State Library julyo1

THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL. xxxviii BUTLER, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 25, 1901 No 29.

We Invite you To Look at Our NEW CARPETS.

New Fall patterns to show you in Ingrain and Brussels. Pretty patterns and plenty of them. Price and quality right.

Tapestry Brussels, 90c
The finest quality of its kind; the patterns are superior to many of the higher-priced goods.

Tapestry Brussels, 75c
Not so fine as the higher priced ones, but good for the price and very pretty patterns.

Best Ingrain Carpet, 65c
Strictly all-wool extra super Carpet in attractive patterns. Suitable for any room.

China Matting, 25c
A good quality in small greens, reds or blue patterns. Cool and clean for summer.

Campbell & Templeton

July Sale.

We have concluded to have a grand clearance sale during the month of July--prices away down--you can buy goods during this sale at a big saving. We know July and August are dull months and we are going to offer some big bargains.

Men's $5.00 and $6.00 fine shoes at..... 4.00
Men's $3.50 and $4.00 fine shoes at..... 2.50
Men's $3.50 Oxfords shoes at..... 2.25
Men's fine calf and Vici-kid $2.00 shoes at.... 1.50
Boy's fine kid and patent leather $3.00 shoes at 1.75
Men's fine satin-calf shoes at..... 1.00

Ladies' fine Dongola $3.50 and $4.00 at.... 2.50
Ladies' fine Dongola $2.50 shoes at..... 2.00
Ladies' fine Dongola $1.50 shoes at..... 1.00
Misses' fine Dongola shoes $2.00 and $2.50 grade at 1.50
Ladies' fine Dongola patent tip Oxfords at... 90
Boys' fine satin-calf shoes at 90

Men's and Boys' working shoes of all kinds at reduced prices.

Ladies' and Misses' every-day shoes at a big reduction.

We have made reductions in all lines and ask you to call and examine our goods and we can save you money.

JOHN BICKEL,
128 SOUTH 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,
42 North Main Street All Work Guaranteed. Butler, Pa

Removal Notice!

C. F. T. Pape,
Jeweler and Watchmaker
Will be found on and after April 1st at 121 East Jefferson street, opposite G. Wilson Miller's Grocery Store, Butler, Pa.

A PRETTY HAT

For special occasions or ordinary we can be selected from the large assortmen of trimmed hats, ranging from 1.00 up wards, cannot be duplicated by any sold elsewhere at such low prices. Our models are artistic and beautifully developed in the new millinerymaterials such as Corded Chiffons, Persian, Moussilines, Irridescent Tulla and Oriental Gauze.
Value and style are delightfully combnd in our summer hats. The display is decidedly interesting; aso our prices. Come and see them at

Rockenstein's,
MILLINERY EMPORIUM.
328 South Main Street. - - - - - Butler, Pa

Subscribe for the CITIZEN.

DO YOU WANT
A PIANO OR ORGAN?
If so—now is your time to buy

A GREAT BARGAIN
AT
HAMILTON'S.

Fine Oak or Walnut Organs at $30 to $35.
Splendid Hamilton Organs, 9 and 11 stops, $40 to $45.
Magnificent Hamilton Organs, 9 to 11 stops, $50 to $60.
Beautiful ESTEY ORGANS from $35 up.

HAMILTON PIANOS.
Special drive on about 50 elegant styles. To close out this lot we have cut prices in half—your choice from $200 to $250.

A. B. CHASE PIANOS.
The Matchless A. B. Chase Pianos.
Unquestionably the finest Pianos in the world. About 25 of last fall's style of cases at
ALMOST COST.
If you would save $100 to $150 on a fine Piano, write at once to HAMILTON'S.
Every instrument guaranteed fully.
Call or write for Prices and Catalogues to

S. HAMILTON,
135-7 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburg.

CELERY KING
NATURE'S CURE
A Great Nerve Medicine.
Celery King cleanses the system and builds it up.
It makes the blood pure.
It beautifies the complexion.
It cures constipation and liver disorders.
It cures headache and most other aches.
Celery King cures Nerve, Stomach, Liver and Kidney diseases. 1

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR
Ralston
The 5 Minute Breakfast Food.
Purine Health Flour
Makes
"BRAIN BREAD."
PURINA MILLS, ST. LOUIS, MO.

