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THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

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July Sale.

We have concluded to have a grand clearance sale during the month of July--prices away down--you can buy goods during this sale at a big saving. We know July and August are dull months and we are going to offer some big bargains.

Men's $5.00 and $6.00 fine shoes at..... 4.00
Men's $3.50 and $4.00 fine shoes at..... 2.50
Men's $3.50 Oxfords shoes at..... 2.25
Men's fine calf and Vici-kid $2.00 shoes at.... 1.50
Boy's fine kid and patent leather $3.00 shoes at 1.75
Men's fine satin-calf shoes at.. ... . 1.00

Ladies' fine Dongola $3.50 and $4.00 at.... 2.50
Ladies' fine Dongola $2.50 shoes at 2.00
Ladies' fine Dongola $1.50 shoes at..... 1.00
Misses' fine Dongola shoes $2.00 and $2.50 grade at 1.50
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Men's and Boys' working shoes of all kinds at reduced prices.

Ladies' and Misses' every-day shoes at a big reduction.

We have made reductions in all lines and ask you to call and examine our goods and we can save you money.

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Farmers and mechanics get better shoes and more for their money at

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E Have a nattiness about them that 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 else can you get combinations, you get them at

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42 North Main Street All Work Guaranteed. Butler, Pa

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For special occasions or ordinary we can be selected from the large assortment of trimmed hats, ranging from 1.00 upwards, cannot be duplicated by any sold elsewhere at such low prices. Our models are artistic and beautifully developed in the new millinery materials such as Corded Chiffons, Persian, Moussilines, Irridescent Tulla and Oriental Gauze.

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Every instrument guaranteed fully.

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Whooping Cough, Asthma, Bronchitis and Incipient Consumption, is

OTTO'S CURE

The GERMAN REMEDY

Cures throat and lung diseases. Sold by all druggists. 25&50cts

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EUREKA HARNESS OIL

Unequaled by any other.
Renders hard leather soft.
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An excellent preservative.
Reduces cost of your harness.
Never burns the leather; its efficiency is increased.
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Johnston's Crystal Pharmacy,

R. M. LOGAN, Ph. G., Manager,

106 N. Main St., Butler, Pa

Both 'Phones.

Everything in the drug-line.

Hotel Nixon

215 N McKean St., Butler,

Having rented this hotel for another year, I again invite the patronage of my old friends and the public generally.

R. O. RUMBAUGH.

THE GYPSY WOMAN.

The gypsy woman
Lives on the moor;
She sleeps in a tent,
With a curtained door.

Low is her dwelling
And hard her bed,
But the stars at night
Are a crown for her head.

Rough is her greeting
From all that's human,
But the morning smiles
At the gypsy woman.

The wind is her harper
And brings from far
His songs of wooing
And shouts of war.

On the printed page
She need never look;
The changing sky
Is her holy book.

She knows not the call
Of church bells ringing;
The falling rain
Makes sweeter singing.

And the voice of the lark
At morn and even
Is a key to open
The gate of heaven.

—Westminster Gazette.

HIS OWN PETARD

A Story of the Higher Education of Women.

"Woman," said the professor, "was made for the home. There she stands on a pedestal, from which it is a grievous thing to see her step down."

Now the professor is acknowledged to be one of the wisest men in Europe, and it was impossible that a girl of Sibyl's age should contradict him. Besides, Sibyl has been very nicely brought up and wouldn't think of contradicting a person so much older than herself, even if he had been merely an undergraduate instead of a professor. So she looked very politely interested in the remark and said nothing.

Silence on the part of the other person always lures on a man to say more than he ought.

"I am sorry," the professor continued after a pause, "to hear that you are coming up next term. I had hoped that your dear mother—one of my oldest and best friends—would have had other views for you. She at least knows well that I disapprove, deeply disapprove, of this most unseemly attempt of women to enter upon university life."

"But, professor, that isn't very kind," Sibyl was obliged at last to remonstrate. "I understand that I shall have the pleasure of attending your lectures. That is, if I get through my examination, and I'm going up for it next week."

"Yes, I am sorry to say—I mean, I am glad—ah-h-h— Won't you take another cup of tea?" Sibyl is the kindest hearted of girls and wouldn't hurt a fly unnecessarily, and so she said she would like another cup of tea very much.

