State Library

THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

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Christmas is Coming

OUR Christmas Sale Commences FRIDAY, DEC. 1. 1893.

Buy your presents now while stock is complete, and, if you desire, we will deliver the day before Christmas.

We are showing a large assortment of Beautiful and Useful Presents. No trouble to find something to suit you if you COME AT ONCE.

NOTHING NICER THAN ONE OF OUR

Banquet Lamps, Brass Lamps,
Piano Lamps, Onyx Stands,
Oak Stands, Mahogany Stands,
Gold Chairs, Pictures,
Easels, Screens,
Music Cabinets, Book Cases,
Writing Desks, Blacking Cases,
Couches, Rugs,
Rocking Chairs in Endless Variety.

In Fine Decorated Pottery

WE HAVE

Doulton, Royal Worcester, Tepletz and Many Other Fine Makes.

IN TABLE WARE

WE HAVE

China Dinner Sets,
Porcelain Dinner Sets,
Plain White China Dinner Sets,
Fancy Dishes of all Kinds.

TOILET SETS

CAMPBELL & TEMPLETON

Butler, - - - Penn'a.

BICKEL'S

SPECIAL ANNOUNCMENT.

I have placed on our bargain counter a line of boots and shoes which will be closed out at a sacrifice for the next thirty days. Among this line will be found greater bargains than have ever been offered.

Call and examine these goods whether you wish to buy or not.

Ladies fine Dongola shoes regular price $3.50 now $2
" " " 2 75 at 1 25.
" Calf shoes $1 to 1.50.
" oil grain shoes $1 to 1 50.
Misses fine spring heel shoes 90 cts to $1 25.
" heel shoes at 50 cents.
" school shoes 75 cts to $1.
Mens Hand made box toe boots $3.
" " plain toe boots $2 50.
Mens fine calf boots at $2.
" " shoes at $1 50.
Boys fine calf shoes at $1.25 And many other bargains.

Our line of HOLIDAY GOODS is more complete than ever before, consisting of many new and pretty styles in SLIPPERS. Now is more appropriate for a fine present than a beautiful pair of SLIPPERS, and by visiting our store you will have the best assortment to select from and at prices lower than any other store in the county. Be sure to call and examine our goods before selecting a XMAS PRESENT.

—RUBBER GOODS.—

Boston, Woonsocket, Goodyear, Glove, Bay State and Snag Proof Boots at Bickel's.

Mens first quality rubber boots $2 25.
Boys " " 1.50.
Mens knee boots $2 50
Mens Storm King boots $2.75.
Fireman rubber boots (extra high) $3.
Youths rubber boots $1 25.
Childs " 1.00
Womens rubber boots 1 00
Ladies fine specialty rubbers 40 cents.
" croquets 25 cents.
Misses rubbers 25 cents
Mens specialty rubbers 50 to 65 cents.
Mens buckle Arctics $1.10.
Mens Alaskas 75 cents.
Womens buckle Arctics 75 cents
Mens best felt boots $2.
We have 100 pair mens high boots (rubber boots) all No. 10 and 11, regular price $3.50 which will be sold at $2 per pair during this sale.

When in need of footwear give me a call.

JOHN BICKEL.

128 SOUTH MAIN STREET. BUTLER, PENN'A.

Job Work of all kind done at the "Citizen Office."

THE KIND THAT CURES

CHARLES SIMMONS, Cohoes, N. Y.

A MARVEL IN COHOES!

Kidney and Liver Disease FOR 15 YEARS, CURED BY 3 BOTTLES!

DANA SARSAPARILLA CO.: GENTLEMEN—Having been restored to good health by the use of your Sarsaparilla I feel it my duty to let others know the great benefit I have received.

For 15 years I have been troubled with severe pains in the Stomach, also Kidney and Liver Disease, so badly that for weeks at a time I had to stay in bed.

