THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL. XXXIV BUTLER, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 1, 1897 No. 12

MRS. J. E. ZIMMERMAN.

Attractive Offerings

In New Spring Goods

The wealth of spring is verily centered here—a completeness without a parallel. Desirable merchandise at our well-known low prices. The newest things marked by fashion's favor await you. We respectfully ask you for a visit of inspection before purchasing elsewhere. We permit no over-statement in our advertisements.

Ladies' New Spring Tailored Gowns

Ladies' tailor-made Eton suits; also fly front Reefer suits in a splendid quality of rough finished serge. Jackets lined with changeable silk. Skirts lined with percaline. Also ladies' plain and mixed Covert cloth suits in new spring shades—a wonderful bargain at $10, real value $12.50.

Ladies' Separate Skirts

Black and new desirable colors, well made, lined, full width and velvet faced, $1, $1.98, $2.25 and up. We have also added a full line of Misses' and Children's Jacket Suits. Misses' separate skirts and shirt waists. A nice 3-toned check shirt at $1. Full jacket suits at $3.25.

New Spring Dress Goods

Double-width fancy novelties and shepherd checks in a large variety of seasonable and choice color combinations, exceptional values from 12c per yard up to high class novelty dress patterns at $2 per yard.

Spring Capes

Ladies' Velvet Capes lined, prettily Embroidered in Jet. Ladies' Silk Capes lined, prettily Embroidered in Jet, ribbon-trimmed, at $3.00, $4.00 and $5.00.

Spring Millinery

All fashion lovers are rapidly becoming acquainted with this store's great trimmed Millinery Stock. They realize our facilities for producing the finest specimens of the art. We allow nothing to be placed on sale that is not stylish and up to the very latest decrees of fashion, while hats trimmed to order is our special pride. Only experienced milliners in our employ. Your orders taken by an experienced millinery sales-woman. All trimmed hats and orders gotten up at our well known low prices.

MRS. L. M. RITTER Still in Charge of Our Millinery Department.

Space forbids us—we would like to describe our elegant assort- of **Wash Goods, Embroideries, Laces. Dress Trimmings, Silk and Laundered Shirts Waists, Lace Curtains, Portiers, Table Covers, Draperies, Curtain Goods, &c.** We are better prepared than we have ever been to fill your wants with stylish up-to-date goods at our well known low prices. Quality the best.

Mrs. J. E. Zimmerman.

T. H. BURTON, T. H. BURTON,

"THE BEST

I've seen for the money," said an enthusiastic buyer who had visited every store, reserving ours for the last, "and when I leave my $12.00 I feel as if I had an $18.00 suit for it." Nothing new to us, we always did claim to give the best—always felt as if the public knew it too. We would like you to compare anything you see elsewhere for $10.00 or even $12.00 with our

$7.50.

T. H. BURTON, T. H. BURTON,

120 S. MAIN ST. BUTLER, PA.

Punctuality is Power.

Hitch your business works to a good watch.

But be sure it's in a Fahys Gold-filled Case,

And that you buy it from

E. GRIEB, THE JEWELER,

139 N. MAIN STREET, BUTLER, PA.

J. S. Young. J. S. Young.

I desire to thank the public for their very liberal patronage since I went into the merchant tailoring buiness, and to show my appreciation of the same; and in order to make room for the extensive line of spring goods that are daily arriving, I will sell anything in my stock at greatly reduced prices.

J. S. YOUNG, Tailor.

101 S. MAIN St., - - - BUTLER, PA

"THE COMMERCIAL,"

W. K. THORNBURG Prop'r., Evans City, Pa.

This popular house has just been entirely remodeled and refurnished. Everything convenient, and guests will always receive close attention.

Located near Postoffice and P.& W. Depot. When in Evans City top at the Commercial. Bell Telephone No. 16.

No Gripe

When you take Hood's Pills. The big, old-fashioned, sugar-coated pills, which tear you all to pieces, are not in it with Hood's. Easy to take

Hood's Pills

and easy to operate, is true of Hood's Pills, which are up to date in every respect. Safe, certain and sure. All druggists. 25c. C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla

This Is Your Opportunity.

On receipt of ten cents, cash or stamps, a generous sample will be mailed of the most popular Catarrh and Hay Fever Cure (Ely's Cream Balm) sufficient to demonstrate the great merits of the remedy.

ELY BROTHERS,
56 Warren St., New York City.

