# HUSELTON'S FIRST GREAT Constipation DISPLAY IN Cause fully half the sickness in the world. It retain, the digested food too long in the bowels and produces billousness, torpid liver, indi-Fall Footwear.

It presents an opportunity for economical buying that nobody can afford to miss. This store is crowded with the newest of new styles selected with experienced care as to quality, good taste as to style, and generous prodigality as to variety it is

# The Right Place To get the Right goods At the Right Prices.

With the best of everything the new season brings and prices down to the low est point ever named for honest goods, we expect a share of your patronage because you cannot afford to pass us by.

See our Jamestown (N. Y.) Shoes in Boy's and Youths' high-cut, coppertipped two soles and tap cut from choice whole stock; best shoes in Butler.

Men's high-cut box and plain toe Shoes and Boots, cut from veal, kip, oil grain and kangaroo calf.

Women's, Misses's and Children's Shoes, hand-pegged and standard in kid, unlined oil grain, kangaroo ane crack-proof calf with tips or plain toe; all widths, A to E, button or lace. No better goods made; they are warranted whole stock and water-proof.

B. C. HUSELTON.

Butler's Leading Shoe House

#### 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. h mm mm mommm



### STRIVING FOR EFFECT.

Men won't buy clothing for the purpose for spending money. They desire to get the best cossible results for the money expended. Not cheap goods but goods as cheap as filey 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 fand summer goods down to make room for your heavy weight goods,

@**\***@**\***@

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 sstrings. 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

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 Bur Killer for the extermination of these pests, let us suggest that if this be mixed with the paste before papering the result will be very satisfactory. We are also headquarters for Moth Bails, Insect powder, Hellibore etc.

REDICK & GROHMAN

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109 NORTH MAIN ST. BUTLER.

Subscribe for the CITIZEN. PRICES REASONABLE.

Hood's

results easily and thoroughly, 25c. All druggists.
Frecared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass
The only Pills to take with Head's Sarsaparille

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

ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y. City. I suffered from catarrh of the worst kind ever since a boy, and I never hoped for cure, but Ely's Cream Balm seems to do even that. Many acquaintances have used it with excellent results.—Oscar Ostrum, 45 Warren Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Ely's Cream Balm is the acknowledged cure for catarrh and contains no cocaine, mercury nor any injurious drug. Price, 50 cents. At druggists or by mail. "Move Up"

\*\*\*\*

Evolution is 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

have quite a lot of broken lots of summer wear going Test our mu tual bene-

# Ed. Colbert,

Successor to

Colbert & Dale.



Are you in the market for good footwear cheap. This is to be a great month at our nmer 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 attend this sale.

Repairing Done Promptly.

OIL MEAL (OUR OLD PROCESS)
Now very cher LINSEED OIL AND WHITE LEAD

treet Allegheny, Pa.

## TAILORS.

No. 416 W. Jefferson St., Butler, Pa.

nominal campaign in that section lasting until 1876, they were again or-LOOK UP. dered north to join Gens. Custer, Miles and Terry on the Big Horn river.

During this march Mrs. Burk was

My toil-worn brother, lift your eyes, Look up and leave repining; A golden sign is in the skies— The star of hope is shining. detailed as the bearer of important dispatches, and although the trip was one of 90 miles, the weather wet and cold, and it necessitated swimming the Platte river at Fort Fetterman, My sisters, howed with care and grief, Look up, forget your sorrow; For trouble there will come relief, And hope is in the morrow. she performed her duty willingly, but pneumonia and was confined in a hospital for three weeks, and being too ill to return to her company was O souls cast down in bitterness, Arise and cease complaining; There is an end to your distress Look up, for God is reigning. I know not any creed but this: That we should love each other. That every land my country is, And every man my brother.

All ye who suffer and repine, My heart in pity holds you; And, if in mind, know by that sign, God's greater love enfolds you.

Look up! our Father, on the sky Has set a bow of promise; Look up! The clouds are rolling by— The night is passing from us.

The wrongs of old their race have run; Men to the new are turning; Above the yet unrisen sun The clouds of morn are burning.

Look up, my brothers, look and pray; Though now you wait in sadness;

Though now you walt in sadness; The golden light of the new day Will flood your hearts with gladness

The tyrant's reign is on the wane, For plunder and oppression; The hand of justice, o'er the main, Strikes down a faithless nation.

