THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

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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, castor 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 abvantage 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

Special Sale to Make Room for Holiday Goods.

From Friday, Nov. 25th to Saturday Evening, Dec. 3rd.

Bargains in Every Department.

—THE MODERN STORE.—

Our store is loaded to the guards with the largest stock of new goods we have ever bought, and as our Holiday Goods are arriving, we must make room to display them. We have cut prices on our goods that will lessen the load promptly. We must have the room. You need every article we offer.

SEE CIRCULARS FOR PRICES.

SPECIAL SALE COMRPISES DRY GOODS, LADIES' AND MEN'S WEAR, MILLINERY, ETC.

This sale just before Christmas will be appreciated.

EISLER-MARDORF COMPANY,

SOUTH MAIN STREET PHONES: BELL L. D. PEOPLES POSTOFFICE BOX } 221 Send in Your Mail Orders.

OPPOSITE HOTEL ARLINGTON. BUTLER, PA.

The Great Sacrifice Sale

of Clothing, Men's and Boys' Furnishing Goods, Hats and Caps is still going on.

Owing to the dissolution of the firm of Schaul & Nast, prices on all goods in the store have been slashed regardless of cost. The following are a few of the many bargains we have to offer you:

Men's fine all wool, black and blue, Kersey Overcoats, regular price $15, **sale price $5.98**
Men's Oxford, black, very dressy, Overcoats, regular price $10 and $12, **sale price $4.48**
Men's very fine English Rain Coats, regular price $20, **sale price $10.25**
Men's fine Hodgmans Alexombrice Rain and Storm Overcoats, regular price $18, **sale price $9.98**
Men's heavy Rain and Storm Overcoats, regular price $9 and $10, **sale price $5.25**
118 pair of Men's and Boys' heavy Cassimere Pants, regular price $2, **sale price 98c**
389 pair Boys' Knee Pants (all wool) sizes 3 to 16, regular price 75c, **sale price 39c**

All we ask is for the reader of this advertisement to stop in the store and be convinced that we make good all we advertise. No trouble to show goods.

PHILIP SCHAUL,

SUCCESSOR TO SCHAUL & NAST.
137 South Main Street, - - - - - - - - - - Butler, Pa.

Jewelry, Silverware.

Now is the Time to select Holiday Goods.

CALL AT

Cleeland's Jewelry Store

and look over a very fine stock of Watches, Solid Silverware, Hand Painted and Imported China, Gold Jewelry, finest plated ware and many other new and up to date goods suitable for a nice wedding or Christmas gift.

D. L. CLEELAND,

125 South Main street, - - - Butler, Pa.

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.

SAY!

Are You Thinking Of Buying Clothing?

If you are going to invest in a suit or overcoat before long, we would say come in and examine our stock, we can show you ideas in clothing you have never saw before, and don't forget that there are two things to remember. The one is that the DOUTHETT & GRAHAM label on a garment is guarantee of satisfaction, and the other is that quality and price considered there is no better clothing sold anywhere.

YOURS FOR CLOTHING.

Douthett & Graham.

INCORPORATED.

See Window Display.

Hair Falling Out?

CUMALENA HAIR TONIC will stop it. Cures Dandruff, Itching of the Scalp, Splitting and Falling Out of the Hair and all scalp diseases.

Crafton, Pa., July 22, 1904.

Cumalena Mfg. Co.,
Gentlemen:
I take great pleasure in recommending CUMALENA HAIR TONIC AND ANTISEPTIC SHAMPOO. I was troubled for over five years with falling out of the hair and dandruff, and in my case they effected a permanent cure.
Yours respectfully, A. B. WALKER.

CUMALENA HAIR TONIC to be had at all first-class druggists and barbers. **50c and $1.00 Bottles.** Our guarantee goes with every bottle.

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

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.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

PHYSICIANS.

J. C. BOYLE, M. D. Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat, SPECIALIST. 121 East Cunningham Street. Office Hours, 11 to 12 a. m., 3 to 5 and 7 to 9 p. m. BOTH TELEPHONES.

