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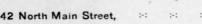
sible to (and we do) give our patrons these first-class clothes at the price you would pay for the other sort. We believe we have given good reasons why our tailoring is the best and cheapest and would be grateful for the opportunity to show you our handsome spring

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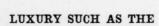
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and examine mine, and you will soon be onvinced that I can save you 25 per cent. All the bargains that will be offered with the bargains that will be offered work in a back room and knew notbing out across the plain, was now at work in a back room and knew notbing out across the plain, was now at work in a back room and knew notbing

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A TALE OF LIFE IN THE BOER REPUBLIC.

the back seat sat Gregory, his arms folded, his hat drawn over his eyes. A d thoughtful, as trying to remember. and at his feet sat Doss, who now and

at the surrounding country and then, with an exceedingly knowing wink of his left eye, turned to his companions, iced the cart coming. Waldo, who soid. Do not pay high prices for clothing at other places when you can buy better goods here for almost nothing. I have always sold better goods at lower prices than can be bought at any other place, and at this sale the prices will be still lower. Go all over town and examine other clothing, then come a series of short, suffocating barks giving utterance to his joy at reunion.

> , hung his hat up in its old place be nd the door, and for any change in his manner or appearance he migh

the cattle and the sheep, and Em gave

Yet he lay quiet for a long time. The ght through the open door showed im to her, where he lay, with his arm spoke. Perhaps it was a relief to his

to which through an agent he had trac-ed them, Gregory had gone. At the ho-tel where Lyndall and her stranger had staid he put up. He was show the very room in which they had slep The colored boy who had driven the the next town told him in which use they had boarded, and Gregory In that town he found the had left the cart and bought a spide and four grays, and Gregory's heart rejoteed. Now, indeed, it would be easy to trace their course, and he turn-

At one desolate farm the Boer had a good deal to tell. The lady had sald she liked a wagon that stood before Englishman had offered £150 for the ld thing and bought oven worth £1 The Dutchman chuckled, for he had the "Salt-reim's" money in th ox under his bed. Gregory laughed of them now, so slowly they would move with that cumbrons of agon. Vet when that evening came nd he reached a little wayside inn no ne could tell him anythms the trav

tuntd with Boer brandy, sat on the oked on. He remembered not months before? He smoked on. Gregory; said that the lady he was seeking for was very beautiful, had ittle mouth and tiny, very tiny feet The man only smoked on as sullenly a heart. Presently a hand came out of the window, and a pair of velvet slippers touched his shoulder, tiny slip pers with black flowers. He pulled them out of her hand. Only one wo-

man's feet had worn them; he knew "Left here last summer by a lady,

They might have come in a wag ad spider; she could not tell. But th gentleman was very handsome, lovely figure, blue eyes, wore gloves always when he went out; an English officer, perhaps; no Afrikander, co tainly.

Gregory stopped her. The lady? Well, she was pretty rather, the girl said; very cold, dul air, silent. They staid for, it migh be, five days; slept in the wing over against the "stoep;" quarreled some-times, she thought—the lady. She had een everything when she went in to wait. One day the gentleman touch her hair. She drew back from him as though his fingers poisoned her; wen

to the other end of the room if he came to sit near her; walked out alone; col wife for such a handsome husband, th girl thought. She evidently pitied him he was such a beautiful man. The vent away early one morning, how which way the girl could not tell. Gregory inquired of the servant out nothing more was to be learned, so and went on. At the farms he came out no one had seen what he asked for This way and that he rode to pick up the thread he had dropped, but the spider and the wagon, the little lady

and the handsome gentleman, no one had seen. In the towns he fared yet the "steep" of a botel at which he stald the night in a certain little village there walked a gentleman, grave and kindly looking. It was not hard

and rose the clear blue African sky.

against the bank. When he woke, the shadow had stretched across the 'sloot," and the sun was on the edge et a little sixpenny looking glass and out from the bank. Then he dressed himself in one of the old fashioned gowns and a great pinked out collar. checks, hands like lilles and perfectly scraphic smile."

