ALICE of OLD

By MAURICE THOMPSON

and the admiring involuntary absorp-tion that possessed his wife. The con-sciousness of his elementary magnet-

what he had seen in Quebec.

there. A noble old man. He sent you

a thousand good messages. Was mightily delighted when I told him

how happy and hale you have always

VINCENNES

lessness from the military point of view. There was no garrison, the two or three pieces of artillery, abandoned nothing but experience could ever

and exposed, gathered rust and cob-webs, while the pickets of the stockade,

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CHAPTER IV.

never so much as heard of the dame jeanne of French brandy

decaying and loosened in the ground by winter freezes and summer rains, lean-

ed in all directions, a picture of decay

and inefficiency.

M. Gaspard Roussillon was looked

apon as the aristocrat par excellence of Vincennes, notwithstanding the fact

ble and titled ancestry. He was rich

and in a measure educated; moreover,

the successful man's patent of leader-

ship, a commanding figure and a suave

when a crisis presented itself. He trad

ed shrewdly, much to his own profit, but invariably with the excellent re-

sult that the man, white or Indian,

endeared himself to the people, so that

He returned from his extended trad-

edge of the disk was beautifully notch-

ed and the whole surface polished so that it shone like glass, while the

er, came always to his assistance

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No. 19 " Catarrh. No. 20 " Whooping Cough. No. 27 " The Kidneys. No. 30 " The Bladder.



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L. C. WICK.

an old heathen who would sell his soul for a pint of cheap rum. He solemnly informed me that whoever wore it could not by any possibility be killed LUMBER. Alice kissed M. Roussillon

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Fine Whiskies

tween you and la petite Adrienne eh?" M. Roussillon lightly demanded "You were always the best of goo friends, I thought. What's happened?"
"Oh, we are good friends," said
Alice quickly, "very good friends, indeed; I was but chaffing."
"Good friends, but enemies; that how it is with women. Who's the young man that's caused the coolness? 121 E. Jefferson Street.

I could guess, maybe!" He laughed and winked knowingly. "May I be so bold as to name him at a venture? "Yes, if you'll be sure to mention M. tene de Ronville," she gayly answered. "Who but he could work Adrienne up nto a perfect green mist of jealousy?" "He would need an accomplice, should imagine; a young lady of som bear; and a good deal of heartless

the whole world, ma petite coquette. They're all-alike as peas, cruel as bluejays and as sweet as apple blossoms. He stroked her hair clumsily with his large hand, as a heavy and roughly fond man is apt to do, adding in an al-

the string of beads and letting the translucent white disk fall into her

to Detroit, Quebec, Montreal? "Yes, I've been to all, a long, hard journey, but reasonably profitable. You shall have a goodly dot when you get

balls?" she inquired quickly, ignoring his concluding remark. "Tell me about them. I want to know what you saw in the great towns—in the fine houses—how the ladjes looked, how they acted-what they said-the dresses they

Can't you fill my pipe and bring it to me with a coal on? Then I'll try to tell you what I can," he cried, assuming a humorously resigned air. "Perhaps if I smoke I can remember ev-

Alice gladly ran to do what was asked. Meantime Jean was out on the gallery blowing a flute that M. Sa Specialty.

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REPTLER PA

and encourage M. Roussillon's memory, or, if not his memory, then his imthe Midi and which has been exquisite det in Tartarin and Bompard. entire time to studying the best his massive legs stretched at full length, and gazed at the roof poles while he

> In the first place, he had not been in Quebec or Montreal during his absence from home. Most of the time he had spent disposing of pelts and furs at Detroit and in extending his trading re-lations with other posts, but what matered a trifling want of facts when his meridional fancy once began to warm up? A smattering of social knowledge, gained at first hand in his youthful

"Rest easy. Father Beret," said Alice.
"That is one novel I have found wholly distasteful to me. I tried to read it, but could not do it. I flung it aside in utter disgust. You and Mother Roussillon are welcome to hide it deep as a weil for all I care. I don't enjoy reading about low, vile people and hopeless unfortunates. I like sweet and lovely heroines and strong, high souled, brave heroes."

"Read about the blessed saints, then, the true heroes and heroines of this

world," said Father Beret.

M. Roussillon changed the subject, for he always somehow dreaded to have the good priest fall into the strain whose parents fondly expected him to of argument he was about to begin. A THE FIRST MAYOR OF VINCENNES.

