

VOL. XXXXII.

### Keep Your Veranda Cool.

and admitting every passing breeze -an sy thing to do with our split bamboo screens.

We have them in several sizes—to suit your space. The mboo pieces are just far enough a part to keep the veranda dy and let the air circulate freely.

A dollar or so will equip you with enough to insure hot sther comfort.

### Thirteen More Iron Beds

There worth every penny of \$7 and \$8 each, \$5.50 and \$6 50 are seach one, and we predict a quick sale. If one is desired for an possession you must claim it early.

## BROWN & CO.

# 

ANNOUNCES THEIR

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

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

We do not feel we need say much as an introduction is our 25th Sacrifice Sale of clean, new merchandise. e FACT that it will be our 25th sale is conclusive evionestly. That this has been an unfavorable spring bason for merchants generally, is another well known ct. This means—heavy stocks all over the store—and

is 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.

Tailor-Made Suits Silk Jacket Suits Covert Jackets Rain Coats Sacrifice Prices on Separate Skirts

Dress Goods and Silks Wash Goods, White Goods 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 an alluring story; of but they don't care whether the goods please or not. They are not where you can drop in and "call them of down" 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 0 oom 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. 

## 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 t 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

July Clearance Sale is certainly a hummer. Big bargains and big crowds all week. Another week not less interesting. All summer goods must be sold.

Prices no object. White goods, colored wash goods of all kinds, silks, table linen, towels, napkins, bed spreads, muslins, colicoes, ginghams, ladies' and children's undermuslins, ladies', children's and men's summer underwear and

Parasols all at 1-3 off our already low-marked millinery at 50c on the dollar and less.

EISLER=MARDORF COMPANY, Samples sent on request.

OPPOSITE HOTEL ARLINGTON.

## Schaul & Levy's Great July Clearance Sale Of Clothing.

The usual accompaniment of a great business is the accumulation of small quantities and small lots. Then too, the strict adherence to our policy of never carrying goods over from one season to another necessitates at this time of the year

### A General Clearance Sale.

In looking over our immense stock it shows that it is etter to cut out many lines. No store can afford to merely store merchandise, every space is needed for quick selling goods. The new must replace the old. Whatever has not sold quickly, or whatever we have too much of or what is left from our former big sales must be sold at this Great July Clearance Sale.

### SCHAUL& LEVY

SUCCESSOR TO SCHAUL & NAST;

# 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.

Big bargains in Misses' and Children's Shoes.

Large stock of Men's and Boys' Fine Shoes and Ox-

fords 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 right to demand a fit, to have their clothe correct in style and to demand of the seller to guarantee everything. Come to us and there will be nothing lacking, 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



Acme Washers

Do More Work, Better Work, With Less Work
Than any other Washer
on the market.

AMPBELL,
PA.

J. G. & W. CAMPBELL, BUTLER, PA.

Subscribe for the CITIZEN

## The Witch of Cragenstone

By ANITA CLAY MUNOZ,

Fabienne, accompanying the mistress of the Mayland farm, "I feel for them naugh

from my heart," she was saying in reply, evidently, to some remark he had "I do reproach myself | vexed tones: that in mine own security I allowed the lad to follow his inclination and go into danger. One commanding word from me, with assurances that I would take all blame of the goldsmith's anger, diligently. 'Tis a man I've had mine ould have sent him to the kitchen. eyes on!"

"Thou'rt over sensitive, my love, an must needs bear the suffering of all about thee," La Fabienne said. "Blame not thyself for what was not thy fault. By the Lord, thou asked the lad to Margaret, unless she had thy tender conscience, would so unjustly reproach herself. Come, cheer thee. Laugh, smile, sweet, or else, I swear, I'll get the blue megrims myself!"

thinks that others hold my careless ness against me, for yesternight, when riding through the village, I noticed su len looks, and instead of the usual formal greetings saw only frowning posite directi glances or averted faces."

