# THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

BUTLER, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 16, 1899

### CLEARANCE SALE.

Our new spring stock is arriving daily and we still have on hands many winter goods which must be closed out and closed out quickly. So to make a long story short the goods are yours at less than one half their real value.

In addition to our sale of "inter shoes we will place on sale 1000 pairs Men's, Boys' and Youths' Sample Shoes made of fine Russett Calf and Vici Kid in the latest styles which will be sold at a great reduction.

****	****	is six six six si
Men's fine R	nessett Calf shoes	\$1.25
Men's fine Ru	ssett Vici Kid shoes	1.45
Boys' fine Rus	ssett Calf shoes	1.00
Ladies' fine D	ong. Handwelt shoes	2.15
Ladies' fine D	ongola Flexible sole shoes	1.00
	orking shoes	
Boys' solid wo	orking shoes	50
Ladies' water	proof Kangaroo Calf shoes@	90
Children's fine	Dongola shoes, sizes 6 to 101/2	50
Infants' soft so	ole shoes@	20
And many oth	er bargains.	

Just Recived a Big Shipment of SOROSIS Shoes. The New Shoes for Women.

These are all new spring goods, on the latest style lasts, in fine Tans, Dongola and Patent Leather, in Leather or Vesting tops.

Very Swell are Sorosis.

Daintily hod Are They Who Wear Them. REPAIRING & PROMPTLY & DONE.

128 SOUTH MAIN STREET

BUTLER, PA.

# HUSELTON'S SHOES For Wet and Slushy Weather.

We're ready with some special lines-the comfort-giving sort that will afford you the needed protection. We'll sell them, too, with a slice of the original prices cut off; a big saving is what you may expect. Every shoe from our regular stock and fully guaranteed.

#### The Best Shoes in Butler.

SCHOOL For the Boys and Girls. SHOES For any that want them; or FINE

HEAVY) For the Grown SHOES FELTS For Men

#### A Sensational Showing of

Shoe Values

That are bound to be the pride of the whole county. A cordial invitation is extended to all to visit our store. You will be made welcome whether you buy or not. Glad to show what we have.

Some little shoe venders think all they have to do is to get all the worthless trash they can, no matter what, so they can fix a low price, then blow their little tin horn and the people will hurry to them by the hundreds. They will find that a little later it will take a trumpet equal to Gabriel's to make the people hearken unto their lamentations. The people don't want to buy two pairs at once-

# B. C. HUSELTON'S.

# 

Won't buy clothing for the purpose of spending money. They desire to get the best possible results for the money expended. Not cheap goods but goods as cheap as can be sold and made up properly. Call and examine my large stock of SPRING SUITINGS.

Right up to date, the latest styles, shades and colors that could be bought. Call and examine them. Fits and Workmanship Guaranteed.

G. F. KECK,

142 North Main Street. Butler, Pa 

### HE IS A WISE MAN

WHO SECURES HIS CLOTHING FROM-

J. S. YOUNG.

THE MERCHANT TAILOR,

The goods, style, fit and general make up of his suits TELL their own STORY

mm mmm mmm mmm

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Grand and Upright Pianos AND

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Call and examine them at the ware

TERMS:—Cash or easy payments to that it was my birthday, and that I suit purchaser.

### YOUR SUIT

May seem dear at the start, and prove remarkably cheap before you've worn it out. It's the long time satisfaction you get from it that decides the superiority of our make It does pay to buy good clothes. Our fall display is of the kind you would expec to find only in the targe

MEN'S LOTHES



### He Understood

After they hit him. It don't require any bricks to make you understand that it is money in your pocket in dealing with us. This comes from the fact that we

sell only reliable goods at a low price, buying direct from the manufactures, saving the middle profit to you. Many bargains to offer now

\*\*\*\*

Fomerly

Colbert & Dale.

