## THE MODERN STORE. Flannelettes.

30 pcs. good wide heavy Flannelettes at 8c yd. 50 pcs. Teazledown and Daisy Cloth, best goods of its kind—plain and cy colors—10c yd.

25 pcs. fancy fleeced back Armure Cloth, Pacific Foulards, etc., suitable for wrappers and dressing sacques, 10c yd.

Moleskin—a heavy fleeced material—beautiful patterns—121 yd. Velvetta-extra heavy velvet finished outing cloth-handsome pat-ns-18c yd.

New waistings in Cotton and Wool and New Plaid silks just in. Our Milliners are now here and can take care of your early wants in neadwear We are making great preparations for the coming fall season.

EISLER-MARDORF COMPANY,

#### Carpets Handsome



No matter how fine the furniture may be -if the carpet is worn -or of unattractive pattern - the room cannot look well. On the other hand-if the carpet is handsome it greatly helps the appearance of dingy furniture, Matting, or an inexpensive rug or two, looks better than poor carpet. So the

expense needn't debar you from getting a cheerful, attractive home. Look these figures over:

Mattings-Chinese or Japanese designs in mixed colors, per yard, 18c, 20c, 22c, 25c and 30c.

Carpets of Tapestry—Axminster — Brussels—Velvet—Ingrain and Rag from 25c up.
Rugs—9x12—in Art Ingrains—Grass—Tapestries

Axminsters and Body Brussles at \$5.50, \$8, \$9.50, \$12, \$17, \$18, \$22, \$25 and up.

While looking at our carpet line—see the many pargains in furniture we are now offering.

No. 136 North Main St., Butler.

# Fall and Winter 1905-1906.

We are ready for you with our Fall and Winter line of Men's, Boys' and Children's Suits, and such patterns and style—you never saw their equal. We are always the early bird with up-to-date ideas. You buy early and we are prepared to show you just when you are ready to

Men's Suits, the richest patterns you ever saw for \$15, \$18.00, \$20.00, \$22.50 and \$25.00, all hand-made, hand-felled collars and hand-quilted breasts in coats; patterns to please the most fastidious--same to say of our Boys' d Children's Clothing. We sell the best qualities and styles, We sell at the lowest price. See window display, and buy early.

## Douthett & Graham.

# Huselton's

FALL WEAR.

THE FALL STYLES SHOWN AT OUR STORE EMBRACE LOOKS FOR EVERY LIKING AND A GRACEFUL, COMFORTABLE FIT FOR EVERY FOOT.

EXPERT FITTERS TO SEE THAT YOU ARE FITTED TO THE SHOES MEANT FOR YOUR FEET. THE PRICES RANGE FROM \$1 TO \$4.00 AND EACH SHOWS A WIDE CHOICE OF STYLES IN THE LEATHERS THAT WILL BE POPULAR THIS FALL, AND

IT WILL AFFORD US GREAT PLEASURE TO HAVE YOU LOOK OVER OUR FALL STYLES.

## HUSELTON'S

102 N. Main Street

# Try The CITIZEN JOB WORK

### When a Woman Needs Notions

She usually wants them at once. Our notion counter is filled with the little things that go with dress making and repairing. Buttons, tapes, seam bindings, pins, dress shields, hooks and eyes, needles—all the countless articles are here for immediate delivery. Some of these you ought to have at home in advance. If your stock has run low come in-see how quickly and willingly we'll meet your demands.

#### UNDERWEAR.

We've kept our eyes open for chances to obtain the sort of underwear that's going to fit well, feel well and wear well-and yet be sold at prices you'll approve. Now, if you'll come in you will see just how well we've succeeded in finding the very right things in these important items of woman's and children's

It pays to visit us when you need notions, underwear, hosiery, gloves, belts, ribbons, corsets, etc.

## L. Stein & Son,

108 N. MAIN STREET, BUTLER, PA

## Bickel's Fall Footwear.

Largest Stock and Most Handsome Styles of Fine Footwear we Have Ever Shown.

SOROSIS SHOES. Twenty Fall Styles—Dongola, Patent-kid and Fine Calf Shoes made in the latest up-to-date styles. Extremely large stock of Misses and Children's fine shoes in many new and pretty styles for fall.

