THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL· XXXIV

MRS. J. E. ZIMMERMAN.

Fall And Winter Announcement

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months ago.

BUTLER, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 14. 1897

A hasty survey of the cavern son

what reassured me, and I remarked,

Burlington were unstained save for the

patches of fungus, that his clothing

Then he too bent do

and

than head."

with satisfaction, that the hands of

His pulse is not failing."

Presently John joined us.

some way connected with this strange

we learn the extent of his injuries."

sibility." I replied, gravely.

"Will he die?" she demanded, anx

"He has had an awful fall, Mrs. Ger-

She covered her face with trembling

hands. Once, long ago, she had loved this man, had given him that divine

gift, a girl's immaculate heart; and now, as the tears trickled through her

lender fingers, I knew that she had

urned back the tear-stained pages of

erly and reverently, the sweet story

"Nancy is attending to everything. I -I cannot-"

"It is not necessary that you should,"

I interrupted. "Mrs. Gerard, try to think of something else. Save your

"He was not responsible," she wailed

"His father before him was-well, not

mad, but very eccentric. And he had

been working like a slave for week

sitting up, writing, till three and four

in the morning. That, and his terrible

preved upon you and Mr. Gorard is not

at an end. You will be able to take your

proper place at his side. He needs you.

alousy, wrecked his reason."

Gerard.

strength. It may be needed later.

youth. O memory, "active moth

the book of life and was reread

"I cannot turn him away."

"Within an hour."

"He is quite harmless, now."

ard. And this prolonged insensibilit argues the gravest internal injuries."

mistrusted him, and resented it. "I wonder who he is," she said, soft-The doctor, a country practitioner ly. "A handsome man, and a gentle

with average brains and a capital "bed-side" manner, made a careful examinaman. Give him some brandy, Mr. Livngton and murmured two ords: "Cerebral concussion."

"Prognosis," he continued, rubbing softly his pince-nez, "is quite out of the question at present. The severe shock ditable ingennity he had improvised a litter, which he brought in to the nerve cells and the fibers of the Having helped to place th brain may produce violent symptoms. Upon the other hand, a really serious ward with Miss Nancy. The others fol lowed at a snail's pace; for Burlington was no lightweight, and I warned them esion may not have taken place." Demetrius, who was present, listened that any joiling might prove fatal. "Mr. Livingston," said the girl, as soon as we were out of earshot, "I told attentively.

"Mr. Burlington," he observed, quietly, "is subject to fits of violence. you the other day there was a mystery here. Then it was guesswork on my part. It is guesswork no longer. My mother's seizure this afternoon was in "Eh?" said the doctor; "what?" "To fits of violence," the Greek re-

peated. "He's a very dangerous man; at times insane." "But incapable of hurting a fly, now," injuries. But the catastrophe added When I told her what had happened, she I observed. fuel to the flames of my anxiety on said: 'Don't bring him here, Naney; The doct

'Don't bring him here, Nancy; The doctor pursed up his lips and adjusted his pince-nez. His mannerisms had begun to irritate me. "Is this—er—the Mr. Burlington, the "Your mother's wishes-" "Have been overruled by me. This poor man must and shall stay here till author?" "Yes.

"You have taken upon yourself a great "Indeed! A singularly handsome man. But this"—he touched lightly Burlington's head—"indicates a some-"Ah! you disapprove?" I thought I marked a shade of anxiety what unbalanced mind." ny word, and my tongue was tied. "Demetrius, Miss Nancy, is a Greek, in her tones. I did not reply at once, for "How long will the coma last?"

"I cannot say. Possibly 48 hours. He may come to himself in ten minith a Greek's subtlety and cunning. nless I am very much mistaken, he as served Mr. Gerard, faithfully, **F**ll utes." Demetrius drew him aside. admit, because it was to his interest to

"Are you certain," he whispered, im pressively, "that he is absolutely unmeans. That is why I call him a pagan." "Yes," she said, thoughtfully, "you are right. Hush!" conscious-senseless?' The doctor regarded his questioner attentively.

