State Library July OF BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL xxxvii

That has merit in it as to style,

comfort and service in footwear

made especially to our order;

dainty in appearance, of sub-

stantial 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

in tan and black, lace or but-

ton kid shoes, sizes 111 to 2, at

75c, \$1, \$1.25 and \$1.50; 81

to 11, at 50c, 75, \$1 and \$1.25;

6 to 8 at 40c, 50°, 75c and \$1.

Including patent leather, vici

kid, tan and Russia calf, sizes

21 to 51, at 90c, \$1.00, \$1.25,

skin and patent leather.

Every New Idea

Women's Shoes

Our Girls Shoes

Shoes for Boys,

\$1.50 and \$2.00.

develops in this store.

BUTLER, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 17, 1900

No.20

HUSELTON'S One Dose Superior Superior BY Spring Footwear OLIVE SCHREINER. The Very Finest Shoes Ever Shown in Butler for Men, Hood's Pills たいたいたいたいたい Women and Children. Women's Fine Shoes, A TALE OF LIFE IN THE Lace or button at 85c, \$1,\$1.25 BOER REPUBLIC. and \$1.50-up to the minute in style. Business Shoes. 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 Bahu) sufficient to demon-strate the great merits of the remedy. Stylish footwear for business CHAPTER XV. and birds were almost grotesque in WALDO'S STRANGER. Waldo lay on his stomach on the red sand. The small ostriches he herded WALDO'S STRANGER. Waldo lay on his stomach on the red men; tan box and Russia calf, fine vici kids, velour calf, patstrate the e the great merits of ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St , New York City. ent calf that have ease and wandered about him, pecking at the his knee "Where did you learn this work?" comfort as well as wear in them food he had cut or at pebbles and dry sticks. On his right lay the graves, on at \$2, \$2.50, \$3 and \$3.50. "I taught myself. Rev. John Reid, Jr., of Great Falls, Mont., his left the dam. In his hand was a Rev. John Reid, Jr., of Great Pails, Mont., recommended Ely's Cream Balm to me. I his left the dam. In his hand was a large wooden post covered with carv-five cure for catarrh if used as directed."– Rev. Francis W. Poole, Pastor Central Pres. Church, Helena, Mont. "And these zigzag lines represent"-Men's Patent Leather. "A mountain. The stranger looked. Full dress affairs at \$2.50, "It has some meaning, has it not?" \$3.50, \$4 and \$5, that you must The boy muttered confusedly: have to be well dressed; shoes Ely's Cream Balm is the acknowledged pectant glance at the corner of the "Only things." that go into the very best soci-ety and feel at home there. The questioner looked down at himnearest ostrich camp. The scrubby thorn trees under which they lay yieldcure for catarrh and contains no mercury nor any injarious drug. Price, 50 cents. the huge, unwieldy figure, in size a man's, in right of its childlike feaed no shade, but none was needed in Men's Working Shoes that glorious June weather, when in the hottest part of the afternoon the sun was but pleasantly warm. And the boy carved on, not looking up, yet pity and sympathy. RAILROAD TIME TABLES. in oil grain and heavy veal, B UFFALO, ROCHESTER & two sole and tap bellus tongue, at \$1, \$1.25 and \$1.50; Box PITTSBURG RY. The conscious of the brown serene earth "How long have you worked at toe at \$1.50, \$2 and \$2.50; in new trunk line between Pittsburg, about him and the intensely blue sky family of Truth.' this?" fine satins for dress at \$1.00, Butler, Bradford, Rochester and above. "Nine months." Presently, at the corner of the camp, From his pocket the stranger drew \$1.25 and \$1.50. Buffalo. Em appeared, bearing a covered saucer On and after Jan. 1, 1900, passenger trains will leave Eatler, P. & W. Sta-tion as follows. Eastern Standard Time: 10:12 a.m. Vestibuled Limited, dauy, for Dayton, Panxsatawney, Du-Bois. Ridgway, Bradford, Buffalo and Rochester. 5-22 n.m. Accommodation week days his pocketbook and took something in one hand and in the other a jug with from it. He could fasten the post to death, reward after death?" a cup on the top. She was grown into his horse in some way and throw h a premature little old woman of 16, away in the sand when at a safe disand Rochester. 