THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL XXXI. BUTLER, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1894. No 43

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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.

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We have them now and will have in the Spring.

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Underwear, Shirts, Hats, Caps, Hosiery, Ties, Gloves, Mittens, Cardigan Jackets, Sweaters, Trunks, Valises, Telescopes, Watches, Chains, Charms, Rings, Pins, Suspenders, Handkerchiefs, Brushes, Purses, etc. This is

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Of Summer Goods, but our regular stock of FALL AND WINTER GOODS. We show you the largest stock in Butler to select from and everything goes. Don't miss this

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We are the pioneers of LOW PRICES. We never were, never can and never will be UNDERSOLD. Bear this in mind, and don't make your purchases until you see us. We feel satisfied we can do you good.

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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 Blucheretts and Button, Narrow and Square Toe, all widths

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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

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

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that's reliable when you do buy one.

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

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Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Be Sure to get Hood's

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

Lion Coffee

A DELICIOUS DRINK

SOLD ONLY IN 1-lb. PACKAGES

A BEAUTIFUL CARD IN EVERY PACKAGE

MANY FINE PREMIUMS GIVEN FREE TO DRINKERS OF LION COFFEE

It is unnecessary to bore you with the advertisement of our largest stock, best facilities, biggest business, etc. You know we have that. The important announcement is,

We will Positively save you Money on your Fall Clothes.

Our stock tables are resplendent with the newest patterns. See them.

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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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What You Need Is a Dictionary!

HERE IT IS!

One Webster Int. Dictionary, sheep, with patent thumb index, together with one Noye's patent adjustable dictionary holder—all complete for $12 50.

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NAN'S BIRTHDAY PARTY.

"YOU'RE the oldest, Don, you're the one to ask her."

"H'm! She'd be sure not to do it if I asked her. She hates boys. You do it, Grace."

"She hates girls as much as she does boys," returned his sister, gloomily.

"It's on Nan's account; it's her birthday. She is the one to ask," suggested Billy.

"Well, I do hope you're mean enough!" returned Nan, in disgust. "Why not let Lizbeth ask? She likes her a great deal better than she does any of the rest of us."

"Oh," said Lizbeth, shrinking back. "I'd really rather not!"

"You sha'n't, then," said Don, scowling at Nan. "Lizbeth is the youngest of the lot. I'll do it myself; you might as well all come along with me, though!" he added, a little less boldly, as he reached the door.

As they filed into the room, in a quiet manner strangely different from their usual noisy way, Miss Ann Hopkins looked up from her writing-table and frowned. She always frowned when she saw them.

"Well, what do you want?" she now said, inhospitably. "Answer quick, for I am very busy this morning."

This was not a very encouraging beginning, but Don did not allow himself to be daunted.

"Aunt Ann," he began, hurriedly, "it's Nan's birthday, you know, and mamma always gives us a little supper on our birthdays, so we thought perhaps you might—you would—er"—here he broke down hopelessly, and looked at Grace, who came bravely to his rescue.

"Yes, a little supper, and a cake with candies on it, only of course we wouldn't expect that."

"And lots of preserves," shouted Billy, loudly, emboldened by the thought of past festivities.

"I'm ten years old, Aunt Ann," put in Nan, timidly, from the background. "It's the oldest birthday I've ever had."

"Well, and haven't I remembered it sufficiently?" returned her aunt, sharply. "Have you forgotten the two nice aprons I gave you last night?"

"Aprons! H'm!" muttered Don, contemptuously, to himself. "Much good aprons will do Nan. She never works any."

"Work!" exclaimed Miss Ann, who possessed an unfortunate faculty for always overhearing an aside not intended for her. "Work! No, nor you, either. It would be much better if you all had allotted tasks for each day, and next week I'll see that you have. In my day—"

The children sighed. They were so tired of hearing about Miss Ann's day.

Billy was resolved to stop the present reminiscence at all hazards.

"Will you do it, Aunt Ann?" he interrupted, rashly, notwithstanding a warning pinch from Grace.

Their last chance vanished.

