THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

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DON'T Want A Wheel?

Just as good time now, as any, to think of buying, to compare prices and merits. We pin our best faith to the CLEVELAND and the PHOENIX.

A wheel should be

Easy Running, Fine Looking Fully Guaranteed.

Ladies Phoenix.

We have them now and will have in the Spring.

J. E. FORSYTHE.

GREAT SLAUGHTER SALE

OF

OVERCOATS, - SUITS,

Underwear, Shirts, Hats, Caps, Hosiery, Ties, Gloves, Mittens, Cardigan Jackets, Sweaters, Trunks, Valises, Telescopes, Watches, Chains, Charms, Rings, Pins, Suspenders, Handkerchiefs, Brushes, Purses, etc. This is

NO CLEARANCE SALE

Of Summer Goods, but our regular stock of FALL AND WINTER GOODS. We show you the largest stock in Butler to select from and everything goes. Don't miss this

Grand Opportunity.

We are the pioneers of LOW PRICES. We never were, never can and never will be UNDERSOLD. Bear this in mind, and don't make your purchases until you see us. We feel satisfied we can do you good.

D. A. HECK,

121 N. Main St., Duffy's Block, Butler, Pa.

FALL FOOTWEAR.

Cast your eyes in upon the fine display of the newest and most elegant styles in Footwear you have ever looked upon in Butler that we are now offering to the public.

We are now prepared to serve all buyers that want good, suitable Footwear at prices never before offered in this town, quality considered. The people of Butler county know our word and guarantee is sufficient on any shoe we offer, as time has proven.

If you are looking for Ladies Shoes see our 75 and 95c, $1.25 and $1.50; stop and look at the $2, $2 50 and $3, as fine as silk, in Blucherette and Button, Narrow and Square Toe, all widths.

IF YOU WANT MENS' SHOES

You have got to the right place at last, either in working shoes or fine dress shoes. Fine lines at 85c, 90c, $1, $1.25 and $1 50; wait a moment and see the $2 and $2 50 shoe in London, Globe, Yale and St. Louis toes Nothing like them in Butler.

Well if you want SCHOOL SHOES for your BOYS AND GIRLS, see the great display at 45c, 50c, 75c, $1 and $1.25.

Boy's and Youth's High Cut School Shoes.

If you are looking for a house that your dollar is worth 100 cents to every man, woman and child

If you are looking for a house that carries its stock in the house and not in the newspapers, in fact if you want to trade with a reliable, first-class Shoe House go at once to

HUSELTON'S.

Where the majority of the best people of Butler county do there buying in footwear. 102 N. Main St., Butler, Pa., opposite Hotel Lowry.

Good Looks Count.

When you turn out for a drive you want your carriage to look as well as your neighbors. You'll have no fear on that score if you have a

Fredonia Buggy.

Fredonia Vehicles are the best on the market in every way. If you'll examine them at your dealers you'll agree with this statement.

Made by FREDONIA MFG. CO., Youngstown, Ohio.

Weak All Over

Is the condition of thousands in hot weather, especially if the blood is thin and impure and the system poorly nourished. By taking Hood's Sarsaparilla,

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

your blood will be purified and you will gain strength of mind nerves and body. Be sure to get Hood's and only Hood's.

Hood's Pills are safe, harmless, sure.

MARTHA WASHINGTON

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320 PAGES. ILLUSTRATED.

One of the best Cook-Books published. It contains recipes for all kinds of cooking. Also departments on Medicine, Etiquette, and Toilet recipes. Indexed for handy reference.

MAILED FREE,

In Exchange for 20 LARGE LION HEADS cut from Lion Coffee wrappers and a 2-cent Stamp.

Write for list of our other Fine Premiums. We have many valuable Pictures, also a Knife, Game, etc., to give away. A beautiful Picture Card to in every package of LION COFFEE.

WOOLSON SPICE CO. Huron & Oak Streets, TOLEDO, OHIO.

It is unnecessary to bore you with the advertisement of our largest stock, best facilities, biggest business, etc. You know we have that. The important announcement is,

We will Positively save you Money on your Fall Clothes.

Our stock tables are resplendent with the newest patterns. See them.

ALAND, TAILOR.

C. AND D.

A business that keeps growing through a season of depression, such as the country has experienced, is an evidence that people realize they save money by trading with us. We know, and always have known, the days of large profits are past. Without question we are giving more for the money than last year. Our stock is larger to select from than last year.

CALL AND SEE US.

Colbert & Dale.

What You Need Is a Dictionary!

HERE IT IS!

