State Library

THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

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Some Things You Never Knew:

☞You never heard of Top Buggies selling as low as $45 till we named that price☜

☞You never heard of Road Wagons selling for $35 till we named the price☜

☞You never heard of good team work bridles selling for $1 till we told you☜

☞You never heard of horse collars, both team and buggy, selling for $1 till we named it☜

☞You never heard of spring wagons selling for $40 till we offered them☜

☞You never heard of Kramer wagons selling for the price we sell them at till we brought the price down☜

☞You never heard of sweat pads selling below 50 cents till we started it☜

☞You never heard of a good top half platform spring wagon selling for $75—we have them☜

☞You never heard of single buggy harness selling for $6 till we started it☜

☞You never heard of team work harness with breeching and collars selling for $18 until this minute—we have them☜

We did this all for your benefit, and have everything connected with a driving or team outfit. We advertise for you to call in and see us in our new quarters at 128 E. Jefferson St., above the Hotel Lowry. Don't stay away because you don't know us, we are very common men and want to get acquainted with every person in Butler county and elsewhere. We will show you what we have whether you want to buy or not. Come in and see us, we have a larger stock of a better grade at less money than has ever been offered by us or any other firm.

YOURS VERY TRULY,

S. B. MARTINCOURT & CO.

S. B. MARTINCOURT. J. M. LEIGHNER

IT'S A HOODO!

—It don't scare us—

It never hurts a customer, but it knocks Competition endwise. The monster is gentle to our customers and they can handle it with perfect safety. The great "What is it," that is what everybody wants to know; by our illustration you can see that it is not like to anything upon the earth, or the water under the earth, but more wonderful than anything ever exhibited by Barnum or Forepaugh. It rivals the great Orangoutang, ourunout and stick your tongue out, the greatest wonder of the age. "What is it?"—why its Heck's mammoth stock of fine clothing, Hats, Caps, Shirts, Pants, Underwear, Collars, Cuffs, Neckwear, Suspenders, Umbrellas, Trunks, Valises, Satchels, Purses, Bill and Pocket-books, Clothes, Hair and Tooth-brushes, Watches, Chains, Charms, Ladies' and Gents' Rings, Pins, Collar and Cuff Buttons and hundreds of articles too tedious to mention which we have for sale, and you may need. Call and see our mammoth stock of beautiful spring attractions and you will certainly say its a Hoodo. Well, we are not looking for those who do trade with us but for those who do not. We don't believe there are many who do not, but there ought not to be one person in Butler or adjoining counties left who does not know that the place to save money, to get big values, is at Heck's Store, 121 N. Main St. Why is it that you miss your chance and waste your money? Don't you know better? We bear you no ill will, why should we? This is not our funeral, we are just the same merry merchant as of old. We are rollicking, jolly fellows; we are roaring, tip top sellers, and when it comes to bargains we can suit you to a T. If you think we are a honey, come buy your clothes and drop your money, and we'll treat you like a little sonny, for we have got the energy and the will; we made up our mind to be the

LEADER IN OUR LINE

and the result is that we lead and the band plays Anny Rooney, and there is no mistake about it. The world stands aghast at the realization of the fact that the high quality and low prices of our goods is a reality and not a fictionary legend to those who have never dealt with us. We would be glad to see you and pleased to put in your hands a real money saver, a bargain with a great big B. If you are not on our list of customers, come and be convinced that we are right at the front doing big business, on the best basis, a square deal and a rolling dollar. We are going to get up a train load for the World's Fair at Chicago in 1893, and we want you to come in and go along. We will furnish you with a

Round Trip Ticket,

free the only conditions that you buy your goods off us. For further particulars call in and see us about it.

With kindest regards for your liberal patronage and your remembrance of us to your many friends, we shall in the future endeavor to merit your confidence.

Yours Very Respectfully,

D. A. HECK,

Champion Clothier, Hatter and Furnisher,

121 N. Main St.,

BUTLER, : : : : PA.

EVERYBODY

will tell you that Ritter & Ralston's wraps are the best made and the best-fitting wraps in the market, and if you want muslin underwear that at Ritter & Ralston's you can secure full size garments, well-made and at about the same cost as the material. But to cut the story short, it a well known fact that you can get all kinds of dry goods, carpets, wraps, furnishings and trimmings at the most satisfactory prices at

RITTER & RALSTON'S

All Kinds of Job Work done

at the "Citizen" Office.

