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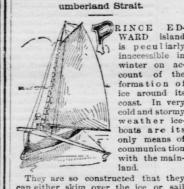
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is peculiarly with the main-

can either skim over the ice or sail through the water. This is necessary because the ice, constantly subject to the tides and currents, may break up suddenly and leave large spaces of open water between the fields. Prince Edward island is well known for its fine draught-horses, so superior in size and strength that buyers go there from the New England states. In the fall of 1885 I went to the is-land to buy some Clydesdales for a firm Being barely eighteen years old, I was very young to be sent on such an errand, but I had earned the confidence which the mission im-

stumbled over an opportunity to buy a large quantity of oats cheap, and decided to do a little speculating on my The buying and shipping of the

horses and the attention my own venture required detained me much longer than I expected, and by the time all was completed the weather had become very cold and boisterous from Shediac and Pictou suddenly ceased, and I found that I would have to stay weeks on the island, or get over to the mainland on the ice boat which carried the mail in such contingencies.
"We'll take you all right, sir," the

captain of the hybrid craft assured me, "if you're bound to go, but we don't insure no passenger that he'll get there, and in case of trouble all passengers has got to turn in and work their 137 E. Wayne St., office hours, 10 to 12 M. and

The next morning I found three other travelers ready to brave the dangers of a passage across the strait. They were all Canadian "drummers,"

chances were "reasonable good," and that as soon as we had provisioned our-selves for the trip we must go on board. When we got under way about eleven o'clock, the sky was perfectly clear and the wind fair, and there was every prospect that in about three or fou when the wind is with them, and the distance from the point of departure to Cape Tormentine, our objective point on the New Brunswick side, is only

about twenty miles.

With a clear sky, a fair wind an plenty of wraps, commend me to an iceboat as the most agreeable method of pen could do justice to the delight of being the only living things on a great wide expanse of clear, glassy ice, and of skimming over it at the rate of ten



gave such vigor and tenseness to ever uscle that when we were half an hor on our way we were all declaring that we felt as if we could "whip or snowbanks on the opposite shore we had ample opportunity to show what we really could do.

When we were something less than

half-way across, the stearing-gear broke loose. In order to repair the damage the Wolverine had to be unloaded, and her bow slightly raised. Capt. Hawkins proved himself to be a brave navigator, and the cheerful-ness with which he faced this emergency kept us all in good spirits.
"We'll sample the Wolverine's stores boys," he said, when she was in sailing

trim once more, "and then we'll put her nose to the cape and keep it there till she drives it ashore."

But even while he was speaking he discovered that the wind was veering round, and the prospects were that in a few moments it would be blowing through the strait instead of across it, which would oblige us to turn out and haul our boat, instead of having ou

"I don't conceal from ye, gents," h added, "that we're a-goin' to have a rough time. The lighthouse on Jouri-main island lies thereaway," he continued, thrusting out his arm. "It can't be many miles off and soon as we hear the gong we're all right, but if the wind keeps like this it'll be a steady pull until we fetch it, and every

one on ve'll have to take his spell. I'm sorry for ye, gents, but ye told, ye know." We drank our coffee and ate our rations hastily, and then started in on as stout a struggle for life as ever eight

men engaged in These boats are the merest cockleells, but even so their weight is not a triffe, and ours was loaded heavily with the mail matter that had been de layed by the recent storms.

Two pushed at the back. Two got

the captain had warned us we should and swirled the snow around so that we were literally enveloped in clouds of it. It chilled us to the very heart,

and in spite of our severe exertions

frost-bite became imminent. The first man to give out was "Jim," one of the crew. He fell face downward in the snow, and was unable to raise himself, so benumbed were his legs and feet. We were obliged to place him in the boat, and as the terrible haul was beginning to tell on all of us the mail matter had to be aken out and left in the snow.

