State Library July99

THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL. xxxvi | BUTLER, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 17, 1899 | No. 32

BICKEL'S!

Have just returned from the Eastern markets where I placed my orders for fall and winter boots and shoes, and while there I was offered some shoes which they had on hands at a big bargain.

I bought these goods and this stock together with balance of our summer shoes and slippers go on sale at once at

GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

Visit our stock during this sale for we are offering some great bargains.

A FEW PRICES.

Men's fine Vici-kid, hand sewed shoes regular price $3.50 reduced to $2.50
Men's fine Vici-kid shoes latest styles regular price $3.00 reduced to $2.00
Ladies' fine Dongola hand turned shoes reduced to $2.00
Misses' fine Dongola lace shoes at 90c
Children's fine Dongola shoes at 50c
Infants' fine shoes at 20c
Men's 3 sole box toe lace shoes at $1.15
Men's every-day shoes at 90c
Boy's solid working shoes at 50c
Boy's fine dress shoes at 90c
Men's fine Satin calf dress shoes at 95c
Ladies' Kangaroo-calf shoes at 75c

All Tan Shoes and Slippers To be closed out at HALF-PRICE.

Complete stock of SOROSIS SHOES In all the NEW STYLES

REPAIRING DONE.

128 South Main Street,

Butler, Pa.

Mrs. J. E. Zimmerman.

WASH FABRICS.

We'll offer until all are sold 1 lot of fine Dimities, Organdies, Lawns and Corded Effects at 5 cents per yard, former price 15c. 1 lot finer grade Dimities, Organdies, Fine Corded Plaid Lawns, and French Organdies and Swisses at 8c and 10c, the former price was 20c and 25c. Balance of Summer Millinery, Shirt Waists, Linen and White P. K. Skirts and Summer Ribbed Vests at less price than we have offered during our clearance sale. 1 lot Children's Wash Dresses at half price.

New Fall DRESS GOODS

NOW ON DISPLAY.

Black Crepons, this fall's newest importations—handsomest line we have ever shown—the prices are 75c, $1.00, $1.25, $1.50 and up to $3.00.
New Fall Suitings, such as home spuns in the fashionable Greys, Tans, Blues and Browns. New Fall Plaid and Plain Cloths to match for Jacket Suits and Separate Skirts. New 27-inch Fine Black Satin Duchess at 98c, value $1.25. Black Satin Duchess at 75c, value $1.00. 1 lot Misses' Fine Ribbed Lisle Thread Hosiery, sizes 5 to 9½, at 19c, the regular 25c kind. It is early to mention Fall Goods. We have them. If contemplating a late vacation or going away to school, we can fit you out in all the New Fall and Winter Materials.

Mrs. J. E. ZIMMERMAN.

NOW

That the dread house cleaning is over the next and more important work is picking a new carpet To pick a carpet in our well stocked carpet rooms is a pleasure, so say the many who have done so. We have the famous Hartford Axminister, Wilton Velvets, Body and Tapestry Brussels and Ingrains in all the up-to-date patterns, only, and prices that will astonish you. Then our China Mattings, Floor and Table Oil Cloths, Linoleums, Rugs and Art Squares, deserve a passing notice. Ask to see our

$1.00 Axminister Rugs,

Neatest thing for the money ever shown in Butler at

DUFFY'S STORE

MEN

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

PAPE'S, JEWELERS.

Diamonds, Watches, Clocks, Jewelery, Silverware, Spectacles etc.

We have a large and well selected stock.

We Repair all Kinds of Watches.

If you have broken jewelery that you think beyond repairs bring it to us and we will make it as good as new.

We take old gold and silver the same as cash allowing the highest market price.

122 S. Main St., Butler, P.

REGISTER'S NOTICES.

The Register hereby gives notice that the following accounts of executors, administrators and guardians have been filed in this office according to law, and will be presented to Court for confirmation and allowance on Saturday, the 9th day of Sept., 1899, at 9 A. M., of said day:

