## SPRING FOR EVERYBODY.

YOUR FEET CAN BE FITTED WITH HUSELTON'S SHOES.

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' five 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'a. last.

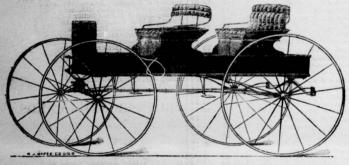
MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S FINE SHOES. We are showing a beautiful line in tan goat and Russia calf, heel and spring They combine beauty, service and low prices Misses' shoes at 80 cts. up Fine dongola patent tip spring heel, 12-2 only \$1 00 Misses' and children's oxfords all colors. Infants soft sole shoes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

MEN'S FINE SHOES.

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 at usual in style, quality and low prices Boy's fine button or lace at \$1 00 and \$1 25, sizes 3 to  $5\frac{1}{2}$ . 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 3.50. Repairing all kinds done at reasonable prices. Came and see for yourself.

B. C. HUSELTON.



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 ding it ever since. The result has been satisfactory to us, although it 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 anfully 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 Spring Wagons, only Buck Wagons, only 30.00 Buggy Harness, only Buggy Whips, only arness Oil, per gallon Sweat Pads, (collar) Singletrees, only Team Collars, only Buggy Collars, only

- \$45.00 And everything belonging to a 35.00 driving or team outfit at correspondingly 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 We also have now a lot of the 25 very finest buggies, wagons and harness made in the world, which we sell at prices others 10 charge you for common work.

S. B. Martincourt & Co.,

128 East Jefferson Street,

### Grand\*Opening **FURNITURE**

### Here We Are Right To The Tuesday, April 4, 1893.

We have one the finest buildings and the most complete stocks in the state. All are invited to call on the above day and see our display.

# Campbell & Templeton,

BUTLER, PA.

The new store of Douthett & Graham will be open for business We will open with an entirely new stock of clothing for men,

You are respectfully invited to call and examine our goods if we cannot then interest you, as to quality, make and price, Call and see us whether you wish to buy or not. No trouble

to show goods.

Remember every article in the store brand new. You will have no old chestnuts to look at.

DOUTHETT & GRAHAM, A. & H. Reiber Building Cor Main and Cunningham Sts., Butler, Pa.





EVERGREEN NURSERIES,

#### Adventures of Tad; THAT CURES

HAPS AND MISHAPS OF A LOST SACHEL. A Story for Young and Old.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE, AUTHOR OF "PEPPER ADAMS," "BLOWN OUT

TO SEA," "PAUL GRAFTON," ETC. Copyrighted, 1896, by D. Lothrop & Co., and

are meir approach Miss Smith threw r sun-bonnet back, and, straightenng up the rake-handle, stood stiffly erect, clasping it between her gloved hands—something like the manner of tive duty—as she stared very hard at Tad, whose heart was beating furiously "So this is the boy," she said, in an ncompromising sort of voice—her remark seemingly addressed to herself-

Dyspensia for 20 Years

TRIED EVERYTHING.

Yet 2 bottles wrought

A CURE. O FICTION, BUT TRUTH.

DANA'S

DANA'S LIVER AND KIDNEY PILLS are worth their weight in Gold. They are D. D. S. — DAÑA'S DISEASE DESTROYERS. Try a bottle at our risk. Dana Sarsaparilla Co., Belfast, Maine.

FRANK KEMPER.

BLANKETS,

short notice.

thing in the drug line from us.

Get our prices before you buy

offer. We can save you dollars o

J. C. REDICK,

Main St., next to Hotel Lowry

BUTLER, PA.

Front With Spot Cash Prices.

We have some overcoats left and have made prices on them that

over a garment of

heavy goods and if

low prices will

clear them out we

shall do it, so before

buying clothing or furnishings

The Racket Store,

190 S. Main St., :-: Butler, Pa.

L.C. WICK

Doors, Sash, Blinds, Mouldings,

Shingles and Lath

Always in Stock.;

LIME, HAIR AND PLASTER

and Worked Lumber

your paint bill.

