DON'T Want

A Wheel?

Just as good time now, as any, to think of buying, to compare prices and merits. We pin our best faith to the CLEVELAND and the PHOENIX.

A wheel should be

Easy Bunning. Fire Locking Fully Guaranteed.



We have them now and will have in the Spring.

J. E.FORSYTHE.

THE GREAT QUESTION!

Every face at home, and every glance into our inviting windows, suggests the question. "What shall I get or give for Christmas?" The an wer to the first depends upon the love and liberality of your friends; the second apon your own means and generosity. Let fate and friends after the get, you look after the give _that's the part most blessed. Remember, that a little given with love is more than much given because you

Can. Our place is just now budding with its wealth of solidified happiness.

Select Your Presents Now

From the Largest, Newest, and Best Selected Stock in Butler. Jour Money on Fall Clothes.

ladies' and Gentlemen's Fine Handk-rehiefs in Linen. Silk, Embroidered, Plain, Hem Stitched and Inital Handkerchiefs; Handkerchief Cases, Glove Cases in Satin and Celluloid Hand Painted Effects, Art Novelties in Celluloid Photo Holders, Silk Mufflers, Kid Gloves. Fine Jewelery, such as Hair Pins, Stick Pins, Fine Finger Rings, Belt Buckles and Pins, Neck Bands, Side Combs, &c., Stamped Lineus, Fancy Silk, Jap Crepes, Sofa Pillow Covers, Bureau Scarfs, Fine Dress Pat cros in all Wool Pisio and Novel Effects in Silks and Satin See our 25c Silk, and all Silk Ribbon the newest patterns. bargains in all colors for fancy work; bargains in Blankets, Ladies' Wool and Satine Skirts, Wraps and Millicery Space forbids our mentioning the numerous articles in useful as well as ornamental Xmas give Our tig store is filled with them. If you want to know what to buy 'or Xmas and where to buy it come to the reliable store, corner of Main and Jefferson streets,

Mrs. Jennie E. Zimmerman

. SUCCESSOR TO RITTER & RALSTON

GREAT SLAUGHTER SALE over shown. New Ideas,

OVERCOATS, - SUITS,

Underwear, Shirts, Hats, Caps, Hosiery, Ties, Gloves, Mittens, Cardigan Jackets, Sweaters, Trunks, Valises, Telescopes, Watches, Chains, Charms, Rings, Pins, Suspenders, Handkerchiefs, Brushes, Purses, etc. This

NO CLEARANCE SALE

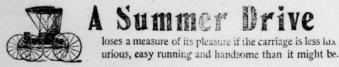
Of Summer Goods, but our regular stock of FALL AND WINTER GOODS. We show you the largest stock in Butler to select from and everything goes.

*Grand * Opportunity.*

We are the pioneers of LOW PRICES. We never were, never can and never will be UNDERSOLD. Bear this in mind, and don't make your purchases until you see us. We feel satisfied we can do you good.

D. A. HECK,

21 N. Main St., Duffy's Block, Butler, Pa.



Fredonia Buggies

have nothing but good points. They're the handsomest vehicles you can get—are as strong and secure as they're sightly.

Ask and insist that you see them at your dealer's. Mede by FREDONIA MPG. CO., Youngstown, Ohio. Headache, Dyspepsia, Indigestion

Are caused by bad blood, and by a run down, worn out condition of the body. Remember

Hood's Sarsa-



A BENUTIFUL CARD ACHAGE MANY FINE PREMIUMS GIVEN FREE TO DRINKERS OF LION COPFEB

GREAT BARGAINS IN Clothing, Hats and Gent's Furnishings FOR FALL,

Suits sold by others for \$6.00 our price \$4 50 Suits sold by others for \$8.00 our Suits seld by others for \$10 00 Grey Merino Underwear 50c grade We will save you 25 per cent on all grades of clothing. prices whether you wish to

THE RACKET STORE

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

We will Positively save

Our stock tables are resplendent with

> ALAND, TAILOR.

most magnificant line of holiday goods magnificant line of holiday goods ever shown.

New Goods, New Designs

Presents for every body, -- Old and young.

