February Prices

Bickel's.

LEATHER GOODS-

LADIES' FINE SHOES

Ladies' \$1.25 warm lined shoes.
Misses' fine Dongola shoes, sizes 11½ to 2.
1 lot Misses' fine Kangaroo-calf \$1.75 shoes.
1 lot Ladies' fine Dongola \$1.50 shoes.
Baker & Bowman's \$4.00 fine shoes—hand turns and hand welts. All Winter Goods to be closed out Regardless of Cost.

Sample Counters filled with Interesting Bargains. Repairing neatly and Promptly Done. JOHN BICKEL,

Leggins and Overgaiters at greatly reduced prices.

128 South Main St.,

BUTLER, PA.

HUSELTON'S

C. O. D.

Sale of Shoes

There

Bunch of Money

Lost and made in Shoes this month! We lose-You win! 1250 pairs Fall and Winter Shoes.

Men's, Women's and Children's—so far not sold—will, as is our custom—BE CUT IN PRICE and promptly gotten rid of !

SALE IS NOW GOING ON!

TAKE DUE NOTICE!

HUSELTON'S DON'T ASK FOR SIZES ASK TO BE FIT.

OVERCOATS At 1-2 Prices.

We will sell 150 Men's Overcoats at 1-2 price

The balance of our Men's Overcoats at a bargain. Your choice of any Boys' or Child's Overcoat in our store for just 1-2 price.

The public knows we only have ONE PRICE and always make it in plain figuers. So when we say ‡ price it means something. We also have odds and ends in Suits, Shirts, Hats and Furnishings that we will close out at a Bargain.

CALL SOON---THIS SALE ONLY LASTS 15 DAYS.

Yours for Clothing,

DOUTHETT & GRAHAM.



K C Fall & Winter Weights

mark the wearer, it won't do to wear the last year's output. You won't get the latest things at the stock clothiers either. The up-to-date tailor only can supply them, if you want not only the latest things in cut and fit and work-manship, the finest in durability, where else can you get combinations, you get them at

G. F. KECK, Merchant Tailor, 24 North Main Street All Work Guaranteed

Now Is The Time To begin to think about what papering you are going to do before the Spring rush begins. Our stock of Wall Paper for 1903 surpasses all previous seasons. Double the amount we ever carried. Quality, tasty designs and colorings can't be beat. Come in and look around even if you don't want to buy. It will be time well spent and a pleasure for you to cee the FINEST and LARGEST display of Wall Coverings ever shown in Butler. No trouble to show goods.

Patterson Bros

HAMMILL'S CELEBRATED INDIAN ROOT TABLETS Greatest Kidney and Liver Remedy. Positive cure for Sic

> For Sale by all Druggists, or by mail, 25c, 50c, and \$1.0 HAMMILL MEDICINE CO.

Subscribe for the CITIZEN.

Nasal CATARRH Ely's Cream Balm

ELY BRO It cures catarrh and drives away a cold in the head er the membrane and is absorbed. Relief is imnot produce sneezing. Large Size, 50 cents at Drug-

Bilious?

Dizzy? Headache? Pain back of your eyes? It's your liver! Use Ayer's Pills.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use Buckingham's Dye



Johnston's

Beef, Iron and Wine

is the Best Tonic

Blood Purifier. Price, 50c pint. Prepared and sold only at

Johnston's Crystal

Pharmacy,

R. M. LOGAN, Ph. G., 106 N. Main St., Butler, Pa

Everything in the drug line.





Men's Goods. 0-0-0

S BIG SALE MEN'S HATS AND FURNISHINGS.

All heavy Winter goods in this sale.

All soft and stiff hats at ... All soft and stiff bosom color

Jno. S. Wick

HATTER and MEN'S FURNISHER.

Opposite P. O.

BUTLER, PA.