SARSAPARILLA

This was by no means encouraging, and Tad's hopes went down below zero with considerable rapidity. Joe stood a little at one side, with a shadowy look of expectancy on his freekled face.

"How old are you, Tad?" suddenly shrieked Miss Smith, with such unexpected energy that mechanically Tad clapped his hands to his ears.
"Fourteen—in my fifteential

"Fourteen—in my fifteenth year!" shouted Tad, whose face became quite crimson through the exertion. So did Joe's, but from a different cause.



"FOURTEEN, IN MY FIFTEENTH," SHOUT-Miss Smith started back involuntari-

HARNESS. "Why don't you speak a little louder!" And everything in she added, in a sarcastic sort of roar.
"I said fourteen, marm—in my fifhorse and buggy furteenth year!" Tad yelled, with the full nishing goods-Har. power of his lungs; for, unfortunately, he took her ironical suggestion in perness, Collars, Whips. fect good-faith. Dusters, Saddles, etc.

Miss Smith dropped the rake-handle, and sat down on the piazza steps. Joe, whoes face was of a lively purple Also trunks and vawhich extended to his ear-tips, began

to edge toward the gate.
"You won't do, boy," screamed Miss Repairing done on Smith, so shrilly that John Doty, who was plowing in an adjoining field, stopped his oxen and looked wonder-The largest assort ment of 5-A Horse ingly across at the "old Smith place," blankets in town will as it was locally called, while Samantha Nason, Miss Smith's "hired be found at Kemper's. help," rushed bare-armed from the kitchen, with a vague impression that Miss Smith was in hysterics. DURE DRUGS AT LOW

"I can't hire any one as deaf as you are, and run the risk of breaking a PRICES is the motto at our blood-vessel hollering to you," continued Miss Smith in the same high If you are sick and need medicine you want the REST. This you can always depend upon getting from us, as we use nothing but strictly Pure Drugs in our Prescription Depart-through my head like a knife—yah-la-h." with which concluding ejaculation Miss Smith put her hands to the sides of her pasteboard sun-bonnet and shuddered. "Why, I ain't deaf, marm!" ment. You can get the best of every-Our store is also headquarters for

PAINTS OILS, VARNISHES,
Kalsomine, Alabastine &c.

shuddered. "Why, I am't deal, marm!" wonderingly exclaimed Tad, dropping wonderingly exclaimed tad, dropping wonderingly exclaimed tad, or proposed and I wouldn't have spoke so loud only Joe said you was hard of hearing, an' if he was me he'd speak up good and loud."

why, I am't deal, marm!" wonderingly exclaimed Tad, dropping wondering wonde Joe could stand it no longer. With an explosive yell of laughter he dodged through the gate, and, dropping in the green sward, at a safe distance, doubled himself up in an eestasy of unseemly mirth. "Joe Whitney!" gasped Miss Smith, starting to her feet and shaking her

finger threatening in the direction of the prostrate practical joker, as the truth of the matter flashed across mind, "you see if your father don't But her indignation was always

short lived, and gradually a grim smile softened the hard lines of her face, though the overshadowing head-gear hid it from Tad's anxious gaze. "And so you want a place, ch?" she said, abruptly, but not unkindly, as she turned her sharp gray eyes full

upon Tad, who was looking reproachfully at Joe as, having risen, he autiously advanced within earshot. "If you please, marm," was the respectful answer, and Tad looked pleadingly up at the maiden lady as he spoke. Something in his thin, pale face moved Miss Smith's heart curi-

The boys who had worked for her for men or boys inspect the goods and rock bottom spot cash prices at way as much time as they possibly "He's got a look I kind of like,

hough he is a pindling sort of a boy," thought Miss Smith, rubbing her no "Don't you dare enter that gate

