THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL XXXII | BUTLER, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 20, 1895. | No 25

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We now have a larger, finer and better selection of Surries, Buggies, Harness and everything pertaining to a driving or team outfit than ever before. Call and see us before buying.

S. B. MARTINCOURT & Co.,

128 E. Jefferson St., Butler Pa.

P. S.--Prices will never be lower than just now. Kramer Wagons.

READ and REFLECT.

A GRAND OPPORTUNITY—With the dawn of prosperity just before us and the improvement in business notwithstanding. We sometime ago decided to close out our entire stock of Men's Boys' and Childrens' Clothing, which we will continue to do at prices that will be to the advantage of all desiring to purchase clothing No matter how little or how much money you have to invest, we know it will be hard on the Clothing business, but as we are determined to close out we cannot help it Our stock is the largest in the county. Men's fine black worsted pants all wool only $2.00 We have more pants than any two stores in town. Our children's suits are marvels of beauty; all the late novelties, such as the Regent, Euclid, Neptune Columbia Reefers, Jerseys, Kilts &c. from 50cts up— Boys' Double and Single Breast Round and Square corner Plain or Plaited—All will be sold without reserve.

We will still continue to carry a full and complete line of Hats, Caps, Shirts, Ties, Collars, Cuffs, Handkerchiefs, Underwear, Hosiery, Overalls, Jackets, Sweaters, Umbrellas, Trunks, Valises, Telescopes, Hammocks, Brushes, Combs, *W*atches, Chains, Charms, Rings, Collar and Cuff Buttons &c We still carry the "Semper idem" Shirt, the best unlaundried shirt in the world only $1 00. Our 75 cent shirt is equal to any $1,00 shirt on the market. Our line of Cheviott, Percalle and Madras shirts, full and complete.

We have found that one man's money is better than two men's credit, and have adopted the cash plan and find that it works wonder. Remember that we are the old reliable, the pioneer of good goods at low prices; that we have been here a quarter of a century against all comers and goers, have stayed with you and done you good. It will pay you to come for miles as we can save you Money, no matter how low you are offered goods *We* have no baits to pull the wool over your eyes. A fair, square deal is what we promise and are here to fulfil that promise.

D-A-HECK, CHAMPION, CASH, CLOTHIER, FURNISHER and HATTER,

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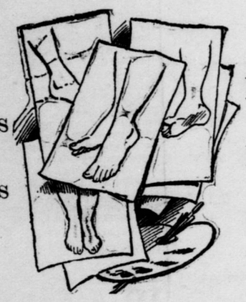
FEET of all kinds can be fitted at



Bickel's Bickel's Bickel's Bickel's Bickel's Bickel's Bickel's Bickel's Bickel's Bickel's

No matter how hard you are to fit and what style you may wish, you can be suited from our large stock.

NO doubt you have read about the advance in leather and have come to the conclusion that you will have to pay more for your shoes, but such is not the case if you will buy from us. Having made several large purchases from some of the leading manufactures, I am prepared to show you the largest selection of BOOTS and SHOES in Butler county and can sell you them at the OLD LOW prices. All our goods are marked away down and by trading with us you will get your shoes lower in price and higher in quality than can be had elsewhere NEW STYLES and plenty of them are pouring in every day. Here we list a few; note the prices:

Men's Fine Calf Shoes, any style at $2.
Men's "A" Calf Shoes any style at $1.25.
Men's Buff Shoes Lace and Congress at $1.
Men's Working Shoes 90c and upwards in price.
Boy's Fine Dress Shoes at $1 25.
Ladies' Fine Dongola Pat. Tip Shoes Razor toe flexible sole at $2.
Ladies Fine Dongola Pat. Tip Shoes $1.50 in all styles.
Ladies Dongola Shoes at $1. per pair.
Misses Shoes sizes 12 to 2 ranging in price from 80c to $1 50
Children's School Shoes 50c and upwards in price.
Infants Shoes 20c to 50c a pair.
Ladies' Oxfords 75c to $2
All sizes and widths. Also full stock of Misses and Children's Oxfords in Black and Russett's, Men's Canvass shoes &c.
Boots and Shoes Made to Order Repairing Neatly Done.
Orders by mail receive prompt attention. When in need of anything in our line call and see me.

JOHN BICKEL,

128 S Main Street,

BUTLER, PA.

Branch Store 125 N. Main St,

THE QUESTION is often asked, What Paint shall we use?
THE ANSWER: If you are looking for covering capacity, wearing qualities, general appearance, and your money's worth, you must buy

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINT.
Covers Most, Looks Best, Wears Longest, Most Economical, Full Measure.

Our prices are for "best goods" first, last and all the time. We are in the business to stay and *S. W. P.* stays with us.

