MAIN STREET.

WASHINGTON STREET.

Here we are down on Cunningham St. Almost every-

body knows where we are, but if you do not, please look at the

above map. Walk down Cunningham St. on the right hand

side till you come to 216 and you will find us. Here we have

lots of room and pay no rent and more than doubled our sales

last year and expect to increase them as much this year. All

who came last year to see if we had as large a stock and sold

as cheap as we advertised said we were too modest in our

declarations and said they did not expect to find half as much,

even after reading our advertisements. You know us now and

of course will continue to deal here, but we must tell you we

have twice as large a stock now as when you were here before

and still cutting prices lower. To those who have never been

here, we want you to come too. We don't advertise to blow.

If you don't find more stock here at lower prices than you

ever expected after reading our advertisement we will pay you

lars 50c, team work bridles \$1, work harness \$18, buggy har-

ness \$6, wagon single-trees, ironed, 25c, double-trees, shatts,

wheels, poles, shafts, cushions, tops, harness oil, curry combs,

brushes, paint, springs, dashes, lap dusters, robes, blankets,

whips, carts, buggies, spring-wagons and everything, and

acquainted with you. Remember, it was us who first brought

down the prices of buggies in Butler county for your benefit,

relying on increased sales to make up for small profits, and the

public has stood by us in a way that makes us like everybody.

S. B. Martincourt, - J. M. Lieghner.

HENRY BIEHL

122 NORTH MAIN STREET,

DEALER IN

Hardware and House Furnishing Goods.

reaper and steel frame binder, Warren ready mixed paint,

warrented; screen doors and windows, refrigerators and lawn

WHERE A CHILD CAN BUY AS CHEAP AS A MAN

Jewelry,

At lowest cash prices at

J. R. GRIEB'S

No. 125 N. Main St., - Duffy Block.

EVERY WATERPROOF COLLAR OR CUFF

Not to Split!

THAT CAN BE RELIED ON

BEARS THIS MARK.

Not to Discolor!

TRADE

Silverware and

Spectacles

Come and see my large store room full of goods, 1362 feet

No letter place in the city to trade.

Clocks,

Fine Watches,

Sign of Electric Bell and Clock.

TO

THE MARK

BUTLER

- - - PENN'A

Washing Machines; the Standard Rotary Shuttle

Sewing Machine, 2500

stiches per minute: the No

7 American sewing machine.

also Singer and Empress

agricultural implements and

lansing farm wagons; New

Sunshine & Howard ranges.

Stoves, table and pocket

cutlery, hanging lamps;

manufacturer of tinware, tin

roofing and spouting a spec-

ialty; the Johnston mowers,

Come and see us. Look over our stock. We want to get

Kramer wagons, -- the best wagons made.

Remember, we keep every thing in our line. Horse col-

for your time that it takes to walk down here from Main St.

MARTINCOURT

Treutman Building

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JOSEPH W. MILLER. M. D. Physician and Surgeon. Office and residence at 222 3. Main St. Butlet

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Office at No. 45, S. Main street, over Frank Co's Drug Store. Butler, Pa, SAMUEL M. BIPPUS.

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JAMES N. MOORE, CORNEY-AT-LAW AND NOTARY PUBLIC. office in Room No. 1, second floor of Hus

IRA MCJUNKIN. Attorney at Law, Office at No. 17, East Je son St., Butler, Pa.

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

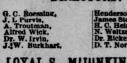
H. H. GOUCHER. Attorney-at-law. Office on second floor of Anderson building, near Court House, Butler.

J. F. BRITTAIN. tt'y at Law—Office at; S. E. Cor. Main St, and lamond, Butler, Pa.

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L. S. McJUNKIN Insurance and Real Esta Ag't 17 EAST JEFFERSONIST. BUTLER, -

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



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ridgling, castration and horse dentistry a specialty. Castration performed without clams, and all other rgical operations per est 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.

MRS. AMELIA C. EYTH mmediately 20 girls to learn dress-mast teach them the Taylor Statem and oloy girls we teach. Respectfully, Mrs. Amelia C. Eyth,

CHILDHOOD'S HOUR.

Is a very constant of the cons

My dreams are rife with loveliest hues To be woven deep within

The warp and woof of the good they choose

To keep their souls from sin.

And when each night, to their bed consigned By a mother's loving hand, heir childish prattle with p rayer combined In reverence bid me stand.

