"Vive Zhorzh Vusinton!

young man.

undated, often presenting leagues of unconsciously falling into French, yell-

Indian tribes north of the Ohio and east of the Mississippi. Francis Vigo (may his name never fade!) had brought him a comprehensive and accurate report of Hamilton's strength and the condition of the fort and gar-nad the condition of the condit

Just seven days after the march began the little army encamped for a night's rest at the edge of a wood, and Washington's army in the east.

here, just after nightfall, when the fires
were burning merrily and the smell of
here just after nightfall, when the fires
here burning merrily and the smell of

exclaimed. "Ef it ain't I'm

Clark had given Oncle Jazon his

whisky. This was the first thing of

elated he waved his cap on high and,

the sentiment braced him and the be

loved name brimmed his heart with

fort. He promptly asked for an assignment to duty in his company and

took his place with such high enthusi-

save Clark and Oncle Jazon suspected

In one respect Clark's expedition was

In one respect Chark Stephens addy lacking in its equipment for the march. It had absolutely no means of march. It had absolutely no means of the march adequate supplies. The

pack horses were not able to carry more than a little extra ammunition,

ple cooking utensils and such tools as were needed in improvising rafts and

rances. Consequently, although buffalo and deer were sometimes plentiful, they furnished no lasting supply of

meat, because it could not be trans-ported, and as the army neared Vin-

cennes wild animals became scarce, so

that the men began to suffer from hun-ger when within but a few days of

forts in urging forward his chilled, wa-

less patriots waded and swam for

ly, taking on a searching chill. Each

gust, indeed, seemed to shoot wintry splinters into the very marrow of the

men's bones. The weaker ones began

tion just at the time when a final spurt

ture was nearing the inexorable limit of endurance. Without food, which

lapse was sure to come.

Standing nearly waist deep in freez-

ing water and looking out upon the

away to the channel of the Wabash

and beyond, Clark turned to Beverley and said, speaking low, so as not to

be overheard by any other of his of-

ficers or men:
"Is it possible, Lieutenant Beverley,

that we are to fail, with Vincennes almost in sight of us?".

firm reply. "Nothing must, nothing can, stop us. Look at that brave child

boy but fourteen years old, who was

using his drum as a float to bear him

up while he courageously swam beside

Clark's clouded face cleared once more. "You are right," he said. "Come

on! We must win or die!"
"Sergeant Dewit," he added, turning

way, and, sergeant, make him pound that drum like the devil beating tan

The huge man caught the spirit of

his commander's order. In a twinkling

he had the boy astride of his neck with

the kettledrum resting on his head,

bark!

"No, sir, it is not possible,"

ter soaked, footsore command. To-ward the end of the long march a de-

amazing zeal and intrepidity.

VINCENNES

N the 5th day of February 1779. Colonel George Roger: Clark led an army across the Kaskaskia river and camped.

This was the first step in his march

smile. Fewer than 200 men, it is true,

inswered the roll call when Father Gibault lifted the cross and blessed

et an army, even though so rudely quipped that, could we now see it be-

ore us, we might wonder of what use

it could possibly be in a military way.

march to Vincennes that he was not

indulging a visionary impulse. The enterprise was one that called for all that manhood could endure, but not more. With the genius of a born lead-

