



SEPTEMBER 3, 4, 5 & 6, 1895.

W. P. ROESSING, Butler, Pa.

Excursion rates on all the railroads during three days.

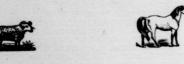


Pure, Rich Blood

And the surest, best way to purify your blood is to take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Premium Lists on application to the Secretary.





Both Trumps



And Trumps Lead-Our Line of fine Shoes ought to draw you to to the inspection of their merits - Prices have touched the bot-

LOOK! At Our Prices.

Men's Tan Shoes that sold at \$5.50 go at \$3.50.

Men's Tan Shoes that sold at \$4.00 go at \$2.25.

Men's Tan Shoes that sold at \$3.25 go at \$1.75.

Boy's Tan Shoes that sold at \$2.00 go at \$1.00.

Men's Calf Shoes that sold at \$1.50 go at \$1.00.

Men's Calf Shoes that sold at \$1.50 go at \$1.00.

Men's Every Day Shoes that sold at \$1.25 go at 90c.

Boy's Every Day Shoes that sold at \$1.00 go at 75c.

Ladies Shoes, GREAT SAMPLE SALE.





Grandest Bargains Ever Offered.

Ladies' fine dongola patent tip shoes at 90c.

Ladies' flexible sole shoes lace and button at \$1.50.

Ladies' russett shoes hand turns at \$2.00.

Ladies' russett shoes heel or spring at \$1.00.

Women's heavy tip shoes \$1.00.

Women's heavy shoes button \$1.00.

Misses heavy shoes in lace or button at 75c.

Children's school shoes 50c to 75c.

Owing to the material advance the manufacturers have advanced on all the goods—but as our large fall and winter stock which is arriving daily was bought before the advance, I am now prepared to show the largest stock of reliable Boots and Shoes ever brought to Butler, and at such 1 emarkably low prices that you are sure to buy. Our stock is large and complete. Full stock of Men's and Boy's heavy Boots; Full stock of rubber goods; Complete stock of Felt Boots and Shoes—Also line of warm lined Shoes and Slippers—Men's, Women's and Misses' heavy shoes in all material's and all at the old LOW PRICE.

—When in Butler call and see me. Mail orders receive prompt attention.

Prices Good for the product of th

JOHN BICKEL,

128 S Main Street, BUTLER. PA.

Branch Store 125 N. Main St,

What Do You Think of This

FOR JULY.

Top Duggies	130 11		1-
Top Slat Wagon	Low	as\$	50 00
Two Horse Farm Wa	agon	\$	55 00
Phaeton	,	\$	60 00
Two Seat Spring W			
Harness Oil Per Gal			60
Axle Greese 4 Boxe	s		25
Buggy Wheels, with	steel tire.	\$8.00 1	per set
Harness Leather has			
enough to last us a	whole year	r, bought at th	e Old
Price, and are makin	g Harness	accordingly. The	refore,
anybody wanting ha	rness, now	is the time to b	uy to
save \$5 to \$10 per s	et. No di	fference what you	want
about you team or w	vagon, com	ne here. Also	if you
need a Trunk or Val	lise, we ke	ep a full line.	
	,		

S. B. MARTINCOURT & CO.,

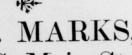
128 E. Jefferson St., Butler Pa.





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

ALL of our LINEN and SILK E



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

The Foundation PUMPLEDINK'S REFORM.

Hood's Pills are tasteless, mild, effec-

HEINEMAN & SON, SUMMER

only way to keep cool is Heineman's and get yourself a nice Hammock.

We have the largest Hammocks ever brought to Butler. Wall Paper

from the cheapest to the finest of Pressed PAPERS. We also handle the RAMBLER BICYCLE.

HEINEMAN & SON.



Summer Shoes,

Half-Prices.

ummer Sample Shoes and Slip pers. These goods are to be sold at once. I bought them at my own price and you can have them not bought to make mone but to keep things lively durin

Prices Good for 10 Days Only

Ladies' Fine Kid Button Shoes re-Boys' and Youths' Fine Tan Shoes \$2 kind ... Misses and Children's Tan Shoes

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, 215 S. Main St.,

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

Telephone at Wick House.

HOUSEHOLD ENAMEL,

SUPERSEDES PAINT AND VARNISH. Can be applied to any smooth surface, or furniture, wood, glass, any kind of metal including kitchen utensils.

