THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

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BUTLER'S BIG FAIR brings crowds of people to Butler,

—AND—

BICKEL'S large stock and great bargains brings crowds to this big Shoe House.

All fall goods received early this year and open and ready for your inspection. Among our stock will be found a complete line of the celebrated "Gokey's" goods of Jamestown, N. Y. Hand-made plain and box toe boots and shoes. Boy's and Youth's high-cut copper tip shoes Ladies' hand-pegged and hand-fitted shoes and slippers, just the kind for everyday wear—warrented solid and waterproof. Big assortment of Women's and Misses' Oil Grains, Kangaroo Calf and Box Calf shoes for everyday wear

SCHOOL SHOES

Parents it will pay you to examine our large stock of school shoes—our stock is much larger than ever before and prices much lower—call and examine them. We have them from the finest to the heaviest.

Rubber goods and felt boots and shoes of all kinds

Boston, Woonsocket, Goodyear, Glove and Rhode Island rubber boots and shoes in all styles to fit and suit every person.
Men's and Women's, Boy's and Youth's felt boots and first quality overs at reduced prices.

CALL AND SEE US.

JOHN BICKEL.

BUTLER, PA.

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 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 larger and better shape for the accommodation of guests in search of health 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.

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, etc

122 S. Main St.

Old gold and silver taken the same as cash.

House Cleaning

Time is here and the War against Bugs, Moths etc., is on. We have prepared a Bug 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.

REDICK & GROHMAN

109 NORTH MAIN ST. BUTLER.

Subscribe for the CITIZEN.

Easy to Take Easy to Operate

Are features peculiar to Hood's Pills. Small in size, tasteless, efficient, thorough. As one man said: "You never know you have taken a pill till it is all over." 25c. C. I. Hood & Co., Proprietors, Lowell, Mass. The only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills

This Is Your Opportunity.

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

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

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

"Move Up"

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Is a law universal. Evolution is another name for it. The street car conductor says "move up." Competition says "move up." To move anything requires "push." A good pusher requires strength. Our strength is in low prices, reliable goods, and attractive service. We have quite a lot of broken lots of summer wear going at 1-2 price. Test our mutual benefit plan on its merits.

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Ed. Colbert,

Successor to

Colbert & Dale.

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.

Men's Tan Shoes	$1.19,	$1.48,	$1.98
Men's Buff Shoes	98,	1.19,	1.24
Men's Working Shoes	98,	1.19,	1.24
Men's Bicycle Shoes	1.19,	1.24,	1.50
Ladies' Fine Shoes	98,	1.19,	1.48
Ladies' Oxford Ties	48,	74,	98
Ladies' Serge Slippers & Gaiters	25,	48	
Boys' Fine Buff Shoes	98,	1.24	
Youth's Fine Buff Shoes	88,	98	

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 who attend this sale.

Repairing Done Promptly.

C. E. MILLER.

OIL MEAL (OUR OLD PROCESS) Now very cheap.
Feed for Horses, Cows, Sheep, Hogs, Fowls etc. Health, strength and productive power to animals. Are you feeding it? Cheapest feed in the market.

LINSEED OIL AND WHITE LEAD Makes paint last for years on house, barn or fence. Mixed paints are doubtful quality: some good and some very bad. Write for our circular.
For pure Linseed oil or meal, and white lead, ask for "Thompson's" or address manufacturer. THOMPSON & CO., 15 W Diamond street Allegheny, Pa.

Laughing Babies

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

D. L. CLEELAND,
Jeweler and Optician,
125 S. Main St., Butler, Pa.

OUR GARDEN.

In English as She Is Wrote.

As soon as cold weather is done
Our garden is gaily begone.
But ere we are through
We find it is trough
That farming is work and no fone.

When the ground isn't wet so it kneads
We dig it and plant little kseads,
And then as they grow
We rake and we how
Or else our whole crop would be kweads.

At first we endure a long drought
That burns all the green things abought,
Then rain brings a flood
That turns into mood
The beds we so nicely laid ought.

Smart chickens (our neighbor's, of course),
March in like an army in fourse
And scratch with both feet;
Cows come in and eet
Our corn without any remourse.

