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THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

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—THE MODERN STORE.—
Fifty Special Sales.
Every Item a Bargain.
Sale Lasts all of October.
See Posters for Particulars.
No one can Afford to Miss this Sale.
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This Store is Stocked with New Goods from Top to Bottom
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If you want the biggest values for the money ever offered come to this sale.
A grand opportunity to get good solid footwear at a big saving.

Ladies' fine Dongola patent tip shoes	$1.00
Misses' fine Dongola patent tip shoes	85
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Men's fine Patent Leather shoes	1.75
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Extremely large stock of Rubber & Felt Goods of all kinds. Ladies', Gents', Boys', Misses' and Children's felt Boots and Stockings with good heavy overs. High cut arctics in all sizes.
Large assortment of Ladies', Gents', Misses' and Children's Leggins and Overgaiters at prices sure to interest you.
At all times a full stock of Gokey's hand-made box-toe and plain toe shoes. Gokey's high-cut copper-tipped shoes for boys and heavy school shoes for girls.
See our line of Men's high-cut shoes. Just the kind for winter wear.
JOHN BICKEL,
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Mrs. J. E. ZIMMERMAN

We Welcome You
To our Fall 1904 showing of Millinery, Suits, Wraps, Skirts, Waists, Dress Goods, Silks, Neckwear and Trimmings, Rain Coats, Misses', Children's and Junior Coats.
Women who wear tailored garments from this store have the double satisfaction of knowing they are properly dressed and have received full value for their money.
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8.50 for Tourist Coats, worth 12.50
$16.00 for Ladies' fine Tailored Suits, worth $15.00
2.98 for Ladies' fine Tailored Skirts, worth 4.00
3.98 for Ladies' fine Tailored Skirts, worth 5.00
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We make a specialty of Skirts for large women—bands up to 37 inches. New Silk Waists, colors brown, blue, also black, $5.00, well worth $7.00. $8.98 buys a Rain Coat, real value $12.50. All the new weaves and coloring, also black, in Dress Goods and Silks. The store is so full of the new in every department that giving detail is far beyond possibility. We extend you a cordial invitation to come and see.
THE POPULAR STORE.
Mrs. J. E. Zimmerman.
Bell Phone 208. People's Phone 128. Butler, Pa.

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

For Sale.
The real estate of Mrs. Mary B. Muntz, deceased, consisting of the following tract, all located in the Borough of Butler, Pa.
1st. A strip fronting 115 feet on South Main street and extending along the B. & O. R. R. about 500 feet. This tract is well adapted for manufacturing or warehouse purposes.
2nd. The homestead of about two acres, having a large comfortable dwelling house and outbuildings, fronting 150 feet on Main street and lying between the plank road and the B. & O. R. R., having a frontage on the latter of over 500 feet. This tract is unexcelled for manufacturing purposes, and has a never failing spring of water upon it.
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4th. A large lot fronting 120 feet on Main street and having thereon a two story frame slate roof dwelling house in excellent condition and with all modern conveniences.
For prices, terms, etc., inquire of
John N. Muntz,
No. 637 S. Main Street, Butler, Pa.

Dainty Gifts
in Silver Plated Ware bear the stamp
1835 R. Wallace
the guaranty of greatest excellence in durability, weight, and daintiness.
May we show you our stock of the
1835 R. Wallace Silver Plate
and especially the new "FLORAL" pattern Soup Spoon and Dessert Fork of which we show here on a reduced scale?
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Arrival of a large line of Street Hats, Tailor-made and ready-to-wear Hats. All the new ideas and designs in Millinery Novelties. Trimmed and Untrimmed Hats for Ladies, Misses and Children. All the new things in Wings, Pom-pons, Feathers, Ostrich Goods, etc, etc.
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328 South Main Street, Butler, Pa.

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THE WOMAN'S SHOE THAT'S RIGHT
THE FATIGUE OF SHOPPING
is greatly lessened by comfortable footwear. The flexibility of Patrician Shoes for women makes walking a pleasure. All the attractiveness, style and service of a custom-made shoe is found in the Patrician. There are 27 styles to select from.
DAUBENSPECK & TURNER,
People's Phone 633. 108 S. Main St., Butler, Pa.

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.