Miss Lettie Huntley,

Is the sister of Mr. W. S. Huntley, of Cortland, N. Y., a well known carpenter and builder. Her frank statement below gives only the absolute truth concerning her illness and marvelous recovery by the aid of Hood's Sarsaparilla. She says:

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"Dear Sir: Twelve years ago I began to have hemorrhages and four years ago became so low that the physicians told me

There Was No Hope

and I should soon die. I could not be moved from my bed. Under my face were napkins continually reddened with blood from my mouth. **I could eat nothing** and had no action of the bowels for a week. The doctors said the cause was ulcers in the stomach. At this time my mother said she wanted to make one more trial, and asked if I would take Hood's Sarsaparilla. I told her it would be

A Waste of Money

but finding it would comfort her, I began taking it. In a few days the bloating began to subside, I seemed to feel a little stronger, but thought it only fancy. I was so weak I could only take ten drops of Sarsaparilla at first. In two weeks I was able to sit up a few minutes every day. In a month **I could walk across the room.** One day I asked what they were to have for dinner, and said I wanted something hearty. My mother was so happy she cried. It was the

First Time I had Felt Hungry for Two Years

I kept on with Hood's Sarsaparilla and in six months was as well as ever in my life. It is now four years since I recovered, and I have not had a day's sickness since, nor any hemorrhage. If ever a human being thanked the good Lord on bended knees it was I. I know that Hood's Sarsaparilla, and that alone, unquestionably **Saved my Life.**"

Messrs. Sawyer & Jennings, the well known druggists of Cortland, say that Miss Huntley "is a highly respected lady; her statement of what

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Has done for her is worthy the highest confidence." Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills.

C. & D.

Ready for All.

WE HAVE THE MOST COMPLETE STOCK IN THIS COUNTY.

Everything that is new in Stiff Hats. Our $1.50 and $2.00 are wonders for the money.

Everything new in Soft Hats, ranging in price from 25 cts. to $5.00.

All the new blocks in Silk Hats.

Greatest line of Furnishing Goods we ever had.

An inspection will be an advantage to any one.

COLBERT & DALE,

Hatters and Furnishers,

242 S. Main street,

Butler, Pa.

Grand Pianos for Sale.

Now is your time to select a good Piano; you do not want to buy but one Piano in your lifetime. So while selecting one it is the best and cheapest to buy a good one.

PROF. MAIERS,

of Boston has opened a Piano and Organ Parlor at No. 218, East North St., where he has on exhibition a new invoice of Pianos from the very best of makers of Boston, they have a full rich and mellow tone, the action is light, quick and powerful; they will stay in tune longer than any other Piano on account of a new device of tuning pins, that I will be glad to show and explain. Pleas call and examine before buying elsewhere. You can save money by purchasing a Piano of me, and get an instrument that you can rely upon, and one that I will warrant or garantee to give entire satisfaction. I have made and tuned

Pianos and Organs

for over 40 years. If therefor know how to select a perfect Piano.

PIANOS AND ORGANS TUNED.

218 E. North St., BUTLER, PA.

Gentlemen

TO ATTIRE YOURSELVES IN NEAT AND FITTING APARAL, LEAVE YOUR MEASURE AT

Aland's.

LARGE STOCK. BEST FACILITIES.

A RARE BARGAIN.

FOR SALE.—One of the finest farms in Butler county, containing 186 acres; large brick house, large frame barn, carriage shed and various other buildings, all in good repair; well watered; has a large orchard, good market adjoining premises for all farm products. Convenient to schools and churches. To a quick buyer will sell this farm for much less than the cost of the buildings and on very reasonable terms.

L. S. McJUNKIN,

126 E. Jefferson St., Butler, Pa.

THAT LITTLE HAND.

So soft an' helpless an' purty, a-holdin' on to me,
That little hand's about the nicest thing I ever see!
An' the young one hangin' back'ards (he's such a little one),
An' makin' me stoop to his questions 'bout everything under the sun.

An' time, wuth so much to a farmer, goin' lickety split!
An' I lazin' 'round with a baby! How foolish a man can git!
Them little fingers, slick an' pink as the roses out in the bed,
Make me tingle an' creep all over, an' glad to be druv round an' led.

They hold onto me so trustin', as if I'd allus do right;
I tell you I'm on my honor when that little chap's in sight.
It's a temptin' world, but whatever a man might do alone,
The love of right sprouts in him when he has a child of his own.

Why, when I'm up to the swearin' pint, them fingers on my cheek
Stroke down the ugly temper till I'm blamed if I can speak.
There's somethin' curus in 'em, an' in his big blue eyes:
They make me kinder pity folks I use' ter hate an' despise.

How they stretch out of a 'mornin', afore you can fairly see,
In search of poppy's whiskers for a little early spree!
To be started up when a man's so tired he don't know what he's about
Would make anyone but a dad as mad as all git-out.

An' then at night they go creepin' into my big, rough fist.
An' the fair little face is put up to be patted an' cuddled an' kist;
An' the purty shoulders slip out o' the frock—he hain't no mother, you see:
It's nigh three years since she died an' left him to me.

An' when I git round to turn in, there he lies asleep in his nest.
I can't help drawin' him clost an' huggin' him up to my breast.
An' he wakes just enough to say "poppy," an' slip his hand into mine,
An' his touch goes through my veins like a drink o' strong drink.

