

MRS. J. E. ZIMMERMAN.

Fall And Winter Announcement OF High-Class Novelty Silks, Dress Goods And Millinery.

A positively peerless collection of high-class silks, confined exclusively to us. The first choice of the world's foremost weavers hurried through the Custom House under old tariff duties, we can offer you values at prices unobtainable by any competition, as our orders were all placed with importers three months ago.

SILKS. 35c—Beautiful Changeable Silks, all colors; real value 40c. 50c—Extra value in Changeable Silks sold everywhere at 65c. 60c—Elegant assortment of Figured Taffeta Silks, all shades; real value 75c. 75c—Black Satin Duchess, sold everywhere for \$1.00.

JACKETS. The Kotschlich Wraps for 1897 are here in all their superb quality, style and finish; the perfect fit of these garments is well known to our trade. Note the low prices. At \$2.98, good quality Ladies Beaver Cloth Jacket.

MILLINERY. All the new effects in Hats, Feathers, Birds, Ribbons and Flowers. New shapes, new combinations. This will be a great autumn season. Our Ostrich Veils are exclusively our own cannot be seen elsewhere at 75c. \$1.00 to \$2.00, in plain and fancy weaves. We are showing as fine and exclusive line of patterns as can be found in the largest city stores. The prices on these fine imported Dress goods 25 per cent less than city prices.

not enumerate the many classes of goods we keep. Come to our store, visit every department, ask to see our Winter Underwear. 1101-17, Blankets, Furnishings, Yarns, &c., it will cost you nothing—buy is your choice. All goods at their lowest prices.

And Everything a Bargain. Mrs. J. E. Zimmerman.

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 correctness and elegance are sure concomitants to artistic development.

T. H. BURTON, 120 SOUTH MAIN ST., BUTLER, PA.

J. S. YOUNG, Tailor, Hatter and Gents Furnishing Goods.

Summer heat makes the problem of looking dressy and keeping cool a hard one. But we've solved it; and for economy, comfort and fashion go hand in hand. Our summer suits are finer in fabric, nobler in pattern and more stylish in cut than ever before, they fit your curves, yet they're not sweat bath outfits. The prices may surprise you.

J. S. YOUNG, Tailor, 101 S. MAIN ST., BUTLER, PA.

A Pleasing Prospect. TO FIND THE COAT so satisfactory at the first trial. This is the universal testimony of our patrons, who are all lovers of neat fitting coats. Without them no man looks well dressed. A COAT WELL MADE is made to fit and not to set-jit-or-miss; an artist well made will take delight in seeing a neat fitting coat. Good material, good workmanship and good fits are the proof that have made our tailoring a success. We guarantee fits and you to look at our patterns. Our prices are cut down to the lowest notch.

G. F. T. PAPE & BROS. JEWELERS. Our Full Stock Of Diamonds, Watches, Rings, Plateware, etc., have arrived and we cordially invite you to call and examine our stock and get prices before buying elsewhere. We can save you money.

OUR \$3.50 watch is the best in the market. OUR \$4.50 watch is the same as you pay \$5.50 and \$6.00 elsewhere. We have about 15, \$4 8 day clocks left, will close them out at \$2.35.

Our Stock Of Ladies and Gents filled watches is complete. We can save you from \$3.00 to \$6.00 on these goods. We have the finest line of rings in the country. Diamond rings from \$1.75 to \$250. We give our special attention to watch repairing. We Handle Nothing But The Celebrated 1847 Rogers' Bros. Plateware. TRACK AND ROAD HORSES A SPECIALTY.

Constipation Hood's Pills

Causes fully half the sickness in the world. It retains the digested food too long in the bowels and produces biliousness, torpid liver, indigestion, bad taste, coated tongue, sick headache, nervousness, etc. Hood's Pills cure constipation and all its results, easily and thoroughly. 25c. All druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

This is Your Opportunity. On receipt of ten cents, each or stamps, a generous sample will be mailed of the most popular Cathartic and Hay Fever Cure (Ely's Cream Balm) sufficient to demonstrate the great merits of the remedy.

