THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

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HUSELTON'S
Popular-Priced Spring Shoes

The greatest assortment of Stylish Footwear ever placed before the people of Butler county. The perfect embodiment of fashion and service, at our own incomparable prices.

Our Eighty-cent and Dollar Shoes

For men and women, for boys and girls form a wonderful feature of our great showing, and we claim great things for them. Thousands of pairs have been put to the test. We have yet to hear of a complaint. You meet with such values only at HUSELTON'S.

At $1 50, $2.00 and $2 50,
Men's and Women's Lines,
almost surpass our own ideas. These popular shoes are designed and built especially for this store. Vici Kid, Box Calf, Patent Leather, Russia Calf, genuine McKay sewed and Goodyear welts. Solid, substantial service in every pair.

At $3.00 and $3.50.
we put out strong claims for your favors. The strongest probably ever made in shoedom. Patent and Enamel Leathers, Vici Kid, Box and Russia Calf-skin—turn and welt soles—for men or women; extension edges, Cuban, military and French heels. All popular toe styles; all latest men's lasts; all latest women's lasts, and representing $3.50 and $4.00 values as shown in other stores.

Men's and Women's Oxfords,
75 cts, $1.00 $1 50, $2 00, $2 50, $3.00 and $3 50. Black and Tan. A range of style and price beyond the reach of ordinary shoe stocks; snappy extension edges, rope and cross stitched, low broad heels, full round toes, plain and perforated tips; Vici Kids, Russia Calf, Patent and Enamel Leathers. Every taste for dress, street or business met in correct style.

Men's Working Shoes,
$1.00, $1 25, $1 50 and $2.00 are not equaled in Butler for service. Shown in Veal, Calf, Slaughter Kip, Oil Grain and Kangaroo Kip and Calf with or without Box-toe; two soles and tap with Bellus tongues.

BOYS', MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S SHOES
Have received our expert attention. 75 cts, $1.00, $1.25, $1.50 and $2.00; comfort for growing feet; appearances that please the wearers and service that profits the buyers of these shoes, are the strong points we claim for these lines as well as a saving of 25 per cent. in the prices.

BUY YOUR SHOES NOW

B. C. HUSELTON,

Butler's Leading Shoe House. Opposite Hotel Lowry

Bickel's
Spring and Summer Styles.

The time of the year is here when you want a nice pair of fine shoes for summer wear. Our stock is extremely large, showing all the latest styles in fine shoes and Oxfords in all leathers.

We are offering some big values in fine footwear and it will pay you to see us before buying your summer shoes.

A FEW OF OUR PRICES

Men's fine Satin-calf shoes, Lace or Congress, at......	$1.00	Children's fine shoes, patent tipped, sizes 5 to 8, at......	35c
Boy's fine Calf shoes, light or heavy soles, at...........	90c	Your choice men's working shoes, lace, buckle or Congress, heavy soles, at......	$1.00
Ladies' fine Dongola shoes, Dongola or Patent tips, button or lace, at.........	$1.00	Ladies' Kangaroo-calf or Oil Grain shoes, at................	1.00
Youths' fine Calf or Vici-kid shoes, at.................	80c	Misses' fine Patent Calf, lace shoes, extended soles, at......	1.35
Misses' fine Dongola, spring heel shoes, at......	85c	Ladies' fine Dongola patent tip oxfords at...............	90c

We invite you to call and see our stock of SOROSIS SHOES AND OXFORDS, the latest styles for summer wear, made in fine Dongola, Patent-calf and Patent Ideal Kid in light, heavy or medium soles, high or low heels. They are handsome. All sizes, 2½ to 8; all widths, AAA to E.

JOHN BICKEL,

128 SOUTH MAIN STREET. - BUTLER, PA

These Are New Spring, 1901.

SATIN STRIPE ALBATROSS—A light weight fabric of fine texture and very handsome appearance. Solid Colors with white satin stripe. All wool 27 inches wide......75c a yard

FRENCH FLANNEL—New Spring weight, solid colors, all wool, 27 inches wide......60c yd

FANCY SILK ZEPHYR—A silk and cotton fabric. Washes splendidly. Handsome stripes and plaids. Excellent for waists and dresses—27 inches wide......35c a yd

MERCERIZED COTTON FOULARDS—Very handsome and silky. Printed and finished like finest silk Foulards. 27 Inches wide...35c yd

MERCERIZED WOVEN SILK—Make of fine Mercerized Cotton. Good body and very silky looking. Solid colors and corded stripes. 27 inches wide......25c yd

WASH FABRICS—Complete lines of new Seersuckers, Ginghams, Zephyrs, Lawns, Dimities and Sheer Fabrics. Constant arrivals of choice new goods keep the line complete in every detail.

WHITE GOODS—New Lawns, Dimities. Swisses, Embroideries, Laces, All-overs and Lace Curtains at lowest prices.

