State Library July 95

THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL XXXII BUTLER, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 30, 1895. No 22

READ and REFLECT.

A GRAND OPPORTUNITY—With the dawn of prosperity just before us and the improvement in business notwithstanding. We sometime ago decided to close out our entire stock of Men's Boys' and Childrens' Clothing, which we will continue to do at prices that will be to the advantage of all desiring to purchase clothing. No matter how little or how much money you have to invest, we know it will be hard on the Clothing business, but as we are determined to close out we cannot help it Our stock is the largest in the county. Men's fine black worsted pants all wool only $2.00. We have more pants than any two stores in town. Our children's suits are marvels of beauty; all the late novelties, such as the Regent, Euclid, Neptune Columbia, Reefers, Jerseys, Kilts &c. from 50cts up— Boys' Double and Single Breast Round and Square corner Plain or Plaited—All will be sold without reserve.

We will still continue to carry a full and complete line of Hats, Caps, Shirts, Ties, Collars, Cuffs, Handkerchiefs, Underwear, Hosiery, Overalls, Jackets, Sweaters, Umbrellas, Trunks, Valises, Telescopes, Hammocks, Brushes Combs, Watches, Chains, Charms, Rings, Coller and Cuff Buttons &c We still carry the "Semper idem" Shirt, the best unlaundried shirt in the world only $1 00. Our 75 cent shirt is equal to any $1,00 shirt on the market. Our line of Cheviott, Percalle and Madras shirts, full and complete.

We have found that one man's money is better than two men's credit, and have adopted the cash plan and find that it works wonder. Remember that we are the old reliable, the pioneer of good goods at low prices; that we have been here a quarter of a century against all comers and goers, have stayed with you and done you good It will pay you to come for miles as we can save you Money, no matter how low you are offered goods We have no baits to pull the wool over your eyes. A fair, square deal is what we promise and are here to fulfil that promise.

D-A-HECK, CHAMPION, CASH, CLOTHIER, FURNISHER and HATTER,

121N. Main St., Butler, Pa.

FEET of all kinds can be fitted at

Bickel's Bickel's Bickel's Bickel's Bickel's Bickel's Bickel's Bickel's Bickel's Bickel's

No matter how hard you are to fit and what style you may wish, you can be suited from our large stock.

NO doubt you have read about the advance in leather and have come to the conclusion that you will have to pay more for your shoes, but such is not the case if you will buy from us. Having made several large purchases from some of the leading manufactures, I am prepared to show you the largest selection of FOOTS and SHOES in Butler county and can sell you them at the OLD LOW prices. All our goods are marked away down and by trading with us you will get your shoes lower in price and higher in quality than can be had elsewhere NEW STYLES and plenty of them are pouring in every day. Here we list a few; note the prices:

Men's Fine Calf Shoes, any style at $2.
Men's "A" Calf Shoes any style at $1.25.
Men's Buff Shoes Lace and Congress at $1.
Men's Working Shoes 90c and upwards in price.
Boy's Fine Dress Shoes at $1 25.
Ladies' Fine Dongola Pat. Tip Shoes Razor toe flexible sole at $2.
Ladies Fine Dongola Pat. Tip Shoes $1.50 in all styles.
Ladies Dongola Shoes at $1. per pair.
Misses Shoes sizes 12 to 2 ranging in price from 80c to $1.50
Children's School Shoes 50c and upwards in price.
Infants Shoes 20c to 50c a pair.
Ladies' Oxfords 75c to $2
All sizes and widths. Also full stock of Misses and Children's Oxfords in Black and Russett's, Men's Canvass shoes &c.

Boots and Shoes Made to Order Repairing Neatly Done.
Orders by mail receive prompt attention. When in need of anything in our line call and see me.

JOHN BICKEL,
128 S. Main Street,
BUTLER, PA.
Branch Store 125 N. Main St,

++REMEMBER THIS.++

A few words in parting.

Go to *HUSELTON'S* for my Shoes; don't you go any other place; I have tried them and his are the best, recollect what I say.

HUSELTON'S
Spring Shoes

Easy, stylish and comfortable Footwear for Spring and Summer.

Our Ladies and Men's Tan and *Black Shoes,*

Are such and extremely dressy. We are ready with an immense line in all colors, Russia Calf, Vici Kid and Razor London; New Opera and French Toes.

$	$	$	$	$
1,00	1,50	2,00	2,50	3,00
$	$	$	$	$

More and better styles than any other showing in Butler.

Full line Misses and Children's Tan Shoes, Fit for a King at prices in harmony with the times. You don't need a fat pocket-book to deal here.

Tan Shoes will be especially popular this Spring. New Shades and Shapes.

