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Lave every hing in their favor-beauty, stability, ease. You can fin' this out by looking at 'em. Your dealer sells them. Made by FREDONIA MFG. CO., Youngstown, O.



Manifests itself in hot weather in hives, pimples, boils and other cruptions which disfigure the face and cause great annoy-ance. The cure is found in Hood's Sarsa-Hood's Sarsaparilla which makes the blood pure and removes all such disfigured by the last of the blood pure and removes all such disfigured by the last of the blood pure and the blood pur urations. It also gives strength, creates an appetite and invigorates the whole system. Get Hood's.

Hood's Pills are prompt and efficient. Ghristmas Games **⇒**FREE ≤ A FINE GAME IN EACH 1-16 PACKAGE OF LION COFFEE. UNTIL CHRISTMAS. MANY DIFFERENT KINDS

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SUITABLE FOR

GROWN PEOPLE

AND CHILDREN.

DRINK LION COFFEE

AND GET ALL THESE

FINE PARLOR GAMES.

Hyour dealer does not keep it

It is unnecessary to bore you with the advertisement of our largest stock, best facilities, business, etc. You know we have that. The important announcement is,

We will Positively save

TAILOR.

THE PRESS

PHILADELPHIA, DAILY SUNDAY WEEKLY FOR 1805.

Pennsylvania's Greatest Family Newspaper. It Prints All the News

Family Paper, appealing directly to the interests of every member of the household, by the absence of anything of an objec-tionable character in ettler its news, literary or advertising columns.

As an Advertising Medium THE PRESS

results. The people believe in them and use them. THE PRESS prints a high as 4,550 want advertisements in single issue and has received 15,060 answers to Press Want Ads. in a single day. This shows why Press Ads. give the great results.

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Our great Bargain Sale of Underwear for November and December is one of the most Seasonable Bargain Sales over held in Butler.

Infants All-wool Vests. 10c Childrens Merino Vests. 15c Childrens 75c Combination Suits. 50c Childrens \$1, All-wool, C-mbination

FINE MILLINERY OUR SPECIALTY. M. F. & M. MARKS, 113 to 117 S. Main St., - Butler.

Great Discovery. Cancers.

A disfiguring growths removed without the knife and without pain. Our specific medicines act only on the doceaed parts and permanently ours. No fee until cured. Dr. Taylor. No. 320 Liberty Street. Pittsburg.

GOSSER'S CREAM GLYCERINE. has no equal for chapped hands. !lps ar face, or any roughness of the skin, and is not excelled as dressing for the face after shaving. Sold by druggists at wenty-five Cents a Bottle.

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When Brown was released from coninement he went at once to his quarters, and was accorded a warm welcome by his comrades. He took a bath and changed his clothing, for the guard houses of frontier military posts are not noted for cleanliness, and then went to report for duty to his troop commander. Capt. and Mrs. Colby were sitting on the porch of their quarters when he came up, and re-spectfully saluting the captain and removing his cap he said:
"I am instructed, sir, to report to you for duty."

for duty."
"I am glad of it, Brown," the captain replied. "I am gratified that the result of your rash act has not proved so serious as I had feared. I know that you will kindly receive some advice from me, for I assure you I feel a more than ordinary interest in your welfare."
"Shall I retire, captain?" asked Mrs.

Colby.

"No, my dear, I wish you to remain.
I am not going to reprove Private
Brown very severely, nor in the least
humiliate him. I just wish to say this,
Brown. You are not an ordinary sol-Brown. You are not an ordinary soldier. Your demeanor, your language, your every act indicates that through some chain of circumstances, which I shall not inquire into, you are placed in a position far beneath the station in life in which you are fitted by education and training to hold an honored place. You no doubt at times deeply feel the chains of servitude which bind you, and unpleasant experiences bind you, and unpleasant experiences which an ordinary soldier would ac-cept as a matter of course, awake in your sensitive nature a spirit of resentment. I think I understand and I believe I can fully appreciate your feelings in the recent trouble you had with a superior officer. Your sense of manhood revolted at the unwarranted We will Positively Save
you Money on you!