Joseph Whitney!" she exclaimed, with sudden energy, as Joe, with traces of his recent mirth on his features, edged himself along the front fence. "No, marm," responded Joe, in voice suggestive of the deepest contrition. Affecting to be overcome with remorseful sorrow, he appled a small red-boardered cotton handkerchief to

his eyes, and sobbed hysterically, after

which, twisting it between his fingers, he feigned to wring tears of bitter grief from its folds. Turning her back upon the arch dis sembler, Miss Smith proceeded to put Tad through a rapid course of questioning. Did he smoke or swear? Had he been vaccinated? Were his father and

mother living? Had he been to school? What church did he attend?—and a few other queries, of similar import. On all points except that of church SEE These Prices on EVERGREENS. going Tad's answers were very satisfactory; and Miss Smith graciously admitted that his lack of clothes was olerably reasonable excuse for his de ficiency in that one respect. "I guess you'll do," she finally said, "at least I'm minded to try you, so you can come over and begin work early

Monday morning." "Thank you, marm," replied Tad, with a beaming face. "I'll be here early; and though I'm kind of green, Miss the harder to make up."

ply. Miss Smith's faith in juvenile railroad station. promises had been rudely shattered by the frequent breakages that she had known in her experience. At the same time she felt rather drawn toward this nale-faced ornhand how though she

BUTLER, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 7, 1893.

outside the gate.

"Now, Miss Smith," expostulated the injured youth, "that isn't fair!" The injured youth, "that isn't fair!" The ing along at his side, with here and there a mimic water-fall, at the foot of the form and bubbles drifted muttering something about "innocent which the foam and bubbles drifted Abigail," resumed raking, while Tad, about in frothy masses. exultant over his future prospects, fore-bore to reproach his mischievous companion for the little episode I have nar-rated, and the two walked away to-for black bass, to the end of the pole.

CHAPTER VIII. Who that was ever a boy has forgotten, or will forget, his first fishing experience? No matter whether it was angling for minnows from the wharf, with a pin-hook, catching "pumpkin seeds" from the mill-pond logs or following up an alder-fringed brook in pursuit of trout—he will be sure to renember it a great deal longer than he will the more important episodes of his later life. And I know one in particular who will always remember his boyish debut in the fishing line-I mean Tad Thorne.

gether in the most amicable manner.

It was the Saturday morning following Tad's peculiar introduction to Miss Smith, and an unusually mild day for a New England April, which uncertain month is very apt to seem so much like March as to resemble a younger rother.

Joe and Tad were digging bait in

Deacon Whitney's barn-yard; that is, Joe did the digging while Tad placed the angle-worms in a round tin mustard-box, with a ventilating cover. "There!" said Joe, straightening up, and now, Tad—you plaguey old tat-

Tad looked up in dire astonishment; but the conclusion of Joe's sentence was evidently not addressed to

It was churning-day at Deacon Whitney's, and Joe's eyes were fixed on the retreating form of Miss Smith's hired help who had come over to bespeak some buttermilk for Miss Smith's pig. Samantha Nason was given to gossip, and Joe's guilty conscience at once assured him that she had lost no time in telling the story of his late humorous performance to the deacon, Mrs. Whit-

nev and his sister Nell. "I guess we'd better be off," remarked Joe, rather hastily; "and, instead of going out the front way, we'll take a short cut down through the fields. You've got your lines all

Tad tapped his pocket significantly, and adjusted the tin-box cover while Joe was putting the shovel back in the

"Come on, then, Tad," said his companion, with an uneasy glance at the back kitchen, which Tad did not quite understand, and with his words Joe dodged hastily behind the barn, followed by Tad; but, alas! he was too From the open kitchen-window came the cry, in his sister Nell's voice:

seph!-come right into the house "Darn it all!" muttered Joe, with a indictive kick at the fence-rail; now

Tad, though with an intuitive suspicion that Joe was not referring to the prospective catch of trout.

\*\*Accomments took out his own jack-knife, and opened the two-inch blade of the best cast-iron.

