

AMERICAN CITIZEN.

"Let us have Faith that Right makes Might; and in that Faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it"—A. LINCOLN.

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Original Poetry.

For the CITIZEN.
DEATH OF LAURA DALE.
By MISS E. NEWMAN.
At the Soldier to his Mother.
Celestial fell the silver moonlight
Over hill and over vale,
As with mournful looks we lingered
By the couch of Laura Dale.
She was dying, gentle Laura,
She was passing like a sigh,
From this world of love and beauty,
To a brighter world on high.
CHORUS—Laura, Laura, still we love thee,
Though we see thy form no more,
And we know thou wilt come to meet us,
When we reach the mystic shore.
Brightly dawned the morning,
Over hill and over vale,
As with mournful looks we lingered,
By the side of Laura Dale.
She was almost at the river,
When the light broke from the sky,
And she smiled, and whispered faintly,
I am not afraid to die.
CHORUS—Laura, Laura, &c.
Softly through the open window,
Came the weak wind's gentle breath,
But she heeded not its mildness,
For she slept the sleep of death.
And beyond the silver moonbeams,
A, beyond the stars of night,
Now she dwells, our darling Laura,
In the home of angels bright.
CHORUS—Laura, Laura, &c.

Short Story.

AN ADVENTURE IN ALGIERS.

Algiers is the Paris of Africa, or rather not a portion of Africa, but a part of France, that has been created by the armies in times of peace as it has been conquered in war by the French arms.

Algiers is like Paris, of course, but in becoming French it has not lost all its oriental peculiarities, and in this it is as much more attractive than Paris as romance is than real life.

When I was ordered to remain in Algiers with my regiment coming from Marseilles, I came with most delightful anticipations.

I was a young lieutenant then and my success with the fair sex in various garrison towns where I had been, gave me most brilliant ideas in regard to the adventures that would befall me in Algiers. Hours, with eyes like stars, enveloped in cachemire, covered with diamonds, living in palaces with fountains of rose-water and bowers of orange flowers rose before me. Indeed, the officers talked so much and so eagerly about the charms of the eastern women, their passion and their devotion, that I felt ready to risk my life to obtain a sight of one of these lovely creatures who haunted my dreams.

Now this was to be the romance of my life. The reality was already arranged and settled in Europe—and to tell the truth, though my imagination was in Algiers, my heart was in France with the girl to whom I had been betrothed since my infancy. Like all Frenchmen, I knew that I could marry only the young lady who would be thought by my parents to be suited to me in station and fortune.—I knew that only such a wife could suit me, and had not the slightest idea that my eastern romance would interfere with any of my engagements, not even with my love.

For I loved my betrothed, though I had not seen her since she was a child. The daughter of an old friend of my father's, she had been brought up by her mother in the strictest seclusion, and in my wandering soldier's life had not seen her for six years. But this was my last year's probation; at the close of the autumn I was to return to Marseilles; and Ceceile was to come with her mother beneath my father's roof and we were to be married.

Dear little Ceceile: I had always treasured her memory as she appeared to me when last I had seen her—a sweet little girl with a short white dress, and the tiniest little feet imaginable, in red satin slippers.

It so happened that at one of the cafes, I made the acquaintance of an intelligent and rich old Jew merchant, who, from the first, appeared to take extraordinary interest in me. He amused me with tales of oriental life and manners; told me the legends of the country, and, in fact, seemed to be a living page from the Arabian Nights.

In return I told him all the circumstances of my life, my military adventures, and even in a moment of extraordinary confidence went so far as to tell him about Ceceile and our future marriage. This was done rather to give him an idea of our European customs than with any idea of confiding in him. I scarcely felt the impropriety of talking about Ceceile, because he was so utterly a stranger to her.

I had been some weeks in Algiers watching anxiously for an opportunity, when one day a note was put into my hand. It was highly perfumed, and tied instead of being sealed, with a gold thread. It was written in a most elegant hand and was in the purest French, and it bade me repair at nine o'clock to one of the mosques, where a most important revelation would be made to me. Here was an adventure at last. In the excitement of the moment I rushed to the old Jew.

