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BUTLER, PA.

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We seldom refer to the fact that we are sole agents for the celebrated Standard Patterns, but we call particular attention to it just now for this season. All Standard Patterns 10c and 15c, none higher. You can now buy the best Pattern for same price. as the cheapest are sold for. Once use Standard Patterns you will hereafter use no other. All seams allowed.

Butler, Pa. 00000()000000()00()00()

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which adhere to the membrane and decompose, causing a far more serious trouble than the ordinary form of catarth. Avoided dring inhalants, fumes, smokes and and and use that which cleanses, soothes and heals. Ely's Cream Balm is such a remedy and will cure catarth or cold in the head easily and pleasantly. A trial size will be mailed for 10 cents. All druggists sell the 50c. size. Ely Brothers 56 Warren St., N.Y. The Balm cures without pain, does not irritate or cause sneezing. It spreads itself over an irritated and angry surface, relieving immediately the painful inflammation. With Ely's Cream Balm you are armed against Nasal Catarrh and Hay Fever.



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# ALICE of OLD **VINCENNES**

By MAURICE THOMPSON

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Her words went home. It was as if the beauty of her face, the magnetism of her lissome and symmetrical form, the sweet fire of her eyes and the passionate appeal of her voice gave what she said a new and irresistible force of truth. When she spoke of Beverley's love for her and declared her love for him there was not a manly heart in all the garrison that did not suddenly beat quicker and feel a strange, sweet waft of tenderness. A mother somewhere, a wife, a daughter, a sister, a sweetheart, called through that voice of absolute

Clark, his bronze face as pale as it ould possibly become.
"Do!" thundered Beverley. "Do! You cannot murder that man. Hamilton is the man you should shoot! He offered large rewards, he inflamed the passions and fed the love of rum and the cupidity of the poor wild men like the standing yonder. Yet you take him prisoner and treat him with distinguished consideration. Hamilton offer ed a large sum for me taken alive, smaller one for my scalp. Long Hair

saved me. You let Hamilton stand yonder in perfect safety while you shoot the Indian. Shame on you, Colo-nel Clark! Shame on you if you do it." Alice stood looking at the stalwart commander while Beverley was pour ing forth his torrent of scathing refer ce to Hamilton, and she quickly sav that Clark was moved. The moment was ripe for the finishing stroke. They say it is genius that avails itself of op-portunity. Beverley knew the fight was won when he saw what followed. Alice suddenly left Long Hair and ran to Colonel Clark, who felt her warm, strong arms loop around him for a sin-gle point of time never to be effaced from his memory; then he saw her kneeling at his feet, her hands up-stretched, her face a glorious prayer, while she pleaded the Indian's cause

that Clark was weak to be thus swayed by a girl, we cannot quite blam Alice's flag was over him. He had heard her history from Beverley's cunning lips. He actually believed that Hamilton was the real culprit, and besides he felt not a little nauseated with executing Indians. A good excuse to have an end of it all did not go beg-

But Long Hair was barely gone ove as villainous a savage as ever trod the earth, when a discovery made by Oncle Jazon caused Clark to hate himself for what he had done.

The old scout picked up the scalp which Long Hair had flung at Hamilton and examined it with odious curiosity. He had lingered on the spot with no other purpose than to get possession of that ghastly relic. Since losing his own scalp the subject of crow locks had grown upon his mind until its fascination was irresistible. He studied the hair of every person he saw and her name appears in old records scrutinizing it with the expression of locket, with its broken miniature and a connoisseur who has discovered on a grimy canvas the signature of an old

"Sac' bleu!" he presently broke forth. "Well, I'll be— Look'ee yer, George Clark! Come yer an' look. Ye've been sold ag'in. Take a squint, ef ye please!" Colonel Clark, with his hands crossed behind him, his face thoughtfully contracted, was walking slowly to and fro a little way off. He turned about when

"A mighty heap right now, that's what. Come yer an' let me show ye. Yer a fine sort o' eejit now, ain't ye?" The two men walked toward each other and met. Oncle Jazon held up the scalp with one hand, pointing at it with the index finger of the other. "This here scalp come off'n Rene de Ronville's head."

"And who is he?"
"Who's he? Ye may well ax thet He wuz a Frenchman. He wuz a fine young feller o' this town. He killed a corp'ral o' Hamilton's an' tuck ter the woods a month or two ago. Hamilton offered a lot o' money for 'im or 'is scalp, an' Long Hair went in fer gittin' it. Now ye knows the whole racket.

