# Mid-Summer Clearance<sup>s</sup>A<sub>L</sub>

ing are a few of the Bargains we are offering:		
Ladies' Oxfordsat 50c worth	-75	
Ladies' Oxfords at 75c worth	\$1.25	
Misses Oxfordsat65cworth		
Children's Oxfordsat5ocworth	.75	
Children's Shoes at 50c worth	.75	
THE DATE Land to the season the		

All Spring and Summer Goods at your own Price. The follow

## Tan Goods Must Go

One-third off, and in many cases one-half off on all Russet and colored goods. Must be seen to be appreciated. We have a

Tan colored Socas.	
large stock, but dont wait too long.	
Men's Fine low cut shoes in Kangaroo, Cordovan and Vici	
Kid at \$1.25 former price\$2. and \$3.	
Men's Fine Dress shoes in Black or Tan at \$1.75; former	
price\$2.50.	
Men's Heavy Shoes at 85c; former price\$1.25	
Poys' Fine Dress Shoes at \$1.25; former price\$1.75.	
Economise Economise	b
attending this sale.	

## A. Ruff & Son.,

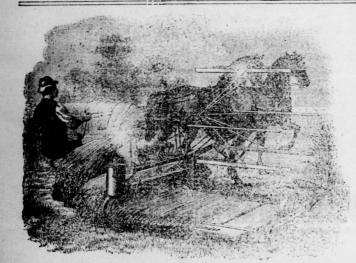
114 South Main Street, Butler, Pa.

N. B.-We close at 6 P. M. every evening; Saturday's excepted, during July and August.

# SUMMER MILLINERY

# M. F. & M. MARKS.

113 to 117 S. Main St.



### Frank Kemper. The Adriance Binder

Is the lightest draft, the simplest constructed, the easiest operated, and the most durable of any binder on the market. It will not upset on the steepest hills, It will cut where all others feil. It will handle as long or as short grain as any other binder. It will do better work in tangled grain than any binder in use. This binder is sold on its merits. If it fails to do as above mentioned, we do not ask you to buy it. All machines and vehicles sold by us are guaranteed to be as represented. Machinery for all farm use, from the plow to the separator, can be got from us. Vehicles in various styles and prices. Harness for all kinds of use. Fly.nets and Covers, Dusters, Robes, Blankets, Whips, &c. In short, anything belonging to a team outfit is kept by us. The best wagon on the market is sold by us. We guarantee it superior to anything sold in this county. Call and see us

## HARTZELL & KEMPER, 315 S. Main St., Builer, Pa.



THE PLANO LEADS Because IT IS THE BEST! THE FLY WHEEL Gives it steady motion in tangled grain, and on rough ground; causes it to run lightly over soft places, main one horse lighter draft and bind a bundle after the te on should see the JONES GHAIN MOWER before you buy. Simplest, longest lived ghtest draft mower in the GHAIN MOWER world. Never out of repair. No gears to out, no friction, no noise, nothing to make the farmer "cuss." Chain Power runs the great wheel. This proves its strength. Bicycles are Chain Drive. Why? Light draft!

The Plano Mfg, Co., Manufacturers, West Pullman, Chicago, III.

SARVERSVILLE, BUTLER CO., PA., JUNE 11th, 1895. PLANO MF'G., CO.,—GENTS: I saw one of your Jones Lever Binders with fly wheel, work in green rye, May 30th., 1895; and must say I have used other Binders myself, and have seen many different kinds of Binders work, but never saw any machine do nicer work in ripe grain, than this one did in green rye. The thermometer stood 90 degrees in the shade, and two horses took it nicely. The fly wheel, I do think, is a grand thing; giving you a storage power that you do not get on any other Binders.

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

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

W. H. WITTE, Sarversville, Pa.

Also dealer in HARDWARE, and all kinds of AGRICULTURAL IM-PLEMENTS. Write for Circular and Prices.

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

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.

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

Weak All Over Is the condition of thousands in hot weather, especially if the blood is thin and impure and the system poorly nourished. By taking Hood's Sarsaparilla,

Hood's Sarsayour blood will be purified and you will gain strength of mind nerves and body. Be nerves and body. Be sure to get Hood's and only Hood's. Hood's Pills are safe, harmless, sure.

HEINEMAN & SON,

\*\*\*\*\*\* SUMMER Heineman's

Hammock. We have the largest Hammocks ver brought to Butler.

Wall Paper PAPERS. We also handle the

RAMBLER BICYCLE.

HEINEMAN & SON.

