Grand Clearance Sale Of Summer Footwear At BICKEL'S.

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

Men's \$5.00 Tan Shoes at \$2.50

Men's \$4.00 Tan Shoes at\$2.25
Men's \$3.50 Oxford Shoes at\$2.25
Men's \$2.50 Oxford Shoes at \$1.50
Ladies' Fine Russett Shoes at\$2.00
Ludies' Fine Russett Shoes at \$1.25
Misses' Fine Russett Shoes at 90c
Misses' Fine Strap Sandal Slippers at50c
Men's Fine Vici Kid Shoes, Patent Leather Trimed at \$1.25
Men's Fine Tan Coin Toe Shoes at \$1.20
Men's Fine Slippers at
Boy's Fine Slippers at
Ladies' Fine Slippers at
Boy's Fine Tan Shoes at \$1.00
Children's Fine Shoes at
ill new year to visit this great cale

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 Thousand mile tickets good for passage between all stations on the B. R. & P.R'y 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. 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 profitable to you. We have unquestionably the most satisfactory Shoe Store in this city with prices on good shoes always lower than the accustomed

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.



"Fashion's Favorite." Queen Quality

3 Oxfords \$2.50

Other Styles for Street, Dress, House, Outing.

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 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 'QUEEN 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 \$5c. \$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.

Everybody Says

Regent and Princeton

SHOES FOR MEN \$3.50 AND \$3.0 CAN ONLY BE BOUGHT HERE. There are more 'Regent and Prince ton' shoes walking around than an other brand. They are most numerou because man feels most at ho them. Best shoes in the world for \$3. and \$3.

Men Oxfords.



Men who never wore Oxfords a wearing them now. It's going to be distinctly good Oxford season and we'repeared accordingly on the right shap in broad choice of leathers—Tan, Pate Leather, Ideal or Patent Kid and Vic Prices \$2 to \$4. Men's Work Shoes \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50 and \$2.

Huselton's Shoes.

Have made their way into the homes of the people. You see them 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,

Spring STYLES

Men don't buy clothing for the purbegin by the period of the purbegin by the period of the purbegin by the period of the p

Fits and Workmanship Guaranteed. G F. KECK,

42 North Main Street, :: ::

time of year to have a picture of your house. Give us a trial. your house. Give us a trial. Agent for the Jamestown Sliding

R. FISHER & SON

RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

PITTSBURG & WESTERN Railway. Schedule of Pas-senger Trains in effect May 28, 1899. BUTLER TIME.

		Depart.	Arrive.
	Aliegheny Accommodation,	6 25 A.M.	9 03 A.
	Allegheny Express	8 05 "	9 12 "
	New Castle Accommodation	8 05 "	9 12 "
	Akron Mail	8 05 A.M	7 03 P.
	Allegheny Fast Express	9 58 "	12 18 "
	Allegheny Express	3.00 p.m	4 45 pr
	Chicago Express	3 40 pm	12 18 an
t-	Allegheny Mail	5 50 "	7 45 pm
	Allegheny and New Castle Accom	5 50 "	7 03 "
a	Chicage Limited	5 50 4	9 12 A.J
d	Kane and Bradford Mail	9:55 A.M	
11	Clarion Accommodation	4 55 P.M	9 45 A.M
11	Cleveland and Chicago Express	6 25 am	
	SUNDAY TRAINS.		
e	Allegheny Express	8 05 A.M	9 12 A.M
	Allegheny Accommodation	5 50 P.M	5 03 P.M
	New Castle Accommodation	8 05 A.M	7 03 "
	Chicago Express	3 40 P.M	5 03 an
	Allegheny Accommodation		7 03 pn
	On Saturdays a train, known as will leave Butler at 5.50 p. m., arri at 7.20; returning leave Allegheny Pullman sleeping cars on Chicag Pittsburg and Chicago. For through lickets to all points	iving at at 11.30 p. to Express	Allegheny m. between

For through tickets to all points in the west, north-west or southwest and information regarding routes, time of trains, etc. apply to W. R. TURNER, Ticket Agent, E. B. REYNOLDS, Sup't, N. D., Butter, Ps. Butter, Ps. Butter, Ps. Butter, Ps. G. P. A., Alleghery, Ps. H. O. DUNKLE H O DUNKLE, Supt. W. & L. Div., Allegheny Pa.