To make a starving people free, Our martial hosts are treading; The happy light of liberty To other lands is spreading.

There beams above the younger day

A prophecy of better, When tyranny shall pass away, And crumble every fetter.

Look up and be of better cheer.

"CALAMITY JANE"

Friend of Our Dime Novel Days Living in Montana.

ALAMITY JANE," a character who figured for years in many of the dime novel stories of western

adventure, is living on a ranch near Crow agency, Montana. Her name in private life is Mrs. Martha Burk, and

her story is fully as interesting as any

In the little town of Princeton, Mo.

Cannary a group of six children, the cldest of whom was Martha. When she was 13 years old, that is, in 1865,

excitement was rampant throughout

the United States owing to the exten-

sive gold discoveries in Montana. Mr.

ent upon what game they could secure

books were not to be had, but at shoot-

ing and riding, as the next best accom

plishment, and her reputation in that

In 1870, learning that Ger. Custer

was at Fort Russell, Wyo., she deter-

mined to proceed thither, in high hope

that she might be able to induce him

Wyo.), after having been on a three

days' skirmish, during which the com-pany had six men killed and several

wounded, we were ambushed about a mile from our destination. Capt.

Egan was one of the first to be shot

during the engagement, and I, happen-

ing to be in close proximity to him, no-ticed him reeling in his saddle. I was able to reach his side in time to pre-

vent him from falling, and, getting him on my horse, in front of me, bore

him to camp in safety. After he had

recovered, one day he laughingly christened me Calamity Jane, the

heroine of the plains,' and even to this day I have borne that title among my

The Nez Perces were subdued in 1873, and the early portion of 1874 was

1875, under Gen. Crook, she was or-

kota, to protect the miners and set-

re intimate friends."

ine soon became widespread.

"Calamity Jane" next found service
in the employ of the government carrying the United States mail between

Miss Cameron was talking to the portunity to display her skill to either with the lieutenant the Sioux or highwaymen in behalf of It is the fate of a woman to be for

Hickok (Wild Bill) was assassinated by Jack McCall, a notorious desperado, and was a member of the posse that are too distinctly manly to understand rested and confined him in a log cabin, she having the honor of commanding ened in his resolve to keep silence him to surrender, when cornered in a when Miss Cameron's expression in no her weapon.

teered in the Seventh cavalry and must leave at reveille."



of the wild yarns that penny-a-liners have penned about her prowess. there was born to Mr. and Mrs. J. CALAMITY JANE IN HER YOUNG DAYS.

sort of work was not to her liking, and in 1878 she was honorably dis-charged and "took up" a ranch on the Yellowstone river, near Miles City, Mont., which, however, was not a bril-

Cannary was not proof against the "fever," and with his family he started liant financial success. overland for Virginia City, Mont., in the famous Alder gulch diggings. Five the famous Alder gulch diggings. Five months were required to make the journey, while at present but two days are requisite. The country traversed but snarsely settled, and for submark hut snarsely settled hut snarsely snarsely settled hut snarsely snarsely settled hut snarsely Tex., she met Clinton Burk, to whom lier and more exciting escapades. She was, however, sorely tempted to with their rifles. On this long and tedious trip Martha developed a love when it was reported that the Infor outdoor sport, which, by the time they finally arrived in Montana, had rendered her a remarkably good shot rendered her a remarkably good shot her it was only a "scare," and while her it was only a "scare," and while

Shortly after reaching Montana the mother died, and the father, who, in proven true, and she did not go. Mrs. Burk's voice glows in praise of Gen. Custer, whom she describes as an common with 95 per cent. of the argo-nauts, had failed to make a "strike," absolute fearless, tircless and brave man, and over whose untimely and determined to return to Missouri. Reaching Salt Lake City, Utah, in 1867, sudden end she has shed not a few Mr. Cannary also succumbed, and the tears. From her front door may be seen the tomb of Gen. Custer, and to children were left to face the world as best they could. Employment was found for Martha on a ranch at Fort this fact may be ascribed the principal reason of her residence there.—St. Bridger, Wyo., and here she improved her time not in "book learning," for Louis Globe-Democrat.

