The Man and

the Hour

By KEITH GORDON

on so for an indefinite time had it not

ecause theu, by common consent

time moves up a number. This partic

ular June 3 made an indelible impres-

two months old, or whatever it may happen to be. And if I have to write it

bers-not even thirty-one plus." All of

which, as the reader can see, was very

However, as she found, by far the

vorst thing about beginning to be thir-

This was the remark that our heroine

torment, she sat down with her chin

resting on her hands to have the thing out. "What it I am? So are plenty of

other gir-women, I mean. Alice is thirty, Mary thirty-one, Mabel twenty-

by the thought that all these friends

were married. Matrimony was a subject to which she had given the minimum of thought. She supposed she'd come to it some time, but she was in no hurry to enter that narrow pasture

so long as there was pleasant browsing to be had outside.

When she had thought of it at all it had seemed to mean chiefly a tiresome

round of housekeeping that resulted in three perpendicular lines just over the

ginning to be thirty-two the thing was

instance, when becomingness demand

just as it required that one should

a number of men—the mischievous dim ple at the corner of her mouth danced

nto sight for a second at the though

for the first time her mad career. She had declined their offers kindly, but

with a certain royal carelessness that recked not of possible dark hours to come. When did any woman born to

as she had once heard it quaintly phrased. There was no doubt about it

the belief in the divine right of que

lung into space when, after a week of

cy-two was the fact that you couldn' forget it. The harder you tried the bet

ter you remembered it. "Well, what if I am?"

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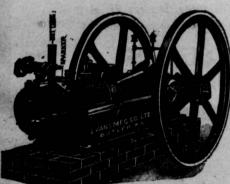
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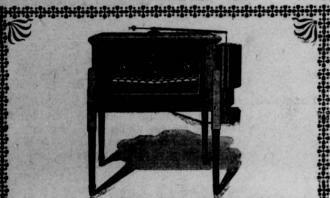


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ROAD AND BRIDGE REPORTS

io. 1804, approved, and fix width of road feet, notice to be given according to rul court.

R. D. No. 2. December Term, 1904. In matter of the petition of citizens of Clif township for a county bridge across creek in Clinton township where said crosses the public road leading from Plburg to Kittanning. September 23, 1 viewers appointed, who on October 21, 1 filed their report in favor of proposed brid Now, December 10, 1904, approved, notice be given according to rules of court and be laid before the grand jury at next term.

R. D. No. 3, December Ten 1904. The Court matter of the petition of crim, 1904. In the work of the property of the county of the petition of crim, 1904. The county of the petition of crim, 1904. In the county of the county of

C. D. No. 4, December Term. 1994. In the matter of the petition of citizens of Jeffers township for a county bridge over those ceek in said township, where the cree crosses the public road known as the Butland Freeport road. September 5, 1904, tiwe appointed, who on November 26, 1904, file their report in favor of proposed bridg Now, December 19, 1994, approved, notice be gived according to rules of court and be laid before the grand jury at next term.

2. D. No. 5. December Term, 1904. In the brough for a county brain of citizens. Brain borough for a county brain of citizens of Brain brough for a county brain of county brain of citizens. Brain brough for a county brain of county brain of citizens. Brain brough for a county brain of county brain of the second of the petition of citizens. Brain brough for a county brain of county brain of the petition of the petition

R. D. No. 7, December Term. 194. In traiter of the petition of citizens of Lancas er township for a county bridge over Yells creek in said township where said crecoses the public road leading from White town to Middle Lancaster, near Philphere's. November 1, 1864 wheele a pointed, who off December 3, 1804, filed the reports in favor of proposed bridge. No according to rules of court and to be laid for the grand jury at next term.

R. D. No. 13, June Term, 1904. In the mater of the petition of citizens of Butler township for a public road leading from a poon the Pierce road in front of the Gles Hot to a point on the public road on lands of K. Waldron, about 30 rods east of the redence of said O. K. Waldron, September 1904, viewers appointed, who on December 1904, viewers appointed, who on December 1905, filed their report in favor of proporting the provided of the second of the provided of the second of the provided of the second of the seco

