THE MODERN STORE-

NEW THINGS IN MILLINERY.

Newest Summer Wash Goods, all the choicest and best weaves and colorings suitable for dainty, cool summer costumes.

Batistes in dozens of new patterns, checks, stripes and beautiful floral designs, 12½c, 15c and 18c per yard.

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75 pieces new light and dark linen finish Percaies, yard wide, 124c per yard.

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Put a new floor covering in the dingiest room of your house. The effect is magical, comfort, cheeriness, cosiness, all come in with the carpet and Rugs, and our carpets attract the purse, as well as the eye, with a handsome INGRAIN—all laid little to the price, and substituting BRUSSELS or AXMINSTER, at any rate, drop in and take a look—for future Reference Low Prices, FURNITURE

Patterson Bros.

(Successors to Brown & Co.) Butler, Pa. 136 N. Main Street,

୭୦୦୦୦୦୦୦୦୦୦୦୦୦୦୦୦୦୦୦୦୦୦୦୦୦୦୦୦୦୦

SPRING AND SUMMER

STYLES FOOTWEAR.

TOW COMING IN.

Shees for dressy occasions Shoes for the mechanic Shoes for the farmer Shoes for everybody Each and every pair in its class the best that money will buy.

Get your next pair at

HUSELTON'S

Opp. Hotel Lowry.

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Not one bit too early to think of that new Carpet, or perhaps you would rather have a pretty Rug-carpet Well, in either case, we can suit you as our Carpet stock is one of the largest and best assorted in Butler county. Among which will be found the following: EXTRA SUPER ALL WOOL INGRAIN CARPETS,

HALF WOOL INGRAIN CARPETS, BODY BRUSSELS,

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HARTFORD AXMINSTERS, Prettiest Carpet made, as durable too. RAG CARPETS, Genuiue old-fashioned weave,

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BIG LOT!

Specially Low Priced. All New Patterns.

We sell our border by the bolt same price as wall and celling.

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A Grand Display of Fine Footwear in all the Latest Styles.

We are showing many styles in Ladies' Fine Shoes and Oxfords at prices sure to interest you.

Large stock of Men's and Boys' Fine Shoes and Oxfords in the latest styles.

Big bargains in Men's and Boys' working shoes.

Repairing promptly done.

JOHN BICKEL

MEN



MERCHANT TAILOR, 142 N. Main St., Butler, Pa



The Great \$5 Clothing Sale

is on again this month. But that will end it-no more after this month. Garments for which we would ask full price under normal conditions.

No matter how little the price, its a high standard

that rules here-annoyingly so to those of our competitors who even attempt to match the values

This \$5.00 Clothing Sale Is a Mighty Strong Proposition.

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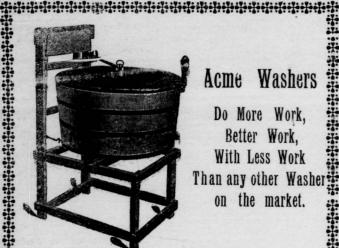
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hay enter ANY time. Catalogue and circulars malled on approvided. Visitors ALWAYS welcome. When in Butler, pay us a

A. F. REGAL, Principal, Butler, Pa.

SYBILLA LONG. KNIGHT ERRANT

The voice beyond the bowlder broke

"That's the first decent voice I've heard in this accursed place," he ob-

with brick red soil, varied greens in liage and glimpses of heaven's own ue—it seemed like a charming spot—

musical tones went on, "but I found the house she used to live in."

Then he brightened as the first aker remarked:

exquisite by nature and unspoiled by training. She was singing a lilting lyric of leve, and Fenton thought of a

conscious thought was that he was glad the girl in her nurse's uniform was so fair. Her eyes gazing curiously up at him had never a hint of fear in their amber depths. He gathered

"I haven't slept naturally for a week," he said bluntly. "Will you sing for me?"

When Fenton awoke the sun was shining no longer. He sat up quickly and found that a great shaw! was keeping the evening's chilliness from him; then his eyes discovered the nurse eaning against a tree, regarding him

"You have stayed here all day-you have had no lunch!" he exclaimed. She smiled. "Oh, no; when I was sure you would stay asleap I went back to the sanitarium, and then I me again."

