THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL XXXI | BUTLER, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 30, 1894. | No. 34.

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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.

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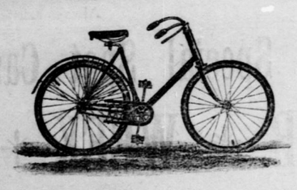

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September 4, 5, 6 and 7, 1894.

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IN MID-SUMMER
TAKE AN ADVERTISING
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THE CITIZEN SELLS IT.

CITATION IN PARTITION.

In re partition of the real estate of George Hines, dec'd, late of Brady twp., Butler county, Pa. | In the Orphans' Court of Butler Co. Pa. O. C. No. 1. Sept. Term, 1894.

On June 4, 1894, the petition of Mary E. Gibson (nee Hines) was presented to the Orphans' Court of Butler county at above number and term, setting forth in substance as follows: That said decedent died seized of, in and to a certain tract of land, situate in Slipperyrock twp., said county. That no partition or valuation thereof has been made to and among those entitled thereto, and therefore prays the Court to award an inquest according to law in such case made and provided, etc. Signed,

MARY E. GIBSON.

Whereupon Court made the following order. Now, June 4, 1894, citation and rule to show cause why partition should not be made as prayed for. Awarded. Returnable to Sept. Term.

BY THE COURT.

Now, Aug. 14, 1894, in pursuance of said citation and order of Court issued out of the Orphans' Court of said county and to me directed, this is to notify the following named parties to be and appear at an Orphans' Court to be held at Butler, in and for the county of Butler, on Monday the 3d day of Sept., 1894, at 2 o'clock p. m. of said day, then and there to show cause if any they may have why the prayer of the above petitioner should not be granted as prayed for therein. (Leo Hines, George W Hines, Thomas J Hines, Mary E Hines, Jasper W. Hines, Richard Hines, —Hines, Eleanor J Hines and Alexander Hines, whose residence is unknown. Francis Hines, dec'd, leaving to survive him Mary E Hines, Leo Hines, Nancy J. Hines, G W Hines and Matthew Hines residence unknown.

ANDREW G. CAMPBELL.
Sheriff, Butler county, Pa.

Citation in Partition.

In re petition for partition of the real estate of John S. Shakely, deceased.
O. C. No. 41, Sept. Term, 1894.

Now, June 9, 1894, Isaac Shakley petitioner in above case by his attorneys, Mc Junkin & Galbreath, prays the Court for a rule to show cause on the heirs and legal representatives of said John S. Shakely, dec'd., to appear and show cause why partition of said decedents real estate should not be made as prayed for. Whereupon the Court made the following order:

Now, June 9, 1894, the within petition presented in open Court and on due consideration prayer granted and rule to show cause is granted on parties in interest why partition should not be made as prayed for. Notice to be given to all parties in interest residing outside the county according to law and rules of Court.

BY THE COURT.

Now, July 18, 1894, in pursuance of said order of Court, you (Catherine Shakely, widow of D M. Shakely, of Leasureville, W. Va.; Fannie E. Shakely, intermarried with Hugh Huthrie, residing near Petrolia, in Armstrong Co., Pa.; Solomon R. Shakely, of Bradford, Pa.; Simon H Shakely, whose last known place of residence was in West Virginia,) and each of you are hereby notified to be and appear at the Orphans' Court to be held at Butler, in and for the county of Butler, on Monday the third day of September, 1894, at 1 o'clock p.m of said day, then and there to show cause, if any you may have, why partition should not be made as prayed for.

ANDREW G. CAMPBELL,
Sheriff, Butler Co., Pa.

215 S. MAIN STREET.

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A Great Sale Now Going on at

Largest Stock, Lowest Prices and Best BOOTS, SHOES and RUBBERS Ever Shown in Butler County.

Don't Spend One Penny for Footwear Before Calling on Me.

C. E. MILLER.

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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.

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L. E. Crumbling,
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Will sell eggs for hatching from fine Black Minorcas, Indian Games, Buff Leghorns, Barred and White Plymouth Rocks, and Houdans at $1 per setting; White Indian Games $5 per 15.

Old and young stock for sale at reasonable prices.

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Is due to an impoverished condition of the blood. It should be overcome without delay, and the best way to accomplish this result is to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, which

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

will purify and vitalize the blood, give strength and appetite and produce sweet and refreshing sleep. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla, and only Hood's.

Hood's Pills cure nausea, and biliousness.

