THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

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—THE MODERN STORE.—

Remnant Week.

This week we are going to sell out all remnants and odds and ends of all kinds at only a fraction of their former prices. It will pay you to come daily as we are putting out new bargains right along.

Remnants of Silks, Dress Goods, White Goods, Colored Wash Goods of all kinds, Table Linens, Muslins, Calicoes, Ribbons, Embroideries, Laces, etc., etc.

Also odd lots of Hosiery, Underwear, Neckwear, Skirts, Shirt Waists, Belts, Bags, Jewelry, Parasols, Lace Curtains, etc.

Colored Parasols ½ off.
White Linen Parasols ½ off.
Children's Parasols ½ off.
⅓ off on all White and Colored Shirt Waist Suits.
⅓ off on all White Washable Skirts.
Big reductions on all White Lawn and Silk Shirt Waists.
Choice of any Hat in stock this week for $1.00.

EISLER-MARDORF COMPANY,
SOUTH MAIN STREET
PHONES: BELL L. D. / PEOPLES } 221
POSTOFFICE BOX
Samples sent on request.
OPPOSITE HOTEL ARLINGTON. BUTLER, PA

HUSELTON'S
Great Cut Price Sale
Of all Odd Lots in Summer
Shoes and Oxfords.
WILL OPEN
Saturday at 9 a. m., July 14th.

There will be great bargains to be had all through this immense stock. Don't fail to get some of these great bargains.

Remember the date, July 14th.

B. C. Huselton,
Opp. Hotel Lowry. 102 N. Main Street.

BUTLER
Business College

RESULTS TALK.
Where some of our recent graduates are located:

Sara Beatty, stenographer, Bessemer R. R. Co., Butler.
Robert Scaton, stenographer, American Bridge Co., Pittsburg.
Jean Weigel, stenographer, Butler Eagle, Butler.
May Thompson, stenographer, The Lloyd Co., Butler.
W. P. Starr, clerk, Standard Steel Car Co., Butler.
Charles McClymonds, with the B. & O. R. R. Co., Butler.
Marion Nicholas, stenograbher, Standard Steel Car Co., Butler.
Lutitia Rine, Stenographer, The Hostetter Co., Pittsburg.
M. L. McMillen, Registrv Clerk, Pittsburg Postoffice, Pittsburg.
Pressley Mowrey, with Pittsburg News Co., Pittsburg.
Juliet Wheeler, stenographer and bookkeeper, W. H. Daugherty & Son, Petrolia, Pa.
Arthur Oesterling, with the Westinghouse Electrical Mfg. Co., Pittsburg.
Retha Coulter, stenographer, Pittsburg firm.
Oliver Cashdollar, cashier and asst. manager, New York Lease & Trust Co., Pittsburg.
Elizabeth Diebold, stenographer, The Bradstreet Co., Pittsburg.
Winfred Shaffer, stenographer, A. W. McCloy & Co., Pittsburg.
Florence Norris, stenographer, Kemble & Mills, Attys., Pittsburg.
Della Critchlow, public stenographer, Bessemer Bldg., Pittsburg.
Harry E. Painter, bookkeeper, Monks & Co., Allegheny, Pa
Lillian Forebt, stenographer, Hapgoods, Park Bldg., Pittsburg.
Valetta Nizzdl, stenographer, Rodger, Flanagan & Co., Pittsburg.
Ethel Greenawalt, stenographer, Westinghouse Electrical Mfg. Co., Pittsburg.
Margaret Graham, stenographer, Pittsburg Gags & Supply Co., Pittsburg.
Jerry Eberhart, with the Penna. R. R. Co., Butler.
Oliver McGrady, Penna. R. R. Co., Butler.
Ralph Miller, Penna. R. R. Co., Butler.
Ley Schenck, with the T. W. Phillips Gas & Oil Co., Butler.
Nellie Nicholas, stenographer, Wm. Kaufman, Penn Bldg., Pittsburg.
Gertrude Graham, stenographer, L. G. Martin, Pittsburg, Pa.
J. H. Alexander, bookkeeper, Wabash R. R. Co., Pittsburg.
Fay Thompson, stenographer, U. S. Developement Co., Pittsburg.
Emma Barr, stenographer, Pittsburg Reduction Co., New Kensington, Pa.
Pearl Snyder, stenographer, The Bradstreet Co., Pittsburg.
R. P. Frederick, stenographer, Wabash R. R. Co., Pittsburg.
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Anna Bundy, stenographer, Salvage Security Co., Pittsburg.
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Myra Ash, Stenographer, B. & B. C. Weinhaus Co., Pittsburg.
C. M. Wilson, B. & O. R. R. Co., Butler, Pa.
Lester Bell, bookkeeper, Geo. Walter & Sons, Butler Roller Mills
J. A. Hist, stenographer and clerk, Pickerings, Pittsburg.
John Foster, C. D. & P. Telegraph Co., Pittsburg.
Ada C. Matteson, stenographer, Guarantee Clearing Co., Pittsburg.
Grace Reznor, stenographer, B. & L. E. R. R. Co., Greenville.
Adelaide Grane, bookkeeper, Butler Pure Milk Co.
A. J. Bishop, bookkeeper, Buffalo, N. Y.
Herbert E. Rankin, Butler Post Office.
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Sadie McCollough, stenographer, Wood Fiber Plaster Co., Butler.
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The largest, best equipped, most up-to-date, most thorough and painstaking business college in Western Pennsylvania. It recognizes no superior in point of efficiency. Its graduates succeed admirably where those of other schools fail.

