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THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL. xxxvi BUTLER, PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1899 No. 36

FALL FOOTWEAR

Our entire fall stock of BOOTS, SHOES and RUBBER goods are all in. We bought early and gave large orders thereby enabling us to offer you the best of solid footwear at away down prices. No advance in price of leather goods, and felt goods cheaper than last season. We have an extremly large stock to select from.

LEATHER GOODS.

Men's kip double sole and tap box toe boots	$2.50
Boy's " " " " " boots	1.50
Men's high cut box toe shoes	1.75
Boy's high cut double sole and tap shoes	1.75
Youth's " " " " " " "	1.50
Women's best kangaroo calf shoes	1.25
Women's best oil grain shoes	1.25
Misses' best kangaroo calf shoes	1.00
Children's best kangaroo calf shoes	85
Children's fine dongola shoes	40

RUBBER LIST.

Men's Storm King rubber boots	$2.75	Women's regular height rubber	$1.35
Men's regular height rubber boots	2.25	Men's buckle arctics	1.15
Boy's regular height rubber boots	1.50	Ladies' buckle arctics	85
Youth's regular height rubber boots	1.35	Ladies' Misses' and Children's rubbers	25

FELT GOODS.

Men's best white felt boots & snag overs	$2.00	Men's Grey felt boots and second overs	$1.50
Boy's " " " 1st grade overs	1.50	Boy's " " " " " "	1.00
Youth's " " " 1st " "	1.10	Youth's " " " " " "	75

Full Stock of the SOROSIS SHOES The NEW SHOE FOR WOMEN

In all the latest styles for fall wear. Full stock of the A. E. Nettleton fine shoes for men. Ladies' and Gents' felt shoes and warm lined shoes and slippers.

Visitors to the Butler County Fair, we welcome you to our store. Make this your headquarters during your stay in Butler.

JOHN BICKEL,

128 SOUTH MAIN STREET, - - BUTLER, PA.

NOW

That the dread house cleaning is over the next and more important work is picking a new carpet To pick a carpet in our well stocked carpet rooms is a pleasure, so say the many who have done so. We have the famous Hartford Axminister, Wilton Velvets, Body and Tapestry Brussels and Ingrains in all the up-to-date patterns, only, and prices that will astonish you. Then our China Mattings, Floor and Table Oil Cloths, Linoleums, Rugs and Art Squares, deserve a passing notice. Ask to see our

$1.00 Axminister Rugs,

Neatest thing for the money ever shown in Butler at

DUFFY'S STORE

MEN

Won't buy clothing for the purpose of spending money. They desire to get the best possible results for the money expended. Notcheap goods but goods as cheap as can be sold and made up properly. Call and examine my large stock of

SPRING SUITINGS.

Right up to date, the latest styles, shades and colors that could be bought. Call and examine them.

Fits and Workmanship Guaranteed.

G. F. KECK,

142 North Main Street, Butler, Pa

PAPE'S, JEWELERS.

Diamonds, Watches, Clocks, Jewelery,

Silverware, Spectacles etc.

We have a large and well selected stock.

We Repair all Kinds of Watches.

If you have broken jewelery that you think beyond repairs bring it to us and we will make it as good as new.

We take old gold and silver the same as cash allowing the highest market price.

122 S. Main St., Butler, P

ELKO PAINT!

Ready for use is the best paint on the market SENOUR FLOOR PAINT stands second to none, fully guaranteed.

Full Line of WALL PAPER for this fall; prices lower than ever.

Picture and Mirror Frameing a Specialty.

Room Mouldings, Stationery, Paints, Oils and Varnishes.

Contract Painting & Paper Hanging

Patterson Bros.,

236 North Main Street, Butler, Pa.
Wick Building. Peoples' Phone 400

A DIAMOND FOR A DOLLAR.

A Limited Special Offer Which Will Last for Ten Days Only.

GENUINE BARRIOS DIAMONDS have a world-wide reputation. It is almost impossible to distinguish them from genuine diamonds costing hundreds of dollars each. They are worn by the best people. We will forward a GENUINE BARRIOS DIAMOND mounted in a heavy ring, pin, or stud to any address upon receipt of price, $1.00 each. Earrings, screws or drops, $2 per pair. Ring settings are made of one continuous piece of thick, shelled gold, and are warranted not to tarnish. Special combination offer for ten days only! Ring and stud sent to any address upon receipt of $1.50. In ordering ring give finger measurement by using a piece of string also full particulars. Address plainly THE BARRIOS DIAMOND CO., 1151-1153 Broadway, New York.

L. C. WICK,

DEALER IN

Rough & Worked Lumber

OF ALL KINDS.

Doors, Sash, Blinds, Mouldings, Shingles and Lath Always in Stock.

LIME, HAIR AND PLASTER

Office opposite P. & W. Depot.

