State Library July 98

THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL. xxxv BUTLER, PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1898 No. 38

Fall Footwear

The time of the year is coming when good substantial footwear is very much needed.

Bickel's LARGE FALL STOCK IS ALL IN Heavy plain and Box Toe Boots and Shoes—Ladies' solid water-proof, Kangaroo Calf Lace and Button Shoes for every day wear, and a very large stock of School Shoes which we are offering special inducements in this line.

Rubber Boots and Shoes of all kinds Also large stock of Felt Boots and Shoes of all kinds at rock bottom prices.

Owing to the large order which we placed with the manufacturers we are prepared to sell good water-proof footwear at **away down prices.**

CALL AND SEE US.

$10 BICKEL'S CORN $10

Our premium Field Seed Corn to which we will give ($10 00) ten dollars worth of footwear free to the party bring the best selection.
The corn to be brought in any time from now to October 5th.
No corn will be received after October 5th.
A selection of twelve ears will be sufficient to judge from.
The corn will be judged by three uninterested farmers October 19th, and announcements will then be made in the county papers stating who brought the best selection of corn.

Bring in your corn and remember us when you want winter footwear and we will save you money.

JOHN BICKEL.

BUTLER, PA.

HUSELTON'S FIRST GREAT DISPLAY IN

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 lowest 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, copper-tipped 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 and 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.

We want all parents in Butler county to see our Children's School Shoes. They are not equalled in point of style, durability or price in Butler. Have them in kip, oil grain, kangaroo and crack-proof calf, longola and box-calf; handsome styles, fashioned on the newest models. They will please you.
We are leaders in Rubber and Felt Goods of all kinds. Our goods are all fresh, made to our order; no old job lots to run off; prices same that others ask for job lots. See us before you buy.

B. C. HUSELTON,

Butler's Leading Shoe House. Opposite Hotel Low

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

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.

Biliousness

Is caused by torpid liver, which prevents digestion and permits food to ferment and putrify in the stomach. Then follow dizziness, headache,

Hood's Pills

insomina, nervousness, and if not relieved, bilious fever or blood poisoning. Hood's Pills stimulate the stomach, rouse the liver, cure headache, dizziness, constipation, etc. 25 cents. Sold by all druggists. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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"

+++++

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.

+++++

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.

Pearson B. Nace's

Livery Feed and Sale Stable

Rear of

Wick House, Butler, Penn'a.

The best of horses and first class rigs always on hand and for hire.
Best accommodations in town for permanent boarding and transient trade. Special care guaranteed.

Stable Room For 65 Horses.

A good class of horses, both drivers and draft horses always on hand and for sale under a full guarantee; and horses bought upon proper notification by

PEARSON B, NACE,

Telephone, No. 219.

THE WAY TO RUN A FARM.

(An Old Farmer's Talk to His Boys.)

When I was young at farming,
I'd watch the turnip-tops,
And quickly go to wishing
For good, big, rousing crops.
I wished for mammoth pumpkins
All others to outweigh;
In short, I took to nothing
But wishing all the day.

A solace sweet and soothing
In every wish would lurk,
Till dreaming speculation
Seemed surer than hard work.
I wished my cellar full of
Potatoes with a will;
I wished the granary groaning
With corn to go to mill.

While other farmers wished for
A good supply of rain,
I thought it as sound logic
To wish for fruit and grain,
And so I went on wishing,
Contented with my lot,
In autumn no potatoes
Were boiling in my pot.

I tell you I discovered
That wishing only breeds
Keen disappointment; wishing
Won't pull up choking weeds;
It won't hoe corn in summer,
Or husk it in the fall;
I tell you, boys, that wishing
Won't run a farm at all.

That winter my potatoes
I had to go and buy
Right from my smiling neighbors,
Who had a good supply.
They'd slyly nudge their elbows,
And taught me with a laugh,
That labor's wheat that's golden,
And speculation chaff.

I learned this goodly lesson—
And in my heart it teems—
One day of honest labor
Is worth ten years of dreams.
And now in idly wishing,
My duty never I shirk;
But just roll up my shirt-sleeves,
And like a beaver work.

—R. K. Munkittrick, in Golden Days.

A LESSON IN SWIMMING.

