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Do You Want to Make Money?

Do You Want to Save Money?

There Are More Ways Than One to Get Rich!

If you don't want to save money don't read between these lines.

This ad. is written for close cash buyers that are always open for bargains when there are any to be had, and if things had taken their usual course this winter this ad with all its wonderful bargains would never have appeared, but up to Jan. 1st we had a very mild winter. Heavy leather goods and rubber goods have been very much slighted, and to tell the truth I am over stocked but I have a plan to unload.

It is simply a matter of business and concerns only money saving people. No others need read between these lines.

My plan to unload my surplus stock of boots, shoes and rubbers is simply this. I have got to lose some money on these, I am not going to carry them over until next season, I will sell them at any price first. Leather goods get hard, the life gets out of them, and they are unsaleable. Rubber goods are even worse, for they will rot and become worthless, hence you can see at once and understand why this sacrifice must be made on goods that are now seasonable and just what you need.

One man's dollar is as good as another's if he puts it to the right use. It may cost something to read between these lines.

If reading low prices will interest you, I will interest you. If you don't care for bargains you might as well stop right here. + "Cross road to let you off." Just at this time of the year there are more rubber goods worn than at any other time, and as rubber goods are piled around me until I can hardly see daylight. I will tackle them first, and the prices I quote are less than first cost and if you are too conscientious to come and help me lose some money, you will have to go elsewhere and pay a profit.

The object is for you to make money and for me to lose it. Can you take part in such a scheme?

I will sell for twenty days men's rubber boots Lycoming make for $1 90, Boston rubber boots $2.00, Candee rubber boots $2.00, Woonsocket rubber boots $2.00; a pair of good canvas slippers goes with each pair, and if I can't produce any of the above makes at prices quoted, will surrender my claim on your attention in all future ads. or a round trip ticket to the World's Fair. Boy's rubber boots sizes 1 to 5 $1 50, youth's rubber boots 11 and 12 $1 00, ladies' rubber boots 3 to 8 $1 15, Misses' rubber boots 13 to 2 $1.00, child's rubber boots 7 to 10 90 cts., men's Storm King boots reduced to $2 50.

A farmer came to Butler broke. He sold 10 bushels of potatoes and went home with a wagon full of shoes. Where did he get them?

As soon as he sold his potatoes he went to Bickels, he got a pair of good rubbers for himself for 40 cts, he bought a pair of warm lined rubbers for his wife for 25 cts, he bought each of the six children a pair of rubbers for 10 cts. a pair, he bought the hired man a pair of stogie boots for $1 50, and his grown up daughter a pair of fine shoes for $1.00, and still he had money too, tell do you know what he did? He got mad backed his wagon up to the door and loaded his goods and left saying he did not want people to think he stole the goods or he would have spent the bal. of his money, he promised to call again.

When you get tired Stop! You don't have to read between these lines. Nor it is strictly Private.

If you are needing any leather goods come and see what I have to sell. I have one lot of ladies' fine button shoes for $1, one lot of sample shoes at $1.00 worth $2 00, one lot of fine gr. button shoes for 90 cts., one lot of serge gaiters for 50 cts, one lot of slippers for 25 cts., one lot of Misses' shoes 85 cts., one lot of child's shoes 40 cts., one lot of infants' shoes 18 cts. All of the above are about one half the regular price, come in and see bargains on our sample counter.

A word to the wise is sufficient--that is sometimes it is, and sometimes they get left.

A man that likes nice shoes and needs a pair is not wise if he don't call and get a pair of Edwin Clapp's hand made shoes for $3.00, and if he don't want to pay that much will sell him a nice dress shoe for $1 25 to $2 00. We make a great many boots and shoes to order and do all kinds of repairing in connection with shoes. We have a large leather department, and full stock of findings always on hand.

Remember the place and Call.

No. 128 South Main Street. **John Bickel.** Butler, Pa.

EVERYBODY WANTS TO MAKE MONEY.

Some try to save money, some in one way, others in another way.

The true way to make money is to save money, but it would not be prudent to expect for instance that you can buy an article at 50 cts. as good as one you pay $1.00 for, this would be losing money.

It is Simply a Matter of Business

With you to buy from a reliable house and one that you know has only one price, a house that gives one man as much as his neighbor for his dollar—no two prices.

Houses that are always advertising goods at $1 00 worth $2 00, and all this kind of bosh as a rule are dangerous places to make money in, it is used by them as a catch to get you in their net.

It would not be safe for you to take part in any scheme where the merchant is going to lose money and you make, for fear the merchant would make the money and you lose it.

We carry the largest stock and best rubber goods of any house in Butler, we give a new pair of men's rubber boots if not satisfactory to the customer free of charge, ask one of these little follows to do this, see what he will say to you, we have all these cheap or sandy dear rubbers, men's at 25 cts., chil's 10 cts., etc., and that is all they are worth or all any of them are worth.

