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THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL. xxxv BUTLER, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 2, 1898 No. 22

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The blacker your shoes the more dust they will show. Tan shoes save time, labor and money, and still look better. Our stock cannot be excelled either in price, quality or style.

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

A Wicked Woman.

CHAPTER VII.

"All for Naught."

For a moment the woman confronted Ardsley, her eyes blazing, her beautiful face stern and haughty; she looked like a queen, standing there in her royal beauty. Then the pansy blue eyes dropped, as though she could not meet her accuser, and all the color fled from her cheeks; she trembled visibly, and, burying her face in her white, jeweled hands, she exclaimed, terrified, horror-stricken:

"Can the dead come back to life again?"

Ah, her past was rising before her, in judgment, and she could not, dared not confront it. John Ardsley's face was a study, as he stood before her; scorn, contempt and utter loathing were in his eyes.

"Ah, Lurline St. Cyr!" he cried, scornfully, "why did you not remain in your native element, in the——"

She sprang forward with a mad gesture, and caught his arm wildly, excitedly.

"Don't!" she panted, breathlessly, "don't dare to breathe that word now."

He gazed upon her in utter contempt.

"The day of reckoning is drawing nigh!" he said, slowly and bitterly. "I will spare you, madam; but do not think to escape retribution!"

Then, turning abruptly to Lesley, he added:

"Miss Dinsmore, are you able to walk home? I fear something is wrong with Brownie; I have made a discovery of which I will speak to you later."

Lesley had arisen, and stood leaning against the tree, her face pallid, her slender form trembling visibly with the excitement which she could not control. Max Ruthven's face paled suddenly, as Ardsley said these words, then, controlling himself, he pressed forward, and paused before Lesley.

"Miss Dinsmore, if you will allow me," he began, hurriedly, "my phaeton is at the cross roads; I was on my way to town when hearing the sound of horse's feet tearing along the river bank, I alighted and came to see what was the matter. I found you just in time," he added.

A look of unconscious disappointment stole over the girl's face.

"So you saved my life, Mr. Ruthven," she said carelessly. "I am under obligations. But thanks very much, I think I will walk home. The exercise will be beneficial. Are you coming, Mr. Ardsley?" she added, turning to the steward, who was examining Brownie's bridle with apparent interest.

He bowed composedly, and then, leading the horse, he moved away at Lesley's side, and they were soon out of sight.

When they had disappeared in the belt of green forest which skirted the river, Lurline approached Ruthven, and laid her hand upon his arm.

"Max," she said, softly.

He drew away impatiently from her detaining clasp.

Her face flushed hotly, then grew pale as marble.

"You are changed to me," she sighed.

The man wheeled about and confronted her insolently.

"Changed?" he repeated, in a harsh tone. "Yes, I admit it! I thought I loved you, Lurline; I swear I believed that I did! but—but——"

"You have transferred your love to Lesley Dinsmore," the woman returned, slowly.

He bowed.

"You are, as usual, about correct," he responded. "I never really cared for you, Lurline. I can see it all now; and when I found you so deuced willing to—to do the unpleasant deed that you acknowledge to have committed, I confess I felt my admiration going down to zero. No man's love would ever stand the test which you applied. No man would ever continue to love a woman who commits a crime—for his sake! In fact, the more you do for us the less we care, I believe."

Her face was as white as the face of a corpse, and it was full of despair. She caught his arm frantically in both her snowy hands; her pansy-blue eyes blazed into his; her breath came in gasps.

"You—mean—this—Max?" she faltered, slowly; "after all that I have done? Think of it, Max—I have lost my own soul for your sake!"

He shrugged his shoulders with a contemptuous little laugh.

"That's your own affair," he returned, carelessly. "It's the way with all you women. If it were not for you, Lurline, I would not be the villain that I feel myself at times, when my dormant conscience wakes up and gives me a reminder that it is not dead but only sleeping. You alone were to blame in this instance, Lurline, as usual. 'It was the woman who tempted me.'"

This was more than she could endure. She turned savagely, and confronted him with pallid face and blazing, wrathful eyes.

"You coward!" she hissed between her little white teeth. "You perjured coward! To share in a crime, and then—oh, noble, brave, manly!—lay all the blame and responsibility upon the slender shoulders of a weak woman! Max Ruthven, for whose sake did I commit this sin, which has lain waste my whole life, and made me in the sight of my own soul a thing unworthy even of contempt? Never in my long sinful existence can a wrong act, or a committed crime be assigned to me, but the man whom I loved was the cause and instigator of it all—this love which has lain like a vile worm at the root of my life, and destroyed all—all!"

