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THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL. XXVIII | BUTLER, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 21, 1891. | NO. 41

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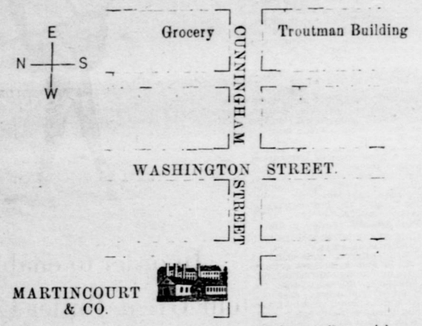

Here we are down on Cunningham St. Almost everybody knows where we are, but if you do not, please look at the above map. Walk down Cunningham St. on the right hand side till you come to 216 and you will find us. Here we have lots of room and pay no rent and more than doubled our sales last year and expect to increase them as much this year. All who came last year to see if we had as large a stock and sold as cheap as we advertised said we were too modest in our declarations and said they did not expect to find half as much, even after reading our advertisements. You know us now and of course will continue to deal here, but we must tell you we have twice as large a stock now as when you were here before and still cutting prices lower. To those who have never been here, we want you to come too. We don't advertise to blow. If you don't find more stock here at lower prices than you ever expected after reading our advertisement we will pay you for your time that it takes to walk down here from Main St.

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Come and see us. Look over our stock. We want to get acquainted with you. Remember, it was us who first brought down the prices of buggies in Butler county for your benefit, relying on increased sales to make up for small profits, and the public has stood by us in a way that makes us like everybody.

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For the same reason you don't tie up your horse to an empty manger for months at a time, you don't want to put in your wheat this fall without an ample quantity of food—enough to grow a full crop of wheat and succeeding grass.

To supply this plant-food in the proper shape is our business. We say *proper* shape because most anybody can mix a little South Carolina Rock and Kainit together and call it a fertilizer; but twenty-three years experience at the business, with our complete facilities, has enabled us to make fertilizers that will produce the desired results. There isn't any question about it. You will say so too, if you have used our goods, and if you haven't, you can get them and all desired information from our agents. The Thomas' Phosphates are standard and thoroughly guaranteed.

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A MYSTERY SOLVED.

How a Clever Trick Was Defeated and a Thief Caught.

THE fates seemed to be against my marrying Harry; we had so many mishaps connected with the event. We were to have had a grand church wedding — four bridesmaids, a maid of honor and six ushers, but one of the bridesmaids had pneumonia and could not serve; another who had gone to Europe for a short trip decided at the last moment not to return; with a third diphtheria broke out in the family, so she could not be present, and a fourth was thrown from her horse and broke her arm. Two of our ushers were detained by a railroad accident, on their way from New York, and did not arrive until after the ceremony was over.

After our wedding tour was over we began housekeeping in a pretty home my husband had prepared for me in a small mining town in Pennsylvania, where his business would keep him for a year or so. We had but one acquaintance in the place at first, a kind, motherly old lady, and I should have been sadly helpless but for her, for I found it impossible to procure servants. The month following our honeymoon I spent over the cook stove, recipe book in hand, making the most of my limited experience in cooking.

With the help of kind Mrs. Walton, I did not injure my husband's health or give him permanent dyspepsia by feeding him on overdone steaks and underdone biscuit. How bitterly I regretted the hour spent in practicing my music and painting, when the time would have been so much better employed in learning the rudiments of simple cooking and bread making. My piano was now a useless piece of furniture, for I was too tired when night came to open it, and my painting materials remained unpacked in my trunk. A number of servants had applied as cooks and housemaids, but on being informed that we should expect them to take their meals in the kitchen, they had tossed their heads angrily, and departed, muttering: "If we ain't good enough to eat with other folks, the place won't suit *me*."

We advertised in the Philadelphia papers, offering the greatest inducement in wages, but no one would come from the city to this out-of-the-way place.

