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THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL. XXXXIII. BUTLER, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1906. No. 5.

—THE MODERN STORE—

Big February Queen Muslin Underwear Sale Begins Next Monday, February 5th.

Do not fail to be here for some of the big bargains that we will offer. It will pay you.

Corset Covers, Ladies' and Children's Drawers at 10c and 15c. Corset Covers, Ladies' and Children's Gowns, Short Skirts, Drawers and Chemise, 25c.

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Every yard of Ingrain Carpets must be sold at loom prices. Now is your opportunity to make a great saving on your Spring carpets. Every piece fresh and new and best as to quality.

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RAG CARPETS, Genuine old-fashioned weave.

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RUGS—CARPET SIZES.

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Linoleums, Inlaid and Common, all widths and grades.
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I sell pianos for cash or easy monthly payments. I take pianos or organs in exchange and allow you what they are worth to apply on the new instrument All pianos fully warranted as represented.

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E. W. Bingham
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W. J. Mates
J. S. Thompson
Joseph Woods
S. M. McKee
A. W Root
Miss Eleanor Burton
Mrs. Mary L. Stroup
W. C Curry
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Mrs. R. O. Rumbaugh
Chas. E. Herr
Dr. W. P. McElroy
Sterling Club
D. F. Reed
Woodmen of the World
H. A. McPherson
Miss Anna McCandless
E. A. Black
Samuel Woods
Oliver Thompson
John Johnson
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PEOPLE'S PHONE 426.

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An immense Stock of Seasonable Footwear to be closed out in order to reduce our extremely large stock.

Big Bargains in All Lines.

Ladies' Fur Trimmed Felt Slippers, price $1.25—reduced to..	75c
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All Felt Boots and Overs, all Stockings and Overs, Warm-lined Shoes and Slippers, also balance of our stock of Leggins and Over-Gaiters to be included in this GREAT BARGAIN SALE.

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Preparatory to the ANNUAL STOCK-TAKING we will offer remarkable values at our PRE-INVENTORY SALE OF MEN'S AND BOY'S CLOTHING. Owing to the extensive assortment it is impossible to give a detailed description of all articles. We have planned to make this sale of greater importance than ever, and will place on sale thoroughly reliable and stylish apparel at figures that are below all possible competition. There is something worth investigating in every line of the magnetic bargains.

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

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HELD BY THE GOVERNMENT

By Otho B. Senga

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John Pearson was distinctly annoyed. He would not have believed Engenia could be so unreasonable. It was bad enough to lose Havens, who was the best stenographer he ever had, but when he finally secured another who could do satisfactory work, to have Eugenia object because the girl was young and pretty was enough to make a man lose all patience.

He strove to appease his fiancee's wrath by pointing out how inferior in beauty and grace the new stenographer appeared to him in comparison with herself. He tried to appeal to her reason, her pride, for faith in him, but to little purpose.

"You need not trouble to call again or to communicate with me until you have discharged that girl," was the ultimatum, and Pearson went away, angry and indignant, anathematizing all women and their silly, unreasonable jealousy.

Miss Anthony was not often unreasonable and had had little occasion for jealousy. She hardly could have explained it herself, but her annoyance about the girl and her resentment toward her lover had begun when she had asked the name of the new employee and John had replied, "Anna Darling."

The tiny flames had been fanned and increased by every word of praise for Miss Darling that the unconscious Pearson had stupidly uttered until she could bear it no longer. She magnified his satisfaction with the girl's work into love for the girl herself, and she felt for the moment quite justified in demanding her discharge.

But with the next day's light Miss Anthony's good sense and love of fair play reasserted itself. "How silly I was," she thought.

She resolved to send him a little note or a telephone message, but decided to wait until evening. He was to take her to the opera, and on the way she would confess her unreasonableness.

The evening passed, and no John and no message to explain his absence. Ten o'clock, 10:30! "I won't be foolish," she thought firmly. I'll call him up by phone and tell him I want to say good night."

