State Library

THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

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Some People Know It,
And Some People Don't,
All Will Know It Sooner or Later.

The New Shoe Store Will Open About the 18th.

Are you a money saver? If you are WAIT. Are you a close, cash buyer? If so WAIT. Do you want comfortably fitting shoes? If so WAIT. Do you want to reap the benefit of a large cash purchase? If so WAIT.

CAR LOADS OF GOODS ENROUTE.

Do you want to select from a large, new stock? If so WAIT. Do you want the newest things in the market? If so WAIT.

Keep your eye on the new shoe store. It has come to stay.

WAIT AND SEE IT.

IT WILL BE STRICTLY IN IT.

Remember the place, opposite Arlington Hotel, Butler, Pa.

C. E. MILLER.

Read! Read!! Read!!!

of the greatest bargains ever offered in Butler, in Dry Goods, Millinery, Wraps, Notions, Trimmings, Underwear, Hosiery, &c.

NOTE PRICES.

Best all wool white blankets, worth $5.00 for $4.00.
Best all wool country flannel, worth 35c per yd for 25c.
Ladies' full size all wool skirts, worth $1.00 for 85c.
Men's natural all wool underwear, worth $3.00 for $2 a suit.
Ladies' all wool hose, worth 35c per pair for 25c
Good all wool factory yarn, 50c per lb.
Lawrence L. L. sheeting, worth 7c for 5c per yd.
Good ginghams at 5c per yd.
Good fast color, dark prints, 5c per yd.
Good unbleached Damask, worth 35c for 25c per yd.
Best unbleached Damask, worth 50c for 37c per yd.

Besides all this we have the latest novelties in Millinery, Wraps, Dress Goods. Novelties in Fancy Dress Good Patterns, no two alike, (Black Goods a Specialty.) These are all to be found at the well known Bargain House of Butler.

JENNIE E. ZIMMERMAN,

(Successor to Ritter & Ralston.)

Fall Opening of Clothing

DON'T FAIL TO ATTEND OUR FALL OPENING OF CLOTHING, HATS AND GENTS FURNISHING GOODS

FALL SUITS, FALL UNDERWEAR, FALL OVERCOATS

All our Fall Goods are entirely new as we did not buy a dollars worth of heavy goods when we opened in the Spring.

All welcome whether you wish to buy or not. Come and see.

DOUTHETT & GRAHAM,

Reliable One Price Clothiers.

Cor. Main and Cunningham Sts., -:- Butler, Pa.

BEST QUALITY BOOTS AND SHOES

Cheaper than ever at

AL. RUFF'S.

We want your trade and will sell you Boots and Shoes cheaper than they can be bought elsewhere.

See our line of Men and boys' Kip Boots. Our line of Women's Calf and Oil Grain Shoes. Our Children's Waterproof School Shoes. We will save you your car fare to Butler on a single pair of shoes.

AL RUFF.

114 S. MAIN STREET. - - - BUTLER, PA.

The Fair is Coming.

OUR SHOES ARE DOWN.

60 pairs of Ladies' fine Oxfords Eddys & Webster's make were 2.75 now only 1.90. 200 pairs of Ladies' shoes Eddy & Webster's make hand turned and welt were 4.50 and 5.00 now only 3.75. 1 lot of Ladies' shoes hand turned were 2.25 and 2.50 now only 1.90. 1 lot of Oxfords ties only 60 cts All children's Red and tan shoes at 85 cts. were 1.00 and 1.25. 1 lot Men's Cordovan welt shoes Strong & Carrell make were 5.50 now only 4.65. 1 lot Men's French calf shoes Strong & Carrell make were 4.75 now only 3.90. 1 lot Men's Dongola were 2.25 now 1.65. 1 lot Men's double sole and tap were 2.00 now 1.45.

All Shoes Down to Rock Bottom Prices at

ROBINS BROS.,

S. E. corner of Diamond - - - Butler, Pa.

THE KIND THAT CURES

DANIEL C. EGGLESTON, Corinth, N. Y.

HELPLESS AND SUFFERING, FAINT AND WEAK FROM RHEUMATIC TORMENT, YET CURED BY

DANA'S.

DANA SARSAPARILLA CO.: GENTLEMEN.—I am 65 years old, by occupation a farmer. For the last 3 years I have been a great sufferer with Rheumatism, and at times I could not stir my arm. A constant pain in my shoulders. One arm was so bad that my fingers were drawn out of shape. Was also afflicted with a burning sensation in my stomach with severe pains. I would be faint and weak, so I could hardly sit up. I have taken

DANA'S SARSAPARILLA

and my stomach is WELL, no pain in my shoulders and arms. I am indeed grateful. Yours truly, DANIEL C. EGGLESTON.

The above testimonial was sent us by W. R. Clayton, the well-known Druggist, Maple St., Corinth, N. Y., which is sufficient guarantee that it is true.

