BETWEEN SEASONS.

Cleaning up Winter Goods at reduced prices and at the same time



showing new spring stuffs. Rare Bargains in Marked Down Dress Goods.

Lot 25c Dress Goods-reduced to 15c. Lot 40c and 50c Dress-Goods-reduced to 25c. Lot 75c Dress Goods-reduced to 5oc. Lot \$1.00 Dress Goods-reduced to 75c. If you appreciate value, catch on to these.

Jackets and Capes Sacrificed.

Must be cleared up regardless of cost. Some are half price-many less than half.

Embroideries, Laces and White Goods. The well made and dependable kind, bought be-

fore the advance. New Edgings and Insertings-3c a yd. up. All-overs and Tuckings-25c up. Lace Inserted all-overs-\$1.00 up. White India Linens-at old prices.

New Percales, Ginghams and Secreuckers



Blizzard and Icicles

Will soon be here; don't let pneumonia and doctor's bills be the first to arrive.

Fortify yourself with one of our \$8 Suits and one of our \$9 Overcoats or one of our \$7 Frieze Ulsters. They smooth over the rough edges of Winter, other dealers have the same kind, but the PRICE---

There's The Rub. Schaul & Nast,

LEADING CLOTHIERS. 137 South Main St., Butler.

get the best possible results for the income expended. Not cheap goods at the goods as cheap as they can be added to the income of the income *******

G F. KECK,

142 North Main Street, St. St. St. St.



DIAMONDS, WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY. SILVERWARE. SILVER NOVELTIES, ETC. We repair all kinds of Broken Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, etc. Give our repair department a trial. We take old gold and silver the same as cash.

PAPE'S, 122 S. Main St., Butler, Pa.

Stop and Think Before You Act.

WALL PAPER?

Our Mammoth new line for 1900 is arriving daily. Never before have you seen its equal in designs, colorings, quality and price.

We can please you. Call and see before you buy.

Picture and Mirror Framing a Specialty

Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Room Mouldings, and Window Shades.

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236 North Main Street, Wick Building.

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subscribe for the CITIZEN

Furniture and

Carpets

We are preparing for a large spring trade, Stock growing larger every day; not only Furniture and Carpets, but everything necessary to furnish a and Carpets, but everything necessary to turnish a house complete. Quality and price right, and all goods marked in plain figures.

COUCHES—Here is more than twenty kinds to select from.

Prices will soon be higher. We offer you any Couch in stock at old

orices. Best value we have is a full sized Couch, nicely tufted;

prings are all wire tied and we guarantee them not to break down. Price \$16.00 (Next lot will cost \$18,00)

EXTENSION TABLES—One of solid Oak, 6 feet long; ize of top 34x44 inches. Has five nicely turned legs that fasten on ith a bolt. Can easily be taken apart, no screws to pull out. A

to pull out. A Price \$5.00 DINNER SETS—Open stock pattern. Buy all the set or a le at a time. Pink decoration with a neat Gold tracing, guarant not to craze. The 100 piece set costs

\$12.00 ed not to craze. The 100 piece set costs....

Campbell & Templeton

BICKEL'S MONTHLY STORE NEWS.

The month of February, usually a dull month, will be a

A grand clearance sale in all lines now going on.

FELT AND RUBBER GOODS. We have a large stock of Men's, Boy's and Youth's Felt Boots and Overs which we do not wish to carry over and will be closed out at a big reduction.

Large stock of Rubber Boots and Shoes to be included in

500 pair Women's warm lined Shoes and Slippers at less than half the price of the leather.

MEN'S FINE SHOES.

Men's fine Box Calf, Winter Tans and Cordovan Shoes, Lace or Congress, hand sewed soles, all the latest styles, to be closed out at one half their regular price.

400 pair Boy's fine Shoes, 350 pair Youth's fine Shoes,

To be closed out at a bargain. LET THE LOSS BE WHAT IT MAY.

