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THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL. XXX | BUTLER, PA., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1893. | NO 39

OUR NEW

-:-Carpet Department-:-

Wil Soon Contain a Complete Assortment of

Carpets, Curtains,

Oil Cloths, &c.

First and Second Shipments have arrived and balance will follow soon as the Mauufacturers can make the GOODS

We have selected the best styles and colorings to be found in the market. Not a single old style will be found in our stock.

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CARPETS,

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HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS

CAMPBELL & TEMPLETON,

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THAT

AL. RUFF

Carries the Finest and Best of Footwear for Ladies and Gentlemen.

Give us a call before purchasing elsewhere.

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PURE DRUGS AT LOW PRICES is the motto at our store.

If you are sick and need medicin you want the BEST. This you can always depend upon getting from us, as we use nothing but strictly Pure Drugs in our Prescription Department. You can get the best of everything in the drug line from us.

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Kalsomine, Alabastine &c.

Get our prices before you buy Paints, and see what we have to offer. We can save you dollars on your paint bill.

Respectfully

J. C. REDICK,

Main St., next to Hotel Lowry

BUTLER, PA.

Hotels and Depots,

W. S. Gregg is now running a line of carriages between the hotels and depots of the town.

Charges reasonable. Telephone No. 17, or leave orders at Hotel Vogeley.

Good Livery in Connection

Planing Mill

AND

Lumber Yard

J. L. PURVIS | L. O. PURVIS

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MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN

Rough and Planed Lumber

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

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DEALER IN

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OF ALL KINDS

Doors, Sash, Blinds, Mouldings, Shingles and Lath Always in Stock.

LIME, HAIR AND PLASTER.

Office opposite P. & W. Depot,

BUTLER - - PA.

MRS. MILLY FERGUSON,
Troy, N. Y.

The following tribute to DANA'S power over OLD CHRONIC COMPLAINTS, was sent us by Wm. Groom of the well-known "GROOM'S PHARMACY" 129 Congress St., Troy, N. Y.:

GENTLEMEN:—I have been troubled with **LIVER COMPLAINT, CONSTIPATION and DYSPEPSIA** for a long time. I employed the best Doctors in the city; they told me

Old Chronic Complaints

were **hard to cure.** Their medicine did me **no good.** I stopped taking it and bought a bottle of DANA'S SARSAPARILLA. Before I had taken half of it **I felt better.** I have taken three bottles of

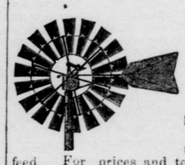
DANA'S SARSAPARILLA!

and am better than for years. **IT HAS DONE WONDERS FOR ME. I can eat anything I want** and it **does not distress me** in the least.

Yours truly,

Troy, N. Y. MRS. MILLY FERGUSON.

DANA SARSAPARILLA CO., BELFAST, ME.



Buy the Galvanized Steel Aermotor and Steel Tower, for pumping water and grinding feed. For prices and terms Address,

J. W. MILLER,

131 Mercer St., Butler Pa.

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

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Tailoring Establishment.

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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.

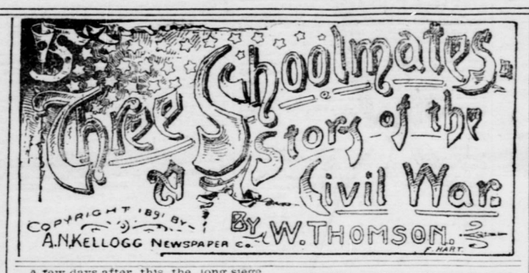
COLBERT & DALE,

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 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.



A few days after this the long siege of Petersburg and Richmond ended in the capture of both, and when, April 9-12, our schoolboy friends, then but little over nineteen years of age, were drawn up with the conquering legions of the north to witness that most joyful yet pathetic event, the surrender of Lee's army, they were saluted by their troopers, one as *Capt.* Leslie and the other as *Lieut.* Ainslie, though neither had had time to get, and, in fact, never did get, the uniform of his rank.

Gen. Lee's army had been by this time more than decimated by desertions—if, indeed, that may be called desertion which was a simple returning to their desolated homes of men who, worn out by war and suffering, saw, even sooner than did their commander, that the cause, for which they had so bravely fought, was hopelessly lost—little knowing then that from its ruins should arise a re-united and regenerated nation, the wonder and glory of mankind!

