

1902 BICKEL'S 1902 JANUARY SALE.

Table listing various shoe styles and their prices, including Ladies' warm lined shoes, Men's fine satin calf shoes, and Children's fine dongola tip shoes.

Too Many Felt and Rubber Goods. One lot Children's spring heel rubbers, reduced to \$1.00. One lot Ladies' fine dongola tip shoes, reduced to \$1.50.

Sample counters filled with interesting bargains. Leggins and over-gaiters at reduced prices. It will pay you to visit this great sale and secure some of the bargains being offered.

JOHN BICKEL, 125 SOUTH MAIN STREET, BUTLER, PA.

BARGAIN SALE OF DRY GOODS AND CLOAKS. Five Big Bargain Days. Commencing Tuesday, January 7, 1902.

Genuine Bargains in Coats, Dress Goods, Silks, Linens, Blankets, Outings, Sheetings, Underwear, etc. Sale begins Tuesday, January 7, 1902, and continues until Saturday night, January 12th.

L. Stein & Son, 108 N. MAIN STREET, BUTLER, PA.

Mrs. J. E. ZIMMERMAN'S 18th Semi-Annual Sacrifice Sale. Our Semi-Annual Sacrifice Sale Takes Place as Usual Beginning Wednesday, Jan. 8th, and continuing Throughout the entire month of January.

The many inquiries we are receiving daily asking if we intend to have our sale testify to the popularity of these Sacrifice Sales among our many patrons who have been benefited by attending them in the past.

All Wraps, Suits and Pairs. All Waists, Wrappers and Dressing Sacques. All Millinery—trimmed and untrimmed. All Dress Goods, Silks and Satins.

Mrs. J. E. Zimmerman. Sacrifice prices for cash only. Come early to secure first choice. Sale begins WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 8th, 1902.

K E C K Fall and Winter Weights. Have a hatness about them that mark the wearers, it won't do to wear the last year's output. You won't get the latest things at the stock clothes either.

G. F. KECK, Merchant Tailor, 42 North Main Street, Butler, Pa. All Work Guaranteed.



CELERY KING NATURE'S CURE. Pain in Head, Side and Back. For years I suffered with pain in the head, pain in the side, and in the small of the back.

Soft Harness EUREKA Harness Oil. You can make your harness last as long as you like. It is made of the finest materials and is specially prepared to withstand wear and tear.

CATARRH ELY'S CREAM BALM. Ely's Cream Balm is a sure cure for Catarrh of the Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat, and Lungs. It is made of the finest ingredients and is specially prepared to relieve all kinds of inflammation.

Johnston's Crystal Pharmacy. Beef, Iron and Wine. This is the best Tonic and Blood Purifier. Price, 50c per pint. Prepared and sold only at Johnston's Crystal Pharmacy.

Johnston's Crystal Pharmacy. Everything in the drug line. 108 N. Main St., Butler, Pa. Both Phones.

New Livery Barn W. J. Black. Is doing business in his new barn which Clarence Walker has erected for him.

L. C. WICK, DEALER IN LUMBER. A customer of mine, a Christian, called on me the other day and asked me to sell him some lumber.

Karl Schluchter, Practical Tailor and Cutter. 125 W. Jefferson, Butler, Pa. Bushing, Cleaning and REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

OLD KENESAW'S LAST BATTLE

The Story of a Dying Veteran. BY CHARLES E. VOENGER. "Old Kenesaw is dying!" Had some careless attendant left a door or window open that winter morning and allowed the bitterly cold wind to sweep through the corridor and into the great hospital, there would have been no more shuddering among the hundreds of patients than was caused by this whisper, passed rapidly from cot to cot, from nurse to nurse, speeding across to be disseminated among the hundreds of students in the adjoining hall.

The attending physician, summoned hastily by the alarming symptoms, had stopped but a moment to hand his snow covered cap and ulster to the receiving nurse. A glance into the curtained alcove of the venerable patient, a touch of the pulse, the briefest study of the prostrations that were but the surface indications of the terrible torture within, and the doctor turned away with a look of utter despair and helplessness.