## WE KNOW

From 26 years' store keeping experience, that 'tis better to dispose o surplus stock at a big reduction that to carry goods over season; hence twice every year we institute a

CLEARING

Putting prices on medium to finest qualities that will move them, can't help making them go! Not only at home, but patrons from all over the country are coming and sending for these choice goods at next-to-thrown Think of double width Dress Goods and Suitings, 34 to 38 inches wide, 250 and 35c, values,

at 10c, a yard. Assorted lots Fine Dress Goods, in orted to sell at 75c. and elegant 50-inc

all 25c. a yard.

Fine Imported Crepons, 48 inches

at 50c. a yard. Elegant, 57-inch Suitings, \$1.20 valuerice cut exactly in two, 6oc. a yard.

## WASH GOODS.

Large lot assorted Imported Novelty Ginghams and Crepe effects, including Anderson's, the sort that sold well at 25c to 45c. a yard, all to be cleared

at 15c. a yard. 20 and 25c. fine Ginghams, Chevi-and Madras, 32 inches wide, ioc. a yard.

Wash Goods, 5c. to 5oc. per yd., ir luding finest and best of the season. Write and you'll be with the majorit ou'll BUY when you see samples.

Boggs & Buhl ALLEGHENY, PA

All grades from Brown Blanks to the finest embossed Bronzes The better the paper the better he Bargain.

Buy your good papers now and get them at wholesale prices. Window Shades in all the

Seanor & Nace's

Livery, Feed and Sale Stable,

Rear of Wick House, Butler, Pa The best of horses and first class igs always on hand and for hire. Best accommodations in town for

permanent boarding and transient rade. Special care guaranteed. Stable room for sixty-five horses A good class of horses, both drivers and draft horses always on band and for sale under a full guarantee; and horses bought upon proper noti ication by SEANOR & NACE.

#### SPECULATION.





the boys of today have no such terrible sights to witness! The dream of childhood was disturbed by the shock of battle, by the booming of heavy guns and by the rumors of blood and carnage, and of families rent

asunder and homes destroyed.
Until Sherman marched through Georgia our quiet place on the edge of the great Okefinokee swamp in southern Georgia was unvisited by federal troops. I had not up to that time even seen a blue-coat, and rumors of the war were conveyed to us only through the accounts in stray weekly papers. To me it seemed far away then. As a boy, I dreamily listened to the excited talk of the planters, and wondered why they took so much in-terest in the affair.

But when matters grew worse, and my brother enlisted in the confederate army with several other young men of the neighborhood, I realized that the war was not so far away as I had sup posed. They marched northward toward Savannah amid the tears and prayers of every one. But their bright uniforms and shining buttons and swords particu-larly attracted my youthful attention. For days after I dreamed of being a soldier, and of marching to war to the tune of the drum and fife. In the dense shades of the great swamp I fought imaginary foes, and even enlisted several of the little negroes of the plantation into the service, and led hem bravely to battle. With a boy's idea of excitement and

adventure, I was soon disappointed in not hearing the boom of cannons and the shock of battle. From the conversation of my parents, I had learned that the war was close to our doors, and every time I walked down to the swamp I expected to see horrible-look-ing men in great blue coats ready to shoot at me. On one or two occasions a dark-green bush in the swamp frightened me so by its resemblance to my idea of a federal soldier that I concealed myself in the thick reeds for nearly an hour, and only ventured forth again very cautiously as night began to settle over the woods.

But as no signs of federal soldiers ap-

peared, I soon became reassured, and attended to my fishing and trapping in the swamp again as usual. Even the news of the capture of Savannah did not rouse me to a just appreciation of the case. With my little body-guard of two negroes, I roamed through the swamp as careless and indifferent as if no war disturbed the land. The rumors that the country was full of federal soldiers were discredited by me, be-cause of my first deception.

one hot August day I was in the swamp, as usual, fishing for the southern trout. The heat was almost stifling, and the welcome shade of the forest made me tired and sleepy. The fish in the muddy waters seen gasp with the heat also, and the bait that dangled close to their noses was untouched. A beautiful sand-hill untouched. A beautiful sand-fill crane stood on one leg in the sluggish water about a hundred feet away, dreamily watching me out of one eye, and not far from the same spot a Flor-ida ibis was cleansing its gaudy plumage with the water and cooling its feverish body at the same time. My two darky companions were asleep. Near me, with head nestling on the soft, moist sod, was Banks, my faithful funting dog. It was an ideal, peaceful scene, as I look back at it



now, through the vista of many years

I opened my eyes as the noise of ap-

proaching footsteps reached my ears. Twenty yards from us a rough, narrow road had been cut through the forest swamp, leading from the upland cotton farms to a branch of the St. Mary's iver. A boat ran up the river at the end where the road met it, and many of the farmers and planters secured

their supplies in this way. In wet weather the road was impassable on account of the high water, but in dry weather it formed a fair sort of back-

woods thorough fare.