J. H. DOUGLASS',

Near Postoffice.

SEASONABLE * BARGAINS

Dur great Bargain Sale of Underwear to most Seasonable Bargain Sales ever held in Butler. lafants All wool Vests.....

Childrens \$1. All wool. Combination

FINE MILLINERY OUR SPECIALTY.

113 to 117 S. Main St., L. E. Crumbling.

Breeder of Thoroughbred Poultry HALL, YORK CO., PA. Will sell eggs tor batching from fine Black Minoreas, Indian Games, Buff Leghorns Barred and White Plymouth Rocks, and Houdans at \$1 per setting; White Indian Games \$5

Old and young stock for sale at faces of the ladies of the post and quietly tell them I knew it long acc." reasonable prices.



After mature reflection Brown determined to make every effort to rid himself of the bonds of military servitude, and as a preliminary step sat lown and wrote a long letter to his aunt telling her of his soldier life, of Alice, and of the bright pictures he had drawn of wandering down the path of life hand in hand with the beautiful companion of his choice. He expressed his wishes that measures wint he at once set on foot looking to night be at once set on foot looking to his release from army service, and closed with expressions of warmest love for the good ann whose heart he must have torn by his long silence, but whose kind face was ever before his eyes, and whom he soon hoped to greet with the embrace of a son s warm-

In due time a reply was received, and tears coursed down the young soldier's face as he read the tracings from the hand of the only mother he had ever known. The old lady, with pathetic tenderness, spoke of the dreary years

or waiting, each succeeding day dawnor watting, each succeeding day dawning with the hope in her heart that ere it had run its course it would bring her tidings of the dear boy whom she so idolized. She had never doubted that he would some day come back to her, and that her declining years would be cheered and gladdened by his loving presence. She would at once consult her attorneys and take the proper steps to secure his restoration to society. In words of warmest love she sent a In words of warmest love she sent a motherly greeting to the dear girl whom she had never seen, and bade her nephew say to his chosen one that from his description of her beauty, grace of manner and lovely traits of character she was already enthroned in a motherly heart which longed to welcome her as a daughter. The letter concluded with these lines:

"All I possess will be yours, my dear-est Ned. When the Master calls me from earth you will be a very wealthy man, and in anticipation of your early release and subsequent marriage I will at once place you in possession of half of the wealth I possess, and then you can place your bonnie bride in the highest circles of society, for which her beauty, education and rare attainments so eminently fit her."

At their next meeting the young sol-dler placed the letter in Alice's hards

dier placed the letter in Alice's hands, and asked her to read it. As her eager eyes ran quickly over the written lines, a look of perfect peace and satisfaction settled upon her lovely face. To her it seemed that the last barrier to their happiness was swept away by the pen of the distant relative, and when her eyes drank in the message of greeting to herself, the floodgate of her soul was opened and tears of joy fell upon the open sheets before her. "Ned, my darling—your dear aunt calls you Ned, and may not 1?—I al-

most feel that the blessed Lord above has taken us in hand, and will lead us safely to the fruition of our fondest dreams. My beloved, I am motherless, and there is but one in whom I can confide as I would in a mother, Mrs. Colby, a dear, good woman who loves me as if I were her own daughter. She discovered my love for you the day of your release from confinement, and told me of your love for myself. She read it in your eyes, dear, in the tones til vour true standing in life shoula become known. She believes in you, Ned, but prudently asked me to not forget that I had but your own unsup-ported statement of your social stand-ing, and that until the truth of your

world to hear the story, and you must ask her to pledge her secreey."

When Mrs. Colby reached that portion of the letter referring to Alice, she exclaimed:

"Why, Alice her the story and you must be wrecked without you. Good-by, and be of good heart."

She galloped away.

"Why, Alice, has this man declared his love for you?"
"Yes, yes, Mrs. Colby; but read it all,

"My sweet child, no further explanation is necessary. You have won the love of a man in every way worthy of you, a man of wealth and refinement, and every barrier to your union will soon melt away. Why, what a wonderful romance, you dear little creature! A young, innocent pussy, who knows commander was sitting at his desk no world outside of a military post, catches a man and a fortune whom half the rich and brilliant belles of the great east would strive to win did they but know him. Why, you demure little nobody, do you realize what you have done? I feel that I could hug the life out of you."