Makes old articles look new and is much used on bicycles, carriages, stoves, etc.
Requires only one coat, is applied cold with brush and dries absolutely hard and glossy in 2 hours—will not crack, chip,

ossy in 2 hours—will not crack, chip ister or rub off.

Sample bottles sent on receipt of price ounces 15c, 4 ounces 25c, 8 ounces 40c West Deer Park Printing In k Co.,

4 NEW READE, ST. NEW YOR AGENTS WANTED.

Brought About by Purely Natural



HE Miller drove his jackknife into the bench and then grunted: "Huh!" kicking about wled the Chronic Loafer, who was seated on the steps of the stone porch in the little town in a backwoods section

of Pennsylvania, gazing vacantly down the road. "Jest thinkin'," replied the Miller, closing his knife and placing it in his pocket. Then he leaned back against the window and repeated: "Huh! 'Thet's onusual," grumbled the

The storekeeper was sitting on a crate of eggs, which was awaiting the arrival of the stage for shipment. He leaned toward the occupant of the bench and asked: "Now, what is amus-"I was jest thinkin' about how Bill

Pumpledink was reformed," replied the other, grinning. "Him as seen the time he'd a-give his farm fer a drink of hard cider. Ain't you never heard about it?" "I know he used to do a power of drinkin'," said the Loafer, "an' thet now he's allus goin' ter church an' bush meetin', but I never heard how et

"Don't you ever tell I told you, fer I wouldn't hev it git out fer a farm," began the Miller. "Pumpledink, he's a friend of mine, an' it was him as told me, with the assistance of his boy Barnabas. Bill's mind is jest a leetle Barnabas. Bill's mind is jest aftected hazy on the subject, but the p'ints he's mixed on Barnabas an' good common sense reasonin' hes supplied. It happened jest this time last year an'—"In the ides of June," ventured the

School-Teacher, who was on his way to

the parsonage, but had stopped at the store for a little gossip. "Yes, in June; the hides of June," continued the Miller. "Bill Pumpledink has a place over in the gut. You uns knows how to git there. You folly the road thet crosses the mountains ugh Smith's gap tell you come to Larker's sawmill; there you switch off to the right, keeping along the gut between the ridge and the mountain fer half a 'mile, and you come to his place. A lonely spot, too; woods all 'round exceptin' a few fiel's as hes more stones 'an soil on 'em.

"I know his place well," interposed the Loafer. "I used to pass it on the way fishin'. A lawg house an' a slab barn in the middle of a few acres of clearin'. Lonely? Sights!"
"Pumpledink used to belong to our

odge of the Knights of the Maltese Star, an' was reg'lar at the meetin's up in West Eden. Sam Miller had a license in them days, an' as soon as the meetin' was over Bill Pumpledink made right fer the hotel, an' how he ever got home at all afterward I could never see. They was three bridges fer him ter git acrosst, but only once, as I , was he picked out of a creek. That was next day after our county convention, when his son Barnabas foun' him sleepin' in the wotter, jest on the edge of thet deep sucker hole, where the road crosses

"The first meetin' in June was the last one Pumpledink ever 'tended. He went to the hotel thet night as usual, and at twelve o'clock he began to pick his way home. How he ever got over them three miles I don't know, nor he doesn't himself. He reached the clearat yours. These samples were a clear night. They was a half moon rattlin' the leaves. He felt kind of donely an' creepy like an' got up to go, aimin' toward the house out in the clearin'. He sais he must hev ben walkin' about five minutes, but when he set down to rest, there he was on the same stump, and he was plumb disgusted. He set a minute, an' then tried it again, but it wasn't no use, fer he sais no matter how fer he walked seemed like thet stump kept right along side fer him to set on.

"That riled him like, an' he picked up a stone an' tossed it acrosst the road jest to ease off his feelin's. He didn't



WELL, WHAT AIR YOU KICKING ABOUT?

know it then, but it seems that the rock fell near a big hen that was lay ing by the fence with a family under her wings. This here hen was nat'ral surprised, still, an' looked up an' sais loud like: 'Clook!' 'Pumpledink started an' put his hand o his ear, an' in his Dutch way sais

"He was kinder scared settin' out there in the woods alone, and unable to move without a stump follyin' "''. Clook-clook, sais the hen a

leetle louder. "'Look?' yells Bill, gittin' white.
'Look? Woices in the grass. Look?'
"Then from the top of the poplar tree behind him somethin' calls out 'To-who—to-who-to-who!' "'Clook-clook, sais the old

hen, gittin' excited. "'To-who-to-who, came the reply from the tree.
"Bill Pumpledink's hair jest stood o end, an', tremblin' all over, he got up an' ran toward the house, an' when he got all out of wind he sank down ag'in on a stump, an' there it was jest the same old stump, though he sais he's positive he must a-run clean acrosst the clearin'. Then he panted, fer he

as all outer breath: 'Look! To-who!

