with some scorn, yet showing that he felt that he was with his superior, "I'm on no high horse, and don't want to be.

You know I know you're a friend to me-and ma-the best we've got; and

I'm not afraid you want to get me into difficulties. I know monst'ous little about the thing anyway, and—"

"What did the old man say to Wile about making the will?"

"You interrupt a man that way, when I was going on to say that I did happen to hear the old man say, one

time, and not but one time, that if that

piece, Hannah Enlow, expected to get any of his property, she'd find herself disappointed. She might disgrace the family, he said, but she'd get nothing by it. He said them words, or some

like 'em, one day as he came in the office room when I was busy writing, from out the back room, where him

and Mr. Amerson had been talking to-gether for some time. I don't think he saw me. If he did, he didn't notice,

READ and REFLECT.

A GRAND OPPORTUNITY-With the dawn of prosperity just be fore 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. tusiness, 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 - Boys' Double and Single Breast Round and Square corner Plain or Plaited - All will be sold without reserve.

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We have found that one man's morey 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 wiles as we can save you Money, no matter how low you are offered goods

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No matter how hard you are to nt 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 qy trading with us you will get your shoes lower in price and higher in tuality 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.

Ladies' Oxfords 75c to \$2

Men's Working Shoes 90c and upwards in price. Boy's Fine Dress Shoes at \$1 25. Ledies Fine Dongola Pat. Tip Shoes Rezor toe flexible sole at \$2 Ladies Fine Dongola Pat. Tip Shoes \$1.50 in all styles.

I adies 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.

All sizes and widths. Also full stock of Misses and Children's Oxfords in Black and Russett's, Men's Canvass shoes &c.

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

\$ \$ \$ \$ 1,00 1,50 2,00 2,50 3,00 \$ \$ \$ place; I have tried them and his More and better styles than any are the best, recollect what I say. 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 pocketbook to deal here. Tan Shoes will be especially popular this Spring. New Shades

Our Stock in Men's Boys and Youths, excel anything ever s hown 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.

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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



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.

J. C. REDICK, 100 N. Main St.

BUTLER, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 6, 1895.

"Certainly I do, Mr. Watson."

"By George," soliloquized the elder when they had separated, "I forgot

gia was regarded as more able than he. particularly in the conduct of cases in-volving complicated issues. Besides very high admiration for him, Dabney

gestions when trying cases. The in-ferior court, limited to the county, also

held two sessions in the year. This

court had civil jurisdiction, except as

and sat as a court of ordinary besides

It was composed of five justices elected by the people. Often suits of great im-

portance were instituted therein, be-

cause, as the judiciary allowed to par-ties two trials, those dissatisfied with

the rulings of officials without learning in the law could appeal to the higher tribunal. Therefore, lawyers

from other counties seldom attended.

It was on business outside that Tor-rance came to the town on the Satur-

day before the court at which Han-

nah's application expected to be con-

sidered. Dabney, grown more anxious,

tled his business satisfactorily and got-

ten a good supper. When Dabney had made his statement he said:

"Yes, yes. You see how things come around, Arthur. Wiley Amerson cheat-

ed out of near two thousand dollars a

client of mine in Hancock, there on Island creek, nigh the Baldwin line.

It was too late when the poor fellow

that be satisfactory to the widow?"

she ought not to insist-"

know how to thank-"

Why, of course, Mr. Torrance, more

than satisfactory. She'd hardly think

"No, no. You see I want, if I can, to get even with Amerson, and then,

my good lad, I want to help you; for it's a case that if we can put it through

"Don't do it, Dabney, at least in

words. Let's talk now about what you've done and then what's to be done. Cussing ain't much of a

habit with me, though I sometimes do

blaze out, as I felt once or twice like doing when you were stating the case

fust now to me. But it's a'most Sun-

day, and my wife would feel in yet more scolding mood if she knew that

I'd been cussing Wile Amerson. So let

that go for the present. As for the application for administration, my

When the time comes, we'd better apply for letters in full, leaving out de

"I do now," Dabney answered, smil

"No harm done: no harm done. You

let the case go by, Monday. I don't believe I'd go in the courthouse at all.