She had often done this when it had not been possible for John to come to her. She smiled happily as she rang the bell and called for the Pearson residence. John lived with his brother, and she knew the family had gone away. She recognized the housekeeper's voice in reply to her call, but her face fell at the message. Mr. John had not been home, and Mrs. Barnes could get no reply to frequent calls over the phone to the office.

The next morning Miss Anthony called Mrs. Barnes again, with similar results. Mr. John did not come home, and there was evidently no one at his office.

Miss Anthony was essentially a woman of action. She dressed herself in a most becoming street costume and a half hour later was entering the great office building on Congress street. Pearson's office was closed, the door locked.

"He wasn't there all day yesterday," volunteered the elevator boy.

"But surely some one was," insisted Miss Anthony. "The young lady"—

"She came in the morning, but went away again immediately," he answered.

Miss Anthony was quick to resolve and equally quick to execute. She consulted the directory and took a car for Arlington. At the door of a neat little cottage she paused. Yes, there was the name, Darling, on the doorplate. What could she say to the girl even if she found her? Did she really expect to believe that she and John— Then she lifted her head proudly. Was she going to be silly again? Something had happened to John, and Miss Darling might be able to aid her in learning what it was.

When Miss Darling entered the room Miss Anthony hardly could restrain the impulse to take her in her arms, such a pretty, timid looking little thing—hardly more than a child. Her eyes were visibly red with weeping, and when Miss Anthony asked her if she had been at work the day before her face colored painfully.

Miss Anthony explained enough of the situation for Miss Darling to understand the reason for her visit, and then Miss Darling told her own story hurriedly.

"I have been with Mr. Pearson nearly a month and supposed my work was entirely satisfactory. I went to work yesterday morning as usual, but I had hardly entered the office when the telephone bell rang. On answering it I found it was Mr. Pearson speaking. He said that he should require my services no longer and would mail me a check for two months' salary."

She paused, choking back a sob. Miss Anthony blushed with shame and regret.

"I left the office immediately, of course. I cannot understand it, for I was at work on some papers that Mr. Pearson was very anxious to have finished this week—work that another stenographer could not well take up. And"—she hesitated—"as yet I have not received the check."

Miss Anthony spoke rapidly and with decision. "Miss Darling, I am convinced that there is some mistake. I know Mr. Pearson was satisfied with your work."

"Do you think," asked Miss Darling eagerly, "that it was not Mr. Pearson—that it was a hoax?"

"I hardly know what to think," returned Miss Anthony evasively, "but I am so sure that Mr. Pearson is pleased with your work and wishes to retain you in his employ that I am going to ask you to return to the office now with me. Perhaps in some way we may learn something of him."

The two girls were standing before Pearson's door, and Miss Darling was searching in her handbag for her duplicate key when a young man approached, saying courteously, "Were you looking for Mr. Pearson?"

"Yes," answered Miss Anthony quietly. "Can you tell me if he will be in today?"

"I think not. There are several important cases before the grand jury this term, and its sitting may last three or four days more."

Miss Anthony recognized her informant as a young architect who had an office in the same building.

"I do not understand," she said, "What has Mr. Pearson got to do with the grand jury?"

"Mr. Pearson was seized yesterday by United States Marshal Brown to serve." As Miss Anthony's face betokened no enlightenment, he went on: "When the grand jury was polled yesterday there were three absentees, and in order to carry on the business it was necessary to fill those vacancies. The absent men are sick, and it would greatly retard the work of the government if the jury had to be adjourned until they recovered."

Miss Anthony regained her poise. "Would Mr. Pearson have to go if he did not wish?" in stately surprise.

"Yes. Any citizen is liable to such draft."

"But—but his own business?" interposed Miss Darling.

"Quite a secondary matter in the eyes of the law," replied the young man.

"And in such a case is no message sent to the citizen's friends?" questioned Miss Anthony.

"Certainly. If Mr. Pearson had any clerk or secretary in his office the deputy marshal would likely notify that person, and Mr. Pearson could send a message to his family if he has one."

Miss Anthony and Miss Darling exchanged glances. They knew that Mr. Pearson had no family and at the time of his unwelcome seizure he had no clerk, and Miss Anthony knew why no message had been sent to her.

