BY

BOER REPUBLIC.

OLIVE

CHAPTER XIII.

"Here," said Tant' Sannie to her

up ladders. I will go up today and

see what it is like and put it to rights up there. You bring the little ladder

"Hold your tongue, jade," said her

so. Then she sat down near the trap-door beside a barrel of salt mutton. She found that the pieces of meat were

much too large and took out her clasp knife to divide them.

This was always the way when on

led to her husband Bonaparte it would

At that instant her niece entered throom below, closely followed by Bons

parte, with his head on one side, smi

wholly different course. As it was, she remained silent, and neither noticed

parte, motioning Trana into her aunt's

up in front of it, in which he seated

of English, sat down in the chair and

customs of other lands-that an old

yours and sit with his knees touching

you. She had been five days in Bona-parte's company and feared the old man and disliked his nose.

"How long have I desired this mo-nent!" said Bonaparte. "But that

where. Long have I waited for

#### **HUSELTON'S** Spring Footwear

## The Very Finest Shoes Ever Shown in Butler for Men. Women and Children.

Every New Idea Women's Fine Shoes.

That has merit in it as to style,

comfort and service in footwear develops in this store. Women's Shoes

made especially to our order; dainty in appearance, of substantial service and full of style as to shape of heel and toe, \$2, \$2.50, \$3.00 and \$3.50 in Tan, kid and Russia calf, black kid skin and patent leather.

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kid, tan and Russia calf, sizes  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to  $5\frac{1}{2}$ , at 90c, \$1.00, \$1.25,

fine satins for dress at \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50. We are sole agents for the famous "Queen Quality" Shoes

for Women, of this city,

B. C. HUSELTON'S,

Butler's Leading Shoe House.

Men's Fine Tan Shoes-

#### **BICKEL'S**

SPRING AND SUMMER STYLES. The time of the year is here when you want a nice pair of dress

shoes for summer wear. Our stock is extremly large, showing all the latest styles in fine shoes and oxfords in all leathers. We are offering some big values in footwear and it will pay you to see us before buying your summer shoes.

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Light shade, Lace or Congress at	ZU
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Youth's Fine Calf or Vici Kid Shoes— Either Russett or Black at	80c
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Children's Fine Shoes— Patent Tipped, sizes five to eight at	35c
	10c
Your Choice of Men's Working Shoes— Lace, Buckle or Congress, heavy soles and good uppers at \$1.	.00
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	350

We invite you to call and see our stock of SOROSIS SHOES and Oxfords, the latest styles for summer wear. They are very hand You will like them.

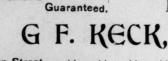
> All sizes— $2\frac{1}{2}$  to 8. All widths-AAA to E.

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# Spring STYLES

Men don't buy clothing for the purpose or spending money. They desire by
to get the best possible results for the
money expended. Not cheap goods
but goods as cheap as they can be
sold for and made up properly. If
you want the correct thing at the correct price, call and examine our
large stock of SPRING WEIGHTS—
LATEST STYLES. SHADES AND

\*\*\*\* Fits and Workmanship



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Lace or button at 85c, \$1,\$1.25 and \$1.50-up to the minute

Business Shoes. Stylish footwear for business men; tan box and Russia calf, fine vici kids, velour calf, patent calf that have ease and

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Men's Working Shoes in oil grain and heavy veal, two sole and tap bellus tongue, at \$1, \$1.25 and \$1.50; Box toe at \$1 50, \$2 and \$2.50; in

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Butler, Pa., or EDWARD C. LAPEY. Gen'l Pass. Agent, Rochester, N. Y.

Railway. Schedule of Passenger Trains in effect Nov. 19, 1899. BUTLER TIME.

		Depart.	Arrive.
и	Allegheny Accommodation	6 25 A.M	9 07 A.
Æ	Allegheny Express	8 05 "	9 30 "
	New Castle Accommodation	8 05 "	9 07 "
	Akron Mail	8 05 A.M	
9	Allegheny Fast Express	9 58 "	12 18 "
,	Allegheny Express	3 00 P.M	4 45 pr
	Chicago Express	3 40 pm	12 18 an
3	Allegheny Mail	5 50 "	7 45 pm
	Allegheny and New Castle Accom	5 50 "	7 03 "
,	Chicage Limited	5 50 "	9 07 AJ
9	Kane and Bradford Mail	9:55 A.M	2 50 P.M
1	Clarion Accommodation	± 55 P.M	9 40 A.M
4	Cleveland and Chicago Express	6 25 am	
/	SUNDAY TRAINS.		
	Allegheny Express	8 05 A.M	9 30 A.N
3	Allegheny Accommodation	5 50 P.M	
1	New Castle Accommodation		
	Chicago Express		
9	Allegheny Accommodation		7 03 pm
8	Train arriving at 5.03 p.m. lea		
Н	Pittsburg at 3.25 p.m and P. & W.,		
Н		Anegnen	y at 0.0
	p. m.	the three	ton tonin
3	On Saturdays a train, known as		
3	will leave Butler at 5.50 p. m., arri		
	at 7.20; returning leave Allegheny		
	Pullman sleeping cars on Chicag	o Express	betweer

