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THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL. XXVII BUTLER, PA., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1889. NO 8

WILLIAM ALAND,

ARTISTIC CUTTER AND TAILOR

30 S. MAIN ST. BUTLER, PA.

HENRY BIEHL

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BUTLER - - - - - PENN'A

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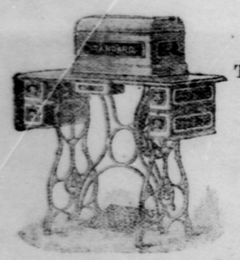

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Pianos and Organs sold on installments. Old Instruments taken in exchange. Come and see us, as we can save you money.

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We have the most complete line of childrens' hats, from the solid all round school caps at 25c, to the finest and nobbiest hats made.

We have the largest stock of reliable underwear in the county, and are at our popular low prices.

We have everything in the Furnishing line.

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Near New Court House—formerly Donaldson House—good accommodations for travelers. Good stabling connected.

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Charges reasonable. Telephone No. 17, or leave orders at Hotel Vogeley.

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All kinds of wood-turning done to order, also Decorated and Carved wood-work, such as Casing, Corner blocks, Panels and all kinds of fancy wood-work for inside decoration of houses.

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IRA McJUNKIN.
Attorney at Law, Office at No. 17, East Jefferson St., Butler, Pa.

W. C. FINDLEY,
Attorney at Law and Real Estate Agent. Office rear of L. Z. Mitchell's office on north side of Diamond, Butler, Pa.

H. H. GOUCHER.
Attorney-at-law. Office on second floor of Anderson building, near Court House, Butler, Pa.

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All work pertaining to the profession executed in the neatest manner.
Specialties:—Gold Fillings, and Painless Extraction of Teeth. Vitalized Air administered.
Office on Jefferson Street, one door East of Lowry House, Up Stairs.
Office open daily, except Wednesdays and Thursdays. Communications by mail receive prompt attention.
N. B.—The only Dentist in Butler using the best makes of teeth.

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BARGAINS
IN
Wall Paper.

For the next sixty days we will offer bargains in all our gilt and embossed wall papers, in order to reduce stock and make room for Holiday Goods.

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Near Postoffice, Butler Pa

LAKE SHORE NURSERIES.
ERIE, PA.
All stock guaranteed to be in good condition when delivered.
We replace all trees that fail to grow.
REFERENCES IN BUTLER:
J. F. Lowry, W. T. Mechling, James Shanor, Jr., J. E. Forsythe, Geo. Shaffner, C. Walker, Esq., Ferd Reiber, Esq. and D. L. Cleeland.

G. F. KING, AGT.
EITENMILLER HOUSE, BUTLER, PA.

Down Went McGinty.

Sunday morning last, at nine, Dan McGinty, dressed so fine,
Was looking at a very high stone wall.
When along came Pat McCann—And says:
"I'll bet $5, Dan,
I can have you at the top without a fall."
On his back he got poor Dan—to climb the ladder he began.
Until he'd very nearly reached the top.
But for fear he'd lose his five—just as sure as you are alive,
Dan let go his hold, not thinking of the drop!

Chorus:

Down went McGinty to the bottom of the wall—
Although he won his five, he was more dead than alive
With kicks and bruises on his face from such a fearful fall—
Dressed in his best Sunday clothes.

Off to the hospital they hooked him, And for dead the doctors took him,
But McGinty gave the doctors a surprise;
For he began to shout: "Say, ye blackguards, let me out!"
Though his head was twice its ordinary size,
Bound to see his wife and child, With delight he near went wild,
He walked along as proud as John the Great;
In the sidewalk was a hole To receive a load of coal—
McGinty never saw until too late.

Chorus:

Down went McGinty to the bottom of the hole,
The driver of the cart gave the load of coal a start—
It took an hour 'n' a half to dig McGinty from the coal,
Dressed in his best Sunday clothes.

When they dug McGinty out, loud for vengeance he did shout,
And the driver of the cart he then did spy;
He picked up half a brick and he hit him such a lick
That it caused a tumefaction of his eye.
Then he kicked up such a fuss that the cops got in the muss.
They arrested Dan for being very drunk;
And next morn the Judge did say: "No fine you'll have to pay,
But six months you'll sleep upon a prison bunk."