In sweetest tones that an angel throng Might pause and list to hear, heir musical voices join in song As if Heaven indeed were near.

The prayer that my own dear mother taught By my beautiful boys is said, And, "I lay me down to sleep" is fraught With memories of the dead.

"I pray the Lord my soul to keep" Brings childhood's hour once more, And tears to eyes unused to weep, And a voice from the other shore.

"God bless you papa and mamma dear!"

By each in turn is said;
"Good night!" "Good night!" is the last

As they "coodle doon" in bed. They close their weary eyes in sleep,

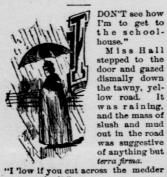
Oh! when on my dim and closing eyes This earth is fading away.

May those loving tones around me rise
Like a sunset's parting ray.

For the sweetest picture my hour-glass Unveil in this world of care
Is my beautiful boys, with folded hands,
Lisping their baby prayer.
—W. M. Rogers, in Good Housekeeping.

A BUSINESS VENTURE.

Nancy Kalometer's Experience in a Boston Boarding House.



I'm to get to the school-Miss Hall dismally down the tawny, yelwas raining, slush and mud out in the road

The young girl drew her waterproof about her, shivering apprehensively. "Now, if I were in Boston, I should have only to step on to the car and be set down at the schoolhouse door. But all of this comes from listening to the doctor's fine theories about invig-orating walks and country air," she

dded, complainingly.
"I s'pose, too, they give right smart "Yes, but it costs more to live there.

x dollars a week for board."
"Six dollars a week!" removing her. hands from the bread she was kneading. "Land o' love! I reckon there ain't many that'd pay it."

brella and stepped out into the pelting glances toward the corner where Mary Jane stood looking on in apparent indif

little school ma'am as she picked her way daintily across the lot.

"A hundred dollars a week!" she
muttered, drawing her breath sharply.

"A bundred dollars a week!" she
muttered, drawing her breath sharply.



SAM AGREED TO TAKE THE PIGE

she was, like enough." A hundred dollars! Why, with all her slaving and drudging, that was more than she had made in a whole year. Truly, the past year had not been a successful one. The crops had been little better than a failcrops had been little better than a late ure: the murrain had taken her best cow, and, worst of all, the man to whom she had let Mary Jane's twenty-acre patch had decamped between days twenty dollars."

"Ready to settle? Wny, certainly, mocha, "You have the book?"

"Yes, jest forty meals. That makes twenty dollars." acre patch had decamped between days without paying his rent. These facts were all the more exasperating to Nan-If the more exasperating to Nan-ometer, because she had always ided herself on knowing how to man-

age her own affairs.

The small farmhouse, with its patch of worn-out ground, had been her mar of worn-out ground, had been her mar-riage portion. Contrary to the prevail-ing custom, she had retained the prop-erty in her own name, declaring that she could hold that farm in her own name just as well as Joel Kalometer could in his. The adjoining twenty acres Joel had purchased. At his death several years before the opening of our story, the land had reverted to their one daughter, Mary Jane. It was

to be held in trust by her mother until she should marry, or until she should have reached the age of twenty-five.

Mary Jane was a pretty, sensible
young woman, and had no lack of suitors. But on one and all her mother ors. But on one and all her mother looked with disapproval. While she had, doubtless, a motherly interest in the happiness of her daughter, it was the fate of the twenty acres that always seemed uppermost in her mind. So, when Luke Daniels came courting, and boldly asked the hand of Mary Jane, the wrath of the good woman knew no bounds.

The Danielses, though highly respectable, were, it must be confessed, a somewhat improvident set. While

somewhat improvident set. While Luke's occupation thus far had been that of a mere farm-hand, he was a manly, industrious young fellow, and was looked upon with no small degree of favor by Mary Jane herself. "Ma, Sam Grant's come to look at them pigs," Mary Jane called from the

buttery.

Mrs. Kalometer dusted the flour from her hands and, tucking her skirts to the tops of her calfskin shoes, hurried out into the yard, where Sam Grant stood in the drizzling rain. The two picked their way across the barnyard to the pens, where several sleek-looking pork"He cackilates on buyin stock about already heard the story she tried to tell,

"Seems to be sort o' breakin' away,"

she remarked, awkwardly, as she went back into the kitchen. "There ain't been nobody at the post office this week, an' I wouldn't be surprised if ly out of the room.

called to go down an' see." that she was, made no comment. that she was, made no comment.