5:22 p.m. Accommodation, week days only, Craigsville, Dayton. Punxsu-tawney, DuBios. Falls Creek. Curwensville, Clearfield and inter-mediate stations 45 a.m. Week days only: mixed train for Craigsville, Dayton. Punxsu-tawney, and identified and interridiculously fat. The jug and saucer tance "Will you take this for your cary The boy glanced at the £5 note and shook his head. Opposite Hotel Lwry "No: Leannot." "You think it is worth more?" asked he stranger, with a little sneer. He pointed with his thumb to a BICKEL'S for Craigsville, Dayton, Punxsn-tawney and intermediate points. This train leaves Ponxsutawney at 1:00 p.m. arriving at Butler at 5:45 The new man was an Englishman to grave whom the Boer woman had hired half "No: it is for him." "And who is there?" asked the stran-"Hum!" said Waldo. p.m., stopping at all intermediate stations Thousand mile tickets good for pas-sage between all stations on the E. K. & PRy and N. Y. C. R. R. (Penn'a. division) at 2 cents per mile. For tickets, time tables and further information call on or address, W. R. TURNER, Agt. Butler, Pa., or EDWARD C. LAPEY. Gen'l Pass. Agent, Rochester, N. Y. "He is quite young," said Em, holding her side, "and he has brown hair and beard curling close to his face and "My father." The man silently returned the note o his pocketbook and gave the carv such dark blue eyes. And, Waldo, I was so ashamed! I was just looking ing to the boy and, drawing his hat over his eyes, composed himself to sleep. Not being able to do so, after back to see, you know, and he hap pened just to be looking back, too, and awhile he glanced over the fellow's shoulder to watch him work. The boy we looked right into each other's face. and he got red, and I got so red. I be carved letters into the back. lieve he is the new man." "If," said the stranger, with his "Yes," said Waldo. .20 melodious voice, rich with a sweetness "I must go now. Perhaps he ha that never showed itself in the clouded P., Bessemer & L E. brought us letters from the post from eyes, for sweetness will linger on in Lyndall. You know, she can't stay a .00Trains depart: No 14, at 9:15 A. M: the voice after it has died out in the Trains depart: No 14, at 9:15 A. M;), 2, at 4:50 P. M. Builer time. Trains arrive :No. 1, 9:50 A. M; No. 2:55 P. M. Butler time. No. 14 runs through to Erie and con-cts with W. N. Y. & P. at Huston to Ereselful erest Oil Clin. school much longer. She must con eyes-"if for such a purpose, why back soon. And the new man will have to stay with us till his house is write that upon it?" 80c The boy glanced at him, but made built. I must get his room ready. Goodby!" no answer. He had almost forgotten 1.40heets with W. N. Y. & P. at Huston function for Franklin and Oil City, and with Erie Railroad at Shenan-to for all points east. No. 2 runs hrough to Greenville and connects with N. N. & P. for Franklin and Oil lity, and at Shenango with Erie R. R. or points east and west She tripped off again, and Waldo "You surely believe," said the stran carved on at his post. Doss lay with his nose close to the covered sauce ger, "that some day, sooner or later, these graves will open and those Boer 95c and smelled that some one had mad uncles with their wives walk about nice little fat cakes that afternoor Both were so intent on their occupa here in the red sand with the very fleshly legs with which they went to 350 or points east and west. W. R. TURNER, Ticket Agent. tion that not till a horse's hoofs be Then why say, 'He sleeps for-You believe he will stand up sleep? beside them in the sand did they look 40cup to see a rider drawing in his steed. again? PITTSBURG & WESTERN He was certainly not the strange whom Em had described, a dark, some "Do you?" asked the boy, lifting for 00 Railway. Schedule of Pas-enger Trains in effect Nov. 19, eight and twenty, rather stout, with an instant his heavy eyes to the stran-Half taken aback, the stranger laugh .001899. BUTLER TIME. heavy, cloudy eyes and pointed mu taches. His horse was a fiery crea-ture, well caparisoned. A highly fined. It was as though a curious little tadpole which he held under his glass 35c should suddenly lift its tail and begin ished saddlebag hung from the saddle to question him. "I? No." He laughed his short, The man's hands were gloved, and h Express. Accommodation... presented the appearance—an appear ance rare on that farm—of a wel thick laugh. "I am a man who be-lieves nothing, hopes nothing, fears hopes dressed gentleman. nothing, feels nothing. I am beyond In an uncommonly melodious voi

creed, and put all his birds in it. ing and singing.