"How am I ever going to thank you?"

"I worked too hard and collapsed," he explained. "Shan't be so foolish when I get well again. I am going to get well now that I can sleep. Maybe you have heard of John Fenton, ear-per manufacturer. I am the idiot," "Oh," exclaimed the gru, then added hastly: "A pebble rolled under my foot. I am Sybilla Long, nurse." He wondered at the deep flush which overspread her face—they were at the foot of the hill and walking side by

"Can't I syndicate your services?" te inquired gravely. "Do you suppose the doctors are averse to a graft?"

He thought her low laughter was

pleasanter even than her song or her speech. That night he slept as he had not for a year.

no longer spelled to him hopelessness. The doctors were complacent over so satisfactory a convalescent, but Fenon laughed in his sleeve at them was not pills and potions which had made a man of him again, but the tonic of a sweet voice and a gracious pres-

beyond the others. At any rate, daily she fascinated him more. He had not been a man of many loves. The first little sweetheart, dead years had perversely refused even to meetthe first had set his heartstrings a-quiver; the last, his mother affirmed, stood

ody of her voice, words he hoped some each changing expression,

would prove to be what she had been teous to come true.

There came a day when the breath of summer was het over the red soil gad withering manzanita blooms. The water cress laden stream was too lansoftly into the stillness of the pine for est. Sybilla looked up surprised, for she had never heard him sing.

"I think of you all the day long.
You run through the hours like a song.
Sometimes I think if the world could see
My golden dreams it would eavy me.
Searle, my dearle, nothing's worth while
but dreams of you, And you can make every dream come

"Will you, my dearie, make eyery

By INA WRIGHT HANSON Copyright, 1906, by Ruby Douglas

"I did have such an experience this orning! I started out to find a girl I used to know and who I heard was living here. I got tangled up in a minstrel ow going over and coming back I got mixed into a funeral. I didn't know exactly where she lived, and I had all Boston Ravine out looking for her. I'm sure the folks down there haven't been

ost pleasantly into Fenton's moody oughts. He sat up promptly, but cau-

served silently. It didn't seem to be an accursed Fragrant with pine needles, vocal with the humming of bees in late manzanita blooms and the laughter of watercress laden stream; beautiful

the only discord the pale faced, hollow eyed man himself.
"I didn't find the girl after all," the

Fenton listened impatiently while the other voice said things, querulous things burdened with the aches and pains of the speaker. "A typical sani-tarium voice," thought Fenton peevish-

"You think you will go back, do you? Oh, no, the walk hasn't hurt you. Exrcise and fresh air do wonders for a body often. No, I am going to stay and read till luncheon."

In silence Fenton wondered if she would read aloud, but instead she began to sing. He fairly held his breath

-notes soft as a wood dove's; a voice

in her first combat. swinging gate, scurrying clouds and his first sweetheart's first kiss, years and years forgotten. Then, without any perceptible hesitancy, the melody changed to a lullaby, tender as a mother's prayer, and the weary look left the man's eyes, the hard lines around his mouth relaxed, and he drew a long, almost sobbing, breath. The melody (a quarter) for the jarvey, or driver. ceased, and Fenton felt as if he had Well, the woman got up on one side of never had a desire in his life but to hear her sing. He arose and went to the other side of the bowlder.

"Pardon a sick man," he began, but his tongue seemed paralyzed. His only said:

They arose. Fenton folded the shawl and laid it over his arm.