—Mary Frances Butts, in Harper's Weekly.

MAUD'S ADVENTURE.

A Little Child's Wonderful Deliverance from a Bear.

[Original.]

"MOTHER, guess I'll not take my dinner with me this mornin'. I'm goin' to chop in th' south clearin'; it's only 'bout a mile from th' house, an' you can send Maud over with it 'bout noon. She knows th' way an' nothin'll harm her. Then you can send 'long th' little jug full o' hot coffee. 'Twill taste good after a hard forenoon's work," and John Ovel glanced across the table at his wife who was just turning out his last cup of steaming coffee.

"Well, if you think it's safe, John. Maud's rather young yet to go so far alone; though, as you say, I don't s'pose nothin'll harm her an' I can send 'long some hot biscuits an' you can have almost as good an' warm a meal as though it came right off th' hot stove," replied Mrs. Ovel, as she handed her husband the coffee.

John Ovel and his wife had now been living in the pines of northern Wisconsin for over two years. They had one child, a little six-year-old, and it was to her the father referred as Maud.

Mr. Ovel finished eating his breakfast, and then, pulling his coon-skin cap down over his shaggy hair, shouldered his ax and strode away toward the scene of his day's labor.

Mrs. Ovel, softly humming a tune she had learned in her eastern home, busied herself about her household duties. The Ovel family were industrious people and the hands of the father or mother were never idle. With swift deftness she put away the breakfast dishes, tidied up a little and had just placed a great chunk of dough upon a broad pine board preparatory to kneading it, when the bedroom door swung softly open and a little white-robed figure stood on the threshold calling: "Ma, ma, I want to be dressed!"

"All right, pet. Wait 'til ma washes her hands," and Mrs. Ovel turned to a basin of water and carefully removed the adhering flour and dough before dressing the child.

"Did you know, Maud," she said, a few moments later, as she seated the little girl at the table before a generous bowl of wholesome bread and milk, "that you are to take your pa his dinner to-day? He's choppin' in th' south clearin' an' wants his Maud to bring him a nice warm dinner. You'll go, won't you, pet?"

"Yes, I'll go, if you'll let me take Sarah Ann with me. She never seed my pa chop wood," replied Maud, as she glanced with a look of maternal fondness toward the rude lounge where Sarah Ann, a very much dilapidated rubber doll, was reposing.

Mrs. Ovel smiled, and promised her that Sarah Ann should go. Maud could hardly wait to finish her breakfast, so eager was she to tell Sarah Ann all about their expected journey and the wonderful sights she would then see.

At half past eleven Mrs. Ovel filled the dinner basket, not forgetting to put in the hot bisouits and the little jug of hot coffee, and then, tying a sunbonnet over Maud's sunny hair, kissed the roses on her cheeks, and giving her the basket, bade her to be sure to go straight to papa, and not to stop a moment on the way.

Maud felt very important, as with the doll on one arm and the well-loaded basket on the other, she returned her mother's kisses and set out down the path which led to the "south clearin'."

About half way from the house to the clearing the path ran by a great oak tree. When Maud reached this place the arm which carried the basket was very tired; so she put the basket down at the foot of the tree and seated herself in its shade to rest.

"Don't s'pose you ever dreamed trees growed so big, Sarah Ann, did you?" she inquired, holding the doll up so that its rubber eyes might have an unobstructed view of the scene. Maud's own bright, blue eyes, at the same time, looked out from between her upraised arms and saw, just at this moment, a large, black bear walk slowly into sight and come down the path toward her, lazily swinging his head from side to side.

"Oh, Sarah Ann, did you ever see such a great, big, black doggie?" she cried out joyfully the moment she caught sight of the bear.

At the sound of her voice bruin stopped and looked at the little girl curiously. He could not remember of ever having seen or heard just such an animal as that before. He wondered if it would taste good and determined to find out at once, so he put himself again in motion and slowly trotted up toward the girl.

Maud, who was very fond of dogs and not one bit afraid of them, was overjoyed when she saw the bear approaching; for she did not dream that the great animal was anything but a very large dog. "Oh, doggie, you'll let my Sarah Ann ride on your back, won't you? An' we'll s'prise my pa," she cried, jumping to her feet and tightly hugging Sarah Ann to her bosom in an ecstacy of delight.

The bear, which by this time was only a few feet from Maud, stopped and again looked at the little girl inquisitively, as if doubting whether or not it would be best to approach nearer to this strange-looking little animal. But a delicious scent, which now assailed his nostrils, soon convinced him that it would be wise to cultivate a closer acquaintance. So the great beast trotted up to the little girl and cautiously pressed his cold, black nose against her warm, red cheek.

