Mary never had occasion to correct Dick's grammar, nor reproach him for

Donald held her hand hard in his a

went; and the old year slipped into the new, and the Samuel P. Jones had not come. Explanations and excuses mul-

tiplied; declarations that all was well grew more insistent; instances of delay

were repeated over and over; but it

was the first of February before news

wrecked off the Azores; it was feared

all hands were lost.
"Feared," not known. That was what Mrs. Hayes and Mary said to each

other. Everybody knew a dozen instances of sailors picked up in open boats; of desert islands; of drifting rafts. No; the idea that Don was dead

despair again, were filled to Mary with ntense and immediate anxiety about

Donald's mother. Mrs. Hayes was very

plonals indicter. Inc. Hayes was very frail at best, and it seemed as if this must kill her; indeed, if Mary had not kept on hoping for her, she must have died. But little by little she came back to life, and to the acceptance of the

line of drift left by the high tide was tangled in his little picket fence, was a mystery to the Seaport.

"I should think D

jumped into his dory, which was tied at the wharf where they had been talk-

his house so near the water, that the line of drift left by the high tide was

"I should think, Don, you'd have

girl up on the bank, who was hanging tea towels out on the currant bushes in

BUTLER, PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1897

Fall Shoes

Fallen Prices.

NEVER BEFORE IN THE HISTORY OF THE SHOE BUSINESS, IN BUTLER COUNTY, HAVE REALLY GOOD SHOES BEEN SOLD SO CHEAP. BRING THIS ADV. WITH YOU AND BE CON-VINCED THAT WE DO JUST WHAT WE SAY.

Ladies' seamless back, oil grain shoes, 1.00 Men's Congress tap sole shocs Men's Congress and lace dress shoes ... Boy's and Misses shoes Infants soft sole shoes...... Ladie's cloth house slippers.....

AND LOADS OF OTHER VALUES EQUALLY LOW

We sell a high Iron stand and lasts for 35c. Repairing nails at

A. Ruff & Son, BUTLER. PA.

T. H. BURTON, * T. H BURTON. *STYLE.*

Style is Everything Now-a-days

And we are glad that it appertains to every article in our stock, for correctnes and elegance are sure concomitants to artistic development. It Costs You no More to be in Harmory With The Best Expressed Styles of The Seeson, Than to Constitute "A BACK NUMBER,"

By taking anything and everything irresponsible dealers may offer you. This establishment intends always to keep up with the times and you are sure of that basis yourse'f if you will trust us to serve you.

T. H. BURTON.

120 SOUTH MAIN ST.,

The Wise Grocer.



Will try to indice his customers to buy the very best gro ceries in the market, because by so doing he makes a sale that will give satisfaction, and it is the pleased and satis. fied customer who builds up the grocer's business. We have some of the very best goods obtainable which w sell as close as any house in the county. Leave us your

The Butler Produce Co.. C L MO ORE, Prop'r

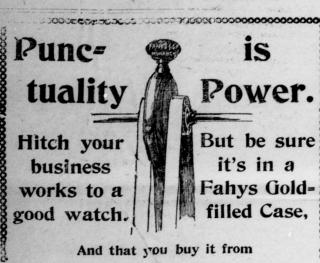
130 W. Tefferson St., Butler, I'a. IF YOU GET IT AT THE BUTLER PRODUCE T'S FRESH.

J. S. YOUNG.

Tailor, Hatter and Gents Furnishing Goods. mmer heat makes the problem of looking dressy and keeping cool a hard one

han ever before, they fit your curves and yet they're not sweat bath out fits. Th

J. S. YOUNG, Tailor.



E. GRIEB,

139 N. MAIN STREET, BUTLER, PA.

WHILE YOU ARE WAITING

For your prescription don't fail to look over our line of perfumes, we have received some very fine ones lately, and will be pleased to have you examine

The oth brushes made expressly for us

chapped hands and face, and if so we



REDICK & GROHMANN

PEOPLES PHONE. 114.



The Place to Buy

ENAMEL AND

ING AND HEATINGSTOVES

GAS BURNERS AND FIX.

sesses BURNER, sesses

BEE KEEPER'S SUPPLIES

James B. Murphy.