I have used three bottles of

DANA'S SARSAPARILLA

and I feel like a new man. I recommend it to any afflicted with disease of the kidneys. Yours respectfully, CHARLES SIMMONS.

Cohoes, N. Y.

The truth of the above is certified to by JAMES S. CALKINS, Druggist of Cohoes, N. Y.

Never purchase of a "SUBSTITUTER," (a person who tries to sell you something else when you call for Dana's.) Our bottles are being filled with a COUNTERFEIT ARTICLE by "Substituters." Buy of the HONEST DEALER who sells you what you ask for, and if you receive no benefit he will return your money.

Dana Sarsaparilla Co., Belfast, Maine.

C. & D. ALWAYS

Take into consideration that money saved is as good as money earned. The best way to save money is to buy good goods at the right price.

The only reason that our trade is increasing constantly is the fact that we handle only goods of first quality and sell them at very low prices

We have taken unusual care to provide everything new in Hats and Furnishing Goods for this season, and as we have control of many especially good articles in both lines we can do you good if you come to us

We confidently say that in justice to themselves all purchasers should inspect our goods.

Visit us.

COLBERT & DALE,

242 S Main street, Butler, Pa.

We are pleased to inform those who appreciate clothes that are comfortable and fit correctly, that our selection of Fall patterns are here. They are handsome and moderate priced. See them.

Aland, Tailor.

GLOVES

are our specialty this week.

50c Gloves for 45c

75c Gloves for 65c.

$.100 Gloves for 90c.

All our Entire Glove Stock at Equally Low Prices.

THE RACKET STORE,

120 South Main Street, Butler, Pa.

25 PER CENT.

Discount on trimmed and untrimmed Hats and Bonnets, Birds, Wings and Fancy Feathers, ought to be a great inducement to bargain seekers besides being ½ less than our usual low prices. We have a large stock for you to select from.

Ask to see our ladies all wool vests at 68c.

M. F. & M. MARKS, 113 to 117 S. Main St., Butler

ADVERTISERS may address Geo. P. Rowell & Co., Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), New York, and 10 Spruce St., Boston, or 10 Spruce St., Philadelphia, or 10 Spruce St., Chicago, will find it on file in the Advertising Agency of LORD & THOMAS.

HE.

He was single and singular. Most women would have called him fine looking if it had not been for his nose. He told Cupid privately that his nose had always stood in his way, and no wonder.

It was so long drawn out, so startlingly high as to bridge, but apparently perfect as to draught.

Patiently had this nose stood guard below two kind but bashful blue eyes, and sniffed the breezes of fifty summers and winters of single blessedness.

Cupid was his cat, and he also owned a comfortable looking little fat brown earthen teapot.

Cupid ate from his master's hand the leavings of his bachelor board, while he sought comfort by drinking all but the leaves in the little earthen teapot.

He ended each meal by tipping it up and draining the last drop from its spout.

Cupid always watched this impolite performance with a meditative, wonder-if-that's-good air.

After tea he and Cupid used to sit by the window and watch for *her* across the way.

SHE.

She was not "fat, fair and forty," for the single woman who is forty is yet to be born.

Besides being femininely dark as to age and complexion, she was plump and spry, neat as a new pin, and cheery.

As she sewed or mended in the evenings, her shadow was thrown on the window shade.

That was what he and Cupid watched for across the narrow way.

HIS MUSINGS.

There, she's lighting her lamp. Cupid—going to mend her stockings to-night. I can see her slip her hand into it and hold it up to the light. A neat little foot she must have, too, Cupid.

See there! will you? Done, by Jove! with neatness and dispatch.

Now what? O, I see—going out, and alone too. Demned shame, Cupid! Eh? Wants to go—of course she does—they all do, Cupid. There she comes to fasten her gloves by the light. A neat fit on that jacket—lucky for us old fellows that she comes between the lamp and the window shade.