BUTLER, PA.

FEEL THE CHANGE.

Hundreds Voluntarily Endorse a Scientific Product

A Statement by a Well Known Citizen Who has Found Great Relief by Using it.

The great good that Morrow's Kid-ne-oids are doing in Pennsylvania for all forms of kidney and urinary disorders is being daily told by our citizens. All who use Kid-ne-oids for backache, dizziness sleeplessness, nervousness and general debility give hearty expression of the quick relief they obtained.

Mr. Wm. M. Yaley, Clerk at Masters Robinson & Hardy's hardware store, New Kensington, Pa. says: "For years I have suffered with disorded kidneys, I had a dull heavy pain in the small of my back and in stooping or lifting I would have a sharp shooting pain just over the kidneys. I was so nervous I could not sleep. I also had urinary troubles of an alarming nature Morrow's Kid-ne-oids were recommended to relieve me, so I decided to try them. After taking them for a few days the pain stopped and my nerves are strengthened, I will continue to take Kid-ne-oids, believing that I will be cured in a very short time."

Morrow's Kid-ne-oids are not pills, but Yellow Tablets and sell at fifty cents a box at all drug stores and at Redick & Grohman's drug store.

Mailed on receipt of price. Manufactured by John Morrow & Co., Chemists, Springfield, Ohio.

Butler Savings Bank

Butler, Pa.

Capital - - - - $60,000.00
Surplus and Profits - - $170,000.00

JOS. L PURVIS ..... President
J. HENRY TROUTMAN ..... Vice-President
WM. CAMPBELL, Jr. ..... Cashier
LOUIS B. STEIN ..... Teller

DIRECTORS—Joseph L. Purvis, J. Henry Troutman, W. D. Brandon, W. A. Stein, J. S. Campbell.

The Butler Savings Bank is the Oldest Banking Institution in Butler County.
General banking business transacted.
We solicit accounts of oil producers, merchants, farmers and others.
All business entrusted to us will receive prompt attention.
Interest paid on time deposits.

THE Butler County National Bank,

Butler Penn,

Capital paid in - - $100,000.00
Surplus and Profits - $130,703.95

Jos. Hartman, President; J. V. Ritts, Vice President; C. A. Bailey, Cashier; John G. McMarlin, Ass't Cashier.

A general banking business transacted.
Interest paid on time deposits.
Money loaned on approved security.
We invite you to open an account with this bank.

DIRECTORS—Hon. Joseph Hartman, Hon. W. S. Waldron, Dr. N. M. Hoover, H. McSweeney, E. E. Abrams, C. P. Collins, I. G. Smith, Leslie P. Hazlett, M. Finegan, W. H. Larkin, Harry Heasley, Dr. W. C. McCandless, Ben Masseth, J. V. Ritts.

Braun's Pharmacy,

Cor. 6th St. and Duquesne Way,

Pittsburg, Pa., L. D. Telephone 2542.

Wholesale and Retail.

Importer and Jobber of Drugs, Chemicals, Perfumes, Soaps, Brushes, Etc.

The only house west of New York carrying a full line of Meyers' Grease, Paints and theatrical goods.

Physicians' Prescriptions

Compounded Day or Night by "Registered Pharmacists" only.

Wholesale and retail dealer in Lubricating and Illumniating Oils, Capital Cylinder, Dynamo, Water White and Standard Gas Engine Oils, Gasolein, Benzine, Paraffine Wax and Petrolatum.

Address all mail orders to

W. F. Braun.

Rare Bargains!

We want to dispose of our present stock of '99 models, and in order to do it quickly have cut the prices from $30, $35 and $40 to $22.50 and $25. These are strictly high grade and up-to-date bicycles, and can't be matched for price and quality. Don't miss this opportunity to procure a good wheel for little money. We sell sundries cheaper than and other house in town.

WHITE, WALTER & CO.,

303 S. Main Street.

$1.98 BUYS A $3.50 SUIT

2,000 CELEBRATED "NEVERWEAROUT" DOUBLE SEAT AND KNEE, REGULAR $3.50 BOYS' TWO PIECE KNEE PANTS SUITS AT $1.98. A NEW SUIT FREE FOR ANY OF THESE SUITS WHICH DON'T GIVE SATISFACTORY WEAR. SEND NO MONEY, cut this ad. out and send to us, state age of boy and say whether large or small for age and we will send you the suit by express, C. O. D. subject to examination. You can examine it at your express office and if found perfectly satisfactory and equal to suits sold in your town for $3.50, pay your express agent our Special Offer Price, $1.98, and express charges. THESE KNEE PANT SUITS are for boys 4 to 15 years of age and are retailed everywhere at $3.50. Made with DOUBLE SEAT and KNEES, latest 1900 style as illustrated, made from a special heavy weight, wear-resisting, all-wool Stanton Cassimere, neat, handsome pattern, fine Italian lining, genuine Grecian 1st rising, padding, staying and reinforcing, silk and linen sewing, fine tailor-made throughout, a suit any boy or parent would be proud of. FOR FREE CLOTH SAMPLES of Boys' Clothing for boys 4 to 19 YEARS, write for Sample Book No. 952, contains fashion plates, tape measure and full instructions how to order. Men's Suits made to order from $5.00 up. Sample sent free on application. Address,

SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. (Inc.), Chicago, Ill.
(Sears, Roebuck & Co. are thoroughly reliable.—Editor.)

