THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOLXXXI

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THE PHOENIX.

Do you know why the PHOENIX bicycle is the most popular wheel in Pittsburg? Do you know why it won the Butler-Pittsbugh race, and the Wheeling-Pittsburg?

Simply because bearing, chain, tire, frame—all the parts—are made of the best material. Because we build the lightest, easiest running wheel that is safe and

BUTLER, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 10, 1894.

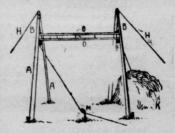
No. 32



TO MAKE A HAYRICK. Simple Contrivance Which Saves Lot

lamps, whose sickly flames seemed sinking for want of oxygen in the op-pressive alcoholic air. The tarnished reflectors were set level so that the of Labor The cut represents how to make a saving in labor at hay making. AAAA are four poles 33 feet long. They may be made of 4x4 material and spliced. limiting shadows from the base of the lamps almost covered the floor, leaving the lower angles of the room in feeble, uncertain half-light. Lying quietly on a faro table was a be made of 4x4 material and spices. BB are 4x4 and 4 feet long. DD are two timbers 4x4 and 20 feet long, fas-tened together with five one-half-inch bolts 12 inches long. A pulley for inch rope is under B and F a trip block

Lying quietly on a faro table was a gambler, shot through the lungs. The blood welled profusely from a bullet hole in his side and trickled into an increasing pool, which was now over-spreading the "lay out" like a last mocking, sanguinary wager, offered ironically by one who had already ac-cepted the terms of death. To the left stood a rancher, leaning against the bar, holding with his right hand his left forearm, which was bad-ly shattered below the wrist. In the dimly-lighted corner most re-



noving the rigging, move but on at a tir

The load of hay must be outside of the poles under F, as shown in the cut. To unload, from 20 to 80 tons of hay must be put in a rick or 8 tons in a stack. In the center of BB a round stack. In the center of BB a round groove is cut and a yoke made of three-quarter-inch rod passes over BB and down through the 4x4 D. Thismay be put together on the ground and raised with a team of horses. When the der-rick is on the ground drive a small stake in the ground at the end of each pole to prevent slipping when being raised. M is a stake with pulley for a rope to run from pulley under B for the horse to pull the hay up by. AA is fastened at the top end with a bolt. B is fas-tened to AA with bolts. I have used such a rigging for two years with great success.—Eddie Bichardson, in Farm and Home.

HOMEMADE CHEESE.

aple Method by Which It May Be Pre-ducea on the Farm.

duces on the Farm. To make cheese at home get a tin-man to solder a faucet near the bot-tom at one end of an ordinary tin wash-boiler, which will hold five or six pailfuls, says a writer in Hoard's Dairyman. Fit a movable tin screen inside about three inches from the faucet and extending about the same distance above it, which shall hold the eurd away from the faucet. This distance above it, which shall hold the curd away from the faucet. This, with a long, wooden paddle, is all you need order especially for the work, ex-cept cheese-cloth, rennet and a cheese-press. Six pailfuls of sweet milk with the cream all in it will make about fif-teen pounds of cheese. It need not be the cream ail in it will make about in-teen pounds of cheese. It need not be of one milking if it is perfectly sweet. Put the milk in the boller on the stove and heat it to eighty degrees. Re-move from the stove and add the ren-

When the milk has coagulated when the milt has congulated, which will take place in ten minutes or less, it must be cut to the bottom of the boiler each way, making about two inch squares. They will begin to start almost at once. Sink a small dipper into it slowly and the whey may be re-moved gradually until two quarts or more have been collected. Heat over,

Hood's Pills cure n We also make a specialty of an easy running and light lady's wheel, which is equally popular. cious orink E CLD ONLY IN E A guarantee is a good thing in its way. The PHOENIX guarantee cov-A BENUTIFUL CARD ers every point, but the best point of all MANY FINE PREMIUMS GIVEN FREE is the fact that repairs or claims for defective parts constitute an exceedingly A Scientist claims the Root of Diseases to be in the Clothes we Wear. small per centage of our cost of manu-The best Spring in For catalogue and other information remedy for the blues, etc., is to discard THE STOVER BICYCLE M'f'g. Co. your uncomfortable BUTLER, PA. your measure at

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There has been a decline in the price of materials from which buggies and other vehicles are made, therefore a decline in the price of vehicles. Come quick and see before it advances again.

