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Own will or desire into evil greatly mistaken, monsieur."

The tone and the accent

CHAPTER XI.

A Wicked Woman. Poor as poverty once more, Lesley her motherly heart ached for the lone-ly girl whose life was desolated and ru-

darling. You will have peace and qui- lrains its life blood, drop well be dead. Don't refuse to come, unsuspected by the world. Lesley," Maude added, with a loving kiss, "and Mrs. Greyson shall come,

So it was finally decided that Lesley should go to the Cedars until thing definite could be decided for her future, and Mrs. Greyson accompanied her, while Lawyer Greyson and the secure the handsomest and doctor took up their quarters for a few days, at the village hotel.

At the Cedars, Lesley found quiet Dress at all season's of the and all that her kind friends could do to alleviate her sorrow was done, delicately and tenderly. But Lesley's heart was wrung with bitter anguish, which no trouble could assuage. Where was John Ardsley in all her trouble? Where was he in her hour of

darkness, who should have been at her side to comfort and cherish? Her heart sank in shame and suffering, and bitter humiliation, and from the bottom of her heart the poor girl longed most earnestly to die. To be done forever with this life's sorrow, and disappointment; and lie down somewhere out of sight, away from the pitiless

aves of a cold, unsympathetic world, and pass away to the life beyond. But she was young and strong, and with the young life is tenacious.

One evening, in her boudoir at Chadwicke Hall, which she had had fitted up for herself all in blue and silver, Larline lounged idly in a satin chair, attired in a delicate lavender silk, with black lace trimmings; for already she was lightening her mourning and wearing colors which served to enhance her delicate beauty. Her long golden hair was all over her shoulders, in a shin-ing cloud; one slippered foot, dainty as fairy's, was resting on the silver fener, for it was autumn now, and the enings were beginning to get chilly Her head rested upon one rosy palm, nd a smile strayed over her rosy lips Evidently she was quite satisfied with

surroundings. she exclaimed, glancing around the luxurious apartment, "this is happiness once more. To be able to ontrol all this wealth and grandeur ow, when, only a few months ago I as turned from the door, to starve o What a change from my life a few reeks since, when I lived in those stuffy rooms at that execrable hotel, and dined on tough beef and venerable fowls every day. Ah, what a grand ine, by which I cry, 'Checkmate!' In he great game of life," she went on, editatively, "a woman, a clever, designing woman—above all else, a beautiful woman-always wins. There is question of failure; and men with all their vaunted wisdom and strength, the 'sterner sex,' ha! ha! are as blind as bats or moles. Only when they fail in the game, they are sure to lay the blame upon some woman, if possible

Heaven help the woman who may be responsible in such a case; and if no responsible, Heaven help her just the same, for she is sure to get the opprobium. However, there is no failure for me. Ah, what a glorious thing is sounded upon the door of her boudoir. One light alone burned in the center of the room; she arose to brighten it open; she turned to confront the in a man with a pallid, indignant face angry light. It was Morris Dudley. For an instant they stood there, fac ing each other. Pallid and wild eyed. she looked like some wild creature sud denly brought to bay. He sprang fortering with bracelets of diamonds set in jet, by which she compromised her inordinate love of jewels and an out-

ward semblance of mourning; he clutched her wrist firmly and turned his burning eyes upon her own.
"Answer me," he hissed, in wrathful

vengeful tones. "Lurline St. Cyr, where is my wife? What have you done with Viva Dudley?"

She laughed a low, sneering laugh; but underneath it all you could see how she trembled. "Woman, where is my wife?" repeated Morris Dudley,

sternly. "I have suspected your iden-city from the first; but I know you Lurline St. Cyr. the cafe singer, the and refined society. Oh, inscrutable Providence! through what vile necro-If you want good and reliable mancy came you to this elevated position? You, who in years gone by lured that unsuspecting, innocent girl to her own ruin! You, who tempted her with glittering promises until she turned her back upon her humble home, which at least was pure, and went to join you in your foolish antice on the stage. My poor, simple-hearted Viva, who saw not the poison in your honeyed words, and the falsehood of time of year to have a picture of of her future, and the wealth and fame the bright pictures which you painted one day to be hers. Once more I de-Agent for the Jamestown Sliding mand of you, madam—what have you done with Viva Dudley—my lost wife? Answer me, and truthfully, or as there is a God of Justice, I will take your

miserable life." She cowered before his burning gaze; and all the time her breath was coming in fitful gasps. "I-I- know nothing of her, your Viva," she returned, sullenly. "She went to her own destruction-yes-but willingly-with her eyes open. If you

The tone and the accent which in that moment of excitement came back to her from the vanished past, revealed that this woman was of French origin. Morris Dudley released his hold up-

on the woman's wrist and stood like a statue before her; in his dark, pa-thetic eyes the shadow of the great sorrow which had darkened and laid waste his whole existence.

