State Library

THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL. XXIX. BUTLER, PA., FRIDAY, MARCH 11, 1892. NO. 19

HUSELTON'S SHOES!

Worth Looking Into.

Our Boots and Shoes are making sad impressions on the sands of time." We keep our customers to make their walk in life easy by fitting them with Shoes that fit their feet comfortably. We pay special attention to this as no Boots or Shoe will wear well that does not fit properly. There is enough trouble and pain in this life without increasing it by wearing ill fitting shoes

All our footwear is selected carefully from the most improved lasts as well as quality of stock etc

We keep the kind that will fit comfortably and wear, we keep the best at the lowest prices.

We don't keep a Ladies Shoes at $1.00 and say it is worth $2.00 that is an old, old chestnut, but we do say we have a Ladies fine Shoe at $1 00 that cannot be matched either for Style or wear, we say the same of our Ladies entire line from $1.25, $1.50, $2.00, $2 50, and $3 00 and up to $4.00 and $4 50

Don't you get tired of reading some fellows advertisements when they say goods are being Slaughtered at any price to clean up etc., that this or that Boys Boot is selling at $1 00 worth $2.00 Now there is just one of two things, either they made a big profit before or not telling the truth, recollect these liberal fellows don't lose any money, goods are perhaps dear at the low prices named after you see them and more especially after you wear them

It seems useless to quote a long list of prices as you cannot judge unless you see the goods, but if you want the best Boys Boots at $1.00, sizes 1 to 5 you ever saw you can get it here, a Man's Boot at $1.50, Children's Shoes at 25, 50 and 75 cts., Boy's fine Shoes at 85 cts., these are straight prices no humbug to pull you in, neither are they sold at

50 CENTS ON THE DOLLAR.

Have a lot Misses Rubbers at 10 cts. a pair and they are not worth 30 cts. either, recollect we have the largest stock to select from, best goods and lowest prices, we don't handle any old jobs, sold cheap on account of some imperfection, but solid, new and desirable linest the lowest price.

C. HUSELTON, - - - 102 N. MAIN ST., BUTLER, PA

The Price Broken Rubber Goods Forced to go!

The greatest rubber sale ever known

In Progress at Bickel's!

Men's Rubber Boots $1.00.
Boys' Rubber Boots $1 40.
Youths' Rubber Boots $1.00.
Child's Rubber Boot 90 cts.

Read and Wonder! Come and Buy!

Men's Rubbers 40 and 50 cts.
Ladies' Rubbers 25 cts.
Misses' Rubbers 15 cts.
Child's Rubbers 10 cts.

Customers Delighted! Competitors Depressed!

Ladies' Buckle arctics 65 cts.
Ladies' Cloth alaskas 40 cts.
Men's Cloth alaskas 50 cts.
Perfection overs for felt Boots 66 cts.

Rich and Poor Alike are Benefited.

Men's Kip Boots $1 35.
Boys' Kip Boots $1.00.
Child's Kip Boots 5 Octs.
Men's Working Shoes 85 cts.
Boys High Cut Button Shoes 75 cts.

No Cobwebs on my Goods. I Sell

Ladies' Button Shoes 90, $1.00 and $1.20.
Misses' Shoes fine 75 and $1.00.
Child's Shoes pat-tip 50 cts.
Bady's Shoes 10, 25 and 50 cts.

Remember the old saying "The early bird catches the worm." Come to this Sale Quickly. It can't last long.

Boots and Shoes Made to Order.

JOHN BICKEL.

BUTLER, - - - - - - - - - - PENN'A

Overstocked!

—:o:—:o:—

GREAT BARGAIN SALE

For 30 days only.

—:o:—:o:—

BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS.

At less than wholesale prices.

—:o:—:o:—

Stock must be reduced at at once,
Big Line of Xmas Slippers,
Come and see us.
Remember the place.

—:o:—:o:—

GRIEB & VOGELEY.

647 S. MAIN ST., Opp. Willard House.

Mr. S. G. Derry
Of Providence, R. I.,

Widely known as proprietor of Derry's Waterproof Harness Oil, tells below of his terrible sufferings from Eczema and his cure by

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla

"Gentlemen: Fifteen years ago I had an attack of inflammatory rheumatism, which was followed by eczema or salt rheum, breaking out on my right leg. The humor spread all over my legs, back and arms,

A Foul Mass of Sores,

swollen and itching terribly, causing intense pain if the skin was broken by scratching, and discharging constantly. It is impossible to describe my suffering in those years of agony and torture. I spent

Thousands of Dollars

in futile efforts to get well, and was discouraged and ready to die. At this time I was unable to lie down in bed, had to sit up all the time, and was unable to walk without crutches. I had to hold my arms away from my body, and had to have my arms, back and legs bandaged by my faithful wife twice a day.

