Bickel's

VOL xxxviii

Spring Footwear THE LARGEST AND MOST COMPLETE

Men's Shoes All the latest styles in Men's Shoes. A full line of Men's Patent Calf Shoes-the

very latest styles, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$5.00 and \$6.00. Vici-kid and Box-Calf Shoes \$1.50 to \$5.00. Also a complete stock of Men's Patent Leather and Vici kid Oxfords in the latest styles. Boy's and Youth's Shoes. Our stock of Boy's and Youth's Shoes made on

the litest styles, Spring lasts, are very attractive. We have a full stock of Boy's and Little Gents' Shoes in Patent Calf, Box Calf, Vici-Kid. Ladies' Fine Shoes-SOROSIS-The Butlet County National Bank

New Shoe for Women well. It is certain to be Capital paid in - \$200,000.00 comfortable and elegant. All styles. "AAA to E." We have a Surplus and Profits \$35,000.00 comfortable and elegant. All styles. "AAA to E." We have a los. Hartman, President; J. V. Ritts, large assortment of the Celebrated Carter Comfort Shoes and especilise President; John G. McMarlin, Cashier, A. C. Krug, Ass't Cashier. Misses' and Children's Shoes. We have not forgotten the girls.

The most complete stock of Misses' and Children's Shoes we have The most complete stock of Misses' and Childrett's Shoes we have ever had. All the new styles in fine Dongola Tan, Red and Patent Leather. All sizes, "A to EE," ranging in price from \$1.00 to \$3.00.

All Winter Goods to be closed out regardless of cost.

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HIGH IRON STANDS with four lasts at 50c.

JOHN BICKEL,

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Greatest of all Shoe Sales!

Begins January 17, at 9:30

After stock taking we find broken sizes and odd lots all through this immen e stock which must be sold.

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January lull in trade and made it one of our busy months Just think of it. Strictly high grade Footwear marked to sell at a Fourth, New Goods Now In a Tord and a Half less than our regular prices. For instance, Shoes For Season 1901. that we seil regularly for \$1.00 and \$1.25 now selling for 50c. Those at \$2.00 and \$2.50, now \$1.45 and \$1.85. Others at 1.25 and \$1.50 now 75c and 95c.

Irresistible Values Compel Prudent People to Purchase

This price cutting reaches every line and these values are not equaled in any shoe house in Butler.

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Come before the lots are broken. Sale begins THURSDAY, JANUARY 17, at 9:30 These goods sold only for cash.

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FRENCH FLANNEL-New Spring weight, soild colors, all wool,

WASH FABRICS—Complete lines of new Seersuckers, Ginghams, Zephyrs, Lawns, Dimities and Sheer Fabrics. Constant arrivals of choice new goods keep the line complete in every detail. WHITE GCODS—New Lawns, Dimities. Swisses, Embroideries, Aces, All-overs and Lece Curtains at lowest prices.

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E Have a nattiness about them that E marks the wearer, it won't do to wear the last year's output. You won't get the latest things at the stock clothiers either. The up-to-date tailor only can supply them, if you want not only the latest things in cut and fit and workmanship, the finest in durability, where e'se can you get combinations, you get them at

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Butler Savings Bank Hood's Pills

Butler, Pa.

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216 Center avenue. We do fine work in out loor Photographs. This is the ime of year to have a picture of your house. Give us a trial.

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Are prepared from Nature's mild laxatives, and while gentle are reliable and efficient. They

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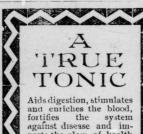
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Chase Brothers Pianos eagerly. Are endorsed by people who buy them and by first-class musicians.

PITTSBURG, PA., JAN. 27, 1901. MR. W. R. NEWTON, Butler, Pa. Dear Sir:—It gives me great pleasure in recommending the Chase Bro's Piano, both in tone, workmenship and dureability. The Chase Bro's Piano which you sold the Sterling Club of Butler, Pa, Oct. 31, 1900, and which I have tested in connection with my orchestra. This piano has given the best of satisfaction

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UNAWARES.

A song welled up in the singer's heart (Like a song in the throat of a bird), And loud he sang, and far it rang, For his heart was strangely stirred, And he sang for the very loy of song, With no thought of one who heard.