"Again 'tis thine imagination that's at fault," her companion insisted, in gay good humor. "God's pity, but I cannot much blame thee, sweet, for of "God's pity, but I ner! all lean shanked, sour faced folk I e'er have met these mountain folk take precedence. Thou should hear good Gaston's surly jests at their expense! Right merrily would thou laugh, my

Margaret not making reply, they pu before the door a group of children were throwing corn to a hen and her oung brood. An elder girl, barefoot ed and dirty faced, looked up curiously at the approach of the riders; then throwing back her tangled hair, open her eyes in wonder at the sight of such look out for our return?"

unusual splendor, for the bright sun

Urging on her horse, sh fell on Margaret's hair and lighted the threadwork of gold on her dress, the soft wind caught her long white veil of gossamer wound about her riding hat, tossing it lightly in the air, and La Fabienne, in hie weue ar, and dress, rode after her, smiling, his hand in the leather purse of his belt, ready to throw some loose coin to the young-

cotton frock appeared at the doorway,

The panic stricken children, with white faces and in great fear, rushed to their mother's side, clinging to her skirts tremblingly as she slammed the door and noisily drew the bolt.

"What said the shrewish wench?" asked La Fabienne as he took his place beside Margaret.
"I did not exactly get her meaning

but she called the children from me, varning them of poor Christopher's sad death," she replied. "As I told thee, Godfrey, all blame of the lad's mis-fortune is laid to mine indifference." La Fabienne noting the cloud on his companion's face, his own grew dark, and he laid his hand upon his sword.

"By heaven, Margaret, an any man makes such insinuations in my hearing I'll run him through!"

"Nay, talk not of bloodshed, Godfrey," she answered, with a gentle sigh, "but think rather of the time hese unjust people to a joyous and happy life in France."
"Naught but that hope and the sweet

joy of thy presence doth keep me here I do assure thee, Margaret," he replied seriously. "But, mark me, sweet, until we leave no man slights thee without settling the reckoning with me.' Margaret, whose kind heart was full of sorrow and trouble at the recen misadventure, also the consequent conduct of her neighbors, took heart at he over's fond words.

great comfort, Godfrey," she replied. Then, with a little sigh, "But, I wot, this is a most depressing neighborhood

La Fablenne laughed lightly, amused at her last observation.
"See, yonder," she continued, "Is Ad

om's cottage, the goldsmith, where poor Christopher's body lieth awaiting bur al. Methinks the wreath of roses I ent yesterday was not enough to express my sympathy. I would like to offer Adam some gold, Godfrey. Hapten the old man is in need in his hou

of trouble."

At the sound of horses' hoofs Adam Browdie appeared at the door, and when he saw who it was drew back, with blanched face, his tongue cleaving o the roof of his mouth.
"I give thee good day, Adam," Mar

garet said, riding closer, "and I have much sympathy with thee in thy sorow. Wilt take this small handful of gold, good man, as at times like thes folk have many extra needs?" illuminating it. In Adam's fear and terror it was all he saw, and to his ex-

cited imagination it appeared to blazen forth, covering the whole front of her "Go on thy wicked way!" he cried in quavering tones, "and stop not be-fore the door where thou hast wrought such dire evil! Thy wreath of roses lieth in ashes in the road! We applied

e rode at her side with dark looks

in his household I would have him out! No man could five after those rough

CHAPTER XVII.

HE next day Sir Godfrey La her horse to the narrow footpath tha

"I feel for them naught but good will was riding up the mountain to-ward the village, slowly and with she said. "Fain would I understand ed rein, talking earnestly in them. Dost get their meaning, God-"Fair love, thy pure and genero

since the shocking news of Christo-pher's death I cannot lift his trouble their cruel and wicked ignorance," he answered, then, seeing that the shad ow still rested on her face, cried in "Margaret, cease sorrowing! Sweet, thou hath done naught but show then

"Thou meanst my cousin Josiah?"
The blood rushed to La Fabienne's

"Call him not thy cousin, Margaret," not thyself for what was not thy fault. By the Lord, thou asked the lad to remain and he would not. None other, but I detest the man! The mere mention of his name doth cause my gorge

Just then a large, hulking lad who was coming toward them with a bun-dle swung on a stick over his shoulder, humming a tune as he came, at the sound of their voices ceased his noise suddenly, hesitated to make sure, then pushed through the brushwood and slunk away under the trees in the op-

"Was not that Toby, the horse boy?" Margaret asked. "Strange that he should dodge and hide in that odd man-

frowned, then, as if anxious to dispel the gloom that had fallen on the called out gayly to Margaret, who was riding ahead: "See the sun setting be hind the hills, sweet love. What red ness it doth reflect against the sky! 1 wot tomorrow will be warmer still."

