THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

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SHE WAS IN EARNEST.

"Hullo, stranger! might you be looking for somebody?"

The man who had been addressed—a goodly-looking young fellow, wearing a costly overcoat, and bearing in his hand a traveling-bag—turned as the words were spoken and saw behind him a heavily built, elderly man of the farmer sort, who carried in his hand a long whip, and wore a broad-brimmed felt hat well pulled over his eyebrows.

"Am I looking for somebody?" he repeated. "Yes, sir. I'm looking for Mr. Mark Mellish. He was to meet me here and take me down to his place. I've been walking that station platform for a full hour, and as the sun is going down and I have no idea where I am and I—"

Here he paused, evidently thinking it best not to utter the remainder of his sentence.

"Mellish had good reasons for wanting to see me," he added. "I'm beginning to think that he never got my telegram. Have you a hotel or tavern hereabout?"

"Nothing but the boarding house at the mines," said the farmer: "and when you've got there you are at Mellish's. But if you're Mr. Nelson Noble, then—"

"I am," interposed the young man.

"Then," proceeded the farmer, "I've come to fetch you, and you haven't any need of a hotel."

"Good," cried young Noble, "this great, grand, stony country of yours, with its bald hills and nothing growing, gives a man from Connecticut a feeling of having got into the giants' country as Jack-of-the-Beanstalk did. Your depot-master trotted home awhile ago, saying that there were no more trains until to-morrow, and it is going to be a deucedly gloomy night. The idea of spending it here was unpleasant—in fact I was getting nervous over it when you spoke to me."

"And you couldn't be among honester people," said the farmer: "'tisn't like your big cities, where there is robbers, and bunko men, and pickpockets, as I've heard tell, and traps set for you everywhere. You'll find every man a brother here."

"Very likely," replied Noble, with a laugh; "however, I'm glad you came for me, Mr. ——"

"Smith, you can call me," said the old man, "and we might as well be off; my wagon is in the holler there. The horse is acting queer, and I wouldn't give him the pull up-hill. Any baggage, Mr. Noble?"

"Only this," answered Noble, with a swing of the traveling bag. "I'm only going to stay over night," and he followed Mr. Smith over the rocky road and down a steep slope until they reached the spot where a cover-wagon, drawn by a bony old white horse, stood waiting.

"You sit inside out of the draught," said Smith, "seein' you've got chilled at the depot. The wind is kinder keen."

"Thank you," Noble answered, and shortly finding the old man indisposed to talking, he fell asleep under the dingy canopy, and slept until the sudden stopping of the wagon and loud shouts from the driver aroused him.

"What's the matter?" he cried, thrusting his head through a rift in the awning, and from the shadow beyond—for night had fallen while he slept—Smith's rough voice replied:

"Darn it all, the horse has done it at last. He's dead as a door-nail, and you can't get to the mines to-night, stranger, nohow you can fix it."

"Let me look at the animal," said Noble. "Perhaps he's not dead."

"I know more about horses than you do," said Smith, "if you'll excuse my saying it. I'll have to ask you to stop at my place to-night. I'll borrow a team to-morrow and take you up to Mellish's."

"You are very good," said Noble. "Personally, I'm not in haste, but Mr. Mellish had good reasons for wishing to see me to-night; he should have sent a better horse for me."

"Oh, that's my horse," said the farmer, laughing. "He gave me the job to fetch you. Guess he had reasons for not sending folks from his place. Well, losses are to be expected, I suppose. This way, stranger; I'll take hold of you. I know the way in the dark."

And shortly Noble found himself emerging from the darkness of the starless night into a little area of yellow light that fell from a lantern swinging before the porch of a shabby looking house.

As Smith, with the freedom of the owner of the place, flung open the door, Noble caught sight of the figure of a girl of seventeen, who sat cronched upon the hearth before a blazing fire.

