State Library July05

THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL. XXXXII. BUTLER, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 16, 1905. No. 11.

MEN

Won't buy clothing for the purpose of spending money. They desire to get the best possible results of the money expended. Those who buy custom clothing have a right to demand a fit, to have their clothes correct in style and to demand of the seller to guarantee everything. Come to us and there will be nothing lacking. I have just received a large stock of Spring and Summer suitings in the latest styles, shades and colors.

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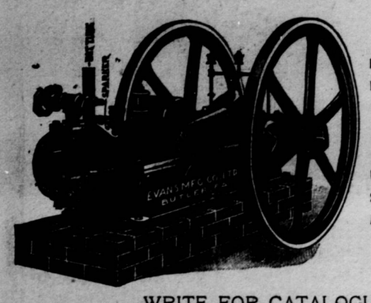

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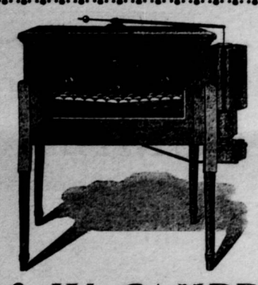

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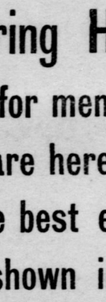

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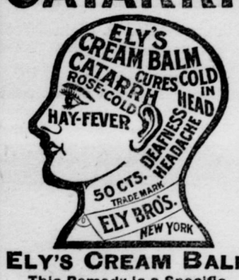

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Rich Man, Poor Man!

By KEITH GORDON

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Before they reached the first ledge overlooking Sausalito a mist like floating globules of crushed pearl rolled noiselessly through the fissures of the hills and blotted out the village, the bay and the towers and chimneys of San Francisco—in other words, the world. In the damp air the girl's hair curled more distractingly than ever. Never had he seen it when it framed the low forehead in so bewildering an arabesque of rings and curves and waves.

"You look rather swell yourself," she laughed in response to his eloquent glance of approval. "Knickers and a Norfolk cap and the jacket aren't half bad on you. Taken in connection with your cleft chin," she went on, throwing her head back and screwing up her eyes critically, "they make you a very presentable youth indeed."

"We won't talk about that," was the terse reply. "This walk to Point Bonita has an object."

She opened her eyes wide.

"Certainly," she assented politely. "Point Bonita, for instance. If it has any other object," she went on sternly, "if you're going back to that old subject, I won't go a step farther."

By this time they were moving in the midst of a cloud.

It was his turn to be innocent.

"You mean—oh," with a fine imitation of impatience, "doesn't a girl ever forget it if a fellow has once happened to fancy himself in love with her and said so?"

The pink of the girl's cheeks—it had the soft, furred look that is responsible for the slang adjective "peachy"—deepened suddenly, unaccountably. Out of the tail of his eye the youth observed this interesting fact with cruel glee, reflecting with a pang that he should have chosen diplomacy as a vocation instead of engineering.

"You should forgive and forget the sins of my youth," he resumed. "You know you insisted that you would always be the best of friends, and that's what I need now!"

"You change quickly enough, I must say!" she remarked with some heat. "It isn't six months since"—

"Since what?" he challenged. But she turned away and did not reply, while the walls of mist lazily closed in nearer and nearer.

"What do you want to tell me?" she questioned at last in an oddly subdued manner. He did not answer immediately, but swung on ahead of her in the narrow path as if he were making a way for her through the mist. So he had got over his love for her. She felt a shuddering sense of desolation. Still, she argued, she could scarcely have supposed he would go on caring, especially since she had explained to him with judicial carefulness that she must marry a man with money on account of her mother and the younger girls.

Strangely enough, though she had pictured herself as married to another, there had always been a somber, interesting figure hovering in the background of that picture, one to whom she meant to be so kind, so gentle, so all sweet, that his regret should become like a beautiful, sad song—to be wept over and enjoyed. And now the brute was asking her to "forgive and forget" that he had ever told her that he loved her!

