THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

struggles, he was overpowered by numbers, and securely bound. But to all

As he listened to the recital of his

the faithful?"

satrap of Yezd?"

other request thou canst make is granted before it is uttered!"

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

"Bid thy men, then, gather up that water from the sand; for, by thine own pledge, 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:

Worked Until the Last.

An anecdote of the late Pierre Puvis de Chavannes, given on the authority

of M. Octave Mirbeau, deserves to take

otor, 'vou 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 luminou

about a child's definition. Every Amer ican will agree with the little lad in a board school in England who in an

"Please, sir, he was a gentleman," re-plied the little fellow. "A gentleman!" repeated the in-

pector. "What do you mean by that?"
"Please, sir, when the daughters of

Jethro went to the well to draw who

er, the shepherds came and drove them

away, and Moses helped the daughters

of Jethro and said to the shepherds: Ladies first, please, gentlemen."

One Way to Get Ahend.

know that if you persist in drinking you will never be able to get ahead in

"I won't, eh?" replied the thirsty in

it I'll get a head by to-morrow mor

Mr. Crimsonbeak-It was there yes

He Wasn't Prepared

"No," was the reply; "I think a series of mud baths would benefit you

ones that savored of hopelessness and espair, "I can't afford to go into poli-

Would Have to Walt.

"Why is this?" asked the fond fa-

vill soon be settled now," said Lawye

Hard to Make a Choice

"Yes, a great deal, and, do you know

outh's Companion

he world?"

and live."-Golden Days.

BUTLER, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 9, 1899

CLEARANCE

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

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.

128 SOUTH MAIN STREET

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 SHOES and Girls. SHOES For any that want them; or HEAVY For the Grown People. FELTS For Men

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,

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 can be sold and made ut properly. Call and examine my large stock of

SPRING SUITINGS. Right up to date, the latest styles, shades and colors that could be bought. Call and examine them.

Fits and Workmanship Guaranteed.

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 mmmmmmmmmm

Knowledge Concentrated



boiled down, pressed together is what you get in the New Werner Edition of the ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA. The facts Compounded Day or Night by contained therein are reliable, the statements authoritative. The index which accompanies each set of books enables you to find the information you want quickly, and you can rely

upon it, for even the courts do not question its statements. You can secure the entire set, complete in thirty superb octavo volumes, of the

Encyclopedia Britannica

for One Dollar Cash and the balance in small monthly payments.

FOR SALE BY

J. H. DOUGLASS,

BUTLER PA.

Subscribe for the CITIZEN.

Tonight

burn, or Constipation, take a dose of

Hood's Pills

On retiring, and tomorrow your digestive 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 r any kind of series of others; then the experience of others; the entire HOOD'S PILLS are

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 them at the ware

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

MAKER OF MEN'S CLOTHES



He Understood

After they hit him. It don't require any bricks you understand that it is money in your pocket 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 you. Many bargains to offer now.

Ed. Colbert,

Fomerly

Colbert & Dale. 242 S. Main St., Butler, Pa

Braun's Pharmacy.

Cor. 6th St. and Duquesne Way

Pittsburg, Pa,, L, D. Telephone 2542. Wholesale and Retail.

Importer and Jobber of Drugs, hemicals, Perfumes, Soaps,

The only house west of New

York carrying a full line of Meyers' Grease, Paints and theatrical goods.

Physicians' Prescriptions

"Registered Pharmacists" only. Wholesale and retai dealer in Lubricating and Illumniating Oils, Capital Cylinder, Dynamo, Water White and Standard Gas Engine Oils, Gasolein, Ben-

zine, Paraffine Wax and

Petrolatum, Address all mail orders to

W. F. Braun.



TWO SUNBEAMS.

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

Straight through a casement, oper
A sunbeam found its way,
And down upon the cottage floor
A shaft of brightness lay.

Sent from the gay, glad outer world,

been the experience of others; it will be yours. HOOD'S PILLS are sold by all medicine dealers. 25 cts.