Fall Clothes.

Our stock tables are resplendent with the newest patterns.

See them.

ALAND,

Manhood revolted at the unwarranted abuse heaped upon you, and in your rage you lost sight of your army rank and assaulted him. That was very unwise. The men at the stables were witnesses to your altereation with Lieut. Vandever, and would have testified to that officer's action toward you in an official inquiry, and had you quietly submitted to his treatment and reported the matter to myself as your troop commander, a thorough investigation would have followed, and full justice would have been done you. I have but this advice to offer you, Brown. While you remain in the ranks you must never lose sight of your position, and must submit to annoyances which you would resent in civil life. Always keep in mind the fact that the humblest private in the ranks has discharged in the ranks has been done to have been done you. I have but this advice to offer you, Brown. While you remain in the ranks has you must never lose sight of your position, and must submit to annoyances which you would resent the unwarranted abuse heaped upon you, and in your rage you lost sight of your army rank and assaulted him. That was very unwise. The men at the stables were witnesses to your altereation with Lieut. Vandever, and would have testified to that officer's action toward you in an official inquiry, and had you quiet you shall you suit to the ranks your troop commander, a thorough investing at the provided him. That was very unwise. The men at the stables were witnesses to your altereation with Lieut. Vandever, and would have testified to that officer's action toward you in an official inquiry, and had you quiet to suit the provided him. That was very unwise. The men at the stables were witnesses to your altereation with Lieut. Vandever, and would have followed.

humblest private in the ranks has rights which his officers are bound to respect, and that redress for his wrongs is provided for by the rules and regulations governing military discipline. This cloud upon the face of your most excellent record as a soldier is not in-

effaceable, and you can soon be in as good standing as you were before the unfortunate occurrence." Brown listened attentively to the replied:
"I thank you, sir, for the words you have spoken, and I deeply appreciate the spirit in which the advice is given. I assured you when you so kindly visited me in the guard house that I deeply appreciated my assault upon Lieut. regretted my assault upon Lieut. Vandever, and I now repeat it, sir, that I am sincerely sorry I did not bridle my comper and seek for redress through

proper channels." The captain regarded the young sol-dier attentively for a moment, and said:

"If asked to do so, Brown, would you go to Lieut. Vandever and offer him an apology for striking him?" Brown's face flushed and a look of manly independence shot from his eyes; but, before he could reply, Mrs. Colby, with marked emphasis, exclaimed "Indeed, he would not, Capt. Colby.
This man is a—"

"There, there, my dear. I was just testing the young man's mettle, and his eyes have answered me," the officer interrupted with a knowing smile. "I had no thought of asking him to humil-iate himself to a man who certainly wronged him. The testimony given at the court-martial showed conclusive-ly that Lieut. Vandever's action toward him was unwarranted, every officer in the garrison knows it was unwar-ranted, and the action of the commanding officer when reviewing the findings and sentence was a rebuke to the lieu-tenant which I sincerely hope he may

profit by. You will report for duty to your first sergeant, Brown, and I trust that no similar trouble may ever again come into your army life."

The young soldier saluted and was about to retire when Mrs. Colby said:
"I have been informed that you are

n artist, Brown."
"Yes, madam, but a very ordinary one. A much poorer one than I hope to be some day when again given facil-ities to follow an art which I dearly

"I have a painting in my parlor which I would like to show you. It was a gift from my mother on my wedding day, and I prize it very highly.