How the Bronze-Faced Young Man Was Fooled by a Mite of a Girl.

"YES," said the young man with the reconcentrado-bronzed face and hands—he returned, a couple of days ago, from a two week's cruise down the river—"that girl surely did put it on me pretty hard, and if she didn't make me feel like 30 dark, mauve, alloyed cents of the realm, I never was made to feel that way.

"I met her at one of the family beaches on brackish water, 'way down the river. The morning I hauled my sloop alongside the pier I met a Washington chap I knew, and he took me walking down the row of cottages. The girl was sitting alone on the cottage pavilion belonging to her people's summer shack, overlooking the river. The Washington chap introduced me to her. I didn't see 'em exchange any winks, but I'm going to bruise him up some, anyhow, the first time I meet him, on general principles. The girl was about 19, and just about as demure a one as you ever saw. We worked off the usual line of talk, and then, as the

GOT HER TOGS ON.

tide was high, and it was about the bathing hour, I suggested a swim.

"'Can you swim?' I asked her.

"'Oh, a very, very little,' she replied, shyly.

"'Oh, that's all right,' said I—and I guess she must have thought I was nothing but a half-grown, clumsy Newfoundland, at that—'I'll teach you. I'm pretty nearly the real thing when it comes to swimming, if I do say so myself, as I shouldn't. Come on in, and I'll give you a lesson or so.'

"Well, she went into her people's cottage and got her bathing togs on, and I got a suit and showed up at the private pier by the time she was ready. A lot of the other cottagers, including the girl's parents and younger sisters, were already in by this time. The girl was gotten up pretty nattily, and her bathing rig looked so natural on her that I thought it was a pity she couldn't swim. But she tripped over to the edge of the water, stepped into about three inches of it, and then sat down just like the ordinary run of women who are afraid of getting their hair wet, and who think they're booked to drown if they get into the water up to their knees.

"I plowed into the water with the idea of showing what a torrid tamale I was when it came to the wave-disporting business, and I swam out a couple o' blocks or so. Then I returned on my back.

"'My!' said the girl, 'how beautifully you do swim!'

"'Oh, it's dead easy,' said I, 'when you get the nack of it. Just requires a little confidence, that's all. You can't possibly go down in the water, you know. All you've got to do, for instance, to float, is to lie perfectly still on the water's surface, and you can't go to the bottom to save your soul. Confidence—that's the whole thing. Same as riding a bike. Anybody can ride a bike that's got the necessary confidence. In swimming, just like riding a wheel, you've got to keep moving. Just like this—'

"And I plunged in and struck out with an overhand stroke, throwing a whole lot o' grace into my movements, and just patting the surface of the water with my open palms as they came down, to show how perfectly at home I was. Then I swam back to where the girl was sitting.

"'Why, how perfectly lovely!' said she. 'And how easy it looks, too!'

"'Easy as rolling off a log,' said I. 'Come on in and try it.'

"Well, say, when that tall, lithe girl stood up, and gave her bathing togs a few little hitches, and threw her long hair back from her face, I might have known what was coming from the practised way she moved. But I didn't.

"'Come on,' said I, backing into the water. 'See if you can't swim out to me. I won't let your head get under water. I'll see that you—'

"That was as far as I got. She suddenly raised her arms over her head until her palms met, and then she dived head first toward where I stood. Say, before I had time to muster any kind of a line of thinks, I heard a chuckle from all the other bathers, and I looked around. That girl had just come up about 50 feet behind me, and she was striking out, with her right arm fully extended beneath the water, and the left arm gracefully propelling her about seven feet with every move she made with it. She cut the water like a dolphin. She looked back at me with a merry—oh, a merry, merry laugh—a merry ha, ha, for a fact. All the rest of the bathers echoed the ha, ha. Talk about a jay feeling small! That girl kept right on. She switched to a double overhand stroke, and swam that way for 100 yards or so, and then she went ahead dog-fashion, making steam-launch time right along. Did I say 30c? Well, all I could do was to stand there in waist-high water and look at her. After she had gone about a quarter of a mile, she turned around, and, say, swimming on her back, and just kicking the water away from her, without using her arms at all, I'll bet a watermelon that she was back to the beach in less than three minutes. She looked at me beamingly out of the tail of her eye.

