# Mrs. J. E. ZIMMERMAN. Much in Little

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### FOR AUGUST

We have decided to allow July Clearance Sale prices to remain on LADIES READY-TO-WEAR SUITS, SHIRT WAISTS, WRAPPERS AND MUSLIN UNDERWEAR during this month; also on all SUMMER MILLINERY. We are determined to clear all these Departments of Summer Goods before the arrival of Fall and Winter Wear, if Price will move them. We have not spared the knife---still further cuts all through these Departments.

### New Fall Dress Goods and Silks.

We have received our first shipment of new styles in Dress Goods for the season of 1898-99, consisting of Elegant Black Crepons, Covert Cloth, Poplins and Granite Cloths; also a beautiful selection of Fancy Silks in the new Fall Designs for the indispensable stylish silk waist every lady now has in her wardrobe. For those who contemplate a late summer trip, or are getting ready to go away to school, we have what you need---a full line of NEW FUR COLLARETTES. All New Fall and Winter Designs.

## MRS. J. E. ZIMMERMAN.

#### \* HE IS A WISE MAN

-WHO SECURES HIS CLOTHING FROM-

J. S. YOUNG,

THE MERCHANT TAILOR,

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

# TELL their own STORY.



#### STRIVING FOR EFFECT.

Men won't buy clothing for the purpose of spending money. They desire to get the best possible results for the money expended. Not cheap goods but goods as cheap as they can be sold and made up properly. If you want the correct thing at the correct price call on us, we have reduced our spring and summer goods down to make room for and summer goods down to make room our heavy weight goods,

@ \* @ \* @

Fits Guaranteed.

G. F. Keck, Merchant Tailor, 142 N. Main St., Butler

# The New Cambridge,

(Formerly New Cambridge House.)

CAMBRIDGE SPRINGS, PA.,

Which, after the disastrous fire of a year ago, is now opened in targer and better shape for the accommodation of guests in search of nealth and pleasure, presents itself to its former Butler patrons as the most desirable hotel in which to locate when at Cambridge Springs. Free bus to and from all trains and springs. Public rooms are of large size and well lighted, including office, dining room, bath rooms, billiard room and bowling alley. Chambers with private baths and toilets and everything that tends to make a home-like and comfortable resort.

For rates apply to

HAGGERTY & WHITE, Proprietors, \* Cambridge Springs, Pa.

# Rape Bros, JEWELERS.

We Will Save You Money On

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

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

Goods.

122 S. Main St.

Old gold and silver taken the same as cash.

# House Cleaning

REDICK & GROHMAN to animals. Are you feeding it? Cheaper feed in the market. LINSEED OIL AND WHITE LEAD Makes paint last fe

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* 109 NORTH MAIN ST. BUTLER.

Subscribe for the CITIZEN.

Laughing Babies
Are those who take Hoxsie's C. C. C. for coughs, colds and croup. No opium to stupefy, no ipecae to nauseate. 50

Ely's Cream Balm is the acknowledged But the minister called, in a tone of

### cure for catarrh and contains no coc.ine, mercury nor any injurious drug. Price, 50 cents. At druggists or by mail. SHERIFF'S SALES.

Friday, September 9, 1898,

Friday, September 9, 1898, at 1 o'clock P. M., the following described property, to-wit:

E. D. No. 135, September Term. 1898. Raiston Greer, Att'ys.

All the right, title, interest and claim of Hannah C Abernathy, formerly Hannah C Wimer, of, in and to all that certain piece or parcel of land, situated in Worth township, Butler Co. Pa. bounded as follows, to-wit: On the north by lands of G W McConnell. east by lands of Joseph Barron, south by lands of George Taylor, west by lands of Dewitt Maxwell; containing twenty-five acres, more or less, known as the Hines farm. Selzed and taken in execution as the properly of Hannah C Abernathy, formerly Hannah C Wimer, at the suit of J H Pisor guardian for use.

