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Geo. Hann, 581 State St. Cor. Lyell Ave. and Smith St. her courteous. The latter school teacher smiled as she answered him.

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TRUE COURAGE.

Through the open windows of the dingy old dwelling came a pleasant sound. A chorus of childish voices was raised in "My Country, Tis of Thee." They were shrill little voices, but the effect was far from unpleasant. At least that is the way it struck the man who leaned upon the old gate and listened with a smile on his pleasant face. He was a tall man and slender, and there were traces of gray in his brown hair. His face was a little too thin, and somewhat careworn, but his eyes were bright and there was a sturdy poise to his head the old gate and listened to the old anthem. Then, leaning somewhat gate and walked up the slope to the door of the house.

It had been quite a pretentious country home in its day. It had two full stories and a long porch, but it was shabby in the extreme and evidently a makeshift for the proper school building that the township officials had not supplied. Over the oldfashioned door was a board on which was painted, "Public School-Section

The stranger stepped into the ancient hallway, and, taking off his soft hat, looked into the big living room of the house, whence the sound of the voices came. They were at the last line as he appeared, a score of little ones from eight to twelve years old, ranged on benches and facing a small table, beside which sat a young woman. The man at the door thought her a very attractive young woman as he looked across the intervening heads of various shapes and shades. She was quite young, and quite pretty, and there was a pleasant flush on her cheeks, and a bright glint in her

"Pardon the intrusion," said the stranger but I heard the singing and I wanted to come in "

A score of mail heads whirled about and a score of bg eves opened wider at the stranger's appearance "You are quite welcome" said the dainty to ther . Will you come this

The presed up the asle between the benches in erect figure but a somewhat have and one, and took the chair on the other desof the tible. "I bog the you will not let me

break in gen your discipline, he said of I was passing by in I heard the dear old anthem and toped that it would not be considered a presump tion if I looked in Toffer as an additional excuse the fact that I taught a country school myself when I was a good deal younger:

ner courteous. The listic school-"We have relaxed our dis ipline today," she said . 'To morrow is Wash-

ington's Birthday, you know, and we are doing our simple best to remember it. We are rather glad that a visitor should give added dignity to

The stranger bowed and looked about the room. There was a map on the wall at one side with a flag tastefully draped about it. There was a copy of the Stuart portrait of Washington back of the teacher's table, with tiny flags tacked around. There were pictures, too, of Lincoln and Garfield and McKinley, and here were more flags, and at the teacher's throat was a kind of red, white and

The stranger smiled pleasantly at these patriotic exhibits, and the flush on the little teacher's cheeks deepened. "You will find us very simple and unconventional." she said "The fact is, I am not the regular teacher. She is ill with a fever and I am keeping her place for her until she recovers But they are good children and I think fully appreciate the situation " The stranger bowed and smiled pleasantly at the good children, who

stared stolldly at him in return

Then the exercises went on A bright little girl recited something about patriotism and a stout boy read a part of Washington's Farewell Address. Then they sang "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," and when the little ones stood up the tall stranger slowly arose and stood up with them. And he sang, too, sang in a deep, clear voice that at first made the children laugh and then silenced them. And when they came to "Three cheers for the red, white and blue," the chorus rang out with surprising vigor. "That's fine," said the little teacher

as the last note died away. At which the little ones suddenly clapped their hands and as suddenly

"I like this," said the tall stranger with a flash of white teeth beneath his tawny mustache. "It rouses the blood, it knocks off the years." He suddenly looked at the little teacher. "If you don't mind," he said "I'd like to sing the 'Star-Spangled Banner' for these little people. I don't claim to be a real singer, but I've sung it a great many times and in some queer places, and I fancy I know how it should be sung."

The little teacher flushed at his en-

"We will be glad to hear it," she said and turned to the children. "Children," she went on, "this gentleman will sing the 'Star-Spangled Banner' for us, and you must all keep very

There was no necessity for the adless as the tall man slowly and somewhat stiffly arose. He picked up a flag from the table and nodded to the

"I want you all to join in the chorus," he said, "because it is a chorus

will all begin it together. May they stand up?" he asked, with a quick turn toward the little teacher. But they were already on their feet.