By now they had reached the open roadway, and the lands of the Mayland

estate spread out before them. "An' there is Elsbeth at the gate," Margaret said, with a happy laugh. "Fie on thee for a foolish old woman! she called to her in passing, with affe tionate gayety. "Hast naught to do but

Urging on her horse, she galloped to ward the house. Suddenly La Fabi rnne, who rode slowly to look at some thing by the wayside that attracted hi attention, felt the pressure of a hand on his arm. Turning, he saw Elsbeth. "Sudden misfortune hath befallen us," she said in an agitated whisper "The servants, even old Glies, have

"So, ho, thou tellest me but what I did suspect a moment since," he anher face drawn in terror and pointing swered. "What reasons gave the cow-

a long finger toward Margaret.

"Tirzah! Clarinda! Luke!" she shrieked. "Come in behind the doors! "Tis the lady with the evil cross! Hast forgot the lad Christopher's fate? Run! got the lad Christopher's fate? Run! evil cross, that there were strange tales going about that our bonny Martanet was a witch, and that she kept ardly churls?"
"They said," she replied, with tears her evil magic and black arts in the papist cross she wore upon her bo La Fabienne's hand clutched tighter

> "Said they so? The low bred po troons! What further mischief d



"Go on thy wicked way!" think that gray clad villain, Josial Taunston, doth meditate, good Els eth? Parbleu, doth the fool think he is aiming blows at a defenseless w man? I' the past I have thought his petty spite and covetousness were to small to notice; but, bon Dieu, an he persists in his persecutions I'll have a settling with the fellow."

Then he added in a lower voice 'Twere better, methinks, not to dis tress thy mistress with this news ant nature bath happened to griev

His horse cantering up to the doo way where Margaret had pulled rein letting her animal nibble some gras growing beside the path, he sprandown and assisted her to alight. "I've called Giles," she said, "but n

"Sweet, I'll be thy horse boy." Fabienne caught her herse by the re "Elsbeth says thy servants rose agains her authority, and she sent them packing. Look not so serious, Margaret, he urged. "We can replace them er the dawn of another day."

"Elsbeth"-Margaret turned her white face to the old woman and spoke stern ly—"speak truth to me, I command it Did my hirelings leave my house be cause of any feeling of dislike or aver sion to me? "Bonny babe, sweet Margaret," cried the old woman tremblingly, "they sale

-nay, naught against thee so much-but that the cross thou didst wear was papist and wicked, containing evil tha lieth in ashes in the road! We approve their in a true their in ashes in the road! We approve their in a true their in ashes in the road! We approve their in a true their in ashes in the road! We approve the road! We approve their in ashes in the road! We approve the road! We

The young mistress of the Mayland Margaret's face was white as farm raised her head quickly, and the color that had forsaken her cheeks at the unexpected tidings of her servants' defection returned to them. Her eye

willing and eager to help these people and to do all for them within my pow-er, but they cannot dictate to me. For shame, Eisbeth! Thou weak and ally

tongue!" she exclaimed. "Dost think a woman of the Mayland blood would forgive a faithless, ignorant, disloyal servant who hath spoken ill of her? Forsooth, how long is it since I have come to the pass when I must, at a hireling's command, remove that which I see fit to wear. This is my home"—

departure from this ill fated village but now methinks to remain a good time longer."
Her head held high, she turned to her lover with a flashing smile.

"Thou'lt be my horse boy, Godfrey, in thy satin doublet?" "Right willingly will I, O proud and beauteous mistress!" La Fabienne, with answering smile, doffed his hat

"Then I cannot be unhappy, for did lead the horses, and I will follow to assist thee, Godfrey, for I trow thou wouldst a-weary soon with no horse boy about to cast thine imprecations at."

