

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, head, muzzle, ears, shoulders and chest. It is exactly like a piece of armor 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 selected a noble stud 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 Cabinet-makers' 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 dorée." 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!" Well 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 has a costly job! If you only knew what the dressmakers charge!" "So I suppose you regret it?" "Oh, no. I married a dressmaker."—Magendorfer 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 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.

THE FORGOTTEN DEAD.

There Are Few English Tombstones Over Two Centuries Old.

Some years ago there was a correspondence in the papers, the main argument being that there were very few tombstones in the open—i. e., outside of a church—which could show a record of over 200 years. Doubtless there are many tombstones of a far greater age, but most of these are now undecipherable from the perishing material used or have sunk deep into the earth, in which case there can be small doubt as to the inscriptions having become obliterated.

The oldest record I have come across was at Godshill churchyard, near Ventnor, where the visitor can see legibly inscribed, "Annie Garde, 1592," but probably some of your readers may know of tombstones bearing an earlier date. The most surprising number of old tombstones clustered together are possibly those grouped at Bonchurch Isle of Wight, these ranging from 1611 to 1702. In all there are seven, having these dates: 1616, 1619, 1620, 1627, 1646, 1687, 1702.

So far—that is, during a three years' search—I have found tombstones of the seventeenth century at Godshill, Bonchurch, Brading and St. Lawrence (Ventnor), in the Isle of Wight; at Wateringbury, in Kent, where there are several in excellent order; at Tonbridge, Bristol, Ipswich, Harwich, Southwold, Colwyn Bay (old parish churchyard) and at Millbrook, near Southampton.

I might note that in all I have so far found only thirty-five tombstones over 200 years of age.—London Standard.

"THE ARABIAN NIGHTS."

Sir Richard Burton's Translation of the Tales.

"The Arabian Nights" was first introduced to Europe by a Frenchman named Galland, and the first English versions were simply translations of his. Then a Dr. Scott gave a very superior edition, "occasionally corrected from the Arabic." In 1839, however, appeared an English translation entirely from the Arabic, with copious notes and illustrations. It was Edward William Lane's, a gentleman whose long residence in Egypt had fully qualified him for his work. This translation may be said to have held the field until the appearance of one by Sir Richard Burton. Sir Richard was a daring and successful traveler, who had a remarkable facility in acquiring eastern languages. He performed a pilgrimage to Mecca disguised as a pilgrim, a feat as difficult as it was daring. In 1872 he was appointed to the post of British consul at Trieste. Here he applied his knowledge of Arabic to making a faithful translation of "The Arabian Nights Entertainments," supplementing his work with copious notes and terminal essays which have been called a mine of curious and diverting information. Its publication caused a great sensation. Details were freely given that had previously been suppressed. But the accuracy of the translation as a whole was candidly acknowledged, and Burton may be credited with having made into the English language the finest translation of these wonderful Arabian tales.—London Answers.

Saved by a Cipher.

The story is told of how a neatly constructed cipher saved Sir John Trevanion's life. This cavalier was taken prisoner and locked up in Colchester castle to await his execution. On the second day of his confinement the jailer brought him a letter, which, as far as the warden of the castle could discover, was merely a note of condolence from a friend. But the letter had been concocted on a cipher to which Sir John had a clew. Every third letter after a punctuation mark of any kind was to tell. What he made out was this: "Panel at east end of chapel slides." On the following evening the prisoner begged permission to pass a quiet hour in prayer in the chapel. The request was granted, and before the hour had passed the panel had done its work and the bird had flown.

A Bird Performer.

Canaries and other tame birds are sometimes taught to perform tricks, but it always has been regarded almost an impossibility to train a wild bird. Andrew Hume, the famous Scotch bird lover, trained one of the wildest of Scotch birds to perform all sorts of remarkable tricks—to jump and keep time with the skipping rope, to perform on the slack and tight rope, to climb an upright rope, stand on top of a running carriage, draw cards out of a box, mount a ladder and ring a bell, go round a wheeling stair step by step and fly to its owner's head when called upon.

Fame and Fortune.

"That young physician is working hard." "Yes," answered the veteran practitioner. "He is on the track of a discovery that will mean fame and fortune. He is trying to invent a new name that will make some old ailment fashionable."—Washington Star.

Barely Remembered.

"I suppose your late uncle didn't fail to remember you in his will," said the sympathetic friend. "You can hardly call it a remembrance," replied the poor relation. "It was more like a faint recollection!"

Three Years.

"How long," asked the judge of a vagrant negro, "have you been without any means of support?" "Since my wife died in 1903, suh," responded the darky respectfully.—Lippincott's Magazine.

The Sicilian tyrants never devised a greater punishment than envy.—Juvenal.

A STRANGE CIPHER.

The Message on the Bridge and the Fall of Strassburg.