The moles in their velvety suits
Make burrows, destroying the rults;
Caterpillars, like thieves
Get away with the lieves
And pigs tear the ground with their snults.

Though nightly we keep a sharp eye
On our melons, small boyx who are sleye,
And probably tough,
Crawl in and just stough—
The melons we eat we must beye.

The cats on our onion patch fight;
Dogs roll on our bush beans for spight;
Stray horses will trede
Big holes in each bead
And make us say things not polight.

We work till all over we ache;
No rest in a hammock we tache;
We toil till the sweat
Of our brow makes us weat
And the sun makes us verily bache.

While others are off in a yacht
Enjoying themselves when it is hacht
As sad as a ghost
We must stay home and rhost,
For that is the gardener's lacht.

In spite of our efforts designed
To furnish a profit we figned
Our garden in debt,
And that, you can bebt,
Doesn't add to the peace of our migned.

We say when each summer is gone
That our garden next year'll be a lone,
And we'll vegtables buy
So in bed we can luy
While others get up before done.

But when spring gives a charm to the scene,
And makes us and everything sgrene,
For all we are worth
We dig up the eorth
For the squash, pea, tomato and sbene.
—H. C. Dodge, in Chicago Daily Sun.

UNDER THE PINES

By JEAN BLEWETT.

NATURE evidently meant this place to be picturesque, but men, those puny children of hers, who are forever thwarting her designs, have done their best to make it commonplace.

Point Aux Pins on a warm September evening is looking its best, and two people, at least, are regarding it with marked satisfaction. These are the Denison twins, and it is their elder sister who stands a little way off, idly scattering pine needles and talking with a big, homely man a dozen years her senior. Of the city world is he, with the stamp of the city's greatness and weariness on him. There are lines in his face which tell the story of 40-odd years of living somewhat too plainly, yet he does not seem old, and when he laughs at some remark of the girl's his merriment has a ring in it which rarely crosses over from youth into middle age.

"We two stand here with never a third—unless we count the twins," Mary Denison is saying. "The silence is so deep I feel like whispering. Perhaps the spirits of the Indian braves you have been telling me of are roaming here—one couldn't blame a spirit for haunting so fair a spot."

"I wish you wouldn't try to frighten me," he laughs; "I suggest a return to the yacht."

"Oh, wait awhile! It is so restful here among the pines, and once on board we are in a crowd, you know. Besides the twins are enjoying themselves."

"As you please. For my part I could stop here for an indefinite period without experiencing one pang of homesickness for the deck of the Mavis. A three weeks' steady sojourn with Maj. Scarf, Miss Lowndes and the Sersons rather dulls one's craving for companionship a little. Then, there's Miss Graeme! Poets have sung of the friends of one's youth in a thousand different measures, but take my word for it, Mary, the friend of one's youth is a thorn in the flesh nine times out of ten."

"Poor old boy, how ancient you must feel when she gets reminiscencing about the days when you went hand in hand with her to school! It is fun to watch her reflective air as she dives into the past for items about you. I enjoy it."

"I notice you do. You encourage her shamefully in her persecution of an inoffensive man."

"But tell me, did you really walk ten miles to get a lock of the pretty schoolma'am's hair? It was rather a pretty story she told me last night—was it true?"

"Yes," he confessed, "it was my first romance."

"And it has repeated itself so often," she says a trifle sadly; "your romances have multiplied with the years until their name is legion, Dick."

The big man is keeping discreetly silent. He has had a good many "affairs" and is too honest to deny the same, and much too cautious to affirm it.

"Some one is always bringing up a tale of your flirtation with different belles. What has become of all your old loves?"

"Well, a goodly number have died of old age. There's a stern decree of nature, you know, Mary—three score and—"

"Dick," with a solemn shake of the head, "for two sensible people we do talk some awful nonsense."

Having given cheerful assent to this, he is somewhat surprised when she reverts to the old subject.

"'He was such an impetuous lover,' Miss Graeme is always saying, 'ready to run across a country if a pretty woman beckoned and such a favorite with all that he daren't show special favor to one lest he break the hearts of a dozen.'"

His emphatic disclaimer passes quite unheeded. This sweet-faced, gray-eyed woman is evidently warming to her theme.

