THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

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DON'T Want A Wheel?

Just as good time now, as any, to think of buying, to compare prices and merits. We pin our best faith to the CLEVELAND and the PHOENIX.

A wheel should be

Easy Running, Fine Looking Fully Guaranteed.

Ladies Phoenix.

We have them now and will have in the Spring.

J. E. FORSYTHE.

Mrs. Jennie E. Zimmerman

Wonderful Bargains For Fall and Winter.

NO HIGH TARIFF RATES HERE!

We rejoice with the people that the tariff question is at last settled, and we are prepared to meet all demands for Fall and Winter Goods with prices lower than ever and quality over and above anything we have ever shown. In DRESS GOODS, Ladies' and Children's Wraps, Millinery, and also in Blankets, Flannels, Yarns and Woolens of all kinds, Hosiery and Underwear for men, Women and Children; Fine Trimmings, consisting of Jets, Lace, Braid, Buttons, and Fur Trimmings, all new and late designs. Note a few prices given below:

25c.	50c.	50c.
36 inch Novelty Dress Goods in all colors. Real value - 40c.	40-inch All-Wool Serge, Black and Navy. Regular price - 65c.	48-inch New Novelty Dress Goods, all-wool and all colors. Real value 75c.
50c.	**75c.**	**60c**
40-inch Silk and Wool Mixtures, new and novel designs. Regular price - 65c.	Black Faille Silk, pure silk, width, 20 inches. Actual value - $1.00	Fancy Silks for Waists, Trimmings, &c.; entire new patterns. Real value - 75c.
Linens.	**Blankets & Flannels**	**All-Wool Flannels.**
Bargains in Damask, Napkins, Towels, Crush, Stamped Linens.	Silver Grey Blankets, 60c per pair; real value, 75c. Best All-Wool Country Blankets, value, $5.00, our price $3.50.	Best Country All-Wool Flannels in Butler for 25c per yard.

Our Domestic Department is as usual full to overflowing, wit everything new, staple and novel. Our reputation is firmly established for best grades and lowest priced Domestics offered in the city. We mean to maintain our good record in this and all other departments. Space forbids a detailed price list in this as well as our Millinery and Wrap Departments. We respectfully ask you to call and see us, and we will convince you. The place to get the best values for the least money is at

The Leading Dry Goods, Millinery and Wrap House of Butler.

MRS J E ZIMMERMAN.

FALL FOOTWEAR.

Cast your eyes in upon the fine display of the newest and most elegant styles in Footwear you have ever looked upon in Butler that we are now offering to the public

We are now prepared to serve all buyers that want good, suitable Footwear at prices never before offered in this town, quality considered. The people of Butler county know our word and guarantee is sufficient on any shoe we offer, as time has proven.

If you are looking for Ladies Shoes see our 75 and 95c. $1. 25 and $1.50; stop and look at the $2, $2.50 and $3, as fine as silk, in Blucherette and Button, Narrow and Square Toe, all widths.

IF YOU WANT MENS' SHOES

You have got to the right place at last, either in working shoes or fine dress shoes. Fine lines at 85c, 90c, $1, $1.25 and $1.50; wait a moment and see the $2 and $2.50 shoe in London, Globe, Yale and St. Louis toes. Nothing like them in Butler.

Well if you want SCHOOL SHOES for your BOYS AND GIRLS, see the great display at 45c, 50c, 75c, $1 and $1.25.

oy's and Youth's High Cut School Shoes.

If you are looking for a house that your dollar is worth 100 cents to every man, woman and child.

If you are looking for a house that carries its stock in the house and not in the newspapers, in fact if you want to trade with a reliable, first-class Shoe House go at once to

HUSELTON'S.

Where the majority of the best people of Butler county do there buying in footwear. 102 N. Main St., Butler, Pa., opposite Hotel Lowry.

Buy a Buggy

that's reliable when you do buy one.

Fredonia Buggies

have everything in their favor—beauty, stability, ease. You can find this out by looking at 'em. Your dealer sells them.

Made by FREDONIA MFG. CO., Youngstown, O.

State Library

Headache, Dyspepsia, Indigestion

Are caused by bad blood, and by a run down, worn out condition of the body. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Be sure to get Hood's

Hood's Pills are gentle, mild and effective.

MARTHA WASHINGTON

COOK-BOOK FREE!

320 PAGES. ILLUSTRATED.

One of the best Cook-Books published. It contains recipes for all kinds of cooking. Also departments on Medicine, Etiquette, and Toilet recipes. Indexed for handy reference.

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.

