THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL. XXXIII — BUTLER, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 9, 1896. — No. 2

Silver Ware Free!

Handsome triple plated hand engraved Teapots, Cakestands, Fruit-stands, Butters, creams, Spoon holders, molasses, sugars, castors, Porcelain and alarm clocks and other articles both ornamental and useful. Call in and inspect the ware.

GET A CARD.

Purchase you overcoat for Men, Boys and Children. Suits, Pants, Hats, Capes, Underwear, Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, Ties, Suspenders, Gloves, Mits, Overalls, Jackets, Sweaters, Umbrellas, Trunks Valises, Telescopes, Watches. Chains, Charms, Rings, Pins, Brushes, Pocket and Bill-books, Purses, etc. and when your purchase amounts to $15.-00 you get your choice of any of the above articles.

Our Stock is complete,
And Styles correct.
Quality the best,
And prices the lowest.

D. A. HECK,

No. 121. N. Main St, BUTLER, PA.

Two Ways of Selling Shoes,

One way {Keep only a limited number of sizes and make the buyer's feet fit the shoes.} **The other way** {Keep all sizes and make the shoes fit the buyer's feet.}

"The Other Way" is HUSELTON'S Way.

Besides comfort, there is economy in buying shoes at HUSELTON'S. He buys direct from manufacturers, paying cash for them at lowest prices. HUSELTON is able to sell to the consumer shoes at same price that wholesalers sell to the etailer.

We have done a larger trade in Slippers and Boots and Shoes this season, and, considering the weather, far larger than we expected. Our prices and styles were right--this is what did it.

The balance of our Holiday Slippers will all be closed at 25 per cent off former price for cash.

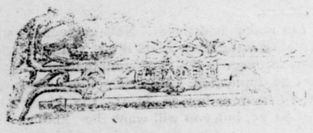
One lot Women's Rubber Boots at 75c
One lot Boys' & Youths' " 75c & $1.25
Men's Buckle Arctics at....85c
Men's Rubber Boots at $2, $2.25, $2.50
Men's Wool Boots with Rubbers....$1.60
the best ever offered for the money.
Boys' Wool Boots and Rubbers at...$1.35
Women's Rubbers at....20c
Women's Buckle Arctics at....75c
Women's Fine Shoes, pat. tip, but. 67½c
Women's Heavy Shoes at.....65c, 75c, 85c
Misses' and Children's Shoes, heavy at....45c, 50c, 65c and 75c
Our line of Enamel, Calf, Pat. Leather Men's Shoes are not equaled in Butler. Prices are reduced in all the lines all over the house to close.

The only place in Butler where you can get Footweer at these prices and find all widths and sizes and styles strictly up-to-date is at

BUTLER'S LEADING SHOE HOUSE,

Opposite Hotel Lowry,

B. C. Huselton.



The place to buy
GAS COOKING STOVES AND BURNERS. GAS LAMPS FIXTURES, HOSE, WATER FILTERS, BATH TUB ENAMEL etc, is at

W. H. O'Brien & Son's

107 East Jefferson Street.

Harness Shop!

Harness of all Kinds Made to Order.

Repairing a Specialty,

AND PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

BLANKETS AND ROBES.

CASH PAID FOR HIDES.

No. 111 East Cunningham St., - - BUTLER, A

(The old Times Office.)

FRANK KEMPER, Agt.

DIAMONDS {RINGS, EAR RINGS, SCARF PINS, STUDS.
WATCHES {GENTS' GOLD, LADIES' GOLD, GENTS' SILVER, LADIES' CHATLAIN.
JEWELRY {Gold Pins, Ear Rings, Rings, Chains, Bracelets, Etc.
SILVERWARE {Tea Sets, Castors, Butter Dishes and Everything that can be found in a first class store.
RODGERS BROS. 1874 {KNIVES, FORKS, SPOONS TRIPLE PLATE.

E. GRIEB, THE JEWELER.

No. 139, North Main St., BUTLER, PA.,

THE QUESTION is often asked, What Paint shall we use?
THE ANSWER: If you are looking for covering capacity, wearing qualities, general appearance, and your money's worth, you must buy

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINT.
Covers Most, Looks Best, Wears Longest, Most Economical, Full Measure.

Our prices are for "best goods" first, last and all the time. We are in the business to stay and *S. W. P.* stays with us.

BRUSHES, COLORS IN OIL, HOUSE & COACH VARNISHES,

J. C. REDICK, 109 N. Main St.

25c.

For any 50 and 75c hat!

50c.

For any $1.00, $1.25 or $1.50 hat!

Trimmed Hats

Half Price!

M. F. & M. MARKS,

113 to 117 S. Main St. Butler Pa.

B. & B.

SILKS . . .