"Do you know when I listen to all this—I have to listen, of course—I don't like it, and when I see some woman who must have been lovely in her youth, smiling half tenderly as she recalls the days when she and you were inseparable, driving together, enjoying life and youth together, I get a queer lump in my throat. It isn't that I'm jealous of any one person, but rather of the years in which I had no part. I want to gather up the love you squandered like a spendthrift. You have laughed with many and perhaps cried with a few, and I want both laughter and tears for myself. I want to be so much to you, and somehow—somehow—I realize that I am but a late comer into your heart, and that there isn't much room in it for me; it is so full of memories. Dick, so full of memories!"

This from quiet, cold Mary Denison! This old spot, Point Aux Pins, has surely cast a spell over her; never has she spoken so to him; never has she given him such a sorrowful, but passionately loving look.

A white young night is coming naked into a world which has nothing but a robe of mist to offer in the way of swaddling clothes. Lights are beginning to show on the Mavis anchored a half mile out, and from her deck comes the sound of music, losing its strength but doubling its sweetness in its passage over the waves. He comes a step nearer and putting a hand on either cheek forces her eyes to meet his. This is a new Richard Meredith, and she realizes it in that moment of full delicious silence. A warm blush covers her paleness quite from sight.

"My romances? Yes, they have been many, but my love affairs few. Maybe I have thought a lot of many women—I daresay I have. But a man really loves but two women in a life time, Mary. One comes in youth's heyday and plays the first mad march on his heartstrings—we never forget the sweetness of it. The other comes later, in the summer of life, or it may be in the autumn, but come she when she will, she fills his life completely. You are this one, Mary. I thought you knew it so well that there was no need I should tell you. I love you. I don't know when or where I began loving you, but I do know I shall keep on loving you as long as I live—longer, perhaps, who knows? Nothing else seems worth remembering. Do you know, I am homesick to-night for the fireside which is to be ours—a bit of Heaven in the heart of the big city. Our home—how sweet it sounds! Are you glad, Mary?"

"YOU ARE THIS ONE, MARY."

She lifts her rounded arms and clasps them about his neck. "But why have you never talked so to me before?" she questions. "Even when you asked me to be your wife you spoke only commonplaces, but now—now—"

"Habit, dear, habit—we're slaves to it. The eyes of the world are so sharp, and its hearing so acute that we get in the way of being crafty and obscure about real things. I had to woo you in society, and society is a sort of moral curfew which compels us to lower our lights and cover our fires, sometimes to put them out altogether. To-night our good angel brought us here, and we've managed to get a look into each other's souls, thank Heaven!" He doffs his wide hat reverently, then bends his head and kisses her.

From the Mavis they look back at Point Aux Pins. The moonlight touches the rustling oaks and the somber pines, and kindles a silver highway on the sands and over the singing waves.

"It was the place," smiles Richard. "You remember the lines—

"The forests had done it; there they stood;
We caught for a moment the powers at play.
They had mingled us so, for once and good,
Their work was done, we might go or stay;
They relapsed to their ancient mood."
—Detroit Free Press.

Dyak Substitutes for Court.

When the Dyaks of Borneo wish to find out which of two parties is in the right they have two lumps of salt of equal size given them to drop into water, and he whose lump first dissolves is deemed to be in the wrong. Another method is to put two live shellfish on a rock, one for each litigant, and to squeeze lemon juice over them. The verdict is rendered according to which man's mollusk stirs first.

In the Honeymoon.

Mr. Nosey—The couple who have just moved into the house next door were married a few days ago.

"How do you know?"

Before he started to business this morning he kissed her, and he didn't act as if he was afraid he'd get hit if he didn't.—Roxbury Gazette.

A Theory.

"Mike," said Plodding Pete, "how is it dat some o' dese people kin work day after day an' never seem to feel it?"

"Well," replied Meandering Mike, reflectively, "I s'pose dey is started in young an' gets to be immunes."—Washington Star.

Everything Crooked.

Crimsonbeak — Something funny about fishing. You notice the hook is bent, the line is not altogether straight, and see how the pole bends.

Yeast—Yes, and the fish stories you tell are not altogether straight, either.—Yonkers Statesman.