Our stock in men's, boy's and youths' boots and is not equaled in Butler.

Men's fine shoes at	1.00 and 1 25
" extra fine calf shoes at	2 00
Ladies' fine button shoes at	1.00 and 1 25
" " grain button shoes at	85 cts
" slippers at	25 cts and 50 cts
" flannel lined shoes	75 cts
All these not half price, but regular price.	
Men's wool boots and rubbers at	1.90

Old ladies' flannel lined shoes and slippers in great variety, we tell you what goods are and give you the lowest price. No old rusty job lots in this stock, all clean fresh goods. Come and see us.

B. C. HUSELTON.

TREES THAT GROW

And are true to name don't come from large Northern Nurseries where job lots of thousands are sold to unscrupulous agents and labeled to suit their orders regardless of name. Buy your stock direct from home nurseries and not from agents. Send for our Illustrated Catalogue of Trees, Seeds, Small Fruits, etc.

John R. & A. Murdoch,

508 Smithfield St., Pittsburg, Pa.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

COULTER & BAKER.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
Office in room B., Armory Building, Butler, Pa.

H. Q. WALKER,
Attorney-at-Law—Office in Diamond Block Butler, Pa.

J. M. PAINTER,
Attorney-at-Law.
Office—Between Postoffice and Diamond, Butler, Pa.

A. T. SCOTT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Office at No. 8, South Diamond, Butler, Pa.

A. M. CHRISTLEY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office second floor, Anderson Bl k Main St. near Court House, Butler, Pa.

NEWTON BLACK.
Att'y at Law—Office on South side of Diamond Butler, Pa.

J. W. HUTCHISON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office on second floor of the Huselton block Diamond, Butler, Pa., Room No. 1.

IRA McJUNKIN.
Attorney at Law, Office at No. 17, East Jefferson St., Butler, Pa.

W. C. FINDLEY,
Attorney at Law and Real Estate Agent. Office rear of L. Z. Mitchell's office on north side of Diamond, Butler, Pa.

H. H. GOUCHER.
Attorney-at-law. Office on second floor of Anderson building, near Court House, Butler, Pa.

Dr. N. M. HOOVER,
137 E. Wayne St., office hours, 10 to 12 M. and 1 to 3 P. M.

SAMUEL M. BIPPUS.
Physician and Surgeon.
200 West Cunningham St.

L. M. REINSEL, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office and residence at Petrolia, Pa.

L. BLACK,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
New Troutman Building, Butler, Pa.

N. LEAKE, M. D. Specialties: Gynæcology and Surgery.
J. E. MANN, M. D. Specialties: Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.
DRS. LEAKE & MANN, Butler, Pa.

G. M. ZIMMERMAN.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office at No. 45, S. Main street, over Frank's Drug Store, Butler, Pa.

V. McALPINE,
Dentist,
is now located in new and elegant rooms adjoining his former ones. All kinds of clasp plates and moderen gold work.

J. J. DONALDSON, Dentist.
Butler, Penn'a.
Artificial Teeth inserted on the latest improved plan. Gold Filling a specialty. Office—Over Schaul's Clothing Store.

DR. S. A. JOHNSTON.
DENTIST, - - BUTLER, PA
Gold Filling Painless Extraction of Teeth and Artificial Teeth without Plates a specialty. Nitrous Oxide or Vitalized Air or Local Anæsthetics used.
Office over Millers Grocery east of Lowry House.
Office closed Wednesdays and Thursdays.

C. F. L. McQUISTION,
ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR,
OFFICE NEAR DIAMOND, BUTLER, PA.

L. S. McJUNKIN,
Insurance and Real Estate Ag't
17 EAST JEFFERSON, ST.
BUTLER. - PA.

BUTLER COUNTY
Mutual Fire Insurance Co.
Office Cor. Main & Cunningham Sts.
H. C. HEINEMAN, SECRETARY
DIRECTORS

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LOYAL S. McJUNKIN, Agent.
BUTLER, PA.

C & D
Ready for All.
WE HAVE THE MOST COMPLETE STOCK IN THIS COUNTY.
Everything that is new in Stiff Hats. Our $1 50 and $2.00 are wonders for the money.
[illegible] in Soft Hats, ranging in price from 25 cts to $5.00.
All the new blocks in Silk Hats.
Greatest line of Furnishing Goods we ever had.
An inspection will be an advantage to any one.
COLBERT & DALE,
Hatters and Furnishers,
242 S Main street,
Butler, Pa.

WE WANT YOU "THERE'S MONEY IN IT."
to act as our Agent, full or part time as able. Permanent position guaranteed to men or women. Liberal pay weekly. Stock complete. Gilt edged specialties. Experience unnecessary. Elegant outfit free. Address,
Nurserymen. Established 1875. C. H. HAWKS & CO., Rochester, N. Y.