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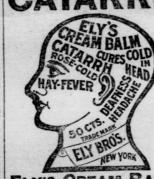
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she was an old maid. She repeated it aloud in all its brutal truth, scorning such cuphemisms as "spinster" and "bachelor woman." "You're an old maid—just a plain old raid?" she said audibly. But it gounded like a toke like one of those things too had to be true. She would probably wake up after a bit to find that she had been married since her eighteenth year and had a son ready to enter col-Office at No 114 E. Jefferson St., ove

ege and a daughter about to make her No such happy awakening came, however, and with desperate philosophy she decided that since she was an old maid she would enter into the role for all it was worth. At least she would avoid the error of being

Little by little her plainest gown were brought into requisition. Certain little graces and frivolities of the toilet teach the children to call her "euntie," a thing which she had hitherto forbid-

Office in Butler County National Bank building. den under the penalty of a sudder death to the cherub that should first ed Alice, with a stare of amazement. "And what have you been doing with your hair, and why are you wearing

some things that you have?" "I'm just wearing the things suitable to my age before the dear friends have a chance to point them out to Office in Rether building, corner Main and R. Cunningham Sts, Entrance on Main street. me," was the answer, and that night her friend confided to her husband, with thoughtful regret, that Elinor was becoming a regular old maid.

Another of her friends and comrades. brother and sister friendship of long standing. For years he had scolded given up trying to make him.
"Haven't you ever been in love,
Max?" she had asked him once, with Office in the Negley Building, West

genuine curiosity in the gray eyes that had been more than one man's unface, and he looked at her strangely. "Yes," he answered shortly, "I have." "Beautiful night, isn't it?" he went on after a moment, and there was a touch of mockey in his voice that

made the questioner wince. After that "What's up?" he demanded survey ing her cynically as she came to receive him one evening, with reunciation speaking from every line her plain gown and her smooth, "Is it some sort of lay

ekcloth and ashes? What particular in are you mourning?"
"The great sin of omission!" she anwered demurely as they sat down op-osite each other. But he looked inredulous. He had not known her fifeen years for nothing.

"Commission, you mean," he said dryly, with an air of remembering . S. McJUNKIN. IRA MCJUNKIN' GEO. A. MITCHELL. only you're never any comfort to a person. You're just like a stone, Max.

He turned his eyes lazily upon her with a look long, steady, inscrutable. Some successful men are 95 per cent Neither spoke, but after a moment Elibackbone, and some others are 95 per nor, with a beautifully assumed air of cent cheek.-Chicago News,

"Possibly I may tell you some time," he said, with a nonchalant laugh, "but go on; let me hear what's the trouble You always tell me eventually."

And so, in fact, she did. It was the

beauty of Max that he made you like and hate him simultaneously. But no matter what you felt you wanted him and you usually confided in him. That at least had been Elinor's experience, and it was being repeated for the hundredth time now. She wanted to tell was looking the future squarely in the him; she always wanted to tell him evly, with a childish bid for sympathy in edly enough, satisfied with the joy of the moment. And she might bave gone

married. And now I'm thirty-one"—
"Plus," he corrected gravely. "Thirty-one," she continued firmly. "and, though it's been great fun-well, all at once I realized that I'm an old maid. It's so unexpected. Why haven't I married? That's what I don't undersion on Elinor's mind because on that day she began to be thirty-two-began There was a pause in which it seemed to her that she suddenly heard the

at the very beginning, of course, but beating of her own heart. Before she "I shall say I'm thirty-one all this hands were held close and Max was year anyway," she announced defiantly to that other self that receives our can't find out. I've waited years for you to finish sowing your wild oats." rest confidences. "It's such bad form to say you're thirty one years and

> Small Nancy, aged four, had a doll to which she was devotedly attached. It could open and shut its eyes, and every night Nancy took it to bed with her, carefully closing its eyes before the light was turned out. One day the doll, as dolls from time immemorial have been known to do, met with an acci-dent which placed the eye shutting mechanism out of business and left it with not only widely and permanently opened optics, but badly damaged ones as well. At intervals during the re-mainder of the day Nancy pleaded to have her dolly "cured," but nothing was successful. At bedtime when she had donned her nightdress and started

for her little bed her mother saw she had forgotten her adored doll and re-minded her of it, saying: "But, Nannie, you've forgotten your baby. She won't be able to sleep un-less you take her to bed with you, as

To her mother's amused astonishment Nancy threw a half contemptuous look over her shoulder at the doll, recumbent on a chair, and said: cumbent on a chair, and said:
"Oh, what's the use? Sine can't sleep
anyway. Who ever heard of anybody
sleeping with their eyes wide open?"—
New York Times.

