THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL. XXXIV | BUTLER, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 19, 1897 | No. 32

State Library july 97

Sacrifice Sale Continued
Our stock still too large
Must be reduced.

We will therefore continue to sell all goods advertised in last week's circulars at the 4 day sale prices with the exception of Clark's O. N. T. thread; it will sell at 4c per spool or 45c per dozen. We have reduced some fine Zephyr Ginghams and Dimities, Organdies to a lower price than prevailed last week.

These goods must be sold

We are determined not to put away a single yard of

Summer wash goods

A cool lawn dress at 4c per yard, others finer. 10 per cent. off on all Standard paper patterns sold during July

MRS. J. E. ZIMMERMAN.

This store will close at 6 o'clock every evening, except Saturday, from July 1st to September 1st, and on Monday, July 5th, at 12 o'clock. noon.

ARE YOU IN NEED OF

CLOTHING?

IF SO, CALL ON

T. H. BURTON,

120 SOUTH MAIN ST., BUTLER, PA.

G. F. KECK,
MERCHANT TAILOR.
142 North Main St., Butler, Pa.

When we make you a garment—or a suit—you may be sure that every stitch in it is perfectly made. Our especial pride is in the quality of our tailoring, we pay high wages and employ first-class tailors, so we get the highest grade of garments and you know our prices are lower than others, and we keep the largest stock of goods to select from. Call and examine for yourself, FITS GUARANTEED, remember the place.

G. F. KECK, Merchant Tailor,
142 N. MAIN ST., BUTLER, PA.

J. S. YOUNG,

Tailor, Hatter and Gents Furnishing Goods.

Summer heat makes the problem of looking dressy and keeping cool a hard one. But we've solved it; and for once economy, comfort and fashion go hand in haud Our summer suits are finer in fabric, nobbier in pattern and more stylish in cut han ever before, they fit your curves and yet they're not sweat bath outfits. The prices may surprise you.

J. S. YOUNG, Tailor.
101 S. MAIN St., - - - BUTLER, PA

The Wise Grocer.

Will try to induce his customers to buy the very best groceries in the market, because by so doing he makes a sale that will give satisfaction, and it is the pleased and satisfied customer who builds up the grocer's business. We have some of the very best goods obtainable which we sell as close as any house in the county. Leave us your order and we guarantee satisfaction.

The Butler Produce Co.,
C L MOORE, Prop'r
130 W. Jefferson St., Butler, Pa.

IF YOU GET IT AT THE BUTLER PRODUCE T'S FRESH.

WHILE YOU ARE WAITING

For your prescription don't fail to look over our line of perfumes, we have received some very fine ones lately, and will be pleased to have you examine them.

We also have a very large assortment of tooth brushes made expressly for us which bear our stamp, these brushes we guarantee and request the return of any that prove unsatisfactory.

You may need something for your chapped hands and face, and if so we recommend Cydonium Cream as a fine toilet preparation.

REDICK & GROHMANN
DRUGGISTS.
PEOPLES PHONE. 114. BUTLER PA

Liver Ills

Like biliousness, dyspepsia, headache, constipation, sour stomach, indigestion are promptly cured by Hood's Pills. They do their work easily and thoroughly. Best after dinner pills. 25 cents. All druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pill to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills

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.

P. B. & L. E. R. R.

Schedule of Passenger Trains in effect May 30, 1897. Butler time

Trains leave Butler as follows: Conneaut Lake Express 7:25 a. m., Erie Mail 9:55 a. m. and Greenville Accommodation 5:05 p. m. Trains arrive as follows: Conneaut Lake Express 9:55 p. m., Erie Mail 2:50 p. m. and Greenville Accommodation 9:20 a. m.

SUNDAY TRAINS.

Conneaut Lake Express leaves at 7:25 a. m. and arrives at 9:55 p. m.

Train leaving at 7:25 makes connection with Erie Ry. at Shenango, west; train leaving at 9:55 makes connection with N. Y. & P. at Mercer and with Erie at Shenango, east; train leaving at 5:05 makes connection with N. Y. & P. at Mercer, north and south.

A. B. CROUCH,
Ticket Agent.

PITTSBURG & WESTERN Railway. Schedule of Passenger Trains in effect May 16, 1897. BUTLER TIME.