1. Final account of William V. Seaman, executor of Israel Seaman, deceased, late of Butler township, as stated by Mary A. Seaman, administratix of W. V. Seaman now deceased.
2. The final account of Sarah J. Anderson, administrstrix of William A. Anderson, deceased, late of Middlesex township, Butler county, Pa.
3. Final and distribution account of W. A. Forquer, executor of Margaret McClymonds, deceased, late of West Sunbury.
4. Final account of Harry T. Turner, guardian of Annie Kamerer, minor child of Adam Kamerer, deceased, late of Butler borough.
5. Final account of Frederick Kamerer, executor of Elizabeth Bartley, deceased, late of Millerstown borough.
6. Final and distribution account of W. H. Gelbach and S. J. Irvine, executors of William Irvine, deceased, late of borough of Evansburg.
7. Account of A. H. Snyder, guardian of Ira Brown, minor child of Harvey Brown, deceased, late of Marion township.
8. Final account of Mary Jane Emminger and W. A. Forquer, executors of Ephriam Emminger, deceased, late of Donegal township.
9. First and partial account of Joseph W. Ritzert, executor of Mrs. Mary Ritzert, deceased, late of Butler borough.
10. Final account of Leslie P. Hazlett, guardian of Olive Grieb, minor child of Louis Grieb, deceased, late of Butler, Pa.
11. Account of Leslie P. Hazlett, guardian of Mary Grieb, minor child of Louis Grieb, deceased, late of Butler, Pa.
12. Account of Leslie P. Hazlett, guardian of Charles Grieb, minor child of Louis Grieb, deceased, late of Butler, Pa.
13. Final and distribution account of William Taylor, administrator of Elizabeth Pugh, deceased, late of Parker township.
14. Account of John Berringer and H. H. Berringer, executors of John Berringer, deceased, late of Adams township.
15. First and final account of W. E. Brown, guardian of Thadeus Thompson, minor child of N. E. Thompson, deceased, late of Mercer township.
16. Final account of Frederick E. Miller and Sophia Bratsche, executors of Frederick Miller, deceased, late of Mars borough.
17. Account of Martha Mechling, administratrix of John Mechling, deceased, late of West Sunbury.
18. First and final account of A. H. Barkley, executor of Jonathan J. Wimer, deceased, late of Worth township.
19. Account of John F. Cooper, guardian of Bessie M. Beighley, minor child of George W. Beighley, deceased, late of Connoquenessing township.
20. Account of A. M. Christley, guardian of William Carothers, deceased, late of Butler.
21. First and final account of John Ferguson, executor of Margaret J. McBride, deceased, late of Middlesex township.
22. First and final account of Elizabeth Johnston, executrix of Jacob L. Johnston, deceased, late of Summit township.
23. First and final account of John McIntyre, guardian of Grace M. Heasley, minor child of D. F. Heasley, deceased, late of Buffalo township.
24. First and final account of John Wiley, executor of Samuel McGregor, deceased, late of Clinton township.
25. Final account of George B. Turner, administrator, c. t. a., of Clara Campbell, deceased, late of West Sunbury.
26. First and final account of Adam N. Elliott and James M. Riddle, executors of James Elliott, Sr., deceased, late of Buffalo township.
27. Final account of James N. Moore, guardian of Ida G. McClung, minor child of Belle J. McClung, deceased, late of Butler borough.
28. Final account of T. C. Johnston, administrator of Sarah E. Walker, deceased, late of Centre township.
29. Final account of B. L. Hockenberry, guardian of W. J. Dunlap, minor child of W. W. Dunlap, deceased, late of West Sunbury.
30. The final account of Dr. S. D. Bell, guardian of Andrew Monnie, minor child of Alfred Monnie, deceased, late of Butler county, Pa.
31. Account of John Denny, executor of William Denny, deceased, late of Winfield township.
32. Final account of Joseph Fisher, guardian of John Lavery, minor child of Joseph Lavery, deceased, late of Penn township.
33. First and final account of Sarah D. Thompson, administratrix of W. S. Thompson, deceased, late of Middlesex township.
34. Final account of George Holl, administrator of Andrew Barnsdorff, deceased, late of Winfield township.
35. Account of Sylvanus Aggas, guardian of William J. Aggas, minor child of James Aggas, deceased, late of Centre township.
36. Account of Sarah B. Hamilton, administratrix of Mary E. Hamilton, deceased, late of Forward township.
37. Account of Robert Krause, guardian of Della Drollinger, minor child of Philip Drollinger, deceased, late of Kansas.
38. Account of Robert Krause, guardian of Viola Drollinger, now Viola Lake, minor child of Philip Drollinger, deceased, late of Kansas.
39. First and final account of Matthias Kihn, executor of Ann Kihn, deceased, late of Butler borough.
40. First and final account of Louise Mangel, executrix of Benjamin A. Lavery, deceased, late of Penn township.
41. First and partial account of E. H. Randolph, executor of Priscilla Kirkpatrick, deceased, formerly Moyer, late of Butler, Pa.
42. First and final account of Robert Watson and J. M. Galbreath, executors of Thomas Watson, deceased, late of Winfield township.
43. Account of W. D. Hoffman, administrator of Henry Hoffman, deceased, late of Winfield township.
44. Final account of Tillie M. Fleeger, guardian of Daisy Fleeger, minor child of Josiah Fleeger, deceased, late of Penn township.
45. First and final account of J. M. Galbreath, executor of James Hunter, deceased, late of Buffalo township.
46. Final account of John Findley, administrator of H. C. Black, deceased, late of Harrisville borough.
47. Final account of Olive M. Brownfield, guardian of H. J. Brownfield, minor child of Wm. Brownfield deceased, late of Donegal township.
48. Final account of J. N. Fulton, executor of Mary A. Flick, deceased, late of Middlesex township.
49. Account of W. P. McCoy, guardian of Wellington G. Heckathorn, minor child of John C. Heckathorn, deceased, late of Worth township.
50. Second partial account of T. C. Kennedy and J. A. Kennedy, executors of S. A. Kennedy, deceased, late of Mars, Butler county.
51. Final account of W. G. Wilson, administrator of John H. Lawyer, deceased, late of Middlesex township.
52. First and final account of Wm. R. Thompson, administrator of J. M. Crooks, deceased, late of Middlesex township.
53. First and final account of J. D. McJunkin, executor of Washington Bovard, deceased, late of Cherry township.
54. First, final and distribution account of Levi A. Bryson, executor of William Bryson, deceased, late of Butler township.

