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CRIME OF THE TRAMP

By Leo Crane

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It stood upon the banks of a gentle iver, a fishing village of great modesty. The morning sun would toss its eauties out upon the waters of a mild on. The roadways were of shells that had been pounded into powder of the whitest. Old fashioned cottages ed the streets, their porches festooned with climbing roses whose sweet scent wedded the lavish per-fume of wandering honeysuckle and set forth to meet the fresh smell of the

Upon the shore was a little shipyard all covered with chips and darkened driftwood. Rotting ways bathed their feet in the greenish water, and about them played the children they had given birth, a myriad of small boats upon he sleeping waves. One of these beonged to a higher caste than the others. There was a clean coat upon it, and proudly it rode to a well made mooring. When the breeze would swing it slowly, the old man seated on a last stretch of the ways could

ead its name.
"Mary!" he commented slowly, renoving the pipe from his mouth and puffing out a cloud of grayish smoke. Then, turning to a man close by, he

"D'ye s'pose why 'tis named Mary?"

"He's sweet on Mary Harte," said the other without displaying a bit of nterest in anything save the chip he was whittling.
"Oh!" remarked the old one, grinning to himself and sticking the pipe back into his mouth, proving a bit of senti-

nent could not lure him from the hab-"Yere he comes now."
"He's got his oars along," said the other, looking across the quiet space of water. "D'ye s'pose he's goin' out?" "Reckon so, but 'tain't lookin' much out there on the bay. Gittin' a pesky fog up, I'm thinkin'." And the old man

in thunder don't he stay at home for O' late he's out on that stream nost o' his time." "S'pose he wants to git married," sug gested the companion, cutting a large section off the chip with a contemptions flourish of the knife. "He's another one o' these danged fules. But these youngsters won't listen to no reason. There's that feller breakin' his

back summer an' winter, sunshine an' bad weather, come better or worse, all so's he can scrape enough together to buy a peck o' trouble." "I can't understand it," said the old

nan, smoking up on his pipe. "Well, I can see through it in a way," admitted the whittler meditatively "'cause when I was young an' neces arily foolish I had the same thing in nind fer quite a spell. But Hank Jor dan-ye know Hank-well, he gotter ahead o' me an' married the woman. Then I says to myself, 'I'll see what's in this game,' says I. So, by jing, Hank starts in to make a livin' fer a fambly o' two, me havin' a quiet, peaceable time all the while, but 'fore he was through he was workin' like a plow a regiment, an' while they'd be showin' 'em in the street Hank'd be sittin' in the back yard, with a bit o' chalk an' a board, tryin' to figger out how to stave off the rent. I never could see the sense o' it. In the las' nine years I've on'y had the chilblains an' the quinsy, but Hank Jordan had everything from mumps to milk rash-not him, ye know, but them as he was

mainly responsible fer." The man across the way tossed a pair of oyster tongs down into the clean boat and whistled for a ragged looking dog playing about the town's edge. Then, with it beside him at the tiller, he ran up the small sail and steered out into the mist of the river marshes. An hour's run brought him over the ledges, where with a sounding splash the stone anchor was dropped and down, down, down, went the hungry tongs for the first clutch. Down on the sandy ledges he hoped to find his happiness and wrench it from the tion of the long arms, a twisting, tearing, sucking grapple of the teeth; then up, up, up, came the swaying poles, the the catch of grimy things was dumped into the boat's bottom, and so ing stupidly out over the gray shifting

bottom. There was a scissorslike mowater trickling back over the hands that hauled, and with a noisy clatter through the long day, sometimes starsert at a passing steamer slowly plodding up the channel or eying in ly and swiftly by his little craft.