### Crushed by His Wife

nose, a memorandum of worry that she secretly determined to avoid as long as possible. But now that she was be-"My wife is not always as consider ate of my feelings as she might be," Could it be, she gated persett, that the had made a mistake after all and that those three incisive lines were as much of an honor as an officer's bara? Could it be that there was a point when one began to be thirty-two-for persence, when becomingness demand. the man who invariably means and I could see that I was not more than deuce high with her on account of-well, no matter what. I was full up of a new theory a man had been imparting to me, and as I always be-lieve in a man's regarding his wife as his intellectual equal I told her about it. The man told me that it is the She faced her plight with a stiff up-per lip, realizing that she had no one but herself to blame. There had been brain that really nourishes the hair you pull a hair out you pull out a bit of brain with it. It interested me ex-ceedingly. My wife just sniffed. "That's not new,' she said. 'I found that out long ago, It doesn't matter

either whether the bair is pulled out or "That's what I get for trying to be

Here he raised his hat. He was as bald as a newly plucked egg. Washington Post.

### Timing Bananas.

It is generally known that bananas are shipped while yet green and un ripe, but few persons are aware of the careful and elaborate time calculations required in setting out the plants and the arrival of the bananas in prope dition at their destination. When plantation is begun the young plants they will produce at regular prefixed times during the year. A certain num-ber of days before the arrival of a steamer the green fruit is cut, and a close calculation of the time that will be consumed in the voyage must al-ways be made, else the bananas will be spoiled. Fruit steamers carry steam emperature throughout the voyage The ripening is calculated to occur only

### DINING IN JAPAN.

Y It's Your First Japanese Meal You Will Have a Trying Time.

If it's your first Japanese dinne In the first place you must sit on the Japan. You kneel down, and then you turn your toes in till one laps over the other, and then you sit back between your heels. At first you are quite proud to find how well you do it, and you don't think it's so very uncomfortable. But pretty soon you get cramped, and your legs ache as if you had a toothache in them. You don't say any thing, because you think that if the Japanese can sit this way all day long minutes. Finally both your feet go to sleep, and then you can't bear it a moment longer, and you have to get up and stamp around the room to drive the prickles out of your feet, and and criticised and builted her. The all the little dancing girls giggle at one thing that he hadn't done was to make love, and Elinor had long since ther. All you have to eat with is a pair of chopsticks, and you're in terror lest you spill something on the dainty white matting floor. Now the floor of a Japanese house isn't just the floor; it's the chairs and sofas and tables and beds as well. At home it would be mortifying enough to go out to dinsleep on the floor, it seems even worse So you are unhappy till your little ne san (who is the waitress and almos but not quite) comes laughing to your aid and shows you how to hold your chopsticks. After that you manage nicely the rice and the omelet, but the to shred apart without dropping your chopsticks all the time. So between dances the maiko—the little girls about twelve years old-kneel down beside from giggling at your awkwardness but you don't mind; you just giggle too, and everybody giggles and has a

> A Wretch. this prisoner? Officer-Yer honor, he's a public nuisance. He's been goin' around in th' dead of night wakin' up night watchmen an' then runnin' away —Cleveland Leader.

lovely time.—St. Nicholas.

## The Hunger of A Man's Soul

By CAMPBELL MACLEOD

B...... It was after the play, and they were waiting in the quiet little cafe to be his eyes, which were persistent. He was thinking of how young and lovely His hand tightened around his glass. she was. How could he expect her to love him? The mirror opposite reminded him of his years.

Yes, he would tell her-save her all painful explanations. A young fellow would make her happier. Once in a him how she hated young men and new houses. It was childish of him, he told himself, to expect her to know her own

"What can I eat?" she beamed at him with shining eyes. "Anything, from a nice young man to an oyster!" Here was the opening, sooner than he ex-

