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# THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL. XXVIII | BUTLER, PA., FRIDAY, OCTOBER, 2, 1891. | NO. 47


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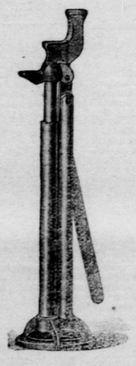

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### THE SIZE OF IT.

If we were rich, like some, you know,
Had more of wealth than we could use,
We'd sow it broadcast, so and so,
And not a needy man refuse;
We'll fill our pockets every morn
And sow it broadcast. (In a horn.)

We'd send precocious lads to Yale,
And build a school for common fry,
And scores of nice deeds promptly nail
The minute they should catch our eye;
We'd keep them peeled, too, night and morn,
To do some good thing. (In a horn.)

We'd send the heathens, every one,
A preacher for his own to keep,
And ship them Bibles by the ton,
And never rest, or eat or sleep,
Till they from darkness had been torn.
No doubt we'd do this. (In a horn.)

And every few days would we build
A hospital with newest gears,
And give a million, now and then,
To "found" a home for bank cashiers;
We'd scoff the average scheme to scorn,
We'd be so flush like. (In a horn.)

We'd build a palace on a plan
Full grand enough for any king,
And in it all should dwell the man
Who never wrote an ode to spring;
Perchance he may not yet be born.
We would n't build this! (In a horn.)

About the size of all is this,
If we were rich as folks we know,
We'd gorge our souls in selfish bliss—
Do just the same as others do;
We'd live for pleasure night and morn,
And die repentant. (In a horn.)

—S. B. McManus, in Puck.

[Written for This Paper.]

WILL play not von note more, not von leetle note." There had been a strike at Sanford's dance hall, or, as he termed it, theater, the only place of the kind in E— city, a small mining town not far from that of Leadville. In one end of a low, rambling building had been erected a rude stage, the sides boarded off to serve as dressing rooms. At the other end was a bar whose Sanford himself presided, and with the assistance of an over-grown, red-headed boy dispensed liquors. There were a few rooms above, the only ones in the town strangers might have for a night's lodging, so that the building was also termed the hotel.

Business had been dull owing to the failure of the Little Giant mine to pan out, consequently the men of the place had little money to put into Sanford's coffers. With proverbial obstinacy things had been going from bad to worse with the proprietor, and his late stage attractions had been succeeded by others still lower in grade and with a consequent reduction in "popular prices."

This week, to amuse his twenty or thirty steady patrons, he had been able to secure but three people—two actors and a musician who drove silence from the place through the medium of a miserable excuse for a piano. The two first mentioned traveled as man and wife, and the programme they presented included such attractions as the following: Song and dance by an antiquated black face comedian, one of the "old school," whose jokes and dances were received with as sober faces as those of the artists (?) themselves. After this futile attempt to arouse the audience from their apathy came a singer of the feminine persuasion, who had certainly attained that age at which the French government pensions her ballet dancers.

Following this came an Irish song and dance by an artist whose figure and mannerisms reminded one of our minstrel friends. However, Sanford had said there were *three* actors in the company, and as he had the reputation of being a bad man and a dead shot, his word went unquestioned. One evening half an hour earlier than that set for the performance there was trouble behind the scenes. There had been no money coming from the manager's pockets for two weeks, and Signor and Mme. De Cona, as the two styled themselves, refused to appear. For ten minutes there were hot words between the proprietor of the theater and his company when a compromise was effected by Sanford pledging his people the receipts of that evening. It was at this juncture that the sole representative of the orchestra in this temple of art spoke up: "I vill play not von note more 'til I haf my money. Not von leetle note."

"YOU WILL PLAY IF I SAY SO."

The speaker was a German, of that type that misleads one in believing them Spanish or Sicilian until their tongue is heard. Tall and slender with curly black hair, and with eyes to match behind gold-rimmed spectacles, he appeared in strange contrast to both performers and audience here.

He looked to be about thirty years of age, and was always dressed like a gentleman, which fact alone had given him no little annoyance. No one knew from where he had come; but two weeks before the occurrence of the scene described in this narrative, he had applied to Sanford for his present position, and, as it was then vacant, he had been immediately installed. He had made friends with no one about the place, remaining in his room nearly all of the time. The name he had given was Otto Heimer, and his baggage consisted of a small valise and a black leather case containing a violin.

