THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

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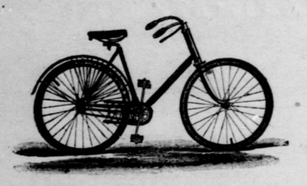

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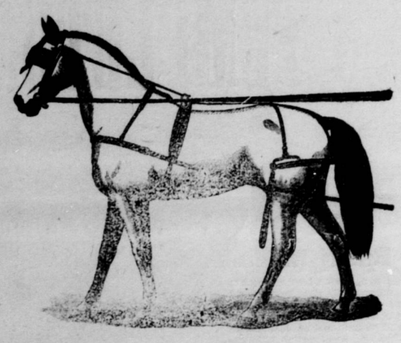
Every adult person allowed to guess once. You are not asked to buy anything. It is free as the air you breathe. All you have to do is to come in, register your name in a book we have prepared for that purpose and make your guess in plain figures.



Guessing begins Monday June 4, and closes July 20, 1894.

at 12 o'clock, noon, at which time the horse will be weighed and the harness given to the person guessing his exact weight or nearest to it. Should more than one guess the exact weight or be tied the harness will be given to the one whose name is first on the register. The horse has never been weighed. We do not know his weight, and will not allow him to be weighed until after the guessing closes. All have an equal chance. No one in our employ allowed a guess. Remember, we do not ask you to buy anything to entitle you to a guess. We just want you to see where we keep Buggies, Wagons, Carts, Harness and all parts of Harness, Wheels, Tops, Cushions and Lazybacks, Neck Yokes, Buggy Poles, Singletrees, Harness Oil, Axle Oil, Lap Dusters, Fly Nets, Horse Collars, Brushes, Curry Combs, and verything belonging to a Driving or Team Outfit.

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with the breaking out and terrible itching and burning. I thought hers was as bad a case as anyone ever had. She was in this distressing condition every year until she began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, which has effected a perfect cure, without leaving any scars, and she has had

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She is well and hearty. I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla after the grip with good results, and have also given it to our four children. We are all pictures of perfect health and owe it to Hood's Sarsaparilla." J. C. FREEMAN, Vandalia, Illinois.

N. B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to buy any other instead.

Hood's Pills are hand made, and perfect in proportion and appearance. 25c. per box.

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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.

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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.

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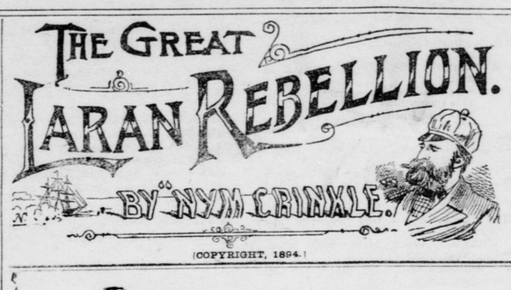

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"DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM, SIR?"

CHAPTER XV.

It is necessary now to keep in mind two orders of events. One is the slow focussing of public suspicion about the operations at Laran. The other is the extraordinary relationship of the principal personages at the headquarters of the conspiracy.

A week passes and men are straggling back to the Laran from all over the country. They come in through the woods at night singly or in little groups. They arrive at the Wash bayou, coming down from St. Louis and crossing at night from the Arkansas shore; they come up from Memphis looking for work and some of them ride in from the mountains of East Tennessee.

Hendricks watches the reassembling with cool calculation and appears to have been satisfied of the main results. About fifteen per cent. of the men never reappeared. This was according to his calculations. But the rest, actuated by the fear of individual peril, the esprit de corps of military organization, or the desire to go on with the war which a master-spirit had planned, had, in great part, returned at the end of the week. At that time there were by count five hundred and fifty men of the regiment back in the cave.

Hendricks sat up all one night reading the papers that had been brought him from Memphis. He went over all the accounts carefully. There was not in any of them a surmise as to the truth. The regiment had got away and it had accomplished its purpose, but the further away from the scene the comments were, the less seriously the newspapers regarded the occurrence. In New York there was some kind of enormous western practical joke suspected. "How,' said one journal, "a regiment of a thousand men can come and go without observation, can dismantle a bank and then depart with a million dollars in specie without being detected or interfered with or tracked, remains for the imaginative west to explain. It looks very much at this distance as if the English company had been operating in phantoms to bear its own market."

