

# THE CITIZEN.

T. G. PASCO, Editor and Manager.

HERA, : : KENTUCKY

## SAD CASE OF JACK SMITH.

Jack Smith was a clerk on a thousand a year and his heart was as bright as the May. His smart little wife made his humble home dear.

For she did her own housework with never a fear  
Of what other people might say,  
Of what foolish people might say.

His tastes being simple, his wants they were few;  
Contented and happy he dwelt;  
He dined on plain food and took exercise, too.

So vigor and health and good nature he knew,  
And never a worry he felt.

To shorten the girls of his belt,  
Being poor he could live as it suited him best  
And dress just for comfort alone;

He could ride on a merry-go-round with a zeal,  
Speak the truth and be honest because he was best.

With true independence unknown,  
To those in a wealthier zone.

And thus he was happy until in a while  
There fell to him riches galore,  
And then the poor fellow bloomed out in the style.

And dwelt in a grand architectural pile  
With servants on every floor,  
With horses on every floor.

J. Cumberland Smythe was our gentleman now,  
And his ambitious wife she was training him now.

To make his political society bow  
To further her loftiest aim.

From trying to "get in the game,"  
With nothing to do he grew puffy and stout,  
And wine made him red in the face;

He dined on course dinners with nabobs about,  
His health and his nerves and good nature gave out.

And he soon was a pitiful case,  
For the doctors who thrived on his pace.

In garments of fashion he had to be bound  
And walk with a dignified tread;  
To operas, balls and receptions around  
His wife made him go—if he didn't she found.

Another to go in his stead,  
When scandalous things might be said.

A valet he had who would fawn at his face  
And fun of him make at his back.  
His butler, bedecked with gold buttons and lace,  
Looked down on him so that he felt in his place.

As small as the point of a tack,  
And worse than a man on the rack.

In his carriage with liveried driver before  
And a folded-armed tiger behind,  
And his wife with a poodle he had to adore,  
He rode in the park while admirers, a score,  
Would bow to his wife who inclined.

While he was compelled to be blind,  
In spite of his money both ends wouldn't meet.

For he had to ape wealthy geese,  
So worries and cares made his troubles complete;  
To keep up the style he must practice deceit.

Which robbed all his numbers of peace,  
Till death seemed his only release.

One day in a restaurant sadly he went  
And asked as a privilege rare  
That he, as in days he had happily spent,  
Could take off his coat and in shirt sleeves content.

Sit down on a plain wooden chair,  
And feel just as free as the air.

"And can't I," he asked, "as a privilege great,  
Have corned beef and cabbage to eat  
With plenty of mustard and all on one plate?"

You'll pardon my tears for, alas, I must state  
It's years since I've known such a treat.

"It's years since I've known such a treat,"  
—H. C. Dodge, in Chicago Daily Sun.

## A MAID and a MOUSETRAP

By Pauline Freeman

"I certainly seem to me as if some power watched over the destinies of young girls and guarded them—when they're good," the old bachelor said. He ought to know, I thought, having himself been a sort of honorary uncle and guide to as many as a dozen young girls in his time, all of whom were happily married. He was a philanthropic sort of a middle-aged man, with a very large experience of the world and its ways.

"Why, I've known cases where things came right just when the girl herself thought they were going hopelessly wrong," he continued, seeing that we were all listening to him and ready for more. "Now there was that case in Florida with my dear young friend Ethel Berry. It looked like a very sad case at one time, but it proved to be all for the best.

"No, I don't mind telling you about it. You, none of you, know who Ethel Berry is. And, in any case, the thing never was a secret.

"Well, of course, you know that all women are afraid of mice. I would almost be inclined to suspect a woman that was not afraid of mice, for my own part—I should regard her as something uncanny—'fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils'—something not properly womanly. But Ethel's feelings about mice were really quite beyond the ordinary. On every other subject she was as sound as a bell. You couldn't frighten her with a gun. She could shoot pretty well and had actually killed several deer out in the woods. About snakes she felt pretty much the same horror that most people feel who have not been used to them from childhood. She was not by any means a nervous or a fainting woman. But, somehow, she could not stand mice; I have even seen her jump away from a little wooden

penwiper, because there was a figure of a mouse on it, with beads for eyes—and she knew perfectly well that it was not a real mouse, too.

