affords considerable amusement, but it also serves as an excellent drill for those who are not well up in spelling.

For the Common School.

The Pennsylvania Grangers do not agree with King William of Germany that education is a bad thing for the people. Neither do we, and therefore we agree with all our might to the preposition that the State shall double its appropriation to the common schools. The appropriation of $4,000,000 to the schools, instead of the $2,000,000 now appropriated, would relieve the local taxation to just this extent, and local taxation is the most burdensome upon every community. Practically there is no State taxation, the bulk of it coming from corporations, licenses, collateral inheritances, and fees for commissions. Eighteen nundred and ninety-two will wipe out nearly the entire debt of the State, and unless some such disposition is made of the immense revenue it will only prove a source of corruption and extravagance injurious to the morals of thepeople. It is true a new Capitol building is needed, but this ought not to cost at the utmost limit more than $5,000,000. and as it would take four or five years to complete it, it would not require much more than $1,000,000 in each year. It will be necessary, therefore, either to decrease the revenue, or provide for its proper distribution, and what better distribution can be made than giving it to the schools? Let the Grangers agitate the question.—They will find many who are not Grangers ready with helping hands.—Harrisburg *Telegraph.*

Starting Seed by Electricity.

It appears from the results of a series of experiments recently undertaken in Russia by N. Specnew that electricity may eventually be made to play a prominent part in agriculture. These experiments, which extended over five years, showed that by submitting different seeds to the action of an electric current their development is rendered more rapid and complete. The seeds of haricot beans, sunflowers, winter and spring rye were used. A second series of experiments was made with pot herbs and flowering plants at Kief. The influence of the electrical treatment was shown by a larger crop and by the growth of vegetables of enormous dimensions. In a third series of experiments electricity on a large scale was applied, static electricity being used instead of current electricity.

The results were quickened ripening and larger growth. Barley ripened twelve days sooner with electro-culture. Potatoes treated in the same way seldom showed disease, 0 to 5 percent. being bad, instead of 10 to 40, which is the usual percentage. An important factor in this treatment is that vines which have been subjected to it possess immunity from phyllotera, and this points to a new means of combating the microscopic diseases which attack vegetable growth. It is suggested as a weapon with which to fight the potato bug and the army bug. The cost of the process is exceedingly small.—Chicago *News.*

Their Parting.

She clung to him and sobbed in heart-breaking sorrow.

"Promise me, Harry," she pleaded, "that your last thought shall be of me!"

"I promise, darling," replied the strong man brokenly as he strained her to his bosom and mingled his tears with hers. "I will die as becomes a brave man, but my last thought shall be of my own little Bessie."

One conclusive embrace, one last kiss, and he tore himself away from the fainting girl and rushed from the house.

He was on his way to play in the rush line at a game of football.

If They Were Only Seals.

Capt. A. M. Brown tells a Pittsburg paper that the marshes of New Jersey, the swamps of Virginia or the Everglades of Florida can't hold a candle to the moss-covered soil of Alaska for breeding mosquitoes. In summer time they are so numerous that even goats and Newfoundland dogs have to hunt for cool and secluded spots, and a man unprotected could not live an hour.

He Ought to Be.

A Colorado man killed a sheep and hung it up and dressed it. He was still at work when a mountain lion crept between his legs, pulled the mutton down, and although given a good kicking, held fast and got away. The man wasn't a bit thankful that he wasn't taken in place of the meat.

—The moment catarrh becomes chronic it is difficult to overcome. However Old Saul's Catarrh Cure will cure the most obstinate case.

It is hard work for the baby to cut teeth, and it should be assisted by the use of Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup which will cool the inflamed gums.

—Don't put too much trust in Providence. Providence has her arms full of fools already.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going a milking sir," she said.
"May, I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"Why, certainly, as fur as I'm concerned; I don't see no use o' havin' you hangin' 'round, but I guess you'll be company for the calf, sir.

The Force of Imagination.

I met her in the darkened hall,
But there was no mistaking
Her form (I deemed), erect and tall,
Of nature's rarest making.
I drew her gently to my breast,
So lovely and so tender,
Convinced that life at her behest
I gladly would surrender.

And silence reigned. There is no need
Of words for love's completeness,
I only felt that it indeed
Was perfect in its sweetness.
E'en darkness grew with rapture bright,
As oft I stooped and kissed her;
Then came a flash of vivid light,
And I beheld—my sister!

"Why, Tom!" "Why, Nell!" we jointly cried,
In tones that did not flatter.
The most disgusted? To decide
Would be no easy matter.
But neither now could have the face
To tease or chide the other.
I thought it was sweet Kitty Chase,
She thought 'twas Kitty's brother.

