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THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

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DR. HOXSIE'S CERTAIN CROUP CURE NO OPIUM. AT ALL DRUGGISTS. ··IS·· Guaranteed to CURE or Money Refunded.

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.

Ely's Cream Balm THE CURE FOR CATARRH HAY-FEVER AND COLD IN HEAD

THE CURE FOR CATARRH COLD IN HEAD HAY FEVER DEAFNESS HEADACHE ELY'S CREAM BALM 50c

Ely's Cream Balm is not a liquid, snuff or powder. Applied into the nostrils it is quickly absorbed. It cleanses the head, allays inflammation, heals the sores. Sold by druggists or sent by mail on receipt of price.

50c ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, NEW YORK. 50c

THE KIND THAT CURES

E. A. WOLLABER, Herkimer, N. Y.

Torturing Eczema, INDIGESTION AND LOSS OF APPETITE CURED.

THE FOLLOWING STRONG TESTIMONIAL WAS SENT US BY THE LARGE MERCHANTILE HOUSE OF C. W. PALMER & CO., HERKIMER, N. Y.

DANA SARSAPARILLA CO.,

GENTLEMEN:—During the past three years I have suffered considerably with Eczema, at times so that I was unable to attend to my work. I also suffered from Indigestion, and was badly run down. I tried various remedies without obtaining any relief until I was induced to try

DANA'S SARSAPARILLA

I have taken only two bottles and feel like a new man. Pimples and blotches have entirely disappeared; Appetite first rate; Digestion good. In fact I believe if I had not taken DANA'S I would not be alive now. Yours truly,

Herkimer, N. Y. E. A. WOLLABER.

Dana Sarsaparilla Co., Belfast, Maine.

THE KIND THAT CURES

MRS. REV. A. J. DAY, No. Easton, N. Y.

SCROFULOUS ECZEMA FOR 20 YEARS!

DANA SARSAPARILLA CO.,

MESSRS.—My wife was born of parents predisposed to CONSUMPTION. Six of her brothers and sisters died of LUNG DISEASES. My wife's health was unusually good up to the age of about 40 years; at that time SCROFULOUS taint manifested itself in the form of ECZEMA on nearly all parts of the body; after a time it yielded to the remedies used except on front of right shoulder where it has remained for 20 years with almost Constant Irritation and Itching. Since using

DANA'S SARSAPARILLA

a WEN on her head has broken and discharged until almost entirely gone. Habitual Costiveness also greatly relieved.

We have heretofore used a variety of remedies with but little result, but DANA'S SARSAPARILLA has proved so effectual in relieving my wife of ECZEMA and SCROFULA in the blood that I must say it is a grand combination of remedial agents, and that my wife's great improvement is due to its power and the blessing of a kind Providence upon its use.

I have taken one bottle myself and find it a Splendid Alterative.

Respectfully, REV. A. J. DAY, Pastor M. E. Church, No. Easton, N. Y.

Only one Sarsaparilla sold on the "NO BENEFIT—NO PAY" plan. Only one could stand the test, and that one is DANA'S.

REMEMBER THIS. 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, $20. 10,000 Scotch Pine, 4 to 8 inches high, $40. Over 200 varieties. 7,000,000 for sale.

FOREST TREES. 100,000 White Cottonwood, 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.

Garfield Tea Overcomes results of bad eating, gives Doctors' bills. Sample free. GARFIELD TEA CO., 29 Jay St., N.Y. Cures Sick Headache, Restores Complexion. Cures Constipation

TWO HEROES.

Miss Carnahan Had the Courage to Choose the Right One.

The manager of the "C——," as he rode up to the ranch, on his return from town, looked about as cross as a thoroughly good-natured man can. I was smoking my pipe on the veranda, and could see, afar off, that Sutley's wonted smile was missing.

"Read that," he said, as he flung himself from the saddle and turned the bronco loose to run to the stables. "Reckon we'll have to sleep on the roof, or in a haystack. Mph. Seven tenderfeet! Two weeks!" And Sut stamped into the house, swearing softly, while I unfolded the telegram he had flung me and learned that Maj. Carnahan, president of the Willow Ridge Cattle Company, to which the "C——" ranch belonged, would arrive three days later for a visit of two weeks, and that he would be accompanied by half-a-dozen other "tenderfeet."

