State Library 93

THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL. xxxvi BUTLER, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 11, 1899 No.19

MEN

Won't buy clothing for the purpose of spending money. They desire to get the best possible results for the money expended. Not heap 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.

A STREAM OF NEWNESS

New goods are coming in daily. The thought and care which were bestowed upon their selection are manifest. We've been telling you about Silks and Dress Goods. Other lines deserve mention

Embroideries and Laces.

The newest and daintiest productions await you here Beautiful assortments at temptingly little prices.

Cambric, Nainsook and Swiss Embroideries with Inserting and allover to match.

Vals, Torchon, Orientals and a vast assortment of other Laces.

Embroideries are priced like this:

½ to 1 inch wide.....3 to 5c
1 to 2 inch wide.....6 to 10c
Finer and wider up to.....75c per yard
Laces.....15c per doz yds up to $1.00 per yd

Hosiery and Underwear

The wanted sorts are here in ample variety. Careful selection has brought here the thoroughly good and dependable kinds. An opportunity to buy—and save in the buying—is presented here.

GLOVE TALK—Those of you who know our Dollar Kid Glove know that nothing is retailed at the price that equals it for uniformity of skin and perfection of finish and fit.
"ROYALE"—Best Dollar Glove in America.
Black and all shades—Button, Hook or Clasp fastening.

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08 N. MAIN ST., BUTLER, PA

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Opening of Spring and **Summer Millinery.**

We call your attention to our large and well selected stock of Choice Millinery. We have endeavored to make our stock surpass all previous years in style, desirability, quality and prices. We feel sure we have more than maintained our reputation in the selection of CHOICE MILLINERY GOODS. We can show you an immense variety of Hats, Flowers, Ribbons, Braids and Chiffons and all that goes to make up an UP-TO-DATE MILLINERY STOCK, and at prices that will surprise you. We would call especial attention to our Ladies', Misses' and Children's TRIMMED HATS, in which we have always excelled. You can always get the right goods at the right prices at

ROCKENSTEIN'S,

328 South Main St., Butler, Pa.

SPECIAL FROM MILLER'S Shoe House.

Spring Season Opens With a Rush--People are Buying Early-Prices and Styles are Right, which was the Cause of Our Great Easter Trade.

The spring trade has opened with a rush. From now on we expect to be busy all the time. We may not be able to give the newspapers the attention we would like to, but always remember this: We are headquarters for Footwear in Butler. Our spring stock is much larger than ever before, and our prices are always the lowest.

More Business Than Ever.

We want to do more business than ever this year. We have the goods. We are in shape to make prices, and we start the season with these weapons: GOOD SHOES AND LOW PRICES, and they are winners every time.

Our Only Weapons:

Men's New Tan Shoes	$1 25	Ladies' Cloth Gaiters	48
Men's Fine Kid Shoes	1 25	Ladies' Strap Sandals	48
Men's Fine Buff Shoes	98	Ladies' Tan Polish	98
Men's Fine Patent Leather Shoes	3 00	Ladies' Kid Button Shoes	88
Boys' Fine Vici Kid Shoes	1 48	Ladies' Kid Polish	98
Boys' Fine Tan Shoes	1 25	Ladies' Cloth Top Polish	$1 25
Youths' Fine Kid Shoes	1 25	Ladies' Tan Oxfords	75
Youths' Fine Tan Shoes	98		

Low Shoes and Slippers.

Our stock of Low Shoes and Slippers is complete. We never showed as many pretty styles as we do now. Slippers range in price from 48c to $1.50, both in Tan and Black.

Children's Department

Is meeting the approval of the mothers. The children must have nice shoes, and they are not disappointed when they come to our store.

Ladies' Fine Shoes.

Our leader is the Delsarte, and it is meeting with great success. It is the most popular advertised shoe on the market today. Any style, but only one price, $3.50. Our Ladies' Shoes at $2.00, $2.50 and $3.00 are nicer than ever this year. See them.

Men's Fine shoes

We don't need to say a word to you about our Men's Fine Shoes if you have seen them; if not, don't fail to see them before you buy.

Butler's Progressive Shoe House.

C. E. Miller

215 Sout Main Street, Butler, Pa.

SEND ONE DOLLAR CUT THIS AD OUT and send to us, and if you live within 700 miles of Chicago, we will send you this TOP BUGGY by FRIGHT C. O. D. SUBJECT TO EXAMINATION, the same examined at your freight depot and if found PERFECTLY SATISFACTORY, EXACTLY AS REPRESENTED, EQUAL TO BUGGIES THAT RETAIL AT $60.00 to $75.00 and THE GREATEST BARGAIN YOU EVER SAW, pay the freight agent OUR SPECIAL PRICE $38.90, and freight charges, less the $1.00 sent with order.

