### A HOT RACE FOR LIFE.

Close Call of the Daltons, Pursued by a Posse of One Hundred.

START ON A LAWLESS CAREER.

Cutting Wire Fences on the Run While Under a fattling Fire.

#### AN INDIAN TERRITORY RANCHER'S TALE

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 11. - Burrie Cox, a ran chman of Tulsa, I. T., and who, by the way, 18 one-eighth Creek Indian in his own right, was in St. Louis yesterday. He guarded 17 carloads of cattle into the city, and left again for the land of bucking ponies and dirty blankets by an evening train. Burrie is a six-footer, broad of shoulder and rather lank of build, bronze-cheeked and sharpeyed. He can shoot as quick as the next man, and, as he terms it, "a heap sight straighter 'n most." He talks very fluently about his wild life, and not the least interesting of his experiences has been his acquaintance with the Dalton boys, Grant, Bob and Emmet, whose names are now veritable terrors to railroad officials. Burrie knows probably as near as any who are not members of the "Dalton gang," the true inwardness of many of their feats that have been distorted or belittled by deputy marshals and express messengers.

"I was brought up right alongside of the Daltons," said Burrie, "and for a good, decent lot of fellows, they were as way up as the next. They were drove, simply drove, into stealing and robbing, but they've always treated me square. Soon after they got to going, they wrote to me and said: 'You ain't got any express cars to rob. We'll let you alone, Burrie, and we want you to let us alone.' I said it was a go, and since that time I haven't lifted a hand to harm them. Anyhow, what good would it do me? I might go out and ketch them, and then I might go out and ketch a heap of cold lead in my stomach, and my little wite would be a widow, my kids orphans and my ranch an orphan asylum.

Nine of the Dalton Boys, "There were nine brothers of the Dal-tons, and Cole he moved out to California early, near Fresno. Charles B. Dalton moved to Kingfisher, Okla., and went farming there, and Frank was a United States deputy marshal, and got killed near Fort Smith, Ark., while trying to make an ar-rest. But Bob and Grant and Emmet, they're the ones the country's talking about. Grant held a commission under Deputy Marshall Carroll at Fort Smith and Bob one under the Fort Smith court also. He afterward went to the Osage Agency as a deputy marshal, and while there got aca deputy marshal, and while there got accused of selling whisky. This means the penitentiary if convicted, you know. Emmet was with Bob then, and there was a writ issued against them both, charging the offense. Bob went to Wichita, where he had to answer for it and gave himself up. He was there bound over without evidence, and Alf Houts and Cyrus Reardon went his bond for \$1,000. You can guess this made the brothers, and especially Bob, pretty blamed mad. It was then, and not till then, that they started out as law-breakers. They went out and stole a bunch breakers. They went out and stole a bunch of 30 horses and drove them to Baxter

Springs, where they were sold. A man named Scott bought the horses, and they then stole another bunch. They wanted the money to beat that case at Wichita.

There was fun on hand when the boys rode to Baxter Springs, Kan, with that second lot of year. second lot of nags. The owners of the first bunch were there getting back their borses. Bob and Emmet and a Creek Indian drove their second lot to Baxter bold as you please, and Bob went in to see if the way was clear. As he approached the depot he met a young man, who said, "are you the fellow that lost the horses up in the Territory, and are up here after them?"

"Bob says 'yes,' and rides back to Emmet and the Creek. 'They're dead on to us,' he remarked riding down toward them, 'and it's about time we was getting out of here.' "Clem Rogers, a Cherokee, who lost some of the first bunch of horses and was in town hunting for them, drove down past the three of them and nailed 'em for what they were. Looking up the street, the two brothers and the Creek saw the men of the place rushing into the hardware store after guns. The chase was on. Grabbing the best horses in their string, Bob, Emmet and the Creek lit out. About a mile out of Baxter Springs the Daltons left the main road and followed a little branch toward the houndary of the Nation. When the A PITTSBURGER'S UNIQUE WORLD'S FAIR SCHEME.



rocker at home.

The baskets will be beautifully upholstered and contain opera glasses, a sliding table and other comforts for the benefit of the sightseers. There will be 44 spokes in this monster wheel, and each one will be handsomely decorated with the coat of arms representing the 44 states. The enocker at home.

