State Library

THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL XXXI | BUTLER, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 1, 1894. | No. 23

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.
That explains their popularity.

THE LEADING LADIES' WHEEL.

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For Information, Prices, Etc Address

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

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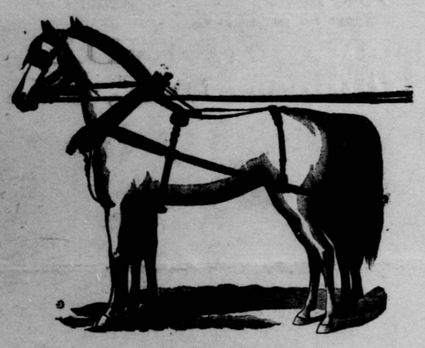
BUTLER, PA.

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 o . 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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BUTLER, - - - PA.

S. B. MARTINCOURT,
J. M. LIEGHNER.

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 satistactory. 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

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 3, 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 Hannahstown 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 1385 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 Carlisle 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 damage assessed ten dollars to Thomas B 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 5th 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 Isaiah 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 Slippery rock 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.

Lillie May Bentley

Born a Genius

Disease Threatens to Cut Short a Noble Career

But Hood's Sarsaparilla Restores Good Health.

Lillie May Bentley is an accomplished elocutionist and natural born speaker of only 12 years of age. She is the only child temperance lecturer before the public. Her genius, however, did not exempt her from an attack of a disease of the blood. Her own words best tell the story:

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"I heartily join with the many thousands that are recommending Hood's Sarsaparilla. I had been troubled from infancy with gatherings in the head. I was compelled to leave school upon the doctor's advice. He thought it was the only thing to save my life, but I

Continued to Grow Worse.

I was persuaded finally by a friend to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. The use of one bottle acted effectively upon the blood and I began to improve. After the use of three bottles the gathering ceased and I am cured of my former trouble. I owe my life and will always remain a true friend to Hood's Sarsaparilla." LILLIE MAY BENTLEY, Shelbyville, Indiana. Get HOOD'S.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and efficiently, on the liver and bowels. 25c.

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.

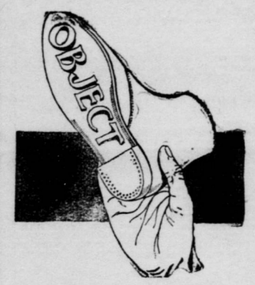
C. AND D.

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.

BONANZA AGENTS SAMPLES FREE both sexes. Write now GEO. A. SCOTT, New York City

THE GREAT LARAN REBELLION.

BY "NYM CRINKLE."

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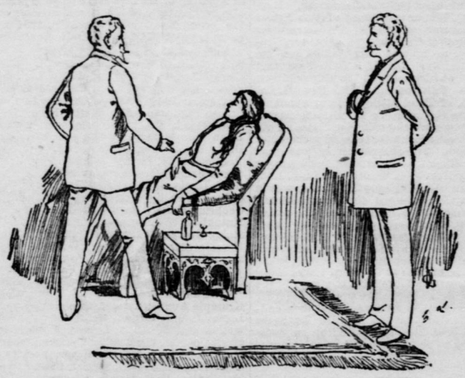

"SHE IS SUFFERING FROM SHOCK."

CHAPTER XII.

It was nearly nine o'clock at night when they got back to the Bayou house. The return had been a slow and difficult one, but the rescue was accomplished. The girl was tenderly cared for, and the next morning Hendricks said: "Our knowledge now, I hope, of what is going on in the world is not entirely cut off."

Fenning confessed that he did not understand.

"I will show you," replied Hendricks, "but first we must hear from above."

It was the same hour at which Mrs. Hendricks and Calicot had ridden away the day before when word came from the doctor.

"Miss Endicott has disappeared," he said. "There has been a search made for her and the men report that an armed force must have been in the woods last night, as they have discovered the fresh marks of horses' hoofs. Two of the marshal's men have been sent south on the search, but I believe that is a blind."