WE MAKE THIS TOP BUGGY IN OUR OWN FACTORY IN CHICAGO, from better material than most makers put in $75.00 buggies. Latest Style For 1899. Body, Sticks from the Best Seasoned Wood. Gear, Best That Money Can Build. Red Springs, as illustrated, or Brewster Side Bar. Wheels, High Grade Screwed Rim Sarven's Patent. Top, 24 ounce, Daily Rubber Heavily Lined, full side and back curtains. Painting, Guaranteed equal to any $150.00 buggy work. Body black, Gear dark green or Red. Upholstering, heavy green French body cloth or Evan's Leather. $38.90 IS OUR SPECIAL PRICE for top buggy complete, side or auto seat, extra, full length side and back curtains, storm apron, carpet, wrench, oil-cravitters and shafts. GUARANTEED TWO YEARS, will last a lifetime. For Buggies at $15, $5 and up, WRITE FOR FREE BUGGY CATALOGUE. YOU CAN MAKE $500.00 This Year Selling OUR $38.90 BUGGIES. ORDER ONE TO-DAY, YOU CAN SELL IT FOR $60.00. DON'T DELAY.
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And take a dose, from 1 to 4 pills. You will be surprised at how easily they will do their work, cure your headache and biliousness, rouse the liver and make you feel happy again. 25 cents. Sold by all medicine dealers.

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Are sold by us, only Kings wear the gold article and they very rarely. Our hats are fit for a King or anybody else. We can suit all classes of trade. We study your style and sell accordingly. Prices are low considering quality. Everything new in Men's Furnishings. Beautiful Negligee Shirts, two Collars and Cuffs 50 cents, finer ones too. Come and see the new things for Spring.

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Colbert & Dale.

242 S. Main St., Butler, Pa.

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Butler, Pa.

Capital - - - - $60,000.00
Surplus and Profits - - $170,000.00

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J. HENRY TROUTMAN.....Vice-President
WM. CAMPBELL, Jr..... Cashier
LOUIS B. SEE N .....Teller
DIRECTORS—Joseph L. Purvis, J. Henry Troutman, W. D. Brandon, W. A. Stein, J. S. Campbell.

The Butler Savings Bank is the Oldest Banking Institution in Butler County.
General banking business transacted.
We solicit accounts of oil producers, merchants, farmers and others.
All business entrusted to us will receive prompt attention.
Interest paid on time deposits.

THE
Butler County National Bank,
Butler Penn,

Capital paid in - - $100,000.00
Surplus and Profits - $130,703.95

Jos. Hartman, President; J. V. Ritts, Vice President; C. A. Bailey, Cashier; John G. McMarlin, Ass't Cashier.

A general banking business transacted.
Interest paid on time deposits.
Money loaned on approved security.
We invite you to open an account with this bank.
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Doors, Sash, Blinds, Mouldings, Shingles and Lath Always in Stock.

LIME, HAIR AND PLASTER

Office opposite P. & W. Depot.

BUTLER, PA.

MADAM OF THE IVIES.

BY ELIZABETH PHIPPS TRAIN.

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SYNOPSIS:

CHAPTER I.—The scene of the story is laid in the village of Ivies, at an old homestead, "The Ivies," about which there is considerable mystery. Dorothy Lothrop, the heroine, applies for the position of companion to Mrs. Eldredge, the mistress of the house. At the station she makes the acquaintance of Dr. Spencer, one of the prominent characters of the story.

CHAPTER II.—Dorothy is engaged by Mrs. Eldridge, who she discovers is blind, and enters at once upon her duties as companion.

CHAPTER III.—She makes the acquaintance of the housekeeper, Mrs. Mayberry, a curious character who has lived at The Ivies a great many years. On one of Dorothy's visits to the village a sudden illness drives her to the house of Dr. Spencer.

CHAPTER IV.—The doctor and his mother care for her, and the latter is about to divulge some of the secrets relating to The Ivies and its people when she is checked by her son. Dorothy discovers that Mrs. Eldredge has a son, who has been absent from home for years, and is now about to return. She also notes some strange happenings at an abandoned building on the grounds, known as the "Stone House."

CHAPTER V.—Mrs. Mayberry's suspicions are aroused, and she warns Dorothy, who continues her investigations. She communicates with Franklin, an old servant, who absolutely refuses to go near the Stone House. Mrs. Eldredge's son, Darracott Chester, arrives at home.