Banks pricked up his ears in a minute at the sound, and then jumped to his feet with a snarl. Peeping through the bushes, I waited and listened. The ound of horses' hoofs pounding the muddy roadbed was now apparent to me. When they turned a bend in the peared. Here were five of them riding right toward me. But they were no such horrible-looking men as I had an

ticipated. In fact, I thought they looked as handsome and attractive as my brother and his comrades, and I was in doubt as to whether I should prefer to wear a confederate or federal

and they were trembling with fear. Their eves were as big as saucers, and, though my own voice trembled a little, I tried to assume great courage.

"Keep quiet, Banks, keep quiet," I whispered, patting my hunting dog, whose snarls were getting too loud.

Dere is more ob dem. De woods am full!" one of my darky companions whispered in a frightened voice. I made no reply, but followed the di-rection of his finger. Sure enough, there were several others coming down the road. Then these were followed by others, all riding jauntily along on their hot, jaded horses. "Where were they going?" I asked

nyself.

This question seemed to be answered by the next move. The leader of the column, which I soon found to be a long one, was now standing still in the middle of the road and giving orders. The men dismounted and led their horses into the shades of the swamp. Others came up and took their places, and these were assigned positions further along in the swamp.

To me all of this was strange and
meaningless. Why the men should

conceal themselves in the thick was

swamp. I was unable to guess. I had awamp, I was made to gues. I had read of army discipline and tactics, but I never remembered of seeing anything like this. It was my oldest bodyguard that gave me the clew.

"Dey is layln' an ambush," he whis-

That was it. They expected a con federate company this way before night, and they were preparing to sur-prise them. The thought sent a thrill through me. Right before my eyes, and without any choice in the matter, a battle was to be fought. I could not escape to my home without running past the waiting sentries, and my only choice was to remain in my place.

Then the thought of flying bullets alarmed all of us, and made the cold perspiration break out on our foreheads. Unless we could hide behind the trees.

ning conflict. "We'd better climb de trees," sugrested one of my companions. "Dem bullets won't cum up dere."

we would probably be picked off in the

This advice I thought was excellent, and the three of us soon selected a large tree and noiselessly climbed it. Among the top branches we obtained a fine view of the country. We could see the hot road winding away for miles in the swamp and up toward the uplands. I could even see the roof of The federal troops were all in their

positions, and only their muffled cor-versation could be heard. One could not see a solitary soul in the road or swamp, and the ambush seemed wellnigh perfect.
We waited for two hours in our

cramped positions. The heat up the tree seemed more intense than anywhere, and we tried to get under the shade of the branches as much as pos-sible. I grew faint and tired, and my head ached severely. Then the thought of Banks at the foot of the tree occurred to me. Poor Banks! In our fright we had forgotten him. I thought I could hear his whine at the foot of the tree.

"I'm going down to comfort him," I said, peering through the branches from my dizzy perch.
"Better not," responded my oldest
faithful body guard. "Somebody's
comin' down de road, fur sure!" voice, I added:

I looked toward the uplands. Yes, two or three horsemen were hurrying toward us, and, as they drew nearer, I could see that they wore blue uniforms, too. They were the sentries, running in to give the word of warning. In a few minutes they had concealed themselves in the forest with the others.

I felt that the critical moment was arriving. The confederate troops had been discovered, and the ambush was ready to receive them. A thrill of ex-citement passed through me. I forgot Banks and my determination to go down and comfort him. Then, far up the road, I caught sight

of other horsemen, dressed in the regi-mentals of the confederate army. The sight of them recalled my brother and his companions. Suppose they were with these troopers! As they drew nearer, riding carelessly along, unconscious of any danger, I pitied them. My loyal feeling for the south asserted itself for the first time.

I wanted to do something to warn the troopers of their danger. How could I remain passively up the tree and see them plunge into the swamp of death? Many of them were young, beardless fellows, full of spirit and soldierly dash, just the ones to plunge into the thick of the fight until killed.

In my sympathy for them, I waved my handkerchief over my head, and made frantic signs to attract their attention. But no one seemed to glance up at the forest trees. Now they had reached the turn in the road, and were near the edge of the swamp. Another hundred yards and they would be hemmed in on all sides.