No, there were no letters from Sallie
Smith's folks, the postmaster informed her. "There hain't been a letter from an' if you'll go 'long, Mother Kalo-Ohio this long time, only one that ole Miss Lankers got yesterdiy. It must But a

a' been from Tom."

Mrs. Kalometer did not go directly home from the post office, but paused at an old-fashioned frame house on the outskirts of the straggling town. Tom Lisco, himself, opened the door for her, and, after a hearty greeting, showed

"I heerd you was talkin' o' rentin' a

that I think some o' ren

"Yes, I'm sick of farmin'." "You're goin' to try restin' awhile?"
"I—I cackilate goin' into business,
in the boardin'-house line, down to Boston," bringing these last words out in an explosive fashion, as though startled at her own boldness. Lisco gave a low

"Well, Mrs. Kalometer, if we can agree on the figures, I guess your place'd suit me well enough," he remarked, mentally averring that, with the close-fisted old woman, this would not be an easy matter. On the con-trary, however, Mrs. Kalometer seemed disposed to be liberal, and the upshot of the matter was that, when she left

the house a half hour later, the terms had been agreed upon. When it became known in Pikeville neighborhood that Nancy Kalometer was going to Boston, great, indeed, was the excitement. This the good woman seemed to enjoy, and, with an air of conscious superiority, she answered or ignored, as pleased her best, the questions of her curious neighbors.

The first of April found herself and Mary Jane established in a dingy boarding-house on Dyke street. To tell the truth, matters had not yet as sumed the roseate hue of which Mrs Kalometer had dreamed. In the first place, the uninviting aspect of the house, together with the exorbitan rent, had well-nigh appalled her; and, but for the dread of being laughed at, she would have given up the plan alto

As the warm weather advanced, pat ronage had grown lighter, small fund they had brought with them to the city was fast disappearing. On this particular morning, as she stood vainly trying to polish the battered woodwork, Nancy Kalometer acknowloughly disappointed woman.

The bell jangled noisily, and a minute later, Mary Jane ushered into the room a young man whom Mrs. Kalometris and three is nine"—then aloud:
"Why, that's well onto a hundred dollars a week."

The bell jangled noisily, and a minute later, Mary Jane ushered into the room a young man whom Mrs. Kalometric recognized as the manager of the real estate office on the corner. Could she accommodate him with meals does rs a week.

O, yes, with the transient boarders, amounted to quite that."

ing the heated term, he inquired, politely. He would wish special services it amounted to quite that."
"She laid up considerable at them rates, I s'pose?" Nancy Kalometer's eyes had grown very sharp, and there was an eager note in her voice as she shed the generation. saked the question.

"On the contrary, I don't think the soor woman even made a living," Miss Iall rejoined, as she raised her umpella and stanged on the the soor woman even made a living."

"Ball rejoined, as she raised her umpella and stanged on the stange to mit the meals he took, crediting him with those he missed. Taking a blank book from his pocket, he grant to explain more elaborately his meaning. As he did so, he cast furtive glanges to mit the meals he took, crediting him with those he missed. Taking him with those he missed him with those him with the with those him with the with those him with

"No, I won't tell her," she muttered

own business; besides I reckon she's got to learn some way."
In spite of the advent of the exquisite Mr. Tyson, prospects did not brighten greatly. July came, bringing unusual heat. To the two women, accustomed, as they were, to the pure country air, each day was a fresh horror. To her dismay, Mrs.-Kalometer found that she was growing weak and hysterical The house was well-nigh deserted The real-estate young man still cam with tolerable regularity, consumin fresh fruits, milk and ices galore. have suicided in full view of the audi-

"It's powerful expensive," Mrs. Kalo-meter complained; "but a bargain's a bargain, an' as long as he's willin' to double price, we can't afford to

"He ain't paid none yet," Mary Jane esponded, dryly.
"No, but I've got it all down in the "It'll be four weeks next Wednesday

since he come here, an' if you don't tell him he's got to settle, I will." That afternoon Mary Jane wrote a

letter. "Well, Luke, poor ma's about beat out," it ran, "and I hope you'll get here in time to settle that rascal. guess ma'll be glad enough to see "Ready to settle? Why, certainly,

"Ah, yes," making a note with his pencil. "And the credits?"
"The credits? O, yes, to be sure. I-I've made-some mistake," her eyes

growing wild.
"Forty-four credits, I believe?" "Yes. "Quite right; twenty-two dollar credit against twenty, a balance of two dollars in my favor." "But that ain't right; it can't be!" she shricked. "I've spent nigh my last cent a-buyin' yer high-toned truck."