Our Stock in Men's Boys and Youths, excel anything ever shown in Butler. They are stylish and fine enough to suit the most fastidious tastes. Prices on these 75c—90c—$1,00—$1,25—$1,50—$2,00—$2,50—and—$3,00.—Don't fail to pay us a visit, we have rices way down and Quality way up.

B. C, Huselton,

102 N. Main Street, — — — Opposite Hotel Lowry

THE QUESTION is often asked, What Paint shall we use?
THE ANSWER: If you are looking for covering capacity, wearing qualities, general appearance, and your money's worth, you must buy

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINT.
Covers Most, Looks Best, Wears Longest, Most Economical, Full Measure.

Our prices are for "best goods" first, last and all the time. We are in the business to stay and S. W. P. stays with us.

BRUSHES, COLORS IN OIL, HOUSE & COACH VARNISHES.

J. C. REDICK, 109 N. Main St.

Register's Notice.

The Register hereby gives notice that the following accounts of executors, administrators and guardians have been filed in his office according to law, and will be presented to Court for confirmation and allowance on Saturday, the 8th day of June, 1895, at nine o'clock, A. M., of said day:

1. Final account of Wm. M. Brown trustee, to sell real estate of John Wolford, deceased, late of Donegal township.
2 Final account of H. B. Stalker, guardian of Elizabeth Kellerman, minor child of Wm. H. Kellerman, deceased, late of Venango township
3 Final account of A. G. Meals, guardian of Victor E. Christie, minor child of F. T. Christie, deceased late of Washington township.
4 Final account of A. G. Meals, guardian of Wm. H. Christie, deceased late of Washington township.
5 Final account S. A. Kennedy, surkiving executor of Thomas Kennedy, deceased, late of Adams township.
6 Partial account of S. A. Kennedy, trustee under the will of Jane Park, deceased, late of Adams township.
7 Final account of John N. Pugh, executor of W. A. Smith, deceased, late of Winfield township.
8 Final account of Ferd Reiber, guardian of Howard T. Spang, minor child of Josiah R. Spang, deceased, late of Butler borough
9 Final account of Hugo F. Miller, executor of Christian F. Wohlert, deceased. late of Cranberry township.
10 Final account of Samuel B. Cross, administrator of Wm. P. Cross, deceased, Late of Worth township.
11 Final account of John J. McGarvey, administrator of Samuel A. Shields, deceased, late of Mercer township.
12 Final account of S. H. Haselton, administrator of Leonard A. Glover, deceased, late of Centre township.
13 Final account of Chas. B. Glasgow, executor of Joseph Ewing, deceased, late of Clinton township.
14 Final account of McCallister Kuhn, guardian of Margaret Landers, minor child of Michael Landers, deceased, late of Petrolia borough.
15 Final account of George E. Mellinger and Wm. J. Mellinger, trustees to sell the estate of John Mellinger, deceased.
16 Final account of James Stephenson, executor of James McGill, deceased, late of Cherry township.
17 Final account of R. C. Yates, executor of R. A. Leteyre, dec'd, late of Zeilenople borough.
18 Final account of C. F. Hartung and R. C. Yates, executors of Aor. H. Stauffer, deceased, late of Harmony borough.
19 Final account of Ellsworth Miller and Milton Miller, executors of Samuel Miller, deceased, late of Center township.
20 First and final account of George Fisher, guardian of Joseph Keeling, Mary Keeling, Frank L. Keeling, Ursula Keeling and Eva Keeling, minor children of Joseph Keeling, deceased, late of Summit township.
21 Final account of Wm. P. Mecloy, guardian of Florence Heckathorn, minor child of John C. Heckathorn, deceased, late of Worth township.
22 Final account of Amelia Logan, administratrix of Joseph Logan, deceased, late of Jefferson township.
23 Final account of W. H. Parker, administrator of the estate of Frederick J. Sharp, deceased, late of Buffalo twp.
24 Final account o George Armbruster and L. M. Fair, executors of Michael Andre deceased, late of Butler borough.
25 Final account of John Reed, administrator of Wm. Crocker, deceased, late of Centerville borough.
26 Final account of Frederick Henninger, executor of Philip Burger, deceased late of Penn township.
27 Final account of Jacob Dambach, executor of Christian Dambach, deceased, late of Forward twsh'p.
28 Final account of Peter Whitmire, executor of Joan Whitmire, deceased, late of Oakland township.
29 Final account of Thomas A. Bartley, executor of Joseph L. Bartley, deceased, late of Penn township.
30 Partial account of John Balfour, trustee of Margaret Gordon, under the last will and testament of Christopher Bolhorst, deceased, late of Adams township.
31 Final account of Joseph A. Painter and S. M. Painter, executors of Samuel Painter, deceased, late of Winfield twp.
32 Final account of Peter A. McElwee, executor of Ann E. McElwee, deceased, late of Oakland township.
33 Final account of Norman Patterson guardian of Harriet F. Cooper, minor child of Milton Cooper, deceased, late Slipperyrock township.
34 Supplemental account of James R McCandless, executor of Mark McCandless, deceased, late of Cherry township.
35 Final account of J. E. Brandon, administrator C. T. A. of Francis Heckert, deceased, late of Connoquenessing twp
36 Final account of W. A. Sein, administrator C. T. A., D. B. N. of John Parvance, deceased, late of Butler borough.
37 Final account of Elmira E. Campbell administratix of Joseph C. Campbell deceased late of Fairview township.