Ladies' fine Shoes, latest style lasts, more than half are hand

sewed, lace or button, leather or cloth tops and we will let them go at a quick price-all good sizes.

360 pair Ladies Juliet Slippers at way down prices.

SWEEPING OFFERS IN MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S SHOES. We wish to call your special attention to this department as we are offering extra big bargains in Children's School Shoes; also a large stock of Children's fine shoes at a big bargain.

Special counters containing thousands of bargains. We have made reductions in all lines and ask you to call and examine our goods and we can save you money.

JOHN BICKEL,

HUSELTON'S BARGAINS made BUSINESS.

out sale ever it made. Every odd lot of shoes and broken sizes to be closed out, and prices to do it, and do it quickly.

Ladies' Fine Shoes.

was \$2, now \$1 50. One lot sizes broken was sold at \$1 50 One lot sizes broken was sold at \$1 50 and \$1 25, now \$1 and \$5c.

One lot of Fine Kid Welts, in button or lace, sold at \$3 and \$3 50, now go at \$2 and \$1 75.

One lot Heavy Shoes in grain and veal that sold at \$1 and \$1 25 now go at 50c that sold at \$1 and \$1 25 now go at 50c at \$1 60 ar \$2 sold at \$3 and \$2 50 now sell at \$1 60 ar \$2 sold at \$3 and \$2 50 now sell at \$1 60 ar \$3 sold at \$3 and \$2 50 now sell at \$1 60 ar \$3 sold at \$3 and \$2 50 now sell at \$1 60 ar \$3 sold at \$3 and \$4 \$5 an

Ladies' Warm Shoes and Slippers

Misses' and Children's Shoes, both light and heavy soles. One lot plain toe, button, was \$1 50, now 50c; sizes 12 to 2.

One lot in Fine Dongola and Kangaroo Calf was \$1 and 95c, now 75c and oil grain and kip box-toe at \$1 75, \$2 and \$2 75.

Men's Fine SHOES.

These include our best and most desirable lines, such as Winter Tans, Box Calf, Enamel, Wax Calf, Vici Kidneavy soles. Sold at \$5, now sell at

Wool Boots and Stockings now \$1 50 and \$2; sizes 6 to 12. RUB-BER BOOTS at \$2 25, \$2 50 and \$2 85; sizes 6 to 12.

Boys', Youths' and Little Gent's Shoes in great variety, regula

B. C. HUSELTON'S.

HAVE YOUR Prescriptions and Recipies Filled

REDICK & GROHMAN'S, And you can depend on getting the best result.

109 N. Main St., Butler, Pa

"What Would Jesus Do?"

Righteousness shall go before him and shall set us in the way of his steps. The bishop was not in the habit of carrying much money with him, and the man with the stake, who was searching him, uttered an oath at the small amount of change he found. As he uttered it the man with the pistol average with the pistol as church clock struck 1. The man had become a church clock struck 1. savagely said: "Jerk out his watch! We might as well get all we can out of

The man with the stake was on the point of laying hold of the chain when there was the sound of footsteps coming

"Get behind the fence! We haven't half searched him yet. Mind you keep shut now if you don't want"— The man with the pistol made a significant gesture with it, and his com-panion pulled and pushed the bishop down the alley and through a ragged broken opening in the fence. The three stood still there in the shadow until the

watch?" asked the man with the pistol. "No: don't break it," the bishop said, and it was the first time he had

"Enough' Fifty cents' You don't

r word he was confronte op's head toward his own held up—the bishop! Do you hear?"
"And what of it? The president of the United States wouldn't be too good

"I say, you put the money back, of in five minutes I'll blow a hole through your head that II let in more sense than you have to spare now, ' said the other For a second the man with the stake seemed to hesitate at this strange turn in events, as if measuring his compan-ion's futention Then he hastily dropped the money back into the bishop's

