THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

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BICKEL'S State Library July 07

Winter Footwear

Extremely Large Stock of Winter Footwear At Away Down Prices.

Holiday Slippers.

We are showing a large stock of Holiday Slippers. Many styles in fine leather, felt and embroidered slippers. We wish to close out our entire stock of Holiday slippers before Christmas and in order to do so we will sell them at extremely low prices.

Ladies' Fine Shoes "Sorosis" Shoes. The masterpiece of the shoemakers art and standard of the world. High or medium cut, box-calf, fine dongola, enamel and patent leather. Button or lace in light or heavy soles.

Men's Shoes All the latest styles in men's fine shoes. Large stock of Gokey's high-cut, hand-pegged, box-toe and plain toe shoes.

Gokey's Copper Tipped Shoes for the Boys.

Complete Stock of Men's and Boys' Heavy Stocking and Overs
Ladies', Gents', Misses' and Children's Felt Boots and Overs
Leggins and Overgaiters in all sizes.
Lambs wool in soles all sizes.
Sole Leather and Shoemakers Supplies.
Repairing Promptly Done.

JOHN BICKEL,
BUTLER, PA.

Opening Display Holiday Goods

A Grand Stock to Select From.
Big Reduction in Millinery.
Life-size Prize Doll Given Away.
See Show Window.

The Modern Store.

The Store in Holiday Array. Fancy Goods, Dolls, Furs, Neckwear, Umbrellas, Jewelry, Gloves, etc., Dress Goods, Silks, etc.

The finest Life sized Doll ever exhibited in Butler.

Every 25c purchase entitles you to a doll coupon. The more coupons, the more likely you are to get this grand doll.

Take advantage of our SACRIFICE SALE OF ALL TRIMMED HATS, for your holiday outfit.

Crystal Distilled Water served to customers while shopping at the store.

Eisler-Mardorf Co.,
SOUTH MAIN STREET PHONES: {BELL L. D. / PEOPLES} 221 POSTOFFICE BOX
Send in Your Mail Orders.
OPPOSITE HOTEL ARLINGTON. BUTLER, PA.

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E Merchant Tailor. E
Fall and Winter Suitings
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142 North Main St.
K E C K

COOPER & CO.,
FINE TAILORS.

Are now occupying their old location at corner of the Diamond.

Suits from $15 to $50.

For Holiday & Wedding Presents

There's nothing more appropriate than pictures. and there's no better place to buy them than at our store. We have on view Bisson's "Zephyrs of Love," one of the grandest water colors out. Also a full line of Den Pictures. Oval Frames are all the go now. See what we have to offer.

TREGANOWAN ART CO.,
437 Penn ave., cor Fifth St.,—Pittsburg, Pa. —1108 Wylie ave., cor Elm st.
Near Jos. Horne Co.

Cohn's Bargain Store,

The Place with no Handsome Front.

We want you to come to our store and look around for your Xmas shopping. We can't expect you to appreciate the vast superiority of this store as regards varieties, qualities, styles and low prices unless you see what other stores are offering. We have the goods you want; we sell at absolutely the lowest prices.

We are doing a big business simply because we merit it. Look round, you simply can't help being convinced that this is the

Lowest priced store in the county

We desire to impress you particularly with the thorough manner in which we are prepared to fill your wants for your holiday buying.

If you are looking after your own best interests you will buy here. When you come to this store you will forcibly realize the truth of this statement.

We Handle Everything Ready to Wear for Men, Women and Children.

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Indigestion, Dyspepsia can be cured by

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Try it and if it doesn't help you we will pay back your money.

Johnston's PHARMACY,
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Reed's Wine of Cod liver Oil

will build you up and make you strong, will give you an appetite and new life.

If you feel tired and worn out try our Wine of Cod Liver Oil and find relief.

It is stronger and better than pure Cod Liver Oil. Pleasant to take and is inoffensive to delicate stomachs.

Indorsed and recommended by physicians every where. The best Spring tonic to give you Health and strength.

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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.

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Both Phones.
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HATS AND Men's Furnishings
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We have shirts at all prices.
Our leader of course, is the

Manhatten Shirt.
The best in the World.

In Underwear

we have all the different weights and grades.
We can surely suit you if you need underwear.
Haven't the space to call attention to all the good things we have.
Just come in and see for yourself.
Strict attention paid to mail orders.

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HATTER and MEN'S FURNISHER.
People's 'Phone. 615
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A. T. SCOTT, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office at No. 8, West Diamond St. Butler, Pa.

