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THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL. XXX BUTLER, PA., FRIDAY, JULY 28, 1893. NO 34

Grand Clearance Sale

FOR

The months of July

And August, of

Millinery, Dry Goods, Wraps, Notions, &c. Greatest Bargains ever offered.

MRS. JENNIE E. ZIMMERMAN,

(Successor to Ritter & Ralston.)

Butler, - - - - Pa

N. B:--We make this Sacrifice to make room for Fall Goods, many of which are already purchased.

HUSELTON'S

Summer Shoes

Give Satisfaction!

Our stock of Summer Footwear is a mammoth one and comprises everything in the Footwear line immense assortment, we select a few items for special mention. Come in and see these and others: Shoes for the Workingman, the Farmer, the Seaside, the Mountains,—Shoes for every time, place and occasion!

Men's Fine Tan Calf Bluchers ..... $3 to $
Men's and Boys' Tennis Oxfords 50c
Men's Fine Buff and Vesi Cong's or Bals, tip or plain toe, at $1.00, $1.25 and $1.50
Men's Fine Calf Cong's, Bals and Bluchers ..... $2.00, $2.50, $3.00 and $4.00
Men's Brogans and Plow Shoes ..... 70c, $1.00 and $1.25
Boys' Fine Dress Shoes ..... $1.00, $1.25 and $1.50
Ladies' White Canvas Oxfords $1.00
Ladies White Opera Slippers $1.25
Ladies' Dongola pat. tip, heel and spring heel, button Boots, all solid ..... $1.25 and $1.50
Ladies' Oxfords, Heel and Spring Heel, Dongola, Tan, Tip, Opera and Philadelphia Toe ..... 50c, 75c, $1.00, $1.35 and $2.00
Misses' I Dongola Oxfords, Patent Tip ..... 75c and $1.00
Misses' Genuine Goat Tan Oxfords, 11 to 2 ..... $1.00
Misses' Red Goat Oxfords, 11 to 2 ..... $1.00
Children's Tan Button Spring Heel, 8 to 11 ..... 90c
Children's Red and Tan Oxfords, 8 to 11 ..... 75c
Children's Dongola Oxfords, 6 to 8 ..... 50c

These are all solid with insoles; will wear better than cheap turns, which will always rip from sole:

During this hot weather why not come in and get a pair of our cool, cheap Shoes and make yourself comfortable? Nothing like keeping your feet cool and your head will be cool. Won't cost much. Try it!

B. C. HUSELTON.

No. 102 North Main Street, - Butler, Pa.

Special to the Trade.

BICKEL'S GRAND BARGAIN SALE.

This sale is a grand clearance sale. I will soon start East and before going I wish to reduce my stock, so I have gone through all goods and have placed on sale a large lot of Men's, Ladies', Boy's, Misses' and Children's Shoes and Oxfords to fit and suit all and at extremely low prices.

Bargain seekers should not let this grand opportunity pass by as these are greater bargains than ever before offered. Full stock of Gent's fine Russia Calf Shoes, lace or Blucher style, at $2.75 to $4.00. Full stock of Ladies' Russia Calf Bluchers, common sense or piccadilly style, at $2.00 to $3.50, all styles and widths. Our stock of Ladies' and Misses' Oxfords is larger than ever before, prices 75c to $2.50. Men's Black Oxfords at $1.00. Men's Tan Oxfords at $1.25. Men's Southern Ties at $1.50. Full stock of Men's Dongola and Wine Color Creole shoes at $1.50. Men's Patent Leather Shoes at $3.50. Men's Patent Leather Pomps at $1.25. Our stock of Men's Fine Shoes is large and prices very low. Men's Calf Shoes $1.50, any style. Men's Kangaroo shoes $2.50; hand-sewed Cordovans $4.

AND MANY OTHER BARGAINS.

At all times a full stock of our own make box-toe boots and shoes.

BOOTS AND SHOES MADE TO ORDER. REPAIRING NEATLY DONE.

Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

When in need of anything in my line give me a call.

JOHN BICKEL.

128 SOUTH MAIN STREET. BUTLER, PENN'A.

Jewelry, Clocks, Silverware,

Purchasers can save from 25 to 50 per cent by purchasing their watches, clocks and spectacles of

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All are Respectfully Invited

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CHARLES SIMMONS, Cohoes, N. Y.

A MARVEL IN COHOES!

Kidney and Liver Disease FOR 15 YEARS, CURED BY 3 BOTTLES!

DANA SARSAPARILLA CO.:

GENTLEMEN—Having been restored to good health by the use of your Sarsaparilla I feel it my duty to let others know the great benefit I have received.

For 15 years I have been troubled with severe pains in the Stomach, also Kidney and Liver Disease, so badly that for weeks at a time I had to stay in bed.

