BUTLER, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1894.

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Just as good time now, as any, to think of buying, to compare prices and merits. We pin our best faith to the CLEVELAND and the PHOENIX.

A wheel should be

Easy Running, Fine Looking Fully Guaranteed.



We have them now and will have in the Spring.

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FOR NOVEMBER!

In order to greet this winter opening month in a manner befitting its importance to the Dry Goods trade, we propose to make some prices that will warm the very cockles of the popular heart.

We are better enabled to do this because just now in the great textile markets of the world, concessions are the order of the day. Nobody is in better condition to take advantage of these than our-

We Divide With You.

25e-36-inch Twilled Blue Clothreal	yalu	e, 40
35e-45-inch All-Wool Bine Clothregular	pric	e. 50
50c-46-inch " Blue Serge		65
	46 .	65
50c-48 inch " Novelty	**	\$1.0
75e-54-inch " Novelty Cloth	44	1.0
75c-46-inch All-Silk Henriettas	"	
\$1 00-34 inch All-Wool Covert Cloth		12
50e Fancy Trimmings Silks all colors		65
60c-per pair, Silver Grey Blankets	46	75
\$3 50-All Wool White Blankets	**	84.5
\$3 30 -All Wool White Blankels	**	10
75e-Ladies' All-Wool Skirt Patterns	**	75
50c-per suit, Men's Natural Wool Suits	16	\$1.5
\$1 00— " " "		
25c-Ladies' Fleeced Lined Vests	44	35
35c- " " "	6.	50
50c- " Natural Wool Ribbed Vests	44	75
4c-Good Unbleached Muslin		5
	44	7
5e " " ································	11	7
5c-Be at American Blue Prints	"	-
5c-Best Domestic Ginghams		1

Space forbids our mentioning the low prices that prevail in our Millinery and Wrap departments. Our Wrap department is the largest and best lighted in Butler. We are sole agents for the celebrated Rothchild Wraps, the most perfect fitting Wraps ever shown in

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OVERCOATS, - SUITS,

Underwear, Shirts, Hats, Caps, Hosiery, Ties, Gloves, Mittens, Cardigan Jackets, Sweaters, Frunks, Valises, Telescopes, Watches, Chains, Charms, Rings, Pins, Suspenders, Handkerchiefs, Brushes, Purses, etc. This

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Of Summer Goods, but our regular stock of FALL AND WINTER GOODS. We show you the largest stock in Butler to select from and everything goes. Don't miss this

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Lave every hing in their favor-beauty, stability, ease. You can fin' his out by looking at 'em. Your dealer sells them. Made by FREDONIA MFG. CO., Youngstown, O. **That Tired Feeling**

Hood's Sarsaparilla
will purify and vitalize the blood, give strength and appetite and produce

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We will Positively save you Money on your Fall Clothes.

Our stock tables are resplendent with the newest patterns. See them.

> ALAND, TAILOR. "We have just come from there. We got some cream from your sister."
> Then I was introduced to Hiram

C. AND D.

A business that keeps growpression, such as the country has experienced, is an evidence that people realize they us. We know, and always have known, the days of large profits are past. Without question we are giving more for the money than last year. Our stock is larger to select from than last year.

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sheep, with patent thumb index together with one Noye's patent ad nstable dictionary holder-all con plete for \$1250. We are the only firm in the county able to wholesale school sup-lies in competition with large firms from Chicago and other cities. sell for less than other firms here pay

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The above establishment is now in run The above establishment is now in run-ning order, and is prepared to do first-class Dyeing and Cleaoing of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Clothing and other goods that need a new lease on life in renevating and brightening up generally. Have had 35 years experience in the dyeing business, and can guarantee good results on good goods.

GIVE US A CALL. R. Fisher, Prop'r.

Great Discovery. Cancers



Hiram Kelly a roughly clap-

poarded, unpainted building. Back of boarded, unpainted building. Back of its main house was a summer Mtchen, and back of that a large woodshed, open on the side next the yard. The wooden steps had rotted away from the front door and from the one leading into the kitchen, and now these two stranded doors gave the place an almost abandoned look. Evidently the door from the shed into the summer or back kitchen was the only one in use. The house seemed to stand in

mer or back kitchen was the only one in use. The house seemed to stand in the midst of a pasture; there was no fence about it, and the grass was cropped short, as if by sheep.