All the right, title, interest and claim of atherine Miller and John A Miller of, ind to all that certain piece or parcel of and, situated in Centre twp, Butler Co. Proceedings of the contraction of the

D. No. 62, September Term. 1898. J I Marshall, Att'y.

ch portion thereof as he may claim, must furnished the Sherifi 2. All bids must be paid in full. 3. All sales not settled immediately will continued until 1 o'clock p. m. of the next y at which time all property not settled y at which time all property not settled will again be put up and sold at the ex-mes and risk of the person to whom first

## nd Smith's Forms page 384. WILLIAM B. DODDS, Sheriff. Sheriff's Office, Butler, Pa., August 23, 1898. Great Shoe Sale



## At C. E. Miller's.

Are you in the market for good footwear cheap. This is to be a great month at our store. Summer shoes and slippers must go and if you are needing any call while the selection is large.

## Red Hot Prices.

### We Hold Nothing Back.

Sell shoes is our watch word. All summer shoes must go. This will be a month long to be remembered by those wno

Repairing Done Promptly.

# C.E.MILLER.

#### THE DOOLEY BOY By FRANCES WILSON.

ing out of the study window with n. "There is that Dooley boy in the garden again. Go away, boy! What are you doing in that straw-

Thousands are Trying It.

In order to prove the great merit of Ely's Cream Balm, the most effective cure for Catarrh and Cold in Head, we have prepared a generous trial size for 10 cents. Get it of your druggist or send 10 cents to FLY ROS FOR Warran St. N. V. Cir. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y. City.

I suffered from catarrh of the worst kind wer since a boy, and I never hoped for ure, but Ely's Cream Bahm seems to do en that. Many acquaintances have used with excellent results.—Oscar Ostrum,

Warren Ave., Chicago, Ill.

> "Go out through the gate. You are breaking that fence down, climbing over it as you do, nearly every day. If you do not stop it, I shall have a bill of expense for repairs." "Yes, sorr," said the Dooley boy, calmly; and he walked around to the

the gate.

He left the gate open behind him But the minister did not notice that, and was working on his sermon with great fervor, when his ears were assailed by a startling din in the gar-den.

front of the house, and went out by

He rushed again to the window, and beheld the Dooleys' cow—which com-monly grazed on the highway, contrary to law and order—crashing and stamping around among the vege-tables and flower beds, pursued by Mrs. Hathaway with a broom, Aunt Maria with a feather duster, and Bridget with a mop, each loudly lifting her voice against the invading cow.

Just then Ernest Hathaway, the minister's son, coming home from school, arrived upon the scene. "Hi! hid I'll head her off!" he shouted. And he vaulted over the fence, in imitation of the Dooley boy. Unluckily, the palings of the fence were already loosened. They gave way, and precipitated Master Ernest into the strawberry bed, with a long

rent in his new jacket and a painful bump on his knee. Nearly a week elapsed before the Dooley boy ventured again. Then he sauntered past the parsonage, and cast longing glance at the strawberry

It chanced that little Rose came todden path, and called out to him, in her pretty, cooing lisp:
"'Ullo, Timmy! Where ith 'oo do-

"Hullo, Rosie! Come and see me!" said the Dooley boy, stooping down and holding out his hands to her be-tween the palings of the fence, while a broad grin of genuine delight spread over his freckled face. Picking two or three big red straw-

berries, Rose squeezed them tightly in her chubby little fist, put the streaming, crimson mass into the Dooley boy's hand, lisping, with a seraphi

'um chawberwies!" This temptation was more than the Dooley boy's flesh and blood could stand. He swallowed the crushed but

Rosie, with a gurgle of pleasure stooped down to clutch another berry and the Dooley boy's mouth watered with eagerness. Just then a wrathful voice from the direction of the kitcher

"What are ye doin' there, ye young Get away with your mis-And Bridget came down the garden

path like a whirlwind, picked up the struggling Rosie, and poured out the vials of her scorn.
"You're the worst good-for-nothin

boy in this neighborhood! Ain't you ashamed to be makin' the little innocent help you steal strawberries?"
"I didn't!" said the Dooley boy, reddening under his freckles. "She give em to me herself. I never asked her But Bridget bore away the baby,

kicking and protesting loudly.
"No, no! Timmy not bad! Timmy dood boy! Rosie gived him chaw-berwies—her did."

Bridget's view of the case, however, vas accepted; and Rosie was told that she must have no more to do with the Dooley boy.
"Although," said gentle Mrs. Hath-

away, "I should not wish my little girl to suppose there was anything wrong in giving him a few straw-berries. You should have asked namma's permission, Rosie dear.' Ernest, however, continued to

watch for the Dooley boy, and walk with him to school, and forgathered with him, in common with his mates an interdiction on his friendly in tercourse with a schoolmate, except for flagrant cause.