"No hope, doctor?" The head nurse had witnessed other death struggles, and it is said that nurses become hard to such scenes, the glacial interpretation of the doctor's manner left her presenting a picture of abject misery. "Oh, dear, dear, to think that kind old Kenesaw must suffer so!" Through her wet eyes she looked at the worn, wasted old body writhing and twisting upon the cot. "Oh, doctor, if you are quite sure he cannot recover, is there any way—can't you make the end less painful?"

Dr. Blank had turned away from the scene and was looking vacantly out of the window, if he made no answer, his response to the nurse's appeal, it was because he was reviving the same perplexing problem in his own mind. Although he had grown gray in the hospital service, Dr. Blank was for the first time in his life faced with a most violent case of angina pectoris, but he recognized it as hopeless beyond all human means.

What could be done to ease Old Kenesaw in a losing struggle with death? The hospital was a long way from the city, and it was tearing the very heart from the victim and subjecting him to the worst torture man can experience. Aside from the means of the dying man the little room was quiet. The few seconds that the doctor stood there pondering seemed an age to the nurse and the intern who first glanced in sadness and terror at the patient, then in appeal to the silent man at the window. Presently the doctor's dark, hopeless countenance changed to a gleam of hope as discerned in his quick command: "Send for Anslay. Take my horse and buggy and get him here quickly as possible."

Then, as an intern hastened through the hall to carry out these instructions, the sad news spread over the great buildings, whispered by nurse to nurse, by patient to his neighbor in the next cot.

"Old Kenesaw is dying!" Never was a man more truly loved. Many years before he had come to the hospital suffering from old age and the ailments of a long life. In the hospital swamps during four years' service in the civil war. Broken in health, without a home or relative, depending upon his scanty pension for his support, and shattered body together, he drifted into the free clinic and asked for treatment. As "No. 74" he had first become known, and as "No. 74" he was known to all who cared for him. In fact, no one wanted him to go. He had become a sort of general factotum, and his services were regarded as well worth his bed and board.

Old Kenesaw had access to every book and corner of the hospital. The patients drew inspiration from his kindly old face, and his stories of camp and battle served as a tonic. To the children in the hospital Kenesaw was the incarnation of all that was good, kind and helpful. He was their champion, their never failing friend. He would creep to the cots of the little sufferers, chase away thoughts of pain and bring smiles to their wan faces with his inexhaustible fund of stories. Once when a child, scaling the dizzy heights between life and death, had cried for some additional aid. It was of record that Old Kenesaw had dragged eight miles to find a large bunch of the flaming yellow flowers and placed them where the child could see them. He lured the little patients to sleep with his quaint old lullabies when nurses' words and doctors' opiates had failed. Small wonder they all loved Old Kenesaw, the friend, the comforter and the confidant.

The veteran, half unconscious by reason of the terrible pain he was suffering, at first paid no heed to the powerful figure bending over him, but a few moments later he turned and tossed about, but slowly, surely, the stronger one was gaining the mastery. Old Kenesaw now glanced into the penetrating eyes and turned away, but again he looked and again. He seemed powerless to look elsewhere. Gradually the morning ceased; he became less frantic. Presently the body was motionless. The thin lips moved, but no sound came from them. Only his rapid, labored breathing could be heard.

This far the hypnotist had said nothing. His dominating mind and intense gaze alone had silenced the cries of pain, quieted the tortured body and made the mind of his subject insensible to the terrific process that was fast bringing his life to an end. But he was going further. Seizing both the patient's hands in his own, he shouted: "Here, comrade, comrade! Wake up! Come, come; it will never do to lie there! Come on, the ambulance is waiting to pick you up. The bullet stunned you, old man. Come on! They need you at the front. Don't you hear the cannon booming and the rifles crackling? Kenesaw! Kenesaw! Get up! Hoopay, we've got 'em on the run!"

The illusion had gone home. As the veteran listened to these stirring words he drew himself up to a sitting posture and passed his wrinkled old hands over his glazing eyes as if to remove something from them. No, his vision. Great beads of perspiration stood out upon his pale face, and an unearthly fire came into his eyes. The lips that had for so many minutes been motionless, now began to move. "What is that you say, Cottrell, old fellow? Give me your hand! Thought I had lost my mind, but you're right. What's the company? Sure! That's our company! I'll stay up the mountain. Hoopay! Hoopay! Hoopay! Come on, my boys, come on! It seems a bit smoky, but come on; we've got 'em on the run. Hoopay! Hoopay! Hoopay!"

