State Library

THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL. XXIX. BUTLER, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 15, 1892. NO. 23

EVERYBODY

will tell you that Ritter & Ralston's wraps are the best made and the best-fitting wraps in the market, and if you want muslin underwear that at Ritter & Ralston's you can secure full size garments, well-made and at about the same cost as the material. But to cut the story short, it a well known fact that you can get all kinds of dry goods, carpets, wraps, furnishings and trimmings at the most satisfactory prices at

RITTER & RALSTON'S

HUSELTON'S SHOES!

Worth Looking Into.

Our Boots and Shoes are making an impression "on the sands of time." We help our customers to make their walk in life easy by fitting them with Shoes that fit their feet comfortably. We pay special attention to this, as no Boot or Shoe will wear well that does not fit properly. There is enough trouble and pain in this life without increasing it by wearing ill fitting shoes.

All our footwear is selected carefully from the most approved lasts as well as quality of stock, etc.

We keep the kind that will fit comfortably and wear, we keep the best at the lowest prices.

We don't keep a Ladies Shoe at $1.00 and say it is worth $2.00 cheap is an old, old chestnut, but we do say we have a Ladies fine Shoe at $1.00 that cannot be matched either for Style or wear, we say the same of our Ladies entire line from $1.25, $1.50, $2.00, $2.50, and $3.00 and up to $4.00 and $4.50.

Don't you get tired of reading some fellows advertisements where they say goods are being Slaughtered at any price to close them out? Now this or that Boys Boot is selling at $1.00 worth $2.00. Now there is just one of two things, either they make a large profit before or after stating the truth, recollect these liberal fellows don't live any more, goods are perhaps dear at the low prices named after you see them all more especially after you wear them

It seems useless to quote a long list of prices as you can't judge unless you see the goods, but if you want the best Boys Boots at $1.00 size 1 to 5 you ever saw you can get it here, a Man's Boot at $1.50 Children's Shoes at 25, 50 and 75 cts, Boy's fine Shoes at 85 cts., these are straight prices no humbug to pull you in, neither are they sold at

50 CENTS ON THE DOLLAR.

Have a lot Misses Rubbers at 10 cts. a pair and they are not worth 30 cts. either, recollect we have the largest stock to select from, best goods and lowest prices, we don't handle any old jobs, sold cheap on account of some imperfections, but solid, new and desirable linest the lowest price.

B. C. HUSELTON, - - - 102 N. MAIN ST., BUTLER, PA

Better Late Than Never.

ONLY A FEW DAYS MORE AND

Bickel's Great Odd and End Sale Will Close.

The Attention of Shrewd Cash Buyers is Called to this ad.

The Following Goods Must Be Sold At Once.

180 pairs	Ladies' Fine Dongola Button Shoes		$1.00.
260 "	" " Grains "	"	90 cents
280 "	" " Gaiters -	-	50 "
210 "	" " Foxed Gaiters	-	60 "
240 "	" " Grain Slippers -	-	50 "
190 "	" Oil Grain Shoes	-	75 "
120 "	Old Ladies' Fine Shoes -	-	$1.00.
410 "	Ladies' Brussell Slippers -	-	25 cents.

20 Cases of Ladies' Fine Kid Walking Shoes Tipped 75 cents

The above mentioned Goods are at Half Prices.

Read on, Dear Readers, Read on.

320 pairs	Men's Fine Buff Congress Shoes at	$1.10.
290 "	" " A Calf Lace Shoes Tipped	90
380 "	" Working Shoes (former price 1.25)	85.
310 "	" French Calf and Kangaroo Shoes	$2.00.
290 "	Boys' fine Lace Shoes 3 to 5 -	$1.00.
600 "	" Working " " - -	85.
240 "	Youths' Fine Button Shoes high cut	75.

Men's and Ladies' Cloth Slippers at Your own Price.

410 pairs	Children's Spring heel shoes at	40.
390 "	" fancy tip Shoes at	35.
520 "	" plain Shoes -	25.
120 "	Misses' fine Grain Button Shoes	85.

These Goods are All Warranted

to be perfect in every respect and they are only sold at prices named on them to make room for new goods. If you want to get some footwear cheap, take in this Sale.