They arrived in due time—or, rather, undue time, for we had inaugurated a house-cleaning and general fixing-up campaign which was only about half completed when they came. Besides the major, there were Mrs. and Miss Carnahan; Mr. Potter, who was tacitly understood to be Miss Carnahan's "accepted;" Mr. and Mrs. Wells, and Miss Daisy Wells, a young lady of three, to whom the whole outfit capitulated at first sight.

Next day, "Teddy" returned from his hunting trip. "Teddy," it may be as well to state, was Edward Thayer, A. M., cousin to Sutley, and a young man of charming personality and considerable attainments. To him fell the duty of acting as chief entertainer of the guests, and he filled this post to the queen's taste—or, at least, to Miss Carnahan's, which was much more to the point. The others of the party were easily entertained, but not so Miss Carnahan. She wanted to see everything that was worth seeing, do everything that was worth doing, and, seemingly, tried to find out how many harum-scarum escapades she could accomplish in the short space of time; and, of course, this just suited Teddy, who was always ripe for fun.

So, while the others stayed, for the most part, close to the ranch, those two were galloping here, there and everywhere, as happy as a pair of city school-children turned loose in the country for a short outing, and determined to make the most of it.

Did you ever stop to think how well acquainted two young people, left pretty much to themselves, can become in a very few days, especially when their tastes lie much in the same direction? I have known people on board ship, total strangers, become such good friends in three or four days as to confide their family secrets to each other—people, at that, who, under ordinary circumstances, were perfect oysters of reticence; and a plain's acquaintanceship usually is equally rapid in growth.

Sut and I watched them ride away, one morning—Miss Carnahan and Teddy—the former, in her tight-fitting riding dress, her cheeks glowing, her eyes sparkling, looking the picture of health and girlish beauty; Teddy's six feet of bronzed, robust manhood sitting the saddle as if it had been his cradle, his wide hat stuck carelessly on the back of his handsome head, and his picturesque dress showing off his straight, strong figure to great advantage. They turned at the top of the hill, and waved us a laughing good-by.

"By gad! Scribe, aren't they a stunning team?"

They were, indeed; and I feared they might come to think so themselves, which would be hard for poor Potter and maybe for a certain young lady back in the states, to whom Teddy wrote regularly every Sunday.

Poor Potter, it was plain to be seen, was not enjoying himself hugely. He heartily detested riding, and for guns and fishing-tackle he had no use whatever. It is quite likely that he did not altogether approve of his capricious sweetheart's daily expeditions with the handsome and captivating master of arts, who, Sutley informed me, was more than inclined to get into flirtations of the pseudo-desperate character, if, really, he was not somewhat susceptible, which is quite possible. However, the tenderfoot was plucky, and gave no outward and visible sign of whatever feeling he may have had in the matter. I was dreadfully sorry for the poor chap, for he was a rattling good fellow—one of the sort who make lots of friends among men, but who are altogether too good to succeed with women to any remarkable extent.

As the days went by, it became more and more apparent that Teddy and the fair visitor were nearing the danger-point in their swiftly-strengthening friendship. "Straws show—" and so do the most insignificant actions—a word, a glance, or even less; and when, at the end of two weeks, Miss Carnahan pleaded for another ten days' stay, and the major and the rest, of course, assented, I knew there were breakers ahead for Potter.

One hot, quiet afternoon, just as Teddy's and Miss Carnahan's horses were brought around in front, where we were all lounging on the veranda, Sut, who had been busy writing, came out and joined us with: "Where's my best girl?"

Sure enough where was Miss Daisy? Everybody asked everybody else, and everybody else disclaimed all knowledge of that young person's whereabouts; so, while the rest of us began scouring the house and stables for her, Teddy and Miss Carnahan mounted and rode away to see if she had not wandered off on the prairie, or up in the hills.

We could not find her, so all the available horses were pressed into service, and we all started out in search of the little one. A sudden inspiration directed me toward the prairie-dog village, at the end of a coulee, half a mile away, and I hurried toit.

As I rode out of the coulee, the sight that met my eyes almost made my heart stand still. Fifty yards away, standing between two mounds, was little Daisy, and in a circle, surrounding her, were a score of rattlesnakes, all coiled ready to spring, but, for some inscrutable reason, hesitating. Either the child was not alarmed, or else she was too frightened to cry.

