BUTLER, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 2, 1893.

# Mrs. Jennie E. Zimmerman. THE KIND

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It is worth a good deal to you, isn't it, to know you are getting the best there is of all goods handled in a first-class dry goods house for the least money; worth a good deal to know you are getting the correct style in dress goods, millinery, wrans, Are

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Successor to Ritter & Ralston.

Are You One of The Lucky Ones Who Will

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#### PENN'A

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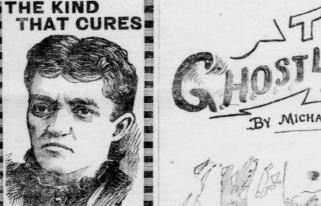
[A. STEELSMITH, Manager, Butler, Pa.]

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urchased, you are given uess on the length of time it will ake the watch to run down, and the one guessing the nearest will get the watch. In case of a tie the one having bought the most will get it.

The watch will be started June 13th at him o'clock A M and no containing whole families of landholders has the property of the capital, examine male candidates the containing whole families of landholders has the property of the capital, examine male candidates the capital, examine male candidates

13th at nine o'clock A. M., and no guessing will be taken after that society, and spend in a f-w weeks all they have saved during the year. We can also save you money or very article in our stocks of Cloth-

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We confidently say that in justice inspect our goods. Visit us.

COLBERT

242 S. Main street.

Butler, Pa,





pushing along the wall, I heard son

one calling me by name. I turned and looked; a tall man in a red domino and "If any of you gentlemen have lived continually in Moscow," began Chero-muhin, laying his pipe aside, "you have surely noticed that a periodical invasion of white-walled Mother Mosa mask beckoned to me. The moment

why do you look at me so? Is it possible that you do not recognize my voice?'
"There is something familiar in it,'
the jet I, 'but still it is strange and the strange of the strange of the strange and the s ficulty that we have met, said he. But why do you look at me so? Is it possicow by our provincial brethren usually begins before Christmas. Almost at the same time with the appearance of

blame on the Italian Medoxi, who gave

masquerades in the halls and rotunda of the Petrovski Theater.

"Indeed, public masquerades — at which people did not dance, but stifled

and crushed one another-were during

that winter the favorite amusement of the people of Moscow.

"Among the constant visitors at these masquerades was a certain young man, but not from the interior. Ivan Nikolaievich Zorin was his name. He

had just returned from foreign parts, had lived long in Italy, loved music passionately, and always spoke of the

Italian opera with transport that turned almost into madness whenever

conversation touched a certain prima donna at the Neapolitan Theater. In conversation he called her Lauretta,

but would not discover to any of his acquaintances the name by which she

was known in the mustcal world. It

was evident in every way that not en-thusiasm for art alone had aroused his admiration; and though Zorin did not

confide his heart secret to any man, all

quarter of an hour. Music, loud con-

started back involuntarily; my t sank from fright. 'My God! this orin! these are his features—oh, nly this is he: but as he will be ying on the table, when the last was almost at the sa is sung over his body. But now at the masquerade? "But in 1796 this increase of temporary residents began with the first snow; and, according to the oldest inhabitants, the ancient capital had not been so crowded, or rather crammed, for many ayear. The managers of the Naklest Chip shrugged that; shoulders o! a living man cannot have such asked he with a certain

Nobles' Club shrugged their shoulders whenever they had less than two thou-sand guests at a ball, and laid the

"'Yes, my friend. If you knew how happy I am! Listen,' continued he, in lertone and looking around tin but for God's sake let no one know

'She? Who?'

