

VOL XXVIII

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We are new comers, but have come to stay. We buy our goods at lowest cash prices and as we sell for cash only...

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WE Are especially strong in underwear for Fall and Winter. Besides many standard makes in all grades...

WE Deal directly with the manufacturers and our goods are fresh, strictly reliable and priced the lowest as we save the consumer the middle profit.

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We are now prepared to show you the finest line of FURNITURE

Ever shown in Butler county. Do you want CHEAP GOODS? Come and see us. Do you want MEDIUM PRICED GOODS? Come in. Do you want FINE GOODS? "We are in it."

A new line of RATTAN GOODS for Gents, Ladies and the Little Ones just received.

Whether you want to buy or not come and see us.

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NEW FIRM!

THE LATE FIRM OF BLACKMORE & GRIEB IS NOW

GRIEB & VOGELY,

And, owing to the change, we are now closing out our entire Fall line of goods, regardless of cost.

Among the many bargains we are now offering we quote as follows:

30c. Men's Embroidered Slippers, 6 to 10 at 30 cts.

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We are making a sacrifice on a Ladies shoe with a patent leather tip, running from 3's to 6's for 90 ct.

We make these great offers because of the change in the firm, and that we are needing the money at present more than the goods.

We also do repairing of all kinds on short notice; and handle Leather and Findings.

Hoping that you will call and see us the next time you are in town, we are

Yours Respectfully,

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Opposite Willard House.

EVERY WATERPROOF COLLAR OR CUFF THAT CAN BE RELIED ON Not to Split! Not to Discolor!

BE UP TO THE MARK TRADE MARK. BEARS THIS MARK. ELLULOID MARK.

NEEDS NO LAUNDERING. CAN BE WIPED CLEAN IN A MOMENT. THE ONLY LINEN-LINED WATERPROOF COLLAR IN THE MARKET.

Thrift is a good revenue. Great saving results from cleanliness and SAPOLIO. It is a solid cake of scouring soap. Try it in your next house-cleaning and be happy.

Looking out over the many homes of this country, we see thousands of women wearing away their lives in household drudgery that might be materially lessened by the use of a few cakes of SAPOLIO. If an hour is saved each time a cake is used, if one less wrinkle gathers upon the face because the toil is lightened, she must be a foolish woman who would hesitate to make the experiment, and be a churlish husband who would grudge the few cents which it costs.

Going To Leave The Farm.

The work of the farmhouse was over for the day; the children—with the exception of the eldest son, who had gone to the village—were in bed, and in the big comfortable kitchen Farmer Harwood, his wife, and his wife's sister, Mrs. Lucas, were sitting around a center table.

There was silence in the kitchen save for the snapping of the fire in the stove, the ticking of the big, eight-day clock in the corner, and the rustle of the farmer's new paper, and when Mrs. Harwood sighed deeply, both her sister and husband looked up in surprise.

"What's the matter, Sarah?" asked the latter. "That sigh was the loudest I ever heard you give. Has anything gone wrong? You look as though you had a big load on your mind."

"I have," answered his wife. "And it is a load which you must share, Eli. I have been alone as long as I can bear it. There is great trouble in store for us, husband—George is going to leave the farm."

"The newspaper folk to the door, and for a moment the farmer looked at his wife, too much surprised to utter a word. "Going to leave the farm?" he repeated at last. "Sarah, you must be dreaming."

"I wish I were," she said. "No, Eli, it is true. George has made up his mind to leave us. I've noticed for months past that he seemed dissatisfied and restless, and since you sold Vixen he has grumbled a great deal about the work, and the dullness of life. And to-day I heard him say to Jasper Flint that he would not be here a month from now; that he had had enough of farm life, and intended to leave; and if we refused our consent to it he would run away, and take his chances."

"We'll see about that," said the farmer, angrily. "Consent to it? I rather think not! I won't consider it for a moment. What would he be worth a year from now if he left him go? He'd fall in with all sorts of rascals in the city, and get us all into trouble. Besides, I need him here. It'll be 10 years at least before Harry can take his place, and he's got to stay, I'll have to tie him down."

"Why don't you make him want to stay, Eli?" asked the gentle voice of his sister-in-law. "If he's got the city fever on him all the talking in the world wouldn't do any good; he's got to be persuaded to stay. Listen to a word."

"Don't talk. I don't mind ever suspect that you are aware of his desire to leave you. Try a new plan, Eli, a plan I've been thinking of all day. I know of a way to tell him my mind freely, without any beating around the bush; and the sooner it's done the better."

