Receipts and Expenditures of Butler Butler Savings Bank County for the Year 1899.

	4	0	56	0	-
	*	00	tate	58	0
	sinutio	2	8	-3	-
DISTRICTS.	5	9	red .	8	=
ENGLISH C. LO.	0	4	- 2		2
	7 7	20			
	1	7	1		
Adams (wp 8	406 508			136 50 8	
Allegheny	259 656	1 168 45	52 08	58 25	1 278 78
kutler	355 015	1 597 57	246 52	128 25	2 029 30
Buffalo	383 057	1 723 76	179 64	126 00 29 25	996.74
Brady	197 060	886 77	80.72		1 974 58
linton	373 031	1 678 64	190 13		1 624 83
May	323 771	1 456 97	89 13	78 75 78 50	1 496 21
leader	299 498	1 347 74	69 17 138 54	87 75	1 288 67
Heartield	234 974	1 057 38	118 06	101 25	1 521 50
herry	289 887	1 302 24	343 99	105.00	1 801 13
ontoquenessing	300 476 395 447	1 352 14	255 15	92 25	2 126 91
Tanberry	295 287	1 328 79	112 11	86 25	1 597 13
oncord		1 206 66	158 39	130.50	1 495 50
Nonegal	268 146 346 240	1 558 08	583 56	120 25	2 261 88
forward	294 735	1 326 31	117 51	83 25	1 527 07
ranklin	200 100	1 305 45	145 45	102 75	1 558 65
airview	346 767	1 560 45	385 04	127 50	2 072 99
efferson	403 777	1 817 00	383 23	90.00	2 290 23
ackson	288 817	1 299 68	124 08	96.00	1 519 76
ancaster	237 378	1 158 20	92.25	81 00	1 381 45
darion	156 631	704 84	90 13	46.59	841 47
dercer	430 459	1 937 07	1 264 89.	60.75	3 262 71
Middlesex	261 537	1 176 91	47 78	132 00	1 356 69
Muddycreek	291 688	1 312 59	273 54	97 50	2 683 63
Penn	337 268	1 517 70	654 15	139 99	2 301 85
Parker	290 946	1 309 26	109 82	74 25	1 493 33
summit	311 777	1 403 00	339 56	124 50	1 867 06
Slippery Rock	883 184	1 724 33	126 50	81 00	1 931 83
Venaugo	262 757	1 182 41	44 04	91 00	1 317 45
Washington	218 811	1 434 65	271 08	96.75	1 802 48
Winfield	295 704	1 330 67	456 41	98 25	1 885 33
Worth	316 278	1 428 25	86 11	81 00	1 590 36
Butler boro, 1st ward	495 860	2 231 36	491 22	83 25	2 805 83
2d ward	697 594	3 139 18	659 97	27 75	8 822 90
3d ward	621 034	2 794 65	741 73	39 00	3 575 38
" " 4th ward	425 697	1 915 64	815 68	31 00	2 762 32
" " 5th ward	469 351	2 112 08	1 242 97	43 50	3 365 05
Centerville boro	136 742	615 34	454 75	21 00	277 28
Connoquenessing	41 421	186 39	81 89	9 00	1 091 09
Vans City	204 776	921 49	434 68	19 50	1 475 67
airview	36 715	165 22	49 90	11 25	226 37
larmony	126 658	569 96	98 62	42 00	710 55 746 15
Iarrisville	63 157	284 20	454 45	7 50	
Carns City	23 185	104 33	1 20	18 75	125 28
dillerstown	117 936	530 71	518 04	48 00	704 46
dars	93 110	419 00	247 71	37 35 10 50	545 59
rospect	70 615	317 77	217 32		285 50
etrolia	37 151	167 18	103 32	20.00	285 50
	50 358	226 59	58 29		781 28
	THE RESIDENCE				
Saxonburg	94 396	424 78	327 50		
Portersville Saxonburg Sunbury Valencia	94 396 55 116 25 360	424 78 248 02 114 12	38 50 46 08	6 75 9 75	293 27 169 95

