THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL. XXIX. BUTLER, PA., MAY 27, 1892. NO. 29

This Is The Lowest Price

Ever given on a

Bed Room Suite

Solid, Polished Oak, glass 26x30, beveled plate,

FOR $23.00,

We offer this suite for 30 days only.

Our Bed Room Suite for $19

You can't get elsewhere for less than $23 to $25. We don't only offer the above goods at low prices, but anything in our store away down in price. All we ask you to do is to examine our stock and you will say as we do--best goods for least money of any

FURNITURE

store in the country.

Campbell & Templeton,

136 N. Main St., - - Butler, Pa.

A SURE WINNER

BICKEL THE SHOE MAN,

OF BUTLER.

HIS TRADE INCREASING DAILY.

GOOD HONEST SHOES

AT EXTREMELY LOW PRICES DOING IT

People flock from all parts of the county eager to make purchases. A dollar goes a good ways at

BICKEL'S SHOE STORE.

The people of Butler county are in luck in having a Shoe Store that is always willing to sell goods to suit the times; things are pinching a little here and there and you want to make a dollar reach as far as possible and when you are in need of any Shoes and Slippers, you will find it to your interest to visit Bickel's.

PRICES THAT TELL THE STORY

Men's A Calf English Bals, good quality	$1 00
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Boys' Fine Shoes, Button or Lace	1 00
Boys' Working Shoes, Creedmores	80
Youths' Fine Shoes	75, 85 and 1 00

AND STILL THERE'S MORE TO FOLLOW.

Ladies' Fine Don Button Shoes	$1 00
Ladies' Fine Grain Button Shoes	90
Ladies' Fine Oxford Ties	75
Ladies' Fine Opera Toe Slippers	50
Ladies' Serge Gaiters	50
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Children's Shoes	25, 40, 50 and 75

BARGAINS THIS MONTH.

in Lawn Tennis Goods, Base Ball Shoes, Low Shoes of all kinds Don't buy any footwear until you look at our many goods and prices Boots and Shoes made to order; Repairing done promptly at the great

BOOT AND SHOE HOUSE.

JOHN BICKEL.

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SPRING FOOTWEAR FOR ALL

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RUFF'S

Is that you are certain of getting the correct style and equally sure of paying the smallest price that such goods as we sell can be obtained.

FOR SPRING WEAR.

We are decidedly headquarters for Men, Women and Children's

DRESS SHOES.

A good, dressy, light weight, easy fitting pair of shoes is the best friend you can have for warm weather Our stock of them is the finest ever brought to this town No detail of style, last, trim or finish has been neglected. Every stock and every style last is here The prices will please you.

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We have heavy and light weight working shoes in all the different cuts of lace, buckle and congress. Their wearing qualities are of the best and are easy and comfortable to the foot. Rock bottom price.

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We are, if possible, more particular what we offer you for your children than for yourselves. Our present stock represents the cream of the best styles in the market and shoes that will wear out the children to wear them out No matter what the size or style of shoe wanted, or the size of your pocket book, we can suit you.

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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.

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Artificial Teeth inserted on the latest improved plan. Gold Filling a specialty. Office—over Schaul's Clothing Store.

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Hotel Waverly.

S. McKEAN ST., - - BUTLER, PA
Opposite School House.
This elegant new hotel is now open to the public; it is a new house, with new furniture throughout and all modern conveniences; is within easy reach of the depots and business houses of the town, and has a splendid view of the eastern part of the town,
Rates Reasonable.
Give me a call when in Butler.
CHESS STONER, Prop'r.

Hotels and Depots,

W. S. Gregg is now running a line of carriages between the hotels and depots of the town.
Charges reasonable. Telephone No. 17, or leave orders at Hotel Vogeley.
Good Livery in Connection

Mifflin Street Livery.
BIEHL & HEPLER Prop'rs.
One square west of Main St., on Mifflin St. All good, safe horses; new buggies and carriages. Landaus for weddings and funerals. Open day and night. Telephone No. 24.

Happy

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Rejoice Because

Hood's Sarsaparilla Rescued Their Child from Scrofula.

For Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and all other foul humors in the blood of children or adults, Hood's Sarsaparilla is an unequalled remedy. Read this:

"We are so thankful to Hood's Sarsaparilla for what it did for our little girl that we make this statement for the benefit of other anxious parents and

Suffering Children

Our girl was a beautiful baby, fair and plump and healthy. But when she was two years old, sores broke out behind her ears and spread rapidly over her head and forehead down to her eyes, and into her neck. We consulted one of the best physicians in Brooklyn, but nothing did her any good. The doctors said it was caused by a scrofula humor in the blood. Her head became

One Complete Sore

offensive to the smell and dreadful to look at. Her general health waned and she would lay in a large chair all day without any life or energy. The sores caused great itching and burning, so that at times we had to restrain her hands to prevent scratching. For 3 years

She Suffered Fearfully

with this terrible humor. Being urged to try Hood's Sarsaparilla we did so. We soon noticed that she had more life and appetite. The medicine seemed to drive out more of the humor for a short time, but it soon began to subside, the **itching and burning ceased,** and in a few months her head became entirely clear of the sore. She is now **perfectly well,** has no evidence of the humor, and her skin is clear and healthy. She seems like an entirely different child, in health and general appearance, from what she was before taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla

I. W. FREDERICK, 311 Glenmore Ave., East New York, Brooklyn, N. Y.

This Testimonial

Is an illustration of what Hood's Sarsaparilla is doing for the sick and suffering every day, from Maine to California. In the light of these facts who can say that the work of an immense concern like ours is not beneficent?

HOOD'S PILLS cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache, indigestion.

C. & D.

Ready for All.

WE HAVE THE MOST COMPLETE STOCK IN THIS COUNTY.

Everything that is new in Stiff Hats. Our $1.50 and $2.00 are wonders for the money.

Everything new in Soft Hats, ranging in price from 25 cts. to $5.00.

All the new blocks in Silk Hats.

Greatest line of Furnishing Goods we ever had.

An inspection will be an advantage to any one.

COLBERT & DALE,

Hatters and Furnishers,

242 S Main street, Butler, Pa.

Grand Pianos for Sale.

Now is your time to select a good Piano; you do not want to buy but one Piano in your lifetime. So while selecting one it is the best and cheapest to buy a good one.

PROF. MAIERS,

of Boston has opened a Piano and Organ Parlor at No. 218, East North St., where he has on exhibition a new invoice of Pianos from the very best of makers of Boston, they have a full rich and mellow tone, the action is light, quick and powerful; they will stay in tune longer than any other Piano on account of a new device of tuning pins, that I will be glad to show and explain. Please call and examine before buying elsewhere. You can save money by purchasing a Piano of me, and get an instrument that you can rely upon, and one that I will warrant or garantee to give entire satisfaction. I have made and tuned

Pianos and Organs

for over 40 years, therefore know how to select a first Piano.

PIANOS AND ORGANS TUNED.

218 E. North St., BUTLER, PA.

Gentlemen

TO ATTIRE YOURSELVES IN NEAT AND FITTING APARAL, LEAVE YOUR MEASURE AT

Aland's.

LARGE STOCK, BEST FACILITIES.

A RARE BARGAIN.

FOR SALE.—One of the finest farms in Butler county, containing 186 acres; large brick house, large frame barn, carriage shed and various other buildings, all in good repair; well watered; has a large orchard, good market adjoining premises for all farm products. Convenient to schools and churches. To a quick buyer will sell this farm for much less than the cost of the buildings and on very reasonable terms.

L. S. McJUNKIN,
126 E. Jefferson St., Butler, Pa.

RHODA RAGLAND.

'Twas the morning after Shiloh,
'Way down in Tennessee,
I was cruisin' round among the woods—
A friend of mine and me,
When I seed a little maiden
Who was settin' on a gun,
That was busted at the nozzle
From the work that it had done.

She had throw'd a bit of banner
Across her golden head,
An' when I asked her for her name,
She laughed and then she said:
"My name is Rhoda Raglan',
An' I'm waitin', don't you see,
For pappy dear to come back here,
Wif sompen good for me."

"We was livin' in the cabin,
In the clarin' over thar,
Whar the little crick went rattlin' by
So sparklin' an' so clar.
But now the water's muddy,
An' it's bloody, an' the banks
Is trampled, an' my posies
Is jest ruined by them Yanks.

"My pappy was a shootin'
For the southern side, you see,
An' its strange that he don't come back here
Wif sompen good for me.
I'm gettin' jest as hawngry
As I've hardly ever been,
An' the way my pappy stays away
Is mighty nigh a sin.

