







SEPTEMBER 3, 4, 5 & 6, 1895. Excursion rates on all the railroads during three days.

Premium Lists on application to the Secretary W. P. ROESSING, Butler, Pa.







Both Trumps



And Trumps Lead-Our Line of fine Shoes ought to draw you to to the inspection of their merits - Prices have touched the bot-

LOOK! At Our Prices.

Men's Tan Shoes that sold at \$5.50 go at \$3.50.

Men's Tan Shoes that sold at \$4.00 go at \$2.25.

Men's Tan Shoes that sold at \$3.25 go at \$1.75.

Boy's Tan Shoes that sold at \$2.00 go at \$1.00.

Men's Calf Shoes that sold at \$1.50 go at \$1.00.

Men's Every Day Shoes that sold at \$1.50 go at \$1.00.

Boy's Every Day Shoes that sold at \$1.50 go at 75c.

Ladies Shoes,





Grandest Bargains Ever Offered.

Ladies' fine dongola patent tip shoes at 90°C.

Ladies' flexible sole shoes lace and button at \$1.50°C.

Ladies' russett shoes hand turns at \$2.00°C.

Ladies' russett shoes heel or spring at \$1.00°C.

Women's heavy tip shoes \$1.00°C.

Women's heavy shoes button \$1.00°C.

Misses heavy shoes in lace or button at 75°C.

Children's school shoes 50°C to 75°C.

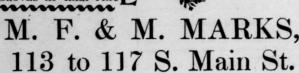
Owing to the material advance the manufacturers have advanced on all their goods—but as our large fall and winter stock which is arriving daily was bought before the advance, I am now prepared to show the largest stock of reliable Boots and Shoes ever brought to Butler, and at such remarkably low prices that you are sure to buy. Our stock is large and complete. Full stock of Men's and Boy's heavy Boots; Full stock of rubber goods; Complete stock of Felt Boots and Shoes—Also line of warm lined Shoes and Slippers—Men's, Women's and Misses' heavy shoes in all material's and all at the old LOW PRICE.

JOHN BICKEL,

BUTLER, PA. Branch Store 125 N. Main St,



A NOTHER Cut in Millinery! Any flower in the house for 7cts. Another table of 9c ribbon—you will find this just as good as we sold last week.





The styles in shoes are constantly under-going changes. To be in thefront ranks of fashion as far as your shoes are concerned will cost you
nothing, in additional to what it costs plenty of others to wear
"out of date" shoes, if you buy your shoes at RUFF'S. We
aim to be the first to show the latest and prettiest styles
in Ladies' Gentlemen's and Childrens' Fine Footwear,
and to lead in the lowest prices consistant with
reliable goods. That we are succeeding in
our ambition to please is attested by our
large and increasing trade. As heretofore we continue to deal in the solidest
and best wearing Boots and Shoes made for
every day wear and heavy work shoes, such as
farmers, oil men and mechanics generally wear. Our
Women's and Childrens' Waterproof Shoes will wear an
entire winter. One pair of shoes or boots all around for everyday use and you are fixed for the winter if bought at RUFF'S.
While price is always considered after service in our shoes, you—will find it as low if not lower than yon have been paying for inferior goods.-

A- RUFF & SON. YOU CAN FIND THIS PAPER OF A SON. OF A SON. SON. OF A SON. IN THE SOURCE OF A SON. IN CANAL SON. IN COLUMN FOR A SON. IN CANAL SON. IN COLUMN FOR A SON. IN CANAL SON. IN

Register's Notice.

The Register hereby given 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 7th day of Sept. 1895, at nine o'clock, A. M., of said day:

1. Final account of Elizabeth M. Maizland administratrix of Robert Maizland deceased late of Clinton Township.

2. Partial account of Amos Reep, executor of Isaac Reep deceased late of Donegal township.

3. Final account of Adaline A. Taylor, administratrix of Wm. E. Taylor, deceased, late of Brady township.

administratrix of Wm. E. Taylor, deceased, late of Brady township.

4. Final account of John M. Dunn, executor of Jane Beighley, deceased, late of Connoquenessing township.

5. Final account of Louisa A. McNamer and J. C. Wimer, executors of Jennie Wimer deceased, late of Portersville boro.

6. Final account of Robert G. Crawford, guardian of William M. Crawford, minor child of Isabella Crawford deceased, as filed by John Crawford administrator of Robert G. Crawford deceased.