She paused, and the wrath and anger vanished, as her eyes met his own for an instant. She laid her hand softly on his arm again.

"Max," she whispered, faintly, "take back those cruel words—tell me that you do care a little for me; look! I am content with a little love!"

But his eyes drooped from her gaze, and he turned away contemptuously.

"Do you mean your cruel words Max?" she panted—"that you no longer love me? No—you cannot—cannot mean it! Oh, for Heaven's sake, tell me that it is only an ugly jest! I will forgive you, Max; only—only—tell me—that you are not in earnest. Oh, Heaven! I have bartered my soul. I shall suffer eternally for your sake—Max Ruthven!"

He shook off her clinging touch, and leaning his handsome head against the trunk of the tree behind him, yawned slightly.

She wrung her hands in impotent despair.

"Lord pity me!" she wailed. "I have asked for bread, but receive a stone. I have lost my hope of Heaven, and—all in vain, all in vain!"

"Your hope of Heaven!" he sneered. "Your claims to future happiness were exceedingly slight before I ever met you. You have not forgotten the life you led, have you Lurline? the old giddy days in Paris—the cafe, the opera bouffe, where you appeared nightly, and all gay Paris rang with the exploits of the pretty trapeze performer, Mademoiselle Lurline? Then there was the life at quaint old Baden, where you presided at the roulette table, and men risked their all at rouge et noir, because your bright eyes lured them on to their own destruction, until they were willing to risk their souls for your sake. And then"—he paused and gazed upon her with cruel eyes as though gloating over her shame and misery—"there was pretty Viva D—"

She sprang forward, like a fury, in his path.

"Hush!" she panted, "hush, Max Ruthven, or as certain as you stand there before me, I will take your life!"

He smiled.

"Well, we will not mention Vivathen, ma chere. I believe she's dead, anyway, or—worse; we will not talk of her. We will contemplate the change (to you) from the old, dead life to your respectable, gilded misery with Barton Chadwicke. How cleverly you duped him! How completely he believed in you, worshiped you; and yet, from first to last, you loved me; and Barton Chadwicke existed, and finally left this mundane sphere, none the wiser. Listen, Lurline. Only you and I know how Barton Chadwicke died!"

Her slender form swayed like a reed in the wind; her eyes, dilated with horror, were fixed upon his sneering, mocking face; she put up both hands as though to ward off a blow.

"Have mercy!" she wailed, in a low, despairing voice. Then, with a sudden change, she went on, passionately: "It is the money which you care, Max Ruthven. You do not love Lesley Dinsmore, but the Chadwicke fortune I believe, if I were once more in possession at Chadwicke hall, I could win you back to me."

"Try it," he returned, coarsely.

She clinched her two small hands together, and turned her white face upward to the blue morning sky, an awful expression in her lovely blue eyes. A little bird liliting on a bough above her head, trilling melodiously, paused and seemed to hold its breath in terror, as the woman hissed, fiercely:

"I will have my own again; I shall return to Chadwicke Hall, through fair means or foul, its mistress, and the day will dawn, Max Ruthven (mark my words, for you shall have bitter cause to remember them), the day will surely come when you will sue to me, on your knees for my love, and I will laugh you to scorn. Once more in possession of the Chadwicke fortune, I shall lift my eyes to the highest in the land. Ah! Max Ruthven, you will find what a woman's bitter hatred and fierce ambition can achieve!"

She turned away, and glided like a shadow through the green forest, leaving the villain crestfallen and alone.

Back in the small hotel in the village where Lurline had secured apartments, she locked herself in her chamber, and began to pace wildly up and down, her hands clasped convulsively, her face set and stern.

"Max, oh, my love!" she wailed, in bitter anguish. "I have steeped my soul in crime for his sake, and (oh, was there ever such vile ingratitude?) he turns from me now. I have sinned—I have sinned—and for naught. But I swear to make him repent, to repent in dust and ashes; and, so help me Heaven, I will do it!"

And Lurline Chadwicke kept her vow.

CHAPTER VIII.

Two Lovers.

As Lesley Dinsmore and John Ardsley moved away through the green, shady woods, there came the clatter of a horse's hoofs, and a small gray pony dashed in sight, with a slim, graceful girl upon his back. At sight of the two, she reined in her horse.