W. J. ADAMS, Register.

ROAD AND BRIDGE REPORTS.

Notice is hereby given that the following road and bridges have been confirmed nisi by the Court and will be presented on the first Saturday of Sept. Court, 1899, being the 9th day of said month, and if no exceptions are filed they will be confirmed absolutely

No. 2, May Sessions, 1899. In re petition of citizens of Slipperyrock, Worth and Brady twp., for a road to lead from the Butler road to the Kelley School House and Centreville road. March 6, 1899, viewers were appointed. May 11, 1899, report of viewers filed. May 20, 1899, approved, and fixed width of road at 33 feet. Notice to be given according to rules of Court. BY THE COURT.

No. 3, May Sessions, 1899. In re petition of citizens of Buffalo twp., for the vacation of a portion of the road leading southward from Hannahstown. March 6, 1899, viewers were appointed. May 15, 1899, report of viewers filed vacating said portion of said road. May 20, 1899, approved. Notice to be given according to rules of Court. BY THE COURT.

No. 4, May Sessions, 1899. In re petition of citizens of Clay twp., for a county bridge over Muddycreek. April 12, 1899, viewers were appointed. May 4, 1899, report of viewers filed in favor of locating said bridge. May 20, 1899, approved. Notice to be given according to law and to be laid before the Grand Jury at next term. BY THE COURT.

No. 4, December Sessions, 1898. In re petition of citizens of Buffalo twp., for re-view of a public road leading from Hannastown to the Saxonburg and Tarentum road. March 6, 1899, viewers were appointed. May 15, 1899, report of viewers filed in favor of petitioners. May 20, 1899, approved. Notice to be given according to rules of Court. BY THE COURT.

No. 5, December Sessions, 1898. In re petition of citizens of Clinton twp., for re-view of a public road known as the Rightstown road. November 3, 1898, viewers were appointed. December 5, 1898, report filed. May 24, 1899, report referred to original viewers. May 25, 1899, order to re-view issued. June 2, 1899, report of viewers filed. June 2, 1899, approved, and fix width of road at 33 feet. Notice to be given according to rules of Court BY THE COURT.

Certified from the record this 1st day of August, 1899.

ISAAC MEALS, Clerk O. C.

WIDOW'S APPRAISEMENTS.

The following widow's appraisements of personal property and real estate set apart for the benefit of the widows of decedents have been filed in the office of the Clerk of Butler County, viz:

Widow of John W. Kennedy, per'l prop.		$248.88
" " Jno M Studebaker,	"	87.50
" " O. M. Russell,	"	300.00
" " Joseph Fisher,	"	300.00
" " L. M. Cochran,	"	148.10
" " Rob't. S. Campbell,	"	300.00
" " Wm. Garvey,	"	191.85
" " F. S. Bambach,	"	300.00
" " Fredick Schweiger,	"	300.00
Minor children of James L. Henry, personal property		163.15

All persons interested in the above appraisements will take notice that they will be presented for confirmation to the Orphans Court of Butler county, Pa., on Saturday, the 9th day of Sept., A. D., 1899, and if no exceptions be filed they will be confirmed absolutely.

ISAAC MEALS, Clerk O. C.

C. F. L. McQUISTION, CIVIL ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR, Office near Court House.

TAKES A HIGH PLACE.

Stands well in the Estimation of the People.

Attention is Naturally Excited When Anything is Praised by People Whom We Know.

A thing that stands high in the estimation of the public, and which is especially recommended by Butler people, naturally excites our attention more than if our own people did not praise the article. Such a thing is going on right here in this city every day, people are praising Morrow's Kid-ne-oids because they cure. There is no deception, no humbug, they do positively cure, and we furnish the evidence.

