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THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL. xxxvii BUTLER, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 10, 1900 No. 19

HUSELTON'S
Spring Footwear

The Very Finest Shoes Ever Shown in Butler for Men, Women and Children.

Every New Idea
That has merit in it as to style, comfort and service in footwear develops in this store.

Women's Shoes
made especially to our order; dainty in appearance, of substantial service and full of style as to shape of heel and toe, $2, $2.50, $3.00 and $3.50 in Tan, kid and Russia calf, black kid skin and patent leather.

Our Girls Shoes
in tan and black, lace or button kid shoes, sizes 11½ to 2, at 75c, $1, $1.25 and $1.50; 8½ to 11, at 50c, 75, $1 and $1.25; 6 to 8 at 40c, 50c, 75c and $1.

Shoes for Boys,
Including patent leather, vici kid, tan and Russia calf, sizes 2½ to 5½, at 90c, $1.00, $1.25, $1.50 and $2.00.

Women's Fine Shoes,
Lace or button at 85c, $1, $1.25 and $1.50—up to the minute in style.

Business Shoes.
Stylish footwear for business men; tan box and Russia calf, fine vici kids, velour calf, patent calf that have ease and comfort as well as wear in them at $2, $2.50, $3 and $3.50.

Men's Patent Leather.
Full dress affairs at $2.50, $3.50, $4 and $5, that you must have to be well dressed; shoes that go into the very best society and feel at home there.

Men's Working Shoes
in oil grain and heavy veal, two sole and tap bellus tongue, at $1, $1.25 and $1.50; Box toe at $1.50, $2 and $2.50; in fine satins for dress at $1.00, $1.25 and $1.50.

We are sole agents for the famous "Queen Quality" Shoes for Women, of this city,

B. C. HUSELTON'S,

Butler's Leading Shoe House. Opposite Hotel Lwry.

BICKEL'S
SPRING AND SUMMER STYLES.

The time of the year is here when you want a nice pair of dress shoes for summer wear. Our stock is extremly large, showing all the latest styles in fine shoes and oxfords in all leathers.

We are offering some big values in footwear and it will pay you to see us before buying your summer shoes.

A FEW OF OUR PRICES

Men's Fine Tan Shoes— Light shade, Lace or Congress at.. $1 20
Boy's Fine Dress Shoes— Box, Calf or Fine Vici Kid, light or heavy soles.. $1.00
Youth's Fine Calf or Vici Kid Shoes— Either Russett or Black at.. 80c
Ladies' Fine Dongola and Russett Shoes— Lace or Congress, latest styles lasts at.. $1.40
Misses' Fine Dongola and Russett Shoes— Spring heels at.. 90c
Children's Fine Shoes— Patent Tipped, sizes five to eight at.. 35c
Men's and Boy's Lawn Tennis Shoes— And Slippers at.. 40c
Your Choice of Men's Working Shoes— Lace, Buckle or Congress, heavy soles and good uppers at $1.00
Men's Fine Calf Dress Shoes— Round toe, tipped at.. $1.00
Ladies' Fine Dongola Three Point Slippers— At.. 35c

We invite you to call and see our stock of **SOROSIS SHOES** and Oxfords, the latest styles for summer wear. They are very hand some You will like them.
All sizes—2½ to 8.
All widths—AAA to E.

JOHN BICKEL,

128 SOUTH MAIN STREET, - - BUTLER, PA

Spring STYLES

Men don't buy clothing for the purpose or spending money. They desire to get the best possible results for the money expended. Not cheap goods but goods as cheap as they can be sold for and made up properly. If you want the correct thing at the correct price, call and examine our large stock of SPRING WEIGHTS—LATEST STYLES, SHADES AND COLORS.

Fits and Workmanship Guaranteed.

G F. RECK,

42 North Main Street, Butler, Pa

Out of Style. Out of the World!

Our garments have a style that is easily distinguished from the ordinary. They are the result of careful study and practical application of the ideas gathered by frequent visits to the fashion centres, and by personal contact with the leading tailors and fashion authorities of the county. They are made in our own workshop by the highest paid journeymen tailors in Butler, yet it is possible to (and we do) give our patrons these first-class clothes at the price you would pay for the other sort. We believe we have given good reasons why our tailoring is the best and cheapest and would be grateful for the opportunity to show you our handsome spring stock and give you prices to prove them.

Aland, MAKER OF MEN'S Clothes

When You Paint.

If you desire the very best results at the least expense you will use

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS' PAINT.

Covers Most, Looks Best, Wears Longest

Sold by

REDICK & GROHMAN,

109 N. Main St., Butler, Pa.

Thousands are Trying It.

