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NEW FOR SFRING, 1904, Ladies' fine tailor-made Suits Ladies' fine tailor-made Jackets, Ladies' fine tailor-made Rain Coats, Ladies' fine tailor-made Separate Dress Skirts, Ladies' fine tailor-made Walking ckirts.

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 SUITS
 \$10 up to \$40 kg

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New white goods, India linens, plain and fancy waistings, new coten voiles in plain or fancy weaves, new ginghams, calicoes, chintzes, adras, seersuckers and shirtings.

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Butler, Pa.

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You never saw such an immense stock of Men's, Boy's and Children's suits, and at prices that fit your purse.

FOR THE LITTLE FELLOWS We have the sailor Collar Junior Suits, Sailor Collar Blouse

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in 2 piece suits, The Norfolk Coat or the plain, Double Breast-

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we are extraordinary strong. Single or Double Breasted Coats. In any kind of cloth you would want. Coats are made with hair cloth front, shoulders are hand padded. Schaul & Nast.

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LADIES' FINE SHOES-Just received a large shipment of Sorosis and Kum-Bak shoes and the styles are very handsome. made in lace or button, light or heavy soles-with low, medium or extra high heels-made of the finest Dongola, Patent Vicikid. Many styles to show you. All styles, AAA to EE.

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Tan Shoes Will be a Popular Style for Spring and Summer Wear, We received a large stock of all the new shades and styles in Tan Shoes and Oxfords. Come in and see them. The styles

are handsome and are sure to please you and prices are the A Large Stock of School Shoes to be Closed Out at a BIG REDUCTION.

John Rickel,

Muselton's We wish to announce



ourselves at Home particularly to the Young Men and Ladies this week.

All the nobby dressers will turn in at this store for inspection of their NEW SPRING FOOTWEARwhich is clear up to the mark-just over their former efforts if that is

YOU WILL FIND

all the old favorite leathers. Some new leathers-early favorites.

NEW LASTS! For any price THE NEW TOES! You wish to pay. All the style a shoe can carry. Ease!

We make a specialty of Men's heavy shoes. Just what you want for your early plowing. Give us a trial.

HUSELTON'S.

Bright Spring Days

Create a demand for numerous articles for dress and adornaent in keeping with the season. This store is fully prepared to supply all your needs in our line at a saving to you

The Dress Goods Stock

Cortains the most fashionable siiks, mohairs and woolen dress ma terials now in vogue for gowns. waists, kimonas, etc. Black and colored taffets silk, 39c np. 36-inch black Taffets specials at 75°, \$1.09 and \$1.25. Fancy weel suitings, special, 50c.

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Beautiful mercerized materials for waists and shirt waist suits. Brocades, stripes cords, openwork, plain and fancy white goods of all kinds are shown in this stock. Prices run from 64c up.

Ribbons, Collars and Gloves

Stylish neck, waist and hair ribbons in plaids, fancies, plain taffeta and satin taffeta in all colors. Fancy silk lace and wash stock collars at moderate prices. Big line at 25c, New kid and fabric gloves in all spring shades

To Complete Your Spring Costume

You need many articles demanded by fashion which we can supply at money saving prices. We show the very latest styles in belts, buckles, sash pins, waist sets, brooches, fancy buttons, hair orna-

L. Stein & Son,

SPRING CLOTHING.

We are now showing our new styles in Clothing. They are certainly beautiful.

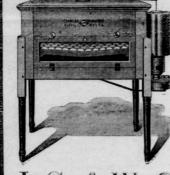
The famous "Hamburger & Sons" clothing for spring far excels anything we have ever shown. They all have padded shoulders, firm fronts, and hand worked button holes, and are fully equal to the very best custom made suit. See our window display of new goods. Do not buy old styles in

Hats, Caps, Shirts and Neckwear

when you can step into our store and get the 1904 goods \$ We have a few odds and ends on sale at a great

Douthett & Graham.

The Cyphers Incubator



It is the original and only genuine patent-diaphragm, non-moisture and self ventilating incubator. Winner of Gold Medal and Highest Award at the Pan-American Exposition, October, 1901. The standard hatcher of the world. Call and see this incubator at the store of

J. G. & W. CAMPBELL

210 South Main Street, Butler, Pa.

COOPER & CO., FINE TAILORS.

Are now occupying their old location at corner of the Diamond.

