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THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL. xxxviii BUTLER, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 6, 1901 No 23.

Look at Your Shoes!
Don't You Need a New Pair?
John Bickel Has Just What You Want.

If you are in need of shoes or Oxfords of any kind, no matter what style you may want, call around and see us and we can suit and please you. Our stock of summer footwear is complete. We can show a better and finer selection than ever before.

LADIES' FINE SHOES.

SOROSIS SHOES. Have a world wide reputation. All the latest styles in fine Dongola, patent-kid or patent-calf, lace or button, cloth or leather tops, turns or light welt soles.

DUTTENHOFFERS line of Ladies' welt and turn sole shoes in fine Dongola and patent leathers are very handsome. All sizes and widths, ranging in price from $1.75 to $3.00. We wish to call your special attention to our extremely large stock of Oxfords and strap sandals in fine dongola, box-calf and patent leathers in low, medium or high heels—85c to $3.50.

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All the latest styles in Men's fine shoes. A full line of Men's patent leather shoes, the very latest styles, $3.00, $3.50, $5.00 $6.00. Also complete stock of Gent's patent leather and vici kid oxfords.

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we haven't a thing against our neighbors BUT,--?--well, say!!

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Fine Oak or Walnut Organs at $30 to $35.
Splendid Hamilton Organs, 9 and 11 stops, $40 to $45.
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Beautiful ESTEY ORGANS from $35 up.

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The Matchless A. B. Chase Pianos.

Unquestionably the finest Pianos in the world. About 25 of last fall's style of cases at

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Every instrument guaranteed fully.
Call or write for Prices and Catalogues to

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NATURE'S CURE

Dangerous Kidney Diseases.

Celery King has cured me of kidney disease. The doctor feared Bright's disease, and tried many remedies that gave me no help. Celery King has made me as well as ever in my life, and it seems almost as though a miracle had been wrought in my case.—Jennie O. Reichard, Springtown, Pa.

Celery King cures Constipation and Nerve, Stomach, Liver and Kidney diseases. 4

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LOCAL DISEASE
and is the result of colds and sudden climatic changes.

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

Ely's Cream Balm

is acknowledged to be the most thorough cure for Nasal Catarrh, Cold in Head and Hay Fever of all remedies. It opens and cleanses the nasal passages, allays pain and inflammation, heals the sores, protects the membrane from colds, restores the senses of taste and smell. Price 50c. at Druggists or by mail.
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SMILES AND TEARS.

Dearest, when you stand and smile,
You are all a woman wise,
With a woman's wit and wile,
With a woman's mouth and eyes.

Then I love you as my own,
Calm and level eyed, serene,
With a passion sober grown,
As my lady and my queen.

Ah, but dearest, when you weep,
All the woman and the years
Slip away and go to sleep,
And the child wakes up in tears.

Then, sweetheart, I see but this:
Just a small, bright head to feel
'Neath my cheek, my child to kiss
With a little heart to heal.

—Post Wheeler in New York Press.

How Littlepage Took Care of Her.

Littlepage was a typical southern gentleman. A young man, he belonged to the old school. His family was one of the few in Alabama which were wealthy after the war had closed. He had been brought up in the good old way. He had a quick temper, a ready revolver and what most people would say was an exaggerated idea of courtesy and chivalry to women. He went through college and then through a technical school, coming out with a degree as electrical engineer. Then he came north to take a position with a large manufacturing corporation. Within a few months he had made many warm friends who admired him both for his ability and for his courtly manners.

Finally he was ordered by his company to go east to look over an electrical invention which they were thinking about buying. The train left at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. He was delayed in reaching the station, and it was within a few minutes of traintime when he clambered on the rear end of the sleeping car. As he mounted the steps a man opened the car door and came out. It was Larsen, a young lawyer, with whom he was well acquainted in a business way.

"Why, hello, Littlepage," said the lawyer. "Where are you going?"

"New York," said Littlepage.