A Safe Investment-Fine Farm

For Sale. \$7,000; farm of 50 acres, 4 miles from Mars Station, one mile from Brush Creek and Perrysville road; house of nine rooms, gas, center hall, porches, two cellars; the farm is all fenced with wire. cellars; the farm is all fenced with wire, locust posts; a good bank barn 40x60, wagon shed 20x40; a large chicken house 20x30, piped with gas; the farm is well watered and watered in two forms; it has a large apple orchard, 4 oil wells, royalty \$40 per month; 10 acres which are not leased for oil can be leased at any time with a gnarantee of drilling a well; the land is all cleared, good soil; reasons for selling closing up an estate. See

M. J. EHRENFELD,
1922 Forbes st. Pittsburg, Pa.

1922 Forbes st., Pittsburg, Pa.

By L. E. Chittenden opyright, 1902, by the S. S. McClure

0000000000000 the bishop. The bishop and he were very par-

ticular friends and therefore shook hands, as man to man, in a very cordial "I came," said Dummy Dee, "on very particular business, and I would have

been awful sorry not to find you at "I am very glad to be here, Dummy Dee frowning thoughtfully into space for ideas and the bishop waiting to

"Are you ever lonesome, bishop?" perhaps come to live in the lone of the lonely man to brighten by ward and clasping his short arms

Childless and wifeless and of strong and often unpopular opinions, the scholarly bishop was indeed a lonely man, just now narticularly so."

I think so," said the bishop. "We will find a way. But what a fine pair of guessers these two are! Never to make a mistake!" nan, just now particularly so.

A controversial point had forced him nto a position where he stood almost f not quite alone. He tried to believe his position was a matter of principle His enemies said it was obstinacy and dogmatism, and even his warmest friends were silent and regretful over He had when Dummy Dee came in

been writing on the point, and bitter, fiery words were penned on the sheets of paper that strewed the open desk. He glanced at them now as he spoke, and from them to the beautiful pictured face of his young wife, who had died very early in their married life. Yes, he was very lonely.

Dummy Dee nodded and looked

houghtfully at the glowing grate fire.
"Nice things happen sometimes when you're lonesomest, though," he said by way of giving a small crumb of comort to his friend.

"You know mother is sick and down south getting her health and father busy at the settlement work, and some-times I get kind of a stomach ache in my heart and a lump in my throat.
"My, it most chokes me," he added "But just the other day the

summer boarder sent me these bicycle rousers," sticking out his short leg for the bishop to see, "or I never could have stood it in the world. She knew how I felt about kilts and aprons and always having to wear something of the other children's 'count of their growing so fast and me not. I slept with 'em that night in bed, and once vhen I woke up and thought about of these, and then I felt better. Did you ever try anything like that?" he asked, looking at the bishop's troured legs stretched out on the other

side of the fire. "No," the bishop replied bravely; he had not thought of it. "Then there are always things to do thing I came to see about," continued

Dummy Dee. "I've been taking soup and books and things up for the settle-"She's got a kind of mother, only she's

an aunt and awful bad to her. She drinks something out of a bottle"—and Dummy Dee lowered his voice to a shocked whisper-"and she is awful

spinal back I think they call it," aid Dummy Dee, with a learned air, to adopt us both then. What do you The bishop's principal thought was a

desire to laugh, but he held his peace, so Dummy Dee went on: "She's English. I've told her about ot lord exactly, only kind of next to the Lord, you know."
At this the bishop could contain him-

self no longer, but put back his head and laughed a pealing laugh that startled the shadows in the dim, quiet li-brary, and he only stopped when he beheld Dummy Dee gazing at him in

"Come," said the bishop, springing up like a boy, "let us go and see

Goodby!" said Dummy Dee, getting walk. It isn't very far, and it's a fine But before they started the bishop

and threw them on the grate. They blazed cheerfully. "Hi!" said Dummy Dee. wriggle as if they hurt." "I intended they should hurt others,"

said the bishop softly, with a curious Many curious eyes turned to watch the two, the dignified ecclesiastic in his churchly garb and the sunny, romping, rosy child, who, not altogether un-

aware of these glances, took them largely as a tribute to his beloved bicycle trousers and strutted proudly.

