Last Call on Winter Goods. Some Special Snaps for Shrewd Shoppers.

-THE MODERN STORE --

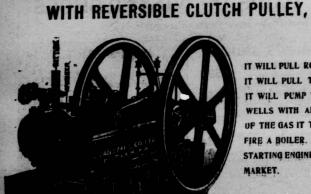
Almost Given Away, Ladies' Flannel Shirt Waists, all This Season's Styles at Half Price.

\$4 00 FRENCH FLANNEL WAISTS NOW \$2 00 3 50 " " " 175 3 00 " " " 1 50 2 00 " " " 1 00 1 25 " " 63

Still about a dozen fine trimmed Winter Hats left, sold from \$5 to \$8, can have your choice this week while they last for \$1. About 15 Fur Scarfs left, ranging in price from \$2 50 to \$13.50 all to go at half price.

EISLER-MARDORF COMPANY,

WHY ARE YOU SITTING UP ALL NIGHT FIRING COAL WHEN YOU CAN GET AN **EVANS GAS OR GASOLINE ENGINE**



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AGENTS FOR BUTLER. Supplies and International Stock Food. CALL FOR CATALOGUE.

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One lot of Ulster Overcoats, sizes 16 to 36. te that sold from \$10.00 to \$13.00—Sale price \$5.00

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All Men's and Boys' SWEATERS at 25 per cent less than regular price 200 SHIRTS, were 50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50, sell at \$5c, \$ for \$1.00, Lot of 25c and \$0c CAPS to at 15c.

SOCKS—the kind you pay 10c for any other store, go at 5c a pair.

Don't fail to avail yourself of this opportunity.

WATCH FOR WINDOW DISPLAY.

Douthett

Merchant Tailor. Winter Suitings JUST ARRIVED. 142 North Main St.

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.

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M. A. BERKIMER,

Funeral Director,

ROAD AND BRIDGE Rt PORTS

Notice is hereby given that the following roads and bridges have been confirmed nist by the Court and will be presented on the first Saturday of March Court. 186, being the 1th day of said month, and it no exceptions are fled they will be confirmed absolutely:

18, D. No. 1, December Term 1994. In the

the treatment.

Announcement.

To accommodate those who are partial to the use of atomizers in applying liquids into the nasal passages for catarrhal troubles, the proprietors prepare Cream Balm in liquid form, which will be known as Ely's Liquid Cream Balm. Price including the spraying tube is 75 cents. Druggists or by mail. The liquid form embodies the medicinal properties of the solid preparation.

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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.
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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 usedio into the
gums; also gas and ether used. Com
munications by mail receive prompt at
tention.

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

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1274 South Main street, (ov Metzer's DR. H. A. MCCANDLESS

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Office at No 114 E. Jefferson St., ove G. W. Miller's grocery

Office in Butler County National Bank building.

T. SCOTT Office at No. 8, West Diamond St. But ler, Pa.

COULTER & BAKER.

Attorneys at Law,
Office in Butles Gunty Nations
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W. C. FINDLEY, Office on South side of Diamond,

MISCELLANEOUS.

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CIVIL ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR,
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117 E. Jefferson St. BUTLER, - - - PA. WM. H. MILLER

FIRE and LIFE

and REAL ESTATE.

FROM Izola NO Forrester MAN'S

Alta Vista Villa, No Man's Land, Dear-Look at above heading and dream a dream of joy. I'm here, and when I saw that name tacked up over

where I rusticate just on the strength We are up on a bluff-sand bluff. I've been here three blessed, broiling days and haven't found anything in the place yet but sand and bluff. And sea, lots of sea, so much sea that you hope you'll never have to see so much sea again in all your life. Also a bathise, tintype tent, peanut pavilion and bathing houses-little, hot, new pine coffins stood up on end. Also girls and girls and girls, from sixteen to sixty, assorted sizes, and all looking for the man. There are lots of him

running around in the days of his youth, but for a real man such as we are led to expect, by all the summer lore ever written, hangs his delightfu self around summer resorts and wears white duck and brings you water lilies and sighs over a mandolin at you 'neath the pale moonlight—there isn't a single specimen wandering for miles around our villa.