An' ye lets that Injus go! An' thet same Injun he mighty nigh kicked my

ribs inter my stomach!" ribs inter my stomach!"

Oncle Jazon's feelings were visible and audible, but Clark could not resent the contempt of the old man's looks and words. He felt that he deserved far more than he was receiving. Nor was Oncie Jazon wrong. Rene de Ronville never came back to little Adrienne Bourcler, although, being kept two before embarking for France, entirely ignorant of her lover's fate, she waited and dreamed and hoped throughout more than two years, after which there is no further record of her

Clark, Beverley and Oncle Jazon consulted together and agreed among themselves that they would hold pro foundly secret the story of the scalp. To have made it public would have exasperated the creoles and set them vio-lently against Clark, a thing heavy with disaster for all his future plans. As it was, the release of Long Hair caused a great deal of dissatisfaction and mutithat the execution ordered by the commander ought to have been sternly car-

whole dark affair was closed forever by a bit of confidence on the part of Oncle Jazon when Beverley dropped into his

one vast luminary, with a nearly full moon and a thousand stars re-enforcing it. Up from the south poured one of ose balmy, accidental wind floods metimes due in February on the Wabash, full of tropical dream hints, yet edged with a winter chill that smacks of treachery. Oncle Jazon was unusually talkative. He may have had a deep draft of liquor; at all events Beverley had little room for a word. 'Well, bein' as it's 'twixt us as is

He pricked the wick of a lamp and took down his bunch of scalps. "I hev been a-addin' one more to keep company o' mine an' the tothers."

He separated the latest acquis from the rest of the wisp and added, with a heinous chuckle:

"This 'n's Long Hair's!"

of the cabin, Oncle Jazon chirruped "Mebbe ye'd better not tell leetle Al-ice. The pore leetle gal hev hed worry CHAPTER XXII.

AND SO IT ENDED.

And so it was. Beverley knocked the

Then, after Beverley had passed ou

ashes from his pipe and rose to go.

FEW days after the surrende of Hamilton a large boat, th Willing, arrived from Kaskas-kia. It was well manned and heavily armed. Clark fitted it out be fore beginning his march and expected it to be of great assistance to him in the reduction of the fort but the high waters and the floating driftwood delayed its progress, so that its disap-pointed crew saw Alice's flag floating bright and high when their eyes first looked upon the dull little town from far down the swollen river. There was much rejoicing, however, when they came ashore and were enthusiastically greeted by the garrison and populace. A courier whom they picked up on the Ohio came with them. He bore dis

patches from Governor Henry of Virginia to Clark and a letter for Bever lev from his father. The letter to Beverley from his father was somewhat disturbing. It bore the tidings of his mother's failing health. This made it easier for the young lieutenant to accept from Clark the assignment to duty with a party detailed for the purpose of escorting Hamilton, Farnsworth and several other British officers to Williamsburg, Va. It also gave him a most powerful assistance in persuading Alice to marry him at once, so as to go with him or what proved to be a delightful wedding journey through the great wilderness to the Old Dominion. Spring's verdure burst abroad on the sunny hills as they slowly went their way. The mating birds sang in every blooming brake and grove by which they passed, and in their joyous hearts they heard the bubbling of love's eternal fountain. Our story must end here, because a ever from old Vincennes, and it was

only of the post on the Wabash that we set out to make a record. befell Alice and Beverley after they went to Virginia we could go on to tell but that would be another story. Sufafter, or at least somewhat beyone threescore and ten, and left behind them a good name and numerous de-

How Alice found out her family in Virginia we are not informed, but after lapse of some years from the date of her marriage there appears in one her letters a reference to an estate in Lot two-tone, half wool American as a physiognomist studies faces. He signed in full, Alice Tarleton Beverley. A descendant of hers still treasures the life from Long Hair, the savage. B



She pleaded the Indian's cause. ide it, as carefully guarded, is the Inton's bullet over Alice's heart. The rawhither he took with him the beautiful pair of colechemardes and Jean, the hunchback.

