THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

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A DRAMATIC SENSATION,

The Thrilling, Startling Drama, How Save Money.

By D. A. HECK,

Author of the "The Bride Won; or, What a New Suit of Clothes Did," will be enacted every day and evening during the coming season at D. A. HECK'S

GREAT CLOTHING EMPORIUM,

No. 11, North Main St., Duffy's Block,

BUTLER, - PA.

Until further notice. This powerful work is a wonderful and variegated combination of tragical comedy, and comical tragedy and never fails to bring down the house. The actors are all stars. The costuming will be a strong feature. The following briefly outlined is the

—PROGRAMME:—

SONG—The happy man no more reflects, Who buys his clothing at D. A. Heck's

ACT I.—SCENE 1—Time 9 a.m: Enter young man with friend. Young man explains to his friend that the direct cause of his engagement to the wealthy farmer's daughter was his purchase of an elegant suit at D. A. HECK'S Great Clothing Emporium. Friend tumbles to the idea and is made happy with a new suit. Hat, Shirts, Collars Ties, Underwear, Gloves, Hose, Trunk Valise, Umbrella, etc. Scene closes with song, joined in by the audience.

SONG—The day will be intensely cold, When D. A. Heck is undersold, &c.

ACT II.—SCENE 2—Time 11 a.m. Enter throng of people, old men, young men, ladies, children, managing matrons with marriarable daughters, who with one accord fairly shriek with delight at the wonderful bargains shown. The beautiful young lady, Cinderella finds some jewelery, a pair of Corsets, a pair of Kid Gloves, an elegant pair of Hose that set her off so exquisitely that a dude from Unionville and a young man from Greece City both propose, as the Greece City man has on one of D. A. Heck's irresistable suits. Cinderella decides to patronize home industries and accepts him. The Unionville dude talks of ponds, suicides, &c., but decides not to leave this world while he can get clothing so cheap at D. A. HECK'S Great Emporium.

Song by company, joined by audience:
'Tis our experience, one and all,
And every one who tries it knows,
That D. A. HECK has got the call,
And takes the town in selling clothes.

ACT III.—SCENE 3.—Time ten years later: HECK'S LARGEST EMPORIUM.

Ten years are supposed to have elapsed. D. A. HECK'S store quadrupled in size. Butler a metropolis. Arrival of several excursions, electric trains and a number of balloons, with crowds of people to buy Clothing, Underwear, Hats, Caps, Collars, Neck Ties, Hosiery, Suspenders, Handkerchiefs, Umbrellas, Trunks Valises, Satchels, Bill and Pocketbooks, Cloth, Hair and Tooth Brushes and innumerable other articles which space forbids to mention. Scores of prosperous men and plump matrons gather around the proprietor, all agreeing that their rise in the world began from the moment they began to buy their goods from

D A. HECK.

Cinderella and her husband about to depart for Mt. Chestnut (this is no chestnut) The Unionville dude, a dude no longer but a rich business man in the city of Butler. Population 10,000, noted chiefly for being the most enterprising city in the county and for fair dealing and for the fact D. A. HECK'S Emporium, Duffy's Block, is the headquarters for good goods, fair dealing and low prices.

All will now join in singing:—
How D. A. Heck is selling clothes,
Way down at bed rock—
Just watch the crowd that daily goes
To D. A. Heck's in Duffy Block.

Curtain falls to slow but sure music.

Tutt's Pills

REGULATE THE BOWELS.

Habitual Costiveness

Causes derangement of the entire system, and begets diseases that are hazardous to life. Persons of a costive habit are subject to Headache, Defective Memory, Gloomy Foreboding, Nervousness, Fevers, Drowsiness, Irritable Temper and other symptoms, which unfits the sufferer for business or agreeable associations. Regular habit of body alone can correct these evils, and nothing succeeds so well in achieving this condition as Tutt's Pills. By their use not only is the system renovated, but in consequence of the harmonious changes thus created, there pervades a feeling of satisfaction; the mental faculties perform their functions with vivacity, and there is an exhilaration of mind, freedom of thought, and perfect heart's ease that bespeaks the full enjoyment of health.

SECRET OF BEAUTY

Is health. The secret of health is the power to digest a proper quantity of food. This can never be done when the liver does not act its part. Make the delicate wheel in the mechanism of man, and when it is out of order, the whole system becomes deranged, and Fever, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Constipation, and Bilious Colic and General Debility ensue. To restore the functions of the Liver and impart that beauty which always attends a healthy constitution, Dr. Tutt's Liver Pills are recommended. They are not a cure-all, but are designed solely for the disordered Liver and the diseases which it produces.

Tutt's Liver Pills

STIR UP THE TORPID LIVER.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS, 25c.

CATARRH HAY FEVER.

