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THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL. XXIX. BUTLER, PA., JUNE 17, 1892. NO. 32

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

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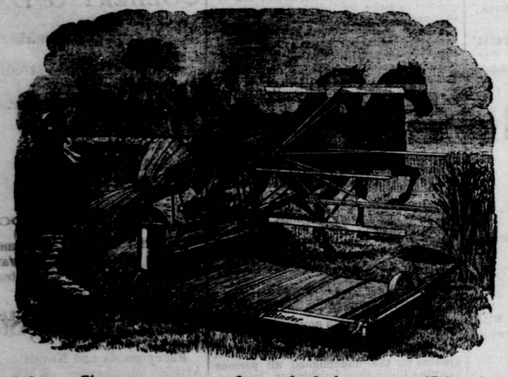

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The Doctor's Dinner.

"MILDRED, I expect Dr. Arnold up from the city today for an operation. As it will probably be late when we are through, I will have to ask him to dine with us," said Dr. Earle to his wife, as they sat at the breakfast table.

"O! Raymond! I have positively nothing in the house for dinner. What shall I do?"

"Can't you get something?" was his brilliant reply to a beseeching look from his pretty young wife.

"I haven't any money," she said, helplessly.

"I have not much—here is my all," said Dr. Earle, laughing, as he put a quarter and a ten-cent piece on the table.

"The widow's mite. What an absurd position for people who live as we do!" exclaimed Mildred, as she glanced about the elegantly furnished apartment. "Don't worry, Ray, I will make it suffice."

"If you need anything more, won't you get it and have it charged just this once, dear?" asked Raymond, persuasively.

"Indeed, Raymond, I cannot. If I do it this once, I will do so again and a again, as difficulties arise, and we will soon find ourselves deeply in debt. Don't ask me, dearest, to sacrifice a matter of principle for a temporary inconvenience."

"Say, Millie, can't you serve the dinner in courses? Just a little style, you know. You see he generally dines at a swell club, and I am afraid things will seem very plain to him," Dr. Earle said, hesitatingly.

"I will do so, if you think best. Good-by. I will look for you and your gourmand at seven," and Mildred spoke more cheerfully than she looked.

After her husband left, Millie walked slowly into the sitting-room and threw herself down on the lounge, despair in her very attitude.

"What is the matter now, Millie?" asked Bessie, her sister, who was arranging chrysanthemums in a large cut glass bowl.

"Only a swell city M. D. here to dinner, Bessie."

"How dreadful!"

"And he is not an everyday cannibal, but wants his missionaries served in courses, a la Delmonico."

"The fiend!"

"The worst is yet to come. I am almost penniless, and you know yourself to what our larder is reduced. Now what is to be done?" Mildred laughed to disguise a sigh.

"Nothing, apparently; everything, I hope," cheerily replied Bessie, who was never known to be depressed by anything. "First course, 'mums,' in a fifty-dollar bowl."

Mildred was counting her money.

"Thirty-five from Ray, and ten and five make fifty, and one, two, five pennies. Why here are two more; fifty-seven cents, all told."

Bessie, who was engaged in a prolonged search through a large pocket-book filled with a very miscellaneous assortment of articles, finally produced a dime.

"After an investigation worthy of a bacteriologist, I find a dime. Take it, sister, it is my all! It could not go in a nobler cause. If those hard-hearted editors had only known my bankrupt condition, they would never have been cruel enough to return my charming verses."

Mildred and Bessie were orphans. The large fortune left them by their father had been in the hands of a trust company, by the failure of which, just before Bessie became of age, they were left almost penniless. Mildred married Dr. Raymond Earle, a young physician to whom she had been engaged for some time. Bessie lived with her sister and managed to earn enough with her pen to keep her "in bread and cheese but no caramels," as she graphically expressed it.

Elegant wedding gifts from a large circle of wealthy friends, added to their

MILDRED WAS COUNTING HER MONEY.

already luxurious home, which was all that was left from the wreck of their fortunes, thus surrounded them with an elegance that rendered the lack of ready money the more absurd.

"Sixty-seven cents: not a fortune, but much better than nothing. I'll buy —" but just here Mildred was interrupted by a ring at the door-bell.

