The other forenoon a young mane whose hair seemed to stand on end and

whose wild eyes and red face attracted

amediate attention halted before

Woodward avenue dry goods store and gazed fixedly at the card signs at-

tached to articles displayed at the

THE PHOENIX.

Do you know why the PHOENIX bicycle is the most popular wheel in Pittsburg? Do you know why it won the Butler-Pittsbugh race, and the Wheeling-Pittsburg? Simply because bearing, chain, tire, frame-all the parts-are made of the best material. Because we build the lightest, easiest running wheel that is safe and reliable for the roads.

We also make a specialty of an easy running and light lady's wheel, which is equally popular.



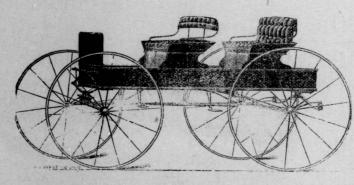
A guarantee is a good thing in its she has had a running sore on one side of her face. We tried every remedy recommended, but solving did her any good until we commended using Hood's Sarsaparilla. My married daughter advised me to use Hood's Sarsaparilla because way. The PHOENIX guarantee covers every point, but the best point of all is the fact that repairs or claims for defective parts constitute an exceedingly small per centage of our cost of manu
only a scar kemaining as a trace of the dreadful disease. Previous to taking the medicine her eyesight was affected but now she can see perfectly. In connection with Hood's Sarsaparilla we have used Hood's Vegetable Pills, and find them the best." Mrs Maria Griffin, Xenia, Illinois. facture.

For catalogue and other information address,

THE STOVER BICYCLE M'f'g. Co. FREEPORT, ILL, or

J. E. FORSYTHE, Agent.

BUTLER, PA.



Some people go one place and some another for a month during the summer. They lose their time and expense and its none of our business, but we have decided to stay at home and spend the time talking to our customers and giving them bar gains just for fun, to see how it goes. We are willing to spend our time for nothing only for July-not a day longer. That's all the time we can afford to spend for nothing. Some things we will sell below cost:

Rawhide Whips 30c. Whalebone Whips 30c. Leather Fly-nets \$1 4 boxes Axle Grease 25c. Binder Whips, 10 feet, 50c. And Buggies, Wagons, Harness and everything belonging to a team or driving outfit in proportion. No difference what you want about a horse or team, come here. We pay no rent and expect to be here all our life. The guessing on the horse is still going on. Try your luck—it costs nothing to try. Everybody over 16 years old allowed a guess. Women and men both guess. Over 1100 guesses already. Counted July 20 at noon.

S. B. Martincourt & Co.,

128 East Jefferson Street,

S. B. MARTINCOURT,

J. M. LIEGHNER.

W. F. HARTZELL.

L. M. COCHRAN

BUTLER ROOFING COMPANY,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

-- Excelsion Fire-Proof Slate Paint--

For Shingle Roofs, and Ebonite Varnish for all Metal Roofs. Also Agents for the Climax Wool and Asbestos Felt, the King of Roofing Felts.

All kinds of roofs repaired and painted on the shortest notice. Estimates given on old or new work and the same promptly attended

ALL WORK GUARANTEED.

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C. R. ELLIOTT,

130 W. Jefferson Street, LEADING WALL PAPER HOUSE

Will occupy this space next week.



Only a Scar Remains Scrofula Cured-Blood Purified by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

for my daughter. It is a wonderful medicine end it too highly. Sarah, Afflicted With Scrofula

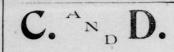
Hood's Sarsaparilla because Hood's Sarsaparilla because Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures it had cured her of dyspepsia. She had beer troubled with that complaint since childhood and since her cure she has never been without bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla in the house. We commenced giving it to Sarah about one year ago, and it has conquered the running sore,

Hood's Pills cure nausea, sick headache, indigestion, biliousness. Sold by all druggists.

