State Library

THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

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Butler Fair.

The Butler County Agricultural Association will hold its fifteenth annual exhibition on its grounds in Butler

SEPT. 6, 7, 8 & 9, 1892.

Liberal Premiums; an Interesting Race Program for Each Day; Excursion Rates on all Railroads to Butler; Special Premium of $100 for Herd of Seven Head of Either Holstein Herfords or Durhams.

Entries for Horses and Cattle Close Monday Evening, Aug. 29, or one week before the Fair; Music by the Great Western Band, Etc., Etc.

For Premium List and other information, address

Ira McJunkin, Sec'y.

12 Years Sentence.

Twelve years experience for your benefit. For twelve years we have been in the buggy business and in all that time not a single individual has accused us of misrepresenting the quality of a vehicle sold. It must be a satisfaction for everyone to know that they have a firm that never misrepresents—and that years of experience enables them to know the quality of work they sell. Our business has increased year by year until it is twice that of any other similar concern in the State, and we feel so good that we have a notion to jump out of our 3d story window—but we won't—for now, just before the Fairs we want one great big busy month, and are ready for it. We have the goods and must make prices so as to induce customers to buy quick. Remember we keep everything pertaining to a driving or team outfit.

Now look at a few prices: Leather halters 50 cents, team work bridles 90 cents, buggy whips 10 cents, a whole set of buggy harness $4.75, a full set of wagon harness, with breeching, for two horses $18; heavy leather fly nets $1.50, wagon and buggy cushions 75 cents, top buggies $45, two seat spring wagons $40, etc.

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Now don't be backward, come in whether you want to buy or not. Walk in just as you would into your mother's room—you are just as welcome. Take a ride on our new elevator, free. Now do come. If you don't need anything come walking right in and say you don't want to buy but look and you are welcome. If you have a package of any kind you can leave it here until you are ready to go out of town without charge, our location is central.

Remember the place and remember we are the first and only persons who ever had enough energy within themselves and confidence in their fellow citizens to bring down the price and depend on increased sales to compensate them. We did it. You appreciated it and dealt liberally with us and now we want the crowning month of our life. Hurry now come along, get ready for the Fairs and drive thereto in just as good a rig as your neighbor.

Respectfully,

—:o:—

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My doctor says it acts gently on the stomach, liver and kidneys, and is a pleasant laxative. This drink is made from herbs, and is prepared for use as easily as tea. It is called

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All druggists sell it at 50c. and $1.00 per package. Buy one to-day. LANE'S FAMILY MEDICINE MOVES THE BOWELS EACH DAY. In order to be healthy this is necessary.

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CHAPTER VII.

THE ARK IS STOLEN.

How really like a house their rude, little old house-boat appeared to the boy who had been lost in the woods and spent the night in a tramp's camp, and to the old man who had passed the long hours in wandering up and down the lonely road searching for his lost one. What comforts it contained, and with what a delightfully easy motion it glided down the sunlit river. Even Rusty seemed to feel that he was at home, and to recognize the place; for the moment he was taken into the cabin he sprang up on Arthur's bunk and nestled down at its foot, where the boy had prepared a bed for him two days before.

While Uncle Phin was getting ready the breakfast for which they were all so hungry, Arthur and Rusty, who had fully recovered his spirits, had a fine game of romps, during which the dog displayed so much intelligence, and performed so many funny tricks, as to completely win his young master's heart.

When breakfast was finished Uncle Phin and Arthur sat on the cabin roof, under a bit of an awning that the former had contrived, and talked of their recent experience, while watching, with the delight of simple natures, the exquisitely beautiful scenery through which they were drifting. Between them, apparently appreciating it all as much as they, sat Rusty contentedly wagging his tail, the little white tip of which seemed the emblem of perpetual motion. He had evidently transferred all his affection to Arthur, and the expression of his honest eyes as he turned them upon his young master was of love and perfect confidence.