COULTER & BAKER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Office in Butler County National Bank building.

JOHN W. COULTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Office with R. C. McAboy, J. P., south side Diamond. Special attention given to collections and business matters. Reference: Butler Savings Bank, or Butler County National Bank

J. D. McJUNKIN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Office in Reiber building, corner Main and E. Cunningham Sts. Entrance on Main street.

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EVERETT L. RALSTON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, No. 257 South Main Street, Butler, Pa. Fisher Building. First door on South Main street, next my former office in Boyd Building.

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WALKER & McELVAIN,
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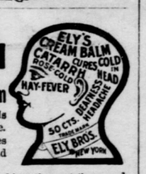
FOUR-FOLD LINIMENT.
For Sore Muscles, Pain in Back, Sore Throat and Sprains.
AT ALL DRUGGISTS. 25c, 50c, $1.00

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

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.
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Pure drugs and honest treatment guaranteed.

When in town shopping, stop and leave your packages.

J. L. McKee, Pharmacist,
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Best Service.
Prompt and Careful Attention.
Four Registered Pharmacists.
Prescription Work a Specialty.

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That Steen's Creamery and Milk depot at the rear of 417 South Main street is in operation?

WELL, IT IS!

And if you want good Milk, Cream, Creamery Butter or Buttermilk, call and see us or watch for our wagon.

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ASK YOUR GROCER for Steen's Boiled Cider in quart jars
We guarantee our products pure and free from any adulteration.

J. H. STEEN'S CREAMERY.

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Many a fine piece of silver, watch or locket is spoiled by machine or poor hand engraving, we engrave without extra charge on all goods sold by us, and when we say engraved we mean engraving that you will not be ashamed to send anywhere.

Ralston & Smith,
"No Fancy Prices,"
JEWELERS,
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M. A. BERKIMER,
Funeral Director
5½ S. Main St. Butler PA

CUPID AND THE MUD CLERK

By W. W. HINES

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They rate on the company's pay roll as third clerks. Unofficially, but more correctly, they are known as mud clerks.

Jimmy Boynton was mud clerk on the big side wheel steamboat Rena Stanton, and he was proud of the fact.

Now, the chief clerk on a Mississippi river boat is a dignitary of no mean importance, while the second clerk is almost as impressive an individual. The mud clerk is the youngster who follows the foremost deck hand off the gangplank at every landing and checks the freight. When he jumps off the gangplank he generally lands in mud up to his knees. The reason why he never receives his rightful title of third clerk is obvious.

Some men might not consider this pleasant work, but it suited Jimmie. He knew, too, that the way of a mud clerk, if properly directed, leads to a chief clerkship and eventually to a post as captain. Meantime he was a happy go lucky sort of lad who was liked by every one from the captain down to the negro deck hands, more commonly known as "rousters."

On this particular evening he was at peace with himself, the world and even the rousters who were unloading the cargo of cotton on the levee. Jimmy was mechanically checking the numbers atop the bales, but a strange sort of inner consciousness was drinking in the beauty of the scene before him. The setting sun had turned the muddy waters to a sensuous, laving silver. Just beyond the ripples made by the slowly turning paddle wheels of the boat in the reverse motion necessary to counteract the force of the current lay a tiny island, formed by the cutting in two of a long, narrow sand bar. A few cottonwood trees nodded lazily on the willful bit of land. To his right the old levee had crumbled away, and a new one had been built behind it, forming an artificial lake fringed with tall cottonwood trees and gnarled stumps of cypress. Across the stream the mighty force of water had cut into an island, and every time the boat passed up and down the river the contour of the bank had changed. Sometimes only a foot or two had been sliced away. Sometimes whole acres had disappeared.

It was a marvelous power, was this mother of waters, and yet Jimmie thought exultantly that he was master of it. He could ride it, turn its force into money, make it earn him position and promotion. And, thinking thus, he decided that he would not trade jobs just now with his own congressman. And then she came on the scene, and he suddenly discovered that it might be desirable to be a congressman after all and wear glossy boots and unstained trousers.

It all happened very suddenly—so suddenly, in fact, that he stopped in the midst of a mighty volley of very forcible language aimed at a lazy rouster, dropped his stub of a pencil and, in blissful ignorance of what he was doing, stood deliberately staring at the dainty vision tripping up the gangplank.

