State Library

THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

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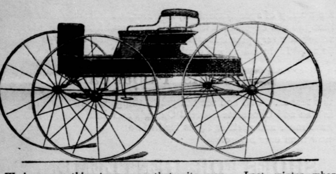
Never Misrepresent Nor Try to Get Rich off one Customer, and Never Advertise What You do Not Have.



We have something to say now that suits you. Last winter when times were dull and manufacturers were pressed for cash we struck some special bargains which we are going to give you while they last. Look now quick. We have 46 very pretty Top Buggies that ordinarily would be worth $80 each, that we are selling at $65 each; and a lot worth $70 which we are selling at $55; a lot worth $55, we are selling at $45; a lot of nice Buckboards worth $45, we are selling for $35; a lot of wagon harness worth $22, we are selling at $18 per double set; another lot worth $35, we are selling at $30; a lot of buggy harness worth $6, we are selling at $4.25 per set; another lot worth $10, we are sellig for $8; another worth $13, we are selling for $10; another worth $16, we are selling for $13; another worth $20, we are selling for $16, &c.; buggy collars worth $1.50, we are selling for $1.00; team collars worth $2.00, we are selling for $1.25 each The above are not in our regular wholesale line and want to close them out to make room, therefore these prices only stand while the advertisement stands. We cannot get any more at these prices. Therefore come now and don't stand around all summer and then come and inquire for them for they will be gone and that very quick too. They are here now, and many more bargains not above named. We want you and not somebody else to have them. Hurry up now get a move on and very much oblige yourself. Respectfully.

S. B. Martincourt,
J. M. Leighner.

S. B. MARTINCOURT & CO.
128 E. Jefferson St, BUTLER, PA.
A Few Doors Above Hotel Lowry.

HINTS FOR SHREWD BUYERS FROM

Campbell & Templeton,

Butler, Pa.
FURNITURE and QUEENSWARE.

DO YOU KNOW

That we have one of the finest furniture stores in Pennsylvania?

***

DO YOU KNOW

That we have the largest and most complete stock of furniture and queensware you ever saw?

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DO YOU THINK

That by buying most of our goods in car load lots that we buy them cheaper than though we bought them in small quantities?

We have a Complete stock of Baby Carriages.

DO YOU KNOW That we visit the principal furniture markets of the United States each season and have a chance to select the best goods?

After reading the above haven't you about decided that it will pay you to buy from us?

Save money. Make your home attractive. Buy while the stock is complete.

Visitors always Welcome.

Mrs. Jennie E. Zimmerman.

BARGAINS! BARGAINS! BARGAINS! My stock is now complete, consisting of all the latest novelties in dress goods, millinery, wraps and notions, ladies' and gents' furnishing goods. Lace curtains, portiers curtain poles, window shades, etc, at the lowest prices ever offered to the, public. Notice our specialties in different departments.

Dress Goods Department.

New Whipcords, Bengalines, Serges. The ever reliable and once fashionable Henriettas, in all the new shades, such as Helio, Crevatte, Prune, Evique and Reseda Green. Black goods and Black Silks, India, Surah, China and Changable Silks.

Don't fail to ask to see our Millinery.

Millinery Department.

Millinery and Millinery material. You may depend upon getting the correct shape, color and styles at less prices than others can make. This season's styles are many and varied. All can be suited here—from grandma down to the wee toddler can depend upon getting just what suits their age and style.

Domestic Department.

This department is full and replete with all the desirable fabrics in wash goods. Good brown muslin 5c a yard; fast colored prints, 5c a yard; best standard prints, 7½c a yard; genuine Lancaster Gingham at 6c a yard; fast colored black hose at 5c a pair. Latest novelties in white goods, white Swiss with colored figures. Black lawns with satin stripes. Zephyr satines, the latest and coolest for summer wear.

It is impossible to mention all the gooks comprised in this new and elegant stock. Call and be convinced that the latest styles and the lowest prices prevail at the popular store, corner of Main and Jefferson streets.

MRS. JENNIE E. ZIMMERMAN.

ARE
YOU
ALIVE
TO YOUR
OWN INTEREST?
DO YOU REFLECT
THAT YOU SHOULD
HAVE THE LATEST AND
BEST THAT THE MANUFACTURES PRODUCES?

ARE
YOU
AWARE
THAT SHREWD
BUYERS OF CLOTHING INSIST UPON HAVING THE GARMENTS OF
THE MANUFACTURERS
WHERE STYLES AND MERIT
ARE CLEARLY STAMPED?

We do not force upon you the production of inferior makers which differ as "Skim Milk does from Cream."

We handle the best at lowest possible prices.

DOUTHETT & GRAHAM,
New Clothing House,
Cor. Main and Cunningham Sts., -:- Butler, Pa.

SPRING.

We are approaching the days of all the year, the days when the air is freighted with the perfumery of flowers, and everything is symbolic of Peace and Good Will. In this respect these days resemble our shoes. Their Good Will is shown by their willingness to stand by you, as long as you stand in them. Quality, not price is cheapness, and we believe our prices quality considered to be the lowest in Butler.