Chorus:

Down went McGinty to the bottom of the jail—
He staid exactly six, And his board it cost him nix;
Six long months, for nobody went his bail—
Dressed in his best Sunday clothes.

When his half year was spent, They let McGinty went,
And he dressed himself as in the days of yore;
But imagine his surprise, He could scarce believe his eyes
When he found his wife had skipped the day before.
To lose his wife and child—Oh, such grief would drive him wild—
And to drown himself he went down to the shore;
And he jumped in, like a fool, for he couldn't swim, and you'll
Bear in mind that water Dan ne'er took before.

Chorus:

Down went McGinty to the bottom of the sea—
He must be very wet, For they haven't found him yet.
And they say his weary ghost haunts the docks at break of day—
Dressed in his best Sunday clothes.
EXPLICIT DOWN WENT M'GINTY.

A Boy Who Was Wanted.

"Well, I've found out one thing," said Jack, as he came to his mother, hot, tired and dusty.

"What is that?" she asked.

"That there are a great many boys in the world."

"Didn't you know that before?"

"Partly, but I didn't know there were so many more than are wanted."

"What makes you think so?"

"Because I have been 'round and 'round till I'm worn out trying to find a place to work. Wherever I go there are more boys than places. Doesn't that show there are too many boys?"

"Not exactly," said his mother with a smile. "It depends entirely on the kind of boy. A good boy is always wanted somewhere.

"Well, if I'm a good boy, I wish I know where I'm wanted."

"Patience, patience, my boy. In such a great world as this, with so many places and so many boys, it is no wonder that some of them do not find their place at once. But be very sure, dear," as she laid a caressing hand on his arm, "that every boy who wants a chance to do fair, honest work, will find it."

"That's the kind of work I want to do," said Jack, "I don't want anybody's money for nothing. Let me see—what have I got to offer. All the schooling and all the wits I've been able to get up to thirteen years, good, stout hands and feet and a civil tongue."

"And a mind and heart set on doing faithful duty," suggested his mother.

"I hope so," replied Jack. "I remember father used to say, "Just as soon as you undertake to work for any one you must bear in mind that you have sold yourself to him for a given time. Your time, your strength, your energies are his, and your best efforts to seek his interests in every way are his due."

The earnest tone in which the boy spoke seemed to give assurance that he would pay good heed to the words of his father, whose counsels could no more reach him.

For two or three days longer Jack had reason to hold his own opinion that there were more boys than the world wanted, at at the end of which time he met with a business man, who, after questioning him closely said:

"There are a great many applicants for the place, but the greater number of the boys come and stay for a short time, and then leave if they think they can do a little better. When a boy gets used to our routes and our customers we want him to stay. If you will agree to remain at least three years we will pay you three dollars a week as errand boy."

"That is just what I want to do, sir," said Jack eagerly. So he was installed, and proud enough he was at bringing his wages home every Saturday night, and realize that, small as they were, the regular help was of great value to his mother.

It is not to be wondered at that the faithful carrying out of his father's admonition after awhile attracted the attention not only of his employers, but of others with whom he was brought into contact in the pursuit of his duties.

One day he was asked into the office of Mr. Lang, a gentleman to whom he frequently carried parcels of value

"Have you ever thought of changing your situation?" asked Mr. Lang.

"No, sir," said Jack.

"Perhaps you could do better," said the other. "I want to get a boy who is quick and intelligent and who can be relied on, and from what I see of you, I think you are that sort of a boy. I want you to drive a delivery wagon, and I will pay you five dollars a week."

Jack's eyes opened wide.

"It's wonderful good pay, sir, for a boy like me, I am sure. But I promised to keep on with Mr. Hill for three years, and the second year is only just begun."

"Well, have you signed a written agreement with Mr. Hill?"

"No, sir, I told him I'd stay."

"You have a mother to assist, you told me. Couldn't you tell Mr. Hill that you felt obliged to do better when you have a chance?"

"I don't believe I could," said Jack, looking with his straight, frank gaze into the gentleman's face. "You see, sir, if I broke my word to him, I shouldn't be the kind of a boy to be relied on that you wanted."

