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THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

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Lot	1	running	up	to	$	6
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FREE OF CHARGE,

As we say we have a big line of these wraps, and want to run them off quick. And we guarantee all our goods marked in plain figures at less than you can buy them elsewhere. Come in and get first choice.

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As a new comer requesting a share of the patronage of this town and vicinity in my line, it befits me to make a few statements. I make a specialty of the higher grades of work; I keep in stock the finest quality of goods; I recognize the fact that a good fitting suit from my house is it's best advertisement, while a misfit condemns the cutter and tailor. I shall endeavor to send out the best fitting clothes to be found. I do all my own cutting.

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RETAIL FURNITURE AT WHOLESALE PRICES.

We give you first-class goods; what more can we do. We also do just as we advertise. We will sell you a Good Oak Bed Room Suit for $19 and a fine Polished Oak Bed Room Suit for $25. You can't buy it elsewhere under $35. Anything you want in the Furniture line you will find at our store at low prices. Come and see us whether you want to buy or not. We want to show you our goods.

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EVERY WATERPROOF COLLAR OR CUFF
THAT CAN BE RELIED ON
BE UP TO THE MARK
Not to Split!
Not to Discolor!
BEARS THIS MARK.
TRADE CELLULOID MARK.
NEEDS NO LAUNDERING. CAN BE WIPED CLEAN IN A MOMENT.
THE ONLY LINEN-LINED WATERPROOF COLLAR IN THE MARKET.

SAPOLIO is one of the best known city luxuries and each time a cake is used an hour is saved. On floors, tables and painted work it acts like a charm. For scouring pots, pans and metals it has no equal. If your store-keeper does not keep it you should insist upon his doing so, as it always gives satisfaction and its immense sale all over the United States makes it an almost necessary article to any well supplied store. Everything shines after its use, and even the children delight in using it in their attempts to help around the house.

The Fire-Light.

When all without is bleak and cold,
And shrouded in somber gloom,
How cheerful is the fire-light
As it fills and floods the room!

The women sew
By its flickering glow,
And the children play merry games.
The musician's song,
As he softly plays,
Is bent on the leaping flames.

The poet sits with head on hands,
And in the light his soul expands;
He dreams of a beauty in rich attire,
And sees her there in the blazing fire.

But off in the corner,
By glow unkissed,
Sits the portly form of the oculist;
His eyes are closed,
And he dreams of wealth—
Of gold by the ton—
For how well he knows,
As the fire-light glows,
It is spoiling the eyesight of every one
—Mortimer Dossone, in Puck.

And Yet.

We know that wrongs forever bring
Their pangs of deep regret,
To rankle in the heart and sting
Our consciousness,
And yet—
We go on sinning day by day
And add to our distress
Until we lose the gracious way
That leads to happiness.

We know that life is but a day—
That from the bassinet
Unto the sepulcher the way
Is very short,
And yet—
We do not seek the deathless spring
Until it is too late,
And while the bells of Heaven ring
We stand outside the gate.
—Chicago Post.

PASTE OR DIAMONDS.

A Necklace That Enabled Mrs. Sykes to Moot the Kaiser.

The Duke and Duchess of Beaumonde were about to receive the German Emperor at their villa at Cowes, and Mrs. Sykes had set her heart upon going. Not only was this to be the most superb event of the Cowes season, but a period had now arrived in the career of Mrs. Sykes at which she felt that in one form or another it was imperative that she should meet royalty. For two years—ever since, in fact, Mr. Sykes had converted himself, as he used to express it, from a tradesman into a gentleman by selling Sykes' Soap Substitute to a limited company—Mrs. Sykes had been steadfastly maneuvering herself into society. By reason of her husband's enormous wealth and her own not over scrupulous astuteness she had succeeded up to a point. But though the circles in which royalty moves are not inaccessible to certain portions of the common herd, the line, which even in these days has to be drawn somewhere, had hitherto been drawn at Mrs. Sykes. She had sustained a severe disappointment in connection with the Marlborough house garden party, but defeat only acts as a stimulant on some natures, and as Mr. Sykes, whose one hobby was yachting, was going to Cowes for the Royal Yacht Squadon meeting, Mrs. Sykes was seized with the inspiration that her failure in London might be retrieved by forcing herself into the Duchess of Beaumonde's entertainment to the English and German royalties in the Isle of Wight.