Dana Sarsaparilla Co., Belfast, Maine.

B. & B.

How Much?

The question with us in extending this already enormous business is, not how much we can get for the merchandise, but for how little can it be sold? This but exemplifies how its to your interest and profit to trade with us.

Autumn Dress Woolens.

Sale of 5,000 yards double width Suitings—half wool, neat styles; every yard worth 25c, 35c. to 50c.—all at one price, and its a popular price,

15 Cents a yard.

50 inch

Scotch Suitings,

Greys, Browns, Tans,

25 cents

—you've paid 50c. for Dress Fabrics not so good.

5,000 yards genuine Imported

Tailor Suitings,

finest wool—48 inches wide—new Fall colorings and the choicest of this season's styles—neat checks, stripes and mixtures,

$1.00 a yard.

Some stores—and good stores too—get $1.40 a yard—some $1 25—and the universal selling price—the closest price for these choice Dress Fabrics is $1.15. We sell them at $1.00 and you're ahead the difference.

Our Mail Order Department will send samples if you wish.

Boggs & Buhl,

115 to 121 Federal Street, ALLEGHENY, PA

Great Clothing Sale

AT

The Racket Store.

Men's suits double or single breasted, square or round corners in cassimere or cheviots at $6 00, $6.50 and $7.00.

These suits are richly worth $10.00 and will cost you that elsewhere.

Youths suits, age 12 to 18 for $3 50 worth $5.00

Fine delay worsted cutaway suits at $18.00, others sell at $22.00

THE RACKET STORE,

120 South Main Street, Butler, Pa

Planing Mill

—AND—

Lumber Yard

J. L. PURVIS. G. PURVIS

S. G. Purvis & Co.

MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN

Rough and Planed Lumber

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

SHINGLES, LATH & SEWER PIPE.

Butler Pa.

CHICAGO AND THE WORLDS FAIR.

Send ten cents, silver or twelve cents in stamps for a Handy Pocket Guide to the great exposition; give information of value to every visitor. Street Guide, Hotel Prices, Cab Fares, Restaurant Rates, etc. Describes the hidden pitfalls for the unwary, and hints how to keep out of them. This indispensible companion to every visitor to the windy city will be sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of ten cents silver, or twelve cent in stamps. Address

H. STAFFORD, PUBLISHER,
P. O. Box 2264, New York, N. Y.

Please mention this paper.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

O, what can have happened to Willie, to make
him so good all at once?
At home he's no longer a terror; in school he no
more is a dunce;
Out doors he is gentle and quiet; before he was
noisy and rude,
And as for his dress, you won't know him—he's
changed to a regular dude.

To make him wash even his fingers required a
wrestle intense,
But now for the soapsuds he's showing a love
which is simply immense;
He brushes his hair till it glistens while eyeing
himself in the glass—
O, what can have happened to Willie to bring
all the wonders to pass?

He keeps his teeth whiter than snowdrifts without being told any more;
He minds like a soldier and gladly he does any errand or chore;
He's grown several inches in stature because he now stands so erect
And in his bearing's so manly that all have to show him respect.

O, what can have happened to Willie to make him this angel complete?
He cannot be going to be one like little boys do if too sweet?
O no! I've discovered the reason that's making him so like a dove,
And a marvel of boyish perfection—the dear little fellow's in love.

One morn in the garden I found him selecting a pretty bouquet:
"Ah, who is it for, Willie, darling?" I asked in a motherly way:
All blushing as red as his roses and modestly hanging his head,
"I—don't—like—to—tell—anybody; not even you, mamma!" he said.

At noon I saw Willie returning from school with a dainty, wee maid,
Who held in her pink, dimpled fingers those flowers—which never should fade;
I noticed his tender attentions bestowed on his partner in bliss,
And watched the sweet sorrow at parting and glances shot back at the miss.

Yes, Willie has now his first sweetheart and that's why he sings like a bird,
And keeps himself spotless in raiment and gentle in action and word,
And noble and manly in bearing. Ah, yes! there is nothing like love
To make either young or old people as good as the angels above.

—H. C. Dodge, in Goodall's Sun.

MY occupation a few years ago was that of a newspaper reporter. I worked a large part of my time in a penitentiary, where more than one thousand six hundred prisoners were confined. My newspaper required of me three "feature" articles a week, the subjects to be taken from the lives and crimes of the men and women so imprisoned.

One morning, on entering the penitentiary and proceeding to the desk which contained the routine items for the press, I found there this slip:

"No. 18,600, Edward Washburn, life prisoner, sentence commuted to twenty-eight years and six months."

Here was something to be investigated. On making inquiry I found that Edward Washburn had been received on a life sentence in 1870, and that now, after a lapse of over twenty years, the board of pardons—the eternal source of hope for all prisoners in that state—had acted upon his case with the above result. Even in prison good behavior pays. Each convict has a certain number of days deducted from every month of his term according to the length of his sentence if he demeans himself properly. Thus it lies in the power of a "long-time" man to gain years of freedom. Allowing Washburn the deduction each month for good conduct during his entire twenty-eight years' sentence, it caused his time to expire on the following Sunday.