DR. JULIA E. FOSTER, OSTEOPATH. Consultation and examination free. Office hours—9 to 12 A. M., 2 to M., daily except Sunday. Evening appointment. Office—Stein Block, Rooms 9-10, Butler, Pa. People's Phone 478.

DR. H. J. NEELY, Rooms 6 and 7, Hughes Building, South Main St. Chronic diseases of genito urinary organs and rectum treated by the mos approved methods.

CLARA E. MORROW, D. O., Graduate Boston College of Osteopathy. Women's diseases a specialty. Consultatian and examination free. Office Hours, 9 to 12 m., 2 to 3 p. m People's Phone 573. 116 S. Main street, Butler, Pa

G. M. ZIMMERMAN Physician and Surgeon At 327 N. Main St.

L. R. HAZLETT, M. D., 106 West Diamond, Dr. Graham's former office. Special attention given to Eye, Nose and Throat People's Phone 274.

SAMUEL M. BIPPUS, Physician and Surgeon 200 West Cunningham St.

DENTISTS.

DR. FORD H HAYES, DENTIST. Graduate of Dental Department, University of Pennsylvania. Office—215 S. Main Street, Butler, Pa.

DR. S. A. JOHNSTON, Surgeon Dentist. Formerly of Butler, Has located opposite Lowry House, Main St., Butler, Pa. The finest work a specialty. Expert painless extractor of teeth by his new method, no medicine used or jabbing a needle into the gums; also gas and ether used. Com munications by mail receive prompt attention.

DR J. WILBERT McKEE, Surgeon Dentist. Office over Leighner's Jewelry store, Butler, Pa Peoples Telephone 505. A specialty made of gold fillings, gold crown and bridge work.

W. J. HINDMAN, DENTIST. 127½ South Main street, (ov Metzer's shoe store.)

DR. H. A. McCANDLESS, DENTIST. Office in Butler County National Bank Building, 2nd floor.

DR. M. D. KOTTRABA, Successor to Dr. Johnston, DENTIST Office at No 114 E. Jefferson St., over G. W. Miller's grocery

ATTORNEYS.

R. P. SCOTT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Office in Butler County National Bank building.

A. T. SCOTT, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office at No, 8, West Diamond St, Butler, Pa.

COULTER & BAKER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Office in Butler County National Bank building.

JOHN W. COULTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Office on Diamond, Butler, Pa. Special attention given to collections and business matters.

J. D McJUNKIN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Office in Reiber building, corner Main and E. Cunningham Sts, Entrance on Main street.

J. B. BREDIN, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office on Main St. near Court House

H. H. GOUCHER, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office in Wise building

E. H. NEGLEY, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office in the Negley Building, West Diamond.

W. C. FINDLEY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, AND PENSION ATTORNEY. Office on South side of Diamond, Butler, Pa.

MISCELLANEOUS.

C. F. L. McQUISTION, CIVIL ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR Office near Court House.

L. P. WALKER, NOTARY PUBLIC, BUTLER, Office with Berkmer, next door to P. O

B. F. HILLIARD, GENERAL SURVEYING. Mines and Land. County Surveyor. R. F. D. 49, West Sunbury, Pa.

C. F. T. Pape,

JEWELER.

121 E. Jefferson Street.

Buttercups And Daisies

By Kate M. Cleary

Copyright, 1904, by Kate M. Cleary

Jocelyn glanced at the tiny clock on her dresser.

"Seven ten!" she said. "I'll have time to answer that letter after I get the dishes washed!"

Her task was accomplished with brisk dexterity. To be sure, there were not many dishes to be washed—one cup, one saucer, one spoon, one plate, one knife, one fork.

"Quite an old maid's outfit!" she said, with a little grimace as she rinsed out the diminutive teapot and set it on the shelf with the china. "Now, to tell Ned, dear old Ned, that—that—oh, how would a girl in a story refuse to marry a man that was quite the best fellow she knew, only—only"—

She read Edward Ford's letter through again, as though seeking some suggestion as to the most delicate and decisive manner in which she could decline his proposal.

