

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

An electric signal apparatus on a French railway causes the blowing of a steam whistle upon a locomotive approaching a danger signal. The engineer is thus warned. This apparatus is found valuable in fog and snow-storms, when ordinary signals often escape notice.

The number of varieties of insects is vastly greater than that of all other living creatures. The oak supports 450 species of insects, and 200 are found in the pine. Humboldt, in 1849, calculated that between 150,000 and 170,000 species were preserved in collections, but recent estimates place the present number at about 750,000 species.

It is a very general belief that great burial places exert a noxious influence, which must render the localities very unhealthy as places of residence. This idea is shown to be a mistaken one by the results of any inquiry into the sanitary condition of the cemeteries of Paris. The composition of the air in the cemeteries is reported to be indistinguishable from that of arable lands.

CONCERNING the moon's effect on tides, the Astropomer Royal for Ireland recently stated that, while the day is gradually lengthening through lunar action tides, the earth reacts on the moon and drives it away farther and farther. Looking backward, the moon must have been nearer and nearer the earth, and at one epoch in the remote ages of the past—perhaps about 50,000,000 of years ago—the two bodies must have been very close together. Then the day was but three hours long instead of twenty-four. At that distant period, the earth rotated once every three hours, and the moon revolved with it in the same time. So near was the moon that, if there had been oceans in those days as now, the tides must have been 216 times as great as at the present time; and, rising to an immense height, would have swept over the whole of England.

ANIMAL life in the Sahara is somewhat peculiar to the region, and, according to M. Vogt, the traveler is struck with the absence of all bright colors in the animals of the desert. As a rule, their hue approaches that of the ground, and the adaptation is most remarkable in birds, reptiles, grasshoppers, etc. Black and white exist in some animals—for instance, the male ostrich—which have nothing to fear from enemies; and a single exception to the rule occurs among insects—the Coleoptera are nearly all black. To explain the existence in safety of these insects whose color must make them conspicuous, M. Vogt states that they feign death on the approach of danger and in that state closely resemble the excrements of gazelles, goats, and sheep. This description, with their disagreeable odor, gives them sufficient protection. The general color of the ground to the desert, of course, that of sand.

AT THE Crystal Palace, London, a second international electrical exhibition is to follow closely on the heels of the first at Paris. The objects to be exhibited are chiefly compared in these classes: Apparatus used for the production and transmission of electricity and magnets, natural and artificial; mariners' compasses; lightning conductors, and applications of electricity to telegraphy and the transmission of sounds; to the production of heat, to lighting and the production of light, to the service of light-houses and signals; apparatus giving warning to mines, always and navigation, to military art, to fine arts, to electro-chemistry and chemical arts, to the production and transmission of motive power, the mechanical arts, to surgery and medicine, to horology, to astronomy, to meteorology, to geodesy, to agriculture, to apparatus for registering, and to domestic uses. It is expected that the exhibition will prove much more attractive to Americans than that at Paris.

A PENNSYLVANIA man who was clawed by a wildcat says that the feeling was something like having a dozen buzzards turned loose on him for a high old time. Iron reptiles the fluid secreted in the head of the toad acts as a powerful irritant. On man it produces no effect but a slight local irritation.

Every family can save fifty times the price of the book every year, by consulting it.

It is complete in all its parts, and the most recent book of the kind published.

The book will be sent free by mail or express on receipt of three dollars.

Who says it is unhealthy to sleep in feather-beds? Look at the spring chickens and see how tough it is.—Scientific American.

A New Jersey man has been put in jail for having fourteen wives. Must be a great relief to him.—Burlington Free Press.

NICKLES PUBLISHING CO., Send for Circular. 29 Ann St. Agents Wanted. New York City.

NOTICE OF ASSIGNMENT—Notice is hereby given that William T. Perkins has made a general assignment of all his property to me in trust for the benefit of all his bona fide creditors, that I have accepted same trust, given the required bond, and that the same has been approved by the Court, this 17th day of January, A. D. 1884. EZRA C. NOWELS, Mordecai F. Chilcott, [Trustee. Atty for Trustee. January 18, 1884.

