VOI XXXIX

Capital \$2,000,000.00 In every department

of banking the Mellon National Bank

> is prepared to serve you in a satisfactory

514 Smithfield Street Pittsburgh, Pa.

First Showing

Of New Fall and Winter Clothing!

For weeks everyone about this establishment has been on the jump, making and arranging our immense Fall and Winter stock. We have now ready

A regular feast

of new and beautiful things in Men's, Boys' and Children's wear. We are especially proud of our men's

Suit display

We have the best suits, made by the best makers we know anything about. It would take columns of talk to do them justice. Compare our suits with any to be had anywhereworkmanship for workmanship—garment for garment—thread for thread,

Then compare prices.

Do this and you will buy your fall suit here.

Schaul & Nast,

LEADING CLOTHIERS AND FURNISHERS, 137 South Main St., Butler.

THE AUTUMN BUYING Is now in Full Swing.

and our store is full of good durable footwear at rock bottom prices, don't fail to look this store over and examine prices before buying your winter stock of footwear as we are offering keenest inducements for your trade.

You'll be surprised at large selection, delighted with the qualities and more than pleased with our money saving prices.

School Shoes for the Boys and Girls.

Never in the history of the shoe business in Butler has there been so large and strong a line of school shoes shown and at such ridiculously low prices. All heights of tops, all weights of leather, all widths, all shapes of toes in button or lace and all marked at bargain prices.

Ladies' Fine Shoes

We have been appointed exclusive agents for the famous Dorothy Dodd fine shoes for Ladies. This line of shoes is being handled by the leading shoemen all over the country and the sale of this very popular shoe has been phenomenal; besides having a full line of the Dorothy Dodd shoe we carry a large line of the well known K. D. & Co. and many other leading makes of Ladies' fine shoes which makes this store the best place in Butler Co. to buy fine shoes.

Men's Fine Shoes

You will find here the largest stock and greatest variety of styles in Men's fine shoes to be found in Butler Co. All the new toes, all the new leathers, all sizes and widths in the very best makes of Men's fine shoes in the country, such as WALKOVER, W. L. DOUGLASS and many other of the leading makes of Men's fine shoes.

Rubber and Felt Goods.

Do not fail to see our line of Rubber and Felt Goods before buying your Winter stock as it is the most complete stock ever shown in Butler and at prices never before offered in Butler county. Come in and exmine goods and prices. whether you want to buy or not.

C. E. MILLER,

D. & T.

The Patrician Shoe at \$3.50, the best for the Ladies. The Hanan, the best shoe for men at \$5.00.

Ladies' fine shoes \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, in all leathers, high an medium tops.

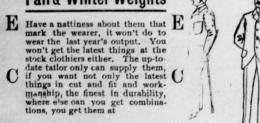
Men's fine shoes, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.90, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$5.00 and \$6.00.

Heavy shoes in oil grain and kangaroo calf for Ladies' and Gents'.

A full line of school shoes. Large line of leggins and overgaiters. NEW RUBBER GOODS,

DAUBENSPECK & TURNER.

C



C

42 North Main Street All Work Guaranteed



mediate and a cure follows. It is not drying-does



is the Best Touic Blood Purifier. Price, 50c pint. Prepared and

Johnston's Crystal Pharmacy,

sold only at

R. M. LOGAN, Ph. G. 66 N. Main St., Butler, Pa

Everything in the drug line.

Early

Fall

Goods

In Latest

Also

Novelties.

Wedding Suits a

Specialty.

Call and examine before leaving

your order for suit.

Just · Arrived low with the wheat stubble. Coronation Suitings; Black and White

erving, holding the bables-the but

scape a feeling of restlessness she had termined to go to bed. It was refreshing to lie in the cool darkness. But before she reached the top of the attic stairs she felt the dry heat of the sun baked roof. The great, timbered space, known.-London Answers. dark with its age blackened beams and scantly windowed twilight, held a strange odor of cedar shingles, of anclent leather trunks, of must papers.

