THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL XXXII — BUTLER, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 27, 1895. — No 29

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STORED POWER Furnished by the "Piano" Fly Wheel, is the greatest improvement ever made in Self-Binding Harvesters...

THE PLANO LEADS Because IT IS THE BEST!

THE FLY WHEEL Gives it steady motion in tangled grain, and on rough, uneven ground; causes it to run lightly over soft places, makes it run one horse lighter draft and bind a bundle after the team stops.

More Jones Steel Headers Sold in '94 than all others combined.

You should see the JONES GRAIN MOWER before you buy. Simplest, longest lived and lightest draft mower in the world. Never out of repair. No gears to wear out, no friction, no noise, nothing to make the farmer "cuss." Chain Power runs the great Ferris wheel. This proves its strength. Bicycles are Chain Drive. Why? Light draft!

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For Lightness of Draft, I never saw anything to beat the Jones Lever Binders.

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The JONES LEVER BINDER is made by the PLANO COMPANY, and is the same machine as the Plano, excepting that there is less cog gearing and it is built lighter for hilly ground. For sale by

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Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25c.

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Popular Styles. Popular Prices.

Ladies' Slippers 23, 25, 45, 75, $1
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Men and Boys' Bicycle Shoes $1.25, 1.50, $2
Men's Shoes 95, $1, $1.25, $1.50
Men's Slippers 35, 45, 65, $1

It is said, "an honest confession is good for the soul." Well we have too many tan goods on hand and we are going to cut the prices just now while you need them. All new goods, new styles at greatly reduced prices. For an example we offer a Ladies' Fine Tan Shoes in lace or button, heel or spring, bought to sell at $2, but they are marked down to $1.25. The prices will make them go. When you want footwear of any kind, try

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A Summer Suit is the thing to wear, if summer heat you would easy bear. We can fit you in the finest cloth made at surprisingly low prices which cannot be surpassed.

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HARMONY PA.

CHAPTER XIX.

Some days after the occurrences last mentioned Dabney went to Sparta and, after conferring with Torrance, the latter said:

"I must see Carruthers, and I must see that will before the meeting of court. Dabney, sometimes old eyes, though they have to wear spectacles, can see things which younger, from want of experience in searching, may overlook. Aside from Amerson's passion for our client (and that is natural enough), he's in a scare of some sort of what I can't tell; but I will find out. His patronage of Carruthers is suspicious, and you must see that he is taken care of by Rachels in the interim. That Amerson had a purpose in having the paper so copied I haven't a doubt. It's our business to find out what that purpose was. My theory, as I believe I wrote you, is that he fraudulently substituted the copy for the original when the old man demanded it for the purpose of destroying it. It will be a new question whether such a thing would be construed as a revocation; but if we can prove the fact, we'll get such a hold on men's minds regarding the scoundrel that we can force him to terms outside of his proposed conditions, which a man of any sort of sensibility never would have offered. If I don't get to Milledgeville Friday night, before court, I will certainly the next day in time for a look in the ordinary's office."

He did not come until Saturday near noon. After dinner he, with Dabney, repaired to the courthouse.

He read the will carefully, twice, occasionally lingering at a word as if hesitating what it was, or what it meant. Calling for the inventory which Amerson had rendered in, he looked over that as carefully, then said, in a low voice:

"Dabney, are you at all familiar with Amerson's handwriting?"

"No; I've seen it sometimes, and I readily recognize his signature."

"The writings seem to have been made by one hand, yet in the will it appears constrained. Let me compare them somewhat longer."

After so doing, he took the will to a window, and lifted it between his eyes and the sunlight outside. Smiling, he called to Dabney, and said:

"Look over that thing again, and, doing as I have done, say if you see anything strange."

After doing as he bid, Dabney answered no.

"There!" he said, almost angrily, putting his finger on a particular spot, "don't you see that word in pencil?"

"Now I do," said Dabney.

"Oh, the sun! the glorious, true-beaming sun! We've got him, as sure as God is in Heaven! Now, my lad, you step down town and get Rainer to come with you. Your legs are more active than mine. The old man Flint trades with him frequently, doesn't he?"

