THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL XXXII | State Library July 95 | BUTLER, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1895. | No 8

The CLEVELAND

NEW NOVEL NOBBY.

The GREAT, SWELL SPECIAL CLEVELAND.

An eye opener---A heart tickler.

The longer you look at it the sweeter it grows. Popular light weights. See the Cleveland before you purchase your mount for 1895.

Never mind what others say, we are ready to supply the trade.

Remember every Cleveland is fully guaranteed to be first class in every particular.

We have a full line for Ladies, and Gentlemen; Boys and Girls, and All Strictly High grade.

H. A. Lozier & Co.

CLEVELAND, Ohio.

J. E. Forsythe, Ag't.

116 W. Jefferson St. BUTLER, PA.

UPS & DOWNS

OCCUR in business as well in the other offairs of life. In the way of their application the UPS (in prices) cling persistently to the other fellows, and the DOWNS belong of right to us.

We Have The Goods.

Every item we name, we own. You can never say that you were lured to disappointment by any printer's ink above our signature.

Just to Illustrate

$1 25 Black Faile Silk	now 75c	per yard
$1 25 Fine Black Serge	" 75c	"
$1 25 Fine Black Henrietta	" 75c	"
$1 00 Fine 46-in Henrietta	" 65c	"
65c Fine 46-in Henrietta	" 45c	"
50c Unbleached Damask	" 39c	"
30c Turkey Red Damask	" 20c	"
6¼ Good, Heavy Crash	" 4c	"
6¼ Good, Heavy Sheeting	" 4½c	"
Good, Heavy 9-4 Sheeting	" 12½	"
100 dozen Misses' Heavy Black Cotton Hose	" 5c	"
Men's Heavy Cotton-Half Hose	" 5c	"

New Spring Embroidery, New White Goods, Dimity, &c, at lowest prices. Two-thirds off on all Winter Millinery.

Respectfully,

Mrs. Jennie E. Zimmerman

SUCCESSOR TO RITTER & RALSTON
SOLE AGENT FOR STANDARD PATTERNS.

SPECIAL

Owing to a contemplated change in our business April 1st, it becomes necessary that we close out our entire stock on or before that date—We will therefore place on sale this week over 2,000 pairs of pants, 1,000 suits underwear, 1,200 Men's, 800 Boy's and 600 Children's suits; 500 Over coats; 1600 Hats; 300 solid gold Rings; 50 Watches; 200 Chains, 1,000 Collar and Cuff buttons; 2,000 Scarf pins; 200 Shirt waists, etc.

We here give you timely notice of special days sales, and special discount, so that you can prepare to take advantage of these sales and secure some of the bargains.

Bargain Days

Wednesday Jan. 30—Pants day—25 per cent off,
Friday, Feb. 1st—Overcoat day—25 per cent. off,
Tuesday Feb 5th—Underwear day—25 per cent. off,
Thursday, Feb. 7th—Jewelry day—25 per cent. off,
Monday, Feb. 11th—Hat day—25 per cent. off.

Special sales on certain lines of goods every day as long as those goods last. These goods not subject to special discount. Pants former price 3 to 6 dollars, special price $1.50 to $3.50—Men's suits former price $4.50 to $12 00, special price 2 50 to 7.50,—Childrens suits, former price 1 to 6 dollars special price 75c to $3 50,—fine gondola Hats former price $2 00 to $4 50, special price from 75c to $2 00—Boy's and Childrens Caps, former price 15 to 25c, special price 1 to 10c—Underwear former price 25c, Special price 15c—Mufflers former price from 50c to $2 50 special price 25c to $1 25.

Don't miss this great sale—by borrowing money at 6 per cent you can save 27 per cent net, now this may seem strange yet it is true, and if you doubt it Just call around and we will convince you.

D. A. Heck,

Champion Clothier, Hatter and Furnisher,

21 N. Main St., Duffy's Block, Butler, Pa

FRANK KEMPER,

DEALER IN

BLANKETS, HARNESS,

And everything in horse and buggy furnishing goods—Harness, Collars, Whips, Dusters, Saddles, etc.

Also trunks and valises.

Repairing done on short notice.

The largest assortment of 5-A Horse blankets in town will be found at

FRANK KEMPER'S,

124 S MAIN ST., BUTLER, PA.

Road and Bridge Reports.

Notice is hereby given that the following roads and bridges have been confirmed nisi by the Court, and will be presented to Court on Saturday morning of the first week of March, 1895, and if no exceptions are filed they will be confirmed absolutely:

R. D. No. 1, December session, 1894. In repetition of citizens of Butler township for public road in said township, to begin in the public road called the 3 degree or Kalb road at a point 40 or 50 rods east of the line between James Bredin and Eckart Kalb and to end in a public road known as the Powder Mill and Butler road, at the southwestern corner of the borough of Butler.

