State Library july01

THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL XXXVIII BUTLER, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1901 No 45.

BARGAINS
—IN—
BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBER GOODS
—AT—
BICKEL'S

If you want the biggest values for your money ever offered come to this sale. A grand opportunity to get good solid footwear at a big saving.

Ladies' Kangaroo-calf spring heel shoes	$ 85
Men's fine Satin-calf shoes	1.00
Boy's fine Satin-calf shoes	90
Men's double sole and tap working shoes	1.00
Boy's double sole and tap working shoes	90
Ladies' solid oil-grain shoes	90
Ladies' fine Dongola patent tip shoes	1.00
Misses' fine Dongola shoes	80
Ladies' fine serge Congress gaiters	35
Old Ladies' fine Dongola shoes	95
Infants' fine shoes	20

RUBBER GOODS.

Men's Storm King rubber boots	$2.75
Men's rubber boots (regular height	2.25
Boy's rubber boots	1.75
Children's spring heel rubbers	10

FELT GOODS.

Men's felt boots and overs	$1.75
Men's knit boots and overs	2.25
Boy's felt boots and overs	1.50
Youth's felt boots and overs	1.25

At all times a full stock of Gokey's hand-made box-toe boots and shoes. Gokey's high-cut copper toe shoes for boys and high-cut waterproof for girls.
Complete stock of sole leather and shoemakers supplies.
High iron stand with four lasts at 50c.
Large assortment of Ladies', Gent's, Misses' and Children's leggins and overgaiters.

JOHN BICKEL,
12 SOUTH MAIN STREET - - BUTLER, PA

HUSELTON'S
Autumn and Winter Styles
IN FINE FOOTWEAR.

First Fall Opening, today, on which occasion the handiwork of the foremost makers will be submitted to you for your inspection and criticism

A comprehensive exhibit of everything that is new and correct for the feet of Man, Woman or Child. Every new shape, every dependable leather, every point of style, and every feature of good shoe making fully developed in this great display.

MEN'S NEW FALL SHOES at $1.00, $1.25, $1.50, $2.00.
MEN'S FINEST FALL SHOES at $2.50, $3.00, $3.50 and $4.00.
BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES at $1.00, $1.25, $1.50 and $2.00.
YOUTHS' SCHOOL SHOES at 90c $1.00, $1.25 and $1.50. High cut or regular height, all sizes and widths.
WOMEN'S NEW FALL SHOES at $1.25, $1.50, $2.00 and $3.00.
WOMEN'S FINEST FALL SHOES at $3.00, $3.50 and $4.00.
MISSES' SCHOOL SHOES at $1.00, $1.25 and $1.50.
MISSES' FINE SHOES at $1.25, $1.50 and $2.00.
CHILDREN'S FALL SHOES at 50c, 65c and 75c.

HUSELTON'S
BUTLER'S LEADING SHOE HOUSE — OPPOSITE HOTEL LOWRY

Our Specialty is Trimmed Hats.

We save you monotony in styles, and the prices are astonishingly low. Our trimmed hats are artistic, practical stylish and of choice materials. The styles will please the most critical customers and the prices will please all. Our prices cannot be duplicated in the city.

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

K E C K

Fall and Winter Weights,

Have a nattiness about them that mark 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.

Subscribe for the CITIZEN

CELERY KING
NATURE'S CURE
TRADE MARK

It Makes Restful Sleep.

Sleeplessness almost invariably accompanies constipation and its manifold attendant evils—nervous disorders, indigestion, headache, loss of appetite, etc. To attempt to induce sleep by opiates is a serious mistake, for the brain is only benumbed and the body suffers. Celery King removes the cause of wakefulness by its soothing effect on the nerves and on the stomach and bowels.

Celery King cures Constipation and Nerve Stomach, Liver and Kidney diseases. 8

Soft Harness

You can make your harness as soft as a glove and as finish as new by using EUREKA Harness Oil. You can lengthen its life—make it last twice as long as it ordinarily would.

EUREKA Harness Oil

makes a poor looking harness like new. Made of pure, heavy bodied oil especially prepared to withstand the weather.

Sold everywhere in cans—all sizes.

Made by STANDARD OIL CO.

Nasal CATARRH

In all its stages.

Ely's Cream Balm

cleanses, soothes and heals the diseased membrane. It cures catarrh and drives away a cold in the head quickly.

