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J. W. HUTCHISON, ATTORNEY AT LAW. nce on second floor of the Hus nond, Butler, Pa., Room No. 1.

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W. C. FINDLEY, Attorney at Law and Real Estate Agent. Of the rear of L. Z. Mitchell's office on north side Diamond, Butler, Pa.

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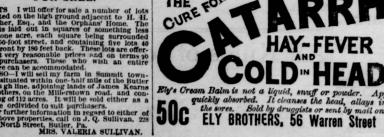
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Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary Purchasers can save from 25 to 50 per in his customary health and that Lewis Jackwood had been gone away from home for two days. Then Freeman Graduate of the Ontario Veterland, College, Toronto, Canada.

Dr. Gable treats all diseases of the domesticated animals, and makes ridgling, castration and horse dentistry a specialty. Castration per listry a specialty. Castration per listry a specialty.

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You may talk about the music of the thrush
Singing from a shady nook in June,
You may tell me how in early morning's hush
Robins' throats their melodies attune;
You may even praise the chatter of the wren,
But to me the sweetest warbling in the world
Is the cut cut cut dawcut,
Cut cut cut cut dawcut,
Cut cut cut cut cut
Cut cut cut cut
dawcut

dawcut

Of the ordinary hen! I have naught against the bebolink to say, Nor the blackbird's crazy quiverings; I can listen quite enchanted all the day If the oriole above me sings. Gainst the nightingale I've not a single word, But I claim there is no singing in the world
Like cut cut cut cutdawout
Cut cut cut cutdawout
Cut cut cut cutdawout
Cut cut cut cut cut
Cut cut cut cut

dawcut Of our gallinaceous bird! Tis a pean and a promise all in one,
'Tis an invitation to a feast.
'Tis an honest boast of useful labor done,
And it tells of capital increased.
Oh, I praise no fancy bird with tongue or pea,
For to me the noblest music in the world
Is the cut cut cut dawcut
Cut cut cut cut dawcut
Cut cut cut cut.
Cut cut cut cut.
Cut cut cut cut.

Cut cut cut cut Of the common barnyard hen! True 'tis not a cultured operatic song
Like the caged canary shouts and trills,
But it often makes a city fellow long
For his boyhood back among the hills.
While he dreams he's barefoot, hunting eggs

To that most pathetic music in the world,
To that most pathetic dut cut cutdawcut
Cut cut cut cutdawcut
Cut cut cut cut cutdawcut
Cut cut cut cut
dawcut
dawcut of his mother's speckled hen!
—George Horton, in Chicago Herald.



down in a pleasant but they wouldn't. They'd stand as if they were glued. I don't bother about 'em now One day as a funeral procession was leaving the roadway a couple of girls came up. One of them stopped. The don't bother about 'em now One day as a funeral procession was leaving the roadway a couple of girls came up. One of them stopped. The don't bother about 'em now One day as a funeral procession was leaving the roadway a couple of girls came up. One of them stopped. The don't bother about 'em now one day as a funeral procession was leaving the roadway a couple of girls came up. One of them stopped. The don't bother about 'em now one day as a funeral procession was leaving the roadway a couple of girls came up. One of them stopped in the wouldn't. They'd stand as if they wouldn't.

were star very found of each other's so-ciety.

Mr. Gibbs, Sr., lived at Gibbsborough, and the two families were on the very best of terms. The young people were very comfortably situated, as Freeman owned his farm, free of incumbrance, and had just sold his interest in a manufacturing enterprise at the village for three thousand dollars in cash. So the future outlook was exceedingly bright

for the young couple.

The money for the quarter interest in the factory was paid over to Mr. Gibbs at his house one forenoon late in November. Before he had time to take it to the country of the part of the country take it to the bank a driving snow-storm set in, and she concluded to wait until the morrow rather than face such a tempest, although he realized that a tempest, although he realized that everybody at the village probably knew there was a large sum in his possession. A robbery had not been committed in the vicinity for years, and besides that Freeman was a courageous fellow who always kept a revolver within reach; so he had no

fears for the safety of his money.