"Woman," the professor repeated when he had returned to his usual abstraction, "stands on a pedestal in the domestic circle. It is truly grievous that she should be willing to join in the struggles of masculine life." He had attended, as an experienced person will perceive, the last Union debate on the degree question, and the eloquence of the debaters was echoed from the lips of the professor.

Sibyl tried to consider herself from the point of view of her domestic circle, but failed to remember that their mental attitude in relation to her had ever been that of those who look up admiringly toward the statue on its pedestal.

"Professor, I will not struggle," said she. "I promise to submit to your authority on all questions, whether of discipline or of Arabic. I promise never to join in a 5th of November row, and you know that women students are allowed neither boat races nor bump suppers."

The professor answered that she was evading the question at issue. He said that ladies usually do so, and Sibyl went home with previsions of university life a little less bright than they had been before. But she was none the less determined to go up and to devote the next period of her life to the studies which were illustrated by the professor.

* * * * * * * *

Three years later the professor sat in Sibyl's room at Browning—it was a charming little room, looking on the terrace—and he congratulated her. Was she not the most famous person of the week? Had not every morning paper a leading article in praise of woman as personified in Sibyl and all the evening papers portraits of her, portraits whose only point of similarity was their unlikeness to Sibyl? Editors were asking her for an article on the education of women at universities, and publishers would have her edit a new series of eastern writers for ladies' schools.

The professor looked at her with admiration. She was the most brilliant pupil given to him for many a day, and her suggestions in the way of emendation were marvelous. Now, now at last, the professor saw his visions of long years taking upon themselves a semblance of reality; they should become real in the near future. That great work of his on the æsthetics of the Acadians might now be accomplished. The materials for it were complete. He had spent on them all his leisure time since his appointment as Plantagenet professor. But as for the writing of the book, from that he shrank. Some younger man must collaborate, use the professor's stores, undertake the labor of writing and add to so much knowledge the enthusiasm of youth. For some time he had waited until the fitting person should appear among his men. The student, long expected, was come at last, but unfortunately from among the women. No, nothing could be unfortunate if only the person was found. And Sibyl was delightful to work with.

"We shall beat the Germans now, we shall beat them on their own ground," said the professor jauntily. "It is a revenge for the jeers of many years."

Sibyl looked at him in perplexity, for she failed to see the connection. The professor explained at full length, and Sibyl listened. "You will come up again, of course, for a few years," he said, "and we will set to work as soon as possible. Your name will appear with mine on the title page. You will have a reputation for scholarship that will go beyond Berlin. It is fortunate that your name Latinizes so well. Perhaps—I do not know—your Latin style is really quite fair for one so young. Perhaps we might even bring it out in two versions, a Latin and an English. This would not add appreciably to the number of years we are to devote to the work and might repay us nobly. There are continental scholars who are not altogether familiar with English."

Sibyl said nothing. She was thoughtfully looking out over the geraniums and the professor grew uneasy.

"I assure you that you are perfectly qualified for the work, abstruse and onerous as it is," he said, "and you are the only pupil I ever had of whom I could say as much."

"You are very flattering," answered the most distinguished graduate of the year, "and I am afraid you rate my powers too highly." The professor eagerly intimated by gesture that she was mistaken. He was so breathless with apprehension that he would not interrupt by words. "I am so sorry that I shall not be able to collaborate in the work. You do me a great honor in asking me. But, you see, I am wanted at home."

Then the Plantagenet professor scoffed.

"At home!" said he. "Why, anybody can attend to your duties at home. But as for what I am suggesting to you, there is not one man in 20 years that is capable of doing it. As for women"—Words failed the professor here. "You will be known as a scholar to all the scholars of Europe. Do you understand? You will be regarded as an authority for many years to come. And think of the honor you will gain for your college and for your sex." The professor spoke the words without hesitation. No thought of an earlier conversation with Sibyl had remained in his mind, which indeed was crowded with more important things.

"It is a pity," she answered placidly, "but, you see, my people really want me. My mother likes to have somebody with her when she is making calls, and my sisters will not be out of the schoolroom for some years. Then I write my father's business letters for him and help to teach the children and make their frocks. I have a good deal of taste in dressmaking. An excellent modiste has said so. I had lessons from her, though of course I know it is the fashion to suppose that a woman who cares for study must be absolutely useless in domestic affairs."