"Finally a friend who was visiting at our house, urged me to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. I began by taking half a teaspoonful. My

Stomach Was All Out of Order

But the medicine soon corrected this, and in six weeks I could see a change in the condition of the humor which nearly covered my body. It was driven to the surface by the Sarsaparilla, the sores soon healed, and the scales fell off. I was soon able to give up bandages and crutches, and a happy man I was. I had been taking Hood's Sarsaparilla for seven months; and since that time, nearly two years, I have worn no bandages whatever and my legs and arms are sound and well.

The Delight

of myself and wife at my recovery it is impossible to tell. To all my business friends in Boston and over the country, I recommend

Hood's Sarsaparilla

from personal experience." S. G. DERRY, 45 Bradford street, Providence, R. I.

If you are Bilious, take Hood's Pills.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JOSEPH W. MILLER, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon,
Office and residence at 338 S. Main St. Butler, Pa.

Dr. N. M. HOOVER,
137 E. Wayne St., office hours, 10 to 12 M. and 1 to 3 P. M.

L. M. REINSEL, M. D,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office and residence at 127 E. Cunningham St.

L. BLACK,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
New Troutman Building, Butler, Pa.

S. N. LEAKE, M. D. Specialties: Gynecology and Surgery.
J. F. MANN, M. D. Specialties: Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.
DRS. LEAKE & MANN,
Butler, Pa.

S. M. ZIMMERMAN,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office at No. 45, S. Main street, over Frank's Co's Drug Store, Butler, Pa.

SAMUEL M. BIPPUS,
Physician and Surgeon.
No. 22 East Jefferson St., Butler, Pa.

V. McALPINE,
Dentist,
is now permanently located at 120 South Main Street Butler, Pa., in rooms formerly occupied by Dr. Waldron.

DR. S. A. JOHNSTON,
DENTIST, - - BUTLER, PA
Gold Filling Painless Extraction of Teeth and Artificial Teeth without Plates a Specialty. Nitrous Oxide or Vitalized Air or Local Anæsthetics used.
Office over Millers Grocery east of Lowry House.
Office closed Wednesdays and Thursdays.

J. J. DONALDSON, Dentist,
Butler, Penn'a.
Artificial Teeth inserted on the latest improved plan. Gold Filling a Specialty. Office—over Schaub's Clothing Store.

C. F. L. McQUISTION,
ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR,
OFFICE NEAR DIAMOND, BUTLER, PA.

A. B. M'FARLAND.
Att'y at Law and Notary Public—Office on S. Diamond St.—opposite the Court House—second floor.

H. Q. WALKER,
Attorney-at-Law—Office in Diamond Block, Butler, Pa.

J. M. PAINTER,
Attorney-at-Law.
Office—Between Postoffice and Diamond, Butler, Pa.

A. T. SCOTT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office at No. 8, South Diamond, Butler, Pa.

A. M. CHRISTLEY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office second floor, Anderson Block, Main St. near Court House, Butler, Pa.

J. W. HUTCHISON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Office on second floor of the Huselton block, Diamond, Butler, Pa., Room No. 1.

IRA McJUNKIN.
Attorney at Law, Office at No. 17, East Jefferson St., Butler, Pa.

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

H. H. GOUCHER.
Attorney-at-law. Office on second floor of Anderson building, near Court House, Butler Pa.

NEWTON BLACK,
Att'y at Law—Office on South side of Diamond Butler, Pa.

G. D. HARVEY,
Contractor and builder in brick work, grate and mantel setting and all kinds of brick-laying a specialty. Also dealer in barrel lime, Wampum loose lime, cements, National, Portland and all best grades in the market. Calcined plaster, plaster hair, King's cement, fire brick, tile, white sand and river sand. Main office 315 N. Main street, and all orders left at ware house will receive prompt delivery. Terms reasonable.

IN THE FLUE.

Harry Baker's Dangerous Experience in a Smelting Furnace.

IN A SMALL stream stand the smelting works of the Denby Mining and Smelting Company. An unusual thing about these works is that one sees neither smoke nor smoke stacks above the flaming furnaces. But up on the hill, a quarter of a mile away, a huge iron chimney rises seventy-five feet above the ground; and to this chimney, through an underground passage, is conducted the smoke from the lead furnaces.

There is a good reason for this method of conducting the smoke away. If the smoke from a lead furnace is carried directly upwards to the air it settles rapidly to the ground, leaving a grayish sediment where it touches. More than three-quarters of this sediment is pure lead, which ordinarily goes to waste.

After much experiment to save the waste, the Denby company hit upon the plan of conducting the smoke from the furnaces through an underground passage. In this way the lead which had escaped in the smoke by evaporation was given time to cool and to be condensed before passing through the chimney.

