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THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL XXVII. BUTLER, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 18, 1890. NO 24

HENRY BIEHL

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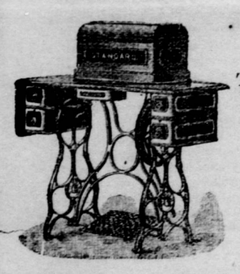

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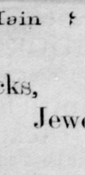

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BEULAH.

BY OPIE P. READ.

Jasper Alexson kept a cross-roads store in a sparsely inhabited part of Tennessee. He was rather a fat old fellow, a condition doubtless brought about by his close association with butter, bacon and axle grease, for every other man in the neighborhood was lean with that lankness so characteristic of the Southern backwoodsman.

The most striking of Jasper's characteristics was his love for his daughter Beulah, a handsome girl whose name had been taken from an absurdly romantic, not to say flamboyant, novel which, years ago, had found its way into the neighborhood. Beulah, however, was not so romantic as her fictitious namesake, unless a certain vein of violence can be regarded as romance, for nothing seemed to delight her so much as standing about on hog-killing day, watching the red gush of an expiring sow; and, indeed, I have been told that she once filled a dog with number six shot and then laughed gleefully at his death-inspiring howls.

One day a fellow named Jim Buck, a pretended farmer, an actual slouch and lankest of the lank, entered Jasper's store and calling the old man from his thrilling work of weighing a few pounds of blue-looking butter which an old negro had brought to exchange for a cast-iron plow, thus addressed him.

"Old man, you've noticed me around here a good deal lately, haven't you?"

"W'y, I don't know that I have, Jim," the old man answered, wiping his greasy hands on the bosom of his hickory shirt. The fact is, I have been so busy lately with this here rushin' life of commerce that I haven't had time to notice any thing.

"Not even Beulah?" Jim asked.

"What do you mean?" the old man demanded, somewhat gruffly. "What's Beulah got to do with anything that mout consarn you?"

"Don't fly off the handle, as the boy said to the axe. I wanted to know if you had noticed me around here much lately, an' you 'lowed that you had been too busy to notice anything, an' then I asked if you had been too busy to notice Beulah, an' that's whar the matter stands now."

"An' I wanter know why you mention the girl?"

"Wall, I jest wanter know ef you have noticed the powerful strong affection that has been growin' up betwixt us ever sence the protracted meetin' over at Station Camp Creek last fall?"

The old man sat down on a keg of nails and wove his greasy fingers together. "Jim, you don't mean to say that you are in love with Beulah, do you?"

"I not only mean to say it, Jas, but do say it right out."

"But do she love, Jim?"

"She do."

"How do you know?"

"'Cause she 'lows she does."

"Wall, ef that's the case," said the old man, "I reckon she do, but I'm powerfully sorry, Jim."

"Why, Jas? Ain't I allus traded with you? Didn't I buy a haffer side of bacon from you last spring?"

"That's all true enough, Jim, but I've had big hopes for her. I wanted her to marry somebody that amounted to something."

"Don't I amount to nothin'?"

"Wall, hardly, Jim. You're red-headed, hungry-lookin', knock-kneed, an' your front teeth air out."

"Yes, kicked out by a steer," Jim interposed.

"That don't make no diffunce, Jim. My daughter ain't called on to put up with the cavortin's of a steer, an' it don't make no diffunce how you lost your teeth. The p'int is that you ain't got none."

"Now here, Jas," said Jim, placing his hand on the old man's shoulder, "ef the fack that I ain't got no teeth is the biggest objection, w'y, I kin have some put in this fall of the crop turns out all right."

"Craps air mighty uncertain, Jim, 'specially as it looks like we mout have a drought this year, an' besides that, I wanted Beulah to marry a lawyer, or doctor, or somethin'."

"Too late now, Jas, for we've dun made up our minds, an' air goin' to marry whuther yo' consent or not."

"Wall," the old man replied, getting up and again wiping his hands on the bosom of his hickory shirt, "I reckon you'll hatter take her, but you must rickollock one thing, Jimmy, an' that's this: you've got a jewel."

"I will, Jas."