One Webster Int. Dictionary, sheep, with patent thumb index, together with one Noye's patent adjustable dictionary holder—all complete for $12.50.

We are the only firm in the county able to wholesale school supplies in competition with large firms from Chicago and other cities We sell for less than other firms here pay for things.

J. H. DOUGLASS,

(WHOLESALE AND RETAIL)

241 S. Main Street,

Near Postoffice.

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

LIME, HAIR AND PLASTER.

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Rough and dressed Lumber of all kinds, Doors and Windows, and Mouldings of all kinds.

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Great Discovery. Cancers, Tumors,

and disfiguring growths removed without the knife and without pain.

Our specific medicines act only on the diseased parts and permanently cure. No fee until cured. DR. TAYLOR,

No. 320 Liberty Street, Pittsburg

FOREBODING.

I should be so lonely without you, dear
Why, even now, if you be not here
For the shortest day, there's a certain lack
Which does not vanish till you come back.
And if you were gone forever, dear,
The aching throat and the hot, swift tear
Were a feeble vent, and a futile, due
To the aching absence, dear, of you.

I should be so lonely without you, dear.
Kiss me again, so I know you're near
If I should reach for the old embrace
And my arms should close on a formless space,
In the midst of the world and its hollow cheer,
In the gayest throng, I should thrill with fear,
The fear of the void which the world would be,
If you were gone from the earth and me

I should be so lonely without you, dear.
Though I still might heed the passing year,
Though I still might toil from sun to sun,
What would it be when the work was done
You would not see and you could not share.
And who, of the rest, would really care?

And if I were gone and 'twere you were left,
I know your breast were as much bereft;
And though God were good and scraphs near,
If I were away, while you were here,
I should be so lonely without you, dear.

—J. Edmund V. Cooke, in Chautauquan.

TWO WAYS OF SHOPPING,

And of Reforming a Parsimonious Husband.

"EPHRAIM, can you spare me some money this morning?" Mr. Greenleaf looked up like an animal disturbed at its meal by a strange noise.

"Money!" he exclaimed, in a voice between a growl and a roar; he had eaten heartily of Mrs. Greenleaf's delicious breakfast (especially prepared, poor soul, in view of the emergency), and the word, with its obnoxious emphasis, came from the depths. "How much and what for?"

"I would like to do my fall shopping to-day, and I thought I would try and pinch along on twenty-five dollars, since the times are so hard."

"F-i-v-e-n-t-y-fi-v-e d-o-l-lars." Mr. Greenleaf's eyes were popping. "Do you think I'm made of money, woman?"

"I am sure that is a very small sum when you consider that there are five of us to shop for," Mrs. Greenleaf replied.

She always felt like a criminal going to the gallows when she was obliged to ask her financial master for money. There was always just such a hubbub, whether she asked for much or little, always the same routine of explanation, and she usually felt small enough to creep through the keyhole before it was over.

"Mary and Hetty must have new cloaks—"

"I thought they had new cloaks last fall," interrupted Mr. Greenleaf.

"They did, but they have grown so fast that those are quite outgrown. One of them, with a little alteration, will do nicely for Willie for an overcoat; the other just fits Myrtle. Then there are school dresses and underwear—indeed, Mr. Greenleaf, when I think of the actual needs I can see that it is only by the most pinching economy that I can make that amount do—it should be fifty."

At this alarming conclusion Mr. Greenleaf hurriedly drew out his pocketbook and counted out the money, turning every bill carefully to make sure that no surplus was creeping in unawares before he handed it to his wife.

"There, you must make that do you, whatever the needs are. It's hard times, Mrs. Greenleaf; everybody's pinching and economizing, so you'll be right on top of the style there."

With which parting witticism Mr. Greenleaf lighted a ten-cent cigar, settled his hat jauntily on one side of his head and went forth to his day's labor. Mrs. Greenleaf looked after him with a bitter, scornful smile and with tears in her eyes.

Years before, when she had married him, she had loved him, had given herself to him in her fresh, young girlhood, without a doubt of his worthiness of the trust. He had only shown his amicable side to her then, and he could be as kind and chivalrous as any man. Indeed, he was so now—toward other men's wives, and on rare occasions at home when some lucky stroke of fortune, or other incentive to good humor had occurred; but ordinarily home was the spot in which to unload all the vexations and worries of the day; to say all the cutting words he had been obliged, through policy, to refrain from saying to those whom he met in his business relations. It was no wonder that Mrs. Greenleaf's love had been smothered out; no fire can thrive under a wet blanket, and instead of being one in the marriage relation, they were now ten—he was the one and she was the cipher.

