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THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL. XXXXI. BUTLER, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 14, 1904. No 26

FOR ANOTHER WEEK.
Beginning Monday, July 11th,
and Ending Saturday, July 16th.

—THE MODERN STORE.—

The Great July Clearance Sale
Bigger and Better Bargains Than Ever.

Despite the rainy weather our store has been thronged with our friends the past week. However, a great many have been detained by the wet weather. For this reason we will continue our great sale another week and urge you not to miss this opportunity to save money.

You Will Not go Home Disappointed.
All Summer Goods Sacrificed.
An Enormous Stock to be Sold.

EISLER-MARDORF COMPANY,
SOUTH MAIN STREET PHONES: BELL L. D. PEOPLE'S 221 POSTOFFICE BOX
Send in Your Mail Orders.
OPPOSITE HOTEL ARLINGTON. BUTLER, PA.

This is your best chance
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FARM AND HOME
On AUGUST 8, 1904 the
DEVIL'S LAKE
INDIAN RESERVATION
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Will be thrown open for settlement
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To SHEYENNE or OBERON, N. D.
The nearest places to this land.
For rates address A. M. CLELAND, General Passenger Agent,
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MRS. J. E. ZIMMERMAN
Announces a
Continuation of Sacrifice Sale
All This Month.

OUR TWENTY-THIRD SEMI-ANNUAL SACRIFICE SALE was a big success, but, as we stated in our circular of last week, we had an unusually big stock to sacrifice. We find it is still too heavy for the season yet before us. So, notwithstanding that the knife was used sharply last week, it will be thrust with a keener edge and deeper cut the balance of this month.

DRESS GOODS at Sacrifice Prices of last week.
LADIES' JACKET SUITS at Sacrifice Prices of last week.
LALIES' SEPARATE SKIRTS at Sacrifice Prices of last week.
LADIES' COVERT JACKETS at Sacaifice Prices of last week.
RAIN AND TOURIST COATS at Sacrifice Prices of last week.
WASH SHIRT WAIST SUITS at Sacrifice Prices of last week.

Table Linen, Towels, Napkins, Crashes, Cretones, White Quilts, Sheets, Sheetings, Muslins, Ginghams, Lace Curtains, Curtain Poles, Cheviots, Calicoes, Portiers, Window Shades, Umbrellas, Corsets, Neckwear, Gloves, Belts, Leather Bags, Embroideries.

Then There is
Millinery and Art Goods,
and hundreds of other useful, needed things included in this wonderful BARGAIN SALE.

Mrs. J. E. Zimmerman

Fire Insurance.
The Butler County Merchants Mutual Insurance Company.
Was organized by the merchants of Butler county for the purpose of affording a cheaper insurance, and does a general fire-insurance business. Insures town and country property in this and adjourning counties.
For particulars inquire of your nearest director, or any officer of the company.
OFFICERS—J. H. Harper, President; T. P. Mifflin, Vice President; Harvey Colbert, Secretary; Jacob Boos, Treasurer.
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WALTER EVANS & SON,
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K E C K
E Merchant Tailor. E
Spring & Summer Suitings
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142 North Main St.
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Advertise in the CITIZEN.

Karo
CORN SYRUP
The new table delicacy that coaxes a new appetite and *makes you eat.*
10c, 25c, 50c, at all grocers.
CORN PRODUCTS CO., New York and Chicago.

Drying preparations simply develop dry catarrh; they dry up the secretions, which adhere to the membrane and decompose, causing a far more serious trouble than the ordinary form of catarrh. Avoid all drying inhalants, fumes, smokes and snuffs 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.

PAINT
20 DIFFERENT KINDS BUT ALL
SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO'S
A PAINT FOR EVERY PURPOSE
Redick & Grohman
109 N. Main St., BUTLER, PA.

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
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213 S Main St. Butler Pa.

Trusses.
If you are ruptured this will interest you. We have the agency for the "Smithsonian Truss," which allows absolute freedom of movement and holds at the "internal ring," the only place where a truss should hold, but very few do.
When a cure can be affected with a truss, this truss will cure. Children can often times be cured with a properly fitted truss.
Safisfaction guaranteed. If after a months wear you are not satisfied, your money will be returned.
Come, or write for literature.

Don't forget our special Saturday sale, a 60c box of candy for 35c, on Saturday only.

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106 N. Main St, Butler, Pa.

