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THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL. XXXXIII. BUTLER, PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1906 No. 37.

Bit "Nippy" Isn't It?

These cool nights and chilly mornings make you think of putting camphor balls in your summer oxfords and getting your feet into warmer covering.

We've got all our winter boots and shoes in for Men and Women as well as the children. Every desirable shape and leather and at a range of prices that will meet the purse exigencies of every one, as usual we cannot be undersold and as usual we are doing the shoe business of this town. COME IN.

B. C. Huselton,

Opp. Hotel Lowry. 102 N. Main Street.

—THE MODERN STORE.—

Fall Millinery Opening

Thursday, Friday and Saturday of this week, September 27th, 28th and 29th,

To say it is our best showing expresses it mildly.

Come and see the many new ideas fresh from the world's fashion centres,

EISLER-MARDORF COMPANY,

SOUTH MAIN STREET PHONES: BELL L. D. PEOPLES POSTOFFICE BOX 221 Samples sent on request.

OPPOSITE HOTEL ARLINGTON. BUTLER, PA

Showing the New Furs.

By having our Furs made up during the early summer when manufacturers were not rushed we got a better selection of skins and more careful work in the making.

We are now ready to show you hundreds of new and nobby neck-pieces in Grey Squirrel, Sable Squirrel, French Mink, Blended Mink, Nutria, Beaver, Otter and other furs.

Muffs to match the neck-pieces.

The shapes are new, quality the best and prices the lowest.

Choice of many desirable styles at $5.00.

Finer neck-pieces at $8.00 to $10, $12 and $15.00.

NEW PLAID SILKS FOR WAISTS.

Plaid silks hold first place for dressy waists. We are showing a large assortment of very rich and handsome plaid silks.

Individual waist patterns—no two alike—your's will be exclusive.

Waist patterns at $2.48, $2.98 and up.

Come and look at the new fall Dress Goods we are receiving.

L. Stein & Son,

108 N. MAIN STREET, BUTLER, PA.

Fall and Winter Millinery.

Everything in the line of Millinery can be found, the right thing at the right time at the right price at

ROCKENSTEIN'S

Phone 656. 148 S. Main St.

BUTLER *Business College*

The opening of school at the Butler Business College on September 3rd and 4th, was the best the institution has ever had. Many new and earnest faces may be seen in each department. New students are being enrolled each day. New pupils will be received any day in the year while school is in session. Best days for enrollment are each Monday, the first of each month, and at the beginning of each term. Winter term opens on Wednesday January 3, 1907. Spring term, first Monday in April.

We invite every young man and woman who reads this advertisement, who is interested in a business course of any kind, to correspond with us and to call at the college to take a look" and to inspect the work of our students.

Catalogue and circulars free.

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

Baltimore & Ohio Railroad.

$42.50

BUTLER

—TO—

San Francisco, Los Angeles, Portland, Seattle, and other Pacific Coast Points.

Proportionately low rates to intermediate points.

Tickets on Sale Daily Until October 31st.

Call on W. R. TURNER, Ticket Agent, Butler, For Further Information.

Bickel's Fall Footwear.

Largest Stock and Most Handsome Styles of Fine Footwear we have ever Shown.

Sorosis Shoes—Twenty fall styles. Dongola, Patent-kid and fine calf shoes—made in the latest up-to-date styles for fall.

Men's Shoes—Showing all the latest styles in Men's fine shoes. All leathers, $2.00 to $6.00.

Complete stock of Boys', Youths' and Little Gents' Fine Shoes.

Bargains in School Shoes—High-cut copper toe shoes for boys, and good waterproof school shoes for girls.

Large stock of Women's Heavy Shoes in Kangaroo-calf and oil-grain for country wear.

Rubber and Felt Goods—Our stock of Rubber and Felt Goods is extremely large and owing to the large orders which we placed we were able to get very close prices and are in a position to offer you the lowest prices for best grades of Felts and Rubber Goods.

An immense business enables us to name the very lowest prices for reliable footwear.

When in need of any thing in our line give us a call.

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 FALL and WINTER suitings in the latest styles, shades and colors.

G. F. KECK,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

142 N. Main St., Butler, Pa

Good Enough

is not good enough these days. Ready-to-wear clothes have got to be better than that. They must bear the severest tests. They must retain their shape and must be perfect in style, fit and workmanship.