We covered Jim up carefully with everything that we could spare from our own necessities, but we could hear his teeth chattering like castanets all to stop for some one to rub his frostbitten hands or feet with snow, and we . family like mine."-Tid-Bits.

all were beginning to feel more or less numbness in our feet and legs. Another of the crew succambed. They were not so warmly clothed as we who were passengers. He, too had to be placed in the boat, and then a noticed for the first time that Jim's teeth and ceased chattering. The poor fellow

We lifted him out, and laid him in the snow. It seemed heartless, and the captain muttered something about "not being able to face his folks," but formation of we could do nothing more for him, and ice around its our own chances would have been macoast. In very terially lessened by not leaving him be-

boats are its gave out. He stumbled and fell at



the boat, as the struggle had narrowed right down to a fight for dear life, and we had only stuck to it so far in order desert the poor fellow in it, but he had already sunk into the fatal stupor that precedes death by freezing.

We filled our pockets with beef and biscuits and started once more to plow wearily through the driving snow. Now we were completely lost. The captain had been steering us by a pocket compass, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that we could now and then keep a match lighted long enough for him to tell in which direction it pointed. At last there was not a match left and nothing to do but blunder around until daylight broke.

Everything depended on our powers of endurance. That the poor fellow whom we were assisting along by turns could not hold out until daylight was only too evident. We were all utterly benumbed and exhausted, and but for the captain's frequent assurances that who, like myself, had been shut up by
Jack Frost in 'P. E. I." They were
stout, athletic fellows, and proved to and given up the struggle.
"It's hereaway, gents—it's here

away," he declared every few mo-ments. "I've lived round here, boy and hundreds o' times and can't have made no mistake"—but it struck me now and then that he talked like one who was trying convince himself.

At last he stopped—stopped so sud-denly that the sole survivor of his crew who was plodding along right behind him was sent head over heels into the snow. We could not see the spoke we knew we were saved.

the wild howling of the gale. Then a sound like the tolling of a bell came across the snowy wastes. orross the snowy wastes.
"it's the lighthouse gong," he briefly observed, and turning started on again. We followed in his wake with feelings that can only be entered into fully by those who have come suddenly out of a great and prolonged peril.

In less than an hour we were in

In less than an hour we were in safety at a comfortable little inn, not a stone's throw from the lighthouse, were receiving every attention that our exhausted and benumbed condition

As soon as day broke, a party was organized to go in search of the boat and the bodies of those whom we were obliged to abandon. They were the sons of farmers who lived in the neighborhood. A melancholy procession it was that

came off the ice that afternoon, and wound over and around the great snow-drifts in which the storm had almost hurled the probability. buried the neighboring hamlet. We, who had so barely escaped a place in its sorrowful ranks, watched it out of sight with bared heads and thankful hearts.

This is a true story. It was told to me last summer by the horse-buyer who escaped.—Clara A. Harper, in Youth's Companion.

Fanny-How kind it was of that gennan to lend me his umbrella during

the shower.

Jenny—It was, indeed. He is one of

Johnny (proudly)—My father is building a new house for us to live in. Bert (whose father is a builder)— Pooh! that's nothing; my father is building new houses every day for other people to live in.—Harper's Young Nightly Depredations

Biggs—Is your wife a fickle woman? Wiggs—(feeling in his empty pock-ts)—She is fond of change.—Truth.



Smith-What is the matter with ou? I never knew you to have the Jones-I am grieving over the death

as much as all that. sane asylum he made his will and left me all his property, and now I've got to prove that he wasn't crazy or his erty will go to somebody else .-

Miss Struckile-Ma, what is a vulgar fraction?
Mrs. Struckile (who married for money)-Your father, my love.-Truth One Was Enough.

"You love my daughter?" ately, "why, I could die for her! For one soft glance from those sweet eyes I would hurl myself from yonder cliff and perish, a bleeding, bruised mass, upon the rocks two hundred feet be-

The old man shook his head. "I'm something of a liar, myself," he



many business men failing ev-

my dear."
"Well, papa," said Emma, "it is just this. Mme. Farine says I need ten yards of trimming at four dollars a yard. The dress is half finished, and really money goes so! There were other things to get. I'm ashamed to ask, but

"Very well, my dear," replied the nerchant. "There is the money, but I don't think you'll need any more before Christmas. Times are not good, you know, and, dear me! Forty dellars for trimming! Women are getting worse

