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year, I again invite the patronage of of my old friends and the public gener-

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BICKEL'S *Fall Footwear.*

New Stock of Fall Styles that will start the new season off with a rush Largest stock and most handsome styles of fine footwear

SOROSIS-The new shoe for women-Eighteen new fall styles -Dongola, Enamel, Patent-Kid, Patent-Calf and Box-Calf made with full extension soles in mediom or high tops; also complete stock of Bakers & Bowman's fine shoes in Box-calf, Enamel and Patent-calf, heavy soles, extention edge, the very latest, ranging in price from \$3.00 to \$5.00. We have a full stock of the Carter Comfort Shoes and especially recommend them for their comfort giving qualities.

Large assortment of Misses' and Children's fine shoes made in same styles as best grades of Ladies' Shoes.

Special bargains in Misses' and Children's School Shoes. A. E. NETTLETON'S MEN'S FINE SHOES.

Twenty new styles in Men's medium and heavy sole shoes-Patent calf, Patent-vici. Cordovan, and Box-calf, full extension, heavy soles, box stitch; also complete stock of Schwab Bro's Men's Fine Shoes in the latest up-to date styles. The above lines of Men's fine shoes ranging in price from \$3.00 to \$7.00. Large assortment of Boy's, Youth's and Little Gents', fine shoes.

FOR OIL MEN AND FARM-WEAR.

We have a complete stock of Gokey's hand-made, whole stock, box-toe Boots Shoes. Gokey's high cut copper-toe shoes for Boy's and high-cut water-proof

We have a complete stock of Gokey's hand-made, whole stack, socked, socked, and Shoes, Gokey's high cut copper-toe shoes for Boy's and high-cut water-proof shoes for girls.

See our Driller's shoes, high-cut, box-toe, Bellis tongue, three heavy soles and tap. All Summer Goods to be closed out regardless of cost.

Big Bargains in Ladies' and Gent's, Misses and Children's Oxfords and slippers of all kinds.

All Summer Shoes to be closed out at less than half-price.

JOHN BICKEL,

128 SOUTH MAIN STREET. -

HUSELTON'S Shoe Savings of 20 to 40 per cent.

Yes, Shoes, too, have joined the Big Mid-Summer Trade Movement, and present purchasers are getting big discounts on former prices.

L	adies' Kid Shoes, \$1.50 and \$1.25 at\$	65	Men's Tan and Black Welt \$2 Oxfords, \$3.50 and 4.00, at 2	50
I. \$:	adies' Tan Shoes1 2.00, 3.00 and 3.50 at2	25 00	Men's Tan Welt Shoes2 \$3.50 and 5.00, at2	8
			Men's Black Vici Kid Balls, \$2.00, at	
L \$	adies' Kid Oxfords	50	Men's Patent Shoes 2 and Oxfords at 2	8
L \$	adies' patent Shoes	85	Men's Fine Satin Shoes at I Boys' Fine Kid and Patent I	
	lisses' and Children's		Leathers, 2 00 and 1.501	
		25	Boys' Tan Shoes 2.00 and 1.50 at	7.
I	nfants', sizes 6 to 8 at	38	Boys' Fine Satin Calf Shoes	8

We lead them all in Men's and Boys' Working Shoes a

We have cut prices on all of our immense stock. Come Big money-saving prices to clean up stock. These prices for

HUSELTON'S

HATS AT SMALL PRICES.

Our assortment of Outing Hats, Soft Hats, Sailor Hats, in fact every hat and all Millinery must be cleared out at once. We are making a great sacrifice to close out this line. Never before has there been such an opportunity to secure bargains and value at so little figures.



Rockenstein's,

MILLINERY EMPORIUM.

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G. F. KECK, Merchant Tallor,

Butler, Pa All Work Guaranteed.

Removal Notice!

C. F. T. Pape,

Jeweler and Watchmaker Will be found on and after April 1st at 121 East Jefferson street, opposite G. Wilson Miller's Grocery Store, Butler, Pa.