BRUSHES, COLORS IN OIL, HOUSE & COACH VARNISHES.

J. C. REDICK, 109 N. Main St.

At this Season

Something is needed to keep up the appetite, assist digestion and give good, healthful sleep. For these purposes Hood's Sarsaparilla is peculiarly adapted. As a blood purifier it has no equal, and it is chiefly by its power to make pure blood that it has won such fame as a cure for scrofula, salt rheum, boils and other similar diseases.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills are efficient and gentle. 25c.

B. & B.

EASY=:=

NOTHING MORE SO—take time to write, and have patience to wait only long enough for your order to reach us, and be returned to you and you'll have a practical demonstration of how to SAVE CASH on every item of dry goods—qualities and styles considered—which, in the aggregate of a year's buying will amount to—what?—sufficient, we should say, to PAY YOU, if getting known reliable qualities and styles at less than ordinary cost is a paying feature of buying Dry Goods—test the matter by sending for samples from the great purchase of

Ten Thousand Yards Colored Wash-Silks,

exquisite colors including pink, blue, lavender, etc., etc.,—40 cents the usual value. This unusual turn in trade gives them to us to sell, 28 cents a yard.

Still another lot **Wash Silks,**

surprising worth, and will go out fast at 25 cents a yard.

Fine, Fancy Taffeta Silks—

get your fingers on them once—you'll soon discover how much more they're worth than price indicates—60 cents a yard.

You should investigate the BLACK SILK question as stated at this store. It's a season for Black Silks, and about every ward-robe of any pretentions has one—Easy with Black Brocade Damas Silks at 75 cents up. That's the figure these handsome styles begin at—on up to $3.00 per yard.

Light color and light weight Wool Suitings,—25 and 35 cent values, 34 to 38 inches wide, all at 15 cents a yard.

Crepon Effect Suitings, Choice Colors,

Navy, brown, black, golden brown, reseda, mode, light green, myrtle. bluet, etc. 38 inches wide, 50c goods—35 cents a yard.

57-inch Wool Suitings,

Neat mixtures—have sold for, and were cheap at $1.25—now to go, 60 cents a yard.

Wash Goods,

Most beautiful, artistic and best assortments we've ever brought together—'twould require pages to tell of half!—Write for samples of Suiting "P. Ks." 29 inches wide, 12 1-2 cts Jaconets,—artistic yellows—32 inches wide, 12 1-2 cents.

Corded Dimities,

White grounds with dainty designs in blue, pink and black—full yard wide, 10 cents a yard.

Thousands of pieces—every new Wash material of this 1895 season—medium to finest, with price range 5 cents to $1.00 a yard.

Boggs & Buhl,

ALLEGHENY, PA.

WANTED

EVERY MAN WOMAN and CHILD,

To call at my New Store and examine my stock of

Clothing, Hats, Caps and Gents Furnishings

At 120 S. Main St., Butler, Pa.

ONE PRICE. **T. H. Burton** Clothier and Furnisher

120 S. Main, St.

WALL PAPER.

All grades from Brown Blanks up to the finest embossed Bronzes.

The better the paper the better the Bargain.

Buy your good papers now and get them at wholesale prices.

Window Shades in all the latest colors at

DOUGLASS',

Near P. O.

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

SPECULATION.

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CHAPTER XVII.

The next day following was one of what Mr. Flint used to style his Saturdays for going to town. After his incipient toddy and usual chat with Rachels, he repaired to Rainer's, and, taking one of the split-bottomed chairs which stood always within for the accommodation of customers, removed it to the sidewalk, seated himself and began upon one of his biscuits.

"Oh, Uncle Lishy," said Mr. Rainer, "I forgot at the minute of howdying with you to tell you that Capt. Watson was in here yesterday, and he asked me, if he didn't happen to see you himself, to tell you he'd be much obliged if you'd step in his office, as he wanted to have a little talk with you about some business, he didn't say what."

Pausing at the bite he was in the act of taking, he said:

"Why, what—you say, Jeems, he didn't name the business he wanted with me?"

"Didn't even hint what it was."

"My me! these lawyers! Why, Arthur Dabney he send words to me sometimes he want to see me, and now here 'tis Squire Watson he's a-sendin' his words. Look like they think somethin' of Lishy Flint's opinion, if he is old and a'mighty nigh wore out."

"Ah, Uncle Lishy, you're not so old that people don't appreciate your judgment; and I hope it will be many a year before you will be."

"Thanky, Jeems, thanky. If I don't oversize my own jedgment, sech as the good Lord give me, seem to me like she's jes' the same she's allays been, that is, for strenk, a not countin' in my ric'lection, which mayn't be quite up to what it used to be. Well, arfter I git through with my biscuit, I'll peeruse over and see what the business is."