THAT CUR'OUS TUNE.

A Love Story in Rhyme.

I was staying in the mountains at a farmhouse,
in this state,
For a week or two, last summer, and whene'er I
sat up late
On the porch, with chair back-tilted, musing, as
I love to do,
Out would come the honest farmer for a talk,
when chores were through.

Sometimes he would speak of persons who had
stayed there years before,
And he'd laugh and tell with fervor "How that
May Jones did snore!"
Or, "If you had seen Miss Jenkins, with her
black hair all awry,
Showin' off her crazy paintin's where the water
looked like sky."

So I grew to wait his coming with an interest at
last,
For he always had a story of some happ'ning in
the past.
When I chanced to speak of music, "That reminds me, sir," said he,
"Of a story 'bout as strange a tune, I guess, as
ever be.

"Lots of folks was here that summer, and most
of 'em came for fun,
But they didn't seem to have it—readin' was
'bout all they done
And I says to my Maria, 'Wakin' up is all they
need.
They are ready 'nough for frolic, but they want
some one to lead.

"Well, it wasn't three days after that a bran'-
new boarder came,
And he seemed a nice young feller, ev'rybody
thought the same
Jest as I had calkerlated, long before the week
was through,
He had woke up all the boarders, showed them
there was lots to do.

"'Stead of sittin' readin' novels as they did before he came,
Now they tramped the woods, went fishin',
climbed the hills, or played a game.
But one day I noticed somethin' that perplexed
me for a time—
That young feller'd left off goin' when they took
a row or climb.

"So I asked my wife about it, and she answered,
with a smile,
'Guess you'll find him in the parlor, plays the
organ all the while.'
Sure enough, I heard the organ; but that didn't
make it clear
Why a man should like the parlor better than
our outside here.

"Then I thought I'd have to ask him what it
meant; he might be ill;
So the parlor door I opened—but I didn't pass
the sill.
There he sat before the organ, playin' in some
pure, high key,
Near him sat another boarder, and a pretty girl
was she!

"Well, I thought I wasn't wanted by them
young folks quite so near,
But I heard the girl ask sweetly: 'Won't you
please play my tune, dear?'
So I leaned against the door post, just to hear
what he would play.
For I always did love music, and I love it to this
day

"WON'T YOU PLEASE PLAY MY TUNE, DEAR?"

"In about a half a minute, he began a little
strain
That reminded me of birds I've heard a-singin'
down in the lane,
And I seemed to smell the flowers and to feel
the summer breeze,
As his hands moved slow and gentle up and
down the ivory keys.

"Then the birds all stopped a-singin' and a
cloud came in the sky,
And I felt as if I'd like to have a good, old-
fashioned cry,
For I clean forgot Maria, with her lovin' heart
so dear,
And I didn't seem to have a friend in all this
great world here.

Then the music got beseechin' and it came so
sweet and low
That I felt the tears a-gathering—jest for what, I
didn't know;
But it made me feel as if I'd like to make up, if
I might,
With the folks I bore a grudge to, ask forgiveness and do right.

"I was feelin' awful wicked, awful lonesome,
awful sad—
When the sun came out a-shinin', and the birds
all felt so glad
That they sang like they was crazy, and my
heart got light and gay,
As I thought of my Maria as she looked our
weddin' day.

"I had truly loved her then, but now I loved her
ten times more;
Why her hands was doubly precious with the
wrinkles that they bore.
Then the music changed a little, and the sounds
came long and clear,
Till they faded in the distance, as I brushed
away a tear.

"All that day and all that ev'nin' I felt kinder
lost and queer,
For that cur'ous tune he played her kept a-
ringin' in my ear.
And I found that he had writ it, and that made
her love it more,
So he played it for her often, and I listened at
the door.

"Well, the summer soon was over, and the
boarders went away,
And it made me awful lonesome not to hear the
organ play.
Then the autumn changed to winter, and one
day I had to go
To the city on some business to collect a bill or
so.

"Business settled, I was walkin' up Broadway
that afternoon,
When I saw a-comin' toward me that young
man that played the tune.
And as he my hand was shakin', sayin' 't was a
glad surprise,
I was noticin' a sadness that had come into his
eyes.

"As we walked along together, through the
fastly fallin' snow,
I inquired how his girl was, and he said he
didn't know.
And before I left the city he had told me all
about
How they'd had a little quarrel—as all lovers
do, no doubt.

"Tellin him to keep up courage, and to run up
in the spring,
I came home and told Maria that I hoped the
future'd bring
Ev'ry happiness and comfort to them young
folks for I knew
Lovers quarrels almost always make their
love more firm and true.