"No!" said his aunt, crossly. "I can't be troubled with you to-day. I have a great deal to do, and I want you all out of the way. I have packed a basket with some nice bread-and-butter sandwiches, cookies and apples. You can go on a picnic down in the long meadow. That ought to satisfy you, I'm sure. You needn't come back till late in the afternoon, for I probably shall not be here. William," she called, as, with disappointed faces, the children were moving sadly away, "take this pile of books to the little schoolhouse at the end of the lane. You will find the key hanging behind the kitchen door. Don't forget to lock the door when you come away."

"What for?" said Billy, idly, more from habit than because he expected to find out.

Miss Ann did not answer. It was not her way to give children a reason. "Why should I?" she would say. "It ought to be enough for them to know that I desire it."

"We didn't make much out of that," said Don, as they pushed their way through the long grass of the meadow.

"No," said Billy, who had just joined them. "Nothing but a lot of tasks."

"It was so stupid of you, Billy, to cut in when she began about 'her day,'" said Don. "She loves to tell about herself when she was a little girl. It might have made her good-natured, and Nan was beginning to get up quite a grateful look about the aprons when you rushed in and spoiled it all."

"Don't care if I did," said Billy, defiantly. "I couldn't stand it."

"Let's not talk any more about her now," said Lizbeth, wearily. "I'm so tired, and we sha'n't see her again for all day."

"All right, Lizbeth," said Billy, gently.

The children were always gentle with Lizbeth—poor little Lizbeth. They were all strong and healthy excepting this one little sister. Something was the trouble with her heart, the doctors said. Often for days she would have to stay apart from them in a darkened room, and then they would all be very quiet. Though she could not join in their rough sports, still there was always a certain zest missing when Lizbeth's pale, sweet face was not there to smile and applaud their feats; and their disputes were always more bitter without Lizbeth's soft voice to make peace.

The tall elms were beginning to cast long shadows in the meadow, when Grace suggested that it was time to return home. As they climbed the long hill wearily, Lizbeth dropped a little behind the others and said to Billy: "Did you remember to lock the door of the schoolhouse, as Aunt Ann told you to?"

"Cracky!" cried Billy, stopping in dismay; "I forgot all about it. I left the key in the door. I'll go and lock it and catch up with you before you get to the house."

"You run on ahead, Nan, and see if supper's ready," suggested Don. "Grace and I will make a lady's chair and carry Lizbeth the rest of the way, she looks so tired."

Nan rushed on ahead, and the other three followed so slowly that Billy overtook them by the time they reached the house.

"It's lucky you reminded me of it, Lizbeth," he said, swinging the big key on his finger. "I'll just go and—"

"Donald, Grace," cried Nan's voice, excitedly. "Only look! Come here quick."

They all rushed eagerly into the house and to the dining-room, where they stood transfixed on the threshold, gazing with wide-open, astonished eyes at the sight before them.

The table was spread with a snowy cloth, one of Aunt Ann's best damask; in the center stood a large cut-glass bowl of June roses, whose sweet fragrance filled the whole room. But the children's hungry eyes did not linger on such trifling details as flowers or fine glass, for before them was laid a most bounteous feast.

"Oh, my eye!" gasped Billy at last! "quince preserve!"

"Cold tongue and chicken," added Grace, drawing near the table.

"And Washington-pie," cried Don.

"What's in this pitcher?" said Nan, bending over it. "Iced tea!" she exclaimed, gazing with awestruck delight at the amber liquid.

"And all on account of Nan's birthday," said Lizbeth, with a soft flush on her cheeks, looking with admiration at her sister.

"Wasn't Aunt Ann good?" said Grace. "Where can she be? I suppose we'd better wait for her," she added, doubtfully.

"The table is only set for five people," said Billy, hungrily. "I don't believe she means to be here, so we might as well begin. Though of course it would be pleasanter to have her here," he added, politely.

"Ye-es," assented Grace, faintly; "of course."

But notwithstanding the absence of their hostess, they seated themselves with bright faces, and the dainties began rapidly to disappear.

Meanwhile in the little schoolhouse at the end of the lane a queer scene was taking place.