Black Damas that are so much beyond the usual in style and quality for the money that everyone who sees the goods or samples will buy—23 inches wide—extra heavy—and the price is $1.25.

Another lot of Silks—Black Brocade with neat white stripes, 50c—Silks that will tell their own story, and we'd like to send every reader of this paper samples of them, so they can see how this store does the Silk business. A collection of Silks for Waists, Reception and Wedding Gowns that are right up to the latest fashionable idea, on the same low price basis that this store does all its selling.

New re-assortments of Fine Black Dress Goods have just come in—75c, $1.00, $1.25 to $2.50—the latest foreign things—few, if any, stores bring out new things as late in the season as we do, and that's one of the reasons why we do it—there are a lot of people who want nice things now, just as much so as earlier in the season, and we propose to see that they get them, and at right prices so as to make friends for this store.

Got in some new Novelty Good Goods and Suiting—75c, $1.00 and $1.50, that you'll be glad to know about, and we're letting out some other lines that are good, and nice, and correct as to style, but not newly arrived like the above, at very much less than their actual value—both black and colored. Write our Mail Order Department to send you samples of the special values at 50c and 75c, and you'll see fine Dress Goods that will surprise you—style, quality and price considered. We're always glad to send samples.

Boggs & Buhl,

ALLEGHENY, PA.

Jury List for Jan. Term.

List of Traverse Jurors drawn this 9th day of December 1895 to serve as Traverse Jurors at a special term of Court commencing on the third Monday of January 1896, the same being the 20th of said month.

Breaden W J, Sunbury boro, merchant
Brown Phil, Middlesex twp, farmer
Brown R H, Forward twp, farmer
Black Matthew G, Forward twp, farmer
Bingham S B, Harrisville boro, merchant
Braden J A, Connoq twp, farmer
Burkhalter A P, Butler 5th ward, agent
Cochran Robert, Venango twp, farmer
Dickey L M, Butler 5th ward, janitor
Dindinger George, Lancaster, farmer
Fleming Robert, Buffalo twp, farmer
Forister D W, Muddycreek twp, farmer
Frazier Thomas, Saxonburg boro, oil producer
Forsythe A E, Adams twp, tool dresser
Graham W J, Fairview boro, pumper
Gilliland W J, Adams twp, merchant
Grohman Ed, Butler 4th ward, druggist
Hall L A, Butler 4th ward, carpenter
Kauffman Robert, Adams twp, farmer
Karns James R, Butler twp, auctioner
Kelly J A, Centreville boro, laborer
Larderer Jacob, Lancaster twp, merchant
Logan D H, Jefferson twp, farmer
Meals George, Washington twp, farmer
Murphy John, Buffalo twp, farmer
Mahan Shafer, Middlesex twp, farmer
Mahan Ross, Middlesex twp, farmer
Nichlas Con, Connoq twp, merchant
Peffer Westley, Harmony boro, clerk
Peffer Wm F, Lancaster twp, farmer
Rice Samuel, Forward twp, farmer
Ramsey Baxter, Cranbury twp, farmer
Rimer John, Butler 4th ward, gent
Shira Robert O, Washington twp, farmer
Sowash S J, Slipperyrock twp, farmer
Stevenson James, Franklin twp, farmer
Shoap George, Centre twp, farmer
Taylor W A, Butler 2nd ward, laborer
Titley J W, Millerstown boro, oil producer
Thompson W B, Cherry twp, farmer
Thompson D M, Fairview twp, farmer
Taylor S J, Brady twp, farmer
Wittee W H, Buffalo twp, merchant
Watson J N, Centreville boro, marble cutter
White W S, Karns City, laborer
Weigle Wm, Evans City, painter
Walker John, Clinton twp, farmer
Zehner Chas, Jackson twp, farmer

DIPHTHERIA.

By all means use at once, soon as soreness is felt in the throat, something that will act directly on the throat, counteract disease and effect a cure, for common sore throat, sore throat with scarlet fever, and every throat affection. The most successful and thoroughly tested remedy, is ARMSTRONG'S DIPHTHERIA AND QUINSY DROPS. Praised and recommended by all that know them, because they positively will cure sore throat. A special and a success—SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

A NICE BLOTTER is wrapped around every bottle of MORRISON AND BROS COUGH SYRUP. The best cough Syrup you ever used, small doses, grand results, ask your Druggist.

Hotel Willard.

Reopened and now ready for the commodation of the trav eling public.

Everything in first-class style.
MRS. MATTIE REIHING, Owner
M H BROOKS, Clerk.

Hotel Butler

J. H. FAUBEL, Prop'r.

This house has been thoroughly renovated, remodeled, and refitted with new furniture and carpets; has electric bells and al other modern conveniences for guests, and is as convenient, and desirable a home for strangers as can be found in Butler, Pa.

