#### HUSELTON'S YOUR SPRING FOOTWEAR.

stylish costumes, the choicest of new spring, hats and all else counts naught in absence of correct and perfect fitting footwear. There's much in our shoe store to enlist the interest of every Woman, Man or Child who

#### WE SET THE PACE IN STYLES.

partment.

choes, lace or button, sizes 8½ to co to \$1,25; sizes 6 to 8, 40c to \$1.00.

Our Late Spring Shoes For

The choice of fastidious dressers who are posted on the swagger styles. Every shoe shows the master touch of well studied, artistic individual style, all

Men's New Spring Shoes in Tan



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We are showing every new shape and color that's good in Boys at \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1 50, and \$2.00. Youtns at less price.

—OUR LITTLE REGENT SHOES—
FOR LITTLE BOYS—A reduced copy of the kind his bigger brother wears, same swell styles and shapes at 90c, \$1.

Style and Price are The Strong Points of This Store.

We are showing the swellest shoes the market produces. Tan in Titon, Willow and Russia Call. Vici Kid with silk vesting or leather tops at \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00. Our line at \$5c, \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00. Say these are the finest styles in Blatler in Black at \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00.

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#### HE IS A WISE MAN

-WHO SECURES HIS CLOTHING FROM-

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THE MERCHANT TAILOR,

The goods, style, fit and general make up of his suits

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TELL their own STORY.

# Spring STYLES



G. F. KECK, MERCHANT TAILOR, 142 North

Main St., Butler, Pa.

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Most complete stock, finest goods, newest styles and lowest prices in Millinery, Notions and perfumes-

THE H. H. CORSET A SPECIALTY. SEE OUR NEW SPRING HATS

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# Pape Bros, JEWELERS.

We Will Save You Money On

Diamonds, Watches Clocks. Silverware, 1847 Rodger Bros. Plateware and Sterling Silver Goods.

Our Repair Department takes in all kinds of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry, ete

122 S. Main St.

O'd gold and silver taken the same as cash.

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Time is here and the War against Bugs, Moths etc., is on. We have prepared a Bur Killer for the extermination of these pests, let us suggest that if this be mixed with the paste before papering the result will be very satisfactory. We are also headquarters for Moth Balls, Insect powder, Hellibore etc.

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109 NORTH MAIN ST. BUTLER.

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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 Palm) sufficient to demonded the control of the poison and the man had died from its effects. Our Misses' and Children's Destrate the great merits of the remedy. ELY BROTHERS,

Is full of everything that's good in foot-wear for the little folks, large sal's daily speak for quality here. Misses' Tan and Black Kid Shoes, lace or button, and Kid or Silk Vesting tops, spring heels, sizes 11½, to 2, \$1.00 to \$2.00. Children's Tan or Black Spring Heel Rev. John Reid, Jr., of Great Falls, Mont., ecommended Ely's Cream Balm to me. I an emphasize his statement, "It is a posican emphasize his statement, "It is a p tive cure for catarrh if used as directed. Rev. Francis W. Poole, Pastor Central Pres. Church, Helena, Mont.

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

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

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PRICES REASONABLE.

Your Clothing Dr. Dudley came nearer. CLEANED or DYED

If you want good and reliable cleaning or dyeing done, there is just one place in town where you can get it, and that is at

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216 Center avenue. oor Photographs. This is the time of year to have a picture of your house. Give us a trial.

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LINSEED OIL AND WHITE LEAD

M. C. WAGNER. ARTIST PHOTOGRAPHER,

139 South Main street Over Shaul & Nast's Clothing Store

#### A Wicked Woman.

CHAPTER I. A Mysterious Tragedy.

