THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

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Huselton's

With Spring there comes other things besides March winds

Our spring styles in Shoes for instance, showing the newest shapes and many little niceties that other stores don't have and won't have.

The Tan Oxfords will please you particularly, we are sure.

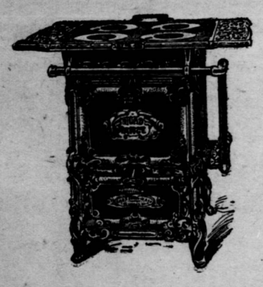
SISTER! SISTER!

When March winds blow don't let those shabby last winter's shoes be seen peeping out. Jolly up the purse holder in your house and bring a little more money to us—it won't take much to fit you out most sweetly. And give Jack a tip about a new pair for himself.

Huselton's SHOE STORE. Opposite Hotel Lowry.

Kelsey, Crown, Boomer

FURNACES.



Coal and Slack Heaters, Gas and Coal Ranges and Gas Stoves. 1904 Washers, Sewing Machines, Needles for all makes of Sewing Machines. Sewing Machines repaired.

Roofing and Spouting, and House Furnishing Goods.

Henry Biehl,

122 N. Main St. Bell Phone 464.

Eberle Bros.,

PLUMBERS

Estimates given on all kinds of work.

We make a specialty of

NICKLE-PLATED,
SEAMLESS,
OPEN-WORK.

354 Centre Ave., Butler, Pa
People's Phone. 630.

Assortments and values are here

Quality, Style, Large Assortment and the Very Lowest Possible Prices, combined with fair and courteous treatment, are what you get here.

Lace Curtains for 1905.

We want to sell more Curtains this season than ever before. The stock is larger, styles and qualities are better, and the values are convincing evidence of our earnestness. Lace Curtains, 39c up; Ruffled Swiss Curtains, 85c up. Curtain Swiss, Sash Curtain Materials, Panels and Draperies of all kinds at lowest prices.

White Goods

This looks like a great white season, and we have prepared for it with a splendid stock of plain and fancy fine Mercerized White Goods, fine Lawns, Swiss, Dimity, etc. for Waists and Suits.

Embroideries and Laces

This department is conducted on the small-profit idea, and we show some great values in wide and narrow Embroideries, Laces and All-overs.

Dress Materials

A wide range of materials are offered here for your selection. Silks, Mohairs, Sicilians, Voiles, Crepes, Cheviots, etc., in all qualities, at prices to please you.

Wash Goods

We show an extensive assortment of beautiful Wash Fabrics of every description. New Percales, Seersuckers, Ginghams, Batiste, Organdies, Lawns, etc., selected with the judgment of experience.

We are Sole Agents in Butler for the Popular New Idea Patterns.

L. Stein & Son,

108 N. MAIN STREET, BUTLER, PA.

Eyth Bros.,

NEAR COURT HOUSE.

BIG BARGAINS IN

Wall Paper

Of course you'll need some Wall Paper, and you shouldn't think of buying anywhere until you've seen our Big Line of Wall Paper Money Savers. We have the largest and cheapest line ever brought to Butler! Come in and see for yourself.

EYTH BROS.,

NEAR COURT HOUSE.

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.

G. F. KECK,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

142 N. Main St., Butler, Pa

We Wish to Announce

That we have now in stock and ready for your inspection the finest line of spring clothing ever shown in Butler. When we tell you that the I. HAMBURGER & SONS' Suits, Overcoats, Top Coats and Rain Coats are here nothing more need be said.

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 men.

Fine lot of hats for spring wear just in.

We still continue our discount sale on heavy goods for the benefit of those who have not had the opportunity of attending this sale in the past. Remember, only a few days more.

Watch for window display of spring clothing and hats.

Douthett & Graham.

INCORPORATED.

We Are Ready To Show You

A fine assortment in all grades of Carpets, Rugs, Linoleums, &c

Carpet-size Rugs in all-wool Ingrains—Tapestry—Body Brussels—Velvets—Axminsters.

We have Carpets for the Dining Room, Parlor, Sitting Room or Bed Room in any grade from the all-cotton to best Body Brussels.