A heavenly patience grew; He fared on his way with a benison On the singer, who never knew How the careless song of an idle hour Had shaped a life anew.

LOVE'S TRAGEDY.

How a Girl Was Won. \$-\$-\$-\$-\$-\$-\$-\$-\$-\$-\$-\$-\$-\$ of indifference. The man was leaning is back against the mantelpiece, comily observing the points of his asked.

orth the amount of serious observation he was giving them. To any person of moderate understanding the situation was obvious. To the two actors in it it was becoming embarrassing. The man moved first.

Georgie? Georgie?'
The girl stopped humming abruptly and turned round.
"What is the use of beginning again?" she said, with an impatient movement. "You know one cannot convenient to the said. serve two masters. I am going to give my life to my art."

"Why not?" she returned quickly.
"That is just what I wanted to speak
to you about. You see"—and her proud head was raised a trifle higher—"you only want a wife who can see that you get a good dinner every day and sew the buttons on your shirts. You have known us all for years. Why do you expect me, the unpractical one of the family, to snatch at the offer of this post? You would have shown more sense in asking Madge or Lillian, and

For a moment there was a dangerous gleam in his eyes, but it changed to a tender look of amusement as the girl flung herself viciously into a chair

I dare say one of them might have had

"I suppose it would have been more sensible," he agreed, "only I don't love either Madge or Lilian. If you will only have me," he continued, a twinkle in his eye and abject humility in his voice, "I will do my best to overcome my disgraceful appetite and dine off a sentimental song if you deem it best.

I will also look out for some patent measure in our own workshop in But-ler, not by fair-to-middling work-trouble of sewing on buttons."

Georgie looked up quickly.
"You needn't try to be funny, Rex!" she said severely. "You know quite well I should have to become a domes-ticated woman if I married, and I von't. I am going to devote my life to music, and if I were to sacrifice that nonth. There: that's all!"

"You would stop loving me in a fortnight?" he asked. "Then I may infer you have begun already?" "You may infer nothing, sir!" she re-

torted sharply, but her face was crimgot!" thought Rex. "I believe she does alf like me, but must make her cave

in before she'll respect me."

There was a moment's pause, then he said gently: "I beg yeur pardon, Georgie. I believe you may be right, after all, though it is hard to think of giving you up." And he sighed softly, but resignedly. "If you are not too angry with me, will you tell me which you think it would be best for me to try to like,

Lilian or Madge?"
"I am so glad, Rex, you are sensible at last! Really, I have thought it out carefully, and, though Lilian is awfully sweet and-and everything, I think Madge is the one best suited to you. You see, she cooks splendidly and nows exactly how everything ought to be done in a house and would be erfectly satisfied if you kissed her ace a month or so and occasionally said the dinner was excellent. She ally would, she is so easily pleased. While I- Well, you know what I

"Yes, I know what you are," he replied quietly. "You are very young." She misunderstood him as he had

"Yes, I am young-only 19-and you are nearly 30. Madge is nearest you in age, and I believe you could make her love you if you tried."

"Shall I try? Do you want me to?"
"Yes, of course I want you to. It is for your own sake. She would make you a better wife than I because I don't want even to be loved. I am satisfied with my life as it is." "All right, Georgie. In a month I shall have made up my mind, and I.

will tell you. Goodby."
"Goodby," she murmured, vaguely afraid of what she had done. She tried to reason out the cause of her depression, but it seemed to have no cause, and with a lagging step she made her way to the sunny den which she shared with her sisters.

Madge was sitting there alone, sewing and singing gayly. She looked up, an unusual merriment danced in her

Madge. "Rex. And he's got a box for 'The

Loves of Henrietta' tomorrow, and he's asked mother and me to go." "I'm so glad," said Georgie, but with And Madge stole a furtive look at

A month had passed. Once more Georgie stood at the same window, softly humming. She was waiting for Rex, and her face was very pale. It was the same face still, but there was a difference, the difference which marks every girl's face when she be-

She had learned her lesson and borne Today she had nerved herself for a wrong to the sister who had stepped into the place she had voluntarily re-

She had thought love not worth the had turned to dust and ashes in her hand who was to blame but herself? She was waiting for Rex-Rex, who had fallen such a helpless victim to or a word to spare for her the whole

taught her that it was only a part-of careless indifference and entire absorption in her art. When it seemed too hard for her, she reminded herself sternly of her own words, "I am satisfied with my life as

fied," she said and struggled on. preme ordeal, and at present there was no one to see her. But as she leaned her head listlessly against the window there came from the hall the sound of a familiar whistle, and instantly her expression changed. A smiling, ex-pectant face greeted Rex as he entered,

"The funeral and wedding marches are side by side on the piano," she be-gan, with an affected attempt at seriss, "but I was waiting to choose between them till I have seen your

"What does my face tell you?" he She looked at him critically.

