Dave laid down his pen, opened the

ode and read a little to himself. "Well, I can put her in the penitentiary for you," he said. "Not less than one nor more than ten years," he read.

Then the jury?" He was talking to himself, with his eyes turned up to the ceiling. "There might be some of

those Hackles on the jury. Umh, that would be bad." Dullet twisted around

in his chair. "They'd send her on for

the full time, though-ten years. That

Dullet leaned forward. "Are them

Hackles obleeged to be on that jury?

he asked.
"No," said Dave; "not at all. Only

they may be on there, that's all." He lifted his eyes again to the ceiling.

"That might be all the better. They'

of course be pretty rough on 1 r. Ten years. She'd be about 60 when she came out. Umb! They'd have work-ed her pretty hard. Let me see, 1

suppose they'd put her with the thieves, dress her in stripes and maybe

they kin let 'em try it!"

Dave looked at him calmly. "I agree

with you." he said, "and I'll help you."

would you advise me to do?"
"I don't advise you to do anything."

tell her to bring that fellow with her-

"Well"- He walked to the doc

The very feasts were relics of days

when an offering of meat, bread and

wine was wont to be taken into the

church or churchyard not only at the

funeral, but every day for two years

afterward, for the supposed benefit of

the deceased, but really for that of the

Up to 1766 in Guipuzcoa on the oc-

casion of a funeral an ox was taken

to the church door and then killed and

subsequently eaten, a survival, of

course, of pagan sacrifices in primitive times. In whatever way the habit of

taking the deceased to the church on an

tion that the fire lighted at the nearest

crossroads and the obligatory pater a l'intention du defunt are of deeply re-

igious origin and both in deed and in

truth appeal to each neighbor to pray

PUZZLED THE JEWELER.

He Wanted a Second Hand Water

He was evidently a foreigner, and h

walked into one of the big jewelry

watch. He would be pleased to exam-

said to the clerk who advanced to meet

"This isn't a pawnshop," observe

the clerk haughtily.
"No?" observed the man inquiringly

"But you have watches?" And he point

ed to the great showcase full of hand-

some watches.

"Certainly," replied the clerk. "Fin

est stock of watches in the city. How

much do you want to pay for a watch?"
"How mooch?" asked the stranger

'Mooch as he is worth, so that he suits

me. I have said that I desire a second

hand watch-a good one that shall keep

it plainer, "and they are here, every-

here, yet you say you have them not

I do not comprehend you."
"Well, I do you," replied the clerk

sheepishly as he quickly got behind the

watches with second hands. All our

watches have second hands. We han-

his second hand watch, for which he

laid down a \$50 bill.-Washington Star

ony?" the preacher asked while the

man, who was also his head clerk.

n'ready."-Chicago Times-Herald.

"My dear Mr. Goodleigh,"

ounter. "Just a little mix up.

hand watches."

for the soul of a departed brother. Gentleman's Magazine.

he's more Dullet now than he is Hac

I was in your place."

"What?"

went out.

Dullet sat forward a little.

"'Bout 50 year."

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Men's and Women's Lines, almost surpass our own ideas. These popular shoes are designed and built syle and price beyond the reach of orespecially for this store. Vici Kid, Box class, so the stocks; snappy extension calf, patent Leather, Russia Calf, general designed and Goodyear welts. Solid, substantial service in every pair forated tips; Vici Kids, Russia Calf, Patent and Enamel Leathers. Every taste for dress, street or business met in

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Boy's fine Calf shoes, light or heavy soles, at	90c	Your choice men's working shoes, lace, buckle or Congress, heavy so es, at	1.00
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men, but by expent tailors.

ALAND,

tom made" &c., but they ask th

"I am the man," said Dave. "What can I do for you, Mr. Dullet?"
"I wants you to put my wife in the pen'tentiary," he said. "What!" exclaimed Dave; then re-covered himself. "What do you want monoceane de

a The a

Prosecution

Of Mrs. Dullet !