Subscribe for the CITIZEN. ARTIST PHOTOGRAPHER,

THE STORM FLOWER the came with the night and storm.

The wildly whirling snow-

I thought it was summer bloom. thought birds sang, that laughing skies Brightened my narrow room.

I saw a vision fair—
My life as it was to be—
And I craved the happiness, pure and sweet,
That the velled years held for me.

But my flower of the night and storm Mithered before the dawn,

And black despair and grief and pain

Came with the white veiled morn.

O night and storm and dark! O wailing wind! O sea! Why did you bring so sweet a gift To take it so soon from me?

Tou hold her in your keep,

For she comes with the storm again.

Nay; it is not the whispering snow

That sings at my window pane.

—Boston Transcript

+00++00++00++00++00++00+<u>+</u> A SEA CHANGE.

It Was Occasioned by

He sat on the lower deck, his blackened hands clasped about his drawn up knees and his head dropping upon his bared and grimy breast. Beneath his lowering brows he looked out toward far horizon forever unreachable, forday from a clear lavender line to a gray and misty shore, from mountains of gold and red to the alabaster walls

The boy looked siyiy up at the or twice, then drew a piece of rope from his pocket. "Say," he smilled insinuatingly, "one of the sallors told sinuatingly, one of the sallors told sinuatingly.

the glare of the furnaces was still be- won't you?" fore his eyes. Though the spicy sea wind blew upon his breast, yet the mechanical fingers began to teach the smell of the blue figure was in his nos-trils, and the blasts of hot air still enimpatiently and glanced at the upper deck, where the few passengers the steamship carried were sitting, talking and reading at their ease. It was so in life. Some were always floating easily | Where'd you learn 'em all?" low looking up at them. It was his

away from it. if to mock life's vain endeavors. How cool and soothing the water would seem to his overheated brain and body! He started to run along the deck,

side a man. And suddenly the ship and sea faded from his eyes, and he vines, apple trees and wild cherry bushes. The boy climbed to the bound- Then the change of sto toe as he pushed his bare feet through the long bush grass and stumbled on a red striped apple. He sat again on the flat stone step without the kitchen door, and his mother came up behind him with a blue and white cracked cupful of sweet milk and dropped a warm doughnut into his unturned hand. "Look out; it's hot!" he could hear her say, and it aroused him with a start. He looked down at the old trousers and filthy shirt. They seemed to contain a more than physical, a moral, contami-nation. That country boy had come to this. From the peaceful sameness of

this. From the peacetri sameness of that quiet life to the ugly monotony of this, earning a mean living by the meanest of labor and spending those earnings for not merely mean, for debasing, objects. The last time he had been in America he had gone to a saflor's bethel and ught that after this voyage he would go away into some faraway ountry place and do better, where ields were green and a living might be wrested from earth, not fire. But at earnings. Evidently this was what he was born for, ten days of misery-he could not get used to the furnaces-a week of what some men called pleasure and then the furnaces again. And be one stoker the less, and it would give him distinction for the first-no, the second—time in his life. The second—time in his life. time had been when he left his country made it well. He sneered again, that bitterest of sneers, at oneself. Then he valked around the wheelhouse at the back and looked down at the water swirling in a widening, roughened swirling in a widening, roughened path from the beating of the screw. It take a car. Now, there are two well cate green. Then as he gazed the wake

"Say-bello! Anything the matter?"
It was the small boy he had seen on
the upper deck a few minutes before. "No," growled the man, leaning again

The boy moved nearer and leaned ver beside him. "Water's pretty, isn't no answer. After a mobegan again, "Say, isn't

man was fastened to the rail a small

made today? Did fine yesterday, the

the man's face. "Most time to take the record now," he muttered. They both bent over the instrument their heads were close together; they almost touched each other and the rail. The man forgot other things for a mo-

A faint look of interest passed over

They straightened up and faced the

second mate, a big, powerful man, whose usually good natured face wore a fierce frown of disapproval.

