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# THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL. XXXIX BUTLER, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 13, 1902 No. 11


There Isn't

There Isn't

There Isn't

A Man, Woman or Child in this town or county that cannot be satisfactorily (to him, her or it) fitted out right here in my store, and my translation of "satisfactory" is:

*Goods and service so good, price so reasonable, there's no chance for a kick.*

Opposite the Hotel Lowry. **Huselton's.** Butler's Leading Shoe House.

**BICKEL'S**

**Spring Footwear.**

The Largest and Most Complete Stock We Have Ever Had.

**MEN'S SHOES.**

All the latest styles in Men's Fine Shoes.

A full line of Men's Patent Kid Shoes—the latest style lasts, $2.50, $3.00, $3.50, $5.00 and $6.00. Men's Fine Calf, Vici-kid and Box-calf Shoes, $1.25 to $5. Large stock of Men's Patent Leather and Vici kid Oxfords in up-to-date styles.

**BOYS' AND YOUTHS' SHOES.**

Our stock of Boys' and Youths' Shoes made on the new spring lasts are very attractive. Full stock of Boys' and Little Gent's Shoes in Patent-kid, Box-calf and Vici-kid. See our large stock of Boys' and Youths' Fine Patent Leather Oxfords.

**LADIES' FINE SHOES.**

See Them and You Will Buy Them.

Our stock of Ladies' Fine Shoes is Complete—Made in all leathers and on the latest style lasts—ranging in price from $1.00 to $4.00.
THE SOROSIS SHOES $3.50.
THE GOLDEN RULE SHOES $3.00.
THE CARTER COMFORT SHOES $2.00.
See Them, they are Handsome.
Our line of Ladies' Patent Leather Oxfords.

**MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S SHOES.**

Extremely large stock of Misses' and Children's Fine Shoes and Oxfords—comprised of many new and pretty styles for Spring. All sizes—A to EE.

**All Winter goods to be closed out regardless of cost**

Large stock of Rubber Boots and Shoes to be closed out less than cost.
SPECIAL BARGAINS ON SAMPLE COUNTERS.

**JOHN BICKEL,**
BUTLER, PA.

K E C K

**Fall and Winter Weights**

E E
C C

Have a nattiness about them that mark 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

K E C K

G. F. KECK, Merchant Tailor,
42 North Main Street All Work Guaranteed Butler, Pa

**Great CLEARANCE SALE**

OF ALL

**Millinery Goods.**

All hats trimmed and untrimmed, must go at a sacrifice, in order to make room for Spring Goods AT

**Rockenstein's,**

MILLINERY EMPORIUM.

328 South Main Street, - - - Butler, Pa

**State Normal School**

SLIPPERY ROCK, BUTLER COUNTY, PA.

Expenses for Spring Term of Fourteen Weeks to students who intend to teach

**Only Forty-One Dollars! $41**

TEXT BOOKS ARE FURNISHED FREE.

It is the constant aim of the management of this school to direct every effo toward improvement in the

Preparation of Teachers for Their Work.

Students may board and room in town. Tuition free to students over seventeen years of age who shall sign an agreement binding them to teach two full annual terms in the Common Schools. Such students must also receive regular Instruction in the science and Art of Teaching, in classes devoted to that object, for the whole time for which such allowance is drawn.

Spring Term begins March 25, 1902.
Send for a Catalogue.
ALBERT F. MALTBY, Principal.

**LOOK OUT FOR THE MODERN STORE**

In a New Building,
with New Fixtures,
and New Conveniences,
and New Goods,
and New Prices.

NOT AN OLD THING AROUND.
Opening Announced Later!
Watch and wait for it. A surprise coming.

**Hughes Building,**
Opp. Arlington Hotel, 221 South Main St.

**Eisler-Mardorf Company.**

Dry Goods, Millinery, Ladies' and Men's Furnishings.


THE
BUTLER COUNTY NATIONAL BANK,
OF BUTLER, PA.,

Commenced Business August 18th, 1890.

