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THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL. XXXX BUTLER, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1903 No 6

February Prices AT Bickel's.

Men's Gray Felts and Extra Heavy Goodyear—Glove Overs	$1 00
Men's Extra Heavy Goodyear Glove perfections	50
Men's first quality rubbers	50
Boys' first quality rubbers	40
Misses' Canvas boots	90
LEATHER GOODS-	
Men's fine satin calf shoes—latest styles	$ 95
Boys' " " " " " "	90
Youths' " " " " " "	75
Men's Heavy sole and tap working shoes	1 00
Men's Double sole and tap. box-toe shoes	1 25
Boys' Heavy every-day shoes	90
LADIES' FINE SHOES	
Ladies' $1.25 warm lined shoes	$ 75
Misses' fine Dongola shoes, sizes 11½ to 2	80
1 lot Misses' fine Kangaroo-calf $1.75 shoes	1 15
1 lot Ladies' fine Dongola $1.50 shoes	1 00
Baker & Bowman's $4.00 fine shoes—hand turns and hand welts	2 50
1 lot children's 75c red shoes at	25
Children's fine shoes	25c, 35c, 50c and 60c

All Winter Goods to be closed out Regardless of Cost.
Leggins and Overgaiters at greatly reduced prices.
Sample Counters filled with Interesting Bargains.
Repairing neatly and Promptly Done.

JOHN BICKEL,
128 South Main St., :-: BUTLER, PA.

HUSELTON'S C. O. D. Sale of Shoes

There Is a Bunch of Money

Lost and made in Shoes this month!
We lose—You win!
1250 pairs Fall and Winter Shoes.
Men's, Women's and Children's—so far not sold—will, as is our custom—BE CUT IN PRICE and promptly gotten rid of!

SALE IS NOW GOING ON! TAKE DUE NOTICE!

OPP. HOTEL LOWRY. **HUSELTON'S** DON'T ASK FOR SIZES ASK TO BE FIT.

OVERCOATS At 1-2 Prices.

We will sell 150 Men's Overcoats at 1-2 price

The balance of our Men's Overcoats at a bargain. Your choice of any Boys' or Child's Overcoat in our store for just 1-2 price.

The public knows we only have ONE PRICE and always make it in plain figures. So when we say ½ price it means something. We also have odds and ends in Suits, Shirts, Hats and Furnishings that we will close out at a Bargain.

CALL SOON—THIS SALE ONLY LASTS 15 DAYS.

Yours for Clothing,

DOUTHETT & GRAHAM.

K E C K

Fall & Winter Weights

Have a nattiness about them that mark the wearer, it won't do to wear the last year's output. You won't get the latest things at the stock clothiers either. The up-to-date tailor only can supply them, if you want not only the latest things in cut and fit and workmanship, the finest in durability, where else can you get combinations, you get them at

K E C K

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

LEVINTONS'

Great Reduction Sale of High-Class Clothing.

This great sale gathers force as it grows. Immense stocks have been brought from the stock room and thrown upon the Bargain Tables to take the place of the lots depleted by the terrific onslaught of the buyers since Saturday morning. Everything under our roof is price-slashed—no thought of profits exists now. All our energy is bent upon clearing out as much merchandise as possible before this sale is over.

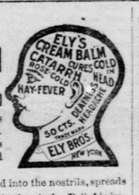
Men's Suits and Overcoats.

Regular Price $6.00, sale price	$ 3.75
Regular Price 7.50, sale price	5.00
Regular Price 10 and $12, sale price	7.50
Regular Price 13.50 to $15, sale price	9.75
Regular Price 18.00 to $22, sale price	14.50
Regular Price 25.00 to $28, sale price	19.50

LEVINTONS'

Reliable One Price Clothers,
122 S. Main St., Butler, Pa

Nasal CATARRH
In all its stages.
Ely's Cream Balm
cleanses, soothes and heals the diseased membrane. It cures catarrh and drives away a cold in the head quickly.



Cream Balm is placed into the nostrils, spreads over the membrane and is absorbed. Relief is immediate and a cure follows. It is not drying—does not produce sneezing. Large Size, 50 cents at Druggists or by mail; Trial Size, 10 cents.

℞

Johnston's Beef, Iron and Wine

is the Best Tonic and Blood Purifier.
Price, 50c pint.
Prepared and sold only at

Johnston's Crystal Pharmacy,

R. M. LOGAN, Ph. G., Manager.
106 N. Main St., Butler, Pa
Both 'Phones
Everything in the drug line.

Men's Goods.

BIG SALE OF MEN'S HATS AND FURNISHINGS.