MEN'S SHOES. Showing all the latest styles in Men's Fine Shoes, all leathers, \$2 and \$6. Complete Stack of Boys', Youths' and Lit.le Gents' Fine Shoes.

### Bargains in School Shoes.

High-cut coaper-toe shoes for Boys and good water proof School Shoes for Girls.

Large stock of Women's Heavy Shoes in Kangaroo-calf and Oil Grain for country wear,

#### Rubber and Felt Goods.

Our stock of Rubber and Felt Goods is extremly large and owing to the large orders which we placed we were able to get very close prices and are in a position to offer you the lowest prices for best grades of Felts and Rubber Goods. An immense business enables us to name the v prices for reliable footwear.

When in need of anything in our line give us a call.

Repairing Promptly Done.

## JOHN BICKEL

128 S Main St., BUTLER, PA.

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 seller to guarantee everything. Come to us and there will be nothing lacking. I have just received a large stock of Fall and Winter suitings in the latest styles,

G. F. KECK,

MERCHANT TAILOR,



Acme Washers

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

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

# Our Grand Clearance Sale

last month was a big success. clothing buying public of Butler saved themselves many dollars by this sale.

To be candid with you, friends, it was the cappaint of all sales. It left was with a deep sigh. "That will be best, I suppose" she said the sale of all sales. It left us with some odd lots of goods, which we will sell at our August Grand Clearance Sale.

#### SCHAUL & LEVY

SUCCESSOR TO SCHAUL & NAST,

## In the Dunes

By HONORE WILLSIE

Lake Michigan is covetous of her eastern shore. Year after year her sands creep inland. Inch by inch, mile by mile, now a peach orchard is smothered, now a mellow wheatfield is pines thrive and sand burs sprawl in the sun. Year by year the scrub pines grow stouter and the sand burs tangle thicker and thicker, and with each year the desolation of the sand dune country increases. Roads formed Inland lakes, once green and lovely, slowly and merclessly are choked un-til only sand skirted pools remain. And still the desolation grows. dled together under the scrub pine

turn to purple. "Well, we're lost, Jacky," she said, "just plain lost! The hunting lodge ought to be over in that direction, but it's not, and they have supper so late they won't miss us for another hour. How would it seem to spend the night in the sand burs, do you suppose,

and watched the gray of the twilight

Jacky whined and laid his great head in the girl's lap. She rubbed his ears absentmindedly and started off over the dunes. "I'm not frightened," she aid. "I'm just-just lonely. Well, et's empty our shoes, Jacky, and start

ed. Katherine picked up the bit of sh rod with which as a staff she had strolled from camp early in the after dune, the dog trudging beside her, with now and again a growl at the shadowy pines. From the top of this heap of sand she saw another heap looming ough the dusk. Down she waded, nolding to Jacky's collar, until from our crowned dune. On the top of the third dune she dropped down to rest, while the dog crouched on her skirts, with watchful ears pricked forward. Suddenly he gave a little yelp and ran into the dusk.
"Jacky!" called the girl. Then she strugled after him through the heavy

Look out, Jacky; don't drink too much. I'm not thirsty enough to drink water I can't see. Why, how soft this sand is! Jacky-it-why-I'm in way above my ankles!"

She floundered toward the dog as he turned toward her with a whine, the instinctive desire in danger of the living for the living. "Oh, Jacky, it's one of the quicksand

Trembling and panting, the dog threw himself against her knees, while his whines changed to sharp yelps. In about each foot with the grip of giant hands that insistently, silently drew her down. She stooped and felt and stiffen. Then suddenly he hurled himself forward with all the strength of his lean, magnificent body and in dusk. Katherine gave a low sob.