"I believe you agreed to this, "I was under the impression, madam that you were a woman of your word; and—" A woman of ber word? Who had

ever dared say she was not! An ashy color overspread the old woman's face; she set her teeth grimly, and, taking a Misfits. A Proverb Disproved



"GIVE THAT LADY TWENTY-TWO DO

LARS bill from her pocketbook, flung it down

here, if he can get a place to suit him."

The look on Nancy's face seemed to indicate that this bit of news was of more than ordinary interest to her. However, she made no further reference to it.

aiready heard the story she tried to tell, he coull scarcely have grasped its meaning. As it was, five minutes later he was taking rapid strides toward the real estate office on the corner; and when he returned it was with the quisite Mr. Tyson in tow.
"There!" he exclaimed, breathlessly,

BUTLER, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 5, 1891.

every bone in your body!" With this demand the young man complied, with surprising alacrity, and, some minutes later, slunk ignominious-

"I jest come down to see if you wasn't about ready to go back to the farm," Luke began awkwardly, turning to Mary Jane glanced keenly at her Mrs. Kalometer. "Tom Lisco has got nother, but, discreet young woman tired of it, an' I rented it of him tw

> the long summer months the grim old woman seemed to be fighting a fierce battle for her life, and it was not until the woods had grown brown and patches of snow fleeked the fields that News. they went back to take up their abode

they went back to take up their abode in the old farmhouse.

Nancy Kalometer's long illness had left her but a shadow of her former hink some o' rentin' man." at I think some o' rentin' mine."

"Good gracious, Mrs. Kalometer, you on't say!"

"Yes. I'm sick of farmin'."

self; and when her neighbors dropped in to twit her about upon the failure of her business venture, the humbled face of the old woman led them to speak kindly words instead.
Years have elapsed since then, but in

a cheerful corner of the old farmise an old woman sits, alternately petting her wonderful grandchildren or watching with pleased face the buxom young woman who steps lightly about her work.

"I reckon that girl is the beatenest hand at managin," the designment

hand at managin'," she declares, with ill-concealed pride; "but, then, gettin' a good, industrious man's jest been the makin' o' Mary Jane."—Mattie M. Boteler, in Good Housekeeping.

A Sociable Horse.

ne horses have such sociable dis positions as to be restless when left alone. Gilbert White, the famous nat-uralist, had such a horse. It would not stay by itself when at home, nor remain in a strange stable without struggling impatiently to break the rack and manger with its fore feet. More than once it leaped out at a win dow through which manure was usually thrown in search of company. Yet under other circumstances the creature was remarkably quiet.—School and Home.

Nothing Essential Omitted. The telegraph operator rapidly ran his pencil over the message handed him by the lady:

"Dearest John, I got here safely. Send me fifty dollars and a kiss."
"Nine cents more, madam," he said. "There are three words too many." "Then leave out the last three," replied the lady, promptly. — Chicago Tribune.

A Happy Impromptu. Club Raconteur—Here's an anecdo of Webster I submit. Club Raconteur-Will you be pleased

Editor-Well-er-has it ever been published? Club Raconteur—No. Editor—Well, you see, we don't han

dle rejected manuscript.-Judge. A Block of the Young Chip "I wish you would renew this note. My father will indorse for me," said a Texas youth to Mose Schaumburg, the

erchant prince of Austin.
"Ven a fader has got no more than to indorse for such a son as you vas, vat segurity ish dot for me? Dot shows dot your vader vas an old block the young chip."-Texas Sif table.'

A Terrible Fellow. Penelope (proudly)—I want to marry man who will be my master. Dickey—Weally, I think I am just my deah, in fact I know it. You weally ought to see me manage my valet. I am actually buutal to the

poor fellah, don't you know.—Munsey's Weekly. "I wonder if Shakespeare would have modified any of his plays if he had lived "No doubt of it. He would have taken Hamlet, for instance, and made a tank drama in it. Ophelia could then

ence."-Life She Saw Him. Father (impressively)—That gentle-man is Prof. Greatmind, the eminent scientist whose marvelous discoveries have excited the attention of the entire have seen is an honor.

Daughter-How his pants bag at the knees!-N. Y. Weekly. Mamma (after the elderly visitor had gone away)-You shouldn't have run out of the room when Miss Oldsby tried to take you on her lap, Willie. She was not going to harm you.