Suits from \$15 to \$50.



Nasal Catarrh quickly yields to treatment by Ely's Cream Balm, which is agreeably aromatic. It is received through the nostrils, cleanses and heals the whole surface over which it diffuses itself. Druggists sell the 50c, size; Trial size by mail, 10 center Test it and you are sure to continue ents. Test it and you are sure to continue

the treatment.

Announcement.

To accommodate those who are partial to the use of atomizers in applying liquids into the nasal passages for catarrhal troubles, the proprietors prepare Cream Balm in liquid form, which will be known as Ely's Liquid Cream Balm. Price including the spraying tube is 75 cents. Druggists or by mail. The liquid form embodies the medicinal properties of the solid preparation.

For Rheumatism, Cold in Chest, Sore Muscles,

IN USE OVER FIFTY YEARS."

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" Diarrhea. 7 " Coughs. 8 " Neuralgia.

Dyspepsia No. 10 ' No. 12 " Whites.

No. 15 " Rheumatism No. 16 " Malaria, No. 19 " Catarrh. No. 20 " Whooping Cough.

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In small bottles of pellets that fit the vest
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DEALERS IN

ALICE of OLD VINCENNES

By MAURICE THOMPSON

some lost teeth, and his eyes set deep under gray, shaggy brows. Looking at

him when his features were in repose

a first impression might not have been favorable; but seeing him smile or

hearing him speak changed everything. His voice was sweetness itself, and his

smile won you on the instant. Some thing like a pervading sorrow always seemed to be close behind his eyes and

were so nearly deafened by their own vocal discords.

"My daughter, are you trying to help

yard fence.

He had his hands on his hips and

the dirt?

This was Pere Beret, grizzly, short, CHAPTER I. compact, his face deeply lined, his mouth decidedly aslant on account of

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UNDER THE CHERRY TREE. statehood, probably as late as 1825, there stood, in what is now the beautiful little city of Vincennes on the Wabash, the de-caying remnant of an old and curiously gnarled cherry tree known as the Roussillon tree, le cerisier de Monsieur Roussillon, as the French inhabitants called it, which as long as it lived bore fruit remarkable for richness of flavor and peculiar dark ruby depth of color. The exact spot where this noble old seedling from la belle France flourished, declined and died cannot be certainly pointed out for in the rapid and happy growth of Vincennes many landmarks ce notable, among them le cerisier de Monsieur Roussillon, have been de-stroyed and the spots where they stood, once familiar to every eye in old Vin-cennes, are now lost in the pleasant

confusion of the new town. The old, twisted, gum embossed cherry tree survived every other distinguishing feature of what was once the most picturesque and romantic place in Vincennes. Just north of it stood, in the early French days, a low, rambling cabin surrounded by rude verandas overgrown with grapsvines. This was the Roussillon place, the most pretentious home in all the Wabash country. Its owner was Gaspard Rous-sillon, a successful trader with the Inlians. He was rich, for the time and man of some education, who had brought with him to the wilderness a bundle of books and a taste for read-

It is not known just when Vincennes was first founded, but most historians make the probable date very early in the eighteenth century, somewhere be-tween 1710 and 1730. In 1810 the Roussillon cherry tree was thought by a distinguished botanical letter writer to be at least fifty years old, which would make the date of its planting about 1760. Certainly, as shown by the time stained family records upon which this story of ours is based, it was a flourishing and wide topped tree in the early summer of 1778, its branches loaded to drooping with luscious fruit. So low did the dark red clusters hang at one point that a tall young girl standing on the ground easily reached the best ones and made her lips purple with their juice while she ate them. That was long ago, measured by what has come to pass on the gentle swell of rich country from which Vin-cennes overlooks the Wabash. The new town flourishes notably and its appearance marks the latest limit of rogress. Electric cars in its streets, dectric lights in its beautiful homes. the roar of railway trains coming and going in all directions, bicycles whirling hither and thither, the most fashionable styles of equipages from brougham to pony phaeton, make the days of flintlock guns and buckskin sers seem ages down the past, and yet we are looking back over but a little more than 120 years to see Alice Roussillon standing under a cheery tree and holding high a tempting clus-ter of fruit, while a short humpbacked youth looks up with longing eyes and vainly reaches for it. The tableau is

not merely rustic; it is primitive. "Jump!" the girl is saying in French.
"Jump, Jean; jump high!" "Yes, that was very long ago, in the days when women lightly braved what