℞
You Shouldn't Suffer With Corns or Bunions When JOHNSTON'S Corn Cure Will Cure Them In a Short Time. Price 25 cents. Put Up and Sold Only At
Johnston's Crystal Pharmacy,
R. M. LOGAN, Ph. G., Manager,
106 N. Main St., Butler, Pa
Both 'Phones.
Everything in the drug-line.

Hotel Nixon
215 N McKean St., Butler,
Having rented this hotel for another year, I again invite the patronage of my old friends and the public generally.
R. O. RUBAMUGH.

LOVES SHE LIKE ME?

Oh, say, my fluttering heart,
Loves she like me?
Is here thy counterpart?
Throbs it like thee?
Does she remember yet
The spot where first we met,
Which I shall ne'er forget,
Loves she like me?

Soft echoes still repeat,
"Loves she like me?"
When on that mossy seat,
Beneath the tree,
I wake my amorous lay
Where lambkins round me play
And whispering zephyrs say,
Loves she like me?

On her I think by day,
Loves she like me?
With her in dreams I stray
O'er mead and lea.
My hopes of earthly bliss
Are all comprised in this,
To share her nuptial kiss—
Loves she like me?

Does absence give her pain?
Loves she like me?
And does she thus arraign
Fortune's decree?
Does she my name repeat?
Will she with rapture greet
The hour that sees us meet?
Loves she like me?

—Samuel Woodworth.

THE LAW OF FRANCE

By M. Quad....

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY C. B. LEWIS.

I had fallen in with Leon Messerve up the Mediterranean, and it was more than eight months before we got back to Paris. He was a young man of 25, educated, well off, a jolly companion and a good friend. We had rooms together in Paris, and we had been living together for a month when he received word from his notary one day that he was financially ruined. I never did learn the full particulars, but it seemed that an estate he had fallen heir to had a defective title and after a legal contest passed to another. As Leon's sole income had been derived from the revenues of this estate, he was left flat. At the time he heard the news he did not have a hundred dollars in cash. Of course I did my best to console him, but he was proud and sensitive and would be under obligations to no man. After a two hours' talk, in which nothing was settled except the fact that he would not accept a loan from me, great or small, he went out without saying when he would return.

When three days had passed without Messerve returning or sending word, I became so anxious that I went to

I WAS LOCKED UP IN THE HOUSE OF DETENTION.

his notary for information. Nothing could be learned of him there. I spent two days wandering about in the hope of catching sight of him, and a private detective in my employ spent three more, but we got no trace. Then, fearing that he had made away with himself and by the advice of the notary, I went to the police. To my great amazement, no sooner had my story been related than I was put under arrest and our joint apartments were searched from top to bottom. When I indignantly protested, the inspector answered:

"He was your friend. You are the last one who saw him. You must produce him or lie under the suspicion of having encouraged him to self murder. Perhaps you wanted to rid yourself of him when you found that he was ruined."

I sent for the notary, but he was noncommittal. He was evidently afraid of the police. He did say that Leon considered me his best friend and that I had been very anxious about his disappearance, but there was no heartiness in his defense of me. All the satisfaction that I could get from the American minister was that he would watch the case. I was "officially detained" for being accessory to the mysterious disappearance of Leon Messerve. I was arrested for interference with an officer in discharge of his duties, although I had simply protested. Further, I was put under surveillance as a suspicious person. All this meant that I was locked up in the house of detention while the police went hunting, not for the missing man, but for evidence to incriminate me. I could have got bail, but as I was not a citizen of the country bail was refused. I was willing to employ agents to make further search for my friend, but this was not allowed. Even the notary was forbidden to make any move in that direction.

For seven weeks I was a prisoner, while the police had charge of my apartments and would give me no news whatever. The lawyer I employed said that we must let the law take its course—that is, we must wait until the officials of the law got ready to let me prove my innocence. If I couldn't prove that I was not accessory to the missing man's suicide, then it would go hard with me. There came a day at last when I was arraigned in court. It was not on the main charge, but on that of obstructing the law. I had simply asked the inspector what he expected to find in my apartments to show what had become of my missing friend. That was made out to be "obstructing," and I was fined a sum equal to about $20. The next day I was brought up on another charge. It was my duty under the law to have notified the police at once of Leon's disappearance, but I had waited several days before doing so. Being derelict in my [illegible] fined $7. There was still [illegible]. I had employed pri[illegible] when I should have notified the regular police. This was holding the law in contempt. It was clearly within the province of the court to fine me for that, but as I was a stranger in France and had not been found guilty of any criminal offense this charge would be overlooked. I was then given my liberty, with a warning to be more circumspect in the future. My attorney had not opened his mouth in my defense, but I had to pay him a fee of $25.