SEPTEMBER 3, 1906, FALL TERM.

May enter ANY TIME. Many are already enrolling for the fall term. Expect the largest attendance the coming year that we have ever had. Visitors always welcome. When in Butler pay us a visit. If you can not do so sooner, call on us when in Butler for the Fair. Send for catalogue. Correspondence solicited.

A. F. REGAL, Principal, Butler, Pa.

Duffy's Store

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

EXTRA SUPER ALL WOOL INGRAIN CARPETS, Heavy two and three ply.....65c per yd and up
HALF WOOL INGRAIN CARPETS, Best cotton chain.....50c per yd and up
BODY BRUSSELS, Simply no wear out to these.....$1.35 yd
TAPESTRY BRUSSELS, Light made, but very Good.....65c per yd up
STAIR CARPETS Body and Tapestry Brussels, Half and All Wool Ingrains.
HARTFORD AXMINSTERS, Prettiest Carpet made, as durable too.....$1.35
RAG CARPETS, Genuine old-fashioned weave.
MATTING, Hemp and Straw.

RUGS—CARPET SIZES.

Axminster Rugs, Beauties too.....$23 each and up
Brussels Rugs, Tapestry and Body.....$12 each and up
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Linoleums, Inlaid and Common, all widths and grades.

Oil Cloths, Floor, Table, Shelf and Stair.
Lace Curtains, Portiers, Window Shades, Curtain Poles; Small Hearth Rugs, all styles and sizes.

Duffy's Store.
MAIN STREET, BUTLER.

A WORD ABOUT PRICES.

Because our stock is full and complete—rich in furniture of beauty and excellence—you must not think our prices must be high, on the contrary our prices are at low water mark.

CARPETS. ALL GRADES.
AXMINSTER, TAPESTRY BRUSSELS, CROWN BRUSSELS, and INGRANS.

Tables and Chairs.
Dining room table, finely finished, hard wood, from $2.25 up.
Dining room chairs, all kinds, from the solid seat, box seat, to the leather seat.
Prices from $6.00 per set up.

RUGS.
Of all kinds, from the small door size to the room sized rugs.
Prices of room sized rugs from $10.00 up.

Sideboards, Buffets and China Closets.
All kinds shown here, any size, any style, any finish you may desire.
Prices from $20.00 up.

Patterson Bros.
FURNITURE OF QUALITY,
Successors to Brown & Co. 136 N. Main Cor. Main and Mifflin St.

DON'T FAIL TO ATTEND
The 30 Day Clearance Sale of
Clothing, Underwear, Shirts, Hats, Trunks, etc.,
Which is now Going on at
Schaul & Levy,
137 South Main St., Butler
Prices have never been so low as they are at this General Clearance Sale of all goods in the store.
BE SURE YOU COME,
Don't Miss it. It Will Pay You.
SCHAUL & LEVY
137 South Main Street, Butler, Pa.

Our Dollar Saving Sale Is On.

Men's, Boys' and Children's Suits will be Sold at the Following Discounts

Men's suits, all styles and colors, (no old stock) great purse feeders at 20 per cent., 25 per cent., ⅓ and ½ off the regular price.

Young men's long pant suits, all this seasons purchase at 20 per cent., 25 per cent., ⅓ and ½ off regular price.

Knee pant suits, all sizes at ⅓, ½, ½ off regular price.

