THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

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Popular-Priced Spring Shoes

The greatest assortment of Stylish Footwear ever placed before the people of Butler county. The perfect embodiment of fashion and service, at our own uncomparable prices.

Our Eighty-cent and Dollar Shoes

For men and women, for boys and girls form a wonderful feature of our great showing, and we claim great things for them. Thousands of pairs have been put to the test. We have yet to hear of a complaint. You meet with such values only at HUSELTON'S.

At $1.50, $2.00 and $2.50,

Men's and Women's Lines,

almost surpass our own ideas. These popular shoes are designed and built especially for this store. Vici Kid, Box Calf, Patent Leather, Russia Calf, genuine McKay sewed and Goodyear welts. Solid, substantial service in every pair.

At $3.00 and $3.50.

we put out strong claims for your favors. The strongest probably ever made in shoedom. Patent and Enamel Leathers, Vici Kid, Box and Russia Calf-skin—turn and welt soles—for men or women; extension edges, Cuban, military and French heels. All popular toe styles; all latest men's lasts; all latest women's lasts, and representing $3.50 and $4.00 values as shown in other stores.

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Have received our expert attention. 75 cts, $1.00, $1.25, $1.50 and $2.00; comfort for growing feet; appearances that please the wearers and service that profits the buyers of these shoes, are the strong points we claim for these lines as well as a saving of 25 per cent. in the prices

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We invite you to call and see our stock of SOROSIS SHOES AND OXFORDS, the latest styles for summer wear, made in fine Dongola, Patent-calf and Patent Ideal Kid in light, heavy or medium soles, high or low heels, They are handsome. All sizes, 2½ to 8; all widths, AAA to E.

JOHN BICKEL,

128 SOUTH MAIN STREET, - - - BUTLER, PA

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Spring Styles

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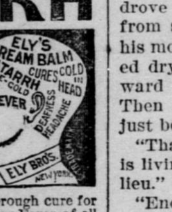
For your Protection we positively state that this remedy does not contain mercury or any other injurious drug.



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THE BACKGROUND GROUP.

The crowd huzzas, the music madly plays;
'Tis meet, for, lo, it is the day of days;
The home returning heroes come; a cry
Of welcome should be lifted to the sky
And flowers strew the people trampled ways.

The drums beat martially; with rhythmic beat
The steps resound along the gaping street.
Hark! What acclaims! And how the folk do press
To see, to touch, may be, the very dress
Of those who dared the death when life is sweet!

But stay! Where joy is general, where the sound
Of jubilant voices rends the air around,
Why is yon group so silent in its place,
With war's impassioned image face to face?
Wherefore those eyes cast nunlike on the ground?

Who are these hangers back, these dark robed ones?
They are the mothers who are reft of sons,
The wives whose dearest lie all uncaressed
Afar with vital stains on brow or breast,
The children orphaned at the mouths of guns.

—Richard Burton in Outlook.

A Sentimental Journey And Its Results.

By GILBERT DAYLE.

It was about 4 o'clock one afternoon in February, and Hippesley was sitting on the veranda of the Cafe de Paris at Monte Carlo. He sat deep in thought, his ears mechanically listening to the strains of the little Hungarian band a few yards away from him. He was thinking of the reason that had brought him to the place. He had been abroad for 12 years, yet within a month of his return he had left again and hurried to spend a few days on the Riviera before taking steamer at Marseilles.

It was absurd, he knew it, but the longing to see her face again was irresistible. He would not seek an opportunity of speaking with her. The scheme on which their lives had been worked out made this impossible. He simply had an overwhelming desire to see her. Then he could go back to his lonely life, not happy; he could never be that, but with a fresh picture of the one woman he had ever loved.

He noticed a smart carriage draw up before the broad steps of the Casino, and almost simultaneously a man and a woman came out of the building. The man was middle aged, a trifle heavy in build and faultlessly dressed. He handed the lady into the carriage. Hippesley, as he caught sight of her face, gave a start and clutched hold of the table. She was a young English woman, magnificently beautiful.

The color left his face, and he riveted his eyes on her. He watched her smilingly say "goodby" to the man on the steps, then the carriage turned and drove rapidly away. As it vanished from sight he sank back in his chair, his mouth twitching. His throat seemed dry and parched; he stretched forward and drank some tea at a gulp. Then the voices of two men talking just behind him reached his ears.

