State Library

THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL. XXVIII | BUTLER, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 24, 1891. | NO. 25

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 10 cts to Gilts at from 20 cts to $1 per double bolt.

Examine our Stock.

J. H. Douglass,

Near Postoffice, Butler Pa

CLEARANCE SALE OF Robes and Blankets

AT

Fr. KEMPER'S,
124 N. Main St.,
Butler, Pa

The largest and most complete line of robes, blankets, harness, whips, trunks, and valises, and at lowest prices in Butler, is always be found at

KEMPER'S.

GRAND OPENING.

Saturday, April 4,

At No. 120, S. Main St.

NEW AND COMPLETE SPRING STOCK OF CLOTHING, HATS, FURNISHING GOODS, TRUNKS, BAGS AND EVERYTHING to be found in a first class clothing store.

Give us a call on Saturdry, April 4th whether you wish to buy or not, we will take pleasure in showing you OUR NEW STORE, NEW STOCK, and PRICES LOWER THAN EVER.

THE RACKET STORE

120 S. Main St.

Butler, Pa.

Having

Secured the services of Mr. WM. COOPER, a gentleman of taste and unquestionable ability as a Cutter and Designer, WE are now prepared, with OUR Elegant Line of OVERCOATINGS, SUITINGS, TROUSERINGS and FANCY VESTINGS, unequalled in this, or excelled in larger cities, to give our patrons special advantages.

Wm. Aland
Merchant
Tailor

GO TO REDICK'S

FOR
Pure Drugs,
Paints, Oils, Glass,
Fine Toilet Articles,
Patent Medicines,
And all other
Articles
Kept in a
First Class
Drug Store.

L. S. McJUNKIN,
Insurance and Real Estate Ag't
17 EAST JEFFERSON ST.
BUTLER, - PA.

$3000 A YEAR! I undertake to briefly teach any fairly intelligent person of either sex, who can read and write, and who, after instruction, will work industriously, how to earn Three Thousand Dollars a Year in their own localities, wherever they live. I will also furnish the situation or employment, at which you can earn that amount. No money for me unless successful as above. Easily and quickly learned. I desire but one worker in each district or county. I have already taught and positively with employment a number, who are making over $3000 a year each. It's NEW and SOLID. Full particulars FREE. Address at once, E. C. ALLEN, Box 420, Augusta, Maine.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

V. McALPINE,
Dentist,
is now permanently located at 120 South Main Street Butler, Pa., in rooms formerly occupied by Dr. Waldron.

Dr. N. M. HOOVER,
137 E. Wayne St., office hours, 10 to 12 M. and 1 to 3 P. M.

L. M. REINSEL, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Residence at 224 Graham Street, Office Frank's drugstore, Main St.

L. BLACK,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
New Troutman Building, Butler, Pa.

Dr. A. A. Kelty,
Office at Rose Point, Lawrence county, Pa.

E. N. LEAKE, M. D. Specialties: Gynæcology and Surgery.
J. E. MANN, M. D. Specialties: Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.
DRS. LEAKE & MANN, Butler, Pa.

G. M. ZIMMERMAN.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office at No. 45, S. Main street, over Frank & Co's Drug Store. Butler, Pa.

SAMUEL M. BIPPUS.
Physician and Surgeon.
No. 22 East Jefferson St., Butler, Pa.

W. R. TITZEL.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
S. W. Corner Main and North Sts., Butler, Pa.

J. J. DONALDSON, Dentist.
Butler, Penn'a.
Artificial Teeth inserted on the latest improved plan. Gold Filling a specialty. Office—over Schaul'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.
Contractor, Carpenter and Builder.
Maps, plans, specifications and estimates; all kinds of architectural and engineering work. No charge for drawing it I contract the work. Consult your best interests; plan before you build. Information cheerfully given. A share of public patronage is solicited.
P. O. Box 1007. Office S. W. of Court House, Butler, Pa.

C. F. L. McQUISTION,
ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR,
OFFICE NEAR DIAMOND, BUTLER, PA.

J. M. PAINTER,
Attorney-at-Law.
Office—Between Postoffice and Diamond, Butler, Pa.

A. T. SCOTT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office at No. 8, South Diamond, Butler, Pa.

A. M. CHRISTLEY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office second floor, Anderson Bl k, Main St., near Court House, Butler, Pa.

J. W. HUTCHISON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office on second floor of the Huselton block, Diamond, Butler, Pa., Room No. 1.

JAMES N. MOORE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND NOTARY PUBLIC.
Office in Room No. 1, second floor of Huselton Block, entrance on Diamond.

