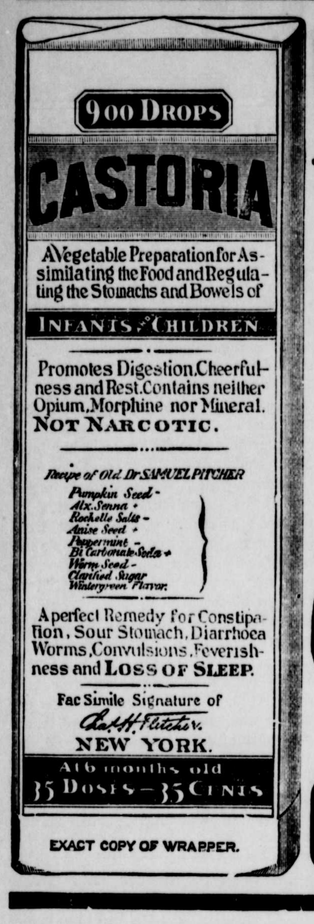


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IN ARMOR TIMES.

Strength of English War Horses In the Days of Henry VIII.

The size of the English war horse reached its maximum in the reign of Henry VIII., when the relations of body armor to "hand guns" were analogous to those of the early ship armor and cannon. There was good reason to believe, says the London Spectator, that by adding a little to the thickness of the coat of steel the soft, low velocity bullet of the day could be kept out. So it was for a time. But the additional weight required a still larger horse to carry it. The charger had to be armored as well as his rider, and the collection in the Tower of London shows the actual weight which it carried. The panoply of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, the brother-in-law of Henry VIII., still exists. That of the horse covers the whole of the hind quarters, the back of the neck, forehead, muzzle, ears, shoulders and chest. It is exactly like a piece of boiler plating and fastened by rivets.

The rider sat in a saddle, the front of which was a steel shield ten inches high, covering the stomach and thighs as the "breastwork" on an ironclad's deck covers the base of the turret. The total weight is eighty pounds fifteen ounces. To this add the weight of the rider's armor, ninety-nine pounds nine ounces, and of the rider himself, say sixteen stone (224 pounds), and the total is twenty-eight stone twelve pounds eight ounces, or 404 pounds 8 ounces. This bears out Hollinshead's statement that in the days of Henry VIII., "who erected a noble studderie for breeding horses, especially the greatest sort," such as were kept for burden, those animals would bear four hundredweight commonly.

MAKING OLD OAK.

One of the Tricks of the Cabinetmakers' Trade.

You will have to go a long way before you find a body of men more clever than those cabinetmakers who produce goods to satisfy the desire of the public for furniture made of old and fancy woods. They can transform whitewood into all kinds of exotic woods by means of chemicals, and a chemist would be surprised if he were to have the run of one of those factories for a day.

The manufacture of "old" oak is one of the easiest of their processes. The boards, moldings, panels or whatever pieces are required are made of oak which has just had time to dry sufficiently to prevent excessive warping.

They are then placed in a dark room, on the floor of which and quite close to the furniture to be "aged," are placed several bowls, plates and so forth, of liquid ammonia. The room is then hermetically closed up, and the wood is left for a month or so, according to the age which is required. The coloration will extend to a depth of nearly a quarter of an inch if the room is kept closed for a few months.

That is why there is so much old oak furniture about. Of course, a little reflection would show that it could not be genuine—the forests of the middle ages would not have furnished one-half of it—but people do not always reflect. —London Graphic.

Shoe Buckles.

When Evander Berry Wall, king of the dudes for twelve years and really the most inconspicuous man about town, because he was homely of face and a very bad dresser, besides being rather short and blotchy, undertook to reintroduce shoe buckles he made his first big failure as the sartorial dictator of our "jeunesse doree." I think it was poor Al Claggett who said: "Why, Berry, you make a fool of yourself. Shoe buckles go with long stockings and knee pants. You can't wear 'em with socks and trousers. They interfere with the set of the trousers around the feet. Then, of course, you've got to have a low quartered shoe. Cut it out, Berry, cut it out." Wall immediately quit. — New York Press.

