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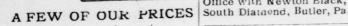
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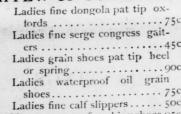
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Valencia, Pa. OUR PROMOTED

We from our basement windows
Look out with tears;
They in the royal chambers
Smile at our fears.

We in the gathering shadows Bow low in our grief; They, in the fadeless glory, Find sweet relief.

We plead with faltering accents:

We cry with bitterest yearning For His own rest; They with uttered gladness Lean on His breast! We, in the now, not knowing,

We sleep and dream of rapture To wake heartsore; They, in the real eternal, Dreameth no more! We, by and by, the portals Of Heaven shall win;

They, in the sure Hereafter, Knoweth the why.

WAS NEVER PUBLISHED.

They, with a love unchanging,
Will bid us in.

-Rev. Frances E. Townsley, in Union Sig-

that swept in through the Golden Gate was piercingly cold, and the poor wretch toiling painfully up the deep asphalt pavement staggered as he walked and now and then stopped to steady himself, pressing with his trembling hand against the buildings that he passed. His soiled, ragged clothes were soaking with the wet, and his emaciated features were pale as with the chill of death. When he had reached the summit of Nob hill he paused and wrapped his arm about an electric light post at the corner, leanelectric light post at the corner, leaning against it for the support his feeble frame needed so pitifully. A quick firm step sounded on the pavement.

"For God's sake, give me money to

buy food!" said the wretch at the post. buy food!" said the wreten at the post.

The quick step ceased. "Why don't you say drink, and speak the truth?" said the man, running his gloved hand down into the pocket of his fur-lined. overcont. The glare of the electric light shone full upon his handsome, florid face; the poor wretch caught his breath sharply and made a step for-ward. The money which the man tossed into his outstretched hand gleamed a moment in his trembling palm, and in another rattled noisil

upon the stones far out into the street. "I want no gold of yours," said the wretch, with energy that shook his whole frame. "I want no gold of yours, The man started; his florid face

turned livid. 'Who dares to call me Henry Mason? My name is Derwent. Thomas Derwent," the man said, hoarsely, staring about him into the night. "You are out of reach of help just

now, Henry Mason," said the wretch, with a laugh. "I saw the policeman from this beat running in an opium-soaked Chinese a few moments ago.

I believe my hour of reckoning has
come at last." "Who are you?"

"You knew well enough 20 years ago," the wretch answered.
"Howard Scott! My God!" cried tne

"Oh, I thought you would recall me, and the wretch laughed again.
"What do you want?" asked the man,
unbuttoning his coat. His voice was unsteady and his hand trembling. "Neither your money nor your life. Henry Mason," said the wretch, bitterly. "They will do me no good now Listen! You live near here. I know your house. Why on earth I never I think it was more your hard, cold voice than your looks that betrayed you." Scott pulled a pistol from h.s hip pocket. The man caught its gleam

n the light and started back.
"Don't move," Scott interposed, calm ly. "you are not worth it, and my game is not yet played. Lead on to you house, and dare to budge one inch out of the way at your peril. I want a quiet, warm place to do some writing. Per-haps you did not know that I adopted a different profession after you ruined me and helped yourself to my money. me and helped yourself to my money I'm a special correspondent when I've life enough to be anything at all. I haven't made much of my life, as you

see, but I can write." "If you want money tell me how much." Derwent said, hoarsely. "I told you I wanted no money of yours," said Scott, moving a step nearer. "I shall be paid enough for my night's job to tide over the few weeks of life that are left me. What I want is revenge and the chance to set myself right in the eyes of the world. You have robbed me of my life; that I cannot ge oack. You have stolen my money, as you did that of many others, and have saddled upon me a disgrace that should rest or your own shoulders. It was you who forged that draft, and not I, and you know it, though I served my term in the penitentiary for the crime. You call yourself a gentleman now, Henry Mason, and I am worse than a dog, but

my hour has come. Lead on home."

