State Library July 0

THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL. XXXXI. BUTLER, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1904. No. 43

Stock Nearly Complete

The Largest, Best and Cheapest Line of

Furniture and Carpets

We have Ever Shown You.

Carpets and Rugs—all kinds—at lowest prices.
Bed Room Suits from $25.00 to $150.00.
Combination and Library Cases $7.00 to $40.00.
Music Cabinets and Writing Desks—any finish—$8 to $30.
Couches—velour or leather—steel construction—$13 to $60.
Parlor Suits—Davenports and odd pieces—from $5 to $85.
Buffets—Sideboards—latest designs—from $18 to $85.
Chiffoniers and Odd Dressers—oak, mahogany and bird's eye maple—$7.00 and up.
Special line of Mirrors and Pictures at very low prices.
One hundred different patterns in Rockers of all kinds—at prices you cannot dispute.
We are showing a large line of Round and Square Extension Tables—and Diners to match. It will pay you to see us before buying.
We will show the largest line of medium-priced fancy Parlor Stands and Library Tables this store has ever carried—dainty and inexpensive Xmas presents.
Ask for what you don't see. We can furnish your house from attic to basement.
DON'T wait for DISCOUNTS later. It's a mistake. Come, make your selections and get our best prices NOW! We are Ready-to-Sell.

There Are No Installment Prices Asked at This Store.

COME IN AND COMPARE.

BROWN & CO.

No. 135 North Main St., Butler.

Stylish Furs at Low Prices.

Last Season we did an Immense business and Sold Out Our Entire Stock.

This season we show a complete new stock of fine furs, made up in the latest styles. The quality of skins and of workmanship are the very best and our prices are exceptionally low.
Beaver, Bear, Fox, Marten, Mink, Sable, Squirrel and other furs are shown in all this seasons shapes.
Cluster Scarfs at $1 00, $1 50, $2 00 up.
Beaver Scarfs, Special, at $4 00.
American Stone Marten, Special, at $5 00.
American Sable, Special, at $5.00.
Marten, $5.00, $6.00, $8 00, $12.00.
Fox, $8.00, $12.00, $16.50 up.

Kid and Fabric Gloves.

The "Josephine" is without exception the very best Kid Glove ever retailed for $1 00, black and all the new shades of brown, mode, tan, beaver and gray. Great value at $1.00.
Splendid Cashmere Gloves, silk lined, black, browns and grays Can't be beat at 50c. Fleeced Cashmere Gloves, extra good at 25c.

Fine Linens.

We have received a large shipment of fine linens for Holiday trade. The lot consists of fine table linens, napkins, pattern cloths with napkins to match, fine towels, beautiful Mexican drawn work, hemstitched and embroided doylies, squares and scarfs. On sale now at special low prices.

L. Stein & Son,

108 N MAIN STREET, BUTLER, PA.

$75 to $150

For Fifteen Minutes Time

Pretty high wages, Eh? That's what people are making who take advantage of

NEWTON'S

Price Sacrifice Piano Sale

On account of cleaning out my store in order to get it finished for Christmas trade. It will sell Pianos at factory prices, and many less. I will quote you a few of the bargains I have for you:
Upright Piano, fully warranted, retail price, $275.00. Sale Price $185 00
Upright Piano, fully warranted, retail price, $375.00. Sale Price $225.00
Upright Piano, fully warranted, retail price, $575.90. This piano has been used, but is a bargain, $250
Squre pianos from $25.00 to $125. Organs from $10.00 up. 10 per cent. for cash.
There are 24 of these Pianos to select from—new and used—so you certainly ought to make a selection. Bring this advertisement with you.

NEWTON'S

317 South Main. Open Evenings.

K E C K
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 tracts, 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.

3rd. A tract of about eight acres south of the plank road and west of Main street. This tract can be subdivided into about forty buildings lots, commanding a splendid view and within a few minutes walk of the business portion of the town.

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.

We are the first again, as usual.