"Oh, Jacky, how could you leave me?" Again, summoning all her strength, she strove to follow him. But the struggle was worse than useess. And now the calm that had possessed her left her. She stooped and scooped at the sand about her ankles with bare hands, digging frantically, with low moans not unlike Jacky's. Handful after handful, then a pause, while she stared out into the darkness with shricks for help. The sand had crept above her knees. With broken nails she stopped to listen. Yes, far out across the dunes she heard a nan's shout and Jacky's excited bark, and again she raised her own hoarse

Then she heard the crackle of "Katherine, for heaven's sake, where

"Go back, Hugh-go back! I'm in

Silence from the shore, then: "Stay perfectly still. I'll be out there in a few minutes. I'm going to cut pine boughs to walk on." In utter thankfulness Katherine stood

silent. Then surprise swept over her. Hugh! That was Hugh, whom she had not seen or heard of for a year, not since she had tessed the ring-the wedding ring-back to him and said: "Well, six months have shown us what a fuddle we have made of marriage. Let's have sense enough to stop We evidently don't care enough

to give in to each other," Without a word Hugh had taken the ring and left her. And now to be found this way, and by him! In silence she watched the path he made grow out toward her and in silence and Jacky's excited greetings to her from the shore. Then, after what seemed a lifetime of battle with a his arms and silently carried her to the shore. She lay quietly, while the dog fawned about her and the man, a broad shouldered figure in the summer darkness, brushed the sand from her skirts and emptied her sodden shoes.
"What am I to do with you, Kather-

swered. "I don't know. Show me the way back, and I'll go when I'm rested. I don't want that coward Jacky,

I didn't know you were there. John asked me-to effect a reconciliation, I The suppose. It is like him. Jacky was unning about among the burs, whining. Then he saw me and literally

lucky star, eh?'

suppose," she said.
"I think I shall leave you here,"
Hugh went on, "while I go back for the horse. It must be three-quarters of a mile away." He pulled off his coat, wrapped it about Katherine's shoulders and strode off into the dark-

ent. She was not at all afraid. t seemed to her that, after the won der of her rescue, she never again could know fear. Little by little the glow of the sand seemed like the half light of some strange new dawn. At

first she lay without articulate thought, to be alive, to feel the warmth of the sand and of the great

had seemed to her so heroic, so sacrificial, seemed very useless and shalshe thought. "Hugh has gone on in his work. I must find work for my-

She moved closer to the dog and half unconsciously raised her head from the sand to listen for the crackle of sand burs under heavy boots. Then almost without warning Hugh stood beside her.

"Can you walk," he said, "or shall I carry you?" "Oh, I can walk," she answered as he helped her to her feet. They walked in silence to the buckboard. Hugh untied the horse and, reins in hand, stood waiting to help her.

Katherine stared at the man. She seemed to have awakened from a "And I've missed a whole year," she said. "And who am I to set myself in judgment of us both? Hugh,' with a pitiful little inflection of humility in her voice that was as strange her own ears-"Hugh, will you-shall we try again?"

For one moment he stared at the drooping head of the girl. "Dear!" he said after awhile, and, gathering her in his arms, he climbed into the buckboard, and, with Jacky following close behind, they drove slowly off into the summer night.

Fencing For Exercise. The enormous value of continua practice with the foils as a means of securing and preserving good health is, in my humble opinion, the main reason for the steady hold of feneing upon public favor in France and Italy. only of late years that the attention be stowed by medical men upon physica exercise, in France at least, where classical, has given prominence to the worth of fencing as a health factor Every one knows, or, rather, every one should know, that fencing presses into service every muscle of the human frame, that it creates and develop suppleness and quickness, that practiced in youth it imparts a freedom an grace of motion absolutely unattainable by other means, that it is not a violent exercise in so far as injury by perils are comparatively few. At very remote intervals one hears of a fatal injury resulting, almost invariably from a cheap or damaged mask of from the foolhardy practice of exercis ing without the usual head or che covering or with an ill buttoned foil The proportion of mishaps to the nun ber of fencers, however, is infinitesi mal.-Frederick A. Schwab in Outing.

the kindest hearted men in the world. sentminded. He was recently visit naturally, the young wife was full of the praises of her firstborn. The pro-fessor listened like a man in a dream to her recital of the remarkable fortihis truly wonderful intelligence. At last the dear old fellow woke up with a start and felt he really must say something for the sake of at any rate sands were half way up his legs. As appearing interested. "Can the dear she felt of him his yelping ceased. He reached up and licked the face bending over him. Then he crouched low, while the felt his great muscles swell when the first manner of the sale of at any face. We have the provided in the sale of at any face of a control of the sale of at any face. We have the instribution of stone which we have the felt of him his yelping ceased. He reached up and licked the face bending over him. Then he crouched low, while the face bending over him. The hear manner is the face of a target face of the face of the face has a proper face of the face of