Rev. John Reid, Jr., of Great Falls, Mont., recommended Ely's Cream Balm to me. I can emphasize his statement, "It is a positive cure for catarrh if used as directed."—Rev. Francis W. Poole, Pastor Central Pres. Church, Helena, Mont.

Ely's Cream Balm is the acknowledged cure for catarrh and contains no mercury nor any injurious drug. Price, 50 cents.

RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

Western Pennsylvania Division.

Schedule in effect Nov. 16 1896

South.	Week Days. A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
BUTLER.....Leave	6 25	8 00	11 20	2 45	5 05
Saxonburg.....Arrive	6 54	8 25	11 43	3 10	5 29
Butler Jct..... "	7 27	8 48	12 07	3 35	5 53
Butler Jct.....Leave	7 30	8 48	12 12	3 35	5 53
Natrona.....Arrive	7 38	8 58	12 21	3 45	6 02
Tarentum.....	7 42	9 03	12 26	3 52	6 07
Springdale.....	7 50	9 12	12 38	4 02	....
Claremont.....	....	9 25	12 53	4 16	6 27
Sharpsburg.....	8 07	9 31	1 01	4 22	6 32
Allegheny City.....	8 20	9 43	1 15	4 34	6 45
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.

SUNDAY TRAINS—Leave Butler for Allegheny City and principal intermediate stations 7.40 A. M., 7.00 and 5.00 P. M.

North.	Week Days. A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Allegheny City...Lv.	7 00	9 00	11 35	2 35	5 30
Sharpsburg.....	7 11	9 12	11 37	2 50	....
Claremont.....	....	9 19	11 45	2 58	....
Springdale.....	....	9 30	11 59	3 15	5 57
Tarentum.....	7 32	9 39	12 08	3 2.	6 07
Natrona.....	7 37	9 43	12 13	3 36	6 12
Butler Jct.....Ar	7 45	9 50	12 23	3 45	6 20
Butler Jct.....Lv	7 45	9 50	12 34	4 48	6 20
Saxonburg.....	8 10	10 12	12 59	4 13	6 44
BUTLER.....Ar.	8 33	10 38	1 25	4 38	7 10
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.

SUNDAY TRAINS—Leave Allegheny City for Butler and principal intermediate stations 7.50 a. m., 12.50 and 7.15 P. M.

Week Days. a. m.	a. m.	For the East		Week Days. p. m.	p. m.
11 20	6 25	Lv BUTLER	Ar	....	1 25
12 07	7 27	Ar Butler Jct	Lv	....	12 34
3 13	7 45	Lv Butler Jct	Ar	8 30	12 34
3 18	7 49	Ar Freeport	Lv	8 28	12 30
3 22	7 53	" Allegh'y Jct	"	8 24	12 22
3 33	8 04	" Leechburg	"	8 12	12 12
3 50	8 21	" Faulton(Apollo)	"	7 56	11 55
4 18	8 51	" Saltsburg	"	7 32	11 32
4 50	9 22	" Blairsville	"	7 00	11 00
4 58	9 30	" Blairsville Int'n	"	5 18	10 15
5 50	11 35	" Altoona	"	3 25	8 00
1 00	3 10	" Harrisburg	"	11 45	3 10
4 30	6 23	" Philadelphia	"	8 30	11 20
a. m.	p. m.			a. m.	p. m.

On Sunday, train leaving Butler 7.40 A. M., connects for Harrisburg, Altoona, and Philadelphia.

Through trains for the east leave Pittsburg (Union Station) as follows:—

Atlantic Express,	daily	3 10	A. M.
Pennsylvania Limited	"	7 15	"
Day Express,	"	7 30	"
Mail Line Express	"	8 00	"
Philadelphia Express	"	4 30	P. M.
Eastern Express	"	7 05	"
Fast Line	"	8 10	"
Philad'a Mail, Sunday only		8 40	a. m.

For detailed information, address Thos. E. Watt, Pass. Agt. Western Division, cor. 11th Ave. and Smithfield St., Pittsburg, Pa.

M. HUTCHISON, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

PITTSBURG & WESTERN Railway. Allegheny Short Line. Schedule in effect, July 19, 1896.

