THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

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NO OPIUM.

DR. HOXSIE'S CERTAIN CROUP CURE.

The smallest child can take this remedy without any bad effects. It does not contain opium in any form.

GUARANTEED TO CURE OR MONEY REFUNDED.

ALWAYS READY FOR USE.

Hoxsie C. C. C. Co., BUFFALO, N. Y.

PENN'A

White-Sand Oil Co.

[A. STEELSMITH, Manager, Butler, Pa.]

Dealers in Illuminating, Lubricating, Cylinder and Dynamo Oils—all free from Lima Oil.

This oil is made and handled by Independent Producers not connected with the Standard Oil Co., as reported.

All orders will be promptly filled. Warehouse in rear of Nicholas & Hewitt's planing mill, near West Penn depot, Butler, Pa.

Refinery at Coraopolis, Pa., near P. & L. E. R. R.

This oil can be secured at McCrea's Feed Store on E. Jefferson St.

Are You One Of The Lucky Ones Who Will Attend The Grand Clearance Sale At

-Troutman's-

For the next two weeks. Remember it is not our fault if you come too late, it will commence Jan. 25 and continue till Feb. 4.

Carpets, Cloaks, Underwear, Hosiery, Gloves, Corsets, Dry Goods, Flannels, Ginghams, Calicoes, etc.

See our big bargain counter on left hand side entering store.

YOURS RESPECTFULLY,

A. Troutman & Son,

Leading Dry Goods and Carpet House, Butler, Pa.

EVERYBODY WANTS TO MAKE MONEY.

Some try to save money, some in one way, others in another way.

The true way to make money is to save money, but it would not be prudent to expect for instance that you can buy an article at 50 cts. as good as one you pay $1.00 for, this would be losing money.

It is Simply a Matter of Business

With you to buy from a reliable house and one that you know has only one price, a house that gives one man as much as his neighbor for his dollar—no two prices.

Houses that are always advertising goods at $1.00 worth $2.00, and all this kind of bosh as a rule are dangerous places to make money in, it is used by them as a catch to get you in their net.

It would not be safe for you to take part in any scheme where the merchant is going to lose money and you make, for fear the merchant would make the money and you lose it.

We carry the largest stock and best rubber goods of any house in Butler, we give a new pair of men's rubber boots if not satisfactory to the customer free of charge, ask one of these little follows to do this, see what he will say to you, we have all these cheap or should say dear rubbers, men's at 25 cts., chil's 10 cts., etc., and that is all they are worth or all any of them are worth.

Our stock in men's, boy's and youths' boots and is not equaled in Butler.

Men's fine shoes at	1.00 and 1.25
" extra fine calf shoes at	2.00
Ladies' fine button shoes at	1.00 and 1.25
" " grain button shoes at	85 cts
" slippers at	25 cts. and 50 cts
" flannel lined shoes	75 cts

All these not half price, but regular price.

Men's wool boots and rubbers at	1.90

Old ladies' flannel lined shoes and slippers in great variety, we tell you what goods are and give you the lowest price. No old rusty job lots in this stock, all clean fresh goods. Come and see us.

B. C. HUSELTON.

Diamonds — RINGS, EAR-RINGS, SCARF PINS, STUDS,

Watches — GENTS GOLD, LADIES GOLD, GENTS SILVER, LADIES CHATLAIN,

Jewelry — Gold Pins, Ear-rings, Rings, Chains, Bracelets, Etc,

Silverware — Tea sets, castors, butter dishes and everything that can be found in a first class store,

RODGER BROS. 1847 — Knives, Forks, Spoons—Triple Plate.

E. GRIEB,

THE JEWELER

No. 139, North Main St., BUTLER, PA.,

Job Work of all kind done at the "Citizen Office."

THE KIND THAT CURES

CHARLES SIMMONS, Cohoes, N. Y.

A MARVEL IN COHOES!

Kidney and Liver Disease FOR 15 YEARS, CURED BY 3 BOTTLES!

DANA SARSAPARILLA CO.:

GENTLEMEN:—Having been restored to good health by the use of your Sarsaparilla I feel it my duty to let others know the great benefit I have received.

For 15 years I have been troubled with severe pains in the Stomach, also Kidney and Liver Disease, so badly that for weeks at a time I had to stay in bed.

I have used three bottles of

DANA'S SARSAPARILLA

and I feel like a new man. I recommend it to any afflicted with disease of the above nature. Yours respectfully,

Cohoes, N. Y. CHARLES SIMMONS.

The truth of the above is certified to by JAMES S. CALKINS, Druggist of Cohoes, N. Y.

Never purchase of a "SUBSTITUTER," (a person who tries to sell you something else when you call for Dana's.) Our bottles are being filled with a COUNTERFEIT ARTICLE by "Substituters." Buy of the HONEST DEALER who sells you what you ask for, and if you receive no benefit he will return your money.

