



Aer and upon the shore, disabled, and past re-pair. He raised his hand to his eyes for and losked out to sea. Before him ers, for pam p i n g water and grinding For prices and terms. Ad-J. W. MILLER, reer St., Builer' Pa. Hers, for prices and terms and looked out to sea. Before him stretched the sand-pit where the boats were moored. Shoreward, in a brown rent of the hills, lay the village, with its patchwork of roofs, squares of shadow, and shining angles, its motley juts of chimeys sending up everywhere little vapory blurs, and its lance-like church-spire, gleaming now, a point of light against the sky. The villagers could be seen trudging to church, and such as he. He feit ashamed. What weakness had brought him there after all his avowed resistance to religion? He would go away. A young girl called him back. She had seen him, for her bench was near. She took his knotty hand as if to lead him, saying: "Won't ye come in? There's plenty room on my bench." Her ingenuous anxiety to help him touched the old man. "Well, look here," he burst out. "T'll tould be seen trudging to church, and the clanging of the bell sounded mellow on the wird. At the sound, Greg left the house, climbed into a dory, and fell to do anything ye like, if ye'll ask 'en to sing that there hymn again;" and he suffered himself to be led in. house, climbed into a dory, and fell to splicing nets. "Him:" he muttered, "ye don't catch me a-foolin' and lazin' 'round o' Sun-day, like work was a curse instead of a blessth', and wasn't fit to be done on the Lord's day." Presently he was accosted by a stranger, whom he had noticed wander-ing about the beach. "A fine morning, sir; breeze land-ward. Blows the fish in, does it not? A pity it's Sunday."

pity it's Sunday." "Sunday or no Sunday, I throws in when I pleases," Greg answered, sul-

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Aland's,

suffered himself to be led in. To the worshipers it was as if one had come to them from the dead. He felt the sting of their amazement, and was half-minded to rush out and plunge headlong from the rocks. The words of the text hold him: "I will heal their backsliding; I will love them free-ly, for Mine anger is turned away." And again: "Fear not, for I have re-deemed thee; I have called thee by name; thou art Mine." They fell into his heart like grain into a plowed field, plowed deeply and harrowed for the THE CITY OF TANGIER. ateresting Scenes in a Sea Coast Town of Morocco. Tangier's beauty lies in so many different things-in the monklike garb of the men and in the white muffled fig-

plowed deeply and harrowed for the

"Then, perhaps, I can engage you to "Then, perhaps, I can engage you to row me down to the Glades," said the young man. "Twe been trying to find some one who was not going to church. Plous community, isn't it?" At last he sank to his knees. When the people were gone the sexton closed the windows and doors, leaving him kneeling, unobserved and alone. A

solemn peace held the place. Only the rattle of a dead vine against the pane and the groaning of the ocean reminded him of the world outside. "Well, they mostly is, except me; though I thank the Lord I ain't too pious to do a friendly turn o' Sundays. Jump in. I was thinkin' o' droppin'

the color and movement of the present ab-and streets. The streets represent ab-solute equality. They are at the an important part of the Then the weary old man fell into a deep sleep. He was on the ocean, drifting, drifting, drifting. It was hight, and far horizonward a star was shining that seemed to throw out a elittet or being of light and draw his videst but three yards across, and evtheir race one has something to sell, or at least something to say, for they all talk and Certain it is now that the mound builders who once thickly inhabited this country were agriculturists, meshout at once and erv at their donkeys chanics and traders, but to find whence almase whoever touches them. A came they and whither they went on water-carrier, says Harper's Weekly, with his goatskin bag on his back and his finger on the tube through which the water somes, jostles you on one side, and a slave as black and shiny as a patent-leather boot shoves you on the other as he makes way for his mascreation and the Noachan deluge? Re mains of man have been found in this country that point to antediluvian an-tiquity. A piece of basket matting was found in an island in Vermillion brilliant trappings and a huge con-tempt for the donkeys in his way. It is worth going to Tangier if for no other reason than to see a slave, and to grasp the fact that he costs any-where from one hundred to five hun-dred dollars. To the older generation this may not seem worth while, but to the present generation—those of it ter on a fine white Arabian horse with leaped. The vision spoke, and he held his breath to hear. "Father! dear father!" said the voice. the present generation-those of if who were born after Richmond was taken-it is a new and momentous sentaken—it is a new and momentous some sation to look at a man as fine and stalwart and human as one of your own people, and feel that he cannot strike for higher wages, or even serve as a parlor-car porter or own a barber-shop, but must work out for life the two hundred dollars his owner paid for him at Fer. less will be disputed. Was in the period in which a great Slowly the dream faded. Back again him at Fez.