INDEED HE WOULD NOT, CAPT. COLBY.

headquarters and attend to some business that demands my attention." Brown followed the good lady into the house, and the painting was pointed out to him. He stood gazing upon it in rapt admiration, his eyes glowing with pleasure as they drank in every detail of light and shade and bold col-

oring.
"Bierdstadt?" "How did you know?" she asked. "His name does not appear on the pic-

touch and happy conceptions could ever mistake the work of that master ever mistake the work of that master hand," he replied. "There is an individuality clinging to his pictures which problaims their authorship as plainly as if his name appeared with glowing distinctness on the margin of

mountain conceptions for which Bierd stadt was famous. A great rocky gulch rent the breast of the mountain chain,

surrounding face of the mountain brist ling with pines and studded with bowl-ders. The morning sun was just peeping over a crag to the eastward, bath-ing the rugged face of nature in mel-low, golden light. On the brink of the precipitous wall on one side of the canyon stood a lordly elk with head erect and nostrils distended gazing across the great chasm to where, on the op-posite brink, stood a mountain sheep in the same startled attitude. The animals seemed to have discovered each other at the same moment, and their pose, the rising sun and the soft blush of color which surrounded all confirmed the appropriateness of the title of the picture, "A Morning Surprise."

the sides of the yawning chasm and the

In words of eloquence the young sol-dier traced the artistic beauties of the rare work of art, and Mrs. Colby listened in admiration of the intelligence of the man in whom she felt such great interest, but whose voice she had never interest, but whose voice she had never before heard. As he went on and on, dilating upon this point and that, com-paring the work of Bierdstadt with that of other famous artists, every doubt of the truth of the story told her by Alice Sanford faded from Mrs. Colby's mind, and in her eyes the young man became a hero. It must be remembered that Brown was ignorant of the fact that she was in possession of his story, and in the midst of an elo quent speech his position as a private soldier flashed upon him, and in an em-barrassed manner he said:

"I beg your pardon, madam. In my pleasure at being permitted to view this beautiful work of art I quite forgot myself, and I fear I have tired you. With your permission I will retire." "O, no, you must not. I assure you your criticism of the picture greatly interests me, and your praises of its beauty gratify me more than I can tell you. Please be seated, for I love to hear you discuss art and artists."

She metioned him to a chair and for.

She motioned him to a chair, and for an hour they sat in interested convermeanor so impressed him that he again lost sight of his humble rank and conversed with her as he would with a lady in the parlors of society in the east. She was a woman of finished

Brown walked to his quarters with a light heart. With the one exception of Alice Sanford this had been his first conversation with a woman since his enlistment, and to him it seemed as a a glimpse of the social life which would again be his when his term of service should have expired. The flood of sunshould have expired. The nood of sun-shine his acquaintance with Alice had cast into his distasteful soldier life was multiplied and intensified by the attenmultiplied and intensified by the attentions shown him by Mrs. Colby, and it all came to him as the first rift in the cloud of servitude which must one day melt into the horizon and disappear from the sky of his life. The lady's kind parting words: "I hope to meet you often, Mr. Brown," were yet ring-ing in his ears when the first sergeant of his troop grasped his hand and warmly welcomed him back to duty. rarmly welcomed him back to duty. But an hour after Brown left the

Colby quarters Alice Sanford entered, met by Mrs. Colby with a "I have met your hero, my dear girl," she said. "I not only met him, but had a long conversation with him

in this very room."
"O, did you, Mrs. Colby? And may I ask what you think of him?" "He is a very fine appearing young nan, and looks to be a model soldier,"

she quietly answered.
"O, bother the soldier! Leaving Private Brown clear out of the question, how did Mr. Edward Thornton impress you? Isn't he nice?"

you? Isn't he nice?"
"I will tell you, my dear, frankly
what I think of him. He came here to
report to Capt. Colby for duty, and I
asked him in to give me an artist's
view of my Bierdstadt picture which you so much admire. From the discussion of art I led him into other fields, and I was really astonished at the wide range of his information. Putting Private Brown out of the question, as you suggested, dear, I found Mr. Thornton a perfect gentleman, courteous and polished in demeanor, highly educated, fascinating conversationalist, a brainy man of refined tastes-in short, were he to be to-day raised to his proper sphere in life I know of nothing that should prevent me from welcom

think he is entirely worthy of my

Alice, dear, indeed you must not allow eyes to his rank in our military world.
You should look upon Private Brown as Private Brown, and not what Private rown should be or might be."
"Oh, I hate that barrier of rank!"

