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THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

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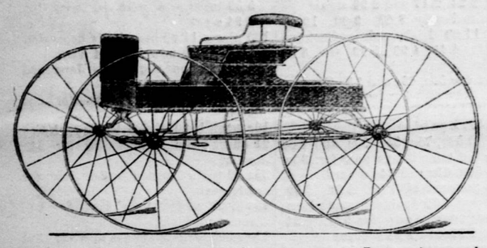
Never Misrepresent Nor Try to Get Rich off one Customer, and Never Advertise What You do Not Have.



We have something to say now that suits you. Last winter when times were dull and manufacturers were pressed for cash we struck some special bargains which we are going to give you while they last. Look now quick. We have 46 very pretty Top Buggies that ordinarily would be worth $80 each, that we are selling at $65 each; and a lot worth $70 which we are selling at $55; a lot worth $55, we are selling at $45; a lot of nice Buckboards worth $45, we are selling for $35; a lot of wagon harness worth $22 we are selling at $18 per double set; another lot worth $35, we are selling at $30; a lot of buggy harness worth $6, we are selling at $4.25 per set; another lot worth $10, we are sellig for $8; another worth $13, we are selling for $10; another worth $16, we are selling for $13; another worth $20, we are selling for $16, &c.; buggy collars worth $1 50, we are selling for $1 00; team collars worth $2 00, we are selling for $1 25 each The above are not in our regular wholesale line and want to close them out to make room, therefore these prices only stand while the advertisement stands. We cannot get any more at these prices. Therefore come now and don't stand around all summer and then come and inquire for them for they will be gone and that very quick too. They are here now, and many more bargains not above named. We want you and not somebody else to have them. Hurry up now get a move on and very much oblige yourself. Respectfully.

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J. H. Leighner.

S. B. MARTINCOURT & CO.
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A Few Doors Above Hotel Lowry.

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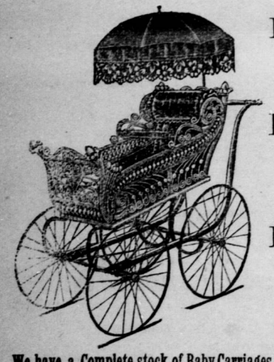

DO YOU KNOW
That we have one of the finest furniture stores in Pennsylvania?

DO YOU KNOW
That we have the largest and most complete stock of furniture and queensware you ever saw?

DO YOU THINK
That by buying most of our goods in car load lots that we buy them cheaper than though we bought them in small quantities?

We have a Complete stock of Baby Carriages.

DO YOU KNOW That we visit the principal furniture markets of the United States each season and have a chance to select the best goods?

After reading the above haven't you about decided that it will pay you to buy from us?

Save money. Make your home attractive. Buy while the stock is complete.

Visitors always Welcome.

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BARGAINS! BARGAINS! BARGAINS! My stock is now complete, consisting of all the latest novelties in dress goods, millinery, wraps and notions, ladies' and gents' furnishing goods. Lace curtains, portiers curtain poles, window shades, etc, at the lowest prices ever offered to the public. Notice our specialties in different departments.

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New Whipcords, Bengalines, Serges. The ever reliable and once fashionable Henriettas, in all the new shades, such as Helio, Crevatte, Prune, Evique and Reseda Green. Black goods and Black Silks, India, Surah, China and Changable Silks.

Don't fail to ask to see our Millinery.

Millinery Department.

Millinery and Millinery material. You may depend upon getting the correct shape, color and styles at less prices than others can make. This season's styles are many and varied. All can be suited here—from grandma down to the wee toddler can depend upon getting just what suits their age and style.

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This department is full and replete with all the desirable fabrics in wash goods. Good brown muslin 5c a yard; fast colored prints, 5c a yard; best standard prints, 7½c a yard; genuine Lancaster Gingham at 6c a yard; fast colored black hose at 5c a pair. Latest novelties in white goods, white Swiss with colored figures. Black lawns with satin stripes. Zephyr satines, the latest and coolest for summer wear

It is impossible to mention all the gooks comprised in this new and elegant stock. Call and be convinced that the latest styles and the lowest prices prevail at the popular store, corner of Main and Jefferson streets.

MRS. JENNIE E. ZIMMERMAN.

SPRING SHOES FOR EVERYBODY.

YOUR FEET CAN BE FITTED WITH HUSELTON'S SHOES.

An immense exhibit of spring shoes. All the latest shades in tan goat and Russia calf, newest tips and styles of lasts. We show everything in the line. Footwear worth the having—but no trash.

LADIES' FINE SHOES.

Never have shown to our customers so many new and beautiful styles as we are showing this spring, we are drawing customers every day by the power of low prices backed with good quality. There is nothing in a low price unless the quality is back of it.

LADIES' FINE SHOES.

