BUTLER, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 9, 1899

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

READ

Men's fine Russett Calf shoes...

Men's fine Russett Vici Kid shoes.

Boys' fine Russett Calf shoes.

Ladies' fine Dong, Handwelt shoes.

Ladies' fine Dongola Flexible sole 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.

Just Recived a Big Shipment of SOROSIS Shoes. The New Shoes for Women.

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

Very Swell are Sorosis.

Daintily hod Are They Who Wear Them. REPAIRING & PROMPTLY & DONE. JOHN BICKEL

128 SOUTH MAIN STREET

BUTLER, PA.

HUSELTON'S SHOES For Wet and Slushy Weather.

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.

SCHOOL For the Boys and Girls. FINE For any that want them; or

HEAVY For the Grown People. FELTS For Men and Boys.

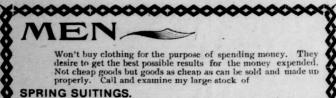
A Sensational Showing of

Shoe Values

That are bound to be the pride of the whole county. A cordial invitation is extended to all to visit our store. You will be made welcome whether you buy or not. Glad to show what we have.

Some little shoe venders think all they have to do is to get all 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 onceone to go home with, another pair to come back with.

B. C. HUSELTON'S.



Right up to date, the latest styles, shades and colors that could be bought. Call and examine them. Fits and Workmanship Guaranteed.

G. F. KECK,

142 North Main Street, ::

HE IS A WISE MAN

-WHO SECURES HIS CLOTHING FROM-

J. S. YOUNG. THE MERCHANT TAILOR,

The goods, style, fit and general make

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Subscribe for the CITIZEN.

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burn, or Constipation, take a dose of

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gestive organs will be regulated and you will be bright, active and ready for any kind of work. This has been the experience of others; it will be yours. HOOD'S PILLS are sold by all medicine dealers. 25 cts.

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317 South Main St., Butler, Pa. TERMS:-Cash or easy payments to

YOUR SUIT

May seem dear at the start, and prove remarkably cheap before you've worn it out. It's the long time satisfaction you get from it that decides the superiority of our make. It does pay to buy good clothes. Our fall display is of the kind you would expect to find only in the large

MEN'S CLOTHES



Me Under stood

After they hit him. It don't require any bricks to make you understand that it is money in your pocket in dealing with us. This comes from the fact that we sell only reliable goods at a low price, buying direct from the manufactures, saving the

middle profit to

Many bargains to offer now ****

Ed. Colbert,

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Braun's Pharmacy, Cor. 6th St. and Duquesne Way,

Wholesale and Retail. Importer and Jobber of Drugs, Chemicals, Perfumes, Soaps,

The only house west of New York carrying a full line of Meyers' Grease, Paints and

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Physicians' Prescriptions Compounded Day or Night by 'Registered Pharmacists' only.

Wholesale and retail dealer in Lubricating and Illumniating Cils, Capital Cylinder, Dynamo, Water White and Standard Gas Engine Oils, Gasolein, Benzine, Paraffine Wax and

Address all mail orders to

W. F. Braun.



TWO SUNBEAMS.

If your liver is out of order, causing Biliousness, Sick Headache, Heartburn, or Constipation, take a dose of A shaft of brightness lay.

Sent from the gay, glad outer world,

It coaaxed the little one from play, "Catch if you can," it seemed to say.
"I'd willing captive be,"
And danced before the wondering eyes
To the tune of baby glee. Bright shone the little golden head As it filited here and there, As though the sun itself had lent Of its shining store a share.

And mother caught her darling up, In the midst of his fruitless chase, And showered kisses, warm and soft, On the pretty baby face. "You cannot catch the sunshine, Though you followed the wide world through; You're mother's little sunbeam, dear, And she has caught you, too!

"Two sunbeams have I in my home; Dark would it be, and drear, Without the bright ray on the floor, And the bright face shining here! "God owns the sunlight, but He gave
This precious beam to mother.
Content am I to call one mine
And entertain the other." Straight through the casement, open wide,

sundeam crept away, wilight shadows, stealing through, told the end of day The outer world in darkness lay,
But mother's heart was light,
For a golden head and a baby face
Kept home forever bright.
—Ella Randall, in Golden Days.

