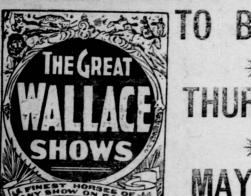
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THURSDAY

THE GREATEST, GRANDEST AND

THE BEST OF America's Big Tented Enterprises!

HONORABLY CONDUCTED. HONESTLY ADVERTISED. Circus, Museum, Menagerie and Royal Roman Hippodrome.

Three Rings, Half Mile Race Track, 1,000 Features, 100 Pheeomenal Acts, 25 Clowns, 20 Hurricane Races, 4 Trains, 10 Acres Canvas, 10,000 Seats, 1,500 Embloyes, 6 Bands, 50 Cages, A Drove of Camels, 15 Open Dens, A Herd of elephants, 14,000,00 Daily Expenses.



THE 9 NELSONS, \$10,000 CHALLENGE ACT.

Werntz Pamily Aericalists. The 4 Martells, Bicycle and Skating Experts Dellameads, Statuary Artists. The Sansoni Sisters, Pemale Samsons. 10 al Male and Female Equestrians, The 3 Petits Aerial Bars-Extraordinary Dupres' Trained Elephants. Rowena, the Head Balancer, and Grand Spec-Ballet, 19 Coryphees, (led by 3 Sisters Maccari, Premier Danseuses.) OUR STREET PARADE.

At 10 A. M. daily is the finest ever put on the streets. A Sunburst of Splendor, a Triumph of Art, Money and Good Taste, with Lavish Luxury of Spectacular Effect, with Greatest Professional Peatures Conceivable. Excursions run on every line of travel. No Gambling Devices tolerated. Never divides. Never Atlantic E

Better Late Than Never.

ONLY A FEW DAYS MORE AND BICKEL'S GREAT ODD AND END SALE WILL CLOSE.

The Attention of Shrewd Cash Buyers is Called to This Adv The Following Goods Must Be Sold At Once

50 Cases Rubber Boots and Shoes to be closed out 50

The Above Mentioned Goods Are at Half Price. READ ON .- DEAR READERS READ ON.

Large Stock of Men's and Boys' Plow Shoes, Cheap.

New Spring Goods

REMEMBER THE PLACE. Repairing Done.

JOHN BICKEL.

T. H. BURTON, T, H. BURTON,

"THE BEST

I've seen for the money," said an enthusiastic buyer who had visited every store, reserving ours for the last, "and when I leave my \$12.00 I feel as if I had an \$18.00 suit for it." Nothing new to us, we always

did claim to give the best-always felt as if the public knew it too. We would like you to compare any-

\$7.50.

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120 S. MAIN ST. BUTLER, PA.

I'M NOBODY,

JUST G. F. KECK, Merchant Tailor,

Vet I know a few things, among others, that I am an up-to-date tailor The Latest in CUT And WORKMANSHIP—in price—most moderate.
Where e'se can you get such combinations?. You do get them of us, the finest made-to-order clothing. Call and examine our large stock

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Constipation

TO BUTLER Hood's

This Is Your Opportunity On receipt of ten cents, cash or stamps, a generous sample will be mailed of the most popular Catarrh and Hay Fever Cure (Ely's Gream Balm) sufficient to demonstrate the great merits of the remedy. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St , New York City.

Rev. John Reid, Jr., of Great Falls, Mont., recommended Ely's Cream Balm to me. I can emphasize his statement, "It is a positive cure for catarrh if used as directed."—Rev. Francis W. Poole, Pastor Central Pres. Church, Helena, Mont.

Ely's Cream Balm is the acknowledged cure for catarrh and contains no mercury nor any injurious drug. Price, 50 cents.

PENNSYLVANIA

WESTEN PENNSYLVANIA DIVISIN. RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

Western Pernsylvania Division. Schodule in effect Nev. 16, 1896.

cek Days For the East a. m. p. m. 6 25 Lv Butler...Ar 7 27 Ar Butler Je't Lv m7 45 Lv Butler Je't Ar 8 30

by the thumbs three times since up by the thumbs three times since last March; and it hain't hurt 'em no keep a guard over the mules while 'bout them mileage papers o' yourn You said not to send 'em. Why not? "You've made out a charge of som sixty-five dollars for transportation o hantic Expression Limited wilv 7 18

Past Line "....810
Philad'a Mail, Sunday only840 a.
For detailed information, address T.
E. Watt, Pass, Agt. Western District, ith Ave. and Smithfield St., Pitteburg, | servant. And if he does his own we

DITTSBURG & WESTERN Railway. Allegheny Short 65 Line. Schedule in effect, July 19

SUNDAY TRAINS.

paid him out of your pocket, every time you changed cars or boat." "That may be, sir; but I can't sign any such claim as sixty dollars for transportation of servant when I pair no such sum."