"When Ethel's mother took her to Florida she made the acquaintance of a young Englishman there who was supposed to be engaged in the orange-growing business, and also supposed to be doing very well at it. Personally, he was liked by everybody, not because his elder brother was said to be a lord, but just for his own sake. He was a gay, free-and-easy sort of youngster, sociable, a good banjo player, always ready for a bit of fun, and nobody had a word to say against his character. Ethel and her mother had been in Florida nearly all winter, and they had seen much of this young man all the time, and the consequence was that the young man had told Mrs. Berry that he intended to marry her daughter. Mrs. Berry said that must be as her daughter chose to decide. Finally, so far as anyone could judge, Ethel herself was inclined to favor the young man.

"That was where the mice came in. The cottage which the Berrys had rented for the winter was a very fairly built sort of affair, not at all old, and not troubled with such things as mice. They had lived there from November to the end of February without ever having been obliged to think of mice. But in February Ethel heard strange sounds by night in her bedroom.

"Mother," she said, "I heard mice in my room last night, and you know as well as I do that so long as there is any chance of a mouse being anywhere about that room I can't sleep in it."

"Mrs. Berry knew perfectly well that this was no exaggeration. The girl had not slept more than one hour all the previous night, and that would not do. They rigged a grass hammock for her in her mother's room—she could sleep all right in a hammock—and a search was made for a mouse trap.

"Now, the town where the Berrys were staying was a nice enough little place in its way, but it was not a great commercial center. You could buy most things that winter visitors to Florida are likely to want, but this did not include mouse traps. The storekeeper said he had never before thought that there was any demand for mouse traps among his customers. He would send for a consignment of the newest make, however.

"But this plan meant waiting for, perhaps, a week, and letting the mice have their fling in the meantime. Ethel said she could still hear them in the next room at night, and they kept her awake, although she felt more secure in the hammock in her mother's room. She was urgent to have those mice exterminated, and she was a young woman accustomed to have her will obeyed.

"This was a chance for the young man to prove his devotion. He had no mouse trap to offer the lady, but he had a horse, and he could ride that horse far and fast. He mounted at dawn, and rode to a port 22 miles away, where there were many ironmongery stores, and at night he returned in triumph, though a little wayworn, bearing the mouse trap.

"It was a humble sort of mouse trap—one of the wire cage kind, but the young Englishman thought it would do. So did Ethel. She rewarded him with smiles and thanks; he was happy, and the trap, baited with codfish, was set.

"That night Ethel again thought she heard stirrings, but in the morning, when her gallant came, early, to see how his trap worked—she herself could not face the chances of seeing a mouse, even in captivity—it was found that the trap was empty.

"To tell the truth," said the young man, "I never had much confidence in this kind of trap. Sorry I didn't look for one of the other kind—with a spring, you know. And, come to think of it, I don't believe mice care much for codfish. Do you? Well, I'll just ride over again to-day and see if I can't get one of the spring sort."

"That was a very fair test of that young man's devotion, I think. He had ridden about 45 miles the day before, and here he was going to do it over again, just to get a better mouse trap for his lady love. I know it made a deep impression on her at the time, for she told me as much. She told me that when the Honorable Tom—that was his name—started out on his second mouse trap expedition they had it all pretty well settled that they should be married two weeks later, in a quiet way. He said that he wanted to surprise his brother and 'all of them at home,' so he would not say a word about it beforehand—just send them a cable to say he was married. And I quite believe that Mrs. Berry would have given her consent; she liked the way the young man had acted in taking her into his confidence from the first.