"Everything was quiet, an' he could eaves overhead, and the wotter ripplin along the creek down in the woods. He was all a-tremblin', an' would a-felt better, he sais, ef only a wildcat 'ud a-called, fer he didn't like them ghostvoices. He picked up a stone, and autious like, tossed it toward where he old hen was.

' 'Clook-clook,' she sais. 'Gawd,' sais Pumpledink in his 'To-who-to-who!' calls the owl over-He near fell off the stump he was so

bad frightened, fer from over acrost the clearin' came the answer plain: "Poor-will-poor-will." "'It's me them woices is talkin' about,' thinks he. All the stories of ghosts an' hubgubblings he'd ever

neard come back to him, an' he seen them wild onearthly things everywhere about him.

"Tremblin' all over he rose to his feet and staggered toward the house. He sais he's sure he walked fer five minutes before he set down exhausted, but there he was on thet same old stump. He stayed there pantin' an listenin', but he didn't hear nothin' but the wind an' the wotter, an' he seen a hundred shadders thet looked to him like ghosts wavin' to and fro around the clearin'. Down in the woods he no-ticed a big white thing standin' quiet. He stared at it hard, tremblin' all over and his teeth chatterin'. It seemed like it moved toward him, an' so he grabbed a stone an' throwed it at it



"I'LL NEVER TECH ANOTHER DROP. with all his force. The thing disappeared an' there was quiet; then a splash as the rock fell inter the black awned down be the creek. Thet old bullfrawg Pumpledink hed all spring ben tryin' to ketch with a piece of red flannel on a fishhook, climbed out on a lawg an' begin in the deep way them frawgs talks through their noses: 'Bully-rum-bully-rum.' "You could a killed Bill Pumplekink with a feather he was thet bad skeered

He fell back on the stump gaspin', an' in his Dutch-like way he yells: 'Woices woices ag'in!" 'Bully rum, bully rum,' sais the frawg, talking through his nose like a temp'rance lect'rer.
"Bully-rum!" howls Pumpledink.

'Young man, beware! I for one'll never tech another drop.' An' he sank all in a heap.
"They was silence ag'in. 'Whippoor-will!' cries the bird acrosst the clearin'.

"Bill straightened up and bellers:
'Tm here, but I ain't the same man.'"
"Look-clook! squawks the old hen.
"To-who-to-who, sais the owl.
"'Poor-will! cries the bird acrosst the clearin'. "'Bully-rum,' croaked the frawg through his nose.

"Bill tried to rise, but couldn't. Then from over in the barnyard came: 'Baa-baa-baa.'' 'Pad. I knows it pad,' he yells in his Dutch way, never recergnizin' the voice of his one-eyed ram. 'But I'll

nefer, nefer tech another drop.'
"Then come the stroke that done
Bill Pumpledink clean. It was more'n he could stan'. The bird over across the clearin' must a moved up a tree, fer he could hear her plain as she broke out real loud: 'Whip-poor-will!'
"'Who-who?' calls the old owl, piti-ful-like. Pumpledink raised his hand to his ear to ketch what was said. Right from the limb over his head come the answer: 'Kitty-did, kitty-did.' "He looked up at the limb surprised, but didn't see nothin' but the shinin' down.

"Then come agin: 'Who-who?' "'Kitty-did-Kitty-did, she did.'
"Pumpledink rolled off the stump and lay in the grass groanin' in his Dutch-like way: 'Nefer. I'm pretty low, but my wife nefer hed to lick me.

'Bully - rum - bully - rum,' calls the in' all right and then set down on a stump at the side of the road. It was the road at the side of the road in the road flavned and the figh book the red flannel and the fish hook. "Pumpledink didn't know no more. His boy Barnabas hed heard him callin' an' got him home on a wheel-barrer. He's never teched a drop The Chronic Loafer rose to his feet

and gazed intently at the Miller, who was trying to avoid his eyes by looking across the valley. Loafer, "ter get in the wood, but I must say thet either you er Bill Pum-pledink er Barnabas hes a power o' imagination."—N. Y.Evening Sun.