September 5th, 1894, viewers appointed by the Court, and December 3d, 1894, report of viewers filed, stating that the road prayed for is necessary and have laid out the same between the points named in petition. Cost of making, $250; bridge, $2,000 00; damages, $250.00, to be borne as follows: Bridge, by the county; cost of making and damages, by Butler township.

December 5th, 1894, approved, and fix width of road at 33 feet, notice to be given according to rules of Court

BY THE COURT

R. D. No. 2, December Session, 1894. Petition of citizens of Venango township to vacate public road leading from the Emlenton and Murrinsville road, at or near the lands of Michael Boyce, to a point on the Eakin's Corners public road at Samuel Byers', in said township.

September 3, 1894, viewers appointed by the Court, and November 17th, 1894, report of viewers filed, stating that the road between the points named is not necessary for public use, and have vacated the same.

December 5th, 1894, approved, notice to be given according to rules of Court

BY THE COURT

R. D. No. 3, December Session, 1894. Petition of citizens of Adams township to vacate, change and supply public road leading from Martha Burns' to Glade Mills, that the portion of said road leading from the point where it crosses the track of the Pittsburg and Western R. R., westward to near the Breakneck road, leading to Evans City, at or near a small cherry tree about 15 or 20 rods westward from above last mentioned road.

September 8th, 1894, viewers appointed by the Court, and December 3d, 1894, report of viewers filed, stating that the change prayed for is necessary, and have vacated and supplied the same a distance of 64 rods, the petitioners to open the road and the township to move the bridge and make the approaches. No damages assessed. Approved, and fix width of road at 33 feet, notice to be given according to rules of Court.

BY THE COURT.

R. D. No. 4, December Session, 1894. Petition of citizens of Clinton township for review of public road not opened, but laid out from a point on the road known as the State road, near the house of James Watson, to a point on a road that leads from Saxonburg to Allegheny City, at or near the house of John C. Norris, in said township.

November 3d, 1894, viewers appointed by the Court, and December 1st, 1894, report of viewers filed, stating that the road is not necessary for public use.

December 5th, 1894, approved, notice to be given according to rules of Court.

BY THE COURT.

R. D. No. 5, December Session, 1894. Petition of citizens of Brady township to vacate and supply a public road to begin at a point on the Butler and Mercer pike where it is intersected by the road leading to West Liberty, and to end at a point on the Franklin pike, on the line of the Wigton and Stone House property.

September 10th, 1894, viewers appointed by the Court, and December 14th, 1894, report of viewers filed, stating that the change prayed for is necessary, and have vacated and changed the same for public use.

December 5th 1894, approved, and fix width of road at 33 feet, notice to be given according to rules of Court.

BY THE COURT,

R. D. No. 7, December Session, 1894. Petition of Joseph Randy and John N Muntz for review of public road in Butler township, from a point on the Pittsburg and Butler Plank road, near the house of John B. Dininger, Jr., to a point near the south line of borough of Butler near the sothwest corner of South Cemetery.

September 4th, 1894, viewers appointed by the Court, and December 1st, 1894, report of viewers filed, stating that the road is necessary for public use. Cost of making said road, $50 00, to be borne by the township Damages to John N. Muntz, $90.00, and Joseph Randy, $20 00, to be paid by the county.

December 5th, 1894, approved, and fix width of road at 33 feet, notice to be given according to rules of Court.

BY THE COURT.

R. D. No. 9, December Session, 1894 Petition of Geo. H. and Daniel Huey for private road in Buffalo township, to lead from the public road running from the Walker and Hannahstown to the Butler and Freeport pike to the land of said Geo. W. Huey, to run a distance of about 10 or 15 feet over the land of Daniel Fredley.

November 5th, 1894, viewers appointed by the Court, and December 5th, 1894, report of viewers filed, stating that the private road is necessary, and have laid out the same, damages, one dollar to Nancy Fredley, to be paid by the petitioners

December 5th, 1894, approved, and fix width of road at 20 feet, notice to be given according to rules of Court.

BY THE COURT,

R. D. No. 10, December Session, 1894. Petition of citizens of Forward township for county bridge over the Connequenessing creek where a road leading from the Butler and Harmony road to the Butler and Evans City road crosses said creek at what is called Marshall's Fording.

November 12th, 1894, viewers appointed by the Court, and November 26, 1894, report of viewers filed stating that the bridge prayed for is necessary and that a change is necessary in the course of the public road to be connected with said bridge, and that the bridge be located at least 12 feet above low water mark. No damages assessed.

December 5th, 1894, approved, notice to be given according to rules of court and to be laid before the Grand Jury at next term.

BY THE COURT.

R. D. No. 11, December Sessions, 1894. Petition of citizens of Forward, Connequenessing and Jackson townships for public road to lead from a point near Amberson's bridge, on the Franklin road, to a point near Marshall's Fording, on a road leading from the Butler and Harmony road to the Butler and Evans City road.