"Great luck," Larsen answered. "Just got time to go back and introduce you to my wife. She's called to New York by her mother's illness. I couldn't go with her, and I've been worried about letting her make the trip alone. I know you'll be glad to look out for her and see that she gets through all right."

"It will be a great pleasure to me," said Littlepage, with one of his best bows.

Mrs. Larsen was a pretty woman. After Littlepage had been presented her husband had just time to get off the car before the train started. Littlepage sat down in the seat with her and soon found that she was as pleasant and entertaining as she was good looking. It was really a great piece of luck for him. It promised to make a tiresome trip rather pleasant than otherwise. Mrs. Larsen had often heard her husband speak of him. He was from Alabama? He had fought a duel or two? Was it true that he had actually shot a man? Did he always carry a revolver?

Littlepage tried to explain his delicate ideas of honor and the proper way to protect it. She seemed to be half afraid of him, and as Littlepage was a young man that did not detract from her charm.

Half way across the state, at a little way station, a fat man with a big black mustache and a huge diamond stud got on the car and sat down across the aisle in a seat where he could stare Mrs. Larsen full in the face. At the first glance Littlepage disliked him. He looked impertinent. His appearance put Littlepage almost into a rage. He had an insolent stare, and it seemed that he could hardly keep his eyes off pretty Mrs. Larsen. Half a dozen times Littlepage glanced up only to catch his bold, black eyes staring across the aisle. He wondered if Mrs. Larsen had noticed it. Finally he spoke to her.

"That man across the aisle is looking at you in an impertinent way," he said. "If you'll allow me, I'll go over and make him stop it."

Mrs. Larsen begged that he would do nothing of the kind. She had not noticed that he was staring at her. At any rate, she was sure there was no occasion to make a scene.

Littlepage assured her that he was not in the habit of making scenes which could be embarrassing to women. When he spoke to impertinent people, they obeyed him without making any loud objections. That was one reason why a gentleman should always carry a revolver.

Presently the fat man got up and went out into the dining car. A few minutes later Littlepage asked Mrs. Larsen if she was ready to dine. She explained that she had eaten luncheon just before taking the train and did not care for dinner. So Littlepage went into the dining car by himself. He debated whether he should accost the fat man and hold him to account for his impertinences, but finally concluded that he would hardly be justified under the circumstances.

While Littlepage was drinking his coffee the fat man got up and walked out of the dining car into the sleeper. Ten minutes later Littlepage followed.

As he stepped into the sleeper he stooped suddenly as if paralyzed by what he saw. Up at the other end of the car, where he had left Mrs. Larsen, she was still sitting, and in the same seat with her was the fat man. It took Littlepage but a second to decide on a plan of action. The impertinent wretch had evidently taken advantage of his absence to go over and sit down by Mrs. Larsen. She was only waiting for him to return and relieve her of the man. Whatever he did must be done quietly and without making a scene of any kind. He took his revolver from his hip pocket and put it in the side pocket of his coat. Then he walked as quietly as possible up the aisle.

As he reached them Mrs. Larsen looked up. Littlepage recognized an appealing look in her eyes.

"Oh, Mr. Littlepage!" she cried in an excited tone. All Littlepage's hot southern blood was on fire in a moment. He drew out his revolver and put the end of it under the fat man's nose.

"Don't worry, Mrs. Larsen," he said at the same moment. "I'll take care of him."

Mrs. Larsen glanced at the revolver and promptly fainted away. The fat man turned a ghastly gray shade and attempted to remonstrate.

"Don't say a word to me," whispered Littlepage in a low voice. "Come right along with me. If you open your mouth, I'll blow your head off."

In perfect silence and without attracting the attention of anybody in the almost empty car Littlepage led his captive to the vestibule at the nearest end of the car. There, still keeping silence, he opened the door leading to the steps and pushed the fat man down on the lowest step.

"Now jump," said Littlepage.

It happened that the train was slowing up for a crossing, and the fat man had comparatively little difficulty in getting off. He landed on his feet, rolled over once or twice and finally got up again before the train got out of sight.

