SOME RAINY WEATHER SUGGESTIONS ON HOW TO USE AN UMBRELLA

FOLLOW THESE AND YOU ARE SURE TO HAVE TROUBLE

NOW that the season of rain, mud, dust and other varities of more or less disagreeable weather is at hand, it is timely to offer a few hints as to street etiquette, especially for those who really want to be troublesome but don't konw how. Of course everybody, even the most cross-grained and vicious, has some ideas on the subject; but there are little fine points that are likely to escape the unitiated—points developed by long and patient study.

Here are a few of the latest wrinkles on how a lady may be peculiarly disagreeable with an umbrella, together with a few of the formula generally used in compounding an appropriate answer to the outrages:

Champion Eye-Catcher.

This is done by sneaking up behind a fellow who is standing with his back toward you, earnestly engaged in conversation with a friend, and then rustling your skirt, or coughing, or making some unusual noise that will attract his attention and cause him to look around just in time for the open umbrella you carry to jab him sharply in the eye. It gives added impetus to make him start quickly so as to pass him as the point reaches him; you can get an eye almost every time.

This feat may be performed in any kind of weather, rain or shine. The victim is expected to say nothing audible in this case; it is so plainly an accident that he cannot well do so.

Park Avenue Hat Rake.

This may be performed in any kind of weather, preferably, however when the day is fine, for then the men will all wear their best hats. It also works well after a heavy rain, when the streets are still muddy. It should always be done on a narrow sidewalk, a crossing preferably. Carry the umbrella high in the air, so as to delude the victim you are to meet, into believing that he can duck under it. Just as you get to him let the instrument slide down in the hand, so as to catch his hat on the crown, above the brim. It is more likely to come off it is caught just so. Keep a good tight grip on the handle, for some peak-headed men have their hats set pretty well down on their craniums, and it may be necessary to reach around and grab the hat, under pretense of saving

RIGHT IN THE EYE.

the umbrella, to send it into the street.

It is one of the best tricks, but does not work with uniform success. The man may be expected to say "—— —— ——," with variations: objurgations, of course, addressed to the hat.

The Innocent Mud Puddle.

This is variation of the Hat Rake, but is uniformly successful, the only drawback being that you cannot see the man's face, which is half of the pleasure. It should be performed in the rain when a strong wind is blowing. Stand at one end of a narrow crossing on a muddy day, until a portly old fellow, who looks as if he could neither stoop nor dodge, starts toward you from the other side. Then draw your umbrella close down over your head, and plunge forward as if you were a halfback and had the bill.

To make sure, you should hold the point of the umbrella so that it is aimed directly at his eyes. Don't stop, for if you do he may say something, and you will be obliged to heed his warning. Meet him at the muddiest part of the street, and he will step out into the mud without fail. Half the pleasure of the sport has been lost since even the

ON THE HAT.

Cholly-Boys gave up wearing white spats, but still there is a grain of excitement in seeing a pompous old man, or a gay young one, step into the mud up to his knees. You are not expected to stay and hear what he has to say. The accident is unknown to you, so you can only guess that it happened, though a good way is to have a friend a little ways behind to report the affair. Then you can exchange places at the next crossing.

MUDDY CROSSING.

The Indian Club Twirl..

This is a very poor substitute for the more exciting operations performed with the open umbrella, but is reasonably effective in places where some one is likly to grab your umbrella if it is carried open. Wrap up the umbrella tightly, and when you see the shadow of a man coming up behind you, give the weapon a good swing, so as to catch him under the chin on the knockout point. Few umbrellas are heavy enough to really put a man out for good, but you are reasonably sure to disarrange his tie, even if you don't cut his face. It adds to the effect if the umbrella point is occasionally dipped in the mud along the street.

The Straight Poke.

This is executed with the point of the closed umbrella. Carry the instrument on the arm or the shoulder, as the height of the victim seems to dictate, and then have an accomplice to meet you just beside him, so that you can face the other way, and then taking good aim, make a slight turn so as to jokke him in the face. The eye is the most vulnerable place, but some men are also sensitive about the mouth, and it is well to study the characteristics of the intended victim before making the trial.

