State Library July05

THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL. XXXXIII. BUTLER, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 8, 1906. No. 10.

Public Sale of LOTS at Mars.

TUESDAY, MARCH 13, 1906

At One O'clock P. M. Sharp

I will offer at Public sale at the late residence of John B. Park, deceased, in Adams township, Butler Co., 10 minutes walk east of Mars station on the P. & W. Ry., and on the Pittsburg and Butler street railway line, on the Freeport road leading from Mars, east, 22 miles from Pittsburg and about the same distance from Butler, Pa., the following real estate:

Lot. No. 1 has 11 acres with house of 5 rooms, good cellar, and orchard with about 75 apple trees and other small fruit thereon, and is about 300 feet from three pumping oil wells.

Lot No. 2 is unimproved, but underlaid with coal

Lot No. 3 has a house of 6 rooms, barn and other outbuildings, orchard and good water.

Lot No. 4 is a building lot of about one acre.

Lots 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 are unimproved and 10, 11, 12, 13 and 14 have about ten acres of pile timber thereon and are underlaid with coal. These lots are all in oil territory and need only to be seen to be appreciated. Come and see for yourself.

TERMS OF SALE:—One-third cash and balance in sixty days from date of sale.

JAMES THOMPSON,

Auctioneer, R. F. D. 26, Valencia, Pa.

A plan of these lots can be seen at the CITIZEN OFFICE.

—THE MODERN STORE.—

New Spring Dress Goods Now Here.
All the Newest Weaves and Colorings.
Popular Prices on Everything.

Henriettas, 25c 35c. 50c, $1.00 yard.
Serges, 50c, 75c, $1.00 yard.
Panama Cloths, 50c to $1.50 yard.
Broadcloths, $1.00 and $1.50 yard.
Mohairs, plain and fancies, 50c to $1.00 yard.
Wool Batistes, 50c to $1.00 yard.
Voiles, Aeolians, Crepe de Paris, Poplins, etc. Handsome showing of Grey Novelty Weaves so much in demand this spring, 50c, 85c, $1.00 and $1.50 yard.
Immense new line of White Goods, Percales, Embroideries, Laces, etc.
Use the Ladies' Home Journal Patterns, best and newest styles, 10c and 15c each. Style Book Free.

EISLER-MARDORF COMPANY,

SOUTH MAIN STREET PHONES: BELL L. D. PEOPLES POSTOFFICE BOX } 221 Samples sent on request.

OPPOSITE HOTEL ARLINGTON. BUTLER, PA

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Not one bit too early to think of that new Carpet, or perhaps you would rather have a pretty Rug—carpet size. Well, in either case, we can suit you as our Carpet stock is one of the largest and best assorted in Butler county. Among which will be found the following:

EXTRA SUPER ALL WOOL INGRAIN CARPETS, Heavy two and three ply.....65c per yd and up
HALF WOOL INGRAIN CARPETS, Best cotton chain.....50c per yd and up
BODY BRUSSELS, Simply no wear out to these.....$1.35 yd
TAPESTRY BRUSSELS, Light made, but very Good.....65c per yd up
STAIR CARPETS Body and Tapestry Brussels, Half and All Wool Ingrains.
HARTFORD AXMINSTERS, Prettiest Carpet made, as durable too.....$1.35
RAG CARPETS, Genuine old-fashioned weave.
MATTING, Hemp and Straw.

RUGS—CARPET SIZES.

Axminster Rugs, Beauties too.....$22 each and up
Brussels Rugs, Tapestry and Body.....$12 each and up
Ingrain Druggets, All and Half Wool.....$5 each and up
Linoleums, Inlaid and Common, all widths and grades.
Oil Cloths, Floor, Table, Shelf and Stair.
Lace Curtains, Portiers, Window Shades, Curtain Poles; Small Hearth Rugs, all styles and sizes.

Duffy's Store.

MAIN STREET, BUTLER.