We have now on display our Fall and Winter line of Men's, Boys', and Children's Clothing. We pride ourselves of having the finest line of Fall and Winter Clothing ever shown in Butler. We mean that only make the Isaac Hamburger Clothing. We get the credit of everyone for selling the best line of clothing, not alone in Butler, but the whole country, from the very fact that we sell the best ready-made clothing to be found on the market. Our sales of this famous Hamburger make have doubled every year and we have been selling it for 12 years. More cannot be said of any make, and we do not find it necessary to change our line every year for a better one—it cannot be found. When we tell you we have our Fall and Winter line of Men's, Boys' and Children's Suits on display we think it all that is necessary, for you all know that Our Clothing is up to date in style, pattern and fit. All we ask of you is to come in and see for yourself. See window display. YOURS FOR CLOTHING.

Douthett & Graham.

INCORPORATED.

BECOMING BALD?

CUMALENA HAIR TONIC Prevents Baldness if used in time, Cleanses the Hair of Dandruff, Cures Itching of the Scalp, and insures a head of luxuriant hair.

MR. ADAM EIBECK, of Carnegie, Pa., says: "CUMALENA HAIR TONIC certainly prevented me from becoming bald. I had been troubled with loss of hair for several years and tried various Hair Tonics without receiving any results whatever. I was finally induced to try CUMALENA and it certainly worked a miracle in my case."

CUMALENA HAIR TONIC to be had at all first-class druggists and barbers.

50c and $1.00 Bottles. Guaranteed by the manufacturer.

CUMALENA MFG. CO., Inc., CRAFTON, PENNA.

Fall and Winter Millinery.

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.

Rockenstein's

Millinery Emporium,

328 South Main Street. Butler, Pa.

PATRICIAN

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.

MIND OF MAID

By Martha McCulloch-Williams

Copyright, 1904, by Martha McCulloch-Williams

"My, but she is ugly!" Mrs. Evans said, her accent distinctly one of relief. Bronson smiled covertly as he answered: "Don't be too sure of that. She has eyes."

"Eyes! Bah!" The ejaculation was almost a snort. Estelle heard it, although there was the breadth of the room between her and the irate matron. She looked plaintively across at Bronson, who answered her look with the faintest humorous nod. Then he strolled over to her and said in her ear: "It's too easy—quite too easy, Miss Mischief. I simply had to give that good soul a hint of warning."

"Traitor!" Estelle retorted, pretending to hiss the word high tragedy fashion, yet ending with a dimpling laugh. The laugh went far to redeem her face—so far that it set more than one beholder speculating that old Major Gilbert's stranger granddaughter would not really be so bad looking if she knew how to wear her clothes and do her heavy hair, this despite her wretched complexion, for she had a beautiful straight nose and good teeth, to say nothing of her handsome eyes. Her neck must be bad, else why was she swathed up to the ears? Her sleeves also quite swallowed her gloved hands, but her feet were as much in evidence as they well could be, incased in boots at least three sizes large.

With everybody else in party bibs and tuckers, such garmenting made her conspicuous, all the more that the gown she wore was grass green, with a bright pink stock and much dead white braiding. Spangles and beads also lurked amid the braid, so many that there was a color of reason for Estelle's whisper as she looked down at herself.

"Do you know, I feel like the court of King Solomon at the puppet show."

This made Bronson frown. "You'll give yourself away," he said severely. "For heaven's sake don't spoil sport just when it's getting so much better than a play."

"I won't," said Estelle contritely; then in a nervous aside: "When does Adonis come in? Do hurry him along! I shan't be easy until he comes. Suppose, after all, he should be color blind—able to see only gold and greenbacks and old yellow title deeds?"

"Suppose nothing so tragic. I told you in the beginning he was artistic or nothing," Bronson retorted. "Art is, indeed, his weak suit. Otherwise would he be in bonds to Miss Adela Evans?"

"She is so pretty," Estelle said fervently.

Bronson growled: "Yes; regular china baby beauty—blue eyes, pink and white complexion and hair always in the latest mode. Out in the lobby now, lying in wait for—Adonis. They'll be coming in together, the prettiest pair of puppets you ever saw."