All heavy Winter goods are included in this sale.

All soft and stiff hats at ¼ off
All soft and stiff bosom colored shirts at ¼ off
All heavy lined gloves at ¼ off
All heavy underwear ¼ off
All mufflers at ¼ off
All neckwear at ¼ off
All Men's and Boys' caps ¼ off

Odds and ends at any old price.

Jno. S. Wick

HATTER and MEN'S FURNISHER.
Opposite P. O.
BUTLER, PA.

Pearson B. Nace's

Livery Feed and Sale Stable
Rear of **Wick House, Butler, Penn'a.**

The best of horses and first class rigs always on hand and for hire.
Best accommodations in town for permanent boarding and transient trade. Special care guaranteed.

Stable Room For 65 Horses.

A good class of horses, both drivers and draft horses always on hand and for sale under a full guarantee; and horses bought upon proper notification by

PEARSON B. NACE,

Telephone No. 219.

A Safe Investment—Fine Farm For Sale.

$7,000; farm of 50 acres, 4 miles from Mars Station, one mile from Brush Creek and Perrysville road; house of nine rooms, gas, center hall, porches, two cellars; the farm is all fenced with wire, locust posts; a good bank barn 40x60, wagon shed 20x40; a large chicken house 20x30, piped with gas; the farm is well watered and watered in two forms; it has a large apple orchard, 4 oil wells, royalty $40 per month; 10 acres which are not leased for oil can be leased at any time with a guarantee of drilling a well; the land is all cleared, good soil; reasons for selling closing up an estate. See M. J. EHRENFELD, 1922 Forbes st., Pittsburg, Pa.

The WOOING OF MISS PRISCILLA

By Carrie Hunt Latta

Copyright, 1901, by C. H. Latta

As she drew near to a small house which was built well back from the road Miss Priscilla glanced at it with pretended indifference. Then she looked closer, stopped and looked again.

"How shet up Sam'l Clayton's house do look! Mebby he's went away. Mebby he's went west. He said he would of I didn't marry him. But, law me, that was years an' years ago, an' ef he'd ben goin' he'd 'a' went long ago. Mebby he's sick an' all by hisself! I wouldn't live on a byroad fer a finer farm 'n this of Sam'l's."

She took a few steps farther, then stopped. There was a determined look on her face.

"It ain't proper fer a lone wummin ter go ter the house of a lone man, but I ain't goin' ter stop fer that ner nothin' else when they's a prospec' of Sam'l Clayton bein' sick with nobody ter complain ter."

She walked briskly up the lane which led to the little house. The blinds were drawn and the front gate was closed. The barnyard gate hung open, and the chickens wandered about the dooryard disconsolately, while out in the shed the cow lowed piteously.

"No tellin' when that cow's ben milked er how long she's ben shet up without feed an' water. Somethin's happened. I hope—oh, I do hope—it ain't nothin' awful. Sam'l's 'bout the only friend I've got here'bouts, an' ef he was ter die"—

She had to wipe the tears from her eyes before she knocked.

There was no answer. Her breath came fast. She knocked again.

"What yo' want?" The voice was decidedly cross.

Miss Priscilla opened the door cautiously, keeping her face turned away.

"Sam'l Clayton, is they anything the matter?"

"Nothin'," he answered grimly, "'ceptin' I'm flat on my back an' ain't able ter git up."

The door flew open, and Miss Priscilla entered.

"I know I ain't doin' the proper thing, Sam'l, so don't be castin' up nothin', but— My goodness, Sam'l, yo're as yaller as gold"

"That's comfortin', Percilly."

"Yo've got yaller janders, I reckon. I don't blame yo' none fer not wantin' ter git up. When I had 'em, I couldn't turn over in bed."

"I do want ter git up, but I can't, Percilly."

"Don't yo' be cross, Sam'l. They ain't no call fer it. I'm sorry fer yo', awful sorry, an', though it ain't the thing, I'm goin' ter stay here an' red things up some. Then I'll git word to yer brother Robert. Air yo' thirsty, Sam'l?"

He nodded.

"An' hungry?"

He put out his tongue at her and made a wry face.

"No; I reckon yo' ain't hungry, but yo're weak fer somethin' ter eat, an' yo'll git it right soon."

She went into the kitchen, and Samuel heard her muttering and talking to herself. She put her head in at the door.

"Is that glass there on the table the only one yo've got, Sam'l?"

"I'm the only one ter use a glass, Percilly, an' I never hev cump'ny."

"What's it got in it anyhow?"

"Ginger tea, Percilly."