"Some time 'long in March or April came a
little note to me
From the pretty boarder's mother, sayin' they'd
be up to tea
On the Saturday that followed, that the girl
was far from well.

Though they didn't know what ailed her—doctor said he couldn't tell.

"Well, I thought I knew what ailed her, better
than the doctor, too.
So I went and writ her lover: 'Come up for a
week; now do!
Leave your business cares and worry, let your
poor brain stop its whirl.'
But, of course, I didn't say a single word about
his girl.

"On the night they had appointed came the
ladies, and I knew
That the girl was sick with grievin', and that
proved her love was true.
Then I left them eatin' supper, and I drove
down to the train,
And brought back the weary lover, who seemed
glad to come again.

"In the parlor then I left him, and I'd hardly
closed the door,
When he sat down at the organ, and I heard
that tune once more;
But he'd scarce began to play it, when the door
flew open wide,
And his sweetheart's arms were 'round him—
and they asked no cure beside."

—Wallace D. Vincent, in N. Y. Ledger.

She Meant Esquimaux.

"I understand," said the caller, "that your son is going to spend a year in the Arctic regions?"

"Yes," said the fond mother, "Harry wants to make a study of the Ingomars and their customs."—Detroit Free Press.

Not So Easy.

Papa—Well, how do you like your new bicycle, Horace?

Horace—I like it very much, but I wish it was as easy to get on as it is to get off.—Harper's Young People.

THE LUCKY LOSERS.

"Whom the Lord Loveth He Chasteneth.
Of all the blessings in disguise
That come to mortals from the skies,
The best one ever heard of yet
Is losing an election bet.

"No Use Crying Over Spilled Milk."

Of course, at first those who have backed
The losing side will doubt this fact,
But when they think it out they'll grin
And thank their stars they didn't win.

"Winners First, Losers Last."

The filthy lucre they have lost
Is nothing to their gains enforced:
They'll bet no more—and that may save
Them from a future bankrupt's grave.

"A Singed Cat Dreads the Fire."

The virtues they may practice now
In order to "get square"—somehow—
Will make them happy, good and wise
And land them duly in the skies.

"Making a Virtue of Necessity."

Economy will give them wealth,
And self-denials furnish health;
Humility will bring them friends,
And, also, love that never ends.

"Prosperity Is Sometimes Worse Than Adversity."

Now, had these lucky losers won,
They, feeling rich and ripe for fun,
Would soon the winnings waste and more,
With lots of headaches to deplore.

"A Fool for Luck."

Bad ways extravagant they'd learn,
And, thinking luck would never turn,
They'd keep on gambling till, too late,
They'd meet the gambler's certain fate.

"Easy Come, Easy Go."

O, yes! It's best to lose the stakes;
The future happiness it makes
Is just immense. We're only sad
From pity for the winner glad.

"Who Laughs Last Laughs Best."

He's in the soup—not me. Some day
He'll find that winning doesn't pay,
And then we'll show him, with a smile,
How losing has increased our pile.

"Moral: Don't Bet—To Win."

—H. C. Dodge, in Goodall's Sun.

HOW IT WAS STARTED.

Founding of the First Church of Almo.

[Original.]

FROM the fullness of worldly wisdom spake the colonel on this wise: "Yes, we all respect a good man, but we like a man with a considerable flavor of the world about him. Not that we want a sporting gent for a parson, but, what I mean to say is, that we do not want a pious refrigerator in this church. Elder White is good. He is so blamed good that I gravely suspect his baldness arises from wearing his halo to bed with him. He is too eternally good for Almo. Now I have just the man for you. Young, smart, full of snap, and just the sort of man you like to meet, the sort of man you take to from the first. Don't you see?"

"Do you know him personally, colonel?" asked Wilson, the youngest member of the committee.

"Well, no; I cannot say that I do. But Bevans told me about him, and I have confidence in Bevans' judgment. That Bevans is the best judge of a steer I ever met."

"You inveterate old rancher, do you average up men as you would cattle on the range?"

"A person that is a good judge of a cow is likely to be a good judge of a man."

"But see here, colonel, you forget that Almo is no longer a mining camp, but a civilized, high-toned metropolis. We want a scholar, a gentleman and a man of dignity to preside over the fortunes of Trinity church."

"Yes, yes, sonny, you know a blamed sight more than ordinary folks, but the old colonel has had more experience in this vale of tears. I have been with this church from the start, and have watched its growth and prosperity until the present, and it is my judgment that hustle beats dignity all hollow in religion as well as in politics. Of course we don't want a holy circus in Trinity church, but we do want something livelier than a congressional record."

"By the way, colonel," said Jones, "I once heard that Trinity church had a rather unusual beginning. You say you were one of the founders. Perhaps you can tell us the truth of the matter."