"Well, that second time he came back rather earlier than he had the night before. The mother and daughter were sitting up, waiting for him on the veranda. He had succeeded in getting a spring trap, and with it he brought a great hunk of cheese, saying that cheese was the only sure bait for mice." "And if that doesn't catch 'em," he said, "nothing will. You must pull down the house, or get into other quarters. Only, don't go away from here."

"That night, when the trap had been properly baited and set, there was a great commotion in the next room to Mrs. Berry's. Ethel described it as a sudden loud creak, immediately followed by a sound as if some one had a piece of wood tied to a string and was whipping the floor and the walls of the next room with it. In between the raps and knocks the two women heard a sound like dried peas shaken in a bag.

"Then they knew what it was all about. "And this was what showed the peculiar make-up of that girl; she wouldn't have gone into the room if a mouse had been there, but as soon as she was quite sure it was a rattlesnake

she put on her slippers, lighted a lamp and led the way.

"By that time the violence of the snake's agonies had subsided. He had stopped whipping and thrashing about. Only the faint tremor of his rattles kept up. You see, he didn't care for codfish, but cheese, being made of milk, had a certain attraction for him. He had gone to investigate the bait on that mousetrap and had sprung it just as if he had been a real mouse. The consequence was that the spring, which was a good, strong one, had gripped him tight on the back of his head. And that was the end of him.

"But, though Ethel could go into that room with a lump and look at the snake, the sight nearly choked her with hysterics. She said she could never forget the look of that dead rattle, with its jaws wide open, staring at her in the corner of the room. More than that, after she had nearly dropped the lamp and set the house on fire, she declared that she must get out and go to some other house. She could not stay in that house another hour. Fortunately, there was a sort of hotel in the town, and the Berrys went to it. But it seemed very hard—at the time at least—that during the next few days, while she was suffering from an attack of fever, the doctor would not let Honorable Tom even send her a note. The fact is, she could not bear anything that reminded her of 'that hideous night,' as she always called it.

"But here is where the providence that watches over good girls comes in, I think. Now observe—

"A few days later, when they were just going to start north, Ethel saw the young man and told him that their marriage must be postponed for some months, until she could forget all about that horrible mousetrap affair. She said that, for some time to come, the sight of him would always remind her of a rattlesnake with its mouth wide open.

"He tried to take her out of it, but one evening out in the moonlight she told him just how it was.

"Now, you may think that a very unkind thing for a girl to say to her devoted lover, and no wonder he didn't seem to like it. But it was just as well that she did take that fancy.

"She went with her mother to New York, and there—by the merest accident, observe—she met another Englishman who knew Honorable Tom. Then, in conversation, it came out that Honorable Tom's brother had sent him to Florida on purpose to separate him from Honorable Mrs. Tom, who was a very undesirable person.

"In fact, Honorable Tom was the black sheep of the family. In many ways he was not a bad fellow—never stole, or anything of that kind—but he had a very light idea of his obligations in the way of marriage, evidently.

"He himself said, when he was asked about the affair, that he had come to Florida on purpose to escape from that woman—meaning Honorable Mrs. Tom, his lawful wife.

"So, you see, that mousetrap and that rattlesnake did one good turn for Ethel Berry then, and a second good turn, you may say, when she married the doctor who treated her for the nervous trouble that followed.

"And I happen to know that the doctor has made her a particularly good husband. I know it by her looks. I can always tell a happy wife." — N. O. Times-Democrat.

## OLD SOL'S RIDE IN 1849.

Flowery Weather Predictions of the Journalists of Long Ago.

In these days of practical newspaper writing, in which bald facts are expressed in the plainest and tersest form, the flowery language indulged in by some of the "journalists" half a century ago sounds peculiar. The following convulsion was copied by one of the local papers from the New York Tribune in 1849 as worthy of a high place in the newspaper literature of the day:

"On Saturday evening, at 11:17 o'clock the sun rode calmly and mildly over the autumnal equinox and cast his golden anchor on the wintry coast of autumn. But as yet the vast ocean of air through which he sails is glowing and transparent with the memory of the long summer days that have passed over it, darting their rich beams to its very depths. Even as we write, however, the remembrance fades, like the sky's blanching souvenirs of sunset; and in the distance the cold ghosts of winter glare and wave their frozen wings, which creak on icy hinges—while in the silence of midnight a prophetic voice of wailing and desolation moans fitfully at the casement."

