# BUTLER CITIZEN.

### VOLXXXII

## BUTLER, PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1895. in a brief space, however, she yielde to his restoratives, and before he le

away?"

"I told her this evening," Austin an-

swered, and in some confusion as he re-called the way she had received the

"Well-I think --that is, I'm afraid--that Ida ---" He stopped short, for the confession was alike tender and

humiliating. But his father, who had

feared such a contingency well-nigh from the first, understood what had been left unsaid.

"I know, Austin, I know. But what is to be done? The friendship that you have felt for her-that she believes she

has felt for you-has been the one bright spot in her life. Seventeen years old-and seventeen years of per-

oetual martyrdom. Do you know how ong I give her to live?"

"I suppose that when she is twenty-

one-" Austin began, but the doctor

"It she lives to see the spring, he said, gravely, "I shall be surprised." The young man was startled, even shocked. There was silence between them for a few moments. Then the doctor said, with hesitation:

"Austin, I suppose you would not think of putting off your visit to the Harrisons? I know Marian expects

you -but I think if she knew the pleas-ure you would be giving that poor

child whose days are numbered, she would be the first to bid you stay. In

a case like this there can be no ques-

tion of disloyalty to her. And, Austin, —if you can—for Heaven's sake let her still believe that she has found the af-

fection she has craved all her life. The

eception won't be very long, and it

will comfort her more in her last

struggles than I-or the entire college

of physicians-could hope to do with

Five weeks later, in Ida's bedroom a

thin ribbon of spring sunshine had struggled through a crevice of the

window-blind and lay a bright streak across the floor. Outside, the garden was cheerful with the song of birds

and the rustling of leaves. Inside, sat the little cripple propped up with pil-lows, her pitiful vitality burning itself

She knew she was dying, but the

knowledge brought her no fear. Per-haps she believed that if eternity held

for her worse torture than she had yet

endured she had served on earth an apprenticeship to pain long enough to

fit her for it. Perhaps Austin Mar-

shall's companionship and sympathy luring the last few weeks were making

the end comparatively easy. At any

rate, when the door was opened quiet-ly and he looked in, violin in hand, she

"Like to have some music?" he

asked, cheerfully, though he was pained to mark each day how her hold

on life was weakening. "What shall I

play?" "Give me mine," she said, suddenly,

The violin lay, as usual, on the table lose by, but Austin hesitated.

"If you really feel equal to the ex-ertion," he began, and then, answer-

ing the command in her eyes, he

With tremulous fingers she drew

ed it to her without another

her bow across the strings, and, recog nizing in the opening notes her favor

greeted him with a grateful smile.

slowly away.

all the science that the world has ever

"If she lives to see the spring," he

cut him short.

More Than He Bargained For. Looking Forward, I Can't Sleep A DIMINISHED SEVENTH. the house she had dropped into a sleep quiet and natural. For some time father and son went BY EUGENE E. WOOD homeward in silence. Then the doctor "Does Ida know you are going

She was the youngest but one of a family of eight. Physically, her life

Is the complaint of many at this se

The reason is found in the fact that the

nerves are weak and the body in a fever-

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nerves are wear and the body in a teve-ish and unhealthy condition. The nerves may be restored by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which feeds them upon pure blood, and this medicine will also create an appetite, and tone up the system and thus give sweet refreshing sleep and vigorous health. was and could be nothing save one long crucifixion. Crippled and de-formed, there stretched behind her a Hood's Sarsaparilla record of suffering; before her the prospect of greater torture still. Na-ture had used her cruelly, for while Is the only true blood purifier prominent-ly in the public eye today. \$1; six for \$5. her puny and misshapen frame in-spired ridicule, or, at best, shuddering pity, she had been dowered with a OUR IDEAL STYLES IN Hood's Pills act harmoniously with apacity for affection that burnt itself into flercer intensity waiting the love that never eame. Misunderstood, she A2382220 222289 had gradually retreated into a little world of her own, with nothing to love. Nothing? There was her violin, but that could hardly be considered apart from Ida's own individuality. It was her violin that expressed more elo-quently than herself could ever have

a approaching and tua ily way to keep cool is done the loneliness and the lovelessness of her life. Heineman s "It speaks for me," she once con-fessed to the old doctor, who under-stood her better than anyone else.

"What other people feel they can explain in words; but I seem to have no power of expression except through my violin." Dr. Marshall was silent for a mo ment; then he asked presently: you ever hear my boy Austin play?"