"I'll go," said Bessie. She returned with a very solemn face. "It's the expressman with a case for Dr. Arnold, sent to our care, and fifty cents to pay."

"Oh dear!" groaned Mildred, "my dinner, my dinner!"

"Well, I have my opinion of a man who is too particular to carry a little package like that! Ugh!" exclaimed Bessie as she came back into the room after leaving the case in the office till sent for.

"Bessie," said Mildred, handing her seventeen cents, "you will have to go to the store and spend every cent we have for half a pound of butter. It is awful!"

"Sister, I am glad the burden of spending all that money to the best advantage is off our minds. We would have been so fearful of squandering it. Come! dry those tears and let us get to work. What was to have served for our frugal meal?" inquired Bessie.

"Apple dumplings. You know Ray always enjoys them, so he won't mind making a dinner of them; and I have everything for them in the house, and it is about all, too, except bread."

"Then dumplings it will have to be unless you will make an exception to your rule and let me order a roast from the butcher's."

"No; I positively will not go in debt for anything!"

"But, Millie dear, will not Raymond be angry?"

"I know he will, Bessie, and I am perfectly miserable; but I dare not break my word and be false to the principles our father taught us," said Mildred, wiping the tears from her anxious but determined face.

"Then let's to work with what we have, sister;" and Bessie rolled up the sleeves of her dainty morning-gown, displaying her dimpled, snowy arms.

"It is fortunate that Ray is not coming in for lunch, there is so much to do to-day with all the cleaning," observed Mildred as she donned a big gingham apron.

"What are we to do about the waiting?" inquired Bessie as she began to polish some of the silver from the sideboard.

"It certainly will be strange to have a course dinner in an elegant furnished house with nothing to eat and no servant," replied Mildred.

"I have it! I will be Biddy. In a cap and apron I will be perfect; and I could not bear to sit down to the table with the monster, anyway, making us pay fifty cents for him! Ugh! the fiend!"

"Bess, will you, really? It will be a wonderful help. You are an angel!" and the clouds lifted slightly from Mildred's face as she gave her sister a kiss on her merry rosebud of a mouth.

Promptly at six Mildred's husband arrived with the much-dreaded guest, Dr. Arnold. He was a man approaching middle age, intellectual in appearance rather than handsome, with a simple, engaging manner.

Dr. Arnold was much impressed by his beautiful young hostess and her elegant surroundings, but he was quite unprepared for the elegance of the appointments when they were ushered in to dinner. The table was laid with the finest of damask, while elegant cut-glass sparkled in the soft light from a silver candelabrum. The china, too, even his untrained eyes noted, was exquisitely decorated.

"Surely my young confrere must have prospered beyond the wont of most young men in our profession to be surrounded by so much luxury," he mused, as his eyes rested on the elegantly carved oak sideboard with the massive silver service.

The head of the house took his seat at the table, a smile of pride and satisfaction upon his handsome face. "I knew Mildred would manage to get us something nice. She is a regular witch about managing on almost nothing. If she only had not such fanatical notions about paying as we go!" he was thinking.

He glanced at his wife. Her cheeks were flushed but the rest of her face unusually pale. They were seated at the table and Raymond was about to inquire for Bessie when she appeared. Her rebellious golden curls, smoothed and darkened with vaseline, were tucked under a white cap. She wore a plain dark dress and a large white apron. He endeavored to hide his amusement. Of course he understood it now. Bridget had been gone about two months and his wife had insisted on not filling her place until business, or rather collections, were better. A bright idea of Bessie's! He would remember it when Christmas came.

Bessie carried a tray upon which were three fine china soup plates, in each of which, in a sea of soft sauce, floated two dumplings no larger than peaches. Both of the gentlemen ate the "soup," as they saw it was intended to be, with perplexity mingled with enjoyment; it tasted suspiciously like apple dumplings—very delightful, but slightly unusual just at the time. Raymond was sure Bessie was getting mixed.

The beautiful maid removed the plates and brought in her waiter refilled. This time, served on dinner-plates, there were big, fat, luscious apple-dumplings; none but "mother" ever before attained anything so light and so delicious. Golden butter and the whitest and lightest of home-made bread were served with this course.