Oncle Jazon lived in Vincennes many years after the war was over, but h died at Natchez, Miss., when ninety three years old. He said with almost his last breath that he couldn't shoot very well even in his best days, but that he had upon various occasions "jes' kind o' happened to hit a Injun in the lef' eye." They used to tell a story as late as General Harrison's stay in Vincennes about how Oncle Jazon bur ied his collection of scalps with great nous talk. Even Beverley now felt funeral solemnity as his part of the

celebration of peace and independence about the year 1784. Good old Father Beret died suddenly soon after Alice's marriage and depar-ture for Virginia. He was found lying face downward on the floor of his cab in. Near him on a smooth part of a puncheon were the mildewed fragents of a letter which he had been ar ranging as if to read its contents Doubtless it was the same letter brought to him by Rene de Ronville, as recorded in an early chapter of our under the present Church of St. Xavier, the dust of as noble a man and as true

In after years Simon Kenton visited Reverley and Alice in their Virginia home. To his dying day he was fond of describing their home. of describing their happy and hospita ble welcome and the luxuries to which they introduced him. They lived in a said, "I'll jes' show ye somepin' poor stately white mansion on a hill over-looking a vast tobacco plantation where hundreds of negro slaves worked and sang by day and frolicked by night. Their oldest child was named

worth recording before we close the book. In the year 1800, on the Fourth of July, a certain leading French family of Vincennes held a patriotic reun-ion during which a little old flag was produced and its story told. Some on happily proposed that it be sent to Mrs. Alice Tarleton Beverley with a letter of explanation and in profound recognition of the glorious circumstances which made it the true flag of the great northwest.

And so it happened that Alice's little banner went to Virginia and is still preserved in an old mansion not very far from Monticello, but it seems likely that the Wabash valley will soon again possess the precious relic. The marriage engagement of Miss Alice Bever ley to a young Indiana officer, distin guished for his patriotism and milita-"W'en they kicks yer Oncle Jazon's ribs," the old man added, "they'd jes' old Beverley homestead on the hill, and the high contracting parties have plan-ned that the wedding ceremony shall take place under the famous little flag as well lay down an' give up, for he's goin' to salervate 'em." on the anniversary of Clark's capture of Post Vincennes. When the bride shall be brought to her new home or the banks of the Wabash the flag will come with her, but Oncle Jazon will not be on hand with his falsetto shout "Vive la banniere d'Alice Roussillon!

Vive Zhorzh Vasinton!"

A crew of seven men were loosening imbers from the rocks above a grea

cataract on the River Des Quinze. The rapids the more imminent grew their peril. At last the cautious steersman, a half breed named Polson, refused to venture further the lives of his crew. The foolhardy foreman ordered him out, stepped aboard and took Polson's steering paddle. Out from the bank they shot swiftly and down the steep incline. All went well until they wished to turn their boat beside the rocks that blocked the timber when to their consternation the speed of the boat slackened. Managing to point her bow up stream, they rowed with all their strength. For some seconds she never moved. Surely the demon of the rap-ids had caught them. With pounding heart and panting breath they tugged with all their might and main, but to no purpose. Inch by inch, with increasing rage, he drew them until at last with a deafening roar he hurled them, boat and all, like a javelin, into the very depths of the gigantic cal-dron of boiling foam.—Arthur Heming

Fateful Order to Halt. In less than half an hour my troops would have swept up and over those hills, the possession of which was of such momentous consequence. It is not surprising, with a full realization of the consequences of a halt, that I should have refused at first to obey the order. Not until the third or fourth order of the most peremptory character reached me did I obey. I think I should have risked the conseuences of disobedience even then but accompanied with the explanation that away, did not wish to give battle at away, did not wish to give battle at Gettysburg. It is stated on good au-thority that General Lee said some time before his death that if Jackson had been there he would have won in this battle a great and possibly de-cisive victory. I cannot vouch for the truth of this statement, as I did not hear it: but no soldier in a great crisis ever wished more ardently for a de-liverer's hand than I wished for one

hour of Jackson when I was ordered to halt.—General John B. Gordon in Scrib-

JUVENILE WISDOM. Sister Sue just Yelled like sin Willie ate them With a grin. Then he said: "There!
Not a word!
Children should be
Seen, not heard."
—Kansas City Times



Diplomatic Davis-W'y, ma'am, I'r a man of taste and prefer to talk to de charming lady of de house instead of a homely menial, ma'am. — New York

"It used to be," growled the husband, "that women taught their daughters how to cook. Then when peop couldn't get a servant, as we can't, the wife would take hold of things, and all went well. I must say I don't see what the next generation will do. "The next generation will be all right," retorted his wife, opening some more canned meats. "The mothers of today will teach their daughters how to hunt for cooks."-Judge.

ternal slipper in the usual way and left in her little room to think it over. The storm of her grief past, the pat ter of little feet was heard in the hallway, a golden head appeared at the

Dorothy, Aged Three.

