THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

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State Library July03

BICKEL'S.

Our stock of Winter Boots and Shoes is the largest we have ever had. Extremly large stock of Gokey's high-cut, hand-pegged box-toe and plain toe shoes. Our line of School-Shoes is complete. Gokey's copper tipped shoes for the Boys and good water-proof shoes for the Girls. We wish to call your special attention to our large stock of Felt and Rubber goods which we are selling at prices sure to interest you.

NOVEMBER PRICE LIST.

Ladies, Kangaroo-calf shoes	$1.00
Men's good every day shoes	1.25
Old Ladies' warm lined shoes	85
Men's fine embroideried slippers	45
Men's fine satin calf shoes	95
Children's heavy shoes	50
Ladies' fine Dongola, Pat. tip shoes	1.00
Men's fine calf boots	2.25
Misses' good school shoes, sizes 12 to 2½	90
Men's fine Pat. leather shoes	2.00

FELT AND RUBBER GOODS.

Men's good felts and overs,	$1 50, $2, $2.25
Boys' good felts & overs,	$1.25, $1 50, $1.75
Youths' good felts and overs	$1.00
Men's rubber boots (regular height)	$2 25
Men's buckle arctics	$1.00

Complete stock of Men's heavy stockings and overs. Large stock of Ladies', Gents', Misses' and Children's leggins and overgaiters. High Irons with four lasts for repairing. Sole leather and shoe-makers supplies. Repairing promptly done.

JOHN BICKEL,

BUTLER, PA.

Cold Weather Hosiery for Ladies, Children and Men. Large and Varied Assortment and Low Prices. A Few of Our Special Offerings.

The Modern Store

LADIES' WOOL MIXED HOSE 15c a pair, 2 pairs for 25c. Fast black fleeced lined hose, ribbed top, extra good, 15c a pair, 2 pairs for 25c. Fine cashmere hose worth 35c for 25c. Heavy wool ribbed hose, grey and black, 25c a pair. Extra quality fleece lined, regular and extra sizes, 25c, 35c and 50c a pair. Fine cashmere hose 50c and 75c a pair.

MISSES' FINE RIBBED WOOL HOSE 25c a pair, an excellent quality. Superior fleece lined hose, nice and soft, 25c a pair

BOYS' HEAVY FLEECED HOSE 15c a pair, 2 pair for 25c. Heavy wool stockings, special value, 25c a pair. Extra fine wool hose 39c a pair.

CHILDREN'S WOOL MIXED HOSE, special 10c a pair. No-mend cotton hose, linen knee, heel and toe, best wearing stocking of its kind made, 25c a pair. Infants fine cashmere hose 15c and 25c a pair.

MEN'S WOOL SOCKS, special value, black and grey 18c a pair, 2 pairs for 25c. Wool socks heavy and light weight, all colors and fancies 25c a pair. Extra fine qualities 35c and 50c a pair.

Watch Our Millinery Department. Note the Patronage and Note the Headwear.

Eisler-Mardorf Co.,

SOUTH MAIN STREET PHONES: BELL L. D. PEOPLES POSTOFFICE BOX 221 Send in Your Mail Orders.

OPPOSITE HOTEL ARLINGTON. BUTLER, PA.

COOPER & CO., FINE TAILORS.

Are now occupying their old location at corner of the Diamond.

Suits form $15 to $50.

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E Merchant Tailor. E
Fall and Winter Suitings
C JUST ARRIVED. C
142 North Main St.
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Cohn's Bargain Store,

150 Main and Cunningham St.

We are ready for fall business with a wonderful showing of ladies' tailor-made suits, coats, skirts, waists and furs. Ladies' men's and children's underwear and hosiery, hats, caps and children's clothing. Girl's dresses and coats. We are not only ready with smart styles, but with interesting prices, which no store can meet.

Ladies' flannelette wrappers worth $1.50 at **98c**

Children's underwear from **15c up**

Ladies' flannelette dressing sacques worth 75c at **48c**

Ladies' heavy ribbed vests and pants worth 35c at **25c**

Men's heavy ribbed sweaters, in different colors, worth 75c at **48c**

Ladies' all wool vests and pants worth $1.50 at **98c**

Cohn's Bargain Store,

Not the handsomest looking store in town but by far the cheapest and best to TRADE AT.