Is an inflamed condition of the lining membrane of the nostrils, tear-ducts and throat affecting the lungs. An acrid mucus is secreted, the discharge is accompanied with a burning sensation. There are severe spasms of sneezing, frequent attacks of headache, watery and inflamed eyes.

HAY-FEVER

Try the cure Ely's Ceam Balm,

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cts. Circulars free. ELY BROS, 235 Greenwich St. New York.

—THE—

"Bradford Restaurant,"

South Main Street,

In the Bishop Building.

MEALS AND LUNCHES

Served at all hours at reasonable rates.

OYSTERS, GAME,

And everything in season.

The patronage of the oil men and travelling public respectfully solicited.

Fine Cigars and Tobacco always kept on hand.

S. K. Eckelberger,

Proprietor.

WANTED AGENTS For Mr. Blaine's new book, "POLITICAL DISCUSSIONS, DIPLOMATIC and POPULAR." Including all his speeches, by JAMES G. BLAINE. Apply at once for terms and territory.

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AND OUTLINE WORK DONE,

Also lessons in same given by ANNIE M LOWMAN, North street, Butler, Pa.

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MULLINS, THE AGNOSTIC.

AS TOLD BY DEACON STILLWATER.

His name was William Mullins, and
He had a sneering way
Of turning his proboscis up
At everything you'd say.
"Wall, now, how do you know?" said he:
"Humph, now, how do you know?
The way it closed an argument
It wasn't by no means slow.

You might be talking social like
With fellows at the store,
On war and politics; and sich,
And you might have the floor
And be a gittin' things down fine
Provin' that things was so,
When Mullins would stick his long nose in
With "Humph, now how do you know?"

I seen that critter set in church
And take a sermon in,
And turn his nose up in a sneer
At death and grace and sin,
With no regard for time and place
Or realms of endless woe,
He'd rise and burst the whole thing up
With "Humph, now how do you know?"

He cut his grass whenever it rained,
He shocked his wheat up green,
He cut his corn behind the frost,
His hogs was allus lean.
He built his stacks with big ends up,
His corn cribs big end down;
"Crooked as Mullins' roadside fence"
Was a proverb in our town.

The older he got the wuss he grew,
And crookeder day by day;
The squint of his eye would wind a clock.
His toes turned out each way,
His boots and shoes were both of them lefts,
The rheumatiz twisted so;
But if you said he didn't look well
He'd growl, "Now, how do you know?"

And that darned grit led to his death—
He was on the railroad track
Crossin' a bridge; I heard the train
And yelled "Mullins come back!
The train is around the curve in sight—"
Says he, "Humph, how do you know?"
I helped to gather him up in a pail
The engine scattered him so.

I think it's best to have more faith
In every day concerns,
And not be allus snoopin' round
To get behind the returns.
A plain statement will do for me,
A hint instead of a blow;
A coroner's jury may fetch out facts,
But it's rather late to know.

A. T. Worden in Boston Globe.

Jim Poulder's Mistake.

A pleasant, balmy day in May. The windows of the railway car were open. There was a breeze stirring, and though a cloud of dust was blown in, it was also blown out, with the the exception of a tired portion which stopped to rest on the clothes of the passengers or burrowed for its own safety in their ears and nostrils. There were only two vacant seats in the car, and at Pankeap station two persons came to fill them. One of these was an old man—on a second look he was probably not over fifty—with iron-gray hair, partly covered by a slouched hat and clad in a new suit of gray that seemed to have been made for somebody else. With him was a young and pretty girl, whose dress was of ordinary stuff, but well fitting, and who was well gloved and well shod.

The observer would have set down the two for a well-to-do farmer and his daughter who were travelling for business or pleasure. The man looked around. The two vacant seats were on opposite sides of the car. In one of them sat a young, well-dressed and apparently self-satisfied gentleman, and the space by his side was occupied by a handbag of crocodile leather and a spring overcoat. In the other was another young man not quite so extravagently dressed, though neatly clad, and not so handsome as the first, though he had an open and intelligent countenance. The farmer looked around and motioning to his daughter, said:

"There's a place for you, Lucy". Then turning to the young man with the satchel, he asked: "Seat engaged?"

The young man looked up, curled his lip supericiliously, and said: "Man to fill it will be here presently, I dare say."

"Ah," said the farmer, coolly removing the the gripsack and overcoat and placing them on the young man's lap; "then I'll occupy it until he comes," and he seated himself, accordingly, while the young man glared at him.

The one on the other side looked amused; and then, rising, said. "You had better exchange seats with me, sir; and then the young lady and yourself will be together."

"Thank you?" was the farmer's reply and the exchange was quietly effected.

The two young men were evidently acquainted, for the courteous one said to the other, in a low voice, "Jim Poulder, you made a mistake there."

"I never make mistakes, Frank Bolling," replied the other. "I dare say, you will make your fortune some of these days by being polite to the granger population; but my fortune is already made."