cried Alice, impulsively. "Mrs. Colby, we are as God made us, and rank or if it be possible, his discharge from the service must be brought about. I dress cannot change our natures. Is not Mr. Thornton as much an honorable man in the garb of a private soldier as he would be in the elegant dress of a society gentleman? Is not his soul as pure while serving as a soldier as it would be had he never strayed from the path of life in which he belongs? Have his refined instincts and noble traits of character been stunted or de-

royed by his enlistment?"
"My dear child, there are rules of nilitary etiquette and discipline which we, as members of the military world, should sacredly regard. In military society, as in military discipline, the lines must be sharply drawn. The men of the ranks must be taught to feel there would be but the and military rules would be but dead letters. While Edward Thornton chooses to fill the shoes of Private triend's neck, and kissed her fondly. Richard Brown he must have no as-pirations above the sphere of the pri-vate soldier and must not endeavor to

up, yet that same jewel in its proper surroundings would assume its full value in anyone's eyes. In other words,



education and manly instincts, we must not recognize him while he is in the ranks, yet were he to be to-day freed from the service fetters we could ex-tend to him the hand of friendship, and welcome him as an equal into our so-cial circles. The gem loses its value when it falls from its setting into the gutter. Is not your argument a little shaky, Mrs. Colby?". "Alice, my dear child, you force me

to plainer words, and I must talk to you as if I were your own mother. In my conversation with Brown to-day I several times mentioned your nam and when I did so I could read him as an open book. Every time your name fell from my lips a new light came into his eyes, his face glowed with increased animation, and at one time an unmistakable sigh which he vainly endeav-ored to suppress caught my attention

Alice, that man is desperately in love with you, and your tell-tale eyes while conversing of him too plainly indicate that there is a growing feeling in your young heart far stronger than one of friendship and sympathy for this soldier. My dear child, answer me truly, are you not falling in love with this making it is not sold the soldier. man in the ranks?'

The face of the young girl was red with blushes, and she threw her head down into the lap of her motherly friend to hide her confusion. Mrs. Colby stroked her hair tenderly, and a smile of intermingled sadness and ympathy lit up her face. After a few noments Alice partly regained her composure, and raising her head she looked with trusting confidence into her friend's eyes and replied:
"I—I—dop't know, Mrs. Colby. Mr

Thornton impresses me as no gentle-man ever before did. I have seen so sation. Mrs. Colby was, unknown to him, sounding the young soldier to the depths, and with womanly tact she drew from him bit by bit little touches of coloring from his early life, and by her ease of manner and gracious demensions a impressed him that he again think—a—great—deal—of—him—per—think—a—great—deal—of—him—thim—think—a—great—deal—of—him—think—a—great—deal—of—him—think—a—gr "My dear girl, I feared as much, and

that is why I have pointed you to the impassable barrier which lies between you—at present. You must master this growing fondness before it masters you, for love, my child, when once it east. She was a woman of finished education, one who had seen much of the world, and as she led him on and on from topic to topic, her wonder grew at his intelligence and fine conversational powers.

CHAPTER IX.

Brown walked to his quarters with a light heart. With the one exception beloved daughter of one of the mos distinguished officers of the army had bestowed her love upon a humble private soldier in the ranks. The finger and your old father, were he to survive the shock, would resign his proud posi-"Oh, you frighten me!" the girl said,

with an appealing look smother the emotions which God placed in my soul, cannot change the nature He has given me, and I believe it would be wicked to torture my own peace of mind even to preserve unbroken the lines of army social distinction. Mrs. Colby, I confess to you that my eyes have not been blinded to the growing regard I feel for Mr. Thornton. I have even felt that he might be necessary tention that would indicate that he entertained toward me aught but a feeling of simple friendship, and what you have told me of his—of his—thinking a great deal of me comes as a revelation, and, I confess it, a most pleasing one. But, Mrs. Colby, I assure you, on my honor, that I have never once thought of the military world knowing aught of any tender feeling which might exist between myself and a private soldier. I did not even intend that you should know it, dearly as I love you, until Private Brown should disappear from life, and Mr. Thornton, with his military service but a memory of the past, should step into our social circles. If this should be brought about, what