"I couldn't do much with that." he

Joe did not reply, but with a gloomy Joe did not reply, but with a ground and vengeful expression, slunk into the barn by the small rear door, followed by his wondering companion. From basing the corn-crib Joe hastily pulled to the fish-nole, for the bottom of an old pasteboard band- to splice the knife to the fish-pole, for



PREPARING FOR THE INTERVIEW "Sheve it up under my coat, behind to the brook-may be I can get off

pime-by. It don't hurt much of any. with this," added Joe, with a rather sickly smile, as he touched the small of his back significantly, "only I've got to get a new piece of pasteboard—this s pretty nigh worn out."

"Are you coming, Joseph?"
The voice was Deacon Whitney's and sounded from the wood-shed close by. Tad fled ignominiously through the rear barn door, while Joe reluctfrom time to time had generally been unintelligent, brown-faced boys, with that Deacon Whitney was unreasonably harsh or stern. Indeed, his wife said: "Joe's thrashin's hurt the deacon a dretful sight more'n they did Joe,"which was doubtless true. knew that his father loved him sincerely, and that the whippings wer not given in anger, but from a sense of duty, and, though he would willingly

have dispensed with them, Joe never cherished the slightest feelings of anger or resentment, after the first smart had passed away. Leaving Joe to his impending fate, Tad climbed the barn-vard fence, and with a jubilant feeling of gladness, which was only shadowed by the oc casional thought of his new friend's disappointment, made his way down across the deacon's meadows, to the

Tad knew nothing whatever about trout-fishing, as a matter of course. He had caught flounders and cunners from the piers, like most city boys but only those. However, he had a general idea of some of the require ments for the piscatorial art. So, with a very light heart, he followed the "mill brook," as it was called, through a field and an adjoining pasture, till he came to an alder swamp, where, having cut a pole, Tad sat himself down to

shape and trim it.
Well, it was indeed a lovely morning. The sky above him, flecked with drifting white clouds, was of the deepest blue, the air soft and spring-like, and the peaceful stillness unbroker only by the occasional cawing of crows

Tad sat drinking in the beauty of the time and place, softly whistling to him-self as he worked, and thought over the Smith," he added, earnestly, "I'll learn many strange things that had come injust as fast as ever I can, and work all to his life in one short week, and all

MAY BROTHERS. Nurser men,
Rochester, N. Y. | pale-faced orphaned boy—though she would not have owned it, even to her fedge was of the vaguest possible order. | the person with an uncacumbered estate | ute.—Puck.

you into any mischief before you get beautiful world.
back to Cap'n Flagg's," said Miss "There," said Tad, as, finishing trim-Smith, sharply, raising her voice for ming the pole, he rose to his feet and Joe's edification, as Tad joined him brushed off the twigs, "now for the

> With fingers trembling a little with excitement, Tad fastened his line, with Adjusting the bait, he threw his line into the deepest part of the pool.

"I guess it isn't a very good day for trout, any way," he murmured, after about five minutes of letting his line lrift along in the current, and pulling it up again. But stop! a little tug at the hook sent a thrill from his finger-tips to his toes! With a jerk that would have landed a three-pound trout, Tad pulled out a chub about four inches er, was immediately entangled in the alder branches over his head, requiring some ten minutes of pérspiring effort to

"Trout ain't as big as I thought for," he said, half aloud, as he surveyed his prize. "It must take an awful lot of 'em to make a mess." Tad added, 'em to make a mess.' Tad added, gravely, as he strung the small fish on a twig, and made his way a little further up-stream, in his ignorance passing over the deep pools and swelling eddies, which are generally the lurk-representation of the made in attempt to enlighten his companion, but, taking up his pole, said, rather hastily, that he guessed they'd better be getting toward home, as it was considerably ing-places of the spotted beauties.