Dana Sarsaparilla Co., Belfast, Maine.

THE KIND THAT CURES

MRS. P. J. CROMWELL, Esperance, N. Y.

A WORLD OF JOY IN FOUR WORDS!

"Two Bottles Cured Me!"

DANA SARSAPARILLA CO.:

DEAR SIRS—For years I have been troubled with Rheumatism, also Liver and Kidney Trouble. Nothing seemed to help me permanently until I tried

DANA'S SARSAPARILLA

and two bottles CURED ME.

Yours respectfully, MRS. P. J. CROMWELL.

Esperance, N. Y.

SCHOHARIE CO., ss.

This certifies that I know the above Mrs. P. J. Cromwell to be trustworthy, and one upon whose word you can rely.

A. H. McKEE, Justice of the Peace, Esperance, N. Y.

Dana Sarsaparilla Co., Belfast, Maine.

FRANK KEMPER,

DEALER IN

BLANKETS, HARNESS,

And everything in horse and buggy furnishing goods—Harness, Collars, Whips, Dusters, Saddles, etc.

Also trunks and valises.

Repairing done on short notice.

The largest assortment of 5-A Horse blankets in town will be found at Kemper's.

PURE DRUGS AT LOW PRICES is the motto at our store.

If you are sick and need medicine you want the BEST. This you can always depend upon getting from us, as we use nothing but strictly Pure Drugs in our Prescription Department. You can get the best of everything in the drug line from us.

Our store is also headquarters for

PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, Kalsomine, Alabastine &c.

Get our prices before you buy Paints, and see what we have to offer. We can save you dollars on your paint bill.

Respectfully

J. C. REDICK,

Main St., next to Hotel Lowry, BUTLER, PA.

SEE These Prices on EVERGREENS.

10,000 Norway Spruce, 4 to 6 inches high, $20. 10,000 Balsam Fir, 4 to 8 inches high, $25. 10,000 Arbor Vitæ, 8 to 15 inches high, $25. 10,000 Scotch Pine, 4 to 8 inches high, $40. Over 200 varieties, 7,000,000 for sale.

FOREST TREES. 100,000 White Cottonwood, 1 to 12 inch, $60. 100,000 Yellow Cottonwood, 12 to 24 inch, $100. 100,000 Sugar Maple, 4 to 8 inch, $35. 1000,000 Elm, 4 to 6 inch, $75. We sold 8,000,000 in 1892. We must sell twice as many this year. Our nursery is overstocked with all varieties and sizes of fruit and ornamental trees. We must clear some of them out. Send for price lists.

EVERGREEN NURSERIES, Evergreen, Wis.

NEW CUSTOM GRIST MILL.

I have placed in my Mill a first class Roller outfit for Buckwheat Flour.

Also Roller Corn and Chopping Mills, all the best the market offers. Give us a trial, we'll do our best to give you a good turn out.

Running every day except Sunday.

WM. F. MILLER.

313 N. Washington St., Butler Pa.

AT THE CORNERS.

[Tale of a Tramp.]

A dreary, wild November day,
The winds are whistling on their way
Across the moor.

He does not hesitate to wedge
His shivering form within the hedge,
A shelter poor.

Along the slippery, rutted tracks,
High loaded with their bursting sacks,
Farm wagons roll.
They heed him not, nor seem to hear
The wail of misery and fear
That rends his soul.

The daylight fades and with it hope,
Again through cruel night to grope
His bitter lot.
But stay! What sound comes through the storm?
A little voice! A child's wee form,
Its way forgot!

"Alas! poor comfort of my rest,
Without a roof or shutter blest,
What warmth is here
We'll offer this bewildered child—
God! hit the storm is howling wild,
With wintry fear!

"There, little one, I'll wrap this coat,
Such as it is, 'bout arms and throat.
Dear frozen mite!
Lord! can I think beyond the years!
My babe—adrift and cold—in tears
On such a night!

"Rest, child: your head upon this arm
Is safe enough from other harm
Than wolfish cold.
Don't cry! Till morning comes just sleep,
Somehow we'll manage life to keep.
You see I'm bold."

Along the slippery highways shine,
Now high, now low, torchlights of pine,
Whose eager rays
Hunt but the shanows from the hedge
And throw within the woodland's edge
Their anxious blaze.

They're meeting at the corners now,
Strong heads in tearful sorrow bow,
For hope seems fled.
When, from the hedge's gloom a moan
Comes faintly, and the light is thrown,
A glow of red.

There, folded to a loyal breast
The child enjoys a troubled rest,
Yet nothing cares;
He's certain his poor ragged friend
Will guard till night be at an end,
Though ill he fares.

The tramp, poor fellow, bent and cold,
A piteous sight—gray-haired and old—
No word he said.
They try to rouse him from his seat,
But rest has come at last most sweet,
The tramp is dead!