Butler Time.	Depart.	Arrive
Allegheny Accommodation	6 25 am	9 25 am
Allegheny Flyer	8 15 am	10 00 am
Akron Mail	8 15 am	7 30 pm
New Castle Accomo	8 15 am	9 25 am
Allegheny Accomo	10 05 am	12 20 pm
Allegheny Express	2 55 pm	4 55 pm
Chicago Express	3 35 pm	12 20 pm
Allegheny Mail	6 05 pm	7 20 pm
Ellwood Accomo	6 05 pm	7 30 pm
Chicago Express	6 05 pm	9 25 am
Allegheny Express	....	8 00 pm
Kane and Bradford Mail	10 05 am	5 20 pm
Clarion Accomo	5 15 pm	9 50 am
Foxburg Accomo	7 35 pm	8 05 am

SUNDAY TRAINS.

DeForest Jct. Accomo	8 15 am	7 30 pm
Allegheny Accomo	....	10 00 am
Chicago Express	3 35 pm	4 55 pm
Allegheny Accomo	6 05 pm	4 55 pm

Pullman Buffet Sleeping Cars and First-class Day Coaches run through between Butler and Chicago daily.

For through tickets to points in the West Northwest or Southwest apply to

A. B. CROUCH, Agent
Butler, Pa.

Trains leave the B. & O. depot in Pittburg for the East as follows.

For Washington, D. C., Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York, 7.20 and 9.20 p. m. Cumberland, 6.40, 7.20, a. m. 1.10, 9.20 p. m. Connellsville, 6.40, 7.20, a. m. 1.10, 4.30, 4.45, 5.30, 9.20 p. m. Uniontown, 7.20 a. m., 1.10, 4.30, 5.30 p. m. Uniontown, Morgantown and Fairmont, 7.20, a. m. and 5.30 p. m. Mt. Pleasant 6.40, 7.20 a. m. 10 and 4.30 p m. Washington, Pa., 7.40 and 10 30 a. m., 4.00, 4.45 and 9.00, 11.55 p. m. Wheeling, 7.40, and 9.20 a. m., and 4.00, 9.00, 11.55 p. m. Cincinnati, St. Louis, Columbus and Newark, 7.40 a. m., 9.10, 11.55 p. m.

For Chicago, 2.40 a. m. 9.30 p. m.

Parlor and sleeping cars to Baltimore Washington, Cincinnati and Chicago.

H. O. DUNKLE, Gen. Supt. Allegheny, Pa
C. W. BASSETT, A.G.P.A., Allegheny, Pa
R. P. REYNOLDS, Supt., Foxburg, Pa

THE PITTSBURG, SHENANGO & LAKE ERIE RAILROAD

TIME TABLE—In effect Sunday, Dec. 30, 1896. Trains are run by Standard Central Time (90th Meridian).

GOING NORTH. 14	12	STATIONS	11	GOING SOUTH 13
p.m.	p.m.	a.m. Ar. Buffalo Lv.	a.m.	p.m
....	3 40	2 30... L. S. & M. S.	8 35	11 05
....	4 55	..... N. Y. C. & St. L.	5 35	12 05
	p.m.	a.m.		
....	2 07	9 10 ..... Erie	11 00	4 00
....	1 20	8 27 . Wallace Junct.	11 42	4 40
....	1 18	8 25 ..... Girard	11 45	4 43
....	1 07	8 13 ..... Lockport	11 56	4 53
....	1 00	8 05 . Cranesville	12 03	5 02
....	11 01	6 55 lv. Conneaut	lv. 11 00	4 00
....	1 47	9 00 ar	ar. 11 45	6 0
....	12 56	7 59 ar. Albion	lv. 12 08	5 08
....	12 44	7 45 " Shadeland	" 12 20	5 10
....	12 41	7 42 ..... Springboro	" 12 24	5 17
....	12 34	7 34 . Conneautville	" 12 32	5 25
617	12 16	7 15 ... Mead'v'le Jct.	.... 12 56	5 46
3 00	12 00	7 15 ar. Linesville	lv 12 30	....
....	12 40	7 25 lv	ar 12 40	5 00
2 10	12 00	6 40 lv. Conn't Lake	.... 12 00	....
....	1 07	7 52 ar	ar 1 07	6 00
1 32	11 35	6 05 lv. Meadville	lv. 11 37	....
....	1 32	8 15 ar	ar 1 32	6 40
02	12 02	7 .. Hartstown	No 1	1 09	6 01
....	11 57	6 .. Adamsville	....	1 14	6 06
....	11 48	6 ... Osgood	....	1 23	6 14
26	11 40	6 ... Greenville	.... 6 30	1 33	6 26
19	11 29	6 ... Sheakley	.... 6 42	1 40	6 32
c 00	11 04	..... Fredonia	.... 7 00	2 07	....
4 45	10 47	..... Mercer	.... 7 19	2 25	....
28	10 33	..... Pardoe	.... 7 36	2 38	....
18	10 23	..... Grove City	.... 7 46	2 48	....
05	10 10	..... Harrisville	.... 7 58	3 00	....
57	10 02	..... Branchton	.... 8 06	3 09	....
52	9 57	..... v... Keisters	.... 8 10	3 15	....
35	9 41	..... Euclid	.... 8 27	3 27	....
10	9 18	..... Butler	.... 8 50	3 55	....
2 20	7 20	..... Allegheny, P&W'n	6	7 05	....
p.m.	a.m.	....		a. m.	p. m.