All the formalities had been complied with; the exhausted, yet, doubtless, secretly rejoicing, private soldiers of the moribund confederacy had marched out in funeral-like procession and piled their arms; their dejected officers had individually signed that historic parole which assured the peace of the country, and by no word, look, taunt or gibe, during all these solemn proceedings, was either rank or file once insulted or further humiliated by their generous conquerors—the citizen-soldiery of that great union their own valor had preserved.

Herbert Leslie and Fred Ainslie, their hearts filled with devout gratitude, sat quietly talking in a small tent, which, being now both officers, they once more occupied together, when an orderly entered and, saluting, said: "Captain, a confederate colonel desires admittance, but gives no name."

"Well, orderly, ask the gentleman to come in without ceremony," replied Herbert, and, stooping his lofty crest, Sydney Temple walked into the tent!

With a simultaneous shout of joy the young men sprang up and fairly hugged their old friend, while, in the first exuberance of their delight, they could only say, over and over again: "Oh, Syd, dear old Syd!"

The youthful colonel (he was not yet twenty-one years of age) was profoundly affected, and his pale, high-bred face, though sweetly grave and tender, showed deep traces of care and suffering, as he gently said: "Well, dear boys, we meet once more in our old-time fashion, and with no dread before us to mar our friendship. Our

"OH, SYD, DEAR OLD SYD!"

cause is lost and yours won; but who knows that in winning it you have not assured our future good as well as your own?"

The union officers glanced at each other in swift comprehension, and Herbert rejoined: "You are not heartbroken then, at the result, Sydney?"

"No, my dear fellow, I now believe it is all for the best. Of course, my sectional pride is greatly humbled, and my grief over the myriad noble lives sacrificed will, I think, remain with me forever. Still, I cannot help feeling a wider *national* pride in the achievement of the federal armies.

"We have been beaten, not by a foreign foe, but by our own countrymen, Americans true as ourselves. We took different views of duty. That is all. Each section has so grandly fought for its own ideas as to gain the lasting respect of the other, and when the natural bitterness and humiliation of defeat are past, the south, after a greater or less period of depression, will rise, under a system of free labor, to a state of higher prosperity and civilization than she has ever yet known."

Nothing could exceed the surprise and joy with which the loyalist soldiers listened to these sentiments of their noble friend, and each again grasped one of his hands, as Fred almost reverently asked: "And how long, Sydney, have you held these views?"

"Well, boys, you know that, despite my exaggerated ideas of 'state rights,' I was always an abolitionist. Our family has not owned a slave since I was born, and I may say that my conversion dates from the passing of the constitutional amendment. I, yes and thousands of the southerners, then saw what the real issue was, and, although I could not desert my countrymen in the hour of their despair, I dared no longer honestly pray for the success of our arms."

"But, Syd," said Herbert, "we have quite forgotten to congratulate you on your promotion. You have climbed up pretty fast since we parted at Opequan creek—a colonel at twenty-one!"

"Yes, Leslie," replied Col. Temple, with a sad smile, "so many older and better men were killed off that I was, of necessity, shoved ahead in advance of my merits; but, seeing that I now address a captain and a lieutenant, I think I may return your compliment with interest."

"Oh! in our case it was all pure, blind good luck," laughed Herbert.

"Yes, yes, no doubt, good luck well improved; but, boys, I have a proposition to make. I am going out home this evening and I want you to come along and stay a few days. You can easily get leave now, as there is not much to do. My mother and sisters remember you both perfectly and have heard so much about you lately that they will be delighted to see you. When you are mustered out, and after the fair hospital nurses have returned to their homes, I will reciprocate by going with you to Philadelphia and New York. I have several things to do in the latter city and shall probably remove to with it my mother and Sylvia, drop the study of medicine and take up that of law."

"Good! Capital!" exclaimed the two young fellows in a breath, and so the visit was arranged.

There were several carriages at Col. Temple's home, but not a single horse nor mule about the place, his mother having long since given all, even her daughter's saddle horse, to "the cause;" nor—to such a state was the confederate army now reduced—had Sydney a charger of his own, though by his rank entitled to three.

"I HAVE TAKEN TWO PRISONERS."

