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Men's Patent Leather.

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

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That has merit in it as to style, Lace or button at 85c, \$1,\$1.25 comfort and service in footwear develops in this store.

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A FEW OF OUR PRICES

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Your Choice of Men's Working Shoes-	\$1.00

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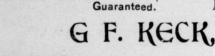
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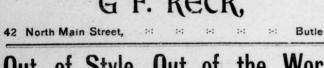
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sible to (and we do) give our patrons these first class clothes at the price you would pay for the other sort. We believe we have *given good reasons why our tailoring is the best and cheapest and would be grateful for the opportunity to show you our handsome spring

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Constipation, Headache, Biliousness, Heartburn,

Indigestion, Dizziness, best medicine to rouse the liver and cure all these ills, is found in

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a generous sample will be mailed of the
most popular Catarrh and Hay Fever Cure
(Ely's Cream Balm) sufficient to demonstrate the great merits of the remedy. Stylish footwear for business men; tan box and Russia calf, fine vici kids, velour calf, patent calf that have ease and ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St , New York City.

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

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		Depa	: Arrive.			
3	Allegheny Accommodation	6 25	A.M	9	07	A.M
	Allegheny Express	8 05	**		30	44
S	New Castle Accommodation	8 05	44	9	07	
9	Akron Mail	8 05	A.M	7	03	P.M
	Allegheny Fast Express	9 58	66	12	18	64
	Allegheny Express	3 00	P.M	4	45	pm
	Chicago Express	3 40				am
	Allegheny Mail	5 50				
	Allegheny and New Castle Accom	5 50				44
	Chicage Limited,		**			$\Lambda.M$
	Kane and Bradford Mail	9:55				P.M
	Clarion Accommodation	4 55			40	A.M
	Cleveland and Chicago Express	6 25	am			
	SUNDAY TRAINS.					
	Allegheny Express	8 05				A.M
	Allegheny Accommodation	5 50				P.M
	New Castle Accommodation	8 05			03	44
	Chicago Express	3 40	P.M			
	Allegheny Accommodation			7	03	pm

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PENNSYLVANIA

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Buff Plymouth Rock Eggs From Prize Winning Stock. Stock as Good as the Best J. W. BARCROFT. YORK CO. DELROY PA.



SCHREINER.

A TALE OF LIFE IN THE BOER REPUBLIC.

GREGORY ROSE FINDS HIS AFFINITY nomestead. It was covered outside with a somber coating of brown mud, two little panes being let into the walls for windows. Behind it were the "sheep kraals" and to the right a large dam, now principally containing baked mud. Far off the little "kopie" containing baked the gate and watched the frothing milk run through the black fingers of cealed the homestead and was not it-

relieve the dreary monotony of the landscape.

Before the door sat Gregory Rose in Buffalo.

On and after Jan. 1, 1900, passenger trains will leave Butler, P. & W. Station as follows, Eastern Standard Time: do account. Again and again he looked at the little "kopje," at the milk pail at his side and at the brown pony, who a short way off cropped the dry bushes—and sighed.

Presently he rose and went into his house. It was one tiny room, the whitewashed walls profusely covered with prints cut from The Illustrated London News, and in which there was a noticeable preponderance of female faces and figures. A stretcher filled one end of the hut and a rack for a gun and a little hanging looking diversified the gable opposite while in the center stood a chair and table. All was scrupulously neat and clean, for Gregory kept a little duster folded in the corner of his table drawe just as he had seen his mother do, and every morning before he went out he said his prayers and made his bed and dusted the table and the legs of the chairs, and even the pictures on th

wall and the gun rack.
On this hot afternoon he took fro beneath his pillow a watch bag made by his sister Jemima and took out the watch. Only half past 4! With a suppressed groan he dropped it back and sat down beside the table. Half past 4 Presently he roused himself. He would write to his sister Jemima. He always wrote to her when he was miserab She was his safety valve. He forgo her when he was wretched.

was a family crest and motto on th Was a finding of the Roses since coming to the colony had discovered that they were of distinguished lineage. Old were of distinguished lineage. er, knew nothing of his noble descent. but his wife-and daughter knew-esp cially his daughter. There were Ros in England who kept a park and dated from the conquest. So the colonial Rose farm became Rose manor in renembrance of the ancestral domain blood was established-in their minds

Gregory took up one of the white, as more suitable to the state of his

Kopje Alone, Monday Afternoon. Then he looked up into the little glass opposite. It was a youthful face reflected there, with curling brow beard and hair, but in the dark blu eyes there was a look of languid long ing that touched him. He redipped his pen and wrote:

Here he sat still and reflected. It sounded almost as if he might be co ceited or unmanly to be looking at h own face in the glass. No, that would not do. So he looked for another pink sheet and began again.

sheet and began again.