"You can take your hands down.
ir." The man with the weapon lowered it slowly, still keeping an eye on the other man and speaking with rough respect The bishop slowly brought his arms to his side and looked earnestly at the two men. In the dim light it was the sumer that Christ came to help. I'll do what I can for you. O God, give me the souls of these two men. he stood there, making no movement "You can go on You needn't sta any longer on our account. The me who had acted as spokesman turned and

stood viciously digging his stake into "That's just what I'm staying for." replied the bishop. He sat down on a board that projected from the broker

hard sometimes for people to tear them selves away from us," the man stand ing up said, laughing coarsely. "Shut up!" exclaimed the other "We're on the road to hell, though that's sure enough. We need bette company than ourselves and the devil.

"if you would only allow me to be of any help"— The bishop spoke gen tly, even lovingly. The man on the stone stared at the bishop through the darkness. After a moment of silence he spoke slowly, like one who had finall decided upon a course he had at first

WE HAVE BOTH.

On January 2nd this store started the most vigorous clearing had a good look at you."

"Do you know me now?" The man suddenly took off his hat and, getting up from the stone, walked over to the bishop until they were near enough to touch each other. The man's hair was coal black, ex-

cept one spot on the top of his head about as large as the palm of the hand, which was white. The minute the bishop saw that he The memory of 15 years ago began to stir in him. The man helped

in '81 or '82 a man came to your ho and told a story about his wife and child having been burned to death in a tenement fire in New York?" "Yes; I begin to recall now," mur-mured the bishop. The other man seemed to be interested. He ceased dig-

ging his stake in the ground and stood still, listening. "Do you remember how you took m into your own house that night and spent all the next day trying to find me a job and how, when you succeeded in foreman, I promised to quit drinking

because you asked me to?"
"I remember it now," the bishop replied gently. "I hope you have kept The man laughed savagely. Then he

struck his hand against the fence with such sudden passion that he drew blood. "Kept it! I was drunk inside of a turers not far from the settlement. week. I've been drinking ever sinc but I've never forgotten you or you prayer. Do you remember, the morning after I came to your house and after breakfast, you had prayers and asked That got me. But my mother used to pray. I can see her now kneeling down by my bed when I was a lad. Father moment and stood up to look about him ne in one night drunk and kicked her while she was kneeling there by me, but I never forgot that prayer of yours that morning You prayed for me just as mother used to, and you did

not seem to take count of the fact that I was ragged and tough looking and more than half drunk when I rung your more. Suddenly the door of the nearest saloorbell. My God, what a life I've loon opened, and a man came out At the same time two more went in. A strong odor of beer noated up to Bulls as he stood on the steps of the settlement. When in a thousand pieces inside of two Sundays, and I lost the job you strong odor of beer noated up to Bulls as he stood on the steps of the settlement. He clutched his broom handle tight and began to sweep again. He had one foot on the porch and another ned me and made hell on earth for

Then suddenly he pulled himself up one step and swept over the spot he had just cleaned. He then dragged himself by a tremendous effort back to the floor tion two days afterward but I never forgot you or your prayer I don't know what good it's done me, but I never forgot it, and I won't do any harm to you nor let any one else So no one about the settlement that he

on the stone The bishop was thinking "How long is it since you had work?" he asked, and the man standing up "More'n six months since either of us did anything to tell of, unless you He was on the sidewalk count holding up work. I call it pretty wearing kind of a job myself, especially when we put in a night like this one

and don't make nothing.
"Suppose I found good jobs for both
of you Would you quit this and begin "What's the use?" The man on the stone spoke sullenly "I've reformed a hundred times Every time I go down

deeper The devil's begun to forcelose on me already It's too late. "No!" said the bishop, and never be-fore the most entranced audience had he felt the desire for souls burn up in him so strongly All the time he sat there during the remarkable scene he "The chain is the gift of a prayed "O Lord Jesus, give me the r friend I should be sorry to