"I hope he isn't too good looking," Estelle murmured reflectively.

Bronson scowled.

"You'll find him disgustingly so. Indeed, I've been half afraid all along that when you saw him you'd be sorry"—

"Indeed I shan't," Estelle interrupted eagerly. "How can I be sorry for anything that sets me free from that odious bond?"

Bronson did not answer. A stir about the door drew all eyes. Adonis, otherwise George Gilbert, Estelle's cousin, coheir and fiance, entered with Adela Evans clinging ostentatiously to his arm. She had such a habit of clinging there that the sports of Grasshope had been ready to give odds this last half year that she would ere this have written herself Mrs. George Gilbert but for Grandfather Gilbert's absurd will. This instrument decreed flatly which-ever of his two descendants refused to marry the other thereby forfeited all claim to the big Gilbert fortune.

The boy and girl had been brought up half a continent apart. Estelle had come to Grasshope for the first time less than a week before. But tales of her had been rife there the last three years, how willful she was, also how sharp of speech and of temper. As to her looks there had been several opinions. Reed Bronson might have spoken authoritatively, but he chose to be silent. He had met Estelle two summers running at the seashore, and with each meeting he became more indifferent to Grasshope belles and their charms. He had known, first of all, that Estelle was coming to visit her mother's cousins, the Warrens. Mrs. Evans thought her bold for it. She did not need to marry George before she was twenty-two and might therefore well have left it to him to do the seeking.

What George thought about it nobody knew. He smiled down at Adela as they crossed to Estelle. When he got a good look at her his smile became for a breath's space quizzical, but it was kind and wholly cordial as he took both her hands, saying, "I know you all right, young lady—if you would never let me have your picture."

"Somebody's been telling," Estelle said solemnly, although her eyes danced. They had never rested upon a finer fellow than George. He had all the Gilbert look she so worshiped in her father's portrait. Covertly she glanced from him to Bronson. Bronson was big and honest looking and had withal an air of breeding, but still was not to be named beside her unwelcome betrothed. No doubt he had more brains, although as time passed she was forced to admit George carried things off very well indeed. And after supper, when the dancing began, Bronson, the luckless, went into complete eclipse. He hated dancing, as well he might, seeing that he danced so badly. George Gilbert, contrariwise, might have been wing footed, so lightly did he move in such perfect time and tune. Music, indeed, was in the Gilbert blood. Estelle danced, if anything, better. When they waltzed together other couples stopped to see. Indeed they kept on and on and on until they had the whole crowd staring as alone they whirled and wheeled over the waxed floor of the hall.

"Stop, Estelle!" Bronson implored in a loud whisper as the couple whirled past him. George smiled broadly. Estelle, dismayed, put a hand up to her face. As she took it away two pimples and half a dozen freckles came with it. George saw them and quickly guided her out of the light.

"Go wash your face!" he commanded imperatively. "And the next time you want to go masquerading let me help you make up. I know heaps of better disfigurement. Besides, grease paint is fearfully unreliable when one loves dancing as we do."

"I forgot—I ought not to have danced," Estelle said contritely; then with a swift change of mood, "But you wouldn't have known if I had been a little wiser."

"Indeed I would. I went 500 miles last summer just to see you," George half whispered. "So I understood the minute I looked at you tonight. You wanted to disgust me, to make me lose a wife and a fortune. I don't blame you. Women have to fight injustice with their own weapons. Still I wish you hadn't done it. You can say 'No' to me this minute if you like and get back more than all the money you lose by saying it tomorrow"—

"I see. You want to invest in Dresden china," Estelle interrupted audaciously. "So of course I don't want to say it—not now, at least."

"That must be quite as you please," George said, smiling over her head. "You will have to go straight home," he added masterfully. "Changing lovers would be nothing beside the scandal of changing countenances this way in the face of everybody."

"I know it," Estelle said sorrowfully. "Fate is playing me tricks—putting all the trumps in Adela's hands"—

"Not quite. You forget I shall make your excuses and take you and Mrs. Warren home," George said. "Don't keep me waiting either. I'm all impatience to see your real self."