Globe-Democrat.

That this mysterious race practiced the arts of agriculture is proved by the fact that mounds are so close together in some districts as to have vendered it apossible for their occupants to have absisted by fishing and hunting; and -Explaining Kinship.-Curly Cuero-"Yes, sir-ree! Jake Hogwallow was about the meanest skunk we ever had in Texas, barring his cousin once re-moved." Jim Waco - "What do you that those inhabitants engaged in min ing and commerce is proved by the dis very in Peruvian mounds of Lake superior copper. But although copper hisels, rimmers and indented knives that might have been used as saws) mean by 'his cousin once removed?'' Curly Cuero—''Taken out of jail and strung up for horse-stealing."—Judge. have been found in mounds, there never was any proof that the mound builders were wood workers until this discovery in Wise county. Wood being an article that time destroys, all its ev-idences of the home life of the mound -The lean pig is the one that squeals the most. Let the faultfinder make a note.-Ram's Horn. builders must necessarily have long since been obliterated, except where preserved by the agency of petrifica-

tion. While this agency in the Wise county mound has only preserved a beautiful pavement, it may be inferred that a people sufficiently advanced to execute a work that in recent years has immortalized Nicholson in the annres of the women, in the brilliancy of its sky, and of the sea dashing upon the rocks and tossing the feluceas with nals of street engineering were cap ble of raising handsome wooden ten the rocks and tossing the refluceas with their three-cornered sails from side to side; and in the green towers of the royal palms rising from the center of a mass of white roofs; and, above all, in the color and movement of the bazars ples and other structures. That they origin of mounds, and were they the original mound builders, though their civilization subsequently perished, they could not have lost track of such

Here is a floor which water cannot penetrate, and which dry rot, that most destructive of agencies in warm weath-er, cannot affect. Rats and mice ab-hor it, as do insects that work in wood floors, making them leak and opening the way for water to soak them. Its cost is slight, not exceeding the price of cement alone, and it is almost as dura-ble. It is never broken by the feet of animals, and when worn out can be Half way from the roof have anothe floor, making an upper and lower room. I bought two swarms of beet; animals, and when worn out can be quickly replaced, as the foundation is still there and only needs to be patched up a little. I have taken pains to in-sist that the wood used be dry; if not, the moisture it contains will ferment For the upper put one in each room. room I cut holes through the sides for the bees to pass through at the end of the building and for the lower room 1 have them at the sides. This was ten years ago. The swarn a the lower room was a weak one and lived only a year, but the others are there yet and have never swarmed. When they get the hive full of honey

FLOOR __

the moisture it contains will forment within the air-tight tar coating, and be a detriment to durability. For cattle, the plank drops must be put together with heavy spikes, and on the same principle as the floors. Avoid the use of wire nails; they have not the hold-ing power of cut nails, and allow planks to spring apart, drawing them out a little so that the urine sceeps away. The disagreeable odor from tar can be ab-sorbed by dry earth and ventilation for a few days. A great advantage this floor possesses is that it can be laid at slight extra expense by all who have got to replank their stables and feel the need of greater economy of plant food. In most cases the timbers are all ready for the work. -Hollister Sage, in Country Gentleman. they build on the outside, covering the Country Gentleman.



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-*BICKEL'S GRAND BARGAIN SALE.

