THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

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Bickel's Fall Footwear.

Largest Stock and Most Handsome Styles of Fine Footwear we Have Ever Shown.

Sorosis Shoes Twenty new fall styles—Dongola, Box calf, Enamel and Patent-kid made in the latest up-to-date styles in medium or high tops.

Misses' and Children's Shoes

Extremely large stock of Misses' and Children's fine shoes comprised of many new and pretty styles for fall.

Men's Shoes All the latest styles in Men's fine shoes. A full line of Men's Patent kid, the latest style lasts, $2 50 to $6.00. Men's fine Calf, Vici-kid and Box-calf shoes $1.00 to $5.00.

Large Assortment of Boys', Youths' and Little Gents' Fine Shoes

Gokey of Jamestown, N. Y., who failed sometime ago and who was closed down for over a year has started up again. We gave him a very large order for Men's box-toe and plain toe shoes; also boys' and Youths' copper tipped shoes. The goods are all in. These shoes are cut from good water proof kip—hand pegged, sewed with heavy waxed ends. The best of Hemlock out and insoles. Nothing lacking to make them a first class winter shoe.

Every pair Stamped on sole, N. W. Gokey & Son, Jamestown, N Y.

We invite you to call and see this well known line before buying your winter shoes. Large stock of Ladies' Kangaroo, Calf, Oil-grain and Kip shoes at away down prices.

SPECIAL BARGAINS IN SCHOOL SHOES.

Repairing promptly done.

JOHN BICKEL,

128 South Main Street, Butler, Pa.

THE FIRST CALL FOR SCHOOL

Look Up the Hose and Underwear at

THE MODERN STORE.

CHILDREN'S SCHOOL HOSE SALE

Best 10c Stockings in town, all sizes, 5 to 9½. Fine one-and-one Ribbed Girls' School Hose, 15c; two for 25c. Boys' heavy double heel, toe and knee Cotton Hose, worth 19c pair, now 15c pair; two for 25c. Girls' fine Lisle Thread Hose, good weight and double toe and knee, 25c pair.

THE CELEBRATED NO-MEND LINEN KNEE STOCKINGS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The knee is made of pure Irish Linen, with extra width, adding strength and flexibility. In other words, no holes and no darning.

25c a Pair. All Sizes.

Boys' Extra Heavy Triple Knee Hose, wear like iron, 25c a Pair.

EVERYTHING IN

Boys' Shirts, Waists, Underwear. Etc.

WE CAN FIT THEM OUT FOR SCHOOL.

Eisler-Mardorf Co.,

SOUTH MAIN STREET PHONES: BELL L. D. PEOPLES POSTOFFICE BOX } **221** Send in Your Mail Orders.

OPPOSITE HOTEL ARLINGTON. BUTLER, PA.

A Linen Opportunity!

A lot of Fine Linens, bought for Holiday trade, are here several months ahead of time.

This is the best assortment of hemstiched and fine drawn work Linens we ever had and consists of Scarfs, Squares, Lunch Cloths, Doylies, Mexican Drawn Work, Teneriffe Doylies, etc. Included in this lot are Fine Table Linens, Napkins, Pattern Cloths, Match Setts and Towels.

GET WISE TO THIS.

We sell Fine Linens at all seasons, so this Holiday assortment goes on sale at once, but at much less than Holiday prices. We'll chance getting more for Holiday trade. Buy now and save one-fourth to one-half.

Fine Mexican Drawn Work.....12½c, 20c, 25c and up
Teneriffe Doylies, 6, 9 and 12 inches.....25c, 50c and 65c
Hemstiched Squares.....10c up
2 yards Pattern Cloth, worth $2.00.....at $1.69
2½ yards Pattern Cloth, worth $2.50 at.....$1.98
Match Setts—Cloth and Napkins.....$4.50 up

Cleaning up Summer Goods at Bargain Prices.

All Shirt Waists at half price. Wash Goods, half price and less.

NEW FALL WAISTINGS.

Two qualities Fancy Vestings at 40c and 50c, are worth your attention. Entirely new and very handsome for Fall Waists.

L. Stein & Son,

108 N MAIN STREET, BUTLER, PA.

40 per cent. Discount

On all Oxfords & Slippers

New Fall Shoes now being shown in window.

YOURS FOR SHOES,

Daubenspeck & Turner

Next to Butler Savings & Trust Co.,

108 S. Main St., - - Butler, Pa.

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

K E C K

G. F. KECK, Merchant Tailor,

24 North Main Street All Work Guaranteed Butler Pa

SHERIFF'S SALES.