J. T. BLAIR, General Manager, Greenville, Pa
W. G. SARGENT, G. P. A., Meadville, Pa

L. C. WICK,

DEALER IN

Rough and Worked Lumber

OF ALL KINDS.

Doors, Sash, Blinds, Mouldings, Shingles and Lath Always in Stock.

LIME, HAIR AND PLASTER.

Office opposite P. & W. Depot.

BUTLER, PA,

A LEGEND.

There is a legend he that runs may read,
That when a little child was called away
To make Heaven brighter, sore disquieted,
The mother's tears kept falling day by day.

In vain for her that the soft touch of spring
Changed the chill white world to a living green,
That robins sang and skies were welcoming,
And on the hills ten thousand flowers were seen.

God tried to help her, but she listened not;
He touched her gently, but she drew away;
He swung a censer of forget-me-not
Between her and her helpless agony.

'Twas all in vain, for still the mother wept,
Until at length in dreams through the dark hours
She wandered far where the lost gems were kept
Within the country of the fadeless flowers.

And as she journeyed, to her side there came
The same lost darling that she thought was dead,
Bearing a heavy pitcher full of tears—
They carry every tear that mothers shed.

'Twas such a heavy burden, and the child
Chided the mother for its weary weight,
And begged her for her sake be reconciled;
O'erburdened, Heaven itself was desolate.

She caught the precious darling to her heart,
And threw the heavy burden far away;
Wandered together in green fields apart
And heard the songs of wondrous melody.

And when she waked she dried her weeping eyes,
Bathed her hot cheeks; no teardrop lingered there
Lest it might grieve the child in Paradise
And add a weight she was too small to bear.

Perhaps some heart bereaved may read these lines,
God help thee, dear, to Him be reconciled;
Thy little one is safe with Him betimes;
Oh, lift the burden from the Heavenly child!

—Nelly H. Woodworth, in Boston Journal.

AN AUDITOR.

ADY CARLINGFORD was a woman with a purpose in life, expending her energies on every kind of charitable work amongst the poor. By way of recreation she occasionally turned her attention to other affairs. Her most recent idea was that my society was not desirable for her youngest daughter, Nora.

I was not surprised, therefore, at the manner in which she greeted me when I called.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Aynesworth," she said, coldly, as she laid aside some knitting. Lady Carlingford was continually engaged upon the making of altogether impossible garments for people who did not want them. "I thought we had agreed that—"

"Exactly, Lady Carlingford," I broke in, cheerfully; "we agreed that I should not call here for the present, but alas!" I added, with a sigh, "duty must be attended to." And I held up a neat little parcel in brown paper which I had brought with me.

Young Clarence Carlingford, a boy of 14, who was sitting behind his mother, began to grin.

"Does that," said Lady Carlingford, looking at the parcel through her lorgnettes, "represent duty?"

"Yes. As you know," I continued, with a modest air, "I take an active interest in social work amongst the poor."

Lady Carlingford appeared surprised.

"Indeed?" she said, politely. Young Lance, catching my eye, deliberately winked at me.

"Being aware of this, Mr. Stafford, who usually audits the books of the Pear-lane soup kitchen, came and asked me to undertake the work; he was so busy—"

"Mr. Stafford busy!" exclaimed Lady Carlingford. "I did not know that he had ever done anything in this world, beyond the work you refer to!"

"O, no," I explained; "that is quite a mistaken impression. Stafford doesn't talk much, but I can assure you he gets through a tremendous amount of hard work."

Young Lance suddenly crammed his handkerchief into his mouth.

"Well?" said Lady Carlingford, the tone was not encouraging.

I drew myself up, and assumed a business like manner.

"To-morrow," I said, "I have to submit my auditing report to the committee. I have examined the books, but there are a few discrepancies, which I should like explained. As Miss Nora keeps the accounts I thought you would pardon my calling; it is quite a business matter."

