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THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL XXXII BUTLER, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 25, 1895. No. 38

* Mid-Summer *

CLEARANCE

* SALE. *

Having placed our orders for Fall and Winter goods, we must make room for them. We therefore offer you the usual Mid-Summer prices always found in this store July and August. Capes, dress goods, silks, millinery and notions, shirt waists, wrappers and skirts at prices less than cost. We are also having a

SPECIAL REMNANT SALE

of woolens, silks, calico, ginghams, satines and lawns, muslins and linings. These remnants all marked down just one-half the original price—a rare chance to secure bargains. This mid-summer clearance sale at the popular and reliable store of

Mrs, Jennie E. ZimmermaN,

Opposite Opera House. Successor to Ritter & Ralston

What Do You Think of This FOR JULY.

Top Buggies	Low	as	$40 00
Top Slat Wagon	Low	as	$50 00
Two Horse Farm Wagon			$55 00
Phaeton			$60 00
Two Seat Spring Wagon			$38 00
Harness Oil Per Gal			60
Axle Greese 4 Boxes			25

Buggy Wheels, with steel tire.....$8.00 per set

Harness Leather has advanced 50 per cent, but we had enough to last us a whole year, bought at the Old Price, and are making Harness accordingly. Therefore, anybody wanting harness, now is the time to buy to save $5 to $10 per set. No difference what you want about you team or wagon, come here. Also if you need a Trunk or Valise, we keep a full line.

S. B. MARTINCOURT & CO.,

128 E. Jefferson St., Butler Pa.

Sweeping Reduction in Millinery

Wire Frames at.....7c

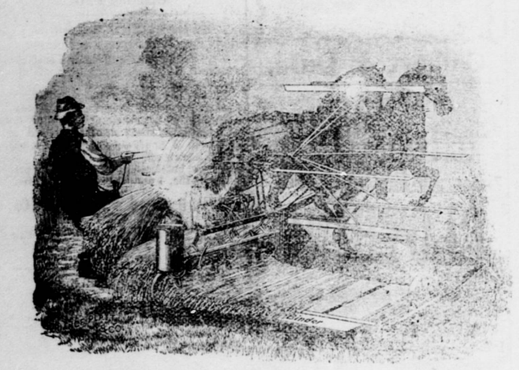
Straw Braid, Half Price.—Every Flower—Even the finest in the house at.....13c

Leghorn Hats at half price—Special prices in Sailors. All other Hats from 50c to $2 50, go at one Price.....19c

All our fancy ribbons go at Half price—The Dresdens and Stripes are just what you need to complete you wash dresses. Remember the first here get the choice things.

M. F. & M. MARKS.

113 to 117 S. Main St.



W. F. Hartzell. 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 fail. 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., Butler, Pa.

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.

It Is Not What We Say

But what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story. The great volume of evidence in the form of unpurchased, voluntary testimonials prove beyond doubt that

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Be Sure to Get Hood's

Hood's Pills cure habitual constipation.

HEINEMAN & SON,

HEINEMAN & SON, Butler, Pa.

SUMMER is approaching and the only way to keep cool is to go to Heineman's and get your-self a nice Hammock. We have the largest and finest line of Hammocks ever brought to Butler. Wall Paper from the cheapest to the finest of Pressed PAPERS. We also handle the celebrated RAMBLER BICYCLE.

HEINEMAN & SON.

HEINEMAN & SON, Butler, Pa.

GREAT SAMPLE SALE.

Summer Shoes, —AT— Half-Prices.

Just received 1,000 pairs of Summer Sample Shoes and Slippers. These goods are to be sold at once. I bought them at my own price and you can have them at yours. These samples were not bought to make money on, but to keep things lively during the dull season.

Prices Good for 10 Days Only

Ladies' Fine Tan Oxfords, $1 and $1.25 kind	$ 65
Ladies' Fine Dongola Oxfords, 75c kind	$ 40
Ladies' Fine Cloth Slippers go at	21
Ladies' Fine Tan Shoes, heel, $2 kind	$1 10
Ladies' Fine Tan Shoes, spring, $2 kind	$1 10
Ladies' Fine Kid Button Shoes reduced to	$ 84
Ladies' Fine Tan Shoes, $2 kind	1 25
Boys' and Youths' Fine Tan Shoes $2 kind	$1 10
Misses and Children's Tan Shoes	50c, 60c, 75c, 85

Space forbids me quoting further, but if you will call during this Sample Sale you will see Summer Shoes going cheaper than ever before. Don't delay but come at once and try

The New Shoe Store

During This SAMPLE SALE OF SUMMER SHOES.

