REAPED AS HE SOWED.

She Crop That Was Raised by Mois-sonier's Clever Gardener.

Meissonier, like many other celebraties, had a passon for gardening. His gardener, an accomplished botanist, knew to perfection the seeds of every plant, and his master had often tried

in vain to throw him off his guard.
"This time I have him," the artist re

marked to a party of friends at the finner table. And he showed them a packet containing the dried roe of a herring. He then sent for the garden-

"Do you know this seed?" Mels

inquired.

The gardener carefully scruting

the grains.

"Why not?" he said at last. "They are the seeds of the Polpus finsamus," a very rare tropical plant."

"How long will they be coming up?" deissonier asked, with a chuckle of sup-

Meissonier asked, with a chuckle of sup-pressed exultation.
"About a fortnight," was the reply.
Two weeks later the guests were again assembled at Meissonier's table, and after dinner the gardener was an-

THE MODERN STORE DISPLAY SPRING DRESS FABRICS. The Latest Conceits in the Fashionable World. Some Fascinating Prices for New Goods.

This week's Dry Goods Economist writes that the leaders in Dress Goods this pring are Broadcloths, Panama Weaves Eollenner, Crepes. These are all to be und at this store, of excellent qualities and lowest prices. Mohairs, plain and fancy weaves, 50c, 75c, 51.00 a yard. See the New Invisible Checks at \$1.00 a yard. It is not provided Novelty Suitings, all the new effects, including checks and Fancy Worsted Novelty Suitings, all the new effects, including checks and

airs, plain and yam,
the New Invisible Checks at \$1.00 a yam.
the New Invisible Checks at \$1.00 a yam.
the New Invisible Checks at \$1.00 a yam.
socioths, \$2 inches wide, all new shades, \$1.00 and \$1.50 a yard.
sadcioths, \$2 inches wide, all new shades, \$1.00 a yard.
sitenes, Crepes and Voiles, 75c. \$5c. \$1.00 a yard.
ecual \$2 inch all wool cheviot, all colors, 50c a yard.
stistes, \$3 inches wide, in all colors, 50c a yard.
enrietta Cloths, in all colors, \$2 and \$0c a yard.
e have a very extensive Black Goods Stock, all the new weaves, 50c, 75c,

Table Colors of the St.00 a yard.

**Place Colo

PRELIMINARY MILLINERY NEWS.

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Samples sent on request. OPPOSITE HOTEL ARLINGTON. BUTLER, PA. .S. Our anniversary sale begins Monday, March 27th, and continues. Rare bargains in New Spring Goods. GET A CIRCULAR.



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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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Our crack line of boys' and children's spring suits and top coats are on display. For quality, taste and style, the Skolney make of boys' knee-pant suits and top coats are worthy of a place with I. Hamburger's clothing for

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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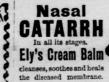
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selves that we

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which will bear

us out. Come

and look at them

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to be in such a

handsome collec-

tion. You can

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gums; also gas and ether used. Com
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## ENTER THE

By Annette Graham

Copyright, 1964, by T. C. McClure "Couldn't be better!" said Marshall

"Beats any boarding house we've ever struck." said Remmington, and kitchen. he glanced significantly through the window across the court.

The "court" was really nothing but an air shaft, and on the other side the window opened into the dining room of a typical city boarding house, with its clatter of dishes and forced con-versation. Listening to it all, the four bachelors in their own cozy quarters smoked on in contented silence. They had stuck together for four

years, trailing from hotel to boarding house, boarding house to bachelor apartments, bachelor apartments to restaurants, until in despair they had decided to furnish a flat. Dubois had been elected to buy the furniture and install the domestic machinery. The The type. The brown eyed widow saw it other three declared that he had a bump of domesticity that ought to be encouraged. So he had experimented with the employment agencies, where he had interviewed women grave and gay, who hailed all the way from Norway to Africa, and at last he had se-Then came the awful day when Wyote feil a victim to the epidemic of measles. Dubois struggled against cured the services of Wyote, a typa procession of incompetents who came and went, seldom empty handed.

