Clothing.

For the next sixty days we will sell our large stock of clothing at greatly reduced prices.

Men's suits worth \$20 will go for \$16, " \$18 " " \$14.

And Boy's suits at the same reduction.

We are now ready with our Fall and section of the state which to-day con-Winter Footwear.

Give us a call and see our goods, and get our prices before purchasing else-who could have imagined that faraway region, whose only communication with the world was by the wagon trains of overland routes and the single lyne of coasters toyching at the single lyne of coasters to coasters to coasters to coasters to coasters to

Boots, Shoes and Rubbers.

Are you a close cash buyer? If you are don't fail to Attend this sale.

A Word To The Wise Is Sufficient. Am Loaded To My Utmost Capacity And The Goods Must Go

I will open the fall season by placing on sale the best line of children's school shoes made, I have an extra large stock of them bought for spot cash from the largest manufacturer in the country, have them in bright and oil grain, high cut 75 cts. to \$1.00, fine satin calf high cut 90, 1.00 and 1.10, very pair warranted waterproof and prices guaranteed to be 25 per cent

place on sale a line of ladies' fine, medium and heavy shoes at prices the times, money is a little scarce and you must make a dollar go as possible. I think I can help you out. Ladies' fine Don. button shoes plain toe 1.00, same shoes in fine grade 1.25 and 1.50, have reduced the 2.50 cloth tops shoes to 1.75. See it and you will buy it either tip o

Ladies' bright grain shoes button and lace 1.00.
Ladies' oil grain shoes button or lace 75 and 1.00.
Ladies' grain slippers 50 ets.
Ladies' velvet slippers 50 ets.
Ladies' brussel slippers 50 ets, foxed 60 ets.
Ladies' serge gaiters plain 50 ets, foxed 60 ets.

Third Week Of This Great Sale

I will commence to sell men's and boys' stogy boots, and if you need them sooner you can have them at the following low prices. Men's stoge boots 1.25, 1.50 and 1.75. A full line of hand made Jamestown boots in men's and boys' from 1 75 to 3 50. Men's good calf boot for 2.00 a pair. Fourth Week Of This Great Sale.

In addition to the goods named I will offer an extra line of Ladies' warm shoes Ladies looking for solid comfort should be interested in these goods, they are durable comfortable and cheap. Prices on Ladies' warm lined shoes are 100, 125 and 1.50. Come in and look over our line of fine Oxfords, Newports and slippers all very cheap.

Any Time During Oct. I Will Sell shoes and rubbers cheaper than any other house in Butler, I have ods and they were bought right and will be sold on a small margin of

We Take The Lead in Felt Boots Just received from the largest felt hoot factory in the world, 50 cases their best and closest made felt boot, and they will be sold at 2.00 a pair lading a pair of good heavy overs of the following brands: Lycoming,

See That Your Rubber Boots are Branded Boston, Candee Woorsocket or Lycoming an Then Buy Them at My Price \$2.25. Including a heavy pair of slippers. Buy any of the above makes and you will have a good boot. Buy them at my price \$2.25 and you will have the

All Rubber Goods Reduced. Boots and Shoes Made to Order.
Repairing Done Same Day Received
Leather and Findings, Blacksmith's aprons, etc.
When in need of Footwear Call at Butler's Leading Shoe House.

FALL AND WINTER **BOOTS and SHOES**

We now have ready for your inspection the largest and most complete stock of first class boots, shoes and rubbers in Butler county.

If you want to fit out your family with

WATERPROOF Boots and shoes that will last them all winter RUFF'S

is the place you are looking for. We may not sell the cheapest truck sold in Butler, but we at least have the reputation of giving more real value for your money than can be had elsewhere. Our kip, calf, oil grain, goat, etc., boots and shoes are made not only to sell but for

HARD WEAR.

We have not room here to quote enough prices to give you an idea of how cheap we are selling goods adapted to your special need, but rest as sured that no dealer in Butler shall undersell us, but that we will positively

SAVE YOU MONEY.

Our RUBBER, FELT and BEAVER GOODS are all of the best makes and at prices lower than the lowest. Call and see for your self.