Now what is she doing? Putting—no "fixing" her bangs as only a woman can, Cupid—a little, just a little old for bangs. Eh, Cupid? But they'll all do it, even if it does give 'em a "mutton-dressed-as-lamb" look, God bless 'em! Now she's turning down the light.

The shadow grows dimmer—going, going, gone, Cupid. Well, we will smoke our pipe and think. What do you say, pardner?

For answer, Cupid jumped upon his shoulder.

Then he lit his pipe and was so busy thinking and smoking that he forgot to pull down the window shade.

When his pipe was smoked out, he sat on thinking and mechanically stroking Cupid.

At last he arose and glanced out of the window in the direction of his cheery little neighbor.

To his surprise he saw her hastily leave her window and lower the shade.

He whistled softly and said: "Do you think, Cupid, that she has been looking at us, that is, at you, Cupid?" and he smiled again.

HER MUSINGS.

He looks as if he might be nice. But such a nose!

"Such a nose!" croaked her parrot from her ring in the corner. She laughed and held out a finger and the parrot was soon perched on it.

Had he across the way only known it, this parrot was the gift of a rejected lover. She had at once dubbed the parrot Company. Then she kept her in the dark and drilled her on one significant sentence.

When the ex-lover called to see how she took his gift, the parrot called out: "Two's company, two's company, three's a crowd," while she looked innocent and smiled. So the parrot got her queer name and the ex-lover got his answer. But to return to her musings:

"Hm! His nose and his neckties explain his being single. The neckties could be remedied (here she smiled mischievously and blushed), the nose, well, that couldn't. Well, he looks as if he was lonesome trying to keep house alone. I suppose every room needs a good thorough sweeping and dusting. Men don't know how to keep house, do they, Company?

"Never! Never out!" croaked the parrot, somewhat irrelevantly, from her schoolboy lore.

She laughed. "Yes, but it's 'Never in!' not 'Never out' with some men. Well, I feel sorry for him some way. I hope he didn't see me peeping at him."

HE.

But he had, and had plucked up courage at the sight. His opportunity came. He seized it and her umbrella at the same time. It was a snowy, blowy day in winter. She was coming home with her arms full of packages. The wind caught her umbrella as she reached her doorstep and turned it wrong side out. He was watching her from his window.

He heard a faint "O, dear!" gave a jerk to his necktie, forgot to be conscious of his nose for once, and with Cupid at his heels, and another Cupid tickling his heart-strings, rushed bareheaded across the narrow way.

He seized her umbrella, and turned it so quickly and skillfully in the opposite direction that it was right side out before she could say Jack Robinson, if that had been his name.

Instead she blushed and thanked him prettily, while he stood bareheaded but triumphant in the falling snow and gazed admiringly, not at the umbrella exactly. Then she (accidentally, of course) dropped one of her packages.

Said he: "Let me help you into the house. You have too much to carry alone."

So she opened the door and he, she, Cupid, the umbrella and packages disappeared inside.

HE, SHE, CUPID AND COMPANY.

New Year's day, 1894, dawned brightly in the street where he and she lived. In the window of her house there was a For Rent sign.

But dainty muslin curtains were up at his windows and the sun looked in at a happy group.

He sat before the cheerful grate fire in the little parlor that had been touched and transformed by a woman's deft fingers.

She sat in his lap, and adjusted to her fancy a new necktie she had suddenly produced from behind her.

Cupid, resplendent in a red leather collar, dozed on the cushioned window-seat in the sunshine, and purred contentedly at the new order of things.

He and she were laughing at Company swinging in her ring at the other window.

For he had just said to her: "What a happy New Year this will be for you and me—for Cupid and for Company."

But at the sound of her name Company had promptly croaked: "I doubt it! I doubt it! *Two's* company! *Two's* company."

Then he and she laughed and their laugh had a Many-Happy-New-Year's ring to it that augured well in these panicy times for the firm of He, She, Cupid & Co., in spite of Company's croaking.

A MUTUAL SURPRISE.