"Ah, good-morning!" she cried, airily. "I was on my way to the hall, Lesley. Why, what is the matter? Has Brownie been fractious?"

And Maud Bradburn sprang to the ground, and prepared to walk with her friend, while the steward led the two horses.

"It was Brownie's fault," returned Lesley, smiling; "he ran away; his bridle is—is broken, I believe, so I thought it wisest to walk home. Are you going to stay all day with me, Maude? I'm so glad!"

"Mr. Ardsley falls to echo your sentiments," laughed the pretty brunette, archly; "he looks bored to death in advance. Honestly now, Mr. Ardsley, aren't you awfully sorry to bear the infliction of a whole day of Maude Bradburn?"

The gentleman removed his hat, and executed a profound salaam.

"It will save me from death by stagnation!" he cried, with serio-comic gravity.

And Maude turned away with a pretty, becoming blush. Lesley's face had gotten very pale; somehow she did not relish this badinage between John Ardsley and pretty Maude. He admired her; Leslie was well aware of it, and somehow her heart thrilled strangely with a feeling of pain. Was she jealous? She—the heiress to the great Chadwicke estate, who could have her choice of all the eligible young men in the vicinity—jealous of her own steward? She put the thought away proudly and marched on, very erect, and not uttering another word, merely replying when addressed by her companions.

Arrived at the hall, the two girls hastened inside, and John Ardsley led the horses around to the stable, resigning Maude's pony to a groom, and leading Brownie himself to the usual stall. There was a look of stern displeasure darkening his face, and making his eyes flash with wrathful fire.

"I believe it was an attempt upon her life!" he muttered, savagely, between his set teeth; "or an attack of a different nature, nearly as murderous, for I found under the pommel of Brownie's saddle a cunningly contrived instrument, similar to a spur, arranged in such a way as to goad the high-spirited animal to madness. Who did such a dastardly deed, if not Max Ruthven? I swear I thought I saw him hanging around the stables when the groom was saddling Brownie. And how came Ruthven so opportunely on the spot, just at the moment when Lesley might have lost her life?—and with his own phaeton concealed among the trees. Can it be that he had contrived that the accident should happen, intending to save her life, thus giving himself a claim upon her gratitude; and then expected to reap the benefit of a tete-a-tete drive home through the woods to ask her to marry him? How fortunate that I returned from the fields in time to follow her, even at a distance. She does not know who saved her life. My darling—my beautiful darling!"

He hastened away toward the mansion, just in time to see Max Ruthven ascending the marble steps. The steward clinched his hands, and his eyes shone with a wrathful light.

"Insolent;" he muttered, fiercely, under his breath, "to dare intrude again!"

Max Ruthven walked boldly into the house, and encountering Mrs. Greyson in the wide, cool hallway, begged to see Miss Dinsmore.

Mrs. Greyson looked grave.

"Mr. Ruthven," she said, slowly, "your unwarrantable, and (excuse me, but the truth is best) ill-bred intrusion last night, has, I think, given Miss Dinsmore an unflattering opinion of you. But I will tell her that you are here, and she will do as she thinks best."

So, leaving him standing in the hall, the old lady sought Lesley, who looked annoyed at the announcement.

"He saved my life," the girl whispered softly to herself. "I will see him, Mrs. Greyson," she added, aloud. "I'll not be absent many minutes, Maude."

She had removed her riding habit, and in a long, trailing dress of snowy muslin, profusely trimmed with Valenciennes lace, and a pink rosebud nestling in her gold-brown hair, she looked pretty enough to turn the head of any man.

She bowed coolly to Ruthven as she entered the reception-room, whither a servant had conducted him.

"Pardon my intrusion, Miss Dinsmore," he began, "but I could not rest until I had assured myself that you have really not suffered from the accident this morning."

Lesley was very impulsive by nature, and fully believing that it was he who had saved her from that mad leap over the bank into the foaming torrent below, she held out her hand, with a sweet smile.

"I have to thank you that I am here now," she said.

He took the little hand extended, and forgot to release it.

John Ardsley, passing the open window, chanced to raise his eyes, and saw them standing with Lesley's hand in Ruthven's, his handsome head bent lowly above it. His own face grew swiftly pale, and he hurried away.