RAILROAD TIME TABLES. P. B. & L. E. R. R. Sunday, Oct. 3, leave for Erie at 6:00 a. m. and 2:30 p. m. Arrive from Erie at 10:45 a. m. and 8:40 p. m. R. R. time.

PITTSBURGH & WESTERN Railway. Schedule of Passenger Trains in effect May 16, 1897. BUTLER TIME.

Table with columns: Station, Depart, Arrive. Includes Albany, Altoona, Butler, Erie, etc.

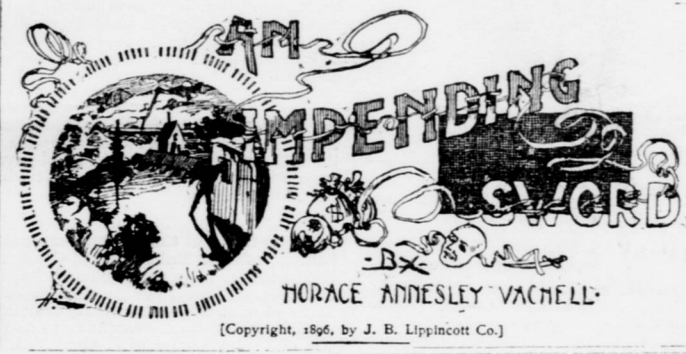
WEST PENNSYLVANIA DIVISION. SCHEDULE IN EFFECT MAY 11, 1897.

Table with columns: Station, Week Days, M, P, M, P, M. Includes Butler, Erie, etc.

SUNDAY TRAINS. Leave Butler for Altoona, Erie, etc. at 7:30 a. m. and 5:00 p. m.

Table with columns: Week Days, For the East, For the West. Includes Butler, Erie, etc.

For detailed information, address Thos. E. Watt, Pa. Agent, Western Division, 15th and Walnut Streets, Pittsburgh, Pa. J. B. HUGHES, General Manager.



CHAPTER III. Picture to yourself, if the pigments on your palette are bright enough, a landscape blazoning with primary colors; stainless steel of vivid blue, a dazzling ribbon of white surf, red sandstone cliffs, and in the foreground, a field of gold embroidered lavishly with millions of yellow poppies.

He regarded me attentively, and I returned his glance with interest. "What are you going to do with me, Mr. Livingston?" "That depends upon yourself. I'm under contract to cultivate in you the three M's—mind, muscles, morals. We begin to-morrow with the muscles. You have, I see, capital legs, but your arms—" I pinched his biceps—"are still undeveloped. We must start together, and buy a horizontal bar."

"He is very delicate," said Mrs. Gerard, "and so easily tired." "The boy winced. I liked him better for it. 'I'll make him as stout as a bull—' I added, 'he will sign articles of partnership. My daughter, said his mother, a few minutes later, when the boy had left the room, 'I hope Mr. Livingston, you will be able to make a man of him.'"

"It is always the unexpected which baffles our calculations. I had plunged, as I thought, into a masterpiece of love. I found myself in the whirlpool of love. Miss Nancy graciously accepted my homage and twanged my heart strings on a bric-a-brac of surprising harmonies and dissonances. I was a prey to the most uncalculating of affections. I manifested at once the innocence of a child and the knowledge of a woman, a combination which brought me to my knees in a spirit of adoration. My daughter, said his mother, a few minutes later, when the boy had left the room, 'I hope Mr. Livingston, you will be able to make a man of him.'"

"How long, Demetrius, have you known Burlington?" "Twenty years." "At the name a sinister gleam illumined his heavy face. That he hated the Greek touched his own grizzled locks. 'Neither master nor man can stand it much longer,' he said, gloomily. 'Would you like to see Mrs. Gerard? She is in the parlor waiting.' I washed my face and hands, and Demetrius brushed from my clothes the dust of southern California.

"How was it?" I continued, "that he had not been suspected?" "I did not like to press the point with Mr. Gerard," he said. "I was a little for the papers and magazines. 'How delightful! It seems such a satisfactory way of making an income. You got down your ideas—I'm sure, Mr. Livingston, you carry a full cargo of ideas. I'll give you a list of them to an editor. He writes a flattering letter and incloses a check.'"