Change Baby Carriages to Cradles Baby carriages are changed into cradles by a new device, consisting of a pair of rockers connected by cross bars, with slots cut in the bars, in which the wheels of the carriage are placed to prevent them from turning while the carriage is being rocked.

to allow her to accompany him on his campaign against the Apache Indians Germans Trained in Chinese. Germany is sending as interpreters in Arizona. Up to this time she had always worn the dress of her sex, but, to its Chinese possessions at Kiao-Chou graduates from the Berlin Seminary fearing that Gen. Custer would be refor Oriental Languages, who have had uctant to permit her to enlist were he aware of her sex, she, after much three years' training in the Chinese taught at Berlin. deliberation, donned the regulation eowboy attire, and was promptly ac-

Disproved. "What nonsense!" exclaimed the roud young father, as he flung the

cepted as a scout, being uniformed as a soldier, and, although it was but a short time before her identity was discovered, her ability as a rider was rec-"To what do you refer?" asked the

ognized to such an extent that Gen.
Custer, with only a slight reprimand lid not lead to a description of phe-Custer, with only a slight reprimand for the deception, permitted her to re-tain her assignment as a scout. tomenal children. "This statement that all men are porn equal. It's an utter fallacy. While the campaign was a thrilling one from start to finish, "M. Cannary," Why, my baby weighed ten pounds when it was born and Tackley's as her name appeared on the muster roll, fully bore her share of the hardweighed only seven and a half."-

ships, and met with many adventures in the sometimes dangerous missions Washington Star. And Then She Subsided. given her to be performed, but these she always succeeded in accomplish-ing in safety. Only at one time did she Wife (with a determined air)-Husband-What letter?

despair of her life, being entrapped by two Indians, but her ability as a Wife—That one you just opened. I know by the handwriting that it is. Irom a woman, and you turned pale. shot served her well, and, after wounding one of the Indians, she made

when you read it. I will see it! Give it to me, sir!

Husband—Here it is. It's your milher escape, and, upon reporting to Gen. Custer, was warmly praised. The outbreak was duly quelled, and upon returning to Fort Sanders, Wyo, in 1872, it was reported that the New Perces Indians, in the musselshell iner's bill .- Tit-Bits. Agricultural,

Perces Indians, in the musselshell rountry, were on the warpath, and an expedition under Gens. Custer, Miles. Terry and Crook was ordered there.

The happy farmer murmured: "When to politics you turn There is something which, with profit, you might come to me and learn. Remember, if you wouldn't be a lonely." Terry and Crook was ordered there. t was during this campaign that she dereifet,
That booms which sprout early run to seed
before they're picked.
-Washington Star. received her cognomen "Calamity Jane." Relating the circumstances thereof, she said: "I was serving under Capt. Egan, and while near Goose Creek (the present city of Sheridan,



had seen, through the window, Miss Foreign Lord (just refused)—You Cameron standing with clasped hands hardly make allowances for my title, dered to the Black Hills of South Da- I venture to think.

### ※ななななななななななななななななななななななななななななな THE GOLD OF SILENCE.

AND WHAT CAME OF IT. Salamananan ananan ananan anan

MORE harm has been wrought in this world by the gold of silence than by the silver of speech. Especially is this true of matters of the heart. Farland came to realize it in the end; granted an indefinite furlough, which in all probability saved her life, for the next year witnessed that fearful massacre in which Gen. Custer and his Cameron stood he was priding himself upon his abuity to hold his tongue, and, with a wretched sort of vaing lory, brave men were so wantonly butch-

Deadwood and Custer. Mont., and although the route was considered an exeremely hazardous one, her reputation as an unerring marksman was such that not once did she have an option of the country of the

Uncle Sam.

While thus engaged she was present in Deadwood at the time William

ever smiling. Few men have learned to distinguish that eternal smile.

Those who have have observed the

butcher shop, with a meat cleaver as wise changed as he told her that she must excuse him for the next dance. Her love for the army service was such, however, that she again volundary has been pleased to inform me that I

"For what portion of the globe?" She gazed over his shoulder in apparent absorption in something at the other side of the room. If Farland had been a student of the sex he would have known that this was overacting. It was one of the many of Miss Cameron's charms that she unusually fixed her entire attention upon the person

"Where are you going?" she re-"To join Blake's command. After. that, wherever the will of Heaven and the craft of the Apache may lead me."
For just one instant her expression changed. But Farland was not acute

"Upon a scout, then?" she asked.
"Upon a scout, yes. And as I have to leave before reveille, and, as it is now 11 o'clock, there is no time to be lost." Miss Cameron was smilling again. "You will not sleep much to-night. Things must be serious

"They are." he told her. "You must not let me keep you," she

allow his anger and unhappiness to appear in more than an exaggerated un-concern. He took her extended hand. "Shall you be here when I return?" he asked. His resolution was near to

he asked. His resolution was near to breaking. If her tawny eyes had grown ever so little soft, he would have flung his golden wealth of silence to the winds. But her pride was mighty, and it was aroused. "My visit comes to an end this week."