They had reached the summit of a hill, and he proposed that they sit down upon a convenient bowlder to rest before attempting the next one. Apparently her silence was unnoticed.

"You see, fate's been telling off my buttons lately," he began in a business-like tone, "and the decree is that it has got to be money!"

"What do you mean?"

"Rich woman, poor woman, beggar woman, squaw," he elucidated, touching the buttons on his jacket, "and the lot falls to rich woman every time. It seems a beastly thing to think of—marrying for money. I would be a cad enough to do it, but the thing is that there's a girl—a mighty fine girl—and I really—I—hang it, I like her! But how am I to tell whether it's the real thing or whether her money has something to do with it? You see, there are reasons why I should have money right away, long before I can hope to gain it by my own efforts. The governor is breaking down, and his affairs are in bad shape, and there are the two kids and mother to provide for."

The girl's heart was sinking as the mercury does in a falling temperature. All the joy of living seemed to be oozing away through her finger tips, leaving her cold and inert. He turned toward her curiously.

"Of course you don't think I'd consider such a thing if I were not forced to it by duty!" he went on fervently. "And I came to you because I thought you'd understand, because circumstances are forcing you into the same thing. They say you're going to marry Bradshaw. You'll be a rich woman and a happy one, I hope; but, whether you are or not, you will have done your duty by the family. That will be your consolation, and that's why I come to you in my difficulty. What do you think—can I decently ask the girl to marry me? Remember, I like her, but I'm not sure I love her!"

The fog, which had seemed about to crush them softly a few moments before, was now falling back, but they were still in a remote world. With the very sight of habitations cut off from their view it was hard to believe in the reality of purple and fine linen, horses and carriages and gold. Suddenly the scales fell from the girl's eyes, though she realized with a pang that it was too late. She had put the only thing that mattered out of her life as thoughtlessly and carelessly as she would toss a pebble from her path. She had not even realized what she was doing. Down below, where the Bradshaw fortune cast its glamour, everything had looked different. She had thought that with money all things else must fall into place. But here, cut off from the world, the Bradshaw wealth seemed less than nothing and love the only thing.

Farther and farther the fog receded, showing thin in spots, but still concealing the valley beneath them. But she was very sure now. Even when the world assumed its old proportions it would be the same. She had had her lesson. The peachblow tint was gone from her cheeks, and her eyes were grave and ungirlish as she spoke.

"I'm not going to marry Grant Bradshaw," she said steadily, "nor any other man whom I don't love. So you see I can't help you after all! I don't think I could ever really have meant to do such a thing"—

Her voice broke, and the eyes that had been looking into his with a pleading stronger than any words suddenly filled with tears.

"I'm such a silly," she explained rather unevenly, "but I hate to be accused of such a thing. And I think you ought to be ashamed, Jack! You're a man and you can make money for yourself and"—

But he seemed to be paying no attention to her words. With deep absorption he was naming the buttons of her coat as if he were consulting an oracle.

"Rich man, poor man, beggar man, chief," he chanted. "Doctor, lawyer, merchant, thief. Rich man, poor man!" he stopped, looking anxiously for another button, but there was none there.

"You see!" she gibed triumphantly. "Perhaps you've made a mistake in your own case too." And, with a demure face, she counted the buttons. "Poor woman!" she announced, and then something in his glance brought the bloom back to her face and her head went down upon his shoulder.

The thin places in the fog gave way, leaving two jagged spaces that framed a beautiful picture. Down below the sun was shining on the blue waters of the bay, on the trees and hedges, among which nestled the houses of the town. The girl caught her breath. She felt as if it were a benediction, a revelation of the peace of the years to come.

"But what about our families?" she asked in a troubled voice when the mist had blotted out the pictures once more. He laughed joyously.

"See that?" he said, holding out a brawny right arm.

Fact and Fiction.

When the celebrated John Timbs of anecdote fame was subeditor of a London newspaper he one day commissioned one of the staff to accompany the hop pickers in Kent and to write for the journal an absolutely veracious account of his experiences.