New Sprind Goods Arriving

almost every day, and too much cannot be said in praise of them; ask to see our line of Walking Shoes and Slippers, and also our line of children's fancy Walking Shoes in Red and Black. A beautiful line of Ladies' White Kid Slippers very cheap, don't buy any Shoes until you have looked over my stock and learned prices. Shoes were never cheaper than they are now.

Misses' Rubbers Free of Charge

for 10 days I will give a pair of Misses' Rubbers any Size from 11 to 2 free of charge with every purchase of $1.25; and with every pair of Ladies' Shoes from $2.50 up, I will give a pair of

Ladies' Rubbers Free of Charge.

Remember this offer holds good for 10 days only and if you want rubbers for nothing, you must get here on or before the expiration of this time.

Remember The Place,

JOHN BICKEL.

BUTLER, - - - - - - - - - - PENN'A

All Kinds of Job Work done at the "Citizen" Office.

MRS. W. R. FRANCIS

Is the wife of one of the best known pharmacists in New Haven, doing business at 141 Dixwell Ave., and ex-president of the Connecticut Pharmaceutical Association. He says: "My wife was for several years in bad health, due to a complication of disorders. Friends persuaded her to take Hood's Sarsaparilla; she took 6 or 8 bottles and is certainly a great deal better since, in every way."

Mrs. Martha Reed of 1835 Ramsey street, Baltimore, Md., voluntarily says:

"For over 2 years I suffered with a

Complication of Diseases

till the summer found me a confirmed invalid, blood poor, appetite gone, bowels out of order, and I was **miserable in mind and body.** I read of such wonderful cures performed by Hood's Sarsaparilla that, at last, I thought I would try a bottle, as, if it didn't make me better, it could not make me worse. It did make me better, and on my third bottle I found myself almost

A New Woman

I will gladly convince any lady, as I have proved to myself, that purifying and enriching the blood, which Hood's Sarsaparilla does to perfection, is the best **Constitutional Treatment,** and in many cases, does away with all **Local Treatment** in the many diseases with which women are afflicted." Try it.

HOOD'S

Sarsaparilla is especially adapted

For Ladies

and will cure difficulties peculiar to the sex. N. B. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla.

HOOD'S PILLS cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache, indigestion. Sold by all druggists. Price 25 cents.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JOSEPH W. MILLER, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon,
Office and residence at 338 S. Main St. Butler, Pa.

Dr. N. M. HOOVER,
137 E. Wayne St., office hours, 10 to 12 M. and 1 to 3 P. M.

L. M. REINSEL, M. D,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office and residence at 127 E. Cunningham St.

L. BLACK,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
New Troutman Building, Butler, Pa.

S. N. LEAKE, M. D. Specialties: Gynæcology and Surgery.
J. F. MANN, M. D. Specialties: Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.
DRS. LEAKE & MANN, Butler, Pa.

G. M. ZIMMERMAN.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office at No. 45, S. Main street, over Frank's Drug Store, Butler, Pa.

SAMUEL M. BIPPUS.
Physician and Surgeon.
No. 22 East Jefferson St., Butler, Pa.

V. McALPINE,
Dentist,
is now permanently located at 120 South Main Street, Butler, Pa., in rooms formerly occupied by Dr. Waldron.

DR. S. A. JOHNSTON,
DENTIST, - - BUTLER, PA
Gold Filling Painless Extraction of Teeth and Artificial Teeth without Plates a Specialty. Nitrous Oxide or Vitalized Air or Local Anæsthetics used.
Office over Millers Grocery east of Lowry House.
Office closed Wednesdays and Thursdays.

J. J. DONALDSON, Dentist,
Butler, Penn'a.
Artificial Teeth inserted on the latest improved plan. Gold Filling a specialty. Office over Schaul's Clothing Store.