242 S. Main St., Butler, Pa

Braun's Pharmacy,

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The only house west of New

York carrying a full line of

Meyers' Grease, Paints and

Physicians' Prescriptions

Importer and Jobber of Drugs,

Chemicals, Perfumes, Soaps,

theatrical goods.

mean?" He proceeded to investigate what would be the cause of her strange trance-like sleep.
"She has been drugged," he said. "I once studied in Russia, and there they Ed. Colbert.

she awakes."

se a curiously smelling herb, for such surposes, difficult to detect unless one sed to dealing with it." "All that is very interesting—to you, I said impatiently. "But what am I t

Rather bewildered, I led the way

"I will send you a nurse at once," he said. "Have you a spare room? Good! The nurse is a sensible woman, and will put the lady to bed and ask no ques-tions except of a professional descrip-

"Now, you must excuse me; I am naturally in about 12 hours' time And with that the doctor hurried away The next person to arrive was the de

relating, and presently went away, after giving me strict injunctions to allow no one access to my strange guest but the nurse and the doctor. I promised to attend to his warning and showed him out myself to find on the doorstep a comfortable, motherly-look-ing nurse, who produced Dr. Smith's card, and into whose capable hands I put the management of affairs generalwith a sigh of relief, which sigh ! repeated as the door of the "spare-room" was shut between me and the

still sleeping stranger.
Only the long, coffin-like box was still in my study.

Suddenly I caught sight of a piece of paper which had been pinned to the lid inside.

On it was roughly sketched a ship some waves, and a woman apparently drowning. What this could mean I could not guess. I was still puzzling over it when the

evidently just stepped out of a close carriage which waited near the curb, and he wore an ulster with a high colar which almost concealed his face. "I have come," he said, "to retrieve a large box which was left here by mistake.

ann, I said, boldly. "That box and its contents are in my care."

As I spoke, to my surprise two polecemen sprang out of the shadow of a neighboring archway, and seized the man before he had time to turn round.

"We were given a hint to keep or reference." "We were given a hint to keep an eye on this house, sir—by Mr. Holmes," one of them informed me shortly, before they marched off to the nearest "sta-tion" with their prisoner.

I retreated indoors and waited de-

velopments. Evidently I was in for a night of it, I thought grimly. And, indeed, I had only taken half a

"What does this mean?" I asked. "What does this mean?" I asked.

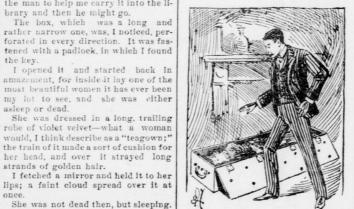
The detective came into the house and shut the door—the cab drove off—and shut the door—the cab drove off—and waft of this fragrance has we kened the mechanically followed him into the

There he turned and faced-me. "It means," he said, "shortly, this: That your man servant is a member of a dangerous secret society of anarchists. Mile Seslagin (who is very rich) had bribed one of the younger members to sell her some papers which contained a clear and concise account of how to set about placing bombs in Westminster Abbey before the coming royal marriage—in order to blow up

"Once or twice lately Mile. Seslagin's house has been broken into, not for purcoses of theft, but to find the missing apers, which she had conied and pers, which she had copied and sent the police, but kept the originals to out the anarchists off the scent and help

anarchists and their ways, and feared heir vengeance. She little knew their kill. They contrived this very evening to enter her house, drug her wine and (while all her servants were at supper) they put her into this box which they had got ready and carried her off. "The orders were to deliver the box at Vo. 1 Mortimer street.

pens to be two Mortimer streets, and



"The plan was (had she been taken to the anarchist who lives in the other) to cross-examine her on the subject of these papers, and then she was to be taken out to sea and drowned. Dead I decided hurriedly to call my man Burns, a very excellent servant, who had been with me for years. And he apnen-and women-tell no tales."

peared with such celerity that a suspicion crossed my mind-but, no! sureher death. I know their cipher well." if he was 'in it' that he offered-nay, he was above spying through key she awakes."

He went off at once. He had hardly been gone ten minutes when the door managed to 'nab' him. However, I hope bell rang. I opened it myself and admitted a tall, thin man, who announced while, you have indirectly saved that

> As he finished speaking I was busy writing. I handed him a check.
> "Thank you, sir; though really I am so pleased at to-night's work I almost feel like refusing this."