CHAPTER VI.—On returning from a visit, accompanied by Darracott, Dorothy and he are startled by strange sounds coming from the Stone House, and proceed to investigate.

CHAPTER VII.—On forcing an entrance to the house they find that Mrs. Mayberry's daughter Alice, who is insane and has been missing for years, is confined there. She turns out to be the wife of Darracott Chester.

CHAPTER VIII.—Alice is removed from the Stone House and taken to The Ivies, where apartments are prepared for her. Owing to her condition she is kept under strict surveillance.

CHAPTER IX.—Dr. Spencer, who has not visited The Ivies for years, owing to a misunderstanding with Darracott, is called to attend Alice. Mrs. Eldredge begins the relation of her life's story to Dorothy.

CHAPTER X.—Mrs. Eldredge concludes the history, telling of the elopement of Darracott's brother Gerald with Alice, and the mystery of The Ivies is cleared up.

CHAPTER XI.

Alice Mayberry lingered on for weeks. We never saw her, for she remained wholly in her mother's charge, confined to the rooms which had been assigned her. Everything which the tenderest solicitude and love could have devised for her comfort and welfare were procured for her by her husband's orders. At that time, observing how considerate of her well-being he was, and how constantly he endeavored to render her affliction less intolerable, I often speculated as to how much love for her might linger in the depths of a nature which was no open book to me, even after I had been subjected to a long and intimate companionship with it. Perhaps, I thought, Madam's conclusions had been mistaken after all, and the passion with which Alice Mayberry had inspired him had gone deeper than she believed, and its roots still clung to their places and were throwing out fresh shoots of tender regard.

Later, I learnt to know how fallacious were my suspicions, and discovered beyond peradventure that nothing instigated Darracott's magnanimous conduct towards his erring wife but a divine charity that held sacred and unaccountable a creature so punished by higher Dispensation. But at that time I had no such cause for reassurance, and spent many wretched hours dwelling upon a fear that was intolerable to me.

But these hours were not occupied by speculation and reflection alone. Mayberry utterly refused to share the care of her daughter with a nurse, and therefore her duties as housekeeper were sadly neglected. Madam failed of procuring a substitute, but I saw that the idea of another stranger in the house, under existing circumstances, was most unwelcome to her. Therefore I proposed that I should myself undertake the position temporarily, and my proposition, after some demurring on the grounds of excessive employment, was gratefully accepted by Madam. The demands of a double calling gave me little leisure for my own affairs, and I was grateful for occupation which took me out of myself and allowed me almost no time for retrospection.

After that one scene in the morning-room there were no tender passages between Darracott and myself. He was careful to preserve a distant courtesy in his manner towards me, and I held myself as aloof from contact with him as possible. I had discovered that association with him boded danger to my peace of mind, and the instinct of self-preservation led me to avoid him.

On rare occasions he would join Madam and me in her boudoir for a cup of tea, and I was always hopeful, at such times, of a nearer rapprochement between mother and son. But, alas! my hopes never fulfilled themselves. While he never again for an instant lost sight of the filial respect due a mother from her son, and ever manifested the most considerate thoughtfulness in his conduct towards her, there never transpired any abridgment of the unnatural distance which separated them, such as I was constantly on the alert for. As time went on I began to suspect that the presence in her home of this son whose love she was powerless to win was a sorer trial to her than his absence had been, and I lamented in vain over the sad situation; for I began to discover that my beloved lady was by degrees losing something of her strength and vitality, and I feared greatly lest she should fade into weakness before we, her constant associates, should fully realise her condition.

I mentioned my fears to Dr. Spencer, who had resumed a partial intimacy at The Ivies; but he seemed to think little of indications which had aroused my apprehensions. Inability to continue her customary exercises, shortness of breath, and a frequent and involuntary placing of the hand over the region of the heart, appeared to him but the natural result of the recent severe strain upon her emotions.

I was uneasy, nevertheless, and continued to watch her closely. One afternoon, late in May, the season being unusually advanced, we were sitting, Madam, Dr. Spencer and I, in the far end of the entrance hall, grouped about the French window of stained glass, one half of which stood open to admit what faint breeze might be stirring. It wanted but a few minutes of the dinner-hour, and Darracott had not yet put in an appearance. We were most cosily established, and were engaged in a familiar, desultory discussion of village affairs when, suddenly, a light step came bounding across the turf outside, and in another moment a wonderfully beautiful vision filled the space left open to the evening air.

