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THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

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PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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SOMETHING NEW.

And it pays you to read all advertisements when it makes you money to do so.

When you can find out where to buy the best Bed-room suit in the market for $19.

When you can find out where to buy the best Parlor suit for $38, best crush plush.

A beautiful set of dishes, 114 pieces, for $12.50.

Beautiful toilet set, 12 pieces, for $4.99.

Then we say it doubly pays you to see our adv. this week and next.

Don't forget to see our display at the Fair, September 8, 9, 10 and 11 and our store, 136 N. Main St., Butler, Pa.

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AFTER HARVEST

you want NEW FURNITURE to replace some of the old

We are headquarters for first-class goods. Remember we have no mark down sales; our prices are always as low as is consistent with good goods.

A full line of QUILTS in addition to other bedding.

E. S. DREW, - 128 E. Jefferson, St.

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Hardware and House Furnishing Goods.

Washing Machines; the Standard Rotary Shuttle Sewing Machine, 2500 stishes per minute; the No. 7 American sewing machine, also Singer and Empress; agricultural implements and Lansing farm wagons; New Sunshine & Howard ranges, Stoves, table and pocket cutlery, hanging lamps; manufacturer of tinware, tin roofing and spouting a specialty; the Johnston mowers, reaper and steel frame binder, Warren ready mixed paint, warrented; screen doors and windows, refrigerators and lawn mowers.

No better place in the city to trade.

Come and see my large store room full of goods, 136½ feet long.

WHERE A CHILD CAN BUY AS CHEAP AS A MAN

Diamonds { RINGS, EAR-RINGS, SCARF PINS, STUDS,

Watches { GENTS GOLD, LADIES GOLD, GENTS SILVER LADIES CHATLAIN,

Jewelry { Gold Pins, Ear-rings, Rings Chains, Bracelets, Etc,

Silverware { Tea sets, castors, butter dishes and everything that can be found in a first class store.

RODGER BROS. 1847 { Knives, Forks, Spoons—Triple Plate.

E. GRIEB,

THE JEWELER

No. 19, North Main St., BUTLER, PA.,

TWO ADVENTURES

MR. PORTMAN BROWN was a prosperous, elderly gentleman, of quiet ways and fixed habits. A small circle of familiar friends supplied all his social needs, he concerned himself little with the rest of humanity, belonging to the class who can live side by side in the same street with a fellow-creature all their lives without so much as knowing them by sight.

Among Mr. Brown's fixed habits was a yearly tour.

But he did not take it, like most people, in the summer months, but in the early spring. Regularly as the first week in March came round, he went abroad. A common place tour, in beaten tracks, following the usual routine of travel in steamers and trains, and lodging at palatial hotels. No adventure had ever broken the uneventful record of these tours for over a quarter of a century; no more exciting incident than an unusual overcharge at some hotel had come within Portman Brown's personal experience.

In 18—, when March came round, he made the usual preparations for his yearly tour in his usual way.

On the evening before his departure, an old city friend, Mr. Goldsmith, dined with him at his house in Harley street. When about to leave, Goldsmith drew a small case from his pocket.

"I brought this with me on the chance that you were going to Cannes. You will do me a great favor by giving it into my brother's hands there. It contains a brilliant of such rare value that I could trust it to few. It will give you no trouble, being so small; there will be no risk, as no one will know you have such a thing with you."

"Anything to oblige a friend," said Brown, lightly. "I would take the Koh-i-noor as a traveling companion under the same circumstances."

The two men were standing at the study window, the blind of which happened to be up. While in the act of placing the case to his pocket Brown's eyes wandered to the street. At the moment the light from a lamp in front of the door struck on the face of a man who was passing—or had he been standing there?—a peculiar dark face, with straight black whiskers.

The man moved on.

Brown drew back hastily.

"None of your people knew that you were giving me this commission?" he inquired of Goldsmith.

"Not a soul, my dear fellow; the matter is entirely between you and me. My head clerk alone knows of the existence of the brilliant."

"What is he like?"

"Like you, like me. Respectability itself! What are you thinking of?"

"Has he white whiskers?"

"Gray as a badger's—white, even! But, bless my soul, what is the matter? What do you mean? Have you seen anyone?"