Kopje Alone, Monday Afternoon.

Dear Sistet—It is hardly six months since I left you to come to this spot, yet could you now see me I know what you would say. I know what there would say with the strange look in his eyes?'

Yes, Jemima, it is your Greg, and the change has been coming over me ever since I came here but it is greatest since yesterday. You know what sorrows I have passed through, Jemima how unjustly I was always treated at school, the masters keeping me back and calling me a block head, though, as they themselves allowed, I have been temency of any boy in the school an could repeat whole books from beginning to end You know how cruelly father always used me calling me a noodle and a milk sop just because he couldn't understand my fine nature. Yo know how he has made a farmer of me instead a minister, as I ought to have been. Yo know it all, Jemima, and how I have borne it all not as a woman, who whines for every touch, but as a man should—in silence.

But there are things, there is a thing, which have long to the soul longs to pour forth into a kindred ear.

Dear sister, have you ever known what it is the keep wanting and wanting and wanting to to tow wome one's mouth, and you many not; to toue wome one's hand, and you cannot? I am in love ware one's hand, and you cannot? I am in love ware one's mouth.

The new man, Gregory Rose, sat at Gregory having finished his letter the door of his dwelling, his arms fold-ed, his legs crossed and a profound it in an envelope, addressed it and sat melancholy seeming to rest over his soul. His house was a little square daub and wattle building, far out in the "karroo," two miles from the homestead. It was covered outside

mud. Far off the little "kopje" con- milk run through the black fingers of cealed the homestead and was not it-self an object conspicuous enough to milking poles. She had thrown the red cloak over her own head and held it under her chin with a little hand to keep from her ears the wind that playever and anon he sighed deeply. There tully shook it and tossed the little was that in his countenance for which fringe of yellow hair into her eyes. fringe of yellow hair into her eyes.
"Is it not too cold for you to be standing here?" said Gregory, coming softly close to her.

"Oh, no; it is so nice. I always come to watch the milking. That red cow with the short horns is bringing up the calf of the white cow that died. the calf of the white cow that died. She loves it so, just as if it were her own. It is so nice to see her lick its little ears. Just look!" "The clouds are black. I think it is

going to rain tonight," said Gregory.
"Yes," answered Em, looking up as well as she could for the little yellow "But I'm sure you must be cold," said Gregory, and he put his hand under the cloak and found there a small fist

loubled up, soft and very warm. He held it fast in his hand. "Oh, Em. I love you better than all the world besides! Tell me, do you love me a little?" "Yes, I do," said Em, hesitating

and trying softly to free her hand.

all the world, darling?" he asked, bending down so low that the yellow hair was blown into his eyes. "I don't know," said Em gravely. "I cousin who is at school and Waldo

very much. You see, I have known them so long." "On, Em, do not talk to me so cold-ly!" Gregory cried, seizing the little arm that rested on the gate and pressing it till she was half afraid. The herdsman had moved away to the other end of the "kraal" now, and the notice of the little human farce. if you talk so to me I will go mad. You must love me—love me better than all. You must give yourself to me. I have loved you since that first moment when I saw you walking by the stone wall with the jug in your hands. You were made for me, created for me. I will love you till I die. Oh, Em, do

not be so cold, so cruel, to me! He held her arm so tightly that her fingers relaxed their hold, and the cloak fluttered down on to the ground, crested sheets, but on deeper reflection he determined to take a pink one, "I do love you very much," she said "but I do not know if I want to marry you. I love you better than Waldo, but I can't tell if I love you better than Lyndall. If you would let me wait for a week, I think perhaps I could tell

Gregory picked up the cloak and right, and her head looks as though it wrapped it round her.
"If you could but love me as I love you!" he said. "But no woman can love as a man can. I will wait till next love her.." Saturday. I will not once come near you till then. Goodby. Oh, Em," he said, turning again and twining his arms about her and kissing her surprised little mouth, "if you are not my wife I cannot live! I have never loved

another woman, and I never shall-"You make me afraid," said Em. "Come, let us go, and I will fill your like me."