Willie—She wasn't hey? She had he

how.-Chicago Tribune. Blinkers Hadn't Any. "It requires tact to say the right thing in the right place," Blinkers remarked, didactically "Yes," replied Slocum; "that sam idea occurred to me when you wer discussing corn salve at breakfast this

mouth puckered all ready for it, any-

Too Thin. Armand-So it is final? Mahala-Yes; but I'll be a-'No, you won't. You can't be a sister Jack Swope and to me, too "But I'll be a half sister to you, Mr.

"That's too thin."-Light. Visions of Wealth. Trotter—Well, good-by, old man. I'm off for a journey through Spain.
Squill (a struggling poet, anxiously)
—Say, my dear fellow, couldn't you do a kind turn for me over there and mortgage some of my castles for me?—Life.

Grace-I notice you have a new aress-Blanche-Yes, the last garment the other one made for me was a misfit, and papa just missed a fit when he got her bill.—Boston Herald.

"They say that time is money; but I "Why not?" "Because rich men never seem to have moment to spare."-Puck.

A Parting Shot. Mr. B.-My dear, your batcher gives ou short weight for your money.

Mrs. B.—But consider, also, my dear, my dear.
Little Boy (hastily correcting himself)—I mean, aunty, it's as plain as a pikestaff.—Good News. the long wait you give him for his.— Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper. Unintentional Slang.

Mother-Why, Maud, I'm shocked! Get off that table at once. What in the world is the matter with you? Maud-Oh, rats!-Munsey's Weekly On the Lowery.

Enterprising Boy (who reads the paper)—Fadder, a button manufacturer at Barmen will pay \$250 to effery man log and Fruit-Growing a Success.

SOME SOUND ADVICE.

How to Make Agriculture, Poultry-Raisling and Fruit-Growing a Success.

In the annual report of the Connecti-A Safe Offer. killed in a railway accident if he vear six of dose buttons vat he sell. Parent (a clothing dealer)—Dat's

"Subbose many gets killed. It costs

all fly off vile de customer is running to eatch dat train."—Good News.

"Oh, thank you."
"Providing you can show me the deed

A smart Galveston boy coming to New York on one of the Mallory steamers said to the engineer on the boat: 'You will get your discharge if you ain't more careful."
"What for, sonny?"
"You forgot to wind up that clock;

the hands haven't moved since we left Galveston," replied the youth, pointing

do," said Lord Noodleby; "commit suicide or accept a consulship somewhere
in Asia."—Judge.

At the Opera.

She—How charming dear mamma
looks to-night in the ballet. And grandmamma in the pink tights on the end in the left box.

He-Why, that is Swaggers. He told me to-night that he was about to elope

with a ballet girl.-Life. Much Worse Oft Raggles-Don't beg there. folks is wuss off than we are. Beery Ben-They don't show it. Raggles-Oh, I know 'em. They're trvin' to cut a dash on \$2,400 a year and five children to feed.-Harper's Bazar.

WRAT SHE HAD IN IT.



"Got er toothache, Mary?"

Wather Wough. "Oh, no, Mr. Budd," whispered his

fair companion, "only twelve people-and you."-Life. A revivalist in the course of an ani mated exhortation exclaimed: "Ah, but Heaven is my home!" Just then a voice in the rear of the

hall shouted: "I thought you lived in Chicago!"-Judge. They All Do That. Mrs. Brook-My husband keeps count of every drink he takes.

Mrs. Banks-Are you sure?

Ethel-Why not?

Mrs. Brook-Oh, yes; the dear fellow says he never gets one that he doesn't put it down!-Puck. No Kind of a Fellow Julia-I declare, I think there's no spirit in Harry. He offered to kiss me last night, but didn't.

Julia-Just because I told him to stop. Boston Herald. He Was Tired of It. "Young man, what tune is that you've been whistlin' all the mornin'?"

"That? That's an air from 'Lucia.'
"Well, don't you think a change of air is sometimes beneficial?"--Harper's Maud-Oh, I'm invited to the Way-ups' ball; but I don't know what in the world to wear. What would you wear if you had my complexion?

A Good Reason Customer-Your ten-cent shine isn't s good as your five-cent one. Bootblack—I know it, sir; that's the reason I charge more. They injure my reputation.—Puck.

