# 1000000000000000000000000000X

ANNOUNCES THEIR

25th Semi-Annual Sacrifice Sale 8 Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday,

JULY 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th.

We do not feel we need say much as an introduction to this our 25th Sacrifice Sale of clean, new merchandise. The FACT that it will be our 25th sale is conclusive evidence that we use the word sacrifice TRUTHFULLY-HONESTLY. That this has been an unfavorable spring season for merchants generally, is another well known fact. This means—heavy stocks all over the store—and as our fixed rule is no left-overs—means deeper cuts, heavier sacrifice prices than ever before offered. Need we say more? Come to this sacrifice sale July 5, 6, 7, 8

Sacrifice Prices on Separate Skirts

Tailor-Made Suits Silk Jacket Suits Covert Jackets Rain Coats Millinery Dress Goods and Silks Wash Goods, White Goods

The Greatest Bargains in Underwear we have ever offered—extra sizes in ribbed vest for large women. 8c, value 15c. Extra size vest, 10c. value 20c.

Laces, Embroideries, &c

If you are thinking of purchasing a new Buggy, Surrey, Spring Wagon, Farm Wagon or a set of Harness, why not see our splendid line and get our prices before sending away for it to some one who is only interested in getting your money. They may tell you are allusting atoms. ting your money. They may tell you an alluring story; obut they don't care whether the goods please or not. They are not where you can drop in and "call them oddown" as we are. We must please our customers, for our own protection. Come and see us and get some of the bargains we are now offering. We are crowed for or room as we unloaded a full car of Buggies last week and have another this week. See the point?

~~~~~~

128 E. Jefferson St., Butler, Pa. Headquarters for Kramer Wagons. 



## Sleep on a Cool Bed.

Nothing looks so cool as a metal bed, enameled or brass --- nothing

Now is the time to put aside the old wooden affair and install one of these artistic metal beds that allow of free air ventilation and have no crevices where dust and dirt can lodge.

The woven wire spring mattresses are the next thing to sleeping on air. The metai beds are just the thing for the hot summer nights—and the mortal foe of sleeplessness.

White Enameled Beds from \$3.50 to \$15. Brass Beds, from \$35.00 to \$50.00.

While you're looking at the beds see the other Furniture we have for the Bedroom—artistic Cheffoniers, with or without mirror—pretty Tables— light Rockers—everything to make the sleeping chamber a really restful and attractive room.

## BROWN & CO.

## rousers.

See display of Trousers this week. Are you hard to fit? Are you hard to please in patterns?

Do you wear a stout, slim or regular? Do you want a nice peg top trouser? Do you want to save money?

Do you want the best Trouser at the lowest price? Do you want the trouser that is made right in every way-style, pattern, fit, sewing, cut, wear? and at the right price? if so consider the above questions and find the right place.

There is only one right place to look for and that is

## Douthett & Graham.

## THE MODERN STORE-Fourth of July Wants. The Largest and Most Varied Assortment.

Ladles' Summer Noveltles and Wear.

New stock collars, ruchings, belts, fancy ribbons, beads, invertes in jewelry, fancy combs, bags, etc.

Another new lot Ladies' white lawn shirt waists just in at \$1, worth \$1.50. Summer Underwear, Fancy Hosiery, etc., extensive assortment.

Handsome Parasols all at manufacturers prices, or \( \frac{1}{2} \) less than retail prices.

All trimmed or untrimmed hats at just one-half original prices. \( \frac{1}{2} \) less than now \$90c. \( \frac{1}{2} \) 4.8 hats now \$91c. \( \frac{1}{2} \) 4.98 hats now \$92c. \( \frac{1}{2} \) 4.8 hats now \$0c. \( \frac{1}{2} \) 1.98 hats now be all at half price. A lot of braids sold at 10c to 25c per yard to be closed out at 3c per yard.

Hot Weather wear for Men. Latest novelties in Men's Wear, Shirts. Weight Underwear, Fancy Half Hose, etc.

EISLER-MARDORF COMPANY,

SOUTH MAIN STREET PHONES: BELL L. B. POSTOFFICE BOX OPPOSITE HOTEL ARLINGTON. Samples sent on request. BUTLER, PA

## Bickel's Footwear.

A Grand Display of Fine Footwear in All the Latest Spring Styles.



We are showing many pretty styles in Ladies' Fine Shoes and Oxfords at prices sure to interest you.