Two delightful stops were made be fore they reached the tenement where

aden with books, games and flowers. "Father says she looks like a picked flower without water," said Dummy Dee as they climbed the steep, rickety They entered the room in response to

Nora's summons, and Dummy Dee, somewhat embarrassed, made the bishop known to the pale faced child lying No one had ever seen the scholarly two children found him that afternoon

Nora's cheeks grew pink with happi ess and her eyes brighter than ever a she listened to stories, guessed riddle and played games with the bishop and . At last the shadows grew longer.

"I've a last story to tell you two children before we go," said the bishop, and you must be very quiet and listen hard, for there is a guessing part to it. "Once upon a time," began the bishop, "there lived a man alone, and, as ometimes happens to lonely people he grew selfish and bitter hearted. He forgot the teachings of the one whom he had vowed to serve, but tried instead to serve himself and was unhap-

py, as all such men are. "There came to him one day a dear little friend of his who was also lone ly, but who tried to forget his loneliness by helping others and was comforted by doing this. So the man

and he too, found comfort and happi ess as the boy had.

"Now, the man naturally did not want to be lonely and anhappy and bitter again, for he found the better part, so he thought out a plan. He mother, who is almost well, but not quite so well as she will be when the man brings to her her youngest boy." There was a queer gurgling sob that was half a laugh and half a cry and altogether a mixture of home

bishop's fine lawn that he found within

his grasp.
"Guessed," said the bishop, laughing, "I am very glad to be here, Dummy with a shake in his voice, "The first Dee," said the bishop, smiling at his part of my puzzle story guessed with-Ther he took the little sick girl to a white, bright room that he knows of in the children's hospital, where, sur unded by birds, books and flowers near the manner of his guest's busiand loving care, she can get well and Another little cry from the bed, and Nora's slender, groping fingers sought the bishop's hand, "Me?" she said. round his knees.
"Yes, often," said the bishop, the

"Yes, often," said the bishop, the note of truth vibrating through his tone.
"Me—Nora? Would my aunt"—
"I think so," said the bishop. "We

When the kind hearted woman on that floor came in to look after Nora, her aunt being away serving time for drunkenness, they went away and left the happy child, already better, with hope and joy working miracles with

"You make up your mind the best and quickest of any one I ever knew. How did you think of such beautiful the evaporator room, except doors, and things?" asked Dummy Dee as they therefore exclude all steam from the felt their way down the rickety stairs.
"It's a thank offering, Dummy Dee,"
The house is built on a side hill, so said the bishop, with a return of his curious smile, "for burning the papers."

that sap can be drawn from gathering and cents."

The secretaring

Three Signs.

When I was a young man, said an old timer, I was employed in an Ohio town of some 1.800 inhabitants. One day the town was billed from roof to foundation in flaming letters, "They're Coming!" One couldn't go amiss of the big letters. They followed him every en in the middle of the night with thos huge letters staring them in the face while they wondered what it all meant

As week or more passed, and on morning every one of those signs was covered with another equally flaming "They Have Come; at Town Hall To night!" And you may be sure the town turned out in force. There wasn't stand ing room, although a liberal admittance fee was charged. Inside a big curtain excluded the stage, and to this all eyes were turned as the appointed hour drew near. There was a little delay, and is was about half past 8 when the curtain slowly rose, disclosing to view another of the big lettered signs, only the word-

ing was different this time.

The sign read "They Have Gone And you can bet your last dollar wasn't long before the townspeople had gone. Some clever fellows had worked the game successfully and got away with a snug little sum, leaving only a couple of townspeople to pull up the

"Graceful bowing," remarked the the tea table, "is fast becoming one of the lost arts. Few are proficient in it, and, indeed, the difficulties are many I am referring of course to men. Wo men are still mistresses of the art, but not all of them, either.