The word that Strassburg was ready to capitulate to the French in 1681 was transferred from that city to Paris by a strange cipher, which, though not so rapid as a modern telegraphic message, was as effective.

Secret negotiations had been going on for some time with the magistrates of Strassburg, and one day the French minister summoned a young man named De Chamilly and gave him the following strange instructions:

"Start tonight for Basle, in Switzerland, which you will reach in three days. On the fourth day at 2 o'clock sharp station yourself on the bridge over the Rhine, with paper for taking notes and pen and ink. Watch all that takes place and write down carefully every detail. Do not leave the bridge for two hours, and do not let one thing that transpires escape your notice. Have horses awaiting you. At sharp 4 o'clock start for Paris and travel night and day until you reach it. On the instant of your arrival bring me your notes."

De Chamilly obeyed, reached Basle on the day and hour appointed and took up his position on the bridge. For a time nothing happened. Then a wagon rolled slowly across the bridge, and presently an old woman with a basket of herbs followed it. An old man posted by on his horse, a couple of children gathered flowers in a nearby field, and 3 o'clock chimed from a neighboring tower. Still De Chamilly waited, and his pen scratched off each incident as it occurred. Four o'clock began chiming, and at the first stroke a tall fellow in yellow breeches ambled out on the bridge, lounged over the rail and then suddenly, taking a step backward, struck three sound blows on the bridge with a heavy cane that he carried. And De Chamilly noted it in his book.

The clock ceased striking. De Chamilly turned and vaulted on his horse. Two days later he presented himself to the minister.

The latter glanced over the notes. When he came to the incident of the man with the yellow breeches a gleam of joy flashed over his face. At dawn a dozen couriers were swinging away on different routes, each with a message of importance. Eight days later Strassburg was surrounded by French troops, and on Sept. 30 its gates were thrown open in surrender. Evidently the three strokes of the stick given by the man on the bridge were the signal of an intrigue between the French minister of war and the magistrates of Strassburg. No doubt the man in the yellow breeches was as ignorant of the motive of his act as was De Chamilly of the reason of his errand.—Sunday Magazine.

Unpopular Street Lamps.

"It is strange how shy people are of street lamps," said the night watchman. "The most unpopular house in the block is usually the one whose front door is on speaking terms with the lamp post. I could understand this retiring disposition if New York's weather bureau furnished nothing but June zephyrs the year around and the population was made up of young couples given to spooning on the front stoop, but when you take into consideration the fact that a large percentage of our numbers consist of staid married folk, whose romantic days are over, and children whose mushy period is still to come, the peculiarity is hard to explain.

"Renting agents tell me they frequently run up against this prejudice in letting their houses.

"Is it opposite a lamp post? the prospective tenant inquires, and when the agent says it is, which he has to do because there is no use lying in a matter of that kind, the housekeeper goes elsewhere beyond the range of a gas jet. Some real estate holders have even gone so far as to petition the city to remove certain lamps because they damaged their property, but I never heard of the municipality acceding to the request."—New York Press.

Dr. Johnson and the Alphabet.

Those who are readiest to condemn as "scornful innovations" or "Americanisms" various suggestions for an altered orthography are apt to forget how arbitrary the greatest of English dictionary makers occasionally was in his choice between variant spellings. It was Dr. Johnson who added the "k" to "musick" and "rhetorick" and "physick," which before his day were more commonly spelled as we spell them now. "Labor" and "honor" and "favor" irritate many readers, who style them Americanisms. But it was Dr. Johnson who introduced the unnecessary, though perhaps graceful, "u" and "errour" and "gouverneur." The last spelling has only dropped out of the English Prayer Book in the twentieth century. How many churchgoers have noticed the change?—London Spectator.

A Mathematical Sorcerer.

In the sixteenth century, when the Spaniards were endeavoring to establish communications between the scattered branches of their monarchy, they invented a complicated cipher which from time to time was varied in order to confuse those who might try to pry into the mysteries of their correspondence. This cipher was composed of fifty signs and was of great value to them through the troubles of the Ligue until Henry IV. intercepted some of the messages and set Viète, a noted mathematician, to deciphering them. Viète soon found the clew and was able to follow easily all the variations that from time to time were made. When the Spanish court found that the cipher was public property in France they accused Viète of being a sorcerer and in league with the devil.

Soda Crackers and—

anything you choose—milk for instance or alone.

At every meal or for a munch between meals, when you feel the need of an appetizing bite to fill up a vacant corner, in the morning when you wake hungry, or at night just before going to bed. Soda crackers are so light and easily digested that they make a perfect food at times when you could not think of eating anything else.

But as in all other things, there is a difference in soda crackers, the superlative being

Uneda Biscuit

a soda cracker so scientifically baked that all the nutritive qualities of the wheat are retained and developed—a soda cracker in which all the original goodness is preserved for you.

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BARTLEY.

