THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL XXXII — BUTLER, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1895. — No 7

State Library July95

The CLEVELAND

NEW NOVEL. NOBBY

The GREAT, SWELL SPECIAL CLEVELAND.

An eye opener---A heart tickler.

The longer you look at it the sweeter it grows. Popular light weights. See the Cleveland before you purchase your mount for 1895.

Never mind what others say, we are ready to supply the trade.

Remember every Cleveland is fully guaranteed to be first class in every particular.

We have a full line for Ladies, and Gentlemen; Boys and Girls, and All Strictly High grade.

H. A. Lozier & Co.

CLEVELAND, Ohio.

J. E. Forsythe, Ag't.

116 W. Jefferson St. BUTLER, PA.

SPECIAL

Owing to a contemplated change in our business April 1st. it becomes necessary that we close out our entire stock on or before that date—We will therefore place on sale this week over 2,000 pairs of pants, 1,000 suits underwear, 1,200 Men's, 800 Boy's and 600 Children's suits; 500 Overcoats; 1600 Hats; 390 solid gold Rings; 50 Watches; 200 Chains, 1,000 Collar and Cuff buttons; 2,000 Scarf pins; 200 Shirt waists, etc.

We here give you timely notice of special days sales, and special discount, so that you can prepare to take advantage of these sales and secure some of the bargains.

Bargain Days

Wednesday Jan. 30—Pants day—25 per cent off,
Friday, Feb. 1st—Overcoat day—25 per cent. off,
Tuesday Feb 5th—Underwear day—25 per cent. off,
Thursday, Feb. 7th—Jewelry day—25 per cent off,
Monday, Feb. 11th—Hat day—25 per cent. off.

Special sales on certain lines of goods every day as long as those goods last. These goods not subject to special discount. Pants former price 3 to 6 dollars, special price $1 50 to $3 50—Men's suits former price $4 50 to $12 00, special price 2 50 to 7.50,—Childrens suits, former price 1 to 6 dollars special price 75c to $3 50,—fine gondola Hats former price $2 00 to $4 50, special price from 75c to $2 00—Boy's and Childrens Caps, former price 15 to 25c, special price 1 to 10c—Underwear former price 25c, Special price 15c—Mufflers former price from 50c to $2 50 special price 25c to $1 25

Don't miss this great sale—by borrowing money at 6 per cent you can save 27 per cent net, now this may seem strange yet it is true, and if you doubt it Just call around and we will convince you.

D. A. Heck,

Champion Clothier, Hatter and Furnisher,

21 N. Main St., Duffy's Block, Butler, Pa

FRANK KEMPER,

DEALER IN

BLANKETS, HARNESS,

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

Also trunks and valises.

Repairing done on short notice.

The largest assortment of 5-A Horse blankets in town will be found at

FRANK KEMPER'S,

124 S MAIN ST., BUTLER, PA.

BUTLER COUNTY

Mutual Fire Insurance Company,
Office Cor. Main & Cunningham

ALF. WICK, Pres.
GEO. KETTERER, Vice Pres.
L. S. McJUNKIN, Sec'y and Treas.

DIRECTORS:

Alfred Wick,	Henderson Oliver,
Dr. W. Irvin,	James Stephenson,
W. W. Blackmore,	N. Weitzel,
F. Bowman,	H. J. Klingler
Geo Ketterer,	Chas. Bebnun,
Geo. Renno,	John Koening.

LOYAL S. McJUNKIN, Agent.

Ladies' Muslin Underwear?

We have opened the finest assortment we have ever offered to our customers. We have never before shown such bargains. Newest styles in Corset covers ranging in price, 10, 25, 35, 50, 75c and $1.00. Ladies and Childrens drawers in all the newest designs and makes, both in tucked and embroidered, price 25, 35, 50, 75c and $1 00 Large variety Ladies skirts, plain, tucked and embroidered; 50 65, 75c and $1.00 up. This [illegible] high shoulders, full size and lengths, price 50, 65, 75c $1.00, $1 25, $1 35, $1 75.

Come and examine quality and prices before doing your spring sewing and see if you cannot buy cheaper than you can make.

M. F. & M. MARKS,

113 to 117 S. Main St., - Butler.

WANTED MEN, local or traveling, to sell my guaranteed NURSERY STOCK Salary or Commission paid weekly. Outfit free. Special attention given to beginners. Workers never fail to make good weekly wages. Write me at once for particulars.

E. O. GRAHAM, Nurseryman
Rochester N. Y.

Are Your Groceries Fresh?

Everything we have is fresh. We guarantee every pound we sell to be the best of its kind there is.

We want regular, all-the year-round, trade. Let us sell you all you can eat.

Henry Miller,
Opposite P. O.