The tunnel was near the surface of the ground, and was lined on the inside with a thick wall of brick. Near the furnaces an iron door opened into the tunnel, through which the lead was removed.

A few years ago the Denby company had among its employes a boy named Harry Baker, a stout young fellow, sixteen years old. He did odd jobs about the works, and assisted wherever he was needed.

One day Harry was sent to help the men who were removing the lead from the tunnel. Of course the smelting works had to be shut down during the time set apart for this work; and for this reason, and in order that the furnaces might be started up again as quickly as possible, the work was done hastily.

It was late in the afternoon when the job was finished. There was nothing more for him to do that day, and Harry was sent home. Just as he came into the village he met Peters, the foreman of the gang of men who had taken the lead out of the tunnel.

"Hullo, Harry," said Peters, "you are just the fellow I want to see. There was a shovel left in the tunnel where we were at work this afternoon. I wish you would go down and bring it out. I just happened to think of it, and if you will do the errand for me it will save me quite a walk. You can leave the shovel in the tool-room."

"All right," said Harry. He walked briskly back to the smelting works, and found the place deserted by all save the bookkeeper, who was preparing to go home.

"Please give me the key to the tunnel-door," said Harry. "We left a shovel where we were at work this

HE BEAT UPON THE DOOR.

afternoon, and Mr. Peters has sent me to fetch it out."

"The superintendent has the key," said the bookkeeper, "and he's gone away."

"I think there is a key hanging up in the office," said Harry. "Anyway, Mr. Peters left one there this evening."

"So there is," said the bookkeeper, after looking. "You can keep it till morning, or give it to Peters."

Harry procured a lamp from the tool-room, lighted it, unlocked the padlock on the outside of the iron door, put the key in his pocket, and entered the dark tunnel. Before he had entered, the bookkeeper had gone away.

He found that the shovel had been left at the farther end of the passage, and it was a quarter of an hour before he could get it and return to the entrance.

When he returned to the door, he found, to his horror, that it had been closed and locked. He shouted and beat upon the door, but no answer came. Then he stood in silence, hardly knowing what to do.

Who had shut the door? As he pondered upon it he came to the conclusion that the superintendent had not left the works when the bookkeeper supposed; that he had been in some other part of the buildings, and, returning to the neighborhood of the tunnel door, had found it open. Then, supposing that the workmen had forgotten to close it, the superintendent had shut and locked it, without suspecting that anyone was within.

Harry pounded upon the door again, hoping that the superintendent was not far away But no response came. No one was within hearing His key was useless, for the door could only be opened from the outside.

He sat down and pondered again. What would happen? He knew that within a short time after the clearing of the tunnel the furnaces were "fired up" again; and, as soon as the fires were started, he would be suffocated by the smoke and gases, and would die a dreadful death.

The thought filled him with alarm. Again and again he beat upon the door with the shovel, but no one came to his assistance. Could he climb down through one of the furnaces and escape that way before the fires were lighted?

No; he knew well enough that the way toward the furnaces was barred by a huge iron grate that extended across the tunnel. Nevertheless, he rushed to the gratings as if hoping that by some accident there might be a passage way.

The gratings were impassable, of course! He knelt upon them, his lighted lamp in his hand, peering down into the darkness below, and wondering if he could make the firemen hear through the flues by shouting. He called again and again. It was quite useless; the distance was too great, and the flues did not readily convey the sound.

As he knelt there he fancied that he smelled smoke. Could it be from his lamp? Certainly not. It was the smell of burning wood, which now came distinctly to his nostrils. The fires were already being lighted.

Harry turned and walked up the tunnel. It was useless to hurry. He was in a trap and must be suffocated in a few minutes.

As he walked along, he suddenly remembered that within the chimney there was an iron ladder, running to the top, which had been placed there by the builders to afford a footing for the men who cleaned out the chimney. Why could he not climb the ladder and reach the outside in that way? It was a long distance to climb, but it was his only way out.

He ran now as fast as he could. The smell of the smoke grew stronger and stronger. He knew that if the smoke did not come too fast, he could climb to the top of the ladder; but how was he to get down? Never mind about that now, he thought; he would rather be dashed to pieces on the ground below the chimney, than suffocated in this horrible tunnel. Besides, he could call for help if he once reached the top of the chimney.

Soon he gained the foot of the ladder, and placing the lamp in his hat began the ascent. Already the white smoke was beginning to fill the chimney. He must climb for his life. The clouds of smoke grew thicker and thicker about him as he made his way desperately up the slender ladder. With every step his breathing became more difficult. Could he hold out till he reached the top?

Half stifled, with a sickening, dizzy feeling stealing over him, he at last reached the top of the chimney and drew himself up upon its rim. Bending quickly over the side, he managed to get a breath of fresh air. That revived him. He glanced hastily about. Darkness was fast settling over the hill, but there was still light enough to show him that no one was in sight.