I halted short. To keep on was to invite the death of the little one. What could I do? As I sat, half-dazed, I heard the sound of horses' hoofs, and presently Teddy and Miss Carnahan rode up. Unable to speak, I pointed to the scene among the mounds. Miss Carnahan nearly fell from her saddle, and her eyes started. Teddy's face blanched, but his nerves did not desert him. I saw him measure the distance with his eye, and look to see if his saddle girths were all right. Then he spoke hastily:

"There's only one chance, but I'll try it."

There was a bound and a rush, as the buckskin flew toward the mounds; then we saw Teddy reach down—there was a flash of white, and in another second the baby was safe in his arms, and the knowing bronco was carefully picking his way out of the prairie dog village. One chance, Teddy had said. Yes, that was all, and he had won. If his horse had stumbled—if he had missed his grasp of the child, or if she, frightened at the sound of his approach, had started to run, the result would have been very different.

As we rode thankfully homeward, I could not help seeing the glances Miss Carnahan occasionally cast at the figure of the gallant Teddy, who hurried on ahead with the child; and I was glad, for Potter's sake, that Teddy did not also see them.

But this incident was not the only one that gave Teddy a chance to raise himself in everybody's estimation. Fortune is understood to favor the brave; certainly she favored Teddy, and that, too, the very next day.

Maj. Carnahan and his daughter, Potter, Teddy, Sut and the scribe had ridden up the creek to see a bunch of choice cattle; and, having plenty of time to spare, and wishing to show the guests some pretty scenery, we extended our trip several miles further.

Miss Carnahan and Potter had ridden up the slope on the right to investigate some buffalo wallows and Teddy had fallen behind a bit to pluck some flowers, when suddenly Sut started and listened intently. From the hills on the east, beyond where Miss Carnahan and Mr. Potter were, a rumbling, rushing sound came, mingled with confused bellowing.

"Stampede!" gasped Sutley. "Hi-i-i! Come away, quick!" and he motioned to the couple on the slope, but they did not see nor hear him. We started toward them, full speed, yelling at the top of our voices, just as the head of the herd of wild, thirsty cattle appeared, bearing directly toward the unconscious couple at the buffalo wallows. They were coming as only stampeded cattle can come, and there were but a few seconds of time in which to escape.

Presently Miss Carnahan heard us and glanced up, then seemed to call Potter's attention to the coming cattle. We rode out of the way, noting as we did so that the engaged couple were doing likewise. Then something happened that has cost more lives than one. Miss Carnahan's horse was "stampeded"—he balked and fought the bit, but would not stir an inch out of his tracks, while Potter's, on the contrary, took the bit in his teeth and tore away at fearful speed, resisting all his rider's efforts to hold him.

Miss Carnahan was just out of the track of the rushing cattle, but every man of us knew that before we could reach her side they would be passing her, and her horse was almost certain to dash into the herd. She did not attempt to dismount, but we could see that she realized her danger and was making every effort to control her horse, but to no purpose.

What we had expected happened. As the stream of cattle thundered by Miss Carnahan's horse leaped forward, almost unseating her, and raced directly into the edge of the herd, heading diagonally for the thickest part. Then, while we gazed, too far away to aid, something flew across the slope in front of us, and Teddy, forcing his splendid buckskin to his top speed, followed the stampeded horse.

It seemed hours, but it was only a minute or so, when it was all over. Teddy, guiding his horse beautifully, overtook the gray before he reached the center of the herd. We saw Miss Carnahan look up in response to his shout, evidently understanding that she was to slip her stirrup; we saw Teddy reach her and encircle her with his arm; and, presently, guided by a master-hand, the buckskin carrying double, gradually worked its way out of the crush and to a place of safety not twenty yards from the bank of the creek, where Miss Carnahan's pony and a score of cattle were crushed to death.

It was a very thankful party that went home, carrying Miss Carnahan, who, of course, fainted promptly when the danger was over. The major gripped Teddy's hand in silence, too much overcome to speak his thanks, and we embarrassed him frightfully with our admiration, the last one of the party to shake his hand being poor Potter, who, from the top of a hill half a mile distant, had seen the whole affair, and whose "God bless you, Thayer!" came from the fullness of a relieved heart. If any more agonizing situation can be conceived for an adoring lover than must have been Potter's, helplessly watching his sweetheart being carried to almost certain death, I have yet to know it. And then, that night, I heard her tell him, meaningly, that she despised a coward!

