#### No 51

# HOLIDAY GOODS.

Anyone wishing to purchase a nice and useful present for their friends will do well to call and examine my goods, see the latest styles, examine quality, and find price of same, which I think will convince you that both quality and price of goods will give you Respectfully yours,

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JEWELER AND OPTICIAN,

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LEATHER GOODS

	Ladies' fine Dongola pat, tip shoes	00
		25
LAMAN	Men's high cut 3 soles box toe shoes	.25
	Men's good kip box toe boots2	25
m	Misses' waterproof oil grain shoes	Soc
	Children's heavy shoes	50c
	Ladies' fur trimmed Juliet slippers	75C
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FELT and RUBBER GOODS

	Men's felt books and overs	
	Men's German socks and overs	į.
	Boy's German socks and overs	
	Youths' felt boots and overs	
100000	Men's knit boots and overs	
1-0-0-0-1	Men's knit boots and overs	6
m	Men's buckle arctics	
	Ladies' croquet rubbers	3
	Misses' croquet rubbers	
	Men's Storm King rubber boots2	
	Men's rubber boots (regular height)	

nany different styles in fine Dongola, Box Calf and Patent Leather. Latock of felt and leather slippers in latest up-to-date styles. A special count will be given to the teachers during Institute week.

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I Found Just What I Wanted at BUTLER,

# PAPES, JEWELERS

The above is what you will say if you come to us to buy a

present for Xmas. We have a very large and beautiful stock of all killes of the state of We have a very large and beautiful stock of all kinds of GOLD,

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All goods selected PAPE'S will he laid aside until Christmas.

ALL KINDS REPAIRING.

Butler, Pa

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Merits.

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ness, nervousess and an unity of orders arising from a disordered condition of the kidneys. Another citizen adds his testimony as follows:

Mr. Wm. Reese, 81 1th Street, South Side, Pittsburg, Pa., says:—"I have been troubled for some time with pain in my head, weight was caused by constant. back which was caused by constant walking or being on my feet. It would make me restless at night so I could not sleep. When I saw Morrow's Kid-ue-oids state of the constant of the could had a to

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 &

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ontents again. It we ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y. City.

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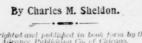
PEARSON B. NACE.

WANTED-SEVERAL BRIGHT AND

### IN HIS STEPS.

"What Would Jesus Do?"

By Charles M. Sheldon.





n cometh unto me and hateth not his and mother and wife and children and orsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my

granddaughter. Page separated after the meeting at the First church on Sunday, they agreed to day. Virginia asked Rachel to come and lunch with her at noon, and Rachel accordingly rang the bell at the Page "Who told you?" she asked, while Virginia, who had been very silent and mansion about half past 11. Virginia herself met her, and the two were soon

talking earnestly.
"The fact is," Rachel was saying after they had been talking a few min utes, "I cannot reconcile it with my judgment of what he would do. I can-not tell another person what to do, but I feel that I ought not to accept this

"What will you do, then?" asked Virginia, with great interest.

"I don't know yet, but I have decid-Rachel picked up a letter that had been lying in her lap and ran over its contents again. It was a letter from the manager of a comic opera offering I suffered from catarrh of the worst sind ever since a boy, and I never hoped for cure, but Ely's Cream Balm seems to do even that. Many acquaintances have used it with excellent results.—Oscar Ostrum, 45 Warren Aya, Chicago, III.

> completely convinced in the first cas that Jesus would never use any talen male quartet, all people of good reputation. I'm asked to go as one of the season. But I don't feel satisfied that esus would go. What do you think?"
> "You mustn't ask me to decide for you," replied Virginia, with a sad smile. "I believe Mr. Maxwell was right when he said we must each one of us decide according to the judgment we felt for ourselves to be Christlike. I am having a harder time than you

by her. The street was crowded with life, and the two young women looked at it silently for a moment. Swide "Rachel, what does all this contrast in conditions mean to you as you ask this question of what Jesus would do? It maddens me to think that the society in which I have been brought up, the same to which we are both said to be long, is satisfied, year after year, to go on dressing and eating and having a good time, giving and receiving enter tainments, spending its money on houses and luxuries and occasionally, to ease its conscience, donating, witl