Then Littlepage went back to the aid of beauty in distress. She was still lying back in a dead faint. With the assistance of the conductor the distracted Littlepage finally succeeded in bringing her back to her senses. She looked up at Littlepage and shuddered.

"Did you kill Cousin George?" were the first words she said.

"What do you mean?" asked the astonished Littlepage.

"I saw you draw your revolver on him just before I fainted," she explained. "I hadn't seen him before for ten years. He thought he recognized me when he first came into the car, and that was why he looked at me so closely. When he came back from the dining car, he got a good look at me and made up his mind that he could not be mistaken. So he stopped and asked if I was not Angie Matthews. That was my maiden name, and of course I knew he must be somebody who knew me. I explained, and he told me his name. He is my cousin, George Elliot. What did you do with him?"

"He got off the train a few miles down the road," Littlepage stammered.

"Why, he told me he was going through to New York. I believe you shot him and threw his body off the car."

"No," said Littlepage; "he got off without making any explanation. If you're worried about him, I'll get off at the next station and see what's the matter. I guess perhaps I'd better do that anyway."—Chicago Tribune.

Observed by a Street Car Conductor.

"There are lots of things about women that can't be explained, and in our business we can't help noticing them," said the communicative conductor. "For instance, nine women out of ten will invariably take a seat on the right hand side of a car if the car is not crowded. I have often wondered at this, and at last I think I have the correct solution. I started out from the barn with an empty car the other day, and in five blocks I had picked up seven women, and they all sat in a row on the right hand side of the car. It was just about the hour in the morning when the women come down town to do their shopping. Three men got on, and they sat on the left hand side.

"A couple of blocks farther down I picked up another woman, and, instead of taking a vacant seat near the door on the side the other women were sitting, as I thought she would do, she walked the entire length of the car and sat down beside one of the men. This bit of eccentricity puzzled me until I went to collect her fare, and then I discovered that she was left handed. See? All the other women were right handed. Yes, it does look like rain, doesn't it?"—Philadelphia Record.

Thomas Lincoln's Story.

Thomas Lincoln, the father of Abraham Lincoln, was a great story teller, and one yarn that he never tired of rehearsing was a blood curdling Indian tale. One day, when he was about 7 or 8 years old and living in Kentucky, he was sitting on a fence, watching his father and older brothers at work in the field. Without a moment's warning a small band of Indians came rushing by on horseback. One of them with a sweep of his long arm seized the lad and galloped off. Little Tommy Lincoln looked up into the red warrior's face and said: "Don't kill me! Take me a prisoner!"

The Indian smiled. Just then a rifle cracked. Indian and boy tumbled off the horse, the Indian dead, with a bullet in his brain. Tommy Lincoln's brother had come to the rescue.

Making Ends Meet.

What different genii move those nearest of kin!

I possess a penchant for literature, while Clifford, my brother, pretends to a talent for carpentering.

At the time when I am refashioning an ancient epigram he may be sharpening up an old saw.

Though our father would prefer that Cliff had selected a more exalted profession, he takes comfort in the knowledge that through divergent callings the family is able to make both ends meet.—New York Sun.

A VERY BUSY MAN.

It Would Be Impossible to See Mr. Wharton For Some Time.

When I arrived at Black Rock, I inquired of the landlord of the village tavern for a man named Wharton, who had some land to sell.

"Do you mean old Bill Wharton?" was queried in reply.

"Yes."

"Got land down on Bass river?"

"Yes."

"Well, I know him. He lives about three miles out of town."

"Can I get a horse to take me out there?"

"Yes, but it won't do you any good."

"Is he seriously ill?"

"Not that I know of, but he wouldn't see the president of the United States before next Wednesday. If you can wait seven or eight days, you can get to talk about that land with him."

"Then Mr. Wharton has got some special business on hand for a week?" I asked.

"You can gamble that he has, stranger. Yes, sir, it's special business, and no mistake. At noon today him and old Pete Davis sat down to a game of checkers for the championship of this county, and you couldn't get to see either one of 'em for love or money."

"But a game of checkers can't last a week," I protested.

