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# THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

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## THE CLEVELAND BICYCLE.

Constructed of the best known material, by the best skilled labor, fitted with the best bearings in the world, that are positively dust proof. The most resilient tire yet invented--that can be repaired quicker and easier than any other tire in the market. Every wheel guaranteed.

OUR ROADSTER.

CLEVELAND NO. 8.

Another great point
That Punctures Competition
Is the all around excellence of the
CLEVELAND WHEELS.
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THE LEADING LADIES' WHEEL.

CLEVELAND NO. 10.

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H. A. LOZIER & CO., Cleveland, Ohio,

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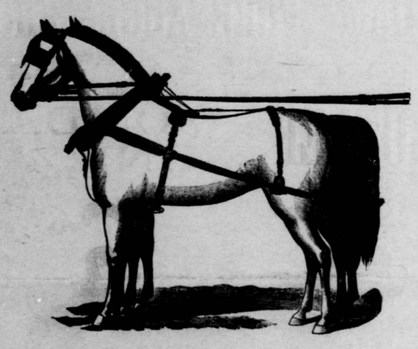
BUTLER, PA.

AGENTS WANTED.



# GREAT SLAYING

AT MARTINCOURT & CO'S.



We find in our Wholesale Harness Department about one hundred and fifty sets of Harness, of which there are but a few of each kind, and of which we can get no more on account of the manufacturers going out of business, etc., and we can only carry in the Wholesale Rooms Harness which we can duplicate orders on. Therefore we decided to retail these one hundred and fifty set at WHOLESALE PRICES to make them go quick.

# PRICES FROM $5 TO $25.

Some Machine made and some Hand made.

We also make HARNESS TO ORDER. We have good workmen and good leather and make good harness and all parts of Harness.

Buggies of all kinds, Kramer Wagons, and everything used in connection with a driving or team outfit.

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128 East Jefferson Street,

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S. B. MARTINCOURT,
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## 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. In photographs we give you results and effects that cannot be produced outside of our Studio. We use only Standard Brand Collodion Paper and not Gelatine, a cheep and inferior paper used by many. Picture and Portrait frames; special prices to jobbers. Compare our work with any Standard Work made or sold in the state. Our victorious motto, "We harmonize the finest work with the promptest service and the lowest prices for the quality of work." Beware of tramp artists and irresponsible parties and strangers. Have your work done by reliable and responsible parties that guarantee all work satisfactory. Call and examine our work and samples and read our many testimonials.

## THE HARDMAN ART COMPANY.



J. S. YOUNG. WM. COOPER

YOUNG & COOPER,

# MERCHANT TAILORS

—:o:—

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


### Road Reports.

Notice is hereby given that the following roads have been confirmed nisi by the Court and will be presented on the first Wednesday of June 1894 being the 6th day of said month, and if no exceptions are filed they will be confirmed absolutely.

R. D. No. 4 Dec. Session, 1893. Petition of Joseph Sproul and Edward Duffy and in behalf of many other citizens of Marion township, Butler county, Pa., for a review of a public road in Marion township. Original view at March session, 1893. Review at No. 4 June session, 1893. December 4, 1893. viewers appointed by the Court, and March 5, 1894, report of reviewers filed, as follows: That the road known as the Harrisville and Annandale road be vacated from the point where it parts from the Harrisville and Moniteau road at the railroad crossing known as Smith's crossing, and that a new road for public road be granted from Atwell's crossing to Smith's crossing, and that portion of the New Hope road east of the Harrisville and Moniteau road be vacated. Probable cost of making. $100, to be borne by the township of Marion. No damages assessed. March 7, 1894, approved, and fix width of road at 33 feet, notice to be given according to rules of Court.

BY THE COURT.

R D No 2 March Session, 1894. Petition of inhabitants of Clearfield township, Butler county, Pa., to vacate that portion of the road known as the Coylesville and Haunabstown road, beginning at Coylesville and running to a point at the farm of Thomas E Green where said road intersects the public road known as the Millerstown and Denny's Mill road, a distance of about one-fourth of a mile. Dec. 13, 1893, viewers appointed by the Court, and March 1st, 1894, report of viewers filed as viz: That the vacation as prayed is necessary and have vacated the same a distance of 1850 feet. March 7th, 1894. approved, notice to be given according to rule of Court.

BY THE COURT.