out any personal sacrifice, a little money to charity. I have been educated, as you have, in one of the most expensive schools of America, launched into society as an heiress, supposed t be in a very enviable position. I'm per home, I can do as I please, I can gratify almost any want or desire, and yet when I honestly try to imagine Jesus living the life I have lived and am ex pected to live and doing for the rest of my life what thousands of other rich people do I am under condemnation for being one of the most wicked, selfish, useless creatures in the world. I have not looked out of this window for weeks

without a feeling of horror toward myself as I see the humanity that pours by this house.' Virginia turned away and walked up Illumniating Oils, Capital Cylinder, Dynamo, Water White and Standard Gas Virginia turned away and walked up and down the room. Rachel watched her and could not repress the rising tide of her own growing definition of discipleship. Of what Christian use was her

own talent of song? Was the best she could do to sell her talent for so much a month, go on a concert company's tour, dress beautifully, enjoy the excitement of public applause and gain a reputation as a great singer? Was that

make a great deal of money and becom well known. It is doubtful if she over estimated her ability to accomplish all Virginia—what she had just said smote Rachel with great force because of the similar position in which the two friends found themselves.

Lunch was announced, and they went out and were joined by Virginia' grandmother, Mme. Page, a handsome stately woman of 65, and Virginia's brother, Rollin, a young man who spent most of his time at one of the clubs and had no particular ambition for anything but a growing admiration for Rachel Winslow, and whenever she dined or lunched at the Page mansion, if he knew of it, he always planned to

ily. Virginia's father had been a banker and grain speculator. Her mother had died ten years before, her father within the past year. The grandmother, a southern woman in birth and training, had all the traditions and feeling and social standing that have never been disturbed. She was a shrewd, careful business woman of more than average ability. The family property and under her personal care. Virginia's por tion was, without any restriction, her own. She had been trained by her father to understand the ways of the business world, and even the grand-mother had been compelled to acknowledge the girl's capacity for taking care

Perhaps two persons could not be Page and Rollin. Rachel, who had known the family since she was a girl playmate of Virginia's, could not help thinking of what confronted Virginia

on the course which she honestly believed Jesus would take. Today at
lunch, as she recalled Virginia's outbreak in the front room, she tried to
picture the scene that would at some

that scene with her grandmother that
seehe with her grandmother that

"I understand that you are going on the stage, Miss Winslow. We shall all be delighted, I'm sure," said Rollin during one of the pauses in the conversation, which had not been animated.
Rachel colored and felt annoyed.

reserved, suddenly roused herself and appeared ready to join in the talk. "Oh, we hear a thing or two on the dall, the manager, at church two weeks ago. He doesn't go to church to hear the preaching. In fact, I know other people who don't either, not when there's something better to hear."

Rachel did not color this time, but he answered quietly:
"You're mistaken. I'm not going on "It's a great pity. You'd make a hit.

Everybody is talking about your sing-This time Rachel flushed with genu-Before she could say anything Vir-

ginia broke in.
"Whom do you mean by 'every-"Whom? I mean all the people who hear Miss Winslow on Sunday. What other time do they hear her? It's a great pity, I say, that the general pub-

"Let us talk about something else, said Rachel a little sharply. Mme. Page glanced at her and spoke with a gentle

indirect compliment. He is like his fa-ther in that. But we are all curious to know something of your plans. We claim the right from old acquaintance, you know. And Virginia had already told us of your concert company offer."
"I supposed, of course, that was pub-Mc property," said Virginia, smiling across the table. "It was in The News

yesterday.' "Yes, yes," replied Rachel hastily. "I understand that, Mme. Page. Well Virginia and I have been talking about it. I have decided not to accept, and that is as far as I have gone yet Rachel was conscious of the fact that the conversation had up to this point been narrowing her hesitation concern