The best Spring remedy for the blues. etc., is to discard your uncomfortable old duds which irrivour measure at man's Center. It was a new station, far out on the prairie, fully half a mile from the nearest human habitation, but halve eitered in the prairie. tate the body:-leave ALAND'S for a but, being situated in the midst of a wide belt of excellent grazing country, it was regarded as a good shipping new suit which will point. It already did more business in that line than many places on the road boasting of several hundred inhabitfit well, improve the appearance by relieving you instantly of that tired feelly of that tired feeling, and making you

The cost of this sure cure is very moderate

TRY IT.



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

CALL AND SEE US.

Colbert & Dale.

A Specialty.

At Redick's Drug Store. We do not handle anything bu pure drugs, next time you are

call. We are headquarters for pu SODA WATER as we use only pure fruit juices, walso handle Paris Green, belleber

insect powder, London purple and J. C. REDICK,

Main St., next to Hotel Lowry BUTLER, PA.

JOHN KEMPER,

Manufacturer of Harness, Collars, and Strap Work, and Fly Nets, and Dealer in

Whips, Dusters, Trunks and

My Goods are all new and strictul work guaran-

Repairing a Specialty.

Opposite Campbell & Templeton's Furniture Store.

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

Was it a dream? I saw once more my boy-hood's dear old home.

The rose embowered cot where I was born, The woodland paths wherein my lithesome fee

kissed with dew,

The skies that ne'er with clouds were over-

But oh, the blissful picture soon had faded 'Twas only a sweet memory of the past

And, too, the cellar, where I had to churn and churn and churn, And sprout potatoes every rainy day. There were the fields wherein I used to hoe the

beans and corn.
Where crops were slow and weeds grew very
fast,
And where I often sighed and wished I never
had been born— 'Twas only a sweet memory of the past.

The neighbor's watermelon patch from which I used to steal
The biggest meion I had strength to pack:
The church where every Sunday with a stonebruise on my heel
I'd have to limp to services and back.
The peach tree where my sire oftentimes would cut a switch
And lay it on my lacket thick and fast,
Or else he'd take his slipper and he'd give it to me rich—

'Twas only a sweet memory of the past
-Nixon Waterman, in Chicago Journal.



operator at the little station called Ranch-

ten and twelve at night.

Hence Jack had all the after part of the

Hence Jack had all the after part of the night at his own disposal and as soon as the last train—the east-bound express—passed he locked up the station and crossed the prairie to the little cottage, half a mile away, where his mother and sister Lizzie kept a pleasant home for him. They had their cow, their garden and their "truck patch" to look after, and the product of these, in addition to the twelve dollars a month pencheerful and active. tion to the twelve dollars a month pen-sion, which the mother, a soldier's widow, received, enabled them to live

agining danger when none existed. But she was ambitious, nevertheless, and wanted to learn everything Jack

Hence when he took charge of the little office down at the crossing she announced her determination of studying telegraphy. Jack assured her the art was as full of electricity as a thun-derstorm, of which she stood in mortal dread, but she persevered in her effort notwithstanding, and in a few weeks could manipulate the instrument so as to receive and send messages as correctly if not quite as speedily as her teacher.

Pleased with her progress, the broth-

er secured two second-hand instruments and a coil of wire and put up a line from the house to the station, so that she might have practice without having to walk to the office during the cold

Under Jack's directions the cowboys put it up, and though it was not stretched so well as it might have been and the poles were only fence posts spliced together, it worked as perfectly as the main line. Fearing that the officious lineman might object to the instrument on his end of the line being in the office, Jack set it up on one side of the big, empty freight room, and here, when the weather was not toe odd he spent many a longly not too cold, he spent many a lonely half hour in conversing in telegraphic language with the little sister at

One night about the middle of February there was a terrific thunder and windstorm, with a blinding fall of rain and hail, a very unusual thing at that season of the year. It came up suddenly about eleven o'clock, after the westbound train had passed and an hour be fore the eastern one was due. Jack had been lying dozing on the cot in his office, but at the sound of the

thunder he got up to look out. The rain was beginning to fall then, and the wind shook the light frame The rain was beginning and the wind shook the light frame building in such a fierce way as to cause him to shiver. While he stood by the window, watching the threatening clouds, a vivid flash of lightning re-vealed for an instant a troop of horse-men galloping across the prairie in the

direction of the station. Thinking they were belated cowbors caught in the unexpected storm, he paid no further attention to them, but after another look at the approaching cloud went back to the stove, where a bright fire was burning, and as it was still an hour till train time he took up a book, turned the night-lamp higher, and lazily stretched himself on the cot