Maud, who thought the bear meant this for a kiss of welcome and who could never endure to see Sarah Ann slighted in the least, at once held the doll up in front of his bearship, exclaiming: "Here's Sarah Ann, kiss her, too."

The bear, as if he understood the words, pressed his nose to the face of the rubber doll, but quickly took it away again with a grunt of disgust. As he did so his eyes caught sight of the lunch basket. In an instant he had poked his nose into it and, with a grunt of delight, began to devour its contents. Here, at last, he had found just what he was searching for.

Maud was too much excited over the "big doggie" and Sarah Ann's expected ride to notice for a time what the bear was up to. But the moment she caught sight of her father's fast vanishing dinner, she made a grab for the basket, crying out angrily: "Stop, stop, you big, naughty dog! Stop, that's my pa's dinner! You sha'n't have it!"

But bruin paid no attention whatever to the words of the angry girl. He held the basket firmly between his huge forepaws, with his head bent close down to it, while his great, red jaws, full of long, sharp teeth, made quick work of the generous lunch within.

In vain little Maud pulled and tugged at his long, shaggy hair in her endeavors to get his head out of the basket. In vain she threatened and cried. She was as helpless as a leaf in a whirlwind. The bear cared not at all for her pulling, her threatening, nor her crying. He was having a glorious feast, and never for a moment did he pause until the last morsel of Mr. Ovel's dinner had vanished down his capacious red throat. Then with a contented grunt he stretched himself out on the ground for a nap. Doubtless he had been on a long journey and was very tired.

Maud by this time had pulled and tugged until her arms and legs ached, and had cried and scolded and threatened until she could hardly speak for weariness. So what did she do when the bear stretched himself out to go to sleep but throw herself wearily down by his side, saying: "You big, naughty dog, I'm goin' to stay right here 'til my pa comes an' tell him on you an' he'll whip you. Won't he, Sarah Ann?" and closely hugging the doll to her bosom the curly head of the tired girl sank down, even as she uttered the last words, upon the shaggy side of the great, black bear.

"HERE'S SARAH ANN."

In the meantime, Mr. Ovel was busily at work in the "south clearin'." The noon hour came and went, but it did not bring his little girl with the expected warm dinner. Mr. Ovel had worked very hard and was very hungry. At last he seated himself on the trunk of a tree which he had just felled and, wiping the perspiration from his brow, muttered: "I swun, I guess if mother knew how hungry I was she'd hustle up a little more." Then he took out his watch and glanced at it. "One o'clock an' Maud not here yet. Somethin' must have happened. I'd better go to th' house an' see what's the matter; besides I'm all-fired hungry an' I can get my dinner then," and the man, with an anxious look upon his rugged face, picked up his ax and hastened down the path which led to his home.

He had almost reached the oak tree when, suddenly, he stopped stock still and stared straight before him, while his face became as white as milk. He saw a sight that would make any father's face pale. At the foot of the tree lay a large bear sound asleep and by his side, with her golden curls mingling with his rough, black hair, lay Maud, asleep or dead, the horrified father could not tell which from where he stood. What to do the poor man knew not! He dared not wake the bear for fear, if his child yet lived, the monster would harm her; and he feared to leave her in her present perilous situation long enough to go to the house after his rifle.

Mr. Ovel was a brave man with nerves of iron; but the scene before him taxed his bravery and coolness to the uttermost. He stood for a moment gripping the handle of his ax, as if he would crush the hard wood between his fingers, and then, with a determined look upon his face, he began cautiously to approach the bear, from such a direction that the trunk of the tree concealed him from the sharp eyes of bruin, should they chance to open. His plan was a desperate one and should it fail, only his sharp ax would stand between him and death to himself and child. Slowly and so carefully that not even a twig snapped to betray his presence, the strong-armed woodsman neared the tree. At last he drew himself up directly behind it and listened intently. From the noise made by the bear's deep breathings he knew that the beast was still sleeping soundly. A softer sound fell also upon the father's ears and nerved him with redoubled strength and courage. It was the low, gentle breathings of his sleeping child. With a fervent prayer to God for help, Mr. Ovel stepped cautiously out from behind the shelter of the tree and in a moment more stood at the head of the bear. The sharp ax swung noiselessly into the air and hung for a second, poised high above his right shoulder, while the piercing eyes noted the exact spot on the hairy head where the keen blade was to fall; then, like a flash of lightning, the ax descended and with a crash buried itself in the head of the bear.

THE AX SWUNG NOISELESSLY.

Mr. Ovel did not wait to see what the effect of his blow was; but catching Maud up in his arms ran as fast as his strong legs could carry him for the house.

When he returned, shortly afterwards, with his rifle, he found the bear dead. The huge animal had hardly moved after the ax crashed into his skull and death must have been almost instantaneous.

