State Library July96

THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL. XXXIII BUTLER, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 16, 1896. No. 28

MRS. J. E. ZIMMERMAN,

Tremendous Reduction Sale

The equal of which has never been known and may not be seen again. We have often quoted low prices, but never before at this season of the year have we made such low prices on all seasonable fabrics. Our reason—the selling time is short for us, but the season has only begun for you.

BLACK GOOD SPECIAL.
A lot new fig. Mohairs, very popular just now for Separate Skirts. Prices, 25c, 29c, 40c, 50c, 60c, 75c and $1.00.

FRENCH SERGE SPECIALS.
Black and all the new colors; all wool wrap and filling, 25c,40c, 50c, 75c and $1.

NOVELTY GOODS SPECIALS.
25c, 33c, 37½c and 50c

A SILK SPECIAL.
A dozen styles of rich figures, Tabetta Waist Silk were 75c; for this occasion, 50c.

A HOSIERY SPECIAL.
Children's heavy black ribbed hose, 4 pairs for 25c; fast black.

SHIRT WAIST SPECIAL.
75c for Waist with detachable Collar and Cuffs; real value $1.25.

A BED SPREAD SPECIAL.
Full double-bed size, heavy crochete; you have paid $1.75 for no better; these are yours at $1.25.

MILLINERY SPECIAL.
Fine Trimmed Hats for $1.49; reduced from $2.75 and $3.00. Special sale in Untrimmed Hats, Flowers and Ribbons.

WASH GOODS SPECIAL
25 styles Dainty Dimities and Jaconette, perfectly fast colored, 10c; real value 12½c and 15c per yard.

UNDERWEAR SPECIAL.
A case of women's shaped Jersey Ribbed Vests, low neck and short sleeves, 10c; also one at 5c; value 10c.

A MUSLIN SPECIAL.
Heavy Brown Sheeting at 4½c; real value 6c; full yard wide.

The above SPECIALS have been carefully selected from the different departments, and you will find the values axactly as represented. We like to give you these Bargain surprises because we know that you appreciate them. You can buy freely from the lots quoted above with the full assurance that they are all under regular prices.

MRS. J. E. ZIMMERMAN

T. H. Burton T. H. Burton

Why is it that T. H. BURTON is always busy in his store? Simply because the people of Butler county appreciate the fact that he has the best selected stock of

Foreign and Domestic Suitings

extra pants and Men's and Boy's Furnishing Goods, ever brought to Butler, and sells them for less money.
We guarantee everything that goes out of our store to give perfect satisfaction or money cheerfully refunded.

T. H. Burton T. H. Burton

Sweeping Reduction

THROUGHOUT OUR MILLINERY DEPARTMENT.
Being a few weeks earlier than usual for our Summer Clearance Sale makes this the greatest Clearance Sale we have ever had.
Remember the first buyers get the choice things.

M. F. & M. MARKS.

113 to 117 South Main Street, Butler, Pa.

As has been our custom our store will be closed at 6 P. M. from July 1st to September 1st.

NOTICE

NEW FIRM

I have taken into partnership, Mr. Edward J. Grohman, and the drug business will be conducted in the future under the firm name of Redick & Grohman. Mr. Grohman is no stranger in this community. He has been connected with our house for the past seven years, and it gives me pleasure to testify that he understands his business thoroughly. He is a graduate of the Pittsburg College of Pharmacy, is also a Registered Pharmacist. I take this opportunity to return thanks to a generous public for the liberal patronage extended to me for so many years, and I hope to have a continuance of the same as we are now better prepared to serve our patrons than ever before.

Respectfully,

J. C. REDICK.

DIAMONDS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVERWARE, RODGERS BROS. 1847 {
RINGS, EAR RINGS, SCARF PINS, STUDS.
GENTS' GOLD, LADIES' GOLD, GENTS' SILVER, LADIES' CHATLAIN.
Gold Pins, Ear Rings, Rings, Chains, Bracelets, Etc.
Tea Sets, Castors, Butter Dishes and Everything that can be found in a first class store.
KNIVES, FORKS, SPOONS TRIPLE PLATE.

E. GRIEB, THE JEWELER.

No. 139 North Main St, Butler, Pa.

LATEST STYLE *BEST GOODS*
GOOD WORK *FAIR PRICES*

These are the things that have enabled me to build up a first-class tailoring trade during the last year.
We have the most skillful, painstaking cutter; employ none but the very best workmen; handle nothing but the very best goods, both foreign and domestic, and guarantee you perfect satisfaction in each and every particular, and for all this charge you simply a fair living profit.

J. S. YOUNG,

Tailor, Hatter and Men's Furnisher, 101 South Main Street, opposite Hotel Lowry.