"Our cabin's full of hurted men,
They groaned the worstest way—
They was hurted in the battle
With we'uns yesterday.
An' ther arms an' legs a bleedin',
It was sich er awful sight,
I didn't sleep a little wink
The live long night.

"So I've come, good Mr. Yankee,
To wait for pappy here,
My mother went away to God,
Last winter was a year.
An' we was livin' all alone
In the cabin over thar,
An' why he don't comb back to me
I think it's monstrous quar."

She was a pooty five-year-old,
With eyes of deepest blue,
An' flossy curls an' dimpled cheeks,
With roses in 'em too.
I had some little kids at home,
Just like this battle waif,
And now I thanked the Lord above
That they were well and safe.

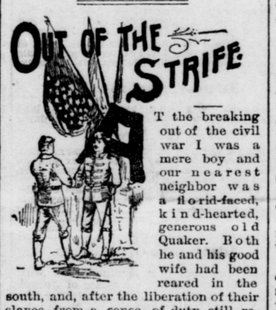
A minnie ball had pierced my arm,
That lay now in a sling,
The hurt was just a flesh-cut,
An' the pain a smartish thing,
But I had got it fairly
An' well enough I knew,
The helpless arm would take me home
Within a day or two.

So I plead with Rhoda Raglan'
To go along with me,
An' maybe we would find her pap
Somewhar in Tennessee.
An' yet I know'd her father
Was away beyond life's ills,
So I tuck her to Kentucky
To my home among the hills.

We raised her jest as good an' true,
As ef she'd been our own,
Blood of mine and mother's,
And bone of our bone.
An' she's been as good a daughter
As any of the three,
An' a blessing to my homestead,
An' to mother an' to me.

She's thirty-six, or thereabouts,
I can't exactly tell—
But she married in the neighborhood,
And married monstrous well;
An' she's got a little daughter,
That prattles at my knee,
An' 'minds me heaps of Rhoda
Down at Shiloh—don't you see.

—Will L. Visscher, in Banner of Gold.



AT the breaking out of the civil war I was a mere boy and our nearest neighbor was a florid-faced, kind-hearted, generous old Quaker. Both he and his good wife had been reared in the south, and, after the liberation of their slaves from a sense of duty, still retained enough to surround themselves and family with all the comforts which the people of their simple faith care to possess. In those days their great stone house with its thick walls, broad verandas and low windows met my idea of the castles which were mixed up with my meager knowledge of mediaeval times. The macadamized road that ran through the farm was lined on either side with locust trees that in the period of blooming made the air heavy with the perfume of the graceful white blossoms waving in a background of green that they almost concealed. A never-failing spring that bubbled up through moss-grown stone was embowered in the overhanging branches of strong-trunked weeping willows. The great front yard had its driveways cut through a rich sward and wound among towering maples. The garden had the earliest, the latest and the sweetest flowers. The stock was the fattest and the best cared for. The negroes who would not leave a kind master and mistress found a life of comparative ease and plenty with them. The handsome old gentleman was "Grandpa Waterson" to all of us, and the wife, who allowed no visiting boy or girl to depart without cookies, great mellow apples, mince pie, maple sugarcakes or some other evidence of a kindness that took all the world into her heart, was always "grandma."

No nobler couple ever trod the pathway of life together and the sorrows that came upon them suggested to me as a boy the inscrutable ways of Providence.

There were two sons in the family, models of physical perfection and manly courage. No handsomer could be found. They were over six feet tall, had the light curly hair, the blue eyes and the fresh complexion so conspicuous in men of Anglo-Saxon origin. They were highly educated, and idolized, not only by the parents but by the four fair sisters and untold scores of other peoples' sisters. One had gone west and soon established a popularity that placed him in a responsible public position. The other had remained at home and relieved Grandpa Waterson of every business care.

The startling news of active hostilities flashed over the country. Henry, the elder son, resigned his office and surprised us all by appearing one afternoon without previous notice. The warm family greetings over, Henry called his brother out for a walk and forgetful that "little pitchers have ears," they allowed me to saunter along. At the spring we all drank and then followed a long tramp in the shade of the locusts. I almost let out a shout of mingled terror and surprise when I heard Henry say to Charles in the language they had always used at home: "Charles, I have decided to enlist."

"I have already done so."

"Thee can't mean it. Do father and mother know?"