At one of his stations in the far north the fishing had been unsuccessful for the greater part of the season, and there was no prospect of improvement when he looked into the matter. Upon examining his agent's letters from that place for some years past, he found by a comparison of dates that at a certain place herrings were likely to be found. He accordingly instructed his agent to send his boats to that spot.

The fishermen laughed at the idea of a man sitting some hundreds of miles away from the sea, waiting for fish, but as his orders were positive they had to obey, and the consequence was that they returned next morning loaded with herrings. "Some big serpents, however, like the boas and pythons, really have hind legs, though they are quite rudimentary. Pythons, you know, are constrictors, crushing their prey in their coils. They have no poison glands, but they can bite terrifically with their many teeth, which turn inward like hooks, so that a person once seized would have little chance of disengaging himself save by chopping off the head of the animal."

A prominent Bostonian inquired of a London shopkeeper for Hare's "Walks in London." The shopkeeper, after much search, found it on his shelves, but in two volumes.

"Ah," said the Bostonian, "you have your Hare parted in the middle over here." "What?" queried the Englishman blankly, passing his hands over his eyes. "The next day the Bostonian called for another book. "I'm so glad you returned," said the Englishman. "I want to tell you I see that joke."

Dr. A.—Why do you always make such particular inquiries as to what your patients eat? Does that assist you in your diagnosis? Dr. B.—Not much, but it enables me to ascertain their social position and arrange my fees accordingly.—Tit-Bits.

HECTOR

A Story in Which a Dog Plays the Principal Part. Not that son of Brian, the beloved of Andromache, but still a real prince of his race and greatly beloved by one small woman. A magnificent mastiff is Hector, as brave and bold, not to say as gallant and noble, as any man a hero with two legs. As for dogs not being able to think, any one who can entertain such an idea deserves to live in a "chill condition of dejectionness" to the end of his days. I will tell you about a person, and you may judge for yourself.

Having been suddenly thrown upon my own resources, as so often before, I had no choice but to make the best of it. I determined to cultivate the only talent I possessed, that for painting. I had a place both cheap to live in and offering unusual facilities for art study. I accordingly went there. Without a personal acquaintance, I secured a person of affairs, and what was a business woman to do with so costly, not to say inconvenient, an apprentice as a chaperon? All winter I studied and copied the galleries, and when summer came I took the little steamboat which runs up and down the Elbe, leaving its smokestack so deplorably full of pictures and painted up pictures to castles to sketch.

"Lieben-felsen" was the beautiful old Schloss I felt specially in love with, so I finally persuaded a friendly couple who lived near it to take me to board for a few weeks. They had rather a nice little house and a garden that sloped down to the water's edge. There, under the overhanging trees, I used to sit for hours gazing up at the massive towers just on the other side of the castle wall. Now when a feeling of loneliness swept over me, and my heart yearned for some of the pleasures of my joyous past.

"I had not returned to Dresden as soon as I had intended. Indeed, I finally decided not to return at all, but to make my home in the beautiful old castle. I had always been opposed to American girls marrying foreign noblemen, and the count had, he told me, a most disapproving opinion of American girls in general, but, you see, Hector had made a great splash. Yes, his mind—not to spare either of us, and he is such a fine fellow we could but acquiesce in the matter.

Destroyive Earthquakes. In 1903 an earthquake overturned fifty-four cities and towns; Catania and its 18,000 inhabitants were wiped out of existence and more than 100,000 lives were lost altogether. In 1702 Yedo, Japan, was ruined and 300,000 people killed. In 1731 Mexico lost 100,000 by an earthquake. In 1754 100,000 were engulfed at Grand Cairo. The following year Lisbon was wrecked the second time, losing 60,000 people. The same year Kaschan, Persia, with 400,000 inhabitants was totally destroyed. In 1759 Baalbek, Syria, was destroyed, 20,000 persons being killed. The same number perished at Aleppo in 1852. In 1851 Mefti, India, was ruined and 14,000 lives lost. In 1857 in Calcutta and elsewhere not less than 10,000 perished by earthquake shocks. One authority on the subject estimates that in the years between 1755 and 1857 the kingdom of Naples lost not less than 11,000 of its people by earthquakes.