Then he began. His voice was a strong baritone, a little rough in places, but that seemed to fit his rendition of the song. It is a man's song and he sang it like a man And the little ones stood with lips apart and drank in the grand old melody. And then when he raised his hand they roared forth the chorus with a surprising volume of sound. Even the little ones who didn't know the words added what they could to the din. And at the first word of the chorus the little teacher had suddenly arised and come to his side and added her pretty soprano to the patriotic whirlwind.

Then came the second verse and the chorus again, and the chorus had to be repeated, and then there were three cheers, and when the tall man finally sank back in his chair, there were still little ebullitions of sound from the enthusiastic boys.

When he looked over at the teacher she was wiping her eyes.

"That was splendid," she said. "You must pardon my enthusiasm," he remarked, "but you said discipline had been suspended. And besides it's Wahington's Birthday.

"I think you have added largely to our programme," said the little temher, "and I am sure we are properly grateful," and she made him a In the bow

There was the sound of scrambling feet overhead and the stranger look ed at the teacher inquiringly,

"I have started a kindergarten on the Loor above," she said, "and put one of the older girls in charge. We have only a half dozen little ones to begin with but the school will grow." "You seem to find plently to do," said the stranger

"Oh I'm only a promoter," she laughed, "not a real worker. As I told you I am taking the place of the regular teacher who is all I am visiting on the hell--at the Barnards."

"At the Barnards ?" he echoed, and then the ked homself "Well," he said "I'm to to usk you to grant no another favor. I wint to day of your will lot in-

Charles que expresente consider she and road We hangton whose birthday we are colet ating. You have heard him signature Son Springled Brinner.

helped to make I am sure we will all be greatly entertained. Now, be very quiet, so that every one can hear? There was a pretty flush on her cheeks as she bowed to the stranger

and sat down. "That is the nextes' introduction I have ever received," said the tall man across the table "I hope I can live up to it". Whereat the little teacher flushed again.

The tall man slowly stepped a little in front of the table

"Dear children," he said in his deep, strong voice, "I want to say very few words to you about this great man whose birthday we celebrate, and whose name is so dear to us. It is a name that is loved and honored all over the world And why? Because he was not only a great man but a good man as well-good in great things, good in little things. The name of Napoleon is not loved; the name of Alexander is not honored. They were great men, but they were not good. And let me tell you, children, that to be good in great things we must be good in little things. For the very finest courage of all is moral courage. Do you know what that is. It is the courage that filled the breast of little George Washington when he faced his angry father and told him that he

cut the cherry tree. "It was a finer courage, boys, than that which made him repulse cruel Indians when he went with Braddock, or that sustained him at Valley Forge, or that carried him victorious through all the dark hours of defeat and despair. It was moral courage that kept brave little Casabianca at his post when the flames roared about him and he would not go because his father had told him to stay. And what was harder than to plunge in o the flames and face the bullets? Men will do many daring things when they catch through many forms which bear, to the spirit of enthusiasm, the flag wav ing over them, and the music in their ears, and their comrades beside them. They will scale walls and swim rivers and rout the enemy with wild and reckless rushes. But after all, the best courage is moral courage. Think of this, boys, when you hear the name of Washington; think of this whenever you are tempted from the line of duty.'

He stopped abruptly and sat down as the boys cheered lustily. But the little teacher looked at him

with a slight shake of her head. "I can't agree with you there," she said. "I love splendid deeds." 'Yes," he murmured.

"I'm afraid you look at the subject from a civilian's point of view." "Perhaps," he said, and laughed. "I can't think of anything nobler

than battling beneath the dear old flag," she said "and carrying it formonition. They were all quite breath- ward in the cause of righteous prog-

> He smiled at her enthusiasm. "I think that you should have made the little address," he said. "But I will stick to my principles.