Miss Priscilla picked the glass up and smelled of the contents.

"Phfew! Sakes alive. I s'pose yo' fixed it?"

Miss Priscilla disappeared, taking the glass with her. She soon returned with a glass of sparkling cold water.

Miss Priscilla straightened the sheet, put clean cases on the pillows, opened the windows and put the room in order. Samuel's face brightened as he watched her.

"Got anything 'bout the house ter eat, Sam'l?" she asked presently.

"Things as spile easy is hangin' in the well, an' the rest of the things is in the cellar, Percilly."

Miss Priscilla fed the chickens, milked the cow and turned her into the pasture. When she returned, she put the milk away, then entered the room again, bringing a cup of hot broth.

"It ain't cooked 'nough, Sam'l, but it won't do fer yo' to go any longer with a impty stummick. Eat some."

She propped him up in bed, and he did as he was bidden.

"That's the first good broth I've et sence mother died."

"I don't doubt that, Sam'l. Yo're the porest 'xcuse fer a housekeeper I ever seen. The whole house is awful. I ain't s'prised yo're sick. I'd be dead."

"It ain't my fault as I'm my own housekeeper, Percilly Blake," he answered significantly.

She flushed red.

"Well, I see plain as I'll hev to go an' leave yo' by yourself an' not wait fer yer brother ter come. Don't make matters unproperer than they air a'reddy."

"My, but yo' air b'hind the times! Brother moved ter Ioway five weeks ago comin' Thursday."

"They's other naybers, Sam'l," she snapped.

All the rest of the day she watched for a passing vehicle that she might hail its occupant and send for some one to look after Samuel. Toward evening she grew uneasy. She had refused to talk to Samuel for some time, as he would talk of personal matters, but now she turned to him anxiously.

"Sam'l, I can't bear ter leave yo' by yo'rself ag'in ternight."

"I guess I won't die ef yo're anxious ter go, Percilly."

"I ain't anxious ter go, an' yo' know it."

"Then stay an' let folks talk ef they want ter."

"I can't 'ford ter do that, Sam'l."

Then there was another long silence. Miss Priscilla looked down the road anxiously, finally going down to the gate to see if she could get a glimpse of any one.

"He might git worse in the night," she murmured to herself. "I never was so put out in all my life."

Samuel looked into her eyes as she came in.

"See anybody?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"Percilly, w'y, say, do yo' 'member what I asked yo' onct?"

She made no reply and looked steadily down the road.

"Well," he went on, "them's still my feelin's."

She shaded her eyes as if to see better and did not answer.

"W'y, Percilly, say, ef I'm not dead by mornin', won't yo' hook up old Kit to the buggy an' drive over fer the preacher an' fetch him over an' hev 'im marry yo' an' me?"

Miss Priscilla sprang to her feet. Her face was crimson with anger.

"Sam'l Clayton, ain't yo' 'shamed ter insult me in yo'r own house? Do yo' think that's what I come over here fer? Shame on yo'!"

And, covering her face, she burst into tears.

"Fer the Lord's sake, 'Cilly, now don't do that. I wouldn't 'a' made yo' cry fer the farm. Course yo' didn't come here fer that. I've ben wantin' ter say this, howsumever, ever sence I said it that time so long ago. But yo' know yo' wouldn't ever let me talk 'bout it. I'm lovin' yo' all this time, an', Percilly, yo' jest can't know how lonesome I am."

Miss Priscilla wiped her eyes and looked at him.

"That broth made yo' a heap better, didn't it, Sam'l?"

"A heap better," he answered smilingly.

"Well, yo're well 'nough ter leave by yo'rself, ain't yo'?"

"The 'xcitement of yer goin' away would upset me, I'm shore."

"Anyhow I'm goin', Sam'l."

"Yo' ain't give me no answer to that question, 'Cilly." A 'Yes,' said good an' strong, would cure me."

"I'm goin' home an' do the milkin' an' feed the chickens an' do the chores."

"I hate ter stay by myself 'nother night, that I do. I hed sech a oncomfortable night las' night."

"Yo' pore man!" she said kindly. "Well, as I was sayin', I'll go home an' do the chores, an' while I'm there I'll change my dress. I think I'll hook up old Belle—I ain't ust ter Kit—an' I'll send Bob Coldron over ter stay with yo' while I'm away. I'll hev his wife come too. They'll do fer witnesses, yo' know."

"Do yo' mean yo're goin' ter hev me, Percilly?" he asked eagerly.

"I reckon I do," she answered, fingering her sunbonnet.

