* Mid-Summer *

CLEARANCE

SALE.

Having placed our orders for Fall and Winter goods, we mus 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

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

What Do You Think of This FOR JULY.

Top Buggies	Low	as\$40 00
Top Slat Wagon	Low	as\$50 00
Two Horse Farm V	Vagon	\$55 00
Phaeton		\$60 00
Two Seat Spring V	Wagon	\$38 00
Harness Oil Per Ga	1	60
Axle Greese 4 Box	ces	25
Buggy Wheels, wit	h steel tire	\$8.00 per set
Harness Leather ha	as advanced 5	o per cent, but we had
enough to last us a	whole year	, bought at the Old
Price, and are mak	ing Harness a	accordingly. Therefore,
anybody wanting h	arness, now i	is the time to buy to
save \$5 to \$10 per	set. No diff	ference what you want
about you team or	wagon, come	e here. Also if you
need a Trunk or V	alise, we kee	ep a full line.

S. B. MARTINCOURT & CO.,

128 E. Jefferson St., Butler Pa.

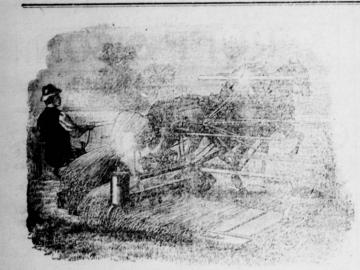
Sweeping Reduction in Millinery

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 Stripe are just what you need to complete you wash cresses. Re member the first here get the choice things.

M. F. & M. MARKS. 113 to 117 S. Main St.



W. F. Hartzell.

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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.

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



J. C. REDICK, 100 N. Main St.

It is Not What We Say

But what Hood's Sarsaparilla Does that tells the story. Thousands of voluntary testimonials prove that Hood's Sarsaparilla

is the Only True Blood Purifier

HEINEMAN & SON,

SUMMER

Heineman's Hammock.

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GREAT SAMPLE SALE.

HEINEMAN & SON.



Summer Shoes,

Half-Prices.

Just received 1,000 pairs umm er Sample Shoes and Slip at once. I bought them at m own price and you can have then at yours. These samples were not bought to make money on, the dull season.

Prices Good for 10 Days Only

Ladies' Fine Tan Oxfords, \$1 and \$1.25 kind...... Ladies' Fine Dongola Oxfords, 75c Ladies' Fine Cloth Slippers go at... Ladies' Fine Tan Shoes, heel, \$2

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

The New Shoe Store

During This SAMPLE SALE OF SUMMER

SHOES.

C. E. MILLER, ers S. Maio 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 driv-

ers and draft horses always on hand and for sale under a full guarantee; fication by SEANOR & NACE. All kinds of live stock bought an Telephone at Wick House.

BUTLER LUMBER COMPANY

Shippers and dealers in Building .. Materials

Rough and aressed Lumber of all kinds, Doors and Windows, and Mouldings of all kinds,

H. E. WICK, Manager.

Office and Yards, E_ast; Cunningham and Monroe streets gun to have such hope of him; it was too bad. Dinner was half over when Rob

"Yes, children, be quiet," said Mr. Jordan. "You speak rather roughly, my boy; but I know that you are dis-

appointed, and your sister and I are almost equally so." Rob attacked the beefsteak in si-

tion; but, beyond the remark that he stayed at Joe's longer than he had in-tended, Rob vouchsafed none. It was the next morning that Joe Simmons came over to the side porch where Esther was sitting in her favor-

"Good morning, Joe."
"Good morning, Miss Esther. I—

"I suppose you are after Rob. I'm speak to him."

"No, no," Joe hastily interposed. "I was looking for you." He broke off a morning glory which had gone to sleep under the sun's too ardent attention."

tions, and ground its purple juice into

his fingers. Esther, from long experience with boy ways, knew a disclosure

"Sit down," she said, pleasantly.
"You have something to tell me, and I

"Well—er—Bob was over to my house yesterday afternoon, you know. We had a big time out in the barn, and I—

I kinder forgot about the baby. Ma and pa had gone out, you know, and left him to me."