Much in Little

Is especially true of Hood's Pills, for no medicine ever contained so great curative power in so small space. They are a whole medicine chest, always ready, always efficient, always satisfactory; prevent a cold or fever, cure all liver ills, sick headache, jaundice, constipation, etc. 25c. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills

MILLER'S GREAT 88-CENT SALE.

WOULD YOU MAKE MONEY?

IF SO,

Attend This Sale

$1.50 Men's Shoes reduced to 88c
$1.25 Men's Shoes reduced to 88c
$1.00 Men's Shoes reduced to 88c
$1.25 Boy's Shoes reduced to 88c

OUR LEADERS GO At 88c.

Men's Oil Grain 2-buckel shoes 88c
Men's Oil Grain Creole Shoes 88c
Men's S Kip Brogans 88c
Ladies calf and oil grain shoes 88c

IT IS WONDERFUL WHAT 88c WILL DO

Men's Ball Shoes reduced to 88c
Youths' Bicycle Shoes 88c
Misses' Strap Sandals go at 88c
Ladies' Fine Dongola Oxfords 88c

Have You Got 88c?

If you have, bring it to us and we will give you more for it than you ever got before. If you have not got it, borrow it and attend this

Great 88 Cent Sale.

AT

Butler's Progressive Shoe House.

215 South Main St., BUTLER PA

C. E. MILLER,

REPAIRING PROMPTLY DONE.

C. AND D.

Under-Wear Points

Thorough protection
No irritation—
Non-shrinkable
Perfect fitting
Moderate prices
All in Jaros Hygienic Underwear.

All grade of underwear at very low prices.
Largest stock of hats and furnishings for gentleman ni the country. An inspection will prove this to any ones satisfacture.

Colbert & Dale.

242 S. Main St., Butler, enn'a

The Place to Buy

GAS COOKING AND HEATING STOVES, GAS BURNERS AND FIXTURES, HOSE, BATH TUBS, ENAMEL AND

IMPROVED WELSHBACH GAS BURNER.

W. H. O'BRIEN & ON

107 East Jefferson St.

Hotel Willard.

Reopened and now ready for the accommodation of the traveling public.

Everything in first-class style.

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

Found.

A ladies purse on the three degree road, owner can receive same by describing, call at 116 West D. St. Butler Pa.

XVIII.

It is possible that men exist who, in the period succeeding the discovery that they have undergone the mental metamorphosis commonly styled falling in love, and preceding the critical moment when the object of adoration confesses her sentiments of reciprocity or declares the wooing to have been in vain, maintain their clearness of understanding, their evenness of temper, and their soundness of judgment. It is conceivable, I admit, that such men live; but it has never been my lot to enjoy the privilege of acquaintance with one of them. I do not mean that when love flies in at the window common sense rushes out at the door; but I do hold that the new-comer is prone to exert, throughout that period of storm and stress, a semi-paralyzing influence over the old tenant, making him sadly untrustworthy at times when the demands upon him are greatest. Therefore I regard myself as no exception to the general rule—general, that is, so far as my observation goes—in having followed irrational courses and behaved erratically during three weeks or more of dissatisfaction, uncertainty, and doubt. For one of them I made myself miserable through jealousy of the man Dorothy's aunt had been pleased to make her guest. Without a shadow of proof to support the fabric of speculation I laboriously built up, I contrived to persuade myself that he was a rival, favored, of course, for his wealth and position. Even from his hasty departure I gained little comfort. The bugaboo, once installed, was not to be overthrown by such a trifle. Full of gloomy forebodings, I waited for news that he would return, plotting, in my more cheerful intervals, wild schemes for turning his triumphant reappearance into a by-word and a mockery. Once I caught myself reading with vast approval summaries of famous cases in a text-book on toxicology. The volume had been picked up haphazard, but its terse account of several noted matters caught my fancey, and I read on until some noise about the house, interrupting my recreation, brought me to a realization of the ridiculousness of the performance — for there were still moments when I could understand that I was playing the fool. Perhaps, also, the plea might be entered that at this time I was a victim of a recurrence of my old perplexities, recent events having served again to force them upon me with even greater vividness than before.

The jealous fit was ended by a letter which the late visitor sent from New York to Mrs. Loring. In it he expressed deep regret that circumstances would prevent him from completing his visit. Business, he explained, called him abroad, and before the missive reached her he would be well on his way to Liverpool. I heard the news with a decent effort at an appearance of regret, and from that moment had a more friendly impression regarding the gallant colonel.