THE CALIPH'S CUP OF WATER By David Kerr

KONTONIA MANGAMANA MANGAMANA MANGAMANA

THE sun was setting red and sullenupon which two great armies had en contending since daybreak. Barely 15 years had elapsed since the soldier disciples had spread the faith of Islam through every land from Syria to Morocco, and now the turn of Persia had come at last.

The native warriors fought as stoutly as men could do; but they were matched with men who had never met their equal in war. Caliph Omar, wiping his heated face with the sleeve of his robe, watched

keenly the giving away, little by little, of the pointed Persian helmets before the white Arab turbans, and hurled upon the wavering enemy, just at the de-cisive moment, the thousand picked men whom he had hitherto held in re-

"Fight bravely, my sons!" was his last charge to them; "for God Himself fights for you. But should ye meet with a Persian chief, wearing a lion-skin cloak and gold-inlaid helmet, whose name is Harmosan, the satrap (governor) of Yezd, kill him not, but bring



POURED IT ON THE GROUND. him to me alive; for men say he is the prayest warrfor in Persia, and I would fain see him with my own eyes."

This sudden charge of fresh and vig. ous troops upon men exhausted with long day of hard fighting was quite

The Persians gave way on all sides; the sacred standard of the shah was trampled in the dust and the few who still strove to hold their ground were verwhelmed by numbers.

The whole field was in a whirl of flight and pursuit, and only in one spot, where a solitary clump of palm trees broke the

a solitary clump of palm trees broke the gray, unending level of the boundless plain, a clamor of shouts and clashing weapons showed that resistance had not yet wholly ceased.

Beneath those trees, with his back against the largest trunk, stood a tall, noble-looking man, in the prime of life, with large black eyes, which flashed as flercely as the sword that played like lightning amid the wild faces and tosslightning amid the wild faces and tossng arms of his swarming enemies.

More than one broken arrow head wa ticking in his breast plate; the silver buckler on his left arm was hacked and dented, as if by the blows of a sledge

mmer; his armor was dyed red with nore than one wound.

But he still held his ground unflinchingly, striking right and left with the strength of a giant, and never once in

But such a fight was too unequal to last. The brave man's arm began to wax weary, his strength to fail. Closer and closer to him gleamed the merciless spear heads, and in another moment all would have been over, when sudden-ly a powerful voice broke through the din of the fray:
"Hold your hands, brothers! per

chance this may be the man whom the commander of the faithful bade us The Arabs made way for the new comer (who was no other than the cap-tain of the caliph's guard), and he looked keenly at the hard-pressed man for the signs by which the famous satrap was to be distinguished. But he looked in vain. The stranger's cloak was gone, and his helmet so battered and stained that the keenest eye could "Persian!" cried the captain, at length, "art thou Harmosan, the satrag

of Yezd? If so, our swords have no edge against thee, if thou wilt but yield a blow, which, had it hit its mark, would have ended the captain's wars once for all. A gigantic Yemence rushed forard only to fall dead beneath another those irresistible strokes; but now he Persian's sword snapped close to the hilt, and he was left defenseless.
"We have him now!" shouted the cap
tain. "Seize him and bind him fast!"

struggles, he was overpowered by numbers, and securely bound. But to all the taunts of his captors he deigned not a word of reply, and maintained the same stern silence, even when he was dragged into the presence of the caliph By B. W. Channing and the state of t

As he listened to the recital of his as he listened to the recital of his prisoner's exploits, Omareyed him with a look of grim approval; and the captive, in his turn, surveyed with equal admiration this prince of the desert, who, master as he was, of nine powerful kingdoms, was sitting cross-legged up-on the bare ground, in a rough cloak of

Persiamhosi who could speak to me so," "Veried he. "Art thou Harmosan, the on!" satrap of Yezd?"

"I am," replied the Persian, drawing here." "I am," replied the Persian, drawing himself up proudly. "I would not tell my name in the battle, lest it should seem that I did so because thou hadst bidden thy men spare me; but it matters little who knows it now. I am Harters little who knows it now. I would not tell be a manife and pretty Norah stretched on tiptoe to meet them. But just as the two heads reached one level, the hero little his own quickly and kissed the freshmosan, the soldier of Persia, and thine | colored face that looked so intently at

heard to mutter:

"This is a bold fellow, and worthy to be one of the faithful! Pity that he must die!"