R D No 3 March Session, 1894. Petition of inhabitants of Marion township, for public road to lead from a public road at Cornelius M Fadden's to a public road at James Surena's. Dec. 11, 1893, viewers appointed by the Court, and Feb. 21st, 1894, report of viewers filed as viz: That the road prayed for is necessary and have laid out the same for public use. Probable cost of making about one hundred dollars to be borne by the township of Marion Damages assessed twenty-five dollars to Mary Ann Beach, to be paid by the county. March 7, 1894, approved and fix width of road at 33 feet. Notice to be given according to rules of Court.

BY THE COURT.

R D No 5 March Session, 1894. Petition of inhabitants of Centre township for public road to begin at a point in the public road leading from the old Mercer road to the New Castle road at or near the northwest corner of the farm of Sarah J Johnston and extending to a point in the public road leading from the village of Unionville to Ralston's Mill at or near the house of M Huff in said township. Jan. 24, 1894, viewers appointed by the Court, and March 1 1894, report of viewers filed as viz: That the road prayed for is necessary and have laid out the same for public use a distance of 236 rods. Probable cost of making one hundred and fifty dollars to be borne by the township. No damages assessed. March 7, 1894, approved and fix width at 33 feet. Notice to be given according to rules of Court.

BY THE COURT,

R D No 6 March Session 1894. Petition of citizens of Muddycreek township for a public road beginning at a point in the Mercer road near the residence of Thomas Fisher and running to the county line between Butler and Lawrence counties to connect with a new road recently granted by the Court of Lawrence county. Jan. 27, 1894, viewers appointed by the Court, and March 6th, 1894 report of viewers filed as vis: That the road prayed for is necessary and have laid out the same for public use. The damages assessed ten dollars to Thomas B F Fisher, to be paid by the county. March 7th. 1894. approved and fix width of road at 33 feet. Notice to be given according to rules of Court.

BY THE Court.

BUTLER COUNTY SS.

Certified from the record this 9th day of May A. D., 1894.

JOSEPH CRISWELL,
Clerk Q. S.

### REGISTER'S NOTICES.

The Register hereby gives notice that the following accounts of executors, administrators and guardians have been filed in his office according to law, and will be presented to Court for confirmation and allowance on Wednesday, the 6th day of, June 1894, at 2 o'clock P. M. of said day.

1 Final account of M. T. McCandless and Mary J. Stamm, administrators of John H Stamm, dec'd, late of Franklin twp.

2 Final account of J. N. Thompson, administrator of Mary Thompson, dec'd, late of Butler Boro.

3 Final account of Wm Brownfield, guardian of Ida Brownfield minor child of James Brownfield, dec'd, late of Donegal twp.

4 First and final account of J C Gaisford, guardian of Charles G Logan minor child of Mary E Logan, dec'd, late of Millerstown boro.

5 Final account of John Rivers, executor of Mary Rivers, dec'd, late of Winfield twp.

6 Final account of Alexander Pollock and Isaish Pollock, executors of John R Pollock, dec'd, late of Centre twp.

7 Final account of Thos Galloway, administrator of J David Simmons, dec'd, late of Franklin twp.

8 Final account of Alice Dunigan, administratrix of Patrick Dunigan, dec'd, late of Venango twp.

9 Final account of S J Black, administrator of W E Black, dec'd. late of Marion twp.

10 Final account of S J Black, administrator of William Black, dec'd, late of Marion twp.

11 Partial account of Barbara Christley, administratrix of W E Christley, dec'd, late of Centreville boro.

12 Final account of John C Ray, administrator and trustee to sell the real estate of Washington Campbell, dec'd, late of Fairview twp in partition.

13 Final account of William Thielman, guardian of Frederick W Miller minor child of Frederick W Miller, of Adams twp.

14 First and partial account of Jacob Gudekunst, executor of Jacob Gudekunst. dec'd, late of Zelienople boro.

15 Final account of Annie Ward, executrix of Henry Downey, dec'd, late of Donegal twp.

16 Second and final account of Chess Stoner executor of Andrew Stoner, dec'd, late of Clay twp.

17 Final account of Winfield S Shepard, executor of Z B Shepard, dec'd, late of Slipperyrock twp.

18 Final account of Henrietta Wiegand, administratrix of the estate of Valentine Wiegand, dec'd, late of Winfield twp.

19 Final account of C F L McQuistion and W Henry Wilson, administrators of J P McQuistion, dec'd, late of Centreville Boro.

20 Final account of Robert Gibson, guardian of Isaac Newton Wareham minor child of John Wareham, dec'd, late of Penn twp.

21 Final and distributing account of W Anderson and Leslie P Hazlett, executors of Irwin Anderson, dec'd, late of Connoquenessing twp.

