

CONTINUED ANOTHER WEEK, FROM MAY 18-23, inclusive.

MAY BARGAIN SALE AT The Modern Store.

On account of the phenomenal attendance of OUR MAY BARGAIN SALE, we have concluded to continue it another week, to give those of our friends an opportunity to take advantage of the rare bargains, who could not attend last week. We have added to the list.

Many other bargains in Ladies' Underwear and Hosiery, House Furnishings, Millinery, Etc.

Special attention is called to our one-week Percalé Sale. Best Yard Wide 12 1/2c Percalé, light and dark colors, newest patterns. This Week Only, 10c yard.

Eisler-Mardorf Co.,
221 Mail or Phone orders promptly and carefully filled.
OPPOSITE HOTEL ARLINGTON, BUTLER, PA.

BICKEL'S FOOTWEAR.

A grand display of fine footwear in all the new styles. The time of the year is here when you want a nice pair of shoes or oxfords for summer wear.

OXFORDS

Our stock of Ladies', Misses' and Children's oxfords is complete. Dongola, Velour-calf and Patent-vici, with low, medium or extra high heels. Large assortment of one, two, three and four strap slippers, 50c to \$1.50.

Ladies' Fine Shoes—SOROSIS.

They are the extreme of fashion and the acme of common-sense and comfort, being constructed on scientific principles. They are perfect fitting and satisfactory in every respect. The very newest and most exclusive creations in SOROSIS styles are now shown by us.

Complete stock of Gokey's hand made plain toe and box-toe working shoes. High Iron Stands with four lasts at 50c. Sole Leather cut to any amount you wish to purchase. Repairing neatly and promptly done.

JOHN BICKEL,
128 South Main St., BUTLER, PA.

HUSELTON'S FOOTWEAR EXHIBIT

Including all correct ideas for Men, Women, Boys, Youths, Misses and Children's wear. Over five hundred styles—no possible want but what we can meet to your taste.

Boots, Oxfords, Slippers for every and any service or occasion.

Men's \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00 and up to \$5.00 a pair.

Women's \$1.15, \$1.25, \$2.50, \$3 and up to \$5.00 a pair, representing the highest art in the manufacturing of shoes and shown in all desirable leathers.

Misses' 75c, \$1, 1.25 & 1.50.
Children's 25c, 50c, 75c & \$1.
Boys' 90c \$1, 1.25, 1.50, & \$2.
Don't buy a shoe until you have inspected our Spring lines—now—ready.

HUSELTON'S
OPPOSITE HOTEL LOWRY.

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.

WALL PAPER

WE HAVE IT. THE LATEST. LOTS OF IT.

F. W. Devoe Ready Mixed Paints—All Colors.

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. 392 MILITARY STREET, PITTSBURGH, PENNA.

Subscribe for the CITIZEN

Nasal CATARRH

Ely's Cream Balm
Ely's Cream Balm is the most effective remedy for nasal catarrh, colds, and all other ailments of the nose. It is a pure, natural preparation of the finest oils and balsams, and is guaranteed to give relief in every case.

Ely Brothers, 56 Warren Street, New York

Cross?

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

Ayer's Pills
Warranted to cure all cases of biliousness, indigestion, and all other ailments of the liver and bowels.

Buckingham's Dye

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use Buckingham's Dye.

Buckingham's Dye
Sole Distributors: R. P. Hall & Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

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

Everything in the drug line.

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

ARE YOU GOING TO BUILD OR REMODEL

Let us give you a figure on the Plumbing and Gas Fitting of your home.

WHITEHILL, Plumber,
231 S. Main St. Both Phones.

Spring & Summer Weights

Have a natty outfit that mark the year's outfit. You won't get the latest things at the stock clothes 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, there's the man you get combinations, you get them at

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

C. F. T. Pape, JEWELER

121 E. Jefferson Street.

MAM'S HUNDRED TUNE ORGAN

By G. W. GDDEN
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Mam sat on the bottom step of the three leading into the house, her elbows on her knees and her chin in her palms. She had swept the gravel walk turning like a lava scorched strip of barrenness to the front gate, through the soothing green of the laurel hedges. Her broom leaned on the steps beside her.