An angry official correspondence had taken place between the governor of Tennessee and the governor of Indiana. The town of St. Mary's and the city of Paducah swarmed with newspaper men and detectives. But it was plain to Hendricks that fresh troubles at St. Mary's between the director and the men threatened to draw attention from the search for the soldiers.

An official report of Gen. Waterson, the officer commanding the St. Mary's expedition, has been preserved. Whether it was forwarded before his return to Laran or was written subsequently is not known. But it gives a very clear explanation of the novel method adopted in this military campaign.

It reads as follows:

"The whole plan has worked, with a few slight discrepancies, as projected. The feasibility of getting the whole regiment into St. Mary's and the neighborhood without attracting attention was easily proven. My men began to come in four days before they assembled. They were in fairly good shape and passed for workmen out of employment and idlers drawn in by the excitement. It was impossible to go anywhere without seeing them mingling with the workmen and standing about on the corners with the unemployed. In three days seven hundred were in St. Mary's and three hundred in and about Paducah, with orders to come in straggliugly to the former place on the fourth day. At any other time a thousand men suddenly added to the population of so small a town would have excited suspicion, but the excitement of the strike was supposed to be drawing the men from all quarters, and great credit must be given to our forces who, as a rule, kept themselves close and avoided attracting attention. On the night of the third day, three hundred were already in the old house on the barrens or in the immediate vicinity undergoing the most extraordinary discomfort on account of the want of accommodations, and an hour before sunrise on the fourth day, I had the whole command within reach and most of them uniformed and armed. We formed column at five o'clock in the barrens just three miles southeast of the town and marched in on the railroad track; took possession of the bank at nine o'clock, distributed money among regiments as planned without opposition, each man carrying a hundred and fifty eagles. The buckskin belts worked admirably. I deployed two hundred men, Companies A and F, and kept crowd one thousand feet from bank, withdrawing them in squads and replacing them with other men who were loaded up with specie; successfully avoided collision with sheriff who was completely bewildered by events; took camp at six o'clock p. m. on the terrace as planned and the regiment began at once to melt away. Four hundred men got out of their uniforms in the center of the camp (where they were securely shielded) before nine o'clock. The suits in the knapsacks turned out better than I expected and Commissary Fenning should be credited with great skill and ingenuity in the provision of these suits. The uniforms were put into the knapsacks and at twelve midnight I started the men in Indian file to the old house, and, as by that time I had four hundred more men ready, there were eight hundred knapsacks and eight hundred guns to be disposed of; by making each man carry two guns and two knapsacks, I easily got the whole eight hundred into the house. The intense darkness of the night was a great advantage and the hardness of the ground and the special guards stationed along the lines to prevent straggling or the littering of the rout, aided us much.

"At three o'clock in the morning the regiment, as a uniformed organization, had disappeared.

"The disposition of the men was as follows: One hundred went scatteringly from the camp back to town in their former clothes at ten o'clock; another hundred got off at eleven o'clock, and a third at twelve o'clock. I drew them up by companies in a circle in the center of the camp and started them out in radiating lines. I calculated that in fifteen minutes, if the men walked briskly that there would be a distance of five hundred feet between each man, and, of course, those going south and east would have to make a large detour to reach the town. At 12:30 I was reduced to five hundred men, at least two hundred having gone toward Paducah in the same straggling manner. The remaining five companies were started from the old house between 2:30 and four o'clock, going in widening lines south, southeast and southwest through the barrens and about one hundred under orders to strike the railroad track at long intervals and return to town. I held a detail of twelve trusty men with me to complete the work—clearing up the fragments and arranging the material in the house. The guns were flung into the cellar and the knapsacks heaped upon the first floor and saturated by the two barrels of kerosene that were knocked in the head on the floor above. At five o'clock Capt. Einstein, of Company D, who was left behind to complete the destruction, touched a match to the building and then retreated to the railroad track, coming back later with the few inhabitants who were attracted at that hour by the flames.

"He met me the next night at Snowden's hut on the Mississippi, where I was waiting for him, and reported that the destruction was complete and that the guns had been effectually covered by the ashes and debris and would not be discovered until an attempt was made to remove the rubbish.

