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THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL XXXVIII BUTLER, PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5 1901 No 40.

BICKEL'S
Fall and Winter Footwear.

For the past three months we have been making preparations for our extensive fall and winter stock of Boots and Shoes.

Great care has been taken in selecting a line of good solid water-proof shoes for country trade, for well we know how people appreciate good water-proof footwear.

It is gratifying to say that prices this fall will be cheaper than last season as prices on stock is lower and consequently will be able to give much better values for the money.

It has always been our aim to have a large assortment of fine footwear made by the leading manufacturers and you will agree with us that the Sorosis', Barker & Bowman Co's, Duttenhoffer & Son's, A. E. Nettleton's, Schwab Bro's and P. Cogan & Son's line of Ladies' and Gent's, Boy's and Youth's, Misses' and children's fine shoes in Patent Leathers, Dongolas, Enamels, Box-Calfs, and Cordovans in medium or heavy soles, extension edges are more handsome and up-to-date than ever.

FOR OIL MEN AND FARM-WEAR.

We have a complete stock of Gokey's hand-made, whole stock, box-toe Boots and Shoes. Gokey's high cut copper-toe shoes for Boy's and high-cut water-proof shoes for girls.

Rubber and Felt Goods

Our stock of Rubber and Felt Goods is extremely large, and owing to the large orders which we placed we were able to get very close prices and am in a position to offer you the lowest prices for best grades of Felts and Rubber Goods.

An immense business enables us to name the very lowest prices for reliable footwear. When in need of anything in our line give us a call

JOHN BICKEL,

128 SOUTH MAIN STREET. - - BUTLER, PA

IN CONNECTION WITH OUR

3rd Annual Shirt Waist Sale

WHICH IS NOW ON, WE HAVE A

General Clearance Sale

OF OUR ENTIRE STOCK OF SUMMER GOODS.

There are just a few left, so do not delay if you want a genuine bargain.

We have four tables, that have made records for themselves the last few days.

5c, 10c. 25c and 50c Tables.

The bargains to be found on these, have never been equaled and never will be beaten in Butler county. Similiar bargains all over the store.

Duffy's Store.

HATS AT SMALL PRICES.

Our assortment of Outing Hats, Soft Hats, Sailor Hats, in fact every hat and all Millinery must be cleared out at once. We are making a great sacrifice to close out this line. Never before has there been such an opportunity to secure bargains and value at so little figures.

Rockenstein's,

MILLINERY EMPORIUM.

23 South Main Street. - - - - - Butler, Pa

K E C K

Spring Styles

E 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.

C. E. MILLER

Wants More Room and has made another deep cut on all summer goods. Prices will do talking.

One lot of Ladies' White Slippers 24c

One lot of Ladies' Cloth lace Shoes, 3 and 4 ..... 24c

All our Ladies's Tan Shoes summer goods 98c

One lot Spring-heel Shoes were $2, 2.50 and 3.00 .. $1.24

One lot of Ladies' Patent Leather Shoes $1 98

Ladies' Serge Slippers 25c

Ladies' Serge Gaiters 48c

Men's Slippers 48c

Men's Slippers 48c

Men's, Boys' and Youths' Tan and Black Shoes 98c

Men's Good Plow Shoes 98c

One lot of Men's Button Pat Leather, were $5 ..... $1.98

Bicycle Shoes about ½ Price.

Space will not permit us to go into details, but during August all summer goods must go. Our fall goods are arriving daily and we must have room.

Bring Your Girl to This Sale

All our Misses' and Children's Slippers in red, black, tan, blue and white, reduced to 48c.

If you want to buy footwear at your own price, come to this Great Clearance Sale, and come quick, too.

C. E. MILLER'S

℞

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.

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 At Business Bringing Prices.

ALAND,

Maker of Men's Clothes

WM. H. MILLER.

FIRE and LIFE

INSURANCE

and REAL ESTATE.

OFFICE—Next door to CITZEIN office Butler, Pa.

CELERY KING

NATURE'S CURE

Pain in Head, Side and Back.

For years I suffered with pain in the head, pain in the side, and in the small of the back. I was nervous and constipated and could not sleep. The pills and other medicines I tried only made a bad matter worse. Then I tried Celery King. One package cured me and made a new woman of me.—Mrs. Th. Kleinhammer, Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y.