> "Judith," he began gravely, "it is of the young man I wish to speak now, Did—did—they say it is young Travers? Shall I release you?" The last, to the ear of the girl, seemed an anxious, frenzied appeal for freedom. So this was what made him so gloomy, so unlike himself. He was tired of her. He wanted to be free. She was pulling a rose to pieces and fitting the petals over her finger tips, "Shall we ring the cur-tain down on our little comedy?" he asked in an "it's all for the best" tone. She nodded slowly. She was beginning to see more clearly every minute, just as one's eyes grow accustomed to dark-ness after the first bewilderment—he wanted to be free "Judith," he said, "I shall ask only

one favor of you." He hesitated.
"It is granted," she returned coldly.
"Perhaps I shall have the honor of congratulating you—also." The "also" was added as an afterthought. "It is that you will tell it all to me." He hashtated through a sense of deli-cacy. "If you mind, dear," he added

gently, "then don't!" Did she mind? she asked herself. No; she gloried in the opportunity. If he sighed for his freedom, he should have She would make no effort to hold him, but he should understand before she let him go that other men thought her desirable. Then he could go with his freedom, and she would marry any one of the others. It made no differ-ence—she would take the one who next asked her. She was eighteen and infinitely young. The middle aged man opposite felt that he would barter his immortal soul to be twenty-four—to be

young with her.
"Shall I begin at the beginning?" she asked in weary tones. He winced. "No," he replied. "That would in-

"Mrs, Carr, from New Orleans, was at the Springs," she began. "She is one of my mother's oldest friends. Mr. "Mrs, Carr, from New Orleans, was at the Springs," she began. "She is one of my mother's oldest friends. Mr. Travers is her nephew. It was at one of her receptions that I met him first. Shall I tell you everything?" Her Shall I tell you everything?" Her voice had a new ring. He thought it

was from speaking of her lover.
"Your roses came just as I was starting," she continued. "I wore the blue "Child," he interrupted, "you do not

it, every bit. You told me that first night I wore it—do you remember it? what you whispered out here on the gallery about my 'milk white arms and shadowy hair?' It is a pretty dress. I wore your roses to the reception. They were glorious ones!" She was leaning on her elbows on the table, her big eyes

full of mystery.
"When Mrs. Carr presented Mr. Travers," she proceeded, "he told me that he had been knowing me for a to come, because his hands were tied, as it were, and he couldn't come after me. Then I laughed, because it was such a good joke-really, Bob, he said ber. Then he went on to tell me tha it was before the war he had known me. He just graduated two years ago. I am afraid I rather encouraged him in the nonsense. It was such a relief from talking to the women, and I can't help being silly, you know, Bob." His heart felt old and musty and failed, and her every word was giving it a fresh blow. She had made a little pyr-amid of the rose petals and was nervously tearing it to pieces to reconstruct

"He was very nice," she continued. "We went back to sit on the stairs to listen to the music. That was the be-ginning. He came next day for me to drive with him and told me that he

"The impudent young"- He forgot

that it was of her lover he was speak-"He said he couldn't help it." she apologized for him in world weary accents. "But they all say that." There rivals in her cheeks. "Then-then one light-down on the beach-he kissed

"He kissed you?" the man exclaim id. "How dare he—how dare you?"
"Don't be too hard on him," she "He said something about men not despising a thief if he steal to satisfy his soul when he is hungry.'

Bob had risen angrily. A determin little hand pulled him back. "you desired me to tell you."

Judith!" he reproved sharply.

"And that wasn't all," and she flashed defiant eyes at him. She remember-ed how jealous he had been. Once she laughed and asked him if he thought her too. But that was when he had really cared for her. Now he was try-ing to get rid of her. "I had numerous other lovers at the Springs, Bob. It may be"-she tapped a gay little tune with her fan—"that you might find them diverting. There was Dave Cary" -she assigned her little finger to him "and Fred Langles," the next finger at the picnic on the fourth day of July. posed to me at the dance at Judge Birrow's son's birthday—the son also pro-posed for that matter. Dr. Spaulding set my wrist when I sprained it, and when he dismissed me he asked me to be his wife. That's all the proposals I India and planted the cane in the island had at the springs. There were five nore when I stopped to visit Lucy Killand and the Indian imports the Vene

enough to expect Judith to love him against all these young men? "If you marry Travers"— It was a cowardly subterfuge to get her away from the others. His voice stuck. She sat alert, with brilliant eyes.
"If I marry Travers, what?" she ask

"I don't know," miserably

"I haven't exactly decided which one I shall marry." She leaned back languidly. She was pushing her hair back ly very hard to make up one's mind Bob. It's the number of them that confuses me." She laughed deliciously "Bob," the girl suddenly demanded "what's that you told me once about love lying deep?" Could he release her? "The hunger of

a man's soul" kept running through his head. Could he do it? Wasn't she in crying need of a protector to shield her from this very hunger?