W. H. Wachter, of this city, has designed a giant "Observation Wheel" that befits a World's Fair. The wheel will be 230 feet high and revolve between two powerfull steel trussed towers 115 feet from the ground. It will be the highest seat of observation on the grounds, except the proposed Columbian tower. It will be of double strength. There will be 28 cars swinging easily upon short horizontal pivots in the upper center of each car, so that no matter in what position the wheel, the passenger will rest as easy as in the old rocker at home.

It will be of this city, has designed a giant "Observation Wheel" that he discovered in bright, fancy colors and in gold and silver bronze. There will be compartments en suite a la Americaine, Great Britain, Germany, France, Austria, China, etc., and the whole surmounted with flags of all nations. The carrying capacity of the wheel will be 280 and unloading, including several revolutions, will be 15 minutes, providing for about 1,000 persons per hour. In eight hours per day, 8,000 people at 25 cents per capita can be carried. The plant will cost \$24,000, will be entirely of steel and will be run by electricity. There will be four stations to load and unload at the same instant. The foundations will be 18

square and fenced in with wire for pastures for small herds. So they had to cut wire. Of course, they had clippers for the purpose, but it was terrible with the gang running them in plain sight. In cutting the fences Bob and Emmet did not go straight through or they'd have never gone a mile. They went through one fence, then skirted it for half a mile and would then cut through the next further on, thus making a zig-za course through the little then skirted it for hair a mile and would then cut through the next further on, thus making a zig-zaz course through the little squares of fencing, and thus making their pursuers cut fences too. If they had blundered through in a straight line in plain sight of the posse they'd have been caught and shot in no time. In that ride the Daltons cut 19 fences and only rode a distance of two miles by the crow. Before they got through their zig-zaging Scott, the purchaser of the first bunch of horses, who knew the country, made a circuit of the land to head the boys off. As they were getting through the last fence the Creek yelled: 'There comes a man.'

"Bob drew a bead on Scott and hollered: 'Come up.' Scott came. 'What do you

'Come np.' Scott came. 'What do you want?' 'I'm hunting horses that ran away.' 'Then run off and find 'em.' Scott didn't stop to say goodby.

The Last of the Creek

"The posse of 100 men was not very far off now, and in their chase the Daltons had to now, and in their chase the Daltons had to run through a field crowded with hay-makers. The haymakers made for them with their pitchforks, but as soon as Bob shot into the ground, by way of reminder what he could do, the laborers skedaddled. By this time the horses began to peg out. The Creek's horse was the worst, and broke down. The Indian then wanted to get up behind Emmet, but Em told him to wait till they got through the cornfield. The last they got through the cornfield. The last road and followed a little branch toward the boundary of the Nation. When they got to the line they found that the country was divided up into little fields ten acres with their tired horses they met a fellow

riding a good nag and leading a gray mare. The Daltons proposed a trade, but the boy didn't want to change. The sight of Bob's gun under his nose changed his mind and the trade was made. It took time, though, and by noon the gang was within 300 yards. The gray mare was fractious and threw Emmet before he had gone ten rods. He got on again and they gone ten rods. He got on again and they crossed a branch with the posse howling close behind them. On the other side of the branch the boys separated, and most of the posse followed Emmet. As he had a fresh horse, as well as Bob, they easily distanced their pursuers; but, in the trouble with the skittish mare, Emmet lost his saddle. They met again and came to a sorrel mare with a mule colt. Bob thought the mare better than his mount and changed. mare with a mule coit. Bob thought the mare better than his mount and changed. The sight of the mule colt following on behind its mother and braying pitifully when it began to get tired would have been very ludicrous to any one not so deeply interested in the game as the Daltons. Then they met a fellow astride af a poor horse, who had a decent saddle. They offered to buy the saddle from him and he agreed to sell for \$12. Emmet put it on his horse. sell for \$12. Emmet put it on his horse. leaped into it and was off before the country

gawk could gather his wits.

"After getting clear away the boys, Bob and Emmet, realized that they could not stay in the country, and put out for California. Houte and Reardon, who went on Bob's bond, had to pay it. Grant also went to California after he was released from jail. They were located near Fresno, on Cole's farm. "The latest news of the Daltons now is

they are expected to rob a train at Fort Smith. Deputy Marshal F. J. Dodge, with a posse, is down there looking for them, but it will be a very cold day when they are caught by that delegation."