A Choice Spot.

"Any musical inducements connected with the summer resort you are going to?"

"Yes; the landlord assures me that no brass band is allowed to come within 20 miles of the place."—Chicago Record.

The Abused Bards.

Men may pretend to look with scorn
Upon the ill-requited poet,
But would you care to do and dare
To be a hero, sir, if there
Were no sweet bards to let folks know it?
—Chicago Daily News.

No Telling.

Judge—When was the last time you were arrested?

Tramp—The last time? There is no telling, your honor, when that will be.—Tammany Times.

Probably.

She—I never saw such a kitchen! Everything seems mixed up!

He—Perhaps the cook is going to give us hash for dinner.—Yonkers Statesman.

Worth While.

De Sappy—So you are going to be a man some day, are you Tommy?

The Terror—Yes, sir. Wouldn't you like to be in my shoes?—N. Y. Truth.

An Oddity.

Professor—Gentlemen, this case is a rarity which often occurs.—Fliegende Blaetter.

AFTER A SHOWER.

A sudden burst of sunshine;
A spray of dazzling drops,
With every light breeze sweeping
The heavy-leaved tree-tops;
And robin perks his head
Up from the beaten clover,
And shows his breast of red,
Piping: "It's over, over!"

Out of the sodden grasses
The timid crickets peep;
From white tents of the lilies
The clumsy bees outcreep.
Grasshoppers rustle by,
'Mid smoky hay-ricks skipping;
And wrangling cat-birds cry:
"Oh, dear! oh, dear! we're dripping!"

The vines along the roadside
In green disorder trail;
And hark! "Bob White" is calling
From yonder zigzag rail.
In wavering groups of gold
Wee butterflies are shining;
And fleecy clouds uprolled
Show earth their silver lining.

The dragon-fly is sunning
His jeweled wings again;
Sky-dappled, white and azure,
The brook laughs down the plain;
And yellow birdies pipe
Atop of the thistle-flower;
"'Twill make the berries ripe—
What a lovely, lovely shower!"
—George Cooper, in Golden Days.

Davenport's Difficulties

IN SOME respects Mr. Davenport was not a particularly nervous man. He could listen to the lachrymose strains of a barrel organ with equanimity, and the gay rattling of a piano organ rather exhilarated him. Moreover, his wife kept a macaw whose especial accomplishment was the imitation of a circular saw tearing its way through a knotty log. He did not shun the society of his six-year-old son. Yet as he stood before his shaving mirror he looked anxiously for corrugations in his forehead and streaks of silver at his temples, and was surprised, in view of the fact that Phernetton had been practicing, to find that no alarming change had taken place in his appearance.

He was still wondering at this inexplicable circumstance as he paced up and down the platform of the little suburban station, waiting for the train that was to bear him to his daily grind in the city, and when he raised his meditative head and saw before him a new automatic weighing machine that had been placed there by an optimistic corporation he at once dived into his pocket for the necessary penny and adjusted himself carefully and exactly on the center of the balance plate. The penny rattled down through the internal economy of the machine, and the dial hand spun around and stood quivering at 180. "That settles it," said Mr. Davenport, triumphantly. "Three pounds gone. Phernetton and I are going to have a little talk together. I'm not going to be reduced to an emaciated wreck for any leatherlunged pariah that ever blew a horn."

A dog, a curly black retriever, with a tongue several inches too large for its mouth, had driven Davenport from his residence—20 minutes walk from the city hall. It was then that he became aware of the fact that he had nerves. The animal at irregular intervals would wake in the night and bay the moon or anything else he took it into his head to bay. If he had done this constantly and continuously Davenport would not have minded, but the barks would have intermissions varying from five seconds to two hours, and there were frequently nights when he would not bark at all.

One night when the dog had been particularly exasperating, Davenport got up and stumbled to the dressing table and took a revolver from a drawer. He understood that by immemorial custom, as blazoned in the pages of comic papers, he had the right to shoot the dog—or was it cats whose slaughter was thus condoned? He examined the cylinder of the weapon by a bar of light that slanted up through the Venetian blind from the street lamp and saw that it was filled with cartridges; then he remembered that tradition required a shotgun and that he ought to have been wearing a tasseled nightcap; besides, a pistol shot at night would be too noisy.