WOOLSON SPICE CO. Huron & Oak Streets, TOLEDO, OHIO

MERCURIAL POISON

Is the result of the usual treatment of blood disorders. The system is filled with Mercury and Potash remedies—more to be dreaded than the disease—and in a short while is in a far worse condition than before. The most common result is

RHEUMATISM

for which S. S. S. is the most reliable cure. A few bottles will afford relief where all else has failed.

I suffered from a severe attack of Mercurial Rheumatism, my arms and legs being swollen to more than twice their natural size, causing me most excruciating pains. I spent hundreds of dollars without relief, but after taking a few bottles of S.S.S. I improved rapidly, and am now a well man, completely cured. I can heartily recommend your wonderful medicine to anyone afflicted with this painful disease.

W. F. DALEY, Brooklyn Elevated R. R.

Our Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free to any address.

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

"Mothers' Friend"

Makes CHILD BIRTH Easy.

COLVIN, LA., Dec. 2, 1886.—My wife used "MOTHERS' FRIEND" before her third confinement, and says she would not be without it for hundreds of dollars.—DOCK MILLS.

Sent by express or mail, on receipt of price, $1.50 per bottle. Book "To MOTHERS" mailed free. Sold by all Druggists.

BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.

215 S. MAIN STREET.

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

C. E. MILLER.

BUTLER, PA.

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

A Great Sale Now Going on at

THE NEW SHOE STORE.

C. AND D.

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.

YOU CAN FIND this paper on file at REMINGTON BROS. agency for advertising at lowest rates.

STORMING A STAR.

By Esther Miller.

ESTHER MILLER

"CHOP AND mashed, look sharp, waiter!" said the man with the bulging pocketbook. "Tallantire, you always know everything, who's going to win the Derby this year? I want a fiver badly."

Another man, who was stabbing the red stuffed seats with an umbrella, grinned.

"Tallantire's tips! Fatal above the average, by Jove!"

They were a group of journalists in a little Fleet street restaurant, and the newcomer—a young man with strong, rugged features and gray eyes—returned the greeting with a nod. His clothes were seedy, and he looked depressed—with reason, for Mr. Dick Carroll was a free lance in New Grub street, and things were very bad with him, indeed.

"Of course, you all know that the Mayfair Mirror has sacked Inglefield?" continued he of the pocketbook. "Yes, it's a fact. The rock they split upon was this American singing woman the public is making such a fuss about—Cynthia Charrington. She is eccentric it seems—won't be interviewed, and because nobody else can get an interview the Mirror wants one—wants it badly—would give its ears for one. Well, Inglefield went after it—and failed. She flatly refused to receive him. It wasn't his fault, of course, but the Mirror wouldn't see it, and intimated that he was a muff. They had words, and wished each other good morning. Whereupon it comes to pass that there is a vacancy on the staff of the Mayfair Mirror, and I guess if anybody could do that interview, and supply 'the long-felt want,' he would stand a very good chance of filling it. Waiter, are you 'raising' that chop?"

"Coming, sir."

"Rawson of the Mirror always had a beast of a temper," growled the man with the beard, "but, all the same, a post on his sixpenny rag isn't to be sneezed at. If I had the enterprise of my early youth I would run down to London-super-Mare—she's staying at the Colosseum till the new production on Monday—and try my luck. Yah! you rising generation haven't the nous to grasp your opportunities when you get 'em."

The speaker subsided into a corner, and the discussion of an entre-cote, and Dick Carroll collected every coin he had about him and summed up the total.

"Seven and tenpence," he reflected. "Just the price of a third return to Brighton, and fourpence over to play with. Shall I go or shall I have dinner? Shall I lose a chance of obtaining a jolly good post or dine off buns?"

He weighed the idea and the silver dubiously, and he decided in favor of boldness and buns.

"Yes, sir?" queried the waiter with a cordial grin—Dick was an old customer.

"I have just recollected an appointment," exclaimed the journalist, genially, for the benefit of his brothers-in-arms; he would rather have died than confess the state of his exchequer. "I shall not tax the resources of your chef to-day. I wish you good-morning, John."

He went, humming, had a bun and a glass of milk at the A. B. C. next door, and walked to London Bridge station because he could not afford the 'bus fare. When he settled himself in the corner of a compartment, he had nothing in his pockets but three ha'pence and a postage-stamp a trifle the worse for wear.

"If," said Dick, "Miss Charrington is adamantine, I shall—what shall I do?"

He shivered as he caught a glimpse of the Thames over the parapet of the bridge—the muddy water suggested unpleasant thoughts.

It was just a quarter past two when he entered the hotel and asked at the enquiry office in the hall for Miss Charrington.

The singer had a suite of rooms on the first floor, and a boy in buttons took his card to her. Dick knew that if he were to mention the word "interview" she would probably refuse to see him; his only chance was to gain her presence in his private capacity and trust to Providence and her good nature for the upshot.