Now is your chance, come early and profit by this great reduction sale.

SEE WINDOW.

Douthett & Graham.
INCORPORATED.

Bickel's Footwear

A Grand Display of Fine Footwear in all the Latest Styles.

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

Large stock of Men's and Boys' Fine Shoes and Oxfords in the latest styles.

Big bargains in Men's and Boys' working shoes.

Repairing promptly done.

JOHN BICKEL
128 S Main St., BUTLER, PA.

MEN

Won't buy clothing for the purpose of spending money. They desire to get the best possible results of the money expended. Those who buy custom clothing have a right to demand a fit, to have their clothes correct in style and to demand of the seller to guarantee everything. Come to 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.

G. F. KECK,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
142 N. Main St., Butler, Pa

Larry's Wedding

By Constance D'Arcy Mackay

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When Larry Donovan was promoted from footman to coachman and moved from a room over the stables to a trim cottage with a fine view of the Hemstead's lawn he felt as if the summit of his ambition had been reached. If genius is a capacity for hard work Larry could well lay claim to it, for he toiled early and late with a pertinacity which set him high in the estimation of his employer and enabled him to put by a snug sum by the time he had been in America three years.

There was only one thing wanting to make Larry's happiness complete, and that was the presence of Ellen O'Meara, who was already on her way from the old country. A month ago Larry had sent the money for her transportation.

Ellen was the belle of Ballymoran, and his winning her was to be viewed in the light of a great triumph. For awhile it had been up and tuck as to whether she would marry him or Tim Kearny. But Ellen had chosen Larry, and in the letters she wrote him from time to time there was no mention of Tim Kearny.

"Shure, her heart's all mine," said Larry to himself, and as the day of Ellen's landing approached his joy became more and more apparent.

Indeed, the whole Hemstead household took an interest in Ellen's home coming. The servants knew her age to a dot, that her eyes were as blue as the lakes of Killarney and her hair like burnished copper.

The morning of his wedding dawned clearly and Larry was in jubilant spirits as he took the Long Island train for New York. How Ellen would delight in their little cottage and exult in the surprise that her husband was not a groom but a full fledged coachman.

Larry boarded the immigrant ferryboat, and it was not till he had reached the immigration building on Ellis island that he found that the Cedric, the steamer on which Ellen was coming, was a day late.

A whole twenty-four hours to spend without Ellen! Larry wandered disconsolately through the long bare halls of the building, stopping to look at the newly landed immigrants in their cage-like compartments and thinking of the time when he had been like them. In one of the halls a girl was talking to a blue coated official and biting her lips to keep from crying. She was young and slender, with deep gray eyes.

"I'm sorry," the official was saying kindly, "but we haven't been able to get any word of the aunt who was to meet you, and you're too young a girl to work alone in the city. It's against the law. If your aunt doesn't come for you, you'll have to go back to Ireland to your own people."

"But they're all dead," said the girl. "Shure, there's no one belonging to me at all except this aunt in New York whom I've niver seen. An' if she doesn't come for me"— The girl broke off with a sudden sob, so childish, so piteous, that Larry, in spite of his happiness, felt his heart ache for her.

"It's a shame, it is," he said to himself. "A poor young bit of a thing like that! Faith, if my Ellen was only here we might think of something to do for the girl." And on his way back to New York Larry determined to speak to Ellen about the matter. Women's wits were much better than men's in such cases.

Next morning he was early at the island and instead of waiting in the immigration building tramped up and down outside that he might catch the first glimpse of the boat that was bringing Ellen to him. Presently he descried it, and his blood raced at the sight.

He stood as near as he could to the gangplank and anxiously scanned the faces of the immigrants crowded on the deck, but Ellen's was not among them. Larry was filled with an anguish of apprehension. Then his heart leaped. He had seen the glint of Ellen's red gold hair. For an instant she faced him, their eyes met, and then she turned and spoke to a man beside her. He laughed and pushed back his cap. As he did so Larry recognized him. It was Tim Kearny. They were coming down the gangplank now, and Ellen, to steady herself, put a bare red hand on the railing. On her fourth finger gleamed a plain gold wedding ring.

Larry was too stunned to speak. Dazed, he turned toward the immigration building. He knew not what to do or where to go. The mockery of it all swept over him—the fruitless years of planning and working, the little house that he had meant to be so happy in. Worse than all, the shame of returning alone smote him to the quick. But as he stumbled on there flashed through his mind the memory of the gray eyed girl he had seen the day before. She had been so helpless, yet so lovely in her grief. Somehow the recollection of her loneliness seemed to draw him toward her as if by an invisible bond.