Harry found me one day dissolved in tears at the failure of some dish I had spent the whole morning over, and declared in the most decided tones I had heard him use that he could not have me worn out with such unaccustomed exertions. If we could not get a servant at once, we must close the house and board.

The thought of boarding made me very unhappy, for I greatly enjoyed having a house of my own, and was anticipating, when the domestic wheels were running smoothly, having my family and my girl friends to visit me. Besides, there were all our beautiful wedding gifts, our lovely china and cutglass and our quantities of solid silver. It would break my heart to pack them all away and never use them.

It had been a serious question, when we first came to the place, what we should do with our silver chest. The vault at the bank was small and I could not be continually running there for any extra silver I might need, so the chest was placed in a vacant room in our third-story front, and we only took out silver for our daily use.

One warm morning in June I was in the kitchen rolling out some pie crust, when there came a gentle knock at the door, and opening it, there stood a neat, pleasant-faced girl, who inquired if I needed a cook. I eagerly answered: "Yes." Was she looking for a place? And with a few questions on both sides the agreement was concluded and she was to come to me the next day. Mary came the following morning and soon had things straightened out and everything in good order.

We congratulated ourselves on the treasure we had secured. Our neatly served meals appeared as if by magic

SHE TURNED HER BESEECHING EYES TO US.

on the stroke of the clock. Mary never complained of the work, but lent a willing hand to help in the housework as well as her own department.

She had no visitors, for she said she was a stranger in the place. All her family were dead long since and she was quite alone in the world, she told me, with tears in her honest blue eyes.

I soon felt I could trust her with everything, she was so faithful and careful and seemed to have our interests so at heart.

One evening Harry and I were going to a concert and I told Mary she need not sit up for us, as we should probably be late. It was after ten when we entered our gate. I was surprised to see a light in the parlor, when I had left the gas turned low. The front door was bolted and could not be opened with our night key, neither was there any response to our repeated ringing of the bell, which we could distinctly hear reverberating through the house. We waited several minutes in breathless suspense, and as no response came to Harry's last frantic efforts, which fairly pulled the bell out by the roots, we went around to the back door to see if we could gain an entrance there.

It stood open. As we came up the steps we could see the interior of the kitchen at a glance. Everthing was in confusion, chairs were overturned, Mary's work basket and its contents strewed over the floor, and Mary herself, bound hand and foot and gagged, lying in a helpless heap under the kitchen table.

She turned her beseeching eyes to us, hearing steps approaching, and we flew to her assistance. My husband carried her into the sitting-room, while I ran for camphor and ammonia, for she was quite hysterical and for some time could not tell us a connected story. What we finally gathered was this: As the evening was warm, Mary sat in the kitchen with her work, leaving the outside door open to catch the breeze from the west. She was sewing quietly, never thinking of harm, when she heard stealthy steps and looking up saw two masked figures on the very threshold. In a moment they had seized and gagged her, and with a pistol at her head compelled her to show them where the silver and my jewelry were kept. Not content with what they found, they made up large bundles of Harry's and my best clothes, then binding her hand and foot, so she could not give the alarm, they had left her in the pitiable state in which we found her. She showed us her poor bruised wrists, where the rope had been pulled so tight the flesh was cut and swollen.

Our sympathy for poor Mary was so great that we hardly realized our loss, but in looking through the house we found that the burglars had made a pretty clean sweep of everything of value. They took such odd things, for besides the basket of silver my choicest tablecloths and napkins had been taken, underclothes, linen sheets and pillowcases and several of my best dresses and Harry's wardrobe had also suffered. They had not secured much of my jewelry, as most of it I kept in a small safe which weighed two hundred pounds, and was too heavy for one man to lift alone.

Mary could give no description of the men, as they were closely masked. My husband telegraphed to Philadelphia for detectives and two were sent up. After spending several days in shadowing innocent people they returned to the city, leaving us no wiser than before their visit, but with our purses considerably lighter. The chest of silver in the attic I now opened to supply the place of what had been taken. I called Mary to help me carry it down stairs. How her eyes danced when she saw the rich contents of the chest, and how fervent were her thanks that the burglars had not known of this extra amount.