Cream Balm is placed into the nostrils, spreads over the membrane and is absorbed. Relief is immediate and a cure follows. It is not drying—does not produce sneezing. Large Size, 50 cents at Druggists or by mail; Trial Size, 10 cents.

ELY'S CREAM BALM CATARRH HOAY-FEVER COLD IN HEAD 50 CTS. ELY BROS. NEW YORK

Are You Healthy?

If you care to be strong and vigorous and have on your cheek the glow of perfect health, take

JOHNSTON'S Beef, Iron and Wine

the "true tonic" which combines in a pleasant form the valuable nutritious tonic and stimulating properties of its ingredients.

Price, 50c a pint.

Prepared and sold only at

Johnston's Crystal Pharmacy,

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

Everything in the drug-line.

A PIANO OR ORGAN?

If so—now is your time to get 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 to $50.

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,
435-7 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburg.

A. M BERKIMER,

Funeral Director.

45 S. Main St. Butler PA

THE PASSING BAND.

A lone, deep drone
Thrummeth a resonant monotone;
Up soareth the horn with an undulant flare
That dies, is reborn—just a flash of an air,
Through the rumble of drums, as their throbbing beat
Sends a rhythmic pulse down the winding street.
Then a streaming pennant of sound is outflung,
Flamboyant from wall to wall it swung.
Near—and more near—the harmonies clear
Build skyward a ponderous tower; then sheer
It breaks in a clarion clash of sounds,
An ululant tumult, that bounds and rebounds:
A voluminous groan
From the blaring tombstone
And a clangor of brass
As the cymbals pass;
Then the drum's lone boom as the melodies fly
Forward—and waver—and faint—and die
Into murmur amphoric,
Sweet blending, choric,
To a faraway swell
Till at last they mell
In a note long drawn
Are gone—on—on.
—London Academy.

BUNKOED BY A GREEK.

.....BY M. QUAD.

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY C. B. LEWIS.

The pair of us had been in Athens three or four days when a party of English excursionists who were making a tour arrived. Among them was an antiquary who was looked up to and respected for his knowledge of ancient history and ruins, and each evening there was a gathering in the parlors of the hotel to hear him give a sort of lecture on what he had seen during the day. Professor Hempstead, as he was named, had been charged to pick up all the old Greek manuscripts to be had for money, and it was his inquiries for such documents that doubtless led to our undoing. One day a man named Talanti, who had somewhat the manners and dress of a gentleman, brought the professor two ancient manuscripts as a present, and to show his further good will he announced a valuable discovery which had just been made on the island of Ægina, about 40 miles distant. He was the owner of the island, and while his workmen were getting out stone they had come across some rare treasures in art, but had developed only a small portion of them. They had partly uncovered a stone box which he

A BATTERED OLD SCHOONER.

believed held a large number of manuscripts and valuable coins, but he had delayed the opening of it that some of his friends might be present. Three or four of them were going to his island home on the morrow, and he would be glad to have as many of us foreigners go along as could make it convenient. The voyage would be made in his schooner, and there would be no trouble about feeding and lodging all who chose to go.

Aside from the English party, there were Americans, Germans and Frenchmen to the number of 20 in Athens, and when the list was made up we numbered over 40, of whom 10 were ladies. When we came on board the schooner, there was considerable surprise at finding her the craft she was. She was nothing more than a trader, and her accommodations were of the most primitive character. Mr. Talanti's friends, who were supposed to be eminent professors, turned out to be a common looking lot and not inclined to be sociable, but we were out for a jaunt and might expect a few drawbacks. We had a favorable wind for the voyage, and the professor and others felt that it would be the event of their lives. As the weather was pleasant and we had brought lunch from the hotel, our noonday meal was a sort of picnic. For an hour or two after the meal Professor Hempstead entertained us with a historic lecture, and time passed pleasantly for all hands.

My friend could speak Greek, but when he attempted to enter into conversation with Mr. Talanti's friends he found them surly enough. This excited our surprise, as they were supposed to be gentlemen. When we came to look them over, we began to get a little suspicious. Their language and manners did not correspond with their dress, and they did not seem to be at their ease. We also caught one of them exchanging a wink and a grin with one of the common sailors, and this caused us much worriment. In a quiet way we reported the fact to one of the English party, and he quietly replied:

"Do you know, I've got a suspicion that this is a put up job and that we shall hear something drop as soon as we land at the island."

"But why should Mr. Talanti deceive us?" we asked.