The vision wore something very fluffy and thin and blue, with something thinner still at her throat and wrists, something which fluttered about very coquettishly when she turned her head or lifted her skirts. And her broad flat hat was wreathed in the pinkest of pink roses. Jimmie had only one brief glimpse, but he remembered quite distinctly that the blue in her dress and in her eyes matched perfectly, likewise the pink in her hat and her lips.

Now, of course any authority on fashion could have informed Jimmie that the vision was most badly dressed for traveling, but to Jimmie "good form" was an unknown quantity. He decided that the vision must be a daughter of a railroad president at least, and probably had a million or two in her own right. Having reached this decision, he finished the volley of language, picked up his pencil and resolutely turned his back on the vision.

But visions such as Miss Lorena Thomas possess a haunting quality. The ladies' cabin, so called by courtesy, lay at the other end of the long, narrow, oval expanse, but Jimmie was thoroughly convinced that Miss Thomas could see his mud spattered garments as he rushed through his report in front of the clerk's desk. So expeditiously did he complete this task that the Rena Stanton had not got under full headway before Jimmie bolted into his tiny stateroom in search of the only other pair of trousers he possessed.

They met at the supper table, and when the meal was over Jimmie thanked his stars that, after all, he was only the mud clerk.

Both the first and second clerk had desk work before them, and Jimmie had only a long, lazy evening on deck, during which he could show Miss Thomas the beauties of his river life.

There were moments when this pleasure palled, however. That was when the soft, thin stuff at Miss Thomas' neck and wrists fluttered with a particularly elegant air or the pink roses in her hat bent with languid dignity in his direction. They seemed to remind him that daughters of railroad presidents with their purple and fine linen, which in this instance appeared in the form of forgetmenot blue and rose pink, were not for mud clerks, even if the latter had flattering prospects. He had about decided to lead up to the topic of her family when the Kate Adams hove in sight, and they leaned against the rail while Jimmie discoursed upon the feats performed by this the fastest boat on the river. In truth, Jimmie's ambition had once stopped with the captaincy of the Kate Adams, but now he thought with a sigh, "What is the Kate Adams after all?"

But he did not linger on the thought. Everything happened too quickly. Miss Thomas in her excitement had climbed up on the foot rail when the impertinent evening breeze took a fancy to the pink crowned hat. Away it went. There was a shrill shriek, and something blue and fluttering bent a little too far over and then went after the hat. And after both went Jimmie.

* * * * * * *

It must be admitted that under the influence of a blanket, some hot grog and the fulsome praise of one or two of his comrades Jimmie indulged in some romantic day dreams. He had a picture of a grateful railroad president, a pink and blue vision with downcast eyes and a brown eyed young man being very magnanimous, but nevertheless accepting a lifetime devotion in return for a cold plunge. Then the effects of the grog wore off, and Jimmie shook himself vigorously.

The next morning he stood diffidently in Miss Thomas' presence. Gone were the blue frock with its lace frills and the beautiful rose crowned hat. A very sober, sad eyed young woman clad in a simple gingham dress murmured her thanks.

Jimmie shifted from one foot to the other and tried to hide his embarrassment, but when Miss Thomas burst into tears he forgot differences of station and sat down beside her.

"Oh, I reckon you won't be any the worse for the ducking," he said by way of consolation, wishing he could take the sobbing figure in his arms and say something more comforting.

"It isn't the wetting I mind, but—but—my—oh, my dress! I sewed three weeks for Aunt Myra to pay for that dress, and I—I was so proud of it. I know I shall never have another one as pretty as long as I live."

"Yes, you will," declared Jimmie, with the air of a prophet who knew his calling. "Just you wait," he added mysteriously. "Why, you'll have one of 'em every summer; see if you don't."

The girl dried her eyes and looked at him in wonder, but he hardly noticed her expression. He was thinking ecstatically that you cannot always tell a railroad president's daughter by her clothes.

And it was not until Jimmie became chief clerk of the Rena Stanton and settled his bride and her widowed mother in a neat little cottage at Natchez that he discovered that very pretty muslin could be bought for 12½ cents a yard, with pink roses at 50 cents a spray. That was when he insisted upon choosing the bridal gown and ruled severely against the loveliest cotton back white satin at 87½ cents per yard.

Take Your Time Eating.