7. Final account of Samuel Mock, ad-

or of Robert G. Crawford deceased.
7. Final account of Samuel Mock, administrator of Susan Barnhart, deceased, late of Fairview township.
8. First Partial account of Joseph B. Kelly, and Dan Kelly, executors of Job Kelly, deceased, late of Cherry township.

Kelly, deceased, late of Cherry township.

9. Final account of J. M. Lindsey, guardian of Mary L. Smith. minor child of Wm. V. Lindsey, deceased late of Jackson township.

10. Final account of James B. Niblock, and Harrison Dyke, executors of Jacob Niblock deceased, late of Connoquenessing township.

11. Final account of Thomas Donaghy, administrator of George W. Ziegler, deceased late of Buller boro.

12. Final account of James R. McCandless, administrator of Mary McCandless deceased, late of Cherry township.

less, administrator of Mary McCandless deceased, late of Cherry township.

13. Final account of Robert Krause, executor of Robert Cooper, deceased late of Winfield township.

14. Distribution account of Elizabeth Gilkey, executrix of Robert Gilkey deceased, late of Slipperyrock township.

15. Final account of Ferd Reiber, guardian of Nora L, Reed minor child of Wilson E. Reed deceased, late of Butler boro.

16. Final account of Mary Campbell ftratrix of Silas Campbell deceas ed late of Washington township.

17. Final account of Andrew G. Campbell, trustee to make sale of the real estate of Reuben Musselman deceased late of Harmony boro. 18. Final account of John H. Gormley

18. Final account of John H. Gormiey, guardian of Mary Mortland, minor child of Stephen Mortland deceased, late of Marion township.
19, Final account of William Shepard and George M. Shepard, executors of John Shepard deceased, late of Middlesex township. 20. Partial account of Maggie S. Cov ert, now Morrison, executrix of Miles Covert, deceased, late of Adams town-

WIDOWS' APPRAISEMENTS.

Road and Bridge Reports.

Notice is hereby given that the following Notice is hereby given that the following road and bridge views have been confirmed nisi by the Court and will be presented to court on Saturday morning of the first week of September. 1895, and if no exceptions are fied they will be confirmed absolutely.

R. D. No. 1, June Session, 1895, petition of citizens of Clinton township for a county bridge over Bull Creek where the public road leading from the Satonburg road crossessaid creek on the farm of Stephen Hemphill, in salt township.

March 13th, 1895, viewers appointed by the Court, and June 2d, 1895, report of viewers fied stating that the bridge prayed for is necessary and the cost of crection more than the township of Clinton should bear and report in favor of the county erecting the same. No damages assessed.

R. D. No. 2, June Session, 1895, pesition

R. D. No. 2, June Session, 1895, pesition of citizens of Jackson township for a public road to begin at a point on the Zelienople and Perresville public road at or near the house of Casper Scheel and to extend to a point on the public road called the "Big Mill road," at or near the house of George Knauff. May 4th, 1895, viewers appointed by the court, and June 3d, 1895, report of viewers filed, stating that the road prayed for is necessary and have laid out the same for public use between the points narsed in petition; cost of making about one hundred dollars, to be borne by the township; the damages assessed, thirty dollars to George Knauff and fifty dollars to August Rinehart released by the same. Knauff and fifty dollars to Rusher released by the same.

June 5th, 1895, approved, and fix width of road at 33 feet. Notice to be given accord-ing to rules of court.

BY THE COURT.

BUTLER COUNTY, 88:
Certified from the record this 5th day of August A. D. 1895.
JOSEPH CRISWELL,
Clerk Q. S. Court.

Selling out To Quit Business.

Wall Paper at less than ne-half cost. Fine papers at the price of common cheap ones. The largest stock of Wall

sold out either Wholesale or Retail, at— DOUGLASS' Near P. O.

Paper in the county to be

N. B .- Wall Paper has advanced 20 per cent Wholesale within two months.

Hotel Williard

Reopened and now ready for commodation of the trav eling pub-

Everything in first-class style,

MRS. MATTIE REIHING, OWDER M H BROOKS, Clerk.