He had read only a few pages when above the roar of the thunder and the beating of the rain and hail against the window he heard the clatter of horses' feet. A moment later heavy footsteps on the platform outside reached his ear, and, before he had time to conjecture what the unusual distributions. on the platform outside reached his ear, and, before he had time to conjecture what the unusual disturbance at that hour of the night meant, there came a loud knocking at the outer down. came a loud knocking at the outer door.

Thinking they were people from a distance to wait for the train, he inquired, more from habit than suspicions

Who is thous?"

"Passengers to take the midnight train," was the quick response. "We're wet to the skin and half-frozen. Let us in without delay," and the impatient moving of feet outside confirmed the

Without a moment's hesitation Jack drew back the heavy bolt and threw the door open, when in crowded half a dozen rough-looking men muffled to the ears in furs and woolen comforters.

tween himself and them, but before he had succeeded in carrying out the thought suggested he was seized by one of the stalwarts and burled un-ceremoniously to the floor. Then while two of the number held him down the others busied themselves in binding his hands and feet.

TTLER, PA., FRIDAY, JULY 20, 1894.

Thinking they had come for the purpose of tapping the safe, Jack felt re-lieved that there was only one dollar and a few cents there. Sometimes he had considerable money in charge, and only that day he had delivered a package of gold to a ranchman, but nowhe wondered how the robbers would feel when they learned how much they had risked for one dollar and six cents. He supposed, of course, that they would go through his pockets in search of the key of the safe, but they didn't; instead, they carried him into the freight room and laid him down against the side of the building, with he injunction to "keep mum, if he ed his bacon.' For awhile after they had disposed of

then he heard them moving about cau-Notwithstanding the predicament he was in himself he smiled grimly at thoughts of their chagrin when the contents of the safe should be revealed bein. "Why, it won't pay for the der it will take to blow it open," nuttered, under his breath.

him all was still in the waiting-room;

His soliloquy was interrupted by one of the men opening the door and in-quiring: "Say, youngster, is there anything we've got to do to that train

anything we've got to do to that train to get it to stop?"
"Hang the red lantern out, of course, you niany," replied one of his rough companions. "I've been around railroads enough in my time to find out a thing or two." Then, pushing past the first speaker, he held the light above his head and demanded of Jack: "Is the train on time, sonny?"
"It was at ten o'clock." answered "It was at ten o'clock," answered

not asked him for the key of the safe. It was not the paltry sum that might be found in a little country depot they were after. They intended to rob the train, and since the rogue had made known his business it occurred to him



WE'VE GOT TO DO ?"

that he had seen in the morning paper that a large amount of gold had been shipped from California to Washington and that it would pass over that brench of the road in its route thither.

widow, received, enabled them to live quite comfortably.

Lizzie was a bright, active girl of fourteen, always busy with her work or book, but with all her intelligence and industry she was an inveterate coward. She was afraid of everything, and often made herself miserable by imagining danger when none existed. be-captors had failed to draw the knot on the cord with which his hands were ound as tight as they doubtless intended. In an instant the slack end of the loop was between his teeth and a few vigorous jerks soon set him free. It required but a moment more to whip out his knife and cut the cord

that bound his feet. The next move was to take off his shoes so as to make no noise in moving around. Still, with his freedom regained he was unable to accomplish anything, for the outside door was locked and the key was on a ring with other keys hanging on a nail in the

He began feeling about to find out if there would be any chance of raising the window, when he almost stumbled over the small table where his little old-fashioned instrument sat. He tried the circuit and finding it complete de-

termined, in spite of Lizzie's known cowardice, to ask her help. She was a sound sleeper, but his one ope was that she might have been waked by the storm and so be made available as an assistant. His conjecture was correct and almost imme diately the circuit was opened and the

esponse came.