"Mebbe your kind couldn't, but this one will, and perhaps longer. You see, there ain't but four moves a day between the players, and as they get drunk between the moves and sleep all night you'd better count on staying here ten days or coming back some other time." M. QUAD.

A Valuable Dog.

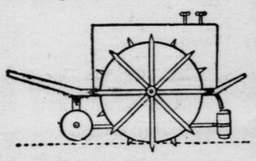
"Naw. I wouldn't part wid dis dorg fer no consideration, 'cept maybe some peanuts or 2 cents or somethin like dat."—New York Evening Journal.

FARM AND GARDEN

NEWEST CELERY CULTURE.

Easy and Rapid Marking and Irrigating—Blanching With Boards.

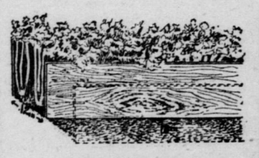
For marking the ground, making holes in which to set the plants and applying water I have a homemade machine which rapidly does the work. I can best describe it by saying it is a two wheeled cart carrying a small water tank. It is 2½ feet wide. The wheels, made of wood and having bands of hoop iron, are two feet in diameter, and the rims are three inches wide. Pegs made of very hard wood and sharpened at the ends are placed



MARKING AND IRRIGATING MACHINE.

around the wheels six inches apart. The wheels, with the weight of the tank filled with water on them, drive the pegs in the soil as the wheels revolve and make the holes for the plants in much the same way that holes are made by hand with a dibble. Two pieces of hose attached to the tank lead the water down behind the wheels and over the line of holes which they have made. The ends of the hose are placed in tin cups with the bottoms perforated with small holes. These prevent the water from washing or displacing the soil around the holes.

A marker is attached to the machine, so that it marks or gauges the next row, in the same way as the markers on the garden seed drills. A line is drawn on one side of the field to run the machine by the first time across. Handles are placed at the front and rear of the machine, so that two persons can draw and push it. When the ground is thus prepared by the ma-



THE BLANCHING BOARDS.

chine, the plants are placed in the holes and the soil pressed around them very rapidly. More than one-half the work of transplanting is saved in this way.

The second figure shows the method of blanching with boards. There are two rows of celery in a 12 inch space, alternating with an 18 inch space which is mulched.—Ohio Farmer.

APPLE BORERS.

Three Remedies, All Old, but Not Yet Improved Upon.

Now, borers are difficult things to fight under all circumstances, and no course of treatment is known which will entirely eradicate them. Nevertheless every one that is killed is just so much gained for the general good. There are three practices that have been found useful, though no one of them, or all of them combined, will rid an orchard of an insect that breeds in so many host trees. They are the same old remedies recommended many years ago and which have not since been improved upon.

They consist in protecting by means of a wash, binding the trunk with paper and digging out the young larvæ.

Whitewash or whitewash and glue applied to the trunk and large limbs is said to have a very beneficial effect. It should be applied early in June and kept on in good condition through most of July. Soft soap is also used for this purpose.

Second.—Binding paper about the trunk and larger limbs. For this purpose news paper is best used next the tree and building paper outside.

Third.—Searching for the young larvæ during August and September. At this time the young have not gone into the sap wood, but live in cavities just under the bark, the excrement being pushed through small holes. When any suspicious waste is seen protruding from the bark, it is well to investigate with a stiff pin and if a cavity is found to extract the occupant before he goes so deeply into the wood as to be beyond our reach. A little time spent each fall in this way will be well repaid by increased vigor of our orchards.

Gumption About Cows.

Farm Journal folks figure that a cow giving 5,000 pounds of 4 per cent milk will produce only $50 worth of butter, while one that will produce 8,000 pounds of 5 per cent milk will produce $100 worth of butter, and her calf is worth three times as much as that of the first.

There will be little difference in the cost of keeping the two cows, so that where the first gives a profit of $30 the latter will net the owner $100, if we count the first cow's calf at $10 and the other at $30.