Of course Dr. Arnold was surprised at this new form of a meal, but, man-like, found no fault with what satisfied his appetite and pleased his palate, and he caused his dumpling to disappear with astonishing rapidity. But one other object divided his attention—the waitress. Of course it was highly improper to notice her, but his eyes would wander. What a rosy mouth!—so saucy; and such beautiful deep blue eyes! The face seemed a little familiar to him. The white hand as it passed the bread positively bewitched him. He made efforts at conversation, but his attention would wander, which was indeed fortunate for poor Mildred, who was by this time quite crushed beneath Raymond's angry glances, which had been unintermittent since the arrival of the second dumplings.

"By the way," remarked Dr. Arnold, "I sent my surgical case by express today. I don't like carrying even a comparatively light weight previous to an important operation. I imagine it causes my hand to be a trifle unsteady. If you will kindly tell me the charge, Mrs. Earle, I will settle with your husband."

"Fifty cents," replied Mildred—with relief in her tone. She had unfortunately been unable to secure a word alone with her husband to explain to him how she had been obliged to use the money.

"Poor girl! that did put her in a hole," thought Dr. Earle, and the cloud on his face lifted a trifle; "but she should have given up about not having things charged, rather than mortify me. I'll not forgive her." And Dr. Earle looked very savage when his guest's attention was directed to his plate.

The maid removed Dr. Arnold's well-cleared plate. Evidently he and Bessie were the only ones enjoying the dinner. Mildred and her husband made but a pretense of eating. This time a diversion was made by a plate of flaky biscuit and a dish of preserved fruit. Then again came the inevitable dumplings; this time they were square baked dumplings, of a golden brown, flaked, irresistible. Dr. Arnold was both amused and delighted. Never since the days of childhood had he enjoyed such a feast. He looked toward his host. He was vainly trying to hide unspeakable rage under a smile. His hostess looked distressed, her eyes suspiciously bright, though she tried bravely to converse pleasantly.

After the hostess left them, Dr. Arnold, who had been pondering long and deeply over the distrait and uncomfortable appearance of his friend, determined to speak.

"What is the trouble, doctor? You seem worried. Anything I can do?"

"Nothing — nothing — only—" Dr. Earle hesitated, then continued in a sharp, irritated tone: "I am very sorry to have had nothing better to have offered you for dinner."

"Anything better for dinner? Why, old man, I never enjoyed a dinner so much in my life!"

Why is it that when a man wishes to soothe or caress another man, he always addresses him as 'old man?'

"Don't be sarcastic, please," said Raymond Earle, bitterly.

"Believe me, Earle, I am in dead earnest when I say I enjoyed my dinner immensely. The only drawback was I did not dare ask your wife for another of those last. I have not tasted anything half so good since I was a boy and mother would have 'dumplin's' when I came home from boarding school. I used to save up my appetite for them all through the term."

"Good!" exclaimed Bessie, who was by the door happening to overhear what was said. She reported to Mildred, weeping in the kitchen.

"Millie, dear, he said the dinner was just splendid! Now do stop crying and I'll go hear some more."

And she was back in time to hear this:

"Dr. Earle, your wife is indeed a woman to be proud of. One who will incur a husband's anger—no light matter to a loving wife—rather than sacrifice a matter of principle, is truly a martyr."

"I suppose so, but—" protested Raymond, unable to quite dissipate his chagrin.

"No more apologies to me, please. If you had not insisted on a course dinner it would have been much easier for your wife, but not so well for me; for I never would have dared ask for so many apple dumplings as I ate to-night. By the way, is your cook engaged?—matrimonially I mean. If not, do you think I would stand a chance?"

"I cannot say. Arnold, really," and Raymond Earle laughed heartily, chasing every cloud from his handsome face, "but I suspect the waitress made them."

Bessie groaned.

"The pretty waitress?" cried Herbert Arnold, with unfeigned interest. "Well —say! suppose you just tell me who she is. I scent a mystery."

"Oh, Ray! Don't tell! Please don't, please!" Bessie murmured under her breath, her cheeks a deeper rose.

Raymond Earle hesitated for a moment, then with a hearty laugh explained: "I don't feel quite as sensitive about my poverty as I did a few hours ago, for two large checks, long delayed, came by the last mail. So if you will just step into the kitchen—"

Bessie fled precipitately, and did not hear her brother-in-law's explanation.