"HOW pleased Maria will be," chuckled Mr. Piffkins, making his toilet on the morning of the 1st of January, "and how surprised. This is the first New Year's day in ten years that she hasn't quarreled with me about giving up tobacco, and now I've done it of my own accord."

It was customary with the Piffkins to exchange New Year's gifts and not to make the presentation until after breakfast. Therefore, when Mr. Piffkins entered the dining-room, Mrs. Piffkins was apparently unconscious that he carried a bulky parcel, while he in turn was quite unaware that a small, queer-shaped package lay beside his wife's plate.

"My dear," remarked Mr. Piffkins, as he set down his coffee cup and rolled up his napkin "during our married life there has been only one serious cause for contention—well, perhaps two—but no matter. I intend to remove that cause."

"I have also determined to turn over a new leaf, as you will presently see," and she nodded mysteriously toward the queer-shaped package.

"I have resolved during the coming year to discontinue the use of tobacco." And he awaited the burst of delighted surprise to follow.

Mrs. Piffkins turned pale, doubtless with joy, replying tremulously: "I cannot accept this sacrifice; but I have resolved to yield to your entreaties, abandon society and devote myself in future to my home."

"Say no more, Maria, I have hitherto preferred to remain at home in order that I might smoke, but—"

"No, Silas, it is I who—"

"In token of reformation I have purchased with money I would have squandered on the weed the silk evening dress you so desired."

"And I," cried Mrs. Piffkins, "have also prepared a surprise for you. With the money I had saved to give a reception I have bought you a—a meerschaum pipe!"

How Not to Break Resolutions.

Ah, glorious resolution—
Would you know how not to break it?
Oh, friends and fellow citizens,
The way is not to make it.
—Detroit Free Press.

On Time, Anyhow.

Fosdick—Well, the New Year arrived on time.

Ricketts—Yes; right on the second.

Fosdick—You are wrong. It came on the first.—Judge.

TWO ANGELS.

BY SUSAN MARR SPALDING.

Angel of the parting year,
Winging back to Heaven thy flight,
Sad the burden thou must bear
From the darkness into light;
Burden of my wasted days,
Fragments of my broken hours,
Budding promises that grew
Never into fruit or flowers;

Happiness I might have won,
Worthy deeds I might have wrought,
Wrongs I hate, but did not shun,
Good I crave, but never sought;
All my proud and lofty aims,
Withered now to vain regret—
Feeble, foolish, as the will
To no noble purpose set.

Take them all, my griefs, my joys,
Lay them at the Father's feet;
He will search if yet there be
'Mid the chaff some grain of wheat.
He will fan my faint resolves
To a purer flame and clear.
Bear to Heaven my heart's desire,
Angel of the parting year!

Angel of the coming year,
Though thy face is veiled, I see,
By the glory round thee shed,
Thou hast some good gift for me.
Is it gold, or power, or fame?
Perfect peace from toil or care?
Or some sweeter, greater bliss
I had never hoped to share?

Nay, I know 'tis none of these;
Still I walk my narrow ways;
Still does lowly labor fill
All the measure of my days;
This the treasure thou has brought,
Prized in every age and clime,
Life no greater boon can crave—
God's most precious gift of Time.

Time to shape my common cares
Into duties high and sweet;
Time to learn that patience smooths
All rough ways for tired feet;
Time to scatter here and there,
By the wayside, love's small seed,
Knowing lowliest hands may oft
Minister to highest need.

So may each day be a cup
With life's sweetest flavors fraught;
Every hour a shining pearl
Strung on golden threads of thought;
Every moment a bright flower
Shedding perfume far and near.
Lend thy grace to make it so,
Angel of the coming year!
—Congregationalist.

THEIR NEW YEAR'S DINNER.

"I say, Jimmy Oliver, you've been dare long enough; come away and let me have er smell."—Brooklyn Life.

A Much-Needed Article.

The young man was sitting at the club window cogitating.

"Hello," said his friend coming in, "what are you thinking about?"