That will put them to thinking that

DABNEY CALLED UPON MIM ONE NIGHT.

strike for higher things. People will

must keep your ears open. There isn't a shadow of doubt in my mind that

there's fraud somewhere, and if there

is, why, you and I have got to find where it's hid. What's the use of be-

ing lawyers if such a fellow as Wile

as sly as he's rascally, but he can't rub

out every single one of his tracks. His courting the widow so soon, coarse dog that he is, shows that it was more

than one bird he was after, and that

minute and slight as they are, if a man

both of us with his filthy dust?

rson can keep blinding the eyes of

9

usel is to let that rest awhile

o land. co-ordinate with the former,



Simply Marvelous

Intense Suffering of a Young Girl Ended

White Swelling Cured by Hood's

Sarsaparilla. "Gentlemen—Urged by the feeling that some parent might have attention directed to Hood's Sarsaparilla through my statements, as mine was through that Mr. Jno. L. McMurray of Ravenswood, W. Jno. L. McMurray of Ravenswood, W.
A., I give the particulars of my daughter
Emma's suffering and cure. In December,
1886, when four years old, she injured her
right knee by a fall. The injury culminated in white swelling. The limb
commenced to contract, and to enable her to get around I made her a

Pair of Crutches. While using these she had a second fall, the knee grew worse and the limb con-tracted. The following August the doctracted. The following August the doctors decided to bandage the leg. They pulled the knee-joint apart by main strength and put it in a plaster bandage. "During the six months the use of the plaster-of-paris bandage was continued, it was renewed three or four times. The limb grew worse instead of better. All sorts of appliances and bandages were resorted to, but there was no improvement, the disease continued its inroads.

Five Abscesses formed on the limb. We took her to a prominent hospital. The doctor said it would be necessary to open the leg and scrape the bone, and perhaps finally to

Amputate the Limb.

She had wasted away to a mere shadow and as I didn't believe she could survive the operation, I made up my mind she might as well die with two legs as one.

"Just at this time, I happened to read a testimonial from West Virginia describing a case so similar to my child's, and in which Hood's Sarsaparilla had effected a cure, and I immediately decided to give that medicine a trial. It took hold

I believed that my behavior to-ward your father and you had done much to remove the prejudice both of you had against me when I married Cullen. I didn't dream but that everything was all right until after his death, when you produced that will. Then I thought, foolish as it all was, to conciliate again, hoping, but not fully sure in my mind, that such action. Amputate the Limb.

From the First. Before she had taken two bottles a core or piece of bone came out of one of the abscesses near the ankle. To come to

the abscesses near the ankle. To come to the point, three bottles of Hood Sarsaparilla cured Emma completely. Readers of this can imagine my esteem for Hood's Hood's Sarsaparilla better than I can express it. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a family medicine with us. We warmly recommend it to everybody." WILLIAM H. PEDRICK, 1414 South Seventeenth St., Philadelphia, Pa. Hood's Pills the after-dinner pill and family cathartic. 250.



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D. L. CLEELAND Optician,

125 S. Main, St. other will Dabney."



tricate.

She was not quite ready to dismiss him, having some other things to say.

Lifted somewhat from the deep of
the pit into which he had been cast, anger and sense of the need of remov-ing whatever suspicion she had that his proposition had been made with any apprehension of the consequence of litigation over the will, with what coolness he could assume, he said:

"Well. Hannah, your conduct took me so much by surprise that I got a lit-tle mis-put just now. I'm all right again. Of course you don't expect me to do anything about the property after what's passed. As for what Arthur Dab-ney is to do with what he's begun, and what you hint he's thinking about beginning, if he was a better lawyer he'd see that none of it, not a thing of it, can come to anything. I don't deny, and God knows I don't want to deny, but what you and your child are enti-tled to your part in what land father bought since the making of his will; that you and he will get; but, as the executor of the will, I shall be the one to attend to that."

"I don't expect of you anything ex-cept what you know you'll be driven to do. Wiley Amerson, you are worse than I took you to be. I had the notion once that by conciliation on the part of Cullen and myself you might be induced into a settlement which would not be so grossly unfair that he might not accede to it. He knew better, because he had known you so long. I believed that my behavior to read your father and you had done

sure in my mind, that such action, undertaken in the interest of my husband and my child more than of myself, was excusable. I was well paid for it. I knew you cared nothing for your wife, but I did not suspect you capable of such conduct. I am thankful that my motives in what I did were understood by Cullen and Julia, and that I had lost none of their affection. Poor dear Julia did advise you to marry me, but she died knowing it to be impossible. She did not tell you her changed views, because in the little time afterwards she felt that all her thoughts must be occupied in preparing to meet her God. How you could have stood up before her and taken that advice, knowing the motives for giving it only God can tell. Another thing know. Your notion then was not to marry me. That is recent, beginning with last Tuesday's issue of the South ern Recorder. If you had been a true man you would not have thought of