A dead man! A ghastly spectacle huddled upon the gayly carpeted floor of a room at a fashionable hotel in a huddled upon the gayly called in a of a room at a fashionable hotel in a certain large city. Dead! Yes, there was no doubt, for the body was quite cold and fast growing rigid. On a table beside the chair in which the man had evidently been sitting,

He was a stranger to the house; had 56 Warren St , New York City. room, retiring to it immediately, having first requested to be called in the morning in time for the six o'clock Western train. But when the hour ar rived for him to be aroused, and the stranger failed to make his appea

one window, opening out upon a small Dress at all season's of the closed, was not fastened; but the room be reached from without except by the aid of a long ladder, and certain exposure would follow such an at-

ance; and finally the proprietor of the house, alarmed at the strange silence

within the room, burst open the door

They crowded about the door-way of that chamber of death—the terrified servants and guests of the hotel; while inside two police officers guarded the body, awaiting the arrival of a coroner. man because our clothes At last Coroner Jackson and Dr. Dudley were announced. An investigation ready made-that the "deceased died from the effects of an overdose of laud-

doctor, a grave, cynical looking man, as he stood beside the body, discussing the strange affair.

Coroner Jackson looked surprised.
"I-I don't understand you, doctor," The physician smiled sardonically

"Of course there's a woman at the bottom of this tragedy," he explained.
"Since I have practiced medicine, I have had plenty of experience, but I have never come across an affair of this sort-for it's suicide, of course; that's plain to be seen-but there was daughter of Eve at the bottom of the mystery, as, indeed, they are conberned in most of our troubles." Coroner Jackson shrugged his shoul-

"Well, perhaps so, doctor," he ven tured; "but---

"Gentlemen!" There was the rustling of silken drapery in the corridor without, the odor of frangipanni, and Dr. Dudley A slight, graceful figure, in a trailing robe of gray silk, with a broad brimmed+hat, and long, sweeping gray plumes. A woman beautiful as a fream! The childish little face as fair as the daintiest lily, with a faint pink on the dimpled cheeks; a mouth like a scarlet pomegranate blossom, white teeth, and dimpled chin; eyes large, justrous, like black velvet, veiled by long, sweeping dark lashes; whilestrange contrast!-ter hair was the

color of gold, and waved over a low, courteously; but as his eyes fell full apon the face of the lady he started as

with an electric shock, and a dull red Jush stained his dark face for an in-

tered to himself. "By Jove! I know! There's no mistaking that face among

his close scrutiny-tadvanced to the center of the room near where the lead-man lay, paused irresolutely, and Dr. Dudley observed that she did not turn her eyes in the direction of the sorpee upon the floor. The low, sweet, vibrant tone stirred

the heart of every man present.
"I have ventured here because I-I have just arrived in the city, and as joon as I reached this hotel I was informed of the-this awful affeir and nervous hunted look in their lustrous topths, resting at last upon the white,

She darted forward with a low cry of horror. "It is!" she walled. "Oh, Barton! Barton! my husband!" She fell upon her knees and pillowed

the dead man's head upon her breast sobbing, moaning, waifing. "Is he really dead? Is there no hope?" she cried, wildly, glancing ino the faces of the men who stood near

"I am a physician, madam," he observed, "Dr. Morris Dudley, of this sity. I have made an examination, and-I regret exceedingly-but-he is quite dead—an overdose of laudanum,

feared this! I have warned him re-peatedly, but he would not desist! tor, my husband was a great suf ferer from an acute nervous disease He contracted the habit of using laud

he must have taken an overdose! Yes,' she added, thoughtfully, in an underone-her eyes dropped to the still, load face before her-"he must have aken an overdose!" Her head was bowed again as though e was weeping violently. But at

"There will be an inquest, I preume?" she questioned, timidly. The coroner bowed respectfully. "In a short time, madam," he re-

"I will tell you." she faltered. "This

tleman-Mr. Barton Chadwicke, of adwicke Hall, Westchester County aryland—was my husband. He lef home two days ago, intending to go not well, and I-1 was so troubled in mind was becoming affected, that when he had gone I determined to follow him on the next train. I did so, and I felt a dreadful conviction that the dead man in this room was Barton "Airs—high and mighty! Oh, yes. Chadwicke. I hastened here, and How long will it last? Your pride'll the proposition that the dead man in this room was Barton "Airs—high and mighty! Oh, yes. How long will it last? Your pride'll the proposition that the laughter.