—George E. Bowen, in Inter Ocean.

A PRECEDENT.

Two Deer at One Shot Not Extraordinary.

The news had come in that a hunter back on Pison Run had bagged two deer at one shot, and there was great diversity of opinion at the tavern as to whether the hunter had actually done it or not. Some professed to believe it, while others loudly proclaimed that they would bet a little something that there wasn't a word of truth in it. The squire was among the latter, and the Old Settler coming in when the discussion was at its height, he was placed in possession of the disturbing news.

"W'at-a ye think 'bout it, major?" asked the Squire.

"Who were the hunter?" said the Old Settler, sitting down, and assuming a wise and judicial air.

"Baisly Cronk," replied the Squire.

"O'Cronk Hill?" asked the Old Settler.

"Yes; him."

"Do y' know wuther his gun were loaded tol'able heavy?"

"Dunno nuthin' 'bout his gun!"

"Did y' hear wuther he were patienter than common w'ile he were waitin' fer his shot?"

"Durn his patience! Do y' b'lieve he got them two deer at one shot or don't y'?"

"Were tha anythin' said 'bout his waitin' till he see the whites o' their eyes?"

"See here, major!" exclaimed the Squire, his patience exhausted. "Be I a witness in a britch o' promise suit, or be I wantin' to know what y' think 'bout Baisly Cronk gettin' them two deer at one shot? It don't make no differ'nce, ez a matter o' that, w'at y' think; but w'at's all this here rig'marole o' your'n got to do with it?"

"Squire," said the Old Settler, blandly, and without a feather ruffled, "alluz load yer gun heavy an' hev patience, an' don't shoot till y' see the whites o' their eyes. Then if y' don't git enough b'ar meat an' venison, et cettery, at one shot to last y' pooty nigh all winter, it'll be sumpin' that hain't in none o' the perceedents o' the past that I know anythin' about! That is, pervidin' y' don't shoot too high, or too low, or too much on one side, or too much on t'other. Tha hain't nuthin' that'll knock perceedents inter a cocked hat so quick ez that kind o' shootin'! Do I b'lieve Baisly Cronk got them two deer at one shot? Not if he didn't hev his gun loaded heavy, nor didn't hev no patience, nor didn't wait till he see the whites o' their eyes, I don't. If he did hev all them, o' course I b'lieve it. An' if his gun were loaded heavy enough, an' he had patience enough, an' he waited till he see the whites o' their eyes enough, he orter got more than two deer at one shot. Tha's perceedents fer it."

There was a look of mingled disgust and commiseration on the Squire's face as he stood for a moment gazing at the Old Settler. Then he exclaimed:

"Mebbe tha is perceedents fer it, but if tha's any perceedent fer a man a gittin' ez foolly ez you be, day arter day, I never heerd on it."

"Mebbe!" said the Old Settler, with surprising and aggravating calmness. "But then tha's a good many things you never heerd on, Squire, an' I shouldn't wonder if one of 'em were the time I stood on a runway fer an hour seein' a b'ar feedin' an' prancin' around in the scrub oaks, an' not wunst a-pullin' bead on him, 'cause I had patience, b'gosh, an' know'd that if I handled things right the future were bulgin' fer me with more than jist one b'ar! I shouldn't wonder a bit, Squire, but w'at that time were one o' the things you never heerd on!"

The Squire shook his head slowly, and, as if soliloquizing over some melancholy fact, muttered: "Foolier an' foolier ev'ry day! An' his pap lived to be eighty-six an' wa'n't a mite childish! An' a sensibler woman at ninety than his ol' mammy were I never see!"

The Old Settler bristled a little, and there was a little warmth in his tongue as he remarked:

"I was sayin' to M'riar only this mornin', 'M'riar,' I says, 'seems to me the Squire's gettin' oncommon sociable all to wunst, hain't he?' I says.

"'How so?' says M'riar.

"'Wy,' I says, 'he's stopped at the gate more'n a dozen times this week,' I says, 'an' ast p'tic'lar how you was,' I says, 'an' how yer lard tried out,' I says, 'an' how my roomytiz were,' I says, 'an' if my 'taters was rottin' any,' I says, 'an' if we wouldn't like to try a roastin' o' his spare ribs,' I says, 'an' seemed ter'ble anxious,' I says, 'about how things was turnin' out 'round our premises in giner'l,' I says. 'It's ben a year an' better,' I says, 'sence the Squire has ben so oncommon sociable an' anxious. W'at do y' s'pose has struck him, M'riar?' I says.

"'Mebbe he's heerd,' says M'riar, 'bout them three bar'l o' cider we've rolled inter the cellar,' says she.

"'B'gosh!' says I. 'That's it!'"