Statement of Condition at Close of Business, Tuesday, Feb. 25, 1902.

| RESOURCES. | | LIABILITIES. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Loans | $1,277,863 19 | Capital | $ 200,000 00 |
| United States Bonds | 100,000 00 | Surplus and Profits | 121,102 55 |
| Banking House and other Real Estate | 50,210 00 | Circulation | 100,000 00 |
| Cash and due from Banks | 509,061 50 | Deposits | 1,516,032 14 |
| | $1,937,134 69 | | $1,937,134 69 |

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA, } SS
COUNTY OF BUTLER.

I, Jno. G. McMarlin, Cashier of the above named Bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

JNO. G. McMARLIN, Cashier

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 1st day of March, 1902.
JNO. D. MARSHALL, Notary Public.

CORRECT—Attest:
JOSEPH HARTMAN,
LESLIE P. HAZLETT,
W. J. MARKS,
A. L. REIBER,
} Directors.

We take pleasure in calling your attention to the above statement, and respectfully solicit your business.

INTEREST PAID ON TIME DEPOSITS.


**AT THE TOP OF STYLE!**

WE ARE READY WITH OUR LINE OF

**Spring Clothing**

The styles were chosen with critical discrimination and our magnificent display represents the best selections from the leading makers.

**We Want More Men and Boys To Know Our Clothing.**

We want more Men and Boys to see it. The better they know our clothing the more they will be astounded and delighted by its qualities, styles and all round excellence.

We are willing to rest our case on the goods themselves. Let them do the talking.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded.

**Schaul & Nast,**

LEADING CLOTHIERS AND FURNISHERS.

137 South Main St., Butler.

NEW WASH FABRICS.

A great collection of dainty, attractive and stylish goods for Waists and Suits. The styles and coloring are prettier than ever and the fabrics more varied.

Fine Ginghams 10c and 12½c, Best 36 inch Percale 12½c, Embroidered Chambray Madras 20c, Swiss Silk 20c, Mercerized Silk Zephyr 25c, Mercerized Pongee 25c, Fancy Lace Stripes 25c, Fine Madras Stripes 30c,

WHITE GOOGS—Many styles in fine Mercerized White Goods and fine Madras for Waists. Dimities, India Linons and Sheer white materials of all kinds are here in abundance.

Fine Mercerized Fabrics 25c, 30c, 40c and 50c.
Fine Madras 20c and 25c.
India Linons 6½c to 50c.

LACE CURTAINS.

By all odds the greatest assortment and best values we have ever shown. Lace Curtains at 50c to $10 00 pair. Greatest assortment at $1, $2 and $3.

MUSLIN UNDERWEAR.

Why bother with making when you can buy the finished garment at the cost of materials.
Gowns 50c, 75c, $1 00 and $1 50
Corset Covers 25c, 50c, 75c and $1 00
Drawers 25c, 50c, 75c and $1 00
Skirts 50c, 75c, $1 00 and up.

We sell the New Idea 10c Paper Patterns.
Monthly fashion sheets free.

**L. Stein & Son,**
108 N MAIN STREET, BUTLER, PA.

CARPETS CARPETS

Carpets are the most expensive essential of housekeeping. Costly to begin with, they are subject to more wear and tear than any other article. You can always depend upon our showing you the best styles in the market, in a quality we can recommend.

IT PAYS TO INVEST MONEY IN A GOOD FLOOR COVERING.

It's an opportune time now to give your homes a touch of elegance by a selection from our choice new patterns.

CARPETS FOR EVERY ROOM.
CARPETS AT EVERY PRICE.

Anything in floor covering that's new, bright and up-to-date.

**BROWN & CO.,**

136 North Main Street, (across from Duffy's store,) Butler, Pa.

By Johnston's Beef, Iron and Wine

is the Best Tonic and Blood Purifier. Price, 50c per pint. Prepared and sold only at

**Johnston's Crystal Pharmacy.**

R. M. LOGAN, Ph. G., Manager.
103 N. Main St., Butler, Pa
Both 'Phones

Everything in the drug line.

We want every reader of this advertisement to stop at our store for a

**Free Sample**

—OF—

**Mennen's Talcum**

The best powder for the toilet, for the baby and for chaped and roughened skins.

We carry a full line of household drugs and toilet articles. You will find our prices lower than most.

Try us with your next prescription.

**Reed's Pharmacy**

Cor. Main and Jefferson Sts., Butler, Pa

WALL PAPERS were never so pretty in color and design as they are this season.