Subscribe for the CITIZEN

Indigestion, Dyspepsia can be cured by

Vitol

Try it and if it doesn't help you we will pay back your money.

Johnston's PHARMACY,

106 N. Main St.

Reed's Wine of Cod Liver Oil

will build you up and make you strong, will give you an appetite and new life.

If you feel tired and worn out try our Wine of Cod Liver Oil and find relief.

It is stronger and better than pure Cod Liver Oil. Pleasant to take and is inoffensive to delicate stomachs.

Indorsed and recommended by physicians every where. The best Spring tonic to give you Health and strength.

For sale only at

Reed's Pharmacy

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Main and Jeff Sts. Butler, Pa.

Do You Buy Medicines?

Certainly You Do.

Then you want the best for the least money. That is our motto. Come and see us when in need of anything in the Drug Line and we are sure you will call again. We carry a full line of Drugs, Chemicals, Toilet Articles, etc.

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Both Phones.

213 S. Main St. Butler Pa.

OUR STOCK OF HATS AND Men's Furnishings IS NOW COMPLETE.

Come in and let us show you the new fall shirts.

We have shirts at all prices. Our leader of course, is the

Manhatten Shirt.

The best in the World.

In Underwear

we have all the different weights and grades.

We can surely suit you if you need underwear.

Haven't the space to call attention to all the good things we have.

Just come in and see for yourself.

Strict attention paid to mail orders.

Jno. S. Wick

HATTER and MEN'S FURNISHER.

People's 'Phone. 615

BUTLER, PA.

Karo CORN SYRUP

the new table delicacy pleases the palate and satisfies the stomach. Delicious and nutritious. At all grocers, 10c, 25c and 50c.

CORN PRODUCTS CO., New York and Chicago.

FOUR-FOLD LINIMENT.

FOR MAN OR BEAST.

Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sprains and Bruises.

AT ALL DRUGGISTS. 25c, 50c, $1.00.

Good Pills

Ayer's Pills are good pills. You know that. The best family laxative you can buy.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use

Buckingham's Dye

50 cts. of druggists or R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N. H.

Nasal CATARRH In all its stages.

Ely's Cream Balm

ELY'S CREAM BALM CLEANSES THE NASAL PASSAGES CATARRH HAY-FEVER COLD IN HEAD 50 CTS. ELY BROS. NEW YORK

cleanses, soothes and heals the diseased membrane. It cures catarrh and drives away a cold in the head quickly.

Cream Balm is placed into the nostrils, spreads over the membrane and is absorbed. Relief is immediate and a cure follows. It is not drying—does not produce sneezing. Large Size, 50 cents at Druggists or by mail; Trial Size, 10 cents.

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York

NEW OWNER DRUGS STOCK

I have purchased the C. J. Harvey Pharmacy, in the Stein building, at 345 S. Main St., am remodeling and restocking the store. I have twenty-two years experience as a pharmacist, and compounding of prescriptions will be under my personal attention.

Pure drugs and honest treatment guaranteed.

When in town shopping, stop and leave your packages.

L. McKee, Pharmacist,

Stein Block, S. Main St., Butler, Pa.

FOR **Drugs**

Redick & Grohman,

109 N. Main Street, BUTLER, PA.

Best Service.
Prompt and Careful Attention.
Four Registered Pharmacists.
Prescription Work a Specialty.

IT HAS Leaked Out

that the new jewelery firm of

Ralston & Smith,

(successors of W. E. Ralston) are showing a new and up-to-date stock of everything pertaining to the trade and their motto shall always be "No Fancy Prices."

110 W. Jefferson Street.

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Insurance and Real Estate Agent.

117 E. JEFFERSON.

BUTLER PA

TIM DONNAN'S LUCK

By D. H. TALMADGE

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There are people who scoff at the theory of luck, but Tim Donnan is not one of them.