* * * * * * *

Grasshope had no end of sensations through the next six weeks. The first came when George Gilbert broke the prearranged engagement, the next when it was seen that he was disputing with Reed Bronson for first place in his cousin's regard, and the third and greatest was to find the strange Gilbert girl truly a beauty, with no end of fine feathers and a most enchanting way of wearing them. Adela Evans looked faded and insignificant beside her, although away from her she was easily the prettiest girl in town. But Adela was spiritless these days. She no longer had hopes of catching George. He was eagerly, desperately, in earnest about Estelle, although she had given him back, as in duty bound, rather more than half the money. Reed Bronson was no less earnest, so between them they kept public interest at fever heat.

Estelle was nobly impartial. At first she had thought herself really in love with Bronson. That was what had impelled her to the masquerading. But somehow George's grave, hurt face had made her very much ashamed, although she would have died rather than admit love at first sight. Then his freeing her and settling down to court her anew appealed to something in her or like her. Altogether she was hard put to it to decide.

The strain of it all bore hardest on Bronson. His temper, never sweet, became abrupt and uncertain. He was barely civil to other women, George, contrariwise, continued to be a butterfly among the social flowers.

Upon one of those spring days that seem made for love the three rode together through blossomy lanes. Bronson rode but clumsily, so when presently his mount bolted it was all he could do to keep his seat. George, a horseman born, was after the runaway in a minute, caught him and checked him so sharply that the mad creature reared, kicked savagely and at last fell backward, taking the other horse with it in a struggling, plunging heap. That anybody came out of it alive was little short of a miracle. But there was nothing worse for either than a broken arm. As Bronson stood ruefully nursing it he said, looking straight in Estelle's eyes: "You needn't take the trouble to tell me anything. I saw your face as we were going down. You found out whom you loved just then—George."

"Yes, George," Estelle said, flushing like a rose.

A Peculiar Fish.

"There is a species of fish in the Indian ocean which have a very remarkable peculiarity," said a naturalist. "This fish is provided with a short snout, which it uses very much as a sportsman uses a gun. Swimming close beneath the surface of the water, it watches the flies flitting about directly overhead, and having selected one to its fancy suddenly thrusts its head out of the water and with unerring marksmanship discharges several drops of water at its victim. Confused, and with its wings drenched and rendered temporarily useless by the watery projectiles, the insect drops to the surface of the water, where it is immediately gobbled up by its voracious enemy. These fish are said to be able to bring down a fly in this manner from the height of two or three feet."

ANTS' NOSES.

There Are Five of Them, and Each Has Its Own Duty.

In their antennae, or feelers, ants have five noses, each of which has its own duties to perform.

One nose tells the ant whether it is in its own nest or that of an enemy; another nose discriminates between odors of ants of the same species, but of different colonies; a third nasal organ serves the purpose of discerning the scent laid down by the ant's own feet, so that it may be able to retrace the way quite easily; a fourth nose smells the larvae and pupae, and the fifth nose detects the presence of an enemy.

If an ant be deprived of a certain nose, it will live peaceably with enemies, but if it retains its fifth nose it will fight the alien to the death. There is a difference in the functions of nose one and nose five, although they appear to be somewhat alike.

This sense of smell does not come till the ants are three days old. If, therefore, ants only twelve hours old are placed among others belonging to different colonies, they will grow up quite amicably and not understand that they are a mixed lot, because they will have grown up with ideas of scent in accordance with their surroundings. The sense of smell to them is as important as the sense of sight to human beings.

Bunching It.

"How long have you been married?" asked the prima donna.

"Only six months this time," replied the beautiful soubrette; "but, putting them all together, I suppose I've been a wife for three or four years at least."—Exchange.

A Soother.

He—He's put a good many to sleep in his time. She—Doctor or pugilist? He—Neither; he's a preacher.—Chicago Journal.

Overdone.