Ida shook her head. She had heard no one. Her morbid consclousness of infimities prevented her from attend-ing any public concert, and Austin Marshall, as she well knew, was a professional violinist of repute. 'You ought to hear him. They tell

me his execution is remarkably goodand, besides, geniuses like you two ought to know each other. I'll tell you what I'll do," he added kindly; you what I'll do," he added the ''ll bring him round one evening to see you, if you like, when he isn't busy." Not many days elapsed ere the doc-

tor kept his promise, and Austin Mar-shell, tall and strong, held the small, wasted hand of the diminutive musi cian, and wondered the while how the perfect soul his father had described had managed to find itself in that mis-shapen little body. And later on, ................. when Ida had completely astounded **BEINEMAN** & SON. him with her rendering of Dvorak's "Romance"—wild, intense and heart-breaking—he told himself that such a

Selling out thing was monstrous. Here was an untutored genius, beside whom him-self would pale into comparative insignificance, doomed by nature to perpet-ual solitude while, Orpheus-like, she ought by her music to charm into life To Quit Businss . the rocks and trees. "You want some lessons to correct : Wall Pa

few technical errors," he said at last. and then you ought to be able to hold our own at Queen's hall or St. James with the best of them. If I could be-lieve in the transmigration of souls, I would swear the lost soul of some recentant sinner is imprisoned in your

He spoke with the generous enthusiasm of genius, mere talent is sparing of praise and begrudges success. DOUGLASS' "I can never play in public," she an-swered, briefly, with a painful flush that testified to her sensitive rccogni-Near P. O. tion of physical defects.

tion of physical defects. "Ida on a public platform! Why they'd never see her!" interpolated a jovial elder brother with the brutal candor admiring friends had sometimes mis-N. B. Wall Paper ha vanced 20 per cent Whok . Lasansassassad

AIR

ALL

ASHIONS

ASCINATING

taken for frank geniality. "We call her the Diminished Seventh," he added, with a conscious smile that betrayed the originator of the questionable pleasantry. Poor Diminished Seventh: She derstood." classical. heard, never forgotten.

ite "Lied," by Schubert, Austin softly followed, and in a moment was so abwinced as from a blow, and Austin, with the intention of covering her confusion, observed with ready tact: "I suppose because the minor har-monies are most perfect and least un-That evening was but the forerunn of many similar. Scarce a day passed just before? without Austin Marshall contriving to spend some time with the deformed musician. And as the days lapsed into weeks, and the weeks into months, it was noted that when Ida played alone her airs were more roman the than before. And even her unmusical family fore. And even her unmusical family became infected with their gayety; her mother (who frequently alleged sho could enjoy good music as much as anyone—if she could only get it) was cheered to the verge of joyful anticipa-tion. For who knew that Ida might not attain the supreme height of in-spiring dance-music such as her spiring dance-music, such as her mother loved, and abandon forever those ghoulish wails she said were But when the old doctor noticed the change he shook his head in apprehen-sion, while tears of pity filled his eyes. His profession had trained him to read the longings of the heart as well as the infirmities of the tenement it inhabited. and if all he thought and dreaded were true-! Had things been different! If Ida had not been distinctly isolated by nature from the sweetest gifts that life can hold! And one evening came the crisis the good doctor feared. good doctor feared. "I shall miss all this dreadfully when I'm away," Austin said, as he turned over a pile of music for a particular duct. "I'm going north in a day or two, you know-didn't I tell you?" he added, answering the unspoken ques-"Next autumn, when I am back again," he said, presently, feeling vaguely that something was wrong, "we shall have some more pleasant evenings together, I hope." Ida spake not. For a moment she vas conscious of naught save a terri-Was conscious of naught save a terri-ble sense of absolute despair and a cu-rious buzzing in her head like the re-peated twanging of the G string. Going away—and until the autumn! Why, by that time she might be dead and buried. She looked round vacant-and buried. ly, as one gropes blindly in the dark for some familiar object. She tried to speak, but the words refused to come. Something like a dry sob rose and was strangled in her throat. Then, without a single word, she took up her bow again and drew it softly across the vibrating strings. Austin looked up in momentary surprise. Then he sat spellbound while she played the weird "Romance" of Svendsen's, once heard, never forgotten. He had heard it played by more than one finished munician; but this was a different rendering. It was like the despairing cry of a lusty swimmer failing close to shore, or the wall of a lost soul striving to escape from the sea of torture and driven by a host of fallen angels. In those strains he read her heart plainly, as though

sorbed he scarce noticed how her bow-ing became gradually weaker, until it faltered and stopped just before the concluding bars. He looked up in sud-len apprehension. Surely her face had

'and we'll play together."