(Lest you might think it a piece of gross neglect on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Simmons to intrust so precious a charge to so youthful an older brother, it is well to state that the infant in

question was a sturdy young creature of two years.) "He-er"—another lunge at the morn-

ing-glory vine—"got a-hold of some green apples, and after awhile he came out to us in the barn, yelling

awfully. First we didn't know what was the matter; but we went into the

house and saw the pieces that he hadn't

eaten, and I knew something must be done right off quick. Cholera morbus, you know, is so awful dangerous. I

uldn't think of a thing to give him

but whisky; I knew they gave that in

lots of sudden cases; so while I held Alfie Bob went ster it."
"My goodness! whisky!" said Esther,
her startled imagination picturing her

innocent brother making his way be-hind objectionable screens. "I hope he

Rob so late home yesterd ay. I made

mean for that, but on his account—to make it up for him, you know."
"Joe," said Esther, "I'm glad you and

Rob are such friends. That candy-pull

is coming off this evening, and you and

Rob are going to have the thing in

charge."
An hour later Rob, entering the

kitchen, found Jane cracking English

walnuts, and Esther removing them

"What are you doing?" he asked,

curiously.
"Getting English walnuts ready for

the candy-pull this evening, you blessed boy!" said Esther.—N. Y. In-

succeed in our endeavor. We do not want a novel, for instance, that is

dashed off, three or four chapters at a

time, by a woman after she has given an afternoon tea before dressing for the

whose brains surge and swell while they are at work. And I see no hope

The publisher does not understand

he conditions of newspaper work now days, or he might not be hopeful

There are young men and young womer scattered through newspaper officer

eloping into novelists; but they have o chance, while on morning papers, at

work at noon, and then until midnight, or an hour later, he or she is hastening from one point to another, oftentimes

least. The average reporter goes t

ite place behind the vines.

of some kind was coming.

want to hear it."

BUTLER, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1895.

A SWEET INCENTIVE. flushed and breathing heavily, entered the room. Such a chorus of reproaches greeted him from the children that BY BERTHA GERNEAUX DAVIS papa and Esther forbore to add their

place for thinking. The porch was so pleasantly shaded, and just at this hour in the morning the vines were filled with blue and red and purple trumpets that seemed to need only a hint from the south wind to throw them into musical ecstasies. The green peas were keeping up a remonstrating tinkle of their own, dropping into the bright tin basin as Esther pushed

bright tin basin as Esther pushed them out of shelter—like tenants ejected by a cruel laudlord from their little green cottages.

Esther's dreaming was interrupted by a voice issuing from the window above the porch: "Esther, Esther! what did you do with my cuffs? Esther, I'll be late; Joe's waiting for me!"

Somehow eighteen-year-old Esther seemed always in demand by some one of the three motherless little brothers and sisters of the household.

"Dear me, that boy! What shall I do with him?" and Esther's forehead assumed a complicated pattern of lines and crosslines. She brushed the pods from her lap, and hurried up the stairs. "Rob, what do I know about your cuffs? Do you suppose I'm wear-ing them? Why don't you leave your things where they belong?" Here she picked up one of the missing articles from the floor, where it had slipped behind the little round table. "I wish you wouldn't lie in bed so late. There!" producing the other cuff from behind the curtain on the window-ledge. "Now hurry down, Robby. I'll ledge. "Now hurry down, Roboy." In have Jane scramble you an egg. You can't go off without your breakfast."

"'Oh, thanks!" said Rob, as he adjusted his recovered linen. "I know I overslept this morning. Couldn't help it, really. Papa gone?"

"'Of course. What do you suppose would become of us all if he went on your principles? I'm afraid, Rob, that unless you mend your ways you'll have to give up your hope of being a doctor when you are grown up. Your pa-tients would all die before you got to them." And Esther hurried to the kitchen to ask Jane to help her prepare a nice little breakfast for the rec-"Some folks," said Jane, "hadn't

"Some folks," said Jane, "hadn't ought to have any breakfast," with which very general observation she scurried to the pantry, bringing forth two specially large eggs. While these were "scrambling" she toasted a slice of bread a delicate brown, and stopped, even in her irritation, to select the red-banded plate that was Rob's especial favorite. Really Jane did more cial favorite. Really Jane did more for him than many queens of the kitchen would have done under simicial favorite. Really Jane did more for him than many queens of the kitchen would have done under similar circumstances. But then she had helped cuddle him when he was a fuzzy-headed baby; and now that he was a curly-haired, heedless, lovable boy of twelve, was she the one to go back on him? A clattering down the back stairs announced his coming. He approached the table with more haste than elegance.