"And Mr. Pearson cannot come away. He is—he is held there?"

"Held by the government," he replied smilingly.

Miss Anthony thanked him courteously, and he passed on.

Miss Darling unlocked the door, and the two girls entered the office.

"Is the work Mr. Pearson wanted done all stenographic work?" Miss Anthony asked.

"Not all. There are some abstracts to be copied and"—

"I shall help you," with gentle decision.

When the grand jury adjourned United States Marshal Brown handed a note to Juryman Pearson.

"Miss Darling and I have your work nearly done," read the astonished Pearson. "Please come to me as soon as you are released. I think we had better arrange matters so that if you are held by the government again you will have some one to whom a message must be sent."

Removing the Shutters.

An uptown man who may be designated as Mr. Blank was asked by his wife the other day to aid in removing inside shutters from windows throughout the house so that they could be washed. Being in a hurry, he asked his better half to defer the matter until his return from the office. "I'll do it myself," was her retort. "Don't," was Mr. B.'s counsel as he departed; "women don't understand such work." This of course only more firmly decided Mrs. Blank to go ahead, and when Blank returned that night he found the shutters down. His wife was nursing several lacerated fingers, but she wore a triumphant air. "The screw-driver slipped once or twice," she explained in response to his inquiring glance at her bandaged digits. "Screw-driver slipped?" repeated Mr. B. in a dazed tone. "Great snakes, woman! You don't mean to say you unscrewed all the shutter hinges?" "Of course," said his wife complacently. "What other way could I get the shutters down?" For answer Blank lifted a shutter and pulled the pin out of one of the hinges, showing that the taking down of each shutter only involved the removal of two pins. When he figured that there were ten pairs of shutters and each pair required the driving of sixteen screws to put them up he swore while his wife wept.—Philadelphia Record.

When Modjeska Played Farce.

Count Boyenta, Mme. Modjeska's husband, was arranging with Senator Tabor for Modjeska's first appearance in Denver, and the founder of dramatic art in Denver asked what parts she played.

"Well," said the count, "there is 'Mary Stuart.'"

"Who wrote it?" asked Tabor.

"Schiller," said the count.

"Is he a first class dramatist?" asked Tabor.

"Surely, surely," said the count. "He is most illustrious."

"Humph! Never heard of him," commented Tabor. "What else does she do?"

"'As You Like It,' 'Antony and Cleopatra,' 'Macbeth'"—

"Who wrote them?"

"Shakespeare."

"How's he? Good writer?"

"Excellent; excellent."

"Well," said Tabor ruminatively, "those fellows may be all right as authors, but they ain't well enough known to suit the people out here. What we want is something popular, something that everybody's heard of. I tell you what you do—you get her to give us something of Hoyt's!"—Harper's Weekly.

Carlyle's Bluntness.

Thomas Carlyle once took Lord Houghton (Richard Milnes) to task in regard to the proposed pension for Lord Tennyson. "Richard Milnes," said Carlyle, taking his pipe out of his mouth, "when are ye gaun to get that pension for Alfred Tennyson?" Milnes tried to explain that there were difficulties in the way and that possibly his constituents, who knew nothing about Tennyson, would accuse him of being concerned in a job were he to succeed in getting the desired pension for the poet. "Richard Milnes," replied the sage, "on the day of judgment, when the Lord asks ye why ye didna get that pension for Alfred Tennyson, it'll no do to lay the blame on your constituents. It's you that'll be damned."

A Careful Patient.

A woman whose throat had troubled her for a long time, says a writer in the Philadelphia Ledger, grew impatient at the slow progress she was making and made complaint to her doctor, who said:

"Madam, I can never cure you of this throat trouble unless you stop talking and give your throat a complete rest."

"But, doctor," objected his patient, "I'm very careful what I say. I never use harsh language or anything of that kind."

What Noah Did.

The story is told of a congressman that he once declared in an address to the house, "As Daniel Webster says in his dictionary."

"It was Noah who wrote the dictionary," whispered a colleague who sat at the next desk.