"But I have seen men who were fat. not to say tubby, and they find that a mere inclination of the head is a burden, for it induces disagreeable rushe and I feel so sorry. I asked father if for men who wear twenty inch collars he'd adopt her, and he said he thought ee couldn't. I've thought I'd marry and scraggy, and when they bow, beter if necessary, but father would have of adopt us both then. What do you make the spectator think, of stringed narionettes, and they dread the smile of the man in the street.

"And I have seen men whom the critical moment found unprepared, with hands in pockets. And I have seen them when they were wearing caps and clutched vainly and instinctively at hat brims, and I blushed at their grotesque poses and involuntary caricatures of the line of beauty."-New York Times.

They Were Mere Paper, but The Subdued the Artist Turner. Turner, the great landscape painter was a curious mixture of parsimony and generosity, determined mone grubbing and unreckoning devotion to his art. He would drive a hard barup, or sliding down, rather, from his chair. "That's what I wanted. Let's sell at any price. Intending purchasers were sometimes excluded from his gallery, and the refusal of admission

Mr. Gillott, the wealthy pen many facturer of Birmingham, once proved himself equal to the task of storming the castle in the teeth of the gruff art ist and his doorkeeper and achieving bargain. A book on Turner gives the

Turner's house by an old woman, who opened the door and asked the gentle

"Can't let 'e in!" she snapped out when he told her, and tried to slam the

But Mr. Gillott had put his foot in side the door and without waiting for permission pushed past the enraged janitress and hurried upstairs to the gallery. Turner met him like a spider whose web has been invaded. The intruder introduced himself and said

"Don't want to sell!" was the an-"Have you seen our Birmfngham pic tures, Mr. Turner?" inquired the visit-or, as calmly as if he had been received

as a gentleman should be. "Never heard of 'em," said Turner. Mr. Gillott took from his pocket some Birmingham bank notes. "Mere paper." remarked Turner, who evidently enjoyed the joke.
"To be bartered for mere canvas,"

said the visitor, waving his hand to in

dicate the paintings on the wall. His one-perhaps also the sight of the "mere paper"-conquered Turner, and when the visitor departed he had bar gained for several valuable pictures our creditors, old chap?"

verywhere, old boy." Judge-What is your age, madam? Witness-I'm at least five years younger than the neighbors think me. -Philadelphia Press

"No difficulty whatever. I meet 'em

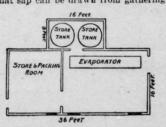


MAPLE SUGAR MAKING.

With maple sugar making time come sickness and coming delight, and Dum-my Dee shot himself bodily into the sections where this special industry is bishop's arms, cuddled against his pursued. The cuts from American Agshoulder and lay there sniffling hap-pily. He groped vainly for his hand-this purpose. It is on the farm of a



and manager for himself at sixteen years of age on 200 acres, and it is among the many substantial improveents which he has effected in a few



in 1903. Consequently an opening is being arranged which will provide against invalidating these subscrip-GROUND PLAN OF SUGAR HOUSE. wagon or sled to store tank, there t evaporator without any pumping or sugar maples, a large proportion being style about forty years ago by the fa ther of this young man. The work in this camp is usually done by three men, except during a very large and long run, when a little extra help has to be used. The income from the sugar and sirup products adds materially to the revenues of the farm The balance of the farm is devoted to

No more red onions for me. Nobody seems to want them, and they are a drug in the market, while the demand no more pink Prizetakers. Yellow one

are good enough for me.

The imported Spanish onion is quite subject to the attacks of black rot fungus, and a large proportion of the bulbs rent on cold days. The trouble may be brought to this country are spoiled for overcome by making a sliding door at the lower edge of the joists. Before same weakness. Evidently it is of the same blood. The only thing we can do is to sell and use these large onions as soon as possible after harvesting.