That side of the window which had been set ajar was the one on which was painted the form of the repentant Madgalene, and through the closed half streamed the rays of the setting sun, illumining with glory the majesty of the Divine Judge, and irradiating the gentle clemency of His Features as He stood, with upraised Hand, apparently pronouncing pardon and invoking peace to rest upon the head of the weeping sinner who had thrust herself into the place of the penitent Mary. For a moment, so exquisite was the picture that I forgot what menace it boded to my lady's tranquillity, and continued to gaze upon it in rapt ecstasy. Alice Chester, witless and distraught as she was, was at that moment the loviest woman it is possible to imagine.

She wore a loose gown of white, fashioned as simply and with as little regard to style and design as a nightrobe. It fell about her in loose folds, and was confined at the waist by a cord and tassels. Her shining hair had been carefully plaited into a long, thick braid, which was left hanging far below her waist, but her restless motions and constant movement had ruffled all the loose tendrils and short locks, so that they formed a glistening aureole about her brow. She had apparently been cutting roses, for she had thrust a bunch of them into her girdle and carried another cluster in one hand. From the fingers of the other dangled a pair of scissors, with which she had probably rescued her booty. The excitement of her escape and recovered freedom had brought a brilliant light into her blue eyes and painted a lovely flush upon her delicate skin.

Oh, who, beholding her thus, the very incarnation of gentlenessand girlish beauty, as sweet and innocent to the eyes as one of the roses she held, could have suspected how dangerous a creature she was shortly to become by reason of that awful taint which lay, like a worm in the calyx of a flower, beneath the surface of her apparent perfection? Not I—not I; nor, in that preoccupied moment, did David Spencer, bethink himself of it.

We were both so absolutely spellbound by the rare loveliness of the apparition, of which dear Madam in her blindness was wholly unconscious, that we had no thought to spare for considerations of far greater moment. So gentle had been the footfall of the wasted and sadly attenuated form that had settled like a bit of thistle down in our very midst, almost before we had had premonition of its coming, that it had made no impression even upon Madam's uncommonly alert hearing; and we might so easily have averted the catastrophe that followed, but for the weak yielding to our charmed sensibilities. An instant later, how bitterly and unavailingly did we both repent our fatal hesitancy; for in that instant the girl bounded forward and threw herself at Madam's side.

"Ah—ah! Here you are, dear Madam!" she cried exultingly, in a soft little minor key, quite like the singing of the breeze amid tense wires. "Here you are at last! I've looked so long for you. But I can't find Gerald anywhere! Where is he?"

The unexpectedness of the encounter, added to the painful memories aroused by the girl's speech and tone, forced a sharp cry from my dear lady's usually guarded lips. She clutched Dr. Spencer's arm nervously, meanwhile drawing shrinkingly away from the crouching bit of beautiful, mindless matter at her feet.

"David, David!" she cried, in sharp, quavering accents, "who is that?" And her stately form shook with a weak submission of mighty forces of emotion which wrung my very soul; I had so long regarded her as a strong tower of endurance, built staunchly upon a bed of rock.

The witless girl heard the question, and burst into a strange, but not unmusical, laugh.

"Why, Madam!" she exclaimed, before we could interpose to divert her and coax her away, "indeed, that's an old question now! Who am I, do you ask? I'll tell you who I am. I'm Alice Mayberry, daughter of the housekeeper at The Ivies." She smiled and nodded gally, as if pleased with her own intelligence; then suddenly checked herself, as if another recollection had given the lie to her assertion. "No—no!" she said emphatically; "I am wrong. Didn't you remember Alice, that girl married Darracott Chester? That's who I am—Mrs. Darracott Chester, a lady of rank and position; my mother said I would be. A good match for—— Who are you, and what right have you to interrupt Mrs. Darracott Chester?" She turned upon me quite fiercely, with an assumption of dignity that would have been absurd if it not been so unutterably sad.

I was trying to interrupt the flow of her reminiscent eloquence, but, fearing to arouse that latent rebellion and ugliness which ever underlies imbecility, I was obliged to desist, and she rambled on.

"Perhaps you did not know I was Mrs. Darracott?" she suggested, somewhat more gently. "Well, you're right, you know; I'm not, any more. I'm Mrs. Gerald, I think—I think I am—am I not, Madam?" She paused, to await a reply that did not come.

Madam had buried her face in her hands, and was shaking like a strong oak in the grasp of a tempest. The girl regarded her a moment in evident curiosity; then her meaningless laugh again rang out.