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER & PITTSBURG RY. The new trunk line between Pittsburg, Butler, Bradford, Rochester and

On and after May 28, 1900, passenger trains will leave Butler, P. & W. Station as follows, Butler Time: Under the state of the state of

| Acoust | Pittsburg Day | Pittsburg Night | Pit Thousand mile tickets good for pas

SOUTH BOUND.

MER & LAKE ERIE R R. COMPANY. Time table in effect May 27, 1900. CENTRAL TIME.

2 14 12			STATIONS.	1	11	**	
						13	
P.M.		A.M. 8 30	Erie	A.M.	A.M.	P.A	
	12 00	0.00	Earle		5 50	-	
	12 24	8.03	ar Conneaut ar		12,24		
	9 24	6 37	lv Conneautlv		9 24	4	
	11 28	7 08	Conneautville		10 51	5	
	11 10	6 38	Meadville Junct		11 10	6	
	11 58		ar . Meadville ar		11 58	6	
	10 12	5 55	lv Meadville lv		10 12		
	11 28	6 50	ar Con. Lake ar		11 28		
	10.42		lvCon. Lake iv		10 42		
	11 18	6 44	ar Expo. Park ar		11 18		
	10 55	6 44	lv. Expo, Park.lv		10 55	6	
	10 54	6 24	Hartstown,		11 23	6	
	10 40		Osgood		11 37	6.	
	10 33	6 03	Greenville		11 45		
	10.26	5 56	Shenango		11 59		
	9 50	5 23	Mercer		12 23		
	9 28	5 00	Grove City		12 48	7	
	9 16		Harrisville		12 59		
4.46	9 08		Branchton	8 01	1 08		
	1 55		arHilliardar	8 55	1 55		
3 25	6 45		lv Hilliard,lv	6 45	11 45		
	9 03		Keister	8 05			
	8 48		Euclid				
	8 18		Butler	8 50			
2 15			Allegheny	10 20			
	A M				DAL		

Train 9 leaving Erie at 6:30 a.m. arrives at Shenango at 9:05.

Train 10 leaving Shenango at 4:10 p. n. arrives at Erie at 6:55.

I. S. MATSON. E. H. UTLEY. Sup't Transp. Gen. Pass. Agt, Greenville, Pa. Pittsburg, Pa.

PENNSYLVANIA RAIL ROAD.

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA DIVISION.

		_		_							
	SOUTH.	_	_	-11	EF	K	DA	YS	-	_	
		A.	M	IA.	M.	A.	M.	P.	M.	P.	
	BUTLERLeave	6	25	8	05	10	50	2	35	5	
2	Saxonburg Arrive	6	54	8	30	11	15	3	00	5	
	Butler Junction "	7	27	1 8	53	11	40	3	25	5	
	Butler Junction Leave	7	31	8	53	11	52	3	25	5	
	Natrona Amiro	7	40	O	OT	110	03	2	2.4		
	Tarentum. Springdale	7	44	9	07	12	08	3	42	6	
	Springdale	7	52	9	16	12	19	3	52		
	Claremont			f9	30	12	38	4	06		
	Sharpsburg	8	11	9	36	12	48	4	12	6	
	Claremont Sharpsburg. Allegheny	8	24	9	48	1	02	4	25	6	
are		A.	M.	A.	M.	P.	M.	P.	M.	P.	
a	SUNDAY TRAINS	Lo	ov.	. 1	1111	or	for	A	Hor	rha	
ve	City and principal intern	ned	iat	0 8	tati	ons	at	7	:30,	a t	
es	and 5:00 p. m.			-							
nt	NORTH.	_	-	-11	EE	K	DA	YS	-	-	
		A.	M.	A.	M.	A.	M.	P.	M.	P.	
ci.	Allegheny Cityleave	7	00	8	55	10	45	3	10	6	
at	Sharpsburg	7	12	9	07	10	57				
-	Charemont					11	041				
	Springdale					11	18			6	
	Tarentum	7	37	9	34	11	28	3	46	6	
	Natrona	7	41	9	38	11	34	3	50	6	
	Springdale Tarentum Natrona. Butler Junction arrive	7	48	9	47	11	43	3	58	7	
ici	Butler Junctionleave	7	48	9	47	12	18	4	06	7	
101	Caronlana	0	15	10	nn	10	4.3	4	951	200	

SUNDAY TRAINS.—Leave Allegheny City for and reinsinal intermediate stations at 7:15 a m.

FOR THE EAST.

