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Subscribe for the CITIZEN

The Witch of Cragenstone

By ANITA CLAY MUNOZ,

CHAPTER XII. T about this time Hetty Taun-

ston, having finished her evening task of washing the sup per dishes and putting the kitchen in order, sat idly on a little bench beside the doorway of her home. Some pink roses hanging on a bush near at hard attracted her attention. Reaching over, she plucked a handful, then, after bending an ear in the direc-tion her mother had taken to visit a neighbor to assure herself that she was not returning, arranged the blosson coquettishly in the prim little knot of hair wound tightly at the back of her head, saying softly: "When I hear her coming I'll throw them out. Happen she'll not stay long now darkness hath

Sounds of approaching footstep crunching the earth heavily fell on her ears, causing the girl to put her hand to her head guiltily. Then as a merry whistle broke out on the evening air she sank back with an appearance of relief, leaving the roses untouched.
"Pah! 'Tis Simon!" she exclaimed.
"I might ha' known the sound of his clumsy footfalls! Lord knows I ha' heard them often enough. The callant's

forever a-passing!"

Presently Kempster reached the garden gate, paused and, peering through the gloom, saw the glimmer of a white

"Hetty, is't thou?" he said as he cam toward her.
"Yea, Simon, who else but dreary me, pining all alone?" she said, rising,

with an affected sigh. "Wilt enter? The air is chill." Stepping into the kitchen, she lighted a candle that stood in readiness on a small table and, setting two chairs near the doorway, motioned to her visitor, who stood hesitatingly at the threshold, to be seated and took the other one her-

"Those pink roses become thee, Hetty," Simon ventured to remark, re-garding the young woman affectionate-ly, his eyes glistening with admiration of her fresh beauty. Under the warmth of his glance Het-

ty flushed slightly. "Mother would be angered an she saw them," she said. For a time a silence fell between them, both looking out of doors at the peaceful night. Then Simon observed: "At home now when I sit before the door alone o'

when I sit before the door alone or nights I look at my bushes hanging full of rose blossoms and think how a woman about the house could make good use o' them to beautify herself. As 'tis," with a sentimental sigh and a nervous wriggle, "they wither and die away, the petals blown hither and thither by the wind."

Inder the glimmer of the candle his langling from it is the content of the candle his langling from it is heaven."

"There, that is writer the woman and attributing the good Lord!"

Her eyes, glarithance the candle his langling from it is the candle his langling from it is heaven." Under the glimmer of the candle his

round face wore a pensive expression.

Hetty tossed her head as if she did l either look or meaning with, disinterested friendli ness: "There's Sarah Ann Dugaine, Si non. She maketh her boasts on he love for flowers. Happen thou could Kempster shook his head.

"I' truth, my mind dwelt not on good Sarah," he said, sighing again. "Nay Hetty, 'tis thoughts o' some one else that doth disturb my peace—a little black eyed maid as pretty and a graceful as-as"-Hetty, who had been listening

is words with an alert, suspicion ook on her face, grew quite fidgety a she saw him mentally casting about for a suitable comparison. "Now, Simon, thou hadst best be careful!" she cried hastily in a voice o

At her words the enthusiasm of "I was but thinking on my little you heifer, Hetty, so lost the run o' m, words," he concluded lameiy. "There, I knew it!" she exclaime angrily. "Thou wast going to compare me to thy heifer!"

She sprang from her seat and, hastil sharply, with no desire to conceal her ss; "If thou hast no bette talk than that, for sooth, thou'd bette be on thy way, Simon. A body 'd love to look like an old cow!" she wound up

sarcastically. To Simon, who saw beauty in every thing connected with his snug little farm, Hetty's dislike to his gentle flat teries was always a mystery to him so he scratched his forehead nervous ly, knowing that he had offended again unwittingly and wishing from his heart that he had not come, when the his hands awkwardly into his breeches pocket and, pulling out a little packet

anded it to her. "'Tis a trinket for thee, Hetty." A hot flush was on his face. "There wast a peddler at the Sign of the Rec Heart a selling them, and when I saw the gewgaws I thought at once on thee Thou'rt so fond of trinkets, Hetty." Had he succeeded in pleasing her his time? Simon's heart beat rapidly and he could scarcely breathe with sus pense as she slowly undid the wrap ping, picked up the chain and hung i on the end of her finger, a dazed ex pression in her eyes; then she laughed

a low, trilling, happy laugh.
"Thou didst buy it for me, Simon?"
"For thee, sweet Hetty." The honest fellow's voice trembled with feeling, and tears of delight sprang to his eyes at sight of her pleas ure. "'Tis a good luck charm for lov ers, they say."
"Ha' done, Simon!"