"A man was standing there by the lamp post as you handed me the jewel case. He was apparently looking at us, and might have heard what we said."

"Then he must be in the street still," said Goldsmith, throwing up the window and putting his head out. Brown did the same. The night was bright. Not a soul was to be seen anywhere; the street was quite deserted.

"A neighbor or a neighbor's butler. He has gone into some house." Goldsmith withdrew from the window. "In any case, no one could have heard, nor, I should think, have seen us. As for my clerk, Travers, I boast myself an honest man, but I don't hesitate to acknowledge that he is the honester of the two. Your imagination is playing you tricks. I didn't know you were given that way. Perhaps you would rather not take charge of the brilliant?"

But Brown would not hear of this. Already shamefaced over his hasty and somewhat ridiculous suspicions, he dismissed them abruptly.

"Not for worlds would I give up the charge," he said. "I'm not such a fool as I seem. The man probably is one of the new neighbors; there are a good many newcomers in the street."

THEY WERE STANDING AT THE STUDY WINDOW.

Portman Brown set next morning for Lucerne via Brussels and the Rhine, staying a few days at Ostend on the way. He took his place in the undeniable comfort of a first-class carriage in the express to Brussels with a mind as free from care and uneasiness as an elderly gentleman ever possessed. A life of plain, undiluted prose had, up to this, kept his imaginative faculties in complete abeyance; lunatics, hypnotists, murderers, etc., as possible fellow-travelers, had never entered his mind. As a rule, indeed, his fellow-travelers no more excited his interest or notice than his near neighbors at home. On this occasion he was just conscious, in leaving the station at Ostend, that an elderly couple were the other occupants of the carriage; he merely gave a passing glance from his newspaper at the man, a stranger, who got in at Bruges and sat down on the opposite seat.

Nearly an hour had passed before Brown laid down his newspaper, and when he did he was horrified to see in the traveler who got in at Bruges the dark-faced man who had excited his suspicion when he started from London.

At Brussels Brown dodged the dark-faced man.

Never within the whole course of his experience in foreign ports had Brown passed a more wretched night; the morning found his nerves in a sad state. He, who had never before known himself the possessor of nerves! The fidgety man who made fussy arrangements about starting by the first train for Lucerne, and whose eyes had a way of casting furtive—not to say apprehensive—glances around, was strangely unlike the self-satisfied, phlegmatic Briton who had arrived the evening before at the Three Kings.

The success of this maneuver in leaving Brussels made him repeat it; besides he was in a perfect fever to get to the end of his journey, and rid himself of the charge of the diamond. His spirits rose considerably as the hour of the train's departure drew near without any appearance of the "shadower" in the station. Brown remained on the platform until the last moment, then, with a fervent sigh of relief, he entered the railway carriage. The train was just moving off when the door was suddenly opened, a breathless porter dashed in a handbag and parcel of rugs, followed by a still more breathless traveler. The door was shut, the engine shrieked the last departing signal, the train moved from Bale station. In one corner of the carriage sat Brown; in another—the farthest on the opposite side—sat the man with the black whiskers!

How often—in fancy—we place ourselves in heroic situations, and there—in fancy—act with invariable heroism. It is quite different, however, when the heroic situation is a reality; our consequent actions are liable to be quite different, too. The position in which Brown now found himself might well have appalled the bravest. He was alone in a railway carriage with a scoundrel who had followed him from London; Brown had utterly abandoned surmise since last night and accepted each idea as an absolute certainty—the object in this scoundrel's view was the capture of the valuable diamond, which was at that very moment on Brown's person. A long journey lay before them and Brown was unarmed. At this review of the situation his heart sank; he drew back instinctively into the corner. His eyes suddenly met those of the other man; a deep flush suffused his face, which seemed to find reflection in the other's. Brown hastily took up Baedeker and affected to read, the man opposite simultaneously did the same. A transparent unreality on both sides. Brown's furtive glances invariably caught—quickly withdrawn though they were—those of the other man leveled on him. While this went on, the slightest change of position, the least movement in the opposite corner made Brown start. Might it not herald the approach of danger? A spring, a rush, the attack!