"I guess you are right," said Mr. Lang, with a laugh. "Come and see me when your time is out; I dare say I shall want you then."

Jack went home very much stirred up by what had been said to him. After all, could it be wrong to go where he could do so much the better? Almost double the wages! Was it not his duty to his mother to obtain it, and to drive a wagon, instead of trudging wearily along the streets? They never had felt so hot and dusty as they did now, when he might escape from the tiresome routine.

Might, but how? By the sacrifice of his pledged word. By selling his honor. So strongly did the reflection force itself upon him, that when he told his mother of the offer he had received he merely added:

"It would be a grand good thing if I could take it, wouldn't it, mother?"

"Yes, it would."

"Some boys would change without thinking of letting a promise stand in their way."

"Yes, but that is the kind of a boy who, sooner or later, is not wanted. It is because you have been that sort of a boy that you are wanted now."

Jack worked away, doing much good work, as he became more and more accustomed to his situation, that his mother sometimes wondered that Mr. Hill, who seemed kindly interested in him, never appeared to think of raising his pay. This, however, was not Mr. Hill's way of doing things, even though he showed an increasing disposition to trust Jack with important business.

So the boy tudged through his three years, at the end of them having been trusted more than is usually the case with errand boys. He had never forgotten the offer made him by Mr. Lang, and one day ventured to remind him of it, telling him that his present engagement was nearly out, and adding:

"You spoke to me about driving the wagon, sir."

"Ah, so I did; but you are older now and worth more. Call and see me."

On a Saturday evening soon after, Jack lingered in Mr. Hill's office after the other errand boys had been paid and gone away.

"My three years are up to-night, sir," he said.

"Yes, they are," said Mr. Hill, looking as if he had remembered it.

"Will you give me a recommendation to some one else, sir?"

"Well, I will, if you are sure you want to leave me."

"I didn't know you wanted me to stay. But," he hesitated and then went on, "My mother is a widow, and I feel as though I ought to do the best I can for her, and Mr. Lang told me to call on him."

"Has Mr. Lang ever made you an offer?"

Jack told him of what Mr. Lang had said to him nearly two years ago.

"Why didn't you go then?" asked Mr. Hill.

"Because I had promised to stay with you; but you wouldn't blame me for trying to better myself now."

"Not a bit of it. Are you tired of running errands?"

"I'd rather ride than walk," said Jack with a smile.

"I think it is about time you are doing better than either. Perhaps you think you have been doing this faithful work for me through these years for next to nothing, but if so, you are mistaken. You have been doing better work than merely running errands. You have been serving an apprenticeship to trust and honesty. I know you now to be a straightforward, reliable boy, and it takes time to learn that. It is your capital, and you begin to realize on it. You may talk to Mr. Lang if you wish, but I will give you a place in the office, with a salary of $600 the first year, and a prospect of a rise after that."

Jack did not go to Mr. Lang, but straight to his mother with a shout and a bound.

"You're right, you're right, mother!" he cried. "No more hard work for you, mother. I'm wanted, you see! Wanted enough to get good pay, and all the hardest part over."

A Gigantic Reservoir.

The present dam of the Bear Valley Reservoir Co. in San Bernardino was constructed in 1885, and is 50 feet high, 16 feet thick at the base, 3 feet at the capstone, and 300 feet in length. It is built into the bed rock at the bottom of the Bear Creek Canyon, and abutted into the solid rock on either side. The body of water confined by this dam covers 1,965 acres to an average depth of 16 feet, and contains 10,000,000,000 gallons. The engineer of the company, Mr. Frank E. Brown, is now in the East, but upon his return active steps will be commenced to construct a new and larger dam, the work upon which will be begun early next spring. The new dam will be located about 100 feet below the present, so that the water will be confined by a double dam. It will be built into the bed rock, and be 120 feet in height. The width of its base will be 84 feet and its length 650 feet. The capacity of the reservoir will be increased nearly twentyfold, and will include a body of water 12 miles in length, 3 miles in width, with an average depth of 40 feet. The present dam with its canals cost $165,000. The cost of the new one has not been estimated yet, but will probably reach nearly three-quarters of a million, and will store water sufficient to insure irrigating water for 100,000 acres of land for three years.