Tim was a brakeman on the P. and T. railway six months ago, and a freight brakeman at that, with a pretty slim prospect ahead of him. He despaired whenever he thought of a certain girl who was so practical that she refused to marry him until his salary was adequate for an establishment. The fact that she called it an "establishment" showed plainly that her emotions were under control of her intellect. A sentimental, impulsive creature who loved a man as this girl loved Tim would have called it a little home.

Tim isn't a brakeman on the P. and T. now. He is a conductor on the F. and L., and he and the girl have their "establishment" and are deliriously happy.

Luck did it, Tim says, and he proves it by telling the story.

"Mebby you know and mebby you don't," he begins in a subtle brogue, "that the windows of heaven were opened over a small spot in the northern part of Missouri one night last June. Mebby, again, you know and mebby you don't that the P. and T. road runs parallel with the F. and L. for about six miles after leavin' St. James. They cross the Blue river each on its own nice little bridge within two miles of each other, the P. and T. bridge beln' up stream from the bridge of the F. and L.

"'Twas lucky for me they fixed it so. I was sittin' on the back platform of the caboose the night when the cloud busted. My work was finished for the minute, and I was restin' and nursin' a bad fit of melancholy. My hopes were blacker than the night just then, and the night was blacker than the inside of a brunette cat. I saw nothin' to look forward to, and that's a worse state to be in than Arkansaw. I was sayin' to myself that I believed I'd commit suicide and end the agony when all of a quick sudden the train stopped.

"Mebby you never experienced the sensation of bein' on a freight train

BRUSHED ME OFF WITH ITS BRANCHES.

when it stops suddenly. 'Tis like a toh of coal droppin' into a man's throat.

"For a minute I forgot my troubles. I grabbed my lantern and went up ahead to see what was wrong. 'Twas easy to see. By the gleamin' of the headlight on the engine I saw a roarin', howlin' flood of water. Blue river was full and runnin' over—way over. The track on the bridge was all but covered. 'Shall we try it or not?' says the engineer to the conductor. 'Wait till we look at the bridge,' says the conductor. 'Come, Donnan, we'll go and see if 'tis safe.' And we went.

"'Twas a fool thing to do what I did then, but I was in a desperate mood, and the rushin' of the flood affected my brain, I'm thinkin'. I told the conductor I'd go across and take a peep at the anchorage on the other side. And I started, the conductor offering no objections visible to the naked ear, and got half way across mebby when—biff!—a tree that made ordinary sawlogs look like matches struck the bridge and brushed me off with its branches as easy as a whiskbroom disposes of a crumb.

"Ar-r-rah, the swim that followed!

"I don't know the words that describe it. But luck was with me. I got my hands on to a regular Pullman of a railroad tie, and I clung to it as the ivy clings to the molderin' wall. 'Twas nothin' resemblin' suicide the way I stuck to that tie. And every once or twice in awhile a chicken coop or a woodshed or a cord of wood bumped into me, knockin' out prayers like sparks from an anvil.

"'Tis my humble opinion that the current was runnin' at a rate of 410 miles to the hour. Mebby 'twas more, and mebby 'twas less. I didn't stop to measure it. Anyway, 'twas but a short time till I brought up against the F. and L. bridge with such force that six of my teeth took refuge in my stomach and a constellation of stars danced before my eyes, furnishin' sufficient light to enable me to crawl on to the bridge.

"The bridge was about ready to break loose. I crawled off of it rapidly. I'd had all the trip by water that I wanted. I crawled off at the first end I come to, and that was luck again.

"There was a station a ways up the track, and after I'd found my land legs again I hustled along till I got to it.

"The night operator was surprised to see me. Bein' a young chap, he reached nervously for his gun.

"'Put it away,' says I to him, 'put it away, Willy, and get a wringer.'

"'Heavens!' says he. 'Is it rainin' again? You're soppin' wet.'

"'Am I?' says I. 'Sure 'tis the true nose for news you've got. You should be in newspaper work. But tell me,' says I, 'how soon the train's due.' I knew a train was about due, else he'd been snoozin'.

"'The flier goin' south,' says he, lookin' at his watch, 'will be along in three minutes.'

"'Does she stop at this station?' says I.

"'No,' says he.