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MAILED FREE,

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

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

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The best Spring remedy for the blues, etc., is to discard your uncomfortable old duds which irritate the body:-leave your measure at ALAND'S for a new suit which will fit well, improve the appearance by relieving you instantly of that tired feeling, and making you cheerful and active.

The cost of this sure cure is very moderate

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

Whips, Dusters, Trunks and Valises.

My Goods are all new and strict-first-c[illegible] work guaranteed

Repairing a Specialty.

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All light suits at reduced prices at

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$8	Suits Reduced to	$5
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BOOKS FOR 25 CENTS!

ALTEMUR ED., CLOTH AND SILVER.
STANDARD WORKS.
NEW ISSUES.
EXAMINE THEM AT

DOUGLASS'.

Near Postoffice.

CHAPTER II.

Though fifty miles from a railroad, the valley of the Troublesome was well settled by ranchmen, and the little village of Parkville, a few miles from Oliver's cabin, was the meeting-place for a large section of country. Here gathered miners from the distant peaks, prospectors, cowboys and sheep-herders from ranches, with the drift around such a place, gamblers and men with no visible means of support. In the rough mob that congregated in the two saloons at Parkville Oliver often saw the Frenchman. He was generally intoxicated, always the wildest of the merrymakers. He met him and Louis riding late at night at a mad pace with other vagabonds invited from the town, and he heard of orgies at De Restaud's home that reeked of city slums. Oliver himself never ventured towards De Restaud's house; the road was a private one, and he had no wish to come in contact with the owner. Sometimes he pitied the young wife when he thought of her, but as the days wore on her image faded. He had never mentioned her but the once to Dr. John, yet he hoped before he went away from the Troublesome to see her again. He had promised to be her friend.

Mike had told him the story in the valley was that she had come to Colorado Springs with a consumptive mother, and that the Frenchman, who was more careful then, and boarded at the hotel with them, wormed himself into the mother's confidence to such an extent that on her deathbed she desired to leave her daughter in De Restaud's care and prevailed upon her to be married then. A sentimental little creature like the girl could not refuse; Oliver had an uncomfortable feeling that she would be too easily led. De Restaud had brought his wife to the lonely ranch after her mother's death, and had kept her a prisoner. He was madly jealous of her, his crazed brain imagining all sorts of things she never dreamed of doing. Then it was also thought that, as he had entire control of her money, he kept her away from her friends for fear that they might question his guardianship.

Oliver was thinking of her one night two weeks after his strange visit. He was alone by the fire, for Dr. John had gone to see the sick wife of a ranchman. The doctor said he felt the errand hopeless, as the man had told the wife's condition, but if they thought he might help her he would go.

"He is a good old chap," Oliver said, aloud. The shepherd dog, thinking the compliment intended for him, gently thumped his tail on the floor. "There's his gown and cap; he'll make a guy of himself because his old landlady made them for him. I wish I had told him more about the girl at that ranch; he

"NOW, SIT DOWN AGAIN," HE SAID.

might have suggested something. Perhaps she can't get letters to her old aunt. If half the stories I hear are true, she ought never to stay there. The man is crazy."

Mac whined uneasily, and went to the door, standing listening, his head down.

"Watching for the doctor, Mac? He won't be back for hours yet. Hark!"

The dog growled, then barked loudly. There was the sound of hurrying footsteps on the hard ground, and the door was opened without ceremony. In her yellow gown, bareheaded and dust stained, her little dog held to her breast, De Restaud's wife staggered into the room, her face ghastly in its pallor, her eyes red with weeping, even the dog cowering with fright and pain.

"My. God!" cried Oliver, leaping to his feet. "Is he out there?"

"No, no; I am alone."

"Child, how could you come here? how could you come?" he cried, vexedly. "Why, he would murder you if he knew."

"Don't send me away!" she screamed; "oh! please, Mr. Oliver! I thought all the way you were kind and would help me. Look at the marks on my throat; he choked me; and there are welts on my arms, paining me dreadfully; and he—he kicked my dog. I think its leg is broken. Don't mind me. Look at Skye; is he badly hurt?"

Oliver took the shivering little beast in his arms.

"Only bruised," he said, gently; "but you—" He was sick with the horror of it! to strike that child! "You look so ill. Sit down in the big chair. Indeed you shall not go back; Dr. John and I will take care of that; and if he comes, you know," with that sweet smile of his, "your husband is a little man."