	Depart.	Arrive.
Allegheny Accommodation	6 25 A.M	9 17 A.M
Allegheny "Flyer"	8 15 "	9 32 "
New Castle Accommodation	1 55 P.M	9 17 "
Akron Mail	8 15 A.M	7 03 P.M
Allegheny Accommodation	10 05 "	12 18 "
Allegheny Express	3 05 P.M.	4 55 "
Allegheny "Flyer"		3 05 "
Chicago Express	3 40 "	12 18 "
Allegheny Mail	5 40 "	8 00 "
Allegheny "Flyer"		7 03 "
Ellwood Accommodation	5 40 "	7 03 "
Chicago Limited	5 40 "	9 17 A.M
Kane and Bradford Mail	9 32 A.M	5 30 P.M
Clarion Accommodation	3 15 P.M	9 55 A.M
Foxburg Accommodation	7 10 "	8 05 "
SUNDAY TRAINS.		
Allegheny Express	8 15 A.M	9 32 "
Allegheny Accommodation	5 40 P.M	4 55 P.M
New Castle Accommodation	8 15 A.M	7 03 "
Chicago Express	3 40 P.M	4 55 "
Allegheny Accommodation		7 03 "

Trains going north at 9:32 a. m. and 3:15 p. m. make close connection at Foxburg for points on Allegheny Valley Ry.

For through tickets to all points in the west, northwest or southwest apply to

A. B. CROUCH, Agent, Butler, Pa.
R. B. REYNOLDS, Sup't, Foxburg, Pa.
C. W. BASSETT, A. G. P. A., Allegheny, Pa.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

WESTEN PENNSYLVANIA DIVISION.

SCHEDULE IN EFFECT MAY 17, 1897.

SOUTH.

	WEEK DAYS						
	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
BUTLER.....Leave	6 25	8 00	11 35	1 38	2 35	5 05	
Saxonburg.....Arrive	6 54	8 25	11 38	3 00	5 28		
Butler Junction..... "	7 57	8 42	12 02	3 25	5 53		
Butler Junction.....Leave	7 30	8 48	12 17	3 25	5 53		
Natrona.....Arrive	7 38	8 56	12 25	3 35	6 02		
Tarentum..... "	7 42	9 02	12 30	3 41	6 07		
Springdale..... "	7 50	9 11	12 41	3 52			
Claremont..... "		9 25	1 00	4 06	6 27		
Sharpsburg..... "	8 00	9 31	1 09	4 12	6 32		
Allegheny..... "	8 27	9 43	1 23	4 25	6 43		
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	

SUNDAY TRAINS.—Leave Butler for Allegheny City and principal intermediate stations at 7:35 a. m. and 5:00 p. m.

NORTH.

	WEEK DAYS						
	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	
Allegheny City....leave	7 00	9 00	11 25	2 50	6 10		
Sharpsburg..... "	7 11	9 12	11 37	3 03			
Claremont..... "		9 19	11 45	3 13			
Springdale..... "		9 30	11 59	3 30	6 37		
Tarentum..... "	7 34	9 39	12 08	3 43	6 46		
Natrona..... "	7 39	9 43	12 13	3 51	6 51		
Butler Juncsion....arrive	7 46	9 50	12 23	4 05	7 00		
Butler Junction....leave	7 46	9 50	12 25	4 10	7 00		
Saxonburg..... "	8 10	10 15	12 49	4 36	7 24		
BUTLER.....arrive	8 36	10 38	1 17	5 05	7 50		
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	

SUNDAY TRAINS.—Leave Allegheny City for Butler and principal intermediate stations at 7:25 a. m. and 9:30 p. m.

WEEK DAYS.		FOR THE EAST.	WEEK DAYS.	
P. M.	A. M.		P. M.	P. M.
2 35	6 25	lv Butler.....ar	1 17	
3 25	7 27	ar Butler Junction.....lv	12 23	
3 30	7 46	lv Butler Junction.....ar	12 08	
3 35	7 49	ar Freeport..... "	8 28	12 06
3 39	7 53	" Allegheny Junction..... "	8 24	12 01
3 51	8 04	" Leechburg..... "	8 00	11 49
4 09	8 21	" Paulton (Apollo)..... "	7 53	11 32
4 35	8 51	" Saltsburg..... "	7 30	11 09
5 06	9 22	" Blairsville..... "	7 00	10 40
5 15	9 30	" Blairsville Intersection..... "	5 20	10 15
8 50	11 35	" Altoona..... "		8 00
1 00	3 10	" Harrisburg..... "		3 10
4 30	6 23	" Philadelphia..... "		11 20
P. M.	P. M.		A. M.	P. M.