> exist on a radically wrong principle This principle is that club life is an extravagance, whereas the right principle of club life is that it is an econ

"London is the club city of the world. Why are London's clubs so splendid and so popular? Because a man car ine, drink, smoke and amuse himsel own house-far and away more cheap ly than in a cafe or a hotel. "Hence in London every man desire

to join a good club, for a London club is an institution that actually saves its members money. But here in America our clubs are conducted extrava gantly, and it is an extravagance to belong to them. Only the very pros-perous American can afford to be a THE HOTEL CHILD.

angers That Beset the Luckless Off spring of Restless Parents.

It is not the material aids to existence which are the bane of the hote child; it is the mental and spiritual at titude accompanying this life which is to be deprecated. It destroys a democratic spirit through emphasizin the difference between the servant an the difference between the servant and the served, it exaggerates the power of money, fosters a spirit of depend-ence and unfits the pampered individ-ual for any other kind of life, and, worst of all, in a child so brought up there can be no understanding or love of home. There may be some future for the child who knows nothing of art some function for the one to whom art, some function for the one toliterature makes no appeal and who is not sensitive to music, but there is no place in the state for the man who has piace in the state for the man waveled neither initiative, self rellance, patriot-ism nor love of home. He is a social menace, a disease. The community is better off without this satellite of the manager, parasite of the bell boy and source of supply for the walter. If there is one child in our con

ty who is superfluous it is the hote child. As places for temporary occu-pation by homeless and childless adults hotels are to be tolerated, but as residences for children they are without the possibility of excuse.—Miss Martha 8. Bensley in Everybody's Magazine.

"Yonder," said the party of the firs part, "is the house in which I was born. We lived on the first floor. McBooth pied the upper apartments. He not only a famous actor, but a singularly fortunate man." "Then," responded the party of the

cond part, "you were born under N. B.—The management begs to state that it considers this one of the mo elaborately worked out jokes we have

What a consoler is woman! No presence but hers can win a man from hi sorrow. The soldier becomes a ligh statesman smiles himself back to the free hearted youth beside her and the still and shaded countenance of care brightens beneath her influence, as the losed flower blooms in the sunshine.— American Queen.

AMUSING JOKES.

ome That Have Been Played on Nothing is so funny-to the joker-a the development of a practical joke or hoax, and the most learned are sometimes fooled in this way, to their great discomfiture. An amusing hoax was perpetrated on the learned members of the Dumfries Antiquarian society of London, when an alleged Greek charm said to have been taken from the dead body of a Bedouin, was presented for their inspection and admiration. It was said to have been an heirloom in the Bedouin's family for many centu-

which was transcribed a mysterious legend. It was circulated among the tiquarian society until it fell into the hands of Dr. Semple, who, amid much amusement, deciphered the hieroglyphics as "Old Bob Ridley, O," the refrain of an old song.

One of the best of these jokes was practiced with considerable success by an eighteenth century wit, who pro fessed to have unearthed an ancient memorial slab on which this epitaph was just decipherable:

BENE A. TH. TH. ISST.
ONERE. POS. ET.
H. CLAUD, COS TER. TRIP
E. SELERO, F. IMP.
IN. GT. ONAS, DO.
TH. HI. S.C.
ON. SOR. T. J. A. N. E.

In vain did archaeologists and linguists rack their brains to find a solution of this cryptic inscription, which its discoverer "humbly dedicated to the penetrating geniuses of Oxford, Cambridge, Eton and the learned Society of Antiquaries." and it was only when it had driven the cleverest men in England almost out of their wits

ther mercilessly, and the latter forth-with planned a revenge which should the other. hold up antiquity to ridicule. Procur-ing a flat piece of stone, he scratched on it, in Anglo-Saxon characters, the inscription, "Here Hardcnut drank a winehorn dry, stared about him and died," and had it exposed in a shop which Gough was in the habit of visit-

shop, saw the slab, which, he was told. had been found in Kennington lane on the supposed site of Hardicanute's palace, and, overjoyed at his good fortune, carried it off in triumph as a discover; of rare antiquarian value. Le showed it with pride to his fellow members of the Society of Antiquaries, a paper was written on it, a learned discussion followed and the inscription was pub-Steevens' triumph was complete when laughed with them, but what his victim's feelings and language were it would not have been possible to express in print.

ingenuity of antiquarians was tested by a legend faintly traced on a time coverer said, had been unearthed dur-ing some excavations in Cumberland.