"'Why, isn't it nice!' she said. 'And it seems so simple, too!'

"Then she ran to the end of the pier and turned a double sommersault into the water, cutting it as clean as a knife.

"'The little water witch is enjoying herself this morning, isn't she?' I heard some people on the pavilion say.

"Well, then, I came away, and I sailed my sloop to a beach about 28 miles further down. I haven't volunteered to teach any demure-looking girls how to swim since, you hear me!'"—Washington Star.

OUGHT TO LIVE A CENTURY.

If It Were Not for the Habit of Worrying Life and Happiness Would Be Longer.

Almost all persons die of disappointment, personal, mental, or bodily toil or accident. The passions kill men sometimes even suddenly. The common expression "choked with rage" has little exaggeration in it, for even though not always suddenly fatal strong passions shorten life, says the Boston Herald.

Strong-bodied men often die young, and weak men usually live longer than the strong, for the strong use their strength and the weak have hardly any to use—the latter take care of themselves, the former do not.

As it is with the body, so it is with the mind and the temper—the strong are apt to break, or, like the candle, run; the weak burn out.

Man, of all animals, is one that seldom comes up to the average. He ought to live 100 years, according to the physiological law, but instead of that he scarcely reaches an average of four times the growing period. The reason is obvious—man is not only the most irregular and most intemperate, but the most laborious and hardworking of all animals.

He is almost the most irritable, and there is reason to believe, though we cannot tell what an animal secretly feels, that more than any other animal, man cherishes wrath to keep it warm, and consumes himself with the fire of his own reflections.

The Busy Guillotine.

In the classic argot of Paris the guillotine is called "la veuve" (the widow), and to be guillotined is "espouser la veuve" (to marry the widow). These marriages of late have been very frequent and old M. Deibler, better known as M. de Paris, the public executioner of France, has been kept very busy. In the last three weeks of June he executed three criminals, thus bringing his record up to 522, which probably no man this side of medieval times has ever equaled. The first of the trio was Georges Soulat, who in November last assassinated an old man named Rousseau. The execution took place in Angouleme. A few days later M. Deibler guillotined Carrara in Paris, and then started for Vesoul, where he executed Justin Priolet. Priolet murdered an old woman at Volay, in the Upper Saone, cut up the body, put part of it in a bed, and set fire to the house. Statistics show that these revolting murders, most of which are premeditated, are steadily increasing in France. This month M. de Paris will perform four executions, and if the last half of the year shall prove as fruitful as the first half, there will have been performed more executions than in any year since 1871. Then, however, most of the executions that followed the fall of the commune were military, performed by a file of soldiers. As far as the guillotine itself is concerned its harvest of death in 1898 bids fair to exceed that of any year since the French revolution.—N. Y. Times.

A Reflection.

"There is one crop that never fails
In this world of ours," said Bumpus;
"From the seeds of discontent
We can always raise a rumpus."
—N. Y. Evening Journal.

Would Be Inconvenient.

Raynor—Old fellow, I wish my memory was as good as yours.

Shyne—It wouldn't do at all, old man. If it were as good as mine you would remember distinctly that you borrowed a dollar and a half from me six months ago, and that you haven't paid it yet.—Chicago Tribune.

Much Against Him.

"Everything seems to be against me," he said.

No doubt he exaggerated, but there was certainly a good deal against him, for the girl who sat by his side and pillowed her head on his manly breast weighed not less than 250 pounds.—Chicago Post.

The Natural Increase.

Waggles—He expects business to pick up as soon as the war is over.

Jaggles—What business is he in?

Waggles—Manufacturing bicycles for one-legged men.—Judge.

Highly Accomplished.

"Does your husband speak more than one language, Mrs. Parvenue?"

"O, yes, he talks war, horse, baseball and bicycle, one just as well as the other."—Detroit Free Press.

Cleaned Out.

Jones—For awhile Jones was clean out of his mind about that girl.

Smith—And now?

Jones—Oh, now, the girl is clean out of his mind.—Up to Date.

End of a Romance.

"I wish I had never met her."

"Why?"

"I asked her to write to me, and here's a letter of 40 pages."—Chicago Record.

How He Suffered.

Wanterno—Did you suffer much in the war?