"Almost entirely."

"That'll do. Run, my son, and bring him here. Tell him that both of us think it is important."

The conference of the three was brief. The merchant smiled after a brief scrutiny of Mr. Flint's attestation, and promised to accede to the request to keep silent what he had discovered. Yet later in the afternoon he said to a customer:

"Seaborn Torrance, I see, is in Milledgeville. Between you and me, I believe he's the biggest man in the whole state of Georgia. You're going to see some fur fly before he leaves this town."

"What do you mean?" the others asked.

"Never mind; do you come to the courthouse Monday morning?"

When the lawyers had returned to the tavern, Torrance said:

"Dabney, do you know, sir, that ever since you told me fully of the admissions made by Carruthers I've been hoping that the case was as we've found it to be? And did ever a villain more fully betray his own self? As you know, I'm not a church member, but I'm not more sure of my own existence than that this world is governed by an Intelligence which is as just and merciful as it is wise, which, in cases like this of the widow and child of a good man, uncovers rascality for the purpose of beginning its punishment here, right here, knowing that it won't do to put it off. Yet in all my practice I have never known rascality to be so foolishly exposed by its own perpetrator. But I'm tired after my long ride on an up-hill and down-hill, rocky and shamelessly-worked road. I must have a nap, and to-night I must have a talk with Rachels. Saturday night, I know, will suit him less than any other; but, with his interest in the case, you can manage a conference. I don't care if it can't be had before ten or eleven o'clock, as, to-morrow being Sunday, I can sleep as long as I please. See him, and tell him that I wouldn't object to a toddy, either here or in one of his back rooms. Perhaps we'd as well go to the old fellow's den. Step over and see, Dabney, that's a good boy."

Dabney went, and said that Rachels could not well leave his store, but that he would be glad to receive both of them in his own room at ten o'clock or a little after.

"All right, my son," said Torrance. "Come about half-past nine, or sooner if you like, so we can have some preliminary talk. I must compliment you on the way you've worked up this case, Dabney. That you didn't see what I saw this evening is because of the unsuspecting innocence natural to you. I'd have been a happier man if I'd had the same. This faculty of unearthing meanness is an evil one. Do you know, sir, that sometimes I compare myself with a bloodhound and feel the ignominy of the simile? I've tried my very best to have confidence in mankind, but I can't; never had it when a boy. This thing of knowing people is the meanest knowledge a man can have. Go on, now, and let me take my nap."

In less than five minutes his coat and boots were off and he was snoring.

Dabney paid a visit to his client in order to make report of progress, which thus far seemed reasonably satisfactory. She had come to town and was staying with a friend on Liberty street. Faithful to the lead of Torrance, he did not make known to her their latest discovery, but in a modest, honorable way endeavored to make himself as entertaining as possible in conversation partly relevant to her case and partly not. He came to the tavern in time for a good chat with his senior.

"Rachels is a person one can talk freely with, isn't he, Dabney?"

"That he is. You may confer with him in entire trust in his discretion."

"All right, then."

The visitors were received at the entrance of the alley to which the premises entered.

"Ah, Gus, my good Big Indian, how is it, and how has it been with you?"

"So, so, Mr. Torrance, only a little jaded from having to take care of poor Owen Carruthers, who's been on a bit of a spree with some money he got from Mr. Amerson. I've got him in charge, so as to not let him miss court o' Monday."

"That so? The devil! I mean Amerson. Bless your heart, Gus, for your thoughtful kindness! I wanted to have a talk with Carruthers, but something has transpired that makes it hardly worth while before Monday morning. Have you got him with you, and have any of his senses come back to him?"

"Yes, sir, he's in one of my rooms, and 's about over it. I'm to let him have one more drink after awhile. I'll find out before you leave if it will suit to talk with him to-night. I'm glad you came. I got him scared at the idea of keeping drunk and being fined by the judges, who would put him in jail till he sobered up. It will help might'ly to know that you are in town, and might do good if he knows you are here."