The first speaker said nothing more; but, drawing a newspaper from his pocket, opened it, and ran his eye over its columns.

Poulder yawned a little, and at last said, "This is too dull for yours faithfully, James Poulder. I'll go into the smoking car and take a whiff. Have a shifter?" he inquired, producing a pocket flask.

"No, thank you," replied Bolling. "That stuff is rather too fiery for me."

"Here goes alone, then. That's as fine brandy as ever crossed the ocean. Day-day! Keep an eye on my traps, will you, and don't give up my seat to every country yokel who asks it?"

The elegant young gentleman shook himself, and made his way forward to the car especially provided for fumigation.

When he had gone the old man leaned the arm of his seat and addressed Bolling.

"Excuse me, sir; but didn't your friend who has left say that his name was James Poulder?

"That's his name, sir;" replied the young man, "but he is not exactly a friend of mine, though he lives in the same place and I know him very well."

"May I inquire where he is from?"

"Yes, sir; Careysburg."

"Son of Peter B. Poulder, the great pork packer there, isn't he?"

"Yes, sir."

"His father should deal with him; it would be quite in his line."

"Oh, papa!" said a sweet reproachful voice, as those near who heard the colloquy tittered.

"It's a fact, Lucy," rejoined the farmer.

The old gentleman, who evidently was intelligent, entered into a general conversation with the younger and soon showed that he was quite well informed. Bolling was glad of a conference so entertaining, especially when, as his eyes were bent in that direction, he saw the young lady was interested, and, he hoped, a pleased listener. There was something very sweet in the expression of her countenance, an inexpressible impress of modesty and innocence in her features. They chatted away, and the elder, so dextrously that the younger never perceived it, drew out of the other his position, prospects and intentions.

Bolling was frank by nature, and the questions of his interlocutor, who was as ingenious as the other was ingenous, were craftily put. The sharp granger soon learned that Frank Bolling had been engaged for some time in the study of law; but that his father, having met with reverses and having two younger daughters to educate, the young man determined to make his burden less, and had set out to support himself, abandoning his law studies and taking a situation as salesman at a country store in Griffton, a thriving town about five miles from the main line.

"I get but beggarly pay of course," said Frank, gayly; "I'm only a raw hand; but I have a promise that when I am qualified my wages will be increased."

"You are rather a singular person," said the farmer buffly. "Most young men would talked of their salary."

"I rather prefer the old style of English," said Bolling, "I am to be a hireling, and the compensation of a hireling is called wages. But wages or salary—the terms are indifferent to me."

"My place is within a mile of Griffton," said the old man. "I've a notion that I knew your father once. Wasn't he at Harvard in his time?.

"Yes, sir; and so was I. We are alumni of the same school."

"I wonder if he remembers his old chum there—one George Carter—George St. Leger Carter as they have it on the rolls"

"Yes, sir; I've heard him speak of of him often, Judge Carter, you mean? He lives at Griffton. Do you know him?"

"Um! ye-s! After a fashion"

"Papa," whispered the young girl, but Bolling's quick ear caught her words, "I know the judge better than you do,"

"Be quiet, Puss, will you?" replied her father in same tone.

"I am told that he left the bench, and though quite wealthy, has gone back to the bar. I have a letter from him which my father, recalling their youthful friendship, insisted on giving me; but I shall not present it."

"Why, not? He might be of use to you."

"Scarcely, sir. You see if I am to be a salesman in a country store, I had better accomodate myself to my position." The judge, even if he remembered old college friendships, would n't be likely to consider me a welcome addition to his family circle as a visitor. He is rich, and then he is said to have a very handsome and accomplished daughter, who would no doubt look down on me. I have my bread and butter to earn, and had better confine myself to it,

"Possibly you are right. But how came your father to lose his money? I thought he inherited a fine fortune?"

"Yes, sir; but he was drawn into incurring responsibility for a relative. He is not ruined, by any means, but is merely hampered, and thinks he will pull through in time with a little economy and prudence; and I have no doubt he will But I am only in his way, or I would have remained"

"Have you ever thought of trying farming?"

"No, sir, I have no capital, and know nothing of it."

"Do you know any more of selling groceries and dry goods?"

"Not a bit more; but you see I am paid something there while I learn."

"Your friend, or your acquaintance, as you call him, goes to Griffton, too—does he?"

"Yes, sir; but he goes there in a different capacity. I believes he represents his father in some transactions about some property with the judge, and is to remain there some days as a guest, until the affair is closed. Possibly, as his father wants him to marry, he may be on a tour of observation, and take in the judge's daughter. Though that is very impertinent of me, for he has said nothing on the subject."

"Do you think he is so irresistible as to be able to pick and choose at his pleasure?" inquired the girl, looking quizzically over her father's shoulder.