tude and understood the best capacity of his men. He had genius—that is he

refinement of devotion to purpose

There was a certainty, from first to last, that effort would not flag at any

oint short of the topmost possible

The march before them lay over

magnificent plain, mostly prairie, rich as the delta of the Nile, but extremely

difficult to traverse. The distance, as

the route led, was about 170 miles. On account of an open and rainy winter

all the basins and flat lands were in-

water ranging in depth from a few

tegic importance of Vincennes as a post commanding the Wabash and as a

base of communication with the many

Indian tribes north of the Ohio and

gan the little army encamped for a night's rest at the edge of a wood, and

damp air, a wizened old man suddenly

ssessed the secret of extracting from mself and from his followers the last

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2.25	Men's \$3.00 and \$3.50 fine shoes reduced to	
1.50	Men's \$2.00 fine vici shoes reduced to	
95	Men's \$1.50 fine satin calf shoes reduced to	
to 90	Ladies' \$1.50 fine Dongola Oxfords reduced to	
to 2,00	Boys' \$3.00 fine patent leather shoes reduced	
95	Boys' \$1.50 fine satin calf reduced to	
- 85	Youths' \$1.25 fine calf shoes reduced to -	
2,00	Ladies' \$3.00 fine hand-turn shoes reduced to	
- 85	Ladies' \$1,50 patent tip shoes reduced to -	
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- 19	Infants' 35c soft sole shoes reduced to	
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bles, the proprietors prepare Cream Balm in liquid form, which will be known as Ely's liquid form, which will be any studing the Liquid Cream Balm. Price including the spraying tube is 75 cents. Druggists or by mail. The liquid form embodies the medcinal properties of the solid preparation.



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place where a truss should

hold, but very few do.

be returned.

script cap and nodded his scalpless ्रि: शुः: र्: 109 N. Main St., शुः: र्: head in salutation to the commander. BUTLER, PA. Clark looked inquiringly at him, while the old fellow grimaced and

rubbed his shrunken chin. like a mile away, an' it set my in'ards to grumblin' for a snack, so I jes' thought I'd drap in on ye an' chaw Irusses. wittles wi' ye."
"Your looks are decidedly against

you," remarked the colonel, with a dry smile. He had recognized Oncle Ja-zon after a little sharp scrutiny. "I suppose, however, that we can let you more than a little extra ammunition graw the bones after we've got off the

"Thank 'ee, thank 'ee, plenty good. A feller 'at's as hongry as I am kin go through a bone like a feesh through water."

Clark laughed and said: "I don't see any teeth that you have orth mentioning, but your gums may

"Ya-a-s, 'bout as sharp as yer wit, Colonel Clark, an' sharper 'n yer eyes, a long shot. Ye don't know me, do ye? Take ernother squint at me, an' see 'f ye kin 'member a good lookin'

be cured with a properly fitted "You have somewhat the appearance cided fall of temperature added ice of an old scamp of the name of Jazon to the water through which our dauntthat formerly loafed around with a worthless gun on his shoulder, and used to run from every Indian he saw down yonder in Kentucky." Clark held out his hand and added cordially:

"How are you, Jazon, my old friend, and where upon earth have you come to show the approach of utter exhaus-Oncle Jazon pounced upon the hand of unflinching power was needed.

True, they struggled heroically, but nagers, gazing delightedly up into Clark's ronzed and laughing face.

"Where'd I come frum? I come frum there was no prospect of getting, col-ever wheres. Fust time I ever got lapse was sure to come. ost in all my born days. I've been a trompin' round in the water seems ing water and looking out upon the like a week, crazy as a pizened rat, not muddy, sealike flood that stretched far a-knowin' north f'om south ner my big toe f'om a turnip! Who's got some

Oncle Jazon's story, when presently he told it, interested Clark deeply. He and Kenton had, with wise judgment, separated on escaping from the Indian camp, Kenton striking out for Kentucky, while Oncle Jazon went toward Kaskaskia.
The information that Beverley would

be shot as soon as he was returned to Hamilton caused Colonel Clark serious Beverley pointed as he spoke at a vorry of mind. Not only the fact that Beverley, who had been a charming friend and a most gallant officer, was now in such imminent danger, but the mpression (given by Oncle Jazon's account) that he had broken his parole was deeply painful to the brave and Still friendship rose above regret, and to an enormously tall and athletic man ly and said: Clark resolved to push his little col-umn forward all the more rapidly, near by, "take that little drummer and his drum on your shoulder and lead the

hoping to arrive in time to prevent the

Next morning the march was resumed at the break of dawn, but a swollen stream caused some hours of delay, during which Beverley himself arrived from the rear, a haggard and weirdly unkempt apparition. He had been for three days following hard on the army's track, which he came to far west-his sword. The half frozen and tottermy's track, which he came to far westward. Oncle Jazon saw him first in the distance, and his old but educated eves made no mistake.

his sword. The half frozen and total ing soldiers sent up a shout that went back to where Captain Bowman was bringing up the rear under orders to forever.—Sir William Jones. eyes made no mistake.