We have an especially strong line of Super Extra all-wool Carpets which we are offering at less than regular price to change our stock into money. It will pay you to see our carpets before buying.

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Our store has never been so crowded with substantial Furniture of latest designs. We are not offering you any "catch penny premiums" as an inducement for you to buy from us—but good, honest goods at very reasonable prices—a fair deal to one and all.

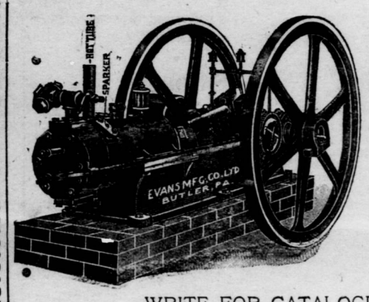
COME IN AND COMPARE.

BROWN & CO.

No. 136 North Main St., Butler.

WHY ARE YOU SITTING UP ALL NIGHT FIRING COAL WHEN YOU CAN GET AN

EVANS GAS OR GASOLINE ENGINE WITH REVERSIBLE CLUTCH PULLEY,

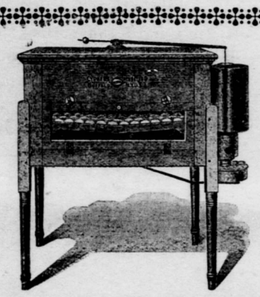


IT WILL PULL RODS.
IT WILL PULL TUBING.
IT WILL PUMP YOUR WELLS WITH ABOUT 1-5 OF THE GAS IT TAKES TO FIRE A BOILER. EASIEST STARTING ENGINE ON THE MARKET.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.

THE EVANS MFG. CO., LTD.,

BUTLER, PA.



J. G. & W. CAMPBELL,

AGENT FOR BUTLER.

Cypher's Incubators and Brooders also Poultry Supplies and International Stock Food.

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BUTLER, PA.

WICK'S Spring Hats

for men are here. The best ever shown in Butler. See our window.

Jno. S. Wick,

HATTER AND FURNISHER,

Peoples Phone. 615.

BUTLER, PA

Beef, Iron and Wine

This preparation is famous as a system builder and general tonic. Our preparation differs from all others of the same name, because we use predigested beef, the best sherry wine, and the iron is in such form that it is quickly taken into the system. It is pleasant to take and prompt in action, making rich, red blood.

Do You Require a Tonic?

Are you weak, worn out, run down and nervous? Is your blood thin and impure? Are you pale and haggard, lips white? Do you become exhausted from every little effort, your sleep restless, your appetite poor? If you have any of these symptoms use our Beef, Iron and Wine. If the result is not satisfactory we will gladly return your money. **Price, 50 cents a pint.**

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Crystal Pharmacy

R. M. LOGAN, Ph. G.,

BOTH PHONES.

106 N. Main St., Butler, Pa.

Do You Buy Medicines?

Certainly You Do.

Then you want the best for the least money. That is our motto. Come and see us when in need of anything in the Drug Line and we are sure you will call again. We carry a full line of Drugs, Chemicals, Toilet Articles, etc.

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213 S Main St Butler Pa.

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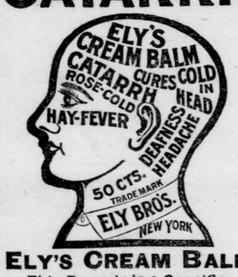

ELY'S CREAM BALM

This Remedy is a Specific, Sure to Give Satisfaction.

GIVES RELIEF AT ONCE.

It cleanses, soothes, heals, and protects the diseased membrane. It cures Catarrh and drives away a Cold in the Head quickly. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Easy to use. Contains no injurious drugs. Applied into the nostrils and absorbed. Large Size, 50 cents at Druggists or by mail; Trial Size, 10 cents by mail.

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York.

The Conqueror

By KEITH GORDON

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Manice looked at his watch. It was ten minutes past 4, and he was already late for an engagement. Nevertheless he dashed hastily into the big department store, determined to procure the driving gloves that he sorely needed.