The lobes of Miss Nancy's brain were well developed; but her heart-God bless her!-was big enough and pas-sionate enough for a dozen ordinary maidens. And this, according to the "That is a very strange remark, sir." "I know the man," Demetrius replied. "He is not malingering," returned the writer aforesaid, is as it should be. "I see that you disapprove," she con tinued, piqued by my silence. loctor, with emphasis. "Of course he nust be watched. I'll send a respon "Your eyes are blurred," I replied. "You have obeyed, Miss Nancy, the dicsible nurse. Meantime you can feed taken." "Your nerves are-" him; but no stimulants. I'll call the tates of your heart; and heart, nine times out of ten, proves a better guide "In excellent order, thank you. Mr. first thing to-morrow. I have a most Livingston—" her voice betrayed for the first time exicitement—"look! He mportant case; but send for me, if Mrs. Gerard received me in the parlor

When the door had closed behind his s coming to.' I sprang to my feet, and together we portly person I turned to Demetrius. "Why did you ask that question?" ppreached the bed and bent inquiringover the patient. His eyelids twitched "Mr. Livingston, if you had seen this nvulsively, and then opened. The nan's work at Red Gulch you wo nan was conscious. At the same mo-nent my ear caught the sound of a disinderstand. He has the cunning of a

iend." tinct creak in the passage. My eyes sought Miss Nancy's. "That was what I heard just now," His voice quavered; and his eyes, the eyes of a frightened animal, sunk be-fore mine. My suspicions swelled to she muss ared. "It's nothing; all these wooden houses creak." certainty. The Greek was a coward And I, knowing the facts, felt sorry for

Burliagton monopolized our attention, and no more was said. The doctor had left instructions, which were followed "I saw him fall full six feet onto the back of his head. He ought to be a dead to the letter. Miss Nancy supported the sick man's head, while I, with a teaman."

er of all reason," what mad pranks thou "Yes," the Greek repeated, "he ought playest! "Nancy is right," she said, presently. spoon, fed him slowly with prepared o be dead." I dismissed him. Presently Miss uillon. Burlington swallowed the broth with difficulty, and made no at-Nancy entered the room and seated hertempt to speak. He was not violent, self beside me. To my remonstrance she turned a deaf ear. It was already "Yes, yes. The doctor will soon be and apparently was not in pain. We late, and I told her frankly that she

waited patiently for his first words. "Where am 1?" he stammered, when ought to be in bed. "I shall watch this night with you the broth was consumed and his head once more upon the pillow. Demetrius has told mamma what the doctor said about-about the violent "With friends," I answered.

"Friends?" His voice was singularly strong and harsh. "I have no friends. symptoms. You won't have Demetrius. so you must take me." Ha! I remember; the cave, yes-and "Demetrius has alarmed your mother most unnecessarily. I cannot for the life of me understand--" the boy." He attempted to move, and groaned deeply. "Mr. Burlington, you know me, I think; Hugo Livingston. Let me en-treat you to keep perfectly quiet. Don't "A woman," she interrupted, deliber ately ignoring my real meaning. "Of course not. As for Demetrius, he has done his duty. I propose to do mine. move, and don't talk. I can give you a hypodermic injection; but you are You can talk or go to sleep, just as you

"Happy days are in store for you, Mrs. please. For my part, I should prefer to talk. It can't hurt the patient, and will This cruel anxiety which has better without it. The doctor will be He nodded and closed his eyes. Of serve to pass the time. She settled herself, smiling, in the ourse further talking between Nancy "The doctor," she continued, "is an