The next thing to do was to see Edward Washburn himself. The sensation of a man who has been a convict for twenty years, who has been as completely isolated from the outside world as if he were dead and buried, and who is then resurrected, called back to life and liberty, cannot be devoid of interest to the most indifferent. I found my man wheeling ashes and refuse from the cookhouse. In this occupation he had been engaged for seventeen years.

The long years of prison life had had their effect. The prisoner was an old man, broken in body and mind, although he told me his age was forty-two. I explained that I had permission to talk with him and would like to hear about his history. He smiled the

A JOB HE HAD HELD FOR 17 YEARS.

weak smile of enfeebled intelligence, sat down on his wheelbarrow and began with pitiful obedience, which plainly bespoke the prison discipline:

"How did I feel when I heard I was pardoned? Well, it was so sudden like I jus' had to sit down. I had give up all hope of ever gettin' out long ago, but Mandy was true grit, she was; she never give up."

His next words were unusual: "I don't blame nobody but myself for being' here," he went on. Whoever heard of a convict before who attributed to himself the blame for being in the penitentiary? Most convicts are the innocent victims of villainous conspiracies. They never did any wrong in their lives, and especially they never even dreamed of committing the crime for which they are serving sentence. Such a virtuous, upright and deeply wronged set of men can be found nowhere else in the world as in prison.

"It was all along of my own bullheadedness; but I guess I'd better go back to the beginnin' of my story if you want to hear it all. When I was about nineteen years old Jason Scott and me took the job of clearin' eighty acres of land close to where Pauldin' is now. In them days the town was only a clearin' with a few log shanties. Jase was a couple of years younger than me. His father an' mine had come west from Columbianner county and settled in Pauldin'.

"We was the only boys in them parts then—the only young folks, exceptin' Mandy Pilcher. We figgered on clearin' our land winters, as our fathers agreed to give us the time after corn-huskin' was done, providin' we helped them good summers. Jase an' me built a cabin, and there we intended livin' while we was doin' our choppin' and clearin'. There was lots of snow that winter, and it came early. Oh, how I hate the winter. The 'snow lyin' out there in the prison yard brings the hull thing back to me, and how happy Jase and me was, workin' and talkin' about what we was goin' to do. I can most see the cabin now, with the door open and the snow all around, as it looked that winter mornin'. Jase

LYING IN THE DOORWAY.

and me was goin' out huntin' that mornin'. I took my gun and started out, leavin' Jase to follow. I walked out a little ways, and then looked around to see if Jase was comin'. He warn't, and I waited and hollered until I got all out of sorts with him. A crazy idee struck me, and I jus' thought I'd shoot toward the cabin for fun, and mebbe that would fetch him. God knows I didn't mean to do any harm. I was jus' a great big foolish boy, and I got tired of waitin' and I thought I'd shoot for fun, and mebbe that would fetch him."

I looked at the man, and he was as one in agony. His face was drawn, and a pallor was there which added to the prison tan and made it ghastly. His voice, peurile from the disuse of twenty years, had sunk into a hoarse whisper. He was staring at the great stone wall in front of him with dull, vacant eyes. He seemed oblivious of everything and kept repeating: "I didn't mean any harm. I only thought I'd shoot for fun, and mebbe that would fetch him."

I have looked into murderers' faces on the verge of eternity while the death warrant was being read, in order that I might tell the public next morning whether the lip quivered or the eye grew dim, but as I gazed at this picture of weakness and misery on the wheelbarrow in front of me, it made me sick. The victim of an act done in the name of "fun"—and this was fun!

The man presently came to himself and went on:

"As I shot, Jase come into the door, and when the smoke cleared away I saw him lyin' just outside in the snow, face downward. I'member pickin' him up and carryin' him inside, and then startin' out to Pauldin' for help. After that I don't remember nothin' until I found I was lyin' down on the ground and a crowd of men standin' around me. I heerd one of 'em say: 'He must have tripped up on that dry grapevine and hit his head on the root of the tree. It 'pears as if Washburn and Scott must have had a racket—over that gal, most likely—and Washburn killed Scott.' I found out afterward that a huntin' party had stopped at the cabin and found Jase lyin' on the floor, dead, with my bullet through his heart. They looked for me, and finally saw my tracks in the snow and followed them. They found me a couple of miles away in the woods, lyin' at the foot of a tree where I fell.

"Some believed my story and some didn't. Them as didn't believe it said 'twarn't likely if what I said was true that I would 'a' tried to run away. All I know is I meant to set out for Pauldin', but it 'pears as if I'd gone wrong some way.