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
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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. G. Thompson
Joseph Woods
S. M. McKee
A. W. Rook
Miss Eleanor Barton
Mrs. Mary L. Stroup
W. C. Curry
F. J. Hauck
Miss Emma Hughes
A. W. Mates
W. R. Williams
Mrs. R. C. Rumbaugh
Chas. E. Herr
Dr. W. P. McElroy
Sterling Club
D. F. Reed
Woodmen of the World
H. A. McPherson
Miss Anna McCandless
E. A. Black
Samuel Woods
Oliver Thompson
John Johnson
R. A. Longwell
J. Hilligard
J. E. Bowers
C. F. Stepp
W. J. Armstrong
Miles Hilliard
Mrs. S. J. Green
J. R. Doutheit
M. K. Richey
L. S. Youck

PEOPLE'S PHONE 426.

The Great $5 Clothing Sale

is on again this month. But that will end it—no more after this month. Garments for which we would ask full price under normal conditions.

No matter how little the price, its a high standard that rules here—annoyingly so to those of our competitors who even attempt to match the values presented.

This $5.00 Clothing Sale Is a Mighty Strong Proposition.

$5.00 buys choice of several hundred rattling good suits and overcoats that cannot be matched in any other Butler store in season or out of season for less than $10 to $12.50.

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137 South Main Street. - - - - - - - - - - - Butler, Pa.

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Great Bargain Sale.

An immense Stock of Seasonable Footwear to be closed out in order to reduce our extremely large stock.

Big Bargains in All Lines.

Ladies' Fur Trimmed Felt Slippers, price $1.25—reduced to.. 75c
Ladies' Warm Lined Shoes, price $1.50—reduced to.....$1.00
Ladies' Warm Lined Shoes, price $1 25—reduced to..... 85c
One lot Ladies' 3.50 Hand-turn and Hand-welt Shoes reduced to 2.25
One lot Ladies' 3 00 Fine Patent Leather Shoes, button or lace, reduced to..... 2.00
One lot Ladies' $2.50 Fine Dongola Patent tip Shoes reduced to 1.65
One lot Ladies' 1.50 Fine Dongola Patent tip Shoes reduced to 1.10
One lot Children's Fine Shoes, sizes 4 to 8, reduced to..... 45c
One lot Infants's Fine Shoes, sizes 0 to 4, reduced to..... 19c
Men's Fine Box-calf, Vici-kid and Patent Leather Shoes, regular price $3.50 and $4.00—reduced to..... 2.50
Men's Working Shoes, regular price $2.00—reduced to..... 1.40
One lot Boys' Fine Satin-calf Shoes, regular price 1.50—red'd to 1.00
One lot Men's Fine Slippers reduced to..... 40c
Ladies' Lamb-wool Insoles, regular price 25c—reduced to..... 15c
Misses' and Children's Lamb-wool Insoles, regular price 20c—at 8c

All Felt Boots and Overs, all Stockings and Overs, Warm-lined Shoes and Slippers, also balance of our stock of Leggins and Over-Gaiters to be included in this GREAT BARGAIN SALE.

Sole Leather and Shoemakers' Supplies, Repairing Promptly Done.

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Over $2,000.00 worth of new typewriters in use (allowing advanced students from 3 to 4 hours' practice per day), other equipment in proportion!

Winter Term, Jan. 2, 1906. Spring Term, April 2, 1906.

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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 Spring and Summer suitings in the latest styles, shades and colors.

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MERCHANT TAILOR,

142 N. 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.

LUCKY THIRTEENTH

By INA WRIGHT HANSON

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The sky was blue, the ocean bluer, and Dorothy's eyes the fairest blue of all. The sand was white, the breeze caressing, and Dorothy seemed unusually susceptible. I judged it to be an auspicious time to declare my feelings, so I began:

"Dorothy, dear, I have wealth through no fault of my own, social status ditto and a moderately good disposition. I love you. Will you mar"—

To my surprise, Mistress Dorothy sprang to her knees, crying, "Don't, don't!" and clapped her small hand over my mouth.

"Very well, then, I won't," I said to the circumstances.

"Oh, but I want you to!" was the next astounding development, while she dropped down on the sand again, bowed her head and wept.

I thought I was used to Dorothy's moods, but I realized then that my knowledge concerning them was small. As I didn't know what else to do, I just sat still. Finally she raised her head from the sanctuary of her hands and looked at me reproachfully.

"Oh, George, I've been waiting a whole year to hear you say it, and now why couldn't you have said it differently?"

I sat up a little straighter. "How should you wish me to approach the subject?" I inquired coldly.