The girl was a handsome creature; and as she sprung lightly and alertly to her feet Noble saw that she owed nothing to the assistance of dress. Her hair was cut short like a boy's; her dress was a faded calico, made without regard to the fashion; and her shoes were the roughest specimens of the of the cobbler's art.

She stood in the blaze of the firelight and looked at them with great dark eyes that reminded Noble of those of a stag at bay.

"Brought home company, Middy," said the man, with an air of jollity. "Set supper as soon as ye can, for we're starved. Mighty plain doin's you'll find here, stranger; but you'll have to stand it."

Then he marched out of the room.

Noble sat down upon a splint bottomed chair near the fire, and looked at the girl. She stood staring at him. Evidently the advent of a stranger had alarmed her. A curious feeling of awkwardness came over the young man. Middy, as her father had called her, was too old to be spoken to caressingly, as though she were a child, and too uniformed to greet him as woman would. He compromised the matter by smiling; in return she frowned.

"I am afraid I intrude," said the young man, gently.

"Well," said the girl, "if truth is to be told, I don't want you here. Why don't you go on up to Mellish's? Your legs seem long enough to walk it. You'd get a decent supper there. I could tell you how to go."

The idea that the girl was half witted occurred to Noble.

"Oh, I'll go early to morrow, Middy," he said jestingly.

"For my part," answered Middy, "I wouldn't stay at all where I wasn't wanted."

"The prettiest idiot that I ever saw," thought Noble.

He turned toward the fire and began to stir the coals with a long poker. Meantime he kept his traveling bag between his feet. Heavy steps were heard going about overhead.

The girl began to set the table. Soon she said:

"You'll have to move. I'm going to cook."

Then he left the fireside and walked to the window, carrying his bag with him.

"You haven't a bit of pride," she said, "or you'd get out of a place where your very victuals are begrudged you. There's the door, and straight along the footpath is the road. Go to the left and keep on to Mellish's. May be they want you there."

Just then the feet of the elderly man were heard upon the rough steps that led from the garret, and he appeared smiling.

"I've fixed you up a bunk, stranger," said he. "Guess you can put up with it for one night."

"You are very kind," said Noble. "I'm afraid I am giving you trouble."

"Not a bit of it," replied Smith. "I got you into this fix through the horse dying—I'm bound to see you out of it."

Noble laughed.

The old man sat down near the table, to which he summoned his guest when the meal was ready; and shortly a young man came in, nodded, and took his seat.

"My son, stranger," said Smith, as he did so. But all Noble's efforts to make talk were fruitless, and soon after supper he decided to go to bed.

"All right. Early to bed is said to be good for folks," remarked the elder man.

He lighted a candle, and preceded his guest up stairs. A hammock swung between two beams; a couple of blankets and a pillow were arranged in it. The broken window let in the damp night air. Bunches of herbs and ropes of onions dangled from the looks in the beams.

"Sleep well," said the old man and descended the stairs again.

Noble placed his portmanteau under the pillow of the hammock and sat down on an old box. He was vexed by not having reached the mines that night, for his mission was to bring a sum of money, which Mellish had borrowed at easy interest, to tide over a season of trouble.

It was in small bills, and the men were to have been paid from it at sunset. Its delay might cause something like a riot.

It was not his fault, but it was annoying, all the same.

"The best thing I can do is to sleep and forget it," he said, and had pulled off his cravat and collar, when a whisper fell upon his ear:

"Come here," said a voice—"come to the window!" and he saw, appearing mysteriously at the broken pane, the girl's brown face and great, deer-like eyes. "Come softly," she said "come quick!"

He went to her. She had climbed upon a shed beneath the window, and stood with her chin on a level with the sill.

"Well, Middy," he said, fancying this only another outcome of a lack of good sense, "there you are, eh?"

"Yes, I'm here," said the girl in a whisper. "Lift the sash and put your head out."

He obeyed.

"I want you to come down and go with me. "I'll show you where the Mellishes live. Come I want you to."