C. E. MILLER,

215 S. Main St., Butler, Pa

Seanor & Nace's

Livery, Feed and Sale Stable,

Rear of Wick House, Butler, Pa

The best of horses and first class rigs always on hand and for hire.

Best accommodations in town for permanent boarding and transient trade. Special care guaranteed.

Stable room for sixty-five horses.

A good class of horses, both drivers and draft horses always on hand and for sale under a full guarantee; and horses bought upon proper notification by SEANOR & NACE.

All kinds of live stock bought and sold.

Telephone at Wick House.

L. C. WICK

DEALER IN

Rough and Worked Lumber

OF ALL KINDS

Doors, Sash, Blinds, Mouldings Shingles and Lath Always in Stock.

LIME, HAIR AND PLASTER.

Office opposite P. & W. Depot,

BUTLER

A FEMININE DEVICE.

BY HATTIE LUMMIS.

THAT Miss Delamore's yachting party would prove a success was a foregone conclusion. Miss Delamore was herself a success, and all her undertakings bore the imprint of her conquering personality. Those honored by her invitations were in the habit of accepting promptly, while those not so fortunate were properly envious and cast down. Accordingly, when for this particular occasion she received regrets, and those, too, from Kitty Crawford, on whom she had principally relied for the entertainment of her guests, Miss Delamore simply set her lips together with Napoleonic firmness and drove at once to Kitty's home to inquire into the matter.

She found the young lady in the garden, languidly occupying a hammock, and attired in a negligee gown which the male observer would have thought enchanting, but which Miss Delamore was too absorbed to notice.

"As for your not going, my dear," she said, plunging into the conversation with her usual impetuosity, "that's all nonsense, you know. It's got to be arranged somehow. I've depended on having you sing, and, besides, the yacht is a perfect dream now that it has been refitted. What's the matter, anyway, Kitty?" As she hurled this question at her friend she bent upon her a controlling gaze such as the hypnotist fixes on his prospective victim.

But the other girl was as shrewd as she and as self-possessed. "Oh, I don't know, Lou," she answered, with a carelessness that was almost too elaborate. "I'm rather used up, and, besides, the sea breeze burns one to a crisp, especially the nose. And, considering the tilt of mine, you know, I can't be too careful about giving it undue prominence."

"What absurdity—from Kitty Crawford!" thought Miss Delamore; but she only said: "Nonsense! Wear a veil. I'm going to have the jolliest sort of a crowd, Kitty. I want you to meet Miss Huntington, of Baltimore; she's really distractingly pretty. And Mr. Jack Walford—let's see. Do you know him?"

Miss Crawford, lowering her inscrutable lids, admitted having met the gentleman in question at her uncle's seaside residence. She neglected to add, however, that they had immediately and mutually fallen in love, a state of affairs culminating in an engagement after six weeks' acquaintance, and that just a month before this very morning they had quarreled irretrievably and parted forever. Nor did she mention that in breaking this brief engagement she had come as near to breaking her heart as a well-conducted nineteenth century girl ever comes to so ill-advised a proceeding. Not being given to indiscriminate confidences Kitty referred to none of these things, but their recollection may account for her saying, in a very languid voice, just as her friend rose to go: "Don't expect me to-morrow, Lou; but if the day is lovely, and I happen to feel just like it, I may come." Whereupon Miss Delamore, interpreting the remark as an unconditional surrender, kissed her enthusiastically, and went away in triumph.

But when Kitty came on board the yacht next morning there was not in her manner the faintest trace of listlessness or languor. In her blue yachting suit, with a jaunty sailor hat perched carefully on one side, she was the very embodiment of girlish animation. Her advent was hailed with an enthusiasm universal, except in the case of one young man, who exclaimed, under his breath: "The devil! She

"IT'S GOT TO BE ARRANGED SOMEHOW."

here?" and walked to the other side of the yacht to recover his composure. For Jack Walford was still young enough to believe that love is eternal, and, though he had no intention of making any unmanly fuss over the matter, he knew very well that his heart had been irremediably broken by the cruelty of this coquette in blue, now lavishing her dangerous smiles on all comers.

Jack looked out over the calm water and thought of the evening just a month before, when he and she had walked together under the sighing branches of the pines and the sea breeze had ruffled the bewitching little curls around her forehead. The poor boy choked to remember the trifle "light as air" which had been the cause of their quarrel, and vainly tried to console himself with the reflection that if Kitty had ever really loved him she could not have made those savage speeches which had cut him to the heart! One recollection, however, gave Jack a melancholy comfort. When Miss Crawford had drawn from her finger the ring which he had placed there with so much love and pride a few short weeks before, Jack had received the little token without a word, and, turning on his heel, had hurled it into the dancing waves. Then, without a single backward glance, he had walked away, and by this course of conduct Jack thought, perhaps not unreasonably, that he had properly sustained the dignity of a much-injured man.