We felt very grateful to Mary and cared tenderly for her until she was quite strong again. She said she suffered greatly with her teeth. The gag had been put in her mouth so roughly that it had loosened some of them, and she now made frequent visits to the dentist's. Often she was gone the entire afternoon. She always took a bundle with her. Once when I questioned her about it, she said that she wrapped up the waist of an old dress to wear in the dentist's chair to keep her dress fresh, and I could but commend her prudence and careful forethought.

One evening at dusk, when Mary was out, I went for a stroll with my husband. As we were ascending a steep hill on the outskirts of the town we saw two figures at the top, clearly outlined against the evening sky. My husband hastily drew me into a thicket at the side of the road. As the figures approached, I saw in the faint light that one was Mary, and an evil-looking man was with her. They stopped near us, and Mary, handing him the bundle she carried, said something about "melting." I thought she was referring to the very warm day just over: then hastily separating, as a carriage was seen coming up the hill, she called out: "I will be here next week at the same hour," and walked rapidly away. My confidence in Mary was somewhat shaken in finding that she *did* have acquaintances in the place, when she had told me she knew no one; but I did not refer to the meeting we had witnessed when I went to the kitchen to give her the order for breakfast.

Harry looked unusually grave the next few days, and he would not let me share his thoughts. His only answer to my questions was a bright smile and the vague remark: "I have a theory."

There was little sociability in W——, but one day we received an invitation from *the* people of the place to a progressive euchre party. I was anxious to accept, but could we leave Mary alone? We had never left her for a whole evening, since her terrible experience of a few weeks ago.

But Mary said at once: "O, ma'am, you must go. Never mind me. I shall not be afraid to stay alone. The burglars will not come again so soon. I will keep the door well locked *this* time."

The evening of the company, as we left the house, we heard Mary bolting the door behind us, and her last words were: "Don't hurry home on my account. I am not afraid to stay alone."

We reached the house where the gathering was, and just as we were ascending the steps, my husband said:

"Anna, I shall have to let you go in alone. I have an attack of neuralgia and shall be obliged to go home for awhile. I will come for you later in the evening."

I was anxious to remain with him, but he would not let me. I was constantly looking toward the door to see Harry enter. It was very late when he came and there was an air of suppressed excitement about him that aroused my curiosity.

As soon as we were walking toward home he told me how he had spent the evening. Ever since our twilight encounter with Mary, Harry had suspected that all was not right. Our invitation out was the first real excuse we had to leave the house in her charge, and he welcomed it as giving him an opportunity to prove if Mary was the thief he suspected her to be. His attack of neuralgia was feigned, and, after leaving me, he hastily returned to our home. The house was dark except for a bright light in the kitchen. Mary sat near an open window sewing and looking so serene and sincere that Harry felt quite ashamed as he quietly stole behind a lilac bush, where he could command a good view of the kitchen and its occupant. He waited nearly an hour without seeing anything suspicious, and was about moving away from his hiding place when the town clock struck nine. This seemed to be a signal for Mary to fold up her work, and he heard her say (she had a way of talking to herself):

"It is time to begin proceedings, or the folks may be home sooner than I expect."

She took a bunch of keys from her pocket, lighted a candle and vanished through the door leading into the dining room. Harry moved around to the front of the house and saw a light in one front bedroom upstairs. It disappeared for a moment and again shone out from the third-story window, the room where the chest of silver was kept.