Laughter. The pringing them out in bold relief like a race and name, and, therefore, had the privileges of bestowing has fortune up that the last of his lambda race of her dream.

The privileges of bestowing has fortune up the last of his last of

sobbing, and some of the lady guests, full of pity for the stranger's affliction, bore her away to a room, where she could give way to her awful sorrow ten dollars and seventy-five centswithout the annovance of curious prv-

umph!" thought Dr. Dudley self, when she was gone; "ther odd circumstance about Mrs. Cha She says that she follow susband on the next train, but stood a tiny wineglass and a vial la

ut a cause!" he observed, aloud, "and pretty good reason, too, I should

The inquest was held a few hours la- | was Lesley Chadwicke?" he continued. nd no verdict could be rendered, for tury did not agree, there being a as prepared for the grave, and placed a metallic burial case, to be removed the family tomb. The heart-broken vidow, arrayed in deep mourning garments, entered the train, and with its sad burden it steamed away to Maryand and Chadwicke Hall.

It was sunset, a lovely spring evenig, when the train paused at the nearstation, and Mrs. Chadwicke lighted. A close carriage awaited er: and a hearse was in readiness convey the body to the home which had left so short a time previous. t the lonely twilight hour, when the p the long avenue leading to the hall n irregular fashion, and half covered

The servants, a weeping train, reeived the body of their late master, with loud lamentations, but the widow ent straight up to her own chamber n hour later she was aroused by the n with weeping."

"Miss Lurline," said the old wom aving her hand gently on the widow's "Mr. Ruthven is in the lirary; he says will you, can you see

Mrs. Chadwicks arose. "Yes," she faltered. "Mrs. Perry ell him I will be down in a few mo-He is a relative by marriage ou know; I think I had better see

ailed her black robe down the broad gas-jet. A handsome dark-haired nan stood before the fire-place leahing ne arm upon the marble mantel, anished as the swish, swish of he ered the room. She went up to him ings. "My own! my own!" he panted,

the world to part us now!" CHAPTER II.

Like a Fairy Tale. "Oh, Heaven! what shall I do?" The words fell like a wail from the ps of the young girl, standing at the indow of a shabby tenement-hous girl with a grave, sad face, and deep, thomless gray eyes, and waves of

Very poor and bare, and cheerless as the dreary room; its only inmate his young girl, whose refined beauty owed her unfitness for the burde f poverty resting so heavily upon her

ender shoulders.
"What shall I do?" she moaned, wringing her hands in wild despair. Ever since I was left alone and poor have managed to take care of myself, antil now! How hard I have worked, standing day after day in that dingy tore, serving customers and striving o keep up an appearance of cheerful-

A sharp rap at the door interrupte her dreary musings,
"'It never rains but it pours,'" she quoted, grimly, "and 'troubles' never come singly.' I expect that is Mrs. Flint, come to collect her rent."

She opened the door. A coarse, red aced woman, flashily over-dressed

tood in the narrow, dingy hall-way. "Good morning, Miss Dinsmore," he began, coldly. "You've got my he began, coldly. ent money ready, I spppose?" The girl's pale face flushed.

"No, madam," she answered, sadly. am very sorry indeed; but Mr shawe has discharged me from s employ, and he refused to pay m ent happened to a piece of goo nd he blamed the matter on me, al ough I really know nothing about

m discharged." The words would have touched a eart of stone, and the expression of ne sad eyes was pitiful in the extreme Mrs. Flint, hard-hearted as her

"Humph! You expect me to believe But Sarah Ann Flint ain't so green

her face bore the hue and expres-"I can't afford to keep boarders or es." she went on angrily. "The fact Miss Dinsmore, I've got an ofer for this room and the one a'toinin'. s money out o' my pocket to refuse

and refuse it I won't!"

ou turn me into the street? I am a and cleared his throat with a prelimiranger here, and without a cent in nary "ahem."