"This is a bold fellow, and worthy to be one of the faithful! Pity that he must die!"

"This is a bold fellow, and worthy to be one of the faithful! Pity that he must die!"

"This is a bold fellow, and worthy to be one of the faithful! Pity that he deferential approach.

"This is a bold fellow, and worthy to be one of the faithful! Pity that he deferential approach.

"This is a bold fellow, and worthy to be one of the faithful! Pity that he does with a smart our good of ye to come, but I'm that wake I can scarcely take it in!"

"O, but you'll soon be better, Mr. Brannigan!" she said, struggling not to come, but I'm that wake I can scarcely take it in!"

prophet's followers honor courage, any other request thou canst make is granted before it is uttered!" "Give me a cup of water, then," answered Harmosan; "for since this day's

brought forward a large silver cup, filled to the brim with clear, sparkling water; but, instead of drinking, the prisoner held it doubtfully in his hand. "What now, friend?" cried the caliph, impatiently. "If thou fearest treachery, be easy; for I pledge thee my word that none shall harm thee till thou hast drank that water."

Quick as lightning, Harmosan dashed the cup to the ground and said, with a mocking smile:

"Bid thy men, then, gather up that vater from the sand; for, by thine own bledge, I am safe till I drink it!" There was a moment of amazed si-lence, and then the outwitted Arabs rushed at him with a savage yell; but high above the uproar was heard the commanding voice of Omar:

"A caliph's word is sacred, my children. Bring the brave Persian another cup of water, and as I once bade him drink and die, so now I bid him drink and live."—Golden Days.

Worked Until the Last. An anecdote of the late Pierre Puvis de Chavannes, given on the authority of M. Octave Mirbeau, deserves to take a permanent place in the annals of painting. "Feeling himself very ill,"
says M. Murbeau, "he sent for his medical adviser. 'My dear friend,' said he,
'I want to know exactly how long I'
self, I have neglected my work. I
want to complete my freeco before I,
die Jest very for the twith the real die. I ask you for the truth—the real! truth!' 'Eh bien!' gravely replied the doctor, 'you perhaps have eight more days to live.' The same day he went into his studio and commenced to work furiously. For a whole week he painted ten hours a day, only abandoning his canvas when with increasing weakness the brush fell from his hand."—Studio. Little Courtesies.

There is often something luminous about a child's definition. Every Amer-ican will agree with the little lad in a board school in England who in an a board school in England who in an examination on Scripture subjects gave an original answer to the question:
"What can you tell me about Moses?"
"Please, sir, he was a gentleman," replied the little fellow.

"A gentleman!" repeated the inspector. "What do you mean by that?" "Please, sir, when the daughters of Jethro went to the well to draw water, the shepherds came and drove then away, and Moses helped the daughters of Jethro and said to the shepherds: 'Ladies first, please, gentlemen.'

"Young man," said the long-haired assenger to the stranger in the oppoms with a pocket flask, "don't you now that if you persist in drinking ou will never be able to get ahead in he world?"

"I won't, eh?" replied the thirsty in lividual. "Well, old man, that's where your trolley jumps the wire. You may be long on hair, but you're short I? Bet you a dollar to a stale dough nut I'll get a head by to-morrow morning bigger than a barrel."-Chicago

Mrs. Crimsonbeak-I wonder wher in the world the alarm clock has gone! I saw it on the mantel yesterday. Mr. Crimsonbeak—It was there yes-terday, but I heard it going off this

"Well, I hope it hasn't gone where He Wasn't Prepared.

"Would you advise me to take an ecan trip, doctor?" ssked the invalid. "No," was the reply; "I think a eries of mud baths would benefit you "But, doctor," said the sick man, in ones that savored of hopelessness and espair, "I can't afford to go into poli

Would Have to Walt.

"He will have to wait until I can get him the earth."-Cincinnati Enquirer

"That Harkins will case which has been in the courts for several years

"Yes, a great deal, and, do you know,
I cannot make up my mind between
Porto Rico and the Philippines."—Kan-

NATIONAL PROPERTY PRO TIM BRANIGAN'S COURTSHIP LE

RANNIGAN carried ice for the Sylvan Spring Ice company. He was goodly young fellow, standing six feet one in his stockings, with a countenance deeply bronzed by weather, out of which his wide on the bare ground, in a rough cloak of camel's hair, and supping on a handful of dates and parched corn.