No Gripe

Hood's

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

Schedule of Passenger Trains in effect
May 30, 1897. Butler time
Trains leave Butler as follows: Conneaut Lake Express 7:25 a. m., Erie Mail 2:50 p. m. and Green-wille Accommodation 9:20 a. m.

Sunday Trains.

Conneaut Lake Express 9:25 p. m., Erie Mail 2:50 p. m. and Green-wille Accommodation 9:20 a. m.

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Conneaut Lake Express leaves at 7:25 m. and arrives at 9:55 p. m. Train leaving at 7:25 makes connec-on with Eric Ry. at Shenango, west:

PITTSBURG & WESTERN Railway Schedule of Passenger Trains in effect May 16

WESTEN PENNSYLVANIA DIVISION.

SCHEPCLE IN EFFECT MAY 17, 1897.

"Hullo, Mary!" he called out; and she came running down the path to the river. She was a pleasant looking girl, not pretty, but fresh and honest, and with eyes that knew no secrets. As they met Donald's there was a joyous and her lip quivered. "Take care of yourself, Don," she faltered. But he 1897. BUTLER TIME. avowal in them. "Can you get in?" he asked her, as the dory bumped against the piles that banked the grass at the end of the gar-den. Mary glanced at him, sidewise.

"I thought you were going to take me out yesterday?"
"Why!" said Donald, "I vow! so I
was. Well, I declare I never thought
of it till this minute! Ah, come on,
Mary; don't be hard on a fellow!" Mary demurred, with that delightful affectation of indignation at being neg-lected which only the girl who knows she is loved can assume



Never mind your hat, the sun's low. Mary, I'm going to sail Saturday." Her face changed, as though a cloud ly, and sat down opposite the young man; she looked at him once, and then

watched the bubbles, leaping to the surface when the oars cut down into the swift flow of the tide. "Your mother'll be lonely," she said. Bless your heart!" he answered gav-"what's a six months' voyages [11] be back in December. And maybe you'll look in on her sometimes, Mary? the shore; well, it never seemed so to me; if I can just look at the water I'm happy. I wish I could live on it all the year round. But maybe mother will feel lonely; and I'd take it as a favor if

you'd see her sometimes?"

Mary nodded. "Of course I will." "Don't let her worry if we're a day or two overdue; worrying is about the meanest business I know of. I worried about the Samuel P. Jones the time I let her to Dick Wheeler, and he was two weeks over due. I thought she'd gone to the bottom, and I'd be out my money I put into her. Well, I made up my mind then I'd never do it again; worry, I mean. Worrying wouldn't a-brought her up, if she'd been stoye in and sunk; and if she was afloat, where was the

"We won't worry if you'll do your part, and write from every port," Mary said, a little tremulously; "You know you didn't write for six months the last time; and of course your mother was anytons."

Falts. No, succepted; there are some could not be accepted; there are some people one cannot associate with death; it is not appropriate. So Don's mother and sweetheart held on to hope.

Those awful, breathless days of despair, and refusing to despair, and then are also accepted; there are some people one cannot associate with death; it is not appropriate. So Don's mother and sweetheart held on to hope.

Those awful, breathless days of despair, and refusing to despair, and then are also accepted; there are some people one cannot associate with death; it is not appropriate. So Don's mother and sweetheart held on to hope.

anxious."
"Well, I'm not much on writing,"
Donald admitted; "when I get a blamed
pen into my hand I never can think of
a thing to say. I don't believe I'll
promise, Mary, but I guess I'll do it all
the same."

Mary laughed and scolded. "If I'd only been teaching school when you were a boy," she said, "I'd have got that laziness out of you! I don't take any excuses from the boys, I can tell you—I make them write compositions

that laziness out of you! I don't take any excuses from the boys, I can tell you—I make them write compositions every Friday."

"My!" said Don, admiringly, "I'll bet on you for bossing them. But I'm pretty glad you weren't teaching when I was a young one, because—because you would have been older than me now."