"Well, I don't mind, if it is understood that it goes no further than the present company. There are not many now living who know the facts about the founding of the first church of Almo, and, for reasons that will manifest themselves before long, it would be well if the whole matter were forgotten, for you see, it was unusual, and, looking at it from the experience of years, I am led to believe that it was hardly a creditable beginning. Hardly the proper thing," added the colonel, in a tone of thoughtful regret. "So you'll say nothing about it, boys."

"Oh, certainly not."

"It was in '72 or '73, I forget which, in the fall of the year, that the singular circumstance occurred which laid the foundation for the building of the first church of Almo. The town was only a mining camp then—dance halls, saloons, gambling houses and all sorts of devilment going on. I had made a pretty good strike out in the hills that summer and was spending a few weeks in camp, expecting to go on a visit to the east. One evening I was standing in front of the Accidental hotel—a slab shanty then—talking with Mart Harrigan, when the stage came by and dropped two passengers. One of them I knew by sight, having met him in Denver a couple of years before. He was a rough-looking customer, but I never heard any bad of him. The other passenger was a young man, pale and thin, dressed in black. He wore spectacles and carried a consumptive-looking bag in one hand and a few books in the other. Book agent or missionary, I said to Mart, and he said he guessed so. Bascomb—the other fellow's name was Bascomb—came up and shook hands with us.

"'Who's that tenderfoot you brought along with you?' asked Harrigan.

"'I got an idea from what he said that he was a sort of a parson. Wants to start a church down here. Didn't say much to me. Too tough for him, I reckon.'

"'See here, colonel,' said Harrigan, 'times has been powerful quiet around here lately. Couldn't we have a little fun with the kid—just initiate him—then do the square thing by helping on the good work.'

"'I tell you boys, I've got the proper lay,' says Bascomb. 'The fellow let it out that he had several hundred dollars with him, that the missionary society had given for a starter in building the church. Now we might get him into a little game, clean him out, and, after letting him grunt a little, stake him for his gospel works.'

"'It's a go,' says Harrigan and I.

"Well, we organized and laid our plans. The boys decided that I was the slickest looking of the crowd, and I must get in with the fellow, pump him and so on. It worked beautifully. After supper he came out and sat down

"I BRACED UP TO HIM."

by himself, looking sort of lonesome, so I braced up to him, and, after a few commonplace remarks, told him my name. He said his name was Willits, Jeremiah Willits. It didn't take much work to pump him, as he turned out to be a pleasant, chatty fellow. When he got started, he told me his plans and hopes: how he had been sent out by the missionary society to start a church in some promising western town. He had chosen Almo, because it looked to him as if the place was bound to grow and because it seemed to need the gospel—and you bet it did. So we talked on, getting pretty well acquainted. After awhile Harrigan and Bascomb strode in, and I introduced them to the young parson. He told them all about his projects and we had a very pleasant, chatty time until late in the evening.

"Next day Willits went around town trying to scare up a few religiously-disposed persons and he found them mighty few and far between, I can tell you, and he came to supper looking pretty blue. Things seemed to be getting ripe for our little enterprise, so after supper I took him a little walk around the town. He unloaded himself of his views about the terrible moral degeneracy of the place, and I could see that he was feeling down on his luck.

"'See here,' says I, 'you've got a little touch of the cold, and your liver is out of order, and your appetite is poor, and you've got a coat on your tongue. That's what ails this town,' says I. 'Now, you come back to the hotel and I'll fix you up a dose that will change the whole complexion of things in no time,' says I.

"We trotted back to the hotel and I took him up to my room and fixed him a rip-snorting glas of whisky and quinine. He took it as gratefully as a baby and said it seemed rather strong.

"'You bet it's strong,' said I. 'It will just yank them blues out of you in short order.'

"I didn't know how much the fellow could stand, so I sat down and kept on talking for awhile, until I see she began to work, then I gave him another dose, and in half an hour he was just meller and joyful, and got to telling some pretty rocky old seminary yarns that I judge were just about as old as the Christian era.

"While all this was going on Bascomb and Harrigan had drifted in and began to take part in the entertainment. I told some tales of adventures in the hills, and Harrigan got to telling about a wonderful game of whist which he once played. It was such an interesting game that he went and got his cards to illustrate the play he was telling about. Bless you, that young fellow bit easy. He remarked that he used to be very fond of whist in his early days, and 'twan't long before we were enjoying ourselves immensely with that innocent pastime. Of course the boys got to telling about their poker experiences between the deals, and, finally, the young fellow said he would really like to know how the game was played.

"'Suppose we get out the chips and go through the motions, so as the parson can see how it's done,' says Bascomb.