Four angry, tired women were gathered about a trembling old desk upon which was balanced a three-legged stool. On this shaky pedestal stood a fifth woman still angrier and warmer.

"I expect to break my neck," she said, sharply. "Can't you hold that stool any steadier? I should think four of you might manage to keep it from shaking so."

"The fault is with the desk," said the stout Widow Clark, puffing a little. "But the worst part is over now," she remarked triumphantly, as Miss Ann drew herself up laboriously on the narrow window sill.

"Glad you think so," said Miss Ann, grimly, from her precarious perch. "But if you had to crawl through a three by four window and drop eight

"CAN'T YOU HOLD THAT STOOL ANY STEADIER?"

feet to the ground, you wouldn't be of the same opinion. Had I better go feet first?" she asked, nervously, glancing down at her anxious friends.

"I suppose so," said Miss Webb, doubtfully. "It is a pity the windows were built so high."

"It isn't likely they were built as a means of exit," returned Miss Ann, ungratefully. "Fortunately, every one is not blessed with nieces and nephews like mine."

"I suppose there is no doubt that one of them did it?" said the Widow Clark, hesitatingly.

"Doubt!" repeated Miss Ann, with scorn. "That's probably the reason William left the key in the door, only I wasn't smart enough to think of it. It isn't strange their mother needed a rest. I'll never undertake the care of them for another summer, though. They were cross about Nan's birthday, and this is their revenge. They didn't think we should be able to get out till they were ready to unlock the door; but I'll show them I'm not to be trifled with."

Spurred on by this thought, she made a bold leap. A heavy thud announced that she had reached the ground, but not without some damage, as the sound of something tearing told her breathless listeners.

"Her best bombazine gown!" said the Widow Clark, in a frightened whisper, gazing at a bit of gray cloth left on the blind fastener.

There was silence, and then Miss Ann's voice came sepulchrally through the keyhole:

"It's just as I thought; they have gone off with the key. I will hurry straight to the house, for they are capable of anything, even of eating our supper."

As she approached the house she grew angrier than ever, for she heard loud bursts of laughter and merry voices.

"My gracious!" she said to herself, "they are actually in the dining-room! I'll creep softly to the door and catch them in the very act."

As she paused in the hall, she heard Donald's clear voice.

"Hulloa, Lizbeth," he cried, stopping suddenly to stare at his sister. "You're not eating anything. What's the matter?"

"O, Don," she answered, in a low voice. "I can't eat; it chokes me."

"Chokes you!" cried Billy, in a scared tone. He was devouring his fifth sardine, and he quickly put down his fork and looked anxiously at his plate.

"Is it the bones, Lizbeth?"

"Oh! I don't mean that," responded Lizbeth, with a little sob. "It's only that I've been thinking of what we said about Aunt Ann. We called her names, and we made fun of the suffer-

"HERE'S TO AUNT ANN AND THE OTHER SUFFERAGERS.

agists, and all the time while we were saying mean things about her, here she was working away getting this supper ready for us!"

"That's so," said Grace, regretfully. "It must have taken her an awful long time to bake all these things, and it's been so hot."

"That's probably why she wanted to get rid of us to-day. She meant to surprise us all along," and Donald looked about him with a remorseful face.

"Oh! dear," said tender-hearted Nan, the great tears standing in her blue eyes. "Of course, that was it. We might have known that she wouldn't disappoint us."

"I don't see why," said Billy, who, unmoved by the repentant words of his brother and sisters, had continued his supper. "This is the first nice thing she ever did for us, and she was cross enough about this."

"You ungrateful boy!" said Grace, with indignation. "What if she was a little cross? We've done enough to make her so. I'm sure! we're never tried to be nice to her or please her since we came. Guess you've forgotten the night she sat up with you after you had fallen into the river."

"Wish she hadn't," grumbled Billy. "She scolded me all through."

"And she drove away over to Milford to get the bag Nan lost."

"She was madder than hops 'cause she had to," returned the hardened Billy, helping himself to a large piece of cake.

"She's always been good to Lizbeth," suggested Nan.

"So she has," assented Billy, slowly, touched at last. "But nobody could help being good to Lizbeth."