The wretch had raised his voice a most to a scream and now waved the pistol in the air. The man walked on glancing over his shoulder furtively. "I told you I should not kill you u less you tried to escape," said Scott, with a sneer. "If you speak to any

The rest of the way was made in silence. Scott was close upon Derwent's heels when he mounted the marble steps of his stately mansion and turned the latch key. Within all was quiet. the wretch had counted on this; it was well past midnight. The gentle radia of the soft lights, the warm air of the elegant house almost overpowered him but Derwent heard the click of the pis tol in his trembling hand and pushed open the library door.

"So this is your home, Henry Mason?" aid Scott, staring at him. "Not so loud, man, for God's sake! eried Derwent.

"So this is your home?" Scott pro eeded, unheeding. "Not much like the prison cell that was my home for ten years, thanks to you, Henry Mason; not very much like the ratholes that make about the only home I know now." "What do you want, man?" began Derwent, his hand finding his pocket

"Pen and paper!" said Scott, fiercely rousing himself and sinking into a chair at the writing table. "Now, do you sit there across the room from me. Move or speak at your own risk." ott took the pistol in his left hand

and began to write, yet keeping a close eye upon Derwent all the while and by he read aloud:

"San Francisco, Cal., Jan. 12, 1896.—I, Henry Mason, alias Thomas J. Derwent, do hereby certify that I forged the note upon the Goldthwaite bank of New York city 20 years ago, for which crime Howard Scott stood accused. I declare said Scott innocent; I alone am guilty." "Come, now, and sign your name. Straight goods; I know your signa-"I will give you \$10,000, \$15,000, \$20,-

000--" began Derwent, eagerly.

"Sign."

"Fifty thousand-" Sign," and the pistol clicked. Derwent bent over the paper. "One undred thousand anything, every-

"Write Henry Mason, alias Thomas J. Derwent," said Scott.

The man wrote, staggering back from the table with a groan.
"Now, that part of the business is

finished. Resume your seat, said Scott.
"I want to do some writing on my own hook, and these are about as cozy quarters as I can find. You are pretty well known at home, Henry Mason, if you did shunt that forgery off on me, and it will add somewhat to the interest of my telegrams to state that they were written in your own handsomely-appointed library. When I have finished I shall use your telephone a moment. The boys at the station know me pretty well. A special correspondent comes to know a great many people, you know," he said, with a short laugh, and I shall have no difficulty in getting a man to take charge of you. Whatever else they know about me they know I am no liar. After that my game is

He wrote on busily for an hour. At last he picked up the loose sheets and read aloud what he had written. He had told the truth when he said he knew how to write. The story that he told of his own suffering for the crime of another would have made him famous, so full was it of dramatic power and graphic detail. At the first merci less headlines Derwent groaned aloud, but Scott went on pitilessly, telling the whole dark story of the man's crime. Meanwhile he sat with his head bowed in his hands listening. He did not raise his head even when Scott rang the tele phone bell and ordered a man up from the station. The house of cards which it had taken him 20 years to build had tumbled about his head and he sat bowed and broken among the ruins

hall and the patter of slippered feet on the hardwood floor. The door opened softly.

"Is it you, father, dear?" a sweet voice asked, and Scott looked up to see a young girl standing in the doorway the brass bolt still in her small white hand. She was a beautiful, sweet-faced young thing, and her dead gold hair was flung loosely back over her wrap-pered shoulders and a tender look of

The passing moments seemed hours of agony and despair. In the midst of it all there was a frou of skirts in the

sleep was in her blue eyes. "I am so glad you have come, dear," she went on. "I had gone to bed and was asleep, but I heard the telephone and fancied it must be you. I am so glad to see you, you sweet old papa, you." She had crossed the room and was kneeling beside him, her white arms about his neck.

Derwent fancied he heard a click of

the pistol and looked up sharply. But Scott threw a newspaper over his left hand and coughed softly behind his palm.
"Oh, I beg your pardon, father," said

the girl, springing to her feet. "I thought you were alone." There was not even a glance at Scott as she turned and left the room. Derwent uttered a stifled cry as the door closed. "Lucie!" But Scott had sprung to his feet. "At

your peril," he said, jamming the pistol under Derwent's nose.
"Your daughter, I suppose?" he went "Yes," Derwent murmured. "How old is she?"