DE WITT'S Little Early Risers, No griping no pain, no nausea: easy pill to take.

BORROWED A GRADE.

Application for an Injunction Upon the Sugar Run Railroad.

CHARGES OF COLLUSION MADE.

Siemens Brothers' Tank Process Patent

Declared Invalid. THE NEWS OF THE COUNTY COURTS

The application of C. Weidenfeld, for a preliminary injunction against the Sugar Run Railroad was reargued yesterday before Judge Acheson in the United States Circuit Court. Judge Buffington also sat on the bench, and his counsel will be taken by Judge Acheson in arriving at a decision.

Weidenfeld applied for a preliminary injunction last December, and Judge Reed granted it on January 7. The lawyers for the railroad company claimed that they did not have an opportunity to present their case, and they asked for a reargument. Their application was granted and the reargument took place yesterday afternoon. Weidenfeld was represented by C. W. Artz, of New York, and the railroad company by John Ormerod and A. C. Dornan, of Cowdersport, Pa.

The projected line of the Sugar Run Railroad runs from Sugar Run junction, on the Allegheny and Kinzua Railroad, in McKean county, in a southwesterly direction, to Sugar Run station on the Western New York and Pennsylvania Railroad. The road is intended to reach heavy timber in the Sugar Run Valley. Its chief promoters are A. Healy & Son, a large tanning firm of New York City, who have bought the bark on the timber lands of S. S. Bullis.

Want to Reach Their Bark. Ten thousand cords of this bark are piled up ready for transportation as soon as Mr. Weidenfeld and the courts will be kind enough to allow the Healys to build their road. Bullis is a heavy lumber dealer of Olean, N. Y., who recently became insolvent. He is President of the Allegheny and Kinzua Railroad and he and a man named Barse, of Buffalo, own a majority of the stock. It was the building of this road that swamped Bullia.

Weidenfeld, who is a New York stockholder in the Allegheny and Kinzua, alleges in his complaint that the Sugar Run Railroad Company has seized illegally a part of the grade and right of way of the Allegheny and Kinzus, and that this seizure was made through the collusion of Bullis. It is charged that the latter, knowing his own road to be insolvent and unable to complete its line, persuaded the Healys to come in and build the road up Sugar Creek Valley in order that Bullis might make a good thing privately out of his bark contract with Healy. Only about two miles of the road were built when Mr. Weidenfeld thrust a stick through the wheels. The Allegheny and Kinzua Company bought the right of way some years ago, and Bullis has the deeds in his possession.

Bradford Merchants Want the Boad, The attorneys for the defendant company resterday presented to the court a dozen affidavits from citizens of Bradford, members of the Board of Trade and City Councils, that the building of the road would be a public benefit, would open up a valuable lumber district, would help to develop Western McKean county, and would largely increase the trade of Bradford. The defendants' lawyers maintained that the projected road was a public concern, and that

the Sugar Run Railroad was a private affair, and had no right to seize or condemn land as right of way. No testimony was taken, as that will be in order when the Court proceeds to pass on the question of granting a permanent injunction. The Judge took the papers in the case and will render a decision in a few days.

Objects to the Assessment,

E. P. Jones filed exceptions yesterday to the report of the Board of Viewers appointed to assess damages for the Twentyeighth street sewer between Jones avenue and the Allegheny river. Mr. Jones claims the act under which the improvement was made is unconstitutional; that the work has been completed without due authority of law and that the amount assessed exceeds the benefits resulting from the said im-

THE TANK PATENT INVALID. Judge Buffington Renders a Decision Im-portant to Glass Manufacturers.

Judge Buffington yesterday rendered a decision in the patent suit by the executors of Frederick Siemens, of Dresden, Saxony, against the Chambers & McKee Glass Company. The Court held that the defendants have a right to use the deep tank in the have a right to use the deep tank in the manufacture of glass. The suit was brought to prevent the defendants from using a continuous glass melting tank more than 18 inches deep. The Court says that the tendency of the glass trade has been toward the use of tank furnaces, fed at one end and worked at the other. On November 22, 1879, the Siemens brothers secured a patent for a tank of a depth sufficient to allow the formation below the upper fluid metal of a layer of metal in a semi-fluid and partially solid condition. The Court says: condition. The Court says:

condition. The Court says:

Our conclusions, briefly stated, are that the fluid layer and its functions in a continuously worked deep tank were well known before the patent was granted. That at the time the gravital action of the glass and the reaction taking place during the movements were known, and no hitherto unknown and now known movements, sctions or process in the melting of glass were disclosed in this patent in suit. In view of the state of the art at the date of the patent, the claim granted was not patentable and the letters patent are invalid.