NEW
Southside Restaurant

No. 211 Centre Avenue, (Whitmire building,) convenient to P. & W. depot. Open all hours. All kind of lunches and regular meals, Tobacco and Cigars, fine confections and everything to be found in a first class Restaurant. Give us a call and we will do our best to accommodate you.

W. J. MATES,
Manager.

C. AND D.

A business that keeps growing through a season of depression, such as the country has experienced, is an evidence that people realize they save money by trading with 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.

CALL AND SEE US.

Colbert & Dale.

It is unnecessary to bore you with the advertisement of our largest stock, best facilities, biggest business, etc. You know we have that. The important announcement is,

We will Positively save you Money on your Fall Clothes.

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

ALAND,
TAILOR.

Look at This.

Think of it, a Ladies fine Vici Kid Shoe, in lace or button, six different styles to select from, price $1.25 actual value $2.00.

We are going to spring a surprise on our customers and place on sale a Ladies Kid Button Shoe, Pat tips at 88cts., also a Ladies fine grain button shoe at 88cts., if you want a pair of these don't delay, they are going fast.

We claim to sell the best shoe for $1.00 ever made. It is a gents fine Buff Shoe in lace or congress and just as much style to it as any $3.00 shoe in the market.

Our mens A Calf Congress and Lace shoe at 95cts, needs no mention. We are selling them about as fast as we can get them.

All winter goods and Rubber to be sold regardless of cost,

TRY.

The New Shoe Store.

C. E. MILLER,

215 S. Main St., Butler, Pa.

JOHN W. BROWN — C. A. ABRAMS.
ABRAMS & BROWN,
Real Estate, Fire and Life Insurance,
HUSELTON BUILDING,
NEAR COURT HOUSE. BUTLER, Pa.
Insurance Company of North America, 102d year, Assets $9,278,000; Home of New York, Assets $9,000,000; Hartford of Hartford, Assets $7,378,000; Phœnix of Brooklyn. Assets $5,000,000.

L. S. McJUNKIN
Insurance and Real Estate Agent,
17 EAST JEFFERSON ST
BUTLER. - PA.

Hotel Butler

J. H. FAUBEL, Prop'r.

This house has been thoroughly renovated, remodeled, and refitted with new furniture and carpets; has electric bells and all other modern conveniences for guests, and is as convenient, and desirable a home for strangers as can be found in Butler, Pa.

Elegant sample room for use of commercial men

Hotel Williard.

Reopened and now ready for the commodation of the traveling public.

Everything in first-class style.

MRS. MATTIE REIHING, Owner
M H BROOKS, Clerk.

That Tired Feeling

Is due to an impoverished condition of the blood. It should be overcome without delay, and the best way to accomplish this result is to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, which

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

will purify and vitalize the blood, give strength and appetite and produce sweet and refreshing sleep. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla, and only Hood's.

Hood's Pills cure nausea, and biliousness.

Register's Notices.

The Register hereby gives notice that the following accounts of executors, administrators and guardians have been filed in his office according to law, and will be presented to Court for confirmation and allowance on Saturday, the 9th day of March, 1895, at 9 o'clock, a. m., of said day:

1. First and final account of Dora E. Hoffman, administratrix of Frederick A. Hoffman, deceased, late of Franklin twp.
2. Final account of C. B. Irvine, executor of Elizabeth McCandless, deceased, late of Adams twp.
3. Final account of George Fox, guardian of George Knecht and Emma Knecht, minor children of C. L. Knecht, deceased, late of Butler twp.
4. First and final account of John H. McLure, guardian of Jennie May Blair, minor child of Rebecca Blair, deceased, late of Fairview boro.
5. Final account of John K. Gilchrist, guardian of John White, minor child of James M. and Rebecca J. White deceased, late of Venango twp.
6. First and final account of Levi Boyer, administrator of Elizabeth Boyer, deceased, late of Jackson twp.
7. First and final account of Thomas R. Hoon, Executor of George Dawson, deceased, late of Center twp.
8. Final account of Walter E. Wick, administrator of Nannie J. Wick, deceased, late of Butler boro.
9. Final account of Wm. B. Currie, executor of George C. McCandless, deceased, late of Franklin twp
10. Final account of J. F. Donley, administrator and trustee of the estate of John N. Purviance, deceased, late of Butler boro.
11. Final account of J. D. McJunkin, guardian of A. Markle Neyman, minor child of Emeline Neyman, deceased, late of Butler boro.
12. Final account of William M. Wick, guardian of William H. McGarvey, minor child of Robert D. McGarvey, deceased, late of Fairview twp,
13. Final account of William M. Wick guardian of Sadie B. McGarvey, minor child of Robert D. McGarvey, deceased, late of Fairview township.
14. Final account of F. P. Critchlow, administrator of the estate of W. F. Henshaw, deceased, late of Prospect boro.
15. Final account of John Reed administrator of George W. Forsythe, deceased, late of Slipperyrock township.
16. Final account of James H. Morrison Jr., administrator of Daniel Elleby, deceased late of Harrisville boro.
17. Final account of H. J. O'Donnell, administrator of Charles O'Donnell, decease, late of Clearfield township.
18. Final account of Charles W. Goehring administrator of John Goehring, deceased, late of Harmony boro.
19. Final account of Isaac G. Pollard and Eli Reep, executors of Henry Reep, deceased late of Fairview twp.
20. Final account of Margaret Beighley, administratrix of John H. Beighley, deceased, late of Lancaster twp.
21. Partial account of L. S. Lardin and Edward Westerman, administrators of William Birtner, deceased, late of Clinton twp
22. Partial account of John G. Bippus executor of Edward Winner, deceased, late of Oakland twp.
23. First partial account of J. Walter Bartley and E. McJunkin, executors of W. L. Bartley, deceased, late of Butler boro.
24. First and final account of George Vensel, administrator of the estate of John Vensel, deceased, late of Donegal twp.
25. Supplemental final account of Mary Burkhart, executrix of John Burkhart, deceased, late of Butler twp.
26. Final account of Charles Oesterling, administrator of Christian Oesterling, deceased, late of Donegal twp.
27. Final account of Alexander Black, administrator of Margaret Cowan, deceased, late of Slipperyrock twp.
28. Final account of A. D. Weir, guardian of [illegible] twp., as stated by Elizabeth J. Weir, administratrix of A. D. Weir, deceased.
29. Final account of A. D. Weir, guardian of Catharine B. Petsinger, a minor child of Mary Jane Petsinger, deceased late of Buffalo twp., as stated by Elizabeth J. Weir, administratrix of A. D. Weir, deceased.
30. Final account of A. D. Weir, guardian of Hudson W. Donahay, minor child of Samantha Donahay, deceased, late of Buffalo twp., as stated by Elizabeth J. Weir, administratrix of A. D. Weir, deceased.
31. Final account of A. D. Weir, guardian of Edward J. Donahay, minor child of Samantha Donahay, deceased, late of Buffalo twp., as stated by Elizabeth J. Weir, administratrix of A. D. Weir, deceased.
32. Final account of A. D. Weir, guardian of Dolly Donahay, minor child of Samantha Donahay, deceased, late of Buffalo twp., as stated by Elizabeth J. Weir, administratrix of A. D. Weir, deceased.
33. Final account of Sarah Rodgers, administratrix of Thomas Rodgers, deceased, late of Fairview twp.
34. Final account of J. H. Carothers, administrator of James Armstrong, deceased, late of Cherry twp.
35. Final account of Wm. S. Cashdollar, guardian of Walter H. Gilleland, minor child of John C. Gilleland, deceased, late of Adams twp.
36. Final account of John W. Gillespie, administrator of Hamilton Gillespie, deceased late of Connoquenessing twp.
7. Final account of George R. Green, administrator of Olive Isabel Green, deceased, late of Allegheny twp.
38. Final account of Jacob Keck, administrator C. T. A.; D. B. N.; of Joseph Minsel Sr., deceased late of Oakland twp.
39. Partial account of Lewis Northum executor of Christina Hasler, deceased, late of Donegal twp.

J. S. WICK, Reg

Widows' Appraisements.

The following widows' appraisements of personal property set apart for the benefit of the widows of decedents have been filed in the office of the Clerk of Orphans' Court of Butler county, viz:

Widow of Thomas Donaldson	$ 55 00
" Wm. Luz	300 00
" John G. Kauss	300 00
" W. H. Ilt	300 00
" William J. Black	90 00
" Jas. Sellers	300 00
" Jesse Rice, Sr	300 00
" J. C. Shanor	42 50

All persons interested in the above appraisements will take notice that they will be presented for confirmation to the Orphans' Court of Butler county, Pa., on the 9th day of March, 1895, and if no exceptions be filed they will be confirmed absolutely.

JOSEPH CRISWELL, Clerk O. C.

WEAR HAMMERSLOUGH BRO'S

Famous New York, tailor-made

CLOTHING

For sale by prominent dealers all over the State. None genuine without Hammerslough Bro's label. The swellest and best wearing clothes in this Country. Ask your clothier for them.

Save 20 Per Cent,

By bringing your dyeing and cleaning direct to our place. We have done away with our agents and propose giving our patrons the benefit. Come and bring your work and we can tell you just what can be done to it, thus avoiding the misunderstanding and incompetency of agents. If you cannot come send us a postal and we will call on you.

R. Fisher.

THE SURGEON'S VISIT.

BY JAN MACLAREN.

Dr. MacLure did not lead a solemn procession from the sick bed to the dining-room, and give his opinion from the hearthrug with an air of wisdom bordering on the supernatural, because neither the Drumtochty houses nor his manner were on that large scale. He was accustomed to deliver himself in the yard, and to conclude his directions with one foot in the stirrup; but when he left the room where the life of Annie Mitchell was ebbing slowly away, our doctor said not one word, and at the sight of his face her husband's heart was troubled.