Here is an example that is worth remembering and following. Horace Fletcher writes of an experience that he had while traveling on a railway with the proverbial twenty minutes for dinner in which to satisfy a laboring man's appetite. There was an excellent array of good things on the lunch counter to eat and drink, and from these he made a selection rather than attempt the regular dinner. He chose plump ham sandwiches, creamy milk and a large piece of pie. The twenty minutes was ample time for disposing of sandwiches and milk, while he had the pie put in paper to give epicurean enjoyment on the train. He says:

"If I had put the pie and sandwiches and the milk into my stomach in seven or eight minutes, which, by actual observation, is the gluttonous rate of dispatching a station meal, I would have lost two-thirds of nutriment, more than one-half of taste and taken on twenty-four hours of discomfort, possibly inviting a cold and creating an 'open door' for any migrating microbes that were floating about in my atmosphere looking for strained tissue or fermenting food in which to build their disease nests."

Observation proves that you cannot get more nutriment into your stomach than salivation prepares, "gulp" though you may, but you can take in a load of disease possibilities in trying to force or evade proper salivation.—Cooking Club.

Women In Poland.

Polish women are renowned for their beauty, for the perfection of their hands and the smallness of their feet. Polish ladies maintain that when they shop in Vienna and show their small feet with the high instep to be fitted the tradesmen exclaim, "Ah, those are Polish feet!"

But their pleasure in this distinction is not so much a matter of personal vanity as of satisfaction in the superiority of anything belonging to their country, for they are fervidly patriotic.

The lady of position rises between 11 and 12 in the forenoon and goes to bed at 4 o'clock the next morning. She drives from one visit to another, but in reality she is laboring all day for public interests. Everything, the founding of a library, a hospital, a sewing school, is made to strengthen the Polish cause. Four ladies do not meet on a charity committee, says George Brandes, without taking some measure, under that innocent pretext, for the national benefit.

As a consequence of this charm and spirit, the women of Poland receive from the men a courtesy amounting to homage. Men always rise in a tram car to give a lady a seat. At any public place a chair may be ruthlessly demanded of even the most distinguished official present, with the sufficient explanation, "for a lady."

Opals of Various Degrees.

There are several varieties of opals and therefore several degrees of merit. The precious or noble or oriental opal is the supreme. This has all the colors, and when these colors are broken into spangles it is then called the harlequin opal. Then comes the fire opal, or girasole, with hyacinth red and yellow reflection. The former comes from Hungary and the latter from Mexico. The common, or semi-opals, are nonopalescent. The hydrophane, or oculus mundi, is nontransparent, but becomes so by immersion in water or any transparent fluid. The cachalong is nearly opaque and of a bluish white color. The hyalite is colorless, pellucid and white. The opal jasper, or wood opal, is the petrifaction of wood, opalescent, but without the coloring which makes the "noble" gem so precious.

Japanese Pastimes.

In Japan to get up parties to behold the freshly fallen snow or the cherry blossoms or the maple trees in their autumnal glory or to go to the flower shows is as de rigueur as are our dinners, cotillons and theater parties. Mushroom hunting is a fashionable pastime, while in the house harp playing, verse writing, embroidering and tea drinking are the most absorbing occupations. The most pretentious entertainment is the tea ceremony. It is very formal, and there is much elaborate performance connected with it difficult for a foreigner to comprehend. —Good Housekeeping.

Gum Chewing.

"To chew gum for five or ten minutes after a meal is absolutely beneficial," said a physician, "especially for hasty eaters, who do not half masticate their food, because the action of the jaws causes the gastric juices to flow, and that is good. But so few people can use and not abuse it. They get the gum in their mouths and keep at it till they fairly dry up the saliva supply, bring on a headache and get generally nervous. This will cause indigestion."

Wonderful Bird Flight.

The most wonderful bird flight noted is the migratory achievement of the Virginia plover, which leaves the northern haunts in North America and, taking a course down the Atlantic, usually from 400 to 500 miles east of the Bermudas, reaches the coast of Brazil in one unbroken flight of fifteen hours, covering a distance of 3,200 miles at the rate of four miles a minute.

VIRGINIA COURTESY.

By Its Operation Mr. Culpepper Came Into His Own.

It is the story of a polite and polished Virginia gentleman and his landlady, also polite, polished and a Virginian. It rained on a day not long ago, and when Mr. Culpepper looked for his umbrella in the terra cotta tile in the hall it was not there. Mr. Culpepper was far too courteous to say that somebody had taken it. He didn't even say it was gone. He merely looked at the terra cotta tile and cherished regrets. It was raining, and he had no umbrella. The courteous landlady came upon him and divined his trouble.