Mrs. Colby, my good, sweet friend, I have never given a thought to his wealth. I see my Ned only as a lovable man, a king among men, and I do love him dearly. He did declare his love for me, but asked in return only



"YES, YES, MRS. COLBY, BUT READ IT

ful it will be when the denouement comes to be able to look into the amazed

securing the discharge of an enlisted man from the army. Future letters from Brown's aunt detailed the ob-stacles encountered, the disinclinaiter

to give the matter attention, yet each letter bade him hope for more favorable news in the next. It may be a vexatious disappointment to the reader to be here told that every effort to secure his release utterly failed, and that he was destined to be a soldier of his country for years yet to come.

Several months passed. Along a shaded path on the bank of the Ric Grande near the fort, Private Brown and Alice Sanford walked side by side. One of her shapely hands held the bridle rein of the pony which followed behind her. The other was passed be-neath the arm of her companion.

neath the arm of her companion.

Slowly they moved along, their heads bowed and their every action indicating that they were engaged in the discussion of a topic of no ordinary import. Taking advantage of the license granted by the laws of fiction, let us account the wings of invisibility and assume the wings of invisibility and hover near them and hear what they are saying.

are saying.
"I think, Ned, it would be best to go right to papa and tell him all. When he hears your story from your own lips, reads the letters from your aunt, her attorneys and from your banker and the fact is fully established to his satisfaction that you are worth of his satisfaction that you are worthy of me and are fully justified in approaching him on such a subject, he may treat you kindly and interpose no serious objection to our love. Indeed, he is not so hard-hearted as his manner at times

"And yet I fear him, Alice, darling. No matter what I might prove myself to be, he would see me but as the pri-vate soldier. O, these galling bonds of servitude! Never before did they so deeply cut into my soul." ling over her he imprinted a lov-

ing kiss upon her cheek, and she clung yet closer to him in acknowledgment of the salute. "And yet he might receive you more kindly than you anticipate, Ned. Papa

really has a warm, sympathetic heart despite his harshness in enforcing dis-cipline. If you could convince him that my happiness is at stake and could bring him to fully understand the depth and purity of our love, he might at least sanction our courtship until your discharge from the service can be se-cured. His influence at the war department may aid you. Won't you see him, Ned, dear?"

Her eyes were upturned to his with pleading earnestness, and again pressing a kiss on her responsive lips he re

"My darling, I will endeavor for the time to forget that I am a private soldier, and will go to him as a man to man, in a manly way. If he will but listen to me to the end he cannot but see that I am worthy of your love, and if he will allow his wisdom to rule him, he must see that I make no unreasonable request in asking him to fully investigate my past history and to suspend judgment on what he may term my assurance until he has done so."
"Bless you for that determination,
Ned. And when will you see him?" of our voices when the name of each was mentioned to the other, and she it his quarters. Mount your pony and was who counseled me to avoid you un- gallop ahead, darling, and I will fol-

> CHAPTER XIV. He assisted her into the saddle, and

then turning to him with great crystal tears in her eyes she said: ing, and that until the truth of your story should be established I must not compremise myself by frequent meetings with you. This letter will remove every doubt from her mind. May I show it to her?"

"If you wish you can do so, Alice, but the time has not yet come for the world to hear the story, and you must sak her to pledge her segrency"

tears in her eyes she said:

"May God go with you, Ned, my own beloved, and may He move my father's heart toward you. I will pray every moment for your success, and will be in an agony of suspense and anxiety until I hear the result of your interview. Tell him I love you, darling, madly love you, and my happiness will be wrecked without you. Good-by.

Going first to his own quarters he donned his best uniform, and then, al-

That sharp, harsh command burned the bridge behind him. Retreat was now impossible, even should he desire

to abandon his mission. When he entered the room the old



writing, and paid not the slightest attention to his presence. Cap in hand, his heart almost in his throat, the young soldier stood in the middle of the floor for fully two minutes until the officer had completed the letter upon which he was engaged.