On Sunday, train leaving Butler 7:35 a. m., connects for Harrisburg, Altoona and Philadelphia.

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

Atlantic Express,	daily	3:30 A.M
Pennsylvania Limited	"	7:15 "
Day Express,	"	7:20 "
Main Line Express,	"	8:00 "
Philadelphia Express,	"	4:20 P.M
Eastern Express,	"	7:55 "
Fast Line,	"	8:10 "
Philad'a Mail, Sundays only		8:40 A.M

For detailed information, address Thos. E. Watt, Pass. Agt. Western District, Corner Fifth Avenue and Smithfield Street, Pittsburg, Pa.

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

The Place to Buy GAS COOKING AND HEATING STOVES, GAS BURNERS AND FIXTURES, HOSE, BATH TUBS, ENAMEL AND IMPROVED WELSHBACH GAS BURNER,

W. H. O'BRIEN & ON
107 East Jefferson St.

BEE KEEPER'S SUPPLIES
—SUCH AS—
Hives, Smokers, Brood Frames, Sections, Section Boxes, Brood and Surplus Foundations.
The best goods at the lowest possible prices.

James B. Murphy,
Mercer St., West End, Butler, Pa.
Near Kamerer's Grocery Store.

A DELAYED LETTER.

Lydia Spencer had never seen it so hot or dreary at Canaan Corners before. The blistering July day was drawing to a close.

She was postmistress and store clerk at the Corners. Day after day for years she had sorted over the stage mails, the county papers and the letters. The day had been a busy one in the store, and to add to the confusion Lydia had recently bought a new set of boxes to take the place of the dingy little portholes which for 25 years had done continuous service under different postmasters.

A carpenter had worked that afternoon tearing away the old case and generally overhauling the postoffice end of the store.

Lydia was between 40 and 50. "Nigh on to 45, bein two year older'n my boy Jerry," old Mrs. Davidge said to her friends when Lydia's age was discussed. "But, law! she don't look it, an she don't act it. Them tow headed girls never look ez old ez they really be."

The carpenter stopped hammering and came to where the postmistress was fanning herself. He was shuffling awkwardly half a dozen letters, yellow with age and somewhat rat eaten.

"See here, Lyddy, are these any good?" asked he, holding out the letters. "I found 'em down behind the wainscoting. I s'pose they're just trash what got brushed aside an no account whatever."

The postmistress of Canaan Corners took the letters with but little show of interest. People were always running to her with trifles and asking her unnecessary questions.

Twenty five years! Yes, it had been just that long since she had seen John Butterworth—since he gave her a lover's look and then, cheerily assuring her that they would soon meet again, had gone to New York.

Their letters had been earnest and full of feeling, and finally he wrote asking her if she would marry him, telling her that he had not been successful in business as yet, but that if she said "Yes" he would come back to Canaan Corners, and they would go to Chicago.

Bravely had she penned a favorable answer, and then she waited. Ah, the dying of a great hope!

How tenaciously it clings to life! How anxiously she awaited tidings from John Butterworth! But none came. The summers came and went. Twenty-five years ago, and she had been thinking of John Butterworth that day!

"Looks ez if rats had chawed 'em some, don't it?" asked the carpenter as Lydia stepped closer to the window to inspect the musty letters. The very first one of the lot gave her senses a shock—John Butterworth, Bull's Head Hotel, Bowery, N. Y. City."

The red sun turned black. The Canaan Corners postoffice began spinning around and bobbing up and down. A hurricane seemed to catch her and dash her head against a distant cliff.

"There, there, Miss Lyddy," said the big carpenter, fanning her with his straw hat. "The heat's been too much fur ye, I guess."

Trembling like a child, she once more looked at the letter—her own letter of acceptance—plighting her troth for better or for worse, through evil and good report.

It seemed to her as if her heart would burst in agony. She knew now why John Butterworth had never come back. She had appeared to him as unwilling to share his fortunes.

Lydia Spencer was a firm woman. In justice to herself she determined to make an effort to reach John Butterworth with the belated letter.

It had no postmark. Taking the marker, she removed the figures "94" and substituted "69."

Then, writing a note to the proprietor of the Bull's Head hotel, New York city, she told him to forward the letter to Chicago. Nervously she let it fall into the gaping mouth of the mailbag. The stage took it on its way that night.

Two weeks later a gray haired man, one of Chicago's leading capitalists, was one morning opening his mail. He came to a yellowed envelope which had been forwarded from New York. It bore several rubber stamp marks, and a Chicago postoffice clerk had written on it:

"Try 361 Dearborn."