No one had heard him play this instrument, however, and its existence had slipped from the memory of the few idle, curious miners who were lounging about the entrance of the tavern when he had alighted from the stage two weeks before. The red-headed boy, before alluded to as the assistant dispenser at the bar, had asked our hero why he didn't "bring his fiddle out and play," but the answer had been:

"My violin is a lady; this place is not fit for her."

That a refusal to work on the occasion referred to at the opening of this story should come from the musician proved a complete surprise to Sanford. There was an ominous look in his eyes, and when the statement was repeated he drew a revolver and putting it to Heimer's head said with an oath: "You will play if I say so."

It was no time for argument and the performance passed off as usual. But the pianist looked gloomy, and anyone with an ear for the music must have felt that a smothering volcano was next the instrument. Business revived a little that evening and when the place was cleared Sanford invited his assistants to "come up and have something." The two vocalists did not need a second bidding, but Heimer, pleading illness, retired to his room.

The "something" amounted to a great deal. The two actors and mine host became hilarious, and an hour after the close of the performance in the hall one would have supposed a German saengerfest was being held there. All three were singing and shouting, and to those who had witnessed the disturbance in the "green-room" early in the evening it appeared that the matter had been amicably settled. This, in fact, was the impression Sanford most desired to give, and was really his object in effecting a temporary reconciliation.

There was a great uproar in camp the next morning. Sanford had been found dead with a knife in his heart, and, though the man was little liked, still, on the frontier murder does not go unpunished. The fundamental law, "A life for a life," is always enforced. So the first question the excited men asked each other was: "Who did it?" A coroner's jury was hurriedly organized, with old Jim Reeves at the head. That morning when the bartender had opened the shutters of the room he had found Sanford's body lying out on the floor in a pool of blood. He testified that he had left the barroom late the night before, but didn't know the exact time. Everyone had gone to bed but Sanford, himself and the two actors, as he termed the man and woman who had amused the crowd the previous evening. He had thought that Sanford was trying to "make up" with them after the quarrel that had occurred, and he said that all three were intoxicated. This testimony cast suspicion on one of the two, and forthwith a posse of men went in search of the husband to learn what he had to say for himself.

The knife on the body was one no one in the camp had seen before. It was of curious workmanship, and evidently of foreign manufacture, having the mark of a Vienna cutlery firm engraven on the blade. Our comic man was brought in between his two captors in a very pitiable plight. Not yet sobered from the night's debauch, he looked about the crowd of men in a dazed sort of way. Questions were put to him several times before he could answer them, and even then his replies were sententious and inuendoic. After much questioning and beating about it was learned that the knife belonged to "the Dutchman," which turned the search in the direction of the violinist. Two minutes later the self-appointed officers rushed in with the news that the German had "skipped with all his belongings." No proof of a man's guilt could be more convincing.

Jim detailed three or four men to keep an eye on the other suspect, and five minutes afterward he with a dozen others were searching the whole country round for the missing man. The few men left in camp gathered in groups and discussed the exciting event. As the afternoon advanced, one by one of the searching party returned bearing no news, and it was not until the beams of the western sun lay like a ribbon of yellow gold on the ridge of hills skirting the town, that Jim Reeves and his followers at last bore their prisoner in triumph into the camp. Jim said they had found their man at Q—— unconcernedly talking to a hotel man there with whom he had made arrangements to pass the night.

"He was a cool one," they said, not a nerve quivered when they showed him the knife, although he promptly acknowledged its ownership. Upon learning that he was "wanted" for the murder of Sanford he had paled a little, but had strongly protested his innocence. To be surrounded as he was then by a crowd of excited, rough men accusing him of murder was certainly not calculated to make any man cheerful, however innocent he might feel himself to be. Taking their prisoner to the dance hall, which on this evening was made to do service as a justice court, they gave him an opportunity to tell his story. He had, he said, packed his valise the night before and immediately after the performance left a place in which he had been compelled to work at the risk of his life. He had missed his knife, which he had treasured as a memento of his native land, but as he couldn't account for it being out of his possession had given it up as lost or stolen.