"Haven't you any umbrella?" she asked. "Oh, that's too bad! You mustn't think of going out without one. Just wait a moment till I get you mine."

Mr. Culpepper protested, but when Virginian meets Virginian courtesy is bound to prevail in the end. The landlady went upstairs and presently returned with an umbrella.

"There," said she. "Take it. I shan't need it today, and you are perfectly welcome to it, perfectly welcome."

And the grateful Mr. Culpepper stepped out and unrolled an umbrella which was the very one he had lost. Courteous Virginia gentleman, courteous Virginia landlady, and you needn't ask me how the umbrella came to change owners, for I don't know. Neither does Mr. Culpepper.—Washington Post.

Diagnosing Under Difficulties.

Dr. Sundberg, former consul to Bagdad, related with much gusto an adventure that befell him in a Mohammedan harem in Bagdad. One of the wives of a rich merchant fell sick, and Dr. Sundberg was called in to prescribe for her. With a pardonable scientific interest the western physician waited. Enter a black gunnysack. It is the patient. The doctor would like to feel her pulse. A white hand is slipped through an opening. Good. And her tongue—impossible! No man save her husband may see the face of a woman and live or, more accurately, no woman may unveil her face to any man save her husband and live. His professional interest aforesaid deeply aroused, the diplomatic doctor insists. The difficulty is at length solved by the eunuch in chief. Though the woman may not lawfully unveil herself, the doctor under the circumstances might perhaps be allowed to crawl in under the gunnysack and so examine the telltale tongue. "Delighted, I'm sure," says the doctor, and does so. Then after the most thorough diagnosis imaginable he prescribes, as did Abernethy before him, "A little sun and air!"

The Origin of Starching.

The course of history carries us back no further than the year 1504 for the origin of starching in London. It was in that year that Mistress Van der Plasse came with her husband from Flanders to the English metropolis "for their greater safety" and there professed herself a starcher. The best housewives of the time were not long in discovering the excellent whiteness of the "Dutch linen," as it was called, and Mistress Plasse soon had plenty of good paying clients. Some of these began to send her ruffs of lawn to starch, which she did so excellently well that it became a saying that if any one sent her a ruff made of a spider's web she would be able to starch it. So greatly did her reputation grow that fashionable dames went to her to learn the art and mystery of starching, for which they gladly paid a premium of £4 or £5, and for the secret of seething starch they paid gladly a further sum of 20 shillings.

Byron's Fatted Goose.

One of the stories concerning the traditional dish of roast goose on Michaelmas day refers to Lord Byron, says an English newspaper. The poet always insisted in keeping up old customs in small things, such as having hot cross buns on Good Friday and roast goose on Michaelmas day. This last fancy had a grotesque result when he was in Italy. After buying a goose and fearing it might be too lean Byron fed it every day for a month previous to the festival, so that the poet and the bird became so mutally attached that when Sept. 29 arrived he could not kill it, but bought another and had the pet goose swung in a cage under his carriage when he traveled.

The Absent Jack.

The wife of a Washington street merchant is very fond of roses, especially of the brilliant varieties. By way of reminder she said to the husband the other morning before he started for business:

"I see, my dear, that Jacks are becoming cheaper."

"That may be true," said the husband absently, "but I have known men who would have been willing to pay $100 for one to put with the two already in their band."—Indianapolis Sentinel.

The Dictionary.

"Neither is a dictionary a bad book to read," says Emerson in his essay on books. "There is no cant in it, no excess of explanation, and it is full of suggestion, the raw material of possible poems and histories. Nothing is wanting but a little shuffling, sorting, ligature and cartilage."

Bound to Be Ladylike.

Ethel—What did you do when Gus proposed to you?

Mabel—I was so surprised I puckered up my mouth to whistle, but then I remembered that would be unladylike, so I hurried and pressed my lips against his to keep myself from whistling.

A shell from a 12 inch gun makes its flight of nine miles in forty-two seconds.

The London Bus Driver.

Catch a driver when a clumsy drayman has fouled his wheels or blocked his way or when a rival bus has stolen a march on him. Then you will understand the Londoner's boast that the cockney is the readiest, the wittiest, of all his majesty's subjects. The tongue is not his only weapon. I remember once starting from the Mansion House on a bus the driver of which had been maddened by some remark of the conductor on the bus just in front of him. The two belonged to rival companies and were traveling the same route. They talked it over with pungency and zest from the Mansion House to St. Paul's. At the top of Ludgate hill, one of the regular stopping places, the driver made up his mind he could stand it no longer. He got down from his seat and pommeled the conductor heartily for two minutes. It refreshed him so much that at the next stopping place he did it again. By the time Charing Cross was reached it had become a habit with him. Whenever the buses stopped there would be a brisk setto, the intervals between the halts being filled with an exchange of prophecies as to what would happen at the next. —Sydney Brooks in Harper's Magazine.