It was a charming letter—simple, manly and straightforward. He loved her—he had always loved her. She must know that. There never had been another girl for him. There never could or would be while life lasted, whether she made him happy or bade him wait or—or even should she answer no. He had wanted to speak when she came up to work in the city, but had not felt free to do so, having others dependent upon him. But now that his dear mother's sufferings were ended and that his sister had married and possessed a home of her own he was able to follow the dictates of his heart. The old place needed a mistress. It was very beautiful just then, he added. The syringa hedge was white with blossom. You couldn't see the road for the clematis and seven sisters rose across the porch.

The girl, sitting at the window of the lodging house, looked out at the dirty Nottingham lace curtains of the lodging house across the street and then afar over a wilderness of irregular brick walls and smoking chimneys with eyes grown suddenly wistful. How she hated it all! Even if she could keep this fresh and dainty—this tiny room she called her own!

Maplewild! The big, comfortable country house, set back in rich orchard lands! She used to laugh at the quaint, prim, low ceiled rooms, with their air of rigid order, of sedateness. Now she fancied them as a sweet, cool refuge. If there were only some fresh swisses and silkoline draperies around, and magazines and a lot of light, cretonne pillows, what an ideal home it would be! She would do the dining room in yellow, as it was on the north side of the house, and—

The clanging gong of a fire engine passing in the street below startled her from her dream. She straightened up with a little jerk and glanced around the shabby little room, with the crude paper, the aggressive carpet, the cheap pine furniture, and her trunk in the corner. It was here she was going to remain—here. She had no intention of marrying Ned Ford. So she hastily dipped her pen in the ink bottle on the window sill, steadied her portfolio on her knee and began to write:

Dear Ned—I have your letter, and I'm sorry, sorry, so sorry you wrote it! Not that I don't want you to be fond of me. I do. It seems sometimes as if I'm millions of miles away from every one who ever cared a pin for me. But it isn't any use your loving me—that way. Don't think there's any one else. There isn't. Two men have asked me the same question since I've been earning my living in town. But I couldn't care for either the tiniest bit. And I do care for you—only, not in the way I ought to if—

She shot a look at the little clock—jumped to her feet.

"Seven ten, still!"

She grabbed her hat, hastily put it on, adjusted her veil with a glance at the pretty, pale face that looked back at her from the glass with quite a frightened expression, and caught up her gloves.

"Mercy! I must have forgotten to wind the clock. I was so tired last night. I'll be late as sure as fate!"

The cars were crowded, and she had to stand all the way to the store. She was late and was not only docked, but received a reprimand from the head of the department. There was a convention of some sort in town, and the great establishment was thronged with sightseers and shoppers. The heat of the day increased, and what with the close, sultry warmth, the worry over the episode of the morning and the incessant demands upon her attention a splitting headache began to torture the girl. She found it hard to retain her usual calm courtesy of manner when a fashionably dressed woman upon whom she had been waiting announced loudly and with a suspicious glance in her direction that she had missed her pocketbook.

"I had it a moment ago. I just laid it down here!" she explained to the floorwalker who had hurried up. "This young lady was waiting on me!"

"It may have been taken to the lost and found department. If you will come with me, madam."

She reluctantly accompanied him. And when a few minutes later she repassed the counter carrying her reclaimed property the look she sent Jocelyn Duane was as vindictive as though she still harbored doubt of her innocence.

"Pleasant life, this!" the girl murmured. Being independent was not all it was cracked up to be she was deciding when a gentle voice spoke, "Gloves—5¾!"

"Yes, madam! What shade do you pre"—

"Goodness," cried the new customer, "if it isn't Jocelyn Duane!"

A plump little woman, holding a plump little baby, sat beside the counter. The wholesome tan of the country was on her cheek, and the joy of living shone in her soft brown eyes.

"Why, Mary Andrews!" Jocelyn greeted her gladly. "It does seem good to see any one from Maplewild! I heard you were married soon after I left. And this is your child? What a darling!"

"Isn't he!" said the mother proudly. "John thinks there never was such a boy. He came up to the convention, and of course we had to come along. You look awfully stylish, Jocelyn—and pretty. You're prettier than ever. But—my, you're thin!"