"We shall probably meet again," he "Probably. One can never be sure

that one has seen the last of anybody, in the army." And then she added: "Good-by." And Farland went out, morally and bodily, into the night. His was the code of honor-which considers not the woman-that holds that if a man may not ask a woman to marry him then and there, neither may he tell her and a fearless rider for a girl of her age.

Shortly often reaching Montane the definite character her insight was feet. A little tempest of temptation fate. A little tempest of temptation had ruffled the deep waters of his conscience for a time. But they were calm again. He remembered with resentment the haughtily poised head, and the placid smile, and the last glimpse he had caught of her through the hoproom window-a yellow-

gowned figure, swaying to the music in full enjoyment of life. Well, she would have gone back to Bayard by the time of his return, and one could never be sure one would not lorget-after years. He went into the

barracks and gave his orders. When the brass mouths of the bugles pealed their reveille welcome to the sun, as it rose above the mountains, far across the prairie, Farland and his command were trotting toward Mount Graham, and Miss Cameron, still in the vellow gown, stood at her window with her hands clasped before her, and watched the line of the receding col-

months later. The scout was over, and he was taking his command back to Fort Grant. They were to strike the

railroad at Silver City, nine miles away, upon the tollowing day. He meant to see Miss Cameron There was no longer a reason for silence. He waited with impatience while the commandant arranged for the disposition of the men. Then he walked with him across the parade The primroses of the evening were opening, a great, pale flower bursting out here and there in the grass, until, even as he went, all the ground was starred with them, and the children from the officers' line and the laundresses' row were running, laughing, and screaming, and calling out, to gather the handfuls of fragile bloom hat would be wilted before tattoo.

Upon occasions of necessity the ommandant's long, lank body could bestir itself; but there was no such occasion now, and Maj. Cameron re-sented Farland's haste. "I say, Farland," he protested, "slow up. What is your hurry? You will not

get dinner before retreat, anyway." Little the lieutenant recked of dinner. But he obliged himself to walk more reasonably. Maj. Cameron Farland tried to listen and to answer. that he was a sorry-looking sight to go a-wooing, that his face was burned, and his nose peeling, and his hair half out, and his clothes ragged and dusty. Self-consciousness was not one of his faults. The major broke off suddenly in the midst of a tirade against Indian agents, those pet aversions of the line. "I suppose you are about worn out,"

"No," said Farland; "not in the least. Why?"
"You appear not to be able to keep your mind upon anything. You have no notion of what I said last."

"You said 'Mescaleros' last." "But you have no idea whatever what I said about the Mescaleros." "I am afraid that's so," Farland ad-

Farland apoligized civilly. But he

"And over there at the corral you answered three questions that I hadn't

and head thrown back, before the open fire. It was a favorite pose with her, kota, to protect the miners and settlers in that section as the country was overrun and practically controlled by the Sioux Indians. After a

#### is Clara," he said: "I believe you know each other. I will go and get Mrs. Cameron." He went away and closed the door again.

Farland was not demonstrative. But neither was he one to delay in carryng out a resolve. He took the hand that the girl held out to him, and then went to the fireplace, and rested his arm upon the mantel and looked at her speculatively.

am going to be very rash," he said, "and very precipitate." She smiled incredulously. "How un-:ke you!" she said.

"Perhaps; but it is not unlike me to go straight to the point, I think." She vouchsafed no encouragement.



"It is not," was all she answered. She had long since determined that he was an unscrupulous flirt—worse than that, indeed, because he made more pretensions than most men. Now, when she looked into his keen gray eyes, that consoling fiction vanished. She wondered why he did not speak at once of the one thing that might rea-sonably be expected to be of interest -to herself, at least. But she folded her hands in front of her again and stood very erect.

"When I saw you last in the hop-oom at Grant," he said, "I was to all tents and purposes upon half pay. My mother was alive then, and I was apporting her."

