BUTLER, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 16, 183.

NO. 29

Mrs. Jennie E. Zimmerman.

Courtesy

Is extended to all who come to us. No trouble to show goods, even if you do not want to buy. It is as easy to get out of our store as into it We think, however, you will find it to your advantage not to go away empty

We Sell Reliable Goods.

It is worth a good deal to you, isn't it, to know you are getting the best there is of all goods handled in a first—class dry goods house for the least money; worth a good deal to know you are getting the correct style in dress goods, millinery, wraps, &c.

See What We Have for You.

New style Chalies, 5c per yard; best brown muslin in the city. 5c per yard; best and only fast colored black hose in the city for 5c per pair. good prints at 5c; best standard prints at 7c; Lancaster Ginghams, 6c, Dress Ginghams, 8c to 25c; fine bleached Damask, 63 inches wide, worth 75c, for 50c; all-linen towling at 5c per yard. New Wash Gooks; Ondine Stripes in clack with colored figure, 12½c, worth 15c; new Crepaline, 15c, Irish and trecise Lawes, 12½c; colored figure Dimity, something entirely new, 12½c; Beautiful line of French Sateens, in black and colors; Ladies Jersey Vests % 9c; Children's ribbed vests at 5c; Men's fine balbriggan underwear, 50c to \$2 a vuit; fine black silk-finished Henriettas, 46 in., for 75c, worth \$1. Such high qualities and low prices are certainly not attempted or equalled by any bigh qualities and low prices are certainly not attempted or equalled by any other house. One glance into our large show window will convince you we lead in Millinery, both in style and qualiy. Ask our price. We will convince you that in this department, as in all others, our prices are the low-

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Successor to Ritter & Ralston.

Are You One Of The Lucky Ones Who Will Attend The Grand Clearance Sale At

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For the next two weeks. Remember it is not our fault if you come too late, it will commence Jan. 25 and continue till Feb. 4.

Carpets, Cloaks, Underwear, Hosiery, A \$25 Gold Gloves, Corsets, Dry Goods, Flannels, Ginghams, Calicoes, etc.

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Leading Dry Goods and Carpet House, Butler, Pa.

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J. R. GRIEB, The Jeweler, Duffy Block. No. 125 N. Main St.,

Sign of Electric Bell and Clock.

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-"Remember our Repairing Department-20 years Experience."-

RINGS, EAR-RINGS

STUDS,

SCARF PINS,

GENTS GOLD, LADIES GOLD,

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Gold Pins, Ear-rings, Rings, Chains, Bracelets, Etc,

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[A. STEELSMITH, Manager, Butler, Pa.]

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This oil is made and handled by Independent Producers not conected with the Standard Oil Co., as reported.

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17 EAST JEFFERSON ST. This oil can be secured at McCrea's Feed Store on E. Jefferson St BUTLER, - PA.



PLAINTS, was sent us by Wm. Groom of the well-known "GROOM'S PHAR MACY," 129 Congress St., Troy, N. Y. GENTLEMEN:—I have been troubled with LIVER COMPLAINT, CONSTIPATION and DYSPEPSIA for a long time.

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guessing will be taken after that We can also save you money on every article in our stocks of Cloth-

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buy good goods at the right price.

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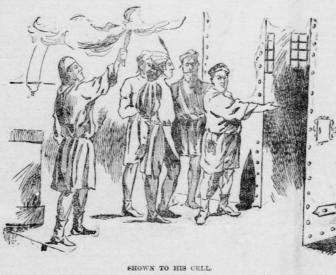
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m BY WILLIAM MUDFORD. om





dungeon, excavated deep in the solid rock, the miserable victim was immured, whom revenge pursued—the dark, fierce, and unpitying revenge of

Vivenzio-the noble and the gener fearless in battle, and the

constructed. High above there ran a range of seven grated windows, guarded with massy bars of the same metal, which admitted light and air. Save these, and the tall folding-doors beneath them which occupied the center, no chink or chasm or projection broke the smooth black surface of the walls. An iron bedstead, littered with

appalling, a loneliness so dreary, that thought, for want of fellowship, would lose itself in madness or stagnate