This sale is a grand clearance sale. I will soon start East and be fore going I wish to reduce my stock, so I have gone through all goods and have placed on sale a large lot of Men's, Ladies', Boy's, Misses' and Children's Shoes and Oxfords to fit and suit all and at extremely low prices. Bargain seekers should not let this grand opportunity pass by as these are greater bargains than ever before offered. Full stock of Gent's fine Russia Calf Shoes, lace or Blucher style, at \$2.75 to \$4.00. Full stock of La-dies' Russia Calf Bluchers, common sense or piccadilly style, at \$2.00 to \$3.50, all styles and widths. Our stock of Ladies' and Misses' Oxfords is larger than ever before, prices 75c to \$2.50. Men's Black Oxfords at \$1.00. Men's Tan Oxfords at \$1.25. Men's Southern Ties at \$1.50. Full stock of Men's Dongola and Wine Color Creole shoes at \$1.50. Men's Patent Leather Shoes at \$3.50. Men's Patent Leather Pomps at \$1.25. Our stock of Men's Fine

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All are Respectfully Invited chine made pictures furnished by others.

down to that rocky p'int below; that's ENT OF down to that rocky p int below; that's where I spends my Sundays. It's allers Sunday to me whenever I goes there." "Good fishing grounds, eh?" asked the other, as they pushed off. Greg frowned. "Naw, I never fish there. Ye kin veer on to another track, is it woon't want to rile me" and then ATERIAL AND THE MOD. ERATE PRICE AT WHICH WE MAKE YOU A SUIT THAT IS sir, if ye don't want to rile me;" and then, after a pause, and speaking half to him-CORRECT TO THE LATEST DECREE OF FASHION. self. "it was on them rocks I seen her

> "Whom?" the young man asked with pardonable interest. Greg fastened the halyard, folded his arms, and looked out over the water. "She was my darter, sir; the pretti est, likeliest leetle 'un that ever drawed



Take into consideration that money saved is as good as money earned The best way to save money is buy good goods at the right price. The only reason that our trade i GREG LOOKED OUT OVER THE WATER.

increasing constantly is the fact that we handle only goods of first quality breath. She was drowned, without nd sell them at very low prices. We have taken unusual care to merey, without warnin'." The stranger looked at him keenly. rovide everything new in Hats and "Will you tell me about it?" he asked Furnishing Goods for this season, "Believe me, I do not ask from idle curi and as we have control of many osity." The tone was respectful, kind. Greg had resisted sympathy, for it came from unsuffering friends, who were troubled especially good articles in both lines we can do you good if you come to

We confidently say that in justice more for the condition of his soul than of his heart; but this genuine pity touched him, and he was moved to to themselves all purchasers should inspect our goods.

speak. "She was all the world to me after er mother died. I kin remember now them soft eyes o' hern-leetle bits o' blué sky. Every mornin' at sunup she was a-stirrin' and singin' about the house. Ye'd 'a' thought she lived per-DALE,

petual in the hollow o' the Almighty's hand. Of evenin's, she'd set on the doorstep and sing 'er hymns. Oh, them hymns, them hymns!—how they'd come a-driftin' acrost the water to me. There warn't no music o' this earth like 'er voice. I believed in Heaven every time

I heerd it. "One o' them hymns she loved more'n all the rest. It was: 'Pass me not, O gentle Saviour.' Every evenin' I could hear it a long ways off as I was a-com-in' home, and she settin' on the rocks waitin' fur me. She sung it like she learned it in Heaven. But when the Lord found me on the lowermes' rounds, a-strugglin' to mount, He flung down the ladder. I left Him then and there. Wertz-Hardman there.