> case You two men are of infinite value to him. And then the bishop's wonderful memory came to his aid in an appeal such as no one else on earth among men could make under such circumstances. He had crossed over the little piece of the alley, and now he stood in front of the saloon, looking at the sign and staring into the window at the pile of among men could make under such cir-cumstances. He had remembered the man's name in spite of the wonderfully busy years that lay between his coming to the house and the present moment
> "Burns," he said, and he yearned
> over the men with an unspeakable long

in you and trust you You are both comparatively young men. Why should God lose you? It is a great thing to win the love of the great Father It is a small thing that I should love you but if you need to feel again that there is love in the world you will believe me when I say, my brothers, that I love you, and in the name of him who was crucified for our sins I cannot bear to see you miss the glory of the human life Come! Be men! Make another try for it. God helping you No one but God and you and myself need ever know anything of this tonight He has forgiven it The minute you ask him to you will find that true. Come! We'll fight it out together, you two and I It's worth fighting for Everlasting life is. It was the sinner that Christ came

difficult to distinguish features. He was

The bishop broke into a prayer to peal to the men. His pent up feeling had no other outlet. Before he had prayed many moments Burns was sitting with his face buried in his hands, sobbing Where were his mother's prayers now? They were adding to the power of the bishop's. And the other man, harder, less moved, without a previous knowledge of the bishop, leaned ck against the fence, stolid at first, but as the prayer went on he was moved by it What force of the Holy Spirit wept over his dulled, brutal, coarsened life nothing but the eternal records of the recording angel can ever disclose, but that same supernatural presence that smote Paul on the road to Damascus and poured through Henry Maxwell's church the morning he asked disciples to follow in Jesus' steps and had again broken irresistibly over the Nazareth Avenue congregation now manifested himself in this foul corner of the mighty city and over the natures of these two sinful, sunken men, apparently lost to all the pleadings of conscience and memory of God. The bishop's prayer seemed to break open the crust that had for years surrounded these two men and

shut them off from divine communica-tion, and they themselves were thor-oughly startled by the event. The bishop ceased, and at first he himself did not realize what had happened Neither did the two men. Burns still sat with his head bowed between his hands. The man leaning against the fence looked at the bishop with a face in which new emotions of awe, repent ance, astonishment and a broken glean

of joy struggled for expression.
The bishop rose.
"Come, my brothers! God is good. You shall stay at the settlement tonight, and I will make good my promise as to the work.

The two men followed the bishop in silence. When they reached the settlement. it was after 2 o'clock. The bishop let them in and led them to a room. At the door he paused a moment His tall. commanding figure stood in the door way, and his pale face, worn with his with the divine glory. "God bless you, my brothers!" he said, and, leaving them his benediction.

ie went away In the morning he almost dreaded t the men, but the impression of the night had not worn away True to his promise, the bishop secured work for them The janitor at the settlement needed an assistant, owing to the growth of the work there. So Burns was given the place. The bishop succeeded in getting his companion a position as driver for a firm of warehouse dray manufacturers and for free these these three states.

And the Holy Spirit, struggling in these two darkened, sinful men, began his marvelous work of regeneration. norning when Burns was installed in his new position as assistant janitor that he was cleaning off the front steps The first thing he noticed was a been sign just across the alley. He could almost touch it with his broom from where he stood. Over the street imme liately opposite were two large saloons, and a little farther down were three

of the porch and went over into the cor-ner of it farthest from the saloon and began to sweep there "O God." he cried, "if the bishop would only come back!" The bishop had gone out with newhere, and there was

three minutes. His face was drawn with the agony of the conflict. Gradually he edged out again toward the steps and began to go down them He looked toward the sidewalk and saw that he had left one step unswept. The sight seemed to give him a reasonable excuse for going down there to finish his sweepsweeping the last step, with his face toward the settlement and his back turned partly on the saloon across the alley He swept the step a dozen times. The sweat rolled over his face and dropped down at his feet. By degrees he felt that he was drawn over toward that end of the step nearest the saloon. He could smell the beer and rum now as the fumes rose around him. It was like the infernal sulphur of the lowest hell,

and yet it dragged him, as by a giant's hand, nearer its source.