He could not hope to escape, unless he had the power of rendering asunder, with his bare hands, the solid iron walls of his prison. He could not hope for liberty from the relenting mercies of his enemy. His instant death, under any form of refined cruelty, was not the object of Tolfi, for he might have infloted it, and he had not. It was too evident, therefore, he was reserved for some premeditated scheme of subtle vengeance: and what vengeance could

of famine, or the still slower till reason fled, and nothing should remain to perish but the brute functions It was evening when Vivenzio en-

or convent, struck upon his ear to tell how the hours passed. Frequently he would stop and listen for some sound that might betoken the vicinity of would stop and listen for some sound that might betoken the vicinity of man; but the solitude of the desert, the silence of the tomb, are not so still and deserve the compared with the idea of being totally silence of the tomb, are not so still and deep as the oppressive desolation by which he was encompassed. His heart

by no other note of its progress than light and darkness. He had been so happy in his sleep, amid friends who loved him, and the sweeter endearments of those who loved him as friends commanded a magnificent view of Sicily in all its grandem. Here during the wars of the wild. the wars of the middle ages, when the fertile plains of Italy were devastated by hostile factions, those prisoners were confined, for whose reason a costly confined, for whose ransom a costly price was demanded. Here, too, in a dungeon, excavated deep in the solid of the straw upon which he lay, as though he would ask himself what i

oxis, the fearless in battle, and the pride of Naples in her sunny hours of peace—the young, the brave, the proud Vivenzio, fell beneath this subtle and remorseless spirit. He was the prisoner of Tolfi, and he languished in that rock-encircled dungeon, which stood alone, and whose portals never opened twice upon a living captive.

It had to exemp a page of a yest cage. twice upon a living captive.

It had to a semblance of a vast cage, for the roof and floor and sides were of iron, solidly wrought, and spaciously constructed. High all the semblance of a vast cage, the preceding evening had partially disclosed, the utter impossibility of the wall; but, both to sight and touch, it appeared one even and uniform surface, while, to repeated and violent blows, there was no reverbed. of escape. As, however, his eyes wan-dered round and round, and from place to place, he noticed two circumstances which excited his surprise and cur osity. The one, he thought, might be fancy; but the other was positive. His pitcher of water, and the dish which

contained his food, had been removed from his side while he slept, and now straw, stood in one corner; and beside stood near the door. Were he even init, a vessel with water, and a coarse clined to doubt this, by supposing he had mistaken the spot where he saw them over night, he could not, for the shrunk with dismay as he entered this pitcher now in his dungeon was shrunk with dismay as he entered this abode, and heard the ponderous door triple locked by the silent rufflans who conducted him to it. Their silence seemed prophetic of his fate, of the living grave that had been prepared for him. His menaces and his entreaties, his indignant appeals for justice, and his questioning of their intentions were locking and opening of those ponderous alike in vain. They listened, but spoke not. Fit ministers of a crime that should have no tongue!

portals were effected without waking him? He would have said this was not possible, but that in doing so, he must should have no tongue!

How dismal was the sound of their retiring steps! And, as their faint echoes died along the winding passages, a frarful presage grew within him, that never more the face or voice or tread of man would greet his senses. He had seen human beings for the last time! And he had looked his last upon the bright sky, and upon the smiling earth, and upon a beautiful world he loved and whose minion he had been!

The other circumstance which had at loved and whose minion he had been!

loved and whose minion he had been!

Rere he was to end his life—a life he had just begun to revel in! And by what means? By secret poison or by murderous assault? No—for then it had been needless to bring him hither. Famine perhaps—a thousand deaths in one! It was terrible to think of it; but it was yet more terrible to picture long, long years of captivity, in a solitude so appalling, a loneliness so dreary, be was mistaken than that a portion of he was mistaken than that a portion of the solid iron, which formed the walls, could have escaped from its position mind.