Both laughed merrily at this sally; then, with deep and tender protection, La Fabienne threw his disengaged arm

"though thou'lt hinder more than thou will help, I warrant thee. But, gads, a man can work with a better heart in sunshine than in shadow, and where thou art not, sweet, 'tis always dark

CHAPTER XVIII. NOTHER spell of scorching heat swept over the mountain so intense that men and women could scarce exert themselves to move, and found existence endurable only in the shelter of their homes afraid to venture out in the scorching rays of the sun, and the sheep and cat-tle, stretched out on the ground under the trees, lay, with closed eyes, pant ing, not caring to eat. The people, sighing and praying for relief, told each other significantly that such scorching air was a curse put upon them. But one night, whether it was n answer to their prayers or the curs was lifted, the leaves began to rustle on the trees, and suddenly a breeze sprang up from the northwest, bringing in its wake a cool breath that fanned the awful heat away, and the nountain folk awoke in the morning refreshed and strengthened to set about with energy to accomplish tasks

that had of necessity been neglected during the excessive heat. La Fabienne and Margaret Mayland, having grown weary of the enforced inactivity, rode away gayly from the door shortly after the noon hour of that first cool day, with Gaston for a guide, to view some waterfalls in a small namlet toward the west that the latter had discovered in his wanderings and

Christopher's tragic death; also other will happenings that had occurred in the excited than the rest, threw out their arms wildly, with angry and vindictive gesticulation, as they harangued the thers and above their heads as if with a desire to be heard, the time worn, weather beaten old square of wood, with a red heart painted upon it, that from long years of exposure to th elements was now dull and faded, swung and creaked noisily on the iron bar over the door of the tavern from which it was suspended.

Josiah Taunston, riding toward them, drew rein as he reached the doo and called loudly for a tankard of ele The idlers grouped about him eagerly asked one.

"The latest report of the devil handiwork in our affairs; that is all, another man interposed hastily. "Of truth thou bast heard."

ly. "But after Adam's gran'son's wicked murder naught of bad tidings could surprise me. What's amiss now?" Several of the bystanders struggled to get nearer the horse in a position to tell the story, but the first speaker, tailer and quicker of speech than the others, commenced the narrative.

"Thou hast heard, wi' all of us, that good Widow Dawson's babe, that for a week past on account of the heat lay ill of a fever which the leech said could be easily oured, of a sudden took a fit last night an' died. The poor dame is prostrate and sweareth that black arts were practiced on her child, as just be-fore it was resting quietly, when"—the man's voice fell into a whisper—"sud-denly the mother was aroused by welrd noises an' fearsome rappings on the door. All of a tremble, she opened but no one was there. Then, with great noise, the lattice blew in, a white sheet was waved before her eyes smoke an' the stench of sulphur burn cleared away she found her innocen babe in a fit a-dying on the bed."

The men fell back, pale faced and

awe stricken, looking at each othe with open mouths. Taunston took the tankard and quaffed off the ale, ther from his high place on his horse ad-dressed the crowd with great impres-"The time hath come, good neigh "It is useless longer to deny that wick

ed happenings occur here daily; that Satan, dissatisfied with the righteous and pious conduct of this God fearing community, hath entered into compact with one who shall be nameless and hath chosen to exercise his malevolent influence through her agency. Enough of evil hath been wrought already," he Old Adam, the goldsmith, opening his door at the sound of the loud talking, peered forth and when he saw Josiah

Taunston ran to the spot, pushed his his knees beside the horse, threw his apron over his face, crying out: "Oh, Master Taunston; oh, good Josiah, give me comfort in my hour of trial or I must go mad wi' thinking on it! My gran'son Christopher! The little lad left me by my dying daughter Betsy, struck to his death and his soul carried away in peals of thunder by the devil! Oh, lackaday! Woe is me! God ha' mercy!"

The man continued to grovel on the

his long finger at him, add

long dallied with the evil influence she raised her head proudly—"built by mine own dear grandfather and mine by every right. I have done no person ill either by thought or deed, and my cousin need not think he can force me from what is mine-own. Only this -"how knowest thou that thy turn morning I promised myself a speedy ing to believe until thou seest thy maid Dorothy riding away in a cloud of smoke on a witch's broomstick?" "Nay, nay," groaned the man sullen

a fair face, rich dress and a kindly manner! Such deep arts are ever em ployed by our worst enemy, Satan, when he hath his blackest crimes in medita-

tion. Thou, knowest, men, to whom I make inference? 'Tis the woman Margaret Mayland that I do publicly acsize his words, then continued with a great seriousness, shaking his head in the manner of one who had abandoned all hope. "With prayer and protesta-tions my good mother and I have urged this woman to change her ways, to destroy the evil cross that is but a witch mark invented by the devil for his pur poses, one touch of which will bring a man to fell disaster. Men and brothers." he cried, "she would not hear us! She coldly turned us from her door and then in her wickedness set our in the conflicts of civilization, in intel-

The crowd, now having assumed much larger proportions, took up the cry of hate and bitterness.

voke God's vengeance.".
Turning his horse's head, he led the way, followed by an excited throng of

hamlet toward the west that the latter had discovered in his wanderings and which his master had expressed a desire to see. As they found much of interest and heanty in the mountain scenery to take their attention and occupy their time, the sun had set and the approach of twilight was at hand when they rode wearily up to the house, demanding supper from the pleased and expectant Elsbeth, who was waiting at the door.

