

AN ATHLETE TALKS.

SENSIBLE ADVICE FROM THE LIPS OF A PERFECTLY MADE MAN.

How a Perfectly Made Man is Constituted—Why It is That Girls Are Often More Healthy in Appearance Than Their Brothers—How to Be Healthy.

She had been to church. As she walked home she looked up and saw Muldoon.

From the very beginning women have liked big men—men who are physically big—and when they by some accident do care for little men it's ten to one the brains are big. To every woman, and woman is at heart an uncivilized creature, there is a certain pleasure in the knowledge that a man can, if he wants to, kill you with a blow. The woman who has not had this sensation is the one who has cultivated the original woman out of herself and is busy searching for fresh emotions. Consequently Hercules is to a woman more beautiful than Adonis, and if she admires a man who mentally is strong, a thousand times more does she care for the man who can if he will govern by physical strength and become what Swinburne calls "King of Pain." You can't deny this, nor explain it, but it's true.

The churchgoing young woman who met Mr. Muldoon was inquisitive, and she made up her mind that she was going to get some points on bigness and beauty from him; so with the audacity of the fox terrier, the dog of the day, she asked:

"Mr. Muldoon, what constitutes a perfectly made man?"

"One whose neck, biceps and calves all measure the same."

It was a bit impertinent, but that is the prerogative of a woman and so she asked, "Do yours?"

And he quietly answered, "Yes."

Then she inquired, "What is the reason that as one walks in New York one notices that the women are larger, look more healthy, walk better, and from a physical standpoint are better specimens than the men?"

"Well," said he, "the trouble begins with the care of the boy when he is a little chap; everything here is sacrificed to the cultivation of the intellect, and the small boy's physical condition isn't paid much attention to. You see the sons of rich men who are weak, miserable specimens, killing themselves with cigarettes, smaller and less strong than their sisters and having no strength physically. A good many of them are cowards. Train a boy morally and physically first, and his brain will respond when you call on it. Train the brain at the expense of the body and you have just such specimens of manhood as you laugh at."

"Mr. Muldoon, when you get a man down and are looking him straight in the eyes and know that you have him almost in your power, what are you thinking of?"

"I am thinking only of one thing, and that is where I can best get a hold of him and how I can best keep him where I want him to be."

Then he was asked, "How long have you been an athlete?"

"Since I was fifteen years old, and I am now forty-one. I weigh 215 pounds in my clothes, 205 in fighting trim, or, as the say in the south, in the buff. After I was thirty-five years old I allowed myself to gain ten pounds, because after that age I think a man needs a little more flesh. I have never used tobacco and I don't drink."

"What do I think of women? To be quite honest, I am a little afraid of them; they are not so trustworthy as horses or dogs? What kind of a woman do I like? I like a womanly woman, a woman who is gentle and affectionate and who isn't loud. I like a woman whose face is clean, not daubed all over with rouge and powder. I like a woman who has a little bit of consideration for a man, and who, while he is willing to give her devotion and love, is ready to return it with affection and kindly thoughts."

"But do you want me to tell you what is killing half the population of this country?"

The inquisitive one said she did—she was a seeker for knowledge.

"It is the vile air that is in the cars, boats, half the houses and hotels, and in all the places of amusement. You get in a parlor car, and there is one person in that car an invalid, or a woman, who insists on having all the ventilators closed, and you have got to sit, possibly sleep, in that foul air, breathing in the diseases that everybody else has. If they would spend less money on making a car handsome and more on making it healthful, there would not be half as much wickedness as there is, for when men and women are thoroughly well there is not much chance of their going wrong."

"But about women?"

"I think there are 100 good women to one good man, and where a woman makes a mistake it usually is the fault of a man. It is perfect nonsense, however, shooting such creatures, as we have heard of lately. They ought to be caught by the nape of their necks and tossed out of a window and left to get along as best they can."

"Who is your favorite actor?"

"Mr. Booth."

"What are your favorite flowers?"

"Violets."

"What is your favorite color?"

"Pale blue."

And then, with a characteristic jump from flowers and colors, the inquisitive one asked, "At a prize fight do they spill much blood?"

"No," said Muldoon; "the amount of blood spilled is usually very much exaggerated. When Sullivan fought Kilrain, on July 8, 1889, the fight lasted two hours and eighteen minutes, and there wasn't enough blood shed to entirely stain a pocket handkerchief.—A Woman in New York Sun.

The largest and longest stone bridge in the world is over an arm of the China sea—five miles long, 300 arches, each twenty feet high.