All the styles worth having have found there way to our house Ladies' fine shoes from 85 cts. to $4 50. Don't forget to see our shoes at $1 00, $1.25, $1.40, $1.50 and $2.00, tip or plain toe, common sense opera or Phil'a. last.

MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S FINE SHOES.

We are showing a beautiful line in tan goat and Russia calf, heel and spring. They combine beauty, service and low prices. Misses' shoes at 80 cts. up Fine dongola patent tip spring heel, 12-2 only $1 00 Misses' and children's oxfords all colors. Infants soft sole shoes in colors. Children's shoes 25 cts. to 50 cts.

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New attractions in high grade goods of the latest make, sound in quality, they are straight square bargains every one of them, and at a close price. Men's brogans only 70 cts. and $1.00 Men's fine shoes with tip at $1.00 and $1.25. Men's fine shoes extra nice at only $1.50. Men's fine shoes genuine calf fine only $2 00. In lace and congress tip or plain, then our tan bluchers and patent calf are beauties, goodyear welts and hand sewed in calf and cordovan at $2.50 and up.

IN BOY'S AND YOUTH'S SHOES

We lead as usual in style, quality and low prices. Boy's fine button or lace at $1.00 and $1.25, sizes 3 to 5½. Youth's fine shoes at 75 and $100.

Full line Men's box toe heavy shoes in grain and kip at $2.00. Kip box toe boots, three soles, long leg, at $3.00 and 3.50 Repairing all kinds done at reasonable prices. Came and see for yourself.

B. C. HUSELTON.

THE KIND THAT CURES.

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

A WORLD OF JOY IN FOUR WORDS!

"Two Bottles Cured Me!"

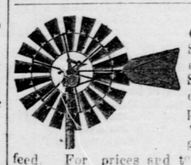
DANA SARSAPARILLA CO.:
Dear Sirs:—For years I have been troubled with Rheumatism and Liver and Kidney Trouble. Nothing seemed to help me permanently until I tried

DANA'S SARSAPARILLA

and two bottles CURED ME.
Yours respectfully, MRS. P. J. CROMWELL.

SCHOOLHOUSE Co. ss.
This certifies that I know the above Mrs. P. J. Cromwell to be trustworthy, and her statement above word, you can rely.
A. H. McKEE, Justice of the Peace.
Esperance, N. Y.

Dana Sarsaparilla Co., Belfast, Maine.



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J. W. MILLER,
131 Mercer St., Butler' Pa.

SPRING STYLES READY.

YOU WILL CERTAINLY HAVE A SUIT MADE TO ATTEND THE WORLD'S FAIR. YOU CAN AFFORD IT, WHEN YOU SEE THE SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF MATERIAL, AND THE MODERATE PRICE AT WHICH WE MAKE YOU A SUIT THAT IS CORRECT TO THE LATEST DECREE OF FASHION.

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Tailoring Establishment.

C. & D. ALWAYS

Take into consideration that money saved is as good as money earned. The best way to save money is to buy good goods at the right price.

The only reason that our trade is increasing constantly is the fact that we handle only goods of first quality and sell them at very low prices.

We have taken unusual care to provide everything new in Hats and Furnishing Goods for this season, and as we have control of many especially good articles in both lines we can do you good if you come to us

We confidently say that in justice to themselves all purchasers should inspect our goods.

Visit us.

COLBERT & DALE,

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CHEAP AS THE CHEAPEST,

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MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN
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SHINGLES, LATH & SEWER PIPE.

Butler, Pa

Adventures of Tad;

—OR THE—

HAPS AND MISHAPS OF A LOST SACHEL.

A Story for Young and Old.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE,

AUTHOR OF "PEPPER ADAMS," "BLOWN OUT TO SEA," "PAUL GRAFTON," ETC.

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CHAPTER XIII.

The curtains were pulled down, the big kerosene-lamp lighted, and Miss Smith, at the head of the dining-room table, was pouring out the tea, on the evening when the arrival of J. H. A. was expected.

"I s'pose the stage'll be late; it always is when there's any thing of importance on hand," observed Miss Smith, glancing disconsolately at the pale-faced clock, whose hands pointed to the hour of seven.

"Dear me, I hope not!" said Mrs. Mason; "for, to tell the truth, ever since I heard about Tad and the mysterious sachel, I have been fairly devoured with curiosity to know its contents."

"Of course, Miss Smith, you've got the article safely under lock and key," Mr. Mason remarked, helping himself to a biscuit as he spoke.

"Locked up in the secretary drawer, and the key's in my pocket," returned Miss Smith. Had the old-fashioned secretary been a burglar-proof safe, with combination lock, she could hardly have spoken with more confidence.

"Anybody *might* slip in the front door and pick the lock, though," slyly suggested Mr. Mason, who dearly loved to tease Miss Smith.