Mr. J. T. Friend 123 West Fulton St., says:-" I have been suffering with symptoms of kidney disorders for the past ten years. It commenced with a dull heavy pain in the small of my back which would be attended by a sharp shooting pain in the region of the kidneys extending up the spine and right side. Later my nerves became affected so I could not rest or sleep. The discharge of the secretions from the kidneys were colored and irregular. Morrow's Kid-ne-oids were recommended to relieve me, so I secured some and took them according to directions. Since taking them the pain has stopped and I can sleep better and sleep gives me rest. The secretions have assumed a natural color and are regular and free."

Morrow's Kid-ne-oids are not pills, but Yellow Tablets and sell at fifty cents a box at all drug stores and at Redick & Grohman's drug store.

Mailed on receipt of price. Manufactured by John Morrow & Co., Chemists, Springfield, Ohio.

Butler Savings Bank

Butler, Pa.

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

JOS. L PURVIS ..... President
J. HENRY TROUTMAN ..... Vice-President
WM. CAMPBELL, Jr. ..... Cashier
LOUIS B. STEIN ..... 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.

DIRECTORS—Hon. Joseph Hartman, Hon. W. S. Waldron, Dr. N. M. Hoover, H. McSweeney, F. E. Abrams, C. P. Collins, I. G. Smith, Leslie P. Hazlett, M. Finegan, W. H. Larkin, Harry Heasley, Dr. W. C. McCandless, Ben Mayorath, J. V. Ritts.

Braun's Pharmacy.

Cor. 6th St. and Duquesne Way,

Pittsburg, Pa., L. D. Telephone 2542.

Wholesale and Retail.

Importer and Jobber of Drugs, Chemicals, Perfumes, Soaps, Brushes, Etc

The only house west of New York carrying a full line of Meyers' Grease, Paints and theatrical goods.

Physicians' Prescriptions

Compounded Day or Night by "Registered Pharmacists" only.

Wholesale and retail dealer in Lubricating and Illumniating Oils, Capital Cylinder, Dynamo, Water White and Standard Gas Engine Oils, Gasolein, Benzine, Paraffine Wax and Petrolatum.

Address all mail orders to

W. F. Braun.

Rare Bargains!

We want to dispose of our present stock of '99 models, and in order to do it quickly have cut the prices from $30, $35 and $40 to $22.50 and $25. These are strictly high grade and up-to-date bicycles, and can't be matched for price and quality. Don't miss this opportunity to procure a good wheel for little money. We sell sundries cheaper than and other house in town.

WHITE, WALTER & CO.,

303 S. Main Street.

It's better to be in the lead than take one's dust. If you ride a Cleveland with the Ball and Roller Bearings you will have no trouble staying in the lead. We know what constitutes a good bicycle, and won't sell anything else. We have new bicycles as low as $25.00 in Gents' sizes; Children's size for $20.00. Our $25.00 wheel is a better wheel than is advertised by Chicago bargain houses at that price. We have good second-hand wheels from $10.00 to $15.00. We also sell Cameras, Graphophones and Supplies.

R. L. KIRKPATRICK,

Jeweler and Optician

Next to Court House.

THE TALK STICK.

By MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD.

[Copyright, 1899, by the Author.]

A flare of yellow light from tin torches lighted the corn sheds. There were two long sheds, each covering its mountain ridge of green corn ears, at the bases of which the busy huskers worked. A surf of shucks was thrown up behind the huskers faster than constantly moving carts could sweep it away. The canning factory was making a night run. It glowed with lights, like a huge steamer. The smokestack towered against a moon whitened sky, machinery clanked and voices shouted across its roar, and the bathroom vapor turned one entire side of the building to mist.

All the huskers were unskillful poor people of the town, old men and women, boys and girls and widows with dirty broods playing or drowsing among the sweet cornhusks and taking their chances among hoofs and cart wheels.

One widow in particular had more than her share, for besides four skinny, dark limbed children bearing her cast of features she had nested down by her measuring box a pink and white plump little girl, 4 years old and golden haired, who held between the thumb and two fingers of her right hand a stunted red ear of corn. The torch flame flared and smoked above her head, showing how wrapped she was in her own play and how unconscious of the human and iron noises smiting the night all around her. Her cheeks and chin were curved with dimpling smiles, and her curls and short nose were tipped and defined by glints of light as she focused her attention upon the ear of corn and talked to imaginary creatures.

"Good evening, Mrs. Seventeen; it is a very fine day. I brought my baby along because it isn't very well. The lightning rod struck my baby, and I was so scared I didn't know what to do. So I took her to the doctor, and he said, 'Give her some me'sson.' I gave her some me'sson and she never made a face, because she was trained to a systhmony."