"To have life killed in one, for a woman's sake!" he muttered, savagely, ignoring the presence of Lurline. "Listen, Morris Dudley!" she cried,

faced her own dreary future. Mrs. coldly. "Your Viva is dead. I saw Greyson could offer no consolation, and some one who told me that he came across her in Paris, at the morgue—" Maddened, desperate, not knowing what he did, the man sprang forward As soon as the sad news was made and gripped her white throat in his public, Maude Bradburn drove over to strong fingers. He forgot that she was Chadwicke Hall. In order to prove the great merit of Elys Cream Balm, the most effective cure for Catarrh and Cold in Head, we have prepared a generous trial size for 10 cents.

As woman, and that the act was brutal; he only remembered that it was she who had wrought the ruin of the one about her friend. "Come at once, pape and mamma will be delighted; they and mamma will be delighted; they nocent flower—his wife. That she had sent me over to bring you, thinking I fastened herself upon Viva Dudmight succeed, where, perhaps, they ley's life as the wasp fastens would fail. But I know you will come, upon its quivering victim and et at the Cedars, and there you can drop; that to Lurline Chadwicke he watch the maneuvers of that wretched was indebted for all the agony and Mrs. Chadwicke. One thing is certain, desolation of his life; his clahonored no lady is going to visit her. She is hearth, his deserted home; all the missocially ostracised here and might as ery which for years he had endured

She spoke at last.

And he could have killed her as she stood there before him, and felt that he did no murder in removing from the world this pretty, painted snake who lay in wait to sting unsuspecting

She reeled unsteadily in the grasp of is strong hands, and then he recolted her sex, and that she was weak, and he released his hold upon her. "One cannot kill such as you," he ried, "because you are Though you slay innocence and murder

purity in the hearts of others of your sex, because you are women, men can-not strangle the lives from your bods! It is better to leave you in the ands of God. The day of retribution will surely come, and you cannot es-He turned away and left the room

nd the house. Mrs. Chadwicke sank into a seat, llid and gasping. After a time the ld light came back to her beautiful yes, and the color to her delicate cheeks. She poured out a wineglassful f brandy, and drank it every drop.
"Ha! ha!" she laughed, derisively

"you think to intimidate me, Morris Dudley! I'll be even with you yet, if it sts me my life!"

Dr. Dudley went over to the Cedars rly the next morning. He felt that he held in his hands a clue which might lead ultimately to the detection of what he firmly believed to be a gigantic fraud, and he could not rest ntil he had conveyed his impressions o the Greysons.

Maude Bradburne met him in the all, in a becoming suit of white cashnere and scarlet ribbons. Pretty, piquant, warm-hearted Maude! She went raight up to the young physician and

aid her little hand in his. "I am glad that you have come, Dr. she said in her frank, traightforward manner, "for I am so istressed about Lesley. She scarcely eats or sleeps, and her strength is fast eaving her. I do believe that if somehing is not done to arouse her de spondent spirits and give her hope for the future that the poor girl will die. in the world. I think my heart would break if anything serious should befall Lesley.

knew it. But he could not unfold to her the turned-down page in his own history. So he sought Mrs. Greyson and told her his own sad history. How, years before, when he had been a stu-dent in Germany, he had met and loved a young French girl—Viva Dud-ley. It was a romantic affair. Dudley, not yet graduated from the medical ollege, was poor as poverty; and the girl was an orphan, living with an aunt, who treated her with cruel harshness. The sequel is plain. Dudley married the girl and took her to his humble home, and then went back to finish his collegiate course, confident that armed with his diploma as a physician he would be able to hew his way through the difficulties in life. Left alone, necessarily a great deal of the time, Viva made the acquaintance of a woman who seemed to her unsophisticated fancy a very angel of light and Her name was Lurline St. Cyr, and she was a fourth-rate actress. singer, trapeze performer. It was not ong before she obtained complete asendancy over Viva's foolish mind. She imprinted upon her imagination the vivid scenes of her own gay life. he made the girl-wife believe that she erself had power to become a great actress. She never rested, just through heer love of destruction, until she had won the girl from her allegiance to er husband and finally from her

