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THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL. XXX BUTLER, PA., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1893. NO 40

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 Manufacturers 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.

FURNITURE,

CARPETS,

QUEENSWEAR,

HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS

CAMPBELL & TEMPLETON,

Butler, - - - Penn'a.

ALL HANDS AGREE

THAT

AL. RUFF

Carries the Finest and Best of Footwear for Ladies and Gentlemen. Give us a call before purchasing elsewhere.

AL. RUFF,

114 S. MAIN STREET.

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.

Our store is also headquarters for

PAINTS OILS, VARNISHES

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 Street, opposite 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

S. G. Purvis & Co.

MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN

Rough and Planed Lumber

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SHINGLES, LATH & SEWER PIPE.

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DEALER IN

Rough and Worked Lumber

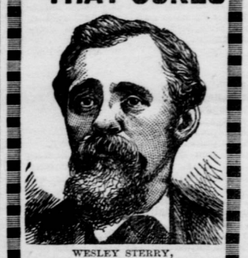
OF ALL KINDS

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

LIME, HAIR AND PLASTER.

Office opposite P. & W. Depot, BUTLER - - PA.

THE KIND THAT CURES



WESLEY STERRY, Morristown, N. Y.

Kidney Trouble for 12 Years, Completely Cured.

DANA SARSAPARILLA CO.,

MESSRS.—For 12 years I have been badly afflicted with Kidney Trouble. Two years ago I had "La Grippe," which settled in my back. At times it was hard work for me to get around. Last Feb. I had another attack of "La Grippe," which left me so bad I could hardly get across the room. Our merchant advised me to try a bottle of

DANA'S SARSAPARILLA

I did so, and have taken three bottles of SARSAPARILLA and one bottle of DANA'S PILLS, and I am COMPLETELY CURED. No trouble with Kidneys; no backache; good appetite, and I never felt better in my life. You may publish this if you wish, as every word is true.

Yours truly,

Morristown, N. Y. WESLEY STERRY.

GENTS.—We are personally acquainted with Mr. Sterry, and know his statements are true.

Respectfully, A. F. & C. F. McNEILL.

Dana Sarsaparilla Co., Belfast, Maine.

SPRING STYLES READY.

YOU WILL CERTAINLY HAVE A SUIT MADE TO ATTEND THE WORLD'S FAIR. YOU CAN AFFORD IT, WHEN YOU SEE THE SPLENDID ASSORTENT OF MATERIAL, 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.

COLBERT & DALE,

242 S. Main street,

Butler, Pa.

NOTICE!

Wertz, THE WELL-known Artist and Photographer; formerly the head of the Wertz-Harding 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.

FRANK KEMPER,

DEALER IN

BLANKETS, HARNESS,

And everything in horse and buggy furnishing goods—Harness, Collars, Whips. Dusters, Saddles, etc. Also trunks and valises.

Repairing done on short notice.

The largest assortment of 5-A Horse blankets in town will be found at Kemper's.

WANTED—LADY or gentleman to represent; large salaries to good firm. References required. Permanent position. GAY & BROS., Philadelphia, Pa.

IN A BAD FIX.

The Startling Sight Which Met a Bon Vivant's Gaze Next Morning.

Here is a story which, according to the New York Sun, was a favorite in the repertory of a famous Cincinnatian:

"On one occasion," he was wont to say, "a friend of mine had been on a terrific spree which had been occupying his nights right along for two weeks or more. He managed somehow to be on deck during business hours, but when night came he was down in the hold and everywhere else. One morning he awoke heavy-headed, half-dressed and lying crosswise of the bed. When he had gone to sleep or how he did not remember. There was the odor of stale beer and wine and tobacco smoke in the room, and bottles and cigar butts were scattered all over. By a great effort he got to his feet, and for an instant his head felt as if it would fall off and burst into a million pieces. He cast his eyes around the room. As they fell upon the foot of the bed they encountered a grim and grinning monkey sitting on the rail. There was no known reason why a monkey should be there, but there it sat and grinned. He watched it intently as he slipped over toward a table where lay a loaded revolver. He was very, very rocky, but he had grip enough to hold the gun, and with a sudden movement he had it trained on the simian. He was a famous shot, but the monkey never wavered. It simply sat there winking and grinning. My friend held the pistol down on it for a second, steadily.