"DO YOU THINK I AM MADE OF MONEY?"

The feeling of bank bills in her hand, small as the roll was, soon restored Mrs. Greenleaf to comparatively good spirits and she flew about industriously, getting her morning's work done up surprisingly early as she planned the economies of the day, snipping off a yard of material here and pinching a quarter off the probable price of something else there. Verily, her shopping promised to be an exciting business, requiring firm self-denial and strict calculation to make one dollar do the work of two.

It is an easy matter for a woman, who has a particle of taste or judgment, to go into a store filled with beautiful and useful things, and select the cheap goods, well knowing that the better quality is the best economy in the end; but there was no other way for Mrs. Greenleaf to-day, and she carefully weighed the balances in color and style at the cheap cloak counter, the remnant counter, and bought underwear with a feeling of guilt, that being a line of goods where economy is no virtue. Yet she came to the end of her money before the actual necessities were off her list, to say nothing of the hair ribbon for which Hetty had pleaded, and the little bottle of perfumery which Mary had well earned by many dutiful acts. The heart of the mother swelled within her as she reluctantly ordered the packages sent home without these innocent luxuries.

If there had been any dire need of such pinching economy she could have submitted with the best of grace, but there was not. Mr. Greenleaf, while not a rich man, was amply able to support his family in comfort. The sacrifice of one day's smoking on his part would have paid for the trifles over which the girls would be so disappointed, she reflected, as she turned homeward, walking the half mile because her last penny was spent, even to street-car fare. It did not make her feel any happier to see Mr. Greenleaf passing out his cigar case to a friend as she turned a corner, and she noticed that the friend generously helped himself to two.

"Seventy cents gone for cigars to-day, that I know of, for Ephraim never smokes less than five," she said to herself bitterly as she hurried along. She did not wish to attract his notice—indeed, she felt too hard just then to speak to him if he should give her the opportunity.

"Come on and lunch with me," she heard him say ju.t as she passed out of hearing, and her lip curled contemptuously. Whole-hearted, generous fellow, a prince abroad, a miser at home; yet there are others of Mr. Greenleaf's type.

"Sewing, eh? I don't see how you women can contrive to be forever sewing," Mr. Greenleaf said, airily, as his wife drew out her work basket after the warm supper had been served. Mary and Hetty were doing up the dishes in the kitchen, so that mother could commence work on the new school dresses.

"Perhaps if you had the contriving to do for five you would find out," she replied, with more spirit than she usually displayed.

"Oh, yes, I suppose you must get the new fallals, the ruffles and puckers in place," he replied, in a facetious vein.

He had felt really liberal and greathearted all day in the serene consciousness of having done the square thing by his family—handing out money—good, commercial money—his money, in fact, and with an unusually small amount of friction, not even docking the sum asked, as he often did.

"Ruffles and fallals, indeed," Mrs. Greenleaf's temper was all which could afford ruffling in that house under present conditions, and she wondered grimly if he had any conception of the extra stitches his penuriousness entailed upon her—the ripping and making over, the interminable mending which, if her time was worth anything, cost more than new material.

The sewing for her family, however plainly she could do it, was a serious task without all this extra trouble of robbing Peter to pay Paul through an endless variety of makeshifts; but Mr. Greenleaf read his evening paper in serene unconsciousness of her perplexities as she turned her patterns this way and that, trying to get the dresses out from a piece of goods a half-yard short.

Mr. Greenleaf had occasion to do some shopping a few days later. He didn't consult his wife or inquire how many patches would be required to refit his wardrobe for the winter. Oh, no, that was not his style of architecture. With the first November blast he stepped into a furnishing store and asked for underwear.

"This is the best line of goods we have in the house," said the clerk, displaying a splendid value of all-wool goods, fine, warm and well made.

"The best price, too, doubtless," Mr. Greenleaf replied, playfully.

"Oh! yes, though the best is always the cheapest, we calculate. Three dollars the suit, now, isn't dear, when you consider the wear and the warmth."

"I'll take two suits," Mr. Greenleaf promptly replied. "I believe in buying a good article when I buy."

He called for shirts next. He had more shirts than Mrs. Greenleaf had dresses, but he had lost a collar button from an enlarged buttonhole in one of them last week, and hence fancied that he was out of wearable shirts.

"Custom made, of course?"

"Oh! yes. None of these patent adjustable slop-shop goods for me."