The tired clerks and shining pneumatic tubes seemed to be in league to detain him, and he was strolling impatiently up and down, inwardly reviling the system that made such delay possible, when the sight of a tall, fair girl, also waiting for change, transformed his feelings like the touch of a fairy wand. His impatience vanished; his engagement was forgotten. He had seen his ideal woman!

A weaker man might have failed to detect his chance in the mere passing glimpse of a face in the crowd. Not so Manice. If fate, in effect, said to him, "Don't you wish you knew her?" he indomitably answered, "Trust me—I shall know her!" And so the game began.

Social customs he regarded as so many fences inclosing and dividing the field of action. Under ordinary circumstances he respected these defenses and skirted them decorously until he came to gateways, like any other well bred individual. But the case in hand was comparable only to a cross country ride, when the man who would be in at the death must go over the fences, jump the ditches and stay him not for gateways and bridges.

All of which means that Floyd Manice, usually the most dignified and conservative of men, spent the rest of the afternoon following a slim, erect young woman at a very respectful distance and utterly without her knowledge.

At 6 p. m. he had the satisfaction of seeing her enter a smart trap at Morristown, N. J., whither she had unwittingly led him, and satisfied from her manner that she was at home he paced the platform waiting for the train back to town and making plans with an exultant confidence born of long success.

"Going to Morristown for the summer, eh?" exclaimed his partner in some surprise when he announced his intention a week later. "I thought you loathed New Jersey?"

"Mistaken idea of yours," responded Manice, with mendacious brevity. "By the way, do you know any one there?"

Events usually moved with business-like precision when Manice started to accomplish an end. Within two weeks from the day on which he first saw his star, as he called her to himself, he was established in Morristown, waiting in strong serene, yet humble expectation for her to appear once more upon his horizon.

The days passed like a procession of snails, but she did not appear, and, though through the kindness of city friends he had a number of introductions, he made no effort to discover her identity. He had a strange, sweet consciousness—to which he held in spite of disappointment and the deplorable sentimentality into which it was leading him—that she was surely drifting toward him and that each day brought them nearer together.

Near the end of the third week his faith was rewarded. It was on the golf links, and a ripple of peculiarly clear, frank laughter somewhere near him caused him to turn his head. She and a companion were sauntering toward him, every line of her lithe, graceful figure standing out gloriously against the pure background of the sky, her brown hair framing her face in a bewitching disorder.

On this glimpse of her Manice lived for another week, and then his friend, Duncan Brown, descended upon him for the week's end stay. Duncan would have been welcome under any circumstances, but when he announced that a great friend of his, Betty Alston, lived in Morristown and offered to take Manice to see her the latter pressed the freedom of his bachelor quarters upon him with added fervency, wondering if by chance he was entertaining an angel unawares.

So indeed it proved.

"I think I saw you on the links the other day," Miss Alston remarked, turning to Manice after the greetings were over, and that gentleman always wondered what he said in reply. The one impression that he carried away from that meeting was a confusing sense of having been projected unexpectedly into the very midst of heaven.

That impression, however, was not lasting. Time revealed that if Miss Alston was a guiding star others besides himself were looking, raising their eyes to her and following where she led.

Still he drew a sigh of relief at the thought that he had two rivals instead of one. Always in these matters there was safety in numbers.

Keeping a watchful eye upon two rivals is wearing work even for a strong man. If Manice had been fascinated by Betty Alston's face, at the end of two months it was lovelier to him than ever, for the better he knew her the more assured he became of her sweetness and womanliness. Counted by conventional standards, it was a pitifully short time that they had known each other, but he felt as if he had been aware of her through all the thirty-five years of waiting.

Thus his love, like a mighty wave, whose crest, poised for a moment, must inevitably spend itself in foam, broke into words. Simple, manly words they were.

"You are the only woman in the world for me," he concluded, the color that usually glowed under his tan noticably absent. "From the first moment I knew it. I would have followed you to the ends of the earth to tell you this, even though I had known that you would refuse me!"

Betty Alston, her face as white as his own, turned to him with quivering lips. His earnestness frightened her. But there was Jack Winter—dear Jack with the laughing eyes and the gay smile! And yet Jack would never have followed her out of the crowd, and—

She covered her face with her hands, and Manice, pitted against fate, set his jaw grimly.