We take special pride in our line of

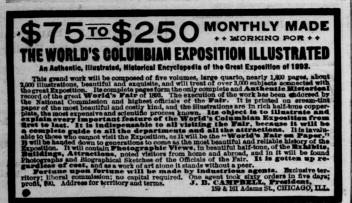
BOYS AND GIRLS SCHOOL SHOES

For style, fit and service they are unequaled. We are selling them as cheap as other dealers sell inferior grades. We give a handsome school bag with

AL RUFF,

114 South Main street,

Butler, Pa.





weather became particularly and second week after Capt. John's depar-ture and a gool breeze tempered the in

Barnhart & Son,
General Merchants.

Connoquenessing P. O., Petersville, Pa.

Bickel's Great Oct. Sale

gle line of coasters touching at its principal seaports? And yet as far back as 1769 there was a little nucleus of a town a few miles back from the coast north of the bay of 8an Diego. Hence the city of that name may justly claim the honor of being the oldest settlement on Californian soil. The bay of San Diego is a superb one. Twelve miles long by two wide it not only affords necessary anchorage for merchantmen but sufficient accommodation for a squadron, the port ranking as a naval station. Oval in form and having a narrow entrance opening to the west between Island point and Loma or Corando point the harbor is shut in on all sides. gle line of coasters touching at its prin-

There's no trouble getting out or in, there being a minimum depth of twenty-three feet.

In 1885 San Diego had a population of fifteen thousand; to-day it has thirty-five thousand. Its first railroad dates from 1881. Now the Atlantic &

the Southern Pacific roads make it part and parcel of the great continental railway system, while the Pacific Coast Steamship Company brings it in frequent communication with San Francisco. It is a handsome and agreeable city, healthful in location and with a climate in praise of which language has already been exhausted.

Like most American cities, San Diego is full of life and activity and very methodical withal in the hurly burly of its business affairs. If movement be a manifestation of life it exists here is to an intense degree. The day is hardly long enough for busi-

ists here is to an intense degree. The day is hardly long enough for business transactions. But if this was the case with those whose instincts and inclinations hurled them into this whirlipool, it did not apply to those lives which were drawn out into interminable rounds of leisure. When things

And this was Mrs. Allaire's experience after the sailing of the Dreadnaught. Since her marriage her husband's labors had entered more or less into her life. Even when he was not absent on a trip, Capt. John's rela-tions with the house of Hollister & Co. kept him busy. Besides the part which he took in the business affairs of even more than this, for a ship is not only a house, it is not only an instrument of fortune, it is a fabric of wood and from to which precious human lives are to be intrusted. Moreover, it is not, as it were, a detached fragment of native soil, which is borne back home by wind and wave only to be carried away again, and which in the end destiny unfortunately does not always permit to return to the port out of which it first drifted.

Molly had very frequently accom-

out of which it first drifted.

Molly had very frequently accompanied Captain John to the shipyard. These timbers resting upon the inclined keel, these ribs so like the skeleton of some vast marine mammal, this planking already in position, this hull with its complex outlines, this deck pierced by the broad hatches for loading and upleading these masts lying on the by the broad hatches for loading and unloading, these masts lying on the ground biding their time to be placed in position, the interior arrangements, the crew's quarters, the quarter deck and its cabins—was not all this sufficient to interest her? Was it not her husband's life and the life of his companions which the Dreadnaught would shield from and defend against the gales of the Pacifis? Hence there was not a single plank which in Molly's imagination John might not in some emergency stand in need of for the safety of his life: nor did a blow of a hammer re-

stand in need or for the safety of his life; nor did a blow of a hammer re-sound amidst all the noise and turmoil of that shipyard which did not find an echo in her heart. echo in her heart.

John took pleasure in initiating her
in the mysteries of the work, pointing
out the destination of each piece of metal, explaining to her the vessel's speed as indicated by the plan of con-struction. Molly learned to love this ship of which her husband was to be the

ship of which her husband was to be the soul and next to God the master!

The house occupied by John Allaire stood upon one of the loftiest terraces of the heights which shut in the north side of the bay. It was a sort of Swiss cottage, surrounded by a garden containing orange and olive trees and shut in by a plain wooden fence. A ground floor with a versanda in front upon which with a veranda in front, upon which opened the front door and the windows of the parlor and dining-room, a second story with a balcony extending its en-tire length, and above this the gable end, the sloping ratters of which were richly carved—such was this very simple but very attractive habitation. The parlor and dining-room, modestly furnished, occupied the ground floor, above them were two rooms, Mrs. Allaire's and one devoted to the comfort of little Walt; in the rear there was a small annex used for the kitchen and the service.