"That is she! That is she!" cried cap, white as a woman's, with a little cap, white as a woman's, with a little

Who else could it be? He asked receding chin. man most thoughtfully stroked his beard. He would try to remember. Were not her ears— Here such a violent fit of coughing seized him that lent fit of cougning season and the saddreous the saddreous the saddreous the fan away into the house. An ill fed ing, closing up the ant hill with bits of ing, closing up the ant hill with bits of lerk and a dirty barman standing in the doorway laughed aloud. Gregory wondered if they could be laughing at the gentleman's cough, and then he gentleman's cough, and then he bider started once and looked round, but yet there was no one near save a light fell on the red quilt and the little the gentleman's cough, and then he heard some one laughing in the room into which the gentleman had gone. He must follow him and try to learn more, but he soon found that there was nothing more to be learned there.

but yet there was no one near save a "meerkat." who had lifted herself out of her hole and sat on her hind legs watching. He did not like that even she should see, and when he rose she dived away into her there they dust

Poor Gregory!
One day, coming to a little town, his horses knocked up, he resolved to rest them there. The little hotel of the them there was a bright and sunny place, was a bright and sunny place, alean little town was the smith's, and before the open door two idle urchins lolled. As the hurried up the street in the gatherwoman who kept it and who trotted about talking always; talking to the customers in the taproom and to the round fearingly and would alm naids in the kitchen and to the passhe windows; talking, as good natured women with large mouths and small asses always do, in season and out.

There was a little front parlor in the notel, kept for strangers who wanted open, and the light fell out into the o be alone. Gregor; sat there to eat his breakfast, and the landlady dusted street. He knocked, and the landlady came. She peered out to look for the he room and talked of the great finds cart that had brought the traveler, but at the diamond fields and the badness Gregory's heart was brave now he was so near the quiet room. He told her he had come with the transport was luct of the Dutch parson in that town ns that stood outside the town. ings for the night.

that she lay there, saying always, "I am better." The landlady put his supper in the and an egg broken open, but not eaten. Her ebony face grinned complacently is she shut the door softly and said, Good morning."
The landlady began to talk to her.

said; had come to the Transvaal, hear

The landlady did not perhaps know whether there would be any for her in that town? The landlady put down her knitting and smote her fat hands together.

If it wasn't the very finger of God's providence, as though you saw it hanging out of the sky, she said. Here was though you saw it hands and smooth his list in her face again and went away swearing.

When Gregory went into the bed-class of surgical cases, all different, but the other sides are exactly alike.

didn't know! Then the landlady proceeded to de tail facts.

"I'm sure you will suit her," she add-"You're just the kind. She has verything that more you with, has got a letter with a check in it tor he other day from some one who says I'm to spend it for her and not to let her know. She is asleep now, but I'll

take you in to look at her."

The landlady opened the door of the next room, and Gregory followed her. A table stood near the bed, and a lamp burning low stood on it. The bed was great four poster with white curains, and the quilt was of rich crim on satin' but Gregory stood just inside the door, with his head bent low,

and saw no farther. "Come nearer! I'll turn the lamp up A pretty thing, isn't it?" said the land

Near the foot of the bed was a dent in the crimson quilt, and out of it Doss' small head and bright eyes looked

pain," said the landlady. Then Gregory looked up at what lay on the cushion, a little white, white face, trans as an angel's, with a cloth soft, short hair tossed about on the

"We had to cut it off," said the w man, touching it with her forefinger; "soft as silk, like a wax doll's." But Gregory's heart was bleeding.

says." said the landlady. stant the beautiful eyes opened widel, and looked round the room and into the

"Only this lady, ma'am, a nurse by

rofession. She is willing to stay and take care of you if you can come to Lyndall raised herself on her

"Have I never seen you before?" she

She fell back wearily "Perhaps you would like to arran the terms between yourselves," said be back presently. Gregory sat down, with bent head and quick breath. She did not speak

and quick breath. She did not speak and lay with half closed eyes, seeming to have forgotten him. "Will you turn the lamp down a little?" she said at last. "I cannot bear

shadow, and he spoke. Nursing was to him, he said, his chosen life's work. He wanted no money if- She stopped "I take no service for which I do not "What I gave to my last nurse I will give to you. If you do

And Gregory muttered humbly be He lifted her. Ah! A shrunken little

little while she repeated humbly: "Thank you! They burt me so."

after, "She is the most experienced nurse I ever came in contact Gregory, standing in the passag heard it and laughed in his heart What need had he of experience? Ex-Kaffir studies, all his life the discerning of distant sounds, but he will never hear my step when my love hears it coming to her window in the dark over

the short grass. In that quiet room Lyndall lay on the bed with the dog at her feet, and Greg-ory sat in his dark corner watching. She seldom slept, and through the long, long days she would lie watching the round streak of sunlight that came through the knot in the shutter or the massive lion's paw on which the ward-robe rested. What thoughts were in those eyes? Gregory wondered. He