This day was but the first of many such, during which the ark, with frequent stops, drifted down the quiet river, ever southward, and, as its occupants fondly hoped, ever getting nearer to the far away home that they sought. They always tied up to the bank at night, and every now and then they spent several days in a place, while Uncle Phin sought odd jobs of work by which he might earn a little money for the replenishing of their stock of provisions.

At length during one of these stops their dream of continuing to their journey's end in the ark was rudely dispelled by a man for whom Uncle Phin did a job of work.

"Get to Richmond or anywhere near there in that craft and by following this river!" he exclaimed with a loud laugh, when the old negro had explained their plans. "Why, if you keep on, this river'll take you into the Ohio and the Ohio'll carry you into the Mississippi, and it'll drop you into the Gulf of Mexico, and then if you keep on, you'll bring up, may be, at the South Pole, but you won't ever make Richmond. Oh no, what you've got to do, is to sell your boat when you reach Pittsburgh, for money enough to carry you in the cars to Richmond, and I don't reckon you'll have any trouble in finding a customer if you don't set too high a price on the old craft."

Further inquiry assured them that the man's words were only too true, and so, when, a few days later, they reached the smoky city, they realized that their pleasant voyaging was over, and that new trials were awaiting them.

It was late in a dull November afternoon when they moved the ark in the mouth of a small creek in the outskirts of the city and began to prepare for supper the very last food remaining in their slender larder. After eating their scanty meal and after Uncle Phin had lighted his pipe they sat down in the little cabin for a serious discussion of their future plans.

As their backs were turned to the window that was nearest the shore,

AN EVIL-LOOKING FACE WAS PEEPING IN AT THEM.

neither Arthur nor Uncle Phin knew that, during this conversation, an evil-looking face was peering in at them, and that its owner was an attentive listener to all that they said.

Now, as they looked up, startled by an uneasy growl from Rusty, who had just detected the stranger's presence, and sprang barking toward the window, the face was hastily withdrawn, and appeared no more.

The next morning they cast the ark loose from its moorings and allowed it to drift a mile or two down past the city water front. At length they reached a piece of comparative quiet, amid the bewildering number of steamboats, tugs and barges by which they were now surrounded. It was just below a great bridge that spanned the river at this point, and here, after half an hour of great anxiety and hard work, they finally succeeded in making their boat fast to the levee.

Then, not knowing what else to do, they waited patiently for some hours in the hope that a customer would appear and make them an offer for the ark. But of all the hurrying throngs who passed the place no one paid the slightest attention to them. Uncle Phin had just decided that it would be necessary for him to go ashore and in some way make it known that he had a boat for sale, when a stranger came walking briskly toward them and sprang aboard.

Growling savagely, Rusty would have flown at the man whom he recognized as the one who had looked into the cabin window the evening before, had not Arthur seized and held him.

"Good morning," said the stranger politely. "Fine watch dog you've got there."

"Yes," replied Arthur, "he is; but I never knew him to want to bite anybody before."

"Oh, well," said the man, "he probably isn't used to city folks; but he will get over that. I came to ask if this boat is for sale?"

"Of course it is," replied the boy, delightedly; "we have been hoping somebody would come along, who wanted to buy it."

Then they showed the stranger all over the boat, explaining to him what an unusually fine craft it was, and, before long, had told him all he wanted to know of their history and plans.

He was a shabbily-dressed man; but they were accustomed to seeing such people, and never for a moment mistrusted him, when he said that he had been looking for just that kind of a boat, in which to take his family to New Orleans for the winter. They only congratulated each other, on securing a customer so readily, by exchanging sundry significant looks and smiles behind his back.

At length he asked their price for the boat, and Uncle Phin, emboldened by his praise of the craft and evident desire to possess her, answered that as boats seemed to be in pretty good demand, he thought this one ought to be worth twenty dollars.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the stranger. "Twenty dollars! Why, she is worth fifty, if she is worth a cent, and I couldn't think of offering any less for her. Say fifty and we'll call it a bargain."

Was there ever such a generous and honest man? Both Arthur and Uncle Phin thought there never was, as they gladly accepted this magnificent offer, and thanked him for it besides.