In order to prove the great merit of Ely's Cream Balm, the most effective cure for Catarrh and Cold in Head, we have prepared a generous trial size for 10 cents. Get it of your druggist or send 10 cents to ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y. City.

I suffered from catarrh of the worst kind ever since a boy, and I never hoped for cure, but Ely's Cream Balm seems to do even that. Many acquaintances have used it with excellent results.—Oscar Ostrum, 45 Warren Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Ely's Cream Balm is the acknowledged cure for catarrh and contains no cocaine, mercury nor any injurious drug. Price, 50 cents. At druggists or by mail.

RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER & PITTSBURG RY. The new trunk line between Pittsburg, Butler, Bradford, Rochester and Buffalo.

On and after Jan. 1, 1900, passenger trains will leave Butler, P. & W. Station as follows, Eastern Standard Time:

10:12 a.m. Vestibuled Limited, daily, for Dayton, Punxsutawney, DuBois, Ridgway, Bradford, Buffalo and Rochester.

5:22 p.m. Accommodation, week days only, Craigsville, Dayton, Punxsutawney, DuBois, Falls Creek, Curwensville, Clearfield and intermediate stations

6:45 a.m. Week days only; mixed train for Craigsville, Dayton, Punxsutawney and intermediate points. This train leaves Punxsutawney at 1:00 p.m. arriving at Butler at 5:45 p.m., stopping at all intermediate stations

Thousand mile tickets good for passage between all stations on the B. R. & P. R'y and N. Y. C. R. R. (Penn'a. division) at 2 cents per mile.

For tickets, time tables and further information call on or address,

W. R. TURNER, Agt. Butler, Pa., or
EDWARD C. LAPEY, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Rochester, N. Y.

P., Bessemer & L E.

Trains depart: No 14, at 9:15 A. M; No. 2, at 4:50 P. M. Butler time.

Trains arrive: No. 1, 9:50 A. M; No. 11, 2:55 P. M. Butler time.

No. 14 runs through to Erie and connects with W. N. Y. & P. at Huston Junction for Franklin and Oil City, and with Erie Railroad at Shenango for all points east. No. 2 runs through to Greenville and connects with W. N. Y. & P. for Franklin and Oil City, and at Shenango with Erie R. R. for points east and west.

W. R. TURNER, Ticket Agent.

PITTSBURG & WESTERN Railway. Schedule of Passenger Trains in effect Nov. 19, 1899. BUTLER TIME.

	Depart.	Arrive.
Allegheny Accommodation	6 25 A.M	9 07 A.M
Allegheny Express	8 05 "	9 30 "
New Castle Accommodation	8 05 "	9 07 "
Akron Mail	8 05 A.M	7 05 P.M
Allegheny Fast Express	9 58 "	12 18 "
Allegheny Express	3 00 P.M	4 45 pm
Chicago Express	3 40 pm	12 18 am
Allegheny Mail	5 50 "	7 45 pm
Allegheny and New Castle Accom	5 50 "	7 05 "
Chicago Limited	5 50 "	9 07 A.M
Kane and Bradford Mail	9:55 A.M	2 50 P.M
Clarion Accommodation	4 55 P.M	9 40 A.M
Cleveland and Chicago Express	6 25 am	
SUNDAY TRAINS.		
Allegheny Express	8 05 A.M	9 30 A.M
Allegheny Accommodation	5 50 P.M	5 05 am
New Castle Accommodation	8 05 A.M	7 05 "
Chicago Express	3 40 P.M	5 05 am
Allegheny Accommodation		7 05 pm

Train arriving at 5.05 p.m. leaves B. & O. depot Pittsburg at 3.25 p.m and P. & W., Allegheny at 3.35 p. m.

On Saturdays a train, known as the theatre train, will leave Butler at 5.50 p. m., arriving at Allegheny at 7.20; returning leave Allegheny at 11.30 p. m.

Pullman sleeping cars on Chicago Express between Pittsburg and Chicago.

For through tickets to all points in the west, northwest or southwest and information regarding routes, time of trains, etc. apply to

W. R. TURNER, Ticket Agent, Butler, Pa.
R. B. REYNOLDS, Sup't, N. D., Butler, Pa.
C. W. BASSETT, G. P. A., Allegheny, Pa
H. O DUNKLE, Sup't. W. & L. Div., Allegheny Pa.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA DIVISION.

SCHEDULE IN EFFECT NOV. 20, 1899.

SOUTH.