"The front door's locked and bolted, directly it's sundown," answered Miss Smith, scornfully; "and as the settin'-room winders all button down to the top, I guess there's no *great* danger."

"But our room opens directly into the sitting-room, and, you know, we always keep our windows pushed up," persisted Mr. Mason, winking at his wife.

"Don't mind him, Miss Smith," said his wife, "he's always trying to frighten somebody, if he can."

"I wasn't born in the woods, to be scart by owls," answered Miss Smith, at which retort Mr. Mason laughed, and passed his preserve-dish for a second installment.

"How will Mr. 'J. H. A.' find his way here," asked Mrs. Mason, after a brief pause.

"Tad's gone up to Potter's to meet him," returned Miss Smith, glancing into the teapot—"Potters" being the old-time country tavern where the stage coach stopped, and from whence it started. A little general conversation ensued, and then, rising from the table, Mr. and Mrs. Mason stepped out on the piazza, to enjoy the cool of evening, while Miss Smith called Samantha to her own supper.

DISCUSSING THE COMING OF "J. H. A."

Half an hour passed, and the distant clatter of the crazy stage coach was heard coming round the bend in the road at the entrance of the village. The lamp was carried into the sitting-room, and Captain Flagg, with his wife and Polly, who had just arrived, in compliance with Miss Smith's express invitation, were shown into the quaint, old-time room, followed, a moment or two later, by the Masons—Miss Smith, wearing her best alapaca, bringing up the rear.

There was a brief period of waiting, in which every one spoke in a sort of undertone, and presently steps were heard on the piazza, whereat Miss Smith nervously hurried out, to encounter the gaze of the tallest and stiffest gentleman she had ever seen, who had just entered the door with Tad.

"This is Mr. J. H. Atherton—Miss Smith," said Tad, awkwardly.

Miss Smith courtesied, primly. The tall gentleman inclined his head about an inch and a half, after which ceremony he was ushered into the sitting-room, and formally presented to the assembled company, whose presence he evidently regarded with great surprise.

"Bein' a lone woman," explained Miss Smith, "I thought best, for my sake and Tad's here, to ask in these frien's and neighbors of mine, so 's to make sure that ev'ry thing 'll be done straight and square."

Mr. Atherton did not seem particularly well pleased with the explanation, but he silently bowed, and seated himself in Miss Smith's rocking chair. Then, mounting a pair of gold-bowed eye-glasses across his Roman nose, he glance over the top of them, and cleared his throat in an impressive manner.

"This—er—youth, whom I dimly remember having seen once before," said Mr. Atherton, with a dignified movement of his slender white hand toward Tad, who stood near the old secretary, "has, while on the way to your house, imformed me concerning the manner in which—a—my property came into his possession, and I presume his—er—veracity need not be called into question."

Miss Smith sniffed audibly.

"He's as truthful a boy as *I* ever saw," she said, concisely, and Captain Flagg was heard to murmur that no truthfuller one never chopped down a cherry tree with his little hatchet.

"That being the case," continued the speaker, who had a ponderous way of moving and speaking, "we will proceed to the business in hand."

Drawing a note-book from his pocket, Mr. Atherton opened it, and began reading:

"Contents of sachel as follows: Item first, white pasteboard box, containing certain articles of jewelry, two wit: One gold star pendant, containing seventeen diamonds with large straw-colored stone in center; one pair solitaire ear drops, 3¾ carats weight each; one diamond ring; one heavy gold bracelet. Value of the whole—six thousand five hundred and fifty dollars. These valuables," he observed, pausing a moment to note the effect of his announcement, "are family jewels, now belonging to myself as sole surviving heir of the late Atherton family."

"Item second," he continued, referring again to the note-book, "family papers, as follows: Power of attorney from my diseased brother, S. K. Atherton; deed of Atherton homestead; will of late General Cleveland Atherton"—

"That's enough," curtly interrupted Miss Smith; "you have the key to the sachel with you, I s'pose."

"I have, madam," was the reply.

"Then," returned Miss Smith, moving toward the secretary drawer, and proceeding to insert the key, "if the things in the sachel correspon's to them you've mentioned, why"——

Here Miss Smith stopped abruptly. The drawer was unlocked. With a face paler than ashes, she jerked it open!—it was empty!

"Robbers!" she gasped, dropping into the nearest chair. "Thieves!" she screamed, hysterically, as they all rose to their feet and came crowding about her. "Burglars!" she shrieked, in a still higher key, "and it's all been done since six o'clock—that sachel was in there then, for I see it with my own eyes! And now—it's gone—gone!" And Miss Smith's voice failed her; so she began to sob.

At this startling piece of news Mr. Atherton looked incredulous, Captain Flagg and his wife astounded, Polly amazed, Tad bewildered, Mrs. Mason surprised and Mr. Mason overwhelmed!

