Waldo lifted Em from the saddle, and for a moment she leaned her head

on his shoulder and clung to him.
"You are very tired," he said as he

walked with her to the door. "Let me

go in and light a candle for you."
"No, thank you; it is all right," she said. "Good night, Waldo, dear."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

alone in the dark.

Grand Clearance Sale Of Summer Footwear At BICKEL'S.

We have commenced a grand clearance sale of all summer footwear. We have too many tan shoes and Oxfords and will not carry a pair over. Every pair must be closed out during this sale and will go during this sale at away down prices. So look out for some great shoe bargains at Bickel's.

Men's 59.00 ran Snoes at	2.00
Men's \$4 00 Tan Shoes at\$	2.25
Men's \$3.50 Oxford Shoes at\$	
Men's \$2 50 Oxford Shoes at\$	
Lulies' fine Russett Shoes at	
Lidies' Fine Rassett Shoes at	
Misses' Fine Russett Shoes at	
Misses' Fine Strap Sandal Slippers at	
Men's Fine Vici Kid Shoes, Patent Leather Trimed at \$	
Mea's Fine fan Coin Toe Shoes at \$	1.20
Men's Fine Slippers at	.75c
Boy's Fine Suppers at	
Ladies' Fine S'ippers at	
Boy's Fine Tan Shoes at \$	
Children's Fine Shoes at	
will nev you to visit this great sale	

It will pay you to visit this great sale and secure some of the bargains being offered.

JOHN BICKEL,

Huselton's Big Shoe Store. Butler's Big Centennial

WILL OPEN SHORTLY.

You are certainly coming; it may not be convenient for you to attend the next one held in Butler. Better make your arrangements to be present at this one. We extend a cordial welcome to one and all to visit with us when you come. Make this store your headquarters; we will do our best to make your visit both pleasant and WF Metzgar...
Al Ruff & Sons profitable to you. We have unquestionably the most satisfactory Shoe Store in this city with prices on good shoes always lower than

Women's Fine Shoes.

Our crisp, snappy styles will interest women that want neat fitting, comfortable up-to-date shoes. We show them in New Cuban and Military heels—20 shapes from narrow opera with light turned soles to the extreme "mannish" hand welts in Kid Skin and Patent Leathers.

WE SELL THE BEST SHOES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Clever shoes for clever small Boys and Girls, not a bit less up-to-date than Papa's and Mama's. Kid, Russia Calf and Patent Leathers.

Women's Oxfords.



Quality Oxfords

\$2.50

Other Styles for Street,

There's a wonderful amount-of comfort in a well-made properly fitted Oxford—comfort and style combined—for the Oxford is the smart shoe of the season—this year—and as usual the smartest and swellest shapes are here at HUSELTON'S. Look over the line of Tan, Calf and Kid Oxfords. Goodyear welts at \$2 and \$2.50 and the Patent welts at \$2 and \$2.50 and the Patent Leathers at \$2.75 and \$3, and see if you ever saw the equal of them for the money. Other lines in low cut shoes at 50c, 75c, \$1 and \$1.25. WE SELL

OUEEN QUALITY

SHOES FOR WOMEN, \$3.00.

There is not another shoe in Butler that will match our "Queen Quality" Shoes for Women within 50c a pair.

Ask to see our Women's Fine Shoes at 85c, \$1, \$1.25, \$2 and \$2.50. You will be surprised. Nothing in Butler begins to equal them at these prices.

Men Dress Shoes.

Swell dressy shoes in Satin Calf, Vici Kid, Wax Calf, Tan, Russia Calf, splendidly made, exact duplicate of the \$3 and \$3.50 shoes. Price \$1, \$1.50, \$2 and \$2.50.

everywhere, on the farm, the shop, on the streets, in the trains They do service of steady business, they take the summer outing, they travel all the states of our country and many are touring in foreign lands at all times—they are on the feet of the masses—and the classes -and "Never Disappoint"-no matter where or when they are worn.

B. C. HUSELTON'S,

Butler's Leading Shoe House.