No four children, possessed of brand new pails and shovels on a sandy beach, ever experienced more pleasure than these four grown men with their new toy, which they had dubbed "The Snuggery." Every night as they sat at table they expressed appreciation of their own comfortable position and deep commiseration for the unfortunate individuals who boarded across the area. Then came a day when stience brooded over the other flat. Bare, uncurtained windows, covered with dust, greeted the occupants

of "The Snuggery" when they came home that night. dow, and there she saw a flood of ho "Mova yery quick," said Wyote con-cisely, and the bachelors really felt as if something had gone out of their lives if something had gone out of their lives

when they could no longer pity their next door neighbors. For a week the opposite flat was empty. Then came decorators. The staring windows were cleaned, and one night Dubois, coming home earlier han the others, saw a pretty girlish face at the opposite window. It was rather a high bred face, too, though its owner could not be more than six-teen, and it was framed on either side by hangings of some soft green material. Dubois turned away from the

window and looked inquiringly at Wy-ete, who was setting the dinner table. "No man; all ladies," said Wyote. "Good Lord," said Dubois, "I hope it's not a young ladles' seminary!"
And the rest of the fellows echoed his

girl otherwise Kittle Bronson, exclaim-"Auntie, dear, do look; there isn't a

bit faint from the loss of blood.
"There, you're bound up for keeps,"
said Mrs. Bronson as she adjusted the
last fold in the bandage. "Now I shall
send the janitor's wife up to straightwoman over there just four horrid men with a Japanese servant!" "Kitty, Kitty," said Mrs. Bronson as she hastily drew down the shade, "I can see very plainly that this is no en this kitchen, and you and your boys must dine with us. Oh, yes," she added as he protested. "I've the best of You must remember that, while in Little River it was your ometimes—even in New York." privilege to know all about your neighpars' affairs, in New York every fam-ily lives unto itself, and—and you real-ly must not display any further inter-

heard of the invitation with varying emotions. Marshall scowled in his particularly if they are all men." Kitty Bronson did not mean to be disobedient, but the window across the areaway possessed a fascination for ne gave it a final vicious twitch, he reher, and even her aunt had to admit a ow, but it is bound to be exit old Dumild interest in the doings of those bols-for life. four funny bachelors." Mrs. Bron-But it was not so bad after all, be cause Dubois only moved across the son also had a bump of domesticity, and, though a woman of means, she managed her elegant little home, with its two servants and her late husarea, and now his brown eved wife really presides over both flats, and Wyote is her most deveted slave, barand's niece, in a manner eco yet not penurious. She loved dainty things and gave much time to domes

to see how Wyote wasted and mis-"It's a burning shame," she would "What those unfortunate boys spend to run that house friends."-Washington Star.

tic details. It sometimes annoy

would keep two families."

She did not mean to be impertinent, but she could not fall to see that gas was burned until patience ceased to be a virtue and that good wholes food which could have been made into delicious entrees went down to the jan Then, too, she was a woman, still ap preclative, and the occupants of the bachelor flat-well, she had seen men the could admire less. She had just begun to call them "those poor boys" when she was summoned one night from the tiny drawing room to the alcove of the dining room by her ex-

"Do look, auntie! He is showing his

And, sure enough, at the opposite pointed first to his own table and then to Mrs. Bronson's. And the next evening there were four silver candelabra with silk shades and rosy candles on their dinner table. The next lesson across the areaway came in the morning, and, after a heart to heart tall with Wyote, Dubois turned to the expectant trio and remarked: "What's the use of paying a big price for a mahogany table if you don't see it once in awhite? If the mother of that pretty girl over there has a bare table for breakfast I bet it's the right thing."

But the next morning he was back at the window, a puzzled expression ba his face. Clearly there was something wrong with the mahogany table, and there was no one to be seen at the able across the areaway. Wyote stood respectfully expectant at his elbow. Neither of them dreamed that Mrs. Bronson was sitting at one side of her window and could hear what they said and watch their reflection in the mir-

or in the sideboard. ow, Wyote, ours doesn't look like that. You must have forgotten something. What the devil is it?"
"It's the doilles," floated across the

areaway in a musical, half laughing voice. Then appeared at the window Mrs. Bronson, roguish, yet flushed at her own boldness. "Oh, I beg your pardon! It was most impertinent of me, but my niece and I have taken such an interest in your bachelor been kind enough to take my little dining room as your-your" "As our criterion! Exactly! It is such

dear little room, don't you know. I hope you don't mind?"
"Not at all," said Mrs. Bro You see, you must not use candelabra for breakfast. Then get some plain Irish linen for doilies and a center-

"Understand, Wyote?" The Japa-

Copuright, 1904, by S. L. Tinsley ain, are you, Betty?"