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ALICE of OLD VINCENNES

By MAURICE THOMPSON

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CHAPTER XIV.

A PRISONER OF LOVE.

ALICE put on her warmest clothes and followed Captain Farnsworth to the fort, realizing that no pleasant experience awaited her. The wind and rain still prevailed when they were ready to set forth, and, although it was not extremely cold, a searching chill went with every throb that marked the storm's waves. No lights shone in the village houses. Overhead a gray gloom covered stars and sky, making the darkness in the watery streets seem densely black. Farnsworth offered Alice his arm, but she did not accept it.

"I know the way better than you do," she said. "Come on, and don't be afraid that I am going to run. I shall not play any trick on you."

"Very well, mademoiselle, as you like. I trust you."

They hastened along until a lantern in the fort shot a hazy gleam upon them.

"Stop a moment, mademoiselle," Farnsworth called. "I say, Miss Roussillon, stop a moment, please."

Alice halted and turned, facing him so short and so suddenly that the rapier in his hand pricked through her wrap and slightly scratched her arm.

"What do you mean, sir?" she demanded, thinking that he had thrust purposely. "Do I deserve this brutality?"

"You mistake me, Miss Roussillon. I cannot be brutal to you now. Do not fear me. I only had a word to say."

"Oh, you deem it very polite and gentle to jab me with your sword, do you? If I had one in my hand you would not dare try such a thing, and you know it very well."

He was amazed, not knowing that the sword point had touched her. He could not see her face, but there was a flash in her voice that startled him with its indignant contempt and resentment.

"What are you saying, Miss Roussillon? I don't understand you. When did I ever—when did I jab you with my sword? I never thought of such a thing."

"This moment, sir, you did, and you know you did. My arm is bleeding now."

She spoke rapidly in French, but he caught her meaning and for the first became aware of the rapier in his hand. Even then its point was toward her and very near her breast. He lowered it instantly while the truth rushed into his mind.

"Forgive me," he murmured, his words barely audible in the tumult of wind and rain, but charged with the intensest feeling.

"Forgive me. I did not know. It was an accident. I could not do such a thing purposely. Believe me, believe me, Miss Roussillon. I did not mean it."

"I should like to believe you," she presently said, "but I cannot. You English are all, all despicable, mean, vile!"

"Some time you shall not say that," Farnsworth responded. "I asked you to stop a moment that I might beg you to believe how wretchedly sorry I am for what I am doing. But you cannot understand me now. Are you really hurt, Miss Roussillon? I assure you that it was purely accidental."

"My hurt is nothing," she said.

"I am very glad."

"Well, then, shall we go on to the fort?"

"You may go where you please, mademoiselle."

She turned her back upon him and without an answering word walked straight to the lantern that hung by the gate of the stockade, where a sentinel tramped to and fro. A few moments later Captain Farnsworth presented her to Hamilton, who had been called from his bed when the news of the trouble at Roussillon place reached the fort.

"So you've been raising trouble again, have you, miss?" he growled, with an ugly frown darkening his face.

"I beg your pardon," said Farnsworth, "Miss Roussillon was not to blame for"—

"In your eyes she'd not be to blame, sir, if she burned up the fort and all of us in it," Hamilton gruffly interrupted. "Miss, what have you been doing? What are you here for? Captain Farnsworth, you will please state the particulars of the trouble that I have just heard about. And I may as well notify you that I wish to hear no special lover's pleading in this girl's behalf."

Farnsworth's face whitened with anger. He bit his lip, and a shiver ran through his frame, but he had to conquer the passion. In a few words blunt and direct as musket balls he told all the circumstances of what had taken place, making no concealments to favor Alice, but boldly blaming the officer of the patrol, Lieutenant Barlow, for losing his head and attacking a young girl in her own home.

"I will hear from Barlow," said Hamilton after listening attentively to the story. "But take this girl and confine her. Show her no favors. I hold you responsible for her until tomorrow morning. You can retire."

There was no room for discussion. Farnsworth saluted and turned to Alice.

"Come with me," he gently said.

Hamilton looked after them as they went out of his room, a curious smile playing around his firmly set lips.

"She's the most beautiful vixen that I ever saw," he thought. "She doesn't look to be a French girl either; decidedly English." He shrugged his shoulders, then laughed dryly. "Farnsworth's as crazy as can be, the beggar; in love with her so deep that he can't see out. By Jove, she is a beauty! Never saw such eyes. And plucky to beat the deuce. I'll bet my head Barlow 'll be daft about her next!"