"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 worl through:

"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

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

Total and the state of the stat

THE sun was setting red and sullen ly over a battlefield in western Asia, upon which two great armies had been contending since daybreak. Barely 15 years had elapsed since the death of Mohammed, and already the strong arms and sharp swords of his soldier disciples had spread the faith of Islam through every land from Syria to Morocco, and now the turn of Persia

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 the deeply 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 demoment, the thousand picked men whom he had hitherto held in re-

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 satran (government). The satran (government) is the satran (government) is the satran (government). The satran (government) is the satran (government) is the satran (government). The satran (government) is the satran (government) is the satran (government) is the satran (government) is the satran (government). last charge to them; "for God Himself fights for you. But should ye meet with rmosan, the satrap ernor) of Yezd, kill him not, but bring



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

This sudden charge of fresh and vig-rous 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

werwhelmed 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 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 gainst 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 tossing arms of his swarming enemies. More than one broken arrow head was sticking in his breast plate; the silver buckler on his left arm was backed and dented, as if by the blows of a sledge

ammer; his armor was dyed red with But he still held his ground unflinch-ingly, striking right and left with the strength of a giant, and never once in

But such a fight was too unequal to ast. The brave man's aim bears last. The brave man's arm began to wax weary, his strength to fail. Closer and closer to him gleamed the merciles spear heads, and in another momen all would have been over, when sudden 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 spare!" 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 not have told the color of its metal.

"Persian!" cried the captain, at length, "art thou Harmosan, the satrap Yezd? If so, our swords have r edge against thee, if thou wilt but yield o the caliph's mercy.' blow, which, had it hit its mark, would have ended the captain's wars once for

A gigantic Yemenee rushed for rd only to fall dead beneath another those irresistible strokes; but now the Persian's sword snapped close to the hilt, and he was left defenseless. "We have him now!" shouted the cap ain. "Seize him and bind him fast!"

Despite the stranger's tremendous

所有所有不存在的不是不是不是不是不是不不不是不不不是不不是 TIM BRANIGAN'S the taunts of his captors he deigned not a word of reply, and maintained the same stern silence, even when he was SUL COURTSHIP By B. W. Channing dragged into the presence of the caliph

As he listened to the recitar of ms prisoner's exploits, Omar eyed 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 upon the bare ground, in a rough cloak of the bare ground, in a rough cloak of the light prince of the desert, out of which his wide on the bare ground, in a rough cloak of the weather, out of which his wide to the woman he 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 verlicity, and his broad felt hat, indented with a verlicity with a stern look, "what fate his broad felt hat, indented with a verlicity with a stern look, "what fate his broad felt hat, indented with a verlicity with a stern look, "what fate his broad felt hat, indented with a verlicity with a stern look, "what fate his broad felt hat, indented with a verlicity with a stern look, "what fate his broad felt hat, indented with a verlicity with a stern look, "what fate his broad felt hat, indented with a verlicity with a stern look, "what fate his broad felt hat, indented with a verlicity with a stern look, "what fate his broad felt hat, indented with a verlicity with a stern look, "what fate his broad felt hat, indented with a verlicity with a stern look," what fate his broad felt hat, indented with a verlicity with a stern look, "what fate his broad felt hat, indented with a verlicity with a stern look, "what fate his broad felt hat, indented with a verlicity with a stern look," what fate his broad felt hat, indented with a verlicity with a stern look, "what fate his broad felt hat, indented with a verlicity with a stern look, "what fate his broad felt hat, indented with a verlicity with a stern look," what fate his broad felt hat, indented with a verlicity with a stern look, "what fate his broad felt hat, indented with a verlicity with a stern look, "what fate his broad felt hat, indented with a verlicity with a stern look," which has been a look of the woman he desired, and to the woman he length, with a stern look, "what fate awaits him who hath shed the blood of waits him who hath shed the blood of tical "Denver poke," gave him a cowbow effect. He was perfectly cognizant of this, and traded on it with the maids of the complained of t swered the prisoner. "I am in thy power, and I ask no mercy. Let the fate that whom he swaggered not a little, drop-

er, and I ask no mercy. Let the late that a waits me be what it may, it is all one to me."

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

"And was you ever there, now, Mr. "Tim Brannigan's hurt," he explained. It appeared that Brannigan had been at a fire, and rushing out of the burning tenement with a forgotten would get the wownd on me crown?"

"Aw, an' if I hadn't a been, how the burning tenement with a forgotten on a strange man came with the ice.

"Tim Brannigan's hurt," he explained. It appeared that Brannigan had been at a fire, and rushing out of the burning tenement with a forgotten on a strange man came with the ice. foe.