"I promised Ruth to tell them to-night. It's more terrible to me than the dread of war."

"Thee is nearer to them than I, Charles. I will break the news to father when we get back. No one can soothe mother or break the news so gently as he. I am more than sorry that thee has taken this step, for I came home to prevent it. I wanted to make sure that one son and one brother would be left. But it is too late. I have consented to command a regiment of sharpshooters and cannot honorably disappoint them. I will have a gallant lot of boys at my back."

Here I broke away so full of importance that I ran at top speed. I was going to tell Grandma Waterson. I would not have those two handsome fellows stopping bullets. But I met Lydia, as pretty a maiden as ever donned a drab

"I HAVE DECIDED TO ENLIST."

dress or dropped a modest pair of eyes and called all her friends by their first names.

"Lydia," I shouted between breaths, "Henry and Charlie are going to enlist. It must be stopped," but by that time the girl was pale as a ghost and leaning against the nearest tree.

"Don't thee say another word," she commanded, in a determined voice. "Not another word. This must come from brother Henry or brother Charles. But it will break mother's heart," and I joined Lydia in a hearty cry just out of sympathy.

Only in after years did I learn what followed. Henry, in his manly, straightforward way, told his father all. Pleading, argument and persuasion on the part of the afflicted old man were in vain. It was contrary to the doctrine of non-resistance, a tenet of the church; it was raising the hand of the son against the relatives who were left in the south; but the brothers firmly clung to their determination, gently persisting and doing all possible to settle the poignant grief they inflicted. Grandpa Waterson's lips quivered as he bade Henry good-by, and the broken-hearted mother clung to the neck of her eldest born until unconsciousness released her from the pangs of actual parting.

A few days later Charles rode forth on his own horse, a gallant black, of Kentucky lineage, and everybody agreed that no finer, braver boy would do battle for the union. He joined the Ringgold cavalry. Early in the war he was left wounded on the field and was kindly cared for by a southern family. His chief nurse was a pretty little rebel with soft, wavy hair, great brown eyes, inviting lips and a disposition as cheery as the clear sunshine after an April shower. No woman had a right to resist that big, brave, handsome fellow, and there the union soldier was betrothed to the bewitching champion of secession. Then Annie, for that was her name, began to correspond with Ruth, and through this intangible link of connection the whole family fell in love with the little confederate.

Charles rejoined his troops as soon as able. After a desperate engagement his company was scattered and he was hemmed in on every side except where the rugged mountains of Virginia towered up behind him. Boldly he turned the black, went flying over footpaths, leaping chasms and forcing his way where few could follow. But there were bold mountaineers in the chase and when they brought Charles to bay, the gallant stand he made, drawing his saber when his revolvers were emptied, saved his life for the time. His desperate courage won the heart of the southerners and they persisted until he was taken alive.

He was sent to Libby, made his escape, went for days without food, and when at length he found it, ate so much that death followed quickly upon the pangs of starvation.

Henry's record was as brief as glorious. His regiment worshiped him. No man of them, westerners though they were, could outride or outshoot him. He led wherever he asked his men to go. A giant in strength, he was a hero in courage.

At Pleasant Hill, La., he was shot from his horse but still fought on, and, after being fatally wounded, three of the enemy bit the dust before his hand dropped senseless to the ground. His remains came home, and never was brother, son and neighbor more sincerely mourned. Charley's story was never learned until after the war.

But now comes a sequel stranger than the story itself. Grandpa Waterson and his wife had borne their sorrows with a fortitude that only people like them can understand. They talked of their lost boys and together found a grim pleasure in reviewing the childhood, the youthful experiences and the manly qualities of the dead sons. Time and time have I seen them at the end of the front veranda, overgrown with honeysuckles, sitting hand in hand talking of Henry and Charles.

One day came a letter from Annie, announcing that the would visit the Watersons. There was great preparation, for she would have been Charles' wife had he lived, and she was dear to them in her own right, for she had never ceased to send those welcome letters, always bright and cheery save when Charles' fate forced its way into her thoughts.

She came to a royal welcome. I imagine now that I was over-officious in piloting her around, pointing out everything that Charles was ever associated with and gabbling away as a boy whose voice is at the hen-cackling stage of advancement, will.

"Thee is a great comfort to us," Grandpa Waterson used to say to Annie, and when grandma got her arms around the pretty southerner, there was always a gentle kiss and a sweet voiced assurance that Annie was just as dear as though she were a daughter.