Are you?' Rachel asked. She rose and walked over to the window and looked out. Virginia came and stood by her. The street was crowded by her. The street was crowded by her. life, and the two young women looked at it silently for a moment. Suddenly Virginia broke out as Rachel had never heard her before.

heard her before.

lave her decision made in any way so public as this. Somehow what Rollin seemed determined to say something, and Rachel seemed helpless to prevent him. After all, she thought, he might as well know the matter. the matter.
"Would you mind telling us, Rachel, vour reasons for refusing the offer? It"
"You know well enough, Rachel,

looks like a good opportunity for a young girl like you. Don't you think the general public ought to hear you? I feel like Rollin about that. A voice like Rollin about that a voice by the state of the like yours belongs to a larger audience than Raymond and the First church."

Rachel Winslow was naturally a girl

"You kn of great reserve. She shrank from making her plans or her thoughts public. But with all her repression there was possible in her an occasional sudden breaking out that was simply an impulsive, thoughtful, frank, truthful expression of her most inner personal feeling. She spoke now in reply to Mme. Page in one of those rare Page in one of those rare moments of unreserve that added to the attractive-

ness of her whole character.

"I have no other reason than a conviction that Jesus would do the sam thing," she said, looking in Mme Page's eyes with a clear, earnest gaze. Mme. Page turned red, and Rollin stared. Before her grandmother could

say anything Virginia spoke. Her rising color showed how she was stirred. Virginia's pale, clear complexion was that of health, but it was generally in marked contrast to Rachel's

tropical type of beauty.
"Grandmother, you know we promised to make that the standard of our conduct for a year. Mr. Maxwell's proposition was plain to all who heard our decisions very rapidly. The diffi culty in knowing what Jesus would do has perplexed Rachel and me a good deal."

Mme. Page looked sharply at Virginia before she said anything.
"Of course I understand Mr. Maxwell's statement. It is perfectly imwhat Jesus would do?

She was not morbid. She was in sound health, was conscious of great practicable to put it into practice. I practicable to put it into practice. I felt confident at the time that those powers as a singer and knew that if she powers as a singer and knew that if she could who promised would find it out after a who promised would find it out after a absurd. I have nothing to say about Miss Winslow's affairs, but''—she estimated her ability to accomplish all she thought herself capable of. And Virginia—what she had just said smote that was new to Rachel—"I hope you have no foolish notions in this matter.

Virginia."
"I have a great many notions," re right understanding of what he would do. As soon as I find out I shall do it. "Excuse me, ladies," said Rollin, rising from the table. "The conversashall retire to the library for a cigar. He went out of the dining room, and there was silence for a moment. Mme. Page waited until the servant had ought in something and then asked

in some measure by the presence of "I am older by several years than you, young ladies," she said, and her traditional type of bearing seemed to Rachel to rise up like a great frozen wall between her and ensure frozen wall between her and ensure frozen wall between her and ensure frozen to the first her said as some. Glad to know your reason." presume, is impossible of performance."
"Do you mean, grandmother, that we cannot possibly act as Jesus would, or do you mean that if we try to we shall offend the customs and prejudices

When she had time to think it all over, she found herself condemnad by the very indemnet she had passed on

her to go out. She was angry, and her

Mme. Page paused, broke off her sen-

woman in all Raymond with great ambitions for her daughter's success as a singer. Mrs. Winslow was that woman. "Oh, you will see it in a different light after wise thought of it! My day," continued Muse, Page, rising dear," continued Mme. Page, rising from the table, "you will live to regret pany's offer or something like it."
Rachel said something that contained a hint of the struggle she was still hav-

ing, and after a little she went away, feeling that her departure was to be followed by a painful conversation be-tween Virginia and her grandmother. As she afterward learned, Virginia passed through a crisis of feeling during that scene with her grandmother than

to think it out carefully. But before she had walked two blocks she was annoyed to find Rollin Page walking be-Sorry to disturb your thought, Miss Winslow, but I happened to be going your way and had an idea you might not object. In fact, I've been walking

here for a whole block, and you haven't "I did not see you," replied Rachel. "I wouldn't mind that if you only thought of me once in awhile," said Rollin suddenly. He took one last nervous puff of his cigar, tossed it into the street and walked along with a pale