He, like many other field officers of infantry, had lately served on foot—everything in the shape of a mount being required for the cavalry. So it happened that when the three friends, all in *mufti*, rode out to Claremont that night, Sydney Temple, ex-rebel and whilom enemy, bestrode one of Uncle Sam's troop horses, which, however, being quite unaware of his antecedents, carried him peaceably and well.

On arriving at the grand old mansion, his mother's home, the little party dismounted, and Sydney, after bidding his guests a hearty welcome, led them, unobserved, into a dimly lighted parlor and sent a servant to call the ladies.

Presently, the door softly opened; two elegant women, looking more like sisters than mother and daughter, glided in and, not at once in the partial obscurity noticing the presence of visitors, both clasped son and brother in their arms.

Affectionately returning their embraces, Sydney, after a moment or two, gently disengaged himself and, at the same time turning up the lights, archly said: "Mother, you know the war is over, but yet I have taken two prisoners, whom I will trust to your tender mercies. In case you may have forgotten them, allow me to present Capt. Leslie and Lieut. Ainslie. Sylvia, you must remember your old schoolboy acquaintances, I know."

"Ah, Sydney, this is too bad of you!" said Mrs. Temple, as the lovely woman greeted the blushing young officers with cordial warmth, "how could you even imagine that we had forgotten your dear friends? Let me welcome you to Claremont with all my heart, gentlemen. And, Capt. Leslie, accept now the deep gratitude we owe for the life of a son and brother so gallantly saved by you."

"Oh, madam," stammered poor Herbert, "you overwhelm me. The merest stranger could have done no less that day at Opequan."

"We must suppose that every true soldier would have felt the impulse, captain," rejoined the lady, "but how many would have acted with sufficient promptitude, when the delay of an instant meant death?"

Then, turning to Fred, she graciously added: "And you, too, I must congratulate, Mr. Ainslie, not only upon your own honorable record, but also upon the noble conduct of your sister, of both which subjects I have heard more than you, perhaps, imagine."

It was now the young lieutenant's turn to feel embarrassed and he blushed furiously under the kindly regard of the ladies, while ingenuously replying: "My sister has indeed acted nobly, Mrs. Temple, as have thousands of other northern women, but yet I may venture to say that their devotion has been fully equaled by that of their southern sisters. I, too, (with a low bow) have heard something of sacrifices made and loving labors performed by even the fairest and most tenderly nurtured of your countrywomen."

"Ah, yes, Mr. Ainslie," modestly said the beautiful Sylvia, "all have done their duty, and, when the present bitterness of defeat has passed away, this fact alone will unite the north and south as never before, simply through the deep sympathy and admiration which the women of each section must cherish for those of the other."

"Not to mention another extremely probable fact," mischievously observed Col. Temple, "that the mutual admiration society will naturally include the men."

"That is a foregone conclusion," said Capt. Leslie. "No doubt the ex-warriors of both sides will continue to raid their late enemies' territory and carry off lots of prisoners, but never of their own sex."

And so, in the exercise of polite forbearance and mutual respect, hosts and guests were soon on terms of pleasant intercourse.

Most of the servants at Claremont were colored people or the children of such, manumitted by the late Judge Temple on the birth of his son, and although each and everyone of them had faithfully assisted their mistress in ministering to the needs of distressed confederate soldiers, nothing could exceed the loving assiduity with which all now waited upon the household guests—who had been battling, as they well knew, in the interests of their own race.

"Mammy" Rose, the old family nurse, aptly voiced the sentiments of the whole staff when she said to Sylvia, that first night: "Oh, bress de Lawd, honey, dot I'se libed ter see dis day! I'se real sorry fur de souf, but, same time, I'se mighty proud ob de norf', an' ole marse he's jes gloryin' in Hebben dis minit 'cause ob de 'mancipation what he allus prayed mought cum ter de poo' culled folks sum day. An', Miss Sylvy, we'se all a goin' ter treat dese lubly young gemplemens, what young marse haz brought home, jes bu'ful!"

"That is right, mammy," Miss Temple replied; "they are brave men, who have fought gallantly for their own cause as we did for ours. The God of battles has decided, and, however much our pride is humbled, we must believe that all is for the best."

For one whole week the young northerners enjoyed the hospitality of their southern friends, and during these happy days it might have been noticed that while Herbert generally paired off with Sydney or Mrs. Temple in their walks and boating excursions, Fred Ainslie was invariably found by the side of Sylvia—and, to judge by the bearing of the singularly attractive pair, no one could have guessed that they had so lately been sworn enemies.