"I'll go in the morning, Middy," said Noble.

"Morning, said the girl, "will be too late. I'm not foolish; I'm talking sense. Your name is Noble, isn't it?"

"Yes," said the young man.

"You've got a lot of money in that bag," said the girl.

"What makes you think so?" asked Noble, carelessly.

"I've heard them talking about you," said the girl—"uncle and Sam."

"Oh, they're mistaken, Middy" said Noble, carelessly.

"Mr. Noble," said the girl, "I'm risking my life to tell you this. Uncle and Sam are all I've got, and many a dishonest thing I've heard, that makes me sick to think of, I've held my tongue about. But this is the first murder they've planned to do."

"Murder!" gasped Noble.

"They know all about you," said Middy. "Last week they robbed the mail; they've done that before; but this time they got a letter from you, and know just what you've got there—" and she named the sum correctly. "Then uncle got your telegram, offering to take it to the Mellishes. So he knew that you were coming—Mr. Mellish didn't. There was no accident; the horse isn't dead; that was all a trick; Sam took him home. It was just to get you here. After awhile uncle will come up to give you some hot drink—it's full of laudanum—don't take it—pretend to. When you are sound asleep Sam and uncle mean to kill you, and bury you, and keep the money. There! I swear it."

"Great heaven! is it possible?" gasped Noble.

"Oh, my God, it is!" sighed Middy. Pretend to drink the stuff; then, when he is gone, climb out of the window; I'll wait for you below. Will you?"

"Yes," said Noble.

He stared at her, half believing her, half fancying her mad, and, with a motion of her hand, she disappeared from the window.

A moment more and Smith came up stairs, with a steaming glass in his hand.

"A night-cap, stranger," he said.

"Thank you," said Noble. "Just what I was wishing for. Can you give me something to make my pillow higher? I can't sleep with my head low."

Smith grunted and went to the farther corner, where some old garments hung. As he turned his back Noble emptied the glass out of the window.

"The right kind of stuff," he said. "Thank you."

Then Smith went down the stairs, and on the instant Noble with his portmanteau slung over his shoulder was out upon the shed. As he dropped to the ground a girl's hand caught his wrist, and he was hurried away toward a road which lay like a gray ribbon amid the darkness of rock and stunted bush.

Not a word was spoken, not a moment was lost. At last the roaring of a rapid stream was heard, and they crossed a bridge.

After that the stunted pines grew thicker, the road ascended, a few houses appeared; a large one of some pretentions, in the windows of which lights were glowing, was visible upon an elevation.

"That's Mellish's" said the girl. "Go and ring the bell, and get in as quick as you can."

She uttered this between quick gasps, for the pace had been too rapid for a woman, and she was spent.

"And you—you must come with me—you can't go back to those wretches!" Noble said.

"Wretches!" repeated the girl. "Why they're not wretches. Uncle's an honest man, Sam's another. I've been stuffing you with lies, stranger, to get rid of you. I didn't want you bothering round. I've made a fool of you—I just like to fool city fellows. Nobody was going to hurt you. Good night, you goosy-gander!"

She was off, laughing as she ran, and Noble walked up to the house in a state of utter bewilderment.

Was the girl speaking the truth now, or had she spoken it beneath the window?

The surprise of the Mellishes at his arrival, and the fact that they had not received either letter or telegram made him lean to the latter conclusion, but that night he held his peace. Time enough he thought, to tell his tale in the morning.

That night he dreamed of Middy. Her deer-like gaze was upon him, her hands uplifted in supplication; and he awakened to think of her. The tinkle of the breakfast-bell took him down stairs with his mind still full of her, and through the day which he spent at the mines she still haunted him.

It was 3 o'clock when a horseman rode up to the door with horror in his face.

"Terrible work over yonder!" he said pointing toward the valley. "That girl at the Smith's—Middy, his niece—was murdered last night. They found her on the kitchen floor, a horrible sight—killed with an ax, they say—and old Smith and Sam are nowhere to be found."