Such cause appeared to have arisen, when Ernest came home, one Satarday afternoon, in a state that made his mother and aunt look volumes of dismay. He was soaking wet from head to foot, and smeared to the waist shoe was missing. His white straw hat was stained with mud and water, and his face was dirty.

"Why, Ernest Hathaway!" oried

Aunt Maria. "What have you been "I've been into the pond hole down in Cedar swamp, Aunt Maria," said Ernest, looking half ashamed and

half triumphant. "Tim Dooley was telling what a lot of white pond lilies, he found there, and he brought some to Miss Clark yesterday morning. She was ever so pleased. So I thought I'd try to get some for mother and you, auntie, and Tim said he'd help me. We went out on some old logs, and got a whole armful. I put them in a pail of water out in the woodshed. ome and look, mother."

"Yes, dear, presently; but you must get on some dry clothes at once," said Mrs. Hathaway, with a smile and a sigh. "It was nice to think of getting us lilies; but how did you get

me in," said Ernest. "The water's pretty deep there, and it's all black mud and stuff at the bottom; and I "But you should see Tim Dooley's clothes. His school suit, too. And he

hasn't any other," said Ernest, with a sober face. "My clothes are good stuff and they can be cleaned, but his she had a bargain."—Chicago Evening are spoiled for sure."
"Then you both fell into the water? What careless boys!" said Mrs. Hathaway.
"No, mother, Tim didn't fall in. He

came in after me. You see, I floun

dered into the deep water, and my feet sunk in the mud, and—and—I don't believe I could have got out if it hadn't been for Tim. He floated out a big branch of a tree to hang on to and helped me out of the mud; and, between us, we managed to get ashore

Tim was all over mud; he looked enough worse than I do."

There was a new trolley line through the village, and it was Rose's delight to stand at the front gate and watch the carsgospining past. The butcher'sboy had ear'essly left the gate open. Rosie was consumed with curiosity to discover where the bright sparks were hidden which flew off the rails when the cars went by, and presently she the cars went by, and presently she the cars went by, and presently she as somewhat look to the dious business," he remarked, beginning to unroll one of them. "You would; but at months in the cable office at Santiago, where I had been for four years. In early to the early part of 1895 we seldom handled more than 20 messages a day, but after the insurrection began the number of the cars went by, and presently she the cars went by, and presently she as somewhat look beginning to unroll one of them. "You would; but at least oblige me by turning up the lamp a little and placing it on the table had complied, and began rapidly unrolling the trong the fingers. "Thanks," he went on, when I had complied, and began rapidly unrolling the trong the remarked, beginning to unroll one of them. "You would; but at least oblige me by turning up the lamp a little and placing it on the table had complied, and began rapidly unrolling the properties."

"This will be a somewhat look beginning to unroll one of them. "You would; but at least oblige me by turning up the lamp a little and placing it on the table had complied, and began rapidly unrolling the trong the cars went by, and presently she cars went by and the carby hidden which flew off the rails when the cars went by, and presently she was crouching on the forbidden track, a little every month.

The cable from Santiago to Spain maker sea first to Kingston, Januar sea first to

window to see it pass, and saw a sight that curdled the blood in her veins.

The triangled the blood in her veins.

The triangled the blood in her veins. too much absorbed to heed the approaching car. The motorman was other cables extend to Madeira, thence



TOMMY DOOLEY TO THE RESCUE. ooking at a freckled and dirty-faced boy, lounging down the street, with both hands in his pockets, and he had

not discovered the child. Aunt Maria ran out, uttering a scream that brought the minister from his study. At the same moment the freekled boy gave a yell that made the motorman turn pale, and put on the brakes with all his might.