May 22 and 23, there was held at Washington a grand review of the two principal armies of the republic, and very shortly thereafter "the boys in blue" were mustered out and dismissed to their homes, amid the grateful plaudits of their countrymen.

According to promise, Sydney Temple accompanied his old schoolfellows on their homeward journey, which took them first to Philadelphia, Herbert Leslie, for some reason or other, being quite as anxious to visit Mrs. Ainslie as was Fred himself. From an equally unaccountable motive, the goal of Col. Temple's desires seemed to be New York, but he cheerfully stayed for a few days at Fred's home and made the acquaintance of his mother and sister, who returned his own hospitality with interest.

Then he and Herbert, leaving their friend to follow and resume his mercantile life at leisure, went on to Gotham and were received with rapturous delight by Mrs. Leslie, who insisted upon her son's friend making her elegant mansion his present home.

It very strangely happened that when the two young men arrived Miss Jennie Glynn was spending the evening with Mrs. Leslie—a circumstance with which both, and especially Sydney, seemed rather pleased than otherwise, but, of course, only because it gave him an opportunity to see her safely home that night and renew his acquaintance with her mother!

Being thoroughly in earnest, it did not take long for young Temple to make arrangements for entering the law office of Sharp & Pierson along with Herbert, and in the course of a few months both Mrs. Ainslie and Mrs. Temple removed to New York for good; and Fred once more engaged with the great firm of Draper & Moore in his favorite pursuit of selling dry goods.

Twenty-six years of blessed peace have succeeded those awful four of civil war. The warm-hearted, impulsive citizens of the south have joined hands with the cool, determined men of the north in all enterprises which go to make a people great; and their united progress in this one quarter of a century has justly dazzled, by its transcendant magnitude and glory, the eyes of a wondering world.

Our three friends, only now in the prime of vigorous manhood, have succeeded as pluck and energy ever do succeed.

The famous law firm of "Temple and Leslie" is known all over the union, while the ships of the great mercantile house of "Ainslie and Moore, Jr." sail every sea. The three old-time schoolmates reside side by side in "brown stone fronts" far up town. All have been married for more than fifteen years and all have families of bright, capable children, who, however, still insist upon getting perpetually "mixed up" on the question of relationship—the young Temples claiming that because Mrs. Fred Ainslie is "Aunt Sylvia," Mrs. Herbert Leslie must necessarily be "Aunt Miriam," and the juvenile Leslies as strenuously asserting that Mrs. Sydney Temple is as much their own "Aunt Jessie" as that of the little Ainslies. As a matter of course, the youngsters are in the same muddle in regard to the three lovely old ladies, each one of whom is claimed by every child of the several crowds as "grandmamma!"

THE END.

Gus De Smith's Great Want.

Gus De Smith is something of a snob, but he is very well off, financially speaking. The other day he said to Gilhooly:

"I'm well fixed; I don't need nothing more."

"Except an English grammar," replied Gilhooly.—Texas Siftings.

Meteorological Item.

Mr. Manhattan Beach—There is something in these weather predictions, after all.

Mr. Murray Hill—As a general thing they are failures.

Mr. Manhattan Beach—Yes, but windy and blustering weather was predicted for to-day, and here is a telegram from your mother saying she will be here on the afternoon train.—Texas Siftings.

What a Pity!

Doctor (who had been married to a widow)—You see, wifey, dear, I have pulled my patient through, after all; a very critical case, I can tell you.

Wife—Yes, hubby; but, then, you are so clever in your profession. Ah! if I had only known you five years earlier. I feel certain my first husband, my poor Thomas, would have been saved.—Boston Globe.

A Blessing in Disguise.

Carrie Lamode—So we're not going to have crinoline, after all. What a pity we were all so wrought up about it!

May Saver—I don't think it's a pity at all. Papa bought me the material for two new gowns, and now I can have six made out of it.—Puck.

Reason Enough.

"One thing more," said Mrs. McBride to the applicant for a place, after other details had been arranged satisfactorily. "Why did you leave your last place?"

"The woman of the house wanted three evenings out a week," was the satisfactory reply.—Judge.

Discreet.