Knapsack—Yes. Principally with shooting pains.—N. Y. Evening Journal.

His Poor Memory.

Absent Minded Professor (in the bathtub)—Well, well, now I have forgotten what I got in here for.—Fliegende Blaetter.

Not Often Encountered.

"What is an anomaly?"

"A bald-headed man who thinks fly-paper is cruel."—Chicago Record.

Hawaii's Annexation

ALTERED THEIR LOVE STORY.

"LAURA, Hawaii is annexed!" exclaimed Tom Worthington, as he walked briskly into Laura Glenn's door yard.

It was a fair, brown-haired girl who sat on the low bench under the old tree. Tom had looked at her with a thrill of exultation as he came up the path. She had not heard him, and her brown head was bent over a book. She looked up with a smile as he sprang across the grass, and approached the bench.

"Hawaii?" she queried, doubtfully, smiling because he was smiling.

"Yes, don't you know that Uncle John had a coffee plantation near Honolulu?"

"No," said Laura.

"Of course, I remember now that I did not tell you about it, because I had very little idea that it would mean anything to us. You see, mother's brother, my Uncle John, went out to Honolulu over 20 years ago. He did not stay long, but while he was there he befriended some rich native. We never did understand just how it was, but when the man died he left a will by which Uncle John was to inherit a certain tract of land in the Unuanu valley provided there were no direct heirs. Of course, we did not think anything of it, because Uncle John used to laugh about his Hawaiian estate, and say that there was no danger but that there would be plenty of heirs to keep him out of it.

"However, the interesting part is this, and that is why I am so happy, dear. The land is ours now. Since the United States have annexed the islands the property increases in value and all question about the validity of the title will be settled satisfactorily.

"Do you know what that means, little girl?" and Tom leaned tenderly toward Laura, who sat looking at him with wide-open, surprised eyes.

There was a quick gleam in her eyes as she looked into his. Then her head drooped, and a vivid blush mounted to her cheeks.

"Yes, dear," exclaimed Tom, pressing her hand. "It means that you and I can marry very soon. We will not have to work and wait, as we thought. The path is plain before us. Won't you tell me that you are glad?" and he drew her within the circle of his arm.

"It seems too good to be true," sighed the happy girl.

Tom was too happy to remain silent. He was excited and exultant. How much this news from the capital meant to him and to Laura could not be estimated at once.

"Tell me about it," whispered Laura.

"You see, we knew several months ago that the last of the Hawaiian heirs was gone. That is, that he is as good as dead. Just think, Laura, he had leprosy, and was sent to the leper colony. You see, the estate should have been ours then, but the native agents out there kept the facts away from us. The agitation about the annexation, however, brought all these things to light. The will of Uncle John's friend was plain. If his heirs were not able to inherit it it was to go to Uncle John and his heirs. Mother and I are the heirs, you know. So we come in for a good income, they tell me."

"And we get this blessing because of the curse of leprosy upon those poor people out there?" said Laura, in a tender voice.

"Yes, dear," said Tom, sobered suddenly. He looked up into the swaying branches above him; he saw the July flowers nodding in the breeze, and then he looked at Laura, fair queen of his heart. His happiness had been purchased at a dear price, indeed. Hideous leprosy had robbed another man of all that was dear to him—home and wife and friends and the enjoyment of the commonest things of life.

"It seems that the old native who was Uncle John's friend had a horror of leprosy," said Tom, in explanation of the singular will. "In fact, he had it himself when Uncle John was there, but he kept it a secret. There was a curse upon his family, he often said He hoped much, however, of this youngest son—the one who has just been taken into the leper colony."

Tom was silent for a few moments and then went on.

"The old fellow explained to Uncle John that if the leprosy carried off his entire family, the property would go to some collateral relatives. It was to prevent their obtaining possession that he made the will. He hated them. Their grandmother had cursed his father, and his father's children. You know how queer and superstitious those people are. Leprosy has taken the entire family of these cousins, too, so that there is no one but that one leper to inherit the property. Now that the United States government is taking hold, the title will be cleared up; we will prove our claim, and the income will be paid to us."

"But the poor leper," exclaimed Laura. "Surely he has a right to the land. Just think how miserable he must be."