"Then how're you to get your money back?—the dimes and dollars you've given to porters and waiters on the way? Every officer I know would sign that certificate without question, and every quartermaster would pay it. Capt. Warren came with you to head-quarters, at least. What d'you bet he hasn't drawn servant's transportation You think it over, lieutenant. There' no sense in you robbin' yourself this way. Write down to barracks, i you like, and see what they say at h quarters. They'll tell you just what

"Till sign the accounts without that, and get the mileage for myself," said Lambert. "I need the money. Then if it's allowable and proper I can col-lect for servant later."

"Not much you can't. There's where "Not much you can't. There's where you show your ignorance. Then the government would make you fight ten years for it, even if you'd brought a servant with you. The way is to get it first and let them stop it if it's wrong. But here, I can't fool away time arrived the stop like the I've got. guin' simple thing like that. I've got to be miles away before midnight, and, no matter who comes and inquires, H. O. DUNKLE, Gen. Supt. Allegheny, Pa C. W. Bassett, A.G.P.A. Allegheny, Pa R. P. REYNOLDS, Supt., Foxburg, Pa you won't need any commissary funds or anything while I'm away. Just pay cash and take receipts if you buy vegetables for the company."
"You forget, sir, that my money's THE PITTSBURG, SHENAN-GO & LAKE ERIE RAILROAD

"Sure you hadn't anything but what was in that pocketbook? Then, ser-geant, you do it, and keep account." geant, you do it, and keep account.

"But, excuse me, captain," said Lambert, flushing, "I myself will need inoney. I must find some place to board. Keep those mileage accounts as security, if you like, but let me have twenty dollars..."

"But you hain't signed them; they're no good."

"I'll settle that," said Lambert, sharply; and, taking a pen, he drew a lin ough the item for transportation for

total accordingly, then, still standing and bending over the desk, slashed his signature with a sputtering pen upon the paper. Close carefully scrutinized the sheet, compared it with its dupli cate when that, too, was similarly finished, and stowed both away in a long envelope. "Sure you've got to have twenty?" he asked, as a soldier stuck his head inside the tent door, retired precipitately at sight of the junior lieu-tenant, and then, from without, aned that the captain was served. "Well, I guess I can get it for you before I go." Slowly he finished, slowly signed, after close study of their con-



the laborious use of the title which among regulars "to the manor born"

had not Lambert asked for instructions none probably would have been given.

Of his adventures during the day he id not a word. He brought back the mule, and that was enough. The first

thing Lambert and Burns knew of his return was the sound of his voice at the wagon, informing the guard that

the wagon, informing the guard that he wanted coffee and something to eat. Then, paying only vague atten-tion to Lambert's congratulations on his safe return, he told Burns to get a detachment ready at once, then dis-

appeared within the dark interior of

his tent, leaving Lambert standing in

some embarrassment and chagrin out-

side. "Looking to see if his strong box is all safe," whispered the first ser-geant, as he came up. "It's under the boards—under his cot—and he never

lets anybody come in, not even the mar-

It was full five minutes before the

captain reappeared. He struck no light meantime, but could be heard fumbling

around in the darkness. When he came

forth he had some papers in his hands.
"We'll go to your tent, sergeant," he said. "Your desk is handier. How've

you got along, lieutenant?"
"Two men are out, sir; Riggs and

"Dam blackguards, both of 'em-

'specially Riggs; almost the oldest sol-dier in the company, too," said Close,

wrathfully, seating himself at the desk and beginning to arrange the papers

"I had been told I should find some

splendid old oaks among the rask and

file," hazarded Lambert, after a pause, and thinking his commander should

"Old oaks? Old soaks, most like," was the disdainful answer—"'special-

ly Riggs. He come from the cavalry

"What's the difference? The law

he's entitled to what the servant would get. You didn't black your boots or

the way, did you? You had a servar do it. He was with you on the train-

and key. The quartermaster sergeant is pretty solid." It was after ten when Capt. Close rewanting to go away?" set forth. This time a sergeant and ten picked men went with him, nobody but Close knew whither. "I may be gone two days, lieutenant," said he, in

"There won't be nuthin' now fur a week. Do's you like about givin' the men a little liberty. They've had a good deal. Everything around here will be quiet enough, and you'll hear what I'm after—well, when I've got it."