NEW—Gold Belts, Buckles, Buttons, Spikes and Braids. New Chain Purses, Brooches and Hair Ornaments.

L. Stein & Son,

108 N. MAIN STREET, BUTLER, PA.

K E C K

Spring Styles

Have a nattiness about them that marks the wearer. it won't do to wear the last year's output. You won't get the latest things at the stock clothiers either. The up-to-date tailor only can supply them, if you want not only the latest things in cut and fit and workmanship, the finest in durability, where else can you get combinations, you get them at

K E C K

G. F. KECK, Merchant Tailor,
142 North Main Street All Work Guaranteed. Butler, Pa

FREE TO ANYBODY
WATCHES, CAMERAS, JEWELRY, SILVERWARE, and many other valuable premiums for selling "QUICKMAID" Tablets at 10 cents a package. Each package makes 10 quarts of delicious FROZEN CUSTARD, in 10 minutes time. Every body buys. Send your name and address and we will send you 12 packages, postpaid, and large premium list. When sold send us $1.20, and we will send FREE your choice of premium.
Write to-day and get extra present FREE.
FRANKLIN CHEMICAL COMPANY,
830 Filbert Street. Philadelphia, Pa.

Butler Savings Bank

Butler, Pa.

Capital - - - - $60,000.00
Surplus and Profits - - $215,000.00

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J. HENRY TROUTMAN......Vice-President
WM. CAMPBELL, Jr......Cashier
LOUIS B. STEIN......Teller

DIRECTORS—Joseph L. Purvis, J. Henry Troutman, W. D. Brandon, W. A. Stein, J. S. Campbell.

The Butler Savings Bank is the Oldest Banking Institution in Butler County.
General banking business transacted.
We solicit accounts of all producers, merchants, farmers and others.
All business entrusted to us will receive prompt attention.
Interest paid on time deposits.

THE Butler County National Bank,

Butler Penn,

Capital paid in - - $100,000.00
Surplus and Profits - $85,000.00

Jos. Hartman, President; J. V. Ritts, Vice President; John G. McMarlin, Cashier, A. C. Krug, Ass't Cashier.
A general banking business transacted.
Interest paid on time deposits.
Money loaned on approved security.
We invite you to open an account with this bank.

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THE Farmers' National Bank,

BUTLER, PENN'A.

CAPITAL PAID IN, $100,000.00.

Foreign exchange bought and sold.
Special attention given to collections.

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JOHN HUMPHREY......Vice President
C. A. BAILEY......Cashier
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Interest paid on time deposits.
We respectfully solicit your business.

"Peerless" Wall * Paper

Absolutely Without Equal.

THE GREATEST VARIETY BEST QUALITY LOWEST PRICES

New Goods Now In For Season 1901.

McMILLAN'S

Next Door to Postoffice.

TAKE A PEEP

At our new designs and patterns in
WALL PAPER.

The patterns for this season are beautiful and artistic. House cleaning time will soon be here, and you wish to be one of the first to have your rooms repapered. Therefore call and look them over, and get first choice. We are prepared to hang the same at most reasonable prices.

Mirror and Picture Framing A Specialty.

Patterson Bros.,

236 N. Main St.

People's Phone. 400. Wick Building

BICYCLE SEASON

is here and we are in the market again with the well known Cleveland and Crescent wheels we have sold them for years and know that they will give satisfaction. Referances hundreds who are using them. They are cheaper and better this season than ever before. Prices $25.00 to $50.00. We carry a complete line of sundries, including tires and everything needed about a wheel; also Cameras Photo supplies, Edison and Columbia Talking Machines and Records.

R. L. KIRKPATRICK,

Jeweler and Graduate Optician.
Next to Court House

Now is The Time to Have Your Clothing CLEANED OR DYED.

If you want good and reliable cleaning or dyeing done, there is just one place in town where you can get it, and that is at

The Butler Dye Works

216 Center avenue

We do fine work in out door Photographs. This is the time of year to have a picture of your house. Give us a trial.

Agent for the Jamestown Sliding Blind Co.—New York.

R. FISHER & SON.

One Dose

Tells the story. When your head aches, and you feel bilious, constipated, and out of tune, with your stomach sour and no appetite, just buy a package of

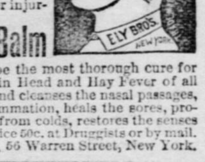
Hood's Pills

And take a dose, from 1 to 4 pills. You will be surprised at how easily they will do their work, cure your headache and biliousness, rouse the liver and make you feel happy again. 25 cents. Sold by all medicine dealers.

CATARRH

is a LOCAL DISEASE and is the result of colds and sudden climatic changes.

For your Protection we positively state that this remedy does not contain mercury or any other injurious drug.