It was too late to stop the car. Another moment, and it would have been too late to save the child. But the boy made one spring—a flying leap—and snatched her out of danger. He did not quite clear himself, how-

ever. Something struck him, and the car whizzed past, and sent him stagering half across the street. He was half stunned; but he kept his feet, and stumbled forward, bearing little Rose n his arms. It was the Dooley boy. Rosie was crying loudly, but quite unharmed. She was crying not so much from fright as from tender pity for the Dooley boy; for she looked up into his face, down which a stream of blood was trickling, and piteously

"Timmy hurt! Timmy face all budgy! Poor Timmy!" 'You dear boy!" cried Aunt Maria. And she, too, began to cry. Mrs. Hathaway, clasping Rosie, took he Dooley boy into the same embrace,

such to his surprise. He was taken into the house, and the blood washed from his face, the cut, which was nothing serious, dressed with courtplaster, the dirt also vashed away, and the shock of curly

ith emotion. "We shall never forget what you have done for us, Timothy.' 'It's you that's good to me, sorr. e done a lot of things to plague you. but I-I didn't mean to. I'm sorry I left the gate open, so the cow got into your garden. And I'm sorry I broke the fence climbing over, and I'm sorry I picked the strawberries. And I'm

"Yes, yes, my boy, I am sure you are sorry, and so am I," said Mr. Hathaway, seriously. "I am sorry that I have not known you well enough to discov-I am glad I know it now. We will do

better after this."
"Yes, sorr!" said the Dooley boy. drawing the sleeve of his ragged jacket Recognition and encouragement brought out the good that was in him, and it was not long before people be-

gan to say there was not a better behaved boy in town than the Dooley Many Bars Rest. Daughter-Paw, this piano is horri-

bly out of tune. Nervous Parent-Y-e-s, my dear, it my more until it has been tuned.
"Well, I won't. When will you have

is. I guess you'd better not play on it it fixed. "Oh, in a year or so."-N. Y. Weekly, Explained at Last.

He-Why is it, I should like to know nat a woman never hits what she throws at? Is it due to some fault in the construction of her arm?

She—No. A woman never throws anything until she is so mad she cannot see straight .- Cincinnati En-

The Why and Wherefore. Yeast-Whom do the presents at a wedding go to, the bride or the groom beak-They are intended for the bride, of course.
"Why the bride?"

"So she will have something she can realize on after they are divorced."— Yonkers Statesman.

Coal Dealer (anxiously)-Hold on! That load hasn't been weighed. It looks to me rather large for a ton. Driver-Tain't intended for a ton. It's two tons. Dealer-Beg pardon. Go ahead .-

Mrs. Becky-Dear, oh, dear, my cold's getting worse and worse. I'm getting so I can't talk. I wonder what I'd better do?

Mr. Becky (absently)—For good-

His Fate a Mystery. Private-Don't know, sir. I heard him asking for some gun cotton to sew

ness' sake, don't do anything!-Cleve-

a button on his coat with and I haven't seen him since.-N. Y. Evening Jou How He Sold It. "I've been trying to sell that gown for \$20 for a month." "And how did you finally succeed?"

No Marble for Him.

#### **新心体性体が治療性の治療性性性は治療性は治療性性性性** Why I Left ::: Santiago de Cuba

Soon there was a humming sound, which gave warning that a car was coming. Aunt Maria looked out of the South Atlantic to St. Vincent, Cape to Lisbon, and overland to Madrid. There is also a less direct cable from Pernambuco to St. Louis in Senegal, Africa, and thence to the Canary

> had learned cable work at Lisbon. We thought that a hundred messages daily made work enough, but over blown up in Havana harbor. Four more operators were needed, and we called to Havana for help; but no notice was taken of our appeal, and rather than desert our posts and leave the company's business undone, we slaved night and day, always hoping the pressure would moderate. One day we sent 13,742 words in over 1,100 dispatches, yet we were two hours

"back" at midnight, with Havana fuming at us over the land wire, and still hurrying messages through the Cientugos cable. There were Spanish government cipher messages from Sa-gasta to Elanco, and Blanco cipher to Sagasta; reams of bombast from the Cuban correspondents of the Imparcial and Correo for Madrid, followed by more cipher to Weyler at Barcelona from his brother officers at Havana;

To add to our vexations, the "mous mill" of the siphon recorder gave trouble constantly, and the clockwork that carries the record tape broke down every day or two. Now a Span iard is utterly without native ingenuity. Merode was a tolerably good operator, but when it came to rectify-ing faults of the instrument, he was an