Watson was pleased at his readiness to undertake the delicate mission, backed by terms which Mr. Flint would not say were fair; that was not the word.

"No, Squire Watson, I should name 'em lib'l, high llber'l. To give Harnah a fourt', and her child a fourt', him to pay lawyer fee and cost on both sides, and settle on Harnah five thousand dollars of his own prop'ty, is terms which if they ain't lib'l I don't know what is lib'l; but it only go to show,

AS HE STEPPED UPON THE SIDEWALK HANNAH AND HER SON WERE PASSING.

Squire Watson, what a young 'oman that's putty and is hard to git can do with a feller that want her the distracted bad way that Wiley Amerson show hisself by sech a offer, which I'm obleeged to acknowledge that it make me see more gum in Wile, and more gizzard, as the sayin' is, than I thought he have. They tell me he never seemed to keer so pow'ful much for his wife; but she were a plain female and ruther sickly, while Harnah—I see her this very mornin' at her ma's, where she's a now a-visitin', and I declar' she look gorgis, as a pink and bloomin' as—I some mighty nigh sayin' as the moon. I'll see her this very evenin' on my way back, and I shall talk to her like I'd talk to my own child, which she have always been a'most like one of my childern, and I shall rip'sent the case in the true light of settlin' quoils and disputins', which never looks well in no family. Yes, Wile, I see now, ain't quite the feller he's in gen'l been took for. I've been for compermisin' this thing from the jump, and I'm thankful that the way seem like openin' for it."

"Mr. Flint, I am very glad to hear you talk with so much discretion and with an eye both to business and kindness. I haven't considered Wiley Amerson as bad as some people pretend to say, especially of late. When his father died, he didn't think it would be quite becoming in him to tear up the will that had been left with him for safe keeping, and go about telling people that the old man hadn't sense enough to know what to do with his property after working fifty and sixty years to get it."

"Why, in the name of the good Lord, Squire Watson," cried the old man, lifting his arm with energy, "in course not; in course not; and it's what I been tellin' people, that as for Pearce Amerson not bein' in his right mind, it's simple foolishness. If he weren't a smart man, long as I see him, I'm a fool and allays has been, which nobody that know Lishy Flint has ever went down so low as to make any sech a insinoeation; and as for if so be Wile did put the old man ag'ins' Hannah, which if he done it, as some say he did, he oughtn't; but if he did, if this don't mount to takin' of it all back and more besides, I don't know what do. Ain't that the way you look at it, Squire Watson?"

"Certainly, Mr. Flint. Why, Mr. Flint, my notion is that the main objection the old gentleman had to Miss Enlow for a daughter-in-law was her want of property. Many a parent has that."

"Yes, yes. Yit they is not much doubt that the old man were put up by Wile to have ruther high famfly notions, after he married among the Marstons of Putnam. He got over it at lenkt, and I allays wished he'd 'a' got over it sooner'n he did. But what Wile done to-wards sech as that, I look at it now, he have more'n took back by the compermise he offer to Harnah."

"I feel much gratified, Mr. Flint, that you take such sensible views of a very grave situation. If the matters in dispute can be accommodated in the way proposed I shall hope, and so I know will you, that it will prove to be not only satisfactory but happy for all parties."

"Them words, Squire Watson, is egzact accordin' to my view of the case, which, arfter I've done what little business I has with Jeems Rainer I'll perceed on home and stop for a chat along o'Harnah. It's been a long time," smiling with some mischief as he rose, "sence I has used co'tin words to a female, but maybe they'll some of 'em come up to me when I git sorter warmed up in the case. I wish you mighty well, Squire Watson, in all your healths."

After transacting the business with Mr. Rainer, first informing him in a very loud whisper what he had been wanted for at the lawyer's office, and suggesting that he be careful about mentioning it to too many people, he repaired again, as always just before leaving town, to the "Big Indian," to get what he called his "finual closin' " toddy for that day and have another chat with Rachels. With many words he confided to this dear friend the service which, at solicitation from such high source, he had undertaken to perform. Rachels kindly acceded to his request to station themselves at the lower end of the counter, near the door in the rear, leaving the clerk to wait upon the customers.

"I want to git your opinion on it, Gustus, a-bein' the man of jedgment you've always been, and see what you thought about it on the av'rage. It delight me, which, as you know, I've been for a compermise all the time, a-believin' in my soul a compermise o' some sort were the onliest thing to settle it; but I weren't—no; I weren't anigh a-countin' on Wile bein' so lib'l, and hain't a idee he'd done it, exceptin' Harnah have so struck him in'ards. What do you think of 'em, Gustus?—Wile's terms, I mean?"