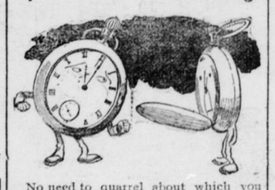
A wall well papered is a thing of beauty, it gives tone and finish to an apartment which is obtained in no other way. Everything in the latest and best designs of the best manufacturers are here at prices that you can't match. Come in and look over our large stock before you buy. We can please you,

Picture Framing a Specialty.

**Patterson Bro's.,**

236 N. Main St.
Wick Building,
Phone 400.

**Open Face or Hunting.**



No need to quarrel about which you shall have. Here you may take your pick from among a complete stock of open face or hunting, 16 and 18 sizes, all makes of movements and cases, all styles and prices. Back of all stands a reliable guarantee of reliable home store. A guarantee that means protection to you and satisfaction to me. I also sell the Columbia and Edison records and Edison Talking Machines. Prices low. Columbia Talking records only 30 cents.

CARL. H. LEIGHNER,
Jeweler and Graduate Optician,
2 [illegible] 115 [illegible]

Eyes Examined Free of Charge

R. L. KIRKPATRICK.

Jeweler and Graduate Optician

Next Door to Court House, Butler, Pa.


# EQUAL PARTNERS

By HOWARD FIELDING

Copyright, 1901, by Charles W. Hooke.

CHAPTER VII.

THE PROSECUTION IS HEARD.

BRENDA returned to Elsie's room after arranging with Kendall to be notified at once if her father should secure Alden's release and he should come to the hospital. As she passed out of the reception room she encountered Dr. Johnson, who was in the act of entering. He took a seat upon a corner of the table and met with some evidences of embarrassment the look which Kendall turned upon him.

"Were you listening there?" demanded Kendall after half a minute's silence.

"Well, I couldn't help hearing a word or two," the other admitted. "You see, I was looking for you, and I didn't want to interrupt the conversation."

"This thing must stop, Mr. Elmendorf," said Kendall. "I've been dragged into it by the heels. I gave you my word in the dark before I knew what you were going to do."

"I didn't know myself what I was going to do," replied the detective. "I came up here with orders to be present when Miss Maclane went into Miss Miller's room."

"I did not suppose that this deception would extend to Miss Maclane when I made my promise," said Kendall. "I understood that she had seen you; that she knew who you were. And you are not disguised."

"I have shaved off my mustache," said the detective, "and I look like the devil without it. But this whole matter of disguise is merely knowing what somebody else will notice. When you're going to be recognized, send another man. Miss Maclane had too much on her mind at the Thirty-eighth street house. She couldn't have told afterward whether I was white or black. And so, with the mustache gone and these goggles for my eyes, it was a sure thing."

"Why was it necessary?"

"I reported to headquarters that Miss Maclane was coming down here," replied Elmendorf, "and the old man wanted to get a line on it."

"On what?"

"Whether they'd seen each other before. The result was a little peculiar, as you'll admit. Your patient recognized Miss Maclane at a glance, but Miss Maclane says she never saw Miss Miller before. What do you make of it? Of course Miss Maclane has told so many different stories"—

"It is perfectly natural," said Kendall, checking Elmendorf by word and gesture. "Miss Maclane is prominent in society. Her picture has been printed in the newspapers a hundred times. With a natural motive for interest in her, Miss Miller has undoubtedly familiarized herself with Miss Maclane's appearance. She may even have seen her entering a church on the occasion of a society wedding—or in some similar way."

"That's the easy answer," replied Elmendorf, "and I guess it's right. One thing is certain—if Miss Maclane struck that blow, Miss Miller didn't see her, and the poor girl's story is true."

"If Miss Maclane struck the blow!" repeated Kendall, dazed. "What earthly reason have you"—

"Now, see here," said Elmendorf, "let's view this matter calmly. Nobody can be hurt by a straight, honest view of the facts, except the one that ought to be hurt, the cowardly, black hearted murderer who did this thing. Talk about calmness! Wait a minute."

He walked back and forth two or three times between the table and the corner of the room, finally facing Kendall squarely and continuing:

"I don't usually care a— Excuse me. I don't usually swear, either, and I won't do it now. I was going to say that these things don't effect me, as a rule; they're all in the way of business. But somehow this takes hold of me. How could anybody harm that little girl?"