I have used three bottles of

DANA'S SARSAPARILLA

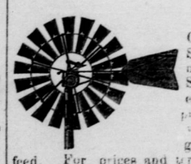
and I feel like a new man. I recommend it to any afflicted with disease of the kidneys. Yours respectfully,

Cohoes, N. Y. CHARLES SIMMONS.

The truth of the above is certified to by JAMES S. CALKINS, Druggist of Cohoes, N. Y.

Never purchase of a "SUBSTITUTER," (a person who tries to sell you something else when you call for Dana's.) Our bottles are being filled with a COUNTERFEIT ARTICLE by "Substituters." Buy of the HONEST DEALER who sells you what you ask for, and if you receive no benefit he will return your money.

Dana Sarsaparilla Co., Belfast, Maine.



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J. W. MILLER, 131 Mercer St., Butler, Pa.

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YOU WILL CERTAINLY HAVE A SUIT ADE TO ATTEND THE WORLD'S FAIR. YOU CAN AFFORD IT, WHEN YOU SEE THE SPLENDID ASSORTENT OF ATERIAL, AND THE MODERATE PRICE AT WHICH WE MAKE YOU A SUIT THAT IS CORRECT TO THE LATEST DECREE OF FASHION.

Aland's,

Tailoring Establishment.

C. & D. ALWAYS

Take into consideration that money saved is as good as money earned. The best way to save money is to buy good goods at the right price.

The only reason that our trade is increasing constantly is the fact that we handle only goods of first quality and sell them at very low prices

We have taken unusual care to provide everything new in Hats and Furnishing Goods for this season, and as we have control of many especially good articles in both lines we can do you good if you come to us.

We confidently say that in justice to themselves all purchasers should inspect our goods.

Visit us.

COL ERT & DALE,

242 S. Main street,

Butler, Pa.

NOTICE!

Wertz, THE WELL-known Artist and Photographer; formerly the head of the Wertz-Hardman Art Co., will open a Studio and Photo Parlors opposite the Hotel Lowry, Cor. Main and Jefferson Sts., Butler, Pa. This will be the best lighted and equipped Studio and galleries in the the county. The work will be strictly first class and made under new formulas by the artist himself, who has had 15 years practical experience in large cities. Portraits in Oil, Crayon, Sepia, Pastel, &c. in this line we have no competition, Our portraits are made by hand in our own Studio, from sittings or from photos. Our work has reached the highest standard of excellence and is not to be compared with the cheap machine made pictures furnished by others. Wait for us; get your pictures from us and be happy.

The Wooing of Jasper Green

By Geo. B. Burgin.

[Copyright, 1893, by the Author.]

JASPER GREEN dismissed the driver when he reached the wharf after crossing the Ottawa at the Four Corners, and looked round for Daoust to carry his baggage up to Labelle's as in days of yore. But old Daoust was dead, and therefore could not come. In the language of the ancient Millette, a former crony of Daoust, who was waiting on the wharf: "I say to heem, Monsieur Green, after ze dance: 'Come home—chez moi—you have mooch viskee on board. Eef you mak' to cross ze rivaire you will meex drinks.' And he toomble overboard and meex for ze last time. Ah-h! mon Dieu—for ze last time."

"Sure this isn't an invention of yours to do Daoust out of a quarter for carrying my trunk up?" asked Green.

Millette held up his hands in holy horror at such a wicked suggestion. "Ah-h, ze drole monsieur!"

Jasper Green looked around. "I suppose it's true," he said, reluctantly, "as I don't see him anywhere about. If he had been alive he'd have come, for sure. Here's your quarter."

Millette put the heavy trunk on a truck-sleigh and began to trot alon the wooden wharf, every now and then slipping one foot through a hole in the rotten planking and recovering himself dexterously. Green watched him with an amused smile. Then, when Millette paused for breath, he pushed the old man aside and took hold of the truck. "Say, Millette, I'll wheel this up for fifty cents for you," he said.

Millette ran panting alongside.

Heading the procession, Green gravely marched past the schoolhouse just as morning school was over. When Lily Labelle saw him she came out, and promptly gave the children a holiday for the rest of the day. Then she joined him at the head of the procession, Jasper bowing with dignified politeness over the top of the truck to her, as the children fell in behind. When they reached the veranda, the children gave three cheers for Jasper, and called for a speech.

"Fellow-citizens," he said, gravely, "I am rejoiced to be once more in my native township, and I thank you heartily for this magnificent demonstration in my honor, although I must confess I expected a brass band and a banner or two. Believe me, although I have been far away from you for the last six months I have not been unmindful of your doings. It is with feelings of pride that I have noticed your achievements. Three old friends I had the pleasure of meeting in Kingston penitentiary whilst I was making a brief tour of inspection over that noble edifice. I see they have not yet returned to gladden your hearts. Several other friends I also miss, and can only attribute their absence to forse majeure. Gentlemen, I trust that next year I may again have the pleasure of meeting you. I've no doubt Mrs. Labelle will give us a dance to-night. Sans adieu."