"That was the Princess Zandra. She is living at the Villa Erondel, at Beaulieu."

"Enormously rich?"

"She was till a day or so ago." The man lowered his voice. Hippesley found himself straining for the next words. "I happen to know," came in almost a whisper, "that the late prince was sufficiently ill advised to invest nearly all his money in an enterprise that has recently come to the ground with a crash, and the princess, who never had the slightest suspicion of her affairs not being in a satisfactory state, has suddenly been told that another year at her present rate of expenditure will leave her penniless."

"What will she do?"

"Go on living as she has done and marry again. Women with such beauty can pick and choose. There are no hard places for them. Rumor says it will be the man who has just left her. He is not a good man, but he is passionately in love with her and a millionaire twice over."

Hippesley rose from his seat and, making his way round to the terrace, sank into a seat. He felt he could hear no more. It was all so curious, so startlingly strange. To think that the girl he had left living with her father on the outskirts of a quiet English country town should have developed into this wonderful Princess Zandra, whose beauty was known throughout Europe. And they had loved one another! He had gone abroad with the hope of making a name for himself, of being able to claim her. But ill luck had dogged him, and the time had never come when he could write to her. He had left her free, and as the years went by, bringing nothing but persistent failure, he knew that it was not for him to possess the only thing he counted worth having. Occasionally scraps of intelligence as to the course her life had taken drifted to him. Her father had died, and she had gone to live with a wealthy aunt in London. From stray papers that reached him he learned that her beauty had caused quite a sensation in society. Then at last came the news that she had married a foreigner of great position, Prince Zandra.

He wondered if she ever thought of him—remembered the night he had confessed his love to her. Not a day had passed in those long years of failure but her image had been before him. Now, at length, when he had achieved some slight success, it was too late. All that was left for him was to take the absurd little journey of sentiment.

Early next morning he traveled to Beaulieu. He got out at the railway station and, following the path that led round to St. Jean, passed the fishing village and gained the Point. There he sank down on the ground and gave himself up to his reflections. It was a perfect morning, a cloudless sky, the air soft and pregnant with the perfume of the roses that grew right to the edge of the tiny cliff. Some 30 feet below him was the sea, not a ripple on its smooth surface, the clear blue tints gleaming in the sunshine.

Presently he was aware of a woman gazing curiously at him. The next moment they had recognized one another. She went suddenly pale, and her lips parted in wonder.

"Ralph!" she gasped.

He looked at her mutely. He was face to face with her at last, and the blood went throbbing through his veins.

"Yes, just Ralph," he said mechanically.

She held out her hand, and he took it awkwardly.

"And to think it is you after all these years!" she said softly.

Hippesley did not speak. His thoughts had flown back a dozen years to the night when he had left her. An indefinable idea came to him that she, too, was thinking of the same thing.

"I won't lie," he said abruptly. "I am not here by chance. I heard you were on the Riviera, and after all these years I wanted to see you again—just to see you; I had no notion of speaking."

She gazed at him steadily, as if trying to read his thoughts.

"You have loved me all this time?" she asked slowly.

He bowed his head. She turned away with a little sob.

"And you never wrote!" she cried. "Oh, why didn't you write?"

"I was a failure—such an utter failure I could not write to claim you," he said hoarsely. "You did well. I wasn't worth waiting for."

She looked at him, the tears glistening in her eyes.

"What a jumble fate made of our lives!" she sighed.

"It did not matter. You are the Princess Zandra."

"Oh, I am tired—tired to death of it all!" she cried in a tone of utter weariness. "To have to live in an artificial world, among people who are not my people—there is no one left to me now—and to have to begin it all over again," she added in a half sorrowful, musing tone.

He understood. He remembered the words he had overheard at the cafe. It was all true, then. She looked up at him quickly, with a smile.

"But you, Ralph; what have you done?" she asked gently.

"For years nothing. Now, at last, I've got a small estate in Ceylon. It's a fair living, while I work hard—not a bad life, too, for a man who has lost his ambitions."

"No, not a bad life," she repeated. "A lonely one, though." She gave a little laugh. There was an infinite note of sadness in it. "As lonely as mine has been!"