> After that I was at last allowed to go o bed in peace.
>
> I was a bachelor of long years' standng, and quite unaccustomed to such oings and goings on.

Still—though I can't say that the vents of that night were exactly pleas ant ones, I always in after years re-membered it with something like gratiude, for that long, coffin-like box, which I thought held a practical joke, was the means of making the acquaintance of the lady who afterward became my wife .- N. Y. Weekly.

Mickey the Mouse—Dere won't be no questions asked when I returns dis watch fer de reward. Swipes-Why won't dere? Mickey—It wuz a deaf and dumb m pinched it from.—N. Y. Journal.

PUTTING HIS FOOT IN IT.



"Let's leave." "Can't. I'm giving the party, you now."-N. Y. Times.

The Way of the World.

mebody to listen to you." They Ought To.

Larkin—I wonder why so many girls elope with coachmen? Gazzam—Under the impression that ney will make good grooms, I suppose -Harlem Life. His Business. Miss Sue—Come quick, doctor, brother is hardly able to breathe.

"O, well, I sleep all day, anyhow."-Indianapolis Journal.

Reason Enough. appendicitis?"
"They wanted to find out what was

5he sent me a bottle of perfume to-day,
"Tis there on the dresser;
"A bauble of vanity," "worthless," you

By Edmund Lyons

And, indeed, I had only taken had a dozen pulls at my pipe when a four-wheeler drove up. Inside were Mr. A holmes, the detective; two policemen, Holmes, the detective; two policemen, What dreams it has brought from the sweet long ago!

\*\*A bauble of values, say?

\*\*A, well, we'll not quarrel, for how could my vest pocket the wretched coin that you know What dreams it has brought from the sweet long ago!

\*\*A bauble of values, say?

\*\*A, well, we'll not quarrel, for how could my vest pocket the wretched coin that you know What dreams it has brought from the sweet long ago! ong ago! She sent it, God bless her!

"Father, it is a bad one," I said.
"A bad one!" he repeated, looking at dead,
And fanned into flames smoldered passions,
that slept
Till through my numbed pulses flerce currents have swept
In wildest confusion.

"You gave it to me." "I gave it to you!" he exclaimed, in astonishment. "Oh, nonsense. I 'Tis strange that an odor, the breath of a never— But stay a moment!" He gave a long, low whistle "Powers of grace! flower,

A ghost of lost gladness,

Should carry me back to the white-lilac

bower, with blossoms, and fill me with bilss,
And n ke my lips burn with the touch of a kissThis surely is madness! For a moment his face bore a fixed expression, and then, breaking into a hearty laugh, he turned to the boys, who had been eagerly listening, and, I think, as he spoke to them as well as to ne, that he surmised something of the

"How are you, father?" Then, without another word, but feel-

"The day that I came down here to long ago—
This living in fancy and folly again?
'Tis only a bottle of perfume, but then see Dick," he said, "a man to whom I had lent \$10 gave me this coin in pay-She sent it, God bless her. 8-Adell G. Welch, in Midland Monthly.



train I remembered that I had with me another coin of the same denomination that I had reserved for Dick. I looked and making everyone wish he were that I had reserved for Dick. I looked at them both, intending to select the brightest for him, and then I saw that this was a bad one. I put it away, proposing to return it to my not too serve the responsible man. And fi it was half due to our meeting at the post office in the village, where we were taking came to make the mistake of giving Dick the bad one I declare I do not One cloudy day in September my fa-ther came to visit me at Dr. Stagmire's. He was called by business to California, New York, with some remark about not and was to be away for three months. being a dealer in counterfeit

laced a coin in my hand.

"Dick, my boy," he said, "there is a proach, I regaled the boys in the re-

ten-dollar gold piece. Don't be ex-travagant with it, for I am not rich, but don't be stingy."

freshment saloon.