"Don't try," she answered simply

bellished the most beautiful is the

A new life was beginning for John Fenton. The sanitarium's grim walls

She seemed, this fair Sybilla, to be overyoung for a nurse. Perhaps for that reason the grave doctors indulged her beyond the others. At any rate before, and the woman his mother wanted him to marry, but whom he ready to do so. So all the loves which Fenton might have nurtured and had not came flying around this amber eyed, flute voiced Sybilla. So she sang to him, and he quoted to

himself, "And thou beside me singing in the wilderness." She read to him, and he fitted other words to the meltime to hear from her lips. She talked hilithely or thoughtfully, as her mood might be, and he answered in like spirit, watching with a lover's eyes

world again. He had a feeling that in its clang and clamor Sybilla Long before he knew her-a dream too beau-

guid for laughter, but Fenton's heart beat high with hope. He was wonder-ing how he should say it, the world old tale, for say it he must within the hour. Looking at her pensive face, the words of a favorite song came into his mind, and his clear tenor broke

Dearie, my dearie-

ream come true?" He leaned toward | chlorophyll can the synthesis of com her eagerly, but she shrank away from him covering her face with trembling hands. A tear splashed out between | function of chlorophyll may only be

His face clouded. "Why, little giri"he began, with troubled concern. She uncovered her face and looked at of chopped leaves of grass or geranium him wanly. He started at her expres-

"Did you ever hear of Martha Gillen?" she asked. His look was uncomprehending. Martha Gillen was the woman his mother had for five years been importuning him to marry. "Yes," he said dully. "Why?"

"For many reasons I love her as I would a sister. One day she told me and of the spectrum in such a manner that your mother wanted you to marry as to make them coincide with those of her, but that you wouldn't even meet her for fear you might be inveigled into it. She laughed about it, but I thought it an affront to her beauty and goodness and wisdom, and I prayed for the chance to avenge her. It came sooner than I expected. I learned about your illness and where you were. Dr. Jenson is my cousin, so it was easy enough to pose as a nurse, and easy enough to pose as a nurse, and rays of light which would have occupied these spaces have been absorbed despise me."

Fenton noted the quivering of her lips and said gently: "I don't understand. You have been goodness itself to me. You have"—

"Oh, don't you see the baseness of me? I did it to make you love me." Sybilla's white face was crimson now. "I wanted you to love me and tell me so, and ask me to marry you, and then I was going to spurn you to the ground, and so should Martha Gillen

be avenged!"
Fenton smiled. "How old are you, little knight errant, avenger of another woman's wrongs? Not quite twenty? I thought so. Years ago I was not quite twenty, and often did I busy my-self turning a gopher hill into a Vesuvius spitting forth fire, smoke and lava. Sybilla, dear, why don't you spurn

He held out his arms, and into them crept a tearful, very rosy, very win-some knight errant, happily worsted

"As an instance of the way traveling Americans get foolish over making a show of opulence and liberality," said a New Yorker who is much abroad, "let me tell you about an old woman who made a visit to Ireland. This waman, getting off the boat at Queenstown, hired an outside ear for a drive. The rate by the hour was 1 and 6 (35 cents) for the car and a shilling the car, and the jarvey got up on the other, driving sideways, and they start-ed off. After a bit the woman pointed

"What is that seat in front for, young man? "'Sure, ma'am,' said the wily jarvey, 'that's what we call the reserve seat,

nicely cushioned and all that kind of thing, and is only engaged the real gentry, they payin for same 10 same 10 same the dright the woman hastily shifted to the driver's seat.
"You should have told me that before, she said. How was I, a stran-

ger, to know what was the proper thing to do over here?' "And she paid 12 shillings for the privilege of riding in the driver's seat, to the amusement of all Queenstown."

Dear Old Mother! In the hurry and bustle of this busy life those dear old mothers, our best friends and champions, who gave us the very best years of their lives, who stood between us and all harm, who would willingly have laid down their lives for us, who in times of sickness were always our ministering angelsconstantly at our bedside, responding villingly to every beck and call, attending with more than loving kind-ness to our every want and need-are too often forgatten and seldom accorded the loving attention which is their due, and when the grim reaper takes them from us we, for the first time, realize in anguish, sorrow and regrat what the loss of a mother really means. It means more than all the other things of earth. All the riches of the universe could not compensate, and in all the whole wide world there is no other who can fill her place. Of all the beauty with which the world is em-

mother, and to her every human being truly owes a world of homage. Papil-RIGHARD BURBAGE,