Prescriptions!
For prompt and careful service, pure drugs and right price have your prescriptions filled here.
Mail orders receive prompt attention.
The Crystal Pharmacy
R. M. LOGAN, Ph. G.,
SUCCESSOR TO Johnston's Crystal Pharmacy,
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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.
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Selling a $3 hat is no no great shakes---but selling such a hat as the
Imperial
at $3 is Something
They are guaranteed.
We have dozens of different shapes.
Have just received new Shirts and Neckwear.
SOLE AGENT
Knox Hats,
Imperial Hats.
Jno. S. Wick,
Peoples Phone, 615.
BUTLER, PA.

The Hunting Season Is Approaching.
We have on display the most complete line of hunting outfits ever shown in Butler.
15 different styles of Hunting Coats ranging in price from $1 to $5.
A large line of guns and rifles in price from $2 to $40.
An immense stock of loaded shells.
A complete line of leggins, cleaning rods, gun cleaners, recoil pads, belts, etc.
Everything for the dogs—collars, leads, chains, whips, muzzles, dog cakes, etc. At
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241 S. Main St.
Sporting Goods.

WM. H. MILLER,
FIRE and LIFE
INSURANCE
and REAL ESTATE.
OFFICE—Room 508, Butler County National Bank building.

TWO QUEENS

By KEITH GORDON

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It was apparent that their visit to the art museum had nothing to do with art. It was equally plain that their feeling for each other could not be described as platonic. Bettina, to be sure, affected unconsciousness as she sauntered through the lofty rooms where the marble figures flashed coldly into view, exciting one to a new love of mere flesh and blood, but all the time she knew that to the man at her side she was queen of the world; also it was evident enough from the look of discontent on the man's face that her loyal subject was not altogether happy.

"Your place is right here on a pedestal along with the other statues," was what he was saying to her. "The trouble with you is, Betty, that you won't listen to your heart. I might as well plead with this marble figure!"

The queen, with well feigned reluctance, brought her glance back from the headless "Victory" that seemed forever on the point of flight to the youth at her side, who was glowering at her with an odd mixture of rebellion and adoration in his face.

"Really, Steve," she replied at last, "I'm ashamed of you. It's not my heart that's at fault; it's your purse. You know that perfectly well." And, with her chin at an angle beautifully eloquent of injured innocence, she pretended to study the sculptured figures about her. In reality she watched him—felt him straining at his chains—with an exultant sense of the charm of being queen.

Her words and glance made him savage. It was hard enough to bear her delay in putting their love affair on that practical basis which points like an index finger to matrimony, but so long as it had seemed to him an honest hesitation he had borne it with what grace he could summon.

His lips set in an inflexible line, and without a word his hand closed firmly upon her arm, and with more determination than gentleness he guided her to a bench near by.

"Well?" she questioned when she had settled herself in a corner of the seat and he had squared himself beside her. In truth, though she strove valiantly to conceal it, the queen was a trifle startled.

Her late obedient subject studied her for some moments in silence and with an expression rather too suggestive of flint to be entirely to the queen's taste. Then he spoke, and his words fell as crisply as icicles.

"It is about time that you understood me," he began at last. "You have played with me long enough. What I have to say now is just this: You may take me or leave me, precisely as you choose, but whichever you do must be done at once."

He paused a moment and then elaborated:

"I'm tired of playing the devoted subject, tired of being made to feel that my love is nothing and my lack of wealth everything. I have twelve hundred a year." He paused for a brief moment, conscious of a mad desire to make the matter as bad as possible, then added, "And there is no certainty that I'll ever have more."

Though he would have thrashed cheerfully any man who had dared to make such an assertion about him, to say it to her about himself at this particular moment afforded him a grim satisfaction.

"What I want—what I will have," he continued in a muffled voice without giving her a chance to speak, "is a definite, a final answer!" And then, before the queen had really caught her breath, he finished in a tone nothing short of command, "And I want it within five minutes!"

For one fleeting moment something like pale dismay showed in the girl's face. She had never counted on a moment like this. Then her eyes kindled royally, and a flush of anger overspread her face.

Almost unconsciously she rose, her companion following her example, and her eyes blazed their resentment into the cold determination of his for a full second before she addressed him.

"You may have your answer this moment!" she flung at him in a tone of dangerous clearness. "I only wonder that I could ever have hesitated! It is 'No'—a thousand times 'No!'"

She noticed with a cruel delight the sudden, still whiteness that overspread his face as, with an ironical bow, he turned and walked rapidly away. Then a new feeling suddenly clutched at her heart.