And he took another turn across the room.

"Miss Miller exerts a strange influence," said Kendall. "I suppose we're at least as hard hearted as the police, but I caught Dr. Carrington, the ambulance surgeon who went out on this case, walking up and down in his room and telling another of our young doctors what he would like to do to the man who was responsible for this. The room smelled of brimstone from the language that he used. And between ourselves, Mr. Elmendorf, the thing filled me with horror such as I haven't felt in a good many years. It is the personality of the girl undoubtedly. There's nothing unusual about the case."

"Well, I would hardly say that," returned Elmendorf. "There are a few things that I wouldn't call exactly ordinary—Miss Maclane's conduct, for instance."

"She explained that perfectly to me," replied Kendall.

"Yes," said Elmendorf. "I happened to hear the explanation. And now let me tell you something. It is a moral certainty that Miss Maclane went to that house before she says she did; that she was there very close to the moment of the crime, not to put it any stronger."

"What do you mean?" demanded Kendall.

"You have heard of the mysterious woman in the case?"

"Yes. She was seen by Dr. Blair leaving the house. But there's always something of that sort in every affair of the kind. It will be explained."

"I wish Miss Maclane would explain it," said Elmendorf, "for she was the woman. Dr. Blair knows it beyond a shadow of doubt."

"If he knows it," returned Kendall, "why hasn't he said so?"

"Would you? Put yourself in his place. Would you throw that rope around a woman's neck before getting a little more light on the matter? As a man of the world and a doctor who's learned in his business the value of keeping his mouth shut, would you do it? No. And Dr. Blair feels just the same way. He wasn't born yesterday. When the time comes, he can give his evidence."

Kendall laid his hand upon his hair perhaps to satisfy himself that it was not beginning to stand on end.

"Do you believe that he will testify against her?" he demanded. "Elmendorf, this is deadly serious."

"Well, I should think it was," said the detective, "and the longer she keeps quiet about it the more serious it gets."

It was Kendall's turn to walk the floor, and he did it.

"There are a thousand chances to one," continued Elmendorf, "that if the story she tells you is true she can't prove it. Suppose she was in a store. Who's going to remember her or the time of day? Take her motive, take her admissions to you if they were made in court, combine them with Blair's evidence, and what do you suppose the result would be?"

"You cannot have seen her with Miss Miller," said Kendall, "and still suspect her of this crime."

Elmendorf hesitated, as if he could hardly bring himself to destroy the last refuge.

"There's one way to look at that," he said at last. "Miss Maclane goes to that house wild with rage after her scene with Alden. She has the 'fixed idea' that's more in crime than even you doctors think it is. She gets in without seeing anybody because of the defective catch of the lock. She walks into that room. Miss Miller is on the balcony. Right on the table, where the devil must have put it, is that knife, open perhaps, for the envelope that held that note was cut. Miss Maclane takes that knife, and on the instant Miss Miller comes in through the window, the other girl shrinking back toward the closet. She is behind Miss Miller. She doesn't see her. You know how it would be with the girl entering from the balcony, the bright light behind her. My friend, it's all over in a second, and Brenda Maclane doesn't know what she's done until she comes to this hospital and sees in that bed a creature as different from the woman she supposed she had struck down as God could make."

Kendall's forehead was dripping wet.

"But the money?" he gasped.

"Who knows anything about the money?" demanded Elmendorf. "It may have lain out of sight until Neale and his men got there, and one of them may have lifted it. This is not for publication, Dr. Kendall. It's between ourselves."

"It's a nightmare," said Kendall. "I don't believe a word of it."

"If you don't like the way I've put it, let me give you another view," replied the detective. "Miss Maclane goes to the house—heaven knows why, perhaps from curiosity. She goes up the steps and sees through the glass panel of the outer door Alden in the hall. With the door of Miss Miller's room open this would be possible. I've tried it. Seeing Alden, Miss Maclane hurries away. She doesn't know what Alden has just done, but she doesn't want to meet him. Dr. Blair sees her, but does not see Alden, who comes out afterward. This would be natural, for of course Blair's back was turned after

*The doors below were suddenly flung open, and a man appeared.*

he passed the house. Let me tell you that Miss Maclane, when she was questioned, spoke of the chance that the mysterious woman had merely gone up the steps and then come right down again."