By eleven o'clock, Tad, who had caught seven chubs, each about a finger in length, began to think that the charm of trouting had been considerably overstated. It was rather early in the season for mosquitoes, yet there were quite enough of them about to make it quite lively for a fisherman. He had ascended the brook about two miles, and was tired and decidedly hungry; and, moreover, he found him- tume like a mill-race. self right in the heart of what seemed to Tad's unaccustomed eyes a bound-

"Throw in there. Tad." said Joe,

such a swift current would be swept

Good gracious! had a sturgeon or a

trout, and if he had it would have made

no difference, owing to his primitive fishing tackle. He pulled vigorously;

so did the trout, and "snap!" went the

end of the alder pole, leaving Tad in a

mad frenzy of excitement, with three-

fourths of the rod in his hands, danc-

Joe was equal to the situation

Dropping his own pole, he made a dive

EQUAL TO THE SITUATION.

guess we'd better be getting home,

"All right," returned Tad, mourn-

Tad hooked him first, while he-Joe-

only helped to bring the big fish safe to

land. And, in the discussion of the ex-citing episode, the walk home was ac-

omplished in a surprisingly short time.

Tad's big trout was baked for sup-

per, and it was generally agreed by the

was particularly fine. Tad himself se-

cretly thought he had never caten any

thing so delicious in his whole life. But it is not unlikely that the knowl-

edge that he himself had furnished this

important adjunct to the evening meal

e it an additional relish for Tad.

without doing any more fishing.

ing madly on the rocks

Sitting down on a stump, Tad gazed down stream in a twinkling. But he about him, wondering at the solemn | obeyed, andsilence. Overhead, the wind sighed softly through the tops of the great | young whale seized his bait! His line pines. Red squirrels chittered in the went cutting through the dark waters, spruce and hemlock trees, and a par- and the top of the alder pole bent omiticularly venturesome one dropped a nously.

Tad knew nothing about playing a cone from an overhanging bough at his very feet, vanishing among the branches with wonderful swiftness, as Tad looked suddenly up. A partiidge drummed in the distance, and a woodchuck scampered rapidly through the underbrush at a little way off.

"I wonder if there are any bears in these woods," thought Tad, with an uncomfortable thrill pervading his frame at the bear possibility. "I'd either have to run or climb a tree if I saw one coming," he thought, "and yet, what good would that do, where bears can climb and run rather better than most boys." In a juvenile paper he had read how one "boy hero, surprised, had hastily lashed his open jack-knife to the end of a pole, and attacking the savage beast, had slain him by a fortunate thrust. Tad

mechanically took out his own jack-"I couldn't do much with that," he shought, "but I improve" "G-r-r-r-r."

the growl and rustling were repeated louder and nearer than before! The hackneyed expression, "to sell

his life dearly," flashed into Tad's aind, and, bracing himself aga tree-stump-somewhat in the

his hand, and awaited the overcoming

CHAPTER IX.

The spruce-bushes parted suddenly: but, instead of disclosing the form of a ferocious bear, nothing more formidable than the good-humored features of Joe Whitney, adorned with an expressive grin, was revealed. There were traces of recent tears on his freckled face; yet mirth beamed from his eve, and it was evident that the recent punishment had not had a very depressing effect on his animal spirits. "Thought I was a bear, didn't you. Tad?" he remarked, laughing. And Tad, too much relieved at the prospect of companionship to feel very angry, answered, with a feeble smile, that he

was kind of startled, and made haste to change the subject. "I've got seven trout, but they're aw ful small," said Tad, producing his catch, with a rather disconsolate air.

Joe started, whistled and then roared. "Why, you goosie!" he shouted, but

so good-naturedly that it was impossible to be angry with him, "the ain't trout-they're chubs!" Poor Tad felt tremendously morti

fled, but speedily forgot his mortifi-cation in real honest admiration of a string of trout—the largest of which would not weigh quite a quarter of a pound—that Joe brought out, together with an alder pole, from the thicket where he had enacted the bear. "I dug some bait on the way, these little fellows coming

p before his companion's admiring "Oh, wouldn't I like to eatch just one trout!" sighed Tad; and Joe stoutly assured him not to worry—he'd put him up to catching more than one -perhaps half a dozen-before they returned.

along," explained Joe, as he held then

"Did it hurt you very much?" inquired Tad, presently, with delicate reference to the cause of his compan-"The pasteboard wasn't quite low

down enough," said Joe, mournfully, and Tad asked no further questions. "Father didn't flog me for just having a little fun with you and Miss Smith," Joe went on after a short pause, "but because he said I as good which she was reading for the first time, as lied when I made her think that while Bounce slumbered peacefully in you was deaf, and you think that she her lap.