That night, though worn and weary and downhearted, Lambert could hard ly sleep. At 11 the little detachment had trudged away into the blackness of the night, and the tramp of their march was swallowed up in the rustle of the crisp brown foliage and the creak of overhanging branches. The men re-maining in camp crawled back to their blankets; the cook fire smoldered away, blankets; the cook hre smoldered away, only occasionally whirling forth a re-luctant flight of sparks in response to some vigorous puff of the restless wind; the sentry yawned and dawdled about the wagon and the store tent; even the mules seemed so sympathetic with their recovered associate that no whisper of a bray came from their pen on the bank of the stream. Lambert had received the assurance of his sergeant that the missing men would surely turn up b fore breakfast on the morrow, and had given permission to that harassed and evidently disgusted official to go to bed. Then, after a turn around his sleeping camp, the young fellow went to his

onely roost "to think things over."

In the first place, as he lighted his candle, there was the tin pail which had butter, very neatly packed in lettuce leaves. That proved that the Waltons still had something of their old garden left. Lettuce could surely be raised under glass at this inclement season. He had hitherto had no time for close inspection of the contents. Now as he turned over the leaves he found a little slip of paper on which, in a girlish and somewhat "scratchy" hand, were penned the words: "Please send small currency. It's hard to get change. You can have buttermilk to-morrow night if you'll bring a pitcher. Due, \$5.10. You must pay it this time. I must have it."

"Now, who on earth is this young lady's customer?" thought Lambert, "Surely not Close. He never spends a cent on butter. Nobody else lives nearer than Parmelee's to the north or town to the south. Can it be that some of the from this quarter and running up a but-ter bill?" Burns had spoken of trouble between the captain and the old lady, and of all hands being forbidden to enter the Walton grounds on any pre text whatever. That, of course, did not prohibit the men from buying what the Walton servants offered for sale outside lows it. Every officer's entitled to a the fence, and if they were so straitene: in circumstances they might be glad to find a market for their supplus produce even among the Yankee invaders, provided Mme. Walton were kept in ign

promising. No intercourse with, ne rule to kith and kin, and the few negroes who still hung about the crumbling o her roof and rod in the days of thei, en

forced and unquestioning servitude.

These and other items of information in the course of their evening watch to-gether. He had no other means of studying the situation, and was but one of many new and comparatively inex-perienced officers thrown upon their own resources at isolated posts among "the states lately in rebellion." Not ye

24 hours on duty with his company, he had been ordered to proceed with an armed force to the succor of officers of law supposably besieged by a rebellious mob, and now, at midnight, in the heart of a strange country and far from the heart of its people he was commanding officer of his company and camp, with-out definite instructions of any kind guide him. Lambert has since told two women -his wife and his mother-how his

thoughts wandered back to the peace ful old homestead in the far northland and to the teachings of his boyhood days. He made a sturdy fight against the feeling of loneliness that oppresse him. He wished the wind did not blow so sulkily, in such spiteful, vicio puffs. It seemed as though nature had combined with old Lady Walton to give tic and withering remarks to him, like

from Madam Walton to the defenseless captain; and even Burns' sense of subordination could not down his impulse to chuckle over some of them. What would Lambert do or say if the prim The last time he "tied up Riggs"-

gh war days and those that closel, from the ranks or the volunteersishment, Lambert was wondering what steps he should take in the inter tents, the papers placed before him, then slowly left the tent without another word. Not until he had buckled on his pistol belt—he carried no sword—and was about to start with his silent and yawning squad, did he seem to wake from his fit of abstraction, and then only when Lambert appealed to him to order. for orders.