November 12, 1894, viewers appointed by the Court, and November 26th, 1894, report of viewers filed stating that the road prayed for is necessary and have laid out the same for public use. Cost of making, $250, to be borne by the townships. No damages assessed, and Jane Marshall releases all claims for damages. Approved, and fix width of road at 33 feet. Notice to be given according to rules of Court.

BY THE COURT.

R. D. No. 12, December Sessions, 1894. Petition of citizens of Lancaster township for county bridge over Yellow Creek where the road leading from the Portersville and Harmony road to Middle Lancaster crosses said creek.

November 14th, 1894, viewers appointed by the Court, and December 3, 1894, report of viewers filed, stating that the bridge prayed for is necessary and did locate the site thereof over Yellow Creek where the road from Portersville and Harmony to Middle Lancaster crosses said creek. No damages assessed.

December 5th, 1894, approved, notice to be given according to rules of court and to be laid before the Grand Jury at next term.

BY THE COURT.

BUTLER COUNTY, SS:

Certified from the record this 4th day of February, A. D. 1895.

JOSEPH CRISWELL,
Clerk Q. S.

Hotel Butler

J. H. FAUBEL, Prop'r.

This house has been thoroughly renovated, remodeled, and refitted with new furniture and carpets; has electric bells and all other modern conveniences for guests, and is as convenient, and desirable a home for strangers as can be found in Butler, Pa.

Elegant sample room for use of commercial men

WANTED MEN, local or traveling, to sell my guaranteed NURSERY STOCK Salary or Commission paid weekly. Outfit free. Special attention given to beginners. Workers never fail to make good weekly wages. Write me at once for particulars.

E. O. GRAHAM, Nurseryman
Rochester N. Y.

Register's Notices.

The Register hereby gives notice that the following accounts of executors, administrators and guardians have been filed in his office according to law, and will be presented to Court for confirmation and allowance on Saturday, the 9th day of March, 1895, at 9 o'clock, a. m., of said day:

1. First and final account of Nora E. Hoffman, administratrix of Frederick A. Hoffman, deceased, late of Franklin twp.
2. Final account of C. B. Irvine, executor of Elizabeth McCandless, deceased, late of Adams twp.
3. Final account of George Fox, guardian of George Knecht and Emma Knecht, minor children of C. L. Knecht, deceased, late of Butler twp.
4. First and final account of John H. McLure, guardian of Jennie May Blair, minor child of Rebecca Blair, deceased, late of Fairview boro.
5. Final account of John K. Gilchrist, guardian of John White, minor child of James M. and Rebecca J. White deceased, late of Venango twp.
6. First and final account of Levi Boyer, administrator of Elizabeth Boyer, deceased, late of Jackson twp.
7. First and final account of Thomas R. Hood, Executor of George Dawson, deceased, late of Center twp.
8. Final account of Walter E. Wick, administrator of Naomie J. Wick, deceased, late of Butler boro.
9. Final account of Wm B. Currie, executor of George C. McCandless, deceased, late of Franklin twp.
10. Final account of J. T. Donley, administrator and trustee of the estate of John N. Purviance, deceased, late of Butler boro.
11. Final account of J. D. McJunkin, guardian of A. Markle Neyman, minor child of Emeline Neyman, deceased, late of Butler boro.
12. Final account of William M. Wick, guardian of William H. McGarvey, minor child of Robert D. McGarvey, deceased, late of Fairview twp.
13. Final account of William M. Wick, guardian of Sadie B. McGarvey, minor child of Robert D. McGarvey, deceased, late of Fairview township.
14. Final account of F. P. Critchlow, administrator of the estate of W. F. Henshaw, deceased, late of Prospect boro.
15. Final account of John Reed, administrator of George W. Forsythe, deceased, late of Slipperyrock township
16. Final account of James H. Morrison Jr., administrator of Daniel Kelsey, deceased, late of Harrisville boro.
17. Final account of H. J. O'Donnell, administrator of Charles O'Donnell, deceased, late of Clearfield township.
18. Final account of Charles W. Goehring, administrator of John Goehring, deceased, late of Harmony bor.
19. Final account of Isaac G. Pollard and Eli Reep, executors of Henry Reep, deceased late of Fairview twp.
20. Final account of Margaret Beighley, administratrix of John H. Beighley, deceased, late of Lancaster twp.
21. Partial account of L. S. Lardin and Edward Westerman, administrators of William Burtner, deceased, late of Clinton twp.
22. Partial account of John G. Bippus, executor of Edward Winner, deceased, late of Oakland twp.
23. First partial account of J. Walter Bartley and E McJunkin, executors of W. L. Bartley, deceased, late of Butler boro.
24. First and final account of George Vensel, administrator of the estate of John Vensel, deceased, late of Donegal twp.
25. Supplemental final account of Mary Burkhart, executrix of John Burkhart, deceased, late of Butler twp.
26. Final account of Charles Oesterling, administrator of Christina Oesterling, deceased, late of Donegal twp.
27. Final account of Alexander Black, administrator of Margaret Cowan, deceased, late of Slipperyrock twp.
28. Final account of A. D. Weir, guardian of Maud E. Petsinger, a minor child of Mary Jane Petsinger, deceased, late of Buffalo twp., as stated by Elizabeth J. Weir, administratrix of A. D. Weir, deceased.
29. Final account of A. D. Weir, guardian of Catharine B. Petsinger, a minor child of Mary Jane Petsinger, deceased late of Buffalo twp., as stated by Elizabeth J. Weir, administratrix of A. D. Weir, deceased.
30. Final account of A. D. Weir, guardian of Hudson W. Donahay, minor child of Samantha Donahay, deceased, late of Buffalo twp., as stated by Elizabeth J. Weir, administratrix of A. D. Weir, deceased.
31. Final account of A. D. Weir, guardian of Edward J. Donahay, minor child of Samantha Donahay, deceased, late of Buffalo twp., as stated by Elizabeth J. Weir, administratrix of A. D. Weir, deceased.
32. Final account of A. D. Weir, guardian of Dolly Donahay, minor child of Samantha Donahay, deceased, late of Buffalo twp., as stated by Elizabeth J. Weir, administratrix of A. D. Weir, deceased.
33. Final account of Sarah Rodgers, administratrix of Thomas Rodgers, deceased, late of Fairview twp.
34. Final account of J. H. Carothers, administrator of James Armstrong, deceased, late of Cherry twp.
35. Final account of Wm. S. Cashdollar, guardian of Walter H. Gilleland, minor child of John C. Gilleland, deceased, late of Adams twp.
36. Final account of John W. Gillespie, administrator of Hamilton Gillespie, deceased late of Connoquenessing twp.
7. Final account of George R. Green, administrator of Olive Isabel Green, deceased, late of Allegheny twp.
38. Final account of Jacob Keck, administrator C. T. A., D. B. N., of Joseph Minster Sr., deceased late of Oakland twp.
39. Partial account of Lewis Northeim, executor of Christina Hasler, deceased, late of Donegal twp.