"Say I should be glad of a few minutes' conversation with her on a matter of business," said Dick, and then he waited with his heart in his throat till the "buttons" reappeared with the information that Miss Charrington would see him, and forthwith escorted him up the broad staircase to her private sitting-room.

Dick was not of a bashful disposition, but the nature of his errand killed his aplomb. He felt his color rise as she turned from the open window and advanced towards him holding his card in her hand—a tall, elegant woman, with a well-poised head, a somewhat languid manner, and the regular, delicate features which her portraits in the windows of the West End photographers had made familiar to him.

"Miss Charrington?" he said.

She bowed and motioned to a chair; but she did not seat herself, so he remained standing. He saw that she was looking inquiringly at him, and that it devolved upon him to make the plunge. He made it—with misgivings.

"I am afraid," he began, "that I misled you somewhat when I requested to see you on a matter of business. The truth is that I am a journalist, and, as the public is always interested in the lives of its favorites, I hoped you would be so kind as to grant me a brief interview for publication in the Mayfair Mirror."

As he spoke the word "journalist" he saw her brows contract sharply. Now she flashed an inimitable glance of indignation at him.

"I wish you good morning, sir," she said, curtly.

Dick caught his breath, and his head went up with a jerk.

"If I have annoyed you, I beg your pardon."

"If!" I object to being persecuted in this way by the press. I won't have it! The public pays for my professional services, but my private life is my own and concerns nobody but myself, and I refuse to have every detail of it hauled out to satisfy impertinent curiosity. My opinion on this subject is well known, I believe; you showed that you knew it when you gained my presence by such an ambiguous phrase."

"In that case, of course there is nothing for me to do but relieve you of my presence," said Dick.

They bowed stiffly. He turned away with a queer look on his face. He was wondering how long a postage stamp and three ha'pence would keep a man from starvation.

She caught the look out of the corner of her eye, and stayed him, brusquely, as she had given him his dismissal. A great artist is privileged to be unconventional.

"You knew I hated being interviewed," she repeated. "You knew it! Why did you come?"

"It was confounded cheek, of course, but a drowning man catches at straws," he said, bluntly. "And—I am hungry, if you want to know!"

"Ah!"

He turned scarlet to the eyes; he could have bitten his tongue out. A marvellous change came over the woman—her hauteur vanished, she was all subtle feminine sympathy. She held out her hand to him with a gesture of infinite graciousness.

"Forgive me! I would not have been so harsh if I had had any idea—Hungry!" Her glorious voice would have melted an iceberg.

"I'm not hungry!" exclaimed poor, penniless Dick, gasping with pride. "Don't you believe it—absurd exaggeration—all rot! I don't know why I said it."

"I do," she said. "You told me the truth on the spur of the moment, and now you're sorry. If you deny it I shan't believe you, so you can save your breath to cool the lunch you're going to have with me. I have been hungry often—in the old days when I was only little 'Cynthy' in Lake Geneva, Wis.,—and I know it's bad. Mr. Carroll, do you intend to make me hold out my hand all day?"

He choked.

"I'll take you hand, but I'm dashed if I'll take your lunch!"

"Yes, you shall," she said. "It's rude to contradict a lady. We'll have it all alone here—you and I and Mrs. Ross, my 'companion;' and I'll tell you a beautiful story about myself for the gratification of the good, inquisitive public. In return you shall tell me what put it into your head to come to Brighton."

He ate her lunch and drank her champagne, and before the meal was over she knew all about him and the bun episode.

"Plucky," she thought, and she admired courage in a man, "witty, proud, well-bred!"

She looked kindly at him, and smiled—with a moisture in her eyes.

"I hope you'll succeed with the Mirror; I'm sure you will," she said, when he took leave of her at last. "You must come and see me at Palace Mansions and tell me what you have done. But in case you don't get the post, or there is any delay—"

Dick broke into a gentle perspiration. Was she going to offer to lend him money?

She read the terror in his eyes, and refrained. But that evening the postman delivered at Dick's lodgings an anonymous envelope containing a five pound note. He knew that she had sent it as well as if she had told him so, and returned it to her promptly, with a little note of thanks.

She called him names, and made several vague and bitter allusions during the following day to false pride and

"DO YOU INTEND TO MAKE ME HOLD OUT MY HAND ALL DAY?"

ridiculous obstinacy. And thought more about him than she would have done if she had met him in the ordinary way and he had been dangling at her skirts for a score of afternoons.

Dick filled the vacancy on the Mayfair Mirror, and a chair in Cynthia Charrington's drawing-room on many Sunday afternoons.

"I owe my luck to you," he said to her on the occasion of his first visit to her handsome flat. "I shall never forget your kindness."