The Squire's response to this sally of the Old Settler was lost in the burst of laughter that the latter called forth, and when quiet was restored he was serene and good-natured, and the Old Settler was beaming again. But he was not to be diverted from what he had set out to narrate, and he immediately resumed:

"Lippy Conkright, he says to me one day, he says: 'Sile, tha's a slammin' big buck jist achin' for a dose o' lead over on Wild Gander,' he says. 'Less go an' plug some inter it,' he says. That jist suited me clean through, an' we went."

"'Will y' drive the ridge?' says Lippy. 'Or will y' stan' on the runway?'

"'Wull, Lippy,' I says, 'bein's it's a cold an' squally day an' the runway is the toughest job,' I says, 'you kin drive.'

"So Lippy took the dogs an' went off back on the ridge to start out the big buck. I put myself on the ol' red oak runway an' waited for the unfort'nit deer to come along. I hadn't ben there ten minutes 'fore off on the scrub oak barren I see a golthumpin' big b'ar come out and go to feedin' on the acorns. My gun were loaded heavy, I kin tell ye, an' I says to myself:

"'See here, b'ar,' I says, 'you come a leetle nigher, b'gosh, an' I'll hef to harvest ye!'

"Wull, the b'ar, not secin' or gittin' scent o' me, kep on feedin' nigher an' nigher, an' I could 'a' bored him ez easy ez borin' a hole inter a sap tree, but it come over me, ez the b'ar fed along, that w'at I wanted to do were to hev patience.

"'We hain't out arter b'ar,' I says. 'We'm arter deer, an' if I plug that b'ar,' I says, 'the buck is liable to hear it an' shy off fer some other runway, an' we won't git him,' I says. 'But,' I says, 'if I hev patience, tha's a future right here on this red oak runway,' I says, 'tha'll make comin' ginerations hol' up their hands an' wonder,' I says.

"'So, hevin' my gun loaded heavy, an' hevin' patience, I stood thar in the blusterin' cold an' waited fer the future. The b'ar fed nigher an' nigher, an' come so close, b'gosh, that I could 'a' twisted fur outen him with a ten-foot pole. Then he fed away ag'in, till he got most out o' range, an' then 'spose I hadn't 'a' had patience? I'd 'a' drawed head an' plugged that b'ar, sp'iled the future, an' my gray hairs 'd a gone down in sorrer to the grave ev'ry time I'd a thort of it!

"W'ile the b'ar were feedin' away from me two great big white swamp rabbits come a-lopin' out o' the bushes an' went to grass almost where I could touch 'em. Them kind o' rabbits was sca'cer than money in Sugar Swamp deestric' jist then, an' money were so sca'ce that folks usety come twenty miles to git a look at a silver shill'n' my pap brought with him from Jersey. If I'd 'a' had my ch'ice I'd ruther gathered in them two big white rabbits than the buck or the b'ar, an' if I hadn't had patience an' my eye on the future I'd 'a' banged away an' got 'em. But I let 'em feed an' said nuthin'. Ez the rabbits fed around a flock o' pheasants come peckin' an' peckin' out inter the openin' right in front o' me. My mammy were consid'rable low with a fever in them days an' had been cravin' fer a hunk o' pheasant. I'd been out ev'ry day fer a week, an' I couldn't git pheasant to save my gizzard, an' here was a half dozent or more, an' all I had to do were to pepper 'em over! I come pooty nigh raisin' my gun an' bangin' 'em w'en my eye got onter the future ag'in, an' I stood still in the cold wind an' waited.

"Ol' Jedge Sniffets, at the county seat, had a standin' offer o' sixty dollars for the skin of a silver gray fox, but tha hadn't one o' them foxes ben seen in the deestric' fer ten year. Ez I stood there waitin' fer the future, with the big b'ar feedin' in to'rds me ag'in, an' the white rabbits nippin' the grass around me, an' the pheasants peckin' right in front o' me, I heerd sumpin' in the brush, off to my right, an' peckin' out o' the corner o' my eye, w'at should I see but a shiny silver gray fox.

"'Gosh!' thinks I, an' I thunk it so hard it's a wonder the b'ar an' the rabbits an' the pheasants an' the fox didn't all hear it. 'Gosh! This future's gointer be wuth while!'

"'The b'ar fed nigher an' nigher. I know'd w'at the fox were arter. He had his eye on them white rabbits. The rabbits nipped around till they was right behind me. The fox sneaked around nigher to 'em. The pheasants kep' peckin' away an' wallerin' right in front o' me. Pooty soon I heerd the dogs, an' knowed the buck were comin'.

"'Now,' I says, 'if this here gun is only loaded heavy enough, b'gosh, the future is made!'

"The b'ar got nigher, an' I see the deer creakin' over the ridge.

"'Wait till ye see the whites o' their eyes,' I says.

