State Library July JHE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL xxxvi

READ

CLEARANCE SALE.

Our new spring stock is arriving daily and we still have on hands many winter goods which must be closed out and closed out quickly So to make a long story short the goods are yours at less than one half their real value. In addition to our sale of winter shoes we will place on sale 1000 pairs Men's, Boys' and Youths' Sample Shoes made of fine Russett Calf and Vici Kid in the latest styles which will be sold at a great reduction.

READ

These are all new spring goods, on the latest style lasts, in fine Tans, Dongolas and Patent Leather, in Leather or Vesting tops.

Very Swell are Sorosis.

Daintily Shod Are They Who Wear Them.

REPAIRING @ PROMPTLY @ DONE.

JOHN BICKEL

We're ready with some special lines-the comfort-giving sort that will afford you the needed protection. We'll sell them, too,

with a slice of the original prices cut off; a big saving is what you

may expect. Every shoe from our regular stock and fully guaranteed.

The Best Shoes in Butler.

That are bound to be the pride of the whole county. A cordial in-

vitation is extended to all to visit our store. You will be made wel-

the worthless trash they can, no matter what, so they can fix a low

price, then blow their little tin horn and the people will hurry to

them by the hundreds They will find that a little later it will take

a trumpet equal to Gabriel's to make the people hearken unto their

lamentations. The people don't want to buy two pairs at once-

B. C. HUSELTON'S,

Some little shoe venders think all they have to do is to get all

come whether you buy or not. Glad to show what we have.

one to go home with, another pair to come back with.

Men's fine Ruessett Calf shoes...... Men's fine Russett Vici Kid shoes... Boys' fine Russett Calf shoes... Ladies' fine Dong. Handwelt shoes... Men's solid working shoes... Boys' solid working shoes... Ladies' waterproof Kangaroo Calf shoes... Children's fine Dongola shoes, sizes 6 to 10½... Infants' soft sole shoes.... And many other bargains.

And many other bargains

128 SOUTH MAIN STREET

SCHOOL SHOES For the Boys and Girls.

FINE SHOES For any that want them; or

A Sensational

Butler's Leading Shoe Hous

Showing of

Just Recived a Big Shipment of SOROSIS Shoes.

HUSELTON'S SHOES

daily and we still have on hands many winter

READ

1.45 1.00 2.15 1.00

50

BUTLER, PA.

Slushy Weather.

and

Boys.

You'll need them.

For Wet and

HEAVY SHOES For the Grown People.

Shoe Values

Opposite Hotel Lowry.

FELTS For Men

OVERS

The New Shoes for Women.

BUTLER, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 2, 1899

following up the question with a volle of oaths that made the little man shud New Warder Charles Cha of oaths that made the first man shot der. "I'll tell ye what I want. I want yer apology"-he fumbled with the word-"apology for faterferin" tween a father an' his kid. But I licked him more'n ever for yer blasted interferin." And signs, pool dog, of he are Dear fellow, do you envy us These mocking tongues? Our hearts are dumb. They quiver with pent-up desire, And moan for speech that will not come.

Research and a share a "You infernal coward!" exclaimed St. TT WAS part of Mr. Malcolm Guern-His opponent gasped. "Let me pass," said the curate. "No, ye don't!" cried the other, reco

ring from his astonishment at hearing looking about him at the bifurcated

St. Joint gized infinitely down him. passed for responsible memory of so as through the green and purple of the heather, cutting a low edge here and there and losing itself at last in the heat haze. They were alone. For one thing, they were brutally en-

The bully grinned. "I've got ye now!"

now!" "You have, indeed," said St. John, peeling off his black coat and throwing it on the heather. His soft felt hat fol-lowed. Then he slipped the links from his cuffs and rolled up his shirt sleeves, it is the very walking along a street and the were walking along al while his enemy gaped at the proceed-ings. as 20 people tiptoeing and craning their necks to look at some object in

walking down the main street of the village engaged in conversation, which, being that of a recently affianced

in his daily work with a certain uncon-querable shyness. That he should have won the heart of handsome Nancy Ed-miston was a matter for surprise and discussion among the residents in Brox-bourne. "Such a very interesting young man," said the maiden ladies over their after-noon tea. "So ridiculously retiring! How did the ever come to propose?" remarked in given women an overwhelming and ot altogether united majority in Brox-bourne society. "The blood sang in his veins as he circled round Goliath, guarding the giant's brutal smashes and getting in the dreled round Goliath, guarding the giant's brutal smashes and getting in the long ere the big man found himself hopelessly outmatched; his wind was subles. He made a final effort and slung out a terrific blow at David. Part-the wort do laugh, and it was a matter to his feet like a young sapling, and the to his feet like a young sapling, and the

wreck to its feet.

