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THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL. XXXXIII. BUTLER, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 9, 1906 No. 30.

—THE MODERN STORE—

Goodbye to Hot Weather Goods.
Deep Price-cuts on Summer Fabrics.
Just the time to wear them.

Lot of white and colored organdies, Swisses, etc., former prices 25c yd, now 12½c yd.
Another lot 15c batistes and lawns now 8c yd.
Lot of ladies' and misses' cloth skirts were $3.00 to $4.50, now $1.95.
All ladies' colored parasols at ½ price. White linen parasols at ½ off.
All white and colored shirt waists and washable skirts at ½ off.
Big bargains in ladies' lawn and silk shirt waists.
Lot of 50c belts reduced to 19c each.
Lot of ladies' 25c lace hose reduced to 18c pair.
Ladies' summer vests reduced to 5c, 10c, 15c and 18c.
Lot of men's 25c summer underwear reduced to 15c each.
Plenty of remnants of all kinds at a fraction of former prices, new ones put out daily.
$5.00 embroidery and lace trimmed robes ready to be made up now $2.75.
All summer goods must be closed out this month. Many bargains here now.

EISLER-MARDORF COMPANY,
SOUTH MAIN STREET PHONES: BELL L. D. PEOPLES POSTOFFICE BOX 221
Samples sent on request.
OPPOSITE HOTEL ARLINGTON. BUTLER, PA

HUSELTON'S
Great Cut Price Sale
Of all Odd Lots in Summer
Shoes and Oxfords.
WILL OPEN
Saturday at 9 a. m., July 14th.

There will be great bargains to be had all through this immense stock. Don't fail to get some of these great bargains.

Remember the date, July 14th.

B. C. Huselton,
Opp. Hotel Lowry. 102 N. Main Street,

BUTLER Business College

RESULTS TALK.
Where some of our recent graduates are located:

Sara Beatty, stenographer, Bessemer R. R. Co., Butler.
Robert Seaton, stenographer, American Bridge Co., Pittsburg.
Jean Weigel, stenographer, Butler Eagle, Butler.
May Thompson, stenographer, The Lloyd Co., Butler.
W. P. Starr, clerk, Standard Steel Car Co., Butler.
Charles McClymonds, with the B. & O. R. R. Co., Butler.
Marion Nicholas, stenograbher, Standard Steel Car Co., Butler.
Lulitia Bine, Stenographer, The Hostetter Co., Pittsburg.
M. L. McMillen, Registry Clerk, Pittsburg Postoffice. Pittsburg.
Pressley Mowrey, with Pittsburg News Co., Pittsburg.
Juliet Wheeler, stenographer and bookkeeper, W. H. Daugherty & Son, Petrolia, Pa.
Arthur Oesterling, with the Westinghouse Electrical Mfg. Co., Pittsburg.
Bertha Coulter, stenographer, Pittsburg firm.
Oliver Cashdollar, cashier and asst. manager, New York Lease & Trust Co., Pittsburg.
Elizabeth Diebold, stenographer, The Bradstreet Co., Pittsburg.
Winifred Shaffer, stenographer, A. W. McCloy & Co., Pittsburg.
Florence Norris, stenographer, Kemble & Mills, Attys., Pittsburg.
Delia Critchlow, public stenographer, Bessemer Bldg., Pittsburg.
Harry E. Painter, bookkeeper, Monks & Co., Allegheny, Pa
Jillian Korcht, stenographer, Hapgoods, Park Bldg., Pittsburg.
Paletta Nigro, stenographer, Rodger, Flanagan & Co., Pittsburg.
Ethel Greenwalt, stenographer, Westinghouse Electrical Mfg. Co., Pittsburg.
Margaret Graham, stenographer, Pittsburg Gage & Supply Co., Pittsburg.
Jerry Eberhart, with the Penna. R. R. Co., Butler,
Oliver McGrady, Penna. R. R. Co., Butler.
Ralph Miller, Penna. R. R. Co., Butler.
Lev Scheneck, with the P. W. Phillips Gas & Oil Co., Butler.
Nellie Nicholas, stenographer, Wm. Kaufman, Penn Bldg., Pittsburg.
Gertrude Graham, stenographer, L. G. Martin, Pittsburg, Pa.
J. B. Alexander, bookkeeper, Wabash R. R. Co., Pittsburg.
Fay Thompson, stenographer, U. S. Developement Co., Pittsburg.
Emma Burr, stenographer, Pittsburg Reduction Co., New Kensington, Pa.
Pearl Snyder, stenographer, The Bradstreet Co., Pittsburg.
R. P. Frederick, stenographer, Wabash R. R. Co., Pittsburg.
Rosenna McLaughlin, stenographer, Baird Machinery Co., Pittsburg.
Anna Bundy, stenographer, Salvage Security Co., Pittsburg.
Winifred Shaffer, stenographer, Germania Bank Bldg., Pittsburg.
Bertha McClelland, stenographer, A. K. Reiber, Butler.
O. E. Wick, Standard Steel Car Co., Butler.
Myra Ash, Stenographer, S. & B. C. Weinhaus Co., Pittsburg.
J. M. Wilson, B. & O. R. R. Co., Butler, Pa.
Lester Bell, bookkeeper, Geo. Walter & Sons, Butler Roller Mills
N. A. Heist, stenographer and clerk, Pickerings, Pittsburg.
John Foster, C. D. & P. Telegraph Co., Pittsburg.
Ada C. Matteson, stenographer, Guarantee Clearing Co., Pittsburg.
Grace Reznor, stenographer, B. & L. E. R. R. Co., Greenville.
Adelaide Grane, bookkeeper, Butler Pure Milk Co.
A. J. Bishop, bookkeeper, Buffalo, N. Y.
Herbert E. Rankin, Butler Post Office.
Carl Diehl, bookkeeper, J. Oram, Lyndora, Pa.
Sadie McCollough, stenographer, Wood Fiber Plaster Co., Butler.
Percy Lester, with Leedom & Worrall Co., Butler.