OVERNOR ABBOTT probably his life with poetry and romance. Scustray sheep, no matter how refractory, feels a touch of longing when it hears the shepherd's voice. M. Roussillon dery, Scarren, Prevost Mme, La Fa-yette and Calprenede vere the chief sources of his information touching the was a Catholic, but a straying one, and sent to him by his creele friend in New Orleans. He had been gone from Vincennes several months when the batteau arrived, having been rethe batteau arrived, having been rethe batteau arrived, having been rether the chief been rehe had promised the dying woman who gave Alice to him that the child should be left as she was, a Protestant, from Vincennes several months when the batteau arrived, having been recalled to Detroit by the British audio of people that resplendent and far off occan called society.

Alice was absolutely charmed. She was absolutely charmed. She without undue influence to change her called to Detroit by the British authorities, and he never returned. Meantime the little post with its quaint cabins and its dilapidated blockhouse, callins and its dilapidated blockhouse, callins and its Gaspard Roussillan's face with dilating eyes in which burned that rich and realism something we call a passionate from the faith of her parents. This promise he had kept with stubborn per sistence, and he meant to keep it as long as he lived.

A few weeks had passed after M.

Roussillon's return when that big hearted man took it into his head to celebrate his successful trading ven-tures with a moonlight dance given without reserve to all the inhabitants of Vincennes. It was certainly a dem-ocratic function that he contemplated, and motley to a most picturesque ex-

ism augmented the flow of his fine de-scriptions, and he went on and on until Rene de Ronville called upon Alice a day or two previous to the occasion and duly engaged her as his partenaire, the arrival of Father Beret put an end but she insisted upon having the en-gagement guarded in her behalf by a condition so obviously fanciful that he The priest, hearing of M. Roussillon's return, had come to inquire about some friends living at Detroit. He tool accepted it without argument.

luncheon with the family, enjoying the downright refreshing collation of broil-ed birds, enions, meal cakes and claret, "If my wandering knight should ar rive during the dance, you promise to stand aside and give place to him," she stipulated. "You promise that? You see, I'm expecting him all the time. I dreamed last night that he tunity to resume his successful romane-ing and presently in the midst of the came on a great bay horse and, stoop-ing, whirled me up behind the saddle and away we went!" meal began to tell Father Beret about "By the way," he said, with expansive casualness in his voice, "I called upon your old time friend and coad-

There was a childish, half bantering air in her look, but her voice sounded earnest and serious, notwithstanding its delicious timbre of suppressed play

"Oh, I promise to slink away into a corner and chew my thumb the mo-ment he comes!" Rene eagerly assented. "Of course I'm taking a great risk, I know, for lords and barons and knights are very apt to appear suddenly in a place like this."

"You may banter and make light if you want to," she said, pouting admirably. "I don't care. All the same,

mirably. "I don't care. All the same, the laugh will jump to the other corner of your mouth; see if it doesn't. They say that what a person dreams about and wishes for and waits for and be-"If that's so." said Rene. "you and I

"If that's so," said kene, "you and I will get married, for I've dreamed it every night of the year, wished for it, waited for it and believed in it, and"—
"A very pretty twist you give to my words, I must declare," she said, "but not new by any means. Little Adrienne Bourcier could tell you that. She says that you have vowed to her over and over that you dream about her and wish for her and wait for her, precisely as you have just said to me."

Rene's brown face flushed to the ten

les, partly with anger, partly with the shock of mingled surprise and fear. He was guilty, and the guilt showed in his yes and paralyzed his tongue, his under jaw sagging ludicrously.
"Don't you rather think, M.

de Ronville," she presently added in a calm, advisory tone, "that you had better quit trying to say such foolish friend? If you don't I do, which comes to the same thing. What's more, I won't be your partenaire at the dance unless you promise me on your word of honor that you will dance two dances with Adrienne to every one that you have with me. Do you prom-

He dared not oppose her outwardly although in his heart resistance amounted to furious revolt and riot. "I promise anything you ask me to." he said resignedly, almost sullenly "Anything for you."