Professor Davidson recently made a thorough examination of the watershed and catchment area of the reservoir site, and also examined the dam site, and indorsed very highly the feasibility of the new enterprise, stating that he never saw equal facility for storing so vast a body of water at the same cost.

The Bear Valley reservoir is at present the largest irrigation reservoir in the United States, and the proposed increase in its capacity will make it the largest of any kind.—*Pacific Lumberman.*

—In reading an article embracing speculations as to the location of heaven in one of the metropolitan papers recently, the writer came to the conclusion that some fools made science their God while the man of knowledge saw God in every flash of new-born science.

My Husband's "Wife."

Myself?

Oh no. Although I married him some six months ago, I have never, save one day, imagined that title belonged to me.

Cyrus Howe came to Erie a year ago to conduct a great law suit, and, being both talented and handsome, he not only won his case, but his way into the best society.

No one knew aught of his private history, but his success satisfied the masculine portion of the community, so the women had no cause for complaint. He was invited everywhere, and in time became a visitor at our house.

His attentions were marked from the first, and ere I had known him six months I had married him.

I had no father to counsel me, and was too headstrong to heed mother's entreaty to wait until I knew more of the man, ere I linked my life with his.

I was twenty-two, and had never been in love before; and he was about thirty and said I was his "only love." So we married on an equal basis, at least I thought so then.

His business in Erie was long since concluded, so we were married in the morning and took and took an early train for Rochester, N. Y., where his home was. What that home was like was a question with me, for he would tell me nothing about it. I enjoyed the ride, for he paid me all sorts of lover-like attentions, and seemed wonderfully happy at having won me. But he never called me his wife, and it was not long ere I discovered the reason why.

When we reached home, I found it one of the handsomest residences in the city, and elegantly and beautifully furnished.

A sweet faced, white haired little old lady met us in the hall, and was introduced as "mother." She kissed me affectionately and bade me welcome. I put my arms around her neck and returned the kiss, saying I knew I should love her dearly.

Happening to glance up, I saw Cyrus' face wore an expression of strong disapproval. His mother saw the look also, and and it affected her strangely. A painful flush suffused her dear old face, and I saw her hands were trembling as she turned away. I was so surprised that I stood stock still, staring at my husband.

"Do not be rude, Esma," he said impatiently.

"I beg your pardon," I answered, and followed his mother into the parlor, wondering what it meant.

The remainder of the day passed pleasantly. Cyrus showed me over the house and exerted himself to be entertaining.

In the evening a great many of his friends called. I was pleased with them all, for they were people of culture and refinement. Cyrus was pleased with the way I had acquitted myself, and told me so, as we mounted the stairs to our room after they were all gone "Truly my lot is cast in pleasant places," was my thought, "I must tell her how little cause she has for misgiving."

I had seen our chamber before, but in dusky, half light. Now it was brilliantly illuminated, and the first thing that attracted my attention was the portrait of a beautiful woman, hanging on the wall at the foot of the bed.

I stood and scanned it curiously, its cold, proud, stately beauty chilling me most unaccountably. "Who is this woman, Cyrus?" I asked at length.

"That is my wife."

He was busy rummaging a trunk for something, and has since owned he answered unthinkingly.

I do not know how long I stood there, filled with horrified amazement.

"If you have looked at that picture long enough, Esma, I wish you would come and untie this knot."

I turned, and mechanically did his bidding.

"What's the matter? Your hands are like ice."

"Do you think your mother has retired?" I asked, disregarding his question.

"I think not, I heard her voice a moment ago."

"I am going to see her a moment then," and I turned toward the door.

"Nonsense. At this hour. My wife never did such a thing."

I had hesitated, but the last words decided me.

"Your can console yourself with thoughts of your wife during my absence," and I darted away.

Mrs. Howe's room was on the opposite side of the hall, and a cheerful "come in" answered my knock. She looked surprised when she saw who her visitor was, but bade me a smiling welcome. I closed and locked the door, then standing before her asked the question which was maddening me.

"If that women, whose portrait hangs in our chamber, is Cyrus' wife what am I?"