One day she went to the piano of her own accord and sang to him for half an hour. Previously he had only heard her in public, and it seemed to him that her glorious voice had never sounded so well as it did now in the privacy of her home. The man's pulses throbbed, and his head swam. He would have liked to throw his arms around her. When she stopped he took up his hat.

"What! are you going already?" she exclaimed, in surprise.

He muttered some excuse about "work to do," and left her with his brain on fire. He had suddenly realized a fact that frightened him.

On his way home he bought a photograph of her and hung it up in his room. He had scarcely done so when he tore it down again with wrath in his eyes.

"I'm a fool—an ass! Because a woman behaves like an angel to me I forget that I'm poor devil of a journalist and she's—Cynthia Charrington."

He made a bonfire of it in the empty grate, and watched it crackle and curl in the tongues of flame, with a fierce delight in his own agony. Then he went out, on a wet night, and bought another to take its place. The little incident was typical of his frame of mind.

For a whole fortnight he never went near her, then flesh and blood could bear it no longer, and he tramped to Kensington one Sunday afternoon.

"What have you been doing with yourself?" she demanded. "I have missed you."

"It is very good of you to say so," he said, gloomily.

While he was there a man he knew called, and, by and-by, they left together.

"Do you go there much?" asked his companion, after they had turned the corner and lighted up.

"Pretty often," replied Dick, puffing at his cigarette and staring at nothing particular.

"Hum!" said the man. "I thought so."

He smiled. Dick scowled.

"What the deuce are you grinning at?"

"Dicky, you're a hass! You don't deserve your luck. That woman's fond of you, and you're eating your heart out because you can't see it."

"Rot!" said Dick, gruffly. But he caught his breath and his eyes glowed.

"You have the ball at your feet and you won't kick it. It doesn't come to every man to have a Cynthia Charrington in love with him."

"I tell you she doesn't care a hang for me in that way. You mistake what is merely a platonic interest for—the other thing. I don't. And I value her friendship too much to let her think me cad enough to sell my self-respect and sink my identity in 'Miss Charrington's husband' for the sake of the fleshpots of Egypt. You can drop the subject, Amyot."

"I won't go near her for a month," said poor, proud Dick to himself as he walked home. "I must accustom myself to doing without her."

A week passed—a week of overstrung nerves, of cold dejection, of feverish desire. Then he had a shock. She was ill, she had been ill for several days, and her understudy had taken her place in the opera.

There was something wrong with her throat, reported the Comet, in the most flowery and grandiloquent of journalism. She would never sing again. Her glorious career was cut short in the bloom of her youth, the nightingale would be dumb for ever. Then the Comet, waking sapient, painted a "realistic" picture of her probable future. Public performers were notoriously improvident, and anyhow, she was too young to have saved much. In all likelihood she would sink into insignificant poverty—drag out her days as a snubbed governess or "companion." That, with embellishments, was the gist of the paragraph.

HE WATCHED IT BURN

Dick's face went white. He called a hansom and drove to Palace Mansions.

She received him in her boudoir and a tea-gown, and his over-anxious eyes magnified a slight pallor and additional languor into heaven knows what.

"Is it true that your throat's bad?" he asked her. "I've just read it in The Comet."

"Quite true," she said.

He gulped.

"Cynthia, you're a woman all alone. If you would let me take care of you. . . . . I wouldn't have asked before, but now that your prospects have changed so disastrously. . . . . Hang it! what shall I say to you? I hardly know. When a fellow's poor, and no better than other fellows, he hasn't much to offer to a woman. It just amounts to this, dear: I'm earning a decent salary—thanks to you—and I could make things smooth for you. Cynthia, could you, would you—?"

She held out her hands to him with a charming gesture of surrender. "If you want me, Dick—!"

"My darling, you are so good to me."

"But I think you are laboring under a little mistake," she said, demurely. "There is nothing seriously wrong with my voice. I've only had a bad cold."

"Then the Comet's information was incorrect?" he gasped.

"Quite so."

"And—and you do not need me at all?"

"I need you very much," she said; "that's why I worked that paragraph. You see I knew, if I didn't do something, that your horrid pride would spoil our lives. Don't be mad with me, Dick, or I shall cry."

But she blushed instead—for a reason.—Black and White.

BISMARCK'S HUMOR.

He Refused a Pardon, But Paid the Amount of the Fine.

The following as an illustration of Prince Bismarck's good humor: After he had accepted the ministry of commerce the prince was struck by the insignificance of many matters he had to decide. If, for instance, anybody had been caught illicitly hawking goods and had been sentenced to a fine, but had to be pardoned on the score of poverty, it was necessary, for the remission of the fine, to obtain the consent of two ministers—the minister of finance and the minister of commerce.