"What on earth is that youngster talking about?" inquired a cart driver, as he forked up husks beside the widow.

"She's talking to her talk stick," replied that hurried automaton, never pausing an instant from stripping green ears. "She'll take something in her hands that way and play and talk for hours and never trouble nobody. It's a good thing she does, for if she was pestering at my heels I don't know how I could keep her."

"Isn't she your'n, then?"

"No; she's a child that was brought along here a spell back. Seems like she was with her grandmother, and her grandmother died sudden on the train. My son's a brakeman, and he fetched the little girl to'r house till her folks'd have time to send. But she ain't been sent for, and it discourages a body when they have such a hard time to get along."

"Didn't anybody know her grandmother?" continued the cart driver, forking steadily.

"'Pears not," said the widow, making the husks fly. They both had to pitch their voices by the key of the machinery. "She was hooked here at the county's expense. Some says if they's me they'd take the child to the supervisor, but I ain't done it yet."

The widow grasped her full box and tugged it to a side door of the factory, where the marker stood on his platform. The box was emptied in a flash and tossed back to her, she held up her hand to the marker, and he credited her with another bushel.

The cart driver was gone with his load when she resumed husking, and her peach faced foster child was smiling on in conversation with the talk stick.

"I 'joyed the noise and I 'joyed the shine. It was the Fourth of July, and they sent up rockets in the night, and they were lovely fireworks when they bloomed. Next Fourth of July I'm going to April fool somebody, because it is a happy thing."

As the little girl talked she chuckled aloud and perked her head with birdlike turns, quivering as if with the joyful quality of her own nature.

"All of 'em ought to be at home and asleep instead of tagging around me here," grumbled her protector. "Ain't you sleepy yet?"

The little girl shook her head and replied, "I'm comf't'le," turning immediately back to her talk stick.

Presently the cart driver was forking beside them again, and he resumed with interest, nodding his head toward the talk stick's holder:

"What's her name?"

"Minty Coan," said the widow.

"Couldn't she tell anything about her folks?"

"Why, yes; she could tell something, but it's all a jumble. Sometimes I think the woman that died wasn't her grandmother, and other times I don't know what to think. Maybe her folks'll turn up and maybe they won't. It'll be my luck for them not to," said the widow despondently.

"See here, now," said the cart driver, indicating that he wanted her attention an instant. "You know my wife and me. S'posen you let me take the little girl home and keep her with us a spell. She's a pretty little thing."

"Yes; she's pretty enough," said the widow. "And I hain't nothing against her in the world; only it's hand to mouth for to get something for my own."

"Yes, I know that. And it stands to reason that them that are better fixed ought to help you do for her. This is my last load for tonight, and when I've dumped it I'll come around and get her."

"I kind of hate to let her go when it comes to the pinch. And that's another thing I've dreaded," said the widow.

"You can see her often as you want to. Will you go with me, Minty?"

"He'll give you lots of good milk to drink at his house, I'll be bound," suggested the widow, shredding silks away from the glistening white grain.

"Yes, we've got cows on our farm, and we've got pretty little calves," said the driver.

"I'll go along with her," volunteered the widow's Arablike second son, advancing his lean little face up the man's knee.

"You're going along home to bed," decreed his mother. "That's where you're going. Git the other children in a bunch together, and then you put out with them."

The cart driver jogged along the prairie road with Minty sitting beside him. He had folded his coat to cushion her backless seat, and he protected her with his left arm. The moonlight glinted upon hedgerow leaves which had the rich dark green of holly and showed great brick homesteads here and there on billows of the rolling land. Behind them steadily receded the town and the canning factory's booming, and spurts of dampened dust flew from the horse's hoofs as he jerked the cart along.

Minty held the shriveled ear of red corn in her hand, and feeling exhilarated by the motion she poised it betwixt her face and the prairie horizon.

"Mrs. Seventeen went to ride in her carriage, with white shine to polish it."

"Who's Mrs. Seventeen?" inquired the driver.

Minty looked down, disturbed as a humming bird would be if some one interfered with its boring a rose.

"Oh, she's Mrs. Seventeen that I talk to with my talk stick."

"Can't you talk without a talk stick?"

"I can't have a nice play," explained Minty, "or talk to Mrs. Seventeen."

"Well, out to my house," said the cart driver, "you can have posies for talk sticks. And I'll take you down to the pippin tree first thing in the morning and give you more apples than you can eat."