"What am I to do? What does this mean?"
"It means that you are a handsome dog, and that some of our lovely women have fallen in love with you."
"What am I to do?"
"Go to the rendezvous, of course."
"Will there be danger? Must I go armed?"
"It would be more prudent."
At nine o'clock, as the clock struck, some one touched me on the shoulder.
"You are exact—that it is well"—and as I turned I beheld an old woman dressed in the costume of the country standing near me.
"Are you Lieutenant Raou Duchever?" asked she, speaking in French, and with only a slight accent.
"Yes."
"You are lately from Marseilles?"
"Yes."
"You remember Ceceile?"
"Ceceile," I cried, "Ceceile Valazo?"
"This she who has written to you."
"Ceceile, my betrothed; she is in Bordeaux with her mother."
"She was, but she is now here a slave in Algiers."
"But the letter is not in her writing?"
"Not as you knew her writing formerly."
"True, a slave—Ceceile a slave! How did she know I was here?"
"She saw you from behind the grating of her window."
"Take me to her encloister!"
"Not until you have given me your word that you will save her."
"At the risk of my life; but how in heaven's name did she get here?"
"She will tell you all to-morrow when you meet."
"Let me see her to-night!"
"Impossible!"
"To-morrow, then. I shall not rest till then."
"To-morrow, but remember, silence—an indiscretion might ruin all!"

I was obliged to be satisfied, but my excitement was so great that I could not restrain it. I confided all to my friend, the Jew.
"Be very prudent," said the Jew, "and remember that the French Government allows the natives the exercise of their special trades. To interfere between a merchant and his slave would be dangerous."
I listened, of course, to no arguments; and at nine o'clock the next night was at the place the Arab woman had indicated. Ceceile, my Ceceile, the pure and gentle young girl in the power of a Mahomedan, was horrible.
"Follow me," said the old woman, and we entered a low gate, and after various windings found ourselves in a white marble hall most brilliantly illuminated.
"Here is the danger. Once we can get through here into Ceceile's apartment, we are safe."
We crossed the hall without impediment. We entered the apartment which seemed dim to me after the hall, but bright, indeed, all appeared, when from an inner room a lady advanced.
She wore the costume of the country, and the heavy silver veils with which the women are concealed in Algiers, fell over her.

In another instant she raised her veil, and I beheld the loveliest creature I had ever seen in my life—her large brilliant, yet melting eyes fixed upon me.
I threw myself at her feet.
"Do I then see you again?"
"Raoul," she replied, in a low soft voice, "have you not forgotten me? Do you not love me still?"
"Love you still! Never have you been out of my thoughts, but how are you here? Here and a slave! How did you come in this man's power?"
"Listen to me, Raoul, and you will see how naturally I fell into the foils three years ago. A young Arab was sent to Bordeaux to complete his education. He came to our house. He fell in love with me. A marriage between us was, of course, impossible, even had I not been betrothed to you. Hassan understood that, and seemed to have abandoned all the feelings of love he had entertained for me. A month since he announced to us his departure for his native country, and as a last proof of friendship, asked my mother to honor him with a visit on board the vessel that was to take him from us—a condescension he called it.—My mother consented. We went, accompanied only by Hassan, who came to fetch us. It was easy to separate us, both courteous as we were to see the various parts of the ship. When at last I tried to rejoin my mother, she was gone. What became of her I cannot tell you. All I know is that the vessel sailed, whilst I fell in a swoon at the feet of Hassan."
"When I recovered, he told me that he had determined that I should be his;

he had sacrificed everything to obtain me. So I am here, and Providence has sent you to my assistance."
"This very night we will fly!"
"That cannot be. I should be missed, traced, and again captured. No, Raoul, you must take me hence to a French vessel ready to sail that very night."
"But I cannot go with you. I dare not quit Algiers without leave of absence."
"I can reach Marseilles in safety.—There I can await you. Only get me beyond the power of these horrible people."
I swore to free her—to obey her; she was so beautiful, so tender, so sad, that I would have dared anything for her deliverance. Each night, introduced by the Arab woman, I came to her. She was more lovely even than I had ever dreamed. She had grown into a different being from the one I had cherished in my heart; often, in our short interviews, did I refer to our early days, but the remembrance seemed too sad for her to hear the names of those we loved, her family—mine, all brought tears to her eyes.