"Is there any one else?" he asked at last, and at the gentleness of his voice Betty took courage.

"You don't know how unworthy I feel," she began in a trembling voice. "You see, I don't know myself. I hate myself for it, but I really don't. If you love me like this, I ought to know, oughtn't I, whether I love you or not?"

She looked at him with the puzzled confidence of a child appealing to an elder for help in a crisis. Then suddenly the color came up over her soft, white neck, rising higher and higher until it suffused her whole face, and the eyes that had been gazing so clearly and childishly into his dropped. In that moment her heart was clearer to him than it was to herself.

"Think about it for a week, sweetheart," he whispered, and, carrying her hand to his lips for a brief moment, turned and left her.

"She loves me—she loves me, God bless her! I know it," Manice's thoughts ran during the days that followed, and, though the hours seemed endless, not once during that time did he approach her. He shrewdly suspected that his absence would do more than anything else could to reveal her heart to herself.

So sure of his answer was he that he wanted to make the day memorable to both of them. Many plans suggested themselves, but none of them seemed worthy. Then a chance remark of hers flitted across his mind, and he murmured, with enthusiasm, "The very thing, by Jove!"

She had whimsically said to him once that it was her idea of bliss to have Hagadorn, the well known organist, play the wonderful organ at St. Michael's an hour for her alone, and he decided that if Hagadorn was susceptible to the persuasive power of money she should have that pleasure.

But to his dismay he found that he was not. He did not understand the gentleman's request, and he refused the offer somewhat haughtily. It was then that Manice appealed to the man, ignoring the artist, and at the end of his brief but somewhat shamefaced explanation Hagadorn was smiling genially.

"I'll do it with pleasure," said he, holding out his hand.

"And of course you'll know just—well, just the right sort of music?" suggested Manice. "The sort that will—that will"—

"Yes," assented the organist, "I think I know the sort." And they parted in great good humor.

At the end of that rapturous hour of wonderful music in the dim interior of St. Michael's next day Betty simply turned her humid eyes upon Manice and held out her hands. It was not until she had gained the poise and assertion of six months of wifehood that she accused him of taking an unfair advantage.

"As if any girl could have refused such a lover!" she taunted, ruffling his hair disgracefully. "It was what the papers call claptrap."

Relics of Gold Hunters.

While plowing in his field near Eufaula recently Mr. Charles Gibson uncovered a large number of weapons, some of which were rifles of an old style, some blunderbusses, a few old time pistols and a couple of swords. All these weapons are in a fair state of preservation and are apparently of Spanish make.

According to Creek tradition, a party of adventurous Spaniards, numbering fifty-four, in the year 1664 left New Orleans on burros and went to the territory in search of gold. They secured all the precious metal they could carry, and on their way back they were beset by a band of Shawnees near Standing Rock, eight miles east of Eufaula, and a great battle followed.

The Spaniards, with the exception of two who escaped on a raft, were annihilated.

It is supposed that the weapons plowed up on Mr. Gibson's place are the ones that were used by the Spaniards mentioned above.—Kansas City Journal.

Thwarted by a Witness.

"A little flash of humor on the part of a witness will often destroy the best of legal examinations," said a well known lawyer. "Not long ago I had a criminal case in which one of the best witnesses for the prosecution was a negro. Before the coroner he had made two different statements as to the number of times he had seen one of the principals in the case, and I intended to trip him up on it in the cross examination. If he said the first number I should confront him with the other statement from the testimony before the coroner, and vice versa. I thought I had him cornered, no matter how he answered. I was reserving the question for the climax, and finally I asked him in my most confident manner, 'How many times did you say that you saw this child?' He hesitated a moment and then replied in a surly tone: 'I didn't say I saw it at all. I said I seen it.' Even the judge had to smile, and, though I hammered away at him, all the effect that I had sought was lost beyond repair."—Philadelphia Record.

Irish Pilgrims to the Skellig Rocks Risk Their Lives.