"He'll be a dyspeptic by the time he's grown up," thought Esther, as she

than elegance.
"He'll be a dyspeptic by the time he's grown up," thought Esther, as she watched the fast-disappearing viands.

Ma said (1 told her all acoult it tans morning) that it couldn't have been the apple that hurt him; he couldn't have felt it so quick, and besides, it "You're both awful good," said Rob between mouthfuls; "and so's this toast. Wish I had time for another piece." "What I came round for, Miss Esther, was to tell you that this is what made

"Now, Roy, try to be home in time

"Now, Roy, try to be home in time for luncheon," pleaded Esther. "You know how it annoys papa to have you always late; and then think of the example you set the other children."

"That's so," said Rob, whose birthday had been celebrated on the week before. "I'll try—honest, I will."

And he did try, and succeeded in being only three minutes late that noon. But Esther shook her head at the three minutes, and her busy brain concocted a little scheme.

She waylaid him on his way to the croquet ground.

Rob so late home yesterday. I made him promise not to say anything about what kept him; but I forgot then about him promise not to say anything about what kept him; but I forgot then about the candy-pulling (you know Rob told me before, that he expected to have one). I didn't find out till this morning that he was lats for dinner. I asked Freddy. Ma said I oughtn't to make anyone keep anything from his folks, and that it generally wasu't wise to make such promises. But it was all my fail. I hadn't wanted ma to hear of it, for fail and the such him promise not

"Rob, I want to speak to you a moent."
"All right, say on," said Rob, looking casantly attentive.
"Rob, I want to speak to you a momyself. I hope you'll—er—fix it up
about the candy-pulling, Miss Esther;
not so that I can come, I'd feel too leasantly attentive.

"I'm going to make a bargain with you. If you will be on time at every meal the next four days—breakfasts as well as all the others—I'll let you have a candy pull at the end of that time. You can have three or four of

the boys you like best, and-" "Good for you!" interrupted Rob. The prospect of a candy pull is generally an alluring one to the juvenile mind, and Rob's was no exception. "Shake hands on it. If I don't fulfill my part of the contract, I'll know the

reason why."
"So shall I," answered Esther, demurely. "It will be because you forgot or didn't mean to stay so long at AMERICAN WRITERS LACKING. the fishing pond,' or-"

"Say, now, that isn't fair," laughed
Bob, good-naturedly. "I'll show you.
I'd be perfectly safe to invite the
There is an increasing demand for There is an increasing demand for good American fiction. With all due boys in advance, but perhaps I'd better respect to the galaxy of bright writers in Great Britain who have achieved such prominence here during the last "No: better wait and see how yo

come out," and Rob fancied Esther looked a trifle skeptical. It put him few years, it is, nevertheless, a fact that publishers are looking eagerly for on his mettle.

the first to answer his father's "good morning" at the breakfast table.

"Well, now," said Merican people and scenes. Said one of them to the Literary World the other day: "We have been desired by the other day in the other day." "Well, now," said Mr. Jordan, as he viewed the youthful faces around him, and dispensed the griddle cakes, "it's pleasant to sit down all together. Lat's keep it. and dispensed the griddle cakes, "it's pleasant to sit down all together. Let's keep it up, Bob. I tell you, punctuality is a great thing;" and Bob nodded respectfully, though his father's remark did not bear for him the charm of novels. But it looks as if we could not succeed in our endeavor. We do not succeed in our endeavor.

Three days passed. Bob was beaming with pride in his own improvement, and in anticipation of the promised reward. The fourth morning he was the first to slip into his chair at the breakfast table, and it was at least an hour before luncheon that he left the fishing pond and repaired to the side porch, so as to be sure of hearing Jane's summons to the dining-room. "Bob, I'm proud of you," said Esther;
"I'll have Jane order the molasses this

"It isn't so awfully hard to be on time,

after all; and I'm going to keep it up,

The summer afternoon passed away; it was five minutes of six, and the children clamored for dinner. Rob had not put in an appearance, though Esther's fingers were giving the finishing unable to eat regularly or to secure touches to the table. The minute-hand sufficient sleep. By the time the after seemed to speed over the face of the cuckoo clock; she felt as if it were trying to cheat Rob, and looked anxiously down the path, hoping to when he reaches the office with his when he reaches the ome with his see the boyish figure dash in sight.