avowing it to me shows you to be a

savage, and what you would attempt now, if you were not afraid, shows you to be even worse than that. As for your threat about what you will and will not do about the property, I know, as everybody does, that you will get all and keep all you can. You may not know it, but the very last thoughts given by that good woman to her husevil doings. She told no facts to criminate him, because she was true to the man who had outraged her. Go, sir. You let your father die with a blot npon his name which you could have hindered; after defrauding your brother of his rights, you would have put dis honor upon his name, and would now put it on his memory; you neglected and shamed a wife who was one of the very saints; and now, seeing you can-not gain another end you have in view, you are going to try to oppress yet fur-ther the survivors in your family. If it be God's will to allow it some time longer, so be it; but I haven't a doubt that in the end His protection will be upon me and mine. Mimy, Mimy, ome," she called aloud. Without a word of answer he went

away.
"What Marse Wiley want 'long wid
you, Mis' Harnah? I hear you talkin'
so seyous an' sollom-like." "Nothing very important, Mimy. I called you to let him know that I thought it time for him to go."

CAAPTER XIII Dabney decided that, with Hannah's consent, he would get assistant coun-sel. He was moved to this the sooner y the apparently enhanced confidence the looks and gait of Amerson when he happened to meet him upon the street, and by one or two bits of pleasant raillery from Watson, his lawyer. "What's the use, Dabney," said the latter, one day—"what's the use of your pretty widow wanting letters of inistration on those two pieces of land? There can't be any difficulty about dividing them fairly. My client wants nothing but what is right. At least so he says. Looks like you and she want to make a little fuss about

nothing."
"No, Mr. Watson, we are not quar-

relsome persons, and, like your client, we desire nothing but right."
"Well, I don't blame you much for "Well, I don't blame you much for wanting to be a little noisy over small matters. I was that way myself when a young lawyer. Except for the awkwardness, not to say nonsense, of having two administrations, I don't know that I'd oppose your application. But if the court understands the law of the case, which they seldom do, they won't grant them, whether I oppose

"Thanky for your generosity, Mr. atson. I'll be careful not to put too Watson. I'll be car high a tax upon it." Isn't she a beauty, though? I saw her in Rainer's store to-day, and, on my word, I don't remember ever see-

ing a finer-looking woman. Why, the fellow blushes!" and he laughed heartily. "Well, well," seeing that Dabney barely smiled, "don't mind my joking, Dabney. If there is to be much of a war, each of us doubts not that the other will fight fairly; you know that,

estroyed that will. How its destruction was prevented we've got to find out. If we do that, other things will The law and the public are against disturbing such depositions, however capricious and unjust; but if we can show that at the time of the

execution old Amerson's mind was laboring with unfounded prejudices against his son for marrying as he did it will go hard if we can't at least diwide the jury and afterwards drive Wile to some sort of compromise; and if we can put on his tongue the spring of that influence, we'll bring an action of slander ancillary to other proceeding. In hunting such a rat as Amerson, we've got to employ every artifice, trap, dead-fall, shotgun and bane. Eh, Dabney? Eh, my boy?"
Without waiting for a response he

that Dabney was a beau of the widow when she was Hannah Enlow. His continued: continued:
"Well, that'll do for to-night. I feel
like there are other things on my mind
to say, but I'll wait till they get into
clear shape. I'm tired. Come by after
breakfast in the morning and we'll
have another chat before I start. Sunday, I have what was a convenient. blushing shows that the thing has broke out on him again. Well, if she ever gets to want another husband, as such woman can't help, and a pity it would The application for letters was meant day, I know, but we are now engaged in getting out of the pit, not an ox nor The application for letters was meant mainly as a notice to the public as well as to Amerson that Cullen's widow intended to make every possible issue with his administration of the estate. It was well Dabney thought to keep an ass, but a widow and an orphan. Heigh-ho! the meanness is in this world! Still, I like to live in it, old as I'm getting and with all that I've seen the matter in people's minds, hoping that from their discussions things might be gathered which would seem

After he had gone the next morning the young lawyer felt, and so assured his client, that the case was stronger than he had hoped.

to justify an attack upon the will, and at least force Amerson to such a com-promise as he could advise Hannah to CHAPTER XIV. be content with. The more he reflected Mr. Flint had spoken in public of the will in such terms of blame that Amer-son began to avoid him. Dabney, upon Watson's words indicating quasi-acquiesence in the application, the more they seemed suspicious. The hearing of this, asked Rachels to re difficulties in the case seemed to him quest him to call at the office when he next came to town. So on the next Saturday, his day for coming in, while sipping his first toddy at the "Big Indian," Rachels said: Seaborn Torrance habitually attended the superior court, which, in the dozen and more counties of which the

