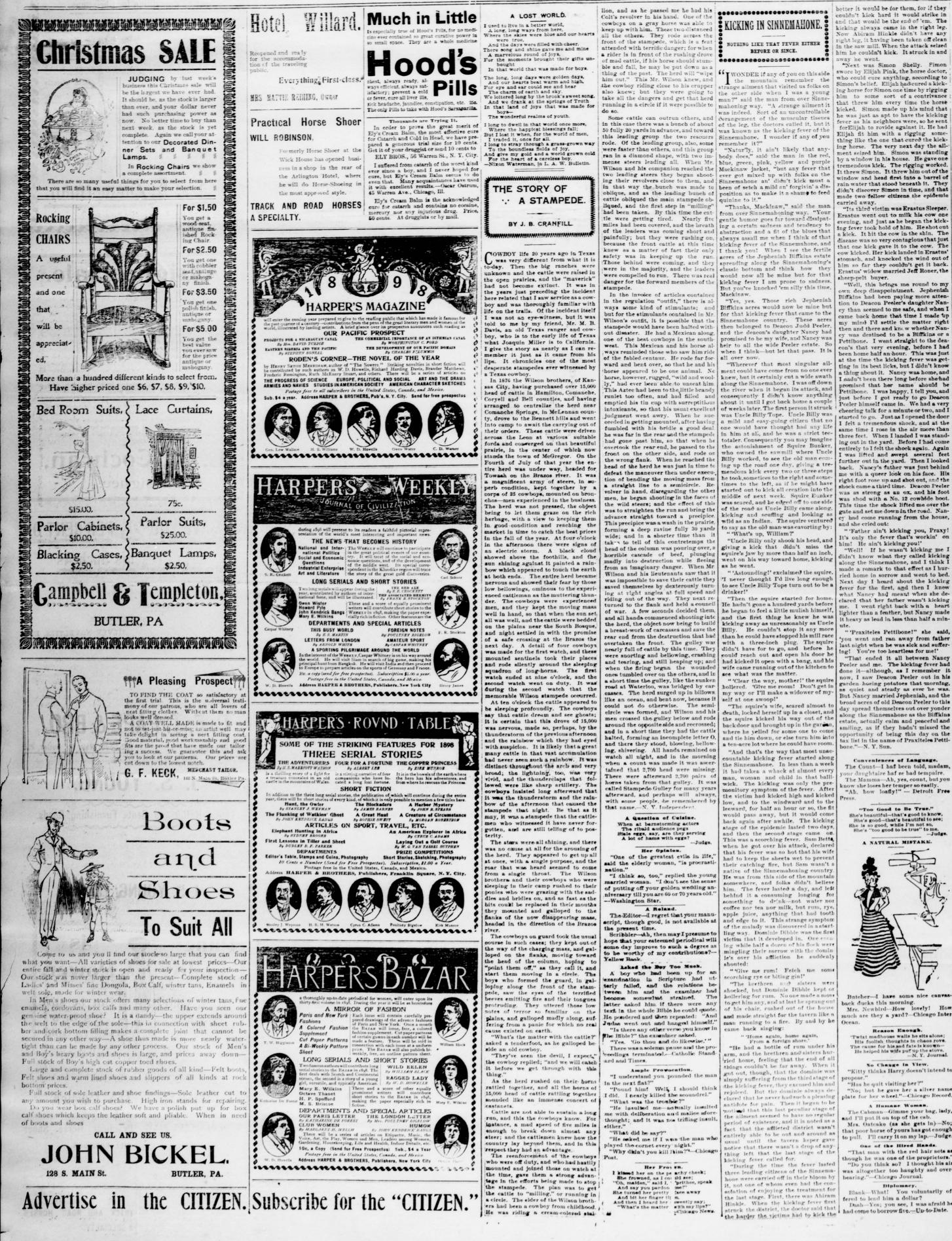
THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

BUTLER, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1897

VOL· XXXIV





WONDER if any of you on this side the mountain remember the range ailment that visited us folks on also knew; but they were going to take all the dangers and get that herd man?" said the man from over Sinnethe other side when I was a young

Some cattle can outrun others, and in this case there was a bunch of about 50 fully 20 yards in advance, and toward was known as the kicking fever of the this leading group the two rescuers Sinnemahone. I wonder if any of you rode. Of the leading group, also, some remember it?"