The storm increased in violence as the night came on, and by dark there were eight inches of snow that the great heaps. Mr. Gibbs and his wife retired quite early, and, lulled by the roar of the storm without, they were soon sleeping as only light-hearted

young people can sleep.

It was almost midnight when a thundering knock at the door aroused them both. Thrusting his head out of the window, Mr. Gibbs called out: "Who is there?"
"Lewis Jackwood," was the answer.

"Your father has just had a shock and cannot live till morning. If you wish to see him alive, come immediately.' Lewis Jackwood was his father's nearest neighbor, so Freeman never had a doubt of the man's identity or the truth of his tidings. Of course anxiety for his stricken parent at once overcame all fear of the terrible

can get through, so it is out of the question for you to attempt to get there in this bitter tempest. As for me, I feel as if I must see my father once more. Poor father!" "Certainly I dare," was the ready answer, for Nettie Gibbs was no

coward. "No one will get out in this storm to trouble me, and you will be back early in the morning. I will sit by the fire and read, so you need have no fears for me."

Thus encouraged Mr. Gibbs was soon dressed and at the door, but when he

opened it he was greatly surprised to find that there was no one there. The nidnight messenger was gone. His tracks were plain upon the teps, however, and without an in-

stant's hesitation Freeman plunged into the blackness of the howling storm. His father's health was of far more importance to him than Lewis Jackwood's abrupt and unexpected de-

Step by step he fought his way through it, but more than an hour went by before he reached his destination. Another surprise awaited him there, for the whole house wasdark and silent. There was not even a gleam of light in it from

garret to basement.

He speedily aroused the whole household, only to learn that his father was

remembered the money and trembled for his unprotected wife, alone in the darkness of midnight and that terrible storm. With just a word of explana tion he started out on his return, if pos-sible more anxious and alarmed than when he came. But he got along slower than ever,

and it was not long before he found all trace of footsteps obliterated by the driving snow. Yet he still kept plung-ing on in a frantic attempt at great-er speed, becoming more and more alarmed with every successive move-ment. When Mrs. Nettie found herself

alone that stormy night with three thousand dollars in the house, she had not been the least bit frightened. She had kindled up a fire and was just sit-ting down with a book when the door opened and a man entered. A single glance told her that it was not her husband returned, as she thought at first, for the intruder wore a mask of black cloth and carried a cocked revolver in his hand. Nettie's blood fairly froze as the unwelcome guest advanced toward her.

"There is a little roll of shinplasters upstairs and I want it." he said. "Go and get it for me, there's a dear."
"My husband has it in his pocket," she answered with a white, scared face, yet still determined to keep the money out of the burglar's clutches if

thing. It's in the bureau drawer now. Get it for me or else I shall be obliged

BUTLER, PA., FRIDAY, JANUARY 22, 1892.

to tie you up and help myself."

Nettie's heart sank yet lower. The robber evidently knew that Freeman was away from home, and she was ut-

terly in his power.
"I suppose I may as well, as you know all about it," she said, a plan to outwit him beginning to take shape in her mind. "Take the lamp and come

"By heavens, you're a brick," said the villain, admiringly, as he obedient-ly picked up the lamp and followed her from the kitchen. "Sorry to trouble you, but I must borrow that money a little while, anyhow."

Nettie went straight up the stairs to their chamber door, the ruffian follow-ing close behind her with the lamp, re-volver in hand. By the time they reached it he was entirely off his guard. The door swung inward, and Nettie turned it on its hinges as quietly as if she were about to retire, instead of be-ing in deadly danger. But as the door

thrust it into her bosom; then she darted to the window and threw it open.

A huge apple tree grew close to the house, and the great branches of it swept the roof. Mrs. Nettie had been a perfect hoyden in her girlhood, so it was only an instant till she was among the snowy boughs. It was none too soon, for the robber was already at the window.