Ten miles off the coast of Kerry, in the west of Ireland, lie the Skellig rocks, one of which has been for years the scene of a difficult penance. A zigzag path leads up some 700 feet to a lighthouse, but 700 feet more must be climbed before the summit is reached, where stand the ruins of St. Finian's monastery and a cross of St. Michael.

Here on the anniversary of St. Michael devotees risk their lives in performing their devotions. First they have to squeeze themselves through the Needle's Eye, a tunnel in the rock thirteen feet long, the passing up which is like the ascent of a chimney. Then they creep on all fours up the Stone of Pain, on whose smooth surface one false step is fatal; then, getting astride the Spindle, a rock 1,500 feet above the Atlantic and projecting some ten feet, each pilgrim must "ride a cock horse to St. Michael's cross," say a Paternoster and shuffle back as best he can.—Pearson's Weekly.

Hams.

A mother sent her twelve-year-old daughter to the pork butcher with money to purchase a ham. "Tell Mr. —— that I want a ham exactly like the last two I bought," she said, and when the little lady arrived at the shop she delivered the message thus: "Mr. ——, mamma says she wants another ham off the same hog as the last two she bought." How many of us wish that when we accidently pick up a first rate ham the same hog could keep on producing its like for time and eternity! As the butcher says: "Hams run peculiarly. We may have 'em all fine for a month or two; then they suddenly get tough and dry and hard and altogether disappointing."—New York Press.

Antiquity of Brewing.

The ancient Egyptians understood and practised the art of brewing several centuries before the Christian era, as did also the ancient Greeks. Spaniards and Britons made a fermented drink from wheat, which was used in Spain under the name ceria, and also in Gaul. Tacitus tells us that in his day, about 100 A. D., beer was the common beverage and that the Germans understood how to convert barley into malt. Six hundred years later Charlemagne gave orders that the best brewers should always accompany his court.

Tim's Tactics

By CECILIA A. LOIZEAUX

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It all began when Mr. Jones-Brown brought Tim home one evening and laid the dog in the open arms of his pretty wife. She received him enthusiastically and bought him an elaborate collar. He was a cute dog. Even Mrs. Robinson-Smith, who lived next door and hated dogs, admitted that—that is, she said he wasn't bad for a mongrel. And it must be admitted right here that the dog wasn't of any particular breed; he was just a dog.

He was soon in high favor in the neighborhood, especially with the Robinson-Smiths, who were intimate friends of the Jones-Browns. Both couples were newly married, and during the day while their husbands were in the city the young wives sewed, talked and called together.

But to come back to the dog. In time he passed the stage of puppy fireworks and was old enough to know better. Then Mrs. Jones-Brown's sister came to visit her. And during the same week Mrs. Robinson-Smith had a card from her nephew that he was coming down to spend a month with her. He was nearly as old as his aunt, who admitted that he was called a "catch" in town.

The expected guests arrived almost simultaneously—Ethel Herriot with a large trunk and Jack Marvin with divers battered suit cases. They were duly ensconced with their respective relatives, and then the trouble began. On the second evening Mr. and Mrs. Robinson-Smith trailed their nephew across the lawn to call on their nearest neighbor. The two young people were introduced. Ethel, as Mrs. Jones-Brown afterward said, was unnecessarily embarrassed for a girl who had been three seasons "out."

In the horribly irritating way of young married people the neighborly quartet immediately began to talk of domestic affairs, leaving Jack and Ethel to take care of themselves. They did not notice that there was an awful silence, during which Ethel was threatened with mental hysteria and was saved only by Tim, the thoughtful, who opportunely appeared and jumped into her lap. She began to talk to him, and the day was saved—temporarily. Still patting the dog, Ethel finally said to the man:

"Why did you follow me out here?"

"I didn't follow you," said Jack promptly. "If I had known that you were in this neck of woods you don't suppose I'd have disturbed it, do you?" Then he added, "Why did you come to stay next door to my aunt?"

"How was I to know you had an aunt out here?" Ethel asked indignantly.

"Well," said Jack, "I guess we're both innocent, so we need not quarrel over that."

Then there was another silence. Tim jumped down from Ethel's lap and leaped into Jack's. Jack grinned.