Jasper—I often wonder why Jenkins is not more popular, for he is the most polite man I know. Jumpupp—That is just the trouble. He is so confoundedly polite he leaves the impression that he wants to borrow money.—Town Topics.

Sometimes.

"My husband is a fatalist. He always maintains that men are not free agents."

"You must remember that your husband is married."—Town and Country.

ST. SWITHIN'S DAY.

The Venerable Superstition That Is Associated With July 15.

St. Swithin's day falls on July 15, and in England there is a superstition that if it rains on that date the succeeding forty days will be wet, and if, on the contrary, St. Swithin's day be fair then the succeeding twoscore days will likewise be pleasant. The superstition is venerable, for one old historian remarks that "St. Swithin, a holy bishop of Winchester, about the year 860 was called the weeping St. Swithin, for that about his feast Praesepe and Aselli, rainy constellations, arise cosmically and commonly cause rain."

Another version of the story is that the good bishop left orders at his death that he should be buried in the open churchyard and not in the chancel. The monks, however, disobeyed the wishes of their dead and laid him to rest on July 15 within the minster, whereupon rain fell heavily and continually till on the fortieth day the offending priests became alarmed and hastened to fulfill their dead bishop's request.

Statistics furnished by the officials at Greenwich observatory discredit the accuracy of the whole tale. The figures for one period of twenty years go to show that the greater number of rainy days after St. Swithin's day followed a dry July 15.

A PAINTER'S ARTIFICE.

The Secret of the Color In One of Turner's Pictures.

The late Mr. Horsley, R. A., has recorded that at one time he studied almost daily one of Turner's finest water colors, called "The Snowdon Range," admiring especially the tender warmth of the light clouds encircling the moon. He tried all sorts of glasses to see if he could discover how the particular glow was gained, but without success.

Chance revealed the secret. The picture began to buckle from its mount, and its owner, Sir Seymour Haden, put it into the hands of a noted expert to be remounted. When he had successfully removed it from its old mount the expert sent for the owner to show him what he had discovered. A circle of orange vermilion had been plastered on the back with an ivory palette knife where the artist wanted the effect and then worked off sufficiently far through the pores of the previously wetted paper to give the show of color, while retaining the smooth surface, without a trace of workmanship on the right side.

This may have led Mr. Horsley himself to use, as he did, brilliant orange as the foundation for a white muslin dress.

OPEN AIR STATE JAIL.

Primitive Place of Confinement In Montenegro.

The open air state jail of Cettinje, Montenegro, is unique in Europe. This primitive place of confinement is situated in the principal public square of the Montenegrin capital. Persons guilty of such minor offenses as assault or petty thefts are sentenced to imprisonment in the open air jail. The prisoners are allowed to roam about the square at will, the mere fact that they have been deprived of their weapons being considered appropriate punishment. At night the prisoners are removed to a room in the town hall, where they have far more comfortable quarters than they would have at home. The thought of escaping from their open air jail seldom occurs to them, and even if it did there is no place where they could find refuge. The Montenegrins are, above all, men of honor, and were a prisoner to escape the population of Cettinje would soon be at the heels of the fugitive guilty of having broken his promise not to attempt to escape.—New York Tribune.

A Clock Without Works.

In the courtyard of the palace of Versailles is a clock with one hand, called L'Horloge de la Mort du Roi. It contains no works, but consists merely of a face in the form of a sun, surrounded by rays. On the death of a king the hand is set to the moment of his demise and remains unaltered till his successor has joined him in the grave. This custom originated under Louis XIII. and continued till the revolution. It was revived on the death of Louis XVIII., and the hand still continues fixed on the precise moment of that monarch's death.

Appearance a Protection.

"Appearances are deceitful" is an old saying, which was illustrated by an old lady in one of our banks a few days ago.

She drew out a sum very near the $1,000 mark. The banker kindly asked her if she did not wish an escort to her destination in order to insure protection for the large amount. Looking calmly at the banker, she replied, "Why, nobody would think I had more than $1.25!"—Rumford Falls Times.

The Gentle Art.