Dubois as he told the trio of his morning's conversation. After the rest "Why not?" Betty turned around slowly and looked at her mother. had gone Marshall went out to the "Why not? Why, because it is pour ing-simply pouring!"
"Well, what of it? I'm not afraid of "Wyote," he said, "didn't you remark that there were no men next rain." And the young lady clasped her

nese nodded his head and wisely van-

"Thanks awfully," said Dubois, grop-

ing for some excuse to continue the conversation. "We take such a fool-

ish pride in our bungalow and wanted

"Well, you have them right," said Mrs. Bronson, "and I do wish you'd tell me where you bought those dear

"The little woman's all right," said

to call. But the occasional domestic

conferences across the area - there

were window boxes on both sills now-

did their deadly work. Mrs. Bronson was a bit of Dresden china, and Du

bois, being a man of domestic tastes naturally went in for the Dresder

all long before he did, but with curious persistency and feminine incon

sistency she refused to capitulate. The advice Dubois pretended to need in

those days deceived no one save him-

One hot afternoon in June he cam

home early from the office to find a

colored maid departing with one of

the treasured candlesticks in her grip

The language provoked by this pro

ceeding floated across the area and made Mrs. Bronson, writing in her den, drop her pen and sit up very

straight. Then came quiet, broken by an occasional rattle of dishes, closing

with a tremendous crash of falling crockery and something very like a

"Oh, you are hurt!" she exclaimed.

"Just a nasty little cut, but some how I can't make it stop bleeding."

and I'll fix it for you."

"Of course you can't, binding it up

"I can't," answered Dubois in a muf-fled voice. "It was so—so beastly ho

I just slipped on my pajamas to do up

A giggle sounded close to Mrs. Bron-

son's pretty pink ear-it was very, very pink just now-and she turned

abruptly.
"Kitty, come with me this minute."

Down the back stairs they spec through the cellar common to both apartments and up the back stairs into

the chaotic kitchen. By the time they reached his side Dubois was feeling a

servants, and one may be neighborly-

The other members of the quarter

"Well, it may not be enter the wid-

"Did your husband ever win any

"No," answered young Mrs. Torkins

nothing except the esteem of the

He Gets Results.

The man who advertises most is never the one who does the kicking

There is a tree that grows in Mexic

called the chijol, or stone tree. It is of enormous proportions, both in cir-

cumference and height. It has a num

ber of branches spreading out widely

and carrying leaves of a vellowish

green color. The wood is extremely fine and easily worked in a green state

It is not given to either warping of splitting. The most remarkable thing

about it is that after being cut the

wood gets gradually harder, and in the course of a few years it is absolutely

petrified whether left in the open air

or buried in the ground. From this timber houses can be built that would

proof and would last as long as though

The Lobster's Advantage

The lobster has been endowed by nature with two gifts which go far to off

set the evils attending his lot. One is

the ability to fight early, often and al

the time if necessary, and the other is

eye, a leg or a claw-whenever the orig

nal is lost in the fortunes of war or by

reason of any domestic unpleasantnes

It is these two gifts which enable him

to grow up and become a useful mem ber of society, most of his members be

time he is really grown.-Four Track

Luckily absinth is not much drunk

n England, but other bitters are, some

that are only less injurious. Your read-

ers should know that all bitter tonics

harm-to depress, not exhilarate. Such

tonics should be taken rather as medi-

could bring yourself to melancholy by

means of gentian, quassia or columba as well as by wormwood.—Doctor in

Just Like a Woman. Ma Twaddles—Tommy, you've been

a bad boy today, and I shall tell your

father all about it when he comes home. Tommy Twaddles—Aw, that's

n-can't keep a secret,

London Mail.

about results.—Baltimore American.

self, least of all Wyote.

things right"-

the conquest.

little brown casseroles."

gloves with a snap, unfastened her um-brella and tripped out beneath the drip-"Um-um," murmured Marshall as he ping skies.
Hardly two squares had been covered went back to his room. "Enter the widow!" But the widow did nothing of the when Betty saw a young man coming toward her. Jack Winslow bowed, smiled and stopped. Betty blushed. sort. Neither did she give the coveted invitation for the bachelor neighbors

"Why, really, Jack, what tempted you out to wade?" "What tempted Miss Betty away from er chocolates and novels?"
"Mr. Elfland's new picture." "Jove, that's just my excuse! Say we go together." Jack looked anxiously,

wistfully, at his companion. Miss Betty blushed more deeply. "Come along," said she. And together they walked down the street. Ar-riving at the art gallery, they hunted

out the much talked of picture. Several people were standing before it in silent admiration. The painting represented a room, seated in the fore-ground of which was the figure of a girl in a white gown. Her black hair was parted and arranged in soft, thick rolls on both sides of her fair, pale ace. In her hand she held two roses a red rose and a pink one. The trou oled expression of her face told of per plexity. A question was to be solved, but the answer could not be found.