"'Now,' he said, nervously, 'if you are a real monkey, you are in a bad fix'—then he hesitated a moment—'but if you are not,' he went on, 'then I'm in a bad fix.'

"He banged away, and it was ten days before he was himself again."

DUMB ANIMALS SHED TEARS.

The Touching and Pathetic Way in Which a Horse Solicits Sympathy.

Many people believe that horses do not weep, but those who have had much to do with these faithful creatures know that on several occasions they will shed tears as well as express sorrow in the most heartbreaking manner. In the west, where the hardiness of the ponies causes the riders to almost overlook the necessity of providing for their needs, it is quite common, when the weather is extremely cold, to leave an unblanketed pony tied up for two or three hours when the temperature is nearly zero, and while its owner is transacting business or getting drunk. In this case the suffering is evidenced by cries which are almost like sobs, and the unmistakable tears freeze onto the cheeks like icicles. When a horse falls in the street and gets injured the shock generally numbs its senses so much that it does not either cry or groan, but under some conditions an injured horse will solicit sympathy in the most distinct manner. I remember a favorite horse of my own, writes a correspondent of the New York Telegram, which trod on a nail long enough to pierce its foot. The poor thing hobbled up to me on three legs and cried as nearly like a child in trouble as anything I can describe. The sight was a very touching one, as was also the crippled animal's gratitude when the nail was pulled out and the wound dressed.

Superstitions of Brave People.

If one will take the trouble to go through the names of most of the bravest people in history, he will find that they nearly all suffered from some superstition or other. Napoleon Bonaparte was simply eaten by superstitions, and so was the duke of Marlborough. Literary men have always been notoriously superstitious, from the days of Dr. Johnson, who would go back half a mile if he remembered that he had omitted to touch any one of the lampposts on his daily walk, to Dean Swift, who would never change a garment if he found that he had put it on inside out, and Lord Byron, who would get up and leave a dinner party instantly if anybody spilt the salt. Statesmen have not been exempt from superstitions either. Lord Beaconsfield would always take especial care to enter the house with his right foot foremost when he was going to make a big speech. Mr. Parnell had a strong prejudice against sitting in a room with three candles. William Pitt would return home at once, however important his business, if he met a cross-eyed man in the street, while Sir Robert Peel would always make the sign against the evil eye with his fingers and thumb under similar circumstances.

Snake Charming.

In India and Africa the charmers pretend the snakes dance to the music, but they do not, for they never hear it. A snake has no external ears, and perhaps gets evidence of sound only through his skin, when sound causes bodies in contact with him to vibrate. They hear also through the nerves of the tongue, but do not at all comprehend sound as we do. But the snake's eyes are very much alive to the motions of the charmer, or to the moving drumsticks of his confederate, and, being alarmed, he prepares to strike. A dancing cobra (and no other snakes dance) is simply a cobra alarmed and in a posture of attack. He is not dancing to the music, but is making ready to strike the charmer.

An Extravagant Monarch.

The sultan of Turkey is said to be the most extravagant housekeeper in the world. According to a recent estimate his domestic budget runs thus: Repairs, new furniture, mats, beds, etc., 15,000,000 francs; toilet requisites, including rouge and enamels for the ladies of the harem, and jewelry, 50,000,000 francs; extra extravagances, 65,000,000 francs; clothes and furniture for the sultan personally, 10,000,000 francs; douceurs and wages, 20,000,000 francs; gold and silver plate, 12,500,000 francs; maintenance of five carriages and horses, 2,500,000 francs—a total of 175,000,000 francs, or more than $38,000,000.

Her Beauty Went with It.

Fred—She isn't the pretty girl she used to be.

Arthur—Is that so?

Fred—Yes. Her father lost all his money speculating.—Truth.

Not Fully Qualified.

Master (to cook)—You needn't say anything to your mistress, Jane, but have you a policeman for a sweetheart?

Cook (indignantly)—Certainly not, sir.

Master—Then you'll have to get one or else leave. I want some one to eat up the cold mutton.—The Million.

A Heavy Smoker.

Wife—My dear, I'll have to go and see a doctor. I'm afraid I have the tobacco heart, and it's often fatal.