Emma Rome slipped the roll of notes into her purse with a feeling that it was dearly bought; but fate has placed so many women in the condition of beggars, and it is so customary to do as Emma did, that she almost wondered at the little pang which shot through her heart. Besides, her father seemed knew that he was called rich-that. actually, forty dollars was but a small sum for him. So, breakfast over and Mr. Rome off for the mysterious regions known as "down town," she dressed herself becomingly and started on her shopping expedition. On the way thoughts of her new dress ran through her mind. She intended to wear it on an occasion which to her seemed very she herself admired very much. Did he admire her?
She had asked herself the question

over and over again. She had even pulled away the petals of a Marguerite one by one, counting them as they fell, with the words: "He loves me—loves pretty girls present, and she was not vain. Oh, she must look as well as

herself several blocks below her destination. There was nothing for it but to walk back, and the way lay through streets filled with miserable tenement houses. Emma hurried along until, all at once, she found a sort of barricade across the street. The middle obwoman, on the other a man. The woman was crying; the tears splashed down on her hands. An attendant crowd of residents contemplated this scene with

Scarcely ever in her life before had Emma Rome been in close contact with actual misery. Poor, to ber, simply meant not rich. Now she was amongst rags and dirt and misery, stand still for a moment and look at it. At first, the only emotion it excited was disgust. But, as she was about to



crowd, words fell upon her ear that arrested her attentio machine, and now you will not give me time! I only ask time. I'm an honest woman. Pil pay you. Man, do you know it's all there is between us and starvation? Let me have the thing back. It's but ten dollars I owe

"You have owed that two months." replied the man. "Come, let go, missus, I don't want to hurt you. I've got to obey orders. 'Money or the machine' was what the boss said."

But the woman did not relinquish her hold. Still clutching the machine, she turned her agonized eyes upon the bystanders. "Forty dollars," she repeated, "and

it! I never failed until Jim broke his "No, that she didn't," cried a voice

cart," cried a man who had stalked out of the entry of the house near which the crowd had gathered, rolling up his

sleeves.
"Look here, good people," exclaimed
the man who held the machine, "I
don't want to do this. I've got to obey orders, or lose my position and my bread and butter. She'd better go to the boss and talk to him—not to

us. He will. There, what is the use of my fighting like a drunken body in the street—me, a decent woman! They've more than the worth of the thing now, God knows; but they've. the power, Take it." And she let go her hold, and covered her eyes with her

But in place of those rough, red fingers, others, dainty and small, and well-gloved, came down upon the cover of the machine. Emma Rome had pressed forward, and now spoke. "Stop," she said. "Will 'you let this

woman keep her machine if I pay you ten dollars?" "Them's the boss' orders, miss," replied the man, "and I'd be glad to do it, Then, while the crowd gathered

close, and the woman who had told her piteous tale sobbed with joy, Emma piteous tale source who plant drew the sum named from her purse, received a receipt, which she gave to received a receipt, which she gave to the first time the delight which the performance of a good deed brings

Moreover, when the machine had

a hen."-Vogue. been borne upstairs, Emma, who had exchanged a few words with its owner, followed her to her miserable room, noted its poverty, heard all the bitter tale. It was a true one—the hot tears told that. "But I don't mind anything now. miss," sobbed the narrator. "Now the machine is my very own, I don't mind

flight.-Life. Hospitably Received. how hard I work. And the only great tug is the landlord-four dollars a month for rent." Mrs. Pruner-Have you got acquaint-"As much a month as a vard of that ning!" thought Emma, with a lit-



work by that time," she said; and there were no regrets for the lost fringe as she made her way homeward. She was not even stung when Mme. Farine remarked with a glance that said

adine dress? Certainly, since it is your

coming, despite the refurbished lace, and Emma wore it to the party. She was conscious that every woman of her acquaintance knew what the dress was trimmed with, but her conscience whispered to her that she had done right. Moreover, the light of the bet-ter thought was on her face. Some-how, Arthur Maine found himself more than ever attracted by it, and as she drove home that night Emma felt that the Marguerite which had said to her: "He loves," had been no false prophet. She had learned two lessons in a little while. One that the poor might be clothed and fed from the trimmings of the rich; the other, that extravagance

PHILOSOPHICALLY VIEWED

in dress is not always the way to win a man's heart.—Woman's Journal.

but it takes a philosopher to see it while the storm is on. After it is over and the sun of prosperity is again shin-ing serenely anyone may see it. Shakespeare, philosopher as well as poet, knew this when he put these words into the mouth of his spokes-

words into the man, Jacques:
"Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a preclous fewel in its head;
And this our life exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in running broof
Sermons in stones and good in everything."