Spring STYLES

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



subscribe for the CITIZEN

Auditors' Report 1899'00 day of March, A. D. 1903. John S. Jack, Collector of Taxes. '28, Dr. To amount due the District as shown by last Auditors' Report.Mar. 13, '22 \$1613 10 By am't pd to J Harvey Miller \$266 92 By com. of 5 per et on 1217 81... 10 85 By exonerations granted.... 187 15 By penalty of 5 per et on same. 9 85 424 83 Bal. due District, Mar. 12, 1900.. 1188 John S. Jack, Collector of Taxes, '39, Dr. To amount of Duplicate: To am't (.004 per ct on \$2708636 00)... 10 834 5 Balance due the District. J. Harvey Miller and S. M. McCl seers, Dr. to amounts received a John S Jack, Col. of Taxes, '98. John S Jack, Cot. of Taxes, '99, Jackson two, DeWitt Green acc't. Clarfon Co, samuel Flick acc't.... Bedford Co, David Lindsey acc't. Summit two, Cl. acc't. Summit two, Cl. acc't. Washington 1°, 98 Say & McIntyre acc't. Butler two, Turk and Gold acc't. Penn twp, Gill acc't. Centre twp, Gordon acc't. Los Walker, Mrs. Geo wick acc't. Jos Walker, Mrs. Geo wick acc't.

allowed to select useless articles or trade them off for mere trifles. The grocer keeps no record of who receives the goods and we are left to mere conjecture as to whom was aided.

There being no means by which we can arrive at an accurate list of dependants and the amount received by each we have omitted that from this report.

EDGAR H. NEGLEY,

A Heck. H Ritter, Jr. clerical services.

Regent and Princeton SHOES FOR MEN \$3.50 AND \$3.00 CAN ONLY BE BOUGHT HERE.

Everybody Says

There are more 'Regeant and Prince ton" shoes trotting around than any other brand. They are most numerous because man feels most at home in them. Best shoes in the world for \$3.50

Men Oxfords.

Men who never wore Oxfords are rearing them now. It's going to be a istinctly good Oxford season and we've orepared accordingly on the right shapes in broad choice of leathers—Tan. Patent eather, Ideal or Patent Kid and Vici.

\$894 . N. Boyd..... Redick & Grohman...

Huselton's Shoes. Have made their way into the homes of the people. You see them Gas Account.

ust one place in town where you can get it, and that is at The Butler Dye Works We do fine work in outloor Photographs. This is the time of year to have a picture of your house. Give us a trial.

Clothing & Dry Goods Ac

Agent for the Jamestown Sliding Blind Co .- New York. R. FISHER & SON. Good Fit and Work Guaranteed. Karl Schluchter,

Practical Tailor and Cutter 125 W. Jefferson, Butler, Pa. Busheling, Cleaning and Repairing a Specialty. ************************

Milk Cans

aviest and most service

5 gal, Cans \$18 per doz. Try Our Cans. I. J. KING. 532 Grant St., Pittsburg, Pa. 🔇

and in the strong of the monto the strong of OLIVE SCHREINER. A TALE OF LIFE IN THE BOER REPUBLIC.

CHAPTER XIX. A BOER WEDDING.
"I didn't know before you were so

We submit the foregoing financial statement, believing the same to be as near correct as we can come from the records kept and the evidence obtainable, both of which are very inacurate and unsatisfactors. "I didn't know before you were so fond of riding hard," said Gregory to his little betrothed.

As the morning advances riders on many shades of steeds appear from all directions and add their saddles to md unsatisfactory.

We find that the grocers at different imes have turned over to the Overseers

They were canter.

r they recollect.

We find warrants that were given in en of other warrants still lying in the banks and drawing interest, while

the original warrants thus redeemed have been presented to the Auditors in this as well as previous audits, and nothing appearing on them or on the stubs to show that they were so redeemed. They were accepted and the Oversers given credit as having redeemed than the auditors. the dust," said Em. "See; they stand still as soon as we do." Perceiving this to be the case, Greg-

sters given creant as naving redeemed them by payment. Thus showing the Borough indebted to the Overseers when in fact the Overseers are indebted to the Eorough, the amount of which cannot be determined at this time.