Hetty, dangling the chain and heart before the light of the candle, blushed furiously. "Must do foolish things like spending thy money for trinbets for a cross patch maid who e'er finds fault with thee wi'out adding on thy silly "Wilt wear it, Hetty?" he whispered

"Aye, gladly, Simon!" she cried, de lighted with the gift, then, undoing the clasp and putting the chain about her white throat, said: "Could—couldst thou fasten it, Simon? My fingers are all umbs, an' I'm all a-fluster with sur

He sprang to her assistance, taking the ends of the chain from her smal

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Shame, Simon! Thou needst not pinch my neck with thy clumsy manners. Hist! 'Tis mother!' They sprang apart. Hetty sank into a chair, hastily covering up the chain and pendant, and Simon, bending over an open Bible, turned over the pages slowly, as if intent on looking for a cer-

Mrs. Taunston entered, closing the door after her. "Good even, Simon Kempster. The night air groweth

"A fair greeting, good mistress."
Simon pushed a chair toward her.
"Yestermorn Josiah told me that some
of thy lambs were ill, and I did but stop in to see if they were better of the melady."

The dame seated herself gloomily "Ah, woe is me!" she sighed. "All's adversity and trouble! Two more sheep lay down with the disease tonight. But, worse than that, Josiah, my good son who hath ever had a hearty appetite, for the past fortnight almost refuseth

"What doth ail Josiah?" Simon asked

with interest. with interest.

"No one can say," she answered,
"but methinks 'tis the sight of so much
wicked vanity and worldly display that our cousin hath seen fit to bring into this hitherto reverent village that hath upset Josiah. Ah, lackaday, such scenes as we perforce must witness! Why, just tonight in going to the vil-lage I took the short path through the Mayland farm, and there before the door sat this papist lover of Margaret in a suit of lavender satin trimmed with gilt needlework, stringing a lute, and she, standing by with her hand on his shoulder, was humming the air of some French song. Both were so intent upon their wicked music that they did not even see me, Margaret's aunt. Such a sight sickened me, and I la-mented my slothfulness in taking the short way. To be a constant eyewit-ness of such foolishness, as perforce Josiah is, can ne'er help grieving him. Prithee, a pious, God fearing man, as he is well known to be, feels a respon sibility for his cousin's soul and re-sents her cool and brazen determina-

tion to go her evil way." "Nay, good dame," Simon ventured to reassure her, "thou must ha' no fears for the loss of Mistress Mayland's soul, for I warrant thee that the spirit that must dwell in such a beautiful body could ne'er find else but a place

in heaven." "There, that is the way wi' the men," seled the woman angrily—"ever seeing outward signs, which are devil's snares, and attributing them to the work of

Her eyes, glaring around wrathfully, hanced to catch a glimpse of the roses dangling from Hetty's little knot of black hair, which that maid in her



at her side in an instant, tore the flow

stamped on them. she cried shrilly. "Thy only thought to lay snares for the senses o' men, for-getting thy father in heaven! Thou'd like to copy the wanton ways of thy cousin, wouldst thou, so that thy good prother could have more cause grieving an' be kept longer at his

mother's anger, began to weep gently. Mistress Taunston strutted to the large cupboard at the other end of the room to hang up her bonnet, and Simon, troubled beyond expression at the sight of Hetty's tears, contrived to slip a crumpled piece of paper into her hand, whispering quickly: "Happen this will comfort thee, sweet. I writ it at the tallow chandler's on my way up here. Tis good verse, Hetty, and of marvel-ous rhyme. Fare thee well, sweet." Then, taking up his hat, he strode to the older woman, who answered in a

muffled voice from the interior of the Once safely in her room, Hetty dre the wooden bolt across the door and itting down before the piece of gla that constituted her mirror, remove her kerchief and with sparkling eye ooked at her white throat encircled by the silver chain.