Wearing Glasses.

Wearing glasses need not be permanent. If the first hint of derangement in the eyes is heeded a short time spent under the direction of an oculist will safely tide over the difficulty. It is most restful to close the eyes frequently for a few minutes. This rest does them great good. Particularly should this be done in trains and street cars. Many a headache and smarting pain may thus be saved. Traveling in public conveyances is exceedingly hard on the eyes, even for those that are strong and perfect. The gaze should be confined to the interior of the car. Looking out of the windows to the rapidly changing scenery is a great strain.—Philadelphia Ledger.

No Regrets.

"Hello, old man. Haven't seen anything of you since you got married. How goes it?"

"Thanks, fairly well. But marriage is a costly job! If you only knew what the dressmakers charge!"

"So I suppose you regret it?"

"Oh, no. I married a dressmaker."—Meggendorfer Blatter.

In After Years.

Smith—When Green was courting that young widow a couple of years ago he declared he couldn't live without her. Jones—And did he marry her? Smith—Yes. And now he is trying to get a divorce on the grounds that it's impossible to live with her.—Exchange.

A Suitable Book.

Customer (hesitatingly)—I suppose—er—you have some—er—suitable books for a man—er—about to be married? Bookseller—Certainly, sir. Here, John, show this gentleman some of our account books, largest size.

BIRTH OF A HYMN.

Story of the Origin of "In the Sweet By and By."

A song of national circulation, "In the Sweet By and By," written by S. Fillmore Bennett of Elkhorn, Wis., had its birth in a country store. Mr. Bennett told the story, which is given in "Wisconsin In Three Centuries," as follows:

It was about time for closing business in the evening when J. P. Webster, whose melodies have made Wisconsin famous, came into the store, feeling somewhat depressed.

I said to Webster, "What is the matter now?"

He replied, "It is no matter; it will be all right by and by."

The idea of the hymn came to me like a flash of sunshine, and I replied: "The sweet by and by. Why would not that make a good hymn?"

"Maybe it would," he said indifferently.

I then turned to my desk and penned the hymn as fast as I could write. I handed it to Mr. Webster. As he read it his eyes kindled and his whole demeanor changed. Stepping to the desk, he began writing the notes instantly.

In a few moments he requested Mr. Bright to hand him his violin, and he played with little hesitation the beautiful melody from the notes. A few moments later he had jotted down the notes for the different parts and the chorus.

I do not think it was more than thirty minutes from the time I took my pencil to write the words before the hymn and the notes had all been completed and four of us were singing it exactly as it appeared in the Signet Ring a few days later and as it has been sung the world over ever since.

A NAVAL REBUKE.

Two Admirals, a Captain and a Fool In Manila Bay.

When Dewey's fleet was at Manila the late Admiral Chichester was then a captain. On one occasion Admiral Diedrichs, the German, sent out the Irene on an unrevealed errand and without the customary notification to the commander of the blockading fleet. Admiral Dewey had suffered, he thought, sufficiently from that sort of thing, and so the admiral sent a vessel across the Irene's bows and notified her captain that she would not be permitted to depart without a statement as to her destination. It was not Admiral Diedrichs' mission to quarrel with both the American and the English fleets on this critical occasion, so he sought to find out Captain Chichester's purpose in case of a collision. Going on board Chichester's ship, he angrily exclaimed, "Did you see what Dewey did to my ship?"

"Yes," replied Chichester.

"What would you have done if it had been an English ship?"

"Well," said Chichester, conveniently assuming that the Irene's captain had sailed without orders from Diedrichs, "I'd have put my captain in arrest, and then I'd have gone on board the Olympia and apologized to Admiral Dewey for having such a fool in command of one of my ships."—Harper's Weekly.

A Poet's Homely Face.

The poet Rogers was afflicted with a notably unpleasant, cadaverous countenance, which, with all his intellectual power, was a mortification to him. To hide his annoyance, he joked about his ugliness incessantly and deceived his friends into supposing him indifferent to it. He once turned to Sydney Smith, who, with Byron and Moore, was dining with him, and said:

"Chantrey wants to perpetuate this miserable face of mine. What pose would you suggest that I should take?"