Vivenzio partook of the food that was before him, without apprehension. It might be poisoned; but if it were, he knew he could not escape death, should such be the design of Tolfi, and the quickest death would be the speediest

editated scheme of subtle and what vengeance could : flendish malice either the of famine, or the still shower will a substant of the substant famine, or the sull slower y incarceration, till the spark of life expired or l, and nothing should return the least functions. Would do in the same way as would do in th doom prepared, or preparing, for him, imparted some comfort. Besides, if he came alone, might he not in a furious onset overpower him? Or he might be tered his dungeon, and the approaching shades of night wrapped it in total darkness, as he paced up and down, revolving in his mind these horrible forestow if once more at liberty and master of himself. Say he were armed. The castle, or from any neighboring church or convent, struck upon his ear to tell how the hours passed. Frequently he hours passed. Frequently he

The night came, and Vivenzio watched. sank within him, and he threw himself dejectedly down upon his couch of straw. Here sleep gradually obliterated the without knowing it. Sleep must have

A wisp of straw, which he had carewas evidence that could not be disputed; and it followed there must be some secret machinery in the walls by which a person could enter. He inspected them losely. They appeared to him one solid that no mark of division was percepti-ble. Again and again he surveyed them—and the floor—and the roof and that range of visionary windows, as he was now almost tempted to con-sider them; he could discover nothing, absolutely nothing, to relieve his doubts or satisfy his curiosity. Sometimes he fancied that altogether the dungeon had a more contracted appearance—that it looked smaller; but this he naturally produced upon his mind by the undeniable disappearance of two of

it approached, he resolved that no treacherous sleep should again betray him. Instead of seeking his bed of straw, he continued to waik up and down his dungeon till daylight, straining his eyes in every direction through the darkness, to watch for any appearances that might explain these mysteries. While thus engaged, and as nearly as he could judge (by the time that afterward elapsed before the morning came in) about two o'clock, there was a slight tremulous motion of the floors. He stooped. The motion the floors. He stooped. The motion lasted nearly a minute; but it was so doubted whether it was real or only imaginary. He listened. Not a sound could be heard. Presently, however, he felt a rush of cold air blow upor nim; and dashing toward the quarter whence it seemed to proceed, he stum-oled over something which he judged

The first approaches of the morning were visible through the grated windows, breaking, with faint divisions of light, the darkness that still pervaded every other part, long before Vivenzie was enabled to distinguish any object n his dungeon. Instinctively and fearflamed with watching, toward them. There were FOUR! He could see only four; but it might be some intervening object prevented the fifth from becoming perceptible; and he waited impatiently to ascertain if it were so. As the light strengthened, however, and penetrated every corner of the cell, other objects of amazement struck his sight. On the ground lay the broken fragments of the pitcher he had used the day before, and at a small distance from them, nearer to the wall, stood the one he had noticed the first night.

It was filled with water, and beside it was his food. He was now certain that, by some mechanical contrivance, an opening was obtained through the iron wall, and that through this almost waved at the time, he must have heard it. Again he examined that part

dungeon. The tall folding-door, too, still seemed to stand beneath, in the still seemed to stand beneaus, seenter of these four, as it had at first stood in the center of the seven. But he could no longer doubt, what, on the preceding day, he fancied might be the effect of visual deception. The dunaffect of visual deception are some some some strength of the preceding day, he fancied might be the sank to the ground, in renewed anguish, exclaimed; "O my God! You alone have power to save me then me for the trial you which the three windows had extended. He was bewildered in vain imaginings to account for these things. Some frightmind or body—some unheard-of device for producing exquisite misery, lurked he was sure, in what had taken place.

Oppressed with this ball taken place. Oppressed with this belief, and distracted more by the dreadful uncertainty of whatever fate impended, than he could be dismayed, he thought, by the knowledge of the worst, he sat ruminating, hour after hour, yielding his fears in succession to every hag-gard fancy. At last a horrible suspic-ion flashed suddenly across his mind, and he started up with a frantic air "Yes!" he exclaimed, looking wildly round his dungeon, and shuddering as he spoke—"Yes! it must be so! I see it!

—I feel the maddening truth like corching flames upon my brain! Eter-Yes, yes, that is to be my fate! Yon roof will descend!—these walls will hem me round—and slowly, slowly crush me in their iron arms! Lord God! strike me with instant death! O fiend-O devil!—is this your revenge?"