When she came to consider how this was to be accomplished there was one lady to whom Mrs. Sykes' thoughts at once turned. This was a certain Lady Pall Mall, whose husband was afflicted with a chronic impecuniosity which made it extremely difficult for both to keep up the state and dignity befitting their station. Her ladyship, being a young, pretty and clever woman, was often compelled to practice various stratagems and devices in order to keep her own and her husband's head above the waters of debt, which constantly threatened to overwhelm them. Not the least remunerative of the many avocations pursued by her ladyship whereby she contrived to make her rank and position profitable in a pecuniary sense was that of social sponsor and general guide, philosopher and friend to people who, like the Sykes, were at once wealthy, ambitious, vulgar and generally unpresentable. While Lord Pall Mall borrowed money freely from the husbands of those ladies for whom Lady Pall Mall procured invitations, presented at court, patronized and introduced into her set, her ladyship accepted from the ladies themselves numerous handsome and costly gifts.

All this Mrs. Sykes knew and appreciated, and upon it she formed her scheme. It was a scheme, however, in which her husband's co-operation was indispensable, for, in spite of the fact that Mrs. Sykes enjoyed a liberal allowance, her anxiety to shine in the world kept her in a perpetual state of financial embarrassment. At the present moment, so far from having any spare cash in her pocket, she was very seriously in debt. She was obliged, therefore, to confide in her husband before she could carry her scheme into effect. John Sykes had heard a good deal about the Duchess of Beaumonde's party and had every opportunity of appreciating the depth of his wife's anxiety to get there, but he opened his eyes considerably when he was given to understand that with the view of procuring a card Mrs. Sykes contemplated making a costly present of jewelry to Lady Pall Mall.

"You don't mean to say that you want to offer a bribe to a real Countess!" exclaimed Sykes, a vulgar man, possessed of a simple mind and a limited vocabulary.

"Bribe! What a dreadful expression!" answered his wife. "I propose to make her ladyship a present, John, that is all. To one in her position it would be an insult to offer any thing but diamonds. The only question is what form the present should take. I think a necklace."

"It will cost a lot of money, Polly."

"Not more than we can afford," replied his wife. "It might be fifteen hundred—it might be two thousand; but you never were a mean man, John."

To do him justice, John was not. During the last two years he had, in his own phrase, "stuck at nothing" in the way of expenditure for the purpose of enabling his wife to attain that position in the world on which she had set her heart, though, as Mrs. Sykes very well knew, his wrath would have been great if he had known that she had spent several hundred pounds more than he was aware of. He only needed to be convinced that Lady Pall Mall was amenable to the influence which his wife proposed to bring to bear on her, and that there was a reasonable prospect of her ladyship being able to procure the desired *quid pro quo*. When Mrs. Sykes, by dint of long argument and expostulation, had convinced him on these points he was ready to go and buy the diamonds at once. But he insisted on buying them himself. Mrs. Sykes had not intended this, but she found her husband firm on this point and was too good a diplomatist to contest it.

"You had better call on her ladyship this afternoon and sound her about the business," he said, in conclusion. "Two thousand pounds is a bit of money, and I don't want to jump before I come to the fence. You can see how she takes it before I get the stones, and mind you do it carefully."

Mrs. Sykes did it—whether carefully or not is a matter of opinion. She succeeded, at any rate, in making Lady Pall Mall understand what she wanted and what she was prepared to pay for it. If Lady Pall Mall had been disposed to resent the fashion in which the transaction was approached the price was too substantial for her to betray her sentiments. By the time the two ladies parted a very definite understanding was arrived at. Mrs. Sykes duly reported the result of her mission to husband, and at luncheon time next day the good man placed in his wife's hands a case containing a diamond necklace which made that lady's eyes sparkle.

In due course the coveted invitation arrived. In due course also Mr. and Mrs. Sykes, who had been in their yacht in the Solent for a week past, found themselves among the proud gathering at the Duke of Beaumonde's. While this was happening Lord and Lady Pall Mall were still in town, detained there by his lordship's somewhat superfluous devotion to his duties as an hereditary legislator. On the night of the Duchess' fete they were engaged to dine with a brother peer, who was still waiting for the rising of Parliament; and while Mrs. Sykes was basking in the sunshine of the German Kaiser and his English relatives, Lady Pall Mall was reaping her reward in the contemplation of her glittering necklace of brilliants. For a week her ladyship had kept the present from the knowledge of her lord and master, having, indeed, her own reasons for so doing. To night, however, temptation was too strong for her, and after much doubt and hesitation she came down to dinner with Mrs. Sykes' diamonds round her neck.

