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THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL. XXXXIII. BUTLER, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 23, 1906 No. 32.

—THE MODERN STORE—

Special Prices for Fair Week

Interesting Offerings for Ladies and Men.

Your Fair wants can be purchased here at a big saving in price. The following are only a few of the many things we offer throughout this store the coming week. Lot of white lawn waists reduced to 38c. Lot of 88c and $1.00 waists reduced to 48c. New lot of regular $1.50 shirt waists 98c. 1-3 off on all better shirt waists, washable skirts and shirt waist suits. Lot 25c lace hose reduced to 18c pair. Lot of 38c black lace hose reduced to 25c pair. Lot of 50c lace hosiery reduced to 35c pair. All parasols at ½ price this week, a lot of nice ones left to choose from. Long black and white silk gloves $1.00 and $1.25. New things in belts, bags, and novelties in jewelry and neckwear just in.

New fall dress goods, silks, skirts, etc.

MEN'S WEAR—Just received a large shipment of new fall neckwear, also all the best and newest in shirts, belts, fancy socks, fancy colored handkerchiefs, collars, etc.

Ladies' Home Journal Patterns for September now here. Style Books free.

EISLER-MARDORF COMPANY,

SOUTH MAIN STREET PHONES: {BELL L. D. / PEOPLES} 221 POSTOFFICE BOX — Samples sent on request.

OPPOSITE HOTEL ARLINGTON. BUTLER, PA

Remnant Sale.

Surprising how the remnants accumulate during a clearance sale such as we have been holding. These must be sold.

Come and take them away at a remnant of former prices.

You'll find plenty of remnants of silks, dress goods, organdies, lawns, white goods, ginghams, percales and wash goods of all kinds.

Remnants of table linens, crashes, muslins, seersuckers, laces, embroideries, etc.

All remnants are marked in plain figures at bargain prices.

All Summer Goods Must Go.

All white shirt waists at remnant prices.

All wash goods, white goods, muslin underwear and summer goods of all kinds at remnant prices.

L. Stein & Son,

108 N. MAIN STREET, BUTLER, PA.

HUSELTON'S

Great Cut Price Sale

Of all Odd Lots in Summer

Shoes and Oxfords.

WILL OPEN

Saturday at 9 a. m., July 14th.

There will be great bargains to be had all through this immense stock. Don't fail to get some of these great bargains.

Remember the date, July 14th.

B. C. Huselton,

Opp. Hotel Lowry. 102 N. Main Street.

BUTLER *Business College*

RESULTS TALK.

Where some of our recent graduates are located:

Sara Beatty, stenographer, Bessemer R. R. Co., Butler.
Robert Seaton, stenographer, American Bridge Co., Pittsburg.
Stan Weigel, stenographer, Butler Eagle, Butler.
Ray Thompson, stenographer, The Lloyd Co., Butler.
W. R. Stair, clerk, Standard Steel Car Co., Butler.
Charles McClymonds, with the B. & O. R. R. Co., Butler.
Marion Nicholas, stenographer, Standard Steel Car Co., Butler.
Lutitia Rine, Stenographer, The Hostetter Co., Pittsburg.
M. J. McMillen, Registry Clerk, Pittsburg Postoffice, Pittsburg.
Pressley Mowrey, with Pittsburg News Co., Pittsburg.
Juliet Wheeler, stenographer and bookkeeper, W. H. Daugherty & Son, Petrolia, Pa.
Arthur Oesterling, with the Westinghouse Electrical Mfg. Co., Pittsburg.
Bertha Coulter, stenographer, Pittsburg firm.
Oliver Cashdollar, cashier and asst. manager, New York Lease & Trust Co., Pittsburg.
Elizabeth Diebold, stenographer, The Bradstreet Co., Pittsburg.
Winifred Shaffer, stenographer, A. W. McCloy & Co., Pittsburg.
Florence Norris, stenographer, Kemble & Mills, Attys., Pittsburg.
Della Critchlow, public stenographer, Bessemer Bldg., Pittsburg.
Harry E. Painter, bookkeeper, Monks & Co., Allegheny, Pa.
Lillian Forcht, stenographer, Hapgoods, Park Bldg., Pittsburg.
Valetta Nigrell, stenographer, Rodger, Flanagan & Co., Pittsburg.
Ethel Greenawalt, stenographer, Westinghouse Electrical Mfg. Co., Pittsburg.
Margaret Graham, stenographer, Pittsburg Gage & Supply Co., Pittsburg.
Jerry Eisenhart, with the Penna. R. R. Co., Butler.
Oliver McGrady, Penna. R. R. Co., Butler.
Ralph Miller, Penna. R. R. Co., Butler.
Guy Schenck, with the T. W. Phillips Gas & Oil Co., Butler.
Nellie Nicholas, stenographer, Wm. Kaufman, Penn Bldg., Pittsburg.
Gertrude Graham, stenographer, L. G. Martin, Pittsburg, Pa.
J. H. Alexander, bookkeeper, Wabash R. R. Co., Pittsburg.
Ray Thompson, stenographer, U. S. Developement Co., Pittsburg.
Emma Burr, stenographer, Pittsburg Reduction Co., New Kensington, Pa.
Pearl Snyder, stenographer, The Bradstreet Co., Pittsburg.
H. F. Frederick, stenographer, Wabash R. R. Co., Pittsburg.
Rosenna McLaughlin, stenographer, Baird Machinery Co., Pittsburg.
Anna Bundy, stenographer, Salvage Security Co., Pittsburg.
Winifred Shaffer, stenographer, Germania Bank Bldg., Pittsburg.
Bertha McClelland, stenographer, A. E. Reiber, Butler.
O. E. Wick, Standard Steel Car Co., Butler.
Myra Ash, Stenographer, S. & B. C. Weinhaus Co., Pittsburg.
J. M. Wilson, B. & O. R. R. Co., Butler, Pa.
Lester Bell, bookkeeper, Geo. Walter & Sons, Butler Roller Mills
A. A. Heist, stenographer and clerk, Pickerings, Pittsburg.
John Foster, C. D. & P. Telegraph Co., Pittsburg.
Ada C. Matteson, stenographer, Guarantee Clearing Co., Pittsburg.
Grace Reznor, stenographer, B. & L. E. R. R. Co., Greenville.
Adelaide Crane, bookkeeper, Butler Pure Milk Co.
A. J. Bishop, bookkeeper, Buffalo, N. Y.
Herbert E. Rankin, Butler Post Office.
Carl Diehl, bookkeeper, J. Oram, Lyndora, Pa.
Sadie McCullough, stenographer, Wood Fiber Plaster Co., Butler.
Percy Lester, with Leedom & Worrall Co., Butler.

