THE SARPINT OF SISKIYOU COUNTY.

By DELTA CALAVERAS.

CHAPTER I.

THE STAGE-DRIVER'S STORY.

'Now you've got me!'

Nutmeg Sol took an extra turn of the reins around his wrist as he made the assertion, and with a cut of the whip admonished his off leader that any 'cutting up shines' on his part, at that particular moment, was irrelevant to the subject under consideration, and would be promptly checked.

The fair young girl at his side raised a pair of large blue eyes in surprise.

'How? You do not know who this man is—this Diamond Dick?'

'No more I don't, miss; and I reckon no one else does,' answered Sol, doggedly.

'Well, but what sort of a man is he? Describe him to me.'

'Wall, if you'll excuse my rough tork and ways, I'll do my level best, miss. 'Tain't often as I hev such a pooty list'ner to spout to, you know.'

Alice Reardon blushed at the broad compliment, and busied herself arranging the various robes and shawls about her in such a manner as to secure the most comfortable position.

'The first time I ever seed this Diming Dick,' commenced Nutmeg Sol, 'war about three months ago. 'Twar at Yuma. I hed two pilgrims that day. Parson Moses and Big Joe Healy, and I war just agoing to start when some one yells out to hold on. Then a feller jumped on the stage and squatted down by me as pert as you please, and without as much as saying by yer leave.

'Style! Wal, I should *remark!* Store-clothes, boiled shirt, and boots that war shining so bright that ye could hev used them for lookin'-glasses. But I didn't notice them details then; what took me war the ornaments he had on him. I don't 'spect you'd believe me miss—and I don't blame ye—I wouldn't a believed it myself if I hadn't seed it, but every blessed button on his coat hed a diming set in it, likewise his vest, and his hands was blazin' with them.

'Mornin' Nutmeg Sol,' says he, 'reckon I'll take a ride with ye, if ye hev no objecksbuns.'

'Sartinly. Morning, stranger, morning,' said I, and with that I hit Dan—my leader thar—a lick that made him jimp clar off'd the ground, I war so mazed like. And it would hev done yer eyes good to see them other pilgrims gape at thet stranger.

'The stranger didn't appear to notice nothin' though, but kept on a torkin' in his easy, soft voice, so like a female woman, that I took a liken to him at once, and torked back all I know'd how you bet.

'Wal things kept on in this way until we most nigh got by the hill thar ye can see ahead, when all ter once the horses shied like blazes.

'Thar was a bend in the road here which we had just turned, and thar at the other end, about thirty feet away, stood a man on horseback, with a six shooter in each hand, and which were pinted dead centre at us on the stage.

'Halt thar!' yelled this figger, 'halt, or I'll make a first-class funeral around these diggin's.'

'I ain't no coward, miss, if I *do* say it, but you kin bet your bottom dollar it didn't take me more'n a million seconds to pull up.

'Up with yer fish-hooks, pilgrims,' says the figger again, 'I'm Moonshine Mike, you hear *me?*'

'I hed my hands full with the horses. I couldn't a drawed if I hed wanted to, and I didn't keer much, and Joe and the parson elevated their fists mighty quick; but the stranger scratched a match on the seat, lit his cigar, and puffed away as coolly and unconcerned-like as though thar warn't no bloody-handed robber within miles. I looked for Moonshine Mike to plug him instanter, but he didn't; 'stead he says kind of icy like:

'Stranger, my arm is gittin' tired, I kayne't time to count more than five; up with your hands.'

'Eh, well, if you are in a hurry I won't detain you,' says the stranger, and with thet, quicker'n at a flash, he jumped off of the stage.

'I don't know how he did it, I'm only *telling you;* I hadn't seed no weapons about him, but when the stranger's feet touched the ground he had a pistol in each hand, like Moonshine; and thar they stood, the stranger and Mike, looking like two owdacious bull-pups awaiting the word to pitch in and chaw thunder out of each other.

'Wal, Mr. Mike Moonshine,' says he, 'who's got the drop now? My name is Diming Dick; ever hear'n tell of me?'

'Diming Dick, hey?' says Moonshine. 'Wal, now, sonny drop them shootin'-irons; I don't want to hurt you if I kin help it.'

'But the stranger laughed right out, as though he war amused.

'Why, Looner Mike, ye ain't a bit perlite,' says he. 'I did think ye war going to raise sum fun, but I reckon you're nothing but a sardine arter all.'

'Thet war too much for Mike, you bet; he gritted out a cuss and let drive twice. I spect to see the stranger drap, but he didn't, he only wint back like a step or so, and then he let drive at Mike. I saw the shot, saw the fire come out of the pistol, and then I heard a yell like an Apache's death sqawk. Then I saw Moonshine fall from his hoss, thet galloped away like mad. The black thing thet hed kivered the face of the road agent had fallen off, and thar plum centre in his forehead, was a round red hole.