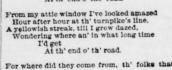
The cost of this sure cure is very moderate. TRY IT. JOHN KEMPER, S. B. MARTINCOURT & CO.

PA. Manufacturer of

AT TH' END O' TH' ROAD. The Testimonials I was born way back at th' end o' th' road. "here my remembrance of things ublished in behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla re not purchased, nor are they written up a our office, nor they from our employes. They are facts from truthful people, prov-ag, as surely as anything can be proved y direct, personal, positive evidence, that ice of things first An' ... fer I lived, physed, worked an' growed. Jes natural like an' jes because I lived At th' # ... d o' th' road.

At th' end o' th' is a d'twas much th' same This day or that-except 'twas play When up from th' turnpike some one came, An' jes as long as they happened to stay An' talk, At th' end o' th' road. Hood's Sarsa-parilla Be Sure to get Cures Hood's

If I strayed away I was glad to get home To th' little red house, where mother a where mother an' dad An' I had a little world all our own. An' jes as good as anyone had, Out there At th' end o' the' road.



went Jogging along th'old turnpike? In' most all strangers that I hadn't met; An' over th' hills-what was it like,

At th' end o' th' road? One day me an' ma an' dad Started off with th'old gray mare On th' longest ride rid ever had, An 'twas almost night when we got there, I thought, At th' end o' th' road.

When I got up next day an' see The road still winding, winding down, 'Twas th' biggest world, it seemed to me, From where th' end was, through our town

Up home, At th' end o' th' road. ve traveled that road now many a year. An' I've found some good an' found some

Some up hill an' down, an' I'm not clear If I will be sorry or I will be glad To get At th' end o' th' road. -Walter M. Hazeltine, in Good Housekeep

UNDER STRESS. How an Urgent Suitor Won

Widow in a Railway Train. The Comtesse de Moncley-who will

your uncomfortable old duds which irri-tate the body:-leave your measure at ALAND'S for a new suit which will fit well, improve the appearance by re-lieving you instant-ly of that tired feel-ing, and making you cheerful and active. The cost of this series of the series and making you cheerful and active.

dering on thirty. That man was my-self. I hasten to add that, in this circumstance, I acted solely at my own risk and peril, without any authorization,

and peril, without any authorization, any right whatever, and with ne other motive than my love-my profound love-to prompt me to hope that my change of domi-cile would not be a dead loss. Ah, well-mothing venture, nothing win. And what did I venture? The salon, the More force the Grand Perk the the May fetes, the Grand Prix, the mob in the Alle des Poteaux, a few balls—what were they in comparison with the charms of a most attractive neighborhood? I have known men to cross the seas and spend fortunes to follow to the ends of the world ad-venturesses whose whole body was not worth the tip of Wme. de Monclev's

no time for airy persiflage. Without waiting for Nancy to seize me by the collar, I took my hat and fled. When day broke, I had not closed my eyes; not that the situation seemed desperate, for I had learned to read Clarisse's eyes. But, all night long, I had repeated over and over again to myself "Heaven grant that the little hotel in the Avenue Friedland is still for

sale! We would be so comfortable there. In spite of this, I was no further advanced when September came, the last month of my lease. I was no longer shown the door when I suggested my candidacy, but Clarisse assumed a

bored air and calmly talked of some thing else. Between ourselves, I would rather she rang the bell, for I divined that she was tlinking: "My dear friend, you do not dis-please me: quite the contrary. But you must confess that, in the solitude I said.

of Chantilly I have searcely had oppor-tunity to enjoy my widowhood. Let me see if it is really worthy of its rep-utation. In a year or two we can talk of your affair."

In a year or two! Pretty and charm-ing as she was, Clarisse would have a score of adorers around her, and adorers around the woman one wants to marry are like flies in milk-they may do no great harm, but they certainly do not improve the milk.

Early in September Mme. de Monc-ley informed me one day that she was going to Paris on the morrow to have a look at her apartment. "I sincerely hope," she added, in a severe tone, "that you do not think of

accompanying me." "How can you suggest such a thing?" said I, with apparent submission. "You leave at-

"At eight in the evening, as I do not wish to be seen. I shall send Nancy in the afternoon to prepare my room. Ah, poor Paris!" She no longer said "Poor Charles!" I

admit that this "Poor Paris!" made me nuch more uneasy. The next evening, at eight o'clock the doors of the express train, which stops hardly a minute, were already close. Clarisse had not appeared. She reached the station just as the bell

rang. "Quick, hurry up, madame!" oried the railroad official. "Hurry!" I repeated, opening a com-partment at random and helping her in.