Millicent-A thick veil.-Boston Cour

Smithers Knew. Miss Wilkins—Ah, what a change one little woman can make in a man's life. Mr. Smithers—Exactly; and what a heap of change she requires while do-ing it.—Jury.

In the Midst of the Fight. Mrs. S.-They say a man never ries his first love. Her linbby-lie can't; it would be polygamy,-Life.

Hostess (to the famous amateur ele nostess (to the famous amateur elo-cutionist)—Dearest friend, we have such a favor to ask! To-morrow evening a bitter old uncle of ours is coming, and we shall have to hear his long-winded talk and sour criticisms. My daughters are in despair—but my husband says ou can help us.

Elocutionist—Aha! Then am I to participate in entertaining him?

Hostess—Oh, no. not that—but give him some of your recitations and drive him away.—Fliegende Blaetter. The Amende Honorable Aunty (to whom the game of baseball

has been explained)-I do not quite understand it, yet.
Little Boy-Why, aunty, it's as plain as the nose on your face.

Aunty (who has rather a large nose) -You should not use such expressions

A Trip to the Bargain Counter He (facetiously)—So you are going abroad. Do you expect to marry a count or a baron? She (seriously)-It depends on their

right? She—No; you are left.—Jury.

ence to it.

"I s'pose you'll come for them pigs before feedin' time," she called anx-before feedin' time," she called anx-lously after Sam, as he quitted the yard.

"There:" he exclaimed, breathlessly, shaking the young man much after the manner of an angry dog, "give that lady twenty-two dollars, or I'll break yard.

Parent (a clothing dealer)—Dat's goot. I make me dat advertisement a goot. I make me dat advertisement right avay. I sthamp my name on all will offer \$250 two. In answer I would say that much dose parts-buttons, and I vill offer \$250 two. In answer I would say that much depends. There are a few that could every dime a customer gets killed on a shown being copies of the original ones. run half a dozen occupations at the same time and make a success out of all of them; but such persons are few.

If anyone has many bees, with little to the cause of the disease. Some claim

sections, and then we would not advise anyone to get more than two or three colonies of bees to start on, for if they are successful with that many the bees will increase as fast as most anyone can learn to take care of them. The bees may be of any kind that the person can procure; if Italians they would be just right for business; but if any other kind the person could procure

some Italian queens and introduce them and thus get experisoce in Italianizing In early spring is the time to prepar-for the honey harvest, if any comes, by to the steam gauge.—Texas Siftings.

Only Two Things Left.

"If a prominent man in England gets caught cheating at cards," said Scaddleberry, apropos of the Gordon-Cumming affair, "what becomes of him?"

"There are only two things he can do," said Lord Noodleby: "commit and on," said Lord Noodleby: "commit "There are only two things be can bloom, and then they will build up do," said Lord Noodleby; "commit sui-

a good book on bee culture, which does mamma in the pink tights on the end seems real giddy. She is flirting desperately with that young English swell in the left box.

He told

a good book on bee culture, which does go into details, and study it well; then you will some apiarist and see what they had learned practically demonstrated. The profits come as in other branches of business; the keen observer who gives close attention to business and especially attends to the small details

The business. The business are considerably." especially attends to the small details is the one to make a success. The business has many drawbacks but the persons who stick to it persistently and intelligently we believe will make it pay. Poultry could very well be combined with the bee business until the latter had grown to large proportions. Then if the poultry business interfered too much it could be discontinued. I would much it could be discontinued in the carliest botanical explanation of the cause of scab was in 1842 when the carliest botanical explanation of a certain fungus. It has since been shown that this was another disease entirely, and only in recent years has the true disease been carefully studied. Without going into a detailed account of Dr. Thaxter's experiments of inmuch it could be discontinued. I would rather advise combining fruits and small fruits with the bee business, as small fruit does not require the attention that poultry does in early spring and summer, besides having the flowers of the fruits for the bees to work on. I would advise anyone going into the bee business to go slowly at first, as a few bees well taken care of will beat a human subject. It has been a human subject list has been much larger lot poorly managed, and

> experienced apiarist could manage them.—J. W. Rouse, in St. Louis Re-ROAD IMPROVEMENT.

A good road is a permanent structure built for all time and largely for the benefit of future generations; hence, it is just and proper that the law should cast upon the next generation a part of the burden of the cost.