DOROTHY. slender little maiden, in a dainty, ruffied own, eyes of brown glance shyly to and fro; Her chin is tilted up Like a cloven lily-cup, er checks have stol'n the popples' crim-

A hat that's big and she dy overtops her bonny head: To keep the sun out, spreads t he circling rim-But the caution is in vain. It was donned too late, 'tis plain, he's tangled in her curls be neath the "Ah! That accounts for it," said the old man, as though speaking to him-

Every step she treads so quaintly in her tiny buckled shoes, Takes her farther in the kingdom of my beart. She's my gracious queen, so loyal, And Ym her subject loyal, And she rules me with a tender, loving heart O, gracious little sovereign, may the swiftlypassing years. With their overflowing freight of joy and

pain, Lay the sorrow at my doors, Lay the happiness at yours. And the harvest moon of heartsease -Boston Transcript.

-----THE AERONAUT'S STORY.

"Is Jack Tunnicliffe going with you to-morrow, Tom?" said my wife to me. "I wish you would take some one else." "Why, Norah?" I asked.

"He's been stranger than ever in his manner since his wife died, I hear. In fact, I've been told by more than one person that he's qu'te insane at times. It's not to be wondered at if he is, poor fellow. I don't know a sadder case. He'd only been married a week. Such a horrible death, too! It's enough to turn a man's brain, and I must confess, Tom, I wish Jack was not going with

you. "Nonsense, Norah! People always exaggerate and make the worst of things, as you know. If a man's at all original or eccentric, it's at once assumed that he's non compos. Of course, Jack's low-spirited and absent-Of minded, and perhaps a bit peculiar at times. How can he help brooding over his terrible loss? He wants some exthis terrifie loss? He wants some the citing occupation to take off his thoughts from his trouble. He's fond of ballooning as I am, and a trip will do him all the good in the world." The above conversation between my

wife and myself took place on the which and myself took place on the evening before the day which I had fixed for a balloon ascent. Ballooning was my hobby. I had conceived a liking for it on my first ascent. This liking had become a "craze," for the novel experience and strange sensation of sulling over houses and trees and of of sailing over houses and trees, and of soaring into the clouds, had a peculiar fascination for me. Recently, I had tried utility with

pleasure, and had made some ascents solely for scientific purposes. I had found a kindred spirit in young Tunni-cliffe, and we had had many delightful and successful trips together. Owing to the untimely death of my friend's wife, our aerial expeditions had been suspended for awhile. As several wacks had classed since that and event

weeks had elapsed since that sad event. I felt anxious to resume these expedi-tions, and as Tunnicliffe had expressed his willingness to accompany me, a day had been fixed for our next trip. It was when I was talking to my wife about this self-same trip that she ex-pressed her regret that Jack Tunni-

cliffe was going with me. I had not much difficulty, however, in overcoming her objections and alin overcoming her objections and al-laying her fears. She was not averse to my hobby, and had even accom-panied me in one or two of my jour-neys in the air. Moreover, she sym-pathized with me in my desire "to make some useful discovery," and was therefore unwilling to damp my ardor, or hinder the progress of my observa-tions. She had felt the exhilarating effect of a balloon ascent, and my refeffect of a balloon ascent, and my ref-erence to the benefit young Tunnielliffe would probably derive from the pro-jected trip appealed to her experience as well as to her tender heart.

Accordingly, next day at the ap-

can't you? I'm not going down again today. I'm going to see what's up there, and don't you try to stop me," and he glared flereely at me. A NEW JERSEY POKER STORY. Why Four Players Divided the Sakes Equally Among Themselves.