And now, though he had been taken by surprise and compelled to beat a temporary retreat, Jack, who was grit to his finger ends, had no intention of surrendering without a blow. After fifteen minutes of reflection he found himself able to approach Kitty and greet her with a careless cordiality; and then immediately devoted himself to making the acquaintance of Miss Huntington, who was almost as pretty as her enthusiastic hostess had declared. And so the morning passed uneventfully, and the afternoon was well advanced, when Miss Delamore called upon Kitty to sing.

Kitty responded with the readiness which was one of her charms. She brought her guitar from the cabin, took her seat conveniently near the spot where Jack was carrying on a very fair imitation of a flirtation with Miss Huntington, and without preface or apology began one of the favorite ballads of the day.

Kitty's voice was like herself, piquant and sweet and full of charming surprises. She sang snatches of operas, rollicking college songs, and now and then one of those tender, plaintive little airs that compel neither smiles nor tears, but in some unaccountable way reach the heart. And her audience applauded hungrily and would not be satisfied till at last she said, with a

THERE WAS A TREMULOUSNESS IN HER VOICE.

pretty air of determination: "This is positively the last." As she spoke she looked full at Jack, and for the first time that day their eyes met.

She turned away her head and a beautiful color burned in her cheeks as she struck a vibrating chord on the guitar. There was in her voice, too, a tremulousness which caught the attention of the listeners almost from the first word.

We wandered in the shadow of the pines, my love and I.

In spite of himself Jack writhed on his chair. The memories of one eventful night grew vivid at those words. Again he seemed to hear the weird music of the rustling pines, and the face of the singer grew misty before his blurring eyes. It would have been more delicate in Kitty, the poor fellow reflected savagely, to select a song without such allusions. But like all else in this day of torture it must be endured; and Jack braced himself to listen.

We wandered in the shadow of the pines, my love and I,
As the wind was blowing freshly from the sea.
But a sudden, fitful darkness stole across the summer sky,
And a shadow came between my love and me.
Some hasty words were spoken, and then almost unawares
Hasty answers to unthinking anger led,
And our heart-sick, bitter longing, and our weeping, and our prayers
Never can make those false and cruel words unsaid.

The young man wiped the drops of perspiration from his forehead. He was pale to the lips, and the girl from Baltimore noticed it and asked him confidentially if he were seasick.

Jack did not answer. In fact he did not even hear. For now into Kitty's voice there had come a poignant note of longing and entreaty, and her guitar, as if responsive to her mood, sobbed out its rippling accompaniment:

He took the ring I gave him, nor cast a glance at me,
As he held the jeweled trinket in his hand.
And then he turned and tossed it in the waters of the sea,
Where the waves were splashing idly on the sand.
He went his way unheeding the hot tears I could not hide,
He went his way and not a word was said,
But my stubborn heart was breaking underneath its mask of pride,
And the pine trees sobbed in pity overhead.

The words were crude, the melody simple; yet as the girl sang from her heart she somehow touched those divinest of life's harmonies, which are the inspiration of all the arts. And more than one of the listeners found their eyes suspiciously moist, though perhaps they themselves would have been puzzled to tell why.

I wake from bitter dreaming but to call aloud your name;
I sleep again to dream of you once more;
And my stubborn pride has left me—I admit I was to blame;
Forgive me, dear, and love me as before.
For the future is o'ershadowed with the darkness of despair,
In the sky of life love's sun no longer shines.
And I'd give the whole world gladly, once again to meet you there,
Reunited in the shadow of the pines.

The song closed abruptly, and Kitty, leaving her seat somewhat hurriedly, turned her back upon her still clamorous audience. Jack followed, and as they stood in a sheltered nook together, his shoulder close pressed to hers, he saw that her delicate lips were quivering.

"Kitty," said the young man, his voice thick with love's sublime intoxication, "can you ever forgive me?"

She turned her brimming eyes upon him. "If I hadn't wanted forgiveness myself," she said, "I should never have written that song."

Then with that indifference for appearances characteristic of great souls in moments of exaltation, Jack kissed her in the shadow of the sails, and as the relenting angel sheathed his flaming sword, the lovers, hand in hand, reentered Paradise. — Godey's Magazine.

Better Than Rocks.

Helen (pensively)—I'm afraid you'll find your idol is made of common clay.

Ethel (cheerfully)—I hope so; for then I can mold him into a conjugal brick. —Judge.

Knew the Nicest Method.

Paterfamilias—What on earth makes that young man stay so long? Doesn't he know how to say good night?