One night he thought he heard a sound, and, opening it softly, looked in.

lence? Have I not endured these long, long months? But now, now, O God, I Gregory knelt in the doorway listen

"I do not ask for wisdom, not human ove, not work, not knowledge, not for all things I have longed for," she cried, "only a little freedom from pain, only one little hour without pain! Then I

He crept away to the front door and stood looking out at the quiet star-light. When he came back, she was lying in her usual posture, the quiet eyes looking at the lion's paw. He ame close to the bed. "You have much pain tonight?" he

"No, not much. "Can I do anything for you?"

"No, nothing." his black muzzle between her breasts. it up She crossed her arms over him. Gregry left them lying there together.

The next day, when they asked her ow she was, she answered, "Better." "Some one ought to tell her," said the landlady. "We can't let her soul go out into eternity not knowing, especialwhen I don't chink it was all right

"Next time you have any devil's work to do, do it yourself," he said and shook his fist in her face again and

wall. He dared not disturb her. At last after a long time she turned. "Bring me food," she said. "I want to eat-two eggs and toast and meatwo large slices of toast, please."
Wondering, Gregory brought a tra

"I am going to eat it alf." she said. She tried to draw the things near he with her fingers and rearrange the plates. She cut the toast into long tiny morsel of the both eggs, put nouth and fed the dog with precedure meat put into his jaws with her fin-

Put it away, please, carefully-no, do not take it away, only on When the clock strikes 12, I will eat She lay down, trembling. After a lit

"Give me my clothes." He looked at her.

'Yes; I am going to dress tomorrow should get up now, but it is rathe ite. Put them on that chair. My col lars are in that little box, my boots be and the door." Her eyes followed him intently as he

"Put it nearer." she said. "I canno see it." And she lay watching the clothes, with her hand under her cheek. "Now open the shutter wide," she said. "I am going to read."

The old, old tone was again in the sweet voice. He obeyed her and opened the shutter and raised her up mong the pillows. and the plays. I want them all." He piled them round her on the bed. She drew them greedily closer, her

eyes very bright, but her face as white as a mountain fily.

"Now the big one off the drawer No; you need not help me to hold my book," she said. "I can hold it my

Then she turned to read and lean her little elbows resolutely on the great volume and knit her brows. This was thing. "I wish you would take a handker-

very foolish when I thought that book

He had not been long in his se the hands that shaded the eyes on to

light. It makes my head swim a lit-tle," she said. "Go out and close the shutter." ed up among the pillows.

people hurt me when they touch me," She would be dressed before breakfast she said. "Thank you." Then after a Nevertheless, when morning came, she sald it was a little cold and lay all day watching her clothes upon the chair. Gregory sat down, trembling. His still she sent for her oxen in the countrie ewe lamb—could they hurt her?

The doctor said of Gregory four days go down to the colony. try. They would start on Monday and go down to the colony.

In the afternoon she told him to open the window wide and draw the bed

It was a leaden afternoon. The dull rainclouds rested close to the roofs of the houses, and the little street was gust of wind eddying round caught up the dried leaves, whirled them hither and thither under the trees and dropped them again into the gutter. Then Presently the bell of the church began to toll, and up the village street came a long procession. They were carrying an old man to his last resting place. She followed them with her eyes they turned in among the trees at the

"Who was that?" she asked. "An old man," he answered, "a very old man. They say he was 94, but his name I do not kne v." She mused awhile, looking out with

That is why the bell rang so cheerfully," she said. "When the old die, it is well. They have had their time. It is when the young die that the bells weep drops of blood." "But the old love life?" he said, for it was sweet to hear her speak.

She raised herself on her elbow. "They love life. They do not want to "But what of die," she answered. that? They have had their time. They knew that a man's life is threescore years and ten. They should have made their plans accordingly. But the young," she said, "the young, cut down they have not known, when they have not found—it is for them that the bells weep blood. I heard in the ringing it was an old man. When the old die-Listen to the bell! It is laughing: 'It is right, it is right! He has had his time.'