"You are his wife, my dear, for that poor woman has been dead for three years," there was an infinite pity in the kind voice, and tears in the dear old eyes.

"Why did he not tell me he had been married?"

"My dear, it ill behooves a mother to speak ill of her son, but you will find he does as he pleases, with little regard for right. I am truly sorry for you my dear. Do you love him, my child?"

"I did," I answered gloomily.

"Do not speak so despairingly, dear. You are his wife, and must make the best of it. He will not beat you for he is kindness itself. He will only harrow your soul night and day with assertions of what "my wife" did or did not do. He has exaggerated ideas as to how a woman should deport herself at home or abroad, and has an annoying habit of remarking on what one does contrary to his code."

"Was his wife uncommonly perfect?"

"No more so than a thousand others."

"Mother, I can never live under such a condition of things."

"I wish I could devise some way to break him of it."

I sat silent, busily thinking for some time. Then I sprang up laughing merrily over the idea I had just conceived.

"You darling little mother," I said, kissing her tenderly, "I shall cure him, never you fear," and away I sped.

I found Cyrus reading a paper, and it was rather a discontented face he turned to me.

"I must say, Esma, my wife never did such a silly thing as this, in all her life."

"I dare say not," I answered cheerfully, as I waltzed across the room to the dressing table, and began removing my jewels, "And Harry never did so foolish a thing as to sit up and wait for me if I chanced to leave the room a minute. Why didn't you go to bed you silly boy?"

I watched him furtively in the glass, and came near suffocating in trying not to laugh at the expression in his face took on at the words. I hummed a merry tune and never glanced his way, so when he suddenly grasped my arm, I uttered a well counterfeited cry of alarm.

"I declare, Cyrus, how you startled me. Harry never did such a mean thing as that. I quite tremble."

"Who is Harry?" he demanded.

The expression of his face almost frightened me into giving up my plan. But the memory of his cold, blooded "that is my wife," spurred me on.

"Why didn't mamma tell you? Oh, I thought you knew," and I sank upon a chair in a frightened manner. Oh, I am so sorry mamma, didn't tell you. Harry was my husband, poor boy."

How Cyrus ever came to believe such a monstrous deception, I cannot understand. But having made me the victim of deception, I suppose he never thought to question my assertion. He stood staring dumbly at me and I could almost have pitied him.

"Shall I show you his picture?" I asked picking up my album which had been unpacked.

"No," he thundered. "Never speak his name in my hearing again."

Turning, he abruptly left the room, and I did not see him again until breakfast. He merely bowed without speaking, and left the house soon after with a murmured excuse about business. Dear mother Howe had looked in pained surprise at such an exhibition of "wedded bliss." When I recovered from the fit of laughter his vindictive slam of the outer door threw me into, I explained matters.

Her sweet old face lighted up, and she laughed in concert, as she expressed a belief that the plan would succeed.

He returned at dinner time quite his genial self, and we spent a very pleasant evening. I saw he had set a guard upon his tongue and acted accordingly. His mother's face reflected our happiness, and I thought the evening would end without anything disagreeable happening.

I little knew how strong his habit had become, however.

I was sitting at the piano when he crossed the room for something, and in reply to a question from his mother, I heard him saying:

"You know my wife did. Her way is good enough for you."

I am willing to believe he did not mean to be unkind, but when I saw the pained looked on the furrowed face, I made up my mind to pay him in full. A few minutes later he dropped a page of music he was turning for me, and I saw my chance.

"I declare, Cyrus, Harry never did such a bungling thing as that in all our married life," and I brought my fingers down upon the keys with a discordant crash.

"I declare, Esma, I could almost pity him," declared the dear, soft hearted little mother.

"So could I," I answered, "but not just yet."

I was afraid I had carried the matter too far when I heard the outer door slammed again; but he appeared at breakfast quite cheerful, but looking worn and a little haggard.

Things went on in this way for several weeks. I was miserably unhappy, and knew he was also, but I would not give up I knew I was worthy to be his wife, and deserved better than the place of "second fiddler," which he had forced upon me from the beginning. But it became almost more than I could bear and I made up my mind I'd go home to my mother and give up the struggle.

