BUTLER, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 8, 1895.

a letter from a woman-I mean, of

Personally I've found it to work splen-

took up a palmetto fan from the

Whereupon Cameron lit a cigar and

* Mid-Summer *

and other eruptions which disfigure the face and cause pain and annoyance. By

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

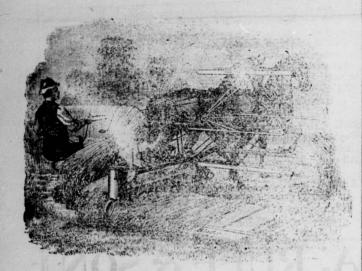
of woolens, silks, calico, ginghams, satines and lawns, muslins and linings. These remnants all marked down just one-half the original price—a rare chance to secure bargains. This mid-summer clearance sale at the popular and reliable store of

What Do You Think of This FOR JULY.

Top Buggies	Low	as	00 00
Top Slat Wagon	Low	as\$5	0 00
Two Horse Farm Wa	agon		5 00
Phaeton		\$6	0 00
Two Seat Spring W			
Harness Oil Per Gal			
Axle Greese 4 Boxe	s		25
Buggy Wheels, with	steel tire.	\$8.00 p	er set
Harness Leather has	advanced	50 per cent, but we	e had
enough to last us a	whole yea	r, bought at the	Old
Price, and are makin	g Harness	accordingly. There	efore,
anybody wanting ha	rness, now	is the time to bu	y to
save \$5 to \$10 per s	et. No di	fference what you	want
about you team or w	agon, com	e here. Also if	you
need a Trunk or Val			

MARTINCOURT & CO.,

128 E. Jefferson St., Butler Pa.



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.

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, 100 N. Main St.





A NOTHER Cut in Millinery! Any flower in the house for 7cts. Another table of 9c ribbon—you will find this just as good

ALL of our LINEN and SILK E

BUTLER LUMBER COMPANY

Shippers and dealers in

Building .. Materials Rough and aressed Lumber of all kinds, Doors and Windows, and Mouldings of all kinds.

A BURNED LETTER.

Impure Blood

Is the only true blood purifier prominently in the public eye today. \$1; six for \$5.

HEINEMAN & SON,

A*******

SUMMER

Heineman's

Hammock.

We have the largest

Hammocks

Wall Paper

PAPERS.

RAMBLER

HEINEMAN & SON.

Summer Shoes,

Half-Prices.

Just received 1,000 pairs

Summer Sample Shoes and Slip

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,

Prices Good for 10 Days Only

Ladies' Fine Cloth Slippers go at... Ladies' Fine Tan Shoes, heel, \$2

Space forbids me quoting fur

ther, but if you will call during this

Sample Sale you will see Summe

Shoes going cheaper than ever be

fore. Don't delay but come at

The New Shoe Store

During This

SAMPLE SALE OF SUMMER

SHOES.

C. E. MILLER,

Seanor & Nace's

Livery, Feed and Sale Stable

The best of horses and first class

Best accommodations in town fo

permanent boarding and transient

Stable room for sixty-five horses

A good class of horses, both driv-

rs and draft horses always on band

and for sale under a full guarantee

and horses bought upon proper not

fication by SEANOR & NACE. All kinds of live stock bought an

Telephone at Wick House.

igs always on hand and for hire.

trade. Special care guaranteed.

215 S. Main St.,

once and try

but to keep things lively

the dull season.

BICYCLE.

Hood's Pills tion. Price 25 cents.

There it lies. A small heap of ashes and a few fluttering, blackened leaves: And this is all that remains of a once purifying the blood Hood's Sarsaparilla completely cures these troubles and clears the skin. Hood's Sarsaparilla overcomes that tired, drowsy feeling so general at this season and gives strength and vigor. crested sheet of gray letter paper, exhaling a perfume of white violets.