Ely's Cream Balm

is acknowledged to be the most thorough cure for Nasal Catarrh, Cold in Head and Hay Fever of all remedies. It opens and cleanses the nasal passages, allays pain and inflammation, heals the sores, protects the membrane from colds, restores the senses of taste and smell. Price 50c. at Druggists or by mail.
ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

The Cure that Cures Coughs, Colds, Grippe,

Whooping Cough, Asthma, Bronchitis and Incipient Consumption, Is

OTTO'S CURE

The GERMAN REMEDY
Cures throat and lung diseases.
Sold by all druggists. 25&50cts

DEALERS in ready made clothing represent their wares as "Tailor made" "custom made" &c., but they ask the regular prices of ready made and the boast is understood. But when they offer to take your measure, promise to have the clothes made for you and charge the tailors price, they impose upon your credulity. Whether their misrepresentation is wilful or negligent the result to you is the same,

Most men want what they pay for and are willing to pay for the superior quality of made to measure clothes. Our garments are cut and made to your measure in our own workshop in Butler, not by fair-to-middling workmen, but by expert tailors.

Handsome Spring Goods AtBusiness Bringing Prices.

ALAND,

Maker of Men's Clothes.

A TRUE TONIC

Aids digestion, stimulates and enriches the blood, fortifies the system against disease and imparts the glow of health to sallow faces.

TRY JOHNSTON'S Beef, Iron and Wine and you will get results at once.

Price 50c a pint.

Prepared and sold only at

JOHNSTON'S Crystal Pharmacy,

R. M. LOGAN, Ph. G., Manager,
106 N. Main St., Butler, Pa.
Both 'Phones.

Chase Brothers Pianos

Are endorsed by people who buy them and by first-class musicians.

PITTSBURG, PA., JAN. 27, 1901.
MR. W. R. NEWTON, Butler, Pa.
Dear Sir:—It gives me great pleasure in recommending the Chase Bro's Piano, both in tone, workmanship and dureability. The Chase Bro's Piano which you sold the Sterling Club of Butler, Pa., Oct. 31, 1900, and which I have tested in connection with my orchestra. This piano has given the best of satisfaction and I can recommend the same to all who wish to purchase a good piano.
Wishing you abundant success, I am yours respectfully,
C. B. STELZNER,
Musical Director.

I shall publish hundreds of letters from people you know who own Chase Brothers make of pianos. They are the best reference in the world.

Call at my store and examine the pianos. You will find a full line at all times to select from.

TERMS—Any way to suit your convenience.

W. R. NEWTON,

317 South Main St Butler Pa

J. V. Stewart,

(Successor to H. Bickel)

LIVERY.

Sale and Boarding Stable

W. Jefferson St., Butler, Pa.

First class equipment—eighteen good drivers—rigs of all kinds—cool, roomy and clean stables.
People's Phone 125.
J. V. STEWART.

L. S. McJUNKIN,

Insurance and Real Estate Agent.

117 E. JEFFERSON.

BUTLER, - PA

WHILE HE WAITED.

The clock upon the mantel stands;
It ticks, and so I know it's going,
But as to speed its gilded hands
Don't make a very rapid showing.

My lady's maid an age ago
Said she would be down in a second;
I'd give a trifle just to know
Exactly how her time is reckoned!

The thing is pretty of its kind;
Two chubby loves support its dial.
One love, a strong one, though, I find,
Supports me in this present trial.

Perhaps by her fair hand 'tis wound;
I wonder this the while I linger.
My lady can—that, too, I've found—
Wind me—around her little finger.

She knows it, too; I'll bet a dime
Her purpose is to keep me guessing.
It seems I'm only marking time,
Whereas I thought I was progressing.

Time! That is why this clock is set—
To mind us of the moments fleeting,
But time completely I forget
From the sweet moment of our meeting.

Tick, tick, the tiny pendulum;
Click, click, her boot heels, oak and leather;
Thump, thump, my heart! I knew she'd come—
All three now keeping time together.
—Chicago Record.

A Cure For Loneliness

BY W. R. ROSE

The air was mild and clear. The children frolicked merrily among the trees in the park. The white capped nurses sat on the rustic seats here and there and watched their charges or played with the smaller children who nestled in wicker carriages with gay colored canopies.

On one of the benches not far from the entrance sat an elderly man. He was straight and square shouldered, with a white mustache and grizzled hair and a strong suggestion of early military training. He sat there because he liked to see the children at play. They were better company than his thoughts. Anyway, he had little else to do.

On this particular day he had watched the playful elves as they darted in and out among the trees until he had grown tired. The warm sun made him sleepy. His gray head slowly dropped back, his shoulders found a restful corner of the high backed seat, and presently he was soundly sleeping.