"Now, Eli, don't be above taking a woman's advice. Let me tell you how to deal with George. I have been three months now, and ever since a deep interest in the boy. I have seen his dissatisfaction and recognized the cause. I have overheard him talking to Jasper Flint more than once, and only yesterday I heard him say that if he went to the city what he earned would be his own, but that here he worked from dawn to dark, and was no better off at the end of the year than at the beginning. He said that Tom Rhythe, who is in a grocery store in the city, gets \$12 a week, and Tom is only 17. Now, if you want George to stay on the farm, give him an interest in it, Eli. He is 18 years old, and has worked faithfully for you ever since he could talk plain. He has had his food and lodging, and two dollars a week, and he has taken a deep interest in the farm, and he has done his share toward running the farm, and he has considered your duty done in giving him a home. You are disposed to think him ungrateful because he wants to leave now that every year his services more valuable. But the boy is ambitious, and is not satisfied to travel in a circle. He wants to make some headway. And it is only natural."

The farmer leaned his head on his hand, a look of deep thought on his grave weather-beaten face. His gaze rested on the law's plain speaking had given rise to thoughts which had never before entered his mind. "I believe you're more than half right, Hester," he said at last. "I'll think it all over to-night, and make up my mind what to do. I'd be lost here without George, and he shan't leave the farm if I can help it."

"Force won't keep him, Eli, remember that," said Mrs. Lucas, feeling that she had said enough. "I'll be sure to see to it that you take up a lamp from a shelf by the stove, and set it up to burn for him. Just at daybreak she was roused from a sound sleep by the sound of horses' hoofs in the yard, and looking out of the window she saw Eli trotting away on old Ben. "Where can he be going at this hour?" she thought.

When she went down stairs at 6 o'clock George was standing by the kitchen table, having just come in with two full pails of milk. His face wore a discontented, unhappy look, and he merely nodded in return for his aunt's cheery "good morning."

A few minutes later his father entered, but George, who had gone to one of the windows, and was looking out dejectedly, did not even glance up. "You were out early, Eli," said Mrs. Lucas. "I heard you ride away at daybreak."

"Yes, I went to Pine Ridge on a matter of business." "That's where you sold Vixen, papa, isn't it?" asked little Harry, and Mrs. Lucas saw a quiver pass over George's face as the child spoke.

"Yes, my boy, I sold Vixen to Lawyer Stanley. George is turning out to be a good horse, and I'm glad to get rid of it. I've made up my mind to part with that 50-acre lot by the river. What do you think of that?" "Of course you are to get a good price for it, sir," said the young man indifferently. "It's the best piece of land you have."

"But I haven't sold it. I am going to give it away."

"Give it away?" repeated George, roused out of his indifference, and staring at his father as if he thought he had not heard aright. "Yes, deed it over, every inch of it, to someone I think a good deal of, and who deserves it," laying his hand on his son's shoulder, and his voice breaking a little.

Ordinary Actions of Oxygen.

By GEORGE L. BURDITT. In the year 1774, philosophers all over the civilized world were astonished by Dr. Priestley's discovery of oxygen. It has rightly been called the most important discovery of that century, and rivalled Newton's discovery of gravitation in the preceding century.

Oxygen is the most abundant of all the elements of the earth, one-fifth of the atmosphere, and eight-ninths by weight of all the water on the globe. It is also a very important constituent of all minerals, animals, and vegetables. Oxygen may be prepared in a variety of ways. One way is to heat mercuric oxide in a tube or retort. Mercury is soon condensed in the coolest part of the retort, and a gas is liberated, which may be collected in a gas jar over water. It was first discovered by Dr. Priestley. He discovered the gas. A supply of very pure oxygen may be obtained by the action of heat upon potassium chlorate. A flask may be used to hold the chlorate, and the gas may be collected in a gas jar over water. When the quantity of chlorate is large, the heat required is apt to soften the glass of the flask in which the chlorate is decomposed. It has been found that metallic oxides, if mixed in a fine powder with the pulverulent chlorate, and in small portions, cause the expansion of the gas at a much lower temperature, although such oxides do not appear to have experienced any change during the operation. Black oxide of copper and red oxide of manganese are the oxides generally used, but the resulting oxygen always contains traces of chlorine. These are the simplest ways of getting oxygen for experiments, although many others exist.