"Think of 'em? Don't believe he is in earnest in makin' em. Fly in the thing, some'res, Uncle Lishy. Obleeged to be."

"No, Gustus, no, my son. He's dead in yearnest; so Squire Watson say, and you know a man like Squire Watson wouldn't let hisself be trifled with by a client in no sech way. No, sir, the good luck of it is, Wile have gone and felled in love 'ith Harnah, and he'll do what he say and sign papers in the present of witnesses the very day and hour she say the word."

"Uncle Lishy Flint, between me and you, there's the slyest human I or you any one of us ever laid eyes on, and he's the meanest. A man that'll slander a young female like Wiley Amerson slandered Hannah, and cut her and her husband and her child out of what he knows they're entitled to, and then go and offer to give to her what already belongs to her by Godamighty's good rights if she'll marry him and not give it on no other terms as—well, he's too mean, to my opinion, to say how mean such a man is."

"Oh, come, come, Gustus! Don't be too hard on a poor widder-er of a feller that have jes' drapped head and ears in love where he can't get the purchase to even kick hisself out. They ain't, betwixt you and me, they ain't nare doubt on my mind no more'n you but what Wile Amerson would keep every dollar o' that prop'ty exceptin' that he's got stuck as he have with Harnah, which is a piece o' good luck I wern't a-expectin' nor I wern't a-lookin' out for. And it do look like a jedge-ment on Wile that she have captuated him as she have, and put him where he can be made spill some of his meanness. You're a bachelor, Gustus, and, consequent, you ain't in conditions to understand how a feller can git aggervated in his mind by such a female as Harnah, that to my opinion, old man if I be, she turn all of 'em down; but you may 'pend on Wile a-meanin' what he say, er he wouldn't darsn't be projeckin' with Squire Watson in that kind o' style—ah! hoo! This is a monst'ous good toddy. You may add a thimble or two more o' sperrits, and empty in a trifle more of sugar and water. I won't call it two drinks, it a-bein' my rule, as you know, not to go over two when I come to town, and one of 'em I taken when I come in first. But it's a dilicate business I've got on hand now, a promisin' Squire Watson I'd drap in at Missis Enlow's as I went on back and see how the land lay, and on sech a arrant a man got to keep hisself reasonable hot, well as cool. I named the thing to you for you to think on it and let me know what you think of it in a business way, Gustus—in a business way."

"I never—that is, I don't often—give my advice, Uncle Lishy, without it's asked, and by them that's concerned. Hannah'll decide for herself, possible with you to help her. I suppose you'll say take the offer."

"I shall say to Harnah, Gustus, I shall simple give it as my opinion to her, that if it was me, and I couldn't git what I think I ought to have, and couldn't git in no other way, and special to the tune o' that pile o' prop'ty, I ruther think I should take the incumbernce and run the resk. For as for the breakin' o' Pearce Amerson's will, why, Squire Watson jes' laugh at the idee, Gustus Rachels. And indeed—why, my dear friend, that ever sence you was a boy I've thought a heap of, people must consider, and if they don't, the jedge on the bench'll tell 'em, that a man's will is his'n, and arfter he's dead and gone it's the onliest prop'ty he's got, and it won't do to tromple on it."

"Well, sir, if I was in Hannah's place, I'd see Wile Amerson dead and gone—to the place he's bound for, before I'd take such a offer. And, Uncle Lishy, in my opinion they isn't twelve men in this county that when they hear what's—but that isn't here nor there, yet awhile. He offering to buy his brother's widow, and pay her off with what he knows belongs to her! I've got no more to say about it, Uncle Lishy, and you see I'm wanted to help my clerk."

"That's so. Well, good-by, Gustus."

"Good-by, Uncle Lishy."

After he had gone, a customer said: "Gus, what have you and old man Flint got on hand, that you talked so long and serious?"

"Oh, a little something he had on his mind he wanted to tell me. I had to break off from him."

"A body has that to do, when he's got a toddy inside and a body's got something else to do besides listening to him orate. But he's a first-rate old man."

"None better."

CHAPTER XVIII.

The nice toddy, conscientiously stopping somewhat short of doubling itself, making sweeter the sense of goodness in his heart, Mr. Flint ruminated pleasantly yet thoughtfully upon the mission which he was to take in on his homeward travel. Some of what romance was in his own youth he thought it might be apposite to call back, if possible; but as he rode along it seemed not as responsive as he could have wished, so long had he been used to take mere business views of things in this lower world. Never much of a student in the lore of love, his own marriage, though in the main proven satisfactory, had been contracted in circumstances wherein convenience, consisting of a couple of slaves and a snug little piece of land, stood forth so prominent that it seemed to him not necessary to go behind it, searching too minutely for other attractions. This afternoon he did try for awhile to frame a few phrases such as he used to hear of others employing on such interesting occasions; but be found, to his regret, that his vocabulary, though abounding with words on other subjects, seemed to have next to none for the case now on his hands.