The largest, best equipped, most up-to-date, most thorough and painstaking business college in Western Pennsylvania. It recognizes no superior in point of efficiency. Its graduates succeed admirably where those of other schools fail.

SEPTEMBER 3, 1906, FALL TERM.

May enter ANY TIME. Many are already enrolling for the fall term. Expect the largest attendance the coming year that we have ever had. Visitors always welcome. When in Butler pay us a visit. If you can not do so sooner, call on us when in Butler for the Fair. Send for catalogue. Correspondence solicited.

A. F. REGAL, Principal, Butler, Pa.

Advertise in the CITIZEN.

Butler ONE DAY ONLY, MONDAY, **Sept. 10**

GROUNDS, DUFFY'S FIELD.

BARNUM AND BAILEY GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH

THE BIG CIRCUS OF WORLD-WIDE FAME

Nothing Like It Ever Seen on Earth Before.

All the World's Most Startling Thrillers. The Newest, Latest, Most Stupendous Sensation

THE FURIOUS, FLASHING, FURORE-CREATING FLIGHT

THE DIP OF DEATH

A Young Lady Looping the Gap in an Automobile, up-side-down.—

AN ACT THAT COSTS $100 A SECOND, AND IS WORTH IT.

THE LAST WORD IN BICYCLE STARTLERS

THE TWO TWIRLS OF TERROR

Aerial Somersaults by Two Daring, Death-Defying Wheelmen.

First time of the Resplendent New Military and Allegorical Spectacle,

PEACE Founded on the Russo-Japanese War. Introducing Hundreds of Gorgeously-Apparelled Soldiers, Sailors and Mythological Characters, Scores of Richly-Caparisoned Horses, Elephants and Camels, and Gold-Illuminated Tableau Cars; in the Most Superb Display of Pageantry Seen in Modern Times.

MORE HIGH-CLASS FEATURES THAN ALL OTHER SHOWS COMBINED.

100 Circus Acts by 200 Famous Artists—3 Herds of Performing Elephants—Record-Making Aerial Congress—Hero Hussars and Dainty and Skilled Horsewomen from Everywhere—Acrobatic Marvels of Two Hemispheres—Special Children's Circus—40 Funny Clowns—Biggest Man and Woman on Earth—Smallest People That Live—Scandinavian Gypsy Orchestra—Real Roman Hippodrome—Racing Glories of All Ages—High-Jumping Horses—Superb High-School Equines of Five Continents.

3 CIRCUSES—2 BIG ZOOS—5 TRAINS OF SPECIAL CARS—500 HORSES—Only Herd of Giraffes—1200 People—12 Acres of Canvas—Biggest Tents ever Constructed—3 Rings—2 Stages—Mammoth Aerial Enclave—1-Mile Racing Track.

There will be no Street Parade. Incidentally a Splendid and Sensational Free Show will be given on the Exhibition Grounds at 11 A. M., and 5 P. M. daily.