My desire to see a battle suddenly deserted me, and, for the first time, I heartily wished myself a hundred miles away. I felt that I would drop from the tree at the first alarm of a rifle re port. My two companions were likewise conscious of the impending con-flict, and they breathed heavily as they lung to the tree. The head of the column had reached

the edge of the swamp, and the horses plunged down into the soft, miry road-bed. The rear of the column was just in sight around the road-bend. I expected any moment to see a puff of smoke from the swamp, to announce the beginning of the battle.

But suddenly the loud barking of
Banks broke out startlingly upon the stillness of the air. With a sudden

rush he scampered through the swamp toward the road, and plunged headong toward the advance column. A federal trooper made a dash at him as he passed, but, missing his aim, he plunged headlong into the bushes. The barking of the dog and the crashing of the bushes brought the leaders

of the confederates to a sudden halt. Banks, as if desiring to warn the men f their danger, hurried up to their sides with frantic barking and wag-ging of his tail. The whole column oon came to a standstill. Would this temporary halt give the soldiers the

From my position in the tree, I could From my position in the tree, I could see one of the confederates move toward the dog, and, dismounting, pat him. In my heart I thanked him for that cares. Then looking up, he addressed the commander, and pointed toward the woods as he spoke. In a few moments half a dozen men started forward to reconnoiter.

I scarcely knew how the next ten

ninutes passed. It was the me heart-rending sight that I ever witnessed. Before the soldiers had moved a dozen yards farther down the road the sharp crack of a rifle broke upon the air, followed by others in quick succession. In a short space of time the woods seemed to be full of puffs of smoke and the whizzing of bullets road I saw five horsemen, dressed in bright blue uniforms, with carbines swung over their shoulders, and bright sabers dangling at their sides. In all instant the truth flashed across my mind that the federal soldiers had appeared. Here were five of them ridius one prostrated the young soldier who had caressed him. Then the blaze of fire and clouds of smoke hid the combatants from me. From my position I could just realize that the confederates were retreating slowly and in order. They were returning the fire steadily. but they were outnumbered, and re treat was their only hope.

The federal troopers seemed to swarm out of the swamp in endless numbers, and rush flercely down upon their enemies, pushing them up the road with a determined front. The advance colall killed just where they had stood; but, thanks to Banks' timely warning, the majority of the troopers were out-



BANKS LEAPED INTO THE AIR.

side of the swamp and could easily

It was all over within a short time.

The rattle of the rifles kept up a steady hubbub, and then died away over the hill, as the federals followed the enemy. The swamp was then a scene of death When the smoke rolled away, I could see bodies strewn all through the reeds and bushes, some wearing the blue and

some the fray.

I caught one glimpse of Banks lying prostrate upon the ground, with his head upon the body of his new friend.

I could stand it no longer. With trembling limbs I descended the tree, and climbed over dead and wounded bodies. climbed over dead and wounded bodies to get to the side of my faithful hound. When I reached the spot where poor Banks was lying, imagine my astonishment at seeing the familiar face of my brother, pale and bloody, but still with some life in it. It was he whom Banks

the dog the gentle welcome.

"Algy," I gasped, "are you killed?"
"No, little brother, only wounded,"
was the reply. "I knew that you were
around somewhere when I saw Banks, Didn't he give the alarm nobly? I knew by his actions that there was danger around, and, God bless him, he has saved many a life to-day!"

He leaned over and stroked the body

of Banks. The glazed eyes of the dog opened wider, and the wagging of his tail assured me that he recognized his two friends and died in peace.
"Poor Banks! Poor Banks!" I Then the return of the federal troop-

"Run, little brother, and get up ome, and tell mother," my brother id. "I don't know what those fellows will do when they know it was your dog. They are sorely disappointed in not capturing all of us." But I was not inclined to run, and in fact, had no chance. The leader of the federals and his officers surrounded

us in a minute. Banks seemed to be the center of their attraction. "There is the cur now," one shouted. "Does he belong to you, sonny?" I nodded assent. Then in a broken

"But you have killed him, and my I could not keep the tears from running down my cheeks. The strain of the past few hours had been too much for me, and I sobbed convulsively for me, and I sobbed commander was not a hard-hearted man. He must have had children of his own, for he approached

my side and said:

"Never mind, my boy, your brother will live, and your dog died a noble death. If you live around here, I will have my men take your brother up to the house. Show them the way."
He gave some orders to the soldier and then, turning to me again, he

"And they will take your dead dog up with them. He was a soldier and leserves a soldier's decent burial."
That was the kindest service that could have been done to heal my wounded heart. In giving Banks a proper burial and erecting a small headstone to mark the spot, I found my sorry half cured. But I never forgot my first sight of a battle, nor the kindnes of the federal officer in my hour of distress.-N. Y. Ledger.



