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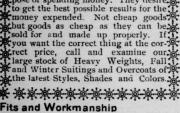
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real thing on the actual stage of life. What are the shadows of London on the elephone, No. 219. stage to the shadows of London or Chicago as they really exist? Why don't we get excited over the facts as they "Because the actual people are dirty and disagreeable and it's too much bother, I suppose," replied Rose care-

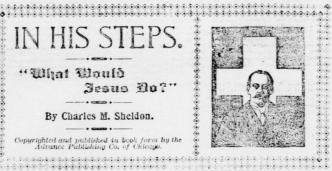
the world. What's the use? We're not to blame for the poverty and misery. There have always been rich and poor, and there always will be. We ought to be thankful we're rich."
"Suppose Christ had gone on that principle," replied Felicia, with unusual persistence. "Do you remember

Dr. Bruce's sermon on that verse a few Sundays ago, 'For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for our sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty night become rich?" " "I remember it well enough," said

Rose, with some petulance. "And didn't Dr. Bruce go on to say that there was no blame attached to people who had wealth if they are kind and give to the needs of the poor? And I am sure the doctor himself is pretty comfortably settled. He never gives up his luxuries just because some people in the city go hungry. What good would it do if he did? I tell you, Felicia, there will always be poor and rich in spite of all we can do. Ever since Rachel has written about the queer doings in Raymond you have upset the whole family. People can't live at that concert pitch all the time. You see if Rachel doesn't give it up soon. It's a great pity she doesn't come to Chicago and sing in the Auditorium concerts. I heard today the had received an offer. I'm going to write and urge her to come. I'm just

Felicia looked out of the window and was silent. The carriage rolled on past stood Felicia well enough to know that two blocks of magnificent private residences and turned into a wide driveway under a covered passage, and the sisters hurried into the house. It was an elegant mansion of graystone, furnished like a palace, every corner of it warm with the luxury of paintings, on of her great crisis. sculpture, art and refinement.

The owner of it all, Mr. Charles R. Sterling, stood before an open grate me smoking a cigar. He had made his noney in grain speculation and rail-oad ventures and was reputed to be worth something over two millions. His wife was a sister of Mrs. Winslow of Raymond. She had been an invalid forbidding below. St. Paul's ros through the dim light, imposing, it for several years. The two girls, Rose through the dim light, imposing, its dome seeming to float above the build



IN HIS STEPS.

By Charles M. Sheldon.

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Jesus Do?"

"What Would

CHAPTER IX.

"Now, then, 624!" shouted the Au-

of black horses attached to a carriage having the monogram "C. R. S." in

The girl outside of the carriage hast-r unpinned a bunch of English violets

an her dress and handed them to a all boy who was standing shivering

"You are always doing some queer thing or other. Felicia," said the older

girl as the carriage whirled on past the great residences already brilliantly

"Am I? What have I done that is

neer now, Rose?" asked the other, ooking up suddenly and turning her

surprised if you had. You are always doing such queer things, Felicia."

"Would it be queer to invite a boy like that to come to the house and get a hot supper?" Felicia asked the ques-tion softly and almost as if she were

would be what Mme. Blanc calls outre—decidedly. Therefore you will please

suppers because I suggested it. Oh, dear! I'm awfully tired."

"The concert was stupid, and the iolinist was simply a bore. I don't see

"I liked the music," answered Felicia

"You like anything. I never saw

Felicia colored slightly, but would

nsation of New York for two months

expressive and not altogether free from a sparkle of luminous heat.

girl with so little critical taste.

nead toward her sister.

edge of the sidewalk, almos

he voice from the carriage.