"I want no milk. Goodby. You will not see me again till Saturday." Late that night, when every one else had gone to bed, the yellow haired little woman stood alone in the kitchen. She had come to fill the kettle for the next morning's coffee and now stood before the fire. The warm reflection lighted the grave old womanish little face that was so unusually thoughtful

than everything! He loves me better than everything!" She said the words aloud, as if they were more easy to believe if she spoke them so. She had given out so much love in her little and quilts, and in the little box in the ife and had got none of it back with interest. Now one said, "I love you better than all the world!" One loved her better than she loved him. How suddenly rich she was! She kept clasping and unclasping her hands. So a eggar feels who falls asleep on the pavement wet and hungry and who wakes in a palace hall with servants and lights and a feast before him. Of course the beggar's is only a dream, and he wakes from it, and this was Gregory had said to her, "I will love

vords over and over to herself like a

I will tell him how I love him back,"

But Em needed not to send for him. that Jemima's letter was still in his pocket, and therefore, much as he disliked the appearance of vacillation and weakness, he was obliged to be at the farmhouse before sunrise to post it "If I see her," Gregory said, "I shall only bow to her. She shall see that I am a man, one who keeps his word." As to Jemima's letter, he had turned down one corner of the page and then turned it back, leaving a deep crease. That would show that he was neither accepted nor rejected, but that matters

Gregory was barely in time with his letter, for Waldo was starting when he reached the homestead, and Em was on the doorstep to see him off. When he had given the letter and Waldo had gone, Gregory bowed stiffly and prepared to remount his own pony, but None of the servants was about. Em came up close to him and put her little hand softly on his arm as he stood by

were in an intermed ate condition. It

was a more poetical way than putting

"I do love you best of all," she said. She was not frightened now however much he kissed her. "I wish I was She was not frightened now however much he kissed her. "I wish I was been accepted; if not, you may know it is

up into his eyes as he held her against

orld, dearer to me than everything it holds. If you were in —, I would go after you to find you there. If you were dead, though my body moved, my soul would be under the ground with you. All life as I pass it with you in my arms will be perfect to me. It will pass-pass like a ray of sun-

Em thought how beautiful and grand his face was as she looked up into it. She raised her hand gently and put it n bls forehead. "You are so silent, so cold, my Em!"

he cried. "Have you nothing to say A little shade of wonder filled her

eyes.
"I will do everything you tell me," she said. What else could she say? Her idea

of love was only service. cannot bear that you should love any one but me. You must not. I will not have it! If every relative I had in the world were to die tomorrow, I would be quite happy if I still only had you. My darling, my love, why are you so cold? Promise me not to love him any more. If you asked me to do anything for you, I would do it, though it cost my life!" Em put her hand very gravely round

"I will never kiss him," she said, "and I will try not to love any one else. But I do not know if I will be able.' "Oh, my darling, I think of you all night, all day. I think of nothing else,

love, nothing else," he said, folding his arms about her. Em was a little conscience stricken. to remember that in six months her cousin would come back from school, and she had thought to remind Waldo of the lozenges for his cough, even when she saw Gregory coming.

"I do not know how it is," she said imbly, nestling to him, "but I cannot love you so much as you love me. Per haps it is because I am only a woman, but I do love you as much as I can." Now the Kaffir maids were coming from the huts. He kissed her again eyes and mouth and hands, and left Tant' Sannie was well satisfied when

told of the betrothment. She herself contemplated marriage within the year with one or other of her numerous vrijers," and she suggested that the weddings might take place together. Em set to work busily to prepare her own household linen and wedding garnents. Gregory was with her daily, almost hourly, and the six months which elapsed before Lyndall's return passed, as he felicitously phrased it, "like a summer night, when you are dreaming of some one you love.'

Late one evening Gregory sat by his little love, turning the handle of her machine as she drew her work through | Look at this ring!" it, and they talked of the changes they. would make when the Boer woman was gone and the farm belonged to them alone. There should be a new them alone. There should be a new room here and a kraal there. So they, chatted on. Suddenly Gregory dropped the handle and inverses of the handle and inverse of the handl the handle and impressed a fervent kiss on the fat hand that guided the the chair. "There are other women "You are so beautiful, Em," said the

lover. "It comes over me in a flood

She laughed softly. It was so nice to think he should be so blind.
"When my cousin comes tomorrow you will see a beautiful woman, Greg-

ory," she added presently. "She is like a little queen; her shoulders are so upought to have a little crown upon it. You must come to see her tomorrow as soon as she comes. I am sure you will "Of course I shall come to see her. since she is your cousin, but do you

think I could ever think any woman as lovely as I think you?" He fixed his seething eyes upon her. "You could not help seeing that she is prettier," said Em, slipping her right and into his, "but you will never be able to like any one so much as you

Afterward, when she wished her lover good night, she stood upon the doorstep to call a greeting after him, and she waited, as she always did, till the brown pony's hoofs became inaudible

behind the "kopje."