So the little yellow horse drawing the weather banded buggy passed under her eyes as it made a great show of hurrying by the house and turned without rousing her into the road leading near to the kitchen door. At the well the horse stopped and plucked its nose greedily into the trough of water.

A sparrow made woman climbed from the buggy and stood the egg basket with its load of groceries beside the curb. She looked at Mam wrapped in the sound proof mantle of her reverie and led the horse away.

Presently she returned, slung the heavy basket on her arm with the incense of coffee and green tea rising about her, placed her burden upon the step beside the silent woman and said: "Well, Mam."

"Els' Ann, you home?" queried Mam, turning her head slowly.

"What're you darning about Mam?" Els' Ann asked, jerking the strings of her broad brimmed hat and swinging it at her side.

Her mother was silent.

"You know it's a bad sign in you when you think, Mam," Els' Ann said anxiously. "You ain't goin' to get down with the malaria or jaundice, are you?"

"I don't get any malaria, Els' Ann?" Mam asked evasively.

Els' Ann put her hand on Mam's shoulder and looked into her face, wrinkled and brown as a tobacco leaf.

"No use of you tryin' to put me off, Mam," she said. "What air you thinkin' about this time, Mam?"

Mam turned her back to her persistent questioner, raised her eyes to the dim rim of the horizon again and answered with a quiver of remorse and regret in her voice.

"It's an organette this time, Els' Ann." "An organette?" gasped Els' Ann, with a spasmodic intake of breath. Then she dropped down to the step. The shadow of the horse stretched down the gravel path and drew the gateposts into its refreshing embrace.

After awhile Mam sat down beside her. Neither spoke.

"So it was an organette this time. The last time Mam had a 'thinkin' spell' it had been induced by the visit of a portrait agent who she had let off for an enlarged picture of her dead husband. Seven dollars was a heap for a picture, even life size and of the father, when one knew Dave Croker, the great politician, was one just like it with \$10 worth of goods.

At length Els' Ann arose. "Where is it, Mam?" she asked, "answered 'It's under on the table,' answered Mam, with the guilty feeling of a penitent robber disclosing the hiding place of his spoils.

Els' Ann went in and sat down at the table beside the little varnished box. Mam followed and stood beside her with her calloused hands on the top and the gold lettering, "Organette," and asked:

"How much did you give the feller for it, Mam?"

Mam's face brightened. "Only 'leven dollars," she answered, "an' the feller he said it plays a hundred tunes. That's a heap more for your money than can play on her'n with all her larns 'an' you jes' set down an' turn that little handle 'an' the music flows—that's what the feller he said."

"You paid him 'leven dollars outen the twelve 'twiddle gave me for old Shoo's calf?" Els' Ann, but he said it was worth ten times the money. He said you'd have to pay \$5 to get into the opera 'an' her only part of 'em times played, an' here you can sit right in your own parlor an' have 'em at any time, day or night, without extra cost whatsoever."

Els' Ann sat motionless a long time. The chickens went to roost, and Mam again took up her penic vigil on the front steps.

The gloom deepened in the room where Els' Ann remained alone. She was overwhelmed by the delirium of all the plans she had built on the \$12 Mam had so foolishly spent for the worthless box with a roll of perforated paper inside. The organette gave her the money with her when she went to Monticello instead of leaving it in the bureau drawer and telling Mam to watch out for it and to get it back in and get it. "Seemed like them there agents always waited till she went away to rock in on Mam. Must all know about her. Or to be some law agent. As for when she was to get money for that new winter jacket or now? Butter'n eggs didn't fetch any more than would buy groceries an' shoes, with a dress for Mam, an' an' ag'in. She'd been wearin' that old jacket for years an' years. Let's see, how long was it? Well, hard to tell exactly, but ever since the winter 'Then Brassfield began to keep company with her—for at least seven years comin' 'twice a week, Windy's an' Satt'y's, as regular as prayer meetin', an' never a word about gettin' married. 'Course keepin' other feller away. Everybody thought they'd marry—had been thinkin' so for six years—at least everybody 'cept Els' Ann."