The faithful scribe to whom the task was intrusted performed his job with scrupulous care, and, attired as a hop picker, he spent a whole week among his temporary comrades.

In due course he returned to the editorial office and produced his copy. Timbs read a portion of it and then burst into a great rage.

"This won't do at all, Mr. Smith," he exclaimed furiously. "Surely you must know this is far too coarse for insertion in our paper."

"I was afraid that might be the case," calmly replied the reporter. "Do you think this is better?" Saying this, he handed Timbs another manuscript.

Timbs perused it and was delighted.

"The very thing; charming!" he exclaimed.

"Ah, I thought you would like that!" said Smith. "That is what I wrote before I set out."—London Standard.

"Burning the Water."

Some readers will remember the spirited account given by Scott in "Guy Mannering" of the form of salmon fishing that used to be known as "burning the water." It was a favorite amusement in England, Scotland and Wales. The practice is no longer legal and can be indulged in only at the risk of penalties, with the disgrace which attaches to things denounced as unsportsmanlike. Torches were used, and the salmon were speared by the thrust of a weapon having barbed prongs, called a leister. Scott again may be quoted for his description of the spearing of salmon from horseback in the Solway. The Tweed, which was the river of his lifelong affections, was one of the worst sufferers from "burning the water" in the days when it was permitted, and it was computed that thousands of salmon were annually taken by this form of capture. The water may be "burned" even now here and there, and in Wales a few years ago there was a short lived revival of the practice.

Milo of Creton.

Of the wonderful athletes of all ages Milo of Creton is perhaps the most known. He once ran a mile with an ox on his shoulders, then with a blow of his fist killed the beast and ate it in one day. The strongest man could not take from Milo a pomegranate which he held between his two fingers. He could break by contracting his veins and muscles a cord tied around his forearm. One day, being in a house with some pupils of Pythagoras, the ceiling threatened to fall in, but Milo supported the column on which it rested, thus giving his friends time to escape. His death is well known. He tried to tear asunder the trunk of a tree, but his hands got pinched in the wood, and, being unable to disengage them, he perished, devoured by wild beasts.

Half or Two-thirds.

The bishop of Kensington at a prize distribution recently told of a case in which a boy got the better of the examiner. "Suppose," asked the examiner, "I offered you half an orange and two-thirds of an orange, which piece would you take?" "Please, sir, the half!" shouted the lad. "Stupid boy!" exclaimed the examiner. "I shall put a black mark against you for that." Subsequently a deputation of scholars waited on the examiner to convince him that he was wrong. "Why am I wrong?" he inquired. "Because Tommy does not like oranges at all," was the conclusive answer.—St. James' Gazette.

Newspapers.

It has been calculated that, taking the population of the whole world, there is one newspaper to every 82,600 persons. The United States supports 12,500 newspapers, of which 1,000 are dailies, these being round figures. Germany has 5,500 journals, of which 800 are daily. England takes second place in the European record with 3,000 newspapers, of which 809 are daily. France has nearly the same number.

Excuse Made Easy.

"Why do so many actors insist on playing Shakespeare?"

"I suspect," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes, "that it's because they can take all the credit if they succeed and blame the public's lack of literary taste if they fail."—Washington Star.

Not Up to Him.

"Yes," said the fireman, "there were two men in the building playing chess, and one of them is in the ruins yet. We couldn't get him out."

"Why, how was that?"

"He insisted that it wasn't his move."

Starting a Row.

Grayce—They tell me she's not a bit pretty. What does she look like, anyhow? Gladys—Well, my dear, she resembles you as much as anybody I know.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Unbreakable.

"Now, yo' lookey heah, yo' George, doan' yo' fall down an' break dem aigs."

"I couldn't break um nohow. Dey is Plymouth Rock aigs, dey is."

It is possible to repeal a law, but not a banana.—Philadelphia Record.

In an Opera Box

By Lilian C. Paschal

Copyright, 1904, by Lilian C. Paschal

The great hotel facing the park was an obelisk of light flecks. Motor cars came and went noisily under the wide porte cochere.