"By Jove!" muttered the latter gentleman, as a sudden thought seemed to strike him; and, leaving the little group staring dumbly at each other, he bolted into his own room.

"I don't wish to increase the general unpleasantness," he observed, poking his head through the door with a ghastly smile, "but I'm compelled to remark that the thief has also taken"——

"*Not* my Roman gold bracelets, John dear," interrupted his wife, clasping her hands in a tragic manner—"don't say that!"

"I grieve to be obliged to say so, my love," said Mr. Mason, with affected pleasantry, "and also to add that not only have your watch and chain been stolen silently away, but the biggest trunk seems to have been despoiled of a dress or two, as well as the fur-lined circular, which you *would* insist upon bringing, in spite of my remonstrances, while"——

"Here, Tad! Tad, come back here! where are you going!" interrupted Miss Smith, as, at the words "fur-lined circular," Tad, seizing his cap from the table, bolted from the room without a word, followed by Mr. Mason, who muttered something about hunting up the sheriff, while his wife, with a hysteric sob, sought her own apartment for the purpose of seeing whether she had sustained any further loss.

Mr. Atherton rose to his feet with suspicion in his eye, and the little sachel key, which he had previously drawn from his pocket, in his hand.

"I—I—do *not* like the appearance of all this," he said, in a tone of severe displeasure. "That boy's behavior, from my first encounter with him, at the station in Philadelphia, to this last—er—hasty exit, has, to say the least, hardly been above suspicion; and I must say"——

"*What*, sir!" wrathfully exclaimed Miss Smith, not heeding pacific Mrs. Flagg's gentle twitch at her dress-skirt, "so you dare to insinuate that my—that Tad, who's be'n under my own eye ever sence he come to Bixport—an' a honester, stiddier boy never lived—would"——

"Without meanin' to come into no collision," gently but firmly interposed Captain Flagg, in persuasive tones, "an' seein' we're all neighbors an' frien's, supposin' we lay to an' anchor for a spell, an' see what comes of it. In my way of thinkin'," continued the Captain, beaming mildly upon Mr. Atherton, who, apparently a little ashamed of his haste, had subsided again into his chair, "that there boy is all Miss Smith says, an' more, too, an' it's my belief that what's sot him off all so sudden is some kind of a clew that he's in a hurry to overhaul. What do *you* think, Polly?"

Polly said that she *knew* it was something of the sort, while Mrs. Flagg murmured words to the same effect. So, as there was nothing *to* do but await events, Miss Smith swallowed what she afterwards mentioned as her "righteous indignation," and took up her knitting; Mr. Atherton controlled his impatience as best he could, and, drawing a paper from his pocket, became seemingly absorbed in its contents, though Tad was perpetually scampering up and down its columns; while the Flaggs conversed with each other and Miss Smith in a confidential undertone, regarding the strange events of the day.

CHAPTER XIV.

Meanwhile, Tad, possessed by one dominant thought, which had flashed across his mind at Mr. Mason's mention of the loss of his wife's fur-lined circular, was speeding through the half darkness up the street in the direction of Potter's.

For, an hour or so before, while walking the hotel piazza, pending the arrival of the stage, Tad's eyes, which, generally speaking, were everywhere, happened to glance through one of the long windows into the dingy apartments dignified by the name of "Ladies' Parlor," where, rather to his surprise, he noticed a richly attired lady, with a vail before her face, sitting on the worn, hair-cloth sofa. Guests were not common at Potter's—particularly well-dressed ladies—and Tad, secretly marveling, gave this one more particular attention as he walked to and fro. One thing struck him as being rather peculiar, which was that, despite the warmth of the July evening, the stranger wore over her other apparel a long silk circular, very similar to the one which had played so important a part in his own exodus from the city, even to the fur lining, of which he caught a tiny glimpse.

Joe Whitney had joined him in his walk, and, noticing the direction of his gaze, had whispered confidentially:

"Say, that's *my* passenger—Potter's goin' to give me a quarter to drive her over to Middleboro, to catch the train 'cause he can't spare the hostler. She's in a big hurry," added Joe, with a gleeful chuckle, "so they're harnessing up Brown Pete, and there isn't but one better trotter in the stable—that's Potter's sorrel mare, and she's a regular flier." For Joe, like most boys, was very fond of a fast horse, and, being an excellent driver for his years, obtained gratuitous rides and occasional quarters by taking occasional passengers to their different destinations for Mr. Potter.