Few people can contemplate this specimen of literary architecture without experiencing a feeling of awe and sadness, with a few cold shivers on the side. It is proof positive that the profession has, in some things, gained by what it has lost.—Albany Argus.

**Candles Made of Naphtha.**  
A Russian engineer has succeeded in discovering a practical method of making naphtha candles. These are composed of naphtha, petroleum, tallow and a special substance to give the candles consistence. In St. Petersburg these lights can be bought at about the same price as stearine candles, to which they will become a formidable competitor. The naphtha candles burn with a smokeless flame and give out a powerful light. The inventor intends establishing a large factory for the production of these lights.—Chicago Chronicle.

**Cause and Effect.**  
Uncle Thomas—I like ter git up early. Then I can git my work done 'fore night an' be able ter go ter bed early.

Johny—'Wot yer want ter go ter bed early fer?  
"Why, so's I can git up early. You know migh'ty 'bout 'bout the true philosophy of life."—Judge.



## EASE THE WORN NERVES.

A Woman's Life Should Not Be All Rush and Hurry if She Wants to Be Truly Happy.

The word "duty" in the mouth of the ordinary woman is synonymous with discomfort. The secret of happiness consists in looking upon what one must do in this world as the pleasantest thing life offers. It is only another case of the point of view. The people who stay young longest and who are most attractive, whether young or old, are those who do things that they ought to do, not from a sense of duty, but because it is a pleasure.

The woman who stays up at night to nurse a sick friend or to finish a dozen shirts for the heathen because duty alone prompts her, while it is a weariness of the flesh only sustained by the commendations of conscience, is doing herself and the relative or the heathen wrong. She is dragging through a task which is repugnant to her, and she shows in her face before many years have passed lines indicative of unnecessary worry.

Contrast with the nervous, hurried woman the wholesome, red-cheeked matron who "takes things easy." It is not necessary to neglect her husband to do this, for she does quite as much in her way as the woman who is always "rushed to death." The one who lives by conscience feels that she must do by her neighbors as they do by her, and consequently her friends receive invitations to dine at her house even when they find the hostess in a state bordering on nervous prostration. She must return the hospitality she has received at any cost, and if her income is limited she will make up the deficiency by overwork and overworry. Her friends know this, and it is a trial for them to dine at her house. It is absurd to say that one hasn't time to take care of one's self or must not offer poorer fare than one receives.—Chicago Chronicle.

## FOR COOL EVENINGS.

This is a Dainty But Rather Expensive Creation to Throw Over an Evening gown.

Many curious umbrellas are made. One I have seen can be taken apart and put in one's pocket. The stick is of wood about an inch in diameter. The cover can be turned inside out and folded into a small bundle. By touching a spring the ribs come off, straighten out and may be placed in the hollow of the stick, which is then a very presentable walking stick. It is found very convenient by its owner, who is a drummer. Another is still more ingenious. The handle is curved, and when a spring is pressed a pipe flies out. The ribs are stowed away in the center and the owner has a walking stick, but in the center there is also a rapier, which may be drawn out. Another neat invention is a hollow stick which contains a camp chair. Three steel supports are pressed out of the top of the stick, a triangular piece of canvas put on, and a seat is had which is at least as comfortable as a bicycle saddle. All of these strange umbrellas come from the old world. The umbrella-makers say that Europeans take much more pride in their umbrellas than do people of this country. Many little jokes are concealed in the umbrella handles there. A handle may present the appearance of the head of a monkey or a cat or some other animal, and a secret spring will cause the little creature to open its mouth and spurt a drop of cologne on the beholder.—John Gilmer Speed, in Woman's Home Companion.