He looked around the room for some missile. He had no bootjack—in fact, he had only a very hazy idea of what a bootjack was. He would not have hesitated to sacrifice his hairbrush if its execution had been likely to prove even painful, or his water bottle, if he had been confident of his ability to hurl it so far with precision. Then an idea suddenly illuminated his gloomy mind and he stooped and extracted the casters from the four legs of his bed. Leaning far out of the window, he threw one of the little iron wheels with all his force at the black shape that was jerking out its occasional barks. There was a crash of broken glass and the rattle of an iron chain. The caster had gone through the basement window and the dog had retreated to his kennel, from which refuge he barked with renewed energy.

Davenport was poising himself for another throw when a policeman called gruffly out of the shadow to inquire what the disturbance was about. Davenport counseled him to close his visage and go back to bed. The dog appeared to be listening.

It ended by Davenport paying five dollars and costs, amounting to $18, for malicious mischief and $25 with costs for disorderly conduct, including abusive language, and by his removing to a house a little beyond the city limits.

There he lived peacefully and happily until the congregation of the little wooden church half a block away accumulated sufficient funds to buy a bell, which the prideful sexton tolled on every legitimate occasion and whenever his time was not otherwise occupied. At first Davenport was inclined to like it.

"It puts me in mind of when I was a boy," he said to Mrs. Davenport. "I remember how sweetly and softly the sound used to come to me, blown from the gray old meeting house in windmodulated melody across the fragrant meadows. I can smell the new-mown hay almost when I hear it. I wish, though, there were a few meadows in between here to kind of take off the rough edges."

Later on he wished for an intervening continent, and at last remonstrated with the pastor. "I told him," he said, "that his bell was obsolete—a remnant of barbaric custom—of an age when people measured time by unreliable tallow candles of varying thicknesses and sun dials and hour glasses—inexcusable in this latter day of Waterbury watches and nickel alarm clocks. He seemed almost persuaded, but with a lamentable lack of judgment I added something about people not needing bells to let them know that a theatrical performance was due, and then he froze. He said that he was an old-fashioned man and not addicted to the higher criticism or to instituting comparisons between Divine service and vaudeville, and he gave me some advice which I suppose I needed, but which I didn't want."

Then Davenport sought out a suburb where the boom had expired, and burdock, tall grass and sunflowers ran riot between long lines of rusted street lamps and pushed their way through the zigzag crevices in the cement sidewalk. The real estate agent, who sat in the shade of his little sign-covered office, said there was no church, but a man like Davenport—a hustler—could soon get one, for there were several members of his denomination scattered about the place, and there was not a dog within half a mile.

Davenport was convinced of the truth of the latter assertion, for there was no house with the exception of Phernetton's and the one that he thought of renting. So he moved into the orange villa with the scrollwork cornices, and for a week it seemed as though he had found the haven of rest his tired tympanum craved. Then Phernetton began to play the horn.

Phernetton began feebly at first. Then he gathered strength and resonance and distinction of notes and ultimately arranged the notes into recognizable tune, or rather part of a tune—for Phernetton never got further than two bars in any one air. By that time he would be so hopelessly tangled that he would have to begin again. He would start steadily to climb the scale, falter and waver, fall a note, pick himself up and seem in a fair way to reach the summit, when he would slip and fall headlong into an abyssmal and dolorous bass blare that would make Davenport's hair prickle at the roots and send a chill down his backbone. Davenport had stood it for three weeks on the morning that he weighed himself.

HE THREW ONE OF THE LITTLE IRON WHEELS.

That evening he walked over to the Phernetton villa with a gleam of determination in his eye. Phernetton, who was out on his porch, laid down his horn as he approached and advanced to meet him with a curious smile and something of a gleam in his eye also.

"Good-evening," said Davenport. "I called—er—the fact is—"

"You would like to have me stop playing that infernal horn, I suppose; isn't that it? I'm glad you did call, and I shall be glad to gratify you if we can arrange it. Take a seat, won't you?

"I know that horn is maddening," continued Phernetton. "I calculated on it; but I've quit remonstrating with my neighbors. I've had bad luck as a rule in that respect. Until you came to trouble me I thought that I had escaped noise nuisances. I had got tired of running away, and there was only one course open to me—retaliation."