This is the oldest and most innocent of all the umbrella tricks. It is for

THE OLD FASHIONED DRIP.

tender hearted ladies who are not yet hardened to the point of gouging out eyes. It is carried on in about the same way as the Park Avenue Hat Rake, in rainy weather, but the operator stops just before inflicting the fatal blow and should stand as long as possible in surprised dismay, allowing the drippings of the umbrella to discolor the victim's shirt front. It should be practiced only on well dressed men, as soft shirts and

There are other modes of using the umbrella on the street; some of them quite effective, too. The foregoing, however, are the easiest of acquirement, and should be mastered before attempting any of the fancy exercises. All are peculiarly adapted to Butte, where the streets are often muddy, and the walks are narrow enough to permit of little dodging.

The Noon Hour.

Many a hard working young woman spends her noon hour in an endeavor to get a little rest to carry her through the remaining hours of the day. She is weak and weary, but she cannot give up the occupation which supports her. She must go back to the office and the typewriter, to the store and its duties, with tiresome customers to wait on and exacting employers to please.

For people who are weak and run down there is no medicine so valuable as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. Many diseases in organs remote from the stomach have their origin in a diseased condition of the stomach and its allied organs. When the stomach is "weak" there is a failure to properly digest and assimilate the food which is eaten. Hence the whole body, and each organ of it, suffers from lack of nutrition, so that as a consequence of "weak" stomach, there may be "weak" lungs, "weak" heart, "weak" or torpid liver, "weak" nerves, etc. By curing diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition, "Golden Medical Discovery" enables the assimilation of the nutriment necessary for the requirements of a healthy body. It increases the activity of the blood-making glands, and so increases the supply of blood which is the vital fluid of the body.

There is no alcohol in the "Discovery" and it is entirely free from opium, cocaine, and all other narcotics.

Sick and ailing people especially those suffering from disease in its chronic form are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter *free*. All correspondence is held as strictly private and sacredly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

There is no similar offer of free medical advice which has behind it an institute of national note such as the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., presided over by Dr. Pierce, its chief consulting physician, with the assistance of nearly a score of skilled specialists.

"The Wonderful Medicine."

"I must again send a few lines to you to let you know how I am getting along since taking the wonderful medicine which cured me two years ago," writes Miss Bertha Ebeler, of 1416 Benton Street, St. Louis, Mo. "I still continue in very good health and think there is not a better medicine on earth than Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. We would not be without it in the house, and also the little 'Pellets.'

"I have recommended Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery to many friends, and they all think it will do just what is claimed for it. It is the best thing for nervousness and for a weak, run down condition that any body could want. I was very nervous and weak last summer. I took five bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and it just made me feel like a new person. It gives a person new life and new blood. I can now work all day long without feeling the least bit tired. In fact I feel like a new person.

"My mother was also cured by it of a very bad state of stomach trouble about three years ago. I thank you a thousand times for what you have done for me and for your kind advice."

Wasted to a Skeleton.

"About six years ago my health failed," writes Miss Alethea E. Green, of Coopstown, Harford Co., Maryland. "I kept getting down lower and lower, until I could scarcely walk across the floor without struggling and gasping for breath. My home physician pronounced it general debility and catarrh of the throat, but although he did all he could, he failed to even relieve me. I tried various remedies, but all of no avail. I soon wasted away to a mere skeleton. Finally I was persuaded to write to Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., which I did immediately. And on receiving his very kind advice I commenced the use of his 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Favorite Prescription.' I took fourteen bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and nine of the 'Favorite Prescription' and to-day I am a well woman. I do heartily thank God and Dr. Pierce for my good health."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser is sent *free* on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing *only*. Send 31 one-cent stamps for the book in cloth binding, or 21 stamps for the paper covered volume. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dogs and Ponies Are Trained Just Like Little Boys

'Gee Whiz!" exclaimed an awe-stricken small boy as he watched the intricate evolutions of the dogs and horses at the pony show, "I'll bet it took them years to train them." One of the men attached to the show heard him and answered, "Kid you'd be surprised if you saw them animals trained. Just like training you kids."