22 Final account of Louis Hartenstein, executor, of Henry Hartenstein, dec'd, late of Jefferson twp.

23 Final account of Thomas C Allen, guardian of Clyde E Dershimer and Lizzie B Dershimer minor children of Rachel Dershimer, dec'd, late of Connoquenessing twp.

24 Final and distributing account of W J Morrison, executor and trustee under the last will of Ann Moore, dec'd, late of Slipperyrock twp.

25 Final account of Joseph H Morrow, executor of Matthew Morrow, dec'd, late of Concord twp.

26 Final account of W C McCandless, guardian of John Chalmers Ogden minor child of Ephriam Ogden, dec'd, late of Middlesex twp.

27 Final account of E O McElwain, administrator C T A of Francis McElwain, dec'd, late of Middlesex twp.

28 Final account of E C Parks, administrator C T A of Joseph Sloan, dec'd, late of Venango twp.

29 Partial account of Eli Reep and Isaac G Pollard, administrators of Mary Reep, dec'd, late of Fairview twp.

30 Final account of W E Vincent, administrator of H H Vincent, dec'd late of Slipperyrock twp.

31 Final account of Lavina Campbell, administratrix of Robert H Campbell, dec'd, late of Parker twp.

32 Final and distributing account of George D Bean, executor of Mary A Bean, dec'd, late of Butler twp.

33 Final account of W H Campbell, executor of John A Campbell. dec'd, late of Concord twp.

34 Final account of M E Beighley, administratrix of Henry Beighley, dec'd, late of Connoquenessing twp.

35 Final account of R R McCandless, administrator C T A D B N of Neal Gallagher, dec'd, late of Clay twp.

J. S. WICK, Register.

*Mrs. S. A. Lefeber*
Rossmoyne, Ohio.

## Terrible Misery

### Helpless With Rheumatism and Without Appetite

**Tired Feeling and Pains Dispelled by Hood's Sarsaparilla.**

"I was in terrible misery with rheumatism in my hips and lower limbs. I read so much about Hood's Sarsaparilla that I thought I would try it and see if it would relieve me. When I commenced I could not sit up nor even turn over in bed without help. One bottle of **Hood's Relieved Me** so much that I was soon out of bed and could walk. I had also felt weak and tired all the time; could not sleep, and obtained so little rest at night that I felt all worn out in the morning. I had no appetite to eat anything, but Hood's

## Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Sarsaparilla restored my appetite so that I could eat without any distress, and I have gained rapidly in strength. I have taken five bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and I am as well as ever." MRS. S. A. LEFEBER, Rossmoyne, O.

**Hood's Pills** cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache, indigestion.



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. AND D.

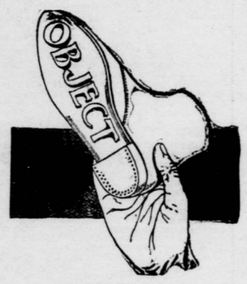
A business that keeps growing through a season of depression, such as the country has experienced, is an evidence that people realize they save money by trading with us. We know, and always have known, the days of large profits are past. Without question we are giving more for the money than last year.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

CALL AND SEE US.

## Colbert & Dale.



OUR * SOLE * 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. We are still having quite a trade on our Ladies' Button Shoes at 95 cts. The Men's, a Calf Cong. and Bals at 95 cts, are great favorites with the trade. Farmers and workingmen all say our hand-pegged Credemors are the best they ever saw for $1.00.

Full line Boys' and Girls School Shoes at 95 cts.

## C. E. MILLER,

Butler, Pa.


# THE GREAT LARAN REBELLION.

BY NYM CRINKLE.

[COPYRIGHT, 1894.]

"ARE YOU PREPARED FOR WAR?"

CHAPTER XI.

The reader must go to Laran at the beginning of the last half of the second year of preparation and endeavor, not only to get a clear view of what had been done, but prepared to view with astonishment the still more audacious projects of this man.

Laran was now a hidden hive of energy. The great sanitarium which lifted its rude but imposing proportions out of the wilderness and poured an almost continuous stream of black smoke from its chimney stack, held a varying population, some of whom were woman, and all of whom were Hendricks' agents. Sixteen miles away was another large house, reached on the surface by an almost impassable and tortuous road of rocks, but accessible to all the inmates of the sanitarium in less than half an hour by underground means and connected by telephone and telegraph of the latest and nicest adjustment along the same subterranean passages.