"Well, it is pretty hard," admitted Tom. "You see, he is as good as dead now. In the eyes of the Hawaiians themselves he is dead. No one who goes to the leper colony ever comes back. He will be fed and clothed and that is all the poor wretch can want."

"How old is he?" asked Laura suddenly.

"Let me see," and Tom drew out some papers and turned them over. "Puoa Hunau must be about 24 now."

"Three years younger than you are," said the pitying Laura. Then, turning to her lover she exclaimed: "Tom, he ought to have some of that money. We have no right to it. That is, of course, you and your mother may do as you think best about it, but I can't take any of it. What have I ever done that I should enjoy the result of that poor fellow's misery?"

"What a conscientious little thing it is," said Tom, caressing her brown hair. "But don't you see, Laura," he continued argumentatively, "the property is ours. It does not belong to anyone else. The law gives it to us."

"Yes," replied Laura, still doubtful, "but you said that the annexation altered the state of affairs."

"So it does. There will be no difficulty, now, about establishing our title, and when that is done—O, Laura, you and I can be happy together."

"No, Tom, not at the price of another's unhappiness," said Laura very firmly. "We have no right to that property away out there in the Pacific; it belongs to the islanders. We would be usurpers. I cannot do it, Tom. You mustn't ask me."

"Trust a woman to have all the scruples in the world!" exclaimed Tom in disgust. "Can't you be reasonable for one minute, Laura? The property is there. It must be used by somebody. If it does not belong to us it will be confiscated by some one with no right to it, while we have a right there. Haven't I been explaining and explaining that the old native wanted Uncle John to have it in case his own heirs had leprosy? I can't make it plainer. I wish you would be reasonable."

"I can't be reasonable enough to do what I think is wrong," said Laura with great firmness and dignity. "I do not say anything about your taking the property. I do say, however, that I will have nothing to do with it."

"Well, Laura, that means that you will have nothing to do with me," said Tom, in a voice as hard as her own. He could be quite as dignified as she.

"That is what it means," assented Laura, coldly.

"Oh, very well!" said Tom. Rising, he strode toward the gate. He turned as he opened the gate, lifted his hat, and said:

"Good morning, Miss Glenn."

The annexation of Hawaii had precipitated a lover's quarrel! Tom walked down the street, viciously biting his mustache and swearing under his breath. He anathematized women's consciences, scruples and unreasonableness.

When he went home that evening he told his mother that Laura thought the poor leper ought to have the money. He would not tell her that they had quarreled, but he allowed himself to show his impatience with his sweetheart's scruples.

"Laura is right," said his mother. "A part of the money, at least, ought

THAT IS WHAT IT MEANS.

to be spent in providing comforts for that poor fellow. I am glad the woman who will be my son's wife has shown the right spirit."

Tom was silent. He had not thought much about Puoa Hunau before. The fact that his financial difficulties were to be removed from his path was all that had interested him. Now he saw the bitterness of the poor native's lot. To face a slow death on the hateful leper island was a hard fate indeed. But what could he do?

Suddenly he sprang to his feet. See Laura he must.

"Mother," he exclaimed, I am going to ask Laura to marry me right away. Then we can go out to Honolulu right away, look after the plantation and see what can be done for poor Puoa."

Catching up his hat, he almost ran from the house in his eagerness. Fifteen minutes later he was standing at the Glenn front door, asking breathlessly for Laura.

"Laura is upstairs with a headache," said the small brother who had opened the door.

Tom drew a card from his pocket and wrote: "Won't you see me for a few minutes, dear? I want you to tell me how to help Puoa."

When Laura came down, and she made haste to obey her lover's summons, she found Tom sitting on the bench under the old tree which had so often shaded them. It was here that they had quarreled that morning. As Laura approached, her white dress gleaming in the moonlight, Tom went to meet her. Taking her into his arms impulsively, he said:

"Laura, you are the best woman in the world. I am not half good enough for you."

"Why, Tom!" said Laura, in surprise.

Tom's only reply was a kiss. Releasing her, and holding her away from him so that he could see her face, he asked, anxiously:

"Won't you go out to Honolulu with me and help me to do what is right for that poor leper? We will divide with him."

Laura's face brightened, but she was too astonished to speak.