"He can be very fascinating when he chooses, I am told," replied Bolling; "and as he is handsome, and only son, and his father worth millions, he is what elderly ladies call 'a good catch.'"

"He puts up his fascination along with his courtesy, I suppose, and leaves both at home when he travels," said the girl.

"Lucy! Lucy!" cried her father, "some thoughts had better be left unspoken"

The conversation turned into other channels. But the old farmer still pursued his queries in the most artful way. There is a strong thirst for information in the rural mind, but in this instance it seemed to be personal.

At last the elegant Jim Poulder came back from the smoking car, with a strong nicotine aroma shedding itself from his person. His voice had that thickness which told of the draining of his pocket flask. He was jolly and confidential.

"Sorry, old fellow," he said, "to have left you so long. Been bored to death for want of company, haven't you?"

"Oh, no! I have enjoyed a very pleasant conversation with our genial neighbor over the way."

Genial! Well, of all the queer chaps for picking up low acquaintance, you beat 'em and give 'em six in the game."

"Ssh, they'll hear you."

"Let 'em, who cares? Going to stop at the Junction?"

"No; there is a one-horse sort of connecting train, I learn, and I shall push on to Griffton at once."

"I shan't. I shall lay over a day. I'm sort of worn out, and I'll come over to-morrow as fresh as a daisy. Hope you'll have a good time among the cheese and candies. I intend to look in on you before I leave and see 'how doth the little busy bee improve each shining hour.'"

"Thank you; you're very kind."

The brakeman craned his neck in the door and uttered some sounds, apparently "Grittin Juxsh'n, which the experienced ear understood to be Griffton Junction, and the travelers for that point left the cars. Poulder made his way, with his luggage, to the little hotel there, while the farmer and daughter, followed by Bolling, made their way to the single car, with a little superannuated engine attached, which stood waiting. There were no other passengers, and the three had the car to themselves.

"Come over here, Mr. Bolling," said the old man, after the car had been in motion a while, "I want to talk to you a bit. Turn down that seat. That will do. You said you had a letter for Judge Carter, but didn't intend to deliver it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did it never occur to you, young man, that it was your duty to obey a father's orders?"

"I trust, sir, I'm usually obedient. It was not a positive order. I shall write to him and explain."

"I tell you that you should deliver that letter to its proper owner. You arr only a trustee in this case. I am Judge Carter, and this is my daughter Lucy. Hand over the paper to the court."

"I beg pardon, sir; but I—"

"You want identification. Here, conductor! Tell this young man who I am."

"Judge Carter," responded the functionary, a little curious to know what it was all about.

"Thank you, Phillips. That will do. Now, sir."

Bolling, not a little astonished, took the letter from his pocketbook.

"If you'll permit me," said the Judge, as he opened the letter and glanced over the contents. "He gives you a good character, and wants me to look after you a little. Ah, how time flies! Lucy, this young fellow's father and I had such good times in the old days. How long did you read law, Bolling?"

"A little over two years, sir."

"Like it?"

"Very much indeed, sir."

"Whom did you read with?"

"Spence & Sullivan."

"Good men. Sullivan put you through the office business, I fancy. That's his way. Now, I have been putting you through an exhaustive examination, which is my way, and I think you will do. Let old Bragg find another salesman. He's not dying for you, and I can get him a substitute. I have two students in my office. What they are there for is their own business, but they will never make a great success at the bar unless they change their ways. I want a clerk to manage my office and to boss around while I am off on a circuit. I'll give you a living salary, not too much, and you can read law meanwhile. You ought to be able to pass in a year. If you turn out like I hope you will, why, when you get your sheepskin, we'll see what can be done. What do you say to this?

"Say to it, sir! What can I say but yes, and thank you for your offer?"

"Very well, that's settled. Here we are, and there is our carriage. Jump in; I'll drive."

The next day James Poulder, Esq, made his appearance at the Carters in a state of elegance only matched by that of Captain Cuttle's famous watch—never equalled and rarely excelled. He was ushered into the drawing-room and received by a young lady whose style suited even his fastidious taste, and whose features had a dim familiarity. When the judge came in the young man's recognition of the farmer in the car was complete. He stammered out an apology, but the old man relieved him.

"It could hardly have been expected that you should have known us," said the Judge. "Let all that pass. You are quite welcome. As we have two hours before dinner, we'll go to the office and look over the papers together. Miss Carter will excuse you meanwhile."

In the office Poulder found Bolling, who was busy at work on a declaration.

"Why, Frank, I thought you were going into the grocery business?"

"I've changed my mind," said Frank, resuming his work.

James Poulder stayed his week out and then took the cars for Careysburg.