-If any man think it a small matter or a mean concernment, to bridle his tongue, he is much mistaken; for it is a point to be silent when occasion requires, and better than to speak, though never so well .- Plutarch. AN INDULGENT HUSBAND.





me to-day. Husband-Why, sure! here's forty

Exchange of Compliments. Passenger (alighting from cab) What's the charge? Passenger-Well, that's quite reason-I knew from your face you wouldn't be extortionate.

Cabman — Thankee. I knew from your face that you'd be too mean to

pay more than the legal fare without a lawsuit.—Tit Bits. Unprecedented. Upguardson—I had a singular experi-nce last Tuesday. You remember it

looked like rain and the weather prophets predicted rain? "Well, I brought my umbrella, raincoat, and rubber shoes down town that

"Well, it rained.-Chicago Tribune."

A KIDNAPING.

UNT BARRARA SAUS am an unnatura boy because I don' care for Sir Walte care for Sir Walts
Scott's books. As
any natural be Scott's books. As i would like anythin she did: Ivanhoe and the Talisma aren't so bad, but there's a good deal to much tommyrot about love, and a that sort of thing, in them; besid yards on yards of what they call seen painting, or word-painting, which perfectly sickening. Who wants to told that the sky is blue or the grass green? I always skip all that, course; so does everybody-with

But that wasn't what I was going say. It was about a lark we had on with old Marston, the chap who school-house we board in — Blather and me—and a fine spree it was, or it was spoilt at the finish by—but tell you all about it, so's you can s for yourself.

Marston's wasn't a bad place to liv

in at first. He had just gone and go married, and he was that treacly swee you couldu't get his hair up hardly He and Mrs. Marston used to look a each other fit to make a cat laug they were so spooney; and, so long a us fellows kept a bit up to the mar he never found fault. But all that wa before the "Squaller" came, a horri-little brat of a baby that did nothing bu howl from morning till night. It mushave kept old Marston awake half th night, for he got so beastly waxy ther was no pleasing him. We all hate that kid, and didn't we just pity Mrs Marston, with a crabby husband and constant screamer to mind! She wash us fellows' parts when there were ructions; so she didn't deserve to be won

ried as she was. Well, I was going to tell you about our cave—Blathers' and mine—a that was what made me start abo Scott, because it was through reading we went in for the cave. Blathers too a paper called The Boy's Own Adver turer, and there was a splendid tale in it, much better than anything Sco ever wrote, about a chap who lived smuggling; and rare larks he had! We often talked of running away and take ing up the smuggling trade, which must be a glorious life for a fellow with any go in him, but we never could save up enough money to pay our rail way fares to the sea. We were in the midlands, you see, and when we got our screws there were always some

ticks to pay up at the school tuck-shop. But one day Blathers said: "I say, Jonesie, I don't see why we shouldn't have a smuggler's cave here in a small way;" and, when I asked whereabouts, he pointed to the wood pile that was in a corner of the pad dock leading out from Marston's gar den. It was a great heap of faggot and clumps stored for firewood, I suppose, ready for winter. It took us some time to burrow it out and stow the wood away, without anybody seeing us, and sneaking; but when it was done it really make quite a decent sort of cave, and we smuggled no end of

things into it. It was a great satisfaction to have place where we could go and smoke when we liked, and we used to smuggle tobacco and cigarettes whenever we got half a chance. The cave had quite a store of tobacco in it at last. We never told a soul, though we wanted to take a rise out of some of the other chaps over it; but it wouldn'

have done. One day Blathers said: 'We ought to kidnap some one-



WE USED TO SMUGGLE TOBACCO AND CIGARETTES.

girl, if possible, and carry her off. They always do." 'Not a girl, Blathers," I said. He laughed in an awful rufflanly manner, and puffed at his pipe.