Far below in the valley he saw the red lights gleaming from the open doors of the smelting works, and now and then caught the dark forms of the workmen, but he knew they were beyond the sound of his voice. It was almost useless to expect help.

Looking downwards, he saw what might be a means of escape. Several feet below him were the large stay-wires that held the great chimney in place. If he could get down to these wires he might slip to the ground. But how could he be certain that if he dropped he could catch one of the wires? If he missed it he would go to the ground, seventy-five feet be ow, and be dashed to pieces.

It would be better to remain perched upon the edge of the chimney and try to keep his head out of the volume of smoke until help should come. But the smoke, growing denser every moment, swirled about the top of the chimney, now and then completely enveloping him.

He knew that now the smoke was only that which came from the burning wood, but the charges of ore would soon be placed in the furnaces, and then the poisonous gas which would rise must render his situation ten times more perilous.

He looked down once more in the hope of seeing some one whom he might summon to his assistance. He saw only the bare waste of the desolate hill. But, glancing down into the little valley towards the town, he presently discerned the forms of two men walking in the direction of the furnaces. If they should look up they must have him in view. He shouted to them, with all the strength he could command, again and again. But the men continued their course down the valley.

Harry was a brave boy, but his heart sank as he realized that his last chance of escape was passing. Suddenly he remembered the lamp which he had placed in his hat. Quickly taking it in his hand, he began to wave it in a circle about his head. Several times he repeated this, shouting at the top of his voice as he did so.

Presently he saw one of the men stop. He seemed to be looking in the direction of the chimney. Then his companion followed his example, and a moment later Harry saw the m both hurrying up the hill.

He took new courage from their coming, though he saw no way in which they could help him. It was all he could do now to keep his face out of the huge clouds of smoke that were pouring out of the chimney and curling about him; but, leaning downward as far as possible, he called to the men to hurry to his assistance. In a few moments they were within speaking distance.

"Quick!" shouted Harry. "Run for ladders and ropes! I can't hold on here much longer!"

"How did you get up there?" one of them called.

"Never mind—I tell you I'll be dead soon if you don't help me!" Harry shouted.

The men turned about and ran in the direction of the town. It was now almost dark. They were soon lost to sight in the shadows of the valley. It seemed an age to Harry, though it could not have been more than ten minutes, before he caught sight of half a dozen lanterns moving swiftly across the valley, followed by scores of dark forms. Two minutes later an excited crowd of men came running up the slope, and were soon gathered about the base of the chimney gazing helplessly upward.

"Take courage and hold fast!" shouted one of the men. "The ladders will be here in a few minutes to help you down."

"I can't hold on much longer," answered Harry, leaning far over the chimney, while the smoke whirled about him. "I can breathe here but a few minutes more. It's suffocating me!"

The people below hurried helplessly back and forth. Some of them attached a stone to a rope, and tried vainly to throw it to the top of the chimney.

Meantime a hot, sickening blast of gas came up, from which Harry recoiled desperately. Men had gone to the works to drag the fire from the furnaces, but the tunnel and flues were now charged with gas. It was but an affair of minutes before Harry must be asphyxiated and lose his grasp.

The firemen rushed up to the base of the chimney and ran their ladders aloft. But the highest point they could reach was thirty feet below the top.

A groan of disappointment went up from the crowd. Harry realized that now but one thing remained to be done, and that must be done instantly.

SWINGING LIKE A PENDULUM.

He could not be reached; he must drop to the stay wires.

The excited crowd below, looking upward, saw him first fling his hat and lantern clear of the crowd and then swing himself down the edge of the chimney. Then cries of horror went up as he was seen to leap downward into space.

Not one in the crowd but thought he would be dashed to pieces on the ground. But descending swiftly, he struck the stay-wire. The next moment he had caught it in his hands and for an instant hung suspended, swinging like a pendulum beneath.

Then he threw his legs over the wires, slid slowly to the ground, and fell fainting in the arms of one of the men who had rushed forward to assist him.—Yankee Blade.

HOW TO TELL THE JAY.

Infallible Signs Whereby the Breed May Always be Known.

Signs of the jay abroad: He has a quarrel with the ticket agent before getting his ticket; he says a good-by to everyone in hailing distance before getting on the train, and then says the same thing through the car window; he leaves his final instructions with the solemnity and importance of making a will; he asks the conductor and all the passengers around him twenty different times if they are sure he is on the right train; he puts up the window, only to put it down again and then to hoist it up again; he finds out all about his neighbor's business; he piles his valises around him like a barricade; he prepares to take a nap, but can't go to sleep for fear some one will rob him; he begins to collect his baggage and sits nervously on the edge of the seat, for fear he will not have time to get out, half an hour before the train reaches his station, and finally, at the end of an hour's journey, when he reaches his destination and gets out, he rushes back after the train has started to pick up something he had forgotten. The jay is a great traveler.—Ingleside.