"Shure, misery loves company," he said to himself, "and if the girl could only learn to care for me 'tis joy and not sorrow might be in store for us."

He quickened his steps, fumbling in his pocket for the letters with which Mr. Hemstead had invested him in case he had trouble in proving his right to Ellen. They certified as to Larry's character and errand beyond a doubt and satisfied the middle aged official who ran his eye across them.

"Well?" he said.

The situation was a difficult one, and it took Larry some moments to explain.

Finally the official threw back his head and laughed. "We've had a good many romances on the island," he cried, "but this beats all! Still, as far as I can see, there's nothing against your marrying the girl if she consents. At present she's expecting to be deported, for we've found that her aunt died some days after the girl sailed."

So Nora MacManus was called from the women's detention room and came with a look of wonder, a wonder which deepened as she saw Larry.

"They're telling me you're from the owld sod," said he, "and that your name's Nora MacManus. Is it of the Innishowan MacManuses ye are?"

"Yes," said Nora. Her voice was as soft as the run of a river.

"I was at Innishowan once myself," said Larry, and he went on to speak of the old people and the old times. "Faith, they're a great bond whin people are in a strange land," he said.

Then Larry took both of Nora's hands at the same time.

"Nora, girl," he said, "listen to me." While he was speaking she kept her gray eyes fixed on his honest blue ones. He did not pause until he had told her the whole story. "I've lost faith in one woman," he declared, "but not in all. And the little house back there is lonely and empty, and my heart—shure, it's lonely and empty too. Will ye come and fill it, Nora, alana? Will ye trust me whin I tell ye that the longer I stand here speakin' with ye the more I love ye?"

"It gives me a feelin' o' home to know they have the Blarney stone in America," said Nora, a gleam of humor appearing in her eye.

"I'm no worse than an aunt ye niver had seen," pleaded Larry, "and I may be some better. And the people where we're going—shure, they'll niver know but what you're the girl I came here to marry. There's such a thing as love at first sight, Nora, darlint, and that's what's the matter with me this minute. Ah, say ye'll marry me, though I know ye've niver set eyes on me before"—

"Oh, but I have!" cried Nora. "Yesterday in the hall"— She stopped with a quick blush.

"Ah," cried the delighted Larry, "then ye did notice me, my angel! 'Twas hardly a wink I got last night, for your face kept hauntin' me. I thought of what I'd heard ye say and how lonely and hard it was for ye, a girl in a strange land."

"Did ye, now?" said Nora. "There's few would have thought o' that!" A wonderful change passed over her face. Her eyes softened. "If ye think—if you're still shure"— she faltered, groping for a word.

"Ah, Nora, is it 'Yes' ye mean?" cried the ecstatic Larry.

And Nora nodded.

So Larry and Ellen were married, and the kindly official and the matron of the detention room were witnesses of the simple ceremony. And it chanced that as he and his bride stood on the deck of the immigrant ferry they came face to face with Mr. and Mrs. Tim Kearny, also bound for New York.

"Nora, my dear," said Larry, "this is Mrs. Kearny. Mrs. Kearny, I'd loike to make you acquainted with my wife, Mrs. Lawrence Donovan." He shot a sharp look at Tim. "Is it on your weddin' thrip ye are?" he questioned and without waiting for an answer drew Nora toward the bow of the boat, so that in going down the gangplank they took precedence of Mr. and Mrs. Tim Kearny, who followed sullenly behind and were just in time to see Larry call a cab, hand Nora into it and, jumping in after her, close the door with a victorious slam.

"There are times," said Larry, "whin it pays to be exthravagant," and, leaning over, he squeezed Nora's hand.

London's Comic Paper.

London Punch was concocted in the back parlor of a public house behind Drury Lane theater. The first editor of Punch was the landlord of that tavern, and in that room assembled almost every night some of the most lively wits of the day—more noted, as Dion Boucicault tells, for wit than money. The landlord made punch, and around the bowl those men would sit drinking, smoking and cracking jokes.

The landlord proposed that their jokes should not be wasted, that their wit should start a comic paper. A good idea, but what name to give it?

What name? The child should have its father's name. And the landlord pointed to the bowl of punch. And the paper was started. It struggled on for about a year and then was sold for £100 to Bradbury & Evans, the firm that printed it. The best writers in England hastened to their standard. It has the notoriety of being expelled from several kingdoms on the continent of Europe.—Sunday Magazine.