"That the momentous question is t be asked no later than this evening," she replied. "Good luck attend you." "Wrong Try again."

sympathy.
"Wrong again. I see I must tell you." "You are sure your mind is made up, He had seized the hand she had offer

out her hand with a playful gesture of

"What do you say to the question naving been asked aiready?"

The last month had wrought many changes in Georgie. She had, for one thing, learned to keep her face under "But, Georgie, you know what it means to me. I mean you know I could never change or forget."

thing, learned to keep her face under control, and only the slightest trembling of the eyelid showed that she was taken by surprise.
"My dear brother to be," she said, re

gaining possession of her hand, "I con sider I have been grossly ill treated in having this fact sprung upon me so suddenly. I had heard of a delightful little book called The Right Word In the Right Place'-a help to those peo should find a paragraph entitled, 'What to say to a future brother-in-law,' or words to that effect, and now you I feel unfit for conversation. You had etter go." And she turned majestical-

"I will. Only you must first allow me to make one remark. You did not ask what Madge said to me." He paused It was his trump card, and he was growing desperate. He took advantage of Georgie's back being still turned toward him, and, creeping softly behind her, took one glance at her face before she knew he had moved.

It was enough.
"Georgie," he cried, "hasn't the play gone far enough? I am tired of acting, and I want you, Georgie—I can't tell you how much I want you!" There was passionate entreaty in his voice. "What did you mean," she asked

slowly, "by saying you were 'tired of acting?' I don't understand."
"No; I know," he answered guiltily. and marry you I should stop loving you in a fortnight and hate you in a ing the last month. I have even asked her to marry me, and she has refused. It was the natural climax to the play, she said, and she told me to do it, be cause nothing else would put you off your guard. I had to know whether you loved me or not," he ended des-

> "It was very cruel," she whispered at "Ah. Georgie, don't!" he entreated. you ever have known you loved me if we had gone on in the same old way?" There was a moment's silence.

"I should never have known I loved she answered softly.-Chicago

perately.

Times-Herald. The moment you are instinctively ininclined to rub the eyes that moment cease to use them; also it is time to give your eyes a rest when you become ensible of an effort to distinguish Cold water is about the safest applicaion for inflamed eyes. Never sleep so that on awakening the eyes shall open or sew directly in front of the light of that comes from above or obliquely or over the left shoulder. Too much light is an evil, fust as is scant light. It creates a glare that pains and confuses

A Canadian minister had just mar-ried a couple. The registers were signed, and nothing remained but the giving and taking of the fee oridegroom, a strapping young fellow,

The parson glanced at the smiling bride and slyly answered: "Whatever you think it is worth."

Now, it should have been worth a

great deal, for the girl was young and "I reckon it's worth about 5 shillings," said the swain, holding out two

half crowns. The clergyman looked blankly at the coins, then turned to the fair one.
"I'll leave it to you, madam," he said. "What do you think it's worth?"
What did this young and blushing bride do? She reached out, took the coins, handed one half crown to the minister and put the other into her

with a sigh, "is her husband's crown." Perhaps he ought to have said half crown.-London Tit-Bits.

"A thrifty wife," said the minister,

Fooled His Doctor. The late Rev. H. R. Haweis, who was equally notable as preacher, journalist, lecturer and musician, suffered boy of 9. The celebrated Sir Benjamin Brodie, who was asked if a change of scene would benefit the afflicted youth,

answered, "Take him anywhere — it does not matter." Haweis lived to laugh at his doctor. and half a century later, after a life of exceptional industry, he was in vigorous health.-New York World.