"Eighteen years."
"Then she knows nothing of your dirty past?" "And believes in you?" "Yes," and the man groaned.
"Then, God help her," said Scott,

fervently. was heard mounting the stone steps. Scott hesitated a moment; then, whip-ping the pistol into his pocket, he natched the closely-written sheets from the table and tore them into

"So my game is ended," he said, with a laugh, as he stuffed the torn bits into the blazing grate. "Open the door and

Derwent hesitated. "Coward!" said Scott, between his teeth, but he opened the door himself. The big policeman looked from one to the other in amazement. "You, sir?" he said, staring at Scott. They were

friends in a queer sort of way.

"Yes, Mike," Scott answered. "Gentlemen like that one yonder don't like to be troubled with wretches like me. so I guess you'll have to run me in. A berth in your comfortable quarters is not objectionable on a night like this." "What is to be the charge?" asked Mike, turning to Derwent with no very

owering in his chair, dazed and help

on hand to prefer charges in the morning," interposed Scott, with a laugh "Let's go, Mike." "What a horrid wretch that was," aid Lucie, coming from the back of th

hall and putting her arm through her father's when the door closed. "What did he want of you, dear?" "Money, of course, child," answere

"Well, I'm glad you telephoned for a troubling you." A man was reported dead at police station No. 10 the next morning. Thom as Derwent went into the little, white washed, smoke-stained room and stoo

a moment looking into the pinched fac of the dead man whose lips were close forever. Then, buttoning up his fur lined overcoat, he went out again breathing freely.—Philadelphia Times There are some men whom it is dan

gerous to deal with in any but the most ober fashion. Such a man must have been old Tom Logan, an Oregon lawyer

and an inveterate wag. One day Logan was arguing a cas before Chief Justice Greene, of the su-preme court, of what was then the territory of Washington. Opposed to him was a backwoods lawyer named Browne. Logan continually referred to the counsel on the other side as if his name were spelled "Browny," to the evident annoyance of that gentleman. At last the judge interfered, remark

"Mr. Logan, this gentleman's name is spelled B-r-o-w-n-e, and is pronounced Brown, not Browny. Now, my name is spelled G-r-e-e-n-e, but you would not ronounce it Greeny, would you?"
"That," replied Logan, gravely, but with a merry twinkle in his eye, "depends entirely on how your honor decides this case."—Northwest Magazine.

maidens of 13 do of puppy dogs. What cannoneer begot this lusty blood? He She looked back just as she was enspeaks plain cannon, fire, smoke and ince; he gives the bastinado with his

Hamilton, at the age of 16, wrote political essays that were credited by the general public to Jay.

ered up all her courage and went boldly into the woods. She pushed through the low bushes on the edge, and came to a low bushes on the edge, and came to a low bushes on the edge. A. D. 1025.—Chicago Inter Ocean

ARBUTUS.

dland shadows dim

Are stretching far and wide.
Under leaves of rusty brown
The dainty Mayflowers hide.
Maples, in a rosy flush,
Are waking from their dreams,
Silver bright beyond the hill
The winding river gleams;
But shyly hidden from the sight
Beneath the moss and leaves,
The loveliest blossom of the woods
Her fairy magic weaves.

Downy catkins touched with gold Each willow tree uplifts, Through the air like shining dust The amber pollen drifts. Lazily the yellow bees Are humming in the sun, Gayly down their peobly paths The little streamlets run; But hidden from the careless eye. As love alone can tell, The daintiest blossom of the spring Has wrought her magic spell.

Pinker than the pink wild rose In summer's golden light;
Rosy as a sunset cloud
Before the fall of night;
As holy as the poet's thought,
For words too pure and high;
As fair as dreams of days to come,
As dear as days gone by;
As fragrant as a wandering breath
From heavenly worlds above—
The loveliest blossom God has made
Is breathing out His love.

Is breathing out His love. lina W. Wray, in N. Y. Independ-

END OF THE RAINBOW.