She looked at him, puzzled. Why should he tell her this now? While there had yet been time he had been chary enough of his confidences. While there had yet been time— She looked at him as he stood there before the fire, young and strong, with his pistol belt showing beneath his faded blouse, the his way through the arguments of his kerchief knotted around his neck, the dusty boots with their spurred heels, his face so absurdly sun and wind-burned, glowing with blond redness in the firelight. While there had yet been time- She checked an inclination to throw out her arms and cry aloud. "That is why," he went on, "I did not feel justified in telling you— though you might, I should think, have seen—that I loved you."

She went up to him and put her hand upon his shoulder and tried to speak.
"Well, what?" he asked. He was sub-

mitting dully to some blow which he saw, in her hardening eyes, was going to fall. "I"-she was forcing the words from her throat with a harsh, dry sound-"I married Capt. Whitcomb three weeks ago, because—I did not know." Farland turned away and drew a hair near to the fire. was quite natural, quite free from any gesture of tragedy. He was too stunned to feel the pain at once. That would come afterward, and stay through many years. He sat down in the chair and watched the flaming mesquite root. It was a little hard for

him to draw his breath, and the pain was beginning now, too. Clare stood upon the other side of the hearth and looked dully ahead of her. Then she drew her hand slowly

across her eyes. "I must go home," she said Farland did not answer her, and she went out and closed the door —Gwendolen Overton, in San Francisco Argo

Figures and Facts.
Mrs. Baldwin (reading)—An emient scientist says that the common house fly can make 600 strokes with

its wings in a second.

Mr. Baldwin-Well, perhaps it can; but the pesky thing never does it when it has a chance to loaf around a man's bald spot and tickle him.-Chicago Evening News. Not True to Life.

A visitor to the British museum reports that he saw a countryman stand-ing before the bust of a woman in a

collection of statuary. The woman was represented in the act of coiling her hair, and, as the visitor came up, "No, sir, that ain't true to Nature. She ain't got her mouth full of hair

pins."-Tit-Bits. Suspicion.
"I really believe," said Mr. Meekton, 'that I would like to be a chef."

His wife dropped her knife and fork

nd frowned. "Leonidas," she exclaimed, severely, "I believe you have been reading some of those silly paragraphs about the way cooks browbeat the woman of the

use."-Washington Star. The Summer Idyll. She lies beside a purling brook, As fair as any fairy; Beside her lies an open book, A novel light and airy; A flower lies in her hand—a rose

BY INSTANCE.

Weary-Yessir, it's so blamed hot in Cuba, that oncet I wuz takin' a drink own dere, an', before I cud swaller, it had evaporated .- Collier's Weekly

A Comparison. A Comparison.

Man is like a watch, I've thought,
Open-faced or otherwise;
Hands e'er stretching up or down,
Late or gaining, as time files;
Loud or softly ticking on,
Little ills by experts spoken;
Never stopping till the end,
The mainsaring, Hope, is bro Till the mainspring, Hope, is broken.
-Puck.

### GLADSTONE IN PARLIAMENT.

Until the Time Came to Address the House.

Gladstone's manner in parliament is thus described by Henry W. Lucy, the stenographer who took down nearly every great speech the Grand Old Man made for the last 20 years: "The particular occasion referred to

by Mr. Lucy was in 1873, when things were going wrong. The premier came in from behind the speaker's chair with hurried pace. As usual when contemplating the delivery of an impor-tant speech, he had a flower in his button-hole, and was dressed with unusual care. Striding swiftly past his colleagues on the treasury bench, he dropped into the seat kept vacant for him. Then, turning with a sudden bound of his whole body to the right, he entered into animated conversation with a colleague, his pale face working with excitement, his eyes glisten-ing and his right hand vehemently beating the open palm of his left hand, as if he were literally pulverizing an adversary. Tossing himself back with equally rapid gesture, he lay passive for the space of 80 seconds. Then, with another swift movement of the body, he turned to the colleague on his left, dashed his hand into his side pocket as if he had suddenly become conscious of a live coal secreted there, bulled out a letter, opened it with iolent flick and earnestly discoursed