Anything like clockwork I can "tink er;" but the mouse mill that works the siphon pen is a very delicate bit of mechanism, which assists the faint

me, I set to work to wind a new mote coil for the mouse mill, which had vorked so very badly all day that, rather than struggle with it longer, I

posed to pass the door every three min-utes. These poor fellows were rarely paid, and often looked in at the door brown hair pushed back from the wen-shaped forehead; and, behold! the Dooley boy was a really good looking Dooley boy was a really good looking to beg a cigarette. So when the out-side door opened behind us that evensentinel, and did not even look around till an amused voice exclaimed: "Aha

rette does not speak in that tone, so Merode and I faced round with a jump. There stood a rather tall, good-looking young fellow, in a white duck suit and white cap, regarding us keenly; and a step behind him was a typical Cuban rebel-sombrero, long broad belt, long boots, revolver and

In an instant Merode was on his feet and shouted "Sentinela!" at which our unexpected visitors laughed good-na turedly, and the Cuban said: "I mus beg the Senor Telegrafero not to dis-tress himself concerning the worthy sentinel, for that watchful soldier is now lying comfortably on his ba outside, with a gag in his mouth, and his hands are tied to his feet."

"Well, who are you, and what do you The young man in white duck aughed. "You are an American; any-"Certainly," Treplied. "What do you

"The news."

"It is contrary to the rules of the ca ble company for me to give such in-formation," I replied. "Besides, all these Spanish government message in cipher, which I am not supposed to know anything about."

"Don't let the cipher trouble you, he replied, laughing. "I have the key

triot, I dare say. Will you not help us out?" "I'm a good patriot," said I. "And I am also an honest man, employed here to do a certain duty, which I will not betray."

"You will not. You will not help

"Thanks. That's all I ask. Just you "Do you think you can read ou

"But where did you get your cipher "That's a matter that was arranged bobbins for the current week are in the table drawer, I presume?"
"Look for yourself," I said. "But
my fellow operator here is a Spaniard.

nagagagagagagagagagagagag

Beside mysels, there was but one other operator in the Santiago office, Laurin Merode, a young Spaniard, who

and then the bankers and merchants quoting, selling and ordering!

infant, and all such tasks fell on me.

electric impulses that come great distances through the cable to move the ink point of the recorder to and fro I suppose I had taken the record tape clockwork and mouse mill apart 20 different times; and on the evening of the 2d of April, after Merode relieved

had determined to sit up all night and The cable house at Santiago is most lonesome place, particularly at night; but a Spanish sentinel was sup-

A Spanish sentinel begging a ciga

or the rest of my days, but was dis-

want here?" I exclaimed, in Spanish body could tell that by your Spanish Oh, I know about you. Speak English.'

"Are the Spanish warships, Vizcaya nd Oquendo, still at Puerto Rico? Has he torpedo flotilla arrived there, or

has it gone to St. Vincent, at Cape de

to their cipher all right.
"As to who I am," he continued, "my name's Macomber. I am the correspond ent of the ——." He named an Amer ican journal. "News as to the whereabouts of the Spanish torpedo boats and those cruisers would be valuable just now, not only to my paper, but to the American navy at Key West. Now you are an American, and a good po

me, then? Very well, I shall examine your tapes by force."
"It is not my business to fight for Spain," said I. "I have no force to resist you, but I will not help you."

tapes?" I asked, increduously.
"Sure. I was a cable operator three an extry membah in de fambly .-

I do not speak for him."
"Senor Merode," I said, in Spanish, these gentlemen wish to see the rec-

Merode had stood listening, making out what was said with difficulty. "Nunca!" (Never!) he exclaimed, exfellow. But the Cuban seized him by FUELING WARSHIPS the collar before he could open the drawer, flung him violently backward

"Don't hurt him, Luiz!" shouted Ma Fighters Full of Coal.

omber, and then, after a steady gance at me, he stepped to the drawer himself and took out the rolls of tape.

"This will be a somewhat long and tedious business," he remarked, beginning to unroll one of them. "You might help me, if you would; but at least oblige me by turning up the lawn a little and placing it on the table

ill?" "Say, friend, your record here ooks like the teeth of an old dull buck saw." "Your ink's coagulated."
I sat back and quietly looked on.
Merode still lay on the floor. The Cuban stood watching us both; if Merode Thus, fully an hour passed; it seemed much more than an hour, indeed, be-fore our American visitor found what

"What ails your mouse

"Ah!" he exclaimed at last. "Here we are! So the Vizcaya and Oquendo left Puerto Rico for St. Vincent the ormed that the torpedo flotilla is gog to St. Vincent, too, instead of com-

ing to Havana.