TH. ISI. SAHAR, DNU. TOC. RA Ċ. K. But what language was it and what could it mean? The accepted opinion was that the legend referred in some way to Hardicanute or Hardnut, but beyond that speculation even was dumb, until the wicked joker had the effrontery to confess that he himself had chiseled the inscription, of which the true translation was: "This is a hard nut to crack." And so it was.-

Jealous of Imaginary Ills. husband," said a physician of long experience in New York. "It is nothing compared to her jealousy of another woman's chronic ailments. Half the doctors would starve if it were not for the prevalence of illnesses that are purely imaginary. Of course, it does not do for us to tell a woman who has firmly made up her mind that she is ill that she is not ill. In nine cases out of ten she would lose her temper and consult another doctor. Among certain women invalidism gives them a distinction which is gratifying to their self love. They may literally be said to 'enjoy poor health.' They look for the doctor's visit to hem or their call at his office as the most exciting event of the day. If they know him well enough, they im-plore him to waive professional ettuette and tell them about allments of other women who consult him. Women of this description—and they are legion—have a craving for martyrdom, which doctoring an imaginary illness

The One Person. getting right at the bottom of things. the pulpit one day that a button had one individual in the church could have een guilty of this trick," he said, "and shall expect this person to replace the button with a coin." After service a member of the church owned up to being the culprit and asked: "How did you know I was the man?" "I did not know," said the clergyman. "Two persons could not have put the same button on the plate."

BITS FROM THE WRITERS. There is nothing in life worth makng a secret of-except one's income.

Seton Merriman. and to be civil to everybody argues a How exquisite in life is the art of not

seeing many things and of forgetting nany that have been seen! - James Lane Allen. Truisms, whether they lie in the lepths of thought or on the surface

are at any rate the pearls of experi nce.-George Meredith. Have you never observed that if you scientiously neglect to do your work it somehow manages to get done without you?-Henry Harland.

Relations, as somebody said, are dis agreeable acquaintances inflicted upor us by Providence. But it is no use losing one's temper about what the It only pleases them.-Richard

There's music in all things, if men

#### MISTAKEN IDENTITY

By FRANK H. SWEET

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nents, but the conductor and a porter bustled out, with deference in their every movement, and assisted the one lady into the car with much bowing. The train was already in action again when Enos stumbled breathlessly up the steps and sought to enter the car. The conductor was standing inside the

"This is a parlor car, sir," he said.
"Oh, that's all right," Enos answered

quickly. "Extra, I s'pose?"
"Of course; but I doubt if there's any unoccupied space. Porter!" The car attendant was just return-ing from the lady's chair. He stopped

"Have you any spare seats?"

"Just one, sah, down t'other end."

"Very well. Give it to this gentle-

The conductor turned as he spoke and preceded him a few paces down the car, then stopped and bent over the chair of a lady. As he passed, Enos leaned toward her with a diffident "Hello, Martha," but the increasing noise of the train drowned his voice, and he stumbled on with crimsoning

was intruding into some one's drawing room. Passengers were seated or reclining in various attitudes-some read that the following reading was sug-gested by the hoaxer: "Beneath this stone reposeth Claud Coster, tripe sell-chair over which the conductor was er, of Impington, as doth his consort leaning. Enos had never been in a Jane."
That, too, was a clever, if rather heartless, joke which Steevens, the Shakespeare scholar, played on Gough, known to posterity as the author of "Sepulchral Monuments." Gough had criticised a drawing by Steevens rather mercilesely and the latter fourther mercilesely and an among these strangers he perceived that Martha was understood and appreciated her himself. He heard a subdued "Who is she in the latter fourther mercilesely and the latter fourther mercilesely and a subdued and appreciated her himself. He heard a subdued "Who is she in the latter fourther mercilesely and a subdued and appreciated her himself. He heard a subdued "Who is she in the latter fourther mercilesely and appreciated her himself. He heard a subdued "Who is she in the latter fourther mercilesely and the latter fourther mercilesely

He turned his chair so that he could conspicuous. The conductor or porter was at her chair every few minutes trying to devise new means for her comfort. Curtains were drawn or raised, a ventilator opened to let in more air, the window closed to keep out a draft. Even the paper boy seemed to catch the infection, for he was continually leaving periodicals for her to examine at her leisure.