As my husband heard her descending the staircase he returned to his post by the kitchen window, just in time to see Mary appear with her hands full of silverware and his winter overcoat and my sealskin jacket over her arm. She disappeared down the cellar stairs. My husband by stooping could look into

SHE DISAPPEARED DOWN THE CELLAR STAIRS.

this window and saw her open the furnace door and place the silver carefully inside, with the overcoat and jacket neatly folded on top. When she returned to the attic for more booty, Harry, knowing she would be gone for some time, went to the station house and secured the services of the only constable the place afforded. Together they returned to the house and saw Mary depositing the second load of silver in the cellar. The constable wished to arrest Mary at once but Harry restrained him saying: "We will see the play out."

As the clock struck eleven she reappeared in the kitchen and locked the outside door. She then put a short ladder she had brought from the cellar outside the pantry window, leaving it open, probably meaning to show this was the way the burglars had entered. Then she threw the furniture about as if there had been a terrific struggle. From the cupboard under the sink, she took out ropes and a gag. Tying her ankles securely, she adjusted the gag between her teeth, then slipped her wrists into the loops she had made in the ropes, dextrously tightening them by pulling them with her thumbs, and threw herself on the floor as if flung down by cruel hands. My husband and the constable excitedly watched her proceedings. They now entered the kitchen through the pantry window. Mary turned her beseeching eyes to them, as she had done the first time, when she had so excited our compassion. She must have been surprised to hear Harry say:

"At your old tricks, are you, Mary? You have bound yourself very securely. We will carry you at once to jail."

The gag was in her mouth so she could not scream out, and quickly they lifted and took her to a place of security. Returning to the house, they broke open her trunks, which were filled with her belongings. The constable said the family were well known in the town as a "bad lot." It seems, instead of all being dead, as she so pathetically told me, there were five brothers all very much alive and giving the constable constant trouble to keep them in order. They lived in a little house on the lonely road where we had seen Mary handing a bundle to one of her brothers. When this house was searched, many other things of ours were discovered, though our silver had been melted and disposed of. The place was thoroughly cleaned out by the police and the family left the town to begin operations elsewhere.

We could not appear against Mary, and before the trial came on Harry and I were once more living in Philadelphia, content to board. Our experience had satisfied us with housekeeping.—Harriette P. Butler, in Detroit Free Press.

Some Florida Names.

"Did you go about much in Florida?" asked a gentleman of an acquaintance who had just come up from that state. "Well, yes," was the reply. "I went over to the Suwance river, cut over the country, and shot 'gators on the Withlacoochee, fished for bass in Tsala Apopka, sailed on Thonotosassa, skipped over to Okonlokhatchee, walked by the shores of the Weohyakapka, plucked flowers by Hickpochee's limpid waters, visited the sugar fields on Tohopekaliga, sailed on the tortuous Kissimmee, was buffeted by the waves of Okeechobee, and have also captured tarpon on the Caloosohatchee. I expected to visit Istokpogayozie, Lockapepka, Hatcheneeha and Ecautockhatchee before I left the state."

She Wanted to Be a Bird.

A certain young gentleman is courting a young lady. He called on her a few evenings ago. She seemed to be under the weather, and there was a peculiar drug store smell in the room.

"What ails you, my darling?" he cooed.

"I wish I was a bird," sighed the young lady.

"So you could fly into my arms?" queried John, suggestively.

"No; I want to be a bird, so I could not get the toothache any more," replied the lady, swinging on her jaw and groaning audibly.—Texas Siftings.

A Pleasing Uncertainty.

Tourist (in Kansas)—Can you tell me where the residence of Col. Hooks, the real estate dealer, is?

Native—Wal, jest now it's four or five mile from here, but (pointing to a dark, funnel-shaped cloud in the west) thar's a cyclone comin' over frum that way, an' if you'll wait awhile the house may come right here to you an' save you the trouble of goin' down there to it.—Munsey's Weekly.

A Long Sentence.

"I say, Bill," said one summer philosopher to another, as they lay beneath a spreading tree, "did yer ever turn yer attention to literatoor any?"

"I should say so."

"What's the longest sentence you ever run across?"

"Ten years," was the unhesitating reply.—Washington Post.

A Fair Shaker.

