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THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL XXXI — BUTLER, PA., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1894. — NO 6

A TRIP TO PATTERSON'S WITH THIS

Coupon

Will entitle you to a discount of 15 per cent on all

Overcoats, Heavy Suits and Underwear,

For sixty days from this date, Jan. 22.

PATTERSON'S 141 S. Main St. BUTLER, PA.

THE ONLY SPRICTLY ONE PRICE CLOTHING HOUSE IN BUTLER COUNTY.

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YOUNG & COOPER,

MERCHANT TAILORS

Have opened at S. E. corner of Main and Diamond Streets, Butler, with all the latest styles in Spring Suitings. Fit and Workmanship Guaranted. Prices as low as the lowest. TRY US.

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LOOK CAREFULLY AT THE PRICES AND YOU WILL THINK, BE CONVINCED THAT

HUSELTON'S

Is the place you will buy your footwear.

Ladies fine button shoes, patent tip, opera toe	$ .85
" grain " " square toe	90
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" warm, flannel-lined, shoes	75
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Misses' fine shoes, button	70
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" extra fine shoes $1 25 and	1 50
Boys' good heavy boots, sizes 1-5	1 00
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Rubber boots and shoes, wool-lined arctics, felt boots for boys and men, wool stockings at the lowest prices.

Men's slippers, nicely embroidered, at 50c, 75c, and $1; Women's, Misses' and Children's slippers at 20c, 50c, 75c and $1.

Are you one of the few that does not buy of us, if so we are looking for you, come in soon and see us.

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OPPOSITE HOTEL LOWRY.

No. 102 North Main Street - Butler, Pa.

WILL YOU BE ONE TO READ THIS AD. AND ACT PROMPTLY.

EVERY ITEM IS A LEADER.

Men's felt boots and overs $1.85.
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THE NEW SHOE STORE LEADING THEM ALL.

Ladies' kid button shoes tip or plain 95
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ALL RUBBER GOODS REDUCED AT THE NEW SHOE STORE.

215 S. Main Street, Opposite Arlington Hotel, C. E. MILLER.

Sweeping Reductions have been Made on all Winter Clothing, Overcoats, Underwear, Cap, etc.

Our business has been very successful since our opening nine months ago, leaving us a lot of odds and ends, which are ALL NEW and which we are willing to sell at a sacrific rather than carry them over.

Be sure and see us before you buy if you want to save money.

Wishing you all a Happy New Year.

We are Yours Respectfully,

DUTHETT & GRAHAM.

Cor. Main & Cunningham Sts.
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Job Work of all kinds done at the "Citizen Office."

Overcoats -:- AND ALL Heavy -:- Clothing -:- AT COST AT THE RACKET STORE,

120 South Main Street, Butler, Pa.,

FOR 45 CENTS.

Your choice of any oil cloth window shade in the house

Former prices 50 to 90c each. This offer good only until Feb. 10.

Call at DOUGLASS',

Near P. O - - 241 S. Main St.

L. C. WICK

DEALER IN

Rough and Worked Lumber

OF ALL KINDS

Doors, Sash, Blinds, Moulding, Shingles and Lath Always in Stock.

LIME, HAIR AND PLASTER

Office opposite P. & W. Depot.

BUTLER PA

WE WANT TO KEEP OUR FACTORY RUNNING DURING THE WINTER.

In order to do this we offer to make outside window blinds at ONE DOLLAR and upwards per window and inside window blinds at TWO DOLLARS and upwards per window.

These are the lowest prices ever offered on window blinds and now is the time to take advantage of them.

Respectfully,

S. G Purvsi & Co.

W. H. O'BRIEN & SON.

[Successors of Schutte & O'Brien.]

Sanitary Plumbers And Gas Fitters.

DEALERS IN

Sewer Pipe, Gas Fixtures, Globes and Natural Gas Appliances

Jefferson St., opp. Lowry House

BUTLER, PA.

FRANK KEMPER,

DEALER IN

BLANKETS, HARNESS,

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

Repairing done on short notice.

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

H. H. JACKSON

Who has had a years experience with one of the leading furniture firms of Pittsburg is now prepared to attend to all furniture repairing left in his charge, and will guarantee good work and satisfaction at

249 S. McKean St., - Butler, Pa.

EUROPEAN * HOTEL.