ROBINS BROS.,
S. E. Corner of Diamond. - - - Butler, Pa.

THE KIND THAT CURES

PHELPS S. WELLS,
Ft. Jackson, N. Y.

Scrofula and Salt Rheum
Of 25 Years Standing,
A BLOOD PURIFIER THAT CURES.

DANA SARSAPARILLA CO.,

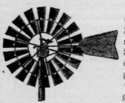
GENTLEMEN:—I hereby certify that I have been a sufferer for **over 25 years** with **Scrofula and Salt Rheum.** Have employed many Physicians and expended many dollars in proprietary medicines, blood purifiers, alteratives, etc., etc., such as have been on the market for the last 25 years, **all of no avail or benefit,** and had given up hope that there was any help for me. With very little faith I purchased a bottle of your SARSAPARILLA of my Druggist, which I made him guarantee if I was not benefited he should refund the money. I left the store thinking I should call and get my mony later. No hope of any benefit as no medicine or treatment seemed to reach my case. I had not taken more than **one-half** of one bottle when to my surprise I found it was **helping me.** Have taken **two bottles** and **am CURED.** The **Scrofula Sores** are **all healed** and I feel like a new man. I recommend

DANA'S SARSAPARILLA

to all who wish a **Blood Purifier that Cures.** Yours very truly,
PHELPS S. WELLS.
Ft. Jackson, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y.

GENTS:—Mr. Wells is well-known in this section and **his statement is true.**
Respectfully, IRA A. SMITH,
Nicholville, N. Y. Druggist.

Dana Sarsaparilla Co., Belfast, Maine.



Buy the Galvanized Steel Aermotor and Steel Towers, for pumping water and grinding feed. For prices and terms. Address,

J. W. MILLER,
131 Mercer St, Butler' Pa.

SPRING STYLES READY.

YOU WILL CERTAINLY HAVE A SUIT MADE TO ATTEND THE WORLD'S FAIR. YOU CAN AFFORD IT, WHEN YOU SEE THE SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF MATERIAL, AND THE MODERATE PRICE AT WHICH WE MAKE YOU A SUIT THAT IS CORRECT TO THE LATEST DECREE OF FASHION.

Aland's,
Tailoring Establishment.

C. & D.
ALWAYS

Take into consideration that money saved is as good as money earned. The best way to save money is to buy good goods at the right price.

The only reason that our trade is increasing constantly is the fact that we handle only goods of first quality and sell them at very low prices.

We have taken unusual care to provide everything new in Hats and Furnishing Goods for this season, and as we have control of many especially good articles in both lines we can do you good if you come to us.

We confidently say that in justice to themselves all purchasers should inspect our goods.

Visit us.

COLBERT & DALE,
242 S. Main street,
Butler, Pa.

Wall Paper
CHEAP AS THE CHEAPEST,
FINE AS THE FINEST.
AND
The Choice of All,
AT
J. H. Douglass'
Two Doors North of Postoffice.

NEW CUSTOM GRIST MILL.

I have placed in my Mill a first class Roller outfit for Buckwheat Flour.

Also Roller Corn and Chopping Mills, all the best the market offers. Give us a trial, we'll do our best to give you a good turn out.

Running every day except Sunday.

WM. F. MILLER.
313 N. Washington St.,
Butler Pa.

Adventures of Tad;

— OR THE —

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.

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CHAPTER XV.

Mr. Blossom's lips were tightly compressed, as he glanced from the flying team to the distant village lights; for, though the sorrel mare was doing her best, it was very evident that she was beginning to be "winded;" while Brown Pete, driven at a less rate of speed at the beginning of the journey, seemed nearly as fresh as ever.

"You'd better pull up, Edwards—I'm bound to have you," called Mr. Blossom, in a strong, clear voice, that rose above the rattling wheels.

"First catch your hare," shouted a mocking voice, as the speaker, whose plumed hat had dropped off, turned on the seat and looked back. He had snatched the reins from Joe's hands at the first indications of pursuit, and was plying the whip unmercifully, while Joe, in a seeming agony of terror at discovering the dangerous character of his passenger, had dropped into the bottom of the buggy.

But Joe was no coward, and was quick-witted withal. As he heard the detective's shouted remark and his unpleasant companion's reply, he hesitated one brief second, and then, reaching up, seized the right-hand reign in both hands—pulling on it with all his strength.

Of course, the inevitable result followed. Brown Pete swerved wildly to the right—the forward wheel turned under the buggy-bottom, and "cramped," which caused the buggy itself to turn over—with such surprising suddenness that Joe went flying into a small duck puddle by the roadside, while Edwards—skirts, cloak and all—sailed impetuously over a fence, and landed in a field beyond it.

"GI'ME THE SACHEL!" PANTED TAD.

Mr. Blossom, with a joyous exclamation, began to pull up the sorrel mare—no easy task, I can assure you.