H. O. HAYS. L. H. HAYS.

PUT YOUR RIG UP AT

Hays Bros.'

Livery and Sale Stable.

Best Accommodations in Town.

West Jefferson street, Butler, Pa

People's Phone 109,
Bell's Phone 59.

A MEMORY.

I keep the flower you gathered me.
'Tis precious, past all measure,
And you—but ah! you soon forgot
The heart you sought for pleasure.

Among my treasures lies your note,
With words and phrases tender,
But frailer far than fading ink
The feeling of the sender.

I know 'tis foolish thus to care
These symbols dead to cherish,
And yet—and yet—I only know
I cannot let them perish!

—St. Paul's.

AT THE STILE.

They Quarreled and Met to Return Letters. Then They Returned Them—Twice.

They might have been brother and sister or cousins accustomed to each other's society every day in the year. Certainly they did not act like lovers. They walked carefully, the man mincingly, on either side of the dusty lane, each keeping close to the border of the grass.

"I think," said the woman, "that it is the very wisest thing we can do."

The man started—he glanced covertly at her, then turned his face very deliberately to her as he replied: "I will not say you are wrong. But have you reached this conclusion suddenly, within the past hour, or did you arrive at it last night?"

"Last night."

"Then you doubtless thought of everything in connection with—with'—

"Our quarrel?" she looked straight at him. Her face was not disturbed in the least that he could see; she seemed, indeed, to be unusually self possessed.

"Yes."

"I apprehended as much." The man braced himself with an effort; it required an effort. "I made due provision for this interview."

"A case of telepathy." She laughed. Her laugh was the same—there was not a false note in it. The man could not have laughed naturally if his life had been at stake. "You mean you have brought my letters?"

"Yes."

"I brought yours with me, Carroll." She uttered his name just as she always uttered it. At that moment he could not trust himself to utter her name. He would exhibit feeling—he knew it. And to think—this was the woman he could have sworn sympathized with him as no other person in the wide world sympathized with him in his work and aims. Yes, it was well that they had made the discovery in time.

She handed him a small, dainty looking package; he reached her a larger and by no means as neat a package; he observed the difference himself. Then he inferred that his feelings were much the deepest; she had been at pains to make hers attractive; he had no thought of mere appearance when he tied his. He felt as if his heart was bound up—going from his in that little package.

"Now that it is all over, Clara"—it required an effort to call her by that name—"will you tell me my chief offense? I am not indifferent; I like the good opinion of my fellows—that is, while I preserve my self respect—always. Of course, I do not fancy the idea of going through the world in a way that would subject me to the criticism of any sensible man or woman."

"Well, I am rather glad you ask that. It disabuses me of one impression. Now that everything is over between us I will be entirely frank with you. Indeed, it is due to you to say that I do not—no, I am quite sure I have never met a man whose manners, whose estimate of himself (judging from his manners and general bearing), are more perfect or commendable than yours."

"You have taken a load from my shoulders—positively you have—Clara."

"How about my manners?" She held her head a trifle higher; her parasol at that moment was deflected; he could just see the lower part of her face; her chin seemed a little redder—or was it imagination?

"Why, what on earth do you mean?"

"I asked you a very simple question. But it does not make any difference."

"Your manners"—

"Did you not say last night that I was too demonstrative—when Miss Challoner fainted and her dog was trampled by Mr. Trescott?"

"You must have wholly misunderstood"—

"Well, perhaps I was mistaken there. But do you recall your words—your exact words—when I was introduced to your friend, Mr. Grinnell?"

"I do not. Now I do recall it. I may have said I thought you unlike yourself. Somehow you seemed, for the first time, precise. But"—

"Then you persisted in going away and leaving me with him."

"Miss Machmont beckoned to me—you saw her with her mother."

"That did not occur to me. Of course, you could not have walked across the room with me and left me with them?"

"It was doubtless stupid of me, but"—

"Let us say no more. It is all so unlike us to part like children."

"But about Grinnell. I did not know he was, ah—disagreeable to you. If I had dreamed"—

"Do you tell me that you did not know he pursued me two years ago—the very first year I was out? I have been annoyed by him more than by any other man. I never liked him—and never will."