In our opinion the Poor Funds are very injudiciously handled and the systing use at the present time very had on kicks up such a confounded dust I can't stand it myself," he said. Meanwhile the cart came on slowly enough. "Take the reins," said Lyndall, "and very injudiciously handled and the sys-in use at the present time very bad on account of being too susceptable to abu-ses and to misuses.

We further believe the Borough of Eutler, through its Overseers of the Poor have been imposed upon by Physi-cians, because in the Judgement of the Auditors the money paid out to Doctors for medicine and for medical attendance is far in excess of what it should be. The Overseers having selected their physician should have very few or no make them walk. I want to rest and

watch their hoofs today-not to be exhilarated. I am so tired."

She leaned back in her corner, at Waldo drove on slowly in the gray dawn light along the level road. They passed the very milk bush behin German had found the Kaffir woman But their thoughts were not with him The Overseers having selected their physician should have very few or no bills to pay elsewhere.

We condemn the method of furnishing groceries by giving out tickets that are worth their face in whomsoever's hands they may come, because much fraud may be committed by parties receiving these tickets whose names do not appear on the overseer's books, and because the holders of these tickets are allowed to select useless articles or trade them off for mere trifles. The grocer that morning. They were the thought last he touched her arm.

night be jolted out," he said. "You

"No: do not talk to me. I am no asieep." But after a time she said sud-denly. "It must be a terrible thing to bring a human being into the world.' Waldo looked round; she sat draw into the corner, her blue cloud wound tightly about her, and she still watch ed the horses' feet. Having no com nent to offer on her somewhat unex pected remark, he merely touched up

added. "But I would not like to bring a soul into this world. When it sinned and when it suffered, something like a dead hand would fall on me: 'You did it, you; for your own pleasure you cre ated this thing! See your work! If it lived to be 80, it would always hang like a millstone round my neck, have the right to demand good from me and curse me for its sorrow. A parent is only like to God-if his work turns out dare not wash his hands of it. Time and years can never bring the day when you can say to your child, 'Soul,

The country is flooded with cata-

logues from firms who say they

are Manufacturers offering

Buggies, Harness, &c., at

what they say is whole-

sale prices. Do you

believe it? We will

tell you how to

test it. Bring

your cata-

logue

along with

you to our

store and look

over our Buggies

and Harness and see if

we cannot save you some

money and if we can't do

not deal with us, your money

is yours and you have a righ

use it to the best advantage t

yourself. You should at least

look around you before send-

ing your money away and

if you can save money

by buying here you certainly owe it to

yourself to do so.

Try it once. Bring

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are welcome to make the com-

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CLEANED OR DYED.

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B. MARTINCOURT.

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parison whether you buy or not.

you have one. You

She heard the words as she heard th peating of the horses' hoofs; her thoughts ran on in their own line

"They say, 'God sends the little ba lies men tell to suit themselves, I hate that most. I suppose my father said so when he knew he was dying of consumption, and my mother when she knew she had nothing to support me on, and they created me to feed like a dog from stranger hands. Men do not say God sends the books or the newspaper articles or the machines they make, and then sigh and shrug their shoulders and say they can't help it. Why do they say so about other things? Liars! 'God sends the little bables!" She struck her foot fretfully against the splash board.

"The small children say so earnestly They touch the little stranger rever ently who has just come from God's far country, and they peep about the room to see if not one white feather has dropped from the wing of the angel that brought him. On their lips the phrase means much; on all others t is a deliberate lie. Noticeable, too, she said, dropping in an instant from tone, "when people are married, though they should have 60 children, they they are not, we hear nothing about has been no legal contract between the parents, who sends the little children then? The devil, perhaps!" She laugh ed her little silvery, mocking laugh Now is The Time to Have