"Methinks there is but one man in Persiamhosi who could speak to me so," cried he. "Art thou Harmosan, the """

"Aw, an' if I hadn't a-been, how would I get the wownd on me crown?" "What wownd on your crown? Go on!" """

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

atrap of Yezd?"
"I am," replied the Persian, drawing here."
"I'll show it ye if ye'll step over "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 thow. I am Harters little who knows thow. I am Harters little who knows thow. I am Harters little who knows thou and this own quickly and kissed the fresh-

mosan, the soldier of Persia, and thine | colored face that looked so intently at nemy!"

Even the fierce Arabs around him "Shure, the situation was that consmiled approvingly at the fearless vaynient, I cudden't help it!" he urged, words, and more than one voice was fleeing to the door with a smart cuff ringing in his ears.
But he was to learn that there was a heard to mutter:
"This is a bold fellow, and worthy to

be one of the faithful! Pity that he must die!"

"Persian," said Omar, "I may not give type of womanhood demanding more deferential approach.

The first time he saw Alma was on a thee thy life; but to show how the prophet's followers honor courage, any other request thou canst make is hot afternoon in August, when she had just come down from Nova Scotia, and was feeling the atmosphere of the South

granted before it is uttered!"

"Give me a cup of water, then," answered Harmosan; "for since this day's fight began, my thirst hast not been sponsibility the care of a shiftless second husband and his two small boys, the latter that Alma was end oppressive.

Her mother, who kept a boarding quenched."
Omar nodded, and a black slave had written to Hallfax that Alma was



"I AM NOT THAT KIND," SAID ALMA haired girl, with a delicate complexion,

and slim, ladylike hands.
Brannigan, swinging in with his huge look at her, dumped the ice in its receptacle, and stopped on the return swing for conversation. wing for conversation.
"'Tis a warm day!"
"Dreadful!" said Alma, listlessly.

"I didn't see you before?" 'No. I've just come. "Ye'll not stay here! the old lady i't kape no gyurl more than a week; Mrs. Brown's daughter, from

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

examination on Scripture subjects gave an original answer to the question: "What can you tell me about Moses?" "It's very kind of you," she said, "but never use it. Mrs. Dalby, where I lived Halifax, thought it was common." One day about a month after her ar-rival, he found Alma alone in the kitchen—and marked with concern that er eyes were red with crying. Now, rannigan had a man's philosophy rerding tears. "Aren't ye well at all?" he asked,

oming up beside her.
"I'm all right!" said Alma, holding her head down, and plunging her thin little arms into a tub of soapsuds.

The next moment she was startled and scandalized by the clasp of an arm

passenger to the stranger in the opposite seat, who was on very intimate terms with a pocket flask, "don't you bout her waist, and the touch of a brown mustache on her cheek.

"Ah, cheer up!" whispered Branniquan, tenderly, "it don't sthorm ivery He stepped back to avoid the expected

ividual. "Well, old man, that's where ap; but the girl made no sort of dem your trolley jumps the wire. You may be long on hair, but you're short stration. She simply stood there with white face and looked unutterable reon knowledge. Won't geta head, won't I? Bet you a dollar to a stale dough-Tactics of so novel a kind were dis-composing. Brannigan's bronzed cheek flamed, and the laugh died out of his

ng bigger than a barrel."--Chicago "Say. I'm mighty sorry!" he mur-ured; "I niver thought but ye'd like! ! The gyurls mostly does, an' 'tis no Mrs. Crimsonbeak-I wonder where in the world the alarm clock has gone! I saw it on the mantel yesterday.

arm at all

"I'm not that kind," said Almu, "I'm mighty sorry," he repeated, and "Well, I hope it hasn't gone where you told it to go."—Yonkers Statesvent dejectedly to the door.

went dejectedly to the door.
"'Twas sweet, what I got of it," he
mused, "an' 'tis bad luck I'll get no
more. She's not the kind, it's true for
her." The next few times that he carried ice 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. Instinct-

ively, he reconstructed his too florid

vocabulary, and altered some of his

ways.
"She's worth takin' trouble for," he anid to himself. His gentle persistence had its reward, and after awhile they had become so far friends that Brannigan hazarded a "Do you iver go out Sunday avenins?"

explained.
"He will have to wait until I can get him the earth."—Cincinnati Enquirer. he inquired one fine Saturday.
"Sunday afternoons I do," Alms amended. '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

gazed fixedly at the handle of the door. "Let's say three o'clock." understand the property is about algone."—Ohio State Journal. "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 "Young man," said the minister to he heedless sinner, "have you ever thought on your future life?" ning, but her voice made him turn oack in sudden panic.
"Don't call for me," she said, in a low,

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.

