#### THE MODERN STORE-First With New Spring Goods.

VOL. XXXXII.

Special Low Prices on New Spring Arrivals. Every Lady Reader Will be Interested.

Ladies' Dip Hip Corset, with supporters attached, made by the Kabo Co., all sizes, worth 75c, 5Oc. Ladies' New Mannish Cape Walking Gloves, a regular \$1.25 glove, \$1 pr. New Veilings for March blustery winds, 25c to 5Oc yd-New Turnovers and Stock Collars, 5c. 10c, 18c, 25c, 50c regular \$4.00 waist \$3 New Hand Bags special value at 50c and \$1.00.

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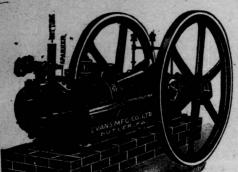
Fine lot of hats for spring wear just in. We still continue our discount sale on heavy goods for the beneft of those who have not had the opportunity of attending this sale in the past. Remember, only a

Watch for window display of spring clothing and hats.

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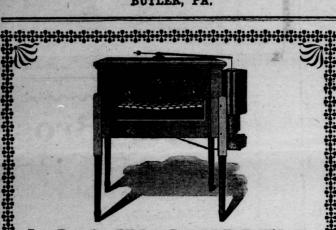
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traight at his end of the breakfast table. Mrs. Rachel Noah, at the other end, could not see his little bare feet know 'bout it then?" playing tag beneath the table.
"Aunt Rachel looks just like my chicken hawk-anyways she would if he wore spit curls," he said to himself, "Now you know, an' won't you

Copyright, 1904, by Harriet G. Canfield

Mrs. Noah stared at her reprovingly. "I did not ring," she said sternly.
"No'm, I know you didn't, but she-

121 East Cunningham Street. Office Hours, 11 to 12 a. m., 3 to 5 and she's here, an' "-She? Take your apron down from and that very evening he broke the

OSTEOPATH.
Consultation and examination free.
Office hours -9 to 12 A. M., 2 to
M., daily except Sunday. Evening says that's her name, ma'am, an' she's from the Orphans' home—a little mite of a thing, an' that funny!" Here Suappointment.
Office—Stein Block, Rooms 9-10, Buller, Pa. People's Phone 478. san retired again behind her apron.
"What does she want?" Mrs. Noah CLARA E. MORROW, D. O., GRADUATE BOSTON COLLEGE OF asked grimly.

"Well, ma'am," Susan exploded, "she wants to stay!" "Stay?" her mistress repeated blank-ly, while John Philip, unreproved, squirmed with delight. Here was some-thing doing at last.

"Yes'm." Susan went on, "She's had her eye on this house, she says, for a long time, but it wa'n't till this mornin' that she decided she'd live with you. She's a settin' on her satchel out

Mrs. Noah fairly snorted with astonishment and indignation. "Much oblig-ed to her, I'm sure," she said sarcastically, "and may I ask what decided her in our favor?" "It was John Philip, ma'am," Susan

said, choking with laughter. "She—she says she wants to be a mother to him." John Philip's face matched his hair in color now; even the freckles took on a livelier red. "Consarn he!" he said under his breath "Any more?" his aunt asked, with

the air of one prepared for the worst. "Yes'm; she asked what your name was, an' when I said 'Mrs. Noah' she sather had suggested that the orches was that surprised. She said she'd tra play "Hail Columbia" while the heard about you an' Mr. Noah at Sun-knot was being tied, but, strange to 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 at
tention. day school, but she had no idee you was livin' yet." "Anything more? My oatmeal is get-

ting cold. Don't stand there giggling like an idiot." "She wondered hew ma'am, an' when I said I didn't know she thought she could tell by lookin' at your teeth, like the hired man at the home done when he bought a

A great wave of color rolled over Mrs. Noah's face and broke on the beach of "spit curls" outlining her high "Bring her in," she said, "store" teeth.

er ushered "Columbia Farley" into the august presence of her mistress. She was truly "a mite of a thing," with DENTIST.