educated in a fashionable college, just The Saturday matinee at the Audicynical and indifferent, a very hard torium in Chicago was just over, and the usual crowd was struggling to get to its carriage before any one else. The Auditorium attendant was shouting out Felicia was 19, with a tropical beauty the number of different carriages, and ow, with warm, generous impulse the carriage doors were slamming as the horses were driven rapidly to the curb, held there impatient by the pable of all sorts of expression, a puzzl curb, held there impatient by the drivers, who had shivered long in the her mother and with a great unsurplunge for a few minutes into the river of vehicles that tossed under the elevated railway and fewlly and fewlly and fewlly and the let of vehicles that tossed under the elevated railway and fewlly are fewlly as the conscious. There was the constitution of the const

vated railway and finally went whirling Felicia that would easily endure any condition in life if only the liberty to act fully on her conscientious convicditorium attendant. "Six hundred and twenty-four!" he repeated as there tions were granted her. "Here's a letter for you, Felicia, shed up to the curb a splendid span said Mr. Sterling, taking it out of his pocket.

Felicia sat down and instantly opened

gilt letters on the panel of the door. the letter, saying as she did so, "It's Two girls stepped out of the crowd from Rachel."
"Well, what's the latest news from toward the carriage. The older one had entered and taken her seat, and the at-Raymond?" asked Mr. Sterling, taking his cigar out of his mouth and looking sendant was still holding the door open or the younger, who stood hesitating at Felicia, as he often did, with half shut eyes, as if he were studying her.
"Rachel says Dr. Bruce has been "Come. Felicia! What are you wait ng for? I shall freeze to death!" called

studying in Raymond for two Sundays and has seemed very much interested in Mr. Maxwell's pledge in the First "What does Rachel say about her-

couch almost buried under half a dozen elegant cushions. "She is still singing at the Rectangle

under the horses' feet. He took them with a look of astonishment and a "Thank ye, lady!" and in tantly buried Since the tent meetings closed she sings in an old hall until the new buildings a very grimy face in the bunch of per-fume. The girl stepped into the car-riage, the door that with the incisive bang peculiar to well made carriages of her friend Virginia Page is putting up are completed."
"I must write Rachel to come to Chithis sort, and in a few mements the coachman was speeding the horses rap-idly up one of the boulevards. cago and visit us. She ought not to throw away her voice in that railroad

town upon all those people who don't appreciate her."
Mr. Sterling lighted a new cigar, and "Rachel is awfully queer, I think. She might set Chicago wild with her

voice if she sang in the Auditorium, and there she goes on, throwing her voice away on people who don't know what they are hearing." "Oh, giving those violets to that boy!

He looked as if, he needed a good hot supper more than a bunch of violets. It's a wonder you didn't invite him home with us. I shouldn't have been "Rachel won't come here unless she

can do it and keep her pledge at the same time," said Felicia after a pause. "What pledge?" Mr. Sterling asked the question and then added hastily: "Oh, I know! Yes; a very peculiar thing that. Powers used to be a friend of mine. We learned telegraphy in the same office; made a great sensation when he resigned and handed over that evidence to the interstate commerce commission, and he's back at his te legraphy again. There have been queer course," replied Rose indifferently. "It would be what Mme. Blanc calls outre year. I wonder what Dr. Bruce thinks

of it, on the whole. I must have a talk not invite him or others like him to hot with him about it." "He preaches tomorrow," said Felicia. "Perhaps he will tell us something She yawned, and Felicia silently looked out of the window in the door. about it.

There was silence for a minute. Then Felicia said abruptly, as if she had gone on with a spoken thought to some invisible hearer, "And what if he how you could sit so still through it all," Rose exclaimed, a little impashould propose the same pledge to the Nazareth Avenue church?" "Who? What are you talking about?"

asked her father, a little sharply. "About Dr. Bruce. I say what if he Maxwell proposed to his and ask for volunteers who would pledge themselve to do everything after asking the ques not answer. Rose yawned again and then hummed a fragment of a popular song. Then she exclaimed abruptly: tion, 'What would Jesus do? "I'm sick of almost everything. I