Had Brown but known the mood the

old man was in, he would have seen be-fore him the hopelessness of his errand. Something in the official ranks had an-noyed him, and his temper was far from being in an unclouded state.

"Well, sir?"
Uttering the words with a sharp,
companding accent, Col. Sanford might woo me and hope to win my leaned back in his chair and regarded love. He is too good, too noble, too manly to ask to be recognized as a Superposite 11 to community. manly to ask to be recognized as a Summoning all his courage Brown besuitor for my hand while a soldier in the ranks."

"Col. Sanford, I am Richard Brown

'And did you tell him that you loved of B troop, and I called to see you on "Why, what else could I do, Mrs. somewhat peculiar business. In order

"Why, what else could I do, Mrs. somewhat peculiar outsiess. In order Colby? Yes, I did tell him so, told him that you may fully understand—" "State your business with me at will never tire of repeating it to him. But, my dear friend, it is his wish that I have no time to waste." "I twill be necessary, sir, for me to—" "State your business, sir!" the old done for the present." "It will be necessary, sir, for me to—"
"State your business, sir!" the old ence for the present."

man thundered. "The only way to do
business is to do it, damn it, to do it, secret I will have, and how delight-ful it will be when the denouement point. Not another word, sir, but

> Poor Brown! He had expected to be bermitted to explain his mission in his

here were the clouds enveloping him before he had more than uttered a sentence. Driven to desperation by the official's blunt demand he blurted out "Col. Sanford, I am an honorable man and a man of good family, and I

ove your daughter, sir. Love her with all the ardor—" He paused almost terrified. The old officer's face grew livid with rage, and his eyes blazed forth the fires of his terrible wrath. For a moment his passion choked him, and he could not Then, rising to his feet, he

"What? You dare to talk of love



scoundrel, get out of my sight before I kill you! Go, I say, you audacious villain, or I'll crush you as I would a

snake! Begone!"
Seizing a sword that lay near by, he rushed at the young soldier and would have run him through had he not hastily retreated through the door. The grim old warrior was terrible in his wrath. Pacing to and fro across the room he raved and swore and slashed his sword about, his face pur ple with passion. Then a new ider seemed to strike him, and pausing in his mad march he said:

"Why, the fellow is surely crazy. He is as mad as a March hare and must be looked after or he may harm some one What an old fool I was to fly into What an old fool I was to fly into a passion over the irresponsible ravings of an insane man. Ha! ha! ha! ha! why, damme, I should laugh over his absurd faney instead of wanting to kill the fellow. Alice! Alice, I say!"

A side door opened and, pale as a ghost and trembling in every limb, his daughter entered. She had heard it all, and her heart was well-nigh broken. Seeing her agitation, the old in the second s broken. Seeing her agitation, the old

man placed an arm affectionately about her waist, and, drawing her tenderly to his bosom, said: "There, there, my little treasure, don't be frightened. It was nothing but a poor insane soldier who imagines himself to be in love with you. Ha! ha! ha! ha! Isn't it ridiculous? Come, Sunshine, don't tremble so, for the poor fellow has gone and cannot harm you. I will at once order his confinement in the guardhouse until he can be removed to an asylum. Kiss your old fool father, little sweetheart, and dispel your fears."

Throwing her arms about his neck,

she kissed him fondly, and, in a voice choking with sobs, said: "Oh! papa, dear, darling papa, would you doom your little Sunshine to a life of unhappiness? I know the gentleman who was just here. He is a man of

honor and integrity, and I love him as I love my life!" The old father cast her from him and would have fallen to the floor from the shock had he not clutched his desk for support. Gazing upon her trembling, cowering form he said hoarsely:

"Are you, too, crazy? Speak, girl!
Are you, too, a raving lunatic? What!
You bestow your love upon a worthless
private soldier! Oh, my God, this is too ch! Would you disgrace the honored name you bear, a name upon which there has never yet rested a stain, by lowering yourself to such a depth? Get out of my sight this instant, and never dare to enter my presence again until you have repented of this mad folly and are ready to ask my pardon for the gross insult you have fiung in my face."
"But, father, in the name of heaven, in the name of my spirit mother, listen