Young Lance rose from his seat and made for the door; he seemed to be agitated.

"It was quite right of you, Mr. Aynesworth," said Lady Carlingford, graciously. "Having all the details of the soup kitchen work at my finger tips, I shall be pleased to answer any questions."

This almost unnerved me; however, young Lance behaved in a most intelligent manner.

"All right!" he cried, as he banged the door open. "I'll fetch Nora in a jiffey!"

"Lancelot!" cried his mother, sharply; her son obliged me by pretending not to hear.

Lady Carlingford was thoughtful for a moment or so; then, resuming her knitting, she remarked:

"You know we are going away tomorrow, Mr. Aynesworth?"

As if that was not the very reason that I had bullied good-natured old Stafford into lending me the books! The facts were these: Nora was a girl of spirit, and, what was better, had attained her majority. If she had consented to be my wife, I did not think her mother's views on the subject would have carried undue influence; the difficulty was, that matters had not reached this happy stage when Lady Carlingford had devoted her attention to the affair. Since then, of course, I had been allowed no opportunity, and now they were leaving for a long visit. The thought of what might happen during this time had made me resolve upon a desperate effort.

Nora came into the room. Never, in my opinion, had she presented a dainter appearance.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Aynesworth," she said, a slight blush on either cheek Lance tells me there are some errors in the soup kitchen accounts. Are they very dreadful?" she added, a suspicion of a smile playing round the corners of her mouth.

"Well," I said, officiously, "there are several matters to be gone into."

It was a long room, with rather a low ceiling, and the afternoon was drawing to a close.

"Bring the books to the little table in the window," said Nora; "you will see better."

I followed her up the room. Lady Carlingford glanced after us with a doubtful expression, but said nothing.

"The first thing," I began, as I untied the parcel—I was rather curious to see what the book like—"is the question of—er—soup."

"What's that, Mr. Aynesworth?" cried out Lady Carlingford from her end.

Nora, who was sitting behind a large fern, her face hidden from her mother's view, began to laugh.

"I was going to say, Lady Carlingford," I continued, wondering what on earth an auditor would be likely to talk about—"O, that I could not find a voucher for the—er—vegetables," I finished. I thought this was good. "Voucher" sounded business like, and I knew that vegetables were required for soup.

"If you will kindly look at the accounts," replied Lady Carlingford, in withering tones, "you will see that no vegetables whatever were purchased. My gardener supplied the entire quantity."

I looked, but saw nothing of the kind. However, I took her word for it.

"Yes, of course," I agreed, hurriedly. "How stupid of me!"

Nora was enjoying herself immensely behind the fern.

"Anything else?" said Lady Carlingford, in a voice that made me shiver. I decided on a bold move.

"Yes," I said. "I do not agree the cast."

I found a book that had figures in it and pushed it towards Nora.

"Would you mind trying the pence of that column?" I said.

She bent her head over the book and examined it intently. It was upside down, by the way.

"Do you make it nine?" I queried, anxiously.

"No, eightpence-halfpenny," she replied. "Let's try it together!" she added, as if inspired.

I drew up my chair close to hers. A servant entered the room and engaged Lady Carlingford's attention.

It was now or never, I thought.

"Nora," I whispered, "your mother

NORA CAME INTO THE ROOM.

has asked me not to call—you are going away to-morrow, and I may never have another opportunity. You know I care for you more than for any other woman in this world. Will you—"

"Is there any mistake?" came from the other end of the room.

"We are trying the cast, mamma!" faltered Nora.

"Lady Carlingford can have no real objection," I went on, hurriedly; "she will come round in time. Nora, will you be my wife?"

Her little finger was trembling, as it wandered aimlessly up and down the lines of figures.

"Haven't you finished with Mr. Aynesworth?" cried Lady Carlingford.

I looked at Nora anxiously.

"No, mamma," she said, calmly. "I haven't. I am going to marry him."

As I predicted, Lady Carlingford eventually saw matters from our point of view. It is always better to accept the inevitable with a good grace.—The Magnet Magazine.

Sat on an Imaginary Pupil.

Dorothy had the chairs gathered around her and was sitting quietly in among them, evidently much engaged. Just what she was doing her grandmamma did not know, but she sat down for a moment in one of the chairs to smile at the little girl and learn the cause of her absorption. "If you would not mind, grandmamma," said Dorothy, "would you please take another chair. You are sitting on a little girl." She was playing school.—N. Y. Times.

Order in Court.