I wonder to what extent it really represented the sentiments and thoughts of the charming society girl from whom it came. A fascinating young woman whose eyes are as blue as are the violets whose breath seems always to cling to everything she Hood's Sarsaparilla

What a pity women are not as honest as are flowers. A man could then est as are nowers. A man count there reach to some satisfactory conclusion about them and with them. A flower may be beautiful but odorless, like the camelia, in which it makes no pretense at passing more than your eye. Or, it is less perfect in shape and color, but with so sweet a breath that one ever grows tired of having it around. There is no sham in a flower—but with yomen I'm inclined to believe it's all women I'm inclined to believe its an sham. Humbuggery and sham! The prettiness and outside charm are apparent enough. But when it comes to the genuineness of the perfume of sweet thoughts and tender graces, and to the splendid charity of sentiment, which, if women only knew it, enwraps, them if women only knew it, enwraps them around with an attractiveness far more potent than the most subtle and penpotent than the most subtle and penetrating perfumes, man is all at sea. He can't for the life of him tell the honest, can't say whether they are divinely constituted, or if it is merely the imitation article. He is charmed one day by unexpected revelations of deep feeling and ar appreciation of the lofty and to beautiful in life, or at least by what looks like it, and he is repelled the next by a clear and distinct exhibition of a careless heartlessness which would forever and a cay disgust him in a forever and a cay disgust him in a man, but which only serves to upset him mentally by creating a thousand and one doubts as to which of the two phases of character is the preponder-ating one in the complex feminine naating one in the complex feminine na-ture he happens to have under consid-eration. If she is fair of form and face—as Alice undoubtedly is—he gen-erally gives her the benefit of the doubt and resolutely closes the eyes and ears of his better judgment against those ugly, villainously small traits which are as great a disfigurement to her mental and moral graces as would her mental and moral graces as would be a deep crack across some exquisite Sevres porcelain vase, a fatal blemish, by which all the beauty and value are GREAT SAMPLE SALE. ruined and destroyed.

That's where the constant and ever-Inst's where the constant and everlasting mistake of a man's life is committed. He can never judge of a woman by the same standard, the same
clear-sighted mental gauge, which he
applies so easily to his fellow man. For
every one knows that to properly conduct any kind of business correct insight into character is essential. That we manage to acquire easily enough in school, college and practical every-day life, and for the reason that we deal with each other. But I defy a man to be certain sure of anything on earth or in Heaven when his calcula-tions must rest on some feminine basis, where instability is inevitable.

But perhaps other men are clevere than I am. Cameron seems to get on swimmingly with all his lady friends, and to understand them, too, which is altogether another matter; even Alice Dacres—that's more than I can do, hence this small pile of burned letter

And now that I've destroyed the little girl's pleasant words and sweet-scented missive, I'm fool enough to re-gret it, and to half-believe she was genuine in her wish that I call some even-ing. Of course, when she says I must bring her "Trilby," it is only a teminine way of helping me to an excuse for a visit. Then again, when a man wants to have a friend around for a smoke and chat, he says: "Drop in, old fellow, this evening at eight, Glasee you," and there's an end to. wants you, and you go or you don't, as suits your convenience and fancy.

Little Alice being essentially and charmingly feminine, writes a sweet rigamarole, very suggestive or meaning absolutely nothing. And yet, she must know how gladly I would call on her this evening and to-morrow even ing and every evening of every year if "Trilby," and winds up with a stiff
"Yours sincerely," and the information
that she is "so glad she leaves shortly for Europe.'

Does she or does she not want m to call? If she does care to see a poor devil whom she knows down in the bottom of her heart is infatuated with her, who is ass enough to dream of her sweet blue eyes, and to stuff violets in his coat pocket because they remind him of her, why does she write she is "so glad she will leave shortly for Europe?" If she does not care a rap (which is clearly the case) whether a fellow eats his heart out in vain longings to be with her and to hear he careless, sweet laughter, and to watch all her dainty prettiness and probable frivolities, then why does she cruelly throw the temptation in his way to call, just to force him to undergo the heartbreak of telling her good-by and bon voyage?

Cameron goes abroad this summer. I suppose he will take the steamship she goes on, and they will firt out-rageously on the way across. They are sure to meet in Paris and among the Alps, and I suppose will come hom in the fall, engaged to each other. Another foregone conclusion of a failure in marriage. They will neither of them tolerate the other's failings and frivolities after a few years of enforced companionship. There's a vast difference, little Alice, I can tell you, in a summer flirtation on the deck of an ocean steamship crossing to Havre and a lifelong companionship with a nice, shallow fellow, accustomed to have his way in everything, and to consult his own convenience first and foremost. As for that intense devotion which makes all sacrifice of oneself a sublime pleasure, you need not expect any manifestations of the Reaf of Wick House, Butler, Pa kind from Charlie Cameron. He's a

> nice fellow, but that sort of heroics is simply not in him.
>
> But, after all, Miss Alice, what are you besides a sweet writer of sweet, unmeaning notes, a dear and charming young woman, admirably gowned, who looks forward with delight to her trip to Europe, nor has a single word of regret at parting with those she ruthlessly leaves behind, although she full well knows the bitter pain she

letter, and I'll take a trip up to the Tennessee mountains this summer, when I'll forget all about her, lovely little humbug-if I can.