"Well, to make a long story short, we got to playing penny ante, and had a real amusing time for awhile, things running pretty even, a little in the parson's favor, perhaps. About that time I gave him another installment of liver remedy, and the boys likewise took some. He began to feel real happy, a sort of a 'cherry-red,' so to speak. Then a funny thing occurred. The boys got up a jack-pot with about fifty cents in it. After a bit Harrigan opened with four chips, Bascomb and Willits stood, each drawing three cards. Harrigan kind of smiled and bet a dollar's worth, Bascomb saw him, but the parson shoved in his whole pile, to the tune of five dollars. I threw up, but Harrigan and Bascomb called him. 'Four tens,' said the parson. 'It's your money,' says Bascomb and Harrigan, each throwing down a full hand. Then we started in for all it was worth. Twenty-five cent ante and the roof for limit.

"By this time the young fellow had just about five drinks, liberal drinks, of good old corn whisky, and was gamey as a bronco. He pulled out his pocketbook and showed up credentials to the extent of over a thousand dollars, and, as the rest of us were pretty well heeled, we started the game. My, but that was a tremendous game, and the odd thing about it was that the little parson kept winning. He had us all broke before long. Then we bought a lot more chips and went at it again. We were not uneasy, for we calculated to rake in the whole shooting match before long. After we had been playing with varying luck for an hour or two I got a beautiful hand. Four queens and a king. Only one thing could beat it, four aces. I gently shoved in about fifty dollars' worth. Bascomb raised me another fifty. The parson another, and Harrigan went a hundred better. I put in five, Bascomb the same, and the parson, after looking at his hand for a minute, shoved in stack after stack of his chips, and then put a five hundred dollar bill on top of that. Harrigan borrowed a wad from Bascomb, leaving him broke, and it took my last dollar to call him. I felt sorry for the young chap, but it had to be done. Then we showed up. Harrigan held four jacks, I the four queens, and Willits—well, he had four aces. That finished the game, and three more disgusted men you never saw. However, we put a good face on it, and, after arranging a set-to for the next evening, we parted at the very early hour of three in the morning.

"Next day I met Harrigan. 'S'pose we look up the parson,' says he.

"'All right. We'll have to work him to-night. It's no use trying to play a square game with these parsons,' says I. So we dropped around to the hotel to look for Willits.

"'Willits?' says the clerk; 'why, he has gone.'

"'Gone!'

"'That's what. Left on the early stage.'

"I looked at Harrigan and he looked at me.

"'Here is a letter he left for you, colonel,' says the clerk.

"Bascomb had come in while we were talking, and upon hearing the news began to swear fluently. 'Open yer letter and let's see what yer gosh-blanked preacher has to say.'

"I opened the letter and in it was a five hundred-dollar bill and a note:

"DEAR COLONEL: I inclose herewith a bill for five hundred, with which you had better see what you can do about building that church. You may know more of such matters than you do of poker. Harrigan might preach for you and Bascomb could pass the plate. They do not seem to be good for much else. Next time you lay out to skin a preacher do not tackle Yours,

"FRANK WEBB, ALIAS REV. JEREMIAH WILLITS.'

"'Frank Webb,' yelled Harrigan. 'What a precious lot of fools we are.'

"For you must know, gentlemen, that Frank Webb was notoriously the most accomplished gambler from the Mississippi to the Pacific, and that he was famed for just such little tricks as he played on us.

"We kept mighty mum about the circumstances, but held a secret session and concluded to put that five hundred in a church. We got the boys about town interested in it, and, within a year, we had one of the prettiest edifices erected in the west. We three were elected as a committee to secure a pastor, and we called Rev. William Allyn, a young man just of the sort I was telling you about. For eighteen years he labored in this place, and became universally beloved. Under his care things prospered. The old mining camp changed its nature. The dives, gambling houses and saloons passed away in a few years, and, perhaps, the biggest thing the young man did was to convert the old colonel. Yes, tough as he is, boys, the old man never touched cards or drank a drop after that night. He was a reformed man. Bascomb and Harrigan became shining lights and not many years ago passed away in an odor of sanctity. I guess

"WHAT A PRECIOUS LOT OF FOOLS WE ARE."

the parson must have missed them, for you all know how he pined away, and one evening as I was sitting by his bed, he looked out of the window and watched the sun sink to rest, then folded his hands and whispered: 'Colonel, I am called to another charge,' then sank to rest with the weary day.

"That is the true story of the founding of the first church of Almo. Let it be forgotten."

There was silence for a little space, then Wilson, looking at his watch, remarked: "I guess that the colonel is right, and we had better call the young man he recommends."

To this they all with one accord assented and the committee rose.

THE COLONEL.

A Head Master of Harrow.

He had a way essentially his own of getting rid of little boys whom he invited to breakfast. You know little boys have a peculiar habit of becoming inconveniently glued to a chair.