"She's too good 'fur any human bein', Jim."

"I know that, Jas."

"Jim, she's a plum jewel."

Jim and Beulah were married. It was a great event in the neighborhood, and many a chicken squawled and many a young pig squealed, for old Jasper spread a great feast. Just as the bride and groom were about to depart for their home, Jasper, after embracing his daughter, turned to Jim and said:

"Jim, don't you never fail to ricolleck."

"Ricolleck what?" Beulah asked.

"That you air a jewel, my dear."

"Don't be foolish, pap."

"I ain't foolish, honey, fur ef you ain't a plum jewel thar never was one tuck outen the bottom of the sea. Good-bye, precious, an' don't furgit to come over an' see me once in awhile, an' Jim, let me charge you ag'in not to furgit."

Several days afterward Jim came into Jasper's store.

"W'y, good morn'n', Jimmy, good mornin'!" exclaimed the old man, wiping his buttery hands on the bosom of his hickory shirt. "How is the jewel this mornin'?"

"Fust-rate, Jas."

"Now, Jim, didn't I tell you the truth? Ain't she a jewel?"

"She is fur a fack, Jas."

"A plum jewel, Jimmy."

"A regular plum jewel, Jas."

"Glad you know it for yo'se'f. Set down an' we'll eat a box or sardines."

He did not see Jim again until two weeks later. Then the son-in-law entered the store.

"W'y, bless my soul, here is Jim!" exclaimed the old man. "Haven't seen ha'r nur hide of you for some time. How's the jewel?"

"She's all right. What's cheese sellin' at?"

"Bout 15 cents a pound. Why hasn't the jewel been over to see me?"

"Don't know. Let me have about ha'fer pound."

The old man wanted to talk, but Jim, declaring that he was "shoved for time," hastened away.

One morning, four days later, Jim entered the store again.

"W'y, hellos, Jim, old boy. Walk back. How is the jewel this mornin'?"

"I've got to go over an' git the hogs outen the field," Jim responded.

"Sorry they air in yo' field, Jim. Is the jewel well?"

"Give me a pound of nails," said Jim.

"Three weeks passed before Jim again entered the store."

"W'y, bless me, here he is!" exclaimed the old man. "Never was as glad to see anybody. How's the jewel?"

"Old man," said Jim, beginning to take off his coat, "you are in for it."

"In for what, Jim?"

"For a thrashin'," Jim replied, throwing his coat on the counter. "You've worked this jewel business till I'm sick fer it, and the last time I was here I 'lowed to myse'f that ef you said jewel to me again I'd wallop you an' I'm goin' to do it. Jewel, is she? See this!"—pointing to a blister on his ear—"punched me thar with the burnin' end of a stick' futher day. See this!"—rolling up his sleeve and showing an ugly wound on his arm—"bit me thar Sunday night. Do you know what else has happened? Filled the calves of my legs with bird shot an' then run away with a feller that peddles tin w'ar, an' now you want to know how the jewel is. Come out from behind that box for I'm going to whale you. Won't do it? Then I'll fetch you. I'll let you know that I am considerable of a jewel myself. I'm a pearl. I am. Come out."

There was a loud spat, followed by a heavy fall. The old man had struck Jim in the countenance with a pound of country butter.

"Hold on," said Jim, when he had regained his feet, "that ain't my way of fightin'. I don't mind a man shootin' at me, an' I don't object to bein' hit with a shinny stick, but when a man steps up the valves of my countenance with soap grease, w'y, then, I'm done. Ef you ever have any more jewelry to dispose of, don't count me in. Good-bye."

The old man wiped his greasy hands on the bosom of his hickory shirt.

Before The War.

"I shall never forget a scene I witnessed at a slave auction in Missouri in 1859," said a wealthy contractor of Brooklyn to a New York *Evening Sun* reporter. "The building business was dull in the east in those days, and with a young chum I started for the southwest. We finally drove stakes on a farm near Liberty, Mo., where we found employment as stone masons for the season. Our employer was named Spratt, and a very decent fellow he was, too. He raised hemp and tobacco, and owned forty slaves. He treated the darkies well, but I fear he was an exception to the rule.