"Does that always occur when a funeral procession is passing?" I asked of a bridge policeman.
"Oh, yes," he answered. "Sometimes there's more and sometimes less, but I don't believe a funeral ever crossed the bridge without somebody stopping.
"When I first came on the bridge," he went on, "I didn't undersated it. I wred to story the carriages and motion.



bered downward, determined to keep

the pocketbook in her own possessi or die in its defense. shoot," muttered the robber. "I'll have to follow her, or she'll slip me, money and all, before I can go downstairs and round the house. So here

A great crashing in the branches in-formed Mrs. Nettle of his mevements, and spurred her to yet greater efforts. Reaching the bottom limbs she grasped one firmly, swung herself downward, and dropped unburt into the drift be-neath. There was only one thing to think of—flight. Bareheaded as she was, she stumbled on out into the road and started after her husband. There was no sound of pursuit as she

fled, but as her tensely strung nerves began to relax she grew nearly frantic with terror. Blindly she staggered onward against the storm. At first she scarcely noticed the cold or the drifting snow, but her waning strength and failing breath soon brought her to a sense of her danger, alone at midnight in the snowy highway, bareheaded and thinly dressed, with the pitiless wind of a smothering storm buffeting her

bloodthirsty robber behind her.

On and on she struggled through the storm and cold in the desperate endeavor to find assistance. Still on the desperate endeavor to find assistance. deavor to find assistance. Still on she staggered with sinking heart and shortening breath, while the numbing cold crept into her very vitals. On and

onward yet.

Just as she felt she could go no new hat, dear? farther, but must sink down and die in Gaswell the snowy highway, her tired feet stuck in the clogging drifts and she stumbled and fell fairly into the arms of a man approaching in the opposite direction. Then her husband's voice rang above the howling of the wind, and she felt that both she and the pocketbook were safe at last. And then the brave but exhausted little woman

fainted dead away. When she came to herself again it was daylight and she was safely in bed at a neighbor's house, while her hus and was bending over her with a pale

face and anxious eyes. A few words told him everything
A party of armed men was hastily gotten together and started immediately for the Gibbs homestead. Everything seemed still and peaceful when they arrived, and the whole party en-



rushed at once to the sleeping-room above. They found the window open and the floor covered with snow, but nothing appeared to have been disturbed.

Suddenly one of the men gave an exclamation of horror, and everybody ran to his side as he stood by the window. The cause was apparent at once.

The robber was still there in the top of the old apple tree. In some way his feet had slipped among the snowy branches and as he fell his neck had

been tightly wedged into the crotch be-tween two limbs.

All his efforts to release himself had evidently been unavailing; but during his struggles the mask had slipped off, and his horror-stricken neighbors were "No, he hasn't, my dear. He went gazing full upon his features. No wonder the man had cried out on first HOW TO CURE FURS.

It was the face of Lewis Jackwood indeed, but it was now a cold and icy one. Justice, swift and sure, had overtaken him in his nefarious attempt, for he had been caught and strangled between the confining branches of the Old Trapper. old apple tree, to hang there all through the long and freezing night only to be discovered in the morning, frozen and

dead .- O. E. Young, in Goodall's Sun. WON'T "CROSS A FUNERAL." liam Bell, in the Youth's Companion. A Fanny Notion of Some Superstitious People.

You may get some idea of how wide-spread is the superstitious belief that "crossing a funeral procession" brings bad luck if you will stand any day at the New York or Brooklyn entrance to the East river bridge and wait until Stretch them apart and make a cut from each hind foot along the top or back of the leg to near and under the tail. Leave the tail uncut with the back a hearse and a long line of carriages appear. You won't have to wait very long. So many mourners pass over hand holds the body.

turned it on its hinges as quietly as it she were about to retire, instead of being in deadly danger. But as the door swung open she gave a sudden spring through it, banged it shut in the rober's face with a violence that extinguished the light, and turned the key in the lock.