"If you really wish to spare the world as much as possible," said the wit, "I would, if I were you, be taken at my prayers, my face buried in my hands."

Rogers laughed with the other persons present, but he shot a malignant glance at the jester and, it is said, never fully forgave him for the bonmot.

Thankfulness.

I am no friend to the people who receive the bounties of Providence without visible gratitude. When the sixpence falls into your hat you may laugh. When the messenger of an unexpected blessing takes you by the hand and lifts you up and bids you walk you may leap and run and sing for joy, even as the lame man whom St. Peter healed skipped piously and rejoiced aloud as he passed through the beautiful gate of the temple. There is no virtue in solemn indifference. Joy is as much a duty as beneficence is. Thankfulness is the other side of mercy.—Henry Van Dyke.

Facial Horticulture.

"A new milkman left our milk today," announced Dorothy.

"Did he have whiskers?" asked her mother, thinking perhaps it was the proprietor.

"No," said the four-year-old; "he didn't have whiskers, but he had the roots."—Harper's Weekly.

Why She Couldn't.

"No, I didn't have a very good time," she said. "I wanted to talk, and there wasn't a man there."

"But there were plenty of other girls."

"Oh, of course, but that was no satisfaction, for they all wanted to talk too."

Unfair.

Another unfair thing in life—the bride, with a wealth of hair, wears a veil, but the groom, who has a bald spot and really needs a veil to cover it is denied the privilege. — Atchison Globe.

The noblest motive is the public good —Virgil.

TRAINING DOG POLICE.

Breaking In of the Seine Patrol One of the Sights of Paris.

The training of the young Newfoundlands that are periodically added to the staff is one of the sights of Paris. It takes place in the headquarters of the agents plongeurs, a small building on the quayside not far from the Cathedral of Notre Dame. Dogs and men enter into the exercise with zest, and there is usually a crowd of onlookers. Only dummy figures are used, but the "rescue" is nevertheless a very realistic affair. The big dogs know perfectly well what the exercise means, and they wait with comic enthusiasm until the dummy is thrown into the water and an agent plongeur rushes out on hearing the splash and the outcry of spectators. While the men are busy with lines and life buoys the dog plunges into the water, swims to the dummy, watches with rare intelligence for an opportunity to get an advantageous hold, and then it either swims ashore or waits for its master, who brings to the rescue long poles, cork belts and the like. The more experienced dogs, however, will easily effect a rescue from first to last without human assistance, and it is an inspiring sight to watch them looking for a foothold on the slippery sides of the river bank and pulling the heavy dummy into a place of safety.

It takes about four months to train the dogs efficiently. They are also charged with the protection of their masters when attacked by the desperate ruffians who sleep under the arches of the bridge in summer. Thus in Paris the police dogs are a proved success.—Century.

A GREAT BEER HOUSE.

Munich Owns the Oldest and Largest Saloon In the World.

The Hofbrauhaus of Munich is perhaps the oldest and largest saloon in the world, owned by the king of Bavaria and patronized by an average of 12,000 customers a day. On holidays the number often runs up to 15,000 and 16,000. Nothing to drink is sold but beer, brewed at the royal brewery, which was started by King Ludwig the Severe in 1255. The present Hofbrauhaus was built in 1644, and the beer was brewed on the spot until 1878, when the brewery was moved into the country to less expensive quarters.

There are seats for 1,500 customers, plain wooden benches without backs beside plain wooden tables without covers. In the garden or court are 100 empty beer barrels set on end, which are used for tables. The steins, which are very heavy and hold a quart of beer, are piled up in stacks before the bar on the floor in the morning, where they remain until they are used.

When a customer wants beer he picks out a stein, takes it to one of the basins of running water which line the walls and washes it himself. Then he carries it to the counter and hands it over to the bartender, who fills it with beer from the barrel. The price is 6 cents a stein, and the profits support the hospitals of the city, although the king could claim them if he desired to do so, as the brewery and the Hofbrauhaus belong to him by inheritance.—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Surfeit of Oratory.