Husband—Good gracious! You don't smoke.

Wife—No; but I live under the same roof with you.—N. Y. Weekly.

A Thankless Child.

"Did Mrs. Dudderson cry when her daughter married old Boobdell?"

"Yes, poor thing. It is tough to bring up a daughter and then, at the age of twenty-one, have her cut her mother out."—Harper's Bazar.

A Desirable Combination.

Father—No, Agnes, I cannot consent to you marrying that young man. I understand that suicide is hereditary in his family.

Daughter—Yes, papa, but so is a large estate.—Detroit Tribune.

A WISE PASHA.

Who Was Able to Live Amicably with Several Wives.

Ismail appears to have been one of the few men who have succeeded in living in amity with a number of wives under the same roof. Writing upon the glamour of the harem and the khedive's relation toward his spouses, Miss Chennells, in her book, "Recollections of an Egyptian Princess," says:

"The great object of European ladies, either at Constantinople or Cairo, is to get an introduction to the harem; but once visited the charm is generally broken. On fete days the impression is gorgeous; the magnificent dresses, the splendid apartments, the flashing of jewels, the open courts with the feathery palms, and the sound of falling waters, all produce a delightful effect. But on ordinary visits you were struck with the entire absence of anything to promote amusement or mental occupation. No books, music, or any little feminine work lying about. The windows might look out on a garden, but there was sure to be a high wall which shut out all outer life. The khedive, to do him justice, was anxious to raise the position of women; he founded schools for girls, he endeavored to promote education in his own harem, and gave much greater liberty and means, both of recreation and instruction, to its inmates than any sovereign had done before him. Ismail Pasha had four wives, the full proportion allowed by the koran. To the first and second he was married when quite young, and to the third after his accession. These three ladies lived with him in the same palace. They, of course, had separate suites of apartments, but they lived in perfect amity, as I had full opportunity of knowing later. I once said what a wonderful thing it was for three wives to live together like affectionate sisters, but I was answered immediately: 'That is because his highness never shows any preference for one more than the others; if one is favored to-day, the others have their turn to-morrow.' I thought him a wonderful man to keep the balance so even."

THE NEW OPERATOR.

He Thought the Moon Was a Headlight and So Reported.

It was a sleepy little Massachusetts town, but there was a railroad running through it, and for the accommodation of a few summer patrons of the line a station had been built, says the Boston Herald. The pooh bah of the place officiated as telegraph operator, station agent and yardmaster. Through some misunderstanding with the company one pooh bah had been discharged and sent upon his way with a troubled conscience, and a new operator had been engaged to fill his place. The new man, while he was a good operator and understood railroad matters well enough to take the position, was totally unacquainted with the locality in which he now found himself. The tracks from the station stretched away through a lot of farmland for about a quarter of a mile, then disappeared in the center of a dense forest of fir and spruce. The first night that the new pooh bah was in charge he had just finished taking orders for a train that would pass the station about 11 o'clock, and he stepped to the station door to glance down the tracks. Far down at the edge of the woods that loomed up black against the lighter gray sky of the summer night he saw a bright light, and, thinking it must be some special train that he did not know about, he turned the lever of the semaphore and again stepped inside the office. Just as he did so the superintendent of the next station, who had been out driving with his wife, entered the main office door to inquire if all was well and how the new man was getting along. The operator spoke of the special train that was coming up the tracks, and the "super" looked puzzled and went to the door.

"What special train do you mean?" he asked. "I see none."

"Why, there it is, down by the black woods; don't you see the headlight?" replied the operator.

"Headlight be hanged!" growled the official. "That's the moon rising through the woods at the end of the tracks."

Ingeniously Lawless.

On a property where the rabbit shooting was strictly preserved upon the southern coast of England, says a London correspondent, a boy was once caught with two dead rabbits in his possession and nothing that would account for their decease. A search of his pockets revealed nothing but two large crabs of small dimensions, the end of a candle and a box of matches. Under promise of release, the urchin was persuaded to disclose his method of procedure.