"Go right in, Thea. Els' Ann, she's in yander," she heard Mam say from her perch on the steps. Then Thea's big boots clumped across the porch, the screen door opened, and he sat down in a chair a respectable distance behind Els' Ann.

"What's a you got in that box, Els' Ann?" he asked.

"It ain't no box," she replied testily; "it's an organette."

"Go-on-nee!" said Thea. "Play us a choon." Els' Ann moved the little crank. There was a clack, and she noted a preliminary note or two; then it began to play. "Nearer, My God, to Thee," "Swanee River," "Kalinka Boleika," "Annie Laurie," jig, waltz, operatic airs, all in the same spiritless, sleepy tone, came from the organette as Els' Ann, bound in the charm of the unaccounted disposition, turned out the chair nearer and nearer to Els' Ann. When the moon lifted its yellow head above the lilac bush and looked in at the window, Thea's left arm was around Els' Ann's shoulders. After what seemed to Thea hours of blissful oblivion from the cares of

BEYOND the DESERT

By Curran
Richard Greenley
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Nadula clucked the shuttle tightly in her brown fingers and wove the scarlet thread and out, scarce seeing for the angry tears that rained from under the black curtain of her lashes. Wahna, always Wahna! Truly, there was never a thought of her but the weaving of blankets and the baking of the tortilla.

A jangle of beads and the patter of moccasined feet, as Wahna parted the skins that hung at the door of the chief's tent. Well might they call her Princess Wahna, the "Moon Maiden"—the old woman called her so. Like the pomegranate flower and a voice like the faroff chime of the mission bells.

Nadula lifted her head and shot a contemptuous glance over the girl's slight figure, gay with wampum, elk teeth and the glistening beads from the white traders, with which Neras loved to decorate his favored children. "Hillo, Wahna's little sister! You're here! But she smiled and called out cheerily as Wahna came toward her. "Hail, daughter of the great chief! How does the paleface do this morning?"

Wahna's delicate face was grave and sorrowful. "The medicine man hath been with him, and the evil spirits will not depart, though they have made the white smoke of the fire anger to rise until our father could bear it no longer. He is feeble, and the breath comes slowly. He calls for you."

Nadula arose to her full height and let the unfinished blanket fall to the ground, where it lay, a gleam of gorgeous color in the setting sun. Inside the tent, the chief, gazing at the shifting shadows of the elk plumes in the great war bonnet hung above his head, the massive figure stretched helplessly upon its couch with disease. He reached out his arms to Wahna and, holding her encircled, said to Nadula, who stood proudly aloof in the unobscured light.

"Daughter, it is not our custom to show aught of feeling. As the quiet river runneth deeply, so we of the Ottawa keep our love and our vengeance. But thou knowest what the Moon Maiden hath been to me, child of the paleface mother, and it hath seemed wise that the man should take upon himself the burden of the Ottawa. Thou knowest how she has been taught in her schools and is promised to the young captain."

Nadula laughed. Short and bitter, it rang the dying man, and he raised upon one elbow to peer into her face. Nadula bent over him. "My father, as the shadows gather thou art a child again," she said, and with a sigh sought out Wahna for a moment, but when there is talk of wedding he will return to his own again. When has the paleface ever taken the life of the daughters of the forest? The mocking voice passed for the answer. Something of his strength came back to the old chief as he half raised himself and looked at the girl.

"There is a gap and a choking sigh, and across the last chief of a once powerful tribe, had passed. All night the wailing women rent the air with their cries, all night the men went to the river and wept, and the blood of the slain wept with the blood of the living. For a time Nadula was too busy with the importance of her new authority to take thought of Wahna, but she had not forgotten the summer days of the year before, when the young captain had chanced to visit the Ottawa through mere curiosity and the visit had been repeated again and again, until the brave flower of the wilderness, Nadula, too, had learned to love the bonny face. And in her hot, unshaded heart sprang up the terrible hatred of Wahna.

It had commenced years before when Neras had sent Wahna away from the tribe, and from time to time she had made them short visits from her mission school with always a new grace, a newer beauty and the spirit of the white mother shining in her soft eyes. Neras had loved her with the affection of the great nation he had felt for the white captive that had hated him, who died with her despairing face turned away from the child of her sorrow and the love of the white mother shining in her soft eyes.