"Ah! that might make a wide dif-

ference, dear. Now I begin to understand you, and you have lifted a great load of apprehension from my heart. There would be no impropriety in a refined, honorable and worthy gentleof the daughter of a military officer. Many do so, and the most happy re-"O, thank you, Mrs. Colby. I am so glad you met and like him, for your died by the state of the all-consuming fire in my own soul, I friendship will greatly lighten the load the poor boy has to bear. And you think he is entirely marked the poor boy has to bear. And you adviser in this matter, if you will so iendship?"
"Mr. Thornton would be, yes. But, there dear, indeed you must not allow seal of my friendship, and I want you our sympathies for him to blind your to confide in me. There is but one pathway leading to your future happathway leading to your lutter hap-piness, and it must not be strayed from. While Edward Thornton re-mains as Private Brown you must look upon him as but a soldier in the ranks. You must avoid him all you can, and, service must be brought about. I think it can be. When that consummation is reached he may feel at liberty to sue for your hand, and should he do so you must refer him to your father. His past life must be investigated, for you must remember, dear, that we have but his own unsupported story regarding himself. There, know what you would say. I belie in him as much as you do, but your vincing proof of his worth before he would permit him to show you any atdo and should Mr. Thornton estab the fact that he is a man of honor and true worth as I believe he will, you need have no fear, my dear girl, of the that the plane they occupy is beneath the level of those in official life, else there would be no respect for authorities. The world have no fear, my dear girl, of the future, for love will surmount any ordinary obstacle that may rise in its

Then her emotions overcame her, and step over the line of social distinction.
When his term of service shall have expired and he again takes his place in the ranks of civil life—well, that may the ranks of civil life—well, that may have the sought her home and the be a different matter, my dear."

"Then, as you reason, Mrs. Colby, when a jewel falls from its setting into

Days passed, and saye at a distance games, the officer became aware of the

ings and, with a strict eye to military propriety, had forbidden the contin-uance of their friendship. The thought troubled him greatly, and he grew mo-

rose and reserved in his intercourse with his comrades. It was believed by his associates that the sting of the dis-grace of a court-martial had left a pain-ful wound, and they did all they could to show him that in their eyes his honor was unsullied by the act of as-

It is a custom at military posts of the west that after each day's service on guard duty the cavalry soldier, should he so desire, is given a "hunting pass," and is permitted to take his horse and go in quest of game. In his perturbed state of mind sketching had lost its interest to Brown, and after each guard service he would secure official permis-sion, mount his horse and speed away toward the base of the Magdalena or toward the base of the Magdalena or San Mateo mountains to hunt ante-

One afternoon while returning from a hunt he rode slowly down a draw or depression in the plain, his thoughts busy with Alice Sanford. It had become quite apparent to him that her failure to meet him as of old was of her her daily gallops down the river? He chided himself for ever having had the assurance to think that he, a private soldier, might aspire to the love of the daughter of the commanding officer of one of the most important military posts in the west. He began to think that it would have been better for his peace of mind had he never met her.

Riding from the draw onto the level of the plain two moving objects caught his eye a mile distant, traveling in the direction of the mountains. Hastily taking his field-glass from a saddle pocket he leveled it upon the objects, and his heart seemed to grow cold and a great lump came into his throat when he saw Alice and Lieut. Vandever riding slowly along side by side, ap-parently engaged in deep conversation. Here, he thought, was an explanation of why the girl had avoided him. She had become on friendly terms with the lieutenant. Of course he had painted his assailant in the darkest colors, and Alice now looked upon her former soldier friend as one unworthy of her no



to hate him. The thought was maddenful emotions at the reflection that he might never again hear the loved With a sigh that seemed almost a

to spur his horse forward when on raising his eyes he saw, but a few rods dis-Straightening himself in the saddle he awaited the officer's approach, and as he came up respectfully gave the mili-"My man, ride and overtake Lieut.

