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This elegant new hotel is now open the public; it is a new house, with new furniture throughout and all modern con-veniences; is within easy reach of the deiness houses of the town, and has a splendid view of the eastern part of

Rates Reasonable. Give me a call when in Butler. CHESS STONER, Prop'r.

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CRAWFORD & KENNEDY.

The well-known liveryman, Wm. Kennedy, has bought an interest in the above barn and will be pleased to have his friends call at his new place of business. The Best Horses, Buggles and Car-

riages in Butler at the most reasonable rates. The place is easily remembered. The first stable west of the

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LUMBER YARD. L. M. & J. J. HEWIT. Dealers in all kinds of Rough and Worked Lumber.

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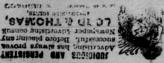
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Sale is Now Going on in



Farm Wagons, Spring Wagons, Delivery Wagons, Buggies, Surries, Carts, Sleighs, Bob-Sleds, Buck-wagons, Slatwagons, Spindle-wagons, Buggy wheels, painted; Buggy wheels, not painted, Shafts and Poles, finished; Shafts and Poles, unfinished, Buggy Curtains and Lazy-backs, Buggy Tops and Wagon Tops, Buggy Dashes and Wrenches, Cart Wheels, finished. Harness of all kinds from the Cheapest Machine to the very best Hand Made, Work Harness and Buggy Harness, Horse Collars, all kinds and sizes, Sweat Pads and Collar Pads, Back Pads and Interfering Pads, Robes of all kinds and blankets to fit any horse at any price, Buggy Whips and Wagon Whips. All parts of Harness-Hames, Tugs and Traces; Halters of all kinds. Fly Nets and Lap Dusters, Buggy Paint, the best make, Single Trees, Double Trees, Neck Yokes, Horse Brushes, Curry Combs, Springs for Wagons, Buggies and Carts, Hoof Ointment, Top Dressing & Harness Oil

Hitching straps, Hame straps, Riding saddles, Bridles, and Harness Saddles, Buggy-washers, Snaps, Bridle bits, Hoisting jacks, Anti-rattlers and everything -at Wholesale or Retail.

We have all our stock made to order. We give our own guarantee so that when you buy of us you know just what you are getting, We do not put you off with a manufacturer's guarantee whom you do not know. We are here to make good all our own contracts. Our reputation is established-it took us years to make it. We intend to retain it, It is that which enables us to buy more, sell more; buy cheaper, and sell cheaper than any other firm in the State and you who buy of us receive the benefit. Come and see us. If you deal here once you will deal here always.

216 W. Cunningham St

S. B. Martincourt, - J. M. Lieghner

was far from what I had conceived. I found that there was plenty of hard work attached to it, and that the duties were manifold and often quite disagreeable. The long days spent alone out on the great prairie became sadly

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Hardware and House Furnishing Goods.



Washing Machines; the Standard Rotary Shuttle Sewing Machine, 2500 stiches per minute; the No. 7 American sewing machine, also Singer and Empress; agricultural implements and Lansing farm wagons; New Sunshine & Howard ranges, Stoves, table and pocket cutlery, hanging lamps: manufacturer of tinware, tin roofing and spouting a specialty; the Johnston mowers,

reaper and steel frame binder, Warren ready mixed paint, warrented; screen doors and windows, refrigerators and lawn No better place in the city to trade.

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WHERE A CHILD CAN BUY AS CHEAP AS A MAN

Fine Watches.

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At lowest cash prices at

J. R. GRIEB'S. No. 125 N. Main St., - Duffy Block.

A MAN OF SENSE.

There is a man of plata ideas— I know not where he lives, But I have feit the thrill of joy A meeting with him gives; He is not grand as men are called He's but a plain and s

With bearing mild and meek. Sometimes I meet him on the car Sometimes I meet aim on the car That runs my way along, And sometimes in a public place Amidst a motley throng; Or it may be that him I spy While out upon the street, No matter where, I always feel His presence is a treat.

He is the one who never yells,
While half a mile away:
"An there! old chap, you're looking fine,
How is your nobs to-day!"
He never staps you on the back
"When meeting you by stealth,
Nor grabs your fingers in a vise
And damages your health.

In conversation he displays A sound and clever mind And to deception or conceit
Is not the least inclined;
He never blows about his wealth
Nor brags about his brains,
In fact his merits to conceal
He takes the greatest pains.