Some people do not think there is much difference in cows, but some cows forget to pay their board bills, while others take great pleasure in supplying the table with luxuries, paying the interest, clothing the baby and paying the hired girl.

The good cow is a poor farmer's friend.

HIGH FARMING.

Things a Live Lad of Eighteen, No Brother to the Ox, Can Do.

One of the most restless creatures in existence is an ambitious farm lad of 18 who has not yet decided what he will do for a living. Jacob Biggle, in Farm Journal, advises such lads that it is very often the best way to settle down at home and hew their way to peace and plenty right on the old farm. But Mr. Biggle very sensibly adds a programme of some interesting and profitable things a live boy can do to begin with:

First.—He can learn how to bud and graft and always be ready to do such work for the neighbors; also to supply scions of valuable kinds of fruits. In time many a dollar can be made in this way.

Second.—He can learn all about injurious insects and fungi that assail the farmers' crops and how to apply remedies to their devastation. Get the best sprayer, learn how to use it and take contracts with the neighbors to protect them at all seasons of the year. There is money in it, and the neighbors will be glad to be relieved of such responsibility.

Third.—Take a course in surveying and learn to write simple legal documents and in time find that you are a very important man in the neighborhood. There will be plenty of business.

Fourth.—Learn about landscape gardening and take contracts for laying out lawns. Get up clubs for trees, shrubs, seeds, fertilizers, newspapers and magazines during the winter season.

Fifth.—Grow rare strawberry and small fruit plants, fruit and shade trees and other things that no one else has near by, so that the folks around will know where to come for such things.

Sixth.—Get a Babcock milk test and be prepared to tell the neighbors the individual standing of their cows at so much a head. There is room in every dairy neighborhood for a person of this kind, and he will have plenty to do.

Seventh.—A neighbor's plum trees do not bear, he has yellows among his peach trees, his apple orchard is blighted, dying from some unknown cause—you can help him out of his troubles, and he can afford to pay you for it.

"Harriet" suggests that the proper training of colts ought to have been in Mr. Biggle's list, and so it goes in.

PROTECTION FOR HAY.

A Cheap Cover That Will Soon Pay For Itself.

On the farm where hay is stacked rather than stored in barn or mow there are tons wasted and spoiled every season. In feeding, though the greatest care be taken, it will be impossible not to open a stack in some weather that will ruin the exposed hay. A cheap and convenient cover can be made that in one season will more than pay for itself in the hay it will preserve, says an Ohio Farmer writer.

Cut two 16 foot 2 by 4's in two pieces each, of equal length, which will be eight feet. With some rough lumber board up a side by laying the studding six feet apart and cutting the boards of that length. When you have

HAYSTACK COVER.

the two sides boarded, place the two ends of the sections together. This will be the apex of the cover. The 2 by 4's should have been left projecting a few inches in order to bolt the two sides together at the apex. This cover will form a roof that will turn all storm and preserve the hay as well as though stored in a barn. As the covers are made in sections of six feet each, only that much of a stack need be cut down at a time. In order to hold the covers firmly in place bore an inch hole in the lower ends of the 2 by 4's and with a piece of smooth wire or rope hang a heavy weight to it or stake it down to the ground.

Use of Lime in Curing Alfalfa Hay.

Alfalfa hay half cured in the field may be completely cured in the stack or mow without rust or mold. Air slake the lime before using it, so as to have it ready when needed. I sprinkle freely as I put the alfalfa in the stack or mow. Stock will relish it and receive no injury. Lime will make some dust, but horses fed on it two winters show no injury. I used four barrels of lime in putting up over 100 tons of hay. I have used lime two seasons, and I do not hesitate to say it is all right.—Kansas Farmer.

Agricultural Brevities.

A four years' test on Long Island soils supports the idea that 1,000 pounds is the most profitable amount of high grade fertilizer to use per acre for potatoes.

Cow and horse manure supplement one another, the former being rich in potash, the latter in nitrogen and phosphoric acid. Together they form a complete manure, furnishing in good proportions the three essential constituents of plant food.