I was on a visit to my friend Dave

at his mountain home and was stand-

ing one day in the courtyard at Lexby,

the county town, discussing the possi-

bilities of his re-election to the posi-

tion of commonwealth's attorney when

down the street came at a long gallop

tail whipped between his legs at every suppose I.

an old fellow mounted on a thin, ewe necked sorrel colt whose long rusty exclamation, but stopped to listen. "I

jump. Up to the courtyard gate he clattered and, dismounting, flung the or he might at first, but he d get used to it.

rein over the post in utter disregard of the large printed notice posted on it that no horses were to be hitched there. Through the turnstile and up the walk he came swinging.

Or he might be dead and a swinging or a few minutes in his breeches if she lived lied units her some. If she died, she do not her some, at the sorry, Yes. I can do it, I think." he soid.

the walk he came swinging.
"I believe that's old Dullet from Jacksborough," said Dave. "He's a man of influence up there and dead against me—always is. I wonder what he wants?"

Yes. I call 60 it. I think he wall is face and speaking positively.
Dullet rose with a jump. "Look a-here, Mr.—Wha's your name?" he said. "I'll just he durned of any of

He had not long to wait, for the old fellow strode up to a group and said, "Whar's the commonwealth's attor-

got to go to the pen'tentiary," said he.
"Well, tell me about it," said Dave,
seeing the gravity of the situation, and, turning, he led the way into his office and offered chairs. "Well, it's this way: My oldest gal Sairy is been a-wantin to marry a fel-ler named Torm Hackle for gwine on

two years, and I wouldn't let her."
"Why?" said Dave in a professional tone, drawing a pen and paper toward "'Cause Torm's on t'other side," said Dullet.

result to you is the same. Most men want what they pay for an "Oh!" said Dave, writing down some-thing. "Go on."
"Well, I wouldn't let Torm come over are willing to pay for the superior Our garments are cut and made to you

on our side. I sont him word of he did to look out. And Sairy she got kind of sick and peaked, and my old woman she wanted me to do it then, and I wouldn't, 'cause I had to sign the dockiment. Then she got kinder worser, and my wife she wanted me to go for the doctor. So day before yistiddy I went down for the doctor, and tiddy I went down for the doctor, and I staid he said he'd come today, and I staid at Jim Miggins' store all night and at Jim Miggins' store all night and yistiddy a-waitin for him, and when I got home last night my wife she said. 'Whar's the doctor?' And I said: 'He's 'Whar's the doctor?' And she said: 'How's Sairy?' And she said: 'Ho family, probably belonging to the family. 'She's done got well. She's got all the doctor she wanted. She's done married to the third religious order, was usual-Chase Brothers Pianos

Are endorsed by people who buy them of the endorsed by people who buy them are the first plane. And I said, 'You has done commit a pen'tentiary offense, and I am of the first plane was presided over by the serore, who was a sort of any says she. And I said, 'You has done commit a pen'tentiary offense, and I kin put you in the pen'tentiary for it,' says I. And she bet me a dollar she among the Basques. says I. And she bet me a dollar she hadn't and I couldn't. And I says, 'I

Dear Sir:—It gives me great pleasure in reconamending the Chase Bro s Piano both in tone, workmenship 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 archiestra. This bet you \$2 I kin, and I will,' says I. And now I are gwine to do it. I kin do it, can't I?" Dave reflected, while the old mountaineer sat still, perfectly passive.
"Well," he said slowly, "there are not
a great many precedents." The old fellow's face hardened. "But, of course," he added, "forgery is a very serious thing, and, ah!" The old fellow's eye was upon him. "How long have you been married?" he asked.

"Twenty year come next month."
Dave wrote it down. "Wife always been good wife to "Ain't got no fault to find wid her

ceremee in the world.

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

TERMS—Any way to suit your con-"Ever have any trouble with her?" "Never at all, 'cept, of course, fights like all married folks has." W. R. NEWTON,

"Got no fault to find wid her about

317 South Main St Butler Pa .V. Stewart. "Ain't a hard workiner, saviner oman on the mountain." "Nine-eight livin. I don't count that

"How many dead?" "Four."
Dave wrote laboriously. Sale and Boarding Stable "Wife good to 'em?" "Jes' as good as could be. Nursed'em faithful." "Sit up with 'em when they sick?" "Never went to bed at all; never took her clothes off." "Go hard with her?"

"Went mighty hard, specially when

Johnny died. He was named after Dave wrote silently. "Right sort of hard." "Sort of lonesome after that?"
"Mighty lonesome." "How old your youngest one now?" "Fond of his mother?"