After entering the room, Torrance began to talk in his usual deep bass tone on indifferent subjects. After a few minutes, Carruthers, who was on a bed in a room adjoining, called to Rachels.

"Tell him," said Torrance, "I'd like him to take a drink with me."

"Who the devil is that talking in your room?" Carruthers asked. "Blamed if it didn't sound in my very sleep like Sebe Torrance's big voice."

"That's just who it is. He's come over to be ready for the Amerson case. When he found out you were here, he asked me to tell you that he'd like you to take a drink with him and Squire Dabney in my room. You're to have one more, you know."

"My Lord! I didn't know the man knew me so well. You see, Gus Rachels, that I'm more of a gentleman than some folks take me for. Why, certainly, of course. I'm glad I never took my last drink you limited me to sooner. Hand me them clothes, won't

TORRANCE AND DABNEY WENT TO THE COURTHOUSE AND WAITED.

you, Sally brought me this evening. How do I look? Is my face at all swelled? And my eyes, do they look tolerable clear?"

"Oh, you're all right enough, now. The thing is to keep so."

He assisted him in dressing, the while cautioning him how to conduct himself in the presence of the distinguished visitor, ending thus: "I hope you'll show Mr. Torrance that you don't belong to Wile Amerson."

"Gus Rachels," said the invalid, while being assisted in tying his cravat, "you're the only man in this blessed world I'd let talk to me that way. You know you are. You see a man like Sebe Torrance has asked me to take a drink with him."

His moistened eyes and the pathos in his words touched Rachels, who with instant compassion said:

"Oh, you know I didn't mean to hurt your feelings, boy. I'm not a-denying that you want to do right. That'll do. You look real spry. Come along."

His handsome face and slight figure, which had learned to accommodate itself to his limping movement, showed to full advantage in his tasteful dressing. He met the party with grace, as if he were accustomed to such invitations, and strove, not quite, but nearly, with success, to hide his embarrassment.

"Ah!" cried Torrance. "The son of my dear old friend Lewis Carruthers, the best of court-clerks, and as clever a man as ever lived in Milledgeville or any other town. How are you? A man of my age, as a general thing, oughtn't to invite the young to drink, but I'll make an exception in this one case, if you and Dabney will join me."

For long afterwards Dabney used to tell of that meeting at the "Big Indian," of the instant and continued charm put by the great lawyer upon the harmless weakling, of the ease with which, while entirely respectful of his feelings, he drew, one after another, everything that was of any value from his recollections of his relations with the Amersons. Rachels sat and wondered how, in less than an hour's irregular and apparently unconcerned chatting, he strung along together items individually seeming insignificant, but gradually making a chain incomparably stronger than he had imagined to be possible. At the last, as at the first, they clinked the glasses, and, after an engagement to meet at the court an hour before its opening, the lawyers took their leave, and shortly afterwards Rachels carried Carruthers home.

"We could have gotten more out of him, if we had needed to," said Torrance. "He's not bad. Dependence and other things have made him shackling. I am gratified to see that he doesn't understand Amerson. There'll be no difficulty in getting the truth out of him on the stand, however reluctant he may be to hurt one who he thinks has befriended him. I thought best, however, to say nothing to him of what we discovered to-day. It'll be well for Rachels to know it, and I asked him to come to my room to-morrow. You're sure of his discretion, you say? Yes; well, I'll tell him, and he must keep it to himself till Monday. I wanted to impress the boy with the great seriousness of the case. You saw how he winced once or twice at what I said. I intended to make his hair rise a little, then let it lie down again. He'll feel like it's going to lift him off his feet, Monday. It was well to see him, mainly for the purpose of deciding how we should handle him on the stand. There's going to be no trouble. I declare it touched me to see tears in his eyes when I spoke of what sort of man his father was, and what an honorable name he had left. It was every word the truth. Heigh-ho!"

CHAPTER XX.

Early after breakfast on Monday morning Torrance and Dabney went to the courthouse and waited for Rachels and Carruthers.