Do you know what they call this par-ticular eyrie I have alighted on? No Man's Land. Pleasant, isn't it, after you've toiled over a typewriter while the wintry wind did a ragtime dance lidn't give a rap because you were thinking of your white waists and your linens and organdies and your heaven-ly, floppy Trianon hat with its lace

There isn't any summer man, and even if there were and he didn't have sense enough to run away the minute he grasped the situation I wouldn't have a bit of respect for

few days, just as soon as I have tan enough to bluff the stay-at-homes into the idea that I've had a glorious time and been belle of the beach. Be strong, Nancie. Don't look even at an excursion steamer. If sinners entice thee, dress up in your organdles and walk down Fifth avenue and you'll see more admiring sons of Adam in an hour than you will out here in a

He came, he saw, and Caesar isn't a circumstance. He has taken the large corner room. Mrs. Banks, our general overseer, says he is an exceptional young man. Wonder how much board he paid in advance!

He isn't real young nor real old; just that intermediate age that is so inter-

that intermediate age that is so inter esting. I don't think he is exactly handsome but you know what a prop-ery tranmed vandyke and a pair of rimless eyeglasses will do for any man. He's that kind.

This morning he escorted all of us through the glen. Did I tell you that the organdic flock had religiously es-chewed its ferny swampiness, but you should have seen us trail after him over fen and stump and hidden vine the while he fished out dinky little weeds and discoursed on them.

I opine he is a botanist. Well, it's better than a barber. A letter came for him today addressed to Professor Adrian Vogel. How's that for individuality? He books it too. He does not dauce, and he does not play the mandolin. He goes for his morning dip at some unearthly hour before we are up In fact, he does not do any of the or thodox summer "manisms," but be has manners and customs of his own.
For instance, he sings, and sings well.

There are about ninety and sings well.
There are about ninety and sings who group themselves in the parlors after dinner to listen to their Apollo.
When he sings "All Aboard For Dreamland" he looks at you as much as to say he has only two passes for the boat,

Yachting and autoing he classes as nerve racking, but nature and close to nature's heart and all the rest of it is what the professor's joy is. I think privately we would get closer to nature's heart and the professor's heart too, if he could be made to understan the expediency of individual lessons for his botany pupils. But he cannot. He calls for a class, and we are all classed. I hope for the best. So do the other ninety and eight muses. Botanically PERDITA.

Come to No Man's Land every time for something doing. We have saved the professor's life. If it had only been go far when it has to be passed around. It was long after lunchtune, and he never misses lunchtime. He can put away more fried bluensh and black-berry potple than five of the muses, but it is only proof of his exceptional

Did I tell you she was a widow, also nterested in botany? I think she stands second best. He likes fried bluefish, etc was a swift summer storm stealing blackly up from the horizon, and the sea moaned as it broke in sobs along the shore. They do that kind of thing all right. I used to think that went MacGrand Clarence Blair said b

glen, and he'd said, "What's yer hurry?" and the professor had said he hoped he could have one morning in peace to study without that thundering crowd of old maids hiking after him. We didn't believe MacGregor. He

looks like a pale, new sand fly, and his father and mother own all of No Man's Land. The professor never in all this world used such words as hiking and hundering, but MacGregor did. There fore, I may say, in the same common parlance, that the whole thundering crowd of old maids pitched in and lambasted MacGregor until his pretty white linen suit was not fair to see and his twining curis were full of sand ours. Then he howled and retracted, and we all went up the glen after the

The glen deepens and darkens as you go in, and the sides are rocky and pre cipitous, with much shrubbery and un-dergrowth and scraggly pine trees listed to windward. And just as the first streak of lightning quivered in the sky

It was the professor. He hung sus-pended in air on the bare limb of a dead pine that jutted out from the rock halfway up the bluff, like Genius on Pegasus, the widow said—on a petrified

product, said Pegasus couldn't be petrified. He would have to be ossified.

And the widow began to cry and sat down on a log and said she didn't care a bit either way, ossified or petrified, and Professor Vogel was such a lovely man and always paid his board like a gentleman, and she hated to see him killed before her eyes, and she never felt so much like fainting before in all the portals of our hotel I said, "Here's her life.