Several Large Executions Issued. The following executions were issued yesterday: Thomas Liggett, assignee of the Dollars Savings Bank, which was assignee of John Kelly, vs D. W. C. Carroll & Co., the boiler manufacturers, \$5,588; Max Veit & Co. vs Charles Italic, \$1,496 54; A. L.

Large, trustee for use of Joseph Payne, administrator of the late William Payne, vs John R. and John F. Large, \$2,470 75; Anton Hilz vs Jacob Mende, \$1,015 48. Became Insane in the Workhouse. Judge McClung made an order yesterday to remove Mary Long from the county workhouse to the insane department of the City Farm. The woman had been committed for 60 days by Magistrate Succep, of the Southside. She was one of the best known women to the Southside police, having been arrested and sent to the workhouse every few months for several years past for drunkenness.

Thrown Under the Street Sprinkler. John W. Drummond entered a suit for \$3,000 damages against the Pittsburg Traction Company yesterday. Drummond was employed by the city as the driver of a street sprinkler and alleges that on July 13 he was struck by a cable car on Fifth avenue, between Grant and Smithfield streets. His wagon was upset and he was severely injured and bruised by falling under the

Judgments on Three Notes,

Knox & Reed, attorneys for the executors of James Neel, filed judgments yester-day against Philip Zenn on three notes given June 9, 10 and 11 respectively, for a total of \$7,401 22.

NEARLY every household uses a stimulant of some kind. None better known or more highly recommended than Klein's "Silver Age" and Duquesne Bye whiskies. Physicians of high standing have vouched for the truth of this over their signatures. These testimonials are shown in Max Klein's window, Federal street, Allegheny. Send to him for catalogue and price list of all kinds of liquors.

TO-DAY AND SATURDAY, Positively the Last Two Days of Our Great

Fire Sate-P. C. C. C., Clothiers.

Western Mekean county, and would largely increase the trade of Bradford. The defendants' lawyers maintained that the projected road was a public concern, and that it had a right to condemn property and exercise the right of eminent domain. It was also contended that the Allegheny and Kinzua Company had allowed its right of way to lapse. The charges of collusion between Bullis and the Healys were denied. The complainant's counsel held that the Sugar Run Railroad was a private the Sugar Run Railroad was a private the same heavy reductions on all men's suits men's overcoats, men's overcoats, men's suits are men's units for suits and the same heavy reductions on all men's suits men's overcoats, men's overcoats, men's overcoats, men's suits men's overcoats, men's overcoats, men's overcoats, men's suits are men's units for suits for su suits, men's overcoats, men's ulsters, men' and boys' pants, boys' suits, and hats and furnishing goods. Last two days. Com-

P. C. C. C. Clothiers, corner Grant and



with six boxes, when purchased at one time, to refund the \$6 if not cured, issued by KMIL G. STUCKY, Drugrist, Wholesale and Retail Agent, Nos. 2401 and 1701 Penn ave., corner Wylle ave. and Fulton st. Pittsburg, Pa. Use Stucky's Diarrhon & Cramp Cure, 25 and 50 cts. jai-62-cod

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* PECK'S BAD BOY.



SOME drops are not as pleasant as others. The drop in the price of our Home-Made Clothing will be much appreciated by our customers, especially this week. In order to make room for the immense stock of fall-clothing we are making we are compelled to clear out every vestige of spring or summer goods left in our building. To do this no sacrifice is too great. We need and must have room. so prices cut no figure. Excellent suits go at \$8; handsome suits at \$10; elegant, stylish suits at \$12. In pants you want to see the thousands Worth of fine pants that go at \$2.25 \$2.75 and \$3. Nothing reserved; all must go.

954 AND 956 LIBERTY ST.

PARROTS, \$5

A lot which we guarantee to learn to

Also young mocking birds, \$3 each. ESPICH'S BIRD STORF

Late **Buyers** 

NEW ADVET ISEMENTS.