She lifted her head, and their eyes met. He read something in her gaze—a something that sent him trembling from head to foot.

"My God, Esme!" he cried. "If—if you were not the Princess Zandra!"

He saw her eyes suddenly shine, the color rush to her cheeks.

"Remember only that I am a poor woman again," she whispered; "that I've never forgotten, never could forget"— Her voice died away.

His brain was in a whirl. It seemed hardly possible.

"But the life!" he cried. "Think, after all, you've"—

"I only loved once. It was you I thought had forgotten"—

The low, soft voice came to a stop. They stood looking into one another's eyes.

"Don't send me back to the old life again, Ralph," she murmured.—Mainly About People.

Still Readable.

Mr. Hawley looked down at his wife with pitying indulgence as she sat busily writing in a small book the day after Christmas. "Copying that old list of names and presents, my dear, I suppose," he said lightly. "Now, how much better it would be if you would just exercise your memory as I do mine and save all this writing year after year. Why, I sent 40 presents," repeated Mr. Hawley, rising on his toes and falling on his heels to emphasize his statement, "and yet I make no note of them save in my mind, my dear."

"I know you're wonderful in that way, Henry," said little Mrs. Hawley meekly, "but I'm sure I should make mistakes if I didn't keep a list. Oh, here's a letter that came for you from Jack in the last mail this afternoon."

The indulgent smile lingered on Mr. Hawley's face as he opened his letter, but it faded and his color heightened as he read his nephew's communication:

Dear Uncle—Thank you very much for the handsome copy of "Vanity Fair." I am sure, as father says, that I shall enjoy reading it just as much as I did when you gave it to me last year and the year before and the year before that. Your affectionate nephew, JACK.

—Exchange.

She Stopped the Car.

When a Fourth avenue car bound down town approached Eighteenth street the other morning a determined looking woman asked the conductor to stop the car at the corner. He nodded and evidently forgot all about it. The car rolled past Eighteenth street without stopping. The woman arose and with an angry glance at the conductor began ringing up fares. She evidently had tried that method of stopping a car before, for when the conductor gave the motorman a sharp signal to stop and the car did stop abruptly she said triumphantly:

"I thought that would remind you."

"But you have rung up five fares," said the conductor.

"Then why didn't you stop at Eighteenth street?" asked the woman. "It serves you just right," and off she flounced. The other passengers smiled appreciatively, and the conductor made a careful count of the money in his pockets.—New York Sun.

Not So Bitter, Anyhow.

Dr. Ape—Well, if that ain't the best yet. I've gone and dosed old Mr. Hippo with golf balls, and he thinks they are quinine pills.—Chicago News.

Horrible Enough.

"Have you ever been in the chamber of horrors, Popham?"

"Rather! I've walked the floor with twins night after night."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

CLEANING HOUSE.

The air vibrates with slow and measured thuds,
And o'er the landscape oft a dust cloud scuds,
For in the back yard gloomily now stands
A man with face begrimed and blistered hands.
Across the rope the parlor carpet hangs,
And on it with a club he feebly bangs;
His eyes are filled with dust, his ears the same;
His arms are sore, his back is stiff and lame,
But often comes this cry across the yard:
"Why don't you beat that carpet real hard?"

His ire is roused, but no retort goes back;
Instead he hits the thing a fiercer crack
And pounds away with grimness of despair,
While still the dust ascends to spoil the air.
At last, ere darkness hides his task from view,
Again he hears the voice: "I'll make it do!
But don't imagine that your work's complete,
For there are ten much worse than that to beat."

The carpet from the rope is meekly tugged,
And slowly to the parlor it is lugged,
And then, though back and arms and hands are sore,
The wearied man must tack it to the floor,
And oft he growls about his aching back,
And oft he hits his thumb instead of tack,
But there he toils until the job is done
And gets to bed just as the clock strikes one.

And there's a week or more of such distress,
Of anguish that no words can e'er express;
Confusion dire is reigning everywhere,
And soap and whitewash odors fill the air.
The meals are late and often fail to please,
And even when in bed there's little ease,
For not an hour of comfort can be gleaned
Until the house has been completely cleaned.

Why wonder, then, that hubbies growl and frown
When everything is thus turned upside down?
The wonder is they don't go far and fast
Until the time for cleaning house has passed.