Max Ruthven knew that while the feeling of intense gratitude filled this girl's heart, now was the propitious time for his object.

He pressed his lips passionately to the little hand in his own.

"Miss Dinsmore—Lesley!" he faltered, "I have known you but a short time, for I have not dared to venture into your presence until last night, and then I could not restrain myself; but I have watched you from a distance, and—my heart lies under your feet, Lesley."

He paused, and his bold eyes sought her own.

Lesley drew her hand away, and turned aside quickly.

He went on, fiercely:

"Language fails to express the intensity of my love for you!" he panted. "Tell me, is there no hope for me? True, I have no wealth to offer you, but I believe that you are a woman to wed for love, and not for fortune. Will you answer me, Lesley, darling? for my whole life, my future, my hope of Heaven, hangs on your reply."

Her eyes met his now, with a steady gaze.

"Mr. Ruthven," she said, "you surprise me. I am almost a stranger to you, and—and—I have no intention of marrying anyone at present."

"Then I am to consider this a rejection?" he said, slowly, and the look in his eyes was not good to see.

She bowed gravely.

"I do not wish to marry," she said, simply.

"Farewell, Miss Dinsmore!"

Max Ruthven hurried from her presence. Once outside, his face became demoniac with rage.

"Curses upon her!" he hissed, savagely. "I'll bow that proud head in the dust yet, so sure as I live. I can see it all. She is in love with that beggar, Ardsley, as he calls himself, I think I had better let in a little ray of light upon his private history."

He was walking rapidly away from the house now. In a clump of evergreens, which shielded him from observation, he turned, and looking back, he shook his fist threateningly.

"Ah, my lady," he muttered, between his white teeth, "I'll bring down your pride before I am many days older! I can afford to wait."

Once more alone, Lesley sank into a seat, and bowing her head upon her clasped hands, wept bitter tears, though why she wept it was difficult to tell, unless through a prescience of coming sorrow. A light touch upon her hand, like a caress, made her start up in surprise. John Ardsley was standing beside her.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Dinsmore," he said, "for disturbing you, but Mrs. Greyson told me to ask you to come to her room, if you are disengaged."

The tear-stained face was uplifted to his own. John Ardsley lost all self-command. He caught her little hand and covered it with kisses.

"Lesley, Lesley," he cried, madly, "I love you as I love my own life!"

Leslie faced the truth at last, and knew that she had given to this man her whole heart for all time.

CHAPTER IX.

Back Again.

An hour passed, but the lovers heeded not the flight of time. At length Ardsley arose.

"I must leave you, darling," he said, "and your guest will wonder at your long absence."

He stooped and kissed her once, and then he left the room, while Lesley returned to Mrs. Greyson and Maude, who had begun to think that she was asleep. There was a look of perfect happiness on Lesley Dinsmore's face, which not even her sudden acquisition to fortune had had power to bring there. But she kept her own counsel; and the day passed somehow, and Maude returned to her home without suspicion of the strange happiness that had crept into Lesley's life. For Lesley had promised John Ardsley to keep their secret for the present; there were reasons, he said, why no one should know the truth just at that time. "Stolen waters are sweet," and Lesley was quite willing to keep their secret unshared; and thus a week passed in perfect, unalloyed happiness. Alas! in this world of sin and sorrow, to how many of us poor mortals is one week of happiness vouchsafed?

Lesley stood on the veranda one night in the pale moon rays, a white shawl wrapped about her, and her eyes shining like stars. Ardsley came to her side, and laid one hand on her's. There was no one near, and he stooped and kissed her.

"Darling," he whispered, softly, "I am going to ask you to prove your love against her kind friend.

"You are mad!" said the lady, contemptuously.

"Perhaps so," said Lurline, coolly. "Nevertheless, you will speedily discover that there is method in my madness. As you are all aware, the true heir to the estate has never been discovered, and it was not even known if a male or female had a right to the Chadwicke fortune. Strange as it may appear, I have lately come into possession of papers which prove my right to the name of Chadwicke, even before I became Barton Chadwicke's wife. I am, of course, prepared to prove my assertion, and shall take steps to do so immediately. Ah, Lesley, my dear, it wasn't wise to be quite so high and mighty with me; it is my turn now to show you the door and the sooner you leave the better for all concerned."

"Not so fast, madam, if you please," interposed Mrs. Greyson, sternly. "You must be out of your senses to think for a moment that Lesley Dinsmore is going to relinquish her inheritance in favor of any impostor who comes along with a trumped-up tale. Be kind enough to take your departure, madam, at least until this matter can be investigated."