the strongest men would shrink from strongly knit, with an almost perfect figure, judging by what the master sculptors carved for the form of Venus, and her face was comely and winning, if not absolutely beautiful; but the me and place were vigorously indicated by her dress, which was of coarse stuff and simply designed. Plainly she was a child of the Amercan wilderness, a daughter of old Vin-ennes on the Wabash in the time that

tried men's souls.
"Jump, Jean!" she cried, her face aughing with a show of cheek dimples, an arching of finely sketched brows and the twinkling of large blue

and holding the cherries aloft, the reeze blowing fresh from the southvest tossed her hair so that some loose strands shone like rimpled flames.

The sturdy little hunchback did leap

with surprising activity, but the reacherous brown hand went higher, reacherous brown in a second of the combined altitude of his jump and the reach of his unnaturally long arms was overcome. Again

"And you brag of your agility and strength, Jean," she laughingly re-marked, "but you can't take cherries when they are offered to you. What a amsy bungler you are!"

nediately embraced the bole of the tree, up which he began scrambling almost as fast as a squirrel.

When he had mounted high enough

cot, while she held his captive leg alnost vertically erect.

It was a show of great strength, but Alice looked quite unconscious of it, laughing merrily, the dimples deepening in her plump cheeks, her forearm

n account of the jerking and kicking Pere Beret looked away with a curl All the time she was holding the cherous expression in his face, his eyes half ries high in her other hand, shaking them by the twig to which their slende "And I'll tell you now, Father Beret, stems attached to them and saying in a

"What makes you climb downward after cherries. Jean? What a foolish fellow you are, indeed, trying to grab ble cherries out of the ground, as you do potatoes! I'm sure I didn't suppose that you knew so little as that." laugh, and, taking off his cap of grass straw, mechanically scratched his bald

up the hopeless struggle with the girl's invincible grip would be hard to guess. His release was caused by the approach of a third person, who wore the robe of a Catholic priest and the countenance of a man who had lived and suffered a long time without much loss of physical strength and endurance.

grim against the sky. "Well," said the priest, evidently try ing hard to exchange his laugh for a look of regretful resignation, "you will

have your own way, my child, and"-"Then you will have pies galore and no end of claret!" she interrupted, at the same time stepping to the withe tied and peg latched gate of the yard and opening it. "Come in, you dear, good father, before the rain shall be gin, and sit with me on the gallery" (the creole word for veranda) "till the storm is over."

There was not a photographer's camera to be had in those days, but what if a tourist with one in hand could have been there to take a snap shot at the priest and the maiden as they walked arm in arm to that squat little veranda! The picture today would be worth its weight in a first water diamond. It would include the cabin, the cherry tree, a glimpse of the raw, wild background and a sharp portrait group of Pere Beret, Alice and Jean the hunchback. Each of us can see them, even with closed eyes. Led by that wonderful guide, imagination we step back a century and more to look over a scene at once strangely at-

under his speech; yet he was a genial, sometimes almost jolly, man, very prone to join in the lighter amusements from the old countries, from the cities the villages and the vineyards of beau-tiful France, for example, to dwell in the wilderness, amid wild beasts and of his people.
"Children, children, my children," he wilder savage Indians, with a rude cabin for a home and the exposures called out as he approached along a little pathway leading up from the di-rection of the church, "what are you and hardships of pioneer life for their daily experience?

Men like Gaspard Roussillon are of doing now? Bah there, Alice, will you

pull Jean's leg off?"

At first they did not hear him, they a distinct stamp. Take him as he was. Born in France, on the banks of the Rhone near Avignon, he came as a youth to Canada, whence he drifted on the tide of adventure this way and "Why are you standing on your head with your feet so high in air, Jean?" he added. "It's not a polite attitude that, until at last he found himself, with a wife, at Post Vincennes, that in the presence of a young lady. Are you a pig, that you poke your nose in lonely picket of religion and trade which was to become the center of civ-ilizing energy for the great northwest-Alice now turned her bright head and gave Pere Beret a look of frank

ern territory. M. Roussillon had no children of his own; so his kind heart welcome, which at the same time shot a beam of willful self assertion. opened freely to two fatherless and motherless waifs. These were Alice, now called Roussillon, and the hunch-back, Jean. The former was twelve years old when he adopted her, a child of Protestant parents, while Jean had Jean up the tree feet foremost?" the priest added, standing where he had halted just outside of the straggling been taken, when a mere babe, after his parents had been killed and scalped by Indians. Mme. Roussillon, a profeswas quietly chuckling at the scene be-fore him, as one who, although old,

sional invalid, whose appetite never failed and whose motherly kindness exsympathized with the natural and harmless sportiveness of young people pressed itself most often through strains of monotonous falsetto scold-ing, was a woman of little education and would as lief as not join in a prank or two.