The tension was terrible; to remain inactive almost impossible. Brown had an inspiration, as a man in extremity sometimes has. Though he was not armed, he would pretend to be. That might do something; produce hesitation or delay, at least. Accordingly, he deliberately assumed a bold, even threatening demeanor. Casting a truculent glance across the carriage, he plunged his hand into his pocket, affecting to grasp an imaginary revolver. To his intense delight the ruse took immediate effect. The man opposite gave an unmistakable start, and shrank back into his corner. So far, so good. But how to keep up the pretense? What to do next? At this crisis the whistling of the engine suddenly distracted Brown. Good heavens! He had forgotten the long tunnel! They were coming to it now! His eyes, with a quick, involuntary movement, sought the lamp. It was not lighted!

Entrapped! Doomed! The wildest thoughts rushed confusedly to his brain. With a shriek the train plunged noisily into the tunnel, into darkness. The din and rattle outside contrasted sharply with the silence within the carriage. Crouched in his corner, Brown, his hearing sharpened to agonizing acuteness, listened for a stir, a rustle, the sound of human breathing drawing nearer to him. Every moment fancy detected a step, a stealthy, catlike movement. His imagination, after the neglect of a lifetime, was now taking ample revenge. Uncontrolled and uncontrollable were its wild flights. Every railway murder of which he had ever heard flashed upon him with all the ghastly details. The spring upon the victim, the struggle, the death-stroke, the body thrown out on the rails. How idly he had read of these things happening to other men! But now to realize himself as the victim; his, the body! Absolute panic seized upon him; hardly knowing what he was doing, he tried softly to open the door. It was locked, however. His movements must have been heard, there was a stir at the other end of the carriage. The fatal moment had come, the assassin was advancing to the attack. In the extremity of his terror Brown sank swiftly on the floor and crawled under the seat.

For what length of time he crouched there, half stifled, scarcely daring to breathe, Brown knew not. Agony cannot measure time. A sudden and extraordinary rush of air made his heart first stand still, and then sent the blood coursing wildly through his veins. The far door was swinging open! Something had happened! And what?

His straining ears detected no sound but the outside rattle and roar of the train through the tunnel; within all was silence. He remained listening in intense excitement and amazement until the hope which had hardly dared to stir in his breast grew into vigorous life. He was alone in the carriage! He was saved! Deliverance had come miraculously—why and how he knew not!

The tunnel was coming to an end; light began to stream into the carriage. Cautiously and slowly Brown peeped from under the seat. He was quite alone. The man had disappeared.

The fact of his escape was, at the time, enough for Brown. Afterward, in thinking over the adventure, he surmised that the man, deceived by his (Brown's) attempt to turn the handle of the door, had followed in supposed pursuit.

At the station, just outside the tunnel, Brown—alighting almost before the train had stopped—changed his place for one in a crowded second-class compartment. A few hours later the brilliant was safely transferred from his charge into that of Goldsmith's brother at Lucerne.

The rest of the tour was uneventful; he neither heard of nor saw his persecutor again.

* * * * * * *

Brown's adventure made quite a sensation on his return to London. He was the hero of the hour in his circle. Whether or not he related the circumstances exactly, as here set forth, need not be mentioned. His friend Jones, among others, gave a dinner party in his honor. Brown, with his usual punctuality, was the first of the guests to arrive.

"By the way," Jones said chaffingly to him, as the two stood chatting together on the hearth-rug, "you must look to your laurels to-night, Brown. Do you know Leroy, your neighbor in Harley street?"

"Never saw the man in my life. What's the joke?"

"A rival adventure! In Switzerland, too, and culminating in a tunnel—not sure that it wasn't the Olten one also!"

"Dear me! What an extraordinary coincidence!"

"In this case it was a lunatic, not a robber. He was shadowed at hotels and trains. You must hear the story from his own lips; he's dining here to-night. The climax is terrific. Shut into a railway carriage alone with a lunatic, aforesaid lunatic armed with a revolver. A long tunnel, an extinguished lamp, the lunatic crawling in the darkness to the attack, an escape by the skin of his teeth. Leroy has sufficient presence of mind to open the door and pretend to go out, in reality crawling under the seat instead. The ruse saved his life. He supposed that he fainted in the stifling air, for, when he was next conscious, the train had left Olton and he was alone in the carriage, from which all traces of the lunatic had disappeared."

Jones was so engrossed in telling the story, he did not remark its curious and startling effect on Brown.