	A. M	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
BUTLER.....Leave	6 25	8 05	10 50	2 35	5 05	
Saxonburg.....Arrive	6 54	8 30	11 15	3 00	5 28	
Butler Junction "	7 27	8 53	11 40	3 25	5 53	
Butler Junction...Leave	7 31	8 53	11 52	3 25	5 53	
Natrona.....Arrive	7 40	9 01	12 01	3 34	6 02	
Tarentum.....	7 44	9 07	12 08	3 42	6 07	
Springdale.....	7 52	9 16	12 19	3 52	.....	
Claremont.....	.....	9 20	12 38	4 06	.....	
Sharpsburg.....	8 11	9 36	12 48	4 12	6 32	
Allegheny.....	8 24	9 48	1 02	4 25	6 43	
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	

SUNDAY TRAINS.—Leave Butler for Allegheny City and principal intermediate stations at 7:30 a. m., and 5:00 p. m.

NORTH.

	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M
Allegheny City...leave	7 00	8 55	10 45	3 10	3 10	
Sharpsburg.....	7 12	9 07	10 57	.....	.....	
Claremont.....	.....	.....	11 04	.....	.....	
Springdale.....	.....	.....	11 18	.....	6 37	
Tarentum.....	7 37	9 34	11 28	3 46	6 46	
Natrona.....	7 41	9 38	11 34	3 50	6 51	
Butler Junction...arrive	7 48	9 47	11 45	3 58	7 00	
Butler Junction...leave	7 48	9 47	12 18	4 06	7 00	
Saxonburg.....	8 15	10 09	12 41	4 35	7 24	
BUTLER.....arrive	8 40	10 32	1 10	5 05	7 50	
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	

SUNDAY TRAINS.—Leave Allegheny City for Butler and principal intermediate stations at 7:15 a. m. and 9:50 p. m.

FOR THE EAST.

	Weeks Days				Sundays	
	A. M	A. M	P. M.	P. M.	A. M	P. M
BUTLER..... lv	6 25	10 50	2 35	5 05	7 30	5 00
Butler J'ct..... ar	7 27	11 40	3 25	6 00	8 20	5 50
Butler J'ct..... lv	7 48	11 43	3 58	6 21	8 05	
Freeport..... ar	7 51	11 46	4 02	8 25	8 07	
Kiskiminetas J'ct.. "	7 55	11 50	4 07	8 29	8 11	
Leechburg..... "	8 07	12 02	4 19	8 41	8 23	
Paulton (Apollo).... "	8 26	12 22	4 40	8 58	8 42	
Saltsburg..... "	8 51	12 49	5 08	9 23	9 09	
Blairsville..... "	9 22	1 20	5 41	9 52	9 40	
Blairsville Int..... "	9 30	1 33	5 50	10 00	.....	
Altoona..... "	11 35	5 45	8 50	5 45	.....	
Harrisburg..... "	3 10	10 00	1 00	10 00	.....	
Philadelphia..... "	6 23	4 25	4 25	4 25	.....	
	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	

Through trains for the east leave Pittsburg (Union Station), as follows—

Atlantic Express,	daily	2.50 A.M
Pennsylvania Limited	"	7.15 "
Day Express,	"	7.20 "
Main Line Express,	"	8.00 "
Harrisburg Mail,	"	12.45 P.M
Philadelphia Express,	"	4.50 "
Mail and Express daily.	For New York only.	
Through buffet sleeper; no coaches		7.00 "
Eastern Express,	"	7.10 "
Fast Line,	"	8.30 "
Pittsburg Limited, daily, with through coaches to New York, and sleeping cars to New York, Baltimore and Washington only. No extra fare on this train		10.00 "
Phila'd'a Mail, Sundays only		8.40 A.M

For Atlantic City (via Delaware River Bridge, all-rail route), 8.00 A.M, and 8.30 P.M, daily.

For detailed information, address Thos. E. Watt, Pass. Agt. Western District, Corner Fifth Avenue and Smithfield Street, Pittsburg, Pa.

J. B. HUTCHISON, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pass'r. Agt.

Practical Horse Shoers

W. L ROBINSON,

Formerly Horse Shoer at the Wick House has opened business in a shop in the rear of the Arlington Hotel, where he will do Horse-Shoeing in the most approved style.

TRACK AND ROAD HOSRES A SPECIALTY.

West Winfield Hotel,

W.G. LUSK, Prop'r.

First Class Table and Lodgings. Gas and Spring Water all through house. GoodStabling.

THE STORY OF AN AFRICAN FARM

BY OLIVE SCHREINER.

A TALE OF LIFE IN THE BOER REPUBLIC.