Back of the large hostelry and across a narrow alley a white girlish face banked with pillows looked out wistfully from the one narrow window of a third floor back at these evidences of life and gayety, listening to the orchestra.

Suddenly the music burst into a wild tropical air from "Carmen," a very revel of life and youth and lusty, red blooded joy. The invalid buried her tired eyes in the soft pillows, and her thin shoulders shook. Shaken by the tempest of sobs, a crutch that had been leaning against the bedside rattled to the floor.

"Oh, I can bear their old ragtime things without a shiver," she cried, "but the opera airs—they break my heart! And now I shall never sing them again—I know I shan't!"

The incoherent cry went straight through the open window like a winged arrow, across the alleyway in the grand hotel, and lodged deep in the sick heart of a listener there. Its note of suffering and aching longing needed no interpreter. That is a universal language understood alike in palace and tenement.

John Wixton had been staring moodily out of the darkened shadows of his unlighted room into the still darker shadows of a future that looked gloomy indeed to his usually careless, sunny eyes. He had been hard hit—there was no doubt of that—and the girl's refusal of him had cut deep. He had been so sure of her—too sure, perhaps—but he had thought he could not be mistaken in that warm light in her eyes that had set his heart on fire all these weeks.

"The light that lies in woman's eyes—and lies—and lies—and lies!" he sneered miserably, sitting there in the dark. "Curse the whole sex, anyway, and their deceitful wiles!" And his clinched hands thumped the window sill fiercely. He had mooned over her like a maundering idiot, he told himself hotly, and now she was engaged, so her mother had told him the last time he called, to Billy Lunders and his millions—principally the latter, he thought.

Lord! There was that beastly chansonnette from "Carmen" again—could he never escape the thing?—the song that breathed so horribly of her in every seductive note. She had worn a red rose in her hair, too, that night he first met her with the Van Lorns. He could smell that rose now.

Tonight "Carmen" was on the bill again. He recalled dully that he had the same box for this performance, intending to take her and show her he remembered that first night so long ago. She had said men always forgot the dates a woman remembered. He had meant to tell her of his loving little surprise that evening. Was it only a week ago? How could he ever bear to hear an opera again? Curse it. He would get out of this sickening old New York and go west—to Chicago—anywhere.

"These opera airs—they break my heart!" broke in the sobbing cry from the window across the alley. John raised his head to listen. "Same here, kid," he muttered heavily. "It's that lame girl—poor little beggar! She does have a devil of a time of it, lying there all day with hot water bags and things around her. It's a shame!"

"I want to be back there on the stage again," went on the voice, "singing with the rest of the chorus. I was a village maiden in 'Carmen,' you know, Mrs. Beebe." To the conscious pride in this already well known fact there came an indistinct murmur of consolation from the dark interior of the little room.

"And maybe some day I might have been a Sembrich or a Melba, my own self—the master said so—and now my back's hurt, and I'll never sing again. I know it! If I could only go just once and hear it all again I think maybe I could bear it better, but to be penned in here all the time like a rat with the snappers of a trap caught over his back—it's too"— The rest was lost in the infolding pillow.

The man in the darkened window across the way suddenly stood up, turned on the light and squared his shoulders like a soldier ready for marching. "I'll do it!" he said grimly. "I'll not run away like a coward. I'll face this thing out. I've got to go through it some time, and I might as well begin now. I'll go right to that same box and fight it out. And, what's more, I'm going to take that child along. She'll probably look a fright, and people will stare, but hang the people!"

He took his hat and overcoat and hurried from the room. At the office he stopped to give an order for an auto cab.

Twenty minutes later he was bowling toward Broadway with his strange little companion, still breathless over the wondrous angel in evening clothes whose determination had carried all opposition before him. Even the fat landlady had been subdued into deference and helped to dress her quickly so as not to keep the young gentleman waiting.

Wixton glanced down at her thin little face, sharpened by suffering; at her two crutches and her simple white frock. To his surprise, she appeared tastefully gowned.