"Uncle Lishy, Squire Dabney was in there not long back and he asked me to tell you, the first time I see you he wished you'd stop in his office, as he wants to have a little talk with you about a matter." "Squire Dabney!" said the customer.

setting down the tumbler which he was raising. "Why, what do he want along of me, yo' reckon, Gustie? I never had no business with him, exceptin' to get him to draw up a will for me, and I paid him for that, like I allays do for everything as I go up. Did he say what it was about?" "No, sir; but I got the idee somehow it might be about the Amerson will

He never let on in them words, but somehow I gethered that idee."
"Pearce Amerson's will! Why, my Lord, I got nothin' to do 'long of Pearce Amerson's will, exceptin' I were one o' the witnesses, and I ben sorry for that ever sence I heard how sorry for that ever select I make a my favorite 'mong his two boys, and I told Wile so. But that's every blessed

thing I had to do with it!"
"It mayn't be that, Uncle Lishy. As called upon him one night at Huson's. He found him in good case, having setfor that will, it's a shame it were ever made, and it'll be a pity if it ain't bre'-a."

bre' a."

"Come, now, Gustus, come, now; I can't foller you fur as that. A man's will's his will. The law say that, and it won't let her be broke onlest they is mighty plain good reason for it. The law, they tell me, is very pinted in sech a case, which and it ought to be."

"That may be so; but s'pose the old man thought he done destroyed it after making it, and s'pose he were hendered from destroying it by somebody unbeknownst, which to my opin-

came to me to do him any good, but I sent word to Wiley, and I know he got it, that I meant if I lived to try to pay body unbeknownst, which to my opin ion that's so?"

"Ah, Gustus, but such as that

him back. And your client is Billy Enlow's daughter in the Oconee district. He was a poor man, but an honest. They said she was a beauty. By the way, didn't I hear she used to be an old sweetheart of yours? eh, Dabhave to be prove pine-blank. It's a troublesome case all round. Poor Cul-len! but it ain't a-hurtin' of him now. an oil sweetheart of yours? en, Dab-ney? However," he went on, not seeming to notice the seriousness on Dabney's face. "let's to the business. Now as to the fee, I'll leave that to you, only that I'll take no retainer, but trust to the contingent. Would Yet there's his widder and orphin child that it seem ruther hard on them. I been a-hopin' they'd compermise it, which as for breakin' a will dry so, be-cause it don't read accordin' to what people think they'd do if it was them and theirn, I can't but be ag'in' sech as that. 1 got a will myself which some mayn't like when I'm gone, and the beginnin' of a example o' breakin' wills out and out, 'thout up and down good reason. I can't go to that extent myself. Well, I'll swallow the balance of my toddy and then go and see what will give a good shove to the reputa-tion you've already got."
"Why, my dear Mr. Torrance, I don't Arthur Dabney want with me."

Repairing to the office and assigned a chair he took from his pocket a bis-

cuit and said: "Arthur—I call you Arthur because you was raised right there by me, and you've never talked or done like you feel like you got above your raisin'-"

"That's right, Mr. Flint. That's what I prefer you to call me."
"Jes' so; be it so, then. I were goin to say that Gustus Rachels told me you wanted to see me, and so I've come; and if you hain't a objection to it, I'll eat a biscuit, because I've jes now took a toddy at Gustus' 'Big Injun,' as they call it, and she ain't goin' to do me the good benefits I'm a-countin' on from her 'ithout I put a little somethin' on top of her where she went, if you'll ex-

bonis non. That, you see, Watson will construe as an admission of the will's validity. See, Dabney?" "Certainly, Mr. Flint; make yourself entirely at home. I thank you for coming. I only want to chat with you a little about old man Amerson's will. An unfortunate piece of business, wasn't it?"

Very onfort'nate, and a onexpecteder to me I don't ric'lect." "I had heard that you were much surprised and a good deal distressed by it. Indeed, so far as I can hear, everybody in Baldwin county is—ex-cept, of course, Wiley Amerson, who thinks he has everything in his sling,

bition kind of man about the gittin' o' prop'ty and holdin' on to it. There's where Wiley got it. Now his mother were differ'nt, and Cullen he took arfer her. A fine boy, a oncommon fine boy! It weren't right; that is, to my ne; but to me it don't appear right; but there it is, you see, Arthur. Now, that will you writ for me, one o' my sons ain't a-goin' to like it when I'm out o' the way, but the law, you know, is ag'in the—" is ag'in the-That's all perfectly true, Mr. Flint.