Realistic Imitation.

"Bill Dryface," the squire said, "was the life and dread of the town. He could mimic any man that ever lived. He'd sit here in the store, night after night, and make fun of people, taking 'em off to the very life, until we was just sore laughing at him, and every man scart for fear his turn would come next. But one night, right in the middle of the fun, when Bill was giving us imitations of the new Baptist preacher, a feller happened along and seemed attracted by the noise. He stood at the door and watched and listened for about ten minutes, and then he up and took Bill off himself; right to the very life; beat anything I ever saw in my born days."

"Show man?" queried the tourist.

"No," said the squire, "deputy sheriff; took him off so completely he ain't never come back since; won't either, for about two years yet."

And then there was heard in the dusty office the voice of a man laughing long and loud, and with repeated cadences of infectious mirth, like unto the laughter of a man who enjoys a good thing when he hears it, and who can't hear it too often. It was the squire.—Burdette, in Philadelphia Press.

—Perdita—"What do you think of his being so infatuated with me?" Penelope—"I think it is a waste of time." Perdita (delighted)—"Because you think I would not have him?" Penelope—"No; because I know you would take him without his being infatuated with you."—Brooklyn Life.

"MAKING A FOOL OF HIMSELF."

—Puck.

A Horrible Example.

"Always working, never taking any rest," said the wise man to his journalistic friend; "your fate'll be like the fly's."

"And that was?"

"Well, he got on the paper and stuck there till he died."—Philadelphia Times.

A Polite Young Man.

Tramp—Please, ma'am, give me something to eat?

Lady—I am all out of bread. I'll give you a snap.

Tramp—No, thank you. I just declined one the dog offered me and I do not wish to offend him.—N. Y Herald.

An Agreeable (?) Surprise.

The other day a Harlem man thought he would surprise his wife by cutting off his beard. So, delighted with the idea, he came home that night clean shaven. His wife herself opened the door, and at once threw her arms around his neck and began to kiss and hug him violently.

"You like the change, do you, my dear?" he gasped, as soon as he could catch his breath.

"Oh, heavens, George! Is it you!"—N. Y. Herald.

Remarkable Children.

Mrs. Minks—Mrs. Blinks has the most wonderfully good children I ever saw. They are perfect angels.

Mrs. Winks—So I've heard.

Mrs. Minks—It's true, too. She trimmed their Christmas tree entirely with candy and told the children not to touch a bit of it. Well, you mayn't believe it, but by night more than half of it was still there.—Good News.

He'd Noticed It, Too.

"By George," said Smithers, angrily, about a week after he had moved into the country, "every blessed thing I meet seems to have a bill for something."

"Yes," said little Johnny Smithers, "there was a rooster here this morning with a bill for corn."—Truth.

She Was Right.

"Seems to me I smell rags burning," observed one of the ladies in the waiting-room of the railway passenger station.

"Yes'm," cheerfully spoke up Rusty Rufus, who had come in ahead of the train and taken up a position on the other side of the hot stove. "It's me."—Chicago Tribune.

Conclusive Evidence.

Young Lawyer—I claim the release of my client on the ground of idiocy. He is a stupid fool, and is not responsible for any act he may have committed.

Judge—He doesn't appear stupid to me.

Prisoner (interrupting)—Your honor, look at the lawyer I've hired.—Life.

An Affectionate Daughter.

Sweet Girl (affectionately)—Papa, you wouldn't like me to leave you, would you?

Papa (fondly)—Indeed I would not, my darling.

Sweet Girl—Well, then, I'll marry Mr. Poorchap. He's willing to live here.—N. Y. Weekly.

Educational.

Billkins—Some able writer says a man who trusts a friend educates him.

Sillkins—Yes, and he educates himself, too.

"How?"

"Teaches himself to know better next time."—Detroit Free Press.

The Domestic Compromise.

"Gus de Smith, I'm having a wretched time with my wife. We wrangle fearfully, and she's so wordy that she overwelms me every time," said Gilhooly, recently

"Well, Gilhooly, these little pleasantries are not to be avoided, it seems. My wife and I have reduced them to science. She demands but two words and I good-naturedly let her have them. It's a small concession, you see."

"I should think it was. I envy you, Gus, 'pon my soul. I do. Oh, by the way, what are the two words?"

"The first and last."—Texas Siftings.

Trials of Suburban Life.

Mrs. Suburb—Oh, my dear, that magnificent watch dog you brought home yesterday is gone!

Mr. Suburb—Eh? Did he break the chain?

"No; but an ugly-looking tramp came around and acted so terribly that I let the dog loose, but instead of tearing the tramp to pieces he went off with him."