Office in Butler County National Bank
Building, 2nd floor. great dark eyes and a most engaging "How do you do, Mrs. Noah?" she

said, holding out her hand in a quaint, old fashioned way. To John Philip's surprise, his aunt took the little hand "So you'd like to live here?" ghe said

me?" she asked naively.
"I think not," Mrs. Noah said, very gently for her, "and, besides, I couldn't take you without the consent of the

matron at the home."
"Oh, she won't care!" the little girl exclaimed eagerly. "There's too many of us now and"-"Well," Mrs. Noah interrupted, "you

can stay to breakfast, and then I'll go with you to the home." The child had crept thus quickly into a warm corner of the grim lady's heart. She was eating her oatmeal when John Philip's father came down to breakfast and asked so kindly. "Whose

little girl is this?" that Columbia's heart went out to him then and there. "I don't know," she said simply in reply to his question. "They ain't found out yet at the home, but I know how old I am. I'm going on seven I'm little, but maybe I'd do for him' ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office in Reiber building, corner Main and E. Cunningham Sts. Entrance on she nodded cheerily at John Philip-"till he got a really, truly one." "A really, truly what?" Mr. Brown

"Why, a mother, of course. I learned how to be one from Mis' Jones. She has eight children. She lives near the home. You just help 'em be good, and hey will, 'cause you love 'em so. It's awful nice to have a mother." she said "I asked Tommy Jones if he didn't think so, and he said, 'Sure

John Philip tried to scowl, but his forehead refused to pucker, and when his father said, "Shall we let her adopt Office in the Negley Building, Wes you, son?" he laughed outright. "We-we-might give her a try," he stammer

And so it happened that Columbia Farley entered the Brown family "on robation" and later was taken into 'full membership." It was on a Saturday morning

month or more after Columbia had been received into full membership. that the children were playing together in the garden. "I guess I'll ge wadin' this after-neon," John Philip announced. "Aunt Rachel would just worry if I told her, and dady won't be home for lunch, so

can't ask him." "I'm 'fraid you'll be drown-ded, dear," the little mother said anxiously (John Philip did not object to "dearing"

etter go." "Pooh!" John Philip rejoined. "You ain't my mother. I ain't had a mother ince I was born."
"No," she sighed, "if you had a real

ly truly one I guess you'd have to maind. Your father might get you one." John Philip grinned. "He's too busy," he said, "but I know one I'd like to get inlet three weeks-daddy an' me-an' there was a jolly nice girl there, an' we liked her awful well-daddy an' mean' we took her picture one day—snap-shot—I mean daddy did. He's got it

yet. Come up to his room, and I'll hunt

The children fled into the house and up to Mr. Brown's sitting room. Be-hind a tall vase John Philip found the object of his search. For a moment Co-tumble gazed at it with wondering "Why, it's her!" she shouted, with more force than grammar. "It's my Miss Curtis! She lives near the home. durse she's awful nice!" She gazed long and lovingly at the picture. "Say,"

"It can't be that, doctor," said Mr. she said at last, "s'pose we get her for your mother?'

Thereupon followed a discussion of ways and means, and it was not until

two set forth in quest of a mother for John Philip. It was a very startled and amazed young lady who listened to their plea. It was Columbia who offered the most persuasive argument. "He hasn't anybody but his Aunt Rachel and his father," she said pleadingly, "an' he keeps your picture back

of a vase, an' ""Who keeps my picture?" Miss Cur tis interrupted her sweet face flush "Why, John Philip's father," Colum-

"No, I didn't know," she said. "I didn't know," she repeated to herself

with a little chuckle, "I bet"- But John | come, please?" It was John Philip Philip's bet was never recorded, for Su-san appeared just then, red and gig-ed and took his freckled little face between her slender white hands. "I'll think of it, dear," she promised, "but it will be better not to mention you -your proposal to your father."

John Philip did not agree with her,

our mouth and talk connectedly. Who news to his unsuspecting father. Columbia, with rare delicacy, had declined to be present. "Daddy" John Philip said bluntly, "I asked her—Columbia an' me." Philip Brown looked up from his pa-

per. He was a fine specimen of man-hood-strong of body and mind, clean of heart and still on "the sunny side" of forty. "Asked whom?" he said. "Asked

"Miss Curtis, you know, I-I asked her to be my mother." Philip Brown sat up very straight

and stared at his small son and heir. "Don't you want her?" the little fellow said, struggling manfully to keep back the tears. "I said I was sure you wanted her, same as I did."
"What did she say?" Th

came from between white lips ture till Columbia told her. She said she'd think about it, but I'd better no tell you I'd asked her to"-But John Philip was talking to the empty air. His father was out of the

room before the last sentence was fin ished. He had seized his hat and van "we've done it now, I guess-Colum

They had. The bride and groom said so on their wedding day. John Philip's pather had suggested that the orchestra play "Hail Columbia" while the say, the bride elect objected.