One afternoon a strange man came

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

what was she about.

Brannigan was not introspective; besides, he knew what he was about per-

fectly. 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

had the primitive instincts of the tribal

lover; he wanted to show his strength to the woman he desired, and to have

When Brannigan saw Alma enter the 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!" "O, but you'll soon be better, Mr. Brannigan!" she said, struggling not

"Ah, an' do ye think so?" he asked, Alma looked down at his splendid

orportions in perfect seriousness.
"Do you feel pain anywhere?" she asked, fearfully.

"Ahful, just here!" said Brannigan,
laying 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 o adorably innocent! Alma saw and wholly misinterpreted

the tremor which shook him. "Are you cold?" she inquired, anxiously. She knew that it was a bad ign to feel cold in serious illness.
"Froze out!" said Brannigan, in a choked voice, another and more violent remor convulsing him.

"Don't they give you anything for a "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 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, re-

turned her farewell salute with interest, and held the girl close in a clasp of astonishing vigor. "O, my! Mr. Brannigan, aren't you ashamed? And me thinking you that ill!" gasped Alma. "I niver told ye there was anything

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 din' on me, an' I'd make ye so appy ye'd not know yerself—" He became aware of the severely-dis-

approving regard of a middle-aged nurse on the other side of the bed, and let Alma go. Then he winked with glad effrontery at the intruder.
"Tis all right!" he assured her; 'kissin' ain't agin the rules whin it's a 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 ons; but she loved Brannigan.
"Yes," she said.—Boston Globe.

Blessings on the head of the good-atured business man. He does more ood than a missionary. So many siness men are cross and unreason start that is very valuable.—Atchison

"No more late hours, remember, Mr drimshaw," concluded the eminent spe-ialist. "No more cigars; no more mall bottles."

"H'm!" replied Grimshaw, in a nonsommittal way. "Good-day, doctor."
"Pardon me," said the physician,
quavely; "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. — Illusted American. Standing Up for the Animal names and you paid no attention

the names and you paid no attention to him, but when he spoke to the monkey you picked up a brick and knocked him down."

"Yessa," replied the organ-grinder.
"He tell de monk it looks 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 gendeman while he waited for Miss Scadds of descand to the descend to the parlor. "No, I am an anti-expansionist," re-plied Mr. Scadds. "My family is quite as large now as I care to have it."—De-troit Free Press.

Old Mr. Cashly (to his private secre-ary)—So you want an advance in your alary, eh? Why, I'm sure I've always ried to be liberal with you. Mr. Gall—I know it, sir; but your aughter and I have agreed to get marled, and I want to support her decenty.-Harlem Life.

Eastly Accomplished.
"Did you ever have any trouble retting out of town?" asked the friend o whom Mr. Stormington Barnes was clating his theatric experiences. "None whatever," was the answer. The towns we played were so small that all we had to do was to walk two r three blocks."—Washington Star

oung man who had been trying to fit-ngly describe an acquaintance, "is ingly describe an acquaintance, "is that when he dipped into the sea of sitating tone; "you-I'd rather you ouldn't. Maybe I'il be at the corner dry."-Chicago Post

TOMMY SPINK'S EARS.

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

For he stoom at the toot, 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,
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 set! The lazy old clock Would be dreaming

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.

You would laugh though you knew you be killed.
And to this very day.
When my skies 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. Oh, the years have been long Since I left the glad throng loved in those happier days; They have passed frommy view All those friends whom I knew

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.

THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY O For Nothing Per Cent.