"Of course you don't understand, poor boy!" she sighed, poking back behind her pink ear a little damp brown curl. "I have a chum at home, and we were always thinking of something that no one else would. One day she said, 'Let's make vows.' So we each took a piece of paper and wrote on it a vow which we were bound to keep if we were—were—hung for it. Nell's vow was"—

"Never mind Nell's vow," I said. "What was yours?"

"I vowed I wouldn't marry a man who didn't propose to me in a way no other man ever did."

"Ever proposed to you?" I asked jealously.

"No, no! Ever proposed to anybody. I vowed, so I have to keep it. Oh, George, I've just lived to have you say it in some strange way!"

"There's no law against a fellow's proposing twice, is there?" I asked.

She looked up eagerly. "Oh, you haven't said it yet, you know. I stopped you. Do you suppose you could think of some original way?"

"Well, I'll try mighty hard. But what a fool thing for you to do anyway!"

"I know it," she acknowledged, with unusual meekness.

As our afternoons at Santa Monica were devoted to the surf, we met again in front of the bath house and hand in hand walked toward the seething breakers. She looked more charming than ever in her black suit, banded with scarlet, and a scarlet handkerchief knotted about her small head.

"Heavens, Dorothy, how I love you!" I exclaimed as we emerged from our plunge through the first swell.

"And I love you, too, dear," she murmured, coloring a little. "You will find some way, won't you?"

"Yes, if I have to pick you up some day and run off with you."

"That wouldn't do. Some of the savages behave that way. It isn't the doing anyway; it's the asking."

"Dorothy Allen, see that swell coming? When it gets here I'll hold you under it till there isn't a breath left in your body if you don't say you'll marry me!"

"It isn't original," she persisted. "The man Nell's engaged to said almost that."

"Darn the man, and Nell, too!" I said viciously under my breath. I didn't try any more that day, but she allowed me one kiss as we sat on the raft, and that was something.

It would be a wearisome task to relate all the ways in which I tried to propose to Dorothy that summer. I lay awake nights trying to think of some wild and woolly way to ask her to marry me, only to face bitter defeat by being told that some other John had said the same to his Joan. Dorothy's knowledge on the subject seemed prodigious. It would have looked suspicious to me had she not really felt as bad as I did over my inability to be original.

The summer was almost gone. A certain Thursday was to mark Dorothy's departure for her New York home. On the Tuesday before we, with a gay party, were to visit Mount Lowe.

Dorothy's pretty lips read the description from the guidebook as we left Los Angeles and were borne swiftly through suburban places toward the fog wreathed mountains. The rest of the crowd was considerately oblivious of us two, so I made bold to interrupt.

"Dorothy, this has got to end. I am losing my appetite, and I can't sleep nights. I have tried twelve times. If I can't find a way to suit you on this trip I am off for Africa or Shanghai next week. You needn't look incredulous. I am in dead earnest."

"Seems as though you might think of something," she replied.

"And if I do you are going to marry me right away and let me go home with you," I went on, ignoring the reproach of her remark. "I deserve something for all I've gone through."

She didn't say yes, but, on the other hand, she didn't say no, so I felt fairly confident.

"Echo mountain," called the conductor. "Change cars for Alpine tavern. Five minutes' wait."

On the right were the ruins of a hotel, which we went over to observe. Here we found a cannon, mounted and ready for business.

"That," said the man who had been there before, "is fired off occasionally to show the marvelous power of echo. It reverberates here, yonder, to the right, the left, many times over."

I grasped Dorothy's hand and drew her away from the crowd.

"Darling," I whispered, "I'm going back on this car, and I'm going to marry you tonight. Wait here or at the observatory yonder. When you get tired of observing, pick your wedding bouquet, for you will need it as soon as I get back. Goodby, sweetheart." And before she could do anything but stare at me in a half frightened, wholly charming way I had caught the down car and was out of her sight.

Once the car reached Los Angeles I was out, tearing along the sidewalk to the courthouse, where the smiling county clerk favored me with the precious bit of paper which would allow me to wed my Dorothy.

"Do you know anything about any of the preachers in this town?" I asked, wiping my perspiring forehead.

His smile broadened. "Well, if it is a runaway match I shouldn't advise you to tackle the Methodist. A trifle narrow is Mr."—

"It isn't a runaway match," I answered hastily, "but for certain reasons I want the services of a young man."