Fall Styles

We've 'em, and they are perfect. We want your business, that is why we are the early bird. Anything in style and pattern your heart may desire. Hamburger, Clothcraft and Horseshoe Clothes ready for you at

Douthett & Graham.

INCORPORATED.

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.

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 $6.25 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.

LOVE AND LAUNDRY

By JOSEPH LANE

Copyright, 1906, by P. C. Eastment

"If you keep on having deaths in the family at this rate, you will kill them all off before the end of a year and have to marry into another family to get more relatives to kill," warned Freeman as he regarded the woman who was supposed to keep his apartments in order.

The ebony face opened wide in a guffaw. Cynthia regarded Freeman as a rare joker.

"'Deed," she protested, "I didn't lose no fambly. It was my bes' lady. Her little gal done got married yesterday."

"Well, don't let it happen again," he warned. "Give the rooms a good cleaning today."

Cynthia wriggled first on one foot, then on the other. "I doan' can do no cleanin' today," she protested. "Dis my young lady day. I jes' come for your wash. She tole me I could wash yours there."

"If you mean you are going to do my laundry on some one else's gas range, be careful that you get all my things back."

Cynthia, with many voluble protestations, escorted him to the door and returned to the apartment to gather up the soiled clothes, and Freeman went downtown to work.

Things all went wrong that day, and when he came home in the evening he went to the top drawer, where from a photograph and a handkerchief he was wont to draw comfort. The girl in the photograph smiled up at him, but the handkerchief was gone, and, though he turned out the contents of every drawer, he could not find it.

With an odd sense of foreboding he sat down to think it over. Freeman was of an unusually sensitive temperament, and the loss of the handkerchief seemed to him to be an omen.

Bessie had worn it when he had gone to say goodby before he had started for the city, and she had given it to him to wrap the photograph in when he slipped it into his pocket. It had been his talisman, and the faint perfume that he knew so well cleared his brain of worries.

Now it was gone, just as Bessie had gone. There was something uncanny in its disappearance, and it seemed to him to presage evil.

She had dropped utterly from sight. She had written him that she, too, was coming to town, and that was the last

"SHE DONE EXPECT IT," WAS THE COMFORTING REPLY.

he had heard. That had been a year ago, and he had searched in vain for any trace of the girl who had promised to become his wife.

He was still lost in his thoughts when a shrill peal of the electric bell roused him. At the door stood Cynthia, panting from the exertion of stair climbing and carefully nursing a huge basket covered with his best red tablecloth.

"Get through all right?" he asked, his good temper returning. "What did the young lady say to the intrusion?"

"She done expect it," was the comforting reply as Cynthia made her way toward the bedroom to put the things away. "I done tole her that I had to look after my young gemman too."

"You better had," he laughed as he settled himself with his paper.

"I got to go back there," she said as she came lumbering toward him. "It's des as funny."

"What's funny?" he asked.

"I done took a handkerchief outen your top drawer."

"Thank God!" he breathed softly.

"An' I don't know which it is," she went on as she handed out a pile of flimy lacy things.

"Your young lady use the same kind?" he asked as he held out his hand.

Cynthia nodded.

Freeman gave a gasp. There was nothing by which he could tell the one he had lost. They were all alike. He turned to Cynthia.

"What's your young lady's name?" he asked.

"Mis' Hadley," was the stammering response. "I'm sorry I done got 'em mixed."

"I'm not!" he shouted. "Where does Miss Hadley live?"

"I was a-goin' to des slip 'em in de drawer," she protested. "Doan' you go to takin' 'em round."

"Hang the handkerchiefs!" he shouted as he caught up his hat and started for the door, and he darted out, leaving behind a most astonished negress.

Ten minutes later he was ringing the bell of a flat house half a mile away and with trembling feet was climbing the stairs. It might, of course, all be a mistake, yet it would be odd if her name was Hadley and it was not his Bessie.

Then a door opened in the hall above, and her face peered over the banisters. With a choking cry she tottered toward the stairs just as he sprang to the top, and an instant later she was sobbing in his arms.

For a moment he held her there, too happy to speak. Then the closing of a door on the floor above aroused him, and he quietly drew her into the parlor.

"I have found you at last!" he exclaimed. "I was beginning to fear that you were dead."

Gently she slipped from his arms and moved away. "I sent and told you where I was," she reproached. "You never came to me."

