State Library

THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL. XXIX. BUTLER, PA., JULY 29, 1892. NO. 37

What Draws the Trade,
What Holds the Trade,
What Increases the Trade

AT BICKEL'S

Low Prices and Good Goods Does the Work.

A Great Effort to Close Out

all odds and ends will be made, and if low prices will move goods they will certainly go. The season being far advanced all summer goods must go at once.

Read Our High Price Killer, It Makes Our Customers Happy and Competition Depressed. The Like Was Never Known.

Men's good solid plow shoes	$ 75
Men's hand-pegged, 2-buckle, shoes	1 00
Men's high cut Creedmoor's tap sole	1 00
Men's oil grain shoes, buckle or congress	1 15
Men's fine satin buff shoes, lace or congress	1 25
Men's fine calf and kangaroo shoes	2 00

THIS LIST WILL BEAR CLOSE INSPECTION.

Ladies' fine dongola button, patent tips	$1 15
" " " " shoes, plain	1 05
" grain button shoes	1 00
" walking shoes, tips	75
" patent leather oxfords	1 00
" Southern ties	1 20

A Car Load of Samples at Half Price.

All Pat. Leather Goods Must Go.

In order to close all my pat. leather shoes and oxfords I have placed them on sale below cost. When you are in ask to see them.

Will You Attend this Sale?

It Means Money to You.

ALL MAIL ORDERS FILLED PROMPTLY.

Remember the Place.

JOHN BICKEL.

No. 128 South Main Street Butler, Pa.

HAVE YOU HEARD OF THE GREAT BARGAINS THAT Vogeley & Bancroft Are Giving the People For Two Weeks Only.

Everybody Wears Shoes.
Now is you chance to buy them.
Don't wait and lose a chance
That will save you money.
Remember we are offering our complete line at a sacrifice--We are not fooling.
Give us a call and be convinced.

The Popular Shoe Store.

VOGELEY AND BANCROFT

No. 347 South Main Street,
OPPOSITE WILLARD HOUSE,
BUTLER - - - - - - - PA.

Diamonds { RINGS, EAR-RINGS, SCARF PINS, STUDS,
Watches { GENTS GOLD, LADIES GOLD, GENTS SILVER LADIES CHATLAIN,
Jewelry { Gold Pins, Ear-rings, Rings, Chains, Bracelets, Etc,
Silverware { Tea sets, castors, butter dishes and everything that can be found in a first class store,
RODGER BROS. 1847 { Knives, Forks, Spoons—Triple Plate.

E. GRIEB, THE JEWELER

No. 139, North Main St., BUTLER, PA.,

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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

L. M. REINSEL, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office and residence at 127 E. Cunningham St.

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

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

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

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

V. McALPINE,
Dentist,
is now permanently located at 129 South Main Street Butler, Pa., in rooms formerly occupied by Dr. Waldron.

DR. S. A. JOHNSTON.
DENTIST, - - BUTLER, PA.
Gold Filling Painless Extraction of Teeth and Artificial Teeth without Plates a Specialty Nitrous Oxide or Vitalized Air or Local Anæsthetics used.
Office over Millers Grocery east of Lowry House.
Office closed Wednesdays and Thursdays.

J. J. DONALDSON, Dentist.
Butler, Penn'a.
Artificial Teeth inserted on the latest improved plan. Gold Filling a specialty. Office—over Schaul's Clothing Store.

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

A. B. C. McFARLAND.
Att'y at Law and Notary Public—Office on S. Diamond St.—opposite the Court House—second floor.

H. Q. WALKER,
Attorney-at-Law—Office in Diamond Block, Butler, Pa.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

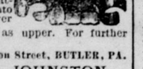
BUTLER COUNTY
Mutual Fire Insurance Co,
Office Cor. Main & Cunningham Sts.
H. C. HEINEMAN, SECRETARY.
DIRECTORS:

Alfred Wick,	Henderson Oliver,
Dr. W. Irvin,	James Stephenson,
W. W. Blackmore,	N. Weitzel,
F. Bowman,	D. T. Norris,
Geo. Ketterer,	Chas. Rebhun,
John Grohman,	John Koening.

LOYAL S. M'JUNKIN, Agent.
BUTLER, PA.

DR. JOHNSTON'S IMPROVEMENT IN DENTAL PLATES.
Patented February 25, 1890.