"How is every one at Maplewild?" Jocelyn asked hastily, busying herself with the gloves.

"Blooming—all that are left. We've had some deaths, you know. Poor Mrs. Ford is gone. They do say that Billie Moore would willingly be mistress of Ned's fine old house now"—

"Billie Moore!" repeated Jocelyn. She flushed hotly. There was a queer ache in her throat. What right had Billie Moore—or any other girl—

"She's a rich girl—and not bad looking! Tan, please! How queer it seems to be buying gloves from you! Yes, those will do. I must hurry. This young man is getting impatient. I suppose you'll never condescend to come to Maplewild again, Jocelyn?"

Jocelyn laughed in a sudden, breathless, happy fashion.

"Perhaps I shall!" she said.

When she opened the door of her ugly little room that evening a miracle of loveliness met her gaze. In the pitcher on the window sill was an immense bunch of daisies and buttercups—a blaze of snow and gold.

"A splendid looking young gentleman brought them," the maid said when questioned. "He said I was to put them in water in your room. And he left a card with writing on."

Jocelyn's tired face glowed as she read the penciled lines:

I couldn't bear to read your answer. I followed my letter in person. Will call at 8 this evening.

Jocelyn went to her portfolio, took out a half written sheet of note paper and tore it into minute pieces. Then she knelt down by the window and laid her hot cheek against the cool velvet of the flowers. And all the dull, monotonous, dreary present fell away from her. She was not an independent young working woman. She was a happy girl again among the fields at home—loved, admired, protected.

Such magic had they wrought!

And when she dressed herself in her prettiest gown of blue and silver it was a girl with starry eyes and rose red cheeks who smiled proudly back at her from the mirror.

"Ellie Moore," she said—"Ellie Moore, indeed! The very idea!"

She looked so radiant and so lofty when she swept into the parlor that the stalwart young fellow striding across the room to meet her felt his heart sink.

"Jocelyn," he said, "I've come for my answer."

She smiled tenderly and touched the blooms thrust in her belt.

"Oh, Jocelyn!" he whispered, his eyes kindling. "Oh, Jocelyn—dearest!"

The Worst Wind of the World.

"What is the worst wind of the world?" said the captain of a trading ship that pokes her nose in almost every spot of the world during her curious wanderings. "Well, I'll tell you first of other winds, so as to lead up to it artistically. I've been through a Kamchatka, which is what they call the storms of that country, and I've seen it blow drifts fifty feet high in an hour. I put in three days in a typhoon, which is the great-grandfather of all the hurricanes. It blew every sail out of the bolt ropes and swept the deck so clean that it looked as if it had been scraped. Down in St. Vincent, in the West Indies, I lay on the beach during a West Indian hurricane, the black storm that sweeps over the Caribbean, and I had to dig my hands into the earth to hold tight.

"But worse than all these is the wind that they call the woolly, or the willy, or the willy willy, according to locality. You get it at its best in the strait of Magellan, but a great part of the country around the southern end of the south temperate regions enjoys its blessings."—New York Press.

Couldn't Find It.

A young man having evolved what he considered a good joke forwarded it to a comic paper, but received no answer. Desirous of ascertaining the fate of his contribution he sent the editor the following letter:

Sir—I have carefully read your paper for the last month, but fail to find any trace of the joke I sent you on the 5th ult.

In due course he received this reply:

Sir—In reply to your letter, I deeply sympathize with you, for, since I received your MS. on the 5th ult. I have carefully read it several times, but up to date I, too, have failed to find any trace of the joke referred to.

Beecher and the Medium.

While in England Henry Ward Beecher was entertained by a gentleman who believed in spiritualism and was himself a medium. One day he asked if Beecher would like to talk with the spirit of his father, Dr. Lyman Beecher. Mr. Beecher replied that it would please him immensely. After the seance was over he was asked how it had impressed him, at which, with a twinkle in his eye, Beecher responded, "All I have to say is that if I deteriorate as fast for the first ten years after I am dead as my father has I shall be a stark naked fool."

Origin of Texts.