Then she passed through the room where Tant' Sannie lay snoring, and through the little room that was draped in white waiting for her cousin's return, on to her own room.

She went to the chest of drawers to put away the work she had finished and sat down on the floor before the lowest drawer. In it were the things she was preparing for her marriage. corner a spray of orange blossom which she had brought from a smouse. There, too, was a ring Gregory had given her and a veil his sister had sent, and there was a little roll of fine embroidered work which Trana had given her. It was too fine and good even for Gregory's wife-just right for something very small and soft. She would keep it. And she touched it gently with her forefinger, smiling, and then she blushed and hid it far behind the other things. She knew so well say nothing comes out in a man bu all that was in that drawer, and yet she turned them all over as though she saw them for the first time and packed them all out and packed them all in without one fold or crimple and can hardly pick up a few grains all in without one fold or crimple and then sat down and looked at them. Tomorrow evening when Lyndall came she would bring her here and show her all. Lyndall would so like to

see it-the little wreath and the ring and the white veil! It would be so nice. Then Em fell to seeing pictures. Lyndall should live with them till she herself got married some day. Every day when Gregory came home, tired from his work, he would look about and say: "Where is my wife? Has no one seen my wife? Wife, some offee!" and she would give him some

Em's little face grew very grave at last, and she knelt up and extended her hands over the drawer of linen.
"Oh, God!" she said, "I am so glad! do not know what I have done that I should be so glad. Thank you!"

CHAPTER XVII.

LYNDALL. She was more like a princess, yes, far more like a princess, than the lady who still hung on the wall in Tant Sannie's bedroom. So Em thought. She leaned back in the little armchair; she wore a gray dressing gown, and her long hair was combed out and hung to the ground. Em, sitting before her, looked up with mingled re-

"He must have been a fine baby,"

Em was puzzled. "There are some men," said Lyndall,

without thinking how very nice they must have looked when they were socks and pink sashes." Em remained silent. Then she said, with a little dignity: "When you know him, you will love him as I do. When I compare other people with him, they seem so weak and little. Our hearts are so cold; our loves are mixed up with so many other things. But he-no one is worthy of his love. I am

not. It is so great and pure.' "You need not make yourself unhappy on that point-your poor return for his love, my dear," said Lyndall. "A man's love is a fire of olive wood. It leaps higher every moment; it roars, it blazes, it shoots out red flames; it threatens to wrap you round and devour you—you who stand by like an icicle in the glow of its fierce warmth. You are self reproached at your own chilliness and want of reciprocity. The next day, when you go to warm your hands a little, you find a few ashes. 'Tis a long love and cool against : short love and hot. Men, at all events,

have nothing to complain of." "You speak so because you do not know men," said Em, instantly asuming the dignity of superior knowledge so universally affected by affiance ed and married women in discussing man's nature with their uncontracted sisters. "You will know them, too, some day, and then you will think dif-ferently," said Em, with the condecending magnanimity which superior

to ignorance Lyndall's little lip quivered in a manner indicative of intense amusem She twirled a massive ring upon he the hand of a man and noticeable in share each other's work and are comdesign—a diamond cross let into gold, with the initials "R. R." below it. "Ah, Lyndall," Em sald, "perhaps you are engaged yourself—that is why you smile! Yes, I am sure you are.

Lyndall drew the hand quickly from "I am not in so great a hurry to pu

glad of such work."
Em felt rebuked and ashamed. How could she take Lyndall and show her the white linen and the wreath and the embroidery? She was quiet for a suddenly how I love you."