The largest, best equipped, most up-to-date, most thorough and painstaking business college in Western Pennsylvania. It recognizes no superior in point of efficiency. Its graduates succeed admirably where those of other schools fail.

SEPTEMBER 3, 1906, FALL TERM.

May enter ANY TIME. Many are already enrolling for the fall term. Expect the largest attendance the coming year that we have ever had. Visitors always welcome. When in Butler pay us a visit. If you can not do so sooner, call on us when in Butler for the Fair. Send for catalogue. Correspondence solicited.

A. F. REGAL, Principal, Butler, Pa.

Duffy's Store

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.....$8 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.

A WORD ABOUT PRICES.

Because our stock is full and complete—rich in furniture of beauty and excellence—you must not think our prices must be high, on the contrary our prices are at low water mark.

CARPETS. ALL GRADES. AXMINSTER, TAPESTRY BRUSSELS, CROWN BRUSSELS, and INGRANS.

Tables and Chairs. Dining room table, finely finished, hard wood, from $6.25 up. Dining room chairs, all kinds, from the solid seat, box seat, to the leather seat. Prices from $6.00 per set up.

RUGS. Of all kinds, from the small door size to the room sized rugs. Prices of room sized rugs from $10.00 up.

Sideboards, Buffets and China Closets. All kinds shown here, any size, any style, any finish you may desire. Prices from $20.00 up.

Patterson Bros.
FURNITURE OF QUALITY,
Successors to Brown & Co. 136 N. Main Cor. Main and Mifflin St.

DON'T FAIL TO ATTEND
The 30 Day Clearance Sale of
Clothing, Underwear, Shirts, Hats, Trunks, etc.,
Which is now Going on at
Schaul & Levy,
137 South Main St., Butler.

Prices have never been so low as they are at this General Clearance Sale of all goods in the store.

BE SURE YOU COME,
Don't Miss it. It Will Pay You.

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

Our Dollar Saving Sale Is On.

Men's, Boys' and Children's Suits will be Sold at the Following Discounts.

Men's suits, all styles and colors, (no old stock) great purse feeders at 20 per cent., 25 per cent., ⅓ and ½ off the regular price.

Young men's long pant suits, all this seasons purchase at 20 per cent., 25 per cent., ⅓ and ½ off regular price.

Knee pant suits, all sizes at ⅓, ¼, ½ off regular price.

Now is your chance, come early and profit by this great reduction sale.

SEE WINDOW.

Douthett & Graham.
INCORPORATED.

Bickel's Footwear

A Grand Display of Fine Footwear in all the Latest Styles.

We are showing many styles in Ladies' Fine Shoes and Oxfords at prices sure to interest you.

Large stock of Men's and Boys' Fine Shoes and Oxfords in the latest styles.

Big bargains in Men's and Boys' working shoes.

Repairing promptly done.