Enos watched her with mingled feel-ings of surprise and pleasure and perhaps with some depression. Heretofore he had looked upon her as in a way belonging to him. Now, with the entire car paying her homage, he wondered at his audacity. He wished that he had been bold enough to ask straight that he here greater an this little tole. out to be her escort on this little tri instead of watching over her, as h was, from a distance. He wished that he had pressed his suit more assidu-ously and marveled at his presumption n pressing it as strongly as he had.

out and touched his arm. "Can you tell me who she is?" hasked in a low voice. "The car seem to be getting curious over so much at-

The conductor came through the car

The conductor answered in a voice

rords.
"She's Mrs. Roche, wife of Cattle That is a bad sign." King Roche, you know. He's making a deal for our railroad. That's why our management is anxious to show attention. We received notice that she and for us to show her all the courtesy in our power. Seems a very nice little woman, but a little, just a little, too pleased with everything. Gives one an impression that she hasn't traveled much. But I have heard that Roch made his money very suddenly, so per haps the attention is a little over

Enos had turned away before this and was again watching Martha. He had heard that a man of the name of Roche was negotiating for the railroad, and he now allowed his glance to wan-der up the car, finally fixing upon a richly dressed woman in the chair beyond Martha as the one who was a lit tle overwhelmed by attention. She did look self conscious and, he thought just a little supercilious too.

As they stood upon the platform at their destination a half hour later watching the train glide away Martha saw Enos turn toward her, not slowly and diffidently, as was his wont, but And somehow after the experience or the train it did not seem strange, but rather a natural sequence. To have seen him awkawrd and ill at ease jus so much nicer for men to be easy and

She put her hands into his naturally "Oh. Enos," she breathed, "wasn't i beautiful? I never imagined it could be so nice in a train. Why didn't you

"Well, I don't reckon I knew," he ac knowledged frankly. "I was never in one of these parlor cars before, and it isn't so awfully nice in one of the But say, Martha," still holding her hands and allowing something to come into his voice which she had never heard there before, but which brough a soft color to her cheeks, "you looked awfully pretty in those nice clothes, the prettiest I have seen. There wasn't a woman in the car who could touch

you he fooks, not even the one who's to Juy the railroad. I just sat and looked at you and wished I'd got things set-tled more solid and wondered if I'd ever dare to speak to you at all. But I just can't wait any longer, Martha"his voice quivering with suspense-"ne a minute. Do you s'pose you could learn to love me a little-not all at once, you know, but just a little at a time, as you can. I didn't intend to be so hasty and inconsiderate, but that ride seems to have stirred me all up somehow. But don't you feel upset, Martha. Just take all the time you

want to think it over, dear."

The flush deepened. Did she hear aright? Had that last word really come from Enos' slow lips? "I don't need any time to think it over, Enos," she answered in a low voice, but firmly. "I do love you."

have ridden with you yet-not right close by, you know." When the carriage was procured a

he had helped her in, almost timidly, she looked up into his face. "I don't believe that I ever shall for-get that train ride, Enos," she said. "Nor I," heartily. "Sitting there watching you and seeing all the men

round made me hasty and inconsider-ate. But I'm glad of it now. I suppose it might have been a long time before I felt I'd a right to speak."