"Am I to understand that Mr. Grinnell is the gentleman that your mother referred to last fall when"—

"Please let us not speak of Mr. Grinnell any more."

"But I want to say I only became acquainted with him a week ago, and"—

"I am glad no one observed us. I dislike that Miss Dreggitt. She is a confirmed gossip—and busybody."

"Yet you took her arm last night and walked away with her."

"The wisest thing I could do—how else do you think I coud have diverted her attention? She has eyes like a hawk's."

"You mean"—

"I mean that if I had not walked away at that precise moment with her all the world would know we were at odds. Is that plain enough?"

"But you—you walked away with Mr. Grinnell."

"For the same reason that you walked away with Miss Dreggitt."

"I hope you will remember me among your truest friends, Clara."

"You have no better friend than I am."

"If anybody had told me yesterday we would be walking here this way today"—

"I might say the same. Do you mean to convey the impression I am in any way at fault?"

"You are faultless—have I not always told you so? I never realized your good sense, your justice, your beauty, as I do this moment."

"You compel me to say in reply that I never had less reason to note anything approaching a fault in you. I can say that now that everything is over."

"Is it all over? Listen, Clara. There is some inconceivable misunderstanding. You are perfection in my eyes—you must permit me to finish. I was chilled by a single glance last night—now you tell me you were annoyed about Grinnell. What has Grinnell to do with me or mine? I was grieved to the soul when you avoided me. And yet we two of all other people in the world. I did not close my eyes last night."

They were now at the stile. She grew red and pale by turns.

"Let us sit down here a few minutes. There is no one near."

"Why do you confess in one breath that you have no fault to find with my appearance or manners—and give me back my letters?"

"Why did you give me mine?"

"God knows—I do not. I thought you had suddenly discovered something that you did not like"—

"You did me the injustice to think I am changeable."

"I deserve the rebuke."

"And yet you could say with as much reason that I assumed you were changeable."

"It would never occur to me."

"How delicious and cool it is here."

"I never beheld a lovelier morning."

"Nor I."

He drew a package from his pocket. After looking at it sadly he handed it to her.

"Give me yours."

Without a word she gave him back the package he had given her near the bottom of the lane.

"We have acted like silly children," she said shyly.

"No, Clara, we have acted like sensible man and woman, and now we are not to be alone. I see Miss Dreggitt's hat and parasol. I could tell her among a million."

"Let her come. I do not care if all the world sees us."—Philadelphia Item.

Pioneers In Alpine Climbing.

The professors of the Swiss universities were the pioneers in Alpine climbing. But it would be a mistake to imagine that the pioneers were always enticed into the solitudes by love of nature, through sense of scenic grandeur and beauty, as these have been understood since Ruskin opened the eyes of men. One of them spent many a season in searching for traces of the dragon of fable. Another, as Mr. Gribble has pointed out in a weekly contemporary, went aloft to test the truth of the tradition that the top of Pilatus held Pontius Pilate's body. Gesner's feeling for mountain scenery must have been somewhat of the Ruskinian order. But Gesner was an exceptional person.

The Japanese have a proverb relating to one of their most famous mountain tops. "There are two kinds of fools—those who have not seen it, and those who have seen it twice." Until the nineteenth century modern Europeans appear to have been pretty generally of that way of thinking. Ninety years ago some of them painted the risks of mountaineering in language that in our day would be appropriate to a north pole trip in Andree's balloon.—London Daily News.

Gallantry of Ambrose Bierce.

No one made any remark upon the temerity of the ladies who invited Ambrose Bierce to deliver a lecture before the members of their club. Undaunted by his reputation they fearlessly bearded the lion in his den, a committee extending the invitation verbally.

Bierce was so taken aback by the unexpectedness of the request that, to his own surprise, he found himself weakly accepting the bid and then humbly consulting his callers concerning the topic upon which they might desire him to speak.

The president, a dignified and very conservative lady, in reply to a novel suggestion of the lecturer elect, remarked somewhat loftily that they were not a club of new women.

"I am convinced of that," answered Mr. Bierce in a bland and deferential tone, which almost but not quite concealed his cynicism. "Shall I say you are a club of old women?"—San Francisco News Letter.

Accused Unjustly.

Mrs. Newwon—Alphonso, how could you be so cruel? You swore you'd keep nothing from me, no matter how trifling it was.

Newwon (feeling in his empty trousers pocket for 10 cents he wanted for street car fare)—Well, my dear, you seem to have found it out, anyhow.—Cleveland Leader.

Well, Well!

No, Jones does not think it rude to ask ladies to remove their hats in a theater.

Turned Down.

"John tried his best to get in the railway mail service," said the old man, "but the pesky fellers what axed him questions turned him down in less time than it takes to tell it, an what I've got to say 'bout it is, what could the government expect of a poor boy that never went to school an had no book larnin?"—Atlanta Constitution.