JOHN BICKEL
128 S Main St., 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 Spring and Summer suitings in the latest styles, shades and colors.

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

Man or Mouse?

By Martha McCulloch-Williams

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The water, laughing and lapping, invited. The day was giddy May, and the invited young Lorena, moreover, owned all the folly normal to nineteen. So altogether it would have been a miracle if things had gone exactly as they should. A proper young woman of course would have reckoned chances before baring her feet and dancing joyously in midstream, where the pebbles lay smoothly bedded in fine sand and gleaming jewel-wise wherever a sun ray struck through the ripples.

Lorena did not let herself remember that the ford was but fifty yards higher up or that this special shallow reach of the creek lay between the two lakes that gave the finest fishing. They were not true lakes, of course—only water mirrors, still and deep, impounded by dams of the winter flood's building. Lorena did not love them. They were so placid they reminded her somehow of Johnny—and whatever did that put her out of temper.

She loved glitter, motion, excitement. It was ecstasy to her to dance all day long and half the night after, footing it as lightly, as featly, as wind blown thistle seed. If only she could dance alone! But since that was out of the question she naturally preferred partners who kept step and were nimble. Johnny was neither, yet all the time she had been engaged to him he had felt it his right to say, if she did not dance with him, she must dance with hardly anybody else.

And not at all with Granville Gore, the very prince of partners, who was handsome and slender and light hearted, with money in both pockets and a trick of spending it with both hands. Johnny hated him, without reason so far as Lorena could see—at least he gave her no reason—only said, "If you are goin' ever to belong to me, Lolie, you must be barely civil to that fellow."

Somehow the emphasis on the last word always made Lorena shiver when she recalled it. How could she help it, when Johnny was toward other folk the soul of kindly justice? Still she had felt that he was unfair. If he really knew anything he might let her know it likewise.

If Johnny could have brought himself to tell her the break might not have come. But he was too proud and masterful for that. His wife must believe in him enough to understand that he had reasons for any and everything. Besides he was afraid of seeming envious and jealous of a man so much richer and better looking. Moreover, he did not really know much that could be told categorically—it was Gore's general air and manner, conjoined to words dropped here and there, that made Johnny certain he had no real reverence for anything feminine. A girl, any girl, was fair game to him. If she hadn't sense enough to look out for herself he was not bound to look out for her. Yet Gore was not distinctly vicious—rather, inordinately vain. He did not mean worse by womankind and girlkind than to make love to them, then ride away. Marry! Not he! Not the finest girl alive!

If Lorena had known that! Unknowing it, she had thought a great many times and a great many things of the fascinating Granville in the three months since the break. He had been away for two of them, and since he came home she had seen him only in crowds. But he had used his eyes so eloquently as to set her heart wildly fluttering. But, oddly enough, it had fluttered even more when by chance she had encountered Johnny, in his working clothes, driving his wagon to mill.

They had barely nodded to each other, and she had ridden fast afterward, but not fast enough to get away from a sense that Johnny, old Johnny, although his face was impassive, had turned to look after her as long as she was in sight.

Today she was not thinking of him—hardly even of Granville. Wading was such pure joy. The water came above her ankles. She lifted her skirts lightly in both hands and balanced to her shadow upon the rippling stream. Such a funny shadow—dancing grotesquely even when she stood still.

Rapt in contemplation of it, she did not hear footsteps or anything until a throaty, chuckling voice cried: "Oh, ho! A mermaid! Gore, if the variety is indigenous, understand, I shall settle in your neighborhood just as soon as I can buy a place."

Lorena flushed scarlet. She let fall her skirts heedless of water—heedless, indeed, of anything but escape. There were men on either bank, also one in wading approaching her midstream. Gore was the farthest of them—a Gore she had never seen. He looked her over as though she were a part, a curious part, of the landscape with which he had no sort of acquaintance.

It was the man in wading who had spoken. He was striding on toward her, his rod over his shoulder, a broad grin upon his flat, red face. Her sunbonnet, her faded print frock, above all her present case, had nearly made him believe her some hoidenish milkmaid rather than mermaid.

"Didn't I tell you fellows the finest fish were here in the shallows?" he bellowed at the men on the bank. "Never yet made such a catch," he added, making to fling an arm about Lorena's waist.

She evaded him, springing to one side and trying to gain the bank, but the sportsmen there set up a laughing shout which warned her not to trust them. Desperately she fled upstream, cutting her feet on sharp stones, but never faltering. It was not easy to run against the current—the rock bottom was slippery in places and her wet skirt hampered her terribly.