He could make no further defense except to again reiterate that he had known nothing of the murder until arrested that day. There was a consultation for a few moments among the men, followed by a speech by Jim Reeves: "Here's a man slips out the same night his boss is murdered. The knife found on the body he doesn't deny being his; there had been a quarrel between them the night before, and to his thinking this was the man who did the deed. He can't say anything for himself, only tell a very flimsy story about leaving 'cause he wasn't treated square. But no *honest* man leaves his place in the middle of the night, so they had decided to hang him. We will give you ten minutes to leave any message and say yer prayers," he said. For a moment there was perfect quiet; then the condemned man spoke:

"I haf not done this murder. Some day you will know who did it. I haf no message to leave only that some one send my violin to Carl Holmes in Vienna. My name is Otto Hiemer. I haf no friends."

That was all except that he asked for his violin. The man who handed it to him wondered that a condemned man could fiddle. He took the instrument from its case with loving hands, and one of the "boys" nearest him saw a tear glisten on the varnish. Then he played—strains the like of which had never been heard in those parts before were drawn forth by his magic bow. Strange, wild music, weird—almost uncanny at times, and again soft, tender, pleading—a chain of melody—voices of Spain and Russia, Italy and Hungary united into one by free improvisation in which the popular melody and the personal creation were so closely intermingled as to make it difficult for the listener to distinguish the original from the acquired.

THEN HE PLAYED.

What rebellion against sorrow, pain and despair was breathed forth by the musical genius of the player. What longing for sweetheart, mother—the overwhelming longing for home! Judges and executioners were turned into a spell-bound audience. What memories of his native land, old friends, all lost to him, as he had said, were shadowed forth in that music. The ten minutes had extended to a half hour, and not a word had been spoken. The snapping of a string at last broke the spell. There was a confused murmur. Jim said: "Time's up;" but several of the men protested. "A guilty man can't play like that," said one rough customer, to whom the music had awakened memories of a better day, leaving traces on his cheeks. There was a dispute for a moment or two, but Reeves' faction prevailed. The prisoner sat motionless. The breaking of the string had brought him back to the realization that his dreams were of the past, and his life also soon to be cut off.

Just as violent hands were about being laid on him, there rushed into the room a boy who frantically cried: "The fiddler must not be hanged. The woman in the next room says so. She is sick and wants to say something to a priest."

"Wait a minute, boys," Reeves exclaimed; "I'll see what this means."

He and two others followed the boy into the rough chamber, where the woman lay a mere wreck with the deathly traces of drink and consumption plainly written on her countenance.

When Reeves emerged from the death chamber he related to the expectant crowd the story he had learned from the sick woman. In substance it was this:

Sanford had insulted the woman, who through all her vicious life had kept some shreds of modesty about her. In their drunken row all three had come to blows, and in a moment of frenzy the woman had stabbed Sanford to the heart with the knife she had stolen from Heimer the day before. Stupefied by liquor and fright, she did not then realize the enormity of her deed, and had gone to her room, only to fall into a drunken sleep, from which she was aroused many hours after by the noise of the "trial" in the room below. On learning from the boy the meaning of the uproar the whole scene of the night before came back to her with painful vividness—the row, then the crime unseen by anyone, (her husband having fallen senseless from a blow Sanford had given him.) She was first tempted to keep silence, but strains of music had come to her ears like the wail of a man protesting his innocence. Remorse was soon followed by repentance, and it was her messenger who had saved the man's life.

"Now," said Jim, "I want to apologize to this 'ere man for the way we've handled him. Pard, will you take my hand? I've heard heaps o' preachin' in my day, though we don't get much in these parts; but I never knew a prayer to go so straight to the heart as this 'ere musician's. Boys, we'll take up a collection for him, and he can stay here; and we will give him a 'rake off' if he will play for us now and then." Now that the strain was removed the violinist broke down completely. "I thank you, friends," he said, "but I must go home to my own country." That same night the sick woman died. And the next morning when the stage pulled out with the one passenger a crowd of rough miners stood at the "hotel" corner and gave three hearty cheers for the "musicianer." W. E.