Unlike most people nowadays He does not know it all; There are some things too deep for him

Nor engineer a bank,
While matters on the other spheres
Are all to him a blank.

But if by chance you question him
On everyday affairs,
You'll find it rather difficult
To catch him unawares;
On questions of the greatest weight
He also has the call,
Yet by his bearing one would think
He was not wise at all.

In short this man of quiet ways
Is very little known,
For in his unpretentious style
No forwardness is shown;
But when the judgment day has come
And reckoned in his score,
This man will get a crown of life
And reign forever more.

—Frank B. Welch, in Chicago Saturday Evening Herald.

aptured by Gitle Thieves,



know nothing man noticed my hesitancy, and continued:

"We're buying cattle and would like to see Mr. Harton in regard to his."

"He went to town this morning," I said, "and may not get back until late. It will be dark at least before he returns."

The true

life appears extremely fas-cinating, and especially so to boys of an adventurous disposition. But this Once I had the highest conception of "cowboy" life, and when at the age of fourteen I was informed that I should go west and join my elder brother on his ranch I felt that I had suddenly

reached the consummation of all earthreached the consummation of all earthly desire. I was to be a "cowboy" and
race over the broad sunny plains on the
back of a sleek, spirited pony, wearing
jingling spurs, a wide-brimmed hat and
fringed leather leggings. I felt that I
could ask for nothing more, and it was
with impatience that I counted the
hours that elapsed before I reached my
brother's ranch. orother's ranch.

For a short time I found my new oc

cupation all I could desire, but when I grew more used to it, and the novelty began to wear off, I discovered that it was far from what I had conceived. I monotonous, and many of the sunny days of my fancy gave place to stormy ones. Frequently I came in at night thoroughly drenched from head to foot

thoroughly dendered room head to look or shivering with cold.

Before I had been a month on the range I began to think lovingly of my, home in the east and to have yearnings for the village life which I had once thought entirely too tame. I was beoming discouraged and homesick.
But hard work, loneliness and ex sure were not the only disagreeable



TWO BROAD-HATTED MEN RODE UP.

an experience I underwent will give some idea of what I suffered in that town for the purpose of securing some supplies. The town was thirty miles distant and that meant he would not return before late at night. The ranch was not an extensive one, and the herd was not so large but that I could manage it easily enough alone. In fact I had done so to a large extent of late. "You had better take the cattle to water on the upper range. Keep them down there until near night and then

work them back this way, so as to get them corralled by night."

"All right," I replied, cheerfully, "You'll get back to-night, won't you?"

"Yes, sometime to-night. I'll try to get back before dark, but it's a long ride and I'll have my trading to do, and altogether I'll have a busy day of it. But I'll get here as early as I can, and if I'm not here before dark I will be soon after. Just hold the cattle well together and don't let any of them together and don't let any of them

together and don't let any of them stray from the herd and you'll get along all right."

"Oh, I can manage the cattle," I said.
"You needn't have no fears for them."

"All right then," Jim replied. "Now one will ever think of looking for you fetch my pony while I make pre-

get Jim's pony, saying nothing more
I felt a restlessness and uneasines
that was far from pleasant. I had
never been to the lower range, but knew it was a secluded spot and I was displeased with the idea of going there alone. It was a long way from the ranch and far removed from any other herd. I resolved, however, to keep my feelings a secret in my own breast, and not let Jim know what thought.

Within a few minutes Jim rode

timber. The land was low and rathe swampy, and the grazing was excel lent. Some one had evidently attempt ed to preempt a "claim" there in times past, for down by the timber to the west was an old tumble down adobe house, and near it was a hole which, no doubt, had been dug for i well. This hole was about ten fee deep, unwalled, and containing a ver, little water. I speak thus particularly of the well because my tale has mucl

BUTLER, PA., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1891.

to do with it. The lower range proved to be as iso lated as possible, and to me the long hours of the forenoon passed witl dreadful slowness. The herd demand ed but little attention, so I had nothing to do but loll about on the grass be neath the shade of a tree.

neath the shade of a tree.