She understood, next day, that he was not to blame, but the words had been said, and other words, too. I don't know what these latter were, for Teddy probably spoke them as he carried Miss Carnahan away from the stampeded herd—but it is quite certain that he said something, and that there was sorrow ahead for Potter and the Massachusetts girl (to whom Teddy had not been writing as regularly as usual), unless something happened to prevent.

Just a day or two before the visitors were to leave us, Sutley came in one morning with a very grave face.

"Prof. Loring's got the smallpox," he announced. "What on earth can we do for him?"

Prof. Loring was a naturalist and botanist from an eastern college, who had, a few weeks previously, come to study the flora and fauna of the Willow Ridge region. He had, with Sut's permission, built a shanty about two miles up the creek, where he lived all alone among his bugs and snakes and lizards, and we had seen very little of him, but that little inclined us very much in his favor.

"He went over in the hills to the Indian camp for some snakes," continued Sut, "and, of course, caught it there. When I knocked this morning he called to me and told me he had the smallpox, and to keep away, but to send a doctor if one was to be had. But, great Scott! there isn't a doctor within fifty miles, for Doc Murray went east last week, and he's the only one at Smithburg."

We all sat silent for a moment. Then Teddy, with much concern, for he had become quite well acquainted with the professor, and liked him, remarked:

"Poor old chap! I don't see what can be done for him."

"Has he," asked Potter, slowly, "no one at all, Mr. Sutley?"

"Not a soul."

"Then I will go over and take care of him. I have studied medicine."

I am sure Miss Carnahan had not spoken to him for two days or more, and I had feared it was all over between them; but when she started up and ejaculated: "Wallace Potter, you shall do nothing of the sort!" I knew and was glad that there was still hope for him and that Massachusetts girl.

Then, while we all knew that Prof. Loring would die unless some one cared for him—anyhow, perhaps—we interposed all sorts of objections. It was Quixotic, wild, utterly foolish, said the major. Why, the man was a total stranger, and the idea was not to be thought of for an instant. Added to the major's objections and those of the rest, were his daughter's efforts to assert her authority, but it was no use. Potter was firm. "It is my duty," he said, simply, "and that's all there is to it."

"Then, Wallace Potter, if you will do it, I shall stay and take care of you." And Miss Carnahan said it as if she meant it, and everyone knew that stay she would.

I don't know what Miss Carnahan and Mr. Potter said to each other during the half-hour they were alone together, right after the above conversation, but I know that when he went away after dinner, with his basket of medicines and things, she kissed him before us all, and then went to her room, where she remained over an hour, joining us, later on, with suspiciously red eyes. I know also that Teddy that evening, overcome by the moonlight or something, proposed to Miss Carnahan, and was kindly, but firmly, refused, and informed that the heart he asked for belonged to Mr. Potter—much to Teddy's after satisfaction, as he informed Sut and myself.

"Because," said the young man, "it would have put me in a deuce of a pickle, and, besides, I didn't really mean it. It was because she looked so sweet at that moment that I couldn't think of anything else to say, I guess. She's a lovely girl, and no mistake, but—"

And in that simple "but" was conveyed a world of assurance that the little girl in Massachusetts still held the larger portion of Master Teddy's eccentric heart.

It went hard with the unfortunate sick man, and for a time we feared he could not live; but Potter was fighting a good battle, and fighting to win, and one morning, when Miss Carnahan and the scribe rode over, as some of us did every day, with food and other necessaries, the glad look on the worn, thin face of the brave nurse told us that the victory was his.

Then Miss Carnahan cried, and called him a hero, and her dear, darling, brave boy, quite regardless of the presence of the scribe. "And now," she concluded, "I suppose I'll have to take care of you, just as I knew I should."

And so she did. I suppose that, according to accepted traditions, I ought to kill off poor Potter at this point, or, at least, bring him to death's door; but I'll do nothing of the kind, for it didn't happen that way. Potter was ill, it must be acknowledged, but the story doesn't end with his untimely demise. He didn't even have the smallpox, but was just laid up a few days from nervous exhaustion. Then came the end of the story—at least, of Miss Carnahan's part. For Potter was pretty weak to travel, and would need good care, so, one day, the minister came over from Smithburg, and performed, in the big room of the ranch house, a marriage ceremony as binding as the most fashionable kind that obtain in New York—and when our guests went away there wasn't any Miss Carnahan.