315 S. Main St., - - Butler, Pa.

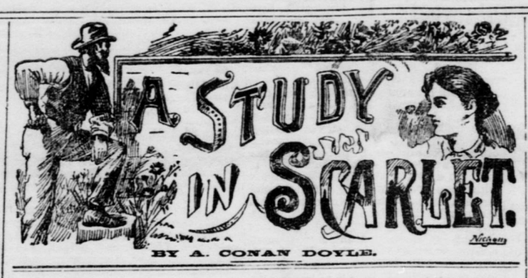
ALEX WILLIAMS, Prop'r.

Everything new—Electric light, gas and water.

Lodging 35, 50 and $1.00.

Regular meals at 25 cts. Boarding at $1.00 a day.

Lunch Counter open all night.



CHAPTER III.

THE LAURISTON GARDENS MYSTERY.

I confess that I was considerably startled by this fresh proof of the practical nature of my companion's theories. My respect for his powers of analysis increased wondrously. There still remained some lurking suspicion in my mind, however, that the whole thing was a prearranged episode, intended to dazzle me, though what earthly object he could have in taking me in was past my comprehension. When I looked at him he had finished reading the note and his eyes had assumed the vacant, lack-luster expression which showed mental abstraction.

"How in the world did you deduce that?" I asked.

"Deduce what?" said he, petulantly.

"Why, that he was a retired sergeant of marines."

"I have no time for trifles," he replied, brusquely. Then, with a smile: "Excuse my rudeness. You broke the thread of my thoughts; but perhaps it is as well. So you actually were not able to see that that man was a sergeant of marines?"

"No, indeed."

"It was easier to know it than to explain why I know it. If you were asked to prove that two and two made four, you might find some difficulty, and yet you are quite sure of the fact. Even across the street I could see a great blue anchor tattooed on the back of the fellow's hand. That smacked of the sea. He had a military carriage, however, and regulation side-whiskers. There we have the marine. He was a man with some amount of self-importance and a certain air of command. You must have observed the way in which he held his head and swung his cane. A steady, respectable, middle-aged man, too, on the face of him—all facts which led me to believe that he had been a sergeant."

"Wonderful!" I ejaculated.

"Commonplace," said Holmes, though I thought from his expression that he was pleased at my evident surprise and admiration. "I said just now that there were no criminals. It appears that I am wrong—look at this!" He threw me over the note which the commissionaire had brought.

"Why," I cried, as I cast my eye over it, "this is terrible!"

"It does seem to be a little out of the common," he remarked, calmly. "Would you mind reading it to me aloud?"

This is the letter which I read to him:

"MY DEAR MR. SHERLOCK HOLMES: There has been a bad business during the night at 3 Lauriston gardens, off the Brixton road. Our man on the beat saw a light there about two in the morning, and, as the house was an empty one, suspected that something was amiss. He found the door open, and in the front room, which is bare of furniture, discovered the body of a gentleman, well dressed, and having cards in his pocket bearing the name of 'Enoch J. Drebber, Cleveland, O., U. S. A.' There had been no robbery, nor is there any evidence as to how the man met his death. There are marks of blood in the room, but there is no wound upon his person. We are at a loss as to how he came into the empty house; indeed, the whole affair is a puzzler. If you can come round to the house any time before twelve, you will find me there. I have left everything in statu quo until I hear from you. If you are unable to come I shall give you fuller details, and would esteem it a great kindness if you would favor me with your opinion.

"Yours faithfully, TOBIAS GREGSON."

"Gregson is the smartest of the Scotland Yarders," my friend remarked; "he and Lestrade are the pick of a bad lot. They are both quick and energetic, but conventional—shockingly so. They have their knives into one another, too. They are as jealous as a pair of professional beauties. There will be some fun over this case if they are both put upon the scent."

I was amazed at the calm way in which he rippled on. "Surely there is not a moment to be lost," I cried. "Shall I go and order you a cab?"

"I am not sure about whether I shall go. I am the most incurably lazy devil that ever stood in shoe leather—that is, when the fit is on me, for I can be spry enough at times."

"Why, it is just such a chance as you have been longing for."

"My dear fellow, what does it matter to me? Supposing I unravel the whole matter, you may be sure that Gregson, Lestrade & Co. will pocket all the credit. That comes of being an unofficial personage."

"But he begs you to help him."

"Yes. He knows that I am his superior, and acknowledges it to me; but he would cut his tongue out before he would own it to any third person. However, we may as well go and have a look. I shall work it out on my own hook. I may have a laugh at them, if I have nothing else. Come on!"