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

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

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

J. F. BRITTAIN.
Att'y at Law—Office at S. E. Cor. Main St, and Diamond, Butler, Pa.

NEWTON BLACK.
Att'y at Law—Office on South side of Diamond Butler, Pa.

A. E. GABLE,
Veterinary Surgeon.
Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College, Toronto, Canada.
Dr. Gable treats all diseases of the domesticated animals, and makes ridgling, castration and horse dentistry a specialty. Castration performed without clams, and all other surgical operations performed in the most scientific manner.
Calls to any part of the country promptly responded to.
Office and Infirmary in Crawford's Livery, 132 West Jefferson Street, Butler, Pa.

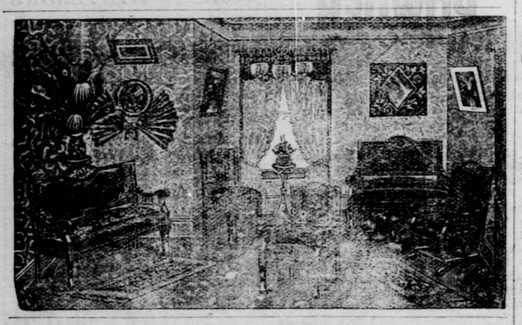
BUTLER COUNTY
Mutual Fire Insurance Co.
Office Cor. Main & Cunningham Sts.
J. C. ROESSING, PRESIDENT.
H. C. HEINEMAN, SECRETARY.
DIRECTORS:

G. C. Roessing,	Henderson Oliver,
J. L. Purvis,	James Stephenson,
A. Troutman,	H. C. Heineman,
Alfred Wick,	N. Weitzel,
Dr. W. Irvin,	Dr. Rickenbach,
J. W. Burkhart,	D. T. Norris.

LOYAL McJUNKIN
BUTLER, PA.

BONANZA to AGENTS SAMPLES FREE both sexes. Write now GEO. A. SCOTT, New York City

WE ARE READY



To show you the largest and lowest priced stock of

FURNITURE

in the country. Don't forget to call and see our Parlor Suits, 6 pieces, upholstered in Crushed and Silk Plush. Two beautiful pictures and one handsome oak Parlor Table for $50. We also have a Parlor Suit for $25, as follows: 6 chairs, upholstered in plush; 1 rocking-chair, upholstered in plush; 1 sofa, upholstered in plush; all for the low price of $25.

Our oak bed-room suit for $18 can be bought only at our store for the price. We have China Closets for any price you want them from $20 up. Parlor Cabinets from $8 up. Side boards from $20 up. We have any kind of furniture at any price you want.

Campbell & Templeton,
136 NORTH MAIN STREET. BUTLER, PA.

"GET THERE ELI!"

Follow Dan McGinty, Annie Rooney and the rest of the crowd to

E. S. DREW'S
FURNITURE ROOMS,

And secure the new pieces you will need after house cleaning.

Pick them out, make a deposit on them, and we will set them aside until you are ready for them.

No trouble to show goods whether you buy or not.

128 E. Jefferson St., - - - Butler, Pa.

Regarding Fine Clothes.

As a new comer requesting a share of the patronage of this town and vicinity in my line, it befits me to make a few statements. I make a specialty of the higher grades of work; I keep in stock the finest quality of goods; I recognize the fact that a good fitting suit from my house is it's best advertisement, while a misfit condemns the cutter and tailor. I shall endeavor to send out the best fitting clothes to be found. I do all my own cutting.

The prices will be as low as can be made compatible with the quality of goods I shall adhere to. A full line of the latest and most stylish goods in stock. Call and see me before placing any orders.

GEO. HABERNIGG, SR,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
202 S. Main St., - - New Troutman Building, - - 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.

THERE ARE MANY USES FOR SAPOLIO

To clean tombstones.	To renew oil-cloth.	To renovate paint.	To brighten metals.
To polish knives.	To scrub floors.	To wash out sinks.	To scour bath-tubs.
To clean dishes.	To whiten marble.	To remove rust.	To scour kettles.

EVERYBODY USES IT.

Dentists to clean false teeth.	Engineers to clean parts of machines.	Housemaids to scrub marble floors.
Surgeons to polish their instruments.	Ministers to renovate old chapels.	Chemists to remove some stains.
Confectioners to scour their pans.	Sextons to clean the tombstones.	Carvers to sharpen their knives.
Mechanics to brighten their tools.	Hostlers on brasses and white horses.	Shrewd ones to scour old straw hats
Cooks to clean the kitchen sink.	Artists to clean their palettes.	Soldiers to brighten their arms.
Painters to clean off surfaces.	Wheelmen to clean bicycles.	Renovators to clean carpets.

EVERY ONE FINDS A NEW USE.