The Navajo woman, who has made
In the solemn dusk the candle lost its
her tribe the most famous of all liv-

night, shone through the window upon clear, unwinking, pensive, holy. iss of unseen lips. For the first time n her life she felt the restless longing for some good of which she was ignothing that a girl could ask-father, mother, food and shelter, a place in the world? What else had any one? The aged farmer and his wife-thos two good people fast asleep without thought in their nightcaps beyond the ndent on the great harvests, on the ppy too? Had she anything to con lain of, to regret, to wish for? Suddenly out of the hush came the ry of the whippoorwill, that piercing, nournful voice of the vacant, wind blown fields, of meadows flowering ur

its questioning, solitary call, hidden in the twilight of the woods. less and apart. A strange longing swelled up in her breast; tears filled some vast tidal wave upon a sunny shore, withdrawing in a long resound warm darkness toward the edge of the fresh day, the beans and cabbages in CAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA eir prim symmetry, the tall scarlet ollyhocks nodding against the fence, made the experience of the night be-fore very remote and visionary. As Mary reached the end of the row

BY BALDWIN SEARS nd she knelt silently

house opened slowly, and a girl's head evening breeze, her fair skin, yel-

k annacanananananananananan

THE HOPE of

the HEART

A young man with a sey to over his shoulder crossing the lane below the barn looked up toward the house. Seeing the girl, he stopped, straightened his shoulders as though he half expected her to speak and to speak himself, then walked on with lagging steps and lisappeared below the orchard where Mary leaned her arms on the edge of

from the garret blowing in gusts past her face was like a twitch at he ves reminding her of the household She was the only one who had not already gone to bed. It was harves time. They were cutting the wheat in the meadows, and all day the hum of

he scuttle and looked out. The hot air

were at work. Since dawn the house had been buzzing with lively toil, but v the day's work was ended. rmer and his wife were asleep. They had gone to bed immediately after sup per, and while Mary had sat in th porch she heard their low voices talking over the potato crop and the grain heir drowsy words growing fewer, lower, until at length they sank away and ceased, while yet the bobolinks

were skimming over the meadow and the red of the sunset lingered. Across the gate her married brother and a neighbor had talked politics Mary had heard their nasal voices alternating like the wooden balls tossed by a juggler. In the south chamber just under the attic her sister-in-law had been putting her children to bed, the creak, creak of the rocking chair as it swayed over an uneven board dimly audible through the silent house. little brother Bob, dreamless, tired and ntented at the end of his long sum

Down in the kitchen yard the turkey and chickens had gone to roost in the apple trees and the grape arbor, cluckagainst the awkward ones as they settled themselves together.

In a few moments it had grown

very still and dark. long breath and leaned her head back against the edge of the roof. It was only 8 o'clock, and the faint yellow twilight lingered on the border of the summer night. A new moon hung low ver the crest of the woods. The west wind brought up the hot smell of ripening cornfields, and a bat darted ut of the orchard in swooping cir cles against the clear night.

From her eyrle above the treetops the farm buildings, the neighboring houses, the fields and lanes, even the wide post road, looked quite small and cheap, like a toy village. The country-side in its irregular checkerboard of pasture, corn and woodland, pale yelended at last in one vast, gray, sealike level against the trackless sky. Mary looked at it all as one upon whose mind the meaning of these familiar scenes had just begun to dawn—these fields, the chickens she must pluck, the bread she must make, the raspdens of each side were hers. So far she had carried them unthinkingly, unquestionably. It was only the lot of

Tonight she was unusually tired. To

As Mary sat on the edge of her cot,

seen and far away. It thrilled her lik a pain. It stabbed her through an

through and cut her to the heart wit She had heard it so often, year after ear, like the robin and the lark. Nev-r had it sounded so lonel;, so friendher eyes. The years of her life, with their simple tasks, their ambitions, hopes and dreams, came to her like ing sigh at the absence of some un-known joy. She stared through the woods outlined against the evening as though one should try to read the soul of a silhouette. Then she dropped her As Soon as Possible.

At 6 o'clock in the morning Mary was in the garden picking the vegetables for dinner. The sunshiny, dew

Ilve in it alone, in a certain important sense, and to get and keep our "bearings" we must sometimes be left alone, be soon as there was anything doing. He followed his plan thing doing. He followed his plan this morning.

As Soon as Possible.