"Yander's that youngster Beverley!" bringing up the rear under orders to shoot every man that straggled or

ful of food was left. A whole day they floundered on, starving, growing faint-ALICE of OLD er at every step, the temperature fall ing, the ice thickening. They camped en high land, and next morning they heard Hamilton's distant sunrise gun boom over the water.
"One half ration for the men," said

Clark, looking disconsolately in the direction whence the sound had come. "Just five mouthfuls apiece, even, and I'll have Hamilton and his fort within forty-eight hours."
"We will have the provisions, color

or I will die trying to get them," Bev-erley responded. "Depend upon me." They had constructed some canoes in which to transport the weakest of

"I will take a dugout and some pick ed fellows. We will pull to the wood yonder, and there we shall find some kind of game which has been forced to shelter from the high water."

It was a cheerful view of a forlorn Clark grasped the hand extended by Beverley and they looked enour agingly into each other's eyes.
Oncle Jazon volunteered to go in the piroque. He was ready for anything.

whined as they took their places in the cranky pirogue, "but I might jes' happen to kill a squir'l or a elephant or somepin' 'nother."
"Very well!" shouted Clark in a loud.

cheerful voice, when they had paddled away to a considerable distance. "Bring the meat to the woods on the hill you der," pointing to a distant island-like ridge far beyond the creeping flood. "We'll be there ready to eat it!"

He said this for the ears of his men. They heard and answered with a straggling but determined chorus of approval. They crossed the rolling current of the Wabash by a tedious pro ess of ferrying, and at last found themselves once more wading in back ject, but set off at a rickety trot to meet and assist the fagged and excited water up to their armpits, breaking ice an inch thick as they went. It was the closing struggle to reach the high wooded lands. Many of them fell exhausted, but their stronger comrad lifted them, holding their heads above

water, and dragged them on.
Clark, always leading, always inspir ing, was first to set foot on dry land. He shouted triumphantly, waved his ed in a piercing voice:

"Vive Zhorzh Vasinton! Vive la
banniere d'Alice Roussillon!"

Seeing Beverley reminded him of
Alice and the flag. As for Beverley, sword and then fell to helping the men out of the freezing flood. This accom-plished, he ordered fires built, but there was not a soldier of them all whose hands could clasp an ax handle, so weak and numbed with cold were He was not to be baffled, how-

ever. If fire could not be had, exercise must serve its purpose. Hastily pouring some powder into his hand, he dampened it and blacked his face. "Victory, men, victory!" he shouted, taking off his hat and beginning to and the condition of the fort and gar-rison. This information confirmed his belief that it would be possible not only to capture Vincennes, but Detroit as well.

while Oncie Jazon ran around them making a series of grotesque capers. The whole command, hearing Oncie Jazon's patriotic words, set up a wild shouting on the spur of a general imleap and dance. "Come on! We'll have a war dance and then a feast as soon as the meat arrives that I have sent for. Dance, you brave lads, dance! Victory! Victory!"

The strong men, understanding their colonel's purpose, took hold of the delicate ones, and the leaping, the caper were burning merrily and the smell of broiling buffalo steaks burdened the damp air, a wizened old man suddenly appeared how or from where nobody declaring the obligation no longer binding, the tumult of voices and the stamping of slushy moccasins with appeared, how or from where nobody had observed. He was dirty and in every way disreputable in appearance, looking like an animated mummy, bearing a long rifle on his shoulder and walking with the somewhat halting activity of a very oid yet vivacious and energetic simian. Of course it was Oncle Jazon, "Oncle Jazon sui generis," as Father Beret had dubbed him. which they assaulted that stately for-est must have frightened every wild thing thereabout into a deadly rigor. Clark's irrepressible energy and ophis faithful but almost dying compan-fons in arms. Their trust in him made them feel sure that food would soon Although Beverley was half starved and still suffering from the kicks and blows given him by Long Hair and his

Clark and some of his officers were cooking supper. "But ye can't guess in a mile o' who I am to save yer livers an' lights."