Still, notwithstanding the lightness of his inward comments, Hamilton regarded the incident as rather serious. He knew that the French inhabitants were secretly his bitter enemies, yet probably willing, if he would humor their peculiar social, domestic and commercial prejudices, to refrain from active hostilities, and even to aid him in furnishing his garrison with a large amount of needed supplies. The danger just now was twofold—his Indian allies were deserting him, and a flotilla loaded with provisions and ammunition from Detroit had failed to arrive. He might, if the French rose against him and were joined by the Indians, have great difficulty defending the fort. It was clear that M. Roussillon had more influence with both creoles and savages than any other person save Father Beret. Urgent policy dictated that these two men should somehow be won over. But to do this it would be necessary to treat Alice in such a way that her arrest would aid, instead of operating against the desired result—a thing not easy to manage.

Captain Farnsworth took his fair prisoner straightway from Hamilton's presence to a small room connected with a considerable structure in a distant angle of the stockade. Neither he nor Alice spoke on the way. With a huge wooden key he unlocked the door and stepped aside for her to enter. A dim lamp was burning within, its yellowish light flickering over the scant furniture, which consisted of a comfortable bed, a table with some books on it, three chairs, a small looking glass on the wall, a guitar and some articles of men's clothing hanging here and there. A heap of dull embers smoldered in the fireplace. Alice did not falter at the threshold, but promptly entered her prison.

"I hope you can be comfortable," said Farnsworth in a low tone. "It's the best I can give you."

"Thank you," was the answer, spoken quite as if he had handed her a glass of water or picked up her handkerchief.

He held the door a moment while she stopped with her back toward him in the middle of the room; then she heard him close and lock it. The air was almost too warm after her exposure to the biting wind and cold dashes of rain. She cast off her outer wraps and stood by the fireplace. At a glance she comprehended that the place was not the one she had formerly occupied as a prisoner, and that it belonged to a man. A long rifle stood in a corner, a bullet pouch and powder horn hanging on a projecting hickory ramrod. A heavy fur topcoat lay across one of the chairs.

Farnsworth, who had given Alice his own apartment, took what rest he could on the cold ground under a leaky shed hard by. His wound, not yet altogether healed, was not benefited by the exposure.

In due time next morning Hamilton ordered Alice brought to his office, and when she appeared he was smiling with as near an approach to affability as his disposition would permit. He rose and bowed like a courtier.

"I hope you rested well, mademoiselle," he said in his best French. He imagined that the use of her language would be agreeable to begin with.

"I am sorry, monsieur, that I cannot say as much to you," she glibly responded. "If you lay upon a bed of needles the whole night through, your rest was better than you deserved. My own sleep was quite refreshing, thank you."

Instantly Hamilton's choler rose. He tried to suppress it at first, but when he saw Alice actually laughing, and Farnsworth, who had brought her in, biting his lip furiously to keep from adding an uproarious guffaw, he lost all hold of himself.

"I might have known better than to expect decency from a wench of your character," he said. "I hoped to do you a favor, but I see that you are not capable of accepting kindness politely."

"I am sure, monsieur, that I have but spoken the truth plainly to you. You would not have me do otherwise, I hope."

Her voice, absolutely witching in its softness, freshness and suavity, helped the assault of her eyes, while her dimples twinkled and her hair shone. Hamilton felt his heart move strangely, but he could not forbear saying in English:

"If you are so very truthful, miss, you will probably tell me where the flag is that you stole and hid."

It was always the missing banner that came to mind when he saw her.

"Indeed, I will do nothing of the sort," she promptly replied. "When you see that flag again you will be a prisoner, and I will wave it high over your head."

She lifted a hand as she spoke and made the motion of shaking a banner above him. It was exasperation sweetened almost to delight that took hold of the sturdy Briton. He liked pluck, especially in a woman, all the more if she was beautiful, yet the very fact that he felt her charm falling upon him set him hard against her, not as Hamilton the man, but as Hamilton the commander at Vincennes.

"You think to fling yourself upon me as you have upon Captain Farnsworth," he said, with an insulting leer and in a tone of prurient innuendo. "I am not susceptible, my dear." This more for Farnsworth's benefit than to insult her, albeit he was not in a mood to care.

"You are a coward and a liar!" she exclaimed, her face flushing with hot shame. "You stand here," she quickly added, turning fiercely upon Farnsworth, "and quietly listen to such words! You, too, are a coward if you do not make him retract! Oh, you English are low brutes!"