They cannot ring so for the young."
She fell back exhausted. The hot ight died from her eyes, and she lay looking out into the street. By and by stragglers from the funeral began to come back and disappear here and there among the louses. Then all was quiet, and the night began to settle down upon the village street. Afterward, when the room was almost dark, took the first opportunity to hear her so that they could not see each other's face, she said, "It will rain tonight." and moved restlessly on the pillows. "How terrible when the rain falls down on you."

He wondered what she meant, and they sat on in the still darkening room.

She moved again. "Will you presently take my cloakthe new gray cloak from behind the door-and go out with it? You will find a little grave at the foot of the tall blue The water drips off the long, pointed leaves. You must cover with that."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Methodical Doctor "The most methodical man in New Orleans is a physician of my acquaintwhen I don't think it was all right ance," said a druggist. "In one corner of his bedroom are three valless standtell her, doctor."

So the little doctor, egged on and on, went in at last. When he came out of the room, he shook his fist in the landlady's face.

On his bedroom are three valless standing in a row. Above them on a rack are a traveling cap, an umbrella and a shoulder strap holding a mosquito netting and a mackintosh. The doctor this equipment in readiness for sudder

out of town calls. "One side of each valise contains linen, a copy of 'Robinson Crusoe,' a bottle of Worcestershire sauce, a pipe and tobacco and a box of dor Thus fortified, the doctor says he car stand a siege of two days on any plan tation in the entire south.

"When he gets a hurry up call he simply picks up the satchel that con tains the right instruments and walks off. He says that his system has saved an enormous amount of valuable time lives."-New Orleans Times-Democrat.

JEANNE'S REVENGE. A Pathetic and Story From A girl in Paris had been jilted by

her lover, though she had tried all she could to retain her place in his affect tions. After she had went in solitud for several days she determined to have her revenge. The viscount was preparing to go to dine at his club and was waiting for the return of his valet, whom he had sent out for a sporting paper, when there was a loud ring and he had to open the door himself Before him stood a tall female figure dressed in black, her face ghastly pal with suppressed emotion. The vis

count started back. "Jeanne!" The young lady advanced a few step into the passage, hissed out the word "Wretch!" and produced from behind her back a small venetian vial, th gift of her former lover. lightning she lifted it in the air and dashed its contents into the face of the gay deceiver. With a loud yell he dropped to the ground and shouted for help. The neighbors, the concierge and the police hastened to the spo-The unhappy man could not be per suaded to get up from the ground, o which he rolled about in apparent ago ny, crying: "Vitriol! Vitriol! I am a dead man!" Meantime Jeanne stood there like a marble statue, gazing a her victim.

"Are you the perpetrator of the deed?" gasped the commissary of po ice, out of breath with running up the stairs. Jeanne gave a silent nod

"You have thrown a corrosive fluid at his face?"

Another nod.

"I am dying-dying!" "What kind of a fluid was it?" Jeanne hesitated to reply. A glean of fierce satisfaction illumined her fea tures. Then came the answer, clear and steady, from her lips:

"A very weak infusion of mustard. Jeanne was avenged. Paris had not laughed so much for a long time. The iscount made himself scarce.-Londor Telegraph.

Brother Dickey's Philosophy. Say what yoh please 'bout de devil, he allus at his post en ready ter wait

De nex' worl' is so clost ter us dat me folks feels oncomfortable in flannel underwear. De worl' tu'n roun' once a day, but it ver go back ter fin' what it fergot. De truth is a burnin lamp, but som

Some men are never satisfied. After having their limbs broken, heads smashed, etc., they go to law and try to get further damages .- Chicago News. Make life a ministry of love, and it

SHE MADE A MISTAKE.

That Was What She Wanted. Aunt Lucy lives on the North Side, says the Chicago Times-Herald, and has been a widow for nearly 20 years, not exactly because she likes the state of widowhood better than any other, but for reasons that need not be dwell upon at this time. There are two forms

of amusement that Aunt Lucy is espe-

ally fond of-going to card parties of funerals. She belongs to three afton whist clubs, and now that the Uncle Thurlow came here 43 years go are getting along in years there is an average of about one funeral a week that she can attend upon the ground that she at least knew the corpse by

sight, even if they never had a "speak-A week ago last Thursday, when Aunt Lucy picked up her paper and glanced over the death notices, she exclaimed in a voice that was choked