This improvement does away with the large suction plate in common use. The plates are very small, only about one-eighth to one-fourth the usual size, and being constructed on true mechanical principles, fit the mouth with perfect accuracy. Any number of teeth can be put in without extracting any good teeth you may have, and no plate in the roof of the mouth. The patent plate is specially adapted to partial lower dentures, since it is well-known that the dental profession have nothing successful to offer in that line; and furthermore, partial lower plates have not nor cannot be successfully made by any other known method. This is an important matter when we take into consideration that lower teeth are as necessary as upper. For further information, call at



Rooms 114 East Jefferson Street, BUTLER, PA.
DR. S. A. JOHNSTON.

DO YOU COUGH DON'T DELAY TAKE KEMP'S BALSAM THE BEST COUGH CURE

It Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles, 50 cents and $1.00.

CHAPTER IV.
ON BOARD THE ARK.

There was no need for Arthur to ask any questions, when he was roused in the middle of the second night after Uncle Phin's departure. He realized at once what was required of him, and the heaviness of sleep instantly vanished, leaving him keenly wide-awake. Stepping softly from his bed, he quickly dressed, while the old negro gathered together every thing belonging to his "lil marse," and placed the things in a corn sack that he had brought for that purpose.

"Is that yo' book, honey?" he whispered, noticing the volume of fairy tales lying on the bed.

"Yes, that is my own precious book, that the beautiful lady gave me; but don't put it in the bag, Uncle Phin; I want to carry it myself."

Then the thoughtful little fellow, since he could not bid Cynthia good-bye, and feared she might feel hurt if he went away without a word, begged his companion to wait just a minute, while he wrote her a note. He wrote it by the bright moonlight, on a bit of brown paper, with the stump of a lead pencil, so that it was not a very elegant production, but it answered its purpose, and was tenderly cherished for many a day by the little girl who received it the next morning. In it, in a big, scrawling, boyish hand, was written:

"Dear Cynthia: I have been so much trouble here, specially to Aunt Nancy and Dick, that I am going away with Uncle Fin, to find another home. I love you dearly, and sometimes I hope I shall come back and see you. Good-bye, from

"Your loving cousin, Arthur."

Although the old negro was in a hurry to be off, he waited patiently while Arthur slowly wrote this note. To him writing was one of the most mysterious and difficult of arts; and, gazing admiringly at the young penman, he murmured to himself:

"What a fine lilly gen'l'man him be, to be shuah. Hfm only ten year ole; but settin' dar an er writin' like he was a hundred."

When the note was finished it was pinned to the pillow of the cot bed; and, with a lingering look at the place that had sheltered him for a year, the child stepped out and softly closed the door. Then, clasping his precious book tightly under his arm, and trustingly following the old negro, Arthur started on the wonderful journey that was to change the whole course of his life, though he was still ignorant of their destination.

When they were safely behind the barn, out of sight and hearing of the house, Uncle Phin stopped and said: "Dere's only one t'ing trubblin' dis yeah ole woolly head. Will you tell, honey, fer shuah, what way de ribber ober yander is a runnin'?"

"Which, the Allegheny? Why south, of course," answered Arthur, wondering at the question.

"Dat's what I 'lowed it done!" exclaimed the old man. "I knowed it didn' run yeast, kase dat ar' way de sun rise, an' I knowed it didn' run wes', kase dat ar' way him a settin'; but I wasn' rightly shuah him didn' run to de norf. I was figgerin' all de time dough on him runnin' to de south, an' now we'll git back to ole Virginny easy an' sartin."

"To Virginia!" cried Arthur, in dismay. "Are we going to try and go way to Virginia, Uncle Phin?"

"Oh cose we is, honey. We's er gwine to Virginny, an' Dalecourt, an' yo gran'paw, an' de li'l ole cabin by de magnole tree. We is gwine to go 'ome shuah 'nough, honey."

"But how are we ever going to travel so far?"

"You'll see, honey. You'll see d'reckly," chuckled the other. "I'se got a great s'prise in sto' fer you. Hyar's de kerridge a waitin' on us now, an' Mista Ballas is gwine dribe us to de kyars."

They were now on the road, at some distance from the house, and as Uncle Phin spoke, Arthur saw drawn up to one side in the shadow of a clump of trees Brace Barlow's team and leaning against the light wagon the young man himself.

"Oh, Brace!" he cried, springing forward the moment he saw who it was. "I'm so glad! I didn't want to go away without seeing you again. Are you really going with us?"