Finally the noon hour came and I sa down to eat my lunch. I devoted near ly an hour to that duty thinking it-good way to kill a little of my surplu time. After that I rode over to the old cabin and prospected about it for some time. Thus I wore the hours away and at last saw the sun sinking low it

I was preparing to mount my pony to head the cattle homeward, greatly re lieved that the long day was approach ing its close, when I saw two broad hatted men galloping across the prairie in my direction. They were the "cow-boy" attire and I judged they were cat-tlemen from some of the neighboring ranches. Seeing me in the act of mount ing, they motioned me to stop, and having no suspicion of anything wrong I obeyed willingly enough. I was glad of an opportunity to converse with

"Are those your cattle?" one of the men said as they came up, pointing carelessly to the herd with his whip. "I have charge of them," I replied. "They belong to my brother."
"Who is your brother?" the man

"James Harton." "Ah. So those are Harton's cattle,

"Yes, sir," said I.
"Let's see; Harton's ranch is up to
the north, isn't it?" "Is Harton there?" I replied that he was not.
"Will he be home this evening?" the

"At what time?"

I disliked the idea of being too free with information, so I hesitated a little in answering this last question. The man noticed my hesitancy, and con-

turns."
The two men exchanged a quick glance, smiled and nodded their heads, and then the one who had addressed

and then the one who had addressed me remarked to the other: "What do you think, Jake? Is it all right, you reckon?" "I guess," replied the other, "we won't strike a better chance soon." "We can get the cattle all right enough," sa'd the first, "but what about the boy? It won't do to let him go, for he'd report us at the ranches and have a pack of cowboys on our trail in less than an hour."

the other.

"That's a fact," Jake admitted.
"Then what's to be done about him?" the other asked.

Jake shook his head at first, but directly came nearer to his companion, and, sinking his voice almost to a whisper, said:
"Kill him."

"Yes, but it's safest, Bill." "Yes, but it's safest, Bill."
Then the two men talked together in low tones, and though I could not understand all they said, I knew they were discussing the advisability of the same way with me so, they might husband was probably only a burglar .making way with me so they might steal the cattle without the danger of being detected. You may rest assured my thoughts were far from pleasant while I stood there, waiting in dreadful suspense for those men to settle my fate. I realized that my life was in the

Mrs. Ponsonby—How good of you!
Mrs. Popinjay—Yes, but I will get
my reward. Harold will buy me a new
set of the latest style. — Jeweler's
Circular. balance with the chances against me. I could not run away, for the men kept their eyes on me and their hands on their pistols and I knew they would shoot me if I made any attempt to move. So I waited and watched every movement they made, trying to read something of their thoughts in their

features.

Finally, after the lapse of five min-utes, one of the men pointed to the old well and said: well and said:
"How will that answer?"
"The very trick," replied the other.
"He'll be safe there, and it's better than killing him."

"Then leave the pony and come with us," Jake commanded, turning to "Where?" I asked, teeth chattering and my limbs trembling.

"Never mind where, but do as

I went quietly with them and a few steps brought us to the well. One of the men took me by the arms without a fully aware of his intentions.

"Now we're all right," Jake remarked, "for he'll never getout of there alone and there's no danger of anybody finding him for twenty-four

That was the last I saw of the cattle thieves, for they left me immediately, and a little later I heard the cattle re-treating across the prairie to the south. I waited a short time, then began making efforts to extricate myself from the hole, but my efforts were futile. The distance to the top was short, but the wall was soft and sandy

thought I, at last giving "Well." "here I am and here I shall die



me in this place.'

paration to go."

When the afternoon had passed it grew intensely dark, and the sky was overcast with clouds. Pretty soon there was a low rumble, which I knew to be thunder. Soon it was repeated, and for an hour it continued, ever growing nearer and stronger. The lightning played overhead. Di-

rain ceased.

Think what that night must have away, and after watching him out of sight I saddled my pony and turning the cattle out headed them to the south. In due time I brought into parrow strip of bottom prairie which lay wedged in between two skirts of the same transfer of the plains, miles from any human being. Imagine its terrors as you will and you cannot begin to conceive what I suffered. But the worst is not vat told.

loose and sandy, absorbed the water

to make no further effort to prolong my life, but to give up and die. At most, death would soon ensue, and then the struggle would be over.

At that instant I heard the clatter of

"Them feliers won't he'ver steal ho more cattle, I reckon."

I never had any desire for "cowboy" life after that, and I was terribly glad to board the train for home the following week. THOMAS P. MONTFORT.