He was down in the middle of the sidewalk now, still sweeping. He cleared the space in front of the settlement and even went out into the gutter and swept that He took off his hat and rubbed his sleeve over his face. His lips gry for them! Give them to me!
"No!" the bishop repeated. "What does God want of you two men? It much matter what I want were already drunk. His soul shook were already drunk. His soul shook

whisky and beer bottles arranged in a great pyramid inside. He moistened his lips with his tongue and took a step forward, looking around him stealthily. The door suddenly opened again, and over the men with an unspeakable longing for them both. "if you and your friend here will go home with me tonight I will find you both places of honorable employment I will believe in you and trust you. You are both As he laid his fingers on the door handle a tall figure came around the corner. It was the bishop.

He seized Burns by the arm and dragged him back upon the sidewalk. The frenzied man, now mad for drink, shrieked out a curse and struck at the bishop savagely. It is doubtful if he really knew at first who was snatching him away from his ruin. The blow fell upon the bishop's face and cut a gash in his cheek.

He never uttered a word, but over his face a look of majestic sorrow swept He picked Burns up as if he had been a child and actually carried him up the steps into the settlement. He placed him down in the hall and then shut the door and put his back against it.

a score of girls already who will take the course, and if we can once establish

was moved with unspeakable pity. "Pray, Burns—pray as you never prayed before! Nothing else will save

"O God! Pray with me! Save me! Oh, save me from my hell!" cried Burns, and the bishop kneeled by him in the hall and prayed as only he could. After that they arose, and Burns went into his room. He came out of it that evening like a humble child, and the bishop went his way, older from that experience, bearing on his body the marks of the Lord Jesus. Truly he was learning something of what it means to walk in his steps.

But the saloon! It stood there, and all the others lined the street like so

many traps set for Burns. How long would the man be able to resist the smell of the damnable stuff? The bishop was out on the porch. The air of the whole city seemed to be impregnated with the odor of beer. "How long, O God, how long?" the bishop prayed. Dr. Bruce came out, and the two friends talked over Burns and his temp-

about the ownership of this property adjoining us?" the bishop asked-"No; I haven't taken time for it.

will now if you think it would be worth while. But what can we do, Edward, against the saloon in this great city? It is as firmly established as the churches or politics. What power can ever re-

"God will do it in time, as he renoved slavery," replied the bishot gravely. "Meanwhile I think we have a right to know who controls this saloor near the settlement.

"I'll find out," said Dr. Bruce.
Two days later he walked into the
usiness office of one of the members of Nazareth Avenue church and asked to e him a few moments. He was cordially received by his old parishioner, urged him to take all the time he "I called to see you about that prop-

erty next to the settlement, where the bishop and myself now are, you know. I am going to speak plainly, because life is too short and too serious for us both to have any foolish hesitation about this matter. Clayton, do you think it is right to rent that property for a saloon?' Dr. Bruce's question was as direct

and uncompromising as he had meant it to be. The effect of it on his old pa-The hot blood mounted to the face of he man who sat there, a picture of asiness activity in a great city. Then he grew pale, dropped his head on his hands, and when he raised it again Dr. Bruce was amazed to see a tear roll over his parishioner's face.
"Doctor, did you know that I took

the pledge that morning with the oth-- "Yes, I remember. been tormented over my failure to keep it in this instance. That saloon prop-erty has been the temptation of the

devil to me. It is the best paying investment at present that I have, and yet it was only a minute before yo little earthly gain tempt me into deni would never rent property for such a purpose There is no need, dear doctor for you to say a word more." Clayton held out his hand, and Dr. Bruce grasped and easily done through sor

went away, but it was a long time afterward that he learned all the truth step down, still sweeping. The sweat stood out on his forehead, although the day was frosty and the air chill. The saloon door opened again, and three or four men came out. A child went in with a pail and came out a moment later with a quart of beer. The child went by on the sidewalk just below him, and the odor of the beer came up to him. He took another step down, still sweeping desperately. His fingers were purple as he clutched the handle of the broom.