Bonaparte knew that she compre-hended not a syllable, but he understood that it is the eye, the tone, the that touches the love chords. He saw

W. B. TURNER, Ticket Agent,
R. B. REYNOLDS, Supt, N. D., Butler, Pa.
Butler, Pa. C. W. BASSETT,
G. P. A., Alleghery, Pa

wake. I see naught but thy angelic countenance. I open my arms to re ceive thee. Where art thou, where suiting the action to the words and spreading out his arms and drawing

into my eyes, Trana."

them to his breast.

"Oh, please, I don't understand," said Trana. "I want to go away."
"Yes, yes," said Bonaparte, leaning back in his chair, to her great relief, and pressing his hands on his heart, "since first thy amethystine count nance was impressed here, what have I not suffered, what have I not felt? Oh, the pangs unspoken, burning as an ar dent coal in a flery and uncontaminat

ed bosom!" said Bonaparte, bending forward again.
"Dear Lord," said Trana to herself, how foolish I have been! The old man has a pain in his stomach, and now, as my aunt is out, he has come to

She smiled kindly at Bonaparte and, pushing past him, went to the bedroom, quickly returning with a bottle of red

"They are very good for 'benaauwdheit.' My mother always drinks them," she said, holding the bottle out.

The face in the trapdoor was a flery red. Like a tiger cat ready to spring, Tant' Sannie crouched, with the shoul der of mutton in her hand. Exactly beneath her stood Bonaparte. She rose and clasped with both arms the barrel

"What, rose of the desert, nightin gale of the colony, that with thine amorous lay whilest the lonesome hight!" cried Bonaparte, seizing the hand that held the "vonlicense." "Nay, Into the arms that would embrace thee,

t (Union heavy with ribs and shoulders, descending on his head, abruptly terminated his speech. Half blinded, Bonaparte looked up through the drops that hung from his eyelids and saw the red face that looked down at him. With one wild cry he fled. As he passed out at the front door a shoulder of mutton, well directed, struck the black coat on the small of the back.

If you wound the tree in its youth, the

TRACK AND ROAD HOSRES buried is not dead.

"Come in," said Waldo, intent on his sork, and slowly and cautiously the to his God in the fuel house three waldo in the fuel house three which is to his God in the fuel house three waldo in the fuel house three wall

To stranger eyes these divisions are not evident, but each, looking back & luminates, sees it cut into distinct por-

nation of mental states. A TALE OF LIFE IN THE

Doss growled and showed his little hurt him so he whined. I'm very tired, Walde, my boy," Doss showed his little white teeth again. His master went on with his work without looking round. There

behind him. He looked at the oy's supper on the table.
"Waldo, I've had nothing to eat all

There was a never used trapdoor at one end of the sitting room. This the "Eat," said Waldo after a moment, bending lower over his dog.
"You won't go and tell her that I am
here, will you. Waldo?" said Bonaculty climbed into the loft. Then the Hottentot maid took the ladder away, how she used me, Waldo? I've been badly treated. You'll know yourself carry on a little conversation with a lady without having salt meat and pickle water thrown at you. Waldo, look

But the boy neither looked up nor an swered, and Bonaparte grew more "You wouldn't go and tell her that I

am here, would you?" said Bonaparte whiningly. "There's no knowing what she would do to me. I've such trust in such a promising lad, though you mayn't have known it, Waldo."
"Eat," said the boy. "I shall say Bonaparte, who knew the truth

when another spoke it, closed the door carefully putting on the button. Then he looked to see that the curtain of the window was closely pulled down and seated himself at the table. He was soon munching the cold meat and bread. Waldo knelt on the floor, bathing the foot with hands which the dog licked lovingly. Once only he glanced at the table and turned away quickly.
"Ah, yes! I don't wonder that you can't look at me, Waldo," sald Bonaparte. "My condition would touch any heart. You see, the water was fatty, and that has made all the sand stick to me. And my hair," said Bonaparte tenderly touching the little fringe at the back of his head, "is all caked over like a little plank. You wouldn't think it was hair at all," said Bonaparte the stone walls for fear she'd see me and with nothing on my head but a red handkerchief tied under my chin, Wal-

do, and to hide in a 'sloot' the whole day, with not a monthful of food, Waldo. And she gave me such a blow just here," said Bonaparte.