Upon being turned out of the courtroom I made my way to my apartments to find that Messerve had been home for three days, but that the police had prevented him from notifying me. He had left the rooms fully intending to make an end of himself, but had encountered friends, drunk with them and finally brought up in a gambling house and won something like $20,000. This his friends had taken care of for him until he was once more himself. He had scarcely related his adventures and listened to mine when the police came and arrested him, and two days later he was tried and convicted of the charge of "raising a false and unnecessary alarm and causing the officers of the law unusual and unnecessary trouble." This was based upon the fact that he had not committed suicide, and he was fined $20. I do not know that the police would have brought further charges, but I did not wait to give them a chance. Bidding my companion adieu, I packed up and crossed the channel and left them to work it out on those remaining behind. A few weeks later I heard that the notary was in trouble, but whether because he had notified Messerve of his misfortune or for breaking some other article of the code I could not learn.

The Blind Smoker's Cigar.

We are often told that a man who is smoking in the dark would be unable to tell whether his cigar were alight or no unless he could see the red glow at the end of it. So, too, a man with his eyes shut would have great difficulty in telling whether he were drinking port or sherry. Now, as I have been blind for upward of 20 years I am unluckily somewhat fairly qualified to contest the validity of this statement. I was a smoker for 20 years before my infirmity crept upon me, and I am smoking even now as I dictate this letter. In fact, I have smoked all my life.

To say that I do not know whether my cigar is alight or no because I cannot see either the smoke or the red glow at the end of the weed is simply absurd. The taste alone is sufficient to tell me accurately. The one is infinitely pleasurable and flavorable and the other exceedingly disagreeable and objectionable. Tongue, palate and odor are incontrovertible testifiers. I grant that the pleasure of smoking is lessened by the absence of the sight of the smoke, but only slightly, and to assert that I do not know whether I am smoking or not is as much as to say I do not know whether I am standing on my head or my heels.—Saturday Review.

An Inverted Fable.

"Now," said the big buck deer to his eldest born, "I will show you a sight that you never saw before and I am so proud of that I feel like walking around on my hind legs all the rest of my life."

"Why," said the fawn, "it is a man, as I live!"

"Yes," said the fawn's proud parent, dragging out the carcass from behind a tree, "and now, like a good little deer, run and get me my sharpest knife, while I skin him and prepare his head for a dining room ornament. And shall I tell you how your papa did such a brave deed? Then listen, my son. This morning, in company with my faithful bloodhounds, I tracked the man through the forest, drove him into the lake, having first ascertained that he was unarmed, and then, as he was swimming about almost exhausted, I put forth in my canoe and shot him at leisure in a nice vital spot where it wouldn't show."

Moral.—"But, papa," said the fawn, "the man had no chance at all against your skill and science. I don't see anything brave to be proud of."

"But you will," said the big buck deer, "when you get to be as big as I am."—New York Life.

It Was a Wonderful Touch.

The late bishop of Louisiana, the Right Rev. Joseph P. Wilmer, was once traveling in England with his cousin, Bishop Richard Wilmer, when an incident occurred which shows Bishop Joseph's readiness in a trying situation. The two bishops were being entertained by a gentleman who thought his wife had all the musical talent and accomplishment that any human being can possess. He insisted upon a specimen of her performance. The two apostolic cousins stood near the piano. Bishop Richard, recognizing that a compliment would be necessary and difficult to make, quietly stepped back, as most men do on such occasions, leaving the position of honor to Bishop Joseph, wondering what the end would be after "the assault upon the ivory keys" might suddenly terminate in an awkward selah. Bishop Joseph, like a self possessed woman, with dignity and sweetness of thought, spoke to the hungry soul of the adoring husband:

"Is that touch of your wife natural or acquired?"

"Oh, it is perfectly natural," replied the delighted spouse.

"I thought it was," said the bishop, "for I don't think such a touch could be acquired."—Living Church.

Mere Trifles.

"You won't buy anything but food with this penny, will you?"

"Nothin 'cept maybe a automobile or some other trifle like dat."—New York Evening Journal.