"Mr. B. of the Unitarian is about your age, I should judge."

"He's the man. Where can I find him?"

After getting definite directions I fled down the courthouse steps. I found Mr. B., who when he had heard my story laughed immoderately, but, as I thought a young man would, consented to go with me. Consequently the last car for Altadena and Mount Lowe found us on board, together with a huge, awkward parcel which I had purchased on the way to the station.

As the car reached Echo mountain I found a laughing, much larger crowd than we had started with and in their midst Dorothy, looking most uncomfortable, but holding in her little hands a bouquet of Indian paint brush, the gorgeous coloring matching well the hue of her own sweet cheeks.

"They've surmised something," I whispered to my companion. "Well, the more the merrier, I suppose; kind of tough on us, though."

At which speech I thought the minister was going to disgrace his cloth again by unseemly levity. The crowd drew back a little as I advanced toward Dorothy and introduced the reverend gentleman. I tucked her little trembling hand under my arm, and, with my great parcel under the other, the minister discreetly leading, and after us the crowd, though not fully understanding the play, we wended our way toward the cannon, mounted and ready for business.

I dropped Dolly's hand, tore the paper wrapping from my megaphone and put it to my lips.

"Dorothy!" I shouted, and first this hill, then that, here, there, yonder, repeated her sweet name.

I raised it to my lips again, and "Be mine!" sang out the hills. Then I laid it on the ground and held out my hand, while the women smiled and the men tossed up their hats in delight. The situation was severe, but my Dorothy was game. Blushing, tearful, yet happy withal, she gave me her hand, and the minister stepped forward with his little book.

General Hamilton's Orders.

In the Boer war one of the columns, half Canadian and half regular, under General Ian Hamilton, became so notorious for looting that the soldiers were nicknamed "the Thousand Thieves." Consequently General Hamilton reviewed them one day in a small village near Bloemfontein, says the writer of "Some South African Reminiscences," for the purpose of warning them against any future depredations.

The column had just drawn up and was waiting for the general to begin the review when a ragged rooster ran out from a hut and across the front of the line. Suddenly a private left the line and ran after the rooster.

"Halt!" shouted Hamilton.

The soldier ran on. He soon overtook the rooster and turned back, wringing the neck of the fowl. As he passed the general he noted the fierce scowl on his face. The soldier, an Irish Canadian, was not easily daunted, but this time he temporized. Throwing the defunct rooster at the feet of the general, he said, "There, now; I'll tache ye t' halt whin the gineral says so!"

At which the column roared with laughter, and even the general smiled, and the soldier got only two days' imprisonment for one of the most barefaced breaches of discipline in the records of the army.

Freezing Food Before Eating.

In nearly all parts of the arctic regions food is frozen not only for purposes of preservation, but also to increase, as the natives believe, its nutritive properties. Their fish and seal flesh are frozen and eaten in thin slices, cut off by ax or knife. Seal flesh, half decomposed and then frozen, is one of the Eskimos' greatest delicacies. Walrus liver, too, when frozen is held to possess great sustaining power, and it is considered that cooking deprives it of its delicacy of flavor. The natives of the Titicaca basin in Peru, who inhabit a district 12,000 feet above the sea, prepare their potatoes by soaking them in water, then freezing them, then steeping them in water and mashing them to remove the soluble matter. After this they are dried and become an article of food. They will then keep any length of time and are extremely convenient for carrying on long journeys. The oka, another vegetable of the district, is prepared in the same way.

An Affidavit.

The suggestion of an English barrister that a certain matter was a proper subject for oral examination, not for affidavit, agreed with the emphatic opinion of an English justice recently retired. He was once trying a case at the Manchester assizes in which a man had been cross examined upon an affidavit. Summing up the evidence to the jury, the judge said, "Gentlemen, of all the weapons in the whole armory of iniquity there is nothing to equal an affidavit for concealing the truth."

Just Sneeze Right Out.

"Never suppress a sneeze," said the trained nurse to the young woman who had just performed that polite act. "It is a great strain on all the nerves and blood vessels of the head, as it throws all the action to the back of the head instead of letting it come out of the mouth safely and naturally. The unusual and hard strain on a little blood vessel that may be weak is likely to burst it and cause instant death. A loud sneeze does not sound very nice, but it is a safe thing to do every time."