"Ladies and gentlemer," he said, the world. You surely would not do ich a heartless thing?" Mrs. Flint made an expressive grim- friend, Mr. Surface, goes to probate, I

"Madam!"

"Very true, sir," interdupted Lawyers and as the moon's rays glinted upon Surface glibly: "but we sell know that the handsome, clear-cut features, sughter.

Barton Chadwicke was the last of his pringing them out in bold relief like a

identify him as my husband. That is come down yet, miss, or I'm mistake Well what do you intend to do? Don't nance, as though you don't believe now, every nickel o' it, or out in the

> "But I have no money," reiterated the girl, sobbingly. "I cannot pay you, Mrs. Flint." "Then leave this instant! No; you

you go in five minutes, or-"

close beside the irate landlady, making her start in astonishment. A portly, flashing with Indignation.

Then removing his bat, he turned to the frightened girl, who stood there,

silent, and pale, and trembling.
"I am addressing Miss Lesley Dinsfore, I believe that there's a woman more, am I not?" queried the old man. Lesley bowed.

> Again Lesley bowed. "Ah! I knew that I was not mis he turned to Mrs. Flint, standing near. open-mouthed and wide-eyed with gaping wonder, "don't dare to address another rude word to Miss Dinsmore or you will get yourself into serious "Sir!" gasped Lesley in blank aston-

wide world." "Humph!" grunted the old man; must introduce myself. I am Stephen Greyson, attorney and counselor-atlaw, and I have the pleasure of announcing to you, since you are really Lesley Chadwicke's daughter, that you have fallen heiress to a vast estate which is awaiting your superintendence. You will have more money, my dear, than you will know what to do with. Your income is thousands of dollars a year; your home, one of the finest houses in the whole United States; unlimited luxury, foreign travel-every kind of fashionable divertisement before you. I am well convinced of your identity. You are a Chadwicke every inch. Besides, I've ad my eyes on you for a long time. Here, my child, is money to relieve your present embarrassment. Pay this old—this tender-hearted old lady who

forward; then, recollecting that "discretion is the better part of valor," she "Get ready to leave this den at once my dear," continued Mr. Greyson. "You will have a few preliminaries to go through with-necessary forms, that is all-before you start for your new bome; and, in the meantime, you shall stay at my house. My wife will be delighted to receive you; and we have no children of our own, and wouldn't mind it if you staid there always."

was about to thrust you into the street

Mrs. Flint made an angry movement

Lesley stood stunned and bewilder which affairs had taken would have paralyzed older and wiser people than this little orphan girl. But she felt in-tuitively that she could trust Mr. Greyson. She hastened to pay the coveted tinued, "and shall prefum due to the crest-fallen Mrs. Flint deal of each other." -pitiably humble and submissive now

There were several articles in her slight exclamation made him start new friend. A gold locket, containing lid as a specter, in her clinging blackthe portraits of ther father and mother, robe. with their names engraved inside the lid. Then there was a certificate of tively. "I wish to speak to Miss Dinsmarriage between a Ralph Dinsmore and more alone. Lelsey Chadwicker, and a few letters, tied with a faded ribbon, the contents of which were waluable to the young

ours after the wonderful intelligence ad burst upon her like a thunderbois, Lesley Dinsmore was comfortably site lessly, her great dark eyes fixed basiuated at Lawyer Greyson's handsome house, and her identity fully establish ed as heiress to the Chadwicke estate

CHAPTER III.

The Heiress of Chadwicke Hall. aid away in the tomb of his ancestors, and the day appointed for the reading ther white clinched teeth. group of interested people in the li- with you for all that you have done; brary; the beautiful young widow, for daring to come between me and Max Ruthven, who was a distant con- happiness ection by marriage, together with the old servants of the house.