Had she not lately been a queen, with a loyal, faithful subject to whom she had turned an ear quite royally indifferent? Had not a revolution occurred in her small domain and a republic been proclaimed? Could she not understand now the sorrows of a Marie Antoinette or a Eugenie?

And so at last the latest of dethroned queens reached her own door trying to philosophize about the matter as, doubtless, her predecessors had before her. After all, it was for the best. She was poor, and Steve was poor—in possessions. But by some freakish operation of the law of compensation both were endowed with tastes of an unmistakable richness.

"Yes, it's all for the best," she said aloud as she closed the door of her room behind her. "It's all"—

The rest was lost in the pillow, for the ex-queen had thrown herself face downward on the bed and was indulging in the plebeian comfort of a good cry.

For days thereafter such interest as she felt in the dull, gray world was centered in the postman and such messenger boys as appeared from time to time in the street in which she lived.

Not that she repented that ringing "No" that she had given Steven on the day of their quarrel—by no means. Her heart, she told herself, was dead. She could not be poor. She would not! She would marry some good old soul to whom she could render the respect of a daughter—and the bills of a wife. That was all that a girl in her position could do. It was the fault of modern ideas.

It was after she heard about his attentions to the Folsom girl that she wept no more and became markedly indifferent to the coming of the postman. From this time, too, she conscientiously tried to tolerate old Mr. Fullerton and his flowers, the two ever arriving with an alternate regularity that was full of meaning.

She pictured herself as a queen again, and this time with all the outward semblance of one. But, perversely enough, she could not keep Steven Converse out of the scene. If she saw herself rolling down Fifth avenue in the Fullerton vehicle she as instantly evoked the image of Steve doffing his hat with cold politeness, while she nodded with the haughty nonchalance of a great lady.

And so the weeks lengthened into months, and the ex-queen assured herself that she was forgetting.

* * * * * * *

"Not going out, my dear?" protested her mother as she appeared in the hall one gloomy Sunday with mackintosh and umbrella.

"Yes, mother mine. It's a fine day for the art museum. No crowd, you know!"

She had never entered the place since that fateful afternoon, but now she was all a-tremble with eagerness to get there. Some inward barrier of pride had gone down, and she knew that she wanted to visit the scene once more just because there she could feel a little nearer to him.

The turnstile admitted her, with a click, not so much, it seemed to her, into the museum as into the atmosphere of that distant afternoon. Before the "Victory" she stopped for a mournful dedicatory moment. It was here that he had accused her of being no more than a statue herself, and then—then he had gripped her arm and made her sit down and listen.

With a little gulp, she turned away and wandered blindly onward. When the mist cleared from her vision she found herself in the Egyptian room. Great carved figures glared at her with stolid faces, and a ripple of interest stirred within her. With mournful eyes she read the inscriptions beside the mummy cases.

So this brown and moldering bundle had once been a queen! Through the raised lid of the case she could just catch a glimpse of the object now so dried and terrible, but once so splendidly human.

"Poor queen!" she murmured softly, as with her chin resting on her hand she gazed down at the gorgeously ornamented mummy case. "Poor queen!" And before she realized it a tear had splashed down on the glass.

Having been a queen, something of the sadness and futility of it all wrung her spirit. Somehow being rich or poor did not now seem to matter. Being happy seemed the greatest thing.

She was too absorbed in her thoughts to notice a young man who had been making his way nearer and nearer to her in a somewhat furtive manner. Suddenly, as if he could not longer resist the temptation, a few quick steps brought him to her side.

The ex-queen looked up in surprise and then put out both hands impulsively. But the proud, high look of mastery had not yet vanished from his face.

"Did you really mean it?" he demanded.

For an answer she lifted her eyes to his for one brief, full moment. Even queens must learn their lesson. She had had hers.

Outside the steady drip, drip, drip, of the rain was only interrupted by the wailing of the wind, and the Egyptian room was very quiet and deserted.

As the newly enthroned queen turned to leave she looked down with a flushed, wistful face at the royal mummy. Then she murmured something softly.

"What's that?" asked her lover. But at her reply he looked slightly mystified.

"There's no use in telling you," she laughed. "Being only a man, you'll never understand, but I was saying good-by to the other queen."

The Mask of a Phrase.