them my compliments and say to them that I am out for a ride, and if they de-sire a good-looking old fellow for com-pany I would be pleased to have them wait for me. I am too old to go thun-dering after them as I would once have loved to do. I was a great rider in my day, but old age and rheumatism have called a halt on that sort of work." What could he do but obey? what could he do but obey? With a parting salute he turned his horse's head toward the young couple and dashed away, confused at the embarassing task assigned him. Rather would he have faced a thousand yelling savages who sought his life than the goalle girl and her somewhat efthe gentle girl and her somewhat ef-feminate escort, believing, as he did, that through the officer's representations she had come to hate him. As every leap of his powerful horse lessened the distance between himself

would have made any earthly sacrifice to be relieved of the duty upon which he had been sent. He at last determinded that he would ride up and deliver his message as though to perfect strangers and hasten away again, and touching his horse with the spurs he urged him to greater speed that the unpleasant task might be the sooner When within a quarter of a mile of

the couple Brown was astonished to see Vandever suddenly wheel his horse from the trail, and gallop furiously across the plain in the direction of the estern borders of the garrison, while Miss Sanford turned her and rode back toward hims It may be appropriate to here give the conversation between Alice and Vandever, that his abrupt and hasty

flight from her side may be explained

It may also show the stability of the foundation upon which Brown's torturing fears were built.

At the dinner table that day Alice, after much coaxing, had drawn from her father a promise to go riding with her, but at the hour of starting a man government contract business, and the girl was compelled to start alone. The siness was adjusted much

had anticipated, and, recalling how eager his daughter had been to enjoy a ride with him, he determined she should not be deprived of the pleasure, and, ordering his horse, he started after her. As he rode through one of the sallyports in the line of earthworks which surrounded the garrison he saw Lieut. Vandever join her out on the plain, and ride away by her side. They started after a little while in a gallop and seeing the futility of attempting to overtake them the colonel concluded to ride slowly ahead and meet them on their return.

The lieutenant had spent much of

the day in a social game of cards with a hay contractor in the club room of the post trader's store, the stakes being but the price of a bottle of wine or the number of bottles of the sparkling beverage had changed ownership as the hours sped by. When at last, weary of the pastime, the players ceased their i

Brown saw nothing of Alice. Day after day, when not on duty, he repaired with his sketch book to his away the effects of his frequent pota certain state of lucidity, and to wear away the effects of his frequent pota-tions he went to the stables, ordered his horse and started for a ride. He was not at all what civilians would term "beastly drunk," but had taken sufficient wine to make him reckles and to screw his vanity up to the high est notch, and as he galloped out of the garrison he felt as lordly as ever did Alexander the Great after a well won victory. Seeing Miss Sanford riding along but a short distance away he for-got that they had ever had a differ-

got that they had ever had a diner-ence, and hastily galloped up to her side. Raising his cap he said to her: "Will you grant me the privilege of a short gallop with you, Miss Sanford? I cannot tell you how lonely I get at times, actually blue, since being so cruelly torn from society and thrown into duty in this remote corner of creater worker, and it remains there uning

I fear, Mr. Vandever. I came out my-self to endeavor to wear away a half morbid feeling. You can ride with me

if you wish."
"Thank you. I am sure neither of
us can feel blue in such charming society. How's that for a double-acting compliment? Ha! ha! ha!"

"Very clever, but you rate your own powers of attraction higher than I do mine, for I assure you that I will be anything but a charming companion in my present state of feeling."

"Miss Sanford is always charming,"
he replied, with a smile that seemed to he replied, with a smile that seemed to lose its vitality and fade away into a

half a mile they rode rapidly. Then reining her pony down to a walk Alice too hard riding. Let us walk our animals awhile."

"A very beautiful trait in your character, Miss Sanford. It is an evidence of gentle disposition and a sympathetic soul, and it causes me to admire you more and more, if that were possible."

The young girl with just a time of

gallantry."

"O, but I assure you my words come from the bottom of my heart; but if I have annoyed you I sincerely beg your pardon, and will not offend again."

"I hope you will not, Mr. Vandever. If you wish to talk tell me something of your academy life.'