A. M. A. M. P. M. A. M. P.

ast line, ittsburg Limited, daily, with through coaches o New York, and sleeping cars to New York, altimore and Washington only. No extra when the trains trains to the control of the con For Atlantic City (via Delaware River Bridge, all-rail route), 800 A.M., and 8:30 P.M., daily. For destailed information, address Those E. Watt, Pass. Agt. Western District, Corner Fifth Avenue and Smith-field Street, Pittsburg, P. J. B. HUTCHISON, J. B. WOOD, General Manager. Gon'l Passr. Anetg

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The Butler Dye Works & 216 Center avenue Butler, Pa door Photographs. This is the

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Headache

Hood's Pills

C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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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 catalogue along with you to our store and look over our Buggies

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are welcome to make the com-

parison whether you buy or not THE PITTSBURG, BESSE- S. B. Martincourt & Co., 128 E. Jefferson St.

> B. MARTINCOURT. M. LEIGHNER.

X shirt waists

thousands of them Greatest shirt waist season this store ever engaged in. Doing a record-breaking busi-

ness with the kind of waists people want-strictly new and uncommonly stylish styles-made by experts. Variety of styles is simply

enormous-yet all selected for some difference, pattern, color, or both, that brings it within the range of your approval.

Colored Waists begin at 50c—

"I can't hear what you say. What makes you mumble so? Well, good high, then."

He stooped down hastly to kiss her.

"I want to talk to you, Gregory?"

"Well, make haste," he said pettish assortment extends to \$4.50.

"Well, make haste," he said pettish assortment extends to \$4.50. assortment extends to \$4.50.

White Waists 75c to \$10.00. Prettiest dollar waists -- colored nadras or percale-pinks, blues, riolet, black or watermelon red nd white, and lots of fancies White waists also, \$1.00, that ny of you who want neat, dressy. yles will declare great property. Fine assortment of colored

aists \$1.50, 2.00, 2.50. Making a feature of white Laws aists \$1.50.

-four rows of inserting on front -dress sleeves, flare cuff-or shirt waist sleeves, stiff cufts. Other dainty white waists \$2.00, 2.50, 3.50.

Misses' colored shirt waists-26 to 30 bust measure-50c, 750 \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, 2.00. White waists 75c, \$1.00, 1.25 to 2.50. Send us your orders for shirt

We'll save you money. 10,000 yards of pretty wash oods 61, 8, 10, 15c. -styles and quality for little noney never approached. Write for samples.

Boggs & Buhl

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IVERY, BOARDING AND SALE STABLE. PLENTY OF ROOM GOOD CARE AND FIRST CLASS EQUIPMENT

BIRD SNYDER, JAMES A. THOMPSON.

%xxxxxxxxxxx Milk Cans

eaviest and most serviceble milk cans made. 5 gal, Cans \$18 per doz.

532 Grant St., Pittsburg, Pa. SCHOOLSCHOOLS A TALE OF LIFE IN THE BOER REPUBLIC.

on the threshold.

OLIVE

colorless existence was but a dream

SCHREINER.

WALDO GOES OUT TO TASTE LIFE, AND EM STAYS AT HOME AND TASTES IT. At 9 o'clock in the evening, packing his bundles for the next morning's start. Waldo looked up and was surprised to see Em's yellow head peeping in at his door. It was many a month since she had been there. She said she had made him sandwiches for his journey, and she staid awhile to help him put his goods into the saddle-

"You can leave the old things lying about," she said. "I will lock the roo nd keep it waiting for you to com back some day." To come back some day! Would the bird ever return to its cage? But he

thanked her. When she went away, he dle till she had almost reached the house. But Em was that evening in no hurry to enter and, instead of going in at the back door, walked with lagging footsteps round the low brick wall that ran before the house. Opposite the open window of the parlor she stopped. The little room, kept careful-ly closed in Tant' Sannie's time, was well lighted by a paratiin lamp; books and work lay strewn about it, and it wore a bright, habitable aspect. Be side the lamp at the table in the corner before her, while she perused the col-umns of a newspaper. At the center table, with his arms folded on an open paper, , which there was not light enough to read, sat Gregory. He was looking at her. The light from the open window fell on Em's face under its white ". apje" as she looked in, bu no one glanced that way,

Go and fetch me a glass of water, Lyndall said at last. put it down at her side, she merel ved her head in recognition, and h went back to his seat and his old occ pation. Then Em moved slowly awa In spotted, hard winged insects, to play round the lamp, till, one by one, they stuck to its glass and fell to the foot

Ten o'clock struck. Then Lyndal rose, gathered up her papers and let-ters and wished Gregory good night. Some time after Em entered. She had ladder and had drawn her "kapje Gregory was plecing together the bit

of an envelope when she came in.
"I thought you were never coming,"
he said, turning round quickly and throwing the fragments on to the floor "You know I have been shearing all day, and it is 10 o'clock already."
"I'm sorry. I did not think you would be going so soon," she said in a

"I can't hear what you say. What

ly. "I'm awfully tired. I've been sitting here all the evening. Why couldn't you come and talk before?"
"I will not keep you long," she ar swered very steadily now. "I think Gregory, it would be better if you and I were never to be married.'