It is a Fact

That Hood's Sarsaparilla has an unequalled record of cures, the largest sales in the world, and cures when all others fail. Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the Only True Blood Purifier Prominently in the public eye today. \$1; six for \$5. Be sure to get Hood's. Hood's Pills act harmoniously with

HEINEMAN & SON, mmomm

SUMMER is approaching and tqa only way to keep cool is

Heineman's and get yourself a nice Hammock. We have the largest \$3

Hammocks ever brought to Butler. Wall Paper from the cheapest to the

PAPERS. We also handle the



GREAT SAMPLE SALE



Summer Shoes,

Half-Prices.

Just received 1,000 pairs ummer Sample Shoes and Slip pers. These goods are to be solo at once. I bought them at my own price and you can have then at yours. These samples were ot bought to make money but to keep things lively during the dull season.

Prices Good for 10 Days Only

Ladies' Fine Tan Oxfords, \$1 and \$1.25 kind...... Ladies' Fine Dongola Oxfords, 750 kind . Ladies' Fine Cloth Slippers go at... Ladies' Fine Tan Shoes, heel, \$2 kind\$ Ladies' Fine Kid Button Shoes re-Ladies' Fine Tan Shoes, \$2 kind,... 1 25 Boys' and Youths' Fine Tan Shoes ...\$1 10

...50c, 60c, 75c, 85 Space forbids me quoting fu. her, but if you will call during this Sample Sale you will see Summer hoes going cheaper than ever beore. Don't delay but come at once and try

The New Shoe Store

During This SAMPLE SALE OF SUMMER SHOES.

C. E. MILLER, 5 S. Main St.,

 $\bigcap_{\mathbf{N}} \mathbf{D}$

SUMMER Goods are in demand now in order to get the best of old Sol

We provide everything need-ful in order to be cool and com-Hats and Furnishings for

Men Boys and Children are our specialties and we only ask an inspection of our goods. We know they are satisfac-

Colbert & Dale.

Hotel Butler

J. H. FAUBEL, Prop'r.

This house has been thoroughly renovated, remodeled, and refitted with new furniture and carpets; has electric bells and all other modern conveniences for guests, and is as convenient, and desirable a home for strangers as can be found in Butler, Pa.

Elegant sample room for use of

THE HARVEST MOON Beyond the hilltops, vague and dim, Beyond the wide world's utmost rim, Fiame sunset's golden bars. While one by one in Heaven's height. The unseen guardians of the night. Set their watchfires of stars.

The fields grow dim and fade from sight, Behind the purple veil of night, And all the world is hid. A boding silence holds in threst. All sound except the plaintive call Of one lone katydid.

Then comes a breath of breeze that brings A rustle as of seraphs' wings. Such as the dreamer hears; And in the east, where day has birth, Just where the heavens touch the earth, The harvest moon appears.

E'er since the stars—a countless throng.
At morning sang their wordless song.
When time had just begun.
The harvest moon has come to fill
With joy the soul that boded ill.
Because of summer gone. While stars shall glow, while rivers flow,

stend,
The harvest moon to every land,
Shall nights of splendor bring.
—Miller Purvis, in Womankind. A RUNAWAY WHEEL

BY HENRY E. HAYDOCK. RED, old man, you are indeed for tunate," I said, as I leaned back in the easy-chair before the grate "Yes fortunate is the very word.

he answered, musingly; "the events of an hour changed the course of my life. If that hour had been left out of the day I should not be the possessor of such a home, but would be back in the old bachelor quarters. They were not so bad, and there was only one woman for whom I would give them up. At that time she had refused me—was, in

fact, engaged to another.

"I have never before spoken of this, but what I have gained has been well earned. I was favored by fortune in that hour, but it was seizing the oportunity that made me successful. "A party of us had gone away on a wheeling trip. We were young, gay and joyous, and the weeks slipped by until it came time for us to think of re-

"From being in love with Emily Brant I became madly infatuated with her. Though she treated me in the most distant manner, I still thought, with the conceit of youth, that she cared a little for me. I was helped out in this idea by little incidents and out in this idea by little incidents and trivial circumstances which led me to hope she would accept me.

"I had a rival—a man who did not seem to consider my actions of any importance. I could not seem to make

him jealous in the slightest degree. He had naturally a very self-composed manner, but this alone would not account for his bearing.
"I came to the conclusion that I

must propose to Emily before we re-turned to the city, as I would have a much better opportunity of stating my case amid favorable surroundings than in the city with its bustle and in-

"One afternoon we were riding through a beautiful valley and it so happened Emily and myself were quite a distance to the rear of the party. The road was smooth, the trees arched overhead, the sunlight streamed in call distance that the trees arched overhead, the sunlight streamed in the stream of the strea overhead, the sunlight streamed in gold shafts through them, falling alternately upon Emily as she rode her wheel so deany and graceturly, nguving her beauty with a soft glow. I could keep silence no longer, and riding close beside her, as we sped on together, I told her how much I loved her and asked her to be my wife.