Oxygen is a colorless, tasteless, and odorless gas, a little heavier than air (specific gravity 1.1056), and only slightly soluble in water. It was first condensed to a liquid by Pictet and Cailliet, but the operation was quite difficult. It retracts slightly the least pressure, but afterwards, at ordinary temperatures it possesses weak magnetic properties, but its susceptibility to magnetization is diminished, and sometimes disappears temporarily, at 325°. Oxygen has a strong attraction for other elements, excepting only carbon, hydrogen, and nitrogen, with which it forms compounds, with others, alkalis; with still others, acids. With some elements it forms nourishing food; with others, deadly poisons. Mixed with oxygen gas, nitrogen, it forms the air we breathe; mixed with another gas, hydrogen, it forms the water we drink. It is necessary to the support of all animal life, and hence was called by the old chemists "vital air"; but its actions upon the lungs is very violent if breathed undiluted for any considerable time.

The distinguishing feature of oxygen is its great power of supporting combustion. When, by any rapid chemical action, light and heat are produced, combustion is said to have taken place. Heat is usually necessary to start the process, but afterwards the heat given out during the process is more than enough to carry it on. In regard to combustion, all bodies may be included in one of three classes: 1. Supporters of combustion; those which, like oxygen, allow bodies to burn freely in them, but do not burn themselves. 2. Combustibles; those substances which, like charcoal, actually burn in a gas of the first class, when raised to the proper temperature. 3. Those bodies which, like sand, iron rust, or earthy bodies in general, neither burn themselves nor support the combustion of other bodies; they may be made red hot, but they do not burn.

The terms "combustible" and "supporter of combustion" are, however, merely relative; for, although hydrogen is ordinarily a combustible, and oxygen and chlorine supporters of combustion, yet these two last mentioned gases are quite capable of burning when surrounded by an atmosphere of hydrogen. All substances which burn in air burn in pure oxygen with greater brilliancy. If a glowing splint is put into a jar of oxygen, it is lighted and burns with a very bright light. Substances usually considered incombustible may burn violently in oxygen. For example, take a steel watch spring, coil it into a spiral, tip one end with sulphur and light it, and put the spring into a jar of oxygen. The spring burns with a dazzling light, and scintillates beautifully. The combination of oxygen with other elements is called oxidation, and the products are called oxides. Combustion is the combination of oxygen with another substance; so that oxidation is really combustion, and vice versa.

The cases considered above are cases of rapid combustion. At ordinary temperatures, however, when the heat liberated is not perceptible (for oxidation always causes heat) this is the case when iron rusts in the air. This is called slow combustion; but this slow combustion is always accompanied by heat. A pound of iron will produce the same amount of heat, whether rusted in the air or burnt in oxygen, on in the first case it may take years to develop this amount of heat, and in the second only a few minutes. The rapid destruction of iron by rust is a complete change of circumstances oxidation may become so rapid as to raise the temperature of a body to its ignition, when it bursts into flame, producing what is known as spontaneous combustion. This is especially the case in machinery, where, if pipes of tow, used for wiping oil from machinery, or piles of oily iron filings, are left lying about for any length of time. Although the combustible, or body which is burned, may undergo a complete change of form as to disappear from sight, yet there is no destruction of matter or loss of weight during combustion. When a candle burns it seems to be completely destroyed, leaving only traces of ash. However, it may be shown that there is no actual destruction of the candle's components, but that they have combined with a certain proportion of oxygen, forming carbonic anhydride and aqueous vapor; and these, although invisible, weigh more than the original candle, the gain in weight representing the amount of oxygen necessary to produce the change. Metals oxidize more rapidly in a moist than in a dry atmosphere. In the case of iron, the oxidation goes through the entire surface, but with other substances, like lead and zinc, only a coating is formed on the surface, which protects the parts beneath from oxidation.

Slow oxidation is constantly going on around us, although in such a quiet way as to be unnoticed in general cases. Oxygen, existing free in the atmosphere, prevades everything, and shows an irresistible desire to possess everything. The decay of

Little Things That Count.

In every line of business, no matter whether conducted upon a large or small scale, it is the little things that count. The little expenses, the little wastes, the little economies, are the ones that turn the balance of accounts, either for profit or loss, and it is these little things that need the closest attention. The larger, more important details of every business are carefully looked after; there is very little chance for neglect, carelessness or oversight. The workman who spoils a costly piece of machinery, or causes a loss of any considerable amount, is held responsible, and is generally very careful in this respect, but in little things he is not so prompt in exercising care and economy, and these little things are looked upon as of no consequence, and as having no real value.