Bismarck had taken special note of a case of this kind. A peddler had been sentenced to a fine of twenty marks (about a sovereign), and the under secretary of state reported to the new minister of commerce that he was a poor devil, who had to maintain a wife and child, and would sink into still deeper misery if the fine were converted into imprisonment. He therefore begged Bismarck to sign an immediate report, advising the king to pardon the peddler. The prince emphatically refused to do so, for, said he, if the king had to be advised to use his right of pardon in all such cases, justice would become a dead letter. The peddler has simply not to pay the fine, and must escape imprisonment in order to save himself and family from absolute ruin. The under secretary of state then referred to the traditional practice, and appealed to the heart of his chief, who answered:

"All right. I'll give the poor devil the twenty marks out of my own pocket, but shall not have my signature for the thing."—Deutsche Revue.

Mr. Coffey and His Grounds.

Perhaps the best specimen of wit that has enlivened a Hamilton county court in many a day was that emitted like a flash from John Coffey, the attorney, who had been guilty of a good many things that had disturbed the serenity of bench and bar. Mr. Coffey was counsel in a case which had already been postponed some two or three times at his request. It was before Judge Outcalt. Again Mr. Coffey asked for postponement. The court reminded him that it had already been postponed several times at his request.

"Have you good grounds for wishing another postponement?" asked the court.

"Yes, sir; I have," replied Coffey.

"What are they?" asked the court.

"Coffey grounds, your honor."

"Coffee grounds?" repeated the judge.

"Yes sir," said John.

Then the judge got on his dignity, and reminded the lawyer that he was trifling with the court.

"Your honor," said Mr. Coffey, "there was a small addition to my family last night, and I submit, your honor, that this is good grounds for asking for a postponement."

Did John get it? Well, rather.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

It Wasn't His Razor.

The king was sore distraught. There was anger in his royal heart.

"What, ho," he roared. "Why failed the keen edge of my battle ax in today's conflict?"

The knight of the kitchen table bowed him low.

"Your majesty," he rejoined, "it is reported that her highness princess royal complained much of her corns upon yestere'en, and does not to-day."

The monarch swallowed his resentment, contenting himself with once more placing himself upon record as touching the subject of the interference of women in affairs of state.—Detroit Tribune.

A Decided Disadvantage.

Teacher—Now do you see the difference between animal instinct and human reason?

Bright Boy—Yes'm. If we had instinct we'd know everything we needed to without learning it; but we've got reason, and have to study ourselves mos' blind or be a fool.—Good News.

Had an Earnest Purpose.

"Do you believe in the novel with a purpose?" said Squildig to an author friend.

"Certainly," the latter replied. "All the novels I ever wrote have the same purpose."

"What is it?"

"To improve my bank account."—Answers.

THE MODERN DRAMA.

It Is a Dress-Coat Affair and Lacks the Goriness of Yore.

The other night a man went to the theater who had not been for years, and he couldn't make it out, says Pearson's Weekly. First of all he missed the simple village youth, the virtuous hero who was wont to take the first prize at the horticultural society, or else win the guerdon at quoits, or something or other in the rustic revels. But worst of all he missed the dear old-fashioned villain, and although this play had a tremendous villain in it our friend was not impressed with him a bit. He sighs thus:

"I came away again, sadly disappointed. The play was not what I expected. I shall go no more to the playhouse. The palmy days of the drama are over. The theater has fallen into the sear and yellow fifth act, and there is no health in it! The theater has followed the path of literature and the good old things are changed. I beheld a lot of swell people in evening dress on the stage. They spoke quietly to one another, very much as people do off the stage, and in very much the same sort of language. This is not what I want when I go to the theater.

"What is the theatrical villain of today? Is he a real, good, old-fashioned ruffian? Does he ever drag a helpless maiden from the domiciliary roof of her ancestors by the hair? No, sir. Does he ever say to the hero: 'Say one word and thou art food for the wolves?' Does he ever grab the heroine by the wrist, drag her down the stage in three strides, slam her down in a big chair, bend over her and whisper fiendishly: 'S death, maiden, but, by my soul, I love thee! Thou shalt be mine! Yield or by heaven I'll—'

"That's all I know of that speech, because 'By heaven I'll' is the cue for the maiden to spring up, and, throwing the villain half way across the stage, to say: 'Unhand me, ruffian! And know, that rather than mate with such as thou, I'd cast myself from yonder battlement into the foaming flood beneath!'

"And does the villian then say: 'Now, by heavens, I like thy spirit! I love thee all the more for it?'

"And does the maiden say: 'Merciful powers, protect me?'

