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THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL. XXXX. BUTLER, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 23, 1903. No. 29.

THE BARGAIN SALE CONTINUES.
MORE ADDITIONS AND LOWER PRICES.
WOMEN AND MEN ALIKE INTERESTED.

THE MODERN STORE.

This July is to break the record, and without any bombastic comment, we can assure our trade that we are confident of the outcome. The responses to our announcements have exceeded all expectations and we still continue to add daily to our long array of SUMMER BARGAINS and call your attention to a few on the long list. Remember this sale is to last till the last day of July.

SILKS SACRIFICED—All $1 00 and $1 25 Foulard Silks reduced to 65c. Best quality corded wash silks 50c quality now 25c.

Ginghams and Calicoes for little money. All 12½c and 15c Dress Ginghams, now 10c. Fine 25c Zephyr Ginghams, reduced to 15c. Best Apron Ginghams now 5½c. All best Calicoes, none reserved, now 5c.

BARGAINS HERE AND THERE—45 in Standard Table Oil Cloth, best quality 14c yd. Ladies' Fancy Lisle Thread Vests, 25c quality 19c. All finer 50c ones reduced to 38c. Men's 25c underwear now 18c each. Best 50c underwear, black, cream, blue pink, now 37c. Finer $1 00 Silk Mercerised Lisle underwear in pink and blue, now 75c.

The final wind-up to close the following: Millinery, Shirtwaists, Skirts, Parasols, and a long list of other summer goods.

COME OFTEN! COME EARLY.

Eisler-Mardorf Co.,

SOUTH MAIN STREET PHONES: BELL L. D. PEOPLES 221 POSTOFFICE BOX

Send in Your Mail Orders.

OPPOSITE HOTEL ARLINGTON. BUTLER, PA.

NEW SPRING COTTONS

The frequent arrivals of fresh, new Cottons are fast crowding out the winter goods and give the store a decided spring-like appearance.

SUPERB WHITE GOODS

Finest line we have ever shown. Beautiful Mercerized Fancies in stripes, brocades and openwork patterns, at 25c to 60c. India Linens, Dimities and Fancy White Goods at 6¼c, 8c, 10c, 12½c.

NEW PERCALES

The Mulhouse Percales are much superior to the ordinary percales usually sold at the same price. Finer cloth, softer and better finish and show attractive patterns, 36 inches wide—12½c yard.

NEW GINGHAMS

More new arrivals added to our large assortment of the very choicest styles of Ginghams and Seersuckers, at 10c and 12½c.

NEW DRAPERIES

Decidedly new patterns in Curtain Swiss, Madras, Silkalines, Denims, and Cretonnes that are very handsome and attractive, 12½c to 25c.

THE NEW IDEA WOMAN'S MAGAZINE

The finest home publication in the country, replete with articles of interest to women. 100 pages and colored cover. Numerous illustrations of the latest fashions. March number now ready—subscription price 50c a year. Single copy 5 cents. Monthly Fashion Sheet Free.

L. Stein & Son,

108 N MAIN STREET, BUTLER, PA

We Are Right After Your SHOE BUSINESS.

We are working for your interest all the time. Are you looking for something extra good at low prices? Then see US TO DAY. Do not buy shoes until you see us. We are looking for YOU.

It matters not whether it be in button, lace, blucher or oxfords, we can please you in this sale. Note the changed prices.

600 pair Men's $5.00 shoes in pat. kid and colt, vici kid, plain toe and tip, lace, or congress or button at $3.99.

All Men's $3.50 and $4.00 oxfords in pat. leather, dull calf or vici kid at $2.99.

All Ladies' $3 and $3.50 oxfords in pat. kid, vici and dull leather at $2.49.

300 pairs Ladies' $2 and $2.50 shoes, pat. tip, stock tips, lace or button at $1.58.

50 pairs Ladies' 2 strap sandal all pat. leather with Louis XV heel, regular price $4.00, cut $2.99.

40 pairs Ladies' 9 strap sandal with pat. vamp, Louis XV heel, regular price $2.50, cut $1.99.

100 pairs Ladies' oxfords in vici kid, pat tips, welt or turn soles at 98c.

All Misses' and Children's oxfords and sandals at a cut price.

Come in examine our stock and prices.

"THANK YOU."

Daubenspeck & Turner

Open Monday and Saturday Evenings.
Next to Savings Bank, People's Phone 633, Butler, Pa.