"The jedge, as he said, wanted to 'low me a fightin' chance and give me the privilege of enterin' a plea of manslaughter. I said it was all along of my bullheadedness that I am here now, and so it was. My lawyer wanted me to plead guilty to the charge the jedge offered me. I asked him what it meant. He said that it meant that I killed Jase in a racket, and then give me a long lingo about malice aforethought, or something like that, but I didn't understand it. I only knew they wanted me to say I murdered Jase in a racket. I warn't going to say I done a thing when I didn't. I flared up, and wouldn't listen to nobody. I couldn't see things right. Well, the trial didn't take long. Everythin' went crossways for me. I told my story, and pleaded guilty to nothin' except that I didn't mean anything I just shot to scare him. I didn't care much what they done with me for that. The other side showed how Jase had been found dead in the cabin, how. I was found lyin' in the snow miles from Pauldin', as if I hadn't been goin' for help. Then they got witnesses who swore as how Jase and me were jealous 'bout Mandy, how I'd asked her to go to a gatherin' with me and she'd gone with Jase. It warn't so, I knowed it; but it wouldn't do no good for me to say it warn't. Mandy and me understood one another, though there warn't much betwixt us then. I s'pose she might have told what she knowed about it on the stand, but I wasn't going to have her mixed up in the thing. I 'lowed they couldn't convict me because what I said was true.

"The jury fetched in a verdict of murder in the second degree, and accordin' to law that meant for life.

"They carried Mandy out of the courtroom. Seems as though she thought it was her fault some way or 'nother. Mandy's been tryin' to get me out ever since. She said if it hadn't been for her they couldn't 'a shown no motive, and couldn't 'a sent me for life. I don't see what good that would 'a done when they was all agin me."

I made a note of Mandy. She was good material from a reportorial standpoint. When I went out I asked the warden who Mandy was.

"So you've been talkin' with Washburn, have you?" said he.

"Well, Mandy is his girl. They say she has been coming down here from Paulding once every year with petitions and signatures to place before the board of pardons. Yesterday Washburn's sentence was commuted, which, by the way, you will find by looking on the press hook."

A picture of a faded little woman, who had asked me the year before in the capitol if I would please tell her what time the pardon board met, rose in my mind. I said to myself: "That was Mandy."

As a rule the world does not throw open its arms to released convicts. It sees that all the windows in the house are well secured at night, and that all the doors have extra strong fastenings on the day the papers announce a new list of releases. The people have not time to go down to the prison and watch the men pass out through the big gate. They pay a small sum each year to have that office performed for them by big burly policemen. The policemen accompany the convicts down to the Union depot and see them off on their trains. It would be such a pity to have them go alone.

The morning of the day Washburn went out there was one other person present beside the policeman and reporters. It was the worn little woman who had asked me a year ago in the capitol if I would please tell her what time the pardon board met.—Kate Field's Washington.

HEROIC BUT COWARDLY.

Some Things That Will Take the Conceit Out of a Brave Man.

A man can take his life in his hand and go boldly into the trackless prairie to meet a herd of savage buffalo, or he can traverse the horrors of an African jungle without a shudder in his body, but he cannot enter a fancy wool shop to match a special hue without breaking into a violent perspiration and finally rushing away without fulfilling his task.

A man can suffer the amputation of a limb in a heroic manner, but he cannot endure a mustard plaster on his chest without shrieking aloud for mercy.

A man can bear the deprivation of his wealth with the calmness of a stoic, but he cannot lose his collar stud on the bedroom floor without a violent outburst of temper.

A man can smile grimly under the tortures of the rack, but he cannot tread on a tack with his bare feet without a bitter howl.

A man can walk forty miles a day and arrive fresh and bright at the end of his journey, but he cannot nurse a baby half an hour without complaining that he is utterly worn out.

A man can calculate to the uttermost farthing the cost of the Suez canal, but he cannot estimate the price of a woman's bonnet without egregious errors.

A man can possess the physical strength of a Samson, but he cannot help to take down the pictures for the annual spring cleaning without feeling completely exhausted with his labors.

A man can suffer death at the stake with the dignity of a martyr, but he cannot chase after his hat in a public road without looking ridiculous.

A man will go through fire and water to win the girl of his heart, but he will not allow her to see him with a four days' growth on his chin.—Chicago Dispatch.

Mistaken.

Modesty as well as ambition should come into the field when a young man or woman is choosing a profession.

A pretentious youth who would have done better to stay in the hay field, where he seemed to be in his proper sphere, told his father that he was about to leave, in order to "preach the gospel to every creature."

"That's all very well," said the old gentleman, "but Scriptur' don't say every creatur' shall preach the gospel."

A good old lady once said to her nephew, a poor preacher whom nobody wanted to hear: "James, why did you enter the ministry?"

"Because I was called," he answered.

"James," said the old lady, anxiously, as she looked up from wiping her spectacles, "are you sure it wasn't some other noise you heard?"—Youth's Companion.

She Wanted No Nonsense.

