

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

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WILLIAM ALAND, ARTIST, BUTLER, PA. 30 S. MAIN ST. BUTLER, PA. A LAST HYMN. Uncle Frank had come from his home in Illinois to make a visit for the first time in many years that none but his older children could remember when he was with us last. But it took only a short time for the little ones to become acquainted. All were charmed by his interesting stories, his kindly, genial manner, and hearty participation in their amusements. The week after his arrival had been a constant succession of pleasant surprises, for each day developed some new power of entertainment in our favorite uncle. When Sunday came we had shown off our fine-looking relative at church, with very evident delight, had listened to his very interesting remarks before the Sunday school, and then, after our early supper, had gathered around the organ in the parlor to try and entertain him in return, and, possibly, to exhibit our proficiency in music with very innocent pride. We had all inherited good voices from our father, who had taken great pride and pleasure in our musical training, until, from Emma, the eldest, to "wee" baby, our organ, our lullaby 3-year-old, we could sing anything we ever heard. To-night Uncle Frank presided at the organ, with Emma beside her, and Arthur and Will at either hand, while Mabel was nesting in Uncle Frank's arms—her favorite resting place. She was a darling little pet with all the youngest of our large family, and peculiarly dear to her two lovely little ones had died just before her birth. Uncle Frank was strongly attracted to her, for she was the only one of the beloved who he had not seen before, and of whom he never spoke save with tender reverence and fond dimmed eyes. We sang one after another of our favorite hymns, "Rock of Ages," "White Throne Song," "Ninety and Nine," etc., until at last Uncle Frank played "Nearer, My God, to Thee." We all joined in filling the room with the sweet music of the dear old hymn. "Till all my work shall be done," sang dear little Mabel in her clear, sweet voice, and with such earnestness in her baby face that Uncle Frank drew the dear child closer to his arms, and caressed the soft flushed cheek. There was a pause after the last "Nearer My God, to Thee," swelled out with our united voices, the twilight was creeping on, and a sweet, solemn hush followed, which was broken at last by Uncle Frank, "That recalls one of the sweetest, saddest memories of my life," he said. "I remember, 'Oh, tell a story, Uncle Frank,' Mabel cried, climbing to her feet and laying her arm around his neck, her soft cheek against his. It was about another Mabel—a little older than you are," he said, returning her caress. "Do please tell us about her," Len said, and we all drew nearer in eager expectation of another of his interesting stories. "It was one summer night, a year or two ago," he said, drawing Mabel to her old place on his knee. "I was returning from Peoria on a train well filled with excursionists for Niagara Falls; we were heavily loaded, and a little behind time, so were putting on all steam and dashing along through the darkness at a rapid rate. "Near my window," he said, "I saw a young man and woman, who were very merry and social together. Two of them sat directly in front of me—a fine-looking man of about 40, and a little girl of some 12 or 13 years, evidently his daughter. She was a slender, delicate-looking child, with her hair pulled up strongly; it seemed a reflection of heaven itself. It was so sweet and lovable in expression. In the mirror at the front of the car, just a little ahead of us, I could see them distinctly, and could not help watching with growing interest the lovely face of the child. She had removed her hat, and her head, with its masses of soft, wavy, brown hair, lay against her father's arm, while her eyes of clearest, deepest hazel were raised at intervals to his face with a look of devoted love. "The faces of both seemed familiar, yet I could not at first recall where I had seen them. At last it came to me—he was a physician from a neighboring city, who had attended your Aunt Mabel in a slight illness when she was visiting in his town a few years ago, and the little girl accompanied him on one of his visits. I had occasion to call your aunt by her name, and the doctor, looking up with a smile, laid his hand affectionately on the head of his child, saying, 'This is my Mabel.' "I recalled hearing at the time that the mother of the little girl was dead, and so devoted were the doctor and his child to each other they were never separated except from absolute necessity. "I observed that the renewed