Prices are Melting In All Departments.

WE NEED THE MONEY.
YOU NEED THE GOODS.

Be sure you come to us.

The Biggest Bargains in Clothing, Furnishings and Hats that were ever offered in Butler.

Schaul & Nast,

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

JULY CLEARANCE SALE.
25 Per Cent off on Entire Stock of
WALL PAPER
Patterson Bros'
236 N. Main St. Both Phones. Wick Building.

K E C K

Spring & Summer 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

E E C C

K E C K

G. F. KECK, Merchant Tailor,
24 North Main Street All Work Guaranteed Butler, Pa

Reed's Wine of Cod Liver Oil

will build you up and make you strong, will give you an appetite and new life.

If you feel tired and worn out try our Wine of Cod Liver Oil and find relief.

It is stronger and better than pure Cod Liver Oil. Pleasant to take and is inoffensive to delicate stomachs.

Indorsed and recommended by physicians every where. The best Spring tonic to give you Health and strength.

For sale only at

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Main and Jefferson Sts., Butler, Pa

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COULTER & BAKER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW
Room 8., Armory building.

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Office with R. C. McAboy, J. P., south side Diamond.
Special attention given to collections and business matters.
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J. D. McJUNKIN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
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J. E. BREDIN, ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office on Main St. near Court House.

EVERETT L. RALSTON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
No. 257 South Main Street, Butler, Pa. Fisher Building. First door on South Main street, next my former office in Boyd Building.

H. H. GOUCHER, ATTORNEY AT LAW.
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E. H. NEGLEY, ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office in the Negley Building, West Diamond

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Hemorrhoids and Chronic Diseases a Specialty.

W. H. BROWN, M. D., Office in Biddle building, Diamond, next door to Dr. Bell's old office.
Office Hours:—9 to 11 a. m., 1 to 3 and 6 to 8 p. m.

GEO. K. McADOO, M. D. EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT, Exclusively.
Hours—9-12, 1-5. Both Phones.
Troutman building, S. Main St.

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After April 1st, office in former Dr. Peters' residence, No. 121 E. Cunningham St., Butler, Pa., next door to Times printing office.

CLARA E. MORROW, D. O., GRADUATE BOSTON COLLEGE OF OSTEOPATHY.
Women's diseases a specialty. Consultation and examination free.
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DR. H. A. McCANDLESS, DENTIST.
Office in New Martincourt Building, 129½ S. Main St., (adjoining Dr. Atwell's office.)

H. W. WICK, DENTIST.
Has located in the new Stein building, with all the latest devices for Dental work.

DR. M. D. KOTTRABA, Successor to Dr. Johnston. DENTIST
Office at No 114 E. Jefferson St., over G. W. Miller's grocery

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Artificial Teeth inserted on the latest improved plan. Gold Fillings a specialty. Office next to postoffice.

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A specialty made of gold fillings, gold crown and bridge work.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WM. H. WALKER, SURVEYOR,
Residence 214 W. Pearl St., Butler, Pa.

C. F. L. McQUISTION, CIVIL ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR.
Office near Court House.

L. P. WALKER, NOTARY PUBLIC, BUTLER, PA.
Office with Berkmer, next door to P. O.

PALE, NERVOUS BLOODLESS PEOPLE

So many splendid cures have been made in purely nervous affections by Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Pills, people are apt to lose sight of the fact that they are a magnificent blood and general tonic. They give to every organ the power to work, to do its duty as it should—to the blood a richness in quantity and quality no other medicine can. Appetite, digestion, strength, nerve-strength—all are furnished by their tonic power. To the system at large they give a general feeling of vigorous robust health.

Mrs. J. G. Milheim of 219 North Washington St., Butler, Pa., says:—"A relative of mine used Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Pills as a general and particularly as a nerve tonic with great success. She was when she got the Pills at D. H. Waller's Drug Store, 112 South Main St., run down, pale, lacked strength, nervous, sleepless and lacked appetite and restful sleep. This I think is good proof of their value."

50c a box at dealers or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y. See that portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M. D., are on every package.

Liver Pills

That's what you need; something to cure your biliousness. You need Ayer's Pills.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use Buckingham's Dye
50 cts of druggists or R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N.H.

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 BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York
ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES COLD IN HEAD HAY-FEVER CATARRH 50 CTS. ELY BROS. NEW YORK

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Johnston's
Beef, Iron and Wine
is the Best Tonic and Blood Purifier.
Price, 50c pint.
Prepared and sold only at
Johnston's Crystal Pharmacy,
R. M. LOGAN, Ph. G., Manager,
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Both 'Phones
Everything in the drug line.