V.

Then a new time.

Before us there were three courses possible—to go mad, to die, to sleep.

We take the last course, or nature takes it for us.

All things take rest in sleep. The beasts, birds, the very flowers, close their eyes, and the streams are still in winter. All things take rest. Then why not the human reason also? So the questioning devil in us drops asleep, and in that sleep a beautiful dream rises for us. Though you hear all the dreams of men, you will hardly find a prettier one than ours. It ran so:

In the center of all things is a Mighty Heart, which, having begotten all things, loves them, and, having born them into life, beats with great throbs of love toward them. No death for his dear insects, no hell for his dear men, no burning up for his dear world, his own, own world that he has made. In the end all will be beautiful. Do not ask us how we make our dream tally with facts. The glory of a dream is this—that it despises facts and makes its own. Our dream saves us from going mad. That is enough.

Its peculiar point of sweetness lay here. When the Mighty Heart's yearning of love became too great for other expression it shaped itself into the sweet Rose of heaven, the beloved Man god.

Jesus, you Jesus of our dream, how we loved you! No Bible tells of you as we knew you. Your sweet hands held ours fast. Your sweet voice said always "I am here, my loved one, not far off. Put your arms about me and hold fast."

We find him in everything in those days. When the little weary lamb we drive home drags its feet, we seize on it and carry it with its head against our face. His little lamb! We feel we have got him.

When the drunken Kaffir lies by the road in the sun, we draw his blanket over his head and put green branches of milk bush on it. His Kaffir—why should the sun hurt him?

In the evening, when the clouds lift themselves like gates and the red lights shine through them, we cry; for in such glory he will come, and the hands that ache to touch him will hold him, and we shall see the beautiful hair and eyes of our God. "Lift up your heads, ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and our King of glory shall come in!"

The purple flowers, the little purple flowers, are his eyes, looking at us. We kiss them and kneel alone on the flat, rejoicing over them. And the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for him, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as a rose.

If ever in our tearful, joyful ecstasy the poor sleepy, half dead devil should raise his head, we laugh at him. It is not his hour now.

"If there should be a hell, after all?" he mutters. "If your God should be cruel! If there should be no God! If you should find out it is all imagination! If"—

We laugh at him. When a man sits in the warm sunshine, do you ask him for proof of it? He feels; that is all. And we feel; that is all. We want no proof of our God. We feel, we feel!

We do not believe in our God because the Bible tells us of him. We believe in the Bible because he tells us of it. We feel him, we feel him, we feel; that is all. And the poor half swamped devil mutters:

"But if the day should come when you do not feel?"—

And we laugh and cry him down.

"It will never come—never!" And the poor devil slinks to sleep again with his tail between his legs. Fierce assertion many times repeated is hard to stand against. Only time separates the truth from the lie. So we dream on.

One day we go with our father to town, to church. The townspeople rustle in their silks and the men in their sleek cloth and settle themselves in their pews, and the light shines in through the windows on the artificial flowers in the women's bonnets. We have the same miserable feeling that we have in a shop where all the clerks are very smart. We wish our father hadn't brought us to town and we were out on the "karroo." Then the man in the pulpit begins to preach. His text is, "He that believeth not shall be damned."

The day before the magistrate's clerk, who was an atheist, has died in the street, struck by lightning.

The man in the pulpit mentions no name, but he talks of "the hand of God made visible among us." He tells us how, when the white stroke fell, quivering and naked, the soul fled, robbed of his earthly filament, and lay at the footstool of God; how over its head has been poured out the wrath of the Mighty One, whose existence it has denied, and, quivering and terrified, it has fled to the everlasting shade.

We, as we listen, half start up. Every drop of blood in our body has rushed to our head. He lies, he lies, he lies! That man in the pulpit lies! Will no one stop him? Have none of them heard, do none of them know, that when the poor dark soul shut its eyes on earth it opened them in the still light of heaven; that there is no wrath where God's face is; that if one could once creep to the footstool of God there is everlasting peace there, like the fresh stillness of the early morning? While the atheist lay wondering and afraid God bent down and said: "My child, here I am—I, whom you have not known; I, whom you have not believed in. I am here. I sent my messenger, the white sheet lightning, to call you home. I am here."

Then the poor soul turned to the light. Its weakness and pain were gone forever.

Have they not known, have they not heard, who it is rules?

"For a little moment have I hidden my face from thee, but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy upon thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer."

We mutter on to ourselves till some one pulls us violently by the arm to remind us we are in church. We see nothing but our own ideas.