On the hard earth under the open shed was a table, and sitting by this table a woman. She had no lamp, and as she sat in the gathering shadows (whick had come early into the great, bare shed as if finding it a congenial place), it was difficult at first to see her clearly. She was a thin old woman, with She was a thin old woman, with

sharp features—her eyes being per-haps the sharpest of all. Her dress was a imp gown of blue calico. On the table was a plate of what looked like cold boiled potatoes and a cup of salt. She gave us a curt nod and then went on cutting off pieces of potato and sprinkling them with salt. "Can you let me have a little cream?"

Miss Larned asked.
"Well, I ain't goin' to stop eatin' to well, I am t goin to stop each to git it fur ye—thet's certain."

We sat down on the board platform around the pump, and waited.

I had come the day before to the Larneds' camp on the New York shore of Lake Ontario. Their tents were pitched on the end of a long point that stratches out into the water. This

stretches out into the water. This evening Miss Larned had been sent after cream to the Kelly farmhouse, which was near by on the shore, and I had gone with her.

We sat for some time on the pump

We sat for some time on the pump platform waiting for Pruliette Kelly to finish her meal. She was not quite alone. There were no cats or dogs about, but a bluish-gray hen—which also seemed to have a sharp, discontented expression—stood by her chair, and from time to time she fed it bits of the potato. When the old woman was done eating she got the pail of cream for us, and we left. She had bardly spoken.

Miss Kelly was busy in the wood-shed and back kitchen. "Takes all my time cookin' fur the hayin' help." she folks want to be eatin'. "Men folks want to be eatin'. "She stared hard at Olive, and finally went into the pantry and brought out a little cake that looked very dry and old. "Here's somethin' fur ye, little gal." she said, thrusting it into the child's hand. spoken.

A short distance from the farmhouse

we were in no hurry, we also sat down on the rails. mostly does. Wa'al, she is queer; but she's smart, an' she's got her good points, too. Pruliette hes hed trials, an' the wust of all was thet she was born with a sharp tongue. I've heard father tell she father tell she got it nateral fro mother's mother. She allers hed it, even when she an' I was little. When she grew up the young fellers was mostly scairt of her. At last Jim



LIETTE?"

years old. Jim made up to Pruliette, an' she seemed to kinder soften. She didn't talk sharp to him nor to the little gal, an' she was gentler with us all. 'Twas all fixed, an' they was goin' to be married; but some of the neighbors told Jim (he was a stranger in these parts) what a name she hed fur bein' a scold. It scairt him out.

"P'rhaps he thought she'd abuse little Mandy. But she wouldn't hev'. She was real fond of that gal, an' she'd allers hev' treated her well; fur changin' her likes and dislikes ain't one of Pruliette's failin's. Wa'al, Jim Lane kinder sneaked off, sayin' he was goin' out west to git a home ready fur her. I guess he was scairt to break it right off, after what he'd heard tell of Pruliette's tongue. She looked fur him to come back, an' got ready fur the weddin'. I suspicioned how 'twould be, an' so did father, who was livin' then; but we didn't like sayin' nothin' She kep' on waitin' an' waitin', till she saw herself he wouldn't come; an' then all the bitter come back, an' she got sharper than ever She never speaks of him, but some-times she says somethin' bout little

probably he did not have many oppor tunities of talking.
"I think she's allers hed a secret idee

of runnit acrost Jim an' findin' L.
didn't mean to leave her. Ten or
twelve years ago a neighbor, George
Harker, got some back pension money
an' went out west to locate. He was goin' to come back an' get his wife, but he never did, an' she 'most went crazy. One of our older sisters, Sarah, hed married out in Kansas, an' she'd be'n writin' Pruliette to come out an' visit her. Along in the summer, after hayin', Prullette s'prised me by sayin' she was goin'. I heard she told Jane Harker she'd bring her husband back to her. Off she went; an' she kep' her word to Jane Harker. She found George, reckless an' dead broke, out in a minin' camp in Colorado (he'd lost the money in some way an' wa'n't comin' home); an' she brought him back an' handed him over to Jane same's if he'd been a stray cow.
"'But, Pruliette,' says I, when she

got home, 'why didn't ye stay an' hev' "I did visit with Sarah,' says Fru-liette; 'I got to her house one after-noon, an' that evenin' she told me all she hed to tell, an' I told her all I hed to tell. So, there bein' no need of stay-told, the next mornin' an' went on in', I lef the next mornin' an' went on woman struggled bravely, trying to west to find that specialn' George balance the fiell graft and fifty it