"Oh, yes. Well, just have an eye on them nules, will you, lieutenant? Everything else, almost, is under lock

ought it of Cohen; but it was also the ast thing he thought of when the mor-

ugly things, or the ghost of Lady Walton, with her acidulated tongue, that and been doing a good deal of that sort of thing all the night long among the leaves, a good deal of snarling and growling at times, and there was mut-tered snarling going on around him now. That might be the wind; but the wind would not trip up over a tent-rope and say such blasphemous things about it, even if it did nearly pull the flimsy structure down. In an instant Lambert was wide awake.

but there was sound as of stealthy, yet surried movement, more straining at the ropes on the side nearest the cap-tain's tent, and heavy, startled breath-

for the revolver. "Answer, or I fire." Then came a mighty strain, a jerk, a



rolled out from the Walton hedge row, and which, on inspection, he had found which lay the matches, and the box found it black as Erebus. Quickly h imprint. Then Burns, still lantern-bearing, went croaching low around with straining ears stood stock still an Riggs' removal under gu like mad through the rousing camp, out past the dim white canvas of the wagons, out past the startled sentry, up the steep pathway to the hard red road beyond, down which he ran on the wings of the wind till he reached the gateway to the forbidden ground, for a woman's agonized shriek had of blows, of crashing glass, of fierce

of blows, of crashing glass, of netter and desperate struggle, of muttered onths, of panting, pleading, half-atified cries, of wild dismay and renewed screams for help, all came crowding on the ear from the heart of the Walton

As he rushed around to the southern side of the old house—the side whence all this uproar proceeded—Lambert figures. The one nearest him-that of was clutching, throttling, apstraightened out the dark figure with one crack, and then for a moment everything was darkness and confusion. A lamp, held by some screaming female at a neighboring window, was dropped seurry and chatter and Ethiopian pro-testations and furious demands: "You Elinor! you black nigguh—you let me out this room instantly!" Then rush of footsteps to the window again, and tragic appeals: "Mamma—ma-amma! Whut'shappened? Doanswer? Domake Elinor let me go to you or Abill town with a crash. The screams subsided to Elinor let me go to you, or Ah'll jump out this window. Ah'm comin' nov And, indeed, a dim, slender form could be descried, arrayed in white, bending low from the casement, when Burns with his lantern came tearing around the corner. Then a majestic voice, imperious even though well-nigh breath-less, was heard: "Katherine, return to

your bed instantly. Do you hear? Instantly! And send Elinor to me." That Katherine shot back within the sheltering blinds was possibly due not so much to the impetus given her by those imperative orders as to that in parted by the sight of a pair of shou derstraps and the face of the young offi-cer gazing in bewilderment above him. Well might be look amazed! At his feet on the pathway Private Riggs was sprawling, half stunned by the blow he had received. On his back amidst the wreck of a glass hot-bed, Private Murphy was clutching at empty air and calling on all the saints in the Hibernian calendar to rescue him from the hanof that old bediam. On the pathway, in a loose wrapper, her bosom heaving with mingled wrath and exhaustion

one hand firmly clutching a stout cane, the other clasping together at her white neck the shreds of her torn and disheveled garb, her dark eyes flashing fire, her lips quivering, stood a woman cerown upon her shoulders and the deep nes of grief and care in her clear cu heavily on the stick an instant, but blood trickling from his lacerated hands

ellipsis.
"Oh, fur the luv o' God, ma-am, don't

"Shut up, Murphy!" growled Burns. He's bleeding a good deal But Riggs didn't want to get up. He

tern close, "The man's drunk, sir," he said—"and cut."
"I did that, I presume," said Lambert, still a little out of breath after the dash to the rescue. "I found this room? You Elinor! open this do instantly, I tell you!"

y how I deplore this outrage. These en shall suffer for it, I assure you." With rapid step the corporal of the glancing eagerly from face to Two or three frightened negroes ad crept around the rear portico and nung trembling behind their mistress. nd shoulders, a quadroon girl halted or, her eyes dilated, and her lips twitching in terror, until a low voice from within bade her go on, and a fall, dark-haired, pale-faced girl in long, "Who's there?" he challenged, sternose wrapper fairly pushed her for-ard and then stepped quickly to the