The horrible nature of my situation was now only too apparent-there could no longer be any doubt of Tun-nicliffe's condition. I was in a balloon with a madman, and about four miles from the earth. I felt the cold sweat on my brow, and my brain began to reel. But with a tremendous effort I pulled myself together, for my only chance of safety was in retaining my self-possession. To attempt to overnower him was out of the question the strength of a mutman is so well known. My only hope of escape was to outwit him. But how? Forced into unnatural activity as my brain was by my desperate situation, and by the necessity of prompt action, I could think of no device or ruse that would

do any good; 1 was completely at the mercy of the madman. The hopelessness of my case para-lyzed all my energies. I felt unable to ove or speak, and even the power to think was almost gone. In my despair I glanced at the valve cord. Owing to the rotary motion of the balloon it had unfortunately become entangled. To free it I should be obliged to leave the car and climb into the ring. But to attempt such a thing (even if I were physically capable of i.) would be cer-tain to lead to a struggle which would as certainly send one or both of us out and the betting again started. When each of the players had chipped in ten dollars it was decided to stop the betting, as that amount had never be-

of the car. We were now at such a height that fore been wagered on a game in the place and none of the players could afasphyxia was imminent. I could hear my heart throb quite plainly. I breathed with difficulty, and a horri-ble sensation like that of sea-sickness came over me. The cold was so in tense that I shivered, notwithstanding my wraps. The mental strain was terrible. I was almost frantic. Knowing, however, that in a few minutes I should be unconscious, and that then all would be over with me, I nerved myself for one last effort. As 1 rose from my seat my eye fell

on the grapnel. Fortunately it was on my side of the car. A sudden idea struck me, here was a weapon to hand. It was an awful thought-it Timepieces. Bicycles and watches are not much alike, and it is difficult to see how the would be a terrible deed. But there was now no alternative, no time for delay. My senses were going. I stretched out my hand, but the madman, who never took his eye off me, had detected my purpose. With a sud-den movement he darted forward and seized the grapnel, but in his eager-ness to forestall me he had precipitatpresent intense form the sale of high-grade watches has greatly reduced. Parents who buy bicycles for their children do not buy watches unless, perhaps, they get cheap ones, so the young ones may know when it is time to come home to dinner. ed himself too far over the side of the car and almost lost his balance. He made a desperate effort to recover himself, but, seized with a sudden and has been very noticeable," said a Chi-cago jeweler the other day, "and I trace it to no other cause than the irresistible impulse, I pushed him over, and with a horrible yell, which rings in my ears whenever I recall the oc-currence, the madman disappeared trace it to no other cause than the bicycle. For instance, when a boy befrom my sight. Almost mad myself-I am not sure

came fifteen or sixteen years old in for-mer days it was the custom for his parents to present him with a watch-generally a costly affair-which usually lasted him the better part of his life. But it is different now. The boy clamors for a blogue and he gronzelly that I was not quite so just then-I climbed into the ring to reach the valve line. But my hands were so stiff and numb with the cold that I could not grasp the cord. By a kind of inspiration which seemed providenclamors for a bicycle, and he generall gets it, although it does not last as long of inspiration which seemed providen-tial I seized the cord with my teeth, and after two or three tugs the valve opened with a loud clang, and the bal-loon began to descend. Thank heav-en! I was saved. My hands being use-less, I was obliged to throw up my arms and drop into the car, where I lay motionless and unconscious for awhile. and usually costs more than a watch. and usually costs more than a watch. This same trait I have noticed in peo-ple of older years. When they get enough money on hand to buy a watch the bicycle fever atrikes them, and then they go out and invest in a wheel."

awhile. My swoon could not have lasted more An American lady, promenading in Florence, suddenly missed her purse. few seconds, for when I recov than a ered the barometer showed that I was Florence, suddenly missed her purse. The suspicious movements of a man in front made her boldly demand the stolen property, and the man actually handed over her purse. Indignant at such daylight robbery, the lady stopped an elegantly dressed man, and, in ex-cited tones, bagan to pour out her griev-ance. Merely waiting to hear: "That still in a high altitude, although the balloon was descending rapidly. I rubbed and beat my hands until the circulation was restored. Then I set about taking the necessary precautions against a too rapid descent. But I acted more like an automaton than a conscious agent, for I seemed in a kind of a stupor or trance all the time.

How and where I reached the solid earth I cannot say. I have only a dim, hazy recollection of being surrounded

A straight flush in the great American game of draw poker is such a rari-ty that the person holding it is regarded as one of the most fortunate and blessed as one of the most fortunate and blessed of mortals, says the Summit (N. J.) Record. Devotees of that game will peruse the following story with in-credulity, but its absolute authenticity or house ideal to a the set to the can be verified by at least ten thou oughly reliable witnesses: A party of four players entered a place not a thousand miles from Summit one night and prepared to enjoy a few hours of recreation at their favorite game. Anto start at an adjoining table. The "jack pot" came around, each of the four players filled in and the geme proceeded. The cards, regulation pack, of the four players filled in and the geme

fifty-two cards, were cut by the player to the right of the dealer and dealt out in the regular manner. The first play-er to the left of the dealer opened the "jack pot" and each succeeding player in turn raised. The limit was ten cents and the players are usually light betand the players are usually light bet-tors, so that the raising and lively chipping in before the draw created considerable surprise. When the deal-er prepared to serve the cards for the draw each of the players stood "pat"