"'Then,' says I, 'you'd better get out your red lamp, for the bridge is all but gone.' And he did it.

"With the flier came more luck for me. The general manager's car was on and the general manager himself, artistically arrayed in a suit of pink pajamas, was up and rubberin' around almost before I'd told the conductor about the bridge. 'Tis the way of general managers. They're mostly built so.

"He looked me over with his sharp eyes, all the time spittin' out questions as a rapid fire gun spits lead, and I answered him as intelligently as was possible without my teeth. He seemed impressed. 'You'd better go and get dry. I'll look you up and remember you,' says he. 'Thank you, sir,' says I.

"'Twas about a week after that I got an invitation to the general offices of the F. and L. at St. Jim. The doctor said I might go if I'd be careful. Another touch of pneumonia, he said, might prove disastrous. So I went, and they didn't do a thing after I got there but put me through an examination and give me one of the best runs on their system, though why they did it I'll be blessed if I can understand.

"Luck? Well, say!"

A Matter of Gloves.

"Did you never notice how much better men's gloves look than women's?" said the man. "Go into any public conveyance and look at the gloves of the passengers and you will be impressed by the superior condition of those worn by men. Two-thirds of the women you meet cover their hands with suedes and dogskins that are shockingly soiled and worn. It is not only women of generally shabby appearance who are guilty of wornout finger tips and ragged seams; many who are otherwise well groomed and who could afford to put on a fresh pair of gloves every day are equally culpable. Men would be ashamed to go on the street wearing such disreputable things, but women flaunt them unblushingly."

"That sweeping condemnation is unfair," protested the woman. "The condition is easily explained. Women wear their gloves much more than men, and besides it is awfully destructive to finger tips to dig around in purses for change and samples and to handle candy, to turn over books and to examine dry goods."

"Now you have jumped the subject," said the man. "I am not talking about cause. I am talking about effect. The majority of men certainly do wear better gloves than the majority of women. You cannot deny that."

"That is true," the woman admitted. "I cannot deny it; they can better afford it also."—Philadelphia Times.

Pride Had a Fall.

"Yes, it is a pretty good cigar," said Brown, as he held it up and looked at it critically. "Jones bought it, but if he thinks he bought my silence with it he is mistaken, as the story is too good to keep. Jones, as you know, considers himself a great ladies' man, although he is old enough to know better. I was walking with him this afternoon, and he could talk of nothing but his 'latest.' Suddenly he exclaimed:

"'By Jove! There she is now, across the street. Isn't she a peach?'

"Off came his hat with a flourish, exposing his bald pate, and an idiotic grin spread over his features.

"Much to my surprise, for she did not look like a girl who would indulge in a street flirtation, she waved her hand, hesitated a moment and then started to cross the street where we were.

"'They can't resist me,' said the beaming Jones. 'Excuse me, old man; see you later; ta, ta!'

"But in hand and grinning like a monkey, Jones approached the young lady, who suddenly stopped, looked startled for a moment and then gasped:

"'Goodness! I mistook you for my grandfather!'"—Detroit Free Press.

The Cue Could Wait.

An American traveler in China, making his way out of the province of Sheusi over the mountains, after five days of rough riding overtook his servant, who had been sent on ahead with the baggage. He reports the conversation which followed:

As a soldier half lifted me from the saddle Wang, the servant, handed me my razors. "For five days," he said, "the beard of my master is growing. I think maybe he like to cut it off."

I thanked him for his thoughtfulness, but I added, "You are in a great deal worse shape than I am. You needn't trouble about me. Have your cue braided, and then lie down on your pooka and take a nap."

He smiled with the faraway, rather sad smile of his race. "It would not be right for me to sleep, sir," he said, "before I see that you are resting. The cue is Chinese. It can wait patiently. But the beard is European. It cannot wait. It must go quickly."

The Duration of a Dream.

One evening Victor Hugo was dictating letters to his secretary. Overcome by fatigue, the great man dropped into a slumber. A few moments afterward he awoke, haunted by a dream which, as he thought, had extended over several hours, and he blamed his secretary for sitting there waiting for him instead of wakening him or else going away. What was his surprise when the bewildered secretary told him that he had only just finished writing the last sentence dictated to him.