A reader asks for some hints on how to grow onions. It's a big subject, too Agricultural Notes

big to give many details. Try the nev onion culture. Get a little seed of Prize People are once more talking about taker or Gibraltar and sow as early as possible in a box in the house or in a the old time "soapstone stove" for hotbed outdoors, making rows one and a half or two inches apart and sowing the seed rather thickly, say at the rate bed. Push the growth all you dare to, and cut off one-third of the tops when top heavy. Then plant out in good soil in early spring, with three or four inches space between each two plants in the rows and the rows fourteen or fifteen inches apart. If this is followed, you will be liable to grow very large, fine bulbs.—T. Greiner in Farm and

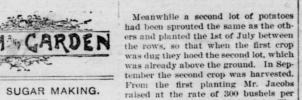
How Much Floor Space to a Hen? It is a matter of great importance to know how many hens can be kept in one pen and at a profit. There is quite a general opinion that hens which are allowed to roam at will or have spe cious yards do best in flocks of forty to forty-five and on being confined to win square feet for each hen. From actual tests this has proved about right. They may be confined closer if they have a scratching shed where they can run in bright weather. This may be made open to the south and annexed to the henhouse, and it would be better if such shed or apartment were closed, with plenty of glass on the south side This apartment need not be as warm as the regular house. Mine is of plain oards put on up and down and cracks battened. It has two large windows with a door, which can be left open on fine winter days so the hens can enlov a good warm sun bath. The windows should be arranged with curtains to close cold nights. Most of the feeding is done in the scratching pens in a litter of chaff or straw.-Cor. American Agriculturist.

Sheep are fed for a double purpos wool and mutton. Don't make the mis-take of feeding for mutton and starving for wool. Good wool requires uniform feeding.

POTATO GROWING.

Iow a Maine Specialist Makes Two Good Crops on the Same Ground. New England Homestead tells of a Kennebec county (Me.) farmer, one of ose specialties is raising potatoes, ducing the earliest to be found in the in raising two good crops on the same piece. The ground was thoroughly plowed the previous fall. In the spring was harrowed until the earth was planting phosphate was dropped in the

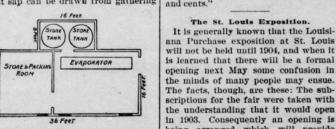
up from the cellar the last of February r 1st of March and placed in a light, ool room, so that when they were planted they had large green sprouts and well developed leaves. As soon as the soil was warm enough these were placed in the ground. His care did not diminish any now that the potatoes were plan 1, and very soon the leaves began to ash up toward the light and air. They were kept free from weeds and bugs until the middle of July; then he began marketing them, largely at





In the negative we are told: "I have no use for scratching sheds in this lati-tude. My hens are none too warm in their well built houses day or night when the thermometer shows 10 to 15 below zero.' ing sheds. After being cold for several

years in addition to managing his farm successfully. tankroom was not completed. The main house is 16 by 36 feet, 12 feet high, with sirup and packing room in we know it we have a lot of frozen front, 12 by 16 feet, with room for sap pails directly above. These rooms are ceiled with a tight partition between ered it a dirty, disease breeding concerning the control of the contro



tions. The great fair will really swing its gates wide open a year later.-National Stockman. For Comfort In the Barn. A correspondent who has always been more or less annoyed by the draft of cold air which circulates up the hay shoot in the barn near the heads of the horses and in the sheep barn tells in an

ere: from the second, 100 bushels. The

variety used was the New Queen, and

Rural New Yorker has been taking

estimony from correspondents on the

advisability of "scratching sheds for

poultry," and the way "doctors disagree" doesn't compare to the discrep-

ancy of opinion brought out. To some

ers wouldn't have it at any price. Four

for to six against is the record. "I am in favor of scratching sheds. There is

no question, in my experience, that ey are beneficial," says one man.
"We have sheds attached to all our

houses and if we were farther south

one of the most necessary things for a successful poultry raiser to have," af-

We turn the birds into the scratching sheds to get the sunlight, and before

And very much to the point is, "Th

scratching shed never pays in dollars

inderstanding that it would oper

the only fertilizer was phosphate.

going up into the mow one reaches up with a fork and slides the door open and after throwing down what hav is

ourning rough and refuse wood. "Intensive rye culture" is outlined by The harvest is without machinery feed off the fall growth. Grimes' Golden is a favorite with

Ohio apple growers in general, and Rome Beauty and York Imperial are popular in the southern and central A good and little known vegetable is alsify, or oyster plant. It is very hardy and easily grown. Sow early in

even in the last of the snow. NAPOLEON'S AWFUL HAND.