"Knowest thou," said Omar, at length, with a stern look, "what fate his broad felt hat, indented with a verlice her know that strength would always stand between her and danger.

This feeling increased as time went length, with a stern look, "what fate awaits him who hath shed the blood of the faithful?"

"I have fought for my country," answered the prisoner. "I am in thy power, and I ask no mercy. Let the fate that awaits me be what it may, it is all one to me."

Omar's eyes sparkled; for, brave as a live with the case.

"And was you ever there, now, Mr.

"This feeling increased as time went it a cow, and he saw more and more clearly that Aima was unhappy at home. Her eyes were often red. She complained of headache, and on being pressed compliments of a western past, strewn with Indian scalps.

"And was you ever there, now, Mr.

"Tim Brannigan's hurt," he explained. It appeared that Brannigan's plant.

"What wownd on your crown? Go city hospital.

"I'll show it ye if ye'll step over

smiled approvingly at the fearless vaynient, I cudden't help it!" he urged, words, and more than one voice was

must die!"

"Persian," said Omar, "I may not give
thee thy life; but to show how the
prophet's followers honor courage, any
just come down from Nova Scotia, and vas feeling the atmosphere of the South

Her mother, who kept a boarding house, and had combined with that refight began, my thirst hast not been quenched."

Sponsibility the care of a shiftless second husband and his two small boys, had written to Hallfax that Alma was



haired girl, with a delicate complexion, nd slim, ladylike hands. Brannigan, swinging in with his huge ce block, took a swift, appreciative swing for conversation he ice in its re-

"Tis a warm day!"
"Dreadful!" said Alma, listlessly. "I didn't see you before?" a'll not stay here! the old can't kape no gyurl more than a week; "I'm Mrs. Brown's daughter, from

Halifax." Brannigan went away at that, sudlenly speechless. He saw her nearly every day after, out he did not seem to make much head-vay. A packet of chewing gum, which had appeared to him a graceful atten-tion suitable from any gentleman to any lady, was received with disappoint-

"It's very kind of you," she said, "but never use it. Mrs. Dalby, where I lived in Halifax, thought it was common." One day about a month after her arrival, he found Alma alone in the ditchen-and marked with concern that her eyes were red with crying. Now, Brannigan had a man's philosophy re-

rding tears.
"Aren't ye well at all?" he asked, coming up beside her.
"I'm all right!" said Alma, holding her head down, and plunging her thin

ittle arms into a tub of soapsuds.

The next moment she was startled and scandalized by the clasp of an arm about her waist, and the touch of a brown mustache on her cheek. "Ah, cheer up!" whispered Branni-gan, tenderly, "it don't sthorm ivery

He stepped back to avoid the expected lap; but the girl made no sort of demation. She simply stood there with

Tactics of so novel a kind were discomposing. Brannigan's bronzed cheek flamed, and the laugh died out of his

"Say. I'm mighty sorry!" he mur-nured; "I niver thought but ye'd like t! The gyurls mostly does, an 'tis no arm at all. "I'm not that kind," said Almu, sternly.

"I'm mighty sorry," he repeated, and as Alma showed no signs of relenting, went dejectedly to the door. "'Twas sweet, what I got of it," he nore. She's not the kind, it's true for

to the house he did not see Alma, and when he did, on the fourth day, her manner was excessively dignified. But Brannigan was hard to snub. Instinctively, he reconstructed his too florid vocabulary, and altered some of his ways.

"She's worth takin' trouble for," he said to himself.

His gentle persistence had its reward,

The next few times that he carried ice

and after awhile they had become so far friends that Brannigan hazarded a new departure. "Do you iver go out Sunday avenins?", he inquired one fine Saturday, "Sunday afternoons I do," Alma amended.

gazed fixedly at the handle of the door.

"'Tis great out in the park." "I've heard it was nice."
"I'd be proud if ye'd ride out there with me tomorry?"

Alma's delicate color deepened. She

"Let's say three o'clock."