I have for a first that Don was dead; and then one day, six months later, hope sprang again into sudden vigor and certainty; a satior in 19 months later, hope sprang again into sudden vigor and certainty; a satior in 19 months later, hope sprang again into sudden vigor and certainty; a satior in 19 months later, hope sprang again into sudden vigor and certainty; a satior in 19 months later, hope sprang again into sudden vigor and certainty; a call of the none day, six months later, hope sprang again into sudden vigor and certainty; a call of the none day, six months later, hope sprang again into sudden vigor and certainty; a call of the none day, six months later, hope sprang again into sudden vigor and certainty; a call of the none day, six months later, hope sprang again into sudden vigor and certainty; a call of the none day, six months later, hope sprang again into sudden vigor and certainty; a call of the none day, six months later, hope sprang again into sudden vigor and certainty; a call of the none day, six months later, hope sprang again into sudden vigor and certainty; a call of the none day, six months later, hope sprang again into sudden vigor and certainty; a call of the none day, six months later, hope sprang again into sudden vigor and certainty; a call of the none day, six months later, hope sprang again into sudden vigor and certainty; a call of the none day, six months later, hope sprang again into sudden vigor and certainty; a call of the none day, six months later, hope sprang again into sudden vigor and certainty; a call of the none day, six months later, hope sprang again into sudden vigor and certainty; a call of the none day, six months later, hope sprang again into sudden vigor a was a young one, because—because for him. Through one mouth and another this news came to Scaport, and was brought down to the gray

but she smiled and said:

"" and neglected to cor"" and neglected to cor"" which would have

"" seemed to her that she should die of

TURES, HOSE, BATH TUBS,



happiness, but with peace; and on Mary's part, with that deepening love



ON THE RIVER ROAD.

"I should think, Don, you'd have enough of that ocean week days, without a settin' and a-lookin' at it Sundays, too," remonstrated more than one friend. "Ain't you tired of seein' the sea, just layin' there? If you was uphere in town you could see the street, and folks comin' and goin'."

"Folks;" said Donald Hayes, with a laugh; "the sea is folks enough for me."

Mary never had oceasion to correct before and oceasion to correct be a day, never had on the friendly scolding his promises; but when, after the first beautifu which is the stringe gift that Death which is the struge gift that Beath sometimes bestow, on those whom he robs. Although there had been no words that bound her she knew that she was bound; and it seemed to her that all the world—her world—must know it, too. So when, one winter afternoon, as they were wa wing down the river road, Dick Wheeler's voke out, and acked her to warry him her refusal

> "Perhaps you don't know it, but Donald Hayes and I—" she said, the volor hot in her face, her eyes threatening him with a straight look.

"Oh," said Diek, blankly; and was dent for a moment, looking with absent eyes at a big coaler coming up the said, nervously, something about its being hard work. Dick did not seem to hear her. "No," he said, in a low voice, "I didn't

rocks," he might have said; but he only pulled his oars in as he passed a house near the river, and waved his hand at a west; and a little later they turned west; and a little later they turned back. When they reached the foot of the garden, and he helped Mary out, know that there was anything settled between you and Don. But, anyhow, it's nearly two years since then, and—"

She looked him straight in the eyes, and her lip quivered. "Take care of yourself, Don," she faltered. But he only laughed, because he was too happy any chance, but Mary knew there wasn't; and perhaps, sometime— "Chance?" she cried, the tears brimto answer her seriously.

"Bless you! I'm not sugar nor salt."

Then he told her he would come up after supper, and they would go to prayer meeting. "If you don't forget it," she told him,

"Well, that's so," he acknowledged, humbly enough, "I must say, I'm good at forgetting. But I'm coming, just

CHAPTER II.

The day after the big three-master, she said, panting and nearly crying, "and—and don't you ever say any such thing to me again!" As she spoke she with Donald as mate, dropped down the river, Mary drove down to Mrs. Hayes' with her little cowskin trunk meant a month or two; and after that, Mrs. Hayes trotting about, making bis-

the shore, Mary was on hand to fix the glass at the west window of the kitchen, meet her, and w. k home with her," she chuckled to herself; "well, well, that's right. That's how it ought be. I

mile at each other.