She looked at him reproachfully and that sounds better the more there are turned to the children. As she Medical News.

to sing it. When I raise my hand we glanced across the room she started. "What's that " she gasped. A puff of smoke had entered the

door. There was an ominous crackle from

the hall. "The house is on fire!" she cried and ran swiftly down the aisle. Then came a scene of wild confu-

sion. The children cried out in terror. The smoke increased. There was a red glare through the doorway. The man had stiffly arisen and started down the aisle.

"Steady, children!" he cried in sharp tones. "Go out quietly and quickly. The biggest boys will run for help." He was at the door. The stairs at the back of the long narrow hall were burning flercely.

The children rushed by him. The little teacher was nowhere in sight. She must have run up the

Then he was out on the porch, pulling fiercely at a long rail. The wood was rotten and his arms were strong. He drew the rail away. Then he stumbled to the side of the house, where there were two windows in the upper room, and raising the rail broke in the window, glass and sash A little smoke puffed out. Then the white face of the teacher appeared.

'Drop the little ones to me," he commanded and she turned away It was fiften feet or more to the window sill, but he caught the first child safely, and then the second and the third-and soon they were all

"Now for the teacher" he called as

he braced himself afresh. The girl that had charge of the little ones crawled through the opening | ure. and let herself drop. The tall man caught her lightly and swung her to the ground.

The smoke poured through the open window and a red flame roared above the roof. The old home was burning like timber "Our k" he cried.

The Little teached hesitated. Then she crawled across the sill and let herself bong for a moment

"Now" he cried and she let go He caught her is he bid coight the others, and staggered back with the grlin's sarms is he roof fell in and

against the fence and beamd down Very great gun " to shouted as he ran forward the Colonel Jack. And are you all site? Good You known Colon I Jack, Miss Burnham. He's come to visit us You've heard

leg in the Cuban campaign! "Hold on " cried the colonel That's quite enough. I'm glid to see you! Bernard- even if you do get around

when the excitement is all over " "Well" said the other man "It's a mighty lucky thing that there was a hero at hand when this happened."

'There was no hero at hand," cried the colonel. Somehow he had retained the girl's hand and now he looked down at her "But there was a heroine God bless her. A heroine who knew what to do and did it Take off your hat to her lim Bernard There'd route was only traveled by one coach, be wailing in Section Six to night if but on account of the large number of it hadn't been for this young woman's splendid nerve. She's a worthy daughter of the Father of His Country, for she has both kinds of courage"

And the girl's face flushed still deeper because she understood.— Cleveland Plain Dealer.

When Tennyson Became a Peer, The last time I saw Alfred Tennyson was, like the first, an imposing and unique occasion. That last time was on the day when Tennyson, just endowed with a peerage, was formally introduced to the House of Lords. I watched the ceremonial from the bar of the House of Lords, the place where members of the House of Commons are privileged to stand. The whole ceremonial is a severe trial for the nerves and the composure of even the most self-possessed and self-satisfied among newly created peers. The newcomer wears for the first time his robes of state and these robes make a garb in which it is hardly possible for any novice not to appear somewhat ridiculous. The new peer is formally conducted by two of his brother peers into the House of Lords. is presented with due ceremony to the Lord Chancellor and other leading members of the House, and has to make many genuflexions and go irreverent eyes, a suggestion of theatricality and masquerade Tennyson comported himself with modesty and digni y throughout the whole of this peculiar ordeal, and the general coling was that even if the performance had been carefully rehearsed. which we assume it certainly was not, Lord Tennyson could not more successfully have got through his part in the dramatic exhibition.—Justin Mc-

It is the universal testimony that clergymen reach the highest age, being close run by gardeners and vinedressers. Ordinary agricultural laborers, although their occupation is so largely in the open air, are not conspicuous as long-livers excep in France, Sweden and England. People working with wood are longer lived than those whose occupations are with metals and both attain a higher age than textile workers and workers in chemical industries. The shortestrangements have a beneficial effect.

Carthy, in Harper's Magazine.

Comparative Longevity.