"And does the door open and the hero rush in, armed with a good, blunt broadsword? And then do he and the villain fence up and down the stage, sixes, eights, shoulder blows, cut and thrust? Oh, no. These things have given way to swallow-tailed coats and high collars, and the villain is now as big a swell as any fellow in the show. Oh, for the good old palmy days of the drama, when the broadsword ruled and there was gore! The modern drama is too much like ice cream after a heavy dinner—cold and unsatisfying."

SERVANTS ON INSTALMENTS.

It Takes Six in Guatemala to Do the Work of One Girl Here.

The American woman, when she grumbles at the generality of servants, doesn't know when she is well off. If she could spend a year at housekeeping in Guatemala she would come back to the United States and pass the rest of her life in peace and contentment, says the New York Journal.

In Guatemala the servants are either Indians or half-breeds. They will live on black beans and tortillas, and as to wages, they are content for a month with what a servant girl receives here. But no American housekeeper would feel inclined to charge a servant board. You hire a Guatemala woman, for instance, as a cook. Then you must hire a man to keep the fire going. If he is away, the cook will let her fire go out sooner than debase her dignity by putting on more fuel. A third servant must be furnished to put the crude articles of food into shape for handling by the cook. A fourth is needed to do all the carrying. Still another must do the dish washing.

Altogether, a half-dozen servants are needed to get an ordinary breakfast for three or four persons. A bright, intelligent, sturdy servant in this country would accomplish the same feat all by herself in an hour or less. It is comparatively inexpensive to maintain a household of twelve or fifteen servants in Guatemala, but they are a terrible trial to an American woman.

Youngest Sons Favored.

"If one looks about him almost anywhere in Maine," says an observing resident of that state, "he will find that in the matter of descent of property we have unconsciously put in force or have effected just the opposite of the English rule of primogeniture. Where there are a number of children in a family it is almost always the youngest son that stays with the old folks and inherits the homestead. Where I live I can point out dozens of such instances in the families I know, and I cannot now recall a single instance where any other than the youngest was preferred. Of course this results from the disposition of the older boys to seek their fortunes away from the parental roof tree as soon as they are old enough, while the younger, with the others gone, finds room enough for his activities at home, and stays there. As distinguished from the old world method this may be called ultimogeniture."

Origin of Visiting Cards.

We owe the invention of visiting cards to the Chinese. So long ago as the period of the Tong dynasty (618-907) visiting cards were known to be in common use in China, and that is also the date of the introduction of the "red silken cords" which figure so conspicuously on the engagement cards of that country.

Cat'seyes. Ancient and Modern.

The cat'seye stone, now prized as an ornament, is a very different thing from the ancient cat's eye, or eyestone of India, an agate cut so as to show the so-called eye or eyes. It is supposed by some that this latter was used as money in many parts of India four centuries ago, and specimens found to-day have an interest of numismatists.

A Strange Case.

"I saw a very curious thing to-day."

"What was it?"

"A woman driving a nail with a hammer instead of with the back of her best hair brush."—N. Y. Press.

A Familiar Quotation.

Staylate—I must go; it is getting late.

Ethel Knox—Well, better late than never.—N. Y. World.

Rank Favoritism.

"O, no! there's no favorite in our family," said Jenny to her bosom friend, Norah. "O, no! if I bite my finger nails I catch it over the knuckles; but the baby can eat his whole foot, and they think it clever!"—Forget-Me-Not.

His Field.

Syms—I see that they have organized a boarding house keepers' trust in Philadelphia.

Smyles—That's what I've been looking for. You can't get trusted here nowadays.—Brooklyn Life.

A Point of Similarity.

Hicks—Your milk is like what we have on the coast of England.

Milkman—How is that?

Hicks—Large chalk deposits.—N. Y. World.

Ask Their Wives.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
As home his footsteps he has turned:
"I clean forgot that. I'll be damned."
—Washington Star.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

He Is the Noblest Species of the Whole Canine Race.

The Newfoundland dog takes his name from the island where he is supposed to have originated. Many, however, believe that the Norsemen, who discovered America in the year 1000, introduced this dog in Newfoundland. He is by some classified among the wolf-dogs, while others, on account of his large pendulous ears, say that he should not belong to this family, but that he and the St. Bernards should occupy a place by themselves.

The Newfoundland, says Harper's Young People, since his introduction in England, has improved in appearance, and is now larger and heavier. In Newfoundland and Labrador these dogs are used as beasts of burden, drawing considerable loads of wood and provisions on sledges. Their feet are partially webbed, and therefore they are most excellent water dogs. The scent is not strong, and as the dog is slow and clumsy, he is not valuable to the hunter, except as a retriever when speed is not required.

In the island of Newfoundland this dog is almost totally black, but the English varieties are usually black and white. As a watch-dog the Newfoundland is only second to the mastiff. He is amiable to children and small dogs. Kept in confinement he often gets cross and ill-tempered, and flies at those for whom he has previously shown the greatest regard.