J. S. WICK, Reg.

Widows' Appraisements.

The following widows' appraisements of personal property set apart for the benefit of the widows of decedents have been filed in the office of the Clerk of Orphans' Court of Butler county, viz:

Widow of Thomas Donaldson	$ 85 00
" Wm. Lutz	300 00
" John G. Kauss	300 00
" W. H. Iff	300 00
" William J. Black	90 00
" Jas. Sellers	300 00
" Jesse Rice, Sr	300 00
" J. C. Shanor	42 50

All persons interested in the above appraisements will take notice that they will be presented for confirmation to the Orphans' Court of Butler county, Pa., on the 5th day of March, 1895, and if no exceptions be filed they will be confirmed absolutely.

JOSEPH CRISWELL, Clerk O. C.

WEAR HAMMERSLOUGH BRO'S

Famous New York, tailor-made

CLOTHING

For sale by prominent dealers all over the State. None genuine without Hammerslough Bro's label. The swellest and best wearing clothes in this Country. Ask your clothier for them.

Save 20 Per Cent,

By bringing your dyeing and cleaning direct to our place. We have done away with our agents and propose giving our patrons the benefit. Come and bring your work and we can tell you just what can be done to it, thus avoiding the misunderstanding and incompetency of agents. If you cannot come send us a postal and we will call on you.

R. Fisher.

Hotel Williard.

Reopened and now ready for the accommodation of the traveling public.

Everything in first-class style.

MRS. MATTIE REIHING, Owner
M H BROOKS, Clerk.

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.

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.

ALAND, TAILOR.

Look at This.

Think of it, a Ladies fine Vici Kid Shoe, in lace or button, six different styles to select from, price $1.25 actual value $2.00.

We are going to spring a surprise on our customers and place on sale a Ladies Kid Button Shoe, Pat tips at 88cts., also a Ladies fine grain button shoe at 88cts., if you want a pair of these don't delay, they are going fast.

We claim to sell the best shoe for $1.00 ever made. It is a gents fine Buff Shoe in lace or congress and just as much style to it as any $3.00 shoe in the market.

Our mens A Calf Congress and Lace shoe at 95cts, needs no mention. We are selling them about as fast as we can get them.

All winter goods and Rubber to be sold regardless of cost,

TRY.

The New Shoe Store.

C. E. MILLER,

215 S. Main St., Butler, Pa.

Are Your Groceries Fresh?

Everything we have is fresh. We guarantee every pound we sell to be the best of its kind there is.

We want regular, all-the year-round, trade. Let us sell you all you can eat.

Henry Miller,
Opposite P. O.