He danced a few stiff steps, which made the water gush out of his tattered moccasins, then doffed his nord. pack horses could afford for his com-Clark halted his command almost in sight of Vincennes-just when hunger was about to prevent the victory so asm that his companions regarded him with admiring wonder. None of them scouts brought in the haunch of a buffalo captured from some Indians. The scouts were Beverley and Oncle Jazon. And with the meat they brought In dian kettles in which to cook it in Vincennes was the secret of his

With consummate forethought Clark arranged to prevent his men doing themselves injury by bolting their food or eating it half cooked. Broth was first made and served hot; then small bits of well broiled steak were doled out, until by degrees the fine effect of nourishment set in, and all the command felt the fresh courage of healthy

"I ain't no gin'ral, nor corp'ral, nor nothin'," remarked Oncle Jazon to Colonel Clark, "but 'f I's you I'd h'ist up every dad dinged ole flag in the rig'ment, w'en I got ready to show my self to 'em, an' I'd make 'em think over vander at the fort, 'at I had 'bout sandy faced gov'nor over there till he'd think his backbone was a-comin' out'n 'im by the roots."

Clark laughed, but his face showed that the old man's suggestion struck him forcibly and seriously. "We'll see about that presently, Oncle Jazon. Wait till we reach the

hill vonder, from which the whole town can observe our maneuvers; then we'll try it, maybe.' Once more the men were lined up, the roll call gone through with satis-

factorily and the question put: "Are we ready for another plunge through the mud and water?" The answer came in the affirmative, with a unanimity not to be mistaken.

The weakest heart of them all beat to the time of the charge step. Again Clark and Beverley clasped hands and

When they reached the next high ground they gazed in silence across the slushy prairie plot to where, on a slight elevation, old Vincennes and Fort Sackville lay in full view.

Beverley stood apart. A rush of sensations affected him so that he shook like one whose strength was gone. His vision was blurred. Fort and town, swimming in a mist, were silent and still. Save the British flag twinkling above Hamilton's headquarters nothing indicated that the place was not deserted. And Alice? With the swee name's echo Beverley's heart bounded high, then sank fluttering at the recol-lection that she was either yonder at the mercy of Hamilton or already the victim of an unspeakable cruelty. Was it weakness for him to lift his clasped hands heavenward and send up a voice

A little later Clark approached hast "I have been looking for you. The march has begun. Bowman and Charleville are moving. Come; there's

no time to lose.' [TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Other Way. "Why did mamma spank you today? Because you are bad?" tause mamma was bad."

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"By Jove, Jack, you must wait until I get my camera for that afternoon sun over the water. Aren't those clouds magnificent? The rocks on the beach, the woods over yonder, the waves al-most too lazy to break as they come rolling up-I can see the picture now, printed deep down on sepia paper, fast to a prize at the amateur exhibition."

Jack laughed good naturedly.
"All right, old man; sail in, but hurry

minutes later George Carrington had snatched his camera from the broad hallway of the Berkeley inn, snapped it at the waterscape, and he and Jack Grayson were off on a fishing trip. It was the last day of their vacation, spent wandering down the coast at random, seldom two nights in the

The final day's sport over, Carrington sped back to the city in a train camera fishing kit and grip beside him. tanned and tired, but happy. He reached his apartments and thought of the last picture of clouds and rocks and sea. He must develop it forthwith, and

"A vacation of jolly good fun without a romance," he mused. sunshine, fresh air, a good chum and good fishing; nothing more to be de-

The film sank in the developing fluid and in a few seconds the outlines of a coast scene appeared. First came the blotches of black, representing the high lights-clouds and the crests of waves By an alchemy which never ceases to be marvelous all the delicate grada-tions of light and shade filled in until the perfect picture appeared.

Then occurred something which caused Carrington to gasp in astonishment

and almost drop the developing tray, for in the center of the picture, head and shoulders visible above the crest of a breaker, appeared the form of a young woman, like a mermaid arising out of the sea. There was a saucy tilt to the laughing face, and the bare arms were outstretched as a beckoning mermaid's might have been. Carrington knew that no human being had been in that expanse of sea while he was on the beach. With almost feverish haste he made a print from the film. There was no ubt about it. It was no freak ef-

The girl's face, which he had never



SILENT AND BEWILDERED, SHE STUDIEL THE PHOTOGRAPH.

suit, she fitted into the picture as if an artist hand had posed her there, a dainty bit of indisputably human life that rounded out the scene and per-fected it. Fate had tossed a romance into his vacation after all.