Oh, lovely songs!"

caught, but they danced and sang be-fore them. And the hunter, too, was glad, for he said: 'Surely Truth is among them. In time she will molt her feathers, and I shall see her snow white form.' "But the time passed, and the people

sang and danced, but the hunter's heart grew heavy. He crept alone, as of old, to weep. The terrible desire day, as he sat alone weeping, it chanc ed that Wisdom met him. He told the old man what he had done. "And Wisdom smiled sadly.

learch for Truth must leave these val-

I will tell you all about it."

ters things of mighty import.

He put his finger on the grotesqu

little manikin at the bottom (ah, tha

man who believed nothing, hoped noth

ing, felt nothing—how he loved him!) and with eager finger the fellow moved

upward, explaining over fantastic fig-

ures and mountains, to the crowning bird from whose wing dropped a feath-

and then a show of white teeth be neath the mustaches as he listened.

"I think," he said blandly when the

boy had done, "that I partly under

He touched the grotesque little figure

waiting in the rushes for the coming

of the birds a great shadow fell on

him, and in the water he saw a re

desire, came over him to see once again

than to hold her.'

"His friend laughed.

now the people came about him, howl-"And the hunter cried: "'Oh, you who have lived here ing. ong, tell me, what is that great wild "'Fool, hound, demented lunatic they cried. 'How dared you break your cage and let the birds fly?' bird I have seen sailing in the blue? they cried. They would have me believe she is a

"The hunter spoke, but they would not hear him. "Truth! Who is she? Can you eat dream, the shadow of my own head.' "The old man smiled. "'Her name is Truth. He who has her? Can you drink her? Who has death he desires her.' Her? Can you drink her? Who has ever seen her? Your birds were real.

"And the hunter cried: All could hear them sing. Oh, fool! Vile reptile! Atheist!' they cried. 'You "'Oh, tell me where I may find her!" "But the man said:

went.

his arms, for he said:

"And he said:

You have not suffered enough, and "Come; let us take up stones and stone him!' cried some.

"Then the hunter took from his breast the shuttle of Imagination and others. 'Let the idiot go,' and went wound on it the thread of his Wishes, and all night he sat and wove a net. and mud and threw at him. At last, and all night he sat and wove a net. "In the morning he spread the golden net open on the ground, and into it he threw a few grains of credulity, which it was evening about him."

his father had left him and which he ; At every word the stranger spoke the kept in his breast pocket. They were fellow's eyes flashed back on himlike white puffballs, and when you trod on them a brown dust flew out. Then smiled. It was almost worth the trouhe sat by to see what would happen. ble of exerting oneself, even on a lazy The first that came into the net was a afternoon, to win those passionate snow white bird, with dove's eyes, and flashes, more thirsty and desiring than he sang a beautiful song. 'A human the love glances of a woman. God, a human God, a human God,' it "He wandered on and on,"

God, a human God' it stanger, "and the shade grew deeper." and mystical, with dark, lovely eyes, He was on the borders now of the land that looked into the depths of your where it is always night. Then he that looked into the depths of your soul, and he sang only this-'Immorwhere it is always night. Then he stepped into it, and there was no light there. With his hands he groped, but "And the hunter took them both in each branch as he touched it broke off, and the earth was covered with " They are surely of the beautiful cinders. cinders. At every step his foot sank in, and a fine cloud of impalpable ashes flew up into his face, and it was flark. So he sat down upon a stone "Then came another, green and gold, who sang in a shrill voice, like one cry-ing in the market place, 'Reward after and buried his face in his hands to wait h that Land of Negation and Denial

till the light came. "And it was night in his heart also. "Then from the marshes to his right "'You are not so fair, but you are fair, too,' and he took it. "And others came, brightly colored and left cold mists arose and closed laughed between his feeth. about him. A fine, imperceptible rain singing pleasant songs till all the grains were finished, and the hunter gathered all his birds together and fell in the dark, and great drops gath-

ered on his hair and clothes. His heart beat slowly, and a numbness crept built a strong iron cage, called a new temptation? Have I dwelt where the through all his limbs. Then, looking up, two merry whisp lights came danc "Then the people came about, dancing. He lifted his head to look at for you, ye harples? them. Nearer, nearer they came, so warm, so bright, they danced like stars "'Oh, happy hunter!' they cried. 'Oh, onderful man! Oh, delightful birds! Dh, lovely songs!" "No one asked where the birds had From the center of the radiating flame of despair slunk away, for the laugh of a brave, strong heart is a death blow to them. come from nor how they had been eaught, but they danced and sang be-laughing, dimpled, with streaming yel-

low hair. In the center of the other were merry, laughing ripples, like the bubbles on a glass of wine. They danced before him. "'Who are you,' asked the hunter,

s gone? It is cracked already. If you who alone come to me in my solitude should ever climb this stair,' they said, and darkness?