"Bob"-she tossed him a rose-"hav

"'Love dwells not in lip depths. Love wraps his wings on either side the heart.'" There was a long silence. heart." There was a long silence. Somehow the silences of Bob were more eloquent than all the lip talk of ships cut loose from their moorings

She remembered the first time sl ever saw him. She was doing a skirt dance before the long gilt mirror in sidewise view of herself, and there in the door he was calmly watching her. being late. That was the beginning. He very much preferred staying with her, he declared, if she didn't mind. That was the night she started loving him. Hadn't he spent weary hours over the intricacies of toe dancing to coach her? Didn't Bob always understand? The thought that he was just across the table and not engaged to

across the table and not engaged to her any more almost suffocated her. She couldn't stand it. "Bob," she said, with all that peril-ous youth shining in her eyes, "have you forgotten that toe dance you taught me years ago?" No, with wery restreated by he had not foresteen it. resignation, he had not forgotten it.
"Bob," with cruel persistence, "whe

you told me that night that you had rather stay with me than to go with the old ladles, did you mean it, truly?" Yes, he was sure he meant it truly The cafe was deserted. Only Francois, the waiter, lurked in the background, and he couldn't speak English. "Bob," moving nearer and laying a confiding hand on his arm; "Bob, does

your love lie too deep for words?" There was a pleading quality in her tones not to be resisted. "Child!" He was holding her chin in his most comforting hand and examin-

"No," he replied. "That would include me. Spare me that." There was a long silence. "It is of young Travers, your engagement"—
"Until tonight," she reminded in a dull voice. "I was engaged to you. But"— Her voice stuck. He was waiting for her to begin.
"Mrs. Carr. from New Orleans was "Jack Travers didn't kiss me, truly,"

and genuine and eternal. Yes, you are, child!"

Oysters With or Without. clubman, "was one of those fastidio men who undertake to transmit in structions to the cook through the wait er. He wanted a twenty-five cent stew

were his instructions: don't want the oysters and milk ly mixed and heated. I want the milk carefully boiled first. The oysters should then be added without the until the seasoning is added. Be very particular to get good rich milk and nothing but the best gilt edged butter. As for the oysters, I want Cape Cod saits. No ordinary stock oysters for

me. Do you understand?"
"I think so, sir,' replied the waiter. But do you wish the oysters with or without?'
"'With or without what?' asked the

THE STORY OF SUGAR

CHINA SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN THE

Few other commodities possess a lar

FIRST CANE CULTIVATOR. Originally the Product Was Employ fining Was Invented by a Fifteen

theless the early history of sugar is wrapped in obscurity. Formerly chen ists called everything a "sugar" which had a sweet taste, but the term in its table and animal juices. Only one of these, cane sugar, was known as a purchemist isolated the sugar of milk and proved its individuality. The origina habitat of the sugar cane is not known but it seems to have been first culti-

vated in China and to have extended thence to India and Arabia at a com paratively late date. Sugar is not mentioned by either Grecian or Roman writers until the time of Nero, and sugar candy was the first and only species known to the European ancients. It was the original manufacture of the east, particularly China, and found its way into Europe as raw sugars did in after ages by way of India, Arabia and the Red sea. Sugar when first in troduced into every country was used only medicinally. Almost all physicians, commencing with the Arab leeches, employed it originally to render unpleasant and nauseating medicines grateful to the sick and recon

and lungs. That which preserveth apples at Will also preserve liver and lun is an old adage. But the use of sugar in sirups and preserves came later, while barely three centuries have clapsed since it became an ingredient

in the popular diet of Europe.

The Venetians were the fathers of the European sugar trade. dare on my way home." The man made a gesture of entreaty. Truly, he had not dreamed of it being this bad.

tians carried on a great trade and supplied all the markets of Europe with this commodity. However, the exact

in England is that of 100,000 por by one Loredanao, a merchant of Venice, to be exchanged for wool. In the same year there appears in the ac-counts of the chamberlain of Scotland a payment at the rate of 1s. 91/2d. per pound for sugar. Writing in 1380, Chaucer mentions the sweetness of