Election passed off nicely with no angry parties causing trouble. A large vote was polled with the usual republican majority of East Valley precinct.

Pearl Russell from Hubbell, Neb., and family have moved into the Dutcher property.

Mr. and Mrs. James Baily are going to Hot Springs, Arkansas, for Mr. Bailey's health.

Dr. Brown last week received an apple sent by his father from Portland, Oregon, that was viewed by many and pronounced the largest apple they ever saw. It was a large red apple with good shape and weighed 29 ounces.

Miss Stella Enlow and Miss Nellie Richardson came up from Cambridge Saturday evening and visited until Monday with Dr. and Mrs. Arbogart.

S. J. Rouse has moved into the property recently purchased of Miss Maud Miller.

Mrs. Ed Curlee and child from Lincoln are here visiting Mrs. Curlee's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Zac McCullum.

Mr. and Mrs. John B. Dunlop, of Ulysses, Neb., are here looking after their farm interests and visiting with Mr. and Mrs. John Dunlop.

Mrs. Kithcart arrived Tuesday evening from the eastern part of the state and went to the home of her son Mr. Barnhart, where she will remain a short time until Mr. Kithcart and their household goods arrive when they will move onto the Dr. Brown farm which they recently purchased.

Miss Leydia Shaffert returned Wednesday after a two weeks visit with her parents Mr. and Mrs. John Shaffert. She is making her home with Mrs. S. G. Brown.

INDIANOLA.

Election is over. All quiet on the Potomac.

Mr. Westcamp is the new engineer in the Indianola rolling mills.

Mrs. James Boldman went down to Edison, Tuesday morning and spent the day.

Grandma Millgate is numbered among the sick ones this week.

Rain commenced falling Friday morning and continued unceasingly throughout the day.

Mr. Hughes moved his house-

hold goods into the house vacated by J. Balding and will occupy the same as soon as his family arrive.

C. W. Dow will soon have his brick residence completed. Work on his new implement building is also progressing favorably.

Mrs. Hamilton and daughter of McCook, came down Sunday and visited her father A. N. Puckett.

"Dubby" and Mrs. McClung gave an old fashioned corn husking party to a number of their young friends Saturday night. We did not hear how many red ears were found, but we'll wager there were other red ears than those found in the corn pile.

Roy Mann and sister Mamie went down to Cambridge Sunday morning for a short visit with Daisy and Melissa Deane.

David Stonecypher is critically ill. The children have been sent for at his request, as he wants to see them all once more before he dies.

Mrs. Lillian Snyder and little son were the guests of Indianola friends last week.

Mrs. Don Quigley's baby died Saturday and was buried from the residence of Taylor Quigley Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Walker Andrews went to York Friday last on a visit to relatives. She expects to be gone a week or two.

A cement sidewalk in front of Hardesty & Letts' drug store has just been completed.

Edward Vandervort, living southeast of town is very sick with typhoid fever.

Miss Mary Miller who is making her home in Culbertson, came home Monday morning for a visit with home folks.

Mrs. "Doc" Thompson and their children of Kansas City, Missouri, are visitors in the home of Elmer Thompson.

J. C. Puckett, I. S. Sheridan, J. R. Neel and a few others went to McCook, Tuesday night to ascertain news of the election.

It arouses energy, develops and stimulates nervous life, arouses the courage of youth. It makes you young again. That's what Rocky Mountain tea will do. 35 cents, tea or tablets. L. W. McConnell.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

BURLINGTON BULLETIN NOV., 1906.

You Will Always Find Something in This Bulletin.

Round trip to the coast:—Daily tourist rates in effect all winter to Pacific coast destinations with variable routes. Chicago and return:—One fare plus \$2.00 for the round trip December 1st to 4th inclusive for the International Live Stock Exposition.

To the East and South:—Very low homeseeker's and winter tourist excursions through the autumn and winter to various destinations throughout the south and southeast.

Visit the old home:—Low excursion rates to the old home points in Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Missouri and other middle states destinations, November 13th, and 27th, limit thirty days.

Homeseekers' excursions:—Frequently each month to Western Nebraska, Eastern Colorado, Big Horn Basin, dry land farming destinations or irrigated sections.

Dry Land Farming:—Send for folder and get hold of a quarter section of cheap western land before it is too late. Free Kinkaid lands:—Write D. Clem Deaver, Agent Burlington's Homeseekers' Information Bureau at 1004 Farnam St., Omaha, about getting hold of a free section of Kinkaid lands now being restored to the public domain.

Consult nearest Burlington Ticket Agent and see what rates he has available for your proposed trip.—11-9-06.

G. S. SCOTT, Agent C. B. & Q. Ry. L. W. WAKELEY, G. P. A., Omaha.

WANTED—Man with team and wagon to sell a full line of medicines, extracts and spices direct to farmers. A paying business. Address with references Dr. Masters' Remedies, Sheldon, Iowa.



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