Then came a surprise in the shape of a handsome, showy, bold-faced woman, who announced herself as having been the affianced of Col. Waterson, killed at Pleasant Hill. She had long meant to visit the family and make herself known, but had not been able to do so. Col. Waterson had left everything to her, and she produced a will at that late day purporting to have been made by him.

She was welcomed with old school courtesy, but there was a sober look on every face that she encountered. I called Annie out at once and held an indignation meeting. That woman was a fraud and I knew it. Henry was not the man to fall in love with any such specimen of her sex. I dedicated my time wholly, then and there, to watching her movements and proving my opinion. The result will suffice without the details of my detective work. Grandpa Waterson's watch was missed. All of Annie's most valuable jewelry disappeared and the adventuress complained loud and often about robberies, charging that she never could trust "niggers." Then grandma would gently chide her, and say: "Thee should not judge. All these people are old friends of mine and faithful."

The fraud would turn up her nose and put on a look of contempt that always set me boiling.

One day at the spring she leaned over to use the clear water as a mirror, and from somewhere about her person dropped the big gold watch that Grandpa Waterson prized most as an heirloom. I had it in a twinkling and the angry shouts of the woman only added to my speed. I told grandpa, told everybody. I wanted her arrested, but "Thee must leave this matter entirely to me," checked my ardor. "There must be no talk," he continued. "I will see that this woman leaves us. Don't plead for her, mother. I will only dismiss her; that is all."

And he did, after everything had been recovered and the forged will destroyed. We never heard of her again.

The very next afternoon there was a great clatter of a horse's feet up the hard road. The rider came like a rocket and we all rushed to see who it was. I think that everyone fainted but

THE RIDER CAME LIKE A ROCKET.

Annie and myself. She emitted something between a shriek and a gurgle, vaulted over the veranda railing and landed right in the arms of—big, handsome Charley. He was alive. He was well. All that we had heard was false. He had survived his sufferings after a long illness in the family of a poor but kind mountaineer, and there he was, the picture of health, with Annie in his arms. I sprang into the saddle with a maniacal yell. I got two little darkeys on behind me. We tore over the yard in wild delight and soon all the folks about the farm were shouting, crying and welcoming Massa Charles.

"God bless thee, son," was all grandma could say then, while the good old gentleman blinked, tried to look calm as the tears rolled down his cheeks and then he sobbed: "Charles, Henry's wish is fulfilled. Thee is left to bless our old age and thee has also brought us Annie."—Detroit Free Press.

What the Tall Girl Has Done.

"I wouldn't be surprised if the tall girl has a great deal to do with booming our high-hat trade," a hatter said. "It must be, for none of my tall customers has asked for a higher hat. Those who have worn felts and derby crowns still wear them, but I have observed a steady change from low to high tops for my short customers. I think sometimes that the tall girl is responsible for this change, because a five-foot-six customer came in here not long ago and asked for my highest hat. He had a good pair of shoulders and could carry it well, but he had always worn a low hat. I asked him why he changed. 'Oh, I've changed girls, and the new one is about half an inch taller than I. If I get a high hat it will even us up when we appear on the street.'"—Good Form.

—Thoughtful.—Mr. Slimson—"Your dressmaker came in to-day and wanted to collect your account, but I thought I would see you about it first." Clara Slimson—"Oh, I wouldn't bother about paying for it now, father; I'll just order another dress."—Cloak Review.

HOME CHEESEMAKING.

In Warm Weather It Pays Better Than the Production of Butter.

A correspondent of the Farmers' Review says: I prefer making cheese in warm weather to butter making, and its pays much better. This is my way of managing. We milk six cows and make a five-pound cheese from one milking. The morning's milking makes the largest and best cheese, using the same quantity of milk; we have a hoop six inches across, one foot high, then in the orchard we have a cleat nailed to a peach tree, three feet from the ground; under this we place a lever ten feet long, which will rest on the cheese which is in the hoop, on a board on the top of a keg; necessary weights are placed on the end of lever. Although this is a simple way made by a woman to press cheese, it answers every purpose for which it is made.