\$14357 483 \$64 608 67 \$15 599 43 \$ 3 807 75 \$84 015 85

	DOG TAX OF 1898					-	-	-	
		Year	Amount Due	Amount Paid	Percentage	Exonerations	Due	Overpaid	The summer
distance of the same of the sa		2	no	no	3	01	0	61	
		7	ü	=	61	6	2	0	1
			2	2	2	7	0	=	1
	COLLEGTOR		2	-	20	=	8	a	3
DISTRICT.	COLLECTOR.	-	Du	2	6	0	0		
		2	0	0	2	S.	110		
		1			: 1		0		
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		1001	75				75		-
lippery Rock	Enhriam Erh	1895						1 81	
Mon rhold	H. H. Duffy	1896	4 44	4 21 12 58	23				
legion	James Gilchrist	**	13 24	12 58	66				
Vinfield	August Freeling	**	16 03	15 23	80				-
axonburg Boro	Charles Raabe		15 09	12 84	68	1 57			
Ilegheny	James Jolly	1897	3 00			3 41			
Butler Township	F. D. Pierce		75 95	23 52	1 24	51 19			
Clinton	James Riddle		50 57	38 82	2 04	9 71	9 57		
Clearfield	E. J. Kennedy		9 57	91 70	1 29		9 57		
Therry	H. L. Russell		25 82	24 53	1 29	90 15	9 90		1 .
Donegal	F. Waltman		51 94 11 55	20 49 11 07	1 08		9 90		
darion	Joseph Vandyke		11 33	11 07	98			1 62	1
Dakland	Peter Whitmire		58 16	47 03	9 47	8 66	*****	1 62	1
venango	H. B. Stalker		134 23	100 00	5 96	21 26	7 71		
Butler borough	F. Formatter		134 23	100 00	0 40	at 20	03		
enterville borough	Corpor Foll	1	2 80	1 03	05	1 57	15		
connoquenessing bor	A C Cibeon		10,			1 01	15 10 9 65 12 59		
alrview boro	Frank Rabbit		9 65				9 65		
arns City boro	I I Donahue		12 59				12 50		
illerstown boro	E M Fritz		14 18	11 23	59	2 36			
etrolla boro	I E Muder	1	3 92	3 72	20				
dams	James Orr.	1898	65 29	46 37	1 39	16 53			
Hagheny	James Jolly		38 75	33 11	1 71				
Intler township	F. D. Pierce		128 58	98 23	5 17	25 18			
antalo	John Harbison		41 63	30 57	1 61	9 45			
Ready	Frank McCurdy		30 02	22 53	1 19	6 30	28 00		
Hinton	James R. Riddle		55 57	26 19	1 38		28 00		
Concord	Robert Adams		22 70	13 34	70	8 66			
Center	J. D. Smith		62 31	48 78	2 51				
Clay	Robert Conn		57 07	45 00	2 37	10 23			
Cranberry	Andrew Kirchler		1 09		1 00	9 45	12 15		1
Clearfield	E. J. Kennedy		54 77	26 47	1 38	9 45	10 51		
Cherry	Hugh Sproul		19 71	37 56	1 98	10 23	19 /1		
Connoquenessing	R. S. Henry		49 77 30 40	91 96	1 98	10 25	30 40		
Donegal	F. Waltman		100 31	77 52	4 10	18 69	90 40		1
Forward	George Marburger		86 57	67 70	3 56	6 00	9 25		
Fairview	Alongo McCandless		48 23	67 76 37 59	1 98	8 66	0 40		
Franklin	S M Porm		53 59	46 49	2 45				
Jefferson	A H Mickley	1	34 26	99 07	1 16	11 03			
Jackson	Samuel Reatty		51 49	42 19	2 22	7 08	25 16		
Lancaster	Joseph Vandyke		60 69	15 00	79	19 74	25 16		
Marion	J. J. McGarvey	.1	26 14	21 10	1 11	3 93			
Middlesex	E. O. Thompson		18 52			22 05			
Muddycreek	Grant Jones		45 90	38 37	2 02	5 51			
Oakland	Peter Whitmire		4 50			5 51			
Penn	George E. Hay		32 67	6 81	36	25 50			1
Parker	Joseph Walley		58 15			10 23	16 34		
Sammit	John Baldauf		26160	16 29	86	9 45			
Slippery Rock	H. Boyard		54 16	44 73 10 00	2 35	7 08	10 23		
Venango	H. S. Stalker.		20 76				10 23		
Washington	Austin Meals		90 65	37 25 34 62	1 95	9 45	42 00		
Worth	W. H. Pisor.		39 59 38 31	25 90	1 82				
Winfield	J. M. Cruikshank	11000	18 30			2 15			
Washington	Austin Meals	1897	155 66		5 82	97 90	1 35 13 41		
Butler boro	John S. Jack	1898	14 16			31 80	12 41		
Centerville boro	F. Forrester		4 53		15	1 52	10 41		
Connoquenessing bor	Casper Fell		28 17	16 29	80	11 02			1
Evan City boro	George Ripper		14 96	10 25		4 550	10 94		
Fairview.	Ered Weigh		42 53			9 45	33 00		
Harmony boro	I s Pow	****	11 81		55	79	30 00		
Harrisville boro	F D Rodgers		10 62	5 6	30				
Karns City boro	George R Stewart		20 86	12 3	1 65				
Mars boro	I I Donahue		27 52			8 25		1	
Minerstown boro	A Henshaw		6 14	5 8	8 31				
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						1	18 9	with the same of t	
Prospect boro	F. M. Fritz		18 90	. ceres					
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Prospect boro Petrolia boro Saxonburg boro Sunbury boro Valencia boro.	Joseph L. Cooper Ephriam Erb H. H. Duff H. H. Duff James Freeling Charles Raabe James Joily F. D. Pierce James Riddle E. J. Kennedy H. L. Russell F. Waltman Joseph Vandyke Peter Whitmire H. B. Stalker Jonn S. Jack F. Forrester Casper Fell A. C. Gibson Frank Bobbi F. M. Fritz J. E. Muder James Orr James Joily F. D. Pierce James Orr John Harbison Frank McCurdy James R. Riddle Robert Adams J. D. Smith Robert Conn Andrew Kirchier E. J. Kennedy H. R. S. Henry F. Waltman George Marburger J. J. Campbell Alonzo McCandless S. M. Barr A. H. Mickley Samuel Beatty Joseph Vandyke J. J. McGarvey E. Waltman George E. Hay Joseph Walley John Bard H. S. Stalker Austin Meals W. H. Pisor John Baidauf H. Bovard H. S. Stalker Austin Meals John S. Jack F. Forrester Casper Fell George Ripper M. Gibson Fred Weigle E. D. Rodgers George B. Stewart J. J. Donahue A. Henshaw C. F. Newman F. M. Fritz J. E. Muder P. P. Brown J. D. Stoup. William Allen		18 90 17 63 6 23 7 09 15 39	7 4 4 4 5 9	9 24	1 56	6 66		