The professor broke out in anger. "Anybody can make frocks," he cried.

"No, indeed, you are mistaken," she answered. "It is a most difficult business to make them nicely. That is why they are expensive."

"But do you not see," said the professor again, "what an opportunity you will lose if you fail to adopt my suggestion? You are losing your chance of fame. You leave undone a great work of incalculable benefit to scholars. And for me—I see no hope of finding another to take your place."

"I am very sorry," answered his pupil, "but indeed my parents want me very much at home. And I feel that my place is there. I shall not be able to come back next term."

* * * * * * * *

There was again a debate at the Union, and again the professor dropped in. The proposer was speaking. He was a young gentleman of much eloquence, and he carried his audience with him. "Let us resist to the death," he said, "any attempt to encourage further the so called higher education of women in this university. Woman was made for the home. There she stands on a pedestal. Shall we assist her to descend from that pedestal and bemire herself with joining in the struggles of masculine life?" The audience raised a storm of applause. The professor groaned and went out.—Ladies' Pictorial.

The Game of Chess.

The game of chess differs in the various countries of the world. Thus, in the Hindoo game, four distinct armies are employed, each with their king, each corps counting among its fighters an elephant and a knight which slay, but cannot be slain. The Chinese game of chess, which boasts of the title of choke-choc-kong-ki (the play of the science of war), has a river running through the center of the board, which their elephants, equivalent to our bishops, cannot cross, and there is a fort which their kings cannot pass.

Under the Sanskrit name of chaturanga a game essentially the same as modern chess was played in Hindustan nearly 5,000 years ago. From Hindustan the game is said to have been carried to Persia and thence to Arabia. The Arabs introduced it into Spain and the rest of western Europe during the eighth century, where it became the principal pastime about the year 1000.

Night and Morning Bells.

In the picturesque village of Allesley, Warwickshire, England, an ancient custom, which is found to linger here and there, is still observed. The church bell is rung at 5 o'clock every morning in the summer and at 6 o'clock in the winter in order to arouse sleeping villagers and enable them to start work in good time. The curfew bell is also tolled at 8 o'clock each evening.

Time and Telephone Work Wonders.

"I was startled the other day and in an entirely new way," said a prominent electrical engineer. "The use of the telephone has become so much a part of my life that in talking with my friends and acquaintances every few days I apparently kept up the acquaintance as of old, when I used to see them more regularly. A few days ago I had occasion to visit an old time friend of mine with whom I had talked probably once a week or oftener for the past three or four years, but whom I had not seen during that period.

"When I met him, I was startled. His black beard had turned gray, almost white, and he had changed in other respects, as was natural, during the three or four years of that period, yet through the use of the telephone I had in my mind's eye seen him as of old every time I had talked with him, and you may imagine how surprised, even shocked, I was to see this change in him.

"Did you ever have a similiar experience? I imagine the increasing use of the telephone causes many of them. You hear the usual voice on the telephone and mentally picture the friend as he looked when you saw him last, which may have been a year or several years in the past."—Electrical Review.

Most Unusual.

Jack Potts—We had a remarkable game of poker last night.

Asa High—How remarkable?

Jack Potts—The amount the losers claimed to have lost tallied exactly with the amount the winners admitted they had won.—Philadelphia Press.

An Explanation.

She—I don't see why Clara has so many admirers. She can't speak a word of French and neither sings nor paints.

He—Well, I suppose that is the reason.—Chicago News.

One Was Enough.

"Was Gobang's marriage a success?"

"I hardly think so. I heard him say the other day that he would never go to the penitentiary for bigamy."—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Rough Rider.

Ida—I rode a mile on an old cushion tired bicycle.

May—Well, wouldn't that jar you?—Chicago News.

GOD'S SMILE.

When God upon our little world looks down,
In its own strenuous eyes so passing great,
So rapt with toys, the pen, the sword, the crown,
Playing its game of fortune, fame or state,
Does he not smile, the patient One who knows,
Keeping us gently in the onward way,
Waiting, with kindly thought, the evening's close
When we shall tire of play?