Lurline was very, very pale, and there was a strange glatter in her beau- quiet scorn, walked indignantly from tiful dark eyes as she swept into the lofty apartment, regal im her crape and bombazine, and sank into a satin sled hands madly together. covered easy-chair, its caimson cushons bringing out her stately beauty in fair relief.

Presently the door opened, and Lawyer Greyson appeared with Lesley Dinsmore, pale and fragile, leaning of A stir of surprise went around the

group. Mrs. Chadwicke beckoned lan-guidly to her solicitor, Mr. Surface. "Who are those people, and why are they here?" she questioned. "The gentleman is Mr. Greyson, a

Mr. Surface, in a perplexed tome; "but the lady is a stranger to ma However, Mr. Greyson knows what he is about, I am confident." So Barton Chadwicke's hast will and estament was produced, and read and gold-brown hair, and heavy, eliken aloud in the presence of those assem-bled; the widow holding her blackbehind its soft folds the dark, justrous orbs were suspiciously bright and dry.

The will after bestowing a few small legacies upon his nearest friends and the old servants, went on, to state that all the property of the deceased, both real estate and personal, was bequeathed without further reserve, to his beloved wife, Lurline Chadwicke. A silence followed the reading of the document broken only by the supthe window. With her pale, statu-gaque force, and her long gold hair all "But, Mrs. Flint," ventured Lesley pressed sobbing of the bereaved young insmore, timidly, "what am I to do, if widow. Then Lawyer Greyson groups

"before the will just read by our good have a little revelation to make. You are all, possibly, aware that the great "Tain't none of my business," she is the first storted. "I can't afford to keep free dadgin's. I work for my livin' I do:

Eben C' ...adwicke nearly a century ago, nd there's plenty o' places for the and was entailed upon his lineal de-BCF "Very tone, sir," interdupted Lawyers

"Very right and proper," quoth Law-

explain. "Then leave this instant! No; you needn't expect to take your duds. Out to the bowed head of the widow, her

been established, nor the whereabouts of that person, who, if living, would he probably twenty-five years old. It she is dead; but, were this person living, be or she would be the rightful heir, as pext of kin. But there was also a cousin of the family, Lesley Chadwicke by name, who married one Raiph Dinsmore, and went to England. was believed that they were both drowned in the passage over as the vessol was wrecked; but it was not true. They reached England, and in course he continued. "Madam," and of time a daughter was born to them.
A few years after Ralph Dinsmore died, and his widow, being poor, took and came home to America, intending to claim her share of the Chadwicke difficulty. You do not know whom you fortune. But she had scarcely arrived are insulting, Miss Lesley Dinsmore is in this country when she died-died so suddenly that she had no time to explain her identity; and but for a ishment, "I have not a dollar in the strange accident I myself would never have learned the truth, though she has "Humph!" grunted the old man; been dead eight long years, and her that's your mistake, you see. But I taughter is, consequently, eighteen

fears of age. "Therefore, since the great-grandchild (whether man or woman I can-lot say) of Eben (hadwicke is still missing, though advertised for exthe real heir to this great fortune, and that Barton Chadwicke, the late la-mented deceased, had no right to disfurther to communicate, only that this her identity has been legally establishwith, and she has come here to take

Lesley, forgetting everything in her sympathy with the bereaved woman,

de, and turning, beheld the handsome e of Max Ruthven. He held out his

Lesiey blushed as she laid her hand

"We are almost relatives," he continued, "and shall probably see a great and them she packed her few belong- his voice, and his handsome eyes were bent upon the girl's drooping face. A

He obeyed her, leaving the room at

Lurline darted forward then, and caught Lesley's white wrist with a grip within four-and-twenty of iron; one would not believe that "Listen to me." she panted breath lisk-like, upon Lesley's pallid face. 'You have usurped my rights! You are an interloper here, and not satisfied with that, you-you would May Buthyen's heart I suppose! Be Barton Chadwicke's body had been step too far! I hate you! I hate you! She ground the words out between

"So help me, Heaven, I will be even

She caught her breath convulsively;

the woman's grasp, and turning with the room. Lurline Chadwicke clutched her jew-"Oh, misery! misery!" she groaned,

In bitter agony; "I have sinned in dope?-and-all-for naught!" Up and down the long room she ced Mke a mad creature. Hour after our pas. red; night threw its sable curain over all things, and the silvery moon arose, still she never wearled in nervous pacing to and fro.