JOHN W. BROWN C. A. ABRAMS.
ABRAMS & BROWN,
Real Estate, Fire and Life Insurance,
HUSELTON BUILDING,
NEAR COURT HOUSE. BUTLER, Pa.
Insurance Company of North America. 1024 year, Assets $9,278,000; Home of New York, Assets $9,000,000; Hartford of Hartford, Assets $7,378,000; Phœnix of Brooklyn, Assets $5,000,000.

L. S. McJUNKIN
Insurance and Real Estate Agent,
17 EAST JEFFERSON ST
BUTLER. PA.

Garfield Tea Overcomes Problems of Digestion, Promotes Healthy Appetite, Clears Complexion, Cures Headache, Removes Constipation, Biliousness, Sample free. GARFIELD TEA CO., 489 Fulton St., B'klyn, N.Y.

SHE MARRIED A COUNT.

They said she was sweet,
As they knelt at the feet
Of the maiden and vowed they adored her,
But she wearily sighed,
And each suitor denied,
With an air that denoted they bored her.

For lovely was she,
And she cared not to be
The bride of a plebeian or vassal,
And in secret she said
With a count she would wed
Or a marquis that dwelt in a castle.

And the years swiftly fled
O'er the fair maiden's head,
And still she in singleness tarried,
And waited for him,
Her life's sweetest dream,
Till all her old suitors were married.

Not in vain did she wait,
For, although rather late,
One day came a count o'er the ocean.
From Italia's fair land,
And he sued for her hand
Which she gave in a whirl of emotion.

To regret now a prey,
She washes all day,
And her cake, it is all made of thin dough;
And, with tears nearly blind,
She watches him grind
His organ in front of the window.

—Graphic News.

A LITERARY AGENT.

BY G. B. BURGIN.

TO FITZALLEN BUNCOMBE, Esq., author of "She Wasn't to Blame"—Sir: If you will have the goodness to call on me at my chambers, you will hear of something to your advantage. I am THEOPHILUS BODGERS, Literary Agent.

Buncombe was very hard up, and, therefore, anxious to hear of something to his advantage. He glanced at the above letter, and called his factotum, Wilkins. "Wilkins, you're up to all sorts of dodges, aren't you?"

"Well, sir, I knows a few," Wilkins modestly replied. "Pea and thimble, and three car—"

"No, no; I don't mean that. What do you think of this letter?"

Wilkins considered it attentively. "I think it's a do, sir."

"Why?"

"When somebody you don't know, sir, wants to do you a good turn for nothing, sir, it's generally a do. It ain't in human nature to do good to strangers unless you help yourself at the same time."

Buncombe took up the letter with the intention of casting it into the fire. "I don't know," he said, irresolutely. "I'm hard up—suppose I go down and see the fellow. There might be 'copy' in it."

It was a chill October afternoon—the kind of afternoon in which a rising young author does not usually care to leave the certain good of a comfortable fire for the doubtful benefits likely to accrue from an interview with unknown philanthropists.

The very lack of pretension in the word "Bodgers" stimulated Buncombe's curiosity. An imposter would have sought cover under a more grandiose appellation. But "Bodgers" sounded bluff and burly, British and believable. Buncombe put on his hat, called a hansom—he could afford hansoms now—and departed in quest of the unknown Bodgers.

A small boy in the ante-room of Bodgers said that he "b'lieved" Mr. Bodgers was in.

"Go and find out for certain," said Buncombe, giving the boy a card.

The boy left him in the quiet, comfortably furnished ante-room, an ante-room which was absolutely colorless as regarded any clew to its owner's disposition or taste. He might have been either a barrister or a baronet, a quack or a Quaker; and Buncombe, as he gazed round, felt an increased respect for Bodgers, owing to his having such a non-committal kind of apartment.

When he obtained admission to the presence of Bodgers, he found that worthy seated comfortably before the fire, reading a book.

"How do you do?" said Bodgers, affably (he was a pale, thin man of fifty, with the care-worn countenance of a sub-editor, and a costume which was more florid than a sub-editor's ever has a chance of becoming). "How do you do? Have a cigar?"

"Thanks, no," said Buncombe, with the hauteur of one of his own heroes. "I—eh—don't smoke dubious cigars at the expense of unknown philanthropists."

"More fool you," said Bodgers, cheerfully. "If you'd any sense, you'd have taken my cigar—it's a good one—and thus made sure of having something at any rate. Sit down, and we'll talk."

Buncombe sat down. "There is much in what you say. On second thoughts, I'll have the cigar. I know the brand."

Bodgers gazed at him admiringly. "Ah! I always felt sure you'd get on patent-leather boots, gold-rimmed eyeglass, overcoat lined with fur, diamond ring cutting through your glove, and a new top-hat every month. That's about your style. Why, you must be making two thousand a year?"