The following story is told of a citizen of Port Chester, N. Y., whose education is somewhat superior to his wife's, a fact regarding which she was very sensitive. On one occasion the man drove over to White Plains to inquire regarding the health of his sister-in-law, who was dangerously ill. Upon returning he was met by his wife, who asked of her sister's condition. "She is convalescent," replied the man. Immediately and in the most emphatic manner the woman cried out: "I want none of your soothing words. I want facts. You tell me this minute, is my sister dead or alive?"—N. Y. Herald

—From the fall of the western empire, A. D. 476, to the discovery of America the most important European coin was the silver denier, or penny, about the size of a dime. By general consent it was coined of about the same size by all European sovereigns, and passed current everywhere.

RUSSIA'S UNHAPPY STATE.

Arguments as to the Danger of Lending Money to Her.

Summing up the facts, says Darkest Russia, we find that Russian finances are based exclusively upon the solvency of the agricultural population of the country; that these unfortunate people are hopelessly insolvent and are kept in a state of chronic starvation; that the corn indispensable to their existence is exported abroad; that they live for half the year in the air, sleeping on the bare ground, and for the other half in hideous hovels; that they are obliged to sell their cattle and to burn the straw of their roofs in order to prolong this horrible life, and that they are physically degenerating and becoming unfit for manual labor; that the government, instead of attempting to improve their miserable lot, blithely continues to augment its budget in inverse proportion to their insolvency, flogging them for arrears until they raise money at six thousand per cent. interest; that even under the most favorable circumstances agriculture is absolutely unremunerative; that Russia does not produce a single grain of superfluous corn, and that mismanagement has brought about such an abnormal state of things in the empire that a good harvest is more ruinous than a failure of the crops.

Lastly, that they who lend Russia money, in the teeth of these indubitable facts, are not only making a financially unsound investment, but are rendering themselves morally responsible for the untold misery of one hundred million of their fellow men.

TO PROTECT JACK TAR.

European Shipmasters to Adopt the Midge System for Paying Sailors.

The British board of trade is trying to extend what is known as the Midge system to such continental ports as Havre, Dunkirk, Rouen, Antwerp, Rotterdam, Amsterdam and Hamburg, in order to prevent the systematic robbery of sailors, who often lose the wages for whole voyages in a single night on shore. Under this Midge system, says the New York Post, as soon as a ship arrives in port, a board of trade officer, specially appointed for the purpose, boards her, and, after ascertaining how many hands wish to proceed home without delay, obtains from the master particulars as to the wages due and the deductions chargeable to the men. Each seaman, after vouching for the accuracy of his account by signing it, receives a ticket for his destination with a small advance to defray minor traveling expenses, and leaves for home as soon as his services can be dispensed with on board ship. The balance of wages due to him is forwarded by the board of trade officer, and thus his earnings have a chance of reaching his family instead of filling the pockets of the crimps. The superintendent of mercantile marine at Gravesend has been sent to Dunkirk to make the necessary arrangement for the introduction of the system, and if successful there it will be extended to other ports. It is estimated that between 1882 and 1893 British sailors were robbed of two hundred thousand pounds in Dunkirk alone.

An Ingenious Toad.

A scientific journal tells this story of a frog's cunning: A brood of chickens was fed with moistened meal in saucers, and when the dough soured a little it attracted a large number of flies. An observant toad had evidently noticed this, and every day toward evening he would make his appearance in the yard, hop to a saucer, climb in and roll over and over until he was covered with meal, having done which he awaited developments. The flies, enticed by the smell, soon swarmed around the scheming batrachian, and whenever one passed within two inches of his nose his tongue darted out and the fly disappeared. The plan worked so well that the toad made a regular business of it.

Why They Smoke.

Young Woman (in open street car)—I don't see why some men are bound to smoke every moment they are on a car.

Old Woman (loudly)—Oh, let 'em smoke, poor fellows. I s'pose their wives won't let 'em smoke at home.—N. Y. Weekly.

BRIGANDS AND HIGHWAYMEN.

Better Police Protection in Rural Districts Needed.

Most Americans cherish the singular superstition that brigandage and highway robbery are only possible in depraved backward countries like Spain, Sicily or Greece, and that an English-speaking country with courts and the common law must necessarily be free from these pests.

This is nonsense, says the Philadelphia Press. Brigands, footpads and highwaymen will spring up in any land where an efficient police is absent. They swarmed over England a century and a half ago, they were frequent in France a little earlier, and they were to be found over most of Europe in the last century. They are certain to appear in this country and become a widespread pest unless there is a radical change in the American habit of keeping the people's peace.

At present, it is left to keep itself. Great tracts of this country are left without any protection to travel, except the sheriff and the constable. City people have very little idea of the insecurity which exists in many American rural districts. There are many counties in New York state, and some doubtless in this state, where it would not be considered prudent for an unattended woman to walk in broad day along a lonely country road. The farms on which farmers are in constant fear of tramps can be numbered by the thousand. While abroad, even in countries like Spain and Italy, the rural districts are given the benefit of a police patrol paid for by taxes or by the wealth and trade of the cities, here our thinly settled farming neighborhoods are left to protect themselves as best they can.