Genevieve said fainting was counted out. He was a fine target for lightning up there, and, while it was none of her business and she had no interest in the professor as a lovely man or in the continuance of his regular board pay-ing, still she thought a rope might be a

"In mountainous countries," began Agatha, the artist, who has been Europized, "I believe they tie a rope around the waist of one person"— "It's the shoulders," said Genevieve; "kind of a slipknot."

The professor shouted for help again,

this time fainter still. "No; the waist," said Agatha firmly. "And lower that person over the mountain side until he rescues the other

said her feet were getting wet and she didn't think it was right to joke in the face of death. That braced us up, be-cause the professor did look like it, so while the fleeting moments sped Gene-vieve and I sped fleeter and found some clotheslines and a couple of husky lads in sweaters from the peanut stand and the heatheuse and we seed best to and the boathouse, and we sped back to

Then the husky lads climbed the bluff on the sandy side and did the Alpine act with the clotheslines, assisty, floppy Trianon hat with its lace yeranda, all of which should storm the heart of the summer man and make him fall down and worship by the silling fall down

lins tonight. The shock will bring him to, I think, from the botanical dream and cause him to concentrate his joy on some loving, sympathetic heart, and it may be your

I shall be home on the Tuesday boat.
The other girls are packing too. The overseer has fainted. Only the professor is serene. He was up bright and early this morning to meet the 6:08 train, and when he came back he had a or juniors tagging merrily along after No, I don't think men were deceivers

ever. I think it was absentinindedness, Only Mrs. Professor gave the muses their crushing blow when she sald she was so glad we had all joined as he had reduced the course rate to \$10, and she thought it was the sweetest, most elevating study one could take up. We all assured her it was elevating. It was—for the professor.

And we're all going home tomorrow.

Yours for single blessedness.
PERDITA.

A Philadelphia Gallant, who takes her at her word. A certain in the suburbs of this city experienced through the glen. Did I tell you that we had a glen? Oh, yes; Glen Ellyn. Just ferninst the villa. It's a break in the sand bluff, and it's damp and piny and darksome at midday. Heretogre se when her hostess called after her: "Oh, don't think of going out on such a stormy night alone. Mr. G. will be glad to go with you. Won't at her right. "Delighted," said the would be escort, hearning on the young woman, and he slipped on his overcoat and stood ready with hat and umbrella in hand. "Oh, please don't bother," said the protesting girl. "You now I am quite accustomed to going out alone. I am not the least bit afraid. I nearly always leave here un-escorted," "Oh, well, if that is the case," said the stupid man, "I don't interfering with your lifelong habits.' And without giving the independent young woman a chance to avail hersely of his escort he threw off his overcoa

and joined a pretty blend at the end of the hallway.—Philadelphia Record. romontory of Braich-y-Pwil, the ex freme westerly point of north Wales, lies the island of Bardsey, the home of a singularly isolated community. The island is the property of Lord Newborough and was a favorite resort of the third baron, grandfather and predeces sor in the title of the present peer. At that period the island was even more remote and out of the way than at present. Communication with Pwilheli was infrequent and uncertain. Conequently the Bardsey folk formed an entirely independent community, force by dreumstances to conduct their own affairs without special reference to the laws of the country. Lord Newboy Selecting from the islanders one of su erior parts and character, he investi im with the general authority which he himself possessed as landlord, bid-ding the rest to obey his ruling, abide by his decisions in case of dispute and in general respect his authority. Partly in jest, partly to strengthen his vice gerent's position, he conferred upon that worthy the title of "king of Bardsey" and bestowed upon him a crown, a treasure and an army. The "crown was a gorgeous diadem of brass, won-drously embossed and wrought; the rously embossed and wrought, the treasure" a silver casket brought from Italy, and the "army" a wooden figure painted to represent a soldier.

There was a carriage accident in own in Scotland. A brougham con taining two ladies was run away down a steep hill. The noise and clat-ter of the horses' hoofs on the flags with which the town was paved were terrifie. A Scotch farmer who was walking on the footpath turned to watch the carriage disappearing in the distance and said to his companion, distance and said to his companion "For us who see it, it is indeed a fear some sight, but for those who are inside it must be a rich spiritual exper ence!"-London Gentlewoman.

osed I tried hard not to let him read any encouragement in my face, but he did. Miss Peppery—Ah! I suppose

He-You are the only- She-Ahem! He—I should say—you are the pret-tlest girl I ever loved.