"I'm not through my work till four." It was the same thing as an assent.
"I'll call for ye at four!" He went off back in sudden panic. "Don't call for me," she said, in a low, hesitating tone; "you-I'd rather you wouldn't. Maybe I'll be at the corner

The ride out on the open car was very leasant. Alma enjoyed every bit of it, hough she asked herself frequently

what was she about.

Brannigan was not introspective; besides, he knew what he was about perfeetly. He paid Alma's fares with an authority she dared not gainsay, and sat with his arm on the back of the His heart swelled; he almost wished some man would do something for which he could knock him down. He

lover; he wanted to show his strength.

Omar's eyes sparkled; for, brave as a lion himself, he loved nothing better than a brave man, whether friend or foe.

"Methinks there is but one man in with Indian scalps.

"And was you ever there, now, Mr. Brannigan?" one of them once asked him, and he answered, ambiguously:

"Aw, an' if I hadn't a-been, how would I get the wownd on me crown?" the burning tenement with a forgotten baby, had broken his leg. He was in the

The next day Alma dressed herself with care in the blue gown Brannigan liked, and the Sunday hat with its soaring plumes and outspreading ribbons, and started for the hospital. ward his face was irradiated with joy. And yet, when she reached the bedside.

he was lying very still, with closed eyes
—or, with eyes that seemed to be closed. "Ah, an' is it you?" he asked, faintly, feigning a languid awakening. "The good of ye to come, but I'm that wake I can scarcely take it in!"

"Ah, an' do ye think so?" he asked, Alma looked down at his splendid porportions in perfect seriousness.
"Do you feel pain anywhere?" she

asked, fearfully.
"Ahful, just here!" said Brannigan, aying a muscular hand upon the car-Not a muscle of her face changed, as he saw through his half-shut eyes. A ripple of laughter passed over him, and he bit his lips under the long, tawny mustache. And while he laughed, he could have fallen at her feet—she was

so adorably innocent! Alma saw and wholly misinterpreted the tremor which shook him.
"Are you cold?" she inquired, anx-

"They can't give me nothin'," he whispered, "'twouldn't do no good!"

Poor Alma began to cry. She did not know people never died of a broken leg; and with Brannigan's young strength and health it was inexplicable. But, certainly, he was near his end. Reckless of observation, she bent her face to his and kissed him.

And then a strange thing happened, for the helpless sufferer revived, returned her farewell salute with inter-

st, and held the girl close in a clasp of "O, my! Mr. Brannigan, aren't you ashamed? And me thinking you that !!" gasped Alma. "I niver told ye there was anything

grong wid me arms!" he cried. "An'

I epan divit. sufferin' for a kiss, dear!
Alma, darlin', say ye'll go to the priest
wid me when I'm out o' here! I've a tidy bit in the bank, an' niver a soul dependin' on me, an' I'd make ye so approving regard of a middle-aged

ffrontery at the intruder.
"Tis all right!" he assured her "kissin' ain't agin the rules whin it's a man's own gyurl he's goin' to marry— is it, now? An' ye're goin' to marry me the minute I'm out, aren't ye, Alma, me Alma was torn with a variety of emo dons; but she loved Brannigan.
"Yes," she said.—Boston Globe.

et Alma go. Then he winked with glad

The Good-Natured Business Man. Blessings on the head of the good-natured business man. He does more good than a missionary. So many business men are cross and unreason able that a good-natured one has a start that is very valuable.—Atchison Globe.

"No more late hours, remember, Mr rimshaw," concluded the eminent spe "No more cigars; no mor cialist.

small bottles."
"H'm!" replied Grimshaw, in a non "Pardon me," said the physician, suavely; "but the—ah—fee—for my adce is ten dollars."

"Very likely it is worth that amount, but as I have concluded not to take it, of course I owe you nothing." And he departed, leaving the eminent specialist entirely without language appropriate for the emergency. — Illusrated American.

Standink Up for the Animal "According to the witnesses," said he police jus' e, "the man called you names and you paid no attention o him, but when he spoke to the mon-tey you picked up a brick and knocked

"He tell de monk it looka like me."— Chicago Tribune. Opposed to Expansion. "Are you an expansionist, Mr. Scadds?" asked young Mr. Hunker, who felt bound to talk to the old gentleman while he waited for Miss Scadds

im down."
"Yessa," replied the organ-grinder.

teeman white he water for the teem of the descend to the parlor.