tine. But no. The failen man recoiled to his feet like a young sapling, and the next that Goliath knew was, ten min-utes later, when he opened his available eye and found that his enemy was bend-ing over him, wiping the stains from his face with a fine linen handkerchief. "Feel better?" said the curate. "Weill Um-"" reason to believe that the gundw be-longed in animal history. So also with demonstrative grief. At funerals there are some mourners who wail and beat the cushions with their palms. Mr. Guernsey always sat dry and immovable, even though it were the funeral of a near relative. "to the some so opposed

"Well, I'm-" "Hush, man; it is not worth swearing about," interposed his nurse. "Now get " against the conventional flatteries, He held out his hand and assisted the apologies and explanations which gloss

the ugliness of modern social life. "You'd better call at the chemist's Guernsey observed that it was the habit and get patched up. Here's money." The vanquished one took the silver of your smirking salesmanlike man to give a ready-made compliment to every woman he met; so Mr. Guernsey, seekand gazed stupidly at the giver, who and gazed stupidly at the giver, who was making his toilet. "Plense go away, and don't thrash your boy any more," said St. John, per-suasively. Gollath made a few steps, then re-traced them, holding out a grimy paw. "Mister Parson, I'm--I'm-" "Don't say another word. Good-by;" him, for they discussed them over their and the curate shook hands with him.

ent effort? Alack! Miss Olivia Ray-TOMBSTONE'S DISARMAMENT. burn could not know that Mr. Guern-sey had to make a constant struggle to and that only by sternest resolu-When the Arizona Town Was Trem.

bling on the Verge of Total Annihilation.

Boas for evening wear are now made of two shades of plaited chiffon, and with ends long enough to reach nearly to the knees.

FABRICS AND FASHIONS.

Winter Costumes-

Fresh Fancles in Garalture for

No. 9

Many of the skirts fit the figure close-ly to the knee, then flare out to the foot. They still continue long, even for the street, and for the house have a decided train. Skirts that flare are stiffened nine inches deep with hair

ices are more than ever fashionable for receptions and dinners this winter. A charming model for a dinner waist is made of black satin duchesse elaborately decorated with jet passementerie. The full front is made of black chif-fon over light green satin, and a belt of the satin held by a jet buckle encir-cles the waist. The sleeves are mousque-taire, and the waist is made pompadour back and front. Another evening waist is made of

red taffeta glace and beautifully trimmed with black lace in the bowknot design. It has a square bertha edged with a plaiting of black chiffon, and the belt which encircles the waist is of jet over red taffeta.

nation for evening gowns and millinery. It shows off particularly well in a gown of mauve tulle over a foundation of rose-colored satin.

Shirt waists are made of velvet, fancy plaided faille with satin bars of contrasting color, corduroy, English velvetten, plain, striped or polka-dotted silk; silk and wool fancies, Roman striped satins and pretty silks are much famed for dressy uses. While broad-cloth is much used for bridesmaid's like monocles. Well, this armed peace went along without any special inci-dent for over half a year, greatly to

Muffs of velvet matching the hat and the disgust of everybody. You see, each side carried so much personal artillery pelerine will be very fashionably worn with any stylish street costume. The muffs are made round or flat and are moderately large. The popular glove for daytime wear is biscuit color, and in four-button lengths these gloves have either self-stitching or stitching in the great social event of the year. The fire chief was a keen-witted Irishman, and he thought the situation over and black or white.

The bowknot decoration is in high favor. Bow knots made of lace, braid or ribbon adorn basques, costumes and even coats. Silk and satin petticoats boys, he said, if substance, you an want to come to the ball, and you can't do it with them scatter-guns hanging to you. If you happen to kiek one off waltzing you might massacre the whole are elaborately trimmed with ruehing of ribbon of different widths. Heavy satins in violet, yellow, burnt orange and red are used for linings on fur coats, jackets and muffs. Shoulder capes and orchestra, and they're the only musi-cians in town. So, why not let all hands agree to unload everything unmuffs of gray fox fur are very fash-ionable this winter. Many of the small til further notice-guns, pistols, knives and knuckles-and just turn in and have a good time? I'll take care of the leg-of-mutton and chatelaine sleeves on English and French gowns, both day and evening wear, are tucked in inchwide tucks at the top of the sleeve of its diminutive puff. These tucks run around, not up and down the puff, and are from three to five in number. They are made before the sleeves are shaped, or even lined, and the thinnest lining silk is used.-Ladies' World.

success on record. The truth is, Tomb-CONCERNING VENTILATION.