"Now," said the stranger, "business is business, and I should like to take possession of the boat at once; while I presume you are anxious to pursue your journey. If you will just step up-town with me to my bank, I will pay you the fifty dollars, and on the way I will show you the station of the railroad that goes to Virginia. Then we'll get a team to come down here for your baggage, and you'll be all right."

Neither Arthur nor the old negro could think of any particular baggage that they wished to carry with them, unless it was their bedding and Uncle Phin's axe, and they told the stranger so. He said they might think of something else after they had got their money, and that at any rate they had better go up-town with him and secure it at once.

Arthur suggested that it might not be safe to leave the boat all alone, and proposed that Uncle Phin go for the money, while he and Rusty stayed behind to guard it.

"Oh, that's all right," said the stranger. "You never knew such honest folks as live around here. They wouldn't touch any thing that didn't belong to them for the world. Besides I want you both to sign the bill of sale and the receipt for the money."

So, after carefully closing the cabin doors and windows, the trusting old man and the boy, ignorant as yet of the world's wickedness, accompanied the plausible stranger up-town. Arthur led Rusty by a bit of rope fastened to the leathern collar Uncle Phin had made for him, and had some difficulty in keeping him at a safe distance from the stranger, toward whom the dog seemed to have taken the greatest dislike. Moved by some impulse that he could not have explained, the boy had also taken his precious book from its shelf at the last moment, and now carried it under his arm.

The stranger continued to be very polite and entertaining, as they walked through the crowded streets, and pointed out several places of interest; among others, the railway station from which they were to take the train for Virginia.

They walked so far that Arthur began to grow tired, and was very glad when they at length entered a fine building, above the door-way of which he read the word "Bank" in large letters. Here both the old man and the boy were awed and bewildered by the imposing appearance of the interior, into which they were ushered. They wondered at the number of desks, at which busy clerks sat writing behind a high and strong iron grating, and at the crowds of people who stood in long lines before the little windows in it, or passed hurriedly to and fro. Leading them to a retired corner out of the throng, their guide bade them wait there for a few minutes while he prepared the papers that it would be necessary for them to sign and procured the fifty dollars. Then he mingled with the crowd of men about them and disappeared.

For fifteen minutes or so the attention of the old man and the boy was fully occupied by the novel scenes about them and in keeping Rusty quiet. Then they began to watch anxiously for the stranger's return and to grow somewhat uneasy over his non-appearance. When half an hour had passed they were thoroughly alarmed, and began to walk up and down the crowded space in front of the iron grating, peering wistfully into the faces of those who filled it, but without seeing him whom they sought.

At last a man who had been closely watching their movements for some time stepped briskly up to them, and, laying a hand on Uncle Phin's shoulder, said:

"Come, get out of here, old man! I've had my eye on you since you came in, and it's evident that you have no business here."

"But, boss, we'se a lookin' fer —"

"Yes, I know you are looking for something you won't find here, so clear out, or else I'll have to put you out."

There was no use offering a further resistance to the detective, and so, the next minute, our two friends found themselves in the street, utterly bewildered, and not knowing which way to turn.

"What do you suppose it all means, Uncle Phin?" asked Arthur.

"Don' know, honey. Hit beats de ole man's 'sperience an' he don' kear to know any fing about hit."

"There is something wrong, any way," said the boy decidedly, "and I think the best thing we can do is to get back to the boat just as quick as possible."

By inquiring they found out in which direction the river lay, and started to make their way to it as fast as they could. It was a long, weary walk, and when they finally reached the river, they spent nearly an hour searching and inquiring before they discovered the bridge near which the ark had been left.

Now the boat was nowhere to be seen. In vain did they gaze up and down the river. They saw other house-boats, and many strange crafts of all descriptions; but nothing that looked in the least like the one that had sheltered them for so long that it seemed like a very home. Then the truth began to dawn upon them. Their boat had been stolen, probably by the very man who had persuaded them to accompany him up-town and then deserted them.