Presently every one turns to pray. There are 600 souls lifting themselves to the Everlasting Light.

Behind us sit two pretty ladies. One hands her scent bottle softly to the other, and a mother pulls down her little girl's frock. One lady drops her handkerchief. A gentleman picks it up. She blushes. The women in the choir turn softly the leaves of their tunebooks to be ready when the praying is done. It is as though they thought more of the singing than the Everlasting Father. Oh, would it not be more worship of him to sit alone in the "karroo" and kiss one little purple flower that he had made? Is it not mockery? Then the thought comes, "What doest thou here, Elijah?" We who judge—what are we better than they? Rather worse. Is it any excuse to say, "I am but a child and must come?" Does God allow any soul to step in between the spirit he made and himself? What do we there in that place where all the words are lies against the All Father? Filled with horror, we turn and flee out of the place. On the pavement we smite our foot and swear in our child's soul never again to enter those places where men come to sing and pray. We are questioned afterward. Why was it we went out of the church?

How can we explain? We stand silent. Then we are pressed further, and we try to tell. Then a head is shaken solemnly at us. No one can think it wrong to go to the house of the Lord. It is the idle excuse of a wicked boy. When will we think seriously of our souls and love going to church? We are wicked, very wicked. And we—we slink away and go alone to cry. Will it be always so? Whether we hate and doubt or whether we believe and love, to our dearest are we to seem always wicked?

We do not yet know that in the soul's search for truth the bitterness lies here—the striving cannot always hide itself among the thoughts. Sooner or later it will clothe itself in outward action. Then it steps in and divides between the soul and what it loves. All things on earth have their price, and for truth we pay the dearest. We barter it for love and sympathy. The road to honor is paved with thorns, but on the path to truth, at every step you set your foot down on your own heart.

VI.

Then at last a new time—the time of waking, short, sharp and not pleasant, as wakings often are.

Sleep and dreams exist on this condition—that no one wake the dreamer.

And now life takes us up between her finger and thumb, shakes us furiously till our poor nodding head is well nigh rolled from our shoulders, and she sets us down a little hardly on the bare earth, bruised and sore, but preternaturally wide awake.

We have said in our days of dreaming: "Injustice and wrong are a seeming. Pain is a shadow. Our God, he is real, he who made all things, and he only is love."

Now life takes us by the neck and shows us a few other things—newmade graves with the red sand flying about them, eyes that we love with the worms eating them, evil men walking sleek and fat, the whole terrible hurly burly of the thing called life—and she says, "What do you think of these?" We dare not say "Nothing." We feel them. They are very real. But we try to lay our hands about and feel that other thing we felt before. In the dark night in the fuel room we cry to our beautiful dream god: "Oh, let us come near you and lay our head against your feet. Now in our hour of need be near us." But he is not there. He is gone away. The old questioning devil is there.

We must have been awakened sooner or later. The imagination cannot always triumph over reality, the desire over truth. We must have been awakened. If it was done a little sharply, what matter? It was done thoroughly, and it had to be done.

VII.

And a new life begins for us, a new time, a life as cold as that of a man who sits on the pinnacle of an iceberg and sees the glittering crystals all about him. The old looks indeed like a long, hot delirium, peopled with phantasies. The new is cold enough.

Now we have no God. We have had two—the old God that our fathers handed down to us, that we hated and never liked; the new One that we made for ourselves, that we loved. But now he has flitted away from us, and we see what he was made of—the shadow of our highest ideal, crowned and throned. Now we have no God.

"The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God." It may be so. Most things said or written have been the work of fools.

This thing is certain—he is a fool who says, "No man hath said in his heart, There is no God."

It has been said many thousand times in hearts with profound bitterness of earnest faith.

We do not cry and weep. We sit down with cold eyes and look at the world. We are not miserable. Why should we be? We eat and drink and sleep all night, but the dead are not colder.

And we say it slowly, but without sighing: "Yes; we see it now. There is no God."

And, we add, growing a little colder yet: "There is no justice. The ox dies in the yoke beneath its master's whip. It turns its anguish filled eyes on the sunlight, but there is no sign of recompense to be made it. The black man is shot like a dog, and it goes well with the shooter. The innocent are accused, and the accuser triumphs. If you will take the trouble to scratch the surface anywhere, you will see under the skin a sentient being writhing in impotent anguish."

And, we say further, and our heart is as the heart of the dead for coldness: "There is no order. All things are driven about by a blind chance."