"Before Nan finishes that pitcher of iced tea I say we drink Aunt Ann's health, the way they did at mamma's anniversary," said Donald. "Nan ought to give the toast, because it's her birthday. Fill our glasses and stand up, Nan."

Nan rose obediently.

"Here's to Aunt Ann and the other sufferagers," she said, after a moment's thought. "I hope they'll stop suffering and have a good time very soon. We all do."

"Hurrah!" said Billy, waving his glass; "so we do."

And the toast was drunk joyfully.

A very thoughtful and sober-looking woman crept away from the house. Although she carried the school house key, yet she did not seem to be in any great haste to release her fellow-prisoners, for when she reached the door she stood looking musingly at the keyhole for some moments, and when she finally threw the door open her friends were surprised at the softened look on her face.

"Well?" said Miss Webb, inquiringly. "Did you find any of them?"

"Yes," said Miss Ann, obviously avoiding their eyes. "Yes, they were all there. They were in the dining-room."

"My patience, Ann!" exclaimed the Widow Clark, anticipating the worst. "They weren't eating the supper, were they?"

"Yes, they were," returned Miss Ann, defiantly. "And what's more, I didn't stop them. There was a mistake about the supper."

"I should think so," retorted Miss Webb, grimly. "A mistake I should not overlook. I'm surprised at you, Ann."

"Why didn't you speak to them, Ann?" said the Widow Clark, curiosity getting the better of her hunger.

"I didn't speak to them," she answered slowly, "because they thought it was a birthday supper I had prepared for Nan. The table was set for five, you know, and I hadn't told them about this meeting we were going to have; so when they got home and found no one there, they naturally thought it was a surprise for them."

"How do you account for the door being locked?" asked Miss Webb, with asperity.

"No matter, Ann," broke in the Widow Clark, hastily. "It's all right. You can all come over and have tea with me if you don't mind a plain supper."

"Thank you, Sophia," said Miss Ann, gratefully.—Marjorie Richardson, in Youth's Companion.

WOULD MEET AGAIN.

She (sadly, to her fiance)—And now you must go back to the dreadful city and leave me here alone for the rest of the season?

He (tenderly)—Yes, dear; but we shall meet here again next summer, you know.—Brooklyn Life.

She Knew What She Was Doing.

Louise—You are surely not going to marry Mr. Graball?

Maud—I am.

L.—Why, he is a regular miser.

M.—That's just the reason. I don't want a man who spends all the money himself. I will attend to that part of the business.—N. Y. Press.

Makes a Big Difference.

Mr. Timmidd—How would a girl feel if she received a proposal by letter?

Friend—If she didn't care for you, she'd feel insulted.

"Um—well—er—suppose she did care for me?"

"She'd say 'yes' by telegraph."—N. Y. Weekly.

Not While He Knew It.

Doctor—You say your husband has been in this delirious state for the last hour? Why did you not send for me sooner?

Patient's Wife—Sure, sor, as long as he wor in his roight moind he said he wouldn't hav' won o' thim dom docthers in the house!—Puck.

Private and Public Business.

Boy—Why do you hire that man by the job?

Father (a congressman)—Because if I paid him by the day he'd dawdle along all summer.

"Does the government pay you by the job?"

"N—o; by the day."—Good News.

Puzzled.

Mrs. Foracloque—Well, how are you getting along with your housekeeping?

Mrs. Nuwed—Oh, famously! But, I was going to ask you. Is a sugar loaf the same thing as a sweetbread?—N. Y. World.

After Tea.

A bright little girl who had successfully spelled the word "that," was asked by her teacher what would remain after the "t" had been taken away.

"The dirty cups and saucers," was the prompt reply.—Texas Siftings.

She Was Not Ambitious.

Mrs. Newriche—I want Ethel to be very highly educated.

Ethel (imploringly)—Oh, mamma, I don't want to be highly educated. I want to be just like you.—Brooklyn Life.

The Point of View.

Van Croke—But, my dear fellow, you can't afford to marry a girl like Ruth Richling.

Von Broke—On the contrary, old man, I can't afford to marry any other girl.—Brooklyn Life.

Just Like Most Women.