"There's no danger of it," said Rose, hope the 'Shadows of London' will be rising suddenly from the couch as the tea bell rang.

tea bell rang.
"It's a very impracticable movement " 'The Shadows of Chicago!' " murto my mind." said Mr. Sterling sharply. 'The Shadows of Chicago!' 'The "I understand from Rachel's letter Shadows of London,' the play, the great drama with its wonderful scenery, the that the church in Raymond is going to make an attempt to extend the idea of the pledge to the other churches. If You know we have a box with the Dethey succeed, they will certainly make great changes in the churches and in Felicia turned her face toward her ister. Her great brown eyes were very

people's lives,' said Felicia.
"Oh, well. let's have some tea first," said Rose, walking into the dining room. Her father and Felicia followed, and the meal proceeded in silence. Mrs. Sterling had her meals served in her "And yet we never weep over the room. Mr. Sterling was preoccupied. He ate very little and excused himself early, and, although it was Saturday night, he remarked as he went out that he would be down town late on some

special business.
4'Don't you think father looks very much disturbed lately?" asked Felicia a little while after he had gone out. "Oh, I don't know! I hadn't noticed anything unusual," replied Rose. After a silence she said: "Are you going to the play tonight, Felicia? Mrs. Delanwill be here at half past 7. I think you ought to go. She will feel hurt if yo

"I'll go. I don't care about it. I ca ee shadows enough without going to

"That's a doleful remark for a gir 19 years old to make," replied Rose "but then you're queer in your idea anyhow, Felicia. If you're going up to see mother, tell her I'll run in after th

play if she is still awake."

Felicia went up to see her mother and remain with her until the Delance ried about her husband. She talked in essantly and was irritated by every mark Felicia made. She would not lis en to Felicia's attempts to read even part of Rachel's letter, and when Fe licia offered to stay with her for th evening she refused the offer with good deal of positive sharpness. So Felicia started off to the play no

curtain was up, Felicia was back the others and remained for the eve ing by herself. Mrs. Delano as chapero for a half dozen young ladies under she was "queer," as Rose so often said and she made no attempt to draw he out of the corner, and so Felicia really experienced that night by herself o

of the feelings that added to the me The play was an English melodran full of startling situations, realist scenery and unexpected climaxes. Ther was one scene in the third act that im pressed even Rose Sterling. It was midnight on Blackfriars bridge. The Thames flowed dark and

the recesses about midway of the river a woman stood, leaning out over the parapet with a strained agony of face and figure that told plainly of her in-

tentions. Just as she was stealthily mounting the parapet to throw herself into the river the child caught sight of her, ran forward, with a shrill cry more animal than human, and, seizing the woman's dress, dragged back upon it with all her little strength. Then there came suddenly upon the scene two other characters who had already figured in the play, a tall, handsome, athletic gen-tleman dressed in the fashion, attended by a slim figured lad, who was as re fined in dress and appearance as the little girl clinging to her mother was mournfully hideous in her rags and re-pulsive poverty. These two, the gentleman and the lad, prevented the at-tempted suicide, and after a tableau on

the bridge where the audience learned and sister the scene was transferred to the interior of one of the slum tene ments in the east side of London. Here the scene painter and carpenter had done their utmost to produce an exact copy of a famous court and alley well known to the poor creatures who make up a part of the outcast London humanity. The rags, the crowding, the vileness, the broken furniture, the horrible animal existence forced upon creatures made in God's image, skillfully shown in this scene that more than one elegant woman in the theater. seated, like Rose Sterling, in a sumptuous box, surrounded with silk hang-

herself shrinking back a little, as if contamination were possible from the nearness of this piece of painted canvas. It was almost too realistic, and yet it had a horrible fascination for Felicia as she sat there alone, buried back in a cushioned seat absorbed in thoughts that went far beyond the dialogue on the