"Well, I ask nothing whatever or my own account," Alice quickly replied but I do tell you firmly that you shall not maltreat little Adrienne Bourcier and remain a friend of mine. She loves you, Rene de Ronville, and you have told her that you love her. If you are a man worthy of respect you will not

lesert her. Don't you think I an Like a singed and crippled moth vain ly trying to rise once again to the alluring yet deadly flame, Rene de Ron-

ville essayed to break out of his em-barrassment and resume equal footing with the girl so suddenly become his commanding superior, but the effort disclosed to him as well as to her that he had fallen to rise no more. In his abject defeat he accepted the terms dictated by Alice and was glad when tone in going on to discuss the ap oroaching dance.
"Now, let me make one request of

you," he demanded after awhile. "It's small favor. May I ask it?"
"Yes, but I don't grant it in advance." "I want you to wear, for my sake, the

grandmother's." "No, I won't wear it."
"But why, Alice?"

"None of the other girls have anything like such a dress. It would not be right for me to put it on and make them all feel that I had taken the advantage them, just because I could. That's

"But, then, none of them is beautiful and educated like you," he said. "You'll outshine them anyway." "Save your compliments for poor

etty little Adrienne," she firmly re ponded. "I positively do not wish to hear them. I have agreed to be your partenaire at this dance of Papa Rous sillon's, but it is understood between us that Adrienne is your sweetheart. I am not, and I'm not going to be either So for your sake and Adrienne's, as well as out of consideration for the rest of the girls who have no fine dresses, I am not going to wear the buff brocade gown that belonged to Papa Roussil

on's mother long ago. I shall dress just as the rest do.' It is safe to say that Rene de Ronin his bonnet. He was not a bad heartman before him and since has loved an Adrienne and been dazzled by an Alice A violet is sweet, but a rose is the gar den's queen. The poor youthful fron tiersman ought to have been stronger

to be postponed indefinitely on account of a grave change in the political rela-

happen. Father Gibault, at the he of a small party, had arrived from Kaskaskia, far away on the Mississippi with the news that France and the American colonies had made common cause against the English in the great war of which the people of Vincenn neither knew the cause nor cared straw about the outcome.

It was Oncle Jazon who came to the

sillon place to tell M. Roussillon that he was wanted at the river house Alice met him at the door. "Come in. Oncle Jazon," she cheerily

"You are getting to be a strange at our house lately. Come in. What news do you bring? Take off your cap and rest your hair, Oncle Jazon." The scalpless old fighter chuckled dy d bowed to the best of his He not only took off his queer cap, but looked into it with a startled gaze, as if he expected something finitely dangerous to jump out an seize his nose.
"A thousand thanks, m'am'selle," be

presently said. "Will ye please tell M'sieu' Roussillon that I would wish to see 'im?"

and let me offer you just a drop of eau de vie, some that Papa Roussillor brought back with him from Quebec He says it's old and fine."

She poured him a full glass, then, setting the bottle on a little stand, went to find M. Roussillon. While she was absent Oncle Jazon improved his op-portunity to the fullest extent. At least three additional glasses of the brandy went the way of the first. He grinned atrociously and smacked his corrugated lips, but when Gaspard Roussillon came in the old man was sitting at some distance from the bottle and glass, gazing indifferently out across the veranda. He told his story curtly. Father Gibault, he said, had sent him to ask M. Roussillon to come to the

said M. Roussillon, pouring the liquor with a grand flourish, "and I thought of you as soon as I got it. Now, says I to myself, if any man knows good brandy when he tastes it, it's Oncle at this bottle just the first of all my

"It surely is delicious," said Oncle Jazon, "very delicious." He spoke French with a curious accent, having spent long years with English speaking frontiersmen in the Carolinas and Kentucky, so that their lingo had become

his own.

As they walked side by side down the way to the river house they looked like typical extremes of rough, sunburned and weather tanned manhood—Oncle Jazon a wizened, diminutive scrap, wrinkled and odd in every respect; Gaspard Roussillon towering six feet two, wide shouldered, massive, lumbering, muscular, a giant, with long curling hair and a superb beard. They did not know that they were going down to help dedicate the great northwest to freedom

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Disraell and Bismarck. At a dinner given in London in 1861 by Baron Brunnow to the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar Herr von Bismarck, who was one of the guests, had a long conversation with Mr. Disraeli, then leader of the opposition. He then said leader of the opposition. He then said that he should shortly be obliged to that he should shortly be obliged to undertake the direction of the Prussian government; that his first duty ould be to reorganize the army; that he would then take the first best pretext to declare war against Austria, to dissolve the Germanic diet, to overower the middle and smaller states and to give a national unity to Germany under the leadership of Prussia. "I am come here," he said, "to say this to the queen's ministers." Mr. Disraeli's remark on this extraordinary programme, which was later literally ulfilled, was: "Take care of that man niscences of Lord Augustus Loftus.'