"What does Mrs. Hendricks say about it?"

"She has not expressed an opinion to me. If the girl has been abducted, she will disclose everything."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Positively. She is a clairvoyant. I believe Calicot has got her safely in charge of experts. She is the only person who can describe your hidden operation without being with you."

"Then we should not have permitted her to escape."

"Certainly not. I wouldn't give a farthing for any of your schemes if she is in their hands. She says her father was murdered by the captain and she can describe the captain in the act. Don't it occur to you from what is going on that there must be treachery somewhere?"

"It looks like it. To circumvent it, you must come down immediately."

"But Mrs. Hendricks will know where I am and may take advantage of my absence."

"Nevertheless, come down at once."

"Very good."

The moment the doctor arrived at the bottom of the shaft, Hendricks said: "I have got Miss Endicott here. You might have guessed it. If she can be of service to the government, she can be of service to us. Can you put her en rapport with Mrs. Hendricks?"

"Have you got any of Mrs. Hendricks' hair?"

"Yes, there is a packet of it. The hair was cut off when she wore the light wig."

After explanations from Hendricks of the abduction which elicited unbounded admiration from the doctor, they proceeded to the rooms that had been set apart for Miss Endicott. Hendricks, it should be stated, had provided his retreat with several negro servants. They had their own quarters and several of them were women, one of whom had been assigned to take care of Miss Endicott. They found the young woman sitting in a chair in a normal condition and indignant.

"You have made me a prisoner again in this place," she said, "and it will kill me."

"My dear young lady," said the doctor, "you are not a prisoner. In a few days you will be restored to your friends, if you have any."

"I must look for my father," she said. "He is the only friend I have."

"I have come down to take care of you. You shall make a confidant of me. I'm your friend. No one here has the desire to harm you. We must find out about your father. I dare say you have neglected your meal, as usual."

"I cannot eat," she said.

"But you know I told you that you must eat. If you do not obey me, what can I do for you?" and the doctor shrugged his shoulders. A moment later he said: "Here, take my arm and let us walk about a bit. You must keep your blood in circulation."

She let him assist her and passively rested her arm in his. Then they walked out into the arena, the doctor talking to her in a fatherly way. It was not more than seventy-five feet to the house where the dynamo and engine were running. The big door stood open. There was a common wheel chair immediately in front of the door.

"Sit down here for a moment," said the doctor, "and look at the wheel."

She obeyed him. The almost harmonic buzz of the great iron circle was not unpleasant. She looked at the swiftly-revolving mass with slight interest. The doctor stepped back and waited. Hendricks had remained behind. There was something in the motion that kept her gaze steadily fixed. Five minutes passed. Her eyes lost their stare. The doctor stepped softly up, looked into her face, picked up her hand and let it fall limp upon her lap. Then he beckoned to Hendricks.

"Help me wheel her back," he said. "She is hypnotized. I never saw so fine a sensitive."

When she was once more in the room from which the doctor had taken her, Hendricks watched the proceedings with interest, but without the awe which this phenomenon inspires in some minds.

"Have you got the hair?" asked the doctor.

Hendricks handed him the packet and sat down expectantly. The doctor took some of the dark locks and put them in the hand of the girl. Her fingers closed over them. She stared into vacancy. Her mouth twitched at the corners. Her face was rigid.

"Do you see Mrs. Hendricks?" the doctor asked.

An audible murmur came from the girl. She leaned slightly forward.

"Oh, there are so many men," she said in a plaintive monotone.

"What are they doing?"

"They are soldiers. They are running in all directions."

"Yes, yes," said the doctor. "Do you see any women?"

"Now—they are gone out of the air—it is dark and light. Yes, they come together. Ah, it is the fatal place. There is the rail around it. The ground shakes. What is that awful throb? It is not pleasant here. I choke. The light hurts my eyes, but it is dark."

"Do you not see a woman?" asked the doctor. "Look well. There *is* a woman—you *must* see her."