"They have murdered her!" cried Noble.

For now he knew her warning had been an honest one, and that she had paid for saving his life with her own; and now he told his tale.

Judge Lynch ruled in that land in those days, and the vengeance of those who sought and found the murderers was speedy.

Alas! it could not restore pretty Middy to life, and still, though many years have flown, her great dark eyes haunt Nelson Noble's soul, and he breathes a sigh to her memory.

Randall and Butler.

A group of Congressmen were discussing Randall's prospects for complete recovery the other day in one of the cloakrooms of the House, says the Washington correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, when the conversation turned upon the recent "conversion" of the Pennsylvania statesman and his formal reception by baptism into the membership of a certain church. Just then the well-known figure of General Benjamin F. Butler passed the door. It reminded someone at once of an episode in Congress in the famous deadlock over the civil rights bill, in which both Randall and Butler were conspicuous figures.

The question of adjournment was under consideration, and General Butler had stepped over to Mr. Randall's desk for a private consultation. Butler favored a Sunday session. Randall opposed it.

"Bad as I am," said Randall, "I have some respect for God's day, and I don't think it proper to hold a session of Congress on that day."

"Pshaw," responded Butler, "doesn't the Bible say that it is lawful to pull your ass or your ox out of a pit on the Sabbath day? You have 73 asses on your side of this house that I want to get out of a ditch to-morrow, and I think I am engaged in a holy work."

"Don't do it, Butler," replied Randall; "I have some respect for you that I don't want to lose. I expect some day to meet you in a better world."

"You'll be there as you are here," retorted Butler, quick as thought, "a member of the Lower House."

24 O'clock.

The *Scientific American* is agitating the propriety of changing our present custom of dividing the the day into two halves, of twelve hours each. It says the custom has not a single feature to recommend it and only serves to mystify, particularly when a typographical error makes a train leave at p.m. instead of a.m. Thousands of dollars have been lost, time wasted and engagements failed because of this, whereas, if the sensible plan of beginning at one and counting up to 24, were adopted, it is so simple that a child need not go wrong. Of course it would take a little while to get used to the change and it would sound rather odd at first to hear the preacher announce services at 19 o'clock, or see a time table note the departure of trains at 17:10 or 23:50, but the people would soon "catch on" and any amount of worry, trouble and misunderstanding be saved. Some countries and several lines of railroads have already made the change and we look to see the practice become universal before long. The world moves and anything that will help it move with less friction will be gladly accepted by the people.

Writing Short Sentences.

Two students, Smith and Jones, were great friends in college. They had made an agreement that after each had been at home for a week during the vacation term, Jones should write in Latin a letter to Smith, the reply was to be in Latin also. The writer who wrote a good sensible letter, with the least number of words, was to have the entire expense of his vacation paid by the other.

Jones wrote from his city residence:

"EO RURE,"

meaning in English "I am going to the country.

"If Smith writes a shorter letter than that and to the point," chuckled Jones, "he's a corker."

The next day Smith's came. It read as follows:

"I,"

which means in English "go."

The Curse of Strong Drink.