Mrs. Meadow (at city hotel) — Ooo! There's a fly in this soup.

Mr. Meadow (who has traveled some) —Hush, Miranda, don't speak so loud. No use exposin' our ignorance. This tarnal bill of fare is in French, and mebby we ordered fly soup.—Life.

A Fit Substitute.

"Do you think travel broadens the mind?" asked Barker at the club.

"It depends on the mind," replied Warren. "I think a glove-stretcher would do quite as well for Chappie Bronson's, for instance." — Harper's Bazar.

A Hint for Dudes.

Cholly (throwing away a half-smoked cigarette)—I wondah why the last half of a cigawette isn't fit to smoke.

The Major—Perhaps for the same reason that the first half isn't.—Life.

Sometimes Happens.

Mrs. Gayboy—What made you tell Mr. Dizon that I gave you those cigars for your birthday?

Mr. Gayboy—Hush, my dear! I got stuck on that box, myself.—Puck.

Domestic Intelligence.

Mrs. Pompous — You are always breaking something.

Servant—Sure, but I haven't tried it on your record for fault-finding.—Texas Siftings.

TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

She — Father's salary has been doubled.

He—Good! We can afford to get married now.—Life.

Modern Commerce.

Clerk—Lady in front caught stealing goods. What shall we do?

Head of Firm—How is she dressed?

"Furs and diamonds."

"Beg her pardon, and ask if we shall send the bill to her house."—Boston Globe.

VOLCANOES IN JAPAN.

Six Burning Peaks Among the "Sacred Mountains."

The People Are Kept in a Constant Terror for Fear of an Eruption—A Gigantic Crater.

A recent cable message from Shanghai informs us that the Japanese volcano Bandal-san is again active. This is the mountain that was in a fierce state of eruption in 1888, when nearly one-half of the main peak split off and fell over upon villages, arable land and forests, burying hundreds of human beings, damming up some streams and changing the course of others, and so altering the entire appearance of the country that even at this day, according to the New York World, the ghastly effects of the cataclysm are still horribly apparent. To add to the terrors of the immediate explosion vast streams of lava and volcanic mud poured out over the land, carrying the work of destruction far beyond the limits of the fallen mountain. Beyond the range of these, again, huge masses of rock were hurled by the force of the explosion, carrying death and destruction to hamlets and villages over a mile from the peak.

Bandal-san is one of the six volcanoes of Japan at present or quite recently in a state of activity. The others are Asamayama, Shirane-san, Vries Island (Oshima), Asosan and Koma-gatake. The first two are in eastern Japan, in the geographical division known as the Nakasendo, and have been frequently visited by foreigners. The third is in the Pacific ocean, just south of the entrance to Tokio bay, and its smoky cap, at times suggesting a heavy fog bank, will be distinctly remembered by all who have been to or come from Yokohama by steamer. This island is in plain sight from the famous seaside resort and historical place, Kamakura. Its smoke is looked upon as an earthquake barometer, a sort of vent for the hidden forces of nature. When the smoke is visible the people feel that there is no great danger of earthquakes, but when the smoke disappears they think that the pent-up steam must assert itself in some other way. It is said that for some days prior to the great earthquake of October, 1891, no smoke at all was seen over Vries island and the fishermen along shore were extremely nervous.

The fourth volcano is in the province of Higo, southern island of Kyushiu. It is about eighty miles due east of the port of Nagasaki, but being separated by Shimabara bay from the peninsula on which that town is situated, is not readily accessible. Still a good many foreigners, residents of Japan and visitors from China principally, have visited it and it well repays all effort, for it has the largest crater in the world. The fifth volcano is only a few miles east of the port of Hakodate. It is a singularly beautiful mountain and as the road from Hakodate to Volcano bay past the lakes is a good one many people visit the mountain. The view of it from the deck of a small steamer which crosses Volcano bay is the most beautiful of its kind in all Japan. Bandal-san is in the province of Iwashiro, and is about one hundred and seventy-five miles north of Tokio. It is readily accessible, as the Northern railway, now open, runs within a comparatively short distance of it, and this is the line over which all who visit the famous shrines of Nikko pass. The interest which was awakened in the mountain in 1888 has made it one of the "show" places of Japan, and tourists often go there. In 1888 the relief committees and scientists who visited the scence of destruction as soon as possible had considerable difficulty in getting across country and had to put up with many hardships.