"I wish I could go with you all the way, my boy, and see you safe to your journey's end, but you know I can't leave my old mother. So I am only going to give you a lift for a little way and see that you get a good start. Jump in quick now, for we've got a long drive ahead of us and I must be back by daylight."

As the spirited horses dashed away over the moonlit road with Arthur

THE SPIRITED HORSES DASHED AWAY OVER THE MOONLIT ROAD.

nestled between Brace and Uncle Phin on the single seat of the wagon, the boy learned how it happened that his friend had been induced to aid them in their flight. Uncle Phin had gone directly to him two nights before, and roused his indignation by describing the unhappy life his young charge was leading, and how much he suffered at the hands of Mrs. Dustin and her children. Then he told Brace of Dalecourt, and gave him to understand that Colonel Dale was ready to receive his grandson with open arms, whenever he should go to him.

The kind-hearted young fellow, entertaining a sincere regard for the little chap who had recently rendered him so great a service, readily agreed to a plan that promised so much of good to the boy, and willingly consented to assist him and Uncle Phin to make a start on their journey. He devoted two whole days to the task of preparing for it, and did so much more than Uncle Phin had dared ask or hope for, as to win the old man's everlasting gratitude and render the first stage of their journey comparatively easy.

For some time Arthur enjoyed the exciting night ride over the steep mountain roads, across deep valleys, and through forests, all bathed in the glorious, unclouded moonlight. He did not ask whither he was being taken. Nestled warmly between his two best friends, he felt perfectly safe and happy. He knew that they would do what was best for him, and the very mystery and uncertainty attending this part of the journey had lent it a fascination. At length his weary head nodded, the heavy eyelids closed, and, sound asleep, he was unconscious of his surroundings until the horses stopped and he awoke to find himself being lifted from the wagon.

There was a gleam of moonlit water in his eyes, and as he dimly realized that he was on the bank of a river, strong arms bore him into the cabin of a queer-looking craft that lay moored to the forest trees. Here the boy was gently laid down and was vaguely conscious that Brace Barlow was bidding him good-bye, when the sleepy eyelids again closed and the child passed on into dreamland.

The young man stood looking at the sleeping boy for a full minute. As he did so he said, softly: "Dear little chap! I hate to have you go away and to think I may never see you again. But I suppose it's the best thing to be done or I wouldn't have lifted a hand to help it along. I only hope it will come out all right, and that you'll have a happier life in the place you're going to than you ever could have had here. God bless you."

It was a benediction as well as the farewell of one brave soul to another. As he uttered it the young man slipped a bank bill between two pages of the book the boy had clasped so closely, but which had now fallen from his hands.

"It's little enough," he said to himself, as he turned away, "but it's all I've got, and may be it will help him out of a fix some time." Then he went out to assist Uncle Phin, who was casting off the fastenings of the boat and preparing to push it from the shore.

In another minute the clumsy little craft had swung clear of the bank and was moving slowly down stream, in the shadow of the great trees that grew to the water's edge. Brace Barlow watched it until it became a part of the shadows, and he could no longer distinguish the white-headed figure bending over the long sweep, that was made to do duty as a steering oar, or rudder. Then he again mounted the seat of his light wagon, and started on his long homeward drive, feeling more lonely than he had ever felt in all his life.

The craft on which the old man and the sleeping boy were now slowly drifting down the broad, moonlit stream, was a tiny house-boat, such as are common on all American rivers. It had floated down, empty and ownerless, with the high waters of the preceding spring, and had stranded, and had been left by the receding flood, at the point where Uncle Phin discovered it some weeks before. It was a small, flat-bot-

THERE CAME A CRASH AND A SHOCK THAT FLUNG HIM VIOLENTLY TO THE FLOOR.

tomed scow, on which was built a low house, ten feet long and six wide. This house contained but a single room; and beyond it, at either end, the deck of the scow projected about four feet. At each end of the house was a door, and on each side a square hole or window that closed with a wooden shutter.

At the stern was a steering oar, as has been stated. It hung on a swivel and its long handle projected up over the end of the roof, on which the steersman stood. From each side of the roof hung a long, heavy sweep, by means of which the craft might be slowly propelled, or turned in any desired direction. When not in use, the lower ends of these could be lifted from the water by ropes attached to their blades, and fastened to the sides of the house. A rude ladder reached from each of the little end decks to the top of the roof. The whole affair was strong and in good condition; but rough and unpainted.