his hands, Morris Dudley sought the little white cottage where he had left his childish wife. All was the same. The tall white lilies nodded their fragrant heads at the doorway; the pur ple morning glories peered in at the lattice; but Viva Dudley had fledone to her own ruin; and his home was empty, deserted, dishonored, Can ou wonder that when he stood face to face with the woman who was respon ooked upon her, in all her bold beauty, enjoying the prestige of wealth, and an honorable name, that Morris Dudey said in his heart, "There is no

revson: told it in a few words, and he kindly old lady grew grave and ad. When he had finished she wrung "I thank you for your confidence, Dr. Dudley," she said, slowly, "and what you tell me fills me with larm, and yet-would you believe ithave a little hope. I begin to be-ieve that there is a conspiracy afoot and perhaps we may yet be able to get at the bottom of the mystery. Heaven grant it."

"Amen!" responded the doctor, fer ently. Then after a pause, he added: "I am going to find your husband, Mrs. Greyson, and confide the situation him. His superior knowledge and experience may suggest some mode of procedure. Try and keep that poor girl as cheerful as possible, and in the meantime I think we must soon learn smoething of Ardley's whereabouts. have set a detective on his track. He must be a contemptible villain to desert that poor child in her hour of sor-

"I do not believe that he has deserted her," returned Mrs. Greyson gravely, "and if I am not mistaken we find that he has been foully dealt with.

At that very moment, Lesley-alone in the pretty sitting-room assigned

ven.
She arose, and moved toward the door, without a word. He followed

'Sit down, Mrs. Ardsley," he said in dressing her by her new name, as a matter of course. "I would not have intruded upon you-believe me-but I have something of importance to communicate!

She started, and the faint color surged into her pallid face. He went slowly, transfixing her with his dark, scintillating eyes. "Yes, it is very important-gravely

so; and you must prepare yourself for a fearful shock. Mrs. Ardsley-" He hesitated. Lesley sprang forward, her form quivering with intense emotion, her eyes shining, her breath short and

quick. She could scarcely speak, so great was her emotion. leaving a description of Viva in the en's sake, tell me. Mr. Ruthven-is-is

He bowed, with a grave look upon "John Ardsley has been heard from." been discovered at last.

The words burst like a wail from Leeley's white lips. "Oh, thank Heaven!" she repeated, wildly, "even though he is false to me! Better false to me than that he is dead, or perchance suffering! Tell me-tell me all,

I implore you! Max Ruthven stood amazed. Never before in all his sordid, selfish life had he encountered love like this, selfabnegating, caring for naught save the welfare of the loved one. Blackhearted villain as he was, he paused overcome, in the presence of this girl's

"He is not false to you!" Ruthven said, in a low tone; "not false to youfor-he is dead! Listen, Lesley! Do not look like that. Do you hear what river, not far from the spot where he saved you-where your horse ran away with you that day-you remember? and-and his body was washed ashore this morning!"

CHAPTER XIII.

Viva. When Dr. Dudley returned to the ho tel he found awaiting him a sealed let opened it mechanically; but as he read the contents all the color faded from his face, leaving it white as marble. "Oh, Father in Heaven!" he groan

ed, reeling as though he had been struck and clutching the fatal letter in one cold hand. "If I might have been Again he read the letter, which ran

as follows: "Morris Dudley: When I told yo that your Viva was dead I told you that

which is false. She is not dead; and if you will visit No. 211 Rue de Villere, Paris, you will find your innecent darling,' your 'pure little flower' (was not that what you called her, monsieur); living in gilded sin! When you do see her, I imagine you will conclude that the morgue would have been a better fate. Ah, Morris Dudley, I think I am even with you now. Before you insult a woman it would be better to pause, and ask-'will it pay?'