Displaying His Caution.

"I noticed he was unusually formal and circumspect in his behavior," she told her dearest friend, "and I thought at first I had offended him in some way."

"Had you?"

"Oh, no. As soon as Brother Willie came in and got the phonograph he had inadvertently left on the table everything was all right again."—Chicago Post.

The Truth, But—

Wrighter—Joakley has applied for admission to the Authors' club. You know him, don't you?

Ascum—Yes. But how is he eligible for admission?

Wrighter—Why, he says his occupation is preparing magazine articles. Isn't that true?

Ascum—Well, he's superintendent of a powder mill.—Philadelphia Press.

Sure to Get Smashed.

First Flea—Great scratches, Nipps! What are you doing here?

Second Flea—Why, anything wrong?

"Wrong! Why, flea, alive, you're camping right on Gardner's solar plexus, and it's only five minutes till he fights Terry McGovern!"

Exit both in an awful panic.—San Francisco Bulletin.

It Yielded.

First Physician—Did old Coupon's case yield to your treatment?

Second Physician—It did. I treated it for six months, and it yielded something like a hundred guineas.—London Fun.

RETICENCE.

Our dead are buried facing to the sun;
In foolish epitaphs their faith is told,
And yet they died without a victory won,
Leaving a world in folly growing old.
Now, why should we, among these futile graves,
Proclaim the truth to dead or living dust?
Bow to the earth like overburdened slaves;
Reborn the freeman of a higher trust!
Have words a substance whereon light may shine?
Can beauty glow upon a trembling sound?
Can aught but deeds foreshadow the divine?
Or save in symbols can the truth be found?
Then let no doubt defeat your eager hand,
For all must heed, though few may understand.
—Peter McArthur in Ainslee's Magazine.

A POINT OF HONOR.

The Dilemma of a Lover.

BY E. BECKFORD.

Framed in the oaken porch of the old Ankerdine mansion a girl stood with a thick wrap across her shoulders, glancing to right and left with a slight shiver and hesitating on the threshold.

"You're confoundedly anxious, madam," snarled her father's voice behind her. "I opine an ardent lover's journey will not be accelerated by your tramping about in the cold."

Miss Ankerdine made no reply, but daintily collecting with one small hand a mass of skirt that would have puzzled a man to grasp in two large ones, threaded a way around flower beds and bushes to another part of the garden where a former owner had constructed a small and deep artificial pond, now skinned thinly over and reflecting the stars like a mirror. It was spanned by a rustic bridge, fragile and worm bitten. From it on a fine day miles of open country could be scanned across the fields and dingles to where the Solent smiled, a blue perpendicular shimmer against the duller background of the Wight. The highroad was just discernible in patches, where no hedge trammeled its boundary, but only at rare intervals before it plunged into a dip and disappeared.

Two years away and his ship paid off today! It would not be many hours before her lover's horse pounded along its famous course.

For famous it was. Trafalgar was yet to be fought, and few days closed without a detachment of soldiers swinging past, coaches flashing by crowded in and out with men whose trade was war, returned marines with a cargo of prize money and intoxicants pursuing their jovial way or a successful press gang hurrying to the sea.

Millie Ankerdine's eyes danced as she leaned over the bridge in an eager aspect of listening. There was a quick tearing, a slight thud, an arrested cry, and broken fragments of ice and woodwork floated upon the dark water over her head.

"What the devil's all this noise about?" muttered Mr. Ankerdine testily as an unaccustomed clamor penetrated to his study and attracted him forth to seek its import.

Before the great hall fire, the once breezy drapery of a dinner dress oozing dark pools and steaming lazily, lay his daughter. A stranger, rills of moisture trickling from each fold of his clothing, was chafing her hands and vociferating for assistance. He ceased suddenly as her father appeared, with servants at his heels, and stood back beyond the play of the firelight. Mr. Ankerdine knelt down beside her as she showed signs of recovery.

"I have to thank you for rescuing my daughter, I suppose, sir," he said to the stranger. "The best kind of gratitude is the practical. You must be made comfortable first, and I can din you with words after."

The man had no time to answer. A post chaise dashed up to the porch with a groaning of leather and jingling of harness, a broad shouldered young fellow completely enveloped in a huge wrap precipitated himself rather than got out of the vehicle and gripped the old man by both hands, exclaiming: "How's the gout, sir? And where is Millie—not here to welcome me?"