We talk glibly about Pekoe, Bohea, etc., but few people have any idea of what these names signify.

"Pekoe" in the dialect of Canto bears this name is made from the white down is still on them. "Soochong" in the same dialect is a quite unpoetic name; it merely signifies small kind."

of "Hyson." "Congo" signifies "labor." Much trouble and toil are expended in its preparation at Amoy, and these are commemorated in its name.

"Bohea" is called after a range Be What You Are.

Associate reverently and as much as you can with your loftiest thoughts. Man's noblest gift to man is his sinthe accidental. Routine is a ground resolutely and faithfully what you are, be humbly what you aspire to be Disappointment will make us conver sant with the noblest part of our na-ture. We render men the best assist-

ance by letting them see how rare a

abundance out of desired limits. Any plant may become a weed by escaping from cultivation. Many plants that with us are highly esteemed in other countries grow as weeds, while, on the other hand, our weeds are in other countries sometimes highly prized. The correct use of the word depends altogether on circumstances.

"The train I was on this morning," said little Elsie's papa, "struck a poor cow and cut her head right off." "My gracious!" exclaimed the little girl. "I suppose the milk poured right out all over the ground."-Philadelphis

Betting Among Englishwomen of the lower class is one which has grown with amazing rapidity, especially in the towns and villages of our industrial districts. And indeed no powthe vice.-London Hospital.

Citizen-Here, stop fighting that little boy. Chimmie-W'ot, an' me goil looka quitter .- Butte Inter-Mountain.

ger and no drinking without thirst,"

RIOTS IN THEATERS.

AND DISASTROUS OCCURRENCES.

Drury Lane Theater, In London.

The general attitude of forbearance manifested by theatrical audiences of

course that it is difficult for the public to realize that conditions were not al-ways so. The playgoer of today can have little conception of what actors and managers often endured in those disagreeable and tumultuous character were of almost nightly occurrence. Indeed, the demonstrative character of the audiences in London became so unced at one time that the manpronounced at one time that the managers of the principal theaters had to petition the king for a guard of soldiers. This precaution was not entirely satisfying, evidently, for in 1742 the manager of Drury Lane engaged the services of thirty prize fighters to assist the soldiers in maintaining order.

The Lincoln's Inn Fields theater was the scene of a small riot on one occa-

the scene of a small riot on one occasion as a result of the actions of "a cer-tain noble earl," who, having drunk rather too freely, forced his way to the stage. When the manager ordered him off he boxed that functionary's ears. Blow was returned for blow, and a mixup followed between the actors and the nobleman's friends, who, after be-ing driven from the stage, revenged themselves by cutting and slashing the furniture and hangings with their swords. The theater had to be closed for two days. An even worse riot was precipitated

shortly after at Drury Lane by the failure to announce the nonappearance of Mme. Chateauneuf, a premiere danseuse, to see whom many of the people had importance to communicate.

"Ah, well, Oncle Jazon, we'll have a nip of brandy together before we go." said the host.
"Why, yes, jes' one ag'in' the broilin' "I be chandeliers and even tore down "Why, yes, jes' one ag'in' the broilin' weather," assented Oncle Jazon. "I don't mind jes' one."

"A very rich friend of mine in Quebec gave me this brandy, Oncle Jazon," let one of the chandeliers and even tore down the royal arms. The house was completely wrecked and a loss of several thousand pounds sustained.

thousand pounds sustained.

David Garrick, despite his popularity, saw two disturbances during his ity, saw two disturbances during his tenancy of Drury Lane. Garrick had engaged a number of foreigners for "The Chinese Festival," among them being several Frenchmen. War with France broke out a few days before the presentation. Garrick had been informed that on no account would the presence of a Frenchman be tolerated on the stage, but as the foreigners were cast in important roles it was impossible for him to substitute other actors. He had the assurance that the

aristocratic element would support him, so he concluded to brave the displeasure of the so called patriots.
On the first night the king was pres On the first night the king was present, and only a few groans, hisses and catcalis were indulged in. The next night there were loud demands that the French players quit the scene. When the aristocrats were equally insistent that the foreigners should remain, bedlam broke loose. The manager, irresolute, stood in the center of the stage, knowing that whatever he the other element and fatal to his