"I have no particular god, Miss Gerard, but I have a goddess." "She laughed. 'Haven't you really a goddess?' she asked, in a tone of the keenest interest. 'Really and truly.' 'I'll follow you, if you will. I'm so glad to know it, because—' She blushed, rose as Aurora.

"Not at all. How absurd! Well, if you must know, because it will be so much pleasanter for me." "You don't quite get it," she said. "On my honor I do not." "She pouted; such mutinous red lips; such dimples—nests of laughing Cupid."

"I hate to make explanations; but—but the very few young men I have met have all need not finish the sentence, said I. 'I don't blame the young men, and I'm sure you didn't like it. We shall be great friends, I see.' "My daughter, said his mother, a few minutes later, when the boy had left the room, 'I hope Mr. Livingston, you will be able to make a man of him.'"

"I'm so surprised," she said, after a decent interval, "that you should give your writing to teach Martine what you call them? Oh, yes—the three M's. Here you are alone with what women and a hobbledehoy. Is it wise?" "I'll answer that question when I tell you what the goddess is." "Mark and I signed our articles of partnership, the former under protest. He didn't like me, but, recalling my own youthful antipathies to schoolmasters and those in authority, I easily forgave him; and, besides, he had a sister. The Greek, Demetrius, exercised a most potent influence upon the lad, an influence, so far as I could judge, for good. Perhaps it was prejudice on my part, but I fancied that he avoided me. Certainly he evaded my questions. "Why," said I, "has Mr. Gerard forsaken all his anxiety upon his son? He has a daughter."

"The Greek replied, slowly, weighing his words. 'Mr. Gerard is not alarmed on Miss Gerard's account.' "Strange, he never even mentioned her name to me." "Demetrius bowed; his sphinx-like features betrayed neither surprise nor annoyance. I could not help admiring the fellow. He greeted me coolly, almost rudely, and glowered when I spoke of our future relations. 'I hate books,' he said, frowning. 'I hang round the telegraph office, sending telegrams. The mother signed. 'At your age,' I replied, 'I hated books myself and got little good from them.'"

confounded reticence piqued me considerably. Miss Nancy, however, consoled me. "Her father's the worst; but the witch looked angry. She liked to sit upon the veranda overlooking the ocean. On her face was reflected the gloom of the waters; in her heart, I knew, was the restlessness of the tides. Indeed, there was a smack of the salt sea about the girl, of the fresh air and the breeze from the sea. Her blood ebbed and flowed beneath the sea in her veins, with the glimmer of teeth white as foam between their curves, was the many-twinkling smile, the eyes brightening, the lips breaking, would curl angrily. I hate a tepid temperament. "Mr. Livingston"—how softly the syllables of my name dropped from her mouth—"which do you prefer, action or inaction, peace or war?" "Peace, Miss Nancy, at any price. I push my little gear along the lines of least resistance. "I thought men," she emphasized the word—"preferred war." "Nowadays they leave that to women. "The love of fighting, of adventure, is natural to man?" "Strip a man," she cried, with a touch of scorn, "of the rags we call manners, take from him the defence which he pays to the opinion of society, and what do you find?" "Society," I answered. "Ah!" She drew in her breath with a pretty sigh. "Sometimes a god." "You're a little small boy?" she asked, demurely. "Confess, now, Mr. Livingston, you are something of a fraud. You ought to be fighting—with your pen, mean; playing monsters, like Hercules; and instead you are defying. I started and lifted my eyebrows for everything."

"I live with my mother." "It is pretty safe, but it sets me to thinking; and thought, like falsehood, has many costumes in her wardrobe. Where did Miss Nancy learn to talk? I found myself, in a pretty trick, was no conversationalist; her father, confound him, was a money-grubber. The girl must be still in her teens; but her shrewdness and wit amazed me. "I don't believe it, do you?" "Dear me, no. I have never seen you exhibit the least sign of catching on." "Indianapolis Journal."

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