The hospitable "head" would quietly go up to the youngster—who was perhaps in the middle of another muffin—and say very gently, and with paternal kindness: "And must you really go?" The little boy invariably went.—Strand Magazine.

WHAT WE ARE COMING TO.

It may yet be necessary to deliver coal under police protection.—Chicago Mail.

Buying by Wholesale.

"Can't I get these two-cent stamps cheaper if I take a quantity?" asked Mrs. Chestnut, of the stamp clerk at the Philadelphia post office.

"I can let you have a dozen for a quarter," replied the clerk.

"Very well. I'll take them."—Jury.

An Unfailing Test.

Foreign Visitor—Is that college a really fine educational institution?

American (proudly)—I. It? I should say it was. They've got the most idiotic college yell to be heard in the whole country, sir—yes, sir.—N. Y. Weekly.

Not About Giants.

Little Dick—Tell us about the giants, Mr. De Talk.

Guest—I don't know much about giants, my boy.

Little Dick—That's queer. Papa said he heard you tellin' Sis some tall stories.—Good News.

Paid for When Used.

Poet (timidly)—Do you pay anything for poetry?

Editor (encouragingly) — Oh, yes, when we use it.

Poet (confidently)—Do you use any?

Editor (calmly)—No.—Texas Siftings.

A Sad Affair.

"Nobody could ever tell the Hudson twins from each other until they fell in love with the same girl."

"And then?"

"Oh, then there was a serious difference between them."—Jury.

A Popular Young Man.

Nellie—Mr. Hamphat, the millionaire's son, is engaged to me.

Ada—That's nothing. He is engaged to Jennie Smith and me, too.—Chicago News Record.

Amenable.

Not to care for the wild of the father
Is the way with wild children, 'tis said;
And yet there's one time they would rather
Come under his will—when he's dead.
—Judge.

Waiting for the Test.

"Did he give you a diamond ring when you accepted him?"

"I don't know whether he did or not until I show it to the jeweler."—Truth.

Past and Present.

Mrs. Antique—In past times people called idiots "innocents."

Mrs. Uptodate—Yes; but things have changed since then. Now they call innocents "idiots."—Truth.

He Knew Her.

"Your wife is a very decided blonde, isn't she?"

"Decided! You would be quite sure of it if you came to our house often!"—Demorest's Magazine.

No Account.

Friend (at art exhibition)—Is that gentleman an art critic, too?

Art Critic—No, he's only an artist.—N. Y. Weekly.

The Proof of the Pudding.

Jake—Cora has an aquiline nose, hasn't she?

Fake—How could I know? She always turns it up at me.—Brooklyn Life.

One Way of Encouraging the Bashful.

She (firmly)—We must part forever.

He (in alarm)—Why?

She—I have discovered that I love you.—Life.

AN EXCITED LOON.

How the Distressed Mother Acted Over Her Young.

Hon. Lewis M. Lellan, of Gorham, Me., while fishing for land-locked salmon in Sebago lake last May, was surprised to see a loon with her young one near his canoe. The anxious mother was employing every artifice to call her child away, but the little one swam so near the fisher that he easily took him aboard in his landing-net, and holding him on one knee gently stroked his downy coat, to the little fellow's evident satisfaction, says the Lewiston Journal. Meanwhile the mother was in an agony of distress.

At first forgetting her native wildness and timidity in her mother's love, she boldly approached the canoe, and rising in the water till she appeared to stand upon it, furiously flapped her wings, uttering menacing cries. Finding this of no avail, she pretended that she was wounded, rolling over in the water, and finally lying still as if dead, evidently to attract attention to herself and from her young one. The fisherman, touched by these displays of motherly affection, put the young loon into the water. The distressed mother instantly came to life and again tried to entice her little one to go with her, but he liked his new acquaintance so well that he remained near the boat, until the fisherman rapidly paddled away for a considerable distance, when he waited to see the outcome of this adventure. As he withdrew, the mother, with cries of joy, swam to the little one, dived beneath him, and taking him on her back quickly bore him to a safe distance, when she stopped and seemed to be talking to her truant child in very different tones from the "wild, strange hoarse laughter by day and the weird, doleful cry at night," which John Burroughs attributes to this bird. The fisher says he never imagined the loon could produce such soft, sweet, melodious notes as he then heard.

ORIGIN OF MARTINMAS.

The Saint Turned Satan Into a Mule and Rode Him.

St. Martin's day is called Martinmas. St. Martin, says the legend, was once going toward Rome on foot, when he met Satan, who jeered at him for walking when he ought to ride in a manner worthy of a bishop. St. Martin thereupon changed Satan himself into a mule, and jumping on his back rode comfortably along. Whenever he went too slow the saint made the sign of the cross, and the mule was goaded to greater efforts.