"No, not a word. Leave my sight, or "No, not a word. Leave my signt, or I may forget that you are my child and curse you! Begone, I say, this instant!" Sobbing violently the poor girl left the room and hastening to her own chamber threw herself on the bed and gave way to her grief in the most pit-

cous cries and moans.
Col. Sanford paced his room like a caged lion. Twice he sat down and wrote an order addressed to the officer of the day instructing him to place Pri vate Brown under arrest and confine him in irons in the guard house, and as often tore the order into fragments and cast it with an oath into the waste-basket. He knew of no military law which made it a crime for a soldier to

fall in love with a pretty girl.

When her first burst of grief had spent itself Alice arose, and going to the stables mounted her pony and rode away over the mesa to the southward, the fresh air might cool her hoping the fresh air might cool her fevered brow. On, on she sped, re gardless of time or distance, until she eached the head of a gulch four miles below the fort. Down the gulch she rode, intending to return to the garrison along the river bank—along the path which she had traversed with her lover but two hours before. Just as she emerged from the mouth of the

gulch into the open valley there arose a lot d, savage yell that chilled her blood, and a score of dusky forms sprang up from the bushes and con-fronted her. Savage hands grasped the reins of her bridle and savage eyes glared upon her trembling form and gloated over her terror. She was in the hands of a band of

Mescalero Apache Indians, their hid-eous faces rendered yet more hideous by great blotches of war paint.
While some of the Indians danced about her in flendish exultation, others bound her arms with 'rawhide thongs, and then, leading her pony in their midst, they forded the Rio Grande and moved eastward through the hills to ward the Mescalero reservation beyond

A cavalry soldier who was hunting antelope in the hills witnessed the cap-ture from a distance, and pushing his horse to its utmost speed bore the news to the fort.

The tidings of the poor girl's capture

threw the garrison into the wildest excitement. Bugles blared forth the call to horse, and every preparation was made for the pursuit of the red fiends. Col. Sanford paced the porch in front of his quarters, issuing orders to his of-ficers, swearing and gnashing his teeth in his great rage and grief. In the midst of his frantic movements Private Brown, his face pale and pain-drawn, his eyes set in a look of the most fixed nation, stepped onto the porch "Col. Sanford," he cried, "you must

listen to me."
"You here again, you infernal scoun drel!" roared the officer, drawing his sword. "Begone to your troop at once, sir, and get into the saddle, or I will cut you down as I would a noxious weed!"
"No, colonel, I will not go and you Record. shall hear me! Strike me down if you will, but your daughter's life depends upon what I have to say."

Something in the young soldier's loo and tone arrested the columni's uplifted nand, and allowing the point or sword to drop to the floor he said: "Well, sirrah, what have you to say?

son to overcome your mad prejudice.
Col. Sanford, do you not know that if
you send troops on the trail of those Indians your action will seal the death
warrant of the child you love so dearly? Has not your long experience in Indian warfare taught you that at the first sign of pursuit the red devils will cruelly murder her and scatter into the hills to save themselves? It will be to send a force against her

"Colonel, the man is the truth," said Capt. Colby. "I know the Mescaleros well, and I am very sure that



SAVAGE HANDS GRASPED THE REINS OF HER BRIDLE.

on their trail they would quickly rid themselves of their burden and scatter into their hills for safety." The old man shuddered, and in voice tinged with the deepest anguish,

"Then, in God's name, what is to be

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A THRILLING DETECTIVE STORY.

Told in a Public Document. The government publishes a great variety of matter in the course of a year, from presidential messages to a history of diseases of the gadfly, and the variety of reading matter has been increased within the last few days by the publication of a real detective story, with diagrams according to Gaboriau.