'I couldn't make it out et first. But when Big Joe jumped out of the stage and give a 'hip, hip rear,' it kind of woke me up; I realized then thet Moonshine Mike, the terror of the kentry, war dead.

'Wal, not to bether you too much with particulars, I'll cut it short. We took the body into Greaser Gulch, and I tell you it made a noise. Diming Dick war the pet of the town instanter, and when he took the reward as the company had put up tor the killin' of the road-agent, and gave the boys a lay out, that settled it.

'Since then Dick has located in the gulch. He cums and goes as he likes; people don't ask him whar he goes—it wouldn't be healthy, and—and wal, that's all I guess.'

Alice had listened with keen attention to the story told by the driver in his quaint, rough style. Gifted with a vivid imagination, she had pictured the scene to herself as it had happened, and while she shuddered at the fatal termination of the thrilling tableau, she admired the brave daring of the man who was known only by the fanciful name of Diamond Dick.

'Do you know, miss,' said Sol, breaking in on her thoughts, 'they say Moonshine Mike can't rest easy, and he'ats the gorge in which he was killed.'

Alice laughed heartily at the driver's words.

'How charming! a real ghost! How I should like to meet this unquiet shade.'

'I don't think ye'd feel so good over it, miss, if ye knowed all. Tom seed it. He said it cum'd out of a solid rock, riding on horseback, on a hoss blacker'n the darkest darkness, with blue fire cuming out of his nose and mouth. And the spirit war all afire with a sort of a cloud floatin' around it; and two days arter, Tom got a fever and died. Yankee Nick war the next to meet it; a week arter he was found dead on the hillside; no wounds on him, but an awful look on his face.'

It was plain that the superstitious driver had his own peculiar notions about the advisability of meeting this dread thing.

The next moment a turn in the road took them into a dark corner. The moon was not high enough yet to throw any light into this gorge, and to Alice there was something foreboding in the sudden transition from the moonlit plain into the dark shadows of the frowning cliffs.

The air, too, began to grow chilly, and with a shudder the girl drew a shawl tightly around her form.

'When we get around that bend ahead,' said Sol, breaking the silence again, 'I'll point ye out the spot where Moonshine Mike went under. 'Twar just such a night as this when the thing took place. You can almost imagine the—woa, Dan! What in thunder ails——*Great Heaven, look thar!*'

With a feeling of nameless horror, Alice saw, standing in the road, a form in which she recognized the dread being of the driver's description, and which she had thought was but the creation of ignorant superstition.

There was the black steed, hardly discernible from the gloom, there the tall, motionless form upon his back, about whom there floated a thin, transparent material, that looked like a cloud, in its fleecy whiteness. And such a face! Surely it could belong to nothing human.

Dark, elfish locks struggling about features rendered perfectly hideous by the blue fire playing over them, eyes closed, in the centre of the forehead a round, red hole, a crimson streak trickling from this wound. No, she was sane, and she before her—what!

'The Lord have mercy upon us,' quavered the driver. 'It air the sperit of Moonshine Mike.'

CHAPTEH II.

THE TIGER OF THE MINES.

A lively place was the 'city' of Greaser Gulch, since the rich deposits of gold discovered in the dark bed of the swift-flowing stream that ran through the canon had drawn the miners, ever attracted by the fascinating inducements held out by 'new diggings,' from far and wide to the spot. Almost in a day, Greaser Gulch had sprung into existence.

First a few hovels inhabited by Mexicans; then the rush of the gold-seekers; and then, as if by magic, a city of nearly five hundred souls, of hotels, stores, gaming dens and dance-houses thickly interspersed among habitations of the miners. Nightly these places of 'amusement' were thronged by the miners, who, lured on by the fickle goddess, or the smiles of the heartless sirens, would throw away in a few hours the gold they had wrested from the earth during the day.

Notably was this the case in a large establishment which lorded it over its neighbors, inasmuch that it boasted of two stories, and which bore on its sign the title of 'El Capitan.'

On the night we write of, the gambling room of the El Capitan was crowded, and the various games of chance in full blast, early as was the evening.

Seated at one of the small tables ranged alongside of the walls, three men were playing at a game of cards.

From the poor playing they did, and the frequent mistakes that were permitted to pass unnoticed, it was evident that the thoughts of the players were not on the game. In fact they were conversing in low, guarded tones.

'And when will this girl be here?' inquired the younger of the trio, a Spaniard, evidently, from his swarthy face and fanciful dress, but who spoke English perfectly.

'I expect her by to-night's stage, Dave,' answered the man at the head of the table, and who was dealing the cards.