"Oh, they're silly, and take up so nuch room. Besides, there isn't a girl worth looking at about here—unless Jane would do.' Jane was the "Squaller's" nurse. She wasn't bad-looking, so far as I had no-

"Jane!" said Blathers, in disgust. 'I've not come down to servant girls, (I forgot to mention that Blathers is der than me; he's nearly fifteen.) There was, as the novels say, "a pro

longed pause." Then, suddenly, old Blathers said: "Tell you what-why not the 'Squaler' itself?" I was staggered

"What, kidnap the 'Squaller?" I "Exactly. It wouldn't take up much room, and there'd be no end of sport. I agreed that it was a good idea, but had my doubts about the future. "Suppose anything happened to it. Don't babies' heads roll off when they ain't properly held together? They always seem as if they're not on very

tight. I remember my sister had one, and when I tried to hold it—" "Shut up!" said Blathers, contemptuously: "I don't want to hear about your sister's kid. There's no fear, Jonesie babies have nine lives, like cats; and if it did croak, I should think they'd be thankful to get rid of it."

That settled the matter. The "Squaller's" doom was sealed We laid our plans artfully. Two days later, when Jane was wheeling the "Squaller" up Gypsy Lane in the perambulator (for a wonder it was sleep—the baby, I mean, not the permbulator), she heard an awful yell! She was walking along as if to-mor row was a year off, and sort of chewing the cud, when she saw us fellows oming down the lane as if Old Nick

"Mad dog! mad dog!" shrieked Blathers, and I holloaed: "Run for your life! Run—run—run!" Jane gave one awful yelp, and polted before you could say Jack Robinson. When we could see for laughing,

Blathers snatched up the "Squaller," and we both tore off to the cave as fast as we could pelt. Of course, the little brute woke up and began to squall, but we got it safe in, and nobody "You must go and smuggle a bottle or something, or I shall never stop it,' said Blathers, who was waving the bundle of clothes up and down, till it

shaken to a jelly. Lord! how it did I sneaked round to the house, and collared a bottle full of milk that was standing in the nursery. If it hadn't

was a wonder the kid inside wasn'

been for that I don't believe we ever should have shut it up; but it gurgled and gurgled itself to sleep at last, and weren't we thankful! We made it up a sort of bed with rugs and things, and then went back to the house to hear the fun. Several of the fellows were talking



IT WAS IN ITS MOTHER'S ARMS. ers, carelessly. "Anything the mat-

"Rather," was the answer. "The baby's lost."
"What, the 'Squaller?'" "Yes. There was a mad dog careering round, so Jane ran away and left the 'Squaller' to it, like a bold fe-

"There's an awful rumpus inside said Thompson, who we always called "Mumps," because of his pudding face. "Mrs M. 's nearly out of her mind, and the guvnor's gone for a detective."

"Why? Did the mad dog eat up the

'Squaller?'" asked Blathers, inno-"Nobody knows. It's disappeared, anyhow," said "Mumps."

I daren't say a word for fear of

laughing.
"Is anybody looking for the poor lit-tle thing?" inquired Blathers, sol-

"No end of people; all the place, I should fancy," said another fellow.
"I think we'd better go and offer our services, Jones, don't you?" re marked Blathers to me, with the most awful wink you ever saw. "I always was fond of that baby, and who knows but we might find it. Come along."
We went down the corridors to Mrs.
Marston's sitting-room and knocked at the door. There was no answer, so we walked in.

"Oh, if you please, Mrs. Marston,"
began Blathers and stopped.

She looked up and the sight of her

face was a caution. I declare I shouldn't have known her! Her eyes were all red and wild, with black marks under them, and her face was quite old-looking and awful.
She pressed her hads together, and "Oh, boys, boys, I've lost my baby,

my darling!" Without a word Blathers and I got out of that room as fast as ever we could scuttle. We ran like hares to the cave. I got there first, and snatched up that wretched baby. In five minutes it was in its mother's You should have seen her face.

she went on over that blessed infant All that fuss about a squalling baby However, it was a good lark at the start, and I shouldn't so much have minded the finish, only—what do you think she did? She said: "You dear boy!" put her arms round my neck, and actually had

I never heard anything like the way

Blathers, too. I did feel a fool!
Blathers roasts me about it to this day. He says she daren't have kissed him, but I know better. She'd have ed the most blackguardly looking ruffian of a smuggler that ever pirated on the high seas, if he'd brought her back her precious "Squaller"!—Idler. The Girls Took It All.

it is people say the Franklin girls got all their beauty from their mother. Fred—I dare say it's true. They cerainly haven't left her much.-Illus -The most harmonious and cultivated Indian language is said to be the Araucanian. Such pains are taken to

Marie-I never could understand how

preserve its purity that even a preacher will be rebuked by his audience for THEN THE FIGHT BEGAN.