I was sitting alone in the dusk, wondering how I could bring it to pass, when he came and flung himself wearily down upon a low seat at my side.

"Esma," he said, taking my hand. "Do you care for me at all?"

"You know I do," I answered, passing my other arm about his neck.

"Then, dear, let us make solemn compact to let the dead rest in their graves. I was to blame in hiding my former marriage from you. But I loved you so much I feared to give you up. Your mother was to blame in your case. So let us try and be happy."

I cried a little, kissed him, and agreed to govern my conduct by his.

So we have lived in something like harmony since. But he had set himself a mighty task to break up a habit which was the growth of years.

He had many a lapse, but the word, "Harry" is sufficient to prevent a speedy recurrence of the fault.

I have not heard the offensive phrase "my wife" for several weeks now, and I think I may soon safely assume the title as my own.

But what will he say when he finds out as he must sooner or later, that "Harry" is a myth.—*The Chimney Corner.*

Fish and Bird in a Death Grapple.

A Kingfisher sat on the branch of a dead tree, on the edge of Lake Keuka, the other day, near Fairchild's Point N. Y., watching for his dinner. A black bass fisherman was in his boat in the cove only two or three rods from the spot where the bird was sitting. He quit fishing, and kept his eye on the kingfisher, curious to see the bird dive for its fish when the time came. He had to wait but a short time, for a fish came within the line of the kingfisher's vision, and the bird dropped like a stone into the water and disappeared beneath the surface. It reappeared almost immediately with a fish impaled in its strong spear-like beak. The bird's body had scarcely come to the surface, however, when it disappeared with a suddenness that left no doubt that it had been jerked back by something that had seized it. The kingfisher did not come up again, and the fisherman rowed to the spot where it had gone down to see if he could find an explanation of the bird's extraordinary disappearance. A dead pickerel, about eight inches long, was floating on the water. A hole through its body below its dorsal fin showed plainly enough that the pickerel was the fish the kingfisher had speared. The fisherman drifted about the spot for some time, but being unable to discover anything that would solve the mystery of the bird's disappearance, was turning his boat to row back to the cove when something came to the surface near the shore twenty-five yards below. The fisherman rowed to the spot, and to his surprise found an immense pickerel and with it the kingfisher. One of the kingfisher's legs was between the great jaws of the pickerel, the latter's long teeth being set through and through it. The kingfisher's long, keen bill was thrust through the pickerel's body from side to side, six inches below the head. The situation explained itself. The pickerel had seized the kingfisher as it was rising from the water with the small fish and pulled it back beneath the surface, expecting to dine on it. The big bird had instinctively turned and jabbed his beak through the pickerel, inflicting a fatal wound. The pickerel with the bulldog tenacity of its kind, had kept its hold on the bird's leg, and the two had died together and floated to the surface. The position of the two was not changed, and they have been sent to a Rochester Taxadermist to be preserved and mounted as they appear in their death embrace.

—"A better article it is impossible to get, sir; I have tried them all and unhesitatingly pronounce Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup superior to any." (Exc.)

The old story.—Trivial symptoms were neglected until rheumatism became established, whereas all the suffering could have been prevented by the prompt use of Salvation Oil. 25 cents.

AGRICULTURAL.

Farmers should favor the selling of all produce by weight, instead of by the bushel.

Put the manure on your future onion field now. Place add more manure early in the spring.

A "warm mash" on a cold day, early in the morning, is an excellent invigorator for an animal that does not have an appetite.

Feed your hens meat and induce them to lay. Eggs will soon be high in price, and the hens will need egg producing food if they are expected to lay.

One good team of heavy horses is better than two teams of ponies. The fewer the number the less work of feeding and managing them is required.

Oats and bran, with an occasional mixture of bean meal, or pea meal, makes the feed for sheep in Vermont, and as some of the choicest wool sheep in this country are raised in Vermont much of the success is due to the method of feeding.

Lime will disinfect and purify the cattle stalls, but it injures the value of the manure. It has been found more advantageous to use plaster. Dry dirt purifies the stable and absorbs orders, and a supply should always be available for winter use.