Faithful Fanny Barnes, when she heard of it, said, with a satisfied smile: heard of it, said, with a satisfied smile:
"I am not a bit surprised. I was sure

Remarkable Clairvoyancy When people are determined to find evidence to convince them of a thing invited village boys scuffled with each other for the best places outside the window to watch increase.

I was a proud boy, indeed, when Dr. Stagmire condescended to eat two sandwiches and a plate of ice cream at my expense, and yet a prouder one when, with my respected principal beside me, I again headed the long line of boys and marched to the counter, where, somewhat ostentatiously, I fear, I threw down my coin. Then the fact was developed in the part his force of the pretensions of a contribution of a true the pretensions of a contribution of the part history character and future of any person from his handwriting, said one day to a friend: "Why, look at the things he is able to tell you from a mere glimpse at your handwriting! The first thing he said to me was: "I see you never took a prize in orthography while you were at school,' and it was true." "Did he give you any idea was true." "Bid he could be able to rell." how he knew that?" "He said he could

John Howe, the famous Puritan divine, became Cromwell's chaplain in 1657. He was much respected by men ressed contempt.

The good doctor had willingly paid of all parties, and in the ticklish times av bill, and as we walked home he asired me that he had no doubt there tection were often asked for, and never was a mistake somewhere, which, in vain. Yet he was never known to ask a favor for himself. In "The Life The boys, I was sorry to find, took a and Work of John Howe" this incident different view of the situation, and Tom Carroll, who was said to have the power is given: One day Cromwell took in the of this sail danial saying to him tice of this self-denial, saying to him:
"You have begged favors for everyone
but yourself, Mr. Howe. When will other of the pupils, remarked:

"If Blanchard's father gave him a bad your own turn come?" To which Howe en-dollar piece, then Mr. Blanchard returned this answer: "My lord pro-

Easily Recognizable simply, tried to pass off a spurious piece obtained elsewhere with this paltry tale, he was a very queer kind of a boy. I suppose there are many boys who would have resented these remarks of with pink and white complexion, sear-

would have resented these remarks of Tom Carroll. I did not do so. I was not shell ears, lovely eyes, and hair such quarrelsome, and I liked Tom. I was sure that some mistake existed that would be explained eventually. And, besides, Tom was half a foot taller than tell the gentleman I'll be down in a , and my chances of satisfying him by minute.—Illustrated American.

Best of Proof. "And you say you gave me no en-ouragement?"

"No encouragement? Why, even our father thought it all settled." "My father? What proof have you

The New Way. phatically. "I never saw your father, but I am sure he cannot be a robber. He never gave you the coin." My father was certainly not a "rob-er." But that he had given me the oin, and advised me to be neither ex-

THE BROKEN ENGAGEMENT.



woman ran a baby carriage over her

### The Boss of Myall Blocks

ing fraternity are apt to make out.
For certainly Mat Gregory, or "Sav-

age Ginger," as some called him, from his red hair and redder beard, was a hard man, if he was a good manager. getting men to lay themselves out for his service. There was no one who loved him or even liked him, and pride in the station itself was a nonexistent

nyself, and when I was boundary-ridfence between us and the next station east. I found it a little annoying to be whenever we met.

Mat Gregory went up to the Northern

went off south again, and before he had ridden ten miles he came up with a lit-

was a strong, wiry old boy, with grizzled eyebrows that hung over his eyes.

"Are you traveling down to Myall Blocks station?" queried Matt.

"I am so," answered the old man, coldig. "and fearther, too—very likely."

"It's a very fine station, this?" said

"Not so bad," answered the old man, coldy. "answered the old man, coldy. "answered the old man, coldy. "answered the old man, coldy. "and fearther, too—very likely."

"It's a very fine station, this?" said

"Not so bad," answered the old man, coldy. "answered the said dregory; but before he way Jack, and then his eyes lighted on the face of the ragged, sardonic old chap who had told him to be civil. "You—" said Gregory; but before he way Jack, who whipped up the horses and drove them at a gallop right down to the house. And Gleeson got out to find Gregory running after him. But Gleeson, was on the steps first. "I own this station, Mr. Gregory," he said. "I bought it last Wednesday. Make up your accounts and get your

"What? No more?" asked the old "And how many more do you want?" asked Mat, quite surprised and not a lit-tle snake-headed. "Ain't that enough for a rusty old sundowner that never owned more of a sheep than a lump of mutton—and mebbe stolen at that?"