"Get out of that, you. What you roun' here for anyway? Get back there quick. If you touched it, I'll"- He drew nearer to the instrument.

A sardonic smile, unseen by the mate, came to the man's face. As he turned away his hands rested on the railing for an instant. How easy to vault it! What a surprise to the mate, whose words had been comparatively gentle! What a sensation for the passengers! He balanced himself for the plunge gotten the boy. He was leaning against him now, the curls of his thrown back head touching the man's soiled shirt sleeves, while he expostulated with the

examination. "Go round there," be ordered the man again, and the sailor slunk away. Then to the boy, "You

"No, I won't. 'Pen my word I won't," cried the bey. Then, turning, he ran after the man, who had dropped upon faction, disgust and mutiny among the deck some distance away and was

boy, slipping down beside him and nodding his bead in the direction of voice. Yelled just like that once when the sea at the purple, white trimmed I got on top of the engine house. He

sinuatingly, "one of the sallors told me you could tie more knots than any He frowned at the sea and sky, for other fellow aboard. Show me how

trils, and the biasts of not air stin enveloped him. Now he turned his head brows, but passed on without speaking.
"My," the boy exclaimed once
"My," the boy exclaimed once
"don't you know

on at the expense of others. He felt a dull rage to think that he should be bewent on tying more.
It was an absorbing lesson, made so

own fault. Once he might have made his life a different thing, but now his place was fixed. He could never grow

It was an absorbing lesson, made so by the boy's eagerness and the man's increasing interest. Suddenly a shrill whistle sounded through the air. The away from it.

He lounged to the rail and looked to him from the deck above, and the down at the waves climbing coura-geously upward, only to fall again, as "I've got to go," he said, "but I'll be

There was a sneer upon his hard lined stuffing the rope in his pocket. But he

The man did not speak. Again the

saw another boy in a big, flapping straw hat and brown overalls, with bare feet, coming down a still, dusty "You didn't mind, did you?" bare feet, coming down a still, dusty road that wound in dull complacency between blackberry and strawberry sudden laugh. "No, I didn't mind, did you?"

Then the man laughed, a strange, sudden laugh. "No, I didn't mind."

Then the change of stok ary, half fence, half stone wall of the the man was called below. He went un orchard and felt a sudden twinge in his grudgingly and promptly. As he passed beneath the upper deck the boy, who was standing there, leaned over and waved, and the man lifted his hand to his hatless head in salute. The memo-ry of the orchard and stone step, of the apples and doughnuts, was still with him, but it was no longer the bitterness of death-rather the sweet savor of life -Springfield Republican.

The Young Lobster.

From the eggs of the lobster at hatched creatures not in the least re sembling their parents-little fellow that swim with featherlike locomotive organs near the surface of the water At the end of six weeks they develop legs, unless, as is highly probable, they have previously been devoured by fish es or other enemies, becoming thereu on small lobsters of familiar shap Having reached this stage of growt the young lobsters become walking ani mals, and, sinking to the bottom, imr diately seek hiding places to protect them from their foes. NOT WORTH TWO PASSES.

so the Railroad Man Bought the Pig to Square Himself. Woman in an emergency is resour ful to a degree that would astour some men, as a freight agent of one of so it would go on until- He turned the railroads that enter St. Louis succeed, but she would have done so had not the agent gone back on his time had been when he left his country word. The family had decided to move home to make his fortune. He had to a western city. The lady called on them according to regular rates or else tern and leaned against the rail at the charter a car. He explained that the latter would be cheaper if she had was pale blue, with filmy ruffles of take a car. Now, there are two well grown boys, and as money is not overwhite and here and there a fold of deliplentiful in the family she wished abridge expenses as much as possible eemed a live thing, rather many She went to see the agent again and seemed a live thing, rather many things, and their little lips of foam met and whispered, "Come," and laughed at him as a fool because he hesitated, with his hand on the rail. Not that he was afraid. Oh, no!