She caught her breath suddenly, her

face paling.
"Oh, Enos," she whispered, "I-I never paid them. You told me about get-ting a ticket, but I was late, and they hurried me to the car and were so nice to me that I—I never thought about paying. What shall I do? And they

were so awfully nice too." He looked puzzled. "It does seem sort of funny," he acknowledged. "Generally they're pretty particular about pay. I wonder they

"They didn't want to hurt my feei-ings, Enos. They were awfully nice, but I'm so ashamed." He considered a moment.
"You—we don't want to be beholden

to them any," he said warmly. "I reck-on I'd better meet that same train tomorrow and settle with the conductor "If only you would," in a relieve So the next day Enos was at the sta-

tion, and when the polite conductor reached the platform he was the first A few minutes and the puzzled look left his face, and presently he turned away chuckling.

had been a mistake and that the conductor had accepted the money and asked to be remembered to her.

cows, and a neighbor, seeing the herd in the pasture, asked for how much drive the only poor cow in the lot to the barn. Soon the buyer put in an appearance to buy a cow. He missed one, however, and was suspicious. "How is this? You said I could have my pick of the lot. Where is that other cow?" "Oh, that cow you don't want," said the owner. "She is old and no good, so I placed her in the barn. You don't want her." But the buyer insisted on having that cow. He suspected she was the best one of the lot. "All right, then," said the seller. lot. "All right, then," said the seiler.
"Drive that cow out, John." The
cow was driven out, and the buyer
would not look at the rest, but purchased her at once and drove her home.
A day or two afterward he came back
and accused the seller of cheating him
and wanted him to take the cow back,

but the old fellow refused, saying that the buyer had had his pick. Economy of Space.
When Henry Ward Beecher was on a trip to the far west many years ago he was visited at his hotel in a little nining town by a local celebrity, a man noted as a hunter and scout, and the great preacher was especially cordial to him. After the caller had gone away one of Mr. Beecher's traveling companions took him to task.

"I marvel at the warmth of your greeting to that man," he said.

"Not in his case," said Mr. Beecher "Didn't you observe his nose? It is, high and thin-the nose of a great man. With a nose like that, why should his eyes waste space by sprawling wide apart? The man is all right."

Mr. Beecher's judgment of his caller was correct, as subsequent history at-During the early days of New Zealand an apologetic paragraph appeared m an Auckland paper in which the editor explained the absence of lower case "K's" in his issue. He had fool-

ishly lent these letters from his font to the government printer, who, having failed to return them, the indulgent reader would please notice that wherever a blank space appeared in a word the letter "K" was to be understood. There are only fourteen letters in the Maori alphabet, and the letter "K" is used in that language as frequently as the letter "E" in English.

A Great Painter's Beginning Sir Thomas Lawrence was one of the great portrait painters in England. His parents were poor, his father be ing a country innkeeper. One day Lord Shaftesbury's father and mother stopped at the inn, having their young-er son, the future lord, with them. In conversation the innkeeper spoke of the genius of his boy in drawing and wished them to test it by a picture of wished them to test it by a picture of their son. They assented, thinking to gratify a father's pride, but not look-ing for any critical ing for any evidence of superior talent. The boy came in modestly, with chalk and paper, and in a few minutes had drawn a picture of their son on w the parents looked with wonder. They recognized the genius and the promise of future greatness and befriended the young artist, giving him the help needed to develop his wonderful gift.

The Valuable Palmyra Palm A Hindoo poem enumerates 800 pur-poses to which the Palmyra palm alone is put. Among other things it supplies is put. Among other things it supplies paper for writing upon, an intoxicating drink called "toddy," large quantities of sugar fruit and a vegetable for the table when the plants are young. Palm wine is also obtained from the juice of the sago palm, which yields excellent sugar candy when boiled. The pith of the trunk forms a large part of the food of the natives in many parts of India. Ropes, brushes and brooms are manufactured from the fiber of the leaf stalks.

A curious effect of the wear and tear to which the earth's crust is ever being subjected is exhibited in the sin-gularly capped pinnacles existing on South river, in the Wasatch moun-tains, in Utah. There are hundreds of these slender pillars, ranging in height from 40 to 400 feet, most of them crowned by large caps of stones. They are not works of human art, as might be imagined, but are the memorial monuments of the hill from which they "I don't need any time to think it over, Enos," she answered in a low voice, but firmly. "I do love you."

She might have added that this answer had been ready and waiting for him more than ten, years.

"No; do you really, Martha?"

He made an impulsive movement, but was suddenly conscious that the platform was well filled with people and that some of them were looking at him curiously.

"I'll get a carriage for you, dear," he said hurriedly, "and—and I guess, if