THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

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Early Spring Buyers can be Found Daily at

The Modern Store

Some choice new things here every day.

Mohairs, Secilians in Black and Colors; also neat stripes, 50c to $1.50 yd. Voiles, Crepes, Etamines Aeolians. New Silks for waists and shirt waist suits.

New trimmings in the popular grape and fruit designs.

Handsome line of New Draperies in Silkalines, Bungalows, Cretones, etc.

The latest and best at moderate figures. See us before you buy.

Eisler-Mardorf Co.,

SOUTH MAIN STREET / BELL L. D. / PEOPLES / POSTOFFICE BOX } 221 Mail Orders Solicited

OPPOSITE HOTEL ARLINGTON. BUTLER, PA.

We give ballots for piano contest.

BICKEL'S

Spring Footwear

A grand display of fine footwear in all the new styles for Spring

LADIES' FINE SHOES. Just received a large shipment of SOROSIS SHOES and the styles are very handsome, made in lace or button, light or heavy soles, with low or extra high heels, made of the finest Dongola kid and Patent vici-kid. Many styles to show you. All widths. AA to EE.

MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S SHOES. The most complete stock we have ever had. All the latest styles in plain or patent leathers.

MEN'S FINE SHOES. A full line of Men's Patent-kid shoes—the latest styles—$2.50, $3.00, $3.50, $5.00, $6.00. Men's fine Calf, Vici-kid and Box-calf shoes, $1.50 to $5.00; also complete stock of Men's fine Oxfords.

BOYS' AND YOUTHS' SHOES. Our stock of Boys' and Youth's shoes made on the latest style Spring last are very attractive. We have a full stock of Boys' and Little Gents' fine shoes in Patent-calf, Box-calf and Vici-kid.

Gokey of Jamestown, N. Y., has started up again and we have a full stock of the well known Gokey hand-made box toe and plain toe shoes for men, and copper tipped shoes for the boys.

All Winter goods to be closed out regardless of cost.

Blacksmith Aprons, Shoe-makers supplies, High Iron Stands for repairing, Sole Leather cut to any amount you wish to purchase.

JOHN BICKEL,

128 South Main St., :-: BUTLER, PA.

HUSELTON'S

C. O. D.

Sale of Shoes

There Is a Bunch of Money

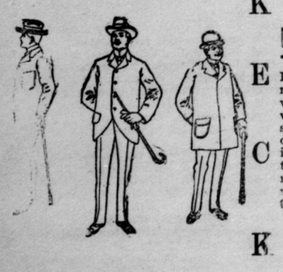
Lost and made in Shoes this month! We lose—You win!

1250 pairs Fall and Winter Shoes.

Men's, Women's and Children's—so far not sold—will, as is our custom—BE CUT IN PRICE and promptly gotten rid of!

SALE IS NOW GOING ON! TAKE DUE NOTICE!

OPP. HOTEL LOWRY. **HUSELTON'S** DON'T ASK FOR SIZES ASK TO BE FIT.



K E C K

Fall & Winter Weights

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,

24 North Main Street All Work Guaranteed Butler, Pa

Now Is The Time

To begin to think about what papering you are going to do before the Spring rush begins. Our stock of Wall Paper for 1903 surpasses all previous seasons. Double the amount we ever carried. Quality, tasty designs and colorings can't be beat. Come in and look around even if you don't want to buy. It will be time well spent and a pleasure for you to see the FINEST and LARGEST display of Wall Coverings ever shown in Butler. No trouble to show goods.

Picture and Mirror Framing a specialty.

Patterson Bros'

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

HAMMILL'S CELEBRATED INDIAN ROOT TABLETS

Greatest Kidney and Liver Remedy. Positive cure for Sick Headache, Sour Stomach, Loss of Appetite, Constipation Rheumatism, Blood Purifier.

For Sale by all Druggists, or by mail, 25c, 50c, and $1.00

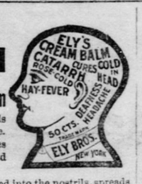
HAMMILL MEDICINE CO., No. 302 MILTENBERGER STREET, PITTSBURG, PENN'A.

Subscribe for the CITIZEN.

Nasal CATARRH

In all its stages.

Ely's Cream Balm



cleanses, soothes and heals the diseased membrane. It cures catarrh and drives away a cold in the head quickly.

Cream Balm is placed into the nostrils, spreads over the membrane and is absorbed. Relief is immediate and a cure follows. It is not drying—does not produce sneezing. Large Size, 50 cents at Druggists or by mail; Trial Size, 10 cents.

Cross?

Poor man! He can't help it. It's his liver. He needs a liver pill. Ayer's Pills.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use

Buckingham's Dye

50 cts. of druggists or R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N. H.