This is the history of the sandbagging and robbery of a stamp clerk in the Chicago post office one dark night last winter, when the wind was whistling around the corner and the sleet dashing against the windows. The story of the crime and the vain search of the two government sleuths for the criminal are given at great length and in the minutest detail. All of this is contained in a pamphlet of eleven pages, accompanying a claim of the late post-master for the amount of the robbery, which he was compelled to make good. There are a number of diagrams to illustrate the story. One of them shows "where the body of the clerk was found," "the door where Miss Jones came in," "the window where the robber escaped," "the door where the robber entered," and other minute details. Another diagram shows the postal clerk as he stood at his desk, but fails to represent the robber and the sandbag, although everything else, even to Miss Jones' desk, is portrayed

Many pages of closely-printed typ

are filled with the history of the efforts of the government sleuths. "There were two theories to work upon," writes one of them: "First, that Robinson had robbed himself and inflicted upon himself the injuries to cover up his crime, or that some one familiar with the office and with the habits of Mr. Robinson had planned and successfully put in execution the robbery. I called to my assistance the superintendent of the Pinkerton agency of this city, who rendered me every assistance in his power, without cost, assistance in his power, we note cost, to get some clew to the perpetrators of the bold robbery. We have worked upon every plausible theory, but have failed to get any clew to lead us on a successful trail."

The outcome of the work on these two theories is reported as follows:
"The result of the investigation in this case has convinced me of two things: First, that it was a bona fide robbery; second, that it was conceived and planned, if not perpetrated, by some one perfectly familiar with the workings of that branch of the postal department in this city, but the plan was so well executed that up to the

he guilty party."
So the robbery remains a mystery, and the thrilling story of the two government sleuths goes on file in the an-

nals of congress.

Agent—All the others have their labels marked: "Beware of imita-

tions."-Puck. More About the Dollar Mark. Teacher-Tommy, did you find out anything about the origin of the dollar

Tommy—I asked paw about it, and he said the straight lines stood for the pillars of society and the crooked one for the way they got their money.— Cincinnati Tribune.

The Fin de Siecle Girl. (looking at his watch)-Ten

She (in surprise)-Ten? That's my She (in surprise)—tent the bedtime. I'm sorry, but I'll have to regular mail facilities mean the bedtime. I'm sorry, but I'll have to regular mail facilities mean the country and leave you. Don't hurry if you don't rapid settlement of values, and a local enhancement of values, and a local enhancement of values, and the settlement of values, and a local enhancement of values, and the settlement of values, and a local enhancement of values are settlement of values. wish. Only be careful to close the front door when you go out.—N. Y.

Anson-It seems to me that your ears Brown-Let me tell you something. My ears and your brain would make a first-class donkey.—Alex E. Sweet, in

Texas Siftings. Much Better. Miss Reader-Isn't it lovely to be an author? It must be so nice to write something that is worth reading twice! Mr. Rondo—H'm! It's a great deal

more satisfactory to write something that is worth printing once —Puck. Then He Went. Pauline-I dreamt last night that I was the most beautiful woman in the McComber (a born idiot)-That's just the way, Miss Pauline; don't you know

'dreams always go by contraries?"-The Lady's Mistake. The Maid-No, sir, my mistress is not

The Caller (savagely)—Well, tell her not to sit before the front window with the curtains open, then.-Chicago The Effect of Getting a Lover.

Sho was an Anna got a bear Sho was an Anna got a bear Sho was an Anna khaset —N. Y. Pross

the great and important avenues of internal commerce, are the natural outcome of advancing civilization. The development of street railroads and the desire for physical culture and pleasure as demonstrated by the increasing interest in the use of the bicycle, by the cultivation of horse-manship and by the growing apprecia-tion of rational pedestrianism, afford abundant evidence of the importance of good highways. Towns and counties are connected by roads, and all

main thoroughfares used not only locally, but to a large extent for through travel, and consequently the mainte-nance of them becomes a question of general interest. Such being the case, I believe the aim of the commonwealth should be to contribute as liberally as possible to the construction and care of highways. Furthermore, it is im-



make progress in the method of build-ing roads, not only for the sake of better state highways, but also for the purpose of giving advice and instruc-tion to county and municipal road sur-

At present there appears to be a great waste of energy and substance in patching up road beds. The tenden-cy in most towns is to expend their annual road appropriation in half re-pairing a large amount of highways, without ever constructing even a small ount of really first-class road. We have already made a beginning in the direction indicated, and I consider it of great importance that the problem should be more carefully

studied, and that such legislation shall be enacted as will contribute to a broader and more comprehensive de velopment of all of our public high-ways.—Gov. Frederick T. Greenhalge,