It had been my intention to speak of him to Lamar, rather because of his Brazilian interests, of which my client might know something, than because of his morning cruise about the channels of the marsh or the abrupt termination of his stay. Mrs. Loring's account of the colonel's manner of life indicated that he was a chronic tourist, with no very active concern in happenings in his own country, so long as they did not interfere with his sources of revenue. One thing after another, however, occurred to prevent a mention of him. One day Lamar was busy with his experiments; the next, for some reason of his own, he cut short our talk; the next he was back in his laboratory. Thus, before an opportunity was offered to tell my bit of news, its value appeared to have been lost through staleness, and, in the end, fresher topics took its place when Lamar showed a willingness to indulge in a brief gossip. So it happened that he heard nothing of the incident which had caused me so many hours of unnecessary perturbation.

Jones, meanwhile, had been making steady progress, and, while Banks and I saw him daily, there was little need of our attendance. We learned that he would leave the neighborhood as soon as his removal could be attempted with safety, but he told us nothing further of his plans. I tried occasionally to lead him to speak of his reasons for coming to Rodneytown, but he was reticent, and I had to be content with the explanation given by Lamar. Dorothy Gray came often to read to him, and he manifested much gratitude for her kindness; but even to her he would say next to nothing of his history or his projects.

Banks' wrist was still weak, but his recovery from the sprain had gone far enough to enable him to circulate in his old fashion among his patients, and my duties as his coadjutor were ended. He was beginning, though, to renew his discourses about his desire to secure a partner and practically to retire, and it was clear that he would soon make me a direct offer. It was only fair that I should prepare to give a definite answer, but I realized that my plans were even more unsettled than ever. There was a new disturbing element in the situation. Could I but foretell what Dorothy would answer were a certain question put to her, then Dr. Banks might be answered, in turn, so soon as he chose to speak. But what would the young lady say?

Yes, what would she say? Truly I was far from sanguine. I could find no reason for confidence, in spite of many soulful efforts to discover one. We were the best of friends; we were together daily, sometimes for hours at a time; we read together, walked together, and drove together. We had interests in common; in some lines of thought our beliefs were akin. Such things were well enough in their way, but what ground of hope did they furnish? Would not a blush, a sigh, have more meaning? Frequently I read dissertations of the symptoms of the love malady, but surely nowhere had I noted good-fellowship set forth as a distinguishing mark of passion. Then, too, there was the difficulty of the bread-and-butter problem. What business had I to contemplate matrimony, with no well-defined idea how even one mouth was to be filled, in the event of a break with the man who would remain my paymaster no longer than suited his convenience? My savings would cut but a poor figure on a war-chest for a family campaign. Besides, the girl was supposedly well-to-do, and certainly was the heiress of her aunt, whose wealth appeared to be sufficient to enable her to travel wherever she desired, and to pay the bills of high-priced specialists, who charged with an appreciation of the fact that their patients

We were the best of friends.

would need to take nothing with them out of this world. It would not be pleasing to be classed as a fortune-hunter. All the philosophy available would not remove the sting from that reproach.

Meditating these things, I fell into habits entirely reprehensible from the standpoint of everyday sanity. I sat up late o' nights, I smoked more strong tobacco than was for my good. I took to moping and violent language. On the whole, it was fortunate that my practice was limited—fortunate for both me and my supposititious patients. Whether anybody guessed the character of my thoughts, or fathomed my moods, was a matter almost of indifference. I told myself that the mask should always be worn in the presence of Mrs. Loring and her niece; as for the others, their opinion did not count. As a matter of fact, I imagine that my secret was known to all the women thereabouts, and perhaps to some of the men. Banks now and then cracked jokes at my expense of a character which gave ground to believe that he had made a shrewd diagnosis of my malady. But, when all is said and done, the simple truth is that I was as nearly at my wits' end, even with the ghost of the colonel's rivalry exorcised, as probably half the adult males of the nation would own themselves to have been on various occasions, would they but make confession.

Mrs. Loring was unquestionably the better for her life in the country. She still kept herself under the discipline of an invalid, though the precaution was entirely unnecessary. Her appetite was excellent, her nerves were almost forgotten, the daily record of her symptoms was limited to an entry of a few lines, in place of the pages she had covered at first. She often failed to remember that I was her physician, and suffered me to depart without hearing a word bearing on her long-cherished aches and agonies. She had become acquainted with everybody in the village; nobody knew better than she the true inwardness of every piece of mild scandal retailed from one end of it to the other. She was hand in glove with the ringleaders in its social diversions, and was the moving spirit in an enterprise which promised to eclipse anything of the sort ever attempted in Rodneytown. This was no less than a "Fete Internationale," as the programme had it, in which youths and maidens of many lands were to be personated by the young people of the village. There were to be tableaux, recitations, music and dancing, and altogether a somewhat ambitious list of divertisement. Mrs. Loring had assumed the responsibility of designing the costumes, a duty which she was well fitted to perform, for she was blessed with a keen eye for color effects, and her travels had made her a trustworthy source of information regarding the details of the picture it was proposed to present. There were no suggestions of invalidism in her as she bustled about on her congenial tasks; the busier she was, the greater her content. The fete was to her a mental and physical tonic, more beneficial than any possible combination of chemicals. This I realized, but with the perverse pessimism brought about by my season of unrest, I feared that it would result in opening her eyes to the truth that she needed no physician. And when that discovery was made, how long would she and her niece tarry in that quiet neighborhood?