Frank Bolling did not make the same trip until two years later. Then he went to visit his father, who had got over his pecuniary troubles, and to see his sisters. He had been admitted to the bar meanwhile, and Judge Carter, whose favorable impressions time had confirmed, had taken him into partnership just before he left. He was in high spirits on that trip. Miss Lucy Carter that had been, Mrs. Francis Bolling then, was his traveling companion.

Persons of Note.

Mr. Gladstone has agreed to drive the first pile of a bridge across the Dee.

Frederick Douglass, the noted colored orator, arrived recently in this country from Europe.

The Sultan of Turkey gets along on the modest income of $10,000,000 a year. He is 38 years old.

Mrs. Perry, the wife of Commodore Perry, the hero of Lake Erie, is living quietly at Stratford, Conn. Although beyond four score, she is still active and her faculties are not greatly impaired.

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher has made a contract by which she is to write an extended series of articles for newspapers and magazines, intended especially for women, and discussing dress, society, education and marriage.

Joseph Francis, the famous inventor of life saving apparatus, who has long been a resident of New Jersey, has gone to San Diego, California, to live permanently. Mr. Francis is now 80 years old. He is accompanied by his son, who is past fifty years old.

Colorow, the Ute Chief, who has been making the disturbance in Colorado, is an enormous old savage weighing 300 pounds. He has never been satisfied with the government and has been more or less rebellious all his life. He used to visit Denver often, and on one occasion went to Governor McCook's office and became rather insolent. Governor McCook kicked Colorow out of his office and down a flight of stairs into the street.

THE SONG OF THE BEE.

Buzz, buzz, buzz,
This is the song of the bee.
His legs are of yellow,
A jolly good fellow,
And yet a good worker is he.

In days that are sunny,
He's getting his honey;
In days that are cloudy,
He's hoarding his wax;
On pinks and on lillies,
And gay daffodillies,
And columbine blossoms
He levies a tax.

Buzz, buzz, buzz!
The sweet smelling clover
He humming hangs over;
The scent of the roses
Makes fragrant his wings;
He never gets lazy,
From thistle and daisy
And weeds of the meadow
Some treasure he brings.

Buzz, buzz, buss!
From morning's first gray light
Till fading of daylight,
He's singing and toiling
The summer day through,
Oh! we may get weary,
And thing work is dreary;
'Tis harder by far
To have nothing to do.

—Nancy N. Pendleton in Sept. St. Nicholas.

Wives by the Shipload.

It is one of the almost forgotten curiosities of early Canadian history about the year 1668 France actually undertook to supply its discharged soldiers and other citzens who had settled in Canada with wives to order and on a scale befitting its own magnificence. Ships were chartered and a consignment made of several hundreds of demoisselles were shipped from the mother land for the choice and delectation of the sturdy adventurers who having at length conquered a peace from the fierce Iroquis, were now in a position to cultivate their own assigned acres and sit down by their own peaceful firesides. Imagination falters in the attempt to depict the curiosity and anxiety with the arrival of the vessel bearing the precious freight would be awaited by the expectant and eager bachelors, if indeed they were permitted to know beforehand of the beneficient designs of the government or the peculiar form it was about to assume. What a thrill must have flashed along the banks of the St. Lawrence when the advertisement was actualy published that a large number of candidates for the matrimonial market had reached the Canadian shores, and that "such as had had means of supporting a wife should have their choice." We can fancy the excitement as the avant couriers charged with the weighty news went from village to village and from house to house th spread the novel announcement. We can see in the mind's eye the living streams of pilgrims taking their rise in the remote huts of the forests and pouring forth in ever-swelling volume toward the place of rendezvous, as the ancestors of the inhabitants hastened forward eager to try their fortunes, or exulting by anticipation in the enjoyment of the proffered boom.

So far as appears the hundreds of imported ladies must have stood forth with unveiled faces and with that outward semblance of calm which only women can put on with marvelous success in the most trying circumstances, open to the inspection of the crowding and excited suitors. What pen can do justice to the contending emotions that must have rent their bosoms as each waited minute after minute, or hour after hour, for her turn to come, or perhaps as she found herself forced to decide, in very brief order, between the conflicting claims of half a dozen eager competitors, neither of whom she ever saw before, and in regard to whose previous history and present character she was wholly in the dark, save so far as her keen woman's instincts might give her light?

The matches were all arranged within the short space of less than 15 days from the publication of the advertisements. The marriage ceremony was in each case duly performed, and the wedding gifts were in order. The governor general himself undertook the beneficent task, in the absence of a circle of personal friends and acquaintances, to be put under contribution. His gifts were admirably practical and useful. They consisted of "oxen, cows, fowls, salted beef and some money." With these goodly stores the wedded couples set out on their homeward journeys, and though regard for historical truth, or at least verisimilitude, forbids us to declare of them by wholesale that they were all "happy ever after," we may reasonably hope that a goodly proportion of them at least were reasonably so, especially since we must believe that the personal and social virtues of many an honest habitant of the present day may have come down in direct line of heridity from a pair of ancestors thus strangely brought together and summarily wedded.