But the arrival of the stage, with Mr. Atherton and one other passenger—a small, silent man, who only spoke in monosyllables, whose features Tad could not distinguish in the gathering darkness—drove Joe's communication and the mysterious occupant of the parlor, alike, from his mind, till after the discovery of the robbery of Mrs. Mason's room, when, as I have said, her husband's sudden reference to the loss of the cloak caused a new idea to occur to him, which brought the incident just narrated freshly to mind, and sent him rushing from the room. Not only this, but, growing into an almost certainty as he hurried along, it added such speed to his flying feet that, on his arrival at Potter's, in a flushed and heated condition, Tad stumbled almost head-first against the small, silent man who had been Mr. Atherton's fellow-passenger, as he was walking the piazza with a cigar in his mouth. Hastily excusing himself, Tad burst into the office, where Mr. Potter, who weighed nearly three hundred pounds, was sitting in his shirt-sleeves, reading the *New England Farmer*.

"Say, Mr. Potter," gasped Tad, breathlessly, "how long has Joe been gone with that person—passenger—in the long black cloak?"

"Eh?" responded Mr. Potter, looking up from his paper and speaking with aggravating deliberation, "how long? Lemme see. M'ria," raising his voice for the benefit of his wife, in the other room, "how long's that young Whitney be'n away with that air lady passenger—the one in such a tremendous hurry to git to Middleborrer?"

Tad, with feverish impatience, awaited the answer. The small man on the piazza, near the open door, must have been of a rather inquisitive nature; for, holding his cigar between his fingers, and his head a little to one side, he, too, seemed to listen for Mrs. Potter's response.

"Pretty nigh half 'n hour," called Mrs. Potter, through the half-open door. "Why, who wants to know?"

"Me—Tad Thorne, Mrs. Potter," exclaimed Tad, in an agitated voice, and oh, Mr. Potter! *won't* you have the sorrel mare put right in quick, so I can drive off after her—I mean him—dressed up in Mrs. Mason's cloak, and catch 'em before he—she—gets to Middleboro!"

"Why, what on earth is the matter with you?" demanded Mrs. Potter, with some asperity, as she bounced into the office.

"It's that Forrest—his name is Jones—I mean Edwards," poor Tad exclaimed, incoherently, "he's stole Mr. Atherton's hand-bag, full of di'mums and papers, and dressed up in Mrs. Mason's clothes and cloak"——

"Mr. Potter!" interrupted a quick and somewhat imperious voice, proceeding from the smoker of the piazza, who, flinging his cigar aside, suddenly appeared inside the door, "have your fastest horse put into a light buggy, and be quick about it!" And in the voice, as well as its owner, Tad, with a great thrill of joy, recognized City Detective Blossom, who, it will be remembered, had caused Mr. Jones to restore the little alligator-skin sachel to Tad, in the streets of Boston, a long time before.

"Tell him the sorrel mare, Mr. Blossom," cried Tad, who was wildly excited; "she can trot ever so much faster than Brown Pete—and oh! please let me go, too!"

The detective glanced sharply at Tad, and nodded. "You can go," he said, briefly. "The sorrel mare, Mr. Po ter, and be quick about it," he added, and, greatly bewildered, Mr. Potter bawled his directions to his wife, who repeated them from the back window to the hostler, in the stable-yard.

"How was it?" asked Mr. Blossom, in his curt way, as Tad followed him out on the piazza. And Tad succeeded in giving a tolerably succinct account of the robbery and leading circumstances which had made him almost positive as to the guilty person.

"Smart boy," the detective remarked, approvingly, as the buggy rattled round to the door; "jump in!" And, springing after Tad, Mr. Blossom snatched the reins from the hostler's hands, chirruped to the sorrel mare, and they were off.

"It's a straight road to Middleboro—only one hill," gasped Tad, whose breath was almost taken away by the rapidity with which the light buggy was being whirled along behind the nimble heels of the sorrel mare. As long as he lives he will never forget that night drive over the level, dusty highway, lined on either side by the dense piny growth peculiar to the New England States. The moon was nearly full, and as it gradually rose above the tree-tops great patches of alternate light and shadows were thrown across the road. Mr. Blossom, whose thin, keen face did not show the slightest trace of emotion, sat bolt-upright on the buggy-seat, with feet firmly braced, his short muscular arms extended straight out before him, as rigid as bars of steel from the tautened reins, which were wound in one turn about each of his small, nervous hands.

Evidently Mr. Blossom not only knew how to drive but how to get all possible speed out of the sorrel mare. With her small ears laid back and her nose pointing forward, the intelligent animal seemed to understand that now, if ever, her best efforts were required, and her slim legs went measuring off the miles with long, steady strides that seemed to imperceptibly grow longer and swifter as she warmed up to her work.

The sorrel mare was going nearly two miles to Brown Pete's one, at her present rate of speed. Trembling with excitement, Tad held his hat on with one hand, while with the other he clung to the rail of the buggy, as the pines and hemlocks which bordered the road seemed flying by like lightning.