It was in the afternoon. The boar was half filled with muddy shells. "Lemme see, Regs," said the man. "What's the date terday? The 10th? So it is. 'Tain't agoin' to be very long now, Regs." He slowly counted number of deep scratches upon the thwart. Some of them were crossed over with a counter scratch. There were nine not tallied. He got out a knife and rudely crossed another. "Eight more days to wait," he mutter ed-"eight more days."
"Then won't there be a fine time

Regs?" he commenced gayly. The dog cocked his head sideways and whined an appreciation. "The whole village 'll talk o' it, an' the place 'll be fine. Goin' to have Sam Lawder's house—that new un-an' there'll be a sea scene over the door an' a raft o' curiosities on the mantel, 'sides rockin' chairs an' sofeys an' all that sort o' thing. But, say, Regs, derned if I ever see such a fog as is gittin' up." The man peered off into the dense yellow cloak that had shut down upon him silent and

awesome. He pulled up the anchor and started to row home. The dull, monotonous clang of a lightouse bell came at intervals from some where. He knew not exactly where He was getting bewildered in this smoky cloud of fog. Then he rested upon the oars, letting the boat drift, and listened intently for the mysterious note of the bell. It was farther off-i

seemed so—and which way?
Suddenly a strange, humming noise
reached him—wind or— He fished hurriedly into a side locker for a horn and sent two long, harsh blasts across the unknown waters. A loud, swishing sound could be heard, growing nearer, above a babble of impotent noise. A bell rang, and the hoarse cry of a siren brought him terror. About the boat were only the moving mass of cloud-land and a few feet of lapping water no heaven, no other thing but that, motionless, and the sobbing noise. The man screamed shrilly, feebly, "Aboard

Then a great, dense shape loomed up I Independent

out of the sea like a ruthless grasping hand to crush him. Immense, terrible it towered a moment over the boat. There was a crunch of splintering wood, a weak excited bark of a frightened dog, a despairing wail from a man, and a white wave of foam dripped back from the beak of the mon-By MARIE AVARY ster. It passed on with a rushing roar, satisfied. A burst of clanging and clanking came from the silence and died away again. A belch of reddish

The waves churned for a moment a rag of canvas. Then everything disappeared, and the silence settled down as the quiet of eternity.

The whitecapped waves raced and tossed for a time, worrying some little bits of splintered wood. Then they began again the old, old chant, sighing mournfully in tune with the twilight breeze, slowly lifting the fog. Off in the distance a single point of light

glimmered mistily, pointing the way

home. The winds told the tale to the

fire lighted for an instant the yellow

thing dissolved like a ghost in the mist.

shores in the black watches of the claimed his seat by the rotting ways fished from the tossing lips of the water a bit of board. "What's this?" he asked of another who occupied himself cutting a piece of

chip. They examined it curiously to-gether. "Looks like the thwart o' a boat," said the man.
"Here—here! What's them marks?" pointing at a number of rude scratches

in the wood.
"I dunno," said the other, slowly shaking his head in doubt. "Never saw them on a boat's thwart before. There's eight o' 'em not tallied. See! Wonder if that's got anything to do with it!"

The man whose long suffering sister has always selected all his gifts for friends at Christmas, on birthdays and for weddings has recently passed through an experience which makes him feel that he must mend his ways. Not long ago he went to pay a wedding call and expressed much admiration for the silver and china on the 5 o'clock tea table at which his pretty ostess was pouring tea.
"Which cup do you like best?" she

asked him archly. "Tell me, and you shall have your tea in it." He looked helplessly at her and then at the cups. "Oh, I don't know. I think that is the prettiest, perhaps," he said, indicating an eggshell cup. "Your taste hasn't changed, then. That is the one you gave me when my engagement was announced," she said gayly. And he endeavored to ap-pear comfortable, although he knew

his face was growing red. Later on, as he rose to go, his hostess "What do you think of that picture over the mantel? I've seen you looking at it a number of times." "I wasn't looking at that," said this luckless guest. "It's very fine, but I was looking at the smaller one on the left. It's a curious thing, isn't it? Yet

"I fancied you thought so when you sent it to me for a wedding gift," said the bride.—Exchange.