"I did go," he protested. "I was out of town. When I came home they told me that you had gone out one evening and had not returned. I searched the town for you, but could find no trace, and I even went back to the old home to see if you had become discouraged and had returned there."

"I met with an accident," she explained. "I was struck by an automobile, and my head was hurt—concussion of the brain, they said it was. I was insensible for two weeks. Then I sent to your address, but you had moved, and no one seemed to know where you were."

"I had fitted up a flat for two," he explained. "When I lost you I could not bear to live in it and be constantly reminded of all I had planned.

"Then how did you find me now?" she asked.

"Through your handkerchief," he explained.

"I did not know they were marked with my address," she said coldly. "There must be some other explanation of your suddenly awakened desire to see me. Did you not have my address all the time?"

"Do you remember that Cynthia brought some one's washing to do here at your house today?" he demanded, ignoring her question.

Bessie nodded.

"Well, through some foolishness she got the handkerchief you gave me the day I went away mixed up with the wash. When she came to pick it out they were all alike, and she brought the whole lot over to me to see if I could pick out mine."

Bessie's face cleared. "Do you know," she said, "that for a moment I thought that since you knew where I lived you must have known all the time?"

"If I had," he smiled, "there would have been a double laundry for Cynthia long ago."

"And to think that a little thing like that should bring us together!" she cried. "Cynthia always spoke of you as her 'young gemman.'"

"And you were her 'young lady,'" he answered. "Don't you think it is about time there was a change of ownership?"

"If you still want me, Charlie," she said.

"If I want you!" he echoed as he caught her to him, and Cynthia, coming back, beamed on them with the air of one who has worked a great good.

Going to Luncheon.

How a man goes: Glances at the clock, drops his pen, jumps from his chair, grabs his hat, bolts for the door, says briefly, "Going to lunch," and is gone. Time, one-half minute.

How a woman goes: Glances at the clock. Wipes her pen carefully and places it in the pen tray. Arranges papers neatly on her desk. Goes to the mirror. Removes four or five combs, as many pins and possibly unties a bow from her hair. Combs up her pompadour, puffs out the sides, combs up the scolding locks, replaces bow, pins and combs, then surveys result with hand mirror. Washes her hands and cleans her nails. Dabs the powder rag over her face to remove "that shiny look." Applies whisk broom to dress. Puts on hat and thrusts into it five long hatpins. Examines hair with mirror again. Puts on veil. Uses hand mirror once more. Investigates sundry fancy pins at back of neck and belt. Pulls on gloves. Gets her parasol. Gives one more look in the mirror and goes. Time—depends on the woman and the length of her gloves, but anywhere from twenty minutes to half an hour.—New York Press.

Old English Coal Records.

There is a record, dated 852, of the receipt of twelve cartloads of fossil coal at the abbey of Peterborough, and this was assuredly not the first case of production and delivery.

The deeds of the bishopric of Durham contain records of grants of land to colliers as far back as 1180 in various parts of the county. In the year 1239 a charter was granted by Henry III. to the freemen of Newcastle-on-Tyne to dig coal in the fields belonging to the castle, and it was in or about this year that coal was first sent to London. Very early in the fourteenth century evidence abounds of a large consumption of coal by smiths, brewers and others. Already the smoke nuisance appeared, and a commission of Edward I. levied fines to prevent it.

Another charter, or license, was granted to the freemen of Newcastle in Edward III.'s time to work coal within the town walls, and in the year 1367 coal began to be worked at Wallaton, in the neighborhood where George Stephenson was to evolve the locomotive 400 years later, while himself a worker at the coal pits.

THE SURGEON'S TOOLS

AS FEW AS POSSIBLE USED BY THE MODERN PRACTITIONER.

To Remove an Appendix, For Instance, He Can Carry Everything Necessary In One of His Pockets. Hand Forged Instruments the Best.

"A surgeon used to carry a bag of instruments weighing often as much as twenty-five pounds when he was called to operate," said a member of the staff of the New York Postgraduate Medical School and Hospital the other day. "Today an average operation, such as the removal of an appendix, calls for no more instruments than can be carried in the pockets.

