State Library

THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

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WALL PAPER!

Believing that it is best to close out each season's styles before the ensuing season begins, even at a great sacrifice, I have marked over two-thirds of my entire stock of paper hangings, the largest and best selected line in Butler,

AT HALF PRICE

The balance of the paper was marked so low before that half price would be giving them away. These you will get below cost notwithstanding their former cheapness. Just imagine Browns at 8c a double bolt, Whites at 10 and 12c, Gilts 15 and upward. Buy now for your fall papering, you will not get such bargains then

My Wall Paper, Stationery and Art Store is easy to find.

W. A. OSBORNE,

E. Jefferson St., next to Lowry House, Butler, Pa.

Wir sprechen auch Deutsch.

Dry Goods

AT LOWEST PRICES

AT THE NEW STORE OF

D. E. JACKSON.

We are new comers, but have come to stay. We buy our goods at lowest cash prices and as we sell for *cash only*. We are enabled to sell goods at the smallest possible margins. We could quote prices on *clean, new goods, no trash*, from all parts of our store, especially on the following goods. Dress Goods, White Goods, Prints, Ginghams, Shirtings, Muslins, Lace Curtains and Curtain Poles, Corsets and Corset Waists, Ladies', Children's and Gents' Underwear, Hosiery, Gloves and Mits, Kid Gloves, Ribbons, Silk and Velvet, Black and Colored Silks, Cloth Capes, Boat Wraps, Jerseys and Jersey Jackets, Table Linens, Napkins, Towels, &c., &c., but as new goods are arriving all the time, we would not likely have the goods now quoted, but possibly have them at still lower prices as the season advances. We are proud to say that in this city and county our goods and prices have met with approval and commendation, although subject to close scrutiny and comparison with the goods offered by others. We solicit your patronage, and will do all in our power to make our business transactions pleasant and profitable.

D. E. JACKSON, Butler, Pa.
Next door to Heinemen's.

DOLLARS

Saved are as good as dollars earned, and the wise will take advantage of our closing out sale of

SEASONABLE GOODS.

We dont want to carry over one piece, and if low prices will sell them, we shall. Light Colored Stiff Hats, Summer Underwear, Straw Hats and Light Colored Neckwear are all to go.

Look alive now and don't get left.

COLBERT & DALE,
50 S. Main street,
Butler, Pa.

J. E. Kastor,

Practical Slate Roofer.

Ornamental and Plain Slating

on all kinds done on short notice.

Office with W. H. Morris, No. 7, N. Main St., Residence North Elm street, Butler, Pa.

Full Again.

We mean our wall paper department, full and overflowing with our immense and choice stock of paper hangings. You must help us out, we haven't room for half our goods, until you relieve us of some of them.

We have the choicest selection of patterns in every grade from Brown Blanks at 40 cts to Gilts at from 20 cts to $1 per double bolt.

Examine our Stock,

J. H. Douglass,

Near Postoffice, Butler Pa.

BLOOM'S BLOOMS [illegible]

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

L. BLACK,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
No. 334, N. Main St.,—Butler, Pa

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Office at Rose Point, Lawrence county, Pa.

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Artificial Teeth inserted on the latest improved plan. Gold Filling a specialty. Office—over Selsnau's Clothing Store.

DR. S. A. JOHNSTON.
DENTIST, - - BUTLER, PA.
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.

J. W. MILLER,
Architect, C. E. and Surveyor.
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Maps, plans, specifications and estimates; all kinds of architectural and engineering work. No charge for drawing if I contract the work. Consult your best interests; plan before you build. Information cheerfully given. A share of public patronage is solicited.
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A. E. RUSSELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office on second floor of New Anderson Block, Main St., near Diamond.

IRA McJUNKIN,
Attorney at Law, Office at No. 72, Back Jefferson St., Butler, Pa.

W. C. FINDLEY,
Attorney at Law and Real Estate Agent. Office 2nd fl. of R. Mitchell's office, 4th door S. of Diamond, Butler, Pa.

H. S. GOUCHER,
Attorney-at-Law. Office, on second floor of Anderson Building, next Court House, Butler, Pa.

J. A. BRITTAIN,
Attorney-at-Law—Office at S. E. cor. Main St. and Diamond, Butler, Pa.

NEWTON BLACK,
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17 EAST JEFFERSON ST.
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E. E. ABRAMS & CO
Fire and Life
INSURANCE
Insurance Co. of North America, incorporated 1794, capital $3,000,000 and other strong companies represented. New York Life Insurance Co., assets $90,000,000. Office New Etnoyer building near Court House.