Briggs-Do you see that little dried ip man going along there? Jingo-Yes; what of him? Briggs—He looks harmless enough; but he's a bold, bad man. He would

shrink at nothing.
Jingo-Well, there isn't room for him to shrink much more.—Texas Siftings. Too Bad!

Mrs. Prim-I think it is too terrible for anything, the way these preachers go in for sensations.
Old Prim-Well, what now? Mrs. Prim-Here's one who actually reaches on the subject of the bicycle.

First Workingman—Look at the inequality. Mr. Million, who lives not ten squares from this corner, has a dogise which cost \$5,000. What do you Second Workingman-I think it's a

He calls it a sermon on the mount .- N

Y. Weekly. The Barber's Little Joke. "I see you wear a Grand Army button," said the man in the chair. "Yes, sah," said the barber, with

good thing he wanted it, for I built it for him, and made \$1,000 out of it.—N.

"Belong to a colored post, I suppose?" "No, sah; the cullud post belongs to It was not till he had stepped out and seen the barber's sign that the customer saw the point.—Indianapol's Journal.

Not Much Risk. Examining Physician (for insurance ompany)-I'm afraid we can't take sir. You are too great a risk. Applicant (resignedly)—Well, perhaps I am. The fact is that when I get sick I never send for a doctor. I just lay around until I get well. Examining Physician - Eh? Umwe'll take you .- N. Y. Weekly.

"What did father say when you asked him for my hand?" asked the young Oh," replied Augustus, "he his best to be pleasant. He said there was something about me that he really

What He Admired.

"Did he say what?" "Yes. My impudence."-Mercury. Unknown. Northerner-What was the coroner's erdict in the lynching case? Col. Nipper-Death at the hands of arties to the jury unknown.

Northerner—Why, the lynchers were

Col. Nipper-I know, but the jurors

had never been introduced to them.-N.

Indignant Tailor-You told me last time I saw you that you would come yesterday and pay my bill even if it rained cats and dogs.

Mr. Dudely—And so I would, my deah
fellah, if it had rained cats and dogs, but it didn't, doncher know .- Texas

the best-known men in town.

Wife (going on a journey)—Dear, now don't play poker while I am gone.
Husband—But you won't mind my playing a little game of only twenty-Wife-All right! But promise me

you won't lose any more than that .-

SELECTION OF HAY.

A Few Scientific Propositions of Peculiar Intérest to Dairymen. As a plant forms seed it takes sub-stance from the leaves and stock and stores it within the seed for nourishment for the germ when it shall grow. This is called "translocation," and it plays an important part in changing the chemical constituents of different parts of the plant. Perennisis have still another term of translocation. Nutriment is stored in the roots. Timothy has a bulb just beneath the surface of the ground. From this bulb fresh shoots come in the spring. The point of interest to the daryman is that grass grows less nitrogenous as it matures, and the nutritive ratio becomes too narrow for a perfect dairy

ration.
Succulent pasture grass, writes E. C.
Bennett, is a perfect ration; ripened grass is too woody and carbonaceous.
Experiments at different stations indicate that in feeding the results are what the chemical analysis would lead one to expect. Early-cut hay has a one to expect. Early-cut hay has a larger protein contents and is better for milk production; that cut later is more carbonaceous and is suited to beef-making. Now, since it is impracticable to cut all the grass at once, there will be some cut early and some out late. The sensible thing to do is to stack separately, or put in different mows in the barn, and feed in accordance with its suitability to the object ance with its suitability to the object sought, giving the cows in milk and young growing stock the early-outhay. The writer fills his long mows in sec-tions. This grades the hay as cut, and the barn is so arranged that he can feed from any desired section. Those whose stock runs outside will find it profitable to remember which stack is suggestions given above. — Farmers Voice. early-cut and feed it according to the