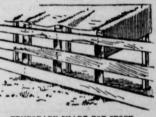
and butter, producing tendency. h has but to secure a well-bred dairy bull to breed his cows to, to be quite fore been wagered on a game in the place and none of the players could at ford to risk a greater amount. When the hands were shown some of the players almost succumbed to heart dis-ease, for there lay four straight flushes, one of each suit and all running from four to eight. The pot was divided and the cards were carefully put away in a case to be preserved as a reminder of the greatest poker hands ever held in this section and probably in the United States. BICYCLES INSTEAD OF WATCHES Boys of To-Day Want Wheels Instead of Timepiece. each year, and again, they, of course, are not as profitable dairy animals sale of one can affect the sale of the other. It is a fact, nevertheless, that we should remember that if a helfer is since the bicycle fever took hold in its present intense form the sale of highidea of making a cow of her, her worth as a dairy animal will be greatly en-hanced. We have often seen young hei-ers for the first time in milk yielding ers for the first time in milk yielding larger profits than some of the older cows. The young heifers are con-stantly getting better, while the cows will apon begin to fail as old age ap-proaches. We should advise by all means that dairymen breed and raise their own cows.—Herbert W. Mumford, in Prairie Former

Farmer.

SHADE FOR PASTURES.

If There Are No Trees Recourse Must Re Had to Artificial Means.

Had to Arithcial Means. Where pastures contain no trees for shade in the strong heat of summer, it is cruel not to afford some artificial shade for the stock. Such shelter



TEMPORARY SHADE FOR STOCK

should be provided on human grounds, but there is a question of dol lars and cents in it as well. Discom fort of any kind lessens productivenes and growth. A rough shed of boards



No 35

AN IMPORTANT PROBLEM Shall Progressive Dairymen Buy or Bree Their Cows?

The above question is surely a very practical one. No one who has at any time attempted to establish a herd of dairy cows but will know what a diffitime attempted to establish a herd of dairy cows but will know what a diffi-cult matter it is to get together a col-lection of cows which shall at once prove profitable in the practical, work-ing dairy. If one malzes up his mind te make dairying a specialty, and if he is in a hurry to get at it, then, of course, he must depend largely on out-side buying for his foundation herd. But aftor he has the cows and ha-thoroughly tested each individual, weeding out undesirable ones, so that he knows those he has left are profit-able from his point of view, then the question arises, shall he raise his own stock to 'samply future demands or pitali he depend upon buying, as in the first instance? There are many good reheens why he should raise his own cows. In the first place, having ac-eured a herd of cows which has devel-oped, to a marked degree, the util: and butter, producing tendency, hi



read her heart plainly, as though speech had passed between them; he knew the bitterness of her life; he saw the vista gray and barren before her; and when the last notes died away he learnt in a brief glance from Ida's eyes all the strange discords had not confessed. It was but for an instant. For, in the next, overcome by the strong ex-citement she had just experienced, the

bow slid helplessly from her nerveless fingers and she fainted. Symptoms of little moment in an ordinary person might in her case prog-nostleate the worst, and any new phase, however slight, was at once submitted to medical opinion. In the present in-stance, as she failed to respond readily to the customary treatment, Austin hastened for his father while she was carried to her room. She had over-ex-cited herself with her music was the general explanation of the selzure, and this was what the doctor was told when he answered the hasty summons.

not worn that strange gray shadow "Ida!"

She did not move. "Ida! What is the matter-what is it?" She opened her eyes, but they fell on

She opened her eyes, but they fell on him without a gleam of recognition. Then she dropped them on the violin she was still holding. A faint smile rested for a moment on her lips. With an unsteady hand she mechanically raised her bow. Then, with one chord -that of the Diminished Seventh-it dropped from her relaxing hold, but not before Austin had involuntarily concluded the phrase, so that the Diminished Seventh was resolved into perfect harmony.-Black and White. GLADSTONE'S GREAT POWER.

