THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

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THE MODERN STORE.

Time For Your New Dress.
The Best Selection we Have Ever Shown.
Great Activity in Our Millinery Department.

Henrietta and poplar cloth, all colors.....25c yd
27 in. all wool Trecots.....25c yd
38 in. all wool novelty suitings, worth 50c.....38c yd
42 in. all wool cheviots, navy, brown, cardinal and black.....50c yd
36 in. venitians, granite cloths, serges, henriettas, nuns, veilings and novelty weaves.....50c yd
50 in. mohair—black, navy and brown.....50c yd
Plaids, now so popular, 32 in., 25c yd; 38 in. six patterns to choose from, special.....45c yd
Shepherds checks.....15c, 25c and 50c yd
40 in. crepe suitings and poplins, all colors.....85c yd
45 in. French serges, silk finished Henriettas and Prunella cloths.....$1.00 yd
50 in. all wool suitings, all colors.....60c yd
52 in. broadcloth, all colors.....$1.00 and $1.50 yd
56 in. kersey and covert cloths, suitable for jackets and suits..$1, $1.50 and $2 yd
56 in rain proof cloths.....$1 25 and $1.50 yd
Our black goods stock is complete with all the new weaves, from..50c to $2.50 yd

Silks of Surpassing Values.

Just in, a new lot of plaid silks for waists.....75c to $1.00 yd
New fancy silks for waists and suits.....48c, 75c and $1.00 yd
New moire velours.....$1.00 yd
Beautiful fancy crepe de chines and figured Jap silks for evening waists and gowns, all colors.....50c yd
Special for this week, 36 in. black Peau de Soie silk, a beautiful lustrous black and handsome quality, a regular $1.35 grade.....98c yd

We have the best selection of ready-to-wear and trimmed hats for Ladies and Children that we have ever shown and at such prices as will get your order.

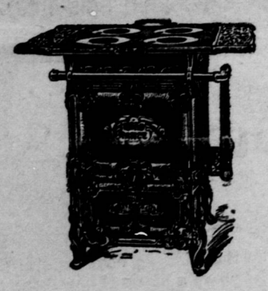
Childrens' from 98c to $4.50.

Ladies' trimmed hats, $2.50, $3.00, $3.50, and a special assortment this week of chic and natty hats which you would expect to cost $7.50 for $5.00. Finer ones up to $8, $10.00 and $12.00.

EISLER-MARDORF COMPANY,

SOUTH MAIN STREET / PHONES: BELL L. D. / PEOPLES / POSTOFFICE BOX } 221 Samples sent on request.
OPPOSITE HOTEL ARLINGTON. BUTLER, PA

Kelsey, Crown, Boomer
FURNACES.



Coal and Slack Heaters, Gas and Coal Ranges and Gas Stoves. 1904 Washers, Sewing Machines, Needles for all makes of Sewing Machines. Sewing Machines repaired.
Roofing and Spouting, and House Furnishing Goods.

Henry Biehl,
122 N. Main St. Peo. 'Phone 464.

WHY

You can save money by purchasing your piano of W. NEWTON, "The Piano Man,"

The expense of running a Music Store is as follows:

Rent, per annum	$780.00
Clerk, per annum	$312.00
Lights, Heat and incidentals	$194.00
Total	$1286.00

I have no store and can save you this expense when you buy of me.
I sell pianos for cash or easy monthly payments. I take pianos or organs in exchange and allow you what they are worth to apply on the new instrument. All pianos fully warranted as represented.

MY PATRONS ARE MY REFERENCE.

A few of the people I have sold pianos in Butler. Ask them.

Dr. McCurdy Bricker
Fred Porter
Fraternal Order Eagles
Epworth League
E. W. Bingham
Geo. D. High
W. J. Mates
J. S. Thompson
Joseph Woods
S. M. McKee
A. W. Boot
Miss Eleanor Burton
Mrs. Mary L. Stroup
W. C. Curry
F. J. Hauck
Miss Emma Hughes
A. W. Mates
W. B. Williams
Mrs. R. C. Rumbaugh
Chas. E. Herr
Dr. W. P. McElroy
Sterling Club
D. F. Reed
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H. A. McPherson
Miss Anna McCandless
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Oliver Thompson
John Johnson
R. A. Longwell
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J. E. Bowers
C. F. Stepp
W. J. Armstrong
Miles Hilliard
Mrs. G. J. Green
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PEOPLE'S PHONE 426.