"My calculations with regard to the direction the search would take for the regiment were right, as you will see by the papers, and the plan of bring the scows over from the other side of the Ohio and cutting them loose above Paducah was a good one. The general belief at once seized the authorities that the men had crossed the river from Indiana.

"I am now convinced by actual demonstration that I can, with a thousand men, carry out the eastern scheme of which you spoke. The chances of success are increased by the audacity of the attempt. Whatever appears to be incredible will succeed before the community can bring itself to acknowledge it."

CHAPTER XVI.

Enough has been already told to indicate that Hendricks had in his keeping two prisoners whose presence added a perilous element to the underground society. These men, employed by the secret service of the government, were to Hendricks the first direct intimation that the forces of society had in some way put facts enough together to warrant an intelligent attempt to run him down. Whatever theory these officers had been working on had been summarily frustrated by Hendricks taking them both prisoners.

He had, with his usual quickness of decision, summed up the whole chain of consequences. Their mission was a secret one and only the secret service department knew of it, but their disappearance would speedily bring about his place the whole enginery of the government. He expected to be besieged in the end, but as war on a large scale had been part of his calculation from the start this did not deter him. He calculated as usual with great shrewdness on the element of time, and he felt sure that if the underground rendezvous could be kept from the knowledge of the public until all his plans were matured he would preserve an enormous advantage even in a fight with the government.

In order to narrate what occurred in the Laran at this time it is necessary to go back to Miss Laport.

Miss Laport was a slender and pretty girl of twenty, with serious gray eyes, a great abundance of beautiful wavy chestnut hair and a rather pensive oval face, in which there were indications of strong character and much spirituality. She had received an excellent education when her father's means were ample and she had suffered deeply when his disgrace came. She was now living a life of expectancy and mystery, waiting only for the release of her father to redeem the promise early made to go away with him and forget in some distant place their wrongs and their troubles. Placed under Fenning in Memphis she proved a valuable amanuensis and clerical assistant. She worked patiently and uncomplainingly and got to know a great deal of the confidential business that was carried on between the Bayou house and the office. She awakened Fenning's interest and respect and she was grateful for his consideration and care of her, and when he began to evince a deeper interest she did not repulse him, although he awakened in her none of the emotions to which a girl of her age is susceptible. She treated Fenning with an undisguised kindness. for he had shown a real solicitude in her personal comfort and her future welfare, and had secured for her a handsome salary which she scrupulously put in the savings bank.

When they went to Laran Mrs. Hendricks treated her as an equal and a guest. But if it had not been for Fenning, her life there would have been monotonous enough. He secured for her the latest books, took her out for long rides and looked after her amusement and comfort in a thousand ways. But Fenning's was evidently not the nature to touch her deeply. His cool, mathematical mind may have won her admiration when she saw it exercised in a crisis or dilemma, but it did not move her affections. She was under heavy obligations to Fenning and she would not hurt his feelings. The moment that Lieut. Stocking became a guest in the house, the whole aspect of things changed. Here was a passionate, heroic and emotional southerner, who immediately exercised over her an influence that she could not resist. His nature was the antithesis and the complement of hers. He was immediately attracted by her. They came together easily and often, and all the amusements which had been enjoyed with Fenning now wore a new ardor of romance. I brief, these young persons fell instantly and deeply in love.

When, therefore, on that morning of the fight, she had seen him wounded and dragged fighting to the signal room, her indignation was unbounded and her misery uncontrollable. She knew enough of Hendricks' affairs to suspect that he was in some way acting in opposition to the authorities, and she had gathered from Stocking something of the peculiar nature of his visit. When, therefore, he disappeared down the shaft, her heart sank within her. She believed that he would never return. In this wretchedness she took to her room until Mrs. Hendricks endeavored to extricate her from her despair. That lady found her in a condition of morbid melancholy from which it was no easy matter to rescue her, and it did not take her long to ascertain that contact with the lieutenant had changed the girl's views materially. She wanted to go away and reminded Mrs. Hendricks that Hendricks had promised to release her father at the expiration of a year. To this Mrs. Hendricks replied that he had been at liberty to go for some time but had become interested in the completion of a gun and was staying voluntarily to see it tested. She further insisted that Lieut. Stocking would be treated well, and probably was anxious to communicate with her in the signal room. This brought about a request from Mrs. Hendricks to Hendricks to let Stocking speak to her through the telephone, and the lieutenant was surprised to hear Hendricks say: "There is a young lady who wishes to communicate with you at the shaft. I will accompany you."