"Can't bear her out of his sight." "Fond of you?" "Sort of-right smart." Say Sairy was your oldest?"

"Thought right smart of her when ou didn't have any others, just at "Umh. Might 'a' done; don't remem-"Wife did, anyhow?"

"Yes; always fool 'bout her. Oldest-Insurance and Real Estate

> ime sitting up to her, going to see her "Yes, sir; It that." ou. She had more trouble with her

"Oh, yes; guess she did." nursed her when she was sick and ade her little frocks for her?"

"As she did Johney's?" "And does little Billy's?" "With pockets in them?"

"Why-er-a linear foot," replied pa, temporizing. "why, it's one that's he-reditary. Didn't you never hear tell of a linear descendant?"-Catholic Standard and Times.

AND THE YEARS GO BY. Lightly sips youth at the wines of its joys Laughs at the charms of yesterday's Life is so long, and nothing alloys, And the years go by.

Little by little the world shows its dross, Deepens the sense of enjoyment and loss; Pleasure is wearing off part of its gloss, And the years go by. "I'll draw the indictment. Let me see, the grand jury will meet when?

Work multiplies, and pleasures abate; So much to do, and we are so late; Duties still flocking now knock at the gate, And the years go by.

What do we hold but a handful of dust?
We were so wise in our first ardent trust.
Somehow we missed the real metal for rust,
And the years go by.

-New York Observer.

A Story of a Station

BY CHARLES CONALD MACKAY.

raph operator for the Union Pacific at Welisville, a settlement of not more than a few dozen scattered houses, the most pretentious of which was the "hotel and lunchroom." About 100 vards down the track from this popular resort at "train time" stood a low. one roomed building, the station, Tom's St. Helena.

There was a pause, in which Dullet was reflecting. Then he asked, "What To an energetic, ambitious young man, socially inclined, Wellsville was well nigh intolerable, but Tom had said Dave, "but I know what I'd do if hopes and made the best of it. He had oved his belongings from the "ho-"I'd go home and send for Sairy to tel" to Mrs. Jordan's cozy little cottage, ome over to dinner next Sunday and where he made himself at home. He found Miss Jordan a charming companion and "years ahead of the vil-lage in every way." Nevertheless the kle, and every time my wife got uppish I'd tell her I could have put her in the penitentiary for ten years, but I was eventful days would drag, and the too good to her to do it."

Dullet reflected and then said: "I'll dation" pulled out until 11:10, when the west bound "express" dashed past, one might as well have been stationed do it. What does I owe to you?"
"A good deal," said Dave, "but I in the middle of the Great Sahara. At least so Tom said many times.

want you to present it to Mrs. Dullet One raw, gusty December night just before the holidays Tom with much paused and then said slowly, "Th' nex' time you runs for anything, Jacksborpleasure piled the three cases billed through to Omaha on the truck and ran ough is a-gwine to vote for you." He them down the track, ready to be hauled aboard the baggage car of the com Dave was re-elected.-St. Louis Posting train. He was not overfond of work, but this meant the stopping of the express, the latest newspapers and Basque Funeral Customs.

Among the Basques funeral festivigood reading for several days. To signal the express was an event.

ties were kept up not only after the funeral, but also for eight days more, Taking a last look at the lights, be door after him as if to bar out the a purely religious ceremonial observ-ance, even if it originated in pagan world. The last light in the hotel had gone out long before the wind howled in the wires, the red light blinked and

> "Well, of all the God forsaken"-The door opened suddenly, and two "Hands up-quick!" the foremost

> In less than two minutes Tom was hind the partition in the baggage end "He's safe. Where's Jim?" asked

the man who had speoken before. "Down to the sidin," came the answer. "Set the white light." The door closed quickly after them Out of Tom's bewilderment and conmean? Robbery? There was nothing worth the risk at the station, and the

men had gone. "Set the white light," That meant the express would not stop.
"Down to the siding." The blind siding, an eighth of a mile beyond the station by the sand hill! It ended in

the gravel bank. The terrible truth flashed across his ind. He turned cold. Great beads of moisture stood out upon his fore-Twenty-six, with its living freight, was to be switched on to the

siding at full speed.