#### INSTRUCTIVE FIGURES. How Much Butter Should Be Made of

Time does not permit me to go into details to show the reason, but much investigation has demonstrated the fact that for each pound of fat in milk one should make about 1½ pounds, or 1 pound 2 ounces of butter. To find out how much butter should be made from 100 pounds of milk, multiply the per cent. of fat in milk by 1%. For example: From 100 pounds of milk containing 3 per cent. of fat, we should make about 3 pounds 6 ounces of butter; from 100 pounds of milk containing 4 per cent. ing 4 per cent. of fat, 41/2 pounds of butter, etc. Suppose, in making butter, we get more or less than the calculated yield. How shall we ex-plain this? If less than the calculated amount of butter is made, the de-crease must be due to one or both of two causes. First, excessive loss of fat in skim milk and buttermilk; and second, the working or pressing out of too much water. If more butter is made than the rule calls for, then it is due to the fact that a fair amount of moisture has been left in the butter, caused by unfavorable conditions of churning, or by insufficient working.

getting the best results in butter yield Cor. American Creamery. SE LF-SUCKING COWS.

These facts enable the butter maker t

find out whether he is making mis takes in his work, and whether he is

Fellow Directions Here Given and a Cur The cure is easily effected by adjusting a halter and a surcingle around the body just behind the fore legs. Connect the halter ring and surcingle with a stick three to three an one-half feet long, letting the stick



SELF-SUCKING PREVENTED. nects the stick to surcingle and halter so as to give the stick some play. A pad may be needed on the back under the surcingle as the latter sometimes cuts through the skin. In very per sistent cases two sticks may be ueeded one on each side of the cow, outside of her fore legs, to break from sucking Afterward a single one will do-Farm

The Value of Mixed Feeds The wise dairyman will always strive to furnish a variety of feed to his cows. Further than that, he will also strive to have each kind of food cut and cured in its most palatable state, for he knows that to have the food palatable -"taste well"-is a very profitable feature to him. There is something a little strange about the value of mixed feeds. For instance, when fed to pigs of 100 to 125 pounds weight, a bushel of shelled corn will produce 10 pounds of gain, and 100 pounds of skim milk will produce 5 pounds of gain. That means that when fed separately the two feeds will produce 15 pounds of growth. Now mix the two feeds, the cornmeal and the sweet skim milk,

and they will produce 18 pounds. Such at least has been the result of repeated experiments.-Rural World. Cleanliness in all dairy operations is of first importance. Milk with dry hands. Keep the atmosphere in which the milk must stand free from bad odors. Preserve the desirable flavors in the cream. If the milk is wanted sweet, lower the temperature as soon as the milk is drawn from the cow to just above freezing if possible. Neglect of proper care of milk by patrons is the cause of much trouble at the factory and results in a like reduction in net

profits. It pays to be honest. Couldn't Be Disguised. The Bridegroom (at the first stopping place)—It's no use, Clara, we can't hide t from people that we are married.

The Bride—What makes you think so George, dear?

The Bridegroom (dejectedly)—Look, here the waiter has brought us rice. pudding.—Pearson's.

Stranger-If I order shoes of you are you sure you can make me a good Cobbler—A good fit? Just you ask Mr. Richman. He always comes to me and gets his shoes made to measure. 'Who is Mr. Richman?"

"He is the owner of that big shoe factory down town."—N. Y. Weekly. Early Pride in Boston. The little Boston boy was so plainly ouffed up with juvenile vanity that the "Robert seems unusually proud to

day."
"Yes," the fond mother answered, "he has on his first pair of spectacles. Indianapolis Journal. Would Curtail the Amnsement Mrs. Gaytime—I'm going shopping all over town to match this silk. Mrs. Candlelight-Dreighoods & Co. carry an immense stock. Why don't you go there?

Mrs. Gaytime - Not much! They're

likely to have just what I ask for.—

THE APPLE ORCHARD.

Some time since a writer in your pa Some time since a writer in your paper advised planting apple trees 35 tt 45 feet apart, as this will present rot, permit the apples to color up better, etc. In part he was right, but in my opinion he was on the whole wrong. In order to make an orchard profitable, it is necessary to have more trees on a it is necessary to have more trees on a given amount of land than when placed 35 to 45 feet apart. If we can do this 35 to 45 feet apart. If we can do this and not injure the land, trees or fruit, I think we have made a fair start to ward profitable commercial ercharding. While a tree is young we get the best crops. The fruit is larger, more perfect, and less liable to rot. In this locality a tree begins to fruit at the age of five or six years from planting. The next 10 or 12 years the orchard is in its prime, and if during this time we can get one-third more trees and have one-third more fruit to market.

we are just that much better of. The accompanying plan shows my method of setting an orchard which will increase the number of trees one-third and still give ample room for hading and gathering until the orchard is 17 or 18 years old. If they then interlap, remove every other one, and yea will still have as many as by planting is feet apart in squares, and besides you will have had 12 years' use of the trees removed. I have given much observahave had 12 years' use of the trees removed. I have given much observation to and had some experience in this matter, so if I were to plant 50 orchards I would follow the scheme above outlined. My advice to every young man is, plant in this manner, cultivate well for five or six years, branch the trees low, give them an annual topdressing and the orchard will pay, other things being equal.—C. P. Polk, in Orange Judd Farmer.