"My goodness! Here's Henry Johnson dead! My, my, my! I wonder who'll be the next to go? I used to know his cousin Fannie Garwood so well! I suppose it will be no more than the proper thing for me to go to the funeral. And they live away over on the South Side too. It'll take all day to get there and back. Still, there is a

duty we owe to our friends that must lot be passed over lightly." So on the following day Aunt Lucy put on her most somber clothes and started early. The funeral sermon was fine, and Aunt Lucy sat behind a cor ner of the plano upon a register that was almost red hot and perspired and wept and got a stitch in her side. The singing was lovely, the corpse looked as natural as life, and after it was all ove Aunt Lucy started home, de-claring to herself that it was onb of the most enjoyable funerals she had ever attended. Her railroad fare amounted to nearly half a dollar, and she spent 20 cents for lunch before starting on the trip home, but she didn't regret it in the least. She had received the

worth of her money and more too. As luck would have it, Aunt Lucy met Mr. Johnson's cousin Fannie on Sunday morning at church. Mrs. Gar-wood had come back on a visit from Cincinnati, where she has lived during the past seven years, and naturally dear old pastor preach again.
"It's queer I didn't see you at the funeral," Aunt Lucy said, after the

first gush of their greeting. "What funeral?" "Why, your cousin Henry Johnson's Thursday afternoon." "I don't understand what you mean My cousin Henry Johnson died three

years ago on the way to Japan and was buried at sea." For a moment Aunt Lucy looked in dignant, but upon reflection she said: "Well, it was a good funeral, and as long as it happened as it did there's no use being put out, especially as I'll never have a chance to go to the right

one now, anyway."

the parlor floor was strewn "Oh. mamma," exclaimed little Elsie, "those flowers are just the same color as our canary bird, ain't they?" "Yes, dear."
"Is that why they're molting so aw

The Easter daffodils were wither

fully?"-Philadelphia Press. In the Fashion. "Here's a new suit for you," said the deputy sheriff on the morning of the execution. "H'm!" grunted the conderaned. "For

-Philadelphia North American. A Reason For It. Stranger-High steppers appear to very fashionable here? Horse Dealer-Yes, sir. No oth

kind can get around New York, sir, without breaking their necks.—New York Weekly. A Long Wait.
"Why didn't Briggs come to the mattee performance?"
"He passed the afternoon in

hese shoes-sold-while-you-wait sh

eland Plain Dealer.

Got Left In the Rus "Jessie is engaged to be married."
"The mischief she ist I intended copose to that girl myself when I Awakened.

"I understand it's all over



Merchant-So you What kind of work can yo Applicant-I don't know, until recently assistant in boxing school and"-Merchant (interrupting) use you all right. Come norning, and I'll let yo

prolific in maxidance of mank a group of list "Never tell "They intere all they mer

One of those po

he had s Mrs.

his about the

ne our goods and we can save you money.

As a pictoral record of Butler and Butler Co., contains 94 pages of the highest style of the printers and photo-engravers art-bird-eye views of some of Butler county's most famous oil towns and historical spots. Borough Government, Board of Trade, City Government,

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> ed his steps northward. the door. Without asking the price th

ory sat beside him, questioning, b ing of such strangers. How should h know who had been there months and ory, very weary, tried to awake his at first. What were little, very little mouths and feet to him? But his daughter leaned out in the window above. She was dirty and lazy and liked to loll there when travelers came to hear the men talk, but she had a soft

said the girl; "might be the one you are looking for; never saw any feet so

perhaps, but it was worth his while to them at so low a price, so the walked off with his saddlebags slung ncross his arm. Once out of sight of the wagons, he struck out of the road and walked across the "veld," the dry, flowering grasses waving everywhere about him. Half way across the plain he came to a deep gully which the rain torrents had washed out, but which was now dry. Gregory sprang down into its red bed. It was a safe place and quiet. When he had looked about

body! He could feel its weakness as he touched it. His hands were to him Gregory painted—hair like silken his feet the dusty ants ran about, and he touched it. His hands were to his, small mouth, underlip very full

He had walked in and wanted lodg It was a deliberate lie, glibly told. He would have told 50, though the reording angel had stood in the next What was it to him? He remembered

little parlor where he had sat in the orning. When it was on the table, she sat down in the rocking chair, as er fashion was, to knit and talk, that she might gather news for her custom ers in the taproom. In the white face under the queer, deep fringed cap she saw nothing of the morning's traveler. The newcomer was communicative.