What a soul drinks in with its mother's milk will not leave it in a day. From our earliest hour we have been taught that the thought of the heart, the shaping of the raincloud, the amount of wool that grows on a sheep's back, the length of a draft and the growing of the corn depend on nothing that moves immutable, at the heart of all things; but on the changeable will of a changeable being whom our prayers can alter. To us, from the beginning, nature has been but a poor, plastic thing, to be toyed with this way or that, as man happens to please his deity or not, to go to church or not, to say his prayers right or not, to travel on a Sunday or not. Was it possible for us in an instant to see nature as she is—the flowing vestment of an unchanging reality? When a soul breaks free from the arms of a superstition, bits of the claws and talons break themselves off in him. It is not the work of a day to squeeze them out.

And so, for us, the humanlike driver and guide being gone, all existence, as we look out at it with our chilled, wondering eyes, is an aimless rise and swell of shifting waters. In all that weltering chaos we can see no spot so large as a man's hand on which we may plant our foot.

Whether a man believes in a humanlike God or no is a small thing. Whether he looks into the mental and physical world and sees no relation between cause and effect, no order but a blind chance sporting, this is the mightiest fact that can be recorded in any spiritual existence. It were almost a mercy to cut his throat, if indeed he does not do it for himself.

We, however, do not cut our throats. To do so would imply some desire and feeling, and we have no desire and no feeling. We are only cold. We do not wish to live, and we do not wish to die. One day a snake curls itself round the waist of a Kaffir woman. We take it in our hand, swing it round and round and fling it on the ground—dead. Every one looks at us with eyes of admiration. We almost laugh. Is it wonderful to risk that for which we care nothing?

In truth, nothing matters. This dirty little world full of confusion, and the blue rag stretched overhead for a sky is so low we could touch it with our hand.

Existence is a great pot, and the old fate who stirs it round cares nothing what rises to the top and what goes down and laughs when the bubbles burst. And we do not care. Let it boil about. Why should we trouble ourselves? Nevertheless the physical sensations are real. Hunger hurts, and thirst; therefore we eat and drink. Inaction pains us; therefore we work like galley slaves. No one demands it, but we set ourselves to build a great dam in red sand beyond the graves.

In the gray dawn before the sheep are let out we work at it. All day, while the young ostriches we tend feed about us, we work on through the fiercest heat. The people wonder what new spirit has seized us now. They do not know we are working for life. We bear the greatest stones and feel a satisfaction when we stagger under them and are hurt by a pang that shoots through our chest. While we eat our dinner we carry on baskets full of earth, as though the devil drove us. The Kaffir servants have a story that at night a witch and two white oxen come to help us. No wall, they say, could grow so quickly under one man's hands.

At night, alone in our cabin, we sit no more brooding over the fire. What should we think of now? All is emptiness. So we take the old arithmetic, and the multiplication table, which with so much pains we learned long ago and forgot directly, we learn now in a few hours and never forget again. We take a strange satisfaction in working arithmetical problems. We pause in our building to cover the stones with figures and calculations. We save money for a Latin grammar and an algebra and carry them about in our pockets, poring over them as over our Bible of old. We have thought we were utterly stupid, incapable of remembering anything, of learning anything. Now we find that all is easy. Has a new soul crept into this old body, that even our intellectual faculties are changed? We marvel, not perceiving that what a man expends in prayer and ecstasy he cannot have over for acquiring knowledge. You never shed a tear or create a beautiful image or quiver with emotion but you pay for it at the practical, calculating end of your nature. You have just so much force. When the one channel runs over, the other runs dry.

And now we turn to Nature. All these years we have lived beside her, and we have never seen her. Now we open our eyes and look at her.

The rocks have been to us a blur of brown. We bend over them, and the disorganized masses dissolve into a many colored, many shaped, carefully arranged form of existence, here masses of rainbow tinted crystals half fused together, there bands of smooth gray and red methodically overlying each other. This rock here is covered with a delicate silver tracery, in some mineral resembling leaves and branches. There on the flat stone, on which we so often have sat to weep and pray, we look down and see it covered with the fossil footprints of great birds and the beautiful skeleton of a fish. We have often tried to picture in our mind what the fossiled remains of creatures must be like, and all the while we sat on them. We have been so blinded by thinking and feeling that we have never seen the world.