"So many men," said the girl. "Perhaps they will look for my father. There is the sound of the train—there are more men coming—" Her face assumed a painful immobility. She gasped, threw up her arms, uttered a shriek and fell forward. The doctor, who sprang to catch her, found both her hands over her ears and her arms were rigid. One of her hands still clasped the hair and he could not extricate it from her fingers.

For quite an hour he worked with restoratives over her. Hendricks walked up and down in the arena and waited.

At last the doctor appeared. "I've got her around," he said; "but it's the most extraordinary thing I ever heard of. *She is suffering from shock.*"

"What do you make of her talk?" asked Hendricks, somewhat impatiently.

"My dear sir," said the doctor. "I don't know what to make of it. But I am bound to tell you that these extraordinary creatures not only have *clear sight* but at times *prescience*. It may be that she saw and described something that has not yet taken place. The great Zchokke often did it in very much the same way."

"That may be very interesting to science," replied Hendricks; "but what we want described is the thing that is happening at present; that ought to be a much easier matter. The hair trick did not work."

"There is no infallibility about it," said the doctor. "It may work four times and fail on the fifth."

"Then by all means make the other four experiments immediately."

"Impossible. I wouldn't guarantee her life if she doesn't recover from the shock. She acts like a creature who has been in a terrible explosion."

Finding that there was no moving the doctor from this decision Hendricks, with his usual tact, immediately turned his mind to other matters.

Close confinement underground was telling upon all the inmates and even upon Hendricks himself. He noticed that the long deprivation of sunlight made everybody gloomy and doubtful. Up to within a week his men had all taken regular turns in the air. In this respect they had nothing to complain of. They had gone out at the western exit in groups—had hunted and fished and enjoyed themselves and he had lost none of them. The privilege had been shut off as soon as the regiment got away and the one hundred men left behind, although made up of the workmen and help of the establishment, were becoming restive under the restraint. In spite of the fact that the ventilation had been improved very much and the variations of temperature were scarcely appreciable in the rotunda, which was not only the most spacious, but the most enjoyable part of the Laran, the doctor found that he was encountering a new group of complaints and he had the good sense to attribute them to the condition of confinement.

The day after the failure of the doctor's experiment with Miss Endicott, the general, who had been away on a mission of importance, suddenly returned. He came in at the bayou entrance late at night, but he reported to Hendricks, who got out of bed and the two sat in consultation until morning. Whatever the nature of their conference was, its importance and the urgency of events were made apparent by the general's words at its close.

"We have just three days to get the rest of our men out—that leaves them five days to assemble. They must be in St. Mary's on the 5th. You have no suspicion, have you, that the new move is known in any way to these officers above ground?"

"I know absolutely nothing as to what these men suspect. For some reason Mrs. Hendricks is reticent. The only thing to do is to go ahead and disregard them. They have got no posse in the neighborhood, for I have been over the ground."

At this point the doctor came in and announced that Miss Endicott, who had not been out of her bed since the shock, was in one of her trances and they might, he thought, renew the experiment in a guarded way.

Hendricks excused himself to the general and went to Miss Endicott's bedside, where, after turning out the negress, the two men sat down. The doctor then proceeded as before, and when the girl's eyes were fixed upon vacancy, he said: "Tell me what you see."

"Yes, I will tell you," she replied, as if in some terror of the doctor. "Let me be sure. I see a woman. I know her. She is standing in the curtains at the window—she—yes, she has the curtain pulled about her—she is listening."

"Look well. What is she listening to?"

"I cannot tell. Yes—some one is walking on the balcony—the window is open—it is Miss Laport and a young man. They sit down on a bench near the window."

"Can you hear what they say?"

"No, I cannot hear. Some one is coming into the room."

"Who is it?"

"I feel it is a man but I cannot see him."

"Can you not hear what he says?"

"I cannot hear what he says—I can only hear what the woman says."

"What does she say?"