It was astonishing how quickly the glitter of the stones caught Lord Pall Mall's often unobservant eyes.

"Why, where on earth did you get that?" he asked.

"It is a little present that I have had," answered his wife.

"A present! Who the dickens from?"

"Don't be alarmed," said her ladyship. "My admirer was no one more dangerous than Mrs. Sykes—Sykes' Soap Substitute, you know."

"Oh, oh! And what have you been doing for her?"

Lady Pall Mall responded in a whisper.

"What fools these people must be!" exclaimed the peer. "Why, the stones must be worth a couple of thousand."

"Oh, no—not half of it," replied Lady Pall Mall, turning away rather hastily from her lord's scrutiny and changing the subject. His lordship returned to it, however, when they came back from the reception that evening.

"The fact is, Alice," he explained, "that things have been going confoundedly crooked in the city the last day or two, and at this moment I am at my wit's end for—"

"Why will you speculate?" interrupted his wife, impatiently. "Things always go crookedly when you have any thing to do with them."

"It is only a temporary difficulty, I assure you. I can't explain the position—you wouldn't understand it if I did; but I must have £1,000 within the next few days; and, if you would lend it to me, that necklace of yours would just save us from ruin."

"How can you ask such a thing!" cried Lady Pall Mall, the tears starting to her eyes. "It is the only decent ornament I have. Will you leave me nothing?"

"Oh, of course, if you refuse, there's an end of it," replied her husband, coldly. "Keep your necklace, by all means, and much pleasure may it give you."

Lady Pall Mall, with all her cleverness and knowledge of the world had one very soft place in her heart, as his lordship well knew. She stood for a moment looking at her husband's careworn and not over intellectual features; then with an impulsive movement she unclasped the necklace and held it out to him.

"Take it and get the most you can for it," she said, but with rather a husky voice. "I hope it may prove as valuable as you think."

With many protestations of gratitude, and a solemn assurance that the stones should be returned in a week's time at the very farthest, Lord Pall Mall took Mrs. Sykes' offering and locked it up in his desk.

Next morning he was absent from home for an hour or two. On his return he dashed up at once to his wife's room and confronted her with a face expressive of the deepest indignation and disgust.

"Alice!" he exclaimed, "are you responsible for this trickery?"

"Trickery? I don't understand you!" replied his wife.

"Did you not know when you gave me these confounded diamonds that they were paste?"

If he had for a moment thought that she did, the incredulity and amazement which his wife betrayed at the question would have convinced him to the contrary. That the stones were paste was proved beyond all question. The young man at Mr. Melchisedek's, to whom Lord Pall Mall had tendered them as security for an advance of one thousand pounds, had detected their true character in half a moment. The question now was, with whom had the imposture originated? As soon as Lady Pall Mall's first outburst of anger and disappointment had subsided, she and her husband debated this question between them very eagerly.

"I think," said Lord Pall Mall presently, "that I see a way of solving the mystery, and, what is more, of getting you your diamonds, with something handsome beside."

"You do!" exclaimed her ladyship.

"I think that I do. The Sykeses are back in town on their way North. I met him in the city yesterday. Ask them to dinner to-morrow, and then do as I tell you."

The same evening Mrs. Sykes was enchanted by the receipt of an invitation to dine with Lady Pall Mall on the following night—not a formal invitation, but a friendly note which might have come, as Mrs. Sykes observed to her husband, from an old schoolfellow. This was a return, indeed, for the £2,000! Of course the Sykes went, and of course Lady Pall Mall put on her diamond necklace for the occasion—a compliment which the worthy proprietor of Sykes' Soap Substitute fully appreciated, and which, coupled with the remarkable affability of his host and hostess, helped to quickly put him at his ease. Indeed, before the dinner was over Mr. Sykes grew quite confidential and entertained his noble friends with many edifying anecdotes of his early life and adventures in the soap trade. In the course of such conversation the talk somehow turned upon Mrs. Sykes' love of finery.