Dorothy, aged three, who was naugh-ty, had been corrected with the ma-

Miss Gasaway-I think you wer present when she remarked that I had

to set her right too. Miss Gasaway-Did you, dear? Miss Kute-Yes, I told her Fitzhugh Gaspard. Kenton died in mouth wasn't really so big; it only 1836.

There remains but one little fact constantly.—Catholic Standard and Philadelphia Bulletin.

WEST AFRICAN CANNIBALS.

They Cultivate Their Fields, An interesting story is told by the ners who have been en for the last eighteen months in fixing the Anglo-German frontiers in west Africa between the town of Yola and

Lake Tchad. The region traversed is little known owing to the hostility of the tribes The Fulani villages were found quite friendly, but beyond Lau, a large town on the Bernu, there lies a mountainou region inhabited by pagans who in

many cases are cannibals. They were found to be a most indusfields with a good deal of method. In most cases, says Reuter, they were practically naked, but were always rmed. Even when at work in the fields plowing they carried a full kit of spears, shields and poisoned arrows.

The arrows are much dreaded, for they are tipped with a deadly poison extracted from vegetables and from dead bodies. This is carried in small bottles, and when fresh it proves fatal

These people are adepts at game stalking and disguise themselves as birds and animals in order to approach

being often quite dwarfish, and they live in flimsy grass huts perched in inaccessible nooks among the moun-At Kuka the sheik of British Bor-

nu rode out to greet Colonel Jackson at the head of 300 horsemen and a large number of men on foot. He was

and some wore old armor, while the horses were caparisoned with ho like those of the crusaders. The survey has proved that existing maps are to a large extent inaccurate and has placed the boundary farther to the east, thus enlarging the sphere.—London Express.

New Kongo Route. A meeting was recently held at the Sorbonne in Paris in honor of Captain L'Enfant, the African explorer, who of that country which, it is claim will altogether supersede the pre Kongo route. The aim of his mis was to find a means of communication between the Benone and the Logone and to see if it was possible for a barge leaving the mouth of the Niger to reach Lake Tchad by following a water route—that is, the Niger, Be none, Mayo-Kebi, Tonbori, Logone and Chari. Captain L'Enfant carried alons with him a steel barge, taken over in sections, and successfully accomplished the journey. He says the easily be made navigable, shorter the time of the Kongo passage to six-ty-five days and reducing the cost of carrying merchandise from \$400 to \$100 per ton. The link of communication between the Niger and Lake Tchad being thus discovered, a solu-tion has been afforded of one of the

A permanent tribunal for the investi-gation of all new claims to baronetcies and all existing doubtful ones has been suggested. The proposal comes has been incorporated in a petition to

the king.

The baronets are banded together in a society for the protection of their in-terests, and this is known as the standing council of the baronetage. These leg baronets by refusing to enroll any person who cannot prove his claim to the title he bears. Mr. Francis William Pixley, a well

known barrister, who acts as regis-trar to the standing council, says baronets are waiting for the home secretary to act in the matter. He said "Many of the bogus baronets are using in all sincerity titles falsely assumed by their grandfathers and great-grand fathers. It is quite a shock to them to know that they cannot substantiate their claim."-London Express.

J. J. Hill stands high as an indu trial and economic authority, and what he has to offer on these subjects is well worth attention. General business, he says, is contracting. It was first apparent and is now most evident in manufacturing enterprises. The railroads are public carriers, and if the public has nothing to carry the railroads can do no business. As traffic decreases they must mark up their rates or lose money. Wages must go down and working forces be lessened. The railroads are dropping men be-cause there is not work enough for all f them. The whole question falls back primarily upon decreasing busi-

ness and the reason for it. The princi-

pal one is that the demand for the products of the United States is not

now commensurate with the supply. New York Tribune. Lady Curson.

We have all been welcoming Lord Curzon back to London after his five eventful years in India. But probably he would be the first to own that he owes not a little of his success to the tact, grace and womanliness of his charming wife. Few even of the fair sex of the states, who have made so many "conquests" in this country, have done more in this way than Lady Cur-son. The wife of a viceroy of India is perhaps the highest social position to which any lady not of royal blood can aspire. Lady Curzon, by the way, possesses a beautiful voice, as befits one who was a pupil of Marchesi.—

Not a Remedy. "My physician says that "worry makes people thin."
"I don't believe it," answered Miss Cayenne. "There is nothing that wor-ries some people more than the dis-covery that they are getting fat."—

Westminster Gazette.