"Psher!" he once spoke aloud, and with some contempt. It was at the instant when his mind came to the conclusion that it was useless for him to try to go at the work before him in any way different from that in which he habitually went to all others. Then to the interjection just now put forth he subjoined the following remarks: "If she will, she will, and if she won't, she won't, like all wimming does. That's all they is in it."

For the rest of his journey he seemed sufficiently calm. The Enlow house, a mile this side of the Flints', was a humble story-and-a-half, with backshed rooms, surrounded by hardy black-jacks. Many of the flower trees and the vines about the plazza, which had been grown by Hannah when a girl, were there yet. The mother, a widow, neat and industrious as ever, was content with what the small farm yielded to the work of three or four slaves and two young sons.

The ladies were sitting on the piazza in this soft November afternoon.

"Housekeepers! housekeepers!" cried Mr. Flint, as he ascended the steps. "Howdy do! howdy do! Why, Harnah, as I told Jeems Rainer and Squire Watson to-day, I positively believe you git puttier and scrimshouser every day; but you ain't nare one o' them more'n your ma were in her time."

"Howdy, Mr. Flint!" answered Hannah. "Take that chair. You always have something pleasant to say to people. Tell us some of the news in town."

"As for pleasant words, to them I like and think somethin' of 'em, I do gen'ly have 'em; to them I don't, they may go their ways for me, 'ithout it's them I got business with, and when that's over their room to me is good as their company. I jes' declar', my child, you do look fresh and peert, mighty nigh same as a girl; and that fetches to my mind that, you 'quirin' about news in town, I has one item I got from Squire Watson that he sent for me to see if I wouldn't fetch a messenge to you; but, as it's on a delicate subject maybe I better tell it to jest you by yourself, if your ma'll excuse us."

"Stop, ma," said Hannah, as the former rose to go. "Sit down and keep your seat—Mr. Flint, I have no secrets from ma."

"That's jest as it ought to be, my child; and it may be that you'll want her advices along of other people's, which as for what mine would be, all I got to say, if it was me, and I said that soon as I heard the offer made thoo Squire Watson—if it was me, I should hizitate before I turned my back on it, a-knowin' how much easer it is, special for wimming, to have prop'ty and that to 'mount o' fifty or sixty thousand dollars and maybe more palmed on 'em jest so, than to have to work a lifetime and not git the half or the quarter of it, even if they do have to take up along with it the incumbence of a man person that

THE LADIES WERE SITTING ON THE PIAZZA.

they mightn't think in time they could come up with one they think more of and would wish to have a acceptabler companion than what Wiley Amerson are, and I'm not a-denyin' that if I was a young 'oman and had my pick of marryin' men, I ain't a-denyin' that Wile Amerson mayn't be the one I'd pick; but when the big prop'ty that he hav' go 'long with it, and it stop a big law-suit and keep everything in the family, that would make a difference with me, and—"

"That will do, Mr. Flint; that will do," cried Hannah, her face red with resentment and shame. "Oh, Mr. Flint! I didn't think as good a friend as you would have brought such a message to me from any man, much less from the man who hated and outraged my husband who was his brother; who slandered me to his father, whom he deluded into making an unjust will, and deluded him further into the belief that he had destroyed it afterwards; who treated, not as a slave, but as a dog, his own wife, and as soon as she was dead conceived the notion to buy me with the offer of what he knows belongs to me and my child already. I wouldn't have thought you'd have hurt my feelings so, Mr. Flint."

"Now, now, Harnah, my child, why, the good Lord know I never had the least idee o' hurtin' your feelin's. Been my own daughter, I'd 'a' done the same, and said that if it have been me—"

"I can't bear to hear any more of it, Mr. Flint." Then she rose and went into the house.

"Well, Mrs. Enlow," said the go-between, with a grunt, "I don't 'member as I ever knowed of a feller kicked quicker, ner higher, ner dryer. If I'd knowed it weren't goin' do nothin' but git her feelin's hurted I'd 'a' never said what Squire Watson ast me, and ruther'n have Harnah keep out o' the nice evenin' ar, I think I'll move on towards home. I wanted to be dilicate, and I tried to be dilicate in the namin' of my messenge; but I shall tell Squire Watson, and he may tell Wile, no use; it's a lost ball."

Mrs. Enlow, not without smiling, apologized as well as she could for Hannah's excitement, and the old gentleman took his leave. To one of the

"THAT WILL DO, MR. FLINT."

neighbors, who was going to town on Monday, he said:

"If you happen to come up with Squire Watson, and if you don't I wish you'd step into his office and tell him I say, no use. I 'tended to that business dilicate as I knowed how; but no use; a waterhaul, out an' out. He'll understand."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WOMEN IN BRICKYARDS.