Lurline Chadwicke." For a time the stricken man stood like a statue, bereft of life and motion; then a low groan escaped his pale lips head upon a table near and gave way to the awful sorrow which had fallen upon him like a sudden blow. For he was dead; better death than a life of sin. He had thought that Viva could not be living, and Lurline's reply to his question had confirmed his belief. Still, might there not be a faint hone

of her reformation-if he could only find her, and strive to lead her back --no, never again, for the Dudleys were proud race, and Morris would not blot his own fair name. But-might he not save this erring woman from eternal ruin? There was but one ster to take, and it was the very step which Lurline Chadwicke had not counted upon-had been certain that he never, never would take. He decided to go at once to Paris, and prove the truth of this vile assertion. Lurline had believed that he would sooner die than face his wife. She would have been full of consternation had she known the truth; that in his room at the village hotel Morris Dudley was preparing for a hasty trip to Paris. He had taken Lawyer Greyson into his confidence, and the old man approved of his course; so one cool, crisp autumn morning Morris Dudley stepped on board the vessel which was to bear him over the ocean, to look upon the sin and degradation of the woman who had once been dearer to him than life itself The voyage was not a protracted one, and at last he landed at Havre, and started at once for Paris-gay, giddy, glittering Paris, given over to the frivolous reign of the monarch Misrule. Arrived there, he left his luggage at his the place indicated in that cruel let ter-No. 211 Rue de Villere. He found a small, common-looking house not at all the palace which he had pic tured, and ascending the steps rang the bell. A neat little maid servant answered the summons. Dudley was astonished at the plain, almost poor interior which met his view, and in wondering surprise managed to stammer forth a request to see the lady of He was admitted to the plain little hallway and waited a few moments. At

length the swish of sweeping garments proach of a lady. His heart flew into his throat, he pressed his hand to his brow, and raising his eyes, he saw before him a tall, graceful woman, her golden hair coiled low at the back of her head, and a pair of serious blue eyes regarding him attentively. A lady; no mistake; and Morris Dudley viction that he had been mistaken, or was the victim of a wicked plot. He bowed courteously as she paused. "I think there is some mistake!" he

ouse. You are English, madam!" Something in his tone assured her hat he was no impostor; she bowed in "My husband is Rolande, the English artist!" she returned in a low musical voice; "we have lived in this house for the past eight years. Whom lid you wish to see, sir?"

urned the discomfitted man; "my me is Dudley," he laid one of his siness cards in the lady's hand, "and

this vicinity, and all are consequently friends and associates Dr. Dudley managed to make his exin a dignified manner; but there was in his heart a strange conviction

Either Lurline had duped him or he had lost Viva again and forever. He turned next to 21 on the same street. with a wild idea that there might have been a mistake in the number; but a large restaurant bore the number which he sought; and at last he gave up in despair and began to believe that he had been deceived by a wicked, designing woman. He sought in vain for a trace of the missing Viva. In all imaginable places which such as she might frequent he sought early and late, but all in vain, and at last tired and discouraged he

hands of the police. One night, just at dark, he was wandering down a lonely street, half lighted and nearly deserted. Suddenly he perceived just before him a woman poorly clad and carrying a huge bundle in her arms. She paused directly a neighboring street lamp fell athwart ery he bounded forward and met her

decided to return to America; first

"Merciful Father!" he cried. "Viva!" With a low moan, the woman tottered a few steps, and then, throwing her arms up wildly, she fell on the pavement, right at his feet.

CHAPTER XIV.

Only a Card.
"Lesley! Lesley! Oh, don't look at me in such a wild, despairing way! weep and mourn, upbraid me as the cause of all your bitter sorrow, and anything, only do not stand there in I am saying? He was drowned in the Lesley! Lesley! Oh, Heaven, I have

The wild words dropped from Max Ruthven's ashen lips. White and still, dazed, bewildered by the awful shock, the suddenness of the fearful blow, Lesley stood, half comprehending his meaning. To her there was but one word now; it caught and held within its relentless grasp all the hopes and joys, and possibilities of happiness in er life-that one cruel, bitter word-

Max Ruthven caught her cold, white ands, and pressed his lips upon them nrebuked, for she knew not what he did. He was scarcely conscious of his own actions. All that was best and truest in this man's nature was stirred by this sight of this wordless grief, this dumb despair. In that hour the evil in Max Ruthven's heart died a sudden death, and bitter remorse took possession of him. All the iniquity of which the man had been guilty slunk way out of sight now in the presence of the one pure love of his whole god-