nex used for the kitchen and the servants. This was the home in which the captain's wife must now face the long hours of absence. The baby's nurse and one servant were its only other occupants. The only visitors were Mr. and Mrs. Barker, the husband rarely, the wife frequently.

promised, often called to see the young wife, being anxious to carry her any news of the Dreadnaught which might reach him directly or indirectly. Before any letters can reach their destination the maritime journals contain lists of reseals snoken their touching at this vessels spoken, their touching at this port or that or any other happenings at sea which might be of interest to ship pers. Molly would therefore be kept

The first few days were specially heavy and sad. Molly could not bring herself to leave the house. Kate Barker went daily to visit her, and the two women lavished their attentions on lit-tle Walt and talked about Capt. John. women lavished their attentions of the Walt and talked about Capt. John. Ordinarily, when she was alone, Molly passed part of the day on the balcony of her cottage. Her gaze was turned seaward over the bay and far beyond the Coronado islands. The line of the horizon did not limit her vision; she horizon did not limit her vision; she worried the moment has a far beyond the worried the moment has a far beyond the coronado islands. The line of the horizon did not limit her vision; she worried the moment has a far beyond the was really a sproaching, and not the Dreadnaug...

Was really the was really the approaching, and not the Dreadnaug...

Would be necessary for the world was rolling its many, many leagues.

Would be necessary for the world to come to a standstill in order to let to the tug and the brig get by, the course of this, some day!" she murmured, turn-

out of my sight, the moment I had left

the next morning at nine to go and visit the Flying Cloud.

CHAPTER IV ON BOARD THE FLYING CLOUD. Half-past eight was just striking in the belifries of San Diego as Mrs. Allaire and the nurse, who was carrynaught already | assed far beyond it? In thought she passed on board the ship, she stood by her husband's side. At ing little Walt, left Prospect cotta She passed quickly through the broavenues of the upper city, border this moment a vessel appeared in the offing and stood in towards the bay and Molly thought to herself how the avenues of the upper city, bordered with villas having gardens inclosed by ornamental fences, and soon reached the narrow and more built-up streets of the business portion. It was in Fleet street that Lewis Barker resided, not far from the wharf belonging to the Pacific Coast Steamship Company. All in all, it was a pretty long walk, and it was nine o'clock when Kate opened the door for Mrs. Allaire.

It was a residence plain almost to gloominess. The blinds of the front windows were almost always closed, as Lew Barker received only business acquaintances and maintained no friendly relations with his neighbors. People knew the man very slightly, even glass in hand.

The time now came when little Walt's

ple knew the man very slightly, even in Fleet street, as his business affairs kept him away from the house from In this way on one occasion they made an excursion to Knob hill, the site of many villas, from which point one may look out to sea far beyond the islands. At another time they betook themselves to Coronado beach, where the sea rolls in angrily and breaks on the shore with the noise of thunder, and here they visited the mussel beds, where at high tide the spray covers the beautiful rocky formations of the coast at this point. Molly set her foot in the way of a wave that crept bubbling and rippling up on the beach; she touched this mysterious ocean that seemed to whisper to her of distant waters in which John was saling, this ocean whose billows were at that moment beating against the Dreadmorning till night. Besides he was out of town a great deal, going most fre-quently to San Francisco in pursuit of schemes of which he said nothing to his

the house. Kate made excuses for her husband's not being able to accompany them on board the Flying Cloud, adding that he would or tainly join them at humbers.

luncheon.

"I'm ready, my dear Molly," said she, after having kissed the baby; "but don't you want to rest for a moment?"

"I'm not tired," replied Mrs. Allaire.
"You don't need anything?"

"Nothing Kate. I long to meet capt.
Willis. Pray let's start at once."

that moment beating against the Dread-naught now wafted thousands of miles away. She stood there motionless, the

greetings."

"And they were all well on board?"

"Yes, dear Molly. The two captains conversed together and the last word

that reached the ears of those on board the Flying Cloud was your name!" "My poor John!" cried Mrs. Allaire as

ON LEAVING HER COUSIN SHE REPEATED THAT SHE WOULD EXPECT HER THE

To-morrow it will be fully confirmed.

"Well then, Kate, until to-morrow,"

answered Mrs. Allaire. "To-morrow, morning I'll be at your house by nine and you'll go with me on board the Flying Cloud, won't you?"