"Miss Streeter is learning to ride a bicycle."

"How is she succeeding?"

"Oh, she doesn't get on very well."—Life.

Always So.

Perkins—Say, Dexter, your stories remind me of my bank account.

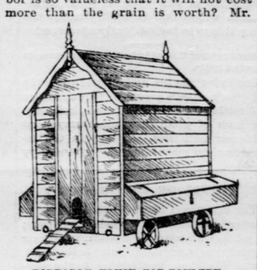
Dexter—How's that?

"Always overdrawn."—Arkansaw Traveler.

PORTABLE HEN HOUSE.

How Poultry Can Be Made to Utilize Waste in Grain Fields.

There is always more or less grain lost in harvesting—shelled off the heads or broken down out of reach of the reaper. When grain was high in price farmers could afford to ignore this waste and let it seed the land with a volunteer crop. The writer has often herded cows on the great Colorado wheat fields, that were seeded in this way. In these times, however, "every little counts," and even the waste in the grain fields must be picked up and utilized. But whose labor is so valueless that it will not cost more than the grain is worth? Mr.



PORTABLE HOUSE FOR POULTRY.

and Mrs. Hen are the people to do the work properly. We illustrate the way this thing is done in England. A little henhouse on wheels, large enough for twenty-five hens, is hauled about from one part of the field to another. Wherever it stops, the hens clean up all the scattered wheat for many rods in every direction. They come back to the house to sleep and lay. All the farmer has to do is to move the house and gather the eggs—the hens do the rest. There is progress for you—a step in advance of "hens by the acre." On many an American wheat farm the hens could make the waste wheat worth a good deal of money.—Rural New Yorker.

MANY USES OF TAR.

To the Poultry Raiser It May Be Said to Be Indispensable.

Poultry raisers seem to have failed to learn the value of tar. It is valuable in many ways, says C. W. Norris in the Epitomist. I am led to believe that to tar the fence around the poultry-house, instead of whitewashing, will be much better. It will contribute largely to the durability of the wood, protecting it from storm and time. It is in the poultry-house that the value of tar is the greatest, for it conduces greatly toward healthfulness. When cholera makes its appearance, we would advise, first, a thorough cleaning of the house, next, an application of tar on all the joints, cracks and crevices of the inside of the building, and then plenty of fresh whitewash properly applied. The tar absorbs or drives away the taint of disease, and makes the premises wholesome. The smell is not offensive, in fact many people like it, and it is directly opposite to unhealthy. To vermin, lice, etc., the smell of tar is very repulsive, and but few will remain after you have tarred the house. A neighbor of ours was once troubled with chicken cholera, and by adopting the above, in connection with removing affected fowls, he soon put a stop to its ravages. A small lump of tar in the drinking water supplied to the fowls will be found beneficial. It is also very beneficial to the human system in case of consumption, bronchitis and severe colds.

AMONG THE POULTRY.

A SANDY soil is the best location for a poultry yard.

THE growing fowls should have a change in the grain ration every week.

GEESE lay three times a year, and as many as a dozen eggs each time.

KEEPING the nests dark will often prevent the hens from eating the eggs.

TWO WEEKS is long enough to make a fowl fat if highly fed with a fattening ration.

AIR-SLAKED lime freely used in the poultry quarters will destroy unpleasant odors.

THE late-hatched turkeys can nearly always be given a fresh range much younger than those hatched earlier.

AFTER the chickens are six weeks old there is a steady gain on the part of the large breeds over the small ones.

WHERE the poultry are allowed to shift for themselves and are given the range of the farm they often prove a nuisance.

DRY earth is the best deodorizer known. It is also the best absorbent to preserve the manure in the least offensive way.

ONE of the best ways of making the poultry-house comfortable is to make a double wall and line the inside one with paper.—St. Louis Republic.

Milk as an Egg Producer.

Hens should have all the milk they can readily eat; no kind of food is better adapted to egg production. Some milk mixed with bran will not fatten them; but if given freely, the vessel in which it is fed will need frequent cleansing to prevent them becoming offensive. With milk to drink fowls on a range will do well enough on one meal a day, as this will encourage activity and picking up what they can. This feed should be given very early in the morning and should steamed clover hay, with a little corn and oat chop and bran mixed with it, and a a little salt added to make it more palatable. A bird will have a ravenous appetite, and they can eat all of this food they want without injury.—California Cackler.