TWO EXHIBITIONS DAILY, AT 2 AND 8 P. M. DOORS OPEN ONE HOUR EARLIER. Admission, with a Seat, 50 Cents. Children Under 10 Years, Half-Price. Private Box and Reserved Coupon Seats Extra, according to Location.

All reserved seats numbered. Private Box and Reserved Grand Stand Chairs on sale at the Grounds at the opening hours, and during the day at the down-town ticket office.

Pharmacy, 213 Main Street.

MEN

Won't buy clothing for the purpose of spending money. They desire to get the best possible results of the money expended. Those who buy custom clothing have a right to demand a fit, to have their clothes correct in style and to demand of the seller to guarantee everything. Come to us and there will be nothing lacking. I have just received a large stock of FALL and WINTER suitings in the latest styles, shades and colors.

G. F. KECK,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

142 N. Main St., Butler, Pa

A WORD ABOUT PRICES.

Because our stock is full and complete—rich in furniture of beauty and excellence—you must not think our prices must be high, on the contrary our prices are at low water mark.

CARPETS. ALL GRADES. AXMINSTER, TAPESTRY BRUSSELS, CROWN BRUSSELS, and INGRANS.

Tables and Chairs. Dining room table, finely finished, hard wood, from $6.25 up. Dining room chairs, all kinds, from the solid seat, box seat, to the leather seat. Prices from $6.00 per set up.

RUGS. Of all kinds, from the small door size to the room sized rugs. Prices of room sized rugs from $10.00 up.

Sideboards, Buffets and China Closets. All kinds shown here, any size, any style, any finish you may desire. Prices from $20.00 up.

Patterson Bros.

FURNITURE OF QUALITY,

Successors to Brown & Co. **136 N. Main** Cor. Main and Mifflin St.

Bickel's Footwear

A Grand Display of Fine Footwear in all the Latest Styles.

We are showing many styles in Ladies' Fine Shoes and Oxfords at prices sure to interest you.

Large stock of Men's and Boys' Fine Shoes and Oxfords in the latest styles.

Big bargains in Men's and Boys' working shoes.

Repairing promptly done.

JOHN BICKEL

128 S Main St., BUTLER, PA.

ROAD AND BRIDGE REPORTS

Notice is hereby given that the following roads and bridges have been confirmed nisi by the Court and will be presented on the first Saturday of September Court, 1906, being the 8th day of said month, and if no exceptions are filed they will be confirmed absolutely:

R. D. No. 1, June Term, 1906.

In the matter of the petition of citizens of Marion township for a public road beginning at a point on a public road known as the Anandale and New Hope road, at the corner of lands of Duffy heirs, Theodore E. Smith and David M. Atwell, in the township of Marion, and ending at a point on a public road, known as the Murrinsville and Slipperyrock road, near the store of Joseph Bailey in said township.

February 26th, 1906, viewers appointed by the Court, who on June 1st, 1906, filed their report in favor of said road. Damages assessed as follows:

Dan Duffy, $75.00.
Hugh McAllen, $100.00.
E. Duffy, heirs, $75.00.
T. E. Smith, $25.00.
M. J. McAllen, $50.00.

Now, June 9th, 1906, approved and fix width of road at 33 feet. Notice to be given according to rules of Court.

BY THE COURT.

No. 2, June Term, 1906.

In the matter of the petition of citizens of Franklin and Brady townships for a new bridge over Muddycreek in Franklin, on the road leading from Prospect to West Liberty, known as the Gallagher bridge.

March 5th, 1906, viewers appointed, who on May 5th, 1906, report in favor of a new bridge.

Now, June 9th, 1906, approved and notice to be given according to rules of court and to be laid before the grand jury at next term.

BY THE COURT.

No. 3, June Term, 1906.

In the matter of the petition of Ammon W. Clowes and Edward F. Clowes for review of public road in Winfield township, to assess damages for said road, sustained by them. Said road was lately laid out by order and return of viewers appointed by Court at R. D. No. 3, December term, 1905, from or beginning at the terminus of a public road leading from Bogsville to the Armstrong and Butler county line, on lands of D. J. Bricker and extending to the intersection of the Leasureville and West Winfield public road on the lands of A. W. and E. F. Clowes. That the same is in Winfield township, Butler county, Pa. That said road passes through the farm of your petitioners, dividing them into two parts, and cut off the water supply and in other respects greatly damage said property.

March 5th, 1906, viewers appointed for the purpose of assessing damages, and May 23, 1906, report of viewers filed assessing the following damages:

A. W. and E. F. Clowes, $50.00, to be paid by the county of Butler.

Now, June 9th, 1906, approved and fix width of road at 33 feet, notice to be given according to rules of court.

BY THE COURT.