"Odd that some men should come from hell and some from heaven and yet all her, Greg," said his little betrothed humbly, and she went away to pour look so much alike when they get Waldo wondered at her. He had not the key to her thoughts and did not see the string on which they were strung. If you want good and reliable cleaning or dyeing done, there is she drew her cloud tighter about her. "It must be very uice to believe in the devil," she said. "I wish I did. If would be of any use, I would pray

three hours night and morning on my bare knees, 'God, let me believe in satan.' He is so useful to those peotween God's will and the devil's action, always have some one to throve their sin on. But we, wretched unbe Hevers, we bear our own burdens. We must say: 'I myself did it, I. Not God, not satan; I myself!' That is the sting that strikes deep. Waldo," she said gently, with a sudden and complete change of manner, "I like you so much I love you." She rested her check softspirit. I like you. Look," she said

Socoocococó

Ѯ҇҇ѥ҇ѧѥҹӌҩѥҩѥҩѥҩѥҩѥҩѥҩѥҩѥҩѥҩѹҩҩѥҩѥҩѥҩѥҩ҈Ӫ ӹ҇ҩӝҩӹҩӹҩӹҩӹҩҥҩѥҩѩҩӹҩӹҩӹҩӹҩӹҩӹҩӹҩӹҩӹҩӝҩӹҩӹҩӹҩӹҩ has merely ridden through the plains of sparsely inhabited "karroo."

They were cantering slowly on the the long rows against the walls, shake times have turned over to the Overseers warrants they have cashed as well as tickets in lieu of warrants which read on their face given for tickets; without noting the same on the warrants redeemed, or even endorsing the same and neither the grocers or the Overseers keeping any record of the transation the service of which we cannot exactly determine of which we cannot exactly determine of their twisted his bead to look at the buggy that came on behind. "I thought Waldo was such a mad driver. They are taking it easily enough today," said Gregory. "One would think the long rows against the walls, shake hands, drink coffee and stand about outside in groups to watch the arriving carris and ox wagons as they are unburdened of their heavy freight of massive Tantes and comely daughters, followed by swarms of children of all sizes, dressed in all manner of print waldo was such a mad driver. They are taking it easily enough today," said Gregory. "One would think the said Gregory. "One would think the black stallions were lame."

black stallions were lame."

chony black, add variety to the animated scene. Everywhere are excite-"I suppose they want to keep out of ment and bustle, which gradually increase as the time for the return of the wedding party approaches. Preparations for the feast are actively advancing in the kitchen; coffee is liber-"It's all that horse of yours. She ally handed round, and amid a pro found sensation and the firing of guns the horse wagon draws up, and the wedding party alight. Bride and bride-groom, with their attendants, march solemnly to the marriage chamber, where bed and box are decked out in

white with ends of ribbon and artificial flowers and where on a row of chairs the party solemnly seat themselves. After a time bridesmald and best man rise and conduct in with ceremony each individual guest to wish groom. Then the feast is set on the table, and it is almost sunset before the dishes are cleared away and the dancers and the peals of gross laughpleasure of the day begins.
Everything is removed from the great front room, and the mud floor,

the "Blue Water" or "John Sperithe "Blue Water" or "John Sperimay lose himself; a troop of Bacchanawig." boys shout and applaud, and the lians dressed in white, with crowns of enjoyment and confusion are intense till 11 o'clock comes. By this time the dare not wash his hands of R. The little nursemalds and force the wailers and years can never bring the day when you can say to your child, 'Soul, what have I to do with you?''

Waldo said dreamily:

"It is a marvelous thing that one soul should have power to cause another."

She heard the words as she heard the small should be crushed.

She heard the words as she heard the small should be crushed. small head or hand should be crushed. Now, too, the busy feet have broken the solid coating of the floor, and a cloud of fine dust arises that makes a yellow halo round the candles and sets asthmatic people coughing and grows denser till to recognize any one on the opposite side of the room becomes im

possible, and a partner's face is see through a yellow mist. At 12 o'clock the bride is led to the marriage chamber and undressed. The lights are blown out, and the bride groom is brought to the door by the best man, who gives him the key. Then the door is shut and locked, and the revels rise higher than ever. There is no thought of sleep till morning and no unoccupied spot where sleep may

ings on the night of Tant' Sannie's wedding that Lyndall sat near the doorway in one of the side rooms to watch the dancers as they appeared and disappeared in the yellow cloud of dust. Gregory sat moodily in a corner of the large dancing room. His little betrothed touched his arm.