"Noah nothing," replied the speaker, "Noah built the ark."

Double.

"Apparently you don't admire Miss Skreech."

"No. I don't like her airs."

"What airs?"

"Those she sings and those she wears."—Exchange.

Cutting.

Gaggs—I don't see why everybody calls Miss Keen clever. I think she is very dull. Waggs—That is very strange, for I heard she cut you yesterday in the street.

Fortune is never seen accompanying industry.—Goldsmith.

A THOUSAND A YEAR

By Frank H. Sweet

Copyright, 1905, by Ruby Douglas

A flash across an open space so quick between cover and cover as to leave only an impression of bush tail and pointed nose and then a wild chorus of discovering yelps, accompanied by a dozen forms plunging frantically across the open space and into the chinquapin bushes beyond.

But fifty feet farther on was an outcropping hedge broken by crevices and tunnels into a natural and safe hiding place for the hunted. From the time the fox had been started, an hour before, its winding and doubling course had been tending gradually toward this asylum, as if with an idea that after playing with the dogs until weary of the sport or perhaps feeling the need of rest it could whisk into safety. For the last few minutes the fox had tantalizingly checked its speed until the open jaws of the pack almost closed upon the bushy tail; then, with a sudden jaunty tilt, the brush rose into the air as if in parting salute and with its owner dropped into one of the narrow crevices, leaving the pack yelping its disappointment without. A few minutes later two horses with their riders crossed the space and came to a stop among the dogs.

"I am glad he escaped, even if it isn't sportsmanlike," laughed one of them. "I felt sure the dogs would get him at the open back there, they were so close. It was a narrow escape."

"I'm not so sure of that, Miss Bristow," the other answered. "The fox struck me as looking too fresh for such dangerous propinquity to be natural. I've an idea his plans were all laid regarding this ledge and that he was merely amusing himself with the dogs. Shall I call them off and start them in search of a new scent? Nothing can draw this fox from his stronghold now."

"No; wait until papa comes. His falling behind meant that his horse went lame, and he probably has gone back to the stable for another. He will join us before long."

She touched her horse lightly, urging him to the top of the ledge, from which they could look down into the valley. Allan followed closely.

"It is one of the most beautiful spots I ever saw," he said as his gaze swept over the broad, fertile acres of the farm to the lofty ridges that inclosed it on every side. "You have the grandeur of wild, untouched nature joined to the charm of peaceful rural life—a rare combination."

His eyes left the valley and came back to her, with an expression in them that made her turn away with a half smile. Allan had been here two months now and in that time had learned things that had not hitherto entered into his plans for a livelihood. His hand trembled slightly as it checked the restiveness of his horse.

"Yes; it is beautiful here, and we are happy," she answered, but there was trouble in her voice. Then with sudden raillery: "You ought to be happy, too, Mr. Tisdale, if, as they say, it is prosperity that makes happiness. We had a letter from Emmet yesterday, and he writes glowingly of your mine. He thinks there is a lot of money in it. And," looking at him inquiringly, "he writes as though he might purchase an interest in the mine."

Allan's face became grave.

"I hope not," he answered. "I like your brother Emmet too well to wish him such bad luck. He broached the subject to me once, and I put him off. I thought perhaps his management of the mine for awhile would disenchant him. Emmet's great fault is being too sanguine, though," with a grimace. "I was somewhat that way myself, I suppose."

"The mine didn't pay?"

"It has cost me a thousand a year above my income so far, and"—

He stopped suddenly, for she was laughing, irresistibly, it seemed.

"I beg your pardon," she gasped, checking herself with an effort. "I—something struck me as very funny. But please go on. I will not laugh any more. A thousand a year, you said?"

"Yes," looking at her curiously, "above the income I receive from England. I wouldn't like Emmet to incur the same loss. As soon as I get back I shall try to sell. The machinery will be worth a small sum. And," his face kindling and his eyes again sweeping over the valley and back to her face, "I have found it. I always liked agriculture, but never realized it could show up to such advantage as it does here. My idea was that farmers had to keep hold of plow handles and things, but your father doesn't do anything except go fox hunting and read magazines and listen to his foreman's report, and only this morning he told me that he had no other resources than the farm. I—I have been thinking of it all the morning. I will buy a valley just like this somewhere in the neighborhood and be a farmer, and with what I have we—I can soon build a nice house." He paused, looking embarrassed, then went on hurriedly, "If I can make a living of it—enough for two, I mean—will you—will you help me, Lois?"