"What are you doing, old man? Destroying your correspondence?" said Cameron, coming leisurely in and drawing a reading chair to the open window. "Very sensible thing to do. window. "Very sensible thing to do. Never leave letters or bills scattered about. Servants are the very devil for prying into a man's letters. Must have been scented, judging from the pleasant odor of violets aro nakes you look so blue? Light a cigar and moralize, and you'll feel better. Guess that note did it. Now let me give you atip about a woman's cor-respondence and way of writing. It

There are two kinds of people on earth to-day. Just two kinds of people, no more, I say.

a letter from a woman—I mean, of course, a young and pretty woman—read it carefully, and, whenever she expresses opinion or sentiment, then believe the contrary of what she writes. You have no idea what a safe rule that is to follow. A man is sure to come out straight in her good graces and to avoid a lot of unpleasantness if he will bear that in mind. Parsonally I've found it to work splen-

Who puts on vain airs is not counted a man.

"Is that so? Then you would not believe that a young woman was de-lighted to go off immediately on a five months' absence abroad if she only the two kinds of people on earth I mean, the people who lift, and the people who

months' absence abroad if she only told you so?"
"Of course not. A man must be very green, or very unsophisticated where women are concerned, to believe that, if she wrote specially to tell him so. In that case she meant to say: 'My dear boy, I am desperately sorry to go away and leave you. I can't say so outright, so I do the next best thing. I wrote to tell you I am going, and I am glad, and if you are not a fool you will understand and do the proper

will understand and do the proper thing." Of course, Cameron is clever. I have always said of him that he is egotis-tical, but I have never denied his brains. I don't know but what I look prains. I don't know but what I look upon him now as an unrevealed genius. Perhaps, if he had not been largely endowed with the good things of this world, he would have shown his great capacities by some wonderful inventional transfer of the state of t

"And in your opinion what would be the proper thing to do? What would you do?" I asked, gathering up gently the poor little heap of ashes, the worth-less remains of Alice's sweet, misunderstood and harshly treated note.

"What would I do?" answered Cam-eron reflectively, tipping the ashes off his cigar with his little finger. "You say she's handsome, and young and rich?"

I had not, but it was all true. What I had doubted was her sincerity. "In that case," continued Cameron,
"I would go to see her, with the intention of saying good-by, and I would
propose to her, and I would go abroad
with her this summer on the same

steamship she crosses in. "That was evidently the invitation given you in that note you so foolishly burned, my dear boy. I suppose she wants to have you along while she explores the old cathedrals and art galleries and climbs up the Alps. Now, don't fall over some precipice or get caught in some snowstorm in the early shores," concluded Cameron, while I swept the ashes of my sweet, ill-used note with mingled emotions into an empty envelope, which I put in my vest

"And look here, old man," said Cam-eron, as I shook hands, having called up a coupe, "better not mention that you burned that note. Women are peculiar in some ways. Don't like to have their letters ill-treated. Looks careless, and as if you had ugly thoughts about them. I bet you have their letters are the couple would be a supply thoughts about them. thought that handsome young woman was an insincere little humbug."

"Why, man, I thought she wanted to get rid of me," I said. "I was puzzling over her meaning when you came in." "So I saw," said Cameron, with an amused smile, resuming his palmetto fan and pulling closer into the window to catch the south breeze. "Now just let me tell you—I have had a large experience of women, as I said just now. Well, Alice Dacres is the sweetest, most loyal and most sincere woman I most loyal and most sincere woman I ever came across. Her face, beautiful as it is, can't compare to her soul, as you'll find out for yourself some of these days. You are not fit for her, old fellow, I must say. But she fancies you, so I suppose it's all right. Go and tell her good-by, and propose to her as I suggested. The idea of burning that sweetchild's note, and to think that you misunderstood her besides; you misunderstood her besides; you ought to be ashamed of yourself."
"I would be if I had the time," I

said, impatient at delay, as the coupe drove up. "Good night," I said. "Thanks for the benefit of that experience of yours."
"Not at all," said Cameron. "I just wish that note had been written to me.

wouldn't have burned it. I would have understood at half a glance the meaning it conveyed. You are no better than a vandal."—N. O. Times-Democrat.