℞

Johnston's

Beef, Iron and Wine

is the Best Tonic and Blood Purifier.

Price, 50c 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.

Do You Buy Medicines?

Certainly You Do.

Then you want the best for the least money. That is our motto. Come and see us when in need of anything in the Drug Line and we are sure you will call again. We carry a full line of Drugs, Chemicals, Toilet Articles, etc.

Purvis' Pharmacy

S. G. PURVIS, PH. G

Both Phones.

213 S. Main St. Butler Pa.

MARSH ROOT

No better combination, as we prepare it, could be formulated to act more specifically upon the Kidneys and Liver than Marsh Root. As a Liver Invigorator Marsh Root is now a conceded fact, and where the Liver is torpid and sluggish Constipation manifest, the body tired, the eyes blurred, and weakened, the complexion poor, a sensation of dull headaches, and languor prevailing, Marsh Root will overcome them.

As to the Efficacy of Marsh Root, and its fight against Kidney Diseases, you can be your own judge if you are an afflicted, and if it fails to relieve or cure you, take the bottle back to your Druggist and he will give you your money back. Marsh Root stands for the cure of Inflammation or Catarrh of the Bladder, Blocked Kidneys, Scalding Urine, Rheumatic Gout Gravel, Uric Acid, etc. The organs that require the most careful attention (and are the most often neglected, and the human filters or strainers—the Kidneys, and therefor doubly require your attention

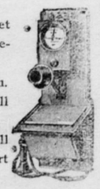
Do not delay when the Kidney machinery needs repair. Do not allow a break down to go along when it is too late—"A stitch in time saves nine." In 99 cases out of every 100, a bottle of Marsh Root for a small outlay will relieve you of your trouble and worry.

For sale only at

Reed's Pharmacy

Cor. Main and Jefferson Sts., Butler, Pa

Have You a Neighbor?



If so why don't you get together and have a telephone system.

We manufacture them.

Ask us and we will tell you all about it.

Electrical work of all descriptions done on short notice.

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BUTLER, PA.

BUSINESS—At home. For plan and list of money-making recipes, formulas, etc., write Yon & Co., 62 John st., Pittsfield, Mass. 2-19-4t

SILLY

By M. L. Avary

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Her name was Priscilla, but through abbreviation and corruption it became "S'illa" and finally degenerated into "Silly." "So easy do even names go to the dogs, you know," she explained to Dick.

There were some people in the village who did not hesitate to say that Silly herself would "go to the dogs" some day, she had such "shiftless ways." She preferred to wear plain clothes rather than spend time indoors on needlework. She could not be counted on for the sewing circle nor dragged to the debating society. Moreover, she was not as fond of going to church and Sunday school as she might have been.

"It fits me, Dick!" she cried, her face, pink and white as their petals, framed in a bough of apple blossoms. Her eyes were as blue as forgetmenots, and her hair was like the golden tassels of the corn. "The name fits. I haven't any sense, you know."

"That's one of your attractions," drawled Dick. "When a woman hasn't any sense, it's really a drawing card in these days. She's a novelty, you know. Women are so awfully wise and clever that they put a fellow to the blush."

They were sitting on the green grass within a fragrant bower of pearl and rose. Something like dewdrops gathered in the girl's forgetmenot eyes.

"What's the matter, sweetheart?"

"Dick, it's the name and the fitness of the name. It seems so absurd to care about it. But I do. When I was little, it seems to me they might have cared enough about me to let me keep the sweet name my mother gave me. I suppose they thought it was a waste of time on me to say 'Priscilla.' If I had been their own child, they'd never have called me Silly. And to think it'll stick to me all my life!"

"If it were your last name, now," said Dick, "I could change it for you."

"Don't be silly!"

"You're that when you laugh at my lovemaking. It's poor, but honest."

"Dick, do you think, like all the rest, that sensible talk is wasted on me? Do you, Dick? Oh, what would I not give to be a wise, clever woman with a dignified name! Nobody in the world will ever take me seriously as long as I am called Silly!"

"I'll take you seriously if you'll let me; take you and never let you go."

"Dick, would you be willing—you, a varsity man—to have a wife called Silly? You wouldn't! I can see it in your eyes. Oh, to do something very wise and learned! I'd die happy!"

"For heaven's sake," cried Dick in alarm, "don't do anything wise and learned!"

* * * * * * *

"She never has a serious thought, that girl," her aunt remarked. "If her name don't fit her to a T!"

She was coming up the walk, her arms full of apple blossoms, her hat dangling at her side, singing one of the ragtime tunes with which she scandalized the town.