"Then came the breaking of the

"Then came the breaking of the dream I had had for so many weeks and months. In a few words I learned there was no hope for me, that though she admired and respected me she had never thought of me in any other way; that there was already an understand-ing between Mr. Fernow and herself and that their engagement was soon

"At first I could hardly believe my ears. We rode the rest of the way in silence. For me the glory of the day



"I CAUGHT HER HANDLE BARS." had departed. It was as if a haze, like the melancholy haze of Indian sum-mer, through which I should see all things for all time, had closed around

me.
"If it had been possible, I should have left that night for the city, but corcumstances compelled me to accompany the party on one last ride.
"I never saw a gayer set of people
than we were when we started the
next day. Some of them guyed me a
little about my lack of gayety, but I
answered that I was to leave the next
deve and felt and in consequence.

day and felt sad in consequence.
"We were to ride down one valley then descend a mountain into another who had been over the road, and it was so long ago I had partially forgotten it. When we 1_gan to descend the mountain I told them we had better walk, as the road was very steep.

They took my advice for a time, and we had gone the greater part of the way when one of the party, in a spirit of frolic, mounted his wheel and dared the others to do likewise.
"Thinking we were almost at the

foot of the mountain, we all followed his example. I was riding in the lead Earnest Fernow was close beside me Suddenly, on turning a bend, we came upon a pitch in the road so steep as to

greatly alarm us.
"We had all been riding at good speed. This in itself would have mattered little had each one of us had our wheels under perfect control; but timidity, carelessness or fright might mean great danger. "I saw Earnest Fernow turn white and jam his brake down hard, while

he back-pedaled with all his might. Suddenly we were startled by a cry of fear—a cry for help: 'Earnest, save me!' The next instant Emily Brant sped by us; she had lost control of her "Fernow paid no heed; he was too frightened himself; he turned his

bicycle into the bank and jumped. Even at the speed with which she was going I knew she realized he had de-"Unless you have been similarly placed, you cannot understand the ghastly feeling of horror that comes over you as you know your wheel is beyond your control on a steep moun-tain. There is no way to step but by turning into the bank and taking a

neadiong plunge, and the chances of injury or death, or to keep on, while the speed increases with each revolu-tion of the wheels, and the chances of

escape grow less.
"I realized if I started in pursuit my wheel would be in a moment more be wheel would be in a moment more beyond my control; still my opportunity had come, and I did not hesitate.

A moment more and I was close beside
her, I had no idea up to this time
what I should do, but as my wheel,
owing to superior weight, closed up
the gap between us my thoughts hethe gap between us my thoughts be-gan to take form.
"The road, fortunately, was almos

straight. I remembered that where it came upon the valley there was a wide, shallow river. It came down the mountain at right angles to the river, then turned to the left. There was a small open field between the road and river. I knew instinctively that she would try to turn away from the river. In that case she would be hurled against



mass of rock through which the road had been cut. "I must reach her before we came must reach her before we came upon the river. For a time our speed was terrific. The rocks and trees seemed to be strangely blurred as they sped by. We could feel the air like a resisting wall through which we were plunging. Then we came upon rise in the road, almost a hill, which reduced our speed somewhat, and I came nearer her.
"As I came close beside her wheel

she turned her head as if she could not bear the sight of the water toward which we were plunging.
"She saw me, and in all the horror that surrounded us I felt a great hap piness, for there was trust, confidence and admiration in that look. It said:

'You will save me.'
"Up to that time I believe she thought she was riding to death alone.
"Then I was close beside her, and as we came toward the turn in the road I reached over and seized, for one instant, the handle bars of her wheel, keeping both wheels pointed for the open field and the river. "There was a minute's jar as we crossed the field, then the river seemed

to spring forward to meet us. There was a dull shock, and a plunge into the water. "I found myself, when I had recovered from the force of the blow, half standing, half floating in the shallow water holding Emily Brant, who was

white and unconscious. The land scape seemed to be spinning round like a top.
"I realized we had escaped serious had acted as a injury, as the river had acted as a cushiqu and lessened the force of the impact as we plunged from our wheels. She soon revived, but was very weak and dizzy. That night the order of things was changed; I remained, such as a Fernow who left for the city.