Rachel was surprised, but not starand there had been a time when they had used each other's first name familiarly. Lately, however, something in Rachel's manner had put an end to that. She was used to his direct attempts at compliment and was somenes amused by them. Today she honestly wished him anywhere else. "Do you ever think of me, Miss Winslow?" asked Rollin after a pause "Oh, yes, quite often!" said Rachel,

"Are you thinking of me now?" "Yes, that is—yes, I am."
"What?"

"Do you want me to be absolutely "Of course." ic outside of Raymond cannot hear her "Then I was thinking that I wished

you were not here. Rollin bit his lip and looked gloomy. Rachel had not spoken anything as h wished.

that's forbidden, but I've got to speak some time—you know how I feel. What makes you treat me so hard? You used to like me a little, you know. "Did I? Of course we used to get on very well as boy and girl, but we are

Rachel still spoke in the light, easy

way she had used since her first annoy ance at seeing him. She was still somewhat preoccupied with her plan, which and been disturbed by Rollin's appearway. The avenue was full of people.

Among the persons passing was Jasper Chase. He saw Rachel and Rollin and bowed as he went by. Rollin was watching Rachel closely. I'd stand some show then," he said

moodily.

Rachel colored in spite of herself. She did not say anything and quickened her pace a little. Rollin seemed deter-

how I feel toward you. Isn't there any "Why, how old do you think I am?" broke in Rachel, with a nervous laugh.

She was shaken out of her usual poise "You know what I mean," went on Rollin doggedly, "and you have no right to laugh at me just because I

want you to marry me. "I'm not, but it is useless for you to speak—Rollin," said Rachel after a little hesitation and then using his name in such a frank, simple way that he could attach no meaning to it beyond nents of the familiarity of the family acquaint ance. "It is impossible." a little agitated by the fact of receiving but the noise on the street and side walk made the conversation as private

as if they were in the house. "Would you-that is-do you think -if you gave me time I would "No!" said Rachel. She spoke firmly. Perhaps, she thought afterward, al though she did not mean to, she spoke

out a word. They were nearing Rachel's

one of the quiet streets Rollin spoke suddenly and with more manliness than he had yet shown. There was a distinct note of dignity in his voice that was

"Miss Winslow, I ask you to be my wife. Is there any hope for me that yo will ever consent?" "None in the least." Rachel spoke

"Will you tell me why?" He asked the question as if he had a right to a truthful answer. "I do not feel toward you as a wom ought to marry."
"In other words, you do not love

'Why?" That was another question, and Rachel was a little surprised that he should ask it. "Because" - She hesitated for fear she might say too much in an attempt to speak the exact truth. "Tell me just why. You can't hurt me more than you have done already.'

"I do not, and I cannot."

better? You spend your time in club-life, in amusements, in travel, in lux-ury. What is there in such a life to atanger was formidable, although checked tract "ch, I guess," said Rollin, the laugh. "Still, I don't

Rachet to rise up the a given wall between her and every conception of Jesus as a sacrifice. "What you have promised in a spirit of false emotion, I were up is impossible of performance."

He suddenly stopped, took on any low bowed gravely and turned back. Rachel went on home and hurried into her room, disturbed in many ways by the room, disturbed in many ways by the He suddenly stopped, took off his hat,

snail offend the customs and prejudices of society?" asked Virginia.
"It is not required. It is not necessary. Besides, how can you act with life? She had been abroad and studied the customs and prejudices of the customs and prejudices of society?" asked Virginia. The very judgment she had passed on Rollin Page. What purpose had she in life? She had been abroad and studied the customs and prejudices. music with one of the famous teachers of Europe. She had come home to Raymond and had been singing in the First tence and then turned to Rachel.
"What will your mother say to your decision? My dear, is it not foolish?