Two Queer Epitaphs This unique epitaph is found in Cali-fornia: "Here lies the body of Jeemes Hambrick, who was accidentally shot on the banks of the Pecos river by a young man. He was accidentally shot with one of the larger Colt's revolvers with one of the larger cotts revolvers with no stopper for the cock to rest on. It was one of the old-fashioned kind—brass mounted. And of such is the kingdom of Heaven." The following epitaph is in Lanesboro, S. C.: "Here lies Jane Smith, wife of Thomas Smith, marble cutter. This monument was erected by her husband as a tribute to her memory and a specimen of his work. Monuments of this same style, two hundred and fifty dollars."— Toledo Blade.

Two Different Kinds of Husbands. Two females made each other's ac-quaintance on a Washington city street. Said one of them, whose husband was a government official: "He is so honest and so conscientious

that if he dreams that he stole anything from anybody he runs himself over to the sheriff right off." "I'd hate to do that, Jake," replied "That's just the way my husband does. When my husband is picked up by the sheriff for taking anything he always says he must have done it in a dream," replied the other one, whose

> Goodness Its Own Reward. Mrs. Ponsonby-Why, my dear, what has become of all the jewelry you used Mrs. Popinjay-I have given them up to save the heathens.

Heavenly Thoughts.

Johnnie (who has on his first pair of knickerbockers)—Annabel, will I wear knickerbockers like these in Heaven? Annabel (aged six and an "observan child)-Why, Johnnie, don't you know angels always wear night-gowns?-

A Mother's Heart. Mrs. Brink-Mrs. Klink! Mrs. Klink! Your little boy is in our yard stoning our chickens.

Mrs. Klink-Horrorst He'll get his feet wet in your big, ugly, damp grass.

Wanted His Welcome to Last. Spatts-Miss Elder is much older than I thought. Hunker—Impossible:
"Well, I asked her if she had re:

'Æsop's Fables,' and she said she read them when they first came out."— Truth. At a Quiet Country Hotel. Maid of all Work—Th' gent says as how he'd ruther have bacon an' meal

Sophia—Oh,no, Angelo; by your side (kiss) I am afraid of nothing!—Life.

The American Sovereign. Policeman—Here, move out of this! You can't use this here park for a lodg-Tramp (with dignity)-Sir, are you aware that you are a public servant and that I am one of your employers?—

"Why, Jingleton, I have not seen you for twenty years. And how is that sev-enteen-year-old wife you had just married when we parted?"
"I have her yet. She's about twenty now."-Truth.

Boy-So he wouldn't run away, mem, jacket.-Judge. when he seed you.-N. Y. Herafd.

A PIG'S REFLECTION.

rapidly, so that within an hour after the rainfall the well began to fill. At first the rise was slow, but soon it increased, and in less than two hours the water was n early to my waist, and between the rainfall the well began to fill. At first the rise was slow, but soon it increased, and in less than two hours the water was n early to my waist, and between the rainfall the water the rainfall the well began to fill. At first the rise was slow, but soon it increased, and in less than two hours the rainfall the well began to fill. At first the rise was slow, but soon it increased, and in less than two hours the rainfall the well began to fill. At first the rise was slow, but soon it increased, and in less than two hours the rainfall the well began to fill. At first the rise was slow, but soon it increased, and in less than two hours the rainfall the well began to fill. At first the rise was slow, but soon it increased, and in less than two hours the result of the rise was slow. The Pathetic Little Story Told by the Pet of the Hog Pen.

creased, and in less than two hours the water was n early to my waist, and before morning it had crawled up about my shoulders.

"A few more minutes," I thought. "and it will be over."

It would be impossible to describe how anxiously I counted the moments and watched the rise of the water. Slowly, it seemed, but steadily it crept up to my neck, then up to my nouth. I knew that five minutes more must bring the end. I could not possibly survive longer than that.

Hoping that some one might be within hearing of my voice, I called time and again, but there was no response. The water had crept up until I was forced to stand on tip-toe to preserve myself from drowning. I gave up all hope then and waited for the end.

A numbness began to steal over me and I felt inclined to sleep. So strong did this feeling become that I resolved to make no further effort to prolong my life, but to give up and die. At

mill and a grain elevator, and, oh, what lots of good stuff I see going out of them that my mother tells me pigs hundreds of miles away get to eat, and it makes them fat and happy. If it pays other pig's masters to buy that stuff and ship it hundreds of miles to feed to their pig's Ldon't see why my

o make no now, my life, but to give up most, death would soon ensue, and the struggle would be over.

At that instant I heard the clatter of a horse's feet on the wet sod, and instantly hope revived. Raising myself to my full fleight I again called out, and a moment later a man was at the well. It was Jim. It took him but a moment to lower a halter strap and araw me out.