From the tenement scene the play

shifted to the interior of a nobleman's palace, and almost a sigh of relief went

ip all over the house at the sight of the accustomed luxury of the upper classes. The contrast was startling. It was brought about by a clever piece of stag ing that allowed only a fev elapse between the slum and the palace scenes. The dialogue continued, the actors came and went in their various roles, but upon Felicia the play made but one distinct impression. In reality the scenes on the bridge and in the slum were only incidents in the story of the play, but Felicia found herself living those scenes over and over. She had never philosophized about the causes of human misery. She was not old enough. She had not the temperament that philosophizes. But she felt intensely, and this was not the first time she had felt the contrast thrust into her feeling between the upper and the lower conditions of human life. It had been growing upon her until it had made her what Rose called "queer" and the other people in her circle of wealthy acquaintances called "very unusual." It was simply the human problem in its extremes of riches and poverty, its refinement and its vileness, which was, in spite of her unconscious attempts to struggle against the facts, burning into her life the impression that would in

the end transform her into either a woman of rare love and self sacrifice for the world or a miserable enigma to herself and all who knew her.

"Come, Felicia! Aren't you going home?" said Rose. The play was over, the curtain down, and people were go ing noisily out, laughing and gossiping, as if "The Shadows of London" was

the stage so effectively. Felicia rose and went out with the rest quietly and with the absorbed feel-ing that had actually left her in her seat oblivious of the play's ending. She was never absentminded, but often to share with the disciples in Raythought herself into a condition that left her alone in the midst of a crowd. "Well, what did you think of it?" asked Rose when the sisters had reached home and were in the drawing room.

"I mean the acting," said Rose, an-

"The bridge scene was well acted, especially the woman's part. I thought the man overdid the sentiment a little. "Did you? I enjoyed that. And wasn't the scene between the two cousins funny when they first learned that they were related? But the slum scene was horrible. I think they ought not to show such things in a play. They are too painful.

"They must be painful in real life. too. " replied Felicia. "Yes, but we don't have to look at the real thing. It's bad enough at the theater, where we pay for it."

Rose went into the drawing room
and began to eat from a plate of fruit
and cakes on the sideboard.

"Are you going up to see mother?" asked Felicia after awhile. She had renained in front of the drawing room

coom; "I won't trouble her tonight. If

"No." replied Rose from the other

beckoning Felicia to come in. "Tell Clara to go out," exclaimed
Mrs. Sterling as Felicia came up to the bed and kneeled by it.

Felicia was surprised, but she did as now she was feeling. "Felicia," said her mother, "can on pray?" The question was so unlike any her

mother had ever asked before that Fecia was startled, but she answered:
"Why, yes, mother. What makes you ask such a question?" "Felicia, I am frightened. Your father-I have had such strange fears about him all day. Something is wrong

her mother's. It was trembling. Mrs. Sterling had never shown much tender-

with him. I want you to pray.

The girl still kneeled, holding her mother's trembling hand, and prayed. slowly broken. People rose here and It was doubtful if she had ever prayed there a few at a time. There was a realoud before. She must have said in luctance in the movements of the pec her prayer the words that her mother needed, for when it was silent in the room the invalid was weeping softly, and her nervous tension was over.

Felicia staid some time. When she Felicia. By that time the congregation

Felicia went back and bent over her into the pew two or three steps and

to her as the prayer had been. When Felicia went out of the room, her cheeks were wet with tears. She had not cried since she was a little girl.