The flat plain has been to us a reach of monotonous red. We look at it, and every handful of sand starts into life. That wonderful people, the ants, we learn to know; see them make war and peace, play and work, and build their huge palaces. And that smaller people we make acquaintance with who live in the flowers. The bitto flower has been for us a mere blur of yellow. We find its heart composed of a hundred perfect flowers, the homes of the tiny black people with red stripes, who move in and out in that little yellow city. Every bloom has its inhabitant. Every day the "karroo" shows us a new wonder sleeping in its teeming bosom. On our way to work we pause and stand to see the ground spider make its trap, bury itself in the sand and then wait for the falling in of its enemy. Farther on walks a horned beetle, and near him starts open the door of a spider, who peeps out carefully and quickly pulls it down again. On a "karroo" bush a green fly is laying her silver eggs. We carry them home and see the shells pierced, the spotted grub come out, turn to a green fly and flit away.

We are not satisfied with what Nature shows us and I will see something for ourselves. Under the white hen we put a dozen eggs and break one daily to see the white spot wax into the chicken. We are not excited or enthusiastic about it. But a man is not to lay his throat open. He must think of something. So we plant seeds in rows on our dam wall and pull one up daily to see how it goes with them. Alladeen buried her wonderful stone, and a golden palace sprang up at her feet. We do far more. We put a brown seed in the earth, and a living thing starts out—starts upward—why, no more than Alladeen can we say—starts upward, and does not desist till it is higher than our heads, sparkling with dew in the early morning, glittering with yellow blossoms, shaking brown seeds with little embryo souls on to the ground. We look at it solemnly from the time it consists of two leaves peeping above the ground and a soft white root till we have to raise our faces to look at it, but we find no reason for that upward starting.

We look into the dead ducks and lambs. In the evening we carry them home, spread newspapers on the floor and lie working with them till midnight. With a startled feeling near akin to ecstasy we open the lump of flesh called a heart and find little doors and strings inside. We feel them and put the heart away, but every now and then return to look and to feel them again. Why we like them so we can hardly tell.

A gander drowns itself in our dam. We take it out and open it on the bank and kneel, looking at it. Above are the organs divided by delicate tissues; below are the intestines artistically curved in spiral form and each tier covered by a delicate network of blood vessels standing out red against the faint blue background. Each branch of the blood vessels is comprised of a trunk, bifurcating and rebifurcating into the most delicate hairlike threads, symmetrically arranged. We are struck with its singular beauty. And, moreover (and here we drop from our kneeling into a sitting posture), this also we remark—of that same exact shape and outline is our thorn tree seen against the sky in midwinter; of that shape also is delicate metallic tracery between our rocks; in that exact path does our water flow when without a furrow we lead it from the dam; so shaped are the antlers of the horned beetle. How are these things related that such deep union should exist between them all? Is it chance, or are they not all the fine branches of one trunk, whose sap flows through us all? That would explain it. We nod over the gander's inside.

This thing we call existence, is it not a something which has its roots far down below in the dark and its branches stretching out into the immensity above which we among the branches cannot see? Not a chance jumble, a living thing, a One. The thought gives us intense satisfaction. We cannot tell why.

We nod over the gander, then start up suddenly, look into the blue sky, throw the dead gander and the refuse into the dam and go to work again.

And so it comes to pass in time that the earth ceases for us to be a weltering chaos. We walk in the great hall of life, looking up and round reverentially. Nothing is despicable; all is meaning full. Nothing is small; all is part of a whole whose beginning and end we know not. The life that throbs in us is a pulsation from it, too mighty for our comprehension, not too small.

And so it comes to pass at last that, whereas the sky was at first a small blue rag stretched out over us and so low that our hands might touch it, pressing down on us, it raises itself into an immeasurable blue arch over our heads, and we begin to live again.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

That Seems to Be the Proper Caper on English Railways.

"No American can ever travel on the railways of England in comfort," said the New Yorker, who had crossed the Atlantic a score of times. "In the first place you've got to play hog if you get a compartment by yourself, and in the next it's an even question whether you get your baggage at the end of your journey. Everything is piled upon the platform, and every passenger must pick out his own. If you are two minutes late, there is nothing to prevent somebody claiming your baggage. I never arrived at a terminus without witnessing a big row between passengers, and I never talked with a fellow passenger who had not lost trunk or satchel at some time or other. In three months of traveling about I saw my trunk claimed by others at least 20 times for assaulting the porters. This 'assault' consisted solely in abusing the railroad companies about the baggage system. I finally got so mad about the thing that I spent two days in securing an interview with a railway magnate at his office in London. I straightway asked him if he had never heard of a baggage check.

"'I have, sir,' he replied.

"'Don't you think it a good system?'

"'I do, sir.'

"'Then why don't you adopt it?'

"'Because it's a Yankee idea, sir!'

"I told him it was also a Yankee idea to eat oysters and asked him why he followed suit, and he was as serious as a judge as he replied:

"'Oh, but that's different, you know. You Yankees swallow your oysters whole, while we always halve and sometimes quarter them!'"—Exchange.

