*********************** CERTAIN

CROUP CURE NO OPIUM.

Guaranteed to CURE or Money Refunded.

→ We * Are * Now · *

DOING *BUSINESS*

IN OUR

STORE--NEW

SOUTH MAIN ST. Grand Opening About April 1st.

Campbell & Templeton.

FURNITURE → QUEENSWARE.

SPRING FOR EVERYBODY.

the latest shades in tan goat and Russia calf, newest tips and styles of lasts. We show everything in the line. Footwear worth the having-but no trash.

LADIES' FINE SHOES.

Never have shown to our customers so many new and beautiful styles as we are showing this spring, we are drawing customers every day by the power of low prices backed with good quality. There is nothing in a low price unless the quality is back of it.

LADIES' FINE SHOES.

All the styles worth having have found there way to our house Ladies' fine shoes from 85 cts. to \$4.50. Don't forget to see our shoes at \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.40, \$1.50 and \$2.00, tip or plain toe, common sense opera or Phil's. last.

are showing a beautiful line in tan goat and Russia calf, heel and They combine beauty, service and low prices. Misses' shoes at 80 Fine dongola patent tip spring heel, 12-2 only \$1 00. Misses' and a oxfords all colors. Infants soft sole shoes in colors. Children's

New attractions in high grade goods of the latest make, sound in quality, they are straight square bargains every one of them, and at a close price. Men's brogans only 70 cts. and \$1.00 Men's fine shoes with tip at \$1.00 and \$1.25 Men's fine shoes extra nice at only \$1.50. Men's fine shoes genuine calf fine only \$2.00. In lace and congress tip or plain, then our tan bluchers and patent calf are beauties, goodyear welts and hand sewed in calf and cordovan at \$2.50 and up.

IN BOY'S AND YOUTH'S SHOES

We lead as usual in style, quality and low prices. Boy's fine button or lace at \$1 00 and \$1.25, sizes 3 to 5½. Youth's fine shoes at 75 and \$100.

Full line Men's box toe heavy shoes in grain and kip at \$2 00. Kip box toe boots, three soles, long leg, at \$3.00 and 350 Repairing all kinds done at reasonable prices. Came and see for yourself.

B. C. HUSELTON.

W. G. DOUTHETT.

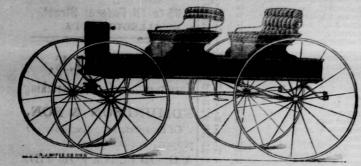
DOUTHETT*&*GRAHAM'S CLOTHING

Gent's Furnishing

-WILL OPEN APRIL 1st,-Corner of Main and Cunningham Sts..

REIBER BUILDING.

Latest Styles, and all New Goods. The Racket Store, leady some bidebirds and a robin or two were comparing musical notes in the tree-tops, as they discussed the shortest passages from the couth, or began laying their plans for spring



WE ARE STILL ON DECK. We have better facilities, larger stock and lower prices than ever before. We broke the back bone of high prices in Butler county several years ago, and have been ng it ever since. The result has been satisfactory to us, although t took lots of nerve and hard work, but the people are with us and by their support financially, and good words spoken, we have kept nfully on in the same way we started out, having for our motto-"Never misrepresent nor try to get rich off one customer;" so that to-day everbody is our friend and customer. One purchase here

means a customer for life.

‡ ‡ ‡

If you have not been here lately you should come and see us

Top Buggies, only Buggy Whips, only Harness Oil, per gallon Sweat Pads, (collar) Singletrees, only Team Collars, only ggy Collars, only

- \$45.00 And everything belonging to a Spring Wagons, only - 35.00 driving or team outfit at correspondingly low prices. No 30.00 pondingly low prices. No 4.25 difference what you want to Leather Work Harness, only 18.00 use about a horse or team come 10 here for it. We have even reduc-50 ed the price of Kramer wagons 35 We also have now a lot of the 25 very finest buggies, wagons and harness made in the world, 75 which we sell at prices others

10 charge you for common work. S. B. Martincourt & Co.,



I could hear of but continued to have boils.