THE LITTLE FOOT-PAGE.

The little page, Ralph, lay under a tree,
Gazing up into the sky.
A very blithe little foot-page was he;
His hair was yellow as it could be,
And blue was his sparkling eye.

His little round cap was red as a rose;
His doublet was bottle green,
Silken and soft were his crimson hose;
His queer little shoes turned up at the toes;
And his cloak had a velvet sheen.

He mused as he lay there: "My lord, the king,
I heard the herald proclaim,
Has lost the stone from his signet-ring;
And whosoever the stone will bring,
Whatever his state or name,

"Shall have, henceforth, at his command
Jewels and raiment fine.
His name shall be honored in all the land;
His home, a palace superbly grand.
These splendors shall all be mine.

"The other foot-page is so dull, and so slow—
Oh, Rodna's a dreadful dunce!—
He never will find the stone, I know;
Bless me! he doesn't know where to go.
I'll hie me away at once.

"I'll go where the king sat yesternight
To hear the minstrel sing;
For the ground is strewn with violets white,
And he clapped his hands with all his might;
And there I shall find the ring.

"Then the herald will lead me away by the hand,
And cry in his loudest voice;
'Here is the brightest foot-page in the land!
His the treasure and palace grand!
In him doth the king rejoice.'

"My life will be joyous and free from care,
For of course I shall find the stone;
And far away in the future fair,
Perhaps I shall wed the Princess Claire—
And even come to the throne."

So musing and planning the page lay there,
Gazing up into the sky;
Building such wonderful castles in air,
They far exceeded the palace fair—
And the midday hour drew nigh.

Then gayly the little foot-page uprose,
And took his way to the town;
Skipping along on his queer little toes
And saying: "Perhaps before night—who knows?—
In my palace I'll lay me down."

But alas! and alas! for the day dreams bright!
Alas! for the palace fair.
As he entered the town, with a footstep light,
He beheld a most bewildering sight:
The beautiful Princess Claire

Was leading a little foot-page by the hand;
While the herald, with loudest voice,
Cried: "Here is the brightest foot-page in the land!
His are the treasure and palace grand!
In him doth the king rejoice.

"And the king, my master, doth bid me say
To each and everyone:
'Go clothe yourself in your best array,
For the finest feast will be given to-day,
That ever was under the sun.'"

Then the other foot-page went home alone—
Sadder and wiser he—
And donned his holiday dress with a groan.
For Rodna had sought, and found the stone,
While Ralph lay under the tree.

—Katherine S. Alcorn, in St. Nicholas.

A TALE OF TWO TRUNKS.

Romantic Outcome of a Most Embarrassing Situation.

"What a very peculiar trunk!" said Mr. Marrowbone, looking through his eye-glasses at a large and handsome one which the civil salesman had just dragged from its retreat in the corner to the center of the room.

"Peculiar? Yes, sir," said the young man, lifting the lid and exhibiting the interior. "This trunk, sir, was made to order for a very wealthy gentleman. In fact we made him two just alike. He never wanted them, and we are disposing of them at a sacrifice."

"Why didn't he want them?" asked Mr. Marrowbone, who had a streak of curiosity—doubtless inherited from his mother—in his composition. "Curious, not to want what you have ordered."

"Yes, sir," replied the salesman. "Very curious. But in this case, there was a complication that rendered the gentleman quite excusable. He committed suicide."

"Ah! Very wrong!" said Mr. Marrowbone. "Very wrong of him!"

"Quite so, sir," replied the salesman. "You observe the elegant receptacle for neckties; this place for your collar-box; here lies the shirts, if you please. On the whole, I doubt if you can find anything like it in the city."

"I doubt if I can," said Mr. Marrowbone. "Just my initials on it, 'M. M.,' Milton Marrowbone; and send it at once."

"Very well, sir; and I think you will never regret the purchase," said the salesman.

Hardly had he bowed his customer out of the door, when a lady tripped up the steps and entered. She was rather good-looking, her age might have been thirty, and her appearance was that which may be described by the expression, "Just turned out of a bandbox."

"I want a trunk," she began; "and—there—that is exactly what I like." And she pointed to Mr. Marrowbone's recent purchase.

"Sorry, ma'am, but we have just sold that," said the polite salesman, conjuring up an expression of regret which was quite touching. "But,"—here he allowed a gleam of hope to sparkle in his eye—"but, madam, we have another, outwardly similar, differing only in the interior; one, in fact, more suitable for a lady."

"Let me see it," said the customer. Another trunk was trundled from the shadows in the far corner of the shop and whisked open. The lady peeped into it.

"I'll take it," she said, after hearing the price. "I'll take it. I'm in a desperate hurry. Put my initials on it, and send it home at once."