"Do you want to play peep-a-bo?" she asked, as one would speak to a little child. "Well, in a minute. First I must find out who I am, you know. Alice Mayberry—Mrs. Darracott—Mrs. Gerald! Oh! which is it?—can't you tell, any of you? Well, there's one person knows—the girl's mother. She says I'm a lost soul." She smiled, as if pleased with the title. "A lost soul. Don't you think that's a good name for me?"—glancing around at us—"a lost soul!"

There was such terrible pathos in the poor creature's smiling appropriation of that phrase of dire import, and her apparent unconsciousness and disregard of the immeasurable wrong she had done the woman she addressed was so indicative of her deranged mentality, that David Spencer, strong man and injured lover though he was, was obliged to turn aside to conceal his emotion, while I felt my own tears rolling down my cheeks.

Suddenly Madam rose to her feet, and so abrupt and violent was the movement that it cast prostrate upon the ground the fragile form that had sought to lean upon her lap. Alice gave a surprised little cry, and remained as she had fallen, gazing up at the agitated face of the woman she had so bitterly injured with eyes wide-stretched and wondering.

"Oh, this is intolerable beyond endurance!" Madam cried out. "Will no one take her away?"

I had never before realized how terribly sad is the supplication of strength in its moment of weakness. Madam's despairing plea would have nerved me to greater tasks than this, and while Dr. Spencer, bound helpless and impotent by the same chain of memories that was strangling Madam's soul, stood pale and irresolute beside the chair from which he had risen upon Alice's advent, I raised the poor girl from the floor and searched my mind for a means of relieving Madam of her presence. My eyes fell upon the flowers at her waist, and suggested the excuse I wanted.

"Have you seen the roses down in the garden behind the house?" I asked tentatively.

She turned her lovely eyes, with their gentle vacancy of expression, upon me.

"I don't seem to remember you, she said, shaking her head. "Are you, perhaps, Darracott's other wife? Gerald said that some other woman would suit him better than the girl he first married. Did you know her? She was a beauty, they said; but ah! dear lady's gentle lips to utter—a sound that was half-snarl, half-shout, venomous, savage, menacing, filled with all the concentrated and long-suppressed hatred and animosity of the outraged mother, who had mistakenly thought she had learnt long since the lesson of patient endurance and full forgiveness. Who knows what awful dregs of resentment remain, undreamt of, in breasts that believe they have successfully applied the great lesson of divine charity? The old Adam is oftener hidden beneath an accumulation of acquired Christian sentiment than routed in toto from our spirits.

'I PROMISED HIM—TO—GIVE IT TO—HIS—MOTHER!'"

"It is—it is! Gerald—Gerald! I told you I would go back to her! Here!" She fumbled at her dress, which, being unable in her agitation to unclasp, she rent asunder, taking from within it a small packet. "I promised him—to—give it to—his—mother!"

She thrust a little packet into Madam's fingers, and I sprang forward, determined to put an end to this harrowing scene, even if I must needs use force to do so. I stooped and threw my arms about the slender figure.

"Come, come, Alice!" I urged. I gave something to show you. Come."

I felt her form yielding to my touch, and she turned her head and looked up at me with submissive eyes that promised success to my intention. But alas! in turning thus to look into my face as I stood behind her she discovered what I, with my back to the window, remained ignorant of—that Darracott Chester had entered the room and was standing a few paces away, silently regarding the scene with lowering brow.

Her fragile form drew itself vigorously together. Its lax muscles grew tense; a sudden determination seemed to endow the enfeebled constitution with new strength. A cry—loud, fierce, terrible—burst from her lips, and before I could realize even that an impulse had taken possession of her she had gathered her waning powers up for one supreme effort, and breaking from my hold had rushed towards the man behind me, with the scissors, diverted from their late gentle service to become the weapon of a fiercer purpose, glittering dangerously and treacherously, half-hidden within her hand.

No one suspected the actual menace of the assault save I, who alone saw the implement, and one other. How Madam in her blindness discovering the meaning of that wild cry, or what intuition guided her to avert the tragic consequences it boded, I know not. Before I could warn Darracott by word or deed, however; before David Spencer, with full possession of his senses, could realize what the distracted creature's sudden movement protended, Madam had divined all.

There was a swift rush forward, and a quick crashing together of two women's forms; two cries in unison rang out; one—faint, spent, exhausted, the tired, fretful cry of an exasperated child; the other—a sound that I could never have believed it possible for my

THERE WAS A SWIFT RUSH FORWARD.

venomous, savage, menacing, filled with all the concentrated and long-suppressed hatred and animosity of the outraged mother, who had mistakenly thought she had learnt long since the lesson of patient endurance and full forgiveness. Who knows what awful dregs of resentment remain, undreamt of, in breasts that believe they have successfully applied the great lesson of divine charity? The old Adam is oftener hidden beneath an accumulation of acquired Christian sentiment than routed in toto from our spirits.