"She do seem to be light headed," observed her uncle, Samuel Morris. "But, then, she's a good hearted thing."

She could not remember her parents. They had died when she was so little. She seemed to be a sort of accident in her uncle and aunt's family, a rather burdensome and unpleasant one, which by God's grace they must put up with. They lived in an old, old house on the outskirts of a quaint, rambling old village. It was set about with orchards where many birds loved to nest. Silly, when she might have been embroidering herself a petticoat, making a crazy quilt or doing some other sensible thing, preferred to stay out in the orchards with the birds.

* * * * * * *

Mr. Samuel Morris dreamed that a burglar was pressing a pillow down over his face. He tried to cry out, but could not. He heard a great banging at the door and a voice calling:

"Uncle, uncle!"

"Somebody is killing poor Silly," he thought, but he could not move.

Then some one was pulling him out of bed. There were smoke and a gleam of shooting flames. Something wet was slapped over his face. He was being dragged over the floor and down the steps by one who panted hard. A voice—Silly's—was screaming:

"Help me save uncle! Somebody go back for aunt! I couldn't find her!"

"No use!" voices cried back. "Come out quick! The house is about to fall in!"

"I'll save her or I'll die trying! Take uncle!"

They told him afterward, the few neighbors who had seen the fire after it was well under way and had come to help if they could, that as she went back the steps fell down behind her. She had jerked the wet blanket from around him and thrown it about herself.

How she found her aunt in that smoke filled house, with the roar and singing of the flames in her ears, the flash of fire in her eyes, she never could tell. But find her she did, lying insensible on the floor. She jerked the sheets from a bed, tore them into strips, tied these together and bound one end around her aunt's waist, thinking as she did so:

"Ah, how can I lift her and lower her from the window without killing her!"

But she did it, this wise, strong young Silly, who looked to those below like a goddess of the flames. Younger and more daring help had come. A ladder reaching part way up was against the uncertain walls. Dick was climbing it. He received her burden as she lowered it and passed it on to those below. Then he held out his arms.

"Come, beloved," he said. "Come quickly!"

She had fastened one end of the rope about her waist, the other about the bedpost. She was looking down. "Come!" Dick called again. She climbed out of the window and began to descend hand over hand. Her senses seemed leaving her. She let go.

When she came to herself, she was lying on a big white bed in the village parsonage. People were talking.

"She had more sense than any of us; never lost her head; knew just what to do."

"And she's brave! Think of going back into that house with the steps falling behind her!"

"Yes." The pastor was speaking slowly and ponderously. "She's our village heroine, is Priscilla."

Through the door the voice of the rich man of the village rang out:

"I am going to name the new library I'm giving this village for her."

"S-sh!" The village doctor was speaking. "We must have quiet now. She's recovering consciousness."

"What is it, Priscilla?"

"Apple blossoms," she murmured foolishly. "My hands are so hot. Dick!"

He was kneeling by her bed. The pretty face and hands were bruised and blackened, and the flames had not altogether spared the beautiful golden hair.

"Dick, it hurts so bad to be clever and brave. They're saying I'm that. And I've got my name. But, oh, Dick, I don't want to be wise. It's so painful. Let the others call me Priscilla," in a whisper. "It sounds dignified, and I like it from them. But you—you just call me Silly. I'm not wise or brave, Dick. Don't tell anybody. I went back into the fire because I didn't have any better sense."

"You are right, beloved," said Dick. "Wise people do not run back into the fire to save others. Only the brave, the fools and the angels do that."

The Passing of the Pie.

A word as to the causes of the disfavor with which pie has come to be regarded. Like other things, it kept a place by force of tradition after its special work was done, and, being always a "hearty" dish, when the savory piece of pie was added to the plenty of the prosperous table in the nature of things it proved the one straw too much and broke down the digestion already weakened by indoor life and airtight stoves.

The pie is not as black as it has been painted, having had to bear the load of many circumstances not its own fault. The viand which has usurped its place at dinner is not as blameless as it is commonly held to be. For children eating no meat pudding may well be dinner, but for grownups a helping of pudding gives as much unnecessary food value as did pie. It must be remembered in discussing pastry also that it was in good hands not the heavy, greasy kind so often found to-day. The early cooks attained great skill in preparing light, flaky "crusts." The passing of the pie is not to be regretted in view of the greater abundance of fresh food, especially as the making of the pie requires not only skill, but time, and the baking of the pie in modern stoves is a matter of large experience.—Good Housekeeping.

Perishable Goods.

In a Vermont village there lives a young man who has reached the age of twenty-four with no apparent thought of taking to himself a wife, although all his companions have either "settled" or left the place. He is regarded by the entire community as a confirmed bachelor. His mother looks upon his state with a sadness which has afforded more or less amusement to her summer boarders.