He began a running description of some of the sports and pastimes at West Point, and really interested the girl with his boyish enthusiasm as he detailed his superiority in many of the

It was at this time that Brown emerged from the draw and leveled his glass at the couple, his heart aching with pain and apprehension at their aparent sociability

Vandever could not long keep away from his favorite topic, however, and, as was his delight when he could get any of the younger officers to listen to any of the younger officers to listen to him, he began to recount his flirtations with the girls during his academic days. A spirit of mischief possessed the young girl and by an interjected word now and then she seemed to take great interest in his provess in the field of love, and led the half befuddled officer to believe that she was looking upon him as a gallant whose charm of manner was irresistible in schoolday manner was irresistible in schoolday affairs of the heart. His silly gush

yould have won a smile from me. Allss Sanford, I am as yet but a second lieutenant, but some day I will be a colonel, a general, and you would be proud of the love of such a distinguished man. I do love you, my dear girl, my queen of beauty! I have long loved you in secret, but never dared—"
"Lieut, Vandarer, bow, days, you!" "Lieut. Vandever, how dare you!" she cried, in anger. "You have been drinking; I can detect the fumes of liquor on your breath, or you would not be so mad as to use such language to me. Leave me at once, sir, instr ly, and never dare speak to me again, or I will acquaint my father with your conduct. Go!"

'Spillat is an awful mean man.' "What did he do?" "His wife's a political candidate and he gave his vote to her for a birthday ent."-Chicago Record.

To Save Time Clerkets-Shall I send this bundle? Mrs. Hicks—N-no, I can just as well carry it; you can send the change, though, if you will.—N. Y. World. Genius. "My wife is a wonderful woman,"

said Jarley. "Give her time and a shoe button, and, by Jove, she'll make a bonnet out of it."—Harper's Bazar. The Bridegroom and the Husband.

The Bridegroom and
He bought for her silver buttonhooks
When youth and beauty adorned her brow;
Since then she has somewhat changed in look
And she always uses a hairpin now.
—N. Y. Press. DIOGENES UP TO DATE.



me in such a rain? washing day, and my tub is in use."-

New Boarder (complainingly)-Jean't eat this steak, madam. You'll find an excellent dentist right opposite.-N. Y. Weekly.

Student-Professor, which is the log- the friend. "If there's anything about my boy .- N. Y. Herald.

Sympathizer—My dear, I hear that you husband is dead. Sympathizee (weeping)—Yes, he has left for parts unknown.—N. Y. World.

The Promising Oue. The baby that's sure to make things hum
The day he his reached man's size
Is the baby that sits and sucks his thumb

DAIRYING IN DENMARK

on the dairy industry of Denmark we reproduce an illustration of a cooling box for butter. Prof. Georgeson says: Butter coolers are found in every dairy The cooler is a simple box made either of wood or in some cases The box is provided with one or the illustration a represents the cleat, c the slats and S the butter. The box is covered with a lid on which is put a layer of broken ice, and the ice water from the melting of this ice runs



sickly grin. "Perhaps a gallop may serve to rouse our spirits. Come."

Their horses dashed away and for facilitate the cooling the butter facilitate the cooling the butter called into an arch as shown in the cooling the state of the cooling tha down into the bottom of the box. To rolled into an arch, as shown in the cut. In large dairies these boxes are large enough to admit of placing two or three layers of butter to cool at

Every dairy is supplied with several scales of varying sizes. The decimal weight is used everywhere. Instead of moving the weight along on the soul, and it causes me to more and more, if that were possible."

The young girl, with just a tinge of severity in her tones, replied:

"Mr. Vandever, an honest compliment from a gentleman to a lady is always appreciated, but I detest frothy praise that is bestowed through what some gentlemen may believe a sense of the sound when a certain weight is reached it is checked off and the basin is tipped so that it empties its contents

is tipped so that it empties its contents into the large milk vat.

Many styles of buckets and milk cans are used. They are generally made of heavy tin and they are not infrequently enormous in size. The cans in which the milk is transported a brass plate and soldered to the can, thus obviating the weighing of the can.