When we reached the two women they had fallen to the ground, locked in each other's embrace; our first thought was that intense emotion had robbed them of consciousness, and that they were both merely insensible. But it did not require the professional mandate of the physician to apprise us of the sterner fate that had overtaken poor Alice. One glance at the beautiful face that lay upon Madam's bosom, where it had chanced to fall, was enough to assure us that the sudden fierce gust of passion which had swept over the flickering spirit of the unfortunate girl had sufficed to extinguish the feeble flame that had of late so fitfully performed its office. "The peace of God which passeth understanding" already gave repose to the recently distraught features.

We separated her gently from Madam, across whose form she lay, and as we did so Darracott made a discovery that forced a terrified exclamation from his set lips.

"My God! What is this?"

He pointed to an ominous stain that ran along the white gown where the girl's side had pressed against his mother's.

"She had fallen upon the scissors!" cried, forgetting that the men had no knowledge of the dangerous instrument that had been hidden in the girl's hand.

"Scissors!" they both ejaculated.

"Yes!" I explained hurriedly, while Dr. Spencer searched the slender body to find the whereabouts of the wound. 'She meant to strike you with them, think, Mr. Chester. Oh! poor child—poor child!"

Then my thoughts fled from her to one of far greater consequence, and I turned to Madam, who still lay in that awful trance of unconsciousness which bears so horrible a likeness to death, white and still, but an imposing figure even in her prostration. I raised her head tenderly and placed it on my knee. Then I gathered her hands into mine, and was about to chafe them between my palms, when, in raising the right arm, which had been stretched along her side, I beheld a fearful sight.

"Oh! here—here!" I cried. The two men had lifted poor Alice and were placing her decently upon a lounge. They hastened towards me as I called out, and I pointed to my dear lady. The side against which her arm had lain was soaked with blood, and from it protruded the handles of the scissors, which but a few minutes since had been cutting roses from their stalks!

"Oh! my God!" exclaimed Dr. Spencer; but Darracott said nothing.

I glanced at him. His face was like that of the dead, or like that of the living who lay senseless upon my knee.

Dr. Spencer tenderly examined the wound, as well as he could without removing the sharp blades.

"They have gone deep, I fear," he said finally. "However, though the wound must be an ugly one it need not necessarily prove dangerous. We must get her to the morning-room, dare; can we do it together, do you think?"

Darracott nodded. I know now what he suffered in those moments, I suspected it even then. That passionate love for his mother which he had hough chilled and benumbed by coldness and neglect had flamed hotly into life at sight of her thus laid low.

"I will ring for Mayberry," I said, with a glance in the direction of the lounge. But at this suggestion Darracott broke his silence.

"Wait!" he commanded peremptorly, with scant regard for whom he was addressing. "No more of that wood until she is removed."

With reverent hands and tenderest care they raised Madam, and bore her to the morning-room. A temporary bed upon a wide and ample lounge was quickly improvised by Franklin who had appeared to announce dinner just as we were in the act of lifting Madam) and myself, and upon this we placed her.

"Can you assist us, or will it be too much of an ordeal for you?" the doctor asked. "I can send for my mother."

I scorned the proposition, although Darracott was disposed to favor it.

"No one shall do for Madam but I," I insisted. "If your mother will come to be of comfort to poor Mayberry, I shall be relieved. After all, horrible as this is, she is a mother who has lost a daughter and under fearful circumstances. She is greatly to be pitied."

"My mother will come," he returned briefly. "Will you go and send a messenger for her, and then come back here at once, please? I shall need you immediately."

[CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

Denomination.

The Philadelphia Record tells of an old Pennsylvania farmer who recently came into possession of a check for $200. It caused him a great deal of anxiety, and for a long time he could not muster up courage to have it cashed. Finally on a trip to town, he summoned up nerve enough, and, strolling into the bank, presented the check. The teller glanced at it hastily, and then, after the fashion of his kind, brusquely asked: "What denomination?" "Lutheran, gol durn it! But what's that got tew do with it?" as brusquely replied the old farmer, to the great astonishment of the bank official. It required several minutes' explanation before the teller could get the old man to understand his question, and then the latter took his money and departed, with sundry growls derogatory to banks in general.

Some Paradoxes.