ABOUT STREET PAVING.

robable Expenditure for the Next Dec-ade Over a Billion Dollars. It is only in American cities having a

population of more than 10,000 that less than one-third of the total length of streets has been paved in any man ner. If the construction of new pavements on the remaining 24,838 miles of \$1,000,000.000. It is doubtful if more than 60 per cent. of the streets of these cities would then be well paved. All calculations of the economies and profits of paved streets fail to en compass the sum involved that is tan-gible in character. The benefits of better sanitary conditions, with the consequent productiveness resulting from good health, the saving of ex-penses for medicines and the profes-

longing in some cases of lives that might succumb to the deleterious influences inherent in bad streets—all are incalculable; nor can be estimated the far reaching results of the retarded development of a city, due to fail are to provide good streets.

The common mistake of regarding the cost of a street pavement as a merewas so well executed that up to the present moment we have been unable by luxurious expense, rather than as a profitable improvement, has, more than anything else, deferred the work of putting the roadways of our American cities and towns in proper condition, and, it should be added, has hindered progress and prosperity im-measurably. It has also had a mis-A Clear Distinction.

Agent—There are a dozen fraudulent

Agent—the variation of economy, in causing more cheapness in cost to become with imitations on the market, but this is the original, genuine article.

Retailer—How can I tell it from the

sional services of physicians; the pro-

experiments in road-making, would tell about all of the history of paving that is worth knowing. — Landscape Experts Build Roa All will concede that if our road taxes were paid in money, and judi-ciously expended under the direction

A record of the failures that it has in-

of experts skilled in the art of making roads, much more could be accomplished than is now done.—Hon. Horace Boies, governor of Iowa, in Good Roads. Good Roads Increase Wealth. Good roads as well as frequent and

Marriage is usually a failure when the man thinks he is marrying an angel and the woman believes she is wedding a novelist's hero.—Chelsea Free He Discriminated.

and widespread prosperity.-John

When Marriage Is a Failure.

Bogg-Does your daughter play upon the piano?
Fogg-No; she works upon the piano and plays upon my nerves.—Boston

Stella-Just look at Miss Desplaine and Mr. Baldy over there. Miss Potter-Yes; a romance of the middle ages, so to speak.--Vogue.

Not Strange.

We sat together side by side
In total darkness. Yet I know
Her lips were moving now and then
isomehow I felt that this was so.

Life. Classed Him.

"Men," said Sharpe, "may be divided into two classes-knaves and fools." "That's a pretty bright remark," said Uncle Silas; "any man who takes you for a fool is mistaken."—N. Y. Press.

22 24 W. . Same

A Fin-de-Siecle Garment. "Your sealskin sacque is the finest I have ever seen."
"Well, it ought to be; it was made from one of the educated scale." STILL STANDING.

The House in Which Washington

Wrote His Farewell Address. Interesting Facts About the His-ric Structure Once Occupied by the First President of the United States.

schoolboy knows, was the scene of many stirring events during the revolu-tion, and almost every city, town and hamlet has, or claims to have, a landmark of which its inhabitants are very itors. As in many other parts of the country, however, some of these monu-ments, which should have the greatest claim on the American people from a historical point of view, have been neg-lected, apparently forgotten and al-lowed to go to decay and ruin. One of these is the old Berrian house at Rocky Hill. It was in this house that Washties are connected our citizens, regardless of classification, are free to enjoy the privileges they offer. The highways are the property of no man or set of men, but on the contrary are open to all persons who see fit to use them in a decent and orderly manner.