"Yes, Pruliette's smart—a real Vermonter (our folks is Yankees, spite the name). George told me how she found him: it was evenin' an' he was in one of them dance halls—queer places they must be, too, from George's tellin'; she jest came right in mongst them painted women an swearin men, an goin up to him, her cyes a blazin, she puts her hand on his shoulder. 'Ar'n't ye 'shamed?' says she; 'you runaway husband, you! Come with me back to your wife, an' no words 'bout it!'

"An' George says he wilted right down. The women they cried out: 'Hurraw fur the woman dep'ty sheriff!' An'the men they hollered too, an' was goin' to pass round a hat fur her; but she said she didn't want their money. I allers thought she hed some idee of runnin' 'crost her old sweetheart and little Mandy out there. But

heart and little Mandy out there. But she was better at findin' men fur other women.

"As Pruliette gets older an' more silent her tongue keeps just as sharp; it's like a razor, gettin' sharper, less you use it. We hardly speaks, an' hevn't eat together fur years. I s'pose she'll allers live with me," and Hiram sighed unconsciously; "fur by father's will she has a right to a home an' a livin' on the old place. an' kin an' a livin' on the old place, an' kin pasture six head of cattle on it, an' keep hens. It's bad fur a woman, not hevin' a real home of her own. She's got dreadfully sol'tary. She won't even hev' no cat nor dog—nothin' but thet old blue hen thet she's got used to, an' likes to hev' round. It's a cur'us hen, follers her 'bout an' never seems to want to set. She takes comfort with it. I s'pose women folks hes got to hev' somethin' to fuss over." It was growing late; so we got up and bade Hiram good night. He, too, rose and moved slowly off toward the house, as if in no great hurry to reach

"his sister must be a trial to him. I suppose he'd like to marry and live as other men do. Of course, no woman will marry him, knowing that Pruliette has got to live with them, and he's fast getting to be an old man. But did you notice her eyes?—almost an amber color. I'm sure she must have been a very pretty girl.'

A few days later Mrs. Loring and her little daughter, six years old, Olive Loring, came to the camp. One evening Olive walked with me to the Kelly farmhouse. She was a gentle little thing, somewhat shy with new ac-

quaintances.

Miss Kelly was busy in the woodshed and back kitchen. "Takes all
my time cookin' fur the hayin' help."
she grumbled, with unusual garrulity.
"Men folks want to be eatin', eatin',

child's hand.

we met an elderly man. He was tall and bent, and walked slowly as if his companions were sober, familiar thoughts.

"Good evenin', miss," he said. "Hev' you be'n to the house?"

"We have just come from there. We

them. Several times in the course of the next week Miss Kelly brought Kelly.

There was a pile of cedar fence rails at the side of the path. He sat down on them, with a farmer's usual desire to rest his legs whenever possible. It was a pleasant July evening, and, as we were in no hurry, we also sat

One Saturday morning we men all started off to spend the day fishing near some islands to the west of us. down on the rails.

"So you've been tuk to see Pruliette?" he said, speaking to me. "I s'pose you thought her queer—folks mostly does. Wa'al, she is queer; but was hot and sultry, none of the ladies

farmhouse standing on the end of a point that stretched out into the lake parallel with ours; a deep bay about half a mile wide separated the two points. Olive asked to go with Rufe. and no objection was made, she being accustomed to go about with him. Two boats had been left at the camp; one was a large, heavy skiff, the other a little cance which was used for pad-dling about in on quiet evenings. Rufe took the big skiff, and rowed

away with Olive sitting in the stern.

A hot, thick haze hung over the water, and from the camp they could hardly make out the boat as it neared the Suddenly all the vapor that had filled

the air seemed to gather into a black cloud; and soon this cloud glowed with streaks of flame, and emitted oarse growls.
"It will be a thunderstorm," ex-

claimed Mrs. Loring. "I wish Olive was here with me; she's so afraid of It happened that Pruliette Kelly had come to the camp with a pail of butter. They invited her to stay till the

nower was over.