"There's one of his last pictures," said the mother, displaying a photograph on a small card. "It's a good likeness, ain't it? Getting kind of drawed round the mouth, same as his pa, he is. I said to him that I'd been wanting he should have a dozen taken, so I could give 'em round to his friends—young ladies—for sometimes a picture standing on a bureau, facing right to you every morning, will start a kind of affectionate feeling. I've been waiting in the hopes he'd think of it himself, but when I saw that he was beginning to fade and show his age I took matters right into my own hands and marched him to the photographer quick as I could. I only hope some good may come of it."—Youth's Companion.

Breaking the Silence.

A little tot of about five summers held a place recently in one of the United States supreme court seats while the learned justices were handing down their weighty decisions. The court was the embodiment of dignity, so much so that it was almost oppressive. The little girl fidgeted in her place as the justices in monotonous tones expounded fine points of law, and she shook her head, adorned with a big picture hat, in impatience.

There came a pause. One justice ceased to speak, as he had given forth all he had to say on some important litigation. The silence was thick enough to be cut with a knife, as they sometimes say in the books. The messenger by the noiseless folding doors shifted from one foot to the other, the throng of lawyers within the bar waited breathlessly for the next decision to be announced. Still no justice spoke.

It was more than the little girl with a picture hat could endure. "Mamma," said she in a voice audible even up to the judicial bench, "why don't some one laugh?"—New York Tribune.

A Couple of Inscriptions.

"I was in New York one day and took a trip down to Coney Island," said the agent of a Pittsburg nail mill. "I had heard of the slick fellows down there, and so I left my watch at home and carried a dummy across which I pasted a slip of paper bearing the words, 'Look inside for a fool.' I hadn't got the salt taste of the ocean yet when the watch disappeared, and it was three hours later, as I sat in a booth drinking beer, when I felt that watch in a side pocket of my coat. I pulled it out in amazement, and I found my slip of paper replaced by one bearing the words, 'Look outside for an ass!' It may be that I got the bulge on the gang, but somehow I have always thought that they came out a trifle ahead—just a trifle."

Barbering Used to Be an Art.

Time was when barbering was a way up art. In ancient times barbers were surgeons, the only persons who could scientifically "let blood." In London there is still a barber surgeon class. They possess a cap given the guild by Charles II. Around the barber's pole still twines the snake, the subtlest beast of the field, a survival of the brazen serpent lifted up in the wilderness, the symbol of the healing art.

Not Concerned.

"Why don't you try to hand an honored name down to posterity?"

"I don't know," answered Senator Sorghum. "Maybe I don't look far enough ahead. So long as my signature is honored at the bank I can't see that my credit with posterity makes much difference."—Washington Star.

Cynical.

Inquiring Young Man—When a person says something nice about another, why is he said to "pay" a compliment?

Crusty Old Man—Because he expects to get something for it.

There Are Others.

Old Emdee—Well, how do you like your profession?

Young Emdee—Profession is O. K. It's the practice I'm kicking about.—Town and Country.

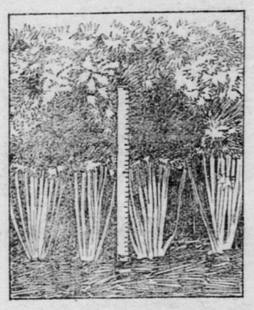
Some men will get out of bed at 1 o'clock in the morning and run to a fire who can't be induced to get up at 6 o'clock to start one in the furnace.—Chicago News.

FARM AND GARDEN

CELERY VARIETIES.

Golden Self Blanching and Giant Pascal—Defects and Merits.

I shall hereafter grow only the Golden Self Blanching celery for summer and fall use, says a New York gardener in Country Gentleman. The White Plume is easier to grow, less liable to blight, but the quality is much inferior to the Golden Self Blanching. I would never eat the White Plume myself, and my customers will not buy it after I



GIANT PASCAL CELERY.

[Three feet high, as the two foot rule indicates.]

have sold the Golden Self Blanching. The stalks are shorter, thicker, and when rightly grown, with plenty of manure and water, it is very crisp, tender and has the flavor which makes such winter varieties as the Giant Pascal so good. There is no better celery than the Giant Pascal when well grown and blanched, and any celery is to be desired that approaches it in flavor. I have been able to blanch the Golden Self Blanching with boards to a beautiful golden yellow and have grown plants with my system of mulching and irrigation so large that my customers have been very willing to pay 10 cents each for them. In spite of these desirable qualities the Golden Self Blanching is a weak grower and so liable to blight that I would not advise any one to try to grow it for market if he can give it only ordinary culture. It must be planted in very rich soil, supplied with water when it is needed and thoroughly sprayed with bordeaux mixture.