Sunday morning at the Sterling mansion was generally very quiet. The girls usually went to church at 11 o'clock service. Mr. Sterling was not a member, but a heavy contributor, and he generally went to church in the morn-This time he did not come down ing. This time he did not come down to breakfast and finally sent word by a servant that he did not feel well enough to go out. So Rose and Felicia drove to go out. So Rose and Felicia drove up to the door of the Nazareth Avenue church and entered the family pew

When Dr. Bruce walked out of the room at the rear of the platform and went up to the pulpit to open the Bible, as his custom was, those who knew him best did not detect anything unusual in his manner or his expression. He proceeded with the service as usual He was calm, and his voice was steady mation the people had of anything new or strange in the service. It is safe to say that the Nazareth Avenue church had not heard Dr. Bruce offer such a prayer during the 12 years he had been or there. How would a minister be likely to pray who had come out of a revolution in Christian feeling that had apletely changed his definition of what was meant by following Jesus' No one in Nazareth Avenue church had any idea that the Rev. Calvin Bruce, D. D., the dignified, cultured, refined doctor of divinity, had within a few days been crying like a little child, on his knees, asking for strength and courage and Christlikeness to speak his Sunday message, and yet the prayer was an unconscious, involuntary disclosure of the soul's experience such as Nazareth Avenue people seldom heard and never before from that pulpit.

In the hush that succeeded the prayer a distinct wave of spiritual power moved over the congregation. The most careless persons in the church felt it. Felicia, whose sensitive religious nature responded swiftly to every touch of otion, quivered under the passing of that supernatural power, and when she lifted her head and looked up at the minister there was a look in her eyes that announced her intense, eager anticipation of the scene that was to fol-

And she was not alone in her atti-tude. There was something in the prayer and the result of it that stirred Avenue church. All over the house men and women leaned forward, and when Dr. Bruce began to speak of his visit to Raymond in the opening sentences of his address, which this morning preceded his sermon, there was an answering response in the church that came back to him as he spoke and thrilled him with the hope of a spiritual bap-tism such as he had never during all

his ministry experienced.
"I am just back from a visit to Raymond," Dr. Bruce began, "and I want to tell you something of my impression of the movement there.

He paused, and his look went over his people with yearning for them and at the same time with a great uncertainty at his heart. How many of his rich, fashionable, refined, luxury loving members would understand the nature of the appeal he was soon to make to them? He was altogether in the dark as to that. Nevertheless he had been through his desert and had come out of it ready to suffer. He went on now after that brief pause and told the story of his stay 'u Raymond. The people already knew something of that experiment in the First church. The whole country ha' watched the progress of the pledge it had become history in so many lives. Henry Maxwell had at simply good diversion, as it was put on last decided that the time had come to seek the fellowship of other churches throughout the country. The new discipleship in Raymond had proved to be so valuable in its results that Henry mond. Already there had begun a vol unteer movement in many of the churches throughout the country, acting on their own desire to walk closer in the steps of Jesus. The Christian Rose really had considerable respect for Endeavor societies had with enthusiasn felicia's judgment of a play. In many churches taken the pledge to "I thought it was a pretty picture of eal life."

"I thought it was a pretty picture of was already marked in a deeper spiritual life and a power in church influ ence that was like a new birth for the

members. All this Dr. Bruce told his people simply and with a personal interest that evidently led the way to his announce-ment, which now followed. Felicia had listened to every word with strained attention. She sat there by the side of Rose, in contrast like fire beside snow. although even Rose was as alert and excited as she could be.

"Dear friends," he said, and for the first time since his prayer the emotion of the occasion was revealed in his voice and gesture, 'I am going to ask that Nazareth Avenue church take the ame pledge that Raymond church has aken. I know what this will mean to taken. you and me. It will mean the complete hange of very many habits. It will mean possibly social loss. It will mean very probably in many cases loss of money. It will mean suffering. It will mean what following Jesus meant in the first century, and then it meant ou go in, tell her I am too tired to be greeable."

So Felicia turned into her mother's what does following Jesus mean? The room. As she went up the great stair-case and down the upper hall the light then. Those of you who volunteer in was burning there, and the servant who always waited on Mrs. Sterling was Jesus would do simply promise to walk in his steps, as he gave us command-

Again Rev. Calvin Bruce, pastor of Nazareth Avenue church, paused, and now the result of his announcement her mother bade her and then inquired was plainly visible in the stir that went over the congregation. He added in a quiet voice that all who volunteered to make the pledge to do as Jesus would do were asked to remain after the

morning service.