He hustled on his overcoat, and bustled about in a way that showed that an energetic fit had superseded the apathetic one.

"Get your hat," he said.

"You wish me to come?"

"Yes, if you have nothing better to do." A minute later we were both in a hansom, driving furiously for the Brixton road.

It was a very foggy, cloudy morning, and a dun-colored veil hung over the house tops, looking like the reflection of the mud-colored streets beneath. My companion was in the best of spirits, and prattled away about Cremona fiddles, and the difference between a Stradivarius and an Amati. As for myself, I was silent, for the dull weather and the melancholy business upon which we were engaged depressed my spirits.

"You don't seem to give much thought to the matter in hand," I said at last, interrupting Holmes' musical disquisition.

"No data yet," he answered. "It is a capital mistake to theorize before you have all the evidence. It biases the judgment."

"You will have your data soon," I remarked, pointing with my finger; "this is the Brixton road, and that is the house, if I am not very much mistaken."

"So it is. Stop, driver, stop!" We were still a hundred yards or so from it, but he insisted upon our alighting, and we finished our journey upon foot.

No. 3 Lauriston gardens wore an ill-omened and minatory look. It was one of four which stood back some little way from the street, two being occupied and two empty. The latter looked out with three tiers of vacant, melancholy windows, which were blank and dreary, save that here and there a "To Let" card had developed like a cataract upon the bleared panes. A small garden sprinkled over with a scattered eruption of sickly plants separated each of these houses from the street, and was traversed by a narrow pathway, yellowish in color, and consisting apparently of a mixture of clay and of gravel. The whole place was very sloppy from the rain which had fallen through the night. The garden was bounded by a three-foot brick wall with a fringe of wood rails upon the top, and against this wall was leaning a stalwart police constable, surrounded by a small knot of loafers, who craned their necks and strained their eyes in the vain hope of catching some glimpse of the proceedings within.

I had imagined that Sherlock Holmes would at once have hurried into the house and plunged into a study of the mystery. Nothing appeared to be farther from his intention. With an air of nonchalance which, under the circumstances, seemed to me to border upon affectation, he lounged up and down the pavement, and gazed vacantly at the ground, the sky, the opposite houses, and the line of railings. Having finished his scrutiny, he proceeded slowly down the path, or rather down the fringe of grass which flanked the path, keeping his eyes riveted upon the ground. Twice he stopped, and once I saw him smile and heard him utter an exclamation of satisfaction. There were many marks of footsteps upon the wet, clayey soil, but since the police had been coming and going over it, I was unable to see how my companion could hope to learn anything from it. Still, I had such extraordinary evidence of the quickness of his perceptive faculties that I had no doubt that he could see a great deal which was hidden from me.

At the door of the house we were met by a tall, white-faced, flaxen-haired man, with a note-book in his hand, who rushed forward and wrung my companion's hand with effusion. "It is indeed kind of you to come," he said; "I have had everything left untouched."

"Except that!" my friend answered, pointing to the pathway. "If a herd of buffaloes had passed along there could not be a greater mess. No doubt, however, you had drawn your own conclusions, Gregson, before you permitted this."

"I have had so much to do inside the house," the detective said, evasively. "My colleague, Mr. Lestrade, is here. I had relied upon him to look after this."

Holmes glanced at me, and raised his eyes sardonically. "With two such men as yourself and Lestrade upon the ground, there will not be much for a third party to find out," he said.

Gregson rubbed his hands in a self-satisfied way. "I think we have done all that can be done," he answered; "It's a queer case, though, and I knew your taste for such things."

"You did not come here in a cab?" asked Sherlock Holmes.

"No, sir."

"Nor Lestrade?"

"No, sir."

"Then let us go and look at the room." With which inconsequent remark he strode on into the house, followed by Gregson, whose features expressed his astonishment.

A short passage, bare planked and dusty, led to the kitchen and offices. Two doors opened out of it to the left and to the right. One of these had obviously been closed for many weeks. The other belonged to the dining-room, which was the apartment in which the mysterious affair had occurred. Holmes walked in, and I followed him with that subdued feeling at my heart which the presence of death inspires.

GAZED VACANTLY AT THE GROUND.