"We must go at once," said this imperious lover. Then he spoke timidly. "You will marry me next week, won't you, Laura? We can sail from San Francisco on the next boat."

He waited for the answer.

"Oh, Tom!" said Laura, at last, and there was consent in her voice.—M. L. D., in St. Louis Republic.

Concrete Meanness.

Mr. Spinkum—Ah, this reminds me of the pie my dear mother used to make.

Mr. Spinkum—Oh, Alfred, you don't know how glad I am to hear you say that!

Mr. Spinkum—It's so different, you know, dear.—Chicago Daily News.

Wealth on Its Travels.

Miss Ollabrod—There's a clever sculptress down this way. You ought to see what she can make out of butter.

Miss Ritchley-Greest—She's a good one if she can make as much out of it as my pa makes out of oleomargarine.—Chicago Tribune.

At a Venture.

Teacher—Can you tell me, Robert, what it was Commodore Perry said after he had defeated the British on Lake Erie?

Robert (errand boy at Lacy & Ribbon's)—Yes, m'm; he said: "Is there anything else to-day?"—Puck.

Social Barriers.

Caller—Is Mrs. Smith in?

Servant—I don't know.

Caller—Can you ascertain for me?

Servant—No; that is the housemaid's work, and she's out.—Detroit Journal.

In Chickamauga.

Private Jones—I wish they wouldn't give us quite so much pork.

Private Brown—Yes; I'm beginning to hate the Yankee pigs as much as the Spaniards do.—Puck.

Wonderful.

Hoon—Easyton is very courteous to his wife, isn't he?

Mrs. Hoon—Oh, yes; he treats her almost as politely as if she were a total stranger.—N. Y. World.

Trying the Impossible.

"You made a terrible noise last night. What were you doing—shutting up your store?"

"No; trying to shut up my wife."—Yonkers Statesman.

Her Retort.

Ethel—Just look at that beautiful engagement ring Tom gave me; but it's a little small.

Maud—Very pretty, but it was too large for me.—N. Y. Herald.

A Suspicion.

"Oh, I don't think!" so knowingly
Exclaims the modern youth.
Some times it's slang and then again
It's the straightforward truth.
—Washington Star.

WAR HADN'T TOUCHED THEM.

Backwoods People in Pennsylvania Who Had Their Doubts That War Existed.

A traveling man who visits many of the out-of-the-way mountainous districts of east Pennsylvania says:

"I was surprised to meet so many people who are absolutely indifferent about the war. They know very little, if anything, about the trouble with Spain. Some doubt whether there is really a war at all. I spoke to a farmer who has a good estate under high cultivation. He had just finished putting away about thirty tons of good hay. Said he: 'I stopped reading war news some time ago. I made up my mind there was no war. I read one thing one day which was contradicted the next, so I stopped reading any paper and have been making hay ever since. No, I am not a bit interested. I know of no one who has enlisted from our section, and if the United States is fighting Spain for Cuba I know nothing of it. I'll wait awhile and see.'

"I told the old man all the latest news from Santiago de Cuba, but he simply replied: 'Well, the next feller that gets along this way may tell me something entirely different.'

"At another place I asked whether anyone from their region had enlisted. The reply was: 'Bless you, no. A few of the young fellows went to town to enlist. But they had to wait so long and almost beg to be taken that they came home saying they'd be hanged if they'd be 'listed like that. So they didn't go. Maybe nobody went. People take very little interest in the war. They did at first, but not now. It's too far away. We have to wait too long and then we ain't sure.'

"At another crossroad, where several farmers were talking about a new harvester, I asked whether they had heard anything new from the seat of war. They looked in doubt and answered they had not. One of them asked, 'What war?' Finally the oldest of the trio said: 'We can't talk much about war with strangers. Them names down in Cuba are stickers. The other day I talked to an agent about Commodore Shelly and he told me it was Sly, not Shelly, and he showed me the name was spelled Schley. We can't remember them Cuban names at all, and them Spanish ships that Dewey sunk, and that Cervera has, and that Camara took to Suez; they are botherations. No, no one 'listed from this district.'