—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

FARM · FIELD AND GARDEN

HARVESTING WITH CATTLE.

Grazing Steers on Corn and Cowpeas. A Profitable Plan.

It is evident that allowing cattle to gather a crop instead of harvesting and feeding it must be a saving of expense. If at the same time the gains made are satisfactory, this method of feeding should commend itself.

The Arkansas station recently tested the desirability of grazing steers on a field of corn and cowpeas, supplementing this food with as much cotton seed as the animals required. The five steers used in the test were turned on a five acre field after the corn had been pulled. The yield of corn was 25 bushels to the acre, which is regarded as hardly an average crop. The cowpeas gave more than an average growth of vines, but less than an average crop of peas. None of these had been picked.

The steers required 65 days to consume all the food on the five acres. They were allowed access to only one-third of the field at a time. The cotton seed was always accessible and was consumed at will. During the first 30 days of the test, while the pea vines were yet green and peas were accessible, the steers ate very little seed.

At the beginning of the test the five steers weighed 3,858 pounds. The daily average gain was 2 pounds per steer. The average amount of cotton seed consumed per steer during the whole test was 250 pounds.

Rating cotton seed at $6 per ton and making suitable allowance for the cowpeas planted, the cultivation of the crop and the labor of feeding the steers, the cost of a pound of gain was calculated to be 1.6 cents. It appears that the corn should be gathered and the animals turned to grazing as early as possible before frost.

Judging by results obtained at the Arkansas station, this method of feeding is profitable and worthy of trial.

SEED CORN.

Look Out For Mold Next the Cob This Season—Concerning Varieties.

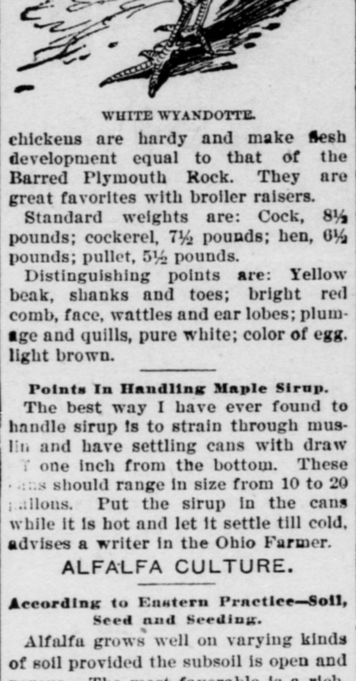
There is a widespread fear all over the corn belt that much of the corn which has been cribbed during the season and from which the supply of seed corn is expected to be taken is of very poor quality and is moldy next to the cob. It is a pretty difficult matter to detect these moldy ears, as the outside of the kernel looks bright enough, but upon picking up an ear and shelling it the trouble is at once discovered.

Corn growers cannot use too much pains in getting their seed corn ready and in shape for their season's crop. It will hardly do to depend upon corn that has stood in a crib during the entire season for your season's supply, for the freezing and thawing of the past two months have probably done more to injure the germs of the corn than anything else, and we believe that at the price at which good, tested seed corn is offered by reliable seed corn sellers and growers no corn grower would be warranted in taking any chances with untested seed this year. We would suggest that this matter be looked into at once.

Lands of different texture grow one variety better than another, and it is to the interest of corn growers to ascertain as nearly as possible whether a white variety or a yellow variety is best adapted to their particular fields. As a rule, we believe white varieties will yield a little larger crop of corn in the ear than the yellow sorts, but when it comes to shelling it is those yellow varieties that have been bred up that probably turn the balance in the other direction.—Prairie Farmer.

A Typical Fowl For the Farmer.

White Wyandottes are recommended by one very good authority as a typical fowl for the farmer, being blocky, broad in the breast, with meaty body and having a low rose comb. The hens are excellent winter layers. The



WHITE WYANDOTTE.

chickens are hardy and make flesh development equal to that of the Barred Plymouth Rock. They are great favorites with broiler raisers.

Standard weights are: Cock, 8½ pounds; cockerel, 7½ pounds; hen, 6½ pounds; pullet, 5½ pounds.

Distinguishing points are: Yellow beak, shanks and toes; bright red comb, face, wattles and ear lobes; plumage and quills, pure white; color of egg, light brown.

Points In Handling Maple Sirup.