"'We are the twins Sensuality!' they cried. 'Our father's name is Human Nature, and our mother's name is Exclimb another.' had awakened again in his breast. One vorked on cess. We are as old as the hills and rivers, as old as the first man, but we never die,' they laughed.

"'Oh, let me wrap my arms about you?' cried the first. "They are soft "'Many men,' he said, 'have spread that net for Truth, but they have never and warm. Your heart is frozen now. but I will make it beat. Oh, come to found her. On the grains of credulity she will not feed; in the net of wishes me!" "'I will pour my hot life into you, her feet cannot be held; in the air of

was done. these valleys she will not breathe. The said the second. 'Your brain is numb, birds you have caught are of the brood and your limbs are dead now, but they hands and lay down by the precipice where he had worked away his life. of Lies—lovely and beautiful, but still lies. Truth knows them not.' shall live with a fierce free life. Oh, let me pour it in?' share shere in this darkness to wait, and they have come to us and we to "And the hunter cried out in bitter

"And must I, then, sit still, to be flevoured of this great burning?" "And the old man said: them, and they have never left us, nev-er. All else is a delusion, but we are childhood. From afar seemed borne "'Listen, and in that you have suffered much and wept much I will tell Jou what I know. He who sets out to

er. All else is a delusion, but we are real, we are real. Truth is a shadow, the valleys of superstitien are **c** farce the earth is of ashes, the trees all rot-ten, but we-feel us-we live! You

der down into the Land of Absolute Negation and Denial. He must abide there. He must resist temptation. When the light breaks, he must arise the frozen blood began to run. And "Then the mists rolled together again, and he turned his eyes away. "'I have sought,' he said, 'for long he said: "'Yes. Why should I die here in this awful darkness? They are warm; years I have labored, but I have not they melt my frozen blood!' And he found her. I have not rested, I have years I have labored, but I have not not repined, and I have not seen her. Now my strength is gone. Where I stretched out his hands to take them. "Then in a moment there arose before him the image of the thing he had loved, and his hand dropped to his side. "'Oh, come to us!' they cried. Ile down worn out other men will stand young and fresh. By the steps that I have cut they will climb; by the "You dazzle my eyes,' he cried, 'you "will never know the make my heart warm, but you cannot give me what I desire. I will wait the clumsy work they will laugh; when the stones roll, they will curse me. But -wait till I die. Go!' "He covered his face with his hands and would not listen, and when he they will climb, and by my stair! They looked up again they were two twin-kling stars, that vanished in the diswill find her, and through me! And no man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself.' "The tears rolled from beneath the "And the long, long night rolled on. shriveled eyelids. If Truth had ap-"All who leave the valley of superstition pass through that dark land, but some go through it in a few days, some ome go through it in a few days, some linger there for months, some for of death was in his eyes. "'My soul hears their glad step comears, and some die there." The boy had crept closer. His hot breath almost touched the stranger's they shall mount!' He raised his shriv-"At last for the hunter a faint light played along the horizon, and he rose to follow it, and he reached that light at last and stepped into the broad sun-shine. Then before him rose the al-on to the breast of the dying man. He mighty mountains of Dry Facts and felt it with his hands. It was a feath-Realities. The clear sunshine played er. He died holding it." on them, and the tops were lost in the clouds. At the foot many paths ran in An evident foot many paths ran up. An exultant cry burst from the great drops fell. The stranger must hunter. He chose the straightest and began to climb, and the rocks and lent. He did so. "How did you know it?" the boy whispered at last. "It is not written ridges resounded with his song. They had exaggerated. After all, it was not so high, nor was the road so steep. A there, not on that wood. How did so high, not make weeks, a few months few days, a few weeks, a few months at most, and then the top! Not one feather only would he pick up. He would gather all that other men had would weave the net, capture Truth, weave the net, capture Truth, is this—that it says more than it says and takes you away from itself. It clasp her! "He laughed in the merry sunshine is a little door that opens into an infiand sang loud. Victory was very near. nite hall where you may find what you Nevertheless, after awhile the path grew steeper. He needed all his breath please. Men, thinking to detract, say, People read more in this or that work for climbing, and the singing died away. On the right and left rose huge of genius than was ever written in it,' not perceiving that they pay the high est compliment. If we pick up the fin rocks, devoid of lichen or moss, and in the lavalike earth chasms yawned. Here and there he saw a sheen of white ger and nail of a real man, we can decipher a whole story-could almost rebones. Now, too, the path began to grow less and less marked. Then it construct the creature again from head to foot. But half the body of a Mum boo-jumbow idol leaves us utterly in the dark as to what the rest was like became a mere trace, with a footmark here and there; then it ceased altogethr. He sang no more, but struck forth We see what we see, but nothing more. There is nothing so universally intellia path for himself until he reached a mighty wall of rock, smooth and with-out break, stretching as far as the eye ble as truth. It has a thousand mean ings and suggests a thousand more." He turned over the wooden thing ould see. 'I will rear a stair against it, and, once this wall climbed, I shall "Though a man should carve it into e almost there,' he said bravely and matter with the least possible manipuworked. With his shuttle of Imagina-tion he dug out stones, but half of them lative skill, it will yet find interpreter It is the soul that looks out with burnwould not fit, and half a month's work would roll down because those below were ill chosen. But the hunter working eyes through the most gross fleshl ent. Whosoever should portra; truly the life and death of a little ed on, saying always to himself, 'Once this wall climbed, I shall be almost flower-its birth, sucking in of nourisl ment, reproduction of its kind, wither there, this great work ended!" ing and vanishing-would have shaped "At last he came out upon the top, and he looked about him. Far below a symbol of all existence. All true facts of nature or the mind are related. rolled the white mist over the valleys rolled the want, and above him tower-ed the mountains. They had seemed low before. They were of an immens-urable height now, from crown to foun-tradie height now, from cro Your little carving represents som cles. Upon them played the eternal sunshine. He uttered a wild cry. He will have to work hard. The love of sunshine. He uttered a wild cry. He bowed himself on to the earth, and known country. He turned to go, but when he rose his face was white. In born in a man. The skill to reproduce absolute silence be apply to the second second