He Was a Great Actor and Shakeapeare's Leading Star. March 16, 1618 or 1619, Richard Burbage, player, died at Shoreditch, Lon-

The first of the great English tragic actors, Burbage was to every way worthy to head the long roll of England's famous players. The son of an actor, the friend and companion of Shakespeare, it was through him that many of the heroes of the dramatist first spoke to the eager playgoers who thronged the Globe theater. He was the original of Romeo, Hamlet, Lear, Othello, Macbeth, Shylock, Richard III, and many other of Shakespeare's leading characters, and his name stands next to that of the great poet in the licenses for acting granted by

only claim to distinction, for he was and retreat. The trader returns and also a successful painter. The fame of lays his commodities down in quantihis abilities held a prominent place in the sufficient, as he thinks, for the pur theatrical tradition for many years, a chase of the goods on sale. Then he re poem in his honor, dedicated to one of tires, and the Kubus reappear and con the great players of the day, being written as late as the time of Charles II. His death, which was probably the result of paralysis, caused the poets to turn their thoughts to his successful career, and it is from the numerous elegies then written that most of the state do not bury their dead. They live information concerning him must be gathered. Few players have ever had the good fortune to be so well liked by the dramatists of their time, and all praised him, one even lamenting that his death "hath made a visible eclipse

of playing." 4 shrewd, careful man in his business affairs, Burbage left an estate producing a yearly income of £300, a large sum for a player in those days to bequeath to his heirs. Beloved and respected by all, he survived his great master by only a few years, his grave to do so. On the other hand, no jeal bearing the simple, expressive epitaph, "Exit Burbage." — London Saturday

CHLOROPHYLL.

Chlorophyll is perhaps the most im-partant coloring substance in the world, for upon this substance depend the characteristic activity of plants, the synthesis of complex compounds from earbon dioxide and water process, upon which the existence of all living things is ultimately conditioned. Only in a who can possibly do so are encouraged to bring to school their handful of vegetables and the like, and the contributions are all put into the common soup.

lex from simple compounds or fron comprehended when its chief physical properties are understood. These may best illustrated by placing a gram

in a few cubic centimeters of strong alcohol for an hour. Such a solution will be of a bright, clear green color, and when the vessel

containing it is held in such a manner that the sunlight is reflected from the ! surface of the liquid it will appear! scence, that of changing the wave ength of the rays of light of the violet as to make them coincide with those of light which has passed through a solution of chlorophyll, however, that the greatest insight into its physical properties may be gained. If such a ray of light is passed through a prism and spread out on a screen, it may be seen that there are several large intervals of dark bands in the spectrum. The by the chlorophyll and converted into heat and other forms of energy. This energy is directly available to the pro-toplasm containing the chlorophy?!. and by means of it the synthesis of con

plex substance may be accomplished.

convince a country innkeeper that the pensated for by the spread of motoring as a pastime, exclaimed, as a final ar-gument, that his car was of forty

horsepower, "the equal, sir, of ten re-lays of coach horses."

The next morning he read in his bill, "To feeding and stabling, 80 shillings."
He asked the landlord for an ex

"The charge for 'osaes is 2 shillin' 'ead, sir," was the reply. "That machine of yours is equal to forty 'osses, which is 80 shillin'."—London Ex-

Onions are almost the best nervin known. No medicine is so useful to cases of nervous prostration, and there lieve and tone a wornout system. On ions are useful in all cases of coughs colds and influenza, in consumption insomnia, hydrophobia, scurvy, gravel and kindred liver complaints. Eaten every other day, they soon have a clearing and whitening effect on the complexion.

The world is always ready to receive talent with open arms. Very often it does not know what to do with genius.

like a lamb.-Holmes. The Paradox,
Hamand-Since Walker Tighs inherited \$1,000,000 he is a paradox. Egghert-What's the answer? HamandHe is both the richest and poorest
actor on the stage.—Chicago News.

An excess of levity is as impertiner as an excess of gravity.—Haglitt.
ALPINE ROOT DIGGERS.