"If mother e'er sees it she will bur It." she whispered, looking toward th door to make sure she had secured it against intruders. "Now for Simon's missive. For all he loves his farm entiment. Mayhap 'tis à love verse Undoing the crumpled piece of paper, Hetty deciphered the writing with great difficulty:

To swete Hetty I fane Would bring a chane, With a love charm of a hart That will never—no, never—let us part Hetty walked to the window and lifted her flushed, pleased face to the alm star lit sky. "Methought never to have liked that

umsy Simon so well," she whispere "His comparisons were e'er so homel I much misliked him, but now that h can write such love verses I ween tha he is not without good parts." CHAPTER XIII. HE next morning the sun ros

red and hot above the hills Not a breath of air stirred, and a close sultriness pervaded the atmosphere. Laborers going to their "Ab, lackaday," she continued in a lower voice, "I must wear it 'neath my kerchief, I ween, as mother is so wrathful at a body's wearing a gewgaw. She says they are implements of the devil to make maids yain and worldly."

atmosphere. Laborers going to their work mopped their brows and looked anxiously at the clear, deep blue arch of the heavens for a glimpse of a cloud that might perchance grow larger as the day advanced and spread itself behop. At first he walked about nerv- so

fore the burning sun, but above the ously, casting timid glances at the goldnorizon not a speck of white could the

eye discover. Josiah Taunston, his homespun shirt of linen thrown open at the neck and his broad brimmed hat pulled down over his eyes, came through the woods with quick strides, his feet crunching down the dry twigs with a crackling sound as he walked. A young robin, having injured its wing in falling out of the nest, fluttered and chirped in his path, and the mother bird, frantic, called sharp, shrill instructions from a tree near by. With an imprecation Josiah kicked the maimed bird out of his path, killing it, and strode on even a backward look. Nor did he appear to see the mother bird, who in her pain and anguish swooped up and

down wildly in all directions, or to hear her shrieks of agonizing sorrow. Matters of importance having taken up his time, it was late in the day, al-most at the hour of noon, when Taunston, homeward bound, reached the spring brook that ran by the door of old Adam Browdie, the goldsmith. Removing his hat and wiping the beads of perspiration from his heated face, he knelt upon the bank and, making a re-ceptacle of the hollow of his hand, proceeded to quench his thirst. The gold-smith, having observed him from the window, hastened toward him with a

"Good morrow, Master Taunston, Happen thou'lt not get enough in thy hand," he said. "Hot days make dry "Thank thee, Adam."

Taking the mug, Josiah filled it and caised it to his lips, draining the last

"I had a tankard of ale at the tavern. but that papist of a Frenchman, who doth intrude himself here a-dangling after my cousin, Margaret Mayland, with an eye, I trow, to the possession of her estate, lounged about the rooms with such an air of insolent effrontery, walked past me once or twice so close he fairly trod upon my toes, acting, forsooth, as if he desired me to take open offense at his bad manners, clanked his sword and appeared so anxious for all to admire his suit of gaudy finery that I was a'most vomited with disgust, and man, I could

resumed his seat on his bench and was followed closely by Taunston, who turbed me. I dreamt that enemies by now on the subject of his favorite grievance was not inclined to go on place and that to taunt me. Wild eyed, my hair hanging down my back and giving loud piercing shrieks of distress, prepared to go on with a recital of his wrongs when suddenly he made a sharp exclamation, his glange having there. Oh, Godfrey, 'twas an awful there are finely wrongly the first of the control of the willage.

The place and that to taunt me. Wild eyed, my hair hanging down my back and giving loud piercing shrieks of distress, soon a sharp hash of ightning and ight hash of ightning and ight hash of ightning and ight hash of his way until he had unbosomed himfallen on a finely wrought chain of gold from which was suspended a small cross that was being forged together by the skillful hands of the goldsmith. Adam raised his eyes to his visitor's Adam raised his eyes to his visitors, thou changed from the gay, hugons that each in surprise. "Hath pain, Josiah?" "Nay," he answered sternly, "but anguish for thee, Adam, that thou in thine ignorance hath been induced to the ignorance hath been induced to the ignorance hath seen induced hat handle a charm of evil magic such as thou holdst in thy hands."