Celery King cures Constipation and Nerve, Stomach, Liver and Kidney Diseases. 2

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.

AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION PROPOSED TO THE CITIZENS OF THIS COMMONWEALTH FOR THEIR APPROVAL OR REJECTION BY THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA. PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE SECRETARY OF THE COMMONWEALTH, IN PURSUANCE OF ARTICLE XVIII OF THE CONSTITUTION.

A JOINT RESOLUTION

Proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth in General Assembly met, That the following is proposed as amendments to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in accordance with the provisions of the eighteenth article thereof:

Amendment: One to Article Eight, Section One.

Add at the end of the first paragraph of said section, after the words "shall be entitled to vote at all elections," the words "subject however to such laws requiring and regulating the registration of electors as the General Assembly may enact," so that the said section shall read as follows:

Section 1. Qualifications of Electors. Every male citizen twenty-one years of age, possessing the following qualifications shall be entitled to vote at all elections, subject however to such laws requiring and regulating the registration of electors as the General Assembly may enact:

1. He shall have been a citizen of the United States at least one month.

2. He shall have resided in the State one year (or, having previously been a qualified elector or native born citizen of the State, he shall have resided therefrom and returned, then six months) immediately preceding the election.

3. He shall have resided in the election district where he shall offer to vote at least two months immediately preceding the election.

4. If twenty-two years of age and upwards, he shall have paid within two years a State or county tax, which shall have been assessed at least two months and paid at least one month before the election.

Amendment Two to Article Eight. Section Seven.

Strike out from said section the words "but no elector shall be deprived of the privilege of voting by reason of his name not being registered," and add to said section the following words, "but laws regulating and requiring the registration of electors may be enacted to apply to cities only, provided that such laws be uniform for cities of the same class," so that the said section shall read as follows:

Section 7. Uniformity of Election Laws.—All laws regulating the holding of elections by the citizens or for the registration of electors shall be uniform throughout the State, but laws regulating and requiring the registration of electors may be enacted to apply to cities only, provided that such laws be uniform for cities of the same class.

A true copy of the Joint Resolution.

W. W GRIEST.
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION PROPOSED TO THE CITIZENS OF THIS COMMONWEALTH FOR THEIR APPROVAL OR REJECTION BY THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA. PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE SECRETARY OF THE COMMONWEALTH, IN PURSUANCE OF ARTICLE XVIII OF THE CONSTITUTION.

A JOINT RESOLUTION.

Proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth.

Section 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same, That the following is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in accordance with the provisions of the Eighteenth article thereof.

Amendment.

Strike out section four of article eight, and insert in place thereof, as follows:

Section 4. All elections by the citizens shall be by ballot or by such other method as may be prescribed by law: Provided, That secrecy in voting be preserved.

A true copy of the Joint Resolution.

W. W. GRIEST.
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

BUTLER BUSINESS COLLEGE.

Fall term begins, Monday, Sept. 2, 1901

COURSES.

1—Practical Book-keepers. 2—Expert Accountants. 3—Amanuensis Shorthand. 4—Reporter's Shorthand. 5—Practical Short Course in Book-keeping, for those who merely wish to understand the simpler methods of keeping books. 6—English.

Our Teachers—We have four at present always as many as we need, no more.

POSITIONS.

We have filled 35 positions thus far the present term and we expect to fill at least 15 or 20 more by the next term. We could place two or three times that many every term if we had them. We need an abundance of first class material. All young men and young women having a good English education should take advantage of one or both of our courses.

Many new and important improvements for next year. Call at the office and see us. If you are interested be sure to get a copy of our new catalogue, also circulars.

BUTLER BUSINESS COLLEGE.

A. F. REGAL, Prin.,
319-327 S. Main St., Butler, Pa.

L. C. WICK,

DEALER IN

LUMBER.

EBB TIDE.