"Good heavens! Em, what do you mean? I thought you were so fond of me? You always professed to be your head now?" "I think it would be better." she said

folding her hands over each other, very nuch as though she were praying. "Better, Em! What do you mean? Even a woman can't take a freak all about nothing! You must have some reason for it, and I'm sure I've dor nothing to offend you. I wrote only to day to my sister to tell her to come up next month to our wedding, and I'v been as affectionate and happy as possible. Come, what's the matter?" He put his arm half round her shoul-

"I think it would be better," she an swered slowly.
"Oh, well," he said, drawing himsel

up, "if you won't enter into explana tions you won't, and I'm not the man to beg and pray-not to any woman to marry me I can't oblige you to, of

She stood quite still before him. "You women never do know you course you know the state of your wn feelings best, but it's very strange Have you really made up your mind

"Well, I'm very sorry. I'm sure I'v not been in anything to blame. A man can't always be billing and cooing; but, as you say, if your feeling for me has changed, it's much better you shouldn't marry me. There's nothing so foolish as to marry some one you don't love, and I only wish for your happiness, I'm sure. I dare say you'll pier than I could. The first person we love is seldom the right one. You are very young. It's quite natural you

hould change."
She said nothing. "Things often seem hard at the time but Providence makes them turn out for the best in the end," said Gregory "You'll let me kiss you, Em, just for old friendship's sake." He stooped down. "You must look upon me as : dear brother, as a cousin at least. As long as I am on the farm I shall al-

ways be glad to help you, Em."

Soon after the brown pony was cantering along the footpath to the daub and wattle house, and his master as he rode whistled "John Speriwlg" and the "Thorn Kloof Schottische." The sun had not yet touched the out stretched arms of the prickly pear upon the "kopje," and the early cocks and hens still strutted about stifly after the night's roost, when Waldo stood

efore the wagon house saddling the gray mare. Every now and then he glanced up at the old familiar objects. They had a new aspect that morning. Even the cocks, seen in the light of parting, had a peculiar interest, and he listened with conscious attention while one crowed clear and loud as it stood on the pigsty wall. He wished ood morning softly to the Kaffir wonan who was coming up from the huts to light the fire. He was leaving them all to that old life and from his height he looked down on them pityingly. So they would keep on crowing and com-ing to light fires, when for him that old

just to begin." "Well, let me see," she said, closing er book and folding her hands on it

by to Em, and then he walked to the oor of Lyndall's room to wake her but she was up and standing in the bought her for two oxen. There is lean dog going after him, to which "So you are ready," she said.
Waldo looked at her with sudden
heaviness; the exhibaration died out of
his heart. Her gray dressing gown suppose, he never gives more than bone from which he has sucked t marrow. But his dog loves him, as ! hung close about her and below its edge the little bare feet were resting wife does. There is something of the master about him in spite of his black

Waldo? What you will be, and what her to the Kaffir herd, who rounded the

"Yes, and if I should not, you can still remember, wherever you are, that you are not alone." "I have left Doss for you," he said.

"Will you not miss him?"
"No; I want you to have him. He loves you better than he loves me." "Thank you." They stood quiet. "Goodby!" she said, putting her little hand in his and he turned away, but nan? He wakes thoughts that run far when he reached the door she called to out into the future and back into th him: "Come back. I want to kiss you." She drew his face down to hers

it on the forehead and mouth. "Good-by, dear!" When he looked back, the little fig. are with its beautiful eyes was stand ing in the doorway still.

and held it with both hands and kissed

CHAPTER XXI.