"O Millie! they are coming out here! Ray isn't mad now, so do stop crying! I'll run down cellar—" tugging desperately at the sleeves above her dimpled elbows.

Before Bessie could escape she heard: "Bessie, allow me to introduce—" and she was obliged to turn and greet "the fiend," as she called him.

Mildred flew to hide her tear-stained face, and her husband followed to atone for his unkindness and acknowledge his foolishness in being ashamed of an empty purse when it was through no fault of his own.

Bessie, left alone to entertain the "august specialist," continued to wipe the dishes with charming, though wholly assumed, nonchalance. If Bessie in her forced silence had been pleasing, with her wit and merry laughter she was simply irresistible. Besides, she confessed to having been the maker of the unequaled apple-dumplings.

Herbert Arnold was so evidently interested and fascinated by Miss Bessie, that she felt obliged to confess him at least a gentleman of taste; and before the year was out, after much persuasion she concluded to marry "the fiend" —upon the one condition, that she would not have to make him dumplings more than once a week.—Marjorie F. Latimer, in Demorest's Magazine.

BESSIE CONTINUED TO WIPE THE DISHES.

Did Not Fill the Bill.

Old Lady—There is one thing I notice particularly about that young man who calls to see you. He seems to have an inborn, instinctive respect for woman. He treats every woman as though she were a being from a higher sphere, to be approached only with the utmost delicacy and deference.

Granddaughter (sweet eighteen)—Yes, he's horridly bashful. — N. Y. Weekly.

The Three Graces.

"There go two of the three things that I most admire in this world," said a Kentuckian, pointing to a lady on horseback, "a fine looking woman and a good horse."

"And what is the third thing, colonel, which you most admire?"

The colonel crooked his finger significantly, and his friend said he didn't care if he did.—Texas Siftings.

In Lunnon.

Miss Chumperton-Chumps (of England)—Every girl in town wants to marry Lord Hasbroke even though he is so dissipated.

Miss Newgold (of America, superiorly)—Yes; but I'm the only girl whose parents are willing to allow her to run such a risk.—Puck.

An Allopathic Dose.

Mrs. Dillingham (grass widow, glancing coquettishly up from book)—Do you know I have just made such an odd mistake. I've written it window instead of widow.

Mr. Brown (crusty old bachelor, peering over his paper)—Quite right, madam, for whenever I see a widow I always look out.—Life.

NOT MUCH.

Sambo—Mose Washington, I yerd a fella insultin' yo dis mawnin'—sayin' dat yo had freckles.

Mose—Who's got freckles! Who's got freckles! Dem ain' freckles, dey's warts. Where is de insultin' rascal?—Judge.

His Successor.

An Arkansas editor thus announced an important event in the local newspaper world:

It is with a feeling of distress that we retire from the active control of this paper, but we leave our journal with a gentleman who is financially better able than we are to handle it. The gentleman is well known in this community. He is the sheriff.

Business About to Pick Up.

"Wilkins," said the proprietor of the greenhouse, "how are we off for flowers this morning?"

"We've got a pretty good supply," replied the junior florist.

"Plenty of 'Jack' roses, American Beauties, violets and lilies of the valley?"

"Lots of 'em."

"Raise the price of them twenty-five per cent. and engage an assistant. They've got another wife-murderer in jail."—Chicago Tribune.

Her Successor.

Jones—I see you have a new stenographer. Is Miss Blicker married?

Jackson—That's just the trouble.

Jones—Well, you did a good thing to get a man in her place. These pesky girls get married as soon as they get a good situation.

Jackson—I thought it advisable to get a man, and Miss Blicker insisted upon it.

Jones—But wasn't it a little out of her sphere to dictate as to her successor?

Jackson—I married her.—Judge.

Solving Two Problems.

Mrs. Dullard—I don't see how you manage to get along with a girl.

Mrs. Sharpe—I have a great many relatives who like to visit me, and I make them help.

Mrs. Dullard—Y-e-s; but they'll soon get tired of that and stop coming.

Mrs. Sharpe—Then I'll get a girl.—Puck.

An Excuse.

"Did you destroy this feather duster?" asked Freddie's mother.

