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Constructed of the best known material, by the best skilled labor, fitted with the best bearings in the world, that are positively dust proof.



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OUR ROADSTER.

Another great point That Pneumatic Competition Is the all around excellence of the CLEVELAND WHEELS.



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HUMBUGGED!



DON'T BE HUMBUGGED.

Don't buy a vehicle or harness of any kind from a dealer who don't care what he tells you. Don't buy from a dealer who don't know the quality of the article he is selling you.

SELL CHEAPER.

There is no doubt about this. Come and see. No difference what you want about a team, buggy or horse come to us and get a dollar's worth for a dollar.

Our Own Make Team Harness \$22

complete, with breeching and collars. All kinds of harness and parts of harness made to order. We employ the best workmen and use the best leather.

S. B. Martincourt & Co.

128 East Jefferson Street, BUTLER, PA.

P.S. Price reduced on Kramer Wagons, the best wagon on earth and everybody knows it.

THE HARDMAN ART COMPANY.

We are located now at 110 South Main Street, adjoining the Butler Savings Bank. Our rooms are large, fine and commodious. Photographic enlargements and Life Size, Hand Made Finished Portraits by the finest French artists obtainable.

THE HARDMAN ART COMPANY.

J. S. YOUNG. WM. COOPER

YOUNG & COOPER, MERCHANT TAILORS

Have opened at S. E. corner of Main and Diamond Streets, Butler, with all the latest styles in Spring Suitings. Fit and Workmanship Guaranteed. Prices as low as the lowest. TRY US.



Burning Pain

Erysipelas in Face and Eyes Inflammation Subdued and Tortures Ended by Hood's.

"I am so glad to be relieved of my tortures that I am willing to tell the benefits I have derived from Hood's Sarsaparilla. In April and May, I was afflicted with erysipelas in my face and eyes, which spread to my throat and neck. I tried various treatments and alternatives, but there was no permanent abatement of the burning, itching, and swelling of my face and neck. I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and

Felt Marked Relief before I had finished the first bottle. I continued to improve until, when I had taken four bottles, I was completely cured, and felt that all signs, marks and symptoms of that dire complaint had forever vanished. Mrs. E. E. OTTAWA, Hillsboro, Wisconsin.

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla CURES

Hood's Pills are prompt and efficient, yet easy in action. Sold by all druggists. No.

A Scientist claims the Root of Diseases to be in the Clothes we Wear.

The best Spring remedy for the blues, etc., is to discard your uncomfortable old duds which irritate the body-leave your measure at ALAND'S for a new suit which will fit well, improve the appearance by relieving you instantly of that tired feeling, and making you cheerful and active.

The cost of this sure cure is very moderate.

TRY IT.

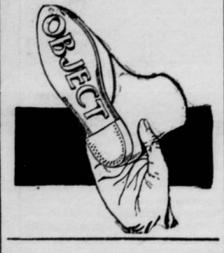
C. A. D. D.

A business that keeps growing through a season of depression, such as the country has experienced, is an evidence that people realize they save money by trading with us. We know, and always have known, the days of large profits are past. Without question we are giving more for the money than last year. Our stock is larger to select from than last year.

CALL AND SEE US.

Colbert & Dale.

OUR OBJECT



Is to please our customers and judging from our immense sales we have been doing it. Our Spring Goods are arriving daily and many new lines have been added, making our stock of footwear the most complete in Butler. Special attention is called to our line of Ladies' Walking Shoes, prices from 75 cts. up.

C. E. MILLER, Butler, Pa.

THE GREAT LARAN REBELLION.



BY NYON CROMBIE. (COPYRIGHT, 1894.)



"YOU'RE THE ONLY MAN WITH THE SMELL OF SALT ON YOU."

CHAPTER IX. Eight months elapse. There is an office in Memphis whose sign reads: "Charles Fenning, Real Estate Office of the Laran Sanitarium." It has long been remarked that Mr. Fenning's mails are enormous. He gets sometimes as many five hundred letters in a day. It is not known that most of all of these go to Laran. But it is known to a few persons in Memphis that he has a private wire to one branch of the Laran establishment, and that he ships great quantities of goods in boxes and carts and barrels.