The sweeping desperately went available was about the struggle that Clayton had known. It was only a part of the his tory that belonged to Nazareth Avenue church since that memorable morning when the Holy Spirit sanctioned the Christlike pledge. Not even the bishop asked as he plunged deeper into the sin and sorrow of that bitter winter. He was bearing his cross with joy, but he burned and fought with joy, but he burned and fought with joy but he burned and fought was prosty and the air chill. He was bearing his cross with joy but he burned and thown. It was only a part of the his tory that belonged to Nazareth Avenue church since that memorable morning when the Holy Spirit sanctioned the Christlike pledge. Not even the bishop asked as he plunged deeper into the sin and sorrow of that bitter winter. He was bearing his cross with joy. but he burned and fought with joy but he burned all the truth about the struggle that Clayton had known. It was only a part of the his tory that belonged to Nazareth Avenue deeper into the sin and sorrow of that bitter winter. He was bearing his cross with joy. but he burned and fought with joy ciples to arise to the call of sacrifice and suffering, touching hearts long dull and cold, making business men and money makers uneasy in their absorption by the one great struggle for more wealth the one great struggle for more wealth and stirring through the church as never in all the city's history the church had been moved. The bishop and Dr Bruce had already seen some wonderful things in their brief life at the settlement. They were to see far greater soon, more astonishing revelations of the Divine power than they had sup-

settlement was closed. The saloon keeper's lead expired, and Clayton not lit was an hour of relaxation. There only closed the property to the whisky men, but offered the use of the building to the bishop and Dr. Bruce for the set the building the building to the build tlement work, which had now grown so large that the building was not sufficient for the different industries that eight for the different industries that were planned. One of the most impor-tant of these was the pure food depart-ment suggested by Felicia. It was not a month after Clayton turned the saloon property over to the settlement that Felicia found herself installed in the very room where souls had been lost as head of a department not only of cooking, but of a course of housekeeping for girls who wished to go out to service. She was now a resident of the settlement and found a home with Mrs. Bruce and the other young women from the city who were residents. Martha, the violinist, remained at the place where the bishop had first disc the two girls and came over to the settlement certain evenings to give lessons

"Felicia, tell us your plan in full now," said the bishop one evening when, in a rare interval of rest from the great pressure of work, he, with Dr Bruce and Felicia. had come in from

the other building. "Well, I have long thought of the hired girl problem," said Felicia, with an air of wisdom that made Mrs. Bruce hour was swept out of existence by this smile as she looked at the enthusiastic. vital beauty of this young girl, transformed into a new creature by the promise she had made to live the Christlike life. "and I have reached certain conclusions in regard to it that you men are not yet able to fathom, but Mrs. Bruce here will understand me. "We acknowledge our infancy, Fe

licia. Go on, " said the bishop humbly
"Then this is what I propose to do
The old saloon building is large enough to arrange into a suit of rooms that will represent an ordinary house. My plan is to have it so arranged and then teach housekeeping and cooking to girls who will afterward go out to service The course will be six months long. In that time I will teach plain cooking, neatness, quickness and a love of good knowingly allow any one to go without

"Hold on, Felicia!" the bishop inter-rupted. "This is not an age of mira-

"Then I will make it one," replied Felicia. "I know this seems like an impossibility, but I want to try it. I know him down in the hall and then shut the door and put his back against it.