"This day ten year ago my Alice was drowned. I bid 'er good-by in the mornin', and she jest as lively as a sea-bird dippin' over the waves. Long after I'd gone too fur to see 'er wavin' 'e hands, I could hear that hymn-chune a

and galieries in the the clearny. The work will be strictly first class and made under new formulas by the artist himself, who has had 15 years practical experience in large cities. Portraits in Oil, Crayon, Sepia, Pastel, &c. In this line we have to competition, Our portraits are made by hand in our own Studio, from sittings or from photos. Our work has reached the highest standard of excellence and is not to be compared with the cheap machine made pictures furnished by others.
Wait for us; get your pictures from us and
hands, I could hear that hymn-chune areached the fighest standard of excellence and is not to be compared with the cheap machine made pictures from us and

glittering chain of light and draw his boat thither. Shadowy forms rose from the deep to drag him down; he felt their clutch, but he held the chain antil he reached the star. Then, in what had been a star, he saw the fac of a woman, radiant with light. He looked, and it was the face of his wife. In her arms she held a child, who stretched out its hands towards him.

Somewhere a door opened; he was vaguely conscious of a sound, yet the ayes held him spell-bound and the lips moved as if to speak. He listened. "Father!" said a gentle voice, and a

him.

hand rested on his head. His heart

"Open your eyes. It's Alice-your own

came the growing twilight and the still ness of the church. There were arm about his neck: a face was near his own. He saw her eyes, the very "bits o' blue sky," bright fragments in his

memory. "Father, dear, don't you know me? I'm Alice—your own lost Alice." Starting up ho losked wildly about him. "Allié, my lostle Allie!" he gasped. "Naw, naw, the sea never gives

gasped. "Naw, naw, the sea never gives up its dead!" He sank down, overwhelmed, and a great sigh struggled through his frame, as he gazed upon her like one bereft of reason. She bent beside him, with her head on his breast. "Father," she feltered, "it is I-it is

your own Allie. They told me you were dead, long, long ago, and would not bring me back to you. Have you suf-fered, dear father? Have you grown feeble waiting? Did you never know that I was saved? They were kind to me, father, but their kindness wasn't

yours. We were looking for your grave; and, oh! can it be that we've found you?" Some one else was near-some on spoke; and his young friend of the morning took his limp hand reassur-

"Ye, too?" faltered the old man, con "Ye, too?" faltered the old man, con "Yes, from England, from the good people who picked her up at sea." There was silence. Even the gather ing shadows in the little church seemed



"IT'S ALICE, YOUR OWN ALICE." o pause to adjust themselves anew to

"My leetle Allie!" the old man said, at length, lifting her face to his. She folded her arms about him. "The good God has brought me back to you, here, in your arms again, to take care of you—oh, such loving care. Shall we go how to the dear old home?" and she don refused any longer to wash his clothes, because she lost customers by don refused any longer to wash his plcked up his battered hat. "Before we go," he said, huskily, "sing that old hymn chune ye used to him. "State of the said huskily, "sing that old hymn chune ye used to him. "State of the said huskily, "sing that old hymn chune ye used to him. "State of the said huskily, "sing that old hymn chune ye used to him.

MOORISH WOMEN. Something Concerning the Veiled Beauties of Northern Africa.

There is something continually interesting in the muffled figures of Moorish women, says a writer in Harper's Weekly. They make you almost ashamed of the uncovered faces of the American women in the town; and, in the lack of any evidence to the contrary, you begin to believe every Moorish women or girl you meet he as

Moorish woman or girl you meet is as beautiful as her eyes would make it appear that she is. Those of the Moor-ish girls whose faces I saw were dis-tinetly handsome; they were the wom-en Benjamin Constant paints in his pictures of Algiers, and about whom Diame I citi constint a catalas in his Pierre Lotti goes into ecstasies in his book on Tangier. Their robe or cloak, or whatever the thing is that they affect, covers the head like a hood, and with one hand they hold one of its folds in front of the face as

high as their eyes. The only times that I ever saw the face of any of them was when I occasionally eluded Ma-hamed and ran off with a little guide called Isnac, the especial protector of two American women, who farmed him out to me when they preferred to remain in the hotel. He is a particu-larly beautiful youth, and I noticed that whenever he was with me the cloaks of the women had a fashion of coming undone, and they would lower them for an instant and look at Isaac them for an instant and look at listic, and then replace them severely upon the bridge of the nose. Then Isaac would turn toward me with a shy conscious smile and blush violently. Isaac says that the young men of Tangiers can

ell whether or not a girl is pretty by tooking at her feet. It is true that their feet are bare, but it struck me as being a somewhat reckless test for se-leting a bride.