She had no small reglect—she knew fort to herself, any neglect—she knew maious ones; there had been no heavy many! So, with the best will in the anxious ones; there had been no heavy storms along the coast, and that was somehow an assurance that there had been no heavy storms anywhere else. But Christmas day came and



She talked about him a good deal; his money, his providence, his good heart; and the fine bow window he had built in his dining-room.
"Dick, he's all for use and comfort, and his wife," she reminded Mary with fortable than most folks. She won't

have to carry water in from th ing in the water from the well," Mary said, decidedly; and Mrs. Hayes said to herself, disappointedly: "There! well, she is set! Poor Dick, I guess there ain't

been in the line of her duty as school mistress of Seaport.

The town lay inland half a mile, scattered along the bank of a river that slipped down through salt marshes to the sea. It was a primitive little places; its main industry was fishing. Indeed, the pungent smell of drying fish, and the fishhouses, gray and weatherbeaten, and full of lobster pots and seines, betrayed that fact to any stranger. Dick Wheeler was almost the only man in Seaport who was not a fisherman. He had made an effort to Sherman. He had made an effort to Sherman is sended to her that she should die of joy. Then came the waiting for the letter from Don which must, of course, be on its way. These two, who loved him, guessed with the instinct of women the weather beaten, and industry was fishing. Indeed, the pungent smell of drying fish, and the fishhouses, gray and weather beaten, and full of lobster pots and seines, betrayed that fact to any stranger. Dick Wheeler was almost the only man in Seaport who was not a fisherman. He had made an effort to Sherman is sweet, lind, careless nature. He knew alting for Don's letter, light and color waned again. It was months before she whispered to Don's mother the ghastly thought that the sallor had been mistaken, and that Don had not been seen. She sald it to be contradicted. And at



and asked her to marry him, her refusal was full of outraged love.

ang, and went slipping down the little tidal river towards the open sea. Donald was not concerned about his chance for retting a wife. "Mary won't mind the color "I want to be concerned about his chance for retting a wife. "Mary won't mind the color "I want to be compared to iver to one of the wharves; she was eing towed by three dories, and Mary

"Do you think that makes any difference?" she flashed out. "Do you think I'm that kind of a girl? If it was twenty years, it would be just the same."

And poor Dick, abashed, began to say that it would be different if there was now charge, but Many knew there.

ning over suddenly. "No, there's no chance; I know that. But do you sup-cose I'm—I'm faithful just because he

might come back?"
"Well, if you had any hope," the young man insisted, "of course I would understand; but you haven't; and, oh, Mary, won't you just let me care for you? I'll be satisfied with that, if you'll college seeks and gay called the satisfied with that, if you'll college seeks tied over its stiff arms. just take me?"
"I'll never take you, Dick Wheeler!"

the river, Mary drove down to Mrs. Hayes' with her little cowskin trunk strapped into the back of the buggy.

"I'll stay a week," she fold her father. But at the end of a week Donald's mother was ill, and somehow the week lengthened into a month. And then Mrs. Hayes said she felt the lonellness more than usual, and if Mary would stay?—"just a week or two longer," she pleaded. A week or two meant a month or two; and after that, meant a month or two; and after that, well, Donald was coming home the middle of December, so what was the use of leaving his mother?

"She's not fit to be alone," Mary told her own mother. That was how it happened that when the dark December days began to close in around the little gray house, that clung so close to the shear Many was on leaving to a first that the state of the shear was the time of day." Mrs. Hayes tretting about, making bisuits for tea. The little old woman ooked at her keenly for a moment; she id her suspicions and her hopes. Dick Wheeler had stepped in earlier in the afternoon to ask how she did—the plant of day." Mrs. Hayes tretting about, making bisuits for tea. The little old woman ooked at her keenly for a moment; she id her suspicions and her hopes. Dick Wheeler had stepped in earlier in the afternoon to ask how she did—the plant of the stepped in earlier in the afternoon to ask how she did—the plant of the stepped in earlier in the afternoon to ask how she did—the plant of the stepped in earlier in the afternoon to ask how she did—the plant of the stepped in earlier in the afternoon to ask how she did—the plant of the stepped in earlier in the afternoon to ask how she did—the plant of the stepped in earlier in the afternoon to ask how she did—the plant of the stepped in earlier in the afternoon to ask how she did—the plant of the stepped in earlier in the afternoon to ask how she did—the plant of the stepped in earlier in the afternoon to ask how she did—the plant of the stepped in earlier in the afternoon to ask how she did—the plant of the stepped in earlier in the afternoon to ask how she did—the plant of the stepped in earlier in the afternoon to ask how she did—the plant of the stepped in earlier in the afternoon to ask how she did—the plant of the stepped in earlier in the afternoon to ask how she did—the plant of the stepped in earlier in the afternoon to ask how she did—the plant of the stepped in earlier in the afternoon to ask how she did—the plant of the stepped in earlier