She told him quite simply, with a little pathetic quaver in her voice, about her ambition to be a great singer; how she had fallen through a trapdoor left carelessly open by the stage hands one night after the opera was over and had been in the charity ward of a hospital, where they had not seemed able to cure her; how she could walk only a little way without hurting.

When they reached the opera house the first act was nearly over.

Wixton gathered up her slight form and strode up the wide stairway as if his burden were a baby. At the door of the box he halted. It was slightly ajar. "Sold the other seats?" he questioned of the usher.

"Only one to a lady," answered that worthy and volunteered further the whispered information that she was a queer one—"came with a party in the fourth box farther down and came out ill and went away. After a bit she came back with a ticket for a seat in this one."

When Wixton ushered his charge into the box he found, to his surprise, that the place was unlighted. The curtain had just closed on the first act, and the solitary occupant was shrinking into the farthest corner as though seeking to avoid observation.

John reached out to press the electric button and turned in the blaze of light to confront the woman who had refused him the week before. His lips tightened, and his face went white.

"Eunice! You here?"

The woman turned a level, pale face up to him entreatingly without speaking. This unlooked for contretemps had destroyed her poise, woman of the world though she was, and left her as excited and embarrassed as a schoolgirl. There were traces of tears about the dark eyes, hollow from sleeplessness. Her soft white throat worked in the stress of emotion, and her bosom rose and fell pantingly.

At last she found her voice. It was low and tremulous, and at the thrilling sweetness of it the man's heavy heart pounded like a mad thing behind his immaculate shirt front.

"Jack," she whispered, "if you don't forgive me and love me I shall die. I never dreamed till mamma made me send you away how dreadfully I cared, and I never was engaged to Billy Launders at all. I couldn't be—not if the whole family rose up to slay me."

The orchestra began the overture to the next act. The wild, gypsy motif of the immortal opera rose and bathed them in its melting torrents of love made into music. The little cripple was leaning over the edge of the box waiting breathlessly for the curtain to rise on the familiar scene she loved.

"Jack, darling—hear it! That music has been killing me till you came! Do you remember that night we"—

John reached out an audacious thumb and pressed the button on the wall. As the box was enveloped in darkness he crushed her close in his arms, unable to say one word.

On their way home in the carriage, when Eunice had been told the little cripple's story, she laughed tenderly in her new found joy, so nearly lost, and, with one jeweled hand in John's and the other caressing the young girl's pale cheek, said with a confidence that the future proved not unfounded:

"I shall take care of her, her voice, her future and her back. I know a great doctor who can straighten out this little one's tangles, even as she has been the means of unsnarling the dreadful knot in my web of fate."

Barry Sullivan and the Amateur.

The famous tragedian, Barry Sullivan, took his art so seriously that it was very seldom indeed that he perpetrated a joke on the stage, although when away from the theater he was one of the most humorous of men. On one occasion, however, Sullivan could not resist the temptation of giving an apt retort to an amateur who, as Ratcliff to his Richard III., had quite overlooked the necessity of committing his words to memory.

"During the early part of the tragedy," says Mr. Robert M. Sillard in his "Life of Barry Sullivan," "this too confident amateur strutted agreeably and elicited applause from his friends in the front. In the tent scene he screwed up his energies, and when Sullivan, as Richard, started from his knees at the conclusion of his comments on his dream, exclaiming, 'Who's there?' Ratcliff in his excitement stammered out the answer:

"'Tis I, my lord. The early village cock'—and then abruptly stopped, having apparently forgotten the next line—i. e., 'Hath twice done salutation to the morn.'

"Sullivan surveyed the stultified aspect of his officer for a few seconds with a sardonic grin, as if enjoying his agony, and at length growled out in an audible tone:

"'Why don't you crow, then?'"

Nurturing a Cheerful Spirit.

Lucky was the patient in Cedarville who could secure the services of Aunty Bond as his nurse, but he must make up his mind that while all his wants would receive due attention and he would have a fair amount of coddling there were some things in which he could not count on having his own way.