The wonder is, not that a train is now and then held up, but that this does not happen a great deal oftener. Depend upon it, these modern highway robberies in the shape of train robberies will go increasing until our states establish a permanent rural police.

SOME SINGULAR CUSTOMS.

THE Tartars take a man by the ear to invite him to eat or drink with them.

WHEN meeting a friend the Chinaman shakes his own hand instead of his friend's.

THE Laplanders rub their noses against the nose of him whom they would honor.

IN many parts of Java the bride shows her subjection by washing the feet of the groom.

THE Chinese have an academy of manners that prescribes etiquette for the whole empire.

THE body of a dead Chinaman is often kept in his late home for three or four years before burial.

JAPANESE ladies of the olden time gilded their teeth; in the East Indies black teeth were the fashion.

THE practice of using eggs at Easter is of Hindoo origin, the egg being in India an emblem of immortality.

AT THE time of the discovery of America the rank of a Peruvian lady might be determined by the size of the ring she wore in her nose.

THE Dyak head hunting has a religious origin. The Dyak believes that every person he kills in this world will be his slave in the next.

IN China white is the color of mourning; in Egypt, yellow; in Turkey, violet; in Ethiopia, brown; in Europe during the middle ages, white.

DOWN to the present century a part of the marriage ceremony in Hungary consisted in the groom giving the bride a kick to remind her of her subjection.

AMONG the head hunters of Borneo a man is not permitted to offer marriage to a woman of his tribe until he brings her the head of a man killed by himself.

THE Maldivian islanders always eat in the most private room in the house and carefully close the doors and darken the windows that they may not be unobserved.

SONGS OF AUTUMN.

Her Return.

A bonnet on my choicest chair,
With gay fal-lals that women wear;
A scent of roses ev'rywhere.

A merry voice that makes me dream
Of bird and flow'r and sunlit stream
And new-mown hay and curdled cream.

My pipes and slippers laid away;
My prints adorned with ribbons gay;
The truant cat come back to stay.

A little hand that strokes my hair;
A well-loved face—all fresh and fair,
With sundry freckles here and there.

Farewell, late hours and frolic vain,
No more a bachelor I reign—
For Maude is back in town again.

—Gerald Brenan, in Puck.

Until.

Maud was the sweetest and the best;
Maud gave my heart the most unrest;
Of all maids Maud was lovliest—
Until I met Nan.

Then was sweet Nan the fairest maid;
Beauty was hers that ne'er could fade;
Girl of the superfinest grade—
Until I met Fan.

Then—I'll confess it bold and free—
Fan was the maid of maids to me,
Down by the restless surging sea—
Until I met you.

Now I would swear that you are best;
You give my heart the most unrest;
You are by far the loveliest;
I swear I'll be true—
Until—!

—Harper's Bazar.

Twilight Town.

Beyond the shadows lies Twilight Town,
Where wee heads nod and lids shut down
Over black eyes, blue eyes, gray and brown;
And through a gap in the city wall
Is a beautiful spot where sunbeams fall
And dance for aye, through tree-tops tall.
Hush, baby! Soft and slow,
Soft and slow, let us go
Through the shadows to Twilight Town;

Soft as the wind through the rippling wheat,
When the sun's last rays and the shadows meet,
Sounds the patter of thousands of little feet.
Through the gap in the wall, on their dimpled knees,
The babies creep under the waving trees,
On the grass of the kingdom "Do-as-you-please."
Hush, baby! Soft and slow,
Slow, slow, let us go
Through the gap in the wall of Twilight Town.

In Twilight Town all things are fair,
The music of waterfalls in the air,
And bright wings flitting here and there;
And through the wall in the dream hill, bright
With the thoughts that please wee ones at night,
Dancing in rings on cobwebs light.
Hush, dearie! Mother knows—
Soft, slow, baby goes
To fair dream hill in Twilight Town.

—St. Nicholas

The Voyage.

Be our course by sun or star,
Be the haven near or far,
Golden shores will yet be won,
Steering toward the setting sun.

Father, stand with forehead bare,
Over faith all skies are fair;
Youth, lean out your golden head,
Love's is willing, whither led.

—John V. Cheney, in N. Y. Independent.

Mother's Pies.

It's the olden story over,
With never a change of shade,
That the wife can never compass
Such pies as his mother made.

No matter how crisp and flaky,
No matter how dainty brown,
The poor wife must hear it over
And never look cross nor frown.

How is it your boys, when married,
Will tell as you do to-day,
Of the pies *their* mother made them
If these are poor, as you say?

Yearn much as you please for your boyhood—
The charm of your mother's pies—
But give the good wife the credit
Of things you secretly prize.