The custom of taking a text as the basis of a sermon originated with Ezra, who, accompanied by several Levites in a public congregation of men and women, ascended a pulpit, opened the book of the law and, after a prayer, "read in the book in the law of God distinctly and gave the sense and caused them to understand the reading."

Previous to the time of Ezra the patriarchs delivered in public assemblies either prophecies or moral instructions, and it was not until the return of the Jews from the Babylonish captivity, during which they had almost lost the language in which the Pentateuch was written, that it became necessary to explain as well as to read the Scriptures to them.

Elongated Palates.

It is not an uncommon thing to suffer for an elongated palate, which causes great discomfort in various ways. It is inflamed by cold and then aggravates a persistent cough. It brings a sense of oppression in one's breathing, and it is sure to make itself felt in long continued talking. Doctors are generally loath to touch it. Perhaps the most quickly efficacious treatment recommended by them is gargling with alum water just before brushing the teeth. This has been known to work a radical bettering of the distress.—Pearson's.

Effectual Way.

"I thought Smeargle was a friend of yours."

"He was until lately. I had to drop him. He was always wanting to borrow money."

"Refused him sharply, did you?"

"No; I lent him some."—Chicago Tribune.

Just a Little Favor.

Mrs. Nodd—The cook refuses to get up earlier than 7. Todd—Ask her if she won't do it for a couple of days until I can rearrange my business.—Brooklyn Life.

What Worried Him.

She—But, pa, he says he can't live without me. Pa—But the question is whether he can live without me.—New York Press.

Many a girl makes a blunder in not taking a man at his word when he says, "I am not worthy of your love."

For Sake of Peace

By OTHO B. SEGNA

Copyright, 1904, by Otho B. Segna

"Mrs. Gray," whispered Alec Bruce, "where is Peace?"

"In the studio."

"Alone?"

"Alone."

"Where are the other girls?"

"They are all out somewhere. Kara is"—

"Never mind. Just so they are not in the house. Mrs. Gray, if you have any mercy in your makeup keep everybody away from that studio for just one-half hour. I've waited two years for this chance."

He hurried noiselessly up the stairs to the top floor of the Octagon, home of bachelor maids. The studio door was open, and Peace sat by the easel facing an unfinished painting of "Evangeline."

"Peace be unto this house," was his salutation as he salaamed oriental fashion, "and to me, Peace!"

She feigned absorption in her work.

"Must I remove my shoes?" still waiting at the door, holding a rose in his outstretched hand.

"Come you from Persia?" she queried, smiling.

"Surely, fair lady, and the rose—'tis the Persian rose of beauty and of love—to you a peace offering."

"I suppose you may come in," grudgingly. "I really want the rose."

"'Tis yours, gentle maiden, likewise the heart of the Persian."

"That's not funny," severely.

"Nay, but 'tis truth."

"It's a beautiful morning for a walk," in a "no trespassing" tone.

"Oh, delightful!" chilled, but tenaciously hopeful. "Jack and I have been out looking at houses."

"How interesting!"

"Tell me truly, Peace, what did you think the other day when I actually forced old Jack to show his hand, likewise his heart?"

"I thought," vaguely, intuitively on the defensive, "I thought you knew—what you were about."

"I did," eagerly. "I feared he would never propose to Edith unless he was helped, and I was tired of waiting."

"Waiting?" with puzzled interest.

"Yes. You see, I was bound by a sacred promise, and I was growing desperate."

"I don't understand"—

"It was like this," pushing the Roman seat nearer the easel and assuming a nonchalance he was far from feeling—"you know, it's two years since Jack and I began calling here at the Octagon. Judge Graves introduced us—sort of vouched for our respectability—you may remember"—

"I remember," putting fresh colors on the palette.

"Well, in a few weeks Jack discovered that he was in love with Edith. I knew long before that I was in"—

"Kindly move a little, Mr. Bruce. I may spatter paint on your clothing," coldly polite.

The Roman seat was moved back a little—a very little.

"Thank you. I don't often spatter, but accident, you know"—

"M—m, yes. Well, as I was saying," strenuously endeavoring to regain lost ground, "Jack and I 'fessed to one another one night, and Jack was dreadfully gloomy over it," pausing, expecting a question.