Huselton's Shoes For FALL WEAR.

THE FALL STYLES SHOWN AT OUR STORE EMBRACE LOOKS FOR EVERY LIKING AND A GRACEFUL, COMFORTABLE FIT FOR EVERY FOOT.

EXPERT FITTERS TO SEE THAT YOU ARE FITTED TO THE SHOES MEANT FOR YOUR FEET.

THE PRICES RANGE FROM $1 TO $4.00 AND EACH SHOWS A WIDE CHOICE OF STYLES IN THE LEATHERS THAT WILL BE POPULAR THIS FALL AND WINTER.

IT WILL AFFORD US GREAT PLEASURE TO HAVE YOU LOOK OVER OUR FALL STYLES.

HUSELTON'S
102 N. Main Street.

Immense Clothing Purchase and Sale

By one of the most remarkable and largest deals ever known to the trade we can offer extraordinary Men's suit values.

A prominent Eastern manufacturer, who had been favorably known as the producer of dependable and stylish Clothing, found that owing to the backward season, he had entirely two large a stock of Suitings on hand.

$18.00 New Fall Suits will be sold during this sale at $14.
$15.00 New Fall Suits will be sold during this sale at $11.
$12.00 New Fall Suits will be sold during this sale at $8.

This purchase is phenomenal indeed. These suits are in the latest color effects and are absolutely the thing. We are offering these ultra modish suits far below what you would expect to pay. The coats are the very newest sack effects, cut to conform to fashion's ideas and in a way which insures a correct fit.

If the positive saving of $4 to $8 in getting a Fall Suit is any object to you—do not miss this sale.

SCHAUL & LEVY
SUCCESSOR TO SCHAUL & NAST.
137 South Main Street. - - - - - - - - - - - Butler, Pa.

MEN

Won't buy clothing for the purpose of spending money. They desire to get the best possible results of the money expended. Those who buy custom clothing have a right to demand a fit, to have their clothes correct in style and to demand of the seller to guarantee everything. Come to us and there will be nothing lacking. I have just received a large stock of Fall and Winter suitings in the latest styles, shades and colors.

G. F. KECK,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
142 N. Main St., Butler, Pa

When a Woman Needs Notions

She usually wants them at once. Our notion counter is filled with the little things that go with dress making and repairing. Buttons, tapes, seam bindings, pins, dress shields, hooks and eyes, needles—all the countless articles are here for immediate delivery. Some of these you ought to have at home in advance. If your stock has run low come in—see how quickly and willingly we'll meet your demands.

UNDERWEAR.

We've kept our eyes open for chances to obtain the sort of underwear that's going to fit well, feel well and wear well—and yet be sold at prices you'll approve. Now, if you'll come in you will see just how well we've succeeded in finding the very right things in these important items of woman's and children's wear.

It pays to visit us when you need notions, underwear, hosiery, gloves, belts, ribbons, corsets, etc.

L. Stein & Son,
108 N. MAIN STREET, BUTLER, PA

Bickel's Fall Footwear.

Largest Stock and Most Handsome Styles of Fine Footwear we Have Ever Shown.

SOROSIS SHOES. Twenty Fall Styles—Dongola, Patent-kid and Fine Calf Shoes made in the latest up-to-date styles. Extremely large stock of Misses' and Children's fine shoes in many new and pretty styles for fall.

MEN'S SHOES. Showing all the latest styles in Men's Fine Shoes, all leathers, $2 and $6.

Complete Stock of Boys', Youths' and Little Gents' Fine Shoes.

Bargains in School Shoes.

High-cut copper-toe shoes for Boys and good water proof School Shoes for Girls.

Large stock of Women's Heavy Shoes in Kangaroo-calf and Oil Grain for country wear.

Rubber and Felt Goods.

Our stock of Rubber and Felt Goods is extremly large and owing to the large orders which we placed we were able to get very close prices and are in a position to offer you the lowest prices for best grades of Felts and Rubber Goods.

An immense business enables us to name the very lowest prices for reliable footwear.

When in need of anything in our line give us a call.

Repairing Promptly Done.

JOHN BICKEL
128 S Main St., BUTLER, PA.

Acme Washers

Do More Work, Better Work, With Less Work Than any other Washer on the market.

J. G. & W. CAMPBELL,
BUTLE, PA.

IN EL DORADO COUNTY

By Ina Wright Hanson

Copyright, 1905, by Ina Wright Hanson

Hermione jerked her fish pole impatiently.