"Cookoo! cookoo!" began the old clock, triumphantly. Still no Rob. Esther was tempted to have Jane delay the ringing of the dinner bell, but restrained the impulse. It would be violating the compact, and, besides, Rob wet too often he is greatly fatigued. At midnight, or one or two o'clock in the morning, he goes home. Is it reasonable to expect a man or a woman after such a siege to write fieting? How Rob must learn self-reliance, and ex-pect the consequences of his own heed-lessness. So the dinner bell added its plain statement of events, precludes roice to that of the cookoo clock, and the development of thought and litture twas a funeral knell, as well as a crary style, the reporter's very exist-business-like summons to dinner, for ence, with its hurry and rush and exit tolled the untimely death of Esther's hausting physical labor, makes it very little project. When the family assembled, there was an empty chair at the class from whom to expect fiction.

With men and women on evening pa-"Oh, dear!" wailed Sue; and "How pers the case is different. They have mean!" added Freddy, giving the table leg a vicious kick; for you see, Rob had indiscreetly confided to them his secret thing the brightest men and women indiscreetly confided to them his secret the day before, and they were looking forward to the candy-pull as much as he. As for Eather, she was thoroughly disappointed in Rob, and she had beA DEAL IN STOCKS.

"You keep still till your opinion's asked," sald Rob, goaded into this reproof by the children's gratuitous criticisms of his tardiness.

RESENTS — clothes —
honeymoon. How on
earth can one leave
out either?" asked,
George Littlecash of
himself, earnestly
drilling his penholder
itte a much furrowed drilling his penholder into a much furrowed for e he ad. "There never was a wedding without presents.

As for no honeymoon-why, Hetty would be justified in crying off before the very altar." What had placed our friend in this unpleasant quandary was, to begin with, Uncle Piper's check for £500. lence, and the rest of the meal was a quiet one. Esther lingered after it was a check to marry Hetty and set was over, half expecting some explanation; but, beyond the remark that he

wise avuncular "George, marry on a cash basis—cash, mind—or never look me in the face again." Such excellent advice, plus a £500 check, it is impossible for a nephew to spurn—especially a nephew And then, when he had this gold mine of untold wealth in his pocket, "I suppose you are after Rob. 1'll peak to him."

"No, no," Joe hastily interposed. "I of the plausible fellow, Tom Scherer, ras looking for you." He broke off a

Scherer & Walker. Scherer had such a taking way of remembering, and cherishing affectionately, one's Chris-"Ah! Congratulate you, my dear George. Coming off next month, eh? Happy man! Some of you fellows have the devil's own luck. And just in time, too, for me to put you on to making a comfortable nest egg for the happy home — one of the prettiest chances you ever had. But come into

Pipps' and have a coffee."

Pipps', that long, low, smoky "dive" in Throgmorton street, was crowded with easy-mannered gentlemen in silk hats, or in ne hats at all, who conhats, or in ne hats at all, who conversed in pairs and in groups with electrical energy. They could not hear themselves for their own talking. "Sell-at-five-three-eight." "Book-youthousand." "Buy-six-quarter." "Sell." "Buy." "Panjandrums." "Rhodes." "Barney's stock." "Struck - Bibble-bobble-reef." "Last -crushing - tenounces"—such were some of the scraps of jargon that emerged above the din of jargon that emerged above the din in flashes of comparative silence; while ever and anon a gentleman would draw from his vest pocket a little notebook and pencil some entry or other. Almost deafened at first by the hubbub, George Littlecash was soon in the whirpool himself, an eager listener to Mr. Scherer's glowing tales indicative of the pecuniary advantage certain to result from a small punt in the South African

"Eighty thou' in one deal, my dear George—what d'ye think of that, eh? Springert went nap on Gold Bug Ex-tensions—put on every penny he could scrape together, till he hadn't a cent to swear by—and came out 80,000 golden sovereigns to the good. And yet you say it isn't worth trying. My dear George—faint heart never main-tained a fair lady, if it won her."

The upshot was that George figured up his liabilities against his check, and handed over to the trusty Scherer £250, to be converted in two days, or some such reasonable time, into £2,500. "Done!" cried Scherer, as he penciled "Done" cried Scherer, as he pendiled the little transaction in his notebook. And "done" George was. For next day, when he looked at "Mines" in the money column, he found Gold Buga had crawled downstairs three-eighths.