Added to all this Eczel
tormented me night and day.

BLANKETS.

short notice.

CURES was discuraged. At last RILLA, commenced using it, and the third bottle completely CURED me.

HARNESS.

And everything in

horse and buggy fur-

nishing goods-Harness, Collars, Whips.

The largest assort-

ment of 5-A Horse

DURE DAUGS AT LOW

as we use nothing but strictly Pure Drugs in our Prescription Depart.

thing in the drug line from us Our store is also headquarters fo

Kalsomine, Alabastine &c.

J. C. REDICK,

Main St., next to Hotel Lowry

BUTLER, PA.

Here We Are Right To The

Front With Spot Cash Prices.

We have some overcoats left an

have made prices on them that

will move them soon. We

do not wish to carry over a garment of heavy goods and if

low prices will'
clear them out we
shall do it, so before
buying clothing or furnishings

for men or boys inspect the goods and rock bottom spot cash prices a

L. C. WICK

DEALER IN

Rough and Worked Lumber

OF ALL KINDS Doors, Sash, Blinds, Mouldings, Shingles and Lath

Always in Stock.

LIME, HAIR AND PLASTER

Office opposite P. & W. Depot,

SEE These Prices on EYERGREENS.

Varieties, 7,000,000 for saic POREST TREES 100,000 White Cottonwoo, Yellow Cottonwood, 12 to 24 inch, \$50. 109,6 Sugar Maple, 4 to 8 inch, \$53. 100,000 Elm, 4 6 inch, \$75. We sold 8,000,600 fm 1892. We musell twice as many the

EVERGREEN NURSERIES,

WANTED.

Agents to sell our choice and Hard Nursery Stock. We have many special varieties, both in fruits and ornamentals t

MAY BROTHERS, Nurserymen, Rochester, N. Y.

Evergreen, Wis.

Get our prices before you buy

to say the least. He slapped Captain Flagg familiarly on the shoulder, sa-luted the grinning George Washington in a most hilarious manner, and, rushing frantically aft, seized upon Bounce with a shout of jubilation.
"I say, Polly," he exclaimed, "what BOILS, CARBUNCLES a jolly little dog-only you orter have him muzzled-he looks savage!" "There's some boys I know that wouldn't be worse if they were muz-zled," gravely observed Captain Flagg —rescuing Bounce from the hands of

his nephew, who was preparing to stand the small dog on his hind legsthough he tempered the severity of this hint by a slight internal chuckle, and a wink of intense meaning.
"No! is that so, Uncle Jeth?" returned Joe, regarding Tad with a look of seeming apprehension. "He don't seem like one of that kind," added the youthful speaker, with affected inno-

Adventures of Tad;

HAPS AND MISHAPS OF A LOST SACHEL.

A Story for Young and Old.

BY FRANK H. CONVERS

was a youth of considerable vivacity

nce, as Captain Flagg turned away to hide a smile. "Oh, Joe Whitney, you're just as bad as ever," Polly exclaimed, despairingly; and then, remembering that the polite usages of society called for a formal introduction, she added: FRANK KEMPER,

formal introduction, she added:

"Joe, this is Tad Thorne—I hope
you'll be ever so good friends."

"How are you, Tad?" said Joe, with
a shy twinkle in his eye.

"How are you Joe?" awkwardly returned Tad, who didn't very well know
what else to say, and, on the whole,
yother fanywing the easy off-hond many rather fancying the easy, off-hand man-ner of Polly's cousin. But, then, every body liked Joe, as a general thing— even those Bixport people who insisted that if he was Deacon Whitney's son, he was the worst boy in the place.