I was too overjoyed at my sudden release from the very jaws of death to utter a word, but if Jim had permitted me I would have then and there fallen upon my knees and kissed the ground. If the corried is the carefield hood to a soon set the chilled blood to a soo shine soon set the chilled blood to coursing through my veins, and in a short time I was able to ride behind my brother to the ranch.

Jim had been out all night in search of me, and found me just in time to save my life. A party of "cowboys" from a neighboring ranch had gone in pursuit of the cattle thieves, and soon after our return to the ranch they came in with the cattle. I asked if they found the thieves, and one of them said:

"Them fellers won't never steal no more cattle, I reckon."

and he was nice, too, she says, and I looked like him when I was a baby, but she thinks I won't be much such a hog when I am grown up. She says and I looked like him when I was a baby, but she thinks I won't be much such a hog when I am grown up. She says and I looked like him when I was a baby, but she thinks I won't be much such a hog when I am grown up. She says and I looked like him when I was a baby, but she thinks I won't be much such a hog when I am grown up. She says and I looked like him when I was a baby, but she thinks I won't be much such a hog when I am grown up. She says and I looked like him when I was a baby, but she thinks I won't be much such a hog when I am grown up. She says and I looked like him when I was a baby, but she thinks I won't be much such a hog when I am grown up. She says, and I looked like him when I was a baby, but she thinks I won't be much such a hog when I am grown up. She says and I looked like him when I am grown up. She says and I looked like him when I am grown up. She says and I looked like him when I am grown up. She says and I looked like like looked like him when I am grown up. She says and I looked like him when I am grown up. She says and I looked like him when I am grown up. She says and I looked like him when I am grown up. She says and I looked like him when I am grown up. She says and I looked like him when I am grown up. She says and I looked like him when I am grown up. She says and I looked like him of looked like him when I am grown up. She says and I looked like him tell, but it won't tell half so much to a half-starved pig as it will to one with a belly full of good stuff, and my mother knows what she is talking

> A SECURE LATCH This Device Will Prove of Great Interes

description of a gate latch with a lock therefor. The latch is by no means new, but, though simply made and very convenient has not been much sed because animals soon learn to lif the latch with their noses. This sub-scriber locks it by means of the block A, which fits closely into the mortise B. With the blocks so placed the latch cannot be raised, and the animals can-not move the block. For greater conace a stout cord is fastened to each end of the latch, and passes over a pulley above as the block is drawn

SECURE LATCH. from the mortise, bringing it a little farther raises the latch. A large spool will answer for a pulley, as shown in the illustration. Another gate fasten-er commonly used in the western states is merely a piece of one-quarter or one-half inch iron rod about a foot long, which is inserted in a hole bored for which is inserted in a hole bored for the purpose through the gate post and adjoining the end piece of the gate. It is simply withdrawn like an ordinary wooden pin when the gate is to be opened, and pushed through when it is to be closed. Cows and horses rarely learn to withdraw this pin since the weight of the gate rests more or less heavily, holding it firmly in place until the gate is slightly raised.—American

CARE OF HORSES.

Elbow Grease Cheaper Than the Services of a Veterinary Surgeon.

Elbow grease is much cheaper than grain and it is vastly cheaper than the services of a veterinary surgeon. But it is a fact that many of us feed grain the service would be serviced to do what a little elbow grease would do better, and pay our money to veter-inarians that a little labor would save. We are all familiar with the treatment given to race horses. They are rubbed, after exercise, until every hair is dry. They are made clean as water and rubbing can make them. How long would a race horse last if he was treated as we often treat the team. We bring it Maid of all Work—Th' gent says as how he'd ruther have bacon an' meal cakes than chicken.

The Landlady—What made him change his mind?

Maid—He seen th' ole man goin' t'th' hen coop with a buck-saw.—Judge.

Sublime Assurance.

It was during their honeymoon that Angelo and Sophia were overtaken by a thunderstorm.

Angelo—And was his little pet afraid of the thunder?

Sophia—Oh,no, Angelo; by your side this blank and put then into the stable to cat and dry off the best they may. The mud on legs and feet is injurious. The perspiration, with the dirt and dust that has accumulated on the skin dries, stopping up the pores and throwing more labor upon the internal organs. The horse cannot do as well, under such conditions, as it would if better cared for, and it will consume more grain then it otherwise would and still not be in the condition that the sun never shone upon them. The trouble was that growing corn on one side, and

THE seed bed that produces weeds for the entire farm is the stubble field.