Then as rapidly as possible he made nown the situation at the station and asked if she would go down to the cut, a quarter of a mile distant, and signal the train. The reply was in the affirmative, and there was no indecision Then he flashed back:

"Put a, piece of thin, red flannel around the lantern, go down to the deep cut and swing your red light across the track as soon as the train counds the curve. Keep it up until you are sure it has been seen, and when the train stops go to the conductor with the news I have told you. Be as quick as possible, for it is almost traintime, and if you are too late there will be bloodshed."

"All right," returned Lizzie. "I'll be off inside of three minutes," and, coward though she was, she kept her promise. It was very dark, still rain-ing hard when she slipped quietly out of the back door of the cottage, not wishing to disturb her mother, who was just recovering from an attack of fever. It was still thundering in the fever. It was still thundering in the distance, and every flash of lightning made her shriek and cower as if wounded by the glaring sheet of fire. But in spite of her terror she did not slacken her speed, and reached the deep cut just as the headlight of the approaching train began to glimmer around the

would carry out his instructions he wrapped the cord loosely round his hands and feet again, and lay down in his old position, not wishing to excite

pay him another visit before the arrival of the train. He knew it must be almost midnight and the movements of the rogues outside convinced him that they were preparing for the work they had

Through the window he could see that the red lantern had been swung Not liking their appearance, the young telegrapher was about to reenter his office so as to put a lock be-



SHE REACHED THE DEEP CUT. . The clock in the office had struck twelve at least twenty minutes before a faraway whistle announced the approach of the tardy train. Immediately there was a cessation of the monotonous tread outside, and a few moments later, with a rumble and roar and hissing of the air brakes, the train drew up to the station. The next moment the command of "Hands up!" was followed by the report of several revolvers fired simultaneously, and Jack, throwing aside his cords, rushed out just in time to see his halfrushed out just in time to see his halfrushed out just in time to see his halfdozen midnight visitors marched into
the baggage car at the point of a dozen
revolvers leveled at their heads. In
the midst of the babel of voices that
followed, Jack found out that Lizzie
had succeeded in stopping the train
and that with the aid of volunteer passengers the train crew had no difficulty in capturing the robbers, who culty in capturing the robbers, who were not prepared for the volley of balls which had greeted them as they attempted to board the train. Two of

four, seeing that it was no use to re-"It was at ten o'clock," answered Jack, and then, with a wild hope in his heart, he added: "Let me loose and I'll find out."
"Not much, my liardy," responded "Not much, my liardy," responded test a purse of fifty dollars, raised by "Not much, my liardy," responded the rough, in a grating voice. "Let you at that infernal instrument and you'll send the train through like lightning and so cheat us out of that pile of gold we're a 'ter. No, sir; we're not the green gamins you take us for, that's sure."

of her brother, and in spite of her prother, and in spite of h that's sure."

Jack shuddered a the door closed behind the bold speacer.

He understood now why they had well and strong again. Consequently the first intimation she had of the danger they had braved came a week later in the form of a check for two hundred dollars from the railroad company-payable to Jack and Lizzie Taylor-fo the use of their private line in captur

them were wounded, and the other

ing the robbers. - Chicago News. An illustration of how children seize the sound of words occurred when a seven-year-old girl was asked to tell about her Sunday school lesson last tabbath. She replied: "It was in the Psalms, where it said something about the sounday shere it said something about the sounday shere it said something about the soundary shere it said the soundary shere it said the said running his cup over, and at the end said: Goodness, gracious, mercy sakes alive." This is certainly a new version of the twenty-third Project. sion of the twenty-third Psalm. -Omaha

-Helen-"Yes, I overheard Tom tell ng Charlie that you danced like an angel." "Do you think he was in earnest?" "Yes, for he said there was nothing that would tempt him to dance with you again."—Inter Ocean.

DIVIDING THE WORK.