He had cleared the plate of the last aged relative of thine is always casting her unhallowed shadow upon us. Look morsel when Waldo rose and walked to "Oh, my Waldo, my dear boy, you are not going to call her," said Bona-

parte, rising anxiously.
"I am going to sleep in the wagon," There's plenty of room. Do stay, my

But Waldo stepped out. "It was such a little whip. Waldo." catingly. "I didn't think it would hur

you so much. It was such a little whip I'm sure you didn't take the peaches You aren't going to call her, Waldo, But the boy walked off. Bonaparte waited till his figure had passed round the front of the wagon

house and then slipped out. He hid himself round the corner, but kept peeping out to see who was coming. He felt sure the boy was gone to call Tant' Sannie. His teeth chattered with inward cold as he looked round into th darkness and thought of the snakes that might bite him, and the dreadful things that might attack him and the dead that might arise out of their graves step approached.

Then Bonaparte made his way back put the table against it, and, giving the dog a kick to silence his whining when the foot throbbed, he climbed into bed. He did not put out the light for fear of the ghost, but, worn out with the sorrows of the day, was soon asleep

About 4 o'clock Waldo, lying between the seats of the horse wagon, was awakened by a gentle touch on his head. Sitting up, he espied Bonaparte look-

ing through one of the windows with a lighted candle in his hand.
"I'm about to depart, my dear boy, before my enemies arise, and I could not leave without coming to bid you farewell," said Bonaparte. Waldo looked at him.

"I shall always think of you with affection," said Bonaparte. "And there's that old hat of yours. If you could let me have it for a keepsake"— "Take it," said Waldo.
"I thought you would say so, so brought it with me," said Bonaparte,

putting it on. "The Lord blegs you, my dear boy. You haven't a few shillings, just a trifle you don't need, "Take the two shillings that are in

the broken vase."

"May the blessing of my God rest Waldo folded his arms closely and lay down.

"Farewell, adieu!" said Bonaparte. With these words the head and nose

The troubles of the young are soon over. They leave no external mark. withdrew themselves, and the light vanished from the window. After a few moments the boy, lying the Arlington Hotel, where bark will quickly cover the gash; but in the wagon, heard stealthy footsteps when the tree is very old, peeling the

riods not found in any calendar, times that years and months will not scan, but which are as defily and sharply cut arranged years which the earth's mo-

tions, whose boundaries are the termi-

As man differs from man, so differ these souls' years. The most material life is not devoid of them; the story of the most spiritual is told in them. And it may chance that some, looking back, see the past cut out after this

The year of infancy, where from the shadowy background of forgetfulness start out pictures of startling clear-ness, disconnected, but brightly col-ored and indelibly printed in the mind. Much that follows fades, but the colors of those baby pictures are permanent.

There rises, perhaps, a warm summer's evening. We are seated on the oorstep; we have yet the taste of the bread and milk in our mouth, and the red sunset is reflected in our basin. Then there is a dark night, where, aking with a fear that there is some great being in the room, we run from

our own bed to another, creep close to ome large figure and are comforted. Then there is remembrance of the ride when, on some one's shoulder, rith our arms around their head, we ride to see the little pigs, the new little pigs with their curled tails and tiny snouts. Where do they come from? see: of sorrow which makes us put up ve run out to try to catch the dew lrops and they melt and wet our little ingers; of almighty and despairing

craals and cannot see the house any-And then one picture starts out more rividly than any.

There has been a thunderstorm. The

errow when we are lost behind the

ground as far as the eye can reach is covered with white hail. The clouds are gone, and overhead a deep blue sky is showing. Far off a great rainow rests on the white earth. We, standing in a window to look, feel the cool, unspeakably sweet wind blowing in on us, and a feeling of longing comes over us, unutterable longing, we cannot tell for what. We are so small our head only reaches as high as the first three panes. We look at the white earth and the rainbow and the blue sky; and, oh, we want it, we want, we do not know what. We cry as though our heart was broken. When one lifts our little body from the window, we annot tell what ails us. We run away

So looks the first year.