And life's vast tragedies, its sins and wrongs,
Are they not but as wounds that children feel,
A tale that to the nursery belongs
Of hurts left for his tender touch to heal?
Does he not smile, the good God of us all,
Knowing how sure his love for every one,
Making things right when evening's shadows fall
And the rough play is done?

—Ripley D. Saunders in St. Louis Republic.

The HONEYMOON

It was the day after the wedding and wet enough to damp the ardor of the most devoted of bridegrooms. And John Hampton was not the most devoted. He had married, as most cautious and selfish young men do, because he wanted a home and some one to look after his home comforts. He had tried housekeepers, but they had proved failures one and all. They wanted too many evenings out, and their appearance was not calculated to decorate any smart little suburban villa.

And so John meditated deeply about the matter. Should he hamper himself with a wife or should he engage another lady housekeeper and see how that worked?

"Why not combine the two and get a wife as well as a lady housekeeper?" thought John, and so he kept a sharp eye round him for a bright, pretty domesticated girl whom he could honor with his intentions with a view to matrimony.

And at last his diligent search was rewarded. Madeline Gray possessed every attraction and virtue that John had determined his pretty wife should have. She was pretty, brilliantly pretty. Her hair was like spun gold, and her eyes were as blue as the bluest of china; but, as John Hampton remarked, beauty was not everything, and Madeline's hands, though small and white, were the nimblest in the world. She could knit, and she could sew, she could wash, and, yes, she could even scrub, and do it all in the daintiest and most becoming manner too. Truly Madeline Gray was a jewel which only required the setting of that little Norwood villa to perfect.

And John Hampton thought himself extremely lucky when this model of virtues accepted his attentions and later his dignified proposal of marriage, and that was how he happened to be looking out of the window of his modest little apartments at Brighton one very wet day in May.

The scene was depressing enough. The sea looked dark and gloomy, the beach was deserted, and now and then a dejected looking individual enveloped in a mackintosh hurried along the parade with the seeming object of getting home as quickly as possible.

"Honeymoons are a mistake," said John to himself. "If I hadn't wanted a change of air, I shouldn't have come. It's an ideal morning for the seaside, I must say."

At that moment Mrs. Hampton entered the room, and he turned to greet her.

"Not a very charming morning, my dear, is it?" said he amicably.

"Well, what can you expect from a place like Brighton?" said his wife coolly. "It's all the same here whether it rains or shines."

John raised his eyebrows in surprise.

"Why, my dear"— he began anxiously.

"You thought I liked Brighton, I suppose," interrupted Mrs. Hampton calmly. "Well, it's a pity you didn't trouble to inquire before. As you arranged this holiday yourself, you mustn't grumble, and now come and have your breakfast."

To say that Mr. Hampton was surprised is stating the case too mildly. He was simply astounded. He looked at his wife as at some Chinese puzzle. Was this self possessed and commanding woman really the meek and subdued little maiden he had married the day before?

And yet there she sat, her golden head as golden as ever, her eyes as blue, pouring out the coffee with as much sang froid as if she had been Mrs. Hampton for years.

"I presume you ordered this breakfast," she said as she finished her task.

"Yes, dear," said John. "Is there"—

"No, there isn't anything I like," she replied, without troubling him to finish his remark, and looking at the viands on the table. "Will you please ring the bell?"

John obeyed, and when the maid appeared she gave an order for a new laid egg and a piece of hot toast, passing the cold meat to her husband with the dignity of a queen.

And a very good breakfast she made too. John was rather taken aback. In his idea delicate and refined women should eat very little and of the daintiest viands, and this morning meal of his wife's surprised him as much as her manner had done. She had acted so differently during their engagement. Evidently he had misunderstood her, and he determined to assert his authority as her lord and master at once. There was no time to lose. "Let a woman get the upper hand," thought John, "and your influence is gone forever."

And so, after the breakfast things were cleared away, he told her to put on her bonnet and accompany him for a long walk.

"Good gracious, John, are you mad?" said his wife. "In weather like this!"

"Certainly. It will do you far more good than stopping at home. Come, do as I tell you."

Mrs. Hampton looked at him scornfully.