"'Yes, my friend, she is here; and, oh, how she loves me! She left her dear birthplace; she exchanged an ever-blue sky for our cloudy and it from my poor friend: gloomy one. There, in the circle of her relatives, warmed by the sun of happy Italy, she bloomed like a beautiful rose: but here, among people as cold and lifeless as our eternal snows, if she herself does not fade, she will ruin her the South, was not afraid of our splithas lain down alive in this broad cold to her. tomb which we call our country; and all this for me.'

his friends, and I in that number, could guess why he seemed always sad and dull, and grew animated only when conversation touched the Italian opera. His unbroken sadness, with "'Do you not glorify this act over-much?' asked I, interrupting my friend. 'It is not so warm here as in Italy; but we have spring and summer as well as there Perhaps it is pleasanter in Na pining and a certain gloomy despon-dency which the English would call spleen, we simply called hypochondria, and laughed at the doctor when he ples than here; I must say, however, that Moscow does not look like a tomb: your Lauretta is not the first Italian artiste whom we have seen here; and if shook his head over the mental disease of our friend. 'Oh, stop, Fomich!' we she will give concerts---' would say; 'what pleasure do you find

in stuffing him with pills? Prescribe a couple of bottles of champagne a day, five or six balls a week, with a dose of " 'Yes, one and the last. I have con ented to this. Let her enchant all doscow, warm up for a moment your icy souls, and then die for all men bu masquerade and theaters; that will be better than your depressing and ex-

'So she intends to remain here?' "No matter how Foma Fomich re-sisted at first; he decided at last to lis-ten to our counsel and to advise Zorin is not a feeling, not a passion-no, my to go to every ball and not miss a masfriend, no! I cannot tell whether you will comprehend my happiness or understand me. I belong wholly to her. She asked this of me; she wished this.' "In real truth, through taking part in all the amusements of the city, our patient seemed to grow calmer and more cheerful. Sometimes he failed to am entirely hers—do you understand, my friend?—entirely.'

visit the theater and refused an invita-tion to a ball, but he always came among the first to a masquerade and "I was serving at that time in the guards; my leave of absence ended with the first week in Lent, and to avoid trouble I was obliged to start for St. Petersburg on Monday of that week. Wishing to take advantage of the last days of my leave and rejoice in full measure, I passed the whole carnival in measure, I passed the whole carnival in boundless fashion. In the daytime breakfasts with paneakes, sleigh-rides formal dinners; in the evening, theaters; and at night, balls and private masquerades till morning dawn. This found of amusement gave mean time to collect my senses. I was in a sort of walking dream and lost sight of my friend Zorin completely.

"On Sunday—that is, the last day of

tiste; marry her if you like; give her your heart-'

"On Sunday—that is, the last day of the carnival—I went to the public mas-querade earlier than usual. There was "'Heart!' repeated my friend, in a a throng of people; every door had to be taken by assault, and by force alone was I able to reach the rotunda in a Is the heart immortal like the soul? Will it not rot in the grave? A splendid gift, a handful of dust! did gift, a handful of dust! Whoso gives his heart, promises to love only while it beats—and it may grow cold, if not to-day, to-morrow; but whoever parts with his soul, gives not one life, was not at home, and to exclude even was not at home. versation, and the assumed tones of masks who, although sufficating from heat, ceased not to be amiable and talk nonsense; the blinding light of crystal lustres; the many-colored dresses, and that sound of the unintel-ligible but deafening talk of a multitudinous mass of persons resolved to be amused at any sacrifice—confused me at first to such a degree that for some minutes I neither heard nor saw anything. Wishing to draw

wish to show herself; this will soon be 'When will she give her concert?'

must have forgotten that concerts are never given during the first week in

'How can that be? Lauretta must Then she must be mistaken, herself.

Have you seen her to-day?'
"Not yet. She never comes earlier than twelve o'clock, precisely at mid-night. No matter how crowded the masquerade is, no matter where I am sitting, she finds me at once. "Precisely at midnight,' said I, looking at my watch; 'that is, in two minutes. We shall see if she is as punctual