FROM some data which I have gath "Gwacious," cried Cholly, suddenly, at dinner, "there are thirteen people at inclined to think that the cost to the ways, as well as from the waste of money expended upon them, amounts to not less than ten dollars a year or each household .- Prof. Shaler, in Scrib

If the farmer lives by the side of a road by which he can reach a good market without a wear and tear upon his team that overbalances the profit realized upon his load, he has a financial advantage over his neighbor who does not have the benefit of such a road, and therefore has a means to lay up money open to him that is denied to his neighbor.—St. Clairesville (0.) Gazette.

A good road should cost more to build than a poor one, but it is often the case that a poor road costs as much as a good one would. But even when a good one is more expensive, it will be easier and cheaper to keep in good repair, and will last many years longer; while its advantages, and the saving to those who daily use it, will very much more than compensate them for the extra ex-pense they have been put to in the

building. A FARMER'S INVENTION. Whifflotree That Does Not Barl

C. F. Lee sends to the Orange Jude Farmer the sketch here shown and writes: While in the nursery business I needed some kind of a whiffletree hat would not bark the trees in the nursery rows, so I invented the fol-lowing: Take a piece of hard wood 2 inches square by 20 inches long. Make a clip (a) for center of 1/4-inch rod 10



inches long, bend and put a nut on each end. Two pieces of hoop iron (b), 6 inches long by 1½ wide, are bent in center, two holes punched through near each end and nailed on the upper and lower side of each end of stick to form a loop hole. Run the eye of the tug through the loop thus formed, turn eye flat against back of stick, bore 2 half-inch holes for bolts (c) to pass from front back through stick and eye and out on the screw heads. out on the screw heads.

Clerk (at grocery store)—There's aurious-looking, blind, thin and bleached-out frog hopping about down

Proprietor-What have you been doing down cellar?

Clerk—Sorting over those old maple sugar bricks for the spring trade.

Proprietor (much incensed)—Then
you've broken one of them, sir, with your infernal carelessness, and that frog has hopped out of it.—Chicago Tribune.

No Credit, Anyhow Cora-So Dora has invested in th great marriage lottery.
Nora-Oh, dear, no! It was a straight onsiness transaction. She paid cash down for her duke.-Puck.

Too Bad. "What a fearful picture of Johnson that was in the Kazoo." "Yes; and the worst thing about it is that it was an exact likene sev's Weekly. By a Good Sight.

first sight if more people were gifted with second sight.—Puck. Short But to the Point. He-I think you love me. Am

There would be fewer cases of love a

A Pitfall.,
She—Love is blind, you know.
He—No—it's the lover—that's falls into it.-Life.

cut experiment station for 1890, Dr. Roland Thaxter gives an interesting

help, the bees or the poultry would have to be neglected at a time when they would need the most attention, as by irritation brought about by subthey would need the most attention, as in the spring is the time when they both need the most attention.

In order to make bee culture a sue-Luke began awkwardly, turning to Mrs. Kalometer. "Tom Liseo has got tired of it, an' I rented it of him two months ago. Sister Mag's been keepin house for me, but Mary Jane's 'bout promised to take the job off her hands; an' if you'll go 'long, Mother Kalometer—"

But a strange thing had happened; Naney Kalometer had stropped in a dead faint upon the floor. All through the long summer months the grim old the long summer months the grim old "Oh, thank you."

Strictly Business.

Old Gent—I understand, sir—in fact, I know—that you and my daughter are edging very rapidly toward matrimony. Penniless Suitor—It is true, sir, and, although I am obliged to confess that it will have to be a case of love in a cottage is dead faint upon the floor. All through the long summer months the grim old "Oh, thank you."

Strictly Business.

Old Gent—I understand, sir—in fact, I know—that you and my daughter are edging very rapidly toward matrimony. Penniless Suitor—It is true, sir, and, although I am obliged to confess that it will have to be a case of love in a cottage is the time to begin with a modern movable frame hive adapted to either extract the honey or procure it in the comb in one pound sections, and then we would not adsections, and then we would not adsection.