No. 4, June Term, 1906.

In the matter of the petition of the residents and inhabitants of Brady township for a bridge over Fultz's Run at the place where the public highway leading from Shepherd's Mill to West Liberty crosses the said road or creek.

March 30th, 1906, viewers appointed who on May 29, 1906, report in favor of said bridge.

No damages asked and none assessed. Now, June 9th, 1906, approved, notice to be given according to rules of court and to be laid before the grand jury at next term.

BY THE COURT.

No. 5, June Term, 1906.

In the matter of the petition of citizens of Marion township, Butler county, Pa., for a new bridge over the north branch of Slipperyrock creek in Marion township, said county, at a point on the public road, known as the Kerr and Black public road, said public road leading from the Gilchrist and Black public road, between the residences of S. J. Black and James McNees, to the Pittsburg, Butler and Franklin public road, between Murrinsville and Anandale, where said Kerr & Black public road crosses said north branch of Slipperyrock creek, on lands of said S. J. Black in said Marion township.

May 7th, 1906, viewers appointed, who on June 1st, 1906, report in favor of said bridge. No damages assessed.

Now, June 9th, 1906, approved, notice to be given according to rules of court and to be laid before the grand jury at next term.

BY THE COURT.

Certified from the record this 8th day of August, A. D. 1906.

L. E. CHRISTLEY, Clerk O. S. Court.

REGISTER'S NOTICES.

The Register hereby gives notice that the following accounts of executors, administrators and guardians have been filed in his office according to law, and will be presented to Court for confirmation and allowance on Saturday, the 8th day of September, 1906, at 9 A. M., of said day:

1. Final and distribution account of Ella D. Endres, administratrix of Daniel Endres, deceased, late of Jackson township.
2. Final account of H. Book, administrator of J. M. Davis, deceased, late of Venango township.
3. Final account of S. T. Bowser and Robert S. Levis, executors of Rizpa Allen, dec'd., late of Zelienople borough.
4. Final account of Joseph J. Schultis, executor of Elizabeth Schultis, deceased, late of Donegal township.
5. Final account of W. Harrison Love, administrator of Clarance A. Love, deceased, late of Clinton township.
6. Final account of John L. Young, guardian of Raymond Augustus Boyle, minor child of D. W. C. Boyle, deceased.
7. Final account of John L. Young, guardian of Michael Walter Gregory Boyle, minor child of D. W. C. Boyle, deceased.
8. Final account of J. C. Ricketts, administrator c. t. a. of Martha Ricketts, deceased, late of Slipperyrock, Pa.
9. Final account of John F. Black, administrator of Catharine Ann Black, deceased, late of Donegal township.
10. Final account of William Peffer, guardian of Clara E. Bubeck, minor child of Caroline Bubeck, deceased, late of Harmony borough.
11. Final and distribution account of John H. Iift, administrator of Sarah Iift, deceased, late of Franklin township.
12. Final account of H. B. Hutchison, administrator of John Ward, deceased, late of Parker township.
13. Final account of Charles and Albert H. Kohnfelder, executors of Joseph Kohnfelder, deceased, late of Saxonburg borough.
14. Final account of John Turner, administrator of Elizabeth Berry, deceased, late of Middlesex township.
15. Final account of H. C. Hunter, administrator c. t. a. of William Hunter, deceased, late of Fan Offaire borough.
16. Final account of Lev. McQuistion, administrator of Andrew Mays, deceased, late of Fairview township.
17. Final account of W. Henry Wilson, executor of Jerusha Bigham, deceased, late of Slipperyrock borough.
18. Final and distribution account of Elizabeth Miller, executrix of Joseph Miller, deceased, late of Harmony borough.
19. Final account of Butler Savings and Trust Company, administrator of D. P. Kelly, deceased, late of Parker township.
20. Final account of John Hartung, guardian of Anna Singleton, nee Smith, minor child of Thomas Smith, deceased.
21. Final account of W. T. Martin, guardian of Albert C. Osborn, minor child of Wm. Osborn, of Penn township.
22. Final account of Margaret A. Harvey and W. E. Harvey, executors of Isaiah N. Harvey, deceased, late of Clinton township.
23. Final account of J. W. Powell, guardian of Artie M. Witherup, minor child of John W. Witherup, deceased, late of Forward twp.
24. Final account of Permelia Dawson, administratrix of Robert A. Motherlin, deceased, late of Centre township.
25. Final account of Guaranty Safe Deposit and Trust Company, guardian of Naomie Catharine McFadden, minor child of Laura A. Kellerman, deceased, late of Marion twp.
26. Final account of J. F. Shearer, executor of Ann Lena Gephart, deceased, late of Buffalo township.
27. Final account of Andrew B. Ekas, executor of Mary Ekas, deceased, late of Buffalo township.
28. Final account of Charles L. Garvin, administrator of Margaret Garvin, deceased, late of Cranberry township.
29. Final account of Levi M. Wise, guardian of Lena Miller, now Lena Blews, minor child of Caroline Miller, deceased, late of Forward township.
30. Final account of Frank P. McBride executor of Bridget Kiley, deceased, late of Clearfield township.
31. Final account of S. C. Williams, guardian of Bartholda Campbell, minor child of Joseph C. Campbell, deceased, late of Millerstown borough.
32. Final account of Mary E. Rosebaugh, administratrix of Isaac N. Rosebaugh, deceased, late of Clinton township.
33. Final account of John A. Gilleland, executor of Maria A. Gilleland, deceased, late of Summit township.
34. Final account of Andrew Chantler and Edward McNeal, administrators of Edward Byrne, deceased, late of Clinton township.
35. Final account of Guaranty Safe Deposit and Trust Company, administrator of Antonio Marona, dec'd., late of Butler twp.
36. Second partial account of John Berg, Henry A. Berg and Mary E. Berg, executors of John Berg, dec'd., late of Butler borough.
37. Final account of Mary J. Aggers, administratrix of H. C. Aggers, deceased, late of Forward township.
38. Third partial account of H. C. Milleman and Philip Milleman, executors of George Milleman, dec'd., late of Harmony borough.