Many Are Employed in Chicago at Rough Labor.

The statement made the other day at the Chicago trade and labor assembly that women and young children worked in Chicago's brickyards appears to have a foundation in fact.

A visit was made to various brickyard and, although only one woman was found at work, this was simply because the yards quit work at ten o'clock in the morning. No one connected with the industry denies that women work in the yards, but say their work is mostly what is technically called "backing" brick.

This consists of turning the bricks over and piling them up in rows. It does not sound like very hard work, but when it comes to either stacking or turning over thirty thousand bricks a day it will be seen that the task would tax the back of many a man.

Most of the rough labor is done by Poles, and it is said that this is mostly the race which allows its women to work in the yards. Contrary to expectation, it is neither widows nor single women who do the work, but the wives and mothers of families, who labor in the yards right beside their husbands.

Not much can be learned from the employes themselves, but the police who have traveled around the yards tell bad tales. They say that it is no uncommon sight to see little girls turning bricks who are so tired that they crawl on all fours from one pile to another. Their backs are bowed and bent and they cry when they try to stand up straight.

The women, for their work, are paid six dollars a week. The children get three dollars—or, rather, their parents get it. Owing to the hours in the yards the school inspectors can do nothing because most of the children attend afternoon school.

Work at the brick yards begins at half-past three or four o'clock in the morning and is over when the sun gets hot—about ten o'clock. Then the little children can go to play or go to school and the mothers can go to their housework. They have earned a dollar and a half.

Women and children have only been employed in the yards recently. There was a general strike among the brickmakers a few weeks ago on account of the manufacturers not paying the union scale of wages, and women and children have been employed to take the places of the strikers.

SHE WAS DISCOVERED.

When Mrs. B——'s Cat Was Let Out of the Bag It Did Some Scratching.

Mrs. B—— was summoned to the door one morning by an old-clothes man, says the Detroit Free Press, but she resolutely told him that she had nothing for him until he took out an old chamois-skin purse, and, on opening it, said:

"Look, lady, I gif you gold for any old things what you got to sell."

This was too much temptation and soon she had the contents of her wardrobe spread out for his inspection. Her heart misgave her, though, for her husbana had positively forbidden her ever to sell any of her old clothes. She only hoped he would never find out, and with the money she could buy such fine new ones.

There was one gown that she did hesitate to part with. It was a flowered tea-gown, with a big bow at the side and long sash ends of gorgeous ribbon, and Mr. B—— particularly liked that dress, because she had served afternoon tea in it for him often during their engagement. However, the man offered a good price for it and it went with the rest.

When Mr. B—— came home in the evening his wife had a guilty look as if something lay on her conscience. But she ascribed it to a headache and the old-clothes deal remained a profound secret.

A week or two later Mrs. B—— asked her husband to do the marketing. She usually attended to this herself, but was going to have company and could not spare the time.

Mr. B—— accordingly took the market basket on his arm and went from stall to stall purchasing supplies, when suddenly he saw his wife standing near him, haggling over some vegetables.

"Great Scott!" he said, under his breath. "And in that teagown, too! I wonder what next?"

He stepped up to her and gave her a vigorous rap on the back.

The next moment he saw moons and stars. Whack, whack, whack! came the blows from a castiron fist and a shrill voice screamed in his ear:

"You impudent wretch, I'll teach you to know a lady when you see one! Take that and that and that!"

He escaped with his life and hurried home for repairs. The cat was out of the bag and it had scratched him severely, but never, never again will Mrs. B—— sell any of her old clothes.

Penetration of Bullets in Snow.

Some curious tests have been made lately of the penetration of projectiles in snow. According to the report in Cosmos (Paris) the Lebel rifle was the weapon used, and some snow heaps, from one to two yards thick, were placed on the firing range, situated near Aurillac and fired at from a distance of fifty yards. It was found that the bullet had stopped at a depth of about five feet. It is believed that the great velocity of the projectile and its rotation (2,500 turns) attracts to it particles of frost and minute icicles, which end by forming a ball and practically annihilates its penetration.

Corinth Canal Not a Great Success.

Owing to the insufficient width of the Corinth canal, the steepness of its sides and the current, which at times becomes exceedingly strong, none of the great steamship lines of the Mediterranean sea have yet adopted this route, although it would result in the saving of much time, and, consequently, expense. Under the circumstances, it looks very much as if this enterprise, begun about the time of Nero and brought to a termination only about two years ago, is destined to result in a financial failure.

Too Much Curiosity.

First Colored Gent—Dat's a mity fine pa'r ob pants you has on. Whar did yer get 'em, and what dey cost yer?