BY ELIZABETH A. MOORE.

had known that anyone who could reach the end of a rainbow before it faded would find there great treasures. Janet, the nurse, had often told her so, and of course Janet knew. The stories did no always agree as to what these treasures consisted of, but whatever else there was or was not, the "pot of gold" was always sure to be there. Whenever always sure to be there. Whenever Nelly had seen a rainbow, in her short life of five summers, she had been strongly tempted to hurry off and seek these wonderful riches; but Janet had always objected that the grass was too given some other reason, so that the end of the rainbow had never been reached. But Janet had gone away now, be-cause something had happened, Nelly didn't know just what, that had made it necessary to dispense with a great many things they formerly had. First the

ony and carriage had gone; and then lanet, who had lived with them ever since Nelly could remember, had kissed her a great many times and gone away too. And only a little while before she had heard papa and mamma talking about something which worried them very much, and her papa said: "I'm afraid we will have to sell the lace and move somewhere else. A few

housands of dollars would set everything right, but I don't see where it's to come from, and we musn't go into debt."

Nelly had not waited to hear what her mamma replied, but ran out in the garden in great grief. Sell the place, he had said, and move somewhere else! Why, Nelly couldn't bear even to think of such a thing. She loved every part of her pretty home with its roses climbing over the porch, and the cool, shady corners where the ferns and mosses grew. It was bad enough to lose Janet and the pony and the other things which she remembered they used to have and now did not have; but this was too much, and Nelly threw herself on the grass by her own little flower bed, where the big pink lady slippers that she had herself planted were just coming out, and wept. But not for very

long, for, though such a little maiden she saw that tears would not solve this awful problem of what to do, so she dried her eyes on her apron and tried would set everything right, her father had said, but Nelly had no more idea of how much that was than her kitten Puff, wildly scampering around the lawn after his tail. There was Uncle Ben, that is, her papa's Uncle Ben, who wasoh, very rich. But then he was away off and had not been to see them for

long time, not since the apple blossoms were all out, and that had been a very long while ago. Suddenly a bright idea came to her. There was the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, if she could but get it. There had been only one or two rainows this summer, but when the next came she would run all the way, to be re to get there in time. It was true they almost always came after thunde storms, and Nelly was dreadfully afraid of thunder, but now she looked up at the bright, blue sky and sighed that there was not even a cloud in sight. "Well it's awful hot," she said, hopefully. and thunderstorms always come when it's hot, so maybe one will

question was settled, she ran off and had oon forgotten all about her troubles in nping with Puff. After awhile the sky, which looked so hopelessly clear, did begin to cloud over, and toward evening, for the first time in her life, Nelly heard with Pleasure, mingled with her childish dread, the distant roll of thunder. It ame nearer and nearer, and before long he storm, which had been gathering all the while she was taking her after noon nap, came upon them. She kept lightning flashed and the thunder rolled over the house; for she had to own that she was a little afraid, even though she

me soon," and, now that this difficult

had been so anxious for the storm to come, and was very glad it was not a very dradful one, such as they had had way low down in the west the sun came out. To Nelly's delight a bright rain-sow appeared in the east and dropped down just by the woods. Now was the little girl's chance. She did not tell her nother of her intentions, because she wanted to surprise her and her father, so she slipped off through the garden. never heeding the rain which was still softly falling. She climbed over the fence at the end of the garden and ran down the little hill outside, and through the fields that lay between her home and the woods where the rainbo eemed to touch the earth. The gras was very wet and poor Nelly's dainty blue dress was getting sadly draggled and spotted. She tried to run between the drops as Janet had said was the way to do; but somehow she couldn't manage it just right, and they came tumbling down on her bare golden head and eager

baby face, as she hurried on, intent or her loving errand. Once she tumbled over a tree stun and scratched her hand, but she onl said: "Oh, dear," and ran on toward the beautiful bow, which somehow did not seem to get any nearer, no matter how far she went. But the woods were near, and Nelly could not see the end -Here's a large mouth, indeed, that bits forth death, and mountains, rocks in ust be there, too. This thought made in the course and of course woods, and of course the pot of gold spits forth death, and mountains, rocks and seas; talks as familiarly of lions, at her hurry on again eagerly, as if the

> tering the woods and saw her home away off up the hill; and saw, too, that the sun was almost down, and that the

little path, which she followed till sudienly, a little way before her, she saw A Snap-Shot at a Monster as It Leaped

three crooked sticks stuck up in the say; be ground over some dead leaves and taken.

fact it looked more like an non than anything else, and had a lid on so she could not see inside. But Nelly had not the slightest doubt that this was the treasure of which Janet had told her,

"Hey, there, what're you about?" this little girl of her co man demanded, roughly.