The weather about this time took a turn for the worse; for 48 hours a dense fog hung over the coast. It shimed somewhat by the third morning. The banks of mist were drifting seaward when I plodded across the plain to the house on the knoll. Lamar, who was awaiting me in the living-room, appeared to be giving himself up to idleness, for there were no books on the table at which he sat, and he seemed to be unusually willing to engage in desultory chat. After a little, he told me that he had been feeling far from well for some weeks, and that the depressing weather had aggravated his trouble.

To a stranger he would have looked a sick man, but perhaps association had blunted my perceptions in his case, and his words surprised me. Assuredly he was no weaker than on the night when he first came to me. If there had been any change, it had been an improvement. The old air of the fugitive had in great part disappeared, though he still gave one the impression of continual vigilance.

He described his symptoms with his habitual deliberateness, closing the account with a statement that he believed his heart to be affected seriously, and that he desired me to examine him at once.

"I am afraid that you are correct in your diagnosis," said I, when the task had been accomplished. "There is cardiac trouble. It is far advanced."

"Its character?"

"Valvular. I should like a consultation at once."

"Of what advantage?" he asked, as coolly as if he were not discussing his own death sentence. "The disease is mortal. Treatment cannot cure it."

"But it may prolong life," I urged. "Besides, it is only fairness to yourself to have an expert's opinion. Take my advice—"

"Pardon, but I must decline to do so. I am content with your skill unaided. It is a confirmation of my own suspicion. The end is not so much; I have the warning—it is all I desire."

He was silent for a little, this strange being, his expression unchanged, his self-control absolute. When at last he spoke there was no hint of emotion in his voice as he asked the question I dreaded to hear.

"How long may I, in reason, count upon?"

"I cannot tell you definitely," I answered. "It may be a year, two years, three years; it may be to-morrow. A shock, a—"

"I comprehend. But, undisturbed, what time do the odds favor?"

"Six months. But it is no more than the wildest guesswork."

Again there was a pause. Presently he asked:

"You spoke of a shock. Would it be of necessity fatal?"

"No. But it would be the one chance in ten if it were not." I knew my man well enough to understand that he desired no evasions.

"You speak from the book," he said, quietly; "but in that I think you wrong. I rate the chance greater."

"May you be in the right of it," I said; but he made no comment upon the hope thus expressed. Soon after, having given a few directions for his care of himself, and having promised to have a prescription for him made up at once, I left him to his thoughts. What they were I could hardly imagine, but I hoped that among them was some shadow of remorse at the remembrance of the poor devil whom he had suffered to lie helpless for hours almost at his door. It was fate's irony that of these two men the one who then was close to death should now be far on the road to health, with the prospect of many years before him, while the other, who had rejoiced in his misfortune, should find himself under a sentence which knew no chance of reprieve.

XIX.

After the dampness and fog came a week of almost tropical heat, under which the fields grew parched and dull-hued and the dust lay deep on the highways. The breeze, when it blew, was from the land, but much of the time there was a calm, even more oppressive than the heat-laden zephyrs. Against such conditions the energies of but one of us were proof. Mrs. Loring alone defied the heat and glare and dust, going on with her preparations for the fete with undiminished energy, amid the wondering comments of the rest, to whom all unnecessary exertion had become a thing to be abhorred.

"Goodness gracious! how she do keep goin' so beats me," Mrs. Weston confided to me one afternoon, when she had sought the comparative coolness the office offered.

"She seems to thrive on high temperatures," said I. "She's a human salamander."

"Well, let that be as it may," said Mrs. Weston, who was not to be entrapped into a definite statement on such a doubtful point, "she's a marvel, I must say. 'Tain't like, now, as if she had to work for a livin'. But that's jes' the way the world seems to go. Them that don't need gets; them that wants to rest has to keep stirrin'. If 'twas her niece was rushin' round, 'twould be all natural, because she's got her livin' to get sooner 'r later. If I was in her place I'd be plannin' and savin' like a good fellow."