"The performance reaches the highest pinnacle of dramatic wit," wrote the press agent. "Isn't that rather a strong statement?" asked the dramatic editor. "Oh, no! We are getting \$5 for gen-

Alas, it is sometimes true that we

The Two Pinnacles.

mistake the pinnacle of price for the pinnacle of art!—Baltimore American. Quite beneath all discussion of electives and vocations, as whether I will be an engineer or a clergyman, is the certainty, for every youth who would be truly successful, that he must be a kin save 'em all fur your second wife.

man; that he ought to be a "full grown | There'll probably be ten thousand an-

MRS. GALLUP'S WOES.

WHILE WASHING DISHES SHE GETS ANOTHER SUMMONS.

On This Occasion She Has Only an that much anyhow, won't you, even if Hour Longer to Live and Puts In I heven't got but three teeth left?" the Time Giving Mr. Gallup Point-

lounge after supper to smoke a pipe, and as Mrs. Gallup cleared off the table and washed the dishes she sang "Weary Souls" at the top of her voice and in high spirits. It might possibly have been her singing which finally lulled Mr. Gallup to sleep and dropped the pipe from his mouth to the floor, although it had never done it hefore. He don't disable the state of the state o and she scrutinized him with playful though it had never done it before. He appeared with hands pressed to her heart and a wabble to her gait, and, sinking into a chair, she gasped:

"Samuel Gallup, I shall be as a she said:

"Samuel Gallup, I shall be as a she said:

a crowbar in less'n an hour, and you'd better git up and give me a last em-

Mr. Gallup gurgled in his throat as he slept, and without seeming to notice his condition she continued:

"Yes. Samuel, I've got my sur till tomorrow morning?" And she held I was puttin away the last dish when



MR. GALLUP STILL SLEPT. my heart give a sudden bob, my head begun to go round, and right before me I saw my coffin and an open grav For a minit I thought I was a gone me that I'd live an hour longer and that I'd better come in and talk to you. I'm here to say some last dyin words to you, Samuel, and, though I don't expect to draw tears to your eyes, I do hope you'll listen and re-member what I say."

At this juncture Mrs. Gallup's tears

egan to fall and her chin to quiver, and, being so busy with her em she did not even look Mr. Gallup's way. Swallowing at the lump in her throat, she said: "Samuel, I've allus kinder felt that

in case of my death you'd marry ag'in, and it's allus made me feel little edgewise, but a change has comver me It come two weeks ago, I'm wife. In fact, I think it's better you should. Mrs. Teachout was sayin to me the other day that if I dropped off you'd marry ag'in inside of four weeks, as you'd want somebody to comb your hair and cut your toe nails, but I don't think you'd be as mean as that. You'd wait at least three months, wouldn't

Mr. Gallup snored in reply, and, taking this as an answer in the affirmative, Mrs. Gallup went on:

"The usual time is a year, but I ain't askin you to wait that long for me. I've bin a hardworkin wife, and I've allus saved every bit of the soap grease and made the tea last in a way to surprise you, but I ain't askin for I'm old and humbly and nighsighted, and I can't blame you if you kick up your heels arter I'm gone. Shall you go on a bridal tower with your second wife, Samuel? I ain't askin 'cause I'm jealous, you know, but jest out of curiosity. When we got married, all the bridal tower we had was to go to a circus and come home in a thunderstorm, but if you want to go to Niagara Falls with your new wife don't stop on my account."

As Mr. Gallup hadn't been asked direct question there was no call for

wake up, and as Mrs. Gallup felt like weeping she had a fairly good time at it before saying further:
"I did think at one time that if you narried a chit of a girl I'd come back and sit on the footboard of the bed and haunt you, but I've changed my mind about it. It ain't in me to be mean. While it 'pears to me that you'd better marry a widder woman about 40 years old, if you decide on a girl of 20 it ain't for me to raise no row. While a widder woman would be at work sewin patches on your trousers and making apple butter, a gal wife would want to be swingin in a hammock or playin the melodeon, but it's your own lookout. The papers are full of gal wives runnin away with tin peddlers, and you must hev read of 'em as well as me.