Regarding your will, other people, whether John thinks so or not, will say it was right, and certainly there can be no suspicion regarding it. This case is very different. In this there has been great fraud somewhere, and it is of utmost importance to find out what it was. I wanted to see you and

ascertain what you might remember in your intercourse with Pearce Ameron to show that he had not such pref erence for Wiley over Cullen as that will indicates." Mr. Flint stooped carefully, picked

up a crumb, and, going to a window threw it out. Resuming his chair, he said, smiling:
"My old 'oman frekwent gives me a scold about drappin' crumbs about but as to that, I don't know as I know

he's anxious. You work up the case, and let me hear from time to time of your discoveries. Note little things as anything exceptin' what everybody know in our settlement. The old man well as big. Have you ever looked at that will? No? Well, I want to when I come again. My observations have been that about all such villainies in-animate things used in their consummation sometimes give signs that, will study them closely, seem to point to lurking-places which it is worth while to ferret. I knew Pearce Amerson—a rough man, and in old age made too aspiring by Wiley. But he was up-right—at least he was always so regarded—and I have no idea that he meant to delude in saying he would dle intestate. He believed that he had

wife she were to Cullen, and turnin' out so fur better than he ben a-extin' from what some people had told him about her."

"Did he say what this was, and from whom he got it?" "Well, I can't ric'lict egzact; but

somehow it were that he have heard Harnah were a kind o' frolicky, frisky, that didn't keer much fur—well, the upshot were, she weren't too good, and were danger of her fetchin' down the family, after Wiley have lift it up, and so on, which I told him I could of told him all the time that Harnah were a perfect icweld of a girl myself, if her parents was in mod'rate circums'es.
As for where'd he got his idees he had at the offstart, why, I'll have to—well, the people in the settlement says, and my old 'oman among 'em, they all says he never got 'em from nobody but Wile Amerson hisself." "No doubt about that, Mr. Flint

Mr. Amerson did not tell you what was "No, bless your soul, no; nor I never "Did he ever say in your hearing that he had destroyed it, or that he meant "No, not as I 'member. He were not a man to talk about what he'd ben

a-doin' and were a-meanin' to do, and I never ast him, it not bein' any o' my "I was not in court when the will was proved. You were, I heard, and testified to the old gentleman's entire soundness of mind."

"Oh, yes; I were the only witness there. Billy Lilly he was dead, you know, and that rattlin' Owen Carruthers he were the t'other, and he were laid up with one o' his rheumatiz spells, that come on him sometimes by his takin' no keer o' hisself. Pearce Amerson's mind were as sound as it ever were, certain and sure, and it kept so long as I see him to talk with him. "Yet he told Cullen, several times, a

month before he died, and in the presence of Cullen's wife, that he had no will, and that Wiley had persuaded him against it, saying as they were only two, both of age, they could divide the estate between themselves." "Is that so?" he asked, in much sol-

"Well, then, ther's obleeged to be where Owen slept. The place was kept scrupulously neat, even the back yard and the garden, wherein, besides somethin' rotten some'res. Pearce Amerson were a truth-tellin' man, albe, like me, he were not a perfessor o' re-ligion. If he said them words, he bevegetables, were fruit-trees and grape-vines. Last of the few slaves once belonging there, Sally was devoted to her

"The difficulty, Mr. Flint, is in estabmistress and always ready to apologize for Owen's shortcomings. Whenever he was late returning home at night, lishing this. Cullen is dead, and could not testify if alive; neither can his wife. The law, as I told you, will she persuaded his mother to bed, and, comfortably nodding the while, awaited him. On his return, she let stand to a will that is fairly made, but him in softly, had something hot in the kitchen ready if he desired it, cautioned



fraud of any kind. That it is in this fraud of any kind. That it is in this case deep, black and damning there cannot be a doubt; and the people of that settlement where Mrs. Amerson was born and brought up ought to take des wanted to git so; its bereause ness 'flicted and can't hep it, en dat ain' so mighty of'n. Now, you know yourself it ain', en you carn' deny it. It mos'ly when he git money from dat Mis' Wile Am'son; dat when it mos'ly air." some pains to help in finding it out."

After somewhat of further conversation Mr. Flint left the office. When ready to start home he repaired again to the "Big Indian."