Lent at a masquerade, you have heard at least that, by accepted usage, at twelve o'clock the music ceases; this means that Lent has begun and all amusements are at an end. The mo-ment I looked at my watch—which very likely was slow—the piercing noise of the trumpets sounded the signal for closing the masquerade, and so suddenly that I trembled involun-

claimed I, turning to my friend; but at my side was an empty seat. I looked round. At a distance in the crowd I saw a red domino walking with a tall, stately woman in a dark Venetian dress. I hurried after them; but at the same time three masks met me. Around these there was a crush that I could these there was a crush that I could not break through in any way, and I lost sight of Zorin's red domino. These three masks had just appeared in the rotunda; one was dressed as a sort of tall and lank apparition in a great cap on which was written in large letters, 'Dryeating.' On each side of this mask went two others, one of which was dressed as a mushroom, the other as a cabbage. The tall scare-crow congratulated all on Lent, adding jests and sayings from which all who jests and sayings from which are who stood near were just dying from laughter. I alone was not laughing, and labored earnestly with my hands and feet to break through the crowd. At last I succeeded in tearing myself free into space. I searched the rotunds through years around the side callerthrough, went around the side galler-ies, but met nowhere the red domino or the dark Venetian dress.

"Next morning I went to take fare-ell of Zorin, but did not find him at ne; in the evening I was galloping along the St. Petersburg highway.

"More than three months had passed since I left Moscow. Occupied with continual service, and a lawsuit which began in the lifetime of my grandfather,

and which may possibly be brought to an end by some one of my grandchil-dren, I forgot altogether my last meet-ing and conversation with Zorin.

donna of the Neapolitan Theater! Oh, but that is the same artiste with whom poor Zorin was in love to madness! How could she have died near Naples toward the end of February, when she was almost at the same time in Moscow at the property of the term of the term

whether Zorin was well or not, and if whether Zorin was well or not, and if he knew anything about his marriage, have changed? "
"Oh, very much?"
"Then why do you say that grief changes a man? Not grief, but possichanges a man whether Zorin was well or not, and if the possichange is not your self-your self-you letter was written they took him to St. Petersburg to be cured.

"I searched for him everywhere, earched the whole city through but all my efforts were fruitless. At last I saw him quite unexpectedly in a house where I had not the least thought or wish to find him. He was very glad to meet me, and told me of his strange adventure which began in the rotunda of the Petrovski Theatre. The following is the story, word for word, as I heard

"Surely you have not forgotten,' said he, 'that I saw you last on the evening before Lent, at a masquerade in the strength of the same squared in the same same squared." in the rotunda of the Petrovski Theater At the moment when they were trum-peting midnight I remarked in the crowd the mask of Lauretta, who, in passing, beckoned to me. ecupied at the time with something ting frosts, of our wintry tempest, she else, and it seems you did not observe forgot everything, left everything, and "'Go home this moment," said she, as

I took her hand. "I demand also that for four days you neither leave your rooms nor receive any one. On Friday come here on foot alone, at midnight. Here in the rotunda will be a rehearsal of the concert which I shall give on Saturday."
"'But why so late?" asked I. "Will

"for you the doors will be open. I have arranged the rehearsal for midnight, so that only a few artists and lovers of music should know of it. Now go home at once, and if you do everything I demand I shall be yours forever; but if you disobey me, and especially if you receive the friend with whom you have just now been sitting and to whom you told that touching which you should have held silence, we shall never meet either in this world or in another; and," added she, in a low "though, my dear friend, the Here Zorin bent forward and whispered in my ear: 'I gave her my soul; now I low my advice we shall not meet in one "In the course of the two years spent

my friend?—entirely."

"Well, it has happened to me often to give away my soul in words; and what young man would hesitate a moment to tell a woman he loved that his soul belonged to her, that she possessed it? This is an ordinary, every-day phrase in the language of love. But still I cannot tell you with what terror and repulsion I heard the confession of my friend. The mysterious voice in which he spoke; the wild fire of his gleaming eyes; this uncontrolled, mad enthusiasm; these words of joy; the pale, withered face of a corpse!