Shirts at two dollars each were cheap enough when Mr. Greenleaf wanted them for himself, and four were added to his already full stock. A new felt derby at three dollars, a pair of gloves at two, half-dozen pairs of socks and a few neckties, and Mr. Greenleaf paid his little bill of twenty-four dollars and walked out, feeling that he had done a very good stroke of business. He looked a little sheepish when his wife unrolled the package, with an amused smile, thinking that some generous impulse had moved him to bring a surprise package for the family. Her face fell.

"Why, Ephraim! Your underwear is all right with a little mending, and you have half a dozen good shirts."

"Oh, well, you can cut over the flannels for Willie, and the shirts will keep."

"I thought you said it was hard times," she said slowly, her upper lip curling sarcastically. "Would you mind telling me how much this outfit cost you?"

"Yes, I would," snapped Mr. Greenleaf, taking refuge in temper. "I earn the money; I shall spend it as I choose."

"You do not need to tell me." The wife pulled out a slip of paper from beneath the socks—the telltale bill—and read it. "You can spend twenty-four dollars on yourself without a murmur of hard times, and begrudge me twenty-five to make five of us comfortable for winter."

Worms will turn, and Mrs. Greenleaf freed her mind as she had not done in ten years, and Mr. Greenleaf listened with such appreciation that he handed out ten dollars before the peroration was over—it was the very least he could do and have any conscience left.

Mrs. Greenleaf lay awake half the night, thinking deeply. That sentence of her husband's buzzed in her ears like an angry bee—"I earn my money." Didn't she earn the money too? Was all her work, saving the expense of a girl—a seamstress—of no value? Not a servant girl in the town but was more independent and better dressed than she. A plan flashed into her mind and she sprung it in Mr. Greenleaf's astonished ear in the morning, but he rejected it with scorn.

"Pay you a girl's wages, indeed—hire my own wife to do her own work! Why, a lively girl would do the little work there is to do and have half her time to go visiting in."

It happened some weeks later that Mr. Greenleaf came home sick—an unusual event which had happened but twice before during their married life. He had a wide area of surface for pain to operate on, and a capacity for bearing it about equal to that of a babe in arms, so it was a weary day for Mrs. Greenleaf, who ran to and fro with mustard, hot water and cordials until she was ready to drop with weariness.

Next day he was better, but still weak and exacting, as he lay on the sitting-room lounge and watched his wife plod through a day's work. The patter of her footsteps annoyed him at first, as he heard them going from dining-room to kitchen, from thence to the woodshed, upstairs and down, and when at last she sat down the busy whirr of the sewing machine revealed that she was not yet idle. From annoyance he passed on to thoughtfulness, and when she drew her chair up to the light in the evening and began making buttonholes, he said:

"You have had an unusually hard day, haven't you, Mary?"

His voice was kind, even tender, and the wife looked up in surprise.

"Oh, no; rather easier than usual in fact."

"WOULD YOU MIND TELLING ME WHAT THIS OUTFIT COST YOU?"

"Mary—ahem—er-a-h-e-m—how this confounded phlegm does stick in my throat—I've been thinking about that plan you proposed. How much, now, does a girl get for doing common housework?"

"Three dollars a week and found; seamstresses a dollar a day."

"Suppose, now, I pay you four dollars a week and put the washing out; do you suppose you could clothe yourself and the children on that?"

"I should suppose so, Ephraim, since I have never had the half of that since we have lived together."

"I've been a teetotal curmudgeon, Mary, but if you'll forgive me we'll start out on a new basis this coming year. Your wages began yesterday, and I pay my help every Saturday night."

It was the happiest, most comfortable year of Mrs. Greenleaf's married life. Relieved from the galling necessity of begging for every dollar she needed, like a pauper, she grew younger and more light hearted, and with a regular income to plan with she was spared much of the sewing which had been so burdensome—buying ready-made goods of lasting material, thus giving herself more time for reading and going out than she had ever had before. She could even buy a new book occasionally and subscribe for a standard magazine, a luxury she had long coveted.

Mr. Greenleaf found the exercise of justice good for his own soul likewise, and the pair came nearer to being in love with one another than they had been before since the honeymoon. In every way the change was a household blessing. There was but one improvement to be made upon it, and that came later as a natural sequence—the wage payment was changed to an allowance, and a stout, matronly housekeeper took Mrs. Greenleaf's place in the kitchen, and Mr. Greenleaf became in time, not a model, but an endurable husband, an evolution of justice.—Mrs. F. M. Howard, in Good Housekeeping.

—He—"Higbee would have run through his fortune in a month if it hadn't been for his wife." She—"How did she prevent it?" He—"She spent it herself."—Brooklyn Life.