"I feel first rate this morning, Dabney. Good faith, I feel nigh as young as you look. What a man is there in Rachels! to say nothing of the sort of toddy he can make for an old fellow like me to go to sleep with. I don't take 'em often, specially at night; but I thought I would last night, as much for politeness' sake to Rachels as anything else. Yes, he's a good man. The older I get the more I admire how it is that the good Lord often puts in lowly places men such as him. But yonder they come. What a graceful mover is Carruthers, in spite of his crutch, and how tastefully got up! Well, Gus. How do, Mr. Carruthers? The top of the morning to you, sir. If you and I were better acquainted I'd call you Owen, knowing and respecting your father as I did. But on such as that we'll talk hereafter. I want to have a little chat with you about this paper just handed me by the clerk, which purports to be, but is not, the last will of Pearce Amerson. It's a pity you were sick when it was first offered for proof, or all the trouble about it would have been saved, at least on one side. Please come within the bar."

When they were seated side by side, he said:

"Look it over carefully by way of preparing yourself for some questions which I am going to put to you on the stand. Note those signatures. Bless me! what a magnificent hand you do write! and how well you can imitate!"

Carruthers read a few lines on the first page, turned over, and, after scrutinizing narrowly the signatures, turned it back and fixed his eye on the spot at the top where the word "Copy" in pencil by his own hand had become nearly obliterated. He became deadly pale, and, looking at Torrance for a moment, rose, and, grasping his crutch, got out of the bar, and was making for the door, when Rachels caught his arm and seated him by his side on the bench.

"Let me loose, Gus Rachels!" he said, panting. "I won't have anything to do with this cussed case. I'm sick, and if I have to stay in this place I shall die."

"Mr. Carruthers," said Torrance, when he had gotten where they were,

"it is a fortunate thing that Wiley Amerson got you to do what he did. The Nemesis of wrath, perhaps, you never heard of; but you're going to see it, and you're going to feel it, at least to a degree, if you run away from this place or try to dodge the high duty you are called here for. I want nothing but the truth out of you, sir. That I'll have, if I have to open you from your neck downward and tear out the insides of you. It won't hurt, on the contrary, it will save you from harm of every sort, to let it out without resort to the knife. If you stand squarely to what you know, and to what you see I know, I'll protect you against even a feather to fall upon you. If you don't, I'll put you in the penitentiary for complicity in forgery. Gus, you'll know how to calm down this man. I've no idea that we'll have to send the sheriff to your assistance."

"Oh! he'll be all right in a few minutes, Mr. Torrance. The thing took him by such surprise as to scare him a little. Then, you know, Mr. Torrance,

HE BECAME DEATHLY PALE.

he's obliged to have some feeling for the man that's been good to him, when he sees he's going to be ruined."

"Natural, perfectly natural. I knew he wanted only a little time. Mr. Carruthers is a perfectly honorable man, and I am sure he never dreamed of the intention of his employer in having him make a copy of that paper."

"Of course I didn't, Mr. Torrance," said Owen, in humble reassurance. "I didn't dream of such a thing, and I can't imagine how come Mr. Amerson to make such a mistake."

"It was that divinity I mentioned just now. It was God Almighty that made him do it. Gus, just before your young friend is to be called up, suppose you have a nice little toddy for him, and take him to one of the jury rooms."

"Got it already in my pocket, Mr. Torrance."

"Ah, you good man! you thoughtful, kind provider!"

He walked leisurely back and resumed his chair. As the justices and others came in, he met all with pleasant greetings. Mr. Flint came in with Watson.

"How do, my old friend, that looks nigh as young as you, Watson, or me either, that I know am at least a year in the advantage of you. Have you seen Mr. Rainer, Mr. Flint? He wants to have a chat with you, he told me."

"I see him jes' a minute, Squire Torrance, in the store. They was some in the store, and he told me he'd come up with me time or nigh time I got here. Yonder he is now."