He waited for the crowd to disperse and the shrill piping of the children to die away before he approached Lily, who stood leaning against the veranda, an amused look in her dark eyes.

"Are you glad to see me?" he asked.

"Come in to dinner," she said. "I'll answer your questions—some of them—afterwards."

Jasper opened the door and allowed her to go in, just as the dinner bell rang. Mrs. Labelle greeted him with a kiss on both cheeks, whilst her husband bowed with grave politeness.

He believed in the power of the press, but preferred that its representatives should stay in Montreal and exercise it there.

Lily, after removing her sealskin jacket, seated herself at the upper table; Jasper immediately sat beside her, carefully moving the chair of a fat habitant lower down, whereupon the fat habitant, who had been looking forward to the enjoyment of Lily's society, scowled and commenced to consume vast quantities of pickles.

Green at once took possession of Lily, and held his prize against all comers, especially the cashier of the Four Corners bank. The latter was not easily disconcerted, but, having polished off his portion of turkey and cranberry sauce, prepared to demolish Jasper, whose keen gray eyes seldom wandered from Lily's face.

Lily was evidently accustomed to scenes of this nature. She scarcely lifted her eyes, even when Miller, the cashier, asked her to go for a sleigh ride that afternoon.

"So sorry," drawled Jasper. "Miss Labelle has been engaged to me for a year. Isn't that so?" turning to Lily.

"For the ride? Yes," said Lily, demurely. "I—I believe so."

"Surely you'll give me the benefit of the doubt?" the cashier appealed to Lily.

"Oh, there's no doubt about it," replied Jasper, with airy confidence. "I'll trouble you for another mince pie, Mrs. Labelle. I've never met any mince pies like yours anywhere. Those you sent me made me quite homesick."

"Miss Labelle can surely answer for herself," said the cashier, angrily.

"Well, ye-es," answered Jasper, preparing to demolish the mince pie. "She could, no doubt, only you see it's much easier for me to settle it all."

The cashier rose in wrath. "I shall be at the schoolhouse at two," he said, majestically, "and shall hope to have the pleasure of your company this afternoon, Miss Labelle."

"Two will do just as well as any other time," said Jasper, preparing to impale his mince pie. "If you want to go to the schoolhouse at two, there's nothing to prevent you."

The cashier, without waiting for a reply, went angrily out.

"That's a mistake," said the imperturbable Jasper. "If he'd waited a minute, you'd have told him there'll be no school this afternoon."

Lily raised her eyes from her plate. "Why are you a week before your time, Jasper?" she asked.

"That's the reason," said Jasper, indicating with a fragment of mince pie on his fork the retreating form of the cashier. "If I'm only allowed one sleigh ride a year, I don't see why that fellow should get ahead of me and have three a week."

"But your work, Jasper?"

"Oh, McQuire's looking after that for me. I explained to him that it was rather important to clear up matters here, and so I came."

Lily had not expected her coquetry to become known. "It is so dull," she said, in extenuation.

Jasper commenced another mince pie.

"Don't be afraid of it's being dull while I'm here," he said, with sublime self-confidence. "You promised me one sleigh ride a year for seven years if I wanted it, and I guess I'll take this year's to-day."

Lily pouted. "You are very arbitrary."

Jasper smiled, and rumpled his yellow hair.

"You'd better own up," he said, with unabated cheerfulness. "How soon can you be ready?"

Lily was cowed. "Oh, in half an hour;" and ran away to get her things on.

Jasper smiled after her. "Guess we'll have a busy afternoon," he said. Then he went into the bar.

"Here, sonny, run over to Watty Lee, and tell him to put that old black trotter of his in the sleigh—the one that gets scared on the ice. Any kind of sleigh will do, if he puts in plenty of buffalo robes."

The boy departed on his errand. Jasper sauntered round to the shed and found a smart cutter, with a magnificent chestnut in the shafts. "You'll take a lot of beating," he mused, and strolled back to the house.

When Lily came down, arrayed in her most becoming furs, Jasper smiled approvingly. "You only want some flowers to be perfect," he said.

Lily gave a little cry. "Ah, flowers! but they are impossible."

"Not at all," said Jasper, taking a box from his pocket. "Nothing impossible if you want it badly enough."

Lily opened the box and gave another cry. "Orange blossoms!" she said.

"Yes," answered Jasper. "From Florida. People there stick the ends in a potato to keep them fresh. Capital dodge, isn't it?"

He took out the orange blossoms, threw away the potato, and pinned them to her jacket.

"Now we're ready to start. Stop a moment!" and he drew her back behind the curtain, as the cashier drove past on his way to the schoolhouse.