"What do you advise, Scherer?" asked George, when they met in the city. "Never advise, my dear George. Don't do it—on principle. 'Cut your losses, let your profits run,' is our old wheeze;



but it's no good being too hasty. This fall is simply due to somebody being in too big a hurry to pocket a profit. But you judge for yourself, dear boy; that's what I advise." Next day Gold Bugs had crawled

downstairs two or three steps more.
"It's nothing, George," said the op-timistic Scherer. "Weak holderscouldn't last out-that's my explanaion, Still, don't be guided by me."

Next day after that Gold Bugs had fallen so heavily that you couldn't find anybody to pick them up again at any price. And just then, of course, to make amends, George Littlecash was reminded by his tailor of "that little account" which had been overlooked for so many quarters. It was in this doleful hour, as he sat savagely biting his lips, knitting his brows and inwardly cursing Scherer and all his works, that he glanced vaguely at a copy of the Evening Intelligence. "Renewed Activity in Rand Shares"

was the line in large type that caugh paper lay on his desk.

"Confound Rand shares!" he ejaculated fervently, wheeling round as though from a too affectionate snake.

Just then, as luck would have it, in popped the beaming and expansive "Why, George, my dear boy, you're

looking as ghastly as James Canham Read when he was 'taken from life,' as the waxworks bill says. Nothing seri ous, I hope? Gal chucked you? "Look here, Scherer; I don't want you blarneying me again. I've had

quite enough of Rand shares, thanksin fact, a long sight too much."
"Rand shares! Why, my dear fellow," Scherer returned, with a look of pained virtue, "you really don't mean to tell me that's what put you down in the dumps—that little matter of two-fifty, when you stood to win as many thousands! Bless my soul!"-Scherer eye had just caught the line in the Evening Intelligencer—"have you seen the paper to-night?"
"No," replied George, whose back

was turned, "nor want to. I'm sick of the whole thing. You knew, for I told you, I couldn't risk anything under the circumstances unless it was absolutely

"And that's what you call risk?"
"Oh! hang—I know it's my own fault
-only don't bother me with any more of these fine tales."

"Now, I call this very unkind of you, George," said Scherer, injured; "I do, indeed." And so saying, while he kept one eye on George's back, Mr. Scherer cast the other down the money column. When he reached "Gold Bugs" that particular eye flared up like a fusee.
"Now, what should you say if Gold Bugs went up again to 514, eh?"

"Rot" "Right you are, dear boy. 'Rot' is it? Well, well. You think I misled you about that little deal, eh?" "Well, if you want plain speaking, Mr. Scherer, I think you did." "And you an' I friends, George! This is what comes of trying to do a man a N. Y. World.

good turn! Now, what do you say if I offer to take those shares off your hands again, since you're so cut up over 'em?"
"At a shilling apiece, I suppose. Ha,

"A shilling spiece? No, sir! Not at



'DON'T DOUBT YOUR FRIEND'S HONESTY

over to sooth your injured feelings. What d'ye think of that!" Mr. Scherer found his magnanimity so exhilarating that he drew himself up, threw open his coat, and slipped George's Evening Intelligencer into his

own pocket.

"You doubt my honesty and my good faith, eh, my dear sir," he said, pulling out his check book and a roll of notes.

Last week you paid me £250; if you will be so good as to hand me back the serin I shall have much pleasure in scrip I shall have much pleasure in handing you my check for £362 10s. Or, p'raps," he added, with cutting sarcasm, "since you doubt my honesty, you would prefer Bank of England notes?" George, who had risen, half dazed, had just enough presence of mind to gasp in his astonishment: "If it's all the same to you, I should."

"Certainly, my dear sir."
"I'm only too delighted to hand it back to you," said George fervently, as he passed over the scrip, and received the crisp notes and gleaming gold in

"And yet, strange to say," laughed Scherer, "I can assure you I'm no less delighted to take it back. Ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha!" For some moments the cachinnation prevented speech. When cachinnation prevented speech. When Scherer found breath he remarked to his bewildered friend: "My dear George, let me give you a word of honest advice—in fact, two words. Don't doubt your friend's honesty again, and when you hold active shares keep a sharp eye on the papers—ha, ha, ha!"

"The papers" cehoed Littlecash; 'why, no, I haven't seen to-night's paper yet." And he struck a bell. per yet." And he struck a bell. "Yes, sir?" said the office boy.