The artist was intensely interested in adjusting with the brush a fold of Evangeline's gown.

"M—m, over his prospects, I mean. And when I told him that I was"—

"Please hand me that rag, Mr. Bruce; no, not that one, the oily one on the floor beside your seat. Thank you. I never before had so much trouble with drapery."

"You don't know what the word trouble means, Peace Gray. Now, I'll go on," firmly. "When I told Jack that I was in love he said that was all right for me. With my wealth I could propose at once, and I could be married within a month if I wanted to, while he, with his uncertain future, must wait an indefinite time before he could even let the girl know he cared for her."

"Well, he has now, and I hope they will be very happy," dismissing the subject with finality.

"Oh, they will," hurriedly, "and I told Jack—actually made a vow, in fact—that I'd never breathe a word of"—

"You kept the secret faithfully, Mr. Bruce. There, don't you like that drapery better?"

—"never breathe a word of my attachment," doggedly persevering, "until he was in a position to declare his. And I've kept faith with Jack and strict guard over myself for two years. Now," triumphantly, "I am free to speak"—

"Do you care to have the cross in the picture, Mr. Bruce? Many artists show a cross, half concealed in the shadowy suggestion of trees, just back of the figure of Evangeline. This is your commission, and any changes"—

"I wish you'd let me finish it," with apparent surrender.

"Finish the picture? Why, I didn't know you could paint."

"I can't, nor draw, but I can finish this picture to suit me. Peace, do you know she looks like you?"

"So the girls say," following his lead with evident relief.

"I wish she didn't look so sad."

"You couldn't expect anything else. She cannot find her Gabriel."

"Some Evangelines won't look at Gabriel when he comes to them," gloomily.

"I'm curious to know how you would finish the picture," on guard again.

"Oh, I'd improve on Longfellow. I'd have Gabriel come and surprise her while she is sitting here. I'd have her seem glad to see him, and—and very glad to him, you know. I'd have him put his arms around her and kiss her—well, nine times, sure. And then I'd have them 'marry and live happy ever after,' as the old fashioned fairy tales always did."

"If I weren't afraid you'd spoil the picture," temptingly.

"Oh, no, I won't; I won't hurt it a bit," eagerly, a daring thought fascinating him with its possibilities. "You get me a big apron; I mustn't spoil my clothes."

Her absence was brief, but sufficient for his purpose. When she returned he waved his hand triumphantly toward the easel.

"There, Evangeline; your Gabriel has come and awaits your greeting."

She stepped nearer to the picture—a large, unmounted photograph of Bruce was placed on the easel close to the figure of Evangeline. She caught it up quickly, ignoring the significance of its position and of Alec's words.

"Oh, when did you have this? It is very good."

He came nearer, looking at the photograph over her shoulder.

"That's your Gabriel, Evangeline. You must be good to him, you know. Oh, Peace, don't put me off any longer. You understand me—I want you for my wife, Peace. Why, Peace! Peace, Peace, dearest, don't cry! What is the matter? What have I said to hurt you so?"

"Oh, Alec, I am so ashamed—so ashamed!"

"Here, sit here, Peace, and tell me all about it."

"Oh, Alec, I've been terribly jealous, and I've thought hateful things about all the girls—Tillie first, then Martha and Kara and Kathleen—oh, I've hated them all!"

"M—m! This is pretty bad, Peace, but I'll tell you what I've done. I've laid plans"—lowering his voice to a tragical whisper—"deep, dark plans to do away with every man except Jack who ever came to the Octagon. I meant to smother Coleridge under a ton of his own orchids and press the breath out of Judge Graves with a stack of law books and drown Abe Adams in a 'flood of eloquence,' and as for that impetuous westerner—I thought it was you he wanted—I could have torn him limb from limb! You see, we're dangerous—too dangerous to be at large. We'll have to marry for the sake of peace."

"Not for the sake of Alec?" archly.

"Oh, Peace, for my sake, and, Peace, a double wedding with Jack and Edith"—

"That half hour, Alec Bruce," called Mrs. Gray's voice from the hall, "is greatly overdone, and"—

"Not a bit of it, Auntie Gray. This half hour is rare. There'll never be another like it."