The Sun Not Burned Out.

It has been stated by such authorities as Kelvin, Newcomb and Ball that the future of the sun's activity will be comparatively short—not more than 10,000,000 years—and some have even suggested that the sun's activity already shows signs of waning. So far is this from being the case that only one-fourth of our supply of energy has been expended, and three-fourths are yet in store for the future life of the planetary system. This opens up to our contemplation a decidedly refreshing view of the future and will give renewed hope to all who believe that the end of mundane progress is not yet in sight. Not only should the future possibilities of scientific progress be vastly extended, but there will in all probability be the most ample time for the further development of the races of beings inhabiting this planet. According to this view, the evolution of our earth is still in its infancy, with the zenith of its splendor far in the future.—T. J. J. See in Atlantic.

Artificial Birds.

In very early times men began to experiment with a view to making artificial birds and animals that would imitate the motions of living creatures, and if we are to believe the records, some of the artists in that line were remarkably successful.

Archytas of Tarentum, who lived in the year 400 B. C., constructed an artificial pigeon that could fly, but which was not able to resume its flight after once alighting.

John Muller, a German of great mechanical skill, constructed an artificial eagle, which on the entry of Emperor Maximilian into Nuremberg flew out to meet him, and, returning, alighted on the city gate to await his approach.

A Parson's Swearing.

"Parson" Blodgett, a former local preacher residing in Linden, had in front of his house a watering trough freely patronized by people riding by. One evening a man hurriedly drove up to water his horse, and the wheel of his wagon struck the trough violently. The "parson" came out hurriedly and cried: "Hog rabbited to hemp seed tobacco! Can't you drive straight?"

"Go in and shut the door," replied the driver, "and next time you want to swear, parson, do it like other men."—Boston Herald.

A Funny Siamese Custom.

They have a very funny fashion in Siam. When an inferior comes into the presence of a superior he throws himself upon the ground. Then the superior sends one of his attendants forward to see whether the prostrate man has been eating anything or has any offensive odor about him. If he be blameless in this respect the attendant raises him from the ground, but if he be guilty the attendant straightway kicks him out.

Liquor In Candies.

"Practically every known liquor, as well as whisky and brandy, is made up into candy in one form or another," says a Chicago confectioner. "You can get in bonbons of various kinds creme de menthe, cognac, kummel, Chartreuse, cherry brandy or benedictine."

An Old One In a New Way.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what was the first talking machine made out of? Father—Well, my boy, the first one was made out of a rib.—New York Times.

FINEST BANK NOTE PAPER.

Where the Material For Our Greenbacks Is Made.

The national flag flies over the "government mill," owned by the Crane family at Dalton, Mass., because all the paper for the United States greenbacks is made there. It is one of a group of mills in which the Cranes have made paper for more than a century. The founder was Zenas Crane. Before he could get the first mill started he had to have a large quantity of rags. But rags were scarcer in those days than now. The Italian had not then arrived, the junk shop was unknown, and, although the rag buyer passed through the streets of Boston once a week, he had not yet appeared in the western part of the state. This resulted in an appeal to the people, based on high economic and patriotic grounds. Handbills appeared with the headlines in large type: "Americans, encourage your own manufactures, and they will improve! Ladies, save your rags!"

They were carried to all the homes and shops in Berkshire and adjoining counties, urging "every woman who has the good of her country and the interests of her family at heart" to save her rags and send them to the new factory or to the nearest storekeeper, "and a generous price will be paid." When the mill was ready the rags were there in abundance, and operations at once commenced. The working force consisted of four men, two girls and a small boy, with Zenas Crane as superintendent and chief proprietor. The paper was made in hand molds, and the output was 100 pounds a day. Today the output is many tons of the finest bank note paper.—World's Work.

THE WIND BELL.

How It Is Constructed In Japan, Its Original Home.

The wind bell, as its name implies, is made to ring by the action of the wind—in fact, the wind bell is not a bell at all, strictly speaking, but a contrivance composed of a number of pendants suspended in a circle from a ring and hung close together so that they will come into contact and produce sounds when swayed by the winds.

Some wind bells produce sounds that are pleasing and musical. Some are made with glass pendants, some with pendants of metal; some are very small and simple in construction, others are large and massive and elaborate.