Now as to curd. First we strain about eight gallons of milk into a tin can or boiler. I make it a little warmer than fresh from the cow; then add the rennet (I use the prepared, finding it better and cheaper), stir it well, let stand until quite hard curd; then cut. In a short time the whey will separate, but if it is slow, heat some of the whey quite hot, pour over, stir slowly, let stand; very soon you can dip all off; then salt about as much as you would so much butter, stirring it well. Spread a new thin cloth over the hoop and put the curd in; have a round board to fit close in hoop; then press lightly at first, but increase to about forty pounds on the end of lever; take cheese out and turn twice in twenty-four hours, removing cloth each time to prevent clinging to cheese.

When done pressing take out; cut two round pieces of cloth, then put a band around and sew the end pieces in. This keeps off the flies and holds the cheese in shape. Lay them on a shelf where they can have sunshine and a little shade outdoors warm enough to start the butter in them; turn every day. You will find it will be fit for use in about ten days.

I have written in a very simple way, but I find from experience, every few days, with my neighbors that they need to be told every little thing in order to understand how to make a cheese. The curing of them may differ from many, but it is my way and they come out smooth and very yellow, although I do not use coloring. Any suggestions or improvements on the foregoing plan are in order.

TO MAKE GOOD PORK.

Points Essential to Produce Fair Weight in Six Months.

Close study and observation during some years past led me to believe that it is quite possible to produce pork of the best quality at one-third less than the average cost, and one-half what it costs under the poorest management. In producing cheap pork, we also greatly reduce the risk of loss from disease.

How can we reduce the cost of pork? First, by reducing the time to produce it. A thrifty, growthy pig that will weigh two hundred pounds gross, and which gives meat well marked with lean is most desirable. This weight can be obtained at six months, and where a butter dairy is run in connection with pig growing, a considerable greater weight is possible. The points essential to produce this weight at six months are:

1. A good breed of hogs.
2. Mature mothers.
3. The care of the sow during pregnancy. The mistake usually made is in feeding too much corn and making the sow too fat. I have come to be a great believer in roots for winter feeding of brood sows, both on the score of economy and health.
4. The pig must be taught to eat as early as possible, and provided with a pen or apartment which the sows cannot enter, in which to feed them. They will begin to eat regularly at four weeks old, then they can be weaned without losing anything. Bran is the best food we have for developing bone and muscle and a little corn is a help.—Practical Farmer.

"Your wife must take more exercise."

"But, doctor, what can I do? She refuses to stir."

"Give her some money to go shopping with."—Harper's Bazar.

LARGE POULTRY HOUSE.

Comparatively Little Material Is Required to Build It.

The henhouse which I describe is 12 feet wide and 30 feet long, and 8 feet high to square. For foundation a trench was dug 14 inches wide, 18 inches deep, and filled with broken stone. On this was placed a row of range work 12 inches high. The space inclosed was filled with broken stone level with the

FIG. 1.

top of wall. This was broken very fine on top and pounded solid. The whole was covered with cement, which forms the floor of the house, floor being 12 inches above level of ground; 2x6-inch plank laid on the range stone flush with outside, make the sills. The corner posts are 5x5 inches; all the other studding, 2x5 inches; plates, 2x5 inches. Corner posts and studding are spiked to sills and spiked through plate; girts are 2x4 inches, set into studding and

FIG. 2.

spiked. Partitions are all of wire netting.

The two ends are covered with shingles. The center is roofed one way and is covered with steel roofing. The siding is planed and painted; has 10-inch projections and cornice, making a building which is rat and even mouse proof. By closing doors in partition (see Fig. 2) you can make three rooms; by leaving them open you have a floor space 10x30 feet. We clean this house

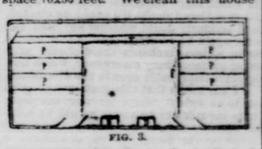


FIG. 3.

every week using plenty of air-slacked lime and are not troubled with lice or disease.