Still she kept out of reach until she was twenty yards off the ford. The flat faced man, laughing and panting after her, caught her there and said as he gave her a resounding kiss: "'Pon my soul, Undine, it was worth it. I haven't had such a lark since I was a boy."

Lorena broke from him, crying wildly: "Granville! Mr. Gore! Kill this creature!"

At that the men laughed louder than ever. Granville had discreetly disappeared. He was sorry for Lorena; also angry with her, even angrier than with his friend of the flat, red face. There were millions back of the flat, red face—millions that might mean much to Gore's future. Was he to risk their help, to invite everlasting chaff, to make himself the butt of the grill rooms next time he was in town, by championship of a girl, a silly country girl, who should have known better than to put herself in such case?

Mullen, he of the flat, red face, was not a bad sort, only full of uncouth spirits. Lorena would come to no harm. And if she had sense enough to keep her mouth shut he (Gore) would see to it that she was handsomely made up to for her present fright. But of course he could not acknowledge her as an acquaintance when she looked such a guy and had let herself get caught in such a plight.

Lorena, noting his absence, stumbled blindly toward the bank and half fell upon it, covering her eyes with both hands. Mullen scrambled out beside her and tried to lift her to her feet, the rest jeering him, pretending to say things aside and singing in cracked chorus, "Where is my wandering boy?"

They were laughing so loud, watching so intently, Johnny fell upon them like a thunderbolt from blue skies. Johnny was still in working clothes—he had, in fact, started to the blacksmith's shop in a mad hurry in hope of getting a dulled plow point sharpened. So he had come to the ford in the very nick of time to see that a woman was in need of help and to rush to give it.

"Gentlemen," Johnny's voice cut like ice, "you must show me your warrant for taking a prisoner. Unless you do"—He stopped short there, his face white, his eyes two points of flame. Even yet he did not know, but a second later Lorena was beside him, clinging to him, burying her face in his rough sleeve, and sobbing out: "Johnny! Save me! Take me away! Don't stop to fight them—only take me and go!"

"Not yet," Johnny said, putting her gently away.

The events of the next five minutes are better left unchronicled. Suffice it that Mr. Granville Gore and his sportsmen friends from the city went away on the night train, at least two of the visitors carrying beautiful black eyes. As to how the eyes had been achieved there was discreet silence. But when in the fall Lorena and Johnny were married there came to the bride a chest of massive silver, along with an unsigned note which ran: "Please accept this in token of forgiveness. Remember, you owe me something—in that I gave you occasion to find out the difference there is between a man and a mouse."

Lorena was for sending it back, but Johnny laughed and said: "Mullen is right. He is a man. You can drub a man into decency, but a mouse always runs away."

"And I hate mice of every sort," Lorena added with a pensive smile.

They Had Escaped That.

A young disciple of Blackstone who had worked his way through college and taken a full course in the study of law besides was making a trip through the southwest in search of an eligible location for the practice of his profession. A thrifty young city, with a considerable body of water on one side of it and a forest on the other, attracted his attention, and he decided to make a few days' stay there and investigate.

"Putting up" at what seemed to be the best hotel, he ate his dinner, then strolled into the office and proceeded in a careless way to interrogate the clerk.

"There is a good deal of business done in this town, isn't there?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," answered the young man. "In one way and another there's a good jag of business going on here."

"Healthy place, isn't it?"

"Middling."

"Is there much litigation here?"

"No, I haven't heard of any cases of that, but there's a lot of chills an' fever and occasionally a pretty bad case of the grip."

Dewey and the Powder Boy.

Many stories have been written and told about Admiral Dewey and his heroic deed at Manila bay, but none show the kindness of heart of which this modern hero is capable as the following, which has just come to light: When the order was given to strip for action just before the battle of Manila Bay a powder boy on the flagship accidentally dropped his coat overboard. He asked permission to jump after it, but was refused. In spite of the refusal he dropped overboard, recovered his coat, was caught and arrested for disobedience of orders, a serious offense in the navy, especially under this commander. The boy was brought before the admiral, who kindly but firmly demanded an explanation. Breaking into tears, the lad said the coat contained his mother's picture and he could not bear to see it lost. For once the admiral relaxed in his discipline. "Release him," he said. "A boy who loves his mother enough to risk his life for her picture cannot be kept under arrest in this fleet."