a lady ill and needing a new nurse that ery day and not able to get one to he nough to convert all the atheists and

tree, with the rain dripping from her hat and shawl. They went to fetch hose. When she did, she had gone to oed and had not risen again from it She was very patient, poor thing When you went in to ask her how she was, she said always "Better" or "Nearly well" and lay still in the dark ned room and never troubled any one The Mozambiquer took care of her nd she would not allow any one els low any one else to see her foot uncov

the town to where on a rise a number

plain-strange as the fantastic, chang-

Presently a rather tall woman's fig-ure was making 'ts way across the "veld." As it passed a hollowed out ant heap it knelt down and stuffed in the saddlebags with the man's clothground to look as natural as possible.

he hurried up the street in the gather-ing gloom he heard them laugh long and loudly behind him. He glanced fled but that the strange skirts clung about his legs. And, after all, it was only a spark that had alighted on the head of one and not the strange figure they laughed at.

The door of the hotel stood wide

to the English inhabitants. Gregory ate his breakfast and listened to nothing. He had asked his one question, had had his answer. Now she might Presently a door in the corner opened round her head. She carried in her and a tray with a slice of toast crum led fine and a half filled cup of coffee

ouldn't do such a thing." The Mozambiquer grinned "Husband says I must go home." "But she hasn't got any one else and von't have any one else. Come, now," aid the landlady. "I've no time t e sitting always in a sickroom, not if I was paid anything for it."

The Mozambiquer only showed her

white teeth good naturedly for an-

wer and went out, and the landlady

followed her.

"You are not going to leave her real-, Ayah, are you?" she said. "The

naids say so, but I'm sure you

sunshine as it came over the das in the window and ran up and The Mozambiquer had closed i ething touched it inside. d a little. Then it was still, then mov d again. Then through the gap a small nose appeared and a yellow ear read obtruded, placing user side, wrinkled its nose disap ovingly at Gregory and withdrew ough the half open door came a

scent of vinegar, and the roo vas dark and still. Presently the landlady came back. "Left the door open," she said, bus ing to shut it, "but a darky will be a arky and never carries a head on his houlders like other folks. Not ill, nope, sir?" she said, looking at Gregory when she had shut the bedroon "Who," asked Gregory.

ossip to relate and some one willing hear it, the landlady made the most of a little story as she cleared the ta-Six months before a lady had with only a colored leader and a driv Eight days after a little baby had been born. If Gregory stood up and ooked out at the window, he would see a blue gum tree in the graveyard. Close by it was a little grave. The ba ved two hours, and the mother her elf almost went with it. After awhile she was better, but one day she got up ut of bed, dressed herself withou saying a word to any one and wen It was a drizzly day. A little the wet ground under the blue gun

ered. She was strange in many ways, but she paid well, poor thing! And now the Mozambiquer was going, and she would have to take up with som Before dinner he had ridden out of

Gregory thought she had no pain. She never grouned. Only sometimes, when the light was near her, he thought he could see slight contracions about her lips and eyebrows. He slept on the sofa outside her door.

hands that were clasped over the head. The wide open eyes were looking up. "I cannot bear any more, not any more," she said in a deep voice. "O God, God! Have I not borne in si-

will suffer again. She sat up and bit the little hand Gregory loved.

She still drew her lips together and notioned with her fingers toward the dog sleeping at her feet. Gregory lifted him and laid him at her side. She nade Gregory turn open the bosom of ner nightdress that the dog might put

with all that she had asked for. Sit me up and put it close to I

"Is it 12 o'clock yet?" she said. " think I do not generally eat so early

ollected the articles one by one an placed them on the chair as she di rected.

"Now bring my books to me," sh said, motioning eagerly with her fin gers, "the large book and the reviews

Gregory went back to his corner, an for a little time the restless turning over of leaves was to be heard. "Will you open the window," she said, almost querulously, "and throw this book out? It is so utterly foolist thought it was a valuable book, but the words are merely strung togethe They make no sense. Yes-so!" she said, with approval, seeing him fling it out into the street. "I must have been

Then his heart grew braver in the

He heard no sound of weeping, bu the shoulders shook. He darkened the coom completely.

When Gregory went to his sofa that night, she told him to wake her early.

will always be worth living.

er de wick.-Atlanta Constitution.

folks puts it out by too much trimmin