JNO. S. WICK, Register.

Road Report

Notice is hereby given that the following road has been confirmed nisi by the Court and will be presented on the 2nd Saturday of June, 1895, being the 8th day of said month, and if no exceptions are filed will be confirmed absolutely.

R. D. No. 2, March sessions, 1895, Petition of citizens of Forward township, Butler Co., Pa., for a public road from a point at Marshalls Fording, to a point near the Powel Ash farm on the road from Butler to Evans City.

January 14th, 1895, Viewers appointed by the Court, and March 4th, 1895, report of viewers filed stating that the road is necessary, probable cost of making, five-hundred dollars to be borne by the township. Damages assessed (forty dollars to Powel Ash) to be paid by the county, March 9th, 1895, approved and fix width of road at 33 feet, notice to be given according to rules of Court

BY THE COURT.

BUTLER COUNTY, SS:

Certified from the record this 4th day of May, A. D. 1895.

JOSEPH CRISWELL,
Clerk Q. S.

Widows' Appraisements.

The following widows' appraisements of personal property and real estate set apart for the benefit of the widows of decedents have been filed in the office of the Clerk of Orphans' Court of Butler county, viz:

Widow of Wm. Byers.....$105.85
" Wm. J. Lackey (realty)... 276.80
" John W. McJunkin..... 300.00
" Charles Geible..... 144.60
" Jacob Krantz (realty)..... 202.00

All persons interested in the above appraisements will take notice that they will be presented for confirmation to the Orphans' Court of Butler county, Pa., on Saturday the 8th day of June, 1895, and if no exceptions be filed they will be confirmed absolutely.

JOSEPH CRISWELL, Clerk O. C.

WALL PAPER.

All grades from Brown Blanks up to the finest embossed Bronzes.

The better the paper the better the Bargain.

Buy your good papers now and get them at wholesale prices.

Window Shades in all the latest colors at

DOUGLASS',
Near P. O.

SPECULATION.

In Wall Street successfuly carried on with the aid of our Daily Market Letter and pamphlets on speculation. MAILED FREE. Discretionary Accounts a Specialty. All information free. Bank references. WEINMAN & Co., Stock and Grain Brokers, 111 Broadway, New York.

Nervous

People should realize that the only true and permanent cure for their condition is to be found in having

Pure Blood

Because the health of every organ and tissue of the body depends upon the purity of the blood. The whole world knows the standard blood purifier is

Hood's Sarsaparilla

And therefore it is the only true and reliable medicine for nervous people. It makes the blood pure and healthy, and thus cures nervousness, makes the nerves firm and strong, gives sweet sleep, mental vigor, a good appetite, perfect digestion. It does all this, and cures Scrofula, Eczema, or Salt Rheum and all other blood diseases, because it

Makes Pure Blood

Results prove every word we have said. Thousands of voluntary testimonials fully establish the fact that

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Be Sure to Get Hood's

"I was very nervous. I used Hood's Sarsaparilla and my nervousness is all gone." CATHARINE KECK, 1130 Maple St., Allentown, Pennsylvania.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, headache. 25c.

FOUND IN BUTLER

The people of Butler and vicinity have just discovered that the

New Clothing Store,

at 120 S. MAIN St., is the best place to obtain reliable clothing and furnishings at reasonable prices.

All classes can be suited and everybody is invited to call and inspect my

STOCK

of Spring and Summer goods.

ONE PRICE. T. H. urton, Clothier and Furnisher, 120 S. Main, St.

The New Spring Styles.

If you want the nobbiest and cheapest suits, drop in and see what we can do for you. We now have in stock spring and summer styles.

Another—Here they are. Do you want to be in the world? Do you want to be in fashion? You are sure of both the latest style and the best goods if you buy your suits of us.

Forward March is the only motto in business. This is illustrated in our new spring stock. We have better goods for less money, than ever were offered before. Styles strictly the latest. Fits guaranteed.

COOPER & CO.,
Leading Tailors,
301 South Main St., Butler, Pa.

-OUR LEADERS-

In the Millinery Department for this season are Lace Braid Hats at 35 cents, regular 50c quality and Black Leghorn Hats at 39c that can't be matched in quality at same price in this city.