"The second Sunday I was with Spratt, while he and his wife were at meeting, a beautiful girl of seventeen, in a neat calico gown, came to the door and said our next neighbor had sent her for a hemp-break. I respectfully declined to lend it in Mr. Spratt's absence, and she called again upon his return. He said certainly, and sent me to the barn with the girl to get the break. I was rather puzzled at such a charming young person appearing on such an errand. I thought I would play the gallant, and shouldered the break, which was a heavy instrument, she walking by my side. When I reached the front of the house I was loudly hailed from the window.

"When I arrived at the door Mr. Spratt in a kindly but firm tone said: 'John, never do such a thing again around here. Let the girl carry the break. You would be a marked man. That girl is a slave!'

"Well, sir, I tell you that nearly took my breath away. I could not realize that the pale beauty, with large, lustrous eyes, pearly teeth, and the peachy tint in her cheek, was a slave. I was an abolitionist ever after. The incident had almost passed from my memory, when one day Mr. Spratt said to me, 'John, our neighbor's pretty slave, Nellie, is to be sold tomorrow, and I am going to the sale at Liberty.'

"'Is that not shocking?' was all that I could say. There was no use protesting. I was helpless to aid her. But I inwardly cursed the institution of slavery.

"'Well, you see, my neighbor, Russell, has got a second wife. She is from St. Louis and very extravagant. He is a little run down financially, and has to raise the wind. The wife insists that he shall sell the girl Nellie, who seems to be a red flag in her face all the time. He has consented, as she will bring a big price. Now, John, I know that girl's mother, and have known the young woman since she was knee-high to a grasshopper. She is a good, simple creature, and it is a shame to tear her from her mother.'

"'I want you to come with me to the auction and bid on the girl for me, as Russell would not like to see me in the competition, with the prospect of bringing her back to the next farm to him.'

"'How much will you give for her?' I enquired, really touched at the genuine human sympathy displayed by Spratt.

"'Well, I've been talking to my wife, and have decided to go up to $1,500, just to save the girl.'

"In due time we arrived at the block, and after several common nigers had been knocked off at from $700 to $1,000, the beautiful octoroon was put up. I believe there was murder in my heart at the moment, but I kept cool, as I had serious business on hand.

"'How much am I offered for the handsome wench?' yelled the auctioneer.

"Under instructions from Spratt my first bid was $9000. But it was at once followed by $1,200. I bid $1,300. Another bidder shouted $1,400. I returned with $1,500. And then followed $1,600, which let me out of the race. The bidding now settled down between two dissipated young planters from down the river, who seemed to have plenty of money. The hundreds were added until the girl was finally disposed of for $3,600.

"I left Liberty with a heavy heart, thinking of the life in store for the unfortunate octoroon. I was not an oversensitive man, but when Mr. Spratt told me that Nellie was Russell's own child—his flesh and blood—I thought it was time to pull up stakes, and the next day I started for Brooklyn. With a light heart heart I entered the old Empire State, and I thanked God that here there were no human chattels."

The Honey Moon.

During the honeymoon they had been sitting and sighing and talking poetry in the balcony for three hours all of which time he had both her hands tightly clasped in his. Finally she broke forth:

"Algernon, dearest, I want to ask you something."

"Ask me a hundred—a thousand—a million things!" he exclaimed, in reply.

"Well, Algernon, I've got an awful cold in my head," she continued, "and if I draw one of my hands away to use my pocket handkerchief would you think it unkind of me?"

An Executive Session.

"My daughter," remarked a grave and reverend United States Senator to his child, "didn't that young man who called on you last night remain very late?"

"Quite late, papa," was the dutiful reply.

"Well, my child, I should like to know what was going on that required so much time."

"It wasn't that kind of an executive session, papa," she said with wise precaution "we never tell."

Mr. Bowser Papers a Room.

DETROIT FREE PRESS.

Instead of going down town after breakfast the other morning, Mr. Bowser slipped up stairs, and when he came down again he had on his old clothes. Some changes had been made in the house by which we had gained a new bedroom, and it at once occurred to me that Mr. Bowser and his old clothes and that bedroom were in some way connected.