so that the old mother might sweep the horizon for a sign of the Samuel P. Jones'sails.

"I don't expect him on time, child," she would tell the girl, "but by Christmas day sure;" and then they would smile at each other.

"There was a curious inconsistency about Don's mother. She loved Mary for her faithfulness to Don, but—why should the girl lose a good chanced by the company of the company o



the way you do here; he's got it run-ning in the kitchen!"
"There are worse things than carry-

with him; if he met her as she was walking home from school, or if he found her sitting alone on the beach, her hands locked about her knees, her eyes on the far line of the horizon, belind which Don's sails had dimmed, and dipped, and disappeared forever.

Another year passed in this way.

Disk parer works but he west, on low.

the waves broke on the rocks. How dear and kind Don had been; how full of laughter; how simple and trusting; his man soid, when he came to bring a low careless and good-natured; she remembered this or that droilery, this or his man said, when he came to bring a pair of chickens to Mrs. Hayes' door, and explain that Mr. Wheeler couldn't that dear unreasonableness; a hundred tendernesses. No wonder she loved come himself.

come himself.

"Poor boy!" criad Mrs. Hayes, anxiously; "and not a wife nor a mother to take care of him. Well, there, Mary, it is too bad!" Mary looked sorry, and the next day she went to inquire about him.

"But I've been true," she protested to herself, as if in excuse. Then she him.

said suddenly: "He hasn't a soul to look after him, except that stupid

"Why, bless your heart," cried the old woman, "we will! I know what

the invalid hears a voice that he loves talking outside his door, to his little, old, kind nurse, or is told that "Mary made that gruel," or watches, dreamily, through feverish eyes, Mary mov-ing about his room, or even feels her touch upon his forehead-why, he cannot help get well. At least that was what Dick Wheeler said, first to himself, and afterwards, shyly and awkwardly, when he was better and was sitting up, to Mary. But, poor fellow! Mary's blank look almost landed him back in his bed again. He began to realize, in a slow, pathetic way, that if

It was a soft spring afternoon; he was much better; Mrs. Hayes and Mary had gone home, and only came in for an hour or two each day to see that he was comfortable. It was Mrs. Hayes who had packed him snugly into the big chair in the south window, and put a footstool under his feet, and drawn a little table with his medicine and a glass of water along to his side.

"Jacob'll help you back to bed, Dicky, as soon as you feel tired; now, mind, don't sit up a minute longer than you feel like it! And I'll come in to-morrow morning and bring some beef tea. Mary's great on making beef tea." When she went away Dick sat there in the sunshine, looking out of the window. He made up his mind that he must get over thinking about Mary; there was no use; it only worried her, "and it kills me." he thou He wondered if he could always feel so dully indifferent to everything, just because he couldn't have Mary? The sur up the river with the tide, leaned, and her white topsails swelled and gleamed and flapped loose again; the trees at the foot of the garden showed a faint mist of green; a pigeon wheeled and fluttered down to the doorstep and sat breast. The feeling of spring, and joy, and promise was in the air

"And I don't care a darn!" Dick groaned to himself. "Well, I've got to get over this. I'll go away; I'll get out of it; Mary shan't know why; I'll let her think I've never thought of her since the last time I spoke. Good Lord -it was two or three years agol and I've not gained an inch with her." And

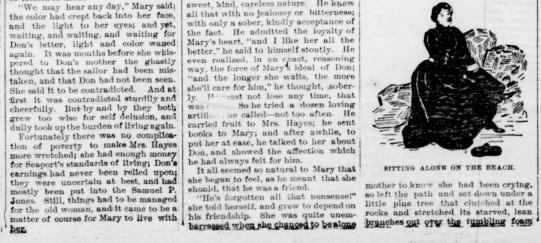
light touch upon his wrist, showed what she thought of such crazy words, and poor Dick gulped and tried to get back to his resolution not to tell her.
'I don't know why I said that—I didn't mean to," he told her.
"You are tired," she said, soothingly, "you've been sitting up too long."