DR. HARRIS' Summer Cordial,

TRADE MARK
SPEEDILY CURES
Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Sick Headache, Summer Complaint, Vomiting, Sour Stomach, Indigestion and for Children Teething.
ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS.
Prepared by B. A. FAHNESTOCK CO. Pittsburg, Pa.
At Druggists 25c a bottle

C. F. T. Pape,
JEWELER.
121 E. Jefferson Street.

WHEREAS, by reason of the formation of the Butler Savings & Trust Company, successor to the Butler Savings Bank, the latter by a vote of its Stockholders and the Board of Directors went into liquidation January 1st, 1903, notice is hereby given that said Butler Savings Bank is winding up its affairs, the creditors thereof are notified to present their claims, if any, for payment at the Butler Savings & Trust Company, doing business at the old stand.

WM. CAMPBELL, JR., President.

6-11-3m

"PARDS"

By MARY TALBOT CAMPBELL

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Montezuma, Colo., lies in the lap of the mountains at an altitude of over 10,000 feet. The town consists of a handful of houses, saloons, stores and two hotels, and when the season is at its height shelters between 200 and 300 souls, mostly miners.

"Unlucky Jack" McCormick, returning from a trip to Denver, heard the news that Jim Thompson had "skipped" the camp the week before, leaving his boy Billy to "cut his own trail."

"An' where's the kid at?" asked Jack.

"Don't know. He couldn't git no work with his weak heart. Guess he's bunkin' with the burros an' chipmunks. Seed him jes' now goin' up the county road lookin' mighty played out."

With an oath, Jack set out in pursuit of his favorite. His long strides soon took him past the Silver King, and around the next turn he saw what he sought, a half grown lad, his head bowed in the supposed solitude, the whole slight frame shaking with sobs. Jack blew a trumpet blast from his red nose and was so occupied behind his red handkerchief that he nearly passed Billy without notice.

"Hello, Jack! When did ye strike camp?"

"Jes' now, kid; but how goes it?"

"Oh, tol'able!" Jack was still too busy to look at Billy, and the boy was fast composing himself.

"Well, kid, I'm down in the mouth, an' blamed if I ain't plum homesick for some one to keer a durn whether I live or die!"

"Set down, won't ye?" said Billy, sidling along to make room on the flat topped bowlder by the roadside. Jack McCormick doubled up his six feet of lank, loose jointed body and, with an explosive sigh, sank by the boy he meant to befriend.

"What's up, pard?" asked Billy awkwardly, drawing nearer in boyish sympathy.

"Heaven knows; I don't, kid! Guess I'm jes' a six foot baby. But I'm so lonesome I can't hardly eat nur sleep! Don't suppose you know of a body that would come an' batch with an unlucky cuss like me, do you?"

JACK STAGGERED ON TO THE DOOR, THE SWEAT POURING FROM HIM.

Jack felt the start the boy gave, but didn't look up.

"I could pay jes' a little for his help, cookin' the grub an' sich."

The mountains reeled before the eyes of the boy, dizzy from hunger, and a wild hope caught at his heart. With assumed carelessness he said, "Some man, ye mean, o' course?"

"Oh, no; not necessarily. I'd like bully well to have somethin' young about to hearten me up a bit."

A gasp, immediately followed by a cough, caused Jack to glance quickly at Billy, and he saw a ghastly face, in which the freckles appeared darker than ever. He longed to put his arm about the almost fainting child, but knew with whom he had to deal.

"Jack, on the square, would ye take me?"

"Bet yer boots, kid! But yer pa"—

"He slid out las' week. Said he'd had 'nough o' women cattle an' kids an' I was to shift for myself."

Jack acted well the surprise he didn't feel and offered a horny right hand to seal the bargain. Inwardly he was wondering how on earth he was to get the boy up the steep, rocky trail to his cabin.

"What do you weigh, Billy?"

"'Bout eighty pounds."

"Well, would you do a feller a favor?"

"Cert."

"You see, I've got a bet with Bud Crow that I can tote seventy-five pounds without stoppin' from here to my cabin, an' so if you don't object I'll tote you, bein' as yer legs would wrap round me an' make it easier than dead weight."

"O. K., Jack! But jes' hones', maybe I don't weigh eighty now."