"What do you publish a paper for, I'd like to know?" inquired a politician of a country editor. "For one dollar a year in advance.

and you owe me for four years," was the reply.—Texas Siftings. STORY OF A MISSING BABY. Curious Experience of a Parisian Lady of Position.

The recent experience of a Parisian

lady of position, writes Miranda in the Lady's Pictoria!, may serve as a useful warning to some of my readers who eside abroad. The lady in question returned from a ball one night much earlier than she had given her servants reason to expect, and to her consterna-tion found three members of her household missing, the nurse, the housemaid and—the baby! Greatly terrified, she rushed to the concierge to make inquiries, and after some prevarication the man informed her that the two servants, fancying their mis-tress would not return for some hours. had gone to a notorious dancing place taking the baby with them, and there the lady would be certain to find all three "quite safe and sound." As the master of the house was absent, the distracted mother went to seek a male relative, and together they visited the locality indicated, where they found the two women drinking with friends quiries after her child, the housemaid quiries after her child, the housemald impudently told her mistress—whose smartest new gown she had borrowed for the evening, by the way—"that madam need not excite herself, the infant was in good hands." At first she refused to say where; but by dint of threats it was dragged from her that the child had been taken to a low inn close at hand. Here the enraged parent found her pectods of spring asleep in a filthy bed with eight other children, who were all being taken charge of at one franc fifty centimes a head while their nurses enjoyed them-selves. Needless to say, the two

wretches were dismissed on the spot. A Scientific Answer. An intelligent boy in the national school of a large and popular town in Lancashire on being examined, among others, by the commissioner, was asked: "Do you know any of the effects of heat

"Yes, sir; heat expands and cold con "Good, my boy-you have answered

well; now an example."
"Why, sir, the days in midsummer are the longest and in winter the shortest!"—Once a Week. Sanitary Item.

the family of Sam Johnsing for malaria. remonstrated with Sam for having the pig pen so near his residence. "Wat's de reason I ought ter put de pig pen furder away frum de house?"

Not the signer and saint, for 'tis well understood The good are half bad, and the bad are half

You must first know the state of his conscience

Not the happy and sad, for the swift flying years

We happy and sad, for the swift flying duty.

Wrs. Byng—Oh, doesn't he? You don't know him, I can see. You should don't know him, A clever managing wife

Wherever you go, you will find the world's masses
Are always divided in just these two classes. And oddly enough you will find, too, I wean, There is only one lifter to twenty who lean.

In which class are you? Are you easing the Of overtaxed lifters who toll down the road? Or are you a leaner, who lets others bear Your portion of labor and worry and care? —Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Harper's Weekly.

"AS YOU WERE."

BY VIOLET HENT.

Characters: Canon and Mrs. Byng, Maj



take the cathedral under his special protection, is it necessary to drag two delicate women up to the very top of the tower to see a view that is simply non-existent in the usual north country smoke? I am dead tired, and so are you, I am sure. I call it a breach of ospitality.

Mrs. Bell—I think it is a privilege to

Mrs. Byng-And then stand grinning like a gargoyle until I got enough breath to scold him. Why didn't you say it would bore you to go up?

Mrs. Bell -But I wanted to; I love it. Tt seemed like mounting up to Heaven
—going up that long, dusty, dark,
corkscrew staircase; like life, to come
out on the leads in the full, fresh,
sweet, clear air, above all our little human worries and troubles.

Mrs. Byng—Why don't you write a tract? Do you know what your husband, dear good man, said to me as we Mrs. Bell—Something inadequate, I fear. He is never equal to the occa-

sion, poor Tom!

Mrs. Byng (laughing)—That he preferred the golden chariot, and to take the journey in one stage, when he did go.

Mrs. Bell (staring)—Journey where? Mrs. Byng—My dear, don't be ob-Mrs. Beil-Oh, I see. How dread-fully profane! Quite ribald, in fact. Mrs. Byng-Yes, it was rather, but it

amused me. Yeu don't appreciate the major a bit, Laura. Let's change hus-Mrs. Bell-Madge, you absurd wom-

Mrs. Byng (nodding)-Yes, I got a little giddy going up that corkscrew staircase. You never get giddy, Laura. You are like a sweet, calm saint in a niche. Seriously, I think the life of a soldier's wife would suit me much better than it does you.