"Good morning!" Em, who was in the storeroom measiring the Kaffir's rations, looked up and saw her former lover standing betwixt her and the sunshine. For some days after that evening on which he had ridden home whistling he had shunned her. She might wish to enter into explanations, and he (Gregory Rose) was not the man for that kind of thing. If a woman had once thrown him overboard, she must take the con-sequences and stand by them. When, however, she showed no inclination to revert to the past and shunned him

nore than he shunned her, Gregory "You must let me call you Em still and be like a brother to you till I go," he said, and Em thanked him so humbly that he wished she hadn't. It

self an injured man. On that morning he stood some time in the doorway switching his whip and the camps and see how your birds are getting on. Now Waldo's gone you've no one to see after things. Nice morning, isn't it?" Then he added suddenly, "I'll just go round to the house and get a drink of water first," and somewhat awkwardly walked off. He might the parlor, looked round again and then walked out at the front door and found himself again at the storeroom without having satisfied his thirst. "Awfully nice morning this," he said, trying to

pose himself in a graceful and indifisn't hot, and it isn't cold. It's awfully "Yes," said Em. "Your cousin, now," said Gregory in an aimless sort of way—"I suppose she's shut up in her room writing let-

"Gone for a drive, I expect? Nice morning for a drive." "Gone to see the ostriches, I sup-

"No." After a little silence Em added, "I saw her go by the kraals to the kopje.'" Gregory crossed and uncrossed his look about," he said, "and see how

things are getting on before I go to the amps. Goodby. So long." Em left for awhile the bags she was folding and went to the window, the same through which, years before, brown seeds that have slept deep under the brown seeds the bro ed to the pigsty first and contemplated ound and stood looking fixedly at the vall of the fuel house as though he thought it wanted repairing. Then he

started off suddenly, with the evident intention of going to the ostrich camps, then paused, hesitated and finally walked off in the direction of the kopje. Then Em went back to the corner and folded more sacks. On the other side of the "kopje" Gregory caught sight of a white tall waving among the stones, and a succession of short, frantic barks told where Doss was engaged in howling imploringly to a lizard who had crept the stones of the stones. There, does that satisfy you?" she asked, looking down at Gregory. "Is that how you like me to talk?" imploringly to a lizard who had crept between two stones and who had not

the slightest intention of resunning the same thoughts about everything himself at that particular mor How strange! The dog's mistress sat higher up, under the shelving rock, her face bent over a volume of plays upon her knee. As Gregory mounted the stones she started violently and looked up, then resumed her book. "I hope I am not troubling you," said Gregory as he reached her side. "If I

am, I will go away. I just"—
"No; you may stay." "I fear I startled you." "Yes; your step was firmer than it generally is. I thought it was that of ome one else.' "Who could it be but me?" asked Gregory, seating himself on a stone at

her feet. "Do you suppose you are the only nan who would find anything to attract him to this 'kopje?''
"Oh, no," said Gregory.
He was not going to argue that point with her nor any other, but no old Boer was likely to take the trouble of

dimbing the "kopje," and who else was there? She continued the study of her book. "Miss Lyndall," he said at last, "I don't know why it is you never talk

"We had a long conversation yester lay," she said without looking up.
"Yes; but you ask me questions about theep and oxen. I don't call that talksaid in an aggrieved tone of voice en you've just left off. You treated me like that from the first day, and you couldn't tell from just looking at

"I do not know which things you refer to. If you will enlighten me, I am quite prepared to speak of them," She said, reading as she makes

"There at the foot of the 'kopje' goes a Kaflir. He has nothing on but a blanket. He is a splendid fellow-six feet high, with a magnificent pair of legs. In his leather bag he is going to fetch his rations and I suppose to kick his wife with his beautiful legs when ne gets home. He has a right to. He

ness and wool. See how he brandishe his stick and holds up his head!"

most interesting and intelligent thing I can see just now, except, perhaps, Doss. He is profoundly suggestive. Will his race melt away in the heat of a collision with a higher? Are the men of the future to see his bones only i museums, a vestige of one link that spanned between the dog and the white

Gregory was not quite sure how t take these remarks. Being about a Kaffir, they appeared to be of the nature of a joke; but, being seriously spoken, they appeared earnest, so he half laughed and half not, to be on the safe side.

"I've often thought so myself. It's funny we should both think the same. I knew we should if once we talked But there are other things-love, now, he added. "I wonder if we would think alike about that. I wrote an essay love once. The master said it was th best I ever wrote, and I can remembe the first sentence still—'Love is som thing that you feel in your heart."
"That was a trenchant remark. Can't

"No," said Gregory regretfully. "I've forgotten the rest. But tell me what do you think about love?"