C. F. L. McQUISTION,
ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR,
OFFICE NEAR DIAMOND, BUTLER, PA.

A. B. McFARLAND.
Att'y at Law and Notary Public—Office on S. Diamond St—opposite the Court House—second floor.

H. Q. WALKER,
Attorney-at-Law—Office in Diamond Block, Butler, Pa.

J. M. PAINTER,
Attorney-at-Law.
Office—Between Postoffice and Diamond, Butler, Pa.

A. T. SCOTT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office at No. 8, South Diamond, Butler, Pa.

A. M. CHRISTLEY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office second floor, Anderson Block, Main St. near Court House, Butler, Pa.

J. W. HUTCHISON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office on second floor of the Huselton block, Diamond, Butler, Pa., Room No. 1.

IRA McJUNKIN.
Attorney at Law, Office at No. 17, East Jefferson St., Butler, Pa.

W. C. FINDLEY,
Attorney at Law and Real Estate Agent. Office rear of L. Z. Mitchell's office on north side of Diamond, Butler, Pa.

H. H. GOUCHER.
Attorney-at-law. Office on second floor of Anderson building, near Court House, Butler, Pa.

NEWTON BLACK.
Att'y at Law—Office on South side of Diamond Butler, Pa.

G. D. HARVEY,
Contractor and builder in brick work, grate and mantel setting and all kinds of brick-laying a specialty. Also dealer in barrel lime, Wampum loose lime, cements, National, Portland and all best grades in the market. Calcined plaster, plaster hair, King's cement, fire brick tile, white sand and river sand. Main office 315 N. Main street, and all orders left at ware house will receive prompt delivery. Terms reasonable.

HIS LAST TRICK.

Why Ted and His Mother Left the Circus.

Everything had seemed to come to Ted by instinct until he was taught the great "ring trick." He had been born in the circus, and long before he could walk was used to riding round and round the ring on the "learned pony," swinging his bare legs defiantly and crowing with glee every time he passed the starting post. He climbed ladders and poles, holding on by his chubby little hands, as soon as he could toddle alone, and crept into risky places where, as the whole troupe used to say, watching him with joy and pride, he was obliged to "hang on by his eyelids."

When he was five years old he used to perform regularly with old Benny, the famous "bareback rider," in the "wild Indian" act. All the glitter, color, stir, life of the circus was the joy of the youngster's existence. He was so used to the sight of expert riders and acrobats going through their parts he had no thought of any possible danger attending their exploits, and all that others could do he felt he could do and longed to do. His father had been the wonderful rider, Llewellen, killed, unluckily, by a kick from his favorite horse's hoof just as he carelessly stopped to feel the fetlock. That was when Ted was but two years old, and Llewellen had been so much beloved that the company adopted the boy, as it were, and took pride in his cleverness and promise, for there could be no doubt that nature had given him the true eye, the steady head, the indomitable nerve and the quick sense of the laws of balance, which are needed by a man whose profession it is to dangle 'twixt heaven and earth. His mother was a farmer's daughter, who had made a romantic match by running away with the handsome Llewellen. She had remained in the company after her husband's early death as a sort of "wardrobe woman." It was she who refurbished the old costumes, braiding them with tinsel, and sewing on fresh spangles; she regilded and restarred golden crowns, and added fresh skirts to the airy exuberance of the circus queens. She was called Mrs. Llewellen, and she and her boy lived in a small compartment of the great property van, which, when the show moved from town to town, was drawn by six white horses. Few experiences pleased Ted better than this sort of royal progress, which, in spite of its grandeur, was extremely convenient, since his mother could cook their meals or go on with her sewing while they were in motion, and Ted could eat his bread and butter while he nodded and waved to the boys gathered at every corner to welcome the splendid procession. Ted had learned to read from the great, flaring hand-bills: "Greatest Show in the Universe," "The Unequaled and Matchless Troupe," etc., and his heart had thrilled with a sudden conviction of his own preeminence when he spelled out "Master Edward Llewellen, the Remarkable Infant Rider and Acrobat." But, after all, his pride was in the fact of his belonging to the circus, and not in himself. For all the members of the troupe were so interesting, so superior. There was old Benny—not that he was old, but so called to distinguish him from young Benny, the lion tamer. Actually, there was nothing that old Benny could not do; it was he who performed the famous country-bumpkin trick, at which Ted was never tired of gazing; in the first place mounting the horse on the wrong side and holding on by the mane as if he were going to fall off; then, after committing every possible blunder, suddenly showing his real powers and going through a series of dazzling transformations until he emerged the inimitable Benny, the king of the circus. Then there was the clown, a great friend of Ted's; a quiet, melancholy fellow who played the banjo, and the lady riders, chief of whom were Mrs. Bill and Miss Fanny, rival queens of the circus. All were so accomplished, so splendid in their attire (at least on occasions) and so kind and tender to Ted it was little wonder if he thought it the finest life in the world. At times when his mother sighed over her work it disturbed him to think that she was not thoroughly happy and contented, but no doubt, he said to himself, she was thinking about his father.