"I don't know what I did," she said, dazedly. "Maybe because I rode my pony down past here, and Louis told him, or Annette. He was drunk and ugly when he struck me and kicked Skye out of the way. Skye tried to bite him, and I interfered. Then I think I fainted, for I woke on my bed all hurt and bewildered. Annette came creeping in, sort of scared, and said he was sorry and had gone off to the village, but I pushed her out and locked the door. When he came back and they were playing cards I climbed down over the roof and ran here across the fields, not in the road—a long, dreadful way. Now you seem as if you were sorry I came!" She reached down, lifted her dog to her lap, and hid her face in its coat.

"I only cared for your sake," he answered, softly. When she bent her head he could see the cruel marks on her throat, and she still sobbed as she spoke. Was ever man so placed? He almost wished the coward who had struck her would come, that he could meet him; then reason told him he had no right to settle this woman's quarrel. He wished she were his sister; but did he in his heart? How girlish and fair she was in the firelit room! For a moment a fierce desire to keep her there, to defend her, swept over him. Then he said, almost coldly:

"Will they not miss you, Mrs. de Restaud?"

"Not that!" she cried, piteously. "Call me Minny. I don't want to hear his name! He never comes to my room when he has them there, you know, and he has told me never to open my door; so I am safe until morning. I prayed all the way you'd be here and alone. I knew you could tell me how to get to the railroad. I saw away across the hills your light, and how I ran then! I knew your dog would not hurt me, but I was afraid of cows; there were some lying down, and they got up as I ran past, and I screamed right out, I was so scared. I watched you sitting here through the window, your dog at your feet. You looked so good and kind, I felt I could go right in and tell you; perhaps you had a sister who died, or some one you loved; you would hate to think they should go back to that dreadful place, and you would think of me alone and friendless, and help me."

She went to him and clung to his arm, trembling and sobbing. "You will not send me back? you will not send me back?"

"You know I will not; but what shall I do, if anyone should see you here? Don't cry like that; I can't think what to do. Try to be brave."

She lifted her tear-wet face. "If you knew my life for two years, Mr. Oliver, you would think I had been brave. It is not fear that makes me cry now, only that you are kind and there is some one in the wide world who will help me."

"Now sit down again," he said, drawing the chair up for her. "Let us plan what to do. Where is your aunt now?"

"In Newcastle, Me., my dear old home. She is my father's sister, and lives there all alone. She was out to visit me, but she and Henri quarreled; she is a great big woman and she slapped him—oh, I was so glad!" vindictively—"and he just went into fits about it, the insult to the family honor. She thought, though, because I was married I must make the best of things; she's a member of the orthodox church back there, and they are very particular. I thought you could take me to the railroad and lend me the money to pay my fare; he has all my money, you know, and never gives me any—for fear, I suppose, I would run away. But Aunt Hannah will pay you; she's awfully honest, but she wants her due to the last farthing; that's New England, you know."

She half smiled, and leaned back in the chair comfortably. The ridiculous dog was fast asleep after his trials. Oliver thought it not unlikely Mrs. de Restaud would take a nap too.

He went swiftly and woke up Mike and sent him for his horses and the buckboard. Mike looked out of the corner of his eye at the young woman; he knew who she was, for he was an observing youth, and he whistled softly to himself while he harnessed the mettlesome horses. Oliver saw the look, and felt the first cold water of the world's criticism.

"Now, the money question need not bother you at all," he said, coming back to her side. "You see, I'm a well-to-do old bachelor, with no demands upon me. When you get to Maine you can send it back or not, just as you please. I owe you something for that supper, you know."

"That supper you had to gobble for fear of Henri? Wasn't it funny?"

"A case of boy and frogs; what was fun to you was death to me."

"You were not afraid a bit," she said, looking up with admiring eyes. "I have thought of you so much since that day, and I always pictured you afraid of nothing and doing all sorts of brave acts."

Oliver had a very uncomfortable feeling that he was decidedly afraid this moment of what the world would say. He could even fancy Dr. John's cool incredulous glance, and his "Craig, haven't you had lessons enough in the past?" and "it's a dangerous path, old boy."

"You are very kind to think of me at all," he said, distantly. "And, now, haven't you a hat?"

"No, nor a shawl. I'll be a queer-looking traveler."

"That Turkish dressing-gown of the doctor's—could that be used as an ulster?"

"It might, by a lunatic. Perhaps I could play that," she said, hopefully.