### Another Lie Nailed.

F. Parmenter Pyne, '91—This talk about college graduates not being able to cope with the stern realities of life is all bosh. Why, two of our men are street car conductors, one is a waiter in a restaurant, one is a letter carrier, and I could name lots of other cases, too.—Life.

### Culinary Item.

She—What shall I cook for dinner? You know the cook has left, and I'll have to do the cooking myself.

He—Well, just cook me some dish that I don't like, something that I wouldn't eat anyhow, even if it was properly cooked.—Texas Siftings.

### Happy Man.

"Ah! Jonesy, old man," said Hicks, as he and Jones walked home from the club; "there's a light in your window for you. You married men—"

"By George, so there is!" returned Jones. "Let's go back to the club."—Puck.

### A Proverb of Wide Application.

"I never thought of the application before," said the professor as he wrestled with a section of spring chicken; "but it is true in regard to poultry that it is the good die young."—Judge.

### Correct.

Teacher—You may answer, Tommy Jones. Why do birds fly?

Tommy Jones—'Cause they ain't such fools as ter walk when they don't hev ter.—Judge.

### "HER FIRST BAWL."

—Pall Mall Budget.

### Had Had Experience.

Merchant — You want a place in my store, you say?

Applicant—Yes, sir.

"Ever worked in a store before?"

"Yes, sir."

"Let me try you. Suppose a lady should come in with a piece of cloth, and want to get a number of yards to match it, what would you do?"

"I'd send her to the next counter."

"I guess you've had experience."—Munsey's Weekly.

### Lamb's Tales.

Fond Uncle (to favorite niece just home from fashionable boarding-school)—Well, my dear, which of your studies did you enjoy most?

"On the whole, I liked my English literature the best, only the teacher *did* give us such funny topics sometimes."

"What, for instance?"

"Why, one day she wanted me to find out about *lambs' tails!* I spent the whole afternoon going through the encyclopædias, and couldn't find a single thing about them!"—Harper's Bazar.

### After Them.

Excited Citizen—Do you know that the Graball bank has closed, and not an official can be found? Do you know we suspect they have run—

Police Officer—Y-e-s, we know all about it.

"Oh, you do, eh? Well, what have you done?"

"Oh, we're after 'em, hot an' heavy. We've already caught the janitor."—N. Y. Weekly.

### Indisputable.

Stranger—Digging a grave, eh? Do people die often in this village?

Sexton—No, boss, dey nebber dies but once.—Munsey's Weekly.

### In the Geography Class.

Teacher—Where is the state of Illinois?

Smart Scholar—Near the center of the city of Chicago.—Munsey's Weekly.

### Defined.

"Papa, what is luck?"

"It is a quality, my son, that we despise the more the less we have of it."—Judge.

### An Apology for an Apology Wanted.

Papa—My daughter Minnie here tells me, sir, that you kissed her forcibly last night. Do you apologize?

Harry—Yes. I'm sure nobody regrets the occurrence more than I.

Papa / Minnie } —Sir!—Judge.

### A New Experience.

New Arrival (in barber's chair)—Begorra, phwat's that y'r doin' now?

Barber—I've begun shaving your neck, sir.

New Arrival—Moy! moy! Do yez shave a mon all over in this country?—N. Y. Weekly.

### The Broad Hint.

She—I am afraid that bell ringing means another caller.

He (imploringly)—You know there is such a thing as your not being at home.

She—Yes; and there is such a thing as my being engaged.—Brooklyn Life

### FROM THE COLLECTION BOX.

"I have more buttons on my string than you have."

"Yes; but your papa is a minister."—Judge.

### Reflected Wealth.

"Would you mind my having a word with you?"

"Certainly not," said the iceman. "What is it?"

"Well, I expect my girl's father along in a minute or two, and he has an idea I have no wealthy or powerful acquaintances, so if you'd just let me bask in the golden sunshine of your company till he goes by it might improve my chances."—Philadelphia Times.

### An Article of Necessity.

A Louisiana gentleman was discussing the tariff question with a gentleman from Kentucky.

"Sugar," said the Louisianian, "is as much an article of necessity as flour and meat."

"A great deal more so, my dear fellow," responded the Kentuckian. "Without sugar you can't make a whisky toddy."—Texas Siftings.