Was you thinkin of a gal wife or a widder, Samuel?" Mr. Gallup combined a sigh and a snore and stood mutual, and after hanging on to her chin to stop its shak-

ing Mrs. Gallup continued: "I was goin to ask you to think of me once in awhile when I was gone, but I don't want to give you trouble. You'll hev nuff to think of with your new wife, and as I shall be flyin round in heaven I'll be all right. Once in awhile, however—once in a while, when your new wife spiles the bread, kicks the cat outdoors, breaks the nose off the teapot and kicks in the hea'd of the vin-egar barrel, I wish you'd jest remem-ber how patient and savin I was. Shall you hev a new pump put into the well for your second wife, Samuel? The old one has bin out of order fur nine years you know, and you've got to pumpety pump for ten minits to git any water It'll be jest like her to insist on a red

pump with a blue handle." There was no change in the situation as far as Mr. Gallup was concerned. He still slept, and he still sighed and

"And I s'pose you'll whitewash the pigpen and henroost and hev new shingles on the roof of the house. When I want 5 cents fur peppermint essence to settle my stummick, it takes a week to git it out of you, but if your second wife wants \$25 fur furbelows you'll hev to hand it right over or hev a fuss. She won't make one corset last her fur six years, and she won't go barefut to save her shoes. However, as I said before, what will it be to me? I'll be flappin my wings and hevin a blissful time, and if you ain't happy I shan't know it nor worry About my dyin, Samuel-do you feel like you'd care to kiss me

Mr. Gallup drew up one leg and slowstraightened it out again, but he ade no verba! answer. "It's 'leven years or more since yo kissed me, and I shouldn't hev asked you now if I wasn't a-goin to perish. It's of no consekence, however. You It was this that had first man," as the old version read squarely gels waitin at the gate to kiss me, and ness, "And yet I don't know why I taught her what she had lost and that had afterward nerved her to play her had afterward nerved her to play her man."—Success.

In an an as the old version read squarely gets wants at the last squarely and none too strongly; to be a "perfect that'll do fur me. I wanted to say a should be; he never did me any harm."

Word about my clothes. They are

make fun of 'em, but I don't want you to let her use 'em fur mop rags. It would be jest like her, but if you don't want to save 'em to remember me by then you kin bundle 'em up and drop

[Copyright, 1901, by C. B. Lewis.] saw Mrs. Gallup before him, and he saw that she was weeping, but he

"If it's a good day fur it tomorrer, Samuel, I think I'll start in and make some more soft soap."

Query. Elsie—Mamma, there's a funny old man in this Pickwick book that's al-Mamma-Well, a widow is supposed to be skillful in catching a husband.

Elsie—Gracious! I wonder if I'll have to be a widow before I can get married.-Philadelphia Press. She Couldn't Lose. "Heads I win, taels you lose," chuc-kled the dowager empress as she ordered the decapitation of another batch of her subjects for the confiscation of

their property.-Chicago Evening Post.



"How are you getting on since you "First rate. I've lately finished a everybody says it's a speaking like-

I bought a patent camera a little while ago.

About it I'll a history relate.
It's small, compact and portable and fitted with,

used to live in lodgings, but they proved so very

night
And found—the cat was not the one to blame.

red sharp and short,

We had a "paying guest" who staid with us five months or six,
But who had never paid a single cent;
photographed his boxes, which were full
straw and bricks,

be
A good idea to have an egg likewise.
They told me they had got some which were
fresh and newly laid,
And so they may have been a year ago;
The specimen they brought me I "kodaked" be-

fore I paid,

And then the bird inside commenced to crow.

—Pick-Me-Up.



He-Dearest, I'm not good looking, I'm not wealthy, my grandfather was jailed for sheep stealing, and my family use bad grammar, but I own a horse and cutter! She-My own!-Chicago News.

Miss Crochet-I saw you at my song recital last evening. I wonder if those people in the back seats made any com-plaint. I am sure they couldn't have heard me. Miss Teller-No. I heard no com-

"Expugn!" roared the Boston general. There came a strange rustling noise. "Is that the biograph people?" asked he commander.
"No," responded the captain; "that

is our men searching their pocket dic-

tionaries for the word 'expugn.' "-Chi-

plaint. It is true, however, as you supposed, they couldn't hear a note.—Bos-

On Second Thought Less Vicious. A henpecked man being told that an old acquaintance was married, ex-But, reflecting a moment, he added, in a tone of compassion and forgive-

cago News.

THE DRUMHEAD BUSINESS

A Ruge Long Island Industry Which Prospers by War.