We have a splendid assortment of

HIGH-GRADE

Millinery always in stock, both in Trimmed and Untrimmed goods. Orders promptly filled.

M. F. & M. MARKS,
113 to 117 S. Main St., Butler.

Seanor & Co's.
LIVERY, FEED AND SALE STABLE,
Rear of Wick House,
Butler, Pa.

The best of horses and first class rigs always on hand and for hire.

Best accommodations in town for permanent boarding and transient trade. Special care guaranteed.

Stable room for sixty-five horses.

A good class of horses, both drivers and draft horses, always on hand and for sale under a full guarantee; and horses bought upon proper notification by H. SEANOR.

GO TO
W. E. RALSTON'S
For fine Watches, Diamonds and Optical Goods of all kinds.

Examined Free of Charge by. H. R. FRENCH Graduate Optician, at No. 132 S. Main street, Butler, Pa.

CHAPTER X.

"Keep thy heart with all diligence," said the preacher, "for out of it are the issues of life." After him the psalmist sang: "With God the Lord belong the issues from death." Unequal to the full comprehension of such words, yet trusting in their divine inspiration, we accept them as Thomas a Kempis counseled regarding the sayings of the ancients—not to despise them, for "they were not uttered without a cause." It seemed strange, and not very reconcilable with the ideas even of pious people, for Cullen Amerson to be struck down in the midst of a young manhood so happy and manful and apparently so vigorous. Yet the same pious people said they had not a doubt but what it was all for the best, and Cullen himself, from the beginning to the end of his sickness, spoke not one word of complaint.

"It's all right, Hannah," he said when, in answer to a pointed inquiry put to his physician, the latter replied that the case was hopeless.

She fell upon her knees at his bedside, and, with affection child-like as it always had been, wept bitterly. The outpouring consoled him much; for an apprehension, vague as it was, had been in his mind for some time past, with a soreness which he could not and would not try to explain to himself. He had not asked about what passed between her and Wiley; but her continued avoiding of any mention of his name, and an occasional cloud on her face, had been troubling him. It was perhaps well that he had not earlier known all that occurred during her visit, because the revelation might have hindered the resignation with which he was meeting death. As it was, he heard with calmness the confession which she could not withhold. Weak in some respects, she had a wholesome fear of wrong-doing, and now she felt that she could not endure to go without his forgiveness for what, if he had known it when in health, might have exasperated him to deadly resentment against his brother.

"It was not until then, my dearest Cullen," she said, "that I saw the danger of the planning my poor, weak, foolish mind had conceived to bring about some sort of proposal from Wiley that might lead to a fair settlement between you and him, a thing which I know Sister Julia desired as eagerly as I did. God knows I did not and could not respond in the smallest degree to his feeling, so much stronger than I had believed. I did not tell him so in words, keeping before my eyes, in spite of the shame I felt, the end I had in view. But on my bed that night I called upon my Maker to witness my resolution that such as that should never be again. Thoughts of you and Pearce, and added pity for poor sister, kept me awake almost the livelong night. Her delicate instinct, or something she noticed in my manner or looks, made her seem rather less cordial during the rest of my stay, and when I left she did not ask me to come again. Oh, Cullen, Cullen!"

Throwing herself upon her knees, she covered with her hands her burning face. During her story his lips quivered several times. He now said:

"Hannah, get up and sit in the chair where I can see your face."

She obeyed and looked with shuddering fear down upon him.

"Hannah, when I and sister are out of the way, if brother should propose to marry you, how—"

Instantly she rose, on her countenance an expression of mingled anger, horror and despair. Placing her hand upon her bosom she looked at her husband as if he had pierced her with a dagger which was searching for every recess in her heart. Then, lifting both arms high above her head, she cried:

"O my God, you know that from the first day when my husband was laid upon this bed of sickness my constant prayer has been to lift up from it this light of my life and put me in his place! And now you let my thoughts be turned away from him to another man, who, of all I know and all I ever did know, is the most odious to my heart! O you terrible God! If you won't let me die, won't you—won't you take some pity for what you see is upon me?"

She stood panting, looking upon her husband as if he was one from another world who had come to judge her. Sad as the smile was, never one more

SHE FELL UPON HER KNEES AT HIS BEDSIDE.

deliciously sweet had been upon his face.

"Come here, Hannah."

She let her hand lie in his that had opened to receive it.

"Never, never," he said, "were you so dear to me. Kiss me."

Two days afterwards, with his head upon her bosom, he died.

CHAPTER XI.

The first news that Cullen was sick unto death was so appalling to Julia that her few friends believed that it would rapidly hasten her own death. Yet her grief was subdued by thoughts that he would be saved the misery of what she suspected to be coming—his domestic ruin. When they told her he was dead, she only said:

"Well, doubtless it was best for the poor boy."