'Yis: Of heard that Casey had stopped Phonographs in the Future.

Mother—What in the world shall we do? Our son cannot afford to marry, et he is determined on it. Father—I'll fix him. The very next hight he comes in late, I'll start that old phonograph to screeching out some of your midnight talks to me.—N. Y.

Zealous Officer. Officer McWart-Here, now! It gin the law to ride that wheel ahn he sidewalk. Beginner—But I'm not riding; I'm nly trying to. "Be jabers, thin, Oi will run ye in for givin' an akkyrobatic exhibition wid-out a license."—Cincinnati Tribune.

Got Daylight Through It.
Clubby—Did you know that Weggy
actually put a bullet through his head
last night?
Willie—Weally! I thought that he vas particularly rational this morning when I met him.—N. Y. World.

Hojack—Did you hear how Skidmore isgraced his family at church last Tomdik-No: how was it? Hojack—The minister read two chap ters from the Acts, and he insisted or

oing out between them.-Judge.

Why They Came Late. Husband (in hat and overcoat)-Goo gracious! Haven't you got your coat on yet? Wife—It's all fixed, except tucking in my dress sleeves so they won't get mussed. I'll be ready in half an hour.

A Last Resort. Elder Berry-Dr. Thirdly has prayed or rain until he is clear discouraged. Mrs. Berry-What is he going to do bout it? Elder Berry-Name an early date for he Sunday school picnic.-N. Y. World. BEES FORM FRIENDSHIPS.

Experience of a Young Man to Whom "I always loved bees," said the young man in gold-bowed glasses behind the dairy counter as he handed down a honeycomb for the inspection of an idle customer. "When I was on the farm," he continued, "I could go all about the hives and not get stung, and none of the others dared go near the bees. We used to have an old farmer come around and tend to the swarms, but one day when I was a boy working in the fields I heard a great humming noise up in the air and saw a side of Dyspepsia. "Critics of America," said a well-known physician, "have poked fun at us for being a nation of rockers. Americans have been pictured as sixty millions of persons seated in sixty millions of rocking chairs—some of them oradies, of course. But now comes Dr. Laine, a French West India physician, who says it is good for us. He has been talking of what he calls the good effects that the lullaby chair exerging noise up in the air and saw a They Took a Liking ing in the fields I heard a great hum-ming noise up in the air and saw a ming noise up in the air and saw a swarm a-coming. Well, I picked up a tin pan that was there and hammered on it till the bees settled on the end of a fence rail. Then I thought I could tend to the swarm as well as the old farmer, so I got an old hive, washed it out with honey and water, rubbed m hands and arms with burdock juice and honey water and went at the bees. I got them off that rail by the handful and they never stung me

"After that I regularly tended to the bees. Whenever there was a swarm I rolled up my sleeves, took off my shoes and hat and went at them. I have taken them from all and the same them. have taken them from all sorts places, but I was stung only once. They'd light on my head by the dozen and crawl through my hair. That used to send cold chills down my back. Sometimes my arms were so covered with bees that from wrist to elbow you couldn't see the flesh. The one tim when I was stung I had found a swarm on a high limb and was sawing it off and at the same time holding on to it so that it should not fall to the ground with the bees. In doing this I squeezed one of the bees and it flew straight at my temple and stung me just above the eye. Since I left the farm the folks have given up the bec business. There's no doubt about it, bees like some folks and hate others, and I don't know any reason for the

difference."-N. Y. Sun. MYTHS ABOUT BEES.

A Minnesota Farmer Dispels a Number of Popular Illusions. Bees, said Farmer William Russell to a reporter for the Minneapolis Trib-une, are just like human beings. When they are busy they are virtuous and peaceable; but when in idleness they become vicious, given to foolish actions that dissipate the strength of the col-nies and make the work of the benies and make the work of the bee-keeper twice as arduous. Last year the season ran so that the bees were busy all the time. The blossoms came in rotation and the bees always had something to do. They made honey very fast and the business was pros-

This season there has been less honey to gather and the bees, with nothing to busy themselves upon, have devoted their time to frolic and idleness. The old rhyme,

"How doth the busy bee Improve each shining hour—" is all nonsense. The bees are marvels of thrift and industry when they have work to do, but they can be quite as foolish as men.