Elegant sample room for use c ommercial me n

EYES EXAMINED FREE OF CHARGE

R. L. Kirkpatrick, Optician and Jewele
Court House, Butler, Pa., graduate Fort Harological Institute.

Weak and Weary

Because of a depleted condition of the blood. The remedy is to be found in purified, enriched and vitalized blood, which will be given by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier. It will tone the stomach, create an appetite and give renewed strength. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the only true blood purifier prominently in the public eye today. $1; six for $5.

Hood's Pills cure habitual constipation. Price 25 cents.

FAIR FASHIONS, FASCINATING ALL FABRICS.

OUR stock tables are filled with every new style and every becoming design in the materials of Clothsdom, that good form demands, and good taste can suggest.

IT is not our goods alone that are attractive. Our low prices add to the combination. That is why

Economical People

are our best customers.

WE don't try how cheap we can make clothes (that is easy) but how good we can make them to give you the best value possible at the least possible price.

ALAND, Tailor.

C. AND D.

Under-Wear Points

Thorough protection
No irritation—
Non-shrinkable
Perfect fitting
Moderate prices
All in Jaros Hygienic Underwear.

All grade of underwear at very low prices.

Largest stock of hats and furnishings for gentleman in the country. An inspection will prove this to any ones satisfacture.

Colbert & Dale.

242 S. Main St., Butler, Penn'a.

BURTON'S NEW STORE

Is still the talk of the town, nothing but the most favorable comments on our method of doing business. Our Customers DELIGHTED. *We Aim to Please.* We sell goods *only for cash.* One price to all. It will do you good to see our line of $7, $8, $9, $10, $12, $16 & $20 Overcoats

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241 S. Main St. Butler Pa.

THE FISH Tailoring Co.

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Original Low Priced Tailors and Perfect Fitters.

Pants to order..$ 3.00 to $10.00
Suits to order..$15.00 to $50.00
Overcoats to order ....$12.00 to $45.00

Prompt work and fit guaranteed. Give us a call.

The Fish Tailoring Co.,
104 DIAMOND,
Opp. North side Court House Butler Pa.

EARTH BOUND.

Seek who will for starry love,
Mysteries of the milky way,
O'er the sacred spectrum pose,
Gathered from the distant ray.
Heedless I
Of the sky;
Give me what the grasses say
Whispering down the summer day.

Search who lists the unfathomed deep
Far below the laughing waves,
Wistful what the ages keep
Safely hid on ocean caves.
Naught I care
What they bear;
Tell me what the bubbles hymn,
Dancing on the billow's brim.

Turn who longs the dusty scroll,
Record of a vanished age,
Seek what fired the hero's soul,
Nerved his arm or dulled his rage.
What I prize
Never lies;
Give me but the faithful chart
Of my comrade's loving heart.

—Samuel Minturn Peck in Boston Transcript.

THE CORNET PLAYER.

"Don Basilio, play us a tune on the cornet, and we will dance. It is cool here under the trees."

"Yes, yes, Don Basilio, play something."

"Bring him the cornet Joaquin is practicing with."

"It is not a very good one, but you'll play for us, will you not, Don Basilio?"

"No."

"You won't?"

"No."

"But why?"

"Because I don't know how."

"He doesn't know how! Did you ever see such a hypocrite?"

"Come, come, Don Basilio. Why, we know you've been leader of a military band"—

"And that nobody could play the cornet like yourself"—

"And that you have a pension from the government"—

"Well, yes, it's the truth. I have been a musician in my time, and the cornet was the instrument I played. But it is also true that years ago I gave my cornet away to a poor player in need of one and since that time have not so much as hummed a tune."

"What a pity!"

"Oh, but this afternoon you must play for us."

"Remember it is my birthday, grandpapa."

"And here is the cornet at last."

"Now let's have a pretty tune."

"A waltz!"

"No, a polka!"

"No, no; a fandango, a fandango—our national dance."

"Don't bother me, children. Have I not said that I cannot play?"

"But why can't you?"

"Because I've forgotten the way, and because, moreover, I have vowed never to learn again."

"To whom did you make this vow, father?"

"To myself, to a dead friend and to your poor mother, my daughter."

All the bright, childish faces grew sad upon hearing these words.

"Oh, if you only knew at what cost I learned to play the cornet!" continued the old man.

"The story! The story!" exclaimed the children. "Tell us the story."

"Well, yes," said Don Basilio, "it is really a story worth telling. Listen, and you shall judge for yourselves whether I can or cannot play for you today."

And seating himself under a tree, surrounded by the wondering children, he told them the story of how he learned to play the cornet. Let us listen to Don Basilio:

* * * * * * *

It is now 17 years ago that our beloved Spain was shaken by civil war. Carlos and Isabel disputed the crown, and our countrymen, divided in two factions, shed their blood in fratricidal conflict.