The loiterers usually standing about the village hostelry, the Sign of the Red Heart, taking advantage of the absence of La Fabienne, also his man Gaston, now talked together loudly and with great earnestness of the lad Christopher's tragic death; also other In the meantime Mistress Taunston saw Margaret's aunt coming toward her Elsbeth gave no sign of it. Without ever having had an interchange of hard words there was a deep feeling of hatred lying in the hearts of these two women for each other, and, although on occasions they had met with civil greetings, an underlying spirit of en-mity between them was apparent and had grown lately into such proportions

> had passed without recogni had passed without recognition.
>
> So today, with her head held high and
> a forbidding expression on her grim
> countenance, Mistress Taunston approached. The path at that point was rocky and narrow, so that in order to proceed one of them had to stand dan-gerously near the edge to let the other pass. Elsbeth, walking slowly, continued to look as if she saw no person in her way and called the lost dog's name with a great show of anxiety. Bristling with defiance and wearing her most scornful bearing, the Puritan woman came on until, reaching Elsbeth, who still refused to see her, she paused and, drawing her scant skirt of gray homespun very close about her, with an ap-pearance of making a great effort not to let her clothing touch the other's, en

deavored to pass.

Turning suddenly, Elsbeth confronte her so unexpectedly that the stern faced dame lost her balance and would have fallen had she not clutched the trunk of a free for support. All the hatred in Elsbeth's heart for her companion blazed forth in her eyes as she looked

angeily, "or that contact with me shall harm thee! Lud! E'en I were pitch an' thou wert covered with me, it would not show on thee, thou art so black in wiles and wickedness."

"Beware, woman, how thou talkest to thy betters!" fairly shricked the other in outraged tones. "Forsooth, I'll ha' my say, now I have

thee cornered"—Elsbeth's black eyes snapped dangerously—"an' for once thou'lt hear the 'truth. Fool that thou art to think our Margaret hath no protectors!" she exclaimed deristvely. "Dost think, dullard, that Sir Godfrey La Fabienne suspects not thy son's vile schemes to get his cousin's estate his deep laid plots to force her from the village as a polluted thing, so that he—her next of kin—may ride in and

"'Tis false!" shrieked Mistress Taunston in wild anger. "Make way, woman, or it will be worse for thee!"

woman, or it will be worse for thee."
Elsbeth did not move.
"Methinks 'twere well to warn thee,"
she continued, "else in thy greed and
ignorance thou'lt go too far. Sir Godfrey La Fablenne is a nobleman of
much wealth, hath influence at the
French and English courts, and with
both Puritans and papists his wishes have great weight."

have great weight."

"Ha, is't so?" The dame laughed scornfully. "Thy cavaller may have influence at the English court in all else but matters pertaining to the black art and witcheraft. His majesty hath spoken, and the fiat hath gone forth that all such shall be brought to trial and executed quickly. Of and many times because of the state o cuted quickly. Oft and many times he hath so expressed himself, being a godly man and plous, so hope not for godly man and plous, so hope not for his interference. Now it is my turn to warn thee." She raised a dinger and pointed it at Elsbeth solemnly, "Be-fore yon sun just fading from our sight doth fail again tomorrow even, thou and thy fledgeling had better begone." Her manner betrayed such conviction, and evil portent that Elsbeth's heart sank within her, although her face re-



"Make way, woman!"
the king's favor. That is all I have to

LOVE OF NATURE.

sheep a-dying; but, being our kins-woman, we bore all patiently and said naught. Now, my judgment tells me that too much harm hath been done al-that too much harm hath been done al-pressions of art as an escape. He has ready. Here before ye all I repudiate this woman. I renounce kinship to ed landscape more and more, has ed landscape more and more, has shown in every way that such an escape was a dream. Art has existed from the very beginning, even before cry of hate and bitterness.