The best celery to follow the Golden Self Blanching and for use about Christmas is the Giant Pascal. I am through trying to blanch this variety out of doors with boards or soil. Several times I have banked it early in the fall, hoping to get it ready for the Thanksgiving trade, and have never succeeded in doing so. The latter part of October, before it has become injured by the frost, I store it in the cellar. It is taken up with the roots on and planted in soil on the cellar bottom, with boards set up between the rows across the cellar about two feet apart. This is to keep the plants apart more and admit of a circulation of air. The water is let down around the roots with the hose, care being taken not to wet the foliage. By making the cellar dark and giving the plants plenty of water they will blanch in four or five weeks, or in a light cellar with less water the celery can be kept nearly all winter. There are better keepers than the Giant Pascal, and it cannot be left out so late in the fall as some other varieties, as it will not stand as much frost. For late winter and spring use Evans' Triumph is good, also the Winter Queen.

Gathering and Canning Maple Sap.

In gathering we use a three barrel galvanized tank with strainer in the top and strain the sap again when we draw it into the vat and again as we draw it into the heater. From there it is conveyed through a pipe to the front pan, and from there it flows through the several pans to the back end of the arch where we sirup it off. When our sachrometer denotes 28 degrees, we draw off the sirup, straining carefully, and let it stand in a can for twenty-four hours at least to settle and then pour it off and put it back into the back pan on the evaporator. Cook it down to 32 degrees and can while hot. This way saves all of the work of canning at the house. By using a flannel to strain sirup through all sediment and silica are removed, and a sirup good enough for the president is left. We have a bush of over 1,000 trees, and we commence to gather the sap as soon as the buckets are one-third full, as it is necessary to boil the sap as soon as possible after it leaves the tree.—Cor. Ohio Farmer.

The Forcing of Pole Beans.

The forcing of dwarf or bush beans under glass has been a favorite practice at certain seasons of the year with most gardeners, but the use of the pole or running varieties is just beginning to receive attention. The pole bean, like cucumbers, tomatoes trained to one stem, sweet corn, etc., must have plenty of head room or space above the bench or bed in which to develop, and doubtless this accounts for its not having been considered heretofore. The modern lettuce and cucumber houses with the beds directly on the ground are well adapted for this crop. The soil should be well enriched, containing an abundance of available plant food, preferably a sandy loam composted by mixing equal parts of rich dark loam, sand and manure. The beds may be made directly upon the ground, with the prepared soil averaging about seven inches in depth.—Denver Field and Farm.

DAIRY TALK.

Present Work Makes Future Profit. Put In Your "Best Licks" Now.

Some men feed their cows as they would a thrashing machine and with no more thought as to the power of the animal to assimilate the food given than they would give the aforesaid thrashing machine. The results gained prove that in this way a great deal of good food and well meant effort are wasted. The cow is not a machine. She is a thinking, rational being. Why not treat her so?

The cow that is thin in flesh has an aim in life quite distinct from any we have in view. She is determined to put a good coat of fat on her back, while we want it in the butter tub. The cow has the advantage of us, and we might as well admit it first as last. It is the cow that is in good order that gives good milk and plenty of it.

It does not pay to give just enough food to keep an animal alive. Enough more must be given for profitable growth or production.

A cow well fed and perfectly nourished this year will produce more next year and so on from year to year.

Give the cows a chance every day to get out and rub themselves and get the fresh air. It will not hurt them if the air is cold, provided they do not stand around in the wind until they are chilled. Cattle as well as men need regular exercise.

Straw put under the stock for bedding is by no means wasted, although some men seem to act as if it were. It not only adds to the comfort of the stock, but goes out to increase the supply of barnyard fertilizer, without which the farmer is undone.

Winter is the time to put the stock in shape for the next season's work. As they come out in the spring so they will be all summer long. Put in your best licks now.

Get out the Babcock tester and go all through the herd again.

Don't let the heifers form a habit of drying up early.

Feed well and keep them milking well up to calving time.—Farm Journal.

WESTERN HEMLOCK.

Its Claims as a Substitute For Spruce and White Pine.

Western hemlock has suffered so severely through the reputation of its eastern relative among lumber manufacturers and consumers that it has at present scarcely any market standing. To remove this prejudice and to introduce the western hemlock to the market by pointing out its uses, its economic value and the conditions under which it may profitably be grown and manufactured was one of the purposes of a two seasons' study on the ground by the bureau of forestry. The conclusions to which this study has led have been summarized as follows:

First.—The wood of the western hemlock is far superior to that of the east-

WESTERN HEMLOCK.