"Send Jack in," said John Butterworth to his head clerk.

"Jack, my boy," said the father in a low voice and nervously, "read this old letter which has been 25 years in reaching me.

"Jack," continued the elder after his request had been complied with, "you will have to postpone your vacation. I'm going to take one at Canaan Corners, N. Y. I never expected to marry again after your dear mother's death, my boy, but if the writer of that letter is alive and willing you'll have a new mother inside of two weeks."

* * * * * * *

The Canaan Corners stage one evening a few days later carried a gray haired stranger.

"Ye'll find Lyddy at the postoffice," said the driver. "She's postmistress, an every one knows Lyddy."

Everything was still in the postoffice when John Butterworth entered. Looking through the glass case, he saw a golden haired woman, her face close to the tableltop. She was resting her averted face on her forearm and sobbing like a child.

"Lydia," said John Butterworth as he took her in his arms and raised her, "Lydia, sweetheart, I didn't get the letter till three days ago in Chicago. I'm so old and gray now I suppose you're sorry I got it at all, eh?"

She looked up quickly, smiling through her tears. Her blushing, radiant face didn't look as if she was sorry.—Exchange.

No Respecter of Persons.

When Admiral de Horsey at Port Royal was one night returning to his flagship alone, his way to the boat led across the barrack square. A black sentry of one of the West India regiments halted him at the gate with, "Who goes dar?" Great was the admiral's annoyance to find he had neglected to get the password. "That's all right," he said carelessly, hoping to overcome the man's scruples by indifference. "You know who I am." "Dunno know nobody, sar," replied the nigger pompously. "You can't go in dar." "Why, I'm Admiral de Horsey!" "Well, you can't go in," was the reply. "I don't care if you's Admiral de Donkey, I don't."—Household Words.

A Famous Song Rewritten.

Edmund S. Holbrook of Chicago has rewritten "The Star Spangled Banner," in order, as he says, to correct the many defects which he finds in the original. Key's version, he thinks, "is burdened with too much reference to a locality and the affairs of a day in midhistory," and he has remedied all this by "extending the spirit of the poem over a wider field and limiting it to matters of general importance which will obtain for all time."—Exchange.

THE COCKADE.

"Mon Dieu, Mme. Manchabelle, why did you wear such a long face in the palace of the doges? Did Tamagno's acting affect you so seriously?

"It is true, the Republican candidate won in the Eighth arrondissement, but how could that possibly interest you?"

"How, M. Pompon? You ask how it could possibly interest me, who have lived on terms of intimacy with princes and barons, who cherish the tender recollections that the Emperor Napoleon III pinched my chin when I was playing 'Gisela!' I would have given my most valued mementos to have elected the Conservative, and if he was not elected it is the fault of my daughter, Judith, and her infernal cockade!"

"The import of your words is somewhat nebulous, worthy lady. Tell me the story of the infernal cockade."

"Well, last year Judith, put out at not being able to find her carriage at the conclusion of the races, wrote to M. Lepine, the prefect of the police, for one of those green tickets, called 'cut the lines,' which allow carriages to take up their position near the grand stand. M. Lepine sent no answer."

"You must excuse him, Mme. Manchabelle. He is very busy."

"But coming home she had an idea."

"Ah, she had an idea! Really!"

"She had noticed that at the 11 o'clock mass at St. Philippe du Roule a certain carriage took precedence of all others and stood wherever it pleased, simply because the coachman wore a tricolored cockade in his hat. Upon inquiry she learned it was the coupe of the wife of the president, Mme. Felix Faure. 'Goodness! This is easy!' said Judith to herself. 'I will decorate my coachman, Baptiste, with a tricolored cockade.'"

"It was a flash of genius!"

"We sent Baptiste's hat to the president's hatter in the Faubourg St. Honore, and it came back with a superb tricolored cockade on it at the price of 6 francs."

"A mere trifle!"

"It proved a cheap investment from the very first. We went wherever we wanted. People were always taking off their hats to us. I graciously bowed back in return. I am accustomed to it. I was born so close to a throne that I was just as much at my ease as though I was sitting in my armchair in the Rue de Provence. The police, the soldiers—everybody—made way for us, and Judith's coupe stopped even before the gate at the races, which is prohibited to everybody else. Unfortunately there is always jealousy to be reckoned with. Little Chignon, the third coryphee, who came in a cab, said one day:

"'I would like to know why that old thing can go where we can't!'

"'Why,' said the policeman, 'that is the wife of the minister of public works with her daughter.'