No Other Man of the Century Has Wielded

as Wide an Influence. Happy the man who can sit on the fence and wait! Happy the politician who is old enough to have gone through all the turmoil of electioneering and is not too old to find enjoyment as a looker-on! Happy the man smoking the pipe of peace and listening to the echoes of the fight and turning them to the music of his own reminiscences Mr. Gladstone, says the Newcastle Chronicle, finds it hard to sit still. He hears the trumpet call and the roll of the drum and would gladly be in the contest once more, but the joints are

stiff and the eyes are mim. He does not hear so well as he did and he must content with the reports of the the content with the reports of the fighting and a passing remark of com-mendation or dissent. There is something peculiarly pathetic in the situation of Mr. Glad-stone, still moved by the desire to fight

out without the power of physical im-pulse. It might have been better for the world had he confined his vast intellect to moral philosophy or te abstruse theology, or had been a pries or even a soldier, than to have put his eart and soul into politics. A soldier ould he not have smitten the enem ip and thigh? A priest, who coul ve stood against bis aggressiv heology? A philosopher, what subtle heories he would have launched against the schools? Now that he is ld and still brave as a lion, we ca nly rejoice that he has done less harr a political dictator than might have een permitted to him had time re ewed his lease of active life.

No man of our day has exercised such a fascination upon his followers His personality was sufficient to im press the Scotch into acquiescence with is least practical schemes. The spell of his name and his remarkable individ uality withdrawn, Scotland gradually assumes her normal characteristics. It was the same in England as in Scot-land. Mr. Gladstone, not his policy, was the mainspring of his party suc-cess; and his opponents may be forgiven for believing the desire to have the same infrance over the Lick brought. same influence over the Irish brought about his strange and sudden converion to home rule.

Anyhow, he is a remarkable man, a statesman whom all parties are willing to honor, a figure and a personality that will always fill a deeply interest ing chapter of British history, and a scholar who will hold a high place in the esteem and respect of the learned all the world over. While the new lights of statecraft are flashing upon the horizon of a general election fraught with tremendous issues to the country, his lantern burns dimly, his sun is setting, and if "England to hersulf prove true," the popular statesman will have reason to exercise the patience that belongs to age and to philosophy when the last echoes of the present when the contest reach Hawarden.

pointed time, everything being in read-ness, we started on our aerostatic journey. Tunnieliffe, contrary to his usual demeanor, seemed a little ex-cited, but this caused me no appre-hension. His interest had apparently been awakened, and it was only natural that he should be animated on such an occasion. The balloon was set at liban occasion. The balloon was established by the provided of th gaze on the vast and extending panor ama below us. Presently we entered a huge bank or mountain of cloud of the kind called

cumulus, and were surrounded by a chilling mist which induced us to put on the wraps we had brought. When

we emerged from the cloud a scene of fairy-like beauty suddenly burst upon us. We were in a kind of basin surrounded by mountains of clouds of the most fantastic shapes, of enormous size, and of dazzling brightness. Now and then, as we rose, we caught sight also of wondrous ravines of curious shape and great depth. These moun tains of clouds, with their silvery and golden sides, their dark hadows, their varied tints and summits of dazzling whiteness, presented to our wondering gaze a scene of surpassing beauty and grandeur.

This sublime spectacle evolved my highest admiration, while the silence and vastness of space inspired me with awe. I drank in these exquisite and varied delights with such avidity and with such absorbing interest that I had scarcely looked at, or spoken to, my companion since we had started. But an exclamation from him now di-

verted my attention, and, glancing at him, I was surprised to see that he had risen and was much excited. "What is it. Jack?" I asked. "Isn't it glorious?" he replied. onder if Heaven is much more beauti-

ful? How delightful it would be if we could reach it! I should see my Ada again, then." "My dear fellow!" I interposed, "My dear fellow" I interposed, hastily, somewhat alarmed--not so much by his words as by his excited manner and wild look; "you think too much of these things. You have been

brooding over your loss more than is good for you. Will you-" "At any rate," cried he, vehemently. "it's worth trying, so here goes," and

seizing one of the sandbags he threw it over. The lightened balloon at once began to rise more quickly. "What are you doing, Jack?" I shouted. "For heaven's sake keep calm. We are a good height already. We We

shan't be able to breathe if we go much higher. It's getting uncomfort able, as it is." "Shan't we? We shall see about

that. I'm going to try, anyhow. Be-sides, I don't care if I can't breathe. I want to see my Ada. That's all I care

I began to fear the worst. Was he going mad? Were the reports my wife had heard literally true, and not ex-aggerated after all? What a fool I had

been not to be more cautious! Whether he was mad or not, he was in a danger-ous mood, and my position was far from pleasant. To oppose him would evidently aggravate him and make matters worse. To humor him was undoubtedly the wisest course.