He dashed himself upon the ground

in agony—tears burst from him, and the sweat stood in large drops upon his face—he sobbed aloud—he tore his hair —he rolled about like one suffering in tolerable anguish of body, and would have bitten the iron floor beneath him: he breathed fearful curses upon Tolfi, and the next moment passionate pray exhausted, and he lay still, weeping as a child would weep. The twilight of departing day shed its gloom around him ere he rose from that posture of utter and hopeless sorrow. He had taken no food. Not one drop of water had cooled the fever of his parched lips. Sleep had not visited his eyes for six-and-thirty hours. He was faint with hunger; weary with watching, and with the excess of his emotions. He tasted of his food; he drank with avid-ity of the water, and, reeling like z

dawned upon Vivenzio. But it was high noon before his mind shook off its stupor, or he awoke to a full consciousness of his situation. And what a fixed energy of despair sat upon his pale features as he cast his eyes upward and gazed upon the Three windows that now alone remained! The three—there were no more—and they seemed to number his allotted days. Slowly and calmly he next surveyed the top and sides, and comprehended all the meaning of the diminished height of the former, as well as of the gradual approximation of the latter. The conthe former, as well as of the gradual approximation of the latter. The contracted dimensions of his mysterious with delight the wretch who looked, he was so contrived, purposely to madden with delight the wretch who looked, he was so contrived. walls and roof and windows should thus silently and imperceptibly, without noise, and without motion almost, fold, as it were, within each other, he inhaled it as though it were the breath of continued life. How he gazed, and still clung to his hold!

forward to the return of night; and as it approached, he resolved that no he was to be repriezed.

awaken pity! Alone he was to perish!— alone he was to wait a slow-coming torture, whose most exquisite pangs would be inflicted by that very solitude and that tardy coming!

"but the death I must prepare for! Methinks, too, I could meet even that—all horrible and revolting as it is—if to be the water ewer. The rush or cold air was no longer perceptible; and as Vivenzio stretched out his hands, he found himself close to the walls. He long days and nights I have to live? There is no power within me to bid the hideous spectre hence—none to make it remainder of the night to excite his attention, though he watched with unabated vigilance.

The first approaches of the morning mad in looking at it. Oh for a deep sleep to fall upon me! That so in sleep to fall upon me! That so, in death's likeness, I might embrace death itself, and drink no more of the cup that is presented to me than my fainting spirit has already tasted!"

In the midst of these lamentations

Vivenzio noticed that his accustor meal, with the pitcher of water, had been conveyed, as before, into his dun-geon. But this circumstance no longer excited his surprise. His mind was overwhelmed by others of a far greater magnitude. It suggested, however, a feeble hope of deliverance; and there is no hope so feeble as not to yield some spair. He resolved to watch, during the ensuing night, for the signs he had before observed; and should he again voice, at the instant when his food was pense which hung upon the possibility of his worst fears being visionary.

The night came; and as the hour approached when Vivenzio imagined he This perplexing mystery had for a time withdrawn his thoughts from the windows; but now, directing his eyes toward them, he saw that the fifth had disappeared in the same manner as the preceding two, without the least distinguishable alteration of external appearances. The remaining four looked as the seven had originally looked; that is, occupying, at irregular distances, the top of the wall on that side of the dungeon. The tall folding-door, too, still seemed to stand beneath, in the ered—and the opposite ends had contracted the intermediate distance by a space equal, he thought, to that over permit."

God! You alone have power to save me now, or strengthen me for the trial you permit." Another morning dawned up

paid, though he had implored it in vain. But how awfully was his prayer answered in what he now saw! The roof of the dungeon was within a foot of his head. The two ends were so near, that in six paces he trod the space between them. Vivenzio shuddered as he gazed, and as his steps traversed the narrowed area. But his feelings no longer vented themselves in frantic wailings. With folded arms, and clenched teeth, with eyes that were bloodshot from watching, and fixed with a vacant glare upon the ground, with a hard quick breathing, and a hurried walk, he strode backward and tongue utter, or what pen describe the dark and terrible character of his thoughts? Like the fate that mould them, they had no similitude in the wide range of this world's agony for man. Suddenly he stopped, and his eyes were riveted upon that part of the wall which was over his bed. Words are inscribed there! A human language, traced by a human hand! He rushes n; but his blood freezes as "I. Ludovico Sforza, tempted by the gold of the prince of Tolfi, spent three years in contriving and executing this

accursed triumph of my art. When it was completed, the perfidious Tolfa, more devil than man, who conducted me hither one morning, to be witness, as he said, of its perfection, doomed me to be the first victim of my own per-nicious skill; lest, as he declared, I should divulge the secret, or repeat the effort of my ingenuity. May God pardon him, as I hope he will me, that ministered to his unhallowed purpose. Miserable wretch, whoe'er thou art, that readest these lines, fall on thy kneer and invoke as I have done His knees, and invoke, as I have done, His sustaining mercy who alone can nerve thee to meet the vengeance of Tolff—armed with this tremendous engine, will the Widow Capture Will the Widow Capture drunken man in his straw, cast himsen upon it to brood again over the appalling image that had fastened itself upon his almost frenzied thoughts.