Now the pictures become continuou and connected. Material things still rule, but the spiritual and intellectual take their places.

we pray and shut our eyes. We press our fingers very hard upon the lids and see dark spots moving round and round, and we know they are heads

are troubled because we cannot see why k-n-o-w should be know and with sand, making all life a dust bin the collar, this away p-s-a-l-m psalm. They tell us it is so because it is so. We are not satisfied. Wicket

Other joys, too, we have incompara-

We are run through with a shudder of delight when in the red sand we ome on one of those white wax flowers that lie between their two green leaves flat on the sand. We hardly dare pick them, but we feel compelled do so; and we smell and smell till the delight becomes almost pain. Afterward we pull the green leaves softly into pieces to see the silk threads run

green hairy leaved bushes. We are so small they meet over our head, and we sit among them and kiss them, and

One day we sit there and look up at the blue sky and down at our fat lit tle knees, and suddenly it strikes us try to look in upon ourself, and ourself beats back upon ourself. Then we get up in great fear and run home as presently he comes. hard as we can. We can't tell any one lose that feeling of self again.

And then a new time rises. We are story of Elijah in his cave at Horeb

and the still small voice.

One day, a notable one, we read o the "kopje" and discover the fifth chap er of Matthew and read it all through It is a new gold mine. Then we tuck the Bible under our arm and rush home. They didn't know it was wicked to take your things again if some one took them, wicked to go to law, wicked to with the wide one took them, wicked to go to law, wicked to— We are quite breathless when we get to the house. We tell them that we have discovered a chapter they never heard. We tell down on a page and bend to read by them what it says. The old wise peo- the moonlight. It is God's answer. We ple tell us they know all about it. Our

mandments and the old "Thou shalt we have heard about long enough and don't care, about it, but this new law sets us on fire. We will deny ourself Our little wagon that we have made we give to the little Kaffirs. We keep threepence of tobacco for the Hotten-tot maid who calls us names. We are exotically virtuous. At night we are

Occasionally also unpleasantly shrewd bark will quickly cover the gash; but when the tree is very old, peeling the bark off and looking carefully, you will see the scar there still. All that is buried is not dead.

It come the finter and at last died away altographer, and from that night the foot-buried is not dead.

In the wagon, house and get to know him better afterward. Now we carry the questions to the grown up people, and they give us answers. We are more or less satisfied with our swellen eyes look out at the land. Waldo poured the warm milk over the little swollen foot. Doss lay very quiet, with tears in his eyes. Then there was a tap at the door. In an instant Doss looked wide awake and CHAPTER XIV.

Hanter and at last died away altogether, and from that night the footsteps of Bonaparte Blenkins were the time. The grown up people, and they give us an grown up people, and they give us an gether, and from that night the footsteps of Bonaparte Blenkins were the time. The grown up people are were wise, and they give us an grown up people, and they give us an grown up people and they give us an grown up people and they give us an grown up and they give us an grown up people and they give us an grown up and they give us an grown up and grow

through you, through you, this joy! We press our hands upon our breast and look upward with adoring gladness. Soft waves of bliss break through us. And now between us and the dear old world of the senses the spirit world

ing excitement in every inch of nerve and blood vessel, there comes a time main river of the Bon-Nant.

more forever."

We weep with soft, transporting joy.
A few experience this. Many imagine they experience it. One here and there lies about it. In the main "the peace with God, a sense of sins forgiven," stands for a certain mental.

Utter ruin was everywhere. The once they are the peace with God, a sense of sins forgiven, stands for a certain mental.

Utter ruin was everywhere. The once they are the peace with the set of the peace with God, a sense of sins forgiven, stands for a certain mental. Utter ruin was everywhere. So says Wesley's hymn, which we sing

forever! Oh, thank you, God!" And

night, but hardly so happily, not happily at all, the next day, and the next "Yes, night the devil asks us, "Where is

your Holy Spirit?" We cannot tell. We cannot tell.

So month by month, summer and winter, the old life goes on-reading, praying, weeping, praying. They tell us we become utterly stupid. We know it. Even the multiplication table who will be a summer and the state of the summer and will be a summer and will be summer and with summer and will be summer and will be summer and will be summer and will be summer and will sleep our grief follows us. When we ware in the night, we are sitting up in bed weeping bitterly or find ourself outside in the moonlight dressed and walking up and down and wringing description, and I will give it. Iou wear No. 7 shoes; you have an extra large mouth; you walk stiff in your knees; your nose turns up at the end; eyes rather on the squint; voice like a"." our hands, and we cannot tell how we

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Stranger From "Georgy."
"Down in Georgy"- said the stranger with broad brimmed hat. But the stout man with the bobtailed gray overcoat interrupted him with:

"Are you going to tell that story again? Don't things happen elsewhere besides 'down in Georgy?' " "As I wuz a-sayin," continued the stranger, not noticing the interruption, "down in Georgy"-

round, and we know they are heads and wings of angels sent to take care of us, seen dimly in the dark as they move round our bed. It is very consoling.