HOT AND COLD WATER.

How to Use These Remedies to the Best Advantage.

Hot or cold water is excellent as an application for inflammation, congestions or abrasions, but how many people know which to apply in particular cases while awaiting the arrival of medical relief? Not many, and the mistakes made in some instances are ludicrous.

Take the barber, for example, who has cut his patron's face. He generally washes the face with a towel soaked in warm water, often pressing it right into the injury, and then wonders why the blood flows from the cut so freely. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred if he had used cold water, and the colder the better, the blood would have ceased to flow from the injury altogether, as the cold would have a tendency to contract the openings in the torn blood vessels. In all cases of such cuts or abrasions very cold water will at least reduce the amount of bleeding if it doesn't stop it altogether, and yet, singularly enough, boiling water will have the same effect.

Water below the boiling point increases the flow, but above that degree decreases it. In surface inflammations or congestions cold water ought to be used, while if the condition is situated below the surface hot water is necessary as an application because it draws the blood toward the surface and thus stimulates the circulation through the part where it is most needed.

In cases of abscesses or pimples with pus forming in them, but which have not yet come to a head, the secretion of pus can be rapidly increased and the duration of the annoyance thereby decreased by applying hot water to them at frequent intervals.

Where the eye is inflamed or smarts, after a period of eye strain, such as night work often induces, hot applications are the things for relief, but the water used should be gradually allowed to cool off toward the end. Tired eyes will invariably be rejuvenated by adopting this method of treatment, and many headaches resulting from such a condition may thereby be prevented or cured.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Extreme views are never just. Something always turns up which disturbs the calculations founded on their data. —Tancred.

ORIGIN OF NEW YORK NAMES

New Dorp Replaced a Town Thrice Destroyed by Fire.

There are some names of places in Greater New York common enough on the modern tongue, but the origin of which is not so generally known. New Dorp, on Staten Island, was so named by the Dutch to distinguish it from Oude Dorp (Old Dorp), the first Dutch settlement on the island, which was thrice destroyed by the Indians. Old Dorp stood to the northwest of Fort Wadsworth, about where Arrochar now stands. Two miles to the west of the ruins of Old Dorp the persistent Dutch built their New Dorp.

The northeast section of Staten Island, which until the formation of Greater New York was known as Castleton, and is still generally so called, takes its name from the fact that it once formed Governor Dongan's "manor of Castleton." Dongan—the Dongan hills are named from him—was of the family of the Earl of Limerick, and the seat of the earl in Ireland was Castletown, in the County Kildare. Many of Governor Dongan's descendants still live on Staten Island, some of them occupying and owning houses on the land of the old manor. At first Governor Dongan merely had a hunting lodge on Staten Island, and it is significant of the state of that portion of New York city at the end of the seventeenth century that at a meeting of the colonial council the governor was entered on the minutes as "absent, being engaged at his hunting lodge on Staten Island killing bears."

Bedlow's island, on which the statue of Liberty stands, was purchased in 1716 by an Englishman named Bedlow, who had amassed a large fortune in the East India trade and was an acquaintance of the then governor, the notorious Lord Cornbury. Bedlow received from Cornbury the privilege of victualing the British fleets which frequented New York. It was a most profitable monopoly, having in it great possibilities of graft. Cornbury is supposed to have "stood in" with Bedlow. When Bedlow died suddenly Cornbury seized all his papers, collected all the outstanding debts due the contractor, and kept everything of Bedlow's he could lay his hands on, leaving Bedlow's widow and children in poverty. Bedlow's island was bought and used by the contractor while he victualed the fleets as a depot for his stores.

Corlear's Hook takes its name from Jacob Corlear, the city trumpeter in the old Dutch days. Governor Beekman bought it from him. The governor also bought a country estate, the site of which is commemorated by Beekman street.

The true meaning of the word Manhattan, originally spelled variously as Mana-ha-ta, Manhattoes and Manhattan, is hid in mystery. It is not even certain whether it was the name of the place or of the tribe which inhabited it, or of both. The [illegible] a that the word meant Place of Drunkenness has been satisfactorily confuted, but what does the word mean?—New York Press.

Spencer and Colors.