This was Colonel Reardon, proprietor of the El Capitan Hotel, and reputed one of the best card players in Arizona.

'Then I think I had better prepare myself for the sacrifice,' said Dave, with a sarcastic laugh.

'Does this girl know *the secret?*'

It was Elan Ellwell who spoke—the express agent and postmaster of the gulch—a man, like Reardon, past the prime of life, with small cunning eyes and a crafty smile upon his lips.

'I think so,' answered Reardon, 'but we must proceed cautiously; too much haste will spoil it. By the way, Dave—Reardon sank his voice to a whisper—there is a man around here whom I don't like—one who, I fear, knows too much for our good.'

'Who is that?' inquired both the listeners, eagerly.

'Hush! Don't speak so loud. There he is leaning on the bar.'

'Red Hall?'

'Yes; a deputy-sheriff from Texas.'

'I fear him. What are you about, Dave?' said the colonel, suddenly. 'That spade calls for a trump?'

'Ah! so it does. Where are my wits?' and Dave placed the jack of clubs upon the bower.

A man sauntered by close to the table. To Ellwell and Reardon he nodded familiarly. Upon the Spaniard he cast a sharp, curious look.

His face, contrasted by the black, wavy hair escaping from under the slouched hat, the large, brilliant eyes, and mustache of the same dark hue, looked ghastly in its marble-like pallor.

But the most remarkable thing about him, and one which would have a'tracted attention even in the most resplendent courts of Europe, was the mass of diamonds his clothes were adorned with.

Each button on his coat and vest had set in its center a flashing stone; in his immaculate shirt-bosom gleamed a magnificent solitaire; the watch-chain dangling from his fob was sparkling with the precious gems; and upon the small fingers of both hands he wore rings set with the same brilliant crystals.

This man was Diamond Dick, sometimes called 'The Tiger,' from a wonderful quickness and activity he had displayed on several occasions.

Exchanging greetings with many in the room, Diamond Dick proceeded straight to the bar, and after shaking hands cordially with Red Hall, drew him aside in conversation.

The three plotters at the table exchanged uneasy glances.

'Hush, boys, here comes the deputy-sheriff,' cautioned Reardon.

In truth, Red Hall, after a few minutes' conversation with Diamond Dick, had turned abruptly and was advancing to the door.

Like Diamond Dick, he flashed a searching glance at the Spaniard, Dave, as he passed.

The next moment he left the room.

The three plotters turned uneasily in their seats.

'Come, Dave, you'd better go,' said Col. Reardon, suddenly, arising. 'It wouldn't do to have you caught here. We can continue this conversation at some future time.'

'All right, leave word in the usual place when you want me, and I'll be on hand.'

The Spaniard coolly lit a cigarette, and then, without betraying any haste, sauntered out of the apartment.

Hardly had the baize-covered doors folded behind his form, when a terrible hubbub arose in the saloon into which the door opened. Loud shouts and curses rent the air. The next instant the doors were dashed aside, and a man, evidently very much under the influence of whiskey, staggered into the room.

'Whoop!' he vociferated, in a thick, hoarse voice. 'Who says I cant come in here? Whar's the man? Show him to me quick.'

The man who was a perfect giant in stature, and broad in proportion. His dress consisted of a blue flannel shirt, rough pantaloons, and big boots. A mass of fiery red hair straggled from under the edge of a battered 'plug' hat, and frowsy beard of the same color covered his face. Around his ample waist was strapped a small arsenal of weapons.

The rude entrance of the stranger had interrupted the various games in progress, and as every one in the room was staring at him, no one noticed that a man glided into the room by a small door at the head of the apartment. This man, after hurriedly whispering a few words into the ears of Diamond Dick, went out again as noiselessly as he had entered.

Whatever it was he had said seemed to affect Dick in a peculiar manner, as he started to leave the room by the door at the farther end.

In doing this he fell under the notice of the red-haired giant who suddenly barred his way.

'Whar'r you goin', pilgrim? You can't git out yere onless ye mount me first.'

Dick looked at him in amazement.

'Why cannot I leave?'

'Cause I don't want ye to. I'm the Sarpint of Siskiyou County, State of Californee. Han'sum Harry's my handle.'

Then placing his arms akimbo on his hips, he looked at him with an impertinent stare.

A steely glitter began to show in the eyes of Diamond Dick.

'Serpent of Siskiyou, you're making an ass of yourself. If you don't step aside I'll mop the floor with your dirty face.'

'What, *you?*' snarled the giant. 'Do me ears deceive me? Call me an ass!—me?—Han'sum Harry? Stranger, I kin b'ar to be spit on, and hev it rubbed in; but when a man tells me I'm an ass, that lets me out,' and he aimed a blow at the face of Dick with a fist like a ham.