"'The devil it is! It is old woman Manchabelle of the opera and her offspring. I know her well. We live in the same house.'

"I don't know what the guardian of the peace responded, but some days later Judith was sent for by the commissaire of police of the Rue d'Astorg, who told her she would have to suppress the tricolored cockade or suffer administrative penalty."

"Did Judith yield?"

"Yield, M. Pompon! You do not know us. We have a combative temperament! I said to my daughter, 'Go and see the celebrated advocate of the court of appeals, Cæsar Marius, and he will advise you what to do.' Then Judith put on a blue serge gown, the body trimmed with guipure; for a hat, a toque trimmed with black lace and two gray feathers, a quite fashionable costume, matching well with the coupe and Baptiste's cockade. In a short time she was in the Rue Partalis a the distinguished lawyer's. She entered his private office and laid bare'—

"This is becoming interesting."

"She laid bare the facts, M. Pompon. Maitre Cæsar Marius, very much amused at the recital, consulted the code, the police ordinances and the old revolutionary decrees, then said:

"Mademoiselle, there exists in Paris a custom according to which, up to the present, the tricolored cockade has been reserved for the chief of the state ministers, marshals of France and a few high administrative officials, but in truth it is only a custom. The tricolored cockade is the national cockade, and there is no good reason why it should not be worn by all Frenchmen. However, I will look into the matter further. Come to see me again—often, very often. We will talk about your cockade."

"And did Judith go often to see Maitre Cesar Marius?"

"To be sure. She was obliged to follow his advice, was she not? During these periods of consultation, sometimes quite protracted, the coupe remained in front of the distinguished advocate's door, exciting the curiosity of the street loungers, persuaded that a moment later they were going to see the minister of foreign affairs or the president himself, but their disappointment was not so great when they saw Judith come out, and they generally greeted the Conservative play actress with looks of approval.

"On the day before the election all the walls were covered with this red poster: 'Warning! Citizens, you are deceived! Maitre Cesar Marius, who covet the heritage of the honorable M. Riant and who wants to re-establish himself with the Conservative party, has sold out to the government. It is notorious that for the last month he has been receiving ministerial visits, and the minister is shameless enough to leave his carriage stand in front of the candidate's door. Let him deny it if he can?'

"Frankly, Maitre Marius could not say to the voters: 'It was not the minister who came to see me. It was the little Manchabelle.' He is too gallant a man for that. Consequently there was a division among the Conservatives, the votes were scattered and wasted, and the Republican candidate was elected. That is the reason why I have tears in my eyes, M. Pompon. Oh, these politics!'"—Cincinnati Post.

Why He Hesitated.

Why does this man stand upon the pavement trembling with terror, afraid to enter his own home?

Listen and I will tell you:

This afternoon at 3 o'clock he received a letter from his bank, asking him to step round and pay a note that was due. He scribbled the following answer upon a slip of paper:

"Can't possibly do it. Got to meet another little thing this afternoon that won't be put off."

About the same time a messenger boy brought him a note from his wife, asking him to meet her at his office at 4 to go with her to the dentist's.

Of course he got the answers mixed, and he is wondering whether he had better attempt an explanation or set out for Australia.—Strand Magazine.

A SERIOUS JOKE.

Frank Quinton was a practical charmaker. Receiving a visit from a couple of old friends, he took them to the theater, and the next morning went to his store, which was so full of stock that there was but little office space left in his salesrooms. A small desk, a couple of chairs and a small, neat lounge, comprised its furniture.

On the morning after their visit to the theater Frank, without stopping in the office, passed hastily into the workrooms to see that his hands were all employed, and in distributing his orders he was detained probably an hour or more. In the meantime Mrs. Quinton, their residence being near, having noticed, of course, his late unusual frivolity and being disturbed in feeling by his late return the night before, and now his delay to return to his breakfast, concluded to play the amiable escort to her liege lord to his morning repast.

When Frank therefore returned from the workshop, he encountered his young wife with slight surprise awaiting him in his cozy little office. Seated in one of the chairs, she looked dubiously, with no little feminine sternness, toward the lounge and then up at Frank, as he stood trying to smile pleasantly in the doorway.

These first pangs of jealousy were too much for the before unsuspicious nature of the happy little wife, and the fawnlike, loving creature, unable longer to maintain the stern front she had hastily assumed, her feelings now gave way and she cried: "Oh, Frank! I did not think this of you!"