Dwarf Essex rape, if sown early in May, is likely to become infested with lice. It is a plant which does best when sown in July and allowed to grow in the late summer and fall, says L. A. Clinton in Country Gentleman.

In buying manure preference should be given to that of grain fed animals.

His Reward.

"And don't you believe in sharing with another, Ostend?"

"No, ma'am. Last time I gave baby brother half of my jelly cake I had to give half of the money in my bank to pay the doctor's bill."—Chicago News.

Origin of the Feud.

"Deacon Passnip and Deacon Hayrake don't seem to be on speaking terms."

"No. You see, Deacon Hayrake prayed for rain when Deacon Passnip's hay was down."—San Francisco Bulletin.

Another View of It.

"Shure, Maggie Donavan isn't goin to marry a man what's ownly a hod carrier!"

"Indade, and that's a compliment to her. He must be after thinkin she's a brick."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

No Imagination.

"The trouble with your society novel, my young woman," the publisher said, handing the manuscript back to her, "is that the conversations are too stupid. They are evidently taken from real life."—Chicago Tribune.

The All Powerful Janitor.

"I see that a Chicago janitor has painted a picture that the critics pronounce extraordinary."

"You bet they'd speak well of anything done by the janitor."—Cleveland Illustrated.

Illusion.

Professor—Remarkable how lifelike these kinetoscope pictures are! This bathing scene at the seashore is so realistic that it actually seems as if my feet were in the water.

Twenty Lost Gold Mines.

There are at least 20 lost gold mines in various parts of the world. Many of them have yielded rich ores and then have been deserted and entirely lost.

There is one in the north of the Transvaal, for instance, that was discovered by accident in the eighties by two Englishmen. The finders had encamped one night and had, as they thought, securely tethered their horses when they suddenly heard a loud neigh from one of the animals and a moment later saw them both racing away apparently in the greatest terror.

Soon after dawn they were up and after an hour's tramp found one of the poor beasts lying on the ground with a broken leg. In its struggles it had kicked up the ground and had exposed rich gold quartz only a few inches below the surface.

The two men marked the spot and returned to the district a month later to start work on the mine. But in spite of all their efforts they could not find the place, and to this day the mine has not been rediscovered.

In the late seventies there was tremendous excitement in California when a prospector described a gold mine he had found. A party soon prepared to set out, with the discoverer of the mine as guide, but the mine has never been discovered, though thousands of dollars have been spent in prospecting for it.—Stray Stories.

Time to Leave.

The late D'Oyly Carte always safeguarded himself by refusing to see any one who had not an appointment or stated his or her business on a printed form supplied at his office. Alfred Cellier used to tell a delightful story in this respect. He had a manservant, a Swiss Italian, and one day, having been invited to dine with Mr. and Mrs. Carte on Adelphia terrace and forgotten the time, he sent down his henchman to learn the hour of the repast. This was about 10 in the morning. The day went on, and no emissary appeared till past 5 in the evening, when the henchman crept wearily in.

"Where have you been, you rascal?" asked Cellier indignantly.

"Ah, sare," replied the poor fellow, "I go Mistare Carte. I go in room. A gentleman 'e come and say, 'Vhat name?' I tell him and say, 'I vant see Mistare Carte.' He say, 'All in good time; valt for your name; sit down.' I sit down. Lots gentlemen and ladies. I valt, I valt, I valt. I get ongri and doorsti, but still I valt, I valt, I valt. Den at last I 'ear my name. I go in leetel room. Gentleman 'e say, 'Vat voce?' I say, 'I not know.' 'E say, 'Den vhat come here for?' I say, 'I vant know vhat time Mistare Carte 'ave dinner?' Den 'e svare, and I come 'ome."

"Henry IX."