This to think it is a result of chemical action due to the presence of lime or oxide of iron in the soil, while another theory is that stable manure induces the distinct that stable manure induces the distinct think it is a result of chemical action due to the presence of lime or oxide of iron in the soil, while another theory is that stable manure induces the distinct that stable manure induces the



fact that seab spots form an attractive fact that scal spots form an attractive feeding ground for a variety of insects, especially wire-worms, myriapods and mites; the common occurrence of which, especially in the deeper scab spots, has led to the belief that the two were directly associated. That this is not the case has been shown by careful observation, the only connection between the two resting on the fact that the injury already existing from a quite

few bees well taken care of will beat a much larger lot poorly managed, and anyone having a large lot without knowing how to manage them would be apt to get in a sad plight in swarming time, for then frequently three or four swarms will be in the air at once. An anyone having a large lot without team. At Fig. 11s a photograph of a scabby potato as it was taken from the soil. As these scabby potatoes grew in the field, the microscope detected a grayish film in connection with scab spots, and this substance was taken for inoculation. Potatoes in half a dozen or more hills tatoes in half a dozen or more h were infected with the dise



OCULATION, IN FORM OF MONOGRAM R. T tained from scabby tubers. In every case, within three days, the point touched by the needle showed symp-toms of the disease, and subsequently

developed into scabs.

This was not considered a fair test, as potatoes in neighboring hills were afterwards found diseased, so another in a greenhouse. One or more potatoes in each of 18 small hills were inoculated with the disease. In every case but one they became "seabby." At Fig. 2 potatoes. The letters "R. T." were traced with the needle bearing the dis case. See how closely the scab has fol-lowed it. There were 36 tubers left unaffected. Of these 31 were quite clean

while five showed one to several scab marks—only three of which were af-fected in the soil. The substance of the matter is that Dr. Thaxter concludes that the "scab" disease is always accompanied by a particular fungus. What it is and how to prevent it are matters that have not vet been determined. We are just be ginning to understand the disease. Let us remember that for centuries doctors were in the dark respecting human diseases which are now perfectly well un-derstood. Let us hope that this seab disease will be accurately determined, and that a remedy for it may be found —at least that we may know how to avoid the conditions most favorable for its development.—Rural New Yorker.

The Life of Apple Trees The average life of an apple tree is rated by the Gardeners Monthly at fifty years. But, of course, individual trees often reach a hundred years or more when well cared for. Thousands of apple trees, however, like men, die early from neglect and bad treatment The cutting away of large limbs is one frequent cause of ruin and death. The unprotected wound causes an early decay of the wood and then death. In old orchards trees may frequently be found which are mere shells, little of the trunks being left beside the hark.

A Wrong Construction. "Did you have a good time at the lodge last night?" inquired young Mrs. Tocker, who has begun to think that maybe Charlie does not invariably tell "A rattling good time," replied be.
"Charlie," she ejaculated, reproachfully, "I hope you don't mean to say that you were shaking dice!"—Washing-

ington Post. His One Acquisition

Wool—I have heard it said that a man soon forgets all he learned at col-lege; but there is one thing I shall nev-er forget. Van Pelt—What is that? Wool-How to roll cigarettes.-Mun

Two of a Kind. Waiter-Haven't you forgotten some thing, sir? Customer-Ah, excuse me-here is a quarter—my memory is bad.
Waiter (examining it)—So is the quarter.—Jury.

A Streak of Luck. Mrs. Portly Pompous-O, Bridget, you have broken that magnificent Japanese vase. Bridget-Sure, mum, isn't it lucky that there was nothing in it?-Treas

Siftings. The Man She Is Looking For Mabel-Thomas Shearman says the billionaire is coming.

Amy (eagerly)—I wonder if we could get Mr. Shearman to introduce him

upon the table. Mr. Tyson arose, stuffed the bill into his vest pocket and walked leisurely out of the house. At that moment the rear door opened and relative values. Papa has limited me to a certain sum, you know.—Munsey's Customer-Why, look here, waiter; you've got your thumb in my soup! Waiter-Oh, I don't mind; tain't hot. ers were luxuriating in their native element. After considerable talking that moment the rear door open the price was fixed and Sam agreed to take Luke Daniels rushed into the room, the pigs.

Mrs. Kalometer sprang up and, graspers the pigs. Weekly. NEEDS NO LAUNDERING. CAN BE WIPED CLEAN IN A MOMENT. -Judge. THE ONLY LINEN-LINED WATERPROOF He (catching at a straw)—So you do think it is at least possible that I could Obnoxious Waiter-Have you forgotbrasky," he announced, as they walked ing Luke arm, began to cry in an incoherent fashion. Whatever Luke had COLLAR IN THE MARKET. ton nothing, sir?
Guest-No. I left it for you.-Life. expected, he was sainly not prepared for this. Indeed She-Yes-if I were going to marry "What's he count on doin' here?"