"Why should she?" I demanded. "Her aunt must be at least well to do, and she's nearer to her than anybody else."

"Oh, some now, don't you know about Mis' Loring's money?"

"No. Honestly, so far as I know, she is quite able to provide for her niece. What do you mean?"

Mrs. Weston's face shone with the joy of telling a story new to her hearer.

"Oh, it come straight to me," said she. "Mis' Loring told Mis' Clark, and I got it right from her. Mis' Loring's husband left her jes' a interest in his estate, and when she dies it all goes back to his folks. She gets the interest every year, but she can't touch the principal. So Miss Gray can't get anything from her, though, of course, she pays her bills now."

"Perhaps Miss Gray has an income of her own," I suggested.

"Mis' Loring says not. Her pa was kinder shiftless, and didn't leave her nothing. Mis' Loring's taken care of her ever since she was a little girl."

I sat deep in thought long after Mrs. Weston had gone back to her household duties. Did her news please me? So far as the girl was concerned, I was heartily sorry to learn that her prospects were so uncertain; so far as the tidings affected me, I rejoiced. I was free to press my suit, to ask her hand, undeterred by the dread of a misconception of my motives. At least one of the obstacles had been removed from my path.

When meditation had become a weariness—and when one is in love it requires a vast amount of brain-racking to produce this result—I picked up my hat and left the house, greatly influenced by the hope that Miss Gray might be tenanting some shaded nook in the neighborhood. Somewhat to my surprise, she was walking slowly down the road.

"We're going boating," she explained, when I overtook her. "It is so oppressively hot on shore that both aunt and I decided that it could be no worse on the water. Then, too, there is a chance that we may find some breeze stirring on the bay. Will you not join us?"

"With pleasure," said I. "But how does Mrs. Loring contrive to spare the time? She is supposed to be busy day and night with the arrangements for the fete, you know."

"So she is," said the girl, with a smile, "but when I proposed that she should take a vacation for a few hours she saw the wisdom of the idea. She will follow us to the boat in a few minutes. Really, I think it was the allurement of a little trip on the water which won her over to leaving her designs and programmes. She is devoted to boating, you know; it is surprising that she has resisted the temptation so often lately. She has been out with me hardly half a dozen times; and Mr. Johnson has had but one pupil at his sailing lessons."

"And how have you improved them?"

"My teacher is flattering. But perhaps I may be able to display my skill in a practical way, if only we get a breeze this afternoon."

"Count on me to be a severe critic," said I. "By the way, Miss Gray, do you mind if I combine business with pleasure? I have an errand to do at Mr. Lamar's, and if you would land me near his house, and then pick me up again, I should be your debtor forever."

She fell in with this plan, and I turned back to the house to secure a volume which Lamar had asked me to lend him. It was a small textbook on histology, I remember, though why he should have desired to get a smattering of that branch I never learned. When I reached the boat Mrs. Loring was enthroned in the stern sheets, while her niece was perched on the narrow seat in the bow. The air was stifling hot on the sheltered waters of the creek, and the sweat gathered on my face as I busied myself with the oars.

"Ugh! this is like the flue of a furnace," I protested, ceasing rowing for a moment to wipe my forehead. "I envy you ladies your parasols and cool attire."

"Ah, but woman's dress is so illogical, you know, so contrary to the dictates of sense and science," said Miss Gray, a little maliciously. To tell the truth, I think she was quoting a remark of mine with reasonable accuracy.

"Do you believe that?" I asked, rather feebly, glancing at her over my shoulder. She wore a gown of some light thin fabric, and, with the air possessed by many of her sex, looked daintily comfortable in spite of the outrageous temperature.

"Of course she doesn't," Mrs. Loring broke in. "If any girl says such a thing, it is because the fashion is not becoming to her."

A remark so direct, so unqualified, and so free from repetitions was a novelty. It centered my attention on the speaker, who, I now noted, was dressed almost as seasonably as her niece, although she favored darker colors.

"No man's opinion seems to be weighty enough to count," said I, "especially as the kickers would, no doubt, be the first to protest if their objections were heeded and led to rational dress."

"Now, really, I don't know," said Mrs. Loring, rising to the opportunity. "Some men are so persuasive, so delightfully persuasive, doctor, they can convince you, or make you think you're convinced—which is almost the same thing, don't you know? And so many of your profession, doctor—when I think how great my acquaintance with them has been, it appalls me, it really appalls me—argue so beautifully, but so differently, doctor, so differently. And very likely it would be the same thing, the very same thing with them, if they had to devise a national costume which should be healthy and hygienic and all the other things it should be—and they say it isn't now, doctor. Now, I like, yes, really, I must say, I like variety. You can't imagine how pretty, how very pretty some of the girls will look in their fete dresses, as peasants, don't you know, doctor, and all sorts of picturesque people. It seems a pity, such a pity, that they can't wear them all the time; though how the poor things would manage in winter—no, I'm afraid the short skirts wouldn't do; do you think they would, doctor? Or in church—how would they look in church? No, no, they wouldn't do in church, they really wouldn't; not exactly sacrilegious, don't you know, but inappropriate — yes, that's just the word, inappropriate. But for six days in the week, doctor, for six days in the week, think how romantic, how very romantic they would be. That is, in warm weather, of course—in warm weather, you understand."