He recalled the events of the day.

Gravson and he had reached the inn just before noon, tired by a tramp of a half dozen miles from a fishing station farther down the coast. Dinner then a rest; the snapshot and the fina two hours' fishing that closed the fort night's holiday, leaving the camera in the hotel office beside his grip while he was gone; then supper and the train back to the city. All this was clear enough. But how did the mermaid creep into his camera? Carring-ton stared at the laughing face in blank perplexity. Only one point was certain. It was the prettiest face he had ever seen in his life.

A paper he had recently read in a scientific journal flashed across his mind. It dealt with the photographic discovery of a new light ray invisible to the eye, but duly recorded on the peculiarly sensitized photographic

"Nonsense!" he promptly said.
"That's a flesh and blood girl. She
has the face of an angel, but angels don't wear bathing suits with all those Next day he jumped on a train and

was whisked to Berkeley inn. He sought the manager and showed him lington asked, with a careless air.

"I should say I did," said the manager, with a smile. "That's the handsome one of the Langford girls, who were here a month with their aunt. Went back to town only a couple of days ago. Splendid picture. Taker right here on the beach, too," he added in a quizzical tone. "I didn't know you were acquainted."

Carrington rejected the conversation at tender. "Yes; I think it's pretty good," was all he said. But just before train time he sought the porter and casually asked him the destination of the Langford baggage two days be "New York, sah," came the ready re-

sponse. "Thank you, sah."

The journey had not been altogether in valu. And while other passengers on that train chatted gayly together or

read their newspapers or watched the panorama of forest and farmland and the twinkling lights of villages there was one young man whose eyes and attention did not wander from a photograph he held before him. Three months later he was at one of Mrs. Bloomer Billings' receptions. He did not know Mrs. Bloomer Billings,

often astonishing. Artists and writers attended them, musicians and player folk, with a leavening of accepted "society." They were truly heterogeneous

Eagerly Carrington scanned the rooms. A long haired violinist had just finished a Beethoven sonata, and there was much clapping of hands. Carrington was presented to Mrs. Billings, who was surrounded by a bevy of pretty girls. A moment of gallant conversation, and then his face lit up with and lighted as a candle. The fruit of a sudden joy that caused his hostess to the candle tree is between three and look up in politely suppressed wonder. four feet in length and about an inch look up in politely suppressed wonder.

In that group, now in a setting of plnk

In diameter, and of a yellowish color.

not that one," he said slowly. "And yet that is the one I found in my cam-Their eyes met for an instant, and Ireland, Scotland and Wales: On New

lovely, but I was nowhere to be seen:
"Now the mystery is no longer mysterious!" laughed Carrington. "It's plain enough. I saw another camera in the but never thought until there until the church bells ring the morning, and you will have plenting. enough. I saw another camera in the hotel office, but never thought until this instant that I might have picked this instant that I might have picked up the wrong one. Your sister took a picture with my camera, and I took one with hers." Suddenly he became there until the church belief in the church belief in this last adage in some places that dark complexioned men are silent and after a moment or two stammered, "I—I suppose this is your sis-ter's property, but may I not keep it?" The girl tossed her head and smiled in mock hesitation. She had been turn-ing the picture around and around in her hand. Then the smile and the warm blood left her face in company, and there was an almost imperceptible tremor of the long dark eyelashes. On the back of the photograph she had

"My mermaid."

Again their eyes met, but hers were quickly withdrawn. Her hesitation was Both were silent another moment. He

sat eagerly, expectantly. Her eyes were fixed on the floor, and as she slowly extended her hand and placed the picture in his he felt the warm touch of her

If those who are doubtful as to the correct course to pursue in any given situation will remember that even the wrong thing is overlooked if one is but absolutely polite in the doing of it their relief might be great.