The best way I have ever found to handle sirup is to strain through muslin and have settling cans with draw 1 one inch from the bottom. These cans should range in size from 10 to 20 gallons. Put the sirup in the cans while it is hot and let it settle till cold, advises a writer in the Ohio Farmer.

ALFALFA CULTURE.

According to Eastern Practice—Soil, Seed and Seeding.

Alfalfa grows well on varying kinds of soil provided the subsoil is open and porous. The most favorable is a rich, somewhat sandy loam, warm and friable, with a deep and loose or gravelly subsoil well supplied with lime. A dense clay or hardpan subsoil is most unfavorable. Alfalfa also sometimes does well on poor, well drained, gravelly land.

It is especially desirable that the soil be supplied with an abundance of lime. The plant is a heavy feeder and will not thrive on soil deficient in plant food. Fertilizers should contain mainly potash and phosphoric acid, and while alfalfa is a leguminous plant, capable of obtaining atmospheric nitrogen, it responds quickly to applications of nitrogenous manures. These should be spread broadcast and harrowed in thoroughly.

The treatment of the field for the season preceding should be such as to most effectually subdue all weeds and cause the sprouting and destruction of any seed in the ground; hence farmyard manure should not be used for at least one year before seeding.

Pure seed is essential. Only that which is bright, plump and clean should be used. The seed resembles that of red clover, but is larger and when fresh has a greenish yellow color.

Experience has demonstrated that in order to secure a good stand it is best to sow 30 to 35 pounds of seed per acre. The seed should be sown broadcast, preferably the last of April or the first of May, without any protective crop, though fall seeding has sometimes proved successful on weedy or light, dry land. It should be covered with a very light harrow or a weeder and lightly rolled.

Care should be taken that the seed is not put in too deep. This is very important and is often the cause of failure. The depth will vary somewhat with the kind of soil, but in general if planted more than three inches deep there is danger that the germinating plant will not be able to reach the surface. One-half to two inches are about the extremes.

Another point of importance is that the soil should be packed around the seed. Many failures to secure a stand of alfalfa are traceable to sowing the seed broadcast on newly plowed ground, and harrowing to mix the seed loosely with the surface soil. It is safer to compact the soil and then go over it with a light harrow or weeder, loosening the immediate surface soil.—E. B. Voorhes, New Jersey.

BEARDLESS BARLEY.

Many Merits Claimed For It—Easy to Grow and Relished by Stock.

The merits of beardless barley and the advantages of its cultivation in comparison with other better known crops are being much urged in various quarters lately. An Ohio Farmer correspondent says of it: It is a spring variety and should be sown as early as the ground can be prepared. Sow about two bushels to the acre, preferably with the drill. On good soil and sown early, it is a more certain crop than either oats or wheat.

It has not the parasitic enemies of wheat and does not lodge or damage in rainstorms as badly as oats. It is not adapted to thin clay land, but on strong corn land it will yield more pounds per acre than oats and is worth more per pound to feed alone than oats, but is not so rich in protein. The straw is relished far more by stock than either wheat or oats.

We grow it very largely for its superiority as a crop with which to sow red clover. We find we are more certain to get a stand when clover is sown on freshly prepared ground, and the barley, not shading the ground so much as oats and coming off a month earlier, makes it far superior as a cover crop.

It may be fed without thrashing to horses, calves or sheep, or, if thrashed, to the same animals without grinding. When ground, it makes excellent feed for cows or hogs. It will pay for extra labor in the preparation of the seed bed and for the use of fertilizer.

Fattening Young Birds.

Should the farmer desire to specially fatten his chickens before sale or shipment his simplest and speediest plan is to put his birds, at 3½, 4 or 4½ months of age, in slatted coops or crates, divided into compartments to hold one or a number of birds up to four. These coops should have V shaped feeding troughs in front. The following fattening ration has been effectively used on one farm:

Two parts finely ground oats.
One part finely ground barley.
One part ordinarily ground cornmeal.

After the fifteenth day add beef suet in proportion of one ounce to every four birds. Mix with skimmilk. If the milk is made near the boiling point, the tallow, which should be chopped fine, will be melted by it when poured on the ground grains; or the tallow may be melted in the hot milk. The birds should be fed all they will eat twice a day. Carefully collect all uneaten food. Leave none to turn sour, and feed none in that condition.