Where the land was well fitted in the

One Theory of the Great Man's Fail-Napoleon, according to Alexande Dumas, lost such battles as he did lose because he wrote such a flendish hand. His generals could not read his notes and letters, typewriting had not been invented, and the trembling marshals, afraid of disobeying and striving to in terpret the indecipherable commands, loitered, wandered and did not come up to the scratch, or not to the right scratch. Thus Waterloo was lost. Cannot you fancy Grouchy handing round Sunday? "I say," cries the marshal to his aid-de-camp, "Is that word Gem-bloux or Wavre? Is this Blucher or Bulow?" So probably Grouchy tossed up for it, and the real words may have been none of these at which he offered his conjectures. Meanwhile on the left and center D'Erlon and Jerome and Ney were equally puzzled and kept on sending cavalry to places where it was very uncomfortable (though our mer seldom managed to hit any of the cav aliers, firing too high) and did no sort of good. Napoleon may never have been apprised of these circumstances. His old writing master was not on the scene of action. Nobody dared to say, "Sire, what does this figure of a centiped mean, and how are we to constru these two thick strokes flanked by blots?" The imperial temper was peppery; the great man would have torn danced upon them. Did he not once firaw his pistol to shoot a little dog that barked at his horse? And when

The little dog retreated with the honors of war. Such was the temper of Napole and we know what Marlborough thought of the value of an equable temper. Nobody could ask Bonaparte to write a legible hand, so his generals lived a life of conjecture as to his meaning, and Waterloo was not a suc-cess, and the emperor never knew why. Of all his seven or eight theories of his failure at Waterloo, his handwriting was not one. Yet if this explanation had occurred to him Napoleon would certainly have blamed his pens, ink and paper. Those of Nelson at Copenhagen were very bad. "If your guns are no better than your pens," said a Danish officer who came in under a

flag of truce before the fightiand was

the pistol missed fire the great soldier

ew it at the dog and did not hit him.

asked to put a message into writing, "you had better retire."—Andrew Lang in Longman's Magazine. SICKROOM PHILOSOPHY.

f you can obtain the use of two. Never play the piano to a sick person if you can play on strings or sing.

Never stand and fidget when a sick person is talking to you. Sit down. Never complain that you cannot get a feeding cup if there is a teapot to be had instead. Never read fast to a sick pers The way to make a story seem short

is to tell it slowly.

Never judge the condition of your hour afterward. Never put a hot water bo the skin. Its efficiency and the pa-tient's safety are both enhanced by surrounding the bottle with flannel.

Never allow the patient to take the temperature himself. Many patients are more knowing than nurses where there is a question of temperature.

In its early days, when, it is to be hoped, it was more toothsome than it

is now, the hot cross bun played some part in converting the people of these islands to Christianity. Pagan England islands to Christianity. Pagan England
was in the habit of eating cakes in
honor of the goddess of spring, and
Christian missionaries found that
though they could alter the views of the people in reference to religio matters they could not induce them withhold from the consumption of con rectionery. So they put the sign of the cross upon the bun of the Saxon era and launched it upon missionary enterprise which has extended through the intervening centuries and survived till

now.-London Tit-Bits.