When a Man Is Weakest.

According to experiments with the dynamometer, a man is precisely at his weakest when he turns out of bed. Our muscular force is greatly increased by breakfast, but it attains to its highest point after the midday meal. It then sinks for a few hours, rises again toward evening, but steadily declines from night to morning. The chief foes of muscular force are overwork and idleness.

His Politics.

Election Canvasser—What does your husband think of the fiscal question, Mrs. Hodge? Mrs. Hodge—Well, sir, when 'e's a-talking to a protectionist 'e's a free trader, and when 'e's talking to a free trader 'e's a protectionist, and when 'e's a-talking to me 'e's a raving lunatic!—Punch.

How to Tell Them Apart.

Mr. Knowall (laughing)—Can you tell me, Miss De Witte, what is the difference between a wise man and a fool? Miss De Witte—A wise man knows he is a fool and is miserable; the fool thinks he is wise and is happy.

Unappreciated Demonstration.

Small Brother—Marie, does your admirer stutter? Marie—No; of course not! What made you think of such a thing? Small Brother—Then why does he write "My dear, dear Marie?"—Fliegende Blatter.

CONDEMNED AS FOOD

NEARLY EVERYTHING WORTH EATING HAS BEEN UNDER A BAN.

From the Days of Adam There Has Been Not Only Forbidden Fruit, but Forbidden Meats and Vegetables. The Peculiar Belief of "Totemism."

From the days of Adam and Eve to the present time there has been not only forbidden fruit, but forbidden meats and vegetables. For one reason or another people have resolutely refused to eat any and all kinds of flesh, fish, fowl, fruits and plants. Thus the apple, the pear, the strawberry, the quince, the bean, the onion, the leek, the asparagus, the woodpecker, the pigeon, the goose, the deer, the bear, the turtle and the eel—these, to name only a few eatables, have been avoided as if unwholesome or positively injurious to health and digestion.

As we all know, the Jews have long had a hereditary antipathy to pork. On the other hand, swine's flesh was highly esteemed by the ancient Greeks and Romans. This fact is revealed by the many references to pig as a dainty bit of food. At the great festival held annually in honor of Demeter roast pig was the piece de resistance in the bill of fare because the pig was the sacred animal of Demeter. Aristophanes in "The Frogs" makes one of the characters hint that some of the others "smell of roast pig." These people undoubtedly had been at the festival, known as the Thesmophoria, and had eaten freely of roast pig. Those who took part in another Greek mystery or festival, known as the Eleusinia, abstained from certain food and, above all, from beans.

Again, as we all know, mice are esteemed in China and in some parts of India, but the ancient Egyptians, Greeks and Jews abhorred mice and would not touch mouse meat. Rats and field mice were sacred in old Egypt and were not to be eaten on this account. So, too, in some parts of Greece, the mouse was the sacred animal of Apollo, and mice were fed in his temples. The chosen people were forbidden to eat "the weasel and the mouse and the tortoise after his kind." These came under the designation of unclean.

But people have abstained from eating kinds of flesh which could not be called unclean. For example, the people of Thebes, as Herodotus tells us, abstained from sheep. What is the matter with mutton chops? Then, the ancients used to abstain from certain vegetables. Indeed, the Romans sneered at those Egyptians who did not dare to eat onions, leeks or garlic, and yet the Romans themselves were superstitious about what they ate or what they should avoid eating.

In his "Roman Questions" Plutarch asks, "Why do the Latins abstain strictly from the flesh of the woodpecker?" In order to answer Plutarch's question correctly it is necessary to have some idea of the peculiar custom and belief called "totemism." There is a stage of society in which people claim descent from and kinship with beasts, birds, vegetables and other objects. This object, which is a "totem," or family mark, they religiously abstain from eating. The members of the tribe are divided into clans or stocks, each of which takes the name of some animal, plant or object, as the bear, the buffalo, the woodpecker, the asparagus, and so forth. No member of the bear family would dare to eat bear meat, but he has no objection to eating buffalo steak. Even the marriage law is based on this belief, and no man whose family name is Wolf may marry a woman whose family name is also Wolf.