"Where's to-night's evening paper, Tippetts?"
"Ain't come in yet, sir."

"Oh, yes, it has," corrected Mr. Scherer, choking with laughter as he produced the Evening Intelligence. "I just—just -mechanically picked it up for a moment myself." But the office boy triumphed. "That's a hold won, sir; to-night's

"nat's a noin won, sir; to-nights ain't come in not yet, sir "
"Not come in!" shrieked Scherer, turning to the date. "Why, good Lord—the paper's a month old!"

Mr. Scherer's exclamations as he sank into George's chair were so shock-ingly profane that even the office boy turned pale and expected a flash of

lightning.

George got his friend out of the office of last, but made a point of handing him back the odd twelve pounds ten—
"to soothe his feelings." The wedding took place, and Uncle Piper will never know the particulars of George's first—and last—little venture on the stock exphance—St James' Rudget.

exchange.—St. James' Budget. beautiful and attractive, even to the fancy, since they cannot change their places, are witnesses of all the changes that take place around them; and as some reach a great age they become, as it were, historical monuments, and, like ourselves, they have life, growing and passing away—not being inanimate and unvarying, like the fields and rivers. One sees them passing through various stages, and at last, step by step, approaching death, which makes them look still more like our-selves.—Humboldt.

The sum of the whole is this: Walk and be happy; walk and be

healthy.-Dickens. A Peculiar Fact. "Keep out of debt, young man," said the philosopher. "People will think better of you for it." "Perhaps," was the thoughtful re-ply; "and yet I've noticed that the more I owe people the gladder they al-ways seem to see me."—Washington

Artistic Appreciation Painter (with dignity)-I am an artst, madam.

Madam (effusively)—Oh, you poor nan. Here's a quarter to buy you comething to eat.—Detroit Free Press.

A Doubt. Shall emancipated woman,
Home-coming at the dawn,
For fear of man who waits for her,
Take her shoes off on the lawn?
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



Miss Antique-He sent me a bouqu with a rose for each year, on my birthday.

Miss Caustique—What a large one it
must have been.—N. Y. Recorder.

Had Experienced It. Tramp—Do you know what it is, sir, to be shunned by all; to not have the grasp of a single friendly hand? Stranger—Indeed I do. I'm a life in-surance agent.—Judge.

Discarded Them. "Miss Oldflirt carries her years well, esn't she?"
"You must bear in mind that she has thrown nearly half of them away."-Indianapolis Journal.

Next to His Heart. She-Do you still treasure my photo-

The Colonel-Do I! I've had it set in my pocket flask.-Life. Mrs. Oldun—Why, my dear, you look ten years older since you were married. Mrs. Youngun—And I am. You know I have been only twenty-two for the past ten years.—Detroit Free Press.

Vain Regrets. Bagley-But you didn't marry for money, did you? Brace-Heavens, no; that's just it.-

DIVERSIFIED FARMING.

Steady farming, with a good rotation of crops persistently followed, is the surest way to success for farmers. Abrupt changes in order to meet high prices for some farm product are dangerous practices. It is within the remembrance of every farmer when hay was so low that it hardly paid to raise it for market, but since then farmers have been making more profit off hay have been making more profit off hay than almost any other crop. To suit the change, a great many dropped hay from their list of farm crops and tried to get along without it. The steady to get along without it. The steady farmers continued to give grass a place in their crop rotation, turning it under when it would not pay to cut and sell it as hay, and when prices went up again for hay they were the only ones who had good crops to sell. Besides enriching their soil with the grass, they found themselves prepared to reap a good harvest when prices came around again to their normal concame around again to their normal con-

Just now sheep have been at a discount, and thousands have been selling them off to raise something else more profitable. But sheep, both for wool and mutton, will be profitable in the future. Several times in the past the sheep industry has been at its lowest ebb, but it revived in time. Steam and electricity are said to be driving horses out of the market, and that it will no longer pay to raise fine colts. There

make farming a sure thing. Grass, hay, oats, wheat, potatoes, corn, sheep, cows and horses cannot always be unprofitable. A propersystem of diversified farming will make profits a certainty on some of the crops. It is at any rate good farming. The land is kept up, not run down. Expenses are normal and outlays are not increased by such viocent changes. The pigs, chickens, cows

below, consists of two sills, 2x6 inches, 22 feet long and placed 10 feet apart. Upon these sills rest three frames made of 2x4 timbers 20 feet long for the uprights and joined at the top by means of 2x6-inch boards 8 feet long and braced at each of the upper corners with 2x4-inch scantling. From the