"You see what I'm doing, Father Beret," said Alice. "I am preventing and no refinement; while her husband clung tenaciously to his love of books,

especially to the romances most in vogue when he took leave of France.

M. Roussillon had been, in a way, Alice's teacher, though not greatly inclined to abet Father Beret in his kindly efforts to make a Catholic of the girl, and most treacherously disposed toward the good priest in the matter of toward the good priest in the matter of his well meant attempts to prevent her from reading and rereading the aforesaid romances. But for many weeks past Gaspard Roussillon had been absent from home, looking after his trading schemes with the Indians, and Pere Beret, acting on the suggestion of the proverb about the absent cat and the playing mouse, had formed an alliance offensive and defensive with Mme. Roussillon, in which it was strictly stipulated that all novels and roulliness were to be forcibly taken and securely hidden away from Mile. Allee; which, hidden away from Mile. Alice; which, to the best of Mme. Roussillon's ability, had accordingly been done.

ty, had accordingly been done.

Now, while the wind strengthened and the softly booming summer shower came on apace, the heavy cloud lifting as it advanced and showing under it the dark gray sheet of the rain, Pere the dark gray sheet of the rain, Pere after his death, among the usual observations of the strength of Beret and Alice sat under the clapboard roof behind the vines of the ve-randa and discussed what was generally uppermost in the priest's mind upon such occasions, the good of Alice's mmortal soul-a subject not absorbingly interesting to her at any time.

"Ah, my child," he was saying, "you are a sweet, good girl, after all, much better than you make yourself out to

be. Your duty will control you. You will do it nobly at last, my child." True enough, Father Beret, true enough!" she responded, laughing. "Your perception is most excellent, which I will prove to you immediately."
She rose while speaking and went

into the house. "I will return in a minute or two," she called back from a region which Pere Beret well knew was that of the pantry, "Don't get impatient and go away!"

Pere Beret laughed softly at the pre-posterous suggestion that he would even dream of going out in the rain, even dream of going out in the rain, which was now roaring heavily on the loose board roof, and miss a cut of cherry pie — a cherry pie of Alice's making! And the Roussillon claret, oo, was always excellent. "Ah, child," he thought, "your old father is not go-

She presently returned, bearing on a wooden tray a ruby stained pie and a short, stout bottle flanked by two "Of course I'm better than I some-

times appear to be," she said almost humbly, but with mischief still in her voice and eyes, "and I shall get to be very good when I have grown old. The sweetness of my present nature is in this ple." She set the tray on a three legged

stool which she pushed close to him.
"There, now," she said, "let the rain come. You'll be happy, rain or shine, while the pie and wine last, I'll be

Pere Beret fell to eating right heartily, meantime handing Jean a liberal plece of the luscious ple.
"It is good, my daughter, very good, indeed," the priest remarked with his

mouth full. "Mme. Roussillon has not neglected your culinary education." Alice filled a glass for him. It was Bordeaux and very fragrant. The bou-quet reminded him of his sunny boy-hood in France, of his journey up to Paris and of his careless, joy brimmed youth in the gay city. How far away, how misty, yet how thrillingly sweet it all was! He sat with half closed eyes

awhile, sipping and dreaming.

The rain lasted nearly two hours, but the sun was out again when Pere Beret took leave of his young friend. They had been having another good natured quarrel over the novels, and Mme. Roussillon had come out on the

"I've hidden every book of them," said madame, a stout and swarthy woman, whose pearl white teeth were her only mark of beauty. Her voice indicated great stubbornness.