A Blind Man's Calculation.

When Gauss became blind, his only amusement consisted in making calculations of a curious and somewhat peculiar nature. These sometimes lasted for days. When more than 80 years old, Gauss computed the amount to which $1 would grow if compounded annually at 4 per cent interest from the time of Adam to the present, assuming this to be 6,000 years. This, if in gold, would make a cubic mass so large that it would take a ray of light traveling almost 2,000 miles a second more than 1,000,000,000 years to journey alongside of it. This mental computation is so startling as to be almost beyond belief, yet the conclusions of this eminent mathematician are correct.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"Poor Excuse," Etc.

"That Slims is the most resourceful fellow you ever saw. His girl has a pretty cousin stopping with her, and he told his particular that he had hired an orchestra to serenade them Thursday night. As he had done nothing of the kind and forgot all about it, and as she had made arrangements to treat the serenaders, Slims caught it hot and heavy when he next called. How do you suppose the rascal squared himself?"

"Haven't the slightest idea."

"Told the girl that the orchestra struck on him because she sang in church and didn't belong to the union."—Detroit Free Press.

THE TRIALS OF JERE TATE.

Now there was Jeremiah Tate,
Whose lot was one to commiserate.
In politics 'twas ever his fate
To root for the losing candidate,
Whenever he tried to speculate
He held the sack, and he paid the freight.
At trains he was always a minute late,
If he went a fishing he lost his bait,
If asked to a play he forgot the date,
His clothes wore out at a terrible rate,
He never could get his necktie straight,
He forgot his taxes to liquidate
Till the cost took all his small estate,
Thieves carried away his silver plate,
He trusted friends who proved ingrate,
And they broke up Jeremiah Tate.

When he fell in love, he was always crossed,
And the horse he bet on always lost.
By his bedroom window every night
The neighborhood cats all met to fight.
If moved to take a spin on the pike,
Some thief would be sure to steal his bike.
Boils came on his neck twice every year,
And he lost his hearing in one ear.
Thus more and more unfortunate
Became poor Jeremiah Tate.

Weary at last of the ceaseless strife
He resolved to end his wretched life.

It was dark and cold, but forth he went,
His way to a jutting pier he bent.
No farewell speech he paused to make,
But plunged head foremost in the lake—
Or on the lake—'twas covered o'er
With ice twelve inches thick or more.
His head was tough, yet ice is tougher,
But his wool cap acted as a buffer.
A watchful "copper" had seen him jump,
Had heard him strike the ice, ker-thump.
He followed him, climbed down, and then
He lugged him up to the shore again.
No serious injury was found,
And the meddling doctors brought him round.

And so, though sorely against his will,
He's living and up against it still,
The sport of an unrelenting fate,
The same old Jeremiah Tate.

—Chicago Tribune.

PARTS OF THE BODY.

MODELS THAT ARE USED IN THE STUDY OF ANATOMY.

They Are Taken From Subjects in the Morgues and Hospitals of Paris and Are Colored Exactly to Represent Nature.

In the window of an oculist up town is a display which is grewsomely fascinating. It is composed of papier mache representations of parts and organs of the human body, colored similar to nature. Some are life size, such as a pair of lungs and a stomach, but others, an eye and an ear for instance, are large enough to have belonged to the giant who was knocked out by Jack. A weird model of a head demonstrates unpleasantly how you would look if your skin were peeled off your face. Every vein and nerve and muscle is carefully outlined and colored. A figure displaying the entire interior of a torso, colored to represent nature, shows us that all sorts of tints go to make us up inside. One is apt to think of oneself as being of one harmonious red interiorly, but this is all wrong, it appears.

Studying these figures sets one wondering where they come from and who models them. It would be an occupation congenial to few, one would suppose. A gentleman who came to the door for a moment courteously answered a lot of questions asked by an inquisitive person.

"These models," said he, "are all made in Germany and France. There are none made in this country. Yes, the manufacturer's assistants make their originals in clay, working directly from subjects obtained in hospitals and morgues. Azou of Paris is the largest manufacturer of this line of goods. They make models of sections of animals also. For instance, we now have an order for a deer. Come inside and let me show you more of the things." A glass case in the rear of the store was filled with all sorts of parts of all sorts of animals, human and otherwise.

"Isn't this a beautiful heart?" said he enthusiastically, exhibiting a life size organ of papier mache, divided up into little hinged parts and colored red and tan and pink and blue.

"It sells for $9. A little throat, similarly colored and divided,