Em smiled.
"Tant' Sannie says when I am her age no one will look at me, and it is true. My hands are as short and broad as a duck's foot, and my forehead is so low, and I haven't any nose. I can't be pretty."

the white linen and the wreath and the wreath and the embroidery? She was quiet for a little while and then began to talk rage no one will look at me, and it is true. My hands are as short and broad as a duck's foot, and my forehead is so low, and I haven't any nose. I can't be pretty."

the white linen and the wreath and the wreath and the embroidery? She was quiet for a mightily to make an imaginary leaf on an old stick beautiful. I'm sorry you don't care for the position of wo men. I should have liked us to be friends, and it is the only thing about the white linen and the wreath and the embroidery? She was quiet for a little while and then began to talk the white linen and the wreath and the embroidery? She was quiet for a mightily to make an imaginary leaf on an old stick beautiful. I'm sorry you don't care for the position of wo men. I should have liked us to be friends, and it is the only thing about any which I think much or feel much, if, indeed, I have any feeling about any tention. Now think of that and be satisfied! What would you do without it?"

The bitter little silvery laugh, so sel-with the white linen and the wreath and the embroidery? She was quiet for a mightily to make an imaginary leaf on an old stick beautiful. I'm sorry you don't care for the position of wo men. I should have liked us to be wear; then she rose and left her for any thing but ill paid drudges, they say: No, but you have men's chivalrous at the might ly to make an imaginary leaf on an old stick beautiful. I'm sorry you don't care for the position of wo mightily to make an imaginary leaf on an old stick beautiful. I'm sorry you don't care for the position of wo any the might ly to make an imaginary leaf on an old stick beautiful. I'm sorry you don't care for the position of wo any thing but i Lyndall sat on, watching the old crone's face in the corner, and with a weary look, as though the whole world's weight rested on these frail

young shoulders.

The next morning Waldo, starting off before breakfast with a bag of mealies slung over his shoulder to feed the os-triches, heard a light step behind him. "Wait for me. I am coming with you," said Lyndall, adding as she came up to him: "If I had not gone to look for you yesterday, you would not have come to greet me till now. Do you not

like me any longer, Waldo?" "Yes; but-you are changed." It was the old, clumsy, hesitating ode of speech. "You liked the pinafores better?" she

said quickly. She wore a dress of a simple cotton fabric, but very fashionably made, and on her head was a broad white hat. To Waldo she seem ed superbly attired. She saw it. "My dress has changed a little," she said, "and I also, but not to you. Hang the bag over your other shoulder that I may see your face. You say so little that if one does not look at you you are an uncomprehended cipher. Waldo changed the bag, and they walked on side by side. "You have improved," at me as though I were talking non-sense side. "Do you know that I have sense. Everything days and the insometimes wished to see you while I

was away; not often, but still some-They were at the gate of the first camp now. Waldo threw over the bag of mealies, and they walked on over

the dewy ground. "Have you learned much?" he asked her simply, remembering how she had once said, "When I come back again, I "that wrongs us. No man can be realshall know everything that a human ly injured but by what modifies him being can.'

She laughed.
"Are you thinking of my old boast?

Yes; I have learned something, though hardly what I expected and not quite so much. In the first place, I have learned that one of my ancestors mus one of his forefathers possessed it be fore him. In the second place, I have discovered that of all cursed places un-der the sun, where the hungriest soul knowledge, a girls' boarding school is the worst. They are called finishing schools, and the name tells accurately what they are. They finish everything but imbecility and weakness, and that they cultivate. They are nicely adapt-ed machines for experimenting on the question. Tato how little space can a the sun and the wisdom to use it and thuman soul be crushed? I have seen some souls so compressed that they would not stand me through life like would have fitted into a small thimble and found room to move there-wide room. A woman who has been for ries the mark of the beast on her ti he dies, though she may expand a lit-e afterward when she breathes in the free world."

"Were you miserable?" he asked, looking at her with quick anxiety.
"1? No. I am never miserable an never happy. I wish I were. But I should have run away from the place on the fourth day and hired myself to the first Boer woman whose farm I came to, to make fire under her soap pot, if I had to live as the rest of the Then a loving hand is laid on us. drove did. Can you form an idea, Waldo, of what it must be to be shut 'your little face will burn and your up with cackling old women who are without knowledge of life, without love it must be for our good, it is so lovingwithout knowledge of life, without love of the beautiful, without strength, to have your soul cultured by them? It have your soul cultured by them? It we kneel still with one little cheek spect and admiration.