Pure water on the farm may be affected by the water from the surface. The well being deep, also becomes a drain hole for the water below the surface. No slop or filthy water should be thrown near a well, and the surroundings should be well graded with clay and gravel.

It is claimed that a field planted to black walnut will pay better than any other crop if one has the patience to wait for such a crop to grow and mature. It is estimated that one acre, at the end of 25 years, will produce 10,000 feet of lumber, valued at $1,000, or $40 per year.

Young stock of all kinds are easily and quickly affected by sudden changes of the weather. If affected by severe cold they are liable to be stunted, and will grow but little before spring. Exposure to cold and dampness is one of the principal causes of scours and cold on the bowels of young stock.

The time to feed highly flavored foods that affect the milk, such as cabbage or turnips, should be after milking. Those who have made experiments in that direction claim that by feeding the cows on such foods, after milking, the volatile flavoring oils are carried into the circulation and eliminated before the next milk to be drawn is affected by the odors.

Cows that yield largely of milk drink water freely, and it should be provided for them at all hours; but if the water is very cold the cow will be chilled, as she must warm the water with the animal heat of the body. Water in winter should, therefore, be warmed in some manner. Some cows will refrain from drinking water as long as possible if the weather is cold, and, consequently, fall off in yield of milk.

The manure heap is the savings bank of the farm. If any articles are unsalable, or cannot be put to some use on the farm, they should be added to the manure heap in order that they may be returned to the land, and thereby made to contribute to the production of something better the next season. Nothing is lost that goes into the manure heap, especially if the manure is managed with a view to having it as valuable as possible before applying it to the soil.

The iron and steel portions of the tools used on the farm, now that the season's work is over, should be cleaned and rubbed bright, and then receive a thin coating of grafting wax, tallow or any substance which will prevent rusting. The parts made of wood will be rendered more durable by a copious application of petroleum if they have been unpainted, or if the paint has been worn off; and afterwards one or two coats of paint, will complete the work of protection.

By an act of Legislature, approved the 15th day of May, 1889, "All dogs in this Commonwealth shall hereafter be personal property, and subject to larceny." Anyone now taking a dog, not his own, may be fined and imprisoned just the same as in any other action for larceny, and this is as it should be. But there is another point in this matter. If dogs are personal property, is not the owner liable for any damage to person or property that may result from a dog owned by him?

THE FARMER HIS OWN ENTOMOLOGIST.

Every farmer and gardener knows that among the insects he has many enemies; perhaps he is not so well aware that he has among them many friends. One who gives his attention to farming or horticultural pursuits has not the time or opportunity to become a systematic entomologist, yet it may safely be said that none should be more interested in economic entomology in a practical way than he who makes either of these callings his business. How then is the farmer to learn to recognize his insect friends and foes, to know how to protect the one and destroy the other? He may do this by himself, and nowhere better than among his plants.

The exercise of one's power of observation, aided by a reasonable amount of common sense, will do wonders, and may be relied upon in combating the many insect enemies from whose ravages the horticulturist often has to suffer greatly.

It should be the aim of our horticultural papers to have an entomological department where the life, history, habits and descriptions of injurious and beneficial insects, together with remedies for the former shall be given. The matter of such a department should be timely, and, so far as possible, upon topics of current interest. Then the farmer, horticulturist or gardener may pursue his observations with reference to those of others; and, combing his experience with theirs, he may in the end find himself materially the gainer for so doing.

Let all those interested in the diffusion of knowledge on questions relating to economic entomology co-operate in the work by sending specimens and descriptions of injuries done to the head of the entomological department of our paper. Such communications answered through the papers will provide a means of information that may prove of great benefit to many, and cannot be too highly recommended.—*Orchard and Garden.*

New to Him.

Mrs. Zealous—"Will you have a suffrage leaflet, sir?"

Visitor from the Interior—"A which?"

Mrs. Zealous—"The suffrage leaflet, in favor of woman's suffrage, you know."

Visitor—"Wall, now I swan! S'manthy's allus tried ter make me think that wimmen suffered 'nough a'ready."

"Together we'd think them a well balanced pair,
As they ought to be, bridegroom and bride;
The young man who parts in the middle his hair
And the girl who parts hers at the side."