was very silent now. In those high rewas very silent now. In those high re-gions the rarefied air is hard to breathe hard."

by those born in the valleys. Every breath he drew hurt him, and the blood oozed out from the tips of his "All my life I have longed to see you," the boy said. fingers. Before the next wall of rock tigar and lighted it. The boy lifted he began to work. The height of this the heavy wood from the stranger's seemed infinite, and he said nothing. knee and drew yet nearer him. In the The sound of his tool rang night and day upon the iron rocks into which he cut steps. Years passed over him, yet lous, unless one chanced to view it in cut steps. Years passed over nim, yet he worked on, but the wall towered up always above him to heaven. Some times he prayed that a little moss or lichen might spring up on those bare

walls to be a companion to him, but it never came." want you to go anywhere. I want you to talk to me. Tell me what you have

"And the years rolled on. He count-The boy slunk down figain. Would "And the years rolled on. He count-the the by the steps he had cut-a few that the man had asked him to root for a year, only a few. He sang no more. He said no more, I will do this to feed on, or to run to the far end or that; he only worked. And at night when the twilight settled down there ooked out at him from the holes and grew on the hills at the edge of the revices in the rocks many strange, rild faces. wild faces. "'Stop your work, you lonely man,

"I have never done anything," he said. and speak to us,' they cried. "'My salvation is in work. If I

"Then tell me of that nothing. 1 "My successful to the moment, you like to an whose word I can bener." been doing whose word I can bener." The been doing whose word I can bener. should stop but for one moment, you would creep down upon me,' he re-been doing whose word I can believe.

feet,' they said. 'See what lie there-white bones! As brave and strong a flowed. In the smallest past we find an lnexhaustible mine when once we had he looked up. He saw there was no use in striving. He would never A confused, disordered story, the lit-

hold Truth, never see her, hever find her. So he lay down here, for he was nothing showing its inward meaning. very tired. He went to sleep forever. He put himself to sleep. Sleep is very steps that before fie clearest eyes it He put himself to sleep. Sleep is very tranquil. You are not lonely when falls into co-ordinate pictures. It is not you are asleep, neither do your hands ache nor your heart.' And the hunter that it takes its place among other niche in the picture. The present and the near past are a context of the present and "Have I torn from my heart all that vas dearest? Have 1 wandered alone n the land of night? Have I resisted meaning flashes on us as it slinks away into the distance.

voice of my kind is never heard and The stranger lighted one cigar from the end of another and puffed and abored alone to lie down and be food listened with half closed eyes.