PORTER WILSON, Register.

WIDOWS' APPRAISEMENTS.

The following widows' appraisements of personal property and real estate set apart for the benefit of the widows of decedents have been filed in the office of the Clerk of the Orphans' Court of Butler County, viz:

Widow of Henry J. Rape, personal property $300 00
Widow of August Stice, pers'l propty.. 300 00
Widow of Michael McGarvey personal property 300 00
Widow of Alfred Vensel, pers'l propty. 300 00
Widow of John B. Dickey, pers'l propty 292 92
Widow of Anthony Dolan, pers'l propty 300 00
Widow of Philip A. Gerner, personal property 300 00
Widow of Joseph W. Shearer, personal property 251 20
Widow of W. A. Turner, real estate 300 00
Widow of R. B. Taylor, personal property and real estate 300 00
Widow of Jacob Weitzel, personal property 206 55

All persons interested in the above appraisements will take notice that they will be presented for confirmation to the Orphans' Court of Butler county, Pa., on Saturday the 8th day of Sept., 1906, and if no exceptions are filed, they will be confirmed absolutely.

L. E. CHRISTLEY, Clerk.

Clerks Office, Aug. 8, 1906.

An Angel In Disguise

By Virginia Leila Wentz

Copyright, 1906, by Ruby Douglas

At Twenty-third street Kennard turned dismally from Broadway into Fifth avenue. Saturday afternoon and nothing to do! Thanks to that confounded cotton broker, who couldn't be seen till Monday, he was obliged to remain in town over Sunday. Well, he might as well walk up to his hotel—a constitutional of thirty odd blocks would do him good.

It was the first week in May, and in local swelldom wooden boardings were already beginning to go up and hideous green shades were appearing down the entire length of drawing room windows. Outside the florists' shops tissue papered pots of blossoms still remained, savoring of Easter and April, but the doors stood open revealing a rich vista of bloom against backgrounds of palms. Once Kennard noticed some fashionably frocked women standing within, choosing the last of the season's violets.

"Bah!" he said, deliberately turning his head away and looking at the spires of St. Patrick's cathedral instead. "Why do women all love those foolish flowers?"

Now, once there was a girl, a neighbor of his, down on an old Mississippi plantation, whose eyes in certain lights matched the velvety heart of violets, and often enough down by the bawling little brook where the colony of violets grew he had told her so. But always it had been her way to shake her head with a tantalizing little smile and say:

"That's because you write books and are inclined to be poetic!"

Pretty much the same answer she had given, too, that night when the mocking birds were singing in the moonlight and he had laid his love—

"Hello, you!" cried some one in the brightest of voices, suddenly coming abreast of Kennard. "Well, if this isn't luck! Instead of catching the 1 o'clock train today, as usual, I ran uptown on an errand for my wife"—

"Oh, so you have, haven't you?" drawled Kennard, with apparent irrelevancy. "Let's see, sent you a wedding gift from London, didn't I, old man?"

"A beauty, too!" ejaculated Dan Archer. "My wife wrote and thanked you, I'm sure. But you've never seen her, and you must. Though she isn't very well at present; nervous, lonely and that sort o' thing, you know; has to have a companion. Look here, why not come out with me tonight and spend Sunday? It'll cheer her up, and Sunday's a beastly day in town, you know."

A GIRLISH FIGURE WAS LEANING OVER THE RAILING.