"The b'ar riz up on his haunches ez he see the deer comin', an' I see the whites o' his eyes. The buck come boundin' along, an' ez I see the whites o' his eyes he were right betwixt me an' the b'ar. I let the ol' gun beller. She were loaded heavy enough, fer she kicked me over back'rds like a log a-fallin', an' I heerd the skeert pheasants whizzin' up ez I went. I throwed up my hands an' clutched at sumpin' ez I went down. I squashed down on sumpin' that were soft and wiggly, an' I stayed there. I were sort o' obfusticated fer a minute, but ez soon ez I come to, b'gosh, I know'd the future had come an' hadn't got by me. I had a pheasant by the neck in each hand. I had sot down onter the two white rabbits jist ez the silver-gray fox had made a jump fer 'em, an' the fox were ketched under me, too. Jist then the dogs come up, an' I riz up, piled my pheasants an' my rabbits an' my silver-gray fox in a heap, an' went to see w'at else the future had brung me. The ol' buck were stretched out deader'n a log, an' on t'other side of him laid the b'ar!

"Squire, I dunno whether Baisly Cronk got them two deer at one shot or whether he didn't, an' I don't keer!" concluded the Old Settler. "But if he had his gun loaded heavy, an' had patience enough, an' waited till he see the whites o' their eyes, I say that accordin' to all the perceedents that I know anythin' about he orter got more than three deer, b'gosh!"—Ed Mott, in N. Y. Sun.

How Things Have Changed.

Tourist (from the north)—Uncle, can you get us up a real typical southern dinner?

Mr. Milledge—Bless yo' heart, suttin'ly, sah. Mammy, jes' tipptele a can ob dem Bost'n bake-beans, on top de fiah an' slice off a hunk ob dat Sheecago dried beef. We sen's all our chick'ns an' hawgs an' hominy down t' Ro'noke now, sah.—Judge.

More Gas Used.

Slimson—Heavens! look at this gas bill. It is more than double what it was last month. Clara, can you account for it?

Clara—I can, father. It was just a month ago that you forbade that lovely Mr. Spooner to call.—Judge.

Had Been Paid For.

Editor—You say you want a check for some jokes you left here two weeks ago? Why, those jokes have been paid for.

Mr. Chestnut—How long ago, sir?

"Oh, about fifty or a hundred years, I imagine."—Life.

Encouragement for the Timid.

"Humph!" said a young gentleman at the theater to a young lady, "I could play the lover better than that myself."

"I should like to see you try," was her naive reply.—Boston Globe.

She Knew the Man.

The Parvenu—I enjoyed a performance of the opera "Faust" last night.

The Member of the Dahntay Club—Oh, how I envy you. Goethe's music must be so much lovelier than his libretto.—Chicago News Record.

SIOUX MORTUARY CUSTOMS.

Terrible Self-Torture Inflicted by Both Braves and Squaws.

The Dakota Sioux paint a corpse red across the mouth, the hand black, with the thumb on one side of the mouth. A Sioux, says the St. Louis Republic, never cries with pain and never exhibits alarm at death or shows fear of any kind. The medicine bag is placed on the heart. There is little or no preparation for death. The corpse is blanketed, boxed and buried with the head to the south, whence they believe they originally came. A person who has been murdered by one of their own tribe is always buried face down, with a fat piece of pork or bacon in the mouth to prevent the spirit of the murdered person from scaring the game from that section. A kettle of food is sometimes placed at children's graves. Girls eat the food out of it at girls' graves and boys at boys'.

The scalplock is cut off, hung up in the lodge and considered "keeping the ghost." Formerly these Indians buried in a tree or on a platform, and burial in the ground was a disgrace. They even sometimes carried the dead body of a person with them on their journeys. The most cruel mourning is practiced. The squaws hack themselves to pieces with stone flints until they are covered with blood. The braves run sharpened sticks through their flesh until the scene is fairly sickening. A single scalp avenges the death and stops the mourning. While they mourn they never laugh, wash or comb their hair. They also have what is known as the "ghosts' gambol." The Minnataree Indians, of Dakota, cut off their fingers for the dead till the whole ground is strewn with them. They are invariably buried in a green blanket, though they never wear green when living.

PUSSY DIED OF GRIEF.

Her Only Friend Was a Murderer Whom She Followed to the Scaffold.

Ellis R. Smith, the only republican sheriff Pettis county has had since the war, and the only sheriff that has ever executed a criminal during the criminal history of that county, was relating his experiences as an officer to a reporter for the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. "I witnessed quite a peculiar thing in the jail at Sedalia last year," he remarked. "I had the very unpleasant duty of officially removing an old man by the name of Tom Williamson, who had been convicted of a triple murder. About two months before the day of the execution the old man asked me to get him a young kitten to raise. I did so. An attachment grew up between the two that was certainly remarkable. If at any time I happened to lock the old man up in a cell without the cat, she would raise such a disturbance that I would have to lock her up with him. They were together day and night. When the day of execution rolled around, the cat appeared to be the chief mourner and brought up the rear of the death march to the scaffold. When the trap was sprung, the cat walked back into the jail and, after walking up and down the corridor for an hour, pounced upon old man Williamson's cot, where it remained for a week, refusing to eat or drink. About eight days after the execution I determined to remove her. When I attempted to frighten the cat off, I discovered that she was dead. I actually believe she grieved herself to death."