"Say?" The man started. He clung to the rail as if to steady himself.

"Say-hello! Anything the matter?"

"Say-hello! Anything the matter?" anybody go along with the goods he said that they did with stock. "If you

were shipping live stock that needed tending, we would do it. Now, you haven't a cow or horse or pig, and there would be no use sending any one along." She appeared to see the point this time and went away. A day or two later she came around again and asked for passes for the two boys. "Why, madam," said the agent, "I

can't issue any passes. You haven't any live stock." "Yes, I have," said the little woman.

man was fastened to the rail a small dial, with they revolving wheel, and from this a twirling string led far out into the water behind.

The bey came around to the other side of t r man and near this instruction. The bey came around the side of the man and near this instruction. man and near this instru-ow many miles have they told him that she had paid \$2.25 for the pig for that purpose, and he ought to be as good as his word. Like all railroad agents, he tried to get out of the trouble smoothly, but only succeeded after he had purchased the pig for \$2.50, an advance of "two bits" on the

cost.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat. If you want to find out how great Then a great fogborn of a voice tain how great he isn't, ask his neighTHE BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

Life's beautiful things are so many So free to the humblest one,

But only because of their plenty, Because they are ours when we will, We value them light as common and cheap, And our souls are unsatisfied still!

Reaching out for the things of our dreaming With vision so stubborn and blind That the rapture which calls to us day by day Is too near nor our seeking to find; Ob, the loss of it all, and the pity, And the yearning and hunger and pain, That we live in a world full of beautiful things, The beauty of which we disdain!

—Ripley D. Saunders in St. Louis Republic.

WHEN PARIS! "Now, look a-here. "Twasn't his fault. I asked him to show me. We never touched it. "Tisn't hurt a bit." he asked me a few questions, growing

By M. QUAD.

musn't touch things like this or I shall I had been with one of the French tell the captain not to let you go over the ship."

armies as war correspondent, and with it, or such fragments of it as escaped faction, disgust and mutiny among the rank and file, and we reached Paris to find even a stronger spirit ex-isting among all classes of citizens. "He's a nice man," explained the It was the seed that was to grow the To this day the French commune. To this day the French soldier who took part in the war that was expected to humble Berlin can-not understand that he was outnumthe sea at the purple, white trimmed rollers, at the innocent blue sky, at the far horizon forever unreachable, for the sea.

I got on top of the defeated soldier will simply have it that he was all the sea. bered, outgeneraled and outfought and sold out by his general. That was all the talk in Paris as we fell back-Ger-man gold had bought victories-and the thirst for vengeance upon the alleged traitors was intense.

I had had enough of soldier work and I settled down to become a stationary correspondent, although it was only a few days ere nothing could be



HE WAS STILL SHOUTING WHEN A VOLLEY LAID HIM LOW. sent out of the besieged city except by way of balloons. As soon as I had found lodgings I secured a military There was a sneer upon his hard inned face as he looked again toward the upper deck. What did any life amount to, theirs as well as his? Yet how they would lament if they thought it all would soon come to an end!

Then his eye was caught by the figure of a small boy with upturned face and hands in his pockets standing because and hands in his pockets standing because from Minister Washburn as to my nativity and neutrality. These stood me in good stead within the next week. There were no doubt many German spies in Paris, but the people greatly exaggerated the number and were and hands in his pockets standing because and hands in his pockets standing because and hands in his pockets at military pass and accompanying it a certificate from Minister Washburn as to my nativity and neutrality. These stood me in good stead within the next week. There were no doubt many German spies in Paris, but the people greatly exaggerated the number and were ready to denounce any one not a born frequency. Frenchman. I had been taking my meals at a certain miserable restaurant and paying the prices asked without complaint when one evening the keeper of the place, who was a surly old feland paying the prices asked without complaint when one evening the keeper of the place, who was a surly old fellow at best, attempted an extortion that I resented. We had some hot words, and I left in anger, and not more than an hour had passed when I received a visit from a trio of the nature. There are places for hore

tional guard. I had been denounced by the old man as a German spy. The trio consisted of a corporal and two men, and when they had gained my room the corporal saluted me and cour teously observed: "Sorry to trouble monsieur just as he

is preparing for bed, but the fact is am ordered to take him out and shoo "For what?" I asked.