The polite clerk made a bow so profound that it very nearly became an acrobatic performance, and the lady vanished. She had left her card—

MARIA MUTTON.

"Two 'M. M.'s' on these trunks, Joshua," said the clerk to the factotum who appeared at the touch of the electric bell. "And quick about it."

Shortly, these trunks were sent home, and very soon after, they were, curiously enough, standing side by side in a large express-wagon bound for the Grand Central depot, and, still more coincidently, found themselves piled one on the other in the baggage car on its way to New Haven, while their respective owners, Miss Maria Mutton and Mr. Milton Marrowbone, sat side by side. A curious combination of facts; but "fact," as we are told in every edition of every daily paper, is "stranger than fiction."

Mr. Marrowbone had lived forty years without giving his heart entirely away to any woman. Miss Mutton, at thirty-five, was still a dear little lambkin, as far as her tenderest affections went. But as they sat together in the flying car, the same cinders trying to get into their eyes, the same steam-whistle shrieking in their ears, the same boy continually offering them newspapers, peppermint candy and chewing-gum, the same lank and sad-eyed youth begrudging them refreshing draughts of the water which it was his duty to carry through the car, something happened. Bachelor and spinster alike felt a softness of heart quite unwonted.

"What a nice man he looks like!" said Miss Mutton to herself.

"What a charming woman!" thought Mr. Marrowbone.

When he shut the window for her, she felt there were moments when—But no matter. However, on their arrival at the New Haven depot, they separated, as travelers usually do, and saw no more of each other, Miss Mutton at once taking a conveyance for the —— hotel; Mr. Marrowbone having what he spoke of as "a little bit of something" before he proceeded to the same hostelry. Again coincidence followed them. Mr. Marrowbone was consigned to room No. 5 on the right corridor; Miss Mutton to room No. 5 on the left.

Both slumbered peacefully. Both were aroused by a fearful noise—shouts, cries, shrieks of murder, yells of fire.

Bewildered and terrified, Miss Mutton, in white *robe de nuit* and one of the last remaining night-caps in the world, rushed out into the hall, and found herself in utter darkness amidst a crowd of ladies as much alarmed as herself; and in the right corridor Mr. Marrowbone appeared, or would have appeared had there been any light to see him by, in a night-robe, with a peaked cap, with a tassel on its top, upon his head.

"What? Where? How?" howled the guests, as they clustered together.

Suddenly a glare of light flashed upon the scene. The forces of the hotel appeared with lamps of all sorts. A voice was heard to explain that it was only "something the matter with the electric lights. Wire disconnected; young man knocked down; coming to, all right." The hardier spirits remained to get the news, regardless of costume; less experienced travelers retired to their rooms.

Miss Maria Mutton, who had never slumbered in a hotel before, fled before the approach of the lights and found shelter under a stairway. Mr. Marrowbone, who felt that a night-robe and cap did not compose a dignified costume, turned suddenly into a little cross-hall near which he happened to be standing, and there awaited the retirement of the other guests to their rooms. Afterward he knew that when he emerged from his retreat he must have turned to the left instead of the right. However, after much wandering about, and as much chilliness of body as heat of temper, he came upon the magic number "5" shining upon a silver plate upon his door, entered and closed it with a bang.

"All right," he said, as he struck a match. "There is my trunk; there is not another like it in the city. And there is 'M. M.' on the side." Then he blew out the match and popped into bed.

Almost at the same moment, Maria Mutton with a palpitating heart caught sight of the magic number "5," opened her door, saw her peculiar trunk, noted the initials of her name upon it by the light of the lamp opposite her door, said: "Thank Heaven!" burst into tears, and drew the drapery of her couch about her.

"What a fearful adventure!" was her last thought before she sank into the arms of slumber. Ah, had she but known it, fearful adventures were only just begun for her.

Mr. Marrowbone awakened early. He had business which demanded prompt attention. He sat up in bed, took off his nightcap and looked about him. He looked in vain. Those garments which he desired to assume were not visible. In their place hung, over a chair back, a woman's dress; on the bureau, where he had surely left his hat, lay a bonnet and gloves; in place of his manly boots there stood at the foot of the bed a pair of button gaiters. No. 3½ at the utmost.

"Have I gone out of my senses!" cried Mr. Marrowbone.

How did these garments come to be in his room? Where were his own? He gazed about him and flew to his trunk.

"It's mine, certainly," he said. "Here are my initials, but I never tied a bit of blue ribbon to the handle."

He dashed back the lid. Within he beheld silk, lace, linen articles contrived for ladies' wear—nothing that had ever belonged to any masculine being. A horrible thought, engendered by certain works of fiction that he had recently perused, rushed to his mind.