Hamilton laughed, but Farnsworth looked dark and troubled, his glance going back and forth from Alice to his commander as if another word would cause him to do something terrible.

"I rather think I've heard all that I care to hear from you, miss," Hamilton presently said. "Captain Farnsworth, you will see that the prisoner is confined in the proper place, which, I suggest to you, is not your sleeping quarters, sir."

"Colonel Hamilton," said Farnsworth in a husky voice, "I slept on the ground under a shed last night in order that Miss Roussillon might be somewhat comfortable."

"Humph! Well, see that you do not do it again. This girl is guilty of harboring a spy and resisting a lawful attempt of my guards to capture him. Confine her in the place prepared for prisoners and see that she stays there until I am ready to fix her punishment."

"There is no place fit for a young girl to stay in," Farnsworth ventured. "She can have no comfort or"—

"Take her along, sir. Any place is good enough for her so long as she behaves like a"—

"Very well," Farnsworth bluntly interrupted, thus saving Alice the stroke of a vile comparison. "Come with me, please, Miss Roussillon."

He pulled her toward the door, then dropped the arm he had grasped and murmured an apology.

She followed him out, holding her head high. No one looking on would have suspected that a sinking sensation in her heart made it difficult for her to walk or that her eyes, shining like stars, were so inwardly clouded with distress that she saw her way but dimly.

It was a relief to Hamilton when Helm a few minutes later entered the room with something breezy to say.

"What's up now, if I may ask?" the jolly American demanded. "What's this I hear about trouble with the French women? Have they begun a revolution?"

"That elephant Gaspard Roussillon came back into town last night," said Hamilton sulkily.

"Well, he went out again, didn't he?"

"Yes, but"—

"Stepped on somebody's toe first, eh?"

"The guard tried to capture him, and that girl of his wounded Lieutenant Barlow in the neck with a sword. Roussillon fought like a tiger, and the men swear that Satan himself appeared on the scene to help the Frenchman out."

"Moral: Be generous in your dealings with Frenchmen and French women and so get the devil on your side."

"I've got the girl a prisoner, and I swear to you that I'll have her shot this time if"—

"Why not shoot her yourself? You oughtn't to shirk a dirty job like that and force it upon your men."

Hamilton laughed and elevated his shoulders as if to shake off an annoying load. Just then a young officer with a white bandage around his neck entered and saluted. He was a small, soft haired, blue eyed man of reckless bearing, with marks of dissipation sharply cut into his face. He saluted, smiling self consciously.

"Well, Barlow," said Hamilton, "the kitten scratched you, did she?"

"Yes, slightly, and I don't think I've been treated fairly in the matter, sir."

"How so?"

"I stood the brunt, and now Captain Farnsworth gets the prize." He twisted his mouth in mock expression of maudlin disappointment. "I'm always cheated out of the sweets. I never get anything for gallant conduct on the field."

"Poor boy! It is a shame. But I say, lieutenant, has Roussillon really escaped, or is he hidden somewhere in town? Have you been careful?"

"Oh, it's the Indians. They all swear by these Frenchmen. You can't get any help from them against a fellow like Roussillon. In fact, they aid him. He's among them now."

"Moral again," Helm interposed. "Keep on the good side of the French."

"That's sensible talk, sir," assented Barlow.

"Bah!" exclaimed Hamilton. "You might as well talk of keeping on the good side of the American traitors. A bloody murrain seize the whole race!"

"That's what I say," chimed in the lieutenant, with a sly look at Helm.

"They have been telling me a cock and bull story concerning the affair at the Roussillon cabin," Hamilton said, changing his manner. "What is this about a disguised and wonderful man who rushed in and upset the whole of you? I want no romancing. Give me the facts."

Barlow's dissolute countenance became troubled.

"The facts," he said, speaking with serious deliberation, "are not clear. It was like a clap of thunder the way that man performed. As you say, he did fling the whole squad all of a heap, and it was done that quickly," he snapped his thumb and finger demonstratively with a sharp report, "nobody could understand it."

Hamilton looked at his subaltern with a smile of unlimited contempt and said:

"A pretty officer of his majesty's army you are, Lieutenant Barlow! First a slip of a girl shows herself your superior with the sword and wounds you, then a single man wipes up the floor of a house with you and your guard, depriving you at the same time of both vision and memory, so that you cannot even describe your assailant!"