An Important Consideration.

"How would you like to have a chunk of gold weighing eight pounds?" said the boy who was reading fairy stories.

"I dunno," answered Farmer Corntossel. "It 'ud depend on where it comes from, New York city or the Klondike."—Washington Star.

Some Men Are Born Contemptible.

"You know that shirt waist you are so proud of? Well, I went to the circus last week, and there was the clown wearing the very same pattern."

"Did it create an impression?"

"Yes; everybody roared."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Willing to Pay.

Madam Newriche—I want a first class passage to Dublin.

Agent—Yes, ma'am.

Madam Newriche—And I insist upon having a smooth passage, no matter what the cost.—Boston Transcript.

Good Neighbors.

Brooks—How do you like our new neighbors by this time?

Mrs. Brooks—First rate. They haven't refused me a single thing yet that I have wanted to borrow.—Ohio State Journal.

A CHALLENGE.

Drop your dainty heads awhile,
Flowers rich and rare,
Ere you meet my lady's smile
And find you are not fair.

Fly away, you little birds,
Tuneful throats of spring,
Lest you hear my lady's words
And learn you cannot sing.

Call the clouds to cover you,
Faroff summer skies,
Or you'll see a deeper blue
Within my lady's eyes.

Things below and things above,
All things ev'rywhere,
Challenge not my ladylove
Or perish in despair.

—J. A. Flynn in St. Paul's.

STRUGGLE ON AN ENGINE.

How an Engineer on His Back, Locked With an Enemy, Stopped the Train.

Over in the lounging room for the trainmen at the terminus of one of the trunk lines in Jersey City several trainmen were exchanging stories of hairbreadth escapes, fast rides and instances of presence of mind, while waiting to be summoned to their duties. Finally it came the turn of a small, gray haired, keen eyed man.

"Well, yes," he said, taking a chew of his neighbor's tobacco. "I had one excitin trip. It was long back in '88, before the comin of these double cabbed Mother Hubbard enjines on which, if you want to speak to the fireman, you have to stop at a telegraph station 'n send him a message or else slap the air over in the 'mergency notch 'n bring him up to you whether he wants to come or not. Never did like these pesky double deckers. I was doing stunts on the 607—a good old mogawl she were, too. Just out the shop, where she'd been overhauled 'n had the airbrakes put on her.

"I left the other end of the division on a trip right after pay day 'n my regular fireman had reported ill. I'd seen him the night before 'n he looked rather weak 'n tired, 'n I thought he'd been taken ill. They used to have a great trick doin that after they's got their mon. I had a fellow by the name of Conroy in his place, 'n we hadn't got along very far 'fore I came to the conclusion that he was a mite under the weather, too, 'n he couldn't make the old 607 steam nohow. The outcome of it was that we laid down several times on the trip 'n barely caught the steamer with our export freight. Old Nuthead, the enjine dispatcher, he made me walk the carpet, 'n said if I didn't do better'n that he'd drop me back on coal again. I hadn't been runnin fast freight very long 'n I left him feelin rather testy, but I didn't say anything 'bout Conroy, as I thought that durin our lay over in this end he'd kinder pound his ear 'n sleep off the booze 'n be all right goin back.

"We caught train 79 for the return trip with about 13 cars perishable stuff for Chicago which were rigged up with the air, which was a purty good string of airbrake cars for those days, 'n about 15 scabs, without air. I was thinkin what a stop you could make on short notice with them, 'n how you could turn things over in the caboose. Old Joe Hoffman was our conductor, 'n he was an awful man to swear 'n cut up high jinks if everything didn't come his way.

"We hadn't moved out very far along the meaders when I saw as how I'd have to do some tall figurin to git that train in on time. Soon's we'd git to a little grade I'd drop fier down a notch or two, 'n she'd kick up her heels 'n lay right down for want of wind. Conroy, instead of sleepin while he was off duty, had gone out 'n put on some finishin touches 'n made it worse.

"You can just guess I was mad clean through, 'n I thought to myself as how I would get Mr. Conroy about 30 days in which to rest 'n p'raps end his little railroadin career soon's we got home again. When we got to the first waterin tank, about 40 miles out, we had used up jest 2 hours 'n 15 minutes. The regular runnin time was only 1 hour 'n 45 minutes, so you see we'd lost 30 minutes on 40 miles almost level 'n with a light train. The outlook was that we'd never make the heavier grades on the western end unless Conroy took a brace. While I was ollin around Hoffman came runnin up cussin like one mad 'n says:

"'Blankety blank blank, you, what the blank's matter widjer? I wanter git home in time for church Sunday. Here's a message from Jersey which says as how if yer don't hurry up they'll take yer off here at the nex' plug 'n give us a respectable man.'