Mr. Ovel skinned the bear and used the pelt as a rug; and ever after this, when friends came to visit the Ovel family, little Maud would explain the presence of the bearskin rug to them in these words: "This is th' hor'id bear who stoled my pa's dinner an' my pa chopped his head open with an ax," and then she would add, with a merry laugh: "I an' Sarah Ann thought he was a doggie an' we went to sleep right in his arms. I guess you never seed a little girl who went to sleep in a bear's arms before, did you?" and, with a look which told how proud she was of this rare distinction, she would turn to Sarah Ann and for the thousandth time pour into her sympathetic rubber ears the story of their wonderful adventure with the black bear.

ALWIN JOVENIL.

HOW TO SMUGGLE BRANDY.

The Ingenious Device Recently Discovered by French Customs Officers.

The French customs officers who are stationed at the gates of Paris to guard against exciseable goods entering without paying the duty have occasionally to deal with very ingenious attempts at smuggling. An attempted fraud was laid bare which goes to show how fertile the contrabandists are in expedients. At the Menilmontant gate a man in charge of a pony cart, in which were three large wooden boxes, attempted to pass the barriers. "Have you anything to declare?" asked one of the officials.

"Nothing," said the man, "unless government has put a tax on cemetery wreaths," and as he spoke he drew the lid off one of the boxes, revealing a number of the wreaths and crosses of artificial flowers so common in French burying grounds. The man was about to pass on when something about him aroused the suspicions of the chief official. He took the cover off one of the boxes and admired the beauty of the flowers and their remarkable fidelity to nature. Lifting one casually in his hand, he found it was remarkably heavy, and closer examination showed that when stripped of flowers and moss it was a zinc case filled with the finest brandy. The rest of the contents of the boxes were of the same nature, and were at once confiscated. As frauds of the kind are severely punished by the Parisian authorities, the ingenious inventor of the trick will probably be allowed leisure enough in Mazas to design something novel.—Chicago Herald.

—"Remember, my child, kind words can never die." "Maybe so," says the suffering woman; "but they can go off and stay for years and be given up for lost."

—He—"Upon my word, I think I've gone through every experience except hanging."—She—"Cheer up; that may come yet."—Judy.

Aunty Couldn't Guess.

Aunty—What became of the kitten you had when I was here before?

Little Niece (in surprise)—Why, don't you know?

"I haven't heard a word. Was she poisoned?"

"No'm."

"Drowned?"

"Oh, no."

"Stolen?"

"No, indeed."

"Hurt in any way?"

"No'm."

"Well, I can't guess. What became of her?"

"She growed into a cat." — Good News.

Trying to Make Up.

Mrs. Muggs—What are you drinking whisky for?

Mr. Muggs—Th' grip, m' dear.

Mrs. Muggs—You got over the grip a month ago.

Mr. Muggs—Yes, m' dear; but I didn't know about whisky bein' good for the grip then, m' dear.—N. Y. Weekly.

And Now They're Engaged.

Charlie Youngnoodle—Do you know, Miss Alice, that you have sapphire eyes, ruby lips, and golden hair?

Alice—Go way! But there is one thing I haven't got.

C. Y.—What's that?

Alice—A diamond ring. — Jewelers' Circular.

"ALL IN HIS EYE."

—Life.

A Fruitless Appeal.

"I think it's enough for me to lose all my marbles," pleaded Willie, "'thout having to be punished for playin' keeps."

"Trying to draw on my sympathy, are you, young man?" said his father, reaching up to the top of the bookcase for the rawhide. "Your account in that bank, my son, [whack], has been already [whack! whack!] considerably overdrawn." [Whack! Whack! Whack!]—Chicago Tribune.

Gone, But Not Forgotten.

Featherstone—What's become of that mule of yours, uncle?

Uncle Ebony—Dat mule, sah, has gone de way ob all good mules.

Featherstone—You don't mean to say he's dead?

Uncle Ebony—No, sah. Dat mule represents, sah, de las' payment ob alimony to my divorced wife, sah.—Truth.

The Indolent Gardener.

Mrs. Suburb—No more milk? What's the matter?

Gardener—The cow has stopped givin' milk, mum.

"Goodness me! Why?"

"Because she's dry, mum."

"Then why in the world don't you give her a drink?"—N. Y. Weekly.

Determined Not to Be Beaten.

Dawson—I've seen divers go down and stay under water an hour.

Jawson—Pooh! I've seen 'em go down and stay an hour and a half and smoke all the time.

Dawson—I saw one go down a year ago and he has not come up since!—Harper's Weekly.

Fashion Note.

"Don't you think this bonnet is a little too young for me?" inquired Mrs. Peterby of her husband.

"Never mind if it is. You will not wear it more than six weeks before it will be too old and you'll want a new one."—Texas Siftings.

A Matter of Wages.

"I observe, James," said the Boston employer, "that you say 'eether' and 'neether.' Are you not aware that such is not our pronunciation of those words?"