"You waste time," said the lady putting her hand on his arm. "Understand that everything depends at this moment on my being able to reach Laran. A hundred possibilities may intervene before to-morrow. You must ship me from here early in the morning."

"Ship you? How?" "With your goods." Fenning considered a moment. "I understand you," he said. "It may be possible."

"It is imperative," she replied. "Tell Miss Lapor that she must leave her veil. Take her home and leave her to me."

"I have been followed from New York. I must get to the bayou tonight." Fenning showed no signs of alarm. He offered her a chair, and she sat down. "I think not, but I cannot be certain," he said.

"Papers and money," she replied, immediately taking a packet from her bosom and handing it to Fenning as he pulled a roll of bills from her satchel. He placed both in a large envelope and put it in an inner breast pocket.

"You forget," she replied, "I had papers. I believe the Central office in New York has got the key to our cipher. At all events, something has happened lately which has hastened me west. When I arrived at the hotel, the register was brought to me in the lady's waiting room. It was given No. 43 on the second floor in the wing, but I noticed that the clerk was examining me as if making a comparison of my appearance with a description in his mind. A half boy was sent up one flight to my room with me. The office was two hundred feet away. I told him I was tired and was going immediately to bed. The moment he left me I slipped down the stairs. It was ten o'clock. There was no one in a hundred that the door of the lady's entrance was not locked. The hall boy had gone to the office to report. There was no one in the hall. The door had not been locked. I went out softly. The side street was

I understand the object of your annoyance. If you will give me one good and sufficient reason why you should follow her, I'll tell you where she is. "Who is she?" "She is on her way to Hendricks before this."

"So, you're not an officer. Will you be kind enough to tell me what you are and what you want?" "How do you know I'm not an officer?"

"If you were, the woman you are in search of couldn't get out of this city without your knowing it. That is, if you understood your business. There has no boat left for up river since last night, and you would have been at the trains as they left. You don't pretend to know on, but I notice you do not wear the red necktie that you sported in New York."

"The men looked each other in the eyes. Fenning was the most self-possessed of the other the most stolid. His black eyes had a flicker in them that might mean weak astonishment or it might mean contempt. "I notice," he said, "that you don't wear the same hair and the same clothes that you wore when we boarded the Corinthian."

"This was an admission that he did not know where the Laran cave was and Fenning was anxious to find out how much he did know. "You're safe by this time. I've got a tunnel that runs from this office to the underground place, but tell me about the streets in which he says he forgot exactly how we managed it."

"You're a steady one," said his companion, "but it's no use—you're there." "I acknowledge it," said Fenning. "The only trouble is I never can convince the fifty other people who knew you were here at the time that it's so difficultly. You haven't told me yet what you were sneaking after Mrs. Hendricks was she there?"

"No, then you don't know where he is?" "I don't then, but when I find his headquarters here and his mate here, I'm done with the woman." "You don't know where either Mr. or Mrs. Hendricks is at this moment?" "I don't know where either is under ground. He is building an underground railroad."

"Fenning was surprised, but he merely smiled. "What is it?" he asked. "It's at the other end of your mail," replied his companion. "Now then, what do you want to do?" "I want you to write to him and say 'Go, he's here.' You see, he has a message yesterday morning. This is what it said: 'Two hundred rifles shipped at St. Louis, Barrels and stocks in difference of the workmen, and ten minutes later the captain was seen alone.'

"Godlike was never seen again on earth. Whether he was pushed over or staggered over, Hendricks declared he never knew. He marked change came over the captain after this. He drank more than ever, and slept most of his time away in an alcoholic stupor, never coming out of the daylight, whose ferret eyes were watching him unperpetually."

"Look here, my friend; we might as well make a deal with each other. Assuming that you are not a monomaniac and that all you say is true, Hendricks would naturally accept your proposition if he had any sort of reason to believe that you would keep your word on the payment of the money. Assuming, I say, that you don't turn out to be a scoundrel, how can it all be arranged if it is to Hendricks' interest to meet you?"