Rainer beckoned him away, and then Torrance said:

"Well, Watson, what's the least bad thing you've got to say about your ever errant self? I'm glad to see you. I'd always rather be with you in a case than against. But I can see in your very eye that you are not going to fight that lovely widow there and that cherub of a boy by her side. Isn't she fine? See how Dabney tries to do the agreeable to her. No, it isn't going to be a hard, a very hard fight, eh, Watson?"

"Ah, my dear friend, such heavy strokes as you've aimed are to be parried somehow, with your citations and your case for damages the biggest I've ever known put in a writ. The confounded case ought to have been compromised in the way Amerson suggested. You're going to get nothing either by your damage suit or your attack on the will. These justices may decide the last in your favor, in obedience to popular feeling, but, Torrance, you know it can't stand in the superior court, no matter what you prove to have been said by the old man about destroying his will, or what he said at the time of making slight of his daughter, who, I agree with you, is a devilish fine-looking woman, and, I've no doubt, a very good one. Suppose we agree on an appeal, and so have only one fight over it?"

"I think not, Watson. No, I think not. I want to start up the quarry at least, and I hope to take it on the first jump. No, your offer to marry our widow wasn't found agreeable to her feelings. We must allow something to sentiment among women, if we haven't got it ourselves. She didn't like the incumbrance. Then you know, Watson, she thought it too soon after her man's death to be getting offers of marriage from another. Aren't you going to let a woman have some delicacy, if you take away from her all sentiment? Why, man, have you lost all sense of decency, what few grains of it you used to have?"

"Too soon the dickens! If she isn't what they call a marrying person, I don't know one that is."

In such playful way these eminent lawyers bandied in whispers with each other on the verge of the most important case that for years had been in any court of the county. As Amerson entered, he cordially shook hands with Rachels and Carruthers and passed within the bar. Torrance turned away, and whispered to Dabney, who was just then moving from his client:

"Won't you look at Rainer and the old man Flint in the corner yonder?"

The latter's movements were interesting—his look of eager listening to Rainer's words, that of denial, at first vehement and indignant, and the earnest persistence of Rainer, as he moved upon him while he backed until he became wedged in the corner. More than once he made a movement as if he would go inside the bar, but was withheld by Rainer, who kept pouring into his ears argument and entreaty. At length he said:

"If it's so as you said, I better be in my grave than here, Jeems Rainer."

"Oh, no, Uncle Lishy; no such thing. Everybody's liable to be mistaken. I know I've been, many a time, as bad as that. Keep still as you can. Everybody knows you, and they know there isn't an honester nor truth-tellinger man in this world."

"I thought so oncet myself, Jeems, but I shall tell 'em—that's if it's so as you say—I shall tell 'em—"

"Don't talk so loud, please, Uncle Lishy. You won't be called on to tell anything. You just wait and be calm. Let's sit down here, or go out in the courtyard."

"No, Jeems, I'll stay right here. I shan't run from nothin'. Let's set here. I shan't open to nobody but you, if I can he'p it, till they call me. I've had var'ous feelin's in my time, but none like them is on me now."

He sat down with a groan. Just then the sheriff was ordered to open the court. Justice Ingram, who presided, announced that such cases as could be disposed of by summary action would be called first. Informed that there was but one on the docket that would require a jury, he hoped that in not a long while the court might be able to sit in ordinary. Confessions of judgment, verdicts that had been agreed upon, continuances, appeals by consent, and their likes, were entered, and the jury trial, that was promised to consume little if any over an hour, was begun. Whispers of sympathy along with those of admiration were made by the gathering crowd in the large courtroom, as Hannah with her son sat by the clerk's desk. Her beautiful sad face on which were blushes both of health and embarrassment, her tremulousness, knowing herself to be the cynosure of many men's eyes, all made her an object of eager interest. Torrence deported himself when near her with profound respect, leaving Dabney to entertain during the time of waiting. He had said in a low voice to her shortly after entrance:

"Mrs. Amerson, I must congratulate you on having had Mr. Dabney as counsel. He has worked up your case with admirable tact and judgment, and we have strong hopes of conducting it to a satisfactory issue."

"Why, Mr. Torrance, Arthur says you are the one whom I am to thank mainly, no matter how the case goes. He also lets me hope that we are to succeed."