"Ah, you can afford to indulge these tastes," said Lord Pall Mall, with a glance at his wife. "For my part I am always telling Lady Pall Mall that it is folly to spend a fortune on real jewelry, when stones can be imitated well enough to deceive the best judge."

"Couldn't deceive me," remarked Mr. Sykes, with a knowing air. "Give me a handful of mock stones and one real gem among them, and I'd wager one thousand pound sterling I'd pick the genuine stone out at the first guess."

"Really, are you so good a judge as that?" queried her ladyship, innocently.

"Come now, Sykes, you're joking; I think only a professional expert can detect really first-rate paste. But we'll put you to the test. Look at that necklace my wife is wearing; it doesn't compare unfavorably even with Mrs. Silverhook's emeralds, and yet she tells me she only gave fifteen pounds sterling for it."

Mr. Sykes stared, then burst out laughing.

"So that's the story you've told his lordship," he thought, as he looked sideways at his hostess' blushing face. "Well, mum's the word, but I ain't going to be made a fool of, even by a noble lord." And turning to Lord Pall Mall, he continued: "I should be glad to give her ladyship five hundred pound sterling for it. Those stones are real—every one of them."

"I'm sorry to contradict you," retorted Lord Pall Mall coolly, "but really now you are mistaken. My wife's necklace is only paste. You see, I was not far wrong when I asserted that paste sometimes deceives even a good judge."

"I quite agree with his lordship," interrupted Mrs. Sykes, quietly. "You must be mistaken, John;" and she gave her husband a look that said plainly, "It is bad manners to carry an argument too far."

But Mr. Sykes was not to be stopped.

"Well, my lord," he said, "I'm ready to back my opinion, anyhow. I'll bet you any thing you please that the necklace Lady Pall Mall is wearing is made of twenty-five real stones of the first water—and I ought to know."

"Oh, it's hardly worth betting about," said Lord Pall Mall, indifferently. "I'm very glad the necklace is good enough to deceive such an excellent judge as you, but really I seldom bet."

"Afraid—eh—in this case?" sneered Mr. Sykes, who was losing his temper.

At that moment Lady Pall Mall gave Mrs. Sykes the signal to retire, and the ladies left the room.

"I didn't want to discuss the question farther before the ladies," said Lord Pall Mall, as they settled into their seats again. "But I am as confident as you are, and if you really want to back your opinion I'll take your bet to any reasonable figure."

"Say a couple of thousand, if you like," replied Sykes, bumptiously, "and let's decide it as soon as you please."

"Done with you. If you know any expert in the neighborhood, I will send to him at once."

"Send round to Londer & Rydon's. Mention my name and ask them to send Mr. Agate," said Mr. Sykes, with a chuckle at his own astuteness. It was Mr. Agate who had sold him the necklace.

"So be it," said his host. "Shall we go upstairs?"

Within half an hour Mr. Agate had arrived and by Lord Pall Mall's orders was ushered into the drawing-room.

"Excuse my sending for you in this informal way, Mr. Agate, but we wish you to decide a trifling wager. My dear," added Lord Pall Mall, turning to his wife, "just let Mr. Agate look at your necklace."

Lady Pall Mall at once unfastened the necklace. Mr. Agate carried it to the light and closely inspected the diamonds through his pocket lens. The four onlookers waited expectantly.

"Well, sir, what do you say?" demanded Mr. Sykes. "Stones of the first water—eh?"

The expert laid the necklace down, and the stones flashed in the lamp-light as if to affirm their unimpeachability.

"Every stone in the necklace is paste," he said, quietly.

"Then you are the biggest swindler in London," shouted Mr. Sykes, "for you sold me that necklace not a fortnight ago for £2,000."

"I sold you one somewhat similar to this, but"—the rest of the sentence was drowned in an hysterical shriek from Mrs. Sykes, and for some minutes all was confusion.

* * * * * * *

"I was right, you see," remarked Lord Pall Mall, when he and his wife were presently left alone. "The lady was the thief. I wonder what he will say to her when they get home."

"I hope," said Lady Pall Mall, "that he will tell her to send me the diamonds."

"And I hope," said his lordship, "that he will send me my £2,000."