MERODE AND I FACED AROUND. eave your tapes in such a mess, but again; for I must be well out to sea before daylight. Oblige us now, both (Mass.) Republican. of you, by remaining quiet here after we bid you good night."

But just then there was a new noise outside. The door opening to the street was flung back, and there stood a Spanish lieutenant, from the fort with half a dozen soldiers at his back! For the Spanish sentry-a boy of 18whom they had gagged and tied up outside the house, had proved more nimble than they had thought him. He had worked himself loose, and had run to the fort for aid. The Cuban turned instantly, killed the lieutenant with a swing of his

machete, and was at once shot down by a soldier who fired over the shoulder of his falling officer.

Macomber showed better judgment if less courage; he dashed the lamp out and grasped me by the arm. "Help me out," he said. It would be difficult for anyone to re-

sist the appeal of a fellow countryman at such a time. While the soldiers other such book in this country, and that is at Detroit. rushed in, tramping and falling over the slain men and Merode, I pulled the American after me through a door, back of the tables, which opened into The Feat of Cutting Off a Man's Head our battery-room. In this back room was a window looking out on the har in an instant and decamped without vord. I had time to get forward into had regained his feet, struck a match ties on foreign affairs. and relighted the lamp. Of the grue-some spectacle which the light re-

vealed I will not speak. After the manner of Spanish justice both Merode and myself were put under arrest, pending an investigation, which showed that neither of us knew anything about the affair. Yet the ommandant at Santiago suspected that I had planned it, and sent me under arrest to Havana, by steamer, the returned to Fatshan, where he started following evening. I expected to remain in Las Cabanas

after arriving there, and left Havana along with 180 other Americans on the ollowing Sunday .- T. V. L., in Youth's ompanion. Not a Hurry Call.

Aunt Mary-Isn't that your mother calling you, Tommy? Tommy-Yes'm. Aunt Mary-Well, why don't you an-Tommy-Oh, what's the use? Papa sn't at home to-day.-Chicago Daily

News. Fashion Note. Miss Elderly asked Birdie McGinnis

"How do you like my new dress and "Very much, indeed. They make you look 35 years younger," replied Birdie, who says she can't understand why Miss Elderly don't call to see her any more.-Tammany Times.

"Why should I encourage free li-praries?" said the congressman with

a lay-down collar and thick-soled "Don't you want to encourage the reading of standard books?"
"I dunno' as I do. I never seen one yet that had any puffs of me in it."-Washington Star.

Too Late.

could not subsequently marry a wom-an younger than his discarded partner "It's too bad," he said, scornfully, "that you haven't any sense."
"Oh, it is immaterial now," she answered, "but it is too bad I didn't have And he was so well satisfied that he knew what she meant that he careful-

streets with bagpipes .- N. Y. Weekly. Lucindy-Daddy, dis am Mistah Jonsing, dat ah wants to marry.
Uncle Mose—Ah dunno, honey; yo hab toe ax youah mammy. Her rheumatiz am gittin' pow'ful bad, an' ah dunno ef she'd be willin' toe suppo't , t'irteen dollars a mont'? I'd lose me reputation .- N. Y. Truth

y refrained from saying: "When?"-

Chicago Post.

"Pshaw!" replied Mr. Gilfoyle, "the only fort women can storm is a pianoforte."—N. Y. World. It Would Never Do.

Her Forte. "O, dear," sighed Miss Tommy, "I don't see why women are not allowed

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—I wish to goodness the newspapers and the people would stop talking about war.

The V citedly, and made a jump for the table drawer, with some notion, I think, of destroying the tapes. He was a plucky destroying the tapes. He was a plucky would hardly be any war!—Yonkers