Was this a case of transformation—double identity—whatever it was called? he asked himself.

He rushed to the mirror expecting to see a female face there, but his own florid countenance, garnished with red side whiskers and crowned by a bald forehead, welcomed him. He breathed a great sigh of relief and sat down to recover from the shock. As he stared at the dress upon the chair a memory came to him.

She—the lively lady who shared his seat in the car the day before—had worn one like it. Yes, her traveling-costume was made of that material.

"Please, ma'am," said a voice, at the door, "the electric gentleman wants to come in to fix the wires before any more boarders kill themselves."

"Good Heaven!" cried Mr. Marrowbone; "I say, will you send a waiter to me—a man—a boy?"

"There ain't only lady-waiters in this house, miss," replied the girl, from without.

"Why does she call me 'miss?'" asked Mr. Marrowbone of himself.

"Then, if the landlord wouldn't mind, or the clerk—any man; send a man to me," said Mr. Marrowbone.

"I can't miss, missis is a widder and don't hire only lady clerks. There ain't no men employed," responded the girl, with suspicion in her voice. "Please, the electric gentleman is in a hurry."

"I can't see any woman in *this* dress," said Mr. Marrowbone. "I must put on some gowns and strings in order to explain my position to the landlady." Accordingly he proceeded to attire himself in a gray dress which deserted him above the ankles, a knitted worsted shawl, which had deficiencies as to the meeting of hooks and eyes, and, having assumed the aspect of a bearded lady who had outgrown her wardrobe, put the bonnet on backward, tied a gray vail over it and opened the door.

"If I am not arrested before I find the landlady, I may get matters arranged as they should be," he said, with a gasp, remembering his pocket-book and watch, and with a fleeting vision of a diamond-pin in the missing cravat.

Meantime, Miss Mutton, aroused by a tap upon the door, had received the same information concerning the "electric gentleman," and sprang to the floor in terror. She looked about for her basque and beheld a coat; she sought her skirt in vain; in its place lay a pair of inexpressibles; where the bonnet had been was a man's hat. She lifted the trunk lid and saw only masculine garments.

"I must have been in a wrong room all night," she cried, jumping at the truth more quickly than Mr. Marrowbone had done. A way of deliverance also occurred to her more speedily. And as she was in more terror of the vague dangers of electric wires, her wish to escape was greater. Gazing into the depths of the trunk, a linen duster caught her eye. She donned it. Its ends trailed on the ground. She pulled the derby over her ears and opened the door. A queer-looking female with a dress too short for her and with nothing but striped stockings on her feet was passing.

"Are you the landlady?" she began; then, with a squeal, seized her. "Whatever you are, you've got my frock on," she cried.

"And you," said the strange object, "whatever you are, I think you are wearing my hat and duster."

"Don't touch me," gasped Miss Mutton; "I'm a lady. I put these on because I—I hadn't anything else—I must have got into another person's room. My trunk has the same initials, and it is a very peculiar trunk—oh, dear, dear!"

"I, madam," replied the being attired in her garments—"I am a *gentleman*. We have evidently exchanged rooms in the tumult occasioned by last night's alarm. I will shortly send you a parcel. Regrets." And he vanished.

Our readers know that he was Mr. Marrowbone. He had recognized Miss Mutton.

In ten minutes more the suspicious chambermaid delivered a parcel to the lady, "From No. 5, left corridor," and conveyed another to its destination; and Miss Mutton and Mr. Marrowbone became themselves again.

They met at the *table d'hote*. He bowed. She blushed, but afterward acknowledged the salutation.

There are always people to be found to introduce those who wish to know each other, and the marriage notices of a popular society journal shortly contained an account of the wedding of "Mr. Milton Marrowbone and Miss Maria Mutton, daughter of Mortimer Mutton, of Sheepshead farm."

Their peculiar trunks now travel together, and the keys jingle lovingly upon one ring.—M. Cady, in N. Y. Ledger.

INDEPENDENCE OF MIND.

Customs of People Which Are Termed Eccentricities.

It is easy to sneer at people's eccentricities. We may smile at the man who persists in wearing a queer style of hat, or at the woman who clings to an old fashion in hair dressing. But in adhering to a custom both agreeable and comfortable do they not show some independence of mind, a decision that helps to leaven the lump of general flabbiness?

Once a lady whose eyes were weak was obliged always to carry a sunshade to protect them from the glare of the sun. Even in winter, and when she wore furs, the sunshade was a necessity. She declared, laughingly, that no one would believe, unless she tried it, how much attention such a simple matter evoked. Sometimes she was followed a block or two by boys commenting on her odd appearance. They wondered if she was crazy, and while they wondered seemed to think she was also deaf. Older people, whom one would think might know better, gazed at her curiously, and even questioned her as to the reason of her peculiar conduct.