(Continued on 2nd page.)

Butler, Pa. JOS. L PURVIS

J. HENRY TROUTMAN Vice-President
WM. CAMPRELL, Jr. Cu-live
LOUIS B. STEIN Teller

TME Butler County National Bank,

Butler Penn. Hartman, 'President; J. V. Ritts President; C. A. Bailey. Cashier G. McMarlin, Ass't Cashier.



\$5.00 \$4.00 and \$3.00

HATS AT \$1.00

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242 S. Main St., Butler, Pa

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MAKER OF MEN'S CLOTHES.



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DEALER IN

LUMBER.

WANTED-Honest man or wo

If your liver is out of order, causing

Hood's Pills

gestive organs will be regulated and you will be bright, active and ready for any kind of work. This has been the experience of others; it will be yours. HOOD'S PILLS are sold by all medicine dealers. 25 cts.

This is Your Opportunity.
On receipt of ten cents, cash or stamps,
a generous sample will be mailed of the
most popular Catarrh and Hay Fever Cure
(Ely's Cream Balke) sufficient to demonstrate the great merits of the remedy. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St , New York City.

Rev. John Reid, Jr., of Grent Falls, Mont., recommended Ely's Cream Bulm to me. I can amphasize his statement, "It is a posi-tive cure for catarrh if usad as directed."— Rev. Francis W. Poole, Pastor Central Pres. Church, Helena, Mont.

Ely's Cream Balm is the acknowledged cure for catarrh and contains no mercur nor any injurious drug. Price, 50 cents.

RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER & PITTSBURG RY. The trunk line between Pittsburg

mediate stations

mediate stations
5 a.m. Week days only; mixed train
for Craigsville, Dayton, Punxsutawney and intermediate points.
This train leaves Punxsutawney at
1:00 p.m. arriving at Butler at 5:45
p.m. stopping at all intermediate
stations Thousand mile tickets good for passage between all stations on the B. K. & PR'y and N. Y. C. R. R. (Penn'a.

ivision) at 2 cents per mile. For tickets, time tables and further aformation call on or address, W. R. Turner, Agt.
Butler, Pa., or
EDWARD C. LAPEY.
Gen'l Pass. Agent,
Rochester, N. Y

P., Bessemer & L E.

Trains arrive: No 14, at 9:15 A. M; No. 2, at 4:50 P. M. Butler time.

Trains arrive: No. 1, 9:50 A. M; No. 11, 2:55 P. M. Butler time.

No. 14 runs through to Erie and connects with W. N. Y. & P. at Huston Junction for Franklin and Oil City, and with Erie Railroad at Shenango for all points east. No. 2 runs through to Greenville and connects with W. N. Y. & P. for Franklin and Oil City, and at Shenango with Erie R. R. for points east and west.

for points east and west.

W. R. TURNER, Ticket Agent. DITTSBURG & WESTERN

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8 05 A.M	7 03 P.N
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	Depart. 6 25 A.M 8 05 " 8 05 A.M 9 58 " 3 00 P.M 3 40 pm

W. R. TURNER, Ticket Agent,
R. B. RYYNOLDS, Sup't, N. D.,
Butler, Pa.
C. W. BASSETT,
G. P. A., Alleghery, Pa H. O. DUNKLE, Sup't, W. & L. Div., Allegheny Pa.

PENNSYLVANIA

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA DIVISION. SCHEDULE IN EFFECT Nov. 20, 1899.