Sageman—A remarkable girl is that Miss Snapper. You know her pretty well; has she any leaning in the direction of any particular creed?

Bluntly—I can't say definitely, but from the way in which she disposed of my marital aspirations last evening I should say that she was a Shaker.—Boston Courier.

Not in the Wood.

Summer Boarder—I think, considering the price I pay, and the poor accommodations you have, you might at least treat me with respect.

Mrs. Hayfork—Well, mum, to tell th' truth, I can't feel much respect for people what pays the big prices I charge fer the sort of accommydations I give.—N. Y. Weekly.

A Useless Expense.

Mr. de Laie—Do you suppose we shall ever be able to drop a nickel in the slot, and get a wife?

Miss Wayting (in her most captivating tone)—Oh, it is unnecessary to go to that expense, even now, Mr. de Laie. Brides are given away, you know.—Puck.

The Ruling Passion.

Foreman of the Jury—Guilty of murder in the first degree!

Judge—Prisoner at the bar, stand up to receive the sentence of the court.

The Prisoner (who poisoned her husband)—In a minute, judge. Jennie (to her sister), is my hat on straight?—Life.

In Partnership.

She—And do you really love me as much as you say, Harry?

He—Why, darling—

She—Well, then, don't borrow any more money from papa. He's charging it up against what he'll give me when we're married.—Judge.

The Resemblance Explained.

Eminent Personage — May I ask whether you are related to the Mr. Smith whom I met at Venice last year?

Mr. Smith—I am that Mr. Smith, sir.

Eminent Personage — Ah! that accounts for the remarkable resemblance.—London Globe.

The Mark of Time.

Husband—Who is that strange woman I saw in the dining-room?

Wife—That's our servant girl. She has just got back from a ten minutes' visit to the girl next door.—Judge.

A Married Belle and Beau.

Mrs. Gadsby—Their marriage was a secret you know.

Mrs. Whisper—And, judging by their present conduct, I presume they were not in it, eh?—Puck.

Away Up.

Scott—Jimson tells me his ancestors occupied high positions in England.

Walters—Yes, several of them were hanged on Tyburn hill.—Munsey's Weekly.

Where It Had the Advantage.

"That chimney is smoking all the time," said Dodkins.

"Yes," said his grandmother; "but it isn't such a fool as to smoke cigarettes."

MEN WHO HAD TAILS.

Prehistoric Skeletons with Caudal Appendages Found in Old Mexico.

A discovery which will probably prove of immense interest to ethnologists has been made at the little hamlet of Sinaloa, Mex., within the past few days while breaking ground for a large coffee plantation which is being established by an English syndicate, says the Philadelphia Times. The find consists of thousands of skeletons either of large apes or of prehistoric human beings of a very low order. If the remains are of apes they were of gigantic size and of a variety no longer extant, while if they are of men the men were provided with distinct caudal appendages, very thick and short and curled up like a squirrel's. That they are the skeletons of apes can hardly be doubted, judging from the arms, which reach nearly half a foot below the knee, and the thumbs, which are also abnormally long and curved, with exceedingly sharp and powerful nails.

The feet, too, show that they were intended for climbing rather than walking, and are also provided with claws and prehensile toes of unusual length. It is probable that the large number of skeletons found is due to a battle between two bands of the animals having taken place at this spot, which is further evidenced by the number of broken skulls and other bones among them, and the fact that several of the skeletons were found clinched in a deadly embrace. No weapons, however, were discovered, but as these were probably of wood they have perished in the course of time.

The work of searching for other remains still goes on, every hour seeing hundreds of more detached fragments or occasionally whole skeletons unearthed. It is calculated that over four hundred entire ones have already been disinterred. A few of the most perfect have been sent to the British museum and others will be presented to the Smithsonian institution by the owners of the land.

IN THE ELEVATOR.

One of the Trials of the Man That Runs the Lift.

"Have you ever seen this?" asks the Chicago News.