Fare pretty well at these stores. To get reliable and desirable goods at way-off prices compensates one for being tardy.

# Special August Offerings

Ladies' Ribbed Vests at 121/20 and 15c; better grades at 24c, 25c, 30c and 38c; all exceptional values. Ladies' Ribbed Silk Finished Swiss Vests at 48c, formerly 62c. Ladies' Silk and Lisle Vests at

50c, formerly 75c. Ladies' Silk Vests, 75c, all sizes,

formerly \$1. Ladies' Lisle Union Suits, knee length, low neck, no sleeves, the \$1.25 quality now at \$1; the \$2 quality at \$1.50.

Ladies' Black Lisle Equestrian Tights now 90c, were \$1.25. Ladies' Striped Wash Skirts.

straight shirred ruffle, good value at 75c and 85c. Ladies' Black Sateen Skirts,

shirred ruffle, at 62c. Ladies' Black Sateen Skirts, plaited ruffle, now 68c.

Looking After.

Big bargains are offered in reliable, well-made MUSLIN UNDERWEAR, GOWNS, DRAWERS, SKIRTS, CORSET COVERS, SHORT UNDER SKIRTS, CHEMISES, Silk and Muslin SKIRT CHEMISES. Our lines still large and prices are exceedingly reasonable. We never advertise Muslin Wear at ridiculous prices. Good goods recesses certain lous prices. Good goods possess a certain value, and its money wasted to buy trash.



510, 512, 514, 516, 518 Market St.

E'D rather take \$5 to \$10 less for our Made-to-Measure Suits than to carry them to next year. You'll find \$20 and \$25 Suits better value than ever. Same can be said of the \$5, \$6 and \$7 Trousers-several dollars reduced.

## WANAMAKER & BROWN,

ANDERSON BLOCK

## AN UNLUCKY SHOT.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH BY

JOHN SAUNDERS

Author of "Abel Drake's Wife," "The Tempter Behind," "Robbing Peter to Pay Paul," "The Ambitious Widow," Etc., Etc.,

CHAPTER I.

It had been an unusually dry summer. The thirsty earth, parched through waiting for the long delayed rain, had, as though hopeless of absorbing sufficient nutriment through her pores, opened and split into deep ruts, ready like so many open mouths to catch the sorely needed moisture.

Farmers were loud in their complaints, papers wrote dismally relative to the approaching crops, and prayers for rain had been offered in most of the churches.

The cloudless sky which morning after morning met the eager inquiry of the farmers, and nightly gave promise of as fair a day succeeding, strengthened the impression already prevalent, that under existing circumstances their crops suffered rather than gained by their being left longer

standing. A few, therefore, of the farmers in and around the little village of High Leighton, if such scattered homesteads deserved the title of vilinge, had commenced cutting their corn and were already busy harvest-

The men at Perrat's farm were giving over work for the night as their master with his two sons entered the comfortable kitchen parlor, where a substantial supper was spread, and where Elizabeth Perrat, wife

and mother, sat with her work at the open door awaiting the return of her men folk. "Luke," she said, addressing the elder son, who beside his father and his stalwart young brother of 16 looked strikingly delicate, "You've never been without your tea all this while? Father and Tom happen may go so long without, but it is foolish for you. Why didn't you come home, or I might have sent some over for the three of you if you'd teld me you weren't coming."

sent some over for the three of you if you'd told me you weren't coming."

"All right, mother," he answered. "Rose Arnott brought her father's tea down to the field, and as there was a deal more than he could manage they made me have some," wiping as he spoke the perspiration from his tace and neck, before he threw himself wearily into an arm chair by the tea table. The men when they had finished polishing their scythes, and had hung them in their place, followed Luke's example, and were soon enjoying a hearty meal. wearily into an arm chair by the tea table.

The men when they had finished polishing their scythes, and had hung them in their place, followed Luke's example, and were soon enjoying a hearty meal.

"Did you say Arnott was in the field? Surely he is too ill to be of any use," Elizabeth Perrat remarked to her hasband.

"He's too ill to be anywhere but in his

bed," he answered. "But Rose savs it amuses him, and takes his thoughts off him-"Well, you see." Tom chimed in, "when it's so near, only just at the back of their cottage, I don't see as it can hurt. The air will do him good."