Wiley's behavior in the circumstances was as decent as he could make it. No doubt of his being sensibly shocked by the unexpected end of his brother, who had gone out of life believing that he had not been dealt with fairly; yet the quickening of his own sense of personal security gave what consolation he needed. To several persons he intimated his intention to do for his family things which in Cullen's lifetime had not seemed practicable. Not a few reasonably good church members admitted to have been struck by the unexpected soft words which Wiley spoke of his late brother.

The forebodings about his wife in no long time were justified. Most benign is that one of the ways of Divine Providence wherein He leads those whom He is to take soon to Himself to the desire of doing some special good that may follow them into the eternal world. The prospect of a judgment where every idle word is to be counted makes a dying woman, more often than a dying man, feel like forgetting or extenuating all evil doings except her own. Things in her husband which used to distress her to exasperation did so no longer. If she had loved him more, rather if the love indulged for a brief period had not been insulted and driven out of her being, the coming of this condition might have been more difficult. As it was, the only concern for him she felt was that he might be saved from the ruin which she foresaw in the path he was following. Towards Hannah she did not indulge a feeling of personal resentment, nor would if she had been in robust health. Dissociated in every fiber of her heart from Wiley Amerson, she only pitied Hannah as she pitied other poor women who were in the habit of selling themselves to him. The compassion begun at the detection of Hannah's weakness had deepened more and more, and now, since Cullen's death, she hoped she saw a way by which Hannah and Wiley might atone for all past wrongdoings.

When she could no longer rise from her bed, her husband spent most of the time in the house, and, with her brother and her widowed sister, rendered every possible service. Occasional words of comforting came from his mouth, which were answered with calm thanks. Selfish, earthy of the earth as he was, he pitied her for whom he was obliged to feel much respect, and the thought that soon he must see her face no more touched him with some feelings of sincere sympathy. He was not wicked enough to admit great joy at the going away of one between whom and himself what affection had been was long gone, and in that presence of death his conscience, that never had been sensitive, troubled him no little while thinking of disappointments now past remedy which he had wrought. His changed attitude comforted her much, and she began to indulge hope of good to him to come, after her own death, from his more satisfactory home conditions. One day, whispering to the others around her that she wished to speak with him in private, when these had withdrawn she said:

"Mr. Amerson, I want to have some talk with you. It is about Hannah, and I hope you will understand my feelings in what I am going to say. My belief since Cullen's death has been that after my own, and after what will seem a becoming lapse of time, you and she will marry each other; and what I've been wanting to say about it is this: It is not only my wish for it to be so, but it is my solemn belief that it will be the only means of reconciling the troubles over your brother's estate. I have thought much, very much about it, and felt it my duty to let you both know my views and my feelings. And I want them made known in the community, so that people will have no cause to remark on any impropriety of it or its taking place, as I earnestly counsel, with little delay. That's what I had to say to you."

She looked at him with as much calmness as if never a tie of any sort had been between them. The shame which so long had been dormant in his being came forth, making him shrink before those dying eyes. When he had somewhat recovered he said:

"Why, Julia! why, how can you talk to me in that way? I didn't—I couldn't believe you thought so poorly of me. Hannah? Why, Lord help me! I can't talk, and I can't bear to hear you talk, about my marrying with Hannah or anybody else."

"Why not, Mr. Amerson?" she asked, in a tone cold as her cold hand.

"Because—because it's a thing I can't even think about; and I've no idea that such a thought was ever in Hannah's mind. Good Lord, Julia!"

She looked for several minutes at his evident embarrassment, and then, in a tone almost masculine, said:

"I've been supposing that at least you had been so expecting, and I wanted both to know that my wish was for the speedy fulfillment of your expectations. If in this I was mistaken, the case is indeed an unhappy one. I don't think you can doubt that Hannah would marry you if you were to ask her. If you do not, she is to be ruined. Oh, Mr. Amerson! you put wrong, more than one wrong, upon your brother which will have to be atoned for in some way. The dear boy died not knowing the kind and extent of some of it, and without suspicion of what would have seemed to his generous nature far the greatest. During his life, playing upon the weakness of his wife, whose loyalty he was too pure himself to suspect, you—to what extent you corrupted it, only you two and the Creator know. I did hope that the feeling you had for her might, after my death, be made honorable by legitimate sanction. As it is—oh, Hannah! poor Hannah! That's all I have to say now: please ask them to come back."