It wasn't so very long after that that Teddy returned to Massachusetts, and found that girl still waiting for him. Cards.

It isn't necessary to kill a man off in order to make a hero of him; besides, it is so much more satisfactory to be a live benedict than a dead hero.—R. L. Ketchum, in Romance.

Well Provided For.

He was a man of convivial habits, a bachelor and not an early bird by any means. One day a friend noticed him twisting a bunch of keys in his fingers.

"What are they?" he asked.

"My keys!"

"But they all seem to night keys, and there's a dozen or more of them."

"That's what they are, and there are fifteen in the lot."

"What are you doing with so many?"

"Can't get in at night without them. You see, when I go home I usually find about a dozen keyholes, somehow, in my door, and if I only carried one key I wouldn't be able to get the door open before breakfast time."—Detroit Free Press.

Made Him Sick.

Old Lady—Don't you ever feel sick going up and down in this elevator all day?

Elevator Boy—Yes'm.

"Is it the motion of going down?"

"No'm."

"The motion of going up?"

"No'm."

"The stopping?"

"No'm."

"What is it, then?"

"The questions."—Good News.

Such Cases Are Serious, Sometimes.

Late one evening a doctor received a notice from a couple of fellow practitioners, saying:

"Pray, step across to the club. We are one short for a game of poker."

"Emily, dear," he then said to his wife: "I am called away again. It appears to be a very serious case, for there are two doctors already in attendance."—Texas Siftings.

Taken at His Word.

"Lovers are prone to self-depreciation," said he, tenderly, as they sat looking at the stars. "I do not understand what you see in me that you love me."

"That's what everybody says," gurgled the ingenuous maiden.

Then the silence became so deep that you could hear the stars twinkling.—Boston Globe.

A Bargain.

"I wish you wouldn't put any more brilliantine on your mustache, George, when you are going to kiss me."

"All right, dear; and in your turn don't put any more pins in your dress when I am going to hug you."—Household Monthly.

Not Much of a Compliment.

She—And won't you be able to come to my reception?

He—I am afraid not, Miss Rose. I will either come myself or send flowers.

She—Ah, that is very kind of you. I do so love flowers.—Texas Siftings.

Her Point of View.

The Man—I am not worthy of your love.

The Woman—Of course you are not. You don't suppose I'd have the patience to be the wife of a man who was, do you?—Puck.

Had Had Experience.

Mr. Green—Will you believe me when I tell you that I was never before engaged to any girl?

Miss Summermaid—Oh, I knew that the first time you kissed me.—N. Y. Weekly.

Useless.

"See, 'Ryer, here's a German clock I bought for yer in New York."

"Good gracious, Hiram! how foolish. You know I can't understand a word of German."—Life.

Some Consolation.

Maud—We can't wear our new hats to church in this rain, that's certain.

Belle—No; but we can put them on and stand at the window. The people opposite are just coming out.—Puck.

An Inexhaustible Topic.

"I never thought Mrs. Thompson a fluent talker when she was a girl."

"Oh, but she is now. You know there's a baby in the family."—Chicago News Record.

Mis-for-tune.

She was bemoaning her fate and lamenting that all her luck was bad luck.

"No, but it isn't," argued her more hopeful companion.

"Yes, it is, too," she insisted. "Misfortune is mine at every turn and misfortune follows me everywhere."

"That's only because you think so. Did it ever occur to you, my dear, that misfortune is two-thirds fortune?"

It hadn't, but when she saw the point of the gag she laughed and after that she made her philosophy out of it and felt two thirds happier ever after.—Detroit Free Press.

Welcomed by the Old Man.

Sue Deering—I'm afraid papa was angry when you asked him for me, wasn't he, Jack, love?

Jack Hilow—Not at all. He asked if I knew any more respectable young men who would be likely to marry your five sisters, if properly coaxed.—Harper's Bazar.

Poultry & Bees.

SURE CURE FOR ROUP.

Symptoms of the Disease and How to Treat Sick Birds.

A subscriber whose old chickens have a white substance around the entrance to the windpipe and become wheezy, while the young pullets are affected with swollen eyes, asks for a cure.