"Natur'ly, it ain't likely that any-body does," said the man in the red, mense steers leading all. When Mr. Wilson and his companion reached the two leading steers they began shoot ing their revolvers close to them, and Sinnemahone an' didn't kick must a

were compelled to run. There was real danger for the forward members of the kicking fever I am prone to sadness. But you've knocked 'em silly this time

> "Yes, yes. Those rich Jephenial Biffkins acres would now be mine but for that kicking fever that came to the Sinnemahone country. These acres then belonged to Deacon Judd Peeler, and the deacon's daughter Nancy had promised to be my wife, and Naney was heir to all the wide Peeler estate. when I think-but let that pass. It is

"Wherever that most singular ail about it until I got back home a couple a mild and easy-going citizen that no one would have thought had any life in him at ali, and he was a strict tee totaler. Consequently you may imagine the astonishment of Squire Bunker, who owned the sawmill where Uncle Billy worked, to see the old man con ing up the road one day, giving a tre mendous kick every two or three steps he took, sometices to the right and some times to the left, as if he might hav started out to kick all creation into the middle of next week. Squire Bunker was scared, and he edged off to one side of the road as Uncle Billy came along, kicking and scuffing and looking as wild as an Indian. The squire ventured to say as the old man was cavorting by: "'What's up, William?'

"Uncle Billy only shook his head, and giving a kick that didn't miss the squire's jaw by more than half an inch, went on his way toward home, kleking

" 'Astounding!' exclaimed the squire 'I never thought I'd live long enough to see Uncle Billy Tope turn out to be a

"Then the squire started for home. He hadn't gone a hundred yards before he began to feel a little mulish himself,

better it would be for them, for if they couldn't kick hard it would strike in nd that would be the end of 'em. The kicking always came in the right leg. Now Abiram Hinkle didn't have any right leg, it having been taken off clean in the saw mill. When the attack seized him he couldn't kick. It struck in and

"Next was Simon Shelly. Simon swore by Elijah Pink, the horse doctor, who could cure anything, according to Simon's belief. Elijah had cured a kick-ing horse for Simon one time by rigging him to some sort of a contrivance that threw him every time the horse

kicked. Simon made up his mind that he was just as apt to have the kicking fever as his neighbors were, so he sent for Elijah to rovide against it. He had family not only interesting, but of great Ellijah fit him with a rigging some-thing like the one that cured the kick-view. The Jamestown weed is only aning horse. The very next day the all- other species of the plant from which ing norse. The very next day the air ment seized him. Simon was standing by a window in his house. He gave one tremendous klek. The rigging worked. It threw him out of the window and head first into a barrel of the seized him. Simon was standing to induce that state of ecstasy in keep-ing with the prophetic character of the revelations. Tonga is a drink made from the seeds which the Indians rain water that stood beneath it. They didn't discover Simon in time, and that made two fellow citizens the epidemic

carried away. "Its third victim was Erastus Sleeper. Erastus went out to milk his cow one evening, and just as he began the kick-ing fever took hold of him. He shot out a kick. It hit the cow in the shin. The a kick. If hit the cow in the shift. The disease was so very contagious that just that one kick gave it to the cow. The cow kicked. Her kick landed in Erastus' stomach, and knocked the wind out of him so far they couldn't get it back. Erastus' widow married Jeff Roner, the

 Sheep-pelt buyer.
"Well, this brings me round to my own deep disappointment. Jepheniah Biffkins had been paying more atten-tion to Deacon Peeler's daughter Nany than seemed to me safe, and when I ame back home that time I made up my mind I'd settle the matter right then and there and knew whether Nan-cy was destined to be a Biffkins or a Pettibone. I went straight to the deacon's that very evening, before I had been home half an hour. This was just at the time the kicking fever was get-ting in its best licks, but I didn't know I nadu't been there long before she had promised that her name should be Pettibone. I was happy, I tell you, and just before I got ready to go Deacon Peeler himself came in. We had a very cheering talk for a minute or two, and I started to go. Just as I opened the door I felt a tremendous shock, and at the ame time I rose in the air more than three feet. When I landed I was stand-ing out in the yard. Before I had come entirely to I felt the shock again. Again I was lifted and swept several feet further out in the yard. Then I looked back. Nancy's father was just behind me with a queer look on his face. His right foot rose up and shot out, and the shock came a third time. Deacon Peeler

was as strong as an ox, and his foot was shod with a No. 12 cowhide boot. This time the shock lifted me over the gate and set me down in the road. Nan-cy had come running from the house, and she cried out:

"'Father ain't kicking you, Praxy! It's only the fever that's workin' on him! He ain't kicking you!' "Well! If he wasn't kicking me didn't know what they called kicking along the Sinnemahone, and I think I nade a remark to that effect as I hurried home in sorrow and went to bed. Next day I heard about the kicking fever for the first, and then I knew what Nancy had meant when she declared that her father wasn't kicking me. I went right back with a heart

"'Praxiteles Pettibonel" she said, 'you went and ran away from fall.