Visitor (to particular friend, who has had several new dresses laid on the bed to choose from)—I do wish you would tell me the name of the woman you sell your things to. I've got a lot of old gowns like these that I want to get rid of.—Punch.

Sympathy.

"Boss," began the beggar, "won't yer help a poor"—

"See here," interrupted Goodheart, "I gave you some money last week."

"Well, gee whiz! Ain't yer earned any more since?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

When a man fools his wife and is ashamed of it, it is not so serious, but when he thinks he has a right to fool her, that is serious.—Atchison Globe.

RELIC FROM THE STONE AGE

A Body From the Prehistoric Burying Places of England.

In Somersetshire, England, may be seen many "barrows," burying places of prehistoric man. Long ages ago, when the elephant and rhinoceros, the lion and bear, the hyena and wolf, the great elk and the reindeer were among the common animals of England, primitive man and savage beasts lived in caves in this region.

At the entrance to these caves the aborigines, clad in skins, kept fires burning for warmth and for protection from the wild beasts. It was here that they made flint hatchets, knives and arrowheads. Not long ago a trench was being dug within the mouth of one of these caves for the purpose of draining.

It was found necessary to break up a stalagmite floor of two thick layers. Between the layers was a deposit of cave earth and stones, in which was discovered the skeleton of a man of very great antiquity in an excellent state of preservation. With it were found several flint knives and flakes. Experts who made a careful examination of the skull, which has projecting brows and receding frontal bone, have decided that it belongs to the stone age and is of a type intermediate between the paleolithic and neolithic ages.

Apparently the body had been placed in a small passage leading off from the great passages to the stalactite caves and had been prevented from disturbance by stones piled around it. The stalagmite floor had formed over it all, effectually preserving it to the present day.—Harper's Weekly.

ANIMALS IN BATTLE.

The Gorilla's Powerful Arms Make It a Formidable Foe.

Fish fighting is a most popular sport in Siam. The two fish, trained from the age of six months to fight, are placed in a large glass bottle. It is most curious to note each fish's attitude when it becomes aware of its adversary's presence in the bottle. Swelling with rage and pride, they sail around and around the narrow space, pretending not to notice each other until suddenly one fish makes a savage dart at its unwelcome companion, biting its fins and body. The fight continues until the referee sees that the issue is no longer in doubt, when the contest is stopped.

Horses use either their teeth or their hoofs as a mode of defense. A curious instance of the effectiveness of these weapons once occurred at Sheffield park. A bulldog, barking and snarling, chased a horse turned loose around and around a meadow, not with angry intent, but purely from excess of high spirits. After galloping around the field several times the horse stopped dead and, turning sharply around, lashed out at the yelping dog, with a fatal result, for its skull was cloven.

The gorilla is a most formidable opponent in battle, its great strength lying in its powerful arms. Few animals of the forest have the slightest chance of overcoming a gorilla. A python has been known to encircle its coils around the gorilla's body, only, however, to have its own body torn open by its adversary's hands.

Waste of Energy.

If you hold your fist as tight as you can hold it for fifteen minutes the fatigue you will feel when it relaxes is a clear proof of the energy you have been wasting, and if the waste is so great in the useless tightening of a fist it is still greater in the extended and continuous contraction of brain and nerves in useless fears, and the energy saved through dropping the fears and their accompanying tension can bring in the same proportion a vigor unknown before and at the same time afford protection against the very things we feared. The fear of taking cold is so strong in many people that a draft of fresh air becomes a bugaboo to their contracted, sensitive nerves. Drafts are imagined as existing everywhere, and the contraction which immediately follows the sensation of a draft is the best means of preparing to catch a cold.

Sermon of Three Hours and a Half.

Charles II. was wont in his humorous way to say of his chaplain, Dr. Barrow, that "he was the most unfair preacher in England because he exhausted every subject and left no room for others to come after him." It was indeed too much the doctor's way. When he got hold of a topic he never knew how to leave anything unsaid about it. One of his best discourses, that on the duty and reward of bounty to the poor, actually took up three and a half hours in delivering.

Luck.