"I wish you would go and ask Lyn-dall to dance with you," she said. "She must be so tired. She has sat still the "I have asked her three times," replied her lover shortly. "I'm not go-

ing to be her dog and creep to her feet, just to give her the pleasure of kicking me—not for you, Em, nor for anybody "Oh. I didn't know you had asked her, Greg," said his little betrothed

Nevertheless some time after Gregory found he had shifted so far round the room as to be close to the door where Lyndall sat. After standing might not bring her a cup of coffee She declined, but still he stood on (why should he not stand there as well as

anywhere else?), and then he stepped "May I not bring you a stove, Miss "Thank you He sought for one and put it under

"There is a draft from that broken window. Shall I stuff something in the pane?"

"No; we want air." Gregory looked round; but, nothing else suggesting itself, he sat down on a box on the opposite side of the door. Lyndall sat before him, her chin resty against his shoulder. "When I am this shoulder. "When I am to be the bound of the woman and you are a man. I only through the doorway into the next know that we are both things that room. After a time he thought she had think. Other men, when I am with entirely forgotten his proximity, and them, whether I love them or not, they are mere bodies to me, but you are a neck as he never dared when he was in momentary dread of the eyes being quickly, sinking back into her corner, what a pretty pinkness there is on all black, which seemed to take her yet the hilltops! The sun will rise in a farther from the white clad gewgawed women about her, and the little hands were white, and the diamond ring glitwer the circle of golden hills, and the tered. Where had she got that ring? them, shook their heads and champed their bright bits till the brass settings their bright bits till the brass settings was too faint. When he looked up, her eyes were fixed on him. She was too faint the brase setting at him—not, Gregory felt, as he farmhouse, a red brick building, she had ever looked at him before with kraals to the right and a small not as though he were a stump or orchard to the left. Already there were stone that chance had thrown in her signs of unusual life and bustle. One cart, a wagon and a couple of saddles ally or kindly or unkindly, he could against the wall betokened the arrival not tell, but she looked at him, at the gaming the war become the uniform and tell, but she looked at him, at the man, Gregory Rose, with attention. A would soon be largely increased. To vague elation filled him. He clinched Dutch country wedding guests start his fist tight to think of so

himself as saying to her, when he sat "These Boer dances are very low things." And then, as soon as it had gone from him, he thought it was not a clever remark and wished it back.

Before Lyndall replied Em looked in "Oh, come!" she said. "They are going to have the cushion dance. I do

"It is so dusty, Em. Do you care to dance any more?" he asked without rising. "Oh. I do not mind the dust, and the

But he did not move. "I feel tired. I do not think I shall dance again," he said. Em withdrew her hand, and a young farmer came to the door and bore her

fession, no glimpse into the strong, proud, restless heart of the woman. Gregory, but Lyndall had risen. "I am tired," she said. "I wonder where Waldo is. He must take me home. These people will not leave off till morning, I suppose. It is 3 al-

She made her way past the fiddlers passed out at the front door. On the "stoep" a group of men and boys were smoking, peeping in at the windows and cracking coarse tokes. Waldo was made her way to the carts and wagons drawn up at some distance from the

"Waldo," she said, peering into a large cart, "Is that you? I am so dazed with the tallow candles I see nothing." He had made himself a place be-tween the two seats. She climbed up and sat on the sloping floor in front.
"I thought I should find you here," she said, drawing her skirt up about her shoulders. "You must take me home presently, but not now."

She leaned her head on the seat near to his, and they listened in silence to the fifful twanging of the fiddles as the night wind bore it from the farmhouse and to the ceaseless thud of the house and to the ceaseless thud of the that are to come? We are sparks, we

ter. She stretched out her little hand are shadows, we are pollen, which the to feel for his. o feel for his.