"John Hampton," she said firmly, "if you like to go out and contract a chill, I've no objection, except that I shall have the trouble of nursing you, but don't take me quite for a fool. I shall stay indoors and write a long letter to mamma."

And so, very much crestfallen at his first attempt to assert his authority, John put on his hat and went down on the beach and amused himself by making ducks and drakes on the waves. But in time this sport became tame, and, after buying some cigarettes and a newspaper, he retraced his steps once more to the house.

On his way he passed a couple who were walking under a large umbrella. The man had his right arm round the girl's waist, and the girl held up a radiant face to his and was chatting charmingly. They appeared to be perfectly oblivious to the rain and everything but just themselves.

For some reason or other John sighed heavily and then to excuse himself of the weakness looked after them contemptuously and denounced them as deluded fools.

When he reached home, Mrs. Hampton met him at the door and asked him to kindly post her letters. There were two—one to mamma, certainly, but the other was addressed to a young man who had been a frequent caller at the maternal home until their engagement was announced.

"Excuse me," he said in a dignified manner. "May I be informed of the contents of this letter?"

"No, you may not," said Mrs. Hampton stiffly. "And your request is an insult. Pray make haste back, as luncheon is on the table."

And again John obeyed, though with very ill grace.

The next day Mrs. Hampton declared that honeymoons were very dull.

"You had better give notice here and pay the week's bills and take rooms at one of the best hotels. It will be a treat to see a few people at mealtimes even if one does not speak to them."

At this John made a strenuous protest. He hated a large gathering, he said, and much preferred a quiet life. Besides, he was hurt and mortified that she should so soon tire of his company. In a honeymoon a wife and husband should be all and all to one another. It should be a brief time sacred to themselves, a time when there should be no intrusions from the outside world.

But Mrs. Hampton only curled her pretty lips.

"That's all nonsense," she said, with a derisive laugh. "You only read about that sort of thing in books. In real life a marriage is a very prosaic matter. When we return to town and you go to business, it will be different. I shall entertain my friends then and shall have plenty to amuse me."

And so to the hotel they went, and after that Mrs. Hampton couldn't complain that she saw too much of John. She became a great favorite with the visitors there and was always joining in some expedition or the other, and it was with a great sigh of relief from the happy bridegroom that the holiday came to an end.

How pleasant the little villa at Norwood looked after those desolate rooms at the hotel. Even Mrs. Hampton admired John's taste at the manner in which they were furnished, and they sat down to tea in the little dining room for the first time together.

John took up his evening paper as was his wont and scanned it through, but raised his head suddenly at what sounded like a muffled sob.

"Madeline," he said anxiously, "what is the matter, dear?" And he jumped up and went to her side, whereupon the distressed one lifted a face rippling with laughter.

"Oh, John, dear John," she said. "Tell me, did you enjoy your honeymoon very much, dear?"

John hadn't, but he didn't say so. He caught the white hands held out to him and drew the owner to him.

"Madeline," he said, "did you"—

"Yes; I did," said Madeline, interrupting him in her usual way. "I wanted to give you a lesson, sir. You wanted to have things all your own way. I divined it from the first. You married me because you wanted a companionable housekeeper. Come, confess, sir. You didn't marry me because you loved me."

"But now, dearest," he said, still holding her close.

"Well, I think, thanks to my lesson, you do a little bit now."

And John confessed he did just a little bit, and his thoughts traveled back to that happy young couple under the umbrella at Brighton.

"We'll have another honeymoon later on, Madeline," he said; "a real one this time."—Penny Pictorial Magazine.

A Kipling Picture of Buffalo.

After Rudyard Kipling had spent a day or two in Buffalo in the eighties he thus described it: "Buffalo is a large village of a quarter of a million inhabitants situated on the seashore, which is falsely called Lake Erie. Once clear of the main business streets you launch upon miles and miles of asphalted roads running between cottages and cut stone residences of those who have money and peace. When you have seen the outside of a few hundred thousand of these homes and the inside of a few score, you begin to understand why the American does not take a deep interest in what they call 'politics' and why he is so vaguely and generally proud of the country that enables him to be so comfortable. How can the owner of a dainty chalet, with smoked oak furniture, imitation Venetian tapestry curtains, hot and cold water laid on, a bed of geraniums and hollyhocks, a baby crawling down the veranda and a self acting, twirly whirly hose gently hissing over the grass in the balmy dusk of an August evening—how can such a man despair of the republic?"