This is an illustration of the saying that the best goods sometimes come in the smallest packages. Really you can do up the fashionable little summer cape into a parcel so small that it can be stuck away in the handbag and yet have room enough for something else. But the little cape is indeed a very



THE SUMMER CAPE.

large affair in matter of cost. It is one of the frivolities of the season that scarcely leave you ear fare out of a hundred-dollar bill.

All summer wraps are made of delicate, light materials. They are mostly for show, and the fancier they are built, the better.

This very pretty cape was exhibited a few days ago by a leading modiste. It is developed in dotted Dresden silk of turquoise blue, with the figures in dark green. The cape was trimmed around the edge with a ruffle of spangled tulle set over another ruffle of turquoise silk.

The lapels are of dark green silk, bordered with a heavy ruching of white chiffon with fancy edge. A row of the ruching is arranged over the shoulders and across the back to form a round yoke.

The collar is a high, rolling Medici of Dresden silk, lined with numerous ruffles of pale blue chiffon. The cape is lined with blue silk and fastened with jeweled clasps.

**New Shirt Waist Button.**  
A very good aluminum shirt waist button has been perfected and is now ready for trade. The button is made out of one solid piece of metal, no solder being used, and is warranted not to break or bend. Only a metal expert can distinguish between this button and the genuine gold one, and the gold aluminum button is said not to blacken linen.

**Wash-Leather Gloves.**  
Remove the grease stains by rubbing with magnesia or cream of tartar. Prepare a lather of lukewarm water and white soap; wash the gloves in it, wring them and squeeze them through a fresh lather. Rinse first in lukewarm water, then in cold, and stretch them on wooden hands to dry in the sun or before a fire.

**Chinese Bridesmaids.**  
An exceptionally ugly old woman in China can always make a fair living by acting as bridesmaid at a wedding. A Chinese bride makes a point of choosing only ugly women for her attendants in order that they may act as foils to her beauty.

## STUDY IN HAT TRIMMINGS.

How They Are Arranged Upon the New, Soft Effects in Summer Headgears.

A New York man who is famous for his wit said the other day that the milliners must gather their floral hat trimmings from gardens created specially for their use, for in all his botanical research—and this particular branch of study is one of his hobbies—he has never come across any records of the specimens which nowadays adorn fashionable headgear.

And one is inclined to take his statement seriously when one sees the wonderful creations which my lady wears.

The idea of draping the brim of summer hats with a ruffle of fine lace has



ONE OF THE NEW BONNETS

taken splendidly. It lends a sweetly demure expression to the face and makes the hat picturesque.

One very pretty hat was trimmed with a medley of odd blooms. There were purple roses, yellow violets, pink daisies, green cowslips, white forget-me-nots and blue dandelions, all massed upon it in such a way that your correspondent was not surprised to hear the wearer spoken of as "a walking flower garden." There was also a bow of ribbon upon the crown with flowers massed at the left side.

## SOME ODD UMBRELLAS.

Europeans Take More Pride in Their Rain Protectors Than Do People of This Country.

Many curious umbrellas are made. One I have seen can be taken apart and put in one's pocket. The stick is of wood about an inch in diameter. The cover can be turned inside out and folded into a small bundle. By touching a spring the ribs come off, straighten out and may be placed in the hollow of the stick, which is then a very presentable walking stick. It is found very convenient by its owner, who is a drummer. Another is still more ingenious. The handle is curved, and when a spring is pressed a pipe flies out. The ribs are stowed away in the center and the owner has a walking stick, but in the center there is also a rapier, which may be drawn out. Another neat invention is a hollow stick which contains a camp chair. Three steel supports are pressed out of the top of the stick, a triangular piece of canvas put on, and a seat is had which is at least as comfortable as a bicycle saddle. All of these strange umbrellas come from the old world. The umbrella-makers say that Europeans take much more pride in their umbrellas than do people of this country. Many little jokes are concealed in the umbrella handles there. A handle may present the appearance of the head of a monkey or a cat or some other animal, and a secret spring will cause the little creature to open its mouth and spurt a drop of cologne on the beholder.—John Gilmer Speed, in Woman's Home Companion.