In the day we learn our letters and are troubled because we cannot see diving up our young beart filling.

We are wicked, very wicked, we wicked with they say. We ought not to have such thoughts. God is good, very good. We are wicked, very wicked. That is the wicked, very wicked. That is the worked, very wicked. That is the wicked, very wicked. That is the construction of the sense of our own exceeding wickedness that is the wear interrupted in a confabulation, like I've been fer the last ten the wicked. The sense of our own exceeding wickedness that is the wear interrupted in a confabulation, like I've been fer the last ten the wicked. The sense of our own exceeding wickedness that is "There you go again!" exclaimed the the collar, thisaway—
"An by the waist o' the britches,

thisaway—
"An we pitches him— "Clean out the winder, thisaway!" And the stout man as he struggled to his feet and groped blindly about for his hat, said: "What was that that fellow was saying about 'down in Georgy?' I didn't quite get the last part of it!"-Atlanta

Constitution. Rough on Fayntheart. Miss Pechis-No. Mr. Fayntheart, it's a lovely wheel, but I really can't ac-

cept it from you. Mr. Fayntheart-Oh! Why? Your mother wouldn't object, would she? Miss Pechis-It isn't that. But. you Mr. Dashaway, with whom I should ride most, uses a Whizzer. I know we should quarrel about the respective

Much the Better Plan. "If you would marry me," he pleaded, "I am sure you would make a bet-ter man of me."

"No," she replied decisively, "I shall never marry a man to reform him; but," she added as she put her hand where he could easily reach it, "I am not averse to reforming a man to marry him."-Chicago Post.

"Mary!" yelled the poet. "What is it, dear?" asked the patient "Why don't you keep that kid quiet What on earth's the matter with #?"
"I don't know, dear. I'm singing on of your lullables to the poor little dar

ling."-Philadelphia Press. A Broken Record. "Well, sir, it's a remarkable thing about my wife. When we were married 25 years ago she weighed only 97

"And now she tips the beam at about "No; she's as thin as ever."-Chicago



Think They Look All Right. their looks than women.

He-Prove it. She-Men always put their hats or without looking in the glass.-Chicago

"Didn't attend the banquet last night, did you? Gibson gave us a very neat-

A Tragedy of Mont Blanc. The story of the destruction of the baths of St Gervais at the foot of "The peace with God," "The sense of sins forgiven." Methodists and revivalists say the words, and the model."

"The peace with God," "The sense of sins forgiven." Methodists and revivalists say the words, and the model. sins forgiven." Methodists and revivalists say the words, and the mocking have been predicted or averted.

world shoots out its lip and walks by smiling—"Hypocrite!"

Owing to the stoppage of the subsmiling—"Hypocrite!" There are more fools and fewer hypocrites than the wise world dreams the Tete Rousse glacier, in which an There are more fools and fewer hypocrites than the wise world dreams of. The hypocrite is rare as icebergs in the tropics, the fool common as buttercups beside a water furrow. Whether you go this way or that you tread on him. You dare not look at your common as buttercups desired to the sea level. Between 1 and 2 o'clock on the night of July 12, 1892, the ice that had held the lake gave way.

own reflection in the water, but you see one. There is no cant phrase, rotten with age, but it was the dress of Pierre Ronde, gathering up thousands a living body, none but at heart it sig-nifies a real bodily or mental condition which some have passed through.

of tons of rock and stones in its course.

It passed with a terrific roar under the
hamlet of Bionnassay, which it did not After hours and nights of frenzied fear of the supernatural desire to appease the power above, a fierce quiver-

when nature cannot endure longer, and the spring long bent recoils. We sink ing on its way the old Pont du Diable, down emasculated. Up creeps the it hurled its seething flood of water, deadly delicious calm:

"I have blotted out as a cloud thy buildings of the St. Gervals baths and sins and as a thick cloud thy tres-passes and will remember them no crossing the Chamonix road, it spread itself out in the form of a hideous fan

and physical reaction. Its reality those | lovely gardens of the baths were five know who have felt it.

And we on that moonlight night put down our head on the window. "O God, we are happy, happy, thy child dreary waste.

She Decided to Remain.

"I will," she exclaimed. "I will not live with you another day!"