Mr. Sykes was honest, with all his faults. He did both.—Jewelers' Weekly.

Met His Match.

Parkins—What a magnificent woman Cashly's wife is!

Harkins—Ya-as; but, then, he's a fellow who is always bound to get the best of every thing.

Parkins—H'm! I'll bet you, my boy, that he doesn't get the best of her!—Puck.

His Fate.

"Here's an account of a robber who fell down the chimney of a Brooklyn boarding-house right into the grate-fire and lay there for half an hour before he was discovered."

"I suppose he was burned to a crisp?"

"No; he was frozen stiff."—Judge.

—The Hero's Habitation.—Tenner Collum—"I'm writing a horrible tale in twenty-six chapters. I'm going to call it 'The Romance of a Corpse.'" Weeks—"I see. But what is the plot like?" Tenner Collum—"O, I shall have several plots. Each six by two."—American Grocer.

LITERARY SMALL TALK.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD gets $25,000 for his poem "The Light of the World."

OVER $3,000 copyrights have been granted to American authors during the present calendar year

ARCHIBALD CLAVERING GUNTER has received $40,000 in royalties upon his "Mr. Barnes of New York."

JOHN G. WHITTIER'S birthday gifts included a barrel of pitch-pine kindlings from the Whittier colored school at Tuscaloosa, Ala.

THE "House of Seven Gables," which Nathaniel Hawthorne made famous, is still to be seen on Turner street, Salem, Mass. It was built in 1662, but received many alterations by its successive owners until it became the curious structure which attracted Hawthorne's attention, and was at one time his home

EMERSON'S old home at Concord is becoming more and more a shrine for the literary pilgrim. It is now the hospitable home of Mrs. Emerson and Miss Ellen Emerson. One of the most interesting relics in the house is a fine old classic engraving that was presented to Mrs. Emerson by Carlyle as a wedding gift. On the back of it is pasted the paper containing Carlyle's autograph inscription.

E. H. HOWE, the Kansas newspaper man and novelist, has been offered one hundred dollars for the original manuscript of "The Story of a Country Town," the novel that made him famous six years ago. And yet, according to the Kansas City Times, "there were lots of nights while Ed was writing the story that he would have taken fifty cents for the whole business and thrown up the job."

SOME QUEER PEOPLE.

AN Oroville (Cal.) man keeps thieves from his orange trees by tying cowbells to them.

A WELLINGTON (Kan.) hotel man charges thirty-five cents for a single meal, or seventy-five cents for two.

THREE deacons at Bellaire, Mich., threw a brother out of church because he refused to sing, or speak, or pray

A VERY careful man is Farmer Drisko, of Jonesborough, Me. He has a plow which has been in constant service for fifty-three years.

A LADY who advertised for a girl "to do light housework" received a letter from an applicant who said her health demanded sea air, and asked where the light-house was situated.

A BROOKLYN bridge for women only is the latest idea, and a Brooklyn spinster will build it when she gets rich. She says that women receive brutal treatment from the men at the bridge stations.

A WESTERN farmer's daughter, who persuaded her father to give her a farm for her own, manages the entire eighty acres herself, and last year managed to clear $1,000, besides buying her clothes and machinery and stock for the farm. She has a girl friend for a companion, and keeps one man.

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

Journalists from the East Have to Get Acclimated.

ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE.—The other week a tenderfoot who said he had been a reporter on the Pittsburgh Chronicle, came along and struck us for a job, and we set him to work Monday on the agricultural department of the paper. We warned him against the strange climate of this strange country, and that he must not attempt to handle any thing until he first asked the name of it. After two or three hours he got the swell-head and went out to chin with the boys, and that afternoon we buried him. He had heard tell of jackass rabbits, but had never seen one, and somebody made him believe that Colonel Moore's mule, which was tied near the post-office, was one of the gentle creatures of the plains. He was looking to see if the rabbit's feet were webbed when the calamity came. *Mortum bum*, which is Latin for he didn't know it was loaded, and that we have his latch-key, five cents in money and a summer necktie which we will forward to his friends on request.