Down they go! The Bottom Knocked Out of Prices of Confectionery!

In order to close out my entire stock of confectionery I will sell stick candy at 10 cts. per lb.

Mixed: 10 cts. per lb.

Fancy, including caramels, chocolates, burnt almonds, burnt peanuts, blackberries, raspberries, kisses, peppermint, wintergreen, lemon, cinnamon, licorice and gum drops, 15 cts. per lb.

Penny goods at proportionate rates.

Figs, 15 cts. per lb.

M. O. CISSEL
RENSSELAER, IND., Feb. 7, 1884.

Showcases for Sale.

One 8 ft. case, square, nickel plated, with rack.

One 8 ft. case, oval front, nickel mountings.

One 4 ft. cigar case, oval front, nickel mountings.

These cases will be sold at very low figures for cash.

I have also a 12 ft. counter, pair of scales, dozen and a half candy jars, tobacco knife, cigar cutter and a cigar lighter which I will sell at a bargain. Prices given on application.

M. O. CISSEL
RENSSELAER, IND., Feb. 7, 1884.

CALL AND SETTLE

All persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the undersigned, are hereby notified that all accounts must be settled within thirty days from January 1st 1884, or they will be placed in the hands of an attorney for collection. I must have my money to carry on my business. I mean what I say and no foolishness.

J. J. EICKESBACH.

EVERYBODY'S DOCTOR.

BY ROBERT A. GUNN, M. D.

Everybody's Doctor contains 684 octavo pages, and is printed on fine paper and handsomely bound. It is sold at the low price of three (\$300) dollars a copy, so as to bring it within the reach of all.

The work differs from all other books on Domestic Medicine in having the diseases systematically arranged, according to their classification. Everything is described in the plainest possible language, and the prescriptions are written out in plain English, so that they can be employed by any intelligent reader.

Druggists will find this book of great advantage in aiding them to give advice when asked to do so.

Denists will find much information in it that will prove valuable to themselves and their patients.

Teachers will be better prepared for the performance of their duties in the school room by studying it.

Parents will find it a reliable adviser in every thing relating to the rear- ing of their children.

Every family can save fifty times the price of the book every year, by consulting it.

It is complete in all its parts, and the most recent book of the kind published.

The book will be sent free by mail or express on receipt of three dollars.

Who says it is unhealthy to sleep in feather-beds? Look at the spring chickens and see how tough it is.—Scientific American.

A New Jersey man has been put in jail for having fourteen wives. Must be a great relief to him.—Burlington Free Press.

NICKLES PUBLISHING CO., Send for Circular. 29 Ann St. Agents Wanted. New York City.

NOTICE OF ASSIGNMENT—Notice is hereby given that William T. Perkins has made a general assignment of all his property to me in trust for the benefit of all his bona fide creditors, that I have accepted same trust, given the required bond, and that the same has been approved by the Court, this 17th day of January, A. D. 1884. EZRA C. NOWELS, Mordecai F. Chilcott, [Trustee. Atty for Trustee. January 18, 1884.

What for, and where?

The air was very cold and raw—The little boy, he froze his paw.

Still on they sped—

In their little sled—

What for, and where?

The little girl, so young and fair, lost nearly all her golden hair,

They went so fast,

Their friends they passed—

What for, and where?

He horse, of course, got badly scared,

And ran, and pitched, and kicked and reared,

On went the pair—

Now almost there—

What for, and where?

The boy and girl were tumbled out—he sprained her ear he broke his snout—

Then up they got,

And off they set—

What for, and where?

For Levino's little candy store—to get some candy—Nothing more—They got it, too.

And so may you—

What for?

Why from 11 to 40 cents a pound; and our fine, sweet magnolias and delicious cream candies and chocolates, owing to a heterogeneous conglomeration of unforeseen difficulties, at prices to suit all.