Mrs. Bell-Oh, no, dear, you would hate it. Think of this lovely gray, lichened old house in the Close where you live, nestled, as it were, under the emn chimes to ring your hours in and

out—
Mrs. Byng—Wait till you're lying
awake listening to them all night with headache. Compulsory attendance

Mrs. Bell-And compare it to my un settled, noisy, nomadic existence. Oh, it is terrible—the sense of unrest, the Mrs. Bell (standing in front of her want of a home, ordered off at a mo ment's notice, wandering all over the



YOU DON'T APPRECIATE THE MAJOR

A BIT. LAURA." ountry from one uncomfortable, un-

I love change.
Mrs. Bell-Oh, that's all very well, but when you have to carry a whole establishment about with you, like a snail, it's another thing, quite. And you know how cross men get. A solyou know how cross men get. A soldier has the habit of command, and Mrs. Byng-The habit of command

and—er—the other habit you mention are by no means confined to the bar-rack room, let me tell you. Mrs. Bell-Oh, hush, hush! The at-Mrs. Bell—Oh, fush, fush. The above mosphere, dear, of the sacred fane, the odors of sanctity, the peace—
Mrs. Byng—You'd find it pretty lively at times in the sacred fane, I can assure you, my sweet St. Cecily, and disc

cordant stops among the organ pipes. Mrs. Bell-Lively, dear? What an xpression to use Mrs. Byng—Well, it was always the church militant, you know. Deans and canons are but human, and there's a good deal of gossip swept up with the

verger's broom.

Mrs. Bell—But, at least, the talk is all of matters connected with the sacred rites and observances of the church? It must be so beautiful, so interesting. I, on the contrary, have to listen patiently to the tedious chat-ter of subalterns who are everlastingly coming to tea, and hear them won dering why the major did this, and Mrs. So-and-so didn't do that, and who is coming and who is going, and idiotic gossip of that kind from morning till night.

Mrs. Byng-Well, that's no worse than having to take an interest for the hundredth time, in complaints of how old Dr. Tir'emout will have two stalls, one for himself and one for his books— and how long the archdeacon is going to be in bed, without a cold—of how many pocket-handkerchiefs Smith-Dolby has left in his stall since Easter. They kept them until they're a baker's dozen—and how Hopper can't agree with the dean—

Mrs. Bell—Who is Hopper?

Mrs. Bell-And Smith-Dolby?

Mrs. Byng—One of the minor canons, and James' pet aversion.

Mrs. Bell—Why?

Mrs. Byng — I hardly know. One
must dislike somebody. Because he's
so untidy and lazy, and always contrives to take his holiday and get away
in that uncomfortable time between
the seasons, before the stoves are ure an advance on the value of bran feeding, mixed with other foods. But there cannot be too much insistence on the value of bran mixed with other foods. Mr. W. C. Rockwood, in a re-cent contribution to the Michigan lighted regularly, and the chances are lighted regularly, and the chances are you sneeze all the time you are reading the lessons. I wish they would give him a living. We are all dying for promotion here, just as you are in the

Mrs. Bell—Tom doesn't care for pro-motion a bit. He only cares to do his



YOU ARE A THOUGHTFUL WOMAN." might do so much for her husband,

for my pigs from weaning time until they are sold—with the exception of a few weeks finishing off on corn. I feed it to all breeding hogs, being espe-cially good for sows suckling pigs. For young stock it is the standby, mixed partly with something else perween in the army.

Mrs. Bell—You don't know, dear.

How could she?

Mrs. Byng—Oh, there are ways. I shouldn't leave a stone unturned. Mrs. Bell-What stores would von Mrs. Bell—What stones would you turn, Madge? You are very confident. Mrs. Byng—I would give him little hints to do this, or that—to get him noticed, you know. That's half the battle in all professions, I find. I would part of their rations at any time, and while not sufficiently heavy of itself for hard work, is good when fed with other grain. It keeps the bowels in good condition and there will be no trouble with colic.

Some farmers feed straw to their make friends with all sorts of persons in authority. The nicest men—like Tom—are just the men who can't and won't do these little things for them-selves. No nice man can blow his own trumpet properly. A tactful, clever wife can do anything. What's the

Mrs. Bell (tearful)-Nothing-I was-

only it seems quite as if it was you, not me, married to Tom.