"It doesn't seem to me," replied the boy from New York, despondently, "that you ought to expect me to say 'eyother' and 'nyther' on a salary of sixteen dollars a month."—Chicago Tribune.

Didn't Know Him.

Mrs. Inqu-Sitive—What was young Dudleigh saying to you awhile ago?

Miss Finne De Seakle—Nothing.

Mrs. I. (in surprise)—Nothing? Why he's been talking for an hour. He must have said something.

Miss F. (carelessly)—I guess you don't know Dudleigh.—Detroit Free Press.

Might Have Fallen Before.

His Wife's Mother (in terrible flutter)—Oh dear! Oh my! That heavy Louis XIV. clock upstairs just fell off the wall with a terrible crash on the very spot I stood on but a moment before.

Her Daughter's Husband (absent-mindedly)—I always said that clock was slow.—Judge.

The Advantage of Method.

Mistress—I never saw such a fearful-looking kitchen. How do you manage to accumulate so many dirty dishes?

Cook—Sure, mum, the young leddies was just after showing me as how they roasts a potato at their cooking schools.—Harper's Bazar.

Just What He Wanted.

Jeweler—These paste diamonds look just as beautiful as the real ones, but they only last a short time.

Young Man—Well. This engagement is only going to last a short time.—Life.

Ma's Boy Talks.

Mrs. Gaddabouttt—Has your ma called on those new neighbors yet?

Boy—No, an' she won't neither. She says they wouldn't 'a' returned your call ef they'd been anybody worth knowing.—Good News.

Worse for the Nephew.

Returned Traveler—Is that rich old bachelor uncle of yours dead yet?

Host (dejectedly)—Worse, a thousand times worse. He's married and got a baby.—N. Y. Weekly.

The Cry-Baby.

"Our baby cries over awful little things," said Willie. "Why, even a thing so small as the point of a pin will make him holler."—Harper's Young People.

Up in the World.

Pipkin—When I first knew that man he was an ordinary oyster-opener.

Potts—What is he now?

Pipkin—The champion.—Truth.

A LOVER'S QUARREL.

—Judge.

Keeping a Secret.

Mr. Straitup—Ethel, I would like to have your sister. Won't you give her to me?

Ethel—No, sir. I caught her kissing Dick Short the other night, and she told me not to give her away, so I won't either.—Judge.

Hilarious Fun.

Traveler—If New York society consists of only four hundred people, what do the million or so of others do for pleasure or recreation?

Mrs. Foreundred—They read about what we do.—N. Y. Weekly.

Presidential Pointer.

American Youth—Father, can't any man get to be president if he works for it?

Father—No, my son. It's the man who doesn't work for it that gets there.—Good News.

How They Regard It.

Stranger—Do Chicago people regard marriage as a lottery?

Resident—Oh, no. They don't regard it at all, as a rule.—Detroit Free Press.

But Clarence Stayed.

Clarence (after a call of three hours)—Does that clock go, Angelina?

Angelina (with emphasis)—Yes, the clock goes.—Life.

Conversation Analyzed.

Nephew—That's not the morning paper you have there, uncle, is it?

Uncle (testily)—What a disgraceful young booby you are, John. First you tell a stupid lie and then you ask an idiotic question.—Texas Siftings.

A Cause for Grievance.

Mrs. Quin—Yis, Missis Shea, an' as I was a sayin', it's arristed he is for batin his *own* mother, mold you!

Mrs. Shea—Shure an' things is come to a foine shtate whin a man can't do as he lolkes wid his own!—Life.

One of the Sciences.

She—I notice that some Texas man says kissing is one of the natural sciences.

He—Sort of an applied science, eh?

Then he proceeded to apply it.—Detroit Free Press.

Probably.

"Papa, what is patrimony?"

"It is what is inherited from a father, my dear."

"Oh; and then is matrimony something inherited from the mother?"—Brooklyn Life.

A Suggestion.

Old sayings are all well enough in their way;
And yet there is room for improvement, I take it.
'Twould be truer to say, when we quote it to-day:
"Where there's a will there's a way to break it."

—Truth.

THE PEAR-LEAF MITE.

Life History of a Destructive Insect—How to Exterminate It.