National enthusiasm is the great sursery of genius.—Tuckerman.

BY BREEZES BLOWN

By Kate M. Cleary

it?" asked Ivy Lyle. lined sun hat was very white. Her lips quivered a little. The hands that held the vagrant sheet trembled.

self. "I hadn't begun to care-in that way. I was only becoming—attracted. But the shock—the disillusion"—

When she had started out an hour age for her usual brisk morning walk along the crisp, shelving sands, she light hearted of girls. She was done with college, and the two years of forsort of polishing process. She had per-fect health and misty dreams of all She had aesthetic tastes, and her skill in athletic sports was the admiration of her less vigorous girl friends. She at this gay, unconventional resort on the Michigan coast. And now—well, temporarily it seemed that her pleas-

must have been beginning to think too much of the man whose attentions to her had been so marked or else this discovery would not so affect her. Sit-ting to rest and watch the white crestject that at first sight she had taken nearer. Then it floated so close she could put out her hand and grasp it, paper covered with diminutive chirog raphy. It was written on the station ery of the fashionable hotel looming up on the dunes behind her. At first

she had been about to crumple it up and east it aside, but in the very act of doing so a name—her own name—

You know what these warm weather firtations amount to. So I've been going to see her steadily and taking her ed in the papyrus of Leyden. everywhere. We've gone dancing and swimming and boating and all the rest of it, and, by Jove, for all she's mighty quiet, I've come to find out she's not the typical little country girl at all. She's well read and traveled, though she seemed rather aghast when she let that fact out. And she looks at write!" The mayor said he was only was a huge church building, dedicated a fellow in a cool, apprising sort of there to take down the names of apway that makes him feel pretty cheap plicants, who would come up a fortif his spoken thoughts are not quite up to her white standard. But she's not eally in the social swim. She's a native, I take it. It's been hard to pin her down to any confidence about herkept him practicing at it assiduously. When the eventful day arrived, "Take self. She lives with a very dragon of an aunt at a farmhouse on the edge of town. She wears her cotton dresses he hops here. Oh, confound it, what's the use of my mooning away to you at this rate? I've got to go away and try to forget her before it's too late. "Damaris Chase and her father are to be here this week, they tell me And she's the girl the heads of both our houses expect me to marry. She may have the good taste to refuse me,

and I almost hope she will. She's a great heiress, and the consolidation of the business interests would be a cap ital thing; but, oh, hang me if I though it would be so hard to get that little girl's sweet face out of my heart. I must do the sensible thing and go in for the \$20,000 a year. Lord, but I'm sorry for those poor devils of kings who have to wed for reasons of state. who have to wed for reasons of state.

I feel disgustingly like one of them.
I'm sleepy. Good night. I'll finish
this in the morning. Ten to one I
dream of Ivy Lyle!" It needed no signature. The writer was easily recognized. She crumpled the paper tightly in her hand and as a rapid, heavy step came crunching down the beach. That step had be-come too pleasantly familiar. Could he have known the sheet had been whisked out of his room? Had he seen it blown down to the beach? "Good morning, Miss Lyle!"

flung himself down beside her. H handsome, boyish face looked strain and set, as though insomnia had claimed him. "You're out early, Will you go rowing with me today up to Clear Springs?"
"I—I can't;" she faltered hard to refuse. Something strange in er tone made him look up quickly, and he saw how pale she was "You are ill?" he cried

ncern in his eyes. "It is nothing?" Pride came to her aid. She rose. "I must go home." "And won't you come up Black river "It may be the last time!"

"What is it? What is wrong?"

time, he had said.