We have heard it asserted by a man who, beginning on a barely noted success, in building up a large and profitable business, and retiring with a considerable fortune, when asked how he had managed, what was the secret of his success, he replied by saying that he had been very careful, looking after the little things, and seeing that not a thing was thrown away or cast aside as too small or insignificant to be of any value. A few cents here and a few there make up quite a sum in the course of a year, and it is by paying careful attention to the little details, by looking after the cents, that I have made my dollars.

There is a great deal more in this than most people would be willing to admit. They are too much of a hurry to make dollars to look out for the cents. A poor and incompetent or disinterested workman is not only a poor man to employ because of this, but because he is wasteful and careless about small things. Take some of the very large manufacturers, whose hundreds of employes are engaged, and unless the most watchful care is exercised, the amount of waste that is lost would go far toward paying running expenses.

In these times of close competition, when it becomes an absolute necessity that every detail be carefully turned to account, the exercise of economy in small things is being more rigidly cultivated. Profits at best are only small, and these are made considerably less by the wastefulness of careless and unthoughtful men.

A Few Christmas Mottos.

Here are some Christmas mottos for the use of those who, with needle, pencil or brush themselves, make the gifts they send to friends: "It is the blessed Christmaside, - - - - - Whittier. "Above our heads the joy-bells ring, With-oh the happy children's - - - - - Whittier. "Kindle the Christmas brand, and then Till sunrise set it burn." - - - - - Herrick. "Give to the donor to this day That sees December turn'd to May." - - - - - Herrick. "Let winter breathe a fragrance forth Like a purple spring." - - - - - Herrick. "The neighbors were friendly hidden, And all had welcome true." - - - - - Old Song. "A man might then behold, At Christmas, in each ball, Good friends to curb the cold, And meet for great and small." - - - - - Old Song.

A Story of Hannibal Hamlin.

In Hannibal Hamlin's early days, at a certain caucus in Hampshire, the only attendants were himself and a citizen of a very large stature. Mr. Hamlin had some resolutions to pass which he began by representing that they were presented to a "large and respectable gathering of voters."

"Hold on," cried the other man, "we can't pass that, for it ain't true! It ain't a large and respectable caucus! There's only two of us!" "You keep still, brother!" commanded the little Hamlin, "it's all right, for you are large and I am respectable. You just keep still!" "So the resolution was passed without further demur."

In Utah.

Mrs. Newed—And to think, dearest, you used to hate me! Mr. Newed (twining his arms about her)—Yes, but you know you were my mother-in-law then.

Dr. Fenner's Golden Relief is warranted to cure rheumatism, headache, neuralgia, or any other pain in 2 to 8 minutes. Also bruises, wounds, wire cuts, swellings, bites, insect complaints, colic, cholera, indigestion, diarrhoea, dysentery and flux. If satisfaction not given money returned.

A Missouri woman has a peculiar idea of humor, judging by the explanation of a woman hailing from that State gave her of her elopement with a drummer. She said she did it for a joke on the drummer, who was always teasing her. It is hoped he saw the joke.

Scenes in India.

The following is an extract from a letter written by August Schmuck, now in India, to his father in Elmston. At Yenangyung there is a magistrate who deals out justice to natives and Europeans alike, not that they both get justice. There is no jury. I will give an instance of how Dacots are dealt with. Last May six Dacots were captured out in the jungle. They were brought in before the magistrate who heard the case or cases. After hearing the witnesses he condemned the six to be hanged by the neck till they were dead. The clerk wrote it down in a book. This hearing was held on Sunday morning and they were hanged on Monday. He did not know how to make a hangman's knot and Oliver and Colonel Mays tied it for him. I will tell Oliver to give you an account of it.

The Burmese buy or steal their wives, or at least so I am informed. When a young Burman finds a girl whom he likes, he goes to the girl's parents and asks them how many rupees presents they want for the daughter. If they can make a bargain, all well and good, the parents giving their blessing or saying amen. If the young man goes to his love's home, calls her out and immediately embarks for another climate, stays away for a short time, and then returns with his wife. So you know how we have elopements in India. A police inspector at Yenangyung has got a Burmese wife for 250 rupees. This is about as high as I ever heard of a man paying for a Burmese wife.

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Her Darling in a Tree.