"You—you are going to the office this morning?" I queried.

"No, ma'am."

"You are not going to make garden?"

"Hardly. I propose to finish up that bed-room."

"How?"

"Well, I shall paper the walls, to begin with."

Mr. Bowser, I wish you wouldn't. I telephoned for a paper-hanger yesterday and he will be here to-morrow."

"And I stopped last evening and told him not to come up. I propose to have that job done in style."

"But you can't hang paper."

"Oh, I can't? Prepare yourself for a surprise party. Mrs. Bowser, I don't propose to have no wild-eyed wall-paper artist around here for ten days to do what I can accomplish in one."

"Mr. Bowser, I solemnly warn you not to attempt it. You will only make a failure of it and then blame me."

"There will be neither failure nor blame about it. I'll show you the paper."

He had it hidden in the barn. When he brought it in and displayed it I felt like crying. It was dark, cheap paper, of a pattern several years old, and I was prepared for his announcement that it was a job lot which he had secured at five cents a roll.

"Mr. Bowser, that room ought to have gilt paper."

"Had I rushed off as you do, Mrs. Bowser, I should have got gilt. Do you know what the most eminent chemists of the day declare? They say that gilt paper in a bedroom shortens life by many years."

"At this stuff will probably prolong it?"

"Very likely."

"Well, it ought to! Anyone who would select such paper ought to live 500 years and be ashamed of himself every day!"

"Mrs. Bowser, if you happen to have outrageous taste in these matters I am not to blame. I don't propose to have my house turned into a museum just because you have no idea of harmony. Wait until the room is done, and then if you agree with me that it is the prettiest bedroom you ever stepped into I'll buy you a new spring hat."

He went ahead, of course, and I left him alone for a couple of hours. When I went up he had two strips on, and was standing back to survey them. Two more strips, which had been pasted and then pulled off again lay on the floor.

"The corner of the room is not exactly plumb, you know," he said. "Those bricklayers and carpenters never get within two inches of true."

"No, I suppose not. I have read that paper-hangers make this same discovery. What's this paper doing on the floor?"

"Oh, I got enough so I could experiment a little. There is no great rush, you know. It isn't a case of life and death and I propose to develop some artistic ideas as I go along."

"Well, you have made a good start at it. That second strip is on wrong-side up."

"What?"

"Look for yourself. Here is the vine and here the leaves. The leaves on one strip are at the top, and on the other at the bottom."

"Not much! Your eyes are out of true, and one of them sees higher than the other. If you will now be so kind as to disappear I will work out some new ideas."

An hour later there was a crash upstairs which awoke the baby, frightened the cat into falling off the window-sill, and caused the cook to fly into the sitting-room and call out that a "sinclone" had struck the house and brought down every chimney. I hurried upstairs to Mr. Bowser. He sat in a chair trying to smile and look unconcerned, but one of the steps of the ladder was gone and I knew that he had come down like a load of stone.

"Did you call?" I asked.

"Me? Oh, no. I am studying on an idea."

There was paste on his hair and pieces of wall-paper sticking to his back, but I withdrew without further remark. When he came down at noon I was in hopes he had abandoned the work. It was evident he had a lame back, and he dragged one leg as he walked, and I thought it a fitting opportunity to say:

"I wouldn't bother with that room any more if I were you. I presume you are wanted at the office."

"Do you? The office is locked up and I have the key in my pocket."

"But why not get a paper-hanger?"

"Because I am going to do it myself. I find that I am a little short of paper, and I guess I'll telephone for more."

He gave an order for four double rolls and after dinner went back to his labors, locking the door so that I could not see his work. About mid-afternoon, however, as I listened at the door, I heard him growling:

"Hang that carpenter! He didn't get this wall within two feet of straight, and that last strip has got to come off!"

Just before supper he came down and telephoned for two more rolls of paper and forty feet more of border, but he looked so pale-faced and stoop-shouldered and done out that I hadn't the heart to say anything about the room. He fell asleep in his chair while reading the paper, and every few moments uttered a groan or a sigh. He was paste and paper, and could hardly get upstairs from the lameness in his legs and back. Next morning, as he seemed undecided whether to go to the office or upstairs, I asked if I shouldn't telephone for the paper hanger. That decided him and he replied:

"I wouldn't be as jealous-minded as you are, Mrs. Bowser, for all the money in the world! You are shaking in your shoes for fear that I will do a really nice bit of work."