Sermons in stones and good in everything." Here is philosophy, and if you will take the trouble to study it well you may find a great deal of comfort in it. You will learn that everything has its

Has it ever occurred to you that it is your adversity that tries and proves your friends? While you are in health and in wealth you have friends on every hand, but when in adversity you stand almost alone. The few that remain are worth more than the whole vanished train.

wanished train.

Then, when adversity overtakes your friends, the genuineness of your friendship is put to the test. Thus you are made acquainted with your real self, besides showing the quality of your mettle to others.

Friends come; they are not bought. This is happily expressed by a western

This is happily expressed by a we

-Pittsburgh Comm

He Didn't Exaggerate "Ate a quart of raw oysters at one ime? Ob, pshaw! you couldn't do it "Well, it's meself that did do it no later than the day afore yisterday."
"Patrick, Patrick, you're a great

ate a whole quart, sor, but at the same time I'll acknowledge that the oysters

-"Then you don't believe it is the use of tobacco that has injured his nerves?" Doctor-"Im sure not; he gave me one of the cigars he smokes."

-Chicago Inter Ocean. The Best Not Too Good for Him The Lady—What are you carrying so carefully, Col. Blood? The Colonel—Whisky, ma'am; old Rooster whisky.

The Lady—Oh, that's bad, colonel

Very bad!
The Colonel—I shall be pleased t learn the brand you recommend ma'am.-N. Y. Sun. He, Too, Was Slippery.

der park" terrupted him "Swear not by them," she said im "Why not?"

"Because those trees are slippery elms," she said simply.—Texas Sift Rob Earned It, No Doubt. Aunt Jane-Rob, dear, won't you tr

to be a real good boy to-day? Rob-I will, aunty, for a quarter. Aunt Jane-Why, Rob! you wish pay for being good? Rob-Well, aunty dear, you wouldn't have me good for nothing, would you? Harper's Young People.

Vivian (of certain years) — You treated me as if I were an old maid to-day when Mr. Spooners was calling. Guinevere — Nonsense, my dear. Why, he and I had been talking about old people and we changed the subject the minute way came in the room.

ject the minute you came in the room.

-Chicago Record. The Cause of It. "Cholly Lightpate seems to be a mod-est fellow. See how the blood rushes to his face when a young lady speaks

only an effort of nature to fill a vacu--Chicago Tribune. Barometric Indicatio Senior Partner-One thing I like about our new clerk is that he is relia-You can always tell what he is

going to do next.

Only a Comparison.
"The sun never sets on England's possessions, you know," said the Eng-lishman, proudly. "Yes," crushingly returned the American, 'and the same might be said of

Junior Partner-And what is that?

A Long Pull. Mrs. Kingley-I am sorry to hear your husband is ill. What is the Mrs. Bingo-Pure weakness. It took him two hours last night to get up one

ed in the church yet?

Mrs. Prim—Yes, indeed! I already belong to one of the oldest factions in

There are many things that should be carefully observed in the education of horses that are entirely omitted. Too much dependence is placed in the bits, lines, strength of the harness, the use of the whip and the ability of the driver to control the horse by sheer brute force. Hence there are so many fatal

The horse is a sensible and sensitive animal, possessed of many attributes, among which fear often predominates. On the road a horse sees or imagines danger, and the ignorant driver, instead of allowing time for the horse to take in the situation and satisfy himself that he is mistaken plies to which transparency will be affected.

Moving bees, even a short distance, invariably results in the loss of some.

In the majority of cases unhealthy stores are the cause of the loss of bees.

During the winter prepare for the spring by making and mending the spring by making and mending hives.

on the pulley is about a foot long an

NOTES ABOUT HORSES.