This is no place for you. Go to as she came, but with an infinite and lowly and with effort. Of Mr. Lambert stumble and plunge, the sound as of a and his party she had as yet taken randlee whatever. Again Murphy bega to squirm in his uncomfortable con of mingled mud and broken glass at head lettuce, and the crackling ac animent to his moaning once n

place. Lie still whuh you are until my suhvants lift you out-Henry!" she

"Indeed, Mrs. Walton," interpo self. The guard shall carry these two acoundrels to camp, and sison life at to their prowling. It is on your ac-count I am distressed. We have no surgeon at hand; I will send at once for

a doctor in town-She raised a slender white hand, relinquishing her grasp upon the cane, which now went clattering upon the gravel of the walk. It was a sign to check him, and respectfully he broke off in his hurried words. Then again she turned to the negro, who stood with twitching face, irresolute, beside

Again Riggs began to groan and stretch fo. In feeble hands. Burns looked appealingly to his young officer, then as appealingly to the lady. Clearly, she was mistress of the situation. Lambert had quickly stooped and clearly up the case but she did not picked up the cane, but she did not see, apparently, that he wished to re-store it to her. In the light of the lanterns the mark of Riggs' clutch was plainly visible at her white and round

Burns to the corporal; and betwee and bathe his head. Put a bay

of the Walton homestead took no not whatever. Rebuffed, yet sympathetic Lambert again essayed to speak, b the rattle of the barrow was heard and Henry once more loomed up within the zone of lantern light. "Lift that-pulson-

bed, abject and crestfallen, scratched and bruised and bleeding, yet neither fered as not to appreciate the humilia-tion of his position, was squatted in the barrow. At an imperious gesture from ne. Walton Henry started to wheel him away, the corporal of the guard n close attendance.

overed breath, the lady turned to the

"I have not thanked you yet-" "Oh, Mrs. Walton, I beg you not to speak of thanks. If you knew how— how ashamed I am, and that my regiment will be-that any of our me could have dared—" The very intensity of the young fellow's indignation choked him and gave her the floor.

"Once before this they came, and then I warned. This time, having no men to call up" (negroes, it seems, could not be counted as such), "I was ompelled myself to chastise. May l ask the safe return of our barrow—it is the only vehicle the war has left us retire?" And she swept a stately cour-

terly chagrined at the attitude of cold and determined avoidance in which she persisted, "you have been brutally handled; I insist on sending for our contract doctor; it is the best we can offer to-night—"

"Neither to-night, nor at any other time, would his suhvices be acceptable, suh. I need no doctoh. We learned we had to learn-how to do withou of the physician you refer to-would suhvices, but they brought it on them-selves."

the captain gets through with 'em, ma'am," said Sergt. Burns, seeing that his young superior was at a loss what to say. As he spoke, the tall, darkto say. As he spoke, the tall, dark-haired girl once more appeared, and swiftly, noiselessly stepped to her mother's side. "There'd be no need of a court-martial or of your having to testify, if Capt. Close could settle this-"Mother, come in-please do-and le

these gentlemen go," said the girl. "In-deed, we are very much obliged to you," she continued, addressing Lambert, "for coming so quickly. That one, who seemed intoxicated, might have killed mother, who is far from strong. They had opened the cellar door, you see."
And she pointed to where the broad wooden leaf had been turned back, lear ing a black, yawning chasm.

her banners, the foe soundly thrashed and driven from the field, nature woman-like-had reasserted herself, have sunk to earth but for the strong young arms that received her. The

of Burns' lantern, now in Miss Esther's trembling grasp, the two men bore the limp and nerveless shape into the near est room and laid it reverently upon the sofa, a wild-eyed and dishevelled young woman threw herself at her

possible things of the prostcate, pallid leath-like form. Elinor, who had obeyed orders and locked the impulsive "Do not try to raise her head," said Lambert, gently, to the frightened

brain. Pardon me; have you a little

brandy? or whisky?"
"There isn't a drop in the house,"
said Miss Walton, piteously. "We had
some, that had been in the cellar for
years, that mother hid during the war; but-you-it was being stolen, or some-thing-and she sold what was left."

e returned, a few minutes later, he seld forth a little flask. Mrs. Walton still lay senseless, and her condition was alarming to one and all. Lambert poured out a stiff dose. "Make her take it all, little by little," he whispered to Miss Walton, and then, with calm de cision, stooped, and, encircling the slender waist of the younger girl with his arm, quickly lifted her to her feet. A tress of her rich, red-brown hair was caught in his shoulder-strap, but neither noticed it. Such was the patient's prostration that for a moment even brandy failed of its stimulating effect. Not until several spoonfuls had been forced between her blue lips did there come that shivering sigh that tells of reviving consciousness. The white hands began feely to pluck at her dress and the heavy eyelids to open slowly. "We will fall back," whispered Lambert. "I'll wait in the hall."