"What, Minnie? What has happened?" he inquired, puzzled by her appearance and words, not yet having seen the cause. Again her feelings surged into another channel, and, dashing her tears aside, she rose to her feet, and, pointing to a number of pieces of comb scattered round and over the lounge, said: "Oh, Frank, how can you assume such an air of innocence, and, standing there, ask me what has happened? You have had—oh, false one, this is too much, and this, see here—evidence still more, Frank, of your perfidy! See, what is this?" the wronged one exclaimed as she seized from the floor, near the head of the lounge, a large roll of hair, nicely arranged and netted, ready to adorn the well formed caput of any handsome young lady.

"That?" said Frank slowly, for the first time attempting a reply. "Well, really, my dear, that seems to be an article of feminine headgear—an article, Minnie, Minnie, with which you are better acquainted than I—a chignon, or that other arrangement of beautiful design for female adornment—I cannot now think of the name."

"Frank Quinton, this is too much—to play me false and then make light of it! This human hair, these broken combs, that lounge and the confusion of things in this office all speak too loudly, sir, of the base manner in which you passed last night away from home."

"Indeed, Minnie, as you say, this is too much. I began to feel that you almost or quite believe that a fact which your manner and mood this morning seem to indicate. Last night I was at the theater. Must I bring Sam and Wendell to prove my whereabouts? No, Minnie. You would not have me do that?"

"Your first business on hand today, Mr. Quinton, is to clear up, if at all possible, these appearances that speak so clearly against you, or my course shall be for divorce."

"Well, there, Minnie, that caps the climax! Come, let us to breakfast. I'm deuced hungry. But broken combs, lounge and 'hair' are enough—ugh—to take from a man all appetite, save, perhaps, to quarrel, and that, you know, Minnie, I will not do, but I shall do my best, Minnie, to clear it up to you in that light."

Breakfast partaken of in silence, but not without some pain experienced by each, Frank resolved on the course now to be taken. Poor Minnie, unable to finish her morning meal, again broke down and left the table weeping.

On returning to the office Frank's first course was to gather up the broken fragments of combs scattered there and lay them out carefully on his desk. Each piece fits its fellow, and together, complete, form just one dozen small hairpins or combs, as he had suspected. Yes, it was a trick, but the joker had overshot the mark. The trick was overdone—too many combs for the reasonable care of only one feminine head. Besides, the package or wrapper from which they were taken was found. It was therefore with no little gladness that the generous and honest Frank Quinton hastened to share his transport with his weeping wife.

But long and labored was the argument, even with all the direct evidence he could produce, which he was compelled to present to the doubting wife, so deep were the insidious inroads of the jealous pangs suddenly aroused by these singularly combined appearances in her husband's office. How true is it, as the bard has said, "Trifles light as air are to the jealous confirmation strong as proofs of holy writ!" Indeed it was several weeks ere the earlier confidence of the trusting Minnie was fully restored in the breast of the unhappy wife.

The young man who practiced the joke without the least intention of injury came forward at length and cleared up the matter to the satisfaction of all, but, though forgiven, he is haunted with such a feeling of deepest regret that he says he will never forgive himself for thus unwittingly injuring a near and dear friend. He has learned in this a life lesson, never to trifle with the affections of another.—New York News.

Did Their Work.

A Chicago novelist, who has recently been pressed by his publishers for the concluding chapters of a story, says The Times-Herald, sent his wife and children into the country in order to secure a chance to work undisturbed. The first night he was alone he settled down to write. Suddenly the roomers in the flat below his began a terrible racket. At last, when forbearance ceased to be a virtue, the author went into the hallway and accosted a man who was carrying an armful of things out of the lower flat. "Hello!" he exclaimed. "What in thunder are you trying to do down there anyway?" "Don't worry," replied the fellow on the landing below. "We're doing the best we can." "This is no joke, I tell you. I can't do my work properly so long as you act like this." "We can't do our work properly either," answered the mover, with a laugh, "unless you go back into your room now and leave us alone." The novelist retired into his flat, closed the door and began to write. A half hour later he was suddenly aroused by the loud clanging of a police patrol wagon's bell. A wagon load of bluecoats stopped in front of the building. The flat below had been stripped clean by burglars during the temporary absence of the family at the theater.

BOWSER AND HIS BAR

AMATEUR GYMNASTICS PROVE EXCITING IF NOT BENEFICIAL.

Mr. Bowser Believes His Arms and Legs Are Withering and Begins a Course of Exercise—"Skinning the Cat" an Act He Is Not Up On.