Jack rose hurriedly. Clearing his throat and stooping in front of Billy, he backed close up, reaching his hands over his shoulders, saying gayly:

"All aboard, pard, or we uns 'll be late for dinner at the mine!"

Two cold little hands took his and then clasped themselves about his neck as, with a great unlimbering, Jack arose, catching the skinny legs about his waist.

They were in the rocky road leading to the Eureka and Sunburst properties, owned by "Unlucky Jack." Billy thought the wind must be high as the world waved before him and the sighing voice of the pines filled his ears.

As Billy's head fell a dead weight Jack caught the slipping fingers, and, stumbling on, made all possible speed up the trail. The boy's weight seemed to grow as the dizzy way led ever higher, the slide rock making the footing difficult.

One more steep turn, and the little cabin came in sight. Jack staggered on to the door, the sweat pouring from him, and dropped the inert boy upon his bunk.

Looking down at the child, the strangely gray look on his face frightened him. Shaking him, he cried: "Billy! Kid! Answer me, man!"

He seized a whisky bottle and forced a little between the boy's teeth, a faint sigh answering his effort. He rubbed both face and hands with the fiery stuff and soon had the brown eyes smiling up into his anxious blue ones.

"You jes' wait, pard," he cried blithely, "till I get some grub inside you!"

Rushing to the stove, he soon had the fire burning and water on for coffee. Bread and bacon were slung on the table, all with a great clatter and cheerfulness.

"Jack!" came a faint cry.

Turning, the man was awed by the look on the lad's face, and with one stride he had him in his arms, trying to lift him into some position easier for the poor fainting heart, over which Billy's hand was tightly clutched. Jack urged more whisky, but the boy refused.

"No, Jack, thank ye! It was a short shift with ye, pard, but—a—happy one! Hold my hand tight!"

Jack held tenderly the trembling, icy hand.

"My little ticker's runnin' down—Jack—ma—uster say it was the only weak thing about her 'Billy boy.' I allus knew I might go suddint! The doc said this place was—too near heaven for a little sinner like me, an' pa wouldn't—couldn't take me lower."

Jack, with a rough shamefacedness, kissed the boy on the brow and rubbed his hair the wrong way. The brown eyes shone with sweet comprehension, gazing up lovingly into the blue ones flooded with manly tears. The voice began more faintly, with many pauses:

"Pa allus said there wa'n't no heaven, but ma—she said there was—an' I jes' want to say that ef she's right—an' ef—she's staked me out—a claim—I'll go ye halvers, Jack, old pard! So maybe ye won—more—nor yer bet—when ye helped—her Billy boy—over—the—range."

Soon after the camp rang with the rich strike of Jack McCormick on the Eureka! It was when he sought a last resting place for his "pard" that he found the paying lead.

The Virtues of Black Teeth.

Doctors come across many cases of flagrant superstition. One who has a large practice in the foreign colonies tells of a peculiar belief he was required to combat recently.

The family he was called upon to attend were Siamese. The patient was a naturally delicate little girl of six years, and a diagnosis convinced the doctor that her present ailment was starvation. He put a few questions to the child's parents through an interpreter in regard to her teeth, which were quite black. It came out that they had been painted that color three days before, according to an old Siamese and Tonquinese custom, and that the child had been allowed to eat nothing since through fear of mastication wearing off the coloring matter, which was thought to be slightly poisonous. The doctor inquired into the virtues of coal black teeth.

"It's a disgrace to have white teeth like a dog or an elephant," was the reply.

The doctor took chances on killing the child by giving her something to eat. At last accounts she was still alive, but her teeth were jet black and will probably remain so for many moons. And the family has a new doctor.—New York Press.

An Artist's Struggles.

Professor von Herkomer, the famous painter, had such a struggle to gain a living in his early days that had it not been for his inexhaustible stock of patience and self confidence he would probably have abandoned art entirely. He sold his first picture for 2 guineas and later on earned for a short time a couple of pounds weekly for a woodcut which he supplied to a comic paper. This modest salary coming to a stop, he was at his wits' end to know what to do. He applied to a troupe of minstrels for an engagement as zither player, but in vain, and then took to designing carpets. For some years he battled with poverty, achieving no success until he obtained employment on a weekly illustrated journal.—London Globe.

Political Parties.