Edyth—Of course he does! That's what makes him stay so long.—Puck.

An Honest Attempt.

She (frigidly)—My father saw you go into a pawnbroker's shop.

He—Well, you told me I would have to redeem my past, didn't you?—Truth.

Too Delightful.

"Isn't this perfectly delightful!" she asked, as they sat on the sofa with their arms intertwined and the brilliantine on his mustache not very far from the crimson balm on her lips.

"Dorothy," he replied, "when I know that your mother is listening on the stairs, that your father is waiting in the passage with a cane, that the bulldog is loose in the front yard and that your little brother is under the sofa, how can I say that it is delightful?"—London Tit-Bits.

Not Too Ambitious.

Mrs. Westside—Tommy, your pants are all worn out.

Tommy—Yes, that comes from my having to move down all the time in my class, but it's all right now. I am at the foot of the class, and I am going to stay there, so there will be no more wear and tear on my pants, scraping up and down on the bench.—Texas Siftings.

A Radical Change.

First Employer—I hear you have yielded to the demand for eight hours' work at ten hours' pay. How can you afford it?

Second Employer—You see, my men promised to work, while they are at it, instead of standing around and chattering about capital and labor.—N. Y. Weekly.

Understood the Ruse.

Mr. Ennicott—There's a lot of steamer trunks piled out conspicuously in front of Mrs. Slimpocket's house waiting for the expressman. What does that mean?

Mrs. Ennicott (with scorn)—It means that she's going down to her uncle's farm to spend the summer.—Chicago Record.

Fashion's Penalties.

Mr. Billus—Maria, how does it happen that Fanny isn't going to church with you this morning?

Mrs. Billus—You know as well as I do, John, that when Bessie and Kate and I go to church somebody has got to stay at home. There isn't room for four pairs of sleeves in our pew.—Chicago Tribune.

THE SUMMER PROBLEM.

Where shall we go this summer? where shall we while away
The brief and all too fleeting hour—the sweet vacation day?
In mountain lands or sea shore, on farm or hotel gay?
Where shall we go this summer's the problem of to-day.

Shall we get on an ocean steamer and hie to old Paree?
Or seek out Aunt Amanda 'way up in Schoharee?
Shall we go to the wondrous valley—the grand Yosemitee?
Or take a cot on a sandy lot hard by the sounding sea?

Shall we go to the play forest and fish for the speckled trout,
And haul in specimen catches that all town friends will doubt?
Shall we go to the rock-bound island on the ocean ten miles out,
Or spend two months in a Teuton town and dine on sauerkraut?

Shall we go to the Lake of Como? shall we seek swell Newport's charms?
Shall we bask in the eye of Nature, or whirl in Dame Fashion's arms?
Shall we put on our linen dusters and go with the dear school-marms
Through the stony Hampshire mountains and the old abandoned farms?

We won't do a single one of these—nay, nay! —for it seems to me
The very best place in the summer for my wife and children three
Is here in my dear suburban home on the J. H. B. & C.,
Where we know we'll live in comfort and the bathtub's always free.

—Harper's Bazar.

ACCORDIN' TO HOYLE.

BY A. H. LEWIS.

"YES," said the old cattleman, as he munched a meditative clove, "there ain't much paw and bellow, head-down-an'-tail-up business to a cowboy. Speakin' general an' not allowin' fer them infloences which disturbs none, he's as passive as a fried fish.

"About sixteen years ago, before I abides in Wolfville, I was pesterin' 'round Vegas with Bill Lockridge, who was workin' a small bunch of '7-bar-k' cattle 'way over on the Vermejo. We'd been slashin' 'round the Plaza all day, findin' fault with the whisky an' amoosin' ourselves at our own expense, an' along about five o'clock in the evenin' Bill allows he's some sick of seeh revels, an' concloods he'll pint up among the 'dobys explorin' of Old-town a lot. So we all goes in concert. I wasn't frothin' at the mouth none to go myse'f, not seein' no relaxation pokin' about permiscus among a passel of Mexicans, an' me loathin' of 'em nacheral; but I goes, aimin' to sorter ride herd on Bill, which his dispisition is some free an' various an' liable to mix him into trouble. Not that Bill is bad; none whatever, but bein' seven or eight drinks ahead of the Plaza whisky makes him feel gregar'ous and friendly; an' he's cap'ble of goin' about a-claimin' of acquaintance with people he don't know at all, an' feelin' 'way hostile when the stranger has symptoms of doubt.

"So I goes along; Bill a-warblin' 'The Dyin' Ranger' in several keys.