Yet Joe's badness was nothing so very bad, after all. He was only one of those restless, fun-loving boys, who Dusters, Saddles, etc. Also trunks and vaare never so well content as when they are in mischief; and neither the protestations of his mother, nor the occa-Repairing done on sional thrashings administered by the

good deacon, had any thing more than a merely temporary effect. "Did you come from Boston?" asked Joe, as Tad, with a home-sick feeling under his jacket, watched Polly and her father getting ready to leave the vessel, blankets in town will be found at Kemper's. for, of course, he expected to have to stay on board until some different arrangement was made for him. "No, from Philadelphia," returned

Tad, and Joe began to regard him with a sort of respect; for Philadelphia, in the eyes of Bixport people, was one of the most wonderful cities in the whole If you are sick and need medicine you want the BEST. This you can

"Come on, Tad; we're all ready," called Polly, and I can assure you that running below after the little hand-sachel, which he determined not to let out of his possession, and returning to PAINTS OILS, VARNISHES,

"Isn't it nice that you're going home with us?" said Polly, as the little party of three walked up the wharf, leaving

Joe swarming up the "Mary J.'s" rigging, three ratlines at a step.

Tad thought it was decidedly nice, and his smiling face expressed more than his brief words as, dropping behind Policy and the state of the state Paints, and see what we have to offer. We can save you dollars on

hind Polly and her father, he followed them at a respectful distance. "This is Main street," explained Polly, turning a beaming face upon him, as, leaving the wharf, they

tered the village itself.
"Oh!" said Tad, filled with amazement, and thinking how funny it all was—the narrow plank walk, the grass growing green by the wayside, with cows—real live cows!—feeding on it!
Tad caught himself wondering what a country cow would do in a Philadelphia street—say Broad street, for example! And then, too, every thing was so quiet. Occasionally a farm-wagon rolled leisurely by, or an oxcart, with a brown-faced man, in shirtsleeves, sitting sideways on the carttongue, joited slowly along. Tad, who had never seen any oxen before, re-garded them as a probable new and su-

At little intervals along the street, great elm and maple trees were growing—trees whose shade in summer nearly hid the quaint old houses behind them from view. Just now their branches were bare, but the warm April sun which shone down through them suggested that soon they would begin to three out shoot and bud. Alteady some binebirds and a robin or

housekeeping.

A little further on stood the one 120 S. Main St., :-: Butler, Pa store and post-office combined, then came the town pump, the school-house, a small church with a square fower like a sentry-box, and then-

"Our house," rapturously cried Polly, and, dropping Bounce, who wad-dled along after her as fast as his short legs would carry him, she darted through an open gateway and up a trim gravel walk, and was directly afterward infolded in the motherly arms of Mrs. Flagg, who was short and stout like her husband, and beamed so genially upon Tad, through a pair of brass-bowed spectacles, a moment or two later, that his heart warmed

toward her at once. story building with what the Bixport story building with what the Bixport people call a "gambril roof," making it seem to an imaginative person as though it were shrugging its shoulders with its hands in its pockets. The windows were small, with tiny panes of glass, and the front door, painted a lively pea-green, had a wonderfully bright brass knocker in the center of the unper panel. There was a weather. the upper panel. There was a weatherbeaten barn at the rear, from whose open doors issued flocks of noisy hens, while a number of doves "courooed" on the roofs in the sunshine; the little door-yard was overgrown with syringa and lilac bushes, and the two or three dilapidated flower-bods were bordered

with large clam-shells.

Tad had a good chance to notice all this, because the Flaggs were some little time in getting into the house, as at every few steps Mrs. Flagg had to stop and speak of some bit of news, parenthesizing the same by giving Polly a hug.

the body of a very beauting—one of the passengers on board the ill-fated steamer "Pomerania" which went ashore near the mouth of Bixport river, in the great gale of February 24, 1862.

Seventy-one souls were lost.

hug.
Polly had certain Bostonian experi-

the stone-isn't it beautiful!" softly said

But finally they all got into the din-ing-room, where Ted scated himself in a very uncompromising chair made to

"Wait! I am going to tell you all

threshold, the whereabouts of the "Mary J." when it came on to blow

BUTLER, PA., FRIDAY, MARCH 31, 1893.

Joe was the first to spring on board; and it was evident that Joe Whitney inside of the little house was as delightfully quaint as its exterior. In the first choes that one hears in a sea-shell.