And Mat's horse gave a mighty jump, for Mat dug the spurs into him in his rage. And before Ginger could pull

loping back.
"You rusty old whaler!" he roared.
"So I'm to be civil to you, am I? A boundary rider, indeed! I'm the manager of this run. I'm Matthew Greg-"You might be rich by the way you

brag about yourself," said the old boy with a sneer. "So you're only man "And what are you?" asked Mat

For Jim Gleeson was the richest man

"Don't give that old ruffian any flour. And, Jack,"—this was to a roustabout butting firewood—"you go up to the book double quick and tell him not to give the scrapings of a frying pan to

"Nice boss, that of yours!" he ex-"Ain't he just?" said Jack.

"Ain't he just?" said Jack.
"Do you like him?"
"Do we?" asked Jack, angrily. But he did what he was told, all the same. And then, to get even with Ginger, he took the best part of a leg of mutton and half a hatful of tea and went out with it. He dodged round the back of the stables and came on the old boy rid-

ng along easy.
"I say!" said Jack, and the other illed up.
"What is it? What's the matter?"

The control of the star from the control of the left, beyond the little clump down the fence, there's good water and a good bite of grass."

"You're a fine young fellow, you are," said the old man. "It's a pity you are," said the old man. "You're the said the little as the said the little as the said the said the little as the said th are not a manager. Would you like a

"Rather; but good jobs are scarce."

Two days afterward the junior partlong telegram.

By Morley Roberts

ON THINKING it over, I am inclined to believe that of all to believe that, of all men I ever knew in New South Wales-or, for the matter of that, in Australia-the worst was Mat Gregory, the manager of the Myall Blocks station. Just as all the humorous yarns are attributed to Jacky Dow, late of Toganmain, so all the brutalities and insults are given to Gregory—that is to say, the honors are even between him and Tyson, who is really not so bad a sort as the sundown-

And as Simpson, who owned Myall Blocks, made at least \$30,000 out of that station alone in a good year, it was not without justice that he was esteemed a good man from the employers' and capitalists' point of view. But he knew sheep, horses and cattle a little better than he knew men, and consequently he had a bad name among those who worked for him. He could drive a man to death just as anyone can ride a horse to death, but he wanted the knack of just got my discharge from Myall

quality.

I knew this because I worked for him ng, on an outstation on the line of pitied by the other boundary rider

whenever we met.

"How's Old Ginger?" he used to ask,
"and are you pickled by now?"
But, fortunately, I saw very little of
him, and he left before I did. It happened this way, according to what I was
told:

pulous debtor the next day. How I the responsible man. And if it was half came to make the mistake of giving an ounce over he would slate him for robbing the hands. And yet he was a regular daylight robber himself.

However, at the end of three days he

> tle rough old chap, riding a beast of a broken-down crock not worth a panni-kin of flour. His clothes had never been good, but now they were ragged and sunburned, and his very hat was full of holes. But Mat ranged up alongside him and said "Good day" very civilly for him. He was, maybe, pleased with the jar he had given the North Block lot. Anyhow, he slung the traveler "Good day," and made as if he would chum in with him for the length of one of the big paddocks.