STACKING HAY FOR WINTER USE. crosspiece is suspended a track for a hay fork. Hay is brought up at the end hay fork. Hay is brought up at the end of this frame and by the proper ar-rangement of pulleys the hay is easily lifted from the wagons and transferred to the stack, which can be made, of lifted from the wagons and transferred to the stack, which can be made, of course, as high as the frames. When it is desirable to move this from one portion of the field to another, simply hitch a horse to the end of each sill and pull it wherever desired. Make the sills rounding at one end so it will slip over the ground like a sled. The upright timbers are mortised firmly into the sills, thus making the whole strong and durable. If larger and into the sills, thus making the whole strong and durable. If larger and higher stacks are to be built, the size of the frame can be varied accordingly. It is a very handy device if made properly, and for those who have a great deal of field stacking to do is worthy of trial. Earn and Home.

worthy of trial.—Farm and Home. Enriching Forest Lands. Shading the soil is of great advan tage in converting ammonis into ni-trates, a process which has served to enrich forest lands while they are cov-ered with dense growth. The mulch of leaves added annually is a carpet which prevents influence by the direct rays of the sun. That a soil which, growth forest trees increases in fertility grows forest trees increases in fertility, is demonstrated by the larger crops grown upon such "virgin" soil after it has been cleared of its forest growth. On the same principle the mulching of the soil with a dense crop or with -aves is beneficial in certain respects

At the Races. Hill-How do you manage to win every day?

Berg—A friend who knows all about it fells me which horses to buy.

Rill—And you do just as he tells you?

Berg—No; just the opposite.—N. Y.

World.

Smithers—How many jokes on the bathing suit have you written to-day, Pen Dennis?

One Thing Settled. Sammy-Here's my new cart. Ain's she a beauty?

Tommy-You musn't say she. cart's it. Sammy—Tain't. It's she.
Tommy—I'll leave it to Dick.
Dick (inspecting it)—'Tain't either
one. It's he. It's a mail cart.—Chicago Tribune.

Presumptive Evidence Miss Sharpgirl-I have read that a fish diet has a very beneficial effect on the brain. Do you think there is anything in it?

Canesucker-No, Miss Sharpgirl, I'm no fish eater.
Miss Sharpgirl-Well, then, it seems as if there might be something in it after all.—Texas Siftings.

HIS GREAT SCHEME.

After All, the Only Sure Way to Sue It Falled Because Ris Friend Refused to cess for Farmers.

"The elevated railroad has just had to pay twenty thousand dollars because one of its guards attacked a passenger and smashed him in the face," said Mr. Skeemer to Mr. Plotz, according to the New York World." "Now, I have a scheme. You and me aren't doing anything just now, and we might put it into practice."

"What is it?" demanded Plotz.

"I'll get a job as brakeman on the elevated, you get on my train and then I'll attack you. As soon as I see you I become uncontrollable, make a wild

ecome uncontrollable, make a wild dash for you, kick you in the stomach, knock out your teeth, black your eye, and then throw you out of the window. You sue the company, all the passengers testifying that the assault

passengers testifying that the assault was entirely unprovoked, as it was, and the jury will award you anywhere from twenty thousand to fifty thousand dollars. We divide evenly, of course. The bigger licking I give you the more money we get."

"Yes," interrupted Plotz, "I get the licking, and we get the money. Suppose I be the brakeman! I used to sweep out a railroad station, and I'll take to the business easier than you. After I get through with you would be worth sevent. Find the dollars at least. How al.

"No," replied Skeemer, "An is

"No," replied Skeemer, mine, and if I can't assign

cout of the market, and that it will no longer pay to raise fine colts. There never was a time, and probably never will be, when it did not pay to raise good horses. Underbred stock is too plentiful, and will be at a greater discount in the future than now; but fine driving road horses or heavy draught horses will never lose their value permanently. It is within the remembrance of the writer when many farmers paid \$5 and \$5 per head for ordinary sheep because a boom in that line was sending everything upward.