COMRADE LOVE

By IZOLA L. FORRESTER

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She was working when he knocked and merely called, "Come in!"

"I thought it was only you," she added, with a smile and a nod of welcome over her shoulder. "Isn't it a dream of a day? You are about five and a half minutes too late. Mab just went for a park tramp with her pockets full of cake for the squirrels and her heart full of love for all the world, especially the springy world. Goodby."

"But I'm not going, thank you," he answered, laughing down at her. He drew up his favorite chair deliberately, the deep, lounging one, and seated himself beside her desk. The window was open, and a little Rookwood jar in soft greens and bronze browns stood upon the sill, holding a cluster of daffodils. There was a mass of scattered manuscript spread over the desk, and her eyes looked tired with forced thought. The breeze from the window had blown her hair into a fluffy, careless state, unlike its usual businesslike primness, and there were ink blots on her second finger.

"I'm going to stay here awhile," he said. "And I don't give a rap for your ladyship's permission. I have come to have a talk with you."

She looked at him amusedly. He had picked up her blue pencil and was marking stars on the back of the manuscript with it.

"So serious? Let's see." She laid down her pen resignedly. "Truax doesn't like the last effort of the mighty mind. Not up to the Burton standard. It's not wise to play pingpong with your public, Dick. If they like your cream puffs and chocolate eclaires never try to give them the doughnuts and brown bread of realism. Is that it? Or were the last royalties below par? Or has Mab been teasing you, or what?"

He was not smiling now. There was a new earnestness in his eyes as he bent suddenly toward her.

"Comrade," he said, "am I good enough to ask the woman I love to marry me?"

It was very quiet in the large, restful studio apartment. The tap of horses' hoofs on the pavement far below floated up to them faintly, and there was a rustle as the wind stirred the leaves of paper on the desk. She was still smiling, but her head was turned to the window and the yellow daffodils and blue sky beyond. She was glad she was strong and had known all along that this must surely come. It was right too. She was glad for Mab, Mab in her glorious youth, who had swept into her life with the joy and promise of the springtime and had put new zest and hope in her by the very force of her ambition and confidence in all things.

"AM I GOOD ENOUGH TO ASK THE WOMAN I LOVE TO MARRY ME?"

And it was good that these two should marry, and the man who had been her friend and comrade so long—so long. There were the first days of her struggles, when she had met him haphazard. He was already one known and sought after even then, and he had smiled down at her, the frank, bright smile she had grown to look for, and told her to make a good fight and win out. She was sure to in the end. Only the weak ones fell on the line of march.

Then when success began to come slowly and she felt the foothold of surety beneath her feet his had been the first voice of congratulation to reach her and still urge her higher. It was a matter of years. She was thirty now. He must be nearly forty. She thought of Mab at eighteen and wondered if she could ever know and appreciate the value of the man who loved her, who was willing to lay the strength and honor of his life's success at her feet.

She knew him so well and had come to understand she was so necessary to him in his work that her voice was the first he sought in commendation. Each of his later plays he had read aloud to her, seated, as now, in the deep armchair beside her desk. They had discussed them together and planned and corrected and hoped and been true comrades. Now it was all at an end.

Something blurred the daffodils and

Corncob Pipes.

The first cob pipes were not made in Franklin county, Mo., but at Warrensburg. Fritz Tibbs, a German cabinetmaker, who resided in Warrensburg in the early seventies, used to whittle them out with a jackknife. He afterward moved to Washington, Franklin county, where he engaged with his brother in the manufacture of cob pipes and became wealthy.—Warrensburg (Mo.) Standard-Herald.

A Novel Revenge.

Cook—Yes; my mistress is a prima donna and a horrible creature. She treats me like the dirt beneath her feet, but I revenge myself by opening the drawing room window when she is not at home and by howling with all my might, so that the neighbors may think her voice is cracked.—Fliegende Blatter.

His Question.

"I want to ask one more question," said little Frank as he was being put to bed.

"Well," acquiesced the tired woman.

"When the holes come in stockings, what becomes of the piece of stocking that was there before the hole came?"