Care should be taken to free the birds from vermin before cooping. This may be done by rubbing sulphur well into the feathers or by one of the lice exterminating powders.

Pens and premises should be kept scrupulously clean.

Grit and water should be supplied regularly. Three weeks should be sufficient to fatten the birds satisfactorily.

There is considerable art in the proper airing and management of hotbeds and cold frames at this season.

A Decisive Step.

His chum came in and found him slipping a lock of hair into an envelope, not furtively or surreptitiously, but just placing it under cover in a calm, businesslike way.

"Hello!" says the visitor. "What's up?"

"Nothing," he answered. "I'm only sending back Miss Hamilton-Highlow's hair, that's all."

"Engagement off again?"

"Yes."

"How many times does this make?"

"Five. It's final this time, though, one way or the other."

"Does she say so?"

"Oh, she always says it's final. I'm deciding things just now. It's off forever or cards out soon!"

"How do you do it?"

"Little scheme of my own. You know the color of her hair, don't you? Warm brown, with a little raw umber in it. Well, this sample of hair I'm doing up is red—good, regular, standard red. I tell you we're going to get down to genuine emotion this time. She'll know whether she loves me or not, and if she does she'll walk me in by the ear."—London Mail.

A Coffee Barometer.

A cup of hot coffee is an unfailing barometer if you allow a lump of sugar to drop to the bottom of the cup and watch the air bubbles arise without disturbing the coffee. If the bubbles collect in the middle, the weather will be fine; if they adhere to the cup, forming a ring, it will either rain or snow, and if the bubbles separate without assuming any fixed position changeable weather may be expected.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Those Boston Girls.

Carrie—That awful Tom Browne offered to kiss me.

Bertha—You don't mean it!

Carrie—I do, and I told him if he did I'd slap his face.

Bertha—And what did he say to that?

Carrie—He didn't say a word. He just kissed me.

Bertha—And you slapped his face?

Carrie—No; to tell the truth, I was so flustered I forgot all about it.—Boston Transcript.

At Variance.

"There's a whole lot of difference," remarked the freckled fanatic, "in wishing you were dead and wishing you were in heaven."—Indianapolis Sun.

White Wax.

The white wax exported from China is made by the curious method of using insects in its production. These insects are found in brown pea shaped excrescences or galls attached to an evergreen tree called the "insect tree." The galls are gathered in May and carried in headlong flight to the market towns by bearers, who travel at night so that the heat may not force the insects to emerge during the journey.

They are then placed on the "wax tree," which is a stump varying from 3 to 12 feet in height, with numerous branches rising from the top, similar to the pollard willow.

The wax insects are made into small packets of 20 or 30 galls, which are inclosed in a leaf of the wood oil tree, fastened together with rice straw. These packets are suspended close to the branches under which they hang. On emerging from the galls the insects creep rapidly up the branches, to which they attach themselves and begin forming a coating of wax that in about three months attains a thickness of almost a quarter of an inch.

The branches are then cut off, and after removing as much of the wax as possible by hand they are put in a kettle of hot water, when the remaining wax floats on the surface and the insects finish their term of usefulness by going to the bottom.

Formation of Dew.

Ground a little below the surface is always warmer than the air above it. So long as the surface of the ground is above the dew point vapor must rise and pass from the earth into the air.

The moist air so formed will mingle with the air above it, and its moisture will be condensed, forming dew wherever it comes in contact with a surface cooled below the dew point. In fact, dew rises from the ground.

But how is the dew formed on bodies high up in the air?

Dew does not rise in particles, as it was once considered to fall in particles like fine rain. It rises in vapor. Some is caught by what is on the surface of the earth, but the rest ascends in vapor form until it comes in contact with a much colder surface to condense it into moisture.

The vapor does now flow upward in a uniform stream, but is mixed in the air by eddies and wind currents and carried to bodies far from where it rose. In fact, dew may be deposited, even though the country for many miles all around be dry and incapable of yielding any vapor. In such cases the supply of vapor to form that dew would depend on the evaporation of the dew and on what was wafted over by the winds.

When Mrs. Gilbert Lost Her Spectacles.