Lily began to laugh. "It's very wicked of you, Jasper."

"That will teach him to go sleighing with my sweetheart," said Jasper, calmly.

Lily protested. "You've no right to say that, Jasper. I only promised you a sleigh ride once a year for seven years, and then, if I liked you well enough, then, perhaps, I might marry you."

Jasper was drawing on his sealskin gloves. "That's all very well," he said, "but we haven't the time to waste which those old Biblical people had. In seven years' time I expect to be in the cabinet."

Lily followed him to the door, only to recoil in dismay. "That!" was all she said.

"He's not handsome to look at," said Jasper, drolly. "Rather three-cornered and lop-sided. Still, I don't suppose that cashier fellow can overtake even a venerable ruin like this."

"If he does," flashed Lily, "I'll change sleighs."

"Well, that's fair," gently asserted Jasper. "In you go. There isn't much

JASPER SMILES APPROVINGLY.

fuss and feathers about this old sleigh, but it means business all the same."

Lily was furious at being treated like a child. Besides, she had determined to teach Jasper a lesson. However, she controlled her feelings for the present, although they became more and more scornful as Jasper endeavored to persuade the old black horse to start.

"Rather like Deacon Platt's sermons. They always hang fire at the start," said Jasper. "Now, we'll go to Hawkesbury by the river track. That fellow can see us coming. Ah, I thought so. He'll be down here in a minute."

Lily looked rather frightened, as the chestnut came along at a furious pace. It was evident that his driver resented being made a fool of and that there would be a scene as soon as he could get his horse down on the bank alongside Jasper's funeral quadruped. But no sooner did that dejected animal touch the ice than he became a different looking horse altogether. His head went up and his tail out, at the ring of the chestnut's hoofs on the smooth ice which connected the river with the shore. Then Jasper, leaning back, waited until the chestnut was within twenty yards and suddenly loosed the reins.

"Why, w—what—" said Lily. "He's running away, Jasper!"

"Yes, he's doing his level best," said Jasper, as the bank seemed to spin by. "We'll get down to Hawkesbury in record time. If the chestnut catches us you can have his master."

"But, J—Jasper, I—d—d—don't want him."

"Can't help that," said Jasper, impartially. "A bank cashier's a handy sort of fellow for a husband. He's bound to have a show for his money."

"But, Jasper, I—I—I was only pretending. I didn't mean about the seven years."

Jasper kept the black's head straight. That was all he could do with the unmanageable beast. "You see, Lil," he explained, "you've been fooling one of us to the top of your bent. Now, you'll just take the chances of war. If he collars us, I shall have to give in."

"I won't," said Lily, stoutly, beginning to realize the situation and how Jasper had awakened to life under the influence of jealousy. "Nothing shall make me m—m—marry him. I only drove with him because it was so dull down here. That was all."

"Chestnut's coming up a bit," said Jasper, cheerily, after another mile. "Hope Baalbec will hold out."

Lily sat up and gazed anxiously at the animated "ruin" in the shafts as they swept round the bay. The chestnut was gaining. Then she looked at the black horse again. "C—c—c—couldn't you whip him?" she asked.

"I could," said Jasper, "but it's hardly fair. He isn't the one who should be whipped for this. Besides, he won't stop until we get to Hawkesbury. I must nurse him the last half mile for that bit where the river narrows to twenty yards across."

Lily turned white. "You're very cruel, Jasper, but I deserve it all. Nothing shall make me marry him. I'd

"HE'S DOING HIS LEVEL BEST."

rather go to the bottom of the river with you."

Jasper looked rueful. "Doesn't seem as if we were dealing squarely with that bank fellow," he said. "No, no, Lil; you'll just have to make the best of it."

As they neared Hawkesbury the chestnut steadily gained. Jasper had succeeded in pulling the old black back into his gait, and began to whistle. Suddenly he turned pale.

"How far's that fellow behind, Lil?" he asked, without moving his head.

"Forty yards," said Lil, in agony.

Jasper spoke quite lightly. "Lil," he said, "did you mean you'd rather go to the bottom of the river with me than let that fellow catch up?"

"Yes, she said, without hesitation. "What do you mean, Jasper?"

"This," said Jasper: "I forgot the spring thaw. Three hundred yards ahead of us the river's split right across. Of course it will close in a day or two, but that won't do us much good. Shall I pull up?"

Lily stood up in the sleigh and looked around. They had entered the narrow part of the river where the steep banks were twenty feet above the level of the ice. Straight ahead was a thin, steely-blue line where the ice had cracked. It looked a mere thread now, but it was impossible to tell how wide it might prove to be when they neared it. She gave a little shudder, and laid her hand on Jasper's arm.

"Go on, Jasper," she said, "I'll risk it."

Jasper looked down for a moment into her white face. "I'll pull up if you wish, Lil. 'Twill be two late directly."