"I'd rather take that view of it," said Kendall. "But, even so, you must have a motive."

"Motive!" echoed Elmendorf. "What did Miss Maclane tell you? Didn't she say that Alden told her that Miss Miller gave him no encouragement? Suppose he went up there after writing his letter, which cheerfully assumed that everything was all right, and suppose she told him, once and for all, that she wouldn't have anything to do with him. For her sake he had tempted financial ruin by breaking it off with Brenda Maclane, and now he finds that he's got nothing to pay for it. I'll tell you Alden isn't the man to take that calmly."

"If that's the fact of the case," said Kendall, "how do you explain her silence?"

"My dear sir," replied Elmendorf, "you've got me. I can't. But who can explain a woman anyhow? You believe that Miss Miller is telling the truth, don't you?"

"Did you hear me say so?"

"To Miss Maclane? No. The first thing I heard you say to her was that it was a fine thing that she had done."

"I did say that I believed Miss Miller. That is my present attitude."

"In some respects," said Elmendorf, "it is the worst you could take—for Miss Maclane. By the way, you will permit her to remain with the patient?"

"Why not?" demanded Kendall sternly.

Elmendorf replied with haste that he saw no objection whatever. There was a brief silence, and then Kendall left the room, saying that he would return presently. As he passed the head of the steps leading up from the main entrance of the building the doors below were suddenly flung open, and a man appeared. He seemed to Kendall to come up the steps without touching them. In an instant his hand was on Kendall's arm, and the doctor carried three bruises for a week as the result of it.

Though the two men had a club acquaintance, Alden did not show the slightest trace of recognition.

"Miss Miller?" he said, his voice perfectly steady, ghastly steady, as Kendall afterward described it. "Is she alive?"

"She is," replied the doctor, "and there is no immediate danger."

"I thank you," said Alden. "I was pretty nearly gone. I beg your pardon, how do you do, Dr. Kendall?" And he extended his hand.

"I understand perfectly," said the doctor. "Miss Miller is conscious, entirely rational and suffering far less pain than you would suppose."

"Who did this?" demanded Alden. "She has told you?"

"She does not know."

"She does not know?" echoed Alden, his head sinking upon his breast.

"I am sorry to say that it will not be wise for you to see her tonight," said Kendall. "We must not subject her to excitement. Please wait here." And he led the way to the reception room. "I will go to Miss Miller's room and bring you word."

Alden found himself in the presence of Elmendorf, whom he took to be one of the doctors connected with the establishment, which may indicate that there was more in the detective's disguise than he had been willing to admit to Kendall.

"I called to inquire about Miss Miller," said Alden after maintaining silence to what seemed the limit of his power.

"You are Mr. Alden, I take it," was the reply. "Well, you want to cheer up. Miss Miller is doing fine."

"Has she asked for me?"

"Yes," but it was not Elmendorf's voice that replied. "She has asked for you many times."

Alden turned to see Brenda at the door. He stared at her as if she had been a figure raised up by some sudden conjuration.

"Brenda!" he said at last. "I find you everywhere."

"Did not my father tell you I was here?" she asked, and he shook his head.

"I shall remain with Miss Miller until her mother comes," said Brenda. "Dr. Kendall has arranged it."

Alden seemed momentarily to be at a loss for words, but he did not struggle for them or labor visibly with emotion. His manner still remained as it had been throughout—restrained, mechanical.

"You are true blue, Brenda," he said steadily. "You always were."

"I am very glad to be here," she interrupted, speaking softly and leading him aside. "She is an altogether lovable girl, and I am going to be a sister to her," she added, smiling, "instead of to you, as is customary under the circumstances. I will see that she is not harassed by questions and that she lacks nothing that can possibly be had."

"I cannot see her tonight," said Alden. "Can I send a message?"

"I will take it to her," replied Brenda. "And, by the way, I saw some violets in her room. She likes them especially, does she not? I think Dr. Kendall would let me take in a few from you."

"In five minutes I will have them," said Alden. "You will wait here? It is very kind of you."