"From that day the how a realing summer that threatened to envelop my

life has given place to the glory of noontide." For a moment or two as Fred ceased speaking we both sat looking at the grate fire where the coals glowed in

the ruddy flame. I was thinking, knowing Fred as well as I did, that Emily might well onsider that hour a fortunate hour for her, though at the time it carried with it a dread; but all I said was: "Thanks for the story, old man."-

-In 1880 the value of materials used in the cotton mills of this country was \$102,000,020, while in 1890 the value had risen to \$155,000,000.

-Life, as we call it, is nothing but the edge of the boundless ocean of exist-ence where it comes upon soundings.—

SULLIVAN'S NARROW ESCAPE.

He Might Have Been Killed by a Lot of Impecunious Gamblers.

New stories of Maurice Jeuks, the English gambler, known as "The Bac carat King," are told whenever American travelers get together. Jenks, says
the Cincinnati Enquirer, who is a generous man and a good friend, is also a
very game man. It was Jenks who
backed Mitchell against Sullivan in France. When the party got back to England Sullivan was informed of some remarks Jenks had made at the ring reflecting upon his professional ability, and he swore that he would make Jenks eat his words. That evening Sullivan, half under the influence of liquor, visited the Empire theater, and Jenks

was pointed out to him on the prom-enade. The prize fighter went to the gambler, who is about five feet six inches tall, and began: "You're the fel-low that backed Mitchell against me." "Well," retorted Jenks, sharply, "if omebody didn't put up the money for

you loafers to fight for you'd have to work for a living."
Sullivan did not pursue the conversa-tion further, and when it was inti-mated to Jenks that he had narrowly escape a thrashing he said: "Why, escape a thrashing he said: "Why, there were twenty men hanging around there who are borrowing anywhere from a shilling to a sovereign a day from me, and they would be so eager to prove their gratitude that if that big ruffian had ever laid his hands on me

A very humorobs story, and of course it is a true one, is told of a former superintendent of a Maine shoe factory. One of the employes not doing his part as the superintendent desired was discharged, but on the next day was found in his place at work. "What are found in his place at work. "What are you here for? Didn't I discharge you yesterday?" asked the superintendent. "Yes, sir; but if you don't do it again I'll overlook it this time," was the re-sponse. The superintendent was so dazed by the man's answer that he turned away, not knowing just what to say. The joke of the matter was that the man stayed at his work for more than a year afterwards and was paid regularly. We don't give this as a recipe for unsatisfactory workmen. on't work every time.

The Undertaker Bee. There was serious trouble in a urban beehive the other day, and in the midst of the excitement several bees dragged out one of their dead and left it on the edge of the hive. Many bees came and went, leaving the dead body unnoticed, but after awhile came body unnoticed, but after awhile came along the undertaker bee. He seized the body, flew off with it some yards and dropped it in the grass. The operation was repeated with another dead bee, and, as before, those whose duty lay in other directions left to the undertaker the task of carrying off the body. ___x.x:.__

1 m/ ... ; 1

He's never procrastinatin'
An' tellin' ye "why" an' 'how,"
When the doin' on't 's what he's hatin';
He jest goes and does it nom

Ef the cordwood calls fer a tussle Thet'll bring the sweat to his brow, He gits out his saw with a hustle,

The chap that talks of ter-morrer Is crooked somewheres, I 'llow; In payin' what he may borrer. He never gits round ter now. But the feller thet starts on the min

Ef 't rains he ain't workin' out in it, 'Cause he gits his hay in now. Ef yer lookin' fer what'll suit yer,

Yer kin take off yer hat an' bow Ter the chap thet's short on the future An' ekerly long on now.

-Frank Roe Batchelder, in Life. A LOCAL COLOR TRAGEDY.



was so alarming-ly pretty, on e would never sussessing brains. She was one of thos girls with alluring faces—the sort of beaute-du-diable of which Ouida is always writing, eyes of most unholy blue and lips which could smile a man's soul away. A fascinating minx with the most graceful and winning man-ners; a being of moods, tender, repel-lant, kindly and icy by turns, she had expected haves and strewn devastation

HEN Violet Lin

gard announced she was going in

for literature there were those

among us who scoffed. Violet

created havoc and strewn devastation wherever her dainty feet had trod. Suddenly she wearied of the endless round of gayety and fashion to which from her teens she had been accus-tomed and amazed her coterie by declaring her intention of writing real-istic novels. Of course everyone said it was merely a fad and would soon blow over. But it didn't, that was the

stounding part of it.