Hints For Smokers.

Here is a good tip for a smoker: The best pipe grows foul sometimes, and the various patent cleaning devices are of little use in making it fresh. But if you pack the bowl tight with grass or hay and lay the pipe aside for a few days you will have it as sweet as when it was new. Talking about smoking, here is a good idea for lighting matches: Don't light them on your trousers, for you'll burn slits in them, nor on your shoe soles, for you'll rub the heads off. The plan is to rub them on a piece of paper—a folded newspaper, an envelope, a ticket. The silica in the paper acts like sandpaper.

Many people can't smoke a dozen cigarettes without getting a sore throat. Inveterate cigarette smokers are frequently troubled with a perpetual cold in the head. It is not the smoke that is to blame, but the dust. Now, if you use a cigarette tube—amber, cherry or cardboard—a tiny bit of cotton wool in the bottom of it will catch every particle of dust. Try this, and you'll have no more sore throats. But you may not enjoy the smoke.—Exchange.

The rooster makes two-thirds of the noise, but the hen does all the work.—Chicago News.

The Florida Razorback.

The Florida "razorback" is the hog indigenous to this climate and soil. He is usually large of limb and fleet of foot, being the only known porker that can outrun a darky. He has a tail of wondrous length, which, while he is in active motion, he twists into the tightest corkscrew, but with which while quietly feeding he raps his leathery sides much in the same manner that the docile cow uses her tail.

He is self supporting. He earns his own living and thrives equally well in the highwoods, in the flatwoods, in the hummocks and in the marshes. He subsists upon anything he can find above the earth or underneath its surface. He has a clear, farseeing eye and is very sensitive of hearing. Nature has equipped him with a snout almost as long as the beak of the wild pelican of Borneo, with which he can penetrate the earth many inches in quest of worms, snakes and insects.

He is the most intelligent of all the hogs and is likewise the most courageous. He has been known to engage in mortal combat with a coon for the possession of a watermelon and to rend asunder a barbed wire fence.—Forest and Stream.

M'MURPHY'S FLATS.

THE PUGILISTIC TENANTS BURY THE HATCHET FOR A TIME.

It Was Only the Calm Before the Storm, However, and When Italy, Ireland and Africa Got Together They Made Up For Lost Time.

[Copyright, 1901, by C. B. Lewis.]

"So it vhas you, Mr. Sprocket?" queried the German grocer as he wiped his hands off after measuring out a peck of potatoes and extended it to the janitor of McMurphy's flats, who came limping in.

"Yes, it's me, Mr. Wasserman," was the reply, "but there was an hour or so last night when I didn't know whether I'd be living today or not."

"Did you go most dead mit dot asthma?"

"No, it wasn't the asthma altogether. In fact, the asthma was as good as left out of it. Those people broke loose again, you see, and the nervous strain on me almost knocked me out."

"Vhat a wicked peoples, vhat a wicked world! Und so dere vhas some more rows?"

"I told you the other day about the three ladies having a scrap," replied the janitor as he settled himself down on the head of a barrel. "Well, they went about with their noses in the air for a day or two and then decided to make it up. That's a woman's way, you know. They couldn't visit each other while they were mad, and each one of the three was just dying to see how the others had furnished up their rooms and whether the whole family had to sleep in one bed or not. Mrs. O'Sullivan had the most curiosity, and as she had drawn a diamond ring with a pound of 50 cent tea and wanted to show it off she decided to give in first. Yesterday morning she knocked on the dago's door, and the dago put her nose out and asked:

"'Whata you wanta of me, eh?'

"'Countess, I've come to make up wid ye,' said O'Sullivan. 'Sayin nothin of the words in the Bible and the teachin's of good men that we should dwell together in harmony, I'm willin to believe that I was mistaken in ye as a dago. The way ye used yer fingers in me hair, to say nothin of the bat on me mouth, proves that ye are a perfect lady and entitled to my esteem. Shake me hand, Countess Divito, and let's be friends.'

"'You no wanta fighta any more?' asked the countess as she came out into the hall.