"Day to you," said the traveler, who was a strong, wiry old boy, with griz-zled eyebrows that hung over his eyes.

him up he was a hundred yards away. But Ginger turned him and came gal-

ory, that's known from Adelaide to Sydney, and from-"

foaming with rage. "You might be old Jim Gleeson, I should think. Only you

For Jim Gleeson was the ricest man between Wilcannia and the Bogan, and a deal further than that. And Mat galloped off in a fury. He found a wire broken near the second fence from the home station, and, riding in, discharged the boundary rider who was responsible. Just about sundown the old chap

with whom he had had the quarrel came riding past. So Mat went out and ing lady.
"Nothing," answered Mr. Storming-

But the old chap stopped Jack as he as going up to the men's hut on his er-

"I got this stuff from the cook," said

"Not so scarce as good men," nodded the traveler. "Will you be here in a fortnight? I'm coming back, maybe, and I might hear of something." "I shall be here," said the boy; "that is, if I don't get shot out." "You stay," grunted the old man. And he ambled off slowly and awk-

and Grey read it out
"Hunt up Simpson, of North Ayal
and see if the station is in the market
If it is, close without delay and sent
the agreement to sell, etc., up to me a
once. If not for sale, offer him any thing at all in reason. Don't stop at £ 10,000 above the market price. And find out if there is any agreement between him and his manager.-James Gleeson, Hay."
And Grey went off. He did not come back till four. But he was triumphant, for he had struck Simpson at the ripe time, and North Myall belonged to Jim

"This is a queer start," he said.
"What?"
"A telegram from Mr. Gleeson," said.
Grey, "and a rum one at that."
"Read it."

And Grey read it out:

"You can get me a two-horse buggy to go up to North Myall in the morn-ing," said a ragged old man, sitting in the bar of the Colonial at Hay. "And let it be a good turnout," he chuckled, amiably.

On the fourth day, after a long drive through the gray plains dotted very sparsely with dwarf box and bourree,

he came to the south gate of North Myall.

He went through a long plain of a paddock, ten miles square, and he met a man on horseback at the next gate. "Which way are you traveling?" asked the cheerful old man.
"South," answered the man. "I've

Blocks."
"Do you want a job?" asked the man in the buggy. "If you do, I'll hire you."
And five miles further he met Jack



"I DISCHARGE YOU!"

the, boy who had given him a meal, coming along. The old chap pulled up.
"I thought I told you to wait a week

"I thought I told you to wait a week or two before you left."

"I couldn't do it," said Jack, grin-ning. "That bully of a Gregory-"

"Never mind Gregory," said his friend; "sling your blankets in behind and jump up and drive me. I hire you right now." right now."

And Jack climbed in.

And so they came up to Myall, Almost the first man they met was Gregory, who had come in with his black horse foaming. He saw the boundary filer first.

"What are you doing here?" he shouted. "You got your money. On with you!"

"You go to blazes!" said the man.

Make up your accounts and get your horse. I discharge you."
"You're mad," shouted Ginger, who had suddenly turned pallid. "Who are you?"
"I'm Jim Gleeson, that's who I am,"
said the old man. "And for once I'm when more of a sheep than a lampot mutton—and mebbe stolen at that?" said Mat.

"Be civil," said the old man. "How many sheep do you own, or are you a boundary rider?"

And Mat's horse gave a mighty jump, for Mat dug the spurs into him in his gare. And hefore Ginger could pull

age a mac himself, when he wanted to, And turning to the boundary rider, he aid:
"Just see that things go on as usual, my man. The new manager will be here to-morrow. And the next one shall be Jack, if he's any good."

But that last sentence was to himself
--From "Strong Men and True," a Collection of Short Stories by Morley Rob-Truly Wonderful Woman "My wife is the most ingenious worm

an who ever lived," said Kipper. "I believe you," returned Nipper, politely.
"But you don't know why you believe me," intimated Kipper.
"To 'tell the truth, I don't," replied

"To tell the truth, I don't," replied Nipper, looking bored.
"Well, Till tell you. We've been married 12 years, and lived in the same house all the time, and this morning she found a new place in which to hide my elippers."—Tit-Bits. "What are you going to do about the salary that is due you?" asked the lead-

ton Barnes. "Aren't you at least going to stand the manager up and give him a talking "No, madam. I am determined not to assist him any further in getting some-thing for nothing. I expect people to pay to hear me declaim."—Washington Star.