"Now, you just take that look off your face, won't you?" she half coaxed, half commanded a man who was recovering from pneumonia. "You aren't half as sick as you were a month ago. Let your thoughts dwell on that, and let 'em dwell on this: There's lots o' folks outdoors a-falling from the tops o' buildings and a-getting run into and ver by automobiles and contraptions of all sorts, besides those that are yielding to temptation o' various kinds and being sent to jail and then to states prison. And while all these dreadful things are going on outside, what is happening to you? You are getting well at home, in peace and plenty, and, what's more, in as handsome a walnut bedstead as there is in all Cedarville.

"You let your mind dwell on these things a minute, and then you turn over and go to sleep."

TWENTY YEARS' SLEEP.

Rip Van Winkle's Case May Have Been More Fact Than Fiction.

Even superficial students of folklore know that the tale of Rip Van Winkle, supposing that Irving really heard it in the old Dutch settlements along the Hudson, is by no means peculiar to that district, but is found in some form or other all over the world. In other words, the idea that it is possible for a human being to survive in a state of unconsciousness for a very long time would seem to be either a universal fancy or to be founded on some actual experience.

Dr. Lancereaux in the Paris Bulletin of the Academy of Medicine reports such an experience, the case of a woman who actually did, so far as intelligent consciousness was concerned, sleep almost exactly twenty years.

The patient, of a neurotic and hysterical family, had always been delicate and nervous. On May 31, 1883, she was severely frightened and fell into violent hysteria, which after twenty-four hours passed into unconsciousness. In this condition, interrupted every month or six weeks by sudden convulsive attacks, she lay until May 23, 1903, kept alive entirely by injections of nourishment.

On May 23 she was seized with hysteria similar to that at the beginning of her sleep, and the next day there was another convulsion. On May 25 she began definitely to recover consciousness and by the next day was able to speak intelligently of events before her sleep and could also remember from day to day since her waking. Of happenings during her sleep, such as the drawing of some of her teeth, she knew nothing. On the evening of May 28 she died peacefully.

The particular case is of interest chiefly to the medical profession, but the general fact of survival in unconsciousness for a very long time shows how such tales as those of the Sleeping Beauty, the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus and Rip Van Winkle, to mention only the most familiar examples, could have originated from actual experience and observation. Very likely such cases occurred more than once.

"Truth is stranger than fiction," runs the old saying. It is undoubtedly more correct to say that fiction is merely enlarged, reduced, distorted and otherwise decorated fact and that without a fact within general knowledge from which to start fiction could not exist. It is entirely safe to conjecture that at some prehistoric period, sleeping not out of doors, of course, but under shelter, and for many weeks and probably months, if not years, there was a Rip Van Winkle.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

The Bill Was Not In the Senate.

One of Senator Frye's scintillations as presiding officer, when the Philippine bill was near its passage in the senate, should not be lost to the world. Such measures, till perfected, are considered in committee of the whole, not in the senate, as the term goes. The distinction is of little popular significance, but of great parliamentary importance.

Senator Bacon, wishing to make a certain motion, was informed that the bill was not in the senate, but in committee of the whole.

"Oh, I thought we were in the senate," replied Mr. Bacon.

"We are in the senate," Mr. Frye responded, "but the bill is not."—Washington Post.

Henry VIII. and Puddings.

Bluff King Hal, otherwise Henry VIII. of England, was exceedingly fond of puddings. At one time he gave a certain Mistress Cornwallis a house in Aldgate for herself and her heirs forever "in reward of fine puddings." In King Henry VIII.'s private accounts occur again and again entries of his rewards to different housewives for bringing him puddings. A typical instance runs thus: "Item. The same day paid to the wife that made the king podings at Hampton corte, vis. viijd." This would be about $1.75, but its value was much greater when the entry was made. This love for "fine puddings" explains much in the familiar rotund figure of King Hal.

A Matter of Gender.