The distillers make the whiskey and the brewers make the beer.
Our Creator made the water so pure and bright and clear.
Whiskey is like arsenic and beer like fermented swill.
But the pure sweet crystal water floweth on and always will.
Why should men spend their money that is so hard to earn,
For the wicked, writhing serpent that will bite and sting and burn.
We are immortal creatures with body, soul and mind.
Why should men drink the vile stuff that makes them so unkind?
That big fated saloon keeper that stands behind the bar,
He takes a drink, and strikes a match, and lights a big cigar.
In comes the wretched worker with his solitary shilling,
And gives it to the bartender while he the glass is filling.
He begrudges the landlord his money with stove-pipe hat and cane,
While he drinks down the liquor to destroy his soul and brain.
He then demands another then staggers and sits down.
He pours him out another of the poison reddish brown.
He is getting very drunk as he drinks it sup by sup.
As he drinks the red brown liquor he drinks curses from the cup.
With cursing and with swearing he staggers to his feet.
Then falls to the floor and is kicked to the street.
The patrol wagon is summoned, he's dead drunk they say.
Now he's off to the jail that is not far away.
To spend a night in prison what a horrid, wretched thing.
If you drink the poison whisky, that's the curses it will bring.
But there is a time that's coming when the punishment is worse.
For there is no earthly mind we know can comprehend that curse.
There is a passage in the Bible which the drunkard never heeds.
No drunkard shall see God is, I think, the way it reads.
If this industrious nation would try to do God's will.
That drop would cease its dropping that droppeth from the still.

Composed by
WILLIE T. MCCANDLESS,
Age, 14 years.

—The right thing in the right place is without doubt Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup, the best remedy for babies while teething. Only 25 cents a bottle.

If your liver is torpid, if your appetite is poor, if you want your stomach thoroughly cleansed, if you cannot sleep, if you want a good digestion, use Laxador, the great regulator. Price 25 cents.

—Mrs. Charlotte Smith is urging congress to tax cigarettes $1 a pack.

A Wayward Girl's Career.

The Salina correspondent of the *Derrick* gives a brief biography of Annie Fish, as follows:

Annie E. Fish who, by her numerous escapades and freaks, has made herself notorious through the papers, is the daughter of Robert Fish, an honest, hard working citizen of Cranberry, now living near Salina, and who has lived in this vicinity for 14 years. Annie is about 17 years old. Her mother died when she was about 10, and a year or two after she went to reside with a highly respectable and well honored couple of Cranberry, who had no children of their own.

Here she had a good home, but after staying about three years she decamped in the absence of the family and struck out for herself, and soon after went to work in Franklin with a family named Gardner. But she soon left and went to Bradensburg to an uncle living there, who took her home to her father. In February, 1888, she went to Oil City to work, and in May her father was notified of her misconduct. He brought her home again, and two days afterwards she ran away and went to Oil City, to the same place. She remained there two or three days, leaving one morning about 10 o'clock and shortly afterwards was found by Levi Dale and Wm. Musser, about one mile out of Oil City, near the Dale wells, in a seemingly unconscious condition. Mr. Dale took her to his home in Oil City, where she told a number of conflicting stories. She said that she was an orphan, giving her name as Dollie Lee, that she had left her brother's at Redbank, Armstrong county, three days before, and that she was put off the Valley train at Franklin, and had wandered through the country for three days, without anything to eat. She pretended she did not know how she came to be where she was. In a day or two she was identified by a lady for whom she had worked, she denied her identity, but finally had to give up and confessed she was planning. Her father was notified. She claimed to be unable to be moved when he came for her. Soon afterward she went home and promised to do better. She remained at home most of the time until April, 1889, when she again ran away from home, going to Oil City where she staid a few days. Going out into the country near her home, she found employment with a family, giving her name as Ida Blair. In two days her right name was found out when she unceremoniously left. She next turned up at Uniontown, near Franklin, giving her name as Donna Harris to the family where she was working. When her true name was found out she left in company with another girl and went to Parkers Landing, Armstrong county, and worked there about four weeks. One evening she and another girl went buggy riding with J. H. Kuntz and Will Elliott, buggy agents, and returned between 10 and 11 o'clock the same evening. The next morning she left and was seen by different parties going towards Six Points, Butler county. In a day or two afterwards she was found apparently unconscious near the old Maple Furnace. She was taken to the house of Elias Daubenspeck, near by, and gave her name as Ada Seaton, that she was born in Pittsburg and that her mother died there, her father removing to Cleveland where he died.