Proper Resentment.
"No, Miss Petherbridge," said the young man, folding his arms and look-ing sternly at her. "You can't be a 'sister to me.' If I'm not good enough to get into your family you can't get

into mine!" Saying which, and picking up his hat and gloves, he walked away with his head held stiffly erect.—Chicago Trib-

girls." "I don't think I would like it. The idea of competing with matinee actors and skating ring 'professors' is rather distasteful to me."—Cincinnati En-

Envious, Perhaps.

"I wish I had gone to the war. It must be great to be a hero to the

quirer. Sure to Be Disappointed. "It's a boy."
"My wife will be disappointed, doc-

"Well, she'll be disappointed just the same; she always wants the other thing."-Town Topics. Makes Too Many Himself. "Do you endeavor to profit by the mistakes of others?" asked the curiou

"I mean it's a girl."

"I haven't time," replied the modest one. "I have to crowd things pretty hard to profit by all the mistakes I make myself."—Chicago Post

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#### She stands, with her stony beaches Just touched by old Ocean's arm, or islands fair are sentinels there To guard her coasts from harm.

She stretches the torch of freedom Toward the Old World from the N And her towers rise to as cloudless As are mirrored in Ocean's blue. She feels the pulse of the nation, She knows the great of the land, For they love the strife of the throbbing life

In the hollow of her hand. The weary and broken-hearted Plead in her arms to rest; The wretched hide in her mantle wide, And the suffering in her breast.

Though forests be grand and silent— Though fields be wide and sweet— Her children learn for her voice to yearn. And the tramp of her restless feet. She stands, with her stony beaches
Embraced by old Ocean's arm,
Through the noise and light—through the
smoldering night,
In a tide of unending charm.
—Elizabeth Dyke Lewis, in N. Y. Independent.

@-----THE STRANGE STORY OF A BOX & & & & By Constance C. Halkett

WAS sitting by my library fire one evening, smoking, when my man-rvant informed me that a large box had casually mentioned the fact to my friend Brindle. Now Brindle was much addicted to

the playing of practical jokes (this to me was a flaw in an otherwise delightful character), and perhaps on this occasion I might be the victim, so I told the man to help me carry it into the library and then he might go.

The box, which was a long and rather narrow one, was, I noticed, perforated in every direction. It was fas-tened with a padlock, in which I found

the key.
I opened it and started back in amazement, for inside it lay one of the most beautiful women it has ever been my lot to see, and she was either asleep or dead.

She was dressed in a long, trailing robe of violet velvet—what a woman would, I think describe as a "teagown;" the train of it made a sort of cushion for

She was not dead then, but sleeping Yet-who sent her here? And why in such a plight? I had no women folk to apply to in my dilemma; besides, one's women folk are apt to look askance at "strangers" of their own sex, especially if these are very heartiful. if these are very beautiful.

lips; a faint cloud spread over it at

I pointed to the girl, and asked him

that a policeman had asked him to call poor lady's life." at my house, and that his name was Dr. Smith, of M—— street. "A policeman—you meant my serv-"No, I don't. I mean a policeman he said testily. "Where is the patient? I am a busy man, sir, and can't afford to waste time."

the library-and in a few words told him my story, and showed him the white figure lying so still and beautiful in those regal velvet robes.

He crossed the room to look closer. "Good heavens!" he said. "It is Mlle Sophie Seslagin, a Russian lady and a patient of my own. What can this

watching a very interesting case. I will call again in the morning; meanwhile I can do nothing. No drug known acts on a patient under the influence of the one I mentioned; she will wake the next person to arrive was the de-tective (his name was Holmes), to whom I repeated my story. Helistened attentively, looked at Mile. Seslagin, but made no remark worth

door bell rang again.

This time a man stood there—he had

Dr. Kurenon-I'll soon stop that.

who came from a distance were gen-erally very much attracted by the beauty of the scenery.

There was another academy within mile of us, but this, as the doorplate formed those who cared to know, was "Young Ladies' Preparatory Semiary." I don't believe any of the boys f Dr. Stagmire's school, with the single exception of myself, knew any of the

I handed him the paper I had found. "Yes-that is the formal order for "And-Burns?" I asked. "How was it went—to fetch the doctor and you?"
"He did neither. I sent a policeman helplessly what I should do.