If God should draw life's veiling flood away,
What sights the human beach could show the day!
What doubts, what creeping sins, what dreams long drowned;
What hopes, like fallen stars, would there be found;
What wreckage where the surface calmly sleeps!
What shallows where we most had looked for deeps!
Strange tracks of cruelty that lie concealed,
Clad in pale weeds of vice, might rise revealed
Where monster habits in their slimy pride
Through falsehood's clinging brine securely glide.
God pity all! Ah, may his own grace hide
And save our secret souls from such ebb tide!

—Martha Gilbert Dickinson.

DANGEROUS GROUND.

...By M. QUAD.

Copyright, 1901, by C. B. Lewis.

When leave of absence was granted me after my first year at the military post of Allahabad, I did not go up to the hills with others seeking recreation nor yet into the jungles seeking big game. In a cautious way, so as not to expose myself to ridicule, I had made inquiries and ascertained that Rajpoor Gyah, well known in connection with the occult, lived but 50 miles away in a hut by himself and was willing to take me as a pupil. Without a word to anybody but my native servant I set out one morning and rode to the hut and received a dignified welcome. I must tell you that Rajpoor Gyah was a most wonderful magician, a great healer of the sick and ailing, and that on several occasions he had apparently died, been buried for three days and then been resurrected and brought back to life. He was not an old man, but one of

I COULD PUT MY HAND ON HIS HEAD.

distinguished look and bearing, and the common people reverenced him and believed that he could do anything he willed. The British authorities had watched him closely for a year or two, ready to pounce down upon him should he utter words of sedition, but thus far he had not meddled with politics in any manner. He was generally referred to by the English as a fakir and a charlatan, but I had a far higher estimate of him.

Rajpoor Gyah's hut stood among the hills on the edge of a jungle and was not an uncomfortable place. He had with him many books and parchments relating to the mysteries of life and death and likewise many relics and souvenirs from various temples and forgotten cities. I felt at home with the man, and yet in a sense I feared him. Now and then he looked at me in a way that took all my will power away, and I realized that he had but to speak and I should be compelled to obey. Up to that little or nothing was known of hypnotism, but there were people who could magnetize by rubbing the forehead. Nothing worthy of note happened for the first three days. Then, after our humble breakfast, Rajpoor Gyah put his hands on my shoulder and looked into my eyes and said:

"Brother, go forth and find me a cobra and bring it here, that I may see what soul has passed into it."

I had a natural horror of serpents, and it was only with a great effort that I could approach a dead one, but I set out on my mission without the slightest reluctance. The man's will had overpowered mine. Had he told me to walk through fire I should have done so. I set out and wandered about, and after a time I espied a cobra sunning itself on a rock. I walked straight up to the horrible thing and picked it up in my hands. It writhed and hissed, but did not strike me. Carrying it coiled about my right arm, I arrived at the hut, and Rajpoor Gyah took it from me and sat down and sang to it in a low voice. The serpent grew quiet and stretched itself out at our feet, and by and by the man said to me:

"It was a serpent before, and it is a serpent now. We will let it go away."

After three or four minutes the cobra became more active and went crawling away, and I felt so weak and lethargic that I fell upon a couch and was presently asleep. It was afternoon when I awoke and found Rajpoor Gyah bending over me and touching my face with his soft fingers. When I sat up, he said:

"Come and walk with me, and I will show you a tiger's path. Tonight you will go into the jungle and find a tiger and bring him to me, and you shall hear us converse together."

We walked for two or three miles, and as we walked Rajpoor Gyah pointed out misshapen trees and told me that the spirits of bad men had passed into them and made them what they were. By and by we came to a path used by animals as they passed from the jungle to the stream and back, and the man said:

"Look well about you, that you may find the path in the night."

Then we returned home, and he prepared the evening meal. As we lingered over it he told me the soul of his brother, who had been a bad man and had been hung for murder, had passed into the body of a jackal, but the prayers of his widow and children had perhaps prevailed ere this and the soul had been whitened by passing into the body of a tiger. It was an hour after dark when I set out, having no weapons whatever. There were wolves and hyenas and panthers and tigers in that district, and it was notorious for its serpents, but I felt no personal fear as I passed along. When I struck the path, I boldly entered the jungle, and I believe I had gone a distance of half a mile when I caught sight of the glittering eyes of some animal before me. I cried out to know if it was a tiger, and, being assured in some manner that I cannot explain that it was, I turned about and retraced my steps. When I reached the open ground, I looked over my shoulder and saw a tiger trotting at my heels. He came closer until I could put my hand on his head, and so we finally arrived at the cabin.