"Nice doggie!" he chuckled, petting him effusively. Ethel knew he hated small dogs. She tried to think of something crushing to say, but before the words came Mr. and Mrs. Robinson-Smith rose and said good night, and their dutiful nephew rose with them. He put out his hand, and Ethel was forced to let hers touch it for an instant, while he said:

"So glad I've met you, Miss Herriot. It's awfully jolly that we know so many of the same people."

Ethel smiled, though her eyes were blazing wrathfully.

"Isn't it?" she said. "Good night."

When Mrs. Jones-Brown turned to speak to her sister she found the girl's chair empty and a moment after heard her ascending the stairs.

Late that night Ethel rose, lit the lamp and took from her trunk a package of letters, which she sat down to read. Long before she had finished them she was crying softly, and when she did go to bed again it was to lie wide eyed and staring till nearly morning. She was awakened by Tim, who was licking her hand. She patted his head.

"Naughty Tim! Did the missus let you in?"

Rising on her elbow, she saw that the door was ajar and supposed that her sister had sent the dog to wake her.

Tim seemed full of spirits of puppyhood this morning. He would worry the bedclothes with his teeth, dash wildly across the room to catch some unseen thing and then rush back upon her, frantic with delight.

Ethel lay staring at the ceiling. Her head ached, and she felt utterly miserable. She wondered how she could get away from her sister's house and that man next door. Tim, finding himself unwatched, worried awhile at something he found on the floor beneath the table, then took it in his mouth and ran off with it.

"If he only wasn't so glad," thought the girl, referring to the man, not the dog. "He shows so plainly that he's glad it's off!"

Before she got up she determined to show Jack that he wasn't the only one who didn't care. She would treat him as a stranger, and she would flirt with him, too, and make him sorry. She descended the stairs, explained that her pale face was due to a nervous headache, for which she would try a long walk, and departed in a smart blue skirt and white shirt waist and very pretty slippers.

During this walk it was her intention to map out her campaign, and her thoughts were busy as she strolled along. Finally she climbed a high bank by the roadside, walked along the grassy ledge for awhile and then sat down on the brink of an old stone quarry. She was swinging her small French heels and throwing stones into the blue water far beneath when somebody behind her whistled a well known strain. She answered before she thought and then started, almost losing her balance, and clutched at the bank to save herself. Her face was hot, and she felt some one seize her from behind, for it had all happened too quickly for her to be frightened. Jack dragged her back and then lifted her to a sitting posture. She scrambled to her feet and faced him.

"What do you mean by sitting on the very edge of a place like that?" Jack questioned angrily. "Suppose the bank crumbled?"

She looked at him, wistfully at first, and then her glance turned wrathful as she saw nothing but anger in his face.

"I was all right until you came and frightened me."

"I whistled to let you know I was coming and you answered," he retorted.

"I presume your coming to this especial place was purely accidental, like your advent in this town?" she remarked sarcastically.

"Not quite," he confessed. "I followed you because I wanted to talk to you. Sit down and cool off."

She reflected that this was her first opportunity to make him sorry, and she sat down gracefully, while he arranged himself at her feet and searched a plot of clover for a lucky omen. She took off her white duck hat and let the wind ruffle her thick, fair hair. He looked up at her meditatively.

"You have more freckles this year than you had last," he announced.

"Yes," she agreed, "and more sense."

"I imagine your experience has taught you something," he remarked.

She sat up. This was not teaching him to be sorry.

"Ethel," he asked suddenly, "you burned all my letters, didn't you?"

"Of course I did." But her heart beat furiously as she thought of the night before.

"I supposed you had," he said. "I only wanted to make sure." He put his hand absently to the pocket of his blue serge coat. "You see, love letters after there isn't any more love are such assinine things," he explained; "just twaddle."

"Yours were rather twaddly," she admitted; "at least the ones I had. But they're burned."

Again he felt in his pocket. She saw the gesture and misinterpreted it.

"Light it if you like," she said.

"Light it? Ah, yes," said he, drawing the pipe from quite another pocket. She watched him fill it, frowning a little at the tobacco pouch, which was one she had given him. He leaned over to strike a match.