"I don't understand," said Davenport.

"Let me explain then. You have a parrot."

"I beg your pardon—a macaw."

"A distinction without a difference," remarked the virtuoso. "The principle is the same. I object to your macaw and its demonical, rasping shrieks. I fled from the haunts of men to escape that sort of thing. Now let me make you a fair business proposition. You wring that bird's neck, and I'll help you secrete the corpse. We will then walk over to block 62 with my favorite instrument and a stick of dynamite and give it one final and everlasting blast. Is it a go?"

Davenport reflected a moment; then he said: "It's a go."—Chicago Daily Record.

Fodder Scarce in Australia.

Drought has made sheep fodder so scarce in Australia that thousands of men are being employed in the various districts cutting the boughs of oak, apple and other trees for food for the starving animals and in skinning the sheep that perish in the mud at the failing water holes.

QUITE ANOTHER THING.

Jack—What did you give Tom Bouncer a kiss for?

Madge—I didn't give him one.

Jack—Oh, what a story! I saw you!

Madge—No. I only let him steal one.—Punch.

Red, White and Blue.

Red, the blood that Spain must shed;
White, the flag she'll show;
Blue the way that she will feel—
Thus our colors go.
—N. Y. World.

As He Viewed It.

Towne—I don't see how it comes that shipwrecked sailors often starve to death.

Browne—Why not?

Towne—Well, I came across about two weeks ago, and I don't feel like eating yet.—Brooklyn Life.

Fishing for a Title.

First Hobo—I'd like to go to Cuba.

Second Hobo—What for?

First Hobo—I'm tired of being called a tramp; it would seem more high-toned to be known as a reconcentrado.—Town Topics.

Mr. Asbury Peppers.

"These were extras—" the garrulous boarder began.

"Are you referring to the appropriation bills?" Asbury Peppers made all possible haste to ask.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Lack of Material.

"Bridget, I told you twice to have muffins for breakfast. Have you no intellect?"

"No, mum, there's none in the house."—What to Eat.

For Good and All.

He—My wife never got the better of me but once.

She—Lucky man! When was that?

He (sighing)—When she married me.—Tit-Bits.

A PEACE FESTIVAL.

National Business League Arranging for a Grand Celebration.

Close of War with Spain to Be Marked by Magnificent Festivities at Chicago—Distinguished Men and Officials to Attend.

The National Business league is preparing for a grand national peace festival to be held in Chicago soon after the close of the war. The festivities will continue for a week or more. The president and his cabinet, the diplomatic corps, eminent army and navy officers, with their commands as far as possible, governors of states, mayors of cities, statesmen and prominent business men of the country are expected to be present and participate. To each of the great departments of war and peace a day of the festival will be devoted. There will be naval, army, industrial, art and music days; also president, governor and mayor days, the festival closing with a grand international or peace day. The pageantry of these festival days and nights will be the most imposing ever displayed in this country. The grandeur and pomp of ancient festivals will not be imitated, but everything will be typical of the progress of America from the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers to the present time. The general purpose of the festival will be not only to celebrate the advent of peace, but to bring together the business men of the country in conference with a view to foster and extend the business and commerce of the United States. During the festival, the advisory committee of the National Business league, representing every state of the union, will hold its first annual convention.

COLORED MILITARY SCHOOL.

Baptist Church of Boston Wants an Institution to Educate Negroes in Duties of Commissioned Officers.

Boston, July 25.—The Twelfth Baptist church of Boston has adopted the following:

"Resolved, That the president be requested to institute a free military school in which to educate colored soldiers for the duties of commissioned officers, which was on March 21, 1864, done for white soldiers, who were appointed to lead colored troops, and the man chosen for this responsible office be taken from those who have won distinction on the battlefield.

"Resolved, That the people assembled recognize with gratitude the courage and soldierly qualities of the blacks now in Cuba, who made the victory of Santiago a possibility. As the climate of Cuba, a menace to the white soldier, is adapted to promote the highest development of the black, it is our hope to see the Pearl of the Antilles become to America what it has never been to Spain, the home of a thrifty and happy people.