The directness of the appeal in literary expression involves a complexity of revolt against old forms. The writer is more variously tempted than the speaker into indirections. The latter would never call the sun "the orb of day" or by the classic name of "Phoebus." Yet there was a period in English literature which lasted for a long time and is not even now wholly beyond the reach of our recollection when it seemed a breach of dignity for a writer to call anything by its right name. The concrete thing must be relieved of its vulgarity by the mask of a phrase. The horse was "the fleet courser," and all fruits were indiscriminately "Pomona's treasures." Qualities abstract enough in their common names were redeemed from the vice of particularity by personification. The processes of abstraction and generalization in the so called classic age of English literature uprooted all things and set them floating in the air; the mind was not simply a mirror reflecting things, but made composite photographs of the images themselves. Nature was seen as a bundle of these composites.—H. M. Alden in Harper's Magazine.

Three Well Placed Rubles.

The method of introducing forbidden documents into the czar's country is described by Carl Joubert, author of "Russia as It Really Is." The purveyor of undesirable literature, having arrived on the frontier, at a point some distance from the railway, approaches the rittmaister and arranges matters with him. The rittmaister sees him and his cart load of books safely across the border and directs him to some small town near the frontier. Then the rittmaister raises the alarm and calls his men to horse, and they start off in pursuit of an imaginary smuggler in another direction, firing into the air to show their zeal in the discharge of their duties. "A ruble on either eye and ruble across the mouth," says Mr. Joubert, "will effectually prevent the Russian official from seeing or speaking."

How They Say Goodby.

"When I left Manila," said a sailor, "a Filipino lady saw me off. Do you know how she said goodby? Why, she rubbed my face with her hand.

"In Fiji they say goodby by crossing two red feathers under your nose.

"The Burmese crouch down and shout 'Hib nib!'

"The south sea islanders wear farewell necklaces when goodbys are to be said. These necklaces are made of whales' teeth. To say goodby each islander rattles with his fingers the teeth of the other's necklace.

"The Sioux Indian digs his spear in the ground as a sign of farewell.

"In Otaheite they twist an end of your garment and then shake their own hands three times."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Tobacco For Funeral Costs.

Among the family archives on an old Virginia plantation was found the following bill for a funeral in the days when tobacco was the only currency in the tidewater country and when funerals were made the occasion for general feasting:

	Tobacco. Pounds.
Funeral sermon	200
For a brief	400
For 2 turkeys	80
For coffin	150
2 geese	80
1 hog	100
2 bushels flour	80
Dunghill fowls	100
20 lbs butter	100
Sugar and spice	50
Dressing the dinner	100
4 gallons cider	60
6 gallons rum	240

ODD BATTLE OF SONGS

ONE NOVEL INCIDENT OF THE NAVAL WAR OF 1812.

How a Vocal Contest Between a Batch of Yankee Prisoners and a British Crew Ended—Noise of Rolling Shot as a Punishment.

"I have been in a number of full fledged naval actions myself and in many more scrimmages," said a venerable man-of-war's man the other day, "so I am entitled to know something about the subject, but I am free to confess that the strangest fight on the high seas I ever heard about was one in which my father took part when he was a prisoner in the War of 1812. My father when a young man enlisted on the American privateer Prince de Neufchatel, which, as you may know, was one of the most famous privateers in our second war against Great Britain and which was finally run down and captured by three of the biggest of the British war frigates.

"The crew of the Prince de Neufchatel was divided into three batches, my father being in the one that was placed aboard the Leander, Sir George's flagship. After being relieved of all their baggage the prisoners were stowed away in the stuffy cable tier. As the squadron was several weeks from its destination and the prisoners were allowed to come up on deck only for a few hours each day, the problem of killing time was a serious one. How some of it was 'killed' my father's own words, as set down in his diary as follows, will tell:

"'Many of the first hours each night were spent in story telling, singing or "rigging" one another, all joining in to help pass the burdensome hours. The singing was made up of such songs as seamen generally learn by heart, but in our case most of the songs were commemorative of our recent naval victories over the English.

"'One night it was understood that our naval songs were not relished by the officers in the British frigate. This only brought about others with a louder chorus and an extra hurrah for Yankee thunder. In order to stop the annoyance the English picked out half a dozen of their best singers on board the Leander, who were backed by several dozen shipmates to join in the choruses. They stationed themselves around the open hatchway over our heads and began singing patriotic English naval songs.