"You leave me, will you?" be

"Yes. I will." "Now-right off-this minute." "You'll go away?"

we learned with so much care we forget. The physical world recedes farther and farther from us. Truly we love not the world, neither the things that are in it. Across the bounds of

"Wretch! You wouldn't dare do came there. So pass two years as men reckon them.

that!" she screamed.
"I certainly will, and the description will go in all the papers."

They glared at each other a moment in silence. Then it was plain to be seen he had the dead wood on her.-

Columbus Journal. A Chicago man who has written a

book was telling about it the other day

service. "By the way," said the author, "I would be delighted to give you a copy of my work, if you care for it."
"I should be more than pleased to have it," was the reply, "especially if

you will write your name in it."
"All right. There is a bookstore just around the corner. If you will accompany me, we will go there and get

it. I don't happen to have a copy in my office just now."

After they had stopped to glance at some of the new things in the book-store the author halled a clerk and, pushing his chest out very far, asked for the novel that he had writte

"Yes, sir," the clerk said. "We have it around here somewhere, I believe, but you are the first one who has ever asked for a copy, and it may take me some time to find it. Wouldn't something else do just as well? We have a great many better books at the same price."—Chicago Times-Herald.

How He Obtained Quiet. At one of the meetings during Mr. Moody's services in Kansas City hymn sheets were distributed by the just previous to his address. He was feeling very tired, and speaking was a great exertion; so, fearing the noise that would result should the audience rustle them, he resolved to get rid of them. He called out, "Will everybody who has a hymn sheet hold it up?" The sheets were held up all over the

hall. Mr. Moody shouted, "Now shake Twelve thousand flimsy sheets of pa per were shaken vigorously. They made an indescribably musical sound There is nothing to compare it with. One can only say it was a vast rustle. "That will do," called Mr. Moody at the top of his voice. The sound ceased. "All right," said Mr. Moody. "Now sit on those hymn sheets." The audience pat on them. Having taken this precaution against interruption, Mr. Moo dy began his sermon.

"Look here," said Mr. Jones to the douse agent, "my wife will be calling today, and I want you to tell her that that house we have been looking at is "But, my good sir," protested the agent, "it isn't taken."

"It will be then," answered Mr. Jones. "I am taking it now. Mrs. Jones can't make up her mind, but she'll want it directly she thinks she can't get it."—London Telegraph. A Fair Unnecessary. Tommy-I know now why you wear

ought to see with half an eye that siser doesn't care anything about you .-Jewelers' Weekly. A Few Jokes That Would Make a Misanthrope Smile.

His Big Sister's Beau-Why? Tommy-Brother Jack says you

Bill—I've been to see a palm reader.
Jill—And did you believe what he "Yes, I did. He told me I was too

easy, and then charged me \$2.' The Doctor-Why have you sent for

The Husband-Oh, my wife's mother s feeling bad, and she says she doesn't are whether she lives or not. "I have noticed that men who put up fake butter are arrested nearly every day," remarked the observer of events

and things, "but the fellows who are continually putting up fake fights are allowed to go free." Mr. Gotham-There's no city like New York, after all.

Mr. Church—No; I guess you're right.

Most cities have a saloon on every sixth corner; New York has 'em on

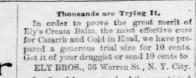
nearly every corner. Charles-Is your girl opposed to your smoking?

Clarence—I think she must be. Every night when I come away from her

house I find two or three broken cigars

When You Paint. If you desire the very best results at the least expense you SHERWIN-WILLIAMS' PAINT. Covers Most, Looks Best, Wears Longest Sold by





I suffered from catarrh of the worst kind I suffered from catarri of the worst kind ever since a boy, and I never hoped for cure, but Ely's Cream Balm seems to do even that. Many acquaintances have used it with excellent results.—Oscar Ostrum, 45 Warren Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Ely's Cream Balm is the acknowledged cure for catarrh and contains no cocaine, mercury nor any injurious drug. Price, 50 cents. At druggists or by mail.

RAILROAD TIME TABLES. BUFFALO, ROCHESTER & PITTSBURG RY. The Hottentot maid, "I have been in this ent calf that have ease and comfort as well as wear in them Butler, Bradford, Rochester and in the loft. Fatter women than I go

Men's Patent Leather.