It was 4 o'clock in the afternoon before we would allow me to enter the room and then he announced its completion.

"Just give me a fair and honest opinion of it without reference to relationship," he said as he stood in the center of the room and looked around.

If he had been armed with a knife to cut my throat I should have been compelled to laugh. Seven of the strips were wrong-end up. Four or five of them were on crooked. He had lapped the paper on to the base and window casings, and his border was up and down like the waves of the sea.

"Have you escaped from Kalamazoo?" he demanded as I laughed until I had to sit down on the floor.

"Mr. Bowser, I have a request to make of you perhaps a dying request. Let me bring in some of the neighbors to see this."

"Certainly, and if they don't say it is one of the neatest jobs they ever saw I'll give in."

I sent cook out and got three of the nearest ladies, and when they entered the menagerie Mr. Bowser retired to dress himself. He wouldn't come out until they had departed, but he must have heard all that was said. At supper time he came down and quietly remarked:

"I suppose you want the custody of the child, Mrs. Bowser?"

"Why, after encouraging me to spend two days of my time in papering that room, that you might criticise my work, it will be best that we seperate. During the evening you had better make out a list of the things you want to reserve."

Next day the paper-hanger came up and put on other paper. Mr. Bowser bought a sheet of liniment and four porous plasters, and there is no happier household in Detroit than that of Bowser.

The Bet Declared Off.

A large yellow-and-white cat started to cross Broadway nearly opposite Park row yesterday afternoon when traffic was at its greatest. Where she came from was known only to herself, but that she was making for the friendly shelter afforded by the rails of St. Paul's churchyard was apparent to all. Her chances of getting across the street safely did not seem to be good, and she shrank back terrified from a passenger car, narrowly escaped being run over by one of Uncle Sam's mail vans by less than half the length of her tail.

Two well dressed men from Philadelphia stopped in the middle of thoroughfare to watch her.

"Bet you she is crushed," said one.

"Take you," replied the other.

Just then the pole of a double truck struck the fifth rib of the man who had offered the bet, knocked his hat off, and nearly threw him down.

"Hi! roared the driver, "hain't you got no eyes!"

At the same moment the man who had taken the bet received a blow on the back of the neck from the off horse's head that nearly dislocated something spinal.

"Hi!" roared the driver. "Are you asleep?"

The men escaped to the sidewalk.

"Where's the cat?" asked one.

"How do I know?" replied the other.

And, as the venturesome creature was not visible, dead or alive, the bet was ordered off.

She Had Been to Church.

I have a friend who doesn't go to church himself, but sends his wife regularly. I dined with him last Sunday, and he took advantage of the circumstance to display her devotional tendencies before company.

"What was the text, Sue?" he asked.

"Oh, something somewhere in generations; I've forgottten the chapter and verse. Mrs. Hughes sat right in front of me wearing the worst looking bonnet I ever saw on a woman's head."

"How did you like the new minister?"

"Oh, he's simply superb! And Kate Selwin was there in a sealskin that never cost a cent less than $100."

"Did he say anything about the new mission fund?"

"No; and the Jones girls were rigged out in their old silk made over. You would have died laughing to have seen them."

"It seems to me you didn't hear much of the sermon."

"The fact is, George, the new minister has a lovely voice; it almost put me to sleep."

A long silence followed, during which George absently helped me to pickles and mustard, while his wife sat looking as demure as a saint at a circus. Suddenly she exclaimed:

"There! I knew I'd forgot to tell you something! The fringe on Mrs. Brown's cape is an inch deeper than mine, and twice as heavy!"—Lewistown (Me.) *Journal.*

A Novel Advertisement.

Globe.