Meantime, in the handsome chamber assigned her, Levley slept the sleep of the innocent. And in her dreams, purwell-known lawyer, madam," replied juing her like a producen, a face haunted her—the face of a man, and one that she never beheld in her waking moments A noble, handsome face; clear-cut and refined features, with blue eyes

> tache shading the haughty upper His eyes, deep and wondrously beautiful were fixed upon her the a sad look, whose meaning she puld not fathom. A wild thrill shot rough her heart, and shuddering vioitly, she awoke. The moonlight, pearly and perfect, was flooding the large room with st very radiance, making all things as bright as day. With a strange nervpusness Lesley arose, and donning a piqe cashmere wrapper, sat down at the window. With her pale, statu-

at, she looked like a spirit, as she leaned her head against the cushions of ther chair, and gazed listlessly from the window. Suddenly she started, with a strange in till at her heart. Had her wision

come to pass? For there, below her open window, leaning against a huge acarda tree, stood the graceful figure of a man, his e uplifted in the radiant, moordight glance fixed upon her casement;

The story of the English dude who

A STREAK OF LUCK.

the last of his race, for there were two | bling room the other night, and, with causing a great deal of talk. The manwillfully wrong any person. Let me one believe that such luck was unpredented. There have been ten thousand cases of late years when bigger fortunes than that have been made at slender figure shaking visibly with vi- | faro banks. In Santa Fe, N. M., durent emotion, or angry wrath, it was | ing the exposition in 1884, I saw yellow chips, representing \$1,000 each, piled up as high as a cat's back on a single "First." went on the old lawver. slowly and deliberately, "Eben Chadwicke left a great-grandchild, but Hart's one night, and when he cashed gambling room now that would allow from Mapu to Seoul innumerable bulls one to bet on any single card exceeding carrying panniers laden with the con-

I asked Tom Fitz, who during the Hopkins administration owned one of the biggest gambling institutions in and thatch roofs, presenting nothing to the street, but a mud wall, with occasionally a small paper window, just under the roof indicating the more "In those days I took my meals ton Oyster House. A certain ed-headed waiter served me. He was kind and attentive, and his 'tips' were not small ones. Besides, he received a fair salary. But as regard I would find day nights rolled around I would find him in front of one of my tables, and he never got away with a cent. I watched him play for two years, and finally one night I told him that I didn't care for his money. In other the game. Well, one Saturday night, while I was busy in another part of the building, which have curved and tiled roofes. missing, though advertised for extensively, I maintain that the daughter of Lesley Chadwicke Dinsmore is from a dealer, and by the time I got than this debased appearance. back to the table I saw him raking in the chips as if there was no ceiling or roofing to the building, and that some which may be worth six dollars abound. cloud from above was raining them down. Of course, I couldn't then obyoung lady is Miss Lesley Dinsmore; ject. So I let him play along, expection look at anything attracts a look and all necessary forms compiled change. But it didn't. He couldn't that there is nothing to look at. with, and she has come here to take possession."

And Lawyer Greyson sank into the nearest seat, and wiped his spectacles reflectively.

A low moan of agony broke the signary brokes the signary brokes fell when means of agony broke the signary brokes fell when means of agony brokes the signary brokes fell when means and the played it. In less than an hour's time I was counting out white chips to him at there is nothing to look at.

The shops have literally not a note-was counting out white chips to him at there is nothing to look at.

The shops have literally not a note-was counting out white chips to him at there is nothing to look at.