"Leave that for me, Mrs. Minny," laughed Oliver; "Dr. John will think after this, I need not play it. That cap of his—he don't look human in it, but you might try—"

"I have been looking at it. Does it do?" putting it coquettishly over her curls.

"Very becoming. You could be eccentric, you know, and prefer to make your own hats; for that has a home-made look. There, I believe he has a shawl. Dr. John is a regular old maid, luckily for us."

He brought her a thick gray shawl, which he draped over her shoulders. It quite covered her, and she looked very small and odd.

"You look like a child in its big sister's clothes," Oliver said, abruptly leaving her. He was not made of iron, and she kept looking at him with happy, affectionate eyes. "Haven't you a shawl-pin?"

"How could I, when I had no shawl?" she laughed. "Do you think women are pincushions?"

He departed and rummaged around in his room; then he returned in triumph with a diamond scarf-pin.

"Some woman gave me that atrocity; it will do well for the shawl."

"I am glad to take it away because a woman gave it to you. I hate to think of anybody else liking you. Is Dr. John a young man?"

Oliver thought she was either an experienced flirt or the most innocent of young persons, but her liking was so honest and apparent he felt the better for it.

"No, Mrs. Minny; he is an old chap, like me."

"I do not think you old," with a tender glance. "Besides, I'm twenty myself."

He put on his overcoat in silence and turned out the lamp. "Must the dog go?" he asked, resignedly.

"Of course. I would die without him."

Mike was waiting with the horses. "Where will I be afther tellin' the doctor ye've gone, sor?" he asked, calmly, as if a midnight elopement was not unusual.

"Tell him," said Oliver, thoughtfully, "that Mrs. de Restaud came to me for assistance to get to the railroad, and I took her there; there was nothing else to do. He must say nothing if De Restaud comes, and keep him from finding out, if possible, that I helped his wife. I trust to your Irish wit, Mike, to send him away from the cabin in the dark. If I can make it I will be back here by noon to-morrow."

"The greaser ljvin' foreninst the wather tank have a good harse, sor," said Mike, as he cautiously released the horses' heads and they started down the road at a gallop.

The night was warm and pleasant; the chinook blew from far sun-warmed plains, and myriads of stars pierced the darkness. The road was fairly good, though seldom traveled, and lay mostly on an incline towards the plains. It took all Oliver's strength to hold the horses, shut in for a day or two and headed for Denver, where they keenly remembered the comforts of oats and a city stable. Mrs. de Restaud, as the buckboard swung around often touched him; she caught his arm once with a little cry as they plunged into a hollow; but he talked distantly of her journey, restraining any affectionate confidences on her part with reference to the absent Aunt Hannah.

She would go to Colorado Springs; the train passed through there; she had a friend—a poor woman—well, their washerwoman when she and mamma lived there that winter; and this washerwoman was really a nice lady, who could buy her some proper clothes.

"But the money!" she cried, in dismay. "Have you got any with you?"

They were going up a hill, the horses panting heavily. Oliver took a roll of bills and put them in her hand. As his fingers met hers, every nerve in his frame thrilled.

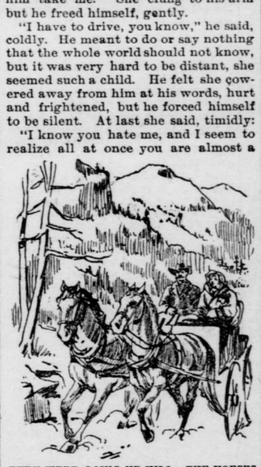
"This seems a great deal," she said, timidly. "Perhaps Aunt Hannah would not like to pay so much."

"You need not spend it all, Mrs. Minny, then; and, besides, the bills are small; that's what makes them seem so many. Now please put them carefully in your pocket, and don't let the dog chew them."

She laughed merrily. "Of course not, you goose! Oh, this ride is lovely! I never saw horses go so fast. Even if he should follow us you would not let him take me." She clung to his arm but he freed himself, gently.

"I have to drive, you know," he said, coldly. He meant to do or say nothing that the whole world should not know, but it was very hard to be distant, she seemed such a child. He felt she cowered away from him at his words, hurt and frightened, but he forced himself to be silent. At last she said, timidly:

"I know you hate me, and I seem to realize all at once you are almost a



THEY WERE GOING UP HILL—THE HORSES PANTING HEAVILY.

stranger; and I have asked of you more than one should even require of an old, old friend."