A slight concussion awakened him. He opened his eyes with a little start. The sun was peeping through the foliage, and the rays dazzled him. He tried to raise a hand to draw his soft hat over his eyes and could not. Both hands were pinioned fast. He looked down. A rope was encircling his body and holding his arms fast to his sides. He made an effort to release himself, but without success. He fancied he could sympathize with the feelings of Gulliver when he found the pygmies had caught and bound him. He was sure it was one of the playful fairies whom he had watched so many times among the trees. He was right. A child's laughter broke on his ears. His captor was close behind him.

"Aha," he said in what was intended for a very gruff voice, "are you there? Unhand me at once or tremble for the consequences!"

The cord—it was a child's skipping rope—was rapidly drawn from about his waist, and a moment later its owner danced in front of him.

She was a little girl of possibly 7, though at times her varying expressions made her seem much older. Her hair floated about her head in careless waves and tendrils, her eyes were gray and deep, her mouth was small and beautifully shaped, and there was a saucy upward tilt to her short nose.

"Pooh, pooh," she said, with a mocking courtesy, "I ain't a bit afraid of you!"

"And why not?" the old man asked. She was a charming fairy, a natural little coquette, and her every move was full of a subtle grace. "And why are you not afraid of such a gray old mustache as I am?" he asked again as she pirouetted before him.

"Because you are my grandfather," she carelessly answered.

The old man's face darkened.

"What do you mean by that nonsense?" he harshly asked.

"'Tain't nonsense," said the little maiden, "unless grandfathers is nonsense. Anyway, you're my grandfather." And she started to leave him.

"Wait," he cried. "Come here. What did you mean by saying I am your grandfather? Do you call every old man you see grandfather?"

"No," said the child. "Only you."

He studied her face sharply.

"Come a little closer," he said in coaxing tones. She marched boldly up to him. Her little hand flew up and touched the front of her cap.

"That's the way to salute a soldier," she said, with a merry laugh. "Mamma said you was one."

He caught his breath.

"Perhaps," he slowly said, "you can even tell me my name?"

"Yes, I can," replied the child. "It's easy. Your name is Philip. An now guess what mine is."

"Is—is it Mary?" he gently asked.

"No," laughed the child. "That's mamma's. Mine is most like yours. It's Philippa."

The old man was silent for a moment.

"Is your mother here, child?" he suddenly asked. "Is she lurking about among the trees?"

"Who? Do you mean mamma?" cried the child. "She isn't here. She hasn't no time for trees. She's always too busy. Didn't you know she paints? Yes; she paints lovely little pictures. Minichoors she calls them. They're pictures of people, don't you know, only much prettier. But sometimes people don't pay very quick, an sometimes they think mamma charges too much, an sometimes she doesn't have any pictures to do. Then, you know, it's pretty hard to have the landlord call. I guess you know how that is."

"And where is your father?" and the old man's voice suddenly grew hard.

"He's deaded in Callyforny," said the child. "He was an actor, you know; a stage actor. I don't 'member him very well. I was too little when he went away. I've tried to act, too, but Delia, that's the janitor's wife, she says I can't act for shucks."

"Good thing," muttered the old man.

"Well, I don't know," said the child. "You see, I wanted to do somethin to help mamma, an if I can't act I don't know what I can do. But I s'pose it's no use. Delia said that as a child wonder I was the wust she ever seen, an Delia goes out a good deal."

A faint smile crossed the old man's stern features.

"And what made you think that I am your grandfather?" he asked.

"Oh, Marie Kramer told me!" replied the child. "She knows everybody. She's lived out more places. She's Bessie Leighton's nurse now, an just as soon as she saw you sittin here one day she said, 'There's old Colonel Robson.' She knew you 'cause you used to go to the Bronsons, where she was livin then. An pretty soon she looked at me an said, 'Why, he's your grandfather, ain't he?' An I said I didn't know, an she thought it out an said, 'Yes, he is, 'cause your mamma is his daughter, an she ran away with a play actor, an the old hunks shut his door on her forever.' That's what Marie said. An when I went home I said to Delia, 'My grandfather's sittin over there in the park, an he's the lonesomest lookin thing.' An Delia says: 'If he's settin in the park, he's either a tramp or a millunaire. If he's a tramp, you must keep away from him, but if he's a millunaire you want to rope him in.' An when I looked at you again I saw you didn't look like a tramp, an so I thought I'd take my chances an rope you in; an that's just what I did."

"And your mother knows nothing about my being here?" the old man asked.

"Yes, she does," replied the child. "I told her, an she looked so queer, an her face got red, an she said: 'Philippa, dear, it may not be your grandfather. But anyway you mustn't speak to him unless he speaks to you first.' An I made you speak to me first, didn't I?"

The old man leaned back and looked at the child.

"Philippa," he said slowly, "how would you like to come and live with me? You would have your own beautiful room, and all the playthings you could want, and somebody to wait on you, and a pony to drive, and everything that could make a little girl happy."

"An would mamma come, too?" the child asked.

The old man shook his head.