Nadula had understood. She had not wanted for the telling when the women crouched together over the cooking pots at evening. What wonder that she had loved Wahna with all the force of a savage nature.

In the midst of the bull came an awakening, for despite all Nadula's sneering, the white girl, who had crossed the strip of desert to the country of the Ottawa to claim his bride, Nadula received him in the hold tent, and with the head men grouped around her. It was her hand that built out the pipe and made him sit beside her, contriving to hold him there with one pretext and another. Davenport sat beside her, the silent sweet voice murmured to him. Then, ere she could detain him, he broke away, and, springing to the center of the tent, he called out to the natives for the pledge of Neras—Wahna. By the spoken word of Neras in solemn council had the girl been given to him, and as Nadula would have preferred, one by one the eyes of the tribe arose to bear witness to the deed.

Then Wahna, her face alight with joy, came from the shadows where she hid, and she said to the chief, "There was no gaining the word that had passed. Nadula watched, her heart all still, as the man and woman elied to the chief's eye. The old man drew his circle around the two, while the red flame from the fire lapped and they looked at each other, the eyes of the tribe arose to bear witness to the deed.

That night the Ottawa were feasted, and there was great rejoicing, for at the rising of the moon the Princess Wahna would ride away from them forever. And when the feast was over, Nadula brought forth a bottle of musty blue wine to pledge them after the manner of the paleface," she said, and smiled into the eyes of the chief, who was quick as thought, let the eye of love be swift, Wahna sprang from Da-

Sound and Color.

We recognize the happiness of the well known analogy traced by a blind man between scarlet and the sound of a trumpet because those who can both see and hear accept the aptness of comparison between the two forces which powerfully affect one the optic and the other the auditory nerve. But scarlet is not the exact analogue of a trumpet blast.

The sensation of color is imparted to the brain by means of vibratory waves communicated to the all pervading medium of ether that comes by similar waves communicated to the denser medium, atmosphere. If the analogy between scarlet and a trumpet blast were a true one, each should affect the eye in the same manner as a rapidly similar in proportion to that caused by other colors and tones.

But that is not so. The pitch of a tone is caused by the number of vibrations in a given time. The tone of a trumpet is high because it causes relatively rapid sound waves, but the vibrations caused by a ray of red light are few compared with those caused by other rays, for the vibrations arising from the red end of the spectrum amount only to about 450,000,000,000 in a second, whereas those of the violet end amount to about 667,000,000,000. So the blind man was only vaguely successful in comparing a lively sound with a vivid color.

Walking the Best Exercise.

Walking is the simplest, the most natural and the most wholesome of all exercises. No athlete ever trained for a contest, no matter what his nature may be, without walking a considerable distance in the open air each day. Many keep in vigorous health by this alone, and no matter what other exercises they take you must walk. But, first of all, learn how to walk. A great many people walk in an aimless, shuffling manner and secure but little benefit from the exercise. In walking, the feet should be kept in the air, the arms should swing, and the head should be held in a dignified manner. Do not look down at your feet, but look straight ahead. The feet should be kept in the air, the arms should swing, and the head should be held in a dignified manner. Do not look down at your feet, but look straight ahead.

Enjoying Himself.

A fond mother sent her small boy into the country, and after a week of anxiety received the following letter:

"I got here all right, and I forgot to write before. It is a very nice place to have fun. A fellow and I went out with a long pole and caught a man that got me out, and I was so full of water that I didn't know nothin' for a long while.

"The other boy has to be buried when they find him. His mother came from her home, and she cried all the time. A horse kicked me over, and I have got to have some money to pay her. Neither had neither my head. It was broken a bit."

Poets and Dogs.

Poets have always loved dogs. In this poets and boys resemble each other. Walter Savage Landor was devoted to his dog, and Byron's epitaph upon his dog Bontswain we all remember:

To mark a friend's remains these stones I never had but one, and there he lies.

Cowper was very fond of his dog, and we know how Charles Lamb, who was a great dog lover, once wrote how Mrs. Browning appreciated the little Flush to whom she indited a poem. The Earl of Shaftesbury kept his dog, and we know how much he loved it, and we know how much he loved it, and we know how much he loved it.