The shaft from the sanitarium to the labyrinth beneath had been perfected by the most consummate mechanical skill of Laport, and it was hidden from casual observation by the most cunning adjustment of materials. That end of the house which covered the descent had cost Hendricks and Laport more thought and ingenuity than all else. The shaft had been enlarged and fitted with an iron lift down to the narrow passage that led from it to the arena. The circular steel cage which fitted into the shaft could be turned round from below, so that its iron door that furnished an exit into the passage would be on the opposite side against a solid wall of rock and the passengers, if enemies, would have to cut their way through a half inch of steel to get into the passage and, when there, would have to walk through in single file at the mercy of anybody at the lower exit, who could pick them off in detail without any danger to himself. The exit above was covered with the hard floor of a room whose mobility was undetectable by anybody who was not already aware of the device. In addition to this, a steel door had been fitted to the end of the passage below where it opened into the vast work-room, because Hendricks thought at times he heard in the room above the sound of the engine and dynamo.

A sense of absolute security was thus obtained when the inmates of the sanitarium went below. It was physically impossible for force of any calculable kind to reach them in that direction.

The next and obvious consideration to which Hendricks had directed his whole energy was the provisioning of the retreat and the securing of a safe and hidden exit far removed from the sanitarium. In carrying out the first of these precautions, he had managed, with consummate care, during a period of eight months, to load into the southwestern entrance a vast store of material, purchased at Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis and Memphis, and delivered by boat at the Wash bayou, where there was a storehouse and whence the goods were hauled for the apparent use of the two surface hotels. Other and smaller streams of supplies were reaching the sanitarium overland continuously. It is calculated that during the eight months over eleven hundred thousand dollars were spent for supplies. In the lists of purchases appeared two items of unusual import—"one thousand magazine rifles—eighteen thousand dollars." They were contracted for in the east by a western dealer ostensibly to be sold on the plains and were bought in three lots. But they reached the Wash bayou without attracting attention, for they were shipped in pieces at intervals and put together in the Laran works. The other item was—"five hundred polished nickel steel plates" made to order by the Corinth Steel company and consigned to "Bradshaw & Fenning, Memphis, Tenn." These plates figured in the mysterious Laport gun which afterwards caused such consternation.

Hendricks, during these eight months, had evidently calculated to offset the increased probabilities of exposure in making such vast purchases by the increased security afforded when he got his material into his fortress—and this alone would show that he had other and vaster schemes in abeyance, and that, after all, the fitting out of the Laran cave was only a provisional step to something else.

Our imaginary visit, therefore, at this time discloses at Laran an entirely different condition of affairs. The sanitarium looks like a rural hotel. There are several persons on the broad balcony, but they exhibit only the indolence of country boarders. The warm sun lies peacefully on the lawns, but there is a shimmer in the air above the big chimney which tells of a great volume of heat pouring into the blue sky. There are servants about the kitchen and there are two Royal Dane mastiffs with their heads on their paws asleep on the steps of the main entrance.

There is not the slightest indication in this quiet hostelry hidden among the trees and rocks of the great slope on which it stands of the activity underneath its foundations.

The moment we arrive in the lower domain, we find the place lighted as if with the light of day; the hum of machinery and the murmur of voices reach us. The whole area is encircled with wooden structures, offices, warerooms and habitations, some of them tastily, though flimsily, built. In the center of the area is a pavilion and overhead is a big electric sun-light. On one of the walls is the terminus of Laport's railway, with its suggestion of a little station and iron steps reaching down to the stone flooring and a heavy crane for landing tools. The coal measure passage has been dug out evidently by using the coal. But it is when we come to the rotunda that we shall be astonished. This magnificent natural temple is brilliantly lit and a regiment of men is being drilled on its cleared and almost smooth stone flooring. The Devil's Gullet is fenced in by an iron rail—for one morning Miss Endicott was caught walking on its brink and looking over with horror pictured on her face. She was rescued and Hendricks ordered the place railed in.

From the unpainted railway station which here is twenty-eight feet above the solid level, Hendricks and three men are watching the evolutions of the regiment which are in some respects wholly unlike anything ever before seen in military tactics.

The vast spaces beyond the rotunda and quite up to the lake itself are packed high with stores. It looks like a series of endless warerooms or monstrous depots and smells heavily like one of those streets where all the commodities of man obtrude themselves upon the sidewalks and impede travel.

If we penetrate to the hog back area we shall find that in its passages are stables and that there are not only horses but milch cows there and that the great chasm in the south wall has been converted into a magazine and has heavy wooden doors across its entrance. The mouth of this chasm, it will be noticed, owing to a turn in the wall, faces directly north. The benches of the Laport railway are only two feet above the tops of the wooden doors.