A Striking Simile.

Old Employee—You know as well as I do that I have been as faithful as clockwork in your employ.

Old Employer (bitterly)—Yes, just exactly as faithful as clockwork. You struck every time you could and never gave more than five minutes' warning.

Light and Heat and Eyes.

Looking into the fire is very injurious to the eye, particularly a coal fire. The stimulus of light and heat united soon destroys the eyes. Looking at molten iron will soon destroy the sight. Reading in the twilight is injurious to the eyes, as they are obliged to make great exertion. Reading or sewing with a side light injures the eyes, as both eyes should be exposed to an equal force of light. Those who wish to preserve their sight should preserve their general health by correct habits of living and give their eyes just work enough, with a due degree of light.

Inconsiderate Fellow.

"He said he'd die if I didn't marry him."

"And still you refused?"

"Yes. I wished to find out before promising whether he really loved me as much as that or not. Oh, Harriet, I'm p-p-perfectly miserable! He seems to be wretchedly healthy, and I d-do love him so much!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Debts In China.

In China one can always borrow money on the strength of having a son, but nobody would advance him a cent if he had a dozen daughters. The former is responsible for the debts of his father for three generations. The latter is only responsible for the debts of her own husband.

Liverpool, generally called a wet place, has an average rainfall per annum of 34 1-3 inches.

LITTLE GREEN DEVIL

By HARLE O. CUMMINS

Copyright, 1901, by Harle O. Cummins

The invitation I found waiting me on my return from a trip south was a great surprise. I had been private secretary to Colonel Wade for a little over six months, but that was certainly no reason why his wife should have included me in her list of guests.

It was to be a masque ball, and I had nothing to wear. The affair was to take place that very night, and the fact that I was half in love with Miss Dorothy, the colonel's oldest daughter, made me hurry down to a costumer's shop. M. Clausen shook his head as he surveyed my five feet six.

"I have nothing that will fit you, sir," he said, "unless you will take this green devil costume. There were three of the devils ordered, but two of the gentlemen came in yesterday and told me that their friend was sick and wouldn't be able to use this suit, so it's on my hands. You may have it

"SORRY TO DISTURB YOU."

for $5. It's dirt cheap at that price, but it's so small I wouldn't stand a chance of getting back the cost of the cloth renting it. What do you say?"

I said "Yes" immediately on seeing the costume. It was a giddy affair with its livid green color, its long, stuffed tail with a fork at the end and two little horns projecting from the cap.

I paid M. Clausen his price, congratulating myself on getting a fine suit so cheaply, and hastened back to my rooms to try on my purchase.

When I presented myself at the Newbury street house at 9 o'clock that night, Colonel Wade greeted me in the hall facetiously:

"Ah! So we are to be honored with other members of the family? Two of your brothers are already here. You're Dr. Swain, I'll wager."

If the man with whom I came in daily contact did not recognize me, my disguise was perfect. I laughed to myself as I passed up stairs.

Ten minutes later I was mingling with as great a crowd of notables as were assembled on that famous Styx houseboat. Several William Shakespeares were strolling about the room, Napoleon Bonaparte was having a desperate flirtation with Joan of Arc, and over in one corner William Penn was busily fanning a somewhat portly edition of Queen Elizabeth.

As I stepped into the ballroom I jostled against a tall man dressed exactly like myself, except that his costume was of a glowing crimson. The meeting was evidently more of a surprise to him than to me.

"Where in hades did you come from, Shorty?" he whispered, pulling me out of the crowd.

"Why, naturally, that's just where I did come from," I answered, disguising my voice and wondering meanwhile at such language even from a brother fiend.

"I told the professor you were cooked for six months when I saw the pinch yesterday. How did you get out?"

"Ask no questions," I answered in a solemn tone, laying my finger on my lips. "I have leave of absence from his satanic majesty himself for tonight only. Tomorrow I shall be cooked again, as you say."

"Well, we mustn't be seen together: might cause suspicion. See you later."

I knew not a thing of what he was talking about, but as my answers were probably equally puzzling to him I judged that we were even. Following his advice, I left him and began looking for a certain young lady.