"Look here, Jack!" I cried. "You say you want to see Ada. I can tell you of a better and surer way of going Y. World.

will listen to me I-"None of your blarney, man! I'm not to be wheedled so. I'm too old a boy for that. Leave the cord alone,

havy reconcerned of being surrounded by a crowd of people. Some were bending over me and seemed to be questioning me, but I couldn't make out what they said. I folt an awful pain in my head, and remember noth-ing more until I found myself in bed in a dark room and my wife bending over me. This was several days afterward, and I learned then that I had been brought home in a delirious state and had had brain fever.

When I recovered my friends con-gratulated me, and tried to persuade me that as my homicidal act was done in self-defense it was justifiable. I hope it was, but I can never recall it without misglvings and horror, and I have never made a balloon ascent since. -Tit-Bits.

WHEN MEN ARE HELPLESS.

It is on a Shopping Expedition or When Filoted Into a Tea-Room. Piloted Into a Tea-Room. "Of course," said the social philoso-pher, according to the Philadelphia Times getting interested in her sub-ject, "you understand about the shop-ping question. You must never, under ping question. You must never, and any circumstances, take a man into a dry goods store with you, for the first thing he'll say will be an emphatic "There's not another man in this whole place except the clerks,' or a soft, meek little 'I feel like a fish out of water.' There is something about the heaps of dress materials and the hanging rows of gloves and hosiery that makes a man

appear ridiculously funny to the femi-nine eye, and you don't dare laugh, because if you do he will be highly indig-nant, and will be very likely to march off in a towering rage. "And never, never, under any circum

stances, take him into a downtown tea-room. The short trip in the elevator, along with a dozen hurrying women and six dozen bundles, is enough to make him say swear words under his

breath, and if he happens to be big and breath, and if he happens to be one and broad-shouldered, he seems as out of place as a washtub in a drawing-room. Unless he is especially good-natured, he will tag along behind you like a crimi-nal shunning the detectives, and when he trolls toward the table he looks around in the vain hope of finding a fellow-mortal in the same miserable distress. If he locates any such shipwrecked male being, his face brightens percepti-

bly; if he sees only a wriggling mass o by; if he sees only a wrigging mass of bonnets, he is crosser that ever. He rebels at the idea of cating off a little desart plate and sneers silently at the silly little sugar bowl. But he can't help it, for he probably feels as uncon-fortable as a girl would were she in a backer cher or a wear's diching store." ered throughout the year by dense fogs, damp as they are unhealthful. barber shop or a men's clothing store."

A Practical Worker. Cora (on the hotel veranda)—You say that man is a geologist? Merritt — Yes. He is picking out

A Question

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stones for a patent medicine firm to paint advertisements on.-Judge. Terrible Blow Felled Him. Bagger-Some one told me that your wife was killed in a cyclope out west.

Wagger-Yes. I tell you, old man, that was the greatest blow I ever had. -Town Topics. Vory Fresh

Customer-Is this fish fresh? Fish Dealer-Certainly; it's been fresh for the last week or so.-Texas Siftings.

metimes Necessary Tagleigh-What is the best way to ret out of a bad scrape? Wagleigh-Let your beard grow.-N.

to her than this. If you will listen to me-(here I involuntarily moved my hand toward the valve cord)-if you Those shoes that are wondrously yellow-A person might ponder a week Ere a way he could find To make up his mind To make up not inter or squeak. If they're louder b color or squeak. -Washingtop Star

cited tones, bugan to pour out her griev-ance. Merely waiting to hear: "That man stole my purse!" the galant Italian rushed after the thief, who promptly took to his heels. But the thief was the more nimble of the two, and finally dodged his pursuer. Red-faced, perspiring and out of breath, the gentleman turned back to meet the lady with profound apologies. "Mal-am, I am very sorry. I did my best, am, I am very sorry. I did my best, but your purse is gone." "Oh, no,"she replied, sweetly. "I have my purse. I got it back from the man." "Got your Buster Fats from Whey.

"The decrease in the sale of watches

A FRUITLESS CHASE.

Useless Self-Sacrifice of a Gall Italian.