"I'm sure it's better fishing over in El Dorado county," she said plaintively.

"There was once a man," I answered, "who stood at the fork of a sandy, stony country road, not knowing whether he should turn to the left, or go straight ahead. As he hestitated, a farmer came along and the man said, 'Which road leads to San Fernando?' And the farmer answered, 'Both.' And the man said, 'Which one shall I take, then?' And the farmer answered, 'No matter; whichever one you take, you will wish you had taken the other.' "

"I suppose you mean that if we were in El Dorado county I should think it would be better fishing here in Placer county?" ventured Hermione.

"Possibly I do," I said, continuing my scribbling, though doggedly, for I was not in story writing mood. Presently I chanced to look down just as Hermione looked up. Something there was in her limpid eyes, her rose fluted mouth, even the dash of color in her smooth cheek, which made me shove my notebook hastily into my pocket. I told myself it was her resemblance to her sister May.

May was in Paris, selecting her trousseau. When she returned at some indefinite time—she really seemed to be in no more haste to get back than I was to have her come—we were to be married. We were not sentimentalists, but were looking forward to a successful comradeship undisturbed by disquieting elements of love. A working union in which she would illustrate what her husband wrote. We had been engaged for three years without a quarrel. This, we argued, boded well for a pleasant future. Still there was no hurry.

But lately—oh, something had entered into my placid life which was setting me all awry. The mischief of it was, too, that the disturbance was not tangible. If it had been a debt, I could have paid it; if a tale rejected, I could have revised it or laid it upon the flames; if poor health had been the disquieting cause, I could have sought a remedy, but it was none of these. It was an omnipresent ghost which walked with me, unseen, unheard. I had a faint idea of its birth. On the day of May's departure for Europe we had been discussing Hermione.

"She must live with us," I said.

"Oh, yes," answered May, "until she is married. I fancy she will marry young. She is going to make a very attractive woman."

Before that day I had been a contented man; since that day I lived in a misty world except when I resolutely forgot my absurd, unreasonable feeling.

"Come on, chicken," I called gayly to Hermione, "we'll go into El Dorado county."

Over the rocks we clambered, laughing—it is so easy for a child to be happy and for a grownup child to catch the spirit if he will—over the rocks, across the suspension bridge spanning the American river, and we had gone from Placer county into El Dorado.

"There! This is lots nicer," she said when we were again seated to her satisfaction.

How sweet her voice was, and really the child was going to be handsomer than her sister, though May was considered a beauty. Hermione was changed lately, somehow. Ah, it must be her hair, which used to hang down her back in a frowzy braid. Today—why—a golden coronal, cleft here and there with a turquoise blue studded comb and topped off with a black bow. Why—

"What are you staring at me so for?" she asked, putting on her hat and blushing.

Fancy Hermione blushing!

"There was once a man," I answered hypocritically, "who was a—a—well, Cicero, for example, who was at work on a difficult mental problem, and at the time he was gazing hard at the—the family cat, for example, but he had no conception of the cat."

Hermione pouted. "If you call yourself Cicero, you might be a little more complimentary to me."

I laughed. Hermione always laughed if she had the faintest reason, so in a moment her dimples were in sight again. Strange I had never before noticed what a wealth of them there was.

"How old are you, child?" I asked suddenly.

"Eighteen," she answered, pulling her fish hook gently away from a snag.

I mused over her answer, the tangle in my head trying hard to straighten itself. May was thirty-one—my own age—though she didn't look it. Eighteen—ah!

"If the trouble is in your story," suggested Hermione, "maybe I can help you." Her hazel eyes looked innocently into mine. May's eyes were blue.

"If only you might!" I groaned, but I wasn't thinking of the half finished tale in my notebook. Suddenly all things had become plain to me. The ghost was laid, but what profit was it to me to gain understanding when it came three years too late?

"Well, who are the characters?" she asked precisely.

"A queen of beauty and wisdom and one little maid. It has three chapters. The first deals with a colossal mistake, the second with a fool's lethargy and the third with an awakening which came too late."

"Oh, not too late!" protested Hermione. "You really must change that. It ought to end well."

"Some stories can't end well, little girl," I answered with conviction.

"We'll make it end well," she continued decidedly. "And the king?"

"The king?"

"Yes; if a story has a queen, doesn't it have to have a king too?"