Still, much as Ted delighted in the excitements of his life, the climbing, vaulting, balancing, and above all the riding when he leaned forward "drinking in the wind of his own speed," he was happiest on Sundays, when it seemed to him in the sudden hush as if the very heart of the world had stopped beating. Then in bad weather he and his mother could shut themselves up in their own little nest, or if it were fine were free to wander outside the town into the fields. It was only at such times that his mother really talked, but alone with her boy she would string out stories about the old farm where she had spent her happy, free girlhood. Ted heard about the old house with its pent-roof and gables; the well by its side, with its long sweep, which moved with a mournful, musical creak when the bucket was lowered. He was used to lions and tigers, and there was satisfaction in the descriptions of the soft-eyed oxen and cows—all the tender, patient creatures of the farm, besides the fierce turkey gobblers, hens and fluffy-downy chickens. Close by the farm ran a little river, where the geese and ducks paddled, and on the other side was the wood, where there were always rustles and murmurs, where nuts pattered down in the autumn, and squirrels whisked their tails and chattered in defiance of the intruders who poached on their winter stores. The garden and the orchard, too, were something to hear about. Ted knew every flower which grew in the borders, and his mouth watered at the account of the apples, white and red, which ripened on the hillside. It is a great deal to know as much about the world as Ted did, so he used to tell old Benny about the farm which was to him such a wonderful fairy tale.

"Pity, now, your mother couldn't go home and take you to see her folks," said Benny.

"Go home and take me?" said Ted. "Why, could she?"

"Why not?" said Benny.

This new and startling idea dawning on Ted's mind took his breath away.

"Mother," he cried, running to her, "Why don't you take me down to see grandfather and grandmother and the flowers and the apples?"

"Ah, why not?" burst out the homesick woman, with a bitter cry. "Because I gave that all up when I ran away with your father. Because they wouldn't speak to me; no, not if I went down on my knees to them."

"Why wouldn't they speak to you?" said Ted, aghast.

"Because I belong to a circus," she replied.

Ted comprehended the pain behind his mother's words, although he did not understand the words themselves. He was, indeed, really amazed that anybody should not be proud to know the distinguished people he was used to. But he realized now that the reason that his mother sighed sometimes was that she felt shut out from the old paradise, and he began to sigh too. Perhaps he was tired; perhaps he had, in his young energy, gone a little beyond his childish strength, but he began to feel fretted by the noise of the circus and a curious homesickness grew in him for the whisper of the forest, the early morning rush of the birds, and sight of animals not trained and kept in cages, but playing about the fields. He longed to climb the hill and meet the wind ready to buffet him when he reached the top, and to dabble his feet in the cool stream where his mother's brothers used to swim on summer afternoons. The season was hot, and on nights when the animals were restless, when the lions roared and lashed the bars with their tails and the tigers, snarling, paced their cages, and the hyenas yelled, and the elephants trumpeted, and the horses, frightened, snorted and stamped in their stalls, Ted could not sleep. There was no air to breathe and the many scents made him long for the fields of clover and the garden with its bed of mignonette.

"Mother," he burst out, "why don't they like the circus?"

"Who?" said his mother, startled. She sat late on her sewing as usual; but she had supposed the boy was fast asleep.

"Why, grandfather and grandmother and the rest of them."

"Some people don't like a circus, Ted," she said, gently. "It's just a feeling."

"But it's the greatest show on earth."

