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THE BUCKEYE.

VOL. I.

MARTINS FERRY, O., APRIL, 1892.

NO 3.

SOMEWHAT THE WORSE FOR WEAR.

A wasp came buzzing to his work,
And various things did tackle;
He stung a boy and a dog,
Then made a rooster cackle.

Upon an editor's cheek he lit
And settled down to drill;
He prodded there an hour or so,
And finally broke his bill.

THE ITEM ALL RIGHT.

"Do I look like a dead man?"

This question was shot at the editor of the Bad Lands Squazoo, by a man of ferocious aspect, who entered the sanctum in a great hurry.

"My friend I have no time to answer conundrums," replied the editor mildly.

"I want to know if I look like a dead man?" persisted the visitor in a louder tone. "It ain't no conundrum either."

"I don't know that I'm bound to answer the questions of every excited individual who happens to come. If you'll tell me the object of your call, I'll give the subject some consideration."

"Well sir, your paper announced me dead, and I want to know whether I look like a dead man."

"Why didn't you say so? No, you don't look like a dead man."

"Then your paper lied, didn't it?"

"The paper seems to have been misinformed, if you are the man it referred to, I allow no man to say it lied."

"Well I'm the man it referred to, I reckon. I'm the only Alkali Ike in these diggin's. I'm the terror of the Bad Lands. I'm a varmint from the Wicked Desert, and when I'm mad I can lick the entire press of the United States. You hear me?"

"I've never been accused of deaf-

ness."

"I could chew you up at one mouthful. See?"

"I'm not blind."

"If you don't make that paragraph right, I'll jab yer into your own press and print an impression of yer paper on yer carcass. Twig?"

The editor twigged.

"Will yer make that item right?"

"I will," replied the editor, rising slowly from his chair, with a six-shooter in one hand and a big knife in the other. "Yes, I'll make that paragraph true. You'll look like a dead man in exactly five seconds. What's your choice. lead or steel?"

But Alkali Ike, the varmint from the Wicked Desert, did not remain long enough to choose, and the item hasn't been corrected

THEIR FAVORITE STATES.

- Noah's—Ark.
- The sage's—Ken.
- The debtor's—O.
- The soul's—Mass.
- The doctor's—Ill.
- The miner's—Ore.
- The toper's—R. I.
- The lover's—Miss.
- The egotist's—Me.
- The farmer's—Mo.
- The collector's—Pa.
- The writer's—Penn.
- The forester's—Del.
- The musician's—La.
- The schoolboy's—Conn.
- The Chinaman's—Wash.
- The mathematician's—Tenn.

"Look out!" cried the tipsy bum, "if anybody attempts to take this lamp-post away from me, I'll kick him"

THE BUCKEYE.

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EDITORIAL EFFORTS.

Many new exchanges were received during the past month.

The Boys' Enterprise and the Illuminator have consolidated.

The Hawkeye Ledger comes out in all the glory of a double number.

One of our contemporaries came out saying that we have suspended. He's slightly off.

This office was visited by the Corona News-Letter, during the past month. Exchange? Why, certainly.

The printer is the only man on the face of the earth, who swears when he has to dispose of a hand full of pi(e).

The May number of the Little Chief presents the finest appearance of any number of that paper we have ever read.

We have at hand a copy of McCormick & Co's., catalogue. They offer many rare bargains. See 'ad' on another page.

Publishing amateur papers must certainly pay, in some cases, for we can see no other reason for so many papers enlarging.

Don't fail to read our electrical department. It contains valuable information for anyone in the study of this modern motive force.

On account of the intervention of more important duties, we were compelled to come out somewhat late this month. We will try to be more prompt, hereafter,

The inquisitive reader will peruse withstanding the fact that he may have to stand on his head to accomplish his object.

If this paper interests you, if you are glad to see it, or if you wish it success, you can very substantially help the enterprise by favoring us with a year's subscription, or, when answering an advertisement, by stating where you saw it announced.

A society called The National Amateur Protective Association, has been organized some time ago, by the amateur publishers of this country, and notwithstanding the fact that the organization is yet in its infancy, new members are being taken in every week. Its object is to expose all fraud concerns, with which nine out of every ten amateur publishers have had dealings. Such a society has been needed for some time.

How does it come that so many of the amateur papers, some of which are no larger than this paper, are obliged to employ 'a corps of assistant editors?' We came across a paper, a few weeks ago, just about the size of the BUCKEYE, which claimed to have five editors. It certainly cannot be that the size of the sheet, and the immense amount of matter required to fill it up, demands this large "editorial staff." This paper employs one assistant editor—a pair of shears,—and we will frankly admit that this assistant does the greater part of the work, as a glance over our paper will show.