"He laughed flercely, and the echoes "I will remember more to tell you if you like," said the fellow. He spoke with that extreme gravity

common to all very young things who feel deeply. It is not till 20 that we "Nevertheless they crept out again and looked at him. "'Do you know that your hair is white,' they said, 'that your hands learn to be in deadly earnest and to laugh. The stranger nodded, while the fellow sought for something more to begin to tremble like a child's? Do relate. He would tell all to this man you see that the point of your shuttle of his-all that he knew, all that he of his-all that he knew, all that he had felt, his most inmost sorest thought. Suddenly the stranger turn-

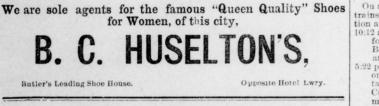
it will be your last. You will never ed upon him. "Boy," he said. "you are happy to be here." Waldo looked at him. Was his de-

"And he answered, 'I know it!' and lightful one ridiculing him? Here, with his brown earth and these low "The old, thin hands cut the stones ill and jaggedly, for the fingers were stiff and bent. The beauty and the hills, while the rare wonderful world lay all beyond. Fortunate to be here!

"At last an old, wizened, shrunken The stranger read his glance. "Yes," he said, "here with the karroo bushes and the red sand. Do you wonface looked out above the rocks. It saw the eternal mountain rise with walls to the white clouds, but its work der what I mean? To all who have

been born in the old faith there comes a time of danger, when the old slips "The old hunter folded his tired from us, and we have not yet planted our feet on the new. We hear the voice from Sinai thundering no more, and the still, small voice of reason is not yet heard. We have proved the religion our mothers fed us on to be a delusion. In our bewilderment we see no rule by which to guide our steps day by day, and yet every day we must step somewhere." The stranger leaned leaned step somewhere." The stranger forward and spoke more quickly have never once been taught by word or act to distinguish between religion

wood, we imagine the wall itself to be rotten wood too. We find it is and standing only when we fall head-long against it. We have been taught that all right and wrong originate in the will of an irresponsible being. It is some time before we see how the inexorable 'Thou shalt and shalt not' are carved into the nature of things. This is the time of danger.' His dark, misty eyes looked into the boy's. "In the end experience will inevita bly teach us that the laws for a wise and noble life have a foundation infinitely deeper than the fiat of any be ing, God or man, even in the ground-work of human nature. She will teach us that whoso sheddeth man's blood. though by man his blood be not shed no hell though no man avenge and await, yet every drop shall blister on his soul and eat in the name of the dead. She will teach that whose takes a love not lawfully his own gathers a flower with a poison on its petals; that whose revenges, strikes with a sword that has two edges-one for his adversary, one for himself; that who lives to himself is dead, though the ground is not yet on him; that who wrongs anther clouds his own sun, and that who sins in secret stands accused and con-demned before the one judge who deals eternal justice-his own all knowing



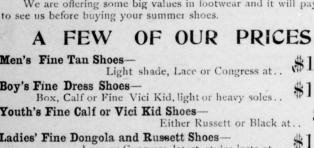
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| Youth's Fine Calf or Vici Kid Shoes- |
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| Children's Fine Shoes- |
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| Men's Fine Calf Dress Shoes- Round toe, tipped at \$1 |
| Ladies' Fine Dongola Three Point Slippers - |
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RAIL

UNDAY TRAINS

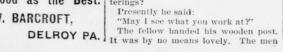
6 23 4 25 4 25 4 25 P. M. A. M. A. M. A. M. P. M inquired sleepily. Through trains for the east leave Pittsburg (Unitation), as follows:-

"Yes." ennsylvania Linnes, " Jay Express, " Jain Line Express, " daily. For New York only 7:00 ° 7:10 ° 8:30 ° imited, daily, with thr ad sleeping cars to New York, Washington only. No extra

New Yo 8:40 A.M For Atlantic City (via Delaware River Bridge, al ail route), 8:00 A.M., and 8:30 P.M., daily. For detailed information, address Thos. E. Watt, Pass Agt, Western District, Corner Fifth Avenue and Smith eld Street, Pittsburg, Pa. B. HUTCHISON, General Manager. J. R. WOOD.