LAKE SHORE NURSERIES.
ERIE, PA.
All stock guaranteed to be in good condition when delivered.
We replace all trees that fail to grow.
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BUTLER, PA.

THIS PAPER [illegible]

WILLIAM ALAND,
ARTISTIC CUTTER AND TAILOR
30 S. MAIN ST. BUTLER, PA.

THE FOUR BIG COMBINATIONS

AT

The Cash Shoe Store.

They Are All Stunners!

How is This For No. 1

A ladies fine Dongola button shoe, pat. leather tip, 2½ to 7 for $1.

How is This For No. 2

A gents good solid A Calf, bal. or Congress, tip or plain toe, 6 to 11 for $1.

How is This For No. 3

A ladies fine opera toe slipper, leather lined, hand turned for 50 cts a pair, these slippers are being sold at a great bargain for they are cheap at $1.

How is This For No. 4

Our little hummer, a childs dongola or grain button shoe sizes 5 to 8 for 48 cts. only a few cases left, and if you want any you will have to get a move on or they will be all gone

DON'T BE A CHUMP

But take advantage of our closing out sale of summer shoes and slippers which we are closing out at about half price.

Boots and Shoes Made to Order.

LEATHER AND FINDINGS.

BLACKMORE & GRIEB,

S. MAIN STREET, - - - BUTLER, PA.

Extraordinary Bargains at

TROUTMAN'S

Great Removal Sale.

We expect to move into our new building about October 1st, and in order to reduce stock we are offering

Extraordinary Bargains all over the house this month.

A word to the wise is sufficient.

TROUTMAN'S

Leading Dry Goods and Carpet House.

No. 206 North Main Street. — Butler, Pa

EVERY WATERPROOF COLLAR OR CUFF THAT CAN BE RELIED ON

BE UP TO THE MARK

Not to Split!
Not to Discolor!

BEARS THIS MARK.

TRADE CELLULOID MARK.

NEEDS NO LAUNDERING. CAN BE WIPED CLEAN IN A MOMENT.

THE ONLY LINEN-LINED WATERPROOF COLLAR IN THE MARKET.

"Some lives are like Horse Shoes the more worn the brighter." Busy wives who use SAPOLIO never seem to grow old. Try a cake...

A complete wreck of domestic happiness has often resulted from badly washed dishes, from an unclean kitchen, or from trifles which seemed light as air. But by those things a man often judges of his wife's devotion to her family, and charges her with general neglect when he finds her careless in these particulars. Many a home owes a large part of its thrifty neatness and its consequent happiness to SAPOLIO.

Grocers often substitute cheaper goods for SAPOLIO, to make a better profit. Send back such articles, and insist on having just what you ordered.

A ROMANCE OF LABOR.

The unwritten romance of real life far exceeds in beauty and instruction anything that simple fancy ever imagined, and I have only had to keep my eyes and ears open, as I went up and down in the world, to fill the store house of memory with many a strange drama: The following true incident was brought to my memory this morning, while listening to the rebellious words of a young man who could not see his father's wisdom in desiring him to learn a trade.

"It will make a common man of me, father," he said querulously; "I shall be as dirty as a blacksmith, and have hands like a coalheaver."

"And if you think, Fred, that wearing fine clothes and having white hands make you a gentleman, let me tell you, sir, you are now a very common man indeed, to begin with. A good trade might help you to truer notions of gentlemanhood."

Then I looked at the handsome fellow—for he was handsome—and I thought involuntarily of young Steve Gaskill. Steve has made his mark now, but many a year ago I had heard just such a talk between him and old Josiah Gaskill relative to the young man learning his father's trade of a wool-stapler.

"It is a dirty business, father," said the splendid Steve, in a full evening dress, "and I hate the smell of oil and the sight of those men in blue linen blouses. I hope I shall do something better for myself than that."

"Very well, lad; whatever thou art to be!"

"A lawyer, father."

"They're naught but a lazy, quarrelsome set, but thou sha' not say I ever stood i' thy gate. Be a lawyer, lad. I'll speak to Denham to-morrow about thee."