It is interesting to recall that, just as Edward VII of England chose his second baptismal name as the one by which he wished to be designated when he mounted the throne, so likewise his great-uncle, William Henry, would have preferred to be known as Henry IX. One of the reasons for this preference was the desire to establish lawful right to a title which had already been arrogated by the cardinal of York, the last of the Stuart pretenders. When the question, however, came up for discussion in the privy council, the latter decided in favor of King William IV. This story was told by the king himself to Miss Helen Lloyd, the governess of his children. He added that the privy council was moved to this choice partly by fear of exciting the superstitious fears of the populace, who still bore in their memory a prophecy dating from the seventeenth century, which runs as follows:

Henry the Eighth pulled down monks and their cells;
Henry the Ninth shall pull down bishops and bells.

—Literary Era.

Bismarck's Philosophy of Life.

With dutiful trust in God, dig in the spurs and let life, like a wild horse, take you flying over hedge and ditch, resolved to break your neck, and yet fearless, inasmuch as you must some time part from all that is dear to you on earth, though not forever. If grief is near, well, let him come on, but until he arrives do not merely look bright and blessed, but be it, too, and when sorrow comes you bear it with dignity—that is to say, with submission and hope.—Love Letters of Prince Bismarck.

Grandpa's Pet.

A little boy was sitting on his grandfather's knee, talking about various things, when grandpapa pulled out his watch.

"Grandpapa, when you die will you leave that watch for me?" said the boy.

"Well, I don't know—yes, I guess I will," retorted the old gentleman.

"Well, grandpapa, how soon are you going to die?"—Columbus Dispatch.

A Tougher Rail.

"Excuse me," said the citizen of the plains, "but didn't we ride you out of this town on a rail some ten years ago?"

"Believe you did," responded the fearless barnstormer.

"Well, look out this time."

"Oh, I am used to traveling by rail."

"That may be, stranger, but we only have barb wire fences out here now."—Philadelphia Record.

Borax Soap.

To make an excellent soap out of the scraps and broken pieces that come from the soap dishes in bedrooms and kitchens, drop them into an old tin can, and when it is full dissolve three ounces of powdered borax in two quarts of warm water, and stir till the soap is melted. When cold, it will form a jelly. This borax soap is excellent for cleaning and does not fade articles washed in it.

Value of the Footbath.

To break up a cold, which certainly disfigures the face of beauty, as well as a valuable adjunct in the removal of facial eruptions, the nightly footbath is invaluable. The largest sweat glands of the body are located in the palms, armpits and soles of the feet. It is of primary importance that the multitudinous outlets should be unclogged. Where facial eruption exists and the whole attention is devoted toward the care of the face, every pore is active and open to afford the escape of clogging impurities.

This is all wrong. The feet should be made the gateway for the escape of effete deposits. The temperature of the footbath should range from 105 to 110 degrees or as hot as can be endured with comfort. Should there exist chronic profuse and offensive perspiration, add a lump of washing soda to neutralize the acid exudation. The feet should be rubbed briskly to draw the blood down to the extremities. Cool the water before withdrawing the feet, so that they may not become unduly tender. Rub long and thoroughly with a soft towel.

Good pedal circulation is a foe to corns and chilblains. Frequent warm footbaths prevent callouses and make walking a pleasure. For beauty and complexion take extraordinary care of the feet.—Ledger Monthly.

Wit and Wisdom of Children.

One very cold day Tom, in his first trousers, was walking out with his tiny overcoat turned back to its utmost limit. "Tom," said his father, "button your coat." The boy demurred. "Look at mine," added his father. "Yes," said Tom ruefully, "but everybody knows that you wear trousers."

Mamma—Why, Susie, you've offered your butterscotch to everybody but little brother. Why didn't you hand it to him? Susie (with innocent candor)—Because, mamma, little brother always takes it.

A Sunday school superintendent who happened to be a dry goods merchant and who was teaching a class of very little tots, asked when he had finished explaining the lesson, "Now, has any one a question to ask?" A very small girl raised her hand. "What is it, Martha?" asked the superintendent. "Why, Mr. Brooks, how much are those little red parasols in your window?" said Martha.

Mary was a very conscientious child. One day she was allowed to go and spend the day with some little cousins about her own age. After taking off her wraps she went to her aunt and said very soberly, "Now, Aunt Cassie, if Sallie and Lizzie are bad today please don't hesitate to punish them because I am here."—Current Literature.