The only time I resented newspaper chatter was when I had my spectacles stolen. They were snatched from my belt, the case I wore there being torn away. I spoke of it to Mr. Dorney, and the story went round the theater. Somehow the reporters got hold of it, and they made a great to do about it. It was really too bad of them. I felt it the more because I had managed to keep a much more serious theft an absolute secret. That was at the time when so much fun was being made of the "robbery of jewels" form of theatrical advertisement. I had a very valuable pair of earrings taken from my pocket most cleverly, and I was on my way to play for a charity too! However, I kept my loss quite to myself. And then to be brought before a sympathetic public as the loser of a pair of spectacles!—From "The Stage Reminiscences of Mrs. Gilbert" in Scribner's.

An Interesting Link.

One curious incident in the siege of Badajos may be related. The day after the assault two Spanish ladies, the younger a beautiful girl of 14, appealed for help to two officers of the rifles, who were passing through one of the streets of the town. Their dresses were torn, their ears, from which rings had been roughly snatched, were bleeding, and to escape outrage or death they cast themselves on the protection of the first British officers they met. One of the officers was Captain Harry Smith of the rifles. Two years later he married the girl he had saved in a scene so wild. Captain Harry Smith in after years served at the Cape as Sir Harry, and this Spanish girl, as Lady Smith, gave her name to the historic town which Sir George White defended with such stubborn valor.—"Wellington's Men."

They Were Attentive.

A clergyman preaching in a country church for the first time was delighted to find the congregation very attentive and told the verger so after the service.

The verger replied, "Lor' bless you, sir, we was all looking for you to disappear!"

"Why, what do you mean?" said the clergyman.

"Well, sir, you see, the pulpit is rotten and hasn't been preached in this ten year or more."—Pearson's Weekly.

Some Odd Mistakes.

An urban chemist advertised in his shop window: "Artificial eyes. Open all night." Away down south in front of the postoffice in an inland town may have been seen this legend, "Post here letters too late for the next mail." In a picture of the departure of the pilgrims from Delfthaven the artist placed a large steamer in the distance leaving the harbor under full steam.

All Off.

Tom—So your engagement with May is broken. I thought she fairly doted on you.

Dick—So she did, but her father was a powerful anti-dote.—St. Louis Republic.

"Why Don't It Bust?"

We quote from The Century an anecdote related as one of "A Woman's Experiences During the Siege of Vicksburg:"

Speaking of fuses, the rector told us one day a very funny thing that he had seen during one of his trips to town. Every day, as long as the siege continued, he crossed that hospital ridge and passed over the most exposed streets on his way to the church, always carrying with him his pocket communion service, apparently standing an even chance of burying the dead, comforting the dying or being himself brought home maimed or cold in death. His leaving was a daily anguish to those who watched him vanish over the brow of the hill. One evening, coming back in the dusk, he saw a burly wagoner slip off his horse and get under it in a hurry. His head appeared, bobbing out first from one side, then from the other. Above him in the air, bobbing, too, and with a quick, uneasy motion, was a luminous spark. After a full minute spent in vigorous dodging the man came out to prospect. The supposed fuse was still there, burning brilliantly. "Darn the thing," he grunted, "why don't it bust?" He had been playing hide and seek for 60 seconds with a fine specimen of our southern lightning bug, or firefly!

Going Into a Safer Business.

It was Cassidy's first morning as newspaper carrier. From side to side of the avenue he hurried, dropping the moist sheets in vestibules and running them in the space between the door and sill. Finally he came to a house that was separated from the sidewalk by an urn studded yard. Cassidy opened the iron gate and walked up the stone path. He knelt in the vestibule and started running the paper under the door. An upper window was raised, and a woman's voice called:

"Is that you, Harry? You are awful late. I hear the milk carts rattling."

Cassidy thought it best to remain quiet. The voice continued:

"You needn't think I'm coming down at such an hour! The idea of you, a married man, coming home at such a time! Lost your key, as usual? Well, catch this one."

A heavy piece of brass shot two stories. There was a heavy fall, and the vestibule resembled a pressroom.

Some one found Cassidy smoking his pipe in the "accident ward."

"Going back to the carrier route?" they asked.

"Niver once more," responded Cassidy. "Oi'm goin back to wur-ruk in th' quarry. Thor's no fallin kaes thor; only dynomited rocks."—Chicago News.