And so it is, just school for the dogs and horses, on much the same lines laid down for the training of small humans. A visit of inspection to the tent in the morning before the parade evidenced that. A kennel of dogs, principally French poodles, had recently been received and were just being broken into the business and did not seem to mind having left their happy homes at all.

The trainer took a dainty white poodle and set her down in the center of the ring. He petted her for a moment then placed her in the middle of a seesaw. Then he took two others and put one on each end, but the moment the board began to sway there was a scramble from both ends and the middle one had her dignity upset by a fall. The trainer called two men and they held the animals on while the board went up and down. When they saw they were not going to be hurt, they subsided and motioning the men away the trainer kept the board going for a few moments.

"Training, I think, is a gift," said the trainer. "I know some men who can teach a trick in a day which will take others a month to teach. And once an animal is spoiled by a bad trainer, he will never amount to anything.

"What kind of men make the best trainers? Americans, as a rule, both to train and handle them. Negroes never can train animals and they are no good to help. We have one "yellow" negro who is pretty clever at it.

'I like Butte myself but it is a tough

DOGS WAITING FOR THEIR DINNER.

place for the animals. We always count on having a certain percentage of them sick here. We have to fuss with them more here during our short stay than the whole season elsewhere. . Altitude I suppose." He showed a number of horses who were sick, one mare very ill and one baby colt, about as large as a house dog, one week old.

Then he got some monkeys out. They were full of mischief and apparently determined not to stand still. "I train them by imitation," exlained the ringmaster. Then he got a monkey who knew the trick to balancing on the trapeze. Then the trainer tried it. One of the "green" monkeys was put on the trapeze. He sat still at first. A rap from the whip made him weep but produced no movement. Then the trainer held him, avoiding his teeth, and then letting go the trapeze, allowing the monkey to swing to and fro. He chattered like a magpie for a moment, and concluded he liked it, and of his own volition kept the swing moving. He was left for a few moments, then taken down and fed. The others were treated likewise but they had been taking in the performance before and only one needed the lash.

THE PASSING OF BULLDOG REGAN.

A Incident of Life in a Frontier Minnesota Town.

BY R. D. STRONG.

"You've played the limit, 'Bulldog,' " said Marshal Burns, of Bass Lake, a new lumbering town in northern Minnesota, as he laid his left hand on the arm of a stalwart, evil-faced 6-footer, who was broad of shoulder and deep of chest.

The man turned quickly and raised one hand as if to strike. As he turned, his hat fell from his head, disclosing scars of all sizes and shapes, where knife blades or bullets had plowed through the scalp.

"Drop your hands, my friend," quietly remarked the little marshal, his voice growing suddenly cold and stern, as he placed the muzzle of his 44 against the stomach of "Bulldog" Regan. "Don't try that little game, or you will be fighting little devils in the lower regions before you know what has hit you."

Possessed of plenty of courage, and always looking for a fight, "Bulldog" Regan was a character now, fortunately, growing scarce, even in the frontier towns of the west and the northwest.

Physically a giant, not knowing the meaning of the word fear, and bitterly brutal when under the influence of liquor, in which condition he was frequently seen, he had long been a terror in the little pine towns of northern Minnesota, had averaged three fights a day for several years, and had been driven out of almost ever one of the towns by nervy marshals who knew how to handle big caliber guns.

"Well, what d'ye want 'o me now?" snarled "Bulldog," looking straight into the face of Marshal Burns, who never winked an eyelash.

"It's this way, 'Bulldog,' " and a faint smile crossed the face of the marshal; "ever since yo licked 'Klondike Game Jim' in Heford's place the other night the people of this place are afraid you will become to prominent if you stay here any longer, and I've been delegated to escort you out of the village. See?"