In olden times it was at Martinmas that the new wine was first tasted, and a day of joviality was the natural result. On the continent of Europe geese were sacrificed plentifully at Martinmas.

In England the day was more sacred to beef. Cattle used then to be killed for the winter's meat, and Martinmas beef means beef dried in the chimney like bacon.

In France the few warm and pleasant days which commonly occur at about this time, and are known here as Indian summer, are called the summer of St. Martin.

Tattooed and Ruined.

Gen. Travellas is well known to the readers of the "Legend of the Centuries," by Victor Hugo, as one of the valiant soldiers of the wars of independence of Greece. A son of the general had been believed dead by his family for forty years. He left his country forty years ago to explore distant lands and had not been heard from since. He was taken captive many years ago by Chinese pirates, robbed of all his belongings and detained for a long time. During his captivity they tattooed him all over the face, body and limbs. Then he fell into the hands of a traveling showman, with whom he reentered his native land. He was recognized by his sister and rescued from the hands of his employer. The poor old man is completely broken in mind and body and hardly able even to tell the tale of his long and pitiable sufferings, not to mention that any discoveries which he may once have made are all buried in oblivion.

Remarkable Memory.

The Toledo Blade tells of a conductor on a western railroad who possessed a remarkable memory. An official of the road, who doubted his alleged powers, was convinced by the following feat: Coming into his office one day the conductor said to him: "There is my train book. Along the line I have taken in more than one hundred passengers, and while you hold the book I will tell you the station at which every passenger got on and off, the class of ticket each one carried, the color of the ticket, whether the passenger was male or female, and the destination of all passengers transferred." The list was gone over and he did not err in a single particular. He then stated that he could describe every one of those one hundred passengers, giving the manner of dress, color of eyes and hair, and general appearance, and could select the lot out of an assemblage of thousands.

Aluminum for Drums.

Drums made in St. Louis are shipped to all parts of the world, and are favorites with several musicians. Aluminum, which is beginning to be looked upon as a universal metal, is the favorite material out of which the noise-creating instruments are now constructed, and it is said that out of the ruins of Pennington's unfortunate airship quite a number of drums were made. The manufacturers do not make much noise about their business, and the exact number turned out is not large, but it must be a large percentage of the world's output.

Busy Insects.

Some silk worms lay from 1,000 to 2,000 eggs, the wasp 3,000, the ant from 3,000 to 5,000. The number of eggs laid by the queen bee has long been in dispute. Burmeister says from 5,000 to 6,000, but Spence and Kirby both go him several better, each declaring that the queen of average fertility will lay no less than 40,000, and probably as high as 50,000 in one season.

RETURN FROM THE FISHING TRIP.

Mrs. Hayden—Huhy up dar, yo' small! Whuffer yo' wanter git yo' hoe-cake cold fer, when hit's in place to be hot?

Mr. Hayden—I's comin' jes' 's fast 's I kin. Little Pearly done got all tired out 'n I had t' gub 'm a lift.—Judge.

Just So.

Miss Gertrude's Father—You understand, sir, that the man my daughter marries must give her a generous allowance.

Miss Gertrude's Lover—My generosity will be only measured by yours, sir.—Chicago News Record.

An Unfortunate Mistake.

Funniman (the humorist)—My dear, I don't like the way you have cooked the turkey.

Mrs. Funniman—Why, what is there wrong with it?

Funniman—It's stuffed with chestnuts.—Truth.

A PLEA FOR "HARVEST."

"Fall" Not an Americanism, But an Old English Term.

I have been reminded by several friends that the word fall is not exclusively American, but that it is used for autumn in some parts of the country to this day, says a writer in the Queen.

I had learned this fact before, though I cannot remember ever to have heard the word used by any country people.

Like most so-called Americanisms, it was doubtless taken over by emigrants and spread. I think that most Americanisms come from the strong New England stock. They were the stoutest and sturdiest of the English race, therefore the stoutest and sturdiest people in the world. (Let us always, my friends, when we can, be patriotic.)

It is a pretty word; but those who use it contemplate, as we said before, the season as a time of decay and decline and approaching death. Those who speak of autumn think of full barns and granaries overflowing.

I am sorry we have not kept our own old English word. Could we not revive it, and speak of the season as that of harvest? Spring, summer, harvest, winter. These are four names—all good Anglo-Saxon words.

Nay, the word "harvest"—hearfest—is actually the Anglo-Saxon for autumn. September is hearfest monaðthe month of harvest. Let us abolish autumn—it can go back to the Latin dictionary—and speak henceforth of harvest.

JAPANESE STATISTICS.

The Population of Japan Is Rapidly Increasing.

Mr. Ono, a Japanese statistician, has just published some interesting figures concerning the remarkable increase of population in that country during the present reign, and especially since 1872. In January, 1