and Children's Shoes. Large stock of Men's and

Big bargains in Misses'

Boys' Fine Shoes and Oxfords in many styles.

Repairing promptly done.

128 S Main St., BUTLER, PA.

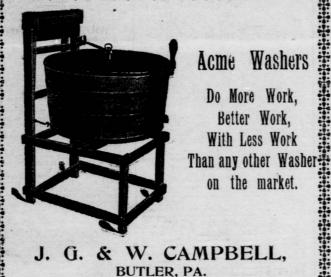


## MEN

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 reard there will be partially larger larger than the control of the seller to guarantee everything. us and there will be nothing lacking. have just received a large stock of Spring and Summer suitings in the latest styles,

## G. F. KECK,

MERCHANT TAILOR, 142 N. Main St., Butler, Pa



## The Best Ever Offered.

From the Cloth Maker to the Wearer Men's Suits at a Saving of \$5. and even more.

Lot 3393 Black Dressy Suit (Thibet Cloth) Sale Price \$7.50 worth 14.00

Lot 3391 Fancy Worsted (very neat) Sale Price \$7.50 worth 12.00 Lot 3380 Black Clay for dress wear (all wool worsted) Sale Price \$7.00 worth 12.00

Lot 3435 Fancy Scotch mixed (all wool) Lot 3363 Scotch Tweed (all wool)

Sale Price \$5.50 worth 9.00 Lot 3444 Black Cheviot (all wool) Sale Price \$5.00 worth \$8.50

Bring this advertisment with you and come to this store, and we will convince you of saving at least \$5 on every suit.

## PHILIP SCHAUL

SUCCESSOR TO SCHAUL & NAST, 137 South Main Street, . . . . . . . . Butler, Pa.

Subscribe for the CITIZEN

## The Witch of Cragenstone

By ANITA CLAY MUNOZ,

500N the storm was spent, and the sun, weary of hiding its hot face, burst forth through the drifting clouds that even now were dark and moved away with low,

hunderous growls. Margaret, who, with Sir Godfrey, had d in the sitting room of her remained in the sitting room of her house during the awful outburst of the elements, now rose from her seat and, crossing to the window, threw open the lattice, saying with a little shiver: Heaven he thanked! 'Tis over, with no had a murderous sound that filled my soul with apprehension. God keep all travelers and dumb animals safe!" she

"If my bird is afraid of storms," he observed smilingly, "she should not made her nest on the topmost peak of a mountain, so high that when the clouds grow angry and fall low she is perforce in the midst of the com-

sweet, serious face to his—"thou know-eth that thy bird rests not lightly in her mountain nest. Although she is free to fly hither and thither as she listeth, there is an unpleasant con-straint in all the air about her. Oh, onny Paris," she exclaimed, throwing out her hand with a swift, dramatic

thy bright streets!"

La Fabienne smiled tenderly at her rnestness as he engircled her with

"Soon, sweet love, by my faith, thou wilt exchange!" he said. "Already a cage, not of gilt bars, but a huge pile if stone and mortar, with doors and windows, is in readiness for thee. From it thou art ever free to come and stay thee being these two arms that ow intwine so lovingly about thee."
"And, prithee, happily will I stay close to their strong protection. Oh, my dear love," she cried, with soft eagerness, "dost know how much thou art to me? Who else in all this cold world have I? I love thee, Godfrey!"

from the window, they saw Hetty Taunston, a white sunbonnet in her hand, running up the path. With a cry of pleasure, Margaret advanced to t her and, taking her hand, led her

"Hetty! Stranger! Welcome!" she her eyes beaming with brightness. cried gayly. "Methought thou hadst | forsaken thy cousin."

Hetty made a shy courtesy to La Fabienne, who bowed in his most stately fashlon, and said in a low, breathless voice, "Mother hast grown strangely stern of late, dear Margaret, and forbids me to visit thee, for what reason come bravely here to woo me.

The smile on Margaret's face faded. onsent?" she asked. "Nay, sweet cousin. In the cool of

ountain to Brother Haggott's, there to spend the night, so"-with a little toss of her head and a light laugh—"me-thought not to lose the chance to get a glimpse of thee unknownst to her."
"I' truth, sweet"—Margaret stroked her soft hair fondly-"an thy disobe-dience is discovered 'twill put thy peo-

ple against thee sorely."