	A. M	A. M.	A. M	I. P. M.	P.
BUTLERLeave	6 25	8 05	10 5	0 2 35	5
Saxonburg Arrive	6 54	8 30	11 1	5 3 00	5
Butler Junction "	7 27	8 53	11 4	0 3 25	5
Butler Junction Leave	7 31	8 53	11 5	2 3 25	5
NatronaArrive	7 40	9 01	12 0	1 3 34	6
Tarentum.	7 44	9 07	12 0	8 3 42	6
Springdale	7 52	9 16	12 1	9 3 52	
Claremont		19 30	12 3	8 4 06	
Sharpsburg	8 11	9 36	12 4	8 4 12	6
Allegheny	8 24	9 48	1 0	2 4 25	6
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M	I. P. M.	P.
SUNDAY TRAINS City and principal inter					
and 5:00 p. m.					
		-WEE	K D	AYS-	
NORTH.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M	AYS—	P.
NORTH.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M	AYS—	P.
NORTH. Allegheny Cityleave	A. M. 7 00	A. M. 8 55 9 07	A. M 10 4 10 5	AYS— 5 3 10	P. 6
NORTH. Allegheny Cityleave Sharpsburg Garemont	A. M. 7 00 7 12	A. M. 8 55 9 07	A. M 10 4 10 5 11 0	AYS— 5 3 10 7	P. 6
NORTH. Allegheny Cityleave Sharpsburg Garemont	A. M. 7 00 7 12	A. M. 8 55 9 07	A. M 10 4 10 5 11 0	AYS— 5 3 10 7	P. 6
NORTH. Allegheny Cityleave Sharpsburg. Ciaremont Springdale Tarentum	A. M. 7 00 7 12 7 37	A. M. 8 55 9 07 9 34	A. M 10 4 10 5 11 0 11 1 11 2	AYS— L. P. M. 5 3 10 7 4 8 3 46	P. 6
NORTH. Allegheny Cityleave Sharpsburg.	A. M. 7 00 7 12 7 37 7 41	A. M. 8 55 9 07 9 34 9 38	A. M 10 4 10 5 11 0 11 1 11 2	AYS— L. P. M. 5 3 10 7 8 3 46 4 3 56	P. 6

...arrive 8 40 10 32 1 10 5 05 7 A. M. A. M. P. M. P. M. P. SUNDAY TRAINS.—Leave Allegheny City for Bur and principal intermediate stations at 7:15 a.m. at

antic Express,

E. E. CAMPBELL, TIN ROOFER, and Specialties in Tin.

Tomight OLIVE

CHAPTER L SHADOWS FROM CHILD LIFE. The full African moon poured down its light from the blue sky into the wide, lonely plain. The dry, sandy roo" bushes a few inches high, the low stony of the plain broken. Near

the "kopje" lay the homestead, first the stone walled sheep kraals and Kaffor Dayton, Punxsutawney. Du-Bois, Ridgway, Bradford, Buffalo and Rochester.

2 p.m. Accommodation, week days



kind of dreamy beauty and quite eth pare patch of sand and two stragg

en bedstead. dreamed bad dreams-not of the ghosts thoughts, not of her second husbane the consumptive Englishman, whose grave lay away beyond the ostrich

camps, nor of her first, the young Boer, but only of the sheep's trotter she had eaten for supper that night She dreamed that one stuck fast in her throat, and she rolled her huge form from side to side and snorted horribly. In the next room, where the maid had forgotten to close the shutter, the white moonlight fell in in a flood and made it light as day. There were two small beds against the wall. In one lay a yellow haired child, with a low forehead and a face of freckles, but the loving moonlight hid defects here, as elsewhere, and showed only the in-

nocent face of a child in its first sweet longed of right to the moonlight, for it was of quite elfinlike beauty. The child had dropped her cover on the floor, and the moonlight looked in at the naked little limbs. Presently she opened her eyes and looked at the moonlight that was bathing her. ROAD.

"Em" she called to the sleeper i the other bed, but received no answer Then she drew the cover from the Only in one of the outbuildings that

jutted from the wagon house there was some one who was not sleep. The room was dark. Door and shutter were closthe room belonged lay sleeping soundly on his bed in the corner, his great arms folded and his bushy gray and black beard rising and falling on his breast. But one in the room was not Two large eyes looked about were smoothing the patchwork quilt. The boy, who slept on a box under the first sleep. He drew the guilt up to but a great head of silky black curls and the two black eyes. He stared about in the darkness. Nothing was visible, not even the outline of one ble, on which lay the Bible from which his father had read before they went to bed. No one could tell where the tool box was and where the fireplace. At the head of his father's bed hung great-silver hunting watch. It ticked oudly. The boy listened to it and betick-one, two, three, four! He lost ount presently and only listened. It never waited. It went on inexora-bly, and every time it ticked a man

died! He raised himself a little on his elbow and listened. He wished it would leave off. How many times had it ticked since e came to lie down? A thousand imes, a million times, perhaps.