"It is so nice to lie here and hear that dying already. It is all a dream. oise," she said. "I like to feel that "I know that thought. When the well rubbed with bullock's blood, glistens like polished mahogany. The female portion of the assembly flock into the side rooms to attire themselves for the avening and realize forms of life utterly unlike mine." She drew a long breath. into the side rooms to attire them selves for the evening and reissue clad in white mustin and gay with bright ribbons and brass jewelry. The dancing begins as the first tallow candles are stuck up about the walls, the music coming from a couple of fiddlers in a corner of the room. Bride and bridegroom open the ball, and the floor is soon covered with whirling couples, and every one's spirits rise. The bridal pair mingle freely in the throng, and and every one's spirits rise. The bridal pair mingle freely in the throng, and here and there a musical man sings vigorously as he drags his partner through the "Blue Water" or "John Sperishe "John mooth little head.

till 11 o'clock comes. By this time the children who swarm in the side rooms are not to be kept quiet longer, even by hunches of bread and cake. There is a general howl and wall that rises yet higher than the scraping of fiddles, and mothers rush from their partners to knock small heads together and cuff little nursemaids and force the wailers (Kaffir witch doctor seeking for herbs the wings that shall bear him at the wings t I like to see it all. I feel it run through me. That life belongs to me It makes my little life large. It breaks

down the narrow walls that shut me a low voice. She sighed and drew a long breath. "Have you made any plan?" she

asked him presently. "Yes," he said, the words coming jets, with pauses between; "I will take the gray mare. I will travel first. I

"I do not know." She made a little impatient move

nent.

"That is no plan-travel, see the world, find work! If you go into th world aimless, without a definite ob ject, dreaming, dreaming, you will lefinitely defeated, bamboozled, knock ed this way and that. In the end yo will stand with your beautiful life all spent and nothing to show. They talk of genius. It is nothing but this—that a man knows what he can do best and does it and nothing else. Waldo," she said, knitting her little fingers closamong his, "I wish I could help you. wish I could make you see that yo must decide what you will be and do It does not matter what you choo Be a farmer, business man, artist what you will, but know your aim and live for that one thing. We have only one life. The secret of success is conentration. Wherever there has be a great life or a great work, that has gone before. Taste everything a little look at everything. little, but live for

one thing. Anything is possible to a man who knows his end and move straight for it, and for it alone. I will show you what I mean," she said con "Words are gas till you con dense them into pictures. "Suppose a woman, young, friendless as I am, the weakest thing on God's earth. But she must make her way through life. What she would be she

cannot be because she is a woman, she looks carefully at herself and th world about her to see where her path must be made. There is no one to help her. She must help herself. She looks These things she has-a sweet voice rich in subtle intonations; a fair, very fair face, with a power of concentrat ing in itself and giving expression t feelings that otherwise must have been dissipated in words; a rare power of entering into other lives unlike her own and intuitively reading them aright. These qualities she has. How shall she use them?

"A poet, a writer, needs only the men tal. What use has he for a beautiful body that registers clearly mental emo tions? And the painter wants an ey for form and color, and the musician an ear for time and tune, and the men drudge has no need for mental gifts. But there is one art in which all she has would be used, for which they are all necessary—the delicate, expressive body, the rich voice, the power of mental transposition. The actor, who absorbs and then reflects from himself other human lives, needs them all, but needs not much more. This is her end, but how to reach it? Before her are endless difficulties. Seas must be cros ed, poverty must be endured, loneli ness, want. She must be content to wa long before she can even get her fee upon the path. If she has made blun ders in the past, if she has weighted herself with a burden which she must bear to the end, she must bear the bur den bravely and labor on. There is no use in wailing and repentance here. The next world is the place for that. Dutch country wedding guests start his fist tight to think of some good in numbers astonishing to one who lidea he might express to her, but of all the life is too short. By our errors we lidea he might express to her, but of all the life is too short. By our errors we lidea he might express to her, but of all the life is too short. By our errors we lidea he might express to her, but of all the life is too short. By our errors we lidea he might express to her, but of all the life is too short. By our errors we like the life is too short. By our errors we

She waited for awhile. "If she does all this-if she walts patiently, if she is never cast down, never despairs, never forgets her end, moves straight toward it, bending men and things most unlikely to her purpose—she must succeed at last. Men and things are plastic. They part to the right and left when one comes among them mov-ing in a straight line to one end. I know it by my own little experience," she said. "Long years ago I resolved not want to kiss any of these fellows.