Every Room in the House Should Be Thoroughly Aired Every Day.

The necessity of pure air and plenty of it is known to everyone, yet is ig-nored completely by many in their an aquarfum knows what will happe to the fish if the water is not changed frequently; yet few stop to think that the same fate will be theirs if they do

not take equal care to freshen the air they breathe. One of the chief reasons why plants do not thrive in the house with the best of care is due to the presence of fur-In summer there is comparatively little danger of suffering from impure air in the house, for a desire to keep nace or illuminating gas. House plants are much better kept in a room by themselves. If gas is used in light-But in winter all doors and windows





dancing round the curate, who seemed



UNSATISFIED.

He looks at me with wistful eyes And moans for words that will not

He lays his head upon my knee And sighs, poor dog, for he is dumb.

These idle words that lightly flow

And seem with careless ease to teac The secret of the inmost soul To all who hear—this is not speech.

Fate flouts us all. To you, poor dog, To you the gift of speech were bliss; Yet those who hold it at its best

"Pis but the spray that sudden starts Up from the sea when herce winds blow, And fills the air with pungent mist, But never stirs the depths below.

The joy of perfect utterance miss. -Mary M. Parks, in Jenness Miller Month-

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The Little Curate

THE curate and Miss Edmiston were

tion, etc. They are in-

Purely vegetable, they

er. Mild, gentle, certain, they are worthy

Price, 25c. at all medicine dealers or by mai of C. I. Hoop & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Pianos.

W.R.NEWTON,

The Chickering-Chase Bros. Co.

Manufacturers of

Grand and Upright Pianos

AND

Farrand & Votey Organ Co.,

Manufactures of Organs,

Can save you money in the purchase of a FIRST CLASS Instrument.

Call and examine the m at the war

317 South Main St., Butler, Pa.

TERMS:-Cash or easy payments to

May seem dear at the start,

and prove remarkably cheap

before you've worn it out.

YOUR SUIT

suit purchaser

cities.

ALAND,

Res/

MAKER OF

00

"You're a dear little girl, Nancy," the his face with a fine linen handkerchief. curate was stammering, looking up at his beloved, when they were both stopped short on the narrow pavement. A burly workman was engaged in chas-

many qualities.











"Now I'm ready," said the curate, a show window he would have an aching

HIS ONE SLIP

By George Ade

nfidential whisper. She forced him

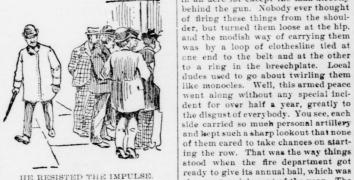
waltz with her and she held him to is promise that he would call. Need anyone doubt the result? Bear in mind that Miss Olivia Rayburn was the most beautiful and faseinating creature in all the world. Here was poor Mr. Guernsey, with as much youth fire, romance and poesy as ever be-longed to chevalier or troubadour, put to agonizing temptations such as no one but St. Anthony ever resisted. The torrent of his aroused love can ried away the barrier of restraint which he had been strengthening for

embrace content and triumphant. She knew that she had wrung from him a

"Don't say another word. Good in the said the curate shook hands with him. The big man turned away. Present-ly he halted once more. "I'm-!" he task remarked of Mr. Guernsey to a sparing of praise. It was the sparing of praise. It was confession such as he had never made to any other girl. She had won, though all the others had failed. Mr. Guernsey, in bidding her good night, gave her a kiss which represented all the pent-up Next morning he received a note:

After they hit him. It don't re
quire any bricks to makeSkether and bis grip for a moment, and theshoulder a rub and donted to
the the shape of a stout leather belt. The
child sereamed, and the father, pre-
sumably, cursed.shoulder a rub and donted to
the shape of a stout leather belt. The
child sereamed, and the father, pre-
sumably, cursed.shoulder a rub and donted to
the shape of a stout leather belt. The
child sereamed, and the father, pre-
sumably, cursed.shoulder a rub and donted to
the shape of a stout leather belt. The
child sereamed, and the father, pre-
sumably, cursed.shoulder a rub and donted to
the shape of a stout leather belt. The
child sereamed, and the father, pre-
sumably, cursed.shoulder a rub and donted to
the shape of a stout leather belt. The
child sereamed, and the father, pre-
sumably, cursed.shoulder a rub and donted to
watched you from the hedge yonder."
"I am exceedingly sorry, Miss Ed
miston," said the curate, coldly, raising
paid out. In her excitement she had
forgotten that event of a week ago, but
the curting tone of his voice reminded
her. She bowed her head, and he went
her. She bowed her head, and he w