"Willingly, my dear Molly. I shall

expect you to-morrow, and as the vessel will then be out of quarantine, we shall

e able to see the captain."
"Isn't it Capt. Willis, John's friend?"

"Yes, Molly, and the Flying Cloud belongs to the Hollister fleet."
"Very well, it's agreed then, Kate. I'll be at your house at the hour named. Oh, how heavily the time will hang on my hands! Will you stop and take luncheon with me?"
"It was like door Molly. My has

"If you like, dear Molly. My hus-band will be absent until evening and

I can give you my afternoon."
"Thanks, thanks, Kate, and then we may talk of John, always of him, you

"And little Walt? How does our

quired Mrs. Allaire.

NEXT MORNING AT NINE.

away. She stood there motionless, the young captain's ship plainly visible to her wrought-up imagination, while her husband's name trembled on her lips.

Towards ten o'clock on the morning of March 30, while seated upon the balcony of Prospect cottage, Mrs. Allaire saw her cousin approaching the house. Kate quickened her pace and wayed her hand in a friendly way as it to assure the captain's wife that she was not the bearer of any bad news. Molly hastened down to the door.

"What is it, Kate?" she asked.
"Dear Molly," replied Mrs. Barker, Mrs. Barker's only servant was an old nulattress, whom her husband had brought from New York with him. brought from New York with him. This woman, whose name was Nanny, had been Barker's nursa. Never having seaved in any other family excepting his, she was completely devoted to him and still called him by his first name as she had done when he was a child. This creature, gruff and dictardal was the converse who exercised.

"What is it, Kate?" she asked.
"Dear Molly," replied Mrs. Barker,
"you'll be rejoiced when you hear the
news that I bring. Mr. Hollister sends
me to tell you that the Flying Cloud
which entered the bay this morning
spoke the Dreadnaught."
"The Dreadnaught!"
"Yes. Mr. Hollister had just received the information when he met me
in Fleet street and as he would not be house. How often had Kate been made to feel the weight of this domineering sway, which was pushed at times to disrespect. But she bowed to this tyranny on Nanny's part as she did to that exercised by her husband. In her resignation, which was but another name for weakness, she let things go as they might, and Nanny took no counsel with her in relation to the management of house affairs.

As Kate turned to leave the house the in Fleet street and as he would not be able to call until afternoon, I hurried here as fast as possible."
"Then there is really news from

"What does she refer

"What does she refer to?" asked Molly of her cousin.
"How should I know?" replied Mrs.
Barker. "Come, Molly, let's be off."
There was no time to be lost. Mrs. the tears gathered in her eyes.

"How happy I am," added Mrs.
Barker, "to be the first to bring you Allaire and Kate Barker, accompanied by the nurse and child, turned their steps toward the wharf which they reached

how happy it makes me. Ah, if I could only hear every day. Then the captain of the Flying Cloud really saw my dear boy, really spoke to him? Oh, it's like receiving another good-by from him!"

"So it is, dear Molly, and then to hear too that everything was going on The Flying Cloud which had now, passed through the formalities of quarantine, had not yet been docked, but lay at anchor at the farther end of the bay, a cable's length inside of Loma point. It would, therefore, be necessary to hear too that everything was going on well on board the Dreadnaught."
"Kate," cried Mrs. Allaire, "I must see the captain of the Flying Cloud. He dock until later. It was about two miles across and the passage was effect-ed by means of steam launches, which made half-hourly trips. Molly Allaire and Kate Barker to

seats in the steam launch along with a dozen other passengers. Most of them were friends or relatives of the crew of the Flying Cloud, who wished to avail themselves of the first opportunity of-fered to visit the ship. The launch cast fered to visit the ship. The launch cast off its lines, got clear of the wharf, and, under the action of its screw, took an oblique course across the bay, puffing steam at every stroke of its piston.

With its placid surface mirroring the fleecy clouds and blue sky, the bay was now visible its entire length, with the houses of San Diego rising amphitheater like up the heights, and the old city at the bottom of the marrows lying beat the bottom of the narrows lying be-tween Island point and Point Loma; the huge Coronado hotel standing out boldly with its palace-like architecture, and the lighthouse whose lantern sheds

its broad glow over the sea after night-"I didn't learn that, Molly," replied Kate, "but the log book will answer that question and the captain of the Flying Cloud will be able to give you all the details."