The following story, which has never before appeared in print, is told about the editor of one of Maine's most prominent dailies: When a small boy, his father, now one of the most prominent men in the State, was then running a printing office and publishing a weekly paper in one of the largest towns in Kennebec county. One day the advance agent of a show came along and ordered some posters printed upon cotton cloth. His order was filled, but for some reason he neglected to call for them, and they were thus left on the printer's hands. The printer's wife ran across them, and as cloth was then high, she took the cloth home and used it to line a pair of pants she was then making for the editor above mentioned, then a boy about ten years of age.

As the months rolled by the pantaloons grew threadbare, and at school one day he accidentally tore the seat out, leaving about one foot of lining exposed to view. This in itself would have made the boys smile, but they laughed till the tears came when they observed the following words standing out boldly upon the lining in large type:

"Doors open at 7:30. Performance begins at 8."

It is needless to state that the boy was sent home to his mother in tears.

The French Way.

The French have discovered a new way of drawing unrequitted love out of the hearts of the lads and lassies of that country. Hypnotism is the medium used, and one of the cases where it was used is thus reported in a Paris journal: "A young man became deeply enamored of a lady, who did not reciprocate his passion. He was hypnotized, and his hand was placed in the hand of another. When he recovered he was perfectly indifferent to his love, and the recipient of his passion was plunged deep into Cupid's toils. The latter was hypnotized and told to abandon his folly. When he was restored he had no love for anybody, and there wasn't a particle of love in the room."

Kissed Another Man's Wife.

"You scoundrel," yelled young Jacob Green,
At his good neighbor, Brown,—
"You kissed my wife upon the street,—
I ought to knock you down."
"That's where you're wrong," good Brown replied,
In accents mild and meek;
"I kissed her, that I've not denied,
But kissed her on the cheek—

and I did it because she looked so handsome—the very picture of beauty and health. What is the secret of it?" "Well," replied Green, "since you ask it, I will tell you: she uses Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I accept your apology. Good night." "Favorite Prescription" is the only remedy for the delicate derangements and weaknesses of females, sold by druggists, under a *positive guarantee* of giving satisfaction in every case, or money paid for it returned.

For biliousness, sick headache, indigestion and constipation, take Dr. Pierce's Pellets.

—Who kills all the dead letters? Miss Direction.

Sloyd.

The question of manual training in schools as a necessary part or adjunct of mental development is one of the most important now being considered by the educational world. The final determination seems almost certain to be in favor of the introduction of some such system, in a limited class of schools at least. The people of the country will therefore learn with some pride and pleasure that the normal schools located within their borders have the distinction of being the pioneer in this movement in this part of the country.

This is called the Sloyd department and it may be interesting to know just what this means. The word Sloyd is the anglicized form of a Swedish word meaning dexterity or manual skill and with the same root and significations as our word sleight. Of late, however, the word has been restricted to denote a system of manual training. This system came originally from Finland, but was adopted some fifteen years ago in Sweden and there perfected in its methods.

The aim of the system is not to teach the pupil, but to educate him. Its primary object is to insure a healthy physical and mental development, while its secondary object is to secure general dexterity useful in every vocation.

The method is based upon the principle that a harmonious mental development is best secured through a harmonious physical development, promoted by exercise. It proceeds first to call the physical activities into play, and, by stimulating, strengthening and training these, it seeks to awaken, develop and cultivate the powers of the mind. Taking advantage of the pupil's natural activity, it permits him to engage in work so arranged as to lead him to discover the principles to be taught, to apply his knowledge and thus to obtain a useful training.

The training consists mainly in performing certain exercises and the result is to give general dexterity, promote health and strength, and at the same time develop the perceptive faculties, ingenuity of construction, concentrated attention, love of exactness and artistic taste.

Sloyd is a distinct system. It agrees with other systems of manual training in making physical exercise the basis of its instruction and training, and in adopting the inductive method of teaching. But it differs from most of these in using wood as the only material for construction and in the form of its models. From the various handicrafts in wood, it differs in not being a trade; and from other Sloyd systems, in avoiding the tendency of either aiming at a mere technical skill or a mere mental discipline.

How far Sloyd may be adopted in the the public schools is as yet a question for discussion. Director Salomon of the school at Naas, Sweden, unhesitatingly claims that its introduction would be beneficial, directly by promoting general health, and indirectly by facilitating the acquisition of other studies. This seems borne out by its phenomenal success in Sweden, its extensive adoption in countries where education is most advanced, as in Germany, France and Great Britain, and by its growing popularity on this side of the Atlantic.—Washington, Pa., *Observer.*

A Marvelous Escape.