Artificial Limbs.

Artificial legs and arms are made so perfectly these days that it is absolutely impossible to tell that some people are wearing them. Artificial legs are made so that the lower part has all the action of the human foot and are made to wear the same size shoe as the opposite foot. The shoe on the real foot will wear out in half the time the one on the artificial one, which is said to be due to the heat from the real member. Artificial hands are made so that the owner can pick up a pin, and hold a pen, and do all the things a magnet in the end of the artificial hand.

Very Mild Tea.

The late Augustus Hare was fond of relating an amusing incident which illustrated the conscientiousness of his cousin, Dean Stanley, and Dr. Jowett. Both were quite devoid of either taste or smell, and for some reason both were indignantly fond of tea. One morning they had each drunk eight cups, when suddenly, as Jowett rose from his table, he exclaimed: "Good gracious! I forgot to put the tea in!" Neither had noticed the omission as he sipped his favorite beverage.

Considerate Johnnie.

Johnnie told his mother threaten "Folks to be in the kitchen, an' you goin' to have your father whip you when he comes home tonight."

"The old man," mamma, replied Johnnie indignantly. "Pa is always so tired when he comes home."—Stray Stories.

FARM AND GARDEN SEED CORN.

Home Grown Seed—How to Select It.

From experiment and careful study the Iowa experiment station finds:

First.—That it is very important that we should depend upon home grown seed for the main part of the crop and not upon imported seed.

Second.—That we should select ears of corn for seed which have kernels of

REED AND INGALLS.

"Why don't you grow?" said Tom Reed to Senator Ingalls some years ago, when both men were in the service of the people of the establishment of the Republic. "I'm too much interested in my fellows' life and property to assume to your magnificent height and proportions."

"And is not that my concern, too?" asked Reed deliberately.

"Impossible!" said Ingalls. "Walk on the edge of a board walk and you'll see the people dying, and stand in the middle and you break through. The people's safety lies in your being a middle of the road man."

Some days after Reed found Ingalls in a state of mental distraction. "Just swallowed the gold fillings of this front tooth," explained Senator Ingalls, pointing to the exposed cavity. "I had Reed himself up to his full height. As a victor he stood; his time of revenge had come."

"Ingalls, I congratulate you. You are now worth your weight in gold."

The Age of Trees.

"Penn's treaty tree—the treaty elm—does that still exist?" a young man asked the antiquary. "No," said the old man. "It was blown down on the night of March 3, 1810. This tree, as its concentric circles showed, was 283 years old; no great age that for a tree. There is in England, at Cowthorpe, an oak that is supposed to be 800 years old. The English yew of ten reach an almost incredible age. The celebrated Ankerwyke yew is 1,100 years old, and there are others of an equal age. Some of our American pines can hold their own in respect of age with the European trees. Oregon pines on being cut down have shown as many as 1,100 concentric rings running from the heart out to the bark. Do you know who first showed us how to tell a tree's age by its rings?" It was Montaigne, the essayist.—Philadelphia Record.

His Busy Day.

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The Duke's "Thirteen Clock."

An ingenious timekeeping arrangement exists today which was designed by that famous king of Bridgewater who faced South Lancashire with canals and died a hundred years ago. The Duke was a great stickler for punctuality, and he was annoyed that the workmen on his estate at Worsley did not return to work after dinner as promptly as they left off when the clock struck 12. When he remonstrated, he was told that while the workmen always heard the clock strike 12, they often failed to hear the single stroke of 1. The Duke of Bridgewater quickly found a remedy for this difficulty. He had a clock made that would strike thirteen times an hour after noon, and that clock proclaims 1 o'clock with a baker's dozen of some-ones strokes to this day. The "thirteen clock" is one of the curiosities of Worsley Hall.—Westminster Gazette.

Sex of Gems.