mond and had been singing in the First church choir now for a year. She was well paid. Up to that Sunday two weeks were she had been quite satisfied with yet," Rachel answered, with a great shrinking from trying to give her moth-

that until two weeks ago she had pur-posed to use her voice to make money and win admiration and applause. Was

that a much higher purpose, after all, than Rollin Page lived for? She sat in her room a long time and have a frank talk with her mother shaping in her mind. She had already had one talk with her mother and knew that she expected Rachel to accept the offer and enter on a successful career as

once to the point, as much as she dreaded the interview, "I have decided not

Mrs. Winslow was a large, handsome woman, fond of much company, ambi-tious for a distinct place in society and devoted, according to her definitions of success, to the success of her children. Her youngest boy, Lewis, ten years younger than Rachel, was ready to graduate from a military academy in the summer. Meanwhile she and Rachel were at home together. Rachel's father, like Virginia's, had died while the famfly were abroad. Like Virginia, she found herself, under her present rule of conduct, in complete antagonism with her own immediate home circle. Mrs. Winslow waited for Rachel to

"You know the promise I made two weeks ago, mother?"
"Mr. Maxwell's promise?"

"No, mine. You know what it was, "I suppose I do. Of course all the church members mean to imitate Christ and follow him as far as is consistent with our present day surroundings. But what has that to do with your decision in the concert company's matter?"
"It has everything to do with it.
After asking, 'What would Jesus do?'

and going to the source of authority for wisdom I have been obliged to say that I do not believe he would in my case make that use of my voice."
"Why? Is there anything wrong

about such a career?"
"No; I don't know that I can say "Do you presume to sit in judgment on other people who go out to sing in this way? Do you presume to say that they are doing what Christ would not

"Mother, I wish you to understand me. I judge no one else. I condemn no other professional singers. I simply decide my own course. As I look at it, I have a conviction that Jesus would do

something else."

"What else?" Mrs. Winslow had not yet lost her temper. She did not understand the situation or Rachel in the midst of it; but she was anxious that her daughter's career should be as distinguished as her natural gifts promised, and she felt confident that when the present unusual religious excitetions in the First church had passed the present unusual religious excitetions. There seems to be no practicable method of getting at the pest while it is in the fruit, except the heroic method of picking and destroying by boiling, burying or otherwise the whole conclusion. He was troubled with uncertainty. His whole previous course of action as a railroad man was the poor action.

for Rachel's next remark.
"What? Something that will serve what he would do in the matter. mankind where it most needs the service of song. Mother, I have made up my mind to use my voice in some way my mind to use my voice in some way so as to satisfy my soul that I am doing stopped and listened. Other figures be were destroyed, all the marketable so as to satisfy my soul that I am doing something better than pleasing fashionable audiences or making money or even gratifying my own love of singing. I am going to do something that will satisfy me when I ask, 'What would Jesus happier in her life. She never had sung like that in the First church. It was a marvelous voice. What was it she was singing? Again Alexander Powers, sube when I think of myself as singing

myself into the career of a concert com-pany performer." pany performer.

Rachel spoke with a vigor and earnestness that surprised her mother. Mrs.

Winslow was angry now, and she never

ried to conceal her feelings.
"It is simply absurd! Rachel, you are a fanatic! What can you do?" "The world has been served by men and women who have given it other things that were gifts. Why should I because I am blessed with a natura. gift, at once proceed to put a market price on it and make all the money I can out of it? You know, mother, that you have taught me to think of a musical career always in the light of a financial and social success. I have been the tent.