By virtue of sundry writs of Ven. Ex., Fi. Fa., Lev. Fa., &c., issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Butler Co., Pa., and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale at the Court House in the borough of Butler, Pa. on

Friday, the 4th day of September

A. D. 1903, at one o'cock, P. M., the following described property, to-wit:

E. D. No. 41, September term, 1901. A. M. Christley, Attorney.

All the right, title, interest and claim of The Gospel Prohibition church of Callery, Pa., John Ficht and D. A. Richardson, Trustees, of, in and to all that certain piece or lot of land, situated in Adams township, Butler county, Pa., bounded as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a post on Main street at a corner of lands of Frank B. Blain 120 feet to a post; thence south by an alley, 50 feet to a post; thence west by lot No. 24, 120 feet to a post on Main street; thence north by said Main street 50 feet to the place of beginning, having erected thereon a frame church, together with all improvements, &c., being the same property recorded in Mortgage book 62, Page 220, in and for Butler Co.

Seized and taken in execution as the property of The Gospel Prohibition church of Callery, Pa., John Ficht and D. A. Richardson, Trustees, of the suit of George A. Carothers, now for use of George W. Davis.

E. D. No. 26, September Term, 1903. W. D. Brandon, Attorney.

All the right, title, interest and claim of W. E. Duffy, of, in and to all that certain piece or parcel of land, situated in Concord township, Butler county, Pa., bounded as follows, to-wit: On the north by lands of Margaret Christy, on the east by an alley, on the south by an alley and on the west by the Butler and Emlenton road.

Seized and taken in execution as the property of W. E. Duffy at the suit of Mary Brown and Josiah J Brown, for use of J. H. Thompson.

E. D. No. 30, September Term, 1903. F. J. Forquer, Attorney.

All the right, title, interest and claim of Louis Seaton, of, in and to all that certain piece or parcel of land, situated in Marion township, Butler county, Pa., bounded as follows, to-wit: On the north by lands of Thomas Hindman, on the east by lands of E. J. Walker, on the south by lands of James Nutt and on the west by lands of heir's of John McClelland, containing 22 acres, more or less, mostly woodland.

Seized and taken in execution as the property of Louis Seaton at the suit of John Williamson.

E. D. Nos. 39 and 40, September Term, 1903. A. M. Christley, Attorney.

All the right, title, interest and claim of Sarah B. Trumble, of, in and to all that certain piece or parcel of land, situated in Washington township, Butler county, Pa., bounded as follows, to-wit: On the north by lands of Rainey, formerly John Galloway, on the east by lands of William Stewart, on the South by lands of William Stewart and Calvert Hilliard and on the west by now or formerly Barber farm; containing one hundred and forty (140) acres, more or less.

Seized and taken in execution as the property of Sarah B. Trumble, at the suit of John F. McCoy, et al.

TERMS OF SALE—The following must be strictly complied with when property is stricken down.

1. When the plaintiff or other lien creditor becomes the purchaser, the costs on the writ must be paid, and a list of the liens, including mortgage searches on the property sold together with such lien creditor's receipt for the amount of the proceeds of the sale or such portion thereof as he may claim, must be furnished the Sheriff.

2. All bids must be paid in full.

3. All sales not settled immediately will be continued until one o'clock, P. M. of the next day at which time all property not settled for will again be put up and sold at the expense and risk of the person to whom first sold.

*See Purdon's Digest, 9th edition, page 446, and Smith's Forms, page 384.

MARTIN L. GIBSON, Sheriff
Sheriff's Office, Butler, Pa., August 12, 1903.

REGISTER'S NOTICES.

The Register hereby gives notice that the following accounts of executors, administrators and guardians have been filed in this office according to law, and will be presented to Court for confirmation and allowance on Saturday, the 12th day of Sept., 1903, at 9 A. M., of said day:

1. Final account of Andrew H. Thompson, executor of James Thompson, deceased, late of Cranberry township.
2. Final account of Sarah J. Crow and Harry J. Crow, executors of Samuel Crow, deceased, late of Mars borough.
3. Final account of Edward Morrow, administrator of Earnest Morrow, deceased, late of Worth township.
4. Final account of William H. Beighley, executor of Samuel Beighley, deceased, late of Clay township.
5. Final account of C. F. Yaehnig, guardian of Henry Lassinger, minor child of Sodonia Lassinger, deceased, late of Jefferson twp.
6. Second partial account of W. F. Huselton, one of the executors of John Huselton, deceased, late of Butler borough.
7. Final account of Michael Hoover, executor of Mary A. Hoover, deceased, late of Fairview township.
8. Final account of W. P. Roessing, administrator of Margaret Mushrush, deceased, late of Butler borough.
9. Final account of George Angert and Conrad Angert, executors of Conrad Angert, deceased, late of Oakland township.
10. Final account of Mary Brown and Sarah J. Brown, administrators of R. A. Brown, deceased, late of Clay township.
11. Final account of John Neithercoat and Anna M. Neithercoat, executors of William Cox, deceased, late of Adams township.
12. Final and distribution account of Amos F. Cochran, executor of Annabell Prior, deceased, late of Concord township.
13. Final account of Jacob Miller and John Riott, executors of Nicholas Riott, deceased, late of Summit township.
14. Final account of Lewis M. Double, executor of H. H. Double, late of Slipperyrock township.
15. Final account of J. C. Gibson, administrator of Alice Gibson, deceased, late of Allegheny township.
16. Final account of G. W. Emminger, executor of Mary Jane Emminger, deceased, late of Donegal township.
17. Final account of George Sheidemantle, administrator of Anna B. Fliener, deceased, late of Lancaster township.
18. Final account of Sherman Foulk, administrator of Lydia Foulk, deceased, late of Butler borough.
19. Final account of D. B. Douthett, executor of Eliza Martincourt, deceased, late of Prospect borough.
20. Final account of Robert M. Roll, administrator c. t. a. of John P. Roll, deceased, late of Cranberry township.
21. Final account of Ann Jane Miller, administrator of W. C. Miller, deceased, late of Concord township.
22. Final account of William H. Miller, guardian of Mary Gladys Shirley, minor child by adoption of Mary J. Shirley, deceased, late of Butler borough.
23. Final account of Maria Hilliard, executrix of Samuel Hilliard, deceased, late of Washington township.
24. Final account of William C. Findley, administrator of James C. Reed, deceased, late of Slipperyrock township.
25. Partial account of A. M. Christley, administrator Thomas F. Christley, deceased, late of Cherry township.
26. Final account of D. G. Bastian, guardian of Myrtle Schontz, minor child of Catharine Schontz, deceased, late of Harmony borough.
27. Final account of Joseph W. McKissick, administrator of D. S. McKissick, deceased, late of Cherry township.
28. Sixth partial account of J. M. McBurney, trustee under the will of George A. Wenzel, deceased, late of Zelienople.
29. Final account of Carrie Thomas, administratrix of M. H. Thomas, deceased, late of Butler borough.
30. Final account of T. W. McCaw, administrator c. t. a. of Margaret M. McCaw, deceased, late of Mars borough.
31. First partial account of R. M., E. H., W. C., and J. F. Anderson, executors of James D. Anderson, deceased, late of Penn twp.
32. First partial account of W. H. Parker, one of the executors of Thomas Parker, deceased, late of Buffalo township.
33. Final account of W. P. Grazier, executor of Mary McClure, deceased, late of Forward township.
34. Final account of Samuel H. Knox, administrator of Cyrus Knox, deceased, late of Evans City.
35. Final account of Lydia C. Kennedy, administratrix of James G. Kennedy, deceased, late of Butler borough.
36. Final account of H. T. Turner, guardian of Ida Pearl Kamerer, minor child of Adam Kamerer, deceased, late of Butler borough.
37. Final account of Elmer E. Schantz, administrator of David B. Schantz, deceased, late of Jackson township.
38. Final account of Theodore C. H. Keck, administrator of Henry G. Keil, deceased, late of Butler borough.
39. Final account of G. D. Thomas, guardian of J. C. McMurtry, minor child of J. A. and Ellen McMurtry, deceased, late of Fairview township.
40. Final account of G. D. Thomas, guardian of Herbert B. McMurtry, minor child of J. A. and Ellen McMurtry, deceased, late of Fairview township.
41. Final account of G. D. Thomas, guardian of W. R. McMurtry, minor child of J. A. and Ellen McMurtry, deceased, late of Fairview township.
42. Final account of G. D. Thomas, guardian of Harry A. McMurtry, minor child of J. A. and Ellen McMurtry, deceased, late of Fairview township.
43. Final account of G. D. Thomas, guardian of Mable McMurtry, minor child of J. A. and Ellen McMurtry, deceased, late of Fairview township.
44. Final account of L. M. Brackney, guardian of Cleo and Twila Brackney, minor children of Chas. L. Brackney, deceased, late Butler borough as stated by Lue Brackney, adm'x of L. M. Brackney, deceased.

J. P. DAVIS, Register.

238 VOGELEY

See the sign direct-opposite the Postoffice,

Theodore Vogeley,

Real Estate and Insurance Agency,

238 S. Main St. Butler, Pa.

If you have property to sell, trade, or rent or, want to buy or rent call, write or phone me.

List Mailed Upon Application.