In a general way it may be said that almost all our food prohibitions spring from the extraordinary custom generally called totemism. Mr. Swan, who was a missionary for many years in the Kongo Free State, thus describes the custom: If I were to ask the Yeke people why they do not eat zebra flesh, they would reply, "Chijila"—i. e., "It is a thing to which we have an antipathy," or, better, "It is one of the things which our fathers taught us not to eat." So it seems the word "bashilang" means "the people who have an antipathy to the leopard;" the "bashalamba," "those who have an antipathy to the dog," and the "bashilanlanzefu," "those who have an antipathy to the elephant." In other words, the members of these stocks refuse to eat their totems, the zebra, the leopard and the elephant, from which they take their names.

The survival of antipathy to certain foods was found among people as highly civilized as the Egyptians, the Greeks and the Romans. Quite a list of animals whose flesh was forbidden might be drawn up. For example, in old Egypt the sheep could not be eaten in Thebes, nor the goat in Mendes, nor the cat in Bubastis, nor the crocodile at Ombos, nor the rat, which was sacred to Ra, the sun god. However, the people of one place had no scruples about eating the forbidden food of another place, and this often led to religious disputes and bad blood.

Among the vegetables tabooed as food by the Egyptians may be mentioned the onion, the garlic and the leek. Lucian says that the inhabitants of Pelusium adored the onion. According to Pliny, the Egyptians used to swear by the leek and the onion. Juvenal pokes fun at those who thought it a sin to eat them. He exclaims, "Surely a very religious nation and a blessed peace where every garden is overrun with gods!"

The survivals of totemism among the ancient Greeks are very interesting. Families named after animals and plants were not uncommon. One Athenian genus, the Ioxidae, had for its ancestral plant the asparagus. We may be sure that this plant was tabooed as food to every man, woman and child of the Ioxidae.—New York Post.

A Kissing Duel.

At some amateur theatricals in Victoria two people in the stalls, whenever the heroine was kissed, kissed each other loudly and with ostentation. It turned out that the man in the audience was the husband of the heroine, who disapproved of her theatrical tastes and, with the help of an amiable friend, took this way of reproving them.—Sydney (Australia) Bulletin.

An Accomplishment to Be Revived.

Tommy Harduppe—Can you whistle, Mr. Wigwag? Wigwag—No, my boy. My whistling days are over. Tommy—Then you'd better learn again. Wigwag—Why? Tommy—'Cause I heard pop say he owed you some money and you'd have to whistle for it.

Fixed For Life.

"I can't understand how that young lawyer lives. I've never heard of him having a client."

"You haven't? Why, he is one of the people who helped to break old Biggerson's will. He doesn't need clients."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Many a tongue shakes out its master's undoing.—Shakespeare.

Her Guardian

By FRANK H. SWEET

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"Then you think you have everything you will need, may need?"

"Everything? Oh, Mr. Barclay!" The girl's eyes were misty with tears. "What makes you so thoughtful of me? At school there was no other girl who had such beautiful and dainty things. And it was not money, for many of them were wealthy. They said I had such exquisite taste, and it was not I at all, but you who procured them and who influenced me into the way of wanting such things, and it used to be the same before I went to school and has been so since I graduated and came home. You are always influencing me toward what is most beautiful in life and then bestowing it on me, so lavishly."

Mr. Barclay's hand moved uneasily among the papers.

"I promised your father"— he began, when she interrupted him with an imperious motion of her hand.

"Yes, yes, I know, but most guardians would have been satisfied with keeping a general oversight and paying the bills. You have been my most intimate friend from the time my father died, when I was only twelve. Why," laughing, and her voice quavering a little, "I have told you my secrets and love affairs as few of the girls I know tell their own mothers. It has seemed perfectly natural. You were interested in them, or appeared to be, and never requested me to keep away from the boys. Indeed, I think you always favored my going with them, only you were careful to inquire about their habits."

She was in a reminiscent mood, and, though her eyes were still moist and tender, her lips were half parted in amused recollection.

"What a lot of boys I must have told you about, Mr. Barclay," she went on, "all those of my early school days, then the ones I met at college and now the young men who have been calling on me during my six months here. You know about the ones I like best and those I just tolerate."

"I am afraid you are a sad flirt, Elinor," he said.