interest after recalling this and noticed all the tender solicitude for her comfort on the father, and the confiding devoted love of the child. "As the hour grew late, and some of the party began to nod wearily, some one struck up a familiar hymn, and the father filled the car, and all brightened up under the influence of the music. Hymns after hymn were sung, until there was a pause after 'Sweet English Land,' and I leaned forward and asked: 'Will you sing 'Nearer, My God, to Thee?' "Oh, certainly, with pleasure," the little Mabel said, turning to me with one of her sweet, expressive smiles. "It is papa's favorite, and mine, also. "One of the party started it, and clear above all the rest, I saw the father's face rang out the most beautiful of all our hymns. Never had it seemed so sweet, so comforting, before. "Though like a wanderer, "I thought all at once, "I sang the clear, young voice as our train sped on through the darkness, only a slender rail between us and eternity. "In a mirror I watched the child before me. Her eyes were raised, and her face wore the rapt expression of a musical enthusiast and a religious devotee. "There let the way appear, "Steps up to heaven, "straight sang, and her eyes seemed looking straight through the shining portals into the celestial city, and her face to catch a gleam from its radiance. "Angels to beckon me, "Nearer, My God, to Thee." "An imagination I almost saw the angels beckoning the dear child, as I watched the glow of enthusiasm, the rapt expression of devotion in the sweet face before me, and a shadow of pain passed suddenly across his countenance. With a quick movement he drew his child nearer, as if to move, to feel the presence of angels of visitors, and would fain hold his darling back from their welcoming arms. "On rushed the train; clearer and sweeter sounded the music. "Or if on joyous wings, "Leaving the sky, "Star, moon and stars forgot, "Upward I fly." "The glow deepened on the beautiful face, the eyes were filled with holy rapture, of intense devotion, and on the wings of her enthusiasm I, too, was borne upwards, where suddenly there was a terrible shock, a crash, the falling of heavy bodies, crashing into us and huring us down from a great height. The lights went out, and through the darkness and terror, the indescribable confusion, echoed cries for help, shrieks and groans and prayers. "Oh, Mabel! little darling!" Uncle Frank said with deep emotion, clasping the dear form closer to his arms, "how can you understand that the other Mabel—the sweet little singer—was found under all that wreck, next day, clasped closely in the arms of her dear father? Death had come so suddenly that her face still wore the look of holy rapture of sweet peace I had seen upon it last. Surely the angels had beckoned her, and the dear Lord had answered her unassuming prayer and drawn her nearer to himself!" Refining Oil. Toledo Commercial. Few people in Toledo know that Mr. Homer T. Yarnan, whose inventions of processes for distilling and evaporating waste oils would have revolutionized the oil industry, had died just before his death. It was in 1907 that Mr. Yarnan turned his attention to the oil business, and he was not long before he had invented a process by which he could produce a splendid quality of burning oil from inferior crude. At that time he lived in Nashville, Tenn., and all his experiments were conducted with the Tennessee crude, one of the most difficult petroleum to refine in the world. To get more at the particulars of his inventions and their application, a Commercial reporter called upon Mr. Yarnan at his beautiful Collingwood avenue residence and requested that he give him the gist of his very cheerfully given. "My experience in oil refining was a peculiar one," said Mr. Yarnan, "after pouring my process for two years, and meeting with splendid success, I was made the victim of a trick. I guarded my process very carefully, and I never except myself and foreman, a man named Allen, understanding how to work it. In September, 1909, the rogue led me and went to Canada, where he gave up the secret and aided in establishing two refineries in London, one of which was the London Refining Co., which was a very short time after he commenced to refine Canada oils by my process, the price went down 50 cents, at which price it was then selling, to \$1.50 per barrel. A New York broker, learning that Allen had sold the secret, visited me in that city, and on learning that it was my process that was being used, made me a proposition which I accepted. He was to take all my papers and go to Canada to negotiate with the London people and get something out of it for me. 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