Herbert Spencer's notions of art were very crude. His favorite color was what he called "impure purple." He wore "impure purple" gloves and, finding that the furniture was a little somber, had a binding of "impure purple" pasted round it by a seamstress. He cut the first strip himself and showed her how to stick it on with paste. He had his vases filled with artificial flowers. He wished to have everything bright about him and consequently enjoyed color. When it was suggested he could get that in real flowers he replied: "Bosh! They would want constant replenishing!" He wanted to know why the people should object to artificial flowers in a room any more than to an artificial landscape.—"Home Life With Herbert Spencer."

Pigs In China.

A Peking correspondent says: "It is no uncommon sight to see twelve or thirteen enormous fat pigs, with their legs tied, huddled close together having a ride in a Chinese cart with some sort of light cargo on top of them and a man sitting on the cargo. The pigs are silent, and consequently one would think they should not be objects for the action of the Society For the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The fact is that the animals are too fat and lazy to make any noise until disturbed at their journey's end, when bagpipes are as Italian opera to the terrific squealing heard."

The Dead Sea.

The Dead sea is 1,300 feet below sea level. There can, of course, be no outlet for the Dead sea, and the volume of from 6,000,000 to 10,000,000 tons of water that the Jordan throws into it every twenty-four hours must be carried away by evaporation. Not a solitary dwelling is on its coasts, and there is no living thing in its waters. As we stand on the north shore the sea stretches out some forty-two miles toward the south and is, on an average, eight miles wide. The water is of a greenish blue and as clear as crystal.

Those Fool Questions.

"Hello," says the man, seeing his friend sallying forth with pole and net and bait basket. "Going fishing?"

"No," replies the friend, turning on him solemnly. "No; I'm going to stand on my head and keep my hair from falling out. What made you think I was going fishing?"—Puck.

No Chance to Forget.

Benham—I don't like your actions; you should remember that you are my wife. Mrs. Benham—I am not likely to forget it when everybody tells me how they pity me.—New York Press.

The people in the flat above seldom call the baby what the fond parents do.—Somerville Journal.

Hiccough at Dinner.

Many persons are debarred from dining out owing to their liability to contract hiccough during a meal. As a rule when caused by food it comes on at once, and equally as a rule the food causing it is hot. Soups are more likely to provoke hiccough than solids are. It is a good plan to forego soup, which can be done without causing remark, says Home Notes. Or one may eat a little bread before taking it. A third plan is to drink a little cold water and to take the soup in very small sips.

The Best of the Poem.

"I don't see anything in that poet's new poem."

"Of course you don't," replied the editor in chief, "because I opened it first and took a five dollar bill out of it. Give it a good place—top column, next reading matter!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Vindictive.

Naggus—What are you going to do with the hero and heroine of that magazine story you're running now? Marry them? Borus—Certainly. They will be married in the last chapter. Naggus—I'm glad of it. It will serve them right.—Tit-Bits.

TAKEN AT HER WORD

By JOANNA SINGLE

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John Mason did not slam the gate simply because he knew that this manifestation of rage would surely delight Rosalie. She was watching his departure from the window, and he was angrily conscious that she knew he would, as usual, return in a few days, although she had said she hoped she would be rid of him for awhile. She was so young and so beautiful—and so provoking!

At the entrance to the little park, already growing green in the April sun, he met her sister. He did not know Anne very well—he had been too busy with Rosalie. He wished now that he had made friends with her; her blue eyes were so like and still so unlike Rosalie's. Anne stepped in front of him and stopped him unceremoniously.

"Been trampled upon again!" she observed. "John Mason, for so clever a man generally you're sometimes an awful—fool!" She submitted this thoughtfully, in a voice too gentle to be insulting.

"Then you and Rosalie are agreed, and I suppose you are expert testimony. May I turn and walk with you?"

She nodded and then asked a matter of fact question. "How many times has she refused you?"

"I had not thought to keep count. Rosalie just now informed me that this was the last time. I didn't know I had been the same sort of a—fool so often. But don't you think she ought to give me credit for my persistence? Not every man proposes so many times—to the same girl."

Anne laughed dryly as he continued: "I would have given up long ago if I were not unexplainably sure that she does—care for me. In fact, she never has said directly that she does not. She simply says she won't marry me. What's the matter with me? Am I too rich? I can give away the stuff if she likes. Am I too successful? I might lose a case to please her. Should I be as ugly as Satan? Perhaps she would like a Beauty and the Beast effect! What does she want? I've said and done everything under heaven, and she walks on me—she trails me!"