He was a dull man, Tammas, who could not read the meaning of a sign, and labored under a perpetual disability of speech; but love was eyes to him that day, and a mouth.

"Is 't as bad as yir lookin', doctor? Tell the truth; wull Annie no come through?" and Tammas looked MacLure straight in the face, who never flinched his duty or said smooth things.

"A' wud gie onything tae say Annie hes a chance, but a' daurna; a' doot yir gaein' to lose her, Tammas!"

MacLure was in the saddle, and as he gave his judgment he laid his hand on Tammas' shoulder with one of the rare caresses that pass between men.

"It's a sair business, but ye 'ill play the man and no vex Annie; she 'ill dae her best, a'll warrant."

"An' a'll dae mine;" and Tammas gave MacLure's hand a grip that would have crushed the bones of a weakling. Drumtochty felt in such moments the brotherliness of this rough-looking man, and loved him.

Tammas hid his face in Jess' mane, who looked round with sorrow in her beautiful eyes, for she had seen many tragedies, and in this silent sympathy the stricken man drank his cup, drop by drop.

The winter night was falling fast, the snow lay deep upon the ground, and the merciless north wind moaned through the close as Tammas wrestled with his sorrow dry-eyed, for the tears were denied Drumtochty men. Neither the doctor nor Jess moved hand or foot, but their hearts were with their fellow-creature, and at length the doctor made a sign to Marget Howe, who had come out in search of Tammas, and now stood at his side.

"Dinna mourn tae the brakin' o' yir heart, Tammas," she said, "as if Annie an' you had never loved. Neither death nor time can pairt them that love; there's neathin' in a' the warld sae strong as love. If Annie gaes frae the sicht o' yir e'en she'll come the nearer tae yir hert. She wants tae see ye, and tae hear ye say that ye 'ill never forget her nicht nor day till ye meet in the land where there's nae pairtin'. Oh, a' ken what a'm sayin', for it's five years noo sin George gied awa, an' he's mair with me noo than when he wes in Edinboro' and I wes in Drumtochty."

"Thank ye kindly, Marget; thae are gude words and true, an' ye hev the richt tae say them; but a' canna dae without seein' Annie comin' tae meet me in the gloamin', an' gaein' in an' oot the hoose, an' hearin' her ca' me by ma name, an' a'll no can tell her that a' luve her when there's nae Annie in the hoose.

"Can naethin' be dune, doctor? Ye savit Flora Cammil and young Burnbrae, an' yon shepherd's wife, Dunleithwy, an' we were a' sae prood o' ye, an' pleased tae think that ye hed kept deith frae . nither hame. Can ye no think o' somethin' tae help Annie, and gie her back tae her man and bairnies?" and Tammas searched the doctor's face in the cold, weird light.

"Ye needna plead wi' me, Tammas, a' kent her lang afore ye ever luved her; a' brocht her intae the warld, and a' saw her through the fever when she was a bit lassikie; a' closed her mither's een, and it wes me hed to tell her she wes an orphan, an' nae man wes better pleased when she got a gude husband, and a' helpit her wi' her fower bairns. A've naither wife nor bairns o' ma own, an' a' coont a' the fauk o' the glen ma family. Div ye think a' wudna save Annie if I cud? If there wes a man in Muirtown 'at cud dae mair for her, a'd have him this verra nicht, but a' the doctors in Perthshire are helpless for this tribble.

"Tammas, ma puir fallow, if it could avail, a' tell ye a' wud lay down this auld worn-oot ruckle o' a body o' mine juist tae see ye baith sittin' at the fireside, an' the bairns round ye, couthy an' canty again; but it's nae tae be, Tammas, it's nae tae be."

"It's God's wull an' maun be borne, but it's a sair wull for me, an' a'm no ungratefu' tae you, doctor, for a' ye've duen and what ye said the nicht," and Tammas went back to sit with Annie for the last time.

Jess picked her way through the deep snow to the main road, with a skill that came with long experience, and the doctor held converse with her.

"Eh, Jess wumman, yon wes the hardest wark a' hae tae face, and a' wud raither hae ta'en ma chance o' anither row in a Glen Urtach drift than tell Tammas Mitchell his wife wes deein'.

"A' said she cudna be cured, and it wes true, for there's juist ae man in the land fit for't, and they micht as weel try tae get the mune oot o' heaven. Sae a' said naethin' tae vex Tammas, for it's eneuch without regrets.

"But it's hard, Jess, that money wull buy life after a', an' if Annie wes a duchess her man wudna lose her; but bein' only a puir cottar's wife, she maun dee afore the week's oot.

"Gin we hed him the morn there's little doot she wud be saved, for he hasna lost mair than five per cent. of his cases, and they 'ill be puir toon's craturs, no strappin' women like Annie.