"So he will, Kate, and soon as I can There were a number of vessels an-ohored here and there, of which the launch skillfully steered clear, as she did of the boats coming towards her, and of the fishing smacks that were hugging the wind to lengthen their

dress myself we'll go together, at once."
"No, not to-day, Molly," replied Mrs. Mrs. Allaire, with her cousin next her, was seated on one of the deck benches while on the other side of her sat the Barker. "We wouldn't be allowed to go on board the Flying Cloud to-day." "And why not?" nurse holding little Walt, who, under the influence of the fresh sea air, was in the best of spirits, and followed "Because she only arrived this mornwith wondering eyes the movements of the sea gulls as they sailed over his head, uttering their shrill cries. His mother was delighted with the look of "Oh, only twenty-four hours; it's only a formality, but still no one can go on board." perfect health stamped upon that sweet little face, and bent over several times to kiss it, being each time rewarded "And how did Mr. Hollister learn

that the two ships had spoken each other?"
"The custom house officer brought with a smile.

But Molly's attention was soon attracted by catching sight of the Flying Cloud. Lying somewhat away from the other vessels, the threemaster loomed up in full view at the other end of the bay with her colors radiant in him a message from the captain. Dear Molly, calm yourself. There can be no doubt as to the truth of this report.

ing with the tide, her head turned to the westward, and the subsiding waves of the ocean swell were breaking against Molly's whole soul went out in that

the moment he caught sight of her and she would throw berself into his arms. With this, his name trembled on her lips, she called him, he replied, repeat-ing her name again and again ing her name again and again.
A slight outery from her child broke
the spell, and she looked to see that it

ing her gaze upon Mrs. Barker.
"Yes, dear Molly," replied Kate, "and
it will be John who will be standing on deck to receive us."

that a vague anxiety oppressed her cousin's heart when she interrogated

trend taken the steam launch a quar-ter of an hour to cover the two miles be-tween the wharf at San Liego and Point Loma. The passengers made their way to the landing from which the Flying Cloud was lying scarcely a cable's length away.

There was one of the ship's boats ly-

ing at the foot of the stairway in charge of two sailors. Mrs. Allaire made herself known to them, and the men an self known to them, and the men an-nounced themselves in readiness to row her over to the ship. A few strokes were sufficient to do this, and Capt. Willis having recognized Mrs. Allaire

"The Dreadnaught and the Flying

from the captain's face.

aost flapping."

It was evident that Mrs. Allaire did

"As we passed each other," said the captain, "your husband waved his hand to me and shouted: 'Everything is going all right, Willis; the moment you reach San Diego give my love to my dear wife.'

Then the two ships separated and soon passed out of each other's sight."

"What day west it that you fell in with

"What day was it that you fell in with the Dreadnaught?" asked Mrs. Allaire, "March 23," replied Captain Willis, at twenty-five minutes past eleven

Mrs. Allaire was so particular about these details that the captain sent for the chart and designated the exact point at which the two vessels had passed each other. It was 143 degrees longitude west from Greenwich, and 20 degrees north latitude. In other words, seventeen hundred miles west of San Diego. If the weather should continue favorable and there was every reason Diego. If the weather should continue favorable, and there was every reason to believe that it would at this season of the year, Capt. John would surely make a quick and agreeable passage across the waters of the North Pacific. And, further, as he was to flast a cargo awaiting him at Calcutta, his sojourn in the capital of the Indies would be very brief, and his return to America would be accomplished without any delay.

awaiting the signal to break anchor. Capt. Willis offered to send Mrs. Al-laire ashore unless she preferred to re-main on board. In that case she could cross the bay on the Flying Cloud and so reach the city. It would take about two hours for the ship to make her

docks.

Mrs. Allaire would have been very glad to accept the captain's invitation, but she was expected at luncheon at twelve. She felt confident that Kate, after what the mulattress had said, would be very anxious to reach home by the time her husband did, and she therefore requested Capt. Willis to put them ashore so that they might be in time to catch the steam launch.

The necessary orders were given, and Mrs. Allaire and her cousin took their leave of the captain, who kissed both of little Walt's rosy cheeks.