"Huh, dey mout cost me two years in de plenopotenshiary ef I tole yer," replied colored gent No. 2.—Tammany Times.

Had Already Been Cleaned Out.

Chappie—The funniest thing happened to me last night. I was held up by a highwayman.

Chollie—I don't see anything funny in that.

Chappie—But I had just been to the church bazar before he did it.—Judge.

Must Take Their Chances.

"What do you think of these eggs?" whispered the lean man.

"These eggs," responded the fat boarder, whose occupation was that of advertising clerk in a newspaper office, "are too late to classify."—Chicago Tribune.

Satisfied.

Father—You must know, sir, that my daughter will get nothing from me until my death.

Suitor (pleasantly)—Oh, that's all right, sir; that's all right! I have enough to live on for two or three years.—Puck.

AMERICAN MONKEYS.

Some Varieties Found in the Brazilian Forests.

Habits and Peculiarities of the Interesting Little Creatures That Amuse the Visitors at Our Museums.

Monkeys that are seen in museums and menageries in this country are chiefly from South America, although Africa is fairly well represented. European naturalists who have seen and studied the American monkeys only in captivity in the countries of the writers invariably refer to them as less intelligent and less playful than other members of the great family. These writers appear to forget that Judah cannot sing the songs of Israel in a strange land. These children of the wild woods of the American tropics never fully recover from the pains and terrors of an ocean voyage, and they are shocked out of all gayety by the chill and damp air of Europe. He who has seen them rollicking, leaping, riotously playing, chattering, and grinning in their native wilds, and who has observed the acuteness, intelligence, astuteness and secretiveness with which they make a raid upon plantations and orchards is ready to swear they are the most mischievous, playful and sagacious creatures in all the earth. Their resemblance to man is absolutely startling, the baby chimpanzee, not the adult, alone of all the old world group offering anything to compare with them. This resemblance becomes more striking when, as consumption advances, the face grows pensive and melancholy and seems to have the agony of a soul written upon the wrinkles and lines of the countenance. The writer shot one only, a coaita (atelep paniscus), in a big forest a few miles distant from Para, in Brazil, and the memory of the deed still broods as an avenging Nemesis.

These creatures, says the Chicago Tribune, are found in greatest numbers along the upper waters of the Amazon, but they range nearly or quite to the Atlantic seacoast. They have long, coarse, glossy black hair, while their faces are a reddish flesh color. They are thumbless, like the African colobos, and exceedingly agile.

The most curious of all the American family is the genus of howlers (myeetes). These creatures correspond in a measure to certain of the gibbons, which appear to sing in a sort of unison, while the howlers really do so sing. They make a chorus whose swell runs out three or four miles in every direction and causes an imaginative person to think that every beast of the forest is engaged in a deadly contest and putting forth his most tireless effort to frighten away his adversary byresounding cries.

The lagothryxes offer a species, the caparro, whose features are startlingly like those of a negro, the head being round and large, while the face is ebon in its blackness and entirely naked. It is scarcely more than half the length of the howler, but it is said, unlike all other South American monkeys, to frequently stand upon its hind legs, and when it does its resemblance to the negro is complete. Indians hunt and kill it with a blowpipe, out of which they shoot little poisoned arrows. The caparros travel about a great deal, chiefly from tree to tree, and on these journeys the mothers carry their young upon their backs—not in their arms, as is the ordinary practice of monkey mothers.

Probably the most intelligent and certainly the most tractable of all the American monkeys is the chameck, a native of Brazil. It soon learns to recognize and love its master and is capable of superior training. The creature is striking, and, indeed, very pretty for a monkey, the fur being long and falling down gracefully over the body and limbs and being nearly uniformly black in color. Like all the new world monkeys thus far named its tail is its fifth hand, and, indeed, is far more useful than any one of the other four.

Representatives of the large families of spider and capuchin monkeys are what one sees most in collections in the United States. They offer great variety in coloring and size, but are by no means the handsomest or most intelligent types. The capuchins are red-faced, round-headed, small, active, graceful and long-tailed. They conclude the prehensile tailed grouping, and are followed by the dainty and exceedingly pretty squirrel monkeys, the highest type of which is the golden-haired (chrysothrix). The night monkeys are those queer-looking creatures, the marmosetos, and the list, the latter always a favorite among monkey fanciers because of their winning, gentle and affectionate ways.

Monkeys are—well, monkeys. They look like men, often act like men, and some of them behave better than certain members of human society. Unless one have a deep-seated fellow-feeling for all the creatures of God he had better be content with occasional visits to the monkeys in the gardens and museums. Too constant association with them is rather trying to one's patience and the amusingness of their tricks, which are usually repetitions, does not repay one for the mischief they do or the petulance they exhibit. Take them all in all, man has no special reason for showing pride in trying to trace a family relationship with them. The monkey opinion of this matter is yet to be expressed, however.