"'We allowed them to finish their songs, when we struck up with one in opposition extolling the glories of the Yankee navy, each one of us striving to outdo his shipmate, especially in the chorus. Knowing that the character of our country was at stake and that it depended much upon our management and zeal whether it should be upheld in the face of our enemies, we strove accordingly to do our best as its representatives. The contest was kept up for some time, evidently to our advantage not only in the quality of the singing, for in this our opponents could not hold their own for a moment, but as to the number and variety of the songs, they having run out of their victories over the Yankees before our party was fairly warmed up to the fight.

"'That they might not flag in the contest they took up the songs, "The First of June," "Battle of the Nile," besides many others in which we felt not the least national interest, and we did not fail giving them the hint in plain English that they were dodging the issue as first agreed upon. This they cared far less for than they did for the home thrust victory over them from the Yankees to each one of theirs over the French and Spanish.

"'At last our fire became so warm that they were compelled to back out of the contest, chopfallen. And they had the satisfaction of having their defeat announced to all on board by three times three cheers, accompanied by handclapping and such other noises as each one of us could invent. Word now came from the deck that such noises could not be tolerated and that we must be quiet. This only aroused the prisoners to greater exertions, making what was singing before yelling now, as discordant as sixty loud throats could make them, each tuned upon a key peculiarly his own.

"'In a few minutes the officer of the deck came down and with must blustering and many threats declared that if order was not maintained resort would be had to unpleasant means. If the most savage tribe of Indians had at once broken loose in a terrific warwhoop it could not have been louder than the yells of defiance that came from the prisoners on the conclusion of this officer's speech. He then tried to reason on the absurdity of prisoners persisting in the unequal contest, saying that "the order of the ship must and shall be maintained. If by no other means, I will order the marines to fire into the hold, and when too late you will learn your folly!"

"'Had this advice been tendered previously to the threatenings it might have had the desired effect. But it was now too late. Advice and threats were alike thrown back with the utmost scorn and contempt. One big, brawny Yankee who was standing near the opening on the termination of the officer's last threat yelled out:

"'"Crack away, my Johnny. You can make killing no murder, but you can't so easily mend the shot holes in your cables!"

"'It will be remembered that we were in the cable tier, the great coils of rope being stowed in the bottom of the compartment, leaving only a little room for the prisoners. If the marines fired many of the cables would be ruined, and the officers would be obliged to explain matters to the admiralty.

"'"If he mends his manners he'll have task enough without troubling himself about cables," said another prisoner.

"'"Wait until you fall in with the Constitution, and you will learn something about firing."

"'"Hurrah for Old Ironsides!"

"'"Three cheers for the gallant Perry!"

"'Many such expressions came from the prisoners, so the officer was compelled to retire in discomfiture, his retreat being greeted by nine hearty cheers.

"'I expected unpleasant consequences to follow immediately after his leaving the hatchway, as indeed did all the prisoners whose mad excitement left them sense enough for a sober thought. But we were not disturbed for the remainder of that night. The singing and shouting were kept up until daybreak, not allowing the wardroom officers a moment's rest, as they were situated on the deck immediately above us. We were told on the next day that we would be provided for if we persisted in disturbing the ship's company in their rest.

"'Nothing daunted by this threat, the prisoners began their singing on the following night as before. The songs and choruses had gone on for two hours or more without any notice being taken of our proceedings when all at once a dozen shots of the largest size in the frigate (forty-four pounders) were let loose on the deck above us and left free to roll with the motion of the ship the livelong night. Scantling was so fixed on the deck as to confine the area of their rolling to the space directly over our heads.

"'As the shot passed from one side to the other at each roll of the frigate they caused a low, harsh, thunderlike rumbling, as deafening, as dreadful as and more horrible than the booming of 10,000 Chinese gongs intermingled with as many bell clappers. They were brought suddenly to a standstill when coming to the scantling and with a jar and noise but little less than the discharge of small artillery.

"'In this there was no variation, except as they came in contact with each other, when the sharp snap of the balls meeting was enough to split the brains of us who were underneath with the advantage of the planks immediately above our heads to convey and magnify the rumbling noise as a sounding board a hundredfold.