"In the first place, is he what he represents himself? Who made any inquiries about him? In the next place, you never saw an aristocrat with such big hands and feet. His skin is coarse, his language full of slips, and you may notice a sort of roll to his gait, as if he had been at sea for years. I believe the man's an impostor."

"But Professor Hempstead seems to be perfectly satisfied with him."

"That counts for nothing. The professor may be up on ancient Greece, but he is way off on confidence games. I believe we are in for some sort of a skin game, but it's nonsense to worry over it. We have walked into the trap like a lot of idiots."

The island was fairly well covered with trees, and yet it did not have a hospitable look. As we made a closer approach we could see a couple of rude huts and a primitive jetty, but Mr. Talanti explained that his castle was hidden by the forest and that he was landing at that point to save us a long walk. It was as we were drifting in to make fast to the wharf that others in our party became suspicious. The noble Greek was neither crafty nor diplomatic. He let the mask slip and betray him or at least aroused wonder and distrust, but the most suspicious of us were hardly prepared for the climax.

As soon as the craft was made fast the three eminent friends of Mr. Talanti suddenly produced pistols and knives and took their stations by the gangway. The sailors divided into two parties, and, handling their naked knives in a menacing fashion, they drove the people into line. When Professor Hempstead had rubbed his eyes, scratched his head and got it into his brain that something not down on the programme was going on, Talanti mounted a box and smilingly observed:

"Ladies and gentlemen, you are now about to pass ashore to behold my wonderful discoveries, but each one of you is required to leave behind you all money and jewelry. I will see that everything is safely cared for."

"But what—what does it mean?" asked the bewildered professor as he looked around him.

"It's robbery!" cried three or four voices in chorus.

"Do not mar the harmony of the occasion with hard words," continued the chief villain. "I simply borrow your purses and jewelry. The term robbery does not sound well. As time flies let us get to work. Antonio, you may begin with the professor first."

The men cried out in anger, but what could they do? I do not think there was a firearm among them, while the Greeks seemed overanxious to use their knives. There were protestations and threats of the law, but Talanti only smiled at them and ordered the work to go on. Each man in turn emptied his pockets and was searched, and everything of value was taken. The women were required to hand over, and each one had her watch and rings in hand as she moved up. In the course of half an hour the last one was done, and then Talanti took off his hat, made a sweeping bow and departed with his piratical crew. He had no sooner gone than a gang of ragamuffins, villainous looking in comparison with the hats. They told us they were fishermen, but their actions belied the statement. Their first move was to demand cash, and great was their indignation and disappointment at being told that Talanti's crowd had taken the last coin. When sure of this they left us, and an hour later two genuine fishermen came ashore in their boat. There were a dozen vessels within five or six miles of us, and a dollar would have been big pay for them to sail out and notify the nearest craft of our situation; but, realizing our helplessness, they demanded the sum of $100. As there was no money to pay them, they were finally prevailed upon to take an I O U signed by all the men of the party.

It was almost dark when a battered old schooner came sailing up to take us off, and the terms were $3 apiece, to be paid in Athens. We spent a dreary night on deck and landed in the city at noon next day. Immediate notice was given to the various consuls and to the Greek government, but no one had any faith that anything would be accomplished. The government made loud promises and seemed to be making all possible efforts, but as a matter of fact Mr. Talanti was not even pursued. He never could have put up and carried through such a job without a number of officials standing in with him, and each and every one of them doubtless shared in the plunder when it was divided. It was said that the money and jewelry amounted to about $6,000, and the only consolation any of the victims had was the privilege of abusing a country where such things could be carried out.

The Leather of the Egyptians.

The ancient Egyptians were skilled in the art of tanning leather and manufactured it in various ways and for various purposes besides that of furnishing covering for the feet. Indeed it is to those builders of the pyramids that we are indebted for the first artistic forms of footwear, and so far as can be ascertained from history and the researches of archæologists the Egyptians were the first shoemakers who were worthy of the name.

It is a fact, too, that tanners of today employ very much the same methods as did the ancients. About the same materials are used, and the processes are almost precisely similar to those in vogue hundreds of years ago. It is true that tanners of the present day have found means of greatly shortening the time required to convert a hide into leather and that steam power and modern machinery have done much to expedite and improve the processes of finishing the leather; but, after all, the principles of tanning remain the same as they have been from the first.

The Kind He Wanted.