"There was an ineffable joy to me in these interviews, stolen and dangerous as they were, and but of a few minutes' duration; still I burned to free her from the power of this Hassan, even at the pain of not seeing her. I would have tried the French authorities, but what had I to prove the truth of my story or the identity of Ceceile? Then the French authorities are chary of interference with the native customs; in fact, as Ceceile said, our only safety lay in her secret flight. Hassan was away. Once Ceceile had been in his power—he had made no efforts to force her love; he trusted to time, to absence from all other ties, and to his devotion, to ultimately obtain her love.
At the thought of this my heart beat with rage and terror. I resolved to delay no longer. Vessels were sailing every day to France, but I wanted not a vessel full of passengers, but some small merchant vessel, where none would know even of Ceceile's presence.
At last it was found, and all was arranged. A European dress was procured and conveyed to Ceceile, in which one night, without any interruption, she passed out of Hassan's palace the way I entered it.

We were in the street; I dared bring no conveyance; we had to walk with rapid steps down to the quay. On we rushed, when suddenly a man darted from one of the dark porticos and stood before us.
"It was my friend, the Jew."
"You are pursued," said he; "her flight is discovered. Trust her to me, here is my house. I can shield her—no one will suspect me. You can save her only thus, and only thus save yourself from the disgrace which as an officer will fall on you."
"Disgrace!" cried Ceceile, starting from me; "take me, lead me anywhere. Raoul, fly."
"With me she is safe; come to-morrow, she will be ready."
But she will miss the vessel—it sails to-night."
"There will be another then; but I hear steps approaching; fly."
The Jew and Ceceile disappeared into one of the houses, and I, bewildered and deeply mortified, went slowly to my quarters.
The next day there was a great rumor in the town—the French authorities had been appealed to—a most daring robbery had been committed; one of the favorite slaves of the de-throned Dey had escaped from his palace with jewels of enormous value. She was a European, too; some dancing girl he had picked up from Algiers; she had sailed for France, it was supposed, but where and how, and who had been her accomplice it was impossible to discover.
I heard this with indifference; and as I deemed it safe proceeded, racked with anxiety, to the Jew's house.
I reached it, and on the threshold stood the Arab woman.
"Ceceile," said I. She presented me with a note without speaking a word.
I tore it open:
"I am safe; you will not betray me, for if you do I will swear you are my accomplice. I have long been waiting this opportunity, and I thank you for helping me and the Dey's jewels off together.—I was merely the Dey's slave—a Parisian with only her beauty and her wits; now I am rich, and will pray for you, my gallant and credulous cavalier. You should not have confided your secrets and your love to the Jew; he is with me and we will not forget you."
"CARMEN."
I stood as if turned to stone; I could not collect my thoughts. Ceceile an impostor! no, not Ceceile at all, and I the duped and accomplice of this bold, bad woman.

My first impulse was at all risks to denounce her—to tell the truth. But the fear of ridicule, the dread of disgrace at last restrained me, and made me consent to endure the terrible complicity.
Carmen was never found—nor were the jewels traced; probably she had sailed from France for America, and so evaded the police.
As for Ceceile, six months later I found her by her mother, pure, fresh and innocent; and not until we had been married two years did I relate to her my adventure in Algiers.

THE BUTCHER PROBST.

Full and Frank Confession.

He Alone Murdered the Dearing Family.