Parties are founded on instincts and have better guides to their own humble aims than the sagacity of their leaders. They have nothing perverse in their origin, but rudely mark some real and lasting relation. We might as wisely reprove the east wind or the frost as a political party whose members for the most part could give no account of their position, but stand for the defense of those interests in which they find themselves. Our quarrel with them begins when they quit this deep natural ground at the bidding of some leader and, obeying personal considerations, throw themselves into the maintenance and defense of points nowise belonging to their system.—Emerson.

Has Its Teeth In Its Stomach.

There is a curious snake (Hydraci yeti) in South Africa that lives wholly upon birds' eggs. It has no teeth or signs of teeth in the mouth, its whole dental array being located in the stomach. Buckland says that they are not true teeth, but that they serve all purposes. They grow from the center of each vertebra. They pass through the walls of the stomach and are covered with enamel, just like true teeth. This is nature's provision for breaking eggs without running the risk of losing the precious contents, as would be the case if this egg eating serpent had its teeth in the proper place. When the egg is safely inside, the abdominal walls contract and crush it against that long row of vertebral teeth.

Queer British Place Names.

There are some places with curious names in the United Kingdom, as will be seen on reference to the Post Office Guide. The following places with names significant to our readers will be found in the issue of this year: Hospital, Orphan Homes, Hydropathic, The Ward, Bath, Nursling, The Chart, Great Chart, Cotton, Sheet, Wool, Screen, Shelf, Pill, Glass, Swallow, Lancing, Sound, Salt, Steel, Rum, Burn, Gravel, Stones, Scales, Mumps, Knocks, Great Snoring, Healing, Back, Hand, Ham, Leggs, Eye, Tongue and Coldbackie Tongue, which last sounds like complicated symptoms in "pidgin" English.

Purely For Ornament.

The trained nurse has to meet many curious conditions which arise among her poorer patients. One of these faithful women who had a sick girl in charge in a miserable tenement house noticed that the oranges which had been provided for the fever patient were not eaten. They were placed in an old cracked blue bowl on a little table by the sick girl's bed, and there they remained untouched.

"Mary," said the nurse one day, "don't you like oranges?"

"Oh, yes'm," answered the girl.

"You haven't eaten any of these," the nurse suggested.

Mary's mother answered. "Oh, miss," she said eagerly, "Mary, she e't a half, an' me an' Jimmy, we e't the other half, an' Mary an' me, we says we won't eat any more 'cause it looks so nice an' wealthy to have oranges settin' round."—Youth's Companion.

FARM AND FIELD AND GARDEN

HANDLING HAY.

The Alfalfa Pole Stacker—Best Location For the Stack Yard.

The picture shows a device quite commonly used for stacking alfalfa in this country. The upright piece is made to turn freely, and the pulley at the base is so placed that as the load is drawn up the rope pulls the arm around so that the hay is deposited in the middle of the stack, on which one or two men are employed after the jag is dumped. The pole is from 7 to 20 feet high to the revolving casting. From the revolving casting to the top of the pole is from 7 to 8 feet. The short arm at the top is 9 feet long and the long arm is 10 feet. The lower braces are about 18½ feet long, while the sled is 10 feet each way between upright braces. The runners are made of 3 by 7 stuff and are about 13 feet long alto-

COLORADO ALFALFA STACKER.

gether. The chief advantage of this stacker is that it can be moved easily. After finishing one stack a team can be hitched on and in twenty minutes be working on a new stack. One of these machines has been used at the Minnesota station for years with entire satisfaction, and they are to be seen on ranches all over Colorado, where the idea originated, says the Denver Field and Farm in presenting the cut.

According to the same authority, much good alfalfa land is spoiled each year by the carelessness and mismanagement of those who grow the crop. It is a common sight to see two or three old stack yards lying idle through an alfalfa field, each one of which may occupy from a quarter to half an acre, and in many cases where the stacks are located singly or in pairs scattered over the field we see the tenants each year selecting a new place to build the stack, perhaps close by an old, deserted spot where a rick stood the year before. Men who have had experience in baling hay say that it can be taken up much cleaner and there is less waste when it has been stacked on a bare piece of ground than when a piece of growing alfalfa has been covered. Old stack butts should be hauled out or burned and the same space used each season for stacking the crop. With land valued at $50 to $200 an acre and hay selling at the present prices, farmers can ill afford to waste so much land for building new stack yards, especially where the land wasted is in good crop and ready to produce money at once.

The Wood Lot.