"This story hasn't. There's no king—only the king's fool," I answered bitterly.

"Is the king's fool in love with the queen?" Hermione's eyes followed the gentle eddying of her fish line.

"He—that's the approved predicament, I suppose."

"And the little maid loves the fool," she supplemented, "but he doesn't know it. By and by something happens"—

Just then something did happen. Hermione's pole went frolicking down the river, and like lightning out of a clear sky Hermione, joyous hearted Hermione, was sobbing tempestuously. In my moment of astonishment I took her into my arms. Shouldn't one comfort one's golden haired little sister? I opined that one should.

"There! There, little girl!" I shouted. "What is it?"

"Oh, it's May! How could she treat you so, and you so good and kind, and—and—oh, it will break your loving heart! It will make you an outcast—fugitive from justice!"

I smiled at her extravagance of expression; but, no matter what was the calamity, I was in no hurry to give up the warm little bundle in my arms. This was a new sensation, and altogether delightful, but quite too soon she drew herself gently away and began the explanation.

She had just received a letter from May. May had met a man in Paris, one "so dear and so handsome." Hermione quoted her sister's words with ineffable scorn—he "came of good family, he was rich, and, and, and—

Was ever sweet deliverance so opportune?

"Hermione," I said joyfully, lifting her tearful little face up to mine. "Hermione, you said the little maid loved the fool?"

"But that was in the story." She was blushing again.

"And so is this," I declared, bending my head.

"There was once a man," I observed contentedly, as we loitered along the homeward way, "who believed that somewhere between the Amazon and Orinoco rivers lay a land marvelously rich in gold and precious gems. He called this fabulous country El Dorado but he never found it. I am more fortunate than Sir Walter Raleigh. I have found my El Dorado, a 'golden region,' indeed, little girl."

And Hermione, smuggling her small hand into mine, asked naively:

"Then it was better fishing over in El Dorado county, wasn't it?"

Kind Words.

As the breath of the dew on the tender plant, they gently fall upon the drooping heart, refreshing its withered tendrils and soothing its burning woes. Bright oases they are in life's great desert. Who can estimate the pangs they have alleviated or the good works they have accomplished? Long after they are uttered do they reverberate in the soul's inner chambers and sing low, sweet, liquid strains that quell all the raging storms that may have before existed. And, oh, when the heart is sad and, like a broken harp, the sweetest chords of pleasure cease to vibrate, who can tell the power of one kind word? One little word of tenderness gushing in upon the soul will sweep the long neglected chords and awaken the most pleasant strains. Kind words are like jewels in the heart, never to be forgotten, but perhaps to cheer up their memory a long, sad life, while words of cruelty are like darts in the bosom, wounding and leaving scars that will be borne to the grave by their victims.—Saturday Evening Post.

Coral Church on an Eastern Island.

The church built of coral is one of the curiosities of the isle of Mahe, one of the Seyschelles islands, in the Indian ocean. The Seyschelles islands, which are supposed by many to be the site of the Eden of the Old Testament, form an archipelago of eleven islands and are situated about 1,400 miles east of Aden and 1,000 miles from Zanzibar. They rise steeply out of the sea, culminating in the isle of Mahe, which is about 3,000 feet above the level of the ocean and is nearly the center of the group. All these islands are of coral growth. The houses are built of a species of massive coral hewn into square blocks, which glisten like white marble and show themselves to the utmost advantage in the various tinted green of the thick tropical palms, whose immense fernlike leaves give pleasant and much needed shade. These palms grow as high as 100 feet and more, overtopping both the houses and the coral built church. They line the seashore and cover the mountains, forming in many places extensive forests.

The Truth Beautifully Told.

A miniature painter had been employed to paint a portrait of Mrs. Gladstone in her old age. It was intended that it should be a present for Mr. Gladstone on one of his birthdays. Mrs. Gladstone was particularly well pleased with the portrait, but some of the grandchildren had opinions of their own about it. One of the younger grandsons drew Mr. Gladstone aside and asked him if he did not think that the portrait was somewhat flattering. "It isn't much like grandmother, is it?" he asked. "My boy," replied Mr. Gladstone in his beautiful voice, "it is the truth beautifully told; that's all.—Dundee Advertiser.

In the Time of Erasmus.