II.

thee to meet armed with this tremendous engane, which, in a few hours, must crush you, as it will the needy wretch who made it."

A deep groan burst from Vivenzio. He stood, like one transfixed, with divisor to the stood of the st He slept. But his slumbers were not transpared. But his slumbers were not transpared. He resisted, as long as he could, their approach; and when, at last, enfeebled nature yielded to their influence, he found no oblivion from "Prepare!" Hope forsook him. There Here sleep gradually obliterated the consciousness of misery, and bland dreams wafted his delighted spirit to seenes which were once glowing realities for him, in whose ravishing illusions he soon lost the remembrance that he was Tolfi's prisoner.

When he awoke, it was daylight; but how long he had slept he knew not. It might be early morning, or it might be sall. Casting his looks toward there had been none as now convinced there had been none.

When he awoke, it was daylight; but how long he had slept he knew not. It might be early morning, or it might be sall. Casting his looks toward the windows of his dungeon, he counted but prive! Here was no deception; and he was now convinced there had been none.

When he awoke, it was daylight; but how long he had slept he knew not. It might be early morning, or it might be early morning, or it might be as now convinced there had been none.

When he awoke, it was daylight; but how long he had slept he knew not. It might be early morning, or it might be as now convinced there had been none.

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When he awoke, it was daylight; but how long he had slept he knew not. It might be early morning, or it might be early morning, or it might be early morning. The move the stundent was as if a voice from the subtantive yielded to their inst, enfectled nature yielded to their hist, early fere was haunted by fatigue, and in that interval of feverish findence, he found no oblivion from his cares. Terrible dreams haunted was his sentence, recorded in those distingued to the forms haunted was his sentence, recorded in those distingued to their inst, early was have to the fundence of was him down in the abouted to the fundence in

"Why should I? He was but a

prison were now too gross and palpable to be the juggle of his heated imagination. Still lost in wonder at the means, Vivenzio could put no cheat upon his reason, as to the end. By what horrible ingenuity it was contrived, that walls and roof and windows should the still the still the still impresent the still the still the still the still impresent the still the still the still impresent the still the the setting sun, olive groves, shady walks, and, in the farthest dis-tance, delicious glimpses of magnificent Sicily, burst upon his sight. How ex-quisite was the and he vainly strove to persuade himself it was the intention of the contriver to rack the miserable wretch, who might be immured there, with anticipation, merely, of a fate, from ticipation, merely, of a fate, from ticipation, merely, of a fate, from ticipation, merely of a fate, from ticipation ticipation

> When he recovered, the glorious vision had vanished. He was in darkness. He doubted whether it was not a dream that had passed before his sleeping fancy; but gradually his scattered thoughts returned, and with them came remembrance. Yes! he had looked once again upon the gargeous splender of again upon the gorgeous splendor of nature! Once again his eyes had trem-bled beneath their veiled lids, at the sun's radiance, and sought repose in the soft verdure of the olive tree, or the gentle swell of undulating waves. Oh, that he were a mariner exposed upon those waves to the worst fury o torm and tempest; or a very wretch oathsome with disease, plague stricken, and his body one leprous cor tagion from crown to sole, forth to gasp out the remnant of infec-tious life beneath those verdant trees, so he might shun the destiny upon

Vain thoughts like these would steal over his mind from time to time, in spite of himself; but they scarcely moved it from that stupor into which it had sunk, and which kept him, during the whole night, like one who had been drugged with onium

ing the whole night, like one who had been drugged with opium.