She comes to the door of the elevator just as it is ready to ascend and asks the conductor: "Is Mr. Whatyoumaycallhim's office in this building?" The conductor says it is. "Is he in?" The answer of the conductor depends on circumstances, of course. "Which floor is his office on?" The answer is given. "You don't know if he is in?" The answer is given. "Well, I guess I'll go up and see. Which floor did you say he is on?" The conductor says the office is on the fourth floor. He says it distinctly. The elevator starts. Reaching the first landing the conductor calls out: "First floor." The woman who held the elevator at the start crowds to the door and asks: "Is this where I get off?" The conductor tells her that she is to get off at the fourth landing. The elevator starts again and reaches the second landing and it is announced. The woman makes another rush to get out and is restrained by the conductor, who takes her gently by the arm. "Isn't this the fourth floor?" she asks. The conductor says he will let her know in time. The third landing is made, and the same woman rushes again to the door of the car and asks the same question she asked at the other landings. At last, when she reaches the fourth floor she is away back in the car and the conductor has to hold the car an extra part of a minute for her to get out. This sort of thing is being done a thousand times a day in this city and in other large cities.

HONESTY IN FINLAND.

An Instance of the Heroic Truthfulness of the Natives.

The Fins are an upright, faithful and hospitable people. A writer in the Saturday Review speaks of their honesty as proverbial, and proceeds to give some experiences of his own as illustrative of the scrupulous and even "heroic" manner in which they tell the truth, and the whole truth, under the most difficult circumstances.

"This seems to be exactly the kind of apparatus I am looking for," I said to a merchant in Helsingfors, as I looked at an article worth about seventy-five dollars; "I will buy it at once if, knowing what I want it for, you can honestly advise me to take it."

"No, sir," he answered; "I do not recommend you to take it, nor have I anything in stock just now that would suit you." And I left the shop and purchased what I wanted elsewhere.

"Here's your fare," said I to a peasant in the interior, who had driven for three hours through the woods in his drosky, as I handed him four shillings.

"No, sir; that's double my fare," he replied, returning me half the money. And when I told him he might keep it for his honesty, he slightly nodded his thanks with the dignity of one of nature's gentlemen, from which defiant pride and cringing obsequiousness were equally absent.

Mules Stronger Than Horses.

The chief reason why a mule can nearly always wear out a horse, when it comes to a trial of endurance, is that the former always lies down to sleep, and the latter, in a large number of cases, sleeps standing up. The habit seems to come to horses which have been hurt, especially when in the stable, and they cannot be broken of it. Besides the absence of proper rest and the constant danger of a heavy fall and consequent injury, this habit of standing up to go to sleep results in the giving way of the front knees and gives the animal a prematurely aged and crippled condition. A walk through any large stable at night will show a number of horses standing up, but fast asleep, and whether these use three or four legs to stand upon, the knees of the forelegs are all baggy. With a mule, of course, it is quite different, for "Jack" lies down the moment he finds work is really over, and a somnambulistic mule is seldom if ever met.

Unappreciated Company.

Sappy—Good mawning, Miss Inwood; are you—aw—alone?

Miss Inwood—Unfortunately not at present, Mr. Sappy.—Munsey's Weekly.

For Self.

"Who is more dear to you than your husband?"

"My husband's wife."—Judge.

A Shrewd Girl.

Laura—What a clever girl Jennie is! She had sixty-seven offers of marriage within a week after she left college.

Clara—Indeed! And she is not very good looking.

Laura—No; but the subject of the essay that she read at her graduation was: "How to Keep House on Twelve Dollars a Week."—Munsey's Weekly.

Would Have the Desired Effect.

First Chicago Woman—Mrs. Lakefront was here to-day and she inveighed terribly against the divorce evil in this city.

Second Chicago Woman—Shall we cut her in society?

First Chicago Woman—No; I shall whisper it about quietly that she is guilty of heresy.—Judge.

Adding Insult to Injury.