"The senoras and senoritas a-hearin' of the row would look out an' smile, an' Bill would wave his big hat an' whoop from rapture. If he starts towards 'em, aimin' for a powwow—which he does frequent, bein' a mighty amiable man that away—they gives a squawk immediate an' shets the door. Well, Bill goes on then. Maybe he gives the door a kick or two, informin' 'em of his discontent, but that's all. All at once, while we're prowlin' up one of them spacious alleys a Mexican thinks is a street, we comes up on a I-talian with an organ which he is grindin'. This yere organ ain't so bad an' I've heerd a heap worse strains. As soon as Bill sees him he tries to figger on a dance, but no one'll dance with him.

"'In which event,' says Lockridge, 'I plays a lone hand.'

"So Bill puts up a small dance, like a Navajo, accompanin' of himself with

BILL SHOOTS.

whoops. But the dago can't play Bill's music, so the ball comes to a halt.

"'Whatever is the matter with this yere tune box, anyhow?' says Bill. 'Gimme the music for a green corn dance, an' don't make no delay.'

"'This yere man can't play no green corn dance,' I says.

"'He can't, can't he?' says Bill, mighty scornful. 'Wait till he tries. I know this man of yore. I meets him two years ago in Bruce's, an' me an' him has quite a time.'

"'Whatever is his name then?' I asks.

"'Antonio Marino,' says the dago.

"'Marino,' says Bill, 'that's right. I recalls it because it makes me think fust he's a sheep man, an' I gets quite hostile.'

"'I never see you,' says the dago.

"'Yes, you did,' says Bill. 'You jest think you didn't see me. We has drinks together an' goes an' shoots up the town arm an' arm like brothers.'

"But the I-talian insists he never sees Bill. This makes Bill ugly a lot, an' before I can get to stop it he outs with his six-shooter an' puts a hole into the organ.

"'These yere tunes I hears so far,' says Bill, 'is a heap too frivolous,' an' I figgers this oughter improve 'em.'

"When Bill shoots the I-talian man heaves the strap as holds him to the organ over his head an' flies. Bill ketches the music box, keepin' it from fallin' an' after awhile begins turnin' the crank to try it. It plays all right, only ever' now and then there's a hole into the melody like it had lost a tooth!

"'This yere's good enough for a dog,' says Bill, a-twistin' away on the organ. 'Where's Merino? Whatever is the matter with him? Why didn't he stand his hand?'

"'But Merino ain't here no more, so Bill allows it's a shame to let it go that way, an' Mexicans sufferin' for music. So he straps on the tune-box and goes round from one 'doby to another a-turnin' of it loose.

"'How long did this yere Merino turn out his tunes,' says Bill, 'before he collects? However, I makes new rools for the game right yere. I plays these cadences for five minutes and then I gits action on 'em for five. I splits even with these Mexicans, which is shorely fair.'

"So Bill twists away for five minutes an' me a-timin' of him, an' then leans the hewgag up agin' a 'doby an' starts to collectin'. He'd go up to some household a-whirlin' his gun like a pinwheel, and at the mere sight of him the members gets that generous they even attempts to negotiate loans and give 'em to Bill, they're that ambitious to donate.

"One time he runs up on a band of towerists, who was sorter trackin' 'round an' lookin' at things, and they comes up an' listens awhile. They was turnin' to go away jest before collectin' time.

"'Hold on,' says Bill, pickin' up his Colt offen the top of the organ. 'I've seed people turn that Jack in church, but you bet you can't jump no game of mine that way. So jest you all line up agin' the wall until I tucks the blankets in on this yere outbreak in F-flat. I'm workin on, an' I'll be with you.'

"So while Bill winds up he goes along the line of towers tremblin' towerists an' collects eleven dollars.

"'They was almiu' to git away with all them nocturnes an' peggios, an' arias, an' not say nothin',' says Bill,

"HOLD ON," SAYS BILL.

'but they can come no twist like that an' me a ridin' herd. None whatever!'

"Bill carries on this away for three hours; and what on splits an' what on bets he win, he's over a hundred dollars ahead. But at last he's tired, an' allows he'll quit and call it a day. So he lugs the old tom-tom down to Franklin's office. Franklin is marshal, an' Bill turns over the organ an' the money, an' tells Franklin to hunt up Merino an' give him the whole shootin' match.

"'Where is this yere dago?' says Franklin.

"'However do I know?' says Bill. 'Last I sees him he was a-goin' up the calle like a jack rabbit.'

"Just then Merino comes in view feelin' some pensive and fearful about that bullet in his organ; but when he gets Bill's donation his feelin's commences to rise a lot. In fact, he begins to regard it as quite a scheme.

"'But you'll have to round up to the alcalde, Bill,' says Franklin, 'I ain't shore none you ain't been breakin' some law.'