Hetty sighed,
"I wot not why my mother is so hard with me. Happen I put a small flower in my hair she is greatly angered Dost think such ornament sinful, Margaret?" she asked wistfully.

Her cousin smiled, and La Fabienne broke into a hearty laugh of amuseclaimed. "Didst never have other

pleasure than singing psalms in the church?" "Nay, unless 'tis walking home from prayers o' nights," she replied inno-

Then, as he laughed again, this time more loudly, Hetty became conscious, blushed and hung her head. The sight of her pretty confusion touched Sir Godfrey. "Here, Margaret, string thy lute," he

cried, "and Mistress Hetty and I will tread a measure." Margaret, smiling, touched the cords gently, and La Fabienne, bowing low, offered his hand to Hetty, who when she understood his meaning shrank back in alarm, with white face and

"Nay, nay, sir," she stammered. "I



ing is a sin that sends the soul to eternal punishment, for so our preacher hath ever taught us, and my brother Josiah would cast me out of the house an he heard I indulged in such prac-tices."

Sir Godfrey, inclining his head courteously, walked away, and Margaret threw down her lute, interposing hastily to cover Hetty's embarrassment.
"What ails thee, man, that thou would

must excuse him, Hetty, as he knows not the pious customs of our meuntain had been filling his mind now took the not the pious customs of our mountain people. Come, dear Godfrey, read to us from thy new volume of Will delight sweet 'Twill delight sweet love for her.

and as for me," she added, with a smile, "thou knowest the sound of thy voice is ever music in mine ears."

In reading and pleasant converse the afternoon passed so rapidly that it was after milking time when Heity.

Was after milking time when Heity.

"Art gone daft, Simon? Ha done, I daily should harm hath been done already! Ah, woe is me! "Tis bad time we ha' fallen on!"

"Hetty, say the word," he entreated. "Truth hast thou spoken. God keep thee, Adam."

"And thee, good dame."

loving thee into thine idle brain? Nav. Author of "In Love and Truth" cried, "an' take my best assurance that our friendship hath not been in vain, for so dear I hold thee in my heart thy foolish utterances I was making clans for thine advancement.

"Coward." she cried, "to hold a maid

Look not so downcast,"

'Tis no man that I e'er seen as yet.'

Hetty continued her pacing up and

"But know this, Simon Kempste

that I'll ha' none of thee. Dost think I

would bother with thy little scraggly

farm when I can be mistress of a grand estate? However," she conclud

ed condescendingly, her foolish little mind slightly troubled by the broken

hearted expression in her companion's eyes, "think not that I will forget thee, Simon. Why, who knoweth but I may

make thee overseer of one of my farm in the provinces. Think on that-thy

bright future-with joyful anticipation

He came and stood before her with

white, drawn face, depicting desperate

seriousness, "out upon thy cross looks!

Kempster turned his back upon her

"By all this talk then thou doth mean

"Hetty, hast forgotten the love

"The verses! Ha, ha!" She laughed again, this time mor

thee, o my nonsensteal rhyming."

Something must have snapped in

CHAPTER XVI.

that afternoon for Christo-pher's return. Impattent at his delay and angry at the sight of the unfinished chores, he

paced up and down the room restless

ly, pausing at frequent intervals to look out of the doorway with nervous anxiety toward the forest footpath.

"'Tis passing strange," he muttered.
"The lad's ne'er done the like before.
If he'd a thought of fear I'd say the

storm delayed him, but such things as thunder showers 'ud ne'er bother Christopher. Nay," shaking his head,

the lad's willful and careth not that

Just then a shadow fell across the threshold. Adam came forward ex-

"Ah, bless me, Mistress Taunston!

he exclaimed in surprise. "Methough

'twas Christopher. Happen didst see that good for naught as thou didst

I am in haste to reach the house of

ited by the Lord with an affliction of

prayers and services might be of use

at the bedside. Did thy lad stray

"'Twas after the hour of noon that

sent him to the Mayland farm with a

trinket that I mended for the young

mistress," he replied. "I' truth I would not ha' been in such good haste to send

it had not thy good son Josiah warned

me of possible evil contained in the papist symbol of the golden cross."