Dinner-Walter, bring me a napkin. Walter-In a moment, sir; give you public sale last week. She was a perfect animal, a picture. She was in the

of peas she pushed back her sunbonnet and looked up; then her song stopped

A young man was standing on the other side of the garden wall looking the the He blushed as he met her steady, smiling gaze. "Picking peas?" e asked. "You've got a lot, haven't

'Yours are pretty tender yet." He tore off another pod. "Shan't I help you? Two can work better than one." "Oh, thank you; you needn't bother."

nside of the row."
"It's very kind of you," she anwered, looking up at him sweetly. How brown and strong and sinewy he had grown since he had begun to work in the harvest fields. She had not seen him for a long while, not since

they were in school together. She was ooking at him again when he glanced up and caught her eyes. This time they both blushed. They said nothing for some time. Mary picked busily, and the boy whistled half to himself. They were beside each other, with the reaper had come up from the broad, white fields where the men othing between them but the slender trellis of pea vines, enough to give the boy courage to say, "Did you hear the whippoorwill last night?"

Mary felt a flash that made her

nerves tingle.
"Oh, did you, too?" she exclaimed, hen stopped, abashed at her own eagerness. How could Alvy under-stand the confession she had made to whippoorwill just because it was unwith all the carelessness she could

past 8. I was coming home 'cross lots back of your barn; been up at the other farm all day."

They were picking slowly now. How pretty Mary was with her braided yelow hair, her rose pink ears, her smooth lidded, down drooping eyes! The ruffle of her apron, with its crisp curves, seemed meant to hedge her cheeks from kisses.

Alvy felt his heart throb dizzily. So many words and thoughts went round and round in his head that he could not say one. And there was the screen of brush and vines between them. The delicate film of green was strong as a prison grille through which the serene face of the girl glowed upon him. Somehow their hands met upon the same pods. Mary's trembled, then lay still in his.

"I saw you up on the roof," whispered the boy. "You were listening, weren't you?" Mary nodded.

"Do you-do you like to hear it, Mary? Do you like the whippoorwill?" Mary's lip trembled. "I don't know. guess so.' Because he-he loves you, Mary."

"Mary, Mary, where are you?" The two in the garden sprang up as the shrill voice called from the kitchen. "Who-the nigger?" said Dawson, As the boy leaped over the fence into his own orchard Mary looked after him. From the trees among which he disappeared came clear, low and sweet the call of the whippoorwill.

What army was the strongest of its green where half ripened orchards time? Judging by results, the Roman spread, marked here and there by a army was so from the fifth century cluster of roofs, a spire that told a B. C. onward until the division of the mpire. Its fighting organization wa can tonly in the mystery of distance as it mounted toward the hills and tical than that of any army of today. It was based on a territorial system locality without bringing it into an tagonism with that of the corps, for each of the thirty-five Roman "tribes" was required to furnish to each legion four "centuries" of 120 men, each of he bread she must make, the berries she must preserve, all grouped themselves before her in a coherent were troops of the line, two were a kind of militia and the fifth was a depot battalion. For almost eight centuries the army thus constituted not only conquered the then known world, but acted as explorers beyond its limits, and at the same time made and unmade kings and emperors in Rome itself. In modern times the Prussian army, which won Sadowa and Sedan and overran both Austria and France, was the strongest the world has

The Navajo woman, who has made bold glare and drooped to a wavering ing indicates by means of her great spark, eyed by the glimmering gray and excession invention, the Navajo panes of the gable windows high under the ridge.

blanket, occupies a social position of great independence. Her property, anes of the gable windows the ridge.

The two chimneys, like huge stone rights are carefully respected. She owns much of the wealth of the tribe, owns much of the wealth of the tribe, owns much of the wealth of the tribe. giants whom she had been feeding all day, stooped over her as they towered and her children belong to her alone toward the roof, reminding her of to-morrow's kitchen work.

A woman may have hundreds of sheep when she marries, and not one be-As Mary sat on the edge of her cot, thinking of these things, she looked up vaguely. A star, the first in the pale lines it is a survival of the primitive

matriarchate.

The Navajo woman has no perma A lock of hair loosened by the wind floated softly across her cheek like the has been greatly impeded by its dark perstition that every death is caused spirits linger about the dead body. The rant. What was it her simple, sweet existence lacked? Had she not every corpse is buried in the floor and the with a hole in the roof for the smoke men at work in the fields, all those de- and a blanket for the door. In the move into a brush wicklup, made of greasewood boughs. There she sets up her loom in the shadow of the rocks and lives in the open air all summer .-