Next morning he received a hole: "My Dear Mr. Guernsey: When we part-adswet voi your very instremm projrosti. Believe me, I am deeply honored to have received the offer of your heart and hand, but after due reflection I am forced to the conclusion that our tempers are not com-patible-that the union would not be one of lasting happiness. Pardon me if I cause you any pain by this frank statement. I shall always esteem you as a friend. Very sincerely. "OLIVIA RAYBURN." The act of an unfeeling coquette? The act of an unfeeling coquette?



the village engaged in conversation, which being that of a recently affianced pair, need not here be repeated. Miss Edmiston carried herself with an air of pretty dignity, made none the less apparent by the fact that she was fully two inches taller than her lover, Rev. John St. John. He was a thin, wiry little man, dark-haired and pale complexioned, and was much troubled in his daily work with a certain uncon-querable shyness. That he should have

gently. "Are ye goin' to fight?" burst out the they looked at David. "Come on—" a show window he would have an aching desire to push through the throng and find out what the object was, but in-stead of doing so he would elevate his chin in the spirit of resolution and the must be admitted that arise kay burn sacrificed a part of her maidenly reserve in her fieree assaults on Mr. Guernsey. She compelled him to sit on the stairs with her while the others

a new zest and an element of danger. What if she should fail after making an open battle for him? The very thought of it was terrifying, but at the same time the dreadful risk involved in the campaign made Mr. Guernsey seem all the more desirable.

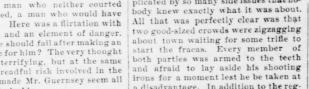
tion could he smother the poetry that

It must be admitted that Miss Ray-

vas aroused in his soul. When a women meets an indifferent "This newspaper talk about the czar's disarmament scheme," said a western man she either hates and traduces him man she either hates and traduces Nam or else she attires herself in the fullest man, "reminds me of something that happened in Tombstone, A. T., when sey's training of himself to learn to restrain the common emotions. Upon that place was the hottest hamlet on the whole frontier. There were two weapons and sets forth to bring him

Miss Rayburn chose the second plan. Why? Because she could not hate Mr. Guernsey. She had to admit that she loved him. split grew out of an old quarrel be-tween the cowboys and certain selfconstituted authorities, and was com-

A hundred slaves had followed her and courted her. Now she had found a master-a man who neither courted plicated by so many side issues that nonor followed, a man who would have to be won. Here was a flirtation with All that was perfectly clear was that



a disadvantage. In addition to the reg-ulation brace of 45-caliber Colts, most of them carried 'sawed-off' shotguns. These weapons were very popular in Arizona in the early days, and were orlinary breech-loaders with the barrels

imputated some eight inches above the locks, making just about the ugliest achine that mortal man ever gazed in-When loaded with half a pint or so of slugs it would kill everything within an acre lot except the man directly behind the gun. Nobody ever thought of firing these things from the shoul-der, but turned them loose at the hip, and the modish way of carrying them was by a loop of clothesline tied at one end to the belt and at the other to a ring in the breechplate. Local dudes used to go about twirling them

called on both factions. 'Look here, boys,' he said, in substance, 'you all

hardware and give each fellow a check.'

orably received, and after considerable

quibbling about details an agreement

was drawn up and everybody peeled off his weapons. There was a great sigh

of relief, and the ball was the biggest

stone was sick of war, and to the best of my recollection the general disarm-ament continued five or six months. It

was broken by a typical street duel, and then things got wild and woolly

again. It is certainly a curious unwrit-ten page of frontier history."-N. O.

TITTE TATIAN DI INTEA TITT

Etc.

Furnace or Illuminating Gas Injures Them-Irregular Watering,

Times-Democrat.

arkness

oots.-N. Y. Tribune.

Monthly

Friction with the Hands.

Horseradish Vinega

cinnati Commercial Tribune.

An Honest Avowal.