"Dying, dying, dying," said the watch, "dying, dying, dying!"

He heard it distinctly. Where were hey going to, all those people?

He lay down quickly and pulled the over up over his head, but presently he silky curls reappeared. "Dying, dying, dying," said the watch, "dying, dying, dying!" He thought of the words his father

and read that evening, "For wide is the gate and broad is the way that eadeth to destruction, and many there thee a sacrifice. "Many, many, many!" said the

"Because straight is the gate, and

SCHREINER.

A TALE OF LIFE IN THE BOER REPUBLIC.

"Few, few, few!" said the watch. The boy lay with his eyes wide ope He saw before him a long stream of people, a great dark multitude, that red in one direction. Then they and went over. He saw them passing Since he had come to bed how many

And the watch said, "Eternity, eter-

ad. "God, God, save them!"

the ground.

He groveled on the floor. Oh, the long, long ages of the past, ong, long future, in which they would pass away! O God, the long, long, long, eternity, which has no end! The child wept and crept closer to

weary flat of loose red sand, sparsely covered by dry "karroo" bushes, that cracked beneath the tread like tinder and showed the red earth everywhere. Here and those a milk bush like tinder wall of the outbuildings, the stone walls of the kraals, all reflected the fierce sunlight "Ah," though outbuildings, the stone walls of the kraals, all reflected the fierce sunlight till the eye ached and blenched. No tree or shrub was to be seen far or near. The two sunflowers that stood before the door, outstared by the sun, to?" and he prayed desperately.

her flat face with the corner of her apron and drank coffee and in Cape Dutch swore that the beloved weather was damned. Less lovely, too, by day-light was the dead Englishman's child, her little stepdaughter, upon whose freckles and low, wrinkled forehead the sunlight had no mercy.
"Lyndall," the child said to her little looking curiously at him; "he has been overlaged."

orphan cousin, who sat with her on the crying." r threading beads, "how is it your beads never fall off your needle?" "I try," said the little one gravely

huge German, wearing a shabby suit and with a childish habit of rubbing his hands and nodding his head prodigiously when pleased at anything.
He stood out at the kraals in the blazing sun, explaining to two Kaffir boys buried them deep in his heart.

over from head to foot with red sand, wearing a ragged coat and shoes of unconcealing completely the silky black curis. It was a curious small figure. His flock gave him little trouble. It was too hot for them to move far. They gathered round every little milk where they fell. He could not pray. bush as though they hoped to find the had prayed night and day for so shade and stood there motionless in many months, and tonight he could not

stomach and waved his dilapidated lit-tle shoes in the air. touched kim kindly, poor, ugly little thing! Perhaps his heart was almost the shoes in the air.

Soon, from the blue bag where he broken.

kept his dinner, he produced a fraghim. A curious old ewe came to sniff at him, but it was long before he raised his head. When he did, he looked "Ye shall receive-ye shall receiveshall, shall, 'he muttered. He sat up then. Slowly the dullne and heaviness melted from his face.

now, and the sun's rays were poured before the eye. The boy stood up quickly and cleared a small space from the bushes which

covered it. Looking carefully, he found 12 small stones of somewhat the same size. Kneeling down, he arranged them carefully on the cleared space in a square pile, in shape like an altar. Then he walked to the bag where his dinner was kept. In it were a mutton chop and a large slice of brown bread. The boy took them out and turned the bread over in his hand, deeply considering it. Finally he threw it away and walked to the altar with the meat and laid it down on the stones. Close by in the red sand he knelt down. Sure, never since the beginning of the world was there so ragged and so small a priest. He took off his great hat and placed it solemnly on the ground, then closed his eyes and folded his hands.

"O God, my Father, I have made were mine, I would give thee one. But now I have only this meat. It is my dinner ment. Please, my Father, send parrow is the way that leadeth unto' fire down from heaven to burn it. Thou

this mountain. Be thou cast into the sea, nothing doubting, it shall be done.

apon his curls. The fierce sun poured his altar. When he looked up, he knew breath came heavily; he was half sufat last he raised himself. Above him He looked up. Nothing broke the stemse stillness of the blue overhead. He looked around in astonishment. Then he bowed again and this time

longer than before. When he raised himself the second time, all was unaltered. Only the sun had melted the fat of the little mutton chop, and it ran down upon the

self. When at last he looked up, some ants had the to the meat on the altar. He stood up and drove them away. hands about his knees. He sat to watch ity, eternity."

"Stop them!" cried the local God Almighty—he knew he should see it!

hild.

And all the while the watch kept cking on, just like God's will, that ever changes or allows on the said, and he sat there through the fierce heat of the afternoon. Still he watched and watch when the changes or alters, you may do and walted when the sun began to what you please.