First he selected a likely burrow, and then he stripped off his clothes, putting his coat over one hole, his trousers over a nother and his shirt over a third. He lit the candle end; dropped a little of the grease upon a crab's back, and stuck the lighted candle thereon, and then put the crab at an unoccupied opening. Straightway the frightened torchbearer fled sideways into the darkness, and explored the innermost depths, while the boy, expectant as a terrier, awaited events outside. Presently a rabbit bolted into the coat, and boy, rabbit and coat rolled over together, the boy rising from the fray with the rabbit in his clutches. What happened to the crab, the history did not relate.

Hatching Fish Under Hens.

Chinese fishermen collect with care from the margin and surface of water all those gelatinous masses which contain the spawn of fish, and after they have found a sufficient quantity they fill with it the shell of a fresh hen's egg which they have previously emptied, stop up the hole and put it under a setting fowl. At the expiration of a certain number of days they break the shell in water warmed by the sun. The young fry are presently hatched and are kept in pure, fresh water till they are large enough to be thrown into the pond.

Horrors of War.

Mrs. De Fashion—The papers are again hinting of a war in Europe.

Mrs. De Style—That would be terrible.

Mrs. De Fashion—Perfectly dreadful! We'd have to stay at home this summer.—N. Y. Weekly.

A Lesson in Filial Respect.

"What is your middle name?"

"Sir, no man who respects the memory of his parents should ever reveal his middle name, for in it is always revealed the incipient insanity of those who bestowed the name upon their innocent offspring."—Chicago Record.

Unkind Reflection on Miss Blenkins.

Rivers—That Miss Blenkins, over there, was born with a silver spoon in her mouth.

Banks (critically inspecting Miss Blenkins)—It must have been a mighty wide one.—Chicago Tribune.

Always Clean.

Good Minister—I observe with pleasure that your family Bible is not covered with dust.

Little Girl—It's always nice and clean now, ever since the piano stool broke.—Good News.

A Cool Proposition.

She—I want twenty-five dollars to buy a Japanese fan.

He—Oh, get one of those five-cent ones. It is easier to raise the wind at that price.—Texas Siftings.

HOG-RAISING NOTES.

How to Make the Pork Industry Both Pleasant and Profitable.

The first item to be considered in raising hogs for profit is good breeding stock. Carefully select your sows, which should be of medium size, deep and well sprung body, heavy hams and shoulders, legs of medium length with a medium but not coarse bone, and the other parts as good as you can possibly get them. Then use only thoroughbred boars who have as near as possible all the good qualities that your sows may lack. You now have the foundation laid for a good crop of easily fatted pigs.

At farrowing time watch your sows and prevent as far as possible the loss of any pigs at that critical moment. Feed the sow very lightly for the first day or two after farrowing; then feed abundantly of good milk-producing foods such as middlings, oats, milk and a little corn. If in summer let the sow have all the grass she wants. If winter, some roots should be fed, such as artichokes, potatoes or beets.

As soon as the pigs begin to eat feed them some soaked oats, corn or wheat, and by all means keep them growing, always remembering that the pig as well as any other animal makes its growth out of what it gets to eat.

The pigs should have all the grass they want to eat; clover or blue grass the best, also a little grain should be is fed from the time they begin to eat until you wish to finish them off for market; then corn is your best and cheapest fattener. Feed liberally, regularly all they will eat up clean and, when they are thoroughly fat, sell. Keeping a hog after it is thoroughly fat is nearly always keeping at a loss to the feeder.

Never try to raise more hogs than you can raise right. Do not rely too much on the breed; remember that the blood only gives you the frame and good feeding qualities in the pig. You must make the hog.—Jacob W. Smith, in Farm, Field and Fireside.

HAYSTACK PLATFORM.

Almost Indispensable for Proper Topping of a Stack.

When hay or fodder is stacked out of doors the pitching up of the last two loads is attended with extremely heavy straining work by the man on the load. From this cause stacks are too often topped out and called finished before they are high enough to properly shed rain. The accompanying engraving from a sketch by L. D. Snook shows a temporary platform which will aid in overcoming these difficulties. When the stack has reached the height to which a man can conveniently pitch from the bottom of the load, two smooth poles are laid parallel crosswise across the top of stack, one end left

A HAYSTACK PLATFORM.

projecting about three and a half feet. Half a load of hay is thrown upon the inner end of rails, and a few boards nailed on the projecting ends. To give greater strength props from the ground are nailed to the outer edge. The hay is then pitched upon the platform, and thence to the stack. When finished the boards are removed, and the poles either left in position or pulled out of stack.—American Agriculturist.