"You have done well, very well," said Rajpoor Gyah to me as he rose up from his seat at the door. "Sit you down and smoke and listen."

Then he began talking with the tiger. It was not in the same tongue as he talked to me, but yet I could understand most of what he said, while the tiger answered by whines for yes and growls for no.

"It is not my brother," said the man to me. "The soul of my brother is still in the body of the jackal. It was blacker than I thought for. The tiger may go now. It was kind of him to come."

The tiger rose up and stalked off, looking back at us once or twice, and then we went to bed. When morning came, I felt clear headed, but weak in limb, though my appetite was fair. An hour after our meal Rajpoor Gyah said to me:

"You must help me to cleanse the world of its wickedness. Go forth and find a ryot and bring him here, and we will burn the soles of his feet and make him confess his misdeeds."

I went without hesitation. The highroad was only half a mile distant, and as I struck it I turned to the right, hoping soon to meet with some farmer on his way to market. As it happened, however, the mail coach was the first to come along, and on the box was a brother officer. There was something in my appearance to create surprise, and as I answered at random when questioned I was taken up and on to the next town. There I had a nervous chill and was on the sick list for a fortnight. Meanwhile a party had gone out to find Rajpoor Gyah and bring him to book, but he had vanished. I carried the memory of every single incident clearly in my head for months and months, but found that others, and particularly medical men, disagreed with me. They declared my adventures with cobra and tiger to be hypnotic dreams and that I had not left the cabin at all, but when it came to the question of how I was found on the highway no one could more than guess. However, I had trodden on dangerous ground, and I resolutely turned from the whole subject and put it behind me beyond resurrection.

Disqualified For Office.

During a warm gubernatorial canvass in Kentucky one of the candidates found himself in the mountain districts a long way from town, very tired and hungry. He stopped at a little cabin on the mountain side and, introducing himself as a candidate for the governorship, asked for something to eat.

The woman gave him a much better meal than he had expected and wound up the repast with a pie of the most delicious flavor. The candidate quickly cleared his plate and then said, with his most engaging smile:

"Madam, this is a most delicious pie, but I declare that I do not know what fruit this is. Certainly nothing like it grows down where I come from. Will you have the kindness to tell me what it is?"

The woman looked at him for a full minute, her astonishment at last giving way to supreme scorn.

"Where did you come from?" she finally found voice to ask. "You say you're up for governor an don't know huckleberries! 'Pears to me you ain't fitten for office. Don't know huckleberries!"

It was a crisis in the candidate's life, and he lingered another hour, so the story goes at all events, and made profuse explanations before he was satisfied that his opponent would not get the vote of that cabin.

Duelists Who Did Not Kill.

The two most famous duelists who never killed their men known to history are the Chevalier de Saint Georges, a mulatto, who was reputed to be the finest fencer in France, and in more recent time M. Georges de Labruyere, who constituted himself the champion of Mme. Seberine, editress of the Cris du Peuple. Both these champions of the sword fought scores of duels in which severe wounds were given and taken, but both were humane and chivalrous and never took life, for their skill would have enabled them to do.

In his duel with Lieutenant de Melville M. Labruyere was run through the right lung and almost immediately afterward pierced his opponent's left lung. Both had to be carried off the field, but they ultimately recovered. In this connection it may be noted that the ridicule in which certain English papers indulge in with regard to French and Italian dueling is generally quite beside the point. Every duelist takes his life in his hand and can practically kill his adversary when he chooses, but if the stroke is not made according to the laws of fence he is certain to be killed himself in doing it. This is why the drawing of blood is considered to be a satisfaction for injured honor.

POOR AND BIG HEARTED.

Specimens of the Hospitality of the Southern Mountaineer.

The latchstring hangs outside every cabin door if the men folk are at home, but you must shout "Hello!" always outside the fence.

"We uns is pore," you will be told, "but y'u're welcome ef y'u kin put up with what we have."

After a stay of a week at a mountain cabin a young "furriner" asked what his bill was. The old mountaineer waved his hand. "Nothin," he said, "'cept come ag'n!"