"Great snakes! It must have been the same tramp I bought him of."—N. Y. Weekly.

How He Came to Know About It.

"Witness, were you present when the fight took place?"

"I was."

"Will you please explain how it happened?"

"I was sitting quietly at a table drinking beer when, without my seeing him, a fellow came up behind me and smashed a beer mug all to flinders on the top of my head That's what called my attention to the affair."—Texas Siftings.

Arranging for a Speedy Trip.

Lecturer (to hackman)—Now you're sure your horses are in good condition? Hackman—Oh, yes, sir Trust me for that.

"It's only proper for you to know that when I get through my lecture I like to leave in a hurry."

"What time shall I expect you, sir?"

"Um! ah—well—that will depend a good deal on the audience."—Texas Siftings.

The Odds Against Him.

"I don't feel right about going in there," said Chillson Feevor, in front of a physician's house

"Pshaw! He's one of the best doctors in the city," replied Coffin Coles.

"I know; but look at his sign—'Nine to one.'"

"Well?"

"Well, I don't take any such chances as that."—Puck.

Full of Business.

"What's the matter with you two fellows?" said a patrolman to two tramps.

"Why don't you wash yourselves?"

"We's too busy," explained one.

"Busy at what?"

"Scourin' the country," said the other, with a broad grin.—Cleveland Voice.

Gladsome Times.

"Four times in my life I have been glad that I lived."

"Only four?"

"Yes; once when I was married and the other three times when I got my divorce."—Judge.

A Suspicious Circumstance.

Father—What's that noise in the next room?

Mother—It's Bobby singing "I want to be an angel," dear little fellow.

Father—Well, you better go and see what he is up to.—Texas Siftings.

Sweetness.

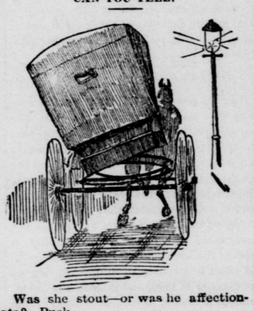
Miss Askin—What kind of a sack is that which Miss Dasher is wearing now?

Miss Sweete—I don't know what animal it comes from, but she calls it seal.—N. Y. Press.

An Epitaph.

Here has all we found of Larry McGan,
Whom we called Podunk's best all-around man;
And an all-around man we call him still,
For he was blown up in a powder-mill.
—Chicago Tribune.

CAN YOU TELL?



Was she stout—or was he affectionate?—Puck.

No Restrictions.

Little City Boy—Don't you wish you was Mrs. Brownston?

Mamma—Why?

Little City Boy—She don't have to live in a flat. She's got a whole house to herself, and she can have just as many children as she wants.—Demorest's Magazine.

A Reflective Mind.

Prof. Greatman—Have you ever reflected on the mysterious wonders of electricity?

Sweet Girl—Indeed I have, and I don't know yet why my bangs come out of curl during a thunderstorm.—Good News.

After the Honeymoon.

"How are the Spiggins getting on since their marriage?"

"The old way. You might say they actually still kept up the engagement."

"So loving as that?"

"No; always fighting."—Philadelphia Times.

English As She Is Understood.

Doctor (10 a. m.)—The best thing for your dyspepsia is to drink hot water an hour before dinner.

Patient (rushing into doctor's)—Doctor, I've been drinking hot water ten minutes straight, and I can't swallow another *drop*.—Brooklyn Life.

A Shorthand Report.

Helen—What did papa say when you told him we wanted to get married?

Fred—I wouldn't like to tell you; but if the recording angel took down the remarks verbatim he must be an expert stenographer.—Life.

Too Many.

"What would you do if I gave you a pretty little kitten?" asked Tommy's neighbor.

"Nothin'," replied Tommy; "we've already got six at home."—Harper's Young People.

Those Somber Shades.

Brobson—It wouldn't do for a medium to be color blind.

Craik—Why not?

Brobson—Because then she couldn't match her shades.—N. Y. Herald.

A Mistake Somewhere.

"Is it true, Miss Gertie," he said, "that there are just two things a woman will jump at—a conclusion and a mouse?"

"No," she answered. "There's a third, Mr. Philip."

After thinking the matter over a few moments he tremblingly made her an offer, but she didn't jump at it. He was not the right man.—Chicago Tribune.

The Maiden's Choice.

"I can assure you that I am a bachelor from choice."

"So I suppose; but *whose* choice?"—Puck.

PRIZE POULTRY HOUSE.

It Contains Many Good Points and Will Merit Close Inspection.

This simple yet very complete poultry house, described in the Ohio Farmer, is constructed of frame, and faces the south. A glance at the general principle and arrangement of the different parts will convince the fancier or common poultry-raiser that it contains many superior points and will merit a close inspection.