Vague rumors were in the air about the Tennessee sanitarium. The secret service of the government was in possession of the facts which set them searching for the man known as the captain and they had traced him to the Mississippi. Vast quantities of gold had been paid out for goods sent to Laran. One fact elicited another. But inquiries failed to identify Hendricks with the description given of Kent as he appeared on the San Pedro and the Memphis bank said that he had gold on deposit there prior to the robbery of the Corinthian. The moment this sort of inquiry got into the papers, facts were elicited that could lead to but one conclusion in the end and events began to point significantly toward Laran.

No one followed the slow development of public suspicion so carefully as Hendricks. He had the papers forwarded to him under various addresses by Fenning, but it was not till the expiration of the year and a half that he closed the Memphis office and called in Fenning and Miss Laport, between whom appears to have grown up a very strong attachment. Hendricks was too shrewd not to know that the Memphis

"FOUR DEPUTY SHERIFFS AND A UNITED STATES MARSHAL IN POSSESSION."

branch was now the most dangerous outpost. Indeed Fenning had warned him for some time that his position there was growing untenable, and that he expected every day that their wire would be quietly tapped.

This was the growing crisis of affairs when, one morning in June, there was a consultation in what Hendricks called his sub-library. It was a handsomely fitted up room on one side of the rotunda. It was furnished in elaborate style, and four men were sitting at a large center table which was heaped with maps and papers. One of the men was Hendricks himself; his eager face was more serious than usual, but he was self-assured and calm. One of the others was Dr. Pellissier. On one side of him sat Fenning, who was studying a railroad map. On the other sat Gen. Waterson, a young and fiery southener whom we have seen drilling the regiment. Pellissier was smoking a cigarette. Hendricks picked up a letter and read it:

"There will positively be a strike all along the line. It is only the preliminary movement of a socialistic revolution. The whole country is honeycombed with discontent. All that the suffering people need is a leader; somebody with the brains, the courage and the character to marshal all the elements into a popular movement."

Hendricks laid the letter down.

"Gentlemen," he said, "by next winter I shall be master of the states or their victim. There is just two hundred thousand dollars in the treasury. I must have a million before next month."

"Can you get it?" asked Fenning.

"Yes, if you carry out my plan. We shall have to spend one hundred thousand to accomplish our purpose and in six weeks from that time we shall be shut up here by a siege. It is not till then that we can thoroughly test our strength and secure all the money that we need. Are you prepared for war?"

"It is rather late to ask that question," said Pellissier. "We are in for conquest—equalization of wealth and social justice."

"On the 23d there will be two millions paid over to the First national bank of St. Mary's, it being the purchase of the St. Mary's plant of iron works by an English syndicate. We must have that money. Will your men be ready, general?"

"They are ready now," said the general. "We could carry out the programme to-morrow. I believe every man is anxious to try the novel experiment and win his thousand dollars."

"The moment the feat is accomplished I will acknowledge that I took the money from the monopolists and gave it to the people. Then we are into the fight, but we will have a sufficiently large proportion of the populace with us. Everything depends on the reliability and celerity of your men."

"As to reliability and celerity," said the general, "I'll tell you what I can do. I can take my regiment to New York, march it down Broadway, take the money out of the Park bank and get away before the local forces can stop me. A regiment that vanishes into thin air is a novelty."

"Unquestionably. But what are we to think of an eighty-pound gun that vanishes when it has done its work?"

"That will be a miracle, indeed," said the general. "In the first place, it is incomprehensible."

"Not at all. Our friend Laport has been explaining to me a gun of his invention which will do it, and he says he has tested the principle."

"Is that what those nickel steel plates were for?" asked Fenning.

"Yes. Laport is at work on a six-inch gun now."

All three of Hendricks' companions expressed a strong curiosity to hear what the principle of the gun was.

"It's simplicity will astonish you," said Hendricks. "It gives us a gun of any conceivable caliber and two men can transport it anywhere. It is constructed on this principle—"

At that moment a little bell tinkled on the index board on the side of the room and the men all looked up at it. It was an electrical warning from above. Hendricks got up and went to the telephone close at hand and listened. Presently he began to repeat a communication:

"Four deputy sheriffs and a United States marshal in possession of the house; forced an entrance through the gate armed with a warrant for the arrest of Hendricks and Fenning."

Pellissier lit a fresh cigarette.

"Where is Miss Laport?" Hendricks asked in the phone.

"Somewhere on the grounds."

"Where is Miss Endicott?"

"In her room."