"At the bottom of the pond but for this gentleman," said Mr. Ankerdine. "I must introduce you when I— Hello!" he gasped in a species of stupefaction, for the gallant stranger had slipped out into the night, and Lieutenant Rigden, his daughter's prospective husband, had started in pursuit.

The first man, stimulated by the slow diffusion of warmth as his limbs coursed with blood again, held his own at first, but was soon captured.

"You must come back with me, M. de Frontignac," said the young sailor. "It is the fortune of war."

"Again the fortune of war?" replied the Frenchman. "A cold fortune at present, mon ami." He fell into step beside his companion without resistance.

"Millie has asked for you," Mr. Ankerdine observed dryly as the pair reached the house. "She appeared surprised that you should prefer scouring the country at midnight to greeting her. However, each to his taste."

The sailor deferred apologies and led the way to the drawing room at once, locking the door and placing the key in his pocket—a maneuver which did not escape the young lady's notice and added a spice of alarm to the shy affection with which she returned her lover's caress.

"Why did you do that, Edward?" she whispered anxiously in his ear. "Is there danger outside, or is that a bad man? I fell into the pond, and he jumped in, too, on this freezing night and saved my life, dear!"

"Thank God it was saved, little girl," he replied. "But that this gentleman should have been the agent rather complicates matters. We must at any rate thank him, Millie. So first let me introduce in form the Count de Frontignac, captain in the navy of republican France. Monsieur, I have the honor to present my fiancee."

The Frenchman now advanced and bent over the slim fingers extended. "My good luck has not been entirely dead, then, that I could render even so small a service to so gracious a demoiselle," he said.

"Why, you are soaking, sir!" exclaimed the girl. "How wicked you are! He will die!"

"One moment, Millie!" exclaimed Rigden. "There are more important questions than those of etiquette and raiment to be discussed. That this gentleman is brave, you will know from what he has done tonight—more than brave, for he risked almost certain death by discovering himself to save you. But he will be as dangerous to succor. His frigate was captured recently by a British squadron, and he was to be sent, along with the prisoners, to London under escort. I assume he has escaped and is attempting to reach the coast. Millie, this man preserved to me all I hold dear, but—he is one of my country's most active enemies."

"Perhaps you are mistaken," said Millie, with a woman's readiness to escape wide questions by a side issue.

"No mistake here," said Rigden, with a short laugh. "I was one of his captors, and the last time we met was upon his quarter deck."

Millie drew her lover aside and placed her hands on his shoulders. The Frenchman was staring into the fire.

"Edward, you must let him go and help him too. Is this man's honor or woman's gratitude to drag him back to a dungeon? If so, noble deeds were better unacted and will be if they are to be repaid as we would repay this."

"Listen, Millie," said the young man in a very low voice. "This gentleman is an important capture to lose, and by restoring him to the authorities I am certain of recognition, which means a ship and—a—wife."

"This is what I had begun to fear," she said breathlessly. "You must not let it scale one featherweight in the balance. We owe him my life, and not the broad pennant of an admiral would cover the blot on your honor if you give him up. Edward, can you?"

He hesitated only for a minute, then turned around and said curtly: "Venus has triumphed, monsieur. I will search you to see that no papers are concealed. Pardon me, there shall be no indignity, and duty, which has come out something hardily in this encounter, renders it necessary. Also some clothes are required and food. I will then do myself the pleasure of putting you upon the safest route."—St. Louis Republican.

City of the Snows.

For three months in the winter Archangel, the great western port of Russia, scarcely sees the sun and for three months in the summer seldom loses sight of it. Yet there is no city in the whole of Europe which lies for so many months—for the greater part of the year, in fact—under a mantle of snow, and because of this the Russian fondly calls it "The White City."

White, too, is it in other ways. All the chief buildings glare with white paint and blink with white blinds. The churches—and in a Russian city they are not few—are also of pure white; only the cupolas are green and the crosses on their summits gold. And white are the private houses of the better sort, except where Norwegians and Germans live, for buff and blue and red then streak and diaper the pine walls and edge of the gable ends; but street posts, gates, pillars, walls, fences—these are all white.

And in summer for every official you see in a blue or a gray tunic you see ten in white caps and white uniforms. Bright color alone is left to the women and children—pink blouses, green skirts, scarlet petticoats, orange aprons and blue kerchiefs are common enough, while a group of children will always look like a cluster of old English flowers. But otherwise, in summer as in winter, this old city of Archangel is a white city indeed.—Pearson's Magazine.