Most persons under such persecution would have given up the fight, staid in the house, or decided to bear the pain and run the danger. Being a woman of resolute temper, she did nothing of the kind. She carried her muff and her parasol all winter. Indeed, after a while she seemed to take a wicked pleasure in flaunting these articles before the faces of bewildered passers, who would often turn and look back with an expectation of seeing strange developments from so great a phenomenon.

Probably not many women would have stuck to the singularity as she did, or have gotten so much amusement out of it. Yet if it is considered in another light, and we reflect how much interest she excited and how many gazers she supplied with subject for conversation, we might call her a public benefactor. —Harper's Bazar.

TO PREVENT SHRINKAGE

Be Sure to Saturate the Felloes with Hot Linseed Oil.

As long as the wheels of vehicles are made of wood there will be annoyance from the loosening of the tires in dry weather. The usual remedy is to have the blacksmith "cut" or shrink the tires. This process is often unsatisfactory because the weather may continue dry, and render the tire as loose as ever in a few weeks when it will need the same treatment again. By this time the circumference of the tire is much less than it was at first, so that when the season is past the felloe will swell to its normal size in winter. The effect is that either the tire is burst or the felloe is twisted and weakened. This difficulty may be prevented in most cases by saturating the felloes with hot linseed oil. Have a deep oblong pan made of galvanized iron of the shape represented in the sketch. Heat the oil to the boiling point and pour it into the pan, having previously arranged the wheel and pan as shown. Turn the wheel around in the oil very slowly, so as to allow the end of each spoke to be in the oil at least five minutes. The oil should be kept hot, and this can be done better if a small oil stove is placed under the pan. After the felloe is saturated in this manner the wheel will be stiff and strong, and it will remain so. This treatment will prolong the durability of the wheel as well as prevent loosening of the tire.—American Agriculturist.

CONTRIVANCE FOR PREVENTING SHRINKAGE.

Coops for Sitting Hens.

As a precaution against storms and severe cold, all the coops for sitting hens should be placed in the poultry-house or under a shed. When the hens come off with their broods the coops should be carried into the barn during stormy weather, and they should be so constructed as to permit of carrying the hens and chicks in the coops. No matter how closely a hen may hover her chicks, she can not protect them in winter when they are exposed to severe cold, and the chicks will sometimes become chilled during the day when they are picking up bits outside of the coop. All coops for hens with broods should be well littered with cut hay, and every care used to have them as warm as can be. When the hen is sitting, her nest should be in a warm place and her food placed where she can reach it without being compelled to go very far from the nest.—Farm and Fireside.

Is Full Feeding Exhaustive?

There is a general belief among farmers that cows fed by milkmen on brewers' grains one or two years are not thereafter good for much. The reason for this seems to be that the action is a fattening one, and the cow is made too fat for breeding, or, indeed, any use, except for the shambles. To reduce the cow in flesh she must be in some way stinted in food, and it is this, rather than exhaustion from milk production, that makes such cows unprofitable to continue as milkers. The evil might be remedied by feeding enough beets or other roots to greatly increase the milk yield, and prevent the grain ration from making the cow fatten instead of continuing to give more milk.—Colman's Rural World.

Sick-Bed Strategy.

Miss Polly (prim, positive and vinegary)—Miss Lightfoot, I am going out for the day. When my brother awakes, tell him that if he insists upon being perverse, unreasonable and unmanageable he may be in your charge for weeks to come.

The Pretty Trained Nurse (demurely)—Yes, ma'am.

The Invalid (feebly but triumphantly)—Thank Heaven! My little plan is working. I'll stay sick.—Pittsburgh Bulletin.

Better All Around.

F. F. V.—I don't know how it may be in your state, but in Virginia, sir, blood is thicker than water.

Old Kaintuck—I have no doubt of it, sir, and a great sight more palatable, I reckon.—Munsey's Weekly.

Did She Mean It?

Bess—What is your dog's name?

Belle—Towser.

Bess—What a pretty dog, and such an original name. Where did you get it?—Light.

—She Had a Reason for Her Thoughts.—Holden Chappelle, '91 (in love, but bashful)—"Yes, I am in the theatricals. But what character do you think I am best fitted to impersonate?" Miss Brattle (who believes that procrastination is the thief of time)—"All things considered, I should say a waiter."—Harvard Lampoon.