"Keep your eye on *her* and let me know if they attempt to take you. Wait a moment."

Hendricks turned to the men at the table. "I wish Miss Endicott were below," he said.

Pellissier got up and stretched himself, saying: "You are right."

It was an hour later when fresh word came from the doctor, who had gone above.

"These fellows are going to be troublesome," he said; "for they have come to stay. The chief is Marshal Callicot, and I believe he knows more than he will betray."

"Is he impertinent?" asked Hendricks.

"No," was the answer. "He's as smooth and specious as a diplomat. Two of the others are coarse deputies, but the third I can't make out. He is a good-looking young fellow with a military air and he and Calicot evidently understand each other."

Hendricks' instructions were to this effect: "They will tire themselves out in time. Be cautious, and get Miss Endicott down here at the first opportunity."

Fenning was piqued. "I suppose we shall have to be deprived of the lady's society till these interlopers go away."

"It looks like it," replied Hendricks, "but we've got a good deal to do."

The situation was now a very peculiar one. Four officers of the law were quietly waiting within fifty feet of the conspirators, but in entire ignorance of their whereabouts. It was Hendricks' policy not to precipitate matters. He wished above all else not to bring on a conflict with the authorities until his plans were all matured. He felt perfectly safe from force in his retreat, and he felt reasonably certain that, if the doctor and Mrs. Hendricks were discreet, the means of communication would not be discovered. He therefore decided to let things take their course above ground and look after the important matters below, feeling pretty sure that the officers would in time grow tired of waiting aimlessly in the vicinity.

And matters below were indeed of vital importance to the success of Hendricks' schemes. Six hundred men had left the place through the Bayou house during the week and four hundred more were to be sent out. This distribution was comparatively easy so long as he had the use of a boat at the bayou and could distribute the men along the Mississippi. But even with this advantage, there was a great deal of detail work. It was resolved to keep a nucleus of a hundred men in the place—the rest were repeatedly instructed as to their future duties, as they left and scattered over the country. They took nothing away but the clothes they brought with them. The greatest care was exercised in distributing them. Over a hundred and fifty went separately afoot to Memphis and gave out that they had been working on the levee at the bayou. Nearly a hundred went across country eastward into the mountains. It was urgently necessary to get the remaining men out before the officers discovered the southwestern exit.

It took three days to accomplish this and it soon became apparent that Fenning was more restive than Hendricks.

The communications were kept up with the sanitarium mainly at night. On the second night, Hendricks asked what the situation was and the doctor replied:

"Calicot is a guest. He has taken rooms in the north end for himself and the young man whose name is Stocking. He has seen the mails delivered, but they were fortunately in the regular bag. He is walking now on the lawn with Mrs. Hendricks and I take the opportunity to send down the letters and the most important papers. It is well to keep some of them here to make a show."

"Ask him where Miss Laport is," said Fenning.

"She's on the balcony."

"Is she alone?"

"No. Stocking is there."

"What is she doing?"

"She is in a rocker. Stocking is reading something to her."

"Try and get her to the signal-room. Fenning is very anxious to speak to her. Where is Miss Endicott?"

"She is in her room. I can't get her out."

"Has the marshal seen her?"

"Yes. He has been curious about her. I can't get her down without making a scene."

"Can't you get the men away so that Mrs. Hendricks can communicate with me?"

"I thought she did last night. I suggested it to her."

"She did not. Tell her I want to hear from her."

"Are your men all off?"

"Yes."

Late that night Mrs. Hendricks came to the signal-room and the following conversation took place.

"What are you doing with the officers?"

"Keeping them in good humor."

"What have you learned?"

"Not much. The principal is a very adroit man. By some of his attempts to draw me out unawares I fancy he has some evidence about the Corinthian affair."

"Ask her," said Fenning, "if Miss Laport is trying to find out how much the other one knows."

Hendricks did not ask that question. What he said was:

"Does Miss Laport understand her father's danger?"

"Calicot asked me yesterday," was the answer, "when she was going away. She had told Stocking she was going away in a week or two."

"Send her down here to-night. Her father wishes to see her. Do these officers suspect the Bayou house?"

"I don't think they know of it. Their impression appears to be that you are away and will come back unsuspectingly and fall into their arms on the front lawn."

Another day passed. Miss Laport had not been heard from and it was not till late the next night that the doctor called up Hendricks.

"I don't like the situation here," he said. "The ladies, if you will permit me to say it, do not appear to be in a hurry to get rid of our guests. I feel as if I were in the way. Calicot is communicating in some way with the authorities, I am sure."