The man who undertook to cross the continent "on the hurricane deck of a continent "on the hurricane deck of a donkey" and earn his expenses as he swim with six kfus' store bills on his back. The on'y things I had to owe fer durin' that same space o' time was my terbacker an' one shirt, 'cause, ye know, I'm not hard on clothes. But Hank Jordan bought enough clothes to cover

heavy. He said: I resolved to rise at dawn and sell enough pictures to pay my bills if I had to sell them at cost. I set to work. By 1 o'clock I had visited every shop, store and Chinese laundry and was who sat on a keg of mackerel sampling limburger cheese. I offered a picture for 15 cents, but the reduction in price

did not interest him. "I vant not a picture at any price!" he declared. "I lack 15 cents of the amount of my hotel bill," I urged. "I am in dire

His reply was weak, but the cheese was strong enough to help him out. My mental magazine had but a single charge left, and I fired that. "Isn't it worth 15 cents to know a

fool when you see one?" "Y-e-e-e-s, I dink it ees," answered the man, "and eef you vill write it on the picture I buy him."-Youth's Com-

A pair of catfish that were continu rium made a nest by removing the gravel from a corner. During the first few days after hatching the fry, banked in the corners of the tank, were at rregular intervals actively stirred by the barbels of the parents, usually the male. Subsequently the parents were seen to suck the eggs into their mouths and then extrude them with some force. The predaceous feeding habits of the old fish gradually overcame the parenal instinct. The tendency to suck the fry into their mouths continued and the inclination to spit them out dimin-ished, so that the number of young lwindled daily, and the 500 that had peen left with their parents had completely disappeared in six weeks, al-though other food was liberally supplied.

Meanings of Several Names. Asia means morning or east; Europe, evening or west; Australia means lying to or in the south; hence we may consider that these names mean eastern land, western land and southern land Asia is a Greek word; Europe is a He-The origin of the word Africa is uncerain. Some conjecture that it is a Semitic word meaning "Land of Wander-

Unaffected. Miss Speitz-Of course, no one could ruthfully speak of her as pretty. Mr. Lovett - Well-er-perhaps not

out she has such a quiet, unaffected Miss Speitz-Yes, but it has taken her several years to acquire it.-Philadelphia Press.

Asking a Good Deal. "How about the rent of this house of yours, Flitter? Doesn't the landlord sk a good deal for it?" Flitter-Yes; he often asks five and ax times a month for it .- New Yorker.

ling, dese nech patent medicines hain't no 'count at all. I'ze been usin' dis in' it 'feet d' me none.-Exchange,

s he lose for still? al the thue. - Kansas City

WHEN THE TIDE TURNED

Davis a saucy "good morning" as he sauntered out on the porch. It blew Betty Fagan's yellow curls auriole wise round her face. She looked up joy-

"Lazybones, are you here at last?" she cried merrily. "I have been wait-ing for you for ever so long." Davis sat down beside her on the step and looked at her with good humored tolerance as he said lightly, "What do you want this morning, child?"

The girl detected the superiority in his tone. A flush rose to her cheeks, and her voice had a plaintive ring as Then, with swift return to her former bantering: "These are my commands; so read, mark, learn and inwesting." She put up one little hand, blistered and bleeding from her cruel exertions, and tried to stop his words. "It is all right now," she said weakly "The state of the put up one little hand, blistered and bleeding from her cruel exertions, and tried to stop his words. "It is all right now," she said weakly "The state of the put up one little hand, blistered and bleeding from her cruel exertions, and tried to stop his words. "It is all right now," she said weakly "The state of the put up one little hand, blistered and bleeding from her cruel exertions, and tried to stop his words. "It is all right now," she said weakly "The state of the put up one little hand, blistered and bleeding from her cruel exertions, and tried to stop his words. "It is all right now," she said weakly "The state of the put up one little hand, blistered and bleeding from her cruel exertions, and tried to stop his words. "It is all right now," she said weakly "The state of the put up one little hand, blistered and bleeding from her cruel exertions, and tried to stop his words." gest, as the prayer book puts it. I face.

summer, and now summer is alm over. You promised you would take me if I was very, very good, and, oh, it will be so lovely to scramble along the shore and find long strands of strange seaweed and come upon un-

ward him pleadingly. dangerous a place. You would be sure to fall on those treacherous, slimy us, there would be no hope."