# How Commodore Bradford Keeps the

One of the greatest triumphs of the war which has been hidden from public observation has been the work of the several bureaus of the navy department in furnishing supplies and equipments for the troops, says a Washington dispatch in the Chicago Record. As Secretary Longremarked in a recent interview, their duties have been quite as valuable as those of the fleet in Cuban waters or the harbor of Manila. But for their foresight and executive ability the ships might have been helpless for the lack of fuel, ammunition and food. The superiority of our naval organization and the ability of our bureau chiefs has been demonstrated in a striking manner. One of the most remarkable has been furnished by the bureau of equipment in the distribution of coal. No matter how frequently or suddenly the scene of naval activity is changed, the vessels must have fuel, and it has been Commodore Bradford's business to see that loaded colliers were on hand when they were wanted. Without the employment of an extra clerk and the slightest parade he has succeeded in keeping the bunkers of every vessel in the navy full of coal from the beginning of hostilities, no matter whether they were on the Morth Atlantic coast or in the Caribbean sea, or in the ports of the Pacific or the Philippine islands. At the same time he has been able to furnish fuel for the army transports in both oceans without allowing his coal piles at the

source of supply to be diminished. Some idea of the magnitude of this task is suggested by the fact that within the last four months 150,000 fons of coal have been delivered to the ships of the United States navy in va rious parts of the world, at a cost of nearly \$1,000,000. Over 80,000 tons have

been distributed from Key West alone and 20,000 tons from Honolulu. AN ANCIENT BOOK. It Is a Mammoth Volume 350 Years

One of the recent additions made by George Walter Vincent Smith to his collection at the art museum is of unisual interest. It is an immense book or missal dating back to 1539, in which are inscribed the words and music of the Gregorian chants of the old Catholic churches, says the Springfield

The work in this book is beautifully

Old and Is Owned by a Massa-

done, and its great antiquity is evident from the first sight. The words are inscribed by hand in Latin, and the nusic is written out in some obsolete kind of notation. The pages are of parchment, and in an almost perfect state of preservation. The initial let-ters are beautifully illuminated. A single page is nearly four feet long by about two feet wide, and one man can hardly handle the wood. It is bound with boards of wood, covered with leather, somewhat worn, and the

brass which is used for trimmings is corroded. The book was evidently intended for use on some kind of a stand n some fine old cathedral. It is said to have come from Seville, Spain, some time ago, and to have been sold because of the poverty of the parish in order to make repairs on the building. There is said to be but one

HOW CHINESE RISE.

Fortune.

press dowager, no one dare undertake the execution of the order until the

subject of this biography undertook the task. He afterward met Li Hung

Chang, and his promotion was then

The Color Was Immaterial

Here is a story about Commodore chley that is told in Washington:

bout the time that he was looking for

submitted to him by a board on war-ship color, when Schley remarked that

he did not care what color his ship

ere painted so long as he had ships

"Paint them red if you like," said he, or paint them black, but let me have

How to Discourage Divorce

In ancient Greece a law provided that if a man divorced his wife he

First Traveler-I was in Paris dur-

Not to Be Thought Of.

white lies and black ones is— Quip—That the first ones belong to

urselves, and the latter to other peo-

hem. Color is immaterial.

luring the draft riots.

Brought One Mongolian a A correspondent supplies us with the lography of a high Chinese official, 1896, and sometimes with more than who is now one of the leading authori-The Ville du Havre, of the French seems, was born in Fatshan, and re ceived a good education. He inherited some money, which he squandered, line, was run down almost in the same way as La Bourgogne met disaster. The iron British ship Loch Earn hit the and, being regarded by his family as a bad character, he was turned out. He then came to Hong-Kong and set up usa fortune teller in Taipinshan, where anyone could have his destiny told him for a few cents. Finding he could sister ship, and 73 passengers and 33 of her crew were lost. The North German Lloyd steamship Elbe foundered in the an opium divan. When his friends disrid of him, and he agreed to go away for good if he was paid 100 taels. The North sea after being rammed by the little British steamship Crathie on money was found and the ex-fortune teller started for Shanghai. When a clansman with whom he had in-

January 30. 1895.

gratiated himself was promoted to the grade of futal, he received an order from the throne to behead a certain heads. A blow astern or at any point

Only the steamships that collide

A Princess in Jail.