"And so you love me-me alone?" She ventured to propound. "Yes, more that way," said he, "my own, Than when your ha's around." -L. A. W. Bulletin.

Wanted Him Herself.

"Then perhaps that is why her moth-

"They say she married a man who is old enough to be her father."

er, who is still a pretty lively widow was so strongly opposed to the match.

Wanted a Trustful Public

believe in investigation committees, o anything like that!-Puck.

Might Be Less.

"She has a nice little voice." "There's only one fault about it." "What's that?"

"It isn't little enough."-Cleveland

He Hadn't Heard of It.

Reformer-But don't you think that ublic office should be a public trust?

Statesman-Why, certainly! I don't

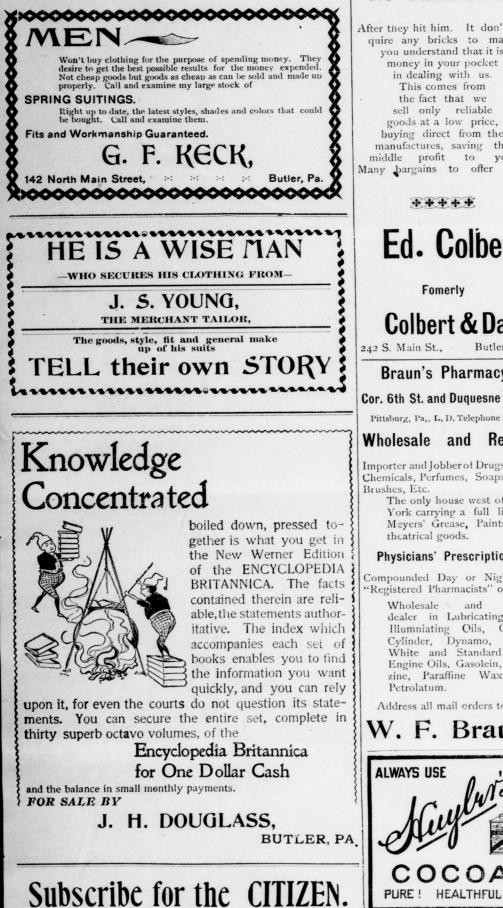
-Chicago Record.

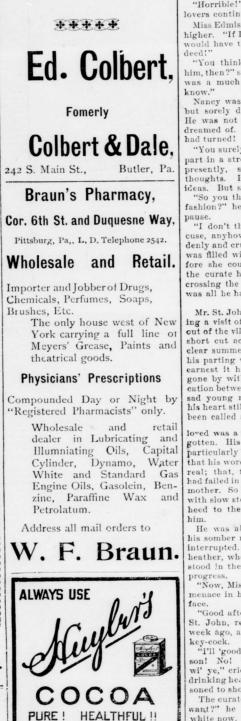
This interesting proposition was fa-

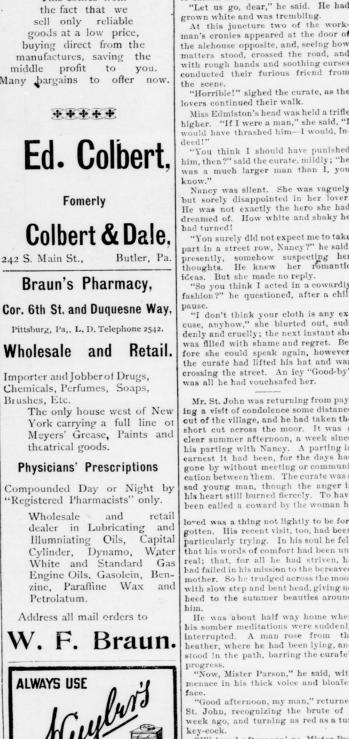
Muffs, Etc. ctions in town at the time, and everybody predicted that a big pitched battle was liable to occur at any moment. The