BLOATING IN CATTLE.

Some Simple Means of Alleviating the Dangerous Ailment.

When detected in the beginning, give every half hour half an ounce of aqua ammonia in a quart of cold water. When bloating has lasted over twelve hours, a different kind of gas is generated, and different remedies must be used, such as two drachms of chlorinated lime dissolved in a pint of cold water and repeated every hour. After a severe attack of bloating, always give a laxative dose of medicine, such as a pound and a half of Epsom salts dissolved in a quart of hot water, and to which solution add a pint of molasses and an ounce of ground ginger.

In urgent cases when medicine cannot soon be had, plunge a trocar into the left flank inward, downward and forward, in the direction of the right elbow, inserting it midway between the last rib and the hipbone, and about eight inches from the bones of the loin. When away out in the field and no trocar is obtainabble, a long-bladed penknife may be used, putting it in to the handle, and holding it in this position so long as gas escapes. But the knife is not a safe instrument as particles of food are apt to pass into the abdominal cavity, where it may cause fatal inflammation.—Prairie Farmer.

Sheds for Sheep.

A sheep shed should have not less than ten square feet of room for each sheep, and for the larger Downs and Cotswolds fifteen square feet is not too much. They can be kept in less space than this, because they have been, but they had a chance to run out of doors every day and often at night, and the shed was open on one side, but we doubt whether there would have been more profit in a less number or a larger shed, because there would have been less sickness among them. Beside this space should be pens into which the ewes could be put when about to drop their lambs, and a yard to which only the lambs can have access, where they can get extra feed.

All the Accessories.

At a restaurant a customer who had ordered a cauliflower au gratin found in the middle of it a large tin tack. Calling a waitress he inquired: "Is this a part of the cauliflower?"

"No," she replied, "it's part of the grating."—Vogue.

Real Economy.

"I have a remarkably economical wife."

"Makes her own bonnets and gowns, I suppose?"

"No," dejectedly; "she makes my shirts, cuffs and collars, though."—Chicago Record.

IN FRANCE.

New York Girl—You understand French, do you not?

Vassar Girl—Yes; but I don't understand why the French don't understand their own language!—Once a Week.

They Didn't, Indeed.

A couple of tramps had sat down under a tree by the roadside to rest.

"Wasn't you in the war?" asked Willie Walk.

"I were," responded Turnpike Walker.

"'N' why don't you git a pension?"

"I tried to, but it wouldn't get, somehow."

"Why not?"

"They said I was capable of manual labor."

"Did they, indeed?"

"They did, Willie," sighed Turnpike, disconsolately.

Willie brushed a tear from his weather-beaten eye.

"My boy," he murmured, "they didn't know you; they didn't know you."—Detroit Free Press.

DIFFERENT METHODS OF TRAVEL.

Miss Pinkerly (at the world's fair)—Ah, Mr. Tutter, this is a delightful pleasure! How long do you expect to remain in Chicago?

Young Tutter—I am making preparations to leave to-morrow.

Miss Pinkerly—How unfortunate! I expect to be here three weeks before going back. I was in hopes that I might see something of you while here and possibly that we might go on to New York together.

Young Tupper (sadly)—From present indications, Miss Clara, we shall probably both arrive there about the same time.—Truth.

Nothing Lost.

"Talking about the utilization of force," said Bunting, "I saw something last summer which beats anything I ever heard of before."

"What was it?" asked Larkin.

"You know how a cow works her jaws in chewing her cud?"

"Yes."

"Well, an old farmer had an arrangement fixed to his cows so that the cud chewing motion was made to churn the cow's butter."—Brooklyn Life.

Generally the Case.

He went to bed at nine o'clock,
Was up again at five;
He worked from dawn till dewy eve,
Quite more dead than alive.
And so he piled the dollars up,
To leave them to his son,
And the boy he blew in every red
And had a lot of fun.

—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

Sure to Be a Go.

Modern Composer—I've got a new stage song that's bound to make a hit.

Manager—Any sense in it?