"At a carpet weaver's humble dwelling on the outskirts of a mountain village, the housewife at the fence hailed me, asking, 'Say, is it true that there's war?' I said yes. 'Look,' she answered. 'Henry Boyer's boy was along here yesterday and he allowed he had heard that the war had broke out again.' I explained to the woman what this war was, when she answered: 'We are getting a paper, but, indeed, we have been so very busy the past few months that we haven't had time to take the wrappers off yet. Flour has gone up some, but they say wheat has gone down. Flour is always last to fall when anything goes on. My father sold his mules at a good price. They said the war caused mules to go up.'

"Another old mountainside farmer said: 'I don't believe there's a war and will not believe it until I see a uniform. I remember when the war of '61 was first reported. I would not believe it. At last I saw Jimmy Becker, who used to go on sprees very much, coming down the road in a blue uniform. He was rolling drunk, and said he had 'listed. Well, he went off, and stayed off, and then I began to realize there was a war. I have not seen any uniforms for the Spanish war. Yes, I read the papers, but I would like to see for myself whether the army is called out. None of our neighbor boys have 'listed yet. There is no draft, and no demand for soldiers about here.'

"In the days of '61 newspapers were publicly read at the blacksmith shops, shoemaker shops, country stores, etc., before a whole crowd, and people in the back country districts were excited. It is not the case now. It may become more exciting as time passes, but there is very little said about it thus far among the back country farmers. Not that they are not shrewd and intelligent and of good common sense. Only the first ripples of the war wave had hardly awakened them to the full realization that the United States was really at war with Spain."—N. Y. Sun.

The Exploit of a "Lady."

A special request has been sent to the ladies who reside in the naval academy to forego visiting the lower part of the academy grounds, where the prisoners are located. In spite of this, several of the ladies walk in the neighborhood of the Spanish quarters. One, a little less timid than others, engaged in conversation with Eulate, much to the discomfiture of the latter, who appeared restless and uneasy at the lady's presence. She, not in the least daunted, approached Eulate near enough to cut a button from his coat. Eulate became indignant, but with the taunt that "you got your deserts" the lady walked on, triumphantly bearing her souvenir button.—Baltimore Herald.

Touching Devotion.

"Well, what is it to-day, Eph?" said the proprietor to the 75-year-old pensioner about the place who has a consoling idea that he is general superintendent and yet finds it impossible to resist the attractions of any street parade that may be coming off. "Got to attend a funeral?"

"No, sah," said Eph, who had been excused to pay the last tribute to several hundred imaginary relations, "but my grandmammy was tooken berry bad dis mornin'."—Detroit Free Press.

He Was Too Medieval.

"The more I think," observed the studious grandee, "about our great national hero, Don Quixote, the less do I regard him as a true type of Spanish chivalry."

"Your words are almost heresy," replied another grandee. "But why do you think thus?"

"Well, for instance, he was defeated in his gallant attack on the windmill, and yet, though the windmill was unable to write or give its own version of the affair, we have no record that the immortal Quixote ever celebrated the victory."—N. Y. World.

A Discrepancy.

"Wot's fame anyhow!" exclaimed Plodding Pete, contemptuously, as he threw aside the paper. "Dis is de tenth picture I've seen of dat man. An' no two of 'em looked alike."

"Well," replied Meandering Mike, "we gotter grin and bear it. We can't help it."

"No. But I can't help raisin' me voice in protest when dey don't take half de trouble about a man's picture when he gits to be a hero as dey do when he's took fur de rogues' gallery."—Washington Star.

THE NAVY'S PIRATE SHIPS.

Narrow Escapes of the Crews of the St. Louis, the Harvard and the Yale.

The officers and enlisted men who compose the crews of the American line ships converted into auxiliary cruisers know the full value of the old saw: "All's well that ends well." To-day they are duly commissioned officers and enlisted men in the United States volunteer navy, covered with glory and enriched with prize money, but they think with shudders of the fate which might have been theirs. Without their knowledge they took risks far greater than ordinary sea soldiers when the ships of the American line passed into the hands of the United States government; and if the stories which have been told are true they might have suffered the fate of pirates had they been captured by any ship of the late Spanish navy.

When the St. Paul went into commission Capt. Sigsbee was placed in command, and the crew of the ship, or as many of them as wished to enter the United States service, were sworn in and became members of the volunteer navy. The process of enlistment and the formalities connected with the transfer from the merchant to the regular service was slow and took several weeks to accomplish.