"What's all this truck you had sent up here this afternoon?" asked Mrs. Bowser as her better half came home to dinner the other evening.

He replied that he would explain after he had satisfied his appetite, and when they arose from the table he removed his coat, bared his right arm and said:

"Mrs. Bowser, feel this arm, will you?"

"Have you got rheumatism?" she asked as she ran her hand over it.

"You have heard of withered limbs, haven't you? Well, my arms and legs are going to wither and become of no earthly use to me unless something is done right away. I've suspected it for a long time, but was not sure until I had a talk with a doctor today."

"Are you going to take a course of treatment?" she asked.

"That's it exactly, and I hope to check the withering business in the bud. Yes, I am going right at it this evening. Think what would happen, Mrs. Bowser, if my legs refused to hold me up—if my arms lost their strength until I could no longer feed myself."

"Where's your medicine?"

"I shall take no medicine. What is wanted in this case is exercise—plenty of exercise. I am now going to put up a performing bar in the garret and do some performing, according to the doctor's orders.

"Oh, that's it! I thought it about time for you to get another foolish notion into your head. If you need exercise, why don't you do some walking—get half a cord of wood and a bucksaw, buy a spade and turn up some earth in the back yard? If some man would come along and tell you your toes were falling off, you'd believe him!"

"Mrs. Bowser, what do you know of anatomy?" he demanded, with great dignity.

"And what do you?" she retorted.

"Enough to believe a doctor when he says my arms are gradually shrinking away until they will soon be pipestems, and all for the want of exercise. He has told me what to do, and I'm going to do it. If you want to shrivel and shrink, go ahead, but I don't propose to die that way. I shall put up my performing bar and perform."

She made no further protest, knowing that words would be useless, and Mr. Bowser carried the bundle of stuff to the garret and began work. In the course of half an hour he had his bar up, and, having removed all unnecessary clothing, was ready to begin. Mrs. Bowser came up just then and inquired what he was going to do. He leaped up, caught the bar with both hands and swung back and forth and replied:

"You see the object, Mrs. Bowser. The first idea is to strengthen the muscles of the arm, and that is done by sustaining the weight of the body. I find that I can sustain myself, but a week later I might not have been able to. You have heard of Samson, of course? He began on a performing bar like this."

"You'd get more exercise by carrying the ashes out of the cellar," she said as she turned away.

"That's you, of course!" he exclaimed as he dropped from the bar. "It's enough that I want to do anything that you should oppose it. If you'd wake up some morning and find me withered up like an old bean pod, you'd rejoice in your heart. You won't have that satisfaction, however. I already feel better than I have in three months."

"I'll get the camphor and other things ready," she called from the head of the stairs.

He waited until she had disappeared and then resumed his swinging. There wasn't much fun in this, as it made his arm ache, and he presently decided that his legs ought to have a show. He had seen a leg thrown over the bar in a gymnasium, and he set out to do it. He got the swing all right, and he lifted his leg just at the right instant, but just as he thought he had made a success of it something fell on the floor with a jar that shook the house. It was Mr. Bowser. He had missed the "hang" of it. For a long minute he lay there looking up at the ceiling and trying to make out what had happened. Then, as things began to clear up, Mrs. Bowser appeared and asked:

"Are you trying to break your back to keep your arms from withering? I thought the whole house was coming down."

"Woman," gasped Mr. Bowser as he slowly sat up, "you hoped I had killed myself, but I only sat down to rest. You can trot right down stairs again and attend to your household affairs."

She disappeared, and he took three or four minutes to study it out. He had not swung his body hard enough, and he tried to throw his right leg over the bar instead of the left. His back and shoulders ached, but he rose up with a grim determination to succeed or die. He was in no hurry, however. He went at it cautiously, and after three or four efforts he suddenly lifted himself, and his leg went over the bar. For ten seconds he was tickled half to death as he hung there. Then it occurred to him that he had got to get his leg down again or remain on the perch all night. He tried again and again, but he couldn't do it, and, losing his nerve, he called for Mrs. Bowser.

"What are you trying to do?" she asked as she came running up stairs.

"To get that leg off the bar!" he shouted.

"But don't you see that you can't do it unless you raise your whole body? You are sagging down like a bag of sand. What did you want to get your leg over for?"

"I dunno, but something will have to be done."

"Better leave it up there all night. There are signs that your spinal column is withering away, and the position may do it good."

"Can't you help lift me up?" he pleaded. "I don't believe I can hold on here another minute."