Never leave an umbrella standing or the point in the ordinary way when wet. The water trickles down, spoiling the silk and making the wires rusty. It is also a mistake to open it and leave it standing, as this stretches the silk, making it baggy so that it is impossible to fold it smoothly. The proper way is to shake out as much of the

Perkins, Jr.—Why don't ye buy that corse of Seth's, pop? He's got a fine

water as possible, then stand the un

is, is he with anything? Why, boy, them sassiety folks what comes here in the summer has pedigrees.—Brook-

"What have you in the way of beef-teak today?" asked the cheerful cus-omer who hadn't paid his bill. "Well," replied the frank butcher, "I reckon about the only thing in the way is its price."—Baltimore News.

Investigating the Delay.
Sunday School Teacher—And it took
Noah 100 years to build the ark.
Street Arab—What was the matter? Was there a strike?—Puck. If it wasn't for silly hens the fox yould not have his reputation.—Life.

STAGECOACH DAYS.

There are men and women—and they are not always the old—who deplore the breathless pace of the age. In stagecoach days, they tell us, life was istence had a flavor. A century ago a journey meant fellowship and merry adventures and a comfortable enjoy-

ment of the beauties of the landscape.
All this may be so, but a traveler who made the journey from Portsmouth to London in 1780 shows that even stagecoach days had their shadwas at the risk of one's life," he wrote, "and when I was up I had not hold on to except a little handle at the side. The moment we set off I thought I saw certain death before me. The machine rolled with tremendous rapidity over the stones and every minute

peared to me a complete miracle that we stuck to the coach at all. "This continual fear of death at last became insupportable to me, and I carefully crept along the top of the coach and ensconced myself in the

basket behind.
"On a sudden the coach proces a rapid rate down a hill. All the boxes, iron nailed and copper fastened, began iron nailed and copper fastened, began to dance around me, and every moment I received such violent blows that I thought my last hour had come. Shaken to pieces, bleeding and sore, I crept back to my former position. And it rained incessantly, and as before we were covered with dust so now we

were soaked with rain. "My neighbor every now and then fell asleep and when in this state perpetually rolled and joited against me with the whole weight of his body, more than once nearly pushing me from the seat to which I clung with the last strength of despair. I looked and certainly felt like a crazy foo when I arrived in London." The letter is realistic. It is poss

POULTRY POINTERS. When chickens grow very fast, it

though unromantic, has its compet

tions after all.—Youth's Companion.

ometimes causes leg weakness. Under usual conditions a variety of food is better than any medicine that can be given. The only safe way of disposin dead fowls that have died of any tagious disease is to burn them. Clover contains two elements that

and lime. It is rich in the elements required for the whites of eggs. When roup gets into a flock, it inve riably leaves some ailment behind The fowl that has been subject to it is eldom healthy again. There is no cure for feather pulling except by more labor and time than ar

are in demand by the hens-nitroger

ordinary flock is worth. The best plan is to get rid of the guilty fowls as soon A hen seldom begins to eat eggs until she finds one broken or until sh becomes accustomed to eating egg thrown out into the yard. The safes

Taming the Cheetah In India. fitted over his head effectually blinds him. He is fastened on a strong cot bedstead, and the keepers and the

mission by starving him and keeping him awake. His head is made to face the village street, and for an hour at a time several times a day his keepers make pretended rushes at him and wave cloths, staves and other articles in his face. He is talked to continually, and women's torques are believed to and women's tongues are believed be the most effective antisoporific created being could resist the effe hunger, want of sleep and fent scolding, and the poor cheetah be piteously, abjectly tame.—"Beast Man In India."

Tunnel Discomforts.

The prairie dog that had started out to see the world was taking in the sights in a neighboring village inliabited by his own species.

out of a subterranean dwelling that a rattlesnake had pre-empted, "I see they have the same tunnel problem to solve here that they have in other cities."—Chicago Tribune.

"That man," remarked Smithers, makes a hundred speeches from the

"No," replied Smithers, "street car conductor. He says, 'Move up forward, please!' every time any one gets on his car."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune. Her Father—But, my boy, surely you are too young to marry Aurelia. How old are you?

old are you?