Betty's chin quivered like a child's,

Promise to forget about it, and we will go for a sail on the Petrel or anywhere else at your pleasure. Come, show me that you can be a reasonable little of the promise to take you, Betty, or I would. Wrote under the name of Shakespeare practiced the art that hides art (some say the artist also), and he was far too wary to remind his audiences that he was imposing on their credulity.—Londard.

fatherly tone if a gay voice had not rung out behind her:
"What are you two fighting about, a

heartaches for the last weeks. The girl rose impetuously. "I have nothing to explain," she said icily. "Mr. Davis can tell you what he pleases. It is nothing to me." Davis looked after her with a frown of annoyance. It was really unpardonable for Betty to behave so rulely.

able for Betty to behave so rudely. She was too old for such childishness. and as the man looked at her admiring ly his frown faded. The full blown

the thorny bud. Mrs. Neville met his glance by a well executed droop of her lashes. "Tell me all about it," she commanded play-

"Betty wanted me to take her to Hazard rocks," Davis explained. "And I would not take her because it is so

dangerous a trip." Hazard rocks! She had heard about them. Did people ever go there? And was it all very romantic and exciting? A look of daring flashed across her

me there?" she asked softly. Perhaps it was the glamour of her dark eyes, the intoxication of her warm breath on his cheek. The man grew white. His voice was low and tens as he answered, "Yes; I will take you." Betty did not appear at lunch. Again Davis felt the strange pang of compunction as he missed her laughing chatter. He did not know that Mrs Neville had met her in the hall and explained that, though the Hazard rocks were much too dangerous a place for children, it was quite permissible for

straight into his eyes. "Will you take

grownups, and Acton had promised to The girl had drawn herself up to all the slim height of her eighteen years and turned away without a word. Nor did he guess that when the two strolled away an hour later a pair of blue eyes watched them from behind the half shut blinds, while slow tears

rolled down the pale cheeks. The rest of the guests shortly depart ed for an afternoon's sail. So presently Betty crept down, a forlorn little figure. As the afternoon waned, bringing no signs of the two, a vague fear began to take possession of her. The tide had begun to turn. Could it be that they had failed to notice it? She recalled Acton's words with a theill of fear, "If the tide should catch us, there

would be no hope." Mr. Acton Davis was not enjoying his afternoon. The two had scrambled along the foot of the cliffs until they reached the half submerged pile of rocks bearing the name of Hazard. The man was gazing at the sea. He could not forget the glint of tears in Betty's eyes.

with a reckless resolve to make the best of the matter. Something in the languorous depths of the dark eyes seemed to fire his blood. With a swift vement he saught her to him. But as his lips met hers a wave of repulsion, sudden as unexplainable, made him start back. As he did so he heard the splash of water. A tiny wave was breaking at his very feet. The tide

He turned suddenly to his companion

had risen. With a cry of horror he sprang to a higher point of rock and looked desperately toward the path over which they had come. The waves were licking hungrily at the base of the cliff.

Above the rock towered dark and trackless. They were caught in a deathtrap.

But he would not give up hope. Some fisher boat might be near. Again and again he sent his voice ringing out over the tossing waters. As the last echoes died away he seemed to hear a faint answering halloo. Again his cry for help rang out; again came the nearing answer. A boat shot from behind the point. A single figure struggled with the oars.

It seemed an eternity before she ground the keel on the sand and he had lifted in the almost unconscious figure of his companion. Then the two set to work at the oars.

Many a time they had rowed for a prize, but this was a struggle with death. The tide was rising higher and storm clouds were gathering. If they could win past the point to the quiet waters of the bay, all would be well. If not— Mrs. Neville huddled in a heap in the stern watched their des-perate efforts with fear dilated eyes. One great pull, another, and they shot into the bay. They were saved! As Betty ceased to feel the fierce urrent tugging at her oars she fell

forward nervelessly.

She awoke to the dash of waters on er temples. The boat was drifting near the landing and Acton was pillowing her head on his arm. "I dared not stop rowing before, dear," he was

saying humbly.

As he read the heaven of love in her brave little girl, and I did not deserve it, for I have behaved like a brute." She put up one little hand, blistered

They had both forgotten Mrs. Ne-ville, but she still huddled in the stern want you to promise to take me to Hazard rocks this afternoon."

A shade fell on the man's face. She went on hastily: "I've wanted to go all white and shaken to think of love or lovers.

We get accustomed to the pleasant little ways of novelists and are some-times inclined to overlook minor solestrange seaweed and come upon un-expected pools full of jelly and star fish! Please take me. I will be good."