"Think he'll be able to work again, fether?" curried Luke.

father?" queried Luke.
"Yes," Perrat answered. "He's like enough to be cured in a few weeks if he ain't foolhardy, or uses his leg too soon. But what's to keep them meantime, I should like to know. They sold some of their furniture to pay eight weeks' rent last Friday."

"I'd like to send him a pitcher of strong soup I've made, only all hands seem busy," said his wife.

"I'll take it, mother," Tom said, quickly;
"I was going round this evening." "Oh, ay! you're always going; but I'll put it ready for you."

When he was about to start she handed to him a basket in which she had securely packed the soup.

Waiting till she had rejoined the others in the inner room Tom took down a gun from the wall. "I may have the luck to spot a rabbit or two. I didn't see the good, or I could have told them as how the Arnotts are nearly starving let alone the rent," he mused.

Striding along with the gun on his shoulder, the basket on his arm, and his bright young face raised on the look out for some venturesome rabbit, he soon crossed the orchard, paddock, and one or two long fields belonging to their farm, when to his right he saw something move. In an instant he was ready, gun in hand.

The long grass near a clump of bushes by the roadside parted, a brown something showed itself in the road, a rapid report followed, and the something fell.

when Tom Perrat went to pick up his prey he stood up aghast. He had shot a pheasant. He looked about him eagerly in all directions, but seeing no observer he determined to make the best of the matter, and taking out the jug of soup from the basket he substituted the pheasant—carrying the jug in his hand.

you, when it turned out to be this thing," dragging the pheasant from his basket.

If Tom had experienced uncomfortable sensations regarding the slaughter of the bird, sacred to sportsmen, before coming to the Arnotts, they were anything but lessened when William Arnott whistled portentous ly and his wife flung up her hands in dis-may as they saw the bird.

When, however, they were assured that the deed had been witnessed by no one, they forbore adding to his apprehensions, and bidding him observe absolute silence on the subject, comforted him by saying it should be plucked and the feathers destroyed at once; the bird they intended to sup on.

Tom strictly obeyed their injunctions as to being silent about shooting the bird, therefore the event which happened on the following day completely overpowered his people with surprise and consternation. It was noon, wanting but a short time to the laborers' midday meal, and master and men were working right merrily.

The hot sun shed its burning rays; but the soythes moved in unison apparently as steadily as they had done when the reapers

Luke Perrat and the invalided Arnott alone rested, lying in the shade of some wheat sheaves. A few children minding babies were singing together one of their school songs. Their child'sh voices rang sweetly o'er the harvest field.

Before the bright sun rises over the hills, In the corn fields poor Mary is seen, Impatient her little blue apron to fill With the few scattered ears she can glean Suddenly Arnott laid a heavy hand on Luke's arm, saying excitedly:

"Look! Yonder comes a policeman. Go, speak to him, and stop him from coming among the men. I will send your brother to you, Quick! I can't explain now," he added in answer to the young man's puzzled inquire: "Go."

inquiry. "Go."
Luke Perrat went to the policeman, and while talking to him led him to where they would be unobserved, and where his father and Tom quickly joined them. re received a summons from the Tom there received a summons from the policeman to appear before the magistrates in the county town on Friday next, for the unlicensed shooting of a pheasant on the turnpike road. It was all out through the officiousness of the official, who, newly appointed to the village, had seen the deed committed, and hoping to commend himself

to the higher powers, summoned them on the charge of poaching.

The Perrats, who, from father to son had borne an unblemished name, and been re-spected alike by those above and beneath them, were told that their son Tom would in all probability suffer imprisonment in all probability suffer imprisonment un-der the rigid laws to guard the sacredness

der the rigid laws to gnard the sacredness of sport, and avenge unauthorized intrusion on its domain.

Indignant as they were, yet their sorrow any sympathy with their son's trouble far outweighed their anger. They were determined, however, to explain matters at headquarters and settle all, if possible, by offering to pay a heavy fine.

As for Tom, in the heat of his youthful horror at the prospect of imprisonment and the diagrace it would bring on his family, he resolved to take flight.