As the horror of it rushed upon him Tom strained at the cords that bound Herald. him hand and foot with a strength he never dreamed he possessed. It was useless. The work had been dome well. He looked quickly at the clock-10:41. In 29 minutes more the train would be due. As he turned the knots of the gag pressed into the back of his head. Bearing heavily upon them, unmindful of the pain, he moved his head, forcing his chin downward. They gave. They moved. Again he tried and again, un-til at last the handkerchief slipped to

his neck. "Help, help! Townsend! Bill! Help!" he cried. But his voice was lost in the mocking howl of the wind, and he realized that the effort was strength wast ed and time lost.

Again he looked at the clock—only 26

minutes remained. How fast the seconds flew! Twenty-five—
The sharp click, click, click, from the other side of the partition caught his ear—a telegraphic message. "Twentysix 20 minutes late.

"See here, sir; you are off your base "Thank God, a delay!" We don't keep secondhand goods. You will have to hunt elsewhere for second-Forty-four minutes now-a gain of 20. The train, due at 11:10, would not arrive until 11:30. Townsend relieved The stranger's eyes opened wide. "But you have him there, and there and there," he said as he began to gesticulate. "I have said s-e-c-o-n-d h-a-n-d the clock. Then the light of hope fair-

watches," spelling it as though to make | ly blazed in his eyes. The suamer before, when he had long, weary night watches, twice he overslept because his alarm had failed him see the suame had been seen to be a suame had been seen to b him, so to insure his "call" he had rut a wire from the station clock to a bell in his room at the hotel. By an inger ious connection when the hands mark harm done, I hope. Certainly we have ed 11:45 the ringing of the bell brought him violently out of the land of dreams. When Tom was promoted to the shorter watch and went to live at Mrs. Jordan's, Bill Townsend, who suc "the devil's own," as Tom called the bell. The clock was an imitation of the old fashioned, big faced, caseless timepieces, with weights and chains and a

long, heavy pendulum.
"Twenty minutes late," he muttered. giving certain instructions to the best The hour hand was less than two Inches from the connection, but how plied, almost blushing, "this isn't a venture at all. He has given me deeds slowly it crept! If he could only move that hand! His knees were free. He drew them up toward his chin, shot out o more than \$60,000 worth of property his legs and came to a sitting position. Then, by a series of short jumps and "Pa," said little Willie, looking up mps, he reached the wall, braced his from his arithmetic, "what is a linear back against it and, with great diffi-

partly down. His glance rested on the stick that weighted the latter, just what he needed. New hope gave him new strength. Inch by inch he edged himself along the wall to the shade. sank quickly to the floor. He had suc-

and along the wall he worked until he stood nearly under the clock. He turned sidewise, raised his head until the stick pointed at the hand, made a terrific effort to reach it, failed, lost his more reliable and conclusive when the average experience of a series of years can be given. In this way slight variations, arising from inequality of soil and variability of season, are to a large experience of a series of years can be given. In this way slight variations, arising from inequality of soil and variability of season, are to a large experience of a series of years can be given. In this way slight variations, arising from inequality of soil and variability of season, are to a large experience of a series of years can be given. In this way slight variation, arising from inequality of study under the tutelage of the Jesu-large experience of a series of years can be given. In this way slight variations, arising from inequality of soil and variability of season, are to a large experience of a series of years can be given. In this way slight variations, arising from inequality of soil and variability of season, are to a large experience of a series of years can be given. In this way slight variation, arising from inequality of soil and variability of season, are to a large experience of a series of years can be given. In this way slight variations, arising from inequality of soil and variability of season, are to a large experience of a series of years can be given. In this way slight variations, arising from inequality of season, are to a large experience of a series of years can be given. In this way slight variation, and the property of balance and fell heavily to the floor. but he groaned in anguish at the loss of time. He looked up. The clock

delay. Again the struggle to regain thorough and extensive of any recently made, and he reports the following growing weakness. Nearer and nearer facts: he crept to the motionless rod. A nod

ceeded. The stick was torn loose fro

"My God!" he suddenly cried. "Why didn't I think of it before? Is there still time?" And seizing the heavy still time?" And seizing the heavy bear for the whole period, and the other three places have been filled during the time at irregular intervals and forbade his daughter from community for the whole period, and the other three places have been filled during the time at irregular intervals and forbade his daughter from community for the whole period, and the other three places have been filled during the time at irregular intervals.