A Large Order.

The man from the country took his green necktie and his best girl into the restaurant, and, like some other men, he was disposed to be facetious at the waiter's expense.

"Waiter," he said, "I want you to bring me a boiled elephant."

"Yessir," replied the waiter, perfectly unmoved.

"And, waiter, bring it on toast."

"Yessir."

Then he stood there like a statue for a minute.

"Well," said the man, "are you not going to bring it?"

"Yessir."

"Why don't you, then?"

"Order is, sir, that we get pay in advance for elephants, sir. Elephant on toast, sir, is £1,500 0s. 2d. If you take it without toast, sir, it is only £1,500, sir."

The waiter did not smile, but the girl did, and the man climbed down.—London Tit-Bits.

A Saving Quality.

Gilbert White, the naturalist, was once a university proctor, and of his performance of the office this anecdote is told: "On his rounds one evening White discovered an undergraduate lying on the ground, sleeping the sleep of intoxication, with his outer garments removed and neatly folded up at his side. The proctor awoke him and sent him to his college with an order to appear the next day for judgment. The culprit turned up in a highly contrite frame of mind. White said to him: 'You deserve an exemplary punishment, but I observed one circumstance which shows you are not wholly degraded. Your clothes were folded up by your side, indicating habits of care and neatness which appear incompatible with habitual degradation. I shall therefore say no more.'"

One Still Nicer.

Mrs. Newma—Oh, I wish you could see Mrs. Winkler's baby. It's perfectly lovely! Such a delicate, sweet little creature as it is! It's a perfect little cherub, with the loveliest eyes, the sweetest little mouth, the cunningest little nose and eyes of heavenly blue. It looks as if it had just dropped from heaven and every tiny feature had been fashioned by the angels.

Mr. Newma—Is it as nice as our baby?

Mrs. Newma—Mercy! No; not half as nice.—Pearson's Weekly.

A Costly Funeral.

The most costly state funeral which has ever taken place was perhaps that of Alexander the Great. A round million was spent in laying Alexander to his rest. The body was placed in a coffin of gold, filled with costly aromatics, and a diadem was placed on the head. The funeral car was embellished with ornaments of pure gold, and its weight was so great that it took 84 mules more than a year to convey it from Babylon to Syria.

The Bank of Venice, the first establishment of the kind in Europe, was founded in 1171. It continued in existence without interruption until the overthrow of the republic in 1797 by the revolutionary army of France.

Insomnia.

"When I 'members how many people is layin awake nights bein sorry foh whut dey's done," said Uncle Eben, "an how many mo' is layin awake wif schemes foh mo' iniquity, I 'clare I hain' hardly see whut sleep were invented foh."—Washington Star.

Lost on the Deal.

"Your friend Stockson Bonds looks bad. What's the matter with him? Dyspepsia?"

"Well, you might call it physical dyspepsia. He went in for pork, so they tell me, on the street, and he took too much of it."—Philadelphia Press.

Country Acquaintances.

She—You have been away in the country, haven't you?

He—Yes; visiting some people I used to know when I was a boy.

She—Particular friends?

He—Oh, no. Father and mother.—Leslie's Weekly.

All Busy—at the Game.

Spent an
Hour
Trying to get a hearing
With prominent business men,
Each one disappearing
Before
I could even start to
Unwind
My
Line of
Talk,
Each one singing the same old tune,
"Business engagements this afternoon."

Gave up!
Decided
I'd kill time
Until time
For my train by taking in the
Ball game.
I arrived!
Rich man,
Poor man,
Beggar man,
Thief,
Broker,
Banker,
Merchant,
Chief!

Yes,
They were all there,
Every
Blasted
One of them,
Every busy Minnie
Who
Hadn't
Time
To talk
Business,
Shouting:
"Soak 'em!"
"Kill the umpire!"
"Robber!"
"Slide!"
Each one yelling like a loon,
Busy men that afternoon!

—St. Paul Dispatch.