Instantly he proceeded with his sermon. His text was from Matthew viii 19, "Master, I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest.' It was a sermon that touched the deep springs of conduct. It was a rev-

their paster had been actively of Christian and took Felicia reached out her hand and took Felicia. There's It was trembling. Mrs. It was trembling. The conventional thought of years to the meaning and purpose of church ness for her younger daughter, and her membership. It was such a sermon as a strange demand now was the first real man can preach once in a lifetime and sign of any confidence in Felicia's with enough in it for people to live on all through a lifetime.

The service closed in a hush that was

ple that was very striking.

Rose, however, walked straight out

was assured that her mother would not need her any longer, she rose to go.

"Good night, mother. You must let Clara call me if you feel bad in the Clara call me if you feel bad in the Rose had heard her speak in the same Rose and other occasions and knew "I feel better now." Then as Felicia manner on other occasions and knew was moving away Mrs. Sterling said. "Won't you kiss me, Felicia?" that Felicia's resolve could not be changed. Nevertheless she went back

"Felicia," she whispered, and there was a flush of anger on her cheeks, "this is folly. What can you do? You will bring disgrace upon the family.
What will father say? Come."

Felicia looked at her, but did not answer at once. Her lips were moving with a petition that came from a depth of feeling that measured a new life for her. She shook her head.

Rose gave her one look and then turned and went out of the pew and down the aisle. She did not even stop to talk with her acquaintances. Mrs. Delano was going out of the church

just as Rose stepped into the vestibule. "So you are not going to join the doctor's volunteer company?" Mrs. Delano asked in a queer tone that made 'No. Are you? It is simply asburd. I have always regarded the Raymond movement as fanatical. You know

Cousin Rachel keeps us posted about it."
"Yes; I understand it is resulting in a great deal of hardship in many cases. For my part, I believe Dr. Bruce has simply provoked a disturbance here. It alt in splitting Nazareth Avenue church. You see if that isn't so. There are scores of people in the church who are so situated that they can't take such a pledge and keep it. I am one of them," added Mrs. Delano as she went out with Rose.

When Rose reached home, her father vas standing in his usual attitude before the open fireplace, smoking a cigar. "Where is Felicia?" he asked as Rose ame in alone. "She staid to an after meeting," re-

plied Rose shortly. She threw off her

wraps and was going up stairs when Mr. Sterling called after her: "An after meeting? What do you "Dr. Bruce asked the church to take

prayer and the result of it that stirred many and many a disciple in Nazareth Avenue church. All over the house men and women leaned forward and when from the window and walked up and down the room. A servant stepped across the hall and announced dinner, and he told her to wait for Felicia.

What is it?" Dr. Bruce advanced with the bishop into the hall and con-Rose came down stairs and went into the library, and still Mr. Sterling paced the drawing room restlessly.

He had finally wearied of the walking apparently and, throwing himself into

"About a hundred," replied Felicia gravely. Mr. Sterling looked surprised. Felicia was going out of the room. He

called to her. "Do you really mean to keep the pledge?" he asked. Felicia colored. Over her face and neck the warm blood flowed as she answered, "You would not ask such a stion, father, if you had been pre ent at the meeting." She lingered

moment in the room, then asked to be

excused from dinner for awhile and went up to see her mother.