"Dying Like a Man."

Beatric Cenci was a golden haired, delicate blonde. Lucretia Borgia was a creature so slight and weak, it is said, that a strong man could have crushed her with his hands. The ideal Judith, sawing off the head of Holofernes, would be a slender, pale blonde, with gentle blue eyes and a rosy mouth, and at first glance a creature who could not hurt a fly.

Just such a slim, delicate, graceful, golden haired girl was Eleanor Pearcey, who was hanged in London the other day for murdering Mrs. Hogg and child. Eleanor Pearcy was so modest and graceful that she even impressed the judge at her trial. She had the most innocent, trustful face and large, lustrous eyes—a beautiful girl. Yet she flew into a passion of rage and fury, and committed one of the most fiendish murders in history. At her trial she maintained the calmest possible demeanor. She knew from the time of her sentence that there was no hope for her, and simply announced to the prison attendants that they would find she would "die like a man."

During all her imprisonment she behaved in the most courteous, high bred manner, being considerate and gracious to all around her, never once losing her extraordinary composure. Such nerve and coolness have seldom been witnessed in any condemed prisoner. Upon the scaffold, to her last breath, she maintained the same ladylike composure, and went to her death without a sigh, sob or moan, dying indeed "like a man."

The Better Way.

The official hangman of England says there is no neater way of taking a murderer's life than to hang him. If the knot is rightly adjusted, the condemned man suffers no pain whatever, and if he is rightly "coached" he will remain passive and help the executioner to do perfect work. He says the guillotine and electricity are worse than the war-clubs of Indians.

Slow Work.

In the last fifty years over $100,000,000 in cash has been raised to teach the African to love his neighbor as himself, and yet no two tribes are ever at peace, and the first salutation a stranger receives is a poisoned arrow.

Better Not Sigh.

A chemical analysis of the food cooked by our grand-mothers, which men sigh for once in awhile, would show it 35 per cent. more dangerous to the stomach than food prepared in the modern kitchen. As a matter of fact, American women knew nothing ot cookery up to twenty-five years ago.

Even Pliny.

Pliny the great could see things in front of his nose as well as afar off. "I notice that the women rub the washing in cold water," he wrote one day. "Let them heat the water and the alkali in the soap will be freed and take far better effect." And only after that did women know how to wash.

—Here is an item that should be pasted in the hats of our Councilmen. Annually scores of our people are notified to repair their pavements. They don't care a continental for the notice and the bad places remain unfixed. A Shamokin man received notice to raise his sidewalk or pavement as high as his neighbor's. The notice was unheeded and one night Mrs. Mary Readdy fell and broke her arm. Mrs. Readdy brought suit against the borough and obtained judgment for $912. The case was taken to the supreme court and Judge Rockfeller was sustained. The supreme court took the ground that if the person is notified to repair his pavement and fails to do so, the council must compel him to make the improvement or abide by the results. The case will cost Shamokin $3,000.

—The Czar's excuse for persecuting the Russian Jews seems in substance to be that they know more than his Christian subject and must be kept under to prevent them from gaining too much advantage. This is an eminently Asiatic policy and emphasizes the old saying that "If you scratch a Russian you find a Tartar."

It is a reason, also, far from creditable to the Russians themselves, and amounts to an admission that, as a people, the Christians of Russia are inferior to other nations where Jew and Christain thrive, side by side, each able to keep his place in the grand march of life with due regard for the rights of his fellow.

—There was a duel in Georgia town a couple of weeks ago. It was a purely local affair, weapons being shotguns, the duel ground the public street, and no seconds. The village doctor was in his office nearby. One man dropped and the other was brought before a Coroner's jury, where he swore it was a fair fight and no advantage taken, because they fired on stroke of the town clock. The jury rendered a verdict of "accidental death." In event of a fatal result from a French duel this night have been a proper verdict, but we thought Georgians too proud of their skill with firearms to make such an excuse.

—Here is a warning for the thoughtless. A few days ago a prominent contractor in Syracuse slipped upon a banana skin, fell, fractured his skull and died in a few hours. Do not throw banana skins, orange peel, apple skins, or anything else, to endanger the lives of people, upon the pavements. It is a duty we owe our neighbors not to lay traps for them. And any one of these, however we may regard it, frequently proves itself the worst sort of trap.

—Itch on human and horses and all animals cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. This never fails. Sold by J C Redick, druggist, Butler.

—The ice in the Erie harbor is about 10 inches thick and of good quality. The work of cutting ice for the wholesale fish dealers is in progress. They had to get most of their supply from Canada last year.