"Yes, I see," and Regan's eyes snapped like those of an angry animal. "I 'spose you'll send me out on the morning train?"

"Well, not precisely Owing to a stringency in the money market it has been decided that you will have to walk, so I'll just escort you across the trestle over the lake and give you a fair strat on the way to some other place. How does that strike you?"

"Bulldog's" only reply was a grunt of disgust, but he promptly headed for the trestle, over which he carefully picked his way, closely followed by the little marshal.

"Now, 'Bulldog,' " said the officer, as the two men stood once more on solid ground on the east side of the lake, with the town just visible across the water, "take my advice; hit the ties hard, and don't come back to Bass Lake."

"Curse you and your advice," growled Regan, as he sneered at the marshal. "I'll come back if I want to."

"Perhaps you wil," answered the marshal, "but you will be sorry if you do. So long," and the marshal walked off across the trestle on the way back to town.

"Hurry up, marshal!" shouted an excited citizen the next mornning, bursting into the shack where Burns sat, eating his breakfast. 'Hurry up; "there's just been a killing down on 'Whisky Row!' "

When the marshal reached the short street, lined with saloons, designated as 'Whisky Row' he found a group of men standing over the prostrate and bleeding form of "Bulldog" Regan, while near by stood "Crazy Pete," an inoffensive half-witted fellow, who had struck down the desperado.

"It was this way, marshal," said Jack Keedy, proprietor of the Mint saloon and gambling house; " 'Crazy Pete,' stood here, choppin' wood and 'tendin' strict to his business, when 'Bulldog,' who returned to town early this morning, came up and gave him a kick, sudden like.

" 'Crazy Pete,' tried to run, but 'Bulldog,' caught him and gave him 'nother kick. Pete swung his ax and caught Regan on the side of the head, and as he started to fall hit 'im on the other side, layin' him out flat, as you see.

"Pete was not to blame for the trouble, no how, and we don't propose to let him swing for killin' the 'Bulldog,' who was no account, anyway."

A chorus of "that's right!" from the crowd greeted this statement of the tragedy and the suggestion that the arrest of "Crazy Pete," would not be allowed.

"Well, boys," and the marshal seemed to grow several inches taller all at once, "while I ain't saying that 'Bulldog' didn't get what he deserved and what he was looking for, I ain't going to let 'Crazy Pete' mosey out of this town just yet. He's going to the lockup with me, and some of you fellows had better take care of 'Bulldog,' who ain't dead yet."

In a few minutes "Crazy Pete" occupiet the only cell in the little log jail, while the bleeding and unconscious form of his victim lay on a cot in an empty store building, surrounded by a curious crowd, who brushed away the flies that lighted on the head of the injured man, and commented upon his appearance in a state of complete repose. Few of the bystanders had ever seen the 'Bulldog' in repose, and the sight was to them a novel one.

Under the yellow, flickering glare of a smoky kerosene lamp, which but dimly lighted the room in which "Bulldog" Regan lay, a sheet stretched over him, stood Dr. Roddy, Dr. Milbox, Colonel Hatley, owner of the townsite upon which Bass lake was located, and half a dozen more or less prominent residents of the town.

"There's no use in operating on him," remarked Dr. Roddy, after examining the wounded man's head; "he'll be dead in an hour; no man can live after receiving such blows as those inflicted by 'Crazy Pete.' "

"Two to one you're wrong on that" broke in "Crap Joint Mike," resplendent in a pair of blue overalls, and a red flannel shirt from which gleamed a big diamond.

"You can't kill the 'Bulldog' with only two blows from an axe; that is, you can't kill him so soon. My money says he won't die for three hours—it is now midnight, and I'll give the 'Bulldog' until morning. Take the bet?"

"Say, Mike," and the voice of Colonel Hatley, who was sitting, clad in trousers, undershirt and slippers, on the cot, washing the dried blood from the head of the injured man, grew strangely soft, "this is no time or place to make bets on a man's life. The 'Bulldog' was not worth much as a citizen, and he was not exactly popular with any of us, but he's pretty near death, and therefore entitled to a trifle of respect."