"Young man," said the fortune teller, going into a trance, "I can see you in the near future with an airship"—

"Make it an heirship to a million, can't you?" eagerly exclaimed Ardup, slipping another half dollar into her hand.—Chicago Tribune.

A New Excuse.

One of the men in a large pottery took two or three days' holiday now and again, and when he came back, on being asked what was wrong, he said he had been away burying his grandmother.

He did this two or three times, and then he thought he had better change his excuse, so, on being asked the next time, he replied:

"Well, my brother, the sailor, is at home just now, and he is so used to the sound of the waves that I had to lash pailfuls of water on the window all night before he could sleep, and then I had to sleep during the day."

Too Smart.

"Huh!" exclaimed Mr. Rox after reading his morning mail. "Our boy's college education is making him too blamed smart."

"What's the matter?" asked Mrs. Rox.

"I wrote to him the other day that I thought it would be kinder for me not to remit the check he asked for. Now he writes, 'Dear father, I shall never forget your unremitting kindness.'"—Philadelphia Press.

Cruel.

Old Aunt (on her deathbed)—I am just making my will, my dear Heinrich. I know, alas, too well that you are not religiously disposed and have no desire to promote the cause of—

Nephew (hastily)—Beg your pardon, aunt; quite the contrary.

Aunt—Heaven be praised! Then you will be glad to hear that I have left all my property to the church!—Humoristische Blatter.

The Unicorn.

Chinese annals of great antiquity contain numerous detailed accounts of the supposedly fabulous unicorn, in which the description are identical with those handed down from the earliest times in the mythology or occidental countries. From this it is inferred that at some time in the remote past there actually did exist a single horned equine or cervine animal of some sort.

Early Experience.

Mother (to baby)—It's muzzer's little ootsy-tootsy. Muzzer loves her little darling baby.

Fanny (who has just been spanked)—Don't you believe her, baby. When you (sob) grow up, she'll spank you t-t-too!

CABBAGE CULTURE.

Practical Points on Hoeing and Cultivating by One Who Knows.

The usual practice among farmers and market gardeners is to give their cabbage three hoeings and three cultivatings, the cultivating always preceding the hoeings. Under good manuring, with good seed and the land in good condition and average season, this insures a crop, but sometimes the land is in overgrown condition. The accumulation of plant food left over by preceding crops is something we did not know and therefore could not figure on. This, added to the usual manuring, has jumped the cabbage ahead so fast that soon after their second hoeing they promise to mature their heads earlier than we planned for. In such case we stop right there with our second hoeing.

The wisdom of this is apparent as soon as we get to the philosophy of hoeing cabbage. Why do we hoe cabbage? The first and often the second hoeing is mostly a weed killing process, but the third, as I understand it, is really a root pruning process by which we throw the plant into bud (or head), just as we create bud development in a tree by trimming in its branches above ground or its roots below ground. If, on the contrary, our cabbage land is lacking in condition, then it needs extra hoeing and cultivating in the early stage of the crop, both to capture nitrogen from the air and to help the roots in their search for food.

The presence of twitch grass makes another good and sufficient reason for an extra hoeing, for while that thrives no other crop can. Don't cut off the grass with the hoe or by the costly work of digging it out, but hoe often and cover the young shoots with the soil, and I will warrant from experience that it will end its life with the season. Where cabbage gets a bad setback, as during a dry season like last year, I do not hoe immediately after the rains come, but wait a few days until the nearly paralyzed roots have got a new start or a new set has put out, says J. J. H. Gregory, an eastern authority on the late cabbage crop, in American Agriculturist.

REMARKS ON RYE.

Good Things It Does In a Section Where Its Friends Are Many.

The writer considers rye next in importance to the root crop. It is nothing uncommon for rye here to yield 40 bushels to the acre, and if the ground is properly prepared and good seed well put in there is no failure. Rye will live through winters that will kill every wheat and clover plant.

Rye has so many friends in Sheboygan county, Wis., that great pains have been taken to get the best varieties. Grains of my rye are much larger than wheat. A bushel and a half is none too much for an acre, especially if land is full of weed seeds. This rye was grown on reclaimed swamp land and will yield about 40 bushels to the acre. The ground was lightly manured with coarse horse manure.

Rye can be sown in August or any time before the ground freezes. I have seen good crops of rye where the grain was sown so late that the plants could hardly be seen above ground until the next spring. I sowed grass seed on rye two weeks before we could get on the land with a team. If rye is not sowed by Sept. 20, wait until the ground is about to freeze up.