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he inquired whether he might be al- $5.59 \xrightarrow{10} 9.07$ A.M 2.55 F.M 4.55 F.M 4.55 F.M 9.40 A.M Waldo directed him to the farmhous 10.52 G for the farmhous 10.52 for the farmhous for the farmhous 10.52 for the farmhou but the stranger declined. He would merely rest under the trees and giv . 8 05 A.M 9 SU A.M his horse water. He removed the saddle, and Waldo led the animal away the dam. When he returned, th stranger had settled himself under the with his back against the sad dle. The boy offered him of the cakes He declined, but took a draft from the jug, and Waldo lay down not far off and fell to work again. It mat-tered nothing if cold eyes saw it. It was not his sheep shearing machin With material loves, as with hum we go mad once, love out and hav

done. We never get up the true en-thusiasm a second time. This was but a thing he had made, labored over, loved and liked, nothing more-not hi ROAD. machine. The stranger forced himself low down in the saddle and yawned.

was a drowsy afternoon, and he objec ed to travel in these out of the world parts. He liked better civilized life, where at every hour of the day a man may look for his glass of wine and his easy chair and paper; where at night he may lock himself into his room with his books and a bottle of brandy and taste joys mental and physical. The world said to him-the all knowing, omnipotent world, whom no locks can bar, who has the catlike propensity seeing best in the dark-the world said that better than the books he loved the brandy and better than books or brandy that which it had been better had he loved less. But for the world he cared nothing. He smiled blandly in its teeth. All life is a dream. If wine and philosophy and women keep

the dream from becoming a nightmare. so much the better. It is all they are fit for, all they can be used for. There was another side to his life and He sat alone and brooded. Then his thought, but of that the world knew nothing and said nothing, as the way spoke. of the wise world is. The stranger looked from beneath

his sleepy eyelids at the brown earth that stretched away, beautiful in spite of itself, in that June sunshine; looked at the graves, the gables of the farmouse showing over the stone walls of the camps, at the clownish fellow at but now I desire nothing more on earth his feet, and yawned. But he had drunk of the hind's tea and must say "Your father's place, I presume?" he

"No; I am only a servant." "Dutch people?" "And you like the life?" The boy hesitated. "On days like these." "And why on these?"

him? The boy waited. "They are very beautiful." The stranger looked at him. It see ed that as the fellow's dark eyes look-ed across the brown earth they kindled with an intense satisfaction. Then they looked back at the carving. What had that creature, so coarse

white handed and delicate, he might ear the music which shimmering sunshine and solitude play on the finely strung chords of nature, but that fel-low! Was not the ear in that great body too gross for such delicate mut-

suffered, L speak.'

the pale of humanity, no criterion of what you should be who live here and follow it into the country of dry sunshine. The mountains of stern among your ostriches and bushes." The next moment the stranger was reality will rise before him. He must climb them. Beyond them lies Truth.' surprised by a sudden movement on "'And he will hold her fast! He will the part of the fellow, which brought old her in his hands!' the hunter cried. him close to the stranger's feet. Soon "Wisdom shook his head. after he raised his carving and laid it Rcross the man's knee.
"Yes, I will tell you," he muttered;

"'He will never see her, never hold her. The time is not yet.' "'Then there is no hope?' cried the hunter.

" 'There is this,' said Wisdom. 'Som men have climbed on those mountain -circle above circle of bare rock they have scaled-and, wandering there in those high regions, some have chanced to pick up on the ground one white, silver feather dropped from the wing of Truth. And it shall come to pass, said the old man, raising himself er. At the end he spoke with broken breath-short words, like one who utprophetically and pointing with his fin-ger to the sky—'it shall come to pass, The stranger watched more the face than the carving, and there was now when enough of those silver feathers shall have been gathered by the fands of men and shall have been woven into a cord, and the cord into a net, that in that net Truth may be captured. Nothing but Truth can hold Truth." stand yon. It is something after this fashion, is it not?" He smiled. "In certain valleys there was a hunter."