"It's oot o' the question, Jess, sae hurry up, lass, for we've hed a heavy day. But it wud be the grandest thing that wes ever dune in the glen in oor time if it could be managed by hook or crook.

"We 'ill gang and see Drumsheugh, Jess; he's anither man sin' Geordie Boo's deith, and he wes aye kinder than fouk kent;" and the doctor passed at a gallop through the village, whose lights shone across the white frost-bound road.

"Come in by, doctor, a' heard ye on the road; ye 'ill hae been at Tammas Mitchell's; hoo's the gudewife? a' doot she's sober."

"Annie's deein', Drumsheugh, an' Tammas is like tae brak his heart."

"That's no lichtsome, doctor, no lichtsome ava, for a' dinna ken ony man in Drumtochty sae bund up in his wife as Tammas, and there's no a bonnier wumman o' her age crosses oor kirk door than Annie, nor a cleverer at her wark. Man, ye 'ill need tae pit yir brains in steep. Is she clean beyond ye?"

"Beyond me and every ither in the land but ane, and it wud cost a hundred guineas tae bring him tae Drumtochty."

"Certes, he's no blate; it's a fell charge for a short day's work; but hundred or no hundred we 'ill hae him, an' no let Annie gang, and her no half her years."

"Are ye meanin' it, Drumsheugh?" and MacLure turned white below the tan.

"William MacLure," said Drumsheugh, in one of the few confidences that ever broke the Durmsheugh reserve, "a'm a lonely man, wi' naebody o' me ain blude tae care for me livin', or tae lift me intae ma coffin.

"A' fecht awa at Muirtown market for an extra pund on a beast, or a shillin' on the quarter o' barley, an' what's the gute o't? Burnbrae gies aff tae get a goon for his wife or a buke for his college laddie, an' Lachlan Campbell 'ill no leave the place noo withoot a ribbon for Flora. Ilka man in the Kildrummie train has some bit in his pooch for the fauk at home that he's bocht wi' the siller he won.

"But there's naebody tae be lookin' oot for me, an' comin' doon the road tae meet me, an' daflin' (joking) wi' me aboot their fairing, or feeling ma pockets. Ou a' a've seen it a' at ither hooses, though they tried to hide it frae me for fear a' wud lauch at them.

"Yir the only man kens, Weelum, that I aince luved the noblest wumman in the glen or onywhere, an' a' luve her still, but wi' anither luve noo.

"She hed given her heart tae anither, or a've trocht a' micht hae won her, though nae man be worthy o' sic a gift. Ma hert turned tae bitterness, but that passed awa beside the brier bush where George Hoo lay yon sad simmer time. Some day a'll tell yer ma story, Weelum, for you an' me are auld freends, and will be till we dee."

MacLure felt beneath the table for Drumsheugh's hand, but neither man looked at the other.

"Well, a' we can dae noo, Weelum, gin we haena mickle brichtness in oor ain hames, is tae keep the licht frae gaein' oot in anither hoose. Write the telegram, man, and Sandy 'ill send it aff frae Kildrummie this verra nicht, and ye 'ill hae yir man this morn."

"Yir the man a' coonted ye, Drumsheugh, but ye 'ill grant me ae favor. Ye'll lat me pay the half, bit by bit—a' ken yir wull in' tae dae't a'—but a' haena mony pleasures, an' a' wud like tae hae ma ain share in savin' Annie's life."

Next morning a figure received Sir George on the Kildrummie platform, whom that famous surgeon took for a gillee, but who introduced himself as "MacLure, of Drumtochty." It seemed as if the east had come to meet the west when these stood together, the one in traveling furs, handsome and distinguished, with his strong cultured face and carriage of authority, a characteristic type of his profession; and the other more marvelously dressed than ever, for Drumsheugh's topcoat had been forced upon him for the occasion, his face and neck one redness with the bitter cold; rough and ungainly, yet not without some signs of power in his eye and voice, the most heroic type of his noble profession. MacLure compassed the precious arrival with observances till he was securely seated in Drumsheugh's dogcart—a vehicle that lent itself to history—with two full-sized plaids added to his equipment—Drumsheugh and Hillocks had both been requisitioned — and MacLure wrapped another plaid round a leather case, which was placed below the seat with such reverence as might be given to the queen's regalia. Peter attended their departure full of interest, and as soon as they were in the fir woods MacLure explained that it would be an eventful journey.

"It's richt in here, for the wind disna get at the snaw, but the drifts are deep in the glen, and th'ill be some engineerin' afore we get tae oor destination."

"A' seleckt the road this morning, an' a' ken the depth tae an inch; we 'ill get through this steadin' here, but oor worst job 'ill be crossin the Tochty.