Persons who believe in luck and signs will doubtless agree that it is unlucky to be struck by lightning on Monday, or take hold of a circular saw in motion on Tuesday, or tumble downstairs with a coal scuttle on Wednesday, or be hit by a trolley car on Thursday, or fall overboard on Friday, or marry on Saturday, or be one of thirteen to dinner on Sunday when there is food for only ten.

Groundless Fear.

Cholly—I did think of going in for politics, but I was afwaid I wouldn't know just how to tweat my infewiahs, don't y' know. Peppery—Your inferiors! Oh, you wouldn't be likely to meet any of them.—Philadelphia Press.

The Sword.

A sword is out of place in time of peace, and it is of very little consequence in time of war, except to adorn a big general or a lodge man in a parade.—Atchison Globe.

True independence is to be found where a person contracts his desires within the limits of his fortune.

TIGER HARD TO POISON.

Lion Usually Falls an Easy Victim, as He Eats Voraciously.

Wolves, tigers, leopards and other carnivora are difficult to poison because of the power which they have of rapidly getting rid of the drug. Lions, on the other hand, are very frequently poisoned, as they eat voraciously and quickly, more like a dog than the other large felidae. It is said that a good many lion skins, especially those brought back by foreign counts and others from Somaliland before the regrettable misunderstanding between whites and blacks had begun in that region famous for large game, were obtained by the unsportsmanlike method of poisoning carcasses and leaving them for the lions to devour.

Cattle, which have no less than four stomachs, are hopelessly poisoned if once they have swallowed a dose, whether in a toxic plant or otherwise. It is this curious arrangement of their interiors which makes it such a difficult matter to give cattle medicine at all.

In common with human beings, animals seem to be affected by poison in certain forms when in a particular condition of health. At other times they can eat the same plant or shrub with impunity. In certain states of health a man can eat pork, lobsters, cockles, scallops and other somewhat risky foods without bad effects. At other times the same edibles would produce on him the effect of ptomaine poisoning. Two persons may eat of the same food at the same time, and while one is perfectly well afterward the other may become violently ill.

The curious cases of yew poisoning among cattle or horses seem to be somewhat analogous. They will sometimes browse on shoots of yew and take no harm whatever. At other times they are obviously made very ill or die from eating the leaves. They have even been found dead with the yew fresh and undigested in their stomachs.

Where poisonous plants are present in any great numbers in herbage it seems quite impossible to prevent cattle from eating them.

Birds seem to have no discrimination whatever in regard to poisons, probably because they have almost no sense of smell and swallow their food without masticating it. Such intelligent birds as rooks will pick up and eat poisonous grain, and crows and ravens readily eat poisoned eggs or meat.

Chickens will eat the poisonous seeds of the laburnum and die from the effects. Whether birds such as tits and green finches ever do so does not seem to be known, but wild birds are frequently found dying in gardens, though apparently they have been in good health a few hours before, and their death may probably be due to the consumption of poisonous seeds.—Chicago Chronicle.

She Was Doing Her Best.

Genuine Scotch canniness shines through this story which the Philadelphia Ledger publishes: "A widow one day in spring was seen by the clerk of her parish crossing the churchyard with a watering pot and a bundle. "Ah, Mistress Mactavish," said the clerk, "what's yer bus'ness wi' sic like gear as that y'are carryin'?" "Ah, weel, Mr. Maclachlan," replied the widow, "I'm just goin' to my gudeman's grave. I've got some hay seeds in my bundle, which I'm going to sow upon it, and the water in the can is just to gi'e 'em a spring like!" "The seed winna want the watering," rejoined the clerk. "They'll spring finely themselves." "That may well be," replied the widow, "but ye dinna ken that my gudeman, as lay a-deeing, just got me to promise that I'd never marry again till the grass had grown above his grave. And, as I've had a good offer made me but yestreen, ye see, I dinna like to break my promise or be kept a lone widow, as ye see me!"

First Stogies.