"Precisely! That's why I called you—what I did. A girl likes to trail a man, but hates the man that will be trailed. Not logical, is it? To use her own words, you are always around underfoot. You give her no time to want you or miss you or think about you. She's too sure of you. She knows just where you'll be. You never let her want anything bad enough to appreciate it when it comes. She has always had her own way. She needs to be a bit afraid of you. She needs to be bullied!"

He frowned. "I am not a brute. That is not my way."

"No? Well, what has your way accomplished?"

He tried to laugh. "Oh, I'll take your advice. I'll do anything you say. It can't be worse than it is now."

"Well, I hate the responsibility. If you get her you'll fight; if you don't, you'll both be miserable anyhow. You must get her—and then work out your own salvation. In the first place, you must give her a shock. Write her a note and accept your dismissal. Tell her you begin to see that she is right and that you wish to be friendly with her and the family. Then call sometimes—on the father or on me. Don't stay away. Absences of that sort are flattering; you must be quite unaffected by her presence."

"You know that is impossible. You know how the sight of her"—

"You've got to do it! And you must take another girl out occasionally. Being naturally modest, I dislike to suggest that you send me flowers sometimes and come for a walk with me. That will bring things home to her. A girl hates to have an admirer transfer himself bodily to any one, but especially to her sister."

When they had planned their campaign and he left Anne at the gate she had him laughing. Rosalie saw them and shrugged her shoulders. While removing her hat in the hall Anne remarked to her sister:

"Well, dear, John tells me that you have dismissed him for good. You know I never would have interfered if you had wanted him, but I am glad you do not. Now you may find time for your music. Your talent is too marked to be neglected. It will be a relief for you to have him out of the way awhile. You're too young to leave father and me, and, after all, I think you're right about his not being the right man for you."

Rosalie shrugged her shoulders.

The next day Rosalie, without comment, handed Anne this note:

Dear Miss Carleton—I want to thank you for your frankness of yesterday, and I assure you that I shall not annoy you again as I have in the past. Can you forgive me for having troubled you so much and so long? You are probably right in deciding that I could not make you happy, as I hoped to be able to do. May I hope to continue my present friendly relations with you and the rest of the family? If I may, I will not again trespass on your kindness. It will be, as you said, the last time you shall have the pain of refusing. Yours sincerely,

JOHN MASON.

"Well, I like a man to know when he's had enough," remarked Anne. Again Rosalie shrugged her shoulders and made a wry little face.

For a week Rosalie was blithe and busy with her music. The second week Anne observed that the gayety was a bit forced and that during the third she moped a little. John had somehow kept the other men of her set away from her, and flowers and drives and theaters were less frequent. She had no time to miss him.

In the fourth week he called—while she was out. Of course she could not know that Anne had phoned him to come. He was leaving just as Rosalie entered and shook hands with her cordially. He did not look broken hearted, and he seemed to be on very good terms with Anne, to whom next morning he sent some violets. Rosalie saw him out walking with Mary Dye. Then he took Anne driving. She began to realize that Anne was very pretty if she was a year or two older than John.

Rosalie's irritation reached its climax one morning at the breakfast table when her younger brother Ted remarked in a teasing drawl:

"John seems to be taking his medicine like a man, Rosy! He's all right, and I am glad Anne seems inclined to keep him in the family. He probably appreciates being treated like a human being after the way you always walked on him. The fellows say he's the best young lawyer in town. But I should think you'd hate to have him take his punishment so cheerfully, Rosy!"

By this time Rosalie had reached the limit of endurance. She sprang up and, before any one could interfere, had boxed Ted's ears soundly and fled to her room. No one made comment on the scene save that Mr. Carleton amusedly met the laughter in Anne's eyes and told Ted that he would have no more of his teasing. Rosalie's capricious treatment of John had long been disapproved of by her family, and, while they were all sorry for her, they thought it time she should come to her senses.

Time had been slow and torturing to John. He wanted to tell Rosalie that he loved her and her only. He wanted to send her flowers, to give her every desire of her heart, and he found it a misery to see her or not to see her. Meantime he was very attentive to Anne, who was becoming vastly bored with his raptures and sorrows and was longing for him to win his Rosalie and let her go back to her old peaceful ways.

At last one night Anne waked and heard Rosalie sobbing to herself. In the morning she pleaded headache and stayed in her room till nearly evening. Anne had a long conference by telephone with John and took pains to have her father and Ted spend the evening elsewhere.

