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Not one bit too early to think of that new Carpet, or perhaps you would rather have a pretty Rug-carpet Well, in either case, we can suit you as our Carpet stock is one of the largest and best assorted in Buter county. Among which will be found the following: EXTRA SUPER ALL WOOL INGRAIN CARPETS,

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Won't buy clothing for the purpose of spending money. They desire to get the best possible results of the money expended. Those who buy custom clothing have a right to demand a fit, to have their clothes correct in style and to demand of the seller to guarantee everything. Come to us and there will be nothing lacking. I have just received a large stock of Spring and Summer suitings in the latest styles, shades and colors.





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is on again this month. But that will end it-no more after this month. Garments for which we would ask full price under normal conditions.

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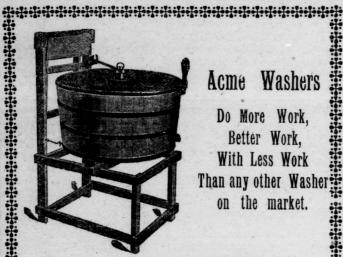
\$5.00 buys choice of several hundred rattling good suits and overcoats that cannot be matched in any other Butler store in season or out of season for less than \$10 to \$12.50.

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Young men and women, RESULTS TALK. Attend a school that DOES secure posi-tions—and GOOD ones—for its graduates. SOME schools PROMISE—we PERFORM. Four

SPRING TERM, APRIL 2, 1906.

May enter ANY time. Catalogue and circulars mailed on applicated. Visitors ALWAYS welcome When in Butler, pay us a visit A. F. REGAL, Principal, Butler, Pa.

WITH TONKA'S Honore AID

Barbara wandered about the great pleasant room restlessly. She liked the huge fireplace, with whips and rifles above the mantel. The couches, with the fur robes tossed across them and the long study table in the middle of the room, heaped with magazines and a varied collection of pipes, made her forget that the nearest human habitation was fifteen miles across the plains. She paused at one of the windows ubbing her nose against the pane like a child, and looked out over the brown, dusty plains toward the mountains. This visit to her bachelor brother was suddenly proving lonely, since he had forbidden her her daily ride because of threatening snow. Until to day everything on the ranch had been so new and strange to this eastern girl that she had forgotten to be homesick. "The sun is shining!" she exclaimed oud to the empty room. "It is only that funny hazy ring around it that keeps it from being really bright. Richard is so silly and funny over me, like a hen with one chick. What is a ing to take Tonka out for just a little

Ah Lee, peering from the kitcher rindow a little later, shook his pig-niled head dubiously at the sight of a slender figure in a heavy riding habit making its way toward the stables. "Me no like missy glo," he said. "Weather velly bad." Then, with an indescribable gesture not unmixed with disdain, he calmly washed his hands of the matter and went on with his pie making.

Barbara found the stables deserted, but Tonka nosed her softly with welcome in her great eyes, and pony and girl swung eagerly out beyond the corral to the open plain. Barbara shivered a good deal at first. The air lacked that clear, invigorating quality that had hitherto made riding a de-light. There was a raw wind rising that penetrated her heavy habit.
"We won't go far today, Tonka," she said, with chattering teeth-"fust the

back again." thicker and thicker until the sun was a mere pale yellow dinner plate resting on a gray blanket. The wind began to sting Barbara's face unpleasantly.

fun! It's so hazy I can't see the ditch, and"—she turned in the saddle and looked about in a puzzled way—"I can't see the ranch house either. Why—why, Tonka, where are we?"

She looked up into the sky, but durthe sun had become totally obscured cles of snow pelted her face. shook her head stubbornly and started off abruptly, but Barbara pulled her in. "Silly thing," she said. "I don't want to go to the irrigating ditch. We must get home as soon as ever we can."

But Tonka had ideas of her own on the subject. As Barbara pulled on the

shook her head again and rein she shook her head again and started to back.

"Tonka," scolded Barbara, raising her voice above the roar of the wind, "I want to go home! Don't act like a li "I want to go home! Don't act like a

With the aid of the whip she finally persuaded Tonka to turn, and they started off in the teeth of the wind. The drive of the snow was so heavy that Barbara could not see a horse's length in front of her. The cold was so intense that she felt as if her face were being seared, and she began to

"It must be a blizzard," she thought. "Richard will be frantic."