The girl's eyes started from her. "Oh, there are the soldiers coming. The air is cold. They have not taken down the iron railing. My God—that is the train. I hear it—they will all be killed." Then with a wild shriek, she threw up her arms and with a shudder put her hands upon her ears and became to all appearances lifeless. But a little foam oozed from the corner of her mouth.

Hendricks was puzzled and annoyed. There was an uncanny air to the girl's utterances that affected him in a manner peculiar to himself. He may be said to have resented the intimation of prescience. He, as a rule, avoided and disliked mysteries. He did not like to acknowledge to himself that something was going on above ground that was suspicious and that Mrs. Hendricks had him at a disadvantage. He turned the matter over in his mind and viewed it from every conceivable point. There seemed only one way out of the growing uncertainty and it was to take a body of men, surround the house and make the officers prisoners.

Just as he had about settled to this conclusion Mrs. Hendricks summoned him to the telephone.

"I want to warn you," she said, "if any voice but mine comes through this instrument not to answer it. They are all away on the grounds at this moment and I can talk to you. I cannot tell if they suspect that these wires that apparently go out on the poles, lead in another direction, but they are liable to use them at some moment. They have already made remarks about the chimney and the mails and have ominously kept silence about Miss Endicott's disappearance. But I guessed the truth when they found the horses' hoof marks and brought in the flask which smelled of the captain's Medford rum. If you precipitate matters now, you may wreck your St. Mary's scheme. If Calicot knows something about your past—how much I cannot learn. He may know something of your future plans. I believe he is the only man who has put together the threads of your career. In a personal encounter he may get away. If you entrap him, there will be an armed force quartered on us. The best plan is to keep him here in luxurious ease by every blandishment I can offer until the St. Mary's affair is over. He will prefer this place to the Bayou house, if indeed he suspects that place. He is a shrewd man but a susceptible one. Leave him in my hands."

Hendricks was not led by this communication into a moment's inadvertence. He could not tell if it were an honest conviction or part of some scheme of the woman's. He did not dare tell her his own conclusions and thus put her on her guard. He gave her no intimation of his fast maturing plan. He merely asked questions. The result was that he obtained from her further acknowledgments to the following effect:

"Calicot is no ordinary man. I fear him because I cannot read him. I have a growing belief that he has industriously put together your whole career—made his own theory—kept it to himself and is staying here to corroborate it before putting the machinery of law in operation, or making his plan public. He has shown an unmistakable admiration for me. He professes to have never met a woman whose intellectual gifts so impressed him. But I cannot tell how far this is his susceptibility or his game. Yesterday he said my gifts would be of inestimable value to the social system if arrayed on the side of the normal forces of society. I tried all my art to get him to say how far he thought they were arrayed against the conventional order, but I could not get him to divulge anything. At another time he said: 'You are in constant communication with Mr. Hendricks.' But he changed the subject adroitly when I tried to find out how he knew it. This will show you that if he stays here it is only a question of time when he discovers our means of intercourse and how necessary it is that I should sparingly use it. You know me too well to think for a moment that I am superstitious or visionary, but this cool, plausible, mysterious man somehow stands in my instinctive feelings for the slow, inevitable, dispassionate, solidarity of man that we have raised our hands against. I have exhausted all my woman's ingenuity in trying to discover the weak spot in his nature. He has, so far, baffled me. I cannot tell if he has a weak spot or is only the cleverest man I ever met in hiding it. It would be a supreme triumph to outwit such a representative agent intellectually. It cannot be done in your way. You must handle events. Leave me to deal with motives. In any case, trust me."

The result of this was just what we might expect in a man of Hendricks' unplastic will and aggressive nature. He was not convinced. He did not like the woman's weak admission of something august and invincible in the social order. He saw nothing in the statements and arguments that might not be put forward as part of a subtile scheme to gain time and to keep him helplessly out of the way till her own security was attained. He did not however confer with his associates, but went to the office and plunged into a deep consultation with the general and Fenning upon the topography of the country around St. Mary's. They had county and township maps with every road and house marked upon them and they were engrossed in the details of a miltary campaign. But that morning the doctor had said that there were six of the men who had demanded to be let out for a few hours. They had pledged themselves to keep away from the roads and merely go into the bush to hunt squirrels and would be back at night. The doctor advised their release for a time and as they were men in whom the general had every confidence, the permission was given with a warning.