Lyndall was tired after her long journey and had come to her room earlies. Her every another over the families of room. I told them I should leave, and have your soul cultured by them? It

jects. Strange to go away for four years and come back and find that the count. So they gave me a bedroom years and come back and find that the candle standing on the dressing table still cast the shadow of an old crone's head in the corner beyond the clothes- head in the corner beyond the clotheshead in the corner beyond the clotheshorse. Strange that even a shadow should last longer than man. She cause I had no talent, and when the drove made cushions and hideous flow-look of them. I did not learn music, because I had no talent, and when the drove made cushions and hideous flow-look out wistfully at a drove made cushions and hideous flow-look out wistfully at a more healthy life—we are contented. should last longer than man. She looked about among the old familiar objects. All was there, but the old self of the stool in six weeks that a machine stool in six weeks that a machine and so the stool was gone.

"What are you noticing?" asked Em.
"Nothing and everything. I thought the windows were higher. If I were you, when I get this place I should raise the walls. There is not room to breathe here; one suffocates."

"Gregory is going to make many alterations," said Em, drawing nearer to the gray dressing gown respectfully. "Do you like him, Lyndall? Is he not handsome?"

"He must have been a fine baby,"

stool in six weeks that a machine would have made better in five mintous would have made better in five mintous I w quaintances, saw a few places and said Lyndall, looking at the white many people and some different ways terness, a little longing when we are dimity curtain that hung above the of living, which is more than any books young, a little futile searching for can show one. On the whole, I am not satisfied with my four years. I have not learned what I expected, but I and then we go with the drove.

"Nothing." or g out by and by." They still stepped on side by side

"Don't you wish you were a woman,

man who did. This is a pretty ring,"
she said, holding out her little hand to make our way in life. This evening that the morning sun might make the diamonds sparkle. "Worth £50 at least. I will give it to the first man who tells me he would like to be a woman. There might be one on Rebbin." man. There might be one on Robbin has no dam to build and no child to island [lunatics at the Cape are sent to Robbin island] who would win it perhaps, but I doubt it even there. It hand. I, if I come to the same place man thanks the Lord devoutly that he tonight, will have the strange questions asked me, strange glances cast

the birds," she said as an ostrich hen came bounding toward them with velvety wings outstretched, while far a world of passion and feeling wholly away over the bushes the head of the cock was visible as he sat brooding on bar, and Waldo threw his empty bag on the wall and leaned beside her. "I like these birds," she said; "they

panions. Do you take an interest in the position of women, Waldo?" "I thought not. No one does unless ing her dainty little arms. "When I was a baby, I fancy my parents left me out

in the frost one night, and I got nip-ped internally. It feels so." "I have only a few old thoughts," he said, "and I think them over and over again, always beginning where I for all in the new coach. Take your

month after month and they never come out?" she said quickly. "I am so pressed in upon by new things that, lest they should trip one another up, I have to keep forcing them back. My head swings sometimes. But this one thought stands, never goes-if I might but be one of those born in the future; then perhaps to be born a woman will not be to be born branded." Waldo looked at her. It was hard to

mocking.
"I know it is foolish. Wisdom never kicks at the iron walls it can't bring down," she said. "But we are cursed, Waldo, born cursed from the time our the shrouds are put on us. Do not look at me as though I were talking nonoutside that is ridiculous, and the in-

say whether she were in earnest or

side that is solemn."
"I am not laughing," said the boy sedately enough. "But what curses He thought she would not reply to

him, she waited so long.
"It is not what is done to us, but self. We all enter the world little plastic beings, with so much natural force perhaps, but for the rest-blank, and the world tells us what we are to be and shapes us by the ends it sets before us. To you it says-work, and to us it says-seem! To you it says, As you approximate to man's highest ideal of God, as your arm is strong and your knewledge great, and the power to labor is with you, so you shall gain all that human heart desires. To us it says: Strength shall not help you, nor knowledge, nor labor. You shall gain what men gain, but by other means

"Look at this little chin of mine

Waldo, with the dimple in it.

a small part of my person, but though I had a knowledge of all things under this little chin. I can win money with It, I can win love; I can win power with it, I can win fame. What would knowledge help me? The less a woman has in her head the lighter she for climbing. I once heard an old man say that he never saw intellect help a woman so much as a pretty ankle, and it was the truth. They begin to shape us to our cursed end," she said, with her lips drawn in to look as though they smiled, "when we are tiny things in shoes and socks. We sit with ou little feet drawn up under us in the window and look out at the boys in 'Little one, you cannot go,' they say

No.21 beads and make a string for our neck;

young, a little futile searching for work, a little passionate striving for room for the exercise of our powers, "whom you never can believe were bave learned something else. What bables at all, and others you never see have you been doing?"