PROGRESS IN BURGLARY.

Safe-Cracking Has Become a Science and the Jimmy Is Obsolete.

Burglary is a trade. It has its tricks, its tools, and its ups and downs. It is a trade which, according to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, is continually changing and improving. Methods of high-class burglary that were in vogue twenty years ago are hardly known now. The thief's "jimmy" is out of date. Safe-blowing has given way to safe-cracking. Four or five men, with a few sticks of dynamite, rob a train nowadays as easily as twenty men, armed to the teeth, did it a dozen years ago. But in spite of the changes the motto of all low-grade crooks is: "The way to steal is to steal." They embrace every opportunity, and steal whenever they can, often making a bungling job and getting nipped. After a few terms in the penitentiary, however, they are no longer low-grade crooks, but have become educated professionals. The penitentiary is their school. There they are taught all the improvements of the "trade," and there many burglars' devices are invented by brainy but vicious men.

English Farm Hands.

When, as rarely happens, English farm laborers come to this country, they find it extremely difficult to accommodate themselves to the current American custom of eating but three meals a day. An English maid servant and nurse who lived to be more than a hundred years old averred that she had always been accustomed to "a dew bit and breakfast, a stay bit and dinner, a nommet, a crummet, and a bit after supper." Extra meals are common enough during the harvest season in this country. The hasty breakfast at half-past three in the morning is followed by a "stay bit" at eight o'clock and by a luncheon between the noon-day dinner and the after-sunset supper. In parts of southern Pennsylvania the dinner hour is eleven o'clock in the morning, and it would not be difficult to show that Americans living on the same meridian are dining all the way from that hour until seven in the evening. The great mass of country folk still dine at noon.

Curious Death Customs of Fiji.

The Fijians believe that in case a marriageable youth or maiden dies without having gone through with the elaborate nuptial knot-tying ceremony of the islands his or her soul is doomed to wander about forever in an intermediate region between heaven and hell. When anyone dies, man, woman or child, a whale's tooth is placed in the hand of the corpse, the missile to be thrown at the tree which stands as a guide post to point out the road that leads to Heaven and the one that leads to hell.

Waiting.

The mistletoe hangs from the chandelier,
Her cheeks are rosy red;
Yet in her blue eye gleams a crystal tear—
"He cometh not," she said.

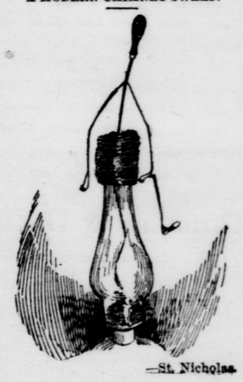
—Judge.

The Innocent Young Thing.

He—You know, Miss Smythe, I fancy you—

She—Oh, George, this is so sudden.—Truth.

A MODERN CHIMNEY-SWEEP.



—St. Nicholas.

LIVE STOCK.

FEEDING HEIFERS.

The Need of a More Scientific Treatment of Young Dairy Stock.

The first year of the dairy cow is the most critical of all her life. Immature, because not more than half grown, she has had to give life to her calf, she is now called upon to give milk for her owner, and within a few months she will again have to furnish life and sustenance for her second calf. So she has nearly a constant threefold demand upon her energies, and unless the utmost skill is taken the usefulness of the coming cow will be injured by careless and ignorant methods of feeding and care. This young heifer should receive, not only a great abundance of food, but that which is succulent and easily digested, and the greatest care should be taken to develop the mammary gland. That is, her food should be so regulated that it would not only sustain her and produce material for the growth of herself and the embryo calf, but there should be a surplus result of the food consumed; the milk and butter product is the result of this surplus. We want to so breed and feed calves for the dairy that they will make cows that will put this surplus feed into the milk pail and nowhere else.

I wish I knew how to better emphasize the need of a more scientific treatment of our two-year-old heifers. If all of them could be fed right for one or two generations, the average product per cow of our dairies could be easily raised 20 per cent. As soon as the animal digests and assimilates more than it wants for its daily sustenance, and all healthy animals can digest more than is needed for their daily wants, it seeks to do something with it. Now it is the province of the breeder to direct this surplus energy into specialized channels, as may be desired, and creating a tendency to receive this surplus and store it in the form of growth, milk, beef or reserve energy appears to stimulate the power of the animal to increase the amount of surplus assimilated food, and so the animal may be induced to go on and increase its production until it has reached the limit or end of the law of its being. The change and variations desired often come slowly, but each additional generation may add something valuable of surplus directed in the channel best suited to minister to the wants of makind.—Prof. I. P. Roberts, in Farm and Home.