She then went before a justice of the peace and swore out warrants against Kuntz and Elliott for assault with attempt to commit rape. She claimed she had never been back to Parker since going out riding with them, and this story she repeated in open court. The friends of Kuntz and Elliott knew who she was and where from, and had her father, brother and several neighbors to identify her, but she denied all knowledge of them and stuck to her story. The two young men were found not guilty but to pay the costs, amounting with other expenses and loss to over $1,000.

While in Butler her father had Annie arrested and a commitment made out to send her to the reform school, but he left for home an attorney got out a writ of habeus corpus and had her released. She then went to Martinsburg, Butler county, staying there until about the first of January, when for some misbehavior she left and went home to her father's. In February she went to work in the family of Wm. Krenger, who keeps a store half a mile west of Salina. She staid there nine days, then skipped, first taking a full outfit of men's clothing from the store. At Franklin she got on a freight train and went to Pittsburg, dressed in men's clothes. There she stayed off as a green country boy and was employed by a lady about her house. She gave herself away by her aptness in the kitchen and was given an outfit of clothes, and next morning was found lying unconscious in the hallway and was removed to the hospital. She appears to have the power to bring on these periods of apparent unconsciousness whenever she pleases and keep them up for days at a time. She claims to have been mistreated and abused at home, but no such report is current in the neighborhood where her father lives. He is a hard-working, poor man, and was left with several small children at the death of his wife.

Fasting.

A Frenchman, M. Charles Richet, has been investigating cases of long fasting, voluntary and involuntary.

Cold blooded animals can live without food twice as long as warm blooded ones. Dogs can endure starvation thirty days before they die, human beings usually sixteen to twenty days. The fatal limit is reached when the animal or man becomes so emaciated that 40 per cent. of weight is lost.

Those who endure long fasts with impunity are usually persons dominated by some absorbing idea which takes away the thought from the stomach. The most noted fasters are hysterical subjects and Hindoo fakirs. It is remarkable that in these cases the emaciation is comparatively slight. Some other other influence seems to step in for the time and stop the usual operations of the body.

M. Richet see no reason to doubt that Tanner, Merlatti, and Succi fasted the full fifty days, as they claim, but says their fasts were undertaken under most favorable circumstances. They had only to put forth their hand and eat at any moment. It would have been different had they been shipwrecked on a desert island, or perishing in ice fields, like a party found in 1809. These were without food seventeen days. When found their skin was sticking to the bones, and was covered with a sooty scurf. Their tongues were black, their breaths fetid. This sickening odor and blackness of the skin and tongue are characteristic of the last stages of starvation.

A Cure of Catarrh

in the head, as well as all bronchial, throat and lung diseases, if taken in time, is effected by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, or money paid for it will be promptly returned.

A more pleasant physic
You never will find
Than Pierce's small "Pellets,"
The Purgative kind.

AGRICULTURAL.

WHAT IS A MODEL WIFE?

A model wife is the woman in whom the heart of her husband doth safely trust.

She is the woman who looks after his household, and makes her hospitality a delight to him, and not a burden.

Who has learned that a soft answer will turn away wrath.

Who keeps her sweetest smiles and most loving words for her husband.

Who is his confident in sorrow or in joy, and who does not feel the necessity of explaining her private affairs to the neighborhood.

Who respects the rights of husband and children and in return has due regard paid to her.

Who knows that the strongest argument is her womanliness and so she cultivates it.

Who is sympathetic in joy, or in grief, and who finds work for her hands to do.

Who makes friends and keeps them.

Who is not made bitter by trouble, but who strengthens and sweetens under it.

Who tries to conceal the faults of her husband rather than blazon them forth to an uninterested public.

The woman whose life-book has love written on every page.

Who makes a home for a man—a home in a house and in a heart. A home that he is sure of, a home that is full of love presided over by one whose price is above rubies.

She is the model wife.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

THE POULTRY YARD.

As spring comes on anxiety increases. That is, poultry anxiety.

The matings must be watched that no admixture of the flocks occurs.