Their Work of Danger High Up In Throughout the whole chain of the Alps there are men who make it their business to search for and root up the gentian, arnica, puffballs and other Al-

grubber, generally an old man, builds a little hut. He clambers precipices to the edges, where the blue grow; on if he cannot ascend, he let himself down to their place of refuge by a rope fastened to a pine above. He wanders to a long distance from

High up in the mountains the roo

return to it at night, finding shelter up all the roots he has collected on a rock where they may dry. He collects herbs as well as roots and the resin from the pine besides When the summer is over and there are signs of snow, the root grubber collects all together in his little hut and finally transports the whole of his six

The arnica and some other roots used in medicine are readily disposed of. From the gentian is made the favorite gentian brandy, which is considered the very elixir of life by the mountain felk. In other days, when gentians grew in great numbers, the root digger was able to realize a good income fro

wise now .- Chambers' Journal.

THE TIMOROUS KUBUS. They Live, In Sumatra and Are th Shiest People Alive. There is a very singular race of peo timorous and sky to mix with the other races of the island and dwell in the re-cesses of the forests. They are looked on as inferiors by the Malays and thought to be little better than beasts. Such is their shyness that they will never willingly face a stranger.

Their trade with the Malayans is con

ner. The trader announces his arrival James I, in 1603 to the company of the diple by beating a gong, and he then retires. The Kubus approach, put their forest His powers as an actor were not his treasures on the ground, beat a gong sider the bargain. And so, after more withdrawals and approaches and gong beatings, the re

spective parties come to an understand ing and carry off independently their bargains. The Kubus in their wild on snakes, grubs, fruits and the flesh of any deer or pigs they can slay. They with marveleus accuracy.-Pall Mall

every school child one full meal a day

This does not tend to pauperize the chil

dren or to lessen the responsibility of the parents, for all those who can af ford to pay for the meal are expected ousy or contempt can be felt by the richer children for their starved con rades, for all are supplied with the same metal token, which has to b given up in exchange for the meal. The 'cantine scolaire," as this municipa soun kitchen is called, is not confined to In the provinces the scolaire," its equivalent, has sent u the school attendance by leaps bounds. Here, however, instead of

paying for their midday meal all thos

DOWN BY THE RIO GRANDE

By CURRAN RICHARD GREENLEY

nacienda lay bathed in the quiver of yellow light. Alleyne watched Margaret's face for a sign of truce, but the shadows came and went between the vines that draped the patio as the interminable Sabbath afternoon dragged away and Margaret remained buried in her book. "And all about a beggarly horse thief," he murmured to himself as he sat up straight and sent the pile of magazines crashing to the floor. There was a look of conscious bout the back of that shapely brown

head that held itself so persistently averted, but Alleyne deen not to reopen the subject of Miguel.

Over in the corral things were a deserted air. Two or three men lounged in the shade of the high wall. Alleyne vawned and looked at his watch and at a faint movement of the figure in the rocker. "Margaret, I"- Crack-ackack! Somewhere away to the west three shots rang out in rapid succes-

sion, a pause and then three more Over in the corral the lounging fig-ures sprang to life, and an instant later three ponies were galloping in the di-rection of the shots. Alleyne dashed into the house, reappearing with the field glasses. "They've got him!" He was peering at a collection of black dots on the edge of the horizon.

"Got who?" Margaret laid her hand pint of best rectified alcohol, two

upon his arm.
"The mischief!" Alleyne jerked the glasses down. "I forgot you were here." Under her steady gaze his color changed. "Yes, if you will have the whole ghastly truth and cannot be persuaded to stay out of it, it's that coundrel Miguel."

Margaret shrank away from him

with a low cry of distress. The look in her eyes went straight to Alleyne's heart, and his voice softened to a tento him. "Little woman, you cannot be the judge of these matters, and you cannot shield a horse thief. I could have told you this morning, but I pre-ferred to let you think me a bit hard on Miguel than to shock you with the truth. There have been some queer happenings lately both here at the bunch of Jose's best ponies came up missing, and the boys have been trail ing him since sunrise.