"This necklet evil?"

"Ha, ha!" Taunston laughed dis "I' truth, 'tis no wender thou hast sprains," he thou hast sprains," he say deep significance, "when thou doth keep such devil's implements about thee Thou'lt have worse than sprains an thou akest not more care, good neighbor.'
At the ominous words and manner of his visitor the goldsmith's face paled, and his jaw dropped as he stared at him, aghast. Almost uncon-

ciously he laid the chain down. "What meanst thou?" Josiah shook his head sadly and let his long face grow longer as he said: Oft and many a time have I reasoned with Margaret Mayland against the wearing of that idolatrous emblem, arging her that it would do her harm, out she, ever o'er headstrong, would not heed me, which fact I much de plore. My mother, a woman widely known for her wisdom, asserteth that from the day our cousin brought that cross among us we have been sorely beset with misfortunes. First the drought. We have ne'er had rain since the big storm. How can planted seed grow? And then the disease among the sheep. Our lambs most all ha' died. Ah, lackaday, 'tis a great loss to a

hardworking, saving man!" "An', Adam, I repeat it, woe to u

brought to this village!" The goldsmith, possessing even mor than the customary large amount of su perstition held by his neighbors, glanced fearfully about him, moving farther along the bench from the cross and chain, and Josiah, seeing the impresion he was making, continued with

"But, mind ye, we would not ha' given blame to our cousin's headstrong per-sistency so readily had I not held converse with a French peddler, a dealer in magic charms, who told me on his oath that crosses of gold were known among men o' his trade to be pos sessed of devils and to bring harm to all who touched them."

So great was the superstition of that period, so firm the belief in charms, black art and magic, that the goldmith, almost overcome by the knowledge of his danger, fairly trembled "Lord, ha' mercy! I'll-I'll send the

wicked gewgaw home by Christopher," e said, "an he comes in from the After an interchange of a few more words Josiah proceeded on his way

and old Adam was left alone in his

in the warm embrace of a sunbeam that had fallen on it; then, as if forc-ing himself to sudden and brave determination, he stood erect, found a piece of paper, laid it on the bench and procured a pair of tongs, with which he lifted the chain and cross, placing them upon it. His hands trembled. Adam's face was white and his breath came in gasps as, barely touching the

edges of the wrapping, he hastily made it into a small parcel. "Other pains I ha' had!" he muttered. "An' all the while I was thinking that my lumbago came from cold! Ah, woe, woe! Such evil days as we ha' fallen on! Good Lord, ha' mercy, I pray, an'

CHAPTER XIV. house the young mistress of the Mayland farm, wearing a dress of thinnest white linen, sat with her lover on a wooden bench. Both were silent, La Fabienne watching with interest the endeavors of a young robin that in the kitchen with the maids until the was struggling with a large ground worm and Margaret absorbed in her his head and, muttering that the goldown thoughts, that seemed from the smith would be angry if he delayed

the shade panting, and the air was close, surcharged with heat and heavy. Giles, passing with a wagon load of stones, touched his hat respectfully, calling to them that relief was in sight, as the clouds were forming for a thun-"An' from the looks of you black cloud methinks 'twill be a heavy one, good Giles," La Fabienne replied; then,

turning to Margaret, who at the in-terruption of her meditation had drawn thee, sweet?"
"Nay, not now, when thou art here," scarce get breath until I had put a she said gently, laying her hand on his sleeve with a caressing touch, "but The goldsmith, evidently busy, had last night, Godfrey, I had a dream of the harsh, growling sounds of warning from the heavens, Christostratagem took thee from me; then came telling me that thou wert in this place and that to taunt me. Wild eyed,

there. Oh, Godfrey, 'twas an awful night! An' the terror of it hangs o'er me today." "Bon Dieu," he exclaimed, pressing the small hand affectionately, "how art thou changed from the gay, laughing nerves, I do protest. I' truth, Margaret," he continued more thoughtfully, The goldsmith, having completed his at court as mine hath sees many sides of life, but beshrew me if I have ever ment.