"Please, Mrs. Minny, don't. I am silent because I'm thinking of your journey, if we should miss the train, if the washerwoman should be dead or moved—for washerwomen are migratory—if even Aunt Hannah should fail you."

"But the town will be there, and Mr. Perkins, the depotmaster, is a neighbor—his wife takes care of Aunt Hannah's cat and parrot when she goes visiting."

"That, of course, alters things."

"The only thing I fear from Aunt Hannah," she said, dubiously, "is a long moral lecture about the duties of married women and their having chosen a path—she says parth; they do down there—and ought to walk in it. She wouldn't let me run away with her."

"Show her your bruises," Oliver said, hoarsely.

"I will; for she told me if he struck me I could come to her; and sometimes, honestly, Mr. Oliver, I used to tease him so he would and I might have my chance."

Oliver whistled softly under his breath; he would not have liked Dr. John to hear that last speech. "You must not tell her," he said, quickly, "about this ride and coming to my house."

"Why not? I would like her to know how good you were."

There was no need, but he slashed his horses angrily; then he said, curtly: "I am sorry you cannot understand. Could you explain it satisfactorily to Mr. de Restaud?"

"How cross you are! and I know you look just as you did when I talked mean about him—a sort of disgusted impatience. But he is not a reasonable being. Other people may be."

"Would you have gone to those amiable friends of his for assistance to get to the railroad?"

"Of course not. You know that."

"Well, how is the world to know I am any better?"

"I suppose being a lawyer makes you so smart," she said, in a melancholy tone; she assured her dog in a whisper he was the only being who loved her, her only friend; that she was silly and frivolous, Aunt Hannah said, and seemed to be a great trouble to mere strangers of good dispositions. Oliver said never a word; a little smile curved his lips, but he did not turn his head. Soon she grew quiet, and her head dropped against his shoulder, the soft wind lifting her curls to blow across his cheek. The dog, ornamented with the doctor's cap, slept in her lap.

Across the level land before them crept the gray glimmer of the dawn. Rose-colored light flamed in the far east, reflecting on the new snow on distant mountain-peaks. Prairie dogs hopped out of their holes and sat on their hind legs discussing local politics and happenings, the bill to abolish free rents for rattlesnakes, and the extortions of horned owls. The Skye terrier disgustedly flung off the doctor's cap and barked angrily at the small dogs. Mrs. de Restaud lifted her head with a little start, blushed and slapped the Skye terrier.

"Do be quiet, Skye. I am afraid I tired you, Mr. Oliver."

He would have liked to say a sweet thing to her—to most women he would—but his role now was that of benevolent friend; so he only answered vaguely: "Not at all," as if he did not know to what she referred. The horses dragged themselves wearily forward; it was six o'clock, and they had come fifty miles over a difficult road in less than seven hours. Two parallel lines of iron stretched far in the distance; the clumsy outline of a water-tank loomed up just ahead. The goal was reached, and away in the north a ribbon of smoke outlined on the sky proclaimed the coming train. Oliver lifted Mrs. de Restaud down. Skye rushed madly to the hole of a venturesome prairie dog who had taken up a residence near the tank and was out enjoying the morning air. The terrier found only a vanishing, and vented his annoyance at this and all the other vagrant dogs in shrill barks. His mistress was vastly amused; the strangeness of her undertaking had quite gone out of her head.

Oliver, in some concern, gave her advice regarding her journey; he was uncertain of his horses about the train, and had to stand by their heads; so Mrs. Minny frisked about with her dog, entirely confident her difficulties were over.

"You must send me word to Denver when you get to Maine," he said, "and be sure and make no acquaintances on the cars."

"One would think I was just out of boarding-school."

"The primary department," he said, crossly. "I wish you would be reasonable and listen a moment. I shall tell the conductor you are one of a camping-party and your mother is ill at Colorado Springs—that you had to leave in such a hurry to catch the train you had no time to get ready. If I must tell wrong stories for you, Mrs. Minny, please don't make me out in a lie the first thing."

"How good you are!" she said, softly. "I shall never, never forget what you have done for me. I shall say to myself: 'Minny,' you may be frivolous—Aunt Hannah says as unstable as water—but one big, handsome man is your friend and always will be.'"

"Always, Mrs. Minny, to the end of my life."

The rush of the near train terrified his horses almost beyond control, and he was obliged to send her for the conductor when the train stopped for water. The obliging official showed no surprise at Oliver's ingenious story; he was used to camping parties. He imparted the welcome news that the stateroom was vacant—she could have that—and accepted two fine cigars.