She smiled pathetically. "Mr. Gerard can stand alone." old woman, but I like him because he is an optimist. He thinks Mr. Burling-The coarsest ear might detect a dis ord. The conviction flashed across me ton will get well. Oh, I do hope and that the second marriage had proved as pray that this may be so. You see, I feel that Mark was really responsible disastrous as the first. I had no right to judge Mark Gerard; but from what I had seen of the man I was ready to for the accident. The poor man must have seen the boy's tracks in the sand pronounce him no fit mate for the and followed them out of curiosity into centle woman beside me. My heart the cave. Then he naturally wondered ate danger. how Mark left the cave, and tried to

teaching must come from within, not tween tather and daugnter grew sta. "He has left a letter for mamma. She ling-so startling, indeed, that I gulped down a glass of wine to quiet my bristis reading it now. I must go to her." Flinging these disjointed phrases at ensibilities. No wonder Mark d had sent her abroad and to the my head she left me, and I returned thoughtfully to the bedside of Bur-lington. As yet he had shown no disast. With that face confronting him, nsions, poor devil, must position to talk. The doctor's second have run riot. xamination had provoked groans and

"There is thunder in the air," said affirmative nods in response to impor-tant questions. The man was terribly Miss Nancy, raising her heavy lids. "Thunder?" I repeated, incredulousbruised; but his bones, mirabile dictu, were still intact. Quiet, of course, was

"And lightning, Well, it will clear the imperative; and any excitement might atmosphere. The barometer has been at 'set fair' long enough." prove fatal. I led the doctor to the win-dow and told him briefly that Her perspicacity confounded me.

Demetrius had left the house. With men of all sorts and conditions I was familiar; with women I had come but seldom in contact.

thing you need, doctor, I can get. Pray command me." The doctor, however, refused my services, and went himself to prepare a liniment. I accompanied "Yes, we are smarter than you think," she said, divining my thoughts. "By-the-bye, why do you dislike Demethim to the door, and when I turned con-

fronted the melancholy eyes of Bur-lington. The fire was out of them; in "Your mother says he is a pagan." its place was a question. "Am I in the house of Mark Gerard?" "So was Marcus Aurelius. Mr. Liv-ngston, why can't you talk to me he asked, harshly. "You are in the house of Mrs. Gerfrankly? Forget that I am a girl." The spoke gravely-with empha

ard," I replied. It was futile to evade without excitement. A man, I rethe truth, but I wondered how he would flected, might do well to pick up the gauntlet she had thrown down. A take it. He took it, as might be expected. friendly contest of wits was just the

No.40

"Any-

hardly-in silence. The hot blood flamed across his forehead, and ebbed nic I needed; but Mark Gerard had instantly, leaving the pale complexion livid—a danger signal which quickened my own pulses. The situation was in-tensely dramatic. His next question tensely surprised me:

"Is the Greek here?" . He believes in the doctrine of liency, that the end justifies the

"He was here." "Curse him! Don't let him come into this room." He closed his eyes and said no more.

She moved swiftly across the room, penced the door, glanced keenly to After all, he had said enough. The mere words, coupled with the tones of ght and left, and returned to her chair. his deep voice, horrified me. Manifest-"I thought," she whispered, "that heard a noise outside. I was misheard a noise outside. I was misof Nancy!

An hour later the letter of Demetrius was placed in my hands. I had finished a hasty breakfast, and was sitting, smoking, upon the veranda. The doctor and the nurse were with Burlington.

The letter ran thus: The letter ran thus: "Dear Madame: Acting in accordance with the instructions I received from my master, I have been compelled to leave your house and take your son with me. We can camp at the hut on the island" (Mark had described this hut to me with enthusiasm; it had been built by his father and was well provisioned for the purposes of duck shoot-ing). "and Mark, as you know, will be safe and happy there with me. I dare not take the chances of exposing the boy to the fury of a powerful madman. Yours re-spectfully, madame, DEMETRIUS." Nancy brought me this carefully writ-Nancy brought me this carefully writ-ten epistle, and with it a message from

her mother. Mrs. Gerard was pros-trated by the events of the past 24 hours and unable to leave her room. She approved the flight of Demetrius "He is certainly faithful," said Miss

"Why are you not lying down?" 1

"I could not rest while—while the "I could not rest while—while the thunder is in the air. Mamma has just given me the key to the puzzle. She has told me that Mr. Burlington is a madman-that he has a terrible grudge against father, and wishes to murder poor Mark. How horrible!"