The original home of the wind bell is Japan. In its simplest form it is composed of a number of narrow strips of glass, perhaps six inches in length, suspended lengthwise from a wire ring about two inches in diameter. Within the circle formed by the strips thus suspended is hung by one corner a little square piece of glass halfway down the length of the long strips, the strips and the square piece ornamented with various Japanese characters and designs. This wind bell may be hung up wherever a breeze will strike it and blow the strips into contact with one another and with the square suspended among them.—Detroit News-Tribune.

ANCIENT BELLS.

Well Known to the Egyptians Before the Jewish Exodus.

Bells were well known to the Egyptians before the time of the Jewish exodus. In the description of Aaron's sacerdotal robe mention is made of the fact that upon the hem of the garment there were bells of gold alternating with pomegranates of blue, of purple and of scarlet: "A golden bell and a pomegranate, a golden bell and a pomegranate upon the hem of the robe round about. And it shall be upon Aaron to minister, and his sound shall be heard when he goeth into the holy place before the Lord and when he cometh out, that he die not."

Hand bells were in common use all over the ancient world. The earliest use of bells in churches was for the purpose of frightening away the evil spirits which were believed to infest earth and air, and the earliest curfew was rung at nightfall to rid the neighborhood of the village or town and church of demons. Most old churches of Europe have a small door on the north side, and at certain points in the service this door was opened and a bell was rung to give notice to the devil, if he chanced to be present, that he might make his exit before the elevation. By the command of Pope John IX. church bells were rung as a protection against thunder and lightning.

The monument of Porsena, the Etrurian king, was decorated with pinnacles, each surmounted with a bell, which tinkled in the breeze. The army of Clothaire raised the siege of Sens on account of a panic occasioned among the men by a sudden chime from the bells of St. Stephen's church.

No Time For Surgery.

The average woman thinks the sun and stars would cease to shine sooner than that she could interfere with the regular routine of household duties. A Sabotha woman was recently informed by her physician that she would have to have an operation performed. She said she didn't see how she could; that Monday was washing day, Tuesday ironing day, Wednesday the missionary society met, Thursday was the day to clean up, Friday to bake, Saturday to give the children their baths and mend. If he could get it in Sunday after dinner and before evening services perhaps she would try it.—Kansas City Journal.

The Sardinians.

Sardinia was a wild place in the middle of the last century. A traveler says: "The men are clothed in goatskins, one before and another behind, without breeches, shoes or stockings, and a woolen or skin cap on the head. The women have no other habiliments than a long woolen gown and a woolen cap. The peasants always go armed to defend themselves from one another, so that traveling in the interior is extremely unsafe without an escort, and it is even dangerous for ships to send their people on shore for water unless they are well armed. In short, the Sardes are the Malays of the Mediterranean."

Nature's Methods.

When one is sick there is usually something in the stomach that nature wants to throw up. When one has diarrhea nature is striving to remove offending material from the system. When one perspires profusely nature is getting rid of blood poisons through the skin. One should never attempt to check any such effort without being sure that its arrest will be beneficial.

The Alexandrian Era.

The Alexandrian era is by some authorities begun with the death and by others with the birth of Alexander the Great. For a long time after the death of Alexander this era was in common use in Egypt and many of the countries which had been under his rule. It began Nov. 12, 324 B. C.

The Miracle

By TROY ALLISON

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Esther Blake felt certain that there were positions in life that she would have found less trying than that of only child of a popular minister. She loved the dear old rectory, with its shabby furniture; she had grown up feeling that the beautiful gray stone church with the stained glass windows was part of the family possessions; but, while these things helped make the condition pleasanter, they did not keep her from wanting the things that other girls had and to do the things that other girls did.

Christmas after Christmas her lips had quivered when she had received from one to a dozen handsome Bibles from the friends in her father's congregation. Her mother had a sense of humor, and when Esther on her twentieth birthday received Bible No. 37 she laughed and told her daughter that for Christmas she would buy her an adjustable extension bookcase. There seemed nothing else that she needed quite so much.

The girl's face seemed half divided between a desire to laugh and to cry.

"I don't see why they think I don't want a trinket occasionally—a fan, a bracelet or something a little bit frivolous, mamma," she said. "I have nineteen Madonnas hanging in my room, and I have received at various times a copy of almost every religious picture ever printed. Of course I like them, but I wish I could be considered as a mere girl some time and not a part of St. John's church."

She had as a little girl cheerfully given up the dancing lessons that she wanted. She was never invited to card parties because each and every hostess felt a tiny bit doubtful as to whether it would be suitable to extend such invitation to her.