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

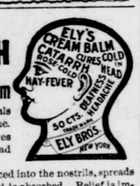
50 cts. of druggists or R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N. H.

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

℞

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,

106 N. Main St., Butler, Pa

Both 'Phones

Everything in the drug line.

NEW OWNER DRUGS STOCK

I have purchased the C. J. Harvey Pharmacy, in the Stein building, at 345 S. Main St., am remodeling and restocking the store. I have twenty-two years experience as a pharmacist, and compounding of prescriptions will be under my personal attention.

Pure drugs and honest treatment guaranteed.

When in town shopping, stop and leave your packages.

J. L. McKee, Pharmacist,

Stein Block, S. Main St., Butler, Pa.

Binding of Books

Is our occupation. We put our entire time to studying the best and latest methods of doing our work. If you are thinking of having some work done in this line I am sure you will be well pleased if you have it done at

The Butler Book Bindery,

W. W. AMON, Prop.
Opp. Court House.

CRAMPS?

TRADE MARK

DR. HARRIS' CRAMP CURE,

Relieves Pain Quickly.

A never failing remedy for Every Ache and Pain. Highly recommended for Cholera-Morbus and Pains in the Stomach.

ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS.

As a Liniment Dr. Harris' Cramp Cure excels all others.

Prepared by B. A. FAHNESTOCK CO, Pittsburg, Pa.

At Druggists 25c a Bottle

L. C. WICK,

DEALER IN

LUMBER.

"GOODBY, DORA"

By..... HOWARD FIELDING

Copyright, 1903, by Charles W. Hooke

I WAS roused by a loud knocking at my door. Stumbling forward, I sprung back the catch of the lock.

The man without had turned the knob and was pressing upon it so that he seemed to fall into the room. He was my uncle's butler and was obviously shaking with alarm.

My first thought was that my uncle, whose health was very feeble, might have died in the night.

"Mr. Halstead is worse?" I began.

The butler shook his head with a sort of shuddering convulsion that swept down to his toes.

"It's Mr. John," he replied. "He's dead."

The news struck to my heart. Jack Halstead was my cousin and a fine fellow in every way. A great grief that he had had of late had brought us close together, and I held him to be my best friend.

"SUICIDE!" HE REPLIED.

"Dead!" I exclaimed. "An accident?"

"Suicide," was the reply.

I was conscious of surprise in the midst of my confusion, for this servant had hated Jack with the unforgiving persistence of an Indian since a day long ago when my cousin had exposed him in a trifling delinquency.

I dressed with all haste and hurried across to my uncle's house, accompanied by the trembling servant. When we entered I saw a group at the head of the broad stairway. Mr. Halstead was upon the topmost stair and towered above the others.

Upon a lower stair stood Arthur Morrow, son of the late Mrs. Halstead by a former marriage. A step or two higher and ascending was Dr. Norton Carr, the old physician of the family. As I approached the stairway my uncle extended his long right arm over the heads of the others and shook his finger at me.

"This is no better than murder!" he cried. "You are responsible for this."

"What do you mean?" I demanded.

"Come here, and I'll show you," he replied in a choking voice.

We entered Jack's bedroom. The poor fellow lay there in his bed, his mortal part reposing in the final sleep. Mr. Halstead paused by the head of the bed and tapped with his finger upon a small table. I came forward and looked down. There lay a little vial containing white tablets and beside it a small tube. There was a label on the vial, and I knew what was marked upon it—"Morphine, one-half grain; Dr. Halstead."

"He got these things of you," said my uncle. "I call it murder. What possible excuse? You knew that he was heartbroken for Dora. She is going away; he has lost her. You have seen how he has been of late."

"I did not give him this," said I. "How can you imagine that I would do such a thing? He took them out of my office."

"And you knew it!" thundered Mr. Halstead. "You knew it, and you didn't tell me! You made no effort to save him. Why did you suppose he wanted this poison? Had he any proper need of this drug?"

I shook my head.

"I loved him," said my uncle, laying his hand upon the dead man's breast "He should have had the bulk of my fortune, and you knew it. You ruined his life"—

"You are mad to say so!" I exclaimed.

He sneered at me.

"Why is that girl going away?" he demanded. "Do you think I don't know? Because a penniless rascal has won her away from my boy here. She couldn't marry you because you hadn't the money to buy her a roof and her bread. But you would have had a little at my death and were content to wait."

"As long as I have known Dora," said I with all the earnestness at my command, "I have never spoken one word of love to her. Do you suppose I would step in and rob Jack? Why, you yourself have praised me for my loyalty to him."

"I was deceived!" he cried. "You were too deep for me. You have caused his death. Look at this."

He picked up from the table a card upon which was written in Jack's hand the simplest possible message, "Goodby, Dora."