Then not only all the learned, but all the educated, were familiar with Latin. Whoever read, indeed, must read Latin, for there was little else to read. Theology, history, philosophy, all were in Latin. The national literatures were only in their cradles. Nearly a century after the time of Erasmus, Bacon deliberately buried his greater works in Latin in the hope of securing his fame, and even Milton chose Latin as the vehicle of some of the best of his early poetry and did not abandon it without hesitation.

To Erasmus it was everything—the language of his tongue as well as of his pen. He traveled everywhere, in Italy, France, England, Germany, but he certainly knew no English or German and apparently made his Latin carry him through wherever he went. And whatever difficulties of language he found with innkeepers and servants and officers of customs he found none among the clergy or the nobles, at whose houses his introductions made him everywhere welcome.—London Times.

Human Horns.

In the anatomical museum of the Edinburg university four horns are preserved which had grown upon human heads. One of these is about seven inches long, as thick as the little finger and crooked in shape. A label attached to it bears this inscription: "This horn was cut by Arthur Temple, chirurgeon, out of the head of Elizabeth Low, being three inches above the right ear, before witnesses, the 8th of May, 1671. It was a-growing seven yeares. Her age is fifty yeares." The three other human horns also graced the heads of ladies.

In Sir Robert Sibbald's "History of Fife," a curious book published about the beginning of the eighteenth century, we read: "A person of quality, a lady of great age in this shire, had a horn growing out of her toe and put her from walking. It was cut off by Dr. H., and she was freed of pain and walked."

Saved Them.

Eph—How'd you git along ridin' in them there sleepin' cars when you took your trip? Simp—Got along all right, but I caught a colored feller tryin' to sneak away with my boots an' made 'im bring 'em back.—Indianapolis Star.

Make your failure tragical by courage; it will not differ from success.—Thoreau.

NATURAL MEASURES.

SOME PERSONAL SUBSTITUTES FOR THE FOOT RULE.

Accurately Compile Your Own Table, Memorize It and Then Observe How Frequently It Will Prove of Valuable Service to You.

When the dressmaker wishes to estimate the number of yards in the piece of cloth furnished she will, four times out of five, measure it swiftly between her chin and her outstretched hand, or if it is a matter of inches, she will fold the bended upper joint of her thumb along the cloth.

She calls the one measure a yard and the other an inch, and the estimate is usually close enough to serve her purpose, although there are inches of difference in the length of arms, and a slight turn of the head will cause still greater error.

Since these methods have proved themselves so useful in spite of their inaccuracy, it is easy to see how valuable some similar measures which can be depended on would become.

The individual must necessarily be the first consideration. It is hardly within the bounds of possibility to find two persons identical in those dimensions of which use can be made. Thus each must establish his own table of measures.

The forearm—from point of elbow to tip of middle finger—is one of the most practicable of the natural measures. This is the cubit of Scripture.

Set the point of the bent elbow in the corner of the wall. Holding it firmly there, straighten the forearm and fingers, mark the point reached by the middle digit and measure carefully the distance to the wall. A man is likely to find this measure about twenty inches, a woman about sixteen.

For making a quick measurement of the side of a room, the length of a wood pile, and so forth, this idea has some very useful qualities.

Take the foot rule now and spread, or rather span, the hand to its utmost upon it. There is sure to be a difference between the right and left, so use always the same hand, or have a separate measure for each.

If extended rigidly to its utmost each time the inches "spanned" will be a practically fixed quantity. Note the measurement carefully, as before. It is most likely to be for an adult from seven and one-half to nine inches.

This is an even more convenient measure than that of the forearm, since it can be conveniently applied either horizontally or vertically and at any point where the hand can reach.

The "hand" of four inches used in the measurement of horses is of course derived from the breadth of the palm. But this has become so firmly fixed in its one use that it may as well be omitted here. The measure of thumb and palm is, however, worth consideration. The measurement from the opposite edge of the palm to the end of the extended thumb is very nearly six inches and is therefore a convenient unit.

These measures need, of course, to be supplemented by a shorter one, and here is the opportunity of our old friend the thumb joint. Bend the thumb sharply and measure on the back from the point of the knuckle, over the nail, to the end of the fleshy ball of the thumb.

The resulting "unit" is likely to vary from seven-eighths of an inch to one and one-half inches. If the measurement does not "come out" in even quarter inches use a finger second joint instead. It will be as reliable and almost as convenient.