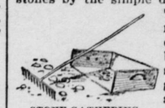
One who has land infested with Canada thistles will find great satisfaction in sowing rye thick and early. Some sow rye here in July and pasture it so it cannot joint, then harvest a crop the next year. Our millers are making very fine white flour from our new varieties of rye.

Some of the fattest horses in this country last spring were wintered on rye straw and water, with a few carrots. The unthrashed rye was run through a cutting machine and the carrots through a slicer and the whole put together and wet and mixed 12 hours before being fed.

Sow rye once, and you will sow it again. Many of the small farmers, and some large ones, thrash the rye with flails, bind the straw into bundles and sell it for more money than the grain will bring. Rye that has been kept dry will grow when two years old.—Cor. Prairie Farmer.

An Ingenious Notion.

Ground can be easily cleared of small stones by the simple device shown in



STONE GATHERING.

The Farm Journal. An iron garden rake and a box with one side removed gives a "broom and dustpan" arrangement that makes the picking of stones an altogether different affair from the old fashioned finger and basket method. The box has handles to permit emptying it into the cart which is to haul the stones away.

The Heavy Hog at a Premium.

A few years ago some editors and many professors of agriculture in experiment stations and colleges were carried away with the bacon hog idea. Nothing in the swine class would suit unless it was of the lengthy type, supposed to be indicative of high bacon qualities. Now relatively little is heard of this for a time much lauded animal. Heavy hogs are at a premium in the west, with a prospect of remaining so for some time. The problem hinges on the price of corn. Will it pay to feed hogs until they will go into the heavy class and get the extra price? This each farmer must determine for himself. The return to the old time favorites illustrates the difficulty of effecting a radical change of type without some very good reason, says Orange Judd Farmer.

SHEEP TALK.

"Shepherd Boy" Visits the Indiana and Ohio Flockmasters.

Mr. Harris says he does not believe that rape is capable of doing what is sometimes claimed for it. There are those who claim rape to be an ideal feed for the fattening of sheep. Mr. Harris' experience is about the same as my own in regard to this matter. He does not countenance the idea that lambs can be successfully fattened on rape alone. I must admit I fully agree with him. My experience has been that lambs will fatten quicker on second growth clover and a small grain feed than they will on the best patch of rape and a larger amount of grain. While rape makes a good pasture for sheep, I have never considered it would alone satisfactorily fatten a lamb for market. While taking a ride in company with this gentleman one evening I saw that which aroused considerable curiosity within me. It was a small patch of sainfoin growing along the roadside. This is the first patch of this most useful plant I have seen growing wild since leaving the old sod. It was growing luxuriantly, mingling itself with the blue grass that was also found along the roadside. I believe that sainfoin would be a success in these regions. Every evidence is at hand to prove it would. This makes one of the finest and best sheep pastures known to the flockmaster. It is very fattening and will reproduce itself year by year.

Mr. Yeiser is a man of shrewd business sagacity, and his methods in sheep management are worthy of consideration. He is a great believer in rape and forage crops. He is a very careful feeder, and although he respects corn as a component part of the ration for fattening lambs for the market he has no use for it in the feeding of his stud flock. "No lamb will partake of too much of so good a thing as bran and oats. As soon as the pastures commence to dry I commence to give all my sheep a ration of bran and oats daily," says Mr. Yeiser.

Nothing, to Mr. Henry's mind, beats second crop clover and bran and oats as a weaning ration.

Mr. Watson informed me that he has no confidence in benzine as a remedy for the stomach worm. "I once gave a lamb about eight times the dose of benzine prescribed by the advocates of this remedy," said Mr. Watson, "but all to no purpose. I have the same opinion you express that no liquid can be given to a lamb that will dislodge the stomach worm for the reason that by the time it mixes with the juices of the stomach and reaches the habitat of the worm it is so weak as to be entirely useless."—Wool Markets and Sheep.

HONEY PACKAGES.

Experience That Leads to a Preference For Tin Cans.

Additional experience simply confirms us in the belief that extracted honey ought to be put into 60 pound tin cans rather than in wooden barrels, says the editor of American Bee Journal. True, a tin can will occasionally burst and thus cause leaking. But when it does you can't lose more than 60 pounds out of one 60 pound can. But a barrel—well, we have more than once seen over half a barrel of honey lost through leaking or from the head bursting out.