Her eyes were shining and her cheeks pink with excitement as she bent toto protest against a prevalent practice The man hesitated as if fearful of paining her by a refusal. He seemed solely intent in watching the white-caps in their mad race for the shore. Then he said brusquely: "No, I won't take you I cought payer to have promise the said brusquely: "No, I won't take you I cought payer for her white-caps in their mad race for the shore." take you. I ought never to have promised, and so I take it back. You are remarks an ingenious writer, "so and sed, and so I take it back. You are quite too foolhardy to venture in so dangerous a place. You would be sure tive of plain fact," etc. This sort of thing has, of course, the sole result of reminding the reader that he is reading rocks, and then there would be the devil to pay. If the tide should catch the author into losing himself for a mo-ment the effect is at once dispelled. and the tears were shining through her Suppose Hamlet had taken the opporhasty words. "I honestly don't think it's safe to take you, Betty, or I would.

Promise to forget about it and words." and wrote under the name of Shekara to the promise to forget about it and wrote under the name of Shekara to the promise to forget about it and wrote under the name of Shekara to the promise to forget about it and wrote under the name of Shekara to the promise to forget about it and wrote under the name of Shekara to the promise to forget about it and wrote under the name of Shekara to the promise to forget about it and wrote under the name of Shekara to the promise to forget about it and wrote under the name of Shekara to the promise to forget about it and wrote under the name of Shekara to the promise to forget about it and wrote under the name of Shekara to the promise to forget about it and wrote under the name of Shekara to the promise to forget about it and wrote under the name of Shekara to the promise to forget about it and wrote under the name of Shekara to the promise to forget about it and wrote under the name of Shekara to the promise to forget about it and wrote under the name of Shekara to the promise to forget about it and wrote under the name of Shekara to the promise to forget about it and wrote under the name of Shekara to the promise to forget about the promise

Gardening For an Invalid. Several years ago I found myself too much of an invalid to be out in the garusual? Give me an explanation." And she laughed rather maliciously. It was Mrs. Neville, the source of Betty's heartaghes for the last weeks. without flowers was too dreary a pros-

pect to be contemplated. I secured a half dozen wooden boxes about the size of common soap boxes and had them sawed so that they were each four inches deep. These boxes were so small that when filled with sol they could be easily lifted about. had the boxes filled with soil from the were sown in the garden, in spite of the fact that the weather did not get warm enough for it to be prudent for an invalid to sit on the ground to transplant them until between June !

and 16.—Country Life In America. Here are some examples of what the

British schoolboy can do when he tries hard: "John Wesley was a great sea captain. He beat the Dutch at Waterloo and by degrees rose to be Duke of Wel-He was buried near Nelson in the Poets' corner at Westminster ab-

"The sublime porte is a very fine old "The possessive case is the case when somebody has got yours and won't give

"The plural of penny is twopene

"Mushrooms always grow in damp places, and so they look like umbrel-The Mind During Sleep. "During sleep," says an authority on mental subjects, "the workings of the mind are under no control, and yet it seems to have a wonderful faculty of building up and arranging scenes and incidents. I remember once having a vivid dream of going into a house the furniture and inmates of which be-longed to the middle ages. So clear was the dream that I had no difficulty each detail of dress, armor, jewelry, or naments and other objects seen in my vision I realized that everything I had peheld was historically accurate—that is to say, that probably in a fraction of a second my mind had conjured up a

awake would have taken me severa hours." Marvelous Memories. Among men noted for wonderful memories were Milton, who was said to be able to repeat Homer; Professo Lawson, who boasted that he could re peat the whole of the Bible, except a few verses; Lord Macaulay, who made the same boast about "Pilgrim's Prog ress" and "Paradise Lost;" Dr. Lerden a friend of Sir Walter Scott, who could repeat an act of parliament on hearing it read but once, and a London reporter, who took no notes, but could write out an unexpected debate verbatin gle stanza of a poem, but never forgot

scene to construct which, with the same faithfulness to detail, while

A Training Table. "Friend of mine today," said Mr. Kidder. "was talking of coming here to

"I hope," remarked Mrs. Starvem "you were pleased to recommend our table and"-"Sure! Told him it was just the thing for him. He's a pugilist and wants to increase his reach."—Catholic

ty sheriffs to move us .- Kansas City Independent. She-I'm right because I'm right. He-How do you know? She-I'm right because I'm right. I

don't need to know .- Pittsburg Ga-

No Small Matter.