The woman threw out her hand in a manner that suggested hopeless resig-nation at the rashness of the old man's

act and, addressing him harshly with tragic earnestness, said: "Thou didst

send thy lad with that emblem of the

with an ominous shake of her head, "'twas no wonder then that the storm

black art, Adam Browdie. Forsooth,'

ose betimes, turning peaceful element

into devil's turmoil to bring honest folk to their knees calling on God to save

them! Ah, sorrowful day!" she sighed drearily, then, raising her voice in re-buke, said, "Twas thy duty, man, to

ha' burned the wicked trinket instead o' sending an innocent lad with it to

ered back against the door. The words

of his visitor were se positive and her manner carried such conviction with

it that the old man was already aghast

bring destruction to him!"

Adam, pale with apprehension, cow

the chores are undone.

come through the forest?"

DAM, the goldsmith, waited late that afternoon for Christo-

wife! A common farmer's Hetty laughed a low, rippling

and walked away. At the door

owboy for a husband?"

is this thou lovest?"

she ran down the roadway to the fence, sprang over the stile and went hastily in the direction of the pasture, where the cows, unaccustomed to such irregularity, had assembled at the gates, bellowing low plaintive calls for release.

Breathless and panting, Hetty let down the bars and, picking up a stick, proceeded to urge the cattle to a

bethought herself of the lateness of the hour. Hurriedly saying her farewells

greater rate of speed than was usually ed unexpectedly she was lost! Fright cow in the line a sharp prod with the stick, who, not accustomed to such rough treatment, looked back at he reproachfully, then galloped awkward-ly ahead of the others. The cows once in the barn, it was a matter of a few moments to collect the pails and stoo for milking.

this occupation cheerfully, usually sing ing lightly to the accompaniment of into the pail, but tonight the task was distasteful to her. She took her seat with a jerk and exclaimed irritably when the cow, in order to brush a fly from its back, whisked its tail acro her face. "Keep still, thou old beldam cow! Dost think I want mine eyes

seratched out o' my head?" Although under the skillful manipu gesture, "right willingly would I ex-change the freedom of my village nest for captivity in a cage were it hung in her occupation, but were over the meadows at the Mayland farmhouse, with La Fabienne and Margaret. The deep in this girl's nature had been touched by the afternoon's entertain-ment. The handsome dress of Sir Godfrey and his gallant bearing, combined in her soft flowing gown of white linen caused Hetty's little heart to ache with sympathetic yearning.

thou'lt never be my wife?" "Was ever seen such a bonny pair o' lovers?" she thought. "Such trust, such evidence of love in every action! Ah, laugh of amusement. "Nay, good Simon, thou must seek thy mate ackaday, woe is me!" She sighed hopelessly. among thine own farm loving kind. As

for me, I will wait the arrival of my tan farmer, and instead of a lute a gallant courtier." At last, her task finished, she carried

verses?" His voice was entreating. the heavy palls to the dairy.

"Methought Sir Godfrey regarded me with a pleasant gaze," she said to hermerrily. "To speak o' your silly rhymes as verses, forsooth! Why, body o' me, good Simon, thou shouldst buy a book

strike her she raised her face quickly,

and had worn my new lace tucker, mayhap he would ha' admired me might speak o' me to a comrade high fall in love with his description and The thought was so pleasant to the

imaginative, romantic soul of little Hetty that, forgetting to pour the milk into the pans and set them away for the cream to rise, she sat on the the morning mother rode down the of the churn, her head resting against the wall, lost in her rosy hued day dreams. With her hand in her imaging ry lover's, who were a suit of light blue velvet trimmed with silver braid ing, she was just making a low cou tesy before the king of France whe her illusions were roughly dispelled by the loud, hearty voice of Simon Kempster, who having seen his adored Hetty enter the dairy, followed in her wake to have a chat with her. From the excessive heat and the exercise of carrying a sack of potatoes a long distance Simon's face was red and per spiring; his rough suit of homespun unbuttoned at the throat, solled and

> edges. He laid down the sack and en-Startled from her brilliant dream by Simon's appearance, Hetty's thoughts fled from the court of the king of France and fastened themselves upon matters of the present, the most important of which were the full milk pails. Springing off the churn and returning Simon's pleased grin with an absent smile of greeting, she proceeded to fill the row of pewter pans with the

shabby, hung loosely on his sturdy fig-ure, and his broad farming hat made