But, instead of getting in, she fell back, almost fainting, in my arms. Here is what she had seen, and what I, too, had seen over her shoulder: The seats of the compartment were unoccu-pied, and three men, perched like monkeys on the backs of the seats, held to their shoulders three guns, whereof the barrels shone in the lampwhereof the barrels shone in the lamp-light like cannons. One of them, as we opened the door, had shouted in a terrible voice: "Don't come in, for--" I had closed the door so quickly that we had not heard the end of the sen-tence. Then Clarisse and I bundled ourselves into the next compartment without outle knowing, what we wave

without quite knowing what we were doing. The train was already under way. We were alone. Mme. de Moncley seemed half dead with fear, and I must onfess I was violently shaken.

"Did you see them?" she oried. "What can be happening in that com-partment? They are going to fight-to kill each other! What terrible trag to kill each other! What terrible trag-edy is to be enacted right beside us?" "I don't understand it at all." I re-plied. "Only one explanation seems possible to me. They are hunters who have suddenly gone crasy. Other-wise, why should they elimb upon the seats? If they simply wanted to kill each other, they offid do it without all that gymnastics." "No," suggested Clarisse, "It is some dreadful American kind of duel. In such a case, it seems, they climb up on

an old woman who had been her nurse and whom I could have bowled over with a breath. However, it was I had the wound cauterized, and thought the animal was saved. We had been hunting all day near Creil, Through halls whose carved panels held but, no sooner were we on the train A host of cherubim, Up stairways wide I wandered on than hydrophobia developed and the animal began to snap at us. To at-Through curtained alcoves d And ever as my footsteps came By alcove, hall and stair. tempt to put the beast out was to tempt death, and there was nothing for it but for us to elimb up on the myriad mirrors started up And caught my shadow ther seats and shoot the dog. We were not able to do so until after we left Chan-Sometimes my profile paled and sank A smile upon my lips; tilly, for the poor brute had taken refuge under the seat. Finally, by calling it, I persuaded it to put its head out, and then we shot it. I tell you, it's a trip I shall not soon forget." "Nor shall I," I replied, and I re-joined Clarisse, who was waiting for me at a little distance and whose curi osity was vastly excited to see me thus politely take leave of the assassins. "Well, then," she said, making a lit-tle face when I had told her the story,

'that doesn't count. I take back what But at the same time she softly squeezed my arm with her own, and I saw in her eyes that "that" did "count."—From the French of Leon de Tinseau, in San Francisco Argonaut.

A PUZZLED WAITER.

Sad Result of Attempting to Speak a Language He Didn't Know. A correspondent who has returned from the Antwerp exhibition, narrates an adventure which befell two Englishan adventure which befell two Englishmen there. He says: "Two very pre-sentable, well-dressed gentlemen, who bore the stamp of Englishmen in face, figure, clothes and easy-going air, en-tered the restaurant where I was sit-ting, and one of them called out in self-confident tones, which could be heard easily at the neighboring tables, what was undoubtedly intended to be 'Garcon! Deux bocks,' but which sounded: 'Gassong! too bo.' 'Oui, mon-sieur.' replied the waiter, as he rushed which, sleur,' replied the waiter, as he rushed into the inner room. "The two gentlemen engaged in ami-

five or six minutes, and again one of them shouted indignantly: 'Gassong!

ant face to place before the astonished visitors two plates of boiled turbot. They looked at the man and next at the fish and then, with the help more of signs than of words, managed to explain to the waiter that they wanted beer-bocks-not turbot. The situa-

-"I like to see a man think a good deal of his home," said old Mrs. Jason, 'but when he stays out all night to brag about how happy a home he has I think he is carrying his affection a lit-tle too far."-Indianapolis Journal.

A DECEPTIVE TARGET. If Costs Something to Learn to Hit the Dangling Ball.