So young Steve was articled to Denham & Downes to study law, and especially "conveyancing." He was an only son, but he had three sisters, and over them and his mother he exercised supreme influence. Whatever Steve did was right; whatever he said was beyond dispute. Even old Josiah, with all his second sense, was, in spite of himself, swayed by this undisputed acknowledgement of Steve's superiority. He would not have advised his son to be a lawyer, but seeing that Steve was not afraid of being one he was rather proud of the lad's pluck and ambition.

It cost him a good deal. Steve's tastes were expensive, and he fell naturally among a class of men who led him into many extravagances. They were occasional awkward scenes, but Steve, supported by his mother and sisters, always cleared every scrape, and finally satisfied the family pride in being regularly admitted upon the roll of her majesty's attorneys.

In the meantime his father had been daily failing in health, and soon after this event he died. Most of his savings had been secured for the benefit of the helpless women of the Gaskill family, and Steve now found himself with a profession, and a thousand pounds to give him a fair start in it. People said old Gaskill had acted very wisely, and Steve had sense enough to acquiesce in public opinion. He knew, too, that just as long as his mother and his sisters had a shilling they would share it with him.

So he hopefully opened his office in his native town of Leeds, and waited for clients. But Yorkshire men are proverbially cautious, a young, faultlessly dressed lawyer was not their ideal. Steve could not look costly and wise under any circumstances, and the first year he did not make enough to pay his rent.

Nevertheless he did not in any way curtail expenses, and when the summer days arrived he went as usual to a fashionable watering place. It happened that you saw the debut of Miss Elizabeth Braithwaite, waite, a great heiress, and a very handsome girl. Steve was attracted by her beauty, and her great wealth was certainly an drawback in his eyes. In a short time he perceived Miss Braithwaite received him above all other pretenders to her hand, and he began seriously to consider the advantages of a rich wife.

His profession hitherto had been a failure, his own personal pounds were steadily spent, his chosen sisters were all on the point of marriage, a condition which might seriously modify their unlucky brothers, and his mother's whole second income would not support him a month. Would it not be the best plan to secure the good fortune so evidently within his reach?

Elizabeth was handsome and resolute to have him, and though she had the caprice, so of being both authoritative, in temper, and economical in money matters, he did not doubt but that she would finally acknowledge his power as completely as his own mother and sisters. So he set himself to win Miss Braithwaite, and before Christmas they were married.

True he had been compelled to give up a great deal more than he liked, but he promised himself plenty of manlier compensations. Elizabeth insisted on retaining her own house, and so Steve had really no home to offer but he went weekly to Braithwaite Hall as the husband of the proprietress. She insisted upon his removing his office to Braithwaite, a small village, offering some of the advantages for killing time which a large city like Leeds did, and she had all her money scrupulously settled upon herself for her own use and under her absolute control.

Steve felt very much as if his wife had bought him, but for a little time the relief of having married a great heiress, the bridal festivities and foreign travel compensated for the loss of his freedom. But when they returned to Braithwaite the sun showed him a far more prosaic side. Mrs. Gaskill's commanding disposition soon became particularly offensive to Steve. She inquired closely into his business, and did not scruple to make unpleasant witty remarks about his income. She rapidly developed, too, an authoritative disposition, against which Steve daily more and more rebelled. The young couple were soon very unhappy.

The truth was that great transitions are always times of unrest and misery. The better part of his nature was beginning to claim a hearing. He had seen now all that good society could show him; he had tasted of all pleasures money can buy, and he was not happy.

His wife had no cause and dissatisfaction with herself. There was her large house to oversee, her gardens and conservatories, her servants and charity schools, her ballrooms, and a whole colony of pet animals. Her days were too short for all the small interests that filled them; and those interests she would willingly have shared with Steve, but to him they soon became intolerable bores.

Under some circumstances he might have found his work in the ordering and investing of his wife's large estate, but Elizabeth was far too cautious a woman to trust it in untried hands. Her father's agent was her agent; her banker managed all her investments; her park and farms and gardens were all under the care of old and experienced servants, who looked upon Steve merely as "Missis' husband."

In the second year of his marriage he began to have some thoughts which would have astonished his wife could she have thought it worth her while to inquire what occupied his mind in the long, moody hours when he paced the shrubbery or sat silently looking out of the window. But Steve was now ready for any honest thing that would take him out of the purposeless dependent life which he had so foolishly chosen for himself.

One day, greatly to his surprise, Elizabeth said to him.