"My daughter is unused to traveling alone," Oliver said, gravely; "so will you telegraph for a carriage to meet her at the Springs, and see that she gets out at the right place?"

The conductor would be very happy to oblige. Then the young lady asked meekly if a dog, a very little one, might also ride in the stateroom.

"He might," said the official, "if hidden under a shawl; for, if this precaution is not taken, on the next trip all the women in the train will be bringing along their dogs. And I guess it's time to get aboard."

"Good-by," said Oliver, holding out his hand.

Mrs. Minny picked up her dog; with it under one arm, she took Oliver's hand, reached up, and shamelessly kissed him, a ghost of a kiss touching his cheek.

"Good-by, papa," she called, running to the car, and from the step waved farewell until the train vanished in the distance.

Oliver, as he drove along the road by the track in search of the Mexican who had the good horse, was almost dazed. He could not forget that farewell. He was haunted by the presence of the little lady of the Troublesome. He had not returned the kiss—well, there was no time—but how thoughtless, in front of the train! and was there ever another woman like her? He had never seen one. Trying as she was all that long way, could any man have played the role of honest friend better? "Not even Dr. John," said Oliver.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

It was Bobbie's mother's birthday—her thirtieth, some said, though there were others who were disposed to credit her with three or four years more. Bobbie, too, had his ideas on the subject apparently, for at breakfast he said:

"How old are you, mamma?"

"Oh, nineteen or twenty," was the answer.

"Humph!" said Bobbie. "Seems to me you're growin' backwards."—Harper's Magazine.

A CONFESSION OF FAITH.

Miss Frank—I believe in woman's rights.

Jack Cleverton—Then you think every woman should have a vote?

Miss Frank—No; but I think every woman should have a voter.—Scribner's Magazine.

A Rapid Transit.

"How long did it take you to cross the ocean?" asked Gus De Smith of a very aristocratic young lady from Europe.

"I was seven days on the water."

"Seven days? Why, when my brother went across it took him eight days."

"Probably your brother went over in the steerage. I was first cabin passenger," she replied, proudly.—Tammany Times.

The Secret Safe.

"And you ask me to marry you!" exclaimed the proud beauty, scornfully. "You! Hiram Jinks, I would not for the world have any of my friends know you have subjected me to this humiliation!" "Then we'll not say anything about it, Miss Rocksey," said Hiram, looking about for his hat. "Great Scott! You can't feel any more sneakin' over it than I do."—Chicago Tribune.

Getting There by Degrees.

Little Boy—Papa, won't you get me a nice round stick to roll hoop with?

Papa—Of course.

"And won't you buy me a hoop to roll?"

"Y-e-s."

"That will be lovely. Then you will have to buy me a bicycle so that I can keep up with the hoop."—Good News.

He Shut Him Up.

"Does this razor cause you any unnecessary pain?" asked the barber.

"No," replied the victim; "by holding my breath and clinching my teeth I think I shall be able to endure it without taking any more gas."

Silence reigned thereafter.—N. Y. Advertiser.

Matrimony's Weak Point.

She—If every atom of the human body is renewed every seven years, I cannot be the same woman that you married.

He—I have been suspecting that for some time.—N. Y. Weekly.

It Was Too Kind to Her.

She—They say this photograph doesn't do me justice.

Her Younger Brother—Well, I wouldn't feel hurt if they do say so. Justice should always be tempered with mercy, anyway?—Chicago Record.

Plenty of Sleeve.

Husband—My dear, don't you think that dress a—er—trifle immodest?

Wife—Immodest! Goodness me! Just look at the sleeves.—N. Y. Weekly.

Her Belief.

Miss Sears—I have come to believe that marriage is a failure.

Ethel Knox—Aren't you thankful to have escaped such a fate.—N. Y. World.

It All Depends.

Unmarried Lady—It must be a great thing when husband and wife are of one mind.

Married Lady—That depends on whose mind it is.—Alex Sweet, in Texas Siftings.

Blessing in Disguise.

Clara—Carrie is very short sighted, poor girl.

May—Yes, but her ailment has compensations. She can't see herself in a mirror.—Town Topics.

Not Quite Barbarians.

Bostwick—And is it true that you Chicagoans eat with your knives?

Hogaboom—Why of course we do! D'ye think we eat with our fingers like savages?—Truth.