She flung up her head and smiled at him. "Yes, I will go!" she said. They were very gay that afternoon almost recklessly so. They had lunch eon at the inn near the springs and floated back between the wooded banks just as the day was closing. When they came to parting at the clump of lilac bushes in the lane that led to the farmhouse Jack Ardsley leaned forvard and looked into her eyes. "Dear," he said, "I love you! I love

you, and I can't let you go out of my life-ever! You don't know much of me, Ivy, but-will you be my wife?" "What." she faltered, "what about Damaris Chase?" He took her shaking hands and held

"Who in the world has been telling

our fathers have vast interests in combeing complaisant. Darling, some time I may get up courage to tell you how near I came to being a paltry coward, how desperately I tried to make myself think I could do without you. But I cannot, and that's all there is to it. If a few years I'M work so hard at my profession to give you everything that I shall be sure to win."

She had not been mistaken in letting herself love him, then! For she did love him-she did. And she had known flushed face.

"I will be a good wife to you, dear!" she promised. And he kissed her on

That night when he sought her at the dance at the inn he stood amazed. That lovely lady in the snowy, shim-mering gown his demure little coun-try lassie! How superbly she carried herself! And those diamonds around

dressed to do him and you," sweetly, "what honor I could. You will pardon me," as she signed for a boy who had brought her a telegram and broke the ed in large double canoes, with a raisseal of the message. "Detained!" she read. "Will be with you tomorrow!"

She handed Ardsley the yellow slip. It was signed, "Jasper E. Chase," and it was addressed to "Miss Damaris Chase!"
"That," she said, "is my name!"

"Ivy!" he gasped.
"Damaris Ivy Lyle Chase! You poor boy! Come out on the balcony. They "Come-you base deceiver!"

There is a papyrus which gives recipes for various alloys used in the manufacture of cups and vases, for making gold and silver ink, for gilding and silvering and for testing the purity of precious metals. Other recipes teach the method of falsifying them by adding baser metals—an operation called diplosis, or doubling, for the and cast it aside, but in the very act of doing so a name—her own name—met her eye.

Even then she hesitated. But the three words were so significant she must know their writer's full meaning. The page was the continuation of a letter, and the first three words at the top of the page were "love Ivy Lyle!" Impulsively, giving herself ue chance to weigh the niceties of honor in the balance, she scanned the page. As she read it slowly again the fresh, soft color went taking out of her cheek.

"Love Ivy Lyle. I've fought against it for I can't afford to marry her, as you know. But she has rather swept me off my feet, old chap. At first I was taken with her innocent beauty. There was no one at this big hostelry to compare with her for looks. So I let myself drift. I thought she was just a dear little country girl and that it would be easy to say a sentimental farewell when the summer was over. You know what these warm weather firtations amount to. So I've been go-

some of the numerous alloys, eleven or twelve varieties of which are describ-

Among the candidates for appointment to a vacancy on the police force of an Irish town was one Patrick Mur-

that pen," said the mayor, "and write-write your name." As Pat took up the recorded his name in a bold, roband and the mayor declared "The

do," but one of them shouted: name, yer.honor?"
"Write my name, Murphy," said the "Write yer honor's name!" exclaimed Pat. "Me commit forgery and goin' into the police! I daren't do it,

Ninety-eight per cent of those who ne, but not "by the fireside." Even day long and all night long, by extra feeding, by rest and by good courage. There are wondrous possibilities on back porches and in sheltered nooks. It isn't the coldness of the air nor yet the sweltering heat of the sun that fort. The patient must not be annoy ed by cold or heat, but must be dress-ed so as to be comfortable. Sleep out of doors, shielded from the storm, and dress indoors where it is warm.— Everybody's Magazine.

has picturesque ways peculiar to it-self. A Burmese woman traveling in a third class compartment by the day riage with one of her arms out of the one came along the footboard and cut sharp sword. On the lost hand were

rings with the usual accompaniment of The Disenchanting Phonograph is that told of a well known Oxford don who was asked to speak into a phonograph. A little later the machine through this machine I am made to speak in a peculiarly bumptious affected manner."—London Tatler.

A Better Place Below The occupants of a store recently moved their business a short distance down the same street, hanging up in the window of the premises they had just vacated the following notice: "Have moved to a better place below."—Philadelphia Press.