"No, I am an anti-expansionist," replied Mr. Scadds. "My family is quite as large now as I care to have it."—Detroit Free Press. Why He Wanted the Ducats Old Mr. Cashly (to his private secrealary, eh? Why, I'm sure I've always ried to be liberal with you.

Mr. Gall—I know it, sir; but your

ughter and I have agreed to get mar-

ried, and I want to support her decent-

ly.-Harlem Life. Eastly Accomplished. "Did you ever have any trouble in tetting out of town?" asked the friend to whom Mr. Stormington Barnes was "The towns we played were so small that all we had to do was to walk two or three blocks."—Washington Star.

"The trouble with him," said the oung man who had been trying to fitngly describe an acquaintance,

TOMMY SPINK'S EARS.

Tommy Spink was a boy Who brought bushels of jo the hearts in the sleepy old But 'twas not his fine looks Nor his liking for books,

Nor his liking for books, For he stood at the foot, as a rule. But Tommy was blest
Above all of the rest
Whom I knew in those jubitant years,
For in some funny way,
But just how I can't say,
He was able to wiggle his ears.

The lazy old clock Would be dreaming, "tick-tock," And the room quite as still as a mouse,

And the room quite as still as a mouse,
When some one of the crowd
Would dare snicker out loud
And arouse all the rest in the house.
Then the teacher's command
Would be "Hold out your hand!"
And some one would shed a few tears.
And all just because,
Spurning Nature's set laws,
Tommy Spink chose to wiggle his ears. His scalp, so he said, Was too big for his head

Was too big for his head
And he rolled it about as he willed,
While his ears, to and fro,
So grotesquely would go,
You would laugh though you knew you'd
be killed.
And to this very day,
When my skies are a gray,
There is one recollection that theers

when my sales are a gray,
There is one recollection that cheers,
As I think, with a smile,
With what innocent guile
Tommy Spink used to wiggle his ears.

Ohn, the years have been long
Since I left the glad throng
I loved in those happier days;
They have passed frommy view
All those friends whom I knew
And are threading life's devious ways.
All is fading, I find,
Yet with pleasure my mind
To that one youthful picture adheres,
And from out the dim past
I'll recall to the last
How Tommy Spink wiggled his ears.
—Nixon Waterman, in L. A. W. Bulletin.

表完完成的情况的情况的情况的情况的情况的情况的 For Nothing Per Cent.

THE house in which Mr. Whiten Johnson carried on the business of money lender and financial agent was money lender and financial agent was different from those surfrom the Bank of England. in no way different from those surrounding it save that the downstairs front window bore the legend "Loan Office" in large black lefters on a white ground. A quiet, orderly, middle-aged man was Mr. Johnson, and people who met him in the street and did not know him would have taken him for anything him would have taken him for anything. him would have taken him for anything rather than a man who put out his Lattimer. "That's scarcely a month, is him would have taken him for anything

money to usury. Certainly there was nothing of the Shylock about him as he sat one spring morning in his dingy office over a muchmorning in his dingy office over a much-thumbed account book. He was a tall, spare, loosely-built man, with a pale "Troze out!" said Brannigan, in a choked voice, another and more violent tremoc convulsing him.
"Don't they give you anything for a chill?" she asked.
"They can't give me nothin," he whispered, "twouldn't do no good!"

Poor Alma began to cry. She did not know people never died of a broken legy, and with Rrannigan's young legy, and with Rrannigan's young laying down the notes. "Certainly you may!" exclaimed Miss that always looked as if it had grown in patches. Usually, when he was not talking to his clients, the carried a quill pen in his mouth; there was something in his dingy office over a much thumbed account book. He was a tall, spare, loosely-built man, with a pale face and a thin, straggling crop of beard and whiskers that always looked as if it had grown in patches. Usually, when he was not talking to his clients, the carried a quill pen in his mouth; there was something in his dingy office over a much thumbed account book. He was a tall, spare, loosely-built man, with a pale face and a thin, straggling crop of beard and whiskers that always looked as if it had grown in patches. Usually, when he was not talking to his clients, the carried a quill pen in his mouth; there was something in his dingy office over a much thumbed account book. He was a tall, spare, loosely-built man, with a pale face and a thin, straggling crop of beard and whiskers that always looked as if it had grown in patches. Usually, when he was not talking to his clients, the carried a quill pen in his mouth; the innocent pleasure of a child who has got what it wants. "But we haven't arranged anything—haven't It have been dead of a broken whispered, "twouldn't do no good!"