Her first novel attracted more than assing notice. She was commended for her original and audacious style, her clever plot and a certain dainty feminine touch. She was written about, interviewed, her beauty and talent were praised by the paragraphers and all the details of her luxurious life were brandished about the country. From being merely a typical society girl, a young woman of elegance and fashion, she suddenly became a

and fashion, she suddenly became a somebody to be pointed out and stared at and raved about.

This spasmodic adulation pleased Violet. She had always feasted upon flattery but now she reveled in it. She threw herself into a life of feverish exertion, became expired digdainful. emotion, became cynical, disdainful, and thought of nothing but her miser-

able ambition. Local coloring came to be an absolute mania with her. She was always prating of "atmosphere" and "realism." One can stand a lot of infernal nonsense from a pretty woman, but really poor Violet often grew actually tiresome with her endless rhap-

but really poor Violet often grew actually tiresome with her endless rhapsodies about "the divinity of realism."

It was just after publishing her second novel, a combination of ingenuity and wickedness, a smartish, brackish story you wouldn't have liked your stater to write, that the girl decided to go to the far west in search of "local color" for the next attempt.

"Yes," she drawled, with the fine lady air of disdain she had assumed search of local color and a nero in

search of local color and a here.

may take a cowboy for the latter—
who knows? They tell me those fellows are delightfully original and as
breezy as the winds from the Rockies."

She made up her mind she had not been misinformed when, a month later, she met Jack Weatherby.

Weatherby was a child of the plains.
He had never been east of the Missisippi and had an infinite contempt for the land of the rising sun. He had hunted for a living; he had been a



THE HERO OF THE NEXT NOVEL.

and herds; had settled down so what and had begun to think he would like a wife and home. He was a handsome fellow, as fiery as the mustang he rode and as tender hearted as a woman—some women, His ranch lay in the shadow of the Sangre de Christo range, next to that of the Athertons, where the New York girl was stopping. Its acres stretched to the shadowy foot hills and over them roamed the sleek, well-fed creatures of which he was so proud. It was two days after her arrival that he saw her first. He had ridden over to see Tom Atherton, the big muscular Englishman, who was his particular crony, and had come down the trail with his customary "Hark"

and "Whoop." As though riding the sightless couriers of the air, he dashed up to the little flower garden, spurs and chains jingling, sombrero flapping, and letting out a yell which could have been heard in Denver. And there by the side of pretty Mrs. Atherton, sat a stranger, a vision, an angel. The asstranger, a vision, an anger.

tonished ranchman blushed and stammered like a school boy as he bowed awkwardly and apologized for his Apache-like descent. Who was this triple and a pologized for his application of the relation of the resident state. divinity in palest pink, this radiant creature with hair like gold and eyes of heaven's own blue? "My friend, Miss Lingard, from New York," Mrs. Atherton had said. Pshaw! She was

a celestial being straight from Para-I have always pitied Weatherby. Never for one moment could I blame him. He was a primitive man with savage instincts lurking in his breast. Brave, loval, straightforward himself how could he dream of the treacherous cruel blows one little soft white hand

was capable of dealing? Violet found this sturdy, brawny ranchero a delightful study, and de-cided he should be the hero of her next novel. His quaint wit and poetic fan-cies born of the mesas and the mountains, his forcible and often ungram matical speech were faithfully noted; his emotions were played upon, his heart was probed. And he never dreamed he was being experimented on. He loved this exquisite creature, this dainty, soft, purring beauty, as he loved his life. He coveted her and longed to shut her close to his big. faithful, honest heart.

At last came the night when Violet

NOW. Feller what shirks an' is lazy
Ain't no use livin', I vow!
But I tell yer who is the daisy—
The feller that does things now.

carried her passion for "atmosphere" and "local coloring" to its climax. They had gone for their customary evening stroll, and had climbed up a lofty butte to a broad ledge of rocks. At their feet yawned the canyon, tremendous, awful, black, save where the mendous, await, black, save where the moonlight touched the opposite wall with ghostly fingers. Back of them loomed the range like the battlements of a phantom city. Through the pines in the canyon the wind came sighing

in mournful cadence. While far, far below sounded the faint rushing of water—the river tumbling and foaming along over its rocky bed.
"What a weird place," cried Violet with a pretty little shudder, "and what a ghost-like night. Why did we never come up here before, Jack? What a scene!"