Well meant, too, was the blow, and had it struck fairly, would have cut short the existence of Diamond Dick then and there. But with a bound, the Tiger of the Mines sprang aside, and as the giant, staggering under the impetuosity of the blow, passed, he shot out his right hand like a flash.

Fairly upon the neck of Handsome Harry fell the terrible blow, and the giant lay in a quivering heap upon the floor.

A laugh went up from the spectators, who had breathlessly watched the altercation.

In a few minutes the fallen giant began to stir himself. Sitting up, he gazed blankly around.

Catching sight of Dick, who with arms folded low down on his chest, was calmly looking at him, the 'Sarpint of Siskiyou' struggled to his feet, and walked gingerly and cautiously around him a few times.

Then, as if satisfied, he said, apologetically:

'Stranger, my foot slipped. 'Scuse me fur bein' so awkward. Now I'm *goin'* tur ye!' and he made a rush at his nimble antagonist as he finished speaking.

This time Diamond Dick did not avoid him, but quickly dodging the blows, he sprang inside of the giant's guard, and poured a perfect rain of blows upon his face.

Blinded, staggering under the terrible hail of blows, Handsome Harry struck wildly into the open air, until Dick planted that terrific right-hander again upon his neck, and again the giant fell like a sack of meal.

'There, I hope that will satisfy you, fool!' said Dick, coldly. 'If you are not, there's more where that came from.'

'Oh, no, pilgrim,' said the giant, wiping the blood from his eyes. 'I ain't a bit proud, if I *do* say it. Shake!'

Diamond Dick grasped the proffered hand. His was not a nature to repulse an offer of friendship made under such circumstances.

'May I go out now?' he inquired, with a smile.

'Wal, I'll salivate the man as says you can't,' replied the Sarpint of Siskiyou, glaring around defiantly.

'All right, Sarpint of Siskiyou. I didn't know but what you might have something else to say against it.'

'Nary word, stranger; you're boss of this town. I ain't buckin' agin no airthquakes this time, no sree, I ain't,' answered the Sarpint, with a wise shake of his head.

Dick turned away with an amused smile upon his face, to leave the room, but as he stretched out his hand to push aside the door, a pistol shot suddenly rang through the room, followed by a low moan of agony.

CHAPTER III.

A CLOSE CALL.

Diamond Dick staggered back and fell motionless on the floor.

A cry of horror from the crowd, then a savage snarl, and the Sarpint of Siskiyou drew a revolver and levelled it at the crowd.

'What's the man who fired that shot? Quick! You onery cusses—you sneakin' cutthroats. Who was it?'

Fancy Charley, the barkeeper, came forward.

'Gentlemen, whoever fired that shot, did it through that door,' pointing to the small entrance at the head of the room. 'I heard it close immediately after Dick fell.'

With a vengeful yell the Sarpint of Siskiyou burst through the throng and threw himself against the door which gave way before him with a crash.

A flight of stairs were disclosed leading upward. The Sarpint of Siskiyou sprang up these with a bound, followed by a dozen or more of the miners, with drawn weapons in their hands.

On the landing above which was in darkness the giant collided with some one who was thrown violently to the floor by the shock.

With a howl of triumph the Sarpint of Siskiyou collared the being, and, in spite of his cries, dragged him down stairs, and flung him headlong into the room.

'I har ye air, boys,' cried the infuriated giant, 'thar's the sassin. What! do me eyes deceive me? A heathen Chinee?'

It was a Chinaman—the loose, baggy trousers, the wide sleeves of the jacket, the olive complexion, the almond-shaped eyes, and above all the long plaited cue dangling behind could belong to none but a child of the Celestial Empire.

The Chinaman's face had turned almost green from fright, and he was jabbering away in pigeon English at a terrific rate.

'Hi, you Melican man, whatsee mattee you? What you wantee Hop Sing?'

'Look here, heathen, you kill man,' and the giant menacingly.

'No kille; all saim lie!'

'What! Kin I believe me ears? Tell me I lie?'

Colonel Reardon interfered at this moment.

'I think you are wrong, gentlemen. What motives could this Chinaman have in firing at Diamond Dick?'

'Then what war he doin' on them stairs?' doggedly demanded the Sarpint of Siskiyou.

'Ay, what was he doing there?' came from the men who surrounded the Celestial, with dark faces. 'Let him tell that.'

'Me come bringee you wash. Missee say takee yoh room; me go. Den Melican man pushee me down; no good.'

'You hear, gentlemen, his story is simple enough.'

A joyful shout at this instant came from those who had picked up the fallen man.

'Hurroar, boys, he ain't dead!' cried a gaunt lanky borderman; 'he didn't stop the bullet squar, he'll come to soon.'