Everybody knows, or should know, his own height with sufficient exactness, but a still more useful piece of knowledge is the height of the eyes. This is, as a rule, about four and one-quarter inches less than the total height. But do not accept this subtraction for the new table; measure. When one is standing erect, with the face close to the wall, it is easy to mark the exact point in front of one's eyes when they are looking straight ahead. This measure will vary to a trifling extent with the changing thickness of boot soles, and so forth, but such an error rarely rises above one-sixteenth of an inch in the foot.

The measure of one's outstretched arms—beginning and ending with the tip of the middle fingers—is another valuable thing to know. The familiar theory that this "span" is the same as the height is not correct enough to be depended upon for purposes of measurement.

A much used natural measure is the pace. Probably everybody who has much to do with land is accustomed to employ it. The usual way is to stride off, taking as long steps as possible and "calling" each pace a yard. A far better way is to measure the natural step and continue to walk with it. Take twenty or thirty ordinary walking steps on level ground, measure the distance and secure the average length.

When the table of natural measures is fully compiled it will be somewhat like this:

Thumb joint	1¼ inches
Thumb and palm	6 inches
Hand span	9 inches
Forearm	20 inches
Stretch of arms	6 feet 1 inch
Height	6 feet ¼ inch
Height of eyes	5 feet 8 inches
Pace	30 inches

When one has constructed his table, substituting his own measures for those given, let him not merely write it in a notebook, but memorize it. It will be used with surprising frequency.—I. R. Kent in Youth's Companion.

Man and His Fellow Beings.

Man is one of some two million species of plants and animals existing on this planet, but in the extinct life of the world it is probable that there were twenty million species.—London Post.

TRICKS OF BIG WAVES.

Rough Experiences on the Stormy Coast of the Scilly Isles.

There are plenty of adventures to be found in photographing the great waves of the sea. F. J. Mortimer, an Englishman, tells of some rough experiences in getting pictures of this kind on the stormy coast of the Scilly islands. He says: "One can never trust the sea for a moment. Once I was standing with my back to a cliff on the top of which was a friend, whose outstretched hands I could just reach. After watching the sea for some time breaking at a safe distance, I turned my back on it for one moment to reach up to my friend for a fresh dark slide. Fatal movement—as fatal as taking one's eyes from a crouching tiger—for no sooner had I turned my head than a wave darted in and crashed with terrific force on to my back. I was absolutely flattened against the rock, all breath and feeling were knocked from my body, while my camera was smashed to smithereens. Bruised and gasping, I could only totter home to bed, and two days were passed before I was fit to venture out again.

"Then there was another adventure," says Mr. Mortimer again, "caused by a rope man who was too careless. He had lowered me down a narrow crevice, a 'chimney,' as it is called, and having seen me safely come to ground at the bottom he calmly threw the rope down to me and went off, never thinking that he might be required to haul me up again. One glance at the sea told me that I was in a most dangerous position. The tide was coming in and would soon be welling up the chimney, and only by way of the chimney could I escape. All intentions of taking photographs I threw to the wind, and, after shouting till I was hoarse, I began the upward climb unaided—elbow work of the stiffest kind. The chimney was 100 feet high, and I spent the rest of the day in getting to the top.

"Another time the promptitude of a friend in trying to save my life cost me a valuable outfit. I was photographing from the base of a cliff, on the top of which stood my friend holding the rope to which I was attached. Along came a fine wave that would have made a magnificent study. While it was yet far distant, a sudden distrust of it entered my friend's soul, and while I was stooping over my things on the ground, without a word of warning, he gave a mighty jerk to the rope and hauled me into the air. Dangling helplessly, unable to cry out, I was forced to watch that fine wave roll quietly in, break with a great effect of foam, and as quietly go off with all my apparatus.

"I once had an awful fall when descending a steep bit of cliff on St. Agnes. I was clambering down, very much incumbered by my camera, which allowed me to cling on with one hand only, supported by toes, knees and elbows, when suddenly a rat leaped from a hole in the rock, brushed against my face and landed on my hand. Now, I didn't know that rats inhabited the rock, and my surprise at this unexpected discovery in natural history, combined with the start I gave when the rat touched my hand, caused me to let go my hold and to fall a distance of thirty feet. I landed on my camera case, breaking up my outfit as completely as the sea itself could have desired."

The New England Cook.

The typical cook of the average New England town lives, moves and has her being intrenched behind one axiom of precedent—the thing which, in her experience, has been done can be done again. After this, the deluge.