—Santa Fe was originally named La Ciudad de la Santa Fe de San Francisco.

A Limited Supply.

Gilhsoly—So you are going to marry another one of those Jones girls?

Henderson—Yes.

"You have been married to two of them, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"And there are only two unmarried sisters left?"

"Yes; that's all."

"Well, then, you ought to be careful, with those Jones girls and not waste any more of them or they will not hold out."—Texas Siftings.

Polly's Guilt.

It is not always easy to be generous, try as one may

"I was mean to Georgy this morning when you gave me the bread and butter," confessed eight-year-old Polly to her mother at bedtime.

"Why, Polly," said Mrs. Jenks, "I thought you were quite generous; didn't you give Georgy the larger piece?"

"Yes'm," sighed Polly, "but I kept the butterest piece myself!"—Youth's Companion.

Judge Not.

Downton—De Broker must be losing money.

Upton—Guess not.

Downton—He used to have a luxurious third-floor flat, and now I find that he has moved up to the tenth story.

Upton—It isn't safe to judge by appearances. Perhaps the folks on the second floor have a baby.—N. Y. Weekly.

"COMING THRO' THE RYE."

Miss Taller—Oh! do look at the beautiful view from here, Mr. Shorty.—Judge.

Great Luck.

Wiggleton (meditatively)—It is marvelous the luck some men have.

Hobbs—Any particular instance?

Wiggleton—I just happened to think of Naudgerly.

Hobbs—Why, he died last night.

Wiggleton—Yes, just twenty-four hours before his life insurance expired.—Boston Home Journal.

Contrary to Custom.

Chennick—A very mysterious case of the accidental shooting of a boy by another boy with a pistol occurred yesterday.

Dudley—I heard about it. But what is there mysterious connected with it?

Chennick—Why, the boy that had the pistol knew that it was loaded.—N. Y. World.

Establishing a Theory.

"Do you think," said the intellectual young woman, "that there is any truth in the theory that big creatures are better natured than small ones?"

"Yes," answered the young man, "I do. Look at the difference between the Jersey mosquito and the Jersey cow."—Life.

Awful.

Mrs. Catchings (weeping)—Didn't you hear about it? Mary has run off with that young Gillington. It's awful, awful, awful!

Mrs. Gadders (a social rival)—Well, I should say so. Have his parents offered a reward for him yet?—Puck.

The Last Resource.

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late, she's getting gray,
What charm can then her worst fears jolly?
What art can wash the sign away?
The only way her years to cover,
And hide her age from every eye,
And bring back to her feet her lover,
And ring her finger, is—to dye!

—N. Y. World.

EABY WAS WELL BAPTIZED.

Stolen for the Purpose by Pious But Pilfering Guatemala Domestics.

A San Francisican, traveling through Central America with his wife and young babe, rented furnished apartments in Guatemala and engaged a servant to act as nurse and general housemaid, says the San Francisco Argonaut. She had been in their service less than a week when she inquired of the father if the babe was baptized. He replied in the negative, whereupon she insisted that the child, a girl, would be forever lost. Within six weeks he had tried four consecutive servants, but found that each one would pilfer small articles, and finally determined to get along without any help. One afternoon, while sauntering lazily through the plaza, he was accosted by servant No. 1, who asked if the babe was yet baptized. "No," replied the father. "Still unbaptized." "Well," she answered, "it is all right, as I stole her away one Sunday, and the good padre baptized her, calling her Maria, so her soul will be saved." "As it cannot hurt her, and may help her, I am satisfied," thought the parent, and so dismissed the subject from his mind. The next day servant No. 2, with a new charge bundled in the linen swath on her back, approached him at the market place with the oft-repeated query: "Did you have the baby baptized?" and to his reply of "No" she consoled him by explaining that she had taken the little one to the cathedral and had it named Catarina, so her soul was saved a second time. Somewhat amused, the father hunted up and interviewed the succeeding servants, and discovered that the babe had been stolen to the church by each of them and quietly baptized. Consequently the name ran Maria Catarina Margarita Cruz Eloisa Refugio, besides that of Emily given by the parents.

LONG MATRIMONIAL CAREER.

A Couple in Hungary Celebrate Their Hundredth Anniversary.

We have all heard of tin weddings, celebrated after ten years of marriage; of crystal weddings, after fifteen years; of china weddings, after twenty; of silver weddings, after twenty-five; of gold, after fifty, and of diamond, after seventy-five, or, as some folks celebrate it, after sixty years, says the Philadelphia Press. But the scale of celebration does not seem to extend any further, and one wonders what precious thing would be selected to give its name to a wedding recently celebrated in Hungary—the one hundredth anniversary of the marriage of Szarthmary and his wife.