After dinner she went to Rosalie's room and pleaded being tired. She coaxed Rosalie to arrange her pretty hair and don a pretty gown so she could go down if any one should come. While Rosalie was sulkily doing as her sister wished, Anne heard the bell and slipped down to answer it. She came back saying it was some one for her father and asked Rosalie if she would mind going to the library and bringing the book she had left on the table.

Rosalie, in her trailing blue dress, went downstairs and through the hall into the library. She had half crossed the room before she saw John sitting in a great chair in the dim firelight. She wanted to flee from him, but somehow her feet would not move, nor did she find a word to say. Then to her dismay she knew that a slow tear was falling down her cheek. John came quickly toward her. It seemed very comfortable to be leaning against him. After awhile he held her off and looked at her. She tried to smile.

"Well," he questioned, "how shall it be? You know you said you hoped you would never have to refuse me again. I hope you will not. Just for variety, suppose you—take me."

After the little minutes had cunningly slipped away and it was time that he should leave her, Rosalie exclaimed in dismay:

"Oh, Anne's book! She will be waiting for it."

"I hardly think so," John asserted dryly. "Your sister Anne is wise. She knew better than to expect you in a moment when she sent you down to me!"

"Sent me to you!" Rosalie echoed.

"Yes, my lady! Do you imagine your sister has been trailing me about for her pleasure? She is more glad to be rid of me than—ever you were!"

"Then—it—was not—Anne—ever?"

John laughed and bade her good night.

"If you were not perfectly sure that it was 'not—Anne—ever,' you would never, never have asked me!" which both of them knew to be true.

And Anne went to bed and slept the sleep of one who has successfully performed an arduous duty.

Separations.

Why do we grieve at separations? Why do everlasting farewells chill our hearts, and the fading away of lost joys fill us with bitterness?

"Be not the slave of words," says Carlyle. "Is not the distant, the dead, while I love it and long for it and mourn for it, here in the genuine sense, as truly as the floor I stand on?"

And are not all good experiences thus forever a part of our lives? Can we therefore regret or mourn any past joy, any lost friend? Nothing is lost or gone from us that we have the spirit and capacity to appropriate and make our own forever. It is not the touch of body that makes presence. Have we not all known times when presence in the flesh brought no nearness, and again when the absent one seemed unspeakably near in spirit? So not to be within the actual physical sense, but to be able to appreciate and love the spirit of another, is the true association and communion. Hence our friends need never die, nor need we ever be parted from them.

Further, in order to realize them truly we need to be separated from them in the flesh at times. Else we shall grow to think them all body and forget that diviner, intangible, unnamable essence—the living spirit, the real self.—Exchange.

BLEAK SHETLAND.

Its Swarms of Sea Gulls and Its Lone Tree.

Up a little lane off Lerwick's one street there is a garden. At least, it is an inclosed space. In the middle of this space there is a tree. It is not a very tall tree; you could, in fact, toss a biscuit over its branches, but still it is a tree—the only tree in Shetland. And Shetland is proud of it. Children who are brought for the first time to see the wonders of one streeted Lerwick are shown this tree. This is not fiction. It is the only tree in Shetland.

As there are no trees in Shetland, there are no birds, except, of course, the sea gulls, which you can number by the thousand. The sea gulls are the sparrows of Lerwick, and, as such, they have a greater share in the town's life than have the sparrows of London. In the morning time you will note that a sea gull sits on every chimney pot. Sea gulls swoop and hover over every roof in the town.

The air is full of their strange, high, plaintive, haunting cries. Their sad, shrill, long drawn cries are to Lerwick as the chattering of sparrows or the cawing of rooks are to us in England. Every house has its own familiar sea gulls and every street its own band of sea gulls. They never mix. The children in each house have a pet name for their own particular sea gulls, and, having called them to them by those names, they feed them every day. And each sea gull knows what is meant for him. No sea gull attached to one house ever seeks to eat the food scattered from the house next door. He does not dare; the other gulls would kill him. So all day long the sea gulls hover and call over the roofs of Lerwick. The people of the town, if they come across a little pile of rice laid upon the roadway, step over it with care. They know that it is placed there for some sea gull. And at night the sea gulls leave their own appointed chimney pots and fly gracefully away to their resting places on the rocks of the Isle of Noss.—London Express.

The Retort Courteous.

Miss Oldwun—I've refused many, many offers of marriage. Gayboy (absentmindedly)—Very thoughtful and considerate of you, I'm sure.—Meggendorfer Blatter.

Every age has its problem, the solving which humanity is helped forward. —Heine.