Even the dinner parties and ice cream festivals had failed to be particularly interesting to her—for if there were a curate or a theological student among the guests she was sure to have him assigned to her. As a schoolgirl she had stolen furtive glances at the college boys who wore their hair long and played football—there was something fascinating in the jolly way they laughed—and she had wished that her hostess would understand that she would like occasionally the girlish frivolity of eating a philopena with a football youth. But they never did understand, and she continued to discuss with curates the last Sunday's sermon or a new plan for decorating the church next Easter.

There had, however, been one glorious period of freedom—she had spent two years at a boarding school, had played basketball as hilariously as any girl on the team, had eaten welsh rarebits, cooked at midnight behind covered transoms and chinked doors, with the same temerity shown by the girls who had lawyers or doctors for fathers.

And, best of all, she had become acquainted with vivacious Elise Bourland, whose mother was French and whose father considered life worth living and the world a jolly place to live in.

Contrary to the idea that like seeks like, the two girls, so different, had formed a fast friendship.

When Dick Bourland, who practiced law in a city neighboring the school, paid his weekly visits to his sister, he pronounced demure little Esther Blake altogether charming. At the close of school he told her so, and, finding that she admitted having exactly the same opinion of him, he had taken the long journey to reach the little South Carolina town and state the case to the rector.

Dick's mother had, upon the announcement of the engagement, written a nice little note and invited the girl to come for a visit that she might get acquainted with her future relatives.

The girl stood in the library by the window watching the rain that had been steadily pouring all the forenoon, puckering her forehead in anxious plannings of the possibilities of the case.

"I really don't see how I can go, mamma," she said finally. "It is impossible for papa to afford it now."

Her mother tapped her pen meditatively against the inkstand and tried to help her plan.

"You get your railway fare at half rate, you know, my dear—that helps some—and you could alter my new gray crape and make it look youthful enough for a calling dress. Then you have your white commencement dress. There's a small foundation, you see, to begin with."

Esther came over and sat on a stool by her mother's knee.

"I can't help wanting his people to think I'm nice—and for him to be proud of me. You understand, don't you, motherkins?"

Mrs. Blake patted her on the back and her eyes grew misty.

"Yes, yes, dearie, I understand perfectly—but I also remember that Dick loved my girl for herself—when she didn't have half the pretty clothes the other girls were able to afford. That's the thing to keep in mind, little daughter."

Esther kissed her impulsively. "You are the best kind of a comforter, mother mine. Come, let's look over the remnants of our wardrobes and see if we can't accomplish some of those wonderful things one reads about on the woman's page—'How to make a handsome evening dress out of an old lace curtain,' or 'a dressing sack out of a silk handkerchief trimmed with your father's old neckties plaited into tiny edgings.'"

Mrs. Blake laughed and followed her upstairs. They soon had the girl's bed covered with odds and ends ransacked from both wardrobes.

Esther finally sat down, an old fashioned lavender and white delaine dress that had belonged to her mother's more youthful days lying in her lap.

"I really can make up a lovely little evening dress out of this," she exulted. "I wonder it's not been made over long ago."

Mrs. Blake did not tell her she had kept it packed away in lavender and tender memories because it was the dress she had worn as a bride the first Sunday at St. John's when she came to the then strange town.

"I can manage with the dresses, but I don't see how anything less than a miracle could produce the shoes and gloves that ought to go with them. One could perhaps find a recipe for a pair of long white gloves to go with the short elbow sleeves I intend making for my little lavender dress if there only were time to read enough woman's pages. They might say, 'Take the old silk stockings of your Aunt Eliza and crochet a proper finish, fastening with the pearl buttons taken from your grandfather's white moire vest,' but I'm sure it would take more intellect than I can command to put them together properly and evolve a pair of long white gloves."

Mrs. Blake suddenly sparkled with animation.

"Why, Esther Blake, speaking of miracles, I've had a pair of white gloves, the kind you want, lying in the bottom of my trunk for five years. They may be a little yellow, but we can have them cleaned, and there's plenty of time for the odor of gasoline to wear off them."

She didn't tell the girl the history of those gloves.

Five years before, when the rector was having more financial difficulties than it seemed right for one man to have, he had read the marriage service for one of the wealthiest young men in the town. It was a quiet home wedding, and the bridegroom had laughingly presented him with the bride's gloves as a souvenir.

The rector always had been in the habit of giving all wedding fees to his wife for her own personal use.