"I have just come," continued the doctor, "from removing an appendix, and here in this small package are all the instruments I used—a scissors, two artery clamps, two forceps and a needle. Many operations, of course—gastro-enteric, gynecological and those that have to do with bones—require more instruments, but modern science demands the use of as few as possible in order that time may be saved. Skill and haste are prime factors in an operation. In the old days, before anaesthesia was known, this was to shorten the patient's agony as much as possible. After ether was discovered surgeons for awhile operated more leisurely, but soon finding out that the shock to the patient remaining under ether so long was always dangerous and often fatal they again recognized the importance of swiftness. Diminishing the number of instruments was one of the methods for saving time. In the operating room in the old days there was always, no matter what the operation, a good sized table laid out with ten or fifteen score of instruments, fifty artery clamps, scissors, forceps and lancets by the dozen. It used to take over an hour to remove an appendix; today the average is about twelve minutes.

"The variety of instruments increases every year as surgeons meet with new needs or solve old problems. In our school here, as in others, many instruments have been devised. Especially to those having to do with the eye, ear, nose and throat have we made valuable additions as well as in the field of orthopedic appliances. The Hippocratic oath precludes the patenting of any such inventions; consequently all instruments are free to be made by all and every surgical manufactory."

The making of surgical instruments in the United States is nearly contemporaneous with the beginning of the republic, and one or two of the prominent firms today date from long before the civil war. In no country are finer instruments made than in the United States. Though the number of men employed is small, every man is a skilled laborer and an artist, with an adroitness often as fine as that of a journeyman jeweler, capable of making even the most delicate of the great variety of instruments, amounting to about 10,000, which a surgical house must keep in stock or be ready to produce upon order.

Cast and drop forged instruments have no lasting value, and once the edge is worn off they can never be satisfactorily resharpened. The process which they undergo demands that they be brought three times to a white heat. The first time the steel becomes tempered; the second and third time it becomes decarbonized and loses its temper, the result being an instrument with a shell of hard steel, capable of taking a fair edge, but beneath which the metal is soft and unfit to stand honing.

"All good instruments are hand forged. This prices are doubled and trebled over the prices of cast instruments because of the skilled labor and time necessary to their construction. The workman in a careful factory must make a study of his work and learn the physical qualities of the steel or metal he works with, its strength and cutting and tension qualities. General operating instruments are made of steel, silver, platinum, gold and aluminium. German steel, owing to its tenacity, is used for forceps and blunt instruments; English cast steel for edged tools, as it receives a high temper, a fine polish and retains its edge. Silver when pure is very flexible and is useful for catheters, which require frequent change of curve. When mixed with other metals, as coin silver, it makes firm catheters, caustic holders and cannulated work. Seamless silver instruments are least liable to corrode. Platinum resists the action of acids and ordinary heat and is useful for caustic holders, actual cauteries and the electrodes of the galvano cautery. Gold, owing to its ductility, is adapted for fine tubes, such as eye syringes and so forth, while aluminium is by its extreme lightness suitable for probes, styles and tracheotomy tubes.

"Handles are made of ebony, ivory, pearl or hard rubber. Ebony and rubber are used for large instruments, though these at times have handles of steel. Ivory makes a durable and beautiful handle, though it and ebony are not entirely aseptic, because it is impossible to boil them for the purpose of sterilization without their cracking. Ivory and pearl are used for scalpels and for small instruments like those used in operating on the eye. On the whole, the best material for handles is hard rubber, since it may be vulcanized on the instrument, thus making it practically one piece, with no possible seam for the lodging of germs and hence perfectly safe.

"Next to the material the mode of making determines the instrument's quality. Steel overheated in the forge is brittle or rotten. In shaping with the file the form may be destroyed. In hardening and tempering the steel may be spoiled. In every stage the value of the instrument depends upon the skill applied."—New York Post.

THOUGHTLESS TRAPPERS.

Torture to Animals and Ruthless Destruction of Game.

People who have not seen can form no idea of the suffering trappers cause nor of their ruthless destruction of game. Nothing escapes them. Even the squirrels are sacrificed to bait traps for marten and fisher, and not only the squirrels, but all kinds of birds, whether game or song birds.

In trapping mink, otter, beaver and a few other fur bearing animals the trap is nearly always set near the water, where the animal when caught can drown itself, thus ending its suffering.