Great beads of perspiration stood on the boy's forehead. He climbed out of the boy's forehead. He climbed out of the boy's forehead. He climbed out of the boy's forehead because the still sat there. He hoped when the first rays touched the hills till the sun dipped because of the boy's forehead. "O God, God, save them," he cried in hind them and was gone. Then he agony, "only some, only a few, only for each moment I am praying here—one."
He folded his little hands upon his head. "Cod for any for a far, far away into the field.

He folded for the field for a far, far away into the field.

He walked home behind his flock. His heart was heavy. He reasoned so: 'God cannot lie. I had faith. No fire came. I am like Cain-I am not his. He will not hear my prayer. God

The boy's heart was heavy. When he reached the kraal gate, the two girls met him.

THE SACRIFICE.

The farm by daylight was not as the arm by moonlight. The plain was a go and hide on the 'kopje.' Lyndall and I will shut eyes here, and we will

Here and there a milk bush lifted its pale colored rods, and in every direction the ants and beetles ran about here. the blazing sand. The red walls of herd came walking out of the cow the farmhouse, the zinc roofs of the kraal with two pails. He was an ill

drooped their brazen faces to the sand, and the little cleadalike insects cried aloud among the stones of the "kopje."

The Boer woman, seen by daylight, was even less lovely than when in bed she rolled and dreamed. She sat on a chair in the great front room, with her feet on a wooden stove, and wiped her flat face with the corner of her.

"Ah, this is not right at all," little and serve to stones and finding him in a very curious posture. "What are you doing, Waldo? It is not the play, you know. You should run out when we come to the white stone. Ah, you do not play nicely."

"Ah, this is not right at all," little and sent to school. Now she saves every farthing for herself, buys us not even one old book. She does not ill use us. Why? Because she is afraid of your father's ghost. Only this morning she told her Hottentot that she would have beaten you for breaking the plate but that three nights ago she

"I—I will play uicely now," said the boy, coming out and standing sheepish-the pantry door and knew it was your ly before them. "I-I only forgot. I

will play now."
"He has been to sleep," eaid freekled "No," said beautiful little Lyndall,

THE CONFESSION. One night two years after the boy sat alone on the "kopje." He had crept softly from his father's room and e there. He often did, becaus when he prayed or cried aloud his fa-ther might awake and hear him, and

the approaching end of the world. The boys as they cut the cakes of dung winked at each other and worked as at the leaves of the prickly pear that slowly as they possibly could, but the German never saw it.

at the leaves of the pricity per that grew just before him. They glinted and glinted and glinted, just like his Away beyond the "kopje" Waldo, his son, herded the ewes and lambs, a small and dusty herd, powdered all also. It seemed full of little bits of also. It seemed full of little bits of

dressed leather, through whose holes the toes looked out. His hat was too He felt norribly lonely. There was large and had sunk down to his eyes, not one thing so wicked as he in all concealing completely the silky black the world, and he knew it. He folded clumps. He himself crept under a pray. When he left off crying, he held shelving rock that lay at the foot of his aching head with his brown hands. the "kopje," stretched himself on his If one might have gone up to him and

With his swollen eyes he sat there o ment of slate, an arithmetic and a pen-nil. Proceeding to put down a sum "kopje," and the tree, with every one til. Proceeding to put down a sum with solemn and earnest demeanor, he of its wicked leaves, blinked and blinkbegan to add it up aloud, "Six and 2 is 8, and 4 is 12, and 2 is 14, and 4 is 18." Here he paused. "And 4 is 18, and—4 is—18." The last was very much drawled. Slowly the pencil slipped bent forward. There was a secret he drawled. Slowly the pench shipped back to drawled the drawled by the pench shipped back to drawled to low the guilt up to ed it into the sand. For awhile he lay motionless, then began muttering to himself, folded his little arms, laid his head down upon them and might have head. The wind took the words and been asleep but for a muttering sound that from time to time proceeded from and through the leaves of the prickly

"I love Jesus Christ, but I hate God! The wind carried away that sound as it had done the first. Then he got up and buttoned his old coat about him. He knew he was certainly lost now. He did not care. If half the world were to be lost, why not he too? He would not pray for mercy any more. Better so—better to know cer tainly. It was ended now. Better so He began scrambling down the sides of the "kopje" to go home. Better so! But, oh, the loneliness,

the agonized pain, for that night and for nights on nights to come, the anguish that sleeps all day on the heart lt is not pretty."

like a heavy worm and wakes up at He looked at it closely. like a heavy worm and wakes up at night to feed! There are some of us who in after years say to Fate, "Now deal us your

hardest blow, give us what you will, great hands hanging loosely at either but let us never again suffer as we suffered when we were children." its intense ignorance.