"For being a spy in the employ o Bismarck. Come, monsieur. We have others to shoot and cannot waste time. "But you go a little fast, corporal, protested one of the men as I looked from one to the other and wondered it it was a joke. "I think the orders were to take monsieur before the provosi marshal for investigation."

"Say you so, Francols? Well, what's the odds to him whether he is shot to night or tomorrow? It will come to other places to visit before we can go For answer I showed him my passe

named the headquarters to which had been attached and then related the cause of my dispute with the owner of "Ah. I see." replied the corporal a

he scratched his head and smiled. "It was the old man's little way of settling a 3 franc dispute, and he is probably making merry over it. Monsieur American, you are all K. O., as I believe they say in your country, and it will give me pleasure to do a little business with monsieur of the cafe. Attention, squad! Right face and forward march We came for a spy, but found one who had fought with us. Good night, mon-

I went around to the restaurant nex morning. It had been turned wrong side out and a number of children were looking for scraps of food. Whether the old man had been shot or driven away I know not, but his occupation had departed. I saw the commune forming and realized what it meant, and I kept away from the crowds as much as possible and had little to say to any one. As soon as the commun got fairly under way and the nationa guards went over is they began to press men into the ranks to defend Paris. I had three or four sarrow es-capes from being pressed and finally

took up my lodgings to . racest house on a side street called Labanc. There were with me a Russian adventurer, a German machinist and a chap who claimed to be a Corsican, and who acknowledged that he was a deserter from the army; strange company, but those were strange times, and we were all moved by the same object—to keep clear of the muss. The German was quare and honest and had been living in Paris for seven years previous to the war. We made a common purse and did our own cooking, and it was seldom that any of us left our retreat except under cover of darkness. One afternoon, when the regular government troops had begun to attack the communists and the city was seething and bubbling with excitement, a wor an gave our hiding place away to the authorities. We were all asleep in a back room when the front door was oken open and ten men under the orders of a lieutenant came pouncing

"And so, my sleepers, you would shirk your duty!" exclaimed the officer as he inspected each one in turn. "Well, we can decide it in a word. Will you

fight with us or against us?"

None of us replied. Like me, the others seemed too surprised to answer.

"I thought so!" grimly observed the officer. "Sergeant, out into the back yard with a file of six men and take

He pointed to the Russian, who such

denly found his tongue and began to argue and protest. He was run out by

two men, his wrists tied and his eve

bandaged, and he was still shouting when a voiley laid him low. The Ger

man was taken next, and the Corsican

followed. The thing was put through

with appalling celerity, and it had come my turn before I scarcely real-tzed what was being enacted before

my eyes. As they laid hands on me to

run me out to the wall I gave my name

this fellow first."

mark:

BEVERAL OF THE TENANTS ENGAGE IN A LIVELY BATTLE.

and produced my passes. The men sugged sarcastically, but the officer motioned to them to release me for a

more civil all the time, and at length he returned the papers, with the re-"You were a little stupid not to speak up at once, monsieur, though perhaps you could have said nothing in favor of those others. However, better late to peril his life, can you, Mr. Wasserthan never. I shall leave you here,

though I cannot promise that some one else will not disturb you later on. Bonsome wind, we vhas no good. Und how vhas dose tenants mit der flat?" "They'll be the death of me in anjour, Monsieur American."

He was marching off with his men He was marching off with his men next moment, and as soon as the crowd had dispersed I hunted for safer quarters. The three dead men were left unburied, and as I skulked down the street I had to pass two others hanging from lampposts. Their crime was arguing that God was greater than the commune.