He knew then that either she had witnessed the garden scene or that it had been reported to her by one of the servants. He could not but feel the shame, yet he was thankful that his apprehensions were groundless that she had asked for the interview for the purpose of threatening exposure of what she knew about the pretended destruction of the will. Without asking his leave, she sent a messenger to Hannah begging to see her once more. It was a blessing she did so. In a brief conversation they came to understand each other fully. When told how Cullen had died, the invalid said:

"Blessed be God! Oh, Hannah, you have taken out of my heart the thorn that pained the deepest; and, my dear child, I have prayed earnestly that Cullen's family may recover what has been taken from them. I trust it will be so; I cannot foresee how, but I know that God regards with peculiar watchfulness the things done to widowhood and orphanage. That's all I can say. I am thankful that you and Mr. Amerson will never marry; but, Hannah dear, I hope that when the doings in all that unhappy affair are brought to light, you will try to see that he has some chance to avoid absolute ruin in this world and in the next."

At her death her husband shed some real tears. The brother and sister went away in continued ignorance of the greatest miseries which he had inflicted upon her who now was beyond their sympathy and help.

CHAPTER XII.

The two plantations, the large tract adjoining Cullen's and another on the river, having been purchased by Pearce Amerson after the execution of the will, did not pass by it, and to that extent he had died intestate. Dabney's counsel had been for Cullen to apply for letters of administration, although knowing that, as the law prefers always a sole administration to a joint, much more to two divided and hostile, Wiley, if he should contest the application, must prevail. In such event Dabney hoped for some result, if no other than increased exasperation of the public mind by the way he meant to discuss his conduct in the courthouse. If he did not contest, it would evince fear, or at least a sense of weakness. Then it would be well to make the issue as distinct and as hostile as possible, so that people would think and talk about it freely. Already he had alluded to the will several times on the streets, in the hearing of town and county people, and been pleased at the sight of their indignation. He was not a lawyer of distinguished ability, but he was studious, courageous, vigilant and entirely honorable. Cullen, because of his affection for Wiley's wife, had resolved to make no public movement during the remainder of her life, which he foresaw must be brief. His lawyer, when not occupied with the affairs of other clients, went upon what deer-shooters call still-hunts, wherein, without the sound of halloo and hound, quarries may sometimes be stolen upon. Cullen's death intensified his interest in the case. He did not ask of himself all the reasons. One day, thinking what sort of man Gus Rachels was, he went into the "Big Indian." The owner being alone, he said to him:

"Gus, I'm sure you pitied Cullen Amerson in being put out in the cold by his father, and that you sympathize with the widow and child. It occurred to me that occasionally, between cups, as they say, you might hear things that it would be worth while to make a note of. If you do—"

"Mr. Dabney," with cold, quick interruption, he answered, "I don't think it's my business to try and pump people that takes drinks at my counter. I rather feel like it's my duty to try and protect 'em ag'in' bein' hauled up for what they thoughtless might say when taking of my drinks. Yit, if anything happen that I can help Hannah, that her mother is my own dear cousin, in a way that's perfect fair and honor'ble, I'll let you know. I'm jest as sorry for Hannah as I can be, and my opinion of Wiley Amerson is that he's the crowdinest man on them that'll let him they is in the whole of Bald'in county. If anything happen to Hannah's advantage in a way that's fair and honor'ble, I'll let you know about it. But my advice to you would be to study up Owen Carruthers, that know more of Wiley Amerson's business than any other man, either in the town or in the county. Little account if Owen be in gen'll, he's one not to talk ag'in' anybody, special them as has been good to him, and he have to be squeezed like a body have to squeeze a red grasshopper to get the molasses out of him. Yit, when he answers at all, he answers the truth, nigh as he can come at it."

"Thank you, Gus; although I didn't come in for that purpose, I believe I'll take a julep."

"Don't you take it without you feel like it, Mr. Dabney."

"Why, of course I feel like it, or I wouldn't have asked for it. What do you mean?"

"Nothing, Mr. Dabney, exceptin' of I don't want to be paid for what little help I can be to Hannah."

"Come, now, Gus, don't misunderstand me. Don't make the julep if you think I'm trying to buy you. Really, I don't care for it; but, as I happened to be in here, I thought I'd take it. I've got enough confidence in you to believe that it would take nothing beyond your sense of right to make you willing to help anybody that you believe to have been wronged."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Dabney."

Then, taking especial pains, he made up as nice a thing of that sort as a man ever drank in that or any other county.