All of these volcanoes are included in the list of "sacred mountains" of Japan and are annually visited by large numbers of pilgrims during the summer months. Wherever one travels at that season bands of these interesting people are met. They wear white clothing of a certain pattern, are equipped with a mat on which they sleep at night and use as a protection against the sun or rain during the day, and a peculiar, bowl-shaped hat of hugh dimensions. Although peerless Fuji-Yama is considered the most sacred of all the famous mountains and is undoubtedly of volcanic origin, it is not active. There is one place on the west side where the ground is noticeably warm, and indications of seismic potentialities are not wanting.

Turkish Superstitions.

If a pair of scissors are left on a table open it is a sign of a quarrel. If they fall upon the floor and stick up it means a visit, and if an apple or other fruit falls from your hand just as you are about to put it in your mouth it is a sign some one envies you. If a loaf or a piece of bread falls to the floor it is a sign that some of your relatives are in want of bread in a strange place. To bite your tongue signifies that you are not telling the truth. The little white spots which come under the finger nails mean various things, according to the finger. The right thumb nail means money earned; the left, finding money or a present. The first finger means friends, the next enemies, the third journeys and the little one fibs. When an eyelash falls off and lies on the cheek it means a present of a new gown or other article of wearing apparel.

Suspense Too Great.

"Did you ever play poker with a stammering man?" asked a man quoted in the Indianapolis Journal. "No?" Well, I did, but I'll never do so any more. Just imagine, if you can, a man's feelings when he has put up a big, fat bluff and sees that stuttering friend on the other side of the table pick up his cards, and hears him say: "W-e-e-ll, I g-g-g-uess I'll—guess I'll p-p-p-ass.' I tell you, the strain on a man's nerves while he is waiting for the verdict is something awful."

Sunday Not Desirable.

"Mamma," piped little five-year-old Gracie from across the breakfast table one Monday morning, "how many more days before another Sunday comes?"

"Six," replied mamma, promptly.

"O, I wish 'twas ten," said the tot.

"Why, my love, is Sunday such a lonesome day for you as that?"

"Yes, it's yonesome, and," hanging her little head, "I get so dreffully 'hind wif my sewing."—Detroit Free Press.

Honorable Mention.

Newspaper notoriety is an evil not confined to this country. A German paper reports this dialogue:

Customer (reading a newspaper)—Here I see I am referred to in the paper again.

Shopkeeper—Indeed! What do they say about you?

Customer (reading aloud)—"At the close of last week Berlin numbered 1,573,321 inhabitants." I am one of that number.

Almost Incredible.

"My dear, can't we have some sweetmeats for dinner? I am tiring of this baker's pie," remarked a newly married Harlem man as he rejected a piece of sole leather pie.

"Yes, darling. I'll order some tomorrow."

Next morning she went to the butcher's and asked for four pounds of sweetmeats.—Texas Siftings.

RAISING OF CREAM.

Why the Separating Process Is the Best by Long Odds.

All farmers and dairymen understand that there is great difference in cows as to the amount of cream their milk will give, and also as to the ease or difficulty in converting it into butter. This also varies in milk and cream from the same cow at different times of year and under varying kinds of feed. Cows which give the richest milk furnish the cream that is most easily churned. It is because their milk contains proportionately less caseine or fibrous matter. In poor milk or that which is given by cows on dry feed there is more of this caseine, and it forms a film in which the butter globules are enveloped. If the raising is slow more or less of this fat is held in the milk by the film that surrounds it, and does not rise at all.

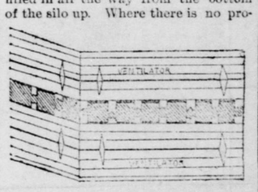
The increasing difficulty of churning cream as the cow goes farther from her calving period, and especially if she is giving dry feed, is explainable for the same reason. In the spring cows are fed laxative food. The grass they eat is watery and disposes the cow to scour rather than to constipation. As hot weather comes on, the cow becomes feverish; and this condition of her system lessens the fat in the milk and increases the fibrous film that holds it. Later, in winter, if the cow is fed on hay and straw, her milk gives a cream that can hardly be turned into butter if the cream is raised in the usual way.