"Jim, I'll tell you how you'll have to fix it. Tackle de ole woman fust, see? 'cause she's got de plunks in dat bag vot she's carryin'. Don't mind de dog at all; he's a bulldog, an' he'll just take a hold in one place an' den hang on; "Well, where do you come in?"
"Oh, I'll git de plunks while you's amoosin' de dog."—Life.

A Dread Truth. There is no adage of them all,

As that whenever strangers call
"It's the little things that tell."
—Brooklyn Life.

he became ill, and was like to die, in very despair of her love. Whereat pity touched her heart, and pity grew to love. When he came to know this. having now the love he had so yearned to possess, he rejoiced greatly, and arose from his bed. And straightway he began to love another w -Berry Benson, in Century.

Beauty Transferred. He-I think that often people, from being a great deal together, come to resemble each other. Don't you be-lieve that beauty is sometimes trans-ferred, as it were, in that way? But after She-Well, I don't know. in the garden last night some of her rouge was on your cheeks.—Boston Traveller.

Matilda Snowball-Is you in earnest, Mistah Johnsing, wid yore matermoni al prepersishon?

Sam Johnsing—I am, indeed, Miss Snowball. I has got er shanty an' chickens an' two mewels an' er pig, an' all I needs is er wife ter make me puffee'ly happy.—Alex Sweet, in Texas Siftings. Got There Anyhow.

"The old man run fer sheriff, didn't

"Yes; but he's still ahead." "How's that?"
"Feller shot the sheriff an' the old nan's coroner!"—Atlanta Constitution. Etiquette's Demands.

"And they beat him?"

ems to be smoke coming up through the floor. Run and tell the lady on the flat below. Something's afire in her part of this building. Quick, quick! Wife (coldly and stately)-Cyrus, I'll never do it in the world. We've lived three months in this flat and she has never called on me. -Tid-Bits.

Pulverizing. Teacher — Pulverized sugar is so called because it is powdered. Do you inderstand?

Little Girl-Yes'm. Teacher-Now construct a sentence with the word "pulverize" in it.

Little Girl—You pulverize , our face!

Necessary Pantomim

Bridget-D'ye moind th' way thim Oytalians motions wid their hands an' ums an' heads an' bodies whin they Patrick - Begorra, how ilse could they undirshtand phat aich other do be chatterin' about?—N. Y. Weekly.

A Matrimonial Prize. a visit!-Truth. ighly educated, isn't she? Happy Husband—Bless you, no. She doesn't know enough to last her over

ing toward the millpond for a day's

Uncle—I done lit up wid a 'zaster, sah. Yo' see I war gwine long mighty car'less wid mer mouf full of wums, an' Sam Osler done come erlong an' gimme a suddint slam on de back an' knock dem wums down mer soppgus.

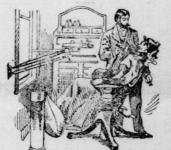
Now I gotter go ter de pratt. knock dem wums down mer soppgus. Now I gotter go ter de pottecary man an' see if he kyan gib me sumpin'ner ter abstrap dat bait. I's bleedged ter hab dat bait to do any fishin', sar."— Yonkers Gazette.

Feminiolties. Mrs. Gadders-I have so much trouble I can't get one that

will stay more than a week.

Mrs. Sauers (loftily)—My family is just the same size as yours, and I have Mrs. Gadders-Yes; I've heard that your cook had an easy thing of it. She told my chambermaid that she had hardly anything to do except when

company came. - Puck. WHAT DOES HE MEAN?



Miss Oldgirl (with a happy sigh)-

No Laughing Affair This. We may smile at ladies smoking.
But we'l' think it's gone too far
When the gentle damsels touch us
For a fifty-cent cigar.
N. Y. He

-N. Y. Herald

Knew How It Was filmself. Col. Yerger does not think it is right to bestow promiscuous charity. A few days ago a beggar met him, and applied to him for pecuniary assistance. After considerable reflection Col. Yerger responded with a reluctant

Boy-What does feudal mean? Teacher-Under the old feudal sys Teacher—Under the old feunal sys-tem one man had authority over a wnole community, appointing his fa-vorites to rule over the people and levying tribute on all citizens when-ever he pleased. Do you understand? Boy-Yes'm. He was a boss.-Good

"What little boy will tell why Lot's wife was turned into a pillar of salt?" asked the Sunday school teacher. Freddy Filkins' hand went up, and the good lady nodded to him to give "Because she was too fresh."-Truth.