Mrs. Byng—I was only threwing myself into the situation. I had quite given you James. I saw you hoisting on his surplice, and copying out his sample, and copying out his sample. sermon, in my mind's eye. But that's enough play, if you are going to be so serious about it.

shown herewith is one of the best models for the sheep farmer in the cold north, as in the arrangement everything is convenient and well arranged. The long fodder can be fed from the feeding passages, but to feed the grain or roots the attendant must go into the pens among the sheep. This is done to insure his looking over the sheep, when any that are sick would be detected. The stone wall is plastered on the inside. The doors, D, are large and the windows, W, numerous, so that the entire fullding can be kent thoroughly Mrs. Bell (still tearful)—And now I've let you talk like this—you will think I'm not fond of Tom—I am, I am, really, and though he does make such a fuss about parade, I do love to see him in his uniform. Mrs. Byng—And I have rather a weakness for James in cassock and bands, and I know, dear Cecilia, you

mons. We will leave things as they are, won't we? Mrs. Bell—It really wasn't a pretty joke. I can't think how we ever got into it?

would make an awful hash of his ser

Mrs. Byng-We were a little upset by going up the tower, weren't we? Well, there an end of the joke—Here (ENTER CANON BYNG AND MAJ. BELL.)

Canon Byng—Here, Mrs. Bell, is that article on "The Churches Militant" in which you were so much interested. It is deep, but not too deep for you. You are a thoughtful woman, I perceive, and take things seriously. Mrs. Bell (turning away from the portly canon)—Yes, I do.

Maj. Bell—Well, Mrs. Byng, what have you two ladies been talking

Byng-A great mang things, Mai. Bell. Canon Byng—Settling the affairs of the nation, eh?

Mrs. Byng—No, our own, principally. Maj. Bell—Well, what's the result? Mrs. Byng (touching the canon's shoulder)—Here's your tea, dear. We

husband and making a military salute)

—As you were!—Black and White. —Gladstone's principal reading for pleasure has been in the line of the Greek classics, particularly in Homer-

NEW WOMEN IN ENGLAND.

Recent Judicial Opinions Which Will In-terest Them. Two or three of her majesty's judges have given expression to sentiments of particular interest to womankind, says the New York Sun. Thus Sir Forest the New York Sun. Thus Sir Forest Fulton, the Recorder St., th of the London criminal courts, instructed a jury that "bigamy on the part of a woman was a very different thing from bigamy on the part of a man, and the jury must require strong evidence that the prisoner was aware that her husband was alive when she contracted her second marriage."

ond marriage.' The judge of another court when tak-The judge of another court when taking his seat on the bench saw some one in the public gallery wearing a standing collar and four-in-hand with a cap on his head. "Take off that hat up there!" cried the judge, severely. There was no movement. "Take off that hat, we have the order again, in the start." sir!" came the order again, in the sternest tones from the bench. Then came the reply in a weak voice

from the gallery:
"Please, your honor, it's a lady." The judge started for a moment, and then exclaimed:
"A woman, is it? Then why does

All are mixed evenly and kept in a dry place. This is better than any of the common condition powders, and costa much less. The feed should be given There was no explanation, and the business of the court went on.

Another judge decided, to the consternation of English housewives, that a mistress has no right to compel servents to pay for broken crockery or to in small quantities, at four intervals in the day.—Rural World. ants to pay for broken crockery or to discharge them without notice for such faults unless it is the agreement when churn. the servant is engaged.

Partaken Of Previously. Howie-I could swear nobody ha taken my hat off that hook since I hung it there this morning. I've been her all day. Bought the hat new when I came down town. It was a perfect fit. There it hangs just as it has hung all day. And yet it isn't the same hat. This hat is a whole size larger than the one I put on that hook this morning. How do you explain it?

Appleswim—Spirits.—Chicago Trib-

Mrs. Skinner (the landlady)-You ap pear to be very interested in that book, Mr. Forthflohr. One of those realistic novels, I suppose?

Mr. Forthflohr—It is not realistic to

me, for I can hardly think such things exist as I read of here.

Mrs. Skinner—What is the title of the book? Mr. Forthflohr-"Mrs. Fuller's Cook Book."-Puck.

> Rain Makes a Change Rain Makes a Change.
>
> A little iron,
> A cunning curl.
> A box of powder,
> A pretty girl.
> A little rain,
> Away it goes;
> A homely girl,
> With a freckled nose.
> —Rehoboth Herald.

and most brilliant thinking when the "How brilliant you will be when you

BRAN IS NUTRITIOUS. A Michigan Man Tells Why He Const It the Chrapest Feed.