"You'll have to. I'll get the cook, and maybe both of us can boost you up. Didn't I tell you just how it would come out? If somebody should tell you to hang yourself up by the hair of the head to turn your toes out, you'd do it."

She went down stairs and left him hanging on like grim death, his face as red as a beet and the perspiration trickling down his neck. She didn't call the cook. She simply sat down to wait for results. In about three minutes they came. Mr. Bowser maintained his grip until his fingers were numb, and all of a sudden he uttered a yell and let go. His leg hold sustained him for a few seconds, and then there was another yell and a crash. He had only three feet to fall, but as he struck on his head and fell over like a sturdy oak the cook in the kitchen dropped the dishpan and jumped for the back yard. Five minutes later Mr. Bowser heard himself asking:

"Where am I, and what has happened?"

"You are right under your performing bar and have performed," he heard Mrs. Bowser answer.

"Am I killed?"

"Oh, no! On the contrary, you are no longer in any danger of being withered up. Take a long whiff of this camphor and lie quiet for a few minutes."

"What—what was I trying to do?" he whispered between his sniffs.

"I think you were trying to skin the cat, as they call it, but the cat skun you. Let me help you down stairs and get you into bed."

Next morning Mr. Bowser got up with a lop in each shoulder, a limp in either leg and his back humped up, but he was game. When Mrs. Bowser asked him how he felt, he replied:

"Same as usual. Why?"

"I didn't know but the fall hurt you."

"Fall—fall! What fall?"

"From your performing bar last night. Don't you remember?"

"No, ma'am, I don't," he stiffly replied. "If you allow yourself to become bilious and have the nightmare, you need not bother me with your fantasies. It's my opinion that you'd better do some performing on the gas and coal bills and not be so reckless in your household expenses."

M. QUAD.

In Memoriam.

HE DIED AS HE HAD LIVED—UPRIGHT.
—Comic Cuts.

A Crying Need.

"What this city needs," said the man in the golf suit, "is a law that will require pedestrians to take lessons in walking."

"For what reason?" demanded the youth in the tennis suit.

"Oh, they take up too much room now," explained the man in the golf suit. "We can't tell just where he will find them next either. They wabble too much. If they would stick to a straight line, they wouldn't bother us so much when we take to the sidewalk for a block or two to avoid a muddy street. In the ideal community pedestrians will be trained to walk on the curbstone, so that bicyclists can have both the street and the sidewalk."—Chicago Post.

HIS RULING PASSION.

St. Peter stood at the pearly gate
And gazed down the narrow way
Up which toiled the souls of those whom fate
Had numbered to die that day.

And marveled he much that among the throng
Was one who was blithe and gay
And merrily trundled a wheel along
Up the straight and narrow way.

Nor did he appear to burdened be
O'ermuch with his load of sin,
For, doffing his cap to St. Peter, he
Proceeded to enter in.

But Peter cried: "Not so fast, my friend!
Your sins have been too great.
I'm sorry to say your journey's end
Is not at the pearly gate."

The merry wheelman knew not dismay,
But answered: "Good saint, 'tis well.
I'd be much obliged if you'd kindly say
How the roads are that lead to hell."

"Now, stay," cried St. Peter, "and tell me,
I pray,
How is it you seem not to care
Whither you go or where you stay
And naught for your soul's welfare?"

"Oh, as for me, it matters not,"
The wheelman quick replied,
"If the place be cold or it be hot,
So long as I can ride!"

—New York Sunday Journal.

Ambiguous.

"The chief is making it hot for that missionary he quarreled with, but I think they'll live together in unity after this."

DESCENDANTS OF PILGRIMS.

Sir Walter Besant Figures That There Are 10,000 In America.

Many people in America claim descent from the pilgrim fathers. There might be a very considerable number, if we come to think of it. For instance, let us assume the number of married people among the first hundred who survived the first winter as 20 couples. We will allow them three children apiece. We will give to each of these children two—a large allowance, it is true. Then we have for each married couple, for the first generation, 3 descendants; for the second, 6; for the third, 12; for the fourth, 24; for the fifth, 48; for the sixth, 96; for the seventh, 192; for the eighth, 384; for the ninth and the present generation, 768, and for the original 20 married couples, 15,360. So that the living descendants of the Mayflower pilgrims can hardly be more than about 15,000. Out of these a great many have probably clean forgotten their descent. Probably there are not anything like 10,000.

If I were an American, I should certainly like to be one of that 10,000. Not that I feel the least attraction to a narrow and fanatic religion, but because the p