"Yes, I am afraid I am," she agreed readily, her face becoming clouded. "But what can I do? The boys seem nice, and I like them, but some way when I come to know them better they all fall a little short, and I have to let them go. I have felt awfully sorry for some of them, but there was no other way. Two or three who are coming here now are really talented and will make successful men, I am sure, but I have a premonition what my verdict will be. They almost reach my ideal," the lurking mischief again returning to her eyes, "but not quite."

"Perhaps your ideal is too high."

"Perhaps," demurely, "but you fixed it for me, and you have made it so much of my being that I cannot stoop to a lower one now."

"Well, I am glad. The ideal will come along some day, and then there will be no mistake. Are your trunks all packed?"

"Yes. I can get ready in a few minutes, and there is over an hour. That is why I came down to have a—a last talk with you, Mr. Barclay."

He winced ever so slightly. She had always called him uncle until the past few months. Now it was Mr. Barclay. She was older, of course, and was growing away from him. And she would be absent for two whole years. What would it be like when she returned?

"Yes," he said, his voice a little dreary with the thought, "I was waiting for you to come down. It will be a long, delightful two years for you, and I hope you will enjoy them thoroughly. Mrs. Carruth has the reputation of being the best chaperon in the country. She will take you everywhere, and you will meet nice people. I will give you letters to some I wish you to know. Dr. Laurens is going abroad on the same steamer, I hear, so you will have a chance to meet him after all. I was sorry for his peremptory summons to the hospital that day I invited him here, but of course his professional duties should come first. I shall ask him to look you up and request Mrs. Carruth to present him. Dr. Laurens is one of the most brilliant and noble men I know and is making himself an enviable reputation, and he is only three years older than you are, Elinor."

"Don't, Mr. Barclay!" she implored, with sudden pain in her voice. "Please do not talk that way. You mean well, but I—I do not like it just now. This is the only home I remember much about, and I am going away for a long, long time. Let us not talk of other people. When I left college I looked forward to coming home and living quietly, as we did before I went away, when we read books and played chess and talked over things. But you thought I should go into society and meet people, so you left your books and took me everywhere and introduced me to everybody. I think I must have met all the noted people, especially the young men, in the whole city and surrounding country. And now I am to go abroad to meet people and people and people! I suppose it is for the best and my good, but I am not brilliant enough to appreciate it. I—I should have liked the chess and books so much better."

His face was turned away from her now, but his voice was steady.

"Yes, it is for the best, Elinor. It is right for a girl to marry, and she should know men before she is ready to make a choice. Some girls are acquainted with only a few, and the best of these is her standard of manliness. Perhaps just outside her limited area there are a hundred who are stronger and nobler in every way. This girl has been cheated. I do not want your life like that. I have done the best for you in the way of an education. As a conscientious guardian could I do less for the rest of your life? It is not that I want you to go, Elinor; it is not that I have any inclination to be a matchmaker. It is because—because I can do nothing else, being myself." He looked at his watch abruptly. "Twenty minutes," he suggested.

"So late? Well, I will go and get ready."

At the door she paused, looking back.

"You must excuse my talk about your liberality, Mr. Barclay," she said wistfully. "But—but I could not go away without saying something."

Halfway up the stairs she paused again. She had forgotten the letters of introduction, and it would be more convenient to put them in her bag before starting.

When she re-entered the library Mr. Barclay's face was buried in his arms upon the desk. He was tired, she thought, and perhaps grieving a little at her going away.

It was not until she reached the desk and was about to pick up the letters that he noticed her presence and raised his head with a quick, surprised motion. His eyes were frank, unguarded, his lips trembling.

She gazed at him a moment; then her womanly instinct in a flash comprehended.

"Oh, Mr. Barclay—Robert—do you"—

But he had controlled himself by a great effort.

"Forget this, Elinor, forever," he interrupted harshly. "I was weak for a moment. I thought I was alone, and you misunderstood."

But her face was radiant.

"I have been misunderstanding you for months, Robert," she said softly, "but not now. It was all in your eyes. Have you never thought why I was unable to find my ideal? I didn't know my own heart then, but I always compared the boys and the young men with you, and they fell short. I know now that I have loved you for years, since I first went to college, but I have not fully realized it until within the past few months, and, Robert, I have been so—so unhappy at your—thoughtfulness of me."

"It was the only thing I could do," he groaned. "I was afraid of myself, and—and I am so old, Elinor."