"I know it's a great thing in its way," said Mrs. Llewellen, "but you see, Ted, my family are quiet people and their way is different. I suppose it is partly the tights and the spangles and the crowns, the gaudy make-believe, which made father feel that nothing is modest and honest and real about anybody who belongs to a circus. But if father knew old Benny, if he knew him as you and I do, he would say he was a good man. And if he knew how everybody had to work, to go over every part again and again, he would see that no good performers could be dissipated or lazy."

It was just at this time that Ted was learning the "ring trick," and certainly there was plenty of hard work about that. It was, as we have said, the first thing that Ted did not take to by natural instinct, as a duck to water. Never before had he shrunk back from what he was bidden to do, giving way to a fit of trembling. As old Benny said, the new trick was no harder than the trapeze, and Ted liked of all things to go flying from rope to rope to the topmost ring, loving the idea that the hearts of the spectators sank into their boots at the conviction that he was in danger. Now he suffered nameless terrors; he felt clumsy, he had lost faith in himself. The truth was, up to the present he had gone on doing everything that came in his way without a thought of what might have happened if he failed. Now he was like a somnambulist who awakens to find himself in a position of danger. It was as if he had to learn his tricks all over again, gaining again place by piece by hard trial and proof instead of heretofore swiftly and unerringly by instinct. Old Benny was patient and tender with the little fellow.

"All you have to do is to catch hold of the ring and turn round on it," said he. "You know all the while there is a cushion underneath you and that if you were to fall you would not be hurt."

"I shan't fall," said Ted, "but I don't like it."

"You have not got used to it, and it's there the fun comes in," said Benny. "You never had a stumble yet, not even a balk; you're like a bird."

Ted hung his head and confessed to himself that he no longer felt like a bird. He was so weary. There was a gray haze over all this narrow little world of his, and each day it settled closer and closer. He felt dull, inert, as if he longed to sleep; at least to sit down aimlessly and dream wide-awake about the hill and the river, and the cool, quiet nights in the old place.

"I myself have hated to do things that I grew mighty proud of when I got at the knack of them," said Benny. "Come now, try again, Ted."

Ted braced himself up and went through the rehearsal, but when it was over he burst out crying and sat down all in a tremble.

"It's a safe sign to be a little afraid," said Mrs. Bill. "It isn't the tricks one is afraid of that one trips in, but those one feels too sure of."

They all flattered and encouraged him, and Ted felt ashamed of his faint-heartedness. A regular salary was promised him by the manager as soon as he made a success of the ring trick, and this was what he and his mother had been looking forward to ever since he was ten years old.

It was odd how he disliked the ring trick, when it was simply a matter of swinging himself up to the top of a high, tall framework on rings which hung on horizontal bars. The supports below were twelve feet apart, but met with another transom-beam and ring on the apex. The way was to catch the lower ring, swing round on it, then with the impetus gained to leap the gap, seize the opposite ring a little higher up, and so on from right and left and left and right to the top ring and down again. It was a pretty feat, and, perhaps, no harder than any other of the flying tricks, but it needed a clear head, and the trouble was that Ted had got into a dreamy mood. He was so homesick nowadays for the farm and for the different life. He liked better to brood over the idea of the bees humming over the flower beds and the doves and martens calling for the cows than to give his whole heart and mind to the actual things he saw and touched.

However, practice makes perfect, and by the time the new season opened in Brighttown Ted had mastered the ring trick. There was a famous programme, and Ted had six different parts; in the Indian act, the buffalo hunt, the chariot race and so on finally to the wonderful ring trick now exhibited for the first time. The excitement was good for Ted. The dull, weary feelings he had suffered from of late vanished, his blood warmed to his wish, he liked the mad gallop, he felt the joy of his own youth and strength, and was ready to take wings and float in air. The tent was packed with admiring spectators, and all the performers were in high spirits. The ringmaster and clown cracked fresh jokes, at which even the members of the company could laugh. The horses went like the wind, the performing dogs and elephants and bears all seemed singularly intelligent, and altogether it was one of the great days of the greatest show in the universe, and the "ring trick" was to be the grand climax.

"All right!" said old Benny to Ted as the little fellow ran out of the dressing-tent in scarlet tights and cap.

"All right, on deck," said Ted.

"Nimbledy, nimbledy, up I go,
The sky above and the earth below."