The feeding of coarsely groun wheat, bran and all, is in some mea

Farmer, refers to the subject:

Bran is one of the very best of the grain foods for all kinds of live stock.

In fact, its value is not half realized. Too many tarmers and stock breeders

think of it only in connection with

bran mashes, more as a medicine than anything else. They consider it be useful as a laxative, and cooling to the

part of their rations at any time, and

horses in winter with corn meal as a grain food. Such horses get colic frequently, but if bran is given in con-nection with it there is no trouble, as

the bran acts as a preventive of im-

paction in the stomach and bowels .-

MODEL SHEEP BARN.

Just the Thing for Farmers in the North

The plan of sheep barn and yard shown herewith is one of the best mod-

entire building can be kept thoroughly dry and airy. By means of doors sus-

A FEED ROOM

PLAN OF MODEL SHEEP BARN.

in use are stored neatly away above,

changed from one pen to another the

pulper and a stripper occupy one side of this compartment, while in another

some simple treatment will often bring it around, such as to give to a cow one pint of raw linseed oil, repeated the third day. Then give bran mash with one ounce of salt, half an ounce of ground ginger, and the same of sulphate of iron finely powdered. If the food is made up of good hay, cut and wetted, and a small handful of this mixture is given it will probably re-

mixture is given it will probably re-move the trouble: A pound of lineed meal, four ounces of ground gentian root, the same of Peruvian bark, pow-

dered, two ounces of anise seed pow dered, one ounce of iodide of potassium

THE churn should not be more than half full of cream when beginning to

Foes in the Field

Soon will the little busy bee Improve each chance to lance His enemy, the city boy, Right through his outing pants.—Truth.

A FAIR INFERENCE.

and two ounces of carbonate



THE BOAR'S TUSKS

Removal with the Saw Is the Only Prope One of your correspondents some time since asked how to take the tusks out of a boar, and said he had heard they could be knocked out. Your advice was to saw them off, and it is the

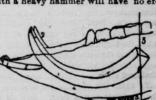
vice was to saw them off, and it is the only right way to do.

Last fall I lost a boar, and to examine the jaw and teeth I sawed it off just back of the fourth double tooth. Then I boiled all flesh off, and allowed it to dry perfectly. I was well repaid for my trouble, for I had no idea of the strength, size and weight—and so very different from a barrow pig or sow's jaw! useful as a laxative, and cooling to the system; but there its value ends. In reality it is of more value to the stock raiser than any other single food for all classes and conditions of animals upon the farm. It holds no rank perhaps as fat producer; that is, not strictly speaking. In actual sound, healthy bone and muscle growing elements it is rich; and animals in thrifty, growing condition will always be fat to a certain extent, yet to an animal for the shambles something besides bran would be necessary without

the strictly speaking. In actual sound, healthy bone and muscle growing elements it is rich; and animals in thrifty, growing condition will always be fat to a certain extent, yet to an animal for the shambles something besides bran would be necessary without doubt.

After years of feeding all kinds of grain feeds, both home grown and purchased, to all kinds of stock which are usually kept on a farm, I have come to regard bran as a necessity, and consider it cheap at almost any figure.

Without doubt it commands a higher price in market than it should, in view of the present low price of wheat, but in my estimation it is still the choicest feed a man can buy. I have made it one of the principal parts of the food for my pigs from weaning time until they are sold—with the exception of a few weeks finishing off on corn. I feed it to all breeding hogs, being especially good for sows suckling pigs.



fect on them. The tusk in the upper jaw shuts over the under tusk in so peculiar a manner as to keep it sharp. The upper tusk projects out about 1½ inches, and is solid and much more strongly made than the under one. I have the tusks of a boar 26 months old;

have the tusks of a boar 26 months old; weight, 1% oz each; 8 inches long, 2% inches in circumference, and as sharp as if rubbed on a stone.

Now the question rises, how any man can deliberately try to hammer the teeth out of a hog and yet lay claim to being human? I cannot see how it is possible to knock the tusks off and not break or crack the jaw. It is very easy to saw the tusks off. Chloroform is perhaps the nicest, but ropes properly fixed make it is easy and safe.—Cor. Country Gentleman.

SHEEP FOR BEGINNERS.

Writer, Is in the Fall.