In a few minutes I had found a graceful Cleopatra, whom I thought I recognized to such an extent that I was perfectly willing to play Antony to her for the rest of the evening.

Dropping the high falsetto in which I had been talking to the red devil, I assumed my natural voice.

"Oh, Mr. Churchill! Is that you?" exclaimed the Egyptian queen. "Why, I'd never have known you in this world!"

"In this world, of course not, but you certainly would in the lower one, where you see I belong, Miss Dorothy Cleopatra," I answered, and we shook hands.

"I'm so glad to find some one I know," she continued. "I've been talking to so many kings, queens and emperors for the last half hour that you mustn't mind if my conversation is a trifle stilted at first."

"And as I've just been comparing temperatures with a neighbor of mine from hades you mustn't mind if there is a certain warmth to my remarks," I answered.

We were in the midst of an interesting tete-a-tete when some one tapped me on the shoulder. Turning, I saw another devil—this one clad in somber black—behind me.

"Sorry to disturb you, but I must see you for a few minutes," he said gruffly.

I excused myself reluctantly to the fair queen and walked toward the library with my black companion.

"Andy said you was here, but I didn't believe him," he muttered when we were alone. "I got you out here to tell you the new plan. We had to change it when we thought you was pinched. Wilson, the fat butler, will meet us three here with the keys as soon as they start down to supper. Andy'll have his togs off an' be down at the back door with the team, an' you an' me—we've got to git the kid. Madge is goin' to have him tied up in a shawl an' gagged in the first room at the top of the back stairs. You've got to keep watch in the halls, for there's a dozen fly cops hangin' round, an' I'll see that we git the kid down without any holler. Savy?"

I signified that I understood, shuddering at the horrible plot I had accidentally discovered. Colonel Wade had three daughters and one son, a baby boy scarcely two years old.

"Now, don't go makin' any dates to take that fairy I saw you talkin' to down to supper, but be sharp when you hear the signal to march down."

Queen Victoria and Sir Walter Raleigh came strolling into the library just then, and the black devil left me abruptly, whispering, "If you git a chance, that Cleopatra you was talkin' to has got a fine bunch of stones in her back hair. We could use them too."

Leaving the library, I hastened out in search of my host and found him in the drawing room chatting with Mary, queen of Scots.

"Colonel Wade," I began excitedly, getting him to one side, "there's a plot to kidnap Robert tonight while the guests are down at supper. The other two devils, the butler, a servant named Madge and I don't know how many others are in the scheme."

"And who are you?" he began, glancing suspiciously at my livid costume.

I took off my mask, and never shall I forget the warmth of the handclasp he gave me as he muttered, "Ted, my boy, I can never repay you for this."

Calling a servant, he gave the order for the orchestra to play another waltz and to wait for word from him before striking up the march for supper. Then he sought out the private detectives he had stationed in the house and told them the plot on foot.

And while the crowd of poets, soldiers, heroes and heroines of bygone ages in the ballroom were waltzing to the strains of "The Serenade," a red and a black devil, a white faced nursemaid and two trembling lackeys marched ingloriously out the front door and boarded a large covered wagon resembling an ambulance, but which is known down in the west end as the Black Maria.

Inventor Davy and Love.

Sir Humphry Davy, the inventor of the Davy lamp, found love something of a delusion, if not a snare. Writing to his mother, he said, "I am the happiest of men in the hope of a union with a woman equally distinguished for virtues, talents and accomplishments." And in a letter to his brother he expresses his rapture thus, "Mrs. Apprece has consented to marry me, and when the event takes place I shall not envy kings, princes or potentates."

The widow must have been a person possessed of great powers of fascination, for Sir Henry Holland makes mention of her as a lady who made such a sensation in Edinburgh society that even a regius professor did not think it beneath his scholarship to go down on his knees in the street to fasten her shoe. The sequel need not be dwelt upon further than to add that the marriage turned out to be altogether a mistake.

Quick and Sure Way.

An Irishman out of employment went up to a "boss" and asked for a job.

Boss—Do you know anything about horses?

Pat—Sure and wasn't Oi born in a stable?

Boss—And carpentry. Do you know anything about that?