Hendricks stopped him. "Come down," he said, "immediately. I can't talk to you through this thing."

"It is not safe to leave this part of the establishment to the women. You want a man here. I heard Calicot walking through the upper hall last night when everybody was asleep but myself. I don't know what he was doing. I asked him this morning what disturbed him, and he said the room was so close it was like sleeping in a cave. This may have been an accidental speech, but I thought he said it with a peculiar significance.

"'Have you ever slept in a cave?' I asked.

"'No,' he replied, looking me in the eye. 'Have you?'

"Do you know I begin to suspect that this man is not an officer. Wait, I hear footsteps overhead."

Hendricks waited some time and no fresh signal coming, he went to bed. It was half-past twelve. He slept soundly until four o'clock, when he got up, washed himself and went into Fenning's apartment to wake him and was surprised to see him sitting up in a rocker smoking a pipe, in his shirt-sleeves.

"Hallo," he said, "couldn't you sleep?"

"No," replied Fenning. "If I don't get some sunshine, I shall have permanent insomnia."

"Give me one of your cigars. I have ordered Sam to have breakfast at five. We'll get some coffee and go down to the Bayou house and take a dash out doors. It will do you good and I want to talk to you."

When he had lit his cigar he sat down and said:

"Fenning, you're the coolest man I've got. Let me have your bottom thought."

"I'm afraid of Mrs. Hendricks," said Fenning, "and the idea of being sealed up here makes me restive."

"Thank for your frankness," replied Hendricks. "Dismiss the idea of treachery. As to the sealing up, it is impossible. Come and get some strong coffee into you and then we'll try to get some sunshine. I don't intend you shall be sealed up."

Half an hour later a car was ready and they got aboard to go to the western entrance. The ride was a peculiarly ghostly one at this hour. Here and there an incandescent burner lit up the immediate spaces and left great gulfs black and foreboding. No one was astir and it was a half hour's ride through gigantic shadows and successive strata of odors that betokened the the stores and the stables. When they arrived at the bayou shaft, the sleepy

"FENNING, YOU ARE THE COOLEST MAN I'VE GOT."

sentinel was just being relieved. They went to the signal room and Hendricks inquired if his telegram had been received.

"Aye, aye, sir," came a cheery voice, as if from another world.

"Are the horses ready?"

"Aye, aye, sir."

The moment they stepped from the lift, they smelt the oxygen and saw the sunlight, and Fenning, with sudden effusiveness, cried out: "Thank God."

He then noticed that Hendricks had his powerful field glass over his shoulder.

"A dash of action with danger in it will revive your spirits," Hendricks said. "We'll make a reconnoissance. I'm going to take the captain with us. He's been here over night."

A few minutes later they found four horses, the best the establishment furnished, in waiting, and the captain turned up, blinking and growling, but sober. The fourth man of the party was a Tennesseean, whom Hendricks called Ben—a long, lank, determined mountaineer, with a hatchet face and tangled sand-colored hair. He had a carbine slung across his shoulder, and he was holding an extra horse with a side-saddle and a basket strapped upon it.

Hendricks looked at Fenning, and seeing his surprise, said: "I don't explain because I don't know myself. We'll be governed by circumstances. I'll tell you more as we go along. Come."

Ben did not know the country any better than did Hendricks. They took to the woods and went north, Hendricks and Fenning riding on either side of the captain, and Ben following at some distance behind.

It was some time before they reached an open country, and, rough as it was, they galloped away and soon left Ben far out of sight.

"You are going to the Laran house," said Fenning, who had recovered his spirits.

"Yes," replied Hendricks. "Have you divined the rest?"

"No."

"Wait, I hardly know myself."

It was ten o'clock when the party having toiled slowly up a long acclivity, came out upon a wooded brow of the hill looking eastward. It was a magnificent stretch of country and it was radiant with the morning light. Hendricks dismounted and looked through his glass.

"If you follow the top of that stone ledge, to the second green line of hills and look between those two rounded knolls, just under that white cloud that hangs down like a teat—you will see the Laran chimney." And Hendricks handed the glass to Fenning.

"Yes, I can see it," said Fenning. "How far is it?"

"Approximately four miles and a half. We can get within a pistol shot of the notice from this direction. I know every turn in the way. We'll wait here for Ben, get a bite and a drink, take the extra horse and leave him here to wait for us."

It was eleven o'clock before Ben came up and the captain was the most impatient of the party, but Hendricks beguiled the time in telling Fenning some of his earlier experiences in the place and Fenning's remark as the narrative ended was: "Well, I wouldn't doubt that woman either. But you never can tell what a woman will do."