"Very horrible," I said, gravely. "And you," she continued, "were sent

down to stand between Mark and this lreadful monster. I did you an injustice. Forgive me."

She held out her hand frankly, with an air of good-fellowship which argued the lack of a tenderer sentiment. "But the monster," she continued, with a slight shiver, "is surely helpless?" "That, Miss Nancy, we do not know

We think so." "Mamma also told me that he had once tried to murder father, and in-stead had killed his partner. I could

and me was impossible. We sat in si-lence through the watches of the night, performing from time to time such of-fices as were required. see that the mere telling of the story upset her terribly. Oh, Mr. Livingston, The birds had begun to twitter their iv heart misgives matins when the doctor drove up. He I'm responsible for this man being h had been attending a dying patient, What have I done in my folly and con-He protested against Nancy's vigil, and ceit?" pronounced the patient in no immedi-Her distress was most painful to wit-ness; and naturally I offered some crumbs of comfort, pointing out that "You will please go to bed, Miss Ger-ard, or at any rate lie down. I insist. she had acted according to the dictates of her heart, a woman's wisest counsel-or, and doubtless for the best, ultimately.



"He is with his mother," he replied, produce some aromatic spirits of and coony. Thick he take of his enemy. "He is not dead, Mr. Livingston." "Mark," she murmured, faintly-"where is he? This faintness will pass; but my child-Mr. Livingston, find my The fellow asked no questions. He accepted the situation with extraordinary stoicism. "He is very badly injured," I an swered, curtly-"I fear fatally." I humored her instantly, fearing hys-teria. The sight of the lad, I reflected, "What are you going to do?" he would still her poor fluttering heart more quickly than all the drugs in "Do? Why, get him out of this-at Christendom. Mark, of course, was with Demetrius. I had left the two at the back of the house, building a small He laid a heavy finger upon my fore back of the house, bulking a sum sloop upon plans furnished by me. The "Mr. Livingston" — his hot breath "Mr. Livingston" — his hot breath Demetrius I found busily at work, but the boy was not with him. The impossible to the him. The impossible to the him. The impassivity of the Greek, as I re-cited the facts, annoyed me. He leiswords palsied my tongue. "The tide is coming in," he repeated urely assumed coat and waistcoat and slowly, a horrid smile upon his clean Don't alarm yourself, sir; I'can find • It would be wise, I reflected, to ignore Mr. Mark. He is around somewhere." his meaning. "Yes," I returned, "we have not "Somewhere! Of course; but where?" "He ran down to the sands to get minute to lose. Take his feet, Demetri-us. Luckily, we are strong men." But Demetrius folded his massive me fresh water for his aquarium.' "The sands! Good God, man, and we are standing here! Follow me." arms and stood erect. "Take hold, man." I ran at top speed to the water's edge. Yes, he had left his bucket and wan-RAIL "No." dered north, searching, probably, for shells in the masses of seagrass and Then, with a startling change of fa-ROAD. ial expression, a very petard of words kelp which a recent storm had flung exploded, a thunderclap from a sullen upon the shore. I noted his footprints cloud. This was his enemy, his mas ter's enemy, whom destiny had deliv-ered into our hands. He had been in the wet sand, and close beside them the large, deeply-indented tracks of Burlington struck down with foul murder in his Perdition! What if I arrived too heart. He deserved to die. He should have died at the hangman's hands a To the south the sands stretched score of years ago. If we succored him now, and ill came of it, the blood widely flat for miles, a superb high-way, fringed with low sand dunes; to of the innocent would be upon our the north were the cliffs, jutting prom-ontories of red sandstone, honey-combed with caves. These caves could All this and much more, with amaz ing fluency and vehemence. When he had finished speaking, the plash of wa-
 8 27
 9 43
 1 23
 4 25
 6 43