It may be, for instance, that the domestic goddess in question served her first apprenticeship in a family of ten. For the consumption of such a family she was in the daily habit of preparing twenty potatoes in one or another form. When during her subsequent peregrinations she condescends to minister to my modest home circle of three persons I sometimes assure myself that if to a knowledge of elementary arithmetic she could add a thorough understanding of higher algebra, geometry and trigonometry and then superadd some slight acquaintance with differential and integral calculus she might in time be able to discover that, if ten persons require twenty potatoes, by the same ratio of allotment three persons might be satisfied with six.

I suggest six potatoes, a modest and satisfying half dozen. The arbiter of fate replies, "You see, ma'am, I've always been accustomed to cookin' twenty." And twenty it is!—Martha Baker Dunn in Atlantic.

Kicked the King's Horse.

On the battlefield, as everywhere else, Bismarck looked after the interests of his imperial master. During the battle of Koeniggratz the old emperor, then king of Prussia, had exposed himself and his staff to the enemy's fire and would not hear of retreating to a safe distance. At last Bismarck rode up to him, saying: "As responsible minister of the crown I must insist upon your majesty's retreat to a safe distance. If your majesty were to be killed the victory would be of no use to us." The king saw the force of this and slowly retreated, but in his zeal returned again and again to the front.

"When I noticed it," said Bismarck, telling the story, "I only rose in my saddle and looked at him. He understood perfectly and called out, rather angrily, 'Yes, I am coming.' But we did not get on fast enough, and at last I rode up close to the king, took my foot out of the right stirrup and secretly gave his horse an energetic kick. Such a thing had never happened to the fat mare, but the move was successful, for she set off in a fine canter."

COMPOSITIONS IN PRISON.

Confinement Did Not Apparently Disturb These Men of Letters.

Imprisonment of the learned, whether legal or illegal, does not seem to have disturbed the man of letters in the progress of his studies.

It was in prison that Boethius composed his excellent book on the "Consolations of Philosophy," and Grotius wrote his "Commentary on St. Matthew" during his confinement.

While in the dungeon of a monastery in Portugal Buchanan composed his excellent "Paraphrases on the Psalms of David."

"Fleta," a well known and excellent law production, was written by a man confined in an English prison for life. His name, however, was not preserved.

During his confinement for five years on account of some state troubles Pelisson pursued with ardor his studies in the Greek language and produced several good compositions.

The best and most agreeable book in the Spanish language was composed by Michael Cervantes during his captivity in Barbary.

When Louis XII. was duke of Orleans he was taken prisoner at the battle of St. Aubin and confined in the tower of Bourges. While there he applied himself to his negelected studies, with the result that he subsequently became an able and enlightened monarch.

Margaret, queen of Henry IV., king of France, while confined in the Louvre warmly pursued the studies of elegant literature and composed a very skillful apology for the irregularities of her conduct.

During his confinement Sir Walter Raleigh produced his "History of the World."

Queen Elizabeth while imprisoned by her sister Mary wrote some very charming poems, and Mary, queen of Scots, during her long confinement by Elizabeth produced a number of pleasing compositions.

It was while he was cruelly confined at Holmsby that Charles I. wrote that excellent book entitled "The Portrait of a King," which he addressed to his son and in which the political reflections are said to be worthy of Tacitus. By some this work has been attributed to a Dr. Gander, a blatant radical of that period, but who was incapable of writing a single paragraph of it.

Origin of Some of the Dust.

Dust is to a large extent a product of human activity. In houses and workshops, on the highways and in the streets—everywhere there is wear and tear of things, and the product is always dust. The wearing and cleansing of our clothing are continually breaking up its fibers into minute particles, and the friction of clothing on the skin carries away the scales of the epidermis, which are constantly being shed and renewed.

Every contact of human feet, horses' hoofs and the wheels of vehicles with paving and road materials wears away particles of iron and stone. The effects of the weather and the alternations of cold and heat disintegrate all exposed surfaces. To these particles, which form the dust invariably present in dwellings and in the streets, there must be added the innumerable minute cells of vegetable origin incessantly floating in the air, and on a complete view the dust produced by the disintegration of meteors by contact with our atmosphere must also be mentioned.

Dust accordingly consists of portions of all substances, organic and inorganic, which decay by natural processes and are reduced to powder by any means whatever. Few of its constituents can be recognized by the naked eye. The microscope alone can detect the nature of many and especially those of the greatest importance.