Bingo—I tell you, dear, I had to work hard last night.

Mrs. Bingo—So I judged by what I saw in your pocket this morning.

Bingo—What do you mean?

Mrs. Bingo—A workman is known by his chips, isn't he?—N. Y. World.

He blushed a fiery red; her heart went pit-a-pat; she gently hung her head and looked down on the mat. He trembled in his speech; he rose from where he sat, and shouted with a creech: "You're sitting on my hat!

Pearson's Weekly. Impersonating an Officer.

Justice Stuffey-You charge this

tramp with coming to your saloon and impersonating an officer, do you? Grogan—Yis, sor; the blagard gave three raps on me soide dure, an' passed him out a dhrink.—N. Y. World Another Matter.

"Jones has skipped with twenty housand dollars." "He's a genius! "And he took your umbrella along

'He's an infernal scoundrel!"-Hallo Arched. Sally Gay-What a cunning little fellow Mr. Callipers is!
Dolly Swift—Cunning? Why, he's dreadfully bow-legged.

Sally Gay—Yes, but that gives him such an arch look, you know.—Truth. Easy to Laugh. Mrs. Brickrow—It does a body good to have Dr. Grinn when one is sick. He is always so jolly.

Mr. Brickrow—You'd be jolly, too, if

you were getting three dollars for a ten-minute call.—N. Y. Weekly. His Fears.
Prisoner- What does the judge say about my case? Lawyer—He's non-committal. Prisoner—Well, I'm glad of that.

was afraid he would give me seven years.-Judge. Good Advice. Father-Do you really desire to make ny daughter happy?
The Suitor—Certainly!
Father — Then don't marry

Comforting. Patient-Well, doctor, how's my Doctor-Pretty fair-it will last as

long as you live.-Hallo.

A Mitigating Circumsta Little Benny-Mamma, please let me hold the baby for a minute. Mother—I am afraid, Benny, you might let her fall. Little Benny—Well, if she does fall the can't fall very far.—Alex Sweet, in Texas Siftings.

Contentment. "Rabbi, who is the happier, the man "Rabbi, who is the happier, the man who owns \$1,000,000 or he who has seven daughters?" "The man who has many daughters" "Why so?" "He who has \$1,000,000 wishes for more; the man who has seven daughters does not."-Fliegende Blaetter.

"A miracle happened on the B & O. line the other night.' "You don't say so." "Yes; they discovered a hot box while the train was passing through Philadelphia."—Brooklyn Life.

A Modern Miracle.

Beauty of Absence. Wiggins—I wonder how it is that old DeCash always speaks so highly of his poor cousin in the west? Grump—H'm! His cousin is so hard up that he never can afford to pay him

Friend-Does the baron, your son-in law, speak with much of an accent?
Richpurse—He did when he discov-Sunday. Why, she even enjoys the meetings of the Ladies' Literary club.

N. V. Weekle.

Richpurse—He did when he discovered how I had fixed his wife's dower.

—Puck.

A Fishing Disaster.

Mr. Jackson—Hello, uncle! I thought
I met you about half an hour are going toward the millioned for a reminiscent mood, "was a discussed man I ever saw," yer. He attended a sale of unclaimed express packages and bought for two dollars and fifty cents what he supposed was an oil painting. When he took it

what you learned?
Bright Boy-Some smart men have
high foreheads, and some smart men have low foreheads; and some big fools have high foreheads, and some big fools have low foreheads. That's all I ember. -Good News

Might Change Her Views. "Emily," said the young author, ten-derly, "what do you think of my new

"Reginald," responded Emily, with a voice of which every tone spoke elo-quently as to her feelings, "Reginald, I have far too high a regard for you now ever to read any of your books."— Chicago Record.