Frightened at Lesley's stony calm and tearless agony he sprang to the bellrope and rang a wild peal, which brought Mrs. Greyson and Maude in terrified haste to the apartment. A few words from Ruthven sufficed to explain the situation.

throwing her arms about Lesley's neck and drawing her head down upon her shoulder. "Cry, do try to cry, Lesley. Oh, Mrs. Greyson, what can we do to break this unnatural calm? It will "Speak to her of him-of Mr. Ardsley" suggested Mrs. Greyson, "Lesley, dear," she added, taking the girl's cold

hand in her own, "he is dead. John, he whom you loved so dearly, your own husband, is dead, Lesley. "Dead!" Lesley repeated the word in a bewildered tone; her eyes stared vacantly before her; but nothing seemed to have

power to unlock the floodgates and let the wild tears burst forth. "Let me make a suggestion, if you please, Mrs. Greyson," ventured Max. "Suppose the-the body is at last. brought here into her presence? The sight of it might have the desired effect I am afraid that she will lose her reason. See how vacantly she stares!"

did you think of when that flerce ani Mande flew from the room to break the sad news to her parents. A conveyance was dispatched at once to bring the body; and later in the day the solemn little procession wound

slowly up the long avenue which led to the Cedars. The body was fearfully mutilated, the face swollen and discolored, but the hair and mustache were of the same hue as John Andslev's and the garments were identified as those of the missing man: even a ring-a peculiar having belonged to John Ardsley-was found upon one swollen hand of the corpse. But no papers were discovered upon the body; nothing, save a satiny card-a lady's visiting card-and on the back a line penciled in a delicate

The detective who had been upon John Ardsley's track, and who had een the one to first discover the body, ook this card from the hand of the roner, with a grave expression upon nis shrewd face, and he kept his own

n the body, and the inquest resulted He had doubtless fallen over the steep, ecipitous bank, into the foaming torent below; though there were those this theory, for no one knew that road etter than the late steward of the Chadwicke estate.

The body was buried at once, in the amily burial place of the Bradburns, and a plain monument erected; for more costly structure, and silence fell over the whole sad affair.

It was the night after the funeral, a dark, gloomy night. Lesley had at last found relief in tears, and had two before her father died, but since sobbed, and wept, and moaned until she was weak and worn. She went to the window of her room, and pushing aside the curtain peered out into the night. It was dark and dreary enough. The wind stirred the bare branches, of the trees uneasily, and a few drops began, "but I was directed to this of rain were beginning to fall, heralding the coming storm. At last Lesley ing the colling storm. At last Lessey turned and caught up her waterproof, and putting it on, drew the hood over her head; then, unobserved by any one in the house, she glided downstairs, the to manage the calisthenic school has to manage the calibration and the calibration and the calibration school has to manage the calibration and the calibration and the calibration and the calibration school has to manage the calibration and the calibr out into the starless night. She turn-ed in the direction of the burying that I go to. And I say! Can you touch your toes with the tips of your fingers ground with a wild desire to stand be-without—" side his grave, a frenzied impulse to

The wind was raging wildly and tear- volubly. was directed to 211 Rue de Villere, to ing through the trees with an eerie with my sisters. (That's a fine orchid "This is certainly 211," returned wall; the rain, fine and sleety, fell there. You can't see it now; a girl's fast now upon her head; but Lesley hat's in the way.) And Miss Llewher—chanced to raise her eyes and she Mrs. Rolande, meditatively, "and no felt nothing, knew nothing only that

lady of that name has resided on this block since I have lived here, not to she reached the spot at last. Dark, photographs, andand gloomy, and stormy as the night my knowledge, and I think I should have known it, for we are all artists in he red clod piled high above it, and short beard." sank upon her knees upon the cold

Suddenly she lifted her eyes and a They made their way through the ps. There before her poering at act, the small boy's reply.

The dim light made by a rift in the small boy's reply.

"On her dressing table," whispered the small boy's reply. lark clouds above was the dead white

TO VE CONTINUED.

HOW HE WON HER

The proudest sometimes unbend, and protestingly, "wait for me." the Botanical Gardens were, for one afternoon, throwing off their usual He strode across the lawn, past the reserve. Ordinary folk had only to band, which was playing a quick come across Regent's Park from Chester Gate and present a card at the entrance to the gardens, and the bowlerhatted old gentleman at the gate welcomed them as though they were most important members. Miss Liewellyn and Master Kenneth Waller, her friend, walked on the grass in the direction of the music.