TOLD HIM SO.—Three months ago, when a young man who had stuck type for thirty-five cents per M on a Cleveland paper, and had knocked off because he couldn't agree with the editorial policy of the paper, came out here to establish a plant and grow wool on his back, we sat down and talked to him like a brother. There's nothing mean about us. We don't want the earth. We have a great weekly newspaper, a butcher shop, grocery, saddlery, shoe shop, millinery store and signal service bureau all under one roof, and we don't care how many other enterprises are established in this wild West. This young man planned to start a weekly over at Pedro Valley, and we warned him to pitch into the Czar of Russia and go light on the boys at home. That's the safe policy while learning to shoot right and left-handed. He didn't seem to take kindly to our advice, and our last words, as we lent him sixteen letters out of a font of job type, were to prepare for the up-hills and down-hills of the hereafter. The sequel proves that we were correct. He issued one edition, jabbed his home subscribers, and now he sleeps on lot No. 17, section 21, of Tower's subdivision of the 2,000-acre tract. He died a victim to the climate, assisted by willing hands.

TOOK A WALK.—Any particular lack of interest in our editorial page this week must be laid to a little incident which occurred Tuesday forenoon. A cross-eyed pressman, who was working his way from San Francisco to Boston to see his mother die, had put in a couple of weeks with us as literary editor. He seemed a prudent, level-headed fellow, and we passed in his copy without reading it. What did he do but ring in a little item to the effect that four aces always beat a royal flush, no matter what old liar held to the contrary. Colonel Johnson, who is Arizona authority on poker, came around to have a look at our man and ask where and how we had captured him, and he had scarcely stepped inside the office when

THE PRESSMAN BEGAN TO SHOOT.

the pressman lost his nerve and began to shoot. What was the Colonel's gain was our loss. We had a finger split by a bullet, the devil got a rake across the skull, and the foreman now carries his arm in a sling. The Colonel, it is needless to say, was untouched. When our young man got through shooting at everybody except the man he wanted to hit, we assisted to take him out, head him for the cactus plantation, and start him off. He won't see his mother die—not if he keeps on in that direction. Tenderfoots sailing in this direction should bear in mind that our customs, ways and habits are somewhat different from those of Boston and New York, and on arriving in this locality they should expect to be advised and posted by citizens who can exhibit nine graves in their private burying grounds.—Detroit Free Press.

A Deep Laid Plot.

Maud—What a dear, good chaperone you are! But how did you manage to get my rival out of the room just at the critical moment?

Chaperone—I whispered to her in a kind, confidential tone, that there was a rip in the back of her silk waist.—Harper's Monthly.

Grammatico-Musical.

Mrs. Bardington (writing)—Mr. Bardington, is the word "band"—a brass band, you know—singular or plural?

Mr. Bardington—Well, my dear, I should say that depends upon whether the musicians keep together or not.—Judge.

A Surprising Statement.

"I've a mind—" began Goslin

"Where did you get it?" asked Miss Nay, interrupting him.—Jury.

A Happy Man.

Leland Doubleyou (in Wall street)—Yesterday I saw you jumping out of the Exchange with your hair on end. Now you look as sleek as a parson. Have things been coming your way?

Phil A. Reading—Well, I should say so! I succeeded in borrowing ten thousand dollars on that jump.—Puck

A Way They Have.

Senator A.—Were you in the Senate yesterday?

Senator B.—Yes.

Senator A.—What did you think of Blower's speech?

Senator B.—I haven't read the Record to-day.—Jury.

An Unkind Suggestion.

Higgins—I've got a new idea for a book. I'm going to write the autobiography of a horse.

Tiggins—You could write the autobiography of a donkey better, I think.—Munsey's Weekly.

Her Parting Words.

"So your wife has left you?"

"She has."

"What were her last words on leaving you?"

"'Is my hat on straight?'"—Cape Cod Item.

As Far as Her Mind Went.

Miss Highmind—What did you think of Signor Travello, the new tenor?

Miss Giddygirl—Oh, I thought his mustache was simply stunning!—Judge.

A FRAME DWELLING.

A Nice House That Will Cost Twenty-Eight Hundred Dollars.

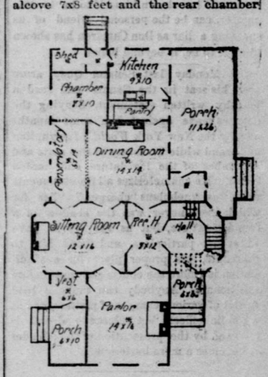
This house consists of ten rooms, including the reception hall, which is 8x12; the parlor, 14x16; the sitting-room, 12x16; dining-room, 14x14, with conservatory 6x14; kitchen, 9x10, and chambers as shown on plans. This house is well adapted for the country. It has three fronts and can be located on a large lot so as to have the advantage of the three entrances which are shown on plans.