This appears to be a circumstance which is entirely impossible. But the marriage of this aged pair is duly and officially recorded as having taken place in May, 1794, at which time, according to the record, they were of marriageable age. As in Hungary, at that time, a bridegroom must have reached the age of twenty and the bride that of fifteen, the pair must now be at least one hundred and twenty and one hundred and fifteen years respectively.

The one hundredth anniversary was celebrated at the town of Zsombolyi in the town of Banat, which has for a long time allowed the venerable couple a pension in recognition of their great age and fidelity to each other.

Even the oldest residents of Zsombolyi have no other recollection of Jean Szarthmary and his wife than as old people. No one relation of either survives. Their century of wedded life is so well and officially attested that many notables and Hungarian officials attended the anniversary celebration and gave them many presents.

SAVING TIMBER IN MISSISSIPPI.

Stringent State Laws for the Preservation of Forests from Extinction.

Timber depredations, according to the New York Evening Post, have been stopped practically in Mississippi by a law which punishes offenders severely. There are large areas of forest land there belonging either to the United States government or to the state, and the temptation to settlers in remote regions to enter upon them and help themselves to wood was often too strong to be resisted. When driven from federal land by deputy United States marshals, the timber thieves found refuge in the state forests, which were not so well policed, and by moving from the one territory to the other they contrived to escape arrest. The federal officers finally became so vigilant that timber stealing proved a dangerous business, and the thieves transferred all their operations to the state lands. The legislature thereupon passed the law referred to, and it has improved the morals of the people so much that some districts which formerly were the scene of wholesale depredations are now almost free from the raids of poaching woodmen. The statute imposes a fine of two dollars per acre for each acre in every forty-acre sub-division of land upon which any trespass is committed. For the protection of private owners it also provides that for every tree cut down without their consent a fine of five dollars shall be paid.

Odd Phase of Sunstroke.

"A peculiar phase of sunstroke," said one of Philadelphia's most eminent physicians the other day, according to the Record, "is that a subject does not succumb to the attack until some hours after it occurs. The only explanation that medical science can give is that a sunstroke consists in a disintegration of the blood corpuscles, and considerable time elapses before the disintegrated blood reaches the nerve center in the brain which acts as a governor on the heat system of the body. The flow of the blood finally paralyzes the heat centers, and the heat runs riot, raising the temperature of the body to a fearful height within a few minutes. As an instance of heat prostration the doctor cited the statistics of the British army in India, where the great majority of sunstrokes take effect between seven and nine o'clock in the evening.

An Explanation.

Visitor—You are not looking as stout as when I saw you last.

Miss Birdie McGinnis—Well, you see, I've fallen off a great deal of late. I am learning to ride a bicycle.—Alex Sweet, in Texas Siftings.

No Regard for the Flies.

Fond Parent—It is very cruel of you, Bobby, to catch flies and put them on spiders' webs.

Bobby—What for? Does the spider eat too much and get sick?—Brooklyn Life.

His Preference.

"Which song would you rather hear Miss Warble sing?"

"'Mariner Bold.'"

"But she doesn't sing that at all."

"I know. That's why I prefer it."—Judge.

Not to Their Taste.

Wool—Why is it that flies always pick out a bald-headed man?

Van Pelt—Probably they don't relish hair restorer.—N. Y. World.

Paid For in Cash.

She (sweetly)—What beautiful roses! so fresh! Is that dew on them?

He (haughtily)—There is nothing due on them.—Life.

He Breaks Loose Again.

The Optimist—Now as to woman, generally speaking—

The Disagreeable Man—Yes, she's generally speaking.—Chicago Tribune.

POULTRY & BEES.

REARING QUEENS.

An Important Question Answered by a Well-Known Apiarist.

I have decided that every colony that is intended to be run for comb honey next year must contain a queen of this year's rearing I desire good queens, that my stock may not deteriorate. In view of the foregoing, what plan can I follow in order to produce the best results for a series of years?