But with bear, marten and fisher it is different. The bear must drag a heavy clog about until it catches in some root or bush. There he must wait until the trapper comes to kill him, and this in some cases is not for days. The bones of the leg are almost invariably broken by the trap, and the leg swells to incredible size. One trapper in one day shot nineteen large blue grouse merely to try a new rifle. The birds were nesting. He had no use for them, and not one did he even bring to camp.

Years ago in British Columbia an old trapper camped near our bear hunting party. He shot everything he could find, even little ducks and marmots. A goat he killed fell over a cliff, and as it was harder to recover it than to shoot another he shot another. He was trapping beaver out of season and boasted of having caught one that was about to become a mother.

I have seen the spot where a bear fast in a trap had been caught for more than a week in a thicket through which it was impossible to drag the trap and clog. I once knew an old French trapper who shot seventy-three moose and elk in one winter for bear bait for the spring catch. I asked why he killed so many. He said that he wanted a big stink in the spring so as to bring the bears around. All of the animals he had slaughtered for a spring stink were shot with a revolver, for they were snow bound and could not escape. He told me that he dropped five big elk in one pile. This frightful destruction by trappers has exterminated the game.—World's Work.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Don't save your money and starve your mind.

Vigorous thought must come from a fresh brain.

Tens of thousands of people fail because they love their ease too much.

"Keeping alive that spirit of youth," Stevenson used to say, was "the perennial spring of all the mental faculties."

A man may build a palace, but he can never make of it a home. The spirituality and love of a woman alone can accomplish this.

If we are contented to unfold the life within according to the pattern given us we shall reach the highest end of which we are capable.

By proper training the depressing emotions can be practically eliminated from life and the good emotions rendered permanently dominant.

Every time you crowd into the memory what you do not expect it to retain you weaken its powers and you lose your authority to command its services.—Success.

Not Buried Yet.

"There has never been any decisive action on that bill you introduce year after year."

"No," answered the statesman. "That bill has been of such value in giving me prominence that I should rather regret to see it removed from active controversy and buried in the statute books."—Washington Star.

Serenading Felicia

By OTHO B. SENGA

Copyright, 1906, by Ruby Douglas

"Run out, children; run out and play," coaxed Felicia, "shooing" them along with the skirt of her pretty gown.

"You come, too, Aunt Fillie," begged Jimmie. "You said you'd play 'timbuktu' today."

"I'm going to be very busy this morning, Jimmie," evaded Felicia.

"Going to try on?" cried Gladys ecstatically. "Oh, do let me stay!"

"I'm not going to 'try on,' Gladys; it isn't the dressmaker who is coming," Felicia smiled happily.

The brown eyes of Bobby the adorable opened wider and then narrowed knowingly. "You goin' to have p'tic'lar comp'ny?" he demanded.

Felicia's joyous laugh rang out sweetly. "Yes, Bobby, very particular company."

"I'll bet anything it's Mr. Parker," grumbled Jimmie. "I don't want to go away if it is."

"Oh, let us stay!" cried Gladys, jumping up and down. "Mr. Parker'll want to see us—he always does. You know, Aunt Fillie," argumentatively, "he said the other day he was very fond of children."

"Yes, I know," hurriedly, "he is fond of children—good children, obedient children"—

"Then we'll thtay," agreed Donald placidly.

"Of course," assented Gladys and Jimmie, with one accord, seating themselves on the steps with cheerful alacrity.

"Come on, Bob," Jimmie added patronizingly.

But the adorable one stood aloof, regarding Felicia with gravely reproachful eyes. "Has he got somepin' p'tic'lar to say to you?" frigidly.

Felicia laughed and blushed rosily. "I think so, Bobby," gently. "Now, Jimmie," coaxingly, "you are the oldest—you ought to set the others a good example. Take them away and have them play something. I want to talk with Mr. Parker a little while, and then perhaps we'll play."

Jimmie rose grandly. "I'm most nine," importantly. "I'll boss the others. Come on, kids."

He stopped and turned to his pretty aunt with masculine superiority. "But if you're smart you won't keep Mr. Parker shut up in that dark parlor very long. I bet he druther play 'timbuktu.' Come on, Bob. What you standin' there for?"

Felicia paused on the steps and looked back apprehensively. The adorable one stood in the path, his feet planted wide apart, his hands thrust into the pockets of the recently acquired trousers and a faraway look upon his beautiful face that somehow filled Felicia's heart with foreboding. Had she known Bobby better she might have feared less—or more! She ran down the steps and laid a detaining hand on Jimmie's arm.