"You are right, I dare say," I admitted. "We are looking forward to a great treat. But if you will pardon a personal comment, I'll repeat that you two ladies fill me with envy."

"How nice of you to say so, doctor, how very nice, indeed! But then you physicians have an art, such an art, of saying delightful things. You have such practice, you know, such wonderful practice, soothing the sick, doctor, and comforting the dying—"

"Aunt," Miss Gray broke in with some haste, "please do not talk about—about—dress any more on such a terribly warm day. It excites you too greatly."

"If I'm to attend my errand now," I added, "it might be well to put me ashore. I shall not be gone long; probably not more than ten minutes. Where shall I rejoin you?"

We were abreast of the knoll, and not very far from it. I ran the boat to the bank and stepped upon it, Miss Gray taking my place at the oars.

"How will it do," she suggested, "for us to run down to the bay, and then coast along until we come to that other inlet, which runs so close to Mr. Lamar's house? We can run up it, and take you on board very conveniently."

"Excellent," said I. "You will find me a little distance landward from the house. There's some air stirring over the bay now, and you may meet a real breeze on the open water. It will be a pleasant change."

"Then we can spread the sail," said Mrs. Loring. "Do you know, doctor, I adore sailing, I really adore it."

Her niece bent to the oars, and the light craft glided on its voyage. While I climbed the side of the knoll I could see the boat enter the bay. A moment later the girl had ceased rowing, and had shipped the slender spar which did duty as a mast. There appeared to be just breeze enough to fill the tiny sail.

Lamar met me at the door.

"Here's that book you wanted," said I. "There was an opportunity to deliver it this afternoon, and I improved it. Anything else you would like to have done?"

"Nothing, I thank you," he answered, turning back into the house. The direful news he had received so recently had had no softening effect upon him. He showed no longing for sympathy, no desire to seek from his physician a word of encouragement.

Johnson was at work near by, and I stopped to chat with him, while I watched the boat move slowly northward and turn at last into the inlet. Miss Gray, sitting on the midship thwart, was managing the sail, while Mrs. Loring, at her old post, held the steering lines. She was leaning over the side, I noticed, catching at bits of driftwood floating in the current.

"It's a ladies' breeze, Johnson," said I, "barely enough to give the boat steerage way."

"Ain't much of it," he answered, "and what little strength there's in it comes in puffs. D'you notice 'em?"

"Yes, but they're baby puffs; no weight in them."

"Not much, sir, that's true," said he, going back to his task.

I took my time in reaching the spot, about 100 yards from the house, where the boat was to touch; but so slow had been its movement that when I looked back it was yet opposite the knoll. Mrs. Loring was amusing herself as before, while Miss Gray was exchanging friendly nods with the fisherman. On the water just astern of the craft was a dark line, advancing rapidly toward it and marking the coming of a gust a little stronger than any of its predecessors. A few seconds later the sail filled with the breeze, and the boat keeled sharply, just as Mrs. Loring made an unusually reckless grasp at the driftwood. I saw her, under the combined impetus, lose her balance and pitch headlong over the side, struggle wildly in the water, and then disappear beneath the surface.

I ran at top speed toward the knoll, but long before I climbed its slope Johnson had leaped into the stream. He had some little distance to swim, however, and, though once the drowning woman's dress showed above the water, she had sunk again before he could reach her. He dived, but missed her.

Dorothy, with rare presence of mind, had lost no time in bringing the boat about, and when Johnson rose to the surface the little craft was close to hand. Climbing into it, he stood for a few seconds searching the water for a glimpse of the unfortunate woman, and then dived again. When I reached the rocks above him, he reappeared for the second time, and I saw that he had [illegible] body. He was a powerful swimmer, and almost as soon as I could clamber down the ledges he had brought his burden to the base of the lowest of them. Between us we had little difficulty in raising her from the water and bearing her to the level ground on the top of the knoll. Close behind us was the girl, aiding us when she could in our sorrowful task. I knew what that moment meant to her, and was amazed at her self-control, notwithstanding the evidences she had given of her ability to maintain it in emergencies. There was little likelihood, though, that it could avail aught in the present instance.