The talk of the "idle drone" is anthe tank of the "hale drone is another foolishness that has crept into the language throughignorance. The drone is the male bee. He has no business to gather honey; his function is altogether different and quite as im-

portant as that of the worker. He is the father of the hive, and when his work has been performed he is killed A PRACTICAL COOP.

Can Be Made in a Few Minutes from a
Dry Goods Box.

The chicken coop illustrated herewith is both practical and easily made. It is a dry goods box, which can be purchased anywhere for a few cents, with a roof of light boards, the gable-ends of the roof being simply slatted the cheek to kiss me-right before



give ventilation, which is very much needed in a chicken coop in warm weather. Two of the boards on one side of the roof are arranged as a door to give access to the interior. The coop can be cleaned by scraping the litter on the floor out through the lit-tle door in the corner. Such coops are easy to make, cheap, easy to keep clean, and afford healthy quarters for the chicks.—Webb Donnell, in Country

Gentleman. AMONG THE POULTRY. Don't trust the hired man or boy to

look after the chickens. They will neglect them. If you want the poultry attended to properly do it yourself. Do Nor let the chicks roost on small roosts while they are young. If they roost before their breasts become firm and hardened, they will be sure to have crooked breast bones. EXPERIENCE is a great school in poultry raising, and the mistakes are guideposts to keep every one in line. Get all the experience you can and

profitable success. At this season of the year, when there is an unlimited range, care will be necessary to observe, by liberal feeders, not to overfeed the fowls. There will be little or no danger of overfeeding the chicks, as it takes all they can get to furnish them bone, muscle, feathers and flesh. THE success of many a man in the poultry business, both commercially and from a fancier's standpoint in

avoid making the same mistakes twice, and then you will be on the road to a

get no credit. They have been the power behind the throne many a time when men have received the honors.— The De Jarrs Mrs. De Jarr-You forget, sir, that ou are married to a woman of educaion. I am mistress of many tongues.

Mr. De Jarr—But not of your own.—

N. Y. Weekly.

show records, is due to women, who

Female Amenities "Are you going to the Browns' "No; I haven't been asked."

Interchangeable.
Tom-Do you want to do me a favor, Tom's Sister-Maybe. What is it? Tom-Lend me your bicycle costume for to-day; mine's torn.-Chicago Rec-

No Cause for Anxiety. Hotel Proprietor-What did Mrs. Jones say when she saw that woman ere whom she quarreled with so much

amile of satisfaction.-Brooklyn Life. His Future Destination Jones—Bahl I hate your pipes and cigars! I never smoked in all my life! Smith—You'll begin when you die, though, won't you?—N. Y. World.

THE ROCKING CHAIR. to Be Beneficial in Cases of Dys

cises on subjects affected with atony of the stomach.' Atony is want of tone, "Laine says that a course of rocking chair after each meal, the oscillations being quiet and regular, 'stimulates gastro-intestinal peristaltism,' and that dyspeptics should take notice. The chair ought to be light, so that rocking requires no efforts and sufficiently indicate that the sale was the same of the same of the sale was the same of the sale was the same of the sale was clined backward that the person may lie rather than sit in it. Physicians will agree that Dr. Laine has done Americans a real service. It has always been rather difficult to explain the na-tional passion for the rocking chair, but now it is only too easy. Americans are the worst sufferers from indigestion and dyspepsia in the world, but it now appears that we have instinctively rushed to what is now proved to be the best system of relief.

best system of relief.

"The man who lunches on pie and then balances himself in a rocking chair is unconsciously doing his best to stimulate his gastro-intestinal peristaltism; he is practically singing a lullaby to his outraged and injured stomach, which is kept from crying aloud only by this method of soothing it. Behold in America a nation of invalide variety. in America a nation of invalids vainly, endeavoring to rock themselves to sleep. Dr. Laine's theory is too good not to be true."