Now a blast of hot wind swept over the lake and caught the haze up with it, carrying it off to the angry black cloud, which had swollen till it filled nearly the whole sky. As the haze

vanished objects near the opposite point could be more clearly distinguished.
"See," cried Mrs. Loring, "isn't that the boat pulling out from shore? Oh, why dosn't Rufe stay at the farmhouse! How can he be so foolish!' Pruliette drew Mrs. Larned back. 'The little gal is alone in thet there

boat," she said, in a solemn whisper.
"Rufe must a-left her in it when he
went up to the house; an' that sudden
wind druv it off the shore. The Randall boat must be away from home; fur I kin see Rufe runnin' up an' down the bank, an' if't was there he'd foller her. The wind is drivin' the boat right

The rain began to fall in torrents, churning the already vexed water till it seemed to boil. It was one of those violent thunderstorms to which Lake Ontario is subject during the hot sea-son. It grew dark, and the boat was hidden. When the rain stopped a cold hurricane rushed by, and the panic-stricken water fled before it in swift, headlong waves. Now the boat was visible again, tossing about, seeming to share the agony of the water.

The woman could see Olive clinging to a seat, in constant danger of being thrown out: the blast carried her shrill screams to their ears. "See, the boat may be driven against the point?" cried one of them. But as it came on they saw the wind would take it by,

An open shed had been built for the boats on the western side of the point, where, as was now the case, the water

was protected from the gales that

came up from the south and east. Pruliette Kelly ran to this boathouse. and, nothing else being there, launched the canoe. She paddled it through the calmer water out to the edge of the angry sea that swept around the point. It was evident that the canoe could not live for more than a moment in such a sea. An instant later the skiff -Olive standing in it, screaming and stretching out her hands to her on the shore-came scudding by the point. Prullette gave a stroke with the paddle that made the cance shoot forward; she grasped the skiff and,



PRULIETTE GAVE A STROKE WITH THE

Two of the younger women waded into the shallow water, dragged the rou skiff to land and restored the child to gul skin to land and restored the child to her mother. They saw something that the waves rolled toward the shore. They seized it and carried it from the water. Life was not quite crushed out from the poor old body, and after working over her for some time she working over her for some time she considered the precious particles. Sed into history. The more interpely day, the error towards the fever of the continuous continuous continuous.

the hired men carried his sister back to her home. When the doctor came he said it was doubtful if she survived the shock; she had never been a strong

tor and Mrs. Larned and little Olive's mother were in Pruliette Kelly's room, where she lay motionless on the bed. Of a sudden she roused, glanced around nervously and laid a thin, withered hand on her brother's arm. "Hiram, I'm agoin' to let that old blue hen hatch some chickens. I feel I ain't used her right: fur she hes

wanted to set—lots o' times. But I allers stopped her quick; you know she was my only company, an' I didn't want her off a-settin' an' a-bringin' up chickens. I s'pose she's jest longed fur them chicks." Then, a moment before the end, she spoke again: "Did Mandy get ashore all safe? Poor lit-tle Mandy—poor—thing."—N. Y. In-

The nihilist doomed in Siberian waste to live in his exile gloom may possibly think he is fated to taste the cup of bitterest doom, and the slave who toils for another's gain with lib-erty denied may think he suffers the greatest pain that the human soul has tried, and the innocent soul adjudged of crime and rushed to a felon's doom may think no soul that has lived in time has suffered a heavier gloom. But the grief of all of those men combined can never amount to the sum of the torment awful, condensed, refined, of the man of the musical chum.—N. Y.

ACROSS THE PLAINS BY WAGON.