Just here is the advantage of the separate plans of getting the cream out of milk. Instead of taking a long time and letting the oily parts separate from their coverings in the natural way, the separator uses a strong friction to break the film, when the cream or fatty part is immediately separated, and being lighter rises to the surface. Cream thus secured requires very little churning; the film being broken, there is practically nothing to do but to gather the butter and separate it from its buttermilk, which consists mainly of a residuum of caseine and fibrine that cannot at first be wholly separated from the fat. There is no doubt that these methods get from the milk a larger proportion of its butter fats, while leaving the milk sweet and in the best condition for human food. As milk is set to raise in pans it is always sour before the cream is fully raised. This sour milk is good for nothing except to feed to pigs or chickens. If the cream is taken off while sweet the milk is more healthy for average stomachs than while holding all its fat as drawn from the cow.—American Cultivator.

FREEZING IN THE SILO.

The Surest Way to Prevent It Is by Making a Dead Air Space.

Several complain that when the cold gets intense their ensilage will freeze round the walls of their silos, and sometimes, when taken out, will become quite frosty between one feeding and another. If the silo is built in one of the hay bents, the hay will rest against it on either side, which is ample protection providing your hay is filled in all the way from the bottom of the silo up. Where there is no pro-



tection of this sort, the surest way to prevent freezing on the walls is to sheath up with matched boards on the outside of the studding, thus making a dead air space. You should, however, hang with hinges a board jointed close, near the bottom, and another near the top. These should be left open until it becomes cold, and should be opened again as soon as the weather grows warm in the spring. This allows a circulation of air and dries out the moisture from the walls of the silo to prevent decay. To prevent the ensilage frosting from one cutting to another, have the top of the silo tightly covered, and a close-fitting door where you enter.—A. T. Hammon, in Farm and Home.

CAUSES MUCH TROUBLE.

Garlicky Flavor of Milk and How to Remove the Taint.

The writer has had no experience with garlicky milk. I do not have garlic in the pasture, but there are many who are sometimes seriously inconvenienced by it and for their benefit the following is taken from the American Creamery: We know of no way to entirely remove this taint, though it can be so modified that the average consumer will not detect it. Twice aerating will help it wonderfully. When you churn the cream from such milk always granulate to somewhere near the size of No. 8 shot.

Draw off the buttermilk and cover the butter with ice-cold water. Let it stand ten or fifteen minutes and draw off, then repeat. This will free it from the taint as much as you can by mechanical means. For a long time we have wanted to try to neutralize this taint, and wish that some of our readers, who are troubled in this way, would put about an ounce of rose water to sixty gallons of cream before churning and report their experience with it. We believe it would work but the lack of garlicky cream prevents our making the experiment at some future time.

Putting Up Butter.

"Did you ever try putting up butter in glass jars?" asks Landa A. Zigler, in the Housekeeper's Weekly. "We put some up in June and used it in October and it was almost as fresh as when put up. The jars were filled by putting in a small lump of butter, then pressing it down well with a piece of hard wood made to fit the mouth of the jar; then putting in more and pressing it down, until the jar was filled to the neck. The neck was then filled with salt and a cloth put on top and the lid screwed on as tightly as possible."

A Queer Order.

Mother—Johnnie, your father went trouting this morning. Go down to the fish market, and when he arrives there tell him to get a codfish instead of the trout, as to-morrow is Friday, and I expect company.—N. Y. Press.

RUINOUS.

The Housewife—Bridget, I smell gas leaking. Do you suppose it comes from the hall burner?

Bridget (after a sniff)—Lakin', is it? Bad luck to it! It'll be all over the new carpet. (Hastens for the mop.)—Puck.

Where They Sit.

Mother—Don't you know better than to put your feet on the sofa? Look at the mud. Suppose some one should come in and sit down on it.

Small Son—This is the night Mr. Nicefello comes to see Sis, and they never sit on the sofa. They always sit on the rocking-chair.—Good News.

THE DAIRY.

FEEDING MANGOLDS.

German Farmers Have Fed Them Successfully for Years.