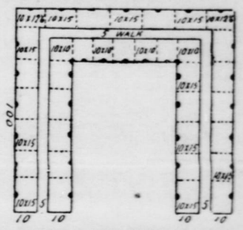
From the symptoms described it is impossible to say whether or not it is a case of true roup. Roup proper is a contagious disease and appears to be induced by cold, damp, dark and filthy quarters. Even drafts of cold air descending on the fowls while at roost seem to bring on the malady. But so similar are the symptoms of roup and several throat and nasal troubles caused by the same bad hygienic surroundings mentioned that it is difficult to tell the true nature of the disease. For this reason we can place but little reliance on most of the cases where it is claimed that roup has been cured.

The symptoms of true roup are dullness and general languor, ruffled feathers, loss of appetite and rapid wheezy breathing. There is a watery discharge from the nostrils which later becomes thick and foul smelling. When the nostrils become closed the discharge exudes from the eyes, thus causing blindness and the head to swell. In severe cases sores form under the thick yellowish cheesy matter in the throat and on the face. I have consulted with Dr. James Law as to the best treatment for roupy fowls. He recommends as follows: Spray and swab the throat, mouth and nostrils thoroughly with a solution of 1 ounce hyposulphite of soda to 1 quart of water. The house should be thoroughly disinfected to kill all germs of the disease which may be lodged about the walls and floor. To do this spray with a solution of chloride of lime 4 ounces to 4 quarts of water. Provide the fowls with warm, dry, sunny quarters and feed warm, nutritious food in good variety, always keeping pure water and grit accessible.—James E. Rice, Cornell University, N. Y.

FOR FANCY POULTRY.

A Plan Intended for About Two Hundred and Fifty Birds.

This building can be made of any dimension to suit the number of fowls kept. This plan is intended for about 250 birds, 80 fowls to each building. The buildings are constructed of rough boards lined with tar felt paper inside to shut out the cold air and at the same time to keep out vermin to a large extent. You can whitewash the entire inside with a strong solution of carbolic acid added to the whitewash, thus making it doubly secure against vermin. The buildings are each 12 feet high, 100 feet long by 25 feet wide, giving ample room for the pens on either side of the passageway, as shown in the cut. The general arrangement of this building is excellent, and you may if you wish extend runs



on all sides, as the flock may require. The pens are 10x15 feet and the passage 5 feet. At each end of the building are storage rooms for feed and fixtures. An upper story, if you so arrange it, can be used as a pigeon loft. For this the building should be 3 feet higher.—John W. Caughey, in N. E. Homestead.

BEEKEEPING PAYS.

If One Is Careful the Insects Can Be Handled with Ease.

Why don't farmers keep bees and care for them as they do their live stock and crops? They work for nothing, board themselves and furnish a surplus of honey in any ordinary season. From a single colony I have taken 67 pounds and a swarm in one season. Of course, I have the best Italians I could get, which work on red clover. The labor is very light and pleasant to anyone interested.

The idea so common that the honey bee is on the alert to sting somebody or something is a mistake. If one learns their nature and treats them accordingly they can be handled with as much ease as a cow or a horse, the latter being the most dangerous. I have clean, painted hives and keep the grass down about them. If a colony is weak, I give them a start in the world by feeding, which they pay back next season with interest. I put chaff cushions around them in winter to keep them warm, therefore brood-rearing goes on lively in spring and the bees and keeper are happy.—Kansas Farm Record.

Poultry in the Barn.

The barn should not be used as a poultry house. The farmer who will not provide a place for his hens is sure to have a filthy barn, as the hens will roost on the rafters, on the troughs or wherever it is most convenient. It may be mentioned, also, that lice will thrive in a barn as well as elsewhere, and they multiply very rapidly under the conditions afforded by a barn or stable. Even during the winter the warmth of the stable will be sufficient for their propagation. The work of clearing a barn or stable of lice would discourage even the most industrious.—Farm and Fireside.

Sulphur for Fowls.

Do not use sulphur in the food at this season of the year, as the weather is usually too damp. Sulphur may be allowed during the dry days of summer, but only occasionally. We doubt if there is any advantage to be derived from its use in the food, but it is considered by many as an excellent preventive of lice when it is dusted in the nest-boxes and on the bodies of the fowls.

SHOVEL the snow away from about the doors of the poultry house.

Just What He Wanted.

"I feel discouraged," said the young M. D., whose practice was slow in coming.