But when he turned to tiptoe away.



mother's face. Miss Katherine's round-ed cheek had flushed as red as the invalid's was white, and both her tiny hands were madly tugging and pulling at the offending tendrils; but who could work to advantage with the back or side of one's head practically clamped to the And when Burns would have lent a work bench? Miss Katherine could not helping hand she interposed: "No. I tear herself loose except at the risk of mal, which the hotel man recites as folbeg you. My suhvants will attend to this." And neither Lambert nor his sergeant made further effort. Murphy, lifted from the wreck of the ruined hotbed, abject and crestfallen, scratched and bleeding, yet neither talkeny or which Mme Waltan's representations of the property of scalp, for the strap would not yield, and its wearer could not help so long as her own hands were tugging. There was every likelihood, therefore, that the talkeny or which Mme Waltan's representations. and bruised and bleeding, yet neither tableau on which Mme. Walton's openso deadened by drink nor so stunned by the rain of blows which he had sufthe very last she would care to see—the posing, to all appearance, on a shoulder in Yankee blue—when Lambert, alive to the desperate nature of the situation, quickly cast loose the two or three buttons of the flannel sack coat then so much in vogue, and, slipping out of that and into the hall, rejoined his imper-

turbable sergeant. "I hope the lieutenant will pardon my taking his flask. I saw it in the tent this evening, sir, and the captain didn't leave the key of the medical chest—with

"You did right. That was some good cognac they got for me in New Orleans.

cognac they got for me in New Orleans.

I hope it will revive her. Ought we not to send for Dr. Hand?"
"No, sir," whispered Burns. "She wouldn'thave him for one of her niggers -and be damned to them. I know now where Riggs had been getting his liquor, and where our coffee and sugar has been going. He's bribed these thieving servants of hers to steal that precious brandy, and those damn scoundrels broke into the cellar to-night to get more."
"But they must have been drinking in the first place. Where could they

have got that liqtsor? Hers was gone—sold." "In town, somewhere. I'll find out-"

But here the lieutenant checked him. A feeble voice was just audible in the adjoining room:
"Have they gone? Have I been ill?

"Have they gone? Have I been ill?
Esther—daughter, see that—No! I
must see that young officer, at once."
"Not to-night, mother," answered the
elder girl, pleadingly. "Not to-night.
To-morrow; you'll be rested then."
"That may be too late. Whatever happens, there must be no court-mar-tial. He said I should have to testi-fy; so would you. You saw, Esther, and if under oath we should have to tell-"

"Quick! Come out of this!" whis pered Lambert, hoarsely, and dragged the sergeant after him to the dark and wind-swept shadows of the yard.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"Maddox and his wife are always worrying about their children. Mrs. Maddox had a fit of nervousness the other day over the thought that their boy, Wilfred, would grow up and be-come a drunkard."

"And what does Maddox worry over?"
"He's afraid little Annette will learn
to play the plano."—Philadelphia Press. Couldn't Tell Which. "Did he marry for money?" She shook her head doubtfully. "Really, I can't say," she replied. I've seen them both, and—"

"Well, it's a toss-up as to which married for money. When you see him you think she did, and when you see her you think he did."—Chicago Post.

"Don't you think \$40 a week alimon is a little too much to demand," asked the referee in the divorce case, "when he is only making \$50?

"No, I don't," said the lady. "That's what I used to make him gimme while I was livin' with him."—Cincinnati En-

FIRE-ALARM BOXES.

The Mechanism That Summons Help in Case of Fire.

An article in St. Nicholas, in speaking of New York fire-alarm boxes, says: This box forms part of a lamp post, the post being so constructed that the box is inserted in the middle. The box is painted a bright red and the lamp at night shows a red light, thus making it easily discernible either by day or

post to conduits buried in the street and thence on to fire headquarters. White letters on a red pane of glass white letters on a red pane of glass of the lamp over the box give directions how to send an alarm. The same direction in raised letters are found on the face of the box. If we turn the large brass handle on the ouside as ply a warning bell to notify the police-man on the beat that the box is being opened and to prevent the sending ut—you—it was being stolen, or some-hing—and she sold what was left."