We have already given a brief telegraphic account of the confession of Anton Probst, the murderer of the Dearing family of eight persons, which, while it eased the public mind in reference to the escape of an alleged accomplice, gave but a slight idea of the ferocity of the beast who made it. The Philadelphia Inquirer of Tuesday morning contains a photographic, and therefore complete report of the confession. From it we learn that Anton Probst is a native of Baden, aged 24 years, and arrived in this country on the 9th of May, 1863. The afternoon of his arrival he enlisted in the 41st New York Infantry, served nine months, deserted and re-enlisted in the twelfth Pa. Cavalry, from which he subsequently deserted, again enlisted in the 5th Pa. Cav., from which he was discharged May 28th, 1865. He worked at odd jobs in New York, New Jersey, Maryland and about Philadelphia until last winter, when he was employed by Mr. Dearing, for whom he worked three weeks. He was ordered to do some work in a field on a rainy day, which he refused to do, and said he would leave, when Mr. Dearing paid him and he left. He had seen Mr. Dearing counting a large amount of money, and he returned to Dearing's on the 2d of February, having made up his mind, he said, to get some of the money. Mr. Dearing again gave him work, and now commenced HIS NEFARIOUS SCHEMES.
I was watching an opportunity sometime, to get hold of this money. (The prisoner kept on slowly, drawing deep breaths for a few moments.)
I planned every day to get the money, and never had a chance. I never thought of murdering before that morning I murdered them. I had tried no way to get the money before that.
Mr. Perkins, Jr.—Probst, what did you say before—about eight days before the murder?
Probst—Yes; eight or ten days before I had thought of that, of murdering him and the whole family. My first plan was to kill him and get the money; I could not get the money in any other way. I thought of killing them in the house, as he came down in the morning. I got the axe sometimes ready for them when they came down, in the evenings sometimes. I did not do it then; I never could do it. I got sometimes a good chance, but my heart failed it. Dearing was home always in the evening.
HOW THE HORRIBLE MURDERS WERE DONE.
That morning was dark, raining and cold, and Dearing went to the city; then I made up my mind to do it that day; I calculated to kill Dearing as he came home; I did not know whether the money was in the house or not; I did not know whether he had it.
THE KILLING OF THE BOY CORNELIUS.
Me and the boy were working out on the bank; we went to work that morning about 7½ or 8 o'clock, I guess; Mr. Dearing went up to the city before we went out; he said he would be back about one o'clock; we went to work in the meadow about one hundred yards from the haystack; we took the horse and cart and went to work together; I took with me to kill him the axe, the big axe for cutting roots out also.
We were standing under the big tree when I killed him; it was raining a little; he sat down under the tree, and I stood above him, behind him, with the axe in my hand; he sat there and talked of something about work while I stood right behind him; I was going to kill him, and drew my hand back three or four times; I hit him on the left side of the head; he did not holler; he fell down: I gave him one or two more blows, and then cut his throat; he bled much (the prisoner stopped, looked down on the rosary, and ran his finger over the small beads of the rosary) on the tree; I lifted him up and put him into the cart; he had the strap every time round him, to keep his coat up; that was all in full view of Mr. Wiles' house; I was not afraid of them seeing me; I

looked first; then I drove the horse up, and lifted him up and laid him in the hay-stack, and covered him up with the hay; there was a little blood on the cart; I took a little hay and wiped it off; I took some outside hay and threw it over him.
BUTCHERY OF THE MOTHER AND LITTLE CHILDREN.
Then I went, took the axe with me to the house, and also took the horse with me; this was about 10 o'clock in the morning; I came to the house with the horse and cart, and had a little wood on the cart, and put the wood down in the yard; I left the horse and cart stand at the machine house; did not unhitch the horse; I went into the stable and laid the two axes and the hammer in the corner, right on the left corner, near the narrow door that faces the ditch; well then I would goover in the house and had a little blood on my pants; I took my hat and took it off; then I went over in the house, and the woman was out at the ditch for water.
I took the oldest boy, John is his name, and told him to go over in the stable and help me with something I had to do; he goes; I stood inside the door, got my axe in my hand, the little axe, and then he comes in; through the long entry first he comes, right on the corner; I knocked him down and he fell inside, where the little blood was; he did not holler; I gave him one or two of the same, and cut and chopped his throat; I brought him in, hauled him in through the hole, and put a little hay on him; then I put the axe to the same place at the door; then I came out in the house and told the woman to come over, there was something the matter with the little horse, the colt, I could not tie it myself.
I went over; she comes in two or three minutes, alone; I said nothing to her; she comes in the stable, I stood inside and struck her on the head; she did not holler; I gave her two or three more blows, and chopped her throat; I took her on my shoulder and hauled her in; I had to crawl in first and then pull her in; then I put the axe in the same place as before, at the door.
Then I go over and bring the boy over there; Thomas is his name, the next oldest; I told him to come over, his mother wanted him; he said nothing at all, and comes over right away; he came in the same place; he walked before me; I walked behind him; he walks right in the stable; when he comes there I killed him by striking him in the same place; nobody did holler; I hit him on the head when he laid down; I hit him once more; I do not know whether I mashed his whole skull in, I did not examine him; I brought him in the same place with his mother; then I left the axe in the same place.
THE LITTLE ONE.
Then I went over to the house and took Annie; I told her mother wanted to see her in the stable; she did not say a word; then I took the little baby; I took it on my arm; the little girl walked alongside of me; I left the baby on the first corner as you go into the stable; I left the little baby there playing in the hay; then I go in the same place where I killed the others; she looked around like for her mother, who was in the hay [smiling]; I was not warm; she did not say anything; I knocked her down at the first blow, and cut her throat the same as the others; then I went back and got the little baby, and struck it on the head in the same place; then I hauled them in the same place.
Then I took the new axe and washed it off, and put it on the bench on the porch, and left the little axe in the stable, by the door on the left side; then I went over into the house; I took the horse out of the cart and put it into the stable; then I went over in the house and stayed there watching for him to come; I did not search the house then.
I guess about half past 1 o'clock, I do not know the exact time, I saw him coming out of the window; I looked through the window and saw him coming, and went out down stairs and saw Miss Dolan in the carriage, and then I was worried; then I go out of the house and stay outside until he comes; when he is come with the carriage; I stepped out to the carriage and told him that the steer is sick over there in the stable; I told him he looks very bad, he had better see him, I would like him to go over and see him; then he comes right away, walking over there; he left the horse standing there; Miss Dolan went into the house with all her clothes.
Then I went to the stable, and walked behind him; I took the axe behind him in my hand; I walked behind him and hit at him right on the head with the small axe; he fell right down on his face; I turned him over and gave him one or two more on his head, and cut his throat and chopped his throat; he never spoke