It was in 1872, on the 27th of June; you will see why I have no trouble in remembering the date.

It had been an exceedingly hot day, not a cloud to be seen, with the sun beating fiercely down, and not a breath of air stirring. We sat out on the porch after supper, trying to find a cool place. The clouds were beginning to gather, and it looked as if there might be a shower. The three little ones went early to bed, and in spite of the oppressive heat were soon fast asleep.

It couldn't have been far from eight o'clock when I heard a sound which I at first thought was thunder. The others noticed it, too, and, as it grew louder, a terrible rushing sound came with it, and we looked at one another in silence for a minute, and the ran to where we could look out westward.

My heart almost stopped beating, when I saw coming towards us with terrific speed a black, funnel-shaped cloud, the rush and roar accompanying it growing louder every minute.

"Run for the cellar!" I cried. My wife ran and seized the baby, and I caught up the other two children from the bed. There was no time to lose.

The one who first reached the cellar-door—it was one of the older children—had just time to seize the knob, nothing more, when—crash! such a terrific noise! I felt myself lifted in the air, and thought my time had come. The next thing I knew, I felt the splash of cold water in my face. I must have lost consciousness, but the water revived me, and in a moment I knew where I was.

I had come down head first into the well!

The water was some ten feet deep. I was thoroughly at home in the water, though I wasn't used to diving in that fashion, and I managed to right myself and come up head first.

The well was not more than three feet across, and the pump had been broken short off and carried away, leaving a two-inch iron pipe standing straight up in the middle.

I was very nearly out of breath when I came to the top of the water. My hands touched something floating on the surface. I thought it was the cat; imagine my surprise when I found it was Charley, our five year old boy!

He was terribly frightened and as amazed as I was to find himself not alone in the well. The wonder was that we were not both of us impaled on that iron pipe; how we escaped it I cannot understand.

The cyclone had passed on, and a terrific, steady wind was blowing. I could hear it roar above our heads, and by the flashes of lightning I could see that rain fell in torrents. We were both so wet we didn't mind the little extra water that splashed down on us, and as soon as possible I raised Charley to my shoulders, and by the aid of the pipe managed to work my way up to the top of the well. This took some little time, and the wind and rain had nearly ceased when I set my feet on solid earth again, and found we were unhurt.

The young man who swallowed by mistake the whole contents of a package of Laxador is out again. He says he feels rather "pale" but otherwise is all right He says however follow the direction next time.

Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup is recommended by all druggist as being a purely vegetable, reliable and safe preparation for babies. Price only 25 cents.

Chew on This, Girls.

A chewing-gum manufacturer amassed a fortune of $1,000,000. Let's see. Say six sticks for five cents; five into 100,000,000 goes 20,000,000 times. Twenty million times six equals 120,000,000 sticks of gum. Great heavens, girls!—Washington *Post*

AGRICULTURAL.

Various tests show the cost of the production of milk differs greatly in cows, some cows producing milk at a cost of one-third that produced from others. The importance of using only the best cows is plainly seen by the differences in the cost. The yield of milk does not always give the true value of the animal. The only mode of determining the profit is to keep a record of the receipts and expenses of each cow.

Whenever a fertilizer is applied the benefits therefrom extend into the second, and, perhaps, third and fourth years. There are always some portions of the fertilizer that are insoluble, but which become available after the lapse of a year or more. As certain plants require particular plant foods, the second crop may be more benefitted by the fertilizer than the first, much depending on the composition of the fertilizer.

In a recent lecture Professor Brewer, of Yale College, illustrated the idea that "man is worth more than the land" by a case which came under his own observation. A man bought a farm for $20 an acre. He so improved it that in a few years he was offered $300 an acre for it. At his death it sold for $250 an acre. In a few years the purchaser sold it for $100 an acre to a man who finally disposed of it for $12 an acre. Here it was plainly the men and not the farm that determined the value.