Yes, tin cans do cost more than barrels, but they are worth more and for several reasons. The honey in them can be reliquefied without digging it out and putting it into something else, as must be done with honey in a barrel. Honey in 60 pound cans is in better shape for the cash honey dealer to handle. It is a quantity that many a family feels it can afford to buy at one time. Other excellent reasons might be given.

It may do to put dark or cheap honeys into barrels, but the fine white extracted honeys, we think, ought always to be put into 60 pound tin cans. We believe the day will soon be here when such honeys will be required in tin cans and perhaps at a slight advance in price over that of the same grade in barrels.

New Dirt Turned Up In Autumn.

Deep planting for potatoes has almost invariably given better results at the Cornell station than shallow, but very deep planting should not follow shallow planting. The furrows opened to receive the seed should not go to the bottom of the soil that was stirred by the plow. If it is desired to plant six inches deep, the land should be plowed eight or ten inches deep.

Then, again, land that has never been plowed deeper than five or six inches should not the next time be plowed ten. The deepening process should be gradual—an inch or so a year. More "new dirt" may safely be turned up in autumn than in spring.

News and Notes.

The wheat crop is a big one of good quality.

The apple prospect is poor both as to quantity and quality.

A fair hay crop seems to be the general conclusion for the whole country.

Great shortage in the potato crop of the west is reported. Twenty-five points below the ten year August average is the government estimate for the country in general.

An aftermath of the mild winter of 1900-1 is being severely felt in many parts of the country in the enormous numbers of grasshoppers, caterpillars and other insects which prey upon the products of the garden, says American Gardening.

Latest agricultural wrinkles are illustrated at the Pan-American exposition by exhibits of tobacco growing in pots and ginseng also in pots.

An oat crop below the average is reported.

GRADING HONEY.

People Like What Is Good and Like It Better If It Looks Good.

The bee produces the honey, but will it make straight combs, even, white and well capped if hive and sections are not properly prepared for its use and if they are not properly cared for during that use? And if all the preliminary work is well done, will the product be ready for an exacting market without additional work and care?

The beekeeper must do more than to induce his bees to put their product into clean sections. He must keep the sections clean and unbroken. He must meet the demands of the trade.

To do this he must take the honey from the hive at the right time, must make each section as clean and inviting as possible and then assemble the sections properly in attractive packages.

People like what is good and like it better if it looks good. What is clean suits them better if it looks clean. A stain on the outside of a section does not make the honey less sweet or less wholesome, but does make it less attractive to the buyer. The stain, therefore, must be removed before the section is offered for sale.

Uniformity counts. Therefore the beekeeper must make his packages uniform—in size, in shape, in color, in arrangement. A few leaking sections are too many. A single badly graded case may spoil the sale of a ton of honey. So the individual must be careful in grading, in handling, in packing and in selling his products.

But this is not enough. The market is too big for one man to supply. Honey is bought and sold by the carload—even by the trainload—and the buyer is wise enough to insist on uniformity of grading in the whole lot. The packages must be uniform or he will complain. The packing must be uniform or he will find fault. The honey itself must be uniform or he will not pay the highest price for it.

He is a kicker—the buyer is—and he ought to be, says Secretary Working of the Colorado Beekeepers' association, whose remarks, as above, are given in The American Bee Journal.

SPRAYING POTATOES.

Eastern Farmers Do Not Take Kindly to Bordeaux For Blight.

There is considerable conflicting testimony in regard to the efficacy of spraying with bordeaux mixture for blight, and I have never yet found an average potato grower who knew he had made the practice to pay. The recommendations come mainly from experiment stations and close observers who are able to detect a small difference in yield. These yields are from small plots and may be misleading, as a difference of 10 or 50 bushels per actual acre may be due to many causes and actually occurs every year on every farm.

I have no doubt that the effect of paris green, but weather and flea beetle on the foliage is often called blight and that the spraying would then be of no avail.

The blight, if it comes at all, does not show with us until some time in August, and spraying before Aug. 1 would do no good. I do not think any effect is seen from the different blights except the late blight, which kills all foliage in two or three days, until the potato foliage begins to mature or, in other words, the blight has a season of growth and requires certain conditions of foliage (its seed bed) before it will germinate. As long as hot, dry weather continues there will be no genuine blight.