Mrs. Winslow rose and then sat down

again. With a great effort she com-"What do you intend to do, then You have not answered my question."
"I shall continue to sing for the time being in the church. I am pledged to sing there through spring. During the week I am going to sing at the White Cross meetings down in the Rectangle."
"What! Rachel Winslow! Do you

know what you are saying? Do you know what sort of people those are Rachel almost quailed before her mother. For a moment she shrank back

"I know very well. That is the reason I am going. Mr. and Mrs. Gray have been working there several weeks. I learned only this morning that they wanted singers from the churches to help them in their meetings. They use a tent. It is in a part of the city where Christian work is most needed. I shall offer them my help. Mother," Rachel offer them my help. Mother," Rachel whole winter to come here and get 'quainted with people in society, you know." cried out with the first passionate ut-terance she had yet used, "I want to do something that will cost me something in the way of sacrifice. I know you will "No." not understand me. But I am hungry to suffer something. What have we done all our lives for the suffering, sin-What have we ning side of Raymond? How much have we denied ourselves or given of our personal ease and pleasure to bless the life of the Saviour of the world Are we always to go on doing as so ciety selfishly dictates, moving on it narrow little round of pleasures and entertainments and never knowing the pain of things that cost?"

"Are you preaching at me?" asked Mrs. Winslow slowly. Rachel understood her mother's words. "No; I am preaching at myself," she replied gently. She paused a moment as if she thought her mother would say the room. When she reached her own room, she felt that, so far as her mother was concerned, she could expect n

that within the two weeks since Henry Maxwell's church had faced that shabby figure with the faded hat more mem bers of his parish had been driven to their knees in prayer than during all decision? My dear, is it not foolish?
What do you expect to do with your
voice anyway?"

"I don't know what mother will say

"I don't know what mother will say

sympathy or even a fair understanding from her.

She kneeled down. It is safe to say

she and Virginia were going down to

and Mrs. Gray, the evangelist.
"Virginia's uncle, Dr. West, will go
with us if the goes. I have asked her to call him up by telephone and go with us. The doctor is a friend of the Grays and attended some of the meetings last Mrs. Winslow did not say anything

Her manner showed her complete disapproval of Rachel's course, and Rachel felt her unspoken bitterness.

About 7 o'clock the doctor and Virginia appeared, and together the three started for the scene of the White Cross

The Rectangle was the most notori ous district in all Raymond. It was in the territory close by the great railroad a public singer.

"Mother," Rachel said, coming at gested its most wretched elements about the Rectangle. This was a barren field and tenement district of Raymond coned the interview. "I have decided not to go out with the company. I have a panies and wandering showmen. It was shut in by rows of saloons, gam-bling hells and cheap, dirty boarding and lodging houses.

The First church of Raymond had never touched the Rectangle problem It was too dirty, too coarse, too sinful too awful, for close contact. Let us be honest. There had been an astempt to cleanse this sore spot by sending down an occasional committee of singers, of Sunday school teachers or gospel visitors from various churches, but the church of Raymond as an institution had never really done anything to make the Rectangle any less a stronghold of the devil as the years went by.

Into this heart of the coarse part of the sin of Raymond the traveling evangelist and his brave little wife had pitched a good sized tent and begun meetings. It was the spring of the year and the evenings were beginning to be pleasant. The evangelists had asked for the help of Christian people and had received more than the usual amount of encouragement, but they felt a great need of more and better music. During the meetings on the Sunday just gone the assistant at the organ had been taken ill. The volunteers from the city were few and the voices of ordinary

"There will be a small meeting to night, John," said his wife as they entered the tent a little after 7 o'clock and began to arrange the chairs and light up.

"Yes; I think so." Mr. Gray was a small, energetic man, with a present voice and the courage of a highborn fighter. He had already made friends in the neighborhood, and one of his converts, a heavy faced man, who had just come in, began to help in the ar-rangement of the seats.

It was after 8 o'clock when Alexan-der Powers opened the door of his office

the present unusual religious excitement in the First church had passed away Rachel would go on with her public life according to the wishes of the family. She was totally unprepared

Hark! What was she singing? How did Rachel Winslow harpen to be down here? Several windows near by went way, as it spreads very slowly.

perintendent of the machine shops paused and listened. "Where he leads me I will follow, Where he leads me I will follow, Where he leads me I will follow.