"There they are," briefly said Mr. Blossom, speaking for the first time since they had started. Far ahead in the moonlight rose Winslow's hill, beyond which lay Middleboro, about two miles distant. Outlined against the pale ribbon-like road was a black moving object, at the sight of which Tad's heart gave a great throb of excitement.

Mr. Blossom took the long, slender whip from the socket and gently touched the sorrel mare's heaving flank.

Whew! Tad began to wish he was safely back on Mr. Potter's piazza. *Such* going! The mare was making such time as she had never excelled even at the Middleboro trotting-park. If a wheel should come off—

AN EXCITING CHASE.

But now, as they gained rapidly upon the team in advance, it was evident that the pursued had become aware of a pursuer. Up the long hill sped Brown Pete, but the fleet strides of the sorrel mare followed with increasing speed. Down the log incline—and now the distant lights of Middleboro town were distinctly visible.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AN UNLUCKY MAIL CAR.

No. 800 Is a Veritable Terror to the Erie Railway Men.

Railroad men, as a rule, are far from being superstitious, but there is a certain mail car on the Erie railroad which trainmen always dread to have on their train. This car, which is regarded with such a superstitious dread, is mail car No. 800. On account of the aversion to it, this car is kept at the shops, except when it is absolutely needed on the line. This car, according to the Chicago Tribune, has a record which perhaps no other car in existence can equal. Not this car alone, but all its predecessors bearing the same number have met with disaster.

In the great disaster at Tioga Center thirteen years ago, mail car No. 800 was wrecked and burned. A new No. 800 was soon after built at the Jersey City shops. After being in a number of minor wrecks, it went down the steep bank at Shohola a few years ago in one of the worst wrecks the road has ever experienced. The remains of this ill-fated car were burned and a new one bearing the same number was built at the Buffalo car shops. For a short time the bright, new car ran from one end of the road to the other in safety, and the trainmen began to lose their fear of it when it was in their train. Its luck was short-lived, however, and it has been in nearly every serious wreck the road has had since. A little over a week ago train No. 12 ran off the track at a switch. As was expected, this car was on the train.

Recently there was a wreck near Lackwaxen. A railroad man at that station the day of the wreck, in talking to some passengers, said: "I'll bet 800 was in the train." When the train had been put on the track and pulled slowly into the station the railroad man said: "There, I told you so." Sure enough there was the mail car with the unlucky 800 in big figures on its sides. These three figures are a terror to every man on the road, and until the car is laid up for good the railroad men say frequent wrecks may be looked for.

SEIZING AN OPPOREUNITY.

Johnnie Thought He Had the Chance of a Lifetime.

Many laughable things have happened in Sunday schools, but few superintendents or teachers can ever have been taken more completely aback than was Bishop Cheney on one occasion. He was to superintend his own school, says American Youth, and as he entered the church he met a little group of street gamins—ragged, dirty and unattractive.

"I stopped to speak with them pleasantly and told them that I would put them in classes after I was through with the opening exercises. At this one of them thrust his hand deeply into his pants pocket and pulled out an old jack-knife.

"'Mr. Cheney, I wish you would keep that until after the Sunday school is over.'

"Why he wanted me to keep it I did not know then. I do not know now; but I took it, put it without thought into my pocket, took my place upon the platform, struck the bell that called the school to order and was about to give out the opening hymn when my attention was diverted by the patter of little feet coming up the broad aisle.

"It is a long church, and a little girl was coming from the extreme opposite end. She came slowly, but with an expression in her face that showed she had a most important message to communicate, and so all exercises were suspended.

"Every eye was upon her and upon me as she climbed up the chancel steps. With a face and voice expressive of intensest eagerness she said to me:

"'Say, Mr. Cheney, Johnnie wants his knife. He's got a chance to trade.'"

SUNDAY BATTLES.

Some of Them Were the Most Famous of History.

Many of the most famous battles of history have been fought on Sunday. To go on further back than the beginning of the present century, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, the battle of Eylau, won February 8, 1807, by Napoleon over the Russians and Prussians, and the battle of Friedland, June 14, 1807, won by Napoleon over the same allies, were both fought on Sunday.

On Sunday, May 21, 1809, Napoleon was defeated at Essling; on Sunday, May 2, 1813, won the victory of Lutzen, and on Sunday, June 18, 1815, was overthrown at Waterloo.

Wellington, besides Waterloo, won several of the greatest victories at Vimeira, in Portugal, August 21, 1808; at Fuentes de Onoro, May 5, 1811; at Orthes, February 27, 1814; at Tarbez, March 20, 1814, and at Toulouse, April 10, 1814, all of these battles being fought on Sunday.

During the civil war in this country the first battle of Bull Run, July 21, 1861, was fought on Sunday, and the battle of Chickamauga September 19 and 20, 1863, ended on Sunday.