How Canada Obtained Its Name.

The origin of the word Canada is curious enough. The Spaniards visited that country previous to the French, and made partial searches for gold and silver, and finding none, they often said among themselves, "A can nada" (there is nothing here). The Indians who watched closely, learned the sentence and its meaning. After the departure of the Spaniards the French arrived, and the Indians, who wanted none of their company, and supposing they were also Spaniards come on the same errand, were anxious to inform them that their labor was lost in tarrying in that country and frequently repeated to them the Spanish sentence "A can nada." The French, who knew as little of Spanish as the Indians, supposed this incessantly recurring sound was the name of the country and gave it the name of Canada, which it has borne ever since.

—Two peach-basket factories in Smyrna, Del., made 700,000 this season, half enough to supply the entire demands of Deleware and Maryland. The prices average five and a half cents.

—Scientific men have led us to believe that color blindness is a very common defect in this country, but the recent examination of the trainmen of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad does not seem to sustain this idea. Out of 400 men examined the first day, only three were found who were color blind.

An Economical Advertiser.

From the Columbus Dispatch.]

The principal of an academy in New Jersey advertises in the city papers that he prepares "boys for bus. or col. Backward boys taught pri. If you have a boy who is a little slow in his gram. or dilitor. in his rith. or weak in his Lat. that you want to rush for a bus. posish. or a profesh., you should write a let. to the princ. of this acad. for a circ. and a cat. containing terms and curric. The prof's head is lev.

How He Received the News.

A man covered with dust rushed into a Chicago business house, and, approaching the proprietor, said:

"My dear sir, do not be excited, but prepare yourself to hear bad news."

"What's the matter?"

"Your wife went out to see the ball game."

"Yes."

"I am just from the ball grounds. A frightful accident happened and—"

"And what?"

"My dear sir, your wife was killed."

"Yes," said the business man, "but how does the score stand?"

"My gracious alive, man, I tell you that—"

"Yes, I know all about that, but I have a hundred dollars up on the Chicago and am very anxious to hear—Ah, here's the evening paper. Here, bub."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Seven Reasons Against Swearing.

1. It is mean. A boy of high moral standing would almost as soon steal sheep as swear.

2. It is vulgar—altogether to low for a decent boy.

3. It is cowardly—implying a fear of not being believed or obeyed.

4 It is ungentlemanly—a gentleman, according to Webster, is a genteel man, well-bred, refined. Such a one will no more swear than go into the street and throw mud with a chimney-sweep.

5. It is indecent—offensive to delicacy, and extremely unfit for human ears.

6. It is venomous—showing a boy's heart to be a nest of vipers and every time he swears one of them sticks out his head.

7. It is wicked—violating the divine laws, and provoking the displeasure of Him who will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

The Manufacture of Butter.

In order to secure satisfactory results in the manufacture of butter, the cream should become what is termed refined; it should have acquired a degree of acidity. To churn fresh cream as it is first collected, requires longer time, yields less satisfactory character. To produce a result similar to that effected by the natural reforming or souring of the cream the Danish have adopted an artificial means which is quite satisfactory and and perhaps productive of more uniform results. There they sour the cream by an addition of sour buttermilk at the time of churning or a little time before, but not long enough before to allow the cream to sour of itself and become stale. Introduced in this way acidity does good and no harm, producing more butter and giving it improved keeping qualities. This idea can be applied, perhaps with profit to the manufacture of butter at creameries left stand in vats to become a frothy mass, resembling, as a Western man expressed it, a tub of soap-suds.

Plain Truth About Smoking.

Dr. Wm. A. Hammond, to a reporter, made some remarks on smoking by boys, that deserve the attention of all young people—and other ones: "If children smoke cigars, they destroy their nervous system before they are fully formed, and render themselves liable to neuralgia and various functional diseases of the brain which are certainly meant to destroy their mental force. There is also some good evidence to show that tobacco in young persons actually interferes with the development of the body in regard to size—that it stunts their physical system. It certainly impairs digestion, for they cannot use tobacco without spitting inordinately. The saliva expelled from their bodies is one of the most important of the digestive fluids, and the proper digestion of the food in the stomach is materially interfered with when their is not enough left to mix with their food before it is swallowed. Again, it certainly impairs the hearing and eyesight. I have seen several instances of young children having their eyesight injured seriously, if not irreparably, by the use of tobacco. The excessive use of tobacco is injurious to everybody, adults as well as infants, male as well as female."

Sparrows for Food.