PHONOGRAPH DESCRIBED IN 1660 The Frenchman Who Did It Was Consid-

A few months ago while amusing my-self with Cyrano de Bergerao's Historie Comique des Etats et Empires de la Lune et du Soliel (Paris, 1660), I was Lune et du Soliel (Paris, 1860), I was amazed, saysa writer in Popular Science Monthly, to come across the matter quoted below, which surely foreshadows the phonograph as closely as do Bacon's words the steamship and railway. The author, De Bergerac, is on a voyage over the moon. Left alone a little while by his guide the latter gives him, to help him while away the hour, some books to read. The books, however, are different from any seen on earth. They are, in fact, little boxes, which Cyrano thus describes:

"On opening one of these boxes I found I know not what kind of metal (apparatus) similar to our clockwork,

(apparatus) similar to our clockwork, composed of I know not how many little devices and imperceptible machinery. It was a book, certainly, but a most marvelous one, which has neither leaves nor characters; a book to understand which the eyes are useless—one needs only to use his ears. When he wishes to read this book he connects it by a sort of little nerve to his ears. Then he turns a needle to the chapter he wishes to hear, and immediately there emerges from the instrument, as from the mouth of man, or from a musical instrument, all the words and sounds which serve the Grands Lunaires for language." leaves nor characters; a book to under

aires for language."

I will say, further, that Cyrano anticipated many of the inventions and conceptions of modern aeronauts. No wonder that he was considered by his contemporaries as "somewhat off."

Had to Stand in His Stocking Feet at a French Court Dinner. When Elihu Washburne was United States minister to France there was a court dinner given at the palace of the Tuilleries one night by the emperor, Napoleon III., says the Cincinnati Times-Star. It was the custom at these dinners when the empress arose to tire with the ladies for the gentlem tire with the ladies for the gentlemen to rise from their seats and step back, so that the ladies should pass down the line between them and the table. By this all could avoid turning their backs on the empress. Mr. Washburne had very tender feet. During the dinner they had given him a great deal of annoyance, and to ease himself he had slipped off his patent leather pumps. He was absorbed in conversation at the close of the dinner and was caught un-He was absorbed in conversation at the close of the dinner and was caught unawares when the empress made the signal for departure. Mr. Washburne was obliged to step back without his pumps. There he stood in his stocking feet, grave, dignified and self-possessed in the row of grinning diplomate to his right and left. He betrayed none of the embarrassment he must have felt, and was never heard to allude to the

ing to stamp on the animal, but it escaped all the blows simed at it and chased around and around the place looking for some avenue of escape for fully five minutes. By the time the restaurant cat woke up and caught the rat the place was a sorry wreck and

half the patrons had disappe At a recent large country wedding all the carriages far and near were en-gaged to convey the guests to the staion and the various country houses to the bridal reception. "I am sorry, ma'am," said the village undertaker, to whom one of the perplexed hostesses had applied in despair for a couple of coaches, "but we had to put off two funerals to-day on account of this wed-

and she'll be asleep by that time.

Mr. Newwed — Well, then we can leave our cards and take the next train back.—N. Y. Weekly.

"Oh-I suppose it's quite a young people's dance, you know!"—Punch. Blanche-Yes; they are on the bal-

last summer? Clerk-She tried hard to repress

To Mr. Henpeck. Oh, thankless man, pray why complain?
Has not your gain been great?
Think, you have found a captain, when
You merely sought a mate. WASHBURNE'S PREDICAMENT.

and was never heard to allude to the

A Larkin street restaurant in San Francisco was nearly wrecked recently by a most peculiar incident. As it was the noon time, business was lost for at least one day. The proprietor, who had been out on the street somewhere, want to a close the denned his black. went to a closet, donned his black alpaca coat and started to wait on a couple of ladies. He drew a napkin from the coat pocket to brush a crumb from the table cloth, when out jumped a rat nearly as big as a ground hog. The women were on the table in a second. Men upset chairs and tables try-

A Short Visit. Mrs. Newwed—If we wait until the twelve o'clock train, we won't get to mother's until eleven o'clock at night,

Evening at the Summer Resort.

Ada—Matters are growing serious between the new boarder and Miss

cony now. It is a case of two souls with but a single chair.—Puck. Soon to Be Shattered. "I hear that you are engaged to a girl with an ideal. You are likely to find that sort of a girl pretty hard to get along with."
"Oh, I guese I am all right. You see, I am the ideal."—Cincinnati Trib-

A Generous Defect Theatrical Manager-That's a witty ine you've got in the third act of this rce of yours. Playwright (contritely)—I assure you, sir, it's purely accidental. I'll cut it out at once.—Chicago Record.

An Important Question Clara (on a bicycle)-Ethel, dear, I have a question I want to ask you.

Ethel—Yes, Clara.

Clara—Are my bloomers on straight?