Conveniences of Language.

"Too Good to Be True.

She's beautiful-that's good to know. She's good-that's beautiful to see:

so good, while I'm not so,

No.49

AN INTERESTING FAMILY.

The Jimson Weed and Its Namerous and Important Relatives. "There is one thing that is on a boom this year in St. Louis and that is the jimson weed," said a disgusted real estate agent, who had just cut down the

weeds on his vacant lots in the West End. "I have cut them down a dozen times and still they grow." "It is an interesting family to which

they belong," remarked his neighbor, who doesn't own any vacant lots.

"Prolific family certainly, but I can't say that I find it interesting," was the

of Darien give to their children that they may discover the location of gold. Klondikers might take a baby along and a few jimson weed seeds to make tea, and when the baby has its "d and falls down, there daddy could dig

sure of a find. Of course you eat potatoes, which are cousins of the jimson weed, but you very likely eat them with or without their jackets, in salad, prepared as Sara-toga chips or in other ways too numerous to mention, but it is safe to say that you never eat them preserved, and yet that is the way Parkinson, writing in 1640, recommended that they be cooked He suggested that the tubers be roasted, steeped in sugar or baked with marrow and spices. Here is an opportunity for some enterprising chef or housekeeper

striving for originality to win distinc tion in the way of serving pommes de You probably eat ton natoes, too, which

you probably eat with sugar and call tomahtoes, while your plebelan friend eats his with salt and calls them plain tomaytoes. If you are partial to vege tomaytoes. If you are partial to vege-tables the egg-plant, also a night shade, is found upon your table, possibly sea-soned with cayenne pepper, another of the same family. The great sweet-smelling masses of white and magenta petunias which are so familiar, growing seemingly from the crevices of the rocks at the suburban gardens and at the Cottage in Forest park, are also of this enterprising family. Bitter sweet, the Jerusalem cherry, apple of Peru, henbane and the ugly horse nettle are a few others more or less familiar. The long-corolled nicotina nicoti-

flora, which opens, as its name suggests, in the evening, is a favorite garden flower, as is the Nicrambergia, named for the gentle scholar-priest of Buenos Ayres, who first collected it. Another of this family is the matrimony vine, wh not a vi but a shrub with decumbent branches Belladonna also known as atrona, is a night shade. The ladies used it to make a wash for freekles, hence its name "belladonna," beautiful lady. nous properties got for it the name

of the cruel fate, Atropos, who cut the thread of human life as fast as it was drawn out by Lachesis. Last, but not least, comes king to bacco, product of our own soil, the royal weed against which popes have issued bulls and kings mandates, and still vive le roi! And ironv of fate! Our own blessed pope orders his own par-ticular brand of snuff made especially for him at Baltimore. But even a modest Missouri man as he rests after dinner in slippered feet, sans waistcoat, sans necktie, watching the blue smoke curling above his head and dreaming

"That ended it all between Nancy Peeler and me. The kicking fever had done it-although, as I remember it see what was the matter. now, I saw Deacon Peeler out in his "'Clear the way, mother!' the squire hollered. 'Give me room! Don't get in garden hoeing potatoes that morning. my way or I'll make a widower of my-But Nancy married Jepheniah, and the "self at one swoop!" broad acres of old Deacon Peeler to this

"The squire's wife, scared almost to day spread themselves out over yonder death, locked herself up in a closet, and the squire kicked his way out of the back door and brought up in the gargen, along the Sinnemahone as the Biffkins estate, actually calm and peaceful and smiling, as if they hadn't missed the opportunity of being this day on the tax list in the name of Praxiteles Pettioone."-N. Y. Sun. "And that's the way that most una countable kicking fever started along the Sinnemahone. In less than a weel The Count-I haf been told, madam, it had taken a whack at almost every our daughtaire haf ze bad tempaire. The Mamma—Ah, yes, count, but you man, woman and child in that bal wick. The kicking was only the pre-monitory symptom of the fever. After the victim had kicked high and kicked "Ab, how loafly!" - Detroit Free

low, and to the windward and to the leeward, for half an hour or so, the fit would pass away, but it would com-back again after awhile. The kicking stage of the epidemic lasted two days and then the second stage came on This was a scorching fever. Sam Bette when he got over his attack, declare that his fever was so hot that his wife had to keep the sheets wet to prevent their catching fire, but Sam wasn't inative of the Sinnemahoning country He was from this side of the mountain somewhere, and folks didn't believe him. The fever lasted a day, and less behind it a consuming longing for something to drink-not water not coffee nor tea nor milk, but rum, rye apple juice, anything that had tooth and edge to it. This strange symptom of the malady was discovered in a start-ling way. Dominic Dibble was the first victim that it developed in. One even ing while half a dozen of his flock wer ingling their sorrow with the dor le's over his affliction he suddenly