In one, So many mourners pass over the bridge that it is almost entitled to be called "The Bridge of Sighs." And when your patience is rewarded by the arrival of the cortege, if you are on either the New York or the Brooklyn side you will observe that, though the horses are moving slowly and the horses are moving slowly and After the tail fur is pulled off the in-ner stump, pull the skin off whole from With a muttered curse the fellow began fumbling in his pockets for matches to relight the lamp, thinking a draft had closed the door. Failing to find any he essayed to open it, only to find it fast. When the burglar realized the trick that had been played upon him he was furious.

"Open the door, you she-devil." he of the horses are moving slowly and the next. Do not be though there is plenty of room to pass between the carriages, many men and women who have been walking rapid, by halt suddenly and wait until the lines of the skin. Then work the skin off to the tip of the nose. Cut this off so it will hold on or over the end of the board, to keep the skin stretched properly.

At the beginning cut are moving slowly and cut down the belly. On coming to the fingers and pull them out of the skin. Then work the skin off to the tip of the nose. Cut this off so it will hold on or over the end of the board, to keep the skin stretched properly.

At the beginning cut arefully around all the natural openings of the skin, so as

was furious.

"Open the door, you she-devil," he cried, as he pounded violently upon it:
"Open the door, or I will burst it open and kill you like a rat in a hole."

"But the beginning cut carefully around all the natural openings of the skin, so as to save all the fur and not tear the skin. Work off the hide with the fingers, using the knife as little as possible. There was no response. Nettie knew the door would stop the robber for only a moment, so she made the most of her time. Snatching her husband's pocket-book from the drawer she hastily thrust it into her bosom; then she doubted to the window and throw it the standard of t those who waited were evidently an-

just married and settled down in a pleasant but "come back, or I'll put a bullet through" the snowy boughs. soon, for the robber was already at the went on, "I didn't understand it. used to stop the carriages and motion to the people to cross over. But they wouldn't. They'd stand as if they were glued. I don't bother about 'em now

'Goodness, me,' says Mamie 'what'll I do?' 'Come back quick before it gets by, says the other one, and Mamie ran over in front of the last carriage.
"I suppose," said the policeman,
"they thought that would put the
kibosh on the hoodoo."—N. Y. Herald.

-Mrs. Tangle-"Henry, you have been making presents to that girl you call your amanuensis. Don't try to deny it! I have proof." Mr. Tangle-"What proof, pray?" Mrs. Tangle-"I found in your pocket a bill for 'ribbon for typewriter." -Kate Field's Wash-ington

The Useful Cane. Penelope-I suppose if you did not

continually suck that cane-head you would not know what to do with it? Dicky — Oh yes, indeed; but I wouldn't know what to do with my outh, you know .- Life. Always Sweet. Merchant-What kind of eider is that?

Merchant-What do you call it that

Romance and Realism.

He threw his arms around her neck,
And words of love he spoke;
And then went home a total wreck.

He threw his arms around her neck,
It was indeed no joko,
For his suspender broke.

—Clothier and Furnisher. Franscendental Lexicography. Head-Mistress-Miss Balfour, I sav you kiss that Tarleton boy. What is the meaning of that?

Sweet Girl Undergraduate-I can spell it, Miss Grayson, but I can't define it .- Life. In Harmony with His Busines U-I don't like the looks of that man

I—He has to have it in his business he's an architect.-Texas Siftings. A Young Spark.

Referring to Its Size.

Mrs. Gaswell (after seating herself at the theater)-What do you think of my

Gaswell-It's immense. - Pittsburgh Mrs. Bunting-The bishop of Mass. chusetts speaks three hundred and twelve words a minute. women bishops. - Life.



Blotterwick-Well, how is the farce edy coming off? -All done but the finale. can't decide whether to wind up with an earthquake or an oyster supper.-Philadelphia Press.