piece as well as "peace." About him were grouped the trembling actors. The gentlemen from the boxes descended into the pit with drawn swords and attempted to seize the ringleaders of the "patriots." The latter naturally offered a stout regist-

adjourned to Garrick's home in Southampton street, where they den the windows with a volley of stones. ment that in future persons coming in after the conclusion of the third act would be charged the full price of ad-mission instead of half price aroused the ire of the masses. The audience refused to allow the play to proceed, fire to the scenery. In that design he Moody. Eventually Garrick ordered

the curtain rung down and money refunded. The next night the audience, headed by a Mr. Fitzpatrick, arose in a body and demanded if Garrick were prepared to accede to their wishes. rick had learned his lesson an swered in the affirmative. The hous next demanded that the actor Moody should apologize for having laid his hands on a gentleman the night before. Moody, thinking to put the audience in a good humor, came forward and with a strong Hibernian accent remarked that "he was sorry he had dis-pleased them by saving their lives in

outting out the fire."

The bit of fun, instead of amusing the malcontents, aroused their ire even more, and they insisted that the actor beg their pardon on bended knees Moody was not to be forced, however, and Garrick finally was obliged to promise that Moody should not appear upon the stage as long as he was per-sona non grata to the hostile audience. At the same time Garrick personally congratulated Moody on his firmness and promised to pay his salary whether he acted or not. Shortly afterward, however, Fitzpatrick and bis friends ent word that the ban was removed. In 1747 there was a series of disturbinces at the Aungier theater, Dublin, between Thomas Sheridan, father of the author of "The Rivals" and "The School For Scandal," and a young man named Kelly, who had climbed on the stage and insulted an actress. Kelly had received a "broken nose" during

t. A body of Trinity college students spoused the manager's cause, and for everal nights the theater was converted into a veritable battlefield, swords and cudgels being freely used. The scene was finally shifted to the law urts, where Sheridan brought an action against Kelly, who was condemi

oay a fine of £500.

If New York has not had as many theatrical riots as London it has at least had one beside which all those cited seem as child's play. This ocwhile the English actor Macready was

In 1845 Forrest, the American trage ian, had made a tour of England and cotland, meeting with little favor from press and public. He ascribed his want of success to the machinaions of Macready, who, however, in lignantly denied all hostility to For

Macready opened at the Astor Place Opera House in "Macbeth" on May 7. On the same night Forrest appeared in the same character at the Broadway. The audience cheered when he came to the lines:

been begun at the opera house. Macready was greeted with groans and hisses. He tried to address the audience, but could not be heard for the din. Then came a hombarders

"Copper cents were thrown," relates Macready in his "Reminiscences;" some struck me; four or five eggs, a great many apples, nearly if not quite a peck of potatoes, pieces of wood and a bottle of asafetida, which splashed my dress, smelling, of course, most horribly." So the first and second acts a man in the gallery tore up a chair and sent it crashing on the stage. Mac-rendy, however, went on with his

were left masters of the field.

These disgraceful proceedings were unanimously condemned next day, and Macready, acceding to a request on the part of prominent citizens, who assured part of prominent citizens, who assured protection, reappeared as Macbeth two nights later. The house was packed, and crowds gathered outside the theater. Macready met with a mixed reception, but no missiles were thrown. At the end of the first act some of the offenders were ejected from the house. At this the mob outside became infuter with loose paving stones. The windows and barred shutters were soon demolished, and great stones came crash-ing into the auditorium. One struck the chandelier, while others broke some

the chandeller, while others broke some water pipes, with the result that Macready's dressing room was flooded.

Amid the uproar the intrepid Macbeth went doggedly on with his performance. Meanwhile the police, having failed to quell the riot, the military was called out, both infantry and cave was called out, both infantly and alry. The cavalry, which arrived first on the scene, was driven back by a volley of brickbats. The infantry, to the number of 200, next advanced into the square, which was in pitch dark-ness, as the rioters had extinguished all the street lamps. They were greeted with a shower of missiles. Several were struck down, and finally in self defense they had to fire on the crowd. Many of the rioters fell, and, though the rest recoiled, they kept up a running fire of stones. Two brass pieces loaded with grape were then brought up and placed so as to command the approaches of the opera house. No approaches of the opera house. No further attack, however, was made by the mob. In this riot no fewer than seventeen lives were lost, while many more were injured.