 A. M. A. M. P. M. P. M. P. M.
 be entered only at the lowest tides

 -Leave Butter for Allegheny
 and were favorite haunts of the boy
SUNDAY TRAINS.—Leave Butler for Allegheny Ray and principal intermediate stations at 7:35 a.m. nof 5:00 p.m. NORTH._____WEEK DAYS ter mingled faintly with the echo of In their dim recesses were exquisi his concluding words. A wave, the hermedusæ, pink, purple and green, st fish, echinoderms, monstrous abalor ald of the ind A. M. A. M. A. M. P. 7 00 9 00 11 25 2 10 11 27 2 with sullen murmur upon the rocks out and other marvels. One cavern, to side. which the Portuguese had given the "I have heard what you say. For the sake of your long years of faithful serv-ice I shall try to forget what has passed. melodramatic title Pirates' cave, had a mighty fascination for Mark. He listened to the yarns of the ancient Take hold." mariners and believed implicitly, with "No," said he, for the second time



In In In a

RAILROAD TIME TABLES. P. B. & L. E. R. R.

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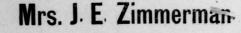
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PENNSYLVANIA

SCHEDULE IN EFFECT MAY 17, 1897.

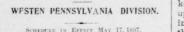
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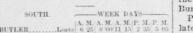
J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Passr, Ager

Alleghen, Leechlurg..... " Paulton (Apollo) . " Saltsburg

" Barrisburg. " Phile Astobia,







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Allegheny City.

BUTLER

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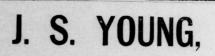
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the glorious faith of youth, that chests of doubloons, dead men's bones and oth-Livingstons. I prefer peace, as I have SUNDAY TRAINS .- Leave Allegheny City for Bu er relics of Spanish buccaneers were awaiting discovery. Upon the Pacific FOR THE EAST. WEEK DAY slope, especially in springtime, tidal waves are not infrequent and Mark had received strict orders from his mother ever to venture alone into the caves. I make no doubt that he ignored these

commands whenever opportunity As I ran, vagabond thoughts whirled like dervishes through my brain. I recalled the proverbial patience and cunning of madmen. Burlington, armed with powerful field glasses, must have On Sunday, train leaving Butler 7:35 a.m., conne for Harrisburg, Altoona and Philadelphia. • Through trains for the east leave Pittsburg (Un watched and waited (possibly for a full month) for this very chance. From my knowledge of the man I shuddered

to think what foul use he would make of it. When I reached the end of the sand I paused. A cove was directly in front of

me—in fact, a succession of coves, shel tered, each one, by frowning headlands At high tide these coves were inaccessi-ble from the shore; and already the waters were lapping idly at the base of the cliffs. Seagulls screamed overhead. The wet sand was blood-red with sunset reflections. The sun itself was be low the horizon, the day dying fast and the short spring twilight stealing wiftly from landward. Scrambling across the rocks,

scanned anxiously the semicircular cove in front of me. No human being was in sight. Hurrying on, I struch again the sand, and on it the footprints. These I followed to the mouth of the Pirates' cave. There-where the peb oles hid the tracks-the spoor was lost. My worst suspicions were realized.

I listened intently for the murmur of in search of us? She approached and in search of us? She approached and voices. Then, slipping off my shoes, I stepped noiselessly forward. My right hand graped the stock of a pistol which (at the urgent request of Garard) I carried habitually in my pocket. The save had two chambers, an inner and an outer, the latter lighted by a small in search of us? She approached and the face of her fitcher. With the quick apprehension of a woman she had grasped the truth. An accident to a stranger? Badly hurt? He must be carried at once to the house. The coachman could gallop for a doetor. "Pardon me, if you will order the car-riger I will take this gentleman to the aperture in the roof. I remembered, with a sudden gust of hope, that it was

possible to crawl through this aperture and regain the cliffs above. I had performed this feat myself at much per-sonal inconvenience, but Mark made lip tle of it. Here, then, was a loophole of