Mr. Johnson was deeply engossed in the consideration of a certain entry in the consideration of a certain entry in the consideration of a certain entry in the carried and whiskers that always looked as if it had grown the notes. "Certainly you may!" exclaimed him thumbed account looked. The was a tall, spare and smiled at Mr. Johnson with all the innocent pleasure of

his account book when the door of the loan office opened very suddenly and set the bell ringing with sharp dis-sonance. He heard a light step in the little lobby, which was partitioned off from the rest of the room. For a mo-ment he did not answer the summons of the bell-it was never wise to be in too much haste to welcome callers. But presently he rose and opened the door, the quill pen still retaining its horizontal position in his mouth. He lifted his eyes carclessly from the little swing counter to the person who stood behind it. He was not easily surprised, for he

had seen many strange things in his



WHAT AMOUNT DO YOU WISH TO

19 years, fashionably dressed, evidently of good position and palpable refine-ment. Her pretty, fresh face, revealing itself to Mr. Johnson's astonished eyes from beneath the ravishments of a much beflowered picture hat, seemed strangely out of keeping with the dingy color of the little lobby. dear.-Chicago Tribune. "Oh-er-ye are Mr. William John-

on?" she said.
"Yes," answered Mr. Johnson. "You-er, you-lend money, don'

"I-I want to borrow some money,

she said, looking out of half-averted

ves at the money lender. Mr. Johnson's first impulse was to stretch out his hand for one of the aplication forms which stood ready in small box on the counter. But upon reflection he lifted the swinging shelf and asked his new client to step inside. When she had passed into the office he closed the door and joined her and from sheer force of habit he restored the quill pen to his mouth. The girl saw the resemblance to the abstracted poodle, and a smile rippled over her ace. Mr. Johnson did not observe it lesk and when the girl had taken it he resumed his own seat and looked at

her. "What amount did you wish to bor-row, ma'am?" said Mr. Johnson. "Oh—ah—well, £20."
"Now—" said Mr. Johnson. "I sup-ose you could furnish good security?" "I thought that you-it says in your advertisement, you know, that you lend money on borrower's note of hand alone—I think that's how it's put, isn't

it?—and no inquiries, and no securities
—isn't that it?" "To approved borrowers yes," answered Mr. Johnson.
"Oh!" said the girl. "Oh! Then

"We don't lend money without se-curity," said Mr. Johnson. "Of course, if we know the party, and know that, it's all right and safe, why, of course, in that case-"I see," said the girl." "Yes-of course, you don't know anything about me. How silly of me! I thought one had just to come and get the money

and sign a paper or something."

The girl looked up from her parasol, with which she had been tracing imthat when he dipped into the sea of knowledge he thought he brought up so much that the blamed thing went dry "—Chicago Post.

"Perhaps I'd better tell you all about it," she said. Of course, you won't tell anybody, will you?"

No. 10

"Never divulge professional secrets," "Never divulge professional secrets," said Mr. Johnson.
"Well, I want to borrow £20 to buy a bicycle. There!" said the girl, with a decisive tap of the parasol upon the floor. "You see, I've spent every penny of my quarter's allowance, and there still a month before I've any more du—and I simply must have that bicycle and I looked over all the advertisement about money, and I saw yours and so came to you."
"Might I inquire what name melan ?"

"Might I inquire what name, ma'am?" said Mr. Johnson. "Oh, I'n: Miss Lattimer-of course, you know my father-Mr. Robert Lat-

"Certainly," replied Mr. Johnson, more astonished than ever. "I've no doubt that he'd buy you a bicycle now." "No, he won't. He thinks £200 a year quite enough for a girl to spend. No, I shall have to buy my own bicycle." Mr. Johnson took the quill out of his mouth and scratched his head with the feathered end of it.

feathered end of it.

"I'm afraid your father wouldn't approve, ma'am—," he began.