"'Cilly, they's one thing I wisht yo'd give me 'fore yo' start, somethin' ter keep up my strength till yo' git back."

He looked at her wistfully.

"More beef tea, Sam'l?" she asked, but there was a twinkle in her eyes.

"Yo' know better—somethin' I asked yo' fer an' tried ter steal long time ago."

She hesitated for an instant, then leaned over and kissed him.

Woman's Sense of Humor.

It certainly seems that in much of the humor of women there is a trait closely allied to the retort courteous, as shown, for instance, in the following citations. It was a woman who, en revanche and with gentle satire, said, "I am sorry for Man; just at that awkward age between the ape and the angel." Another woman it was who remarked after reading the Carlyle letters, "Yes, it is true; Mrs. Carlyle was a martyr, but she wasn't a good martyr, or we'd never have heard of it." Better known is the anecdote of the learned and fastidious New England woman who, being in need of a pin, was asked by a friend, who was somewhat in awe of her, what kind of pin she wanted and hit off the situation wittily with her indignant reply, "The common white pin of North America." In all these instances one may discern something of "the look downward." It would be interesting to know if this is characteristic of the humor of the sex.—Century.

The Postmaster Was Cautious.

I was expecting a letter at a Dakota postoffice, and when I went to inquire for it I found the postmaster to be doubtful of my identity.

"Sure you're the man?" he asked.

"Of course."

"Willing to make affidavit to it?"

"I am."

"Not after any one else's letters?"

"No, sir."

"Willing to swear and sign your name?"

"I told you I was."

"Where would the letter be from?" he continued.

"Boston, perhaps."

"And written to you?"

"Certainly. You seem to be over-particular here."

"Yes, mebbe I am, but being as nobody here has got a letter for the last month and being as there is none for you and not likely to be I thought I wouldn't take any desperate chances, you know."

Never Needed Vindication.

"You were never compelled to ask for a vindication?"

"A vindication?" echoed Senator Sorghum scornfully. "I should say not. My motto is, 'Don't get caught in the first place.'"—Washington Star.

LACEMAKING.

An Old Legend That Tells of the Origin of the Art.

Lacemaking is by no means so old an industry as most persons suppose. There is no proof that it existed previous to the fifteenth century, and the oldest known painting in which it appears is a portrait of a lady in the academy at Venice painted by Caspaccio, who died about 1523. The legend concerning the origin of the art is as follows:

A young fisherman of the Adriatic was betrothed to a young and beautiful girl of one of the isles of the lagoon. Industrious as she was beautiful, the girl made a new net for her lover, who took it with him on board his boat. The first time he cast it into the sea he dragged therefrom an exquisite petrified wrack grass, which he hastened to present to his fiancee. But, war breaking out, the fisherman was pressed into the service of the Venetian navy. The poor girl wept at the departure of her lover and contemplated his last gift to her. But while absorbed in following the intricate tracery of the wrack grass she began to twist and plait the threads weighted with small beads which hung around her net. Little by little she wrought an imitation of the petrification, and thus was created the bobbin lace.

We Owe the Hat to Asia.

We owe the hat to Asia, for it was in that country that the art of felting wool was first known, and from the most remote periods the art was carried on by the orientals. In India, China, Burma and Siam hats are made of straw, of rattan, of bamboo, of pith, of the leaf of the Tallport palm and of a large variety of grasses. The Japanese made their hats of paper. The modern hat can be traced back to the petasurs worn by the ancient Romans when on a journey, and hats with brims were also used by the earlier Greeks.

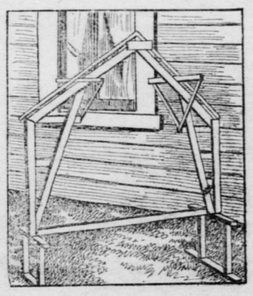
It was not until after the Roman conquest that the use of hats began in England. A "hatte of biever," about the middle of the twelfth century, was worn by one of the nobles of the land. Fraissort describes hats and plumes which were worn at Edward's court in 1340, when the Garter order was instituted. The merchant in Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" had "on his head a Flaunderish beaver hat," and from that period onward there is frequent mention of "felt hattes."

FARM AND GARDEN

A PLANK FRAME BARN.

The Plank Frame Has Come to Stay. Mr. Fisher's Model.

The Shawver, Wing, Hickox, Fisher and other plank frames are built upon the same general principles, differing only in some details, as to bracing, supports, etc. They have all stood the test of practical use. The plank frame



INTERIOR BENT.

has come to stay, says Ohio Farmer, to which Mr. Fisher has furnished two photographs, one showing an interior bent and the other showing the inventor sitting upon the model, to show its strength. The model shown was constructed of common plastering lath put together with three-quarter inch wire brads, and it supports several

A TEST OF STRENGTH.

times the weight of a man. Mr. Fisher writes that the stability and economy of this frame have been practically tested and triumphantly demonstrated by several large barns built upon this plan.