"A few good resolutions I have made for the New Year."

"What are you going to do with them?"

"Break them, I suppose."

"Why do you do that?"

"Blamed if I know. I've been in the resolution manufacturing business for years, turning out the very best brand I could, but all in vain; they won't stand the test. I wonder if it would be any use to offer a reward for a patent resolution warranted not to break?"—Detroit Free Press.

WHY HE WAS HAPPY.

Oh, see the man! Why does the man dance and look so happy? The man dances and looks so happy because his wife forgot to buy him a useless New Year's present out of his hard-earned gold. Happy man!—Judge.

New Year's Day in the Dime Museum.

"A happy New Year to you," said the Living Skeleton to the Fat Woman; "and may your shadow never grow less."

"I wish you a happy New Year, too," was the reply; "and what you fall off in flesh may you make up in salary."

Appropriate.

Wool—Having New Year's come right after Christmas is a mighty good scheme.

Miss Van Pelt—Why?

Wool—Oh, it's so much easier to be good when you're broke.—Jury.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

BY LOU V. CHAPIN.

History has set the last word on the scroll, has rolled it and sealed it, and Time places it among the myriad other mysterious records which fill his treasure-house. The year has gone, or rather let us say, the year has become our own forever; no mutation nor accident can take from us its days and hours. Looking back at this season over the centuries of the world's history, we see ourselves the crown and glory of them all, at the apex of human greatness. That for which the dreamers yearned in the dim old times, when men were "girt with doubtful light," has become a reality, that for which the great of earth prayed, when ignorance and brutality reigned supreme, stands glorious and permanent in the sunlight of the smile of the Creator. The Brotherhood of Man and the Fatherhood of God are recognized as great facts all over the earth to-day.

A retrospect fills us with awe and wonder at the mighty forces, the Omnipotent Power that have led the world along, through paths dark and bloody, through fiery trials and conflicts, to the glad Present and the hill-top of Hope, from which we may view the Beulah land of the glorious future. In the immutable purpose running throughout the warp and woof of human history, we see the sign of the Divine hand upon all nations. Throughout all the ages, up to this very hour when we stand upon the verge of a new year and a new epoch, man's errors have never been able to thwart that purpose, though they have made suffering a necessity in the purification of human ideals.

Our own nation has become the heir of the world's noblest heritage both spiritual and material. Every new year has marked a stride forward of liberty under law, of culture and prosperity. But little more than a century ago, the patriots of our land looked forward to the new year with doubt and almost despair. Foes were on every side, ready to invade and desecrate the home of freedom, which was then comprised in a narrow strip of thinly settled country on the shores of our eastern ocean. To-day the temple of liberty is arched by skies stretching from ocean to ocean, and it is filled with the fairest trophies of man's endeavor. Art, science, literature and religion have been revivified by the breath of the republic, which, like the Hercules of the fable, has strangled the lion of tyranny, has performed the labors deemed impossible, and reigns the ideal of government in every land, a vital force in the world, a center of impulse and aspiration.

A runner must pause to take breath, a bird's flight cannot be straight upward or its wings will weary, and now and again fate lays her hand upon nations that they may pause to view whence they have come and whither they go. The year just past has witnessed such a halt in our own career of material prosperity. Though financial distress was widespread, and the wheels of commerce almost idle, though the palsy of inaction seized upon our legislators, even this pause in the race has made its contribution to our national greatness. The people of our country have seen with swelling hearts the patriotism of the leaders of the masses rising above all political and personal motives and the noble charity of the favored of fortune to the poor and unfortunate has quickened the fraternal spirit and softened class prejudice. Public and private beneficence has reached a height never before witnessed in any country, and the narrow lines of intolerance have been erased or dimmed by the chastening touch of adversity.