"I'd like the room," said the child, "an the pony an all the rest, but I guess I'd be too lonesome without mamma."

"But you'd have me," urged the old man.

"We'd be just two lonesome ones together," said the child. Then she added, "If you knew mamma, you'd see how it is."

"Perhaps I am beginning to see," said the old man softly.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," cried the child. "You can borrow me. How's that?"

"It sounds well," said the old man. "How must I set about it?"

"Oh, it's easy," replied the child. "You just come to our flat an send up your card, an then mamma will whistle down an say, 'Please come up.' Then you go up, an I'm there, an I say, 'Mr. Grandpapa, this is mamma.' Then you bow an say, 'Pleased to know you,' an mamma says, 'Where have I seen you before?' an then you say, 'Can I borrow your charmin daughter for the rest of the day? for you've come very early in the mornin, you know, an mamma says, 'Have you any s'curity for the rent—I mean for the child?' an you say, 'Oh, yes; indeed I have,' an then you put up a silver quarter for s'curity an take me, an we go away somewhere an have a splendid time together an get home when it's real dark, an mamma is gettin fidgety. I'd like to see that house of yours an that room an those ponies. We ought to get better acquainted—we ought to, really."

The old man smiled at her enthusiasm. Evidently this was a delightfully original child.

"Do you think your mamma would paint my portrait?" he asked.

"She'd be real pleased to," said the child. "An I'd get the commission, too, wouldn't I? She told me if I got any orders I'd get the commission. You're my order, ain't you?"

"Yes," said the old man as he slowly arose. "Come, we will go and seek your mother. I must get that picture before I grow any older—and before your mamma's memory quite outgrows the reminiscences of her childhood. Come, Philippa."

And hand in hand they passed down the graveled walk and through the big gates and presently found themselves in front of the huge apartment house that the lonesome Philippa called home.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Too Hungry to Study.

A certain teacher who had studied a particular bad boy from every conceivable standpoint finally found the cause of his apparent wickedness. He had been especially annoying all day, and at the close of the school the teacher sat down by him and said: "John, what is the trouble, anyway? Why is it you find it so hard to behave in school?"

Poor John, in a burst of confidence, blurted out, "It's cos I'm so derned hungry!"

Then the teacher knew that John's reformation must begin in his stomach. —Exchange.

Poorly Nourished.

Subbubs—No, I won't bother with a garden this year. I had one last year, and it kept me thin as a rail.

Citiman—Worked too hard in it, eh?

Subbubs—No; I tried to live on what I raised.—Philadelphia Press.

EXPENSIVE LAUGHTER.

It Cost the Promoter of Trusts a Good Sized Fortune.

"Oh, yes, I used to appreciate the humor of the situation when a pedestrian fell down on an icy corner," said the promoter of trusts, with a weary smile, "but that was years ago, before I had come to realize that humor and business didn't mix very well. I was making my way along an icy street in Boston one day when a very stiff and dignified man just ahead of me suddenly came down with a crash. His heels flew up, his hat flew off, and he had such a look of surprise in his eyes that I leaned up against a lamppost and laughed till I cried. When the victim finally picked himself up and found that all his teeth were yet in their sockets, he stood before me and said:

"'Sir, you seem to be amused about something.'

"'Yes, I am,' I said.

"'Is it about my fall?'

"'Yes. You were going along, you know, and all at once—ha, ha, ha!'

"'And all at once what happened?'

"'Why, you slipped and clawed and yelled out, and then your toes shot up, and you played circus, and—ha, ha, ha!'

"'Sir,' said he as he turned away, 'it may have been very funny, but we shall meet again and see about it.'

"Three years later, when I had the biggest kind of a deal on hand and needed only one more factory to complete it, I called at the proprietor's office to put on the finishing touches. He was a stranger to me, but I had only begun my story when he held up his hand and said:

"'That will do. You were going along, you know, and all at once—ha, ha, ha!'

"'I don't understand, sir.'

"'Why, you slipped and clawed and yelled, and your toes shot up, and you played circus, and—ha, ha, ha!'

"That was enough," continued the promoter. "I remembered him, and I also realized that he would never forgive me. I took up my hat and walked out, and when I had figured up I found that my laughter had cost me about $40,000." M. QUAD.

FARM FIELD AND GARDEN

SPRAYING IN FULL BLOOM.

What Bee Men and Others Have to Say About It.

At the recent New York state convention of beekeepers Professor Beach of Geneva made an address on the matter of spraying trees "while in full bloom," and of this E. R. Root, the bee man gives a resume in American Bee Journal:

In the experiments conducted it was found that the blossoms that were sprayed just at the time they were in full bloom were either killed or injured. If the spraying were administered only during the blooming time, the poisonous mixtures did not go the right spot in a good many cases, for the simple reason that no cluster of apple blossoms, for example, opened out at one and the same time. Some blossoms would be closed and impervious to the effect of the spraying liquids, and if no more spraying were administered after blooming time then these blossoms that were not open would not receive the benefit, and the fruit eating insects would then get in their work. The professor brought out the point clearly that if spraying were applied before blooming and after the leaf eating insects in the other would be destroyed. He further showed that the spraying mixtures are exceedingly harmful to the development and growth of the delicate pollen.