"'Not another wollop,' answered O'Sullivan. 'It's rather airly in the mornin for a high society call, but if ye'll overlook it for once I'll come in and show ye the $150 diamond ring me Tim handed me from his hind pocket this mornin for a birthday prisent.'

"I heard it all," said the janitor, "and the countess let her in and met her half way. I thought it would be a good thing for me and McMurphy and a bad thing for the darky, but it turned out tiptop all around. When two women get to making up a quarrel, they include all creation, and it wasn't over half an hour before the two came out with their arms around each other and started up to see the barber's wife."

"Py golly, but I like dot!" exclaimed the grocer. "Vhen I vhas mad at some

THEY PRAISED EACH OTHER'S HATS AND DRESSES.

mans und he comes around next day, I vhas all oafer her. If nopody vhas mad, den you see how happy we all vhas."

"That's it, Mr. Wasserman. If you only had the asthma, you'd make a good flathouse janitor. Yes, they went up, and the darky heard them coming and was ready for them with an old chair leg. She was spitting on her hands for a good grip when Mrs. O'Sullivan told her that the quarrel was all made up and the dove of peace had come there to hatch her brood. She'd been thumped pretty hard, and she was rather offish, but she toed the mark after awhile, and there was kissing and hugging all around. An hour later O'Sullivan gave a morning tea, which was mostly beer and crackers, and such quietness fell upon the house that I began to feel lonesome. About 1 o'clock in the afternoon the three got dressed to go out in company, and of course each one put on her best duds to make the other jealous. You know what women are, Mr. Wasserman?"

"Vhell, maypel I lif mit my old womans for oafer dwenty year."

"Of course. They praised each other's hats and dresses as they stood in the hall, but it was all hypocrisy, you know. The countess was perhaps the best dressed, though it was a pretty even thing all around. They sailed away like three graces, and I kicked the goat out of the halls, run the dogs on to the street and heaved the carts into the back yard. For two hours I had a house to be proud of, and I had made up my mind to tell McMurphy to raise the rent when the ladies returned. They had treated each other to clam broth, ice cream and candy and had come back in a hack to end up in a swagger way. When the horses came prancing up, there was a sensation on that block, and 50 other women turned pale as they looked out of their windows."

"Vhas some rubber tires on der wheels of dot hack?" asked the grocer as he seemed to call up a picture in his mind's eye.

"Aye, there was, Mr. Wasserman," replied the janitor. "Yes, there was rubber tires on every wheel—none missing—and the driver was in uniform and the horses stepping high. For a minute or two I felt so proud that I was determined to ask McMurphy to raise my salary to $20 a month and fuel throwed in; but, alas, it was the hack that was our undoing."

"Did she broke down?"

"Not at all. The ladies didn't have money enough to settle the fare, you see, or they wanted to beat each other. They could scrape only 45 cents together, while the fare was a dollar and a half, and the driver wasn't slow in giving them his opinion of bilks. It wasn't two minutes before the whole neighborhood was on to the racket, and then there was fun. At first the three women hung together as against the driver, but pretty soon Mrs. O'Sullivan got her Irish up and turned on the others with:

"'Be me sowl, but I might have knowed it! What but this should happen to a discindant of the O'Shanes who goes out with a dago and a naygur!'

"'Who you calla dago? yelled the countess.

"'And who's a naygur? shouted Mrs. Torrington.

"Then a great crowd gathered around, hoping to see a scrap, and when I tell you, Mr. Wasserman, that the reputation of McMurphy's flats for chick and gentility suffered a setback that they'll not get over for years I speak the words with aching heart. To satisfy the driver and avoid a row on the street Mrs. O'Sullivan handed over that tea store diamond and sailed into the house as grand as a queen, and when the others had followed her I looked the doors on the crowd."

"Und so all vhas peace once more?" queried the grocer, with a sigh of relief.

"Not on your life, old man! You know what a prelude is, don't you?"

"I pelief I do, but I don't carry some in stock. She vhas too perishable."

"Just so. Well, that little affair on the sidewalk was a prelude, a prologue, a curtain raiser. It didn't take the O'Sullivan over seven minutes to get back into her fighting togs, and she made a break for up stairs at once. The dago and the colored woman were all ready for her and also for each other, and the way they did sail in and break down doors and knock off plaster gave me palpitation of the heart and thoughts of graveyards. I limped off and let them have it out, and the three of them are in bed and will be for a week to come."