"I hope so," he replied, glancing rap-ldly from the camera to the whale that holding fast to her treasure, "I'se come was then swimming a few hundred feet all the way from home after it, cause my papa needs some money awful bad, and I knew I'd find it at the end of the a mile or more distant, when the little

hurt you."

Somewhat reassured, Nelly stopped crying and looked up.

"Why, don't you knew," she asked, in surprise, "that there's always a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow? I saw was then that the fortunate possessor

"Does, eh? That's funny. Well, so "But you won't now, 'cause you've got all this. Oh, dear, I wish I'd got here

easy get another."
"Why, bless yer life," said the man, a last comprehending Nelly's meaning, "that ain't no pot of gold. I only wish it was. That there's my supper I was just goin' to cook, only everything's so wet, I don't know how I'm goin' to do it. Here look for yerself, if you don't believe me," he said, as Nelly appeared incredu-lous, and he lifted the lid, displaying to her horrified gaze some ordinary po tatoes lying in their jackets ready to be

Then all Nelly's courage disappeared on the instant, and she cried in terror:
"Oh, I want to go home! I'se so afraid! Oh, dear, oh, dear!" Just then they heard a sound outside

the woods of some one calling: "Nelly "Oh, that's me, and somebody's look in' for me! Oh, I'se so glad! Yes, I'se comin'," and Nelly darted away from

the deceitful stewing pot and its owne and at the edge of the woods was caught in the arms of no other than dear, longost Uncle Ben. Then once more safe and happy, kin hearted little Nelly reme one man in the woods who had frightened her so, and who was so dreadful gnorant about rainbows, and nothir uld do but Uncle Ben should go back and see him, with the result that a gen

erous piece of money found its way into the pocket of the forlorn stranger. "Now, Nell, you rogue, tell me why you ran off like this and scared your mother so," said Uncle Ben, as he pulled and then poor old Uncle Ben, with hi rheumatism and neuralgia, has to g out after his bad child, and finds he talking to a tramp in the woods. Now tell me what it all means, miss."

"Oh, Uncle Ben," said Nelly, "I didn' her and papa. I ran off to find the pot gold at the end of the rainbow, tha Janet told me about, 'cause papa's go o sell the house and move away if h don't get some money. And, oh-I didn't find it, after all."

Uncle Ben laughed.
"Poor Nell, and she didn't find it Well, don't try again, or you may mee friend of the stewing pot. But what's all this about moving, Nelly? You know I'm a stranger and haven't heard all the

roubles that had overtaken the family, nd how she was going to set every thing right by bringing home the treas-ure from the end of the rainbow, and then how it all ended. "But now you're here, Uncle Ben, and you'll do just as well," Nelly concluded, with perfect confidence in his ability

ingness to furnish untold quartities of riches.
"Well, well," was all Uncle Ben said "I came just in time. We'll have to see about things, you and I, Nell," and Nelly knew that Uncle Ben's methods of "seeing about things" were always

Uncle Ben was as good as his word and, though Nelly never knew how it was managed, she knew it was through him that their pretty home was not sold But the mystery of the rainbow and its wonderful treasures has not yet been quite solved to her satisfaction.—

Good Housekeeping.