Where a dog cannot be allowed to run, and must be chained up, the Newfoundland should not be kept. This dog is a great life-saver, and by instinct will jump into the water to save even an enemy from drowning.

THE VAMPIRE BAT.

A Dread Creature That Is Common in India.

I have always despised bats, said a Cleveland man recently, and it always sends a shudder over me whenever one of the hideous creatures approaches me. The bats of this country, however, are not to be dreaded in comparison to those of the vampire species which abound in India. Just imagine a big mouse with a horn on his head like a rhinocerous, furnish him with a pair of demon-like wings, and you have a very good picture of this latter kind. The natives dread the vampire bat on account of his blood-sucking propensity. In the sultry nights he fans the heated sleeper with his wings while his needle-like teeth are being inserted into the veins of his victim, quenching his thirst for blood with such gentleness that it is only by some fortunate chance that he is discovered before the mischief is done. It is a well-authenticated fact that if an individual is once bled by a vampire he is invariably chosen, in preference to all others equally exposed for a subsequent attack, and even if he were to move ten or twenty miles away, no immunity is gained thereby, as the bat is sure to follow him and keep up his blood-thirsty attack until his victim succumbs or the animal is discovered and killed. Cattle and horses, from being more exposed, are more frequently chosen as the subjects of attack by these loathsome creatures.

UNAPPRECIATED BANANAS.

Some Superstitions About Haddocks and Fern Roots.

The banana possesses wonderful sustaining properties, and yet years ago, in the warm countries where it flourishes, the banana was thought of so lightly that it was allowed to waste if not eaten by the cattle.

The plant itself was valued simply as a shade for coffee trees, between rows of which it was planted.

Somebody once told me, says a writer in the Gentlewoman, that the Spaniards used to regard the banana as a forbidden fruit, because they detected in its heart the transverse section of the cross.

I remember, too, how one of my early governesses used to delight me by showing me the cross and the apostles in the center of the passion flower; and the other day a friend told me of some curious symbolical marks to be found at the back of the neck of the haddock, indentations similar to those that might be caused by the finger and thumb, the supposition being that the haddock was one of the fishes picked out of the net on the occasion of the miraculous draft of fishes.

CHAMPIONS IN THEIR LINE.

Absent-Minded People Who Were Simply Wonders.

They are telling a story of a Dutchman who presented himself at the registar's office recently to obtain a license for his approaching marriage, and who, on being asked the name of the bride, was compelled to confess that it had quite escaped him, and he had to return home for the necessary information. It's a pretty good story of absence of mind, but there are others on record that are even better. There have been cases where persons have even forgotten their own names.

Lessing, the historian, was subject to the most wonderful fits of abstraction. One night, returning home late, he rang the front door bell, and when a servant called out from an upper window that the professor was not at home, he said: "All right, I'll come again," and walked away.

There was an English clergyman, Rev. George Harvest, who was engaged to a daughter of the bishop of London, but on the day of his wedding went fishing, and forgetful of the appointed hour did not appear at the nuptials. The lady broke off the match.

Making Rain in India.

A rainmaker in India has an apparatus consisting of a rocket capable of rising to the height of a mile, containing a reservoir of ether; in its descent it opens a parachute, which causes it to come down slowly. The ether is thrown out in fine spray, and its absorption of heat is said to lower the temperature about it sufficiently to condense the vapor and produce a limited shower.

Devotion.

"Darling," he murmured, "I would be ready to die for you."

She raised her eyes and smiled.

"Then—"

It was obvious that she was deeply affected—"you, too, have noticed that black becomes me."

The evidence of unselfish affection on his part quite overcame her.—Detroit Tribune.

A Waste of Time.

"Parson Dodd," said a parishioner, with consternation in his voice, "there's an infidel goin' to speak in the town hall to-night. He's agin religion, and he says there isn't any God."

"Well," replied the parson, with a placid twinkle in his eye, "I guess God can stand it."—Detroit Advertiser.

Thrift.

Hans (proprietor of the half-way house)—How many beds empty upstairs, Katrina?

Katrina—Four, Hans.

Hans—Vell, empty some tacks quick on the street out. I dinks me I see five picycle riders comin' dis way alretty, on dem wheels vat dey blows mit air up.—Judge.

Where Writing Pays.

She—Bixby appears to be quite a bright young man. I hear he acquired enough money by writing to pay for his education at college.

He—Yes; writing home to his parents.—Arkansaw Traveler.

A TERRIBLE HAWK.

An Enemy That Strikes Terror to Feathered Denizens of the Bush.