This belief was finally confirmed by a good-natured boatman of whom they made some inquiries, and who told them that the craft for which they were looking had been boarded and taken away by a couple of men, more than two hours before. They had of course floated off down the river, and the boatman said the only thing for them to do was to hire a tug and go after her.

As this would have cost at least twenty dollars, and as they did not have a cent, it was of course out of the question, what were they to do? And what was to become of them?

It was almost night, and in addition to being very tired they were very hungry. This latter unpleasant sensation was evidently shared by poor Rusty who began to whine and look pleadingly up into his young master's face. To add to their misery the dense smoke clouds that had been hanging lower and lower over the city now enveloped it entirely in damp, sooty folds and a cold, drizzling rain began to fall.

Poor Arthur was so utterly wretched that he would have cried, but for the remembrance that he was a Dale. As they turned slowly away from the river without knowing where to go, their future did indeed look black and unpromising. Never before had Arthur felt the terrible gnawings of hunger as now.

NOW THE BOAT WAS NOWHERE TO BE SEEN.

"Oh, Uncle Phin," he moaned, "can't you think of any way to get something to eat? Just a loaf of bread or some crackers?. It doesn't seem as if I could stand it any longer."

"Well, honey! My pore lil lamb! De ole man is er rackin' his brain an' er projectin' an' er tinkin' and hit's mo'n likely he'll strike up wif somo plan d'reckly. You see, dis yeah 'sperience hab kim up powerful sudden, an' its emposserbilities hab tuk me by 'sprise. Now, we might sell dat ar dog Rusty, fer ernough to buy a squar meal, ef we know'd whar to fin' a pusson what wanted a dorg."

"Sell Rusty, Uncle Phin! Sell my dear little dog! Why, I'd starve first!"

"Dat's it! Dat's jes de way I knowed 'twould be," said the old man, shaking his head sadly. "Well, dar's dat ar book of yourn. We might er—"

"My precious book, that the beautiful lady gave me!" cried the boy. "Why, Uncle Phin, that's worse than Rusty. I wouldn't give it up for any thing in the world; not even for a great heaping plate of hot buckwheat cakes with maple syrup on them."

"Or a fat possum roasted in a hole in de groun'?" suggested the old man, his mouth watering at the thought.

"No, nor a beefsteak with baked sweet potatoes and hot rolls," said the boy, who, under the circumstances, was certainly placing a high value on his book.

"Or a big dish er hominy, smoking frum de kittle, wif a plenty er po'k gravy," added Uncle Plin, eagerly, unable to conceive of any thing more likely to tempt a hungry little boy than this.

"No, not for any thing that ever was cooked, or ever will be, would I give up my own dear book," said Arthur, stoutly.

They had found a temporary refuge from the rain in a doorway, and stood within its shelter during this exchange of the tantalizing thoughts uppermost in their minds. Nearly opposite to them

IT WAS A BILL FOR FIVE DOLLARS.

there was a street lamp, that had just been lighted, and they watched the lamp-lighter enviously, as he shouldered his flaming torch, and walked away, whistling merrily, doubtless to a home and supper.

"Now," as in answer to Arthur's last remark, Uncle Phin was saying: "Well, den, honey, I don't see but what we'se got 'er go hungry 'til to-morrer, when may be I kin git a job er wood-sawin'," there came a quick rush of feet on the wet flagging. Arthur turned to look at the flying figure, and gave a little cry of recognition, as the light from the street lamp fell on its face. At the same instant, Rusty recognized in it his old persecutor, the boy with whom his young master had fought in the tramps' camp. With a growl, he sprang forward. Arthur still held the end of his rope, and the dog's movement was so sudden that it nearly threw him down. As it was he stumbled, and the precious book, so recently the subject of their conversation, fell to the sidewalk. The next moment another figure, and this time it was that of Sandy Grimes, the big tramp, rushed past, evidently in pursuit of his boy, and then all was again quiet.

Recovering himself, and taking a firmer hold on the rope that held the still excited Rusty, Arthur stepped forward and picked up his book of fairy tales. As he did so a bit of dark paper, that seemed to fall from between its leaves, fluttered to the wet stones, and this the boy also picked up. Curious to see what it was, he held it to the light and uttered a cry of incredulous amazement.