The breeding pens must have special attention to to insure the best results.

The eggs to be used or sent away to purchasers must be carefully assorted.

That none but the finest shaped, correct color and uniform shell be selected.

That the nests be gotten in condition as best adapted for hatching in comfort and warmth.

That they be placed so as to warrant no disturbance from other hens, rats and other intruders.

That the coops be ready when the chicks make their appearance, and they be warm, comfortable and roomy.

In short, that all be ready in every detail to make the poultry business a success from a spring standpoint.

There seems to be much controversy among poultrymen as to whether oyster shells, or lime, is a necessity to laying hens.

Some say they must have it, others say they need it not. The real fact is, they need it and ought to have it.

It is not a definite fact whether grit in the form of oyster shells, gravel, bone, or broken crockery is digested in the fowl's gizzard or not, but the fact remains all the same that a fowl's nature demands these things, and because no proof has yet been brought forth that they are not digested is evidence that nature requires them.

It is true, where a proper amount of wheat and oats is fed these supply the calcareous and phosphate elements essential to egg formation, but where these foods are not fed sufficiently the salts must be supplied from some source. Corn will not answer sufficiently.

Some would-be theorizers also claim that fowls must have meat; but then they can't agree whether it is best fed raw or cooked. Some declare that raw meat makes the birds cross and irritable and is apt to create the desire for feather pulling, and should therefore be fed cooked. The other side claims cooking destroys the albuminoids and other nutritive elements and it must be fed raw. Now what are we to do when both sides claim they are right? I suppose cooking just half, or soak in water at half boiling point (106 degrees) and give meat and water together would come very near the mark. Next.

Right here it comes. A recent poulterer of a scientific turn of mind says: "Pepsin is the great stimulant to digestion. We find it in all patent egg foods. Pepsin is found in the corrugated membranous lining of the stomach of cattle. Hence in order to feed the most stimulating meat food use the paunches of cattle, which can be purchased at any slaughter house." This profound thinker just cuts short the meat question and says stomach is the thing. But he didn't mention whether it is to be cooked or raw. This again will create controversy.

REMEMBER THESE POINTS.

It is probable that most of the breeding pens are made up. If there are, see that these points are observed, if not, observe them in mating:

Houdans must all have five toes on each foot, and beard and horned comb.

White Leghorns must not have red feathers nor pink in ear lobes, nor white legs.

Partridge Cochins shall not have white in leg and toe feathering, nor white in flight feathers.

Langshans must be absolutely free from white feathers, and the eyes must not be red, but brown or hazel.

Black Cochins must show yellow on bottom of feet. If this is not present they are to be discarded as breeders. Leg and toe feathering well developed out to end of middle toe.

Light Brahma males should have a dark streak through the middle to the end of the upper mandible. Lower mandible solid yellow. Leg and toe feathering to end of middle toe and showing little or no black. Legs yellow, or yellow with vermilion streak down the center of the side.

Wyandots must have red ear lobes. A stain of yellow is allowable, but not standard, white disqualifies. Legs yellow without blue spots, and beak horn color tapering to yellow toward the point.

Plymoth Rocks must have pure yellow beaks and yellow legs, or yellow with pink line down centre of side in male. No blue or brown spots on legs.

—A clear complexion, free from pimples, may be had by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

—A young lady asked an editor this extraordinary question: "Do you think it right for a girl to sit on a young man's lap, even if she is engaged?" Whereupon the editor told this extraordinary lie: "We have had no experience in the matter referred to." Why didn't the editor say, if it was our girl and our lap, yes; if it was another girl and our lap, yes; but if it was our girl and another fellow's lap, never! never! That's the best advice we can give. While there is no society law governing such cases, practice has made a law which governs all such instances as the above.

—An esteemed contemporay says that "spring bonnets will be almost flat." They will, will they? Well, they won't be any flatter than the pocketbook that has to pay for them.