The silence, accentuated by the drip and trickle of water, was horrible. A more appropriate stage setting for a tragedy could scarcely be conceived. The dank walls, slimy with fungoid growth, harbored no echo. What nymph, indeed, would haunt so fearful

grot? The pools of water courted blood-stained hands. And in the deep crannies and fissures were hiding places for a hecatomb of victims. I am no coward, but horror smote me As I glided in the shadows to the en

trance of the inner chamber I heard a peculiar noise—a fretting of garments instrocks. Pistol in hand, I plunged forward. High up, crawling pa across jagged rocks, was Burlington;

but where was the boy? "Halt!" I cried, sternly. Formerly Horse Shoer at the Wick House has opened busi-mer, in a shoen in the rare of He turned suddenly, grasped helplessly ness in a shop in the rear of at the slimy walls, lost his hold and the Arlington Hotel, where crashed headlong to my feet. He had fallen in the most awkward possible place, a ciff between two rocks. For the moment every feeling was ban-TRACK AND ROAD HORSES A SPECIALTY, the moment every learning was band the moment every learning was band ished save that of pity; but how to ex-tricate him passed my understanding. He lay senseless upon his back. The trapezius muscles had borne the brunt

said elsewhere, but my ancestors were men of action — soldiers. What fol-lowed must be attributed to atavism. At any rate I pulled out my pistol and nched for her. clapped the muzzle to the head of De-Of course I said nothing of what had

oming tide, had broker

bassed in the Pirates' cave. She es-"Take hold, you scoundrel, or, by emed and trusted Demetrius; and the facts would have shocked her inex-

heaven, I pull the trigger." He looked steadily into my eyes and obeyed. Between us, with infinite difpressibly. It was important, however, that I should seek light and find it. At ficulty, we dragged the still senseless Burlington from the perilous cave, and present I was in the dark. "Demetrius," I remarked, carelessly, thence to a place of safety. Here, per-"is a faithful servant. How did you plexed and perspiring, wa rested. me by him?" "There is not another house within

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doctor myself."

"Take hold, you scoundrel."

"What!" she cried, "take him away

orn. "I shall take him to the doctor," I re

turned, curtly. "Mr. Livingston," said she, "you for

et yourself most strangely. My mother and I would blush to turn a wounded

tand chattering here!"

"Surely Mr. Gerard told you?" "He told me little or nothing." two miles," said I. "We cannot take him home. Demetrius, I'll stay here, She seemed surprised, but answered my question. Mark Gerard had picked while you—" "Miss Gerard is coming, sir.") the Greek in New York, where he We were close to the cottage, not 30

had found him running the streets, ab solutely destitute and starving. He had yards at most from the veranda; but given him a liberal education, and, when he was old enough, employed him as a confidential servant. Demetrius had proved honest, intelligent, and ex-traordinarily receptive. Gerard liked plastic servants, and he molded the lad to suit himself.

"Demetrius," faitered Mrs. Gerard, in conclusion, "has been with me ever since that awful time. Nearly 20 years he has given up to me. Mr. Gerard has paid him well, but money cannot can-cel such obligations. Have you talked auch with him?"

"He won't talk with me, Mrs. Gerard. 'He is remarkably well informed-

"His philosophy," I remarked, "does not temper his hostility to me." "Hostility?" she repeated. "That is "Hostility?" and the indicated of the second what subtile instinct had sent the pirl a strong a word. Hb is jealous, I dare ay, because you have supplanted him, a a sense; and the poor fellow was not brought up as a Christian. You know Mr. Gerard's views. Demetrius is pagan. When you understand him

better, Mr. Livingston, you will appre-plate him." riage I will take this gentleman to the "I have no doubt of it." Burlington was needing my atter -to his death, perhaps? We are not on, so I said no more. My immediate leparture from the cottage was not can rassed, and I gladly left the matter in Her eyes flashed indignation and eyance, With my hand on the handle the door, I asked one important "Shall I send a telegram to Mr

She hesitated, scanning my face with dog from our doors. I speak for her-in her name. Ah, how stupid of me to roubled eves.