Only Thirty Years Ago.

mately from childhood refused to speak to him. And so general was the detestation of him that his laundress in Lon-

hive with honey, and all I have to do is to break it off when wanted. Cut 1 shows the outside door open and the small entry of 2 fest. Also two small doors though the partition one for loors through the partition, one for gropes in the darkness of the past. Did their occupation extend back to that period between the dawn of man's each room with glass in each so that you can look in and see the bees.—New Yorker, in Farm and Home.

THE POULTRY YARD.

WINTER greens for poultry, cheap and vholesome - cabbages. Grow them vourself. A LONG, flat shank, a long lank frame;

Courtship's Hours

At ten he whispered to her, good night, And he sadly left her at one fifteen. -N. Y. Press

Why He Wasn't Hurt.

No Wonder.

"Robert fell off a fifty-foot ladder

a short, round shank, a plump, compact body. WHEN chicks are high in price old fowls are also in demand. There is probably no better time to sell surplus

than now. WE do not advise heating water (by the sun) for fowls in summer. It will be warm enough if pumped from the well every day and the water vessel set in the shade. fourteen thousand years to form. The geological age in which the pavement on the mound in Wise county petrified is a live subject of inquiry and doubt-Was it during THE chick that is strong, growthy.

lakes extended from the Gulf of Mexhardy and active from the shell onward, is the one to keep for breeding. Keep lakes extended from the out of Act ico northward, or when was it? It was Horace Greeley who undertook to write up a mound for his paper, but after all he could tell about it was con-tained in the words: "It is here." He had not seen the Wise county mound. an eye on the broods and mark the best youngsters early. COLD weather seals up foul odors,

warm weather sets them free. Hence the greater importance of absorbing them now by a free use of earth in the

Very Formal.

The etiquette maintained by the lord ieutenant of Ireland in the vice regal lieutenant of freiand in the vice regain court is illustrated by an incident de-scribed by a recent interviewer. The writer was seated in the drawing-room of Dublin castle, when the door sud-denly opened, and a tall, singularly handsome, well-groomed young man in morning-dress entered the room. seene just in season to harvest the in-sect crop and glean the grain fields. Happy coincidence for the chicks. Others may have their choice, but we have a liking for June-hatched pullets, especially of the small and medium-sized breeds.—Farm Journal. Upon his appearance, Hon. Mrs. Hen-niker and her sister, Lady Fitzgerald, and the remaining ladies and gentle-men present rose to their feet, for this Coaxing Swarms to Remain. Coaring swarms to Remain. Twenty years ago New York bee-keepers coaxed absconding swarms to remain by this method, according to the American Bee Journal: We would take was his excellency the viceroy of Ire-land. Not only do Mrs. Henniker and broom handles and wrap rags on the large end, making a roll about ten inches in length, and about three inches Lady Fitzgerald always rise upon their brother's entrance into the room, but it is further their custom, as it is the through the center, tapering off small-er at the ends. The rags we would saturate with melted beeswax. The other end of the handle is sharpened so unden duty of every lady, to courtesy to him profoundly on leaving the lunch-con or dinner-table. An Ideal Life.

Syms-Ah, my boy, you are to be en-vied. An artist's life is an ideal one. The affairs of everyday life do not enas to stick in the ground. We used one handle for every four hives. Nearly every swarm that issues will cluster on some of these prepared sticks. The sticks should be stuck in the ground about four rods in front of the hives. ross vou. Daubre (whose pictures do not sell) -Not a bit. Why, we sometimes en-irely overlook such provaic matters as preakfast and dinner.—N. Y. Herald good deal to do with the bees clustering

His Compromise. Ned-So she said she would be a sison the rags. An Incomplete Cleansing. "Yes, sir," said Japsmith, "I washed my hands of the entire transaction."

r to you? Jack-Yes. Ned-What did you say to that?