Got the Train Stopped.

Turf, Fleid and Farm tells this story about the late Charles P. Clark, formerly president of the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad: "When the late Robert Bonner purchased Maud S., he sent her to Charter Oak park to be trained. One day a friend of Mr. Bonner left New York to visit him at the park, but found that the

of Mr. Bonner left New York to visit him at the park, but found that the train did not stop at that station. The conductor was polite, but said that he could not go against orders. At New Haven a halt was made, and Mr. Bonner's friend tried to bribe the engineer with a \$10 bill, but in vain. He was with a \$10 bill, but in vain. He was then told that President Clark was on the train, and he went to him.

rington laid down the law to me the first day they moved in, but Mrs. Divito waited till the next morning.

would not work.'
"The absence of evasion was the best policy. Mr. Clark not only gave orders to have the train stopped at Charter Oak, but promised some day to see
Maud S. He had witnessed the little
attempt at bribery, and the frank confession of the offense seemed to please
him."

"I'm not on the kneel,' said I, 'but
I'll take off my hat and say howdy do
and ask what's on your mind.'
"I reech womans; I great ladee,' she
went on as she kept up the promenade.

Swiss Parliament In the Open Air. One of the oddest lawmaking bodies in the world is the "landsgemeinde" of the canton of Glarus in Switzerland. There are almost as many kinds of parliaments as there are races which elect them. Some are amazingly antiquated in their methods of procedure, while others are as go ahead as it is possible to be. None is so novel as the "landsgemeinde."

The government of no Swiss canton

square. There are places for boys around this platform, the young idea thus being taught early how to legislate wisely and well for its beloved country one of the most quaint and ideal littl

parliaments in existence.

"Oh, there goes Nell Gaddington wit ter fiance," said old Mr. Grumpleson. "Father," exclaimed Gladys, who a graduate of Smith, "won't you ever give up the habit of butchering our lan ruage? You mean feeonsay." Ain't she goin to marry the blame fool or his money?"-Chicago Herald.

An Easy Numismatist Mrs. Goodart—You seem to have some education. Perhaps you were once a

matist by profession.

Mrs. Goodart—A numismatist? Howard Hasher-Yes, lady, a collect or of rare coins. Any eld coin is rare to me.—Philadelphia Press.

Passenger Elevators

So common are passenger elevators now and so absolutely necessary in the tall office buildings that the history of the first one has been almost forgotten, and yet it created a sensation in its day. This elevator was placed in the Fifth Avenue hotel in New York when it was built, and as the first passenger elevator in the world it was a drawing card as one of the sights of New York. A small plate suitably inscribed in forms visitors to the Fifth Avenue ho a screw elevator, the carriage being raised or lowered by the revolutions of a big screw. Compared with the swift noving elevators of today, which shoot up and down rapidly and smoothly, this was a very crude affair. Many of New York's private houses are now equipped with elevators so adjusted that the passenger operates them by pushing a button. These are practi-

Possibly few who read of "kings' obes of royal ermine" appreciate that the rightful and first possessors of the auteous coat is sometimes a denizer of the Keystone State. It may be that some subtle force suggested to turncoat monarchs to choose the pelt of this animal for their own. In fact, during the greater portion of the year the er mine is a plain egg sucking weasel. A winter comes on he assumes a white coat, with a black tipped tail.

Putolus noveboracensis, as the scien ust calls the weasel or ermine, range from North Carolina away up into Can ada. It is rare, however, to take ermine or white coated weasels in Penn sylvania, although two specimens have just been received at the Academy of Natural Sciences from Sullivan county. In fact, south of Pennsylvania the wea sel never changes color in winter, and this fact goes far to substantiate the theory of protective coloration. Thus when snow covers the ground the white ermine becomes nearly invisible, while in his weasel's guise during the sum mer he is not nearly so conspicuous a he would be did he wear his white coa

all the year round. Another interesting fact is that whill the animals that live in the north always change color those in the south do not, the reason being that their white color would not protect, but destroy them, as there is almost no snow in the south.—Philadelphia Record.