It was a large, square room, looking all the larger for the absence of all furniture. A vulgar, flaring paper adorned the walls, but it was blotched in places with mildew, and here and there great strips had become detached and hung down, exposing the yellow plaster beneath. Opposite the door was a showy fireplace, surmounted by a mantle-piece of imitation white marble. On one corner of this was stuck the stump of a red wax candle. The solitary window was so dirty that the light was hazy and uncertain, giving a dull gray tinge to everything, which was intensified by the thick layer of dust which coated the whole apartment.

All these details I observed afterward. At present my attention was centered upon the single grim, motionless figure which lay stretched upon the boards with vacant, sightless eyes staring up at the discolored ceiling. It was that of a man about forty-three or forty-four years of age, middle-sized, broad-shouldered, with crisp, curling black hair and a short, stubbly beard. He was dressed in a heavy broadcloth frock coat and waistcoat, with light colored trousers and immaculate collar and cuffs. A top hat, well brushed and trim, was placed upon the floor beside him. His hands were clinched and his arms thrown abroad, while his lower limbs were interlocked as though his death-struggle had been a grievous one. On his rigid face there stood an expression of horror and, as it seemed to me, of hatred, such as I have never seen upon human features. This malignant and terrible contortion, combined with the low forehead, blunt nose and prognathous jaw, gave the dead man a singularly simious and ape-like appearance, which was increased by his writhing, unnatural posture. I have seen death in many forms, but never has it appeared to me in a more fearsome aspect than in that dark, grimy apartment, which looked out upon one of the main arteries of suburban London.

Lestrade, lean and ferret-like as ever, was standing by the doorway, and greeted my companion and myself. "This case will make a stir, sir," he remarked. "It beats anything I have seen, and I am no chicken."

"There is no clew," said Gregson.

"None at all," chimed in Lestrade.

Sherlock Holmes approached the body, and, kneeling down, examined it intently. "You are sure that there is no wound?" he asked, pointing to numerous spots and splashes of blood which lay all round.

"Positive!" cried both detectives.

"Then, of course, this blood belongs to a second individual—presumably the murderer, if murder has been committed. It reminds me of the circumstances attendant on the death of Van Jansen, in Utrecht, in the year 1834. Do you remember the case, Gregson?"

"No, sir."

"Read it up—you really should. There is nothing new under the sun. It has all been done before."

As he spoke, his nimble fingers were flying here, there and everywhere, feeling, pressing, unbuttoning, examining, while his eyes wore the same far-away expression which I have already remarked upon. So swiftly was the examination made that one would hardly have guessed the minuteness with which it was conducted. Finally, he sniffed the dead man's lips, and then glanced at the soles of his patent-leather boots.

"He has not been moved at all?" he asked.

"No more than was necessary for the purpose of our examination."

"You can take him to the mortuary now," he said. "There is nothing more to be learned."

Gregson had a stretcher and four men at hand. At his call they entered the room, and the stranger was lifted and carried out. As they raised him,

SHERLOCK HOLMES APPROACHED THE BODY.

a ring tinkled down and rolled across the floor. Lestrade grabbed it up and stared at it with mystified eyes.

"There's been a woman here," he cried. "It's a woman's wedding-ring."

He held it out, as he spoke, upon the palm of his hand. We all gathered round him and gazed at it. There could be no doubt that that circle of plain gold had once adorned the finger of a bride.

"This complicates matters," said Gregson. "Heaven knows, they were complicated enough before!"

"You're sure it doesn't simplify them?" observed Holmes. "There's nothing to be learned by staring at it. What did you find in his pockets?"

"We have it all here," said Gregson, pointing to a litter of objects upon one of the bottom steps of the stairs. "A gold watch, No. 97,163, by Barraud, of London. Gold Albert chain, very heavy and solid. Gold ring, with masonic device. Gold pin—bulldog's head, with rubies as eyes. Russian leather card-case, with cards of Enoch J. Drebber, of Cleveland, corresponding with the E. J. D. upon the linen. No purse, but loose money to the extent of seven pounds thirteen. Pocket edition of Boccaccio's 'Decameron,' with name of Joseph Stangerson upon the fly-leaf. Two letters—one addressed to E. J. Drebber and one to Joseph Stangerson."

"At what address?"

"American Exchange, Strand—to be left till called for. They are both from the Guion Steamship company, and refer to the sailing of their boats from Liverpool. It is clear that this unfortunate man was about to return to New York."

"Have you made any inquiries as to this man Stangerson?"

"I did it at once, sir," said Gregson. "I have had advertisements sent to all the newspapers, and one of my men has gone to the American Exchange, but he has not returned yet."