"Yes'm," answered Freddie; "I wanted to be an Indian chief."

"But don't you know that they cost money?" queried his mother.

"*I* did," said Freddie; "but Indian chiefs don't think of such things."—Harper's Young People.

Too Much Curiosity.

A Berlin gentleman called on his doctor, who showed his patient over the house and pointed out many articles of bric-a-brac.

"You house is beautifully furnished, doctor," remarked the visitor. "Where did you get all these things? Did you inherit them from your patients?"

A Cautious Lover.

"Did I understand you to offer me your hand in matrimony?"

"Well, Miss Esmeralda, I didn't exactly commit myself, but what I wanted to know was if your hand were free and if I were to propose would you be inclined to give me a favorable answer?"—Texas Siftings.

So Arduous, You Know.

Codling—Why, chapple, you look fatigued. What's the trouble?

Goslin—I am quite tired, Cholly. I got up this mawning ten minutes earlier than usual, instead of remaining in bed ten minutes later than usual, as I generally do.—Harper's Bazar.

A Joke on the Tall Girl.

"Miss Longstrait made a little call today."

"That would seem impossible."

"How?"

"Why, her stays must be very long."—Jury.

A Good Answer.

Passenger (on whom water is dripping through roof of horse-car during shower, angrily to conductor)—Say, is this always the case?

Conductor — No, sir; only when it rains.—Judge.

Tired of the Load.

Atlas—Did I hear some one say that he wanted the earth?

Jupiter—It is quite possible you did.

Atlas—Shade of Demagorgon! Who was it? I'm willing to part with it.—Puck.

And No Game Law Hampers Him.

A busy hunter is the man who tries
To shoot each folly as it swiftly flies.
The wide, wide world is his hunting ground,
And the gunning is good the whole year round.
—Chicago Tribune.

Her Accomplishment.

Boston Young Man—Is your cousin from the west familiar with French and German?

Boston Miss—No; but she speaks English with variations.—Judge.

Modern Love.

Leap Year the lover needs no lute
His passion to attest;
Now, he has but to press his suit,
And she will do the rest.
—Puck.

Reversing the Order.

Gasket—I have decided to marry and settle up.

Dolley—Most people marry and settle down.

Gasket—But I am going to marry the rich Miss Roxy and pay my debts.—Detroit Free Press.

A Sure Thing.

Miss Jones (the daughter of his employer)—I don't believe, Mr. Cashier, that pa will give his consent.

Mr. Cashier—Oh, yes, he will after he has examined the books. He will want to keep the money in the family.—Texas Siftings.

Too Previous.

Rowne de Bout—Look here, you sent around to borrow that new black coat of mine last week, and you haven't returned it.

Upson Downes—Great heavens! old man, the wedding season isn't half over yet.—Puck.

Just the Thing.

Guest—There's a chicken in this egg.

Waiter—Of course there is. What did you expect—a duck?—Brooklyn Life.

EASY ENOUGH.

Young Housewife (making her first cake as per directions in cook book)—And then add six eggs; stirring thoroughly. (Drops the eggs in and follows directions.)—Puck.

A Permanent Investment.

"Is there any money in farming?"

"Yes," replied the amateur farmer, confidently, "I know there is, because I put some in once, and I'm sure I haven't taken it all out yet."—Jury.

Very Accomplished.

Bessie Norris—I wonder why Kitty Winslow is such a social favorite. She doesn't sing, or play, or even recite.

Tom De Witt—Probably that's the reason.—Truth.

Kenniboy Asks a Question.

"Papa," said Kenniboy, "did mamma use to make you stop doing things you wanted to do when you were as little as me?"—Harper's Young People.

Convincing Proof.

Johnny (to his little playmate, Jimmie)—Say, my big brother thinks an awful lot of your sister.

"How do you know?"

"Cause he gave her a bowlful of butternuts, and every meat was picked out whole."—Harper's Young People.

Had Seen Better Days.

"I once had an income of five dollars a minute," said the man who had just accepted a dime with profuse thanks.

"Really?"

"Yes, indeed. It only lasted three minutes, though. I was playing faro at the time."—Indianapolis Journal.

Ardent Spirits.

Miss Mehitabel—Mr. Blakesly, the trance medium, seems to be very ardent in his belief.