These six men went immediately north, hung about the grounds of the Laran house, encountered the two deputies who were in the woods and killed them. They then returned at night feeling assured that they had removed the obstacles to their liberty.

Hendricks heard of it first from Mrs. Hendricks.

"The two deputies," she said, "have been killed at the edge of the bluegrass opening on the Smoky Hill stretch. They were killed by your men yesterday afternoon. Calicot sent their bodies on to Clinton in a wagon, and Lieut. Stocking has gone with them. They had not been gone an hour when four mounted men arrived to take their place. I saw them from my chamber window. It had a peculiar effect upon me. They seemed to be the advance guard of the race. Calicot is as suave and unconcerned as ever. We ate breakfast together. I expressed the greatest amount of concern and womanly horror at the deed. He merely remarked that it was an incident calculable and of small weight in estimating ultimate results. 'A mere skirmish.' Then he changed the conversation to a trifling subject. We shall now have six men instead of four. Something tells me that if you succeed in getting rid of these men, twelve more will take their place. It's like fighting an incalculable machine."

Hendricks' plans were decided upon in five minutes after this communication. He called in the general and explained the situation to him. "We must take this bull by the horns. Pick twenty-five of the best men; stock them with the best horses we have got. They are to be timed to arrive at the Laran house at nine-thirty to-morrow morning. Have twenty-five more men at this shaft. There is no telling what Stocking will bring back with him. I will go up and meet Calicot at that hour. I don't want him killed. We must make him our prisoner. As for the rest, let them take the chances. I shall probably hear from Mrs. Hendricks to-night, but I shall not tell her of my plan. We cannot use Fenning, for he must go to St. Mary's. Have you got the stuff off?"

"Yes," said the general, "the last boxes went last night."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE TAILER TROUT.

A Lusty Denizen of Southern English Waters.

How the Fish Got Its Peculiar Name—It Is Very Voracious and Not at All Particular as to Its Food.

In several of the shallow and slow-flowing streams of the south of England—notably the upper waters of the Lea, the Ver, and the Mimram, all Hertfordshire streams—the "tailer" is well known to the exasperated dry-fly fisherman. "And what on earth is the 'tailer'?" the angler not acquainted with these and other similar waters may inquire without shame.

The "tailer," says the Pall Mall Budget, may be best described as a rather gross feeder, destitute of the artistic instinct and the culture which the dry-fly fisherman associates with the trout that can only be taken by an exact imitation of natural fly. It is called a "tailer" because, when its head is plunged into the weeds in pursuit of freshwater shrimp, its tail breaks the surface of the stream and waves in the air. At the commencement of the fishing season the "tailing" trout is usually very busy, and very observable in several famous rivers. At this season of the year the larger fish are, as a rule, in indifferent or in absolutely bad condition; they are exceedingly hungry after the exhaustion of spawning operations, and are consequently not in the humor to waste time on an occasional small olive dun, or some other insignificant fly. Water-shrimp is fat and appetizing, and in many streams exceedingly plentiful. It is not surprising, therefore, that it forms the staple dish of trout, which the pangs of hunger in the early spring assail almost unceasingly. In early June the big trout will eschew water-shrimp for May-fly, and later on in the season, when they are in fine condition, will feed with befitting daintiness.

It is not much use, as a rule, fishing up stream with a "dry" over a "tailer." The fish is so engrossed in its pig-like operations among the weeds that it treats with contempt a solitary little dun endeavoring to tickle its nose. The best lure for a "tailer" is a big and gaudy alder, fished down stream within a few inches of the fish, and worked like a salmon fly. At such a lure a "tailer" will come sometimes with a fierce dash, that brings the heart of the angler right into his throat. The writer had the pleasure of landing a five-pound trout, hooked by a friend in this manner in a Hertfordshire stream on an early spring evening. A much heavier trout, "tailing" under the bank in an awkward place, was afterwards assailed, and pricked several times, but in vain.