Vicksburg was surrendered on Saturday, July 4, 1863, and formally occupied on Sunday, the following day, and on the same day Lee began his retreat from Gettysburg. Petersburg fell on Sunday, April 2, 1865, and on the following Sunday Lee surrendered.

A Natural Preference.

An impecunious man stood at the corner of one of the Jersey City cross streets during the recent bad weather, watching a brakeman as he helped to shunt a freight train into one of the great car yards. The roofs of the cars were slippery and wet, the brake wheels looked cold, the brakeman had red nose, watery eyes and a general appearance of discomfort, and he looked as if he had been out all night. Turning to a bystander, who was also waiting for the train to pass, the impecunious one remarked as he looked up at the dejected and grimy figure: "On the whole, I think I'd prefer to be a banker."

Didn't Have the Accent.

"I wish," said the ragged man to the saloon-keeper, "that you would give me a sandwich."

"A what?"

"A sandwich."

The saloon-keeper cut off a large slice of ham, put it between two pieces of rye bread and handed it over without a word.

"What did you do that for?" asked a friend. "That man's either a professional beggar or a professional tramp."

"Oh, no, he's not. If he had been I wouldn't have given him anything."

"How do you know he isn't?"

"Because he said sandwich, instead of sangwich."—Buffalo Express.

His Method.

Mamma—Why do you linger so long over your pie, Douglas?

Douglas—Because you said I couldn't have another piece, and I want to make this piece about two hours long, if possible.—Harper's Young People.

An Ill Wind.

"There is always something wrong with the conditions in this state," remarked the Kansas pullet. "I've had occasion to notice that when we don't have grasshoppers our crops are generally small."—N. Y. Herald.

POULTRY & BEES.

FARM POULTRY HOUSE.

It Is Not Beautiful, But Planned to Excellent Advantage.

Our illustration does not show a beautiful poultry house, but does show a practical, substantial structure, built for service. It is 50 feet long, 20 feet wide and 10 feet high, a good proportion and admirably suited to accommodate about fifty laying hens. I have not shown the fences and the runs in the illustration, as everyone knows what a fence is, and that flocks of fowls should be restricted at intervals during the day. Each run is located where the entrance to the building is shown on the side (Fig. 1). The boards lead in and out of the building, and the hens soon learn what purpose they are intended for.

The arrangement is easily understood by referring to the ground plan in Fig. 2. The nests (N) are at the north side of the building and extend from one side to the other. These compartments are about 14 inches square, just large enough to accommodate a hen of moderate size. Langshan, Cochin or light Brahma hens are sometimes large and need 16-inch boxes, because they are often so awkward in their movements that it is necessary for them to have elbow room. Each pen has a door (D) leading into the nest pen beyond. Roosts (R) stand up against each division partition. These partitions can be made of strong wire netting fastened to wooden frames, or they may be made of lath and erected in the shape of a fence. The wire is the lighter, and, to my mind, neater; it is also very cheap and does not shut out the light like wooden lath. The workroom contains a cupboard (C), a heater (H), work bench (W B) and feed bins (F B). These constitute the necessary articles about the poultry house. This building is supplied with a stone foundation, keeping the floor free from dampness.

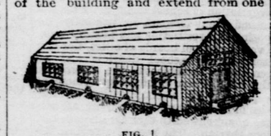


FIG. 1.

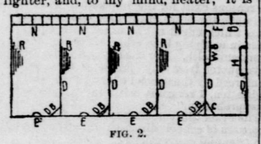


FIG. 2.

Farmers should try this plan if contemplating building a house for the chickens, keeping them out of the barn, off the barn floor and out of the horse and cow stable. A house will pay you many times its cost if you but do your part to care for them properly.—J. W. Caughey, in Ohio Farmer.

AMONG THE POULTRY.

BROKEN mortar or crockery, oyster shells and bones are excellent to prevent the hens from eating their eggs.

FROM observation and experience, we are persuaded that more young chicks are killed by lice than by skunks or minks.

IN shipping hens and roosters have them in different coops. Have shipping coops high enough so the birds can stand up in them.

UNLESS especially desired for breeders hens that do not lay regularly should be marketed as soon as possible. It costs something to winter even a hen.

IT requires but little time and attention to manage a small flock, but if it is intended to go into the poultry raising as a business it means work and plenty of it.

ARE you crowding too many chickens in one roosting place? Are you permitting chicks under four months to roost other than on the floor or coop? If so, correct at once these mistakes.

WHEN shipping live poultry to market, see to it that the coops are in good condition, for they are sometimes handled roughly, or a slat may come loose and a fowl or two become lost.

IF you are sending a mixed lot of hens to market, it will pay you to grade them as to quality and color, so as to have each coop as even as possible. They will sell more rapidly and at better prices.