I had in those days a friend named Ramon Gomez, cavalry lieutenant in the same battalion, one of the best hearted fellows I have ever known. We were educated together; together we left college; together had we passed many happy days, and together we were ready to die for liberty. Oh, I can truly say that he was more attached to the liberal cause than any of us, and his loyalty was never questioned. Yet, even so, a certain injustice committed by our chief, one of those abuses of authority that wreck the most honorable career, made the cavalry lieutenant desert the ranks of his fellow soldiers, the friend leave his friend, the liberal abandon his cause for that of a hated faction, the subordinate desire to kill his superior officer.

Neither my warnings nor my entreaties availed to dissuade him from this rash step. It was a thing decided. He would change the helmet for the cap, despising as he did the rebels and their cause.

At that time we found ourselves in the principality of ——, three miles from the enemy. It was the night in which Ramon was to desert—a cheerless evening, cold and wet, on the eve of a battle. At midnight Ramon entered my tent. I was asleep.

"Basilio," he whispered in my ear.

"Who's there?" I asked, waking with a start.

"It is I. Goodby."

"You are going already?"

"Yes. Goodby." And he grasped my hand. "Listen," he continued. "If tomorrow there is a great battle, as is the rumor, and we come face to face in it"—

"I know, I know," I interrupted. "We are friends."

"Good. We clasp hands and fight afterward. I shall die tomorrow surely, but not until I have fought my way to the side of the lieutenant colonel. As for you, Basilio, do not expose yourself. Glory is but a vapor."

"And life?"

"Well said. Make yourself a commandant. The pay is not ethereal—that is, not till one has smoked it away. Ah, but all that has now ended for me."

"What melancholy thoughts!" I cried, not without a sinking at the heart. "Tomorrow we shall survive the battle."

"Well, if this be so, let us now appoint a meeting place."

"Where?"

"In the hermitage of St. Nicholas at 1 o'clock tomorrow night. He who is not there by that time shall be given up for dead by the other. Is it agreed?"

"Agreed."

"Well, then, goodby."

"Goodby."

We embraced affectionately and parted, Ramon disappearing under shelter of the darkness.

* * * * * * *

As we had expected, the rebels attacked us the following day. The action was a bloody one and lasted from 3 o'clock in the afternoon until nightfall. About 5 o'clock my battalion was roughly set upon by a party of Alaveses led by Ramon. He then wore the uniform and decorations of a commandant and on his head was the white cap of the Carlists. I ordered my company to fire upon Ramon's forces. He retaliated, and soon our battalions were engaged in a hand to hand struggle. We were victorious, and Ramon was forced to retreat with the scattered remnants of his band, not, however, before he had slain with his own hand our lieutenant colonel, who opposed a desperate but vain resistance to the fury of his antagonist.

Toward sunset the fortunes of war turned against us and part of my unfortunate company was, with myself, cut off from the main body and forced to surrender. I was taken prisoner to the little village of ——, which the Carlists then occupied, and as the war was without quarter on their side I expected to be immediately put to death.

While confined, disheartened and weary, in the village jail I heard the hour of 1 ring out, the time for my meeting with Ramon. I asked for my friend and was told, "He is a hero—killed a lieutenant colonel with his own hand—but he must undoubtedly have perished in the last hours of the battle."

"Why do you think so?" I asked.

"Because he has not yet come back to camp and those he commanded can give no account of him."

Oh, what I suffered that night! But one hope remained to comfort me—that Ramon was still awaiting me at the hermitage and for this reason had not returned. "How troubled he will be when he finds I do not come!" I said to myself. "He will believe me dead, and, indeed, am I very far from being so? My last hour cannot now be far distant." At daybreak a chaplain entered the prison. My companions in misery were sleeping.

"Death?" I exclaimed upon seeing the priest.

"Yes," he replied softly.

"Now?" I asked.

"No; within three hours."

A few minutes later my fellow prisoners had awakened. Sobs, cries and blasphemies filled the prison.

Every man about to die usually has one idea that is ever present in his thoughts and to which he clings. So it was with me, and weakness, fever, or madness, I know not which, filled my mind with thoughts of my friend—of Ramon living, of Ramon dead, of Ramon waiting for me in the hermitage, of Ramon waiting for me in heaven—and so powerfully had these ideas taken possession of my mind that I thought of nothing else during those hours of agony.

They took off my captain's uniform and wrapped me in an old soldier's cloak, placing upon my head the Carlist cap. Thus I marched to my death with my 19 companions in misery. One only had been pardoned, and this because he was a musician. The Carlists at that time spared the lives of all musicians on account of there being a great scarcity of them in their battalions.