That they are smarter far than you! --Philadelphia Press.

High-Priced.

What She Took Him For.

Well Named.

sive man."-Jury.

Old Resident—Yes, sir, I'm eighty years old, and I walked thirty miles t'other day. Kin you do that? Average Man—N-o, not yet. I'm only forty.—Good News. To Be Thought Wise

Uncle Ras' Postscript. "Did you ever go to Bins, the tailor?"
"Yes. Got two suits from him. One
dress suit. One law-suit. Very expen-What She Took Him For.

"You seem to take me for a fool,"
Said he; she said: "How funny!
I do not take you for a fool,
I take you for your money."

—Philadelphia Press.

"You might try one of our Rip Van "What is there special about them?"

Valuable Hints Furnished by an

How to Secure the Best Ventilated, Least

and the farm creatures may be considered in a similar light. Their origin is important. Their merit for sustaining After its death take the skin off as soon as possible unless the creature was drowned. In that case wait till the fur is dry.

Hold the animal up by the hind legs.

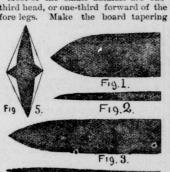
Work the fingers under the skin around and over the back near the tail.
Pull this out of the skin by placing a split stick on the tail, while the other

horse must have limbs, hoofs, etc., natural and cultivated action, and weight sufficient for his work, or he is valueless. So, too, is the bovine animal lacking whose flesh and milk as food is produced at a loss to the farmer. It is also unsatisfactory to the consumer though bought at d moderate price. The same holds true of the pork, mutton, wool and egg producers as on their breeding, care and management hinges much of the income of the farm. To start right in breeding is as necessary as in building d fore legs work around them with the fingers and pull them out of the skin.

Then work the skin off to the tip of the nose. Cut this off so it will hold on or over the end of the board, to keep the skin stretched properly.

At the beginning cut carefully around all the natural openings of the skin sees to sweether. the hind legs toward the head. Do not cut down the belly. On coming to the

ful breeding and management, is a fer-tile, active brain—one not stultified by an over-exhausted body. An overworked farmer, who had not learned
to think, found himself poorer, year
after year, though he had wide acres
and large herds. By accident he lost
his right arm and was thus compelled
to case the slavish use of his muscles. using the knife as little as possible.
Thus you will keep the skin white. to cease the slavish use of his mu Make the board as wide as can well be pushed into the skin. The board should By active use of his brain he kept his farming and stock-growing in progress, and success began with the loss of this member. Others may take from this true incident the hint to exercise faith in their brains. Systematic management rather than only their own more progress.



slightly, narrowing from the hind end to the fore legs. Then cut it in the shape of a tapering flatiron to the tip of

Then take off all grease and flesh possible. Make two "swords," or strips of wood as long as the board. Run one under the skin down the middle of the back, and the other down the belly side. Thus the skin is raised from the board and stretched. and stretched.

Catch the under lip on the end of the belly sword, so as to draw it well up to the nose. Pull the hind feet back tight and tack them in place to the edge

of the board. Pull at the roots of the tail with one hand and at the same time rub the skin backwards with the other, so as to stretch it without tearing. Tack it to the sword, and tack the edge of the belly side likewise. To cure the skin: Hang the skin up

by the nose in the shade. It should not be near a fire nor any other object. Fresh air should be all around it. These directions carefully followed will give the best-ventilated, least tainted, dryest and whitest skin possible, of any given kind. No chemicals being used, the peltry will bring the

highest market price. These directions are for animals from the size of the beaver down, except as to otter tails, which must be split open, spread out and tacked on a board to prevent tainting. Fold the skin of the otter's fore legs across the chest and tie

so that they will dry flat.