BULLFROG sat in the edge of a well,
With a look on his face that was sad to see,
And 'twas easy enough for one to tell
That he was as blue as blue could be.
Although he was dressed in the gayest clothes—
The noblest kind of a vest and coat,
And was spangled over from head to toes,
And wore a neck-cloth under his throat.—
The tears would drip from his blinking eyes,
And never once would he crack a smile,
And his bosom heaved with the awfulest sighs
'Twas plain that he cared not a fig for style.
A grasshopper chanced to stop a bit
On a leaf close by to rest his legs,
And he asked the frog, while his pipe he lit,
How he came to be off his pegs.
The bullfrog brushed with his dewy foot
The moisture away from his forehead pale,
And stepping back on a lilac root,
Unfolded the following tearful tale:

"My parents were poor, but honest," he said,
"And lived on the edge of a grassy lake,
And toiled all day for their daily bread,
And sang all night for their children's sake.
I early to school with the rest was sent,
(But only to terms when cattails blow,)
And was carefully taught: 'As your legs are bent,
More than likely, my son, they'll grow;'
That 'the early frog picks the ripest bugs,'
That 'flies of a kind buzz close together,'
That 'rather than fast, be slow as slugs,'
And 'lay up a bug for rainy weather;'
To beware of glittering, gaudy flies,
That tickle the nose when one wants to think,
That under their jackets a sharp hook lies,
And a line leads out to a boy on the brink;
That 'never to leap, before you look,'
'A bug in the mouth's worth two in the eye,'
And a thousand things from a wond'rous book,
I never could tell if I should try,
I learned at the training school for frogs.
Besides I was put through a thorough course,
Of music, down in the willow bogs,
Singing properly fine and hoarse,
After weeks of study one day I made
Up my mind that I knew enough for a start,
And concluded I'd loaf around in the shade,—
And indeed I was growing very wise and smart,
The 'old man' was all I thought it worth while
To call my father, and 'old girl' I said
When I spoke of my mother and one would smile,
To hear of the things I had in my head.
I stayed out late, sometimes all night,
A singing gay songs with a lot of boys,
And then reeled home in the broad daylight,
Making the fearfulest kind of a noise.
The father fumed, and the mother wept,
But all to no use, and they saw it clear,
That their vagabond son they had long enough kept,
And proceeded to walk me 'off on my ear.'
And this sordid world with its greed for pelf,
Its cruel grasping and weary strife,
Is no place for a tender frog like myself,
And I'd made up my mind to end my life,
By jumping headlong down the farmer's well
And drowning myself when nobody knew it.
With no one around my fate to tell,
I feel I am just the frog to do it."
"I admire your scheme," the grasshopper said,
"You deserve a belt for a clear-headed plotter,
But when you are drowned, and dead, dead, dead,
Don't you see you will totally ruin the water."
And winking his eye he walked away
A grasshopper ball in the land to attend,
And the bullfrog remember'd he'd heard them say,—
That 'tis scarcely ever too late to mend.

S. B. McMANUS.

He Did Not Continue.

He (nervously)—Miss Sweetharte, I—I wish to speak with you.

She (knowing what is coming)—Very well, brother Clarence, I am listening.

He (rising to go)—I don't think I will say it now. It is nothing, anyway.—Jury.

Inefficient Support.

Star—O, yes, he was good to me, but he couldn't act well, so I sued for a divorce.

Friend—On what grounds?

Star—That he failed to support me properly.—Munsey's Weekly.

Shorthand Notes Defective.

"I see by the paper that at the performance of your new play last night there were several calls for the author."

"That's a mistake in the print. It should have read 'authorities.'"—Puck

"GETTING A BULGE ON HIM."

—Life.

Unsuccessful.

Cholly—What's—aw—the—mattah—aw—with Sissy Downy? He—aw—looks vewy much dejected, y' know.

Gussie—Ya-as; Sissy, don't y' know, applied for membership in Sorosis, deah boy, but they actually wouldn't have him, y' know. Said he was too effeminate, bai Jove!—Judge.

Not the Assistance He Wanted.

"You look all broken up, Wilkins."

"I am. I called on old Barkins last night for a loan."

"Wouldn't he help you out?"

"Yes. He did help me out—with his left foot, too. That's what has broken my back and my spirits."—Mugwump.

DAIRY BY-PRODUCTS.

A True Idea of the Value of Skim-Milk and Buttermilk.

At the recent meeting of the Minnesota Dairymen's Association Mr. J. H. Monrad delivered an address from which we take the following extracts, which show that the value of the skim-milk and buttermilk is often too much to have it used as pig feed. In other words, more butter should be taken out of the milk before giving it to the hogs. He said:

"The rich soil and the unusual facilities for production on a large scale has trained the present generation of our Western citizens to a sovereign but wasteful contempt for the little details.