High Prices for Stamps.

Very high prices, in some cases the highest on record, were obtained for postage stamps at a recent London sale. A Ceylon four-pence rose, unused, brought $650; a Mauritius post-paid two pence blue, $460; a Cape of Good Hope one-penny blue, error, $325; four-pence red, error, $280; a reunion 15 centimes, first issue, $280. Two hundred dollars each were paid for a New Brunswick violet 1-shilling stamp and a British Guiana yellow four-cent stamp; nineteen other stamps were sold for $100 or over each, and eleven for $50 or more.

Feminine Sagacity.

"It's a great mistake," said a philosopher, "for a poor man to go into politics unless he is sure he can make a living at it."

"That's very true," replied the philosopher's wife, "but it seems to me that a man who could make a living at politics could get rich doing most anything else."—Detroit Free Press.

He Had Not Forgotten Her.

"Before passing upon you the extreme penalty of the law," said the judge to the miserable wretch who stood in the dock, "I wish to see if you have a spark of feeling left in your hardened breast. Do you remember your mother?"

"I should say I did, your honor," replied the prisoner, a shade of annoyance creeping over his face. "I once slept in a nightshirt that she made me."—Truth.

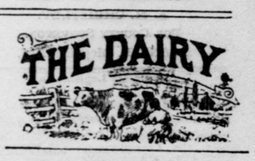
Liked It.

"Say," said the deputy, "I put No. 711 on the treadmill eight hours ago as a punishment, and I'll be dinged if he ain't goin' on jist as chipper and happy as can be."

"Why, of course," said the prison warden in tones of disgust. "Didn't you know that the feller was sent here for bicycle stealing?"—Indianapolis Journal.

Maddening Strife.

This maddening strife
Makes many arms ache;
The duller the knife
The harder the stroke.



PLAN OF DAIRY BARN.

Convenient Structure for Farmers Who Have No Money to Burn.

The plan of a barn shown here will accommodate 10 to 25 cows, a few horses, tools and machinery. No one barn can be just what will meet the needs of different farmers, differently situated, but this plan has been found very convenient after several years' use. The plan presented is one employed in the dairy region of Iowa and will apply elsewhere. The strong points in its favor are convenience, comfort, economy of labor in filling, feeding, cleaning out, easy access to to the different kinds of forage and cheap construction.

First, make the main part, or hay barn, long enough to hold all the hay—clover, timothy, millet, sheaf oats, corn fodder or other similar food. The frame is spiked together, the posts and braces being of 2x8 inch stuff and the rafters 2x6 inch. The posts are 6 feet and the rafters 3 feet apart. The braces are 12 feet apart and fastened to every second post and fourth rafter. The roof will not sag and the walls will not spread, fastened together in this way. A hay fork runs the whole length and there are no crossbeams in the way. The braces, or ties, partially divide the whole haymow into twelve-foot sections. These sections are easily filled in any desired order and fed out in any order just as easily. For convenience in feeding, this plan is unsurpassed, as the forage from each section can be thrown direct into the feeding alley. Hang a steel track for hay fork in the roof peak.

Another feature of this plan is that only so much of the barn need be built

AN ECONOMICAL DAIRY BARN.

at first as is needed. The additions for stock and machinery can be built when desired. The room for grain or tools can be suited to each farmer's needs. Windows are not shown in the sketch—put them in wherever needed. Have plenty of doors to the cow stable. They are extremely handy for ventilating in hot weather. In cleaning the advantage of numerous doors is also strongly felt, as the manure can be thrown direct from the stall into a wagon, shed or manure boat. The posts of the lean-tos need be no heavier than 2x6 inches. In my barn they are of 2x4 inch stuff and answer every purpose. Make the hay barn any height desired. It will not blow over. Look at the "rear view" cut and see how it is protected from wind.

Suppose you have 20 cows. A hay barn 50 feet long will give room on one side for the 20 cows. If the hay barn is but 24 feet wide it is easier to fill and easier to feed from than the wide, cumbrous, expensive barns built for show and the expenditure of money Do not board up the hay barn on the sides where the lean-tos are. Leave it all open so hay can be thrown direct into the alleys in front of the mangers. If the cow stable proves too cold, put a partition between the feeding alley and the manger, made of drop doors which can be closed when blizzards blow and opened for ventilation in mild weather. Don't put the manger close up to the hay barn. Build it 3 or 4 feet away so as to leave a good feeding alley.

All the timbers of the barn have to support is the roof. If incredulous in regard to this kind of frame, make a similar one out of laths and test its strength.