For half an hour Tonka struggled igh the blinding storm, while the frightened girl on her back clung to the reins with numbing bands and urged her on. As the cold grew un-bearable Barbara pulled the pony in

With the reins on her arm, she and more. "We are lost, Tonka," she said, "lost in one of those terrible bliz-zards!" She stopped to breathe and

to pound her aching hands against the pony's side. Suddenly Tonka lifted her head with a shrill whinny, which was answered from out the storm by another whinny.

Barbara looked about eagerly. "Is it only a stray pony," she thought, "or is ome one looking for me?" Out of the whirlwind of snow came the shadowy form of a man, like Bar-

bara, leading his horse. Barbara's heart gave a great throb. "Mr. Ingraham!" she gasped. "Great heavens, Miss Barbara, what does this mean?" exclaimed the man, turning his back to the gale and shout-

"I'm lost!" called Barbara.

"This is awful," answered the man, his face tense. "You poor child! Why on earth did your brother let you out on such a day? I-I shall call him to account for this. And I am of no use! This is my first experience with an American blizzard. I, too, am lost!" Barbara's heart sank. Her month's acquaintance with the young English-man, who was their nearest neighbor and who during her visit had ridden the fifteen miles regularly three times a week, had inspired her with a pro-found faith in his capabilities. As he owned himself lost, she unconsciously moved a little closer to his stalwart figure. The man pulled off his fur coat and in spite of her protestations wrap-ped it about her shivering little figure. "First," he said, "you will put that

"No. I won't!" she cried, "Oh, yes, you will!" he shouted, but-oning it firmly under her chin. Barbara changed the subject. me on to the ditch," she called. "She almost refused to turn. I really got

ment. "Oh, I say," he shouted, "that's too bad. You are the one that prob-ably got mixed up. Those Indian ponies always head for home, they say as soon as a blizzard strikes them. My horse didn't know enough. But wait, Give Tonka her head and see what she loes. I'm afraid we'll have to walk

them they started out, Tonka, without a moment's hesitation, taking the lead. It was a terrible journey. In spite of Ingraham's assistance, Barbara constantly stumbled and fell. Without the protection of his fur coat he could only fight hopelesly against the numbing cold that assailed him, his heart aching over the misery of the girl who depended on him so bathetically. but food is undigested and wasted.

hundredth time, dimly concluded at it would be better to lie still than | . struggle against the fearful cold,

sweet, pale face. All the love that he ad so bravely suppressed during their terrible journey welled to his voice. "Miss Barbara, Barbara," he said sitatingly, "I'm glad it happened."

Barbara looked up. 'I hadn't much hope before," he went n, "but now, somehow, you seem to

ng to me a little." Barbara's pallor disappeared. wasn't such a bad storm in some ways," she said. And the fire crackled appreciatively

Half of His Fee. olliest man in town. But tonight, which was apparently the worst night n the year, even John wore a long open for the minister to enter John's doleful expression was so noticeable that the minister inquired if he were thinking about the work of cleaning off the mud in the morning "No, it is not the work that I'm' think-

ing of. If I could make as much as you this evening I wouldn't mind it a marry a couple this evening, and I'll give you half of my fee for driv

ig me out and back." "It is a deal," replied John, After an hour of dreary driving through cold and rain John drew up in front of a small house in which service was to take place. It was two long hours of cold waiting before the minister re-entered the cab, and the home drive was made. With a spirit of expectancy John once more swung open the cab door in front of the min out, and as he entered his own door he rned and said:
"Five hundred thanks, John," lea

ing the bewildered cabman to fighte out what his exact fee had been .- San Francisco Chronicle.

Sugar, the modern commodity, which ancient nations. The word "saccharum" occurs but once in the Latin translation of the Bible, and the equiv alent for our word "sugar" is first use by Pliny, whose writings are almost ous with the ministry of (from) reeds" and says that the Rouse in Arabia Felix. Statius in his ac count of the old Saturnalia ceremonies mentions "vegetable honey" as being used and winds up his account by say-ing that "this same honey is boiled from Elosian reeds." Dioscorides, the Greek physician who flourished in the first or second century of the Christian era and whose great work, "De Mate ria Medica," treats of all the ther known medicinal substances and the properties, says that "the name of sugar has been given to the honey which

and it sometimes resembles salt." og Tried For Murder,

Anent strange cases, a lawyer said that a hog had been tried for murder, convicted and hanged. "At Clarmont Avin in France," he said, "a huge hog ror stricken, treated the hog as they would have treated a human being. They tried it."