The author of "The Naturalist in La Plata" gives an impressive description of the terror produced by the appearance of a rather small hawk, of a species unknown to him, although he has seen it a hundred times. It is a marsh hawk. That is to say it seeks its prey in marshes.

I have frequently seen all the inhabitants of a marsh struck with panic, acting as if demented and suddenly grown careless to all other dangers. On such occasions I have looked up, confident of seeing this particular hawk suspended above them in the sky.

All birds that happen to be on the wing drop into the reeds or water as if shot. Ducks away from the shore stretch out their necks horizontally and drag their bodies, as if wounded, into closer cover. Not one bird is found bold enough to rise and wheel about the marauder—a usual proceeding in the case of other hawks; while at every sudden stoop of the falcon a low cry of terror rises from the birds underneath—a sound expressive of an emotion so contagious that it quickly runs like a murmur all over the marsh, as if a gust of wind had swept moaning through the rushes.

As long as the falcon hangs overhead, always at a height of about forty yards, threatening at intervals to dash down, this murmuring sound, made up of many hundreds of individual cries, is heard swelling and dying away, and occasionally, when he drops lower than usual, it rises to a sharp scream of terror.

Sometimes, when I have been riding over marshy ground, one of these hawks has placed himself directly over my head, within fifteen or twenty yards. It has perhaps acquired the habit of following horsemen in this way, in order to strike at any birds driven up.

Once my horse almost trod on a couple of snipe squatting, terrified, in the short grass. The instant they rose the hawk struck at one of them, the end of his wing smiting my cheek violently as he stooped. The snipe escaped by diving under the bridle, and immediately dropped on the other side of me; and the hawk, rising, flew away.

STORY OF A CAT.

Carried So Much Electricity That a Car Is Set on Fire.

The efficacy of a black cat as a lightning rod has been too frequently the subject of discussion and assertion to be treated at length at the present time, the drift of which is to show the apt manner in which an illustration of this popular belief can be deduced from an incident that occurred on the evening of the Fourth of July to the wife of a well-known business man of Washington.

On the evening in question the young matron had been expending considerable time and attention upon a handsome black cat, which she continued to stroke, notwithstanding the assertion of her family that by so doing she was charging herself with electricity. Finally after dark the young matron decided that a pleasant way of winding up the evening would be to go for a ride on the electric car to Bethesda. Accordingly, inviting two of her friends to accompany her, she set out for the ride in high spirits.

The trio found places together near the middle of the car, and had gone a short distance beyond the power house when their conversation was interrupted by the conductor hurriedly bending over them as though to avert some catastrophe beneath and telling them to leave the car with all speed, as it was on fire. Scarcely had they left their seats before a sheet of flame burst through the floor just beneath the very spot over which the young matron had been sitting, the electrical apparatus beneath having ignited at that very point.

ASHAMED OF THEMSELVES.

The Queer Effect of Photographing Upon Some Siberians.

"I have witnessed a good many amusing incidents in the course of my career," said a New York photographer, the other day, "but I think the one that struck me as the most ludicrous occurred while I was in Siberia a few years ago. I had my camera with me, and spent considerable time in taking pictures of the people and surrounding country. I had engaged the services of two native servants, and one day, having nothing better to do, I induced one of them to sit for his photograph. The fellow had never seen a mirror in his life, and I dare say had no conception of the degree of ugliness exhibited upon his countenance. At any rate he manifested no delight at seeing his picture, though his companion appeared very much elated, and could not rest until I had taken his picture also. When the latter saw his picture he also seemed depressed. The portraits appeared to have brought to the minds of both strange revelations, and they retired to their tent in a thoughtful mood, each trying to smooth down the bushy locks which crowned their heads. Presently one of them came to me and borrowed a pair of scissors, and shortly after they returned with scarcely a vestige of hair remaining on their heads and implored me to take their pictures again. The fruit of the camera was to them like the fruit of the tree of knowledge."

What He Wanted.

At the hospital the other morning, says Life, one of the patients was just recovering from an attack of delirium tremens, and, as is usual in such cases, desired to dress and go home more than anything else. It happened that one of the young ladies connected with the flower mission saw him, and, approaching, said: "I have some beautiful roses here. Wouldn't you like some?" No response. Again she said: "Wouldn't you like to have some of these roses?" Slowly his head turned, and, slightly opening his bleary eyes, he said, much to the embarrassment of the young woman: "I'd a blamed sight rather have my pants."

Love's Silent Interchange.

Friend—How did the count propose to you, and you accept, if he could not understand your language nor you his?

American Heiress—It was very simple. He showed me his family tree and I showed him my bankbook.—N. Y. Weekly.

Foiled Again.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"Digging for clams, kind sir," she said.
"Can I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"But you're already dug," she said.
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