When it came down with the flood and stranded on the river bank, it contained nothing in the shape of furniture save a couple of rude bunks built against the sides, the same number of rough benches, and several shelves put up here and there in convenient corners.

Uncle Phin had not thought of making use of this stranded craft, when he first found it among the trees that he was marking to be cut down for fire wood. He slept in it one night, and merely regarded it as a convenient shelter that he could occupy when working in that distant and lonely place. When, however, he and Arthur conceived the idea of running away, and he made up his mind that if they did, it must be to travel in the direction of Dalecourt, a vision of the little old house-boat crossed his mind.

If it could only be got into the water, and should prove to be tight and sound, how easy and pleasant it would be to float down the river on it. Whenever they had gone as far as they saw fit by water, they could probably sell the boat for enough money to meet their expenses on the rest of the journey. It seemed a fine scheme, and Uncle Phin hastened to lay it before Brace Barlow and ask his advice concerning it.

The young man listened to it with great interest, and then they drove over to take a look at the stranded craft. After a careful examination Bruce said that, with a little calking of its seams, the boat could be made tight and riverworthy, and that Uncle Phin's plan seemed to him a first-class one. He furthermore offered his own labor, and the use of his team, to help prepare the craft for its voyage, and get it once more afloat.

This offer was most gladly accepted, and the two succeeding days had been busy ones for both men and horses. It was found necessary to make several trips back and forth between Brace Barlow's house and the "Ark," as he called the boat. There they calked her open seams, and smeared them thickly with pitch. They constructed a rude track, of straight, young tree trunks, from the boat to the water into which, aided by rollers, long levers and the horses, they finally succeeded in launching her. After this they had the sweeps to make, and, as they had no stove, Uncle Phin built a rude fire-place in the middle of the floor, near one end of the cabin. This he did by forming a square of large rocks, filling it with small stones and covering the whole with a thick layer of earth. They filled the bunks with sweet fresh straw and made pillows of two flour sacks stuffed with the same material. Brace Barlow covered one of these bunks with a coarse sheet and a blanket drawn from his own slender stock of household goods. Uncle Phin had his own bedding, that consisted of a thin old army blanket and a tattered comforter. He also had an axe, that was the only piece of valuable property that he possessed.

Then Brace Barlow bought several cooking utensils, a few dishes and a small supply of provisions, to which he added potatoes and a dozen eggs from his own little farm.

When all this had been accomplished the two men surveyed their work with great satisfaction, and nothing but his duty to his mother prevented Brace Barlow from joining the party and making the voyage down the river with them.

From information furnished by Uncle Phin the young man gained an idea that the greater part of their journey was to be performed by water, and that Dalecourt was somewhere in West Virginia, within a few miles of the point to which the ark could be navigated.

This was also Uncle Phin's idea when he learned that the river on which his craft was launched flowed into the Ohio, which in turn washed one of the borders of West Virginia. This new name meant nothing to him. There had been but one Virginia when he left it, and even of its extent he had not the slightest conception. He imagined that, once within the borders of the State, it would be a simple matter to discover and reach his old home. All he knew of traveling and distances was, that when he followed his young mistress to New York, the journey occupied less than two days, and that the one from New York to the oil country had been accomplished in about the same space of time. So now, while he was well aware that a boat, drifting with the current, would not travel quite as fast as a train of cars, he did not for a moment doubt that two or three weeks, or a month at the very most, would see them safely established between the stately magnolias of Dalecourt.

Had he known that between the place where they must leave their boat and their destination, there stretched a weary distance of nearly five hundred miles, much of which was across rugged mountain ranges, it is probable that even his stout heart would have shrunk from so great an undertaking. But he had no knowledge of this; and, as happily ignorant of what was before them as was his beloved "lil marse," now sleeping so peacefully on his bed of straw, the old man floated contentedly over the gleaming waters, and recalled bright pictures of the dear old home he hoped so soon to see.

The night was far advanced, he was worn out with the fatiguing labor of the preceding two days, there was no sound to disturb him, and so, after awhile, his head sunk low over the steering oar, and ere long he, too, was fast asleep.

Thus, with no wakeful eye to determine her course, the ark drifted on through the night; now in deep shadows of great hills or dark forests; then across long stretches of silvery moonlight; here caught by an eddy and turned slowly round and round; there held for a moment on the point of some glistening sandbar, from which she would slowly swing off and again move ahead.