As individuals, the New Year opens to us boundless opportunities. If it bring sorrow, is not woe the fire that is to burn the dross from our souls? If it bring poverty, let us remember that there is an infinite side to it, and the poor have before them a world of hope and endeavor that is closed to those who must make no struggle against opposing forces. Riches may be its boon, but riches are precious only for their power of conferring happiness and enlightenment upon the world. Death may be its cup of healing, yet there is no death but the cessation of endeavor; and leaving this fair earth is no more death than merely living upon it is life.

False was the song of the poet who said that the New Year is a "Time for memory and for tears." For memory it is indeed a time, for the gleaned sheaves of the sweetness of past days is an imperishable possession, but tears, even though their waters surge over the fragments of shattered resolve and self-murdered hope, are vain and idle. Then let us give Time a benediction as he turns his glass, for he has mingled the bitter in our draught of life with sweet, and as the blithe New Year assumes the robe and crown shout with earnest hearts: "Le roi est mort, vive le roi."

The Opening Wedge.

Miss Pinkerly—Have you made any New Year's resolution, Mr. Tutter?

Tutter—Yes, Miss Pinkerly. I have solemnly resolved not to be so bashful.

Miss Pinkerly—How nice! By the way, have you seen the arm-chair papa gave me for Christmas? It's big enough for two.—Truth.

At 11:30 P. M.

George—Well, the old year will soon be going out.

Ethel—Yes; a splendid custom, isn't it? Why don't you follow the example?—Truth.

The Rose and the Thorn.

It's nice to hear the joyous chimes
The bells on New Year's ring;
Unless, of course, you catch betimes
A cold that lasts till spring.

A GOOD RESOLUTION BROKEN.

No, he is not saying his prayers. He is only swearing. He swore off on New Year's Eve from profanity, but next morning he lost his collar button and then he swore a blue streak.—Texas Siftings.

He Envies the Czar.

Grocer—Mr. Slowpay, do you know why the czar of Russia would make a success in the grocery business?

Mr. Slowpay—I don't think I do.

Grocer—Well, it's because he doesn't trust anybody.—Texas Siftings.

Resolution Day.

Vices are monsters of such hideous mien,
That to be hated need but to be seen;
But seen too oft, we come by them accursed,
And welcome the arrival of January 1st
—John D. Orth in Puck.

SPEED THE PARTING GUEST.

BY OLIVE OHNET.

FAREWELL, farewell, the best of friends must part,
And as a token of how dear thou art,
How fond and dear, Old Year, Old Year,
Here take a gift of gold from out my hair,
A shade of rose from cheek and lip, and there
Sprinkle a touch of snow before you go,
Old Year, before you go.

Good-by, God-speed, all earthly things must end,
One look into your fading eyes, my friend,
So fond and dear, Old Year, Old Year.
There's mild regret within my heart in place of pain,
All that was sweet in thee shall once again
In memory live and make me glad,
Old Year: then why be sad?

Now that we're parting, I'm impelled to say,
What I've in secret thought for many a day—
Yet still I love you, dear Old Year.
Your've always worn a somewhat somber face,
You've never had the winsome sprightly grace
That I remember in your foregone kin,
Old Year, that I have ushered in.

Your stay was shorter, too, it seems to me,
Than that of former years was wont to be.
Oh, fond and dear Old Year, Old Year,
Mayhap for me all time is near complete,
And toward the end you're hastening with glad feet,
Then speed, no longer stay,
Old Year, go swift thy way!

HIS NEW YEAR'S MAIL.

BY ELISA ARMSTRONG.

"Ah, now, this is pleasant!" cried young Mr. Dovecot, as he threw aside his newspaper on the morning of the 1st of January. "What more can a man want than a beefsteak such as we had for breakfast, a clear fire like this, and a little wife of his own? By the way, my dear, you are looking very charming this morning. I do not remember ever having seen that dress before."

"It—it's a surprise," faltered Mrs. Dovecot, turning very pink. "I am so glad you like it—you know I try to please you in all things."