And Tad, who, despite his excitement, had never taken his eyes from the one object of pursuit, uttered a cry; for, before the buggy came to a full stop, he saw Edwards gathering himself up and starting in a ridiculous run across the field.

"He sha'n't get away!" cried Tad, whose nerves, wrought up to the highest pitch, would have ventured any thing to save the prize, so nearly within their grasp. Before the words had left his lips, Tad had slipped over the back of the buggy, scaled the fence like a squirrel and was following close at Edwards' heels, while Mr. Blossom's nimble feet were gaining the fence itself. Like most boys, Tad was a good runner, while Edwards, encumbered by the clinging skirts, made very indifferent progress, even though holding them as high as he could! And in another moment Tad had seized the end of the long circular, which was streaming out behind like black wings.

"Gi'me the sachel!" panted Tad, and with the words the cloak-clasp parted—Tad fell on the back of his head, holding the fur-lined circular in his hand, while Edwards plunged forward—caught his foot in the front breadths of Mrs. Mason's best black silk, and went down on his nose in a highly undignified manner.

When Tad regained his feet, Mr. Blossom was rather humorously regarding a very shame-faced individual attired in a torn and mud-stained black silk dress, which entirely failed to conceal a pair of very masculine boots and trousers. Mr. Edwards' wrists were adorned with steel handcuffs, and his features wore such a downcast look that Tad's tender heart was touched.

"If he'll only give the rest of the things up, hadn't you better let him go, Mr. Blossom?" suggested Tad, in a low tone; but the detective shook his head.

"He's wanted in Boston, for something more serious than stealing," said Mr. Blossom, gravely. And then he handed Tad the recovered sachel, together with Mrs. Mason's jewelry, which he had taken from Edwards' pocket with professional dexterity.

"If there's any reward offered for all this, you've earned your share of it," the detective remarked; and then the three made their way back in comparative silence.

Joe had fished himself from the duck puddle, unharnessed Brown Pete from the overturned vehicle, which was not badly damaged, and when the singular trio regained him in the road, he was scraping himself with a stick, while the two horses, carefully blanketed, stood, with drooping heads and reeking sides, by the roadside.

"Well, by gracious! this beats all the rides ever I took!" said Joe, as ten minutes later, with Tad at his side, he drove slowly toward Bixport, while the detective followed close behind, with his captive.

"Me, too!" returned Tad, who was holding the recovered sachel very tightly.

"Won't folk's eyes stick out, though, when they come to hear all about it, to-morrow!" and Tad replied that he rather guessed so, and then, opening his heart, he told his companion the whole story, from beginning to end, at which recital, as the stories say, Joe's astonishment can better be imagined than described.

Bixport was in a wild state of ferment when they arrived. The story of the robbery, with some marvelous embellishments had spread like wildfire.

A real criminal and an actual detective in their midst! No one, after this, would ever dare to call Bixport "a little, sleepy, one-horse town," such having been the reproach once cast upon it by a resident of Middleboro.

Leaving Joe explaining to the wondering crowd that had assembled before Potter's, their joint share in the exciting incidents of the evening, Tad, hugging the sachel under one arm, while across the other was thrown the circular cloak, hurried, with joyous steps, back to Miss Smith's.

Bursting impetuously into the sitting-room, where sat the little company, to which Mr. Mason, who had gloomily returned from an unsuccessful search for a deputy sheriff, had joined himself, Tad tossed the long-lost sachel into the lap of Mr. Atherton, thereby causing him to drop the paper he had been perusing upside-down, and, with it, his dignified reserve to such an extent that he exclaimed: "Gracious goodness," for which he at once apologized, as his trembling fingers applied the little key to the kep-hole; while Tad, with his politest bow, presented astonished Mrs. Mason with her recovered jewelry and the fur-lined circular.

"The dress was all mud, and *striddled* from top to bottom, or I'd brought that, too," he added, as Mrs. Mason, with an exclamation of delight, received her recovered property; while her husband gazed at smiling Tad in a dazed sort of way, and whistled softly to himself, as one whose feelings were too deep for adequate expression.

"Tad, you're a—a jewel!" said Miss Smith, energetically; and very much to Tad's astonishment, but to his secret gratification, the maiden lady imprinted a sounding kiss upon his blushing cheek, while Captain Flagg shook hands with him vigorously, with a muttered reference to chainin' up a child in the way he'd ought to go, so's when he's old he won't go to strayin' off. Polly said nothing in words, but rejoicing sparkled in her eyes, and praise was apparent in her beaming smiles. With the list in one hand Mr. Atherton was rapidly running over the contents of the alligator-skin sachel.

"Gold star pendant, solitaire drops, diamond ring, bracelet and papers—um—yes, every thing seems to be here," he said, with a look of intense satisfaction, as, dropping the list into the mouth of the bag, which he carefully relocked, the dignified gentleman regarded the company with something like affability.