"I am, therefore, quite prepared to be criticized for venturing to take up such a question as 'How is your skim-milk and buttermilk?' Talking about skim-milk I am always reminded of the story of how a farmer's wife, in the kindness of her heart and in all innocence said to a city visitor: 'Why, drink all you can. The pigs will get it anyhow.'

"The pigs will get it. Yes, and a very good use that is to make of it, when properly fed, but have you ever put this question to yourself: 'How much butter do I give my pigs when I give them 100 pounds of skim-milk or buttermilk?' A year ago I should not have dared to propound the above question, as it would have been useless. The cost of having a chemical analysis made simply prevented us from getting a reply, and the oil tests then in use could not even give us an approximate reply.

"But now, thanks to Dr. Babcock, we have a cheap, practical test which enables us to get practically an approximate reply.

"Let us take a dairy of ten cows giving a yearly yield of 40,000 pounds of milk. The deep-setting system of creaming is used, ice is scarce (through lack of forethought) and the water is 55 degrees. Thus it will be quite easy to lose .3 per cent. extra in the skim-milk, which in this case would be 120 pounds of butter fed to the hogs.

"But this is not all. If the cream is not properly and uniformly ripened it is not uncommon to find the buttermilk contain .8 instead of .3 per cent. of fat, giving a loss of .5 per cent. on 16 per cent. of milk, of 6,400 pounds buttermilk, and thus an additional loss of 32 pounds of butter.

"A small daily loss, indeed, unworthy your consideration, but, after all, a loss of 152 pounds of butter, making, at an average price of twenty cents, $30.60.

"Let us take another instance. A farm with twenty-five cows with a yearly milk yield of 100,000 pounds of milk, using shallow pans or even deep setting. This will leave on an average 0.75 per cent. fat in the skim milk. By using a hand separator run by power (I do not believe in hand work), the per cent. may be reduced to an average of 0.25, a gain of 0.5, or 500 pounds of butter a year, and on this farm careless ripening of the cream may cause a yearly loss of eighty pounds of butter in the buttermilk.

"But, supposing we do not run the separator right, we may easily lose from 200 to 300 pounds of butter per year.

"It may, of course, be objected that if this butter is left in the skim or buttermilk it is not lost; and, so far as we use it for human food, this objection is valid. But when used for hogs, calves or fowls, I leave it for you to decide whether you can afford to feed them with butter."

POTATO STALK WEEVIL.

What the Insect Looks Like and How It Does Its Work.

The accompanying engraving (after Riley) shows this insect somewhat enlarged. The real length of the full-grown insect in the different stages is represented in each case by a straight black line. The larva, or grub, and pupa are white or yellowish white in color, and the beetle is of a beautiful ash-gray color. This color of the beetle is due to a covering of gray scales. If the scales are removed the color is black. The beetle has a short snout or beak, and for this reason is called a weevil. The female beetle deposits one egg in a place in a slit made in the

THE POTATO STALK WEEVIL.
a, larva; *b*, pupa; *c*, beetle.

stalk of the potato, a little above the surface of the ground. The grub soon hatches and tunnels its way down deep into the root. It then works its way back again, and when fully grown changes to the pupa state and then to the mature beetle in the stalk (see illustration) just below the surface of the ground. This tunneling of the root and stalk weakens the vines very seriously, the leaves begin to turn brown as if sunburnt, and soon, especially if the weather be warm and dry, the whole top dies down; the potatoes are small in size and few in number.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Pollen for Crossing Apples.

When the first blossoms of the variety we wish to use for fertilizing have expanded, we pluck out with forefinger and thumb the stamens and pistils and drop them into a cup. In an hour a smart boy can gather in this way enough of the anthers—in the "hard pellet" state—to fertilize a thousand or more blossoms. After gathering we dry in the cup, in a warm, close room. In the process of drying the anthers ripen and burst, and when needed for use a camel's hair pencil, moistened, will come out of the dish laden with the golden dust. To show the durability of pollen gathered in this rough way, I will state that three years ago we laid aside a cup of pollen not used for four weeks. At the end of that time Dr. Halsted germinated it on moistened slides quite as perfectly as that freshly gathered.—Prof. J. L. Budd.

A New Version.

Teacher—What was the fate of Lot's wife?

Scholar—She was turned into salt.

Teacher—What for?

Scholar—For looking back to see if the woman who had just passed her had on a sealskin or plush sacque.—Judge.

Missed the Opportunity.

Wool—Modern flying machine men seem to be smart people; but old Darius Green was considered a fool.

Van Pelt—Must have been, not to have put his idea into a stock company.—Munsey's Weekly.

A Dull Issue.

Mr. Suburb (hastily swallowing