In this pitiable condition, the sixth and last morning dawned upon Vivenzio, if dawn it might be called—the dim, obscure light which faintly struggled through the ONE SOLITABY window of his dungeon. He could hardly be said to notice the melancholy token. And yet he did notice it; for as he raised his eyes and saw the portentous sign, there was a slight convulsive distortion of his countenance. But what did attract his notice, and at the sight.

of which his agitation was excessive, was the change his iron bed had under-gone. It was a bed no longer. Itstood before him, the visible semblance of a funeral couch or bier! When he beheld this, he started from the ground; and, in raising himself, suddenly struck his head against the roof, which was now so low that he could no longer stand upright. "God's will be done!" was all he said, as he crouched his body, and placed his hand upon the bier; for such it was. The iron bedstead had been so it was. The iron bedstead had been so contrived, by the mechanical art of Ludovico Sforza, that, as the advancing walls came in contact with its head and fect, a pressure was produced upon concealed springs, which, when made to play, set in motion a very simple though ingeniously contrived machinery, that effected the transformation.

and sometimes tears would gush from him. The air seemed thick, and he breathed with difficulty; or it might be that he fancied it was so, from the narrow limits of his dungeon, which wer now so diminished that he could neithe stand up nor lie down at his full length. But his wasted spirits and op-pressed mind no longer struggled within him. He was past hope, and fear shook him no more. Happy if thus revenge had struck its fatal blow; for he would have fallen beneath it al-most unconscious of a pang. But such most unconscious of a pang. But such a lethargy of the soul, after such an excitement of its passions, had entered into the diabolical calculations of Tolfi; and the artificer of his designs had imagined a counteracting device.

The tolling of an enormous bell struck upon the ears of Vivenzio! He started. It beat but once. The sound

started. It beat but once. The sound was so close and stunning that it seemed to shatter his very brain, while it echoed through the rocky passages like reverberating peals of thunder. This was followed by a sudden crash of the roof and walls, as if they were about to fall upon and close around him at once. Vivenzio screamed, and instinctively spread forth his arms, as though he had a giant's strength to hold them back. They had moved nearer to him, and were now motionless. Vivenzio looked up, and saw the roof almost touching his head, even as he sat cowering beneath it; and he felt he sat cowering beneath it; and he felt that a farther contraction of but a few inches only, must commence the frightful operation. Roused as he had been, he now gasped for breath. His body shook violently—he was bent nearly double. His hands rested upon either wall, and his feet were drawn under him to avoid the pressure in front. Thus he remained for an hour, when Thus he remained for an hour, when that deafening bell beat again, and again there came the crash of horrid death. But the concussion was now so great that it struck Vivenzio down. As he lay gathered up in lessened bulk, the bell beat loud and frequent—crash succeeded crash—and on, and on, and on came the mysterious engine of last will Vivenzio's method groups. death, till Vivenzio's smothered groans were heard no more! He was horribly crushed by the ponderous roof and collapsing sides—and the flattened bier collapsing sides—and twas his IRON SHROUD!

Taking Two Chances Clara-Oh, I wouldn't for the world kiss a man unless I were engaged to

Priscilla—Why, I saw you kiss Jack Manley last night and Tom Winthrop to-night. Clara-Truly; but I'm engaged to

Docile. Jess-I told you Ethel would wind George around her finger after they werr married.

Bess-What makes you think she

Jess-She told me he had "such a Will the Widow Capture Him Miss Madison Square—I heard Mrs. Fisher say she wouldn't mind marrying that young man of yours.

Miss Sharpgirl—I'll never give her
the chance. The man a widow would

marry is pretty sure to make a good husband.—Texas Siftings.

"I was awakened by a knocking at the door of the room next to mine, mysterious whisperings and orders given in a suppressed voice. I lay still, wondering what time it was, and whether I should get up or not, when there came a loud racket against my door, and a sound of the transom moring. I sat up-my bed being close by the door-in time to see a small boy backing in over the transom. Hanging full length, he held by his hands and then dropped to the floor. As he gained his feet he turned toward the bed, and,

"'Open the door,' commanded a man's voice on the outside.
"'He's a-l-i-v-e,' yelled the boy, sprawling on the floor in abject ter-

"I thought everybody was crazy as I heard the noise outside, and, unlocking my door, I asked what was the matter. The hall was full of chambermaids, bell boys and porters, all of whom took to their heels as soon as the man and ran as if possessed

with demons.
"The landlord and one of the clerks "The landlord and one of the clerks came up to explain matters, which they did quite smilingly. It was a slight mistake, that was all; they had mistaken my room for the one next door, where a man had killed himself the previous night. They had looked in at his transom, and seen that he was dead, but when the boy came up with a stepladder to climb in and unlock the door they had helped him into my room by they had helped him into my room by mistake. That was all."