"I couldn't help admiring it, my dear. I pity those poor fellows who are bachelors—I was telling Jollycliffe so only yesterday."

"Yes, indeed, and I was saying to Marie that she would never know what real happiness is until she is married."

"We must ask them both to dinner some evening and try to make a match between them. Ah, there comes the postman, tramping through the snow."

"I'll go and meet him, I hate to keep him waiting."

"No, I'll go; you might catch cold from the draught."

A moment later he returned, saying: "See what a pile of letters; invitations

"OH, FERDIE, HOW EXTRAVAGANT!"

and New Year's greetings, no doubt. Hello!"

"What is the matter?" queried Mrs. Dovecot, who was anxiously looking over the letters.

"A bill for *another* ton of coal—why, I paid for one only the other day!"

"But don't you remember? I forgot to give you the other one when it came, and"—

"I remember, you forgot it until after your sealskin was bought. What's this? O, never mind;" and he stuffed a bill into his pocket; it fell out and she pounced upon it.

"O, Ferdie, another suit; how extravagant!"

"My dear, a man must look decent, if he *is* married. By the way, when your china painting is *quite* finished I wish you would mend the hole in my pocket."

"Why, Ferdie you said the other day that I musn't prick my little fingers with sewing;" and she burst into tears. In drawing out her handkerchief she dropped a bill which he picked up.

"Clara Dovecot! another dressmaker's bill!"

"Only for the dress I have on, dear. I wanted to surprise you."

"Well, my love, you have succeeded, and here's a bill for a bath robe. I never bought a bath robe."

"O, Ferdie, that was your birthday present, and—"

"In future we will do without birthday presents, my dear; I can't afford them. What's this? O, only the statement from my club."

"And you promised me you'd give up the club and stay at home when we were married!"

"And here's a bill for ice cream and lunches; what extravagance!"

"O, dear, if I'd known how unkind you are I never would have married you!"

"And if I'd known your temper I never would have asked you!"

"I shall tell Marie never to marry as long as she lives!"

"And I shall tell Jollycliffe that he is the luckiest dog I know!"

And that was why they didn't speak for the rest of the day.

A New Year's Warning.

Sing a song of sixpence,
A bottle full of rye,
Four and twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie.
When the pie was opened,
The birds began to twitter,
And the man who gave the order
Took the pledge, and bought a fritter.
—Puck.

One Way to Promote Happiness.

"I wish you a very happy New Year," said Dr. Pellet to Cawyer.

"Then don't send in your last quarter's bill till the 1st of February, doctor," replied Cawker.—Judge.

An Irrefutable Argument.

She—So that is Travers-Russell's yacht. I understand he is highly connected in England. Belongs to an old aristocratic family.

He—Oh, that's impossible! Why, he pronounces his name exactly as it's spelled!—Life.

Expecting Too Much.

"Do they love each other?"

"They did, but it is hardly to be expected that they can do so now."

"Why not?"

"They've been engaged two years."—N. Y. Press.

What She Needed.

Mr. Grassaway—I tell you, doctor, that I am sick, and you say that all I need is rest, and you haven't even looked at my tongue.

Doctor—I know that it needs a rest without having looked at it.—Texas

In Dixie's Land

AFTER THE WAR

With a blow of his fist, the enraged master knocked the unoffending negro against the side of the stable, and returned to the house for a consultation with his friends. It was agreed that nothing better could be done than to wait for the morning boat up the bayou.

Three hours after daylight they were at Donaldsonville. Jumping ashore, they learned that the Cotton Queen, an hour late, had left twenty minutes before.

"Run to the telegraph office, Gardette," cried Bostock. "Send full particulars to the officers at Baton Rouge, and tell them to arrest and detain the party. Sign my name."