THE RECOGNITION.

Just then the door was thrown open, and the footman announced "Mr. Leroy."

Jones, springing forward with effusion to greet the newcomer, led him gushingly up to Brown.

"You two must know each other," he said.

And they did. The recognition was instantaneous on both sides. With a gasp, Brown stared in speechless wonder on the man with the black whiskers, while Leroy stared back aghast on encountering the gaze of the lunatic!—London Truth.

Catching a Swordfish.

A Fall River fisherman had an adventure with a swordfish which came near being fatal to the man and resulted in the capture of the fish in a most novel manner. The fisherman in question belonged to the crew of the Hattie Ellen, which frequently makes trips for swordfish. On this occasion a large fish was sighted and struck a few miles off Brenton's reef lightship. When struck it at once darted off through the water, carrying forty fathoms of line and a large keg. For an hour it raced on. A man in a row-boat followed, and when the fish stopped, the man, believing it ready to give up, began hauling in the line. The fish came in all right for a time. Suddenly, however, it started from the bottom, came to the surface with a rush, stuck its sword through the boat and came near swamping it. The sailor had a narrow escape from being impaled on the sword; it grazed his pantaloons. Seeing that the swordfish had obligingly come to him, however, the sailor quickly resolved to hold it. He took a halfhitch around the sword sticking through the boat, and the game was secure. The schooner soon bore down upon the boat, and the sailor with the fish was taken aboard. The fish weighed two hundred and fifty pounds.—Youth's Companion.

—Progress and Poverty.—Mr. Bilgate (entertaining a western friend at his suburban home)—"I haven't much elegance to offer you, but this modest little home is the result of years of self sacrifice and it is very dear to me." His Guest—"Oh, this is delightful! By the way, who owns that elegant mansion across the way?" Bilgate—"Oh, that belongs to one of my traveling men."—Clothier and Furnisher.

THE FAN IN JAPAN.

An Article That Is Absolutely Indispensable.

The fan is an inseparable part of the Japanese dress. A native is rarely without a fan. It is his shelter from the sun, his notebook and his plaything.

The varieties of these paper fans, says the Paper Mill, would form a curious collection in respect to form as well as quality. The highest priced fan that was used in the days of seclusion from the outer world was not more than five yen, or fifteen shillings; but now they have been made to order for foreigners as dear as two to three pounds sterling.

The general prices of ordinary fans range from two shillings to guineas per hundred.

There are many curious uses for fans in Japan. The umpire at wrestling and fencing matches uses a heavy one, shaped like a large butterfly, the handle being the body and rendered imposing by heavy cords of silk.

The various motions of the fan constitute a language which the wrestlers fully understand and appreciate. Formerly, in time of war, the Japanese commander used a large fan having a frame of iron covered with thick paper. In case of danger it could be shut, and a blow from its iron bones was no light affair.

One notable variety of fan is made of waterproof paper which can be dipped in water, and creates great coolness by evaporation without wetting the clothes.

WEBSTER'S SMALL INCOME.

Only Fifteen Thousand Dollars a Year Made by the Great Expounder of Law.

The legal profession of the present day will be surprised to learn that Mr. Webster, the greatest American lawyer of his time, made but fifteen thousand dollars a year by his practice. But the fees of counsel between 1840 and 1850 were not what they have been since.

In 1848 I accompanied a client to Mr. Webster's office in Boston, says a writer in the New York Sun, and asked him to name a retaining fee in an important patent case. He said he thought that a couple of hundred dollars would do. When the case was tried his fee was only one thousand dollars. On another occasion I paid him a retaining fee of two thousand dollars for the proprietors of the Goodyear India rubber patent.

His fee for arguing the great equity cause of Goodyear vs. Day in the circuit court of the United States for the district of New Jersey, by which he established the validity of the Goodyear patent, was five thousand dollars. This was in the spring of 1852, and was the last case he ever argued.

His professional income from 1818 to 1823, during which period he was out of congress, averaged, I think, twenty thousand dollars a year.

Identification Cards.