There are too many farmers engaged in this industry who wait for high prices, and then they rush into that particular line of work. If sheep are high they pay exorbitant prices for stock in order to raise others to sell. If corn is the leading farm product that pays well, they turn their farms into enormous corn fields, unmindful of the fact often that they do not understand its culture nor the expenses attached to it. Frequently they have to make an initial outlay to adapt themselves to the abrupt change, which alone will take away all profits. Just now more farmers are preparing for abrupt changes than ever before. It has been a disastrous year with most of us. Many have lost money and are generally disastisfied with their conditions. Each one is looking around at those who seem to be raising something more profitable. Very often these profitable products are only temporarily so, and by the time the change is made they will no longer pay good prices. Good, steady farming, with a fair rotation of crops, is the only sure way for any farmer to make farming assure thing. Grass, hay, oats, wheat, potatoes, corn, sheep, cows and hounder of abolitionists.

his life.

Whittier showed physical courage in facing the ruffians who wished to prevent free speech; but he had revealed the higher moral courage in casting his lot with the little band of abolitionists. outlays are not increased by such violent changes. The pigs, chickens, cows and sheep will all yield some incidental profits, while the main farm crops may fluctuate from year to year, but not more so than manufactured articles. Fluctuation is characteristic of every business, and farmers have no more than their share. The shoe manufacturer does not take up pin making because shoes happen to be unprofitable for a season or two.—Germantown (Pa.) Telegraph.

FRAME HAY STACKER.

If Made Properly, It is Said to Be a Very Hand Device.

The frame for stacking hay, shown below, consists of two sills, 2x6 inches, 2x6 finches, 2x6

ar but noble cause." THE BICYCLE CANNON.

Wars.

With the many new devices of offense and defense which have recently made their appearance comes the bicycle-cannon. The gun mounted on a bicycle was in a parade in New Yo'v city recently, and was seen by thousands of people, says the National Tribune.

The vehicle was a twin cycle, in appearance much like a tricycle, and known as a duplex. It is especially light and strong. The cannon, a steel rified affair thirty-four inches in length, eight inches at the butt and four at the muzzle, and weighing about fifty pounds, is swung between the two rear wheeles, resting upon the connecting axle and is further supported from above. An ingenious mechanism cormits of the nices of ordnance heing

tion is carried on another duplex. Four artillerymen equip the battery. They are at once gun crew and motive power. I we men on the seats can propel the machines with their heavy loads at a faster gate than horses have ever shown in similar service. The work of wheeling the gun into position is the work of an instant. work of an instant.

Just Gone. To most German visitors to Rome Goethe is a sort of diety, and after his death every trace of his stay there, death every trace of his stay there, however unimportant, was unearthed and visited as if it had been a sacred shrine. One of these shrines is a numble inn, where the great poet used to take a glass of wine in the evening. Mr. Rudolf Lehmann relates that an Mr. Rudolf Lehmann relates that an enthusiastic young Teuton, engaged in this pilgrimage, asked the waiter in his broken Italian whether this was really the spot that Goethe used to visit. "Goti, Goti, no lo conosco, I never heard of him," said the waiter. Then, seeing suddenly that he was disappointing a stomer, he added; "Oh yes, of course, Goti—he has just this moment rone."

Willing to Guide the Guy "And you?" asked the angel.
"Write me," said Abou Ben Bun 'as one who loves his countrymen. Indianapolis Journal. Vindletive.

Jess-Here comes that disagreeable Miss Jonea Jack—Don't you like her? Jess—I hate her; sometimes when we meet I don't even kiss her!—Puck.

Pen Dennis-My dear boy, there's not room enough on the average bath-ing suit to write more than one.—Town Topics. Same Thing. "Did you go to church yesterday?"
"No, but I did the same thing. I took a nap."—Life. The Stumbling Blo

"The manner in which my father-in-law treats me," said the count, "is shameful. He has allowed my debts

shameful. He has allowed my debts to accumulate; my monthly remit, tances have fallen into arrears; he has left me penniless."

"But," said the lawyer, "that is not sufficient ground for divorce."

"I don't want a divorce," said the count. "But can't I sue my futher-iny law for damages? Has he not violated an implied contract?" an implied contract?"
"Oh! yes," replied the lawyer. "You can prove cruelty and abandonment and

non-support."
"You see no obstacle, then, to commencing such an action at once?" "None—except that my retainer is payable in advance." But the count strode haughtily from

the room.-Life.