"Very well," said Lurline, sardonically, "the delay of a few days can matter but little to me. I am ready for the investigation, and will speedily prove my claims, and I warn you that I shall have little difficulty in enforcing my claims. Ah, Lesley Dinsmore—Mrs. Ardsley—you will find out how much John Ardsley, as he calls himself, cares for you, when your 'riches shall take to themselves wings and fly away.' Good-morning, ladies."

There was the swish of a sweeping train over the floor of the marble hall without, the outer door closed behind her, and Lurline Chadwicke was gone. Max followed her.

Lesley stood for some time like one bereft of life. Mrs. Greyson led her to a sofa, and seated herself by her side.

"Lesley," she said, kindly, "my poor child, what means that—that fiend in woman's shape by calling you Mrs. Ardsley?"

Lesley laid her head upon Mrs. Greyson's motherly breast and sobbed out the whole story of her clandestine marriage. Mrs. Greyson's kind face looked grave and troubled.

"I fear that you have acted unwisely, my child," she said softly. "I like Mr. Ardsley very much; but secret marriages seldom bring happiness, and—he evidently has something to conceal. Lesley, we must be wise as serpents and work diligently to circumvent this terrible woman. My dear, I fear that she has some foundation for her assertion. She must really possess such papers as she declares to be in her hands; and, even though they are forged, I apprehend that we can do nothing unless it is in our power to prove their falseness. We will have to fight her, Lesley."

The girl arose, pallid and stern; her eyes flashed with an ominous light, and her face was set, and resolute and determined.

"We will fight her, Mrs. Greyson!" she said, calmly—"to the bitter end! If we are conquered at least I shall have my husband."

But Mrs. Greyson made no reply, only shook her head gravely.

A telegram flew over the wires at once, which brought Lawyer Greyson to Chadwicke Hall, pale and anxious. He was accompanied by Dr. Dudley, for impelled by an irresistible impulse for which he could not account, though he afterward blessed it as an inspiration, he had begged the young physician to go down with him.

Once arrived at the hall, the old lawyer went to work with a will in the case. But he found the papers which were produced by Mrs. Chadwicke, to be cunningly contrived. Whether false or genuine, there was no way of proving the truth.

Days came and went. Lurline had gone to a neighboring city, where she had retained famous counsel to push her case. Her beauty, and the strange fascination of her manner, were not without effect upon the counsel, who as she had been well aware when she engaged him, was a very impressionable old bachelor, and when the case was brought to issue it was decided in her favor.

And all this time, John Ardsley had not been seen or heard from. Since the night that she had become his wife, and he had kissed her good-night in the porch, Lesley had not seen him. And now, bereft of her wealth, worse than widowed, and heartbroken, poor Lesley was driven like an outcast from Chadwicke Hall.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Here Are Pedigrees For You.

The Grosvenor family (Dukes of Westminster) trace their pedigree in England back to 1066, having come over with William the Conqueror while the family in Normandy from which they are directly descended flourished there for at least a century and a half before the Conquest, so that the family pedigree goes back for close upon a thousand years. The most ancient family in Great Britain is that of the Earl of Mar, in Scotland. Lord Halles, speaking of the title, says:—"It existed before our records and before the era of genuine history, being an earldom whose origin is lost in antiquity." The Campbells, to whom belongs the present Duke of Argyll, began in 1190. Of the four hundred barons in the British peerage only about a dozen actually date back 600 years The most ancient family in the world is that of the Mikado of Japan, which has had an unbroken line of descent for more than 2,500 years, the present ruler being the 122d of the line.

Shockingly Practical.

"Miss Wigglesworth thinks she's eligible to the Order of the Crown. She'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 struck a bar sinister."

"I guess that's right. I knew her great grandfather was a bartender."

Herr Schultze of the Berlin Academy of 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 undertaking.

A Polyglot Dirt Shoveler.

W. S. McClelland, who shovels dirt for the Panhandle Railroad Company for $1.25 a day, speaks eight languages and holds diplomas from the College de France and the University of Madrid.

Bowls for Curious Stamps.

Pretty bowls of the popular Dresden or satiny Belleek are kept on writing desks or library table to hold the curious stamps, monograms or letterheads clipped from the daily correspondence.

Death-Blow to Love.