"Is marriage a failure?" asked the elderly Spilkins of a former flame, who had been a party to a May and Decem

"No." she replied, with a glance toward her husband, in the next room. "Not a failure. Only a temporary em-barrassment."—Alex Sweet, in Texas Siftings.

Where He Kept His Property Where He Kept His Property.

At a church meeting in one of the suburbs of Chicago the inquiry was made whether a certain lawyer of the congregation, whose financial affairs were somewhat involved, had "got religion." To which another lawyer present responded: "No, I think not, unless it's in his wife's name."—Argonaut

Mother—You are a great big girl, Fanny, but you are afraid to sleep alone, and there is your little sister Jenny, who is not half your age, and she is not afraid. Fanny—You see, ma, she isn't old enough to have any sense yet.—Alex Sweet, in Texas Siftings.

Dick Hicks—The grocer has a whole box full of limed eggs.—N. Y. World.

Guest (facetiously)-There are two poons in my teacup. What is that a Hostess' Little Son-That's a sign

New Light on the Subject Mr. Aikin—You see things in a dif-ferent light since you married, do you Mr. Nuwed—I ought to. There were fifteen lamps among our wedding presents.—Forget Me Not.

These Are Everywhere.
"You stand for office in England. In this country you run for it."
"But we have one sort of candidate in common. Those who lie for it."-Where Is He?



Mrs. Mulligan-I'd rather hev Mr. Mulligan-So would I!-Hallo.

Not One. All lovers plead for just one kiss, But when they're badly gone, In their bright lexicon of bliss There's no such word as one.

No Use for Fire-Light. Mrs. Percushing-Henry, I smell fire, Mr. Percushing-Well, I can't find Mrs. Percushing—Well, light the candle and take another look. How

Editorial Remarks. "To make a long story short," ob-served the blue pencil, "the way to ucceed"—
"Is to do the work you are cut out

ould you find it in the dark, you idiot?

-Judge.

for," suggested the seissors.
"And stick at it," added the paste-pot.
And then silence reigned in the sanctum.—N. Y. World. The Winning Hand. She (half suspiciously)—Did you ever hold a hand that you would like to hold better than mine?

He—Only once, darling. Then I had four aces.-Raymond's Monthly.

On the Ocean Blue. Sympathetic Steward—Lights bother Very Sick Passenger-N-no. I think it's my liver.—Life.
His Attitude.

Tramp (to philanthropist)—Sir, I am one of the unemployed, and you could place me in a position I should very nuch like to occupy.
Philanthropist-Certainly, my good man; what is the position?

Tramp—That of owing you one dollar until the next time I meet you.—

Bobbie—Papa, I've been reading a story about an elephant drawing up a lot of water, and then squirting it all over a man he didn't like.

Bobbie's Father—That wasn't a very Upon her neighbor's hat she gazed nice thing to do, was it?

Bobbie—No. I should think he would have made him check his trunk.

Part of the Architect's Place Jean-My house is to be an exact counterpart of this old chateau that I saw in Normandy.

Lisette—Ah, but it will lack the mellowing effect of age.

Jean—But a gentleman with nine children is going to lease it for two years before I move in.—Vogue.

-Harper's Young People.

door.

"Reduced one-half in ten days, eh?"
he muttered, as one card in particular caught his eye. "Maybe that feller inside thinks he's mighty smart, but he's mistaken. I struck this town with forty dollars only two days ago, an' here I'm reduced to fifteen cents already. Half in ten days; humph!"— Detroit Free Press.

Taken at His Word. A Texas school-teacher lost one of his scholars very suddenly and unex-pectedly. The class was parsing a sen-

"What is the imperative of the verb to go?" asked the teacher. "I dunho."

"Go!"
"Thank you!" murmured the lad, as he shot out of the door before the teacher could prepare his veto message.—Alex E. Sweet, in Texas Siftings.