When the family were sleeping he took

from his desk his small store of money, added to it a few pounds of his father's, made a bundle of his clothes, and, leaving a let-ter to explain and ask pardon for all, promising to repay the money he had just taken, he stole noiselessly out of the house

A friend of Tom's had left the village to go out to America, where he had work promised him by some relatives. He had often asked Tom to join him. He was then at Southampton waiting for the ship to sail. Tom would join him there and seek his fortune in the New World.

Instead, however, of taking the direct road, he turned aside to the Arnotts' cot-

tage. All was in darkness. Picking up some earth he threw it against the attic win-

In a few moments a head appeared, which by the light of the harvest moon he at once recognized as belonging to Rose. "I will come down at once," she said, "wait a moment." "Oh, Tom," she cried, as she joined him and held out her hand, "what will you do?

what will you do?"
When Tom had told her his plans, h when the was fully dressed, and broke off suddenly to ask how it was.
"I could not sleep; I felt somehow you would come. And must you really go away over the sea or be put in prison?" She began to cry, adding brokenly, "It was all for us, too! Oh, Tom! Tom!"

Tom's large brown eyes were clouded and his voice husky, as he said, taking her hand and gently stroking it—"Don't take on so,

and gently stroking it—"Don't take on so, Rose—don't! I'll come back again, God willing, when the fools, policemen and magist es have forgotten all about it—and I'll write to you, and when you know where I am you'll write too, won't you?"

"Yes, yes!" she sobbed out.

"I must be going, Rose. I must indeed! Goodby; you know how fond I am of you, don't you? Say goodby to your father and mother, and—and, Rose, promise me you won't walk out with any other fellow, will you?" His voice was very thick now. you?" His voice was very thick now.

"Will you give me a kiss, Rose?" he asked, "to take with me and think of when I'm lonely?"
"Oh, Tom," and she threw her arms round his neck. He kissed her wet face and bade God bless her, and then took her to the cottage door, and, waiting till he had heard the bolt drawn within, walked rapidly

"I won't, Tom, I promise you. Oh, I

CHAPTER II.

Three years had passed away since Tom's flight, and during those years the Perrats had not been so prosperous as of yore. Their elder son, Luke, instead of regaining strength, as the doctors prophested, had succumbed during the last mouth to an internal disease, due, it was supposed, to

some accidental injury.

The parents, who had never recovered from their grief at Tom's flight, were deeply stricken by the death of Luke. Bereaved of his two sons their father de

clared he had nothing left to work for; there was enough for his wife and himself.
Why, then, should he toil and slave?
So in a few months after their son's death he ceased his constant work and supervision, and the farm suffered in con-

of him, endeavored to conceal her own sorrow in order to minister to his. In these endeavors she was aided and strengthened by Rose Arnott, who in pro-portion as she found Tom's parents de-sponding or failing, cheered and assisted

William Arnott, her father, after his weary illness, which had been caused by a fall from a scaffolding, had completely recovered his health, resumed his duties as a builder, and had lately been promoted to

Rose, in her ripening womanhood, fresh as the wild flowers among which she lived, with her shy pretty manners and sweetness of temper, had attracted some of the village swains. She encouraged none, so by de-grees they left off worrying her, one after the other—declaring among themselves, that she thought still of her boy friend Tom—him as had gone off to America—and who like enough, after all, she might never

Rose and Tom's parents had duly received At first the reports were far from promis-ing, though written in as hopeful a strain as possible. Then the news came that he had obtained regular and suitable work, which, though poorly paid, promised well for the future.

At the close of his second year of absence he returned the money he had taken from his tather; and later still a tew useful presents arrived from him. He always de-clared in answers to suggestions as to his return home, that he dared not venture. He was haunted by the fear that should he do so the dead bird would appear in the shape of a policeman's summons to avenge its "foul and most unnatural murder!" As time went on and Rose noted the growing despondency of Tom's parents, a thought for their ultimate relief struck her,

Privately she had made many inquiries as to the dangers that might attend Tom's reappearance, after the lapse of more than three years.

which she determined to carry into execu-

reappearance, after the lapse of more than three years.

Without exception she had been assured that, though it was just possible the summons for his old offense might be renewed, such proceedings would, to say the least, be most unlikely and, under the circumstances, unjustifiable. The lapse of time, the respectability of the family, and the youth's good character at the time would all help to excuse the offense.