But he never did. His horse's jog was broken by a sudden fright. Now they were plunging by the side of the road and now they were being hurled along a rough track leading to the timber. The cart driver had thrown Minty between his knees, and he leaned back dragging the lines with all his might. Out of the light prairie and under the dark branches they went, down through a creek with a mighty splash, then up over a stump which sent the cart driver out on his head. He struck a log and lay there until next day, when his anxious wife found him and took him home to be nursed until his broken bones were knit. His lamed horse and the principal pieces of his cart were duly returned to him. But he never saw Minty again, and was distressed about her before her story sifted back through time and space to him, as stories still do in this world if you can but wait for them.

Minty found herself sitting in the bed of the cart in the dark sweet smelling woods. The bouncing wheels and the horse were gone, like a buzzing out of her head. She did not feel hurt, but cried a few moments with terror. On second thought she felt like cuddling down and being still, for a twig cracked here and there, and the darkness seemed to breathe directly in her ears.

The next thing she knew it was broad morning, moist and sunny, and the whole woods rang with bird songs. Minty stood up in the cart, and the talk stick tumbled from her lap, shattering some of its grains on the floor. She nibbled at some tender kernels on the cob and held the talk stick off, earnestly declaiming like some diminutive orator in a humble pulpit.

"Oh, Mrs. Seventeen was so hungry she didn't know what to do! 'What makes you cry so?' said the man. 'Because,' said Mrs. Seventeen, 'I feel so sad where my dinner ought to be.'"

Now it happened that a boy was coming along the road directly toward Minty's cart, and being a silent boy he ran almost against it without noise of shouting or singing and recoiled, bulging his big shy eyes at her. He was barelegged, having his trousers rolled

"Why, Minty!"

up to the very hem of his calico apron. A dun colored wool hat covered the back of his head, and he swung a tin pail in his warty fist.

Minty ceased her murmur to the talk stick and inquired with candid directness:

"Have you got something good to eat in there?"

The boy instead of opening his pail for reply opened his mouth and stared.

"Where you going?" pursued Minty.

"To school," replied the boy. "Where you going?"

"I'm going with you," decided Minty. "Do you want me to go?"

"I don't care," said the boy. "You may go along in place of my dog. He cripples so I wouldn't bring him. He'll run along a little piece and then he'll limp just to aggrevate me."

"I don't limp," said Minty, scrambling out of the cart bed and hastening to show her superiority to the dog.

"But you can't walk as fast as I can," claimed the boy, making rapid toe marks in the dust.

"Then you ought to wait for me. If you'll give me something out of your pail, I'll let you have my talk stick."

"Talk stick!" sneered the boy. "That's an old red rubbin. I got plenty of them to home."

"I'm so hungry," said Minty plaintively. And as they patted along in company she lifted the talk stick and comforted herself once more with it.

"Apples, and good toast, and candy, and bread and butter, and beans and strawbays. And the little girl's papa and mamma said, 'Mrs. Seventeen, have you been to dinner?' 'No, indeed,' said Mrs. Seventeen. 'I have not any such kind.'"

The boy cautiously lifted his pail cover and revealed his lunch—delicious white bread, cookies and pie and apples. Minty regarded it coaxingly.

"I wish I had a little piece," said she. "An apple and some cake and bread."

"But what'd I have for afternoon recess?" demanded the boy.

"You can get some more," the stray child argued. "But I never can get any more."

"I'd give you a cooky," relented the boy, growing more ashamed of her company the longer he enjoyed it, "if you wouldn't tag me clear to school. I don't want the boys laughing at me. You ought to run home to your mother. The teacher won't let you come to school nohow because you're too little."

Minty's face put on drooping curves, and her short nose expressed much forlornness.

"How old are you?"

"I guess I'm 40 years old," she replied. "I won't tag you if you give me a cooky."

But the boy withdrew his hand suddenly from the pail and said:

"There comes Mary Jane."

"What Mary Jane?" inquired Minty.

It was indeed Mary Jane. There can be but few Mary Janes like her. Self satisfied and high in manner she spurned the ground in shoes which were laced up the front with leather thongs. Separated from the shoes by a mere strip of white cotton stocking were lengthy knickerbocker pantalets deep with scarlet edging. Mary Jane's dress was a figured lawn as to waist and sleeves and a scant white muslin as to skirt. It was belted tightly around the top of her stomach, and below it appeared a span of straightened skirt, also deep with scarlet edging. She was further adorned by a string of beads and a tiny tucked cap which scarcely covered her cropped hair.

Mary Jane turned her sun flushed pretty face upon Minty in disapproval. The boy, with whom she had long been at silent feud, felt still more ashamed of Minty. Having the road between Mary Jane and himself, he could as often as they met trudge schoolward with her, exchanging occasional sniffs and curls of the lip and suffer no loss in his own dignity. But to have the dirty stray tacked upon him by Mary Jane's passing eye was more than he could endure.