Franchising and Practice.

They were two bright women—one caller and the other hostess—and they had been discussing the value of temperance in eating as a means to prevent illness.

"I do not see," said the hostess, "that our boasted advance in civilization has been anything but a failure in regard to the preservation of health. With physicians better able than at any time in the world's history to cope with disease, this sudden snapping of vitality goes on all about us. I consider it entirely the fault of persons who do not take the care of themselves which their intelligence points out as imperative. I am always well, but it is at the price of constant denials of appetite."

"Yes," echoed the caller, "it must be so. I have to be firm in the matter of ice cream, which, wholesome for most people, is not so for me."

The hostess did not wait for this speech to be done. "Why, that makes me think," she said cordially, "I gave a luncheon today and there is some delicious banana cream going to waste down stairs. Can't you eat just a little?"

The caller hesitated. "Banana cream is my weakness," she confessed, "and—but the reader can guess the rest. The health discourse ended in an enjoyable round of banana ice cream, and the caller went on her way boldly to meet digestive consequences, while the hostess took her valuable food theories back to her embrace prepared to air them on the next occasion which presented itself.—New York Times.

A Revolt Against Tradition.

"The two greatest American delusions," said an observer of what is going on, "is cranberry sauce and pumpkin pie."

"In all recitals of turkey feasts we hear great stress laid on the cranberry sauce. For years I ate it out of regard for the customs of my ancestors. I pretended to like it, but I have come out as a rank rebel. I will have no more of it."

"Pumpkin pie is quite as big a fraud. At the best a pumpkin hasn't any more taste to it than a turnip, and why it should be made into pie and treated as a dessert I don't know. I have talked about this thing confidentially among my most intimate friends, and many of them have confessed to me under a solemn pledge of secrecy that they don't like pumpkin pie or cranberry sauce either, and there is now a little coterie of us drawn very closely together. I can tell you, by this joint antipathy."

"I don't know what the New England club is going to do about it, but this rank treason is flourishing in their very midst, and before long there will be an Anti-Pumpkin Pie and Cranberry Sauce association that will make its influence felt."

A caterer said: "The gentleman you quote has never tasted the real article. He must have got his dislike to the dishes by devouring them at cheap table d'hotes, where they are rarely very palatable."—New York Herald.

A Paris Ragpickers' Colony.

In the Rue Mercedet, near the outskirts of Paris, is a vast open space surrounded by a ragged stone wall. The ground is littered with rubbish, a few stunted trees and shrubs, a long, straggling line of low, rickety dwellings—this is the "Cite Maupy," a famous colony of ragpickers. They have been their own architects and builders, and the hovels are curiosities; they have utilized paving stones, the sheet iron signs of insurance companies, and even sardine cans; but there is a picturesque quality to these humble dwellings, and they surely do not lack color and neither do the inhabitants; there is a real countess, for one; at least she says she is. A poor cripple has sold his body to the Academie de Medicine, while they cheat themselves of their prey by giving him a pension to help him live.—Pall Mall Gazette.

When Animals Are Ill.

Said a prominent veterinarian: "Animals when sick are the most helpless and appreciative of all creatures, and the way of administering relief and medicine in many instances is as novel as it is effective. The most savage and revengeful animals during spells of severe pain are as docile and tractable as a child. Relief must come from a human being and come quickly, and they seem to know it. The most vicious horse when groaning with pain would allow a mere child to administer relief, and many of the wild animals when in sickness seem to forget their savage instincts."—Philadelphia Press.

The Growth of Railroad Mileage.

In 1830 there were twenty-three miles of railway in operation in the United States. By 1833 the mileage had increased to 229 miles, and in 1835 the country had 1,098 miles of railroad. The first through railroad from the east westward was completed in 1842 between Boston and Albany, connecting at the latter place with the Erie canal. In the same year the last link of the line from Albany to Buffalo was opened. At the end of 1848 the total mileage of all the railroads in the country was 5,996 miles, or about 500 miles more than there are now in the state of Nebraska.—Edward Rosewater's Omaha Address.

A bright New York boy has set himself up in the business of exercising fine bred dogs for rich men whose time is too much taken up with money making to properly look after their canine property.

In all competitive sports it is dangerous for the contestants to ignore physical differences. Spirit and excitement may help to win a temporary victory at too great a cost.

Doubtless the coldest civilized place on the globe is Werchojansk, in Siberia, where the thermometer once registered a temperature of 81 degs. below zero.

French farmers prefer hoesakes that are made in the United States, as they are both cheaper and more easily worked.—Exchange.