"Why didn't you use some scap?" asked Cumso, with a glance at the hands alluded to.—Judge. A Fair Bed. Jack-I told her we would compro-mise and call it "aunt"-I was, too A Clever Physician. "Cadley yawned awfully while Dr. Hicks was telling that story last night." "Is n't this the hardest bed you even slept in?" said one man in a crowded Chicago hotel to his bedfellow.

"Oh, no!" was the cheerful reply; the slept in the lava beds of the Black ls."-Puck. "I know, but the doctor got even Hills. with him. Sent Cad a bill for inspect ing his throat."-Harper's Bazar. They strolled together 'neath Luna's light, At nine at her father's door were seen,

Bon Ton. Mrs. Hicks-Why won't you go to Dr. Tabernacle's church, dear? Hicks-I don't care to associate with

that kind of people. The last time I went he told them they were all poor, and wasn't hurt a bit." miserable sinners .- Truth. His Limit.

"Not hurt? I don't believe it." "It's quite true. He fell off the bot-tom rung."-Boston Globe. Clerk-How long will you be here,

Guest-What are your rates? Mr. Staylate-Why, my watch has stopped. She-I'm not surprised. You haven't wound it since you came.-Brooklyn

STRONG WAGON JACK. It Is Single, Yet It Will Support a Heavy Weight. Every owner of a whoeled vehicle should have some form of a wagon

should have some form of a wagon jack, for raising the axle for oiling, or convenient washing of the wheels. The very simplest form is shown in Fig. 1, from a sketch by D. S. Yates, and is simply a board six inches wide, and of the proper length, with two notches saved out near the top, as shown. For light wagons, one man can use this jack very easily, but for heavy wagons as-sistance is required. The one in Fig. 2 is cheap, strong and convenient. The part *a* is made from a two-inch plank of some tough wood, and is two and one-half feet in length. The lever *m* is three and one-half feet in length, and should be made from a tough stick three should be made from a tough stick three n



FIG. 1. FIG. 2. STRONG WAGON JACK. by four inches square, dressed to the form shown. The retaining $\operatorname{rod} g$ may the low bouses and in the coops of the chicks. JURE-HATCHED chicks come upon the seene just in season to harvest the in-This will be found a most serviceable jack, and will easily support half a ton weight.-American Agriculturist.

Farming z Business

Farming is a business, and the man who would make a real success of it who would make a real success of it nowadays must be a good business man. He must be an all-round good business manager. Besides buying and selling and the employment of labor there are the planting, cultivating and harvesting of crops, the breeding, feed-ing and cara of live stock the use of ing and care of live stock, the use of machinery and a hundred other impor-tant things which require intelligence, skill and executive ability of a high order. There are a thousand little de-tails of the business to be carefully looked after to make the farm do its best. Taking everything into consider-ation, the wonder is that there are not more failures on the farm than there are. No business in the city would long stand under the easy-going management of the average unsucce farmer.-American Farmer.

I would's give much for that man who doesn't feel a thrill of joy every time he reaches the top of a hill.

Why He Was There. The prisoner before the police court bar had been there before many a

time. "I'd like to know," said the judge, "why you get here so often?" "It's the only place in town where I can get credit, your honor," was the

ambiguous reply. "Well, you haven't much credit here, I can tell you." "May be so, your honor, but just the

same I'm always charged with some-thing when I come." And the court gave him ten days extra .- Detroit Free

Foreign Travel Improves. Successful Farmer—Son George got some sense durin' that foreign tour any-

Wife-I hain't seen it.

"I have. You know he spent a good while in Lunnon, as he calls it." "Yes, an' I'd like to know what good it did.

"Use y'r eyes, Miranda. He learned to turn up his pants w'en it rains. Y. Weekly.