cloth or crinoline. Low-necked and short-sleeved bod-

Mauve and rose form a dainty combi-







dancing round the curate, who seemed to shrink nearer his sweethcart. "Let us go, dear," he said. He had grown white and was trembling. At this juncture two of the worknan's cronies appeared at the door of the alehouse opposite, and, seeing how matters stood, crossed the road, and with rough hands and soothing curses conducted their furious friend from "Horrible!" sighed the curate, as the overs continued their walk. Miss Edmiston's head was held a trifle higher. "If I were a man," she said, "I have thrashed him-I would, in "You think I should have punished tim, then?" said the curate, mildly; "he vas a much larger man than I, you Nancy was silent. She was vaguely but sorely disappointed in her lover. He was not exactly the hero she had dreamed of. How white and shaky he "You surely did not expect me to take art in a street row, Nancy?" he said, resently, somehow suspecting her houghts. He knew her romantic deas. But she made no reply. "So you think I acted in a cowardly ashion ?" he questioned, after a chill "I don't think your cloth is any excuse, anyhow," she blurted out, sud-denly and cruelly; the next instant she vas filled with shame and regret. Be fore she could speak again, however, the curate had lifted his hat and was crossing the street. An icy "Good-by" was all he had vouchsafed her. Mr. St. John was returning from paying a visit of condolence some distance cut of the village, and he had taken the short cut across the moor. It was a lear summer afternoon, a week since his parting with Nancy. A parting in earnest it had been, for the days had one by without meeting or communi gone by without meeting or communi-cation between them. The curate was a sad young man, though the anger in his heart still burned flercely. To have been called a coward by the woman he oved was a thing not lightly to be forgotten. His recent visit, too, had been particularly trying. In his soul he felt real; that, for all he had striven, he had failed in his mission to the bereaved

nother. So he trudged across the moon with slow step and bent head, giving no heed to the summer beauties around He was about half way home when his somber meditations were suddenly interrupted. A man rose from the heather, where he had been lying, and od in the path, barring the curate's

ogress. "Now, Mister Parson," he said, with enace in his thick voice and bloafed "Good afternoon, my man," returned St. John, recognizing the brute of a week ago, and turning as red as a tur-"I'll 'good afternoon' ye, Mister Par-n! No! Ye don't pass till I'm done ' ye," cried the man, who had been

Clara-Mercy, no! I'm only engaged o him .- N. Y. Weekly. drinking heavily, though ne was too sea soned to show any unsteadiness in gait. The eurate drew back. "What do you want?" he asked. He was painfully Insht noight wid a chair. Casey—Phwy. don't yez glt easy Y. Journa' rinking heavily, though he was too sea "What do I want ?" repeated the bully, shairs ?- N. Y. Journa'

the latter such surprise that he loos-ened his grip for a moment, and the youngster fled howling up the alley. "What the"-spluttered the bully, on his way. He had gone about 50 yards when she called his name. Her voice of wrath, and yielding to wrath was virtually an admission of weakness. The elemental and primitive men whom reached him, but something in it told that he had not suffered alone. Mr. Guernsey saw in State street were necustomed to become angry and sour if human events did not move accord-He turned about and hastened to her. -Chambers' Journal. Easily Cured.

indertook to stop him if a quarter master were placed at his disposal

The captain closed with the offer and

the man was directed to fetch a bucket

of water and mop, and to follow the of-fender up and down the deck. The re-

ilt was completely satisfactory."

The Lapse of Time. Prof. Smith-No one can conceive of the slow and awful lapse of geological

Brown-I don't know. I've had a car-

penter working for me by the day.--Rival.

Embracing. School Teacher-Who loves every-

Johnnie-My pa used to, 'cos he was

trying to get 'lected to congress, but he don't no more, 'cos he didn't get there.

Regarding the Proof.

man. She will endure awful tortures without a murmur, and I can prove it.

He-Of course you can-by any shoe dealer.-Brooklyn Life.

Long Guarantee.

Customer-How long is this locket

for two pictures guaranteed? Jeweler—Five years—long enough for three pairs of photographs, usual-

Tersely Put.

Mrs. Hoyle-What a homely woman

Mrs. Doyle-Homely! Well, I should

Naturally.

"George, are you doing anything for that dreadful cough?"

Watering the Milk.

Milkman-John, put a little more wa-er than usual in the milk to-day. I've

ot to get back the money they fined

True Enough.

Mrs. Benham-Our new minister's

Benham-Well, there are sermons in

Silly Gossip.

Maud-Is it true that you are in love

the other day for watering it.-Rox-

say so; her face would give a tologist a life job.-N. Y. World

"What are you doing?" "Coughing."—Chicago Record.

She-Woman is more heroic than

ndon Spectator.

ody, Johnnie?

-Illustrated American.

.-Cincinnati Enquirer.

she is.

"Yes."

ury Gazette.

ame is Stone.

tones .- N. Y. World.

with Mr. Bullion?