A Royal Critic's Blunder A strange story, illustrating the dan gers of too frank artistic criticism or the part of royalty, is told by the Coper hagen journals. King Oscar of Sweden who is not in the best odor in the Nor wegian capital just at present, recently visited the annual art exhibition in Christiania, accompanied by the crow prince. The visitors were conducte through the galleries by Mr. Holmboe self a painter. On pausing before a cer tain canvas the crown prince remarked that it was a "fearful" composition The king, after stooping to discover the artist's name, presently ejaculated with a smile: "Why, the man must be mad!" The picture was by Holmboe himself, but neither of the royal visitors was ware that it was he who was showing them round. The artist felt much of-fended, and afterwards declared that he intended to demand an apology. He vas prevailed on by the king's adju ants, however, to say nothing, in o ler not to embarrass his royal critic The sequel is reported to have take lace at a banquet given in connection ith the Norwegian Artists' asso the president announced, amidst plause, that instead of proposing King Oscar's health as usual he would give that of Mr. Holmboe.—Westminster Ga-

The origin of music is lost in the twilight of tradition. In Holy Scripture Jubal is mentioned as the father of musicians (see Gen. 4: 21), and the Greeks and Romans both gave mythological acrain had nearly stopped. Then she gathered up all her courage and went boldly have been invented by Guido Aretino, a

PHOTOGRAPHING A WHALE.

the treasure she was seeking!

She didn't see the rainbow leading down to it, as she expected, but that, fasted, dined and supped every day in

she thought, must be because it was so dark in the woods; but anyhow this one morning with the determination of must be it. It seemed to be swung on three crooked sticks stuck up in the say; but the picture was certainly

and did not glitter at | Living in the neighborhood the whale it would. In was probably familiar with the steamer wpot that plowed daily through its diningroom; and if it was at all an observing whale, it must have noticed on the morning in question an unusual commo-tion on the deck of the steamer, and even though its outward appearance did not come up to her expectations.

She went over and tried to unfasten upper deck stood a man and a little girl, it, and had just succeeded and was dragging it away, when—a man appeared on the scene; a big, rough-looking fellow the whale had come a little nearer this that it frightened poor Nelly even to is what he might have heard: "Will he look pleasant?" asked the

"I hope so," he replied, glancing rap-

Nelly broke down and sobbed in her dis-lit had, really, leaped out of the water, appointment and fright.

"What's you talkin' about?" asked the man, not so roughly. "Stop your cryin' tacle—and then had fallen back into the and tell me what all this nonsense is about the rainbow. I'm not goin' to came to the surface again, and shooting a cloud of vapor into the air that Somewhat reassured, Nelly stopped slowly floated away, at intervals disof the camera secured a good position ran all the way to get it for my papa, who wants some money dreadful bad."

of the camera secured a good position near the rail, and waited, as his little companion had said, for the whale to companion had said, for the whale to "look pleasant." Looking pleasant, in this instance, meant for the whale to show a large portion of its body above the water. It was now swimming just sooner, 'cause you're a big man and can easy get another."

"Why, bless yer life," said the man, at propelled by the undulating movement of the tail. Suddenly it rose, showing just the portion around the blow holes, and with a loud puff the hot breath burst into the air, was condensed, and in a little cloud drifted away.

"Didn't he look pleasant?" asked the little girl, earnestly. "Not quite pleasant enough," said the photographer, as he peered in the tiny window of the camera that reflected the sea in brilliant tints. "I could catch the spout but I want to wait until he throws his entire head out of water and "At the present time more than 100," "At the present time more than 100, of the whole

o far as known, had a living whale, in the open ocean, posed before a camera, or a photographer seen so huge an ani mal obligingly swim along, allowing its picture to be taken. "It's a tame whale, isn't it?" said the

little girl, as the whale gradually came "He certainly does not seem very timid," replied her companion; and as he spoke, pufficame the spouting like the escape of steam, the vapor actually drifting aboard the steamer into the

drifting aboard the steamer into the faces of the passengers.