Sparrows are being properly appreciated. Hundreds of them are now caught bp enterprising people for sale to certain restaurants where reed birds are in demand. A German woman on Third avenue has three traps set every day, and she catches probable seventy-five a week. They are cooked and served to her boarders the same as reed birds, and are declared quite as great a delicacy. This German woman bastes them, leaving the little wooden skewer in the bird when served. They are cooked with a bit of bacon. She tempts them with oats, and after the catch, they are fed awhile with boiled oaten meal. She sprinkles oaten meal in the back yard also, and thereby fattens the free birds. The females are the choice meat. The males can be told by the circle of feathers at the neck. The females are as plain as Quakeresses. So soon as it becomes generally known that the sparrow is a table bird their number will rapidly grow less. People don't like to experiment, but when it is discovered that the sparrow has been declared good by those upon whom they have been tried, no boarding house meal will be deemed in good form unless a dish of fat sparrows adorns it. Sparrow pie is a delicacy fit to set before a king.—*New York Times.*

—Six hundred thousand dollars is the amounts experts say the Toledo and Peoria railway will be financially liable for. That would have paid for hourly track-walkers over the entire line for many a day, and saved all the lives besides.

Household Hints.

Do not box a child's ears, permanent deafness has resulted from it.

A piece of zinc put on the live coals in the stove will clean out the stovepipe.

Cleanliness and order are among the first and best methods of happiness in every household.

Don't put salt into soup until you are done skimming it, as salt will stop the rising of the scum.

In using cloves for pickles and preserves, the blossom end should be removed, as this darkens the liquid with which it is cooked.

A little bag of mustard laid on the top of the pickle jar will prevent the vinegar from becoming mouldy, if the pickles have been put up in vinegar that has not been boiled.

When washing glass, slip it into the water so that the inside and outside touch the water at once. The reason glasses break is because the side which is first put in expands more quickly than the other.

Drinks for the Sick.

ORANGE WHEY—The juice of one orange to one pint of sweet milk. Heat slowly until it curds, then strain, and cool.

EGG LEMONADE—White of one egg, one tablespoon of pulverized sugar, juice of one lemon, one goblet of water. Beat together.

SAGO MILK — Three tablespoons sago soaked in a cup of cold water one hour; add three cups of boiling milk; sweeten and flavor to taste. Simmer slowly a half hour. Eat warm.

BAKED MILK—Put a half gallon of milk in a jar, and tie it down with writing paper. Let it stand in a moderate oven eight or ten hours. It will be like cream, and is very nutritious.

PUNCH WITHOUT LIQUOR — Take the juice of six oranges and six lemons, adding sugar to suit the taste. Put to this a quantity of pounded ice and some sliced pine apple, pouring over it two quarts of water. This is an agreeable summer beverage for anybody, sick or well

Useful Hints.

New milk, boiling hot, will take out most fruit stains. Dip the articles five or six times in hot milk.

Ammonia and whiting will clean nickel plating nicely. Make into a paste and apply; then rub until bright with another cloth.

Butter should not be added to soups and sauces until they are taken from the fire, as boiling makes it taste strong and oily.

Much of the ordinary bother of washing lamp chimneys on the inside can be saved by using a stick with a sponge tied to the end.

After having your hands in soapy water, wet them in vinegar and spirits of camphor; it kills the alkali and keeps your hands soft.

Saturate the edges of carpets with a strong solution of alum water to destroy moths: if an unpainted floor, wash the floor with it before putting down the carpet. Do the same to shelves where black ants appear.

Oil stains on carpets, if action is taken at once upon the oil being spilled, may be removed by scattering corn meal upon them. Also the application of a hot iron through a heavy sheet of blotting paper will have a like effect.

Grass stains are troublesome to remove, but soft soap and soda is usually effectual. After having wet the stained parts, rub in the soap and as much baking soda as will adhere; let this stand half an hour and wash in the usual manner. Whiting is also used with soft soap for the same purpose.

To keep hinges in order, big or little, and prevent the disagreeable creaking, don't oil them. The oil is apt to soil the hands, the garments and the carpet, and the remedy is sometimes "worse than the disease." Rub the hinge that creaks or the latch that will not slide with a soft lead pencil. The application works like magic.

He Had to wait.

On a Michigan Central train the other day as the "butcher" came into the car with a basket of oranges, an old man, whose wife sat beside him, was very anxious to buy half a dozen, but she waved the boy on with:

"He can't have 'em. He never eats one without the juice runs down on his shirt bosom."

"Shoo! but I want two or three, Hanner," he protested.

"You behave yourself! You want to get cramps and raise a great row, don't you?"

The boy soon returned with boxed figs, and the old man beckoned to him, and began to lick his chops.

"Pass right on!" said the woman to the boy. "He ain't eat a fig for thirty years, and I guess he can go thirty more."

The boy passed on and returned with peanuts. The old man was ready for him, but the wife protested:

"He can't eat 'em. It's been ten years since he had a tooth in his head, and he'd have to swallow 'em whole. No, Reuben, you let peanuts alone."