A day or two since a family of immi-grants from southern Kansas, who had traveled all the way across to Oregon in their own wagon and were five months on the way, camped a few miles east of this city, says the Port-land Oregonian. So seldom do immirants "cross the plains" with teams lowadays that Mr. Smith inquired how

home on Lewis river, where he had some friends. He was a man of some means, and had a wife and several half grown children. When he con-cluded to emigrate he had nine horses, one of them a mare for which he had paid five hundred dollars. He could not sell them for anything, so concluded to drive to Oregon, save raiiroad seriously affected. Prior to 1850 the cluded to drive to Oregon, save raiiroad fare, and have his horses after he got here. He bought a carriage and a cart for his family, and, loading his outfit n a farm wagon, hitched up his horses

The man's account of the trip shows that, while crossing the plains now is much the same as in the days of '49 and thereabouts, in other respects it is a very different affair. For instance, instead of finding plenty of grass for his stock and game for his family, he found no game, and had to buy feed for his horses all the way, the "plains" being now converging a contractive according to the contraction. now comparatively a settled country.
As far as wear and tear to wagons and
animals goes, the trip was all that could have been anticipated. He lost all his horses, his cart and carriage, and came through the Barlow Gate with a pair of eastern Oregon cayuses hitched to his farm wagon, the wheels of which were braced with oak grubs care. They had seen the country, and had at last reached the promised land. From the Kansas man's account there are several score families following on his trail. It is a comfort to now that there will be no trouble in hungry, as was often the case in days

West Field-My wife has had a call from nearly every lady in Hensonburst, and we've been there only a fort-Morrison Essex-Oh, yes; I believe

you told me before that you bought all new furniture.—N. Y. World. Winks-I wonder who selects the poetry for the Hightone Magazine.

Jinks-De Blinks. "Are you sure?"
"Well, I heard him say that he was
the puzzle editor."—N. Y. Weekly.

"There's one good thing to be said about Thopkins. He is perfectly truth-"Of course he is. He is too stingy to make an extravagant statement."-In-dianapolis Journal.

crowded like this you must sell an aw-ful lot. Clerk-No, ma'am, not much. Most of these people are simply shopping.-N. Y. World.

Mrs. Mallersby—I wonder why they make women's theater hats so high? Mr. Mallersby (with bitter signifi-cance)—So they'll harmonize with the bills, I suppose.—Chicago Record. Generally Not Till Then.

When under fickle Fortune's frown,
Pursued by a malignant fate—
In short, the moment he is down—
Man is content to arbitrate.
—N. Y. Press.

A NEW GOLD ERA.

It Has Been Opened by Modern Mining Methods.

ifornia—It Lacks the Excitent of Early Times, But Has a More Solid Basis.

The golden lining to the silver clouds that hung over this country a year ago isjust becoming apparent. When this government ceased its purchases of ilver, and the mints of India were closed to the white metal, the financial outlook was dark indeed. But out of evil good often comes, and, whatever other effect these measures may have had, they have resulted beneficially in causing a greatly increased activity in gold mining. Never before in the his-tory of this state, says the San Francisco Argonaut, have the prospects been toward the shore. She had only gained a few yards when a billow broke over the canoe, filled it and sapk it.

The spectacular effect that accompanied earlier mining excitements is wanting, but there is in tis place an element of greater stability and permanence. The romantic era.

> with eager interest by millionaire and pauper, by the clerk in the counting house and the serving maid in the kitchen or nursery, when fortunes were made and lost in a day, and when

everybody was rich whether his wealth was evidenced by comfortable bank ac-count or by a scrap of worthless paper -this second and more unwhol era has also passed, to return no more The mining of to-day, while it lacks the element of wild excitement, is or a more solid basis and has a far more substantial prosperity. Mining meth-ods are more scientific than they were, wasteful and extravagant process have been laid aside, new and in proved machinery has been brought into use, and private companies, operating quietly and soberly, are reaping

a harvest undreamed of even in the days when the delirium of speculation was among us. The placer mines have been diligently worked over. There are still golden grains and nuggets in the river beds, but not in sufficient quantities generally to pay corpora-tions for working them, although in-dividual miners can still make "grub." But the placer mines at best held only the overflow of the richer original deposits. The wealth in the hillsides poured over and the surplus was car ried with the rain into the rivers. From north to south, throughout the whole stretch of the Sierra range, are ledges laden with their golden treas ure as yet untouched. Quartz mining is still in its infancy despite the vast stores of wealth that have already been wrested from the earth; drift

mining will yet add untold millions to the wealth of this state. The output of gold this year will far exceed anything of recent years. Not in this state alone, but through out the world this same renewed ac tivity is seen. Colorado, prostrate st year by the repeal of the Sherma law, stands to-day as one of the wealth producing states of the world. This year California will be closely pushed for first position among the gold-bear-

ing states of the union. Two years ago the gold product of Colorado was less than \$5,000,000—\$4,743,000—while California produced more than twice that amount. The next year Colorado increased its output sixty-five per cent., while the increase in California they had come to make the trip.