"'Many of us were determined to brave it out and let those on deck know that they still had the same party to deal with. Some strove hard to keep up the singing, but the power of cold shot was greater. Some jeered, laughed and joked, but the rolling shot were impervious to all such inducements to quit their noise. Some swore, raved and cursed, but the shot went booming on stupidly, dead to every alluring blandishment or imprecation. Some hallooed, yelled and whooped. On came the shot, doggedly indifferent to it all. Some blustered, threatened and stormed. Still rolled on the shot as stoically unconcerned as if it were their legitimate employment. Some sighed, groaned and roared. Rumble-de-bump went on the shot, utterly regardless of the throbbing ear drums and twitching nerves of the sufferers below.

"'The singers, the jokers, the sneerers, the whoopers, the stormers and the roarers one by one dropped off till all in the cable tier were silenced. Finally not one sound was to be heard save that caused by those dull, heavy messengers of mortal anguish which kept on rolling their unceasing rounds, thereby creating torments fit only for the damned. I have read somewhere that the greatest physical punishment yet put upon the human frame is that of being placed in a confined position where water was slowly but constantly dripping, drop upon drop, upon the bare head of the victim. But I am sure the originator of this assertion could never have been in the situation we were in that night, with those shot rolling on the deck so close to our heads that we could scarcely sit in an upright position.

"'Ever after this if we continued our songs later than 10 o'clock the shot were set rolling and ceased not until the songs were hushed. The shot were an accompaniment neither agreeable to the performers nor melting to the hearers and which we were glad to dispense with even at the expense of losing the reputation we had so fearlessly earned by the display of our vocal talent under the very thunder of England's heaviest armament, whose deafening roar was only equaled by its never ceasing roll, which slackened not till her every opponent lay low in silence.'"—New York Tribune.

The Secret of Whistler's Mastery.

It has often been said that Whistler's art was an art of evasion. But the reason of the evasion was reverence. He kept himself reverently at a distance. He knew how much he could not do, nor was he ever confident even of the things that he could do, and these things, therefore, he did superlatively well, having to grope for the means in the recesses of his soul. The particular quality of exquisiteness and freshness that gives to all his work, whether on canvas or on stone or on copper, a distinction from and above any contemporary work and makes it dearer to our eyes and hearts, is a quality that came to him because he was an amateur and that abided with him because he never ceased to be an amateur. He was a master through his lack of mastery. In the art of writing he was a master through his lack of mastery. There is almost exact parallel between the two sides of his genius. Nothing could be more absurd than the general view of him as a masterly professional on the one side and a trifling amateur on the other. He was certainly a painter who wrote. But by the slightest movement of Fate's little finger he might have been a writer who painted.—Metropolita Magazine.

Coaches In France.

As regards the history of coaches in France, Henry IV, was assassinated in 1610. Soon after his death some engravings were published representing him being murdered in his carriage by Ravaillac. It is from these that we get a fair idea of the coaches.

They are simply square boxes, measuring by scale six feet in length by three and a half feet in width, on four wheels of the same diameter, without any springs or straps and seating six persons in all—namely, two with their backs to the horses, two facing them and two more, one on each side of the two "boots" at the side. Each vehicle had a roof, resting on light columns, and curtains to draw or to let down.

This agrees well with the received accounts of the incident, according to one version of which Henry rode in an open carriage, and according to another that as soon as the fatal blow was delivered by the assassin the king's attendant who rode with him in the carriage drew the curtains, and, hiding the king from public view, assured the enraged people that he was only wounded.—Notes and Queries.

Cuban Women.

The Cuban women—and the men as well—are intensely affectionate. They say much in words, often more than their hearts feel. But they are very warm hearted. Every letter that I get from girl friends of six months' acquaintance is a love letter, full of passionate expressions of endearment. The Cuban women mature quickly, and a girl of fourteen in Cuba is as mature as a girl of seventeen here. Early marriages are the rule. The Cuban women are dainty, pretty and very like the French women, with many of the French ways and ideals. They care little for forming themselves into clubs for literary culture, and woman suffrage doesn't agitate them. They are vastly more interested in being clever needlewomen, good musicians, good housekeepers, charming sweethearts, than in running the government.—Cor. Cincinnati Times-Star.

A Sly Dig.

Ethel—What foolish things a young man will do when he is in love! Edith (breathlessly)—Oh, Ethel, has Jack proposed?

An Old Russian Proverb.

The gates of Russia are wide to those who enter, but narrow to those who would go out.

Common salt injected into timber will preserve it from decay.