The scarlet-coated band, perched on seats near the glass house, with a crowd of smartly dressed folk in front of them, started a cheerful selection of them, started a cheerful selection young woman."

"Because all my people pressed my to accept you," said Miss Liewellyn.

"The excuse of a very obstinate young woman." from a comic opera. Miss Llewellyn, a composed young woman in an ordinary way, as young women are who work for a living, found herself in quite a delightful mood. Music can do nuch when it tries.

"Are those orchids they are carrying there?" asked Kenneth. "Hasn't that chap got a brown face who's telling rested on the round table. "Whenchap got a brown face who's telling to have seen him somewhere before. Shouldn't like to be an orchid, would you, Miss Llewellyn? Hullo! Brown-

faced chap's coming this way."

Miss Lleyeliwyn looked up and then

arriving after some difficulty. looked down again quickly, and for a moment her face went rather white. Her hand trembled as she held it out. "Mr. Bradley," she said. "How do you do? I did not expect to see you neth," she said.

"I did not expect to see you again anywhere," he said. "This is my little friend, Kenneth Waller," she said. "Kenneth, this is Mr. Bradley." "What's the matter with your face?"

asked the small boy. "Have you been

Mr. Bradley placed a broad fist on the round iron table and leaned down toward Master Waller good-naturedly. He seemed as confused at the meeting as Miss Llewellyn, and as unprepared

"I have been abroad, young man. I've been hunting orchids." "Are you home for good now?" asked Kenneth.

Miss Llewellyn gripped the parasol that rested in her lap with both hands.
"I can't do any good at home," said Mr. Bradley. "I am off again to South America in a day or two "Why don't you stay in London?"

'Nobody asks me to stay.'

Master Waller next invited Mr. Bradley to take his chair. "You don't mind?" asked Bradley of Miss Llewellyn. "Not at all," she said politely. "May I smoke?" "Let me strike the match," inter-

posed Master Waller, "I'm awfully "Oh, my poor darling!" cried Maude. good at that. And tell us some of your 'They wouldn't interest Miss Llewellyn."
"Orls don't count," said Master

> Master Waller, appealingly, where you nearly lost your life."
>
> So ten or fifteen minutes were thus ccupied, the small boy seated on Beadley's knee and staring at him with pen-mouth astonishment. Miss Llew ellyn her head bowed, studied the band programme. Bradley told the story very well, without obtruding his own share in the adventure, and when he had finished punched the small boy

South America to Regent's Park.
"And is that story true?" asked the small boy, respectfully. "It has that drawback, youngster." "Well," said Master Waller, "I'm a an that's awfully fond of adventure but I shouldn't care for that. What

mal was waiting to spring upon you?' "Can't," said Master Waller. "Can ou, Miss Llewellyn?" She shook her head, and again became interested in the band programme. Bradley looked at her and waited

for her to speak, but she made no

rchids, Mr. Bradley?" asked the youth. "It'll be something to brag about to my people if I could just get a sight of them." "We'll all go over to the marquee and have a look. Miss Llewellyn, will

you come, or shall we leave you here? There's rather a crush." "Let's leave her," suggested Master "Miss Llewellyn likes being alone. "I think I will stay here," she said. "We shall be back in ten minutes,"

Master Waller had to trot to keep

aid Bradley.

up with the long strides of his new friend, but he did not mind this, because he felt a kind of reflected glory in being accompanied by the man who had brought home some of the rarest of the amazing specimens in the crowded tent. "Girls are a nuisance, aren't they?"

adentially. 'Sometimes," said Bradley. "She isn't so tiresome, though, as

"I think I agree with you there."