A belated traveler asked to stay all night at a cabin. The mountaineer answered that his wife was sick, and they were "sorter out of fixin's to eat, but he reckoned he mought step over to a neighbor's an borrow some." He did step over, and he was gone three hours. He brought back a little bag of meal, and they had corn bread and potatoes for supper and for breakfast, cooked by the mountaineer. The stranger asked how far away his next neighbor lived. "A leetle the rise of six miles, I reckon," was the answer.

"Which way?"

"Oh, jes' over the mountain thar."

He had stepped six miles over the mountain and back for that little bag of meal, and he would allow his guest to pay nothing next morning.

I have slept with nine others in a single room. The host gave up his bed to two of our party, and he and his wife slept with the rest of us on the floor. He gave us supper, kept us all night, sent us away next morning with a parting draft of moonshine applejack, of his own brewing, by the way, and would suffer no one to pay a cent for his entertainment. That man was a desperado, an outlaw, a moonshiner and was running from the sheriff at that very time.

Two outlaw sons were supposed to have been killed by officers. I offered aid to the father to have them decently clothed and buried, but the old man, who was as bad as his sons, declined it, left for that, and if not, why, he had.—"The Southern Mountaineer," by John Fox, Jr., in Scribner's.

Agreed.

Poet—Can't you use my poem?

Editor—No.

Poet (sorrowfully)—Well, it's too bad!

Editor—Just what I said when I read it—decidedly punk.—Chicago News.

ONION HARVEST.

When to Pull Them—How to Build a Pile and Ventilate It.

The thorough farmer has no weeds in his onions when harvest time comes. A clean field adds greatly to the pleasure and economy of harvesting the crop. White onions should be pulled as soon as fungous spots begin to show on the outer leaves. Pull three rows at a time and lay together straight, with the tops all one way. Let them lie 24 hours, if good weather, before piling.

Two forms of piles are used here, the small round pile and the long pile. For the small pile make a square bottom of barrel staves or boards nailed to cleats. It will be the square of the length of a barrel stave. Pile three windrows or nine onion rows into one row of piles. Grasp a large handful of onions by the tops and set them on the barrel stave platform with tops outside and so on around, leaving a six inch airshaft and drawing in near the top. Keep the onions in and tops out. Bring the tops together and point up in a conical or old fashioned beehive shape. Some weeds or a fertilizer sack held on with stones finishes the pile. Such a pile will cut out from one to two bushels.

The long pile is made by nailing four or five four inch fence slats upon cross cleats. On these the onions are piled, with bulbs in and tops out, drawn in at the top, making a pile two and a half feet high. One of our neighbors goes further than this and puts a slat rack through the middle, so that the air can have free circulation endwise through the pile. Another plan where one has barn room enough is to cart in in barrels the day after pulling and leave the onions in barrel dump piles in rows on the floor. These rows of piles give an opportunity for the circulation of air between. After a few days these piles are turned over into new piles or ridges.

Red and yellow onions require less care than the whites, and some growers pull them into 12 row windrows and let them lie there for a month, raking them over for a day or two, if good weather, before carting. But a brighter onion can be made by piling into small piles preventing sunburn and weathering. Thus advises a Rural New Yorker correspondent.

THE PICKLE WORM.

Summer Squash a Good Trap Crop. Clean Culture a Preventive.

The pickle worm is destructive mainly to the fruit of the cantaloupe, squash and cucumber by eating cavities or channels in the rind or by boring quite to the interior. The first crop of cucurbits, as a rule, escapes its ravages, but late cucurbits are usually badly infested.

In the north the pickle worm may be injurious only during occasional years, but in the south, particularly the Caro-

CANTALOUPE AND PICKLE WORMS.

linas, Georgia and Florida, cucurbit fields are rarely free from it during late summer and fall.

The pickle worm feeds on most varieties of cucurbits, but it has a decided preference for the squash; therefore trap plants of summer squash are used as a protection, and as the trap crop must be kept growing as long as protection is necessary seed is planted every two weeks or so.

The Georgia station in their advising in regard to this worm says:

As with most other insects, clean culture will here be of value. Collect and burn the old cucurbit vines. Trash in fence corners should be carefully raked out and burned during the winter.