swung rapidly back and forward, impelling the hands onward at a greatly increased rate of speed. His eyes were following the minute hand. He could see it move, and the hour hand? Yes, it was creeping along. Tom's strength was going fast. He sank to his knees and rolled over on the floor, but his eves were fixed on that hand. How long would it take to reach 11:45? Closer and closer it crept. Now it touched the iron connection and moved slowly past it. The alarm had been sounded, but there were 15 minutes strained his ears to catch the slightest sound. The noise of the storm was all that he could hear.

Click, click came from the instrument—a message from Maysville. Twenty-six had just passed. Maysville was 12 minutes up the road—it must now be 11:18. Tom tried to calculate the time since the hands started on their wild race, but his mind was a chaos of mad thoughts. What if Bill did not arrive in season? He rolled over on his face and waited for the

"Hello, where are you?" It was Bill's

"Stop 26-hold up at Dyke's sidingget men"- But Bill was gone.

The red light flashed up the track, and 26, with a noisy grinding of wheels and many jolts, came to a stop. A posse was hastily formed, but when the siding was reached nothing was found but the open switch that meant death and destruction.

The passengers and crew tried to nake Tom believe that he was a hero, but he only pointed to the clock and

ley Magazine. Hats In the House of Commons.

ber wear any unwonted he than the regulation tall hat would send for him and point out the irregularity. In these days a billycock hat has fre-quently been seen in one particular quarter of the house, and the innovation is tolerated. What Speaker Den son would have said or thought if he men stepped into the room, followed had seen a few straw hats in the extremely hot weather of last se the writer cannot venture even to con A reference to hats recalls the curi-

ous custom which prevails, that when a member wishes to interpose with a point of order after the question has been put from the chair he must speak "covered." On one occasion Mr. Gladstone wished to speak in this way, and, as he never brought a hat into the house, he was obliged hastily to borrow a hat. It happened that the hat which he borrowed belonged to his then solicitor general, Sir F. Herschell (afterward the lord chancellor), and it proved to be far too small for Mr. some time to address the house owing to the shouts of laughter which his appearance called forth.—Good Words.

Not Visible to the Naked Eye. "What," asked the proud young mamma, "do you think of the baby's

Her big, coarse brother looked down at the precious little innocent for a moment and then asked: "Where are they?"-Chicago Times-

An Animated Parcel. Duncan Ross, the Scotch athlete, brought to New York with him some years ago a valuable bull terrier, fain India. Mr. Ross lived across the Harlem river, but his business took him daily to the lower part of New York. Invariably he was accompanied to his office by the bull terrier. As it was known that he always came down town on the elevated railroad, his friends wondered, knowing the embargo placed upon dogs, how he procured transit for the bull terrier.

Their repeated questioning finally persuaded him to reveal the secret, and he invited them all to the office one evening just as he was starting for home. He took out of his desk a stout ce, of wrapping paper and, opening it out flat, spread it on the floor. he whistled to the dog, and the bull terrier walked to the center of the pa-per and curled up in a limp lump. Mr. Ross then produced a piece of stout cord and made a very neat parcel of his pet and tucked it under his arm. "I have carried this parcel up and down town for two years," he said, suspicion of its animated contents.

Clive is so well trained that he never makes a sound or moves a muscle. leave a little opening at one end of the package, so that he has plenty of air." The Eagle and the Turkey, The turkey is our great national bird instead of the eagle, which I don't take much stock in. Turkeys are good to eat. Eagles are only fit to put as stamps on coin. The eagle is a raven-ous, vicious thief. There is nothing

brave or good about the eagle. The

any time or place. A hawk is braver than the eagle. If the eagle had the flourishing little city has been recalled. courage in proportion to his size of the sparrow, he would be a wonder.