I'll go with him, with him all the way." The brutal stolid coarse, impure life life as the song, as pure as the sur roundings were vile, floated out into one stumbling hastily by Alexander Powers said in answer to a question: "The tent's beginning to run over to

night. That's what the talent calls music, eh?" The superintendent turned toward the tent. Then he stopped, and after a concert company to do what I would do and live the life I would have to live if I joined it."

Jesus would do. [TO BE CONTINUED.] ON THE WRONG SCENT.

Breed Dialogue Heard at a Summer Resort. First Little Girl (at fashionable sum mer resort)—I'm awful glad to get 'quainted with you, 'cause you're nice. Second Little Girl—So'm I with you. That's what we come for. Mamma "To get 'quainted?"
"Yes, with nice people—people in so-

clety, you know."
"Why, that's just what mamma wants. We're to get 'quainted with people in society." "Ain't you in society in the city?" "No. We've been rakin and scapin

"Then your folk ain't anybody at

"Neither are we." "Guess there ain't much use in u says A. H. Duff in an exchange gettin 'quainted." "Goodby."-New York Weekly.



The Hero Worshiper-Do you sup



THE CHERRY FRUIT FLY.

Out For This New Pests In bulletin No. 172, under the title of the "Cherry Fruit Fly," Slingerland says:

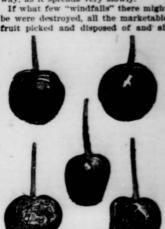
The maggots hatch four eggs laid by



(but somewhat smaller) the house fit brown. The wings (one is shown en-larged) are crossed by four blackish their tip. The magget is of a light yel-lowish white color.

Unfortunately this cherry magget works in a very inconspicuous man-ner. All of those who suffered from its ravages the past summer did not know of its pressure until their atten-tion was called to it by the consumcontained maggots, although they were apparently perfect fruits externally. If the cherries are allowed to remain on the tree or are not used within a few days after picking, the work of the part of the cut. When this stage is reached or often even before the fruit shows signs of rotting, the maggots

One grower at Geneva, N. Y., reports that he fears the same lasect worked in his prunes last year. Ten years ago tangle, but as he neared it he was aroused by a voice coming from the and massachusetts this year. Thus and massachusetts this year. Thus and massachusetts this year.



fruits removed from the tree at the last picking, most of the infested cher-ries would be got out of the orchard before most of the maggots had ma-Possibly deep plowing, which is not often practicable in a cherry orchard, in late fall or early spring, might bury

the puparia so deeply that the emerging flies could not get to the surface. A Test of Pure Honey. Every consumer of honey ought to know that all pure extracted honey granulates and becomes a waxy mass resembling lard in cold weather. It granulates early in autumn after taken from the hives on the approach of cool weather and remains so ever afterward unless it is heated up nearly to the boiling point, when it returns again to liquid. Glucose and other sirups used to adulterate honey do not thus granulate, but remain liquid, and all such found on the market and offered for honey may be looked upon with suspicion. The masses of the people have the mistaken idea just the re-verse of this and form their conclusions that the purely liquid article is article is some kind of sugar. granulation of honey should not be objected to by consumers, and when once they thoroughly accustom themselves to the use of it in this condition they will find it much more preferable

Ought to See a Fight Some Night. Ought to See a Fight Some Night.

Teacher—Tommy, I hear that you and Willy were fighting yesterday. Don't you know your little hands were never made to tear each other's eyes?

Tommy—How could we tear each other's eyes with gloves on, I'd like to know? Why, Miss Meek, you don't seem to know the first thing about the rules of the ring.—Boston Transcript.

Why Business Was Suspended. "I announced yesterday," said the Arkansas rural justice, "that could Arkansas rural justice, that course would be open this morning for the hearing of all cases, but an hour and I had an argument with the superfor court judge and had to kill him to ourned out of respect to his memory." Atlanta Constitution.

Real Country Place. "Do you pasture your cows on the ront lawn?" asked the summer boarder.

"Certainly," replied the farmer who had advertised an ideal summer re-sort. "Didn't you write me that you were looking for a real country place?"-Chicago Post