"Say, you take this young one along with you," he commanded, making a threatening motion of the head, and Minty was quite ready to bestow her melting smile on this acquaintance, though nothing edible was hung about the person of Mary Jane. Whether she had bread and sugar sticking together in her pocket or was to return home for her dinner Minty instinctively knew the boy was still her best friend.

Mary Jane did not deign to give the boy a reply, but spoke out vainglariously to Minty:

"I'm dressed up, and you ain't."

"I haven't had some nice clothes on for a long time," admitted Minty after surveying the favored being who condescended to pass within three yards of her.

She raised the talk stick and held it out to conjure comfort even from these circumstances.

"I'm dressed up," said Mary Jane as she stepped out to promanation. "I like this cap. I like to wear it at school. It prouds me. I feel like I was a king's wiferd. You are not dressed up, Mrs. Seventeen, and you look so ugly it tireds me."

"'But,' says Mrs. Seventeen, 'my legs are drenched with heavenly dew and the song birds take me up to look at the sky. I couldn't tell about the man the lightning rod struck, and it split him from top to bottom. "I'll escuse you," said the man, and there was a pumpie on his nose because he kneeled his head so hard when he had table prayers.'"

The boy and Mary Jane, walking one on each side of Minty, eyed her in silent amazement, while unbiased by any audience she murmured her raptures and built up her visions at the top of the talk stick.

"'You ate so much good food you made fat to you,' said Mrs. Seventeen, 'but don't sit on my prayer. I said my prayer on that chair, and if you sit on it you will break it.'"

"Today's Friday," put forth Mary Jane, vaguely affronted, "and we speak pieces."

"And tomorrow's Sadderday," the boy jerked from himself in the act of skipping a stone. "They ought to call it Gladderday, though, 'cause there ain't no school."

"I know my piece all by heart," said Mary Jane.

"Bet you don't," challenged her foe.

She cast a look of superiority upon him and silenced him by letting it all out at him without pause or intonation as she walked rapidly ahead, her voice growing dimmer until the words quite faded and failed:

"'I met a little cottage girl she was 8 years old she said her hair was thick with many a curl which clustered round her head she had a little wooden pail on her arm she was going to the spring to get some water and she had a little tin dipper and she was singing a song. I asked her what she had to be so happy about she said she was happy because she was going home to die. She said she was the youngest of twenty children and they had all died but her and she was so glad she was going home to be with them in the beautiful land. I asked her if she was not afraid to die and she said no it would be like going to sleep and then she would awake in the arms of her mother who had been dead many years. I asked her if she had any sweetheart and she said no but there was a young man who had been to see her mother before she died and he had asked her if she would be his wife when he came to the beautiful land and she had said she would be glad to be his wife. I asked her what she had on her mind to tell her mother when she met her and she said she had her mind to shoot him too.

"'Then the husband was released and the neighbors, some miles away, called in. Word was finally taken to the central police authority of the state; the officers came, viewed the dead thief—and identified him as their attorney general. It is not unlikely," Mr. Crawford added, "that the coroner will be the judge of the criminal court."'"

"Yonder's the railroad," said the boy to Minty, feeling that his injuries had now culminated. "Are you going to tag me furder than that?"

"I don't know," responded Minty doubtfully.

"If you do, I won't give you a bite."

"Then I won't," promised Minty eagerly.

He waited until they reached the rails, and there portioned out his lunch, buying his freedom with a generous hand.

Mary Jane was just entering the schoolhouse as he wagged his head toward it.

"Don't you come down there when you've eat this up and hang round after me, neither," he stipulated.

"I won't," pledged Minty earnestly. "I don't care anything more about you now I've got your dinner."

So she began to eat, and the boy took to his heels.

"Goodby!" called Minty, with her mouth full.

"He won't say goodby." It grieved her to be left alone again even by a chance playmate without one parting word.

She sat on a tie between the rails because the boy had told her she must not cross the railroad and spread her feast upon the lap of her dirty Hubbard gown. Bread and butter, cakes and apples, each in turn passed the portal of Minty's mouth. She smiled up at the sky. She fed some crumbs to ants building their sand palace by her foot, and finally she held the talk stick out, saying to it:

"You must not follow me. If you come to my schoolhouse, I will drive you back over the railroad. You are too little. Nobody wants you. But it is a lovely day and comf't'le in the sun, and the water is a laughing joy to me.

"There was a boy found a bee, and he picked it up and was so glad. 'Now I will have some sport,' said the boy because he learned that in his reading book. 'Oh, how I wish it would sting,' said the boy, 'for I never had a bee sting me, and sport is such a happy thing!' So the bee stung him, and the boy let loose and said: 'Oh!