"This? Why, 'tis the property of thy beauteous cousin, Mistress Mayland," he answered, "who left it with me more than a fortnight since; but, mine arm being stiff with a sprain I received the day it came, I had ne'er a chance before to mend it."

"Ha, ha!" Taunston learned allowed and the second that t endeavor to raise my sinking spirits lest I do myself harm from sheer de-

He laughed lightly at his jest, and Margaret smiled. "Then the manner of my cousin Jo-siah Taunston and his mother doth grieve me," she continued softly, "They and Hetty, whom I love, is forbid my ouse. Each day I receive an added slight from them, one day this, another that. Only this morning one of the shepherds brought me word that two more lambs were stricken with the disorder that is spreading about among the sheep, causing much loss and damage. So when I was dressed I crossed over to mine aunt's house to ask of her the remedy she hath for the malady. To my civil greeting she returned a surly nod, did not invite me to enter and replied that she knew of no cure for the trouble among my sheep unless it was constant prayer. Then she advised me with sneers and grim insinuations to ask God on my knees to lift the evil out of my heart and to scatter the black and evil spirits that had to

all appearances obtained control of "Talked she so to thee, sweet?" Sir Fodfrey cried angrily. "Thou goeth there then no more! She hates thee be-"And when I was going down th path." Margaret continued, "I met Hetty coming from the brook with th ewers, and when she stopped to give me greeting her mother called to her quite wildly from the doorway to come on at once, as if she feared I would do Hetty harm," she concluded sadly. For a time La Fabienne sat quietly,

"Margaret, methought once to go back for thee. But now, when I go, I'll take thee with me, and we'll return no more." Margaret slipped her hand into his

with clinging fingers. "Godfrey, oh, my love," she whispered, with tears standing in her eyes, "there is a terror, an apprehension undefined, hanging over me. The cold looks of these people weigh heavy on my heart. Take me with thee when thou goest." "An thou say the word we go to

morrow," he exclaimed sternly, holding the small hand strongly in his own. "Right willingly would I, Godfrey, for without my dear father naught pleasant here doth hold me. But cares of the estate, the selection of a perma-nent overseer, which I find difficult; new buildings for the tenants, now in construction, and many matters of im-portance to mine interests will keep me here a few weeks longer. Clothe thy soul in patience for that small time, dear Godfrey"-she lifted her head quickly, smiling through her tears

that doth depress thee"-"I'll think of thine, my winsome love," he interrupted happily, pleased at the change in her mood, "a face so beauteous to mine eyes that when a remembrance of it shall flash across my mental vision I swear that all black horrors will disappear, melted away, verily, by the radiance of it." "Thou flatterer, Godfrey!" Margaret exclaimed softly, her lips curving into a smile. "Such high sounding praises come easily to a courtier. Nay"—she raised her finger warningly-"swearno

One of the lads from the village con ing around the corner of the house in their direction caused Margaret to "I'll send the wicked gaveaue home by Christopher."

Christopher."

Much embarrassed at coming upon the person of Sir Godfrey La Fableane shop. At first he walked about nerves o unexpectedly, the box hesitated.

pulled his forelock bashfully, ther vance or retreat. Margaret, seeing his

onfusion, beckoned him to approach.
"What is thine errand, good lad?" 'Tis thy trinket, Mistress Mayland, that my gran'ther, Adam Browdie, the goldsmith, hath mended for thee, an', with your leave, mistress"—timidly giving her the parcel—"he did instruct me to say that he would ha' mended it before had it not been for the inconven-

ience of a sprain."

La Fabienne, who had unfastened the wrapping, was now examining the

workmanship critically. "Tis finely wrought and jointed to-gether skillfully, Margaret," he said.
"Here, lad," throwing Christopher a gold piece; "here's a coin for thy grand-

father's trouble."

The boy, much pleased, caught the gold piece, doffed his cap and walked away. Just then a flash of lightning NDER a tree that spread its leafy branches over the grass that stretched out before the thickly covered with black clouds, fol-

Margaret, who had risen, called to him to remain; to go back and wait pensive and serious expression on her face to be far away and troublesome.