This mite, shown in the illustration, sometimes causes serious blistering of the leaves of pear trees, which gives them a diseased appearance. On the upper surface the blisters appear as yellow or reddish convex swellings, while beneath the surface usually appears dead, and in the center of the diseased spot will be seen a minute opening through which the mites may be seen to pass in and out; for while they appear to live and breed mainly within the cavity formed in the leaf, they may be frequently found traveling over the under surface, doubtless searching for a location to start a new blister. The manner in which they spend the winter was for a long time a complete mystery, but it has been found that they pass the winter in the buds, and the mites can be found in the latter part of the summer or in autumn traveling down the petiole of the leaf to the buds, where they locate for winter. In the buds they remain in a semi-torpid condition during winter, but sufficiently active to move about if taken into a

PEAR TREE MITE AND BLISTERED LEAVES.

warm room. Doubtless many of the individuals which are belated in their trip from the leaves to the twigs are carried away with the falling leaves to perish, or possibly to gain a foothold on other trees. This seems to be the principal means of distribution from place to place, except as they are carried with the cuttings of trees from one locality to another. With the expansion of the leaves in spring, the mites which survive need only to fasten themselves to the surface to be carried out with its growth and find their food at hand and conditions favorable for their further development. During summer, eggs are developed in the bodies of these adults, a new generation (probably several of them) are produced and the young individuals spread themselves over the leaf to extend the work begun by the first brood of spring. Mr. Graham suggests cutting off the twigs showing the blistered bark; but as most of the mites, at least, will be found in the buds, blisters on the twigs are no indication, and it might be necessary to trim the affected trees very severely to receive much advantage. It frequently happens that certain trees are severely affected while others near by are free. This is doubtless because of the slight facilities the mites have for traveling. In such cases it might be profitable to destroy the badly affected trees. It was thought at Ames, in the horticultural department, that trees treated with fungicide solutions were noticeably more free from mites; and it is quite possible that spraying with the copper solutions will be useful.—Cor. Orange Judd Farmer.

FACTS FOR FARMERS.

THIRTY-ONE bushels of corn and four bushels of potatoes for every man, woman and child in the country were grown last year.

A GREAT many kicking cows might be cured and more prevented by simply trimming the finger-nails often enough to keep them from cutting the teats of the cow.

LANCASTER county, Pa., grows more tobacco than any other county in the United States. The crop grown there in 1889 amounted to 10,217,800 pounds.

THE fat in the milk is the most potent factor in determining the yield and quality of cheese, and the quality of cheese is largely affected by the amount of fat contained in it.

REMOVING the loose bark and swabbing the trees with a solution of concentrated lye will aid in preventing the attacks of bark lice and other insects that work under the bark.

AERATION of milk is excellent, but unless the aeration is done in a pure atmosphere it is of no advantage. The quality of the air has something to do with preventing fermentation.

THE wonderful development of the orange industry of California is seen from the fact that in six counties there are already 1,000,000 trees bearing, and ove 3,000,000 trees on the way to productiveness.

SOME farmers seem to fear to dip deep enough in the feed box, keeping their young stock, dry cows and such other stock as are not bringing in an immediate profit on rations so low as to be of no profit to the feeder.

AN old clover sod, plowed under now, and the soil given an application of wood ashes, is one of the best locations for late potatoes or corn. It is also the best ground for late cabbage, as the cutworms will then be less injurious.

THICK-LEAVED plants, such as oleander, orange, ivy, etc., should be watched for the first appearance of scale insects, which should be brushed off with a toothbrush, taking care to remove every scale, if possible, for if any are left they will multiply.

Better Highways.

The importance of better highways is often overlooked. We get used to bad roads and blame the weather and trudge along. As a people we can rightly lay the responsiblity at our own doors. We have not demanded it. We have not worked for it, and we will not have good roads until we do.

Reflections of the Goat.

How doth the busy little girl,
Improve each passing hour,
By chewing slabs of tulu gum,
With all her lawful power.

How cunningly she wads it up;
How quickly she turns it o'er;
Shifts it from port to starboard,
Then she chews it more and more.

Who taught the little girl the way to work her busy chin?
Who showed her how to twist her jaws,
Such weird grimaces in?

Who taught her deft prehensile tongue
The lasso's work to do?
To corral the elusive gum,
And chew, and chew, and chew?

Ah me, she learned the art at school,
Matriculation day,
And hadn't learned a great deal more,
What time she came away.

Then let us all, with heart and will,
Keep gum on hand to chew,
And find some occupation still,
For idle jaws to do.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Trying to Please Employers.

Mistress—I am surprised. You say you were married six months ago, divorced three months ago, and remarried to your husband last night.

Domestic—Yes'm. You see, at the first place he had they wanted a married man, so we got married, but the next place they wanted a single man, so we got divorced, and I came here. Now he's found a place where they want a man for gardening and wife to cook, so we got married again, and I'm going there with him.—N. Y. Weekly.

MACADAM IN KANSAS.

The "Rock Pile" for State Prisoners and Good Roads.