MARK TWAIN A BAD BOY,

So His Mother Said, and She Ought

to Know. The mother of Samuel L. Clemens ("Mark Twain") spent the last days of her life in Keokuk, Iowa, at the home of another son, Orrin Clemens, and his wife. He lived in a plain, comfortable-looking house in one of the best residential sections of the city. Samuel's brother made no attempt at a literary career. He was a quiet country lawyer, highly respected in the community. He lived in Keokuk till his death, which occurred a number of years after that of his motner. Mrs. Clemens, the mother, was a very small woman.

At the time I knew her she was over seventy years of age, bright and active for her years, and a great talker. Samuel must have inherited his flow of language from her.

We were neighbors, and I loved to visit her and hear her talk in her quaint, old-fashioned way. She was very fond of talking about her brilliant and celebrated son, and relating stories of his early youth. The father of her boys had died when they were small, leaving her with but little of this world's goods, and she felt the responsibilty of their education keenly. Samuel was the most mischievous of all her children, and caused her great anxiety.

I used to say to her, "Now, Mrs. Clemens, please tell me about your son Samuel, when he was a boy," and she woud comply with evident pleas-

"Samuel was a very bad little boy, and gave me more troube than all the rest of the children. I had a hard time to keep him in school. He loved to play and have a good time, and would run away from his school. One day I tried to whip ham, but he ran around a tree I chased him round and round the tree with a stick in my hand, but coudn't catch him. He says he is going to pay me for all the trouble he caused me but I think it Wir. keep him pretty busy "

But he is good to you, 'I said "Oh ves, he is very good to me. He says that I shall have everything I

The moldent of her trying to make Samuel go to s hool and having him round the tree impered in the little mother's memory after many of the other events of her life hid faded away -lda Himmin in Saccess

A Nervy Hold-up.

Alexander Erickson was the braves man I ever saw. He was a small man. He arrested criminals and desperadoes without even a po ket knife in his hand. The consciousness of some one hurting him was entirely foreign to his nature. As an other he carried a pistol, not as an intimidator, but as an "executioner."

Within my time in Texas and I am not an old man either) two stage coaches containing about twenty three passengers were stopped and all the valuables of the passengers taken by one man. The robber made them all stand in a row and "hand over" The passengers an additional coach was put on that day. The robber stopped the first coach and made the passengers get out. When the passengers in the first coach were lined up the second coach made its appearance. He made them get out and then told them he didn't expect two coaches. That was nerve. A Jew insisting on retaining enough of his money to get his dinner. The robber took all and then gave him back 50 cents, and the Jew got into an argument with him as to the amount being sufficient to get a meal. That was cheek The robber went off with all the money of the twenty-three passengers, and yet there were many brave men in that caravan, but discretion was the better part of valor. The robber had two pistols out and ready. A shot from one of the twenty-three would have caused the robber to shoot, and several would have been killed. That's the way they looked at it. A Thompson, Erickson or Woodlief would not have hesitated. Discretion was the last thing any of them would have thought of. It never would have occurred to them that somebody was going to be hurt.--Correspondence in Forest and Stream.

The Story of Toledo Cathedral.

The Cathedral of Toledo, about which so much alarm is felt just now. is perhaps the finest architectural glory that Spain can boast. The site was occupied by at least three churches before the erection of the present building, the first one, according to popular legend, having been erected during the lifetime of the Virgin Mary and visited by her. Of this church we know nothing; the second was pulled down in 1032. The third was finished in 1085, and was occupied by the Moors for many years as a mosque. Afterwards it was the Cathedral of Spain, until in the early part of the thirteenth century Alfonso IX. had it pulled down and the present one erected in its stead. It is 404 feet long and 204 feet wide, is built from material quarried in the neighborhood, and is of the purest Gothic. It was assigned by Pedro Perez Diaz, who supervised its erection for nearly fifty years and conselived people are miners, except in crated his life to it. During the five England, where the superior mining centuries after his death more than regulations and admirable sanitary ar- 150 architects were employed upon it. and for 266 years the work was uninterrupted.—St. James's Gazette.