"As this was only about midnight Tuesday night his speech got my dander up, 'n I told him as how he 'n Jersey could both go where asbestus clothin is a boon 'n the broilin sun never sets. But I climbed up on the tank, 'n maybe I didn't give that fireman a settin out.

"'You long, lanky blunderbuss,' I says, for he was a big codger, much bigger'n meself, 'if you don't take a purty sudden brace 'n keep the wind up on this mogawl till we get in you might as well sit right down here 'n send your regrets to the super, 'cause I'll report you soon's we git in, or my name ain't John Stafford.'

"He give me a kinder reproachful look 'n commenced fixin his fire. As I turned to put my oil can in the box I spied a bottle of whisky. I grabbed that bottle 'n turned roun to Conroy. 'Aha!' I says, 'so this is the cause of our gaspin for breath every five minutes, is it? Well, here she goes,' 'n I plugged that bottle over on the track 'n broke it into 50 pieces, not without some regrets, as it had a pretty good smell, 'n I'm not dead set against the stuff myself, but I let her go.

"We got started again 'n walked away up the hill from the tank as easy as Willie Bryan makes a nice, long speech, 'n I noticed an improvement in the steam gauge right away, 'n I commenced to let 'er out at once to make up for lost time. It was purty good, even goin then for about 20 mile, then up an incline of about 3 mile 'n down the mountainside 12 mile. When we struck the top of that 12 mile hill I kept her wide open for about a half mile to give us a good start down the hill 'n then shut her off 'n let 'em buzz.

"The old 607 was a stem winder, with a boiler runnin right through the cab to the back, dividin the fireman and engineer's side. The airbrake valve was placed right on top the boiler, toward the back end of the cab, so's you could reach it nice 'n handy while sittin in the seat. I'd no more 'n shut her off when a shadder fell over my shoulder, 'n I turned quick, 'n Conroy sprung on me.

"'You dirty blackguard!' he screamed. 'I'll teach yer to chuck my booze overboard. Report me, is it? You dirty rag! Shure 'n you'll never live to see the super ag'in.'

"As he leapt on me it took me back so that before I could do anything he grabbed me by the shoulder, 'n I fell backward alongside the boiler, my head on the front doorsill of the cab, my back on the floor 'n Conroy on top of me. Although I was partly stunned by the fall, I had mind enough left to get my arms around him 'n hug him close to me.

"All this time the train had been gainin headway down that hill, 'n we were fairly sizzlin, the old mogawl swayin to 'n fro as we swung around turns. The space between the boiler 'n the side of the cab was so narrer I couldn't turn Conroy off me, 'n I didn't dare let loose of him for fear that he'd get hold of my throat. He was so crazed by the liquor that he'd drunk 'n his cravin for more that there was no reasonin with him. He was so big 'n heavy that I couldn't do much the way we lay, my back flat on the floor, hemmed in by the side of the cab on one side 'n the boiler on the other 'n I huggin him like a long lost brother, the cars behind us meanwhile doin the ragtime down that hill. Things were gettin rather excitin, as there was likely to be somethin ahead of us, 'n at the foot of the hill was another water plug. It was a branch station there, 'n the engines were switchin there at all times. If we ever hit anything at that rate of speed, I don't think Joe Hoffman or any of us would ever get in a church but once again, 'n that would be ahead of the mourners. I couldn't depend on the train crew to do anything, as you know a crew on these fast freights draw their money for sleepin 'n playin penuchle in the caboose durin trips.

"We flashed by a station half way down the hill, goin so fast that I thought as how that dispatcher in Jersey City would giggle with delight if he saw what good time that perishable freight was makin toward Chicago. I racked my brain to think what to do. As the light of that station flashed through the cab I spied the engineer's valve of the airbrake. I figured as how I could reach it with my right foot, using my toe as a hook, 'n jerk the valve around to the 'mergency notch 'n stop that train with a bang that would make Joe Hoffman 'n his crew in the caboose think we'd run into a stone wall. I wriggled 'n got my leg loose from under Conroy, 'n with a mighty effort give him a raise 'n kicked out at that valve. As luck would have it, my foot just caught the valve in the rebound 'n jerked it around in the 'mergency, 'n, say, you would have thought we had been lassoed. The jar broke both our holts, 'n Conroy staggered to his feet, fell backward through the back cab door 'n rolled off the tank. 'N that ended his railroad career then 'n there without any special assistance from me.

"Hoffman came runnin up from the caboose when we had stopped 'n yelled; 'Well, dash yer, whatcher stoppin here for? Can't you keep steam nuf to drag 'em down hill?'

"'Oh,' I said, 'Conroy, my fireman, 's got a sick sister livin back up here in the woods, 'n I guess he's gone to see how she is.

"We went back 'n picked Conroy up. His skull had been fractured by strikin a milepost, 'n they put his body in the caboose, 'n I got another fireman at he water plug, 'n we went in on time."