"And were you a musician, Don Basilio? Did you save yourself by that?" exclaimed his hearers with one breath.

"No, my children," responded the veteran. "I then knew nothing of music."

Well, the execution squad drew up in line and we were placed facing it. I was No. 11 in the row—that is to say, I should be the eleventh to die. Then I thought of my wife and my child—of you and your poor mother, my daughter!

The firing began. Those awful death volleys maddened me. As my eyes were bandaged I could not see my companions fall one by one. I wished to count the discharges so as to be able to prepare myself for the last moment, but at the third or fourth volley I lost count. Oh, the echo of those shots will reverberate in my heart and brain forever as they rang out that fatal day! At one moment they were a thousand leagues away; the next, their thunder seemed to peal within my very ear. And the volley continued.

"Now!" I thought. The sharp report followed, and I was still alive.

"This will be it!" I said, and then I felt myself seized by the shoulder and dragged out of the ranks, while voices sounded in my ears. I fell unconscious to the ground, the last thought that passed through my mind being that I had been shot and was dying.

Afterward it seemed to me that I was lying stretched on my prison cot. I half raised myself and looked around me, trying to pierce the darkness with my eyes. A shadow more obscure than the others appeared to detach itself and bend over me. It had the outline of a man. My lips murmured mechanically the name of him who had been so much in my thoughts.

"Ramon!"

"What is it?" replied the shadow.

I shuddered. "My God!" I exclaimed. "Can I be in the other world?"

"No," replied the same voice.

"Ramon, you still live?"

"Yes."

"And I"—

"Also."

"Where am I? This is not the hermitage of St. Nicholas and I still a prisoner, or has it all been a dream?"

"No, Basilio, you have not been dreaming. Listen:

"As you know, yesterday I killed the lieutenant colonel in fair fight. Afterward, mad with the excitement of the battle, I went on fighting desperately until the close of the action. Then, as the moon rose, I thought of you and of our appointment, and directed my steps to the old hermitage, with the intention of awaiting you there. It was about 10 o'clock when I arrived; so, as the hour agreed upon was 1, I lay down to sleep. At the stroke of 1, I awoke with a start to find myself alone. Two, three, four, the hours rang out, and still you did not come. Without doubt, I said to myself, he is dead, and with a heavy heart I set out at daybreak for the rebel camp. All had given me up for lost, so I was received with joy and the general showered distinction upon me.

"Afterward I learned that some prisoners were to be executed that morning. A presentiment filled my mind. 'Can Basilio be among them?' I thought. I ran toward the place of execution. The soldiers of the firing squad had already taken their position. I heard the report of the rifles as they rang out in volleys on the still morning air. At length I reached the scene and threw my eyes rapidly along the line of victims, but can see nothing. Anguish blinds me; fear unnerves me. At length I distinguish you but two places removed from that of death! What is to be done? I go mad, give a shout, break through the line of soldiers, and rush to your side, and, flinging my arms around you, exclaim hoarsely:

"'This one, no! This one, no, my general!'

"The general who was in charge of the execution and who knew me so favorably by my behavior in the previous day's battle asked curiously:

"'Why? Is he a musician?'

"That word was for me what it would be for a man born blind to suddenly see the sun in all its splendor. The light of hope fell on my eyes and dazzled them.

"'Musician!' I cried. 'Yes, yes, my general. A musician, a great musician!'

"'What instrument does he play?' inquired the general.

"'The—the—er—that is—why, of course, the cornet! He plays the cornet!'

"'Are we in need of a cornet player?' said he, turning to the leader of the band. Five seconds, five eternities, before the answer came:

"'Yes, general; one is needed.'

"'Well, then,' continued the general, 'remove that man from the ranks and let the executions proceed at once.'

"Then I caught you in my arms and brought you here."

Scarcely had Ramon ceased speaking when I arose, trembling, and between laughter and tears embraced him, saying:

"I owe my life to you."

"Hardly that," replied Ramon.

"What do you mean?" I exclaimed.

"Can you play the cornet?" he asked.

"No."

"Then you do not owe me your life; rather it is that I have compromised my own safety without securing yours."

I felt my heart grow cold within me.

"And music, he continued, "do you know anything of that?"

"Very little. You will remember what they taught us in college."

"Little, indeed, or, better said, nothing," replied Ramon. "You will die, without the slightest doubt, and I also as a traitor. Just think of it! In 15 days the band to which you belong is to be organized."

"Fifteen days!"

"Neither more nor less. And as you will not be able to take your place in it (for [illegible] not work a miracle) we shall both [illegible]"

"To put you [illegible]" I cried. "You, for my sake; for [illegible] you have risked your life to save! Ah, heaven will not permit it. Within 15 days I shall learn to play the cornet!"

Ramon burst into a laugh.