It is easy to muddle the novice with a variety of advice, and to get away from the possibility of doing that I wish to offer the following hints as the most valuable and concise that occur to me. Study your farm conditions and learn exactly what sheep will thrive best upon it. If you are not able to purchase even a small flock of pure bred or high grade sheep, then put all you can advantageously in a pure bred ram, and after that do the best you can in buying ewes. Start right, even upon a small scale. The sheep will rapidly increase. In purchasing a ram get one fully developed, strong in bone, straight shaped and thoroughly typical pended from the sleepers above, which, by the use of ropes, pulleys and a sand har, can be cently let down, one straight shap of his breed and shoroughly typical of his breed and sex. I have always had an intuitive liking for the lamb that will leave a group of his fellows in the field and boldly front you. Do compartment for ewes when breeding; and by the use of hurdles which are hinged together, and which, when not in the field and boldly front you. Do not purchase sheep that you have no trust in for proper development. It is only the experienced breeder who can forecast development. Never take an ill-doing sheep, even if it is cheap, with the expectation that it will become right. In selecting sheep, handle them so that you may know how much of their form is due to themselves and how much to the shears. Select as critically as you can to a chosen type. this closed compartment can be sub-divided into numerous pens for several sheep. The doors at the ends of the feeding passages next the walls open into the passages and are hung in such a way that when sheep are being doors prevent them from getting into the passageway. The floor of the feed room is made of cement and a root critically as you can to a chosen type. Uniformity is a cheap feature for you to buy and yet a valuable one in a flock. There is no sheep that embedies corner is a neat little cupboard for holding shears, sheep-dip, etc. A dip-ping trough and other appliances are perfection in sheep qualities. Judging between different sheep is a checking of weakness and a balancing of qualistored away in convenient corners. A large inclosed water cistern has been built at one end of the root cellar, and ties. Be inclined toward the sheep that appears better every time it catches your eye. The purchaser will find it to his interests to select from by means of a tap the hose water can be carried to any part of the building. —A. Campbell, Ontario, in Farm and the field fitted for show. The time to buy is usually in the fall. vision may be made with the seller to have the ewes served by a ram of dif-When an animal falls off in appetite and does not seem to relish the food, some simple treatment will often bring ferent breeding from the one you buy, and thereby you add another season's use to the ram of your flock.—J. A. Craig, in Colman's Rural World.

LIVE-STOCK NOTES.

Don't allow the cows to be driven by SAVE the heifer calves from the best

milkers. Do Nor forget the calves in the "back lot." They need shade and water. Is the weather is dry and hot in your section—all the more reason the hogs and other stock should be provided

Do nor be so unwise as to grow only the frame of a hog this summ some meat on it, then it will be an easy matter to lay on the fat this fall. MIDDLINGS or shorts, with the house slops, will help out the hog pasture. These with plenty of pure water and free access to salt and ashes ought to give you healthy hogs and cheap pork.

—Western Rural.

Willing to Apologize Kiljordan—Kajones, you are a gentleman. I told you a story yesterday which I now remember having told you a few weeks ago, and you took it the second time without wincing.

Kajones—I beg to assure you that I did not remember that you had ever

told me the story before.

Kiljordan—Then I take back my first emark.—Chicago Tribune. A Chance for a Dark Horse.

Sister May—I think if you should propose to Grace she would accept you.

Brother Jack (eagerly)—Do you? Has she said anything?

Sister May—No; but I know she was deeply in love with Harry Maxwell, and his engagement has just been announced.—Brooklyn Life.

His Idea of Bliss.

Ministerial Tourist (solemnly)—My friend, have you, in your sinful and ungodly life, ever enjoyed unalloyed happiness?
Alkali Ike—Look yere, stranger! Do you reckon I've lived in Oklahoma all these years and never participated in a

lynchin'-bee?-Life. "Now," said one of the campaign managers to the candidate, "to start with, you are a bimetallist."

"Excuse me; I'm a trimetallist."

"What do you mean?"
"I propose to run this campaign on gold, silver and brass."—Chicago Mail.

M. F. & M. MARKS, Mrs. Byng—The head verger, and a great pal of my husband's—he knows more of the history of the cathedral H. E. WICK, Manager. "Because it is unhealthy," replied the doctor.
"Reckon you is mistaken," replied might make you feel better. 113 to 117 S. Main St. Office and Yards, "Something I've learned by experi-Sam; "dat pen has been dar for two yeahs, and dar ain't been no sickness than James does himself, I verily beence, and a pretty long and varied and sharp experience mine has been, I can E'ast Cunningham and Monroe streets. tell you. Whenever you get a note or yit among de hogs."-Texas Siftings.