The following material is required: 85 feet range stone; two loads for filling trench and 14 loads for filling in foundation to top of wall; two barrels of cement (more would be better); 8 pieces 5x5 inches, 8 feet long; 18 pieces 2x5, 8 feet long; 18 pieces 2x3, 8 feet long; 10 pieces 2x4, 8 feet long; 6 pieces 2x5, 6 feet long; 84 feet plank 2x6 inches, sills; 84 feet plank 2x5, plates; 16 pieces 2x4, 9 feet, rafters for ends; 8 pieces 2x5, 14 feet, rafters for middle; 720 feet

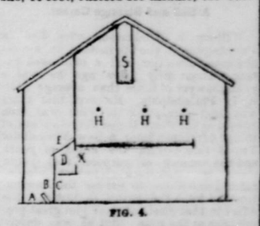


FIG. 4.

lath, 1½x3 inches; 200 feet sheeting; 800 feet siding, 8 feet long; 140 feet cornice; 120 pieces battens, ½x3, 8 feet. For nest boxes and finishing inside, say 300 feet more; 70 feet wire netting, 3 feet wide; 6 windows; 5 gallons of paint will give it one coat; 2,500 pine shingles and 2 squares steel roofing for covering; $2.00 paid for surfacing siding and battens. As the cost of material varies so much I will not make any estimate of cost, but the above amount of material is all that is required.

EXPLANATION OF CUTS.

Fig. 1, front elevation and perspective. Fig. 2, end perspective. Fig. 3, plan of house. The hall or alley is at top of the cut, for feeding, gathering eggs, etc. T is the feed trough. F, wire partitions. P, perches. S, box for shells. D, dust box. Doors are indicated by oblique lines. Fig. 4 is the end view of frame. A, the alley or hall; B, the feed trough extending the whole length of building. Fowls reach through slat partition C, which is made of lath or slats 2½ inches wide and placed 2 inches apart. This size will do for smaller breeds, but should be larger for the large breeds. D, nest boxes, 14 in. square, 12 in. deep on back, 16 in. in front. There are 23 of them, reaching the entire length of building. They are 14 inches from the floor, and the hens enter them at the opening, marked X. E, hinged lids over nests, by raising which the eggs are removed from nests by the attendant in feed alley, without entering main room. F, partition reaching from top of nest to roof, made of wire netting. G, tight floor on level with top of nests, 30 in. high, to catch droppings. There are two of these, one in each end of building, as shown in Fig. 2. These floors are 8 ft. long and 6 ft. wide. H, H, perches over floors G. They are made of 2x3-in. scantling and are placed 12 inches above floors G. S, air shaft 6 in. square, reaching from within 12 in. of perches to ventilators in roof at each end of building (see Fig. 1). Nest boxes are independent of each other, and the boxes for setting hens are turned round so the opening faces alley, where hens can be fed and other hens cannot enter nest from main room.—Orlando Trotter, in Ohio Farmer.

A SQUARE built, well-muscled horse will stand more work and more hardship than two lank, loose-jointed ones, and will not require more feed than either one of them.

A Neighborly View.

Caller—Your next door neighbors appear to be very quiet people.

Mrs. Spinks—Yes, the walls are very thin, and I s'pose the mean things keep quiet to hear what we say.—N. Y. Weekly.

The Next Point.

"I have been in nineteen engagements!" boasted Col. Battles, the old war horse.

"And how many times have you been married?" asked Miss Elder, with deep interest.—Detroit Free Press.

Who Was He?

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
The best of all men will just pass in a crowd,
And the loftiest spirits the world ever knew
Stayed in it but briefly, then vanished from view,
And the man who invented our national game
Hasn't even a niche in the temple of fame.
—Chicago Times.

A Natural Sequence.

Strawber—My mother writes me from my native village that they have opened a saloon there for the first time in ten years.

Singerly—I suppose you will go up and pay her a visit now.—Jury.

Religious Scruples.

First Passenger (who is occupying the seat with his baggage)—Well, you look at me as if you wanted to eat me up.

Second Passenger (who is looking for a seat)—No, sir. I was a Hebrew.—Judge.

PASTURE FOR SHEEP.

Change Necessary for Flocks Whose Welfare Is Considered.

The disposition of a sheep is one of the main reasons for the peculiar management required for the best interests of the flock. From time immemorial we have read of the wandering sheep and its restless nature. And this we find is evinced by these animals in their desire for change in the pasture. Confine a flock in a field and after a few days they will begin to explore for ways of escape to other fields, and soon show the effects of their restlessness and dissatisfaction, in a falling off of condition. The experienced shepherd, therefore, provides for this necessity by dividing the pasture by means of portable fences, or removing the flock to another field, where in a few days they begin to show a desire to return to the former pasture. Thus "fresh fields and pastures new" are necessary for any flock whose welfare is considered.