Near Raines's flour mill stands a hemlock tree, which is probably 100 feet high, at the butt is all of six feet in circumference, and is minus limbs for at least ten feet up its jagged trunk. On the extreme top of this tree are three young boys, and while they bore fruit this season, and a number of the young lads have climbed the tree at various times to secure this luscious fruit. Dr. E. M. Sloan lives in this locality, and is the father of a bright, pretty little daughter, who is now in her 7th year, and is not overly large for her age. This little miss has often looked with covetous eyes on the success of the boys in securing the grapes, and lately she concluded to try the same method adopted by them. When discovered by one of the topmost limbs, standing upright, holding herself in position with one hand, while with the other she was gathering the finest bunches of grapes.

Her mother having missed the little lady in search of her, and discovering her position, to say that she was scared beyond all expression, but knowing that to show any signs of fear might cause the little one to lose courage, she spoke to her in her usual pleasant manner, and commanded her to come down immediately. The little one, always quick to obey, immediately proceeded to do so, and as nimbly as a squirrel, she climbed down the tree and landed safely on the ground. A number of persons had gathered near where she was coming down, and while words of surprise were expressed at her nimbleness, yet a feeling of fear for her safety was felt by all. It was a daring feat.

Farm Notes.

It is not what we produce, but what we utilize that makes the profit. A weed has no better right to life in the fall than in the spring. A good picture of folly would be a man burning the straw his land had grown. It is noticeable that the large majority of vicious horses are handled by bad-tempered men. Don't allow the thrasher's engine in your yard unless there is a good screen over the smoke stack. Many men wear out a dime's worth of shoe-leather to obtain from a neighbor the gift of five cents worth of drivestone. Many a boy has been driven from the farm by being compelled to do chores while the men were mowing under trees. If a little clearing, a little ditching, a little enriching or a little picking up is done each year, the soil will steadily improve. But if the farm suffers a little neglect each year it will soon run down. It is better to teach the cows gentleness than to saw off their horns. It is better to think twice before you strike a cow than to think twice to find out why you struck her. Wagons and carts that are used daily should have the axles well greased at least three times a week. It lessens the work of the horses.

Stood on the Floor.

Eli Ewing, a timid country girl from Scotland county, Missouri, peeked her head through the transom of her room at the Commercial Hotel the other night and called to the porter to put more coal on the fire. Mr. Ewing wasn't standing on a table or a chair when she did this but on the floor. She is eight feet high in her stocking-feet and weighs 234 pounds, and is not yet done growing or fully developed. Her father can walk with a pig hat on under her outstretched arms and her mother can hide beneath the generous folds of her skirt. The girl was brought up to agriculture and is a model farm-hand. Two years ago, Mr. Ewing says, she raked thirty acres of hay with a sickle, and she is one of the few young men of her age in the northern part of Missouri who can more skillfully manage a team of horses.—Chicago Times.

The Congressman a Creek.

Col. Lucius W. Miller, Congressman-elect from one of the Wisconsin districts, is a full-blooded Greek, and the first man of that nationality ever elected to an office in the United States, so far as known. He knows nothing about his own parentage. His foster-father, Col. J. P. Miller, of Vermont, was in Greece when that country was fighting for its existence, and on the battle-field of Missolonghi picked up the little Greek boy, and being unable to find another father for him, he adopted him as his own child and gave him his name. Some years ago the young Greek emigrated to Wisconsin where he has become a prominent citizen.

There is something that has preyed heavily on my mind since our engagement, dear," he said "but I am almost afraid to tell you of it." "What is it, George?" the young woman asked anxiously. "I am a son-of-a-bitch!" "Oh, is that all?" she exclaimed with a sigh of relief, "I have always been a universalist myself, but of course when we are made one I shall expect to attend your church."

"O my friends, there are some spectacles that you had better not forget," said a lecturer after a graphic description of a terrible accident that he had witnessed. "I'd like to know where they sell 'em," remarked an old lady in the audience who is always mislaying her glasses.

"Poet's Wife. "Dinner is ready, dear. This is the third time I have called you. Poet. "In a minute, I am trying to make a rhyme of 'go a-fishin' and prohibition." Poet's Wife. "Oh, the rhyme is easy enough, but the ideas don't seem to jibe."

One lap (its mother's) for the well baby in daytime. About 700 laps of the bed room floor at night for the happy (?) father, unless he has Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup to ease the little sufferer.

One of the greatest ills of the earth—Chicago, Ill. "Papermakers are using the banana leaf for paper making. They will slip up on this some day." "It was a Scotch gear digger who was 'Trade's very doll' not to have buried a leavin' creature in her tomb."

"The winter," said the goose. "Will be both long and cold. I feel it in my bone."