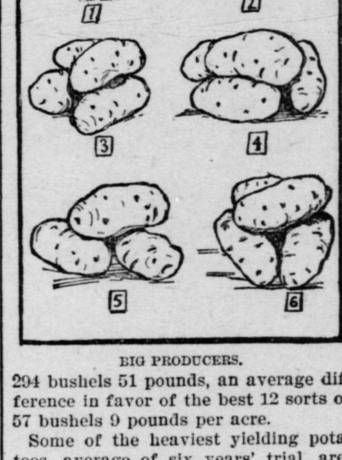
A certain set of trees was set apart and sprayed while in bloom, and only then, and others were not sprayed. Even though the bloom was exceedingly abundant, it was found that those trees that were not sprayed during blooming time yielded from a third to a bushel and a half more of fruit. In some cases they sprayed a half of one tree several times during blooming time, leaving the other side of the tree not sprayed. There was a marked difference in the setting of the fruit on the two sides of the trees, and that difference was decidedly in favor of the side not sprayed.

A certain fruit man who believed that spraying during blooming time was the right thing to do estimated, after he had sprayed his whole orchard at such time, that he had lost nearly a thousand dollars. He had had enough of that business.

POTATOES THAT PAY.

Heavy Yielders, Including Carman No. 1 and Empire State.

Sixty-two varieties of potatoes have been under trial for five or six successive years at the Canadian experimental farms, and, while the 12 most productive sorts have averaged during that period 352 bushels per acre, the remaining 50 have given an average of



BIG PRODUCERS.

294 bushels 51 pounds, an average difference in favor of the best 12 sorts of 57 bushels 9 pounds per acre.

Some of the heaviest yielding potatoes, average of six years' trial, are: No. 1, Everett, early, pink; 2, Carman No. 1, medium early, white; 3, Rochester Rose, early, pink; 4, American Wonder, late, white; 5, Late Puritan, medium late, white; 6, Empire State, medium late, white.

If farmers would choose the most productive sorts for sowing, such a practice generally followed would no doubt result in a material increase in the average crops of the country.

How to Test Seed Corn.

The vitality of all seed corn should be thoroughly tested before planting. To do this satisfactorily fill an ordinary china dinner plate a little over half full of fine clean sand. Pour water on the sand until the fluid runs out of it, after which the extra free water can be drained off. After shelling off the tips and butts of the ears of seed corn pick out one kernel from near the top, one near the middle and another near the butt of the ear. Mix these kernels from all of the ears together and press 100 in the plate of sand. Turn another plate over the first to prevent too rapid evaporation and set in a warm place near the stove. Examine from day to day. Do not let the sand dry out, but keep it thoroughly moistened. At the end of seven days all of the kernels should have sprouted. If less than 95 sprout, discard the seed and secure other seed that will test 95 per cent or more, recommends A. D. Shamel of Illinois university.

Rolling Wheat.

Wheat that has been heaved out to some extent by frost is greatly benefited by rolling. It presses the roots—both wheat and grass—back into the soil and gives them a chance to take hold again. A good stand of wheat does not need rolling, says an exchange.

THE SMALL FRUITS.

Strawberries of Today—Decline In Currants—Blackcaps Popular.

A few of the profitable strawberries of ten years ago are still cultivated, yet a vast majority of the varieties that one would advise planting today were entirely unknown ten years ago. Excelsior, Sample, Glen Mary of the great market varieties, and Nich Ohmer, Maximus and Mammoth, as fancy amateur varieties, are all products of the past ten years and superior in many ways to our older varieties.

Eight or ten years ago currants came to be planted quite extensively in many sections of our state, and while there has been no hint of overproduction a considerable abandonment of jelly making by families has brought about less demand for currants, and they have been steadily lowering in price in our markets for some years. Fay and Victoria are the standard varieties. Wilder, a variety of more recent introduction, is a stronger and more upright grower than the Fay, full as large a berry and a more perfect bunch, somewhat lighter in color and later in ripening, which tends to make it more valuable, both for home use and market.

Red raspberries have suffered the same depression as currants and are selling at 30 per cent lower prices and are less in demand than they were ten years ago, while the demand for blackcap raspberries seems to be somewhat on the increase.

London and Columbian, red, and Kansas and Cumberland, blackcaps, are the valuable developments of the past ten years, and with the old reliable Cuthbert make up the best list of raspberries for planting at the present time.

Commercial blackberry growing has suffered severely from southern competition and is not as satisfactory or profitable as formerly. The Eldorado is the one valuable variety of recent introduction.