Soldiers of the Civil War. The muster rolls of the Union armies of the rebellion show that out of 2,000,000 in round numbers three-fourths were native Americans; Germany furnished 175,000, Ireland 150,000, England 50,000, British America 50,000 and other countries 75,000—in all about 500,000 foreigners. Forty-eight per cent of our soldiers were farmers, 27 per cent mechanics, 16 per cent laborers, 5 per cent professional men, and 1 per cent were of miscellaneous vocations. The average height of our soldiers was 5 feet 8 1/2 inches, including the large number of recruits from recent immigrants.

Fleeing De Maupassant. It is said that the journalist Maupassant hit upon a happy scheme of fleeing Guy de Maupassant, who once maintained near his home at Etretat a rabbit warren of his own. He determined to plant choice vegetables and rare shrubs in the adjoining fields, and every year De Maupassant had to pay for the damage done by his rabbits. After a few years he got tired of this sort of thing. He computed that the few rabbits he shot cost him about \$20 apiece, which was rather too much for an enthusiastic sportsman to pay; so he determined to destroy his game preserve. There were only four or five burrows in the enclosure, and a few ferrets soon dislodged all the inhabitants.

Bees of Fine Discrimination. Morelia has some other odd things—like the portales or arcades, where friendly bees and wasps devoured the candies and were not scared off. I asked an old woman sitting behind a large stand loaded with candied fruit, dulcées of all sorts, sugar plums and marmalades candy: "Won't these bees sting a fellow?" "Oh, no, senor; don't be afraid. They are my intelligent and can tell a customer right off." "But would they sting a thief, for instance?" "Certainly, senor. They are very intelligent. Poor things! They do no harm and are much company. They won't live." I watched these winged insects, with all their puny of war ready, and was fascinated. Then I asked another question: "But would not a Morelian bee sting a Yankee?" "Not if he were a customer, caballero!"—Mexican Cor, Boston Herald.

FARM AND GARDEN

A Pit Constructed Under Floor of a Barn on Dry Soil. Where there is no barn cellar the roots to be fed the stock are usually stored in the house cellar and carried out daily, entailing a great amount of work. Where the barn has some space beneath it, a dry location and a tight foundation an American Agriculturist correspondent advises that a pit can be dug under some convenient point in the barn.

The regular Langstroth frame is made of the same material, and the dimensions are as follows: 19 1/2 inches deep, 13 1/2 inches wide and 20 inches deep, outside measure. The material used is pine boards planed down to seven-eighths of an inch in thickness. Each hive contains eight of above frames and each frame carries 1 1/2 inches in space. Almost every one who commences with some other hive system or later make the change, and very often at considerable expense.

Factory and Home Workmanship. The hive should not only be substantially built, but should have accurate spaces, a close fitting rainproof cover or roof. Factory made hives, as a rule, best meet these requirements, as both lock joints and half corners can only be made to advantage by machinery, and the expert hive builder understands, of course, the absolute necessity of great accuracy in the spaces, as well as the great desirability of good material and workmanship.

CORN MACHINERY. The Progress of the Harvester—Combined Husker and Shredder. It is only within a few years that any attempt has been made to furnish the farmer with corn harvesting machinery that is all comparable with that long ago invented for harvesting small grain, says Iowa Homestead. The immense waste of stover continued for years all over the corn belt, and the figures representing the waste, if they had been even conservatively estimated, would be startling indeed. There is every reason to believe, however, that better conditions will prevail in the future. The corn harvester appeared in 1885, and, although its introduction was somewhat slow, as is the case with all new ideas, the machinery to which we report that about 35,000 harvesters were sold during the present year, and the demand was so great that it could not be supplied. It is estimated that within a very few years the annual sales of the corn harvester will amount to 100,000.

Crude Petroleum Spray. Crude petroleum seems to be effective in controlling the corn ear-worm when properly and intelligently used. Either a green or amber colored oil may be used provided it has a specific gravity of not less than 43 degrees at a temperature of 90 degrees F. It can only be used when the trees are dormant. In this respect crude petroleum and kerosene act directly opposite. The sprayer especially to peach trees. It may be used either undiluted or in the 20 or 25 per cent mixture.