"Oh, he's not to know, you know. This is a little deal just between you and me. After all, it's not getting things on credit, is it? Because the money will really be mine when you've lent it to me, won't it?"

"Ye-es," answered Mr. Johnson. "Thet's all right, then!" said Mise Lattimer, triumphantly. "Well, have I got to sign any papers or anything, Mr. Johnson?"

"It is usual to make inquiries before ompleting."
"Oh, but I've no time for inquiries!" "Oh, but I've no time for inquiries; exclaimed Miss Lattimer. "I've got to meet a friend at the cycle agent's in an hour. Oh—look here, I'll leave you my card, Mr. Johnson, in case you want my

Mr. Johnson looked at the piece of pasteboard and then at Miss Lattimer Something impelled him to rise and un-lock a safe, which stood in a corner of

reasonable interest for such a short loan.
Of course, ma'am, you'll not mention this
little transaction to anybody," he added, anxiously. "We always keep these

ed, anxiously. "We always keep these matters quiet—very quiet."

"Oh, to be sure!" laughed the girl.

"Well, thanks, Mr. Johnson, and good-by—you'll see me on the first of July dead certain, you know." On the first of July Mr. Johnson sat in his office in a state of nervous expec-tancy; but the nervousness had nothing to do with the money which was due from Miss Lattimer. All the morning he waited and all the afternoon and still

she came not. And then as evening ence.

Behind the little counter stood a roung lady—nay a girl—of some 18 or of violets. After a long time Mr. Johnson rose from his desk and locked up the notes in his safe. Then he took the sovereign in his hand and went out into the street. He presently came to the little shop of a working jeweler and entered shop of a working leveler and the sov-ereign hung on his simple watch chain and his fingers felt for it and caressed it as if it had been a live thing. And that was the end.—Chicago Daily News.

Outwitted His Sharp-Tongued Wife, An Englishman of Lymington had the misfortune to live in a continuous quarrel with his wife, who was a modern Xantippe, and threatened, in case she survived him, to dance over his grave. It was her bot to outlive him, but it It was her lot to outlive him, but is was not so easy to carry out her threat. The husband had the precaution to make an injunction in his will requiring his body to be buried in the sea near his residence and without ceremony. The injunction was complied with.—Chicago Chronicle.

Rounded It Safely.

Mrs. Gwilliams—I heard you tell Mr. Sflint to come around at lunch time downtown to-morrow and you would have a hot-scotch. What is a hotscotch, dear?
Mr. Gwilliams—Cooked oatmeal, my

Paterfamilias (old journalistic hand)

Oh, no; it is simply on account of lack of space. We are really crowder for room here now.—Tit-Bits. Too True.
"Dearest," she murmured, "Pm so

Why He Was Rejected,

Young Poet—Why do you refuse me for a son-in-law? Is it because I lack

"Dearest," she murmured, "I'm so afraid you'll change." "Darling," he answered, "you'll never find any change about me." Which was painfully true in a double sense.—Cleveland Plain Dealer. Feminine.

"So glad! Why, what a beautiful dress!
And a bonnet from Paris, too, my dear.
You're well? I see your wrinkles are less.
By ranny than when you were here last
year."

—Judge.

A Peaceful Section.

Missouri Traveler—This is a famous section for feuds, I understand? Native—No more peaceful parts any-where than right here. No feuds here. Everything's as pleasant as pie. "But how about the Billington-Wel-lington feud?"

"Over long ago. I'm Billington."
"Indeed! I haven't met any of the Wellingtons." "No, nor you won't. The feud is over."—N. Y. Weekly. The Reaction.

She (who has just said no)-I am

sorry I cannot give you the answer you wanted, Mr. Spooner, but it is for the best, believe me. Some day you will ask yourself what you ever saw in me

ask yourself what you ever saw in me to attract your fancy.

He—I have no doubt I will, Miss Psharpe. My friends have asked me that question a hundred times since I began paying attentions to you.—Chicago Tribune.

An Episode.

In his willing arms the helress he triumphantly enfolded.
But her pa abruptly entered and he loosed his clinging clasp.

Twas the ending of the romance, but he hasn't yet ceased telling of the romance. In his grasp.

N. I World.

PURE! HEALTHFUL!