"Bill grumbles an' allows Vegas is gettin' a heap too reserved for him.

"'It's gettin' so,' says Bill, 'a free American citizen don't get no encouragement. Here I puts in half a day amassin' wealth for a dago as is sittin' in bad luck; an' elevatin' Mexicans who shorely needs it; an' yere I am layed for by the marshal like a felon.'

"Well, we all goes over to Steele's, Franklin an' Bill and old Steele, the alcalde, goes pokin' about to see whatever crimes Bill's done anyhow. They gits by the capturin' the organ, an' shootin' into its bowels; an' standin' up the towerists didn't worry 'em none, but the question of the music itse'f sticks 'em.

"'I'm shorely sorry to say it, Bill,' says Steele, 'but you've been a-bustin' of a ord'nance about playin' music on the streets without no license.'

"'Can't you beat the game no way?' says Bill.

"'I shorely don't see how,' says Steele.

"'Mi tambien,' says Franklin.

"'Whatever is the matter with tackin' them tunes on ter Merino's license?' says Bill.

"'Can't do it nohow,' says Steele.

"'Well, is this yere ord'nance accordin' to Hoyle an' the declaration of independence?' says Bill. 'I don't stand it none onless.'

"'Shore,' says Steele.

"'Turn your cards, then,' says Bill; 'I'm a law-abidin' citizen an' all I wants is a square deal from the warm deck.'

"So they fines Bill fifty dollars for playin' an organ on the streets without license, and he pays it an' goes away peaceful."—Chicago Times-Herald.

—Da Vinci read Pindar and thought him the noblest poet who ever wrote in any language.

Unable to Oblige.

"Excuse me, sir," said the man in the row behind, "but would you mind asking your wife to remove her hat? I assure you that I cannot see a thing on the stage."

"I'd like to oblige you, sir, but it is impossible," said the man addressed. "We live out of town and we must get home to-night."

"What has that got to do with it?"

"What has that got to do with it? Why, our train goes twenty minutes after the end of the performance, and it takes her an hour to put that hat on." —Harper's Bazar.

For Humanity's Sake.

Young Man (boastfully)—I am going to cross the Atlantic in this twenty-foot boat, with no companion but this dog. Good-by, friends—

Humane Officer—I must stop you, sir!

"Stop me? And what for, pray?"

"Humanity—"

"Humanity! Haven't I a right to risk my life if I—"

"O, that's all right; but I must interfere. The dog can't go!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Depended on Circumstances.

Bass—And of which variety is your wife, the clinging-vine or the self-assertive?

Cass—A little of both. When she wants a new dressor a new bonnet she generally begins in the clinging-vine role; if that doesn't bring the money then she changes to the self-assertive; and—well—she invariably gets the dress or the bonnet.—Boston Transcript.

Why He Loved His Father.

"Which do you love most, your papa or your mamma?"

Little Charlie—I love papa most.

Charlie's Mother—Why, Charlie, I am surprised at you; I thought you loved me most.

Charlie—Can't help it, mamma; we men have to hold together.—Jewish Times and Observer.

With Tears in Her Eyes.

She was thrown on the world.

"Merciful heaven!" she gasped.

Considerable turf was knocked off the world where she struck it.

Before anybody could reach her she had risen and was swiftly leading her bicycle away.—Town Topics.

No Longer a Crime.

Tourist (in Oklahoma)—Horses are pretty cheap here nowadays, aren't they?

Alkali Ike—Cheap? They are so blamed cheap that when we capture a horse-thief we send him to the lunatic asylum instead of lynchin' him.—Puck.

A Born Detective.

Little Johnny—I know what the baby is goin' to be w'en he grows up. He's goin' to be a detective.

Mother—Of all things! Because he's so smart?

Little Johnny—No'm. Because he never sleeps.—N. Y. Weekly.

SULLIVAN'S SECRET.

How He Could Tell Whether It Was a Boy or a Girl.

When John L. Sullivan was in Washington about a year ago he amused a crowd of listeners who happened to be of a variety intellectually superior to the average crowd of hangers-on who worship the great man's memory for what he was, with an exhibition of attainments in which, according to John's idea, brain instead of brawn and fistic prowess plays the better part. He told the age of any man in the crowd who was learned enough to add, substract and divide a series of compound figures, which John furnished, and nine times out of ten hit the mark.

But one feat which he performed, and in which he believed with the fervor of an idolater, says the Washington Post, goes into the marvelous. It involved the telling whether the firstborn of a given couple was a boy or a girl. The way that this feat was accomplished was a profound secret with the pugilist, but in a burst of confidence he disclosed the method to the writer.