Just then the messenger boy came in and yelled, "Stafford, they want you fer train 81," and, taking a farewell chew of tobacco, he left.—New York Sun.

Skylark's Glorious Song.

Need I say a word about the skylark and its wholly joyous song? It inspired one of Jeremy Taylor's most beautiful and best known passages—the lark rising from his bed of grass and soaring upward, singing as he rises and hoping to get to heaven and climb above the clouds; singing "as if it had learned music from an angel as he passed sometimes through the air about his ministering here below."

And it inspired, too, one of the finest odes in the English language, Shelley's finest work, his "supreme ode." But, as may be said of another ode, it is "not in tune with the bird's song and the feeling it does and ought to awaken. The rapture with which the strain springs up at first dies down before the close into Shelley's ever haunting melancholy.

Like Keats' "Ode to the Nightingale," it is no key to the bird's song. It does not teach us anything of the thought and feeling which inspired that quivering, ascending embodiment of joy, that pilgrim of the sky, hiding itself in the glorious light of the summer heavens.—Minneapolis Journal.

The "Home Beautiful."

Fair Countess—I wish to get some rugs, something really artistic and aesthetic, you know, but I can't afford to pay a very high price.

Honest Dealer—Right this way. Here, madam, are some antique Turkish rugs just in from the factory. Take them home, smear them with grease and tobacco juice, then wash them a little, dry them in an oven, lay them for three days in the sun and they'll look as faded and antique as the genuine imported article costing ten times as much.—New York Weekly.

A Victim Resents It.

"Yah! Yah!" yelled the boys in the gallery. "Wot ye doin on de stage? Go back to de lunch counter!"

"Canaille! Rabble! Scum of the earth! Offscourings of the slums!" hissed the tragedian, "the hoodlums of the gallery hoot at me and the critics of a venal press roast me! I defy ye both! I care neither for the higher criticism nor the hired criticism!"

And he went on with his lines.—Chicago Tribune.

Her Well Intended Effort.

"This is what I would call a roast!" exclaimed the slangful young man who was watching the Dreyfus prosecution.

And the gazelle eyed girl beside him who prides herself on being quick at repartee answered:

"Not exactly. It's a Paty de Clam bake."—Washington Star.

A Cautious Girl.

"When I was about to propose to Miss Miggles, she stopped me."

"What for?"

"We are going to play golf, and she said she couldn't risk falling down in her play."—Chicago Record.

At the Hub.

The Gentleman From Chicago—Stranger, can you tell me where there is a good place to stop at?

The Citizen of Boston—Just before the "at." Good day, sir.—Indianapolis Journal.

Some of Them.

Little Horace—Papa, what are silent watches of the night?

Papa—The ones people forget to wind when they go to bed, I guess.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Where They Are All Stump Speakers.

"Is he a good stump speaker?"

"Finest ever. Why, I'll bet he'd shine as a witness in the Dreyfus case."—Chicago Post.

FARM AND GARDEN

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION

Accepted as a Fact In the Hay Barn and Provided Against.

"There are some things to be accepted on the evidence we have," according to Henry Stewart, "for it is difficult to prove them by actual eye knowledge." This he would apply to the so called spontaneous combustion of hay in a barn or stack. He says in Country Gentleman: It is probably the case that no one ever saw a barn of hay taking fire from its own internal heat, due to the fermentation and decomposition of the carbonaceous matters of it when in a damp condition. But there is a great deal of evidence, unquestionably true, which goes to prove the possibility of such an occurrence. In my own experience I have had a barn filled with clover hay which came so near taking fire and actually breaking out in flame that since then I am positively sure that the spontaneous combustion of moist or mere damp hay is not only possible and even easy, but that it is possible to put in hay in such a manner that, under the right condition of the weather, it will certainly heat to burning simply by internal fermentation and oxidation of its carbonaceous matter. I have seen hundreds of mows and stacks of hay in my life the center of which, when taken down for use, has been of a dark brown and in some instances black and actually charred by the heat.

A SAFE HAYCOCK.

It is a frequent occurrence that ships are burned by spontaneous fires occurring in the coal bunkers. The fact is that damp carbonaceous matters, as well as oily stuff of the same kind, will oxidize so actively as to take fire.

Secondary fermentation will not produce sufficient heat to cause combustion, so that it is a wise precaution to have this first fermentation go on in the hay in the field, with the hay in cocks. The form of the cock is best tall and slender, for in this form the cock will shed heavy rains and yet keep dry, if the top is protected by a common hay cap, while a low, broad one is impossible to keep dry even from a few hours' rain.