One of the greatest drawbacks to the growing of carrots and parsnips is the slow germination of seeds, which permits the young weeds to take possession of the ground before the carrots and parsnips appear. As the rows are thereby obliterated it is difficult to use the hoe. To obviate this sow radish seed in the rows with the seed of carrots and parsnips. As the radish will quickly appear the rows will be plainly seen, and can be worked. When the radishes are large enough they can be pulled out and used on the table.

In the Southern States no milking is performed until the udder of the cow is washed and wiped dry with a clean towel. This is an old custom in that section, and it should be followed elsewhere. If the North can boast of a great number of superior animals, she has yet a lesson to learn from the above. The udder and teats of a cow are often plastered over with filth from the liquid and solid manure, much of which is carried into the milk by the hands of the milker. An inspection of some cattle stalls will plainly show the necessity of a thorough washing of the udder.

Celery seed for a general crop may be sown early in April, in rich, mellow ground, and in a situation where the plants may be protected from the parching heat of the summer's sun. It is best to sow the seed in drills as the stalks are much stronger that if sown broadcast. Make drills half and inch deep, and six inches apart. By proper hoeing and cultivating, in proper soil, every ounce of seed will produce 10,000 plants.

HORSE BREEDING.

The following article on horses we take from the *Western Rural*. Butler farmers may profit by reading it:

"The farmer who wishes a good practical team will find a pair of any of the heavy draft breeds satisfactory. If a man wishes to breed horses for the market, he will find that the heavy breeds will, to say the least, be as profitable as any other breed. The demand for heavy horses is far beyond the supply, and it is a demand that must increase for many years. The light, common stock is all the time giving way to these horses, and hence the importers and breeders find ready sale for all they have. Like every other innovation, the introduction of these horses found more or less prejudice, and there is nothing in the way of mean charges we think that at one time was not made against them. But they have pushed their way forward and won recognition by their own sterling merit. They give satisfaction to everybody, except those who have never owned one. In other words, those who do not know their merits may find fault with them. But these horses are scattered all over the West and we think it would be hard to find a man who ever owned a team of these heavy horses who discarded them. They are strong, willing, good natured, capital good horses.

"So far as horse breeding is concerned it will pay to breed any good horse. It sometimes has been a wonder to us that horse breeding was not more generally entered into upon a large scale. As already said, there is a constant demand for heavy horses. There is equally as good a demand for the road horse. There is a demand for heavy, stylish carriage horses, and it is a demand that is imperfectly supplied. And there is a demand, too, for trotting stock, but the intended supply of this does not always turn out well, hence there is a good demand and a constant demand and a growing demand for all kinds of the best horses. We might very properly mention another demand which is not supplied at, and that is for fast walking horses. We have sometimes referred to this demand before, and it is a strange thing that attention is not given to such an important matter. There is more money in producing a walking race of horses than in any other breeding of animals. And it can be easily done—just as easily as producing any other characteristic. Slow-walking horses cost the farmers of this country millions of dollars every year. Why does not somebody go to work and supply this great demand? It requires no new breed. It simply requires breeding with the object of producing the desired object; and it can be accomplished with any of the breeds we now have.

Still Hankering For the North Pole.

Norwegian navigators still cling to the idea of discovering the north pole. Their hopes are based upon the fact that various articles from the Pacific are occasionally found stranded on the coast of Greenland, having been carried there by some current. A notable instance of this is the finding of pair of oil-skin trousers, marked with the name of one of the crew of a vessel that had been wracked on the Pacific side of Behring's Straits. It is argued that where a pair of trousers can go a properly constructed vessel ought to be able to follow, by virtue of a supposed current between the oceans, via the arctic pole.

A Russian Custom.

In Russia it is customary for all laymen, the emperor himself included, to show their outward respect for the church by kissing the hands of its minsters. On one occasion it is related that a village priest, receiving a grand duke at his church door, and having no experience of such exalted personages, hesitated to offer him his hand. The grand duke, getting impatient exclaimed: "Stretch out your paw, you fool!"

—Smarty—I wonder how the moon manages to sustain her social status among the heavenly bodies when she gets full so often. Tarty—Oh, the stars wink at her delinquencies.