"Do, sir? Why, send for the nearest doctor, and for a detective from Scotland Yard."

"Of course!" I cried. "Why didn't I think of that myssif? Take a sah and doboth errands—I will stay here in case the aways."

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> down my coin. Then the fact was developed that the ten-dollar gold piece was a bad one. The procession on its way back to "Nonsense! I may need you again. ance, with Dr. Stagmire beside me, while my schoolmates followed, boil-ing over with very indifferently-sup-

of standing longer on one foot than any other of the pupils, remarked: must be a very queer kind of a man. That is all I have to say."



ing back."
"Not much; conversation is the art

But I had determined to write neither to my father in California, nor to my mother in New York, relative to the bad coin. I thought that to do so would "Then I am sure I don't know what you can do," said the young woman, comprehensively. "You can't go to your father, and he is not coming to

> Christmas vacation when my father re-turned from California. He came again turned from Cabiornia. He can be got to the school and walked unexpectedly into the playground, where the boys were all gathered in a group engaged too, and when she to be asked her if it up riage.—N. Y. Times.



and was to be away for three months. He asked for a half holiday, which was gladly granted, for Dr. Stagmire was seldom averse to allowing this little indulgence to himself and his pupils. When he was going away my father placed a coin in my hand. "There is a stagmire was willing to grant us a half holiday, and once placed a coin in my hand. "There is a stagmire was willing to grant us a half holiday, and once placed a coin in my hand. "There is a stagmire was willing to grant us a half holiday, and once placed a coin in my hand. "There is a stagmire was willing to grant us a half holiday, and once placed a coin in my hand. "There is a stagmire was willing to grant us a half holiday, and once placed a coin in my hand. "There is a stagmire was willing to grant us a half holiday, and once placed a coin in my hand. "There is a stagmire was willing to grant us a half holiday, and once placed a coin in my hand. "There is a stagmire was willing to grant us a half holiday, and once placed a coin in my hand. "There is a stagmire was willing to grant us a half holiday, and once placed a coin in my hand. "There is a stagmire was willing to grant us a half holiday, and once placed a coin in my hand. "There is a stagmire was willing to grant us a half holiday in the coin he had given me was all he had."

I was not stingy. The very next afternoon, Dr. Stagmire kindly consenting, and even accompanying the procession, I went, followed by all my schoolmates, two abreast, to the only refresh-ment saloon in the village, where we were furnished, ad libitum, with sandwiches and ice cream, while the non-invited village boys scuffled with each any lack of it. A certain man who ac-

tell it merely from the way in which I had made the curves of the letters g the school was perhaps a little disor-ganized. I, as heretofore, was in ad-vance with Dr. (2012).

tector, my turn is always come wh Tom did himself an injustice. That was not quite all he had to say. The next day he said more. It was, in effect, that if young Blanchasd had not received the coin from his father, but had, to find a lady whose married name I

physical force that he was wrong would have been of a very slender kind. So the days passed by, and I went moping-ly about alone, and had no sympauragement?"
"That is what I said." quite safe to let me have charge of the letters, but the "post office duty" was not a favorite one, and I was soon alyour extraordinary statement?"
"Proof? The best of proof. He borows money from me!" — Cleveland lowed to do it, when my turn came, as before; and again I met Fanny Barnes Plain Dealer. and told her about my trouble. "I don't believe it," she said em

travagant nor stingy with it, did not admit of a doubt. I said so. "Then," said Fanny, after a moment's intense thought, "he did not know that t was a bad one.' Now, surely, there would have been no suggestion more reasonable than this, but I had offered it so often and so vainly to the boys that I felt no deire to advance it again. Then my kindly adviser made a second proposal:
"Why don't you write to your father and tell him of it?"

ner or later, would be explained.

you. Those horrid boys will go or tormenting you, of course; but you can only wait." It was drawing very near to the



foot, and when she told George about it he asked her if it upset the baby cardiage.—N. Y. Times.