"Regarding the matter of—er—reward," continued Mr. Atherton, drawing a bulky note-case from his pocket, and glancing benignantly at Tad, who stood in awkward silence, while all present looked on expectantly, "I feel pleased to be able to bestow it upon so—a—worthy a—er—youth as the one to whom it rightly belongs," selecting as he spoke some crisp bank-notes from their receptacle, and placing them on the light stand; "and," with a gracious inclination of his head to Miss Smith, "I may venture to prophesy that, if he heeds the teachings of the estimable lady whose acquaintance I have been fortunate enough to make in this unexpected manner, he will eventually rise to—er—a position of—of—it may be Presidential honor—who knows?"

And satisfied that he had said about the correct thing, Mr. Atherton gathered up his belongings, and, recognizing the remainder of the interested party by a comprehensive bow, took his departure for the hotel with great inward exultation; and as he left early on the following morning, he thus passes out of my story.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Flaggs, in a high state of pleasurable excitement—all talking very fast—united in congratulating Tad so warmly on his good fortune that it was some little time before they left Miss Smith's house for their own home. Then Mr. Mason and his wife must perforce hear the strange adventures of the alligator-skin sachel, from the very beginning, and receive from his lips a true and unembellished account of the pursuit and capture of the wily Edwards, from whom had been so successfully recovered the fur-lined cloak, which had played its part in the story, to all of which they listened with expressions of unfeigned interest and wonder.

"It did me a good turn once," concluded Tad, in reference to the article in question; "now I've done *it* one." And he steadfastly refused to listen to the gentleman's proffer of a money reward, to Miss Smith's secret satisfaction, till Mr. Mason, with a great show of affected indignation, tossed a bill on the table, beside the others, and told Tad to take it and give it to foreign missions or to the soldiers' monument fund—he didn't care which, or, if he thought better of it, he might put it in the savings-bank.—As for himself the money might lie there forever—*he* wouldn't touch it again. And, summoning Mrs. Mason, who, in her gratitude gave Tad a hearty good-night kiss, her husband went to his room, and banged the door behind him very hard, as though he were angry.

"Well, Tad," said Miss Smith, putting on her glasses and glancing at the pile of bills on the table, "this has been one of the days, hasn't it? Five hundred and—fifty dollars!" she exclaimed, taking up the bill left by Mr. Mason. "Well, well!"

"It's too much, every way," returned Tad, who hardly knew whether he was on his head or his heels.

"Tain't too much," snapped Miss Smith. "That Atherton man, who ac's as though his spine was froze stiff, orter give you an even thousand hisself. Look at them di'munds—sixty-five hundred dollars w'ith and you riskin' your life to capter' 'em back from that bloodthirsty bu'glar!"

"I wish, then, *you'd* take the money, and put it somewheres in the bank where yours is," finally said Tad, who already was beginning to realize what the French call "the embarrassment of riches."

"May be that would be best," returned Miss Smith, thoughtfully; "but I must give you some sort of a writing to show for it, in case any thing happens to me."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Tad, "what should I do if any thing *did* happen to you, I'd never find anybody else in the whole world I should like to work for as I do for you." Miss Smith was strangely moved by this simple appeal, but she had, as she expressed it, "broke down," once that evening, and didn't propose to again. So she made no reply, but busied herself in getting out writing materials; rather to Tad's disappointment, for he had almost dared to hope for some little manifestation of the tenderness that he knew lay under Miss Smith's crusty exterior.

Turning the lamp up a little higher, Miss Smith sat down to write, and, after considerable mental effort, succeeded in drawing up the following receipt:

"Bixport, June 23, 187—.

"This certifies that I Rhoda A. Smith have this day Rece'ved five hundred and fifty dollars. To be deposited with my Money in Middleboro Bank. The same $550, dols being the property of"——

"What is your whole name, child," asked Miss Smith, suspending her pen over the paper after writing the word "of."

"Thaddeus Thorne, mum," replied Tad.

"*What!*" exclaimed Miss Smith, dropping the pen.

"Thaddeus Thorne," repeated Tad, a little louder.

"Oh, Lord!" said Miss Smith, and stared at Tad so wildly that he almost feared the events of the day had affected her brain a very little.

"What was your mother's name?" Miss Smith again asked, in a curiously repressed tone.

"Margarita Consuelo Smith," Tad returned; a little hesitatingly, for it had a rather romantic sound, and he feared she might laugh at it.

"Any relations living?" inquired Miss Smith, in the same constrained manner.

Tad shook his head.

"I suppose I've got an Aunt Rhoda somewhere," he said, slowly, "but she was mad at mother for marrying father, and never wrote her or any thing, and mother never said much about her"——

"Oh, Tad!—Tad!" cried Miss Smith, throwing up her arms, "God knows I didn't mean to be cruel—it was my hateful proud-spiritedness did it, and then, the first thing I heard, Margie—my own sister!—was dead, and it was too late!—too late!" And drawing the bewildered boy's fresh face against her own thin sallow features, wet with remorseful tears, Miss Smith told him that *she* was the Aunt Rhoda whom he had never known, and that henceforth, please God, he should be to her as an own son.

"And now, Tad," said his aunt, after the long talk that ensued, "it's nigh twelve o'clock, and time you was in bed long ago, after such a"——

"Rat-tat-tat!" went the knocker.