The Lucretia dewberry has come into prominence and favor during recent years and with some planters is found commercially favorable. — J. H. Hale, Connecticut.

BEEF AND OTHER MEATS.

Cut Up In Scores of Different Ways. Fifty-seven Kinds of Sausage.

Like every other business, the packing companies do their utmost to cater to all manner of tastes. These likes and dislikes they gather from the demands of the retailers and consumers. It is through this channel that they keep in touch with every possible demand. Beef is cut up in 53 different ways, pork 29, mutton 12, veal 5. Boiled ham is prepared in six different ways. Of ordinary sausage there are 43 varieties, of delicatessen sausage 14, making a total of 57 kinds.

Dried salt meats are prepared with 16 different cuttings, the bacon meats also with 16. From the packing house report, from which the foregoing is taken, we gather, concerning canned meats, that among them are the following: Corned beef, pigs' feet, gelatin, boar's head, Oxford sausage, tongue, roast beef, boiled beef, chipped beef, deviled ham, potted ham and tongue, minced ham, chicken, turkey, pork and beans, ox marrow, etc. In addition to all this, there are soups of many names, all of which are found on the shelves of groceries everywhere throughout the land.

It is reasonable to suppose that men will "learn war" for many years to come; also we may depend on the nomad in man to cause him to travel whenever his means will justify. He will crisscross the continents yet unexplored until he will know them thoroughly. He will probably in due course of time find the north pole. Already he is feeling around the antarctic regions and thinks he will set his foot on that pole also. The gratification of this restlessness in the race is made possible and with comfort by these canned meats.

"Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost." From the standpoint herein set forth there is no greater economist among men than the packing house, concludes Iowa Homestea

Low Grade Red Clover Seed.

Low grade red clover seed usually contains a large amount of brown, dead seeds. In order to use the right amount of seed for a good catch of clover it is necessary to know how much of the seed will grow. When 15 pounds are sown on an acre and only one-half the seed sprouts, it is equivalent to using only 7½ pounds of seed which is good, and a poor stand is inevitable. Not only should the percentage of germination be known, but the seed should germinate vigorously. Weak seed will produce weak plants. These seeds are generally light and are blown out in well cleaned samples, but may be present in large amounts in low grades.

Agricultural Brevities.

Plants cultivated for their foliage, like cabbage, should be pushed by frequent stirring of the soil.

A heavy, cold clay soil, particularly if badly drained, should be avoided in planting asparagus.

The rotation that is wanted is the one that will rotate most fertility into the farm and most cash into the pocket.

Cucumbers put under glass about the 1st of April will begin to bear the 1st of June.

Hotbeds in spring require constant vigilance. Everything depends on the right care and at the right time. They must be covered and uncovered every day, and the proper temperature kept always.

Asparagus roots are best set in the spring, say about the end of April. Dandelion is one of the most healthful of all spring greens and should be sown in drills as early in the spring as possible.

Writ Large.

"I tell you there's something in it. That fortune teller looked at the palm of my hand and said I'd had a hard life."

"Great Scott, she could read that in the callouses!"—Chicago Tribune.

A Cause For Thankfulness.

"How does your new servant get on with you?" asked the caller.

"She seems to be contented."

"Does she work well?"

"No, but she doesn't find fault with the way I do it."—Pick-Me-Up.

A WALL STREET DEAL.

It Was Quick and Expensive For the Old Farmer.

"Waal, it's jest as the papers and my old woman said," remarked the old farmer from western New York who was on his way back home from the metropolis.

"And what did they say?" asked the man who shared his seat.

"About Wall street and how the lambs are shorn down there."

"Oh, I see! Then you took in Wall street, eh?"

"I did," was the solemn reply.

"What was your flier?"

"Didn't have no flier."

"But what did you speculate in to lose your money?"

"Nothin 'tall. I didn't have time to speculate. I'd just bought two apples for 5 cents off a stand and was wonderin whether I'd take a flier in wheat or copper when a man come along and takes my $17 out of my hind pocket and said:

"'You are too late, old man. Wheat has gone up six p'ints and shrunk you out of $8 margin, and copper's gone to Texas and shrunk you out of the other $9. Better move on now and come down and strike beeswax when it's on the boom.'

"That's what he said, sir, and I picked up my feet and dug out. I had $6 in another pocket, and I didn't propose to hang around until turnips jumped eight or ten p'ints and left me dead broke in a big town." M. QUAD.

A Basis of Settlement.

"Did Morgan give you the lie?"

"Yes, and his second has just been trying to adjust matters peaceably."

"Showing the white feather, eh? What did he propose?"

"That Morgan should withdraw the epithet if I would admit the fact."—Leslie's Weekly.

Wanted to Broaden Him.

Charles B. Hanford while playing in a Texas town was approached by a young man in typical cowboy fashion, who said:

"Are you the manager of this play that comes tonight?"