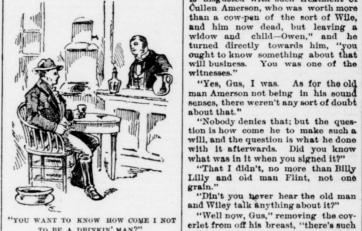
"Gustus, you was right about what Arthur Dabney wan't with me. It's a mighty ticklish case, takes it all around; ticklisher than I ever thought. If Wile don't mind he'll get into hot water before it's done with. If I was him I'd compermise, and I'd do

it speedy."
"As soon as I heard it, Uncle Lishy, I knew rascality was somewhere. As for Hannah, and I'm not saying it because she's my kin, but it's a perfect shame how her character was handled by Wile Amerson to begin with; but I did think the old man had got over it. And he had. I know he had. Now I'll tell you what I'm going to do, no business of mine if it is. I'm going to make it my business to find out all I can. People is excited about this cussed con-cern, and I'm going to inquire among all I come across what they know that'll be of any use to Hannah and her

Faster than usual, Mr. Flint, as if to keep up with Rachels, drank his toddy. When he had finished, looking at the tumbler sorrowfully, and turning it slanting as if to find if another drop might not be within it, he said:
"Right, my son, right. If I weren't
a old man, I'd do the same. And I

ain't that old I has to keep my mouth shet complete. Gustus—you—may—" After uttering these words doubtfully, he continued with decision: "No. won't take any more, albe my mind have got egzited about this thing. I've got a good ways to ride, and I must take a level head along with me."
Then, having obtained victory over the temptation, he smiled with much satisfaction and said:

couch. "Such as that is a pity, and gen'ly it's founded on some sort of "Gustus, you want to know come I not to be a drinkin' man, that's pity that devilment can't always be found out. People all over the county is disgusted with such treatment of o say, a hard-drinkin' man, as everybody know Lishy Flint always is a per-



TO BE A DRINKIN' MAN?'

son as try to be respectable, and kee respectable in the handlin' o' speerits, and mighty sildom, if he say it hisself, he let it get beyant him, that it ruther run in the family from away back to be apt to knock specifis too Amerson were monst'ous fond o' Cullen, seem like to me, till he got married to Harnah Enlow, when seem like soon arter that he got put out ag'inst him; but then, in no long time, about a year or sech a matter. You know I'm after no means that the films, that the taste of sweetness of the Flints, that the taste of sweetness of the save for their good? Well, I'll just there at such a time and on such a matter. You know I'm after no means the films, that the taste of sweetness of the save for their good? Well, I'll just there at such a time and on such a matter. You know I'm after no means the films have a save for their good? Well, I'll just the save for their good? Well, I'll just there at such a time and on such a matter. You know I'm after no means the films have a save for their good? Well, I'll just there at such a time and on such a matter. You know I'm after no means the films have a save for their good? Well, I'll just there at such a time and on such a matter. You know I'm after no means the films have a save for their good? Well, I'll just the save for their good? Well, I'll just the save for their good? Well, I'll just the save for the good in the come down of that high norse, a save for the good in the the good i matter, I thought he had got riconciled to him, and even a-includin of Harnah. I know he was monstious proud when their baby come and they named it arter him; that's what make it all the way down; and so when I got a man and knowed I could git it whenseever I wanted it arter him; that's what make it all when I see I wanted it too bad. Of their baby come and they named it arter him; that's what make it all 'stonish me so. Why, sir, I've heard him up till not two month before he taken sick, of frekwent a-goin' on about Hernah, what a fine, industrous about Hernah, what a fine, industrous the offstart, but if a man'll test one at the offstart, but if a man'll test one at the offstart, but if a man'll test one at the offstart, but if a man'll test one at the offstart, but if a man'll test one at the offstart, but if a man'll test one at the offstart, but if a man'll test one at the offstart, but if a man'll test one at the offstart, but if a man'll test one at the offstart, but if a man'll test one at the offstart is a man'll test one at the

determ' to keep a stiff upper lip he can foller her. That's what I done straight-forrards. Many time somethin' hap-pen and my jaws gits to a waterin' and a solid achin' for a dram, then I clamp 'em together tight, and I says to 'em:
'No, jaws, you want it too serwigous,'
and so I let it go. It's the only safetest way to them that has a nat'ral
strong likin' for the article. I'm not
a-denyin' that this very minute, sech is wants one nother, and that strenious; but I'm too old to begin to break my rule at this time o' day in my life. God bless you, Gustus! You make 'em as good as I ever want to taste; but far'

you well, Gustus."

He bestowed a kind look of farewell upon the decanter, then, resolutely closing his jaws, came out, went for his horse, and rode away. CHAPTER XV.

The most welcome of the few persons who visited at the house of Mrs.