He took down a book bound in gray

"Here is the verdict," he said, "the original of which is kept in the Na-tional museum of Paris. It is dated June 14, 1494, and it reads: "'We, the jury, in detestation and horror of this crime and in order to make an example and to satisfy jus-tice have declared, judged, sentenced, pronounced and appointed that the said hog now detained in the abbey as a prisoner shall by the executioner be hung and strangled on a gibbet near the gallows of the monk. In witne whereof we have sealed this presen

with our seals." "-Minneapolis Journal

"Auld Robin Gray." A ballad that won instant fan against the expectation and even the wish of its author was "Auld Robin Gray," written by Lady Anne Lindsay about the end of the eighteenth century merely for her own satisfaction to re place the coarse verses of an old melo-dy that pleased her. She sang charmingly, and the new ballad soon came into favor. Great was the curlosity aroused as to the author of this pathetic song, in whose simple verses all the elements of a heartrending tragedy are contained, but Lady Anne, modes and retiring by nature, preserved si-lence for many years, smiling, no doubt, at the controversy that raged so hotly. In the course of it her ballad was attributed by some disputants to a genuine sixteenth century production and finally made the subject of a twenty guinea prize to be bestowed of

"A long, low strip of land, a valley

anybody acute erough to bring to light the veritable author.—Cornhill Maga-

between high hills, lies five miles out side of Havana, and there," said a cigar salesman, "the best tobacco in the world is grown. The name of the place is Abajo, and the Vuelta Abajo crops are always bought up two of three years in advance of their plant ing. They yield only 35,000 cigars annually. These cigars sometim high as \$150 a hundred-\$1.50 apiece Vuelta Abajo cigars are only smoked by kings and billionaires. There are many fake Vuelta Abajos on the market, but the real thing, once smoked can never be mistaken, for there is no other tobacco in the world with aroma at once so powerful and so del-

Economic methods of eating are important and so axiomatic that it more is not known about the matter. books on nutrition, very wisely insists upon the necessity of slow mastication with abundant insalivation. It is really astonishing how badly people use the teeth nature gave them for this purpose. Children naturally bolt their food, so it is said, and adults retain the

with drooping head, plodded ACROSTICS AND ANAGRAMS.

As Barbara, assisted to her feet for Days of the Psalmist. We find that the acrostic is the most ancient form of puzzling mankind.
Acrostic is Greek for a number of Tonka gave a glad whinny and stood verses the first letters of which form till. They were standing before the a word, sometimes a name and some table door!
That evening after the two had reform a word, or, as Addison tells us, That evening after the two had recovered somewhat from ice baths and the letters will even run down the center of the verses as a seam. The Heter of the verses as a seam. solved across the fire to the girl's over the entire alphabet. Twelve of the psalms are written on this plan, the most notable being the One Hundred and Nineteenth. This has twenty-twodi-

visions, or stanzas, corresponding to the twenty-two letters of the Hebrew alphabet. Each stanza is formed of eight ouplets, and the first line of each coup let in the first stanza in the origina Hebrew begins with the letter aleph, the second commences with beth, third with gimel, and so on through the alphabet. The English divisions of the psalms are called after the Hebrew letter that began the couplets. It was also customary to compose verses or acred subjects after the fashion of He brew acrostics. This was done with a

view to aid memory, and such pieces were called abcedarian hymns. The riddle is also of ancient origin The Proverbs of the Bible, or sayings attributed to Solomon, are often in the form of riddles. Was it not the queen of Sheba who proposed riddles to Solo-mon? The Koran, the scriptural book of the Mohammedans, also contains rid dles, as do some books now in exist ence, written in Arabic and Persian The ancient Egyptians also propound ed riddles, and one of the seven wise men of Greece, who lived in the sixth century B. C., was celebrated for his riddles in verse. Homer, the Greek poet, according to a statement in Plu tarch, died of vexation at not being

able to solve a riddle. In the middle ages riddles were encouraged for amusement on winter nights in the baronial hall and also in the monastery In later days some of the most brillian men of letters contributed to the list of The anagram, or transposition of the

letters in words or sentences, was much in vogue in Greece in the older times. The Cabalists, or Jewish doc-tors, thought that the anagram always pointed out a man's destiny, and if his name written backward or transposed in any way spelled a word with mean ing they firmly believed it a revelation The flatterers of James I. of England proved his right to the British mor archy as the descendant of the myth King Arthur from his Charles James Stuart, which become "claims Arthur's seat." The best and grams are those which have in the new order of letters some signification appropriate to that from which they are formed. When Pilate asked, "Quid est veritas?" (What is truth?) he probably had no idea that his question an swered itself, but it did. The transpo sition made it, "Est vir qui adest" (I were written as early as 250 B. C., and their name comes from the Greek words ana (backward) and gramma