Father—So you think our daughter has fallen in love with that young man.

Mother—She is perfectly infatuated with him.

Father—What do you propose to do?

Mother—That feeling of undying love which she has must be turned to aversion or she may elope with him in spite of us. We must do it at once.

Father—But how?

Mother—We must try to give her the impression that none of the other girls want him.—N. Y. Weekly.

The Higher Walks.

Mrs. Greening—Mrs. Cranston never lets slip an opportunity to boast that she has always been accustomed to associating with people in the higher walks of life. Who were her people, anyway?

Mrs. Housely—I don't know much about them, except that I believe her father was one of those what-you-call-'ems who wear spurs and walk up telegraph poles—linemen, I believe is the name they go by.—Chicago Daily News.

A Casual Glance.

Mrs. Hymen—Did you notice the gentleman who just got off the car?

Miss Ankshus—The brunette man in a brown suit and derby, wearing a polka-dot scarf and opal pin, chrysanthemum, patent leathers, tan gloves and smoking a cigarette? I didn't observe him closely. Did he speak to us?—Judge.

A Case Where It Did.

Haskins—Do you place any faith in the absurd idea that the giving of a knife to a person severs friendship?

Perkins—I used to scoff at it, but I don't any more. I gave a knife to a small boy for his birthday, and when he got through carving an $800 piano with it his parents cut me dead.—N. Y. Journal.

Pleasant to the Last.

First Passenger (irritably)—Where are your eyes?

Celtic Passenger (pleasantly)—In me head.

First Passenger (warming up)—Well, can't you see my feet?

Celtic Passenger (more pleasantly)—No; ye have shoes on.—Tit-Bits.

A Bargain Tragedy.

"My wife and her best friend are not on speaking terms."

"What's the trouble?"

"Well, her friend persuaded her to buy a golf-cape for $12—and in the very next shop they found the same thing marked down to nine dollars."—Detroit Free Press.

The Mortifying Fact.

Twynn—So you had burglars at your house, Triplett?

Triplett—Yes, and the thing about it that grinds is the fact that they went all over the house and found nothing worth carrying off, and all the newspapers are proclaiming the fact.—Harlem Life.

A Miss-Understanding.

American Tourist—I understand, marquis, that you fell in love with a distinguished American lady on account of her pretty foot.

Marquis—Dat is it. Dat is it. De pretty vay she foots de bills.—N. Y. Weekly.

Natural History.

A barking dog, the sages say,
Is never known to bite;
Like most the talking pugilist
Will very seldom fight.
—Washington Star.

THERE ARE BOOKS AND BOOKS.

Mandy—I see by this paper, Hiram, that Jimmy Stone has been a bookmaker.

Hiram—That so? I allus thought he'd turn out a literary feller; he wuz so smart at figgers an' spellin'.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Signs and Tokens.

Don't count upon the robin
To improve the weather crop,
But put faith in the urchin
Who gets out and spins his top.
—Chicago Record.

It Depended.

"Are you a believer in the theory that to the victors belong the spoils?"

"That," replied Senator Sorghum, "depends entirely on whether or not I am one of the victors."—Washington Star.

THE PINK OF POLITENESS.

"Really, Mr. Jones, I must say you are about the most original man I have ever met; you haven't said a single word about the weather."

"Well, I couldn't say what I think about the weather in the presence of a lady."—London Sketch.

And It Proceeded to Stick.

Above the sleeper's nose,
Trembling at every joint,
Buzzed the young mosquito: "I want to sip,
And I'm trying to screw my courage up,
Up to the sticking point!"
—Chicago Tribune.

Useless to Him.

"Here's a valuable little book called 'Right Living,'" said the canvasser.

The man at the desk waved him away.

"I'll have no use for it until I get out of politics," he said.—Chicago Post.

A Chicago Society Event.

Mrs. Wabash—Mrs. Lakeside is going to celebrate her golden wedding next week.

Mrs. Manhattan—You don't say so!

Mrs. Wabash—Yes; she will then have been married 50 times.—Town Topics.

What He Was About.

Lawyer—I'm afraid you'll have a hard time proving your innocence.

Bill the Burglar — Well, dang it! that's what I hired you for.—Philadelphia North American.

Those Expensive Luxuries.

Van Wither—Don't you find keeping up a yacht expensive, Von Miner?

Von Miner—Oh, no. I once kept up a camera, you know.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.