While waiting for the steam launch to start, Molly sat watching with deep in-

terest the movements of the Flying Cloud. Keeping time with the rude song of the boatswain, the sailors began to break anchor, and the chain to creak on the hawse, while the mate ordered enough sail to be set to carry the vessel, with the help of the tide, to her dook ner dock.

east off, and gave a shrill whistle to call in her passengers, two or three of whom quickened their pace, coming up the point in front of Coronado hotel. . Mrs. Allaire, Kate Barker and the Mrs. Allaire, Kate Barker and the nurse took seats on one of the starboard benches, while the other passengers, about twenty in all, rambled about the deck. A final blow of the whistle was sounded, the screw began to move, and the launch put out across the bay. It was only half-past eleven, and Mrs. Allaire would reach the house in Fleet street in time, for a quarter of an hour was all that was required to make the trip across the bay.

As the launch steamed away Molly's gaze remained riveted upon the Flying

As the launch steamed away Molly's gaze remained riveted upon the Flying Cloud. The anchor was up, the sails caught the breeze, and the ship began to move ahead. Once in her place alongside the wharf Molly would be able to pay as many visits to Capt Willis as she might choose.

The steam launch shot along rapidly. The houses of the city perched upon the different terraces of the picturesque amphitheater stood out more and more plainly. It was only a quarter of a mile further to the wharf.

"Look out!" suddenly cried one of the hands posted at the bow of the launch, as he turned to the man at the wheel who was standing on the little bridge

who was standing on the little bridge in front of the smokestack. As she heard this cry Mrs. Allaire

Molly's whole soul went out in that long, silent look. She was thinking of John, who had been borne away on a ship which one might say was the brother of this one, so much did they resemble each other. Were they not the children of the same house of Hollister? Was not their home port the same? Had their keels not been laid in the same ship yard?

Yielding to the fascination of an illusion, which her imagination under the stimulus of recollection conjured up for her, Molly was about to meet her husband, he was there on board, await. and so near that it became absolutely necessary to let her pass, and for this reason the man at the bow had warned the helmsman.
A grave anxiety now came upon

passengers, an anxiety the more justi-fiable in that the bay was filled with vessels anchored here and there, and hence it was very natural that there should be a rush made toward the stern

ance of a large steamer in her wake, the tug unexpectedly changed her course, veering round to the port. There was a loud outery, in which the crew of the brig joined, for they were trying to be of assistance to the tug by steering in the same direction. The tug and the steam launch were not twenty feet arert. twenty feet apart.

Greatly alarmed, Mrs. Barker had sprung to her feet, while Molly had instinctively reached out for little Walt, whom she held tightly pressed to her

Suddenly one of the sailors of the launch leaped overboard and struck out for Mrs. Allaire, who, buoyed up by her clothing, was floating a few yards away. With her babe clasped tightly in her arms she was on the point of sinking, however, when the sailor reached her.

As the launch had been storged in

As the launch had been stopped immediately it was not a difficult task for this sailor, a strong man and an excellent swimmer, to rescue Mrs. Allaira. Unfortunately at the very moment the man reached out to lay hold of the captain's wife her strength failed her, her hold upon her child relaxed, and little Walt slipped out of her arms and disappeared.

repeatedly in search of the child. It

lower current.

All this time, the passengers, aided by Kate and the nurse, both of them wild with grief, were making every possible effort to bring Molly back to consciousness. They were successful at last. Her lips moved, she murmured the name of Walt, as her eyes opened and

minutes later the launch reached the wharf and Molly was taken up quickly but tenderly and transported to her cousin's house. Lew Barker had just reached home. He ordered the servant

summons at once, it was not until after prolonged efforts that he succeeded in restoring Molly to consciousness.

Looking about her with a wild stare, she exclaimed:

"What is it? What has happened?

Ab yes-I know " and then as a sweet

Ah, yes—I know," and then, as a sweet smile spread over her face, she added: "It's John! He's coming, he's coming!



THE CAPTAIN'S WIFE HAD BECOME INSANI He's coming back to his wife and his child. John, John is here!"

Stranger-What do you have the wires on that barbed wire fence so close

together for?
Mississippi Farmer—So that when the

she sits on the piazza much longer.
Rosalie—No she won't. She's been trying for years to catch something.— Irate Father--You have been paying

Grace-Miss Passe will catch cold

marked attention to my daughter. I want to inform you she is engaged. Mr. Fascinating Youngman—That's nothing. I'm married.—Texas Siftings.

She bought some gowns, expecting that In Europe she would roam; But when her husband paid for them They had to stay at home. --Detroit Free Press. They Get Used to It. cruel to shut up a bird in a little cage like that? Little Girl—Oh, I don't know. I have

a pretty good time and I live in a flat.—

N. Y. Weekly.

Comparatively Tender Now.