"As big as a whale" might be rather small, as there is a species of the cetacean genus hardly three feet long. Nor does the expression "as awkard as a crab" apply on some of the South Sea islands, for a crab is found there that not only runs as fast as an average man, but climbs trees with the ease of a schoolboy.

Nor does "the busy little bee improve each shining hour" down in Mexico. On the contrary, it soon learns that, as there is no winter there, there is no necessity for laying in a store of honey, and degenerates into a thoroughbred loafer.

Africa's Large Lake.

Lake Superior is in danger of losing its distinction of being the largest fresh water lake in the world. African explorers begin to think that Lake Victoria Nyanza is larger. Superior covers 31,2900 square miles and Nyanza has been credited with 30,000, but recent explorations have discovered a hitherto unknown bay on its southern side which so increases its known area as to make it a question whether it is not larger than Superior. Fuller explorations and more careful surveys must be made, however, before a decision can be reached.

Two Most Valuable Stamps.

At a philatelic exhibition recently held at Birmingham, England, there were placed on view the two most valuable stamps in the world—a penny and a twopenny Mauritius. Only twenty-three specimens of the 1848 Mauritius stamps are known to exist, and the market value of the two exhibited at Birmingham is $10,500. They belong to a Parisian collector, who loaned them for the exhibition.

They Turn to the Left.

The soldier boys in Manila say that the Spaniards and natives there invariably turn to the left instead of the right in passing others on the sidewalks and in the streets, and consequently there are numerous accidental collisions with Americans.

An Important Matter.

"He said he wanted to consult me privately on a matter of vital importance to his future and of course I thought it was a proposal."

"Wasn't it?"

"No, he wanted my advice about choosing a wheel."

Growth of Sunflowers.

An eminent Indian medical officer is satisfied that the growth of sunflowers in malarial soil is better than eucalyptus as a preventive of malaria. The government of India is making extensive experiments to determine this point.

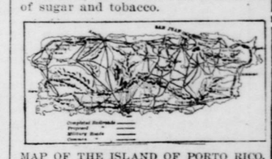
A FINE OPENING.

PORTO RICO A MAGNIFICENT FIELD FOR ELECTRIC RAILWAYS.

The Coal Problem and Many Other Expensive Items Meet Ready Solution By Reason of Abundant Water Power—Laborers Earn About 75 cts. a Day.

The establishment of electric tramways throughout the island of Porto Rico, from east to west along the central range of mountains, is desirable, easy, and relatively inexpensive. An electric line, starting from Naguabo or Humacao at the east end, touching the interior towns of Juncos, Caguas, Aguas Buenas, Sabana del Palmar, Barranquitas, Barros, Jayuya, Utuado, Adjuntas, and Maricao, and terminating at Mayaguez, with branches from the main line to the villages along the coast, would serve better than any other system to move the rich products of those districts and to accomodate the great number of passengers who now have no means of convenient travel.

The coal problem, and many other expensive items of railroad building, need not be a consideration in the operation and construction of such a tramway system, as there exists throughout the whole mountain range natural water powers available for any class of machinery. The many and powerful waterfalls having their sources in the mountainous inland region, and the rivers which run through this territory in various directions, seem to have been created by nature especially to aid man in the cultivation of the rich soil and the marketing of its products, which, because of the high altitudes and necessarily heavy grades of high-roads, if these should be built, would otherwise be very costly. The interior of the island is extremely mountainous, as may be well seen from some of the illustrations. Around the entire extent of its coast, however, is a flat belt of rich lowlands ,suitable for the cultivation of sugar and tobacco.



MAP OF THE ISLAND OF PORTO RICO.

The highest village of Porto Rico, Aybonito, situated at an altitude of 2,300 feet above sea-level, is on the line of the central highway which runs from Ponce to San Juan. This fine highway, built originally by the Spanish government for military purposes, has no grade greater than 14 per cent., which would be the maximum also to be met with in the construction of a tramway along the mountain range.

The ballasting of rockbeds, in whatever direction the lines might run, would cost but little, as there is more than enough material for this purpose on the ground; and throughout the whole extent of the proposed lines there is to be found wood of excellent quality for cross-ties. The labor required for such a construction is abundant and comparatively cheap, as the laborers in this region, accustomed to the hardest work, have never earned more than 75 cents a day (Porto Rican currency); and it would be an exceedingly easy matter to procure 2,000, 3,000, or 4,000 men for any kind of an enterprise.