"None at all."

"Any fun in it?"

"Not a bit."

"Any music in it?"

"Not a note."

"Whoop! We'll take the town."—N. Y. Weekly.

Up to Date.

There was an aroma of burnt milk in a stately residence on Manhattan avenue.

"Didn't I tell you to look out when the milk boiled," exclaimed Mrs. Portly Pompous.

"I did look out, mum. It boiled over at a quarter past noine," replied the menial, Bridget Doolihan.—Texas Siftings.

An Exception.

"Our taycher says that Ivery man should thry to get to the top," said little Micky Dolan.

"Thrue for the taycher," responded Mickey's father, "onless yez happen to be starting to dig a well."—Washington Star.

He Had His Reason.

"I should like to know why you leave my house so suddenly?" asked Mrs. Doosenberry, the boarding-house keeper. "I presume you have grounds?"

"Yes, madam," replied the boarder, bitterly, "I have grounds — coffee grounds."—Texas Siftings.

An Exception.

She—For my part, I like to strive for a thing and win it, and not have it drop in my lap. Don't you agree with me, Mr. Dobson?

He—Yo-es—unless it is the girl that I am courting.—Judge.

About the Size of It.

She—That dress she had on at the ball last night ruined a hundred dollar bill.

He—I thought it must have been cut out of something about that size.—Brooklyn Life.

Disliked to Take Chances.

"Tommy," said an anxious mother to her boy, "your uncle will be here to dinner to-day, and you must have your face washed."

"Yes, ma, but s'posen he don't come. What then?"—Boston Globe.

Kind.

Mrs. Tompkins—What would you think of me if I dined at a club every other evening?

Tompkins—I should wonder how you managed to endure the intermediate meals at home.—Truth.

"Her Name Is Legion."

She's the prettiest maiden
That ever was born.
Her lips are a rose
And—her tongue is its thorn.

—Puck.

Almost.

First Actor (in a tragic whisper)—Are we quite alone?

Second Actor (glancing grimly at the small audience)—Almost.—N. Y. Weekly.

Where Kalamazoo Has the Bulge.

A Kalamazoo man who had never been out of Michigan went to the world's fair, and there he met a Detroit man whom he knew.

"Chicago is a wonderful city," said the Detroiter as they walked along State street in the evening.

"Yes," assented the Kalamazooiu, as if he did not want to be rustically enthusiastic.

"In some respects the most wonderful in the world," went on the Detroiter.

"Still, we have one thing in Kalamazoo," said the cautious visitor, "that they don't have in Chicago."

"And what is that?" inquired the Detroiter in astonishment.

"Fewer people," and the Detroiter was really pleased by the Kalamazooiu's round about way of paying a compliment.—Detroit Free Press.

That's All.

Susie (in stock yard)—Oh, Johnnie, look at that big cow a-sleepin' over there!

Johnnie (with a show of superior knowledge)—Now, you be careful, Susie; he's not sleeping, he's only bulldozing.—Truth.

A Logician.

"So your wife is going to sue you for divorce?"

"How did you know it?"

"I read in this morning's paper that she intended to go on the stage."—Puck.

IMPROVED HIGHWAYS.

A Systematic Plan Is Needed to Secure Better Roads.

It is unnecessary to refer at length to the traveling wayfarer and to the comfort and facility which a good road affords him in the progress of his travel, nor need I more than suggest the added comfort of the wheelman and the pedestrian who seek the fresh, pure air of the country in their trips for health and pleasure.

The one prominent essential to the attainment of road reform, and indeed of every other reform of similar magnitude in this country, is organization. A favoring public opinion must first be developed and directed in the channel which tends to the most certain and lasting success. To a large degree, I am glad to say, this educational work has been accomplished. Public sentiment having been attuned to favor of the improvement, the next requirement is a well settled plan to carry it out. Personally, I am not yet prepared to say that I should favor the levy of a state tax to accomplish this work in whole or in part. The benefits would primarily be local, though, as I have said, the general public would in some measure share them.