"Nothing of the sort," Dick answered, crossly. "I am only tired of this business! Good Lord! Mary—there! I can't help it; will you take me? I didn't mean to ask again; I was just saying I wouldn't, when you came up the path. Windsor," added a third. Mary will you take me? It you won't wing win be designed

you're only making another man miserable; and — and you'd be happier yourself."

"Of course he's dead," she said, tremulously, "that isn't it; it's because I—I shall always love Don!" she burst out, and then fell to crying; and Dick swore at himself and was ready to tell her that he didn't care the least in the world for her—if it would comfort her

went home along the river road in the pleasant spring dusk, her eyes blurring and smarting. She did not want Don's



Another year passed in this way.

Dick never spoke, but he went on loving. When at last he tried to speak, her perfect friendliness closed his lips.

"I'd better get shipwrecked," he told himself with a little bitterness which was foreign to his patient nature; "if I was dead, she'd think more of me." He did not give up hope, but he was discouraged. He hardly knew himself these deeply so, for he was surprised to the west. How often she had watched Don's boat beating in, when the twi-

the next day she went to inquire about him.

The description of some states of the next day she went to inquire about the him.

Well, he's worse," said the hired man, laconically. Mary took the news back to Don's mother, and sas very silent.

"Bout time to be concerned," old Mrs. Hayes thought, severely, but that was only for a moment. "Poor child, she said to herself, "she's worried about him!" "There, now, Mary, cheer up, she said aloud. "I guess it ain't nothin' very bad."

"I don't know," Mary answered, "I hope not. But I'm afraid it is." And then, later in the evening, when they had been talking of something else, she said, suddenly: "He hasn't a soul to look after him, except that stupid leading."

Mary stood still at the gate; she was perfectly silent. Eager hands clutched look after him, except that stupid leading has a long of something else, she said. Look after him, except that stupid leading to the little gray house. "Don thought, but wend on to the little gray house. "Don thought wend on to the little gray house. "Don thought, she so, look it was not be lock to the path, and went on to the little gray house. "Don thought, be not herself, as if in excuse. Then she turned back to the path, and went on to the little gray house. "Don thought, she so, look it was not on, duly stamped and postnarked. The alleged promoters of the enterprise are represented as arguing that after all this pleases some few thought, she said, half smiling; "well, you see, I've chosen it, anyhow," she said, half smiling; "well, you see, I've chosen it, anyhow," she said, half smiling; "well, you see, I've chosen it, anyhow," she said, half smiling; "well, you see, I've chosen it, anyhow," she said, half smiling; "well, you see, I've chosen it, anyhow," she said, half smiling; "well, you see, I've chosen it, anyhow," she said, half smiling; "well, you see, I've chosen it, anyhow," she said, half smiling; "well, you see, I've chosen it, anyhow," she said, half smiling; "well, you see, I've chosen it, anyhow," she said, half smil

Mary stood still at the gate; sae was been that stupid Jacob.

Mrs. Hayes looked at her inquiringly.

Mrs. Hayes looked at her inquiringly.

Mrs. Hayes looked at her inquiringly.

Mary stood still at the gate; sae was berfectly silent. Eager hands clutched ber and would have pulled her along the path. "He's home! He's beack, Mary; "that you and I could woman. "ye will! I know what but he's been on three younges."

old woman, "we will! I know what you're going to say—we'll go right up there to-morrow. I don't know why I didn't first."

Like a woman walking in her sleep, Mary was pushed to the door, which swung open again to add the swung open again.

didn't think of it first."

Good nursing is well enough in its friendly on-lookers, who had come to way, but when added to good nursing rejoice with those that did rejoice.

Atterwards the did rejoice. rejoice with those that did rejoice.