"Jimmie, dear," she whispered impressively, "remember that Bobby is your guest, and you must do everything you can to make him happy."

"All right," gruffly, still with a sense of being defrauded. "Come, Bobby."

"Go with the others, Bobby," coaxed Felicia alluringly; "they will show you their pets."

He brought his heaven turned eyes down to her face.

"Some day," he breathed sweetly, "I shall give you a Sarah Nade."

"So you shall, Bobby," gratefully, "whenever you wish."

Bobby skipped away, and Felicia ran singing up the steps.

"Isn't it sweet of him?" she thought. "I never heard him sing except that once at All Saints'. I don't wonder they call him the adorable one! Such a lively thought, to give me a serenade!"

"This is my dorg," introduced Jimmie proudly. "His name is Bunch o' Brightness, but we call him Bunch for every day. Get your cat, Gad. Glad's cat is a blue ribboner!"

The big, fluffy Persian was brought out for the admiration of the guest, who regarded it with coldly critical eyes.

"Where's Don's pet?"

"It's a parrot," explained Gladys. "He's in the house—in a cage. When we got Fluff we had to shut the parrot up, 'cause he wanted to pick Fluff's eyes out."

"You orter hear the parrot talk!" cried Jimmie. "He can say 'Now's the time,' 'Go it, old boy,' and 'I'll bet on you,' plain as I can."

"Let's bring him out," tempted the adorable one, "and look at all three together and see which is the nicerest."

"Oh, we can't!" cried Gladys hastily. "If they should fight, Aunt Fillie would be most scart to death."

The back of the adorable one is turned squarely upon the timorous Gladys. "Girls," witheringly, "are always scart!"

"I guess we'd better, Glad," said Jimmie slowly. "She said do everything we could to make Bobby happy."

"We'll make everybody happy," answered Bobby serenely. "We'll give her a Sarah Nade!"

"What's a Sarah Nade?"

"He means lemonade," interposed Gladys, anxious for reinstatement. "I'll help make it."

"No, it's a Sarah Nade—singing and—and bringing gifts. You make a p'cession and have your pets for gifts, and we'll all sing."

"Can't we dress up?" The girl never wanders far from her wardrobe.

"Naw!" in concert from the three masculines.

"Oh, I mean play dress up," pleaded Gladys. "I'll put on one of mamma's dress skirts, and Jimmie can put on papa's coat."

"Has it got tails?" The possibilities of the proposal appeal to the adorable one.

"I can find one with tails," eagerly—"two tails."

"All right. Can't you put a skirt on, Don? Then there'll be two ladies and two gentlemens in the Sarah Nade."

Don objected, but his minority vote was not recorded, and twenty minutes later the procession stole noiselessly up the steps and opened the door into the cool, dark hall.

Don, bearing the bellicose parrot, staggered patiently up the front of his mother's new tailored skirt; Gladys, with Fluff's claws digging wildly into her bare arms, switched the train of a pale blue foulard; Jimmie held his hand over the quivering jaws of the anxious Bunch and divided his attention between the trailing silk draperies in front of him and the two tails that dragged the ground at his rear. The adorable one, walking somewhat remotely, bore no indication of any participation in the proceedings.

Don pushed aside the portiere at the parlor door.

"In a Sarah Nade," the manager had explained before starting, "every one sings the things he likes best. Just as quick as we reach the curtains all begin!"

Don was like the heroes at Balaklava—not his to question why. He poked himself into the dim, sweet smelling room and opened his mouth in a doleful howl. Gladys pushed in close behind him, shrilly yelling; Jimmie planted both feet firmly on the blue foulard and gruffly vociferated in an imitation bass.

Their entrance was evidently not happily timed. An athletic young man sprang to his feet with a smothered exclamation, and Felicia was silent from sheer consternation.

Don's next step, gasping "Where the love in your eyes I could see," was inimical to renewals of any sort. Being born under Cancer, his movements were usually sidewise and crablike, and the clinging broadcloth skirt added to his uncertainty of balance. He fell heavily, and his chubby foot and legs upset the shrieking Gladys and bowled the valiant rag and bone vender on top of his suffering sister. Gladys in falling grasped despairingly at the legs of the astounded Parker and brought him to his knees on the howling heap.