What more shall I say, my children? In 15 days—oh, power of the human will—in 15 days, with their 15 nights—for I slept no more than nature compelled in half a month—in 15 days I had learned to play the cornet.

What days those were! Ramon and I left camp early each morning and passed hours with a musician who came from a neighboring village to teach me.

Escape! I can read this thought in your eyes. Ah, nothing more impossible. I was a prisoner. They never relaxed their vigilance, and Ramon did not wish to escape without me.

It seems to me now as if in all that time I could neither eat nor sleep nor think of aught save my cornet. I was insane, and music was my monomania.

I was resolved to learn, and I did. And if I had been dumb I should have spoken; and paralytic, I should have walked; and blind, should have seen—because I willed it.

Oh, the will answers for all. Resolution is power. Children, learn this great truth—to will is to achieve.

I saved thus my life and that of my friend. But I went mad, and my madness was the art I had learned. It might be said that in three years the cornet never left my hand. Do re mi-fa-sol-la-si—behold my world during that time.

But Ramon did not abandon me. Together we emigrated to France, and there I continued my playing. The cornet was myself—it seemed to ring in my mouth. The people, the notabilities in the art, all gathered to hear me. It was a wonder, a marvel. The cornet poemed to yield to my fingers; it became elastic; it moaned; it wept; it cried aloud; it imitated the birds, the wild beasts, the human sob—

Thus passed two years more. At the end of that time Ramon died. Gazing upon my friend's dead body, I recovered my reason, and when, then in my right mind, I one day took up the cornet and tried to play, I found to my astonishment that the power had left me.

Will you now ask me to play a tune for your dance?—From the Spanish in Chicago Tribune.

An Excellent Vegetable.

Young bamboo sticks make an excellent vegetable, particularly with the sauce generally given with asparagus.—Washington Post.

A Rejuvenator.

(Mem: There's a baby in the house and a bottle of milk has been placed to cool.)

First Weary Wanderer—Well, Jimmy, an how does it taste?

Second Weary Wanderer (in ecstasy)—Don't speak ter me, Tom; it takes me back 30 years! (Falls asleep crooning, "I would I wuz a boy agin!")—Truth.

Fair Play.

Comment by Referee—Youse felleys makes me tired. This ain't no waltz quadrille, and I ain't callin no fancy figures neither. If you don't fight squarer, I'll chew both of you.—Life.

Too Long.

Lady—If you will send the parcel at once, I shall be ever indebted to you.

Tradesman—But our terms are cash on delivery, madam.—Sheffield Telegraph.

Modified Convictions.

"I think I will have a special bicycle sermon next Sunday."

"Why, only a few Sundays ago you preached a sermon denouncing the wheel."

"Yes, but since then nearly every one in the parish has bought one."—Life.

Retribution.

Wife—If I had known before we were married that you swore so, I never would have married you.

The Husband—(sadly)—That's what comes of being a hypocrite.—Life.

CARBOLIC ACID ANTIDOTE.

Discovery That Alcohol Nullifies the Effect of the Poison.

On May 4, 1893, about 1:30 o'clock p. m., Mrs. X., while dining, quarreled with her husband, rushed up stairs and swallowed an ounce of liquid carbolic acid with suicidal intent. Mr. X. followed his wife in less than 15 minutes, to find her lying on the floor in a deep sleep, from which he could not rouse her. He noticed an empty bottle on the bureau labeled carbolic acid and recognized its odor through the room.

Medical aid was immediately summoned, when two physicians promptly responded, made a hurried examination of the condition and surroundings of the patient, who was in a profound stupor, with pupils contracted to pin points, injected atropine to antagonize the poison supposed to have been taken and then used the stomach pump.

Demulcents—such as olive oil, glycerin, etc.—and limewater and sulphuric acid were also administered with the stomach pump about this time, and an effort was made to waken the patient with the faradic current, but without result. Mrs. X. was now allowed to remain undisturbed until 9:30 p. m., when an attempt to restore her to consciousness succeeded. On first awakening she was dazed, rambled and was unable to realize her position for a few minutes, but soon rallied and answered questions readily. When asked what she had used, without hesitation she replied carbolic acid and whisky, and that she experienced but little pain or burning sensation and declared she slept soundly, having pleasant dreams.

With the exception of slight nausea and depression of spirits for a few days she suffered little or no more inconvenience and made a rapid and satisfactory convalescence, and has enjoyed robust health ever since.