A Poor Illustration.

"Don't know how many three times ten is? Now, Harry," said the teacher, "if one loaf of bread costs ten cents, wouldn't three cost thirty cents?"

"May be so at your bakery, but we deal with a baker that gives three for a quarter."—Tammany Times.

Counting Didn't Help Him.

Mamma—What are you doing, Ned?

Ned—You told me that when I felt angry with you I must count ten.

Mamma—Well?

Ned—I've counted seven hundred and thirty-seven and I'm just as angry as I was before.—N. Y. Recorder.

Bobby's Bent.

Nurse—Please, ma'am, every time little Bobby can't have his own way he runs at me and pushes me and kicks me like everything.

Fond Mother—Bless his little heart! He'll be a famous football player some day.—Good News.

A Small Boy's View.

Mother—There goes another one of those dirty tramps. I can't see why they don't keep clean, anyhow.

Small Son—Mebby w'en they was little their mothers made them wash so often they got sick of it.—Good News.

Had the Keeping Qualities.

Mrs. Dewdrop—This elderberry wine is some of my own make, parson. Do you think it will keep?

Parson Tester (tasting)—There is no question about it, ma'am.—Judge.

OUTDRANK PRINCE BISMARCK.

A Frenchman Whose Head Was Stronger Than the German Had Supposed.

The orators of the French chamber of deputies are in the habit of sipping as they speak some sort of beverage which varies according to the temperament of each one, says Harper's Weekly. M. Floquet used to drink tepid sirup; M. Ribot takes sweetened coffee; M. Rouvier, seltzer water with lemon; M. de Mun, pure water; M. Deroulede, brandy. M. de Freycinet and M. Constant never drink anything while speaking. M. Pouyer-Quertier, who was finance minister at the time of the national assembly and who preferred the juice of the grape to every other beverage, drank Bordeaux wine in almost any quantity; he has been known to speak for three hours and to absorb eleven glasses of his favorite wine without the slightest inconvenience. It was M. Pouyer-Quertier who settled with Prince Bismarck the conditions for the payment of the five billion francs which France, after the war, had to pay over to Germany. The story is told that one day while the two plenipotentiaries were discussing at table the details of those conditions Prince Bismarck conceived the idea of trying to make M. Pouyer-Quertier drink too much. The latter had scarcely emptied his glass when the prince replenished it, and the French plenipotentiary tossed it off immediately. Prince Bismarck, however, had to keep up with him and drink in his turn, so that after an hour the great chancellor felt his head grow rather heavy. He gave up the bout and said to M. Pouyer-Quertier: "I see that the wine has no great effect upon you." "Oh," replied the other, who had noticed Bismarck's attempt to fuddle him: "I can absorb almost any quantity; I can even swallow the glass itself." And suiting the action to the word he ground Prince Bismarck's crystal glass between his teeth without even cutting his lips.

LORE OF THE WOODPECKER.

Some Quaint Notions Entertained in Ancient Times Regarding the Bird.

The beliefs and convictions that constitute the folklore of the woodpecker, or sapsucker, as it is sometimes erroneously called—for its boisterous operations occur solely in quest of insects that lie concealed beneath the bark, and are never injurious to the trees—are, in fact, very many and varied, and many of them can be traced back to a somewhat more venerable antiquity than is usual in such matters. Probably, says an English journal, every one remembers having read or heard, at one time or another, the story of the transformation of the pagan god Picus, the son of Saturnus, to the woodpecker by the witch goddess, Circe, in revenge for his coldness and nonrequital of her love. The tale of itself is of little importance, and is but one of the countless fairy legends that compose the lesser and and extremely poetic mythologies of the Greeks and Romans. But it happily serves the purpose of illustrating the connection that evidently existed in the Roman mind between birds and the supernatural and the unknown in general. And it would seem that the relation in different forms was almost universal in ancient times, for the image of the bird which was used by the Romans to represent the persecuted deity already mentioned—after whom the family is named incidentally, in ornithology—and by the augurs and priests of the city as a sort of symbol in foretelling coming events, abounds in many of the marvelous and complicated sculptures and carvings of Central America and Peru, and has even been found in some of the South Sea islands and other parts of the world in the form of wooden charms and fetiches.