One day in the cloakroom of the ser ate, apropos of a discussion whethe from an intellectual standpoint, state men of the present fall below the standard set by those of the past, one of the members told the following

local sage by the name of Jesse Cole, Jesse entertained the notion that the present day type of lawyer was not to be compared with the jurists of the old days. One day as he was entering ed a group of lawyers who were discussing the points of a case that was to come up that day. Cole, disgusted

by their conversation, stepped up to them and said: "'Gentlemen, thirty or forty years ago the lawyers in this state were men-great, big, immense men, wear ing fur hats as big as bushel baskets But now, gentlemen, I honestly believe that a reliow could without the least difficulty draw a tomato can over the head of any one of you,"—Harper's

Things to Eliminate. That candy eating habit, girls—does t do you any good? That tobacco habit, boys, or the c

casional "treating" or "being is it of real use or benefit? That way of spending money on every little trifle that we fancy-is it of real use or benefit?

Those people whom we go to see an also entertain, yet really care nothing for-is this society of any real use of Better one good friend of nature stimulating, congenial and sympathetic, saith the prophet, than a host of soci-ety friends of the wreathed smile, the

nod and beck which conceal the sneer. These fads of music or art or short fits of study—are they of any real use One branch of knowledge concentra ed upon amounts to more in the long run.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Sword Stands In Churches. ary to carry the city sword before the state. During service the sword wa placed in the stand or case provide for it, and in his own church the lor mayor generally had the stand placed conveniently near to or in his family

pew. This custem, which was quite teenth century, apparently began in the reign of Elizabeth. The state visits to the city churches were discontin profitable to both the manufacture and the inventor as musical instru

ments and appliances for same. Nu merous improvements to the plane have been a source of large fortune ing continuously applied. new instruments possessing real merit are the inventions needed in this line. The public is always ready to adop ost anything new in both wind and stringed instruments .- Inventor.

Would Even Things Up.
Ouch! Stop that!" yelled To

"Why, Tommy, aren't you ashamed! exclaimed his mother, "I wouldn't cry like that if it were my hair that was "I'll bet you would if I wuz doin' the replied Tommy fiercely,

Adele-Harry is a brute! Estelle-What is the matter now? Adele-He bought my engagement ring while h was on a trip to Chicago, and I will never be able to find out how much it

Catholic Standard and Times.

cost.-Philadelphia Bulletin.

Doing is the great thing, for if, res lutely, people do what is right they come to like doing it.—Ruskin.

Couldn't Be Possible, "Your symptoms," pronounced the hysician, "indicate hydrocephalus." "Water on the brain."

Jagway, greatly relieved. "I haven't drunk a drop of it for six months

#### Treasures of **Brookmere**

McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS

Copyright, 1904, by Martha McCulloch-William

Brookmere called acidly from the west porch. As her granddaughter rose obediently, but with a little impatient sigh, her companion, Austin Wills, whistled softly, then said:

"Jessamine! What a wax Madam Brookmere must be in! You're always Sunbeam and Fairy and Bright Eyes when she's in a good humor "That is to say when the Beveridge thing is around," Jessamine said, with

a shrug. "She is in a wax—she always is when you come—and she feels in her bones when you are coming." "H-m-m! I ought to be flattered, but I'm not the least bit," Austin answered, also rising and catching Jessamine's hand. She looked aghast, but he kept sturdily at her side until they were facing Jessamine's dragon. Then he said, with his best flourish: "Oh, Madam Brookmere, I have brought this young person to tell you why she can't possibly come in. She is to go rowing with me. We will be back by late tea time. The afternoon is too

heavenly to be wasted on land." "Jessamine, go upstairs and fetch my embroidery. Be sure you don't forget my glasses," madam said, as though the young man had not spoken. Jessamine made to obey, but Wills held her back. He lifted his hat to the elder lady, turned and walked off, saying over his shoulder: "Send the maid up, madam. It's bad luck to turn back. I can't allow Miss Jessamine to risk spoiling our cruise.'

mine cried as they hurried away. Wills' audacity to say a word. Austin drew Jessamine's hand farther over his arm and smiled down at her, saying: "I hope it will be 'Out of my will have to come to my house wheth-

self!" Jessamine said, pulling away her hand, her eyes dancing wickedly. "I begin to fear, Mr. Wills, that you have taken our little affair seriously"-