"O brother!" said I, with vexation, how can you talk such nonsense? The how can you talk such nonsense? The solf my slave, which for the moment she really was; but when that moment of obedience had passed, she became such a power-loving woman that she endured not the least contradiction. Hence, no matter how strange her demands seemed (in Moscow), I said will, especially since she gave me her word that this was the last trial of my

you. I walked back and forth in eternity. Yes, my friend, if you give a gift, let it be a real one. Lauretta has nothing to fear now; the soul is not like the heart—it cannot be buried in of execution do not pass such hellish the grave.'

"Show me this enchantress, this Armida,' said I; 'this seductive demon have a calculated art and a science. I know not how I lived till Friday. I remembreath, I began to seek a place where
I might look around a little. While

I might look around a little. While

I do not know myself, where she lives.'

not how I lived till Friday. I remember only that on that last day of my lives.' trial I was not only unable to eat, but

1 could not drink even so much as a cup of tea. My head was burning; my blood was not flowing, but boiling, in my veins. I remember, too, that it was not a holiday; but it seemed to me that from morning till night the bells ceased not to ring in Moscow. A clock was before me; when the hands were approaching midnight, my patience was turned to a species of madness. I was suffocating; a malignant fever struck me, and cold sweat came out on my face. At half-past eleven I put on a light overcoat and started for the theater. All the streets were empty. Though my rooms were a couple of versts from the theater, fifteen minutes had not passed before I had run over the whole Prechistenkai, the Mohovaya, and had come out on the square of the game market. Two hundred yards distant rose the colossal roof of the Petrovski Theater. It was a moonless night, but the stars seemed more nu-merous and brighter than usual; many of them fell directly on the roof of the theater, were scattered in sparks, and then vanished. I approached the prin-cipal entrance. One door was partly

housekeeper with a lantern; he beck-oned to me and went ahead through the dark corridors. 'I know not whether it was because I had reached the appointed place, or for some other reason, but I grew notably calmer, and remember, too, that when I had looked carefully at my tarily and raised my eyes.

"'Tfu! how they startled me!' exting one foot before the other, and that

pen, and near it stood a decrepit old

the glass eyes in wax figures. Having passed through a long gallery, we entered at last the rotunda. It was lighted up, all the chandeliers were filled with burning tapers, but still it was dark; the flames from them seemed as if painted, and gave out no light whatever. But four candles, on high forward conductable c funeral candlesticks, cast an uncertain glimmer on the first seats and the platform in front of them. This wooden platform was covered with music-stands, instrument-cases, notes; in one word, everything was prepared for a concert, but the musicians had not yet come. In the front row of seats sat thirty or forty gentlemen, some of thirty or forty gentlemen, some of whom were in embroidered French coats, and had their hair powdered; others were in simple evening dress. sat near one of the latter.

"Allow me to ask," said I to my neighbor, "are these all friends and

"Precisely so."
"I make bold to ask who that young gentleman with the expressive face he wears a German dress." "That is Mozart."

'Mozart!" repeated I; "What Mo-"What Mozart? That's a strange uestion. Why, of course, Mozart, the athor of 'Don Giovanni,' the 'Magic

"I beg your pardon! He died in Sep-mber, 1791; that is five years ago, ear him are Cimarosa and Handel, and behind them Rameau and Gluck." "Rameau and Gluck?"

"On our left stands the director of the orchestra, Araya, whose opera 'Bellerophon' was given in St. Peters-"In 1750, during the reign of Elizabeth

"That very evening I wrote to one of my friends in "escow, to let me know whether Zorin was well or not, and if

man Volgin, who had been my friend for years, a passionate lover of music, and a great humorist. "Ba, ba, ba!" cried I, "so it is you

who are pleased to amuse yourself over me. Is it possible? Is this you, Stepan Alexaievich?" "Yes, it is," answered he, very coolly.
"And you have come here also to listen
to the rehearsal of to-morrow's con-

"My neighbor nodded. "But permit me," said I, while my hair was rising on end, "what does this ean? It seems to me that you died six years ago.'