GAME OF THE DEVIL.

It Hails Originally from China and Used to Be Played in Europe.

What is called the "Game of the Devil" dates back to China, where it is called Kouen-gen, to a very remote antiquity, and has been played in France at different epochs of modern times, especially at the beginning of the present century.

The "devil" is thrown into the air by means of a string which the player keeps taut by the skillful use of two sticks, and upon which he is to catch it. "I remember having often seen this game in the hands of one of my friends," says a contributor to a French periodical. "According to him, the game was in great favor in Belgium in his boyhood, about fifteen years ago, especially at colleges, where the young men often got up genuine matches between two and even three players.

"The devil's form varies a little from that of the 'Kouen-gen.' It is made of two tin cones connected by their apices, and provided with apertures for the production of a humming sound when the devil revolves very fast. A good strong player can easily throw it to a height of more than forty feet."

Something less than a quarter of a century ago this game was much played at Paris. The devil was made of two hollow boxwood balls.

The Chinese Sailor.

The Chinese sailor is not a lover of discipline. He prefers perfect freedom, especially when the question of leave is concerned. When Capt. Lang had charge of the Chinese navy he discovered this weakness, and it gave him a considerable amount of trouble. He found ordinary methods of enforcing regularity utterly useless. Officers and men alike showed a total indifference to his orders where leave of absence was concerned. Following the example of the emperor of Germany, he determined on a series of surprise visits, and on one of these occasions he found that many of the officers and men were on shore without leave. Determined to enforce discipline at any cost, he ordered all the delinquents to be placed under arrest when they returned. This was too much for the easy-going Chinamen. That night every man jumped overboard and went home, utterly disgusted with the service.

A Matter of Observation.

Mike (beating the carpet)—What's that spot there that's so worn?

Mary—Oh, that must have been just in front of the missis' mirror.—Life.

Abashed.

The bloomer girl upon her wheel
Confuses one and all;
They look an instant in her face,
And then their glances fall.

Puck.

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING.

A suit of clothes for a dude.—Truth.

Too Sharp for Him.

Bella (teasingly) — Say something funny, Algy.

Algernon (promptly)—Certainly. Will you marry me?

Bella—O, but marriage is no joke, you know!—N. Y. Advertiser.

NOT A MERE FIGUREHEAD.

Victoria Said to Take an Active and Beneficent Part in Public Affairs.

A corner of the veil which screens the inner life of royalty from the common gaze was raised the other day by Mr. Rentoul, M. P., at a meeting of ladies in support of the women's suffrage movement, says the Westminster Gazette. Mr. Rentoul said his idea had always been that the queen was a merely ornamental sort of personage, who signed such documents as were submitted by her ministers, and was restrained from doing any harm by constitutional safeguards. He had, however, recently made the acquaintance of two lords in waiting, who have been in attendance on her majesty for many years, and the information he had obtained from this source had completely altered his views as to the influence exercised by the queen in matters of domestic and foreign policy. He had learned that she is proficient in eleven European languages, and that she has during the last four or five years completely mastered Hindustanee, in which she converses with great correctness and fluency with any of her Indian subjects who are presented at court. Her majesty frequently writes to every important sovereign in Europe, and her influence on the side of peace is said to have been very beneficial, her knowledge of foreign affairs being most intimate and accurate. At several critical stages in the relations between European nations the queen's personal influence has been successfully exerted to prevent war. It is even alleged in court circles that her majesty would have been able to prevent the Franco-Prussian war if Emperor Louis Napoleon had not precipitated hostilities on the Rhine before any opportunity was afforded for mediation.

LONG BEFORE PULLMAN'S DAY.

Benjamin Dearborn, in 1819, Thought Out the Sleeping and Dining Car.