"John Alleyne, do you mean to le Talent is a docile creature. It bows its head meekly while the world slips the collar over it. It backs into the shafts "You forget that there are men's

"You forget that there are men's laws to be considered as well as God's, and out here on the fringe of the world the code knows no greater crime than lifting a broncho, and the lifting of many bronchos aggravates the case. It is not a question in which my wife may meddle." And Alleyne strode toward the corral, while Margaret pick-

ed up the glasses.

The wind blown stretch of bare brown mesa told her nothing of the tragedy browing behind its crest. She watched Alleyne until her eyes ached.

A clatter of hoofs and a voice caling her name brought her to the door, ing her name brought her to the door, where a half broken cayuse snorted and pawed. Astride of him sat Bright baby swung to her back. There was queer ashen pallor on the woman's stolid face as she slid from the pony's back, one hand clutching at the deer skin thong that held the papoose. "White man got Miguel. Miguel he

squaw much hurree. Miguel he no die. Margaret cowered before the awful pleading in those savage eyes. "Not a question in which my wife may med-le". John had said but these was a said but the said pleading in those savage eyes. "Not a question in which my wife may medtime to weigh scruples, and five min-utes later a strangely assorted pair rode into the face of the setting sun, missing. Let us, then, to the professand the rough little cayuse strove to keep pace with the swinging stride of the Hindoo mare. Far ahead a black dot moved against the sky that Margaret knew to be Alleyne. A glimmer of consequences flashed across her mind, but the sweet young mouth only grew a little firmer as she struck the trail of Harper's Bazar. many horses and knew the goal to be

On and on, sagebrush and prickly pear, the yellow sand beneath and overhead the blue melting into the evening's violet crown-nature's own smile upon the scene that swept into view, where men and horses were grouped around the impassive figure wrapped in the ragged poncho that lounged in careless grace against the white scarred trunk of a large mesquite. Margaret's eyes went instinctively to the lariat knotted about the bronze throat. It was not the first time that Miguel had felt it there, but Rusty Pete himself held the end of this one.

in sight.

The voices hushed instantly, and to a nan the wide sombreros were lifted as Margaret slipped from the saddle and stood looking from one dark face to another. An awful sense of self engulfed her, and in another moment Miguel's cause would have been lost. But e grim set of Alleyne's mouth as he started toward her gave her the cour age that is born of cowardice. Before he could reach her she had broken through the circle to Miguel's side, and the sun struck along the barrel of a revolver leveled straight at Rusty Pete. "Drop that rope!" she cried.

Pete let go as if the lariat were red

Alaho, you are many. This man is but one, bound and helpless, but the first man that moves toward him does so at his peril. If you persist in taking him it will be over my body!" Alleyne's eyes were blazing, but not man stirred for a long moment, an interminable time, it seemed to the wo-man, who stood between that ring of

hot iron; then she wheeled to face the

ring of Miguel's accusers. "Men of the

fierce faces and their prey. "God in heaven, will it last forever?" Her brain was reeling and the black figures danced in a blood red mist as earth rose in waves beneath her. The silent battle was almost done when a wild yell from the darkening mesa scattered the circle to right and left as the man from Jese's galloped in. "Cut that rope!" yelled the leader as he here down upon the group under

leyne's arms, seeing nothing but the flash of Pete's knife as he cut the thongs, then utter blackness until she awoke to the white walls of her own Alteyne was bending over her. There

Margaret staggered blindly into Al-

the side of the bed, laughing a bit un

"I suppose you have the best of me, ittle woman. Your dramatic entrance upon the scene saved the day or we would have sent Miguel on the long ride on another man's count. Jose's

men would have come too late."
"Who did it?" "One of the greasers. Miguel had been over to the post loading up on fire water, as usual, and the greaser ran across him just about the time he discovered that the boys were close on his trail. Things were getting pret-ty warm for him when he persuaded Miguel to take charge of the ponies while he skipped out. Naturally the boys did not stop to question Miguel when they found him heading away from the ranch and the proof trotting. alongside. It would have been all over for Miguel but for the fact that the greaser met a man who had good reasons for wanting to find him - and found him. Explanations came later, and when the greaser realized that a few bronchos more or less couldn't count against a man who had only about twenty minutes to live he set things in motion to reach Miguel. That

is all the story." The south wind rustled the vines in the patio. Margaret looked down to the grove of mesquite just beyond the big corral, where a brown baby rolled in the dust at the door of Miguel's tepee. Alleyne's eyes followed hers He understood.