In the early 80's "Jim" Shultz was justice of the peace in Twin Groves township, Neb. One day an attorney was exceedingly domineering in his words and actions. His honor finally gave vent to his feelings as follows: "The court will now take a recess. Mr. Attorney, you are a liar and a scoundrel. The court will now come to order. Mr. Attorney, if you open your head I will fine you for contempt."—San Francisco Argonaut.

What They Get.

The honest old fellow who cleans out a bank, with a broom, for a dollar a day.
Gets only the courtesy shown to a dog, except while he's drawing his pay.
The burglar who cleans out a bank at night, with a jimmy and powder and saw,
Gets only a sentence, to pay for his pains, that's the farthest extent of the law.
The trusted official who cleans out a bank gets the cash and he's nothing to fear.
But why should the crookedest one of the three be acclaimed as a "financier?"

—Chicago Times-Herald.

THE PRUDENT MAID.

Madge—Why did she postpone the marriage a year ago?

Marjorie—Because he was poor.

Madge—And why has she now broken the engagement?

Marjorie—Because her father has suddenly become rich.—N. Y. World.

Not Particular.

The men who always light upon
Their feet, no matter what they do,
Are men who are not worried if
They light on some one else's, too.

—N. Y. Truth.

The Best Way.

Miss Redbud—Shall I announce my engagement at once, dear?

Miss Pinkerly—I would. If you wait any longer it may be too late.—N. Y. Journal.

Important.

Teacher—What is the most important mechanical invention of our century?

Pupil—The penny-in-the-slot candy machine.—Fliegende Blaetter.

About the Same.

Mrs. Knight—Does your husband treat you the same now as he did when he was courting you?

Mrs. Laight—Pretty much. He keeps me in the dark!—Yonkers Statesman.

Where the Art Comes In.

Mrs. Smith—Tell me, Mr. Kanvas, what is the greatest work of art?

Kanvas (an artist)—Selling the paintings, ma'am.—N. Y. World.

ADJUSTING AFFAIRS.

BY GILBERT DOYLE.

I HAD dined with St. Croix, and we were now on our way to some uninteresting people who were giving a dance. Since entering the cab the conversation had slackened; apparently we both possessed ample food for reflection. As we rattled over some stones St. Croix shouted in my ear:

"You'll see her to-night, Ingram!"

I had returned from the country that morning; still deep in my thoughts, I replied:

"No such luck; she is 100 miles from town, and—"

I stopped abruptly as I caught a glimpse of his face. Fortunately he had not noticed my observation. "So," I continued, grasping the situation, "you have once again decided that the feminine interest in your life should be centered in one?"

"Ingram, old chap," he said, solemnly, "it's serious this time!" (I have heard this remark made before under similar circumstances.)

"I sincerely trust it is!" I replied.

A good-looking, wealthy man, past 30, has no right to be unmarried.

"This has happened whilst I have been away?" I added.

He nodded.

"And the maiden is—" I began.

St. Croix actually looked confused. "Well, she's hardly—" he said, awkwardly, "that is—of course, she's young—well, the fact is, she's a widow!"

I glanced at him reproachfully.

"Any—er—"

"No, no," he replied, hurriedly, "of course there are no children. Why, man, she's only young herself—husband died in India—fever, snake bite, or some other handy thing of that kind. O, no," he went on, with a smile, "I couldn't do it if there were any children!"

"Have you actually proposed to her?"

"Not yet," he replied thoughtfully, "but I feel that it is as good as settled. Ingram," he continued, with an air of enthusiasm, "she's adorable. She—"

"My dear St. Croix," I said, "these confidences remind me of the good old days."

"Ah," he replied, with a sigh, "this is no boyish flirtation!"

"By Jove!" he cried, as an idea struck him, "you two will get on capitally together. Having both been in India, you will be able to—"

"Chat about her husband?" I suggested.

St. Croix looked serious.

"Poor child," he said in a compassionate tone. "She must have been very unhappy during that time!"

It is strange how men generally refer to their wives' first marriages in this way.

"We are admirably suited," he continued, his face lighting up. "I am 30, and she—well, I should say she is 25. A man should be a year or so older than his wife."

"Yes," I agreed, "she is very young for a widow."

"Much too young," replied St. Croix; "that's one reason why she should marry again!"

"Eh?" I said. "How long has it been going on?"

He considered for a few minutes.

"I first saw her," he said, slowly, "at ten minutes to nine on Monday last week!"