To solve the problem the only necessary data are the full maiden name of the mother and the full name of the father. According to Mr. Sullivan's formula, if, after counting the letters in both names, the sum is an even one, the firstborn is a boy, if odd the issue of the union is a girl. For example, all the letters in Mary Jane Brown and Hiram Smith form a total of twenty-three, an odd number. Result, a girl. If this formula is reliable it will serve forecasting purposes as well as the establishment of post-facto results; but no editorial guaranty goes with the prescription.

FOUGHT FOR THE HAIR.

A Barber and His Customer Stand Up for Individual Rights.

"Now you have cut my hair," said the shorn countryman to the barber, "kindly collect the hair from the floor, wrap it up in a paper and hand it to me."

"I shall do no such thing," the barber replied, firmly. "That hair belongs to me. I cut it off, didn't I? That makes it mine."

The customer got excited, says the New York World.

"Don't you know," he exclaimed hotly, "that under the common law of the land anything that grows upon my head is as much mine as are the contents of the head? In every copyright case it has been settled that the product of a man's brain is his. Don't you know that?"

Now was the barber's turn to get mad.

"If hair is the product of your brain," he shouted, "I guess it's about all it does produce. What do you want the blamed hair for? I don't need it myself, but I'm fighting for a principle, and I'd spend my last cent to do you out of that hair."

"None of your business what I want it for," howled the countryman. "Perhaps I need it to stuff pillows with, and perhaps I am a wholesale manufacturer of wigs. That's none of your business. I'll admit that I don't need the hair. What then? I'm fighting for principle, too. Gimme my hair."

They shook their fists in each other's faces. It took a policeman to separate them.

Such are the ills of life. For these trifles do men wildly battle.

Something New in Windmills.

The old-time windmill—that towering skeleton of ribs and fans with which we are familiar—has recently been improved in a fashion that promises much better results—an increased rate of power and much greater ease of management. Instead of fans or arms turning over and over, wheel-fashion, the conditions are reversed, the axle being perpendicular, and the fans turning from side to side. This arrangement has advantages, in that the machinery can be made stronger, and by an ingeniously contrived set of levers the fans open and close automatically. This is of great importance, as a sudden gale is liable to wreck an ordinary windmill on short notice. With this new device, it is claimed that no matter how rapidly the fans may revolve, they will catch the wind only at the proper time, the other side opening to give free passage to the air; thus the higher the gale, the higher the rate of speed and the more effective the machinery. It is said that in windy countries enough power can be generated to run a small dynamo. The greatest value of a windmill is in countries where continual pumping of water is necessary for purposes of irrigation. A windmill constructed on this new principle costs no more than the old style, is infinitely more effective, less liable to get out of order, and has a greater variety of uses than any heretofore made.

Very Clever Girl.

A young woman with a pretty little voice, but with no great possibilities in her singing, has laid out a course for herself which is so decidedly shrewd that it may well be worth noting. She devotes herself entirely to Scotch songs, most of them the old ones of Burns or Scott. Now, every listener, except the severest musical critic whom she could not hope to satisfy in any case, is sentimental and likes to have that sentiment catered to by means of the ear. The singer has taste and wit enough to eschew "Annie Laurie" and "Comin' Thro' the Rye," save "by request," when her compliance gives an added charm of kindliness. She hunts up sweet old tunes and pathetic words and after the most brilliant performance of her rivals she seats herself at the piano, and, like the heroine in the lackadaisical novel, she charms her audience by "running her fingers over the keys" and singing softly "some dear old song" or other. Ah, that is a very clever girl!

Crests and Crusades.

It was during the crusades that crests were introduced in England. Richard I. adopted three lions passant—that is, passing or going by, which are still emblazoned on the royal shield of England.

Bright Boy.

Dick—Do you understand girls?

Reggie—Well, I know enough to kiss them when they say I mustn't.—Puck.

Love's Refrain.

Dear, I love you in the morning
When I see you fresh and bright;
Love you more at sunny noontide,
Love you most, my love, at night,
When your eyes are closed in slumber,
Dreaming of the happy past,
And your lips are sealed with silence
And your tongue is tied at last.

—N. Y. World.

JOKER HAD HIS LITTLE JOKE.

Mr. Squinter—Why don't you look where you're going?

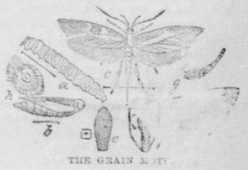
Mr. Joker—Why don't you go where you're looking?—Life.

FARM & GARDEN.

LIVES ON STORED GRAIN.

History of the Grain Moth and How to Destroy the Parasite.