"Rising presently to answer a question put to him as first lord of the treasury, he instantly changed his whole bearing. His full, rich voice was attuned to a conversational tone. The intense, eager restlessness of manner had disappeared. He spoke with ex-ceeding deliberation, and with no other gesture than a slight outward wave of the right hand and a courteous bending of the body in recognition of his interlocutor. No matter how per-turbed his manner before rising, once on his feet before the house, and his self-command was master of his ac-tions; he became calm, dignified, state-

ly. But, warming to his work, the premier often proceeded through a series of gymnastic exercises that would have left an ordinary man of half his years pale and breathless. Sometimes with both hands raised rigid above his head; often with left lbow leaning on the table, and right hand, with closed fist, shaken at the head of some inoffensive country gentleman on the back benches opposite; anon standing half a step from the table, with the left hand hanging at his side and the right uplifted so that he might with thumbnail lightly touch the shining top of his head, he trampled adversary as an elephant in an hour of aggravation rages through jungle."—Chicago Chronicle.

#### GAINS OF STREET PLAYERS. Lots of Copper and Silver Coins Are Italian Musicians.

When an Italian "goes broke," which isn't very often, by the way, he does not run to the selectmen with a long tale of poverty and woe; neither does he land at the poorhouse and settle down for the rest of his days. Not at all. The unfortunate son of the land of sunny skies, penniless though he may be, always has three good standbys which will put him on his feet and turn the tide his way—bananas, pea-

owned by an Italian saloonkeeper on Union street and the others by the individuals who operate them. The first mentioned rents pianos to his country-men, who call for them every morning and return them at night. The men who drag the piano about the streets all day divide their receipts with the owner every evening on returning. When the money taken in during the day is less than five dollars the trip is onsidered poor. On the other hand, receipts average about six or seven dollars per day, and sometimes go as high as nine or ten dollars. Routes where this harvest is gathered are carefully watched and cultivated and kept as se-

eret as possible from competitors in the One of these pianos costs \$250 in New York, and they are made most sub-stantially in order to stand the wear and tear of street service. The owners each year contract for a new "barrel" of tunes, ten in number, which is supplied by the dealer at a cost of \$55. So, ollowing the original investment, this

is the only yearly expense.

A bright Italian maid on Fair street told a Register reporter that she and her father "went out" occasionally, and always played to good houses, so to speak. The last trip they took was up he Housatonic valley, starting from Bridgeport and going as far as Pitts-Albany and Troy, followed the Hud-son down to the metropolis, and rerned home. She smiled when asked about the daily receipts, and was rathmmunicative, but finally admitted that she often gathered ten dollars in her tambourine in one day, and ities, she says, always pay best, and summer resorts, where rich people spend their vacations, are cherished easure spots .- New Haven (Conn.) Register.

"Were there any marks about him by which you would know him again?" asked the policeman, who had arrived at the scene too late to be of any serv-

"Yes, sir," said the indignant young woman, whose pocketbook had been wrenched out of her hand by the dar-ing scoundrel. "I left two long finger nail marks on his face. I'd know him all right enough."-Chicago Tribune. Now must we sigh when daylight goes,
Now must we grieve when droops the rose;
Too near the hour—ah, sorrow's dole!
When we must muse on high-priced coal.
—Chicago Record.

NO COPY AFTER ALL.



(1) Explorer-Hullo, Pompey, fountains in the desert? There's something for my new book on Africa; looks like

### HATS SHOULD BE WORN.

Traveler in Chicago Decia Against Their Removal in Any Public Elevator.

dummy as to take your hat off again, just because a woman comes into an elevator."

The traveler had gathered in his companion by the two lapels of his coat and was laying down the law to him in dead earnest. They had just emerged from one of the Stock Exchange elevators, out of which had stepped behind them one woman wearing a standard gauge hat and a dozen men with their narrower headgear in

"Why, I thought it was the proper thing, Jack, to hold your hat in your

hand when the gentler sex came into the elevator with you."
"Not at all—an old-fashioned fad gone into the lumber room. Might just as well take your hat off in street cars or a railroad car. The rule is, no hats off on any movable platform or part thereof not especially re-served for the entertainment of wom-

"Well, I'll be smashed; that's a new

"Well, I'll be smasned; that's a new one on me, Jack."