If one knew just when a wet, muggy spell was coming on and could cover thoroughly every spot with the copper and it did not wash off, there would be a benefit, but the job is usually only half done, and there are so many ifs that the average potato grower will not be the gainer. I use as strong a solution of the copper water as I can make without lime in my hand sprayers when putting on paris green and shall not use anything else this season for blight, says a Rural New Yorker writer.

After the Hay Is Gathered.

Now that the hay crop is about gathered it is time to do something with the thin meadows and spots. If plowed up at once and well worked down, rye can be sown in September, but a trial of the Clark method of grass seeding is often advisable where a farmer cannot well lose a year's use of the field for grass. After plowing harrow thoroughly with disk or cutaway to cut up the old sod and seed early in September. Use a top dressing of well rotted manure or commercial fertilizer. A thorough working of the soil and early seeding will allow for sufficient growth this fall to stand the winter and give a good crop of hay next year, advises American Agriculturist.

News and Notes.

California and Michigan grow large crops of radishes for seed.

Orange Judd Farmer reports a large winter cabbage acreage.

It is reported that the Seminole lands, said to be the richest in the Indian Territory, will be thrown open to public settlement at an early day.

This is a good year for the silo. Feeds of all kinds promise to be high, affected by the shortage in the corn crop. The silo will enable the feeder to utilize all of a crop that is usually partly wasted, says National Stockman.

A small machine which turns out tissue paper string inclosing seeds at regular intervals is the latest device presented as an economizer of time and labor in seed sowing.

A new movement for the manufacture of refined sugar from corn is in progress. The sugar made by improved processes is said to be a very valuable white, dry product.

THEY WERE WAITING.

A Man Who Thought Panther Cove Was Slow Got a Pointer.

There didn't seem to be much going on at Panther Cove for a border town, and when I ran across an old pioneer I told him that I was somewhat disappointed in it.

"'Pears to be a slow town, eh?" he queried.

"Yes, rather that way."

"No shootin or hangin?"

"None whatever."

"Nobody jumpin on his hat and firin his guns in the air and nobody braggin of the number of men he's killed and goin to kill?"

"Yes, things are very quiet. Any particular reason for it?"

"Yes, stranger, there is. The particular reason is that about 150 of the boys are watchin you and holdin their breath."

"But why should they watch me?" I asked.

"Waal, to be squar' with you, you look like a critter who'd walk into a saloon and call for a lone drink and forget the rest of the population."

"And if I should?"

"Then you'd never have no more cause to complain of the slowness of Panther Cove. Before you could swallow more'n half the drink the population would bust forth with a yell, and about a minute and a half later you'd be swingin to that tree over there and the coroner askin the boys if anybody had seen Lung Sing, the gravedigger. Yes, the town does look a bit slow, but you jest take a p'inter and either go dry or call up the h—ll outfit when you drink." M. QUAD.

Painful Memories.

The Prodigal—Oh, dere's de old wood shed where I spent so many pleasant moments with pop. Guess I won't return right away.—New York Journal.

Rather Venomous.

A tenderfoot who visited the Yosemite in the old days thus related his experience: The stage driver found out that he was seriously afraid of snakes and immediately proceeded to make his hair stand on end.

"Venomous reptiles? You bet. I don't know what reptiles is, but them snakes you can just bet your life is venomous. Why, one day I was comin down here drivin a wagon, when I catches sight of a snake in the brush all ready for a spring. My horses starts, an I whips 'em up fast to clear the snake, don't you see, afore he could spring. He makes one clear spring, the snake does, an he misses the horses."

"That was lucky. But you—you"—

"Lucky? You bet your life it was lucky. He missed the horses, the snake did, but he stuck his fangs clean through the wagon."

"You don't say!"

"I do say, and maybe you don't believe it, but it's a fact. He stuck his fangs clean through that wagon, an that wagon is swelled up so bad that we had to leave it by the wayside and take the horses home."

SOME LOST SECRETS.

FAMOUS PROCESSES THAT WERE KNOWN TO THE ANCIENTS.

Things That Our Forefathers Were Able to Do That We Now Find Well Nigh Impossible—Cement of the Greeks and Romans.

Taking into consideration the marvelous strides we have made in almost every branch of knowledge during the last 200 or 300 years, it seems exceedingly strange that our forefathers should have been able to do things which we find impossible and that we cannot discover secrets which were almost common knowledge hundreds of years ago. But despite the fact that the average modern man knows more than did the learned men of long ago, there are mysteries of knowledge and science which our most advanced scientists cannot solve.