Take me quickly."

she said. Long years ago to be sent to school. It seemed a thing utterly out of my power, but I waited, utterly out of my power, but I waited, She slipped her hand into Gregory's I watched, I collected clothes, I wrote, took my place at the school. When all was ready, I bore with my full force on the Boer woman, and she sent me at last. It was a small thing, but life is made up of small things, as body is built up of cells. What has been done in small things can be done in large, shall be," she said softly. Waldo listened. To him the words were no con-

> They were general words with a general application. He looked up into the sparkling sky with dull eyes. "Yes," he said; "but when we lie and link and think we see that there is nothing worth doing. The universe is o large, and man is so small"— She shook her head quickly.

"But we must not think so far. It Ledger. madness; it is a disease. We know forever. Moses is dead and the proph-ts, and the books that our grandmothers fed on the mold is eating. Your poet and painter and actor—before the shouts that applaud them have died shouts that applied them have died their names grow strange; they are milestones that the world has passed. Men have set their mark on mankind forever, as they thought, but time has washed it out as it has washed out mountains and continents." She raised herself on her elbow. "And what if we could help mankind and leave the traces of our work upon it to the end? Mankind is only an ephemeral blossom on the tree of time. There were others before it opened; there will be others after it has fallen. Where was the man in the time of the dicynodont and

next wind will carry away. We are

She moved closer to him and lay still, his black curls touching her

Doss, who had laid at his master's

white, mocking finger pointing at us from each one of them! We are talking of tomorrow and tomorrow, and our hearts are so strong; we are touch us softly in the dark and make us still forever. They are laughing at us, Waldo."

Both sat looking upward. "Do you ever pray?" he asked her in

"I never do, but I might when I look up there. I will tell you," he added, in a still lower voice, "where I could pray. If there were a wall of rock on the ed out far, far into space, and I stoo alone upon it, alone, with stars above me and stars below me—I would not say anything, but the feeling would be

prayer.' There was an end to their conversa tion after that, and Doss fell asleep on her knee. At last the night wind grew

ing the skirt about her shoulders, "I am cold. Inspan the horses, and call me when you are ready." She slipped down and walked toward the house, Doss stiffly following her,

door she met Gregory.
"I have been looking for you everywhere; may I not drive you home?" he

"Waldo drives me." she replied, pass ing on, and it appeared to Gregory that she looked at him in the old way, without seeing him. But before she had reached the door an idea had occurred o her, for she turned.
"If you wish to drive me, you may.

e found pouring out coffee in the back oom. He put his hand quickly on he "You must ride with Waldo; I am oing to drive your cousin home.'

Gregory went to look for Em, whon

"But I can't come just now, Greg. I romised Tant' Sannie Muller to look after the things while she went to rest "Well, you can come presently, can't you? I didn't say you were to come now. I'm sick of this thing," said

dregory, turning sharply on his heel. because your stepmother chooses to get married?" Why must I sit up the whole night "Oh, it's all right, Greg. I only

But he did not hear her, and a man and come up to have his cup filled.

An hour after Waldo came in to look or her and found her still busy at the

"The horses are ready," he said, "but if you would like to have one dance more I will wait." She shook her head wearily.

"No, I am quite ready. I want to And soon they were on the sandy road the buggy had traveled an hour

before. Their horses, with heads close together, nodding sleepily as they valked in the starlight, you might have counted the rise and fall of their feet in the sand, and Waldo in his saddle nodded drowsily also. Only Em was awake, and watched the oad with wide open eyes. At last sh

"I wonder if all people feel so old, very old, when they get to be 17?"
"Not older than before," said Wald deepfly, pulling at his bridle.

Presently she said again:
"I wish I could have been a little

child always. You are good then. You are never selfish. You like every one to have everything, but when you ar to have all to yourself. You don't like any one else to have any of them."
"Yes," said Waldo sleepily, and she did not speak again.