It was a bank bill for five dollars; and, although Arthur did not know it at the time, it was the same one that his friend, Brace Barlow, had slipped between the leaves of the book on the night that he bade them farewell. Why Arthur had not discovered it long before will always be a mystery that can only be accounted for by the fact that the book was a large one, and contained many stories, several of which he had not yet read. Between the leaves of one of these the bill had probably lain all this time, and now in the hour of the boy's sorest need it came to him as though it were indeed the gift from the fairy godmother, who had penned the inscription on the fly-leaf of his precious book.

Continued next week.

—The Washington State building at the World's Fair will show to some extent the forest resources of the state. The foundation alone will contain 171 logs, some of them 120 feet long and 42 inches in diameter at the small end. The superstructure of the building will contain, besides heavy timber, fine finished woods, showing the grain and structure of the woods, and a complete exhibit of shipbuilding material.

USE OF A PASSPORT.

The Singular Experience of a Traveler in Germany.

"Mine is rather a hard case," said a discouraged graduate of a young ladies' seminary. "I can't get a position as a teacher because I haven't had experience, and if I am never allowed to teach, how am I to get my experience?" A somewhat similar paradox was perpetrated by a German officer, mentioned by Mr. Henry W. Wolff in "The Country of the Vosges." This traveler had been wandering about Metz asking questions and seeing the sights, and he says:

On my return to the station, I found a surprise awaiting me. The German police had found me out; not a difficult task, since I purposely went about quite openly.

However, that, it appeared, made no difference. There, at the entrance to the station, stood a Prussian gendarme, all on the alert, looking very ferocious with what the German song calls "a moustachioed air." He was on the lookout for me, and stopped me at once.

"Have you a legitimation about you?" he asked, rather gruffly.

"Yes; but do I want one? Am I not entitled to travel in the country without a passport?"

He looked angry, eyeing with disgust my "Murray," which bore, all too plainly, upon its cover the title "France."

"I must see it. I hear you have been about the town looking at things and asking questions."

"It is true; that is what I am traveling for."

"I must see your passport."

"What? In defiance of the emperor's regulations?"

"Do you not understand," said he, pompously, "that I must see your pass port in order to be able to judge whether or not you are entitled to travel without one?"

Here was logic, but logic which, however feeble, must be heeded. I produced my passport, and after having studied for a tedious interval, he gravely announced that I was fitted to travel without one.

WE LOVE MEDICINE.

A Doctor Says That Americans Are a Nation of Drug-Takers.

I think Americans should be described as a nation of medicine takers. The returns from the sales of patent medicines are astonishing, but no general practitioner is at all surprised at this, because he has long since learned that hypochondria exists almost universally, and that medicine taking is the great delight of an enormous percentage of mankind, says a physician in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

One great object a doctor should have in view is to cure with as few doses as possible, and I believe that ninety-nine out of one hundred medical students commence practicing with this idea before them. If their experience is like mine they have somewhat let down in their efforts in this direction, and if they have not done so they have certainly offended quite a large number of patients.

There seems little to choose between the sexes in the matter of a desire to take medicine regularly, and it is often impossible to persuade an apparently rational-minded patient that a cure has been effected, that no more medicine is needed and that nothing but good diet and careful habits are required to build up the constitution.

A number of doctors save themselves from falling from grace by prescribing a harmless tonic after effecting a cure, but those who pride themselves in disposing of cases by aid of a dozen doses or less seldom attain any great popularity.

The often quoted and much vaunted practice in China of paying a physician while his patient is well and stopping his pay during sickness could never be introduced successfully into this country, because so many people who are perfectly well are prepared to file affidavits that they are dangerously sick, that no doctor under the China regime would be able to earn his board.

WHISTLING A GIFT.

What a Professional Lady Whistler Says About the Art.