Thousands of years ago, for instance, the Egyptians used to embalm the bodies of their dead kings and nobility so perfectly that the bodies are in wonderful preservation today, as may be seen at the British museum. Clever as we are in this age, we cannot do the same. The valuable secret is lost and modern science cannot recover the lost knowledge. We can, of course, and we do embalm bodies, but only for temporary preservation and, comparatively speaking, in a most unsatisfactory manner. Bodies which are embalmed nowadays will not be preserved for more than a few days at most. Very many of the bodies the Egyptians embalmed before the birth of Christ are still so perfect that the lines of their faces are still as clearly marked as when they were first embalmed.

Sheffield turns out the finest, hardest and most perfect steel the world produces, but even Sheffield cannot produce a sword blade to compare with those the Saracens made and used hundreds of years ago, and the Saracens never possessed the machinery we have or had the advantage of knowing so much about metals as we are supposed to know. A huge fortune awaits the man who discovers the secret which enabled the Saracens to make sword blades so keen and hard that they could cut in two most of the swords used today.

There are a dozen different methods of making artificial diamonds, but none of the stones produced by these methods can compare with those made of old French paste, the secret of which is lost. So perfect were paste diamonds that it was difficult for even a person with expert knowledge of diamonds to tell that they were artificially produced, whereas most of the modern artificial diamonds can easily be detected, and their durability is nothing like so great as the old paste diamonds.

Probably not one out of every ten thousand buildings standing in all parts of the world, and built by modern masons, will still be standing 500 years hence. We do not know how to put stones and bricks together as the ancients did, and consequently the buildings we raise nowadays are really mere temporary structures and will be in ruins when the ancient buildings of Greece and Italy, which were built thousands of years ago, are in as good condition as they are now. The secret is not in the bricks or the stone, but in the cement and mortar, neither of which essentials can we make as the ancients made them.

In modern buildings the cement and mortar are the weakest points; in buildings which the Romans and Greeks raised thousands of years ago the cement and mortar are the strongest points and hold good while the very stones they bind together crumble away with age. We cannot, with all our science, make such cement and mortar, and therefore we cannot build such buildings as the ancients raised.

Chemistry, one might imagine, is the science which has, perhaps, made the greatest strides. Yet modern chemists cannot compound such dyes as were commonly used when the great nations of today were still unborn. Now and again it happens that searchers after antiquities come across fragments of fabrics which were dyed thousands of years ago, and they are astonished by the wonderful richness of the colors of the cloths, which, despite their age, are brighter and purer than anything we can produce.

Modern artists buy their colors ready made and spend large sums on pigments with which to color their canvases. The pictures of modern artists will be colorless when many of the works of ancient masters are as bright as they are today. Just as the secret of dyeing has been lost, so has the secret of preserving the colors of artists' paints. Yet the secret was known to every ancient artist, for they all mixed their own colors.

How to make durable ink is another great secret we have lost. Look at any letter five or ten years old and you will probably notice that the writing has faded to a brown color and is very indistinct. Go to any big museum and you will find ancient MSS., the writing of which is as black and distinct as if the MSS. were written the day before yesterday.

The secret of glass blowing and tinting is not yet entirely lost. There are still a few men who can produce glass work equal to the things of this kind which the ancients turned out hundreds of years ago. But the average glass manufacturer cannot produce anything that could in all compare with some of the commoner articles the Egyptians, and later, the founders of Venice, manufactured, and those who still hold the ancient secret guard it so closely that it will probably die with them and be added to the long list of things in which our ancestors beat us hollow.—Exchange.

In the Time to Come.

"Unless there is a change," said the cook, "I will have to leave you."

"Change!" exclaimed the mistress. "What do you mean?"

"Our union," said the cook, "has declared a boycott on Mrs. Smith, in the next block."

"But how does that affect me?"

"She is on your calling list, and a sympathetic strike has been declared against all who associate with her."—Chicago Post.

Proud of Her.

"I want to get your wife interested in our new system of manual training," said the woman with a short skirt and a felt hat.

"Well," answered Mr. Meekton, "you can come in. But if you are trying to teach Henrietta anything about training a man I'm thinking you are wasting your time. Henrietta can come pretty near giving lessons in manual training, Henrietta can."—Washington

It's not easy for a woman to pin her faith to a husband who never gives her any pin money.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Very few people know how to handle enthusiasm.—Atchison Globe.