Full dress affairs at \$2.50, \$3.50, \$4 and \$5,that you must have to be well dressed; shoes that go into the very best socium to the very best socium to

23 p.m. Accommodation, week days only, Craigsville, Dayton. Punxsutawney, DuBios, Falls Creek, Curwensville. Clearfield and intermediate stations "Hold your tongue, jade, mistress, trying to conceal a pleass smile, "and go and fetch the ladder." There was a never used trapdoor one end of the sitting room. This ti Accommodation, week days Curwensville. Clearfield and intermediate stations

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 to the stations of the sitting room. This the Hottentot maid pushed open, and, setting the ladder against it, the Boer woman with some danger and difficulty climbed into the loft. Then the Hottentot maid took the ladder away, stations

stations
Thousand mile tickets good for passage between all stations on the B. R. & PR'y and N. Y. C. R. R. (Penn'a. division) at 2 cents per mile.

Interior hand work he had a way mending the wagon house and needed it, but the trapdoor was left open.

For a little while Tant' Sannie poked

P., Bessemer & L E. Trains depart: 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 Gil 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 Gil

W. N. Y. & P. for Franklin and Oil City, and at Shenango with Erie R. R. for points east and west. W. R. Turner, Ticket Agent. PITTSBURG & WESTERN

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	Allegheny Accommodation			A.M		07	A.31
Æ	Allegheny Express			44		30	- 14
	New Castle Accommodation	8	05	44	9	07	66
	Akron Mail	8	05	A.M	7	03	P. 14
	Allegheny Fast Express	9	58	11	12	18	44
,	Allegheny Express	3	00	P.M	4	45	pm
	Chicago Express	3	40	pm	12	18	am
	Allegheny Mail	5	50	- 66	7	45	pm
	Allegheny and New Castle Accom	5	50	44	7	03	- 44
7	Chicage Limited	5	50	14	. 9	07	A.M
	Kane and Bradford Mail	9:	55	A.M	2	50	P.M
34	Clarion Accommodation	*	55	P.M	9	40	A.M
	Cleveland and Chicago Express	6	25	am			
1	SUNDAY TRAINS.						
	Allegheny Express	8	05	A.M	9	30	A.M
	Allegheny Accommodation	5	50	P.M	5	03	P.M
12	New Castle Accommodation			A.M			44
æ	Chicago Express			P.M		03	am
9	Allegheny Accommodation				7	03	pm
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1	Train arriving at 5.03 p.m. lea Pittsburg at 3.25 p.m and P. & W.,						
		Λ	1101	men	A.	at	0.00
	p. m.	43.		1			w.f.w.
	On Saturdays a train, known as						
	will leave Butler at 5.50 p. m., arri						eny
1	at 7.20; returning leave Allegheny	at	11.	30 p.	m.		

IL O DUNKLE, Sup't, W. & L. Div., Allegheny Pa. PENNSYLVANIA RAIL ROAD.

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WESTERN PENNS	YI	LV.	AN	IIA		DI	VIS	sie	N.	
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FOR THE EAST.

Atlantic Express, Pennsylvania Limited

W \_L ROBINSON. Formerly Horse Shoer at the Wick house has opened busi-

> W.G. LUSK, Prop'r. First Class Table and Lodgings. Gas and Spring Water all through

\*\*\*\*\* West Winfield Hotel,

the most approved style.

A SPECIALTY.

"Bring the ladder! Bring the ladder!

I will go after him!" cried the Boer woman as Bonaparte Blenkins wildly fled upon you, my dear child," said Bonaparte. "May he guide and bless you.

Give me your hand." Waldo knelt on the floor of his cabin. He bathed the foot of his dog which Practical Horse Shoers had been pierced by a thorn. The bruises on his own back had had five "May the blessing of my God and my days to heal in, and, except a little father's God rest on you, now and stiffness in his movements, there was nothing remarkable about the boy.

inked the tears out from between his

door opened.

"Good evening, Waldo, my boy," said Bonaparte Blenkins in a mild voice, not venturing more than his nose within the door. "How are you this even in the door. "The house three just had passed.

Then a new time comes, of which the leading feature is that the shrewd questions are asked louder. We carry them to the grown up people. They him, we feel him! O Jesus Christ, "Didn't attend the world to come the leading feature is that the shrewd questions are asked louder. We carry them to the grown up people. They

begins to peep in and wholly clouds it over. What are the flowers to us? They are fuel waiting for the great burning. We look at the walls of the farmhouse and the matter of fact sheep kraals, with the merry sunshine playing over all, and do not see it. But we see a great white throne and him that sits on it. Around him stand a great multitude that no man can number, harpers harping with their harps, a thousand times ten thousand and ousands of thousands. How white are their robes, washed in the blood of the Lamb! And the music rises higher and rends the vault of heaven with its unutterable sweetness. And

we, as we listen, ever and anon, as it hear a groan of the damned from bew. We shudder in the sunlight.
"The torment," says Jeremy Taylor, whose sermons our father reads aloud in the evening, "comprises as many torments as the body of man has joints, sinews, arteries, etc., being caused by that penetrating and real fire of which this temporal fire is but a painted fire. What comparison will there be between burning for a hunared years' space and to be burning without intermission as long as God is God?"