Mrs. Alice Shaw, the celebrated American whistler, has this to say of her peculiar gift: "A clever whistler must be born, not made. The natural gifts necessary are a good ear, a sound pair of lungs, a favorable formation of the cavity of the mouth, regular teeth and a flexibility and agility in the orbicular and buccinatory muscles. The strain on these muscles are great. After an hour's practice I have been compelled to apply electricity to my lips to get them into a normal condition. I breathe like a singer, from the diaphragm, and whistle as any artist would sing. Trilling is to me as easy and natural as ordinary speech. It is the notes which must be long sustained that are most difficult. My compass is two and three-fourths octaves. I never whistle on an inward breath. My notes are always directed outward. The higher the note the closer my lips; the lower the note the larger the orifice. The possibilities of a whistle are almost unlimited. The art is at present in its infancy. I phrase music as do the most careful singers. During my first performances my lips became so dry that it was difficult to produce a clear, liquid tone. I now use an ointment which obviates that difficulty. I practice an hour—sometimes more—daily, and this has had a doubly beneficial effect. It has not only enchanced my proficiency as a whistler; it has caused my chest to expand four inches in the last three years."

"Bummer" Not American Slang.

Americans get credit for a great deal of slang which originates on the other side of the Atlantic. The word "bummer," for instance, is not an American, but an English expression, being found in the market laws of two hundred years ago, where it was used to designate a retail dealer in fish who peddled his goods outside the market and without a license. A transition from an unlicensed peddler to a disreputable loafer was one which came easily and naturally in the course of time.

Makes Its Own Trouble.

"That's a mighty poor circular you have to advertise your eye wash."

"Why?"

"It is so illegible it gives a man sore eyes to read it."

"Well, isn't that good for the eye wash?"—Harper's Bazar.

AN ELEPHANT ON HIS HANDS.

—Life.

His Reproof.

Minister—Those wicked boys were playing ball again in Jones' lot as I came from church.

Minister's Wife—Didn't you stop to reprove them?

Minister—Yes, but it didn't have any effect. Young Cowles made a daisy three-bag hit and let in three runs, and the crowd didn't have any use for me.—Judge.

OUR COUNTRY ROADS.

They Isolate the Farmer and Are a Great Waste of Money.

The St. Paul Pioneer Press, in reviewing an article in the Forum by John Wesley Bookwalter, says: "While Mr. Bookwalter is right in ascribing much of the tendency of population to move from the country to the city to the isolation of farm life, and while his plan of having farm lands so surveyed that there would be a village in the center of each section where all the families might live has excellent features, we think that he has scarcely given due weight to the evil effects of our country roads in creating and enforcing almost absolute seclusion for country dwellers.

"The worst difficulty about rural life is not the distance that separates one habitation from another; it is the fact that this distance to be traversed is a barrier, during certain seasons of the year, almost as impassable as a mountain range or a swollen torrent. Farmers, as a rule, are well supplied with vehicles and horses. They are not wedded to a life of solitude, but love cheer and sociability even better than other folks. They find these denied to them by the condition of the country roads during a large portion of the year. This is less marked in our prairie country than it is in sections at the east and south, where the soil changes, under the influence of rainfall, to a tenacious mud that practically negatives all locomotion. But even here there is a considerable portion of the year when a drive of from three to ten miles is anything but a pleasant undertaking. In the most unfavorably situated communities there are fully six months when neighborhood intercourse is denied to all but pedestrians. This is the great sacrifice which he must make who decides to try country life in the United States.

"It is hardly doubtful that a large share of the average Englishman's passion for residing in the country, and a still larger share of his fondness for long walks and rides, is due to the fact that he does not know what a poor road is. Such a highway in Great Britain as the best of our country roads would provoke the natives to an insurrection. From one end of the island to the other the traveler finds everywhere the same beautiful, even surface for driving, equal in comfort and very like in appearance to our asphalt streets, though it is only a superior macadam. Over this the heavy English carriages, which a horse could hardly move in this country, bowl merchants up hill and down dale. On one side is the graveled footpath for walking people, on the other the dirt bridlepath for those on horseback. And between them the ideal highway stretches its glistening length, free from mud or stones or dust at all seasons of the year. It is small wonder that people love the country, and that short distances do not deter them or compel them to live secluded where the facilities for travel are such as these.