"No, Jasper, I deserve it. Go on, and—and if—if it's to be good-by—" She kissed him.

"Hold tight," said Jasper, beginning to pull steadily on the old black.

Lil held tight to the side of the sleigh in an agony of grief. She didn't mind being drowned if only Jasper forgave her miserable coquetry. Jasper looked almost serious as she glanced up in his face for the last time. Then he lifted the black to the leap, gave one cruel slash with the whip, there was a crash of breaking ice as the sleigh struck on the other side, a stagger from the black, a convulsive pull and they were over and twenty yards beyond the widening chasm, with the frightened cashier pulling up on its brink.

When Lily recovered consciousness she found herself in the Manse parlor at Hawkesbury.

"Are you all right, Lil?" asked Jasper, cheerily.

She clung to him and hid her face in his breast.

"Was it all a dream, Jasper?"

Jasper took a plain gold ring from his pocket.

"I don't think so," he said. "I wired down to Mr. Watson yesterday to expect us this afternoon. Flowers all right? That's it. Now, Mrs. Watson, she's all ready."

An hour later the funeral black crawled lazily back to the Four Corners—by the road this time—with Mr. and Mrs. Jasper Green. Half way they met the cashier, his chestnut nearly foundered, and scarce able to stand.

"Thank God," he cried, as they came in sight. "I thought you were mad."

"N-no," said Jasper, touching up the old black. "N-no; I was just giving my wife a sleigh drive down to ——"

"Y-your wife!"

"Yes," said Jasper, again stimulating Baalbec. "Sorry we couldn't wait for you."

And the cashier fell behind—a long way behind—again.

TO TEST MEN'S SOCIALISM.

Give a Man Chance to Get Rich and Watch Him.

"The best way to test a man's faith in socialism," said a traveler to a representative of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, "is to watch what he does when he accumulates or is presented with a little property. I have a trusted employe who is a first-class man in every respect, except for his determination to talk and argue a little too much. For years he has been an extreme socialist and has been arguing about the crime of wealth. Not very long ago he refused to continue the discussions and seemed very anxious to forget all he had ever said in favor of an equitable division of all the good things in the world among all the people living in it. I laughed at him a good deal, but without success, and finally ascertained the cause.

"He had for years been buying the house he lived in by small installments, and not being a very good accountant had lost track of the flight of time, and was very much surprised one fine morning to find that he owned his house free from incumbrance. The ground had increased in value about two hundred per cent. while he was paying for it, and he is now worth three thousand or four thousand dollars.

"I forgot how much he had been arguing was the maximum amount each American should be allowed to own, but it was a very small percentage of his present earthly possessions, and hence his abandonment of the desire for dividing up. The building associations scattered over the country in so many thousands are the best anti-socialist advocates that can well be imagined."

A Compliment.

Little Johnny—Mrs. Talkemdown paid a big compliment to me to-day.

Mother—Did she, really? Well there's no denying that woman has sense. What did she say?

Little Johnny—She said she didn't see how you came to have such a nice little boy as I am.—Good News.

A Great Woman.

"She is deeply interested in the elevation of the masses, I believe?"

"Her life is given to the work. Why, her time is so much occupied with the welfare of her fellow creatures that she is obliged to let her children run wild. She is a great woman."—N. Y. Press.

"LOSING HIS GRIP."

—Life.

Why Gus Kicked.

"I wonder why all my friends treat me so coldly," asked Gus Clamwhooper.

"Well, you see, Gus, you have been living a fast life. You have run through the fortune left you by your father," replied Charlie Knickerbocker.

"Yes, but that's his fault in not leaving me a bigger fortune. I don't think it is right that the sins of the fathers should be visited on the children."—Texas Siftings.

Very Likely.

Father (to extravagant son)—Now just suppose for an instant that I at your age had behaved as you do, what would I have been today?

Son—Well, you would have been penniless, and I'd have had a chance to become a useful citizen.—Harper's Bazar.

Modern Chivalry.

Mrs. Blossom—Ah, Clarence, men are so cold nowadays! In the age of chivalry you would have told me you would be willing even to die for me.

Mr. Blossom—But, my dear, you forget. Haven't I already expressed my willingness to try to live with you?—Brooklyn Life.

DECLINE OF MARRIAGE.

Old Bachelors and Old Maids Are Increasing in Numbers.

The Phenomenon Is Apparent All Over the World—Some Interesting Views Accounting for This Strange Development.