Betty clasped her hands with delight

"Oh," she cried, "how perfectly beau-tiful it is! Oh, Jack, isn't she—isn't she just perfect?" The young man smiled down upo the enthusiastic girl at his side.

"She is beautiful, but not perfect." "Why not?" Betty opened her eyes wide with "Because." continued the young man

knowing whom she wants for her husand the other man poor. Don't you see the pink rose is small and pale, while the other rose is a full blown beauty of a rich velvety red.

Jack shook his head. "Anyhow she should not hesitate for a moment. She should take the man "And be poor and miserable all he life?" inquired Betty mischievously.
"Not miserable, but poor and happy,

perfectly happy."

Jack Winslow was watching his companion's face. Betty laughed. "Well," replied she, "perhaps you are right after all. Here comes Frank

Carlyle." A tall, slender young man walked leisurely up to Miss Betty's side, and, bowing slightly to Jack, he turned to-ward the picture, "Well," remarked he after a mo ment's silence, "she is in a fix, isn't

she? Pink or red: it's down to a "Not at all," replied Jack testily. "Which does she love best?"
"Well"-Frank elevated his brows
as though surprised-"isn't that about what I said? She has a chance to se lect her favorite now, and why doesn't she do it without so much trouble?"

ing the picture during the conversa "She is a girl you know?" "Yes," replied both of the young men

at the same time.
"A girl," continued Betty, "has to wonder sometimes whether she knows her own mind or not. Here are two men. Both are kind and attentive to the girl. Both offer her the best that he has to give. Both pay her the highest compliment that a man can pay to a woman, for each one in turn asks her to be his wife. Here, on the one hand, are riches, a life with every wish granted, a mother and father made mfortable, and a husband who loves respects and admires him. On the other hand are a life of everlasting economy, a home where there may al ways be the necessities of life, but very few of the luxuries; a father and same circumstances, a little trip now and then when there chances to be an excursion, and a husband who loves

whom you in your turn love. Which

Betty was twisting the chain of her satchel around her finger. She laughed and shook her head when she heard "Well, I see that you are both as

yet at the romantic age." "Are you?" Frank Carlyle looked down into the fair, sweet face close beside him. Betlooked at Jack Winslow. He was rowning. Then, turning her face once more toward Frank and looking mis-

sideways at Jack, she said, Frank laughed and looked at his "Half past 4," said be. "Well, I must be off. If you were going," looking first at Betty, then at Jack, "why,

it's so beastly unpleasant I thought perhaps I might give you a lift in the carriage." Jack declined with thanks. a deep dimple shadowed Betty's pink cheek for a moment. Then, looking de "I would be ever so much obliged to you if you would just drop me at my door. Mother scolded because I came out, and it will appease her wrath somewhat to know that I came home without being touched by the rain."

Jack said nothing, but his face was

very pale when Betty gave him her

hand at the carriage door. Frank tried to coax him to change his mind, but Jack was firm, because Betty did not second the invitation. Just as the carriage door was about to be closed Betty leaned out 'Oh, Mr. Winslow, I have decided to go to the Freeman dance Friday night." Then the carriage rolled away. When they arrived at Betty's home neither Frank Carlyle nor his companion save the figure standing in the shadow of tree on the opposite side of the street, and when Frank left Betty at the door

and sprang again into his carriage Jack

ow walked away with a sigh of

"Anyway," murmured he, "she didn't Women are said to make excellent postmasters. Kind of know how to look after the males, as it were.—New ask him to come in.' Friday night and the Freeman bal came at last. Betty stood before her mirror looking at her reflection. The

### white mull gown, a gift from her auni who rarely gave her niece anything worth mentioning, was very becoming to the girl. She had arranged her hair after the style of Mr. Elfland's fameus picture, and she smiled as she looked

at the change it made in her appear-"If I weren't quite so pink and round I might look something like her, but she was pale and sad. Somehow I am

not sad. I don't know why, but I feel happy, wonderfully happy." Turning away from the mirror, she was just about to wrap herself in her cloak when her sister entered the room, carrying two narrow, white boxes. Bet-ty dropped her cloak, took the boxes and, opening one of them, lifted out a deep, rich red rose, fresh and fragrant, proudly drooping its heavy head and filling the room with its odor. Betty ex-amined the box, but there was no card. from its depths a long stemmed, half blown pink rose, delicate and yet won-derfully sweet. This rose was also

"How strange," murmured the girl,
"that they should both have had the
same idea!"