ELECTRICITY.

PRELIMINARY CONSIDERATIONS.

BY LYMAN S. HANES.

(Continued from last month.)

We may now proceed to study a few of these methods of evoking electricity, so as to familiarize ourselves with the leading properties.

If we rub any resinous substance, such as amber, copal, resin, sealing wax, ebonite, etc., with a piece of warm, dry flannel, we shall find that it acquires the power of attracting light bodies, such as small pieces of paper, straw, pith, etc. After remaining in contact with the rubbed or electrified substance for a short time, the paper, or whatever is used, will fly off as if repelled, and this apparent repulsion will be more evident and more quickly produced if the experiment be performed over a metal tray. If a small pith ball the size of a pea, be suspended from the ceiling by a piece of fine cotton, previously dampened, and then approached by an ebonite comb that has been rubbed briskly, it will be vigorously attracted and never repelled; but if for the cotton, there be substituted a fibre of very fine dry silk, the pith ball will first be attracted and then repelled. This is owing to the fact that the damp cotton allows the electricity to escape along it; i. e., damp cotton is a conductor of electricity, while silk does not its dissipation; or in other words, silk is a non-conductor.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Price of Postage Stamps.

A man went into the post office of a neighboring town, recently, and told the post master that he desired thirteen two cent stamps for a cent and a quarter. The postmaster refused to give them to him saying that the cost would be twenty-six cents. The man persisted in getting his order, claim-

ing that he could get them at any office for that amount, and he even threatened the government official if he continued to refuse him. Finally the post master ordered him out, but the man, none daunted, took a cent and a twenty-five cent piece from his pocket and laying them down on the corner, he received his stamps for a cent and a quarter. The post master was a little discomfited for a while, but now enjoys the joke as much as any one.—Ex.

A Tall Snake Story.

A farmer of Marion county says he has a snake which swallowed an eight day clock in August, 1887. Until the clock run down, it struck regular and its ticking could be heard. A short time ago the farmer found some eggs which had been deposited in a hole by the reptile, and on breaking them open, found that each contained an open face silver watch in first class running order. He sold the watches at a big profit and has now given the snake a post auger in the hope that it will produce sufficient cork screws to enable him to start a wholesale drug store.—Dubuque (Ia.), Ledger.

How Papa Said Grace

The bright little daughter of the host was greatly interested in the preacher, and very curious to know why people should say grace before dinitg. The preacher was pleased at the question and hastened to inform her that all good people endeavored to return thanks in that manner for the things which were given. "Yes," exclaimed the little inquisitive, "but you don't say grace just like my papa did last night." "How did your papa say grace, little girl?" "Well, papa came in, and as he got in his chair at the table, he looked at mamma and said, very solemn-like, 'My God, what a supper!'"—Ex.

SUBSCRIBE!

BEATING THE BARBER.



Engineer (as he rounds the curve)—
Good heavens, Bill! There's a man on
the track, and I can't reverse in time.



"No harm done, gents. Much obliged
for the cut."—Life.

THIS HAS PUZZLED MANY.

A farmer had sixty eggs, thirty of the largest he placed in one basket and sold at the rate of two for a cent, while the remaining thirty he sold at the rate of three for a cent. From the first basketful he realized fifteen cents, from the second ten cents, a total of twenty-five cents. When he next went to market, he thought that as three eggs for a cent, and two eggs for a cent, were the same as five for two cents, he would not bother to sort his eggs over, but would put the sixty in one basket, and sell them at the rate of five for two cents, as he assumed he had done on his previous trip. He did so, but found that he had realized but twenty-four cents from them, instead of twenty-five cents the amount received from the first lot sold from two baskets. The question that puzzles the farmer, puzzles the mathematicians, is what became of the missing cent.

BERRY GOOD.

A man by the name of Berry, once sent in a bill before it was due. The person who received the bill, met him the next day, and said:

"Here's a pretty mull, Berry; you've presented your bill, Berry, before it was due, Berry. Upon my feelings, you rasp, Berry, your father, the elder Berry, would not have been such a goose, Berry. But you needn't look so blue, Berry, for I don't care a straw, Berry, and if you write again before June, Berry, I'll maul you till you're black, Berry."

To make an evil thought welcome in your heart, is the same thing as opening the door for the devil.

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