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The shops have literally not a note-was counting out white chips to him at there is nothing to look at.

The shops have literally not a note-was counting out white chips to him at there is nothing to look at. lence which fell upon the room. Mrs. phenomenal that I sent out for another intruding foreigners to death. Chadwicke had fainted. dealer, hoping in this way to break his cherm. But he won on. I sent for perhaps more absolutely so than the another, and still the chips went his way. I dealt myself for a little while, but he would whip-saw me at every turn. I quit him and turned him over to one of the luckiest bank dealers that | into their houses and for women to ouldn't beat him. He would out bis bets down blindly, and the cards would come his way. He didn't play 'sodas' or 'single outs' nor 'double outs.' He put chips down and they went back to

him twice fold. He called the turn a half dozen times for the limit. About by podies and We would be operated were exempted blind men, officials, for were fagged out and it looked as if he would own the shop in a little while, I called for his chips. I had had enough. By that time he was fairly drunk. He tried to count, but he couldn't. In fumbling with his chips he knocked more than \$500 on the floor, to be picked up by 'hangers on.' He was ahoad of the same \$46,700. I called for his chips. I had had enough. By that time he was fairly He was ahead of the game \$46,700. I at liberty to go abroad.—Mrs. Bishop's took him aside and explained to him "Korea." that if he went out of the building with

He consented to let me keep it for him—all but \$700. I gave him this much in big bills, and told him that any time he wanted the remainder and would come in sober he could get it. "Three days elapsed and I heard nothing of him. I became alarmed, and sent one of my men out to hunt him up. His whereabouts could not be ascertained. But about closing time welked in Of course he was broke. He had forgot how much he had left with me and when I counted him out \$46,000 he seemed dazed. He acted as f seher. He got to the steps and hestbought \$500 in chips and commenced to play. At first his former luck ran with him. But in the course of an hour he narkable showing and clearly indistruck a wrong streak, and before dayates the need of bringing so light I had every cent of the \$46,000 in the drawer, and it belonged to me. It is a fact that outside of whisky and a

"In what way, Misser Thompson?" greasy wash it over night with strong

"Miss Wigglesworth thinks she's slightle to the Order of the Crown. he's sure she can trace her lineage back to one of the English sovereigns.

"How far has she got? "She told me yesterday she had truck a bar sinister." "I guess that's right. I knew her reat grandfather was a bartendery" Herr Schultze of the Berlin Academy

few meals he had bought he hadn't

provided himself with a single thing.

In the way of personal apparel he hadn't bought even a shoe string. As

he arose from the table he looked at

me appealingly, as good as to say, 'Won't you buy me a drink?' I handed

him \$10 and told him to go home. The

oysters at the restaurant again."

following night he served me with

In Australia, tropical Asia and Afri-

ca, true manna is found on a kind of

blue grass. It appears in masses as

large as a marble on the nodes of the

stems. Nearly three parts consist of

mannite, which, though sweet, is not

ment which has power to decompose

cane sugar without evolving carbonic

Hint About the Stove.

water before it is blackened," says a good housekeeper, "and if it is very

ses in the blacking will make it stick.

Shockingly Practical.

"Wash your stove with clean warm

acid or any kind of gas.

The manna also contains a fer-

Sciences, has taken upon himself the formidable task of preparing a work describing all animals that exist now or have existed within historical times. The Academy allows him \$7,000 to cover the expenses of his undertaxshe got mad. Then she got another gown that didn't fit; I didn't tell her A Polyglot Dirt Shoveler. W. S. McClelland, who shovels dirt

or the Panhandle Railroad Company

for \$1.25 a day, speaks eight languages and holds diplomas from the College le France and the University of Man tty bowls of the popular Dresden r satiny Belleek are kept on writing lesks or library table to hold the curi-

clipped from the daily correspondence.