"I thought I'd tell you the girls are coming—all four of them"—

"Keep them away, auntie; keep them away from me. You know their belligerent, quarrelsome dispositions. And I have determined that at any cost I must and will have Peace!"

And the chronicles of the Octagon record that he did.

A Good Natured Wife.

An English rustic whose wife was blessed with a remarkably even temper went over the way to a neighbor one evening and said:

"Neighbor, I just should like to see my wife cross for once. I've tried all I know, and I can't make her cross no way."

"You can't make your wife cross?" said his neighbor. "I wish I could make mine anything else. But you just do what I tell you, and if that won't act nothing will. You bring her in some night a lot of the crookedest sticks for the fire you can get—them as won't lie in no form—and see how she makes out then."

The pieces of wood were accordingly brought in, as awkward and crooked and contrary as could be found. The man went away early to work and at noon returned to see the result of his experiment.

He was greeted with a smiling face and the gentle request:

"Tom, do bring me in some more of those crooked sticks if you can find them. They do just fit around the kettle so nicely!"

Agamemnon's Tomb.

Agamemnon, it has been claimed, is a glorious myth, but those who have felt the charm of Homer's matchless epic telling of his achievements at Troy will be loath to believe it. Let us keep inviolate our belief in the heroes! You may see today Agamemnon's tomb at Mycenae, Greece—Mycenae, to which he, as king, returned triumphant from the conquest of Ilium, bringing with him, as Æschylus tells in the greatest of Greek tragedies, the fair Cassandra. Agamemnon did not die of old age, covered with honors, for that was not the popular end of heroes in those strenuous days. Homer says he was slain by Ægisthus, lover of his queen wife, Æschylus tells that Queen Clytemnestra killed both Agamemnon and Cassandra.

A True Portrait.

The widow was taking her first look at the bust of her beloved husband. The clay was still damp. "Pray examine it well, madam," said the sculptor. "If there is anything wrong I can alter it."

The widow looked at it with a mixture of sorrow and satisfaction.

"It is just like him," she said, "a perfect portrait—his large nose—the sign of goodness." Here she burst into tears. "He was so good! Make the nose a little larger!"

Our Funny Bone.

The "funny" bone, or "crazy" bone, as it is commonly called, is in reality no bone at all, but a nerve, and its peculiar name, of facetious origin, is a pun on the word "humerus," the cylindrical bone which runs from the shoulder to the elbow, the ulnar nerve passing around it.

The nerve is here superficial and therefore comparatively unprotected, so that it may be easily compressed, and then a blow upon it causes a strange tingling sensation in the course of its distribution, which is felt as far away as the little finger. The humerus has been the occasion of humor in others, for Locker wittily writes in "An Old Muff," published about 1740:

He cannot be complete in aught
Who is not humorously prone,
A man without a merry thought
Can hardly have a funny bone.

A Lifetime's Eating.

Science Siftings tells us that if we could see the amount of food one would consume in a lifetime pass before us the sight would be quite appalling. If a man lived seventy years, he would consume during that time about 100 four pound loaves of bread a year, or a total of 7,000 substantial loaves. Of meat he would consume, if he ate all beef, forty bullocks; of potatoes, an average of 200 pounds per year. If he ate only two eggs a week, it would require about 7,000 eggs to feed him during his lifetime; of tea and coffee on an average a pint a day, or for a lifetime about 8,220 gallons.

What They Didn't Know About Air.

Health journals have been in existence time out of mind. One in particular in its day was widely accepted as an authority on all matters of hygiene. An item which appeared in this paper in 1874 says among other things that "It is safer to sleep in a bad air all night—that is, with the windows tightly closed—with a temperature over 50 than in a pure air with a temperature under 40."

Fatherly Conclusion.

Farmer Trefrog—What makes you think Daniel Webster wuz a smart man? Farmer Hoptoad—Waal, I've been readin' some of his speeches, an' they seem to agree purty thoroughly with Mary Jane's graduation essays.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Faithfulness in little things fits one for heroism when the great trials come.—Louisa M. Alcott.