Examples of very successful feeding of cows are becoming common, show-ing that dairymen are advancing with great rapidity in the art of dairying. From the Homestead we select an example that may serve to inspire some

"A yield of 362 pounds of butter per cow in a herd of 20 is the yearly product obtained by N. D. Potter, a progressive dairyman of South Coventry, Conn. Here is his system and its results: If results are a criterion, the system appears to be a good one. The cown are nearly all grade Jerseys, 17 of the amins of the heart. His silly gush amused her greatly, and her seeming admiration of his generalship in lovewas almost paralyzed with fright and indignation when he said to her:

are nearly all grade Jerseys, 17 of the 20 being dehorned. They are kept in milk from 10% to 11 months, being indignation when he said to her:

The plan is to feed the cows all they will eat and to feed frequently in or-20 being dehorned. They are kept in indignation when he said to her:

"But they were mere moths fluttering about an electric light, Miss Sanford. There was not a womanly soul among them. Oh, had I met there such a mong them. Oh, had I met there such a mong them. Oh, had I met there such a mong them. Oh, had I met there such a mong them. Oh, had I met there such a mong them. Oh, had I met there such a mong them. Oh, had I met there such a mong them. Oh, had I met there such a mong them. Oh, had I met there such a mong them. a queen among women as yourself no silly cadet-struck butterfly of fashion evolutions of the cows are ted at 4 a. m. with 3½ to 4 pounds grain, this being the time of the morning milking, and at 6 a. m. 22 to 23 pounds corn silage. The stables are cleaned at 8:30 and the cows let out into a yard and watered with warn water. As soon as this is done they are fed from 3 to 5 pounds of good hay At 12 m., the remnants and enough good hay to make about 2½ pounds

per cow are cut up, a tablespoonful of salt and from 3 to 3½ pounds grain

added for each cow, which is mixed up

with warm water. Dairying is the grandest help-out the farmer has to-day. There is not, in my opinion, the slightest reason for in my opinion, the slightest reason for fearing that first-class butter, prop-erly marketed, will ever fail to be profitable to the maker. There is too much poor butter manufactured for that. Let those who wish to profit by it make only a strictly high-grade article, and the price is all right for all they have to sell. Some localities are well as the property of selling best and may make one way of selling best, and some another. Each individual but-ter maker must study the situation for himself. I am speaking of home but-ter-making, not to creamery butter-makers. I believe the place to make the butter is at home on the farm. Not that I would do away with the creameries, but for clear profit the home dairy will come out ahead if properly managed. The work, of course, is also greater than where the

milk or cream is sent to the creamery.

—Colman's Rural World. Bone for Trees and Vines. If bones can't be reduced to a very fine condition pound them or break them to pieces in some manner and place them around the grape vines, about six inches deep in the soil. They may also be used around trees. But little benefit will be derived from coarse pieces of bone for a year or two, but it is better to thus utilize them than to allow them to accumulate into unsightly heaps.

IF cream of different ripeness is mixed, there will be a loss in the

Stranger—For heaven's sake, what's hat unearthly noise? that unearthly noise? Host—Oh, that's my neighbor's oldest daughter. She has a desire to become an opera singer.

Stranger (meditatively)—Poor thing!
Poor thing! And is she being treated for it?- somerville Journal.

"I think," she said as she came into the room, "that I will give that poll parrot away."
"Yes," replied the young man who
was calling. "It would be only fair.
She has been doing as much for you."—

Detroit Free Press. Proof Positive. "Yes," said the physician, "he's dead, poor fellow. His heart has ceased to beat."

ical way of reaching a conclusion?

Professor—Take a train of thought,

he is certainly dead."—Life. A Financial Coup. "You don't mean to say that you lent Stickles your umbrella!" "Yes; and it was economy to do it. It

saves me the twenty-five cents a day he used to borrow."—Washington Star. His Wife's Purse.

Who steals my purse steals trash"— So on my feelings never tramples. But he who steals my wife s purse steals A wondrous lot of samples.