white foaming milk. Fanning himself with his broken hat. simon watched her from his place at the door with admiring eyes. It occurred to him that Hetty had never before looked so pretty. The red color in were brighter; she held her little hes higher, and in his estimation went about her homely task in the same manner as would have a queen. Looking at her white throat, he thought of the silver heart lying on her fair bosom that he had given her and that she had received with so much pleasure - a sweet secret safe between him and

reat throb Stepping to her side, he asked her for mug of milk. Hetty's pleasant afternoon and her consequent happy day dreams had left her in sort of an uplifted state. She wished good fortur all and gave Simon the refreshment ne demanded, with a smile of happi-

"Poor Simon," she thought as she carried the first full pan to the but-tery. "What a kind friend he hath ever been to me. There's many a lonely hour I would ha' spent without him. When my lord doth come and I ride away I shall not forget Simon. Happen anon I may have influence to have him made lackey at the court." Returning for another pan, with her heart and mind full of her good inten-

at the possible consequences of his foolish act. tions, Hetty bestowed a more than or-dinary sweet glance of esteem and Mistress Taunston lifted her kindly feeling upon her visitor, whose skirts preparatory to leaving. "But heart, always full of love for her, ached happen thy lad returneth not by nightfall I would counsel thee to rouse the village, call the men out for a search, and if aught of harm hath befallen now to bursting with fancied encouragement. Only when wearing his new churchgoing black suit, he thought, had she ever given him kinder glances; so, | Christopher as a result of touching that regardless of his untidy appearance ask a Puritan maid to dance? Thou he clasped the astonished Hetty in his threatening emphasis, "I wot measures must be taken at once to force the wearer of it to destroy it."

"Aye, aye!" the trembling old man concurred eagerly. "Such evil gimcracks worn for the sake o' wicked vanity should be destroyed. Mayhap, alas, enough harm hath been done "Art gone daft, Simon? Ha' done, I

from the threshold. That night a party of men carrying torches searched the forest vainly for He loosed his hold and drew back as torches searched the forest vanily for the missing lad, calling his name loud-ly, then listening with straining ears for a response. But none came to their strong and eager cries, the accustomed if stung, with staring eyes and a face rom which all color had gone.
"Thou dost not love me, Hetty?" he asked solemnly. "An' all our sweet friendship is to go for naught?" stillness of midnight on the mountain being broken only by sounds of hurry-ing feet, shrieks of birds, roused from lenniums before us. "Love thee?" Hetty gave her head a oss. "Whoe'er put thoughts of my ing feet, shrieks of birds, roused from their nests by the unusual disturbance and glare of lights, as they flew through the trees with noisy clapping of wings, and the peculiar wailing sound of the

Unable to understand and much b wildered, Simon watched Hetty as she airily lifted her skirts and, holding her first warm rays of light across the horizon line, tinting the sky with rosy pink that presaged the coming of anhead very high, walked up and down the dairy in imitation of a grand lady.
"For thou knowest, Simon," she conother glorious day of life and activity, Taunston shouted to the others that tinued, with a patronizing nod, "me thinks to marry a French courtier who he had found him, and his companions, running to the edge of the precipice, saw the bruised and swollen body of will come anon on a white steed to woo me and take me back with him to Par poor Christopher, held securely by a protruding root of a gnarled oak tree that had caught under his jacket, tossis, there to set me up in a grand palace with countless serving men and wom en to do my bidding." ing up and down on the rushing, tum-bling waters of the stream below, his "Hetty, what nonsense is this?" Si non cried in desperation. "What man

sorrowing faces above him.

#### POOLE'S FAMOUS FEAT.

glazed eyes wide open and staring, looking vacantly into the shocked and

Lucius Poole, a brother of William Poole, the librarian whose name is pernetuated in "Poole's Index." was known throughout the country for his rare skill in restoring and repairing old documents and reprints. He lived for thirty years in a house at the south end, Boston, with three congenial spirits, one a collector of Dickensana, the second of Napoleonana and the

third a collector of first editions. Poole was a collector, too, of books, letters and programmes relating to the stage. He had a remarkable faculty for matching old paper and could put a corner or a patch on a letter or a playbill so neatly that it could be noticed only under a magnifying glass.