The immigrant said there were many more families on the way, strung along, whom he had passed. He had become weary of the ups and downs of life in Kansas, and had started to make a home on Lewis giver where he had be the results of the triple of triple of the triple of triple of the triple there is unusual activity, and the output of South Africa, which a few years ago contributed practically nothing to

the world's supply, is estimated for this year at \$48,000,000. When California, Australia and Rus annual product had never exceeded \$38,000,000, or slightly more than will be produced in the two states of Cali-fornia and Colorado this year. During the next five years the annual average was \$137,000,000, the highest point reached being in 1853, when the output was \$155,000,000. After that date there was a decline in production. In 1873, twenty years later, the output was \$96,-200,000; in 1883 it was \$94,000,000. Last year, however, the effect of the in-creased demand for gold was felt, and the output reached and passed the figures of 1853. The most careful esti-mates place this year's production at \$170,000,060. For the four years since

1890 the annual average exceeds that of 1850-55 by \$12,000,000. What is to be the effect of these in mense additions to the world's supply of gold? The increased production of 1850-1860 resulted in a decline in the purchasing power of gold, or, expressed differently, prices generally rose. The and body bound up with withes. He said his five hundred-dollar mare was stolen, and the others had succumbed same result should be seen this time same result should be seen this time now says it would have been cheaper to shoot his horses and come by railroad. He could have arrived at his destination in three days from that its destination in three days from the time he started at a cost of about two hundred dollars. However, he did not now than it was forty years ago, and care. They had seen the country, and additions that would materially affect the mass then would not be felt now. It is therefore probable that, unless continued for a number of years, the increased production will not affect the know that there will be no trouble in finding bread for them, and bacon, too, should any of them chance to arrive

The annual addition of fifteen to twenty millions to the wealth of this state is bound to affect all business beneficially. One year's output would be sufficient to build the proposed rail-road through the San Joaquin valley. The cost of a new transcontinental line



"Come, Elsie, and give Charley nice kiss. He is crying because you don't want to play with him." that stupid child know of a kiss?"-Fliegende Blaetter.

To Insure a Speedy Return Boggs (pathetically)-Good-by, dear; I have to go on jury duty. Mrs. Boggs (tearfully)—Now, be back as soon as you can. Don't belong to the "obstinate eleven."-N. Y. Sun.

He—She seems happy with him, and maintains that she married her ideal She—Yes, but her ideal was the man why should ask her to many him.—



This inverted climax is reached by

of furnishing an entire state or county, or even a township, with durable roads properly constructed. This method of computation will kill any enterprise. The farmer who counts only the cost will never sow any wheat. To a man who knows nothing wheat to a man who knows nothing the cost of bread and butter, it is the cost of bread and butter, it is the cost of bread and butter, it is the cost of bread and butter. wheat. To a man who knows nothing but the cost of bread and butter, it would be impossible to feed the people of the United States for one year. If all the social drinking in the United States had to be done at a gulp and paid for upon a signal, it would not only kill all the drinkers, but for the only fell all the drinkers, but for the time would make an unheard of stringency in monetary affairs. To get nine hundred million of dollars ready all at once to make payment in money or currency would drain the banks to their reserves, and empty the pocket-books of the people. Things are not

Expenditures are made from year to year, as accumulations create ability. The burden is adjusted so that like the pressure of the atmosphere it is never felt, and if known is only known

But the principal fact in this connec-tion is that there need not be an in-crease of expenses, but there should be a wiser use of the expenditures that are annually made. Not heavier tax-ation, or an increase in corporate and municipal debts, is the first aim, but permanent work, so that each year's work may join and supplement the work of the previous year. If anyone will take the pains to calculate the amount ordinarily expended upon our roads to make them nothing the better but suther the work and to better, but rather the worse, and to disappear before storm and flood and frost of the next winter and spring, he will find that the sum in almost an our older states rises into the mill And this wasteful expenditure has been repeated year after year for two or three generations, and bids fair to be repeated for generations to come. The waste already amounts probably to a sum equal to all our public debts, and out of it all we have few miles of really good roads.