He went out himself to the low bank

"TELL ME THE TRUTH OR YOU DIE!"

and saw the steamer plowing her course far up the river. The very air might have turned blue with his curses.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE GLADIATORS OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

The Cotton Queen was behind time at Donaldsonville, and the hours that we waited there were torturing ones. What would have happened had pursuit overtaken us before the boat came is a matter of certainty with me! I had found an opportunity to arm myself. Le Fevre did the same. We exchanged significant looks but no words. There was no need of words. We had already earned a term of imprisonment, and we and our fair charge were not now to be captured without bloodshed.

Aboard the Queen, and she rapidly putting miles of the wide and crooked river between us and pursuit, our spirits rose. We did not then know how narrow was our escape at that point. We got our breakfast with a crowd of passengers, cheered up Coralie and, bringing her again on deck, enjoyed with her the glorious panorama.

We passed Plaquimine without stopping. Le Fevre inquired of the captain, and learned that there was to be no stop until the boat reached Baton Rouge.

"Do you stop there?"

"Of course. All the boats do."

This intelligence made us uneasy, and we were consulting together about what we should do to avoid the detention that we had reason to fear had been prepared by telegraph for us, when the most unexpected chance favored us.

I stop at this point, to say that the occurrences narrated in this chapter came mainly under my own observation. The minor ones that I did not personally see and hear were afterwards told to me by those who did see and hear them.

The day wore on; the boat was within a mile of Baton Rouge. A call from the pilot's speaking tube brought the captain up into the pilot house.

"What's up, Doblin?"

"Look up the river," said the pilot, with both hands on the wheel.

The captain shaded his eyes with his hand, and looked.

"Seems to be a large steamboat putting out from Baton Rouge."

"Take the glass, sir."

One look through the glass and the captain threw it down, fairly jumping with excitement.

"The S. S. Prentiss, by ——! Why, she left New Orleans twelve hours ahead of us."

"She's been waiting for us," said the pilot, quietly.

"She has not waited for nothing, then. I've heard of their brags from St. Louis down about what they'd do with the Queen when they had a chance. By the Lord Harry, we'll show 'em! Here's almost a straight course to Port Hudson bluffs, and no *chutes* or sidecuts. I'll beat 'em or go to the bottom!"

He rang the engineer's bell for more steam. Presently the black smoke began to pour from the lofty stacks in clouds. The speaking-tube brought up the night-pilot, who was sleeping in his berth. The two men at the wheel kept their eyes fixed on the glass front of the pilot-house, ready to take any advantage offered by the current or the curves of the shore.

The speed of the Queen was visibly increased. The vibration of her powerful engines could be felt in every part of her. The puff of the pipes and the fierce churning of the paddles mingled in a steady sound.

Baton Rouge was passed, many people standing on the shore and waving their hats and cheering. Some of the passengers clamored up to the captain that they must get off here, and that they had freight aboard that was to be delivered here.

"You and your freight be d—d!" roared the captain, leaning out of the pilot-house. "Do you think the Queen is going to stop a race that we've tried for months to get to oblige you?"

Hundreds of other passengers laughed, cheered and applauded. The excitement of the contest had by this time spread all through the boat. The bows were so crowded that some of the boat's officers came and ordered half of the people back, that the boat might not settle too much by the head. Thousands of dollars were wagered on the length of time before the Queen would pass her rival. A few disloyal folks, who were willing to bet that she would not pass at all, had the chance promptly offered them to take ten to one. Before the contest was determined the Baton Rouge men were as crazy with excitement as anyone.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Session at Home.

"Going to lodge, Arthur?" exclaimed the young wife, in surprise. "I didn't know you were a member of any lodge?"

"Why, aw—yes, Georgiana," said the young husband. "I belong to the Order of Elks."

"And would you rather spend the evening with a lot of Elks than with your own little dear?"

And Arthur meekly hung his hat up again.—Chicago Tribune.

He Hadn't Forgotten Anything.

Waiter—Haven't you forgotten something, sir?

Customer (anxiously)—Why, did I give you a quarter?

Waiter—No.

Customer (relieved)—That's all right, then. I haven't forgotten anything.—Truth.