Probably never before was so much thought given to the fuel and timber question as now. It is a matter that concerns every farmer, and we should not stop here, but should take some action in the matter that will result in the starting of timber plantations, groves and the preservation of some of the forest growth already on our farms. Most of our farms have a portion of land that is better adapted to the growing of wood and timber than to anything else, and care should be exercised that such places be planted to valuable varieties of trees. It will add greatly to the beauty and value of the farm. Now is the time of all the year to make a start in this direction. Let a few trees at least be set out, to add beauty to the landscape and value to the farm, and in very many instances it will be advisable to plant trees on a much more extensive scale for the purpose of furnishing timber and wood to supply needs that are sure to come. The forests of the country are being used up very rapidly, and wood and lumber are increasing in value every year. Hemlock lumber has nearly doubled in price in the last ten years. Are these things not worth the serious consideration of the American farmer?—Cor. National Stockman.

Grading Hay.

Farmers will find it an advantage to grade their hay at harvest time, putting the different kinds of qualities by themselves, where they can be had as wanted. This is particularly desirable where dairies are kept and the best is wanted for the cows. On farms where a second crop of hay is secured early harvesting, of course, is of the utmost importance, and wherever rightly practiced I think the custom of early harvesting will be found best, says a western farmer.

Cantaloupe Blight.

When blight strikes the cantaloupes it will be noticed that the leaf tissue is being eaten away where the fungus is at work, and it is the decomposition or dying of this tissue that causes the brown spots. These grow larger as the fungus spreads until the leaves affected have the appearance of having been frostbitten. At the first appearance of the disease spray with bordeaux mixture.

WEEDS IN LAWNS.

How to Get Rid of Common and Troublesome Plants.

The Vermont experiment station has given considerable attention to the extermination of the more common and troublesome lawn weeds, and it advances the following conclusions:

Apparently most of the coarser, deeper rooted perennials can best be combated by frequent spudding or cutting out and close mowing accompanied by proper fertilization, watering and abundant seeding with the proper lawn grass at favorable seasons. Dandelions, plantains, white daisies and the docks are best dealt with in this way. These plants all have a distinct "crown" near the surface. A remedy used with some success against these pests consists of the application of a few drops of a strong acid to the center of this crown. Sulphuric acid may thus be applied with a glass tube or crude carbolic acid with a common metal oil can. In most cases, however, we believe spudding to be the better method.

Weeds of Creeping Habit.

There is another class of weeds which are very shallow rooted and succeed even under close mowing because of their creeping habits or because of the abundant production of seed on prostrate stems. The orange hawkweed, or paint brush (Hieracium aurantiacum), smaller crab grass (Panicum lineare) and common chickweed (Stellaria media) are three of the more troublesome of this class. Salt, when properly applied, is a perfect remedy against the hawkweed. It has seemed worth while to try it along with various different remedies and methods against the other two weeds. The outcome in the case of the crab grass has not favored the use of salt, but with the chickweed it has proved a very satisfactory herbicide, as the following accounts will show:

That Exasperating Chickweed.

First.—Treatment either by raking or by sowing of salt or both combined were far more effective against chickweed when made the last week of June than when made earlier in June, in May or in the late autumn. This was possibly in part due to the fact that the growth of chickweed was farther advanced and doubtless in part to the drier and hotter weather prevailing then and immediately thereafter.

Second.—Tearing out the chickweed at this time (June 25) by a thorough raking followed by the raking in of an abundant seeding of grass destroyed most, but not all, of the pest.

Third.—The application at a dry time (June 25) of two quarts of salt to the square rod, followed by the thorough raking out of the chickweed and by a liberal sowing of grass seed well raked in was completely successful in exterminating the chickweed and in securing a full stand of grass.

We suggest that any one employing salt on a lawn do so cautiously and on a small scale at first as the effects will doubtless vary somewhat with soil and season.

One Must "Step Lively" In Haying.

The principal risk is with clover hay. If cut in June the weather is so fickle and showery that the hay is in danger of being wet and badly damaged in the swath, windrow or low cock. Our way is to watch the barometer and the winds and cut about 2 to 4 p. m., when the weather promises to be fair for forty-eight hours, ted before sundown, ted twice more before noon next day, rake by 3 p. m. and cock it in tall, slim cocks or even draw it right to the barn if it is dry enough. Tedding with a good one horse or two horse tedder costs very little, and three or even four teddings may fit the clover for the barn in twenty-four hours from cutting and save the fuss of cocking and opening and the danger of drenching. One should be alive in haying time.—Ohio Farmer.