"He was dressed like a priest," muttered Barlow, evidently frightened at his commander's scathing comment. "That was all there was to see."

"A priest! Some of the men say the devil. I wonder"— Hamilton hesitated and looked at the floor. "This Father Beret, he is too old for such a thing, isn't he?"

"I have thought of him—It was like him—but he is, as you say, very old to be so tremendously strong and active. Why, I tell you that men went from his hands against the walls and floor as if shot out of a mortar. It was the strangest and most astounding thing I ever heard of."

The two men stood with a tight grip between them.

A little later Barlow seized a favorable opportunity and withdrew. The conversation was not to his liking.

Hamilton sent for Father Beret and had a long talk with him, but the old man looked so childishly inoffensive in spirit and so collapsed physically that it seemed worse than foolishness to accuse him of the exploit over which the entire garrison was wondering. Farnsworth sat by during the interview. He looked the good priest curiously and critically over from head to foot, remembering, but not mentioning, the most unclerical punch in the side received from that energetic right arm now lying so flabbily across the old man's lap.

When the talk ended and Father Beret humbly took his leave, Hamilton turned to Farnsworth and said:

"What do you think of this affair? I have cross questioned all the men who took part in it, and every one of them says simply priest or devil. I think old Beret is both, but plainly he couldn't hurt a chicken; you can see that at a glance."

Farnsworth smiled, rubbing his side reminiscently, but he shook his head.

"I'm sure it's puzzling, indeed."

Hamilton sat in thoughtful silence for awhile, then abruptly changed the subject.

"I think, captain, that you had better send out Lieutenant Barlow and some of the best woodsmen to kill some game. We need fresh venison, and, by George, I'm not going to depend upon these French traitors any longer. I have set my foot down. They've got to do better or take the consequences." He paused for a breath, then added: "That girl has done too much to escape severest punishment. The garrison will be demoralized if this thing goes on without an example of authority rigidly enforced. I am resolved that there shall be a startling and effective public display of my power to punish. She shot you. You seem to be glad of it, but it was a grave offense. She has stabbed Barlow. That is another serious crime; but, worst of all, she aided a spy and resisted arrest. She must be punished."

Farnsworth knew Hamilton's nature, and he now saw that Alice was in dreadful danger of death or something even worse. No sooner had he left headquarters and given Barlow his instructions touching the hunting expedition than his mind began to wander amid visions and schemes by no means consistent with his military obligations. In order to reflect undisturbed he went forth into the dreary, lanelike streets of Vincennes and walked aimlessly here and there until he met Father Beret.

Farnsworth saluted the old man and was passing him by when, seeing a sword in his hand half hidden in the folds of his worn and faded cassock, he turned and addressed him:

"Why are you armed this morning, father?" he demanded very pleasantly. "Who is to suffer now?"

"I am not on the warpath, my son," replied the priest. "It is but a rapier that I am going to clean of rust spots that are gathering on its blade."

"Is it yours, father? Let me see it." He held out his hand.

"No; not mine."

Father Beret seemed not to notice Farnsworth's desire to handle the weapon, and the young man instead of repeating his words reached farther, nearly grasping the scabbard.

"I cannot let you take it, my son," said Father Beret. "You have its mate. That should satisfy you."

"No; Colonel Hamilton took it," Farnsworth quickly replied. "If I could I would gladly return it to its owner. I am not a thief, father, and I am ashamed of—of—what I did when I was drunk."

The priest looked sharply into Farnsworth's eyes and read there something that reassured him. His long experience had rendered him adept at taking a man's value at a glance. He slightly lifted his face and said:

"Ah, but the poor little girl! Why do you persecute her? She really does not deserve it. She is a noble child. Give her back to her home and her people. Do not soil and spoil her sweet life."

It was the singsong voice used by Father Beret in his sermons and prayers, but something went with it indescribably touching. Farnsworth felt a lump rise in his throat, and his eyes were ready to show tears.

"Father," he said with difficulty, making his words distinct, "I would not harm Miss Roussillon to save my own life, and I would do anything"—He paused slightly, then added with passionate force, "I would do anything, no matter what, to save her from the terrible thing that now threatens her."

Father Beret's countenance changed curiously as he gazed at the young man and said:

"If you really mean what you say you can easily save her, my son."

"Father, by all that is holy, I mean just what I say."

"Swear not at all, my son, but give me your hand."