The whale was now so near that the barnacles upon his back could be seen, and one man was sure that he saw its Suddenly it sank, and all that ye. Suddenly it sank, and all that ould be seen in the little window was had been made in the cultivation of the dancing waves and the white sails of myriads of velellas that covered the surface, scudding along before the fresh millions advanced to the noble landmother so," said Uncle Ben, as he pulled one of the wet golden curls that lay on his shoulder. "Here I come to see you and find the house in confusion and everybody running around calling for Nelly. And nobody knows anything about the naughty girl, only Bridget thought she saw her run down the hill, and then prove all Uncle Ben, with hill, and then prove all Uncle Ben, with his the little window, and evidently think. ae little window, and evidently thinkng that the whale looked as pleasan

> the open ocean.-Charles Frederick Holder, in St. Nicholas. DUMAS, FATHER AND SON.

the button, and so far as is known, took

the first photograph of a living whale

The Latter Was Made Legitimate Whe His Mother Was Dying. Dumas does not seem at any time to have thought seriously of matrimony Perhaps, had the Rouennaise seamstres been free to marry him, his relations the current of his life would have run in a less zigzag channel. She was a per son of rare constancy of purpose and dignity of character, living always by her work, and carefully watching over her son. When she and Dumas quar reled, the filiation of the younger Alexander was "recognized" by the elder, a legal formality which gave him pa-ternal rights and enabled the father to take him from his mother and place him as a boarder in the College Chaptal. But as the father's anger was evanes obtained, to be near her child, the di-rection of the linen and the shirt-mend-

Russian lady of high rank, his mothe, would not live with him when he was rich and renowned until she felt she was dying. This was in 1868. The prodigal father, who hardly deserved the name of Dumas pere, was then broken in health and falling into the state of permanent somnolency which ook hold of him before his death. His daughter, Mme. Petel, with impul renerosity, asked him to make her halfbrother legitimate by marrying his mother in extremis, and this he did.— Emily Crawford, in Century.

"I wants to git a white man arrested fer incendiary trespass or somfin," said the perturbed colored gentleman.

"What's up?" asked the policeman.
"Man hired me toe rake leaves ou his yard, an' when I was most froo he wuk at all ef you was doin' it jes fer fun, would it?' an' I say: 'Dat's so; wuk fer fun ain't nebbah so tirin' as wuk fer pay.' Den be say: 'All right; I des fer pay. Den he say: All right; I des not pay you an' dat will mek it easier fer you. Always like to help pore labrin' man along.' Now, wouldn't dat jar you?"—Indianapolis Journal.

Ruled Out of Turkey. Here is the latest story of the Turkish sustom house. A richly-bound copy of "Herodotus" was found in a trunk of Greek traveler. "Who is the author of this book?" said the official. "Hero-"What subjects does he deal with?" "Kings and international conflicts." "Does he allude to eastern at fairs?" "He treats of nothing else." confiscated .- London News.

Solid Cookery. "I made these biscuit myself, Billi-ger," said Mrs. McSwat, with honest

plied Mr. McSwat, picking one of them up and making an effort to split it.
"And they are still hot. How long ago did you-ah-cast them?" - Chicago

SCHOOL AND CHURCH. -A student 54 years old is a member of the freshman class of the Maine Med-

not Eva-was named after Long-

The mills and factories established in this country by the Salvation Army give employment to 10,700 persons.

-Lady O'Hagan, widow of the lated chancellor of Ireland, has left the Roman Catholic church and has adopted the tenets of the Plymouth brethren -During the absence, for three months, of Rev. Mr. Cochrane, of the Unitarian church at Bar Harbor, Me.,

his wife will attend to all his ministerial -Cambridge university has chosen as subjects for the members' prizes "The Monroe Doctrine" for the English essay and for the Latin essay "A Defense or an Indictment of Leander Jameson and His

-Dr. William Lyon Phelps, assistant rofessor in English literature at Yale, as received an offer to the head of the department of English in the Wamen's college, Baltimore. It is expected that he will decline. He is regarded as one of the most promising assistant professors in the university, and a strong ef-

fort will be made to retain him. -A writer in London periodicals some 40 years past states that nearly all the English elergymen living between two or three hundred years ago wore the mustache. In his list of those who wore the beard on the upper lip we find the well-known names of John Donne, orge Herbert, Robert Herrick, Jeremy Taylor, Thomas Fuller and Robert South, the famous John Knox, and the celebrated John Bunyan.