The tears sprang to my eyes, but it was necessary to control emotion in this crisis. I turned to Dr. Carr.

"There can be no doubt as to the cause of death?" I asked.

He did not reply in words, but bent forward and tapped the vial with his finger.

"Tell me how it happened," I asked. "Who saw him last?"

It was Thomas, the butler, who replied. He seemed to have risen through the floor at my elbow.

"He was out during the evening, sir," he said. "We don't know where he was. It was near midnight when I let him in. Mr. Morrow was writing in the library, and Mr. John went in there. I brought them a glass of wine. It seemed to me, if I may make bold to say so, that Mr. John was in better spirits than usual."

"I thought so, too," said Morrow. "We talked awhile of ordinary topics. I didn't notice that Jack was depressed. He seemed quite like his old self. We sat together for half an hour, and then he came up here to bed."

"Does anybody know," I asked, "why he opened this?"

I pointed to an ebony box containing some papers. It was open, and a small bunch of keys hung in the lock.

"Is there any indication that he destroyed anything?" I continued.

"Not that I know of," answered Morrow.

There was a moment's silence.

"It may be, sir, that the poison was in there," suggested Thomas. "He wouldn't have kept it lying round the room, sir, and where else should he have been likely to put it?"

"That is probably the explanation," said I. "I wish I'd thought of it before. When he confessed to me that he had taken this bottle from my office I tried to find it. You will readily understand why, Mr. Halstead."

"I understand that you have been criminally negligent," he retorted. "And let me tell you now that I am done with you."

He turned to Arthur and in his characteristic, impulsive, headlong way went on:

"You were never a favorite with me, Arthur, but you're all I've got now. You're the only one bound to me by any tie. Dora Melvin shall have something, with a condition." He glanced fiercely at me. "And you'll have the balance, Arthur. Much good may it do you!"

"No money will do any one good that comes in this way," replied Morrow, with a shudder.

"Thomas," said I, addressing the butler, "you let Mr. John Halstead in last night. Did he have anything in his hand?"

"No, sir," he replied.

"Not this, for instance?" said I, laying my hand upon a small package that was on the mantelpiece.

"No, sir," said Thomas. "He brought that in day before yesterday. You remember it, Mr. Morrow," he continued. "He took it into the library where you were writing."

"I had forgotten it," answered Morrow. "Are you sure, Thomas?"

"This is a serious matter," said I, laying my hand on the butler's shoulder. "Do not commit the folly of beginning the affair with a falsehood."

"I don't know why I should lie about it, sir," he replied doggedly.

"You saw him take this parcel into the library," I continued. "By the way, does anybody know what's in it?"

My uncle interrupted to ask angrily what all this was about.

"Grant me two minutes," said I. And then I repeated my question.

There was no reply.

"Thomas," said I, "what did young Mr. Halstead do with this parcel after he took it into the library?"

"I saw him untie the string," he answered. "Then he took up a pen from the table, but I didn't see him write anything."

"Did he write anything in the library last evening?" I asked, turning to Morrow, who answered me in the negative.

"Are you sure?" I insisted. "You were there all the time that he was present."

"Yes," was the answer. "He didn't write anything while I was there. Why do you ask?"

"Because this message on the card is written with the ink that is used in the library and not with Jack's stylographic pen. There is no ink in this room that I can see."

"What is the purpose of these questions?" demanded Mr. Halstead.

Without answering him I took up the parcel and removed the wrapper. There was a dainty box within, and upon opening that I discovered a small plaque, beautifully painted. The design was in lilies of the valley, which were Dora's favorite flower.

"Unless I am greatly in error," said I, "this farewell message on the card was intended to be put into this box. It was a parting gift to Dora."

"Its purpose is obvious," said Mr. Halstead. "It lay upon this table, and this bottle of poison was on top of it. It was his last word, poor fellow."

"But why did he buy the plaque?" I insisted. "Was it for you? For me? For Arthur?"

"For her, of course," said Mr. Halstead.

"Then why did not the gift and the message go together?" said I.

No one ventured a reply.

"I will tell you why," I continued. "This card was put into the parcel and was taken out again, but not by Jack."

"By whom, then?" asked my uncle.

"By some one who knew of its existence and perceived that it would answer quite well the purposes of a suicide's last message."

Mr. Halstead caught me by the shoulder.

"Do you mean to charge actual murder?" he cried. "Will you try to shift your own guilt upon another?"

"I charge a willful and deliberate murder," I replied.

"By whom?" he screamed.

"Let us see," I responded. "He must have swallowed this poison just before retiring. If he did not take it himself in this room he must have done so elsewhere in this house. He drank a glass of wine in the library."