"Steve, I have a letter from a cousin of my mother's who lives in Glasgow. She is going to Australia and wants me to buy her house. She says it is a great bargain, and I wrote to Barrett to go and see about it. I have a letter this morning saying he is too ill to leave his bed. I wonder if you could go and attend to it?"

Anything for a change Steve showed a very proper business-like interest and said:

"Yes, I would be very glad to go."

"Very well. I should think you knew enough of titles and deeds and conveyancing, and all that kind of thing. I will trust the affair to you, Steve."

So the next morning Steve found himself on the Caledonian line, with £100 in his pocket and a veritable piece of business on hand. The first twenty miles out of Leeds he enjoyed with the abandon of a bird set free. Then he began to think again. At Crewe he missed a train, and wandering about the station fell into a talk with the engineer of the next one, who was cleaning and examining his engine with all the love and pride a mother might give to a favorite child.

The two men fraternized at once, and Steve made the trip over the Caledonian line in the cuddy of the engineer, who was a fine young fellow, "one of seven," he said, all machinists and engineers" The young mechanic was only serving his time, learning every branch of his business practically. He had brothers who made engines, and he hoped to do so some day.

In spite of his soiled face and oily clothes Steve recognized that refinement that comes with education, and when his new friend called upon him at the Queen's hotel he would not have been ashamed of his appearance, even in his most fastidious days.

"Mr. Dalrymple, I am glad to see you," said Steve, holding out both hands to him.

"I thought you would be, sir; it is not often I am mistaken in my likings. I will go with you now to see my father's works, if it suits you."

Never had such a place entered Stephen Gaskill's conception; the immense furnaces, the hundreds of giants working around them, the clang of machinery, the mighty struggle of mind with matter, of intellect over the elements, was a revelation. He envied those Cyclops in their leathern masks and aprons; he longed to lift their mighty hammers. He looked upon the craftsmen with their bare, brawny arms and blackened hands, and felt his heart glow with admiration when he saw the mighty work those hands had fashioned. The tears were in his eyes when Andrew Dalrymple and he parted at the gate of the great walled-in yard.

"Thank you," he said; "you have done me the greatest possible service. I shall remember it."

That night Steve formed a strange but noble resolution. First of all, he devoted himself to his wife's business, and accomplished it in a manner which elicited Mr. Barrett's warm praise and made Elizabeth wonder whether she might not spare her agent's fees for the future. Then he had a long, confidential talk with the owner of the Dalrymple Iron and Machine works, the result of which was the following letter to Mrs. Gaskill:

MY DEAR WIFE: I shall not be home again for at least two years. So I have begun an apprenticeship to Thomas Dalrymple Iron as an iron master. I propose to learn the whole process practically. I have lived too long upon your bounty, for I have lost your esteem, as well as my own, and I do not say but what I have deserved the loss. Please God, I will redeem my wasted past, and with his help make a man of myself. When I am worthy to do your husband you will respect him, and until then think as kindly as possible of

YOUR REPENTANT.

This letter struck the first noble chord in Elizabeth's heart. From that hour she ceased her favorite social duties made to marry little companionable music as "poor master."

Steve in leather apron and coarse work ing clothes began industriously happy days, which brought him nights of excellent sleep, and Elizabeth began a series of letters to her husband which gradually grew more and more tinged with the kindness, love and respect. In a few weeks she visited him at her own expense, and purposely going to the works saw her husband hard working a good-for-nothing furnace upon a hot, oily hot iron. Gradually, have smooth, clothed in leather, he took never looked so handsome to Elizabeth's eyes, and her eyes revealed this fact to Steve, for in them was the tender light of a love founded upon a genuine respect.

Steve deserved it. He wrought faithfully out his two years' service, cheered by his wife's letters and visits, and when he came out of the Dalrymple works there was no more finished iron master than he. He held his head frankly up now, and looked fairness boldly in the face, he could earn his own living anywhere, and better than all, he had conquered his wife—won her esteem and compelled her to acknowledge a physical strength and a moral purpose greater than her own.

Between Leeds and Braithwaite Hall there have been for many years gigantic iron works. The mills and railways of the West Riding know them well; their work is famous for its excellence, for the master is a practical machinist and oversees every detail. Their profits are enormous, and Stephen Gaskill, their proprietor, is also the well beloved and thoroughly respected master of Braithwaite Hall and of Braithwaite Hall's mistress.—Amelia E. Barr in New York Ledger.

Bee Stings For Rheumatism.