Train Robber ("going through" the passengers)—Well, I swow! Got a gun in your pocket, hev ye? If it wasn't for my pressing engagements I'd turn ye over to the town authorities just ahead, for carrying concealed weapons without a permit.—Puck.

EXTERIOR OF BARNS.

It Can Be Made Attractive with Small Additional Cost.

A subscriber, who is the owner of a hundred-acre farm, and who is about to build a new barn, asks for a design which will present a handsome appearance, and, if practicable, without great additional cost. He is familiar with the common construction of such buildings, where but little attention is given to the exteriors, many of which might as well be excluded from sight. In answer to his request we give two engravings, one representing a barn where some attention is given to the outside appearance, and the other one of the plainest character. The interior arrangements of both are nearly alike, except that the handsome one, Fig. 2, has a basement, which is partly occupied with

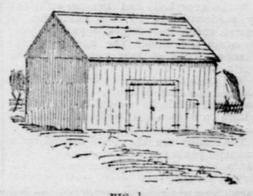


FIG 1.

cattle-stalls and tool room, while Fig. 1 has them on the common floor. Fig. 1 may be covered with unplaned boards and vertical battens, while Fig. 2 has vertical boards without the battens. The additional cost of Fig. 2, as compared with Fig. 1, will not greatly vary from the following:

Additional lumber, nails and work for battens	$30
Exterior ventilators and gable	30
Windows and shutters	55
Previous planting of shade trees	10
Total	$125

If the barn is 40 by 60 feet, it will cost, together with the basement, about $900 or $1,000, covered with rough boards, or $1,200 or $1,500 if they are planed and painted, and with more finish. A heavy coat of crude petroleum, put on the unplaned surface with a coarse brush, by a common active la-

FIG 2.

borer, and requiring not more than two barrels of the oil, will cost $8. Our inquirer will decide whether he would have such a barn as in Fig. 2, for about $1,000 or upwards, or one like Fig. 1, for $900, not counting the basement in either case.

These figures are only approximate, and are liable to much variation with the prices of materials and lumber, the degree of finish given to the various parts, the ability of the carpenter and the skill of the owner in directing the work.—Country Gentleman.

AMONG THE POULTRY.

KEEP the laying hens away from the manure pile.

FEED the moulting hens a light feed of linseed meal daily.

IF picked regularly, geese will furnish four crops of feathers regularly.

PROVIDE some convenient nesting places or the hens will hide their nests out.

AFTER goslings get well started to feather they need very little attention, as they are very hardy.

YOUNG turkeys intended for early market must be well fed in order to make a thrifty growth.

IT is not a good plan to hatch out turkeys late in the season; it costs too much to winter them.

A LITTLE raw salt pork is a good remedy to give to hens that have got into the habit of pulling feathers.

WHEN the hens quit laying and they are not moulting they often need a change of rations, especially when they are confined.

YOUNG growing chickens are voracious eaters, and if fed will eat a dozen times a day, and often on this account are overfed.

THE style of house is not so important as to have plenty of sunlight and a dry floor, and with all cracks and crevices closed.

THE best and most economical way of feeding meal to poultry is by first mixing it with boiling water; that partially cooks it.

A FENCE 2 feet high is sufficient for all of the larger breeds of ducks, and a house 10x20 feet is big enough for twenty-five ducks.

IF provided with a comfortable shelter ducks will begin laying in February, and keep it up regularly until September. They are better for eggs than hens.

WHEN the turkey hen and her brood of little ones are not fed regularly at night they are liable to get careless about coming home at night, and serious losses are the result.

BY beginning in good season and saving up what in many cases would otherwise go to waste there should be no necessity for purchasing feed for the poultry on the farm.—St. Louis Republic.

Putting Sections on Hives.

In putting cases of sections on hives it is best not to be too fast, and to put them on the strong colonies first. It is worse than useless to put them on hives where the bees are unable to cover more than half their combs. Keep a close watch, and as fast as hives become crowded put on the sections and add more as fast as needed. There is not much need of hurry in taking them off. Better leave them on until all the cells are capped, but should there be a sudden failure in the yield or at the end of the white honey crop, they should be removed without delay.—Plowman.