**NOVEL FANCY LAMP.**  
Unique Design in Oriental Wood Delicately Carved and Very Highly Polished.

Just now when the housewife's thoughts are turning toward pretty furnishings for the summer home, a word about lamps is not amiss. The new designs are strikingly unique this year

and they are made of all imaginary materials. The shapes, too, are very much changed from those of previous years, for in lieu of the short, dumpy lamp with its large round bowl, there is a long, slender vessel with an oil receptacle scarcely larger than a good-sized tencup.

A pretty new lamp design is one that is made of oriental wood delicately carved and highly polished. The wood is a dark brown and the figures are enameled in dark green. The lamp stands almost 1 1/2 feet high, exclusive of its base. The proper shade for such a lamp is made of deep red French tissue paper, trimmed around the edge with frills of chiffon.



LAMP OF ORIENTAL WOOD.

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### "Better Be Wise Than Rich."

Wise people are also rich when they know a perfect remedy for all annoying diseases of the blood, kidneys, liver and bowels. It is Hood's Sarsaparilla, which is perfect in its action—so regulates the entire system as to bring vigorous health.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Never Disappoint

Here the voice of counsel for the defense thrilled with emotion.  
"Gentlemen of the jury," he cried, "you cannot believe the prisoner to be the cool, calculating villain the prosecution would make him out to be! Were he cool and calculating would he have murdered his wife, as he is accused of doing? Would he not rather have spared her in order that she might be here at this trial to weep for him and influence your verdict with her tears?"

Only the thoughtless think lawyers do not assist the ends of justice.—Detroit Journal.

**"Big Four Gifts!"**—Newly-Spanish-American War Panorama.  
Contains 100 superb half-tone engravings, made from photographs taken of our Army in camp, on transports and in actual service; Spanish and American uniforms, Cuba, Havana, Manila, Landscapes, Architecture, shows the manners and customs of the people of our new islands; Pictures of our Heroes—Dewey, General Charles King (known as Capt. Charles King, the author), Wheeler, Holman, Roosevelt, Sampson, Miles, Schley, Shafter, Lee, Brooks, Carroll, groups of Officers, Cavalry, Artillery, Infantry, Ships, Rifle practice, Spanish Soldiers, Insurgents, Chickamauga, Jacksonville, Tampa, Last Farewell Letters Home, Hospitals, Clara Barton, Rough Riders, Santiago, San Juan, Manila, the Beautiful Women of Cuba and Manila.

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**Fruitless Ambition.**

"Did you see that pale young man calling out 'Cash!' at the ribbon counter?"

"Yes," said a fellow, "sometimes, ten years ago, when we were boys together, his ambition was to be a mighty hunter and catch lions with a lasso."—Berlin (Md.) Herald.

**No Wonder.**

"She has a remarkable voice."

"In which respect?"

"In timbre."

"No wonder. She used to call a logging camp to dinner."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**To Cure a Cold in One Day.**

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 35c.

It is not profitable for any girl to have several young men "on the string."—Attention Globe.

A bloodhound is noted for his dogged perseverance.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

## How Old She Looks

Poor clothes cannot make you look old. Even pale cheeks won't do it. Your household cares may be heavy and disappointments may be deep, but they cannot make you look old.

One thing does it and never fails. It is impossible to look young with the color of seventy years in your hair.

## Ayer's Hair Vigor

permanently postpones the tell-tale signs of age. Used according to directions it gradually brings back the color of youth. At fifty your hair may look as it did at fifteen. It thickens the hair also; stops it from falling out; and cleanses the scalp from dandruff. Shall we send you our book on the Hair and its Diseases?

**The Best Advice Free.**  
If you do not obtain all the benefit you expect from the Vigor, write the doctor about it. Probably there is some difficulty with your general system, which may be easily removed. Address, DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

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