My plan has been to provide light hurdles or portable panels which may

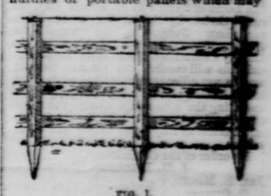


FIG. 1.

be readily taken down and set up again, and so give the sheep a change some time before they become restless. A restless, discontented sheep makes the whole flock like itself, and a falling off in condition is an immediate result. These panels may be made of light poles sawn down the middle and put together as shown in Fig. 1. Holes are made in the ground by a pointed bar, and the stakes, being set in them, are driven down with a heavy mallet. The ends are wired together. By disposing of the panels in a skillful way some trouble may be saved in moving them. As, for instance, by opening fence number one (Fig. 3), the sheep are turned into the second lot, and so on through

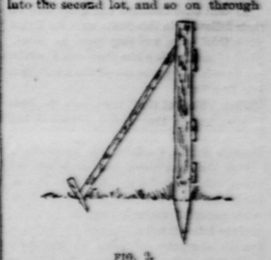


FIG. 2.

the whole four, when they come to number one again. By this time each lot grows up again and has a new, clean growth for the flock. A wire should be stretched at the top of the panel, which will keep the sheep from jumping over, a habit to be discouraged and prevented most carefully, and is far more easily prevented than cured.

A panel of light boards is also shown (Fig. 2), which may be used when the poles are not easily procured. I have made plantations of Norway spruce on the north side of fields for the purpose of getting a supply of these poles, and, by planting closely, it will be only a few years before the poles will be large enough for use. The shelter thus

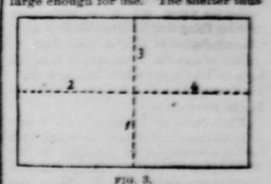


FIG. 3.

afforded by the groves is also most valuable to any sheep farm, as well as for any other, and the cost is a mere trifle.

As to soiling, this is positively indispensable on land worth the money mentioned. When this mode of feeding is practiced, only small lots are required, and such crops as rape, oats and peas, white mustard, turnips, clover—and in the south cow peas, scarlet clover—or fodder corn anywhere, may be grown for the flock. But for the sake of the health of the flock these small lots must be frequently changed, and plowed and sown with any one of these crops for pasture, as long as it may last. By such a method of feeding, a flock may be made an accessory to any kind of farming, especially on a dairy farm, where the sheep will follow the cows and gladly pick up what they have left. For the rearing of early lambs, this method of soiling the ewes will be found a great economy, and all the more as this pursuit is necessarily carried on in localities where land is of high value.—Country Gentleman.

A Good Sheep Dip.

A simple yet effectual remedy for disposing of ticks may be made from the following recipe: One gallon of warm water and 1½ lbs. of hard soap cut in slices and dissolved in the water. Thoroughly mix with 2 gals. of kerosene oil, until it makes a liquid resembling milk. To each gallon of the mixture add 8 gals. of water. If this is used twice during the year, once just after shearing and again in the fall, you will have no trouble from ticks. The sheep will also keep in much better condition, on less feed than they will if not dipped. This dip can be made in about half an hour by anyone, and the cost will not exceed 40c.—A. C. Stoddard, in Farm and Home.

OATS contain a greater proportion of flesh-forming elements and corn a greater proportion of fat-forming elements. This is why oats are so much better feed for horses.—St. Louis Republic.

Made Him Think of Shakespeare.

He laid down his knife and fork and asked one of the waiters to call the proprietor of the restaurant. When the latter came the old gentleman asked curiously:

"Did you ever read Shakespeare?"

"Why, yes, sir," replied the proprietor in surprise.

"I am frequently reminded of it in here," went on the old gentleman.

"Indeed? Well, he was a wonderful man."

"Yes; one can find passages in his works that are appropriate to almost anything, especially restaurants."

"I've seen them quoted on menu cards."

"Of course. I'm reminded of one now."

"What, may I ask?"

"'O, that this too, too solid flesh would melt.' That's all, sir."

He picked up his knife and fork and returned to his work with renewed energy, while the proprietor went back to his desk and added forty cents to the check.—Chicago Tribune.

Maiden Innocence.

Miss Primrose — Do you know, my brother Ned told me the other day that Tom Allison said I was N. G.

Miss Violet—Why, whatever did Tom Allison mean by saying such a thing as that?

Miss Primrose—I'm sure I don't know. I've been trying to make out ever since what "N. G." stands for, and all that I can think of is "nice girl."—Somerville