He stood for a moment measuring the supports and frames with a knowing glance, then with a bound caught the lowest ring, spun round, and light as a squirrel leaped to the opposite one and thus zigzagging mounted the upper ring. Here, just to rest and steady himself, he swung round twice, then reversed before he should begin the descent. He liked it up there. A cool breath of air freshened him. The middle flap of the tent was open for the sake of ventilation and light, and as he swung he caught a glimpse of the sky, dotted with tender, fleecy little clouds, like sheep in a pasture, as his mother had once said. His thoughts wandered to the farm for a minute, and he suddenly remembered what he had to do; yes, he had to reverse. He quite forgot that he had already reversed. What was this? Where was the ring? How still it was! How staid! Why was the whisper of the forest, the early morning rush of the birds, and sight of animals not trained and kept in cages, but playing about the fields. He longed to climb the hill and meet the wind ready to buffet him when he reached the top, and to dabble his feet in the cool stream where his mother's brothers used to swim on summer afternoons. The season was hot, and on nights when the animals were restless, when the lions roared and lashed the bars with their tails and the tigers, snarling, paced their cages, and the hyenas yelled, and the elephants trumpeted, and the horses, frightened, snorted and stamped in their stalls, Ted could not sleep. There was no air to breathe and the many scents made him long for the fields of clover and the garden with its bed of mignonette.

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ON SCIENTIFIC SUBJECTS.

LIGHT travels 188,800 miles in a second.

HOT water cannot be raised to any considerable height by suction.

THE mean annual temperature of the earth is fifty degrees Fahrenheit; the average rainfall is thirty-six inches.

IT is interesting to learn from a scientist who likes to delve into the minute that a quart of milk may contain as many as 600,000,000 bacteria.

WHITE is a union of all the colors, or of two complementary colors. Black is a negation of color. Gray, produced by a mixture of black and white, is white deficient in luminosity. And yet there are senses in which both black and white may be called colors.

THE rapidity with which insects travel is astonishing. The common housefly makes six hundred strokes per second when in the act of ordinary flight, that number of strokes causing an advance movement of twenty-five feet. Our best naturalists say this can be increased seven-fold.

FOREIGN ARISTOCRACY.

THE queen of Italy is a great reader of English novels.

THE Grand Duke Paul, of Russia, is so tall that he is obliged to carry his bed with him, as he cannot find one at any public house long enough to hold all of him.

THE hair dressing of ladies was an expensive affair in the sixteenth century. Queen Elizabeth at one time was possessed of no fewer than eighty attires of false hair.

SIR JAMES BACON, since the death of Admiral Sir Provo Wallis, is, at the age of ninety-four, the oldest of the titled classes in England. The oldest titled baronet is Rev. Sir John Warren Hayes, who is ninety-two, and Admiral Sir Lewis Tobias Jones, the eldest knight of the bath, is also ninety-two.

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT.

ART lonesome? Here is work to be done which requires thought.

FILL the drum and you will hear less noise from it. Is it so with the head?

WOULD you be just? Please do not punish a child for a fault learned from yourself.

WOULD you loaf awhile? Then here are the bread pan, molding board, flour, milk, yeast and salt.

DID your wife look a little bit, just the least little bit, cross this morning? Was the kindling wood fine and dry?

QUESTIONING children and servants about family affairs is only to be compared to the little potatoes, called "pig potatoes."

DON'T play off mean tricks on the small boy; he has an excellent memory for injuries as well as for benefits conferred. In this respect he is like a dog.—Good Housekeeping.

FEMININE FANCIES.

THE crepe tissue-paper used in candle-shades and in making german favors can be bought by the yard, and these pretty but inexpensive trifles may be made at home.

"THE DOCTOR'S DAUGHTERS" is the name of an association of forty women in San Francisco, and their mission is to raise funds and distribute them in personal visits to the sick poor.

A TENDER-HEARTED Parisian lady has made her pet dog comfortable, in cold weather, by clothing it with an embroidered, fur lined blanket, and decorating its little legs and feet with shoes and stockings.