A "tailer" is often difficult to scare, and even when actually risen and pricked will recommence feeding in a few minutes, oblivious of danger. The position of the fish, its head buried in the weeds and its tail waving like a flag in the air, naturally renders it easy to approach and difficult to alarm on such occasions. Moreover, a "tailer" seems to riot in its rather nasty meal. The water-shrimp glut takes possession of the big fish as completely as the May-fly glut.

What creature the "tailer" takes the big alder, fished in the manner described, to be is very uncertain. Some few people assert that fish take a fly under such conditions not from motives of hunger so much as of anger mingled with curiosity. But practical anglers and naturalists laugh at such fantastic theories. No doubt the trout takes the alder as the salmon takes the silver doctor—because it looks good to eat. But what particular food it is mistaken for remains a mystery.

HE GOT THE QUARTER.

A Ride That Proved Quite Expensive for the Driver of the Stage.

Dr. Samuel G. Dixon, a well-known scientist of the Quaker city, told a Philadelphia Record man an amusing story of a scene witnessed in New York the other day while riding in a Fifth avenue stage. "A lady gave the driver a coin," said Mr. Dixon, "and received change for twenty-five cents. She informed the driver that she had given him fifty cents, but the jehu wouldn't have it that way, and the woman had simply to lose twenty-five cents. A moment or two later, however, a well-dressed, highly respectable looking male passenger, with a rather pallid face and a physique by no means athletic looking, tendered the lady a quarter and said he had seen the whole transaction and knew she was being swindled. 'I'll get it back,' said he, 'you take it.' After some persuasion the woman was induced to take the money, and shortly afterward she and all the other passengers except myself and the man who had produced the cash left the 'bus. When we arrived at the end of the line the stranger walked up to the driver, and, in courteous, but firm tones, said: 'I saw that lady gave you a half dollar. I give her the quarter and I want you to give it to me.'

"A volley of oaths was the only answer, which, however, was cut short by a well-directed blow from the fist of the passenger and the driver went down. He got up with another shower of profanity and made for his assailant, but promptly went down again, the blow this time landing full on the jaw. When the driver got up the second time he gave up the quarter. But the passenger wasn't through yet. 'I've split my gloves on your face,' he he said, 'and I want two dollars and fifty cents to buy a new pair.' Refusal brought another punch, and again the driver measured his length. He didn't want any more, but gracefully handed his puncher the demanded two dollars and fifty cents. I ascertained afterwards that the gallant passenger was Billy Edwards, the ex-prize fighter, and the other drivers are, I understand, still chafing their associate on his encounter and its results."

An Angel in Disguise.

Querious—So the doctor saved his life?

Cynicus—His poverty, rather, I should say. He was too poor to have the prescriptions filled.—Judge.

A Dutch Advertisement.

"Anyone proving to my satisfaction that my cocoa essence is injurious to health will receive ten canisters free of charge."

ROAD IMPROVEMENT.

A WORD ABOUT TRAMPS.

The Tender Side of an Otherwise Not Attractive Picture.

The picture accompanying this article represents about the popular idea of the outside appearance of an unfortunate and little understood class. Man's inhumanity to man may "make countless thousands mourn," but does it make us think? Are you married? Have you children? Do you remember the birth of the first one, the anxiety, the suspense, the hope, the fear, the unutterable joy, the tender care and sleepless nights, the childish ills, the paternal love and all the anxious moments? This is human experience, not yours alone, but the experience of all. There are varying degrees of human intellect, there may be varying degrees of human love, but I had rather call it that the difference is not in the heart, but in the outward expression which after all means but little.