Dr. M. Labonlbene, at the meeting of the French Entomological Society, held on March 13, 1890, gave a short abstract of a paper published in 1888 by an Austrian physician, Dr. Tere, who seems to have made extended experiments for a number of years. Dr. Tere asserts that a person stung by bees acquires thereby a relative immunity from the consequences of subsequent stings; in other words, that the virus of the bee sting acts like a vaccinal inoculation against its own poison. The immunity lasts six months, sometimes less, probably according to the number of stings inflicted on a person. Persons suffering from acute rheumatism require a larger number of bee stings to feel the usual effect of the poison, but as soon as by inoculation of a sufficient amount of virus they have acquired immunity against its effect, they will—as long as this immunity lasts—be free from rheumatic attacks. Dr. Labonbene suggests that, in the interest of medical science, it would be well to thoroughly test these assertions.—*Pacific Rec.*

—This is an excellent time to repair defective sidewalks.

About Lead Pencils.

"What does it cost to make a lead pencil" said the manufacturer in reply to a New York *Sun* reporter's inquiry. "Why, let me tell you how we make a pencil.

"See this bag of powder. That's graphite. It costs twenty five cents a pound. This white substance is German clay. It comes across the ocean as ballast in sailing vessels, and all it costs us is freight. We mix this clay with this powder together and grind them in a mill, adding moisture during the process, until the two are thoroughly mixed and are reduced to a paste about the consistency of putty.

"This paste we press into these dies, each one of which is the size of a pencil lead except in length. There are four leads in one of these. After they are pressed we cut them into proper lengths and bake them in an oven kept at a very high temperature. Then we have the lead made. Its hardness is regulated by the greater or less amount of clay we mix with the graphite—the more clay we put in, the harder the lead.

"The cedar we use comes principally from Florida, and is obtained entirely from fallen trees that lie there. The wood is delivered to us in blocks sawed to pencil lengths, some of them thick, to receive the lead, and some thin, for the piece that is to be glued over the lead. The blocks are sawed for four pencils each. They are grooved by a saw the entire length, the groove being the place where the lead is to lie. The leads are kept in hot glue, and are placed in the grooves as the blocks are ready. When that is done, the thin piece is glued fast to the thick one. When dry, the blocks are run through a machine that cuts the pencils apart. Another machine shapes them, making them octagonal, or round, or flat, or three-cornered, as the case may be. The pencils are burnished by machinery, and are then ready to be tied in bunches, boxed, and put out.

"The different grades in value of a lead pencil are made by finer manipulation of the graphite and the use of better material The average pencil in every day use costs about one-quarter of a cent to make. We are content with one hundred per cent profit on it when we sell it to the dealer. What his profit is you may figure out for yourself if you have one of the pencils about you that you paid five cents for. Of this grade of pencil an operator will turn out 2,500 in a day.

"The most valuable lead pencil that I know of is owned by a lawyer in this city.

"It is a cheap-looking affair, but I don't think it could be bought for $100. The wood in this pencil came from a cedar tree that was probably centuries old before any cedar tree now standing began to grow. It was taken from the bottom of a marl bed in Orange County, at a depth of nearly one hundred feet below the surface. Near it was found the remains of a mastodon. The tooth of the end of the pencil was made from a piece of the mastodon's tooth. The pencil has never been sharpened, and probably never will be."

A Terraced Mountain.

During the recent visit of Jesse R. Grant and Chas. J. Whimple to Sonora, Mexico, they were much struck with the sight of a terraced mountain. It was located about fifty miles southwest of Magdalena. The mountain is circular in form, about three-quarters of a mile in diameter and terraced from base to peak. The height of the terrace is from ten to twelve feet, and in many places is built of solid masonry. At many other places it is cut out of the solid rock. The roadway is from fifteen to twenty feet in width, starting at the base of the mountain and coming itself spiral like to the peak of mountain, which is not less than 300 feet higher than the base of the mountain. The work of the construction and carrying out of the solid rock or the terraced road must have been enormous, and the remarkable feature of this wonder is the state of its preservation. Here and there masonry has yielded to the crumbling influence of time, but these are exceptions.

At the base of this terraced mountain is a stately rock, which has the appearance of having been hewn out of a solid rock, and weighs 200 tons or more. It is placed in the mouth of what appears to be the entrance to this terraced mountain. Even another story is suggested. Rock like this is the mountain upon the way to a social treasure, or to the home of ancient religious devotees? Again, then the terraced rock which we find to the peak of the mountain, look to the claim of the ancient world virgin, who high decked watch on the sacred fire which was never suffered to go out.