to me, or said a word; he told me was that steer hurt very bad; he did not look so bad when I saw him; I will go right over to the barn and see him; then I put a little hay over him and left him laying there; I killed him at the place where you go up to the hay mound, where the blood is on the boards. I put a little hay over him; going out, I put my axe in the same place, the small axe, I had the hammer there.
And then Miss Dolan called me over there in the house; I said the horse would not stay there; I would walk around and put the horse out of the carriage; I walked over there and said Mr. Deering wanted to see her over in the stable; she asked me where the woman and the children are; I told her they are all in the stable; (smiling) that is all I talked to her; she walks right in the stable; I took the hammer with my left hand, and she was five or six feet inside the door; I hit her on the head once with the hammer, and she fell right down on her face; I turned her round, hit her once on the head, and took the little axe again and chopped her throat; then I went to Mr. Deering and took the watch and pocket book from him and put them in my pocket; and then went back to Miss Dolan to see if she had money; I looked into the pocket and took a pocket book and put it into my pocket; after that I took Mr. Deering's boots off, and laid him in the same place where you found him, and put Miss Dolan there, and covered them up with hay.

THE ROBBERY OF THE HOUSE AFTER THE MURDERS.

Then I went out and shut the doors; went over to the house; put the carriage and horse into the stable, and took the gears off of him; I gave the horse something to eat, oats and corn; then I shut the door and went over to the house and put the carriage in its place in the carriage house; this was about half-past two o'clock; I cannot tell exactly what time; then I went into the house inside, shut the door; I took my pocket book out to count the money; I took first the big pocket book out. Mr. Deering's pocket book; I found ten dollars in it in greenbacks, and two two dollar notes, and a counterfeit three dollar note; that is all the money I saw; I took Miss Dolan's pocket book, the little one; I opened it, and saw nothing in it but postage stamps; I am certain there was none in it; I will not now lie.
I thought they had much money (laughing); I left the watch and pocket book on the table and went up stairs; I found a pocket book of Mrs. Deering's, that little one on the bed there, with a yellow clasp on it; it had \$3 in it, in greenbacks, and about sixty five cents in small change; under the bed there was a little revolver, loaded; I got down stairs; I looked all over and I cannot find more; I took the revolvers down and put them among the other things; then I went up stairs and looked all over; I searched about but I cannot find any other things; I took the three shirts, and pants and vest down stairs; and after that I shaved myself with Dearing's razor, the one in the carpet bag; then I washed myself, and dressed myself, and put his clothes on; then I eat something, bread and butter.
I saw the big butcher knife on the mantelpiece many a time before, but I did not notice it that time, and did not put it there; then I eat something (bread and butter), and went up stairs again; looked all over again, and did not find anything; I took all I could in my carpet bag down stairs Miss Dolan's carpet bag, and packed it up, and made ready to go away with it, I staid in the evening until 6 or 6½ o'clock; it was not very dark then; about sunset; I did not then see anybody coming through the yard; I had the doors locked, and the window, too, in the yard; I had nothing in the house to defend myself in case any body came.
HIS FLIGHT AND CAROUSINGS.
I left there about 6½; went down Jones' lane to Point House road; I carried the carpet bag through the meadow; it did not go by Mr. Wiles', but across the meadow; I left the door open in the barn for the cattle to go in and get some hay but I fed the chickens and cattle all of them before I left.
Question—By Chief Franklin—What did you think they would do for water?
Probst—I thought they had water enough there outside; I went up to the Point House; one dog follow me; the little yellow dog; I drove him away for a time, but he followed; none of the dogs followed me before around the barn; I went in Third Street car; then the dog did not follow me; I went up Third to Callow hill street; I got down and walk-