"My dear madam, the one difficulty with Dabney as a lawyer is that he is too modest. I hope he will get over that in time. I tell you again that he deserves all I have said."

In the midst of the trial, Watson, going to Torrance, said:

"Torrance, you seem very confident. You'd look that way, however, if you knew you didn't have as much as a grain of sand to stand on. Such as that don't fool me. Yet I wish we could settle this case somehow. Amerson would consent to something reasonable. I've told him I thought he ought to, for family reasons, and he is willing. You ought to know that you can't break that will by any amount of proof of what old Amerson said about it. I've told Amerson plainly that if there was any fraud in the thing I wanted to have nothing to do with it, and he has always assured me solemnly that there was not. What do you say to an offer of twenty thousand dollars, and let the widow and her child take all the real estate that was not disposed of by the will?"

"I'll make known your offer, Watson. If it's not satisfactory—as I hardly think it will be—we'll submit a proposition of our own."

After brief consultation with Hannah and Dabney, he rapidly wrote and handed to Watson the following:

"STATE OF GEORGIA: BALDWIN COUNTY.

"In the inferior court of said county, sitting as a court of ordinary:

"1. Hannah Amerson, caveatrix, etc.

vs.

Wiley Amerson, propounder, etc.

"2. In the inferior court of said county and state:

Hannah Amerson vs. Wiley Amerson } Case for Slander.

"Counsel for Mrs. Hannah Amerson in the above cases agree to dismiss them on the following conditions:

"1. The defendant, Wiley Amerson, is to surrender to this court the letters testamentary granted him, and consent to the cancellation of the paper purporting and claimed by him to be the last will and testament of Pierce Amerson, late of said county, deceased.

"2. That besides the costs accrued in such cases, the said Wiley Amerson will pay to Arthur Dabney, counsel therein, his fee of five thousand dollars, and to Seaborn Torrance his of twenty-five hundred dollars.

"ARTHUR DABNEY,
"SEABORN TORRANCE."

"There, Watson," he said, "that's about what we think we can afford to do for you."

Amerson, when he read the paper, writhed in anger too fierce to admit fear.

"My God!" he gasped. "No! Of course, no! I'll fight till I die, first. People mayn't like the will, but they can't break it. I've done all I can, Mr. Watson."

"There's your proposition, Torrance," said Watson, handing it back. "You've got to be a perfect cormorant in your old age. Yet," smiling, he added, "you are unexpectedly, even astonishingly, modest in the valuation put on yourself, compared with your young associate."

Torrance, after a half-glance towards Dabney and Hannah, turned again to Watson and smiled.

"I see; I see," said Watson.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

This Woman Was Thrifty.

Current News reports the significant saying of an old lady who was locally famous for her good health and exceeding thrift. An acquaintance was congratulating her upon her freedom from bodily ailments when she replied: "We be pretty well for old folks, Josiah and me. Josiah hasn't had an ailin' time for fifty years, 'cept last winter. And I ain't never suffered but one day in my life, and that was when I took some of the medicine Josiah had left over, so's how it shouldn't be wasted."

His Worst Fears Realized.

"Are you having any more trouble with your corns, Emily?" meekly inquired Mr. Winterbottom.

"No, they haven't hurt me any for the last day or so," replied his good wife.

With a patient sigh Mr. Winterbottom put his best razor back in its case and tried another. It was as he had suspected.—Chicago Tribune.

MAKING DRY WALKS.

A Simple System of Draining Produces the Desired Result.