#### ELECTRIC WEED KILLER. Its Inventor Claims to Have Brought .I

The electric weed-killer, which was experimented upon some time are with varying results, is said to have been brought down to practical shape. The device was intended originally for the destruction of grass and weeds along railroads. It is now proposed to ex-tend its application to land covered by noxious weeds, such as the Camadian and Russian thistle, cockle burns and the like. It is expected to be especially valuable in the destruction of plants of the thistle tribe, in which the root must be destroyed in order to annihilate the weed. It is claimed that the use of the electric weed-killer will reduce the cost of keeping railway lines clear of vegetation from \$40 to \$50 per mile per year. The operation of the device is based on the varying conductivity of vegetables; the worderly the contraction of the contraction o device is based on the varying conductivity of vegetables; the more moisture they contain the less resistance they offer to the current. The apparatus consists of an alternating generator mounted on a car, producing electricity at 2,000 volts pressure, and "stepped up" to from 6,000 to 24,000 volts, according to the kind and quality of the vegetation to be destroyed. The current, after being raised to the required voltage, is conducted through a series of fine wires or "brushes" to the series of fine wires or "brushes" to the tops of the weeds or grass; the ether side of the current being made through the wheels of the car to the ground.

The current leaps from the suspended artist in Europe. brush to the weeds, and passes through them to the ground, thus completing the circuit. The current traverses the entire length of the plant, from the topmost leaf to the roots, rupturing its cellular tissue and completely destroying it. The root is generally affected more than the rest of the plant, from the fact that it contains more moisture.

In many cases the current, in passing, neats the plant to such an extent that said that the apparatus can be quickly equipped, and at no great expense. drawing-room song writer.' his own composition produced at Mos-cow. It will soon hardly pay anyone who is not a crowned head to write or

In preparing land for melons in the future, the department of agriculture says: Growers will find it of great advantage to plow in the fall many rather than late—and leave the land bare during the winter. Then, in the early spring, as soon as the gran begins to come up in adjoining folds, sprinkle here and there throughout the field which is to be planted to malons bunches of grans or any other melons, bunches of grass, or any other green vegetation which has previously been poisoned by sprinkling with paris green in solution. Such of the will be killed. It will also have the effect of destroying many of the wire-

Orchards Lack Proper Care.

A large proportion of the orchards planted during the last few years will never bring profit to the owner, because of the lack of proper care and management. Dealers want first-class apples by the carload. A man who can furnish fruit of this character and it large quantities will always down! in large quantities will always do well. Experiments show that that the ap-le scab can be prevented by the use of the Bordeaux mixture. A week solution, consisting of two pounds of blue vitriol, thirteen pounds of fime and fifty gallons of water, sprayed en

Orchards Lack Proper Care

the tree four times, gives excellent re-Cur out all dead or diseased wood There is no possible advantage in allowing it to remain on the trees.



Oscar Chambers Jones (with a frog in his throat)—Pauline Mallard, you have deceived me—you are not a woman with a past; but a parvenue wot never had time to have any past. There ain't no dramatic feeling in a affection for a innocent and inexperienced girl—(with gasp) we must part.-Truth.

What He Wished. Cobbs—That was a pretty sentiment young Masher got off the other night when bidding Miss Plumpy good night. Dobbs—Sol what was it? Cobbs-He said he wished she cked up in his arms and the key bet.

Strawber-I thought you were not going away this summer? Singerly-I wasn't, but my creditors

WHERE BRAINS GO BEGGING

No27

For the student of social science there is food for reflection in the fact that an advertisement for "a person in good education to do some pen copying for small compensation," inserted recently in the Sunday papers, says the New York World, brought forth several hundred letters, largely from educated men and women out of employment.

As showing that the old provers about knowledge being power is not universally true, the following answers to the advertisement are especially significant:

"I am a linguist, and can do the necessary convincent only in Frankish but

essary copying not only in English, but also in German, French, Italian, Latin and Russian."