A novel and ingenious plan to enable a person to identify himself under all circumstances, as when cashing a check or money or obtaining registered letters or mail matter, has been invented. It is in the form of an "identification card," which is inclosed in a morroco case, so that it can be carried around by the owner conveniently. The card contains in one corner a miniature photograph of the person to whom it is issued, with his signature below. Beneath this is the attestation of a notary public to the genuineness of the photograph and signature. On another division of the card is registered the name, occupation, age and citizenship of the possessor, together with an accurate description of him and his place of residence. Room is also left in another column for signatures and addresses of any references that the bearer may have.

A Brave Soldier.

Capt. John Smith is the historic name of an ex-soldier who lives down in Indiana. As the story goes, says the Detroit Free Press, Capt. John had a dog and the dog in turn had the rabies. The captain, according to the report, was out in the yard with his wife and children when the dog began to rave. With great presence of mind the valiant soldier made a break for the house and shut himself in, at the same time shutting his wife and children out, leaving them to battle with and be bitten by the dog. Isn't it enough to make a dog mad to have to associate with such a man?

BLONDES AND SEASICKNESS.

Light-Haired People Cannot Stand a Rough Sea.

Is there any mysterious reason now unknown to the learned doctors why people with light hair should become seasick quicker than those with dark? Yet, says the Chicago Tribune, Charles Young, clerk of the steamer City of Chicago, says this is so.

"I can tell 'em," Clerk Young said, "as soon as they come on the boat whether they are going to be sick or not. When I see a girl with light hair and light blue eyes, who walks in with a kind of uncertain gait, as if she did not know exactly where she was stepping, I say to myself: 'Young lady, you'll be sick before we are an hour out.' But when the black-eyed woman comes, who walks on board the boat just as if she had business there, I know that any ordinary sea will not affect her in the least.

"Three-quarters of the people who become seasick on this steamer are decided blondes. You may laugh at this, but I have made quite a study of it, and I will tell you I am right. If we had a long run I suppose it would fetch them all. My observation has been confined, of course, to the sixty-mile run across to St. Joe, where the sea in the summer time ought, according to my opinion, to make nobody sick. But these light-haired people will keel over and want to die quicker than anybody. Why is it?"

With this the philosophical clerk told the cabinmaids to prepare for a seasick time. As the City of Chicago put her nose outside the breakwater it was soon proved that this precaution was not in vain.

A Mean Brute.

It was on a train and he was trying to read. There was the usual variety of passengers, among them a lady with a very sprightly little girl that had blue eyes, a head of glistening gold and an inquisitorial tongue. She plied him with questions and toyed with his watch chain. The mother, who was a widow, fairly beamed upon him. He was becoming nervous, and turning to the mother, said: "Madam, what do you call this sweet little darling?"

The widow smiled enchantingly and replied with a sigh: "Ethel."

"Please call her, then."—Texas Siftings.

A Suspicious Circumstance.

"Oh, yes, we are engaged, but I fear she has not that utter confidence in me that comes with perfect love."

"Why, so?"

"Well, when a fellow looks back—as a fellow in love naturally will, you know—and sees her testing the diamond in her engagement ring on the window pane, don't you think he has good cause to feel a little dubious?"—Indianapolis Journal.

On Land and Sea.

The Manufacturer — What's this I hear of trouble on your ship?

The Captain—Trouble enough. Half the crew mutinied and tried to prevent the rest from going to work. Fortunately, help came, and now the wretches are in jail.

The Manufacturer—You call that mutiny? In my mill that would be nothing but a strike.—Pittsburgh Bulletin.

Had Got Back.

Collector—Is Mr. Slowpay in?

Landlady—No, sir.

"I called five weeks ago; and you said he had gone to Long Branch for a month. Hasn't he got back yet?"

"Yes, sir, he's back."

"Then where is he?"

"In the poor house."—Good News.

Hard Work.

"Are you willing to work for your living?" she asked of the two tramps who were standing on the porch.

"Yes'm, we are," replied one of them, earnestly, "an' yer kin bet we does it digestin' the things the wimmin along this route gives us to eat."—Washington Star.

Her Return Ticket.

A young couple were hurrying to catch the train out of Chicago when the bride's mother said:

"Now, Clara, you're sure you've got your return ticket."

"Oh, yes, mother; it is safe in the hands of my lawyer."—Judge.

Compulsory Resignation.

"Can you get along with one egg for breakfast, sir?" asked the waiter of a late arrival.