Johnson's life along shore had familiarized him with such cases, and I had seen several in which resuscitation had been attempted, but neither of us had anything in his experience to warrant much hope for Mrs. Loring, in spite of the brief time she had been in the water. Nevertheless, we labored over her long after we realized that our efforts were in vain. With that pale-faced girl struggling with the agony which possessed her, yet working with us unremittingly, it was a harder task

She was leaning over the side.

to cease than to continue our endeavors. Lamar approached us once, but, after a glance at the scene, turned away without a word and reentered the house. A moment later, however, old Martha appeared, bearing stimulants, which she placed beside me, and then stood watching us with awe-stricken curiosity.

At last Johnson rose.

"It's no use, doctor, no use," he said, solemnly. "The poor lady's gone."

The girl gave a despairing cry. Some time before she must have begun to realize the truth, but she had battled against it, striving to deceive herself.

"No, no, it can't be, it can't be!" she moaned. "Oh, aunt, aunt! Gone, gone from me, forever!"

She reeled, and would have fallen, but I caught her in my arms, and held her close as she sobbed upon my breast, crying her heart out, it seemed, as the sense of her great loss burst upon her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHALES FIGHT A SEA SERPENT.

The Big Sea Monster Cracks the Ribs of Whales Like Egg Shells.

According to good authority, a most thrilling and awful battle between a monster sea serpent and a whale was witnessed by the officers and crew of the ship Pauline of London, Capt. Drevar, when on a recent voyage to Zanzibar.

It appears that when the Pauline approached the zone of the trade winds and equatorial currents she encountered a heavy gale and, being driven from her course, eventually found herself off Cape St. Roque. One day a school of immense sperm whales was discovered sporting around the vessel. All hands were watching the antics of the leviathans of the deep, when an occurrence took place which flushed the cheeks of all beholders and filled every heart with terror and dread.

Suddenly there appeared, straight from the depths of the ocean, a gigantic snake or serpent of terrible proportions. The day was clear and the uncanny monster was in plain view. In a twinkling the serpent threw a portion of its body in two mighty coils around the largest whale. Then ensued a scene which can hardly be described in words.

Spellbound the men gazed and noticed that at first appearance of the serpent the whales manifested every sign of blind terror. All but the victim in the relentless coils tore through the water in a mad rush to escape. The captured whale lashed the water into a seething maelstrom and the foam-covered waves rolled in all directions from the scene of the terrible combat. It was hardly a combat, as the whale had no chance with its destroyer. Tighter and tighter grew the relentless coils, horrible bellowings were emited by the whale, but its efforts were of no avail against the supernatural strength of its terrible foe. The officers state positively that the ribs of the struggling cetacean were distinctly heard to crack one after another, the noise resembling the discharge of a cannon. The whale was finally dragged beneath the waves and only the blood-stained waters remained to tell of the fearful ocean tragedy.

An old sea captain is the authority for a statement regarding a sea serpent that made its home in the South Pacific ocean. On one occasion in 1868 he visited a small island and noticed that the tops of some of the cocoanut trees growing near the sea were broken. The natives stated that an immense snake of terrifying aspect had appeared from the sea and had eaten all the cocoanuts on several trees. While the greater portion of the serpent was in the water the animal raised its head to a level with the tree tops and fiercely devoured a number of green nuts. The trees were 40 to 50 feet high, and, according to a calculation made by the captain, the serpent was over 200 feet long. The natives were too much terrified to give any description of the serpent. Its body was in the sea and it easily reached the tree tops. From the distance of the trees from the sea and the height of the cocoanut trees the captain was enabled to make a calculation as to the approximate length of the monster.

The discovery of the sea serpent seems to belong to the Norsemen. Their literature abounds in graphic accounts of monsters of the deep. A favorite diversion of the Norsemen's sea-serpent was destroying ships and dining off the crews, and in those ancient days the Norse sailors were instructed as to the best methods of destroying the voracious monsters.—San Francisco Examiner.

Pleasant for Mamma.

Little Johnnie (looking curiously at the visitor)—Where did the chicken bite you, Mr. Billus? I don't see any of the marks.

Visitor—Why, Johnny, I haven't been bitten by any chicken.

Johnny—Mamma, didn't you tell papa Mr. Billus was dreadfully henpecked? Why, mamma, how funny you look! Your face is red.—Texas Sifter.

Neat Way of Putting It.

Two friends met recently after many years' absence. The one said to the other: "Well, old chap, and how have you been getting on in the world?"

"Well," was the reply, "as a failure I have been a distinct success. But as a success I have been a complete failure."—Tit-Bits.