He left the room hastily, and Brenda explained his errand. Kendall's manner led her to think that she might have made an error in suggesting the violets, but it was a very different matter that was upon the doctor's mind. He was making an effort to express himself when Elmendorf interrupted him.

"Dr. Kendall is worried," he said, "because he has permitted me to play a trick upon you. To tell the truth, I don't like it any better than he does, and here is where it ends. I am not a doctor. I am a detective sergeant from headquarters. You saw me at the Thirty-eighth street house this afternoon. My name is Elmendorf."

Brenda exhibited surprise, but no resentment, merely saying that the detective's presence was doubtless necessary for reasons unknown to her.

"I am as anxious as any one can be," she said, "to have justice done in this deplorable affair. Do you think you can find out who committed this crime, Mr. Elmendorf? Do you suspect any one?"

"I haven't got any authority to find out anything or suspect anybody," replied Elmendorf, in a tone which indicated that this familiar situation was not agreeable in the present instance. "I go where I am sent and then I make a report. What becomes of the information afterward is a matter with which the sultan of Sulu has more to do than I have. But I'll tell you what I think," he added earnestly. "If this poor girl gets well, that will be the last you'll hear about the case. If she dies, it will all have to come out."

"But you don't think she will die?" cried Brenda, paling.

"I hope not," replied Elmendorf, "and of course my opinion in that matter is worth even less than it is in the other. But we mustn't take her recovery for granted at this stage of the game. Am I right, Dr. Kendall?"

"There can be no certainty yet," replied the doctor gravely.

"Her condition might change for the worse quite suddenly. Isn't that so?" continued Elmendorf. "And if it did she might become unconscious and remain so to the end. That's the fact, and we must face it. This may be murder, and the safe way is to get at the truth now while we can."

"I won't have her questioned any more tonight," said Kendall, with decision. "I've blocked off a coroner already who was here for an antemortem statement, and I am prepared for the next comer. Miss Miller shall not be harried into her grave, and if any attempt of the kind is made I will show a few points of law that will surprise some of our hit and miss officials in this town. A physician's authority beside his patient can be put into practical form if the individual understands the subject. And I do."

"Your advice goes, with me," Elmendorf hastened to say; "but I don't think the particular question I had in mind could do any harm."

"You may state it," said Kendall.

"It was about a picture that I saw in her room," replied the detective, "a photograph of a painting, I should say. I'd like to know where it came from; how she happened to get it. Ugly looking thing it is, and I couldn't help wondering about it."

"You mean the picture of Tantalus," said Brenda. "I saw it. Why do you attach any importance to it?"

"If I should tell you, you'd laugh at me," replied Elmendorf, "so I won't do it just now. But if you should get a good chance to ask the question"—

"I have already done so, singularly enough," said Brenda. "She was awake when I returned to the room, and we spoke of some things that she wished to have brought here. She asked for that picture. I must have shown my surprise, for she immediately began to praise the picture, saying how much she admired the facial expression of the tortured king, and she mentioned having bought it at an art store on Twenty-third street a few weeks ago. As a student of facial expression, having her dreams of tragic triumphs some day, the thing might naturally have appealed to her."

"I didn't think about her being an actress," said Elmendorf. "That explains it no doubt. They like those extreme typical faces. I was foolish to imagine that the picture could have had anything to do with this case."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## COLORADO'S FIRST GOLD.

**How the Discovery of the Precious Metal Was Made.**

On May 8, 1859, as stated in Fossett's "Colorado" (1876), John Gregory, a prospector, climbed the hill into what is still known as Gregory gulch (midway between the present Central City and Black Hawk), scraped away the grass and leaves, filled his pan with dirt and took it down to the stream.

Upon panning (washing) it down, there was about $4 worth of gold in it. This was followed by a stampede to the Gregory diggings, as they were afterward called. Gregory employed five men from the new arrivals and by means of a sluice took out $972 in one week. Other rich strikes were made almost daily, and large amounts of gold were taken out in a short time.