For a moment Betty stood silent. The

two roses lay upon the table. Suddenly she heard her mother's voice calling to her that it was time to start. Wrapping her cloak about her, Betty turned and ran lightly down the stairs. A moment later the sound of carriage wheels rumbled along the street.

But the roses? There was only one rose now lying upon the table, only one, but its heavy perfume filled the whole room, and its heart glowed like a great ruby.

First European Almanac. It is said that the first almanac print ed in Europe was probably the Kalendarium Novum, by Regiomontanus. It was "calculated for the years 1475, 1494 and 1513." In Budapest it was published. Though it simply made mention of eclipses and the places of the planets for the respective years, it was sold for 10 crowns of gold, and the en-tire impression was rapidly disposed of in Hungary, Germany, Italy, England

and France.
The first almanac—recorded as the first-known to have been printed in England was translated from the French and appeared in 1497. Each month introduces itself in descriptive verse, as:

Called I am Janeryere, the colde. In Christmas season good fyre I love. Yonge Jesu, that sometime Judas solde, In me was circumcised for man's behove. Three Kinges sought the sonne of God

with love
To God, their Lorde, that is man's own
brother.

Mary C., the six-year-old daughter of a Presbyterian clergyman in a small Georgia village, had a playmate, Jimmy by name, of whom it was her cusmy by name, or whom it was ner cus-tom to make special mention in her evening prayer at her mother's knee. One evening, after some childish quar-rel, Mrs. C. noticed that the boy's name was omitted from the petition and said, "Mary, aren't you going to pray for Jimmy tonight?"

pray for Jimmy tonight?"
"No, mother. He's a mean, hateful boy, and I'm never going to pray for him any more."

A Muscular Minister A Kentucky senator tells of a good old Methodist minister in his state in

Christian. the parson bad found it necessary to administer fistic punishment to several young toughs who persisted in disturbing the meeting at one of the churche which he served, one of his flock, noted as something of a hard hitter himself,

"DOUSING" RODS.

of discovering springs. Indians of frontiersmen can find water in the des

ert when a "tenderfoot" cannot. Mexi-cans and experienced prospectors can similarly find ore. These arts consist

mainly in the recognition of superficial signs which escape the ordinary ob-

should consciously note these signs separately and reason upon them. No doubt he frequently does so, though he may not give away the secret of his method to others. But in many in-

stances he recognizes by association and memory the presence of a group

of indications, great or small, which he has repeatedly found to attend springs or ore deposits. This skill, due to habit,

is often almost unerring for a given limited district, but under new condi-

tions it breaks down. Old miners from

California or Australia have often

made in other regions the most foolish

and hopeless attempts to find gold be-cause they thought this or that place

"looked just like" some other place in which they had mixed successfully.

here is no proof that ore deposits ex-

hibit their presence and nature by any

regard to water, however, there may

Even here, however, it seems more

likely that such effects are manifested

visibly to a close observer rather than

by direct affection of his nervous or

muscular system. The favorite fields

for water diviners are regions in which

water is abundant, but not gathered upon given horizons of impermeable

How She Saved Trouble.

"No," answered Mr. Flatts.

"Does your janitor attempt to show

didn't have to show his authority. 1

tarted in by giving him to understand

that I fully recognized it without any

sier's Magazine.

his authority?"

rgument."-Exchange.

tends to know it all.

underlying porous rocks.-Cas-

traction or other active force. With

an action affecting the temperature

Apart from the magnetic minera

got up in meeting and said:
"'It is a solemn duty of this her ercise as they like, and they get a great congregation to stand by Parson Johntrouble is forced in his way. I believe that, unrestrained by divine grace, Parson Johnson can whip any man in Kentucky. The Lord is with him. Let

rt of Divination In the Bowels of There is undoubtedly a practical art his ducks in crates and paying Indians or