"Resolved, That it is our belief that the black man has been educated and trained to fulfill an important mission, not only for Cuba, but for the Spanish possessions that are to come under our control. The Cuban, for whom we went to war with Spain, when asked to do menial work, declined, claiming that he was a soldier and not a working man. The negro, faithful to his master before emancipation came, and as a contraband in helping to build our forts and do work essential to the success of the army, was a soldier as faithful in burden-bearing as he was brave in battle, and now occupies the proud position he holds in the eyes of the world because Christ's rule obtains control and 'He that humbleth himself, shall be exalted.'"

SPANISH PRISONERS' MAIL.

Men at Annapolis May Be Allowed to Write to Friends at Home.

A step taken by the post office department indicates that the Spanish prisoners at Annapolis possibly may be permitted to communicate with their friends in Spain. All letters deposited at Annapolis by the prisoners are held by the authorities, as an order of the postmaster general prohibits all postal communication with Spain.

The letters deposited by the prisoners at Annapolis were sent to the dead letter office, but an inquiry as to what was to be done finally with them was referred to the navy department. The officials of that department expressed a desire that they should be submitted in order to be censored, and an order has been issued to the dead letter office directing that the letters be sent to the bureau of navigation for that purpose. What further action will be taken is not yet clear, and no order looking to the transmission of letters to Spain has yet been issued.

"BATTLE OF JULY THIRD."

Designation Which Has Been Chosen for Destruction of Cervera's Fleet.

A name has been found at last for the remarkable naval battle between the American and Spanish fleets that resulted in the destruction of Cervera's squadron. The absence of a name has been felt in the clumsy attempts made in official reports to refer to the engagement. Lieut. Whittlesey, of the navigation bureau, has evolved a name that is likely to be formally adopted for the engagement. It is "The Battle of July Third."

He does this for the reason that some of the most famous battles that the world has known have been christened as of the date upon which they were fought. Thus, the "Battle of July First" was attached to the famous naval engagement fought in midocean between Lord Howe's fleet on one side and the combined French and Spanish fleets on the other, which resulted in the memorable victory for the British navy.

Locomotives in Use in the World.

One hundred and nine thousand locomotives are at present running in various countries; Europe has 63,000, America 40,000, Asia 3,300, Australia 2,000, and Africa 700.

The Riddle.

Life is a conundrum
To garnish, bite and sup.
And we never get the answer
Until we give it up.
—Chicago Record.

Reassuring.

Dudeson—I'm sure I hope the boat won't get upset or anything. I can't swim, don't you know, and I'd go to the bottom, I'm afraid.

Miss Julia—Don't be too much afraid, Mr. Dudeson. Sticks float, you know.—Harlem Life.

Worthy and Well Qualified.

Manager—What qualifications have you for the position of night watchman?

Applicant—Why, I wake at the least noise.—Tit-Bits.

Of Course Not.

Yeast—I see the women are wearing military buttons, pins, etc.

Crimsonbeak—But that isn't really what makes them fighters.—Yonkers Statesman.

He Loved Her.

Mrs. B.—James shows his love for me in a very roundabout way.

Mrs. F.—Why, how's that?

Mrs. B.—By hugging me.—Up to Date.

BRAVE ACTS.

Quickness in Time of Danger Has Often Saved the Lives of Many Persons.

On jubilee day, which commemorated the discovery of gold in California in 1849, a squad of battery I, of the regular army, was firing a salute at Lime Point fort, near San Francisco, says the Youth's Companion. One load—the charge was 50 pounds of powder inclosed in a woollen bag—did not go off, and the officer in command ordered it to be pulled out of the cannon.

The charge was withdrawn, and, as it dropped to the ground, it was seen that one corner of the woolen bag was on fire. In an instant the powder would have caught and the seven men with their officer would have been killed. Private John M. Jones jumped toward the smouldering bag, rolled it in the mud and, with his bare hands, plastered the singed edges with damp earth.

It was a quick, brave deed, and had the hero been a British soldier it would have brought him a Victoria cross to wear on his breast.

During the Sepoy war a young captain of artillery saw an ignited shell fall near his battery. Instantly he lifted it up, carried it a distance, and flung it away. Just then it burst, shattering his left forearm.