The above question was asked G. M. Doolittle, and he answered as follows through Gleanings in Bee Culture:

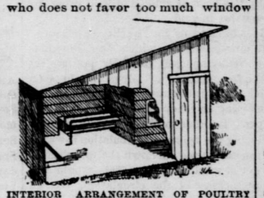
I cannot conceive what line of argument could have been used to bring the questioner to a decision that he would not allow a queen over a year old in his apiary, which was to be run for comb honey, and cannot help thinking that, when his experience accumulates, he will find that his decision is not well founded; for queens which are in their second year do fully as good work as younger ones, where the colony is worked for comb honey, and often are equally good the third and fourth year. Besides, I find, as a rule, that the bees will supersede their own queens as soon as they begin to fail to any appreciable extent; and when the bees undertake this work it is done much more satisfactorily, all things considered, than it was when the apiarist attempts to say: "This shall be," or "This shall not be."

But if you think you must have your own way you can rear pretty good queens in this way: Kill the old queen and let each colony rear one from her brood. In five days from the time you killed the old queen, open the hives and look for queen-cells. In doing this it is well to shake the bees off the combs so that the cell can be easily discovered. If any are found capped at this time they should be destroyed, as they will contain larvæ that are too old to make good queens.

ROOSTS AND NESTS.

Hints Regarding the Interior Arrangement of Poultry Houses.

The design is to show where to place the roosts and nests, with the view of having them away from the windows, and keeping the hens warm and comfortable. The roosts and nests may also be moved in summer to any other place on the floor. The space taken by the "cut-in" portion of the house, as shown at the window, may be used outside as a covered shed. The plan is from Mr. E. A. Hutchins, New York, who does not favor too much window



INTERIOR ARRANGEMENT OF POULTRY HOUSE.

space, and who states that the windows should be double for winter. For very cold climates windows should be close and not radiate the heat. The nests are shown under the platforms, the roosts being over them. The house may be of any preferred size, and a number of them may be together, divided with partitions. The object here is not so much to give a plan of a poultry house as to present a snug and comfortable location for the roosts.—Farm and Fireside.

The Removing of Honey.

When hive sections are full the work of removing them is made less hazardous by the aid of the smoker that is in such common use, but too free smoking is barbarous and unprofitable. The cone-shaped bee escape is a device every modern bee man ought to have. It is merely a cone made of fine wire net 3 inches in diameter at one end and open at the apex, so that only one bee at a time can pass through it. This is fastened to a hole in a board the size of the hive, the base of the cone level with the top of the board. When sections are to be removed, this bee escape is placed between them and the body of the hive. The bees pour into the open mouth of the cone and descend through its apex into the hive, soon leaving the desired case clear. They rarely find their way back through the escape. It can be put in place instantly, is effective, and so simple that anybody can construct one.—Farm and Home.

Fowls on the Farm.

It is impossible to get the best results from fowls kept cooped in a pen, especially during hot weather. Disease and vermin get a foothold among them unless they have ample range to sun and dust themselves by contact with fresh earth. A yard, no matter how small, that can be plowed or cultivated once a week during the summer will make a rolling place for them. It will be all the better if their grain feed is given on this plowed surface, and the fowls obliged to scratch for it. They may lose a little grain, but most of it will turn up at the next cultivation, or if it germinates its green sprout will be eaten. On farms the better plan is to let the fowls range everywhere, protecting the garden by a fence, and reserving that for hens with small chickens.

Killing Lice with Suds.

Refuse suds from the washtub will drive lice from the poultry house. Make them stronger by adding a pound of lye to the tub and apply while hot with a watering pot or spray pump, everywhere about the coop, especially on and around the roosts. If boiling hot, the soapsuds can be used to make a kerosene emulsion by adding three quarts of oil to the tub and running the mixture rapidly several times through a garden or force pump. The emulsion is a good lice destroyer.

To set a hen when the weather is hot and dry, a good plan is to put an inverted sod in the bottom of the nest.

His Point of View.

Bilkins—Do you think it is true that "the love of money is the root of all evil?"

Noteley—That depends upon whether she will marry you or not.—Truth.

Asked But Not Wanted.

He (who has just proposed)—And can you give me no reply?

And she gave him a "No" reply.—N. Y. World.

No Doubt.

Nodd—I have been so worried and run down that I think I shall have to take a sea voyage.

Todd—It will probably relieve you of a great deal.—Brooklyn Life.

Self Torture.

He—Yes, I admit, I frequently talk to myself.

She—How bored you must be.—Alex Sweet, in Texas Siftings.

A Georgia Item.

"How's real estate in your neighborhood?"

"First class! Six candidates to the front foot!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Wouldn't Use False Keys.

The notion that alcohol may do good because, for a moment, it *seems* to do good was well answered by a physician's response to a man who was somewhat too much given to the pleasures of the table. This man had said to the doctor:

"What do you think of the influence of alcohol on the digestion, doctor?"