"Pardon me," replied my neighbor "it is not six, but just seven."
"I recollect now that I was at you neral," said I. "Quite possible. But when wer upleased to die?"
"Who? I? Have mercy on us! I am

'You alive? Ah, that is strange!" said the dead man, shrugging his shoulder "I wished to spring up, wished to es cape. My legs would not stir; but I as if nailed down with spikes, remaine

mask and dark Venetian dress appeared

on the stage.
"After her streched a long file of mu sicians—and such musicians! O, my Lord God! what figures! Necks of storks with faces of dogs, of storks with faces of dog bodies of oxen with heads of swallow cocks with goats' feet, goats with men hands—in other words, no wild imag nation, no mad fancy, could creat such repulsive and deformed wonder ould not even represent them to i self after a description. Especially dis-gusting seemed to me those who had human faces—if faces might thus be called in which all the features were so distorted that except the chief human traits all the rest had no likeness to any-thing. When all this band rushed out after Lauretta to the platform, the leader of the orchestra, with the owl's face and powered head, sat down in the chair made ready for him; then began the tuning of the instruments. Many of the musicians were dissatisfied; most of all. the contra-bass with the bear'

'What sort of a bark box is this?' roared he, turning in every direction. Have mercy on me! Is is possible, Signora Baldusi, that I am to play on an instrument like this?

"Lauretta, in silence, pointed to my neighbor. The contra-bass sprang from his seat, seized poor Volgin by the neck, dragged him to the stage, and placing him head downward, caught both his legs with one hand, and with the other began to draw the bow across his legs, the fullest and deepest base sounds thundered beneath the rotunda. At last all the instruments were tuned. The leader of the orchestra gave a signal by raising a gnawed ox-bone, which served as a baton. They played the overture of the Magic Flute. "There were wild and discordant passages, it must be confessed, and the clarinet, who blew with his nose,

played frequently false; still, the over-ture was not badly rendered. "After rather hearty applause, Lauretta came forward, and, without removing her mask, sang what for me was an entirely new aria. The words were surpassingly strange—a dying woman, a denier of God, was taking farewell of her love. She sang that in boundless space and forever, with each passing instant, the distant between

would never be mingled the one with "'All this was told in beautiful

would widen, that her torment would be endless as eternity, and that their souls, like light and darkness,

verses; but the music! O, my friend, where can I find words to describe to you the inexplicable sadness which pressed my poor heart as that entrancing but hellish music shook the air? There was nothing of earth in it, but neither was there an echo from Henven in that it is all and a cho from Henven. in that voice, filled with tears and sobs the screams of hopeless despair, and deep sighs, coming from a breast worn with sufferings. When in the midst of sounds, Lauretta stopped on a sudden, a general and reverberating bravo was

her feet; and what did I see? Merciful God! Instead of the young and blooming face of my Lauretta, I saw a dead and dried skull. I was dumb from amazement and horror; but the other spectators spoke all at once, and raised a great cry.

'Signora Baldusi,' said Mozart

"But that is impossible, said the director of the orchestra. "Signora Baldusi sings the cavatina Biondina, in Gondoletta, only with a guitar; and there is no such instrument here."
"You are mistaken, mæstro di capella," answered Lauretta, pointing There is a guitar before

"The leader of the orchestra cast : quick glance at me, opened his own's beak, and laughed so malignly that the blood grew cold in my veins.

"But, really," said he, 'pass him this way; we can make a good guitar out of him."

out of him."

"Three of the spectators seized me, and from hand to hand passed me to the leader of the orchestra. In half a minute he wrenched my right leg off, tore the flesh away, leaving nothing but bone and dry sinews; the latter he began to stretch out like strings.