Pat—Begorra and I'd loike to see the man as would beat me at it.

Boss—Do you know how to make a Venetian blind?

Pat—Sure and I'm in my element at that job.

Boss—Just tell me, then, how you would make a Venetian blind.

Pat—Sure and wouldn't Oi just poke me finger in his eye?—London Answers.

A Snake That Swallowed a Man.

Large specimens of boa constrictors have been known to swallow men whole. The case is related by the traveler Gironiere of a criminal in the Philippine Islands who hid from justice in a cavern. His father, who alone knew of his hiding place, went sometimes to see him and to take him rice for food. One day he found instead of his son an enormous boa asleep. He killed it and found his son's body in the snake's stomach.

Reported Favorably.

Mr. Richard Redgrave, the artist, records in his diary this amusing recommendation from an Irishman appointed to examine students competing for medals: "I should also recommend Margaret —— for a reward. Being very young, she naturally missed the point of all the questions in the papers, but her answers were so ladylike that I think the medal should be given to her."

Annual Flowers.

Annual plants are those that you must sow every year. From seed to seed is only a year or less. Annual plants probably comprise half the flowering plants of the world. They quickly take advantage of the moving seasons, grow, blossom and die before they are caught by the blight of winter or by the parching dry season. They are shifty plants, now growing here, then absconding to other places. This very uncertainty and capriciousness make them worth the while. The staid perennials I want for the main and permanent effects in my garden, but I could no more do without annuals than I could do without the spices and the condiments of the table. They are flowers of a season; I like the flowers of a season.—Country Life In America.

Deaf and Dumb Teachers.

"I suppose a deaf and dumb asylum is the last place to which most persons who wish to learn a language would think of going," said the principal of one of those institutions. "Yet there are several educated foreigners who came here to take lessons in English.

"The reason is that a teacher in a school for the deaf and dumb, having to talk so her pupils can read her lips, learns to enunciate clearly and distinctly and give each word its true value. The foreigners say our teachers speak so distinctly that they can acquire the language in half the time they can from ordinary instructors."

The Bird of Paradise.

Probably no famous bird has a smaller habitat than the bird of paradise, whose beautiful feathers are so highly prized in the millinery trade. No one knows why the varieties of this beautiful bird are confined to the island of New Guinea and the neighboring coasts of Australia. There are many other islands not far away where the conditions would seem to be equally favorable to their existence, but they are not found among them.

The Difference In Seasons.

"Br'er Williams," said Brother Dickey, "you all time talkin' 'bout wantin' ter go ter glory in a chariot er fire. How'd you like ter try it in de middle er August?"

"Br'er Dickey," replied Brother Williams, "w'en I made dem remarks we wuz deep in December en de white snow wuz all over de ground!"—Atlanta Constitution.

THE FIERY DRAGON.

Ancient and Mediæval Descriptions of the Monster.

Dragons were important animals in ancient and mediæval natural history. Until comparatively recent time no scientist ever thought of questioning the existence of this most formidable of beasts. The annals of Winchester for 1177 gravely state that "in this year dragons were seen of many in England." Gesner, professor of natural history at Zurich, gives a detailed description of the dragon, while Aldrovandus, in his "History of Serpents and Dragons," published in 1640, devotes fifty pages to the monster. A good specimen of a dragon would seem to have been a beast about the size of a sheep, incased in a coat of scales which shone like silver. Its back was serrated like a saw. It possessed a long tail, a pair of batlike wings, four heavily clawed feet and a wolvine head, the jaws of which were armed with very formidable teeth. The tongue was barbed with fire, and fury issued from the monster's mouth, and the head bore a crest. Dragons were the most wicked and vindictive of creatures. They seem always to have been in a towering rage and spent the greater portion of their time in rushing up and down the earth destroying everything that came in their path. The origin of dragons was a disputed point among mediæval naturalists. Some maintained that these animals were generated by the heat of India; others were of opinion that the volcanoes of Ethiopia used to belch forth the monsters. One scientist, John Leo by name, declared the dragon to be a hybrid, a cross between an eagle and a wolf.

Temperature and Atmosphere.