HE LIKED FISH.

Wanted a Whale and Nothi Short of It. A party of young men who were on a fishing excursion on the Ohio river some years ago were joined by an ec-centric man, skilled as a fisherman, centric man, skilled as a fisherman, known in that region as "Barefooted Sam." He was a good cook, and made himself useful in so many ways that his presence, though uninvited, was tolerated by the amateur sportsmen.

Oue morning two members of the party returned to camp with their appetites well sharpened for breakfast, and were greeted enthusiastically by a third man, who said: "You just come along and see the finest baked perch you ever laid eyes on."

They hurried to the table, but saw only a rick of bones, from which every fiber of meat had been taken. Sam was nowhere to be seen. When he returned no comments were made upon the cir-

the company were lounging on the bank, Sam drawled out: "I'd like to have all the fish I could

Pete Follet ketched that big catfish, three years back."
"Sam," remarked one of the group dryly, "I thought you had quite a fair mess this morning. That perch weighed about ten pounds, I've been informed."
'Oh, yes," replied Sam, with no sign of embarrassment on his placid countenance, "I ate that; but what I mean is a reel, reg'lar mess!"

The company pondered on this remarkable statement in absolute silence for some moments, until at last the man who had caught the perch ejaculated: "Well, I snum!" and nothing more was said.

COMPETITION AVOIDED

Shops in France Not Allowed to Cro-In France two shops selling the sam thing are not allowed to exist within certain area. In provisions this absence of competition materially increases the price, but, says a woman who has large experience in housekeeping in France, your taxes are less, and you have in return clean streets, good gas, constant water supply and perfect sewerage. In addition, by virtue of state supervision, you never receive short weight or inferior goods. There is no quantity so small that the grocer will not sell it. And in doing this and in delivering it he is as scrupulously in delivering it he is as scrupulously polite and careful as in buying larger amounts. The butcher is the cook's friend and will trim the meat and take amounts. The buttener is the cooks friend and will trim the meat and take out the bones with loving care. Meat is dear. Good beefsteak costs from thirty-seven cents to fifty cents a pound. Fish is very expensive, but poultry is reasonable and good and comparatively cheap. A good deal of cooking in small households is done with gas, and gas stoves are loaned by the gas companies for this purpose. Sugar, matches and all imported articles are dear, owing to the high tariff. The lowest price for servants is ten dollars a month. Charwomen ask six cents by the hour. Englishwomen say that life on the continent is much more agreeable for Americans than for themselves, owing to the fact that in each consular town the consul and his family make a nucleus for a colony, which soon gathers about them.

Glass Eyes Worn Secretly.

A New York optician, was relating to a party of friends the other day some of the peculiar features of his trade. "You would be surprised," he said, "at the large number of locomotive engineers and firemen who have glass eyes. Of course, an engineer could not hold a place on a railroad an hour if the fact that he had a glass eye was known to his superior officers. Consequently men in that line of busi-Consequently men in that line of business exercise the utmost secrecy with regard to their infirmity. When they come into my street come into my store to buy a new glass eye or have some flaw in their old one attended to they beg the privilege of transacting their business in my private office, and they usually slip in and out of the store when no other mustomer is around."

customer is around."

He Wanted to Be Forgotten.

Dudely Canesucker — Your noble uncle will probably remember you when making his will. "Confound it! That's what I'm afraid of. If he remembers me it's all up with me," replied Teddy Vanderchump. —Texas Siftings.

Making Time Fly. She—Is your flancee really going away for three months? Dear me, won't it be an eternity?

He—The time will pass quickly enough. I just gave a ninety day note for the ring.—Brooklyn Life.

"Alas," sighed the heiress, "money is the root of all evil."
"Miss Jingleton," he said, with great feeling, "if you ever need one to share your trouble I hope that you will not hesitate to send for me."—Chicago

A Great Present.

Uncle Neb—What are you going to give your little sister for a birthday present?

Oliver—I'm going to ask papa to get her a football, and I'll show her how to play.—Harper's Young People. They Went After Him.
"You played Hamlet last night. Did

the audience call you out?" "No, they were too impatient for hat. They rushed behind the scenes that. They rushed behind the scenes to find me, but I got away."—N. Y.