Some warm friends had Diamond Dick among those in the room, and this announcement fell gladly upon their ears. They crowded around the wounded man eagerly, and in the confusion thus made the Chinaman glided swiftly out of the room.

Diamond Dick had opened his eyes, and was staring vacantly around at the rough faces bending kindly over him. He put his hand to his head with a groan of pain.

'Ay, it war a close shave, old man,' said Cinnibar Sam, who supported him upon his knee, 'but here—drink this; it'll set ye on yer pins in less'n no time.'

The fiery liquor did its work, and Dick struggled to his feet, but he reeled dizzily.

'How is it, pard?' said the Sarpint, steadying him. 'Ain't hurt bad, air ye?'

'Oh, no, I'm all right. The bullet only grazed my head. But who was the coward that fired at me when my back was turned?'

'You'll hev to ax me sum easy ones fust, pard; the shot cum from the door thar.'

'Yes! And did no one follow the assassin?'

'Now you're shoutin'; they did!' cried the Sarpint. 'I got through that door too quick.'

'And could you not find the man who fired at me?'

'Nary time, pard; didn't find nothin' 'ceptin a heathen Chinee.'

'Who was that?'

'He called hisself Hop Sing—the varmint.'

'Ah, Hop Sing. I know him.' said Diamond Dick. 'He did not fire at me, I am sure.'

'I war a goin' to skulp him, pard; I war fur a fact; but that high-toned galoot thar, put in his yaup, an' 'lowed he know'd the man.'

Colonel Reardon scowled at this allusion to himself and came forward.

'Dick,' he said, 'I regret this very much; but I am sure you can attach none of the blame to me. I was as much astonished as any one in the room when I saw you go down. I didn't think the Chinaman did it, and therefore I stepped in between him and the violence which this man was about to do.'

'You did right, Colonel; the Chinaman never fired the shot—but how long have I been insensible?' he inquired, suddenly.

'Not long; perhaps five minutes.'

'Ah, then it is not too late,' and Dick, turning abruptly, stalked out of the room, leaving his friends staring in amazement at the door which closed behind him.

'Too late!' mused Colonel Reardon to himself. 'What does the man mean?'

The continuation of 'THE SARPINT OF SISKIYOU COUNTY' will be found in No. 22 of the NEW YORK WEEKLY, now ready and for sale by all News Dealers. STREET & SMITH, publishers, Nos. 25, 27, 29, and 31 Rose street, New York. Terms of subscription—one month, 25 cents; two months, 50 cents; three months, 75 cents; one year, $3; two copies, one year, $5—the postage in all cases prepaid by STREET & SMITH. Specimen copies sent free.

The Sitting Bull Raid.

CHICAGO, March 27.—Unofficial but trustworthy information from Fort Walsh confirms the recent report of a large confederation of hostile Indians in that vicinity. Sitting Bull and Spotted Eagle have been reinforced by lodges from the Missouri River agencies, including Red Cloud's, and it is now estimated that there are from five thousand to seven thousand warriors within a hundred miles of Fort Walsh. Some of these bands have been seen by General Miles' scouts. The savages are very restless, and are under the constant surveillance of the too limited force of Canadian mounted police, who evidently anticipate trouble.

At a council held in the last week in February the Indians resolved to resist the Buffalo law, and Sitting Bull counselled moderation towards Canadians, but breathed defiance against the Americans.

The force is well armed and splendidly equipped, and could probably be augmented to ten thousand men, in which case a vigorous summer campaign would be probable.

Triple Execution.

BLOOMSBURG, PA., March 25.—Hester, Tully and McHugh, the condemned Molly Maguires, slept but little last night, and were early at their religious devotions, which were interrupted by the workmen engaged in erecting the scaffold just outside, and in full view of their cell windows. Tully and McHugh seem resigned to their fate, but Hester still clings tenaciously to hope and frequently asserts his innocence. He was surrounded by his three daughters, two sons-in-law, and other relatives and friends. When the priests were announced, all collected in McHugh's cell, where mass was celebrated. The clergymen then endeavored to comfort the prisoners and prepare them to meet death hopefully.

At 10:58 the three condemned men were led out of their cells to the scaffold, attended by their spiritual advisers. McHugh ascended the scaffold first, followed by Hester and Tully. None of them displayed any signs of fear. Each of the condemned men were given a few moments to speak. Tully only said a few words in a low tone to the priest. McHugh did not confess his guilt directly, but said if he had taken good advice he would not now be on the scaffold. What Hester said was heard only by the priest. The drop fell at 11:07, and at 11:17 the hearts of all three ceased to beat. Tully's and McHugh's necks were broken. Hester died of strangulation. The bodies of McHugh and Tully will be taken to Wilkesbarre, Hester's to Locust Gap.