HENRY LEVINO. Proprietor, Levino's Candy Factory, Rensselaer Indiana.

No Fun Being President.

It is not an enjoyable treat sometimes to be the editor of a paper, and mould public opinion at so much per month, and get complimentary tickets to the slight-of-hand performances, but with its care and worry, its headaches and apprehensions, it is more comforting on the whole than being President.

When we were a boy, and sat in the front row among the pale-haired boys with checked ginghams skirts at the Sunday-school, and the teacher told us to live uprightly and learn a hundred verses of the Scriptures each week so that we could be President, we thought that arraigned, calm, and universal approbation waited upon the man who successfully rose to be the executive of a great Nation.

With years, and accumulated wisdom, however, we have changed our mind.

Now we sit at our desk and write burning words for the press that will live and keep warm long after we are turned to dust and ashes. We write heavy editorials on the pork outlook, and sadly compose exhaustive treatises on the chin-chug, while men in other walks of life go out into the health-promoting mountains, and catch trout and woodticks. Our lot is not, perhaps, a joyous one. We sweep through the long July days with our suspenders hanging in limp festoons down over our chair, while we wish the death-dealing pen, but we do not want to be President.

Our salary is smaller, it is true, but when we get through our work in the middle of the night, and put on our plug hat and steal home through the all-pervading darkness, we thank our stars, as we split the kindling and bed down the family mule, that on the morrow, although we may be licked by the man we wrote up to-day, our official record can not be attacked.

There is a nameless joy that settles down upon us as we retire to our simple couch on the floor, and pull the collar door over us to keep us warm, which the world can neither give nor take away.

We plod along, from day to day, slicing great wads of mental papulum from our bulging intellect, never murmuring nor complaining when lawyers and physicians put on their broad brim chip hats and go out to the breezy canyons and the shady glens to regain their health.

We just plug along from day to day, eating a hard boiled egg from one hand while we write a scathing criticism on the *sic transit gloria* cucumber with the other.

No, we do not crave the proud position of President, nor do we hanker to climb to an altitude where forty or fifty millions of civilized people can distinctly see whether we eat custard pie with a knife or not.

Once in a while, however, in the stillness of the night, we kick the covers off, and moan in our dreams as we imagine that we are President, and we wake with the cold, damp sweat (or perspiration, as the case may be) standing out of every pore, only to find that we are not President after all, by an over-crowded jury, and we get up and sail away the rainy barrel and take a nap, and go back to a dreamless, snoring sleep.—*Laramie Boomerang*.

A Boston Girl in Chicago.

I feel that I am very far from Boston, I realize that I am many miles nearer the line that separates civilization from the land of savages. And into these Western solitudes I have brought a volume of Herbert Spencer to refresh and cheer my mind. He always fascinates; and the fact of his being still unmarried has something to do with it, for you know there is a halo surrounding the celibate which marriage utterly destroys. As in most philosophical questions, it is useless to ask why this is so. We can only observe the working of the phenomena, but not its cause. But truly, of Spencer I never tire. His ideas of the higher life are so consoling—the development from an “indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a definite, coherent heterogeneity.” What could be truer or more conclusive? Perhaps the illiterate mind might be staggered by the unusual combination of polysyllables, but we who are cultivated can appreciate the subtle significance of a definite, coherent heterogeneity. His ideas of love, however, are not extravagantly tinged with romance. Suppose that a man with tender eyes and raven-hued mustache, having seated himself by your side, should tenderly take your hand in his, and then assure in fervent tones that he is conscious of a molecular change in the vesicular nerve matter of his system, whose concomitant is love, and that you are the external object which has caused the change. Would an ice bath be more chilling? An hysterical woman would certainly lift up her voice and shriek aloud. No wonder that Herbert Spencer has lived to the age of sixty without marrying.