Dangling Ball. A shooting gallery peculiarity that has recently came into popularity con-sists in a very light and fragile ball of blown glass, or in some cases a hollow egg shell suspended from a string. This always attracts the inexperi-enced marksmen, because the natural detertion of the party of the second

Swift darkening to eclipse; But following as these figures fied Faint ghosts of grayish gleams-I walked beside, as one who walks Companioned in his dreams. Oh! winding years that round my path Like mirrors fiash and pass. Once, always, do you hold for me The wraith within the glass; Some night or day, some star or sun (As what should say: "Beware!") Reveals in your dead seasons' flight My shadow passing there. shadow passing there. nest McGaffey, in N. Y. Independent

IN PASSING.

times a blur my features were

AnIncident BYC. OVERTON: E were seated at the cardtable in the officers' club-

The windows had all been seemed complete. After stanching the hemorrhage of the man shot through the lungs, Davis turned his attention to the girl. Lay-ing his hand gently on her bare shoul-200 thrown open to admit the night air, which, from radiation, becomes quickly freshened in dry climates,

into the inner room. "The two gentlemen engaged in ami-cable conversation over the table for about five minutes, when it struck them that the waiter was a long time with their beer. "Gassong!" was again shouted. 'Oui, monsieur,' answered the matter of coolness-welcome refuge, after them that the or a constant of the struck them that the waiter was a long time shouted. 'Oui, monsieur,' answered the matter of coolness-welcome refuge, after the struck of the struck of the struck the struck adobe the struck adobe the struck adobe the struck the struck adobe the struc them that the waiter was a long time making them habitable, and, if closed with their beer. 'Gassongi' was again shouted. 'Out, monsieur, 'answered the waiter. 'Lay too do, si voo play.' 'Oui, monsieur, tout de suite,' replied the problem apartment. Again the two Eng-lishmen engaged in conversation for five or six minutes, and again one of mother earth, the grand conservator of heat and cold, and, like her, makes

lay too bo!" "The waiter rushed behind the scenes with more violence than ever, and in two minutes returned with a triumph-The walls of the building now seemed hot and exhaled through the room the expiring heat of day. Stand-ing near them, hot air was breathed on the face like the slow, warm the fish and then, with the help more of signs than of words, managed to explain to the waiter that they wanted beer-bocks-not turbot. The situa-tion was an embarrassing one for all concerned, and I could not help think-ing that something should be done at home to prevent my company abroad meeting with such inconveniences."-London Telegraph. In the table of the sale of the sole of the ing light, was that of snows a sunse had left cold. The curtains and and

flanks of nature's grand redoubt were

flanks of nature's grand redoubt were no longer visible, for the fugitive after-glow had faded into gray, and the sharp tracery of the divide was lost for want of light. Through the open window we could see the sentry-lamps, just lighted, bor-dering the rectangle of the bare parade-steady, sultry, and yellow, like the street-lamps of a foreign town. Around each, as far as the illu-mination extended, lay a disk of yel-low where the white parade had taken up the tone of light that fell upon it. Certainly in each disk lay a circular shadow, cast by the base of the lamp. On the side of the general barroom a

now. Then he made examination and found that she was not hurt, but that a stray shot from the direc ion of the gaming-table had struck the key-board of the plano, ripping up some of the keys beneath her fingers while she

the keys beneath her fingers while she was playing. She was unnerved with fright, hysteria accompanying it. Then the doctor bound up the ranch-er's shattered wrist, after removing some splintered fragments. The full extent of the shooting now being known and having been discussed, the erowd began to thin away. When the surgeon's work was fin-ished, a venerable frontiersman, who had greatly assisted Davis in dressing the wounded, spoke to the crowd that still remained, saying, solemnly and slowly: "Well, gentlemen, this 'ere scrap has taught me one thing!"



SHE LEANED HEAVILY ON THE PLANO.



Davis forced his way through the outer crowd that jammed the entrance to the door; those recognizing his per-son tried to fall back and admit him.

I followed Davis, and finally found my

self inside the Harmony-a bar, gam bling house and consert hall com

bined, and consisting of a single large, rectangular adobe room, dimly lighted by a few dirty bracket reflector

ly shattered below the wrist. In the dimly-lighted corner most re-mote from the door, seated on a piano-stool, was a young girl, sobbing vio-lently, as if in pain or in great grief. In her despair, she had thrown herself forward on to the piano and buried her fair but dissipated face in a mass of brown hair, drawn from nude shoulders it had served to drape, and now confined only by her white. bare

now confined only by her white, bare arms, which rested on the white, bare keys. Her physical abandonment was as utter as her moral hopelessness