While the occupants of the boat still slept the moonlight paled before the rosy dawn of a new day, and at last a mischievous beam from the round, red sun, just peeping over the Eastern hills, found its way into the little cabin, and shone full across Arthur's eyes. In a moment the boy was wide-awake and gazing upon his strange surroundings with the utmost bewilderment. He heard no sound, perceived no motion, and had not the faintest idea that he was on a boat. He only wondered whose this strange house was, where it was, and what had become of Uncle Phin, of whom he could see no sign.

He almost expected to hear his Aunt Nancy's harsh voice calling him. Then the events of the preceding night came slowly back to him; and, with a thrill of joy, he remembered that he was far from her dreaded presence and had actually started on a journey toward his own dear mother's beautiful home.

But he must get up and find out where he was, and what had become of Brace Barlow and Uncle Phin. At the very moment he stepped from his straw-filled bunk, there came a crash, and a

A SMALL FLAT-BOTTOMED SCOW ON WHICH WAS BUILT A SMALL HOUSE.

shock that flung him to the floor. At the same instant he heard a frightened cry and a loud splash. Regaining his feet he sprang to one of the little doors, and looking out saw nobody. Then he ran to the other with the same result. He was evidently alone on some sort of a boat, which at that moment was drifting beneath a great iron bridge.

Continued next week.

Half Understood.

"What are you reading, Marian?" asked mamma of a little girl who sat with her head bent down over a heavy volume in her lap.

"The Wide, Wide World, mamma."

"Gracious, child!" interrupted a big sister; "you can't understand more than half of that book."

Marian looked at the speaker with dignity. "I read it for the half I *do* understand!" she said.—Harper's Young People.

Modern Architecture.

Visitor—Who owns that house across the street?

Resident—I do.

Visitor—Well, who in blazes built it?

Resident—An architect I employed.

Visitor—Did you kill him?

Resident (gloatingly)—Oh, no. I got a more satisfactory revenge than that. I made him live in it.—Detroit Free Press.

The Chinese Prison.

Sunday School Teacher (to Chinese scholars)—Where do good Chinamen go, Hop Wah?

Hop Wah—To Heaven.

Sunday School Teacher—That's right, and I hope you all will merit that reward. Now, Hop Wah, you may tell us where bad Chinamen go.

Hop Wah—Sing Sing.—Judge.

A Good Reason.

Little Boy—Can your sister play?

Little Girl—No. She makes awful noises w'en she tries.

Little Boy—Then wot did your papa get her a piano for?

Little Girl—I dunno. I guess 'twas 'cause he wanted zee box for a coal bin.—Good News.

THE COCOA SET.

An Indispensable Necessity in Every Well-Regulated Household.

No woman nowadays with a fine feeling for housewifery can allow herself to be without a cocoa set. Though she herself may care less than nothing for the cup which not only cheers without inebriating but nourishes the drinker, she is certain to care for the due and decorative plenishing of her china closet and her breakfast table, to both of which the cocoa set is a mighty pretty addition.

There are all sorts and conditions of sets. Folks fond of glare and glitter buy them of solid silver, either chased, hammered or in the dull finish that gives the ancestral touch so desirable in the plate of a new family. Folks who have neither the very best of taste nor money in both pockets buy triple plate, which looks every bit as well, though it never bestows the redeeming consciousness of reality. Folks who like their morning cup with all delicacy get a set such as is here set forth—all of fine china daintily shaped and besprinkled with small pale blossoms.

The pot is, of course, the piece de resistance. Once possessed of that you may add sugar dish, cream jug and cup as you will. The complete set, here shown, is all of one sort, even the tray being of the same sprigged china. A

A COCOA SET.

pretty variant is to add three more cups of the same outline, but differing in color.

People who find cocoa made with milk too heavy and cloying for their stomachs will perhaps be glad to know that by using some soluble cocoa in boiling water, first wetting the cocoa to a smooth mass and then adding the water, they may have a delicious beverage, wonderfully refreshing. If a spoonful of whipped cream be laid on each cup after filling the flavor and smoothness will be perfectly brought out.—Chicago News.

DEATH IN CORSETS.

Jaundice and Other Diseases Produced by Tight Lacing.