Cold Curing Takes the Cheese.

Experiments in cheese curing which have been conducted for two years at the Geneva (N. Y.) experiment station have results of the highest importance from the commercial standpoint. Cheeses have been cured at temperatures varying from 55 degrees F. to 80 degrees F., the higher temperatures representing the common factory conditions.

Of the cheeses made in 1899 those cured at 60 degrees F. and below scored on the average almost five points higher on flavor and 2.5 points higher on texture than those cured at 65 degrees F. and above. In 1900 the average difference in flavor of the lower temperature was 5.1 points on flavor and 2.7 points on texture.

This is a matter well worth the attention of all cheese factory managers, because these differences in commercial quality are sufficient to cause important differences in the selling price.

Poultry Points.

Turkeys and guineas are great foragers for insects.

Game hens make the best setters and mothers. They are least awkward.

Feed the table scraps to the chickens rather than to the pigs.

The farmer should always give his fowls a large run.

Exercise is much better than drugs as a stimulant for egg production.

The best egg producers are not always the best market fowls.

Give fresh water twice a day now.

Watch out for lice.

THE APPLE AND THE SHEEP.

Stock the Orchard Heavily, Feed Generously and Note Results.

I am very sure I am right in advising the pasturing of apple orchards with hogs and sheep. If people will only read what I write carefully and follow my advice to the letter, I am sure they will find how to raise high colored, fine grained and well flavored fruit, freest from insects, that will keep longest and in best condition, and to raise it at least expense. But they must not misunderstand me, says J. S. Woodward in Rural New Yorker. I do not advise seeding an orchard nor keeping it in sod.

Simply stop cultivating, put in the sheep, feed them and let the grass come in naturally, if it comes at all. Don't think that 10 sheep are enough for a ten acre orchard, but put 10 or 15 sheep to the acre, overstock so heavily as to compel you to feed and then feed enough to keep the sheep thriving and feed with a view of feeding the orchard through the sheep.

To convince himself that I am right let any man fence off an acre of orchard and put 15 sheep into it, providing plenty of fresh, clean water for them at all times, and feed them 15 pounds of wheat bran a day.

Keep the sheep there until the apples are fit for market, no matter if they do eat a few fallen ones and all they can reach from the lower part of the trees. There will be just as many when it comes picking time.

Just watch and see how soon the trees will take on a cloak of green color, thick and vigorous, and how hard and stocky the wood will become; how firm and highly colored the fruit will be, far beyond the part kept in constant cultivation.

While this amount of bran will make the sheep thrive better than in any pasture, however good it may be, they will eat the grass to the very roots, eat all sprouts from about the roots and take every fallen apple long before the contained codling moth or maggot can escape, and their constant tramping under the trees will break up the surface and in a great measure conserve the moisture for the use of the trees.

If 15 sheep be kept on an acre and they be fed 15 pounds of wheat bran a day for seven months, the length of time they may be kept in the orchard before and after the crop is picked, they will be fed 3,150 pounds of bran, which will contain 51 pounds potash, 102 pounds phosphoric acid and 83 pounds of nitrogen.

Sheep are quite prone to lie about in the vicinity where fed, and by changing the location of feeding troughs once or twice a week they may be made to scatter the manure very evenly over the whole orchard.

FILLING THE SILO.

When to Cut the Corn, How to Put It In and the "Whys" of Both.

My time for cutting the corn for the silo is as near as may be when the ears are just thinking about glazing. When it is too old for me to eat, it is old enough for my silo. I do not intend to run counter to the scientific fellows by saying I am not robbing my silage of the properties it might have acquired if I had not interfered, but I have imprisoned for my cows the sweet juices and flavors so much relished in the mangers, writes a Pennsylvanian to The National Stockman.

If the corn lacks moisture in the latter part of its season, the lower blades will dry and drop before the hardening process is operative at the ears. Then that corn should be cut, for what it may gain in dry matter above it is losing in dry matter below.

If one has a small silo and a few acres and the filling is a small matter of two or three days, then he can bide his time and cut when everything appears to be just right.

We have 16 acres growing for the silos, and as we like to fill slowly our cutting will extend over a period of possibly three weeks. By filling slowly we consider we get about 20 per cent more in our silos than by simply filling them and passing on.