"And you brought it to him?" cried Mr. Halstead, turning upon Thomas.

"Yes, sir," said the servant calmly. "I served him and Mr. Morrow."

"And you hated him?"

"I did not like him, sir, but I am not a murderer," was the answer.

At this point Dr. Carr put in his word. "But the man died from these tablets," he said. "They were locked in this private box, and he had the key."

"Thomas," said I, "do you know of any other key to this box?"

The man was pale as paper, but he did not falter.

"Yes, sir," said he. "I happen to have seen Mr. John unlock this box and lock it again and put the key in this drawer."

He stepped forward and opened a small drawer in a desk, from which he took a key.

"I know when you saw him do that," said I. "It is heaven's mercy to you that you saw him. And I saw him too. I counted upon you remembering and upon your honesty, Thomas."

"I try to speak the truth, sir," said the servant.

"And now, Mr. Halstead," said I, "let me state this case as you see it, or as you saw it at first. Jack came up here; he opened this box in which he had hidden the vial taken from my office; he dissolved some of the tablets in this tube and drank the fluid. Is there any other possible way to picture it?"

"No; certainly not," was the answer.

"Let me picture it for you," said I. "He came to this room in better spirits than usual. He went to bed in the full confidence of waking on the morrow. But instead he sank into a stupor from which he never aroused. When a sufficient time had elapsed a man stole into this room. He took a bunch of keys from Jack's pocket, for he was one who did not know of the other key in that drawer. Had he known of it obviously he would have used it and would not have searched through this bunch for the right one. Time was precious with him.

"Having secured the vial and this card with the farewell message, he put them on this table. Then he stole out

"But," interrupted Dr. Carr, "who knew the vial was there?"

I pointed to Thomas and then to Morrow.

"One of the men must have known it," said I, "for no one else could have had a motive for this crime. One hated him; the other, knowing that my uncle must soon die, saw a chance of a great inheritance. Which of them is guilty—the one who frankly said, 'I suppose the vial was in that box,' or the one who dared not say what was sufficiently obvious? Who saw Jack write upon that card the other day in the library?"

"ARTHUR MORROW, I SPEAK BY THE BOOK."

"This is lunacy!" exclaimed Morrow. "The man is a suicide."

"You killed him," said I, "and now you defile his memory. Arthur Morrow, when I say that this was murder I speak by the book. There is no poison in that vial. I found it days ago. I knew why he was saving it. I changed the tablets for others precisely similar in appearance, but containing a harmless substance flavored with quinine to make it bitter. I said to myself, 'If Jack takes this desperate step he shall have a chance to repent of it.' I did not remove the tablets, for then he would simply have bought others. You don't believe me?"

I seized the vial and emptied the contents into my mouth, crushing the tablets with my teeth.

"If those were what you thought them, Morrow," said I, "my life would not be worth much. Oh, you double villain, I wish you could have got into this box that you might have used these harmless things in your desperate plot! But Jack had the only key you knew of, and you were forced to buy your drug. Arthur Morrow, I charge you with this crime!"

He tried to answer me, but his voice was not articulate. It rose gradually into a scream of terror. Then suddenly he fell forward across the little table, crushing it to the floor.

The Day After.

It is a strange omission that the day after, supreme and epoch making period of time, should have failed to receive the homage which is its just prerogative.

De Quincey, in his powerful bit of word painting entitled "The Knocking at the Gate," dwells on the thought that in "Macbeth" the climax of the tragedy, the moment most truly fraught with terror, is not the one in which occurs the murder of Duncan, or when the guilty pair nerve themselves for its accomplishment, but the moment when the first knocking at the gate is heard. With that summons from without comes an instant and terrible realization of what has taken place. In that moment of horror is condensed all the meaning of past crime and future retribution as in a lightning flash.

The magnitude of what has happened cannot be measured until the first touch of reaction has been felt. We cannot tell what has really occurred till the day after.—Atlantic.

Too Small to Obey.

When a certain couple were married the wife was sixteen years old and big and buxom. The husband was two years her senior, but slim to thinness and not up to the average in height. Ten years passed, and the couple got along as well as many couples do, but the wife was hard to manage. With the flight of time she became larger, while her theoretical lord and master added not an inch to his stature nor an ounce to his weight. One day he wanted her to do something, and she refused, at first quietly, then vehemently and finally explosively. "I'll not do it," she declared, "and I'd like to see you make me."

"But, Maria," expostulated her husband, "when you married me didn't you promise to obey me?"

"I did," she replied. Then, sizing up his diminutive proportions, she added, "But I expected you'd grow."

How to Make Pine Woods.