Buster Fats from Whey. A new source of butter has been dis-covered by this Cornell college of agri-culture. It is found in the whey, a waste product in cheese making, which has heretofore been only fed to hogs, and not thought very good food for them. The discovery is a method by which the hevier fats, always present in the whey, is be separated and used in making butter. The separa-tor machine is used. The saving will be sufficient in a large cheese fac-tory to pay for a separator in a short purse back?" he repeated. "What did you want, then?" "Want? Why, I want justice," said the lady, calmly. A was too much even for proverbial Ital-ian urbanity, and, almost choking with vexation, he gasped: "Justice! To think that I should have run myself into a perspiration for justice!" WHERE SOUBRETTES START.

Many of Them First Begin to Dance While Playing in the Street. In this age of burlesques and ballet girls, when farce comedices are plenti-fully supplied with high kickers and dancers, and when even the chorus girls are avacted to trip the light fantasis will be sufficient in a large cheese fac-tory to pay for a separator in a short time. It means a saving to New York dairymen of fully \$1,000,000 worth of butter per year. The butter made by this process is said to be of excellent are expected to trip the light fantastic toe, one often wonders where all the dancing girls come from. The natural inference is that they secure their first quality. inference is that they secure their first knowledge of the graceful art in the dancing schools, after which they are prepared for the stage by persons who make a business of that sort of thing. But many a dancing girl will tell you that her first school was the sidewalk, and her first inspiration the strains of a perambulating street piano, presided over by an Italian grinder. Indeed, it is no uncommon sight to see a crowd of interested spectators gathered about one of these street musicians, the atinterested spectators gathered about one of these street musicians, the at-traction being not in the music, but in the graceful movements of the little girls. Some of these children execute

some very pretty steps, and occasion ally their performances are as clever a some seen upon the stage.

Gulls as Weather Prophets

It is a widespread belief, both in Scotland and Ulster, that the line: "See Scotland and Ulster, that the line: "Ses-gull, sea gull, sit on the stand, it's never good weather while you're on land," alludes to the well-known fact that when the bird flies out early and far to seaward, or remains on the sand, fair weather may be looked for, while if it takes a contrary course storms most frequently follow. are some forks who think the dairy in dustry, which includes the sale of mill for food, and the manufacture c cheese as well as of butter, is not c very much importance as compared with wheat raising.

No Comparison. Cleverton-Do you regard an engage ment as serious as marriage? Dashaway-More so, old man. The most serious thing I ever did was to become engaged to three girls at the same time.-Brooklyn Life.

How the Trouble Began "I wouldn't wear bloomers for any-thing," said the thin girl. "Neither would I—if I were you," re-

hiled the plump glel. And that's why they do not spea

ow.-Chicago Post.

A slight Alteration Ada-Do you think the word "obey" should be omitted from the marriage ervice?

Ida-Omitted? Certainly not should messely be transferred to other party to the contract.-Truth.

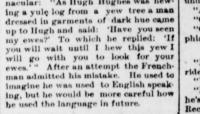
When Adam Married When Adam Married. Two children are "making up" con undrums at a party. One asks: "At what time was Adam married?" "Give it up."

"Oh, on his wedding Eve."-Philadel phia Lutheran.

Menace to Pedestrians "Beverly ought not to be allowed to

ride a wheel." "Why not?" "He's so thin you can't see him when he's coming toward you."- Chicago

Record.



fogs, damp as they are unbealthful. On the northern shores live anthropoph-agi, and in the interior are active volcances and vast plains of shifting snow, which sometimes shoot up col-umns to inconceivable heights." The book adds that some of these state-ments would seem incredible were they not so well authenticated by trust-worthy travelers! worthy travelers! Not So Much After All. A Frenchman was boasting that ho had thoroughly mastered the English language, when he was asked to write from dictation the following choice specimen of our choice eccentric ver-nacular: "As Hugh Hughes was hew-



The Texture of Butter. The texture of butter depends part-ly on the animal, partly on feed, and partly upon the temperature of the cream when churned. Cows that give cream when churned. Cows that give the rishest milk make the most solid butter. In such cows what should go to make suct or beef fat is turned into the milk glands. The same result comes from feeding very rich food like cotton-seed mesi. A small quantity of this mixed with wheat bran should be fed to cows; it will make butter much figner during hot weather in summer, but it will need in addition that the milk and cream be kept in a cool place. -N. Y. World.

# The Demand for But The people of the United States ent on the average about four pounds of butter for each bushel of wheat con-sumed as food. From this it is easy to see that so far as the home market i concerned butter brings the farmer