"Yes," she answered, wearily, "I sup-She sped away in the gloaming, deaf pose so.1 Her thoughts were straying in anther direction. "And you won't quarrel with De-

to my entreaties. "Miss Gerard always has her own way," remarked the Greek. "So it seems," I said, dryly. netrius? So, after all, my foolish man's face ced at the face of Burlington ssuredly Miss Nancy had her father's ad betrayed me. ||As for Demotrius," I answered, "I

shall remember, Mrs. Gerard, how much you owe him, and, if ever the "You knew," I blurted out. "I knew," he answered, quietly, divin-

chance presents itself, pay a portion of the debt." ing my meaning. "You might have told me." "I had no such instructions." He closed his lips, and with them CHAPTER V.

When does a man-a young man-begin to take himself seriously? Ob-ciously, when he realizes that the inirther discussion. I decided to wait for assistance. Miss Naney, whose heels were nimble as Atalanta's, soon regrity of the human rope may depend turned "Here is brandy," she gasped, "and a n the soundness of a single strand; pillow. John" (the gardener) "will be here to help Demetrius, and the coachhat the smallest bolt in a mighty bridge

nay not be withdrawn or suffered to ithout disastrous consequences; man will go for the doctor. Mr. Livings-ton, mamma wishes to see you now, hat he, insignificant mortal, may make Will you return with me?"

"As soon as John comes." A frown flitted across the smooth A frown flitted across the smooth proclaimed hourly from 1,000 pulpits; forehead of the Greek. He saw that I but the practical application of all

follow the same road. And it is so interesting to think that he is the Bur lington. I've read some of his articles and one of his books, and I'm ever so sorry for him." "And why?"

"Because it's plain-to a woman-"Because it's plain—to a woman— that he has been the under dog in the fight. Not that he ever was whipped." "You are catholic in your tastes," I observed. "You like the doctor because he is an optimist, and Burlington be-cause he writes a lot of morbid, ma-terialistic rubbish. I know a third peron who is cultivating a wholesome an heering style. He, possibly, is out side the pale of your sympathy." "He probably doesn't need it."

"He wants an allopathic dose, to be taken immediately." This was true. Flopping about in a uagmire of perplexity, I realized my ependence upon others. "Go to your goddess," she said.

I had forgotten the goddess, and Demetrius will take your place; and 1 shall relieve Mr. Livingston. Perhaps. "Ah, you have had a surfeit from you will be kind enough to ask the Greek

to come to me at once. I expect th "No, my goddess feels as you do. A nurse in half an hour." lame dog limping over a stile is a sight that never fails to fill her pretty eyes I glanced at my watch as Nancy obeyed. It was six o'clock, and the household was already astir. Devith toars, but-". "A big, lazy mastiff blinking in the

sun makes her want to poke him up with a sharp stick. Your goddess is a scnsible woman. It is not sympathy your mastiff wants, but a square meal.' "That is very true," I admitted. Un lington. der the pressure of circumstances I had missed my dinner. My chance shaft struck the target. Miss Nancy jumped energetically from her chair and fled When she returned, a tray, handsomely gaznished, testified to the accuracy of

ny aim. "Here," she said, laughing, "is your chorus of frogs from the marshes east of the sand-dunes furnished & curtous bone, poor doggie." I attacked with vigor some cold and effective accompaniment. The chicken.

"Your mother," said I. "knows that jasmines hung lightly on the breeze. you are here?". "A most violent assumption," she re-The lawn sparkled with dew. The lanceolate leaves of the eucalypti quiv turned, coolly. "My mother, as you uggested, should be spared all worry. ered against an opalescent sky, Lean-ing out of the window, my tired eyes I'm here on my own responsibility." "Mr. Gerard will come to-morrow. "And you think he will be angry. I can assure you you are mistaken. Mark sea-birds could prophesy that the mackerel and sardines were in the bay. the apple of his father's eye. He looks upon me as a vegetable of no con-The cormorants were hard at work, plunging with mighty splashes into the

mured, "for more than six months. He may stay with us for sig hours." Mark Gerard passed as her father. His long absences from home were ac cepted by Miss Naney, without com

ment, as commonplace facts, connected —so she supposed—with business affairs. Of his standing in San Franciscoshe was entirely ignorant. The girl had been educated in the east and abroad. She read no newspapers. She asked no indiserect questions. Custom had atro-

sound of Nancy's voice. She beckoned cagerly from the passage. "he is a very busy man."