Burns quickly left the room. When
a returned a few minutes leter has a first an offense that is punishable in New
York state by a fine of \$100 and one year's imprisonment. Turning this handle as far as it will go opens the outer door and we find inside another door, with a slot at the left hand side, and at the top of this slot a hook projecting. By pulling down this hook once and re-leasing it we set at work certain clockwork mechanism inside, and this sends

in the alarm.
When the first officer arriving at e fire discovers that it is of end importance to warrant his sending for reinforcements he opens this inner the case may be, or a call for any spe-cial apparatus that he may need. The inspectors of boxes can also carry on a conversation in the Morse alphabet with the operator at headquarters on this key and sounder.

SILVER STREET.

street," of Delhi, one of th picturesque thoroughfares in the east, in the Mogul capital, says All the Year und. Sunlight and shadow contene for mastery among irregular masses of tumbledown houses, where carved wooden balconies approached by ex-ternal stairs glow with rich embroid-eries, which form but a tithe of the aried treasures found in the Chandni

outside the shops to proclaim the value of the wares and to solicit inspection. Dark and winding steps lead to dusk; pregnates the bales of silk and cash-ere piled round teakwood chests

Bargaining proceeds with eastern de-liberation which yields to the rapid methods of the west when the adapta-ble Hindoo mind detects a trace of ward the explorer who can afford the

Damon Is Dead and Stuffed, But Pyth-ins Still Lives.

A stuffed dog in a glass case—a common, ordinary street cur—adorns the private apartments of one of Philadelphia's largest hotels, says the Philadelphia Record. There is a rather curious lows: One day the dog came nasing about the lobby, and although ejected several times always returned, evident ly in search of the kitchen. Finally, in a large piece of raw meat. Ins eating the meat the canine took the of-fering in its mouth and went out into the street. Out of sheer curiosity the hotel man followed the animal and saw it take the beef to another dog, which was crouching behind the step. The lat-ter stood up on receiving the meat, and as it did so held one foot off the ground.

When the crippled dog was eating its ment the other stood guard to see that there was no interference. So it came to pass that the proprietor took both dogs into the hotel and christened them Damon and Pythias. Damon is the one in the case and Pythias still runs about, although old age is creeping on apace

British Shipmaster Uses His Fog Horns to Good Parpose. While the British steamer Bellucie was in the harbor of Buenos Ayres on her last voyage to South America Capt. Nerison taught the people of that city a lesson which may be of value to peo-ple in many sections of this country. The residents of the city and the other captains in the estuary of the River Plate wondered why the English ves-plate wondered why the English ves-The echoes of the harsh braying of the horn waked up the harbor and caused a great deal of comment. When the mystery was solved the horns on other craft were blown, too. The explanation was very simple. Capt. Nerison, of the Bellucia, was unable to smoke his evening pipe on account of the millions of South American mosquitoes that made life on deek after sundown unbearable. He happened to remember that mosquitoes cannot stand the pulsations in the air caused by sound waves. So on every dogwatch he detailed a sailor to blow a horn back of his tailed a sailor to blow a horn back of his chair on the quarter deck and there after smoked his pipe undisturbed.

A Chester (Pa.) gas company is exper-imenting with a nickel-in-the-slot ma

chine for small gas consumers Modern Improvements.
Fire Insurance Agent—I fear I must charge you extra rates. You burn ker-

Mr. Suburb—Yes, but we run no extra risk—no risk at all. The kitchen is separate from the house and there's a skylight in the roof big enough for the servant girl and the cook stove to sail through without hurting anything.-

N. Y. Weekly. sence)—See here, Nellie, you've been going all through my pockets while I was away! Of all the mean, under-handed—

Mrs. (interrupting sweetly)-But Henry, dear, how unreasonable you are! You told me yourself that while you were gone I must be sure and look after things!—N. Y. Truth.

Missie's Reply. "Why is your hair so gray, mamma?"
A bright little maiden cried;
"You're such a naughty child, sometimes!"
The mother, at once, replied.
"Then, you was worse than I, mamma!"
Said Missie, triumphant, quite;
"Look at grandma's hair, and see;
For it is entirely white!"
—Collier's Weekly.



337 S. Main St., Bntler-

25lv 40lv .Conn't Lake

TIME TABLE—In effect Sunday, Dec. 30, 1896. Trains are run by Standard Central Time (90th Meridian).

14 | 12 STATIONS