No one ever knew what that interview between Felicia and her mother was. It is certain that she must have told her mother something of the spiritual power that had awed every person present in the company of disciples from Nazareth Avenue church who faced Dr. Bruce in that meeting after the morning service. It is also certain that Felicia had never known such an experi-ence and never would have thought of sharing it with her mother if it had not been for the prayer the evening before. Another fact is also known of Felicia's experience at this time. When she finally joined her father and Rose at the table, she seemed unable to tell them much about the meeting. There was a reluctance to speak of it, as one might hesitate to attempt a description of a wonderful sunset to a person who never talked about anything but the weather. When that Sunday in the Sterling mansion was drawing to a close and the soft, warm lights throughout the dwelling were glowing through

the great windows, in a corner of her room where the light was obscure Fe licia kneeled, and when she raised her face and turned it toward the light it was the face of a woman who had al-ready defined for herself the greatest issues of earthly life. That same evening, after the Sunday evening service, the Rev. Calvin Bruce, D. D., of Nazareth Avenue church, was talking over the events of the day with his wife. They were of one heart and mind in the matter and faced their new future with all the faith and courage of new disciples. Neither was deceived as to the probable results of the pledge

to themselves or to the church. They had been talking but a little while when the bell rang, and Dr. Bruce, going to the door, exclaimed as he opened it: "It is you, Edward! Come in!" There came into the hall a command-

ing figure. The bishop was of extraor-diary height and breadth of shoulder, but of such good proportions that there was no thought of ungainly or even of unusual size. The impression the bishop made on strangers was first that of great health and then of great affection He came into the parlor and greeted Mrs. Bruce, who after a few moments was called out of the room, leaving the two men together.

The bishop sat in a deep easy chair

before the open fire. There was just enough dampness in the early spring of the year to make an open fire pleasant.

"Calvin, you have taken a very serious step today," he finally said, lifting his large dark eyes to his old college classmate's face. "I heard of it this afternoon. I could not resist the desire to see you about it tonight."
"I'm glad you came." Dr. Bruce sa

near the bishop and laid a hand on his shoulder. "You understand what this means. Edward?" "I think I do-yes; I am sure." Th bishop spoke very slowly and thoughtfully. He sat with his hands clasped together. Over his face, marked with

the love of men, a shadow crept, a shadow not caused by the firelight.

Star Again he lifted his eyes toward his old friend. "Calvin, we have always understood

"It is true." replied Dr. Rrnco with Plain Dealer.

an emotion he made no attempt to con-ceal or subdue. "Thank God for it. 1 prize your fellowship more than any man's. I have always known what it man's. I have always known what it meant, though it has always been more

than I deserve."

The bishop looked affectionately at his friend, but the shadow still rested on his face. After a pause he spoke

"The new discipleship means a crisis or you in yoar work. If you keep this pledge to do all things as Jesus would do, as I know you will, it requires no prophet to predict some remarkable changes in your parish." The bishop looked wistfully at Bruce and then continued the foot I do not see how a tinued: "In fact, I do not see how a perfect upheaval of Christianity as we now know it can be prevented if the ministry and churches generally take the Raymond pledge and live it out."
He paused as if he were waiting for his friend to say something, to ask some question, but Bruce did not know of the fire that was burning in the bishop's heart over the very question that Max

well and himself had fought out. "Now, in my church, for instance," continued the bishop, "it would be rather a difficult matter, I fear, to find very many people who would take a pledge like that and live up to it. Martyrdom is a lost art with us. Our Chris-tianity loves its ease and comfort too well to take up anything so rough and heavy as a cross, and yet what does fol-lowing Jesus mean? What is it to walk in his steps?'
The bishop was soliloquizing now, and it is doubtful if he thought for the

moment of his friend's presence. For the first time there flashed into Bruce's mind a suspicion of the truth. What if the bishop should throw the weight of his great influence on the side of the Raymond movement! He had the fol-lowing of the most aristocratic, wealthy, fashionable people not only in Chicago, but in several large cities. What if the bishop should join this new discipleship! The thought was about to be followed by the word. Dr. Bruce had reached "In. Bruce asked the church to take the Raymond pledge."

Mr. Sterling took his cigar out of his mouth and twirled it nervously between his fingers.

"I didn't expect that of Dr. Bruce.