THE house in which Mr. William Johnson carried on the business of ney lender and financial agent was no way different from those sur-from the Bank of England. in no way different from those suroffice" in large black letters on a white ground. A quiet, orderly, middle-aged | able to explain matters to himself. man was Mr. Johnson, and people who
met him in the street and did not know back, ma'am?' him would have taken him for anything rather than a man who put out his Lattimer. "That's scarcely a month, is

morning 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 mounted purse and smiled at Mr. Johnas if it had grown in patches. Usually, when he was not talking to his clients, the carried a quill pen in his mouth; we haven't arranged anything—haven't there was something in this habit that gave him the appearance of an abstracted poodle carrying a stick.

It is sign a paper or anything?

"I think," said Mr. Johnson slowly

It to sign a paper or anything?"

If to sign a paper or anything?"

If think," said Mr. Johnson, slowly, stracted poodle carrying a stick.

Mr. Johnson was deeply engrossed in the consideration of a certain entry in his account book when the door of the bean office opened very suddenly and net the bell ringing with sharp dissonance. He heard a light step in the little lobby, which was partitioned off from the rest of the room. For a momenthe did not answer the summons of the bell—it was never wise to be in too much haste to welcome callers. But 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 the was not easily surprised for he his eyes carclessly from the little swing counter to the person who stood behind it. He was not easily surprised, for he "Invertion ye there was anything wrong wid me arms!" he cried. "An' it. He was not easily surprised, for he it. He was not easily surprised, for he had seen many strange things in his had seen many strange things in his time, but what he now saw surprised him into a vague, uncomfortable silence.

Behind the little counter stood a behind the little counter stood a voung lady—nay a girl—of some 18 or voung lady—nay a girl—of



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 pleture hat, seemed strangely out of keeping with the dingy color of the little lobby.

"Oh-er-ye are Mr. William Johnson?" she said.

"Yes," answered Mr. Johnson. "You-er, you-lend money, don'

"Yes," said Mr. Johnson again. "I-I want to borrow some money," the said, looking out of half-averted ves at the money lender. Mr. Johnson's first impulse was to

ication 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 heer 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 face. Mr. Johnson did not observe it; he indicated a chair at the side of his lesk and when the girl had taken it he resumed his own seat and looked at

her.
"What amount did you wish to borrow, ma'am?" said Mr. Johnson. "Oh-ah-well, £20."
"Now-" said Mr. Johnson. "I suppose 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 im-

that when he dipped into the sea of knowledge he thought he brought up so much that the blamed thing went dry."—Chicago Post.

aginary patterns on the floor.

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

"Never divulge professional secrets," "Well, I want to borrow £20 to buye bicycle. There!" said the girl, with a decisive tap of the parasol upon the floor. "You see, I've spent every penn of my quarter's allowance, and there still a month before I've any more due—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, ma'am?" said Mr. Johnson.
"Oh, I'm 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. "That'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!" 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

eard, Mr. Johnson, in case you want my Mr. Johnson looked at the piece of Mr. Johnson looked at the piece of pasteboard and then at Miss Lattimer. Something impelled him to rise and unlock a safe, which stood in a corner of the office. He fumbled about and final-

"Well, ma'am," said Mr. Johnson, "it "When did you say you could pay it

money to usury.

Certainly there was nothing of the Shylock about him as he sat one spring first of July, ma'am," said Mr. Johnson,

After a long time Mr. Johnson rose

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 it timidly. When he came out the sovereign hung on his simple watch chain and the source of the sou

and his fingers felt for it and caress

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 lot to outlive him, but it

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 cere-mony. The injunction was complied with.—Chicago Chronicle. Mrs. Gwilliams—I heard you tell Mr. Sflint to come around at lunch time downtown to-morrow and you we have a hot-scotch. What is a hotscotch, dear? Mr. Gwilliams-Cooked oatmeal, my

dear .- Chicago Tribune. Why He Was Rejected,
Young Poet—Why do you refuse me
for a son-in-law? Is it because I lack
merit?
Paterfamilias (old journalistic hand).

Oh, no; it is simply on account of lack of space. We are really crowded for room here now.—Tit-Dits.

Too True.

"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.

"So glad! Why, what a beautiful dress!
And a bonnet from Paris, too, my dear.
You're well? I see your winkles are less.
By many 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 anywhere than right here. No feuds here.

Everything's as pleasant as pie.

"But how about the Billington-Wellington foul?" 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

to attract your fancy.

He—I have no doubt I will, Miss
Psharpe. My friends have asked me
that question a bundred 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 cased telling or the niemorable time he had a fortune in his grasi.