Way Off.

Dullpate (who prides himself on his abstracted air)—Did you ever notice what a far-away look I have sometimes?

Miss Spritellie—Yes. Is that because you are a little off?—Good News.

Too Great a Risk.

Simpson—Why didn't you take a chance at that cake at the church fair? Were you afraid?

Sampson—Yes; it was one my wife baked.—Jury.

SOME HOPE FOR HIM.

Soft Head—Do you think your sister would marry me?

Boy—I guess so. She told mother she would rather marry *anything* than be an old maid!—Once a Week.

HORSES FOR FARMERS.

Many Seek a General Purpose Horse, Yet Never Obtain It.

Strictly speaking a general purpose horse is one that can do everything that a horse is called on to do. It is impossible in the nature of things for a horse to be so constructed that he can do everything. A horse to be a general purpose horse should combine all the qualities of a runner, a trotter, a pacer, a roadster, a coacher, a saddler, a hunter and a draft horse, also a ladies' driving horse and children's pony. The greatest value in a horse comes from his possessing some particular quality, or combination of qualities in the same line, and the ability to do one thing and do it well. The better adapted a horse is to one thing, the more valuable he is.

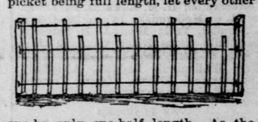
The view that farmers take of a general purpose horse is one that will be heavy and strong enough to do all the work on the farm and at the same time combine enough speed to make a good road horse, both single and double. No doubt such a horse is valuable on a farm. We have seen some horses that would work with any horse on the farm, draw two tons singly on a good road and then, with a rest of a day or two, get out on the road and travel eight miles an hour and a mile in three minutes or better. Such a horse is an ideal farm horse for most eastern farmers. Not one farmer in 1,000 owns such a horse and not one horse in 100,000 can do that. The general purpose horse as found on the farm is nearly worthless in the great markets. They are too light for any draft work, not fast enough for roadsters, not large enough for coachers and so they are sold for $100 or $125 to go on the street car or grocery wagon. Put 200 pounds more weight on him and he will do for draft work and bring twice as much money. Add two inches more to his height and draw his head up a little higher by training when he is a colt and he will do for a coacher and bring three times as much. Use a better sire and dam and get your horse to drive well and easy and go in three minutes or less and he is worth four times as much for a roadster.

The majority of farmers on a 100-acre farm keep three or more horses. For farm horses they should secure mares that weigh at least 1,100 pounds, and 1,200 pounds or more is better. If these mares are strictly of the draft type, they should be bred to a pure-blooded draft stallion of good weight and size, and the colts will be worth something to sell. Or if the mares are tall and not so blocky they may be bred to a good coach stallion with a view of raising coachers. One or two horses weighing 1,000 or 1,050 pounds apiece could be kept to do the driving and at the same time they would be useful in drawing the mowing machine, hay rake, cultivator and doing other light farm work. The sooner farmers get out of the idea of trying to raise a general purpose horse and go in for a special purpose the more money they will make from their farms.—Farm and Home.

A SUGGESTIVE IDEA.

Plan for a Fence That Presents Many Desirable Features.

As there is a large amount of wire and picket fencing being built at present, I will call attention to what I consider an improvement. Instead of every picket being full length, let every other



one be only one-half length. As the pickets used in such fences are generally 2 inches wide with spaces from 2 to 3 inches, it can readily be seen that this fence will turn all kinds of farm stock as well as if all the pickets were full length. The advantages of such a plan are: 1, A saving of one-fourth of the picket material; 2, less wind surface, thus making it more substantial; 3, neat and tasty appearance.—A. F. Whitright, in Ohio Farmer.

Young Meat the Cheapest.

While 1 p