"Would you like to see my pass-book?" asked Buncombe. "Your tobacco's better than your manners."

"Oh! that's all right," said Bodgers, cheerfully. "That's all right, Mr. Buncombe. I'm only going back a few years—to the time when you used to do five-shilling stories for the Family Lucky Tub, which I was sub-editing."

"Oh! you were sub-editor?" asked, Buncombe, curiously. "D'you know, Bodgers, if I could have got at you in those days, I should have murdered you, and cast your inky, sub-editorial corpse into the river?"

"Oh! yes," said Bodgers, brightly. "Want another light? I've often seen you go away with five shillings in your hand, and murder in your heart. I had a little peephole high up in the office wall. You weren't so well dressed then, Mr. Buncombe."

"No," said Buncombe, shortly; "I wasn't. When I think of those days, and how I starved and worked, and the life I led, and how you trampled on me, I feel that nothing can make up for it."

"What nonsense!" returned Bodgers, cheerfully. "'Twas the making of you, man. Survival of the fittest. If you're not fit you don't survive; and that's all there is to be said in the matter. Don't you think you owe me an apology for coming there and haunting me with your miserable face? I only used to get three-and-six a story, half-a-crown for editing the whole number, and had to pay sixpence to contributors for every misspelt word they found when the Lucky Tub came out. Your pay was princely compared with mine."

"We'd better drop the subject," said Buncombe, shortly. "I suppose one man has the right to starve another, if he can do it, but the starved man doesn't see it, somehow."

"It's really doing him a favor, if we would look at it in the right light," said Bodgers, with the cheeriness born of success; "but I didn't ask you to come here to discuss that. I'm a rich man, now, and mean to be richer. I've hit upon a new thing, and want you to help me."

"How much?"

"Halves. My! how you have got on," said Bodgers, admiringly. "You're twice the man of business you were when you used to come to the slice-of-pudding shop to dine."

"How do you know that?"

"Oh, I used to dine there, too," said Bodgers, "until I married the proprietor's daughter. I've often heard you swearing at me under your breath as you bolted your slice of pudding, and couldn't afford another."

"This is growing unpleasant," said Buncombe. "My appetite isn't nearly so good as it was in those days. Come to business, or I must be off."

"Well," said Bodgers, "I've invented a new business, and it's paying hugely well; but I can't get it without collaborateurs."

"Go on. I'm listening."

"You've got an order from the Megatherium Magazine to do an article for it about your first book. I've seen the proofs."

"How the dickens did you manage that?"

"That's my business," said Bodgers. "Now, you've mentioned in that article a book called 'She Wasn't to Blame.'"

"Yes," said Buncombe, uneasily; "what then?"

"Did you ever see it?"

Buncombe turned very red.

"You know there never was such a book," continued Bodgers. "You wrote a story for the Lucky Tub of that name, but no publisher would ever take it in book form; it wasn't long enough. What d' you think of this?"

"This" was a small book in a dirty, dog's-eared paper cover, with a sketch of a presumptive murderer on the cover which Buncombe, after a minute's dismayed scrutiny, recognized as himself. The book was blank inside; in short, what is technically known as a "dummy."

"There's nothing in it just yet," said Bodgers, affably; "but there soon will be." He whistled down a tube. "Mr. Patterson, I want you."

"Mr. Patterson" was a long, lank man, with big feet, and brought with him an odor of gin which penetrated all over the room.

"You want me, sir?" asked Patterson, obsequiously.

"Yes," said Bodgers. "Have you rewritten Mr. Buncombe's first book yet?"

"Yes," answered Patterson, "just got it done, sir. Five pounds ain't much, but I soon mastered his style, and I've got his first, second, and third periods all done to a 't'."

"What on earth is the meaning of it all?" Buncombe asked, furiously.

"It means," said Bodgers, proudly, "I've invented a new line, and I'm going to start with you. Directly your article appears, I've arranged for paragraphs in two hundred and ninety-seven papers, saying I've got four hundred copies left of the original edition of 'She Wasn't to Blame.' I'm going to multiply those four hundred copies like the widow's cruse, and float 'em all over the universe. You're very popular just now, and the book will go like wildfire. Mr. Patterson, have you done the paragraph which Mr. Buncombe is going to insert in the article which he has written?'

"Yes," said Patterson; "it's a judicious blend of all Mr. Buncombe's periods—just like they mix tea—with a gentle geniality tempered by regret that he hasn't done more for you."

"Here it is," said Bodgers, proudly. "Now, I'll read it. It's your colloquial style to a dot."