The recent Pullman troubles impart a special interest to a discovery recently made by File Clerk Walter H. French, among the archives of the house of representatives, says the Washington Post. The discovery is in the nature of a petition to congress preferred in 1819 clearly foreshadowing the modern system of sleeping cars. The petition is all the more interesting because the power of steam used in the propulsion of railroad trains at that time was still in its infancy and wrapped more or less in vague mystery. The paper is as follows:

"The memorial of Benjamin Dearborn, of Boston, respectfully represents: That he has devised in theory a mode of propelling wheel carriages in a manner probably unknown in any country, and has perfectly satisfied his own mind of the practicability of conveying mails and passengers with such celerity as has never before been accomplished, and in complete security from robbery on the highway.

"For obtaining these results he relies on carriages propelled by steam on level railroads, and contemplates that they can be furnished with accommodations for passengers to take their meals and their rest during the passage, as in a packet; that they be sufficiently high for persons to walk in them without stooping, and so capacious as to accommodate twenty, thirty or more passengers and their baggage."

GOOD FIGHTERS.

Chinese Soldiers Are Fearless and Infinite in Numbers.

Our knowledge of the modern Chinaman in battle has been derived from the wars of 1883 and 1884 with the French.

According to the French narratives of the war in Tonquin, the Chinese generals were deficient in strategy; but the rank and file fought so desperately, with such utter disregard for life, that they generally won the battles, and the campaigns ended in French retreats. Admiral Courbet covered himself with glory by his operations on the River Min, which ended in the destruction of the Chinese arsenals and shipyards, but the admiral had to make all haste to withdraw his force; if he had delayed, not a ship nor a man would have escaped, says the San Francisco Argonaut.

So at the conflict on the island of Formosa. The speed with which the French landed was outstripped by the speed with which they reembarked. French officers who have seen the Chinese in the field shake their heads when foreigners talk lightly of their military prowess. In fact, the question speaks for itself. Given a practically indefinite number of fighting men, every one of whom is ready to die on the field, it goes without saying that it cannot be overcome by a weaker force.

Awed by a Glass Eye.

One of the many superstitious fears that render the laborers from sunny Italy so generally docile was recently taken advantage of by a shrewd Irish foreman employed on a public job. There was a misunderstanding likely to result in a general strike, and he assembled the men together, listening patiently to their statement of grievances. When they concluded, he called to his side the bookkeeper of the contractor, a man with penetrating dark eyes, one of them quite still because it was artificial. The foreman stated with emphasis, the only terms upon which he would compromise, and the bookkeeper kept his "evil eye" fixed on the crowd. The terms were accepted without a murmur, and the crowd hastily dispersed. The bookkeeper was entirely unconscious of performing any part in determining the controversy.

Chinese Marksmen.

The accuracy of the Chinese marksman is marvelous, when it is remembered the gunstock rests on the hip. In this way he brings down with great facility birds on the wing, and even the snipe, whose zigzag course renders them difficult to spot with the western fowling piece. In addition, too, he uses no explosive cap, but fires it with lighted fuse.

At a Resort.

First Little Girl—I heard that your papa is a senator. Is that so?

Second Little Girl (who stutters)—Why, ye-ye-yes.

First Little Girl—Oh, you needn't be afraid to speak up. I won't tell.—Good News.

Right to the Point.

Young Tutter—Do you mind, Miss Clara, if I don't wear a dress suit after this when I call?

Miss Pinkerly—Certainly not, Mr. Tutter, if you are coming on business.—Clothier and Furnisher.

A Sensible View.

"How did you feel about the income tax?"

"I am in favor of having a law passed giving every man an income large enough to be taxed."—Life.

Effect of Contrast.

Mrs. Squib—Do you still think this new hat too big, dear?

Mr. Squib—No'm, not now. I've been comparing it with the bill.—Chicago Record.

The Quiet Inference.

"The coffee has a very unusual taste this morning," said the boarder who likes to be disagreeable.

"I have no hesitation in saying that it is very good coffee," said Mrs. Hashem, bristling.

"Yes," replied the disagreeable boarder. "It is exceedingly good coffee."—Washington Star.