Frightful Railroad Accident.

BALTIMORE, March 25.—A horrible fatality, and one that has few, if any, parallels, occurred late on Sunday night at Frederick Junction, on the main line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. William Carter, a brakeman on a freight train, left the engine a short distance from the junction and went forward to adjust the switch. He then signalled the train to approach and turned to step from the track when, to his horror, he found himself a prisoner, his foot having become tightly wedged in the "frog." The train was swiftly approaching and the wretched man realizing his perilous position. Struggled desperately to free himself, but without effect. He shrieked loudly, but the noise of the moving train drowned the sound of his voice and as the night was dark the engineer failed to see him.

DESPAIRING EFFORT FOR LIFE

When the locomotive was nearly on him he gathered all his force and hurled his body over the side of the track. Just as he did so the wheels passed over his leg, crushing the bones to splinters and grinding the flesh into fragments. His body was also hurled around and fearfully mutilated. He was removed to Frederick, where he died early this morning. The corpse will be brought to this city, where his wife and family remain, for interment.

Robber Captured.

READING, Pa, March 27.—Charles Kreifenberg, the alleged chief of a band of five masked burglars, was today committed to the Lebanon jail, in default of bail, on the charge of being concerned as a principal in the recent robbery of Thomas Logan, a retired farmer, of about $4,000 in gold, silver, bonds and securities. The robbery took place near Campbelltown, Lebanon county, and the accused was arrested near Carlisle, in this State, to which locality the thieves were traced, they having stolen horses to travel with. At the hearing to-day the farmer and his sister recognized considerable of the coin, five franc pieces and old gold and silver, found in the possession of the accused. The prisoner was also seen about the premises on the day of the robbery. The farmer was bound, gagged and nearly smothered under heavy bedding by the thieves. His sister was also bound and gagged and tied to a bed in another room. They were the only occupants of the house. The police are on the track of the remainder of the gang. Kreifenberg hails from New York. He is about twenty-eight years of age, and quite intelligent.

A Lynching Party Foiled.

TOPEKA, KAN., March 26.—About twenty-five men appeared at the jail in this city at 2 o'clock this morning, only two of whom entered, one of them stating that he was the Sheriff of Wabaunsee county, and had a prisoner whom he wished to put in the jail. The jailor, knowing that the man was not the Sheriff, told him he could not receive the prisoner, and ordered them away, and upon their refusing to leave, immediately commenced firing at them. As soon as the firing commenced about twenty men rushed into the jail, and a number of shots were fired on both sides, one of the assailants being carried away wounded. The party then retired. It is believed that they were after True, the murderer of the Rev. Mr. Walpert, in Pottawatomie county, to hang him.

Kansas

TOPEKA, March, 28.—Emigration to this State continues unprecedented in the history of the West. Over 25,000 emigrants reached the State to-day. The season is fully a month in advance of previous years. Peach, apple, and cherry trees are in full bloom. Winter wheat in the southwest is from eight to ten inches in height, and spring wheat well above ground.

A Family Feud.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, March 28.—In an affray at Elliottsville, Rowan county, Ky., on Tuesday last between a gang of fifteen, headed by one Fults and Jake Brooks, arising out of a family feud, Brooks' brother had his throat cut from ear to ear. Jake was fearfully beaten, and a number of others were wounded.

Raid.

WASHINGTON, March 26.—The Commissioner of Internal Revenue to-day received the following telegram from Collector Cooper, at Knoxville, Tenn:

Have just made a raid on illicit distilleries in Hancock, Sarer and Union counties; seized nine distilleries and destroyed six stills, a large lot of beer and singlings. A wagon, team and a lot of brandy were seized in Washington county.

Attempt to Shoot a Lawyer.

DEADWOOD, D. T., March 28.—During the trial of a mining suit today one of the witnesses, thinking the questions of W. H. Claggett, attorney and ex-Congressman from Montana, were too personal, drew a six shooter on him, but was prevented from using it by a bystander. The witness was fined for contempt of Court.