> ford to spend a rew days, it necessary, in going to market.
>
> When he picks out the ducks he means to sell, the Chinese farmer ties the leg of one to that of another with a stout cord and continues the process until the whole lot is bound together. Sometimes there are hundreds thus fastened in one flock. It is not easy to make such a flock swim together or follow the direction desired. The farmer takes his boat

so that his sons can help, he can usualfortunate he will join with other duck along down the Yangtse, apparently in

hungry, foolish ducks swim on about their business when there is plenty of lom happens on a Chinese river. Usual unwieldy junks, and on the Yangtse

have neither time nor inclination for such bother, and so it sometimes hap-pens that a flock is cut in two by a steamer. Then there is a great deal of trouble and excited talk before the flock

its way again. netimes also it happens that ducks of one flock get mxed up with those of another, and then there is a dreadful tangle and snarl. But the patient Chinese get them separated into the proper flocks again at last, and all go cheer

"Ah, you surprise me!" the artist ex-claimed as he rose and led the way into the garden to examine the botanical phenomenon.

The gardener lifted a glass shade and

again next day. THE DANCE IN SPAIN.

disclosed to view a small bed with three rows of pickled herrings' heads peeping out of the earth. Everybody laughed. Meissonler dismissed the gardener on the spot, but took him on

It Is an Basential Part of the Life of the People.

Dancing is a universal instinct with Spanish women. The great annual feria at Seville is largely an orgy of dancing. As evening approaches everywhere one begins to hear the sound of castanets and to see the gracious movements of the seguidilla, the universal Andalu-

But the fundamental instincts of the But the fundamental instincts of the Spaniard for dancing and the serious and profound way in which it expresses the temperament of the people are perhaps shown by nothing else so much as by the existence of religious dancing in Spain. At the time of St. Thomas of Villaneuva, bishop of Valencia, it was customary to dance before the sacred elements in the churches of Seville, Toledo, Jerez and Valencia. Religious dancing continued to be common in Catalonia and in Roussillon cia. Religious dancing continued common in Catalonia and in Rous inces) up to the seventeenth century.

But a real and unique survival of religious dancing is the dance of the selses in Seville cathedral, when the

as they were 400 years ago, perform a dance to the accompaniment of castanets in the space between the high alter and the choir. Dancing is something more than an amusement in Spain. It is part of that solemn ritual which enters into the whole life of the people.—Twentieth

choristers, wearing the same costume

The Way They Are Raised and How They Are Got to Market. What would an American duck farmer think of swimming his flock to market? That is the regular method em-

him any more."

Her mother made no reply, not wishing to add fuel to the flame, and decidded to allow the youthful conscience to work out the problem in its own way. In a few moments she heard the little girl climb out of bed, fall upon her knees and say in a tone of guarded indifference:

ployed by the pourtymen along the great waterways of China. The Chinese are very fond of duck. Nearly every farmer keeps a few for his own use, but along the rivers raising them for market is a profitable business.

In American ducks raised for market have very little water in which to have very little water and have very little water waterways of Chinese.

"God, you can bless Jimmy if you swim and play. The poultryme want to, but you needn't do it on my not think it is good for them to have much exercise. It hardens their mus-cles and makes their flesh tough and not so good to eat.
So instead of swimming all day in

ponds or lakes or streams the ducks are kept shut up in small pens, where they Then, when they are in prime condi-tion, they are killed and dressed and shipped to market in barrels, and their feathers make an additional source of income to the poultryman.

The Chinaman, however, is quite con-

they receive only small supplies from the poultryman.
One result is that the Chinese duck is a good, strong swimmer, and that is tryman when it comes time to go

did, he would not be likely to use it, for to him it is a newfangled device for the spread of evil. He knows, too, nomical method than putting on one of the river boats. Time does not mean much to him, and he can af-ford to spend a few days, if necessary,

and starts to drive them, sculling behind or drifting on the current and beating the water with long bamboo poles to make them swim along and ge the right way. If the farmer has a large family and two or three boats,

one flock, with a dozen or more sam-pans drifting behind them, filled with water with bamboos to hurry on the

there is a great deal of steamer traffic.

The friendly junkmen will almost always help the duck herders to keep the flocks clear of the boats by heating the water with bamboos, but steamers

can be reunited and got peacefully on

"Did you ever have insomnia?"
"Sure!" replied the man who pre

"What did you do for it?"
"Just slept it off."—Houston Post.