Kennard's protests that it was too short notice for Mrs. Archer, etc., were not accepted, and at 5 o'clock, having spent an hour or so at Archer's club and sent a telegram as precursor, the two men took a train from Jersey City and flew speedily over the country toward a particular little suburban town. A slight drizzle had set in, and the landscape wasn't especially cheerful.

A suburban town on a rainy Sunday! Good heavens, what had he put himself in for? Behind his paper Kennard yawned, recalling gloomily a multitude of jokes at the expense of Sunday suburbanites. Besides, dear old Dan was a Benedict now. Already he fancied he saw the change, and they wouldn't have much opportunity to pal together.

"Pshaw," he broke out mentally, dropping his paper and looking out at the whizzing telegraph poles, "another good man spoiled! Why do men want to marry, anyhow?" (Gradually, since that night down on the old Mississippi plantation, when the mocking birds were singing in the moonlight, Kennard had grown to disparage matrimonial blessings and had ceased to write epithalamium verses).

He found Mrs. Archer a gay, vivacious little creature, pretty with the prettiness of a Dresden shepherdess; but, as Dan had intimated, inclined to "nerves" and dependence. They dined alone that night, the three of them. Her companion, it appeared, was suffering from something very unusual for her, a violent headache, and had kept to her room.

"We don't breakfast till 9 on Sundays," announced Dan as they finished their last game, "so you can lie abed as late as you've a mind to, old man. For a commuter it's a relief, I can tell you, from our ordinary 7 o'clock rushed affairs."

The next morning, however, Kennard was up betimes. The rain of the night before had vanished, save for the last light shimmer of silver on the grass and under the almond bushes adroop with their slender pink branches. And such a morning—all scintillating with olive green and gold sunshine!

Kennard stole on tiptoe from his close apartment, which seemed to breed all the fever driven extravagances of an overexcited world into the freshness of the May air. The garden, like the house, was obsequiously awaiting a signal to wake. The flowers seemed still motionless, holding in their perfume that a breath might not disturb the sleepers whom the resplendent rising sun itself could not attract. But beyond the garden, through a hedge of trees where the honeyed trickle of song came from the throats of wild birds, a path led to wide awake fields and meadows.

Fowls were crowing, cackling, gobbling, gabbling, in matutinal exuberance; calves were bounding outside the milking pen, hungrily bleating at the sight of the usurpation of their rights within; in the pastures the sheep were grazing industriously.

To Kennard as he walked along there seemed to be a vague, expectant quality in the morning. As if, he said to himself, the very freshness and grace of it all were preparing the way for something splendidly alive and debonair!

His path suddenly merged into a little bypath, largely screened by thickets. At the end was a dilapidated summer house, fastened between three trees on a bank overhanging a gurgling stream. A girlish figure was leaning over the rickety railing, apparently looking at the pebbly, variegated mosaic of the stream's bottom. She had thrown off her hat, and her chin was resting in the cup of her two hands. He could see nothing of her profile because of the mass of dark hair coiled over the back of her head.

Not wishing to intrude or disturb the girl's evident reverie, Kennard would have retreated, but at that instant, hearing a twig snap under his feet, she turned.

She felt his immediate recognition and calmly faced him.

"I reckon you are a bit surprised," she admitted quietly. "Well, it's the simplest sort of a story. The old estate down there yielded nothing, and for three years now I've been earning my own living. At present I am Mrs. Archer's companion."

"For three years, Gwendolen?"

"Yes. You've been in England most of that time, haven't you? And you've written several mighty successful books. Oh, I haven't lost complete track of my old friends, you see." There was still that inimitable flash of raillery in the beautiful eyes, Kennard noticed. And still that dear, blessed little smile.

As Gwendolen's glance met the quick flame that spread across the man's opaque pupils all the playfulness went out of her own, and the spirit of thrust and parry went out of her soul. Another spirit, guarded against, often crushed out, leaped in again.

"You—you are still the same old Bob, aren't you?" said she, with adorable incoherence. But Kennard was very grave. He was looking now where the girl had been looking before—at the mosaic bottom of the clear water.

"Yesterday, Gwendolen," he said, "I saw some women buying violets. Ever since I've been haunted by the eyes of a girl I once knew, a girl whom I've fried, oh, so vainly, to forget. Do you remember, dear"—

She made a little impulsive, forward movement, as if to stop his words. He, seeing it, held out both his hands.

And then they—well, all at once she knew that the question he had put to her down in Mississippi when the mocking birds were singing had [illegible] the thought of her eyes had [illegible] him, for his part, illuminatingly realized that the answer she had given him that moonlight night hadn't been an ultimatum.

The morning air was giving Gwendolen Moore the repose and refreshment denied by a sleepless night, but withal she looked pale and a little tired.