Statistics accumulate showing the decrease in the marriage rate all over the world. Our own vital statistics are so imperfectly kept—there being only six states which make a pretension of collecting them regularly—that we are unable to say at what rate the celebrating of matrimony is decreasing; that it is decreasing the scanty figures which we have only show too plainly. In all the European countries the birth rate, which is simply the marriage rate in another form, appears to be falling off year by year. In the last fifteen years it has declined from 25 per 1,000 to 21.8 in France, in England from 34.7 to 30.6, in Germany from 38.9 to 36.6, in Belgium from 31.4 to 30.6. It will be remembered, says the San Francisco Call, that these fifteen years were years of peace and general prosperity, the supply of available candidates for matrimony was not reduced by the ravages of war, nor was the disposition of men to assume the responsibility of a family chilled by poverty. The phenomenon before us must be due to other causes.

That it is worth while to search for these causes is evident from a study of the consequences which will supervene if the present unpopularity of marriage continues. French and English writers on the subject say that marriages have been discouraged by the heavy fees imposed by government on the celebration of matrimonial unions. Some years ago the attention of the British government was drawn to the low marriage rate prevalent in parts of Wales. A commission was appointed to investigate. It reported that the peasantry were unable to pay the fees which the clergy exacted before they would solemnize marriages, and a change in the law ensued. In France the chamber has for some years had a similar reform under consideration, though in this case it is the state and not the church whose exactions make marriage a luxury. In this country the cost of a license and a fee to the magistrate or priest amount to so small a sum that marriage is within the scope of the poorest. No man need deny himself a wife by reason of the expense of getting her. And yet, here, as in Europe, marriages are decreasing. If anyone will count the number of available bachelors he knows, and compare it with the number of those who marry in a twelve-month, he will be surprised to find how few young men avail themselves of their opportunities to become fathers of families.

The evolution of celibacy is less marked on this coast than in the east, because there is here—taking the coast altogether—a slight predominance of males over females. But even here the proportion of girls who are admirably fitted to be wives and mothers is unduly large in proportion to those who enter the conjugal state. The cause is probably two-fold: First, our girls concentrate an undue share of their energy on the cultivation of faculties which, however valuable, do not increase their fitness to be wives and mothers; and secondly, the march of modern improvement makes bachelor life so delightful that young men are reluctant to exchange it for matrimony. A tax on bachelorhood would probably be unconstitutional, and it would not be feasible to close clubs and other resorts of celibates by statute.

The practical lesson which statistics teach is that young women should not look forward to matrimony as the exclusive road to happiness, but that they should boldly look the situation in the face, and should prepare to engage in the battle of life on the same footing as their brothers, with the purpose of remaining single unless the ideal of their aspirations should happen to make them an offer. Girls should be educated to regard marriage as boys do—a good thing if it comes in the right way, with the right man bearing orange blossoms in his hand; but not the one end and aim of existence, a failure to obtain which involves misery and desiccation. With the development of civilization the range of pursuits in which girls can compete with men is constantly widening. It is probably as easy at the present time in this city for a girl to get remunerative employment as for a boy. And while the scale of pay of shop girls is too low—which will probably continue to be the case so long as they persist in calling themselves "saleladies"—women in some other callings are pretty fairly paid. A trained nurse commands ninety dollars a month and her board, and the doctors say that there are not half enough of them. If every girl could be sure of earning even fifty dollars a month she could snap her fingers at the decline in the marriage rate.

A Dangerous Operation.

Plucking ostriches requires many precautions. The birds are driven into a large inclosure, then into smaller ones until they are so closely packed together that they cannot fight or turn round; from there into a plucking box, where there is just room for a bird to stand. An operator standing on each side of the box reaches in and with shears snips the long white plumes from the wings. The tails and the glossy black feathers on the body are pulled out.

An Extinct Creature.

There is a three-toed rhinoceros, believed to be hundreds of thousands of years old, in the American museum of natural history. The relic, according to palæontologists who have read its history, is the only one of his herd who escaped mutilation by the crocodiles and alligators of his time, when he was deposited after death in a lake which existed in South Dakota, near what is now the Pine Ridge Indian reservation.

COMES TO THE SAME THING.

Jack—I say, Gus, that dog of yours looks like a fool.

Gus—Why, he has just as much sense as I have.

Jack—That's what I said.—Truth.

Strikes Both Ways.

Daughter—I just read in a paper that girls who learn to play the cornet, clarionet, flute or trombone develop the cutest little dimples in their cheeks that—

Father — Yes, but think of the wrinkles they develop in everybody else.—N. Y. Weekly.

No Public Interest.

Visitor—Don't you think it possible that a pardon may be procured for the poor man? His offense was not great, and further confinement will kill him.

Warder—I'm afraid it's impossible. The crime he committed was not sufficiently atrocious to interest the public in his case.—N. Y. Press.

PRAIRIE CHICKENS.

The Birds Have a Dance Very Much on the Indian Order.