Burns fell on his knees, sobbing and praying. The bishop stood there, panting with his exertion, although Burns was a slight built man and had not been a great weight for one of the bishop's strength to carry. The bishop the put was a strength to carry. The bishop will be so great value to them. I know alternative the put of the put food is working a revolution in many families."

"Felicfa, if you can accomplish half what you represented to the put of the put o

of what you propose to do, it will bless this whole community," said Mrs. Bruce. "I don't see how you can do it, but I say 'God bless you!' as you try.
"So say we all!" cried Dr. Bruce an the bishop, and Felicia plunged into the working out of her plan with the enthusiasm of her discipleship, which ev-ery day grew more and more practical

and serviceable. It must be said here that Felicia's plan succeeded beyond all expectations. She developed wonderful powers of per-suasion and taught her girls with astonishing rapidity to do all sorts of house work. In time the graduates of Felicia's cooking school came to be prized by housekeepers all over the city. But that is anticipating our story. The history of the settlement has never yet been written. When it is, Felicia's part will

be found of very great importance.

The depth of winter found Chicag presenting, as every great city of the world presents, to the eyes of Christen-dom that marked contrast between riches and poverty, between culture, refinement, luxury, ease and ignorance, depravity, destitution and the bitter struggle for bread. It was a hard win-ter, but a gay winter. Never had there been such a succession of parties, recep tions, balls, dinners, banquets, fetes glycties; never had the opera and the theater been so crowded with fashion-able audiences; never had there been such a lavish display of jewels and fine dresses and equipages, and, on the oth-or hand, never had the deep want and suffering been so cruel, so sharp, so murderous; never had the winds blown so chilling over the lake and through the thin shells of tenements in the neighborhood of the settlement; never had the pressure for food and fuel and

clothes been so urgently thrust up

against the people of the city in their most importunate and ghastly form. Night after night the bishop and Dr. helped to save men and women an children from the torture of physical privation. Vast quantities of food and clothing and large sums of money were donated by the churches, the charitable societies, the civic authorities and the benevolent associations, but the personal benevoient associations, but the personal touch of the Christian disciple was very hard to secure for personal work. Where was the discipleship that was obeying the Master's command to go it. self to the suffering and give itself with its gift, in order to make the gift of value in time to come? The bishop found his heart sink within him as he faced this fact more than any other. Men would give money who would not think of giving themselves, and the money they gave did not represent any

real sacrifice because they did not miss it. They gave what was the easiest to give, what hurt them the least. Where did the sacrifice come in? Was this fol-lowing Jesus? Was this going with him all the way? He had been to many nembers of his own wealthy and aris tocratic congregation and was appalled to find how few men and women of that luxurious class in the churches would really suffer any genuine inconvenience

for the sake of suffering humanity. Is charity the giving of wornout gar ments? Is it a ten dollar bill given to paid visitor or secretary of some b nevolent organization in the church? Shall the man never go and give his gift himself? Shall the woman neve deny herself her reception or her party or her musical and go and actually touch the foul, sinful sore of diseased humanity as it festers in the great me-tropolis? Shall charity be conveniently fections so that love shall work disagreeable things by proxy? problem as they would shun a con-

This fact was impressed upon the bishop and the settlement workers in a startling way one morning. Perhaps no one incident that winter shows more plainly how much of a momentum had already grown out of the movement of Nazareth Avenue church and the action of Dr Bruce and the bishop that fol-lowed the pledge to do as Jesus would do. The breakfast hour at the settlement

the Divine power than they had supposed possible in this age of the world.

Within a month the saloon next the whole resident family found a little breathing space to followship together. best stories Dr. Bruce was at his best in anecdote. This company of disciples was healthily humorous in spite of the atmosphere of sorrow that constantly surrounded them. In fact, the bishop often said that the faculty of humor was as God given as sort the said in was as God given, as any other, and in his own case it was the only safety valve he had for the tremendous pressure put upon him.