Carruthers was Rachels. Yet he sel-

him against disturbing the sleeper, and, after he had been disposed of,

went to bed and slept like a baby.

Awakened at cock-crowing, she rose with alacrity, made her fire, and had breakfast ready the minute it was

"Mistress," Sally said, many, many

times, "when Marse Owen come home, er he are fotch home top-heavy by Marse Gus Rachels, it ain't bercause he

des wanted to git so: it's bercause he's

"Yes, and I wish the poor boy had

never seen him."
"Ah, well, my miss, de Lord'll per-

spectable."
"But, ma!" cried Owen, as if impatient

at another of her oft-repeated ex-

pressions in the matter, "you won't consider that the law of the land lets everybody do what they blame please

with their property when they've done with it themselves."

"So I've heard you say often, my son, and been told so by other people. But I can't help from having my opinion

that it is a pity for a man to give

a'mighty nigh every bit of his property to one child, and him not a-deserving

of it nigh as much as the other that's

cut down to what in comparison is

"You are perfectly right, Missis Carruthers," said Rachels, turning a look of mild rebuke towards the

devilment, some'res; and it's another

Cullen Amerson, who was worth more than a cow-pen of the sort of Wile,

and him now dead, but leaving a widow and child-Owen," and turned directly towards him, "

"Yes, Gus, I was. As for the old

man Amerson not being in his sound

senses, there weren't any sort of doubt

"Nobody denies that; but the ques-

tion is how come he to make si will, and the question is what he done with it afterwards. Did you know

what was in it when you signed it?"

"Din't you hever hear the old man and Wiley talk anything about it?"

a thing as that a man ought to be ruth-

er particular in the way a fellow talks about anything that he wasn't expect-ed to talk at all."

"Owen, just right here, before just me and your mother, you might as well come down off that high horse,

know. I can tell you as a friend, that never tried to do you any harm in your

little scrap."

about that."

but went on out. That was the day before the will was signed. That's every blessed thing I know about it. dom went there except when Owen was down with his rheumatic spells, that When he come in the office with Billy
Lilly and old man Flint, he just called
for that paper from Mr. Amerson, and
then signed it, and called on us to withad become more frequent lately be-cause he had been in possession of more pocket money than was usual, and so was in condition to resort to drinking places other than the "Big Indian." ness it, and then him and the other two, when the thing was over, they got up and went straight out the office." Suspecting where such supplies came from, Rachels ruminated upon them. His antiring kindness to the wayward cripple, not counting those of other kinds, had given rise to much gratitude in the mother. He chief is some or the state of the country of the chief is come of the chi "He left the will with Wile "I'h't he? and you saw what was in it ...ter wards, didn't you?" wards, didn't you?"

"Yes. Of course I did. I had to do
with all Mr. Amerson's papers what
times I was with him, copying, and doing one thing and another."

"Copying?"

"Yes; he keeps copies of nearly every
business paper he's got; letters and all.
You don't know as particular a man as
Mr. Amerson is about his papers."

"Did you ever hear the old man say in the mother. Her chief income was from a two-thousand-dollar state bond bearing eight per cent. interest. Her black woman, Sally, besides home work, did washing and other outside jobs, for which the neighbors paid more than liberal prices. Then she more than liberal prices. Then she raised more vegetables and got from

the cow more milk than the family needed, and the surplus was easily dis-posed of. The cottage was on the "Did you ever hear the old man say anything about the will afterwards?"
"Yes; I'm a-telling this to you, Gus, as I'd tell to not another soul, because you want me to, and I know you're not posed of. The cottage was on the street south of the Capitol square. It had a ground floor, on which were the kitchen and Sally's bedchamber. Above this were two rooms, a small parlor and another serving for both eating and sleeping. To these one ascended by steps leading from and along the street, fronting on a narrow portico, on which mother and son sometimes sat of summer evenings. sometimes sat of summer evenings. From a corner of the rear room a flight of winding stairs led up to the attic

child was born, and he said he wanted to get that will and burn it up, because he had come to the conclusion that he had been entirely mistaken when he made it." "Didn't say what about?"

"No-that is-well, he just said he wanted it right away. Mr. Amerson said it was at the house, which it was; and he said that when his father come over that night, as he done nearly every night, he'd hand it to him."
"Didn't say anything against de-

"Didn't say anything against destroying it?"
"Not one word. He was perfectly calm and seemed unconcerned. That's every single thing I ever knew about the plagued thing. And I hope you'll not put any more questions to me about Mr. Amerson. You don't think it's right for a man that's been a man's clerk to be talking about his business to other people, do you? Surely you don't, Gus Rachels? You wouldn't want to be treated so yourself by your clerk." clerk."