"But maype dey shall make oop good friends und stay so?" suggested the grocer.

"Maybe, but you can't expect it, Mr. Wasserman. It ain't in what they call nature, you see. It's Ireland ag'in Italy and Africa, and Italy and Africa ag'in Ireland, and three women ag'in each other, and if you don't mind I'll take a cucumber home for my lunch and get what rest I can for my asthma before the menagerie breaks loose again."

M. QUAD.

Winding Timepieces.

"I have been doing a little figuring on time," remarked an erratic citizen yesterday, "and I have reached some rather interesting conclusions. I wanted to find out how much time man consumed in keeping tab on time, and I found that, if the whole world is considered in the computation, years would be crowded into a second of time.

"To illustrate what I mean, take a city where 100,000 watches are wound up every day. Now, it takes probably an average of 15 seconds to wind a watch. It would take, then, 1,500,000 seconds to wind 100,000 watches. This would mean 25,000 minutes or 530 hours and 10 minutes, or 25 days and 16 hours. I suppose there are in the city of New Orleans 100,000 watches and clocks to be wound up every day, so that nearly a month is spent in the city every day in winding watches and clocks.

"One man in a year's time would consume 5,475 seconds in winding his watch if he is prompt about it and is willing to give 15 seconds every day to this useful article. This would mean several hours during every year that he kept up the practice. Allowing 85 years as the average life, a man would spend 191,525 seconds, or 3,190 minutes and 41 seconds, or 530 hours and 10 minutes, or 22 days and 20 hours, in winding his watch."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

What She Saw.

It was at the Normal school that this happened, and the class laughed. It was a laugh on the teacher, too, but he didn't get angry, although it did break into the serious contemplation of serious studies with which he was trying to interest the students.

It was in the study of psychology, and they were discussing what ideas first entered the human mind when certain words were spoken or written—whether the mind thought of one certain object designated by the word or the whole general class which is embodied in that word. To experiment on this mental phenomenon in order to bring it more clearly to the attention of the students the professor said he would write a word on the board and then let one of them tell instantly what impression was made upon her mind.

He called upon one of the pupils to be ready to think quickly and tell exactly what her first thought was after she saw the word which he was about to write. He stood close to the board, so that the word was hidden by his shoulders until he turned. He wrote the word "pig," and all of the class saw it except the girl who was standing ready to make reply. When he turned, he didn't get out of her way, and she couldn't see the word. In reply to his sharp, quick question, "Now, what do you see?" she replied naively, "I see you." And the class laughed.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Advice In His Answers.

The Rev. John McNeill was holding a revival service at Cardiff, Wales, and announced that he would answer any question about the Bible. At once a note was sent up to him reading as follows:

"Dear Mr. McNeill—If you are seeking to help young men, kindly tell me who was Cain's wife."

That seemed a poser, and the audience waited with intense interest, tempered with amusement, to see how the good man would extricate himself. After a pause he said:

"I love young men, especially young inquirers for light, and I would give this young man a word of advice. It is this: Don't lose your soul's salvation looking after other people's wives."

A Cruel Blunder.

Two brothers had the habit of calling on the same South Side girl. One of the brothers, George, was to take part in some private theatricals, and the girl had promised to fix up a shirt and a pair of shoes for his costume. The articles were to be delivered to her on a certain evening.

Frank, the second brother, took it into his head to call on the girl that same evening. Frank knew nothing of the arrangements George had made with her to help him with his costume. He rang the bell, asked the maid to tell the girl that Mr. Allen had called and sat down in the parlor.

The maid went up stairs and presently returned, trying hard not to smile.

"Miss Jones says she is busy just now and that you are to send up your shirt and shoes," was the message she handed Frank.

"What?" he yelled.

"I'm to take up your shirt and shoes."

"Thanks, but I may need them myself to go home with. I hope Miss Jones will be better in the morning. Never mind; I will close the door myself."—Chicago Chronicle.

In the fourteenth century the slaughter of women and children after a town or castle had been taken by storm was one of the most common occurrences of war.