"Well," returned Tad, hesitatingly, "Well," returned Tad, hesitatingly, anto Miss Smith accordin' as you'd have it done to you, Tad," remarked the Captain, oracularly, "and you "No," said Joe, frankly; "I didn't! 1 hate a square up and down lie as bad

and I'm going to try and stop it.' This was quite an admission for Joe, and God-fearin', and once you get into because an absent-minded man had left who was generally very chary of active with the good books, you're always there. It was Smith's faith in immediate the seat in a knowledging his faults. But he had "They say she's got a han'sum promise." begun to feel a strong boyish affection for his companion, and spoke more wheres night ten thousan' dollars," Mrs.

"Why, after father—got through and a thousand dollars was "well-to-with me," returned Joe, while a humorous smile began to hover about his mouth, "he set me churning, and went dollars was regarded in the light of a

morous smile began to hover abouth off, while the owner of ten thousand was well off, while the owner of ten thousand was well off, while the owner of ten thousand was well off dwn town on an errand. Mother, was sent for to go over to Mis' Emory's, all of as udden, and, by graded, and, by graded and only the work it, and forgot to empt' the church the butter came. Well, Noll, she took the butter down into the cellar kitchen to work it, and forgot to empt' the church in a mother always does), and whilst she was down there." Continued Joe. While she was down there, continued Joe. While she was down there, continued Joe. While she was down the work it and the companion of the continued Joe. While the mastiff of the Grenadier guards, which was smile had begun to broaden, "I saw father coming up the walk, so what while the mastiff of the Grenadier guards, which was smile had begun to broaden, "I saw father coming up the walk, so what while the mastiff of the Grenadier guards, which was the companion with the gallant corps; and also White-was the same campaign with the One Hundred and Six you've been punished enough—you can be a support to the work it, and the preparation of the work it, and the preparation of the properties of the work of the south of the line, and was wounded in a ferroman paign with the One Hundred and Six you was not perfectly clear to his own mind. "A had perhaps, on second thought, Joe might have remembered that the tails deep the properties of the was not experitely deal to his own mind." A had perhaps, on second thought, Joe might have remembered that the tails and the properties of the was not exertly in keeping with his profile for the great territory lying west of Winniped, and the world. Eastern people have misty despendent the properties of the world. The world have the manifely the world has companied to the world pointing to a spot where the dark water rushed around the end of the broken Tad secretly thought that any trout renturesome enough to trust himself in

The Little Spanish Ruler Is Laid Across
His Mother's Knee.
The king of Spain is a more or less
naughty boy, and he does not always tug landed high and dry the largest trout ever caught in Mill brook. deep for words, "you've caught the one real trout you've wanted to—now, I king is said to have put out his tongue at the world in general, and the res dents of Madrid in particular. The dents of Madrid in particular. The editor of a republican newspaper there-upon proceeded to make a political cap-ital out of the event, and drew a moral that kings are not needed in this age. When the news of the king's behavior fully, "but you caught him, after all, Joe." But Joe stoutly asserted that reached Queen Christina through the newspapers, it is said that she first newspapers, it is said that she first lectured her son on his duties and re-sponsibilities, and then laying him across her royal knee administered a vigorous spanking. This may not be the touch that makes the whole world kin, but a great many little American four who partook thereof that the flavor democrats will know hereafter how to

The Only Difference. The people of Wyoming, who permit men to vote, according to Harper's Bazar, are apparently not in sympathy with the English bachelor of long ago, By this time Tad had begun to feel very much at ease with these quiet, home-like people. As they gathered about the open fire-place, with its coning for a few minutes, the lady smoldering back-log, after the teathings were cleared away, and the big kerosene-lamp was lighted, he opened kerosene-lamp was lighted kerosene-lamp was lighted, he opened kerosene-lamp was lighted kerosene-lamp was lig his heart to their kindly questioning and spoke freely of his past life. There was really little or nothing to keep back, for, as I have said, thanks to the back, for, as I have said, thanks to the memory of his mother's teachings and vance?" persisted the lady. The backmemory of his mother's teachings and a natural uprightness of character, Tad had escaped the evil ways which a homeless, friendless boy is so apt to fall into, and, though he had faults in abundance, he was, on the whole, a more upright young fellow than many whose surroundings and advantages had been far more favorable than Tad's.