At half-past eleven, Hendricks and Fenning, with the captain between them, set off in the direction of the Laran house, Hendricks leading the extra horse.

This part of the way was by all odds the most difficult of any. As they descended into the valley they had to skirt a primeval morass, its pools inhabited by millions of waterfowl. But Hendricks' knowledge of the country enabled him to pick his way through the labyrinth and about two o'clock, he said, as he reached an almost impenetrable covert and dismounted: "Do you know where you are?"

Fenning looked about him and shook his head.

But the captain recognized the place. Damning his eyes, he remarked that he and Endicott had been there a hundred times.

"So has Miss Endicott," said Hendricks, "and now that you are here I hope she will come again."

Hendricks fastened his horse and beckoned to Fenning, who stepped aside out of sight of the captain.

A few paces away and covered with brambles there was a smooth crown of rock. Hendricks parted the brush, got down on his knees and searched a moment with his hand. He then took a small stick and dug the dead leaves out of a depression in the rock and put his ear to the spot.

"Just listen there a moment," he said to Fenning as he got up.

"What is it?" asked Fenning who had put his ear down to the hole.

"It's the dynamo running underneath. It's directly under our feet. I bored that hole nearly two years ago to see how thick the crust was. In all I made about fifty of them, but Laport stopped most of them because they leaked.

"We are then within two hundred feet of the house," said Fenning, with astonishment.

"We are within twenty feet of the steel fence. You can touch it if you go through that brush; so speak softly. It is the wildest spot in the neighborhood, and to reach us the inmates must come round from the entrance. There is a corner of the road visible from that opening. I'm going to ask you to watch it, while I give the captain his instructions."

Fenning took his place at the opening, and almost immediately said: "There's somebody now."

Hendricks quickly used his glass. "It's Mrs. Hendricks and Calicot," he said. "They are going for a ride, and will keep to the road. There's only three of them left, and one of them is probably on the balcony. We have got to wait."

This was the hardest part of all. One whole hour passed, and the captain swore that four had passed, but Hendricks' repeated injunction was: "Have patience and keep silent." It must have been three o'clock when, in a moment of silence, all three of them heard a twig snap, and Hendricks and Fenning put hands on their revolvers. The next instant the green leaves were parted by a pair of white hands, and an equally white face looked suddenly in upon them, and its eyes rested upon the captain with a look of dreamy hopelessness and terror.

"Miss Endicott," exclaimed Fenning, between his teeth.

Hendricks with a motion bade him be silent.

The girl stepped into the center of the little space, her eyes still fixed on the captain.

"What have you done with him?" she said.

"You are to go to him," said Hendricks. "There is your horse. Get upon it."

"Yes," she said. "I must go."

"Get upon the horse," repeated Hendrick, imperatively, and he took her hand.

She obeyed him passively. "Quick, now," he said to Fenning, "we must get away."

"What would you do?" asked Fenning.

"I would conceal our retreat," answered Hendricks, in a hoarse whisper.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### ON A SOUTHERN RAILROAD.

—Adapted from Fliegende Blaetter.

**The Hello Girl.**

He courted a girl by telephone,
He called her "his darling," "his pet," "his own;"
And the girls at the central had lots of larks
As they watched the play of electric sparks.
—Washington Star.

**A Progress Club.**

Philosopher—And so you belong to a society called the Progress club? Ah, this is a grand, a glorious age! By the way, what do you do at your Progress club?

Sweet Girl—We play progressive euchre.—Good News.

**The Seasons.**

Teacher—What season follows winter?

Jack—Spring.

Teacher—Correct; and now, Tommy, you may say what comes after spring.

Tommy (wildly) — Vacation!—Harper's Young People.

**A Modern Recluse.**

Friend—I haven't seen you for some time.

Poet—No; fact is, I have become a good deal of a recluse lately.

Friend—I feared as much. How much do you owe?—N. Y. Weekly.

**Not in Love with Her.**

"How do you know that De Vere is not in love with Mabel Sweetbriar?"

"Because I heard him tell her the other evening when they came from church that he knew of a short cut home."—Washington Post.

**The First Thing.**

Briggs—Well, old man, I've been down to the academy all the morning hanging pictures.

Palette—Did you hang up mine?

Briggs—Oh, yes. We began at the top.—Brooklyn Life.

**Financial Activity.**

"How is Gullem getting along now?"

"Splendidly, for him."

"How do you know?"

"He has just succeeded in borrowing ten dollars from me."—Washington