"Lots of good things are unknown and new to you and to many others. It makes me fairly sizzle, though I sup-pose every fellow has the right to do as he pleases with his chapeau, to see so many men who don't know the difference between a dessert knife and a tuning fork grab their hats off their heads the moment a woman steps into an elevator. Watch sharp and you will always observe those fellows eying each other as if in distrust or seeking each other as if in distrust or seeking approbation. It's all wrong; infernal nonsense, downright toadyism to the sex, and expected by no woman of common sense, much less by one accustomed to the ways of the proper

"This is all news to me, Jack. I'll have to key the boys up to it, for most of them would take their hats off if

"The more to their credit, for there "The more to their credit, for there a woman might be in distress. It simply amounts to this: An elevator in a hotel or public structure is for the public convenience, like a stairway or a street car or any other old thing of that sort. It is not a closed room. It is a morable platform. Now it is not is a movable platform. Now, it is not an invention of public convenience to be required to uncover your bald head to a draft in an elevator because a woman enters. What difference if an elevator has a pagoda top? It is in-convenient, just the same. Imagine a lawyer with both arms full of volumes lawyer with both arms full of volumes of authorities, a physician with his surgical case and therapeutic para-phernalia filling both hands, a trav-eler clutching two bags—what kind of nonsensical managements. eler clutching two bags nonsensical manners is it that requires them to drop their burdens as soon as them to drop their burdens as soo behatted femininity comes into behatted femininity comes into an elevator, and devote their hands and thoughts to keep their heads bare till either they or the woman gets out. Nothing in it. Never take your hat off that way again, or I'll read you a lecture on the monkeyisms of manners."—Chicago Chronicle.

## CHALLENGED THE PROFESSOR. Examinations Desires to Fight with His Teacher.

A new terror would be added to the turn the tide his way—bananas, peanuts and pianos.

There are six street pianos in daily use in New Haven. Four of these are limited in New Haven. Four of these are larger than the tide his way—bananas, peanuts and pianos.

A new terror would be added to the people followed the example of a student named Hars von Flemming, who has just appeared before the Berlin, courts to answer to a charge of chal

Berlin university to a duel.

Herr von Flemming recently appeared for examination before the law peared for examination before the law facul'y in Berlin. At the oral examination he failed to satisfy the examiners and was told he had failed. On hearing this he laughed derisively, gathered together his papers, and, without saluting his professors, walked out of the hall, noisily banging

The following day he called on Dr. Coing, the president of the senate, and asked his permission to address a petition to the minister of justice to get his examination reheard. This Dr. Coing, in view of his rude behavior at the examination, refused to accord. Herr von Flemming denied that he had behaved rudely, to which Dr. Coing replied: "You can deny it as much as you like, but I tell you no well-bred man would have behaved as you did. This reply the student regarded as an insult, and sent his cousin, an offi-

cer, to demand its withdrawal. On this being refused he challenged Dr. Coing to mortal combat. The latter, who saw that if he fought duels with every student who failed in his ex-amination he would have his hands full, promptly refused and informed the police.

As a result Herr Hans von Flemming will have four months of seclusion in

a German fortress in which to medi-tate over the inefficiency of dueling as

means of acquiring a legal degree.— Berliner Tageblatt. Royal Colors.

The sultan of Turkey is always seen attired in pale brown garments; the emperor of Austria affects gray. The German emperor has what may be called a loud taste in clothes, and is never so happy as when wearing the showiest of uniforms or hunting cosumes. The czar of Russia, on other hand, likes the simplest, darkest orm of undress uniform.-Cincinnati

Correct Again. Teacher-What were those great litches around the castles called?

Pupil—Moats.
"Correct; and why were they dug?"
"Ter keep out bill collectors."—Up The Extreme Penalty. Lord Russell, of Killowen, years be-ore he took sick, was sitting in court, when another barrister, leaning across the benches during the hearing of a trial for bigamy, whispered, "Russell,

what's the extreme penalty for big-"Two mothers-in-law," replied Rusell, without hesitation.—Tit-Bits.

Cooling Him Off. He—I shall speak to your father to-light. How had I better begin? She—By calling his attention to the statutes governing assault, mayhem, manslaughter and murder in the first degree. Papa is so impulsive, you know .- Judge.

A Perfect Cure.
"I've cured my husband's insomnia."
"How did you do it?" "Pretended I was sick, and the doctor left medicine which Henry was to give me every half hour all nightlong."
—Chicago Record.

Some Logic in It. Edith—It requires lots of courage for Laura to go away as an army

May-Oh, I don't know. There are Trafalgar square!—(2) The fountain few men to be found anywhere else.—Ally Sloper.

Philadelphia North American.