She had thrown up her hand, as though to stop him.

"Wait a minute, Mr. Tisdale," she cried impetuously. "I had not intended to tell you, but I must now. You must not try farming—for a livelihood, I mean. Our farm looks prosperous, and I love the valley here better than any place in the world, but—but we have been running behind a thousand a year ever since we bought the place. That was what made me laugh when you said you were losing a thousand. It seemed so funny. You must not try farming for a living. As to the rest, I—I," her face flushing rosily, "am willing to help you, Allan."

She looked at him shyly, but his face had suddenly grown stern. He shook his head hopelessly.

"I must take it all back, Lois," he groaned. "I cannot make a living for one. But here comes your father."

Mr. Bristow reined in beside them, his face inquiring.

"Hello, what are you waiting here for?" he exclaimed. "If one fox has outwitted you, why don't you start another? What's the matter? You look like a funeral."

"I—I have been telling Allan—Mr. Tisdale—about our failing behind," stammered Lois. "You see, he spoke of buying a farm and following our example, and I couldn't let him go on thinking the valley was as prosperous as it looked on the surface."

Mr. Bristow's face fell. "Might have waited until a rainy day," he grumbled, "and not spoil a good chase with such news. But long's it's out, it's out, and I suppose you couldn't do anything less, Lois. We couldn't stand by and allow a guest to run the chance of losing money, of course. Yes, Mr. Tisdale," his face becoming as overcast as their own, "it's all true. We'll have to sell the valley—the finest property I ever owned. A man can't stand it to fall behind a thousand dollars every year with nothing in the background."

Allan stared, half rose in his saddle, his face becoming transfigured.

"A thousand dollars!" he cried joyously. "Is that what you mean? Can you run a place like this and only run behind a thousand dollars?"

"That's what I said," rather testily, "and enough for a man to lose every year, the Lord knows."

Allan whirled to Lois.

"I'll take all that back once more," he cried, "what I said last. I can make a living, and I want you to help me." Then to his puzzled host: "Don't you sell the farm, sir. There won't be any need. I thought Lois—she's promised to be my wife, you know—meant pounds. That's what I've been losing. But yours are dollars—dollars. Don't you see the difference will be nearly four thousand—dollars? That will be a nice profit for us, with what the farm yields. I will buy part of the valley, or the whole of it if you like, or we will live on it together."

Mr. Bristow was choking.

"You and Lois may fix that up between you," he gasped at last. "The problem is too complicated for me. But I'm glad the valley isn't to be sold. Now let us get the dogs on a new scent. The foxes will be getting old and fat if we leave them like this."

A Buttered Book.

How the Rev. Mr. Johnston, a Scottish minister and the author of numerous books, succeeded in getting one of his works reviewed by Alexander Russel, the distinguished editor of the Scotsman, is told by the writer of "Famous Editors."

A member of Mr. Johnston's congregation was an old and valued servant in Mr. Russel's family. When the preacher published his new book he asked this member to bring it under the notice of her master, with the request to review it in the columns of the Scotsman. Glad to be of service to her master, the good woman lost no time in making her wish known to the celebrated editor and next morning placed "The Gospel Roll" beside his breakfast cup.

When at breakfast, Mr. Russel took up the book and remarked, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "Helen, this is an awful dry roll which you have given me this morning."

"Perhaps it is, sir," the servant quickly replied, "but you can butter it weel on both sides."

Next morning an excellent review appeared.

The Dance.