One thing is certain, there is a wide field for those who are at home who wander in the land Egypt and Persia, to study the mysteries of the hidden past.—Peoria Jour.

The Climax of Kicking.

There has been a great deal of kicking on one rule and another in the Fifty first Congress. Speaker Reed and his rules seem to have featured kicking as a Congressional accomplishment. The climax in kicking came yesterday. The Speaker had ordered the doing of the House to be closed with a view to preventing the Democrats from breaking the quorum every ten minutes or so. A desire to breathe the free air of the lobby immediately possessed Representative Kilgoore's soul. It took the sturdy Texan but a second or two to kick upon one of the doors which the doorkeeper had locked. Several other statesmen took their feet in the warmth to effect an exit. The quorum evaporated, and the House adjourned.

Of course Speaker Reed will provide a remedy. Doors of wrought steel will doubtless take the place of the flimsy affairs of wood and green blains. Balling guns placed at suitable intervals commanding the approaches to the House, and connected electrically with the Speaker's chair, would have a tendency to discourage vexatious Congressmen.

If the conduct of Congress continues to improve it is clear that the general idea of a Congressman's qualifications must be revised. Brains, honesty, knowledge of public affairs, patriotism may be very desirable things in private life, but it is evident that big feet, the art of boxing, a full vocabulary of foul language, a loud voice and a general disregard for all decency and honor will carry a man to the front in Congress.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

—Dr. Pomer's Kidney and Backache Cure is warranted to give satisfaction in every case or money returned.

—In Japan the people are compelled by law to bathe daily.

—Martin Irons, the once great labor dictator, now sells peanuts in a St. Louis depot.

—Under the present statutes of Missouri a person can marry, be divorced and remarry in 31 days.

—Fifteen thousand children were turned away at the opening of the public schools Monday in New York on account of lack of accommodation in school houses.

—The is no better time than the present to plan fall advertisements.

Someday.

Sometime, let the day be fair or dreary,
Or near or far may the footsteps stray,
Though joyous the way, or long and weary,
Darkened by sorrow, or livened by play;
In the glare of day, or the gloom of night,
Will come to the soul a wild desire
For a vanished love and past delight,
Enthralling the senses—a consuming fire.

Then thro the boundless, silent space,
Will come a whelming, answering thrill,
And a soft hand clasp, a close embrace
Will the longing heart and senses fill,
For the soul will return to its own again
After years of silence, sad and cold,
Even tho the loved form hath lain
Long underneath the churchyard mold.

For each other in fair, lost Paradise,
Where souls immortal formed in light,
That cannot be fettered by earthly ties,
Or hid in the grave's black night,
Sometimes in answer one will come,
Writhed free from a death in life,
And one will break from death and the tomb,
To quiet a weary spirit's strife.

—KATE EASTON SMITH.

BUTLER, PA., September, 1890.

His Paper Was Read by Somebody.

Years ago, when Henry Grady was struggling to bring the Rome *Commercial* into front ranks, says the Rome (Ga.) *Tribune*, he called one day and asked the Rounsaville Brothers for an advertisement. J. W. Rounsaville replied: "Why, Grady, nobody reads your paper; it is no use to advertise in it." A happy thought suggested itself to Mr. Grady. He went to his office and wrote the following advertisement, which appeared next morning in the *Commercial*: "Wanted, fifty cats. Liberal price for the same. Apply to the Rounsaville Brothers." Well, the picture that presented itself at Rounsaville's corner next morning beggars description. Boys of all ages and sizes—boys of tints, from the fair-haired youth to the sable Ethopian; barefoot boys and ragged boys, red headed boys, freckle-faced boys; town boys and country boys—boys from all parts of Floyd county blocked up the sidewalks, doorways and streets with bags full of cats—cats of every description, name and order—house cats, yard cats, barn cats, church cats—fat cats, lean cats, honest cats and thievish cats. Well, to make a long story short, the Rounsavilles told Mr. Grady to reserve a column for their advertisement as long as his paper was continued; and that was just what Grady wanted.

Relief of The Idiot.