"Good man! Good man Josiah! He doth renounce his cousin!" one cried.

"Down, down with the woman who weareth Satan's cross!" said another.

"We ha' borne too much a'ready!"

"Hanging is the only way to put an end on it," cried old Adam tearfully, and on it," cried old Adam tearfully, blackest

blackest

hackest wiping his eyes.

"Witchcraft is the very blackest crime against God, the saints and the people!" proclaimed Josiah Tannston dramatically. "Such wickedness cannot be choked out. Burning—burning at the stake—is the punishment our clergy and elders have ever meted out as of sufficient suffering to explate this hideous crime."

Then, seeing his listeners were roused to an unusual height of fury, he cried in a louder voice: "My men, to the town house! Call the council for a meeting! We must act ere our own souls, caught in the talons of the developed in the art of painting. And as man more and more leaves behind him a life of out of doors in so much does in the strength of the surf, and the children, springing up behind them, represent the foam of the wave crests. From these beginnings we know that tragedy and comedy, as we call them, have grown. Then, as all these disappear in fact, they are recorded in the art of painting. And as man more and more leaves behind him a life of out of doors in so much does the surf, and the children, springing up behind them, represent the foam of the wave crests. From these beginnings we know that tragedy and comedy, as we call them, have grown. Then, as all these disappear in fact, they are recorded in the art of painting. And as man more and more leaves behind him a life of out of doors in so much does he lead the life.

One Letter Names.

It must be very convenient to possess a surname consisting of a single letter of the alphabet. The Paris papers mention the singular case of a certain Marie whose surname consists of the one letter, B.

easily have learned to write his own name! In the department of Somme there is a village called Y, in the Zuy-der Zee there is a bay called Y, and

same brief name. In the Chinese prov-ince of Honan there is a city called U, and in France there is a river and in Sweden a town rejoicing in the name

The Real Dick Turpin's ride to York is said to have been a highwayman named William Nevison, who was born at Ponteract in 1639. The story goes that on one occasion Nevison robbed a gentleman at Gadshill, then rode to Gravesend, crossed the Thames and galloped to Chelmsford. After baiting here he pushed on to Cambridge and Godmanchester, thence to Huntington, where he baited his mare again and slept an hour. Afterward he took to the North road, reached York the same afternoon, changed his clothes, went to the bowling green and made himself an object of notice to the lord mayor. Being subsequently charged with the

man to be at two such remote places Gadshill and York on the same day. Africans Wash, but Never Wipe, Great attention is given in most of the African tribes to the care of the body. The teeth are cleansed with a stick which has been chewed into a kind of brush. The hands are washed frequently, not by turning and twisting and rubbing them together one within the other as with us, but by a ner of washing is so characteristic an African might be distinguished it from a European without refer to the color. The sun is their towel.

position that it was impossi

to the color. The sun is their flowel.

The Weight of Hats.

"What do you suppose this hat weighs?" said the hatter, taking up a fine eight dollar top hat of alls.

"About a pound," the patron hat reded.

"Only a little over a quarter of a pound—five ounces, to be precise. Ne good hat," said the hatter, "runs over four or five ounces nowadays.

"This white felt hat—it is worth \$25—weighs less than an ounce. This new five dollar derby hat weighs, four ounces. Straw hats run from two to four ounces in weight.

"It pays a man to make the weight an important consideration in the choosing of a hat, for a light hat is a prevention of headache, and its injurious effect on the hair is reduced to a minimum."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Castor Oll Coeffail.

"Give me a castor oil coeffail." said

"Give me a castor oil cocktail," said the man at the drug store counter. The clerk poured a bottle of sarsaparilla into a glass, dashed a few drops of paregoric into it and then poured in some castor oil. The man-drank it with a pleasant face and walked out as if he had drunk soda water instead of castor oil. "Yes, we have quite a call for castor oil cocktails," said the clerk. "If a man's system is a little call for castor oil cocktails," said the clerk. "If a man's system is a little out and he needs a dose of castor oil the only way to take it is in the cocktail form. You wouldn't know there was a drop of castor oil in it. If you've ever taken castor oil neat you will be ognize the value of the cocktail."—Detroit News-Tribune.