A gentleness of demeanor and a courteous response or question can never be out of place. A man may wear a business suit of clothes to an evening wedding less noticeably than a truculent air of insolence. If he be courteous response or question can never be out of place. A man may wear a business suit of clothes to an evening wedding less noticeably than a truculent air of insolence. If he be perfectly well bred as far as behavior goes, it matters not so much what his outward garb, although by an unwritten law of social observance certain clothes are the correct thing for certain occasions.

Politeness is never wrong. Its practice goes nearly all the way toward

Politeness is never wrong. Its practice goes nearly all the way toward the goal of the right thing in the right place. We hear of polite insolence, but insolence is never polite, and it is never, under any circumstances, polite to be insolent.

The Tourist and the Porter.

An English tourist was discussing the elative merits of British and American railway service the other evening when he suddenly sprang the following when he suddenly spraing the following clincher on his cisatlantic cousins: "I tell you, though, there's one point you folks are behind in, and that is the lack of consideration shown white passengers in having them pass inspection by an African. Why, the idea of such treatment is an insult to any gentle-

"A few days ago when boarding one of your famous express trains I was chagrined, to put it mildly, to be asked by a liveried colored man to show my ticket to him. I subsequently learned that this same individual is nothing but a train waiter. Such a thing could not happen in my country."—New York Press.

WHEN YOU CAN'T SLEEP.

Just Pretend You Don't Want to and When we are kept awake from our latigue the first thing to do is to say over and over to ourselves that we do not care whether we go to sleep or not, care whether we go to sleep or not, counted his courage!"—Chicago Recin order to imbue ourselves with a healthy indifference about it. It will help toward gaining this wholesom indifference to say: "I am too tired to sleep, and therefore the first thing for me to do is to get rested in order to prepare for sleep. When my brain is well rested it will go to sleep; it cannot help it. When it is well rested it will sleep just as naturally as my lungs

breathe or as my heart beats."

Another thing to remember—and it is very important—is that an overtired brain needs more than the usual nourishment. If you have been awake for an hour and it is three hours after your last meal take half a cup or a cup of hot milk. If you are awake for another two hours take half a cup nore, and so, at intervals of about two hours, so long as you are awake throughout the night. Hot milk is urishing and a sedative. It is not inconvenient to have milk by the side of one's bed, and a little saucepan and

WOODEN BREAD.

spirit lamp.—Leslie's Weekly.

It Is Possible to Make a Palatab Loaf From Sawdust. As long ago as 1834 Professor Aut

a tolerably good quartern loaf out of a deal board. Everything soluble was removed by maceration and boiling; the wood was then reduced to fibers had the taste and smell of corn flour A sponge was then made by the addi-tion of water and the sour leaven of corn flour, and it was baked and found o be better than a compound of bran and corn husks. Wood flour boiled in water form

also a nutritious jelly, which the pro fessor found both palatable and whole ome in the form of gruel, dumpling and pancakes. Professor Brande has also recorded

He says: "Before me is a specimen imported from Sweden. Seeing the close relation between the composition of but he had not been idle during the adbut he conversion of the start had lignine, the conversion of the latter into bread does not seem so remarkable." He also cannot praise must get an invitation, and he did.

Mrs. Billings was a literary lady the quality of such bread.

wax tree, bearing bunches of fruit growing like grapes which contain a species of wax used in making candles. Another tree, found in the Pacific islands and known as the candle nut, yields a large quantity of all the properties. In that group, now in a setting of plnk and white, but with the same laughing face of the glistening beach and wave, stood his lady of the sea.

An hour later they sat together on a window seat listening to a prima donna's song.

"I have a picture I would like you to see, Miss Langford," he said diffidently. He took the photograph from his pocketbook and showed it to her.

She gave a little startled cry, and the unmounted print fell from her hand.

"Why—why, you were at Berkeley inn!" she exclaimed.