Warning to Rich Girls.

Hostetter McGinnis—It does me good every time I read of a rich man marrying a poor girl.

Gus De Smith—Why does it do you good?

Hostetter McGinnis—Because then the rich girl he might have married still remains in the market, and I am looking out for a rich wife myself.—Alex Sweet, in Texas Siftings.

Mother's Darling.

Suburban Boy—Mamma asked me what was my favorite flower, an' w'en I told her "golden rod" she kissed me an' said I was poetic. Wot does that mean?

Little Girl—I don't know. Why do you like the golden rod?

Suburban Boy—'Cause it grows without any bother.—Good News.

BREAKING THE NEWS.

Briggs—Cleverton says you borrowed five dollars from him yesterday.

Griggs—And that isn't the worst of it.

Briggs—What do you mean?

Griggs—That's only half of what I want, old man.—Detroit Free Press.

The Average.

All things an average must strike
And now, through fashion's sports,
We wear our coat tails very long
And purses very short.
—Washington Star.

Infant Prodigy.

Witherby—My wife keeps a scrap-book now of all the bright things our baby says.

Planlington—Why, is the little fellow old enough for that?

Witherby—O, yes; it's quite wonderful. He repeats everything I say.—Answers.

A Charming Sight.

She—You have the most graceful way of shaking hands of any man I ever saw.

He (immensely pleased)—Do you think so?

She—Yes, indeed. It's simply delightful to watch you when you say good night.—Brooklyn Life.

The New Cook.

Husband—This coffee has a very pecular taste; it—

Wife—There, dear, I allowed the new cook to make it instead of doing it myself. How does it taste?

Husband—Just like coffee.—Demorest's Magazine.

A Favorite Variety.

The Young Housewife—Send me up some potatoes for dinner.

The Grocer—Yessum.

The Young Housewife—And don't send anything but Lyonnaise potatoes, either.—Chicago Record.

The Cause.

"Attend your church," the rector cries,
To church each fair one goes.
The old go there to close their eyes,
The young to eye their clothes.
—Truth.

The Scrapper's Method.

Muggins—Tell me, Puggins, how it is you manage to keep so well posted on all the great pugilistic events?

Puggins—That's easy enough; I keep a scrap book.—Boston Daily Traveller.

Taken at His Word.

Algy—It is my highest wish to make your life happy forever.

Genevieve—Well, then, for goodness sake, let us be friends once more—and never propose to me again.—Truth.

Valuable Information.

Dusty Rhodes—Walker owes his success to his knowledge of law and valuations.

Fitz William—How is that?

Dusty Rhodes—The minute he looks at an article of virtu, he knows whether it is grand or petty larceny.—N. Y. World.

Had Been There Before.

Judge—Have you formed any opinion on this case?

Mr. Wood B. Juror—Yes, your honor, I have; but that need not matter. I have served on juries before, and I know that I shall have no opinions at all when both sides get through.—Puck.

Spoiled the Parting.

Ferguson—You don't look like a man who has just said good night to his adored. Perhaps the old man came to the door in time to see you off.

Hankinson—He came to the door, blame him, in time to saw me off.—Chicago Tribune.

Love of Power.

"What ever induced Bingley to go into business? His wife has enough money to support the two of them."

"It wasn't money he was after. He opened an office so that he could have some place on earth where he would be boss."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Income Tax.

Citizen One—What do you think of this income tax?

Citizen Two—I haven't made up my mind yet. I've got to wait till the end of the fiscal year and see whether I've got any income or not.—Detroit Free Press.

WHEN LOVELY WOMAN VOTES.

Miss Mawbanks—Vote for that horrid man! Why, how can you, when he has such a big, ugly red beard?—Judge.

Always.

Jaspar—I have noticed a peculiar thing about men who claim to believe in nothing.

Jumpuppe—What is it?

Jaspar—They always have an unspeakable belief in themselves.—Truth.

Met the Emergency.

Hotel Clerk—The old gentleman in No. 202 says that his room is full of steam from the laundry.

Proprietor—All right. Charge him one dollar and fifty cents for a Turkish bath.—N. Y. World.

Home Dentistry.

Johnnie—I pulled that tooth, mamma. I knew I could.

Mamma—How did you do it, dear?

Johnnie—Oh, I just put on my big Sunday straw hat and tied the string to my loose tooth, and when the hat blew off it pulled the tooth right out!—American Traveler.