One of the mistaken theories is that a "public speaker" is necessary to the success of any public affair. This theory had its rise at a time when oratory was a fad. Orators were cultivated and they were supposed to take human passions in their hands and toy with them. In this practical age public speakers are a bore, and nobody cares anything about them. People gather to be entertained and not lectured. But, this theory having been established that a "public speaker" is important to a picnic, an orator is hauled out and set loose on a few old gentlemen with canes and a few mothers who must occupy the benches in taking care of the children.—Sabetha Herald.

Shot an Angel.

Now and again we hear of strange and rare birds being shot in England, but how many sportsmen except Mr. Wells' clergyman can claim to have shot an angel? One such man exists, though it is doubtful whether he is proud of his skill. It was nighttime, and he was passing Crayford parish churchyard with his gun over his shoulder when he saw what he took for a ghost. He leveled his piece and fired, but his aim was wild. He had failed to wing his quarry. Investigation showed that the ghost was a sculptured angel on a tomb, and he had shot off one of its toes!—London Chronicle.

High Finance.

"Say," began Burroughs, "lend me a five, will you?"

"See here," replied Markley. "If you'd only save your own money you wouldn't have to borrow from your friends."

"But by borrowing from my friends I do save my own money."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Sleep.

Now blessings light on him that first invented sleep. It covers a man all over, thoughts and all, like a cloak; it is meat for the hungry, drink for the thirsty, heat for the cold and cold for the hot.—Cervantes.

Quite Different.

He—But I thought you'd forgiven me for that and promised to forget it? She—Yes; but I didn't promise to let you forget I'd forgiven it!

Some men are born great, some achieve greatness and some couldn't tell to save their necks how it happened.

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OUR PRICES

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Very respectfully yours,

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The only store in town where you can buy the Celebrated W. L. Douglas Shoes for men and boys, and the Stout Snag Proof Rubber Boots. The only genuine snag proof boot on the market. Best selected line of CHILDREN'S SCHOOL SHOES in the county. I know where to secure them. One price. All goods marked in plain figures.

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These are no fake remedies, but have genuine merit and commend themselves to all, while they cannot possibly injure the most delicate constitution they effect a complete and lasting cure even after strong medicines have failed.

Should you go to a Homeopathic Physician and have him put you up a bottle of pellets he would medicate them by guess, whereas, our remedies are compounded with the greatest care and by a regular formulae, and sold at the low price of 10c per bottle, by the druggist, whereas, the physician would charge you 50c or $1.00 for a similar thing only not as good.

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Dr. Martin's Headache Cure.	Dr. Martin's Erysipelas Cure.
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Dr. Martin's Dpsyepsia Cure.	Dr. Martin's Sore Throat Cure.
Dr. Martin's Kidney Cure.	Dr. Martin's Pile Cure.
Dr. Martin's Bladder Cure.	Dr. Martin's Worm Cure.
Dr. Martin's Blood and Skin Cure.	Dr. Martin's Cathartic Cure.
Dr. Martin's Nerve Cure.	Dr. Martin's Colic Cure.
Dr. Martin's Fever Cure.	Dr. Martin's Measles Cure.
Dr. Martin's Neuralgia Cure.	Dr. Martin's Whooping Cough Cure.
Dr. Martin's Heart Cure.	Dr. Martin's Croup Cure.
Dr. Martin's Female Cure.	Dr. Martin's Cholera Infantum.
Dr. Martin's Chills and Fever.	Dr. Martin's General Debility.
Dr. Martin's Liver Cure.	Dr. Martin's Cholera Morbus.
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Dr. Martin's Homeopathic Family Medicines are the best that can be produced. Each one is made to cure a distinct disease and each does exactly what it is made for. You cannot experiment with the remedies. They are proven cures. Take the right remedy for your case and there can be no failure. They have cured wherever used. They will cure you.

If your dealer has not the cure you want, we will send it to you on receipt of 15 cents.

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