"Works awfully hard. Too hard, my namma says." "No necessity for that, surely," said Bradley, rather sharply. urged the small boy. "My mamma

"Her father dead?" "Here, I say," said Master Waller. "Don't grip a man's shoulder like

"They come into money, so my mamma says, only some few years ago-"

throw herself down beside it and sob Bradley seemed excited 'In rooms," replied Master Waller,

he was going to John Ardsley's grave. ellyn's got awfully nice furniture and slapped his knee suddenly. "I rememwas, the girl felt no terror. She paus-ed beside the low, slim mound, with fore, Mr. Bradley. Only without the

"Come outside," said Bradley, "and tell me."

wild shrick burst from her trembling crowd and reached the exit. Bradley ps. There before her peering at her, held his breath, and bent to hear the

Master Waller, confidentally, "in the beautifullest frame you ever saw, and -Where are you going?" "Back to Miss Llewellyn," cried

Bradley. Weil, but," said Master Waller, Bradley did not obey the young man march that was not quick enough to swift exchange of low sentences that altered their views of the world, and made them both think of it as a place

"Because all my people pressed me "The excuse of a very obstinate

"And why did you refuse me before

"Why did you-why did you not ask me again?" she demanded.
"Because," said Bradley, "It was just

"The excuse of a very independen man," said Miss Llewellyn, touching when is it that you leave for America?" "Not until you tell me to go, dear,"

"Here, I say," cried Master Waller two! Don't lose sight of me mind Miss Llewellyn, have I been a good

"Rather have some more lenomade." "As Kenneth declines your sugges-tion," said Bradley, signalling to a waiter, "may I venture to submit my

"Hush!" said Miss Llewellyn .- Wo Better Off Single Than Married that she can not even hem a pocket handkerchief, never made up a bed in her life, and adds with a simper that

she's "been in society ever since she was 15," should not marry. And there are others.

The woman who would rather nurse a pug dog than a baby.

The woman who thinks she can get

\$5,000 worth of style out of \$1,000 sal-The woman who wants to refurnish her house every spring. The woman who buys for the mere

pleasure of buying. The woman who thinks that men are angels and demigods. The woman who does not know how many cents, halves, quarters, dimes and nickels there are in a dollar. than wear a bonnet two sessons old.

The woman who thinks that the

cook and the nurse can keep house. The woman who thinks it is cheaper to buy bread than to make it. or the parlor and borrows kitchen The woman who wants things just because "other women" have them.

The woman who thinks that she is

in ornament to her sex if she wins & progressive euchre prize.

Dog Fired the Gun. "Doc" Davis, a farmer, living three miles from Nicholasville, N. Y., was loading an old-fashioned muzzle loading gug, when it was accidentally discharged, perhaps fatally wounding him. The load tore off three fingers and then penetrated the face and head. The stock of the gun rested on the ground, and it seems that Davis' dog, which sat by scratching himself, struck the hammer with his foot and caused

now or have existed within historical times. The Academy allows him \$7,000 to cover the expenses of his undertak-W. S. McClelland, who shovels dirt for the Panhandle Railroad Company for \$1.25 a day, speaks eight languages

Herr Schultze of the Berlin Academy

f Sciences, has taken upon himself

the formidable task of preparing s

work describing all animals that exist

and holds diplomas from the College de France and the University of Ma-Bowls for Curious Stamps.

Pretty bowls of the popular Dresden
or satiny Belleek are kept on writing lesks or library table to hold the curi

ous stamps, monograms or letterheads lipped from the daily correspondence. The Emperor of China is a very highly educated man, and he is especially learned in the maxims of confueius, on which all Chinese rules of

morals, philosophy and jurisprude are based. Ten years ago he undertook to study the British language, and an American missionary was to become his teacher, but he was warned that he must always bring ome one with him, for no man is even allowed to see the Son of Heaven Mone The Emperor is very skilful with the bow, and of late years he has practiced a great deal with the rifle. Like his fellow sovereigns of Europe, the Emperor has anything but an easy life of it. When Li Hung Chang returned to Pekin after his travels round the world, the Emperor heard him read his report of all that had occurred to him

A Queer Sign.

Hunters are scouring the woods and fields of Ohio for woodcock, and on every hand signs read, "No hunting allowed on this farm." On one farm near Delphos they have been surprised to find the following posted: Notice—Hunters welcome, and when the bell rings, come to dinner." On his letter heads the owner has the following: "Capt. Ira Stout. Farmer by

through one long night.

"Miss Wigglesworth thinks she's She's sure she can trace her lineage ack to one of the English sovereigns. 'How far has she got?"

occupation, dealer in this world's

goods only. Having no use for the Bi

"She told me yesterday she had "I guess that's right. I knew her

Subscribe for the CITIZEN. Millerstown is for sale. It contains about 150 acres, is well watered and in good condition. For terms inquire a not one drop of French blood had ever coursed through a Chadwicke's veins.