"Ye see the bridge hes been shakin' wi' this winter's flood, and we daurna venture on it, sae we hev tae ford, and the snaw's been melting up Urtach way. There's nae doot the water's gey big, an' its threatenin' tae rise, but we 'ill win through wi' a warstle.

"A'll come for ye, Tammas, gin there be danger; but what are ye feared for wi' queen's ain surgeon here?"

Fifty minutes did the flail rise and fall, save twice, when Tammas crept to the door and listened, the dog lifting his head and whining.

It seemed twelve hours instead of one when the door swung back, and MacLure filled the doorway, preceded by a great burst of light, for the sun had arisen.

His face was as tidings of great joy, and Elspeth told me that there was nothing like it to be seen that afternoon for glory, save the sun itself in the heavens.

"A' never saw the marrow, o't Tammas, an' a'll never see the like again; it's a' over, man, without a hitch frae beginnin' tae end, and she's fa'n asleep as fine as ye like."

"Dis he think Annie . . . 'll live?"

"Of coorse he dis, and be aboot the hoose inside a month; that's the gude o' bein' a clean-bludded, weel-livin'—

"Preserve ye, man, what's wrang wi' ye? It's a mercy a' keppit ye, or we wud hev anither job for Sir George.

"Ye're a' richt noo; sit doon on the strae. A'll come back in a while, an' ye'll see Annie juist for a meenut; but ye maunna say a word."

Margaret took him in and let him kneel by Annie's bed.

He said nothing then or afterward, for speech came only once in a lifetime to Tammas, but Annie whispered, "Ma ain dear man."

When the doctor placed the precious bag beside Sir George in our solitary first next morning, he laid a check beside it and was about to leave.

"No, no," said the great man. "Mrs. Macfadyen and I were on the gossip last night, and I know the whole story about you and your friend. You have some right to call me a coward, but I'll never let you count me a mean, miserly rascal," and the check with Drumsheugh's painful writing fell in fifty pieces on the floor.

As the train began to move a voice from the first called so that all in the station heard:

"Give's another shake of your hand, MacLure; I'm proud to have met you. You are an honor to our profession. Mind the antiseptic dressings."

It was market-day, but only Jamie Soutar and Hillocks had ventured down.

"Did ye hear yon, Hillocks? Hoo dae ye feel? A'll no deny a'm lifted."

Half way to the junction Hillocks had recovered and began to grasp the situation.

"Tell's what he said. A' wud like to hae it exact for Drumsheugh."

"Thae's the eedentical words, an' they're true; there's noa man in Drumtochty disna ken that except ane."

"An' wha's that, Jamie?"

"It's Weelum MacLure himself. Man, a've often girned that he sud fecht awa for us a', and maybe dee before he kent that he had githered mair luve than ony man in the glen.

"'A'm prood tae hae met ye,' says Sir George, an' him the greatest doctor in the land. 'Yir an honor tae oor profession.'"

"Hillocks, a' wuds hae missed it for twenty notes," said James Soutar, cynic-in-ordinary to the parish of Drumtochty.—From "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush."

FACTS ABOUT FATIGUE.

Whether Arising from Athletic Exercise or Excess, It Is Equally Bad.

Dr. Tissle, a well-known French physician, has been studying the subject of excessive physical culture. He points out, in Science Siftings, that there is a similarity between the nervotic states. All fatigue is in the nerves; the muscles simply lose their power. In violent and prolonged physical exercise the waste of the body is rapid and extreme, and at the end the victim is in a state of poisoning from the accumulation of waste products in his system not yet thrown off. He is like a patient recovering from some disease. The muscular overstrain in the case is like that which results from such nervous shocks as are sometimes produced by violent emotions or by dreadful dreams.

Dr. Tissie made a special study of the case of a runner in a "go-as-you-please" race which continued twenty-four hours. The first effect of the nervous exhaustion was a feeling of great fatigue, followed by loss of interest and disgust. Next came phenomena of illusion or hallucination, of double personality, loss of memory and great need of sleep. The doctor claims that the real aim of every trainer for the ring is to produce an automatic state in the one who is to take part in the contest of physical strength. His whole science is to transform the man he trains into a being that will keep on automatically. Something of this occurs in all overstrain from prolonged physical exercise. The plodding action which results is akin to the constant repetition of the same word over and over until it becomes a fixed idea in the mind. The doctor's conclusions are that the abuse of athletic sports is an evil; that the players lose character and tend to retrograde from intellectual volition to an habitual automatism. Just as moderate exercise is good, so these intensive exercises are bad.

That Young Man Again.

"Did you ever pay any attention to theosophy, Mr. Slogo?" she asked, with deadly sweetness in her tones.

The young man admitted that he had not

"Oh, it is just lovely!" she continued. "I have often thought how perfectly charming it would be to send one's astral self down into the parlor to entertain, while one's real tired self was sound asleep."

The ticking of the little clock became so painfully loud that the young man was forced to look at it and suddenly discover that it was really growing so awfully late.—Indianapolis Journal.