"You must have patience."

"Yes, I know. If I had patients I wouldn't be discouraged."—Truth.

Scriptural Authority.

Teacher—In what part of the Bible is it taught that a man should have only one wife?

Little Boy—I guess it's the part that says no man can serve two masters.—Good News.

Takes Time.

Jobson—I have a claim against the government. What lawyer would you advise me to retain?

Friend—It doesn't matter whom you select, only so he's young.—N. Y. Weekly.

The Reason.

Visitor—How is it that you are always such a good little boy, Harold?

Harold—Because I am always put to bed when I'm naughty.—Harper's Young People.

WHERE ARE THE OLD MEN?

A Question That Agitated a Venerable Inhabitant of Maine.

The writer spent a pleasant hour not long ago with a genial Maine gentleman of more than middle age, and was rather set back by his pointed question: "What has become of the old men I knew when I was a boy?" At first thought this involved a question of futurity, to answer which required a lifting of the veil between this and the world beyond. But he presently explained himself. "When I was fifteen," he said, "all those around me over thirty years old seemed to be old men, and I wondered how I should feel when so many years had rolled over me. When I got to be thirty or forty most everybody was fair and young, and only those who were sixty or over seemed to be old. And now that I have got to be sixty everybody is young—just like me—and all those who formerly seemed old are apparently just about my age. There are no old folks now; all are young men to my eyes; and what I want to know is, what has become of the old fellows?" This seems to be a universal experience of humankind. We all remember the poem of the old man who sat on a mossy stone by the roadside, "sadly musing," and to the young miss who asked the cause of his sorrow—

"Angel," said he, sadly, "I am old,
My earthly hope no longer hath a morrow."

From this view of himself it becomes almost a matter of certainty that a young person, to whom age seemed a distant thing, wrote the poem, and that the alleged feelings of the old man are purely imaginary, for it was, at heart, a young fellow who must have sat on the stone.

BEAUTY AND THE BEASTS.

A Pretty Face at a Carriage Window Quells a Wrangle of Teamsters.

Three Broadway cars, four trucks, a mail wagon and a light cart became entangled in a street blockade the other day. It was bitter cold and the drivers felt grieved that they had to stand still, according to the New York Sun.

Then a handsome carriage with a spanking team and an old driver in livery tried to worm its way through the blockade. There was a rattle and a bang, and the carriage wheels were caught fast by the wheels of a truck.

"Hah, ye swash-faced, lunk-headed baboon," a car driver yelled to the liveried driver, "whar' 'n 'ell y' gaw'n?"

"Gabback out o' that!" cried another driver.

The air was blue with profanity, each driver vying to outswear the other. The driver of the carriage said never a word, but his face was a study. Rage, hostility and cuss words were struggling there with restraint and duty.

Just then the carriage door was opened from within and a rosy face appeared, budding from a hazy mass of light furs.

It was a sweet, blue-eyed, young and very pretty face, only the mouth was contracted as if in pain.

"What's the matter, John?" she asked, plaintively. "Can't you drive on? I'm just freezing in here."

The swearing ceased at once, and no one looked John in the face. But the driver of the car backed his horses, the truck pulled up a little, the cart swung slightly around, and the carriage passed through and rolled on its way.

KEPT BUSY.

Twenty-Four Bricks Entirely Abraded by Hands of a Baby Convict.

Capt Powell, in his description of life in a southern "Convict Camp," tells one story which bears sad testimony to the imperfection of human law, even in the nineteenth century and in the United States. The story concerns a negro named Cy Williams, who was entered upon the books of the convict camp.

When a mere pickaninny, running about in the one garment that forms the costume of all negro youngsters in the south, he was arrested for stealing a horse. He was not large enough to mount the animal, and was caught in the act of leading it off by the halter, for which he was duly—the word should be unduly—sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment.

Warden Martin was puzzled to know what to do with so small a convict, but finally invented a task that certainly reflects credit upon his ingenuity. He placed two bricks at each end of the prison yard, and giving the black baby two more, ordered him to carry them to one of the piles, lay them down, pick up the other two, which in turn were to be carried to the farther end, exchanged again, and so on back and forth all day long, always carrying two bricks.

He was warned that he would be whipped if he failed to pile the bricks neatly or broke any of them. He grew up at the task, and the constant abrasion of merely picking up and laying down wore out four sets of bricks before he was put to other labor.