[On Cascade mountains, Washington; altitude, 3,000 feet, showing thick, rough bark of mountain form.]

ern tree. It is suitable for use in all ordinary building work, it furnishes good paper pulp, it is sufficiently light and strong to make excellent woodenware stock, and it is particularly valuable for indoor finishing. Its bark is half again as rich in tannin as that of the eastern tree.

Second.—Under favorable conditions the western hemlock reproduces abundantly and grows very rapidly. Since these conditions are usually disadvantageous to red fir, hemlock may often be counted upon to reforest cut over lands when red fir would probably fail to establish itself.

Third.—The western hemlock has now to contend mainly with a prejudice which is based upon a knowledge of the eastern tree alone. The importance of bringing it into the market on a large scale as a substitute for spruce and white pine is growing rapidly. Its qualities entitle it to rank among the valuable timber trees of this continent.

To the Farm Dairyman.

I want to advise you about apparatus for making butter. If necessary for a little while, use what you have, but as soon as possible get a good separator and a good churn, and when you get tired of a hand separator use some kind of power and build a suitable room for it. I have used a two horse tread power for six or seven years, but last spring got a four horse gasoline engine, and I like it best.—John Patterson, Missouri.

What Others Say.

Is black water running away from the barnyard? Then there is a hole in your pocket.

Does it pay to save a cent's worth of food in the dishwater containing washing powders and kill $20 worth of pigs by feeding such slops?

Corn will bring twice as much in a hog as in a sack. So will hay in a cow bring twice as much as in a bale.

THE LONDON TAPSTER.

Hard Luck Stories That Take the Place of Open Begging.

The plain and open tapster who accosts you in the street purely to beg may generally be known by an amazing overpoliteness in opening the conversation. He is the only person I know who begs pardon for taking the liberty of speaking to you, and by this sign you shall know him. They all begin by begging pardon for taking this not so very rare liberty, but only the duffers go on straightway to tap. The proficient tapsters approach the tap sideways, so to speak. Something like this, with a quick touch of the hat brim:

"Beg pardon, sir, I'm sure I 'umbly beg your pardon for takin' the great liberty of speakin' to you in a public thoroughfare like this, which I am quite aware it is a great liberty, sir, though trustin' you will kindly pardon the great liberty of a pore, 'ardworkin' man, sir, in takin' the great liberty of askin' if this street is the 'Aymarket, sir?" (Or the way to the Strand or the day of the month, or something.)

You answer the question, but you don't stop the stream of apologetics. "Thank you, kindly, sir," pursues the tapster, pouring out the words, "thank you kindly, sir, if you'll so far pardon the liberty of a pore, 'ardworkin' man, sir, in askin' the question, which unfortunately I was forced to take the great liberty, sir, through bein' out o' work eighteen months an' nothink to eat since last Toosday fortnight, sir, upon my word of honor, which nothink but the cries for bread of fourteen young children in arms would prevail on me, sir—so igstreme kind as you've bin to me, sir, which I shall never forget—to take the very great liberty, sir, in a public thoroughfare, of askin' which is the nearest work'ouse?"

If once more you give him information instead of coppers, you only provoke another speech of the same sort, for he can go on like that for a deal longer than you want to listen. It is only in the extreme that he will directly ask for money, though I fancy that it is merely caution that marks his guarded way, as they say in the lyric, for if accused of begging by some watchful policeman he can always plead that he was only asking a harmless question. And the questions are endless in variety. I give my solemn word that I was once buttonholed by one of these seedy tapsters with the apologetic request that I would tell him the number of stars on the national flag of the United States! This is a simple fact.—Leonard Larkin in the Strand.

The Title of "Mrs."

The title Mrs. was in olden time applied to unmarried as well as to married women and to young as well as old. Sir Walter Scott spoke of Joanna (unmarried) as Mrs. Joanna Baillie. Although it was not perhaps so universal to address quite young children as it was those over twenty-one by the title of Mrs., yet it was frequently done. The most ludicrous example of this occurs in the register of burials for the parish of St. Margaret, Westminster. The burial of Milton's second wife and that of his infant daughter, named after her, who died at the age of five months, are both recorded in that register, the name in each case being entered as "Mrs. Katherin Milton," without any mark of distinction save the letter "C" for "child," after the second name. Even in the reign of George II., as we read in "Pope's Letters," unmarried ladies used to be styled Mrs.

Wonderful Insect Vitality.