Behind English Walls.

Not until the visitor to England mounts to the top of a coach does he have any conception of the glories hidden behind those brick battlements which make every Englishman's home veritably a castle. What a revelation of beauty they are! Now it is seen that the reverse side of the vine clad wall forms the most effective of backgrounds for the gay flowers in the hardy border. Hollyhocks stand up like sentinels against the ivy, huge oriental poppies splash their wonderful color among the shrubbery, roses fairly intoxicate the senses where they climb over the half timbered Elizabethan houses and tangle themselves with the clematis in wild profusion over the arches that span the trim garden paths. During a day's ride on top of a coach one will see hundreds of enchanting gardens. During quite a long walk along the same road one would not even suspect their presence because of the universal wall were not an occasional gate left ajar, thereby offering a surreptitious peep.—Everybody's Magazine.

Didn't Match.

"When I came of age," said Mr. Softleigh, "I promised mother that I'd never marry until I found the right girl."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Miss Sharpe.

"Yes, and—er—you're the right girl."

"That's too bad, for you're the wrong man."—Philadelphia Press.

Pacifying Her.

The Wife—If this scandal in the family is going to make any difference in our social position, it will be more than I can bear.

Chicago Millionaire—Don't let that worry you a bit. If it does, we'll move to New York.—Harper's Bazar.

Couldn't Be Seen.

Junior Partner—I received a note from our bookkeeper this morning saying that he wouldn't be able to come to work for several days.

Senior Partner—What's the matter with the man?

Junior Partner—His wife has been cutting his hair.—Town Topics.

Providing It For Her.

"The doctor said I ought to have change of climate," remarked the vacation seeking wife.

"That's lucky," replied the foxy husband. "I notice that the weather bureau predicts cold rain, followed by a hot, dry spell."—Philadelphia Record.

The Opal Superstition.

There is one superstition of wide range and influence that is directed against one of the most beautiful objects in nature, the opal. A man in my town failed in business, and what do you think he did? Took his opal ring into the yard and smashed it to pieces with a hammer! He ascribed his bankruptcy to that opal, and he intended neither to suffer such misfortune again nor to allow any other one to do so by inheriting or buying that ill starred property.

One of the most amusing instances of a trust in wrong things is reported from New York, where a man took an opal to a jeweler and asked him to sell it, as he had had nothing but bad luck since he owned it, his business ventures having failed, his children having suffered illness and the old scratch having been to pay generally. The jeweler found the gem to have been an imitation. Its falsity must have been obvious to everybody except the victim, because the opal is the stone that has never been even passably imitated.—New Lippincott.

His Emancipation.

Away back in 1771 Josiah Woodbury of Beverly, Mass., thus published his happy emancipation from matrimonial woes:

BEVERLY, Sept. 16, 1771.

Ran away from Josiah Woodbury, cooper, his house plague for seven long years, Masury Old Moll, alias Trial of Vengeance. He that lost will never seek her; he that shall keep her I will give two Bushel of Beans. I forewarn all Persons in Town or County from trusting said Trial of Vengeance. I have hove all the old (shoes) I can find for joy, and all my neighbors rejoice with me. A good Riddance of bad Ware. Amen!

JOSIAH WOODBURY.

FARM AND GARDEN

THE LEAF ROLLER.

Injurious to the Strawberry Plant. When and How to Treat It.

There are a number of species of small caterpillars that feed upon the foliage of strawberries and a number that fold or web up the leaves in whole or in part, but there is only one that occurs in such numbers as to be really injurious. This is the larva of the little moth pictured, many times its natural size, in the cut.

Dr. J. B. Smith of New Jersey presents this original sketch of the moth

FOLDED LEAFLETS—LEAF ROLLER MOTH.

and that of leaflets folded by single larvæ in a recent report, in which he says:

The moths make their appearance in the strawberry field during the first half of May. In an ordinary season they may be looked for almost any time after May 1. The eggs are pale green in color, almost exactly like the underside of the strawberry leaf, and are almost invisible to any but most careful examination. When the young caterpillar hatches, it must make a journey from the underside of the leaf on which it was born to the upper side of the same or another leaf, and it feeds for a day or two at least, practically exposed upon an open surface. Moths may be found on the vines until late in May or even in early June. Then they disappear, and during the first days of June the presence of the larvæ becomes noticeable, increasingly so as the month advances.