Dr. Lannelongen, an eminent specialist in the Children's Hospital, Paris, has just succeeded in the effort to give intelligence to a poor little idiot. The child, a little girl four years old, had a deformed head, only about one third the size of an ordinary little one of her age. She never smiled, never took notice of anything, and she would neither walk nor stand. The doctor became convinced that the condition of the little creature was due to the abnormal narrowness of the head, which hindered the natural growth of the brain. About the middle of May last he made a long and narrow incision in the center of the skull and cut a portion out of the left side of it, without injuring the "dura mater." The result of this operation was something astounding. In less than a month the child began to walk. Now she smiles, interests herself in everything around her, and plays with a doll. A tolerably bright little child has taken the place of the idiot.

—It is stated on good authority that the factories of England, France, Germany and Holland produce about 77,000,000 pins daily. But where do they all go to?

—The harvest moon, the hom moon of the year, is due on the 25th of this month. This is the moon that always stays with us longest, and smiles so sweetly through the yellow haze of early autumn.

—It is especially commendable now to advise people who cannot afford their doctors bill a gun at the same time to let the patients alone and keep out of the woods altogether, and by so doing save either their own life or the life of somebody else. For good men cannot be convinced and too frequently always cannot be given to this respect, for there are myriads of individuals who have no more business at the bare end of a gun than they have at the mouth.

—A lawyer and a doctor were once passing through an iron window. "Ah," said the doctor, as he looked at the unfortunate lawyer, "what a terrible calamity it is to be born without brains!" "Just double," said the lawyer, "you must remember that what is one man's misfortune is another man's fortune. I was just thinking what a pleasure it would be for me if I had a gang like that to select a jury from."

—"Why so cast down?"

"I lost a magnificent umbrella yesterday."

"Grace it in the rain?"

"No; I took the owner of it on the street, and he recognized it at once."

—Rosewood Youth—I beg you, sir, for the hand of your daughter. I can not live without her.

Old Grumpy—Glad to hear it. I can't live with her. Name the day, young man, and have it soon.

Rosewood Youth (backing off)—I'm so—please give me time to reflect.

—For headaches, biliousness, constipation, dizziness, sleeplessness, the blues, squibbs, the blood and all skin complaints Dr. Pomer's Blood and Liver Remedy and Nerve Tonic never fails, warranted to satisfy or money refunded.

—Our exchanges these days are full of stories of overgrown tomatoes. The latest claim of a big specimen is in the Meadville Tribune, which records the weight of a tomato grown in that city at 49 ounces. That fruit was probably loaded. The writer picked a tomato in his garden recently of his own planting, that weighed 28 ounces, or a pound and three-quarters. This is big enough for a strictly truthful man to brag about. We may add in this connection that a much bigger tomato got away.—Franklin News.

—Instead of lovers cracking nuts by the warm fireside this winter, they will have to satisfy themselves by chewing gum and cracking old jokes.

—A scientist computes that with the aid of a machine constructed on the principle of the boring, drilling and pumping apparatus of the mosquito, a hole could be bored to the centre of the earth in less than a day.

—It creates little excitement in Europe or America when reports come from China to the effect that fifty or sixty thousand lives were sacrificed to the fan, big tidal wave, tornado, or earthquake. An evidence of a little more sympathy would be more strictly in keeping with a Christian world.

—The ducks are flying southward, a sign of colder weather.

AGRICULTURAL.

TO STOP A RUNAWAY HORSE.—Professor Gleason, noted as a tamer of horses, thus explains the manner of stopping a runaway horse by using nothing but a straight bar bit and lines: For instance, your horse attempts to run away. Let him go for a distance of fifty yards; then haul in your lines perfectly tight. When you get ready to give the command to stop, say "Whoa!" At the same time pull the right hand rein, giving a powerful jerk, and repeat the word, "whoa!" Don't move the left hand, but do all the work with the right. When you give the terrible jerk, twist the horse's jaw to the right, and if you have the presence of mind to repeat the word, "whoa!" at the second jerk of the lines, you will be surprised to find your horse standing still.