It is a standing puzzle to the entomologists how frail little insects of the mosquito and butterfly order can brave the cold of an arctic winter and yet retain their vitality. The larva of the milkweed butterfly has been exposed to an artificial blast 68 degrees below zero. Taken out of range of this artificial blizzard and gradually "thawed out" this same worm was able to creep in less than half an hour afterward. Butterflies have been found flitting joyously about in the highest latitude man has ever penetrated, and the mosquitoes of Alaska and Greenland are known to be the healthiest specimens of that race of little pests.

Engagement Rings.

The custom of giving engagement rings ranks back to long before the Christian era. With the ancient Egyptians engagement rings were always of iron, to indicate the mutual sacrifice of liberty of the contracting parties.

One of the very earliest adornments of betrothal rings was a loadstone, which symbolized the attractive force which drew a maiden from her own family circle into that of her husband. It is believed that the fourth finger has always been the bride's ring finger.

Hard to Part With.

The man at our boarding house has the remains of a once prosperous pocket comb, from which the teeth have long since fled.

"Why," we ask him, "do you carry that thing around with you—that worthless old comb?"

And he replies:

"Well, I can't part with it."—Baltimore News.

A Basis For Social Success.

Mr. Blank—I was rather amused to hear the children gossiping about their little playmates.

Mrs. Blank—The little dears! If they only keep on, how they will shine in polite society when they grow up!—Tit-Bits.

Ideas generate ideas, like a potato, which cut in pieces reproduces itself in a multiplied form.

MADE TO STAND PULLING.

The Great Tensile Strength of the Government's Paper Money.

"The way some cashiers pay out small bills in exchange for large ones must make other men as tired as it wearies me," remarked an observing business man to another Washingtonian as they watched the cashier of a fashionable uptown cafe pull at and strip the ones and twos in exchange for a ten as though he were pulling a piece of molasses candy over a hook and hated to let go.

"It does," acquiesced his friend, who happened to be a United States treasury expert. "The way some cashiers jerk, snap and pull at bills as they pay them out is utterly absurd. The old adage about pinching a silver dollar until the eagle screams pales before the way the up to date flip cashier jerks the long green he handles.

"In this connection I will give you a fact that is not generally known, and that is the weight a new treasury single note, and four notes in a sheet, will sustain without breaking. The figures may be accepted as official and accurate.

"A single treasury note measures 3½ inches wide by 7¼ inches long and will suspend 41 pounds lengthwise and 91 pounds crosswise. Notes are printed four to a sheet. A sheet will suspend 108 pounds lengthwise and 177 pounds crosswise.

"The remarkable strength of a United States treasury note may thus be seen at a glance, and I venture to say that not one person in a million would have guessed the great tenacity of the paper which, when properly printed and stamped, becomes good money."

The cashier had interestedly listened to the treasury expert's explanation of the weight sustaining and necessarily resisting power of wear and tear of our paper money, and then he said:

"You see, it is this way: Bills stick together, see, and we cashiers have to make up any shortage out of our own pockets, and that's one reason why we snap and jerk the bills so hard, so we will not pay out two for one, as might be done. Again, a two dollar bill is frequently mistaken for a five, and vice versa, and by counting out our money as if it were drops of our lifeblood we are less liable to pass out one for the other."—Washington Star.

PICKINGS FROM FICTION.

Ambitious people must always be disappointed people.—"Fame For a Woman."

The best kind of courage often comes from a full stomach.—"Captain Macklin."

Love is like honey—it must be taken by sips. One must not swim in it.—"The Pharaoh and the Priest."

The man who is weakened in well doing by the ingratitude of others is serving God on a salary basis.—"The Power of Truth."

Nine times out of ten a woman falls through love, and she must be reached by love if she is to be restored.—"Down In Water Street."

Don't call yourself a friend and be thinking all the time what the other side of the friendship can do for you.—"Aunt Abby's Neighbors."

Philosophy is primarily a matter of food; secondarily, a matter of clothes; it does not concern the head at all.—"Two Thousand Miles on an Automobile."

Half the trouble of this troubled world comes from the fact that, for one reason or another, women are not able to look up to the men with whom they have dealings.—"The Vultures."

CHINESE MAGIC LANTERNS.

How Their Instruments Differ From Those In Use In This Country.

The magic lantern, like porcelain, gunpowder and printing, may have been an invention of the Chinese. For more than twenty centuries it has been a staple amusement in the Celestial empire and has been developed into many forms unknown to the occident. The Middle Kingdom, which has been well termed Topsy Turvy Land, uses the magic lantern in just the opposite manner from what we do, having the light and picture behind the screen, the same as in our parlor amusement of shadowgraphs. The commonest form of the magic lantern in the extreme orient is a large box supported on a tripod or four legged table. The box is about 4 feet wide by 2 high, and its front is made of ground glass, oiled silk or oiled white paper.