M'MURPHY'S FLATS.

garding the sign of "Two of These For a Nickel" when the grocer finished selling a dozen clothespins to a lame woman and approached and queried:

"Vhell, Mr. Sprocket, how she vhas bet she didn't. She was prancing up to the she didn't. a Nickel" when the grocer finished sell-ing a dozen clothespins to a lame wo-man and approached and queried:

now?"

"My asthma? I'm still chuck full of it, but I'm not complaining. It saved me from carrying in a ton of coal yesterday, and it's a tiptop good excuse for not known the half select with the less than the way for select select with the last way and down in her best dress. She had set out over the eye, her nose had been raked, and she had lost a front tooth and had her half thinned out.

"'Ah, ha!" she called out, 'but you see terday, and it's a tiptop good excuse for not keeping the halls clean. You can't ask a janitor who is wind broken "I did, counter

"I don't pellef so. If we don't haf scratcha."

"'Janitor. looka at me!"
"'I'm a-looking,' said I.
"'Behold de Countess Divito an falla

on your knees!"
"'I'm not on the kneel,' said I, 'but

I maka dis house swell; I maka swag ger. You putta dat down stairs woman out. You putta dat up stairs woman out. I no lika. You janitor man, you waita on me. If I calla, you skata. R-r-remember!"

"How can you skate if you don't haf some ice to skate on?" asked the groces as he blinked his eyes in a solemn way "I can't, of course," replied the jan-itor, "and that just shows you how inconsistent women are. After her talk I took my asthma down to the base-ment to repair the dumb waiter and kill off a few cockroaches, and maybe it was an hour before anything hap-pened. Then the O'Sullivan offspring got out their goat, the dago kids ran out their push cart, and the pickanin-nies trotted out two dogs and a pail of whitewash, and after playing around for a spell they all tried to go up stairs

at once. There was a jam and a fight, of course, and I thought McMurphy's flats had been hit by the butt end of a "Vhat awful times, vhat awful times! gasped the grocer as he turned a toma-to over in its box to conceal a bruise.

"When I got up stairs the goat, dogs, cart, whitewash and young ones were all mixed up in one heap and the three women were tangled up in another. It wasn't my play to interfere. Even if it had been my asthma would have kept me out of it. I'm not taking any chances of sudden death on a salary

of \$8 per month and my rent throwed in. Did you ever see three women in a scrap, Mr. Wasserman?"
"Neffer in my life, Mr. Sprocket, und
I pray heafen dot I don't. It must be

I pray heafen dot I don't. It must be more awful ash a steamboat explosion."

There isn't so many killed and wounded, but it lasts longer, and there is more fun in it. Say, now, but of all the spitting and scratching and hair pulling I ever read of in history that took the cake. It was each one for herself and ag'in the other two, and each one went in to win. I didn't time the scrap, having left my watch down in the storeroom to rest the wheels for a week or two, but I should say it last—"Henry Gardner, you may tell the the scrap, having left my watch down in the storeroom to rest the wheels for a week or two, but I should say it lasted for ten minutes. Then they fell apart by mutual consent, as it was, and some clothes on. The hair and tatters and buttons and hooks and eyes left behind would have stuffed a mattress."

Even to prove the cour fag," said the captain proudly to his steersman, but they were all huzzaing now along the Ranger's decks, that little ship whose statements and the captain proudly to his steersman, but they were all huzzaing now along the Ranger's decks, that little ship whose statements and the captain proudly to his steersman, but they were all huzzaing now along the captain proudly to his steersman. "Vhell, how many peoples vhas murdered?" asked the grocer as a shiver crept up his back and shook his shoul-

"Not a one," replied the janitor. There never is when women scrap, not if the ice pick has been mislaid and the legs are left under the stove. I got the other gang untangled and booted them up or down stairs, and half an hour later Mrs. O'Sullivan called to me. I found her pacing the lower hall and chuckling to herself. She had a black eye, 14 scratches on her face and a bitten finger. "'Mr. Sprocket,' said she, 'was there

a ruction up stairs a little time ago? "'And was Bridget O'Bullivan in it?"