Exasperated Patron — Waiter, this steak's tough.

Waiter—Oh, but you ought to have seen it three months ago—Chicago.

seen it three months ago.—Chicago News Now doth the giddy little fly Begin to learn to skate, And finds his choicest rink upon A glassy, glabrous pate.

Chance to Begin. Sub-Editor-Here is an article favor ing a simplified spelling of the English

The Philosopher's Stone.
Wiggins—Old Goodfello seems to take the world very philosophically.

Hardup—Well, you see, he can afford to wear diamonds.—Truth.

"Starboard, starboard your helm!"
cried the captain of the tug to the man on the bridge of the steam launch, but this officer needed not directions; he understood what was necessary to do, and in order to keep out of the tug's way he threw the head of the steam launch around with considerable violence, for the brig was already under good headway and hence the tug would have been in danger of being run down if it had slacked its pace.

So suddenly and vigorously had the helm of the launch been put to the starboard that the craft gave a violent lurch, and as an inevitable result many of the passengers were thrown off their feet.

The rise that the craft gave a violent feet.

The rise that the craft gave a violent feet.

At this instant Mrs. Allaire, who was standing near the railing, not being able to recover her balance was thrown overboard with her child. The brig grazed the steam launch in passing her and thus ended all fears of a collision. "Molly! Molly!" shrieked Kate, around whom one of the passengers threw her arms, as she was about to spring after her cousin.

Suddenly one of the sailors of the last June, frozen solid and until May, came out in elegant of the sailors of the

neck and tied. The wings should be folded across the back, and the carcass made to have a clean appearance.

Pack in clean boxes, and have uniform sizes and appearance of the carcasses, by assorting them. The best casses, by assorting them. The best prices are paid more for appearance than for quality, and two or three cents a pound on a box of fowls amounts to a large sum, compared with the small extra labor required to make the birds reach the market in a condition to satisfy the pustomers.—Farm and Fireside.

Blade That Is Easily Adjusted to the Ordinary Cultivator. The blade herewith illustrated can be adjusted to an ordinary wooden cultivator, and is useful in cutting up redraspherry sprouts, troublesome weeds and thistles. The cutters are steel 1/4x



The horizontal cutting blade is 8 inches. The groove is fitted to the beam, to which it is secured by the bolt, the cutting edge sharpened and receding at the point. In the absence of a cultivator to which to attach them, a frame can be improvised with some 2x3 scantling and with an ordinary regulating wheel at the point.—American Garden.

Feeding Coops for Chiefs.

To feed chicks so as to prevent the fowls from securing the food, make a coop of lath, about two feet wide, four feet long and eight inches high. A few openings should be made for the ingress and egress of the chicks. When the food is placed under the coop the chicks will be able to go under at will to secure their food, while the adults will be compelled to look on from the outside.

The Dilettante—You ought to see Mrs. Thomson's magnificent home! It's just full of Corots and Millets.
The Parvenu—Terrible! Why doesn't she try insect power?—Chicago News.

Travers-The other day I was lucky enough to pick up a pocketbook, and do you know I couldn't find the owner. Dashaway—Could he find you?—N. Y.

Employer—You are not worth your sait to-day. What is the matter?

Clerk (sleepily)—I got here on time.—

N. Y. Weekly.



More Manufacturers Advance Wages.
The report of Commissioner Peck as to increased wages in New York under the McKinley law is sustained by the report of the labor commissioner of Massachusetts, whose report shows an increase of wages in over 60 per cent. of the 4,500 manufacturing establishments reported upon. There is one pauper in free trade England to every thirty-nine people. I America there is one to every 60. Lo wages, poor living poor farm. If the

America is striving to enlarge ber of paupers, it is advocating policy to bring about such a re

N. Y. Weekly.

Unpleasant Imagination.

Temple Kortwright (her afflanced)—
And while I am slaving here in town, you will sometimes think of me?

Mary Clausem (leaving town for the summer)—Yes, Tempy, darling. When I take a moonlight drive or a stroll along the beach with the other men, I shall imagine each one is you. I'm sure no girl could do more than that!—Puck.

Awakening New Deptha.

Featherstone—Well, old man, I am glad to hear that you are engaged to be married. Falling in love, sir, brings out qualities in a man that he never suspected.

Ringway—I agree with you. I never knew before (sadly) that I had the capacity for spending so much money—Detroit Free Press.