The principal streets of Fort Scott are macadamized, have been for years, and it costs almost nothing to keep them in repair, although it is a city of some 13,000 people. There is also a government road two miles long—from the town to the northern cemetery—which is macadamized and also covered with a coat of gravel. It has been completed several years, and so far costs nothing or next to nothing for repairs, while it is a wonderful luxury and relief to drive on it, in contrast with the clay roads in a muddy time. Of course macadam will wear out in the long run, and involve expense for improvements, as Mr. Gilbert says, but the outlay will be much less than to keep in repair our present mud roads, and the result is good roads, instead of the quagmires so common now. For a durable road the rock should not be broken too fine; if it is, wagon-wheels coming on it covered with mud will stick to the small pieces and lift them out of place; then holes will be dug, and have to be filled up. This would be apt to occur on a gravel road, but in that case it would cost but little to repair.

When the government road was built those who had it in charge insisted, in opposition to advice of experienced men, upon breaking the material too fine. The result was that while our streets remained smooth the road was soon full of holes and was then covered with gravel. But the government officials (too apt to know little of their business), persisting in their opinions, attributed the wear to the loaded wagons instead of the fineness of the rock, and required the city to prohibit their traveling on it. A man was stationed for a while to warn them off but that folly was soon given up. The best material is granite, but limestone or any other rock, if not broken too fine, will answer a good purpose. Our city keeps its convicts breaking rock; for crime a man is sentenced to so many days "on the rock-pile;" so it always has material ready to repair its streets. Why could not the labor of state prisons be thus utilized? Manufacturers object to competition of prison labor in their business, but convicts should not be kept idle. Why is not this the way out of the difficulty?—Rev. J. R. Saxe, in N. Y. Tribune.

GOOD SOILING CROPS.

Oats and Peas as a Supplement to Midsummer Pastures.

I would like to say a word about the importance of using oats and peas as a soiling crop to supplement the pastures from the middle of July on until the aftergrowth on the mown land has started up, as perhaps some are situated the same as I am—using the four years' course—and do not hesitate to pasture the meadow. By using oats and peas last year I kept the butter yield from my herd almost up to the same as the month before on the best of pasture. I sow the peas on the fresh-plowed land until I think I have enough for a crop and harrow once; then sow on about the same amount of oats and harrow all you wish. If anyone has any idea that he is going to be short of feed let him try oats and peas. He will be surprised to see the amount of feed to be obtained from a small amount of ground, and should he have any left to thrash he will find the mixture the best of stock feed.

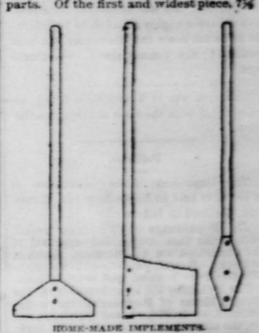
Commence to cut as soon as the oats are headed. The deeper the peas are put in the longer they will keep green. About the time they get too hard for green feed have some early sweet corn ready and do not be afraid to feed ears and all, the more ears the better. By commencing with clover, then oats and peas, then sweet corn (beginning with the earliest variety and then the later kinds, but not planting or drilling over eight or nine quarts per acre if the seed is good), the succession of green feed can be kept up until freezing weather comes. As soon as the first frost comes cut and put in long shocks what corn is left and it will keep in good shape a long time for feed, and your stock goes into winter quarters in fine shape.

Then you want a silo filled with some of the dent varieties and you are all right to have a lot of milk for the winter, especially if the cows come in fresh in the fall.—A. D. Baker, in Breeders' Gazette.

AN OLD HANDSAW.

How One Man Made It Serve a Variety of Purposes.

I took the handle off and presented it to a carpenter. I then had a blacksmith cut the blade crosswise into three parts. Of the first and widest piece, 7½



HOME-MADE IMPLEMENTS.

inches long, I made a sod-axe, as seen in the central figure. Of the second or middle piece, 10½ inches long, I made a strawberry-path cutter, shown at the left; and the remaining piece, 7½ inches long, was transformed into a strawberry pruner, as seen at the right of illustration. The last-named is used for cutting off runners in the early part of the season. It saves stooping and backache, and is useful also for cutting off the roots of large weeds sometimes found in strawberry-beds. These implements were all made sharp on the grindstone.—J. Hayes, in American Garden.

Eloquent Silence.

He—I am going to make you a present of a dozen teaspoons for your birthday. Which do you prefer, gold or silver?

She is silent.

"Well, which do you want, Fanny?"

She is silent some more.

"Why don't you talk up? I ask you which do you prefer, silver or gold?"

"Don't you know, you fool, that speech is silver and silence is gold?"—Texas Siftings.

Rest For the Weary.

"Mr. Heavyhead," said his wife, reproachfully, "it was a shame for you to go to sleep in church this morning. Such a short sermon. Dr. Wunwordmor's manuscript only covered two sheets."

"Just what I always go to sleep between," replied Heavyhead, with the tone of a man who had driven a clincher.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Why He Coughed.

First Wakeful (in sleeping car)—What's that old rooster coughing so violently about?

Second Wakeful—He's sucked a pillow down his windpipe, I presume.—Truth.

A Leap Year Girl.

He—How ch