Spiders Webbed. The webs of those spiders which spin across doors, as the geometrical garden spider, are formed of two sorts of silk, one of which is used for the main cables and the radiating threads, the other for the concentric threads. The latter are thickly studded with minute globules of a viscous substance, which retains the fly, gnat or mosquito that may blunder against them, while the former are quite dry and harmless. A third kind of silk is produced by the long little spinner when some such large insect as a wasp has become entangled in the web and threatens to break the delicate structure in its struggles. This takes the form of an amber-like mass, which is suddenly produced and which effectually prevents any further gyrations on the part of the captured insect.—Cornell Magazine.

A Saving Man. "Rikins got married rather suddenly, didn't he?" "Yes; somebody gave him a railway pass to Bournemouth for two, and he didn't want to waste it."—London Tit-Bits.

Buenos Ayres is the largest city south of the equator. Rio de Janeiro comes next, and Sydney, New South Wales, is a good third.

AFIARISTS' WINTER WORK.

The Time to Buy Hives, Furniture and Other Things. After the bees are tucked away comfortably in their winter quarters there is little else of outside work to be done until the spring. The beekeepers of the North are kept busy during the winter. Of course every beekeeper has a shop or little nook somewhere to work in. If one has a furnace in the cellar and there are windows enough to let in the light, no better place could be desired. "Another advantage," says Mr. Herman, "in buying supplies early is that you can buy at a discount. The prices of December and running through the winter. The earlier the purchases are made the larger the discount."

DOORS TO FIT. The feeding floor and a light wall of brick or stones laid up about the sides, extending up to the barn floor. Through this floor an opening is cut and "bulldozed" doors arranged over it, as shown in the cut. Rank up the brick or stone wall about the pit with earth on the outside, heaping up this banking nearly to the barn floor, and there should be no trouble from freezing.

CONCERNING CELERY. Principal Popular Varieties—Bleaching and Winter Storage. At the Rhode Island station a study has been made of the principal varieties of celery in cultivation in this country during the past fifty years. The principal modifications that the celery plant has undergone in the last half century are found to be the greater localization of the flesh; growth in the center of the plant, self-blanching tendencies and earlier maturity. According to Professor Kinney, the varieties that have been recognized by growers as having special merit are Sandringham (Incomparable Dwarf), Boston Market, Golden Heart, White Plume, Rose, Paris Golden and Giant Pascal. The Paris Golden or Golden Self-Blanching celery is the variety generally grown in the local market garden of Rhode Island.

Blanching With Earth or Soda. At the Pennsylvania station a test was made of the varieties that have been recognized by growers as having special merit are Sandringham (Incomparable Dwarf), Boston Market, Golden Heart, White Plume, Rose, Paris Golden and Giant Pascal. The Paris Golden or Golden Self-Blanching celery is the variety generally grown in the local market garden of Rhode Island.

Planting Pot Winter Use. C. B. Waldron of the North Dakota station advises that celery for winter use should be planted in boxes, cellars or pits about two inches in length, and the bunches should also receive considerable top pruning, but the outer stalks should not be stripped off. White Plume is the best variety so far for general culture.

Grow in Shade. The New Jersey station reports experiments in shading young celery. Six varieties were tested in this way, but the length and the bunching size of other plants of the same lot that were in the full sun, but later in the season, with shorter days and less light, was considerably larger, crisp and surpassed the shaded ones.

Cowpeas Hay Condemned. A Carlisle (Pa.) gentleman who has recently established a gilt edged dairy of 200 cows on one of his farms and whose wealth permits careful and extensive experimental work writes: "I can't agree to all that you say about cowpeas. I grew this year for cow feed disgusted me with the plant—that is, for food. The yield was fairly good, but the cows just refused to eat them. I grew this year for cow feed disgusted me with the plant—that is, for food. The yield was fairly good, but the cows just refused to eat them. I grew this year for cow feed disgusted me with the plant—that is, for food. The yield was fairly good, but the cows just refused to eat them."

Another Matter. City Magistrate—Of course I don't wish to stand in the way of my daughter's happiness, but I know so little of Mr. Hawkins. What is your verdict? Mr. Hawkins (airily)—Oh, I write—er—poetry, novels—er—plays and that sort of thing. City Magistrate—Indeed! Most interesting! And how do you live?—Punch.