A case of jaundice due to movable kidney has recently been reported by Dr. White, a physician to Guy's hospital, London, which throws some light upon the fact long ago observed that jaundice and gallstones occur much more frequently in women than in men, and especially in women who are addicted to tight lacing. In Dr. White's case the right kidney was movable, and he believed the jaundice to be produced by the pressure of the kidney upon the gall duct. In his account of the case Dr. White quotes Landau as saying that jaundice is more common in women with movable right kidney than in others. That the right kidney is frequently movable in women who are addicted to tight lacing is, we think, fully established by the statistics which we have collected and published upon this subject. We found mobility of the right kidney in nearly one-third of the adult women who had been addicted to tight lacing, in two hundred women who were carefully examined upon this point. It is not surprising that so much mischief results from the common practice of wearing the clothing tight about the waist; the only marvel is that still greater mischief does not follow this pernicious practice. The kidney is displaced and rendered movable in consequence of compression of the liver, which would doubtless suffer far more than it does as the result of abuse, were it not for the remarkable recuperative property possessed by this interesting organ. A German experimenter has shown that the experiments of Von Meister and Pouflk have shown that the liver reproduces portions which have been removed. In animals three-quarters of the liver has been removed without causing death, and complete regeneration of the part removed was found to have taken place within thirty-six days after removal.—Good Health.

Styles in Interior Decoration.

In answer to inquiries from many correspondents in regard to what are the newest styles in wall paper, woodwork, window draperies, etc., the Ladies' Home Journal says: The days of dark woodwork and paint and dark papers and carpets appear to have gone by. Everything is light now, and a large part of the household furnishings and decorations are in the style of Louis XV. Light woods or paint are used in nearly all the rooms except the dining-room and library. For parlors, the paint is white and gold, cream, and cream and gold. The carpets, paper draperies and furnishings should match in tone, which must be soft and light.

How to Keep Cheese.

A piece of cheesecloth squeezed out in vinegar and wrapped around Swiss cheeses will preserve them; and all cheeses except cream cheeses can be kept from spoiling by putting them on a thick layer of powdered charcoal and covering with charcoal the top also. Cheese should be kept under glass or in tin or earthen ware, not in wood.

Hot Water for Hemorrhages.

Dr. Hutchinson recommends for the treatment of bleeding at the nose the plunging of the feet and hands of the patient in water as hot as can be borne. He says that the most rebellious cases have never resisted this mode of treatment.

Cleaning Gold Jewelry.

To clean gold jewelry make a lather of plain yellow soap and tepid water and wash the ornaments in it; dry them thoroughly and afterward brush them with a little dry whiting, finally polishing them with a very soft leather.

A Scientific Experiment.

Mrs. Glanders—You are not going out to-night, are you, John?

Glanders—Yes, love, I can't very well get out of it. I promised some of the members of our scientific club that I would join them to-night in an interesting experiment known as incarnadining the municipality.

Mrs. Glanders—In that case it's all right. I was afraid you were going to some drinking place.—Truth.

No Wonder She Died.

A Scotch clergyman was lately depleting—before a deeply interested audience—the alarming increase of intemperance, when he astonished his hearers by exclaiming:

"A young woman in my neighborhood died very suddenly last Sabbath, while I was preaching the gospel in a state of beastly intoxication."—Irish Times.

Poor, But Proud.

Mr. Slimpurse—Come, it's time we started for Mrs. Wayup's reception. If we hurry we can catch the next car. My gracious! Why are you streaking your wraps with mud?

Mrs. Slimpurse—To make it look as if we had come in a carriage.—N. Y. Weekly.

Honest as Day.

"Oh, yes; Oppenheimer vhas honest. He paid his chief greditor in full undt de odders twenty per cent."

"Who vhas dot chief greditor?"

"Mrs. Oppenheimer."—Jury.

TWENTY GOOD RULES.

How to Destroy Lice on Chicks and Rid the Poultry House of Them.

1. When chicks droop and appear sick without cause, especially in summer, look for lice (not the little red mites, but the large, gray body lice) on the heads and necks.

2. If you find them use a few drops of grease of any kind. A teaspoonful of oil of pennyroyal to a cupful of lard is excellent.

3. Look under the wings for the red lice, but use only a few drops of the lard.

4. Never grease the bodies of the chicks unless lightly, as grease will often kill them.

5. Never use kerosene on chicks, unless it be a teaspoonful of kerosene to a teacupful of lard, as it is irritating.

6. Crude petroleum is always excellent, and serves as a liniment, but mix it with twice its quantity of lard.

7. Keep the dust bath always ready. Use dry dirt or sifted coal ashes. Add carbonate of lime, Persian insect powder or oil of pennyroyal to the dirt.