An official of a New England road The ticket agents in the Boston office of our road are greatly troubled by patrons who, when wishing to pur chase tickets, lay down a coin neither tell where they are going not how many tickets they want. This ne cessitates one or more questions on the part of the patient agent. One day a little elderly lady approached the window of the office, placing a large fami ly umbrella on the slab, and, after fumbling nervously in her pocketbook pulled out a quarter and laid it down without a word to the ticket seller.

"Where are you going, madam?" ask ed the ticket agent. "Oh, I'm going to the doctor," was

An Apt Pupil. A professor who, when asked a ques tion, was in the habit of saying: "That is a very good point indeed. Look it up for yourself," was once much disgust ed with a student who had failed to answer a very simple question. "Mr Jones," said he, "I'm surprised that you, who are going to teach, canno answer such an elementary question Why, what would you do if one of your pupils were to ask it?" "Well, profess replied the other, "if such a thing had happened before I came here I'm afraid I would have said plainly that I

just as you do and say, 'Look it up, my boy; look it up!' No Procrastination.
"Ethel," he whispered, "will you narry me?"

didn't know, but now I think I'd do

"I don't know, Charles," she replied coyly. "Well, when you find out," he said, rising, "send me word, will you? I shall be at Mabel Hicks' until 10 o'clock. If I don't hear from you by 10, I'm going to ask her."-London Tit-

I am convinced, both by faith and experience, that to maintain oneself on this earth is not a hardship, but a pastime, if we will live simply and wisely, as the pursuits of the simpler nations are still the sports of the more artificial.-Thoreau.

Seems Reasonable. "What is the correct garb for a surgeon about to perform an operation?" "A cutaway, I suppose."-Minneapo

knowing me; I will be concerned at my own want of ability.-Confucius. To avert a sneeze press the upper lip against the teeth with the forefinger.

Old English Pence.

I will not be concerned at men's no

Halfpence and farthings were not coined in England before the time of Edward I., and until they were the penny, which was then made of silver, was issued deeply indented with a cross in order that it might be broken into two pieces for halfpennies or into four things, or farthings. The silver penny was the first coin of the Anglo-Saxons struck in England. In 1672 an authorized coinage of copper pennies halfpennies and farthings was estab lished. Silver farthings ceased to coined under Edward VI, and silver

Dr. Breckenridge, a well known American clergyman, and his two one day paid a visit to their mother. "Do you not think, mother," said he, "that you ruled us with too rigid a rod in our boyhood? It would have been better, I think, had you used gentler

habit. Not baying the digestive power of cats or dogs, which naturally bolt their food, it results that much of our their food, it results that much of our part of the property of the proper The old lady straightened up and said, "Well, William, when you have

With All My Heart

By EDITH M. DOANE

Copyright, 1906, by E. C. Parcells A lunge, a jolt, and the elevated train halted reluctantly beside the station platform. Through the softly whirling blinked fitfully. "Ninth street!" yelled the conductor, jerking open the door. A young man sprang to the platform, closely followed by a girl muffled to her ears in soft, warm furs. Burying her face in her big, fluffy muff, she re-fused his guiding arm and walked briskly down the snow drifted steps

the street below "Isn't it a lark?" she said gayly. Her eyes were dancing. She turned a lovely face, flushed with cold and excitement, toward the six feet of masculine appreciation beside her. "Isn't

"Beautiful!" His eyes were on her "Don't you love it?"

"With all my heart!" hummed Gor-don Huston fervently. "The first snowstorm is alluring, fascinating. Words are so hopelessly in-adequate"—

"They are," he agreed approvingly. "I am speaking of the storm," icily. "Of course"-his voice was that of

She struggled for stern disapproval Then their eyes met, and they both laughed.

"To think of Aunt Clara's headach at the last moment."
"Blessed headache!" "And of her actually consenting to

my coming alone."