Silage does not begin to do its business settling for about a week, and it is our rule to cut quite rapidly for two or three days, then proceed more slowly by stopping a day and cutting a day alternately.

We use low wagons and a corn harvester, sometimes, but when an acre turns off 20 tons or more the harvester we have doesn't succeed in getting it in very far. We have a man in the silo and instruct him to keep the outsides somewhat higher than the center. This man is supposed, as Bob Seeds would say, to "keep a-goin, keep a-goin."

A Good Wheat.

Preston is a hard wheat, a cross of Ladoga (Russian variety) and Red Fife, and stands at the head of all the varieties of wheat tested at the experimental farms for the whole Dominion of Canada. It has given heavier crops than Red Fife or any other variety.

Agricultural Notes.

Poultry houses on wheels please some successful chicken raisers.

There are great fears of the grain moth in New Jersey this season. Early thrashing, storing in bins and carbon bisulphide fumigation is the accepted preventive treatment.

There are but few farms in New England which have not somewhere a deposit of swamp muck, and often two jobs can be combined by taking it from ditches, which will also serve to drain the swamp or bog. The best time for digging it is when the season is very dry.

The cowpea plant has a slightly bitter taste, but is readily eaten by stock.

Small fruits for market need to be picked early in the morning, when they have scarcely reached the point of full ripeness, and then marketed the same day.

Dozens In England.

Don't imagine that a dozen always means 12 things. In the Staffordshire potteries and in the earthenware trade a dozen to this day represents that number of any special article which can be offered at any fixed price.

For instance, the pitchers, which are called jugs in the trade, are sold as 2, 3, 4, 6, 9, 12, 18, 24, 30 and 36 pieces to each dozen, the price for a dozen being constant.

The ordinary pitcher holding a quart represents 12 to the dozen, while a pint pitcher is 24 to the dozen and is so called when dealing with that size.

Few of the articles of the trade are sold in dozens of 12, plates being almost the only ones and some of them being sold 60, 70 and even 80 to the dozen.

Besides these curiosities in figures the potters have peculiar names, such as cockspurt, twiflers, etc., that make up a trade language of itself.

The baker's dozen of 13 is a recognized figure in their trade.

A publisher's dozen is usually 13 copies.

Among fishermen in Cornwall a long dozen consists of 26.—London Answers.

Work of the Earthworm.

When we behold a wide, turf covered expanse, we should remember that its smoothness, on which so much of its beauty depends, is mainly due to all the inequalities having been slowly leveled by worms. It is a marvelous reflection that the whole of the superficial mold over any such expanse has passed and will pass again every few years through the bodies of worms. The plow is one of the most ancient and most valuable of man's inventions, but long before he existed the land was, in fact, regularly plowed by earthworms.

It may be doubted whether there are many other animals which have played so important a part in the history of the world as have these lowly organized creatures. Some other animals, however, still more lowly organized—namely, corals—have done far more conspicuous work in having constructed innumerable reefs and islands in the great oceans, but these are almost confined to the tropical zones.

Why the Mole Is Blind.

The creatures which dwelt in the darkness of the depths naturally lost their powers of vision after awhile. It is the same way with the mole, which is doubtless descended from progenitors which could see. Blindness in the mole is the result of a degeneration of the optic nerve, the consequence of which is that images formed in the eye itself are not transmitted to the animal's consciousness. Occasionally a mole can see a little out of one eye which has retained its communication with the brain.

It is not that the mole is born blind, but that it inherits a tendency to atrophy of the visual organs just as people derive from their parents an inclination to consumption or other diseases. Some day in the future there may be no such thing as a mole that is not entirely and hopelessly blind.

Heads Much Alike.

Most expert craniologists insist that it is extremely difficult to determine sex from the skull, but admit there are a few distinctions which taken together indicate sex. Perhaps the most marked distinction is the prominence of the bony projection over the nose. The skull in man is thicker and stronger, and the mastoid processes beneath the ear are larger. Broca is authority for the opinion that if the skull rests on the mastoid processes it is almost certainly a man's. In woman the top of the head appears flatter, while in man the curve from before backward is more smooth and even. Greek sculptors always recognize this.—Health Culture.