"It was in the great gale of '62, where the content of the little house was as delightfully quaint as its exterior." place, an oak wainscoting ran around the walls nearly as high as Tad's shoulder. All the furniture was black with age, and of the severest hair-cloth and mahogany order, for, like the house, it had been in being considerably over a century. In the corner stood a tall, pale-faced clock, that had monotonous ly ticked away a hundred and ten years, second by second. On the mantle were some sea-shells, a pair of china vases, and a small wooden ship, whittled out by Enbraim K Small, And henceth the by Ephraim K. Small. And beneath the mantle was a large open fire-place, where the fire itself leaped up incessantly and rubbed its glowing hands together, with warm smiles that were reflected in the polished faces of the brass-headed andirons. Just such a fire as one likes to sit in front of when it is snowing and sleeting and blowing out-of-doors, and listen to tales of ship-

frightened at his boldness, drew it has tilly away, and after a little she went on:

"The men pulled four into the boat, and new gingerbread, with pie and doughnuts besides, what else can be expected?

frightened at his boldness, drew it has tilly away, and after a little she went on:

"The men pulled four into the boat, then," said Polly, in a hushed awe struck voice, "a lady—a beautiful lady with a little halv in her arms was a little she will have a little she went on:

"I'd like you to go with me ever so much," warmly replied Tad. He did not rely much upon Joe's verbal recommendation, but he had a sort of feeling that the morning and speak a good word for you, ch?"

"I'd like you to go with me ever so much," warmly replied Tad. He did not rely much upon Joe's verbal recommendation, but he had a sort of feeling that the morning and speak a good word for you, ch?"

work of some kind in the country.

"Why," exclaimed Mrs. Flagg, with enthusiasm in her voice and a dish-towel in her hand, "now if that don't seem aged to somehow, though, and the crew had hard get ashore. They managed to somehow, though, and the crew had hard get ashore. in her hand, "now if that don't seem providential like; Miss Smith ran up to bring some yeast this morning, and she was in a peck of trouble. Dan Crosby—you remember Dan—he wanted to go off to sea with you las' sum-

The Captain intimated by a grunt that he recollected the youth very well. "Well, Dan had been working there for a year," the good lady went on, "and Miss Smith said she'd noticed he was getting dretful sort of uppish lately, and because she gave him a talking to for smoking sweet-fern cigars in bed, he told her he wasn't going to be ordered round by no woman, if he knowed hisself, so he up and left, and she paying of him two dollars a week and board!"

talking to," remarked Captain Flagg,
emphatically, as he knocked the ashes
from his pipe and rose to his feet. "I

drawn by three horses, was rumbling along in the direction of the one hotel locally called a "tahvern," which boasted of a room where General Lafayette had slept. Thrice a week this antiquated vehicle made the journey between Bixport and Middleboro—a flourishing inland town, twenty miles distant—with the mails and an occa-sional venturesome passenger. Farther down, at the end of the thoroughfare, the masts of the "Mary J." outlined themselves against the sky, and a glimpse of Bixport river, on its way to

the ocean, could be seen.
"I'spose you've lived here ever since you were born," continued Tad, a lit-tle wistfully. To have been reared in a peaceful home like this, with the loving care of parents continually about one, seemed to homeless, orphaned Tad the very highest happiness earth could afford. Polly opened her eyes very wide in-

deed.
"Why-don't you know? How fun-

ny!" she exclaimed, turning a wonder-ing face toward her companion. As Tap hadn't the slightest conception of her meaning, he shook his head

"Of course, you don't, though," said Polly, recollecting herself. "Come with me." she said, soberly, touching Tad on the arm; and, curious to know her meaning, he followed Polly through the gate, and across the street to what was locally known as the "meetin'-house lot." Behind the little old weather-beaten wooden church, on either side of which stood a row of solemn-looking peplars, was the village burying-ground, into which, to Tad's great wonderment, Polly silently led

A short distance from the entrance, a flat, moss-grown tombstone was raised upon two slight brick elevations legible letters, were the words:

DEBORAH SAYLES. AGED 22. Killed by ye Indians. Sitting down on the old stone as or

beside her. Just in front of them stood a plain white marble slab. 'Read it," briefly said Polly, in a very low tone, as she pointed to the in-

by the solemn stillness, only broken by the breathing of the soft south wind through the leafless branches overhead. Tad read, in a subdued voice:

" 'Floating hair all tangled and torn

ences to narrate—particularly the one
where Tad and Bounce were prominent,
and even Captain Flagg himself tarried
on the doorstep a moment, to illustrate, by penciled diagram on the
trate, by penciled diagram on the

"Mr. Allen, our minister, took that verse from a paper, and had it cut on

heavy from the west'ard the first night | Polly "Yes, indeed," returned Tad, consid-

ing-room, where Ted scated himself in a very uncompromising chair made to fit into a corner, and sitting on the extreme verge thereof, with his cap held in both hands resting on his knees, glanced interestedly about him, while the tongues of the others wagged unflaggingly—if I may be allowed the extraction of the work of the wor ression.

He soon made up his mind that the ing soft and low, like the imprisoned of the ocean came to their ears, sound-

"It was in the great gale of '62, when place, an oak wainscoting ran around fifteen vessels and a hundred and something awful. But there was a whaleboat that belonged to George poor people were in the water crying,

out-of-doors, and listen to tales of ship-wrecks and storms at sea.

The talk went on interruptedly till dinner-time, and then came a meal, to which Tad did more than ample justice. He said afterward that he was ashamed own rough one in mute sympathy, but, frightened at his boldness, drew it

expected?

After dinner Polly took Tad out to make the acquaintance of the pig and hens, while Mrs. Flagg cleared up the dishes, during which operation Captain
Flagg, between the whiffs of his pipe,
told her Tad's simple story, and mentioned the boy's expressed desire to get tinued Polly, steadying her voice with

the saved people were sent up to Bixport. Captain Flagg took



from his pipe and rose to his feet. "I guess, Mary Jane," he continued, reaching for his hat, "I'll jest drift down to Miss Smith's and see how the land lays—oif she ain't shipped any one, that's the very place for Tad." With which remark the Captain rolled out of the door and down the street on his benevolent errand, while Mrs. Flagg, having finished clearing away the dinner things, took up her knitting for the rest of the afternoon.

Meanwhile, Tad and Polly were wandering about the premises, followed by Bounce, who, being a city-reared puppy, seemed to find every thing as delightfully novel and strange as did Tad himself.

"I never thought the country was so

they rested on the grassy mound at her feet. But soon the practical side of the gate. her nature asserted itself.
"Come, Tad," she said, rising to her feet, "it's getting presty near supper-time, and I must help Mother Flagg—

she's got doughnuts to fry." So the two made their way out of the old at the same time as Captain Flagg, who, with a radiant face, was just returning from his interview with Miss Smith.

"You're to go over there in the morning, Tad," said the Captain, after disclosing to him the nature of his er disclosing to him the nature of his ered hills. All round were fertile the maiden

own errand to the house of the maiden lady in question, "and if she likes the cut of your jib she'll hire you on trial for a spell, at two dollars a week and board—what do you say to that?"

You so bad," patronizingly assented his companion. And as they crossed board—what do you say to that?"

For a moment or two Tad could say nothing whatever; the prospect of earning such a sum at the very onset, fairly took away his heach.

"it's only because that I'm so glad and so—so—every thing," said Tad, unable to frame his gratitude, "that I can't say what I want to."

on the topmost round of Miss Smith's affections; and little more was said, as they had now arrived at their new

what I want to."

The Captain, who saw his mistake, was instantly appeased. He patted Tad on the shoulder in the most friendly manner imaginable, and after clearing his throat told him in a low tone that Solomon hit the nail square on the head when he said that there's a Providence that shapes our ends, refuse them as much as we've a mind to, and then, remembering that the small sachel was still in Tad's possession, he got together his writing materials, and, with the his writing materials, and, with the help of the "Business Man's Assistant" and "Every Man His Own Lawyer," drew up the following notice for publi-

reading this notification, or as soon thereafterward as may be possible, communicate by letter with the subscriber, describing said bag, together with such other information as shall
satisfy the subscriber aforesaid that said respondent is the true and lawful owner thereof,
the hand-bag before mentioned will be duly returned on the payment of the sum of five doilars, to cover expenses of advertising, etc.