A CORNMAKER.

The Kind of Ear That Is Most Productive—A Large Cob Liked.

A perfect, well developed, standard ear, a variety that is capable of making the greatest possible amount of shelled corn per acre, must not be shorter than eight inches in length; the grain must not be less than a half inch in depth of grain—three-quarter inch would be better. We are partial to a large cob—in fact, we do not care how large or how long as the depth of grain is maintained. It is farther around a large cob than a small one, hence there is more room for corn, writes G. H. Turner of Mississippi to Southern Cultivator.

Short ears invariably have deep grains and long ears just as invariably have shallow grains. The ears chosen for seed should be even their entire length and well filled out at both ends and should yield 90 per cent of grain. It is possible to get 100 ears that will shell three bushels; it is possible to get a grain so firm and solid that a measured bushel will weigh upward of sixty pounds.

Weight of Ear and Depth of Grain.

The weight of our ears of corn ranges from one and one-half to two pounds per ear, the depth of grain from a half inch to seven-eighths of an inch in depth, and the grain is always solid enough to weigh upward of fifty-six pounds to the bushel.

While the grain should be solid enough to weigh well it should at the same time be soft enough to be easy of both mastication and digestion, yet not soft enough to rot in the field badly.

We have this much to say about seed corn for the reason that maximum yields can never be obtained per acre unless the seed is of the very best.

Preservation of Manure.

The Ohio experiment station considers that it will pay well to give more attention than is done on the average farm to the preservation of barnyard manure, first, by guarding it from the sources of loss which occur in the ordinary open barnyard, and, second, by treating it with materials calculated to reduce the losses from escaping ammonia on the one hand and to increase its content of phosphoric acid on the other.

To accomplish this purpose acid phosphate appears to be the material producing the largest and most profitable immediate increase in effectiveness of the manure, but the experiments strongly suggest the possibility that the finely ground phosphatic rock from which acid phosphate is made may be found an economical substitute for the latter by using it as an absorbent in the stables and thus securing an intimate mixture with the manure in its fresh condition.

SILAGE TALK.

Varieties of Corn That Yield Largest Crops at the Right Stage.

Results of the New Hampshire and other stations invariably agree that the best silage is obtained from corn that has nearly reached maturity, with ears fully formed and well filled. At this stage of growth also a corn plant has reached its maximum of food production. Varieties of corn should be selected which yield the largest crops at this stage rather than those which produce large plants, but are yet immature at cutting time. This practice is already followed by many farmers. For New Hampshire a standard variety is the Leaming dent corn, while in those portions of the state with too short a season for that variety the Sanford flint corn can be advantageously used.

The Sugar In Green Fodder.

The sugar in the green fodder is practically all destroyed in the silo, and since it is most abundant in the corn plant in the early stages of ear development it is an additional argument for postponing cutting until the grain is full size and the sugars have changed largely to starch. The amount of seed per acre affects the yield of green fodder and also its composition.

A medium stand is essential for the best results in both quantity and quality.

Amount of Seed Per Acre.

The practice of using a half bushel of seed per acre is good. In a favorable season, with plenty of fertilizer, more seed could be profitably used, but the tendency is to inferiority in quality, especially in decreasing the protein and increasing the fiber.

Dressed Turkeys For Shipment.

In shipping dressed poultry there are some essentials to be considered. The prospective city buyer may not know a dry picked fowl from a scalded one, but the commission merchant does. Now, the fowl should be killed by inserting a knife in the roof of the mouth, thereby penetrating the brain. Hang the bird up by the feet to bleed out. When this has stopped, dip hastily in hot water, then at once in cold water and pick. This process hardens the flesh and makes them easy to pick. The packing boxes should be lined with white paper and fowls laid in, alternating head and feet—that is, if ten birds constitute a row, have five heads point one way and five the other. In this way they fit snugly. Some dealers like a ruffle of paper added at the knee. Lay a piece of paper over this layer and proceed to fill the box, not crowding, but fitting snugly. The best paper to use can be obtained very cheaply at any newspaper office and is such as is used in printing. This paper is absorbent also. This may sound like a good deal of bother, but will repay you many times over.—Turkey Culture.

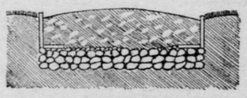
Fashions In Butter Color.