"Don't say another word. Good-by;" and the curate shook hands with him.

ing to their several programmes, so Mr. Guernsey knew that if he wished A correspondent thus tells how a man addicted to the spitting habit was o be different he must control his temcured: "The captain of an Atlantic Thus you will see that Mr. Guernsey steamship was at a loss how to induce vas not a cynic. He fancied that he was stoic, but his stoicism was only a a passenger to desist from the habit of spitting on deck. Among the hell. Within him were all the rati passengers was a gentleman well known in Toronto 40 years ago, who

mpulses and emotions. He suffered nd he was happy, he aspired and he spaired, he loved and he hated, but allowed no one to suspect. Retraint-restraint! Always the curb. He never removed the mask. He was a hypocrite even while he convinced himself that he was too strong and brave and free to imitate the usual

nodes of hypocrisy. Thus when he met Miss Olivia Ray-ourn the hypocritical Guernsey, the linarian, said that she was a ma erial organism made up of oxygen, hy-rogen, carbon, iron, phosphorus and other simple elements, and on the spir-tual side had inherited the follies accumulating through 6,000 years of in ferior womanhood.

The other Guernsey (the one under he shell) warmed at sight of her and nfessed that she was the most an elic creature ever put at large to tan-alize the male sex. But Mr. Guernsey vould not have acknowledged his sub-onfession—no, not to his closest riend, if he had had any close friends,

which he hadn't. So, while his heart fluttered and he felt a dizziness from the joy of her pres-ence, the habit of restraint was so trong within him that he stood befor her in icy self-possession and called her "Miss Rayburn" with no tremor in is voice, and all the time that he looked apon her he seemed to do it with such dispassion that poor Miss Rayburn lost her sense of power and discovered that here was another kind of man.

You may well imagine that she was uzzled and not a little piqued. She as accustomed to have men hover over is accustomed to have me her and whisper complimentary things. Bhe expected to find every man keen for a tilt at flirting. She had come to pelieve that all men would have to turn and look at her in glaring admiration when she entered a room. It had be some, also, a foregone conclusion that any man upon whom she wielded her magic charms would be transported by her beauty, by the mantling blushes

the persuasive sweetness of the rosebuc uth, the tricks of the eyes and the encouraging tones of dallying conver-sation, and would, therefore, either se or have to be checked in the

She found that Mr. Malcolm Guernsey never turned his head to take a long look at her. He had conquered the schoolboy trait of curiosity. He could put his back to her and study a picture on the wall. At the piano he turned the leaves of the music, and she could not observe that his hand trembled. When she lifted her gaze and looked up at him through the lashes, all in melting tenderness, he answered with the studious scrutiny of one who is examing some new kind of flower or insect. What satisfaction to have captivated a hundred youthful dancing men when here was a lordly creature who resisted all her charms in a that without appar-

Guernsey in all fervor until he put his arm around her and made the fatal declaration. At that moment, as she afterward discovered, he revealed him-self and she saw that he was the same as all the others-the conventiona pleader. If he had resisted her charms, who knows? She might have allowed her heart to be eaten out through fam

ishing love of him. Mr. Guernsey read her note by the morning light of cold philosophy. Over night he had found time to repair the reck. He was again fortified within

loved Mr.

the habit of restraint. "This is the happiest moment of my life," he said. "The young woman's ac tion proves what I have always main-tained, that a man must not give way to a rational impulse or allow his emotional nature to govern his conduct. Consequently he never put his arm with moss or saud. ound another woman. - Chicago Daily Record

Furder Down.

First Boy-Dey say cigarettes hurts teller's lungs. Do yer believe it? Second Boy-Naw; dey don't hurt yer at all unless yer dad ketches yer smokin' 'em, an' den dey hurts yer furder down dan yer lungs .- Judge

Idiot! Carpenter's Assistant - What was The Plumber's Assistant-He was sent to do half an hour's work in a pri-vate house, and finished the job in

half a day .-- Illustrated American. Just Filled the Bill. The Heiress—The man I marry must be very handsome, afraid of nothing and elever. Money's no object to me.

Mr. Broke-Doesn't it seem like fate that we should have met?-Harper's Bazar. Not His Fault.

Not his raut. Old Lady (to butler, whom she has caught helping himself to some of her finest old port)—I'm surprised, James! Butler (calmly)—So am I, ma'am; I thought you was gone out.—Boston Globe

Too Slow. Too stow. Mr. Quayker-I--atchoo-believe I have caught the grippe. Miss Wabash-Oh, no, that can't be possible. It must have waited for you. -Cleveland Leader.