"Have you sent to Cleveland?"

"We telegraphed this morning."

"How did you word your inquiries?"

"We simply detailed the circumstances, and said that we should be glad of any information which could help us."

"You did not ask for particulars on any point which appeared to you to be crucial?"

"I asked about Stangerson."

"Nothing else? Is there no circumstance on which this whole case appears to hinge? Will you not telegraph again?"

"I have said all I have to say," said Gregson, in an offended voice.

Sherlock Holmes chuckled to himself, and appeared to be about to make some remark, when Lestrade, who had been in the front room while we were holding this conversation in the hall, reappeared upon the scene, rubbing his hands in a pompous and self-satisfied manner.

"Mr. Gregson," he said, "I have just made a discovery of the highest importance, and one which would have been overlooked had I not made a careful examination of the walls."

THERE WAS SCRAWLED IN BLOOD-RED LETTERS A SINGLE WORD.

The little man's eyes sparkled as he spoke, and he was evidently in a state of suppressed exultation at having scored a point against his colleague.

"Come here," he said, bustling back into the room, the atmosphere of which felt cleaner since the removal of its ghastly inmate. "Now stand there!"

He struck a match on his boot and held it up against the wall.

"Look at that!" he said, triumphantly.

I have remarked that the paper had fallen away in these parts. In this particular corner of the room a large piece had peeled off, leaving a yellow square of coarse plastering. Across this bare space there was scrawled in blood-red letters a single word:

"RACHE."

"What do you think of that?" cried the detective, with the air of a showman exhibiting his show. "This was overlooked because it was in the darkest corner of the room, and no one thought of looking there. The murderer has written it with his or her own blood. See this smear where it has trickled down the wall! That disposes of the idea of suicide, anyhow. Why was that corner chosen to write it on? I will tell you. See that candle on the mantel piece. It was lit at the time, and if it was lit this corner would be the brightest instead of the darkest portion of the wall."

"And what does it mean, now that you have found it?" asked Gregson, in a deprecatory voice.

"Mean? Why, it means that the writer was going to put the female name Rachel, but was disturbed before he or she had time to finish. You mark my words, when this case comes to be cleared up you will find that a woman named Rachel has something to do with it. It's all very well for you to laugh, Mr. Sherlock Holmes. You may be very smart and clever, but the old hound is best, when all is said and done."

"I really beg your pardon!" said my companion, who had ruffled the little man's temper by bursting into an explosion of laughter. "You certainly have the credit of being the first of us to find this out, and, as you say, it bears every mark of having been written by the other participant in last night's mystery. I have not had time to examine this room yet, but with your permission I shall do so now."

As he spoke he whipped a tape measure and a large, round magnifying glass from his pocket. With these two instruments he trotted noiselessly about the room, sometimes stopping, occasionally kneeling, and once lying flat on his face. So engrossed was he with his occupation that he appeared to have forgotten our presence, for he chattered away to himself under his breath the whole time, keeping up a running fire of exclamations, groans, whistles, and little cries suggestive of encouragement and hope. As I watched him I was irresistibly reminded of a pure-blooded, well-trained fox-hound as it dashes backward and forward through the covert, whining in its eagerness, until it comes across the lost scent. For twenty minutes or more he continued his researches, measuring with the most exact care the distance between marks which were entirely invisible to me, and occasionally applying his tape to the walls in an equally incomprehensible manner. In one place he gathered very carefully a little pile of gray dust from the floor and packed it away in an envelope. Finally he examined with his glass the words upon the wall, going over every letter of it with the most minute exactness. This done, he appeared to be satisfied, for he replaced the tape and glass in his pocket.

"They say that genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains," he remarked with a smile. "It's a very bad definition, but it does apply to detective work."

Gregson and Lestrade had watched the maneuvers of their amateur companion with considerable curiosity and some contempt. They evidently failed to appreciate the fact, which I had begun to realize, that Sherlock Holmes' smallest actions were all directed toward some definite and practical end.

"What do you think of it?" they both asked.

"It would be robbing you of the credit of the case if I was to presume to help you," remarked my friend. "You are doing so well now that it would be a pity for anyone to interfere." There was a world of sarcasm in his voice, as he spoke. "If you will let me know how your investigations go," he continued, "I shall be happy to give you any help I can. In the meantime, I should like to speak to the constable who found the body. Can you give me his name and address?"