Skillful stone cutters are easily to be had; and on the ground along the route is found an ample supply of stone suitable for bridges, culverts, and other constructions of a similar nature. In short, it is not necessary to seek elsewhere the materials for the construction of a tramway or railroad, as all, excepting the rails and other metal parts, are to be had along the mountain range. With abundant and well-distributed water power, from streams that do not fail even in the dryest seasons; with the materials for ballast and ties at hand; with labor cheap, good, and plentiful—the building of electric railway lines be certainly be attended with but little cost compared with the substantial profits that such lines may be expected to earn.

In the whole island, whose coast line measures 339 miles, there exist only the following steam railway lines, belonging to a French company: One line, of one meter gauge, from San Juan to Camuy, sixty-two miles long, and its operation produces an average income of $2,735 per mile annually. Another line leaving San Juan on the north, passing through Martin Pena and Rio Piedras, and terminating at Carolina, is 14 miles long. But the income from its operation is not so great, as another steam railroad which runs in the same direction for half the distance, or to Rio Piedras, thus dividing with it the traffic of that region. Still another line, 35 miles long, runs from Aguadla to Hormigueros. Another short line is in operation between Yauco and Ponce, a distance of 22 miles, with two stations on the line at Guayanilla and Tallabon. This railroad has an average annual income of $2,760 per mile, but it should be noted that, because of the high freight rates, $2.25 per ton for a 22-mile haul, or ten cents per ton-mile, a great part of the freight-carrying between Yauco and Ponce is perfomed by ox-carts, in successful competition with the railroad. The freight rates of the ox-carts are not much lower than those of the railway, and the speeds are about the same. Besides this excessive charge, the railway does not offer the facilities which should obtain in this district, as it does not reach to the harbor of Ponce, where the great bulk of business is done. Bulk must be broken and the goods transferred, the transportation of merchandise and fruits from the railroad station to the harbor front by carts being a very costly item, as well as a source of great inconvenience.

DRYING COFFEE IN PORTO RICO.

The territory which produces the most coffee is in the high and mountainous parts of the island, along the central range, and here it is that the greatest need is felt for transportation facilities, the only existing means of communication being by horse roads or mule paths built by the residents. From the plantations where the coffee is gathered to the nearest towns on the coast, whence the berries may be carried in ox-carts to the markets, carriage is affected, at the present time, on the backs of horses and mules, which can take only 200 pounds a trip. These horses bring back an equal quantity of provisions and merchandise for the subsistance and necessities of the laborers and other inhabitants of the interior. For this transportation on horses and mules $1 a hundred pounds, each way, is paid from the points most distant, and 50 cents from the nearer points.—The Engineering Magazine.

Positions in Sleep.

The position affects sleep. A constrained position generally prevents repose, while a comfortable one woos sleep. Lying flat on the back, with the limbs relaxed, would seem to secure the greatest amount of rest for the muscular system.

This is the position assumed in the most exhausting diseases, and it is generally hailed as a token of revival when a patient voluntarily turns on the side.

But there are several disadvantages in the supine posture which impair or embarrass sleep. Thus in disordered conditions of the stomach the blood seems to gravitate to the back of the head and to produce troublesome dreams.

Nearly all who are inclined to snore do so when lying on the back, because the soft palate and uvula hang on the tongue and that organ falls back so as to partly close the top of the windpipe.

It is better, therefore, to lie on the side, and in the absence of special disease rendering it desirable to lie on the weak side, so as to leave the healthy lung free to expand, it is well to use the right side, because when the body is thus placed the food gravitates more easily out of the stomach and the weight of the stomach does not compress the upper portion of the intestines.

The Camel as a Plow Horse.

Count Skorzewski, a wealthy land owner in the province of Posen, Germany, to the amazement of his rustic neighbors, has introduced a novel departure on his Czerniejewoei estates, which stands a fair chance of being widely imitated in agricultural districts in western Europe. Instead of a horse or ox a camel is yoked to the plow, and the experiment has proved successful beyond the count's most sanguine expectations. The camel, inured to hardships and privations, does double work of a pair of horses, is exceedingly tractable and can be kept in good condition—for a camel—on a comparitively small quantity of inferior fodder. The "Skorzewski quadrupeds," as the peasants of Posen facetiously call the laborious intruders, were soon acclimatized, and are the envy of the countryside.

Old Copper Cents.

It is estimated that there are 199,900,000 old-style copper pennies somewhere. Nobody knows what has become of them, except that once in a while a single specimen turns up in change. A few years ago 4,500,000 bronze two-cent pieces were set afloat. Three million of them are still outstanding, but are never seen. A million of three-cent silver pieces are scattered over the United States, but it is very seldom that one comes across any of them. Of the 800,000 one-half-cent pieces, not one has been returned to the government for coin