No, the problem of first consideration is not how to raise more money, but rather to expend what we do raise so that the work may be satisfactory

Our roads would now be in better and more serviceable condition if all the public work had been done to secure properly-constructed roadbeds, without metalling — roadbeds of clay, thor-oughly underdrained, with sufficient sluices, either of iron pipe or of clay tile, protected at the openings with masonry, the clay crowned so as to free the road from water, well compacted with the roller, and the roads so located that no grade need be more than three feet to the hundred. If we had such roadbeds, they would be as permanent as any structure made by the hands of man. The material will not decay. It will bear up any load that horses can pull. It is smooth, firm and elastic.

When the time might come to put on metal—to complete the structu putting on the roof—the metal remain until worn to powder by the wheels and hoofs passing over it. Over such roadbeds a coating of mac-adam three inches thick, broken, spread and rolled according to Mac-adam's rule, would be quite sufficient for any ordinary country road. Where travel is very heavy a greater depth of metal might be required, but the writer knows of a road which bears a heavy traffic, cut in a hillside, that has but five inches of broken stone. It stands and wears, year after year, always smooth and dry. But it was thoroughly constructed and drained before stone was placed upon it, under the direction of an engineer with compe-

A WORD ABOUT GRAVEL.

Why It Is Not the Most Economical Road-Building Material. When there is any great amount of heavy travel gravel does not constito keep the surface even and smooth will bring the annual cost to a much will bring the annual cost to a much higher figure than would be the case if broken stone were used. The general principles of broken stone roads are the same now as they were when Mac-adam first introduced a system in the construction of such roads. With mod-ern machinery for breaking and rolling we can obtain better results in quicker time, and less care has to be exercised in watching the road as it hardens. Many roads are built in the United States with but four inches of broken stone, which have withstood the wear of several years, but the greatest care has to be used in every detail of the construction. These roads have been constructed for the most part on a foundation of sandy loam, but none that I am aware of on clay or heavy soil. The soil was first compacted by rolling, the crown conforming to that of the finished road-way. On the prepared foundation the broken stone was laid about four and one-half inches thick. This was lightly rolled by passing the steam roller about four times over it. Sand was then carefully spread over the surface as the roller passed back and forth until the interspaces were thoroughly filled to the tops of the stone. About one inch of broken stone screenings which had passed through a half-inch screen were then laid on, watered and

thoroughly rolled until the surface became even and firm .- Landscape Looking Ahead. Editor—The Eagle will be very glad sir, to boom the real estate interests of Hawville, without money and without price; but one thing must be understood

in advance.
Promoter—What?
Editor—When the boom bursts, the Eagle is to have the printing of the tgage foreclosure proceedings .-

Not Qualified. "It's no use o' me thryin' to hold a job on that new buildin' they're put-tin' up for the government," said Mr. "Why not?"

"Oi'm that absint moinded, Oi'd be worrukin' before Oi thought."—Washington Star. He Wanted to Know. Young Wife-Say, hubby, shall I wear a black silk dress with a brown

hat, or a black hat with a brown silk

A Chicago drummer and a New York drummer met in a hotel one night and talked ten minutes of trade, ten

EXPENSE OF ROADS.

A Simple Statement from a Plain Business Point of View.

In almost every article about improving our highways, there is the same commendation of the object, the same disposition to dwell upon the comfort and profit if that object can be realized, but then comes, with a lament and an apology, a positive prohibition of progress by calling attention to the enormous and intolerable expense.

This inverted climax is reached by fireplace. Out in the open air, when-ever a man spoke, his breath congealed so rapidly that his words actually fell

from the blaze was frozen stiff."
"'Pears that I must have struck the other extreme," said the Chicago drummer, as he lighted a fresh cigar. "I was out in southern Catifornia, near the edge of the desert, stopping with a farmer who had four acres in potatoes and four in popcorn. A hot wind swept in from the desert in the early part of August, and it was so hot that every potato in that patch was roasted in its jacket. 'I am a ruined man,' said the farmer. 'I hope not,' said I. 'It's a long lane that hasn't a rut in it, and it must be an ill wind, indeed, that doesn't blow somebody's barn over.' 'You're right,' said the farmer. 'I guess I'll set the Dominique hen on turkey eggs.' He started for the chicken-house, but cited. 'Come out here,' he velled, 'and you'll believe me, every ear of corn in that field had popped. It looked like a cotton field for all the world. The farmer got to work, shoveled the corn up, and carted in sixteen double wagon loads to town and sold it. That's what I call a powerful spell of hot weather

THE DRUMMER'S BAGGAGE.