The slight corrosive action and freedom from pain experienced on the present occasion proved the value of her experiments and suggests a new and efficient plan of treatment in carbolic acid poisoning. A mixture of equal parts of carbolic acid and alcohol may be poured over the back of the hand, leaving scarcely a trace of corrosive action if promptly washed off with alcohol. The white stain caused by the liquid carbolic acid can be removed by the immediate and continued application of alcohol. In the case of a young man who came to my office suffering from intense itching caused by a spider bite I applied liquid carbolic acid, which stained the skin white. This application was left on the affected part until it caused severe pain, when it was thoroughly removed with alcohol, followed by the application of a pad of absorbent cotton saturated with alcohol.

By this means the stain was removed and pain relieved until heat was felt in the pad, when both stain and pain disappeared. The heated pad was now discarded and replaced by one of a similar kind, freshly prepared, when stain and pain vanished a second time, to return with heat in the pad. This phenomenon continued as long as heat developed in the pad and ceased when it was no longer evolved. The only result besides relieving the itching was an intense redness of the skin over the affected area, which disappeared in a few days, attended by desquamation of the cuticle.

This case also affords a striking illustration of the resemblance in the symptoms produced to carbolic acid and opium poisoning. The diagnostic feature in the present case was the quiet and regular breathing.

Alcohol, apart from its power as an antidote, is required as a stimulant in the majority of cases of carbolic acid poisoning, to combat the intense depression usually experienced, and it would therefore appear as if alcohol were a true antidote in carbolic acid poisoning.—Medical Record.

Since A. D. 1810.

Born in 1819, her majesty has, of course, passed the period allowed by the psalmist as the average for earthly enjoyments and sorrows. The world into which she was born was troublous; memories of Waterloo were still fresh; Napoleon Bonaparte was still alive, and a prisoner; capital punishment was awarded for almost any offense; the wager of battle was still unrepealed; riots prevailed all over the country; Lord Edward Fitzgerald was under attainder; Sir Charles Wolseley was indicted in Chester; John Cam Hobhouse was committed to Newgate by speaker's warrant for a pamphlet disparaging the house of commons; the Earl of Fitzwilliam was dismissed from the lord lieutenancy of the West Riding; booksellers were imprisoned for selling Paine's "Age of Reason;" the country was ringing with the news of the Peterloo massacre, when the yeomanry fired upon the mob, and Henry Hunt, the chairman of the meeting, coming up to London for his trial, received an ovation.

Such was the stormy political world into which the royal infant came. It is edifying, though purposeless, to compare it with that of today. The task of so doing can be accomplished by anybody, and shall not, at least, be attempted by me.—Gentleman's Magazine.

A Mystery of the Law.

In a case not 1,000 miles from Fort Worth, after a killer was acquitted, the wife of the victim brought a suit against him and was promptly awarded a considerable sum by way of damages. The verdict was upheld by the supreme court. The criminal law said the slayer was innocent. The civil law said he was guilty. If the latter was wrong, he was robbed of his sustenance by the law, with the connivance of the supreme court.—Fort Worth (Tex.) Gazette.

An Insect's Anchor.

The synapta, a water insect, is provided with an anchor the exact shape of the anchor used by ships. By means of this peculiar device the insect holds itself firmly in any desired spot.—Philadelphia Ledger.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

Bettina Girard has been engaged by Canary & Lederer for "The Lady Slavey."

Eva Vincent has been re-engaged by William Barry to play the heavy role of Johanna.

"The Spray of Life" is the name of the latest illusion performed by Herrmann, the magician.

Potter and Nye's "The Stag Party" belongs to the category of "The Bathing Girl," "The Younger Son" and "Fanny."

A Pittsburg paper declares Melbourne MacDowell to be the handsomest leading man on the stage. He is more than that—he is a good actor.

In "Mrs. Ponderbury's Past," the new play which Stuart Robson has in rehearsal, Mr. Robson will play the part of a henpecked husband.

The engagement of Cissy Fitzgerald and "The Foundling" was so successful at the Garrick, New York, that it has been extended two weeks.

Otis Skinner has not dropped Clyde Fitch's "His Grace de Grammont" from his repertory. He continues to give it at Saturday matinees.

William Seymour is rehearsing, at the Tremont theater, Boston, "The Strange Adventures of Jack and the Beanstalk." It is by H. A. Barnet.

Augustin Daly's production of "The Transit of Leo" was withdrawn very quickly and is now referred to as "The Rapid Transit of Leo."

Charles Frohman will introduce the horseless wagon to the stage. A vehicle of that description will appear in the hotel courtyard scene in "The Sporting Duchess."

Expert Car Jumpers.

"I haven't much hair on my head," said Superintendent Mansfield of the Indianapolis and Vincennes, "but what little I have was up in the air like porcupine quills this afternoon. Several of us were coming down the Union tracks as No. 20, the fast train on the Indianapolis division, was pulling out.