The illustrations show some forms of boards and swords commonly used. Fig. 1 is a plan of a board for the skin of a muskrat or other short animal Fig. 2 represents the "sword" or strip of wood which goes with it. Fig. 3 is the board needed for the skin of a mink or other slim animal, and Fig. 4 is the sword which must accompany it.
Fig. 5 is an end view or section of the board and swords, with the skin stretched upon them.

Is the Earth Hollow? The orthodox Icelander believes that the earth has an opening through it from pole to pole; in other words, that it is the exact counterpart of a gigantic head. According to their ideas, all waters which flow to the north are drawn thitherwards by a suction drawn thitherwards by a suction created by the oceans tumbling downward through the hollow which they firmly believe exists. Their authority for this curious belief is the "Utama Saga," a semi-sacred work written early in the fourteenth century. If this ancient volume is to be relied upon, one Bjorn Liefson, a fisherman, who was driven northward by a flerce gale about the year 1291, is the only human early in the fourteenth century. If this ancient volume is to be relied upon, one Bjorn Liefson, a fisherman, who was driven northward by a flerce gale about the year 1291, is the only human early in the fourteenth century. If this ancient volume is to be relied upon, one Bjorn Liefson, a fisherman, who was driven northward by a flerce gale about the year 1291, is the only human early in the fourteenth century. If this ancient volume is to be relied upon, one Bjorn Liefson, a fisherman, who was driven northward by a flerce gale about the year 1291, is the only human early in the fourteenth century. If this ancient volume is to be relied upon, one Bjorn Liefson, a fisherman, who was driven northward by a flerce gale about the year 1291, is the only human early in the fourteenth century. If this ancient volume is to be relied upon, one Bjorn Liefson, a fisherman, who was driven northward by a flerce gale that they water. Whether it will pay to warm the water. Whether it will pay to warm the water. They will drink they will give from drinking for the water. They will drink they will give from drinking for the water. They will drink they will give from drinking the roots. The sis that they are all the water. They will drink they will give from drinking the roots a well as purpose. about the year 1291, is the only human being who has ever seen the spot where the waters of all oceans plunge downward and are not seen again until they have passed entirely through the earth of the speed of the milk from the income and the speed of th ward and are not seen again until they have passed entirely through the earth and again appear, bubbling and frothhave passed entirely through the earth and again appear, bubbling and froth-ing like a mammoth spring, at the south pole. Symmes, an American Arctic ex-plorer, is said to have entertained a warm the water than those who sell

notion somewhat similar. Results of Buying a Rat-Trap. A citizen of Troy, Ala., recently invested twenty-five cents in a rat-trap.

Within one week he had caught forty rats, one calf and one old setting hen. Now the owner of the calf has sued the trap-setter for heavy damages, and the owner of the old setting hen has broken off ar engagement of marriage between off ar engagement of marriage between lt will cost but a trifle to have a dry

his daughter and the trap-setter. An Offset. Fannie de Vere—That awful Mr. Goldbag has offered himself! Fashionable Aunt-Fortunate girl. You must accept him. He is the richest

Fashionable Aunt-Well, my child, it's naughty to be wicked, but it's not if ashionable.—Once a Week. A Good Looking Lass. in response to the gentleman's mar-

"Ah, my dear, Miss Marie," he said with beautiful courtesy, "one so bright as you does not need to pause in order He got her, of course.-Detroit Free

Miss Minnie (a Vassar graduate)—
Here, Uncle Rastus, is the letter you asked me to write for you. Is it all "He never introduced a tank into a play."

"What's the matter with Sir John Enter 62". Life Uncle Rastus—It am curtainly bury fine, but you forgot to put in: "Please excuse bad writing and spelling."—

excuse bad writing and spelling."—
Brooklyn Eagle.

Where Do the Rest Come In?

"Very few animals wear shoes," remarked Mrs. Snagg, reflectively; "horses do, but that is about all."