Did any of the members stay?"

by the word. Dr. Bruce had reached out his hand and, with the familiarity of his below frieding friendship, had placed it on the bishop's shoulder and was about to ask him a very important question when they were both startled by the wickent ringing of the bell. Mrs. Bruce tween his fingers.
"I didn't expect that of Dr. Bruce.
Did any of the members stay?"
"I don't know. I didn't," replied
Day and she went up stairs, leaving with some one in the hall. There was a exclamation, and then, as the her lattice state of the particle of the window and stood there looking out at window and stood there looking out at the entrance to the parlor, Mrs. Bruce pushed it aside. Her face was white, and she was trembling.
"Oh, Calvin! Such terrible

with the bishop into the hall and con-fronted the messenger, a servant from the Sterlings. The man was without his hat and had evidently run over with the news, as the doctor lived nearest of

any friends of the family.
"Mr. Sterling shot him apparently and, drowing himself, any friends of the family, any friends of the family. At the same time she did not wish to talk too much about it. Just as she entered the drawing room Rose came in from the library.

The bishop was very pale, but calm, as always. He looked his friend in the from the library.

"How many staid?" she asked. Rose was curious. At the same she was skeptical of the whole movement in Raymond.

"About a hundred," replied Felicia

"About a hundred," replied Felicia

"About a hundred," replied Felicia at the unexpected news Calvin Bruce understood what the bishop had prom-ised to do.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GOT HIS CLEAN CLOTHES.

That there are more ways than one to accomplish a thing if a man only has the necessary nerve is illustrated by the experience of a young man. The young man tells the story himself, so there is no betrayal of confidence

in printing it. It seems that he had a big bundle of nese laundry a night or two ago, some articles in which he needed very much. The night was the furthest in the week from his pay day, and he was "broke." Still he had to have clean linen in order to keep an important en-

gagement.
"I didn't know what to do," he said in relating the incident. "I felt sure that the Chinaman wouldn't extend credit to me, for it is a well known thing that Chinese laundrymen never 'trust.' At last I hit upon a scheme. Going to my room, I bundled up all the soiled linen I possessed. Hurrying around to the laundryman's, I produced the bundle.

"'Sixty-five cents!' he exclaimed

blandly, holding out his hand for the "I picked up the clean linen and, depositing the bundle of soiled on his counter, started for the door as if my life depended on my being half a mile away within five minutes.

"'That's all right!' I shouted back in reply. 'Just mark it on that bundle, and I'll pay you for both together!" "Then I was gone, but not before I caught a glimpse of the laundryman hastily unwrapping the bundle I had left, as if he was anxious to see whether or not the contents were worth the 65 cents I had 'hung him up' for. was evidently satisfied, for he didn't yell for the police or make any com-motion, as I was afraid he might do, and I had all kinds of freshly launder ed collars and cuffs and shirts to wear that night. And all on account of a bit of nerve."-Philadelphia Inquirer. Creatures of Circumstance. Once upon a time there was a Boy whose Neighbors were all very sordid.

Those Neighbors would not suffer the Boy to destroy their property, no matter what the occasion. So the Boy grew up without ever having achieved any Halloween pranks to speak of.
"Alas!" cried the Boy, when he had

become an obscure and unimportant

Man. "We are what circumstances make us! This fable teaches us to be kind to Made a Failure of the Job

"Why did she marry him? "Because she thought he needed re orming."
"And why did she leave him?" "Because he still needed it." As usual, she had learned that as a reform measure marriage is not always

For the Sake of His Hobb;

"What makes you work so hard day and night?" "I want to get rich," answered the industrious man. "I want to save up enough money to enable me to put in Star.

A Loud Hint. "Mr. Secretary, what is that crowd each other. Ever since our paths led us in different ways in church life we have "Mr. Secretary, while in different ways in church life we have "Rally Round the I "'Rally Round the Bar'l, Boys."

walked together in Christian fellow- "Is that a new song? "No. It's a loud hint." - Cleveland