Alled are oak logs burned in the big, open fire places. At the time that Gen. Wash ngton occupied the house it mes the clash came, remained loval to the American cause, and his house became a refuge for Gen. Washington on more than one occasion. The old Berrian mansion is located about a quarter of a mile from the village, on a steep bluff overlooking the Millstone river. The overlooking the Millstone river. The little village of Rocky Hill is about six miles from Princeton as the crow flies. Off the old post road and located in among the densely wooded hills of Somerset county it was unknown to Cornwallis or his soldiers, and after the battles of Trenton and Princeton was just the place for Washington and his handful of continentals to retire to for

rest and refuge.
Washington afterward returned at different periods to Rocky Hill during the progress of the war, but the longest time he resided in the Berrian house was from June, 1783, to the following November. This was just after cor gress had adjourned at Trenton to meet at Princeton in the old college build-ings, and here Washington was sum-moned to meet them. Accompanied by Mrs. Washington and a part of his military family, Washington took up his residence in the old Berrian house. The general and his staff rode daily over the seven miles of road to Princeton, where congress was in session. Washington evidently found life ex ceedingly restful and pleasant in the Berrian house, and found time to indulge in the simple social recreations of the neighborhood. Among the people he called upon was the family of John Van Horn, a wealthy farmer, with whom was staying at the time the noted painter, John Dunlap. The latter, in his raminiscences of Washing. ter, in his reminiscences of Washing mong the people over the pleasant discovery that the great general pos-sessed a liking for social pleasures and could appreciate a joke by laughing as heartily as other men. It was supposed that Washington was always serious

Gen. Washington and Mrs. Washington were still living in the Berrian house on November 2, 1783, and while house on November 2, 1783, and while there the general wrote his farewell address to the little army of patriots. Washington left Rocky Hill at the end of November and went to Newburg to prepare for his triumphant entry with his army into New York. It is prob-able that he never returned to the old Berrian house on Rocky Hill, although he left behind him many interesting he left behind him many interesting

About fifteen years ago the land and house were purchased by David H. Mount, wealthy miller in the village. Later it was sold to Martin A. Howell of New Brunswick, N. J. Mr. Howell made many necessary repairs to the old Berrian house, but by the removal of the great two-story veranda in front of it, which was supported, as were those of most colonial houses of pretensions, by large, round pillars, it tensions, by large, round piliars, it lost its characteristic picturesqueness. The architectural beauty of the old colonial style of house, with its comfortable, hospitable look, has been entirely lost and the house looks to-day like many other far mhouses, built for use only. It is now occupied by Michael Hines, a boss quarryman, and his family. They revere the memory of Washington even more than others

that have lived in the house since he

occupied it, and delight to show visit-ors through it. Royalty's Queer Fad.

Among the many queer fads of royalty is one possessed by both the late ezar and his brother-in-law, the duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, namely, a craze for collecting models of ships, especially cruisers. In the case of Duke Alfred they are all of silver; there are some they are all of sliver; there are some sixty or seventy of them, several being three to four feet in length, and they form an imposing fleet in the long gallery in which they have been placed in his release of Chira. lery in which they have been placed in his palace at Coburg. Those of the late emperor of Russia, while merely of wood and brass, made up in perfection of finish and detail what they lacked in their intrinsic value, and one of the last additions to the collection was a model over seven feet long of the Cu-nard steamer Lucania, constructed at cost of over eight thousand dollars.

The desperation of the coyote when cornered was illustrated the other day in an experience which a Washington farmer had with one of these little beasts near Pasco. Being shot and wounded by him it sprang upon him and man and coyote rolled over and over until he gave it its quietus with a pocketknife. "Madam," said the occupant of one of the front seats in the main balcony, turning to the lady in the enormous hat who sat almost directly behind

him, "this is a better seat than yours but I will take it as a favor if you will exchange with me." "I mean it, madam," he persisted.
"The man two seats behind this one kicked me out of his office the other day because I dunned him. I want to

get even with the seoundrel."—Chicago Tribune. A Musical Criticism "What do you think of her voice?" asked the wife of the man who doesn't

care for music.
"You mean that of the lady who just tried to sing?"
"Certainly."
"Ah," he answered, with a sigh, "it has served to forever destroy what might have been a most admirable silence."—Washington Star.

Lady—Have you had much experi-ence as a cook?

Applicant—Indeed, I have. I was the cook of Mr. and Mrs. Peterby for three

"Why did you leave them?" "I didn't leave them. They left me. They both died."

Dysperson"-Alex Sweets to Person