UNFINISHED TALES. Stories That Authors Begin and Find It Impossible to Finish,

The inability of an author to finish a do and has already actually begun is not so very uncommon a thing. It is said that Dickens began "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" without any clear conception in his mind of how the story was going to turn out and that had he would have found almost any ending difficult to reconcile with certain hints contained in the earlier chapters. We remember a rather curious instance of good many years ago, when the elder Bonner was editing the New York

to Bonner the first chapters of a most to carry mpecunious means of a most to Bonner the first chapters of a most to carry which gave promise of exciting story which gave promise of exciting story which being just the sort of thing which readers of The Ledger used to like. The story was accepted and ran on uninterruptedly and very successfully for about four weeks, when all of a sudden the author's invention gave out. For the life of him he could not go en with the tale, and he had to go to Mr. Bon-

The next number of The Ledger ap peared without the expected install-ment of the story, but with a brief note to the effect that, owing to the sudden illness of its author, its further publication was temporarily suspended. This was to give that embarrass spiration. Mr. Bonner asked him to dinner, took him driving and in various ways tried to brace him up for further work, but it was of no use. He simply could not go on, and so the rest of the story never saw the light.— New York Commercial Advertiser.

HE GOT THE INTERVIEW. A Story of Amos Cummings and Sec-

It was while Amos Cummings was the Washington correspondent of the New York Sun that he had a memora-ble interview with Lincoln's secretary of state. Seward. Cummings received tion from Secretary Seward without fail, and accordingly he went to the secretary's office to see him. Mr. Seward did not receive the newspaper man very cordially.

"I won't talk to a representative of The Sun on that subject," said the sec-retary. "I am very busy. You are taking up my time, young man, and I can't be bothered with you." In an instant Cummings was boiling

with anger and hurt pride. He drew himself up, looked the secretary straight in the eyes and said:

"You forget, sir, that there are three hards and the location in the secretary straight in the eyes and said:

parties to this interview.' "Three?" queried Seward in surprise.
"How do you make that out?" "First, sir, there is you, secretary of state and one of the foremost figures in the world of men of the day; second, there is the correspondent of the New York Sun, who has come to you on a

of his newspaper, and, third, sir, there is an American citizen who con himself the equal of any man on earth and who will not be insulted by you or any man alive!" The great Seward looked at Cum-

mings and smiled. "Sit down," he said, "and tell me exactly what you want, young man." The Sun not only got the news it wanted, but also one of the best intervlews with Seward ever published .-

Simplicity of Fun.
"The funniest thing I ever saw or heard," says Chauncey M. Depew in Success, "was the lecture of Artemus Ward, then quite unknown, on Mormons, delivered at Albany. The audimons, delivered at Albany. The audience was fashionable, conservative and proper to a degree. Ward, discouraged, finally stopped and said, after one of his best things, which had met with no response, 'There's a joke.' Suddenly, the fun of the whole entertainment came like an avalanche. The audience began to titter, then to laugh, then to roar and at the end of 15 minnot pleased at being roused. At the utes was positively in a hysterical condition. It was an illustration of the psychology of association and senti-ment, precisely the same as that which produces panics, when there are no difficulties."

> A politician who was very near to tor John Sherman in the campaign of 1892 says he will never forget the effect that the first kodak picture of himself had upon the senator. Mr. Sherman had been speaking the night before in the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, and the newspaper artists had taken some lifelike snap shots of him in many attitudes. To the politician the senator said, upon looking over the newspapers the following day: "Well, well, our time for criticising the newspaper men is over. They have us to rights now. Here I am just as I

am, and I'm a caricature of what I have always thought I was."-Saturday Evening Post.

The nervous commuter had one minate in which to catch his train. He was hastening exceedingly when the cries of a small boy smote upon his ear.
"Hey, mister!" shouted the urchin.

"Yer've lost somethin!" The commuter stopped and hastily counted his bundles. "What have I lost?" he panted. "Why," said the boy, "yer've lost that shine I put on wer shoes yistidy. "I'll give yer another fur a nickel."-Philadelphia Press.

Corks Float, "Phwas ivery place covered in Noah's flood, Dinny? "All but th' city of Cork, Larry."-Chicago News.

A Matter of Taste.

ash your hair in tea it will darken it. fer to have my tea darkened some oth-