The art of refining sugar and making what is called loaf sugar was invented by a Venetian citizen toward the end of the fifteenth century. This same art was first practiced in England in 1544, the adventurers being Thomas Gardiner and Sir William Chester, assisted by three Venetians. They were proprietors of the only two sugar houses in England, but the profits aris-ing from this concern were at first small, as the sugar refiners at Antsmall, as the sugar refiners at Ant-werp could supply the London market cheaper. Eventually war stopped the intercourse between London and Ant-werp, and these two houses supplied all England for a space of twenty years and greatly enriched the proprietors, whose success induced many others to embert, in the same trade. In 1506 embark in the same trade. In 1596 Sir Thomas Mildmay tried to create a sugar trust. On the pretext that frauds were practiced in refining sugar he pe-titioned Elizabeth to grant him a license for the exclusive right of refin ing sugar for a term of years, but the queen refused the request.

in their turn the great disseminators of was carried to the West Indies in 1506 and it spread over the occupied por-tions of South America during the sixto be a costly luxury, an article sub-ject to the control of the physician and confined to the apothecary's shop, till the increasing use of tea and coffee in

the theory of the power of sugar not only to render wine less intoxicating, being mixed therewith at the time of drinking it, but also when eaten after-ward to remove the ill effects of too copious libations of unmingled wine. Falstaff, it may be remembered, al-ways took "sack and sugar." A cutious echo of this theory cropped up at the Lamson murder trial. The pris-oner pleaded that the sugar brought fluence of some strong sherry they Beaufort, who was a heavy drinker for forty years before his death used a pound of sugar daily in his wine. The increased use of sugar was cred-ited with having extinguished the

plague in Europe; it certainly contrib-ted to suppress the native malady of England, the scurvy. There used to be a custom in Wales on Ascension day for children to form parties to take for children to form parties to take sugar and water at a neighboring well. Each child was provided with sugar and a cup. The day was usually designated "sugar and water" day. The superstition was that all who drank of the mixture there on that day would be proof against illness and protected from evil spirits for twelve months. prevalent in Derbyshire on Easter Sun-day under the name of "sugar cup-

the reign of Queen Anne, and the use of them was long confined to British households. Dr. Johnson is commonly nounced the French "an indelicate peorident that excited his disgust occur red at a party at Mme. Du Bocaze's. The footman took the sugar in his fingers and threw it into the doctor's coffee. "I was going to put it aside," said the doctor; "but, hearing it was made on purpose for me, I e'en tasted Tom's fingers." A famous parliamentary anecdote hinges on sugar. Pitt (Lord Chatham) when speaking, problems the West Indian slave guesties. (Lord Chatham) when speaking, probably on the West Indian slave question, began his speech, "Sugar, Mr. Speaker," the peculiarity of its commencement eliciting a roar of laughter from the house. Nothing daunted, Pitt began, "Sugar, Mr. Speaker." The Pitt began, "Sugar, Mr. Speaker." The laughter was renewed, but not so vehemently. A third time the great orator reiterated the same formula in a voice of thunder, turning round about with a look which effectively stopped any further display of risibility and amid perfect silence continued his

All other sugars besides cane sugar and sugar of milk were unknown u the year 1747, when a German chemist named Margraff first produced sugar from white beet root. No practical use was made of the discovery during his lifetime. However, in 1799 his pupil and successor, Achard, established a beet sugar factory in Silesia, soon aft-er which the chemists of France, at the instance of Napoleon, largely ex-tracted sugar from the beet root. It was not, however, till after 1830 that but from 1840 onward it advanced with

NOBILITY OF TREES. A Tribute to the Majesty of the Mighty Oak.

Directly in my path stood an ancient swamp white oak, the greatest tree, I think, that I have ever seen. It was not the highest nor the largest round, perhaps, but individually, spiritually, the greatest. Hoary, hollow and broken limbed, his huge bole seemed encircled with the centuries, and in this green and grizzled top all the winds of heaven had some time come.

One could worship in the presence of such a tree as easily as in the shadow of a vast cathedral. Indeed, what is there built with hands that has the dig nity, the majesty, the dignity, of life? And what life was here! Life whose beginnings lay so far back that I could no more reckon the years than I could count the atoms it had builded into this

majestic form. Looking down upon him from twice his height bomed a tulip poplar, clean, boiled for thirty feet and in the top all green and gold with blossoms. It was a resplendent thing beside the oak, yet mistakably the gnarled old mo than balanced the poplar's great he beauty of strength and inward majesty and has pinned no boutonniere upon the oak.—Dallas Lore Sharp in Nation-

Gladys-Papa says you're a loafer, Jack. Jack-What reason has he for entertaining such an opinion of me as that? Gladys-He says you spend three or four evenings here every week without having any apparent purpose in