We can only observe the working of the phenomena, but not its cause. But truly, of Spencer I never tire. His ideas of the higher life are so consoling—the development from an “indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a definite, coherent heterogeneity.” What could be truer or more conclusive? Perhaps the illiterate mind might be staggered by the unusual combination of polysyllables, but we who are cultivated can appreciate the subtle significance of a definite, coherent heterogeneity. His ideas of love, however, are not extravagantly tinged with romance. Suppose that a man with tender eyes and raven-hued mustache, having seated himself by your side, should tenderly take your hand in his, and then assure in fervent tones that he is conscious of a molecular change in the vesicular nerve matter of his system, whose concomitant is love, and that you are the external object which has caused the change. Would an ice bath be more chilling? An hysterical woman would certainly lift up her voice and shriek aloud. No wonder that Herbert Spencer has lived to the age of sixty without marrying.

Education may create discomforts as well as secure great advantages. The German nation is threatened with a peculiar trouble of the eyes, as a penalty for reading badly printed books and for unwise methods of study. A careful investigation of the schools by competent physicians has revealed the unpleasant fact that near-sightedness is growing common, and may become universal.

In children of five years and under, it was rarely found; the vision was quite perfect. In the lower schools, from fifteen to twenty per cent. of the scholars were affected; in the higher schools, from forty to fifty per cent. In the theological department of the University, seventy per cent. of the students were troubled; and in the medical department the misfortune was almost universal, only five per cent. not being thus affected.

The physicians ascribe the difficulty to the practice of holding the books too near the eyes, and the practice is due in a large measure to the poor print of cheap books.

The trouble is increasing in our own country, and it might be wise to have a similar examination of our own schools by skillful physicians, in order to call public attention to the evil.—*Morgan's Press*.

In order to close out my entire stock of confectionery I will sell stick candy at 10 cts. per lb.

Mixed: 10 cts. per lb.

Fancy, including caramels, chocolates, burnt almonds, burnt peanuts, blackberries, raspberries, kisses, peppermint, wintergreen, lemon, cinnamon, licorice and gum drops, 15 cts. per lb.

Penny goods at proportionate rates.

Figs, 15 cts. per lb.

M. O. CISSEL
RENSSELAER, IND., Feb. 7, 1884.

New Life

is given by using BROWN'S IRON BITTERS. In the Winter it strengthens and warms the system; in the Spring it enriches the blood and conquers disease; in the Summer it gives tone to the nerves and digestive organs; in the Fall it enables the system to stand the shock of sudden changes.

In no way can disease be so surely prevented as by keeping the system in perfect condition. BROWN'S IRON BITTERS ensures perfect health through the changing seasons, it disarms the danger from impure water and miasmatic air, and it prevents Consumption, Kidney and Liver Disease, &c.

H. S. Berlin, Esq., of the well-known firm of H. S. Berlin & Co., Attorneys, Le Droit Building, Washington, D. C., writes, Dec. 5th, 1881:

Gentlemen: I take pleasure in stating that I have used Brown's Iron Bitters for malaria and nervous troubles, caused by overwork, with excellent results.

Beware of imitations. Ask for BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, and insist on having it. Don't be imposed on with something recommended as "just as good." The genuine is made only by the Brown Chemical Co. Baltimore, Md.

THOUSANDS SAY SO.

Mr. T. W. Atkins, Girard, Kansas writes: "I never hesitate to recommend your Electric Bitters to my customers, they give entire satisfaction and are rapid sellers." Electric Bitters are the purest and best medicine known and will positively cure Kidney and Liver complaints. Purify the blood and regulate the bowels—No family can afford to be without them. They will save hundreds of dollars in doctor's bills every year. Sold at fifty cents a bottle by F. B. Leaming.

3

THOUSANDS SAY SO.

Mr. T. W. Atkins, Girard, Kansas writes: "I never hesitate to recommend your Electric Bitters to my customers, they give entire satisfaction and are rapid sellers." Electric Bitters are the purest and best medicine known and will positively cure Kidney and Liver complaints. Purify the blood and regulate the bowels—No family can afford to be without them. They will save hundreds of dollars in doctor's bills every year. Sold at fifty cents a bottle by F. B. Leaming.