"'Of course I have had literary vicissitudes, gentle reader, and have gone about hungry and footsore, without the proverbial shilling in my pocket; but I have always had one unfailing refuge under those distressing circumstances, and that was my dear old friend Bodgers, of Fetter Lane, who has since blossomed out into a flourishing publisher. Many's the time and oft I have stood with Bodgers, as we rubbed our hungry noses against the steaming windows of a pudding shop in Fetter Lane, and vainly felt in my empty pockets for the necessary coin wherewith to purchase surcease from hunger. It was generally Bodgers who produced the required coins from some subterranean recesses in his ample person. In return, I promised Bodgers that he should have the unique privilege of printing my first book, and that I would make his fortune. Alas! how have I requited Bodgers? He printed "She Wasn't to Blame," but even the Times' notice which floated me on to fortune could not sell it, and most of the unbound copies are lying in his mildewy cellars, pining vainly for the light. 'Twas not well done, old friend, to play thee such a scurvy trick, but some day I will buy every remaining copy, and prove that I am mot ungrateful.'"

"There!" said Bodgers, rubbing his hands. "I know you are hard up, Mr. Buncombe. I'll give you an extra tenner to work that paragraph into your article. Come now."

Buncombe hesitated. "But I can't let a hashed-up farrago of nonsense go forth to the world under my name," he said, uneasily. "'She Wasn't to Blame' was quite a short story."

"You leave that to Patterson," said Bodgers, confidentially. "He's done it so beautifully that all the critics will say it is the most confusing book ever published, and that their predecessors must have been asses not to detect its early promise; they'll say it embodies all your later developments as well, and is a most re-marka-ble work, from which anyone with a grain of sense ought to have predicted your future greatness."

"But won't Patterson split?" asked Buncombe. "I wouldn't mind if I could rewrite the thing myself. I pitched upon it as my first book because I thought it would stimulate public curiosity. The public always yearns for what it can't get."

"Not to be thought of," said Bodgers. "Patterson will do it ever so much better; you see, he's studied your style; and I've got a man to look after him when he's drunk. He could imitate Herodotus if I wanted him to, but he's no originality."

"I think he's the most original writer of the nineteenth century," said Buncombe, bitterly, "if he knows more about my work than I do."

"Well, now," said Bodgers, soothingly, "we'll start off with your opening paragraph of 'She Wasn't to Blame,' just as a concession. Here it is in proof. Do you remember it?"

Buncombe read it. "Ah, I had freshness in those days!" he said, sorrowfully. "I couldn't write like that now."

"Patterson wrote every word of it," said Bodgers, triumphantly, producing the original story, which was about five thousand words in length. "Just compare them. Now are you satisfied?"

"Yes; Patterson is a great copyist."

"I was the first to discover Patterson's imitative powers," said Bodgers. "He began on one of my checks, but I directed his efforts into worthier channels. Consequently, he daren't open his mouth except when he's drunk."

"I assure you, Mr. Bodgers, sir," said Patterson, "I'm never drunk till after office hours. You pain me, sir. I pledged you my honor, sir, the honor of a poor gentleman."

"That's all right," said Bodgers, carelessly. "Now you can go;" and Patterson departed.

Buncombe's "first book" article made an enormous success, and, thanks to Bodgers' paragraphs, applications came in for "She Wasn't to Blame" from all over the country. There grew up a boom in Buncombe, and he leased himself out to a syndicate for five years at four thousand a year, and paid off his debts. Bodgers was so enraptured at the success of his plan that, when he had sold forty thousand of the shabby edition of "She Wasn't to Blame," he brought out a new one. One afternoon when he took Buncombe a big check, that worthy, with some qualms of conscience, asked after Patterson.

"He's in bed," said Bodgers, regretfully, "sleeping off his last excess. I shall have to try and get hold of a new author soon; but Patterson won't be up to the mark for a day or two. He said he would like to see you, if you could go and look him up in Royal Mint square, by the tower. He lives opposite the policeman on the first floor."

Buncombe took a hansom and drove down to Mint square, and soon found himself in a squalid room opposite the equally squalid Patterson, who lay in a heavy doze.

"The policeman's wife, who waited on Patterson, told Buncombe that he hadn't long to live; so Buncombe sat down and waited until Patterson opened his eyes.

"What's the matter?" asked Buncombe, kindly, for he was a good-natured fellow. "We must get you out of here, Patterson, and make you comfortable."

Patterson raised himself up in bed. "I shan't live to do any more 'first books,'" he said. "I've gone the pace—lived my life—disgraced myself; and now it's ending. What I wanted to say was—" He paused painfully.

"Yes?"

"I had genius once, and—gin drowned it; I had aspirations once, and—gin drowned them; I had a wife and child once, and—gin killed them; I had a poet's soul; I lived and delighted in living; and just as I found out the sweetness, and greatness, and grandeur and beauty of the world, gin took hold of me, and crumpled me up to this. I didn't do what was in me to do. It's burning to get out of this poor, perishing clay, but gin holds it in, and it can't get out. It can't get out. Now, listen."

Buncome was touched. He arranged the clothes more comfortably around Patterson's shoulders.