Uncle-Are you always so quiet, my little man? Small Johnny-I should shilling if I wouldn't say anything of nearly every other section of France except Savoy and the Cote d'Azur, one must make a distinct effort to spend while tramping more than 7 francs a day, or \$1.40. Nearly all the auberges and many of the smaller hotels give comfortable rooms for 30 cents a night and no extra charges, the petit dejeu-ner for 10 cents and a prix fixe dejeu-ner and dinner for 30 cents each. In a word, 7 francs (\$1.40) a day rep-resents layang 4 to 6 comfort and 3 to

resents luxury, 4 to 6 comfort and 3 to 4 the essential. To bring the average per day below 3 francs and keep moving it is necessary to go to the length of buying provisions at the stores and sleeping sometimes in the open air and in granges, a method which is not without its special plaunary as I know without its special plquancy, as I know from experience, but which it would be hazardous if not unpardonable to

A Kanaka Canoe.

The early Kanakas built their fast sailing canoes out of the body of a single tree, hollowing it out and staying the edges with strips of hard wood.

These strips extended to the ends and covered a street buth stem and covered to the stem and the stem and covered to the stem a of fine matting, and the little craft was steadied by an outrigger. The ruling chiefs and their families travel-

serious business. Offerings were made to the gods, and prayers were especial-ly addressed to the fisherman's tutelary saint. A priest finally stood with the owner at the bow of the canoe and recited the last prayer in unbroken si-lence; death and disaster were sure to follow if any extraneous noise dis-turbed the scene.—New York Times.

He improvised a cistern and sat in it all day. The public came into his of-fice and panted, but he was up to his armpits in water, cool and comfortable. Nobody minded; it was thought very clever of him, and he grew in the local esteem. But one day there came an inspector whose business it was to was reported to Fairs, and the onema-er was on the point of being dismissed when a cynic suggested a more hu-morous punishment. "Send him to Al-geria!" Even the cisterns are hot in that climate.—London Chronicle.

Old London bridge was a monstros-ty. It dated back to the year 1176 A. D., and at least three wooden bridges are known to have occupied the same site prior to that date.

The old bridge was slightly over 900 feet in length, and had eighteen solid stone piers, varying in thickness from twenty are in thirty-four feet, thus confining the flow of the river to less than half its natural channel. The en-tire surface of the bridge was occu-pled by blocks of brick and stone buildings—erected on arches, with the road-way running tunnel-like beneath— some of them four stories high. All of these bridge buildings were densely packed with human beings—at one time estimated at 1,700—carrying on all the trades and other vocations of

In very early time the arch opening from the bridge toward the city was

called "Traitors' gate," and it was no

unusual thing to see the heads of a dozen executed criminals hanging There are certain dishes which are peculiarly dedicated by custom and tradition to the Christmas feast. The ways the herald of the feast and always seasoned with mustard. Next in was carefully stripped off, with the plumage adhering. The bird was then roasted. When it was done and had cooled it was served up again in its feathers and with gilded beak was sent to the table. Sometimes the whole body was covered with gold leaf and a plece of cotton saturated with spirits placed in its beak and lighted as it bird was not served by common hands.

That privilege was reserved for the ladies most distinguished by birth and

beauty. Geese, capons, pheasants and ples of carps' tongues also helped to

set out the Christmas table in days

ticed by both sexes of the natives of od of operation is simply to make a coal. Among the less pleasing feminine ornaments must be reckoned the nose ful pelele, or lip ring, of the Anyanja. fect produced by this, it is yet a thou-sand times less hideous than the pelele, of ivory or wood fixed in a slit i upper lip. The slit is gradually increased by the insertion of successive plugs, each a little larger than the pre-ceding one, until it can accommodate a full sized pelele, which sticks out an dering the appearance of the wearer

The Game of Trinquet. is an ancient game known as trinque No one knows the origin of trinquet. Like all Basque customs, it can be traced back and back till its history is lost in the remote past. Nearly every court in the country bears the aspect of extreme age. The court at Bayonne is believed to be 400 years old, and the ne at St. Jean de Luz looks older than the one at Bayonne. When Louis XIV., who was married in St. Jean de Luz church, went down to the little frontier town to meet his Spanish bride, he found the Basques of St. Jean de Luz energetically playing their ancient game, and he took the idea back with him to Paris, and from it, largely modi-

arrangement, known as a glove, is used for propelling the ball.—Country Life.

say not. But mamma promised me a save that instead of a racket a leather