Ideal Strawberry Cultivation.

The ideal method of cultivating strawberries, according to one authority, is to have the land at all times in about the condition it would be if worked with a garden rake, and this can only be secured when tools with narrow teeth are used. If the soil is inclined to bake it will often be advisable to break the crust that forms about the plants after a rain, and during the season it should not be neglected whenever necessary to keep down the weeds and prevent the formation of a crust. As a substitute for the hoe a light potato hook is recommended, as this can be used to work closely about the plants without danger of injuring them and will leave the surface in better condition than the hoe.

When to Trim Shade Trees.

Trim the branches of your shade and ornamental trees at any time between the middle of June and the middle of July while the trees are in full foliage and in their most vigorous state of growth. At such a time the trees are best adapted to withstand the effect of pruning.

Agricultural Notes.

Keep the onions well weeded and stir the ground after each rain.

Tobacco dust sifted on thickly is good for bugs on the melon vines.

In New Jersey the first cut of alfalfa is ready from the middle to the 25th of May.

All of the New England states now have an "Old Home" week except Rhode Island, and that is expected to fall into line soon.

New England Homestead predicts a considerable increase in this year's acreage of Sumatra tobacco.

It will not pay to thin an orchard which has not been properly pruned, sprayed, fertilized and cultivated.

Fertilize grapes with nitrogenous food if you want wood; if you want fruit of best quality use phosphates.

Methods of the Hungarian Gypsies and Burmese Maidens.

In England leap year is supposed to confer upon the fair sex the privilege of choosing her life partner for better or for worse, but the custom is more honored in the breach than in the observance. The gypsies, especially in Hungary, enjoy and make a very extensive use of the right at all times in accordance with an ancient custom. Thus a marriageable young gypsy girl in the land of the Magyars as soon as her heart is smitten takes good care that the smiter shall hear of the havoc he has wrought and have a chance of consoling her. With this praiseworthy object in view she has a love letter indited, places a coin in a piece of dough, bakes it and throws the cake and billet doux during the night into the bedchamber of her bridegroom elect. Then she possesses her soul in patience and awaits developments.

The Burmese maiden begins her marriage campaign at a much earlier stage. In order to get together a goodly gathering of young men from whom to choose she places a lamp in her window at night—it is known as "the lamp of love"—and entices all those youths who are candidates for the order of Benedict. In sunny Andalusia the peasant girl whose heart has been stolen by a stalwart young husbandman prepares a tasty pumpkin cake and sends it to his home. If he eats it—and the Andalusian girls take good care to make it highly edible—the pair are forthwith betrothed.—London Telegraph.

Cleanliness and Arsenic.

In Styria and Carinthia there is much arsenic eating among the peasants. The women take it to give themselves a good complexion and to make their hair fine and glossy. The men take it because they believe that it gives them wind in climbing in the chase after chamois. There is nothing of this sort in Cornwall and Devon.

In Styria and Carinthia it is known that an arsenic eater can never be broken of the habit and that if arsenic be compulsorily kept from the eater death rapidly ensues. It is believed in the Tamar—and this is perhaps true—that an arsenic worker is fit for no other work. He must remain at this occupation. Health and breath fail him at other employments. Eventually it may be that chronic arsenical poisoning ensues. But this may be staved off, if not wholly prevented, by scrupulous cleanliness, by care taken not only to wash in the "changing house," but to bathe freely at home. As one of the foremen said to the writer, "Against arsenic the best antidote is soap taken externally."

THE SEALER'S DOCTOR.

In Case of Sickness the Ship's Cook Asked No Questions.

"'Twere a new governor of Newfoundland, and he were shockin' careful of the sealers' health," began the old sealing captain, his deep set eyes twinkling.

"The night afore the North Star left Sen John's for the ice he came aboard to inquire what kind of stuff for medicine chist we had.

"'You ought to have a ship's doctor aboard her with 200 men shipped,' says he. 'Who gives out the medicine?'

"'The cook, of course,' I answers. 'But I'm sarten of one thing, governor,' I says; 'there's nothin' there that's pizen.'

"'How do you know?' he asks pretty sharp.