Afterwards she did not know whether she saw him or not; the kitchen was crowded. She heard Mrs. Hayes laughing and crying, and saying:

"And Mary's been true to you—but not because she hasn't had chances. But why didn't you ever write to her?"

And then a voice, a voice from the grave, a dead voice, that made Mary thrill with horror; a voice that made her heart quiver, as though the founda-

thrill with horror; a voice that made her heart quiver, as though the foundations of the solid earth moved and melted—a hearty, kindly voice, said:

"Well, I was always meaning to—" and, somehow, she turned and slipped away between the pushing, jostling, congratulating friends; slipped out into the pight, and ran, stumbling, crying, shivering, away from the house of joy and thanksgiving.

Dick Wheeler was certainly tired enough to have Jacob help him back to bed; but Jacob was at the grocery store listening, open-mouthed, to the story of Donald Hayes' return; so the young man sat in the darkness, feeling miserably faint and miserably unhappy. He wished Jacob would come; he wished he



nad a lamp; he wished he had some supper; he wished Mary would be kinder. And then he drew a long breath, and set his lips, ashamed of his unmanly irritability, his cowardly collapse.

Some one knocked, but did not wait for his "Come in" to push the door open and enter. It was Mary she care. preening itself and puffing out its white breast. The feeling of spring, and joy, and promise was in the air

> "Dick—he's come back. Don's alive. And—and—and, Dick, take me, please. I want-you; because Don's alive

A HASTY CHOICE.

I've not gained an inch with her." And then he opened his eyes, and saw Mary coming up the path; she was on her way home from school, and stopped to know how he was getting along.

"Look at you, you careless fellow," she scelded, iyou've dropped that shawl off your knees; what would Mother Hayes say?"

"Oh, Mary," he said, and somehow the tears stood in his eyes, he was so weak, "I—I've got to go away!"

Mary's instant look of concern, and light in the state of the color of ribbon which should be used. Lord Liverpool called should be used. Lord Liverpool called upon him, one evening, and announced that he had made his selection, and was

ready to show it.

"You see," he said, with a well-satis
fled air, "I have endeavored to combine such colors as will flatter the national vanity. Here is red for the English flag, blue for liberty, and white to denote the purity of motive."

"It is excellent," cried one of the per-

sons present. "The king will be greatly pleas with it," said another.
"You had better take it down to

In going on.

In going of the king will be defined with the long as I'm going to."

Poor Mary turned red and white with pity. "Oh, Dick!" she said.

"You know he's dead and gone; "Seen them? Where?" asked Lord Liverpool.

"Why, in the French soldiers' cockades."
He had overlooked the tricolored flag. symbol of revolt and democracy, as well as another national ensign, of which no reader in this day will need to be reminded. He was thunderstruck. "What shall I do, Lady Hester?" he cried. "I have already got five hundred yards of ribbon made. What can I do But nothing comforted her. She with it?"

But there was nothing to do with it,
But there was nothing to do with it,

and so Lady Hester assured him .-

Cards in His Coffin. At the little village of Nomps-au-Val, near Amiens, a curious ceremony was lately seen at a funeral, says the London Daily News. The deceased was a card-playing enthusiast, piquet having been his favorite game. By the terms of his will, a pack of cards had to be placed in the coffin with his body, and certain of his card-playing friends were placed in the comm with his body, and certain of his card-playing friends were to have a legacy of about a hundred pounds apiece on condition that they bore him to the grave and stopped on the way to drink a glass of wine at a small tavern where, to quote his words, he had "spent so many agreeable evenhe had "spent so many agreeable ever ings at cards." The instructions of the will were strictly carried out, and a considerable crowd assembled to see the last of the piquet player.

AN ALIBI OFFICE

A Curious Institution Opened Up in Novel ideas are being put into prac-tice every day, and if rumor is to be believed the latest thing in original consons who, while remaining quietly at home in a sort of incognito condition, can make believe that they are on a long tour. Thus is human vanity satisfied, and thus are the expenses of a regular journey saved. A man takes leave of his friends at the close of the season, with the announcement that his recreation will assume the form, for in-stance; of a run through Spain and Portugal; and at regular intervals fol-low letters from Madrid, Seville, Lis-

A Poisonous Pest of Massachusetts Towns.