The arrangement is a novel one and is apt to suit a great many people. The design is plain and solid. The front is 20 feet and the length 54 feet. There are two porches, one 11x26 and one 8x10. The house is piped for gas and furnace and is arranged for folding doors, which can be omitted and provided with portieres, making the rooms in an agreeable communication with each other. It is a house adapted to a moderate climate. There are folding

doors from the hall into the reception hall and folding doors from reception hall into parlor, sitting-room and dining-rooms. The parlor and sitting-room are separated by folding doors. From the sitting-room you enter the dining-room or conservatory through folding doors, and the dining-room is divided from the conservatory by a cased opening and the conservatory is connected with the chamber by a cased opening.

To enter the kitchen, you pass through the pantry, which is 4x10 feet. From the kitchen you enter the woodshed through the rear entry. The finish throughout the house to be clean pine with maple floors in kitchen, pantry, bath-room and hall.

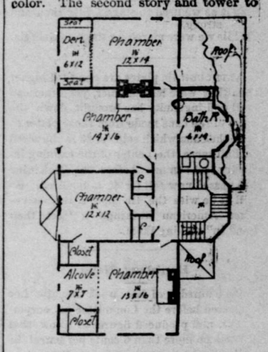
The front chambers will have an alcove 7x8 feet and the rear chamber



—First Floor Plan—

will have a den 6x12 feet with two seats, one in each end.

The exterior will look well painted white with gray trimmings, the chimneys to be of red pressed brick, capped with a smooth sand-stone cap. The roof should be painted or stained a slate color. The second story and tower to



—Second Floor Plan—

be of ornamental red wood shingles and the first story to be of 3-inch O. G. siding mitred at the corners without corner boards. Foundation to be of rubble stone.

Basement 7 feet high; first story 10 feet; second story, 9 feet 6 inches. Two by four feet studs, 2x10 feet joists, on first and second story, and 2x8 feet joists in attic. Rafters 2x6 feet, and sills 8x10 feet. G. A. W. KINTZ.

The Pyramids as Building Material.

The Bosphore Egyptien announces a new act of astounding vandalism, which that amiable journal does not hesitate to insinuate, is connived at by the Egyptian Government. Three gangs of workmen, under two local sheiks, are daily extracting blocks from the lower courses of the two largest pyramids of Gizeh. These are broken up on the spot and carried away on camel-back for building purposes. The sheiks allege that they are doing this work of destruction by permission of the Government, whereas they have, it is said, obtained only a permit authorizing them to remove scattered blocks (*des blocs éparpillés*.) That these Arabs should exceed their license is not surprising; but it is surely, to say the least of it, extraordinary that a Government partly administered by Europeans should have granted such powers to native overseers, unchecked by the presence of one of their own officials. The pyramids do not belong to the Khedive nor to his Government; they do not even belong to the Egyptians. They are the inheritance of the world.

What the Baby Said.

"Sing a Song of Six-pence," crooned Mrs. Mosenstein to her darling boy, as he lay in her arms with his baby curls falling in a golden shower about his face.

"Mag' id a kvarter, mamma," he murmured in his dreams; and the mother, smiling softly, bent and kissed the whisper dying on his lips.—Puck.

Rev. Plink-Plunk on Envy.

"Doan let envy git possession ob your hearts, deah breddern; ef ya see a man wearin' a stovepipe hat an' a cape ovahcoat, an' ya feel de green-eyed monster wrigglin' aroun' yer heart-strings, jes' remember dat de man may be shiverin' wif de cold under his stylish outside on account ob de absence ob an undershirt."—N. Y. Herald.

In Doubt.

O'Zone—O'Mega, you are a home-ruler, are you not?

O'Mega (fiercely)—I am, sir, to the last drop of blood in my body!

Mrs. O'Mega—Come, Jerry, it's time we were going.

O'Mega (meekly)—Yes, my dear.—Chicago Tribune.

Tit for Tat.

"I am ashamed