"My dear fellow!" I exclaimed, "you must hurry up matters; the lady will positively weary of the courtship!"

Just then the cab drew up with a jerk.

"Here we are," said St. Croix. "Jump out!"

After greeting our hostess we separated. Several people of my acquaintance were there, and I had to go through the usual number of duty dances. Presently I saw St. Croix coming towards me.

"Ingram," he said, taking me by the arm, "come with me."

There is nobody so exacting as a man in love.

"She is waiting to be introduced to you," he said, as we made our way to the conservatory. Here, in a secluded corner (for St. Croix is experienced in these matters), we found the lady.

"Mrs. Fordyce," said St. Croix, "allow me to—"

"Mrs. Fordyce!"

I looked at her, then burst out laughing.

"Dr. Ingram!" she exclaimed.

"You know one another?" cried St Croix, with a puzzled look.

"Why," I said, "I have known Mrs. Fordyce since—"

"Yes, Dr. Ingram and I are quite old friends," she interrupted, with a glance at me.

I understood.

"That is jolly!" St. Croix said, heartily.

I am not sure that Mrs. Fordyce agreed with him entirely.

The strains of a waltz came through the open doors. St. Croix looked at his programme.

"Bother!" he cried. "It's my dance with the daughter of the house. Will you kindly look after Mrs. Fordyce, Ingram?"

"I should be delighted," I replied, and he hurried off.

As soon as he had disappeared I turned to Mrs. Fordyce.

"It's all very odd," I remarked.

"What?" she queried—"that you should turn out to be the friend Mr St. Croix has been talking to me about?"

I smiled; the quaintness of the whole matter seemed infinitely amusing to me.

"No," I said, "that you should be the lady whose charms he has been describing to me."

She blushed; I gazed at her critically.

"'Pon my word," I exclaimed at length, "it is positively marvelous, to think that it is close upon—"

"That is just what I don't want you to think, doctor," she interrupted.

"But, my dear Mrs. Fordyce, you actually look younger and more beautiful than you did when we were together at Simla!"

She laughed.

"We have always been in the habit of speaking plainly to one another."

"Yes," I agreed; "it saves time."

She gave me a nervous little glance.

"O," I said, reassuringly, "I am your friend."

She was playing with the edge of her fan.

"A woman is only as old as she looks," she observed, "and I was married at an extremely early age."

"St. Croix was perfectly justified in his estimate—25 he told me," I said, with a laugh. "But that is a detail; the thing that will surprise him most will be the fact that Clare exists!"

She looked at me with a smile.

"Ah, you have met her at the Roscoes'?"

"Yes; I found my little ten-year-old sweetheart of Simla had grown into a dainty young lady of 18! How is it?" I continued, "that St. Croix is ignorant of her existence?"

"Well, he assumed I had no children, and I—I could not summon up courage to tell him afterwards. You see what a difficult position I am in," she added, plaintively.

"Yes, it is difficult," I agreed. "The unexpected appearance of a full-grown daughter upon the scene might prove too heavy a strain at this critical stage of his love. A girl of 18 is a responsibility," I added.

All this time I had been hugging to myself some special intelligence. I thought it was about time to bring matters to a head.

"Mrs. Fordyce," I said, "do you really care for St. Croix?" She did not reply for a moment.

"Yes," she said simply; "I really love him. O, can't you suggest some

I GAZED AT HER CRITICALLY.

thing?" and she looked at me pleadingly.

"Yes," I said quietly, "we will help one another. Have you heard from Clare to-day?" I continued.

Her hand went to her pocket.

"Why, yes," she said; "a letter came as I was going out. I have not read it yet."

"Would you oblige by doing so, as you have it with you?"

She drew an envelope from her pocket, opened it, and smoothed the letter out. As she read it, a smile came over her face.

"My dear doctor," she exclaimed, "do you think one so young as Clare will make you happy?"

"Did she not settle it in Simla, years ago, that she should marry nobody but the doc?" I replied. "Have I mamma's consent?"

She laughed happily.

"Really," I said, glancing at her, "I hardly know whether I'm talking to Clare or her mother."

St. Croix rejoined us.

"St. Croix," I said to him, quietly, after a minute or so, "I have been meddling in your affairs—with a good result," I added.

He turned with a glad look of surprise to Mrs Fordyce.

"It is 'yes?'" he murmured.

"It's for you to say, after hearing the doctor," she replied, softly.

"The one condition is," I said, abruptly, "that you agree to become my father-in-law!"