"It's dreadful," he murmured, "but l find it in my heart to forgive her. Then, being very young and exceed ingly foolish, they laughed again. The street lamps flared in ghostly succession and her furs were white with snow as they pushed through the

soft, smothering storm.
"Tell me"—in spite of himself his ce was unsteady-"you really did care about coming. "Oh, yes," lightly; "I have always wanted to see the Cafe Bellard."

"There was no other reason?" She looked at him in apparent sur prise, though her eyes danced with mischief. "Other reason?" she echoed, Suddenly her mood changed. With a quick little gesture she laid her hand on his arm. "Don't, Gordon," she said beseed

"We have only a few hours to gether. Don't"—nervously—"say things to spoil our evening, Gordon." "As you wish." His tone was courteous, but full of coldness. So his great love for her was but a thing that

would "spoil" her evening.

They had reached the corner now and in silence they crossed the street to the great cafe, whose lights flared out invitingly through the whirling band floated dreamily through the crowded rooms, lights blazed, there was the hum of many voices, and the scent of tobacco smoke clung to the air. In a corner they found a table

that commanded a view of the laughing, chattering cosmopolitan crowd.
"I am so glad you thought of bring-Ing me here," said Molly shyly, abashed by his studied silence. "It is like the places on the continent. There is one in Paris in the Rue de Rivoli, that

"I will look it up next month." She gave a perceptible start, which was balm to his wounded feelings. "Next month!" she repeated, with mournful attempt at unconcern. "I didn't know you were going abroad." "The firm has offered me the management of a branch house it is open

"Of course you will go. It is nat ural. You will be very happy there."

The last strains of a dreamy waltz died softly away. The applause leaped from table to table, then subsided as the opening bars of a gay little French ove song floated through the rooms.
"Is that what you think?" he said earnestly, dropping his voice and leaning across the table. "Then for once you are wrong. I shall never be happy

anywhere without you"—determinedly
—"as my wife." The catchy little French song swung gayly on; a musician began to sing the words to the accompaniment of the violins; first one voice, then another caught up the refrain. "With all my heart, with all my heart," echoed

through the crowded rooms. "That is it," he said simply. "'With all my heart;' that is how I love you-'With all my heart.' " "Don't say anything more," said th girl, almost passionately. "Don't. The more you say now the worse it will be

for me by and by when I have to think. And-and-it is all quite impossible."
"But why, dear?" He had grown a little pale in his turn and regarded her "Why is it impossible?" His mind

rushed backward with a lightning stroke to the rumors that had come from Bar Harbor in the summer time. In one quick flash he understood. "It is Morton!" he said bitterly.
"I have promised to marry him," she returned in a low tone-so low that he had to bend to hear it. "Do not be

angry with me. I thought-I did not A light broke over his dismay. "You mean—you could care—you do care—a little?" he questioned eagerly. She picked up a spoon and twisted it nervously in her fingers. "That does not matter," she said gravely, "because

-I have given my word."
"But you will break that wretched He looked steadily at her, and she returned the gaze as steadily. "No," she said, very sweetly and gravely; "I cannot break my word. He depends on me utterly. He has no thought except for my happiness. He is so good. He looked steadily at her, and she

lowed to have you for even these few of endurance possessed by the victim, hours?" he went on moodily.

but imagine the mortal torture, the exhours?" he went on moodily.

"He is away on business," Molly answered, her eyes intent upon the adeforts, the incessant and pittless toll joining room. "I told him you were by night and day, to stave off the dread

down at the table by the door!" ex-claimed Molly suddenly. "Did you ever see such a hat? There must be a special kind of bird to grow such stupendous plumes."

Gordon turned. "She completely

overshadows her companion, with forced interest. The newcomer settled herself in he

hot wave of color suffused his face as hot wave of color suffused his face as he turned sullenly to his companion.

Amazement, indignation, relief, chased themselves in quick succession over Molly's face. She met Gordon's eyes, and her own fell before their message.

The strains of the violins died softly away; the crowd thrilled with enthusiasm. "Encore, encore?" they cried.

it," he whispered.