"I think that its influence is bad," said the physician.

"But a little whisky taken just before a meal is the only key that will open my appetite, doctor."

"I don't believe in opening things with false keys, sir!" answered the other.

This response was particularly applicable, for a falsely stimulated appetite is a sure prelude to indigestion.—Youth's Companion.

Killed Just in Time.

A husband who had been out shooting, but who had not been successful, rather than return home empty-handed stepped into a shop and purchased a hare. "There, my ducky," he said to his wife on returning home, "you see I am not so awkward with the gun after all."

"Let me see."

"Isn't he a fine fellow?"

"My dear," said the wife, as she carried the animal to her nostrils, and put it down with a grimace, "you were quite right in killing him to-day; tomorrow it would have been too late."—French Exchange.

Too Free for Him.

"You want to be a candidate?"

"I do."

"Favor of free government?"

"I am."

"Free schools?"

"Of course."

"Free railroads?"

"I guess so."

"Free money?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Free speech at home an' abroad?"

"Look here, my friend! You don't know my family. Lend me a quarter an' I'll git out o' the race!"—Atlanta Constitution.

None in Stock.

The beggar faltered at the door.

"Have you the heart to refuse me!" he pleaded.

"No ——"

As the butcher spoke the dull expression of despair that had settled upon the countenance of the mendicant was lightened.

"We ran out of heart more than an hour ago."

When he had finished, the dull expression of despair was doing business at the same old stand.—Detroit Tribune.

Wifey's Opinion of Poker.

The Husband—I was pretty lucky at poker last night.

The Wife—Oh, George, have you been gambling again? You know it is a terrible sin.

The H.—H'm—I raked in seventy-two dollars.

The W.—Oh, darling, then I can have that new hat!—Boston Courier.

Woman's Way.

"When a man's wife tells a funny story I'd like to know how he's going to know when she's got to the point."

"Easy enough. The point's the part she tells half an hour after she's finished the story."—Chicago Tribune.

A Competent Witness.

Mr. Lakeside—Old man, congratulate me! I'm engaged to that charming widow, Mrs. Van Wabasher!

Mr. Dearborn Street—With all my heart! I never had a better wife than she was.—Chicago Record.

Not the Fattest.

It's not the one who strives the most
Who cometh out the winner;
The fattest boarder's not the one
Who eats the biggest dinner.

—Indianapolis Journal.

THE SKELETON AT THE FEAST.

Sudden Apparition (to Edward, who has just been accepted)—Is this the way to the cemetery?—Pall Mall Budget.

An Unsatisfactory Liege.

He—I'm not half as bad a husband as you thought I'd be, am I?

She—No; you've been disappointing in everything.—Truth.

Wonders Will Never Cease.

A deaf and dumb mute recently went into a Broadway bicycle shop and picked up a hub and spoke.—Life.

Not Beyond the Reach of Science.

"O doctor! doctor! I've swallowed a filbert."

"Swallow a nutcracker, madam. Five dollars."—Chicago Tribune.

Anxious to Know.

Tommy—Pa, what's ma crying for?

Father—She can't find her teeth.

"Is that the reason the baby cries so much?"—Life.

An Unsettled Relationship.

Marie—Is that Chollie's sister?

Louise—No. He hasn't proposed yet.—Kate Field's Washington.

The Usual Way.

"How did Oldenrich start in life, anyway?"

"He was born."—Life.

Indicative.

"What makes you think Jack Youngley is going to propose to you?"

"Why, we were dancing the other night and I complimented him upon the easy way in which he held me. 'Oh, yes,' he said, 'it's always easy for me to hold my own.'"—Brooklyn Life.

A Mitigating Circumstance.

Brown—Did you hear that young Benedict suddenly became deaf on the very day on which he was married?

Robinson—You don't say so. That shows that there is a silver lining to every cloud, no matter how dark it may be for a time.—Tammany Times.

A Few Years Hence.

"Ah, Maud Weatherwax," exclaimed the young man, weeping bitterly, "you never would have dared to talk to me in the manner you have if I had a sister to defend me! Coward!"—Indianapolis Journal.

Out of His Line.

Ada—Flo was just going down for the third time when Dr. Watson dived off a yacht and caught her.

Grace—And saved her life! Wasn't that wonderful!

Ada—Yes, for a doctor.—Life.

Musical Item.

A.—So your dog has gone away again, has he?

B.—Yes, since my daughter has been taking singing lessons there is no such thing as keeping him on the premises.—Alex Sweet, in Texas Siftings.