(Signed) "CAPTAIN JETHRO FLAGG,
"Residence, Bixport, State of Maine."
Having finished this rather remarkable production, Captain Flagg read it
aloud for the edification of Tad and
Joe Whitney, who had just returned

to be set on a pedestal as a model for the rest of your sex."

Thus spoke a man of whom a little blonde creature had borrowed a Faber No. 2, says the Philadelphia Times.
"Well," she laughed, "I don't know whether I would have been any more thoughtful than the rest of womankind the same than the sa

"Ah! that accounts for it, then, for I thought there must be some good reason for that unusual honesty." went on

from the kitchen.

"Tain't the way I'd put it, Uncle Jeth," remarked the irrepressible Joe, with his mouth full of doughnut and a suspicious bunchiness about his pockets, as Captain Flagg laid down the paper with a look of conscious pride. "I'd just say. Found in Broad Street station, Philadelphia, on such such a sight a hand-bag. Prove

property for all mankind, but masculine rapacity stops right there. Not so with the members of the fair sex.

"They look on everything as borrowable, which is synonymous for possessable. They don't think it wrong to appropriate others' property so long as they have prefaced its transference by the politic: 'May I borrow?' Books go for a day and remain for a lifetime. Money is never once mentioned after the primary transaction, and the small things of life, such as seissors, pens and pencils, are gobbled up with an unconscious naivete that staggers the lender. If a return is even hinted at one would suppose mortal offense has been given, and the only way to keep in your possession anything you really value is to great the race ever run in this country—was, according to a St. Long. Property and pay charges. Address Captain Jethro Flagg, Bixport, "Mebbe you would, Joseph," he said, with some severity, "mebbe you liberty of doin' this my own way."
"All right, Uncle Jeth," returned the unabashed youth, "if you don't mind, I don't, I'm sure. Say, Tad," he remarked, briskly, turning to the secretly amused youth, "how'd you session anything you really value is to swear you haven't such a thing when the dulcet: 'May I borrow, just for a like me to go over to Miss Smith's in the morning and speak a good word

ilke me to go over to Miss Smith's are the morning and speak a good word for you, ch?"

"I'd like you to go with me ever so much," warmly replied Tad. He did not rely much upon Joe's verbal recommendation, but he had a sort of feeling that the moral support of his presence would be a great deal.

"I'll call for you right after break fast," briefly returned Joe, with a twing kle in the eye, that, had Polly been present, she would have understood at once to mean mischief. But she was helping Mrs. Flagg with supper preparations, and the Captain was busy sending off the copies of his notice to a couple of city papers, so Tad had no was helping Mrs. Flagg with supper preparations, and the Captain was busy sending off the copies of his notice to a comple of city papers, so Tad had no was helping Mrs. Flagg with supper preparations, and the Captain was busy for over six hundred miles tinedning its southern extension), a chocolate paraticle, jokes. And all the way home your proposed for conscience, by representing to himself that it was "only a little fun, anyway," an excuse which I fancy has been common to mischierous youth from the fabled stoning of the frogg down to the present day.

Miss Smith was "shooing" some hens out of her yard as Joe came by the house, and he at once volunteered his services with marked success. Sending the hast hen shricking across the street with a stick following closely at her tail-feathers, Joe closed the gate carefully.

"Oh, I say, Miss Smith," he remarked in the marked as he was turning away," "I marked as he was turning away," "I marked he was turning and was turning and the copies of his house, and he at once volunteered his services with marked success. Sending those was turning as to Joe and the present day.

Miss Smith was "shooing" some hens out of her yard as Joe came by the house, and he at once volunteered his services with marked success. Sending th

her tail-feathers, Joe closed the gate carefully.

"Oh, I say, Miss Smith," he remarked, as he was turning away, "I told Tad—the boy that Uncle Jeth brought home this trip—that I'd come over with him in the morning—he's sort of bashful with strangers."