The two men stood with a tight grip between them and exchanged a long, steady, searching gaze.

A drizzling rain had begun to fall again, with a raw wind creeping from the west.

"Come with me to my house, my son," Father Beret presently added, and together they went, the priest covering Alice's sword from the rain with the folds of his cassock.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

What Converted Him.

This story regarding a converted barbarian is told in the English papers: A negro clergyman was entertained at tea by the president of a college. The guest, who came from west Africa, retailed some particulars of his early life, when a lady asked him how he became a Christian. "The story of Jezebel converted me," he answered. "You know, we are told the dogs did not touch the palms of her hands. Well, that convinced me of the truth of the narrative, for we never eat the palms of the hands in my country. They are too bitter."

SEA SHELLS.

The Way They Are Formed From the Mantle of the Fish.

A sea shell, whether in one piece (univalve), as in periwinkles, or in two pieces (bivalve), as in mussels and cockles, is formed in much the same way. It consists of a colored outer horny layer, a middle layer of prismatic structure and an inner pearly coating of innumerable very thin plates, the edges of which break up white light into its constituents, so as to give rise to a beautiful play of iridescence.

The body of a shellfish is invested in a soft flap of skin known as the "mantle." By the activity of this the shell is secreted, a sticky fluid exudes from its surface and quickly hardens to form horny or calcareous matter. The salts of lime are chiefly in the form of carbonate, but there is also a percentage of phosphate.

Only the edge of the mantle is able to manufacture the two outer layers of the shell, and repair of injuries is entirely carried out in nacre, or mother-of-pearl.

The Engines of War.

At a dinner during the Franco-German war Disraeli did not open his mouth till near the end of the entertainment, when he observed in his most sententious manner: "The French embarked in this war because they conceived that they had the superiority in arms of precision; they had the chassepot and they had the mitrailleuse (which he pronounced 'mitraillouse'); but of the third engine, called a man, they did not possess even a single specimen." This said, he relapsed into perfect silence.—Diary of Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff.

The Need For Water.

Water constitutes about two-thirds of the weight of the body and enters into the composition of all the tissues and fluids. To keep the necessary proportion, a large quantity needs to be ingested. One of the great dietetic errors is the neglect to take a sufficient quantity. The amount found in foods is insufficient, and about five cupfuls should be taken daily in beverages. A vegetable diet diminishes the need of water, while one composed largely of animal food increases this need.

AN IDEAL FISH.

Mohawk Chubs Are Graceful, Slim and Elegant Creatures.

There are in some clear, cold streams of the north certain fish known locally as "Mohawk chubs." These fish are the ideal fish in shape and color—graceful, slim, elegant creatures, pure silver except on the dorsal ridge, which is the tint of oxidized silver. They are tender mouthed and remind me somewhat of the grayling, although they have not the great dorsal fin nor the fragile mouth of that fish. They often inhabit trout waters, and I have an idea that trout feed on the smaller ones, although I have no absolute proof that this is true. I know, however, that pickerel, muskellunge and black bass strike at them eagerly.

These fish rise to a fly and are often quite as gamy as grayling. Often and often I have struck them in trout waters and have found them interesting fighters when tackle is light and water cold and swift.

Animals and birds appear to be very fond of them, or at least are often seen eating them, perhaps because they may be easier to catch than trout. Where Mohawk chubs are, herons and kingfishers congregate. The only time I ever saw an osprey in that region was once when whipping that stream. The osprey dashed down within a rod of me and seized a Mohawk chub that must have weighed a pound at least, bearing him up out of the pool and away across acres of swamp toward the distant forest.—Robert W. Chambers in Harper's Weekly.

BUCHAREST.

The Capital of Roumania Is a Sort of Miniature Paradise.

Though all Bucharest is modern, we find the old eastern methods of mercantile construction—little open cupboards lining the road, dealers squatting among their wares, literally at the receipt of custom, for they make no effort to invite it, and the various trades huddle together, here an armory of rude pottery, richest green and richest red; there an arsenal of thick leathern sandals, a heavy patch of burnt umber; yonder an avenue of black sheepskin caps set out upon brass stands, in appearance like peasants' heads after a massacre. Out in the streets are high hillocks of golden grain, pyramids of pumpkins and blazing piles of scarlet chillies. At intervals little congregations wait with laughing philosophy until they shall be hired—builders with their hods, laborers with their spades, all with the emblems of their toil. Bucharest may be summed up as a city of pleasures and palaces, a metropolis of perpetual carnival, a temple of boisterous joviality. Her engaging people combine the color, the grace and the hospitable instincts of the east with the comfort and convenience of the west. Every instant spent among them yields a quintessence of life and joy and warmth and color. A small Paris indeed? Nay; 'tis a little paradise.—Herbert Vivian in Saturday Review.