"'If that is sport,' said the boy, and he cried, 'I do not want any more, for it is not a happy thing.' But Mrs. Seventeen said: 'Do not cry. Listen to the music go tingle, tingle, tingle.'"

Tingle, tingle, in the rails beside her still went the thrilling music.

"It was a grand pi-organ, and it went roar, roar."

Roar, roar, indeed it went; then it became a loud rushing, and the shriek—shriek—shriek of a steam whistle.

Minty turned her head over her shoulder. The talk stick was poised between her thumb and finger, and neither she nor it moved as the train swept toward her. Her face was waxen with fright, and her blue eyes stood forward in their rims.

The train stopped with such a jar that some passengers were thrown to the floor. Men dropped off the steps and ran forward. There the engineer and firemen were standing beside the track, one of them holding the child, and the other telling how he grabbed her up on the pilot the breath of an instant before it reached her.

Some tears were running down her cheeks, but she was silent until a gentleman standing among the arriving gazers exclaimed:

"Why, Minty!"

"Papa!" she cried in a shrill scream right against the face of the gentleman who cuddled her—dirty Hubbard gown and all—like a little baby as close as he could hold her.

Word went back through the train that a child had been picked off the track, a lost child; in fact, a child that had been kidnaped, and its father was on the very train going in search of it.

The ladies in all the coaches were anxious to see and to do something for this little girl. They crowded around her where she sat on her father's lap, and made her tidy, brought her dainty comforts and kissed her.

So Minty sailed away in the train to continued happy communion with Mrs. Seventeen by means of finer talk sticks than the small red ear of corn.

The small red ear lay on the railroad after that train had passed over it, a worthless thing to be pecked by birds and shied by one home returning schoolboy at another. It was no longer a little girl's talk stick on which to hang her lonesome fancies. But had her father known about it he would have picked it up and carried it away in his breast pocket.

Sacredness of Work.

All true work is sacred. In all true work, were it but true hand labor, there is something of divineness. Labor, wide as the earth, has its summit in heaven. Sweat of the brow, and up from that to sweat of the brain, sweat of the heart, which includes all Kepler calculations, Newton meditations, all sciences, all spoken epics, all acted heroisms, martyrdoms—up to that "agony of bloody sweat," which all men have called divine. Oh, brother, if this is not "worship," then I say the more the pity for worship, for this is the noblest thing yet discovered under God's sky.

Who art thou that complainest of thy life of toil? Complain not. Look up, my wearied brother. See thy fellow workmen there, in God's eternity, surviving there, they alone surviving, sacred band of immortals, celestial bodyguard of the empire of mankind. Even in the weak human memory they survive so long as saints, as heroes, as gods, they alone surviving, peopling, they alone, the immeasured solitudes of time.

To thee heaven, though severe, is not unkind. Heaven is kind—as a noble mother; as that Spartan mother, saying while she gave her son his shield, "With it, my son, or upon it." Thou, too, shalt return home in honor to thy far distant home in honor. Doubt it not—if in the battle thou keep thy shield. Thou in the eternities and deepest death kingdoms art not an alien, thou everywhere art a denizen. Complain not; the very Spartans did not complain.—Thomas Carlyle.

An Ugly Story of Uruguay.

Here is one of Robert Crawford's stories about Uruguay: "Two men surprised a farmer and his wife in their little hut while it was broad daylight. The man was seized and bound, and the two villains proceeded to torture him to make him disclose the hiding place of his hoard. The wife begged and pleaded as the horrors increased, the man proving obdurate.

"Finally she said she would tell them where the treasure was if they would follow her. One of the two accordingly went over to the chest in the corner with her. She opened it, fumbling about inside of it for a moment until she found what she was looking for. In another moment the thief at her side was dead and his fellow covered by a large revolver in the hands of a small but eager woman of the people. He got away before she could quite make up her mind to shoot him too.

"Then the husband was released and the neighbors, some miles away, called in. Word was finally taken to the central police authority of the state; the officers came, viewed the dead thief—and identified him as their attorney general. It is not unlikely," Mr. Crawford added, "that the coroner will be the judge of the criminal court."

A Miraculous Escape.

It happened that in the last month of the reign of Charles I a certain ship chandler of London was foolish enough to busy himself over a barrel of gunpowder with a lighted candle in his hand. He paid the price of his folly. A spark fell into the gunpowder and the place was blown up.

The trouble was that the man who did the mischief was not the only one to perish. Fifty houses were wrecked, and the number of people who were killed was not known.

In one house among the 60 a mother had put her baby into its cradle to sleep before the explosion occurred. What became of the mother no one ever knew, but what became of the baby was very widely known.

The next morning there was found upon the leads of the Church of All Hallows a young child in a cradle, baby and crad