"The first stogy was made by hand in the wilds of Pennsylvania," said an Allegheny City man. "The story which they tell once in awhile in West Virginia and which must be true is that the long cheroots derived their names from the town of Conestoga, Pa. An emigrant train of wagons was finding its way across the state, and a supply of tobacco was found at Conestoga. The emigrants got a lot of it, but failed to get any pipes, and so could not smoke unless they made pipes themselves. Necessity is the mother of invention. You may have heard that remark before. Anyhow, one of the men rolled a leaf of the tobacco in his hand and wrapped it with another leaf. That was the first stogy. Others followed his example, and they all called the article that they made a stoga in honor of the town at which the tobacco was secured. That is said to be the true story of how the name stogy originated."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Name of Turner.

Not every Turner owes his name to a lathe working ancestor, for, as Mr. Davies wrote in his account of the York press, "the elaborate initial and capital letters and floreated marginal borders (in the MSS.) were invented and drawn by the tournures and flourishers," and it is highly probable that they made impress on the nomenclature of posterity. Mr. Lower ("Patronymica Britannica") says that "those who dislike the plebelan tournure of Turner have contrived to turn it into Turnoure" on the plea that they came from some tour noir in Normandy. He states that Turner is one of the most common of surnames and inclines to agree with Mr. Ferguson that the popularity of tourneys or tournaments had much to do with it.—Notes and Queries.

EARTH LIGHT.

Evidences That Our Planet Possesses a Luminous Quality.

In proof that the earth does emit light Humboldt (1808) points to the aurora borealis. The light produced by this luminous arch is distinct from that received from the sun, and its intensity slightly exceeds that of the moon's light in her first quarter. At the poles this glow continues with scarcely a break, reminding us of the planet Venus, whose side turned away from the sun often gives forth a feeble phosphorescent light.

Humboldt goes on to argue that other planets also may possess a similar luminous quality, and in our atmosphere there are other evidences of this emission of light from the earth itself. Such were the famous dry fogs of 1783 and of 1831, which gave forth light perceptible at night, and such is that diffused glimmer which guides our steps in the nights of autumn and winter, when clouds hide the stars and the earth is not covered with snow.

It is therefore not entirely true that, as Sir Norman Lockyer puts it, "the earth cannot give out more light than a cold poker can."

GENIUS AT WORK.

Curious Postures of Some Men to Woo a Flow of Ideas.

Lombroso says that some men of genius in order to give themselves up to mediation even put themselves artificially into a state of cerebral semi-congestion. Schiller worked best with his feet plunged into ice. Descartes buried his head in a sofa while meditating, while Milton composed with his head leaning over his easy chair.

Paisiello composed beneath a mountain of bedclothes, and Rossini found bed the best place for his best works. Cujas worked lying prone on the carpet, and Liebnitz is said to have been obliged to assume the horizontal to meditate at all satisfactorily. Rousseau worked with his head in the full glare of the sun, Shelley on the hearth rug with his head close to the fire, and Bossuet, retiring to a cold room, wrapped his head in hot cloths.

It is possible that some of these devices increased the flow of arterial blood to the head, just as many can think best when exhilarated by rapid exercise or by walking up and down a room.

Whistler and His Tailor.

"Curious enough," wrote Mortimer Menpes, "whenever one came in contact with Whistler one entirely forgot one's own affairs and became completely occupied with his. The fit of the master's coat was far more important to me than my own artistic work. At the tailor's Whistler would give an elaborate description of how a certain coat was to be made, and the tailor would carry out his directions literally. But no sooner had the man accomplished the work than Whistler would say: 'This is all wrong. How dare you say that it is what I told you to do? I am a painter. It is not my business to make coats. That is your province. Therefore you should have led me to do what you knew to be right.'"

Right to the Point.

To do even the most humble work worthily and well something more than blind mechanical service must be given. A young mistress once asked her cook about a certain recipe. "Just how much flour do you put in, Mary?" "Law, mum, you don't follow any rule; you just use your jedgment!" "But suppose you don't have any 'jedgment,'" returned the puzzled mistress. "Then don't cook!" was the reply, succinct and to the point.