Lestrade glanced at his note-book. "John Rance," he said. "He is off duty now. You will find him at 46 Audley court, Kennington park gate."

Holmes took a note of the address.

"Come along, doctor," he said; "we shall go and look him up. I'll tell you one thing which may help you in the case," he continued, turning to the two detectives. "There has been murder done, and the murderer was a man. He was more than six feet high, was in the prime of life, had small feet for his height, wore coarse, square-toed boots and smoked a Trichinopoly cigar. He came here with his victim in a four-wheeled cab, which was drawn by a horse with three old shoes and one new one on his off fore-leg. In all probability the murderer had a florid face, and the finger-nails of his right hand were remarkably long. These are only a few indications, but they may assist you."

Lestrade and Gregson glanced at each other with an incredulous smile.

"If this man was murdered, how was it done?" asked the former.

"Poison," said Sherlock Holmes, curtly, and strode off. "One other thing, Lestrade," he added, turning round at the door; "'Rache' is the German for 'revenge;' so don't lose your time looking for Miss Rachel."

With which Parthian shot he walked away, leaving the two rivals open-mouthed behind him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LICORICE HARVEST IN SYRIA.

Gathered in Sacks and Carried on Camels to the Seaboard.

In a series of articles describing the planting, cultivation, preparation for market and transportation of licorice root, appearing in the Pharmaceutical Era, there is the following interesting descriptive bit. In digging licorice root in Syria the usual way is to start a trench the length of the place to be dug over, about two feet in length, and work from that, each man placing in a pile the root he has dug, and at the end of the day or longer time it is taken to the scales, weighed and paid for at a special rate per pound. An allowance is always made for the dirt that clings to the root. The root is then spread out for a few days to slightly dry and is piled in stacks about three feet wide and four or five feet high, rounded off at the top in order to shed rain, and the piles are narrow enough to prevent heating.

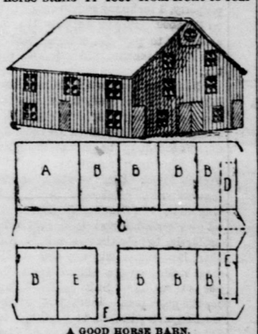
At the end of the rainy season the root is spread out to dry for about two months, being turned over from time to time, during which process all the adhering earth dries and falls off, leaving it clean and ready for transport to the point of shipment. It is then put into canvas sacks, each containing from two hundred to two hundred and fifty pounds, two sacks being a load for a camel or a mule. For the transportation of the root from the place where dug to the port of shipment, varying from two to five days' journey, a contract is usually made with some Arab or Bedouin sheik for a certain amount of cantars (of about five hundred pounds each) at a certain price, he to furnish camels and men and the owner to furnish and fill the sacks.

About fifty camels go in one caravan or drove, for which five men are sufficient. Sometimes, if one hundred camels are used, the caravan goes in sections; one man riding a donkey leads the first camel and the rest follow the leader, while the other men walk, keeping any camel from straying or lagging too far behind. They usually start early in the morning and go ten or fifteen miles, when a halt is made, the loads are taken off, and the camels are allowed to browse on the thorn or other bushes for three or four hours, then loaded again and about the same distance traveled, when they are again unloaded and the night is spent in the open air, and an early start made the next morning. And so on until the seaboard is reached, where they are unloaded, the root is weighed, the sacks emptied, and returned to be again refilled in the fields for another trip. On the Euphrates and Tigris the root is obtained near the banks of the rivers and, after being properly dried, is loaded in bulk on native boats called bugalows, carrying from fifty to 100 tons, which float down the river, or sail if the wind is favorable, or at times are towed by men as far down as Bassorah, where the root is unloaded and pressed in bales ready for shipment.

GOOD HORSE BARN.

General Plan, Measurements and Estimate of Total Cost.