Single Beds For Real Rest. would be better off. When one is tired, sick, cross, restless, out of sorts, he or she ought to sleep alone and not tired, sick, cross, restless, out of sorts, he or she ought to sleep alone and not communicate by proximity the maladles that affect him. The brute creatures when sick go away by them selves till they die or get over their troubles, and this instinct a great many human beings have. Those that nany human beings have. Those that to the slightest degree of neglect, however. Where two children in a family must share the same room in a great many cases they would be better off to black and blue. have two single beds rather than one wide double bed. We can share a great many things with those we love, but solitude clings to us from birth to death. We come into the world alone; we must go out of it alone, and we live in the door, taking the mail to his desk himself. That caused him to be ready live in it alone, in a certain important for business as soon as there was any-

said cheerily as he took his seat. "This There came a gurgle from the old man's throat, not unlike a column of water through a pipe too small. "For Private Secretary funerals." he at last managed to say. Dawson was used to this and con-tinued to sort the mail. Finally he

By W. H. DURHAM Copyright, 1901, by W. H. Durham

*A.A.A.A.A.A.A.A.A.A.A.A.A.A.A.A.A.A.

tary to the head of a downtown whole-"Yes, indeed; plenty this year. Have sale house. Old Jackson used to say that the house could not get along "All we can eat and more too. Getwithout Dawson, yet that personage ting old, though. How are these?" He crossed the wall and stood beside her. had been in the employ of the firm only a short year, was but twenty-four years old and knew nothing of the business when he entered. But he had been a reporter and a good one. That means, as everybody knows, that he "Oh, I like to do this. I'll take the knew a little of everything in the world and a great deal more. So when he applied for a position with one of the most unique letters old Jackson had ever received the old man, after writing, broke into a hearty laugh and

"You think you can fill the position that is open, do you?" growled old Jackson at Dawson when that young gentleman appeared. "Do you know that this is a most confidential place and that, while knowledge of the business and lines we handle is not abso lutely necessary, yet to a man of not more than average intellect who is in experienced the position is impossible?"
"Why, of course I can hold it. Do

around here if I didn't think you need Jackson had been so used to having men quail before him, especially when seeking a position, that this breezy answer floored him. But he liked it. "Well, young man, I will just give you ten minutes' trial."

It was nearly noon when Dawson

"Very well. I will spend the ten minutes getting lunch and then re-

could stop him. He left the door open as he went out, a trick for which a man had been fired only the day be fore. Old Jackson seemed to shrink into himself until he was almost sitting on his back, staring out the open door at the stalwart back of his new secretary as it went down the long

"Bang!" went the old man's fist on the bell. A huge negro, dressed like a comic valentine, sprang into the office. "Dolefulness," roared the old man, "did you see that young fellow go out?" "Yes, sah; I saw him," said the

black.
"Well, when that fellow comes back Dolefulness disappeared as rapidly as he had come, and the old gentle man went out to lunch. When he re-

turned. Dawson was seated at a desk looking over the mail which had just "What the dev- Where's that Dole

With a bang the door of the coatroom in the old man's private office hit the wall. Dolefulness, bound and

gagged, tumbled on the floor. "Well!" gasped Jackson, sinking into a chair and mopping his forehead. It was 10 degrees below zero outside, and he had been kicking at the firemen all

from lunch, and I just put him on ice.
Shall I release him?"

of the Christian etc.

of the Christian etc.

of the Christian etc.

of the christian etc. "Dolefulness," Jackson thundered when the negro got on his feet, "what does this mean? Didn't I tell you to kill this man if he came back again?"
"Yes, sah, yo' did, but he seed me fust just as I was goin' to hit him wid

my billy."
"What did he do?" "Jest grabbed me by de collah; he held me wid one hand and tied me wid ried about with him. Another of h

"Stand up," to Dawson. He saw that the negro was a foot and a half higher than his private secretary. "That'll do, Dolefulness. You may go." "Now, sir," said Dawson, "if you will be so kind as to give me a word or two of advice I will proceed with marked personal on your desk and sent the others to the heads of the various

departments. Is that right?" "Say, you—you, who's boss here, you or me? How did you know who the neads of departments were?" "That's easy. I noticed the names of

them, together with their departments, mblazoned in box car letters on the doors of their offices in the hall.' "Do you mean to tell me that you have only passed down this aisle three times and know all the heads of de-

"Certainly. What else are my eyes Jackson didn't answer. He looked at seat and began to open his mail. Daw-

son picked up a paper and began to read. Directly he said: "By the way, Thomas."
"Yes, sir," said the new secretary "I wish you would go and tell Miss Agnew, the stenographer I always have, to come here. You may spend the time looking over the store. Come

back in an hour.' Dawson looked the store over from top to bottom in that hour. He intromake a fire upon the logs of one of these deserted heaps. So the Navajo 'hogan' is a poor, temporary affei experience there, made every man his

> When he reached the office, Mr. Jack son was gone, but on Dawson's desk "Well," he said, "I guess it's up to

me. I supposed from the way the man acted that he was going to keep me, but he concluded that he could write better than he talked after all, and here is where—wow!"