The delicate color dyed her che

"With all my heart," she whispe

The color of hair depends on little granules, which can be seen if the hair be examined under a powerful micro scope. Sometimes the hair may be-come white in a night. Brown-Sequard tells us that when he was forty-five years old his beard turned white in two days. This took place when he was perfectly well and without any especial cause. Sometimes, however, sorow or illness produces the change earlier in life than it would usually earlier in life than it would usually take place. As to the cause, some have said that the hair becomes filled with small air particles which make it look gray. Others have said that the outer part of the hair becomes altered so that it is like ground glass and you cannot see the color. But a man of the name of Metchnikoff tells us that the real reason is because small movable bodies in the hair devour the grains of coloring matter and move them to the root of the hair. S times poisons in disease or some re

of sorrow bring about an effect upor

causing them to become active in the above fashion. That is said to be the

reason why the hair grows gray .- Si

these small migrating bodies

There are two tremendous moment in crossing the United States from east In crossing the United States from east to west by way of Chicago, Omaha and Ogden. The first is when the bluffs of the Missouri suddenly dwindle away and the prairie rolls into sight with its ocean of tall corn, islanded with embowered homesteads, as if one swelling movement of the sea had been divinely caught and petrified and made fertile. And the second of these significant moments, more majestically pregnant with hidden meanings than the naked glories of Niazara or the arrogant cliffs of Yomeanings than the hared giories of Mosemite, is when the ravines of the Sierra Nevada, with their ever green beauty of pine trees, broaden out on the valley of Sacramento and the hills recede beyond that magnificent plain. There and then you realize the per-petual and indissoluble relation of highland to lowland and perceive in geographical unity than you might be hold anywhere in Europe, where there is more variety and less majestic space. — Percy Vincent Donovan in

Sunset Magazine.

Tiaras Made Over. It may be realized by purchasers of diamond tiaras and the like that styles in settings change almost as frequently as in a woman's hat, and every othly as in a woman's hat, and every other year at least must see the preclous diadem rebuilt. This adds to original cost, for no self respecting jeweler changes the setting of a costly piece of jewelry without adding a few new stones to the first amount, thereby increasing its value. Of course famous crowns, with associations attached, that have recently come into the possession of very rich Americans remain as first designed, for even an American shows some sentiment when it costs shows some sentiment when it costs him a fortune to indulge in rich his-toric jewels, but otherwise diamond and pearl and emerald tiaras are con-

stantly made over .- Boston Herald.

HAIR AND COLOR. Red Is Much Nearer Allied to Black The color of the hair, says the Grand Magazine, is usually transmitted from parents to child. This is especially true when both parents have the same com-plexion. Instances, however, are not

incommon where children have hair

black as ebony, while the hair of both parents is a burning red. Instead of

disproving the theory that a child takes after its parents, so far as the color of

the hair is concerned, this fact, it has now been ascertained, is all in favor of the doctrine. Red hair, in fact, is by its structure and composition much nearer to black hair than to blond. Very often if the hair of a very dark complexioned person be examined at-tentively a few quite red hairs will be detected in the mass. On the other hand, it would be time wasted to seek for black hairs in the locks of a fair person. Similarly it is not infrequent to notice children whose hair, red at birth, becomes as they grow older quite dark. When, too, after some serious illness, the production of the coloring pigment of the hair falls off, black hair omes not blond, but red. Fair hair. which to a casual eye appears to have much more affinity to red hair than to black, is, on the contrary, quite dis-

The Punishment of the Bagno cept for my happiness. He is so good.
He has never cared for any other woman. If I should desert him it would break his heart."
Gordon leaned forward, his elbows on the table, his face between his hands, and regarded her with hurt, miserable eyes.

"And you prefer to break mine," he said all and supply of water which ran into the vat in a constant stream the calculation."

"And you prefer to break mine," he said gloomily.
"I have promised," repeated Molly which to bale out the water as fast as quietly, with a little wan attempt at a smile.

it came in. The respite from death by smile. "How does it happen that I am al- less prolonged, according to the powers said he was sorry not to see you—that he must be away."

Gordon sat buried in unhappy, reverserie.

"By Jove!" exclaimed a low whistle. a low whistle.

He glanced quickly at Molly. Two
red spots like danger signals burned
on either cheek; her wrathful eyes were
fastened on the girl's companion. He on either cheek; her wrathing to either cheek; her wrathing to fastened on the girl's companion. He looked up, their eyes met, and Molly looked up, their eyes met, and Molly his feet; then a

> asm. "Encore, encore?" they and again the gay little French echoed through the rooms. "With all my heart," swung the refrain. Gordon leaned over the table. "Say

n: he bent ner