A look, half of abstraction, ha amusement, played on her lips.
"I don't know much about love," sh said, "and I do not like to talk of

you remember any more?"

things I do not understand, but I have heard two opinions. Some say the deil carried the seed from hell and plant ed it on the earth to plague men wasn't so easy after that to think himself an injured man.

and make them sin, and sold that when all the plants in the gas
den of Eden were pulled up by the and make them sin, and some say roots one bush that the angels had planted was left growing, and it spread moving rather restlessly from one leg to the other.
"I think I'll just take a walk up to "I think I'll just take a walk up to right, perhaps both. There are different species that go under the sam name. There is a love that begins h the head and goes down to the hear and grows slowly, but it lasts till death and asks less than it gives. There is an other love that blots out wisdom, tha is sweet with the sweetness of life and out; perhaps the poets are right wh they try to water it. It is a blood re flower, with the color of sin, but ther is always the scent of a god about it.' Gregory would have made a remark but she said, without noticing:

"There are as many kinds of loves a

there are flowers-everlasting that ne

er wither, speedwells that wait for the wind to fan them out of life, blood red nountain lilies that pour their volu uous sweetness out for one day and l in the dust at night. There is no flo er has the charm of all—the speed well's purity, the everlasting's strength the mountain lily's warmth. But wh knows whether there is no love that holds all—friendship, passion, worship? "Such a love," she said in her swee est voice, "will fall on the surface strong, cold, selfish life as the sunligh falls on a torpid winter world; the where the trees are bare, and th ground frozen till it rings to the ste like fron, and the water is solid, an "Well, I think I'll just go and have a the air is sharp as a two edged knife the air is sharp as a two edged knife that cuts the unwary. But, when it sun shines on it, through its whole dead crust a throbbing yearning wakes The trees feel him, and every knot an same through which, years
Bonaparte had watched the slouching the ground feel him, and he gives then the ground feel him, and he gives the ground feel him and he gi frozen earth and lift two tiny, trem bling green hands in love to him. And he touches the water till down to its depths it feels him and melts, and it flows, and the things-strange, swee things—that were locked up in it, it sings as it runs, for love of him. Each plant tries to bear at least one fragrant little flower for him, and the world was dead and self centered throbs with an upward, outward yearning, and it has become that which it seemed im

"Oh, yes!" said Gregory. "That is what I have already thought. We have

"Very," said Lyndall, working with her little toe at a stone in the ground ersation. The only thing he could think of was to recite a piece of poet-ry. He knew he had learned many, about love, but the only things that would come into his mind were the "Battle of Hohenlinden" and "Not a drum was heard," neither of which

eemed to bear directly on the subject But unexpected relief came to him from Doss, who, too deeply lost in cor emplation of his crevice, was surprised by the sudden descent of the stone yndall's foot had loosened, which olling against his little front paw carried away a piece of white skin Doss stood on three legs, holding up the paw with an expression of ex treme self commiseration. He then proceeded to hop slowly upward in

earch of sympathy. "You have hurt that dog," said Greg-"Have I?" she replied indifferently

and reopened the book, as though to sume her study of the play. "He's a nasty, snapplsh little curl" said Gregory, calculating from her manner that the remark would be indorsed. "He snapped at my horse's tail yesterday and nearly made it throw me. I wonder his master didn't take him, instead of leaving him here to be a nuisance to all of us Lyndall seemed absorbed in her play,

u like. I'm sure I know as much out such things as Waldo does," said that he'll ever have anything in the about such things as Waido does," said
Gregory in exceeding bitterness of
world—that German, I mean—money
enough to support a wife on, and all

ly with her left hand for the dog to lie dall's baby."

"And I se

member of society," she said. "I don't expect to see him the possessor of bank shares, the chairman of a divisional shares, the chairman of a many family."

But I could not an you.

"And when I came to some people who were dressed in black I asked them where you were, and they looked council and the father of a large family, wearing a black hat and going to church twice on a Sunday. He would rather astonish me if he came to such an end." council and the father of a large fami-

either," said Gregory zealously.
"Well, I don't know," said Lyndall.
"There are some small things I rather look to him for. If he were to invent wings or carve a statue that one might look at for half an hour without wanting to look at something else, I should fault. You don't make them love you. look at for half an bour without wanting to look at something clse, I should not be surprised. He may do some little thing of that kind perhaps when he has done fermenting and the sediment has all gone to the bottom."

They can't help it. And it isn't your fault. You don't make them love you. I know it."

"Thank you, dear," Lyndall said. "It is nice to be loved, but it would be better to be good."

"Oh, but aren't you making fun?"
ald Gregory, looking doubtfully from not wholly intended as blame. "Well, I don't know," he said sulkl-"kopje."