Figure 1 shows a perspective view of the building, the main part being 14½x36 feet in the clear, and is divided into four apartments, the east one being

FIG. 1.—PERSPECTIVE VIEW.

used for sitting hens, etc. Four large windows are placed in the front, and a door and window at each end. A lean-to 4 feet wide extends the entire length in front, used for dusting-rooms and having a large window above each apartment. The annex at rear is 6x36 feet, having a window at each end and a door and window at rear. The building is ventilated by two ventilators, arranged so that they may be opened and closed at will.

Fig. 2 represents the general arrangements. Passages for fowls to yards and the windows are not shown. D D D, passages for fowls from one apartment to another, V is the main passage, 2½x36 feet, and 15 inches above ground floor and having a row of nests (F F) underneath, 1 foot from back wall and facing alternately right and left, a space being left near the middle to allow fowls to pass to the other side. The nests are reached through the passage floor by having boards just above, on hinges or loose. Additional nests may be placed along apartment divisions. G G are troughs for soft feed and milk. By having a board just above, on hinges at top, both troughs may be filled from one side. H H are boxes for shells, etc. I I I are water vessels. J J J are

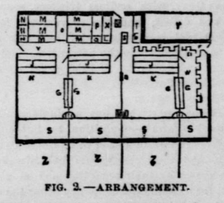


FIG. 2.—ARRANGEMENT.

roosts, 2½ feet above ground and 1 foot above platforms (K K), from which the droppings are removed from the passage by having a board on hinges and are immediately placed in a box under the trap door (L), which is on runners and is removed by way of a small door at rear of annex.

A row of nests 1 foot from wall and facing alternately right and left is placed in the apartment for setting hens. The yard for the setting hens being in the rear of the building and to the right of annex, is reached by fowls passing under passages through a hole in wall. M M are yards for chicks and N N the coops for the hens. Coops for the yards to right of short passage (O) are placed under the feed and egg chests, P and Q, the bottoms of which are on the level with passage floor; the tops, being solid, can be used for slaughtering or work bench or storage shelf. The yards (M) to the right of passage (O) are 2x4½ feet; those to the left, 3x5. N N are 2x2. The large apartments are 10x13; the passage way (W), 6x13; Y, the yard for setting hens, is 6x13; dusting-rooms (S S) are 4x10, except corner one, 4x6; egg chest (Q), 2x2; feed chest (P), 2x4.

A chimney is placed at R, a stove to cook feed and warm house in cold weather at S, and a coal bin at T. U is a trap door leading to sand bin under raised floor of annex, where sand and dirt is stored in early fall, to be used for dusting boxes and covering floors and platforms. The divisions between dusting-rooms and main part are close boards, 18 inches high; other divisions are of wire poultry netting with 2 or 3 feet of boards at the bottom, except along passage. Following are estimates:

1,000 feet weather boarding	$12 00
4 M shingles	8 00
175 feet flooring for floors and platforms	1 65
300 feet pine for lower part of divisions, etc	4 50
3 outside doors and frames	6 00
1,200 feet mixed lumber for nests, rafters, studding, etc	12 00
150 feet of pine for finishing	2 00
425 square feet wire poultry netting	4 25
Chimney complete	4 00
Stove	5 00
13 windows complete	25 00
Hardware and other small articles	9 00
Labor and painting	25 00
Total	$120 00
Plastering of ceiling	30 00
Complete, painted, plastered or ceiled	$150 00

ALL ABOUT SHEEP.

GIVE your ewes about to lamb comfortable quarters.

A SHEEP can be well fattened in sixty days, and it takes twice that time to fatten a steer.

A SHEEP with a square, blocky frame, with short legs and neck is the best kind for a mutton.

VENTILATION of the sheep pens must be well looked after. Confined, poisonous air is fatal to sheep.

THE six woolen mills of Lawrence, Mass., used during the past year over twenty-one million pounds of wool.

THE consumption of mutton is rapidly increasing in the United States, and that fact is the golden promise of sheep husbandry here.

UNLESS with old ewes, it is usually not necessary to supply with ground grain. Shelled corn, whole wheat, bran or middlings make good feeds.

SO LONG as mutton and wool are imported every year, there is certainly no good reason for thinking that sheep raising is overdone.—Colman's Rural World.

Wanted to Look Well.

Husband—What on earth did you get that new gown for?

Wife—I expect a new servant girl to-day, and of course, my dear, I must receive her properly.—Cloak Review.

A Successful Show.

First Circus Man—How do you manage to fill your show with only six performers?

Second Circus Man—I carry twelve bill posters.—N. Y. Weekly.

His Desire.

Trotter—I don't owe you five dollars, do I?

Barlow—No.

Trotter—Well, I say, old man, I'd like to.—Judge.

A Suggestion.