"It never rains but it pours," remarked Miss Smith, lighting a candle, "and I wonder what's coming *now!*"

Stepping into the entry, she called: "Who's there, and what do you want?"

"It's me—Joe Whitney!—I want to see Tad a minute," piped a well-known voice, through the key-hole.

Miss Smith uttered an exclamation of disgust.

"Well, *I'm* going to bed—you can let him in for a few minutes, Tad, though I don't see, for the life of me, how Deacon Whitney and his wife can reconcile it to their conscience to let that Joe go trapsin' about at *this* time o' night," said Tad's aunt, shortly. But she kissed her nephew very tenderly, despite her acid tones, and hurried away lest Joe's observing eyes should see the marks of her recent emotion on her face.

AUNT RHODA.

Tad drew back the bolt, and opened the door. There stood Joe, dressed in his Sunday clothes, with a small bundle slung over his shoulder, after the manner of a dramatic sailor about leaving home for a sea-voyage.

"Come out here, Tad," whispered Joe; and, too much astonished to speak, Tad followed his friend out on the moonlit piazza.

"I come to say good-bye—I'm going to run away," said Joe, in a voice intended to be very firm and brave, but which had a suspicious shake in it, as he involuntarily glanced back at the farm-house a little further down the street, bathed in the soft splendors of the moonbeams.

"Going to run away!" repeated Tad, in tones of the utmost astonishment. "What for?"

"Well," was the reluctant answer, "there are a good many reasons. I'm tired of being thrashed so much, for one thing," said Joe, squirming around rather uneasily, as though he found sitting on the edge of the piazza uncomfortable, "and I'm tired of farm work, too. Besides," he added, boldly, "I want to be a detective—Mr. Blossom said he'd bet I'd make a real smart one."

"Then, bine-bye, *you'll* be goin' off," continued Joe, mournfully, as Tad stared at his friend in consternation too deep for words, "and you're the only fellow I ever cared any thing for, anyway."

"No, indeed, I won't!" eagerly exclaimed Tad; "I'm going to stay here and grow up—Miss Smith's my own Aunt Rhody, that I never saw—we only found it out by accident." And Tad related all, with which our reader is familiar, to Joe's open-mouthed amazement.

A little silence fell upon them both as Tad related his story. The crickets chirped in the grass and there was a distant chorous of frog music from the neighboring swamp.

"Joe," said Tad, gently, "what do you s'pose your mother would do without her boy?"

That was touching a tender spot. Joe loved his mother better than any thing or anybody in the wide world, and Joe was the very apple of her eye. The boy drew his sleeve across his face, while the visions of being a detective were entirely obscured by some troublesome tears.

"Come, old fellow," continued Tad, throwing his arm about his friend's neck, "you know you don't mean it. Why, it would just about kill your folks to have you go off this way; and then what would *I* do, if you should run away?"

"I—guess—I—won't—go, after—all," said Joe, brokenly, and the determination cheered him wonderfully. In five minutes he was chuckling over the incidents of Edward's capture, and the conversation became general.

"But I tell you, Joe," Tad remarked, as he rose to his feet, "seems to me I've been getting considerable mor'n my share of good things, for one day—five hundred and fifty dollars, and Aunt Rhoda into the bargain."

"It hasn't been such a bad day all round, when you come to think of it," responded Joe, with his customary grin. "There was Mr Atherton got his sachel, Mis. Mason her cloak and things, Cap'n and Mis' Flagg has got somethin' to talk about, Miss Smith got hysterics, Mr. Blossom got Edwards, Edwards got caught, and I," said Joe, as a fine summing up, "got a ride—ten dollars from Mr. Blossom for upsetting a buggy—and a jolly good lickin' for drivin' a stable-team, when I'd been told not to."

And Joe, with a lightened heart and a friendly nod, stole back to the shelter of the paternal roof, reaching his chamber in safety; while Tad sought his own little room, where, with a very full heart, he knelt by his bedside and thanked the Good Father of all mercies for the wonderful way in which He had directed his boyish steps. Then Tad undressed and went to bed, just as the tall clock down-stairs struck twelve, and thus ended the day of so many wonderful events.

Thus, too, my simple story is virtually ended—with the future of its characters I have nothing now to do. At the present time—

Tad Thorne is an active, growing boy, of good principles and industrious habits, a capital scholar, and a source of constant comfort and companionship to—

Miss Rhoda Smith, who seems to have grown ten years younger since the events of which I have been writing. She has formally adopted Tad, and is more proud of him even than is—

Captain Flagg, who looks upon himself—to use his own words—as "the insterment, under Providence, which was the means of interducin' Tad to his Aunt Rhody." He has, at the earnest request of his wife and adopted daughter, abandoned his perilous calling, and turned over the command of the coaster to Ephraim—now Cap'n Small.