Mr. Poole's famous feat of splitting a magazine page into four leaves or layers was brought about by an English inlayer, who showed Mr. Poole a page body the megrims! Who said we could not be friends?" split in three leaves with the printing on it unmarred. The American said that he could do all that the Englishman had done, and more, and after some experiments produced a page of the Century Magazine split in four leaves. This was taken to London by a book collector, who had gone abroad to add to his library, and after the page had been the rounds of the clubs there it was sent to Paris and caused the Frenchmen to wonder.—Portland Ad-

### THE SUN AND MOON.

ries ma, be found in Charles F. Lum-mis' "Pueblo Folklore." It is one of the many myths of the moon and beau-tifully conceived. The sun is the Ali-father, the moon the Alimother, and of good Will Shakespeare's verses, an' then thou'dst know what poetry is, an' ne'er more speak again, I warrant both shine with equal light in the heav Simon's heart, it went down with such a bound. Blindly he turned and groped his way out of the house, not ens. But the Trues, the superior divinities, find that man, the animals, the flowers, weary of a constant day. They agree to put out the Allfather's, or ing the sack of potatoes resting on the ground, tripped and almost fell agree to put out the Amatana moon, sun's, eyes. The Allmother, the moon, over the house dog lying asleep in the

band's eyes." The Trues say, "It is good, woman."

They accept the sacrifice and take away one of the Allmother's eyes; hence the moon is less brilliant than the sun. The man finds rest at night,

and the flowers sleep.

In Mrs. Leiber Cohen's translation of Sacher Masoch's "Jewish Tales" there is a variant of the sun and moon story derived from the Talmud. Briefly told, the sun and moon are equally lu nous. It is the moon who wants to be more brilliant than the sun. Delty is angered at her demands. Her light is essened. "The moon grew pale. Then God pitied her and gave her the stars

## THE OCEAN DERELICT.

Is the Most Patent of All Dangers.
That Threaten Seafarers.

Of all the spectacles of the seas none is so tragic as the derelict, the errant of the trackless deep. Weird beyond description is the picture presented by some broken and battered hulk as she swings into view against the sky line, with the turgid green seas sweeping over her moss grown decks and a "I saw him not, good Adam," the dame replied, "but I walked rapidly, as Sister Hemming, that my son brought me word an hour since had been visupward, as if in protest against her

For the derelict is the most potent of all the dangers that threaten the seafarer. Silent, stealthy, invisible, it is the terror of the mariner. It is the arch hypocrite of the deep. Against it skill of seamanship, vigilance in watch beams and buoys proclaim the proxim ity of land; the throbbing of engines the noises of shipboard life tell of an approaching vessel; icebergs and floes betray themselves by their ghostly radiance and surrounding frigidity of air, but the derelict gives no warning, makes no signal. The first sign of its existence is the crash, the sickening tremble and quaver of the ship sudder wounded to death .- P. T. McGrath

## THE BUDDHIST HADES,

The place of torment to which all wicked Buddhists are to be assigned on the day of final reckoning is a terrible place of punishment. This Buddhistic hell is divided into eight "easy stages." In the first the poor victim is compelled to walk for un told ages in his bare feet over hills thickly set with redhot needles, points upward. In the second stage the skin is all carefully filed or rasped from the body and irritating mixtures applied. In the third stage the nails, hair and eyes are plucked out and the denuded body sawed and planed into all sorts of fantastic shapes. The fourth stage is that of "sorrowful lamentations." In the fifth the left side of the body and the denuded head are

carefully roasted, Yema, the Buddhistic Satan, superintending the work. In the sixth stage the arms are torn from the body and thrown into an immens vat among the eyes, nails and hair previously removed. Then in plain hear ing of the sore footed, blind, maimed, roasted and bleeding victim the whole horrid mass is pounded into a jelly. In the seventh stage the other side of the victim and his feet are roasted brown, and then comes the eighth and last stage, in which the candidate is thrown into the bottomless pit of per-

#### FOOD PRESERVATIVES.

All of the most common food pre-servatives are constituents of the food

Two grains of salicylic acid will pre-serve a pound of food for a reasonable and the peculiar wailing sound of the wildcat as with gleaming eyes and showing its teeth savagely it slunk among the underbrush.

But it was not until morn that they found him. At the peaceful hour of dawn, when the sun was sending its first warm rays of light across the ister to their patients thirty grains at a dose and keep up the administration for many days with benefit to the pa tient. Fifteen pounds of food preserv-ed to an equal extent by sugar would ed to an equal extent by sugar would require fifteen pounds of sugar. How long does the reader suppose that any person could retain good health if they undertook to eat fifteen pounds of sugar at a single sitting and keep tak-ing such doses for weeks at a time? As a grain of sallcylic acid will pre-serve more food with equal certainty As a grain of salicylic acid will pre-serve more food with equal certainty than an ounce of salt and as afteen grains of salicylic acid would equal in preserving power over a pound of salt, who would hesitate in choosing the alternative doses of thirty grains of salicyclic acid or of two pounds of table sait? One pound of sait is a fa-tal dose.—Dr. R. G. Eccles in Public Opinion.