When he upon his return home gave her the gloves she had tossed them into her trunk, wondering in the depth of her heart what earthly use the bridegroom thought those gloves would do her financially distressed husband.

She now found them in the very bottom of her trunk and tossed them into Esther's lap.

"After all these years, my dear, maybe they will be of service. They belonged to one bride. Perhaps they will prove a talisman to bring happiness to a girl who is just engaged."

Esther unwrapped one glove from the other and commenced smoothing them out. They were long and soft, of the finest suede.

She slipped one of them on to straighten the fingers, then turned them in astonishment.

"Mamma Blake," she exclaimed, her face crimson with excitement, "there is a piece of paper money folded in every blessed finger of this blessed glove!"

Mrs. Blake turned pale and picked up the mate that had fallen unheeded to the floor.

"Call your father, dearie," she said in an awed whisper. "There's a ten dollar note in each of these fingers. As badly as we've needed money at times, I've had a hundred dollars lying in my trunk for five years."

When Dr. Blake came he sat down on the edge of the bed, and the three stared helplessly at the long white gloves.

"I'll go this very afternoon and thank Mr. Carter," he said, looking slightly dazed. "Perhaps he will overlook the thanks being several years delayed when I tell him my little girl is going to wear these gloves at her own wedding."

Date and Rice Experts.

"There are date experts in the Sahara," said a sailor, "men that can distinguish varieties of the date as easily and accurately as you or I can distinguish the various vegetables. As I went from Biskra to Tougggourt last winter I learned a lot about dates. I'd thought, the same as you, that there was only one kind. I found there were seventy-nine kinds. And the Arab expert, the date merchant, could tell those seventy-nine kinds apart with ease. All the world's dates come from the Sahara. They grow in the oases. The date palms need just a little water along with the hottest kind of a hot sun—a desert sun. The variety of the date is amazing. I know myself now nine kinds. It's the same with rice in Burma. The best rice comes from there, and there are 102 kinds of it, which the Burmese rice grower has no difficulty in differentiating."—New York Press.

Tiger and Lion.

"One time, in order to test the courage of a Bengal tiger and a lion," said a well known showman, "we placed Chinese crackers in the respective cages and fired the fuses. As soon as the fuses began to burn they attracted the attention of both animals, but in widely different manner. The lion drew into a corner and watched the proceedings with a distrustful and uneasy eye. The tiger, on the contrary, advanced to the burning fuse with a firm step and unflinching gaze. On reaching the cracker he began to roll it over the floor with his paw, and when it exploded beneath his nose he did not flinch, but continued his examination until perfectly satisfied. The lion betrayed great fear when he heard the report of the explosion and for quite a time could not be coaxed out of his den."—London Tit-Bits.

POISONS IN TOBACCO.

Tobacco destroys the taste, smell and digestion.

Tobacco kills mental, moral and physical vigor.

Tobacco paralyzes the mucous membranes and glands.

Tobacco's most dangerous poison, nicotine, is without antidote.

Tobacco contains prussic acid, ammonia, carbonic oxide and nicotine.

Tobacco contains stronger poisons than opium, alcohol, absinth or chloral.

A single leaf of tobacco or a single cigar contains enough of this poison to kill a man if applied properly.

Nicotine is the most deadly poison known to the pharmacopoea. A single drop or a grain will kill a large animal.

Nicotine resembles prussic acid in appearance, effects and activity. Nicotine's victims die in violent convulsions.—New York American.

No Answer Handy.

This is only worth the telling, writes a correspondent, because it contains a retort which, though a triumph of inconsequence, seems to me quite unanswerable. I happened to be reading some obvious newspaper proofs in a train when the good natured man next to me, with the intention no doubt of making himself agreeable, asked, "Ah, are you connected with the press?" I intimated briefly and perhaps not overcourteously that it was none of his business. He persisted that it was a quite civil inquiry, which I met with the remark that I had not asked him whether he was a clerk or a shop assistant. As he was obviously neither, this nettled him. "If I knew," he said, "what newspaper you belong to I would never buy it again."—London Chronicle.

Buffalo Calves.

Buffalo calves, as a rule, are born in April and May. They are active, vigorous little creatures, mild eyed as domestic calves, but possessing much greater strength and endurance. In a few seconds after birth they can get on their feet, and in twenty minutes they are fit to fight for their lives. Usually it is unnecessary for them to defend themselves at this tender age, as a buffalo cow is quite capable of attending to any business which may arise in connection with the defense of her precious baby.—Washington Star.