The accompanying sketch shows the proper way of making a dry walk about one's premises. The darker shading shows where a trench has been dug, at the bottom of which is laid a line of tile. The earth is then shoveled back into the trench, after the joints of the tile have been carefully covered with hay to prevent the loose earth from getting into the joints before it has become firmly packed together, some eighteen inches at the top being left open. A foot of cobble or broken stones is then placed upon the earth and well packed down; over this is spread six inches of gravel, slightly rounded from side to side. The gravel and the rocks beneath cause all water falling upon the surface to at once disappear, while very

TILE-DRAINED WALK.

soon small channels will be formed, leading down through the earth to the tile grain. Not only will the walk be thoroughly drained in this way, but no small amount of land upon either side as well. One can thus by a little planning arrange his paths so that they may coincide with the lines where underdrains are needed for the benefit of the land. Drains under the middle of the driveway, and under some of the principal walks, may thus be made to serve a double and most useful purpose. If gravel upon the surface of a path seems too coarse and harsh for the feet, a little clay can be mixed with it, the whole making a very good and somewhat porous surface, though to secure the quickest withdrawal of surface water it is advisable to leave the borders of the walk wholly of gravel.—Orange Judd Farmer.

CRUSHED STONE ROADS.

They Can Be Built Cheaper Than the Old Fashioned Gravel Roads.

Our gravel beds, which a few years ago supplied us with excellent gravel for road purposes, have gradually degenerated to cobblestone, says an Illinois man. Something had to be done, and our commissioners purchased a crusher and put it to going on this stone. Much to their surprise, as well as that of the rest of us, the machine easily turned out a yard of splendid road material every five minutes. They hired a traction engine at $5 a day to furnish power. It furnished power and could have run another crusher at the same time. The following details may interest highway commissioners having to contend with too much coarse stone in their gravel beds:

We crushed a yard of stone every five minutes, paying $5 a day for power. Six shovelers fed the crusher. The material was elevated into the wagons, therefore but one handling was required. The advantages over the old way of road-making in this locality were almost too numerous to mention.

We can keep our pit in the best possible shape and leave it in that condition for the next time. With a little headwork by the commissioner in immediate control, teams need not wait thirty seconds for a chance to load. Under the old way there were too often two to five teams at $3 a day standing still waiting for others to be loaded. There is no time wasted in throwing stone back at the pit or raking them out of the road after being hauled on. Generally they are not raked out at all. A crushed stone road is far superior to the ordinary gravel road and easier kept in repair. As a matter of fact, we now build a crushed-stone road cheaper than we did a gravel road. The reader can figure from this data: Power per day, $5; a yard crushed every five minutes; shovelers and haulers are the same, whether you use crushed rock or gravel, and, of course, need not be counted.—Farmers Voice.

PEPPERMINT CULTURE.

An Important Industry Confined to a Limited Area.

Though the peppermint crop of this country has a very small acreage compared with many other crops, yet it is of considerable importance in some sections of the country. The crop was first introduced into New York from Massachusetts about 1840, and fifteen years later into Michigan. Wayne county, N. Y., is the largest center of peppermint growing, but large quantities are also raised in southern Michigan and northern Indiana. The Wayne county product commands a higher price than any other kind of peppermint oil.

The cultivation of peppermint is simple, but a great deal of labor is required to keep the fields free from weeds. The propagation is by roots which are dug and planted in drills as close together as is possible, allowing room for cultivation. Weeds are the great enemy and must be fought constantly. There is one in particular which, unknown as yet outside the peppermint fields, is a continual menace to the purity of the oil product. It is termed rag weed, but it is totally unlike the weed commonly so called. The oil yield varies from ten to thirty pounds an acre. Two-thirds of that produced is exported. Peppermint growing is a crop that requires skill and experience, and the necessary apparatus for distilling is expensive, so that it would not pay any individual to go into the business unless on a large scale.—N. Y. World.

A Railroad Man's Opinion.

We have found from practical experience that large improvement is made in our business by having good graveled roads to our stations.—W. Q. Hughart, Grand Rapids, Mich., President G. R. & I. R. R.

Appropriate.

I sent to them a wedding gift,
It was a silver spoon,
To represent what they will do
Throughout the honeymoon.
—Town Topics.

He Was a Specialist.

Dr. Emdee—You must take an ice-cold bath every morning.

Van Pelt—Curious remedy for grip.

Dr. Emdee—It will give you pneumonia, and I made my whole reputation curing that.—Town Topics.

Hopeful.

Algie—What are your chances with Ethel, think?