My own thought is that a non-partisan, non-salaried commission should be appointed by the governor, from among men of undoubted experience in this matter, and that such a commission should be charged with the work of solving the road problem and deciding what plan of work and what amendment of the road law are most likely to result in an extended improvement of our country roads, without an undue burden upon the people and with the greatest promise of permanent good to the commonwealth at large. Much would, of course, depend upon the selection of the commissioners; but, if the places were without salaries, the professional spoilsman would not seek them, and those citizens who earnestly favor the reform would naturally be preferred for the appointment. A commission thus organized, and clothed with authority to carefully examine the subject and the conditions presented by different sections of the state, might well include in its report such a comprehensive digestion and treatment of the subject that most of

A SECTION OF CHICAGO'S FAMOUS LAKE SHORE DRIVE.

the conflicting theories and plans now advanced would be dispelled or harmonized, and such deductions made as would leave the subject in shape to be intelligently considered and the proper remedy wrought out.

We want good roads. We must have such roads, and the sooner the subject is practically considered by competent men, the sooner will the reform movement bear substantial fruit.—The Late Col. Elliott F. Shepard, in Good Roads.

Wide Wagon Tires Needed.

It is only a question of time when broad wagon tires will be seen on all our wagons employed for hauling merchandise and freight, the same as may be seen in all the capitals of Europe. The Ontario department of agriculture has sent out a valuable special report, or bulletin, setting forth the treatment necessary to make, as well as to maintain, good roads. The report says the repairing of roads once a year (the usual plan) is wrong in principle, as almost always it is done in the spring, the good effects disappearing before the time for fall and winter travel sets in. The report strongly commends the movement in favor of wide tires for draft vehicles. It says it has been proved by repeated experiments that wheels with tires two and one-half inches wide cause double the wear of wheels which have four and one-half inch tires. The wide tire has a tendency to roll the roadbed and keep it smooth at the same time, while the narrow one cuts it up and requires more hauling force for the same weight of load, besides spoiling the thoroughfare. Most of the European countries have laws regulating this matter.

Gives Credit to Wheelmen.

The California League of American Wheelmen recently indorsed the state roads convention movement and elected delegates. The simple truth is that the road agitation, which first stirred up the cast some three years ago, and still continues with increasing force and vigor, was inaugurated by the wheelmen. So much has been done in the last three years in many states in the improvement of roads and the introduction of improved and economic methods of road construction and maintenance, that if the bicycle had done nothing else for humanity it is to its credit that in creating the good-road movement it has won the commendation of mankind.—Sacramento Record-Union.

A Growing Necessity.

New England, New Jersey and New York are making great advances in new roads. Every day the necessity for good roads is growing in every state. Nothing promotes the prosperity of a country like good roads. The greatest men the world has ever seen, Julius Cæsar and Napoleon Bonaparte, were energetic road builders. Let the little Cæsars and Bonapartes of state legislatures see that laws are enacted to give the people good roads.

The Lady and the Druggist.

Old Lady (to druggist)—I want a box of canine pills.

Druggist—What is the matter with the dog?

Old Lady (indignantly)—I want you to know, sir, that my husband is a gentleman.

Druggist puts up some quinine pills in profound silence.—Boston Home Journal.

Tommy's Wish.

Tommy—The fish go in schools, don't they, mamma?

Mamma—Yes, Tommy dear.

Tommy—I wish you would buy me a bathing suit, mamma, and send me to one of their schools.—Harper's Young People.

Extra Hazardous.

"Suppose you let me write you a policy on your new building?"

"Why, my dear sir, that structure is absolutely fireproof."

"I'm glad you told me. My company wouldn't care to touch it, in that case."—Judge.

"Love Will Find the Way."

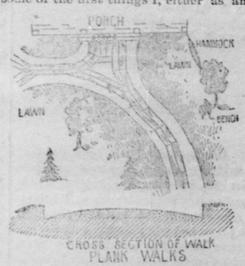
Will Getthere—Miss Howe, you know the language of flowers; do you find any hidden meaning in this simple little clover leaf?

Annie Howe—A clover leaf? Let me see. One, he loves me; two, he loves me not; three, *he loves me!* Oh, Will, this is so sudden!—Puck.

WALKS AND DRIVEWAYS.

Why They Should Always Be Kept in First-Class Condition.