TEACH your team to pull together

FAIR geldings bring more mone than fair stallions.

are well matured.

VERY severe punish

of foreign horsemen.

LET your horses come to heavy pull-ng gradually, and not until their bones

plied to a young horse is apt to confirm him in his bad ways.

lind, brought \$2,500 at the New York

Speculum, out of Fair Helen, by Gen. Peel, has been purchased by Simon G. Reed, of California.

A CONSIGNMENT of about thirty stal

lions, broodmares and some trotters for road and campaigning have just been sent abroad. Some of the animals have been already sold, and others are taken on speculation. The idea is to intro-

the American trotter to the notice

GOLDSMITH MAID's daughter, B

sale, and her son, Stranger, \$7,500.
THE English stallion Duncombe

the black bees, as they are more gen In moving bees in freezing care must be observed, as the comes very brittle.

stake in the situation and satisfy himself that he is mistaken, plies the whip
in the most vigorous manner. The
sensible horse always resents such
treatment and, scared and angered,
dashes off in fright and fury. If the
harness is strong, the bits reliable, the
driver able to guide and control the
horse, all may be well; should something give way the results are serious.
A safe horse must be one with sense
emough and so trained that in emergencies it does not become frightened
and uncontrollable. It may require
some patience and tact to talk a horse
out of running away or kicking things
to pieces, but this should be possible
with a safe horse. A horse must be
taught to stand still when it is desirable either for getting in or out of the WHEN bees are to be wintered on summer stands they ought to be packed and fixed up early.

It is said that a bee-keeper at Reno. Nev., recently shipped 50,000 por honey to St. Louis. This is the time to plan a changes and improvemen in the apiary next spring. able either for getting in or out of the wagon, or to mount or dismount under the saddle. The horse should under-THE honey of Central and South America remains liquid longer, as a rule, than that of North America. wagon, or to mount or dismount under the saddle. The horse should understand that it is not to start until the word is given. It is of the highest importance that the horse should be taught to stop for the word whoa, whether on the farm or on the public highway. It might be considered ridiculous for the driver to be calling out gee, haw, whoa, get up, etc., to a team of horses on the boulevard, but it would be a wonderful safeguard to have a horse so trained that he knows what to do when spoken to by his driver in a firm, quiet manner. Horses should be taught to go down a hill in a slow, careful manner, and to stop and hold the wagon whether going up or down a hill. In no case should a horse be allowed to cross a bridge in any gait but a walk. This should be drilled into a horse, so that in case it should be running away it will come to a walk when a bridge is to be crossed. It is the reckless driving of horses, the depending on the man, and what is called good luck, that causes so many disasters and fatalities. It is time to train drivers of horses as well as the animals. It is not every man who can hold a pair of lines and a whip that is fit to do so.—R. M. Bell, in Farm and Fireside.

rule, than that of North America.

A MAJORITY of the bees that winter well are kept in a temperature of 45 to 50 degrees, with some ventilation.

In some states efforts have been made to prohibit spraying at certain seasons on account of the liability of the bees dying from poison.

Spring dwindling is often caused by having too many bees to start in the winter on. They die before spring and leave the colony weakened in numbers.

FAULT is found abroad with eucalyptus honey, the strong flavor of which does not please the English taste. The Australians are likely to be disappointed in the market they had hoped

ITALIAN bees were this country in 1859.

THE sting of the bee is more painful

EXPERIMENTS made to det comparative value of comb foundation, drawn comb and "starters" brought out the fact that those swarms hived on foundation, as a rule, stored the most surplus; next came those hived on comb, and then those on "starters"—

A NEW CHECK-REIN. FEEDING FOR EGGS. aid to Be the Most Comfortable Bit Ever Invented. Mr. I. Z. Merriam, of Whitewater, fourishing Rations Especially Adapted for Laying Hens. Cooked feed for the morning meal is Mr. 1. Z. Merriam, of Whitewater, Wis., sends to the Rural New Yorker the following description of a check-rein device of his Invention: The reins and check line are continuous, and, instead of being fastened rigidly to the

Cooked feed for the morning meal is excellent if composed of the proper ingredients and fed regularly.