"At Delaware street three tramps were standing. By the time the train reached that point it was going at a lively rate. Each of the tramps selected a coach, and as the train rushed by caught the iron rod that extends under the side of the car and swung beneath the train in front of the trucks. Like acrobats, they turned over the rod and rested their feet on the brake beams, and as the train rolled on settled down for a ride. A single mistake, a slip of the hand or the failure to place their feet on the brake beam, meant for them a horrible death. I was so frightened at their recklessness that I fairly lost my breath. Experienced railroad man that I am, I would not have attempted such a feat for $1,000,000."

"That was a common trick," said Frank Lewis, formerly with the Union Pacific Railway company. "I have had a good deal of experience with tramps, and there are few of them but risk their lives daily on the cars. The old time tramps used to walk over the dairy. Up to date tramps ride. I have taken them out from beneath the pilot of the engine. I have hauled them from the brake beams of passenger cars, and a favorite hiding place for them is at the top of the vestibule. On top of the cars is a pleasant place during the summer, but in winter they try to make themselves as comfortable as possible. It is seldom that you hear of a tramp being killed by the cars unless in a wreck. To become an expert car jumper is one of the first requisites of a tramp of the first class."—Indianapolis News.

Fire and Air.

The intimate relation between fire and air was early recognized, seeing that experience soon taught that air was necessary for fire. The experiment of burning a candle in a closed vessel, now so familiar to every schoolboy, is a very old one, and the influence of a blast of air on a furnace had been probably noticed from a very remote period. By some it was affirmed to be the food of fire, while by others the same belief was embodied in the phrase, "Air nourishes fire." Again it was long ago observed that niter, a substance well known to the chemical philosophers of the past, could produce intense ignition. It was hence inferred that, since niter possessed this property, it necessarily followed that the two substances resembled each other in composition. According to Robert Boyle, the air contained "volatile niter," while Lord Bacon held that air contained a "volatile, crude and windy spirit," and thunder and lightning were supposed to be due to the presence of minute particles of this niter diffused through the air.

The important bearing of such observations is due to the fact that oxygen gas, which is one of the chief constituents of air and the one to which it owes its power of supporting combustion, also forms the largest elementary constituent of niter and is likewise the source of the power possessed by that body of supporting combustion.

The action of heat on metals in causing them to lose their metallic luster had also not escaped notice, and Cardan, a philosopher who lived during the sixteenth century, in noticing the increase in weight that lead undergoes when heated in air, attributed it to the gas in the air which feeds flame and which rekindles a body presenting an ignited point.—Scottish Review.

The Dear Boy.

A newspaper man sat in the study of the pastor of a swell Fifth avenue church one Sunday night awaiting the appearance of the clergyman. The parson's 10-year-old son strolled in. He was a very smart young gentleman indeed. His collar and cravat were a trifle horsy. His left hand was worn in his trousers pocket in approved fashion. There was a suggestion of blase interest on his face as he scanned the visitor.

"Repotah, I believe?" he said at length.

"Yes," said the newspaper man meekly.

"Fawthaw rarely sees repotahs on a Sunday. Youah business with him is—aw—urgent, I presume."

"Very," answered the newspaper man.

Then there was another silence, the gaze of the youngster making the visitor feel somehow that reporters are a very inferior lot indeed.

"You were at the horse show?" ventured the visitor.

"Yes," admitted the lad, with a suspicion of a yawn. "Fouah or five times. Got awfully tired of it, though."

"And," said the newspaper man affably, "I suppose you were interested in the ponies?"

"I am not at all interested in ponies," he replied, and his tone was a distinct check to further familiarity. "The huntahs were a pretty decent lot, as huntahs go. And the four-in-hands showed fairly. But—aw—horses are but horses aftah all, and one sees too many of them, you know. Good evening."

And a crushed newspaper man was sitting alone.—New York Journal.

One Peddler Silenced.

One of our druggists says that in the medicine business almost everybody wants to sell and not to buy. For instance, a man came into the store one day and attached a machine like a coffee mill to the counter and began to turn the crank.

"What's that?" asked the druggist, nee actor.

"A machine to take the seeds out of raisins that I'd like to sell you."

"Will it put them back again?"

The peddler gave a pitying look at Mr. Lennox and marched out without another word.—Hartford Post.

In the Near Future.

Jonathan—I hate that Mr. Mary Stevens Smith.

Mrs. Jonathan—Why, J-o-h-n!

John—Yes, I do! At our sewing circle last night he actually had the audacity to ask how old I was.—New York World.

PERT POLITICS.

It is generally agreed that the new members of congress have much to learn, but will they make an effort to learn it?—Washington Star.

Men sometimes announce that they are out of a political race, when, as a mere matter of fact, they have been in it only in their minds.—Oil City Derrick.

Major McKinley rather thinks that this effort to trace General Harrison's descent from Pocahontas is a sad scheme to swing the Smith vote into line.—Boston Standard.