Twenty minutes more the boy was back with candy packages, in which there were prizes, and the old man exclaimed:

"I'll have one o' them or—bust!"

"Then you'll bust," she replied, as she motioned the boy to pass on. "It's agin the Lord and the law to take chances, and you wouldn't get nothing nohow."

"But I'm going to buy suthin', Hanner"

"Well, you wait. You can't have ice cream nor lemonade, and if he comes with popcorn or buttermilk don't you dare to raise a fuss. Just you wait. We'll be in Detroit at six o'clock, and then if there happens to be a grocery near by, you can buy six herrings for five cents. Herrings is something to stand by you, Reuben, and the heads and tails will keep moths away and are good for warts. We've got to old for gewgaws, Reuben. What we want is the worth of our money.

—It is estimated that the amount of money expended on new buildings this year throughout the Union will be more than $700,000,000. But for the labor troubles in the spring much more could have been invested in building operations.

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Mamma, is the sky a curtain hiding Heaven from our sight? are the moon & sun but windows made to give the angels light? are the stars bright flashing diamonds shining from God's hand afar, and the clouds but veils of vapor dropped from heaven floating there? If the sun's a window, mamma, dont the angels through it peep, ere it kisses earth at even watching o'er us while we sleep? Is the rainbow just a ribbon, girdling hea ven and earth about, or a railing made of rose s so the angels won't fall out? Is the sighing in the treetops so ngs of praise some angel sin gs and the snowy flakes of winter feathers falling from their wing? Are the dewdrops brightly shining in the early morning hours, kiss-spots left by elves and fairies, where they slept among the flowers? Is the lightning, rockets flying when the Prince of Glory comes,

and the thunder but the rattle of the baby angels' drums.

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—C. E. Backus, in Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

The Doom of the Carpet.

From the New Mail and Express.]

"The carpet must go."

"It seems to have already gone from your house," suggested the reporter.

"Yes," replied the physician, as he glanced over the polished floors of his handsomely-furnished office. "I have not had a carpet on my floor for five years. My floors are polished and I use rugs instead of carpets."

"That is only in your office?

"No, sir, throughout my entire house. My floors are of double thickness and are consequently warmer than most carpeted floors, and during the winter we never suffer with cold feet. The floors are warmed by my furnace."

"What is the object of this?"

"I consider carpets unhealthy in the first place, ugly in the second place, and uncleanly in the third place."

"How so? Aren't the rugs as unhealthy as carpets?"

"They might be if we left them in the sick room. But that I never do. The carpet holds the poisons of all diseases, such as scarlet fever, diphtheria and the like, long after the rest of the room is disinfected I always remove the rug, even from a sick room, where I can find a rug to remove. The carpet retains dust and dirt, and the most careful housewife cannot keep it clean. It is impossible. Now the rug may be taken up and thoroughly swept on both sides whenever the housekeeper wants to do so. Then there is nothing in the way of house furnishing so handsome as a painted and highly polished floor, decorated with Persian or Turkish rugs. No carpet ever made is so pleasing to the eye. Yes, the carpet must go, and I only wonder that the crusade against it has been delayed as long as it has."

Texts for the Thoughtful.

When sorrow is asleep wake it not,
Where law ends tyranny begins.

Do what you ought, come what will.

The human brain needs rest and change.

Domestic training cannot begin too early.

Man is caught by his tongue, an ox by his horns.

Charity begins at home, but should not end there.

Those who can command themselves command others.

Poverty is the want of much, but avarice of everything.

None preaches better than the ant, and she says nothing.

To a gentleman every woman is a lady in the right of her sex.

The greatest misfortune of all is not to be able to bear misfortune.

Learn to hold your tongue. Five words cost Zacharias forty weeks' silence.

There is nothing so valuable, and yet so cheap, as civility; you can almost buy land with it.

A man may transgress as truly by holding his tongue as by speaking unadvisably with his lips.

Great possessions may bring great misfortunes. Some men are punished by prosperity.

It is the easiest thing in the world to discover all the defects in a man when we do not like him.

Dying by Thousands.

It is said that the reports of the loss of cattle in the upper Panhandle, of Texas, by the capital syndicate, have not been in the least exaggerated.

The company has thousands more cattle than it has water to supply, and they are dying by the thousands.

One employee of the syndicate said that the losses for the previous 22 days would average 500 head per day, and at one large well a herd of cattle, crazed by thirst, crowded on the covering of the well, which gave way, actually filling the well full of struggling cattle. Seventy-three head were afterward dragged out of the hole.

The almost entire absence of windstor some weeks past has kept the wind mills from pumping water, thus cutting off almost the entire supply. The syndicate has shipped a large number of horse-power mills and as soon as they can be put in there will be plenty or water. Heavy r