"I suppose I'll have to."

"But you can't have two, sir. There is but one in the house."—Truth.

Important Revision.

De Art—I understand that Ward McAllister intends to revise his book—make some additions to it.

De Science—Ah! indeed! New dishes or new drinks?—N. Y. Weekly.

Faint Praise.

"You seem to admire Miss Fortune. I hear that you said she was pretty and good."

"No. I said she was pretty good."—Munsey's Weekly.

A BASEBALL MIRACLE.

—Puck.

Superannuated.

Jones—Those nickel in the slot machines are not a new thing after all. This paper says that they are nearly a hundred years old.

Smith—Indeed! Perhaps that is why they so often fail to work.—Munsey's Weekly.

A Stationary Conversation.

"You have so much address I can hardly be expected to compete with you," said the letter to the envelope.

"Now, don't get excited," replied the envelope, "because you know you can't contain yourself."—Jury.

Too Much of a Chestnut.

The Country Maid—Tell me something interesting.

The City Youth—Let me tell you the old, old story.

The Country Maid—Oh, I have heard that before.—Jury.

In Maulstick's Studio.

Mr. Leaflarde (of Chicago)—That there picture of a pig is splendid, sir, splendid—never saw anything so true to life. I do believe you're the very man to paint a portrait of me.—Munsey's Weekly.

Distances Lend, Etc.

"Don't you like to hear some one singing on the water far away?" she asked.

"Yes," he murmured, "far away."—Life.

No Fees for Him.

"I understand that Dr. Prosy has preached against the summer girl."

"Yes; he doesn't like her, because she never marries."—Life.

SHELTER FOR MACHINES.

Why Every Well-Regulated Farm Should Have a Tool House.

It is not to be wondered at that manufacturers of agricultural machinery get rich. The owner of farm machinery would do vastly better to go in debt for means with which to build a tool and machine house than to get trusted for new implements with which to work his land and then leave them to nature's mercies. The indispensables in a tool house are a tight roof and dry floor. For the former it is doubtful if anything is superior or in the long run cheaper than shingles. For floor lumber will do, but a well-drained, slightly raised floor made of coal ashes, engine cinders, clay or brick is preferable, being more durable and stronger. But a floor of this kind positively must be well drained or the machines will be injured by dampness from below. Where a site can be secured next the road and sloping from it, the sills laid on low walls can be filled level with the flooring. This will pack down hard and give great satisfaction. On level land it is better to raise the ground in front

of the tool house to the height of the floor than to use an incline, as it is easier to roll the stock in and out. An excellent building erected for this purpose I saw in Worcester county, Mass. It is built like the drawing. The little doors enter a shop 8 feet wide across one end. Rolling doors protect the remainder of the front. They are hung so as to pass one another or the small doors and the convenience is perfect. Wagons or machines out of order may be taken bodily into the shop where wrenches, etc., quickly put them to rights wet days. The shed is 20 feet wide and may be made of any desired length. A rolling platform 8x12 feet covers an aperture in the upper floor through which sleighs, rakes and other light things are raised by pulleys for storage. A piece of scantling fastened to the wall near the floor will prevent mowers and wagons from marring it with their hubs. Abundance of light should be let in and the fowls kept out the same as snow and other destructive agencies.—Hollister Sage, in Farm and Home.

CHEAPER THAN CORN.

Oats, Bran and Oilmeal the Most Profitable Ration for Hogs.

It is commonly cheaper to feed oats, bran and oilmeal than to feed corn to hogs. The same amount of money invested in these foods will make a greater gain than when invested in corn, unless corn is abnormally cheap. If a pig is raised in this way all the food it receives while fattening will return more profit than if the animal had been reared on corn alone. A neighbor who is an excellent feeder and usually feeds spring pigs for sale in the fall or winter, found himself one summer with 50 pigs and very little old corn. The prospect for the new crop was poor. I urged him to buy a ton of oilmeal and two tons of bran, taking the trouble to weigh out 1 pound of oilmeal and show him that when it was stirred into 2 gallons of boiling water thick slop resulted. I told him that $40 invested in bran and oilmeal would feed his pigs liberally for 80 days or until his corn was well matured and ready to feed. He was too cautious to borrow money to do this and, up to the time new corn was ready to feed, his pigs had a light diet and were not thrifty. My pigs were growing nicely. As a result mine, though a month younger and sold 18 days earlier averaged 66 pounds each more than his, and he fed the most corn. His pigs had taken on an unthrifty habit and didn't feed well. He finally sold them a month earlier than he intended because he found they were not paying for their food. My pigs at 6 1-3 months averaged 200 pounds and at the rate they were gaining when sold would have passed the 300 pound notch before they were nine months old. When pigs are to be fattened at eight to ten months old farmers would make money to sell corn and buy oats, bran and linseed meal, pound for pound. I practise what I preach in this matter and can heartily recommend the diet.—Waldo F. Brown, in Farm and Home.