"Good, good; you have done your

very duty, madame," said Pere Beret, with immense approval in his charm-"But, father, you said awhile ago

that I should have my own way about this," Alice spoke up with spirit, "and on the strength of that remark of yours I gave you the pie and wine. You've eaten my pie and swigged the wine, and now"— Pere Beret put on his straw cap, ad-

the horizon beyond the rive a cloud thoughts of wisdom, kindness and huwas rising blue black, tumbled and man sympathy. This done, he gently

laid a hand on Alice's bright crown of "Bless you, my child. I will pray to the Prince of Peace for you as long as I live, and I will never cease to beg the Holy Virgin to intercede for you and lead you to the holy church."

He turned and went away, but when he was no farther than the gate Alice called out: "Oh, Father Beret, I forgot to show you something!"

She ran forth to him and added in a

low tone:
"You know that Mme. Roussillon has hidden all the novels from me."

She was fumbling to get something out of the loose front of her dress. "Well, just take a glance at this, will you?" and she showed him a little eather bound volume, much cracked

along the hinges of the back.

Pere Beret frowned and went his way shaking his head, but before he reached his little hut near the church he was laughing in spite of himself.
"She's not so bad, not so bad," he thought aloud; it's only her young, independent spirit taking the bit for a wild run. In her sweet soul she is as

A MOUSE THAT 'SINGS."

Man Who Caught It Says It Warbles

workshop, and although I have it in a cage it still continues to sing."

That mice do occasionally "sing" is undeniable. Some observers say that their "song" is softer, sweeter and more delicate than that of the canary, which one can believe quite easily. Others go so far as to compare it to finch. But the question as to why they lift up their voices in this tuneful man-ner still remains to be answered.

gested:
First.—That all mice are potential vo-

callsts and can learn to sing, by imita-tion, from singing birds.

Second.—That many mice possess an exceptional talent for mimicry, together with a keen sense of the ludicrous. Third.—That some mice are subject to bronchitis and that the so called "song" is only the wheezing of rodents which suffer from the distressing com-

the last theory by the fact that a mouse which was caught by the neck in a wire trap not sufficiently strong to kill it "sang" while its throat was under compression, but never again during its subsequent life as a captive.—Lon-

It Is Used In Various Ways For Many Everything in China of any rarity Everything in China of any rarity whatever is certain to be dragged into the pharmacopœia of the Chinese physician. Jade is no exception to the rule. It may be swallowed as a powder or in little pieces the size of fiemp seed for various stomachio plaints. Even pockmarks and scars may being daily rubbed with a piece of pure jade. It is also considered to be of a moist nature, and we read of an imperial favorite of the eighth century who was cured of excessive thirst by holding a fish shaped jade in her a large silver bowl full of water. That the water had not dried up was ac-

Khoten or Ilchi in Yarkand, and from Lan-t'ien, on the Belurtagh n still farther to the west. In the tentl century, A. D., the latter was actually known as the Jade hills district, though it does not appear that any jade has ever been found there.—Professor

brown bear is the most "amoosin' cuss" of all if approached properly. But don't be misled into picking a fight with either of our small bears unless you are well armed, for the unless you are well armed, for the black or brown bear (one and the same animal under variations of pelage) will fight feroclously when cornered. You will come upon them, too, in the most unexpected places. Not even the willful jacksnipe can beat a brown bear in variability of moods or choice of feeding ground. Traveling in the mountains one is apt to come upon Sir Bruin drinking from a little wayside stream and the very next day, having descended into the foothills, find possibly a

pair playing about some poorly guarded sheep camp. Good natured as is either of these smaller bears, which weigh from 400 to 500 pounds apiece, it is best to know how to hunt them before attempting it. As with most big game, the best way to hunt them for sport is alone, armed with a reliable rifle and a good knife, though there is seldom occasion for using the latter if the hunter keeps cool. If one is hunting for hides or to rid a section of undesirable bear neighbors, a well trained little dog is probably the best ally. Fox terriers usual ly are the best, as they are quick, re-sourceful and brave to a degree. A lit-tle dog brought up in a good bear coun-try, where he has roamed the hills all his life, has had the best training possible and is a prize to be taken care of. As has been said, a black or brown

bear seldom keeps one address long, but likely most of them just now are down among the oaks, where the fall There are possibly a good many along the willow fringes of the larger water courses, but once let the bear get first sight of you there and he will make off into a tangle of elder scrub, willow underbrush and blackberry vines, in which you and your dogs will last about three minutes.