"He must be," she returned, Then she leaned back and closed her "An extraordinary thing has happened," she gasped. "Demetrius has gone. He never went to bed at all. And eyes. A mastiff feeding is not an resthetle sight; and I confess that I was assthetle sight; and I confess that I was hungry. As I munched away, the two frags alumet within touch of my hand or mar not only his own life, but the lives of others. These platitudes are faces almost within touch of my hand had turned tail. His nerves at the critchallenged attention. The likeness be- , ical moment had failed.

"Why has this man," she asked, fiercely, "been suffered to heap such wretch-edness upon the heads of innocent peo-ple?"

I was silent.

"Have you nothing to say?" she de-manded, hotly. "There is reason in everything," I answered—"the inexorable logic of cause and effect. I believe that the an-swer to most of our questions may be found if we seerab noticently. The swer to most of our questions may found, if we search patiently. The problem of human suffering is to be solved, but not by random guesswork.

The sufferings of such a woman as your mother are to be evidence of a future state of existence." She listened attentively to my crude response, a softer light suffusing her fine eyes. The thought struck me that both of us, she as well as I, had taken

life too lightly and needed the discipline of reflection. To me personally things in general had begun to assume strange proportions; some of my mountains proportions; some of my lwindled to mole hills, and vice versa; substance melted into shadow; the idea) absorbed the real. The process is often rapid, and, like a trip across the English channel, most upsetting.

"Yesterday," said Nancy, after a sig-nificant pause, "I particularly noticed the sunset. The line of surf, with the light behind it, was purple, not white; and yet I knew, of course, that it was white. It is so with the human souls we meet; their color depends upon the light, and our own eyes deceive us. And there are always the two roads,

I spoke warmly.

"Thank you; you would-" "Turn myself into a sign post for

We gazed calmly and dispassionately into each other's eyes. Perhaps, all in rested upon the Pacific, which woodd put to its embrace with a tender mur-mur of welcome. For the multitude of sea-birds could membrane thread to a sweetness worth a sector of a sweetness worth a sector of the sector of s

Della-Why are you standing before the mirror and screwing up your face into such funny shapes? Bella-I'm practicing a look of anazement. The girls are going to give me a surprise party to-night.-N. Y.

The Ruling Passion

with permission to wear such ribbons

A Dutiful Son. Tommy Black-Is that your new hat?

you go out. She said she must see that

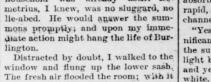
hat.-N. Y. Journal.

equence, a sort of pumpkin." Her indifference was pathetic. "We have not seen him," she mu water. I caught now and again the gleam of a mackerel in their monstrous peaks, and noted idly the snapping up the morsels of fish care-lessly dropped by their patrons. What a paradise! To me a garden of Eden, with its tree of knowledge of good and evil, its serpent, its Eve, and, alas! the

phied curiosity. "Of course," I said, apologetically,

angel with the flaming sword. It falls to the lot of all sons of Adam to wander once down the enchanted

glades of Eden. How many recognize the place too late, when the gate is ed against them forever! My thoughts were put to flight by the sess .- Chicago Journal.



"You are right. Hush!"

A THINK

came the sounds and odors of spring. The full-throated meadow-larks (Calfornia has few singing birds) had began their roulades, to which the staccato notes of the gulls and the myriad-voiced

parasites

one leading to Heaven-on earth, I meau-and the other to-" "The land of regret. May you never set foot there!'

heliotrope and

your sake, Most assuredly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

In Training.

Visitor-How do you maintain order among so many convicts? Warden of Women's Prison-Oh, that's easy-good behavior is rewarded with comparison to your such ribbons

and trinkets as the poor creatures pos-

Mrs. Wall-Yes, Tommy. But where are you going in such a hurry? Tommy-I've got to go home and tell mother to look out of the window when