"Yet the difference between the country roads of Great Britain and those of the United States is rather one of intelligent interest and painstaking than one of expense. The Englishman has simply learned how to go about roadmaking. He prepares the surface with almost or quite as much care as we do for laying a pavement. Then, when the macadam is laid on, he sees to it that it has constant attention. A little break, a slowly forming depression, is not allowed to ruin the roadway. Stocks of finely broken stone are ready prepared everywhere, and the slightest defect is repaired immediately.

"We think it can be proved that in many of the older communities of this country the people have actually paid out more money for highway construction and repair per mile than it has cost the English to create and maintain their almost perfect system of roads. A good deal of the money has been wasted by political spoilsmen. Most of the remainder has been applied unintelligently, a lot of men digging deep ditches on either side of the highway, throwing the earth from these into the center and thinking that this convex surface of newly-dug mold could be called a road and this process 'road mending.'

"There are signs of an awakening of intelligent interest in the subject in some quarters. Professorships have even been established in some of the colleges to teach the art of roadmaking, and people are beginning to understand the frightful economic loss of putting an embargo on travel during a good portion of the year, or else compelling all beasts of burden to consume vital force and exhaust themselves unnecessarily. It will be a saving to be counted by millions of dollars annually, and it will be a marvelous gain socially and morally as well as industrially, when we shall have such scientific roadmaking in the United States that the rural dweller will possess, so far as private conveyance is concerned, the same advantages that are enjoyed by the residents of cities."

Sulphate of Copper Solution.

Dr. Jabez Fisher (Bulletin No. 17 of the health experiment station, Massachusetts, is of the opinion that a solution of sulphate of copper in the proportion of 1 pound to 800 gallons of water is ordinarily safe and sure for spraying fruit trees and vines. Experiments at the station showed that covering a grape terrace with an awning, so as to keep off dews and rain, made the space under the trellis "an oasis of health in the midst of a desert of fungi." To develop the spores of fungi they must have moisture.

Eradicating Disease.

Eradicating disease is not a matter of a week or a month. While it is proper to use all precaution in order to prevent disease in the herd or flock, it is only by selection of the hardiest and most vigorous animals for breeding that disease may be mostly prevented. It is from inbreeding and debility that disease becomes permanent. Inherited defects can never be eradicated. In the natural condition animals select their mates from among the most vigorous, and in domestication man must use judgment in mating his stock.

Exhausted.

Cleverton—Last night I called upon that girl you introduced me to the other day.

Dashaway—So she informed me this morning when I met her.

Cleverton (eagerly)—Tell me, old man, did she say anything about me?

Dashaway—Not a word. She said she was too tired to talk.—N. Y. World.

He Told the Truth.

Dora Summergirl—You told me you were a gentleman of leisure; and now you say you have to go back to the city on business.

Launt Ennis—What I say is true. I am a clerk in one of the municipal offices, and have to go back to morrow to draw my salary.—Puck.

The Age of Organization.

New Boarder—Well! well! This is the first place I've struck where they have preserved strawberries and peach jam instead of stewed prunes.

Old Boarder—All owing to organization, my boy. Us boarders have a mutual protective association, with iron clad rules and heavy penalties.

"Oh, ho! You kicked against prunes, did you?"

"Not much we didn't. We passed a law that whenever prunes came on the table every member should eat a quart or pay $10 fine. That settled it. The landlady found prunes too expensive."—N. Y. Weekly.

PEACH LEAF CURL.

A Disease Which Occurs Wherever Peaches Are Grown.