—E. H. Shannon, in Good Housekeeping.

FARM AND GARDEN.

ABOUT THE SCUPPERNONG.

Experience of a German Viticulturist in the South.

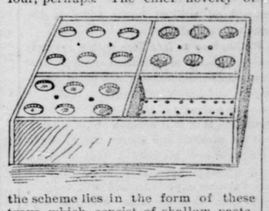
Upon the subject of fruit growing in the south the Farmer and Fruit Grower says: The southerners are just beginning to learn that handsome profits may be made by the skillful cultivation of fruits. Some who have been aware of this for several years have not had the means to change from the old routine of raising cotton, cane, etc. A German writer states that he was born and raised in one of the best wine districts on the Rhine, and had worked in vineyards twenty years before his removal to the United States. Over here he engaged in the energetic cultivation of the scuppernongs, and had had twenty years' experience in this before he wrote. Comparing these with the vines of Germany, he states that the latter yielded only one fine crop in five years, and that two crops out of five would be poor. He began planting fifteen feet apart, and increased the distance to twenty-five; then to thirty-five, and lastly to forty-five. It may be remarked how different this from bunch or staked grapes, at six feet apart each way, which, we believe, is the distance in the vineyards along the Ohio. A few dozen scuppernongs will cover an acre; while it takes thousands of the European grapes. He found that the greater distance he gave the better for the vines, the quality of the juice and the quantity produced. He fertilized only every other year, and this was done by a trench a spade deep and two spades wide, just outside of the reach of the branches, and filling it with a rich compost. The grapes were gathered by four men holding a canvas and shaking the vines over it with the back of a rake; five men could thus gather 100 bushels in a day when the vines had been well trained from the beginning.

FOR PACKING FRUIT.

Trays for Carrying Delicate Pears and Plums a Long Distance.

The beautiful peaches, pears, plums and other choice fruit now sent across the continent from California are already packed so as to bear the journey well. But a special carrier has been invented, and is about to come into use, which will provide better ventilation, and prevent bruising. It affords an improved method of transportation, therefore.

It is proposed to insert in every crate several trays; two or three layers or four, perhaps. The chief novelty of



the scheme lies in the form of these trays, which consist of shallow pasteboard boxes, each prepared to carry about six pieces of fruit. There are that number of sockets in the top of the box, each made by cutting a dozen slits radiating from a central point, and then bending down the points slightly. The bottom of the box is perforated with a lot of small holes. It is estimated that the improved quality of the fruit at the end of its journey and the reduced quantity of ice required will more than pay the freight from the Pacific to the Atlantic coast.—N. Y. Tribune.

Work in the Garden.

In a valuable article on selecting and planting shrubs in Garden and Forest, it is urged that preparation in the planting should be commenced at once, although apparently early in the season. The ground should be thoroughly prepared this fall, dug deep, trenched if possible, filled in with good loam and properly drained when needed. Where this has been done, and the ground has been all winter firmly settling, it can be worked much earlier in the spring and planting much better done. Results from this preparation will be seen in a more vigorous growth, more luxuriant foliage and more abundant flowers and fruit. There is no work in the garden which pays better in the long run than thorough preparation of the ground at this season for the trees and shrubs which are to be placed in it the following year.

The Earth's Finest Products.

Successful farming includes horticulture and floriculture. The man who confines his work solely to the production of the coarser products of the earth may succeed in making money, but he will never get the most complete satisfaction which is obtainable from his occupation. Pay some attention to the things which make life pleasant, and you will find that the business of money-making does not prosper any the less, and your wife and your children will like the farm better. We know there are some farmers who think they cannot spend time even to have a vegetable garden and who would scowl at the suggestion of flowers, but let them once see the yard bright with bloom and they would be slow to go back to the old order of things. We never yet have found a man who had an attractive yard but that he took pride in it and acknowledged that it added to the value of his place.

Small Fruits on the Farm.

Why do not farmers raise more small fruits? No one who owns land can offer a reasonable excuse why he should not raise small fruit. No one family out of 20 on an average raises enough small fruit to hardly have a taste, while a good many do not raise any at all. A few rods of ground should be set off for a small fruit garden and planted to strawberries, gooseberries, blackcaps, blackberries, currants, etc. These few rods of land, with a few dollars expended in good, choice and well-selected varieties, would give the family a selection of the most delicious and healthiest of all food.—Green's Fruit Grower.

Teacher—Are any of your compositions ready?

Little Girl—Mine is.

"Is it an original composition?"

"Yes'm."

"Does it tell of your own experiences and observations, as I directed?"

"Yes'm."

"Very well You may read it."

"I went to a wedding and a funeral, an' the bride looked lovely 'an' the corpse looked natural."—Good News.

He Was Good.

Mamma—Were you a good little boy while I was away?

Little Johnny—Yes'm. I went into the store-room to see what was there, and it was empty, and the wind blew the door shut, and I couldn't get out till Jane came just a little while ago.—Good News.