"'Well,' I answers, 'a man comes runnin' to the cook, and he says, "My chum's sick, and I want some medicine for he." The cook never asks no questions as to what's allin'. He grabs up the first bottle he gits his 'and on and pours out some in a cup. If it don't do the man's chum no good he comes back, and the cook pours somethin' out on another bottle, and so on till he strikes somethin' that 'elps him. That's why I know there's nothin' pizen in that chist or the cook would 'ave killed 'arf of 'em twenty v'y'ges ago.'"—Lippincott's Magazine.

A Magnetic Personality.

A magnetic personality, which attracts the common run of mortals as moths are attracted to a candle, is much coveted in these days and is certainly a valuable possession, but it will perhaps be some consolation to the woman who cannot attract the attention of everybody in a room the moment she enters it that many great men and women had no "personality" worth mentioning. There is a story of Fanny Burney sitting unobserved in a corner and having to be dragged into prominence at a rout. Browning was disappointed when he met George Eliot, though they afterward became friends. Charlotte Bronte was always at a disadvantage in society, and many other similar cases might be mentioned. Great minds are often without this charm of manner, while persons of quite ordinary talents may have the faculty of mesmerizing not only those with whom they come into immediate contact, but all their contemporaries, thus acquiring a fame out of all proportion to their merits.

A Man to Encourage.

Wendell Phillips used to tell this story on Emerson with considerable glee:

"Once while I was lecturing in the west a young fellow came up to me as I was leaving the platform. He introduced himself, explained that a lecture course was being talked of in his town for the next season and wanted to know if I would be kind enough to suggest some good lecturers. I replied that I would be glad to do so and named Henry Ward Beecher, George William Curtis, Bayard Taylor and Emerson.

"'Emerson? Emerson?' said the young fellow, looking perplexed. 'Who is Emerson?'

"I informed him that Emerson was the leading philosopher of the country, one of its great original thinkers. The young fellow reflected a moment and then observed:

"'Well, Mr. Phillips, we'll put Emerson on our course if you say so. I suppose a man of that sort ought to be encouraged.'"

In Earnest Then.

"I have noticed," said the offhand philosopher, "that a woman will get a golf dress when she has no intention to play golf."

"That's so," agreed the man with the incandescent whiskers.

"And," continued the offhand philosopher, "she will get a ball gown when she cares nothing about dancing and a tennis dress when she wouldn't play tennis for fear she will freckle and a bathing suit when she has no thought of going into the water and a riding habit when the very thought of climbing on a horse gives her the chills and"—

"Yes," interrupted the man with the incandescent whiskers, "but when she gets a wedding dress she means business. Ever notice that?"—Judge.

The Oldest Lawsuit.

A lawsuit which may probably be claimed as the oldest in the world is reported from the Trentina, says the London Mail. The two communes of Gallie and Foza have been for four centuries in litigation for the possession of an extensive tract of woodland which has assumed the character of a virgin forest, with trees of colossal size which no man dares to truck. Spots are still pointed out where 200 years ago the two communes fought pitched battles for the disputed wood. Apparently the Homeric struggle is as far from closing as ever.

Should Say, but Didn't.

He—I know your family doesn't like me, but will you be my wife?

She—Well, I should say not!

He (taken aback)—Whew! That's rather short.

She—I repeat, I should say not, but as a girl in love doesn't always say what she should I'll say "yes."—Philadelphia Press.

Their Treasure of a Cook.

Missis—Don't forget, Katy, that the Mugginses are coming to dinner tonight.

Katy—Ah, don't let that bother ye, now. I'll just do my worst. They'll never trouble ye again.—Boston Globe.

Friendship.

There are two elements that go to the composition of friendship, each so sovereign that I detect no superiority in either, no reason why either should be the first named. One is truth. A friend is a person with whom I can be sincere. The other element of friendship is tenderness. When a man becomes dear to me I have touched the goal of fortune.—Emerson.

A Yearning For Courtesy.

"Why do you sigh for great riches?"

"Well," answered the mild mannered man, "I don't value money for its own sake, but I'd kind o' like to be in a position where the subordinate employees of large enterprises will say 'Good morning, sir,' instead of 'Step lively!'"—Washington Star.

A Cold Fact.

The Cannibal King (his teeth chattering)—What was it you served with the last meal? I've had a prolonged chill ever since.

Royal Cook—That, sire, was a female missionary from Boston.—Smart Set.

The Way With Life.

Ef you set down on a board with a tack in it the harder you set the more tack you git, an' that's the way with life—it's full o' tacks, an' don't you forget it.—"The Substitute."

A man who is eternally squaring himself must be just a little crooked.—Atchison Globe.