Although large clouds had spread themselves over the sky, obscuring the sun, the heat of the afternoon seemed to exceed that of the morning. Not a leaf stirred; the dogs lay motionless in heard, and the rain beat down in great drops. Then the wind rose in a wild fury, the tall trees bent and swayed, tussling with its rough strength, and the grass and vines were swept down

even with the earth. Christopher, holding his jacket close about him, with his cap in his hand, walked on quickly, inwardly congrat-ulating himself upon the fact that he had been wise enough to seek the shel-tered path through the woods instead terruption of her meditation had drawn a quick breath, half a sigh, half an expression of unpleasant thought, inquired, "Hath lightning terrors for thee, sweet?"

"Nay, not now, when thou art here,"

"Say, not now, when thou art here," pher proceeded on his way. Now the clouds had grown so thick and black that the forest was almost as dark as night, and the rain fell in blinding tor-

of the village.
Christopher gave a wild scream of terror and stood still, uncertain whether to advance or go back. Although the forest was familiar playground to him, he appeared to lose his way and staggered on blindly until, a long, vivid fiash of lightning illuminating his path, he found his bearings, and, remember-ing the cave on the other side of the precipice now near at hand, he resolved to seek safety and shelter there. With the wind and rain beating him backward, he climbed the steep ascent, clinging with his hands and feet to the roots and bushes in his way until he reached the top, where was a precipice, with water rushing in wild turmoil

The boy, pale with terror, on the edge of the precipice, wound his arms about the trunk of a tall oak tree, clinging to it for support and protection. He dared not move another step, and all thought of reaching the cave was abar more in quick succession! The poor young lad, alone on this height in the midst of the awful disturbance of the elements, frantic with terror, sent forth rain defied human ears to hear above their boisterous noise and din. Then the clouds opened, showing light like the blast from a furnace, and—oh, God!—a peal of thunder so loud that

the village people with prayers on their lips fell on their knees, raising their white faces to heaven. The tall oak tree was struck and rent asunder; flames shot up, were put out by the heavy rifts of rain, and clouds of steaming smoke filled the forest. The large tree staggered, then fell with a sharp noise of crackling branches that drowned the sickening sound of the dull thud of Christopher's body as it fell lifeless from the edge of the preci-pice into the swirling, tumbling rapids of the angry waters below. Nor was heard the clanking ring of the gold coin as it fell, striking against the rocks with a sharp, metallic sound, from his

stiffening fingers.

[TO BE CONTINUED.] A Bride's Misapprehension, It was the first Sunday in their pret-ty new flat, and Mrs. G. determined ty new flat, and Mrs. G. determined to celebrate the joyous day with a dinner which would make her young husband think he had married not only "the sweetest girl in the world," but "the best cook." It was perfectly lovely to set the little round dining room table with the nicest presents, and the preparation of a tempting and the preparation of a tempting salad and dessert was not exactly trying ordeal, but the roasting of the chicken made her a little nervous. Aft er succeeding, with the assistance of a large olicloth book, in getting the fowl into the oven she sang from sheer relief. A little later, when the music had ceased and the silence in the kitchen became suspicious, Mr. G. opened the door. Kneeling down before the oven, with flushed face and tearful eyes, was Mrs. G. On the floor beside her was the cookbook, and in one hand was a long needle with white thread. "Oh, dearie," she cried, "it is going to burn my hands just dreadfully to baste this chicken every fifteen minutes!"—What to Eat.

iar aspect that I have not noticed elsewhere," writes a traveler. "They over their bodies, as a protection against flies, with the bright red vol gives them a remarkable appearance, as, instead of being a slaty gray, as in the Nile valley, their color, when thus

covered with dust, resembles that of a

inguage that has an easy time, and there is no prospect of its ever being everworked. It is composed of these four words, "It was my fault."-Jewell City (Kan.) Republican. His Conclusion.

Knicker—Jones has joined a debating club. Bocker—No? Whom did he marry?—Brooklyn Life.

He that despairs degrades the Deity.