Our illustration is of a horse barn for the ordinary farm. It is made of good lumber and the frame is of heavy, substantial timbers. It is 44 feet long by 36 wide. The corner posts are 18 feet high and the roof is well pitched. The whole is well lighted with windows and proper ventilation is provided. Hay is taken into the mow by means of a fork. In the ground plan, A is a workshop 12x14 feet. B B are double horse stalls 14 feet from front to rear



A GOOD HORSE BARN.

and 8 feet wide. C is a feed and driveway running through the middle between the stalls and is 8 feet wide. At one end are double doors and at the other a single door. F is a passage way leading from the interior to the outside. In this the stairway to the mow is placed. In the mow above the stalls and extending across the feedway are two bins, D and E, one for oats and the other for corn. These are connected with a covered scoop box on the first floor by means of a chute. The grain is thus always handy, and as the bottoms of the bins slope toward the opening in the chute, the contents all run out and are easily got at. The stalls, partitions, mangers, etc., are made of hard wood. The stalls are floored with 2-inch white oak lumber. The bins, siding, flooring, etc., are of ship-lap. This barn will cost between $900 and $1,000, and holds 18 horses. Feed is near the horses and everything quite convenient.—Orange Judd Farmer.

FEEDING ANIMALS.

Be Sure to Keep the Weak Ones Apart from the Strong.

Much waste follows feeding animals together. The stronger ones get too much, while the weaker individuals obtain scarcely enough for maintenance. Under these circumstances healthy, vigorous animals kept for breeding purposes lay on superfluous flesh. This is costly and detrimental, as it must be removed before the breeding season and often impairs fertility. The weaker animals, thus robbed of their proper food, yield no profit and produce undesirable offspring. If, however, these are kept apart and well cared for, they will more than pay for their feed and raising. In the case of horses, the quiet, inoffensive ones, if intelligent and obedient, are more and more called for. Most people prefer steady, faithful animals to fast, spirited ones. Feed farm stock separately, if possible, using the halter for horses and stanchions for cattle. If this is not practicable, separate into small groups, putting animals of like physical strength and disposition together. Do this with hogs and sheep as well as cattle and horses. This will do much to greatly increase profit in breeding and fattening.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Field Peas for Pigs.

No kind of grain is better for pigs, or yet for fattening hogs, than field peas. They require less labor than corn, and for inducing thrifty growth they are superior to any grain, excepting possibly wheat. A patch of peas ought to be sown expressly for the pigs, and as soon as the peas are fully grown a hurdle fence moved from place to place will enable the pigs to harvest the crop themselves. While the vines are green they will eat pods and leaves, but as soon as the peas begin to ripen the pigs become expert shellers. It is an excellent crop to grow in orchards, and the rooting of the pigs in search of scattered grains will keep the surface mellow and cover the droppings which they make, thus insuring against waste. To grow peas in orchards and feed them down with hogs there becomes a good way of keeping the trees in good condition.—Rural World.

Thought-Producing Figures.

Raising horses on the farm, by the average farmer, does not pay, although they are a necessity. In many of the towns of this county, dozens of farmers with mortgaged farms are trying to raise a trotting horse. It is probable a fancy price was paid for the breeding mare and siring her costs from $25 to $50. Trotters require good care. It will cost at least $75 annually for keeping so that a 4-year-old has cost about $350. If such a horse cannot go inside the 2:30 class she can be bought for less than $100. Where is the profit? A cow that will make 300 pounds of butter per year can be bought for less than $50. Butter at an average of 25 cents will leave a profit of $25 per cow. One hundred pullets will cost $50. Estimating $1.50 each for keeping and if properly fed and cared for you can make $100 from their keeping.—C. E. Ludden, in Farm and Home.

If the horse becomes restless do not jerk the lines; a strong, steady pull will be more effective and will not injure a tender mouth.

COMING DOWN WITH THE DUST.

—Life.

Preference.

Mamma—Will you have some squash, Ruby?

Ruby—I don't like squash that way, mamma.

Mamma—How do you like it, then?

Ruby—Only when it's made in a pumpkin pie.—Harper's Young People.

Open to Offers.

"You sketch with a free hand," remarked the professor, who had been critically examining her portfolio.

"Entirely free," said the lady, as she cast down her eyes in soft confusion, and waited for the professor to follow up the opening.—Puck.

THE WINTER SEASON.

Plenty of Work Can Be Done from Now Until Spring.

During the winter season all work must be done under shelter, except at such times as the weather may be warm enough to draw the frost out of the ground and permit of doing something in the field. Should such opportunities arise, the farmers will not make any mistake by using the plow, as it will be the proper time for destroying insects, as well as permitting the frost to get down into the soil and pulverize it. Frost power is a great boon to the farmer if he will utilize it, but many of them do not do so. There is plenty of work in winter if farmers will determine to lose no time, and especially on stock farms. In fact, there is more work to be done with stock in the winter season than in summer, and the most successful stock raisers are those who give their animals their whole attention in winter.