PLANS/AND BUSHMAN PAINTINGS At last came the year of the great drought, the year 1862. From end to end of the land the earth cried for water. Man and beast turned their eyes to the pitiless sky that, like the roof of On the farm, day after day, month

crawl, tottered as they moved from spot to spot in search of food. Week I ask for the sake of Jesus Christ. after week, month after month, the sun looked down from the cloudless sky till the "karroo" bushes were leafless sticks broken into the earth, and the earth itself was naked and bare, and only the milk bushes, like old hags,

It was on an afternoon of a long day in that thirsty summer that on the side of the "kopje" farthest from the homewas the quiet code say, about him the red earth. There were the clumps of silent ewes and his altar; that was all. they played hide and seek there, but

ward, praying for the rain that never

they were mere children still.

Their dress was of dark coarse stuff. Their common blue pinafores reached emperor. When he said a thing to him to their ankles, and on their feet they self, he never forgot it. He waited and wore homemade "vel-schoen."

They sat under a shelving rock, on last."
the surface of which were still visible "H some old Bushman paintings, their red and black pigments having been preserved through long years from wind he had what he said he would have, and rain by the overhanging ledge-grotesque oxen, elephants, rhinoceroses

He was their master, and all the people and a one horned beast such as no man ever has seen or ever shall see. The girls sat with their backs to the

Em took off her big brown kappje and began vigorously to fan her red face with it, but her companion bent

tened it on to the front of her blue pinafore with a pin.

hair." Her companion opened her eyes and wrinkled her low forehead.

"Where will you find them, Lyndall?
The stones are only crystals that we picked up yesterday. Old Otto says

"And you think that I am going to stay here always?"

The lip trembled scornfully.

"Ah, no?" said her companion. "I suppose some day we shall go somewhere, but now we are only 12, and we cannot marry till we are 17. Four years, five-that is a long time to wait. we did marry."

"And you think that I am going to stay here till then?" "Well, where are you going?" asked The girl crushed an ice plant leaf be-

ween her fingers.
"Tant' Sannie is a miserable old wonan," she said. "Your father married her when he was dying because he thought she would take better care of the farm and of us than an English woman. He said we should be taught

father coming to 'spook' her. She is a miserable old woman," said the girl, throwing the leaf from her. "But I in-

tend to go to school' "I shall make her."

"But why do you want to go, Lyndall?" "There vorld." said the child slowly, "but to very wise and to know everything-

"But I should not like to go to chool!" persisted the small freckled

will have this farm and everything will have this farm and everything "But I," said Lyndall, "will have nothing. I

"Oh, Lyndall! I will give you som of my sheep," said Em, with a sudden burst of pitying generosity. "I do not want your sheep," said the girl slowly. "I want things of my own. When I am grown up," she added, the nere?" The last words were uttered with the

flush on her delicate features deepening at every word, "there will be noth ing that I do not know. I shall be rich, very rich, and I shall wear not only for best, but every day, a pure white silk and little rosebuds, like the lady in Tant' Sannie's bedroom, and my petticoats will be embroidered, not only at the bottom, but all through." The lady in Tant' Sannie's bedroom was a gorgeous creature from a fashion sheet which the Boer woman, somewhere obtaining, had pasted up at the foot of her bed to be profoundly admired by the children.

"It would be very nice," said Em, but it seemed a dream of quite too tran-At this instant there appeared at the foot of the "kopje" two figures—the one, a dog, white and sleek, one yellow ear hanging down over his left eye; the other, his master, a lad of 14 and no other than the boy Waldo, grown into a heavy, slouching youth. The dog mounted the "kopje" quickly. His master followed slowly. He wore an aged jacket, much too large for him and rolled up at the wrists, and, as of old, a pair of dilapidated "vel-schoens" and a felt hat. He stood before the two girls at last.
"What have you been doing today?"

asked Lyndall, lifting her eyes to his "Looking after ewes and lambs be low the dam. Here!" he said, holding out his hand. "I brought them for

There were a few green blades of ender grass. "Where did you find them?" "On the dam wall."
She fastened them beside the leaf or

awkwardly rubbing his great hands and watching her.
"Yes; but the pinafore spoils it all.

looks nice upon you—beautiful."

He now stood silent before them, his

"Yes; the squares are ugly, but i

"Some one has come today," he mum The barb in the arrow of childhood's suffering is this—its intense loneliness, him. "Who?" asked both girls. "An Englishman on foot."
"What does he look like?" asked Em.

"I did not notice, but he has a very arge nose," said the boy slowly. "He large nose," said the boy slowly. asked the way to the house." "Didn't he tell you his name?"

"It is a funny name."