THE COMING HOG.

Not an Ideal-Looking Creature, But a Very Profitable One.

The future hog must be a rustler, by which is not meant a "razor back" or "hazel splitter" but one that has the getup and grow to him; an animal of fine proportions, with extra top line, broad deep hams, clean cut, smooth under line, free from flabbiness of jowl or belly, with deep bacon sides and deepness extending well back to flank and forward to shoulder, not uneven, and deep in center, having a fine cut head, smooth and broad between the eyes, jaw broad and tapering well and even to muzzle, eyes clear and prominent, with ears standing out well from the head, breaking evenly and smooth towards the point, but would even prefer a standing-up ear to a drop or flop ear, as a drop or flop, flabby jowl and underline in my experience are not rustlers and are more inclined to disease from their nature of sluggishness, and these bad habits are generally found together. The bone should not be too large, but one of fine and strong texture, legs firm, standing erect on their pins and tapering well from arm down to their feet. Some people have an idea that the size is the most desirable in the selection of a hog, and that large bones, no matter how badly shaped, is the hog for them, claiming that large hogs must have large bones. While a good bone is desirable, if well shaped, a small bone is more to my notion than a big, awkward-shaped one, for this reason—a hog that has the right form and small bone possesses the property of putting on deep flesh and making big returns for his feed, and carrying to market desirable meat, while the other is a harder, longer feeder, and goes to market with a larger per cent. of low priced meat.—H. C. Dawson, in Colman's Rural World.

FINE COMBINATION.

Stack Yard and Manger for Preventing Waste in Feeding.

Most farmers utilize the straw more than they did twenty years ago, and many of them consider good bright oat and barley straw to be worth for feeding purposes quite as much as over-ripe clover or timothy hay, and, pound for

DEVICE FOR PREVENTING WASTE IN FEEDING.

pound, worth fully half as much as any good hay. Hence, instead of wasting the straw by building flat-topped stacks and allowing the cattle and other stock to have free access to them, a yard is built around the stacks and the straw fed out as regularly as hay or grain. To make all secure a log pen is built, like the one in the illustration from a sketch by L. D. Snook. The logs rest upon a foundation of stone or wood, the lower log being one foot from the ground and three logs on each side, the extreme height of fence being not less than four and a half feet. On the leeward side of the stack pen a permanent and durable manger can be easily made from small poles. This may extend the entire length of the pen and be built upon one or more sides. The straw is thrown into it directly from the stack, and if a ration of hay or straw be fed at noon it will prove equally as valuable, the only objection being that it is located out of doors. However, it is more convenient and economical than to throw the food upon the ground or in the nearest fence corner.—American Agriculturist.

Papa's Consent.

She—Isn't it lovely? Papa consents.

He—Does he, really?

She—Yes, he wanted to know who you were, and I told him you were tape-clerk at Scrimp & Co.'s, and he seemed real pleased.

He—I am delighted.

She—Yes, and he said we could be married just as soon as you were taken into the firm.—N. Y. Weekly.

Her Question.

Briggs—I called on Miss Birdseye the other day in my new suit, and when I kissed her she was quite indignant, until I told her it was always the custom to christen a new suit in that way.

Griggs—Then what did she say?

Briggs—She wanted to know if that was the only new suit I had.—Clothier and Furnisher.

Hard on Sappy.

Barlow—Old man Timberwheels wants to condemn Sappy to perpetual silence.

Taddles—How's that?

Barlow—I heard him tell Sappy he ought to think before he speaks.—Truth.

FARM AND GARDEN.

ABOUT ROOT CROPS.

They Are Profitable for Farms Near the City Markets.

Many farmers have learned that good crops of potatoes are profitable when grown near enough to market to be disposed of without too long carriage. The same consideration must be regarded in growing crops of beets, turnips, carrots, parsnips and other roots. They are both bulky and heavy in proportion to their price. A good deal of hard work must go for all the money they bring. That is true also of potatoes. They are not like the cheaply and easily harvested grain crops. The roots are worse than potatoes in this, that after they are out of the ground their tops have to be cut off. Potatoes can be dug by machinery, and only need hand labor in picking up and conveying to the market wagon. Well-grown root crops, however, yield so much more heavily than do average potato crops that for those not afraid of hard work they pay better than most others. If land is good and season favorable they will, at a low price, give a large return per acre. Root crops are one of the sure ways by which an industrious man can pay for his farm. Maybe he will earn his farm while paying for it. Most do. But it is at least better than the hard work that men most afraid of labor often are obliged to do and get no return at all. If a man has enough to sustain himself while working it he may buy an acre of rich land, put it into roots in the spring, and pay for the land with the product the coming fall. It is not very likely that the price of any kind of roots will fall low enough to prevent this being done. There is never likely to be the close competition in root growing in this country that will always prevail in grain growing. Though they may not wish to grow roots for market, yet farmers should grow enough to at least make a change of feed for the stock they keep through winter. Turnips and beets are best for hogs, and are especially good for breeding sows before as well as after farrowing. Carrots are excellent for horses. A peck of them a day is worth more for each horse than the price of them in the market. Beets, carrots and parsnips will each pay better fed to cows than they will be to market. With a well stocked farm there is a home market for a large supply of roots, and if any are grown for marketing by the bushel the home market may well take the place of any other when the price is low.