"No; I am very serious. He is the alive sort of way, muttering to himself like an old Kaffir witch doctor! He works hard enough, but it's always as though he didn't know what he was doing. You don't know how he looks to a person who sees him for the first

> sore foot as she read, and Doss, to show he liked it, licked her hand. "But, Miss Lyndall," persisted Gregory, "what do you really think of "I think," said Lyndall, "that he is

Lyndall was softly touching the little

like a thorn tree, which grows up very quietly, without any one's caring for it, and one day suddenly breaks out into yellow blossoms." "And what do you think I am like?" asked Gregory hopefully.

Lyndall looked up from her book.
"Like a little tin duck floating on a dish of water, that comes after a piece of bread stuck on a needle, and the nore the needle pricks it the more it "Oh, you are making fun of me now,

you really are!" said Gregory, feeling wretched. "You are making fun, aren't ake comparisons." "Yes; but you don't compare me to "Yes; but you don't compare me to anything nice, and you do other people."

The time the car and made a rapid exit followed by the cause of the trouble,

What is Em like, now?"
"The accompaniment of a song. She and is always number two. But I think she is like many states the car was: she is like many accompaniments-a great deal better than the song she is o accompany."

"She is not half so good as you are," said Gregory, with a burst of uncontrollable ardor. "She is so much better than I that

"You are the one being that I love!" said Gregory, quivering. "I thought I loved before, but I know now! Do not be angry with me. I know you could never like me. But if I might but always be near you to serve you I would which it seems to be "blocked" which it seems to be so naturally re-

"that you could not do something to serve me? You could serve me by giv-ing me your name."

He started and turned his burning "You are very cruel. You are ridicul-'No, I am not, Gregory. What I am saying is plain, matter of fact busi-ness. If you are willing to give me your name within three weeks' time, I m willing to marry you; if not, well want nothing more than your name. That is a clear proposal, is it not?"

He looked up. Was it contempt, loathing, pity, that moved in the eyes above? He could not tell, but he stooped over the little foot and kissed it.

"Do you really mean it?" he whis-"Yes. You wish to serve me and to ave nothing in return. You shall have what you wish." She held out her fingers for Doss to lick. "Do you see this dog? He licks my hand because I love him, and I allow him to. Where I do not love I do not allow it. I believe

you love me. I, too, could love so that to lie under the foot of the thing I lov-

ed would be more heaven than to lie

n the breast of another. Come. Let

us go. Carry the dog," she added.

She smiled.

"He will not bite you if I put him in your arms. So—do not let his foot hang down." They descended the "kopje." At the bottom he whispered: "Would you not take my arm? The

path is very rough."

She rested her fingers lightly on it. "I may yet change my mind about marrying you before the time comes. It is very likely. Mark you!" she said, turning round on him. "I remember your words-you will give everything that you are serving me is to be your reward, and you will have that. You will serve me, and greatly. The reasons I have for marrying you I need not inform you of now. You will probably discover some of them before

It seemed to Gregory that there were oulses in the soles of his feet, and the ground shimmered as on a summer's day. They walked round the foot of the "kopje" and past the Kaffir huts. An old Kaffir maid knelt at the door of ne grinding mealles. That she should ee him walking so made his heart beat o fast that the hand on his arm felt its Isation. It seemed that she must

Just then Em looked out again at the back window and saw them coming. She cried bitterly all the while she

oom opened. "I want to say good night to you, Lyndall," she said, coming to the bedide and kneeling down. "I thought you were asleep," Lynlall replied.

never had so vivid a dream before.

was a don, and it was a don, and it, but some one held up her finger and it, but some one held up her finger and said: 'Hush! It is a little dead taby.' And I said. 'Oh, I must go and call Lyndall, that she may look at it also.' "And they put their faces close down to my ear and whispered, It is Lyt-

ly with her left hand for the dog to lie down on it.

'Oh, you never used to ask Waldo like that," said Gregory in a more sorely aggrieved tone than ever. "You used that ever, "You used the ever became a respectable member of society," she said, "I don't but I could not find you."

could not find you anywhere, and then "Yes; I don't expect anything of him ither," said Gregory zealously.
"Well L don't know," said Lyndall," she said, putting her face down upon the hands she held, "it made me think about that time when we were little girls and used to play to-gether, when I loved you better than

Then they wished good night, and Em went back to her room. Long after Lyndall lay in the dark thinking, thinking, thinking, and as she turned round wearily to sleep she muttered: "There are some wiser in their sleep ng than in their waking."