"There was a living man called Bon "Ah, yes, I know," said Em-"th

poor prophet whom the lions eat. I am always so sorry for him." lived," she said, "the man I like best." "And what did he do?" asked Em, onscious that she had made a mistake and that her prophet was not the man. a little child, then he was a lieuteuant,

"He must have been very happy

were white with fear of him. He was The girls sat with their backs of the paintings. In their laps were a few wildcats when their teeth are fast in a wildcats, which by great dog. like cowards of the him. fern and ice plant leaves, which by dint of much searching they had gathand under the rocks.

They were many. He was only
They sent him to an Island in the one. They sent him to an island in the sea, a lonely island, and kept him there fast. He was one man, and they were

low over the leaves in her lap and at last took up an ice plant leaf and fas-like took up an ice plant leaf and fas-like took up an ice plant leaf and fas-like was one man, and they were terrified at him. "And what then?" said Em. "Then he was alone there in that is "Diamonds must look as these drops do." she said, carefully bending over the leaf and crushing one crystal drop with her delicate little nail. "When I." she said, "am grown up, I shall wear real diamonds exactly like these in my hair."

In the day, when he walked near the In the day, when he walked near the shore, it seemed to him that the sea all around him was a cold chain about his body pressing him to death."
"And then?" said Em, much inter

> "He died there in that island. He never got away." "It is rather a nice story," said Em,

"but the end is sad."
"It is a terrible, hateful ending," said the little teller of the story, leaning forward on her folded arms, "and the worst is it is true. I have noticed," added the child very deliberately, "that it is only the made up stories that end nicely. The true ones all end so.' As she spoke the boy's dark, heavy

eyes rested on her face.
"You have read it, have you not?"
He nodded. "Yes; but the brown history tells only what he did, not what he thought." "It was in the brown history that I read of him," said the girl, "but I know what he thought. Books do not

tell everything."
"No," said the boy, slowly drawing nearer to her and sitting down at her feet. "What you want to know they never tell."

Then the children fell into silence

till Doss, the dog, growing uneasy at its long continuance, sniffed at one and the other, and his master broke forth suddenly. "If they could talk, if they could tell us now," he said, moving his hand out over the surrounding objects, "then we would know something. This 'kopje, if it could tell us how it came here! The Physical Geography says," he went on, most rapidly and confusedly. "that what are dry lands now were once lakes. And what I think is this These low hills were once the shores tice of the last question and folded her of a lake. This 'kopje' is some of the stones that were at the bottom, rolled together by the water. But there is this: How did the water come to make one heap here alone in the center of the plain?" It was a ponderous question. No one volunteered an answer. "When I was little," said the boy, "I always looked at it and wondered, and I thought a great glant was buried under it. Now I know the water must have done it, but how? It is very won-

> and stop the others as they rolled?" said the boy, with earnestness, in a low voice, more as if speaking to himself than to them.
> "Oh, Waldo, God put the little 'kopje'

derful. Did one little stone come first

here," said Em, with solemnity.
"But how did he put it here?" "By wanting."
"But how did the wanting bring it "Because it did."

air of one who produces a clinching argument. What effect it had on the juestioner was not evident, for he made no reply and turned away from said after awhile in a low voice: "Lyndall, has it ever seemed to you that the stones were talking of you Sometimes," he added in a yet lower tone, "I lie under there with my sheep, and it seems that the stones are really speaking—speaking of the old things, of the time when the strange fishes of the time when the strange fishes and animals lived that are turned into stone now and the lakes were here, stone now and the lakes were here, and then of the time when the little

Bushmen lived here, so small and so ugly, and used to sleep in the wild dog holes and in the 'sloots' and eat snakes and shoot the bucks with their poisoned arrows. It was one of them, painted those," said the boy, nodding toward the pictures, "one who was different from the rest. He did not know why, but he wanted to make something beautiful; he wanted to make something, so he made these. uice to make the paint, and then he ound this place where the rocks hang over, and he painted them. To us they are only strange things that make us laugh, but to him they were very beau-

The children had turned round and looked at the pictures.

"He used to kneel here naked, painting, painting, painting, and he wondered at the things he made himself," sald the boy, rising and moving his hand in deep excitement. "Now the Boers have deep excitement. "Now the Boers have shot them all, so that we never see a little yellow face peeping out among the stones"—he paused, a dreamy look roming over his face—"and the wild bucks have gone and those days, and we are here. But we will be gone soon, and only the stones will lie on here, looking at everything as they look now. I know that it is I who amthinking." the fellow added slowly, "but it seems as though it were they, "but it seems as though it were they who are talking. Has it never seem

so to you, Lyndall?" "No; it never seems so to me," she answered. The sun had dipped now below the hills, and the boy, suddenly remembering the ewes and lambs, started to his feet.

"Let us also go to the house and see who has come," said Em as the boy shuffled away to rejoin his flock, while "Yes-Bonaparte Blenkins."

"Bonaparte!" said Em. "Why, that is like the reel Hottentot Hans plays ends of the torn trousers as they flui-

tered in the wind.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]