"Sure thing, colonel," and "Crap Joint Mike" bowed in an apologetic manner. "Take it all back—bets are off, gentlemen."

"Hand me that knife, Joe," and Dr. Milbox directed the attention of an Indian youth to a case of surgical instruments lying near. "We will do what we can for this poor devil, but I'm afraid it is a hopeless case."

As the doctors began their work upon the fallen desperado the scene was a remarkable one. A little circle of light fell upon the head of the injured man, and also lighted up the faces of the surgeons and the few laymen who stood within the charmed circle.

Further back was a sea of faces, half hidden in the deep shadows of a strange humanity—men from the sawmills, woodsmen from the lumber camps, and engineers from the railroad roundhouse touched elbows with full-blood agency Indians and half-breeds, as all crowded forward to better watch the gruesome operation of the surgeon's knives.

"Ah, you see the blade of the ax severed the um-te-up-ety nerve," said Dr. Roddy, turning to Colonel Hatley and the surgeons. " 'Bulldog' was practically dead before he struck the ground. And on the left side of the skull there is only a broken mass of bone, where he was hit with the blunt side of the ax—just look here."

Afew of the spectators crowded forward and stared at the fearful sight, but the majority turned away—the spectacle was too much for them, accustomed as they were to unple asant things.

'Twas 2 o'clock in the morning before the surgeons left "Bulldog' Regan, and at 5 o'clock he died, with not one person in the town to take a last look at his face, and say:

"Poor fellow—I'm sorry he has gone."

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"Well, I suppose we've got to bury the 'Bulldog,' " said Colonel Hatley, two days later to a group of men in front of the Empire saloon and theater.

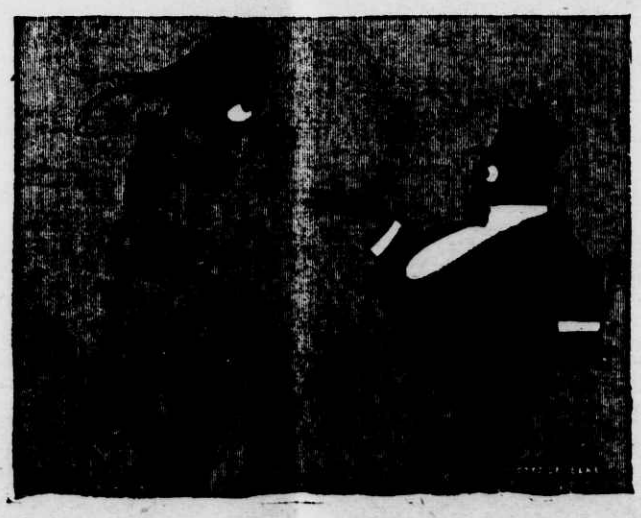
"Bury nothing," and the voices of several of the bystanders took on an indignant tone. "We are too busy making things comfortable for 'Crazy Pete' to bother with 'Bulldog.' He's got to wait until we can fix things so Pete won't have to stay in jail while awaiting trial."

One day later, after everything had been done for the slayer of the terror of the lumber towns, the mortal remains of "Bulldog" Regan, desperado and bully, whose chief delight was to knock a man down and then jump on him with heavy "driving boots"—boots with long iron spikes in them, which cut and tore like knives—were carted away to the paupers' lot in the little cemetery among the jack pines on the hillside.

No tears were shed at the passing of "Bulldog" Regan by those who knew him best.

First Artist (sneerinngly)—Dauber evidently believes in paintning the sort of bosh the public wants, and not in following art for art's sake.

Second artist (deprecatingly)—Yes; he believes in art for the stomach's sake! —Brooklynn Eagle.



AN AID TO REALISM.

Manager—"In this next act you must remember to assume the air of a man who has barrels of coin."

Actor—"Odz bodkins grammercy i'faith marry I trow it couldn't be the more realistically performed didst thou pay to me by back salary, egad!"

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