Dawson had opened the envelope and the last exclamation was caused

All this had happened a year ago

Dawson's first duty in the morning

took the personal ones across the room and laid them on Mr. Jackson's desk. "Thomas," the boss said, "take : eat. I want to hold a heart to heart "Here's where I get it," sighed the

"My daughter" - Dawson started -"has told me that you have proposed marriage to her and that she has accepted you. Is that true?" "I never dispute the word of a wom-

Mr. Jackson had been holding in pretty well, but this was too much. "Do you mean to tell me that you have dared"— Thus far he got and choked. Sput, sput, sputter came from his throat until Dawson said: "Par-don me, sir, but some day that

The proprietor of millions sank in his chair before this beardless boy. "I want you to go, sir! This instant you leave my employ! Go!" "Certainly, sir," was the reply. "But before I go"—here he reached behind his desk and produced the same rope with which he had tied Dolefulness-

He grasped Mr. Jackson by the colandkerchief into his mouth and anored it with one abstracted from Mr. ekson's pocket, thrust him into the eset which had proved so useful be-bre, locked the door, and Mr. Jackson ard him whistle.

just a minute.'

It was only an hour that the boss ad to stay in his cooped up jail, but get down on his knees to his unruly employee when the door suddenly opened. He happened to be straining upon it at the time and as a consequence fell headlong into the room. He was quickly released by Dawson. "That's all right, my boy," faltered the employer. "I won't fire you again

not until I get a corps of policemen."
"That's all right, sir. If you desire that I go now, I will do so; only"-and he poked his head out of the office door and brought in the girl who was at the bottom of the trouble - "allow me to introduce my wife.

The old man was too full for utterance. Finally he reached out and grasped them by the hand. Pulling ne on each knee, he began to pat them on the back, while a smile of contentment stole over his face.

The Movement of Population. If the progress of population had been continuous from the remote periods of antiquity, it is evident that the numbers of mankind would be much greater than they are, and the globe become depopulated and apparently unable to support life. It is uncertain whether at the present moment the population of the globe is greater than cankers on the limbs of the tree. The it was 2,000 or 3,000 years ago. There s congestion in Europe, in India and in China. There are innumerable tribes in central Africa on whom even the

slave trade makes no perceptible im-But the vast plains of Asia, which warmed with men under the Assyriswarmed with men under the Assyrian, Babylonian and Persian empires are deserted. The civilization of Europe is no longer threatened by the eastern hordes which swept over the orchard for infected trees as deterday. "What does this mean?"
"Oh, nothing," said Dawson. "The nigger got kinder gay when I came of the Christian era. But that prodi-

burgh Review. Napoleon and His Belief.

Napoleon, man of iron though l was, gave great credence to the tales of the supernatural and was very superstitious. He placed great faith superstitions was to hum the famourir, "Marlborough s'en va-t'-en guerre whenever he mounted his charge fo battle. Strangely enough, at the hou of his great conflict M. de Las Case tells us that the dying man humme the old air. The Empress Josephin shared her husband's belief in magic made to her in her creole childhood were fulfilled to the letter in a manne calculated to impress even the most hardened skeptic.

A Poor Compliment. "People don't often insult you when they mean to be gracious," said an artist the other day. "Insults are the cre ations of ill nature and not mere mat ters of words. But I had an experience that made me laugh and yet irri-

"Somebody take one of your sno scenes for a spring landscape?" in-quired an amiable friend. 'No," replied the artist; "this was not a matter of professional pride. A tradesman sent me a bill in which he

unintentially charged me only about a third of what I owed him." "Thought he stood a better chance of getting it, I suppose," interrupted

"Now, hold on, Billy, and let me tell the story. Well, that was the second time he had sent a bill for less than I owed, and I wrote him a note calling his attention to the error. This morn ing I got a letter from him in which man may thank you for your courtes; or for your kindness, but when he thanks you for being honest it is an One might as well praise

A very curious old mine with man

omantic associations is that at Quir io, in the United States of Colombia where cinnabar, the ore of mercur has been wrought from the time of ne earliest Spanish explorers, alm emarkable as being one of the wet-est places on the globe. It is excep-ional for the rain to cease throughout be greater part of the year.