If "music hath charms to soothe the savage breast"
Is found to be a rule that seldom varies,
Why can we not do good, and get a rest,
By sending organ grinders off as missionaries.
—Puck

Dangerous Proximity.

"Is your father in immediate danger?"

"Indeed he is. There is a doctor upstairs, now."—Brooklyn Life

He Failed to "Get There."

Mr. Fort Greene—I have never loved before; why, I've never even kissed a girl before; I swear it.

Miss Grace Court—There isn't the slightest necessity for swearing, Mr. Greene; I knew it as soon as you tried to kiss me.—Brooklyn Eagle.

SUPERS AND FRAMES.

Two Devices Which Seem to Possess Numerous Advantages.

There are many different kinds of supers or devices for holding sections, and nearly every beekeeper has a certain kind which he prefers above all others. It may be adapted to using separators, or a single crate to hold the sections together, or wide frames which keep the sections nice and clean. A very simple super, and one that any farmer who keeps bees can make, is shown in Fig. 1. The crossbars for the sections to rest on, are let into the lower edge of the sideboards. The super is made of ½-inch poplar lumber. If the standard section, 4¼x4¼ inches square is used, the super must be 4½ inches deep, and as long and wide as is most convenient to suit the sections and the size of hive.

The crossbars are ¼ inch thick by 1 inch wide. It is important that the crossbar be the proper thickness. If

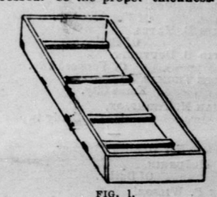


FIG. 1.

much more than ¼ or an inch thick there will be likely to be numerous bracecombs between the super and breod frames. The latter should have thick top bars and spaced properly in the hive. If more convenient, the cross bars can be run lengthwise of super. I prefer to have the sections parallel with the brood frames, but if more convenient for them to be crosswise, I should not hesitate to have them that way. It is a difficult job to make a super the proper size to hold a certain number of sections, and have them fit as tight as they should. To overcome this difficulty I use the "follower," which is a board just as wide as the sections are deep, and the proper length to fit inside of the super nicely. It is placed against the side of the sections, and a wedge driven between it and the side of the super. This keys the sections together tightly and prevents the bees from propolizing them so much. All the material for this super is found in the farmer's workshop, and it is easily made.

Fig. 2 is a wide frame, and is an excelent arrangement to keep the outside surface of sections clean. It is also very convenient for using separators, as they can be tacked on the side, and they are always permanent, and are not likely to be getting lost. It is also convenient for contracting the supers,

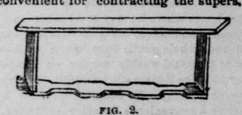


FIG. 2.

towards the end of the season, when it is not profitable to put on a full crate of sections, and honey can be taken from the hive as fast as capped without much trouble. It is made of half-inch lumber; should be just as wide as the sections, and is made to hang loosely in a crate. The bottom strip is made with the bee-space the same as in sections. As many frames can be used in a crate as desired. It is an excellent way to have honey put up in a first-class shape, but is much more trouble to make them than the crate. Be sure to have all lumber thoroughly dry for crates, or much trouble will result from shrinkage.—E. S. Mead, in Ohio Farmer.

FARM AND ORCHARD.

AN old rail fence with a nice lot of dry soft grass makes a splendid home for mice and rabbits, and if near a young orchard they will have a sweet feast this winter and you a sorry-looking orchard next spring. Clean out the fence corners in the fall, or, better still, have no fence corners or as few as possible.

IF milk cannot be sold profitably, try selling fresh, delicious articles made from it. A Massachusetts man has been selling his milk for fourteen years from his wagon to private customers in two-ounce creamery cheeses. Any person tasting one invariably wants more, and it pays to supply them. This is legitimate and progressive.

THE peach and plum are nearly enough related so that one can be successfully budded on the other. Peach stocks have no advantage worth noting, but the prevalence of yellows may make it advisable to bud the peach or plum stocks. This is especially recommended for places where the soil is too heavy for successful growing of the peach on its own roots.

BEFORE transplanting young trees cut away all the limbs but a few at the top, first cutting back the head. Peach trees are usually trimmed close, having the appearance of a straight stick. Injured roots will also require cutting. Use no manure, but a few weeks after the young shoots begin to appear apply a light covering of wood ashes on the ground around the trees.

CURRANTS have been neglected of recent years, owing to the ravages of enemies, yet the enemies can be kept in check by proper remedies and care. As many as two thousand bushes can be planted on an acre, and a good thrifty bushs can be made to produce as many as five pounds of currants. The soil requires being kept clean and plenty of manure should be applied.

PROF. BUDD says: "No fact is now better established than that the ashes are the one thing needful on our soils for the production of a high grade of the grape. This is not surprising in view of the statement made by chemists that a crop of four tons of grapes to the acre removes from the so