### Beat the Dentist.

"I saw old Pinchpenni come from the dentist's this morning."

"Yes; he had a roaring toothache, but when the doctor told him it would cost him a dollar to have it pulled it stopped aching at once. I tell you, it's a mighty smart man that gets anything out of old Pinchpenni—even an old tooth."—Detroit Free Press.

### All Needed.

Foreigner—Zay tell me you haf nearly dree hundred tousand words in your langwich. How effer can you use so many?

American (attorney at law)—Huh! We use all of 'em, my friend, every time we draw up an indictment.—Chicago Tribune.

### The Matter Settled.

Mr. Oldboy—My dear, that new cook of yours is homely enough to crack the kitchen plastering.

Mrs. Oldboy (with much decision)—I'll attend to keeping the plastering in repair, my dear. You won't have to look after it. She's going to stay.—Chicago Tribune.

### Used the Same Sign.

Einstein (the clothier)—Ah, Simonsohn, vy don't you have a sign up so your gustomers gan vind you?

Simonsohn (the broker)—Vy should I be so extravagant? My office is shust back of a barber shop vot has "Shaving Done Here" on der sign alretty.—American Clubman.

### His Explanation.

Victim—What? Two dollars for drawing that tooth? Why, the dentist across the street only charges a dollar.

Dentist — Yes, but I take twice as much time about it as he does.—Munsey's Weekly.

### Not Uncommon.

"Do you employ your man Rastus by the month or day?"

"Well, with Rastus it's sort of both. I employ him to do a day's work now and then, but it always takes him a month to do it."—Harper's Bazar.

### Baseball Item.

A young lady watching a baseball game asked her escort:

"Why does he call those balls foul?"

"I don't know," he replied, "unless it is because they are flying over the fence;"—Texas Siftings.

### A Trifle Too Late.

Insurance Agent—What is your pleasure, ma'am?

Joiner's Wife—Oh! my dear sir, I have only come about an insurance, as the work-shop is on fire.—Daheim Kalender.

### The Power of Gold.

Miss Midas—Do you expect to go to college next year?

Young Crœsus—Not much. Father is going to have them bring it to me.—Puck.

### Out of Stock.

"You do not love me as you once did. If you do you do not say so."

"It is not that I love you any less, dear, but the fact is I have run out of phrases."—Indianapolis Journal.

### He Staid.

Ethel—They do say that Leighton Layter wears stays.

Maud—I don't know about that; but his stays wear me.—Puck.

### In No Danger.

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

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

### No Time for Idleness.

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

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

### Rapid Transit.

Mr. Stammer (who has just boarded cars at Philadelphia for New York, to conductor)—S-S-S-Say, c-c-c-captain, w-w-w-what t-t-t-time w-w-w-will w-w-w-we g-g-g-get t-t-t-to—

Brakeman—New York!

Mr. Stammer (to brakeman)—Th-Th-Th-Thanks.—Puck.

### Not a Good Recommendation.

Old Lady—Is this good fly paper?

Boy—Yes, ma'am; best there is.

Old Lady—Will it catch flies?

Boy—It'll catch 'em better than the center fielder of the Rochesters.

Old Lady (who reads the papers)—I'll look at some other kind, young man.—Judge.

### He Had a Choice.

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

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

## AN ECONOMICAL SILO.

**Valuable Suggestions from the New Hampshire Experiment Station.**

The day of costly silos is past, says Director Whitcher, of the New Hampshire station, and it is this fact alone which enables the rapid extension of this system of storage. A wooden silo keeps its contents with less loss than a stone or cement one, chiefly because of the pentration of air through mortar and cement. A silo built independent of the barn can be built for $1 per ton of capacity, if the capacity is above 75 tons. If built in the corner of a barn, the cost of labor and material will be about half that sum. A silo 16x16x25 feet will hold 100 tons.

As stated in a bulletin of the station above mentioned, if built in the corner of a barn, it will require forty pieces studding, 2x8, twenty-five feet long—680 feet; four pieces basement sills 8x8, seventeen feet long—360 feet; boards for inside walls, 3,500. The boards should not be over seven inches wide, planed on one side, and the inside course made to break joints with the outside course. Matching the boards is useless. Common covering boards, free from loose knots, are good enough, and in many cases the barn frame and studding can be partly utilized, and the above quantity of lumber be considerably reduced. A cement bottom, though not necessary, is desirable.