"You can't be too careful about buying bedelothes, ma'am," said the accommodating salesman. "Now, in selecting comforts, for instance, you've got to
depend on the judgment of the firm that
bought them in the first place. You
can't open 'em, you know, to see what
kind of material they're stuffed with.
You've got to take our word for that. Necessity of Having Confidence Which Was Wiser?
Fond Father—Children, if the clock struck fourteen, what time would it be?
Logical Louise—Two o'clock, papa.
Clever Charlie—Time to get the clock fixed.—Life.

HOW COULD HE DO LESS?

HOW COULD HE DO LESS?

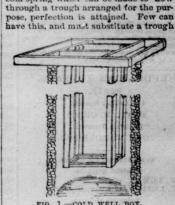
| Struck | Str cago Tribune.

> "Ugh, I don't see how a woman can let a man kiss her that chews tobacco," exclaimed the pretty housemaid to the coachman as he threw a quid over the back fence.
> "No, don't yez, indade, Kitty, dar-lint," he said, with a playering smile, "plaze shut yoor pritty eyes for a minute, and Oi'll show yez. And it came to pass .- Detroit Free

Love Is Blind.

The Tailor Turns Chollie (exacting)—But this coat is crooked as the very deuce, Snip.
Snip (in despair)—I might have known that you wanted a straight-

A COLD WELL BOX. Our grandmothers thought it impossible to make good butter during the hot weather of late summer, and found the cause of the failure in the baneful influence of the dog days. But it was proved long ago that good butter can be produced during this season. Keeping it good and solid seems to be the difficulty. Where a constant stream of cold spring water can be made to flow though a trough arranged for the pro-



serve the same purpose. Mortises cut through this hold pulleys over which through this hold pulleys over which the rope passes. At A, Fig. 2, two pulleys are placed on the same shaft directly above the center of the well. At B there is but one pulley. Between the upright and brace a small windlass is constructed, as shown at C in Fig. 3. The frame is formed of four pieces nailed to the post and brace. A 3-inch cylinder, 10 inches long, with a 6-inch head at each end forms a "spool" of about the right size for a well 30 to 40 feet deep, the rope being half-inch.

about the right size for a well 30 to 40 feet deep, the rope being half-inch.

The pump is set as far as possible to one side of the well, and a trap door is placed in the floor, as in Fig. 2. A notch cut out of the floor at the side of this door holds the rope when the door is closed, and a hook on the pump above (not shown in the drawing) holds it back out of the way when not in use. The frame beneath the floor is shown at Fig. 1. At each corner two boards at Fig. 1. At each corner two boards nailed together at a right angle extend down into the well. A frame below keeps them in proper position, and pre-vents serious loss should the rope break. A box, D of Fig. 3, fits loosely



FIG. 3.-WELL BOX AND WINDLASS. side with movable shelves fit it for holding any size of cans, jars, etc. A door closes the front, and a three rope The rope is first tied to the ring above this pulley, taken up over one of the pulleys at A. Fig. 2, down beneath the pulley on the box, up over the second pulley at A, back over pulley B, and down to the windless.

down to the windlass.

Mrs. B. says it is an excellent device for keeping butter solid, and for cooling cream previous to churning. The only objection is that the box must be thoroughly cleaned and scalded once or twice a week to keep it sweet, and care must be taken that the water in the well does not become foul. With this precaution it is a success and worth trying.—James M. Shull, in Rural New trying.—James M. Shull, in Rural New Yorker.

consume more grain then it otherwise would and still not be in the condition that it ought to be. These little details of horse management may seem irksome, but it will pay to attend to them.—Western Rural.

ONE advantage in fooding the One advantage in feeding the scraps from the table to poultry is that it sup-plies them with a variety.



City Niece-Oh, Uncle Haystack, don't Fido up! Uncle Haystack-Great turnip! I

guess not-for I reckon I've been sit-ting on it! I thort it was hand-painted. Born to the Tripod. Born to the Tripod.

Jinkers—I see there is a split in the National American Press association, and the little fellows are going for each other hot and heavy, tooth and toenail.

Winkers—Well! Well! Those boys will be editors yet.—Good News.

"No. They chatter."
"But they seem to understand each

"Oh, well! What of it? So do

Hard on the Monkeys.