As soon as it is hatched the little caterpillar makes its way to the upper side of a half grown leaf where the separate leaflets are not yet fully expanded and stretches itself along the midrib. It eats into the midrib or along the side close to it, and very soon the upper faces of the leaflet or lobe are brought together and held in place by numerous silken cords, while the insect spins a partial tube or lining inside, in which it lives for the balance of its life.

It has been shown that just after it is hatched and while the larva is yet very small it wanders from its place of birth to the upper side of the leaf, feeding here and there, before settling down. It must be the object of the grower to poison the foliage so early in the season that when the young caterpillar starts feeding it can find no foliage that it can safely eat. Therefore as soon as moths are found flying in fair numbers spray with paris green or some other arsenite. As the plants grow rapidly and new leaves are being constantly added, spray again a week later and a third time the week thereafter. This will catch the great bulk of the caterpillars that would become injurious in June.

A single spraying will do comparatively little good, because the moths extend the egg laying period over so long a time. The first larvæ are almost full grown before the last eggs are hatched. The actual date of spraying depends upon the season and the time of appearance of the moths. When the fruit is well advanced, all poisons must be of necessity kept off.

The New Pea Pest.

The new pest, the destructive pea aphis, has in the last two years inflicted enormous losses in various regions where peas are grown for canneries, as Maryland, Delaware, New Jersey, New York and Connecticut. Michigan and Wisconsin also have suffered from it. Some of the scientists claim that it is naturally more an enemy of clover than

THE DESTRUCTIVE PEA LOUSE.

of peas. An encouraging feature noted in Canada is that wherever the aphis occurred it was attacked by parasitic enemies, the most vigorous of these being the small orange larvæ of a species of diplosis—minute maggots—which suck the juice out of the body of the aphis.

The "brush and cultivator" method of fighting the pea louse is accepted as the most generally effective. For this it is necessary that the peas be planted in rows, and when the insects are noticed the vines are brushed backward and forward with a good pine switch in front of a cultivator drawn by a single horse. In this manner the plant lice are covered up as soon as they fall to the ground, and a large proportion of them are destroyed.

Peas sown late or on poor ground sustain most damage. The pea aphis is sketched, many times enlarged.

USEFUL FERTILIZERS.

New Jersey Station Formulas For Various Common Crops.

Early potatoes: Nitrate of soda, 100 pounds; sulphate of ammonia, 100 pounds; tankage, 100 pounds; acid phosphate, 500 pounds; sulphate or muriate of potash, 200 pounds. Use 800 to 1,200 pounds per acre. Late potatoes: Nitrate of soda, 50 pounds; dried blood, 100 pounds; tankage, 100 pounds; acid phosphate, 600 pounds; sulphate or muriate of potash, 150 pounds. Use 600 to 800 pounds per acre.

Market garden crops, such as asparagus, cucumbers, early beets, cabbage, celery, eggplants, melons, peppers and squashes: Nitrate of soda, 100 pounds; sulphate of ammonia, 100 pounds; dried blood, 150 pounds; ground bone, 100 pounds; acid phosphate, 450 pounds; muriate of potash, 150 pounds. Use 1,000 to 1,200 pounds per acre.

Timothy and clover: Nitrate of soda, 50 pounds; tankage, 150 pounds; acid phosphate, 700 pounds; muriate of potash, 100 pounds. Apply 300 to 500 pounds per acre at seeding time.

Timothy hay, top dressing: Nitrate of soda, 500 pounds; ground bone, 200 pounds; acid phosphate, 200 pounds; muriate of potash, 100 pounds. Apply 200 to 300 pounds per acre.

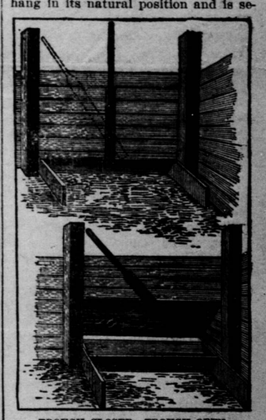
Clovers, cowpeas and pasture: Ground bone, 150 pounds; acid phosphate, 600 pounds; muriate of potash, 250 pounds. Apply 300 to 500 pounds per acre.