That a body can acquire during the night a different temperature from that of the surrounding atmosphere has been demonstrated by an English physicist. If a thermometer is taken from the window, wrapped in cotton and placed on the ground its mercury will descend seven or eight degrees. Vegetables similarly situated, and being bad conductors, may freeze at a time when the thermometer does not mark the freezing point—proof that the cold experienced by the plant may be entirely different from the temperature of the surrounding air. This low temperature of plants, however, only occurs when the night is clear, since at this time the plant sheds its heat throughout space and becomes chilled, whereas if the night is cloudy the phenomenon does not occur. This gives rise to the popular superstition that plants and buds are frozen by moonlight.

Curious Case of Mind Reading.

A very curious case is related in the Annales Psychiques. A child of seven years, in good health, lively and robust, belonging to equally healthy parents, showed a strange facility in learning all that his mother taught him. He recited the whole multiplication table at the first trial, solved instantly complicated problems and made not a single mistake in his first spelling lesson. It was soon realized that the child did not calculate by himself and did not spell of his own accord. He was reading his mother's mind, and he did this even when his eyes were shut and his back turned, provided only that she were near him. One day she had the idea of interposing a screen between her and the child, and there was no more calculation, no more spelling. The screen was sufficient to prevent the child from reading the mother's thoughts.

A Moving Sermon.

"I once had a parishioner who was a miser," said an English clergyman. "For this man's benefit I preached one Sunday a strong sermon on the necessity of charity, of philanthropy—a sermon on the duty and the joy of giving. The miser, at whom I gazed often, seemed impressed.

"Next day I met him on the street.

"'Well, John,' I said, 'what do you think of yesterday's sermon?'

"'It moved me deeply, sir,' he answered. 'It brought home to me so strongly the necessity of giving alms that honestly, sir, I've a great mind to turn beggar.'"

It is a great evil as well as a misfortune to be unable to utter a prompt and decided no.—Simmons.

HE CAUGHT THE HOUSE.

A Yell of Applause at a Critical Point in a Play.

Edward Harrigan once said that the most trying moment in his theatrical career occurred in New Orleans soon after the civil war. He had gone south with his company and, yielding somewhat to popular request, put on "The Blue and the Gray." The play had been a success up north, but down south, with the air still full of the bitterness of the war, it was a dangerous experiment. Tony Hart was to represent the Confederate gray, so he hunted up a uniform of the Louisiana Tigers, and when he came marching on, young, stalwart, handsome, the typical soldier boy in the beloved uniform, the house, men and women, cheered and shouted and cried for all their heroes embodied in this boy. Harrigan, standing in the wings in his northern blue, waiting to go on, had just one thought—"They'll kill me!" Then he stepped out, the embodiment of the enemy, and a cold, dead silence fell upon the house. Not a hand moved for him. The audience was tense with emotion, and there was only an instant to act if the play was to be saved. Harrigan, big, kindly, good looking, came swiftly down to the front and stepped over the footlight gutter, leaning down to them. "For the love of heaven, won't you give the Yankee a hand?" he exclaimed. At once the house was caught and all the pent up feeling turned the right way. There was a yell of applause.

How the Sculptor Cellini Was Cured.

Benvenuto Cellini, when about to cast his famous statue of Perseus, now in the Loggia dei Lanzi at Florence, was taken with a sudden fever. In the midst of his suffering one of his workmen rushed into his sick chamber and exclaimed: "Oh, Benvenuto! Your statue is spoiled, and there is no hope whatever of saving it!" Cellini said that when he heard this he gave a howl and leaped from his bed. Dressing hastily, he rushed to his furnace and found his metal "caked." He ordered dry oak wood and fired the furnace fiercely, working in a rain that was falling, stirred the channels and saved his metal. He continues the story thus: "After all was over I turned to a plate of salad on a bench there and ate with a hearty appetite and drank together with the whole crew. Afterward I retired to my bed, healthy and happy, for it was two hours before morning, and slept as sweetly as if I had never felt a touch of illness." His overpowering idea of saving his statue not only drove the idea of illness from his mind, but also drove away the physical condition and left him well. It was a triumph of mind.—Success.