We remember the sermon there in we sit there nodding so moodily. Ah, they do not see what we see! A moment's time, a harrow space, Divide me from that heavenly place Or shuts me up in hell.

evening by evening. What matter sunshine and walls, men and sheep? "The things which are seen are tem poral, but the things which are not seen are eternal." They are real. The Bible we bear always in our breast. Its pages are our food. We learn to repeat it. We weep much, for in sunshine and in shade, in the early morning or late evening, in the field or in the house, the devil walks with us. He comes to us a real person, copper colored face, head a little on one side, forehead knit, asking questions. Be-lieve me, it were better to be followed by three deadly diseases than by him. He is never silenced—without mercy. Though the drops of blood stand out on Softly he comes up (we are only a wee bit child): "Is it good of God to make hell? Was it kind of him to let one be forgiven unless Jesus Christ died?" Then he goes off and leaves us writh

ing. Presently he comes back.
"Do you love him?" Waits a little.
"Do you love him? You will be lost if We say we try to. "But do you?" Then he goes off.

It is nothing to him if we go quite mad with fear at our own wickedness.

He asks on, the questioning devil. He cares nothing what he says. We long

to tell some one, that they may share our pain. We do not yet know that the cup of affliction is made with such a narrow mouth that only one lip can drink at a time and that each man's cup is made to match his lip.

One day we try to tell some one Then a grave head is shaken solemnly at us. We are wicked, very wicked

We hate to learn. We like better to build little stone houses. We can build them as we please and know the readout the r Wicked? We know it! Too vile to one place for him who hates his master, and there we do not want to go. bly greater than even the building of This is the comfort we get from the

And core again we try to seek for

comfort. This time great eyes look at

us wondering, and lovely little lips say "If it makes you so unhappy to think of these things, why do you not think of something else and forget?" Forget! We turn away and shrink into ourself. Forget and think of other things! O God, do they not understand that the material world is but a film, through every pore of which God's awful spirit world is shining through on us? We keep as far from

others as we can. One night, a rare, clear moonlight merits of our wheels, and that would night, we kneel in the window. Evreading by the moonlight. It is chapter in the prophets telling how the chosen people of God shall be car ried on the gentiles' shoulders. Surely the devil might leave us alone. There is not much handle for him there. But

"Is it right there should be a chos people? To him who is Father to all should not all be dear?" How can we answer him? We were feeling so good till he came. We put our head down on the Bible and blister 7 years old. We can read now, read the Bible. Best of all, we like the over our head and pray till our teeth grind together. Oh, that from that spirit world, so real and yet so silent, that surrounds us one word would come to guide us! We are left alone with this devil, and God does not whis-

per to us. Suddenly we seize the Bible arning it round and round, and say hurriedly: "It will be God's voice speaking to us, his voice as though we heard it.' We yearn for a token from the inexorably silent One.

We turn the book, put our finger

"Then 14 years after I went up again

to Jerusalem with Barnabas and took

For an instant our imagination seize it. We are twisting, twirling, trying to make an allegory. The 14 years are 14 months; we are Paul, and the devil is Barnabas; Titus is- Then a sudden loathing comes to us. We are liars ing, oh, so happy. We conscientiously put the cracked teacup for ourselves at breakfast and take the burned roaster and Jerusalem? Who are Barnabas cake. We save our money and buy threepence of tobacco for the Hottenswing it round our head and fling i with all our might to the farther end profoundly religious. Even the tick- of the room. We put down our head ing watch says, "Eternity, eternity, hell, hell hell:" and the silence talks of God and the things that shall be.

again and weep. Youth and ignorance —is there anything else that can weep so? It is as though the tears were drops of blood congealed beneath the eyelids. Nothing else is like those CHAPTER XIV.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

Waldo lay on his stomach on the sand. Since he prayed and howled

EXAMPLE IN THE SAND SEASONS.

Waldo lay on his stomach on the sand. Since he prayed and howled believe them, more as low. comes, a calm, still joy. The tears now flow readily and softly. Oh, the unutterable gladness! At last, at last,

"Good thing I made dat rule neve

"I didn't know Gibson was an acro