At this season of the year North American birds are busily engaged at love making, preparatory to mating and nest building. In an article on the "Lives and Loves of North American Birds" in the Nineteenth Century, John Worth gives the following description of the preliminary courtship of the "prairie chickens." "After the disappearance of the snow," he says, "and the coming of warmer weather, the prairie chickens (sharp-tailed grouse) meet every morning at gray dawn, in companies from six to twenty, on some selected hillock or knoll, and indulge in 'the dance.' At first the birds stand about in ordinary attitudes, resembling people at a ball before the music begins, when suddenly one of the cocks lowers his head, spreads out his wings nearly horizontally and his tail perpendicularly, distends his air sacs and erects his feathers, then rushes across the 'floor,' taking the shortest of steps, but stamping his feet so hard and so rapidly that the sound is like that of the kettle drum; at the same time he utters a sort of bubbling crow, which seems to come from his air sacs, beats the air with his wings, and vibrates his tail so that he produces a loud, rustling noise, and thus becomes a really astonishing spectacle. Soon after one commences all the cocks join in, rattling, stamping, drumming, crowing and dancing together furiously; louder and louder the noise, faster and faster the dance becomes, until at last they madly whirl about, leaping over each other in excitement. After a brief spell the energy of the dancers begins to abate, and shortly afterward they cease, and stand or move about very quietly, until they are again started by one of their number leading off, as human dancers are observed to do during the intervals of rest between their performances.

"The whole operation reminds the looker-on so strongly of a Cree dance as to suggest the possibility of its being the prototype of the Indian exercise. The space occupied by the dancers is from fifty to one hundred feet across, and as it is returned to year after year the grass is usually worn off, and the ground trampled down hard and smooth. 'Dancing' is indulged in at any time of the morning or evening in May, but is usually at its height before sunrise."

HEALTH FROM A TREE.

Niaouly, a New Caledonia Growth, Which Is Valuable as a Disinfectant.

For some time past much has been said about a tree called niaouly. It grows in New Caledonia and furnishes to perfume-makers a valuable oil. According to the St. Louis Post-Dispatch the leaves of this tree preserve meat from spoiling, exercise over the country the same wholesome influence as the eucalyptus and furnish a pleasant aromatic adjunct to sauces. The essence is employed medicinally for bladder troubles and rheumatic ailments with even more success than the therebenthin. In Caledonia the niaouly enjoys the reputation of rendering healthy every territory in which it is introduced. This is undoubtedly true, for in all parts of New Caledonia, where this tree is at home, the fever is not known at all. The New Hebrides, not far from New Caledonia, are also in possession of this health-preserving mascot. The antiseptic properties of the oily essence of the niaouly, abundantly contained in the leaves, are very great, and wherever they happen to fall into the swamps, morasses, or rivulets they disinfect the water completely. Like the eucalyptus, the niaouly needs plenty of sunshine. The seeds, which are very fine, must be carefully sown and covered with about an inch of earth. It is best to do this in the months of May, June and July. By December they will have advanced enough to be planted in the place where they are destined to grow. The tree is easily acclimatized, and in the warmer countries can be made as much at home as on its native soil.

SHERMAN LOST THE BASKET.

The Senator Accompanied His Bride to Market on One Occasion.

Mrs. Sherman invariably goes to market several times a week, says Washington. So do other senators' wives, and sometimes a great statesman goes along just for amusement, or from a sense of duty. Mrs. Sherman had watched Senator Manderson, of Nebraska, escorting his wife through the market, even occasionally lugging the provision basket. Mrs. Sherman thought her husband might show her the same attention, and quoted Mr. Manderson to him till in simple despair Mr. Sherman consented to be annexed on market day. He went the whole rope and even carried the basket, but Mrs. Sherman has never mentioned "market" to him since. He lost the basket and she lost him, for a time, and, when the great financier was safe in his own home, he announced in big type that Senator Manderson and all the rest of both houses might go to the market every day of their lives, but as for him, John Sherman, as long as he possessed his mental factulties, he would never be persuaded into going again.

An Interesting Historical Fact.

The earl of Derby, who died a few days ago, was seriously considered as a candidate for the throne of Greece after the retirement of King Otto, the Bavarian, in 1862. At the time he was Lord Stanley, a member of the house of commons and one of the most intimate friends of Lord Beaconsfield, then still Benjamin Disraeli. This interesting historical fact first became public two years ago, through Froude, the English historian, who found letters referring to it in the correspondence between Beaconsfield and Mrs. Brydges. Although Disraeli favored the candidacy of Stanley, he expressed the belief in a letter, dated December 9, 1862, that the Stanleys would prefer Knousley to the Parthenon and Lancashire to the plains of Attica.

All Editors There.

Stranger—I am in search of an editor How many people in this town who know how to run a newspaper?

Editor—Well, the population numbers six hundred and sixty-five.—Atlanta Constitution.

The Last Chance.

Mr. Waite (trying to entertain his ladylove's six-year-old sister)—Do you know who I am?

Flossie—Yep. Pop says you're Edith's last chance.—Truth.