In the end she mu '2 trodden down In the end she mu trodden down or go with it, and if she is wise she

are thinking," she said, glancing at over the dewy bushes. Then suddenly she turned on him. "I always know what the pershe turned on him. How is this woman who makes such a Waldo?"
"No," he answered readily.
She laughed.
"I thought not. Even you are too worldly wise for that. I never met a men who did. This is a pretty ring."
There is not much to choose between the company who did. This is a pretty ring. man thanks the Lord devoutly that he isn't one."

She drew her hat to one side to keep the sun out of her eyes as she walked. Waldo looked at her so intently that he stumbled over the bushes. Yes, this was his little Lyndall who had worn the check pinafores. He saw it now, and he walked closer beside her. They reached the next camp.

tions asked me, strange glances cast on me. The Boer wife will shake her head and give me food to eat with the dogs. That would be the first step in our progress—a very little one, but every step to the end would repeat it. We were equals once when we lay, newborn babes, on our nurses' knees. We will be equals again when they tie nd he walked closer best.

eached the next camp.

"Let us wait at this camp and watch up our jaws for the last sleep."

We will be equals again to be up our jaws for the last sleep."

Waldo looked in wonder at the little,

new to him. "Mark you," she said, "we have al-ways this advantage over you—we can at any time step into ease and competence, where you must labor pa-tiently for it. A little weeping, a little wheedling, a little self degradation, a little careful use of our advantages, and then some man will say, 'Come, be marriage is easy to attain. There are

"I thought not. No one does unless they are in need of a subject upon which to show their wit. And as for name, need hold her skirts aside for no you, from of old you can see nothing that is not separated from you by a few millions of miles and strewed over with mystery. If women were the inhabitants of Jupiter, of whom you had without it is the uncleanliest traffic happened to hear something, you that defiles the world." She ran her would pore over us and our condition little finger savagely along the topnight and day, but because we are be-fore your eyes you never look at us.

most bar, shaking off the dozen little dewdrops that still hung there. "And fore your eyes you never look at us.
You care nothing that this is ragged and ugly," she said, putting her little finger on his sleeve, "but you strive the finger on his sleeve, but you strive the finger on his sleeve, "but you strive the finger on his sleeve, but you strive the finger of the dozen finder dewdrops that still hung there. "And they tell us we have men's chivalrous to be doctors, lawyers, lawmakers, the stripe of the dozen finder when the stripe of the dozen finder that the stripe of the strip

other day. At a little wayside hotel we had to change the large coach for a small one. We were ten passengers in the house the gentlemen came and left off. I never get any further. I am weary of them."

"Like an old hen that sits on its eggs ed me with rugs, because it was drizzling. Then the last passenger came running up to the coach—an old wom-an with a wonderful bonnet and a

black shawl pinned with a yellow pin. "'There is no room,' they said. you up,' but she climbed on to the and held on at the window with both "'My son-in-law is ill, and I must go and see him,' she said.
"'My good woman,' said one, 'I am

no room for you here.' "'You had better get down,' said another, 'or the wheel will catch you.'
"I got up to give her my place.
"'Oh, no, no!' they cried. 'We will

not allow that.'
"'I will rather kneel,' said one, and he crouched down at my feet, so the woman came in. "There were nine of us in that coach, and only one showed chivalrous atten-tion, and that was a woman to a

and I shall look for men's chivalrous help, but I shall not find it.
"The bees are very attentive to the flowers till their honey is done, and then they fly over them. I don't know if the flowers feel grateful to the bees.

"I shall be old and ugly, too, one day,

"But some women," said Waldo, speaking as though the words forced hemselves from him at that moment, some women have power. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

"Yes, the light of her father's shining ducats."-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Dazzling Beautifier.

ight behind her."

"She looks almost handsome with the

The men of other days had Aranas

The cynic of the earlier day
Who ran to wickedness
Plods in a quiet married way
And values smartness less
Than in the time before he tied
Up to a woman's dress. The chap who very much despised

Prudence in matrimony Lives in a house he doesn't rent; His wife supplies the money, But to his taste in wines and things His friends give testimony. The men who used to haunt the club You now can find at home; The bashful are outrageous filt's Wherever they may roam, And those who never cared for clothe Now dandies have become.

The moral of this simple tale
Is simple as could be:
The only way to run the world
Is by strict contrary;
Let those who hate it take to drink
And those who don't to tea.
—New York Sun.

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