8. To rid the house of lice, sprinkle coal-oil everywhere—floor, walls, roosts, yards, roof, inside and outside, and repeat often.

9. Dust insect powder in the feathers, and be sure it is fresh and good.

10. Put insect powder and tobacco dust in the nests. Clean them out every week.

11. Even when no lice may be present, use the sprinkler of kerosene at least once a week; and keep the roost always saturated.

12. No matter how clean things may appear, look for the large lice on the heads, throats and vents.

13. Lice abound both in winter and summer, but more especially in summer.

14. One-half the chicks and young turkeys die from lice. Chicks or turkeys with hens, or turkey hens, always have lice (either the mites or large ones).

15. Carbolate of lime is the cheapest powder to use for dusting over the floor and walls.

16. Always aim to get the solutions or powders into the cracks and crevices.

17. The easiest and best way to whitewash is with a force-pump. They are now made to force water from a bucket.

18. When your chicks have bowel disease, look for the big lice.

19. No mites need be present where plenty of coal-oil and carbolic acid are used.

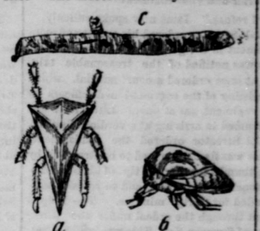
20. Lice means work. Repeat these precautions and remedies frequently.—Farm and Fireside.

BUFFALO TREE HOPPER.

The Insect Pest Which Attacks and Destroys Fruit Trees.

I send specimens of apple affected with some insect. Has the insect anything to do with the blighted part? Some orchards are badly affected.

Specimens of the work of the same insect have also been received from others with the statement that "the scars are found entirely on one and two years' growth and on apple, crab, pear, willow and currant wood. The wood immediately under each cut seems to be dead, and some limbs that seem to have been attacked last year are dead and black in the center into the heart of the tree. The insect is the Buffalo tree hopper (Ceresa bubalus). In addition to the plants above mentioned it may be said that maple trees are affected in like manner. The direct injury is the result of puncturing the bark for the deposition of which eggs can be found by cutting away a small slice. The insect which lays these is a



BUFFALO TREE HOPPER AND EGG PUNCTURED TWIG.

triangular green bug with sharp spines at the front of the body, and may be found quite plentiful in autumn, at which time the eggs are laid. Remedies are difficult to apply, as the insect occurs on such a variety of trees, and at the time the damage is done is not likely to be noticed at all. On valuable trees it could doubless be destroyed if sprayed with kerosene emulsion when depositing eggs, but it would be necessary to keep careful watch to attack it at the proper time, and this must necessarily be before egg deposition has fairly commenced to be effective. In spring the infested twigs could be cut off and burned and thus reduce the coming brood; but when the insects have been abundant this would involve very severe pruning, and if other trees were plenty in the vicinity it could be but partially effective. Where young orchards are isolated from other timber it might prove an advantage. It might also be of advantage in young orchards to spray the trees thoroughly with kerosene emulsion shortly after the eggs have hatched, as the young hoppers would then be easily killed, and the foliage not being so dense as later in the season would leave them more exposed to the spray. The blighted portions of the twigs do not seem to depend upon this insect, though it may in some cases kill the twig attacked.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Self-Hulling Strawberries.

A new variety of strawberries is being cultivated in New Jersey, which differs from the others in being self-hulled when harvested. That is, the hull comes off when the berry is picked, giving the large end of the berry the appearance of a red raspberry, the stem being left on the vines. It should prove an excellent kind for family use, as it may not be suitable for shipping.

THE EASTER EGG HUNT.

Suddenly-Appearing Chick—I object!
Chorus of Unhatched Voices—So say we all of us.—Golden Days.

Had Learned His Lesson.

"John," said Mrs. Harkins, "there are burglars downstairs."

"Very well, my dear. Go tell them to move on."

"Why, you awful brute!"

"Why? You requested me not to interfere in domestic matters last night. Surely this is one."—Harper's Bazar.

An Explanation.

"Wonder why it is that the newspaper humorist always makes fun of the spring poet and never says anything about the summer and winter poets?"

"Guess the newspaper humorists must be summer and winter poets themselves."—Texas Siftings.

COVER FOR HAYSTACK.

Just the Thing for a Small Farm Run by an Economical Man.

Some time ago we gave the description of a hay barrack, which is undoubtedly an excellent thing for the large hay maker, but it is quite out of the question with the small farmer whose supply of hay is determined more by his own need or by the rotation of crops followed out on his farm.