"So you're to begin ship's duties to Miss Smith o' Monday-eh, Tad?" re- Britain, in 1810, there was a gigantic marked the Captain, thoughtfully, to break a little silence which had fallen racks at Port Louis, which is there still, "Yes, sir," was the reply, "and I do hope she'll like me.'

"She'll be hard to suit if she don't," returned Mrs. Flagg, clicking her neefles emphatically together as they flashed in and out of the meshes of a blue yarn sock that she was knitting for the Captain. For the good lady, whose heart was large enough to take in at least half a dozen motherless boys and girls, had begun to regard Tad with considerable favor.

upon the greup.

"I know she'll like you," said Polly, confidently, as she looked up from the fascinating pages of "Little Women,"

"You just go on and do your duty continued Captain Flagg, with upraise as the next one; but, come to study on it over, I guess we fellows don't stop to think long enough, sometimes, and lie when we don't mean to; anyhow, I do, as it were, a-losing of every relation she had, which has gone to make her a bit cranky; but she's good-hearted

"They say she's got a han'sum prop-Flagg observed, in a voice indicative o doing.
"But what made you so long getting of such wealth. For in Bixport the

sluggish of animals. Only the fixed or stationary animals are slower than the holothurias. They lie like gray, brown or black leather pipes or cylinders on the bottom of the sea. One might watch them half a day long, if he had nothing better to do, and hardly see them change their position, and they rarely move more than a foot or two in several them. hours. Their class relatives, the spiny skinned animals, or echinoderms, are much more active. A sea urchin or starfish is able to get away from a spot quite nimbly, and the serpent stars, the most active members of the whole order, are capable of using their long, stender, many jointed arms as legs and are as quick and alert as crabs.

floating in sight. Gathering the slack line carefully in his hands, a vigorous tug landed high and dry the largest trout ever caught in Mill brook.

"There!" Joe exclaimed, as Tad regarded his prize in an amazement too days floating in the slack line carefully in his hands, a vigorous trout ever caught in Mill brook.

"There!" Joe exclaimed, as Tad regarded his prize in an amazement too days floating in sight. Gathering the slack line Mother's Knee.

The king of Spain is a more or less treat his subjects with that gracious courtesy which is expected from monarchs in these times. The other day, says Harper's Young People, when he

sympathize with this son of royalty.

An Old and Big Turtle.
When Mauritius was ceded to Great although almost blind. It weighs, according to a French observer, 150 kilogrammes and measures 2.59 meters (eight and one-half feet) across the carapace. Its height from the ground to the top of the carapace, when it walks, is about 0.63 meters (about two feet). It is believed to be 200 years old at least; nevertheless it carries two men on its back with ease.

SHE WAS MERCENARY.



Miss Coopah—'Lige, how much yo dun made dis week whitewashin'? 'Lige -'Fo' de Lawd! yo's de mos inary gal I knows, yo' is. I belieb now yo's marryin' me fo' mah money.-Judge.

In Kentucky. Youth (eloping with the girl of his heart)—Judge, we would like you to

BIG PRAIRIES IN MANITOBA.

One Thousand Miles of Level Land Lies Straight West of Winnipeg.

rowsver, was the last, an English harrier named Mustapha, which went into action with his English comrades at Fontenoy and, we are seriously told, "remained alone by a field piece of the gunner, his master, clapped the match to the touch-hole of the cannon and thus killed seventy soldiers," and it is further added that Mustapha was presented to King George II. and rewarded with a pension alimentam.

CHINESE FOOD NOVELTIES.