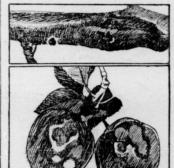
"Yes," said the soprano in the choir oft, "religion is absolutely free and 'And yet." grumbled the basso pro undo, "it is considered quite the thing o make a cloak of that cheap mate-

Wall of the second FARM GARDEN

BITTER ROT OF APPLES. Its Effects on Tree and Fruit-Winter

and Summer Remedies. Bitter rot is a disastrously destruclive disease upon the apple fruit. It has prevailed at times over a very area of the territory of the United States, but is especially liable to occur south of the thirty-ninth parallel the loss in four counties was estimated to be \$1,500,000 and as great proportionally to the acre in orchards else-

The disease in the fruit can be easily identified. It begins in one to many



tt seemed a year. He suddenly heard the whistle again and was ready to brown specks anywhere upon the un point of infection enlarges so as to be ome a very distinct dark colored circu lar and somewhat sunken spot, beneath which the tissues are dry (never soft and watery) and tough. Great numbers of pustules so small as to be carcely visible to the unaided eye arranged in close concentric circles cover all but the outer border of the discolered spot and give to the surface a

oughened appearance.
When the air is sufficiently moist, each conically shaped point opens by breaking through the skin of the fruit and discharges a little pinkish mass of mucilaginous or waxy substance remain distinct, or several on an apple may run together so as to form an irregularly shaped, depressed patch. The whole fruit at length be shriveled into an angular, hard body called a "mummy."

The pinkish or reddish material from the spots in the fruit is composed of myriads of spores. These cannot be distributed by the wind because they would be already overstocked with human beings. But other causes not less an adhesive substance which, however, hysterious in their operation have the cked that progress. Many of the populous countries of antiquity have is very soluble in water. The spores are carried in splashes of rainwater or may be distributed by insects. The fungus lives over winter in the old, cankers on the limbs of the tree. The first infection of the season apparently comes from the cankers and can be traced on the young apples spreading below these in cone shaped figures in the trees, where the spores have been carried by rain. The disease goes slow

In July and later where the disease has not become widely spread search can best be done from an elevated post tion like the platform of a spraying utfit. If diseased apples are found, he infecting canker or mummy should e looked for just above the uppermost



A BUTTER ROT CANKER. nfected fruit should be removed, tal ing care not to distribute the infection in the process. This is of the utmost mportance if the contagion is to be

In the winter time the mummles and ankers can be removed or the fungus destroyed by spraying the trees with copper sulphate. The disease can be kept in check during the summer by repeated applications of bordeaux mix-ture.—Illinois University Agricultural

Many attempts have been made to in vent a machine that will husk the corn direct from the standing stalk, none of them particularly successful. Some recently patented machines are men tioned by Orange Judd Farmer as promising, and among them is one invented by a Nebraska man. There has been only one specimen of it in exist-ence, but two others are to be available this fall. By means of two large spiral coils on either side of an eleva-tor projecting beyond the wagon tongue he corn is gathered from the stalk or from the ground if the ear happens to e down and is run into a husker in the front end of the wagon box, which deosits the ears in the wagon and blows the husks through a pipe to the rear where they are saved in bags if de ired. In tests made last fall, it is claimed, corn was readily taken out of

a soft snow six inches deep. THE COW AND THE MILK. When Milk Is Thin, Feed Right Away

From the Silo. Milk may be too rich in fat often for lelicate stomachs, just as skimmilk may be too rich in protein to please the taste that has been grossened by using whole milk. This trouble is to be remedied not by skimming the milk and thus destroying the equilibrium of solids, but by simply adding water to the whole milk. This operation is fu verage stomach cannot stand the pure

There are cows that will do the parof dilution to almost any desired ex-tent—even to the undesired extent of making their milk so poor that the Too Much.
Clara—Didn't you find Charlie Casmany of us who claim that producing Mand-1 should say so 1 didn't mind water through the cow is too expensis klosing me, but I thought it was too sive for dairy economy, and moreover their milk never knew anything but poverty, while the watered rich mill having seen better days. I saw one o

hands of a dealer and to be sold for the high dollar. The dealer explained that she was from pedigreed stock, but that the Babcock test had recently been adopted at the creamery patronized by her former owner and this cow had to go. She is now operating for a creamery where the milk is not bought

silo, unless the pasture is very rich and abundant and the cows are in heavy flesh. If there is any later corn being saved for soiling, cut it and put in silo. It is worth more as silage than it is as corn, and if you don't believe feeding to allow the cows to go underfed or get poor this fall to save the silage for next winter. Play for what's on the board. The needs of the cows are present needs - better meet them now than try to recover the loss later. The world may come to an end toward spring and silage will be no use then, out not till then.-W. F. McSparran in National Stockman.