The Glorious East.

"Out in Oregon," said a man from that state, "the air is so clear that you can see the peak of Mount Shasta in California, from the peak of Mount Hood in Oregon, a distance of two hundred and seventy-six miles."

"Here in the east we can see much farther than that."

"O, come now."

"It's a fact. The moon is two hundred and forty thousand miles away, but we can see it on a clear night."—Life.

Symptoms.

He pondered in silence for a moment. When the ormolu clock had measured a moment he spoke:

"Darling," he said, "do you think your father divines my purpose?"

The lovely girl did not ponder at all. She answered at once.

"Egberthold," she whispered, "I think he suspects. For upward of a week now he has devoted an hour each afternoon practicing the drop kick with a bag of sand."—Detroit Tribune.

Most Cordial Frankness.

Mr. Dobbins had been urging a friend whom he met to come and dine with him at his home. The gentleman still hesitated in accepting the invitation, so Master Thomas concluded he had best put in a word.

"You better come," Tommie advised him. "We don't have any great shakes of dinners right along, but ma always slings herself when we have visitors."—Judge.

FARM & GARDEN.

ABOUT SUBIRRIGATION.

How Farmers on the Plains Can Practice It to Advantage.

Wherever the irrigation is necessary to the production of a crop, it will be found of great advantage, at the time of seeding, to make ditches and furrows at short intervals, and then to so check the water in these ditches that it may stand in small bodies at a level above the general surface of the ground to be irrigated. If the water is held constantly in these small reservoirs during the growing season, it will not be necessary to flood the ground so often, and if the soil is sufficiently porous, it may be possible to give the crop all the moisture it needs without surface application. Wherever this plan is practicable it has been found to be of the greatest advantage, as the ground is kept mellow and friable while flooded land becomes so hardened that plants make but little growth in it.

If a field has a steep sidehill slope, it

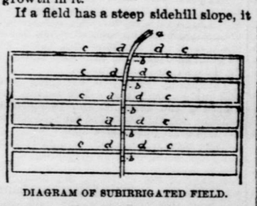

DIAGRAM OF SUBIRRIGATED FIELD.

is best to bring the water into it by a supply ditch on the highest part, as shown at a in the sketch, and conduct it by a series of dams or drops b, b b b b, to the lowest part of the field. Then run ditches c c from above each drop nearly along a contour or equal level line of the field, dyking these ditches up to keep the water above accidental high places. These ditches should be permanent. They should be near together at the top of the field, the intervals widening as they near the lower edge, as the seepage from the upper ditches will necessarily make the ground more and more moist toward the lower edge of the field. The field should be made as long as possible along the course of these ditches, and the ditches should be made as near parallel as the ground will permit, so as to obtain as large and regular an area between ditches as possible.

Whenever it is necessary to flood growing crops an opening can be made in these permanent ditches at points where the grade line of the ditch intersects a slight knoll. This will prevent washing of dykes and the consequent digging up of crops to repair these breaks. From these openings the water should be conducted in zigzag courses, in furrows prepared at the time of seeding, thus preventing washing, and keeping the water as much as possible away from the crowns of plants until it soaks into the soil. A headgate should be placed at the source of each of these field laterals, and then it is possible for the farmer to so regulate the supply in each part of the field that a sufficient supply may be at the roots of every plant, and very little or no water going to waste at the ends of the field laterals. By this method a comparatively small quantity of water can be made to supply a large area. The system is simple, and can be applied in many sections not equipped with regular irrigation ditches. [illegible] gation.—J. R. Patterson, in Orange Judd Farmer.

PROFITABLE FISH FARMS.

A New Industry Now Being Developed by Progressive Farmers.

The practice of raising food fish for market has become of late a very profitable industry, and in some parts of the country is being carried out on an extensive scale.

The equipment of a fish farm, as it is called, is a very simple and inexpensive operation. Land which would be valueless for ordinary farming may be used for the purpose, the only requirement being a plentiful supply of good running water. The best site for a farm is a hilly or mountainous district where the water runs swiftly and is interrupted by waterfalls, since this serves to aerate and refresh the water.

The fish farms are usually provided with three ponds, each of which is reserved for fish of about the same size. As the fish grow, they are changed from one pond to another. The fry is usually bought at the state or other hatchery and placed in the first pond. The food for the fish is the principal expense. There are a variety of prepared fish foods on the market, but it has been found that the fish fed with prepared food have a decidedly beefy flavor. A plan very generally adopted is that of planting the ponds with an abundance of fresh water shrimp. These grow very quickly and soon provide a plentiful supply of wholesome food.

It will be seen that the fish require little attention, and the consequent income from such a crop is almost clear profit. In the season the product of fish farms sells in the market at one dollar a pound, and out of season, if the sale be permitted by law, a much higher price may be realized.—Scientific American.