ANTI-BROODING COOP.

How to Remove the Notion of Hatching from a Hen.

A useful contrivance for removing the notion of hatching from a sitting hen is shown in the engraving from a sketch by M. E. Brown of New Hampshire. The top and bottom of the box are boards two feet long and one foot wide. A board door, one foot square, is fastened by hinges at one end. The sides of the coop are slatted for ventilation. The brood hen is placed in the coop, the door is fastened and the box is tipped up with blocks on one side so that the hen has to stand up and cannot sit down comfortably. Under these conditions the hatching fever soon leaves the thoroughly discouraged hen, and she is soon laying again.—American Agriculturist.

AN ANTI-BROODING COOP.

His Terrible Revenge.

"So!" exclaimed Harold Vere de Vere, folding his arms and regarding the young woman with a stern, pitiless gaze, "you have cast me aside, Mabel Featherbone, in order to get a rich widower, have you?"

"If you choose to speak of it in that coarse manner, Mr. Vere de Vere," she replied, raising her head and meeting his gaze haughtily, "I have, sir! I have promised to marry Mr. Wagonsellers."

Harold Vere de Vere crushed his hat down over his eyes and started for the door.

"Mabel Featherbone," he said, pausing with his hand on the door-knob, "you have thrown me over for a man with a bar'l! You will find he is not the only man with a bar'l. I have one at home filled with your love letters! shall sell them to the ragman! Good evening!"—Chicago Tribune.

A Happy Suggestion.

Histrionic Aspirant—Now, my dear Mr. Scribble, won't you write me a play suitable to my attainments?

Scribble—Why, yes, Mrs. Holloway. Suppose I write a comedy in which you appear as an amateur actor? You could do that splendidly.—Puck.

Too Thirsty to Talk.

"I notice that your husband has never much to say in the morning when he has been out late at night," said the wife's mother.

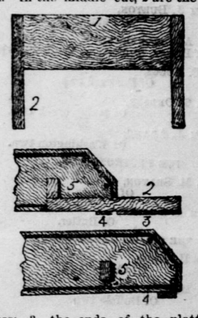
"No," was the reply of the wife, "he's mum then, extra dry."—N. Y. Press.

FARM & GARDEN.

FOR FARM WAGONS.

A Box Attachment of Far More Than Ordinary Utility.

I send you a sketch of an arrangement to be attached to a wagon-box, to stand on while starting to unload corn. Anyone can make it, and now is a good time to do it. In the figure, 2 are the pieces or bars that run along the sides of the bed, to which the platform of boards (1) are nailed. These pieces should be heavy enough so they will not spring with the weight of a man. In the middle cut, 2 are the side pieces; 3, the ends of the platform boards; 4, a piece fastened to under side of bed, the ends projecting so that the side bars can rest upon them; 5, a block fastened to the bed to prevent the ends of the bar from raising up. The arrangement is shown without the attachment, in the lower cut. This attachment is easily put on and taken off, and assists materially in the unloading of corn. The platform catches the corn when the endgate is taken out, and shoveling can begin at once.—Ohio Farmer.



ABOUT FARM PESTS.

An Optimistic Quaker Tells Why They Are Not an Unmitigated Evil.

Some years ago the farm was literally overrun by rats. They were all through the house from cellar to garret. They were in full possession of cribs, granaries, barns, sheds and outhouses; they were in haystacks, straw-stacks and corn fodder shocks all over the farm. All measures for driving them off were of the least possible avail. It was of no use to kill them, since two seemed to come for everyone that was killed. The situation was so annoying that "the rats" was a topic of conversation among neighbors when they met, even on Sundays.

We had a Pennsylvania Quaker for a neighbor, a very intelligent man, and one of the best and neatest farmers in the country. He came to see us on business one day, and among other subjects that came up for remark was "the rat nuisance," with which we were all afflicted. To our astonishment this good farmer, unlike anybody else, took the opposite side of the question from us and everybody else, and said the farmers were to blame for the whole flood of rats. He said he had none to speak of about his farm or buildings, because he had no harbors for them; there were no places for them to hide and breed; that his dog and cats could not follow them. He said the few he had were in the woodpile, and he was ashamed of the fact, because he ought to have had his men pile the wood when it was prepared for the house instead of leaving it in one great long pile.

He said what we called pests were sent to make us more tidy and careful. I thought I could catch him on weeds on the farm, but he took the lead even better than on the former question by saying weeds made us better farmers, more industrious, more thorough cultivators of the soil. The thought was a new one, and thirty years of observation has confirmed the impression made by this good man that pests serve a valuable purpose in farm economy.—R. M. Bell, in Farm and Fireside.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

THERE is no "luck" about farming. Every success is the result of well laid plans and well directed efforts, and the failures—with very rare exceptions—are because of the lack of these.