This peculiar disease is widespread both in this country and in Europe, occuring wherever the peach is grown. It often severely injures nursery stock; young, thrifty growing trees are more subject to its attacks than those more mature. The curl is limited to the period when the young shoots and leaves are most tender; after the tissues of these parts are fully formed or matured they are no longer affected. The disease shows itself as soon as the leaves are expanded. By the first or middle of June the only signs of the malady are the withered leaves on the ground and the shriveled shoots on the tree; new leaves have already developed on the lateral twigs. The illustration, Fig. 1, shows the characteristic appearance of a peach leaf affected with the curl and the same engraving illustrates a twig diseased from the same cause. Frequently the

FIG. 1.—LEAF CURL AFFECTED LEAF AND TWIG.

entire leaf is involved, the diseased part being somewhat thicker and of a more fleshy texture than that in health. The under surface is usually smooth but the upper has a more or less mealy appearance. When the leaf stock is affected it swells to several times its normal thickness and seldom attains its full length. These portions have a pale green color, the surface is swollen and uneven, and turns black and dies. The cause of peach-leaf curl is a minute fungus named Taphrina deformans. It is closely related to the fungus which causes "plum pockets." The mycelium or spore producing part of this fungus forms a net work of threads resembling a string of beads in the tissues of the peach leaf. This is illustrated in Fig. 2. From these threads the spores or seeds are produced by which the disease is spread from tree to tree. These

FIG. 2.—LEAF CURL FILAMENTS MAGNIFIED.

falling on young tender shoots penetrate their substance and cause them to curl up and finally die. So little is really known of the life history of the curl that little can be said regarding preventive measures. Removing and destroying all the leaves and young shoots as soon as they show signs of the malady, and at the proper season, cutting well back the branches where the disease existed, is the best course, and ought to mitigate the evil. As an experiment it is suggested that the trees be sprayed in March or before the buds begin to swell, with a 30 or 40 per cent. solution of sulphate of iron.—Orange Judd Farmer.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

IF buying a given amount of food in the cheap fertilizer you pay perhaps twice as much for freight, cartage, bagging and handling as you do in buying the better brand.

PROF. ROBERTS, of Cornell university, finds by repeated experiments that sheep are the most valuable of domestic animals in keeping up the producing capacity of the farm.

ONLY about ten per cent. of the apple trees planted ever come into bearing. This big waste is ascribed to a combination of causes, the chief one, lack of care the first year.—Nebraska Farmer.

A WEED is a plant out of place. A corn plant, a wheat plant or a potato plant may be a weed by being too close to another. Treat such as weeds and thin them out without delay.—Prairie Farmer.

THE Michigan Farmer says an English gardener, who has had great success in raising radishes, mixes his radish beds with one-half soft coal ashes and soot. Under this plan his beds are not infested with worms.

MANY tons of manure are transported from our cities which contain less than a dollar's worth of soluble food. This may be beneficial as a mulch, but is too often a very costly way of preserving the fertility of the land.—Elmer E. Summey.

IT is best to grow a variety of corn that will mature. If it is struck by frost after it has arrived at the glazed stage it will keep as well in the silo and make as good fodder as if it had not been frozen; that is our experience.—Prof. Robertson.

AT the first appearance of blight hill your potatoes as high and steep as you can. The fungus is washed down through the soil by rain. If it reaches the potatoes it causes them to rot. By hilling, it will be washed between the rows away from the potatoes.

A Boomerang.

Editor—You complain about the jokes I print being dull. Well, perhaps they are, but you ought to see those I do not print.

Critic—I do, in other papers, and I enjoy them hugely.—Truth.

An Impossible Condition.

He—Will you marry me?

She—On one condition.

He—What is that?

She—An improved financial condition.—Kate Field's Washington.

The Difference.

Frank—How can you tell a sunflower from a daisy?

Oliver—A daisy is yellow and white, just like the sun, while a sunflower isn't.—Harper's Young People.

A Dutiful Daughter.

Grace—Is there anything I ought not to read in this book?

Mrs. Kipper—No, dear.

Grace—All right; then I won't read it.—Puck.

A Plain Inference.

Dallas—I hear that you proposed to Miss Testy last night and got a refusal?

Callous—Well, as to that, she didn't bluntly refuse me; she wouldn't wound my feelings by doing that, yet the inference of her remark was plain enough.

Dallas—What reply did she make to your proposal?

Callous—She said if I was the last man on earth she might consider it.—Boston Courier.