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AS A REMEDY In

MALARIOUS FEVERS, BOWEL COMPLAINTS, DYSPEPSIA, MENTAL DEPRESSION, RESTLESSNESS JAUNDICE, NAUSEA, SICK HEADACHE, COLIC, CONSTIPATION and BILIOUSNESS,

IT HAS NO EQUAL.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

SIMMONS' LIVER DISEASE and Indigestion prevail to a greater extent than probably any other malady, and relief is always anxiously sought after. If the Liver is Regulated in its action health is almost invariably secured. Indigestion or want of action in the Liver causes Headache, Constipation, Jaundice, Pain in the Shoulders, Cough, Dirziness, Sour Stomach, bad taste in the mouth, bilious attacks, palpitation of the heart, depression of spirits or the blues, and a hundred other symptoms. SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR is the best remedy that has ever been discovered for these ailments. It acts mildly, effectually, and being a simple vegetable compound, can do no injury in any quantities that may be taken. It is harmless in every way; it has been used for forty years, and hundreds from all parts of the country will vouch for its virtues, viz Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia; Bishop Pierce of Georgia; John Gill Shorter, of Alabama; Gen. John B. Gordon, R. L. Mott, of Columbus, Ga., are among the hundreds to whom we can refer. Extract of a letter from Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, dated March 8, 1872: "I occasionally use when my condition requires it, Dr. Simmons' Liver Regulator, with good effect. It is mild, and suits me better than more active medicine.

REGULATOR. It is not the quantity eaten that gives the strength, life, blood and health. It is the thorough digestion of the food taken let it be much or little. Therefore, do not stimulate up the stomach to crave food, but rather assist digestion after eating by taking

SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR

ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY

J. H. ZEILIN & CO.,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Price $1.00. Sold by all Druggists.

Feb. 13

THE PERFECTION EARTH CLOSET.

AIR TIGHT, NOISELESS AND AUTOMATIC.

Seat always clean and free from dust, and no odor can escape.

Especially adapted for use in Hospitals, Hotels and Families. Can be used in the le room without giving any offence.

Prices, 10, 14 and 18 Dollars.

Address, with stamp, for circular,

PERFECTION EARTH CLOSET COMPANY,

No. 30 Water St. Brooklyn, Long Island.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE.

By virtue of an order issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Somerset Co., Pa., the undersigned Assignee of Frederick Naugle will expose to sale by public outcry, on

Saturday, April 6, 1878,

at 10 o'clock a. m., on the premises the following described real estate, viz:

No. 1. The one-third interest in five certain lots of ground situate in the borough of Meyersdale, Somerset Co., Pa., fronting on Main street, 66 feet each, running back to land line of Peter Meyers' estate, and known on Olinger's first survey of Meyersdale as lots Nos. 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, lots 17 and 18 being corner lots, facing on Main and Eighth streets.

No. 2. A tract of land situate as aforesaid, containing 6 acres and 16 perches, lying on the north side of the Berlin road, adjoining the borough line, and laid out in acre lots, which are in a state of excellent cultivation, with a choice young orchard of fruit trees growing thereon, and known as lots Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 11 and 12.

No. 3. Four certain lots of ground situate as aforesaid, known as the Sarah Porter property, being lots Nos. 212, 213, 234, and 235. Lots Nos. 212 and 213, fronting 66 feet each on High street, and extending back 120 feet. Lot No. 213 also fronting 120 feet on Centre street, having thereon erected a two-story frame dwelling house. Nos. 234 and 235 fronting each 66 feet on High street, extending back 120 feet; lot 235 fronting 120 feet on Centre street, having thereon erected a stable.

TERMS.

TERMS.—One-third in hand, on confirmation of sale, one-third in six months and one-third in one year from this date (April Oct.) with interest on deferred payments from day of sale. Ten per cent of the purchase money to be paid on day of sale.

WM B. MEGAHAN, Assignee.

March 13

ASSIGNEE'S SALE.

By virtue of an order issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Somerset County, Pa., the undersigned, Assignee of Daniel Bockes, will sell at public sale on

Saturday, April 13, 1878.

at 2 o'clock p. m., on the premises, the following described real estate, viz:

The farm of Daniel Bockes, containing 328, adjoining lands late of Peter Wilhelm, dec'd, Manasses Kretchman, Daniel Johnson, and others; the buildings consist of a good stone dwelling house, bank barn, and other necessary outbuildings; about 90 acres of cleared land in a good state of cultivation, of which 20 are in good meadow. There is opened on the premises a good coal bank of excellent bituminous coal in good working condition. There is also on the farm an excellent quality of iron ore, which abounds in immense quantities. The undersigned has a well timbered with white pine, hemlock, oak and other valuable trees. There is a large sugar camp on the farm, with splendid facilities for the manufacture of maple sugar. The Elklick creek runs through the premises, affording ample water power for the running of machinery. A good saw mill, with strong water power. Terms made known on day of sale.

SAMUEL J. LICHTY, Assignee of Daniel Bockes.

March 20

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

Having been appointed Auditor by the Orphans' Court of Somerset Co., Pa., to pass on the exceptions, find and report the facts, and make a distribution of the funds in the hands of Harriet Shaffer, administratrix of Jeremiah Shaffer, dec'd, to and among those legally entitled thereto, notice is hereby given that I will attend to the duties of said appointment at the office of Hon. Wm. H. Koontz, in Somerset Pa., on Thursday, April 11 1878, when and where all parties in interest can attend.