The English language is supposed to be very simple in the matter of genders, but foreigners who triumphantly handle questions of gender of inanimate things in their own languages often have their difficulties with the English. A Frenchman recently came to grief over his English. "I fear I cockroach too much upon your time, madame," he remarked politely to his hostess. "En-croach, monsieur," she smilingly corrected him. He threw up his hands in despair. "Ah, your English genders!" he sighed.

OLD JAPANESE ARMORERS.

Strange Legends of the Temper and Keenness of Their Swords.

The era of the sword in Japan has given place to the rifle, but long before this period the exquisite art of the oriental armorer was lost. We are told of a blade composed of 4,194,304 layers of steel and polished so that the finest European polishing pastes only serve to scratch it. Few people have any idea of the art used in fashioning these weapons. They doubtless appreciate the beauty of the sheath, handle and guards, but to them a sword is a piece of steel made to cut, and that is all.

When the Japanese armorer forged a sword he did it as if it were a sacred thing, and indeed it was in his eyes. He forged the metal tenderly, with special tools for each operation. He tempered it with processes as secret as the confidences of the gods. He had his methods of securing in the metal most marvelous color effects and of producing markings from an imitation of which the most expert armorers of Europe would recoil in despair. Strange legends are told of these old Japanese armorers. Masa-Mune, a gentle smith of the fourteenth century, could let fall a hair of the hard shelled adzuki bean across the edge of one of his swords, and it would be split in two, or, like Regin, he would stand the weapon upright in a little stream of water and let the current carry along a little scrap of paper, which, as it touched the edge of the blade, would float away in halves.

Of a different character was the fierce old Mura-Masa, who forged swords to the cry of "Tenka taira!" (War to men!) and quenched each one in the warm blood of a fresh human victim. This so inspired the steel with endless thirst that it would cleave iron like bronze and bronze like a melon in the search of human life. If left too long in its scabbard it possessed its wearer with a fierce desire to kill, and if drawn only for display it would hash the fingers of the one who wielded it, be he ever so careful. So terrible was the slaughter of these semihuman blades that their use was prohibited by one of the Tokugawa shoguns, and thereafter they were forced to languish in the sword racks. Minor smiths were content to pile up copper coins and display an edge unruffled after cleaving the stack or to cut through a half inch copper bar, but the great masters smiled at such tests. The same blade which in their case could split a hair or divide a silk scarf which a gentle breeze wafted against it could slice the iron or bronze like cheese.

The Horse and the Donkey.

The ancestors of the horse were accustomed to roam over the plains, where every tuft of grass or bush might conceal an enemy waiting to spring upon them. Under these circumstances they must often have saved their lives by starting quickly back or jumping to one side when they came without warning upon some strange object. This is a habit which has not left the animal even after long years of domestication.

On the other hand, the donkey is descended from animals which lived among the hills, where there were precipices and dangerous declivities, and from these conditions resulted his slowness and sure footedness. His ancestors were not so liable to sudden attacks from wild beasts and snakes. Besides, sudden and wild starts would have been positively dangerous to them. Consequently they learned to avoid the very trick which has been so useful to the horse. The habit of eating thistles, which is peculiar alone to the donkey, is also descended from these ancestors. In the dry, barren localities which they inhabited there was often little food; hence they learned to eat hard, dry and even prickly plants when there was nothing else.

Compromising.

Charles—She is suing her late employer's estate for $50,000. Henry—On what ground? Charles—On the ground that on four different occasions he said to her, "We are having fine weather," with the accent on the "we."—Brooklyn Life.

A Broad Hint.

The Barber (lathering customer and gazing out of window)—I tell you, sir, the man who shaves himself keeps the bread and butter out of some poor barber's mouth. The Customer (fiercely)—And incidentally the lather out of his own!—Puck.

A Big Gorge.

Mrs. Newrich (back from the honeymoon in Switzerland)—Do you remember, dear, that lovely gorge up in the mountains? Mr. Newrich—I do. It was the squarest meal I ever ate.

Self respect is the cornerstone of all virtue.—Sir John Herschel.