He seemed to be quite surprised; I tendered a few simple words of explanation.

St. Croix glanced at Mrs. Fordyce—she was looking radiantly beautiful—and then did the most intelligent thing he ever did in his life—accepted my proposal.—Magnet Magazine.

A Difficult Dance.

The following curious and complicated instructions for dancing the polka were published by a fashion magazine in 1845, when a mania for that dance spread over the whole civilized world:

"The polka step being the same in all the figures, we will here describe it once for the entire.

"It is executed in four parts or movements:

"1. You raise the part of the left foot behind the ankle to the commencement of the calf of the right leg and then let it glide before you to the point of the heel, at the same time bounding on the point of the right foot.

"2. You are then to draw back the right foot behind the left foot.

"3. You again advance the left foot, giving a slight hit with the heel, so as to mark the measure more strongly.

"4. Finally raise the right leg, throwing back the foot behind the left leg to about the height of the calf."—Chicago News.

—To the lasting credit of the men, it should be remembered that no men believe that the goodness of this world is monopolized by church members.

Unsatisfactory Diet.

A clergyman whose salary had not been paid for several months told the trustees that he must have his money, as his family were suffering for want of the necessaries of life.

"Money!" exclaimed one of the trustees, noted for his stinginess, "do you preach for money? I thought you preached for the good of souls."

The minister replied:

"So I do; but I can't eat souls. And if I could, it would take 1,000 such as yours to make a meal."—Tit-Bits.

Wasted Energy.

"Say, who is that man?"

"His name is Kadgers."

"I know his name, but what is his occupation?"

"He's a detective."

"Great Scott! I met him at a reception the other evening, and after I was introduced to him I put in half an hour of the hardest work of my life trying to keep from indulging in my abominable habit of swearing. I thought he was a clergyman!"—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Winter Observation.

How hard it is to tell if Fortune's face
Will smile on worth, or greet it with a frown!
The idle boy slides lightly o'er the place
Where grown-up cautiousness slips and falls down.

—Washington Star.

HE TRAVELED ON.

Tramp (trying to be funny)—Hello, mister; what do you raise here besides turnips, squashes, pumpkins and so on?

Farmer (grimly)—Well, we sometimes raise deadbeats, and if you don't travel on purty lively I'll show you how it's done.—N. Y. Tribune.

HIS GRAVE OFFENSE.

He Tried to Outdo the Kaiser and Se Had to Flee.

It is leze majesty in Germany to outdo the war lord in anything. That is why Otto Schoen, a young Berlin architect of high family fled from his native land lately in fear of the wrath of his emperor, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. The facts in this singular case are as follows:

Schoen was employed to plan and build a magnificent restaurant and concert hall near the kaiser's palace at Potsdam. Without intending disrespect, he drew plans which provided for a building one story higher than the emperor's. When the building authorities learned of this they stopped the work on Schoen's building, telling him he was beside himself with impudence to dream of putting up a structure that should overtop the palace.

That day, while at dinner in a restaurant, Schoen aired his injured feelings, bluntly declaring the conduct of the authorities was infamous. The next day he was summoned before the lieutenant of police of that district, who told him that his remark in the restaurant had been overheard and that he stood guilty of having insulted his emperor, the penalty for which was imprisonment and possibly worse.

Schoen was frightened and asked the lieutenant what he should do. The latter assured him his safest course would be to fly to a foreign country. So Schoen, leaving his wife and family, took ship at Antwerp and sailed for New York. He believes he would have been ruined and his property confiscated had he remained in Berlin.

GLASS MADE BY MACHINERY.

Reducing the Price of Finished Product and Averting Trouble.

Machinery is beginning to play a very important part in flint and green-glass manufacture, says the Pittsburgh Dispatch. The introduction of one machine alone for simplifying the making of fruit jars was instrumental in reducing the price list last fall, and its further application is expected to be a large factor in the settlement of wages this year. To give an idea of the revolution which is impending in this branch of the glassware business, one firm turned out last September, with five machines, 32,000 jars a day. For a month past the four additional machines have been in use, and the daily output has been 57,000 jars. There is now being built an additional tank furnace, which will double the capacity of the works and bring up the daily production to over 100,000 jars, or say, 30,000,000 jars per year, which will be fully one-third of the entire fruit-jar production of the United States. Lamps, the foot and bowl of which were formerly jointed by hand, and often very imperfectly done, are now made by machines, which form the oil fount and foot at one operation and out of one piece of glass, and the lamp is practically indestructible. One firm of punch tum