RUSSIAN NOBLES RUINED.

plte Government Aid, Their Estates Are More and More Heavily Mortgaged. Mr. John Mitchell, British consul at St. Petersburg, in the course of his annual report to Lord Salisbury upon the condition of the country, says: "Ten years of strenuous support of a financial character on the part of the govern-ment of the landlord class has failed to ment of the landlord class has failed to yield the desired results. The Nobility Land bank has proved unequal to the task of arresting the sure but gradual decay of the class in question. Moregaged estates were repeatedly, by hundreds and even thousands, destined to be dealt with by the auctioneer's hammer, but at the critical moment the government has always intervened with government has always intervened with new acts of grace which postponed the

000 estates, or 41 per cent. of the whole area of the land owned by nobles, are mortgaged to various government and private land credit institutions, and the amount of money advanced on these estates has reached 1,269,000,000 rubles (£126,500,000), of which sum 1,174,000,000 rubles (£117,200,000) still remains owing. In the course of the last five years (1889-1894), the indebtedness of landed estates to private land banks increased over \$4,000,000 rubles (£8,200,000), and these banks last year reaped a profit of more than 7,500,000 rubles (£700,000) on these operations. "Of the enormous capital of the No-bilty Land bank, exceeding £50,000,000, created by the government for the 000, created by the government for the express purpose of making money ad-vances to landlords, but little has been

noble land-owning class is to be found bility those attractions that are present ed by life in towns and by carcers in various branches of the government service, the latter being, moreover, ac companied by the acquisition of rank and social distinction."—N. Y. Herald.

Booth's Message Scratched on Glass. On August 13, 1864, John Wilkes Booth was playing a dramatic engage-ment in Meadville, Pa. Upon his arrival in the city that day he registered at the ance in the evening retired alone to his room. When the servant enter room the next morning, after Booth had left the hotel and city, an inscription was discovered scratched in a large hand on one of the window panes: "Ab Lincoln departed this life Aug. 1864, by the effects of poison." attention was paid to the writing on the glass at the time; but as soon as it was learned that Booth had killed the cent, his heart soft and righteous, the maternal claims were not long denied.

When the circumstances connected with the window inscription were re-The woman urging them sought and called, the glass was removed from its such tanks, to be near her child, the direction of the linen and the shirt-mend. ing department in the college, and not only lived on her salary, but made provision to help her son forward when he grew up, and for heaven and the signature of Booth entered on the register August 13 was cut from the grew up, and for heaven and the signature of Booth entered on the register August 13 was cut from the grew up, and for her own old age.

The son cherished her in her life and sion of the war department, to which it was presented by the daughter of the owner of the hotel, Miss Mary McHenry, some time after the assassination of th president. All of the circumstances in onnection with the glass are certified to by Miss McHenry and by other residents of Meadville.—Victor Louis Ma-

son, in Century. A Lighted Gun. The shades of night are no longer a the sportsman. An English nimrod has invented a luminous sight for use in a bad light. A tiny incandescent lamp, fed from a single storage battery concealed in the gun stock, is mounted within a shield at the muzzle of the gun, and a faint ray of light calculated to indicate the position of its source is exposed in the direction of the shooter's eye, and this is sufficient to enable him to obtain the required alignment with the back sight and with the target, be it animate or inanimate. The special application of the sight is for game shooting at night and for naval service, such, for instance, as the illumination of a machine gun used against tor-pedo attacks during the night. For the latter purpose it has been adopted in the English navy .- N. Y. Journal.

A Draw. ing the forfeit game of questions. "How does the little ground squirrel dig his hole and show no dirt at the trance?" asked the Irishman.

"Give it up," said the Yankee, at last.
"Sure, you see, he begins at the other
end of the hole," said Pat, triumphantly.
"But how does he get there?" queried the Yankee.

"Oh, that's your question; answer it yourself," said Pat.—Harper's Round Table. "Kitty," he said to his wife, "you're clever, but you can't touch my mother

at making beaten biscuit." "Of course not," she said; "the woman that brought you up had to have a good fist."-Chicago Record.