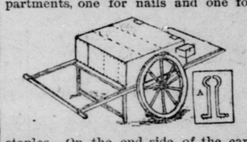
Among the advantages enumerated for the silo are the following: More actual food material can be produced from an acre of corn than from any other of our common farm crops. Three times as much dry substance may be produced from a given area of corn as from a like area of grass. The objection sometimes made that ensilage is too watery is met with the statement that it is not as watery as pasture grass in June.

The farmer who has a silo is about as independent of the weather as a man can be. Aside from heavy rains nothing interrupts this kind of harvesting. Light rain and showers, while making the work disagreeable, do not stop it, and when once properly in the silo, all danger of imperfect curing is past. The early date at which the land can be cleared makes it possible to either seed down to grass or winter grain a month before corn in the shock would be dry enough to husk. Another advantage in the north is that varieties of larger and later growth may be planted for this purpose that will not fully ripen before frost.

## HANDY DRIVING CART.

**With It One Man Can Do More Than Two with an Ordinary Outfit.**

Those who have used a wagon to drive posts in and have found it inconvenient should carefully examine the post driving cart which is shown. Take a common low wheel cart and remove the sides and ends. On the floor that is left build a stout chest on which you can stand the drive posts, which are held erect by two steel arms that are firmly secured to the side of the cart. These arms are constructed as shown in A. Hinge a door to the rear end of the chest, as you will desire to carry your ax, spade, sledge, wire, stretcher and hammer with you. On the side of the chest nail a small box of two compartments, one for nails and one for

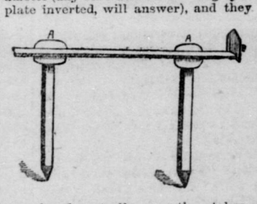


staples. On the end side of the cart can be carried a few boards and posts. Of course this is only for repairing, and if a man repairs twice a year it will not take long and but few posts and boards will have to be taken along. But if the fence is old and wants much repairing load your wagon with posts and boards and string them out where wanted, letting your man follow with the cart. Then the team can be taken to the house and put to work. By so doing a man and a team is gained, for with this cart one man can do as much and do it as well as two men with a team with a load of material.—M. LaF. Raney, in Farm and Home.

## A RAT-PROOF ROOST.

**An Ingenious Device Invented by a Missouri Farmer.**

A roost pole proof against rats that attack chicks on the roost is sent to Farm and Fireside by Mr. Robert Osterhorn, Missouri. The stakes are 2x2 inches, and three feet long, driven into the ground about one foot deep. The metal plates, A A, are ten inches in diameter (any old wash-basin or large pie plate inverted, will answer), and they



are placed centrally over the stakes; the pole, which is one inch thick and four inches wide, being nailed over them. The end pole (B) shown on one end, is used where the end of the pole comes near a wall that rats can climb. The end plate should be six inches wide, seven inches high and sixteen inches from the wall.

### Sharp Grit.

Even on stony ground the hens may, by daily foraging over the same space, use up all the available material that is serviceable as grit. Smooth, round gravel is not suitable. Hens require something sharp and cutting, or they will be unable to properly masticate their food. The broken china and crockery may be utilized with advantage for grit by pounding it into small pieces (about the size of beet seed), and scattering it wherever the hens forage, as they will search for and find every piece.—Farm and Fireside.

### A Crawl.

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

### Another Boom.

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

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

### After the Proposal.

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

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

### A Prominent Place.

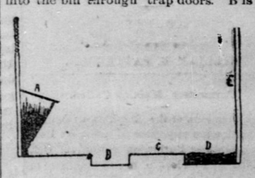
Young Lady—What a delightful scene! How prominent that massive rock stands out.