FOLKS who follow fashion's foibles in almost everything have just learned that a blanket of blue or white flannel is the proper garment for a pet dog while at breakfast. They also assert that a dog which wears a collar before noon exhibits ill-breeding.

THE WORLD'S FOUR CORNERS.

ARABS never eat fish.

THE tallest and shortest people in Europe, the Norwegians and the Laps, live side by side.

THE Egyptian fellah is apparently the worst taxed man in the world. Even on the palm tree, which gives him food and shelter, he pays fifty cents a year.

THE natives of Costa Rica not only believe in the mermaids, but pretend to have seen them comb their sea green hair and try the effect of their coquetry on unwary fishermen.

THE people of Rome get their supply of water, which is said to be remarkably pure, from the Appennines through an ancient aqueduct that was constructed by their forefathers.

FACTS ABOUT THE U. S.

UNCLE SAM has 75,045 paupers.

IT is estimated that at least $50,000,000 of the government's paper money has been lost or destroyed.

DR. CYRUS EDSON, of New York, in his article entitled "Do We Eat Too Fast?" publishes figures setting forth that the wealth of the United States increased from $16,159,000,000 to over $30,000,000,000 in the decade in which the civil war occurred.

THE seven wonders of America are classed as follows: Niagara falls, Yellowstone park, Mammoth cave, the canyons and garden of the gods, Colorado; the giant trees, California; the natural bridge, Virginia, and the Yosemite valley.

IMPERSONAL BREVITIES.

BUTLER county, Pa., has a genius who dreams the correct location of oil wells.

IN Canterbury, N. H., one of the residents has a lamp chimney that has been in constant use for twenty-seven years.

PORTLAND, Me., is admiring a man who has carried the same jackknife for sixty-three years, resisting all temptations to "swap."

FIVE experienced miners from the Comstock mines will leave Virginia City, Nev., very shortly for Peru to help develop the mines of that country. All their expenses in Peru are to be paid, and they are to receive $125 a month each.

A "SMALL AND EARLY."

—Life.

They Were Public Servants.

Scene—Broadway. Two Irishmen scraping and cleaning up the street.

"McGinty, it looks loike rain."

"Let's sit down, Mike. Bejabers it might rain and we'd be doin' this worruk for nothing."—Texas Siftings.

A Grave Delinquency.

Mrs. Hicks—Dick was tried to-day, found guilty, and I had to give him a sound thrashing.

Hicks—What was the charge?

Mrs. Hicks—Trespassing upon my preserves.—N. Y. Herald.

FEELING IN THE BONES.

They Are Ramified with Delicate Nerves Sensible to Every Injury.

People usually imagine that their bones are of solid mineral construction, without any feeling in them. No one who has ever had a leg or an arm cut off is likely to indulge in such a mistaken notion. Comparatively speaking, little pain is felt when the flesh is being cut through, but when the bone is attacked by the saw, oh, my!

You see, as a matter of fact, there are blood-vessels and nerves inside the bones just as there are outside. Anyone who has purchased a beefsteak at the market knows about the marrow in the bone. It is the same with other animals than the bullock, including human beings. Through the marrow run the nerves and blood-vessels, entering the bones from the flesh without by little holes, which you can see for yourself any time by examining a skeleton, or part of one. When the disease called rheumatism, which no physician understands, affects the nerves within the bones, no way has been discovered for treating it successfully. It does not do to smile when a person says that he feels a thing in his bones.—Pearson's Weekly.

A Fatal Disease.

A celebrated general once inquired of one of his soldiers the cause of his brother's death.

"My brother died, sir," replied the soldier, "because he had nothing to do."

"Well, my man," said the general, "that is reason enough to kill the greatest general of us all!"—Harper's Young People

No Wonder.

He breathed a song into the air,
There was a riot then and there;
The gallery gods yelled loud and long.
For "In the Gloaming" was the song.
—Puck

An Explanation.

Col. Yerger—I believe I am getting the dropsy.

Judge Peterby—Why, what put that idea in your head?

"I got weighed to-day, and I weighed three hundred pounds."

"Great St. George! where did you get weighed?"

"Around at a coal yard."

"Calm yourself. Your weight is exactly one hundred and fifty pounds."—Texas Siftings.