DAIRY SUGGESTIONS.

SKIMMED milk can be kept sweet for from twenty-four to forty-eight hours by heating it. It must be heated to 150 degrees.

THE odor of some churns, especially the barrel churn, is enough to sicken one of butter for a lifetime. Keep the churns clean.

WHEN the particles of butter are almost the size of a grain of wheat, stop churning, draw off the buttermilk and turn in water to wash the butter.

"EXCEEDINGLY good buttermilk," said a gentleman who was recently given a glass of that fluid. He was right, for it was thick with butter.

THE milk of the goat is rich, we would say in answer to an inquiry, but the goat is no animal for the farm. We were never in love with a goat of any kind.

FEED the heifer calves well. It fixes the habit of consumption and digestion and develops the digestive organs. There is a good deal more in habit, in such cases, than we sometimes think.

THERE is a good deal in letting the same milker milk the same cows right along. The milker then knows the cow and the cow knows the milker. There is nothing like being well acquainted under such circumstances.

AS USUAL in the fall we invite the attention of all those who are still breeding scrub cows or other scrub stock to look carefully at the improved breeds at the fair and compare them with the scrub. Seeing is believing in such cases. At least it should be.—Western Rural.

A Crawl.

Cal Somine (rising)—Gen'lemen, I kain't continue in dis game; dar's cheatin' goin' on. (Three razors are instantly drawn.) Huh—ah—! But, as I was sayin', I'se only made two dollars 'n' a quawtah by hit, w'ich I begs t' refund, and withdraw!—Puck.

Another Boom.

Eastern Man—How is Cosmopolo City, the "Occidental Wonder of the Western World," and "Belle of the Plains," prospering?

Western Man—Finely! Finely! We've got two stores and a blacksmith shop in full blast now.—Good News.

After the Proposal.

She (hesitatingly)—This is very sudden, Mr.—er—er—Smith, is it not? We only met last night, and—

He—But reflect. I've only a week to stay here, and there are forty other girls at the hotel and about two men.—Judge.

A Prominent Place.

Young Lady—What a delightful scene! How prominent that massive rock stands out.

Soap Manufacturer—Yes; very fine. I'll have a man come down here to-morrow and paint a sign on it.—Judge.

He Had a Choice.

Ben—I don't think much of girls. However, I'd rather be a girl than a goose.

Tom—Probably, but I think it impossible for you to accomplish the transformation.—Life.

A SERIOUS MISTAKE.

Why Fall Pasturing of Meadows Is Not a Profitable Practice.

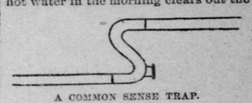
It is a common practice in many parts of the country to turn the cattle, horses and sheep upon the hay fields after the crop of hay has been gathered, and the second crop, or "rowen," has appeared in luxuriant growth. There is a strong temptation to such a course, because at this season of the year the pastures have begun to dry up, and the stock has begun to look less thrifty, while the yield of milk from the cows has very materially diminished. But like all temptations to do unwise things for the sake of temporary advantage, this one should be resisted. It is to be presumed that the great majority who practice fall feeding of meadow lands do not comprehend the extent of the injury that comes from such a course. They see only a little increase of growth, a few more quarts of milk per day, but fail to reason back from effect to cause when succeeding seasons show a rapidly decreasing yield of hay, or other crops, upon these fields, some considerable part of which is surely due to this fall pasturing.