A bright, reddish yellow color in butter has come to be popular of late, the result of using a dangerous aniline dye. Of course natural butter is of a very light amber color, but for reasons not easy to explain this tint is not popular. People demand a golden or else reddish tint, the public taste in this regard having become steadily more marked. The butter in the market today is several shades darker than the average of fifteen years ago, and the difference represents merely an additional percentage of dye. It is a curious fashion, and as a reaction against it one notices that the butter served at the best class of restaurants and hotels is almost white. —Exchange.

How to Have Dry Paths.

While it is a good idea always to have the walks about farmhouses convenient and attractive the one great essential point lies in obtaining those which will be firm and dry at all seasons of the year, no matter what the weather is.

A Farm and Fireside correspondent presents the plan in the accompanying illustration, which shows how a neat and permanent walk may be made. First, a shallow trench is dug the desired width of the path and the bottom filled with round stones. Smaller ones having been placed on these, two strips



A WELL MADE WALK.

of board are arranged at either side, nailed together, as can be seen, and over the whole sufficient gravel is shoveled to "round up" the path. In this way the outer edge of the walk is kept straight and true and the center free from grass, the horizontal board at the bottom excluding much which would otherwise grow in under the upright board. If coal tar could be mixed with the top layer of gravel, it would cause it to harden down and become like pavement, and once hardened the smell of the tar would almost entirely disappear.

Agricultural Notes.

Eastern states, and notably Pennsylvania, are going more extensively into beef growing.

The short peppermint crop has brought the price to the highest point ever recorded, according to a trade authority.

Late fall plowing is what hard, stiff soils need.

"Abolish dropping boards," advise some of the poultry experts.

Massachusetts packing houses are said to be ready buyers of home grown pigs.

Very dry road dust is the only form of earth that will kill lice and that hens will bathe in.

A good onion crop is reported for Ohio.

Origin of "Hoosier."

An Indiana man who was being taunted about the name of his state, "Hoosier," gave this explanation of it: "When the young men on the Indiana side of the Ohio river went to Louisville, the Kentucky men boasted over them, calling them 'new purchase greenies,' and claiming themselves to be a superior race, half horse, half alligator and tipped off with snapping turtle. These taunts produced fights in the market house and streets of Louisville. On one occasion a stout bully from Indiana was victor in a fist fight, and, having heard Colonel Lehmanowsky lecture on 'The Wars of Europe,' who always gave martial prowess to the German hussars in a fight with the Russian Cossacks, pronouncing hussars 'hoosiers,' the Indianian, when the Kentucklan cried 'Enough!' jumped up and said: "I am a hoosier.' And hence the Indianians were called by that name. This was its true origin. I was in the state when it occurred."—Chicago Chronicle.

The Thermometer In Sickness.

Currie of Edinburgh employed a thermometer in the treatment of typhoid fever patients with the cold douche as early as 1797. He was ridiculed by his German contemporaries as an instance of medical decay in English medicine. The first clinical application of the thermometer was made by Santorius of Padua. He invented a thermometer open at the end. After being held by the patient it was plunged into cold water. Boerhave taught the importance of the thermometer. De Haen (1704-1776) must be given the honor of introducing the thermometer into current use at the bedside. It was not until 1850 to 1870 that it came into general use.

A Mean Retort.

Bertha—I'm sorry you asked me to marry you. It pains me to refuse.

Will (cheerfully—Oh, don't worry! Perhaps you know best what I'm escaping.

The food value of a pound of veal is little more than half that of a pound of beef. Eggs and lean beef have the same value in equal weight

Sticky Hair Oil.

Tommy (inquiringly)—Mamma, is this hair oil in this bottle?

Mamma—Mercy, no! That's liquid glue.

Tommy (nonchalantly)—I suppose that's why I can't get my hat off.

LONDON'S GREAT CLOCKS.

The Immensity of Big Ben and the Law Courts' Timepiece.

How many of those who look up at the figure of Nelson will believe that the statue of "our greatest sailor" is three times as tall as a living man? Nothing in the world is so deceptive as distance, as a run round London with a footrule would show. Nobody, so far as one knows, has ever yet been found to believe that Big Ben is over seven yards across the dial, that the hands are together twenty-five feet long, that the minute hand jumps seven inches every time it moves, that the five minute spaces measure nearly two yards and that each of the dials weighs four tons. You may spend a day staring hard at St. Paul's before you will believe that the ball over the dome will hold twelve men and that the cross above it is ten yards high, ten yards above the dome and weighs a ton and a half. Yet a footrule and the dean's permission are all that you need to be convinced that these things are not what they seem.