An Impulsive Duchess.

In 1684 Anne Marie d'Orleans, the daughter of Philip of France and Henrietta of England, was married to Victor Amadeus II., and thus brought about an alliance between the houses of Stuart and Savoy. The duchess was an impulsive creature and not seldom was the occasion of surprise and dismay. After the marriage in Paris by deputy she traveled to Les Echelles, where for the first time in her life she saw her husband. The sequel is amusing.

The duchess had arrived only a few hours previously and was just finishing her breakfast as the duke entered the village. On hearing the approaching sound of fifes and timbrels and the cacophony produced by cheers, voices and a general hubbub of excitement, she quickly rose from the table and looked out of the window to ascertain the cause of all this stir and commotion, when she saw the pageant, at the head of which marched a fair young man of distinguished and martial bearing, who she was told was Victor Amadeus. Without a moment's hesitation, casting to the winds all the tedious instructions of etiquette with which latterly she had been surfeited, she flew down the stairs into the street and threw herself into the duke's arms.—"Romance of Savoy."

The Spider.

One problem fitted for the zeal of the folklorist would be the tracking back of the spider. There is that nice story about Robert Bruce and his having learned patience from the spider. The Islamites use the web of the spider a the flight of the prophet. Probably the Arabs had it direct from the Jews. There is a Talmudic tradition of David flying before Saul and of David hiding in a cave, and how he might have been discovered had not a spider woven its web across the entrance. This is precisely the same incident as is used in the hegira. The arachnida spins but a flimsy web, but her filaments have been stronger than cables, for they still hold fast to the legends of the past.

A CREEPY PLACE.

Some of the Pests and Discomforts of Life In Bulawayo.

"Life in Bulawayo during the wet season is certainly not all pleasure," writes a resident of that African town. "The rain descends as if a river, having lost its way among the clouds, was hurriedly trying to return to earth once more. The streets are transformed into lakes, and the damp, moist heat makes everything inside the house unpleasantly moist and clammy. But, disagreeable as the rainy season may be, the cold that precedes it in September is almost worse. Dust storms are frequent. Trees and shrubs become brown and shriveled, and the wind blows with cutting force across the veldt. It is then, too, that the snakes are more in evidence than at any other time of the year. Half torpid, stupid with the cold, you come upon them coiled up in unexpected places, as once, when entering my room, I found one wound round the leg of my dressing table. Another evening we were disturbed by a persistent tapping against the window, as if some one were trying to attract our attention. On rising to investigate we found it was a snake that, attracted by the light and warmth, was endeavoring to make its way in through the glass.

"White ants are another terrible pest, or, rather, they would be did they not enter so literally into every circumstance of everyday life that they end by being taken as a matter of course. For instance, after an absence of a few hours you return to find half the matting on the floor devoured, or, your boy, having incautiously left your coat hanging in the sun, the lining affords a speedy meal to these voracious little insects. In fact, you never know what damage may not be revealed at any moment, and this uncertainty extends even to the garden, where your rose trees have to be grown in tubs half filled with broken glass and perched on bricks soaked in paraffin.

"I found that the tarantulas and scorpions were everyday evils, to be endured with what philosophy one could muster. A tarantula the size of a small crab walking across the floor is not a pleasant object. Our house boy delighted in catching them to make them fight with the scorpions, and we had ocular demonstration of the fact, long believed to be only a traveler's tale, that on being worsted a scorpion will commit suicide by bending its tail over its back and stinging itself behind the neck rather than be eaten by its opponent."

Old English Houses.

Many old houses throughout England have long been famous for the quaint and humorous inscriptions painted or carved on one of their exterior walls. On the portico of Arley Hall, the seat of the Warburton family, there is inscribed this welcome:

This gate is free to all men good and true;
Right welcome thou, if worthy to pass through.

And at Loseley House, Surrey, there is a Latin inscription over the doorway to this effect, "I am shut to an enemy, but am always open to a friend." Above the door of a house at Salyington, Sussex, in which Selden was born, there is a Latin couplet much to the same import, and Montacute House, Somerset, has these two lines carved:

Through this wide opening gate
None come too early, none return too late.

Under a variety of forms we find the same maxim on different houses, and at Ferray Hall, in the parish of Almondbury, over one of the doorways are the words, "An honest man may enter," and on the reverse side facing the spectator when leaving the premises, "A cheat may be off."—London Standard.