VALUE OF TILLAGE.

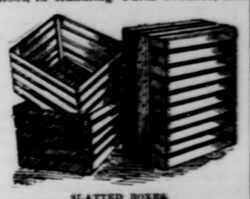
Increased Profits Is the Reward of Concentrated Farming.

The almost universal tendency with western farmers for years has been "spreading-out" farming. Everywhere will one see farmers who, out of choice, had rather run over two acres to raise thirty bushels of wheat than to have the headache hard enough to raise that amount on one acre. There is a good reason for this. To raise thirty bushels on one acre requires skill, forethought, care, good tillage; in short, that kind of crop depends on the man as much as on the land. In the other case there would be but very little investment of the man, and more of luck and a blind trust in Providence. When a man has more trust than skill he will of course, invest that of which he has the most. Every man farms according to the measure of the man. He may not always be able to do as well as he knows, but he will try, and, what is more, he will try to keep his knowledge ahead of his hands. Every year adds evidence that concentrated, not "spread-out" farming is to be the future order of things. Concentration enriches the soil; "spread-out" impoverishes it. Concentration reduces the primary capital in land and increases its productiveness, thus decreasing the cost of production. The Irishman was right when, on hearing another speak of a certain horse as being quite speedy, he replied: "Troth, I know of a horse that'ull trot as fast as two av 'im." That is the principle to work for. Lay out your capital in better tillage, not more acres; in better cows, horses, hogs and sheep; not more, but better ones, in acres and animals. Only in this way can true economy and a conservatism of the farm forces be brought about so as to enlarge the margin of profit. The mischef with all our products is that they cost too much to raise. This state of affairs will continue with every farmer until he sees more clearly and applies more energetically this principle of less acres and better tillage; less animals and better ones. Slowly in every farming community are a few who are beginning to graduate up and out of the low level of contrary ideas, and increased profits come to them as a reward.—Colman's Rural World.

BOXES FOR VEGETABLES.

They Are as Cheap as Ordinary Barrels and Crates.

The boxes here illustrated are the cheapest ones we make, says A. I. Root, in Handling Farm Produce, and



SLATTED BOXES.

the ones which sell best. For the ends we use six slats instead of boards crosswise, thus making them open on the ends as well as the sides. These are used for tomatoes, apples, cucumbers, etc. In fact, there is no fruit or vegetable of about this size or larger that could not be handled in these crates. They are as cheap to ship garden stuff to market in as the ordinary barrels and crates, besides being much lighter and neater. The above cut shows the manner in which all the boxes are packed for shipping.

Undoubtedly.

Doctor—There is something you have which I have not yet been able to get at. When I do, I think I can get away with it in a very little while.

Patient (lugubriously)—It must be my bank account.—Truth.

A Woman's Answer.

He—If I should ask you to marry me, what would you say?

She—Guess.

He—Well—er—what would it rhyme with?

She—Guess.—Puck.

A Criticism.

"Don't you think," the mother said, proudly, "that her playing shows a remarkable finish?"

"Yes," replied the young man, absently, "but she was a long time getting to it."—Jury.

Wouldn't Say a Word.

Burglar—What would you say if I was to blow yer head off for not telling me where your money is?

Mr. Joker—Not a word, sir; not a word.—Boston Globe.

SWAPPING WIVES.

The Curious Proposal Made by a Primitive Squatter Down South.

Twenty years ago the people of that section of the country embraced in western North Carolina and eastern Tennessee were primitive in the extreme, said a traveler recently.

Few could read; not one in a hundred had ever seen a railroad or a town of one thousand inhabitants. I was tramping through the mountains making some sketches and my wife, then an exceedingly handsome woman of twenty, accompanied me. We stopped one night at the cabin of a squatter who was a typical mountaineer. His wife was a tall, raw-boned, slatternly woman with a snuff stick and a sharp tongue. After a supper of "corn pone," milk and fat pork the host took me outside and, pointing with his thumb over his shoulder to our respective wives, said:

"How'll you swap?"

I had heard that the people of that country sometimes traded wives, but regarded it as a foolish burlesque.

"Well," said I, inclined to get some amusement out of it, "make an offer."

"I kinder reckon," said the would-be swapper, "that my wife's worth the most. She's the biggest'n' strongest. She kin milk cows, dig seng and kin cook a 'poss