On Tuesday of the following week, in the Southern Recorder, a Milledgeville weekly newspaper, appeared applications by Hannah Amerson for letters of guardianship of her son Pearce, and for similar of administration de bonis non (as such matters are styled in the law) on the estate of Pearce Amerson, lately deceased. When these were noticed by Wiley Amerson, he smiled with some scorn. After reading them again and again, he blamed himself for not sooner going to Hannah. This he would have done but for supposing she preferred he should keep away until after a decent interval. In his calculations about her, marriage had been given not much thought, mostly because he did not regard it as necessary, and partly because of the encumbrance of her child, who some day would become a man. Not doubting that she would marry him on the asking, he regarded this movement as an indication of fretfulness at his delay, and a threat that unless he married her he might expect troublesome litigation. Therefore he decided to call upon her and see what was to be seen. The next week, his wife having been dead something over four months, under pretense of some business at the further place, on his return he came to the gate, alighted, fastened his horse to one of the trees, and went into the house. Hannah, noting as he passed, had prepared herself for the visit which she was sure he would pay. Never had she looked more lovely. Her widow's garb, with the tasteful white cap and cape worn by married women of the period, set off her complexion and figure to excellent advantage. A sudden suspicion, raised by her manner, that she whom he

"MR. DABNEY, I DON'T THINK IT'S MY BUSINESS."

thought to use and delude according to his purposes of every sort may have gotten beyond his power, quickened his admiration for her to the degree that, if found necessary, he would marry her with small delay.

"My dear Hannah," he said, not a little embarrassed, "I've been wanting very much to see you. How are you, Hannah? I never saw you look better."

"I'm very well. I suppose it was on business you wished to see me?"

"Business? Why, yes, some little business; but I also wanted to talk to you about other things, among them a message that poor Julia left for you."

She answered his look with one which showed she knew the value in a man's eyes of such a woman as herself, and was neither surprised nor displeased at the admiration now exhibited.

"A message from Sister Julia! I'd hear that first."

Wonderful the gift in women, even those not much cultured and not familiar in the world's artificial ways, to act for definite purposes strange parts. Before hearing further words, excusing herself prettily, she rose and retired to another room, where before the mirror she put another ornamental something upon her neck and shoulders. Returning and reseating herself, she looked at him as if she hoped the message meant good for both.

"Well?" She spoke between archness and becoming solemnity.

"Julia wanted me to bring the message soon after—that is, that was her request."

"Why didn't you bring it, then?" Casting down her eyes, with her hand she brushed at an invisible mote upon her shining black silk gown.

"Well," more embarrassed, he continued, "the truth is, Hannah, it was of a kind that I thought perhaps you'd rather not hear it quite yet, although she made a point of asking me not to put it off, stopping to consider what people might have to say about such things taking place sooner than some might have expected in the circumstances."

She could not repress the deep blush that suffused her cheek. Mistaking its cause, he felt exceeding glad.

Brushing away her tears, she asked: "Can you tell me her reason for such anxious haste, and whether it was mostly on your account or on mine?"

"On account of both, Hannah. Julia seemed to have found out somehow the feeling I had for you."

"But what about me? From what you say, she must have believed that all I needed from you was the asking."

Some paleness took the place of the redness that now retired from her face. The bearing down of her eyes upon him seemed to confound him, so

"I NEVER SAW YOU LOOK BETTER."

unexpected was the attitude taken by her. Difficulties in his mind having appertained only to calculations as to what would be best for himself, doubt suddenly raised, added to the sight of her beauty, which never before had seemed so enticing, created and every moment stimulated eagerness to have her. Blundering in his words, he replied:

"Why, of course, Hannah, Julia—I don't know what reason she had for it—but she seemed to believe that—that you and I both would be likely—that is, in time—that both of us might think such a thing, in all the circumstances, the best thing to do."

"Then, according to your notion, Sister Julia, who in all her previous lifetime kept herself outside of schemes of every sort, undertook, while on her deathbed, one for you and for me, and even, as you say, was anxious about it."

"Why, Hannah, you—you know what sort of woman Julia was?"

"Yes," she answered, looking upward reverently. "I knew her partly before her last swift decline, but not until then did I know how far she was above the lot in which she lived. That her end was not long ago, I suppose was because the good God meant to show to her what, for His sake, she could endure. Knowing the blessedness of suffering to an innocent spirit, He let it fall upon her in many ways; but the sorest pang no doubt was when she was led to suspect something between you and me. That it should have moved her to feel and to express such a wish as you report showed that she was absolutely ripe for the Kingdom of Heaven. I would wonder at your repeating her words to me, except that from what I know of you I could not wonder at anything you would do on the line of compassing any purpose of your own."

Her calmness was as of one disposed almost to smile.

"Hannah," he spoke rapidly, "such talk surprises me more than any—What can you mean?"

"How came Sister Julia to suppose that I'd marry you? Did you tell her you thought so?"

"I did not. I suppose—I've told you what I suppose about it. Julia was worried about the way father had left his will, and I've no doubt she thought that was the best way to make things equal between us."

"Did she know of that scene in the garden when you behaved so to me the last time I was at your house before Cullen died?"

"Of course she didn't."

"But she did. She saw it, and that was what made her ask you to marry me after her death, and as soon as possible. Did you promise her that you would do so?"

"My Lord, Hannah! How could a man, a man that had any feeling, make such a promise to—at such a time as that—and in such circumstances?"