Mrs. Casey-Shure, an' when we moved it tuk t'ree furn'ture wagons.

Mrs. Clancy-Huh! It tuk t'ree dep-

RAPE AS A FORAGE CROP.

turing Sheep and Hogs. Rape is much like the Swedish turlike cabbage. The leave use large and smooth, the flowers brig yellow, seed pods usually two inches long, with seed black and globular. The plant reaches a height of from one and a half to four feet, and the roots penetrate the soil to

a considerable depth.

The rape most used in America is of the winter or biennial variety. Dwarf Essex or English is the most widely cultivated. Dwarf Victoria has recent ly given excellent results in New England and the northwest. In this courviolet eyes he drew her close and try rape is grown almost exclusively for soiling and summer and winter pasturage.

Rape is best adapted to rather cool.



THE RAPE PLANT. tions of Canada and the northern Unit-

ed States. It can, however, be successfully grown as a forage crop in many of the warmer and drier sections.

In the northern states the biennial rape will not survive the winter, hence does not produce seed. In the south it may be grown as a fall or winter forage. The annual varieties used for the production of oil form seed the first year, but these kinds are not suitable for forage.

In favorable seasons or with a small amount of irrigation excellent crops of rape are grown in Wyoming, Montana, the Dakotas and other states in the so called semiarid region, and many instances are on record where good crops have been produced without irrigation under conditions of drought so severe as to cause the failure of corn and other farm crops. In the middle south rape cannot compete with crimson clover for forage. Throughout the northern states gen

erally seeding may take place from the first week in May to the middle or last of July, according to the season and lo-In the south the seed may be Under favorable conditions two to three pounds of seed per acre will be sufficient, and it will never be necessary to use more than five pounds per acre.—A. S. Hitchcock.

Box For Tying Wool. The accompanying illustration will give an idea of a tying box sketched by



made of inch lumber. The boards A A are hinged to a central board of the same width and swing up and hook to a head block C, after wool is laid on table. B is of leather twelve inches wide, with slits to allow for tying. This leather is a foot longer in end and a chain which is brought over and hooked on the hook in lever

the notches in leg of horn hold it. The Hen the American Bird.

The hen is a sweet tempered, hard wires; fasten the wires to your posts, working, productive creature. She is identified with our home life and our domestic and national prosperity. She lays \$29,000,000 worth of eggs every year, or four and a fraction eggs for each individual in the land. When the eagle is loafing around waiting to steal omething to eat, the modest hen is atending to business, and after a life of activity, laying eggs, cackling, laying more eggs and hatching little chicks, she gives up her life that the American boarding house may thrive and wax

A Practical Weed War.

In Canada they begin at the beginning in the eradication of weeds. Dr. Fletcher tells that in the schools of Manitoba the children are taught to know and name the thirty commonest. know and name the thirty commonest from slaughtered cattle and sheep. weeds on their fathers' farms and tell The value of such articles made every whether they are yearly, two year or year represents many millions of dolmany year plants.

The southern farmer's garden is of en located out in the field somewher beyond the range of the chickens. Br'er Rabbit first suggested this method, and Satan suggested it to Br'er Rabbit. The farmer who raises hogs to the full capacity of his farm will prosper if he sells nothing but hogs. The sheep man has plenty of time for

effection. It is a business that doesn't work a man to death. The future belongs to the laboring

AMERICAN FORESTRY.