The Weight of Hay.

The Country Gentleman says in reply to a correspondent who asks how to measure a haymow to find the number of tons of hay: Compact timothy hay requires about 500 cubic feet to weigh a ton (considerably more, perhaps 700, as it is brought from the field), but the quantity will vary with the pressure caused by the height of the mow, and with the age of the grass when cut, ripe and stiff grass yielding less under pressure, and requiring more in bulk to weigh a ton. Stiff, coarse hay will be found to weigh less than fine and flexible hay, which will pack solid. The quantity we have stated is a fair average for well-settled hay.

THE Russian thistle is said to be very exhaustive of the very best elements of the soil.

NOT SO WONDERFUL AS HE THINKS.

Husband (with desire to say something pleasant)—Do you know, kitten, I could recognize you from your style anywhere?

Kitten—I should think you could, seeing that you have let me wear this same old style for two years.—Judge.

AMAZING SKILL.

A Clever French Juggler's Wonderful Feats with Coins.

A writer on the streets of old Paris gives in Blackwood's Magazine the description of a wonderful juggler, who, must, however, have performed the following trick by skill rather than by deception.

He asked the crowd for pennies, that is, pieces worth two sous; he put five of them into his right hand, played with them, tossed them a few times in the air, and then suddenly flung them straight up to a height which seemed above the housetops.

He watched them intently, as they rose, and as they turned and began to fall, he opened, with his left hand, the left pocket of his waistcoat, and held it open, perhaps two inches.

Down came the pennies, not loosely or separated from each other, but in what looked like a compact mass. He gazed at them fixedly, shifting his body slightly, so as to keep under them—he scarcely had to move his feet at all—and crash! came the pile into his waistcoat pocket.

He repeated the operation with ten pennies, and finally he did it with twenty. Yes, positively with twenty! It almost took one's breath away to hear the thud. Never did he miss, and never did the pennies break apart or scatter. They stuck to each other by some strange attraction, as if they had become soldered in air. There was evidently something in the manner of flinging that made them hold together.

After wondering each time at the astonishing skill of the operation, I always went on to wonder what that waistcoat pocket could be made of, to support such blows. The force, the dexterity and the precision of the throwing—some sixty feet high, as well as I could guess—and the unfailing exactness of the catch were quite amazing. The pennies went up and down in an absolutely vertical line.

THEY NEVER DRINK.

Animals of the Desert That Have No Use for Water.

Persons who have given natural history and the allied sciences but little study have expressed much surprise upon reading of the number of animals, serpents and insects found by the Dr. Merriam expedition, in the Death valley, the rainless and waterless district in southern California. I cannot say, says a writer in the St. Louis Republic, as to whether any of the creatures captured or killed by the expedition mentioned above can exist wholly without water, but can cite several instances mentioned by authorities of high reputate of animals which seldom or never drink.

Blanchard, in his book on Abyssinia, says that neither the Doreas nor the Bennett gazelles were ever known to resort to the springs, creeks or rivers for the purpose of drinking. Throughout Africa the expression: "As dry as Sahara or an old gazelle" is very common. Darwin, in his "Voyage of a Naturalist," says that unless the wild llamas of Patagonia drink salt water "they must not drink at all." All writers on natural history subjects are agreed on the point that the largest and most interesting branch of the sloth family never drink. Hayale says: "They are one branch of the peculiar animals which never drink water." C. B. Tartan, on page 58, volume IX., "American Notes and Queries," mentions a parrot which lived in the London zoological gardens fifty-two years without drinking so much as a drop of water. Somers, Williams, Christian and others doubt whether wild rabbits ever drink, but Rev. J. G. Wood questions the correctness of their suppositions. Creatures which never drink are atmosphere.

LITERARY FINDS.

Sometimes Even Now an Apparently Worthless Book Proves to Be Rare.

Probably the days are gone by when a man could even hope to discover in a six-penny box an early quarto of a Shakspeare's play or a rare tract on America, but for all that literary "finds" of more or less interest continue to be made by keen book hunters. Dr. Garnett of the British museum tells how a tradesman at Oswestry had in his possession books to which he attached no importance, but which a lady informed him must be very rare. They were submitted to the authorities at the British museum, who gave a high price for them. One was Sir Anthony Sherley's "Wits New Dyall," published in 1604, of which only one other copy is known to be in existence.

As a rule, offers of rare books come from booksellers, who do not always say how they become possessed of them. Among the private people who offer books to the museum for sale are a large proportion who think that a book must necessarily be rare because it is one hundred years old or more. Before the great catalogue was made finds were occasionally made in the museum itself, and even now a volume will occasionally be found which has special interest and value on account of its binding. In other cases a book will be found to be in a binding made-up of leaves of some rare work far more valuable than the book itself.

The Sentient Typewriter.

Typewriter girls are said to grow attached to their machines, and to regard them almost as much in the light of