A Kick From Mexico.

Tourists come here and shout to waiters, hotel clerks, shopkeepers, etc., believing that if you only yell forth your English it instantly becomes comprehensible. And a common error in breeding and one not confined to tourist foreigners is to make unpleasant remarks about men, women and things in a tone of voice which conveys at once to the natives that something disagreeable is being said. So we acquire not without reason the reputation of being muy groseros, or very rude, and too often we are.—Mexican Herald.

Seeing Around Corners.

There are many insects which have a very much larger field of vision than we have. This is due to the greater concavity of their eyes, enabling them to see around the corner, so to speak, behind and at the sides. This development in man would have its objectionable points, but also its good ones, not the least of which might be the detection of pickpockets.—Chambers' Journal.

Lets Him Out.

Mrs. Nagger—Oh, James, how awkward! Mr. Smith has come, and now we shall be 13 at table.

Mr. Nagger—What then?

Mrs. Nagger (with a shriek)—Why, one of us will die before the year is out!

Mr. Nagger (brutally)—Never mind. I'm tough.—Pick-Me-Up.

Just In Time.

An Irish gentleman getting upon a street car found one place vacant, which he proceeded to occupy.

"Sure," said he, with a twinkle in his eye, "I came just in the nick of time."

"How is that?"

"Arrah! If I was to come now, I shouldn't find a seat in the car!"—Exchange.

You can generally tell when a man is talking to a woman over the telephone by the tone of voice he assumes.—Nashville Banner.

WASHDAY WISDOM.

A very hot iron should never be used for flannels or woolens.

Calicoes, ginghams and chintzes should be ironed on the wrong side.

Clotheslines are made much more durable by boiling for ten minutes before they are used.

Table linen should be ironed when quite damp and ironed with a very hot and very heavy iron.

Irons should not be allowed to become redhot, as they will never retain the heat properly afterward.

Embroideries should be ironed on a thin, smooth surface over thick flannel and only on the wrong side.

Linen may be made beautifully white by the use of a little refined borax in the water instead of using a washing fluid.

Wash fabrics that are inclined to fade should be soaked and rinsed in very salt water, to set the color, before washing in the suds.

Silken fabrics, especially white silk handkerchiefs, should not be dampened, but ironed with a moderately warm iron when taken from the line.

His Test.

A dealer in pictures who makes it his business to find as many new painters as possible, both in this country and abroad, was asked in regard to his methods of selecting pictures to buy. He was very frank in his talk, and one thing which he said is shrewd enough to be worth quoting.

"Of course," he said, "with my experience I am able to judge whether there is promise in a painter's work, but I never buy with any idea of putting the painter on my list until I have seen the man and talked with him myself. I always watch him closely, and I never buy his pictures unless his eye lights up when I talk to him about his work and about his profession."

The artist whose heart was really in his work could not discuss it without kindling, and the man who did not paint from the heart was not the one whose pictures the dealer wanted.

A Bird of Passage.

"And where, may I ask, do you generally reside?" the young man said after all other subjects had been exhausted.

"Oh, I have no fixed abode," Miss Mobile replied, "but I usually pass the greater part of the winter in Reading. In Lent I find myself attracted to St. Paul. After Easter I go down to West Virginia and spend the summer and part of the autumn in Wheeling."

"And then"—

"Then, Mr. Heavy, I find myself admirably prepared for a month or two of Aiken."—New York Herald.

A Good Cricketer.

Dr. W. G. Grace was once giving a brilliant batting display at the oval, and one of the spectators observed to his friend: "Did you ever see anything like it? Why, he puts 'em wherever he likes." "Well," said the other, "it's all practice—he's always at it—he doesn't waste any of his time over family prayers."—C. W. Alcock's "Cricket Story."

A Brief Interview.

The late Rev. R. S. Storrs was a very hard man to interview, for he resented the inquisitiveness of the press and was icy to its agents.

One evening a reporter attended a reception at his house and in the course of the evening touched his arm and whispered: "Doctor, I'm from the ——. I want the names of guests and all the particulars."

"Yes," Dr. Storrs whispered in return, "this way, this way." And, taking the young man's arm, he escorted him to the front door and put him out.