The mother and her offspring bear about the same relation to each other in all the shades of human kind. The most intelligent and highly educated mother could not do more in defense of her babe than would she of the lowest social strata. In either case with touching tenderness the little troubles are soothed, the tiny wounds are bound up, the bumped head is made well by "mamma's kiss."

The boy grows older but he is still to his mother the same "baby." His first pair of pants are put on and dedicated with much interesting ceremony, while

his first trip to school is, in the eyes of his parents, unequaled by anything relating to contemporaneous state or national affairs.

"If there be aught surpassing human deed, or word, or thought, it is a mother's love."

To his mother the boy is a hero; she sees in him a great future and in her tender blindness she is apt to overlook the most important thing to teach a boy (or girl), viz., self reliance.

The mother dies, the father perhaps was already worse than dead—a slave to his appetite. The boy is left to his own resources, and poverty which so often "snatches the reins out of the hand of piety" is his principal companion. The teachings of youth are not forgotten but hunger and temptation are more potent. The mother's constant presence and help could do what her memory cannot.

"Necessity knows no law." The boy is at that junction of good and evil where but little is needed to turn his wavering steps into the wrong road. The appearance of a real friend, a kind word, a little "lift" on life's highway and the better elements of his manhood are brought out, the teachings of the dead mother predominate and he becomes a man and soon acquires that strength of character which makes the world glad that he lives. But suppose, as is often the case, while he stood irresolute at that critical point when need and conscience were on a par, he had met the tempter in any of thousand forms. What then?

The same boy. In his heart the same germ of manhood, but he makes a wrong start, it is hard to retrace his steps and he becomes a "tramp," and you and I and the newspaper paragrapher put him on an equality with the dude and make jokes about him; we may pity him but we don't let him know it. I move you sir, Mr. President, that all the tramps be appointed road inspectors, and be paid out of the fines which should be collected from every township where poor roads are found. This would remedy two evils at once.—Good Roads.

The Use of Wide Tires.

The great benefit to be derived in the saving of a large proportion of the money now expended for road improvements should be an incentive for cities and towns to advocate legislation compelling the use of wide tires. Besides it would be of great advantage to the owners of heavy vehicles in enabling them to carry much larger loads with less power and less cost. Herein is indeed food for suggestion to carriage builders to institute a much needed change in the manner of constructing heavy wagon wheels.—Haverhill (Mass.) Bulletin.

Importance of Wagon Roads.

The one great need of the agricultural regions of the United States is good wagon roads, this being in many sections connected intimately with the necessity for better drainage of the land. Within the last quarter of a century the country has been gridironed with steam lines, while the improvement of wagon roads has been systematically neglected, as if the latter were rendered inutile by the former. Never was there a greater mistake.—Chicago Tribune.

The Burden Needs Dividing.

That farmers should be relieved of a portion of the burden of maintaining the public roads is a reasonable demand and is heartily concurred in by the best citizens.—Hon. Edward Burrough.

Those Sentimental Newspapers.

Mr. Reader—The papers mention a number of instances in which labor unions have loaned money to employers in order to keep the works running during the dull times.

Mrs. Reader—Yes, I noticed that; but I don't believe it.

"Why not?"

"I told Bridget about it, and asked her to lend me some money to pay her wages, and she got as mad as a hornet."—N. Y. Weekly.

Times Change.

Trainer—Wot's makin' yeh so glum?

Prize-Fighter—(laying down a historical novel)—Dis world is all goin' to der dogs. A few centuries ago I would 'a' been in a coat o' mail, headin' a charge o' knights in some battle o' the Roses, an' me childrens would 'a' been dukes and princes. Now I can't even fight wid gloves widout sneakin' away from the perlice, an' w'en I git to the top I must go on ther stage or start a gin mill.—Puck.

So to Speak.

Miss Limited—Oh, conductor! I am nearly seasick! Do your cars always sway and jounce and swing around like this?

Conductor—Well, this is a pretty crooked road, but you won't mind it when you get used to it.

Miss Limited (faintly)—You mean when I "get onto its curves."—Brooklyn Life.