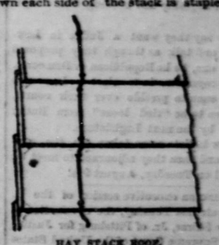
It frequently occurs that on these smaller farms there are produced a few tons more hay than there is mow room for in the barn, and this must, as a

PORTABLE ROOF FOR HAY STACK.

rule, be stacked out, with no protection. A large proportion of it is always lost, and in case of pure clover it had better be left in the field than stacked without protection from the weather.

The following is a practical roof or covering in use by me, and which is known to serve its purpose well. The required materials are a number of one-inch boards, a foot or more in width, and as long as the stack to be covered, some wire, such as is used for slat-wire fencing and some staples, the whole shown in the accompanying cuts.

Beginning at the ridge, a board is laid on and the wire which extends down each side of the stack is stapled



HAY STACK ROOF.

fast; a second board is placed under this so that the lap is about two inches or a trifle more, and stapled fast as shown in the design. This is repeated on either side of the stack after the fashion of a common board roof until it reaches well down toward the ground. Finally, to prevent the wind from blowing it off, it is weighted down by hanging a heavy stone to the end of each wire. For a long stack the cover should be made in three sections, the middle one slightly overlapping the other two.—J. Marion Shull, in Rural New Yorker.

PETTING THE COW.

She Will Repay Kindness with a Large Per Cent. of Profit.

If we will treat our common stock as the improved breeds of cattle are treated, we shall have such a wonderful improvement that those people who persist in denying the benefits of records will become more vociferous than ever in decrying pedigree. While this will be lamented for their sake, the results will be profitable to those who take the pains to show the common cow as much regard as is vouchsafed to the little Jersey. All animals repay good, kind treatment. The Arab has developed the fine specimen of horse which is called the "Arab horse" more by kindness than anything else. The horse is a member of his family; his children play with the colt, and the result is that any good quality in the animal is developed highly and all the bad qualities are subdued. The sensible parent studies the nature of his child until he thoroughly understands it. He finds certain marked tendencies which he desires to curb, and by a firm, kind, loving government he succeeds. As a rule he will manage the child better, develop him more rapidly, and make a better man and boy out of him if he makes a companion of him, and teaches him to love him with all his heart, than he can in any other way. All this is true of the animal, especially of the cow. She should be petted; she should be taught that those whose duties or wishes bring them into contact with her are her friends. She will then have confidence, and will repay it with a large per cent. of profit.—Farmers' Voice.

Breeding Milch Cows.

The breeding of high class milch cows should be a profitable business, in these days of such rapid development of dairy interests in this country. Heifers produced from well-known milking stock, and which show that the qualities desirable in a dairy have been transmitted, are certainly a kind of property which should always be able to command ready sale. Thoroughbreds of special dairy breeds are generally too high priced for use in this way, but could undoubtedly be used to breed from to great advantage. High grade heifers which can be sold at a reasonable figure should meet a good market anywhere.—Farmers' Voice.

The World's Honey Production.

The largest bee keeper in the world is Mr. Harbison, of California, who has 6,000 colonies, producing 200,000 pounds of honey yearly. In Greece there are 80,000 colonies, producing 3,000,000 pounds of honey; in Denmark 80,000, producing 2,000,000; in Russia 110,000, producing the same; in Belgium 200,000, producing 5,000,000; in Holland 240,000, producing 6,000,000; in France 950,000, producing 23,000,000; in Germany 1,450,000, and in Austria 1,550,000, each producing 40,000,000 pounds of honey. But in the United States there are 2,500,000 colonies, belonging to 70,000 bee keepers, and producing 62,000,000 pounds of honey yearly.

EXCLUSIVE corn feeding often causes leg weakness with young poultry.

Domestic Amenities.

"I hope our boy won't take after you," growled Mrs. Caudle. "He won't amount to anything if he does."

"Well I hope he won't take after you, either," retorted Mr. Caudle. "If he does he will be a lecturer of the dullest type."—Brooklyn Life.

Closed.

The eye that often with coquetry flashes,
Should be imprisoned with fifty lashes.
—Puck.

NO TIME FOR SUPERFLUITIES.

Minister—Now, give the bride your right hand, and—

Groom—Can't spare it, square. Her two brothers was only about half a mile behind us, an' they may git here any minute!—Puck.