Kaskaskia was situated on a peninsula at the junction of the Kaskaskia and It was a mistake—a sad, pitiful blunder-to make the eagle our national bird. And a movement should be put the peninsula, leaving the remnant of on foot now to place the turkey on our the town on an island. The water conhe has no business to be. A bird so deposits on which Kaskaskia was built useless should not be worshiped as the eagle is. The turkey is a handsomer and in every way a better hind. On a and in every way a better bird. On a holiday occasions the turkey is our foremost fowl and furnishes the most recalled to the superstitious the story

its flimsy fastenings. Back again, up Persistent Productiveness a Thing The results of experiments with varicties of grain to ascertain their relative productiveness become much more reliable and conclusive when the more reliable and conclusive when the The hands marked 11. He could reach the pendulum. It must be started. There was still a chance of more delay. Again the struggle to regain the struggle to regai

Out of 41 different sorts of oats Benard. which have been subject to uniform tests for six years 9 have appeared among the 12 most productive sorts in love with her at first sight and made every year for the whole period, and no secret of his admiration. But Be during the time at irregular intervals by six other varieties. Hence only 15 The rod, freed of its heavy weight, of the 41 varieties have produced a



merican Beauty; 7, Golden Giant.]

erop sufficiently large during the whole of that time to entitle them to a place with the best 12 sorts. On comparing the best 12 varietie this year with the best 12 of 1899 it

is found that 10 of them are the same.

Taking the results of the cropping of Taking the results of the cropping of the 12 most productive sorts of oats at the central experimental farm for six years they have given an average yield for the whole period of 69 bushels 17 pounds per acre. The remaining 29 varieties have averaged during the varieties have averaged during the same time 51 bushels 7 pounds per same time 51 bushels 7 pounds per acre, an average difference in favor of the productive sorts of 18 bushels 10 pounds per acre.

The value of these figures is more fully realized if we bear in mind that every bushel of oats added to the average crop puts about \$1,000,000 into the pockets of Canadian farmers.

In spring wheat there is similar per-sistent productiveness in certain sorts. Of the 31 varieties of this cereal which have been tested for six consecutive years eight of these have appeared among the 12 most productive every year for the whole period. Comparing the best 12 varieties for 1899 with the best 12 for 1900 we find that 11 of hem are the same.

Taking the results of the cropping of the best 12 sorts of spring wheat for



HEAVY YIELDING SPRING WHEATS. [Some of the heaviest average yielders in al ars' trial of spring wheats: 1, Preston; 2, Re fet; 3, Goose; 4, White Fife; 5, Huron; 6, Well an's Fife; 7, White Russian; 8, Rio Grande.]

six years at the central farm the have averaged for the whole perio 26 bushels 57 pounds per acre, while the remaining 19 varieties grown for the same period have averaged 20 bushels 30 pounds per acre, an average difference in favor of the best 12 sorts of 6 bushels 27 pounds per acre.

The Cranberry Fireworm The larvæ of Rhopobota vaccinians or cranberry fireworm, cause consid

of Massachusetts. The larvæ of the firs brood seldom cause much injury, while those of the second brood are often exceedingly destructive. Where the cran berry bogs can be flooded with water at the proper season for destroying the larvæ, this method is very effective, but in many cases it is impossible to us water in this way. Experiments were used as a spray at the rate of 9 pound to 150 gallons of water. The first application was made in the early part of June. The second brood of caterpillar appeared during the first part of July and a second application was made, the insecticide being used at the rate of 13½ pounds to 150 gallons of water. Nearly all the larvæ were destroyed and a great saving in the cranberry crop was the result of this method. It was found that three men with a good outfit could spray eight acres of cran

A Source of Club Root. It is a practice far too comm throw any vegetable refuse into the pigpen or cows' manger. In the course of farm economy this is generally th turnip. It has been pretty well estal lished that manure from animals so fed may carry and disseminate germs of club root in land to which it is ap-HECURSEDTHETOWN

END OF THE FIRST CAPITAL OF ILLI

NOIS PROPHESIED BY AN INDIAN. The Destruction of the Town of Kas

kaskia Was In Accordance With the Last Words of the Chief Who Since the waters of the Mississippi river washed away the last vestige of early use to any one anywhere at an old legend that contained the proph-

at the junction of the Kaskaskia and the Mississippi rivers, and in 1882 the ins and remove the eagle from where tinued to wash away the rich alluvial pendulum swung close to his ear, but how could he reach the hand? Was he to fail now?