If a bear could be persuaded to play football he would make the swellest line bucker ever on a gridiron, judging by the way he goes through a tangle of undergrowth, and the way a bear

BICKEL'S

and Oxfords in Patent-vici, Velour-calf and Vici-kid

REPAIRING PROMPTLY DONE



Stiff Joints. FOUR-FOLD WINEET.

No. 13 " Croup. No. 14 " The Skin.

No. 27 " The Kidneys. No. 30 " The Bladder.



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to be extending a hand for a hold on a crotch Alice grasped his leg near the foot and pulled him down, despite his clinging and struggling, until his hands clawed in the soft earth at the tree's

a great damage to you. You will maybe

Alice released the hunchback, ther

ed, "and see, I have them now." He hopped around, looking like a species of ill formed monkey.

Pere Beret came and leaned on the ow fence close to Alice. She was alnost as tall as he. ginning to mop his furrowed face with

gray eyes.
"Jump high and get them!"
While she waved her sun browned her place at the oven and bake pies. I got hot and came out to catch a bit of his breeze. Oh, but you needn't sm and look greedy, Pere Beret, the pie

and again he sprang vainly into the air comically, like a long legged, squat bodied frog. cherries, and when I took out a pie, al brown and hot, the red juice bubblin out of it so good smelling and tempting

"I can climb and get some," he said. with a hideously happy grin, and imany amount of trouble about it."
"Ta, ta! Read the good books that

now bared to the elbow, gleaming white and shapely, while its muscles rippled

Jean, the hunchback, was a muscular little deformity and a wonder of good nature. How long he might have kept

lose a good many cherry pies and dumplings if I let Jean go. He was climbing the tree to pilfer the fruit, so I pulled him down, you understand."
"Ta, ta!" exclaimed the good man shaking his gray head; "we must reason with the child. Let go his leg, daughter. I will vouch for him: eh

laughed gayly and tossed the cluster of began munching them voraciously and talking at the same time.
"I knew I could get them," he boast

a red flowered cotton handkerchief pointing southward, "It is going to bring on a storm. How is Mme. Rous sillon today?" "She is complaining as she usually does when she feels extremely well, said Alice, "That's why I had to take

are not for your teeth!" "My daughter, I am not a glutton, hope. I had meat not two hours sin -some broiled young squirrels with cress, sent me by Rene de Ronville. He never forgets his old father."
"Oh, I never forget you either, me pere. I thought of you today every time I spread a crust and filled it with

do you know what I said to myself?"
"How could I know, my child?"
"Well, I thought this: 'Not a single bite of that pie does Father Beret get.' "Why so, my daughter?"
"Because you said it was bad of m to read novels, and told Mother Rous sillon to hide them from me. I've had

gave you. They will soon kill the taste for these silly romances." "I tried," said Alice. "I tried very hard, and it's no use. Your books at dull and stupidly heavy. What do care about something that a queer le of saints did hundreds of years ago i times of plague and famine? Sal must have been poky people, and it i poky people who care to read abou them, I think, I like reading abou brave, herete men and beautiful wor en, and war and love."

Alice went on after a pause, "no m claret and ples do you get until I can have my own sort of books back again to read as I please." She stamped her moccasin shod foot with decided en ergy.

The good priest broke into a hear

Although, as Father Beret had said, the sun's heat was violent, causin that gentle soul to pass his bundle handkerchief with a wiping circula motion over his bald and bedewed pate, the wind was momently freshen-ing, while up from behind the trees on good as she is pure."

Singing mice are rare, but a corre condent writes from Yorkshire asking whether we can give him any information about a specimen he captured. He adds, "It has been warbling just like a canary for the last month in our

Three explanations have been sug-

JADE AS MEDICINE.

counted for by the presence in the bowl of a jade boy three feet in height.

Jade is chiefly brought from the K'un-lun, or Koulkun, range, between the desert of Gobi and Tibet; from

Herbert A. Giles in Nineteenth Cen AMUSING BROWN BRUIN.

Good Natured Coward That Wil The brown or black bear of Califor hia is the most cowardly animal that roams the hills. He is a worse thief than the northern wolverene and at the same time better natured than half the farm dogs the hunter chances upon. A pair at play will furnish more amuse-ment than a three ring circus and run like scared deer if you but show your-self through the brush. In short, the

Pere Beret put on his straw cap, adjusting it carefully over the shining dome out of which had come so many thoughts of wisdom blades of any species will attend to a dog that dares to follow him alone into such a retreat is certainly scandalous.