"Listen," continued Patterson. "Genius doesn't die—it's immortal. You're not dead with gin, but you've sold yourself to a syndicate, which is nearly as bad. I know I shall die in five minutes, but, before I die, I'm breathing into your soul the genius which was mine. For heaven's sake, use it nobly. Don't sell yourself. Let the flame burn brightly, purely. Make yourself really great. Starve—die in a garret—but be true to yourself. A man who has lived up to the greatness within him can face the God who gave it. Promise—prom—"

Buncombe knelt down by the dead man's side and promised. Then he went home, cancelled his agreement with the syndicate, and sat himself down to redeem his soul.—Pall Mall Budget.

—The most notable festival at Athens was in honor of Minerva. All classes of citizens on this day marched in procession; the oldest went first, then the young men, then the children, the young women, the matrons and the people of the lower orders. The most prominent object in the parade was a ship, propelled by hidden machinery and bearing at its masthead the sacred banner of the goddess.

—The Saturnalia was a midwinter feast of the Romans in honor of Saturn, beginning on December 17. On this occasion great license was given to every one to do what he pleased, and even the slaves were permitted much liberty of speech and action. All work was suspended, the houses and temples were decorated, congratulations were exchanged and presents sent as with us at Christmas.

Noble Resignation.

Fiancee—Dearest, don't you think you could love mother enough to have her come and live with us?

Reggy (herolically)—More, darling, more!

Fiancee—How much more?

Reggy—Enough more to have us go and live on her.—N. Y. World.

Freaks.

Museum Attendant—This couple you see here were engaged the whole of a summer season at the seaside.

Visitor — What is singular about them?

Museum Attendant—They are married. —Brooklyn Life.

Turn About.

"Good doggy!" said the boy in persuasive accents, as he fastened an empty meat-can to the animal's tail. "I've got a tin for you."

"And I've got it in for you!" barked the dog, turning round and biting him. —Chicago Tribune.

Comparing Notes.

"What was your answer when young Higbie asked you to marry him?"

"Why do you want to know?"

"Because he asked me last night, and I want to let him down with something different."—Judge.

Wise Precaution.

Clerk of Western Hotel—I thought it best to caution that old fellow who just came in about blowing out the gas.

Proprietor—Where is he from?

Clerk—From the Greater New York. —Life.

The Boy's Experience.

Teacher—Can any of you tell me why flannel is comfortable in winter?

Bright Boy (in new underwear)—It makes yeh hitch about and wriggle around, and the exercise keeps yeh warm.—Good News.

The Slippery Season.

Little drops of water,
Freezing on the walk,
Make the man who steps there
Indulge in naughty talk.
—Detroit Free Press.

TRUE CONSOLATION.

"Yes, miss, he's been took at last. 'Was he prepared,' did you say, miss? If he wasn't it was his own fault. I did my dooty by him Didn't I read the burial-service to him every day for the last six months?"—Lika Joko.

Infantile Heroics.

"Ah, goo! Ah, gah! Bglb glb bah, hah!" said the baby.

"By Jove, isn't that wonderful!" exclaimed the delighted father. "If he hasn't got our old college yell of '91, I'm a ghost!"—Cincinnati Tribune.

Her System of Chronology.

Minnie—How ridiculous! Mrs. Ferris never really began to live until she met her husband.

Ada—Humph! I suppose that's how she makes out she's only twenty-two.—Puck.

Sometimes Trustworthy.

"Some women can't believe a word their husbands say," she remarked.

"Well," confided the other, "I'm not quite so badly off as that. My husband talks in his sleep occasionally."—Washington Star.

Valuable Information.

"Anything new in your line?" asked the market reporter

It was growing dark. The hardware man looked about absently and then remarked: "Window blinds are going down."—Indianapolis Journal.

POULTRY & BEES.

POULTRY DUST BATH.

Why the Wise Farmer Will Provide Dust Boxes for His Birds.

Nearly if not quite all species of fowls use the dust bath. They choose a spot of fine, dry soil and scrape little holes, where they pulverize the dirt until it is reduced to a fine dust. In this they roll and shake their feathers and allow the dust to penetrate to the skin. It appears that in some way this is deleterious to the parasites which infest the plumage or the skin. It has been said by some naturalists that as all insects breathe — not through the mouth as warm-blooded animals do, but through little opening in the skin situated in rows along the side of the body—the particles of dust close these openings, so that parasites die of suffocation as quickly as a quadruped would if held under water. This has been denied by some entomologists, who say that these holes are protected by a very delicate but effective apparatus that makes it impossible for any foreign matter to enter, no matter how minute it may be. Be this as it may, I know that wild birds take dust baths whenever the weather and the state of soil permit. Nature is a good guide, and whether the dust bath is for the prevention and absorption of effete matter which has become too odorous, or whether it acts as an insectide, it is certainly advantageous to fowls or they would not use the dust bath. I say that the careful