Farmers in the White mountains have discovered, or learned, what farmers elsewhere are slow to ascertain. It is that if you lop off the lower limbs of balsams when they are young the limbs will not grow again. Thus the tree as lumber will be improved. It will be freer of knots.

Certain hotel owners, desiring pine lands near their hotels on account of healthfulness, asked a government forester how to get them. The reply was: "Cut off the hard woods, then turn the cattle in to pasture for three years. That will keep down the shoots of the hard woods, and the pines, which cattle avoid, will grow up, and their needles will keep down other growths."

Tricky Dynamite.

"Perhaps nothing is more uncertain in the line of accidents than dynamite," said a dealer in the dangerous stuff. "You might drop a cartridge out of your hand, and it would explode and tear your body to atoms. Another cartridge taken out of the same case might be hurled from the top of a tall building and would land on the pavement like so much harmless wax, to be ground up under the wheels of heavy trucks and to be exploded with frightful havoc by the soft cushion tire of a bicycle."

Painful.

"As a general thing," says a lawyer, "one doesn't expect to find a sense of humor in the employees of a prison. Yet I know of a rather catchy reply made by a prison guard to the query of a visitor whether the existence of the guards was not a painful one.

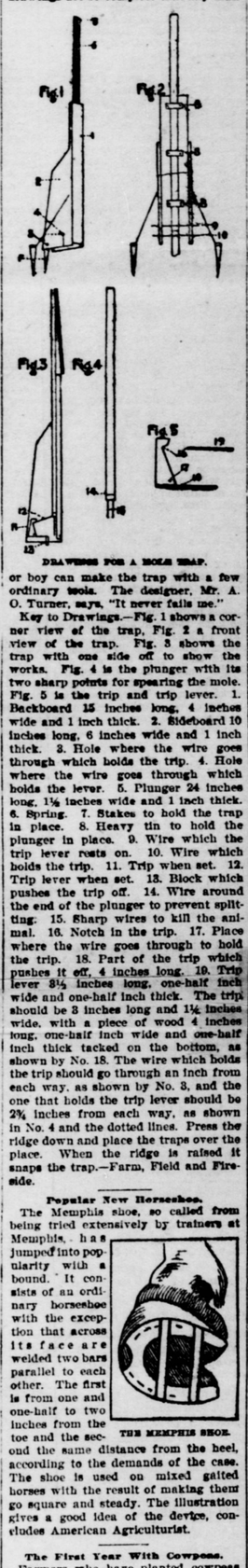
"'Painful!' echoed the guard. 'I should say it was when you consider what a number of felons we have on our hands.'"

FARM AND GARDEN

A MOLE TRAP.

A Homemade Affair—"Never Failing," Says Its Inventor.

An effective mole trap that can be made at home and is sure death when set over the burrows of these annoying little pests is shown in the drawings. The description and key to the drawings are so complete that any man or boy can make the trap with a few ordinary tools. The designer, Mr. A. O. Turner, says, "It never fails me."



DRAWINGS FOR A MOLE TRAP.

Key to Drawings.—Fig. 1 shows a corner view of the trap. Fig. 2 a front view of the trap. Fig. 3 shows the trap with one side off to show the works. Fig. 4 is the plunger with its two sharp points for spearing the mole. Fig. 5 is the trip and trip lever. 1. Backboard 15 inches long, 4 inches wide and 1 inch thick. 2. Sideboard 10 inches long, 6 inches wide and 1 inch thick. 3. Hole where the wire goes through which holds the trip. 4. Hole where the wire goes through which holds the lever. 5. Plunger 24 inches long, 1½ inches wide and 1 inch thick. 6. Spring. 7. Stakes to hold the trap in place. 8. Heavy tin to hold the plunger in place. 9. Wire which the trip lever rests on. 10. Wire which holds the trip. 11. Trip when set. 12. Trip lever when set. 13. Block which pushes the trip off. 14. Wire around the end of the plunger to prevent splitting. 15. Sharp wires to kill the animal. 16. Notch in the trip. 17. Place where the wire goes through to hold the trip. 18. Part of the trip which pushes it off, 4 inches long. 19. Trip lever 3½ inches long, one-half inch wide and one-half inch thick. The trip should be 3 inches long and 1½ inches wide, with a piece of wood 4 inches long, one-half inch wide and one-half inch thick tacked on the bottom, as shown by No. 18. The wire which holds the trip should go through an inch from each way, as shown by No. 3, and the one that holds the trip lever should be 2¾ inches from each way, as shown in No. 4 and the dotted lines. Press the ridge down and place the traps over the place. When the ridge is raised it snaps the trap.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

Popular New Horseshoe.