Taking the information she had gained to his parents, she urged his father to make still further inquiries where the girl could hardly do so. Perrat, animated by the new hope, gladly undertook the duty, and Rose's assurances were corroborated.

The danger to their son thus seemed infinitesimal, while his reunion to his family would be to his parents as new life.

Tom, encouraged and strengthened by these representations from home, deter-

mined to return, and sailed for England, after having been absent three years and seven months.

Expectant of the wanderer's arrival, the old farm-house had assumed once more its cheerful aspect; while his parents day by

day strained their eyes to watch anxiously equence.

His wife, unremitting in her loving care every figure which appeared in the distance along the turnpike road.

The Arnotts, also, both husband and wife, looked forward hopefully to the return of their young friend; while Rose, it seemed, could only contain herself and her happiness by bursting into glad snatches of song, full and blithesome as untamed forest birds. She worked, tidied, and adorned, both at the cottage and the farm, till, as the parents

at both homesteads said, "there was nothing more to do."

Yet on the morning of the fourth day, on which it had been thought possible that Tom might arrive, she remembered the flowers would need replacing by fresh ones and she rose early to seek her iavorites. The dew was still wet on the meadow grass in the early May morning, as with pink skirts tucked up above her dainty little ankles she ruthlessly robbed hedge, bush and tree of their flowers and blossom to cram into the basket on her arm.

Her large course straw hat had fallen from her head and hung at the back, held by its ribbons. Her bright brown hair glinted and waved in its neat braids as the sun's rays fell on it, and on her upturned, happy face, wath its sweet, gray eyes and warm complexion, glowing with youthful

arrived at the town nearby late on the previous night, and who had started by daylight in order to reach his ultimate destination in good time, had in his keen lookout seen the figure, and drawn near to observe. From the position chosen by him he had a good view of her face, raised in contem-plation as to which branch of a blossoming

A prodigal, as he called himself, who had

apple tree she should aim at. The wanderer, travel-stained and bronzed, seemed unable to withdraw his glance, but gazed and gazed while a tender, wistful look grew in his fine brown eyes, and a deep sigh of intense longing swelled his broad

chest.

Rose had by jumping succeeded in reaching her branch, but seemed quite unable to break it off. "Let me help you," said a voice close by, and a tall young fellow produced a knife, cut off the coveted treasure and gave it to Rose. As he did so their eyes met, and

to Rose. As he did so their eyes met, and the deep glow, which through the bronze burnt on his cheeks, slowly crimsoned hers, and dispelled the half inquiring puzzled look with which she had first regarded him.

"Tom, ch Tom! is it really you?" and she held out her hand.

"Aye, it's me," he said, taking and holding her hand and staring at her meanwhile with a look of which he was quite unconscious, but which caused Rose to thrill and tremble where she stood.

"I ventured back, you see, Rose, and though I'm changed a bit in looks, I'm still the same Tom," he added humbly. "Are you glad to see me?"

Rose thought what she dared not express, that he was simply the best, the hand-

somest Tom the world held, or ever would hold—but she looked up shyly as she

answered him.
"I am right glad, Tom, and I've kept my promise, though you may not remember what it was," she added softly.
"Don't I though," exclaimed Tom, his face shining with joy.

"Rose!" cried a man's voice. They turned and saw Arnott, his features dark with sus-

Tom went forward, was soon recognized, and after a hearty welcome from Arnott and from his wife, who had come to the cottage door, he hastened on impatient to see

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I. O. O. F. EXCURSION

To Buffalo and Ningara Fails, Via P. & W. Ry., August 16,

Special train of first-class day coaches and Pullman sleeping cars will leave P. & W. denot, Allegheny, at 8:30 r. M. (city time) Tuesday, August 16, running via Butler and Eric, arriving in Butlaio, 5:30 A. M., Niagara Fails 6:30 A. M. next day. Tickets good five days. Fare \$4.75. Toronto, Can., \$5.75. \$15 for Kound Trip to Kansas City From Pittsburg via Pennsylvania Lines.

Excursion tickets account Knights of Pythias conclave will be sold August 19, 20, 21 and 22 as above, with corresponding low round trip rates from other ticket stations on the Pennsylvania Lines. Return coupon will be valid up to and including September 15. Low rates to Chicago and St. Louis on ame date. Lake Chautanqua and Return, \$5 00.

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