A ROYAL FEATHER CLOAK.

Kalakaua Couldn't Wear It, and His Groom Disgraced It.

When King Kalakaua of Hawaii visited Japan many years ago he was very anxious to exhibit to the Japanese his famous royal feather cloak. It did not look well draped over the regular costume of the king, which was based on European military models. It was out of the question to wear it draped over brown cuticle, as was the ancient fashion. Finally it was decided to let Robert, one of his attendants, wear it. William N. Armstrong, the king's attorney general, said: "This additional service delighted Robert, who now, according to a confidential statement made to his Japanese attendant, was 'keeper of the royal standard,' 'groom of the feather cloak' and 'valet in ordinary.' While in the imperial car, on the way to Tokyo, the king's suit had suddenly seen Robert, sitting in state in the luggage car, dressed in a silk hat, white gloves and with the gorgeous royal cloak hanging over his shoulders, the tableau being completed by a group of Japanese attendants who were standing before him lost in admiration." But Robert was scarcely equal to the dignity that was his. In his capacity of valet he preceded the party to the palace assigned to them, and discovered there abundance of wines and spirits, which he consumed until they arrived. He was found asleep in the king's bedchamber with the silk hat far down over his head and the gorgeous cloak askew on his shoulders. He was at once deposed from his office of 'groom of the feather cloak.'"

AN ODD PROCESSION.

Tiny Worms That Travel In a Long Serpentlike Mass.

The sciara, of the genus tipulx, a tiny wormlike creature which is found in the forests of Norway and Hungary during the month of July or early in August, gather in huge numbers preparatory to migrating in search of food or for a change of conditions. When setting out on this journey, they stick themselves together by means of some glutinous matter and form a huge serpentlike mass, often reaching a length of between forty and fifty feet and several inches in thickness. As the sciara is only on an average of about three thirty-seconds of an inch in length, with no appreciable breadth whatever, the number required to form a continuous line of the size above mentioned is incalculable.

Their pace is of course very slow, and upon meeting an obstacle, such as a stick or stone, they either writhe over or around it, sometimes breaking into two bodies for the purpose. A celebrated French naturalist says that if the rear portion of this snakelike procession be brought into contact with the front part the insects will keep moving round in that circle for hours, never seeming to realize that they are getting no farther on their journey. If the portions be broken in two, the procession will unite in a short time. When the peasant meets one of these processions, he will lay some obstacle in front of it. If it passes over it, it is a good omen.

The Japanese Sleeve Dog.

The Japs have a quaint standard of perfection by which they assess canine merits. Thus the sleeve dog has or ought to have five cardinal "points"—the "butterfly head," in which the color marking represents a butterfly, the white blaze on nose and forehead forming the body, and the rest of the face and ears the wings; the sacred "V" found in the wedge shape of the blaze running up the forehead; in the center of this sacred V an isolated circle of color, which typifies the "bump of knowledge;" the "vulture feet" requiring ample feathering, as the fringing hair is technically called, and lastly the tightly curled, profusely feathered tail symbolical of the sacred flower of Japan, the chrysanthemum.

FISHSKIN LEATHER.

It Is Made In Great Variety and Is of Excellent Quality.

A great deal of good leather comes out of the sea—not the kind of leather that comes from the backs of walrus, seal and otter. Everybody knows about that. There is a queerer leather which comes from the bodies of fish. An extremely fine quality of green leather made in Turkey is manufactured from the skin of an ugly fish called the angelfish. This is a kind of shark—a shark with thick, winglike fins that have earned for him the name of angel, though he does not look a bit like an angel, but rather the opposite. The sword grips of the officers of the German army are made from shark leather too. They are beautiful in pattern, being marked with dark diamond shaped figures. This skin comes from a North sea shark known as the diamond shark. German leather manufacturers have tried to produce a leather from animal hides that shall supplant the skin, but in vain. Unlike animal leather, fish leather is absolutely impervious to water and never gets soggy from dampness; therefore it is ideal for sword grips, as, no matter how much the hand may perspire, the grip remains hard and dry.