"Isn't it to be taken seriously? Real-ly you lift a weight off my conscience," Wills interrupted in her own tone; then, after a chuckle: "Jess, I must lecture you—point out the sinful folly of your course. Here you might be, by taking pains and showing yourself properly devout and submissive, Mrs. Beveridge—possibly Mrs. Bishop Beveridge—I really believe the gentleman has it in him to go high ecclesiastically, he's so suave and silken, just the sort to worm himself into the minds of rich churchmen, not to mention their check books Yet you are passing him up—passing up the chance of a lifetime—for the

"A very commonplace sinner," Jessa mine broke in. Wills gave her a look of pain wills gave her a look of panel.

prise. "I was going to say 'for the sake of having your own willful way,"

he protested. It was early afternoon, and the long smooth river reach, flecked with sun and shade, mirrored perfectly the summine said, slipping from his arms and averting her face. "You, who are so mer world either side. Jessamine hung over the boat side, staring at her own image. Austin watched her with happy eyes, but after a little he drew her upright, saying softly: "Vanity, thy name is Jessamine. I can't have another sort of wife-somebody who can help you. I—I should be only a burden."

"A blessed burden, one I shall reimage. Austin watched her with hapother case of Narcissus and his imag

"Really! Have you a conscience? "Pirates even have consceinces—abo "Grandmother! Oh, you jealous darling! How dare you name anything so preposterous?" Beveridge said, catching both her hands. "Grandmother is the most estimable of old

some things," Austin answered, shipping his oars and letting the boat drift toward the other bank. "For example it goes against their consciences to let treasure manifestly within reach go to some other fellow. That other pi-rate, Beveridge, shan't have the treasure of Brookmere."
"What is the treasure of Brookmere?"

Jessamine asked demurely. "How much is it worth? And how are you going save it from clerical clutches?"
"Let me see. I believe the Brook mere rating is about three millions, Austin answered reflectively, but with a twinkle of the eye, "handy millions at that," he went on, "all in gilt edged securities. If you were more than a baby, Jess, you would see a lit-tle beyond the end of your nose. Bishop-to-be Beveridge did want you-in fact, he still wants you, being a mar of taste, for all his sins."

"Thanks!" Jessamine interrupt Wills shook his head at her, "He wanted you rather badly, not so badly as he wanted the Brook mere money. And that he means to have—in spite of our teeth. Madam is only sixty and young for her years"-"You can't mean he is trying to mar

ry her?" Jessamine cried, aghast. Wills nodded. "That's his present laudable aim. Therefore he would like nothing better than to have us openly defy madam. Our elopement would be a trump card for him. Now, although we are not mercenary, neither are we destitute of common prudence. Three millions, or even one or two, might ome in handy a heap of times. Moreover, we owe madam a certain duty We can only discharge it by meeting guile with guile. That means, in plain your evil way of preferring my compa ny and smile instead upon the bisho

"I don't understand. How will that help?" Jessamine asked in bewilder

madam. Wait until he is quite com fitted, then do your best to take him tway from her. You can do it, never fear. He's human, if he is a preacher and no mere man yet born of woman "Thank you again," Jessamine said tossing her head. "Oh, I want that clump of cardinal flower," leaning as

she spoke toward the shelving shore. said laconically, speaking very loud; then, in a low aside: "Here's where we quarrel, Jess. Insist upon getting out. The bishop to be is coming down the

"Oh, Mr. Beveridge," Jessamine call ed eagerly, "do come and pick some flowers for me. I want to pick them myself, but I find I am a prisoner with a withering glance at Wills. Beveridge ran down to the water's edge. "Won't you let me rescue you?"

he cried, holding out his hand. "Jump! I promise you shall get nothing worse than a pair of wet feet by it." "She needn't have even them," Willa said boorishly. "If you'll agree to see her to the house I'll be glad enough to put her ashore. Not in the humor for walking myself and still less for botan-

Half an hour later Mrs. Brookmere

WAYS OF THE MOOSE of scarlet bloom, with the Rev. Bewly Beveridge at her elbow. Now the min-ister had been madam's own compan-

spoken, not wholly pleased to see Jes-samine sauntering home, her hands full

ion all through the earlier afternoon and, though he had not said much-

quite too little to make madam aware of her own state of mind—he had look

ed unutterably things. She had found

although she had buried three hus

bands, and still possessed of an alert and lively vanity. She liked to see her

name at the head of lists of pairon-

esses, especially missionary and rescue bands. Further, flattery was meat her soul loved to feed on. The Rev. Bewly

had found that out at about the secon

minute and acted upon the knowledge

Indeed, his mind was pretty well made

up to marry her before the interview ended. But then he had not seen Jes-

Madam was sadly puzzled through-out the next week. Wills haunted the

house as much as ever, though Jessa-mine openly flouted him, at the same time smiling shy provided to

time smiling shy propitiation at the bishop to be. He also was in a maze.