In his "Die Anfaenge der Kunst" ("The Beginnings of Art") Dr. E. Grosse investigates primitive art and its sociological aspects. He shows how in the dance there was social evolution. The dance was among savages a significance and value which civilized races do not appreciate. The dance originally might not have been for the pleasure it gave. That came later. At first the dance may have been one of the preparatives for war or a propitiatory act. Anyhow it brought men together and became a social factor. It must have gone, too, hand in hand, or, rather, foot by foot, with music. At first such music was simply rhythmical. Possibly all the early hunting folks danced. We may not today deem dancing an art, but it was a motive power. It must have helped to bring about personal decoration, and then came the first faint glimmer of an aesthetic conception.

The Woes of a Beekeeper.

A German beekeeper undertook to carry some of his choicest bees to a bee show. He took a train in Hanover with his bees in a basket at his feet. The bees escaped from the basket and crawled up his trousers legs. His actions soon aroused suspicions in the hearts of two women who occupied the same compartment with him. They pulled the bell cord and stopped the train. When the bee fancier explained the situation he was placed in an empty compartment to have it out with the bees all by himself. Here he removed his trousers and began shaking them out of the window to free them of the swarm. Unfortunately they caught a telegraph pole and were swept away, bees, money and all. At the next station the irate station master brought forth the reluctant bee fancier in a rug, and he pawned his watch to acquire decent raiment to walk back along the line in search of his bees and trousers.

CLIMATE AND SPEECH.

Soft Language and Tropical Weather Seem to Go Together.

Gutturals predominate in Norway and Russia, whereas far to the southward in sunny Italy there is a profusion of such euphonious names as Palermo, Verona, Campobello, etc. Even in the British isles, covering so few degrees of latitude, there is a marked difference between the "bur" of the highlander and the soft speech of the native of southern England.

A theory which may partly account for these climatic effects is based upon the contrast of the stillness which usually pervades southern lands with the stormy inquietude of northern countries. Cloudless skies for months at a time characterize the climates of Italy, while a firmament entirely free from clouds is rare in Norway.

It requires, of course, greater effort to be heard in the regions which are swept by winds and storms than in still southern latitudes, and to be heard distinctly amid the noise and confusion of the elements words must be used which contain many consonants.

Among the inhabitants of more tropical climes the tendency is toward soft and musical cadence, and travelers relate that in regions in South America, such as Peru and Venezuela, where atmospheric disturbances are rare, the natives almost chant the phrases of salutation.—London Saturday Review.

BABIES IN HOLES.

Where Uganda Infants Rest While Their Mothers Hoe.

I have gone into a field in Uganda and there found one of our women at work with a hoe, writes a missionary sister in Donahoe's. I asked her where her baby Maria was, and she pointed to a spot at some distance where the banana trees were thick. I walked under the shade, and in vain I sought the infant. The mother was greatly amused and urged me to search further, assuring me that the little one was not far away and was fast asleep. I had to "give up," so the mother took me by the hand and led me to a bit of bark cloth on the ground. Under this rag was the crown of the baby's head, while the body was in a hole deep enough for the feet to rest on the ground. To my surprise and expostulations she said in her own language: "This is a good custom. When a Uganda woman goes to hoe it is not good for her baby to lie asleep on the ground, as it might injure itself by rolling, or, if it awoke, it might crawl away. Therefore we make a hole like this and line it with soft, clean leaves and put our baby safely into it so that it can neither crawl out nor roll away, and we know exactly where to find it when we come from the fields." She said it was perfectly safe from wild beasts, because it was midday.

In the High Sierras.

Coming down from the high Sierras into the Yosemite valley one passes from almost arctic cold to the warmth of the late spring, and the difference in temperature is easily traceable by the character of the foliage. On the high peaks no green thing flourishes. Gradually stunted pines and tamaracks appear, and still lower the maple and laurel are just beginning to unfold their leaves, and then in a half a day's journey the wild flowers come. Hundreds and hundreds of them of all shapes and colors are found here, and as you approach the rim of the wonderful Yosemite the air is heavy laden with the scent of the azaleas, and the trail is lined with wild lilac, wild cherry and dogwood—a perfect riot of flowering shrubbery.—Recreation.

THE DANDELION.

It Adapts Itself to All Soils and Climates of the Earth.