Princess Eleonora of Sayn-Wittgenstein, one of the mediatized semirayol German families, has been sentenced to a month's imprisonment in jail and

been affirmed on appeal. When Trade Was Dull. Two commercial travelers, compar-ing notes. "I have been out three ng the siege.
Second Traveler-I was in New York weeks," said the first, "and have only got four orders." "That beats me," said the other; "I Third Traveler—I was in Scotland when the railway strikers paraded the

"Did she go off with a bang?" said

wanting the last word in a fuss," said Mr. N. Peck to his confidant, "if she Deing Her Best. "Ma, can't I go to the show and see the wild man?"
"No, child. I'll do the best I can for to enlist. I should just like to storm | wasn't so everlastingly keen for the The Difference. you. I'll iron all the buttonholes out of your father's shirts."—Indianapolis Pip-The great difference between

Journal. Mother-She had one daughter, who ied in her infancy. That was 25 years

Daughter-H'm. The girl would have been about 19 if she had lived,-

#### No. 34

ORIGIN OF KALAMAZOO. This Is the Pretty Legend That Is Re-

Town's Name. The name of Kalamazoo, like Oshkosh and one or two others, has come to be to foreigners a synonym of

American absurdity. It is often chos en, for some occult reason, to illustrate that form of vernacular English known as "United States." But all thought of ridicule vanishes when its romantic origin is considered, for it is the echo still lingering about the memory of two-dusky lovers, who, in that long-gone time when Michigan was the home mainly of Indian tribes, lived and loved on the banks of the

river which now bears their names.

Kahla, the young warrior, was straight of limb and eagle-eyed, while Mahzoo had been given by the Great Spirit the many graces and virtues for which Indian maidens have become noted in song and legend. Life to these two possessed all the charms which true affection has ever granted to lovers, and the days, as they came and went, brought only abounding joy. Each summer evening, as the twi-

light deepened and the time drew near for her lover's return from the chase, the maiden watched from her bower in the swaying branches of a giant elm overhanging the river's edge for the first sign of his coming. As the bow of his canoe shot round the curve away in the distance her clear musical voice called to him: Kahla! Kahla!" and from the young warrior came in loving tones the response: "Mahzoo!"

#### MASONS IN THE WAR.

Noted for Their Intense Patriotism-Many of Them Enlist and Lodges Are Formed.

who have gone or are making ready to go to the war are masons, an order universally noted for its intense patriotism, says the Chicago Chronicle.

The "lodge" has been made to cover a multitude of small sins by those who needed a convenient excuse to be absent from home, but all true masons are none the less strongly attached to it. The question has been asked what masonic soldiers do in lieu of lodge

"They don't do without them," said Secretary Laften, of the Wisconsin grand lodge of masons, recently, when approached on the subject. "Why, durapproached on the subject. Way, during our last war they had masonic lodges in the army. Some of the grand lodges granted dispensations for the organization of lodges.

"If the army was near a city they rented halls for meetings. If they were not near any city they held their sessions in an officer's tent. Officers of the army in many cases were members of the masonic fraternity, and it was an easy thing to have the tent in which the meeting was held sufficiently protected from intrusion. Guards were posted and no one was allowed within hearing distance unless they could pass the guard, who of course was a mason selected for the occa-

#### MARINE ARCHITECTS.

Their Way to Protect Ocean Liners from Disaster.

The eleverest marine as een unable to devise a scheme to protect the stoutest single screw line hard amidships or thereabouts, disaster. Every steamship that has been struck far from land by even so modest a craft as a coal laden schooner three-quarters of all on board, says the

Ville du Havre in a fog in midocean on November 23, 1873, almost cutting her in two. She foundered, and only 230 out of 317 persons aboard were saved. The steamship Geiser, of the Thingvalla line, was hit, off Sable island in a fog on August 13, 1888, by the Thingvalla,

eunuch, who was in disgrace, but as just forward or abaft midships is usuthe eunuch was a favorite of the em- | ally mortal. According to Natural Science, Dr. Olsen, of Norway, has learned by studying habits of microbes, to make cheese backward. He keeps a stock of the microbes of various cheeses, and out of a bowl of milk makes Gorgon-zola, Stilton or Camembert, as re-quired. This threatens a serious blow to the British farmer, for it is obvious that Dr. Olsen has only to follow the fleet the question of painting the hips of the navy a war color was un-er solemn consideration by some of tracks of his microbes a little further the precise officers of the big building.
Assistant Secretary Roosevelt was bothered daily by the question of tints bothered to him by a board on war-

200 marks fine for spreading slander-ous rumors about her brother-in-law, Count Konigsmark, which brought about his divorce. The sentence has

have been out four weeks and have only got one order, and that's from the firm to come home."-Tit-Bits. "Well, I've fired the cook," said Mrs.

he, jocosely.
"No, she went off with a dour," added she, smartly .- Harper's