Every one knows how impossible it is to fix the distance of a ship at sea or a fire on a dark night, when the contrast of the light with the surrounding darkness brings the vision near though the fire may be miles away. Who of all the thousands passing along the Strand today will believe that a party of workmen breakfasted in the law courts' clock before it was fixed in its place to tell London the wrong time?—St. James Gazette.

Status of the Country Publisher.

Here is a little old straight-from-the-shoulder talk about matters lying near to our heart. There seems to be a feeling among business men that a newspaper has no business to make money. Why not? It is the most exacting business in the world, the most trying in every way. It means long hours and the greatest care in its conduct. The newspaper has the entire public to deal with. It is criticised on all occasions. It has to deal with all the cranks in the community, and to do this successfully requires judgment and patience.

It has power, and that power, to the credit of journalism, is nearly always wielded for the public good. No question of vital concern to the home people fails to find a strong support from the home newspaper, and this, too, without remuneration. The publisher spends his money to further these projects, and the community never gives a thought to the matter of cost to him. It is not paid out of the public pocket. —Newspaperdom.

Saved by Fireflies.

The gigantic tropical fireflies which swarm in the forests and canebrakes of most of the low lying West Indian islands once proved the salvation of the city of Santo Domingo. A body of buccaneers, headed by the notorious Thomas Cavendish, had laid all their plans for a descent upon the place, intending to massacre the inhabitants and carry away all the treasure they conveniently could, and had actually put off their boats for that purpose.

As they approached the land, however, rowing with muffled oars, they were greatly surprised to see an infinite number of moving lights in the woods which fringed the bayou up which they had to proceed, and, concluding that the Spaniards knew of their approach, they put about and regained their ship without attempting to land.

Mourners In Red.

There can be no doubt that in the dark and part of the middle ages red, and not black, was the favorite mourning color throughout Europe. Even down to the end of the fifteenth century the change from blood red to black was not complete, though black cloaks were worn over red clothing. In Abyssinia the mourning color is a reddish brown. In Turkey it is violet, a color closely allied to red. It is a curious fact that among the Maoris of New Zealand red is the hue of sorrow. In earlier times mourners daubed their bodies with red juices when they followed a chief to his grave, and even the resting places of the bodies were also colored red.

An Equal Safety.

An Irish clergyman during his first curacy found the ladies of the parish too helpful. He soon left the place. One day thereafter he met his successor.

"How are you getting on with the ladies?" asked the escaped curate.

"Oh, very well," was the answer. "There's safety in numbers."

"I found it in Exodus," was the quick reply.

After the Discount.

"Ef you please, suh," said the Georgia darky, "how much fer a marriage license an a divorce dockiment?"

"A marriage license and divorce document?"

"Yes, suh. I been studyin' 'bout gittin' married, en I 'lowed dat ef I got de two tergether dey'd come cheaper!" —Atlanta Constitution.

Gambling Defined.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "I hope you will promise me never to gamble."

"What is your idea of gambling?"

"Betting your money and losing it," was the prompt reply.—Washington Star.

Bunkoed Again.

"I don't think much of this museum," said Jinks. "Why, they ain't got no skull of Napoleon Bonaparte, and the one I was in up to New York has two." —Baltimore American.

Falsehoods may be stated under impression that they are truths, but lying is characterized by the intention to deceive.

Hugo and His Critic.

Victor Hugo once made a queer mistake in "Travailleurs de la Mer" when he mentioned the Firth of Forth as the "Premier de Quatre." He had confused the word "firth" with "first." The English translator of the book was at the pains to point this out to the great man in a letter, but Victor Hugo was indignant at the impertinence and absolutely declined to have the mistake corrected.

Rain Hats In Korea.

Korea is a country of strange headdresses, but perhaps the most curious headgear of all is the immense rain hat worn by the farmers' wives while working in the fields during the rainy season. These extraordinary coverings are often as much as seven feet long and five feet broad and protect the body as effectively as any umbrella could do.

As a Favor.

A certain London restaurant has this remarkable sentence displayed in various parts of its dining room:

"Any incivility or inattention on the part of any of the employees of this establishment will be considered a favor if reported promptly to the proprietor."

Paid For It.