A Leading Potato. Sir William is a handsome looking otato. At the Ohio agricultural experiment station it has kept its place



THE SIR WILLIAM POTATO. ten leading varieties in point of yield, ranking close with Sir Walter Raleigh. It yielded 225.5 bushels per acre in 1901 and averaged 245.4 bushels per acre for the five years preceding.

Thirty-four differently named sorts of wheat have been grown in compara-tive test at the Ohlo experiment station for ten years past. One of these-Penquite's Velvet Chaff-is used as a standard of comparison, and for this purpose is grown on every third plot of the series, and the other sorts are val between which they lie. In the ten year average the Mealy heads the list with an average yield of four and on eighth bushels per acre more than that of the Velvet Chaff. Poole and Red Russian, which are synonyms of the ranging from three and one-third to three and three-quarter bushels per acre above that of the Velvet Chaff. Harvest King is also Poole wheat recently bushels and Early Ripe three and a half bushels per acre more than Velvet

The best form of farm wagon is one with axles of equal length, broad tires and wheels thirty to thirty-six inches high in front and forty to forty-four inches behind, according to the Mis-

What Others Say. Give yourself a shakeup on the silo question right now. Do not let the sea-son go by without examining into the workings of some one near or far who

Not many years ago farmers thought that it made cattle tough to stand out through the cold days of winter, shlyering from head to foot. Most folks While it is not advisable for every armer to have a cold storage plant of is own, there is still room for much

Gasoline engines lighten farm bur lens. They are easy to run and will drive all sorts of farm and household Hogs and corn constitute a combina tion unsurpassed as a wealth producer.

evelopment and co-operation among

farmers along this line.

Early pork brings the best price. Be gin to fatten now.

TWO CASES OF TYPHUS. Story of a Turkish Doctor and Modified Prescription. Mr. Oscanyan in his book, "The Sultan and His People," says that a Turkish physician was called to visit a man who was very ill of typhus fever. The doctor considered the case hopeless, but prescribed for the patient and took

The doctor hastened upstairs to obtain the solution of the miracle.
"Why," said the convalescent, "I was pailful of the juice of pickled cab-

cabbage juice." Soon after the doctor was called to another patient, a yaghlikgee, or dealer in embroidered handkerchiefs, who was

late his patient on his recovery he was astonished to be told that the man was

In his bewilderment at these pheomena he came to the safe conclusion and duly noted it in his memoranda that "although in cases of typhus fever pickled cabbage juice is an efficient remedy it is not to be used unless the patient be by profession an upholster

A London physician of large practice serts that owing to his extremely nsitive sense of smell he can foretell the coming of death forty-eight hours. He says that when a patient comes within two days of death a peculiar earthy smell is emitted from the body. When the fatal disease is slow in its progress, the odor makes its appearance as much as three days beforehand, but when the disease is of the galloping kind the doctor says he receives much shorter warning. He at tributes the smell to mortification

life is extinct. Dogs are thought to have this sense,

his leave. The next day, in passing by, he inquired of a servant at the door if his master was dead. "Dead!" was the reply. "No, he is much better."

out came the tablets, on which he made this inscription: "Cured of typhus fever, Mehemed Agha, an uphol-sterer, by drinking a pailful of pickled

suffering from the same malady. forthwith prescribed "a pailful of pic-On calling the next day to congratu-

which begins within the body before

for hunting hounds have been observe to begin a mournful baying a day or two before their masters died.

Fall & Winter Weights

G. F. KECK, Merchant Tailor.



THE SELECTION OF GLASSES Is not one in which personal taste and fancy can alone dictate. You must allow your optician, after a thorough test of your eyes, to give you a lense that suits your particu-lar case. If you have eye trouble of any kind, call on us and you will get the right treatment. Examina-tion free.

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