Poll escaped from Don's clutches and instituted a severe investigation of every leg, arm or body within reach of her vicious beak, clamoring incessantly. "Go it, old boy! Now's the time! I'll bet on you!" Bunch o' Brightness showed his fighting blood in violent attacks on Poll and the yowling Persian.

The man disentangled himself angrily and turned to the now hysterical girl. "I suppose you call this funny, Miss Austin, but I must confess my idea of a joke fails to coincide with yours."

He stepped grimly over the struggling mass, kicked Bunch—not gently—and with apparent relish cuffed the squeaking parrot.

"Glad tidings of great joy I bring," sang a seraphic voice as Parker strode into the hall. The adorable one was standing in his most admired Sunday pose, his hands loosely clasped before him and his beautiful face turned upward. He smiled beatifically into Parker's face and completed his carol.

"Did she like it?" with sweet solicitude. "Did she like the Sarah Nade?"

"Bobby," sternly, "who put up this job and what is it for?"

"Me," proudly. "We wanted to Sarah Nade her."

From the parlor came a pitiful sob and then a shrill, insistent, childish voice, "Did he say, Aunt Fillie—did he say that p'tic'lar thing he came to say?"

Parker went back.

"I didn't, Gladys, but I'm going to now. I won't be driven off so easily."

And, to the astonishment of the serenaders, he took Aunt Fillie in his arms, whispering swift, passionate words that brought back the sweet flush to her cheeks and a tremulous, happy smile to her lips.

Onions.

Onions are an excellent cure for sleeplessness. They act as a kind of soporific if taken in small quantities before retiring. They will be found to be more appetizing if finely chopped up and laid between two thin wafers or biscuits. Eaten in this way, they are also easily digested. The reason so many people complain of onions disagreeing with them is that they eat too much of the homely vegetable. Onions are not intended to be eaten en masse. When they are taken raw they should be thoroughly masticated, or, better still, the juice of the onion should be pressed out and taken on bread or as a sauce. In this form the onion is splendid for liver complaints and acts in consequence as a purifier for a dark and muddy complexion.

Salmon Sometimes Caught at Sea.

The salmon is one of the anadromous fishes, of which the shad and sturgeon are other examples, anadromous fishes being those that come from the sea and ascend fresh water streams to spawn and return to the sea again after spawning. It is not known of the shad whether it remains in deep water in the ocean not very far away from the river whence it came or whether it goes south, but it seems certain that some salmon at least spend their sea life not far away from their rivers, for salmon have been caught at sea in northern waters off the New England coast on hooks baited for cod, haddock and halibut.

LANGUAGE EVOLUTION.

Use of the Suffix "Less" In Verbs, Nouns and Adjectives.

Many will remember that some years ago there went on a violent controversy about the word tireless. The discovery had been made that "less" was a suffix which could properly be appended only to nouns; hence the form must be discarded, and we must all take pains to say untiring. The duty of so doing was preached from scores of professional and newspaper pulpits. No one seemed to think or care for the various other adjectives similarly formed and therefore liable to the similar censure which they never received. Hostility was directed against it alone. The actual flaw which vitiated the arguments against tireless its censors never knew or took into consideration. This was that the fancied rule covering the creation of such words had practically long ceased to be operative whenever a new formation struck the sense of the users of language as being desirable.

Unquestionably in our earliest speech the suffix "less" when employed to form adjectives was joined only with nouns. But the general sloughing off of nominal and verbal endings which went on in later centuries reduced a great proportion of substantives and verbs in the speech to precisely the same form. In consequence the sense of any fundamental distinction between the two broke down in many ways—in one way in particular. There is nothing easier in our speech than to convert a verb into a noun or a noun into a verb. It is a process which has taken place constantly in the past and is liable to take place at any time in the future, either at the will or the whim of the writer or speaker.—Thomas R. Lounsbury in Harper's.

A Horse Story.

Our Dumb Animals tells a remarkable story about the intelligence of a mare who saved her colt from death by stopping a train on a railroad in Texas. The colt had fallen with its legs through a railroad bridge, and the mother started down the track to meet the coming train. As the train came up she stood on the track whinnying. The train stopped, and then the mare trotted ahead of it as it moved slowly to the bridge. Here the colt was discovered and extricated from its perilous position. The story was vouched for by the engineer, railroad men and passengers in the train.