#### SPIDER SILK.

The Way the Thread Is Taken From the Imprisoned Insect. The American consul at Tamatave, Madagascar, sends an interesting re-port on the manufacture of silk from

spiders' web.

The first difficulty in securing the The first difficulty in securing the thread direct from the Madagascar spider ("halabe," big spider, the natives call her) was met with in devising a suitable holder to secure the living spider while winding off the web. This was originally performed by confining the spiders in empty match boxes with their abdomens protruding, the spiders many living reals. The boxes with their abdomens precis. The thus making so many living recis. The extraction of the web does not apthough care has to be taken not to in-jure them. From that stage has been evolved a frame of twenty-four small guillotines, in each of which a spider is secured in such a manner that on one side protrudes the abdomen, while on the other the head, thorax and legs are free. The precaution of keeping the legs out of the way is necessary, because the spiders, when their secre-tion is sum off in this fashion, are because the spiders, when their secre-tion is spun off in this fashion, are liable to break off the web with their

After the laying period or formation of the web it can be reeled off five or six times in the course of a month, after which the spider dies, having yielded about 4,000 yards. Native girls do the work.

An Edinburgh minister rolled a thou-sand feet down the steeps of Ben Nevis and lived to tell the tale, Admiral Sir Novell Salmon was clean shot through at Lucknow and returned as dead, but came up smiling soon afterward. Similar was Lord Wolseley's experience in the Crimea; but, though pretty well riddled with shot and shell and deprived of the s and shell and depirted of the sight of an eye, he was able soon after to en-joy a laugh over his own obituary. Not long ago there was a girl up on trial in a Londen police court who had

## twice attempted to commit suicide, but two trains had passed over her and left her unscathed. A COSTLY BREAKFAST.

Hens' eggs were worth their weight in gold, writes Thomas E. Farish in of his stories of the very early one of his stories of the very early, days in San Francisco. A couple of young men who had recently landed from Tennessee dropped into Aldrich's for breakfast one morning. Not being aware of the rarity and consequent prices of eggs in California and having five dollars still left with which to pay for breakfast for two, they calmly or-dered their usual breakfast of eggs and toast. When the bill was preyoung gentlemen saw, to their consternation, that the amount was \$10. They had only \$5. What was to be

decided that one of them should remain while the other went out to look for Colonel Gift, an old time friend whom they knew to be in the city. The colonel was soon found, who, after hearing the story of his young friend and askthey had had for breakfast. "Eggs,"

"Eggs! Eggs!" exclaimed the colonel. "Did you not know, you blankety blank fool, that hens lay gold in California?" "I did not, but I do," said our young friend. "Well," continued the colonel kindly, handing over a fifty dollar gold slug, "take this and remem-ber after this that you are not in Tenessee, where eggs are given away.

## THE GAME OF GOLF.

Pastime of Kings, With a Record of Over Four Hundred Years. A game with a history of more than 400 years must necessarily have some interesting records. Golf has been greatly liked by kings. In the time of James I. it was generally practiced by all classes. The unfortunate Charles I. was devoted to golf. While on a visit in Scotland in 1641, as he was deeply engaged in a game news was brough him of the breaking out of a rebellion in Ireland, and the royal golfer threw down his club and retired in great agi-tation to Holyrood House. When he was imprisoned at Newcastle his keeper kindly permitted him to take recreation on the golfing links with his train. It is said that Mary, queen of Scots, was seen playing golf in the field beside Seaton a few days after the murder of her husband. In 1837 a magnificent gold medal was presented to St. Andrew's by William IV., to be played for annually. One of the earlier kings forbade the importation of golf balls from Holland because it took away "na small quantitie of gold and silver out of the kingdome of Scotland," and at one time "golfe and futeball and other unprofitable games" were forbidden in England because archery, so necessary in the defense of the nation, was being neglected in their favor .- Pearson's Weekly.

E lith—I told Mr. Converse the other night that I resembled him in one re-spect. Clare—What was that? Edith— That I always enjoyed hearing him