Chappie—She said she would be tempted to marry me if anything should happen to her dog, and he sneezed twice while I was there last night.—N. Y. World.

Convincing Proof.

Deals—What makes you think that Dilson is an honest man?

Steels—I noticed that both his tailor and his florist actually bow to him.—N. Y. World.

Dangerous Thing.

She—Don't you think you could learn to love me a little?

He—Perhaps; but a little learning is a dangerous thing, you know.—Yonkers Statesman.

The Reason He Had.

One—You haven't a single reason why you won't join our club.

Tother—Perhaps not, but I have a married reason.—Detroit Free Press.

SIX SORTS OF A HOG.

Railroad Nuisances Which Seem to Thrive in Warm Weather.

"The car hog is more and more in evidence every day," said a car conductor the other day. "The warm weather develops traits that have been dormant with the winter. I have counted six different varieties of the breed in a week. I used to be a raiser of stock in more prosperous days, and I'm a good judge. The most common sort is that of the fellow who occupies more room than he needs; never sees that he could make room for anybody, and is evidently the same when he is at home. I'll bet he's the man who gets the morning paper first, reads it to himself, gives no one else a chance, and carries it downtown in his pocket.

"Then, there's the fellow who crosses his legs, and when anyone seeks to pass simply turns his foot edgeways, so that twice as much dirt is rubbed off on a woman's dress and he gets half a shine for nothing. If a bigger man stands still and glares at him he will unfold his legs, but only then. This is the same animal who likes to stretch out in cross seats on the 'L' and clean his boots on the edge of the seat.

"The third of the species is bolder than his brothers. He is the chap who, when some one gets up, leaving a seat vacant, although there's a third man maybe next to him, plumps into the vacant spot, for she had her back turned, and the opportunity was—and always is, in fact—never neglected by him.

"The fourth sort is the rooster who reads another man's paper over his shoulder. I saw one the other day who was so interested in one article that he didn't see the man who held the paper was furtively and amusedly regarding him. The fact was brought to his attention, however, by the paper being pushed in front of his face and then withdrawn, and when he looked up a dozen smiling faces made him turn fairly sallow.

"The fifth is really only a pig. He's not grown, but thinks he is. His nose—that's not the word, but it will do—is retrousse, and the little bristles under it are carefully cared for. He likes to crowd close to a pretty girl and stare at her with such a yearning look. If he sits opposite her his eyes rarely wander from hers. I saw one young woman stare at the feet of one of that sort for five minutes. He pulled them back and fidgeted them about, finally resting on his toes. She kept right on staring and he became very uncomfortable. I'm told that's a sure remedy. He finally got out on the platform.

"The last of the railroad hogs I know, although there may be others, is the one who opens his newspaper so as to shut out the view of those on either side of him. If he'd fold it down the center of the page—but, pshaw, he won't."

A CURIOUS CLOCK.

It Shows the Entire Working of a Railway Depot.

A curious clock has been made by a clockmaker of Warsaw named Goldfadon, who has worked on it six years. The clock, according to the Railway News-Reporter, represents a railway station, with waiting rooms for the traveler, telegraph and ticket rooms, a very pretty, well-lighted platform and a flower garden, in the center of which is a sprinkling fountain of clear water. Past the railway station runs the lines. There are also signal-boxes, signals, lights and reservoirs—in fact, everything that belongs to a railway station to the smallest detail.

In the cupola of the central tower is a clock which shows the time of the place; two clocks in the side cupolas show the time at New York and Peking, and on the two outermost towers are a calendar and a barometer. Every quarter of an hour the station begins to show signs of life. First of all, the telegraph official begins to work. He dispatches a telegram stating that the line is clear. The doors open and on the platform appear the stationmaster and his assistant; the clerk is seen at the window of the ticket-office and the pointsmen come out of their boxes and close the barriers.

A long line of people form at the ticket office to buy tickets; porters carry luggage; the bell is rung, and then out of the tunnel comes a train, rushing into the station and, after the engine has given a shrill whistle, stops. A workman goes from carriage to carriage and tests the axles with a h