All kinds of cattle are fed extensively on mangolds in middle and south Germany as well as in France and England, and they are one of the most important and safest crops we grow. We aim to make turnips last from November 1 until Christmas, by which time they begin to get bitter, and then we start on the mangolds, arranging the daily ration so as to make them hold out until May 15. When the supply is plentiful, I feed 40 pounds per day to each cow in milk and 50 pounds to a steer. They are cut into fine strips. I have fed them for the last 30 years and never known any damage to arise therefrom. They are fed with advantage to young stock, sheep and horses. Mangolds do best the year after the land has been manured. I haul my barnyard manure on clover stubble and

SUBSTITUTE FOR A SILO.

seed down the middle of September to rye and winter vetches which give me a heavy crop of green fodder the coming spring, before anything else is in sight. Whatever is left of this on May 15 is cured to hay, the land is broadcasted with 200 pounds of basic slag and 100 of kainit and turned under to be ready on June 1 for the planting of the mangolds. The Eckindorfer is today by far the most profitable kind to grow, perfectly cylindrical, smooth and flat at the top, with scant foliage and long one root. Then it is easily harvested and has no woody part about it; even specimens 20 pounds in weight are to-day—May 8—fresh and soft all through. We consider 20 tons per acre a good crop. We plant at 24 inches between the rows and keep the ground well stirred and free from weeds.

Mangolds are never given alone, but always in combination with hay and straw cut into 1½-inch lengths. As we cannot have the silo, we contrive to get a palatable food in the following manner: A box, shown in cut, is built out of pine scantling and 1½-inch boards, with the top and front open, the whole divided into three equal compartments, each to hold an entire day's feed for all animals, space being calculated on the basis of two cubic feet for each cow. A 3-inch layer of chopped hay and straw is now spread evenly on the floor of the first compartment; then follows a thin layer of sliced mangolds, which have previously been mixed with the daily allowance of oil meal and bran; then another layer of chopped hay and straw, treading down firm as it grows up and setting in the front boards as needed. When full, a board covering is put on. On the second day the next compartment is similarly filled and on the third day the last one. On the third day we commence to feed from the first compartment; this has now become thoroughly heated and has entered into a sweet fermentation giving an agreeable odor to the whole mixture, and the avidity with which it is consumed proves that it is relished. The increased flow of milk shows that the cows are grateful for our having "roots on the brain."—J. F. Sarg, in Rural New Yorker.

Managing a Dairy Farm.

The business of dairying should not be mixed with other branches of farming, but should be made a specialty. The farm can then be laid out in three equal fields for the three-year rotation—clover, corn and wheat. Any portions of the farm undesirable for cultivation can be seeded to permanent grasses for pasturing young stock, dry cows, etc. The tillable portions of the farm, then, will furnish clover for hay, corn for ensilage, wheat for a money crop and the straw for bedding. The wheat money can be reinvested on the farm, in the shape of wheat bran or oil meal, which will make the business self sustaining, and give, with the sale of surplus stock, a source of income which is constant and reliable. All fertility remains where it belongs, on the farm, and like the widow's oil its hidden resources are ever ready to respond to proper demands. — Colman's Rural World.

Temperature for Churning.

We are asked to give the proper temperature for churning. It can hardly be done. The following explains why: One of our dairy writers says use a thermometer in churning and watch closely the first time to observe the best result for having butter come in satisfactory form. While sixty-two is the most common temperature at which churning is best effected, that temperature is not always satisfactory. Certain breeds of cows, or cows on certain feeds, produce milk the cream of which must be churned higher or lower than the average. Having ascertained the temperature at which cream best breaks into butter by close observation, start the churning the next time with the cream at the desired temperature. This is the only intelligent way to use a thermometer, and once having learned how to use it the dairymen will never dispense with it.—Farmers' Voice.

DURING the summer season much butter is sold at 10 to 15 cents per pound and in many cases brings all it is worth. The milk from which it is made was in no wise inferior on the start to that from which good dairymen make butter which sells for 25 to 30 cents per pound.

No Chance for Him.

He—I came very near proposing to you the other night.

She—I'm glad you didn't. I'd miss your visits ever so much.—Brooklyn Life.

Not Very Expensive.

Fangle — Rhode Island is to be stocked with quail.

Cumso—Well, a dozen quail won't cost a great deal.—Judge.

HE NEEDED A CHANGE.

Tramp—Little girl, is there any cottage around here where I can get a plateful of anything beside chicken and asparrowgrass? For the last week I've had nothin' but asparrowgrass an' chicken; chicken an' asparrowgrass. If you could only tell me where I could strike a plate of good, old-fashioned beef, or even a simple salad, I'd bless you!—Life.