A good mixture may be made of equal parts of cornneal, fine middlings, bran, ground cats and ground meat. This should be stirred into a pot of cooked vegetables while boiling hot until the meas is as stiff as can be manipulated by a pair of strong arms. mot until the mass is as star as can be manipulsted by a pair of strong arms. The mixture should be seasoned with salt and cayenne pepper.

Potatoes, beets, carrots, turnips, on ions or anything in the vegetable line clean and free from decay, will be acceptable. Cut clover hay may be substituted for weartables for an occasions.

on the pulley is about a foot long and is made of round leather. A ring at each end of this round part of the rein prevents its passing through the pulley. Accordingly, when the reins are taken in hand and drawn on, the horse's head is lifted till the bit comes to the upper ring, when the pull becomes direct. On hitching the horse he can drop his head till the lower ring strikes the bit, thus giving all the ease of an unchecked reln, and at the same time preventing his head from reachand the bone and muscle of the hen the fat forming elements not being

Plenty of grit should be accessible at all times. Unless the morning feed can be given

of an unchecked rein, and at the same time preventing his head from reach-ing the ground. While the bit is very effective in handling a horse, one of its chief merits is its humane features. It is seemingly the most comfortable bit ever put in a horse's mouth, and doubt-less will receive the earnest commenda-tion of every humane society. very early, we would advise putting a little dry meal in a hopper for them to to peck at until their breakfast is ready. We have given substantially the same advice before, but do so again in answer to repeated inquiries for a ration especially adapted to laying hens.

WINTER POULTRY HOUSE.

One That Affords Plenty of Outside Shell An outside shelter and prot An outside shelter and protection from storms is of great assistance to a flock in winter. Fowls detest close confinement and prefer to be in the open air. The illustration shows an ordinary poultry-house, ten feet square, suitable for a flock of a dozen hens. The house has a large window



house is eight feet high in front and five feet at the rear and faces the south. By the use of two short posts and some The Best Oats for lorses.

Careful feeders of horses know that in feeding oats, especially the whole grain, much depends upon the nature of the hull or chaff. It is not always the heaviest grain which gives the best results. That which is much above the standard weight has most often a rough, gritty chaff, which so acts on the stomach as to expel much of the grain in an undigested state. The hull, however soft its texture, is always laxative, and a moderate degree of laxativeness is beneficial, especially to breeding animals, but there is no gain in a nearly whole state. It is better to use light grain, which will be more comfortable they will also produce a larger number of eggs.—Farm and Fireside.

It had been over four months since they were engaged, and as they read

they were engaged, and as they read the evening paper together he said: "See, my dear, only twenty dollars for a suit!"

"What a witty conversationalist Mr. Hanover Square is. At the dinner he kept everybody laughing," said Charlie Bondelipper to Pete Amsterdam.
"He always does that. He has to "No, a business suit." "Well, I meant business," she answered.—Life.

keep the guests from noticing what a poor table he sets," replied Mr. Amster-dam.—Texas Siftings. Qualifying Context. "De Winks says his transcendental

poems are not appreciated by the com-mon herd." "But he says a great French critic calls him the poet of the hereafter."

"And that Frenchman has written a book to disprove the existence of a future state."—Judge.

Strategic Entertaining.

The Only Causes.

Mrs. Dobson-Bridget told me she saw Mr. and Mrs. Hobson going to church this morning. I wonder what's

Mr. Dobson-Why, either Mr. Hobson has had another attack of his heart trouble, or Mrs. Hobson has a new hat "Is it a wedding suit?" she asked,

Theatrical Item.

There was one occasion when Mr.
Forest received from one of the supernumeraries of a theater an answer
which seemed to satisfy him. It was
the man's duty to say simply: "The
anemy is upon us," which he uttered
at rehearsal in a poor whining way:
"Can't you say it better than that?"
shouted Forest. "Repeat it as I do,"
and he gave the words with all the
force and richness of his magnificent
voice.

voice.
"If I could say it like that," replied
the man, "I wouldn't be working for "Is that all you get?"

"Well, then, our through stages"