Jessamine's encouragement was too elusive to warrant giving over his pur-

suit of madam, yet sufficiently unset-tling to make him at times distrait. Wills glared at him and ostentatiously

him the strongest hope. Wills must be jealous—madly jealous. If only Beveridge had never begun to court

that old woman! She was in the be-

ginning eager to play fairy godmother.

It was sickening to feel that he had

disturbed this pious purpose, making the lady feel that she was not too old

to inspire grand passion number four.

Presently he began to see light. He would have it out with Jessamine—ask

her plumply to be Mrs. Beveridge, and, if she said "yes," go to madam for her blessing, along with an apocryphal tale

plous, entitled to write half the alpha-

plous, entitled to write nair the appua-bet after his name in honorary distinc-tions, with children all safely married, and much in want of a good home. So he went straight to Jessamine, begging

her to sing to him. The music room was at the very end of the house, thus

well apart. There was small chance of interruption. All the rest were busy

with games or flirting or walking in the flower garden under a white moon.

running back herself upon some errand he did not understand. What-

made to rise he put his arms about her and gathered her to his breast, say-ing hoarsely: "Jessamine, darling, won't

you make music for me always? Unless you do my life will be wasted."
"You—you are not in earnest!" Jessa-

joice to carry," Beveridge said, trying to take her hand. She drew away from

him, saying as though in despair: "You

"Grandmother! Oh. you jealous

ladies, but even if I knew she would take me I could not think of marrying

her-not for all the money in the

"H-m-m! You've been trying to do

it for a very moderate part of the money." grandmother said, stepping

tin Wills' arm. After one look at her

the Rev. Bewly Beveridge stepped out through the same window. He knew

the treasures of Brookmere were whol

ly lost to him, no matter how they were

A SCHOOL FOR SPIDERS.

the Insects Taught to Weave Their Webs Only on Bottles. "This is my spiders' school," said the

"Not much to look at, is it? Only a dozen rows of wine bottles, a great many spiders and a great many webs.

"Spiders' webs are in demand among

tain astronomical instruments, the sur

geons using them to stop hemorrhage

with and the instrument makers using

them in certain very delicate instru-ments—instruments wherein, strange to

say, a human hair would not take their

place, because a hair is neither fine enough nor durable enough to serve the

the spiders. A corrupt class of wine

dealers buy the spiders. These men put them among bottles of new wine.

I train the spiders to weave on bottle

where else-and it is amazing how

mine will cover a case of port or claret

with cobwebs, giving to the wine an

appearance of great age.
"Six spiders in a week will add two

how valuable the ugly little creature

Duty, Then Pleasure

to try to compress into one sentence the whole of the experience of an active

and successful life and offer it to

young men as a rule and certain recipe

comprised in this: 'Duty first; pleasure second.' From what I have for success in any station, it would be

second.' From what I have seen of young men and their after progress I

am satisfied that what is generally termed 'bad fortune,' 'ill luck' and

'misfortune' is in nine cases out of

ten simply the result of inverting this

simple maxim. My own experience convinces me that absence of success

arises in the great majority of case

from want of self denial and want of

all maxims is, 'Pleasure first; work and

type."-Philadelphia Bulletin.

nevertheless a little money

want grandmother

ored him. It was that which gave

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE NOBLEST OF ALL WILD ANIMALS.

ing or Extinct-The Alaskan Buil

Now and then in wanderings through on a gigantic blackish brown deer which by reason of the great length of its yellowish gray legs stands higher coarse, bristly hair, longest on the neck and shoulders, and it has a rather ugly everhanging nose which distinguishes it at once from all other kinds of deer. From the throat of the male hangs a long hair covered appendage known as long hair covered appendage known as the "bell," and in the fall and winter samine in this mood. Jessamine upset the "bell," and in the fail at his calculations; she fairly swept him he has also a pair of wide antlers, very heavy and much flattened or "plamated." He stalks the forest through undergrowth and over fallen trunks like a king of glants, or, if trunks have a sing way at an amaz-larmed, he speeds away at an amaz-lagly swift swinging trot and with a crashing which resembles the sound of

largest of all deer, living or extinct.
The moose is chiefly an animal of the northern woods, the southern limit of its range being the head of Green riv-er, Wyoming. It is also found in northern Maine, New Brunswick, southern Canada, Idaho, British Columbia. Alberta, Athabasca, Yukon and prowsing on the leaves, twigs and bark of trees, particularly young trees. In order to reach the tops of tall saplings erally riding them down. He is fond-est of birch, hemlock, alder, aspen, wil-low and maple. He also eats mosses blessing, along with an apocryphal tale of a distant wooer ready to sue for her hand. He could make it appear he had been finding out her mind toward a fourth marriage. It would go hand with him, but that somewhere he would find a man to make good. Indeed, providentially he already knew the man—a college president, poor and plous entitled to write half the alpha-