A Talented Mixer. "I can't understand Prof. Whackem's reat popularity as a lecturer." "That's easy; the women enjoy his hits at the men and the men enjoy his hits at the women."--Chicago Record.

Lucky Circumstance. "Scorpion!" he hissed, after the other fellow had kicked him. "Lucky for you I ain't a centipede," retorted the kicker. Town Topics.

Astronomy at Home Mrs. Outertowne-Oh, Henry! our ew cook is a star! Outertowne (fervently)—If she only roves a fixed one!—Brooklyn Life.

Ruling Passion. "Just before he died the great barlne sat up in bed and sang.' "A swan song?" "No, a coon song!"-Town Topics.

Leader. Well Put. Smith-Every time my wife wears a connet it affects her.

Jones-Goes to her head, I suppose.-Comic Cuts.

are tightly closed, and the slightest breath of air is shunned as if it brought of the house, use a kerosene lamp in his room, though it is better for plants death instead of life. to be without light during the hours of

The necessity of ventilation, however, is greater than ever in cold weather, for Authorities lay great stress upon irstoves and lights use up a great deal of the oxygen we need and fill the rooms regular watering as a cause of poor growth, but an even more important cause is the result of allowing the nous carbonic acid gas. For with poisonous carbonic acid gas. For-tunately the sashes of the windows selarthen flower pot in which the plants are planted to be exposed to the sun dom fit absolutely, and there are cracks the window. From this cause the under the doors and keyholes in them, in the window. From this cause the filtrous roots of the plants soon grow to the side of the pot, and in full hot sunshine these are baked. The sides of the pots should be always shaded, so that we seldom succeed in sealing up our rooms as hermetically as we wish, and therefore do not make our-

selves as ill as we deserve. But this is not enough, and every room in the house should be aired mornither by placing them in a box of sand or moss or by putting a thin board edgewise across the front of the shelf ing and evening, even in the coldest weather, by opening the windows wide and letting the air blow through. A of plants. Another good way to screen them is by placing the pot in one two room will soon warm up again after r three sizes larger, filling up the space such a cleansing, and, moreover, the air does not need to be so hot to feel Gardeners also say that the pots comfortable when it is fresh as it does when it is stale and charged with im-

plazed or painted outside are better for house plants than the common por-bus ones. The reason is because the purities. In addition to this there ought in crous pots permit a constant evap-peration which dries and chills the every living-room and sleeping-room to be some provision for constant renewal

of the air. This can be effected easily by raising the lower window sash two inches and filling the space between it and the sill with a board. The air then Friction with the hands is really bet-ter than with brush or towel. By way of caution, let me say the foregoing ad-vice is not meant for those suffering from any organic disease. The mornfilters through between the two sashes without creating the draught which we are taught to dread. Another and betig bath invigorates, fortifies the sys ter way is to lower the upper sash slightly, filling the gap so made with a em against sudden changes of weather and starts the day well. The busy wom-an, who is always tired at night and declose wire net. An open fireplace in a room is a good

ights in those half-waking moments in help to ventilation, for there is aln the morning, may take hers on retiring, and be greatly refreshed thereby. This always an upward current in the chimney, even if there is no fire in the grate, paper is meant to deal with foundation and in this way much of the bad air is removed.—Youth's Companion. vork. It can only suggest the best means for preserving and enhancing womanly charms. - N. Y. Ledger

Swiss Fritters.

Slice your stale bread nearly an inch thick, cut round with a cake cutter and fry quickly in deep, hot fat. Dip each round as soon as done into bolling wa-Pour a quart of the best vinegar on three ounces of scraped horseradish ter for one second to remove superflu-ous grease. Spread the fritters as fast and one ounce of minced shalots. Add also a drachm of cayenne pepper, and as they are fried and dipped with pow let the ingredients work together for a few days; then bottle for future use with cold beef, salad or entrees.—Cindered sugar, wet up with lemon juice. Cover and keep hot until needed .-- Cininnati Enquirer.

> A Probability. man who never makes mistakes uld not be boasting too much. The chances are he is a man Who never tried to do much. -Washington Star.

> > A SPOILED ARTICLE.



"How much will you give me for my ploture ?"

"Seventy-five cents," "What! I paid a dollar and fifty cents She-I will never marry a man with a title. He (surprised)-Why, has your fa-ther lost his money?-Chicago Daily News. What! I paid a dollar and fifty c for the canvas alone." "I know, but then the canvas clean."-St. Louis Republic.