The need for ships became pressing, and when the St. Louis, the Paris and the New York were placed in commission formalities were dispensed with. The crews were retained, and an officer of the navy was placed in charge of each vessel. Neither the officers nor the men seemed to think that there was anything wrong or irregular about the proceeding until one of the American line vessels captured a prize, and then the question came up: "What would have been the consequence if the Spaniards had captured us?"

Then it occurred to some of the men that they were not regularly enlisted, and that if they fell into the hands of the enemy, especially an enemy like Spain, they might be treated as pirates. The fear was not groundless, according to the opinion of officers who gave the matter attention, and for that reason the refusal of some of the men to remain in the service under the conditions was not charged against them.

"There was an officer on board of each ship," said a naval officer, "whose position was similar to that of an admiral on board a flagship. The various captains sailed the ships, but under the directions of the naval officers, who were also empowered to act as the representatives of the government under certain circumstances, and, like the commanders of other United States vessels, had to be familiar with international law. Even these regularly commissioned officers took extra risk by commanding the irregular crews, because in case of capture they might have been looked upon as the leaders of pirate crews, despite the fact that they held commissions in the United States navy.

"It is all over now; there is no Spanish navy to fear, and we may confess that there was some irregularity in the start."

The pirate point was wiped out in June, when all the men on board the St. Louis and the Yale and the Harvard—formerly the Paris and the New York—were mustered into the service and the officers were commissioned in regular form; but there seems to be no doubt that early in the war those vessels were dangerously near the pirate class, and their men would have fared badly at the hands of Spanish captors—if there had been a Spanish captor.—N. Y. Tribune.

THE FLAG AT SANTIAGO.

A Suddenly Arising Breeze Made It Wave Vigorously — Gen. Garcia's Wishes.

Rev. Dr. Joseph Krauskopf, rabbi of Temple Keneseth Israel, who returned to the city recently from his trip to Cuba on relief commission work, said that one reason for Shafter's disagreement with Garcia was that the latter wanted the Cuban flag raised beside the stars and stripes over Santiago.

Dr. Krauskopf, during his stay in Cuba, came into personal contact with Gens. Shafter and Wheeler, Col. Roosevelt and other prominent actors in the war drama. From Gen. Shafter he learned the true reasons of Garcia's attitude after the fall of Santiago.

"Gen. Garcia," he says, "when invited to be present at the entrance of the victorious army into Santiago, made two conditions on which his acceptance of the invitation depended. One was that the Cuban flag be raised together with the American, and the other that the Spanish officials be superseded.

"Gen. Shafter replied that he had no authority to recognize the symbol of the Cuban republic in any way, and that the supersedure of the Spanish officials would be contrary to the received practice in the case of captured towns. The matter gave rise to a heated controversy, which ended in Garcia separating himself from the American forces and withdrawing into the interior. The supposition at American headquarters was that he meant to withdraw himself from the territory under American control and try his own luck at conquest."

Dr. Krauskopf said that it was remarkable that on the day the Americans entered Santiago, although not a leaf had stirred or hardly a breath of air was felt during the day, no sooner was the American flag unfurled than a strong breeze sprang up and the national colors waved gloriously in the wind, amid the frantic cheers of the multitude.—Philadelphia Press.

During the Battle.

Husband—I beg of you don't always gnash your false teeth!

Wife—And don't you everlastingly tear your false hair!—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

Emotion.

Ethel—What did George say when he proposed?

Maud—He said nothing, gasped, turned deathly pale, and fainted away. Of course I knew what that meant, so when he came to, I told him he might ask papa.

Ethel—And then?

Maud—Poor George fainted away again!—Illustrated American.

Lacked Originality.

He—And am I really and truly the first man you ever kissed?

She—Why, of course, you are, stupid.

He—Stupid! Why do you call me that?

She—Because you are not original. At least a dozen men have asked me the very same question.—Chicago Daily News.

The Difficulty.

"Of course," said Mr. Corntossel, "a politician is the servant of his country."

"Yes," replied his wife, "and that's where he's got us. He doesn't go knockin' around from one concern to another so's you can stand 'im up an' make 'im give a recommend from his last employer."—Washington Star.