Polly Flagg is growing up into one of the nicest girls I ever knew. That she has never been able to discover any thing further as to her parentage gives her no uneasiness—in fact, she gives it little thought, being a healthy, sensible young miss, with no romantic fancies as to "mysterious birthrights" and the like. She is trying to live so that in the fullness of God's time she shall meet her own angel mother, who so long ago was laid under the daisies which nod above the green mounds in Bixport church-yard. Meanwhile, her love for good Mrs. Flagg and the Captain grows even stronger as the days go on; while they, on their part, know no difference between Polly and a child of their own flesh and blood. And that Polly and Tad are the best of friends goes without saying, while they seem to exercise a sort of joint proprietorship in Bounce, who grows bigger, more affectionate, knowing and gruff-voiced every week, while—

Joe Whitney is really getting to be more tractable and less mischievous; and since the deacon discovered somehow that his son came very near forsaking the paternal roof, it is said he is not nearly as severe with him, particularly after knowing that Joe's intention in running away was not only to escape the parental chastisement, but that he might adopt the hazardous calling of—

Detective Blossom, who received a substantial reward for his capture of—

Jones—Edwards—Forrest, now serving the State for his many misdeeds, and thus having abundant opportunity for reflection. Let us hope that, realizing by actual experience that the way of the transgressor is hard, he will, when released from imprisonment, turn over a new leaf, and lead an honest life afterward.

Thus my little amateur drama of incidents in real life has drawn to a close. And now with the principal actors, who hand in hand step before the footlights, let me make my own bow to an imaginary audience for their "kind indulgence," and, stepping back, allow the curtain to fall upon the final act of

THE ADVENTURES OF TAD.

What Prof. Garner Heard.

First Monkey (as dude with a monocycle in one eye approaches cage)—Duffy, what do you call it?

Second Monkey—Blest if I know, Cully. How did it get in?

"Didn't see it come in. Say, that isn't one of those things what descended from us monkeys, is it?"

"Naw; de old orang-outang in dat other cage is some relation o' him."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

The True State of Affairs.

"Good morning, Tommy. Is your father in?"

"No. He's gone to the dentist's."

"To the dentist's?"

"Yes—to have ma's teeth seen to."

"Oh, indeed!"

"Yes; but ma is in herself, if you'd like to see her."—Drake's Magazine.

She Saw the Point.

Beggar (to dude with young lady)—Please, mister, gimme a cent?

Dude (angrily) — Aw, go away, I haven't any cents.

Young lady smiles and dude doesn't know why.—Texas Siftings.

Philadelphia's New Name.

"Charley Dingbats calls Philadelphia the City of Sisterly Love."

"Why so?"

"Because so many girls there have promised to be sisters to him."—Des Moines Argonaut.

Without Recourse.

"Poor Jimson; he's housekeeping, and he tells me he has an awful time with his cook."

"Why doesn't he discharge her?"

"Can't; you see he married her."—Chicago Record.

On Guard.

"Tom," she whispered, nestling on his shoulder, "have you found your ideal?"

"Well, if I haven't," was his guarded answer, "I've found a mighty good substitute."—Judge.

He Wanted to Know.

"The only thing left now," said the counsel to his client, "is the judge's charge."

"How much is it likely to be?" asked the client, anxiously.—Truth.

A SLAVE TO FASHION.

Mr. Casey—Phat are yez doin', Mrs. Casey, wid me umbrell'?

Mrs. Casey—Sure, Mike, I'm gettin' the frame ready for me crinoline dress. I want to be in shtyle wid the rist av thim.—Truth.

A Consoling Thought.

Queen Lil is deposed, as everyone knows,
But her position is yet sublime;
For the poets may swear and tear their hair,
But they can't put her name in rhyme.
—Puck.

True to Life.

Autnor—Well, what do you think of my new drama?

Friendly Critic—Splendid! The villain in particular is admirably portrayed. The very words he utters are stolen!—Life.

Exquisiteness.

Miss Thin—Don't you think my new dress is just exquisite? They all say so.

Fannie—O, lovely! I think that dressmaker of yours could make a clothes-pole look quite graceful.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Papa's Boot.

She said farewell to that young man;
It seemed to do no good.
Her father came and said it once
And then he understood.
—Washington Star.

DIAMOND MINING.

The Process by which the Sparkling Gems Are Obtained in South Africa.