After the mob had retreated Machanilla and the sealer was a s

After the mob had retreated Macready, partially disguised, made his way from the theater to the home of a friend. The next morning he drove to New Rochelle, whence he took a train for Boston. Ten days later he sailed for England in the Hibernia.

"I never felt such relief," he wrote, "as in planting my foot on that vessel's deck."—New York Times.

On old charts of the Pacific there are islands set down where now the navigator can find none. Perhaps they were there once and have disappeared.

That volcanic islands have appeared and disappeared in various parts of the seven seas there is no doubt. A British man-of-war once was sailing ear where such an event took place, that seldom seen occurrence, the birth

the sailed away.

He expected to be knighted for his enterprise, but when another ship was sent out to take a look at the island and report upon its availability as a naval post for supplying passing ships the island had vanished entirely.

In a narrow out of the way section of Bloomsbury, in London, still stands the original curiosity shop known the world over as the home of Little Nell. The quaint little building has been carefully restored and preserved. An inscrip-tion conspicuously lettered on the wall announces that this is the curiosity "immortalized by Charles Dick-Although it stands out of the beaten way in London and is somewhat difficult of access, the old shop is visited every year by tens of thousands of the admirers of Dickens. Of this num-ber a considerable majority are Ameri-

cans. It is still used as a shop and gains considerable free advertising from its literary association. TURTLE FLESH.

Handsomest of the Animals Gives the Worst Meat. No one really knows how large a turtle may grow, but certainly there does not appear to be much if any exagger-ation attached to the statements of Pliny and Strabo, who, describing the

chelonophagi of the Red sea, say that they utilized the shells of the turtles they had eaten as roofs to their huts and boats for their feeble voyages.
Strange to say, the handsomest
tle, the hawk's bill variety (Chelone bricata), furnishes the worst flesh, being so strongly flavored with musk as to be almost uneatable. This peculiar ity would seem to point to a diet of squid since these mollusca are exceed-ingly musky. But it may not be out of place to remark here that turtle flesh, even of the best sorts, is not nice. As Sam Weller's pieman hoarsely pered, "It's the seasoning as does it."

A diet of turtle steaks or of hashed turtle or of turtle soup, au naturel, would soon sicken any one but a sav-age. For sixpence or its equivalent in most of the West India island towns the argument, and so the next night he came to the theater with a body of his riends, hunting for trouble. He found one can get a heaped plate of turtle steak with bread or jams or sweet po-tatoes ad lib. But I never knew even a hungry sailor who wanted more than one meal a week of it, for all its cheap ness. The fact is that in the cult of turtle soup we are following (a long way off, it is true) the example set by the Chinese, who love gelatinous souns ion against Kelly, who was condemned to three months' imprisonment and to pay a fine of £500. sea slug, and the sharks' fins because of their gelatinous qualities. - Frank T. Bullen in Leslie's.

> An English sheriff who died some years since kept a record of the curlous cases of drunkenness that came under his observation. Several habit-ual cases had developed odd manias. One woman who had been arrested 167 times for drunkenness in twenty-eight years, had a mania for breaking win-dows when she was intoxicated. An old soldier, suffering from a wound in the head, always stole Bibles when he was tipsy. Another man stole nothing but spades, while one woman's fancy ran to shawls and another's to shoes. A man named Grubb was imprisoned A man named Grubb was imprison seven times for stealing tubs, although there was nothing in his line of life to make tubs particularly desirable to

which adhere to the mentane ambient pose, causing a far more serious trouble than the ordinary form of catarrh. Avoid all drying inhalants, fumes, smokes and snulls and use that which cleanses, soothes and heals. Ely's Cream Balm is such a remedy and will cure catarrh or cold in the head easily and pleasantly. A trial size will be mailed for 10 cents. All druggists sell the 50c. size. Ely Brothers 56 Warren St., N.Y.

The Balm cures without pain, does not irritate or cause sneezing. It spreads itself over an irritated and angry surface, relieving immediately the painful inflammation.

With Ely's Cream Balm you are armed against Nasal Catarrh and Hay Fever.

HUMPHREYS

No. 7 " Coughs. No. 8 " Neuralgia. that his name bore no suggestion of no-No. 9 " Headaches.