Washington Star.

His Private Opinion Mrs. Enpeck—Here's a story about a man who actually sold his wife. Now, what do you think of that? Enpeck—Oh, there are some fools in

the world who will buy any old thing.

when you come home late?" "Not as much as she did. They have made her believe she has talent enough for a public speaker and now she pre-pares everything she says."—Cleveland

The Modern Ending.
"And so," concluded the fond father, "they were married"—
"Oh, yes, I know," interrupted the daughter and heiress, "and got a di-vorce and lived happily ever after!"-

#### A BELATED EXPLANATION.

He Wanted Bees' Stings For Rheu-matism, but Not For Himself. An innocent looking German boy

walked into a drug store the other day and faced the proprietor.
"Haf you got some bees' stings for rheumatisms?" he shyly inquired.
"Bees' stings for rheumatism?" the proprietor repeated. "Where did you hear of that?"

"Why, muther vas reating it by de "Why, muther vas reating it by de newsbapers," replied the lad.

The proprietor laughed.

"I've seen something of that kind in the papers," he said, "but I won't attempt to offer you anything just as good. Where is the rheumatism?"

"In de handt und in de arm," the boy

well, see here, said the proprietor, with a sudden smile, "I haven't got the cure on my shelves, but I keep it in my back yard. You go out through this door and walk around my flower beds. When you see four or five bees

resting on a flower, just try to pick The boy nodded and went cut. He was gone at least ten minutes.

When he came back his face was red, and his nose, where an angry bee had alighted, was beginning to swell. He

held out his hand. "I picked me some of dose bees oop, he placidly remarked. "Did you?" said the amused proprie tor. "And does your hand feel any

The boy looked up.
"It aind't for me," he placidly replied; "it's for my bruder."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Irregularity In the Punishment There are two boys who manage to be rather unruly in school, and their teacher was so exasperated one day hours and write their names a thousand times. She watched them plunge into the task. Some fifteen minutes later one of them grew uneasy and be-gan to watch his companion in disgrace. Suddenly the first one burst out with a roar of despair and between his sobs said to the teacher: "'Tain't fair, mum! His name's Bush and mine's Schluttermeyeir!"—

Pittsburg Dispatch. (Little boy in a hammock and another standing some distance off crying. Father talking to the boy in the ham

Father-What is Willie

game.
"Well, what are you playing?"
"We are playing with this hammock as a steamboat."
"Well, why is not Willie in it too?"
"We are playing that he missed the boat."—Life. The Reading of Character.

"This is the life line," says the amateur palmist who is reading the hand of the young woman. "It shows that you will live to a ripe old age. This is the head line. You have wonderful talent for writing. This is the heart

line. Lots of romance and a happy marriage, with just trunkfuls of fine iresses and things."
"How do you know about the dress

"Why, here's the clothes line. It runs clear around your hand."—Judge. Once there were two little grapes. One was a good little grape and minded his mother. The other was a bad little grape. One day the bad little grape disobeyed his mother and rolled off the fruit stand. A ragged little negro boy came along and ate it, but all the little grape could do was to give

man, and it gave him a nice case of appendicitis. Moral.—Mind your moth-

the little boy a stomach ache. The good little grape was eaten by a rich



"There goes Mr. Thikkeredde," said the lady golfite. "He is a conversation-

"How's that?" asked Mr. Cleeke

"He makes love when he ought to play golf, and he talks golf when he

ought to make love."-Chicago Tribune. told. They also say that he himself is the hero."
"Of course. He has read the thing through, I suppose, and, goodness knows, that's heroic enough."

It Is the Mind That Sees, How do we see? Did you ever chance to think? I have asked quite a number of people lately, and they reply: "With our eyes, of course. How else?" or words to that effect. Did you ever realize how much of our vision is mental? We see nothing properly and definitely until the mind lends its perception. We may gaze steadfastly at a picture, yet be unable to see anything but a confused mass of color, because the mind is seeing faces and scenes a thou-sand miles away perhaps. Call the mental vision back, and the figures on the canvas take their proper places. At once we see the picture. Or shut your eyes. Can you not see the faces of those you love or hate as clearly as you ever saw them with the physical means of sight? How many times one glances at his watch, yet when asked the time as he replaces it in his pocket is unable to tell simply because he looked only with the eyes and not with

Usual Way. Isabel-Fred and I have decided to

form a life partnership.

Myra—Indeed! And of course Fred is to be a silent partner and put up