In an interview with a reporter, J. G. Doolittle, of Colorado Springs, who has spent many years in the diamond fields of Africa, said: "The process of mining for diamonds is much different to the ideas the people of America have of mining. It is not carried on as similar work would probably be done in this country. They don't sink shafts and honey-comb the bowels of the earth into long tunnels and little chambers. Diamond claims are most generally about three hundred yards square, and every inch of the dirt in that space is dug up, carefully looked through and then carted away. The richest stones are found in a bed of clay about two hundred feet below the surface, but the earth from the top down to the clay is studded more or less with clusters, consequently that is the reason miners excavate their entire claim instead of sinking shafts. The industry is very expensive, therefore the men who do the digging make very little money out of it as compared to the diamond merchants and traders. They are the men who make the fortunes. In answer to a question he admitted that natives were hired to do the work, but as a general rule they are so indolent and unreliable that operations proceed very slowly. "Does it get hot in the mines? Well, I should say. It would roast the life out of a white man." When the fields near Kimberley, in Griqualand West, were first discovered, an attempt was made to work them with white men, but it soon proved disastrous, and the operators were compelled to employ native negroes, Zulus and Basutos. They stood the heat all right, but became such consummate thieves that the claim owners lost considerable money through them for a long time at first. They would conceal the stones about their person and at night carry them out. Finally a law was adopted and put into force compelling the diggers to work without clothing of any kind on them. This for a time proved to be of little benefit, and the bosses were puzzled to find some scheme that they could use that would prevent the robberies. It was discovered, after depriving the diggers of their clothing, that they could conceal stones between their toes, keep them there all day and get away with them at night. Now every man's feet are carefully examined when he leaves the mines of an evening, and no more robberies are perpetrated."

When asked how miners judged the value of a diamond in the rough, Mr. Doolittle replied that every firm kept a supply of alum on hand, and all specimens are compared with lumps of that material, and the closer a stone resembles the color of alum the more valuable it is considered. The stones, however, always have a peculiar shape. They are either eight or ten-sided, run to a point, and one side of the point is invariably flat. Nowadays the product of these particular mines is sold at Kimberley, a town that has sprung up near there, where many London merchants have located. A few diamond cutters have also opened shops there and do a good business. The market there is generally active, and miners receive their own price, but that is regulated by the customary opinion of those who claim to be judges. But the diamond cutter is the only man who can judge the real value of a stone. The miners go to the dealers with their products divided into two classes, and then they sell at 60 to 125 and as high as 150 shillings a stone. The dealer who buys divides his purchases into four classes, and generally puts the price up on the very best stones, so that he realizes about double what he paid. By the time a stone goes through the cutter's hands, is mounted and placed on the market, it has reached a figure six or eight times larger than the miner realized. Mr. Doolittle said that he was in Kimberley when the great Rhode stone was found, and a dealer there offered Mr. Rhodes £125,000 for a half interest in it, but he refused to accept the offer. The stone would not bring that amount now, but its owner has made a great deal of money off of it exhibiting it through Europe. The stone is said to be about the size of a hen's egg. Very often specimens that have every appearance of being diamonds of the first water prove to be entirely worthless and crumble to pieces in a very short time after being exposed to the air.—*Omaha Republican.*

Plantation Philosophy.

We'se allus ap' ter make er mistake consarnin' de showy pusson. Some men 'peers ter carry a light wid 'em whar eber da go, an' thinkin' dat da ken 'complish mos' any thing, we pins our faith ter 'em, neglectin' de dull-lookin' man; but when de hard test comes, de dull-lookin' man ken, nine times outen ten, grab er 'portant p'int sooner.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

—Gallant.—He (insinuatingly)—"This pattern will suit your complexion exactly, madam." She (anxiously)—"Will it wrinkle?" He (injuredly)—"I said it would suit your complexion, my dear madam."—*Tid-Bits.*

He Did.

She—You used to say before we were married that you would give up your life for me.

He—Well, didn't I? I haven't had any life since we were married.—N. Y. Herald.

They All Do It.

Mrs. Minks—Mrs. Leadem is aging very rapidly.

Mrs. Binks—Yes, poor thing. She is worrying herself gray trying to look young.—N. Y. Weekly.

Thorn Under the Rose.

Edith—Mr. Chatterly was the life of the company last night.

Jack—Maybe; but he was the death of the other fellows who wanted to talk.—Truth.

A Difference.

"My gracious! what does your father keep such an ugly dog as that for?"

"Oh, just for company, he says."

"Deah me—for h-his or yo-yours?"—Judge.

The Secret.

If you'd have reputation
For being wise and bright,
Look solemn as all creation
And keep your mouth shut tight.
—Chicago News Record.

Getting Into the Right Set.

Kitty—Isn't it wonderful how well Jack gets along on a small salary?

Tom (guardediy)—Ah, well, you see, he owes a great deal to his friends.—Brooklyn Life.

A Mystery Explained.

Wool—How do you suppose Queen Liliuokalani got her strange name?

Van Pelt—Her mother may have hit on it by accident while learning the typewriter.—Life.

Too Much of a Good Thing.

Quericus—What do you think of the government for issuing the new stamps?

Cynicus—Think, it rather spreads itself.—Truth.

BORN TO A HAPPY FATE.

The Persian Cat Cherished and Respected in His Native Land.

The Persian cat is born to the happiest fate of any of his family, for, according to the tales of travelers, he is, in his native land, not only loved and cherished, not only well treated, but thoroughly respected, and he has an acknowledged position and rights. In form the bewitching Persian does not greatly differ from the Angora, but the tail is much more effective, for the longest and the thickest-set hairs being at the tip they form a magnificent plume, which the dignified owner carries proudly erect, waving it in the air as he moves. In his splendid silky coat is not a trace of woolliness, and it clothes the graceful creature from the tips of his ears to the well "feathered" toes, writes Olive Thorne in Harper's Bazar.