"Did she intimate to you that unless you made some sort of compromise about your father's estate you might have to submit to terms different from what now I understand you to propose?"

"She did not. She was very anxious for a settlement, and—"

"Didn't warn you in any way? However, that is a question that perhaps I ought not to have asked. I take it back. I noticed that you didn't show any regret when I told you of Julia's seeing you kiss me in the garden."

"Why, there was no great harm in that, Hannah."

"She thought there was, and that was why she advised you as she did. What is your opinion now as to whether I told Cullen of it or not?"

"You may have told him for all I know."

"You didn't believe at the time I would tell him, that I warrant."

"No, I didn't."

"But I did tell him; yet not until he was taken sick. I did not before mainly because it would have incensed him so that he might have killed you. I am thankful that I did not, and that the telling, except for a moment, took nothing from the peace of his dying. In your terms to me now," she continued, with coldness that awed him, "did you intend to include any allowance for Cullen's child?"

"Lord, Hannah, isn't Pearce your child too?"

"Let me make a proposal in my turn."

There was something approaching cunning in the kindly smile with which she submitted her terms.

"If you will go to the courthouse, take that will and destroy it, or if you will make over to me and Pearce half the property left by your father I will—"

She paused, as a wily trader, after some tentative words of proposal, waits and watches their effect.

"Oh, Hannah! That's a great deal harder than I had any idea you would be with me."

The look she bestowed on him he interpreted to mean that she was revolving whether or not she should insist, or retract a part. The property he was bargaining for was suddenly advanced in value and in costliness before his eyes, yet he must adhere to his practice of chaffering over the price.

"Yes, harder than I counted on," he said sorrowfully complaining. "Arthur Dabney has been putting you against me, I just know he has. He never did like me, somehow; I never knew what it was for, except because I never gave him any of my business to attend to."

"No, Arthur Dabney has been only acting as my lawyer. We'd as well drop the subject."

As she was rising, quickly asking and prevailing upon her to remain, he said, eagerly:

"Hannah, I didn't know till now how much I loved you. If I promise what you say you won't want to put it off?"

"Oh, no; we will meet as soon as you please—to-morrow, if you say so—at Arthur Dabney's office and have the papers signed."

"Which of the preachers would you want me to bring with me? I've no choice myself between Baptist, Methodist or Presbyterian."

"Why, what need is there for a preacher? I should suppose that any other respectable person could be witness."

Her blank gaze, assumed to perfection, indicated much surprise at the question.

"Why, Hannah," alarmed, he said, "I don't—I'm afraid I'm not quite understanding you."

"I doubt if you are."

"What was your meaning? Wasn't it that if I'd do what you said you'd marry me, and without delay?"

"Not at all. It was that I'd instruct Arthur Dabney to dismiss the proceedings already begun in court and forbear from starting others of which he has been thinking."

He sank back in his chair, pale, abject. Her look of scornful pitilessness exacerbated his every evil passion. Both rose. As she moved from him he started to follow. Turning, with dilated eyes, she said:

"What do you mean?"

"Hannah! I must—I can't live without you!"

His arms were lifted, and his look was that of one with whom it is perilous to a woman to be alone. She stepped briskly to the door, and called loudly to Mimy, her cook.

"Comin', Mis' Hannah." In another minute, the woman, huge, sleeves rolled up on her vast arms, appeared.

"I don't know why you wanted to call that nigger."

"You can go back, Mimy. I only wanted to know if you were there. Keep where I can call you if I need you."

"I've no answer," she said, turning to him, "to make to your last remark, except to suggest to you not to repeat it. Is there anything else on your mind to say to me, on the line of our business?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

She Wanted to Know.

The new servant girl came to her mistress crying and holding on to her finger.

"What's the matter?" asked the lady of the house.

"I stuck one of the forks into my hand, and if it's plated ware I'll get lockjaw."

"Don't be alarmed," said the lady, "all my silver is genuine. I don't keep any plated ware."

Next morning the servant girl and the silver were both missing.—Tammany Times.

There Are Many of Him.

At last she had rebelled. Mildly.

"They tell me you lead a double life," she said, looking straight into the eyes of the confused man before her.

"Me?" he gasped.

"Yes, you. I hear that when you are away from home you are as pleasant and good-natured a man as can be found anywhere."—Indianapolis Journal.

After "Hiawatha."

He killed the noble Majudkis;
With his skin he made him mittens,
Made them with the fur side inside,
Made them with the skin side outside.
He to get the warm side inside
Put the cold side, skin side, outside,
Put the warm side, fur side, inside.
That's why he put the fur side inside,
Why he put the fur side inside,
Why he put the skin side outside,
Why he turned them inside outside.

SHE WAS AN ARTIST.