Few people knew that more than half
the banje and dram heads sold in the United States are made on Long Is-Cold Spring is a little red building suran artificial pond, with wooden sides and bottom, filled with a chemical mixture. It is an unpretentious establish-ment, but in our two wars and in the portance until now there are but three factories in this country whose opposi-

tion can be felt. Two of these are in Brooklyn and the other at High View, N. Y. New York markets furnish the salt-ed raw skins from which the drumheads are made. The hair is removed from the skins by a chemical bath in the artificial pond, and the skins are then stretched on the racks and dried. man in this Pickwick book that's al-ways telling his son to beware of the widows. Why is that?

Manuar Well a widow is supposed

A thorough scraping removes any par-ticles of fat or flesh that may bave adhered to the dried skin, which is then the thickness of parchment. The skins are thoroughly bleached in the drying process and are then ready for cutting into heads. During the Spanish-American war the factory was fair-ly swamped with orders for drumheads, 500 dozen heads often being or dered at one time. The principal de-mand was for the "tenor" drum, on which a loud accompaniment to the fife or bass instrument can be pro-

drumheads. When dressed, they are showy, but beyond their appearance and name they are of no greater value than heads made from calfskin. Sheepskin is used for cheap toy drums .- New

QUAINT COLONIAL NAMES.

How the Offspring of Our First Colo-nists Were Christened. It is an interesting study to trace the underlying reason for many of the curious names which are given to the offspring of the first colonists. Parents searched for names of deep significance—for names appropriate to con-ditions, for those of profound influ-ence presumably on the child's life. The Rev. Richard Buck, one of the early parsons in Virginia, in days of deep depression, named his first child Mara. This text indicates the reason for his choice: "Call me Mara, for the Almighty has dealt very bitterly with me. I went out full, and the Lord has brought me home empty." His second child was christened Gershom — for Moses' wife "bare him a son and called

been in a strange land." Many names have a pathos and sad-ness which can be felt down through the centuries. Dame Dinely, widow of a doctor, or barber surgeon, who had died in the snow while striving to visit a distant patient, named her poor babe

Fathergone.
The children of Roger Clapp were named Expérience, Waitstill, Preserved, Hopestill, Wait, Thanks, Decide, Unite and Supply. Madam Austin, an early settler of old Narragansett, had 15 children. Their names were Parvis, Picus, Piersus, Prisemus, Polybius, Lois, Lettice, Avis, Anstice, Eunice, Mary, John, Elizabeth, Ruth, Freelove. All lived to be threescore and ten, one to be 102 years old. Edward Bendall's children were named Truegrace, Reform, Hoped For, More Mercy and Restore. Richard Gridley's offspring

were Return, Believe and Tremble "Child Life In Colonial Days." French Bakers.
Bakers in France are subject to restrictions and regulations undreamed of in England. In the fortified towns along the frontier they are bound by law to have a certain stock of flour always on hand in case of emergencies. The bakery not only has to be kept clean, but the baker has to deposit with the local authorities a certain sum of money as a surety for the prop-

The law also looks after his weight; and measures, which circumstance places him in the same position as the British baker, but in addition the law regulates the price at which bread can Napoleon III ordered on one occasion that a loaf about equal to our quartern should be sold for not more than six-

pence, and this at a time when we

er conduct of his business.

were paying eightpence and ninepence. -London Tit-Bits. A Sympathetic Memory. In a western Massachusetts town lives a young woman who is blessed with both discrimination and tact. The first of these admirable qualities she has displayed by her two marriages. Her first husband was a minister, a most delightful man. He died, and after a lapse of five or six years she was united to his only brother, who was a successful lawyer in New York. On her library desk stands a picture of the first partner of her joys and sorrows, and one day a curious caller ask-ed whom the photograph represented. "That." said the hostess, with evi-

der emotion, "is a picture of my hus-

bata's brother, who died eight years

ago and who was very dear to us both."-Youth's Companion. "What's your fare?" asked old Flintskin of his cabby the other day and was met with the stereotyped reply:
"Well, sir, I will leave that to you."
"Thank you; you're very kind," said old F., buttoning up his pockets and walking off. "You're the first person

In mediæval times not only were living prisoners ransomed by their friends, but a ransom was demanded even for



"Say, ma, shall I wash my hands or put on gloves?"