Weatherby was lying at her feet where he had thrown himself to rest after their climb. He turned his face, white in the moonlight, toward her, and fixing his dusky, unfathomable eyes upon her, said: "I kept this place for this hour. I meant to bring you



HE STOOD AS IF TURNED TO STONE.

here when I got my courage to the point where I could say all that is in my heart. Many a time down there,

my heart. Many a time down there," pointing to the ranch lying below, "I have looked up here and thought of the time I would bring you to tell you how I love you."

For one instant Violet felt a queer little thrill. The simple dignity of his declaration almost moved the worldly, cold-blooded girl. Then she thought of her local coloring. "What a situation for my novel," she said to herself; then aloud, gently: "So you really love me, Jack?"

"Love you?" he echoed, passionately,

She struggled to free herself and at length succeeded. "How dare you?" she demanded; "how dare—"
"How dare I?" he cried. "Why, dearest, I love you—I love you, do you hear? And you, you love me a little, do you not?" He was approaching her again, when she said, contemptuously: "No; not a bit. I have simply been studying you." studying you." He stood as if turned to stone. "Studying me," he said, in a queer voice, "studying—why—why?" he savagely demanded, as he caught her wrist and held it in an iron grip.
"You were so different," she faltered, a bit frightened at his sudden forceit."

An absolutely murderous look swept over Weatherby's face. "No," he said, "no one told me that. So you write books? And you wanted to put me in it-was that it? Answer me,

"Yes," she murmured, faintly.
"And that was all? You never loved "Why, no, how could I? I am to be married in the fall to a man in New ring up of old conclusions has really Vork-A snarl like that of an infuriated A snarl like that of an inturated beast interrupted her. Livid with rage, he sprang toward her. Once again he crushed her, shrinking and trembling, to his breast, then dragged her to the very edge of the canyon, gaping like the bottomless pit to receive them.

And as her agonized screams pierced the soft summer night, Weatherby, still holding her against his outraged heart, stepped off. They found them next day in the bottom of the canyon. Violet's lovely face was past recognition, but on Weatherby's lingered a smile of such awful triumph as would have pleased the arch-fiend himself.—Truth.

"That girl in front of us is very fond of opera," said the young woman at the "She must be," replied the young man. "From the size of her hat you'd think she was afraid some of it might get past her."-Washington Star. In Partnership. A pair of wandering Willies sought
All labor hard to shun—
Two souls with but a single thought,
Two tramps that beat as one
—Atlanta Journal.



"Forty years, professor; there's a diference of ten years between us."
"Dear, dear! I really wouldn't have taken you for fifty."-Fliegende Blact-

Her Method. "Mrs. Brown never sits up to wait for her husband." "No?"
"No. When she expects him to be

out late, she retires early, sets the alarm at three o'clock, and gets up, re-freshed and reproachful."—Life. A New Version. Brown (to the newly-married)— Struck the mother-in-law snag yet,

Jones-Yep. You see she's my wife's

stepmother, handsome, and they're about of an age. Jee whiz! I dasn't even look cross-eyed at her.—Judge. An Evident Error. Binks-Miserleigh told a good story at his own expense to-day about— Jinks—Hold on. Are you sure it was at his own expense?— Detroit Free

Son-Father, is the position of sen-ator higher than that of congressman? Father-It comes higher, my boy.—

"As between Dick and Harry which do you like best?"
"Jack."—Judge.

ROAD

BECOMING A NECESSITY

The Demand for Good Roads Is No Longer a Mere Fad. Good roads, good country roads, are becoming more and more a necessity of the day and age. The advent of the bicycle has created a demand for good roads among a class which before its advent had little care for country, roads. The probable early advent of horseless carriages will tend to empha-size that demand and will add to the fast growing good-roads army. To the farmer good roads ever have been a necessity, which, alas, he has had in too many instances to get along with-eut. In 1893 the agricultural depart-ment of the federal government made ment of the federal government made an investigation into the road question. The object of that investigation was to secure some reliable information con-cerning the cost of motive power to farmers and how affected by country roads. The first thing learned was that there were on United States farms 53,393,888 draught animals, of which 14,213,837 were herses, 2,331,697 mules and 36,849,021 oxen. 2,331,697 mules and 36,849,021 oxen, having a total value of \$1,721,535,798. In other words, to do their hauling the