When Owen's rheumatism was upon him a couch in his mother's chamber "I wouldn't care one everlasting cent how my clerk answered questions was laid, which he accepted with more or less complaining during his confine-ment. Between mother and son had put to him for good reasons by any honest person, provided he answered the truth and no lies." ment. Between mother and son had grown at last an understanding that prevented domestic strife. The latter's irregularities were never commented upon there, except between Mrs. Carruthers and Sally, whose excuses and palliations were, under Heaven, the best consolation to the mother.

"All men ain't like you, Gus."
"No, and I'm thankful to not be like
Wile Amerson. But there's one or while Amerson. But there's one or two more questions I'm going to put to you, whether you'll want me or not, and whether you answer them or not, straight up and down. You'd better, I tell you, for your own good, and I'll call on your mother right here to say if she don't think I'm right."

"Certainly I do," she answered, with much earnestness. "Law me, Owen, you do talk so strange to the man you know is the very best and truest friend you've got in this whole world, or your mother either. Why, Owen, your poor father would try to rise out of his grave if he was to know t this miser'ble business you had done anything you was ashamed for Mr. Rachels to know."

wide; de Scriptur say dat."
One night, after Owen had been in bed near a week, Rachels came in. A visit from him always gratified the widow and was flattering to Owen. He demanded and got a fresh coverlet, and An Absent-Minded Man. Among the personal anecdotes told of Peter Burrows, the celebrated bar so disposed himself as to appear a be rister, and one of Ireland's "worthies,"
is the following remarkable instance
of absence of mind: A friend called
upon him one morning in his dressing
room and found him shaving with his coming object of sympathy. The visit or, well understanding his soft, feeble words of greeting, after shaking hands passed on to the fireplace, where his mother was sitting, took a chair and chatted with her about several matter face to the wall. He asked face to the wall. He asked why he chose so strange an attitude. The answer was, "To look in the glass."
"Why," said his friend, "There is no glass there!" "Bless me!" Burrows ob served, "I did not notice that before." Ringing the bell, he called his servant and questioned him respecting the looking glass. "Oh, sir," said the servant, "the mistress had it removed six weeks ago." in the town. In a little while he said: "Missis Carruthers, everybody seems to have their opinion about the way old man Amerson left his property, and I thought I'd ask what you thought of it."
"Why, Mr. Rachels, I do think it's the very outrageousest and the mean-est will that I ever heard of anybody's making be they respectable or disre-

Time Enough.

Lawyer—But, Mrs. Smith, it seems to me that you have absolutely no cause for desiring a divorce. You tell me that in all the twenty years of your married life your husband has treated you with unvarying kindness, and that—

Fair Client—No cause? How long do you imagine it requires for one to be come thoroughly tired of the name Smith?—Life.

Did She Tell John About It? Old lady (to elderly bride on wedding trip)—That young man who just went into the smoking compartment seems very fond of you, ma'am. Elderly Bride—Ah, yes, John loves me most dearly!
Old Lady—It does my old heart good to see such affection these days. Is he

A Valuable Reason. "I have a reason for supporting this franchise ordinance," said Alderman Grabbit, briskly.
But he got no further

the only son you've got, ma'am?-Tit

"Haven't you cashed it in yet?" broke in a rude, coarse person, who was given to mean insinuations.—Chicago Record. A Danger Foreseen Maude-What ought I do when one of those horrid men I've been flirting

with tries to kiss me?

Nellie—Tell him to stop, of course.

Maude (with alarm)—But suppose he should obey me?—Chicago Record. Teacher-How do you indicate grief?

Pupil-By burying the face in the Teacher—How bashfulness?
Pupil—By burying the hands in the face.—N. Y. World.

An Unpardonable Offens Friend-Aren't you really afraid of that handsome rival of yours?

Smartchap—Not a bit.
"He is very rich."
"Yes." "A great favorite with the ladies." "I know it."
"Yet you have no fear?"

"No. He guessed at her age once, and got her only two years younger than she is."—N. Y. Weekly.

He was a pretty little youngster, with little fat legs that stuck out beneath clean, stiff-starched clothes.

"What are you going to do when you grow up to be a man?" asked a visitor. The little fellow's face assumed an expression of earnest gravity as he responded with a voice which was evis life, that your telling me what you know won't hurt you, and it may do good when it's mighty plain some good ought to be done if it can be done."

"Lord, Gus Rachels," he answered,