The dandelion belongs to the largest, oldest and most widely diffused order of plants. While other orders of plants have died out and become mere fossil remains in the rocks, this order has survived the geological changes of many different periods on account of its power of adapting itself to those changes. And these changes in their turn have only made it better suited for all the varied soils and climates of the earth at the present day.

We find members of this order in every part of the globe, in places as far apart from each other as they can be. It is the prevailing and dominant order of vegetable life, the most highly finished and the most successful family of plants. And the dandelion is one of the most perfect forms belonging to it.

It is the head and crown of the vegetable kingdom, as man is the head and crown of the animal creation, and it is curious how this highest type of plant is always found only where man, the highest type of animal life, is found and where he dwells and cultivates the soil. It is never found apart from him. It follows him wherever he goes—to America, Australia and New Zealand—and there in the new home it becomes a silent but eloquent reminder of the dear old land he may never see again.—Exchange.

THE TWO NEPHEWS.

A Fable That Points a Moral With a Large Grain of Truth.

There was once a Rich and Stingy old Bachelor who had Two Nephews. And one, being a Hypocrite, said in his Heart: "All men are Mortal, and this One must Die some time, although unfortunately his Doctor understands his Case. So I will Pretend to Love my Uncle and Bear with him and Tend him with Great Care and Tender Assiduity." But the Other Nephew, who was blunt and Honest in his Feelings, said to All Whom it Did not Concern: "Why should I pretend to Care for My Uncle when I Don't and Play the Hypocrite? He cannot but Respect my Independence the More then than if I Fawned upon him."

One day the Uncle died when it Suddenly occurred to him that he was Spending too much Breath. To the Nephew who Was a Hypocrite he left his Fortune, and to the One who Did not Conceal his Real feeling he Left his Regards.

Moral.—Most people like to be Flattered, because Human Nature is Built that Way, and the People who give Real Money to Folks who say Right out what they Think about them are only to be Found in Highly Moral Story Books.—Baltimore American.

Most Costly Carriage.

Originally costing something more than $5,000, the lord mayor's coach, still used in the annual procession, has probably had more money expended upon it than any horse drawn vehicle in the world. It is something like 150 years old, and in that time more than $100,000 has been spent in refurnishing it for the sole occasion when it is made use of each year. A more modern coach could be had for the sum of five years' repairs, but a new coach would never seem the same to the London public who line the Strand on the occasion of the November parade. It is probable that the lord mayor of a century hence will ride in the same equipage, though, like the Irishman's knife, it has been repaired so often that practically nothing of the original coach remains.

Justice to Come.

Lord Cockburn, though a successful defender of prisoners, failed on one occasion to get an acquittal for a murderer. "The culprit," Mr. Croak James tells us in his "Curiosities of Law and Lawyers," "after the sentence fixing his execution for the 20th day of the month had not been removed from the dock when his counsel passed him and was then seized by the gown. The prisoner said, 'I have not got justice, Mr. Cockburn,' to which the counsel gravely replied, 'Perhaps not, but you'll get it on the 20th.'"

To Cure Scars.

Scars are often very ugly things and disagreeable marks when they exist in a prominent place on the skin. Probably nothing can remove a big scar the tissue of which has become fibrous and unyielding, but the following recipe, to be applied on lint and allowed to remain on the part for a little time daily, will effect an improvement in small scars and blemishes: Borax, one and a half ounces; salicylic acid, twelve grains; glycerin, three drams; rosewater, six ounces. Mix.

Dissembling.

"That man in there is a hypocrite," said Jackson as he left the drug store.

"You mean the druggist?"

"Yes. When I went in I interrupted him in the midst of compounding a prescription. I told him I wanted a two cent stamp, and he smiled as sweetly as if he was glad to see me."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Girl and Her Money.

"Do you believe in marrying a girl for her money?"

"Not as a general thing, but sometimes that's the only way you can get it away from her."—Cleveland Leader.

She Knew His Secret.

"Tell me honestly, now, Clara, did Harold confess his love last night?"

"Confess! What do you think I am, a chief of police?"—Milwaukee Journal.