The drawing shows the right shape of a haycock and the manner of making it self shedding of the rain with a cap one and a half yards square of common sheeting. If these shaped cocks are necessarily out in the weather, they will be safe against weeks of wet, if such a misfortune should happen to a farmer, for the cap on the top will turn the water there, and the sides, well raked down, will shed all the drip. Hay put up in these cocks will cure perfectly, with no risk of harm, and once this first fermentation is over there will be no secondary one, for dampness afterward will be due to water only and not to the sap of the grass, which is sufficiently carbonaceous to start the requisite fermentation for the production of heat. A secondary wetting of the hay will cause mold, but not any fermentation of the hay by which heat will be produced.

I am so sure of the possibility of spontaneous combustion of the hay that I would be very careful to avoid the risk of it by the simple method of having this fermentation go on in the field in a safely made cock in which there is not more than 400 pounds of hay.

Seeding Stiff Clay Soil to Grass.

Prepare the soil as for wheat in August, and in early September sow 10 quarts per acre of timothy and brush and roll it in. In March sow six quarts medium red clover on light snow or light honeycombing frost. If for pasture, sow 32 quarts per acre of blue grass seed in September with the timothy.—Ohio Farmer.

The Leafless and Triumph Radishes.

A comparison was recently made by Rural New Yorker between the two unique varieties of radish—viz. Triumph and Leafless. This showed that both kinds are early and that there is but little difference between them, the Leafless being about three days earlier.

LEAFLESS RADISH—TRIUMPH RADISH.

Now The Rural Illustrates the two, showing a little bunch of the Triumph and a single specimen of the Leafless. The quality is much the same, the Leafless being a rich, darkish crimson, the Triumph white and crimson, variously splashed and dotted. The latter is nearly round, the other generally oblong. Doubtless a larger quantity of the Leafless may be grown on a given plot because of its scanty leaves. The question of relative value seems to depend upon which would sell more readily in the market, the solid colored Leafless or the variegated Triumph.

THE NOTRE DAME HIVE.

An Interesting Device For Lessening Work With Bees.

"If the bee keepers in cold countries desire a hive that combines in itself the advantages of the box for safe wintering and the loose frame hive with its facilities of frame manipulation made more easy and agreeable, a hive in which bees will winter better packed in a shed secure from storms and wet, without the trouble, expense, care and anxiety attendant on cellar wintering, then they might do well to invest a few cents in the 'Notre Dame device,' put it in one of their beehives and give it a trial," says an Indiana contributor to the American Bee Journal, in which he gives the following information about this hive and wintering device:

Almost any box or hive containing loose frames with space enough between the ends of the frames and hive to admit a board say half an inch thick can be converted into what in this locality is known as the "Notre Dame hive" by means of a simple device consisting of the following pieces:

One strip of iron one inch wide, an eighth of an inch thick and the depth of the hive. Two holes much like keyholes are punched in it near each end. Four small screws to fasten this to the board, which is cut to fit in the end of the hive. Two or four three-eighth by, three inch coach or wood screws, the points of which are cut off, and a groove cut near the end to fit in the slots in the strip of iron—a kind of little button which when in the slots will pull back as much as it will push forward. These screws, if only two, are put through in the center of the end of the hive and are so spaced that when the board is put on the slots in the iron strip will drop down in the grooves cut in the screws and rest on the bottom of the hive. If four screws are used, then two are put opposite the second frame from the outside. The heads of

NOTRE DAME WINTERING DEVICE.

the screws are flattened for convenience. Three little strips of wood are nailed on the side of the hive against which the board fits up tightly when screwed up against the frames.

One little strip of oilcloth is tacked on the end of hive and board. This is to prevent the bees from getting behind the board. The edges should be turned in so that no threads are visible for the bees to pull and bite. The holes for the screens are bored with a bit smaller than the screws, and a screw of the same size with the point sharp is used to cut the thread in the wood, because the screw with the blunt point will not do the work.

Our bees are wintered on the summer stands in houses built without any pretensions to warmth, merely affording a shelter from storm and wet. About the middle of last October the bees were warmly packed in short straw and chaff by placing a board wall about eight inches from the rear of the hives and filling this space and that in front and between the hives with a mixture of short straw and chaff. The space between the hives in some cases is two inches and in others about five.

A strong cloth was put on the frames and a full depth super put on. Then one or two little woolen blankets, and then the super was almost filled with chaff, over which a wire cloth was placed to keep the mice out; then more chaff, straw and forest leaves till all was entirely covered up.

News and Notes.

Winter beets are sown in July and August and after frost are taken up, the tops cut off and the roots stored in the cellar. One ounce of seed will sow 60 to 70 feet of drill. Early varieties may be used in 50 to 60 days. The roots will be mature in about 150 days.

Rich finely pulverized soil is needed for turnips. A sandy or gravelly loam is preferred. Sow in drills one foot apart and half an inch deep, or sow broadcast and rake in lightly. If there should be no rain, a thorough