"'Give me rum! Fetch me son scorching rye or biting gin! "The brethren and sisters wer shocked, but Dominie Dibble kept of hollering for rum. No one made a mon to get him any, and at last he sprang of of his chair, rushed out of the hou and made straight for the tavern like n man running to a fire. By and by he came back singing:

"'Home again, home again, From a foreign shore.' "He had a bottle of rum under his arm, and the brethren and sisters hu ried home, feeling that the end of all things couldn't be far away. When got out, though, that the dominie wa simply suffering from the third stage of the kicking fever, they excused him and rejoiced. But the dominie always delared that he never had such a pleas antidote for pain. Then it began to be noticed that this last peculiar stage of the ailment seemed to have no regula period of existence, and it is noted as a fact that the afflicted district wasn't entirely able to be out and around as usual until the tavern keper gave notice that there wasn't a drop of anything left that the last stage of the kicking fever called for.

"During the time the fever lasted three leading citizens of the Sinnema-hone were carried off in their bloom by it, not one of whom even had the con-solution of enjoying the treatment for the last stage. First, there was Abiram

the hard store the kicking fever first struck the district, the doctor said that the harder the victims had to kick the

"It is a very interesting family."-St. last night when he was sick and suffer-ing! You're too heartless for me!' Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Rainbow on the Ground

Will you allow me through your paper to ask if other people have ob-served a rainbow "on the ground," instead of, as usual, in the air; and, if so, would they be so kind as to give the scientific reason for such an appear ance? I have never before to-day watched such a curious sight as that of which I speak. While taking a long country walk I was overtaken by a heavy shower, and while taking refuge from the rain I watched the lights and shadows moving along the valley below me, being myself on the crest of a downlike hill. I was struck by the unusual glow and brightness of the colors in the valley, and as I watched they formed a most brilliantrainbow, perfect in shape and color, but lying "flat on its side, as to speak, on the pasture land below; the top of the arc nearing the opposite hills, and the two ends towards the down I was on. This strange and beau-tiful effect was also witnessed by a friend who was with me. I should be much interested to know if others have at any time seen the like, and could ex-plain the cause.—Letter in London Post.

Man and the Restless Oceans.

A question now being discussed among ethnologists is: To what extent

did the great ocean currents influence the migration of mankind from con-

tinent to continent in prehistoric times?

The fact that a current, starting near the Malay peninsula, and passing the seas of China and Japan, crosses the

Pacific to the western coast of the United States, is regarded by some as

significant concerning the possibility of Asiatics having reached America by

Other vas

he is so good, while true" to me. She's "too good to be true" to me. -Judge. A NATURAL MISTAKE.

movements of the waters of the sea, to which attention has recently been called in connection with this subject are the South Pacific current, which flows from South America toward the Polynesian islands; the Middle Adantic current, which, starting near Spain and the northern coast of Africa, reaches South America and the West Indica; and the North Atlanticicurrent, which ear Spain and then crosses over to the coasts of Eu-

way of the Pacific ocean

rope .- Youth's Companion. much are they a yard?-Chicago Inter COMFORTING

Reason Ebouga. 'Twixt madhouse walls he sits alone; His foolish thoughts in chaos rove. The cause for his gad fate is known-He helped his wife put up the stove. -N. Y. Journal. No Chauge in View. "Kitty thinks Harry doesn't intend to

Reason Enough.

"Has he quit visiting her?" "No; but he gave her a silver name plate for her wheel."-Chicago Record.

A Humane Woman. The Cabman-Gimme your bag, lady, and I'll put it on top of the cab. Mrs. Oatcake (as she gets in)--No; that poor horse of yours has got enough to pull. I'll carry it on my lap.-Judge

One of the Hired Hands. "That man with the red hair nots a though he was one of the proprietors." "Do you think so? I thought his ais was altogether too haughty and over bearing."-Chicago Journal.

Diplomacy. Blank-What! You voluntarily of fered to lend him a dollar? Dash-Yes; you see, I was afraid he had come to borrow five .-- Up-to-Date. | Paul's.

Ocean



"How's yer mother gettin' on, Mary?" "Oh, she's better; doctor don't think she'll die afore Friday now!" - St.