She sat in a car with a little smile of satisfaction on her face, for she was well and tastefully dressed, and that means a great deal to a woman. As she moved up to make room for a new-comer a man entered, and as he sat lown he said to the comfortable one: "Why, Jane, this isn't your afternoon off! How did they come to let you out oday?"

The young woman grew very red in

the face, for all the occupants of the car were looking and listening, and stammered out as she half rose and then fell back in her seat: "How well you're dressed, too!" continued her tormentor. "They must give you \$20 a month. Eh? Is your

mistress about your size?"
"Now, do be quiet!" cried the uncomfortable one. "If you think"—
"Diamonds, too," went on the miserable man as he caught a flash from her ou, now?"
"Partly. It is always diverting to waving fingers. "Or are they artificial?" The tormented one sprang up, stop

> "Well, well, but some people are too sensitive;" They were husband and wife, and this was his weird idea of taking his revenge for a curtain lecture.—Philadelphia Times.

whose farewell remark to the ku

A.Wonderful Geological Freah Among the many wonderful freaks her little finger has more goodness in it than my whole body. I hope you may not live to find out the truth of that known as "The Glant's Head." "You are like an angel," he said, the blood rushing to his head and face.
"Yes. probably Angel." It stands, or, rather, reclines, against the face of the cliff at Point Pinos, in Monterey county. Cal. and all relationships the said, the face of the cliff at Point Pinos, in Monterey county. olood rushing to his head and face.

"Yes, probably. Angels are of many have viewed the wonder declare it to be the most colossal as well as the most marvelous freak in natural sculp-All portions of the "head" except the

be utterly, utterly happy. I would ask nothing in return. If you could only take everything I have and use it! I The chin, mouth, nose, eyes and brow want nothing but to be of use to you."

She looked at him for a few moShe looked at him for a few moback from the forehead.

The cars are not so "true to life" as the other features are, but even in this respect no stretch of the imagination

is required in order to see tolerably

perfect auricular appendages. The bold features, backward wave of the

hair, massive forehead, mustache, fine-ly chiseled nostrils and deep set eyes are all reproduced on a natural yet gi gantic scale and with wonderful exact-The Typewriter and the Eye. There is the general opinion among oculists that the eye is much relieved by the general introduction of type-written matter. A recent medical work upon diseases of the eye gives a great

many proofs in substantiation of this

The characters are so large on the keys that there is no appreciable strain on the vision, and when dexterity is attained the eyes can scarcely be said to be used at all. A vast strain is taken off the eye by writing with the type-writer instead of the pen, but the advantages of reading the typewritten matter are even more important from a medical point of view, and the strain upon the hands is also slight. It is said that a person can work for

eight consecutive hours, with slight in-terruptions, without the hands being

onscious of fatigue. In using the

cusing the eyes calls the muscles into

undue use, and the result is that many defects of vision which would not probably be discovered under normal conditions are brought to the front .-Scientific American.

Paris has always been France. All the great movements of the country have been centered here, whether political, religious, social, literary or artistic. So that any attempt to trace the history of the city launches one immediately into the study of the nation, while an effort to master the history of the French people sends one to Paris. One realizes this particularly when he comes to study the lives of her great men and women. They may have been born in the south or east or north or west, but to rise to the first rank they were obliged to seek the capital. It was there they sought instruction, formed relations, began their careers, played their parts.-Scribner's.

Not Tactful. Lord John Russell was not tactful. On one occasion he took the Duchess of Inverness down to dinner, and after he had sat down for a minute he jump-ed up and went to the opposite side of ed up and went to the opposite side the table and sat by the Duchess of St

His wife asked him afterward why orted the skins.

But that night when Lyndall had have been ill if I had sat with my back blown her candle out and half turned to that great fire."

"I hope," said Lady John, "you gave your reason to the Duchess of Inver-

ness."
"No," he said, "I didn't, but I told the Duchess of St. Albans!" Domestic Infelicity.

"Yes, I have been asleep, but I had uch a vivid dream," she said, holding he other's hands, "and that awoke me. Husband—What's worrying you now? Wife—Oh, I was thinking about the lace curtains you said I might buy for

the parlor. If I don't get them, the "It seemed I was a little girl again, neighbors will think I can't afford and I came somewhere into a large them, and if I do, they'll hide the view of our handsome new furniture which was something lying dressed in white, and its little eyes were shut, and its little face was like wax. I thought it

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