"I must see here." "You are reasonable. If he is the man who robbed the steamship, he has too much at stake to take that risk. Why not go to him? I should like to see him, even if I'll go with you. I'll write him and ask him if he'll meet you and have a talk." Fenning was still more astonished. She came toward the group in a gliding manner, but perfectly erect, and as she got nearer they all saw that her eyes were fixed on vacancy and that she was extremely pale. One of the gentlemen exclaimed in French, "La Somnambule," and Hendricks, who had risen, leaned over the rail and spoke to her. He unconsciously used the tone of one calling a sleeper. "Hallo, there," he cried. "The woman, who was about twenty feet away, raised one of her long arms and pointed at Hendricks. It was a phantom-like and significant action. The next moment she uttered an audible moan and fell down upon the grass. Hendricks jumped over the rail, ran her, and with some difficulty reached her up. She was carried upon the balcony limp and silent and laid upon a settee where there was a rug, and the group gathered around her with wonder. Her garments were soiled and torn as if by contact with the bushes. But in spite of her somewhat haggard face, she was singularly beautiful. Her eyes were closed, but she had a look of some invalid who has got astray," said Mrs. Hendricks with pity. "The girl raised herself on her elbow and stared at the place and the people until her eyes rested on Hendricks, and then in a soft, clear voice, she said: 'I am Jack Endicott's daughter. I then she broke down and sobbed piteously. Mr. and Mrs. Hendricks walked apart. "This is a revelation," said Hendricks. "The woman is a clairvoyant. Now I know how Endicott got his information. It is fortunate for us that we have possession of her. Treat her tenderly and we'll test her power." Mrs. Hendricks did not understand the full significance of his words—but the young woman was conveyed to a comfortable room and all the resources of the establishment used to soothe and reassure her. She remained, however,

taciturn and heart-broken for two days. All efforts to make her eat or converse were of little avail. On the third day, it was reported that she was dying. Hendricks saw her in company with Dr. Fellisier, who had first called her a somnambulist. This erratic Frenchman, whose after and irresponsible life and never before encountered, was instantly pronounced a case of trance and was laid out in his cabin made a seaman's way of life. Whether it was part of Hendricks' scheme or not, Endicott in this way, is not positively known, but he had left Fenning before that gentleman left Laran that he could safely leave the man with him. "I know how he read that telegram."

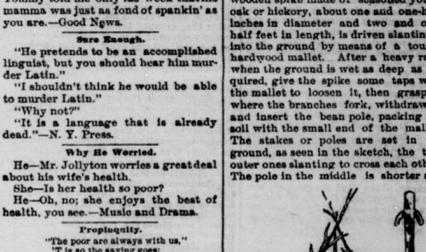
Four days passed and Endicott had not seen Hendricks among the men at work upon the furnace and electric works, but the captain told him every-



"WHERE IS MRS. HENDRICKS?"

thing was all right—he could have all the money he wanted, but he wished him to stay longer. "Damn it—you're the only man with the smell of salt on you that I've seen since I've been in this subterranean world. Then he repaired to the cabin, filled themselves with rum and went to sleep spinning yarns. At the end of a week Endicott in a sober and sullen mood had an interview with Hendricks and demanded a settlement. Hendricks treated him with the utmost politeness and said that while he was perfectly willing to pay him to secure his silence, it was necessary to think of some way in which the specie could be transferred without exciting suspicion. "You see, my dear sir," he said, "I'm only consulting our mutual safety. I wish only to talk to the captain about it. I'll do whatever he advises. O. by the way, I got a dispatch from Fenning this morning in which he says the police are looking for you. If that is the case, I wouldn't be in a hurry to leave this retreat."