The Romans, following the Greek mineralogists, divided gems into males and females according to the depth or lightness of their color. These terms are thus alluded to by Theophrastus: "Both these (beryl, carbuncle, opal, crystal and amethyst) and the sard are found on breaking open certain rocks, presenting certain differences, but agreeing in name with each other. For of the sard the transparent and blood red sort is called the female, while the less transparent and darker kind is termed the male, and the cyanus also is named one sort the male and the other the female, but the male is the deeper in color of the two." The cyanus or emerald of the ancients is said, though probably incorrectly, by many modern mineralogists to be identical with our sapphire.

The Best Sort.

Willie-Pip, who is a "preferred creditor" anyway?

Pa—A preferred creditor, my son, is one who doesn't bother us much with his bill.—Philadelphia Press.

His Business Qualities.

"What sort of a man is he?" "A good debtor and a bad creditor."—Detroit Free Press.

Pitch a lanky man into the Nile, says the Arabian proverb, and he will come up with a fish in his mouth.

He is the happiest who renders the greatest number happy.—Desautels.

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"Impossible!" said Ingalls. "Walk on the edge of a board walk and you'll see the people dying, and stand in the middle and you break through. The people's safety lies in your being a middle of the road man."

Some days after Reed found Ingalls in a state of mental distraction. "Just swallowed the gold fillings of this front tooth," explained Senator Ingalls, pointing to the exposed cavity. "I had Reed himself up to his full height. As a victor he stood; his time of revenge had come."

"Ingalls, I congratulate you. You are now worth your weight in gold."

The Age of Trees.

"Penn's treaty tree—the treaty elm—does that still exist?" a young man asked the antiquary. "No," said the old man. "It was blown down on the night of March 3, 1810. This tree, as its concentric circles showed, was 283 years old; no great age that for a tree. There is in England, at Cowthorpe, an oak that is supposed to be 800 years old. The English yew of ten reach an almost incredible age. The celebrated Ankerwyke yew is 1,100 years old, and there are others of an equal age. Some of our American pines can hold their own in respect of age with the European trees. Oregon pines on being cut down have shown as many as 1,100 concentric rings running from the heart out to the bark. Do you know who first showed us how to tell a tree's age by its rings?" It was Montaigne, the essayist.—Philadelphia Record.

His Busy Day.

"Why don't you see some employment instead of stopping people and asking them for money?" said a man to the old man. "I was blown down on the night of March 3, 1810. This tree, as its concentric circles showed, was 283 years old; no great age that for a tree. There is in England, at Cowthorpe, an oak that is supposed to be 800 years old. The English yew of ten reach an almost incredible age. The celebrated Ankerwyke yew is 1,100 years old, and there are others of an equal age. Some of our American pines can hold their own in respect of age with the European trees. Oregon pines on being cut down have shown as many as 1,100 concentric rings running from the heart out to the bark. Do you know who first showed us how to tell a tree's age by its rings?" It was Montaigne, the essayist.—Philadelphia Record.

The Duke's "Thirteen Clock."

An ingenious timekeeping arrangement exists today which was designed by that famous king of Bridgewater who faced South Lancashire with canals and died a hundred years ago. The Duke was a great stickler for punctuality, and he was annoyed that the workmen on his estate at Worsley did not return to work after dinner as promptly as they left off when the clock struck 12. When he remonstrated, he was told that while the workmen always heard the clock strike 12, they often failed to hear the single stroke of 1. The Duke of Bridgewater quickly found a remedy for this difficulty. He had a clock made that would strike thirteen times an hour after noon, and that clock proclaims 1 o'clock with a baker's dozen of some-ones strokes to this day. The "thirteen clock" is one of the curiosities of Worsley Hall.—Westminster Gazette.

Sex of Gems.

The Romans, following the Greek mineralogists, divided gems into males and females according to the depth or lightness of their color. These terms are thus alluded to by Theophrastus: "Both these (beryl, carbuncle, opal, crystal and amethyst) and the sard are found on breaking open certain rocks, presenting certain differences, but agreeing in name with each other. For of the sard the transparent and blood red sort is called the female, while the less transparent and darker kind is termed the male, and the cyanus also is named one sort the male and the other the female, but the male is the deeper in color of the two." The cyanus or emerald of the ancients is said, though probably incorrectly, by many modern mineralogists to be identical with our sapphire.

REED AND INGALLS.

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