It is often the case that one finds it convenient to have at hand a first class ments, ornaments or other articles, to add either to their durability or finish. The following recipe will be found redrams each of saffron and Spanish annotto, an ounce of ground tumeric. Put these ingredients together and place them where there is a moderate heat. them occasionally. When nearly dissolved add three ounces of the best solved add three ounces of the best seed lac in rough powder. Let this stand until the lac is all dissolved, shaking it frequently. If the color is to be a bright yellow, use less annotto; if a deep orange, use more. Put the mix-ture on while warm. ture on while warm. Apply with a brush as one would use partially upon number of coats depends entirely upon the article and the purpose for which it is used. For blue lacquer add prussian or spiling blue to white shellac varnish made very thin lacquer take great care not to use too much seed lac, as the mixture is likely

to dry unevenly or in streaks.

The bridal veil is evidently of east-ern origin, being a relic of the bridal and bridegroom. Among the Anglo-Saxons a similar custom existed, but if the bride was a widow it was dispensed with. According to Sarum usage, a fine linen cloth was laid upon the heads

worn by all brides, royal, noble and simple. Only then did every one be-hold the tresses of maidenhood in their entirety and for the last time, as after marriage they were neatly dressed on the head. Among some the tresses were

the benches in the towns or during their walks in the parks. Listen to those who are in the midst of life, in the thick of bitter conflicts and heart die." Here she pointed to her throat and made a gasping sound. "White men who have been married these several years. What discouraging reand horrible bankruptcy. But in all this it is not life which is at fault. It ors of the ideal. Their precept is very simple. It resolves itself into this:
"Be prepared for difficulties, but be faithful in the little things, and you will attain the great ones." It is by the

very little steps that one rises slowly to the summits.—Charles Wagner in

THE SCILLY ISLANDS They Have but Three Seasons-Spring. The climate of the Scilly islands is the most equable in Great Britain. It ranges on an average from 40 degrees to 60 degrees. On the coldest day it is warm and on the hottest it is cool. There are only three seasons in Scilly, of four months each—spring, summer and autumn. When the autumn ends spring commences. There is no great height in the islands. The highest land in Bryher is only 133 feet above sea level, although the telegraph tower built on St. Mary's reaches a height of 158 feet, but the rock scenery of the en tire group of these islands is remarkable. There are rocks fantastic, jagged, peaked, toothed, serrated; rocks resembling living creatures and others sug-gestive of primeval vastness and un-

Like a great lion's cheek teeth. Those on the peninsula of Penninis Menawar (pronounced man-of-war), the Maiden Bower, Mincarlo, Shipman's Head, the Haycocks at 'Annet and many others are strikingly grand. The curious resemblance to primeval animal forms has given rise to many of many are

couthness; some grandly castleated,

Like a great sea beast, crawled forth to while there are "elephants' tusks,"
"monks' cowls," "pipers' holes," "giants' castles," "pulpit rocks," etc.— London Spectator.

An Aggravated Case. Lord Justice Clerk Eskgrove, in senencing certain housebreakers, began which they had been convicted-assault, robbery and hamesucken, of which last he gave them the etymology. He then reminded them that they had attacked the house and robbed it, and so worked gradually up to the climax, "All this you did, and, God preserve us, joost when they were settin' down to their dinner!"—Law Notes.

A Long Life.
To prolong life one should take plen-

ly of sleep and remember to sleep lying bath in tepid water, take daily exercise was something distinctly apologetic in his attitude. Margaret grasped her advantage. "Well?" Her tone was tentative. Alleyne settled himself on