"Quite true," assented her husband; "and yet there is only one species which goes bear-footed."—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

STOCK THAT PAYS. A Perfect Finish Depends Altogether on a Wise Start

themselves in health, and maintaining

THE VEGETABLE OYSTER. Salsify Is One of the Most Toothsome Vegetables.
This, when rightly cultivated and pre-As a rule the model man is the descendant of superior parents, grand-parents and a line of ancestors noted for greatness. Blood always teaches the observer that "like produces like." But man, physically, is but an animal, and the farm creatures may be con-This, when rightly cultivated and prepared for use, is one of the most delicious of vegetables, and should be more widely known to receive the appreciation it deserves. Like the beet, carrot and parsnip it is a biennial, and like the last the flavor is improved by frost. Unfortunately the salsify does not, as stated in seedmen's catalogues, endure our winters without protection as the parsaip does. Even with protection it is no uncommon thing on uncoverse. themselves in health, and maintaining profitable growth, is to be taken into account. The finish—the meeting of the reasonable expectation of the breeder, feeder and user or consumeris dependent upon their breeding. The horse must have limbs, hoofs, etc., ering in the spring to find the crowns of two-thirds of them rotton. The natural protection afforded by weeds and grass



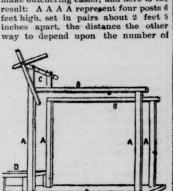
SALSIFY OR VEGETABLE OYSTER.

seems to suit it better than the arti frequently grows year after year from self sown seed among the bushes and grass in the vicinity of gardens from whence the wind has originally wafted its plumed seeds. The roots of the ment, rather than only their own mus-cles, will win success. Think of the worth of good sires! If one or two worth of good sires! If one or two farmers have eight or ten cows, a parebred bull is worth to them treble the value by weight of first-class beef (0 cents a pound at home); but the year-ling at 1,000 or 1,300 pounds can often be bought for 10 cents per pound. With care the offspring will make good 1,200 pounds "baby beef" at 20 months of age, worth now 6 cents, or \$72. The common steer, same age, with same care, its plumed seeds. The roots of the large varieties often grow to an inch and a half in diameter and a foot, or more in length, and should have few side roots. The leaves are long and grass-like, and the flowers which appear the second year from the seed are large, handsome and of a peculiar soft purple color, opening early in the morning and closing before noon. For winter use the roots should be packed in sand or earth and placed in the cellar. In this way they do not become mon steer, same age, with same care, brings but half this amount, counting the weight at 900 pounds and price 4 cents, which are high estimates. Five lar. In this way they do not been dry and shriveled.—Prairie Farmer. litters of pigs by a pure, selected boar— 25 of them at 8 months of age will yield 1,000 more pork than the best (?) com-

mon-sort at 4 cents; only this is nearly double the average cost of the pure-bred boar which is capable of siring several times as many pigs. The same rule holds good in the breeding of horses, sheep and poultry. With the new year every farmer should start aright. Only superior sires should ever be used.—Orange Judd Farmer.

A Convenient Device for Use at Hog-Killing Time.

I have so often had to strain myself in the past to lift heavy animals that I set to work to contrive something to make butchering easier, and here is the



HANDY HOG LIFTER.

are the side rails running from one pair of posts to the top. Scantlings 2 by 6 inches are good for these. C is a windlass to raise the hog after it is scraped from the platform D to the side rails B B, letting the ends of the gambrel rest on the side rails. Then the brel rest on the side rails. Then the hog can be slid back to make room for another. Nail a piece of plank to the outside of each of the front posts and let them extend about 1 foot above the post for the windlass to work in. Let the rope pass up on the back side of this windlass, and as you raise the hog it lands it further back on the raft.—A. W. Lucas, in Farm and Home.

Warming Water for Cows. Cows don't like to drink very cold water; if the water is drawn from a well it should not be pumped until the cows are turned out to drink unless the the roosts. The objection to wood ashes is that they are too caustic, often in milk .- National Stockman.