Many residents of Somerville have Many residents of somervine have been afflicted recently with a strange disease, which baffled the physicians, and for which no one could offer an ex-

They seemed to have been. They seemed to have been ivy poisoning, the hands and arms reddening and swelling, but they had not touched any ivy. It is now definitely known that the trouble all came from the same of that your past the

known that the trouble all came from the presence of that new pest, the brown-tail moth.

This discovery was made by the employes of the gypsy moth committee, who, to their sorrow, have found that to touch a brown tail moth is equivalent to taking a dose of poison. When the employes of the committee began their annual work of turning burlaps to see hew many pupa had secreted themselves thereunder, they found in the places contiguous to Somerville a number of pupa of the brown-tailed moth. Grown careless by the innocent nature of the ocqueria dispar, they plucked them off and destroyed them. Then the trouble began, and loud are the compaints of the men with poisoned hands and arms. The moths are now handled gingerly. The moths are now handled gingerly. The center of the gypsy moth pesti-lence has moved from the Malden-Medford district, where it originally developed, to the Saugus woods. It is estimated that the committee men are slaughtering 100,000 daily.

LINCOLN AND THE DANDY.

In some gossip from the national capitol Henry L. Stoddard says: "Among the applicants for foreign missions in Washington recently was a New England man attired so faultlessly that he might have served for a fashion plate. He reminded the vet-eran Tom Donaldson of a story told of an Ohio dandy whom President Lin-coln appointed as consul to a South American country. A wag met the new appointee on his way to the white house to thank the president. He was dressed in the most extravagant style. The wag horrified him by telling him that the country to which he was as-signed was noted chiefly for the bugs that abounded there and made life unthat abounded there and made life un-bearable. 'They'll bore a hole clean through you before a week has passed,' was the comforting assur-rance of the wag as they parted at the white house steps. The new consul approached Lincoln with disappoint-ment clearly written all over his face. ent clearly written all over his face. Instead of joyously thanking the president, he told him the wag's story of the bugs. 'I am informed, Mr. Presi dent, he said, that the place is full of vermin and that they'll eat me up in a week's time. 'Well, young man,' re-plied Lincoln, 'if that's true all I've got to say is that they will leave a mighty good sult of clothes behind.'"

SIXTY YEARS LETTER-CARRIER.

Hannah Brewer Equals the Queen in Years of Service. Hannah Brewer, the old Bitton postnistress, who has just joined the ranks of the superannuated, has recently told a representative of the London Daily Mail that she has been delivering letters without intermission during the whole 60 years of the queen's reign. She began when a child of 12, and dur-She began when a child of 12, and during her many years of service had walked 250,000 miles. Her father was subpostmaster of the village, and the district she covered consisted of the scattered hamlets lying between Wick and Bitton, on the borders of Gloucester. Her daily round was 11 miles in all weathers, and included many steep hills. Although the district is sparsehills. Although the district is sparse-ly populated, the old lady said she had never been robbed, stopped or molested in any way. Her travels, apart from her daily visitations, have never extended beyond Bath or Bristol, and since any assistance. Notwithstanding the hardships she has undergone, old Han-nah Brewer has enjoyed good health during her term of office. Her ab-sences from duty, she said, had been very few indeed, and now, at the advanced age of 72 years, she has retired from the service of the postmaster-gen-eral on a small but well-deserved pen-Friends No More.

Dottie—Can you keep a secret? George Lufton proposed to me last night.

Jessie—Oh, I'm so surprised! Have you found out what girl had just jilted him?—Cleveland Leader. No Place for Saving Hotel Proprietor—Two dollars.

Guest—Holy smoke! Do you think
my stomach is a savings bank?—N. Y.

Her Father-My daughter is playing one of your compositions for her own

amusement.

Composer — She's killing time all right.—N. Y. Journal.

One Feature of It.
"There's one satisfaction about building castles in the air." "The bricklayers never strike."-Chie

The Dream of Innocence.

The Wife—What a sweet smile there is on the baby's face, John.

The Husband—Yes; he's probably dreaming that he's keeping me awake.