Mr. Hanford said he was.

"Do you want to hire a man to help act?"

"No. My company is complete."

"Want to hire a man to help count money?"

"No."

"Want to hire a man to get out in the back of the theater and holler and applaud?"

"Not this tour. The audiences are attending to that very satisfactorily."

"Want anybody for anything on earth?"

"Not that I think of at present."

"Well, that's just our luck. We've got a man here who recites pieces in consideration of being treated. If he doesn't get treated, he'll hang around and make the barroom unpleasant for hours. We don't want to hurt him, for he's a good sort in the main. But he only knows three pieces—Mark Antony's oration, Hamlet's soliloquy and Rienzi's address to the Romans. We thought that if you could flatter his mind into the belief that he's a great genius and haul him around the country two or three trips, so that he can learn a few new pieces from you, we'd be willing to make up a purse that would come mighty near making it worth while."—New York Telegram.

Emerson's Last Lecture.

In his "Eccentricities of Genius" Major Pond tells the pathetic story of Ralph Waldo Emerson's last lecture, delivered in the Old South church in Boston for the fund to save that building from demolition:

"As he began reading his lecture the audience was very attentive. After a few moments he lost his place, and his granddaughter, sitting in the front row of seats, gently stepped toward him and reminded him that he was lecturing. He saw at once that he was wandering, and, with the most charming, characteristic, apologetic bow, he resumed his place, an incident that seemed to affect the audience more than anything else that could possibly have occurred. A few moments later he took a piece of manuscript in his hand and, turning around with it, laid it on a side table. Just then one of the audience said to me (I think it was Mrs. Livermore or Mr. Howe), 'Please have the audience pass right out,' and, rushing up to Mr. Emerson, said, 'Thank you so much for that delightful lecture;' then, turning around, waved the audience to go out.

"He probably had been speaking about 15 minutes. The audience passed out, many of them in tears. It was one of the most pathetic sights I ever witnessed."

New England Youngsters.

One of Detroit's lawyers, who has had such professional success as enables him to spend a portion of each summer in a quaint New England section, brings back some very interesting facts.

"I take my outing in one of those parts," he says, "where the farms are so run down that you can't hope for a good crop of anything unless it be beans or goats. One of the consequences is that the young men have to find some other part of the country in which to make a living, and I'll wager that there is not another community in the Union where the average age is higher.

"Knowing me to be a lawyer, some of the residents called me into a conference about the township treasurer who had been guilty of advancing a teacher $2 on her salary without the consent of the trustees. There was not a man there except myself who was not past 82, and two were over 90.

"While I was making a talk in favor of the treasurer and trying to minimize his transgressions without offending the selectmen, as they called them, a man of at least 65 slouched through the door and took a seat.

"'Just a minute,' said one of the oldest veterans as he interrupted and glowered at the intruder. 'How often have I quoted that there quotation to you 'bout old men for council and young men for war? This is a council. Now you just run out till we get through, Willie. If there's any a'rest to be made, we'll call on you.' And Willie went without turning a word." —Detroit Free Press.

Finding Days of the Week.

The prematurely aged young man whose duty it is to get up The Record's "Answers to Correspondents" column says that queries of the same nature always come in bunches. They seem to be epidemic. Just at present a great many people seem eager to know what day of the week they were born on, and it keeps him busy figuring the dates out. He has a system which he uses, and for the benefit of others who may be in search of like information it is herewith given:

For instance, take Jan. 15, 1868. A man born on that date writes to know what day of the week it fell on. In order to ascertain this divide the figures representing the year by 4, rejecting the remainder, if any. To this dividend and quotient add the number of days in the year to the given date, inclusive, always reckoning 28 days in February. Divide the sum by 7, and the remainder will be the number of the day of the week, 0 signifying Saturday. Here is the illustration, taking Jan. 15, 1868:

4)1868
467
Number of days to Jan. 15............ 15
7)2350
335—5

Thus, by this calculation, which is infallible, it will be seen that Jan. 15, 1868, fell on the fifth day of the week, which is Thursday.—Philadelphia Record.

The Star.

"Now," we asked him, "who should be considered the star of your company?"

"The bloodhound, me boy, the bloodhound," said the gentleman that played Legree. "He has something to eat every day, whether the rest do or not."—Indianapolis Press.

Some One Who Would Like It.

"I don't like Muggins' face," said Twynn to Triplett. "He hasn't a pleasing countenance."

"But an auctioneer would like it," suggested Triplett.

"How so?"

"It is a countenance forbidding."—Detroit Free Press.

She Knew.

A clergyman while catechising his Sunday school had occasion to ask the children the meaning of the word "epistle." A little girl in the youngest class was so certain that she knew that she did not hesitate a minute, but, with the greatest of confidence, answered, "An epistle is the wife of an apostle."—New York Sun.