A CESSPOOL OF FILTH. yer Greyson, "always provided that it Went Way, Way Up, and it Went Way, The Terrible State of Public Parton Chadwicke had a jewful tight Way Down. Thoroughfures in Scoul.

earth till I saw Peking, and its smells indeed, barely wide enough for one man to pass a loaded bull, and further narrowed by a series of vile holes or up as high as a cat's back on a single card, writes an old sport in the Chicago Times-Herald. Tom Jemison of Meridian, Miss., was playing in Conant & their foul and fetid margins being the Hart's one night and when he cashed begrimed with dirt, mangy, blear-eyed in, after a sitting of two and a half hours, the firm handed him \$45,000. blink in the sun. There, too, the itin-Jemison lost it the following day in crant vender of "small wares" and can-Deming. I witnessed the play of a dies dyed flaring colors with aniline Chinaman in the same place one even-dyes, establishes himself, puts a few ing, and he won twenty-seven straight planks across the ditch and his goods, bets, and then, without pursuing his worth perhaps a dollar, thereon. But luck any further, pocketed \$23,000. The even Seoul has its "spring cleaning," limit in those days was the ceiling. It would be a hard matter to find a the Han, on the ferry and on the road

> tents of the city ditches. The houses abutting on these ditches casionally a small paper window, just under the roof, indicating the men's quarters, and invariably at a height hole, the vent for the smoke and heat ed air, which have done their duty in

vomen of any other nation. In the prevailed. At eight o'clock the great ome out and amuse themselves and the streets of men occasionally lapses, and then some incident occurs which causes it to be rigorously enforced. So t was at the time of my arrival, and the ptich-dark streets presented the singular spectacle of being tenanted solely

eigners' servants and persons carry

SAVINGS BANKS.

More of Them Needed in the West and In this country 80 per cent. of the savings banks and savings deposits are in the New England states and New in the New England states and New York. Throughout the west and south, except in the larger places, it is impossible for private enterprise to furnish savings facilities sufficient to meet the needs of the people. By an investigation made under the direction of the proposety exercise in 1892 the distances. ost master-general in 1892 the distances of savings depositorles from post offices (which are intended to be centrally loated) were ascertained to average as llows: In the New England states, follows: In the New England states, 10 miles; in the middle states, 25 miles; in the southern states, 33 miles; in the western states, 26 miles, and in the Pacific states, 52 miles. This is a re-

avings banks in the United States is ow a little over 5,000,000, or about one fourteen of the population. In Engin the postal savings bank, to say nothing of the depositors in private savngs banks, who probably are as numerous in proportion to the population as in this country. The fact that the bulk of the savings deposits in this coun-try is in New England and New York s accounted for by some on the ground hat the people there are more econom-cal and thrifty than in the other parts the country; but the advocates of istal savings banks assert that the ople of the south and west would equally saving were they given like portunity and encouragement

harles S. Burwell, in Chautauquan. A Loud Dress. Miss Tompkins—Yaas, Misser Thomp-son, I'se done goin' t' be married in dis eah very gown. Mr. Thompson—My, but yo' am pre-ondously incomsistent, Miss Tomp-

"Why, yo' jest was sayin' yo' was en Rensonable Idea.

"So you are the glass eater, are you?"
asked Uncle Reuben Sassafras of the useum freak.
"Yes, sir; would you like to buy my photograph? Only 25 cents."
"No, I don't care for no photograph,
but I would like to ask a question."

"When you want a square meal do u tackle a window pane?"-Detroit Free Press.

Queer Ways of Women.
"I never will know how to get along "What's the trouble?"
"Well, my wife got a gown that doesn't fit; I told her it didn't fit, and

that it didn't fit—and she got mad again."—Brooklyn Life. Welcome Home. Duchess of Barrowitz (to attendant)

-Who knocks at the castle gates at this nseemly hour? Attendant (excitedly)—It is thy son

He brings with him an American wife with a purse large enough to pay all the family debts. Duchess (with emotion)-Admit my ous stamps, monograms or letterheads

son and the purse .- N. Y. Weekly.