Reminiscent.

Blashers—I enjoyed your after dinner story, Mr. Raconteur, very much.

Raconteur (flattered)—Ah, thanks. Did you find it humorous?

Blashers—N-no, not exactly. But I hadn't heard it for so long, you know, that it brought back memories of my happy youth.—Chicago Record.

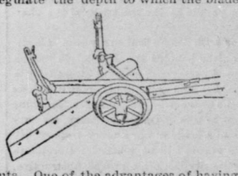
ROAD IMPROVEMENT.

LIGHT ROAD MACHINE.

A New York Man's Substitute for the Heavy "Horse Killers."

Regardless of the compulsion of the law, self-interest in every rural community demands good roads. They increase the facility for marketing produce, save in horse flesh and wagon repairs, attract money-spending summer visitors and enhance the value of property. The macadam and similar systems are unquestionably the best, although rather costly at first. But unfortunately in many country towns the usual method of roadmaking consists of plowing up the loam, clay, gravel and turf and scraping it up toward the center of the highway, with more or less bungling attempts at smoothing. Special machines for this purpose have been devised, some of them heavy and cumbrous, weighing from 2,000 to 3,000 pounds, needing from four to six horses or oxen to operate them, and so expansive as not to be turned around easily on a narrow road. They are costly in more ways than one, not merely to the town or district which buys them, but to the owners of horses which are hitched thereto in service. Hence the road machine invented by a Stockport (Columbia county, N. Y.) man and represented herewith, may, perhaps, fill a long-felt want in many parts of the country. Only a single sample has been built, but it has been practically tested. Its weight is only 400 pounds. It needs only a pair of horses, can turn easily anywhere, and the inventor claims that it does better work and does it more easily than anything else of the kind.

As will be seen from the accompanying picture, the machine is mainly supported by one wheel, the axle of which is secured to a section of anglo-iron that serves as a continuation of the pole, and resembles a plow beam. The wheel is flanged, in order to make it run exactly in the line of draft. A tendency to shift to one side results from the angle at which the scraper-blade is set with the beam. A stay-rod, shown herewith, maintains this angle; and it may be used, in cooperation with the beam, to sustain a driver's seat. The scraper-blade is six feet long, and tapers from nine to twelve inches in width. Bolted on to the lower half of its front surface are two cast-iron plates, or shears. The rear lever is used to change the level of the surface of the road, grading up from side toward center, and also to lift the blade entirely free from the ground when going to and fro or turning around. A small wheel, not visible in our illustration, is placed under the "nigh" or forward end of the blade, to carry that part of the apparatus when not in use, and also at times, especially in soft soil, to regulate the depth to which the blade



cuts. One of the advantages of having the blade set at an angle is that, when used as a rut scraper, it sweeps the loosened earth sidewise to some extent, and thus fills up the ruts instead of merely crowding the dirt forward.

Besides the lightness, simplicity of construction and efficiency which are said to be among the merits of this apparatus, its cheapness is also to be considered. It can be made so as to yield a large profit and retail for $25, which is from a quarter to one-tenth the price of machines now in use.—N. Y. Tribune.

WORK FOR THE IDLE.

The Present Is a Grand Opportunity for Road Improvement.

Officials of the National League for Good Roads have issued the following circular from the world's fair office in which they call attention to the present opportunity for improving the roads:

The earnest attention of members of the league, its coworkers and all committees, and persons seeking relief for the unemployed is respectfully called to the present favorable condition for making road improvement, both for its own sake and as a means of giving employment and of stimulating business in general.

Capital as well as labor is idle, and bankers are expecting an era of cheap money, bringing a quick demand for such investments as town and county bonds. Many county and town boards in various states are already authorized to begin road making and to issue bonds therefor, others only require the sanction of a local election.

Men enough could be put to work by these bodies without waiting for legislation to give sensible relief to the labor market and materially ease the hard times in their localities, while the roads would be built at a minimum of cost and of interest charges. Those states that have not adopted the modern ideas would hasten their legislation to avail themselves of the same advantages and the whole country be lifted out of its temporary difficulties by means certain to promote its permanent prosperity.

To enforce these considerations upon the attention of the boards having power to act and upon the people having the right to vote such power is the practical work of the hour. Those who are willing to join actively in this work in their localities are earnestly requested to communicate with the leagues at these headquarters and to give full information regarding local conditions.

An Indisputable Statement.

A farm twelve miles from a railroad station, in a district with good roads, is worth more than one equally good, three miles removed from the railroad, where the roads are as bad as they are in many farming districts where the land is rich.—President Gates, Amherst College, Mass., in Memorial to Congress on Road Exhibit at World's Columbian Exposition.

Saving from Good Roads.

The saving from good roads in the transportation of farm products alone would soon pay off every existing farm mortgage; in three years it would extinguish our national debt. I wonder if farmers know that good, permanent roads increase the selling price