This particular morning the bishop was reading extracts from a morning paper for the benefit of the others. Sud-denly he paused, and his face instantly grew stern and sad. The rest looked up, and a hush fell over the table. "Shot and killed while taking a lump of coal from a car. His family was freezing, and he had had no work for

rooms on the west side. One child wrap ped in rags in a closet."

These were headlines that the bis read slowly. He then went on and read the detailed account of the shooting and the visit of the reporter to the tenement where the family lived.

six months. His six children and a wife

He finished, and there was silence bit of human tragedy. The great city roared about the settlement. The awful current of human life was flowing in a great stream past the settlement house, and those who had work were hurrying to it in a vast throng, but thousands were going down in the midst of that current, clutching at last hopes, dying, literally in a land of plenty, because the boon of physical toil was denied

There were various comments on the part of the residents. One of the newcomers, a young man preparing for the ministry, said: "Why didn't the man apply to one of the charity organiza-tions for help or to the city? It certain-ly is not true that, even at its worst, this city full of Christian people would

knowingly allow any one to go without food or fuel."

"No: I don't believe that it would,' replied Dr. Bruce. "But we don't know the history of that man's case. He may have asked for help so often before that finally, in a moment of desperation, he determined to help himself. I have known such cases this winter."

"That is not the terrible fact in this case," said the bishop. "The awful thing about it is the fact that the man had not had any work for six months."

"Why don't such people go out into

a special study of the opportunities for work in the country answered the ques-tion. According to the investigator, the places that were possible for work in

the country were exceedingly few for steady employment, and in almost ev-ery case they were offered only to men without families. Suppose a man's wife and children were ill. How could he move or get into the country? How could be pay even the meager sum nec-essary to move his few goods? There were a thousand reasons probably why this particular man did not go else-

where.

"Meanwhile there are the wife and children," said Mrs. Bruce. "How awful! Where is the place, did you say?"

The bishop took up the paper.

"Why, it's only three blocks from here. This is the Penrose district. I believe Penrose himself owns half of the houses in that block. They are among the worst houses in this part of the city, and Penrose is a church member."

"Yes: he belongs to the Nazareth Ay-"Yes; he belongs to the Nazareth Avenue church," replied Dr. Bruce in a

The bishop rose from the table the very figure of divine wrath. He had opened his lips to say what seldom came from him in the way of denunciation when the bell rang and one of the residents went to the door.
"Tell Dr. Bruce and the bishop I want to see them. Penrose is the na

-Clarence Penrose. Dr. Bruce knows The family at the breakfast table heard every word. The bishop exchanged a significant look with Dr. Bruce, and the two men instantly left the table and went out into the hall.

"Come in here, Penrose," said Dr. Bruce, and he and the bishop ushered the visitor into the reception room. They closed the door and were alone. Clarence Penrose was one of the most elegant looking men in Chicago. He came from an aristocratic family of great wealth and social distinction. He was exceedingly wealthy and had large property holdings in different parts of the city. He had been a member of Dr.

Bruce's church all his life.

This man faced the bishop and his former pastor with a look of agitation on his countenance that showed plainly the mark of some unusual experience. He was very pale, and his lip trembled as he spoke. When had Clarence Pen-rose ever before yielded to such a strange

emotion of feeling?

"This affair of the shooting—you understand. You have read it. The family lived in one of my houses. It is a terrible event. But that is not the primary of my visit." He stammered and cause of my visit." He stammered and looked anxiously into the faces of the other two men. The bishop still looked stern. He could not help feeling that this elegant man of leisure could have done a great deal to alleviate the hor-rors in his tenements, possibly have pre-vented this tragedy, if he had sacrificed some of his personal ease and luxury to better the condition of the people in his

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

She—I trust, Jack, our marriage will not be against your father's will. Jack—I'm sure, I hope not. It would be mighty hard for us if he should change it.—Brooklyn Life.

When a child says a particularly bright thing, its mother looks at its father as much as to say, "See how much