Turnips, swedes and rape: Nitrate of soda, 150 pounds; dried blood, 100 pounds; ground bone, 200 pounds; acid phosphate, 400 pounds; muriate of potash, 150 pounds. Apply 600 to 800 pounds per acre.

THE FOOTPROOF TROUGH.

Practical Device For Distributing Food For Hogs.

A method of setting a hog trough so as to keep it clean is shown in the accompanying cut from the Ohio Farmer. The arrangement is seen from the inside of the pen or feeding lot. The trough is set just outside the inclosure. From 18 inches to 2 feet of the bottom of the partition or fence, as the case may be, is made to swing, being fastened by strong hinges to the parallel boards above. When feed is being placed in the trough, this is allowed to hang in its natural position and is se-



TROUGH CLOSED—TROUGH OPEN.

cured there by the lever whose lower end catches on the inside of the trough, as shown in the upper figure.

After the feed is ready the lever is pushed to one side until its lower end clears the inside of the trough, and the partition is then swung out and secured to the outer edge of the trough by the lever again being pushed in position. The lever is attached to the swinging partition by a single bolt. This arrangement keeps the hogs away from the trough until the feed is distributed ready for them and also keeps them from getting their feet in the trough while eating.

Time of Sowing Tobacco Seed.

There seems to be a general rule for sowing tobacco seed in each state with reference to the frosts which are likely to occur in the spring. Seed beds should be planted from six weeks to two months, according to the variety of the seed, before the latest date at which killing frost has occurred in the locality. This is for domestic seed. Imported Cuban seed should be planted a month later and imported Sumatra six weeks later than acclimated seed. Very vigorous varieties of tobacco will grow large enough to transplant in six weeks. Other varieties will take from eight to ten weeks from the time of sowing the seed.—Butterweck.

Cutting Asparagus.

The question of the propriety of cutting all or certain asparagus shoots as rapidly as they appear and for a continued time often arises, for it is well known that the continued cutting away of all a plant's growth has a weakening tendency at least, says Meehan's Monthly. As recently stated, most gardeners cut all growth during the first half of the season. But a correspondent of the London Gardening Illustrated recommends leaving all the very light growth, that it may strengthen the plants for the following season, and only cutting that which is strong.

From the Ohio Station.

Don't sow alfalfa on poor soil.
Don't sow alfalfa on wet soil.
Don't forget to clip it three times the first year.
Don't turn any stock on it until the next May.
Don't sow alfalfa seed on unprepared soil as you do clover.
If it fails with you, manure the land and try again.

To Use Externally.

Customer—I want 10 cents' worth of zinc for my sister.

Drug Clerk—What kind of zinc? There are about 40 kinds. What does your sister want to use it for?

Customer—I don't know the kind. She said I must not tell what she wanted it for?

Drug Clerk—Was it oxide of zinc she wanted?

Customer—Yes, that's it; outside of zinc to put on her face.—Brooklyn Life.

BROTHER GARDINER.

Chunks of Philosophy by the President of the Limekiln Club.

[Copyright, 1901, by C. B. Lewis.]

When de world calls a man a good feller, it means a pusson who am willin to lend money widout interest or security.

I once knowed a man so wise dat he predicted de downfall ob an empire, and yet dat werry same man stole chickens and left de feathers flyin round fur de police to foller up.

I'd gib a heap to know what am beyand dis life, but at de same time I recognize de fact dat if I don't hustle round dere will be no bacon fur breakfas'.

Ebery man should firmly believe dat de good will be rewarded, but no man should be fool 'nuff to believe dat integrity will rake in a poker pot ag'in three kings.

De world am either cold, cruel and deceitful or it am full ob truth and sunshine and good people. It all depends on de state ob yo'r stomach and pocketbook.

It's human natur' to deceive oneself. I'ze got to be nigh on to sebenty y'ars old, and yit when I started in to chase a hog out of der garden de odder day, and fell on my nose I laid it all to de fact dat my old woman was tryin to boss de job.

I used to think de world was all wrong and dat I was a misused man, but of late y'ars whenever I am kicked by a cow I feel mighty thankful dat she didn't hev hoss shoes on her feet. It's purty hard luck to hev yo'r tater crop killed off by de drought, but yo've only got to realize dat it might hev bin washed away by a flood to feel dat yo' ain't so badly off arter all.

M. QUAD.