"Only fifteen years older than I am," she said happily. "I shall unpack my trunks."

Once more he tried to command himself, to summon the mask to his face, but he was too weak. He held out his arms.

Crushed the Lawyer.

Some years ago in Alabama one of the most talented lawyers practicing in the south was the late Colonel Bragg, but he had a peppery temper.

Not only did Colonel Bragg's disposition involve him from time to time in serious differences with his colleagues, but it also led him to break off amicable relations with a Judge Robinson, a most estimable jurist, who while presiding over a suit in which Bragg was interested had by his decision incurred the resentment of the advocate. So for a long time the colonel declined even to speak to the judge save when it was absolutely necessary in the course of business.

Finally, however, his better nature getting the upper hand, Colonel Bragg determined to apologize to Judge Robinson and endeavor to effect a renewal of their former comparatively pleasant relations. Meeting the judge one afternoon on the steps of the statehouse, he impulsively thrust out his hand and said:

"See here, judge; let's be friends again. This thing has gone on long enough."

"Why—er—Bragg," asked the judge in the meekest and mildest way imaginable, "what's the matter?"

"Simply this, judge," continued the fiery Bragg—"I admire you so immensely that I cannot for my life be content to remain on bad terms any longer. I felt that I must speak to you."

"Why—er—Bragg," piped the judge in the thinnest of voices, a well feigned look of astonishment on his face—"why—er—Bragg, haven't you been speaking to me?"

At this the lawyer wilted.—Lippincott's.

Convinced.

It is said that, although the celebrated advocate, Lord Erskine, was sometimes jocular and occasionally a little unfair in his treatment of witnesses, no man was better able than he to make them realize the foolishness or utter irrelevance of their replies without giving offense. At one time a witness obstinately refused to be sworn in the usual manner, but stated that, although he would not "kiss the book," he would "hold up his hand" and swear. Erskine asked him what reason he had for preferring such an eccentric way to the ordinary method.

"It is written in the book of Revelation," replied the obstinate man, "that the angel standing on the sea 'held up his hand.'"

"That is very true," said Erskine, with a smile, "but I can hardly see how that applies to your case. In the first place, you certainly are not an angel, and, in the second place, you cannot tell—you have no means of knowing—how the angel would have sworn if he had stood on dry ground as you do."

There was no flippancy or irreverence in Erskine's tone, and after a moment's reflection the stubborn witness yielded the point, impressed by the advocate's common sense view of the matter, and took the oath in the usual manner.

The Land of Pagodas.

Burma is the land of pagodas. From the summit of every mountain, of every hill or hillock, from above the cliffs and rocks and from among the woods of the islands of the broad Irrawadi rise the graceful forms and gilded pinnacles of numberless pagodas. Often they are crowned by a golden htee or umbrella. Pagodas are rarely temples in the true sense. They are usually solid, tapering buildings placed over real or imitation relics. Close by, among groves of palms and bananas, are generally to be seen the carved and seven storied roofs of the kioungs, or Buddhist monasteries. Gay and light hearted as are the Burmans, they realize another and future existence as vividly as they do the present life, and the teachings of the great Buddha are ever present to their minds and influence them profoundly.

Patchouli.

The plant from which the well known perfume patchouli is obtained is a native of India and of China. It is also grown in Ceylon, Paraguay and the French island of Reunion. It first became generally known in Europe about 1850. At that time India shawls commanded immense prices, and dealers were accustomed to identify the genuine articles by their odor, as they were perfumed with patchouli. French manufacturers, acting upon this hint, imported the patchouli plant for the purpose of perfuming their imitation India shawls. Afterward perfumers took up the cultivation of the plant on their own account.

The Morning Star.

The morning star, an iron ball studded with spikes and fastened by means of a chain to a short handle, was much used in mediaeval times as a military weapon. It was exceedingly formidable, for when thrown it could not easily be avoided or dodged, the chain permitting it to curve around the arm or over the shield. It was confessedly modeled after a common cactus which grows in every part of Italy.

An Unusual Event.

"Yes, I sent my uncle a telegram on Wednesday to say I was coming. I wonder if he received it."

"I reckon he didn't, cos I seen him this mornin', an' he didn't brag about no telegram."—Brooklyn Life.

Injuries we do and those we suffer are seldom weighed in the same balance.—Simmons.