"I cannot describe to you the unendurable pain which this preliminary

durable pain which this preliminary operation caused me; and although my right leg was torn off, still, when the villainous leader began to tune the instrument, all the nerves in my body were straining and ready to snap. But when Lauretta took from his hands my poor leg, and her bony fingers ran along poor leg, and her bony fingers ran along the stretched sinews, I forgot all pains, so beautiful and sweetly sounding were the tone and music of this uncommon

"After a brief ritornello, Lauretta sang her cavatina in a low voice. Often had I heard her before, but never had she produced on me such a wondrous effect. I seemed to myself to have become all hearing; and what

enchanting music, independently of each other. But my remaining leg was the most delighted of all; its enthus-iasm reached such a degree of cestary, each sound of the guitar produced such inexplicably pleasant sensations, that it could not stay still for one instant. Every movement, too, of the leg answered to the time of the music. At one moment its movements were slow and serious at another it jumped and serious, at another it jumped

and serious, at another it jumped quickly; then it trembled slowly.

"All at once Lauretta blundered. O, my friend, ... previous paln was nothing compared with what I felt then. It seemed that my skull was branking is pieces, that they were tearing all my nerves out at once; sawing me with a wooden saw and hacking me with a wooden saw, and hacking me with a and remember only as a dream that at the moment when all seemed to grow dark in my eyes some one called out: "Throw that broken instrument into the street."

Training Elephants.

To the uninitiated, it seems wonderful that these huge creatures can be trained at all. But the process is not so difficult. They are first tied between two trees, and are rubbed down by a number of men with long bamboos, to an accompaniment of the most extrava-gant eulogies of the animal, sung and shouted at it at the top of their voices. The animal, of course, lashes out furiously at first; but in a few days it furiously at first; but in a few days it ceases to act on the offensive, and stands with its trunk curled up, shrinking from the men. Ropes are now tied round its body, and it is mounted at its pickets for several days. It is then taken out for exercise, secured between two tame elephants. The ropes still remain round its body, to enable the mahout to hold on should the elephant try to shake him off. A man precedes it try to shake him off. A man precedes it with a spear, to teach it to halt when or-dered to do so; while, as the tame ele-phants wheel to the right or left, the nahout presses its neck with his knees,

He Came Out Ahead. shamed to stay out to such a late

father-in-law, was with me.

Mother-in-law—That doesn't mend Son-in-law—You are right. I can

anderstand his reluctance to going nome till the last moment, but certainly have no excuse. "She's as neat as a pin. Won't allow

"It's a fact, and yet, strange to say, when she wants a bonnet or a dress she likes to see her husband come down with the dust.'

Short (gloomily)-I wish I was a ru-Long-You wish you were a rumor? Short-Because then I would belikely

A Graduated Beverage Aunty-What do you drink at supper when at home? Wee Niece-Papa drinks tea, and mamma drinks tea with hot water in it, and I drink hot water with tea in it.

-Good News. Wife-When we go anywhere now we have to walk. Before marriage you always called a carriage Husband-That's why we have to

walk now .- N. Y. Weekly. Squealing at Chicago. "Now," said the editor, "I want you o write up Chicago's magnificence as

"I see," replied the reporter; "a pe picture."—Washington Star. He peered behind a theater hat And frowned at the broad expanse of Then smiled on the girl who next him

Pipps-What's the easiest death t Doctor-Give it up; never tried any



Work at Home.

Where water is found in sufficient quantities for the farmer to wash his sheep at home, we believe it to be the only safeguard against contagious diseases. A convenient arrangement for washing sheep at home may be constructed as follows:

a general and reverberating brave was heard through the the hall, and a number of voices called out:

"Signora Baldusi, Signora Baldusi!
show yourself to us; remove your

Structed as follows:

Take an ordinary store-box, four feet by four feet will do. Stop all leaks by the use of cloth and pitch, and place show yourself to us; remove your ask."
"Lauretta obeyed. The mask fell to a floating lid nearly the size of the box, and bore in it a number of half-inch holes, thus allowing the water to pass gace of my Lauretta, I saw a dead d dried skull. I was dumb from azement and horror; but the other ectators spoke all at once, and raised problems of the box in such a position as to receive the water from a floating lid in early the size of the box in such a position as to receive the water from a floating lid nearly the size of the box. The size of the box is a floating lid nearly the size of the box in such a position as to receive the water from a trough or pipe. Make a floating lid nearly the size of the box. The box is a floating lid nearly the size of the box. The box is a floating lid nearly the size of the box. The box is a floating lid nearly the size of the box. The box is a floating lid nearly the size of the box. The box is a floating lid nearly the size of the box. The box is a floating lid nearly the size of the box. The box is a floating lid nearly the size of the box. The box is a floating lid nearly the size of the box. The box is a floating lid nearly the size of the box. The box is a floating lid nearly the size of the box. The box is a floating lid nearly the size of the box. The box is a floating lid nearly the size of the box is a floating lid nearly the size of the box is a floating lid nearly the size of the box is a floating lid nearly the size of the box is a floating lid nearly the size of the box is a floating lid nearly the size of the box is a floating lid nearly the size of the box is a floating lid nearly the size of the box is a floating lid nearly the size of the box is a floating lid nearly the size of the box is a floating lid nearly the size of the box is a floating lid nearly the size of the box is a floating lid nearly the size of the box is a floating lid nearly the size of the box is a floating lid nearly the size of the box is a floating lid nearly the size of the box is a floating lid nearly the size of the box right position, extending about four feet above the box. To the top of the scantling attach a windlass with crank. a great cry.

"'Ah, what charms!" exclaimed they, with enthusiasm: 'look, what a skull —just like ivory! But the mouth, the mouth! A wonder; it extends to her cars! What perfection! Ah, how charmingly she gnashes her teeth at us! What nice round cavities she has for eyes! Oh, she is beautiful!"

"Signora Baldusi,' said Mozart."



raised to the surface, fasten the crank so that it will remain stationary, and the next sheep may be led onto the platform without a struggle. The box to construct one .- Farm and Fire

THERE is profit in raising good oats. There is very httle, if any, in raising

is good for diarrhea in calf. Give a pint at a time.

Horses will not drink more water than is good for them, if they are watered frequently.

Is a colt has white, scurvy spots on

NEVER force a horse with colic to move around. It is cruel and does no good. The quieter the animal can be kept the better. sance, and yet the habit is gen contracted as the result of teasing

Unless a running stream can be kept pure, the farm would be better off with-out it. The owner of many a dead animal can attribute his loss to a pol-

CATTLE AND HAY BARN Water Ender Shelter I send ground plan of my cattle and hay barn (illustrated herewith), which may give some suggestions to your readers. H is the hay barn, 80 feet long, 20 wide, with 24 foot posts. This forms the central main part of the

OROUND PLAN OF CATTLE AND HAY

structure. Along each side are hay racks, H R, 2 feet wide at the bottom and 4 feet at top. On each side 16 feet wide are cattle sheds with water tanks at O, windows at W, and doors at D. Outside of these sheds on each side are corn cribs, C R, with openings at W. C M are movable troughs in which to feed corn. They can be used inside the sheds or on the outside of the cribs as presented in the engraving. — Cor. Orange Judd Farmer.

The Feed for Ewes Many make the mistake of feeding breeding ewes corn. A slight ration of sorn once a day, with clover hay and good scope of exercise, may not prove injurious, but a full ration continued for any period of time during gestation is sure to be disastrous to the lambs. Oats or barley, with a small portion of shelled corn or corn meal, is best adapted to the wants of the flock, and strong, styrorous lambs will be the result.

After lambing, or even before, a little oll cake meal may be added to the ration with advantage, as it will increase the flow of milk and add tone and vigor

the system. First Mature Maiden - Mr. Smith looks quite young and jaunty since his marriage, doesn't he? Second Mature Maiden—Yes, so he does. He looks almost as young as he did when I refused him. He was

twenty-five then.

First Mature Maiden—Indeed? I
had no idea he was fifty.—Truth. The Beginning of It. "Henry, I have something to say to

"Go ahead, my dear. I am all ears." "I know you are, but that doesn't alter matters at all."—Harper's Bazar.