Damp Floors. If the floor is well-covered with leaves the dampness will be absorbed. Dry floors make the poultry house more comfortable. In the case of ducks the dry floor is very importan

Husband-Caroline, you know you were in the wrong about that lawsurk be happy once more.
Wife-No; I won't do it until you 2d-Fannie de Vere.—And the most Wife—No; I won't do it until you are mit that I was entitled to a divorce,— No Weakness There. Snively-Old Mr. Gildersleeve always

strikes me as a very weak man.
Snodgrass—You are mistaken. He carries life insurance amounting to \$250,000.—Philadelphia Press. The Antiquity of the Tank Play. Totling-I suppose that "Ten Nights in a Barroom" was really the first tank

Dimling-You forget "Henry IV." "Why, that was written by Shakes-"He never introduced a tank into a

Falstaff?"-Life. "I am afraid your wife will give you a cold reception," said Simpkins to a friend with whom he had been out rath-

Those farmers who read the papers and try to keep up with the times, know that corn and clover make good growth for pigs and good pork. If skimmed milk can be added, so much the better; less corn and clover will be the better; less corn and clover will be required. It is pretty well settled, by those who have tried it, that a hog weighing from 75 to 100 pounds in May will double its weight by fall with no other food than the clover pasture. An acre of clover will pasture eight to ten hogs, an equivalent of 1,000 pounds of pork or equal to 150 bushels of corn. But we would not confine hogs to either corn or clover: confine hogs to either corn or clover; if they can have only one, by all means give them the clover. It is bet-ter to combine the two and then oc casionally throw in a little something else to make a variety. The clover is best relished when young and tender. Hence it is better to keep enough hogs to the acre to keep the clover well fed

The destruction of hogs last year be ing of foreign markets to our pork products, and the short hog crop this year, added to the naturally increasing demand because of increase of popula-tion, all point to higher prices for some tion, all point to higher prices for some time to come. Our big corn and grain crops this year will help out wonderfully in supplying the demands of the market, as swine breed rapidly under favorable conditions and modern methods of breeding and rearing produce marketable pork in a remarkably short period. With plenty of feed and a good demand, no one need hesitate about the profitable production of pork until future signs, some way off, shall point to the prospects of a glutted market. Unfit then pork must be a paying product, and still marks a because of the higher and still more so because of the higher and still more so because of the higher rice of beef of the best quality. Sure-ly, the avenues of prosperity appear to be opening freely to our farmers, who have been resting so long under a cloud. The farmer who has faith in the hog may reasonably, hone to now enjoy the

may reasonably hope to now enjoy the reward of well doing.—Colman's Rural World. In nearly all cases a combination of eurly chickens for market with eggs in season will pay better than either one alone.

A BREED that may be best in one lo-COAL ashes are good to scatter under

WHILE ducks will usua lay early in the season, it is not best to have them hatch until spring. They do not thrive in cold, damp weather UNLESS they are provided with quarters something better than the average, it is a positive cruelty to pick either ducks or geese during the win-

On the farm, under the average con-On the farm, inder the average con-ditions, it does not cost any more to raise a pound of turkey than it does to raise a pound of pork, and the turkey brings the best price. Ir costs no more to keep an incubator

run to its full capacity than when only one-half or three-quarters full. In intching for profit every item of expense must be considered. Test the eggs by the seventh day. The Pity of It. First Swell—There goes Miller, the richest man in town. What a pity the old fellow has no daughter. Don't you

Second Swell—I don't know. Why? First Swell—Because she would make such a good wife for me.—Texas Sift-She Had Heard So. What number of facts are still unre-comled in any book! A teacher was hearing her class in natural history re-

"What is a ruminating animal?"
"One that chews her cubs," was the imposent reply.—New Moon.

The Only Use for Money "If I gave you a quarter what would you do with it?" asked Uncle John. "Spend it, of course," replied Tommy; "that's all it's good for."—Harper's Young People.

That Was the Reason McCraekle-Ves, I know him.—Phils