Endicott did not dispute the correctness of this statement, as Hendricks expected. Nor did any subsequent experiment of this kind furnish any clue to his former knowledge of the telegram. He went back to the captain—he filled up rum and both of them set out to see the lake which was to be his for the first time and upon which the captain boasted that he was going to



"I AM JACK ENDICOTT'S DAUGHTER."

have a good clinker-built boat so that he could keep his shoulder-blades lumber. It is not known whether they quarreled on the way or not. But when in the rotunda the captain wanted to point out to him the chasm—one of those bottomless pits which appear to be a feature of all great caverns, and which the captain called the "Devil's Gullet"—they were seen together in a tiny discussion about twenty feet from the rim by the workmen, and ten minutes later the captain was seen alone. Godlike was never seen again on earth. Whether he was pushed over or staggered over, Hendricks declared he never knew. He marked change came over the captain after this. He drank more than ever, and slept most of his time away in an alcoholic stupor, never coming out of the daylight, whose ferret eyes were watching him unperpetually."

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HORTICULTURE

DESTRUCTIVE DISEASE.

Discovery of the Cause of Club Root and the Root Rot.

The club root of the cabbage and turnip is an old enemy which has been known in Europe for more than a century. It has prevailed in this country for many years, and while the west and south have suffered to some extent, it is in the east that the most injury has been done. During 1893 it was so very destructive in the truck regions around New York and Philadelphia, that the New Jersey station has devoted its latest bulletin to a consideration of the disease.

Until the present past twenty years club root was attributed to insects, but a European scientist, after much painstaking and exhaustive study, has discovered that the trouble is due to the presence of a low form of slime fungus in the soil. As the affected parts of the plant are below ground, and not to be readily reached by any fungicide, a judicious rotation of crops is a wise precaution. Cabbage, turnips or radishes should not follow one another if club root is prevalent.

If the crop is diseased all refuse at harvest time of roots, stems and leaves should be examined, and only healthy plants used. The land should be kept free from weeds, many of which are able to contract the disease and spread it by their seeds. Limes used on the land at the rate of seventy-five bushels to the acre has been found effective, and by its constant use cabbages and turnips may be grown continuously on the same soil.

STICKING LIMA BEANS. How to Prevent Poles from Being Bitten. An ingenious plan for setting bean poles in the most effective way to prevent them from being bitten by worms is shown in the illustration from sketches by A. C. Garrett. A forked wooden spike made of seasoned young oak or hickory, about one and one-half feet long, is driven into the ground to a depth of one foot, and is held in length by a stout wire or iron band, about one inch wide, which is fastened to the mallet to loosen it, then grasp it where the branches fork, withdraw it, and insert the bean pole, pushing the soil with the small end of the mallet. The stakes or poles are set in the ground, as seen in the sketch, the two ends slanting to cross each other. The pole in the middle is shorter and is shown in a separate illustration.

IMPROVED METHOD OF SETTING BEAN POLES. Set vertical to reach the two which are crossed. By this means when the vines reach the point where the poles cross they will entwine themselves so strongly around the three poles that with the strong base they have and the firm hold in the ground, a hurricane could scarcely blow them over, and the vines will flourish well.—American Agriculturist.

ORCHARD AND GARDEN. NEVER put manure in close contact with the trees in setting out trees. GOOSEBERRIES and currants do best in a very rich soil. To be of the best quality vegetables must make a quick growth. A good soil and thorough cultivation will in a measure at least prevent mildew. PLANTS raised in the hotbed should be covered off before being transplanted. SPRAYING the apples for the codling moth should be pushed as soon as the fruit sets.

BETTER prune annually and in this way avoid the necessity for removing large limbs. Plants that cannot be profitably cultivated may often be planted with trees to advantage. It hardly seems good economy to wait until the trees in the old orchard have been planted a new one. If given plenty of room the white and sugar apples are fine drooping trees for shade. A lawn set with maples and evergreens presents a handsome appearance.

Another Problem Solved. Citizen (who likes home-made bread)—My dear, I hear that the bakery trust has gained through a law forbidding women to make their own bread. Wife (indignantly)—They here, Marj, run out and get me some yeast.—N. Y. Weekly.

That Was Different. He—If you do not love me why did you encourage me? She—To encourage you? He—For two seasons you have accepted every one of my invitations to the theater. She—That was not because I loved you; it was because I loved the theater.—Forget-Me-Not.