The Memphis shoe, so called from being tried extensively by trainers at Memphis, has jumped into popularity with a bound. It consists of an ordinary horseshoe with the exception that across its face are welded two bars parallel to each other. The first is from one and one-half to two inches from the toe and the second the same distance from the heel, according to the demands of the case. The shoe is used on mixed gaited horses with the result of making them go square and steady. The illustration gives a good idea of the device, concludes American Agriculturist.

THE MEMPHIS SHOE.

The First Year With Cowpeas.

Farmers who have planted cowpeas for the first time, if they propose to use them for forage, should not make the mistake of letting them grow too old. They should be mowed when the beans are well formed, with the pods just tinging yellow. If left much longer the lower leaves will begin to fall and some of the peas shatter out. Cowpeas are cured not unlike clover, although, owing to their large water content, they require longer. Most large cowpea fields which are planted for seed are now cut by machinery and threshed. Probably the most satisfactory way, however where a comparatively small quantity of the beans are wanted for planting next year, is to pick them by hand and then thrash. After thrashing particular attention should be given to drying the beans thoroughly, as they may otherwise ferment.—American Cultivator.

THE DAIRY COW.

Form of the Animal and Milk and Butter Production.

There is a certain type of cow exhibiting marks that indicate dairy excellence. This is so well established as to make the decisions in the show ring and to enter in as an important factor in the buying and selling of dairy animals. This matter of type is illustrated in our station herd, the tendency being for the animals scoring highest in the judging ring to be the largest and most economical producers of milk and butter. The animal scoring highest in the station herd has made a yield of ten times her weight in milk and 68 per cent of her weight in butter in one year. Taking the whole herd into consideration the type will not always follow the yield, the exceptions to the rule being sometimes quite marked. Bogdanow, a German authority, made measurements on eighty cows whereby they were formed into groups of types. From the results, knowing the records of the animals, he concludes that there is an unmistakable relation between external form and production of milk and butter. Beach, from the results of experiment and observation, states that the type of the cow is more essential than the breed as indicating the ability to produce milk and butter economically.

The final test of any dairy cow is the amount of milk and butter fat she will yield for the food consumed. The difference in cows in this respect is quite marked. With the scales and the Babcock test it is easy to learn what each individual cow is doing. While some animals in the dairy may be making profits others may be losing to such an extent as to even wipe out the profits of the better cows. During the year under experiment our best cow gave an amount of milk and butter more than twice that of one of the poorer cows. The difference in the gross receipts for the milk during the first eight months following calving was $184.80 in favor of the better cow. Waters and Hess found a difference of $83.10 in the profits of two cows for 150 days. Between two others of accepted dairy form the difference was $14.99, and between two of similar type $12.48.

The cow is a creature of habit, and therefore the time and manner of milking should vary as little as possible from day to day. The yield of milk will sometimes vary by reason of matters of such small moment that we fail to reckon them. From our results a change in milkers showed a small average loss in yield. Some cows were not affected at all, while others gave a slightly reduced yield. This will depend, however, upon the ability of the milker. Carlyle found no appreciable difference in the frequent changing of milkers. Tracy found by a good-milker following a careless one an increase with five cows of 244 pounds of milk in two weeks.

GAY ORPHAN, 26,958.
[The foundation cow of the Kentucky experiment station herd.]

Cows fed at milking time are apt to hold their milk when the customary feed is withheld. This may occur even when the animals have access to abundant pasture. This is so noticeable with some of the station cows that it is advisable to give them a little grain through the summer season to induce them to give down their milk. Emery notes that a cow that gave over seven pounds of milk gave only two pounds when her customary feed was withheld at milking time.—D. W. May, Kentucky Experiment Station.

Milk Contamination.

The whey tank is a common source of infection at those factories where the whey is returned to the patrons in the milk cans. This practice is detrimental to successful cheese making, but when it cannot be arranged to have the whey disposed of in some other way the tanks should be kept thoroughly clean in order to lessen the danger of contamination. They should be emptied at least once a week.—W. A. Clemons.

Legislation Against Weeds.

A bill has been introduced into the Canadian parliament which is intended to prohibit the sale of any commercial seeds that may contain seeds of such weeds as wild mustard, peanycress, oxeye daisy, perennial sow thistle, ragweed, bindweed and several others.

News and Notes.

The recent preaching of the "gospel of good seed" has induced a popular demand for the best recleaned grass seed.

It appears to be a fact that when the conditions are favorable clover may be stored much greener than was formerly thought possible and that the very best quality of hay may be secured in this way.

It is now told that Rhodesia, South Africa, is a great corn growing country.

Nitrate of soda and muriate of potash are about as soluble as sugar or salt, remarks an ex