How many farmers go to the expense of overhauling the manure heap, yet it is a necessity; for down in the center of the heap, and near the bottom, is heat sufficient to permit of fermentation of the materials, while near the top the heap is cold and solid. When the time comes for spreading this manure, one portion will be coarse and useless, while the other will be fine and well rotted. To properly manage the heap it must be overhauled several times, the coarser material placed below and mixed with fresh manure and liquids, in order to reduce it. Every hour's work on the manure heap is well bestowed, as the farmer can bring the materials to a condition ready for the immediate use of the crop, thus saving time in the spring, as the manure not rotted now must first rot in the field before the plants can utilize it. Not once or twice, but a dozen times, if necessary, should the manure heap be handled during the winter, so as to make as much preparation for spring as possible.

ANIMAL FERTILIZERS.

An Entirely New Way to Provide Plants with Electricity.

A dead animal of any kind, fish, fowl or beast, buried near the roots of a fruit or other tree, will cause a wonderful growth. The animal substance does not pass into the vegetable, but, being a natural and a powerful generator of electricity, increases the current that passes from the atmosphere to the earth, and thereby a large quantity of support is drawn from the atmosphere, says Foster's Weather Bureau. You can grow a good crop of potatoes on a brick pavement if moisture is retained and the potato vines are connected with moist earth by copper wires.

Commercial fertilizers do not enrich the soil, do not add anything to it that is of value. The object sought in these fertilizers is to put the soil into a condition that will enable it to conduct electricity. The electrical current passes into the vegetable through its leaves, carrying with it the gross matter that goes to build up the vegetable cells, and after that matter is deposited in the vegetable the electric current must have a conductor through which to pass to the earth.

Worn out soils are poor conductors, and the acids used in the commercial fertilizers, which are little more than acids and sand, pulverize the dead soil and enliven it for a short time. Those acid fertilizers are largely used in the New England states and the cotton countries of the Mississippi.

But few people in the upper Mississippi and the Missouri valleys ever saw a commercial fertilizer. If science can find something that will render worn out soil a good conductor it will save millions of dollars annually that is now paid out for commercial fertilizers.

FOR HULLING WALNUTS.

A Device Shared with the Public by Its Clever Inventor.

It is getting pretty late for the invention here described to be used this year; but there is nothing in the constitution of the United States to prevent country boys from cutting out this article for future reference. J. C. Kennedy, of Crawsfordsville, Ind., unselfishly shares with the public an idea about "shucking" walnuts which recently occurred to him. He proposed a device resembling a grindstone in form, but provided with a two-inch

oaken wheel. He says that the horizontal supports should be made of rather thick stuff, in order to secure the best results. On one of the side-pieces a hopper is placed to hold the nuts. These fall down between the support and wheel, where the distance should be such as to give the right amount of pressure. The inventor advises roughening the surface wheel, either by digging gutters in it with a chisel or nailing on thin cleats. There isn't much fun in attempting to do either of these two things with an oak plank, but the former is probably the most efficacious.—N. Y. Tribune.

Crops Should Be Diversified.

The low price of wheat is due largely to the ease with which it is produced compared with a quarter of a century ago. A boy can now sit on a seat and do the work which formerly required a dozen men to perform. Improved machinery has made it possible to produce more wheat than formerly and at less cost. Farmers should diversify their crops whenever possible and endeavor to grow something that will give a greater return than wheat. We have many climates and soils, and there are greater opportunities for the future than may be apparent.

Reading a Woman's Mind.

"Wonder if Miss Stubbs would have me if I'd propose?"

"Well, I guess there's a fair chance. I heard her say last night that she meant never, never to marry."—Chicago Record.

Light Wanted.

"Mamma," said Willie, looking up from the letter upon which he has been industriously at work for some time, "how do you make an X? I want to write the word vaccinate."—Chicago Tribune.

For the Time Being.

"There is a period in a woman's life when she thinks of nothing but dress."

"What period is that?"

"From the cradle to the grave."—Puck.

A Reason.

"It's a 'love' of a bonnet,"
The gay poet sings
In a spirited sonnet,
"Because it has wings."
—Puck.

Sure to Win.

Subeditor—I think I have a great idea for the improvement of the paper. I believe it would be a good idea to start a "woman's page."

Boss Editor—I see nothing new in that.

Subeditor—But I shall make this page one that the women will read. I'll fill it up with accounts of what the men do at the clubs.—Indianapolis Journal.