"I took a picture of the beach, but not that one," he said slowly. "And they are seen hanging from the tree they present the appearance of a number of wax.candles. The telegraph plant, which grows in India, is a slender, erect shrub, so called because of some resemblance to shranks in the motion of its trifoliate leaves—the two side ones rising and falling alternately for a time, and then resting. Sometimes many of the leaves are in motion, and sometimes only a few, the greatest tree they present the appearance of a number of wax.candles. The telegraph plant, which grows in India, is a slender, erect shrub, so called because of some resemblance to shranks and the motion of its trifoliate leaves—the two side ones rising and falling alternately for a time, and then resting. Sometimes many of the leaves are in motion, and sometimes only a few, the greatest the appearance of a number of wax.candles. The telegraph plant, which grows in India, is a slender, erect shrub, so called because of some resemblance to shranks in the motion of its trifoliate leaves—the two side ones rising and falling alternately for a time, and then resting. Sometimes many of the leaves are in motion, and sometimes only a few, the greatest the plant, which grows in India, is a slender, erect shrub, so called because of some resemblance to shranks in the motion of its trifoliate leaves—the two side ones rising and falling alternately and the motion of its trifoliate leaves—the two side ones rising and falling alternately and the motion of its tri

The following superstitions in con-nection with New Year's are still be-lieved in various parts of England.

Their eyes met for an instant, and the girl flushed crimson. Stient and be-wildered, she studied the photograph. Suddenly she broke into the laugh of the water witch again.

"No less surprising was the picture my sister took of me," she exclaimed excitedly. "The water and rocks were lovely, but I was nowhere to be seen!" "Now the mystery is no longer mys-who will be mystery in the mystery will be mystery in the mystery will be mystery w places that dark complexioned men are paid a small gratuity to call early and walk through the first floor of the house, entering by the back door and leaving by the front.

Nation Without a Language.

Among the people of the world the Swiss are alone in having no language they can call their own. According to a recent visitor to the little country about three-fourths of the people of Switzerland speak German, while the remaining divide four other languages. Switzerland speak German, while the remainder divide four other languages among them—mainly French and Italian—the languages varying, as a rule, according to the proximity of the people to each country whose tongue they speak. Public documents and notices are printed in both French and German. In the Swiss national parliament the members make their speeches either in French or German, for nearly all the members understand both languages. The orders of the president are translated by an official interpreter and furnished to the newspapers in both languages.

and Finland in March and April trave

asking his advice because "that sweep lay his head." The minister could only advise him to lay his case before the Lord. A week later the minister returned and found the shoemaker busy and merry. "That was gran' advice ye gied me, minister," said the man. "I laid my case before the Lord, as ye tall't me an' nog the sweet's

as ye tell't me, an' noo the sweep's deid." — Geikie's "Scotch Reminiscences." According to ancient theory, there are four principal humors in the body The predominance of any one de-termined the temper; hence the expres-sion "choleric humor," etc. A nice bal-

ance made a good compound called a good humor, and a preponderance of any a bad compound called an ill of bad humor. Had Misjadged Him.

"Does your father ever kiss your mamma, Willie?" asked the lady who had once been the gentleman's sweet-

away to the city."

ord-Herald. Her Curiosity. "Mrs. Chellus looks bad, doesn't she?"
"Yes, and no wonder. She's been

awake every night for a week past."
"The idea! What was the matter?"
"She discovered about a week ago
that her husband talks in his sleep,

and of course she had to listen."-Phil-A Novice at the Business "I suppose you had a perfectly lovely time at Wexford's house party?" "No, it was a fizzle. Mrs. Wexford has so little tact. She was always arranging it so that the men would have to pair off with their own wives."-

Exchange. Emotion turning back on itself and not leading on to thought or action is the element of madness.—J. Sterling.

For Hubby's Eyes. Shopman—You want a nice motto to Shopman—You want a lince motor to hang up in the house, ma'sm? How would "Heaven Bless Our Home" or "No Place Like Home" do? Severe Looking Lady—Wouldn't do at all. What I want is a card to hang up in the hall bearing the words "Better Late Than Never."

that different sounds travel with different velocity. A call to dinner, he says, will carry over a ten acre field in a minute and a half, while a summons to return to work takes from five to eight minutes

Still Able to Attend to Busine "I told Uncle Simon that he was get-ting too old and feeble to attend to

"He threw me out of his office."-

Looking Pleasant.

Photographer—Now, sir, if you'll look
a little less as though you had a bill
to meet and a little more as though
you'd just been left a legacy you'll be
a picture.—New Yorker.