The Correct Way of Putting It.

Squildig—I hear you've had the grip, old fellow.

McSwilligen (shaking his head)—It's a mistake.

"Haven't you been sick for a couple of weeks?"

"Yes; very sick."

"But it wasn't the grip you had, then?"

"No; the grip had me."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

His Skeleton.

Featherstone—Do you believe in ghosts?

Travers—Well, for years I have been living in a haunted house.

Featherstone—You don't tell me? Who is it haunted by?

Travers—By my tailor.—Clothier and Furnisher.

A Bunch of Keys.

Tom Collins—The singing of the Lonelyville choir reminds me of an experience I had, the other night, returning from the club.

"What was it?"

"It took me about half an hour to strike the right key."—Puck.

Somewhat Interested.

Pious Jake (with long drawn face)—Are you interested, Miss Cora, in the heathen?

Cora (frankly)—Yes, Jake, always; and if I can be of any service to you let me know early some morning.—N. Y. Herald.

A State of Things.

The Tweezer—How are you fixed?

The Hairspring—I'm in rather a rocky state.

The Tweezer—Broke?

The Hairspring—No, but pretty badly bent.—Jewelers' Circular.

A Slight Coolness.

Shiver—This is one of those masonic rooms, isn't it?

Mrs. Defrees—What do you mean, sir?

Shiver—It never gets above thirty-three degrees.—Puck.

Good Investment.

Boggs—That watch has been a mighty good investment.

Foggs—How so?

Boggs—I never let anyone have it yet who didn't get twelve per cent. a month out of it.—N. Y. Herald.

Might Be Worse.

Mother (wearily)—It's perfectly abominable! With all my watching I can't keep Tommy clean. He's the dirtiest boy alive.

Father (proudly)—That's so. He's no dude.—Good News.

Intuition.

Fangle—What sort of a dress was that Mrs. Snooper wore to-night?

Mrs. Fangle—Demi-train.

"That's precisely what Cumso said when he trod on it, but how did he know its name?"—N. Y. Sun.

A Slur on the Profession.

Gus De Smith—I hear that Filkins is sinking slowly.

Mrs. O'Rafferty—Well, you couldn't expect him to sink rapidly. He's had no doctor, so far.—Texas Siftings.

How Nature Apportions.

"He hardly seems bright enough to run a paper."

"Oh, pshaw! he doesn't run it—he owns it."—Puck.

A WORD ABOUT OATS.

Properly Managed and Used as Feed the Crop Can Be Made to Pay.

The principal profit in growing oats is for feed. Taking the average yield and the average price when threshed ready for market they can hardly be considered a profitable crop to grow to sell. But they are a short crop and properly managed make a good feed for all kinds of stock, and can be used to good advantage in carrying out a regular system of rotation. Two things are necessary in growing them. One is to get them seeded early, and the other is to have the soil in a good condition. By sowing early on well-prepared soil they get a good start to grow and shade the soil, so that they are not affected so much by the hot, dry weather as the later sown. At the same time there is no advantage in sowing the seed when the soil is too wet to work readily; that is, while it is very desirable to sow early it is not good management to mud them in. Have everything in readiness and as soon as the soil can be worked push the seeding; with the disc harrow or cultivator to follow the sower they can be worked into the soil very rapidly. It is nearly always best to use the spike-tooth harrow to finish the work. Oats grow near the surface and it is important to have the soil well worked.

Two bushels per acre is an average quantity to sow per acre, but it is nearly always best to sow more rather than less, the quantity being determined by the fertility and condition of the soil—less seed being necessary in a rich, thoroughly-prepared soil than in a thin or illy-prepared one.

The oat louse has so seriously damaged the crop in many localities during the past two seasons that it has not been a paying one, but generally it was the outs sown late on rather thin land that suffered the most.

Oats and clover sown together make a good pasture for hogs, and it is often a good plan to sow a patch for this purpose, especially when there is not a good pasture on the farm that can be used to advantage as a hog pasture.—St. Louis Republic.

THE CAUSE OF FAILURE.

"Squaw Farming" Methods in the Management of Live Stock.

There is an old saying among the farmers of the west that