"Nobody'd accuse you of any thing of the kind, Joe Whitney," was Miss Smith's uncompromising answer. She was tall, thin, angular and forty, with a good heart, but rather uncertain temper. And Joe was not a prime favorite with Miss Smith, by reason of his rather peculiar tendencies to mischief.

barren circle-like "bedding grounds," each a record that a great herd had there spent a night.

The weight of an empire passed over the trail, leaving its mark for decades to come. The traveler of to-day sees the wide, trough-like course, with ridges being washed down by the rains and with fences and farms of the wild and arduous life of which it was the exponent. It was a life now outgrown and which will never again be possible.

THE MIODLE CAR IS SAFEST.

How a Commercial Traveller Secures a Mistrum of Risk.

circumstances ride in the rear car. I avoid the car next to the baggage car, though this is selected by many as the safest. The greatest danger at present in railroad traveling is telescoping. When a man has been in a wreek and offerward core, the engine of the colthe gate.

"Remember, now! no tricks—Joe," called out Polly, warningly; "good luck to you Tad," and she waved her hand encouragingly, as the latter turned with a very full heart, to look back at the old home whose occupants had given him so friendly a reception.

"Oh, isn't this nice!" said Tad, enthusiastically, as he drew in a great breath of the sweet, pure air, and looked at the quiet beauty of the landscape about him. Behind the village rose a range of spruce and pine covered hills. All round were fertile farms, and, in the eyes of the city-bred boy, Bixport and its surroundings seemed a sort of miniature Paradise.

"Not so bad," patronizingly assent-

BRIDAL BLUSHES.

Not Always Caused by the Emotions of

"Not so bad," patronizingly assented board—what do you say to that?"

For a moment or two Tad could say nothing what every the propect of carrying such a sum at the very onset, fairly took away his breath. More damand the period of the propect of carrying such a sum at the very onset, fairly took away his breath. More damand took away his breath where the properties and took away his breath where the properties and the period of the properties. More deep narrow stream, Joe stopped and peeped scrutinizingly over the rail, at the door was not the operation of the properties and a spallie opinion annelment of the dark current below.

"I guess the water's warm enough to the dark current below.

"I guess the water's warm enough to the dark current below.

"I guess the water's warm enough to the dark current below.

"I guess the water's warm enough to the dark current below.

"I guess the water's warm enough to the dark current below.

"I guess the water's warm enough to the dark current below.

"I guess the water's warm enough to the dark current below.

"I guess the water's warm enough to the dark current below.

"I guess the water's warm enough to try the trout—to-morron's Saturday, and if Miss Smith'll let you of in the afternoon—if she hires you was in the very day, and if Miss Smith's of the carrying the dark current below.

Say: What would any boy say to such proposition—particularly a boy who had now the carrying the dark current below.

"By too good to bear, when the support of the church away in the weeking and a spalling the dark current below.

"By too good to bear and a spall and never before been outside city walls," By too good to be an antiqual to the church away in the warm house a such as the continued of the church away in the weeking and the proposition—particularly as boy who had now the could frame a reply. The spacker was not there was not the could frame a reply. The spacker was not the propos

A Growing Pleasure.

He—Aren't you pleased with the way
my mustache is growing?

She—Yes, indeed! I'm more tickled
with it every time you call.—Brooklyn

"Why was the match spoiled?"
"The old man threw cold water on it.

That would spoil any match."—Har-per's Bazar.

Not Entirely Hopelets. "By Jove, Mabel! I sometimes think you only married me for my money." "Those lucid intervals are encourag-

a small yard in front, where, as the two boys entered the gate, Miss Smith

herself was raking away the dead leaves from a bed of upspringing cro-

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Alphabet of Love.

George—Have I come too early, dear?

Laura—No, George. We have just had tea, and u always ought to come right after t.—Chicago Tribune.

Chicago Will Be Safe.

New Yorker—Just think of Chicago criminal record. How could people as tend a world's fair in Chicago without running the risk of being robbed and murdered?

ranning the risk of being contentially;
Chicago Man (confidentially)
there won't be any at all them,
particle. Just as quick as the faire
all the robbers will stop burglar
and go to keeping hotels.—Texas
ings.