President Roosevelt in a recent ad-dress before the Society of American Foresters, a professional body of which he is an associate mender, declared the forest problem to be in many ways the most vital internal problem of the United States. The object of our forest policy, he said, is the making of are Christians in the world. est policy, he said, is the making of prosperous homes. This policy must not be imposed upon the people. It can be effective only when the people are 50,000,000, and they are increasing believe that it is wise and useful; that in number constantly. They are by all t is indispensable. The president alled attention to the close relation of British India. forestry to the mining industry in the vest, to the lumbering industry, whose very existence depends upon the success of forestry; to the rallroads and to the grazing interests. Of the success of forestry in this country he said, I believe that the foresters of the United

serve the forests because they are beautiful, though that is good in self, nor because they are refuges for the wild creatures of the wilderness, though that, toe, is good in itself, but

the primary object of our forest policy, as of the land policy of the United States, is the making of prosperous homes. It is part of the traditional policy of home making of our country. government in dealing with the forests must be directed to this end, keeping in view the fact that it is not only neces-sary to start the homes as prosperous, but to keep them so. That is why the forests have got to be kept. You can start a prosperous home by destroying the forests, but you cannot keep it

prosperous that way.
"And you are going to be able to make that policy permanently the policy of the country only in so far as you are able to make the people at large and, above all, the people concretely inter-ested in the results in the different localities appreciative of what it means.

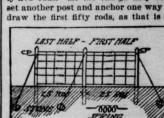
Impress upon them the full recognition of the value of its policy and make them earnest and zealous adherents of it. Keep in mind the fact that in a question to impose a policy like this from without. The policy as a perma-nent policy can come only from the in-telligent conviction of the people them-selves that it is wise and useful, nay,

"'Forestry is the preservation of for ests by wise use, to quote a phrase I used in my first message to congress. Keep before your minds that definition. Forestry does not mean abbreviating that use; it means making the forest useful not only to the settler, the rancher, the miner, the man who lives in the neighborhood, but indirectly to the man who may live hundreds of miles off down the course of some great river which has had its rise among the for-

The Centrifugal Separator

tail trade has already reached some commercial importance. The disadcommercial importance. The disadvantages of the method, as pointed out station, are the time and cost involved, does not rise as abundantly as in fresh richness of milk largely by the amount and unjustly regards centrifuged milk as an article poor in fat and is un-willing to pay the price it is really

Expansion Spring In Wire Fencius.
I have used almost all kinds of devices for bracing the corner post and have found all a failure to a certain extent until I commenced to use the expansion spring, which takes all the strain from the post in winter and keeps your fence tight in summer, says an Ohio Farmer correspondent. In building a hundred rods of fence first chor with stone three or four feet un-derground, which is far better than the orace, using the expansion spring in set another post and anchor one way to



COILED SPRING IN WIRE FENCE much as can be drawn at once, on drawn tight enough to cause the springs to expand a half inch between each coil, it is tight enough. Fasten the wire, remove the ratchet, and the same with each wire. When you have finished the first half, fasten the wires Over and noosed on the hood of the middle post and go ahead with the notches in leg of horn hold it.

to the middle post and go ahead with the last the same as the first, placing the springs twenty-five rods apart, using the ratchet for tightening the then place stays of some kind to keep hogs from spreading them apart. This straight wire that any farmer can try. The cut shows mode of building and

Slaughter House Byproducts Some of the uses of byproducts of slaughtered animals: The blood is used handles, chessmen, etc.; the horns for combs, backs of brushes, large buttons, etc.; the hoofs for buttons, ornaments

Children and Growth. The year of greatest growth in boys is the seventeenth; in girls, the four-While girls reach full height in their fifteenth year, they acquire full weight at the age of twenty. Boys are stronger than girls from birth to the eleventh year; then girls become supe when the tables are again turn remain so. From November to April children grow very little and gain no weight; from April to July they gain in height, but lose in weight, and from

n weight, but not in height. A Religion That Grows. The idea that Mohammedania a is "played out" would be a dangerous one for statesmen to bank upon. It isn't.

Mohammed began his career as a
prophet more than 600 years later than the beginning of the Christian era. At

July to November they increase greatly

odds the most energetic subjects The western wave of Mohammedan ism rolled up to the farthest corner of Spain, up to the walls of Vienna, and

Nine hundred years ago there were

of forestry in this country he said, "I believe that the foresters of the United States will create a more effective system of forestry than we have yet seen."

seen."

pansion eisewhere: In Zarenie in Bandon eisewhere: In Among other things, President Roosevelt said: "And now, first and foremost, you can never afford to forget for one Asia, however, the realm of future growth, is the Mohammedan strong-hold. To less than 4,000,000 native

moment what is the object of our for-est policy. That object is not to pre-hammedans.—New York World.