Most plants require for vigorous growth a soil, not hard packed, but fairly light and well drained, with roots left undisturbed when once they have begun to stretch out through the soil in search of food. Moreover, it is the habit of grass plants to form a thick mat or carpet over the ground, which serves as protection for the roots against the washing of heavy rains, the alternate thawing and freezing of early spring, and the scorching heat of late summer. When meadows are cropped by cattle, many plants are torn outright from the soil, the roots of others broken or loosened and exposed to the frost, rain and heat. In addition to this, the feet of the stock are constantly packing the soil solidly around the plants, which hinders free drainage; or making foot holes that become basins for water and ice. But the actual injury to the grass plants is not all—by feeding off the second growth nature's plans for protecting the grass during the cold of winter are thwarted, and very much of "winter killing" is the result. Where snows lie deep and continuous, this difficulty is not so apparent, but even cold climates are subject to "open" winters, which are sufficiently trying to grass lands, even when well protected.—American Agriculturist.

THE KITCHEN SEWER.

Progressive Farmers Everywhere Construct One Nowadays.

It is always better to have sewer pipes and drains too large than too small. For the kitchen sink and the washing, an earthen pipe at least 3 inches in diameter should be used, with a lead pipe from the house not less than 1½ inches in diameter. The trap used is an important matter, not only for its effectiveness in preventing a back flow of air, but for the purpose of cleaning it occasionally to remove the grease which will always collect in it, and in time prevent its action. Besides this grease, shreds and fibers of different kinds will gather in it, and these must be removed at intervals. A well-constructed trap is therefore indispensable. It is made as shown in the cut, and is attached to every pipe in the house, the sink, wash-basins, etc. It has a sewer opening, as shown, which affords means for removing obstructions. The trap may be kept free from grease by filling it at night with a hot solution of concentrated lye, which dissolves the grease, and a flushing with hot water in the morning clears out the



A COMMON SENSE TRAP.

dissolved matter. A trap of the same material as the drain pipe is also fitted half way down as an additional security. The drain may have its outlet in a convenient place where the waste water may be absorbed by some suitable material, which should be removed at short intervals. It is often the case that a drain like this, while it conveniently removes the household wastes, really makes the nuisance worse by making a collection of them that is neglected under the mistaken belief that, not being seen, they are effectually disposed of, and thus the drain may become a worse evil than that which it is intended to remove, unless this fact is well considered and acted upon. In laying the drain, the fall should be as great as may be possible, and the outlet should be as far from the dwelling as it can be, even if the length of the drain is added to.—H. Stewart, in Rural New Yorker.

Money in Bees and Poultry.

I am a farmer on a small scale, but make a living, all the same. I do not plant cotton, nor sugar-cane, nor corn nor oats, nor wheat, but I always make a crop, rain or shine. Last year I raised 600 bushels of potatoes, 200 dozen cabbage heads, 400 dozen eggs, 600 spring chicks and nearly 3,000 pounds of honey. My principal crop this year will be poultry and honey. I have sold twenty-two stands of bees for which I received $65, and 2,440 pounds of honey for which I have realized 8 cents per pound, or $195; up to July 1 I had sold 350 young fryers at an average of 15 cents each and 364 dozen eggs at 10 cents per dozen. I have done all this and tended to a pasture of 250 acres.—Farmer's World.

The Manure Heap.

Let the hens work in the manure heap all they wish. They will find a large amount of valuable food, and they will work the manure up into a fine condition, by scratching over it, that will render it the best that can be used for the garden or for flowers. There is a large proportion of food in the manure of animals that will be of service to the hens, and they should have the privilege of securing it as a matter of economy.

UNLESS fattening for early market two feeds a day is all that is necessary now if the fowls are allowed to run out.

In No Danger.

"You can't be too careful how you handle paper money, Dorothy," remarked Mr. Skrimp. "They've found out that it's covered with microbes and disease germs."

"They won't hurt me much," said Mrs. Skrimp, shortly. "It's mighty seldom I'm exposed to 'em."—Chicago Tribune.

No Time for Idleness.

Retired Business Man—I am rich at last, and now I'm going to find a perfect climate to live in.

Great Traveler—Good idea! I've always held that when a man retires from business he should immediately take up something that will keep him occupied for the rest of his life.—N. Y. Weekly.

Rapid Transit.

Mr. Stammer (who has just boarded cars at Philadelphia for New York, to conductor)—S-S-S-Say, c-c-c-