"Your bald spot is certainly much larger than it was last year," she remarked critically.

"How observing you are!" he drawled. Then he turned suddenly.

"Will you love me when I'm bald?" he sang.

"As much as I do now," she answered meaningly.

"Not as much as you did last night?" he queried.

"Last night!" she echoed, the blood rising to her face. "What are you talking about?" He turned again and took a letter from his coat pocket, holding it up where she could see the address in his writing, "Miss Ethel Herriot."

Her heart beat wildly. The envelope was worn and old looking. He drew out the sheets of thin paper. There were blisters—fresh blisters—upon them.

Ethel sat paralyzed. The tears rolled down her cheeks, and she did not try to wipe them away. Her fingers dug into the grass on either side.

"Poor old letter!" he said pityingly. "How did you escape the flames?" Then he heard a sob from Ethel. He turned. He saw the tears, and mentally he called himself a cad. He had never seen Ethel cry before.

"Ethel," he said, "I'm a brute, but I don't mean to be. I came out here to tell you that I love you better than ever and to own up that I was wrong and to ask you to take me back to your favor. Ethel," he had her in his arms now, "Ethel, dear, you do love me, don't you?"

"Take it out on Tim, dear, for it was his fault. He brought the letter and dropped it at my feet. And then I knew that you had been doing just what I've done nearly every night for a year, reading over the old letters. Ethel, aren't you glad—a little—that Tim found the letter?"

And Ethel's answer, though muffled, seemed to satisfy him. They went slowly home.

As Good as Her Word.

Old Mr. Makepeace was in a reminiscent mood. "Did I ever tell ye what mother said to me when I got up spunk enough to ask her—in words—if she'd have me?" he began, to the delight of his grandson, Fred.

"No, but something bright, I'll warrant," chuckled Fred, with a glance at the old lady, who calmly regarded them from her rocking chair by the fireplace.

"I can't recall the preliminary remarks," Mr. Makepeace continued, "and, anyway, I think they were a trifle mixed. But finally, after I'd said something about my prospects, to make it business-like, I began to think it strange she didn't say anything, and I was afraid I was getting it all wrong.

"'I'll make ye a good husband, Betty,' I said, hoping that was the right thing.

"'If I should marry you, John,' she said, and it was the first time she had opened her lips, 'I will attend to making a good husband of you.'

"And she has!" laughed old Mr. Makepeace, the corner of his eye on his wife.

The Game Was First Called Triumph and Afterward Trump.

Whist was first called triumph, a name which was afterward corrupted into trump. The eighteenth century saw whist in its primitive form, the whole object of the game being to win tricks by leading high cards or by trumping. Then came the era of Hoyle, which may be said to have lasted from 1730 to 1860 and taught players to think not only of their own hands, but of the other hands also, and to take advantage of the positions of the cards in them. Hoyle also taught that trumps might be more profitably employed than in simple trumping and showed that they might be used to disarm the adversary and to obtain secondary advantage in trick making by other suits of less apparent power. It was not until 1860 that the philosophical era can be said to have begun, and the origin of the new movement was a knot of young men at Cambridge, England, known as the Little Whist school. This body kept records of its games, but no one thought of making the data known until 1861. Coherence in the system of play was still wanting, and this was supplied in 1864 with Dr. Pole's essay on the theory of the modern scientific whist.

THE ART OF EATING.

Food Must Please the Mind as Well as the Palate.

Pawlow has established the physiological importance of the mental state on digestion, having shown, for instance, that delicacies produce secretion of gastric juice as soon as they are perceived by the eye, even before they are eaten.

The food must not only be palatable, but must be served in an attractive manner—fine dishes, table decorations, etc.

In eating we must take time to chew our food thoroughly. This serves a double purpose—first, through the act of mastication the coarser particles of food are broken up; second, more saliva is secreted and is thoroughly mixed with the food. The digestion of starch is thus materially aided, and the proteids are made more easily accessible to the action of the gastric juice.

Water should accompany each meal. It increases the appetite and the enjoyment of food.

After eating we should rest a little while before returning to our work.—Dr. Max Einhorn in Medical Record.