A QUICK WAY TO KILL CATERPILLARS.—Take a suitable pole, say ten feet long, and attach to the end a coarse woolen cloth by winding it with strong twine, so that it will not slip either way. Take from one to three quarts of wood ashes, pour on hot water, and thus get a strong lye. Take an old pail, turn in the lye, adding one pint or more of soft soap, and stir well. It is then ready for use, and I will warrant this lye and soap to deal the deathblow instantly to all caterpillars by thrusting the saturated swab straight into the nests. Put the pole and swab in a secure place for future use.—*Cor. Country Gentlemen.*

A PREVENTIVE FOR PLANT MILDEW.—A preventive of mildew upon plants: Take three pounds each of flour of sulphur and quicklime. Slake the lime and boil with the sulphur in six gallons of water until reduced to two gallons. Allow this to settle, then pour of the clear liquid and bottle it for use. An old iron pot will answer to boil it in. Mix a gallon of this liquid with five gallons of water, and shower upon the plants as soon as the mildew appears.—*Boston Cultivator.*

TOMATOES PRESERVED IN BULK.—In order to preserve tomatoes through the year it is not necessary to resort to the expense of canning them. If stewed in the ordinary manner, but without butter or crackers, only a little salt and sugar, they can be put into jars—two quart or gallon, according to the size of the family—and if corked up tightly they will keep a year. To make assurance doubly sure, some melted wax may be poured around the corks.

PROPER TEMPERATURE FOR CHURNING.—About 62 degrees has been found to be the right temperature. When the cream is in proper condition and has not previously been subjected to alternate exposures to heat and cold, if churned at or near this temperature, no trouble need be anticipated from a failure of the butter to come in a reasonable time. The temperature will be slightly increased during the process of churning.

SALTPETRE IN THE SOIL.—Capt. Douglas Galton, one of the first living authorities on sanitary subjects, lecturing before the Royal engineers, says: "The soil in many cities and villages is loaded with nitro and salt. The chemical results of animal and vegetable refuse left to decay, from the presence of which the well water is impure. There are many factories of saltpetre in India derived from this source, and during the great French wars, when England blockaded all the seaports of Europe, the first Napoleon obtained saltpetre from the cesspits of Paris." The almost universal modes of village life mean the presence of large and increasing masses of putrefying matter in the soil, a condition which in India is the origin of cholera or the terrible Delhi ulcer, and in our own climate is responsible for at least one third of the death rate.—New York Herald.

Farming seems to be a profitable business in Dauphin Co., as the following from the Harrisburg Telegraph shows: "Strolling in talking with one of the brightest and intelligent farmers of Dauphin county, who had just returned from a three weeks' vacation (vacation some farmers take a vacation when they can get the other work to do people), about the dolorous speech of Senator Brown at the recent Grangers' picnic, in which that very few of the farmers unsophisticated with books in his long or lengthy, and that there was very much more politics than truth in the things Brown was saying. Also in the improvidential condition of the farmers in Dauphin county, such as to enable them to enjoy a little luxury in the shape of a good time. Take my own case as an illustration. In 1861 I began farming on the shares, and at the property I had in the world was a horse and cow. I have stuck to farming ever since. Have of course been industrious and prudent, and what is the result. I now own my farm which cost me cash, or my bonds to secure another, which is not a piece of mountain land, and a house and lot for which I paid $4,000. Whenever when I began I had no personal property, but the house and cow. I now own horses and cattle, furniture, and farm implements enough for two farms, and in the mountains have land, two new barns, raised five children and have given all, but the one who is at home, a money education in the world. And I have lived well. Always ready with a bed and food for the friends who visit me." And he concluded "my case is not an isolated one. There are scores of farmers all around me who have had the same means, and where they have not there has always been a reason—speculation, idleness or bad habits. Senator Brown has no business to talk about us as if we were the State's paupers, because we are not."

—Two sensible little girls were talking of a young lady whom they had both met. "Do you know Miss A.?" said one of them. "Yes," was the reply. "Well, isn't she funny; she doesn't bathe, and she doesn't dance and she doesn't watermelon!"

—Abraham Lincoln used to tell a story about two men who made a fortune in Kentucky. One of them minded his own business, and the other let other people's business alone. Both of them got rich, lived long and died happy.

—A man called on one of our well known lawyers the other day and wanted to have a man arrested for "slander."

"Well what did he do?" was the inquiry.

"He hit me a clip over the head, and I will see him for slander if there is any law in this country," shouted the infuriated man.

"Will look in hand again to school
Two twelve goes,
And proves a counter hard to rule,
As twelve knows,
The freedom of the woods and walls
To freedom's open wide be yields,
Dismiss to work."

A certain man named Robinson
Once journeyed to Japan,
But back he came right home again,
A much jaundiced man,
For Jap will coal from right to left,
Though on the party was Robinson,
They called him Noo-ni-bor.

—Church church quickly develops into consumption. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures church.