"The hunter arose. 'I will go,' he said. "But Wisdom detained him.

at the bottom. "Day by day he went to hunt for wild fowl in the woods, and "'Mark you well-who leaves thes valleys never/returns to them. Though he should weep tears of blood seven it chanced that once he stood on the shores of a large lake. While he stood days and nights upon the confines, he can never put his foot across them. Left, they are left forever. Upon the road which you would travel there is flection. He looked up to the sky, but the thing was gone. Then a burning no reward offered. Who goes, goes freely, for the great love that is in him. The work is his reward.' " I go,' said the hunter, 'but upon

that reflection in the water, and all day he watched and waited, but night ntains, tell me, which path the rame, and it had not returned. Then shall I take?

"'I am the child of the Accumulated Knowledge of Ages,' said the man. 'I he went home with his empty bag, moody and silent. His comrades came questioning about him to know the reacan walk only where many men have trodden. On those mountains few feet on, but he answered them nothing. have passed. Each man strikes out a friend came to him, and to him he path for himself. He goes at his own peril. My voice he hears no more. I may follow after him, but I cannot go

'I have seen today,' he said, 'that before him.' which I never saw before-a vast white bird, with silver wings outstretched, "Then Knowledge vanished. "And the hunter turned. He went to sailing in the everlasting blue. And now it is as though a great fire burned within my breast. It was but a sheen, a shimmer, a reflection in the water, his cage and with his hands broke down the bars, and the jagged iron tore

his flesh. It is sometimes easier to build than to break. "One by one he took his plumed birds and let them fly. But when he came to his dark plumed bird he held it and looked into its beautiful eyes, and the "'It was but a beam playing on the water or the shadow of your own head. Tomorrow you will forget her,' he said. "But tomorrow and tomorrow and bird uttered its low, deep cry-'Immortality!

"And he said quickly: 'I cannot part tomorrow the hunter walked alone. He sought in the forest and in the woods, by the lakes and among the rushes, with it. It is not heavy. It eats no food. I will hide it in my breast. I will take it with me.' And he buried but he could not find her. Heishot no it there and covered it over with his more wild fowl. What were they to cloak. "But the thing he had hidden grew

"'What alls him?' said his comrades. heavier, heavier, heavier, till it lay on " 'He is mad,' said one. " 'No; but he is worse,' said another. 'He would see that which none of us his breast like lead. He could not ve it. He could not leave those valleys with it. Then again he took it out have seen and make himself a wonder. and looked at it. "'Come, let us forswear this compa-

"'Oh, my beautiful, my heart's own!' he cried. 'May I not keep you? "He opened his hands sadly. "'Go,' he said. 'It may happen that "One night, as he wandered in the shade, very heartsore and weeping, an old man stood before him, grander and in Truth's song one note is like to yours, but I shall never hear it.' "Sadly he opened his hand, and the

"'Who are, you?' asked the hunter. "'I am Wisdom,' answered the obbird flew from him forever. "Then from the shuttle of Imagina man, 'but some menicalled me Knowlbe washed with tears that are to be for the thread was made in the hold me, and, according as a man has leys, but the shuttle came from an un-

self. "Experience will teach us this, and reason will show us why it must be so, but at first the world swings before our eyes, and no voice cries out: "This is the way. Walk ye in it? You are happy to be here, boy. When the sus-pense fills you with pain, you build stone walls and dig earth for relief. Others have stood where you stand to day and have felt as you feel, and an-other relief has been offered them, and

they have taken it. "When the day has come when they have seen the path in which they might walk, they have not the strength to follow it. Habits have fastened on them from which nothing but death can free them; which eling closer than his sacerdotal sanctimony to a priest; which feed on the intellect like a worm, sapping energy, hope, creative ower, all that makes a man higher than a beast, leaving only the power to yearn, to regret and to sink lower in

the abyss. "Boy," he said, and the listener was not more unsmiling now than the speaker, "you are happy to be here. Stay where you are. If you ever pray, let it be only the one old prayer, 'Lead us not into temptation.' Live on here quietly. The time may yet come when you will be that which other men have

hoped to be and never will be now." The stranger rose, shook the dust from his sleeve and, ashamed at his own earnestness, looked across the bushes for his horse.

"We should have been on our way already," he said. "We shall have a long ride in the dark tonight."

Waldo hastened to fetch the animal but he returned leading it slowly. The sooner it came the sooner would its rider be gone. The stranger was opening his saddle

bag, in which were a bright French novel and an old brown volume. He took the last and held it out to the boy "It may be of some help to you," he said carelessly. "It was a gospel to me when I first fell on it. You must not expect too much, but it may give you a center round which to hang your ideas tead of letting them lie about in con-Continued on 4th page.