Unless some undreamed-of feline marvel shall yet be unearthed, this animal must forever be regarded as the perfect flower of the domestic cat family. Not only does he easily surpass all his competitors in beauty and grace, but he possesses charms of disposition and manner, and dignity of bearing; and while most affectionate and loving, is still self-respecting and independent.

The love of liberty is the ruling passion of the Persian, as it is of the Angora. Every one of the long-haired, indeed, delights in long, solitary tramps. It seems impossible to cure them of the desire; and what a cat really desires he generally succeeds in getting, sooner or later. To own one of these most attractive and most costly pets in the city, where thieves abound, is to live a life of constant anxiety and watchfulness. Only those who have kept guard over a sly and cunning human lunatic, ever plotting to escape, can appreciate the vigilance necessary for his safety. Yet, in spite of this, or ornamental and so beautiful is the gentle creature that few who are able to do so can deny themselves the pleasure of owning one.

IS THE EARTH SOLID?

Various Theories, Some of Them of a Contrary Showing.

A very large part of the educated public believes that the earth is a molten globe superficially enveloped by a chilled crust, and a magazine article in support of such a theory has recently attracted much attention. A very large part of the natural philosophers consider it most probable that the rocks at and near the surface of the globe would expand in melting. If the earth were thus constituted a time would come when the solid crust would crack from its own weight or from some moderate internal disturbance; and then block after block of the crust, region after region of the world we know and love so well would plunge slowly and heavily to meet the rising, molten flood, while whirlwinds of scalding steam would shroud perishing humanity. It would require a Dante to do justice to the tragic side of this theme, says a writer in the North American Review.

A hard-hearted physicist would simply remark that a crust of such dimensions resting on a fluid of inferior density is in unstable equilibrium; the rest being an evident consequence. Statements such as this are commonly considered as extremely uninteresting; but the Dantesque view of the subject has been indicated sufficiently to show that the earth's interior is within the sphere of human interest.

Aside from ignoble fears there seems scarcely any topic better suited to excite a legitimate intellectual interest among men than this most fundamental question concerning that little planet, our world. Is it a molten globe with a pellicle of cool dry land or is it really terra firma, a solid earth?

GOOD PHOTOGRAPHERS.

The Artistic Requirements of a Thorough Craftsman of the Camera.

The number of steps in the process of making a photograph which call for the exercise of the same artistic powers that must be possessed by the painter will be surprising, says a writer in the New England Magazine. The artist-photographer must select his picture with reference to its composition of lines, masses of light, shade and texture. By his choice of lens he determines the width of angle or the scope of the picture. In focusing and diaphragming he divides his definition and his vagueness to suit the requirements of his sense of pictorial beauty. His development is almost as individual as the painter's brush, which chooses between the minute exactness of a pre-Raphaelite or a Dusseldorf canvas and the poetic vagueness of a Corot. In printing he has a wide range of expression. He may use the gloss of albumenized paper, the rough surface of Whatman's drawing board, the lustrous sheen of Japanese papers, or the rich depth of a carbon film. Although confined to monochrome, the various toning baths and the pigments of carbon films open to him an infinite variety of colors, comprising the lusters of gold, silver, platinum and other metals, deep charcoal blacks, and the chalk reds of Botticelli. It is, however, not the wealth of materials so much as the artistic discrimination in the use of them which is illustrated by the amateur work of to-day, and in which progress is now being made.

Professional Advice.

Most people are aware, says Life, that it is the custom of turf gentlemen to settle their accounts every Monday at Tattersall's. It was on one of these occasions that a backer, by an oversight, paid his bookmaker a betting debt which he had settled already. This put the "bookie" in a mental fix as to what would be the best course for him to take. "Shall I rob my wife and family," he argued with himself, "and return the money; or shall I keep it and go about with a seared conscience?" Unable to decide the point himself, he sought the advice of a brother professional of greater experience. "Paid you twice over, did he?" said the latter. "Ask him for it again!"

Turning His Talents to Use.

"Mr. Freshman," said the editor in chief, "do you make a specialty of any particular branch of editorial writing?"

"Yes, sir," answered the new man on the staff, eagerly. "I have given special attention and much thought to the treatment of palæontological subjects, historical criticism and comparative philology."

"H'm! You surprise me, Mr. Freshman," rejoined the editor. "You may turn in, if you please, a half column or so on the necessity of raising less cotton and more hogs down south."—Chicago Tribune.

Could Not See.

Husband—You've been worrying me for five years because you weren't as well dressed as Mrs. Nexdoor.

Wife—Well?

"Well, he's failed—can't pay his debts."

"Did he owe you anything?"

"No."

"Humph! I can't see what that has to do with my clothes."—N. Y. Weekly.

A Candid Admission.

Retired Milkman—You will excuse me, but I can't bear to shake hands.

New Acquaintance — Indeed! Why not?

Retired Milkman (weeping)—It always reminds me of the movement of the old pump I was associated with in my younger days.—Texas Siftings.