A Dog's Sense of Military Honor.

A resident of West Chester, Pa., is authority for the following "dog story," as it was recited to him by a soldier: "Troop F of the Sixth cavalry owned a dog which accompanied it on every trip. At the battle of Wounded Knee some time ago the animal was abandoned and was found in a snow drift by a sergeant of I troop, who took it away and cared for it. The animal could not be persuaded to return to its former owners and remained with the sergeant. One day the sergeant was reduced to the ranks for some breach of discipline. From that day forth the dog would have nothing whatever to do with him and took up its quarters in another tent. It could never again be persuaded to return to the sergeant, evidently considering a reduced man far beneath its notice."

Growth of Orange Trees.

It is a fact not known to every one, that it requires from ten to fifteen years for an orange tree to develop, and a grove does not attain perfection in less time than that. It is true that an orange tree will bear some oranges within a few years after planting, but a tree must bear a great many oranges to make the industry pay.

Trained Down.

Householder—I'm going to move to the suburbs next Monday, and I'd like you to do the job.

Mover—How many loads, sir?

"I don't know. You moved me once, you remember."

"Yes, sir."

"I needed three vans then to get through, but that was some years ago."

"Have you moved since, sir?"

"Yes, indeed, half a dozen times."

"Hum! I should say one van will carry all you have left now, sir."—Boston Globe.

Subjected to a Great Strain.

"Yes, sir," said the tailor, "I'll guarantee* that this material will not stretch out of shape, and will wear like iron."

"Then," said the anxious customer, "you may make me up a suit. But I want to be dead sure about it," he added, a slight quaver in his voice. "I am paying regular visits to a girl in Brooklyn who tips the scales at two hundred pounds, and I don't want that suit to give out on me."—Life.

About Kissing.

He—My dear cousin, I assure you I would never dare rob those sweet lips of a kiss.

She—O, you hypocrite! didn't you make an attempt of that character the other day?

He—Never. Far from having any intention of robbing you of a kiss, I was trying to give you one.—Texas Siftings.

OTHER WORLDS OF HABITATION.

There Is More in Heaven and Earth Than Dreamt of in Man's Philosophy.

Rev. Dr. Dallinger delivered a lecture at Bristol the other night on the planets around us and their possible habitability, says the Pall Mall Budget. Speaking of Mercury, Dr. Dallinger pointed out its chief features and showed that they approximated to those of the earth. Although the heat from the sun there was more intense it might be tempered by the character of the atmosphere.

Venus was yet more akin to our world in every respect, so that life there, as we know it, was yet more possible. The conditions of the atmosphere, indeed, were such that the whole globe might be habitable. Mars next came under review, the lecturer explaining its character, substance, atmosphere and other features, which, he said, made the existence of creatures, if not man, quite possible.

People were slowly losing their former notions that there were nothing and nobody in the universe except the world and man. There were other worlds, however, which, so far as human intelligence could judge, were not yet suitable for habitation, but were gradually assuming conditions which might ultimately make life possible. The lecturer held the opinion that many years hence some means of mental communication with the denizens of the other planets might be established. In the present days of marvelous discoveries in science all things seemed possible, and the establishment of intercommunication of some kind between this earth and the beings of the planets did not seem more improbable or impossible than the sending of a telegraph message from England to New York seemed one hundred years ago.

RAILROADING ON THE ICE.

Tracks Laid Every Winter Across the Frozen St. Lawrence.

The communications between the two shores of the St. Lawrence river at Montreal are made, as is known, by means of the Victoria tubular bridge, constructed some thirty-five years ago, which is the largest in the world, the metallic span being six thousand five hundred feet long.

But from this point to the Atlantic, for a distance of one thousand miles, there is no other bridge and all the railroads established on both sides of the St. Lawrence have necessarily to cross it. The company of the railroad that built it levies a right-of-way toll of ten dollars per car and eight cents per passenger.

To avoid payment of these moneys the S. E. railroad company had the idea, some ten years ago, of constructing in winter a communication between the two shores by means of a railroad established on the ice. Every winter the work is done over again, and it amply pays for the outlay. The length of this ice road is about two miles, between Hochelaga and Longueil.

The railroad is easily built. The track leaves the main track parallel to the shore, and then curves gradually in such a manner as to be perpendicular to to it,