This pest was originally imported from Europe by the early settlers of Virginia in their supplies of wheat brought from the old country. Once established on American soil, it has spread far and wide throughout the United States and is the most serious enemy to stored corn south of the wheat belt; Texas, perhaps, suffering more than any other state from its ravages. It attacks all stored cereal products, but corn and wheat are the principal grains affected. It is a serious pest in central Illinois and much unnecessary loss is incurred each season simply from a lack of information concerning its habits and remedies for its destruction.



THE GRAIN MOTH.

The presence of this insect in corn can be easily detected by a little observation. The corn is light and is peppered full of little round holes about the size of a pinhead, the interior of the kernels having been eaten out by the young of the moth. Wheat when attacked is hollowed out in the same way, so that nothing is left but an empty shell. The parent insect is a small gray moth, resembling a clothes moth, and measures only about half an inch with its wings spread.

It is represented in the figure at C and can easily be recognized by its satiny luster and by its much-fringed hind wings. The moth lays its eggs only upon hard grain and they are deposited both in the field and in the granary. The eggs hatch in about a week and the young worms work their way into the grain (see F in the figure), where they feed about three weeks before the larvæ mature (see A). It then transforms into a pupa (see B), from which the full-fledged insect emerges a little later. The creature passes the winter only in your barns and storehouses. It will breed uninterruptedly, generation after generation, in stored wheat. After harvest the moth flies out from the granaries to the wheat fields and lays its eggs upon grains of wheat in the shock. The larvæ are not destroyed by thrashing and are carried back into your granaries again. It is plain from these facts that if the granaries are kept free from this pest the shocks will not become infested in the fields. If the individual farmer, however, takes the trouble to disinfect his granary his wheat shocks will be infested from moths flying from the barns of his neighbors, provided he does not thrash very soon after harvest or before the eggs hatch and the larvæ penetrate the grain. I know there is more or less difficulty in getting a thrasher at the proper time and where the wheat must be left in the fields the farmer should disinfect his granary soon after the wheat is put in.

This insect has several natural enemies, and I have recently bred several species of very small winged parasites from it. No doubt these natural agents keep it in check to a certain extent, but the most efficient remedy now known for its arrest and destruction is the use of a very disagreeable-smelling liquid known as bisulphide of carbon. Its application is very simple.—Prof. W. G. Johnson, in Western Rural.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

BEET culture is now extending to Africa.

TARRING the seed will protect the corn from crows.

SOME varieties of potatoes are hollow hearted on rich soil.

THE practice of washing sheep before shearing is fast dying out.

A CLEAN horse is always happy, and it takes less feed to keep him in condition.

A CANNING factory is about to be established at Honolulu, the first in Hawaii.

THE English claim that 70 per cent. of the American sheep imported are diseased.

CARELESSNESS and its twin brother, lice, are the worst enemies of the poultry yard.

NEW ZEALAND exported in 1894 635,800 pounds of butter and 243,400 pounds of cheese.

THE East India rice crop is reported at 14,865,100 acres this year, against 15,399,400 last year.

THE greater growth of the potato vines the better shade they make, and this keeps the soil cool and moist, and beneficial to the crop.

THERE is a horsemeat war in Paris. The pork butchers are demanding the labelling of sausages in which this meat has been used, and it is probable that a law on this subject will soon be passed. The importance of the industry can be realized from the fact that in 1892 29,000 horses were slaughtered in Paris, three-fourths of which went into sausages.—N. Y. World.

Why Farmers Should Keep Books.

Farmers do not have that knowledge of their affairs that they should, as many of them keep no books. When the census is being taken they can give but very little information in regard to the number of bushels of grain grown each year, or the value of their live stock; hence much must be derived from estimates rather than from facts presented. Every farmer should keep books and set down all the items of receipts and expenses.

Our Parlor Soldiery.

She—Is Mr. Dudley much of a military man?

He (of "Ours")—Well, I should say he was. He can put on a fresh uniform every morning, with two changes during the day.—Detroit Free Press.

Conclusive Proof.

Mother—I sent you my photograph. Don't you think it is a good likeness?

Married Daughter—Well, I should say it is. It is so lifelike that when my husband saw it he turned as pale as a ghost.—Texas Siftings.

George Was All Right.

Her Mother—I abhor kissing. The idea of placing your lips to the lips of a man!

Herself — But I don't, mamma. George's mustache always prevents it. —Brooklyn Life.

Another Widow Joke.

First Doctor—Well, doctor, I had a peculiar case to day.

Second Doctor—What was it, please?

First Doctor—I attended a grass widow who is afflicted with hay fever. —Oakland Times.

An Inducement.

"Why, you've already had four wives!"

"But they are not alive, dearest."—Life.

In These Days.

"What is a fad?"

"One's pet sin."—Puck.