Over the box is a light framework of bamboo and cloth, which reaches to the ground and conceals the operator from the audience, but leaves the glass exposed to view. A powerful lamp in front of a concave reflector throws a strong light upon the glass or screen, as the case may be. The top of the box and the sides are half open to permit the introduction of small figures. This arrangement gives four distinct classes of instruments. With all four instruments the exhibitions are given in the streets, squares and market places. They draw audiences ranging from five to thirty and give an entertainment of from five to fifteen minutes in length. Each spectator is supposed to contribute 1 cash, or a twentieth of a cent, when the hat is passed around. Generous or enthusiastic patrons frequently give from 10 to 15 cash, so that the average performance nets the proprietor about 2 cents. This seems ridiculous to Americans, but in a land where an ablebodied man can be hired for 5 cents a day the owner of a successful magic lantern is looked upon as a very well to do individual.

The little plays which are written about the magic figures are as conventional as our own immortal Punch and Judy. The "wicked tiger" depicts the career of a dissolute animal who from killing pigs, dogs and buffaloes finally eats a beautiful maiden and is slain by a Mongolian chief in full armor on horseback. "The wicked wife" forms a compact with the devil, squanders her husband's substance in riotous living and, in the last scene, hangs herself in a blaze of red fire, while the evil one expresses wild joy in extraordinary oriental gesticulations. "The cruel magician," "the grateful dragon," "the fairy foxes" and other bits of eastern folklore afford brief sketches, which are as familiar as household words.—New York Post.

To Give the Sack.

Two noblemen in the reign of Maximilian II.—1564-1566—one a German, the other a Spaniard, who had each rendered a great service to the emperor, asked the hand of his daughter in marriage. Maximilian said that as he esteemed them both alike it was impossible to choose between them, and therefore their own prowess must decide it; but, being unwilling to risk the loss of either by engaging them in deadly combat, he ordered a large sack to be brought and declared that he who should put his rival into it should have his fair Helena. And this whimsical combat was actually performed in the presence of the imperial court and lasted an hour. The unhappy Spanish nobleman was first overcome, and the German succeeded in enveloping him in the sack, took him upon his back and laid him at the emperor's feet. This comical combat is said to be the origin of the phrase "give him the sack," so common in the literature of courting.

One Phase of the Nile.

In the Shab Luka pass we have one of the many instances in which the Nile has hurled itself at an opposing mountain barrier and cut its way through. In fact, it often seems to select these unpropitious places for its course when on each side a few miles away there is a tolerably level, unbroken expanse of desert. For ten miles the river twists in and out before escaping to the open once more. Its current is very rapid, making it well nigh impassable at low water because of the numerous rocks, but at the time of my descent the summer flood was well along, and all but a few of these barriers were hidden below the surface, their presence being marked only by occasional eddies.—Century.

Frank Census Returns.

British census returns are more informative than diverting, but the same cannot be said of the Indian. The Punjab returns include professional cricketers under the heading of "Clowns and Tumblers," regarding them apparently in the same light as Mr. Kipling. The Chenab has forty-six male, seven female and sixty-seven "dependent" piano tuners, and the inland state of Nahan rejoices in the possession of 205 shipowners. In the schedule also appear 117 "receivers of stolen goods" and 126 "witches, wizards, cow poisoners, etc." There is a frankness about these returns which is very engaging.—London Express.

Expensive Virtue.

A southern judge who had a fine lot of hogs one day met a colored man notorious for stealing and said to him: "Uncle Jack, I'll tell you what I'll do. You pick out two of those hogs you like best, and I'll give them to you, provided you won't steal any of the others."

The negro pondered awhile and finally said, "Jedge, you've always been a good neighbor, an' I likes yuh, an' I wants to do right by yuh an' so accepts de offer yuh makes, but I wants yuh to know dat I'll lose meat by it."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Ended the Dispute.

Two ladies at a tea party got quarreling about their respective ages. At last, to end the dispute, one of them said in a conciliatory tone of voice:

"Don't let us quarrel over the matter any more, dear. I, at least, have not the heart to do it. I never knew who my mother was, for she deserted me when I was a baby, and who knows but that you may have been that heartless parent?"—Pearson's Weekly.

A Silent Man.

Jerkins—There's Perkins—you know Perkins?—entered into an agreement with his wife soon after their marriage, twenty years ago, that whenever either lost temper or stormed the other was to keep silence.

Bob—And the scheme worked?

Jerkins—Admirably. Perkins has kept silence for twenty years.

The Cheerful Man.

Give us, oh, give us, cries Carlyle, the man who sings at his work. Be his occupation what it may, he is equal to any of those who follow the same pursuit in silent sullenness. He will do more in the same time; he will do it better; he will persevere longer.