"We'll have to change all that sort of thing, sweetheart," Kennard was saying an hour later as they sauntered happily toward the house. "And you were not at dinner last night—you were ill. Was that"—

"Your telegram, sir," she broke in with mock severity, while the dimples went rioting. "Look, there are Mr. and Mrs. Archer coming down the garden to meet us."

"Why, Mr. Kennard, you know Miss Moore?" cried Mrs. Archer foolishly.

"Well, rather. And, Dan," cried Kennard, turning boyishly upon that astounded individual, "you were a brick to bring me out here to spend Sunday. You were an angel in disguise—that's what you were."

Keeping Him a Lover.

Mrs. Sharptongue—D'ye mean to say you've been married ten years an' never had a quarrel with yer husband?

Fair Stranger—That is true, madam."

"And ye always let him have the last word?"

"Yes, madam. I wouldn't for the world do anything to lessen my husband's love for me. He might get careless."

"Careless?"

"Yes. We are jugglers by profession, and at two performances every day I stand against a board while he throws knives."—New York Weekly.

ALFALFA NOTES.

Causes of Failure In Getting a Stand. Drilling Seed.

Though of late alfalfa has been pretty thoroughly discussed, the following by an American Cultivator writer is of interest to eastern farmers:

I can thoroughly recommend it. It may almost be looked upon as a permanent crop, as, if desired, it will remain productive for ten or a dozen years. I know that there are some who have failed to get a full plant, but many more have succeeded, and, once it is secured, it goes on. I consider the cause of failure, as a rule, is sowing it broadcast instead of drilling it in. Alfalfa may be sown in wheat, barley or oats. It should be drilled like clover. Some advise sowing it in rows eight or ten inches apart, to admit of the space between being cultivated in years to come to kill the weeds, but I prefer to sow the ordinary distance and never fear weeds predominating or doing injury, as the alfalfa grows so luxuriantly that weeds have no chance of existing or spreading.

Alfalfa With Clover.

Some sow alfalfa alone, but, on the other hand, there are those who maintain that a mixture with white clover and orchard grass is decidedly better. The latter, it is claimed, is a great support to the alfalfa, especially in a wet season, and, while clover gives a very valuable bottom, perhaps for hay the mixture of the three may be better than pure alfalfa; also for grazing after all cutting is over. The clover and grass may be an advantage, though personally I have been always perfectly satisfied with alfalfa "straight." The cost of seeding is considerably less than for permanent pasture on a three years' levy.

Sure and Large Crops.

Any soil that will bear a good crop of wheat will produce alfalfa perfectly, and there need be no hesitation in introducing it at once in any field that has been well cultivated and is in good heart. It is far surer than ordinary clovers on stiff soils, and for the pure alfalfa crop twenty pounds to the acre should be sown. Either wholly or with the mixture mentioned the yield should be enormous, and from the second or the third year two or three crops may be cut in one year. The first is ready before any kind of hay, the second comes in just before the grain and the third in the autumn.

Automatic Flood Gate.

Set a heavy post deep into the ground at each side of the stream, as shown. Take a round log of good diameter and notch it at either end, as for a windlass. Loosely fit over each end a large clip made of old wagon tire iron and bolt these clips fast to the bottoms of the posts near the creek bottom. See cut.

FLOOD GATE.

Now bore large auger holes in the top of the log and drive a solid stake three or more feet long into each hole and secure with a spike. Up stream mortise into the log a moderately heavy post, this post to lie flat upon the bottom of the creek. When freshets come this flood gate will swing and allow the heavy current to pass over it, and as the current recedes the post weight will automatically bring the gate back into its proper position.—Cor. Farm Journal.

To Kill Canada Thistle.

If a patch of Canada thistle is large plow the ground. The spring is a good time to begin, but it will answer any time until near the blossoming season. When the ground is plowed the thistles must all be buried. After burying let the ground be worked on the surface, so as to keep the thistles virtually from showing above ground. If this is faithfully done for one season the thistles will be all gone. The vitality of the roots leaves them and they die for want of air. When thus dealing with them any implement that will stir the soil for a couple of inches and will cut off all the thistles will answer the purpose. When but few plants appear, which will probably be the case late in the season, they may be cut most cheaply with a sharp hoe.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Disking Destroys Aphides.

For the corn root aphid a successful cultural remedy has been found. As may be generally known, this insect, like many other aphides, is cared for by certain species of ants. The ants construct their nests in the soil and care for the aphides the year round. On one farm it was found that where the soil was disked three times and harrowed once before planting, thus breaking up the ant nests, the number of ants and aphides was reduced by 92 per cent.

A Good Yielding Wheat.

Harvest King, a red, smooth chaff wheat, gave the largest yield of grain of any variety in a recent test at the Pennsylvania experiment station.

Plain Farming.

A tool in the hand is worth three where you can't find them.

Better not try to make a fifty-four inch sickle cut sixty inches. It won't pay.