The Bates, Bobtail, Mammoth, Gunnell, Gurroughs, Illinois and hundreds of other lodes were found, and thousands of claims were taken up. As the summer of 1859 advanced the wealth of the gold veins and gulches of what is now Gilpin county became more and more apparent. Over 15,000 men were congregated in Gregory, Russell and tributary gulches, and many of them were accumulating wealth rapidly, but everything valuable was soon preempted, and large numbers were forced to hunt their fortunes elsewhere.—Engineering Magazine.

**A Fastidious Dog.**

"Yes," said the manager of the defunct "Uncle Tom's Cabin" company, "it was our dog that broke up the show."

"The dog, eh? What was the matter with him?"

"Too fastidious. You never saw such a hound in your life. You know the play, of course. We tie a piece of meat in the folds of Eliza's frock, and that's what draws the dogs after her when she runs across the blocks of ice. Well, what do you thing this dog demanded?"

"Can't imagine."

"Porterhouse beefsteak, sir, and with the tenderloin left in! Yes, sir. How's that? And you couldn't fool him. He wouldn't chase Eliza a foot unless the meat was a choice cut. No, sir. And, by gum, sir, our company had to live on liver and bacon so that blamed dog could have his steak. Yes, sir."

"The demand was too much for you, was it?"

"No, it wasn't. That is, it wasn't until he began to insist upon mushrooms with his steak. Then we just threw up our hands and quit."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**A Curious Name Combination.**

"What is in a name?" has been a question sufficiently unanswered to still remain a subject for discussion, but what is in two names should have a double interest. If you don't think so, take two names as well known as any in American history and look at them. They are the names of Lincoln and Hamlin. Of course there is nothing peculiar about them as they stand, but set them differently and observe the result. For an instance, place them this wise:

HAM LIN
LIN COLN

Read up and down and then across. There is something in that, isn't there? Now, again:

ABRA—HAMLIN—COLN.

Can you find two other names of two other men whose official lives and names combine as these do?

**Joe's Revelation.**

Not long ago a nice young man was invited to dine at the home of an east end young woman and accepted the invitation with pleasure. It was just a family dinner, and everything was passing off well when an unpleasant and quite unforeseen incident occurred.

They were all discussing the pie, when the young woman's little brother, who had been regarding her closely, suddenly spoke up.

"Gee," he said, "look at Marie tryin' to put on style just 'cause Joe is here. She's eatin' her pie with a fork!"

It is needless to add that the cherubic child experienced a very unpleasant quarter of an hour after Joe had gone.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Presbyopia.**

Old sight (presbyopia) begins at about the age of forty. It is first noticed by the tendency to hold the paper farther off. The glasses should not enlarge the letters, but simply render them clear and natural at the ordinary reading distance. Whatever the ocular defect the proper glasses should be obtained as soon as it is discovered.

**Eye Pranks.**

Witness—He looked me straight in the eye and—

Lawyer—There, sir, you flatly contradicted your former statement!

Witness—How so?

Lawyer—You said before that he bent his gaze on you, and now you'll please explain how he could look you straight in the eye with a bent gaze!

**Apple Trees In Tasmania.**

Tasmanians plant apple trees close together. The average orchard is set out ten feet apart instead of twenty or forty feet, and as much as 600 bushels are sometimes gathered from a single acre.

**The Other Half.**

Some one has said, "Half the world does not know how the other half lives," and some one else has retorted, "Half the world does not care how the other half lives."—Atlanta Constitution.

**Charitable.**

Artist—I'd like to devote my last picture to a charitable purpose.

Critic—Why not give it to an institution for the blind?—New York Herald.

**They Were Stayers.**

After a dinner given by Stephen Price of Drury Lane theater, all the guests but Theodore Hook and the Rev. Edward Cannon retired. Price was suffering from gout, but as they disregarded his hints to retire he stole off and left them in high talk.

On the following morning Price inquired of his servant, "Pray, at what time did those gentlemen go last night?"

"Go, sir?" replied John. "They're not gone, sir. They have just rung for coffee."

**Water Tight Bulkheads.**

Another meritorious so called modern invention, the water tight bulkhead, is now attributed to Chinese experience. In a paper presented to the Institute of Marine Engineers the use of the bulkhead principle on Chinese junks from time immemorial was pointed out.

**Ready.**

He—I wonder what your father will say when I ask him for your hand?

She—Don't worry about that, dear. He rehearsed it with me this morning, and he does it beautifully.