Her Suitor—One and twenty, sir.

Her Father—And she is twentyseven—too great a disparity. Why not
wait half a dozen years? Then you'll
be twenty-seven and she'll probably
be just about the same age as you,

Uncle Reuben says: "Arter arguin' fur forty y'ars dat de whale couldn't possibly have swallered Joner and makin' three or four enemies a y'ar ober it I has come to de conclusion dat my bellef, one way or de odder, wouldn't affect de past 2 cents' wuth. wouldn't affect de past 2 cents' wuth.
I have simply wasted a heap o' breath
fur nuthin'!"—Detroit Free Press.

Probably one of the most remarkable curiosities in the world is the twin tree growing in the province of Loire, southern France. This marvelous freak of nature consists of two healthy trees some twenty feet high, with brilliant some twenty feet high, with brilliant foliage, the top one actually growing upon the lower.

A cavity was formed in the upper trunk of the bottom tree, which was filled with decaying bark and the accumulated dust and debris of years. This became a sort of bed, from which sprang the roots and in time produced the upper tree. Contrary to all the laws of horticulture, the life of the tree has not been injured in the least by its narrasite companion on top. upon the lower.

has not been injured in the least by its parasite companion on top.

The top tree is a lime, and the peasants in the neighborhood make occasional pligrimages to this tree, as they make a sort of ten from the buds of the lime, which, they say, on account of its peculiar growth and situation, has mysterious and beneficial powers if im-

tree, having withstood the ravages of the wind for years, and seems to be nourished as well as if it were growing in the natural soil of the earth.

for all sorts of domestic purposes in Africa. They may even be seen drawthe strange, cumbersome, old fashioned wells of north Africa. Their chief use, however, is for caravans. You may be hold them bringing in huge cases of dates from the oases, or you may see them with great tentlike structures of

red silk upon their backs. These tents are for the conveyance of Arab women of the upper classes, who seek to main-tain the privacy of the harem when on a journey. Two women and some children are often accommodated on one camel. They have cushions on which they can lie down and even sleep. It is stuffy, and it is dark, but they deem themselves well off in escap-ing from the searching rays of the

First European Railway.
The first carriages that ran on rails
in Europe were those of a horse railway between Linz and Budweis, in
Austria. This was in working order in 1827. Locomotive railways were much longer coming. The first line, in a modern sense, was opened from Paris to St. Germain in 1835, but railway development was greatly hindered by a terrible accident on the Paris-Ver sailles line in 1842. The next was the Brussels-Malines line in Belgium. Bel-Brussels-Malines line in Beigum. Beigium was also the first country to begin, in 1830, systematic plans for a national network of railways. Prussia followed in 1835 and Austria-Hungary in 1838. The first great trunk line in Europe was from Paris to Rouen, opened in May, 1843.

Walne of the Lessons.

Mrs. Bilkins—Do you think it is
worth while for my daughter to go on
taking singing lessons? She has been
at it for five years and cannot sing

yet.

Professor von Note—Dit you expe her to learn to zing? She vill neff zing in zee vide vorld.
"Then why didn't you say so long ago?"
"I thought you merely vanted to strengthen her lungs."

Potted Plants.

The reason some people "never have any luck with plants" is sometimes because the drainage is defective. A plant will not live in a heavy, sour, soggy soil, such as fills a pot when the drainage is not complete. This is especially true of palms, to which the stagnant moisture is sure death, but it

"Doctor, if a pale young man named Jinks calls on you for a prescription don't let him have it."
"Why not?" "He wants something to improve his

holds true of any pot grown plant.

appetite, and he boards at my ho

fair advantage.—Chicago News.

Fair Niece—Why do you object to duets so strenuously, Uncle Tom? Uncle Tom—Because when two peo-ple attack one inoffensive piece of music simultaneously it's taking an un-

the Turks, and especially slow to adopt modern improvements of any kind.

Very conservative in all matters are