Luxurles Which Must Be Ranked as Acquired Fastes.

Nowhere have such rare tastes in food been developed as among the Romans in ancient times and the Chinese. There may be found in the bills of fare of the latter people addled eggs, fat grubs, caterpillars, sharks' fins. rats, dogs, Indian birds' nests, and—the finest of all their delicacies—trepang. What is trepang?

Trepang, or tripang, is, according to Popular Science Morthly, a collective name by which a considerable number of species of most curious sea animals are designated; they are also known as sea rollers, sea cucumber, in French as cornichons de mer, and scientifically as holothurias. They are among the most sluggish of animals. Only the fixed or stationary animals are slower than the holothurias. They lie like gray, brown or black leather pipes or cylinders on the bottom of the sea. One might watch them half a day long, if he had nothing better to do, and hardly see them change their position, and they rarely move more than a foot or two in several hours. Their class relatives, the spiny

curring his vengeance.

AUBREY'S HISTORIC RIDE.

Eight Miles an Hour on Horseback for 110 Consecutive Hours. The ride of the German officers from The ride of the German omeers from Berlin to Vienna recalls to the Washington Post a much more remarkable one made by F. X. Aubrey, a native of St. Louis, Mo., about thirty-six years ago, in the farwest. He bet five the sand dollars that he could ride from Santa Fe, N. M., to Independence, Mo., within five consequive days. According of miles of the finish the only cha obtaining fresh horses was from som roving band of wild Indians he migh encounter, who were as likely to tak did obtain a fresh horse at the fourteen hours—distance eight hundred and sixty miles—so that he covered an average of nearly eight miles an hour for one hundred and ten consecutive ours, a feat of endurance that seems

truly marvelous. There is a little reptile belonging There is a little reptile belonging to Madagascar known as the scimitar snake, that is the curling sword. Run-ning along the back from head to tail is a blackish, horny substance, which bends with the convulsions of the snake's body as readily as would a well-tempered steel spring, and throughout its entire length it bears an edge as hard as flint and as sharp as a razor. They are not poisonous, but when one of them springs on a man, which he likes very well to do, he will soon have a leg off unless cracked on the pate. Some snake specialists claim that the presence of this reptile on the island is the reserve there are no large quadruthe reason there are no large quadru-peds there at present, the curling sword in back ages having taken off legs fast-

er than they could be created They Are Like Mules A sea captain who was remonstrated with for violent language said: "I be gan as a cabin boy and worked my way to the quarter deck, and have followed the sea all my life, so I claim to know a little about sailors, and I tell you that you can't be easy with 'em and make 'em work. They have to be sworn at or they don't think you amount to anyor they don't think you amount to any-thing. A foremast hand goes about business quicker and does his work bet-ter if you damn his eyes a few times than he does if you merely tell him what you want done. I'm not specially fond of swearing, but I tell you I have to make a practice of it to make those

Made Him Feel Small "You are not a dwarf," said the mu-seum manager to the applicant. "You are six feet tall." "I look so; but really I feel very, very small. I'm a Chicago man, and I am married to a Boston woman."—

Altogether Out of Place.

Mrs. Brown-Johnnie wishes to go with us, but it wouldn't be right to

take a child along with a theater party.

Brown-Of course not, my dear. child, you know, should be seen and not heard.—Judge.

An Idea. "The eyes, as the poet said, are the indows of the soul," said the moral-"Then I suppose spectacles are the orm windows of the soul, eh?" put in a demoralizer.—Puck.

Why It Was. Husband-Why do your clothes cost you a hundred dollars more this year than they did last? Aren't things

cheaper? Wife-Yes, dear, that's just it. There are so many more bargains.—Judge. Bob's Wish.

The Judge—Thanks, I don't know who you are; but I never refuse to drink with a gentleman, be he friend or stranger. I'll be with you in one minute.—Puck.

Bob was sledding. "Oh dear!" he sighed, as he pulled his sled up the steep hill, "I wish I owned a tame earthquake to turn this hill upside down for me whenever I wanted it to."-Har