ED B. SCULL, Auditor.

March 6

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Noah Kocher, late of Quemahoning, Tp. deceased.

Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to those indebted to it to make immediate payment, and those having claims against it, to present them duly authenticated for settlement on Saturday, the 27th day of April 1878, at his late residence.

JOHN HAMER, Administrator.

March 20

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of John Morrow, late of Lower Turkeyfoot Twp., deceased.

Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the proper authority, notice is hereby given to those indebted to it to make immediate payment, and those having claims against it to present them duly authenticated for settlement on Monday, April 15, 1878, at the late residence of deceased in said township.

ALBERT G. MORROW, Administrator.

March 6

BEST business you can engage in. $5 to $20 per day made by any worker of either sex, right in their own localities. Particulars and samples worth $5 free. Improve your spare time at this business. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

March 27

HEALTH AND HAPPINESS.

Health and Happiness are priceless Wealth to their possessor, and yet they are within the reach of every one who will use

WRIGHT'S LIVER PILLS.

The only sure CURE for Torpid Liver, Dyspepsia, Headache, Sour Stomach, Constipation, Debility, Fevers, and all Bilious complaints and Blood disorders. None genuine unless signed "Wm. Wright, Phila." If your druggist will not supply send 25 cents for one box to Barrick, Roller & Co., 70 N. 4th St. Phila.

Feb. 6

$66 a week in your own town. $5 Outfit free. No risk. Reader, if you want a business at which persons of either sex can make great pay all the time they work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

March 27

The Great New Medicine

A Health-Giving Power

PURIFIES THE BLOOD, INVIGORATES THE LIVER, PROMOTES DIGESTION, and STRENGTHENS THE NERVES, Thus effectually curing disease of whatever name or nature. It is worthy of a trial. RELIEF guaranteed.

VIGORENE

Is AGREEABLE to the taste, GRATEFUL to the stomach, and acts efficiently as a CATHARTIC, ALTERATIVE and DIURETIC. Its action is not attended with any unpleasant feeling, neither is languor nor debility experienced, but on the contrary, refreshment and invigoration.

Its immediate effect upon the digestive organs, whether impaired by disease or exhausted from any cause, is to increase their powers of assimilation and nutrition, the appetite being increased at once. To those affected with an enfeebled condition of the liver, as Biliousness, characterized by a dusky complexion, a coated tongue, a pasty, bad taste in the mouth, capricious appetite and sluggish action of the bowels, with a sense of fullness in the head and of mental dullness, VIGORENE proves most valuable.

Its effect upon the kidneys is no less happy, a turbid, irritating urine is quickly cleared up by it.

Inflammatory and Chronic RHEUMATISM will soon disappear by a persistent use of VIGORENE.

For the cure of Skin Diseases and Eruptions of all kinds, VIGORENE is most certain.

VIGORENE is composed of the active properties of HERBS, ROOTS, GUMS and BARKS, that Nature alone furnishes, great care being taken by us that they are gathered at the right season of the year, and that they possess their native virtues.

That VIGORENE has the power to PURIFY THE BLOOD, INVIGORATE the LIVER, and STIMULATE the DIGESTIVE ORGANS, is indisputably proven by those who have given it a trial and have been permanently cured.

We do not ask you to try a dozen bottles to experience relief, for we GUARANTEE you will feel better from the first few doses.

VIGORENE is astonishing the world with its cures, and is throwing all other TONICS, ALTERATIVES and INVIGORANTS, into the shade. Put up in large bottles, double strength. Requires small doses, and is pleasant to take.

Price, $1.00 per Bottle.

WALKER & BADGER MFG. CO., Prop's, 37 Park St., New York, and Jersey City, N. J.

"THE OBJECT OF EATING," a new book every one should read, sent free upon receipt of a one cent stamp.

FOR SALE BY

G. W. SPEERS,

DRUGGIST, Somerset, Pa.

February 6

After years of patient labor and experiment the

ST. JOHN

Sewing Machine,

is now offered to the public, as the triumph of inventive genius in this branch of manufacture.

In points of excellence are apparent to any one examining the machine and so readily recognized that already the "ST. JOHN" has forced itself to the front rank of Sewing Machines. It fulfills all the necessary requirements for a first-class Sewing Machine, which are

1st. Ability to do perfectly all kinds of work demanded of a Sewing Machine. 2d. Ease of management. 3d. Lightness of running. 4th. Freedom from noise. 5th. Simplicity of construction 6th. Durability. All these points are secured more than in any other, in the

ST. JOHN SEWING MACHINE.

No. 1 Machine.

Ornamented Machine and Stand,