There's a Lot of It. It Shows That He Is New to the Business.

"I can tell after a single glance at the baggage carried by a drummer about how long he has been on the road," said a lawyer at the Commercial Travelers' club, according to the New York World. "When the young man first starts out to the grand tour of the west or south he is likely to carry in one trunk enough samples to stock a village store. Another trunk will contain changes of clothing and linen village store. Another trunk will contain changes of clothing and linen sufficient for a trip around the world. He will carry two large hand satchels—one containing samples, the other a bountiful supply of gents' furnishings and toilet articles. Two overcoats—realight the other heavy—a shaul or one light, the other heavy—a shawl or blanket, and a mackintosh rolled up and strapped, a leather hat-box containing a sixer, an umbrella and a cane, and a large pair of field-glasses swung over his shoulders on a strap will complete the outfit.

"Six months later this young man will have discarded one of the trunks, the hat-box, the cane and the field-glasses. At the end of a year two satchels and the umbrella will com-prise his belongings. He has gradual-ly learned that every first-class hotel in the country can do laundry work in twelve hours; that umbrellas can be hired at the check room; that one middle-weight overcoat is sufficient for his wants; that a cane is in the way are by that the place for a silk hat is on head or better still that a derby is good enough; that blankets are sup-plied in the Pullman service; that fieldglasses are only to use on race tracks, and then behold the angel of commerce with his change of linen on one side an his samples on the other of a single traveling bag, selling more goods in a day than he formerly sold in a week,

and not paying out from \$3 to \$10 a day on excess of baggage." Tons of Silver Around the Alter The erection of the magnificent canopy over the high altar of Our Lady in the shrine of Guadalupe in the City of Mexico has been completed. The pillars to support it are each of a solid block of polished Scotch granite, weighing seven tons. The diameter of each pillar is three feet and the height twenty feet. The altar will be ready twenty feet. The altar will be ready for dedication on December 13 (Guadalupe day), and will be the most elaborate and costly one in America. The additions to the church edifice will not be completed for nearly two years at the present rate of progress. When finishe 1, the Shrine of the Lady of Gundalupe will be one of the notable twenty-six tons, and many millions

dollars are in other ways represented in the palatial place of worship. The ever prevailing problem of how to do away with the London smoke has been solved, it is reported, by Col. Duller, of the Belgian engineers, who method of disposing of it. The method is thus described: The smoke enters a chimney shaped like the letter N; at the bottom of the left-hand leg it is the bottom of the left-hand leg it is met by a small jet of steam, which saturates the smoke and accelerates the draught; at the top of the leg a spray of water drives down the soot and noxious products, allowing only almost pure vapor to escape up the last leg. Half the acids and 94 per cent of the soot are thus removed; they are sent down into the sewers, where they act as disinfectants. The system can be applied to a factory for about \$250 and to a dwelling house for \$12 or \$15.

"Don't talk to me about compulsory vaccination!" exclaimed the man who had his arm in a sling. "I'm sore on that subject "—Chicago Tribune.

All Over Between Them. He—Oh, yes; when I was in England I was enthusiastically received in court circles. She (snippy)—What was the charge

against you?-Judge. Making the Best of It.

Miss Gotham—Amateur photography is all the rage in New York.

Aunt Rural-Well, I spose most of
the rooms in those flats you live in is
too dark for anything else.—N. Y.

More Convenient "He told me he liked to read my poems by the fireside," said Scribb.
"Very likely." said Cynicus. "He can
throw 'em in without getting up."—

Harper's Bazar. Miss Huntley-Your dogs have formed a strange attachment toward ms. How do you account for it?

Mr. Sport—It's "like master, like dog."—Truth.

One of the Great Army.
"How do you live, good sir?" he saked
And the patric, frank and free,
Boplies in song and singing says:
"My country," his ti thee"