Miss Blanche—He probably gets that quality from the spirits. We often hear of ardent spirits, you know.—Pharmaceutical Era.

She Loved Him.

"Gwendoline, darling, do you love me?"

"Have you satisfied my father with regard to your social and financial standing?"

"I have."

"And I am to have the elegant establishment you promised?"

"You are."

"Horses, carriages, diamonds, and so forth?"

"Everything."

"Then I do love you, Reginald."—N.

SOME SPRING HINTS.

How to Cultivate Early-Planted Crops, Trees and Lawns.

Early planted crops, or ground that was early worked, has become more or less crusted on the surface. With a good steel rake pulverize this surface, and change it to a finely-mellowed top soil. This will hasten growth and any foul seeds just starting will be destroyed.

In cultivating potatoes avoid the common practice of drawing the earth in hills around the plants, because in doing so you scrape the earth away from the roots between the rows and pile it up needlessly high against the plants. Fig. 1 shows the hill, with the natural level, and the mass of soil piled above it. It is easily tested by experiment. Cultivate ten rows level and ten in heaps, and the level hills, when the crop is measured, will have from ten to twenty per cent. more potatoes. There will be a difference between

Fig. 1. Fig. 2.

slight hills and steep hills, and there will be a difference in soils. Try both ways and compare the results.

Take the same care in cultivating corn, the roots of which are nearer the surface than potato roots and more easily injured. Both corn and potatoes send out roots from the young plants two or three times as long as the height of the plants. Avoid cutting the corn roots, therefore, near the plants. Fig. 2 represents a hilled young plant, the dotted lines showing how the roots are cut off when working deep and near.

Early in the season is the time for thumb-pruning. By the time or before the young shoots have grown an inch or two, the owner can see very plainly which of these shoots ought to be rubbed off, so as to leave the right ones to form a neat symmetrical head, or a well-trained grapevine. This practice is immeasurably better than allowing all to grow on a tree till they are as large as one's arm, and have become crooked, crossing and crowding each other, and when cut off with saw and ax leaving a bad wound.

Pruning ornamental and other hedges, or shortening them back to promote thick growth, must always be done before the buds swell, if growth is to be favored; but it may be done as the buds are opening, or when the plants or trees

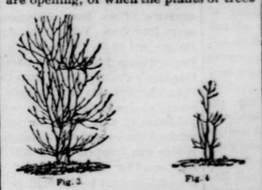

Fig. 3. Fig. 4

are in leaf, if the object is to check or prevent growth. Fig. 3 represents a hedge plant pruned early in the spring and well cultivated. Fig. 4 shows the checked or stunted appearance of such a plant cut back or pruned in June or July.

Fruit trees from the nursery may be set out, if they were dug early and kept from growing in a cool place, even if the leaves are partly expanded, but the shoots should never be shortened back after the swelling of the buds. Mulch well all small or newly set trees, if they happen to stand where regular cultivation cannot be given them. Young cherry trees specially require mulching, if the summer is dry and hot.

Thinning the young fruit on overloaded trees while yet small may be done more easily than after becoming larger, and with far less labor than gathering and assorting the whole crop at maturity, besides preventing the exhaustion of the tree by needless overbearing.

Lawn mowing with the land machine, wherever practicable, should be done after the grass has been well washed by a rain, and the grit and dust removed which so often dulls the cutting blades. For the same reason set the knives so as to cut rather high, avoiding the sand near the ground, allowing the grass stronger roots and better growth than by close cutting.—Country Gentleman.

AROUND THE FARM.

TO DETECT the adulteration of paris green put a teaspoonful in a glass of strong ammonia water. The paris green should dissolve completely. It is a very simple method, and enables anyone to make the test.

ABOUT the last of June is the proper time to thin fruit, when it is about the size of butternuts. Very thorough thinning is advisable. Thinning of the fruit is also a great relief to the overtaxed soil.—George H. Powell.

A RECIPE for breaking up a setting hen is as follows: Let her set for a few days and then put her in a box with lath nailed in the bottom a few inches apart. Elevate the box and the hen will soon get tired of her setting.

SET out but few early cabbages for a family supply. The main crop of cabbage should be for the winter, and should not be transplanted until quite late. Cauliflower should be transplanted at the same time as early cabbage.