FANCIES OF SICK PEOPLE.

Patients Have Queer Whims That Cannot Always Be Indulged.

About the manner of serving their food patients sometimes have curious fancies. In one case a woman flatly refused to take her beef tea unless the bread which accompanied it was cut in the shape of diamonds, while in another it is always necessary to serve the food in a blue bowl, for out of nothing else whatever would she take nourishment.

A boy who was attacked with scarlet fever showed great disinclination to take his food, but finally agreed to swallow what was necessary, provided he was fed in the following way: The beef tea, or whatever was to be given him, was put into a silver teapot, the spout was placed in his mouth, and in this manner the food was poured down his throat.

An elderly gentleman who spent much of his time in hunting in Africa, on being asked if he fancied any particular dish, replied that he would like a bit of elephant's foot. Under certain circumstances this dish is a dainty and nourishing one, but the price of the Nimrod was forced to content himself with beefsteak instead.

A clergyman with a broken leg had a great longing to put on a pair of stilts, a pastime which he had never yet tried, while a man whose leg had been amputated, although admitting the impracticability of the wish, declared that a passion for skating had so seized upon him since the loss of the limb that he regretted being operated upon chiefly on that account.

DON'TS FOR THE SURF GIRL.

What Not to Do When You Go to the Seashore.

The St. Louis Republic offers some useful suggestions to girls who bathe at the seaside:

Don't wear a conspicuous bathing suit.

Don't loiter about the sands in your bathing suit; go directly into the water.

Don't sit in the sand in a wet bathing suit with a man similarly attired.

Don't bathe with strange men; the etiquette of introduction is just as strict in the water as in the drawing-room.

Don't loiter about the bathhouse corridors; a woman in a wet bathing costume is not a thing of beauty.

Don't wash the salt out of your hair under the pump with the assistance of half a dozen men.

Don't imagine that even the Venus de Milo could look pretty with her wet hair hanging down her back.

Don't talk from one bathing house to another, and don't report progress of your toilet to your girl chum.

Don't encourage men to loiter outside your bathing-house waiting for your reappearance.

Don't dry your hair on the beach, but twist it in a knot, and returning to your hotel dry it on an upper balcony.

Don't go in to the cafe after your bath and take a cocktail.

STILL ON THE BOOKS.

Government Treasurer Carries an Item Representing Paper Long Ago Destroyed.

The books of the United States treasury still carry an item of $1,000,00, which represents United States notes which are supposed to have been consumed in the great Chicago fire 25 years ago, says the New York Sun. It was known that there was $1,000,000 of currency, more or less, in the vaults of the subtreasury then, and that none of it was recovered, but the denominations of those notes and the exact amount are unknown, as the books of the cashier were consumed also. There could not have been, however, very many dollars less or very many dollars more than $1,000,000, and it would simplify the accounts of the treasury and save a great deal of labor to the bookkeepers if congress should pass a bill or resolution recognizing the fact that this money is no longer in existence, for every day when the cashier of the treasury balances his accounts he has to include this item, deducting it or adding it as the case may be from the amount in hand. It appears upon every daily, weekly, monthly and yearly statement of the assets and liabilities of the government as "unknown destroyed United States notes, $1,000,000."

WOULD FISH ON SUNDAY.

And the Commercial Traveler Got a Hook in His Ear.

A commercial traveler who stayed over Sunday at Seneca Falls and went to the lake to pass away the time, thought he would catch a few fish, so he hired a boat, equipped it with the necessary tackle, started out and was soon busy watching his line. After a time, says the Post Express, something got hold and commenced to pull. To make sure it was a fish he leaned over the side of the boat and peered down through the water, and when he found it was a real live fish he became excited and tumbled in head first. In his efforts to extricate himself from his unpleasant position he became entangled in his line, and the fish separating from the hook that adjunct to a fisherman's kit attached itself to his ear. He was finally rescued but little the worse for his experience

Watch Your Chance.

"There is no such thing as luck," said Col. North once. "Everybody in this world has chances. What people call 'luck' simply means that a man sees his chance, holds on to it, and at the right moment works it for himself. 'Luck?' Nonsense! 'Luck' is simply the faculty of seizing passing opportunities."

Our First Bank.

The first bank within the limits of the United States was chartered in Philadelphia in 171. It was incorporated by congress under the title: "The President, Directors and Company of the Bank of North America."

Life's Ups and Downs.

Once more these sad conditions come
To grieve the country and the town;
The mercury now runneth up;
The perspiration runneth down
—Washington Star.

ONE EXPERIENCE ENOUGH.

She (passionately)—Will you ever love another, dearest?

He (wearily)—No, never, if I get out of this affair alive.—St. Louis Globe-