No. 15 " Rheumatism. No. 16 " Malaria,

with whom he did business felt him-self especially favored in the transaction. By the exercise of firmness, pru-dence, vast assumption, florid eloquence and a kindly liberality he had greatly No. 50 The Biadder.
No. 77 La Grippe.
In small bottles of pellets that fit the vest
pocket. At Druggists or mailed, 25c. each.
All Medical Guide mailed free.
Humphreys Med. Co., Cor. William & John Streets,
New York. in the absence of a military command er he came naturally to be regarded as the chief of the town, m'sieu' le maire.

ing expedition about the middle of July, bringing, as was his invariable rule, a gift for Alice. This time it was a small, thin disk of white flint, with a hole in the center through which a

beads, made of very small segments of porcupine quills, were variously dyed, making a curiously gaudy show of "There now, ma cherie, is somethi worth fifty times its weight in gold," said M. Roussillon when he presented the necklace to his foster daughter with pardonable self satisfaction. "It is a sacred charm string given me by

said, holding it up and drawing the variegated string through her fingers.
Then with her mischievous laugh she
added: "And I'm glad it is so powerful ver I go where Adrienne Bourcier is. See if I don't!"

"Is she your enemy? What's up be

"Like whom, for example?" And she tossed her bright head. "Not me, I am

"But my little girl is better than most of them-not a foolish mischief maker, I hope." Alice was putting her head through

said she. "Tell me what you have seen while away. I wish I could go far off and see things. Have you been

married, my child."
"And did you attend any parties or

"Ciel! You will split my ears, child

sillon had brought him fro parently did have the effect to steady eral sort common to natives of

> right Tarleton family.' "You talk as they write in novels,"

Alice was absolutely charmed. been here. Ah, you should have seen his dear old eyes full of loving tears. He would walk a hundred miles to see you, he said, but never expected to in this world. Blessings, blessings upor

ng. He says that he will never leave way in which M. Roussille closed his little speech, his large eye upturned, his huge hands clasped in front of him, was very effective.

mured in my ear when we were part

"I am under many obligations, my son," said Father Beret, "for what you tell me. It was good of you to reme ber my dear old friend and go to hir for his loving messages to me. I am very, very thankful. Help me to another drop of wine, please."

Now the extraordinary feature of th situation was that Father Beret had

that Father Sebastian was dead and "Ah, yes," M. Roussillon pouring the claret with one hand and naking a pious gesture with the other "The dear old man loves you and pray

for you. His voice quavers whene he speaks of you." "Doubtless he made his old joke you about the birthmark on my shoulder," said Father Beret after a mo ment of apparently thoughtful silence "He may have said something about i in a playful way, eh?"
"True, true; why, yes, he surely me

tioned the same," assented M. Rous-sillon, his face assuming an expression of confused memory. "It was some thing sly and humorous, I mind, but i just escapes my recollection. A right jolly old boy is Father Sebastiah. In-

deed very amusing at times."
"At times, yes," said Father Bere who had no birthmark on his shoulde and had never had one there or on any other part of his person. "How strange!" Alice remarked. "I too, have a mark on my shoulder-a

flower. We must be other, Father Beret." We must be of kin to The priest laughed. "If our marks are alike, that would be some evidence of kinship," he said "But what shape is yours, father?" "I've never seen it," he responded. "Never seen it! Why?"

pink spot, just like a small, five petaled

"Well, it's absolutely invisible," and he chuckled heartily, meantime glancing shrewdly at M. Roussillon out of the tail of his eye.
"It's on the back of his shoulder, quickly spoke up M. Roussillon, "and you know priests never use looking glasses. The mark is quite invisible therefore so far as Father Beret is con

"You never told me of your birth

mark before, my daughter," said Fa ther Beret, turning to Alice with sud

den interest. "It may some day be good fortune to you." "Why so, father?"
"If your family name is really Tarleton, as you suppose from the inscription on your locket, the birthmark, be ing of such singular shape, would probably identify you. It is said that these marks run regularly in families. With strong case should you once find the

said Alice. "I've read about just such things in them. Wouldn't it be grand If I should turn out to be some great gersonage in disguise!"

The mention of novels reminded
Father Bevet of that terrible book

but he was not, and what have we to

tions of the little post. A day or two said Herbert Spencer, "then would the before the time set for that function system be but seldom out of order."

What rhubarb, senna or what pu