An Abandoned Test.

Sir Hiram S. Maxim was once a victim of one of the British war office's sudden freaks. When the Maxim quick firing gun was being tested by the government with a view to finding out its weak points, its inventor was asked to have 10,000 rounds fired at the highest possible speed. The experiment was successfully carried out, but the chairman of the committee of investigation was still unsatisfied.

"That's very well as far as it goes," he exclaimed, "but could you guarantee your gun to go on firing automatically at the same rate for, say, 24 hours?"

"I can," was the quiet reply, "and I will—on one condition."

"And that is?"

"That the government finds and pays for the ammunition."

At first the committee were inclined to close with the offer, but when it was discovered that 864,000 rounds would be fired and that the cost of the experiment would be something like £5,760 they dispensed with the trial.

Utilising the Waste Product.

A parish in the highlands had been cut off from communication with the nearest town owing to a severe snowstorm, relates The Scottish American. Supplies began to give out, and the minister was much perturbed in mind as his snuffbox was quite empty. The Sabbath came round. How was he to get through his discourse without the aid of his usual stimulant? He appealed to his faithful henchman, the sexton. Alas, he was in a similar unsatisfactory predicament! How was it to be remedied? Andrew shook his head, thought long and suddenly disappeared. Presently he returned with something resembling snuff wrapped carefully in paper. The minister took a hearty pinch or two and then asked:

"Where did you get it, Andrew?"

"Please, sir, I just went and sweepit the pulpit oot," was the reply.

Fair Sized.

"No," said the retired showman, "I won't say that we had the biggest giant that ever happened, but it is a solemn fact what I am going to tell you. This giant had a penchance, or whatever you call it, for trying new styles of whiskers."

"M-hm."

"Well, when he wanted a new style laid out he had to send for a landscape gardener."—Indianapolis Press.

Toads Inclosed In Rock.

The Rev. W. Buckland, from experiments on toads in holes of oolitic limestone and sandstone covered with glass, finds that, while limestone preserved them alive, sandstone killed them. His conclusion is that unless a toad imprisoned in a stone gets a little air it cannot live a year, and unless it gets food it cannot live two years.—London Globe.

Would Know Later.

Patient—Now, doctor, what's the matter with me, anyway?

The Head Consulting Physician—My dear sir, do you suppose that if we knew what was the matter with you we would have decided to hold a post mortem?—Harper's Bazar.

On the Government.

They were two big, burly Indians. The long eagle feather in the hat of one who is known as "chief" and the bright red ostrich tip in the sombrero of the other would have told that if the unmistakable features had not evidenced it. A government employee, it matters not who, but one who may possibly in certain events happening make a "stake" out of the tribe to which these Indians belong, was doing the honors of the capitol and showing the braves about the corridors. They left the Indian committee room and came to the door of the house restaurant.

"Let's have a bite to eat," suggested the man with the graft.

"All right," was the quick reply of the aborigines.

At the luncheon counter the one who could master the most English asked, "Guv'munt pay?"

"Oh, yes," responded the host, thinking that the quickest way to inform them that they would not have to stand good for the bill.

"Ugh!" grunted the brave, "we eat lot, guv'munt pay." And they did—four cups of coffee each, half a dozen hard boiled eggs, three ham sandwiches, one dozen doughnuts, a whole baked chicken, ice cream, a whole pie each and besides that a thirst for fire water that was absolutely appalling. The luncheon counter looked as though a cyclone might have paid it a visit by the time the Indians got through, and the bill that the "guv'munt" clerk had to foot made his week's salary look like 7 cents.

"Guv'munt heap good," grunted the brave as he picked his teeth in true "white brother" fashion in the corridor. "We eat here again." But it will not be in company with that particular clerk.—Washington Star.

His Doubtful Freedom.

"Yaas, massa, ah has ter wo'k jes' lak a slabe, sho'."

"Like a slave, Rastus? Why, that's wrong. You colored people are all free now."

"Guess not, massa, zakly. Yo' see, some of us poo' niggahs is married."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Making Virtue of Necessity.

Sid (who has been trying to open the larder door)—It's no good, Tom. Not one of the keys will fit.

Tommy—Well, then, all we can do now is to wait until mamma comes home and ask her for something for being good boys.—Stray Stories.