His eyes quickly searched the room. A few feet to the right was the win-

Jean Benard came to this country from France in 1698, bringing with him his wife and his 10-year-old daughter Marie. The family settled in Kaskas-kia, where Benard established a merchandising business. The Frenchman ous and most influential men of the town. Marie, his daughter, grew to be a beautiful woman, much courted by

The girl was at once fascinated by the tall, fine looking Indian, who fell nicating with the young Indian. To make sure that there would be no more meetings Benard used his influence to prevent the chief from attending any of the social entertainments given in

young couple managed to see each other despite all the precautions of the girl's father. But Benard became aware of these meetings and again took means to prevent them. He was a man of wealth and influence, and be had the Indian forced out of his part-nership in the trading company. The Indian left Kaskaskia. For al-

most a year nothing was heard of him, and Benard thought that his daughter had forgotten her lover, for she appeared gay and careless, and she accepted with apparent pleasure the at-tentions of a young Frenchman. One night when a farge ball at Kaskaskia was at its height Marie Benard disap-

Those who searched for Marie dis-covered that the young chief of the Kaskaskians had been seen that even-ing in the town, and the conclusion was their pursuers were supplied with fast horses the young lovers were captured after a day's chase about 40 miles from Kaskaskia. Their destination had been the French settlement at St. Louis, where the Indian had provided a home for his wife.

The Indian surrendered with sistance, and the posse started on the journey back to Kaskaskia, taking the two captives. Most of the men who composed Benard's party wanted to kill the Indian instantly, but Benard would not allow it, for he said that they should leave him to deal with his daughter's lover.

When the party reached Kaskaskia

the girl was placed in the convent there. Then Benard took the Indian to the bank of the Mississippi and, binding him tightly to a log, turned him adrift in the river. As the helpless Indian floated away to his death he raised his eyes to heaven and cursed Benard, who, he declared, would die a violent death. The Indian's last words were a prophecy that within 200 years the waters which were then bearing him away would sweep from the earth every vestige of the town, so that only the name would be left. The unhappy girl died in the convent. Benard was killed in 1712 in a duel. The last trace of Kaskaskia has been obliterated, and the superstitious de-slare that the Indian's curse has had something to do with the passing of the once flourishing town. On dark and stormy nights the ghost of the Indian is said to appear. The specter, with strong arms bound and face upturned, floats slowly by on the river where the stream sweeps by the site of the van ished city in which Marie Benard once

the red man that she loved .- Chi He Knew Better.
"Oh, John," she cried, "baby's cut a

"Aw, go 'way!" broke in little Willie, who was playing on the floor. "You can't cut a tooth! You may break it, but you can't cut it!"-Chicago Post.

Deep Sea Communings. rine architecture," said the starfish, inspecting the hull of Noah's ark, "as ever plowed these waters." "Oh, I don't know," replied the bar-acle. "I'm a good deal stuck on it

myself."-Chicago Tribune. Does This Explain It? "Another theatrical company has been quarantined. There seems to be something contagious about these traveling aggregations."

"Say, perhaps it's the 'catchy' songs they sing."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

'Do you think that genius is moved to exert itself by inspiration?"
"Sometimes," answered the very serious young man, "but oftener by the expiration of the period for which rent has been paid."—Washington Star.

A Blow From Behind. "One winter, when things were rather slow in New York city—it was just before John L.'s time"—said the old pu-gilist, "we made up a little party and hired a hall in one of the fishing towns not far away. We advertised a prize of \$10 for any one who could stay on his feet against our men for five

rounds. It was safe money, although when two or three of the in at the same time we had all we could handle.
"But one night a fellow as big as the side of a house came along, and we smelled trouble. We put him up against the heaviest man in our party, who, though he only tipped the scales at 180 pounds, had two good hands and a head that you couldn't hurt with a piledriver. But the stran

ger was no slouch, and at the end of the fourth round we began to worry about the tenner. "The ring was on the stage at the front of the hall, and at the rear of the stage there were two windows. So I says to our man as I sponged his mouth, 'Work him over to one of the

"It wasn't no easy job, but he did

"But the funny part of it is that our champeen had caught the local guy on the jaw the same moment, and we