The sturgeon, despite his lumpy armor, furnishes a valuable and attractive leather. When the bony plates are taken off, their pattern remains on the skin, just as the pattern of alligator scales remains on alligator leather. The Pacific coast sturgeon and the sturgeon of the great lakes produce a tough leather belting that is used to make laces for joining leather belting for machinery, and the laces often outwear the belting.

The strange garfish, an American fresh water fish, with long, toothed jaws like those of the crocodile, has a skin that can be polished smooth until it has a finish like ivory. It makes beautiful jewel caskets and picture frames. The skin of the garfish used to be converted into armor by some tribes of American savages. The hide is so tough and hard that it makes a breastplate that can turn a knife or spear. Some of the finer specimens that have been found are hard enough to turn even a blow from a tomahawk. The savages who wore this fish armor also used to wear a fish helmet. It was made from the skin of the prickly porcupine fish, and besides protecting the wearer's head it was used as a weapon of offense. The warriors butted their enemies with it, and as it had hundreds of ironlike pikes the operation was eminently painful to the object of attack.

In Gloucester, the "king town" of fish, the humble cod has been utilized with success for making leather for shoes and gloves. In Egypt men walk on sandals made from the skins of Red sea fish. In Russia certain peasant costumes are beautifully trimmed with the skins of a fine food fish, the turbot. Bookbinders bind books with eelskin. The eelskin serves another and less pleasant purpose. It is braided into whips. The writer was the unhappy member of a European private school where one of these eelskin whips was a prominent instrument of discipline, and he has never cared for eels since then.

Along the big salmon rivers of Siberia the natives often wear brilliant leather garments dyed red and yellow. They are made from salmon skins. In Alaska beautiful waterproof bags are made from all sorts of fishskins.

The queerest use is that to which the intestines of the sea lion are put. They are slit and stitched together to form hooded coats, which are superior to india rubber as waterproof garments. Walrus intestines are made into sails for boats by the Eskimos of northwestern America.—Canadian Harness and Carriage Journal.

Sydney Smith and Animals.

Sydney Smith's love of animals led him into ludicrous mistakes at times, as when, having given his pigs fermented grains, he found them all drunk and "grunting 'God Save the King' about the sty," and when he allowed one of his quadrupeds to swallow a mighty dose of pills, boxes and all. But his "back scratcher" was a good idea. He had a theory that every animal delights to scratch its backbone, so he put up his "universal scratcher," a sharp edged pole, resting on a high and a low post, adapted to every height, from a horse to a lamb. Before, all his gates used to be broken; after the erection of the scratcher he never sustained any damage, and the only question was which was the more pleased with the invention, he or the animals, as they titillated their hides.

The First Umbrellas.

Those who suppose that the umbrella is a modern contrivance will be surprised to learn that umbrellas may be found sculptured on some of the Egyptian monuments and on the Nineveh ruins. That umbrellas bearing a close resemblance to those of today were in use long before the Christian era is shown by their representation in the designs on ancient Greek vases. The umbrella made its first appearance in London about the middle of the eighteenth century, when one Jonas Hanway, it is said, thus protected himself from the weather at the cost of much ridicule.—Harper's Weekly.

Treasures of Russia.

All the czars of Russia have been crowned in the famous Kremlin in Moscow, and in the treasury there are the thrones of all the emperors of the past, as well as the historic jewels and the choicest plate now owned by the Russian crown. There are $600,000,000 worth of gold and silver and precious stones in that treasury, and there are basins of gold there as big as a baby's bathtub, and two card tables of solid silver.

Altitude and Voices.

Generally speaking, races living at high altitudes have weaker and more highly pitched voices than those living in regions where the supply of oxygen is more plentiful. Thus in America among the Indians living on the plateau between the ranges of the Andes at an elevation of from 10,000 to 14,000 feet the men have voices like women and women like children, and their singing is a shrill monotone.

Hadn't Seen Him.

The Vicar—Did you see a pedestrian pass this way a few minutes ago? Farm Hand—No, sir. I've been workin' on this tater patch more'n a nower, and notter thing has passed 'cept a solitary man, an' he was trampin' on foot.—London Telegraph.

Singular Creatures.

"And so, Peter, you spell 'women' with an 'a?'" said the teacher, correcting an exercise. "Please, sir," was the reply, "my papa told mamma only yesterday that women were singular beings."

Men blush less for their crimes than for their weaknesses and vanity.—La Bruyere.