None of the small things of seemingly little consequence on the farm can be more effective in pointing to neglect, or in creating a vivid impression of an "abandoned farm," and thus depreciating the apparent value of the place, than neglected weedy walks and drives. A first impression, too, is usually a lasting impression. It is not a good plan to air one's dirty clothes in the front yard, nor to let the first thing which the visitor meets be weeds and neglect. A day's work, or a small outlay, expended in getting the walks and drives in proper order, often does wonders in improving the appearance and value of a place. Walks and drives are some of the first things I, either as an



owner or a tenant, would pay attention to.

The natural tendency always is to put off the work on the unproductive roads and walks just as long as other work is pressing, and sometimes longer, simply because there are no actual cash returns visible. For this reason I would have as few walks and driveways as consistent with convenience or necessity. Walks on the lawn and among the borders, for instance, can be entirely dispensed with. Right there we wish to avoid formality and stiffness of outline. If there is anything more pleasant to walk upon, especially when everything else is either dust or mud, than a rich, close-cut, velvety lawn, I have yet to find it. Here at Woodbanks we do not "keep off the grass," but rather make it our playground, with every foot of it used as a walk when it thus pleases our fancy. The children revel on the green sward like lambs in a pasture lot. There is no harm done to the grass either. It grows and grows, and needs cutting as if no foot were ever set upon it. In fact, it is the great charm of the place.

Some walks are unavoidable, but they are for business rather than for pleasure. The direct lines between road and house, between house and barn or between any of the farm buildings are traveled over to such an extent that paths would soon be worn into the best lawn, to the disfigurement of the whole place. Formal walks are absolutely needed to connect these points. How to connect them is the question. Everybody, of course, must be guided by the materials available for the purpose. Sifted coal ashes or coal dust, fine gravel or slate, sand, etc., all can be used to advantage for walk making; but it takes a great quantity of material to make a good walk. First of all, lay out the walk in a graceful curve from road to house, with a few shrubs or trees giving an excuse or apparent reason for the curve. The sod, if on a lawn already established, is to be removed and the depression filled out with the material on hand. Fine sand and sifted coal ashes or coal dust make a walk quite comfortable to walk upon, but coarser materials, especially coarse gravel, afford less pleasure; a plank walk will be preferable. At Woodbanks we have arranged our walk as shown in illustration. It is a simple, cheap and generally satisfactory way, and when kept in good order adds much to the attractiveness of the place. The soil is a clayey loam. What we need is a clean, dry walk. Sand, gravel and similar materials were not easily accessible. The planks are 2-inch, 10 inches wide, and as cheap as they could be had. Knots and other imperfections do little harm, as they can be filled out with soil. They are cut to fit, and imbedded together in the soil as shown by the cross section at the lower left-hand corner of illustration. They require no cross piece to rest upon, no nailing, and the walk is not only good to walk on, but also good to look on. The soil at both sides, of course, must be kept free from weeds. This is easily done by an occasional scraping over with the hoe or spade; possibly the object may be accomplished by a heavy dressing of cheap, coarse salt. It takes but little time and labor to keep this walk in good order.

Neither is much fuss made over the drive on the lawn. In spring we plow it quite shallow, throwing the furrows toward the center. Then we go over twice with a harrow. This leaves the drive in excellent shape, well rounded and smooth. Weeds, of course, soon spring up again, but we promptly destroy them with our homemade weed cutter, consisting of a sharp steel blade fastened to an old-fashioned thill cultivator frame. This cuts an inch or two below ground, loosening the surface and killing all weed growth.

Neglected walks and drives, you may be sure, are an eyesore to both owner and visitor. Well-kept ones are more than a luxury. They are as necessary for the good and the reputation of the place and owner as are well-cultivated orchards and fields and in this way they pay.—T. Greiner, in Country Gentleman.

THE water vessels may be purified by applying fresh lime wash (whitewash) and letting it dry before using again.

CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL.

She—Will you give me a kiss, Tommy?

Tommy—Not much! The next thing you would be suing me for breach of promise, I suppose.—Judge.

Marriage Not a Failure.

"Mrs. De Trop seems very happily married."

"She is. And do you know the reason?"

"No."

"When young De Trop was courting her and they were going out she always kept him waiting just as long as she could. Since they are married she makes it a point always to be ready at the minute."—Chicago Record.