GRASSES are conservers of soil and prevent washing and leaching. Rotation checks some kinds of insect ravages and fungi. The corn root worm does not feed on clover roots. The clover root borer does not bore corn roots or roots of wheat, oats, etc.

THE summer is the time to push the pigs. They should be kept in growth, so as to make a large frame upon which to put the fat late in the fall. A clover patch, with skim milk and bran at night, will be much better for them than to allow them corn.

OPENING THE SEASON.

Mother—Why, for goodness' sake, Adrian —

Adrian—Don't say nuthin', mother. Do you hear them shouts? We have beaten the champion Mudlung nine and killed an umpire!

Our artist has attempted to depict the smile which lighted his countenance at this moment.—Brooklyn Life.

Dunkel's Will.

Dunkel (to lawyer who is making out his will)—I vont do leaf each clerk ten dousand dollars dot haf been in my emb-loy twenty years.

Lawyer—Why, that's too liberal, Mr. Dunkel.

Dunkel—Ah, dot's it. None of 'tem haf peen mit me ofer von year, und it makes a good free advertisements for my poys ven I'm *dead*, ain'd it?—Judge.

WHAT WEEDS ARE.

A Distinction Which Is Purely Human and Artificial.

A question often debated is what constitutes a weed. There is in nature no such thing as a weed. The distinction is purely human and artificial. We may call any plant a weed which obtrudes itself where it is not wanted. Wheat plants in the flower garden and flowering plants in the wheat field are equally weeds. The plants most commonly called weeds are those which with inveterate persistency force their presence into our fields and gardens, crowding out the useful plants whose seeds we have sown.

The reason why the weeds of cultivated grounds are so obtrusive is because, by the continued "survival of the fittest" in the war waged against them by the husbandman and by other species, these plants have developed at length wonderful powers of seed-production, or contrivances for disseminating and protecting their seeds. On the other hand, our cultivated plants, having been petted and protected from free competition for ages, have at length, in a great measure, lost their natural stamina, and when the weather or some other accident restrains human aid and gives the weeds an opportunity, our cultivated plants make a sorry fight.

One of our most notorious weeds is chess or cheat grass, which in wet seasons sometimes takes entire possession of wheat and oat fields. Farmers often say that under stress of the weather their wheat has turned to chess. The real fact is that wheat belongs to a particular and well-defined genus called by botanists *Triticum*. Chess belongs to a different but well-known genus called *Bromus*. Wheat having for over four thousand years been artificially cultivated and protected has become physically degenerate. Chess having been allowed to shift for itself or been ruthlessly hunted has by the continued survival of the strongest individuals increased its native stamina. Wheat is favored by rather dry weather, chess by wet weather; hence when wheat is sown upon ground already infested by self-grown chess seed, and the season proves very moist, the chess gets the upper hand and smothers the wheat. But there has been no transmutation of genus. The chess came from chess seeds, not from wheat seeds. It is just as impossible for the weather to cause wheat to turn to chess as it is to cause a sheep to turn to a goat or a horse to a cow.—Chautauquan.

SPRAYING FRUIT TREES.

It Should Never Be Done Until After the Blossoms Have Fallen.

There can be no date fixed for spraying fruit trees as the seasons vary so much. My experience is that the best time is when apples or pears are about the size of a small cherry. The codling moth does not deposit her eggs until the blossom is fully opened, and a large majority of them not until after the blossom has fallen off. I should not expect to receive much benefit by spraying while the trees were in blossom, but I should fear injury by causing the trees to blast, says a writer in American Bee Journal. I recommend waiting until the fruit is as large as a cherry, because for two or three days after the blossoms fall, the stamens and pistils remain in the calyx. This makes it difficult to force the spray into the calyx where it is wanted. We want the time as short as possible between the spraying and the hatching out of the egg, because we are liable to have heavy rains, which would make it necessary to do the work over again. A second spraying a week or ten days later will very well pay for the expense. The codling moth deposits her eggs when the tree is in blossom, or soon after, in the calyx or "blow" end of the fruit, where it hatches out in ten days or two weeks, and immediately bores and eats its way to the center of the same. Our object is to spray some of the poisoned water into the cup-shaped caly