farmers of the United States had infarmers of the United States had invested in round numbers, \$1.750,000,000. That is a pretty large sum; if invested at 5 per cent. interest it would produce nearly \$1,750,000 each week. Of these draught animals more than 16,500,000 are horses and mules, worth at a modest estimate more than \$100,000,000. Now, it costs to feed them on an average, one year. to feed them on an average, one year with another, about \$4,000,000 a day, but what is of greater interest, is the

"Love you?" he echoed, passionately, as he rose and sat down beside her. "Violet, look," taking her hand, "my heart lies here in this dear little hand." Then throwing all reserve to the winds, he seized her and kissed her, madly, tempestuously.

She struggled to free herself and at length succeeded. "How dare you?" she demanded; "how dare—"

"How dare I?" he cried. "Why, dearest, I love you—I love you, do you deare of miles of road would encirnumber of miles of road would encir-cle the world nearly nine times, and would cross and recross the United States about fifty times. Bicyclists must have good roads if they would have the full enjoyment of their wheels, the horseless carriages must have good roads, and over and above all the farmer more than either must agely demanded, as he caught her wrist and held it in an iron grip.

"You were so different," she faltered, a bit frightened at his sudden ferocity. "I wanted a new type for my book, you know. I suppose Tom told you I write books—"

An absolutely mysderow here.

WOMEN AND GOOD ROADS. Grand Work Done by Twenty Pretty New

the time would ever come when women ing the condition of the paule thoroughfares. But the bicycle set them to thinking on this very And when a woman thinks she's very likely to act. Just one weak little woman's momentary impulse will often result in more real purpose being ac-complished, than will a three days con-vention of wise old professors whose

excessive prudence is a positive prohibition to progress. It is said that twenty pretty bicycle girls of East Lynn, disgusted by the disgraceful condition of the public roads in those parts, determined to institute a radical reform. They turned out in full force with picks, shovels and relies and rearred the worst of and rollers, and repaired the worst of the road. When the bloomered beauties finished their week's work they pointed finished their week's work they pointed
with pride to several miles of road
which they had made fit for wheeling.
In Cincinnati recently one hundred
women armed with brooms, hoes,
wheelbarrows and shovels began early
one morning to clean the streets.
From early in the morning until synset the women toiled and one of the
principal streets of the city was
cleaned as bright as a new dish pan.
Whenever a street-cleaning official Whenever a street-cleaning official came along that way he was loudly hissed. It was an object lesson which it would seem can hardly fail to have

its effect. If the women of this broad land seriously take up the matter of good roads and clean streets something definite and immediate will be the result, because woman is a determined creature and "if she will, she will; and there's an end on't."—Good Roads.

Wide Tire Legislation.

The extent to which the value of wide tires has come to be recognized is shown by the fact that during the last twelve months the legislature of nearly every state has been asked to pass a bill providing for their compulsory Wide Tire Legislation bill providing for their compulsory adoption. The state of New Jersey has already adopted a law of this kind, and it is reaping the benefit in the pos-session of the best roads in the coun-try. With wide tires in use even the present country roads will improve, for tires serve as rollers to make the road-bed compact instead of cutting deep ruts as do heavily loaded wagons

A Man for Her.

The villain gnashed his gleaming

teeth with the grating sound of the breaking up of an ice gorge.

"Ha! ha! my proud beauty," he hissed. "I will yet bring you to the

The proud beauty smiled a wan little "Never," she twittered. "You are on the wrong tack. The man to win me must bring the dust to me."-Cincin-

"That boy of yours, madam," remarked the ticket inspector, as he punched the half-fare ticket, "looks remarkably well developed for a child under twelve." "Thank you," replied the lady, calm-y. "It's so gratifying to me to have anyone notice Tommy's remarkable pre-cocity." The inspector was crushed and said nothing more.—London Fun.

Good Trait.

Jack—There is one thing I like about old maids. Harry-What?

Jack—They don't say they did this or that "long before you were born."— —N. Y. World.

Milicent-They say that Mrs. Benton by is very exclusive.

Miriam (whom she snubs)—Yes. 1
hear that some of her teeth even don't nove in the same set as the others .-