LIZARDS IN SINGAPORE.

The Cold, Clammy Creatures Get Into Bedrooms by Scores.

There are lizards in Singapore—large, scampering, suddenly dropping things, of all sorts of colors. You see them on the walls of your hotel, in the sunshine, and admire them. At evening, sitting with fan and iced drinks, one suddenly falls on you, and it is colder than your toddy. How can any organism bred in this scorching spot be so cold?

You go to bed, you and your wife. Each has a canopied couch, rods remote from the other, for sleeping apartments are ample. You stretch out on a light mattress over which is one sheet. For upper covering pull up the darkness and draw the mosquito nets. There is no need of a sheet over you any more than there is for a warming pan.

The night orchestra, strange sounds of tropic insects and trees and airs outside, finally lulls you asleep. Presently—plunk! and then a scampering of some nimble clawed thing on the floor near your bed. My lady, over at the other side of the vast waste of chamber, squeals, "A mouse!"

You assure her that it couldn't be mice. "Mice don't fall from the ceiling like a lump of mud. It's only the lizards!"

This cheerful information elicits no squeal. With mice out of the question, what woman would not be brave? There is a hush in the distant couch, a silence too still for sleep. You know your partner lies over yonder listening hard for more lizards. Presently there are more little dull thuds. The lizards seem to be falling in several places. They seem to be chasing each other or some venomous prey or possibly making away with your shoes.

When one is fagged out with sight-seeing, to lie awake in inky darkness in the midst of a lizard carnival is a little hard on the nerves. Ah, something is pulling at the canopy of your bed, as if a young kitten were trying to climb it!

There comes a very subdued voice from the distant corner: "This is awful. Won't you get up and strike a light?"

"And step on the bio-minia cold beats with my bare feet! You try it; you'll nearer the matches than I!"

"But we can't lie here like this. Call somebody!"

And one of the omnipresent "boys," who seems to have been on guard at the threshold, comes softly in. "The lizards will not hurt you, lady. They catch the mosquitoes and spiders. Sometimes they get under the nets on the bed; but don't you mind." Reassuring, very; but madame was ready for one tropic dawn hours before it came.—Buffalo Express.

Dr. Talmage Tells a Story.

The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage tells with great gusto the following experience, which he attributes to his brother, also a clergyman:

"He had just recovered from a long spell of sickness," says Dr. Talmage, "and weak in body, emaciated and pallid, he was walking slowly along a street near his home when he was accosted by a big, burly fellow, who said to him cheerfully:

"Say, is your name Smith—Jim Smith?"

"No," replied my brother, "my name is Talmage."

"Well, I didn't know. I'm looking for a man named Smith. They say he lives near here. He's dying of consumption, and I thought as soon as I clapped eyes on you that you might be the man."

"Sir," said my brother, "I am a clergyman, and I may look thin and pale, but you must not judge of consumptives by that. In my time, now, I've preached funeral sermons over scores of fellows just as big as you. Apoplexy, you know, catches you big fellows every time. I hope I shall not be called upon."

"But," says Dr. Talmage, "the big fellow did not wait to hear my brother to the end."—New York Herald.

A Great Show for Him.

Miss Candide—Where I spent the season there were twelve girls to every young man.

De Smithers—How I wish I had been there!

Miss Candide—You ought to have come down. A young man would have been almost worshiped no matter how unattractive.—New York Tribune.

Number of the Stars.

At the present time the whole number of double stars known and recorded by astronomers is something over 10,000, far exceeding the total number of stars visible to the naked eye in the entire firmament (about 6,000), and others are being frequently discovered by the great telescopes now in existence.—New York Journal.

The Flute Is Very Old.

The flute is very old in its origin, but the flute of today is different from that of the ancients. It has been improved upon from time to time, and the old people would probably fail to recognize it now. The flageolet, which is somewhat similar, is credited to Juvigny about 1581.—Harper's Young People.

Tall Men in Asia and Africa.

The tallest men of South America are found in the western provinces of the Argentine Republic, of Asia in Afghanistan and Kaypootana, of Africa in the highlands of Abyssinia.—Yankee Blade.

The Oldest Banknote.

The oldest banknote now in existence is in the British museum, and was issued from the imperial mint of China at the beginning of the reign of the first Ming emperor. The first bank in Europe was at Barcelona, established in 1401. The Chinese banknote is supposed to date back to 1100.—New York Sun.

White of Egg for Hoarseness.

For hoarseness beat up the white of an egg, flavor with lemon and sugar and take some occasionally.—New York Journal.

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