"I am of good education, well quali-"I am of good education, well qualified to do some pen copying for a small compensation, either in ancient or modern dialects and languages. Am a teacher, bookkeeper, compiler, translator, typewriter and stenographer in English, French and Spanish."

"I matriculated at the London university, and took my degree of B. A. (bacheller-es-lettres) in Sorbonne, in Paris."

"I am a graduate of St. lo lege, London, England, and h great experience in educational "I am a bachelor in sei no University of Brussels, Belg'un good Franco-English scholar and a rapid

worker."

"I beg to apply for the copying mentioned in your advertisement. I am an Englishman, and was educated at Cheltenhau college, in England."

"I am an Englishman, thirty-nine years of age, and have received a thorough education at an important public school in the city of London. I am a lawyer, but have given up practice. I am energetic, careful and correct in business, and can furnish referenced as to character and ability."

as to character and ability."

as to character and ability."

A young woman sets forth her references from the Young Woman's Christian association. Another has been a government copyist.

"I have been educated for the church," writes an unfortunate young man, in pale ink, "but was compelled to seek other employment through not having the necessary funds. I speak English, French and Italian; am honest and reliable; am now five years is my present place, where I have to work hard; would like, if possible, to add to the support of my two little motherless children. My writing, for want of practice, is nothing to be compared to what it was some years ago." what it was some years ago."

#### IN LITERATURE AND ART.

toyalty Hoping to Find There Fresh Worlds to Conquer. Worlds to Conquer.

If the name of Emperor William does not appear in the catalogue of the exhibition of the Berlin academy of arts that opens shortly, the hanging committee of that institution had better look out for squalls. If they were to reject the picture he has sent in, the kalser would be quite capable of ordering them out to instant execution, or the state of ing them out to instant execution, or of writing down the exhibition in the columns of any newspaper that would accept imperial art criticism. The painting represents, we are told, "a maneuver at sea, black clouds of smoke, torpedoes, guns and boats tossed upon raging waves." The description is rather incoherent. Probably the picture is, too. But there is no fear that the loyal Berliners will be deprived of the chance of feasting their eyes upon it. There is one magnificent feature about the canvas that would secure its about the canvas that would secure its acceptance in almost any exhibition in the world. That is the signature, "William I. R., 1895," which appears in the right hand corner. The effect

artist in Europe.

All the great ones of the earth seein to be going in either for art or litera-ture nowadays. Prince Nicholas of and afterward published in St. Petersburg. The prince is said already to have "achieved some local reputation as a poet." The phrase is excellent. One can imagine the following epitaph being compiled for William II.: "He was for many years king of Timbuctoo and Bithynia, and he achieved some lo-cal reputation as a marine painter and there is another prince—Troubetskoy to-wit—who has just had an opera of

Workmen in quarrying stone at Waddles, a station on the Bellefonte Central railroad, a short distance from State College, Pa., recently discovered an interesting natural phenomenon in the shape of a cave. The external opening to the subterranean cavern is about four feet square, and opens into a space nine feet high and twenty feet deep. Large apertures leading downward through solid rock are numerous in the floor of the interior cavity. A in the floor of the interior cavity. A stone dropped into one of the openings produces a clear, ringing sound such as is emitted by a bell. Streams of flowing water can be distinctly heard at a distance below the surface. On all sides of the interior of the cavern are rare and grotesque calcareous forma-tions of salagmites, and stalactites. At one end of the large interior cavern an opening extends into the earth a dis-tance already explored of over one hun-dred feet. This aperture is comparatively small, and can only be explored by crawling on hands and knees. Sev-eral valuable and unique Indian relica have been found, and it is thought to have been the secreting place of some early settlers from the attacks of the hostile tribes. It is a curious fact that the newly discovered cave is but a short distance from the celebrated Penn's

cave, and its external appearance is similar. A Little Too Much. First Humorist-How many jokes can you write a day?
Second Humorist (with dignity)—Dc
you mean the sort I print or the sort

They do not speak now. - N. Y. Weekly. Miss Shorthair-You'd never think our young woman's club had been in existence twenty years, would you?
Prof. Longhair—Indeed I would, and
it seemed to me that every one at the

eting must be a charter member. To Uncle Sam. tucky,"
No doubt her guns would do terrible slaughter.
And though full of holes, she'd never take

A Bottom Fact. Doting Mother—Tell me, professor; is my son a deep student?

Professor (dryly) — None deeper, ma'am; he's always at the bottom.

Judge—And you are accused of throwing a mug of beer at the plaintin.

Defendant—Anybody who knows me will tell you that that is inconceivable.