Never Tried.

"Bobby, *can* you keep quiet for just one minute?" cried his father.

"I don't know, sir," answered Bobby; "I never tried."—Harper's Young People

Some Hope.

She—Poor Mr. Lefberry! Three physicians are attending him!

He—Yes, I know; but then he has an iron constitution, you know.—Truth.

An Excellent Way.

Jones—Good morning, Benson. How do you find business?

Benson—By inserting advertisements.—Life.

Too Willing.

Howson Lott—I tell you, you ought to come out and live at Lonesomehurst. It's the healthiest and most beautiful station on the road.

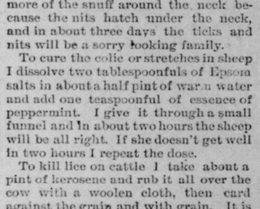
Murray Hill (musingly)—I wonder if I could buy a nice little place out there?

Howson Lott (eagerly)—Yes; I'll sell you mine! Dirt cheap, too!—Puck.

MODEL HOG HOUSE.

It Can Be Built for a Trifle Over Two Hundred Dollars.

The accompanying illustration shows the floor plan of a hog house which I have used two years. The building is entirely of pine lumber. The sills are 6x6 inches; floor joist, 2x8 inches; floor, 1½-inch board. Two extra sills are laid nearly under the alley partitions and extend the whole length of the building. These are not mortised into the end sills, but are laid under them, supporting the floor joist in the center, and the whole rests on blocks of stone.



A MODEL HOG HOUSE.

The sides and ends are boarded upright and battened with 3-inch battens. The roof is made of grooved roofing and 6-inch battens. The walls inside are lined up 2½ feet for warmth. The building is 36 feet long and 28 feet wide. A is steam generator, B B B barrels for water and cooked feed, P pens 8x10 feet, Y yards. The 5 pens on the south side are divided by partly movable partitions and are used for fattening hogs. The troughs are placed directly under the partition between the pens and the alley, and a door 20 inches high and the same length as the trough hangs to this partition, the door having a sliding latch with which it may be fastened to either side, excluding hogs until the feed is in place. From X to the right hand end of the house (32 feet) the whole floor slopes 6 inches, and this I consider the fine point in my plan, since by using hose or cave spouting in connection with the water supply at C, the floor can be easily washed, and the manure with the liquid be pushed through the shute at W, and caught in a tight box placed on a sled or stone boat and removed to the field. The alley is 6 feet wide, D D are doors four feet wide, G G are grain bins. With this house I am ready for my sows to farrow any time after the 15th of February. The cost of the building was about $225 with lumber at $18 to $22 per thousand.—Cor. Orange Judd Farmer.

TO KILL PARASITES.

How One Farmer Kills His Stock of Lice and Disease.

To kill ticks on sheep I buy a ball of snuff or enough to go over all the sheep at once. I cut the snuff and pulverize it on a newspaper and put it in a glass jar. I take the jar, a large pepper box and a tablespoon and dip the snuff from the jar into the pepper box half or two-thirds full, then I take the sheep gently, lay her on her side, put my knee on her head, open the wool and shake snuff on the skin in places three or four inches apart, and close the wool. I put more of the snuff around the neck because the nits hatch under the neck, and in about three days the ticks and nits will be a sorry looking family.

To cure the colic or stretches in sheep I dissolve two tablespoonfuls of Epsom salts in about a half pint of warm water and add one teaspoonful of essence of peppermint. I give it through a small funnel and in about two hours the sheep will be all right. If she doesn't get well in two hours I repeat the dose.

To kill lice on cattle I take about a pint of kerosene and rub it all over the cow with a woolen cloth, then card against the grain and with grain. It is a sure cure.

To cure warts on cows I wash the teats before milking and rub on castor oil. It limbers the teats. For gapes in chickens, prevention is better than cure. When we set the hens we put air-slacked lime and sulphur in the nests and keep clean water before them.—Thomas Smith, in Our Grange Homes.

LIVE STOCK NOTES.

IF you wash the sheep at all, do it thoroughly. It is best to do this some days before shearing so as to let the oil back into the fleece. After washing put the sheep where they will keep clean until after the shearing.

DO NOT make the mistake of pampering your breeding animals with fat-producing foods. Too many of our colts, calves, lambs and pigs are weak and diseased because the dams were not fed so as to develop bone and muscle.

IT is often the case that the animals upon the farm which deserve the best care—we mean the work horses—have the least of it. They are usually well fed, but there their care stops. Grooming is of almost as much importance to them as their diet, but they too often get very little of it.

To Prevent Grub in Sheep.

The means of prevention of the grub in the head is to provide a shade for the flock of sheep during the visitation of the fly which deposits the eggs in the nostrils that hatch into the grub which, when it crawls to the upper recesses of the inner parts of the nasal c