ed from Callow hill along to New Market street, and then to Leekfeld's. I took my carpet bag there and gave it to him to save for me, and an umbrella; am certain I did leave it there.
I am sure that was Saturday night; it was not so that I was there on Sunday noon; I treated him and another fellow there, one a Dutchman, a big man; do not know his name; they called him the beer brewer; it was not Heinrich Bael; then I went to Front street, about seven o'clock or after, anyhow eight o'clock and staid there about half an hour, then I go over to Germantown road, to Stroper's; I told him I had a pistol to sell, and told I worked in Camden, over there in a saw mill; I promised to bring the pistols back on Saturday, at half past ten or eleven o'clock; I went over there on Leekfeld's; I staid there the whole night with that woman, and then next morning I went to Chris. Moore's; then to Leekfeld's, eat my dinner there, and drunk lager beer; I stayed there then in the evening; and then went home with that other big woman; I was there about fifteen or twenty minutes, then I went back to Leekfeld's; I gave her the \$2 note; I offered to give her the watch in exchange for it, when she came over there for other money, but I offered her the watch, the silver one; she would not take that watch; she told me she would take a revolver if I had one; I told her I had none; I staid at Leekfeld's Sunday night, Monday night, Tuesday night, and Wednesday night; then I slept down on the wharf, on Brown street wharf; there are plenty of boats there, I slept in one of them; then I got out in the morning, about six o'clock, and sold the watch on Thursday morning to Mr. Algeher, he gave me \$4; then I went back to Leekfeld's and paid him \$3 and about sixty cents; then I had about forty cents left; I took my dinner there, and, in the evening my supper.

About half past seven o'clock I went away with that Heinrich, and walked about two squares with him; then I told him I would go back to Leekfeld's; then I walked out Market street; I wanted to go into the country; I wanted to go right through the whole country [smiling]; I felt bad; I had seen an account of it in the papers; I looked into them every day; I seen it first on the morning I was arrested; that was the first time; I was then in Leekfeld's; it was in a German paper; I had a talk about it there: he talked the whole time about it, Leekfeld, and every body who came in there; the police came in there inquiring about that the were talking with Leekfeld; this day I stayed there; I expected to be arrested.
I did not see the officers doing anything when I went by them, near Market Street Bridge; I heard them talking, and heard them say that is the man; and then I walked; I walked pretty smart (laughing), and when he came behind me (smiling) I could not do anything; he asked me, right on the bridge, I do not know exactly what; he told me I was a Dutchman; I told him no, I was a Frenchman [laughing and playing with the beads of the rosary]; he told me to come to come back with him; I could do nothing more, nor I would not have done anything then, if I could have done anything; I did not care whether I was caught or not; I had no money; [laughing]; I feel not right; I was sorry for what I had done.
THE MURDERER'S FEARS.
I feel better since I have told the truth about this thing; I feel relieved; I was afraid to say it at first—afraid of being lynched, afraid of the crowd, and that the police force could not keep them off; I am satisfied I had a fair trial and the witnesses testified to the truth, except Leekfeld, showing I went and staid there only one night, when I stayed every night.
Chief Franklin—Well, Probst, how could Leekfeld remember exactly, when he may have had a hundred boarders coming and going?
Probst—He knew nothing about this case; I opened the carpet bag there and showed my pistol; I sold the other watch in Second street, near Poplar.
Chief Franklin—I searched for four squares around there and could not find it.
Probst—I am sure of that, I got two dollars for it; I sold it to a man behind the counter; one of the hands was broken off; I got nothing else but what was found, everything was there but that watch and umbrella; I took the boots of Mr. Dearing's feet after he was killed, before I killed Miss Dolan; but I did not put them on until after I killed Miss Dolan; I took them off because I guessed he had something in his boots, some money; I put on his boots and took off my own shoes I