"'An did she do her duty by Ireland, by her husband Timothy an the kids who call her mother?'
"'She did, for sure, and she's got

'An they are scars that I'll be proud to show to me Tim when he reaches his fireside this evenin, an maybe I shall have them photographed for the children to look at when I am dead an the very start."—Chicago Uribung.

went in with a bang, staid in with a thump and came out with a wreath of

thump and came out with a wreath of victory on your brow. I was watching you all through, and if Tim don't pas you all through, and if Tim don't pas you on the back tonight and send out for a bottle he's no man at all.'

"Yer hand, Mr. Sprocket, an from this time forward till death Bridget O'Sullivan, who descended from the O'Shanes as straight as a baby falling down stairs, is a friend to ye an yes garding the sign of "Two of These For one sayin a word ag'in ye."

"'I did, countess,' I said.
"'Dey pitcha into me—one—two—an
I fighta back. I pulla hair, I fighta, I

"You did, countess. You was a

"'An who win data fighta?"

the train, and he went to him.

"Why don't you see the conductor? asked Mr. Clark.

"I have, but he will not disobey orders.'

"Why not then go forward and bribe the engineer?

"I tried bribery at New Haven, but the self-dust orders at New Haven, but t tears in her eyes told me that I should have free shaves for the next year, and the dove of peace hovered o'er Mo-Murphy's flats for the remainder of the day. What do you think of it, Mr.

Wasserman?"
"I t'inks," slowly replied the groces
as he scratched the bald spot on his
head and sorted a bad potato from the
basket—"I t'inks it vhas better for
somepody if nopody don't make so
much onhappiness in dis world und
prewent anypody from taking some
comforts."
M. Quan.

"You wish to sit for a dozen front "Ol do. An, say!"
"Well."

"Well, Ethel," said the caller, "what are you to do when you get big like your mamma?"
"Oh," replied Ethel, "I suppose I'll have to put my teeth in a glass of water and paint my face too!"—Philadel-

'What's the matter?"

"Mayme's going to get mar I haven't paid for her graduat ent yet."—Detroit Free Press. MY MORTALITY.

Tis writ, "Mortal, thy life is but a span,"
And yet I feel that air and earth and sky
ire ever mine, even forevermore
That I and mine can never, never die. and yet I know, how well, how well I know, That in the future somewhere hidden lies day, the day of days, which has for m

pringtime with bud and bloom will come

The little Ranger ran slowly between The little Manger ran slowly between the frowning French frigates, looking as warlike as they. Her men swarmed like bees into the rigging, and her colors ran up to salute the flag of his most Christian majorty of France, and absired one by one her salute of 18 gung says Sarah Orne Jewett in The Atlantic

The wind was very light now. The powder smoke drifted away, and the flapping sails sounded loud overhead Would the admiral answer back of would be treat this bold challenge like

"Henry Gardner, you may tell the men that this was the salute of the men that this was republic and the king of France to our flag," said the name shall never be forgotten while her country lives.

The captain lifted his hat and stood

looking up at the fing.

"We hardly know what this day means, gentlemen," he said soberly this officers, who came about him. "I believe we are at the christening of the the world. The day shall come when America, republic though she may be will salute no foreign flag without receiving gun for gun!"

Natural Disadvantages.
"Taking into consideration the things Sharp has had to contend against, I think his success as a lawyer has been remarkable."

end against?" "Everything. He came of a wealth; family. He didn't have to work his way through college. He never studied by the light of a pine torch, never had to drive a dray, never walked six miles

"Can't yez fix the pictures some way so the r-rip in the back of me coal won't show?"—Indianapolis Sun.