In the Crimean war, Capt. Peel, of the royal navy and son of the former prime minister, Sir Robert Peel, commanded a vessel before Sebastopol. One day a large shell, its fuse burning, fell into the battery near where Peel was standing. Picking it up, he carried it to the rampart and tossed it over. It exploded before it reached the ground.

PATRIOTISM AT WEDDINGS.

Now Is the Time When Invited Guests Can Show Their Love of Country in Their Gifts.

With the advent of the Spanish war patriotic weddings came into vogue. Likewise patriotic presents were also considered stylish. No bride is thoroughly in the fashion these days, says the Chicago Chronicle, unless a large proportion of the gifts that come to her have reference in their design and colors to the war and the United States. Favorite wedding presents of this sort are flag picture frames, which may be found in great variety. These have flags painted on a background of white enamel, or the frames themselves are made of flags of silk draped on a foundation of wood and covered with glass. Wedding gift novelties such as these are unending, and they are the rage of the hour to send to a coming bride. There has been already at least one patriotic wedding of importance. At this the star gift was a pin that was said to have cost $500. It had three stones—a ruby, turquoise and a diamond—as close to a design of red, white and blue as can be produced in jewels. When made this ring was unique, but the design has since been widely copied. Another present that came to this bride of the patriotic wedding was a dinner set of white china, each piece of which was adorned with hand-painted American flags. Yet another set of gifts were lamps of red, white and blue, with shades of the same colors decoratively made.

AN OYSTER'S AGE.

It May Readily Be Determined by Measuring the Size of the Shell.

It is just as easy to tell the age of an oyster by looking at its shell as it is to ascertain the age of a horse by examining its teeth or a tree by inspecting the circles revealed by the ax or saw when it is laid low. When the oyster is six months old it is as big as a dime; when one year old it will cover a silver half dollar, and when two years old will be about the circumference of a silver dollar, says Pearson's Weekly.

The oyster, unlike the crab, is not obliged to seek new quarters or build a new house every time he grows appreciably. The extensions that he puts on to his house are clearly marked by a well-defined ridge.

Oysters are esteemed to be at their best when between four and five years of age, and the planters endeavor to protect the beds for that length of time. Conscientious oystermen—that is, men who are not inclined to kill the goose that lays the golden egg—always return to the bed oysters that are too young, but in case a patriarch is brought up, over whose shell the tides of from eight to twelve winters and summers have ebbed and flowed, he is sent to market, where he is put at the bottom of the heap and sold with his younger and more luscious companions.

Wants to Increase Its Population.

Bulgaria is going to take effective means to increase its population. For every son born beyond a minimum number 20 francs will be paid not only to the father, but to the mother also. A soldier showing a dozen sons will receive a pension large enough to support him and besides a decoration. The same reward will go to his wife.

Machine-Made Pottery.

A machine for the manufacture of pottery has recently been invented which does the work of several men at half the cost. It can turn out 16 flower pots per minute, against the one produced in the same time by the old process, and it is also used for the manufacture of cups, saucers and jam jars.

War Tax in Spain.

Spain is so much in need of funds that any person entering her limits wearing gloves or boots nearly new, must pay a tax on them. This rule also applies to a hat or necktie which seems new.

Experience Had Taught Him.

She—They say mischief causes dimples. Do you believe it?

He—No; I believe it's the dimples that cause the mischief.—Fliegende Blaetter.

A Hint to Writers.

One swallow makes no summer—
Deny it, there's no use;
But often we have found that
One quill can make a goose.
—Puck.

She Saw the Kiss Coming.

Ella—Fred kissed me last night when I wasn't looking.

Stella—Shut your eyes, did you?—N. Y. Evening Journal.

Put His Foot in It.

Miss Basseo (giving a dinner)—This wine is over 40 years old.

Idiot (thoughtlessly)—Bottle it yourself?—Tit-Bits.

Literally True.

Teacher—How did Jacob supplant Esau?

Johnny—By playing a skin game.—Brooklyn Life.

Cheering Him Up.

"Poor papa, it must be terrible to be so ill and miserable—but what can't be cured should be—er—insured."—N. Y. Truth.