If you get [illegible] your own table you will make beef pay.

Don't gauge the cultivation of the corn by the growth of the weeds.

It's a hard proposition to do everything that ought to be done nowadays.

A well cultivated cornfield can be fitted for small grain by disking. A poor field must be plowed.

A miss is as good as a mile when the cow kicks you, but when you kick her it's better than five miles.—Kimball's Dairy Farmer.

SHAVE WITH HOT STEEL.

An Old Cutler's Advice to Men Who Use a Razor.

"Whenever I hone a razor," said an old English cutler, "I always give some advice with it, free, gratis, and I take great satisfaction in knowing that I have made shaving easier and more comfortable for more than 10,000 men. Almost every barber will tell you how to strop a razor, but it takes a cutler to tell you how to care for your strop and how to get the best work out of your blade.

"A swing strop, canvass on one side and horse hide on the other, is the best. Always hold it taut and draw the razor lightly, but swiftly, from heel to point. If you let the strop sag you will put a round edge on your blade. Don't forget to cover your strop or put it away in a drawer after using. If it hangs in a bathroom near a window the dust and grime get into it and soon take the edge from your razor. Whether you keep the strop covered or whether you don't, rub your open hand over the two surfaces to free it from dust.

"But what I consider my most valuable advice is how to do away with shaving paper entirely and at the same time improve the cutting quality of the razor's edge. Nine men out of ten shave themselves in a room where there is running hot water. Now, the way to get a most gratifying result is this: Lather thickly and well and let it remain on the face half a minute before you begin to shave. If you have time wash it off, for with it will come the grit and dirt that you have loosened up in the pores of the skin, and then apply a second coat. It will be as soft, smooth and clean as new velvet.

"Now turn on the hot water faucet and let it run. Hold the razor under the stream until it is heated. Then take a slanting, or diagonal, stroke, like a farmer does with a scythe, not a square pull, and you will be amazed to find how beautifully and easily the hot blade cuts the beard.

"When it is filled with lather hold it under the running hot water instead of using shaving paper. This will wash off the lather and at the same time heat the blade again. Don't be afraid of taking out the temper. That would be impossible if you put the razor in a kettle and boiled it. Try the hot blade and you'll never shave with the cold steel again."—New York World.

On Himself.

They had quarreled again.

"Perhaps you are not aware," she said, "that I had over a dozen proposals of marriage before I accepted yours."

He flushed.

"And perhaps, madam," he retorted haughtily, "you are not aware that I proposed to nearly twenty women before I became acquainted with yourself."

Temper.

If a man has a quarrelsome temper, let him alone. The world will soon find him employment. He will soon meet with some one stronger than himself who will repay him better than you can. A man may fight duels all his life if he is disposed to quarrel.—Cecil.

Posted.

"Can you repeat the Declaration of Independence?" she asked.

"I used to be able to," he replied, "but about all I remember of it now is, 'To be or not to be—that is the question.'"—Judge.

From the Woods.

A popular soprano is said to have a voice of fine timbre, a willowy figure, cherry lips, chestnut hair and hazel eyes. She must have been raised in the lumber region.

MONTE CRISTO CHATEAU.

Home Upon Which the Elder Dumas Squandered a Fortune.

At his architectural folly of Monte Cristo, near St. Germain-en-Laye, which he built at a cost of upward of 700,000 francs and sold for 30,000 francs in 1848, Dumas had uninclosed grounds and gardens, which, with the house, afforded lodgings and entertainment not only to a host of bohemian "sponges," but to all the dogs, cats and donkeys that chose to quarter themselves in the place. It was called by the neighbors "la maison de Bon Dieu." There was a menagerie in the park, peopled by three apes; Jugurtha, the vulture, whose transport from Africa, whence Dumas fetched him, cost 40,000 francs (it would be too long to tell why); a big parrot called Duval; a macaw named Papa and another christened Everard; Lucullus, the golden pheasant; Caesar, the gamecock; a peafowl and a guinea fowl; Mysouf II., the Angora cat, and the Scotch pointer Pritchard.

This dog was a character. He was fond of canine society, and used to sit in the road looking out for other dogs to invite them to keep him company at Monte Cristo. He was taken by his master to Ham to visit Louis Napoleon when a prisoner there. The latter wished to keep Pritchard, but counted without the intelligence of the animal in asking Dumas before his face to leave him behind. The pointer set up a howl so piteous that the governor of the prison withdrew the authorization he had given his captive to retain him. Some of the dogs that Pritchard invited in stayed altogether. Others remained only for a meal.

One day Michel, the gardener, said to his employer, "Does monsieur know how many dogs there are in his property?" "No, Michel, I don't." "Well, there are thirteen." "An unlucky number. Take care that they don't all eat together, for if they did one would be sure to die in the year." "Oh, it's not that that troubles me