In May the "cow," as the femal moose is called, gives birth to a long legged, ungainly, tawny colored calf, to protect which the mother will fight her great sharp hoofs with the skill of a prize fighter and has been known to pound to death a large black bear and fairly trample his body into the ground. The calf stays with its mothself. One day last summer I came suddenly upon a cow moose standing knee deep in a shallow pond, while from beneath her neck her grotesque looking calf peered out at me with eyes wide but when I reached the spot they were

Jessamine went with him, walking high headed and joyous. At the door of the parlors she waved him forward, Like all American deer, the "bull' rand he did not understand. Whatever it was, she did it very quickly. He had hardly found the songs he wanted when she was beside him, smiling at him in the most bewildering fashion. As she reached for the music her hand, apparently by chance, fell lightly upon his. He tried to hold it, but she snatched it away, turned from him and began to sing very softly. He

but she snatched it away, turned from him and began to sing very softly. He in their way.

The call of the bull is a long drawn. The call of the bull is a long drawn. bawl with several loud grunts at the end. If there is a cow within hearing she will answer with a low cry, and the bull will come forward to meet her. Hunters often take advantage of this fact and attract the bull by an imitation of the call of the cow, executed on a cone shaped horn made of birch bark. Lying concealed on the bank of a lake or stream, they give out the call, and when the bull comes within range they shoot him. But as this trick is usually played at night ost on the spot the sport is apt to is in no mood to be trifled with, and unless the hunter is cool headed and a good shot the moose is not only willing but very able to kill him and a dozen like him if they happen to be on the

Carl Rungius, the animal painter, in New Brunswick in 1901. This great beast stood seven feet high at the shoulders, and the length of its head and body together was nine feet sever ches. The Alaskan moose have the largest antiers, and one pair from an animal shot on the Kenai peninsula has a spread of seventy-eight and a half inches and has thirty-four points. With the dry skull to which they are ttached these antiers weigh ninety three and a quarter pounds, a weight which nothing but an animal of gigantic strength could carry at top speed over the roughest ground and through

thickly wooded country.
In the winter, when the snow is deep, he moose, sometimes several families ogether, will gather in a certain secpaths for themselves over a space of perhaps several acres from what is known as a "yard," where, if not disturbed, they may stay for weeks to-gether. But the moose is able to travel well at all seasons, and even in deep at a pace which astonishes any hunter

A wild, free life is the only one on which a moose can live and thrive. In captivity it is much less nervous than and affectionate. But, as a rule, it will live but a short time, even though it gets the same food which it had in its native woods. It may appear to relish die of inflammation of the stomach.

This is one of the noblest wild aninals in the world, and it should be giv

en adequate protection throughout its range.—Bangor Commercial. Young Hunter's Hard Luck.

"Some years ago," said a hunter, when I lived down on the eastern shore of Maryland, where I was born, I had passed a whole day gunning rabbits and had not killed one. On my way home through the woods I met a boy who had a live rabbit. Ashamed to go home empty handed, I gave the boy 25 cents for his rabbit. steam hammer, once said: "If I were

"I then said to myself, 'I will tie Mr. Rabbit to a bush and kill him, and the folks at home will say Ed shot a rabbit.' I took a shoestring and fas-tened the rabbit to a bush and then stood off, took aim and fired. When the gun had stopped kicking I saw Mr. Rabbit flying through the woods. My bullet had cut the shoestring in twain and had set the little animal free."-Baltimore American.

"Have you ever tried to explain the various meanings of some of our English verbs to a foreigner?" asked a lady who employs many servants. "My German maid went to the drug store

the other day for some headache medisine and returned very much puzzled

Ambiguous English.

"The man say, "Vill you take it or shall I send it?" she reported. 'Eef he do not send it, how can I take it?" While petty thieves are hanged, per ple take off their hats to great ones.