A kind hearted Washington woman paid a visit to New Orleans while the shipping season on the river was at its height, and as the loading or unloading of a big river boat is one of the most interesting things imaginable to watch she went one day to the levee where a steamboat, one of the largest afloat, was discharging its cargo. The mate of the vessel stood at the gangplank and directed the operations of the negro roustabouts. He was loud voiced, as a mate should be, and he bellowed and roared and swore and now and then whacked some unusually slow or stupid negro with a spar. One negro received so many blows that the Washington woman's sympathies were aroused. When she could endure the mate's brutality toward him no longer, she walked over to where the negro stood and spoke to him. "Why do you allow that man to strike you and curse you as he does?" she asked. The negro looked at her in surprise and then showed all his teeth in a grin. "Law, miss," said he, chuckling, "I don't mind him. He's paid for doin' that, same as I'ze paid for doin' this."

The Use of English.

Ruskin has said somewhere in the "Fors Clavigera" that extreme nicety in pronunciation and the use of words is vulgarity. There can be no doubt of it. At any rate, to prefer a fine word to a plain one or common one and to say what you have to say in a so called fine style rather than in a natural style is a sure sign of small culture and of no taste at all. If a speaker or a writer is up to his work, he will trust for his effects to his clearness of thought, strength of argument, force of imagination and power to use the English language easily, directly and with common sense correctness. Grammar, diction and style are the three things which make the difference between good writing and bad. The grammar of the language must of course be adhered to, but adhered to not in the way in which a servant obeys orders by doing simply as he is told, but as a man who knows in himself what he has to do.—London News.

Care of Puppies.

Puppies after weaning will keep strong and healthy and will grow fast if fed only on fresh buttermilk and corn bread, with soup instead of the buttermilk twice a week, till they are five or six months old. Do not feed them sweet milk. Keep the puppies where they can get plenty of exercise. Do not crowd them. Arrange their kennels so that they can go in and out of their sleeping quarters. If fed in the same vessels, some dogs get more than their fair share of food and lose their manners also. Fasten a number of chains where they eat at such distances that no one can reach the other; then feed in individual pans. Give little medicine and plenty of exercise, and you will then have strong, healthy dogs. An hour's run every day in the year in the fields and woods, weather permitting, is essential to good health. —Outing.

Suffering Sours the Temper.

"In all my experience as a physician," said Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, the nerve specialist, in a lecture, "I have not seen more than a dozen men or women who have been improved morally by long continued suffering. Acute illness and illness which brings the patient close to death often has a beneficial effect upon the disposition, but I cannot agree with the assertion which we frequently hear made in the pulpit that suffering is usually the means of refining. I have seen a few isolated cases in which this was so, but it is not the rule by any means. The chronic invalid is almost invariably selfish and peevish, and it is a hard task to find a nurse who can stand the strain of such a service."

That That.

There is one word in the English language which can appear six times consecutively in a sentence and make correct English.

To illustrate: A boy wrote on the blackboard, "The man that lies does wrong."

The teacher objected to the word "that," so the word "who" was substituted. And yet it must be evident to the reader, for all that, that that "that" that that teacher objected to was right after all.

Had Its Good Points.

"That mediæval armor must have been very uncomfortable," said a visitor at the museum.

"Yes," answered the man with darned clothes, "but there was one satisfaction about it. A man could always take down a suit of it in entire confidence that the moths hadn't got into it."—Washington Star.

Both Were Candid.

Doctor—Your wife is in a very critical state, and I should recommend you to call in some specialist to consult on the case.

Husband—There, you see, doctor, I wes right again. I told my wife long ago she ought to get proper medical advice, but she always thought you might be offended.

Leisure Hours.

Dr. Johnson had scant sympathy with inconsistent and arrogant industry. "No man, sir, is obliged to do as much as he can. A man should have part of his life to himself."

Cows and Their Milk.

A professor in Konigsberg university has experimented to determine the effects of various foods on the odor given off by cow's milk. "Some cows give always, no matter what their food may be, a milk of strong or disagreeable flavor which is apt to cause digestive troubles. In vain is the food changed—the flavor persists. The taste of the milk depends in a certain measure on the cow's food, but in a degree more important on the peculiarities of the animal."

Noble.

Mother—You naughty boy! You've been fighting.

Little Son—No, mother.

"How did your clothes get torn and your face get scratched?"

"I was trying to keep a bad boy from hurting a good little boy."

"That was noble. Who was the good little boy?"

"Me."

Signing With the Cross.

Signing with the cross was first practiced by Christians to distinguish themselves from the pagans. In ancient times kings and nobles used the sign of the cross, whether they could write or not, as a symbol that the person making it pledged himself by his Christian faith to the truth of the matter to which he affixed it.

His Last Visit.

Stranger (to small boy)—Is your neighbor Jones at home?

Small Boy—No, sir. He went to the cemetery this morning.

"When will he return?"

"He's gone to stay."