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

## CONVENIENT RACK.

**A Simple Device That Is Good for Both Stable and Farm.**

Absorbents for the stable are universally considered important because of the part they play in taking up odors and liquids that afterward enrich the land. A convenient rack the length of the stable may be made V shape beside the stable wall back of the cows as shown. It may be three feet wide at the top and but nine inches wide at the bottom, which is left open and is three inches from the floor. This allows easy access to the contents with the stable shovel, working on a smooth surface, and as fast as the dry earth is removed more falls down. The rack or bin is numbered "A" in the cut. It must not be high enough to strike the hips of the cows as they are being driven in and out of the stable. If the manure is thrown out of the windows the bin should have a drop lid. It may be filled from the windows, but a cheaper way is to draw the absorbents onto the floor above and dump them into the bin through trap doors. B is



the drop or gutter back of the corn, C and D the floor where the cows stand and E the stanchions or tie posts. It will be noticed that the forward part of the floor is boxed in and filled with earth. This saves planking and prevents injury to the cows' knees. It also acts as a purifier of the stable. Three or four months after filling in it will be found dry enough to use in the drops, when it should be shoveled into the bin and replaced with fresh earth. A stable kept dry with dry soil and having two storage places for loam near the drops may be expected to keep healthy cows and not contaminate milk. Such conveniences also encourage the saving of manure and so enrich the owner, soon more than returning their cost.—Hollister Sage, in N. E. Homestead.

## FACTS FOR FARMERS

It is very desirable to keep the breeding stock in a good thrifty condition. A failure to do this will show in the offspring.

Too close breeding should be avoided with sheep fully as much as with any other class of stock. Change the same every two years at least.

There is an opening for some enterprising individual to introduce late strawberries that will not ripen until our present well-known varieties are out of season.

One cubic foot of silage is estimated as the allowance for one cow per day. On this basis the size of the silo required for a certain number of cattle may be easily calculated.

There is no loss of any material that is applied to the soil if the ground is plowed and ready for a crop when the manure is spread unless the soil is very porous or subject to being "washed."

Those who have used paris green as an insecticide should not apply it to cabbage as a remedy against the cabbage worm, as the poison will remain and harm those who consume the cabbage.

If the sheep are turned into the cornfield care should be taken to see that they have access to plenty of water. It is hardly good economy to turn sheep into any place where there are cockle burrs.

Too much live stock is quite as bad for the farmer as too much land. Do not crowd the stock, and do not keep more than can be fed well, pastured well and housed well. If you have more than this sell off the surplus speedily.

A solution of crude carbolic acid will be found excellent for destroying odors, but to destroy an odor does not get rid of the cause of the odor, only disguising it by substituting one more powerful; hence clean away the substance that produces the annoyance.

Rust in wheat may be prevented by destroying the spores in the seed. Dissolve a pound of sulphate of copper in ten gallons of water and soak the seed in the solution for twenty-four hours, and then dry the seed by dusting or rolling in land plaster, sowing the seed as soon as it is dry.

A pint of linseed meal, and the same of cornmeal, mixed and scalded with boiling water, if given to an animal at night will sometimes prove more beneficial than any medicine that can be given. Linseed meal regulates the bowels and relieves constipation, as well as preventing scours.

## APPLES FOR ANIMALS.

**It Is an Error to Suppose That Acids Are Not Useful as Food.**

Apples of any kind, ripe and sound, are much liked by all animals. A horse will come across a ten-acre field for an apple, while a cow or a pig will be equally pleased. Sour apples are no less nutritious than sweet ones. It is an error to suppose that acids are not useful as food. Some, as the citric and malic acid of fruits and the lactic acid of vegetables, are indispensable to health, and that common disease of sailors, scurvy, is caused by want of these vegetable acids and is cured by them. Other animal diseases caused by accumulation of alkaline matter in the blood, chiefly soda and lime, are prevented by using fruits which all contain acids; and, as whatever contributes to health hastens the fattening process or the yield of milk, sound, ripe apples are useful for fattening pigs and for milch cows. Being easily and completely digestible, as roots also are, there is no need to cook apples, but potatoes differ in this respect and are better cooked than raw. Sound teeth are not injured by the acid of apples. Apples may well be grown as a feeding crop for their usefulness.—N. Y. Tribune.

### A Correction.

Editor—We printed a likeness of you in the Daily Kazoo this morning. Did you see it?

Victim—I did not. I saw a portrait of myself, though.—Munsey's Weekly.

### The Amiable Younger Sister.

Young Sappy—Do you think Miss Amy will come down soon?

Effie—