Other Things Count. "A great deal depends on penman-ship, my boy—a great deal depends on penmanship," he said to his son. "It may be of inestimable value to a young man, so you can't be too particular. I notice you don't write nearly so go a hand as your brother."
"Neither do you," retorted the boy

"Um-no, perhaps not. I didn't have the advantages-" "But yours is good at the bank and his isn't.' And thus ended the first lesson.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Matrimonial Persidage.

Mrs. Henpeck (severely) — A good wife is the greatest riches a man can Mr. Henpeck (sadly)-I only wish it Mr. Henpeck (sadity)—I only wish it were so, my dear.

Mrs. H. (with asperity)—And what reason, pray, sir, have you for thinking it is not so?

Mr. H.—Because "riches take unto

themselves wings and fly away," you

A Great Success.

Young Mr. Fitts—That pie you gave to the Commercial club for the poor has been one of the most successful

know.-Hallo.

contributions of the year.
Young Mrs. Fitts—Indeed:
"Yes, indeed. It has been presented
to no less than seven poor families so
far."—Indianapolis Journal. A Serious Accusation.

Wobbley Wibbles—I have a good mind to have that saloon bouncer who chucked me out arrested as an an-

archist.
Wiggley Waggles—What charge can
you bring against him?
Wobbley Wibbles—Firing a bum.—
Brooklyn Eagle.

Circumstantial Evidence.
Willie - Your father is going to ain't he?

Tommy—How did you know that?

Willie—Well, if he wasn't you'd never be digging bait on Saturday afternoon.—Judge. Long Time Since They Had Met.

Policeman (to tramp in front of an exchange office)—What yer bowin' and scrapin' in front of that winder for? Tramp (making another bow)—I'm salutin' them bank notes—old acquaintances that I haven't seen for years.— Not Adopted.
First Fashion Leader—Why not adopt this style? It is very becoming to both

of us.

Second Fashion Leader—Yes, it is becoming to us, but it does not make other people look ugly enough.—N. Y. Weekly. Sacrificed to Form. George (weakly)-Don't you think, Maude (coyly)-Think what, George?

George (bravely)—That it's awfully bad form for us to be so familiar un-less we are engaged.—Hallo. "When Lot's wife looked back," said the Sunday school teacher, "what hap-pened to her?" "She was transmuted into chloride of sodium," answered the class, with one voice.—Chicago Tribune.

True as a Rule. She—I suppose actresses are much uicker dressers than ordinary women quicker dressers than ordinary women folks. He—Well, they certainly do dress a good deal faster.—N. Y. World. Quite a Distinction. Miss Morris (to Miss Proudell, of Philadelpha)—I know some Proudells in New York. Are you related to them?

Miss Proudell-Oh no. Of course

not. If there is any connection at all, it is they who are related to us.— Harper's Bazar. Running a Great Risk.
Briggs-Well, old man, I've just spent half a day in writing verses to Maude Twickenham.
Griggs—That's strange.
Briggs—What is?

Griggs-Why, I thought you wanted to marry her!-Truth. Loneliness.
First Girl-Freddie took a good deal of wine at dinner yesterday.

Second Girl—I noticed it.

First Girl—It went to his head

Woman's Way.

Upon her neighbor's hat she gazed
Awhite with look intent,
And in these terms the structure praised;
It's grand—magnifeent."

Upon Niagara she looked
An't to her lover said,
As to his arm her own she hooked:

"It's pretty, ain't it, Ned?"
—N. Y. Pres

-N. Y. Presa. End of a Chicago Romane "The engagement between them is roken, then?"

"O, yes."
"Did they quarrel?"
"O, no; they discovered yesterday that they had been married to each other before."—N. Y. Press.

Struggling Pastor—Brother Skinflint intends to give our new chapel a beautiful memorial window. Wife—He probably wants something to look at when the contribution box goes around .- N. Y. Weekly.

A New Mother-in-Law Joke. "Mr. Smith, your mother-in-law-" "Oh! do not say that anything has happened to her."
"Nothing has happened to her. What makes you so anxious about her safety?"

"Why, man, she pays my rent every month."-Tammany Times.