They walked to the instrument together. The lieutenant said nothing. When he took the mouthpiece in his hand he asked:

"Are you going to listen?"

"Is there a lady at the other end?"

"Yes," replied the lieutenant.

"Then I will not listen," said Hendricks. He lifted his hat and walked away.

This little unexpected show of chivalry touched Stocking. The moment that he was alone the following colloquy took place:

Miss Laport—Is that you?

Lieutenant—Yes.

Miss Laport—Are you getting well?

Lieutenant—Yes, I'm all right. There is a good doctor here.

Miss L.—Are you a prisoner?

Lieutenant—Yes.

Miss L.—Are you happy?

Lieutenant—No. How could I be?

Miss L.—What can be done?

Lieutenant—Nothing but wait.

Miss L.—Suppose I come down.

Lieutenant—Can you?

Miss L.—Yes. I think I shall prefer it. Mrs. Hendricks is coming.

Lieutenant—Has anything happened since on the grounds?

Miss L.—No. Everything is quiet. But it is lonesome and Mrs. Hendricks is going away.

Lieutenant—Do you know where she is going?

Miss L.—No.

Lieutenant—Why do you not seize the opportunity and go with her?

Miss L.—I must stay here a little longer. I cannot tell you why.

Two days after this conversation Miss Laport and Mrs. Hendricks were down in the Laran, and with Miss Endicott and the negro servant this made four women now in the undergound community.

The hurly-burly of preparation and excitement of camp life extended at this time from the rotunda for at least two miles and filled all the echoing spaces far beyond the lake. A little community was living in comparative peace in the Portal arena. The fragile cottages that encircled the space looked like a Pore picture under the central light, and dried branches that profusely ornamented a column in the center space fretted the ground with sharply outlined shadows. It was eternal night here, but man had robbed it of most of its noxious terrors and woman had left the traces of her presence round the doorways of some of the habitations. In front of one cottage there was a stand of strange plants, curious crytogamous growths that had been gathered in the recesses of the place; and arranged in symmetrical order were crystals of carbonate of lime, symmetrical and translucent stalactites and fossils dug from the walls of the distant passages.

It was Stocking's amusement to gather these curiosities in his moody rambles, and it was Miss Laport's melancholy delight to arrange them where the electric light played fantastic tricks with them at all hours. Under the awning which on one side of the little house offered a protection from the light, sat Miss Laport and Lieut. Stocking. At a short distance on the same side were two other and similar abodes, one of which was given over to the lieutenant and Calicot; the other, connecting with Miss Laport's by a latticed alleyway, was in possession of the doctor, Miss Endicott having a room in Miss Laport's establisbment.

"Now that you have told me about your father, Miss Franklin," said Lieut. Stocking, "and there is nothing to prevent you both from leaving this place, why do you not urge him to go at once? Mr. Calicot asked me to speak to you seriously about it and impress you with the urgency of it."

"Why should he be anxious about it?" asked the girl.

"He has made up his mind about the result of the conflict and he fears if you delay much longer you will not be able to get away at all."

"And you?" said the girl with real solicitude.

"I'm in Calicot's hands. I suppose we shall be liberated at some time. He seems to think so."

"You appear to admire and trust him very much."

"Yes. I wish I could get you to trust him. He says you ought to go away at once. Shall I tell you what he said to me?"

"Yes. Do."

"It was this: 'Stocking,' he said, 'you can get Hendricks' permission to take that old man and his daughter out, if you will give your word of honor not to betray his retreat and to return. You could then put them in a boat and help them to cross the Mississippi.'

"'Why,' I asked, 'are you so anxious to get them out?'

"'I want to save them,' he said.

"'But you do not care to save me,' I objected.

"'Yes,' he said, 'if you follow my plan it will save you.'

"'Then I am not to return?'

"'Yes,you are. You must come back. But it will take you two days.'

"'To come back here is not to be saved,' I said. 'You will have to explain yourself.'"

"Yes," said the girl, with interest. "Did he explain?"

"No. He merely said: 'I wish you would take my advice.'

"'You are frank with me,' I exclaimed.

"'If you will do as I bid you,' he replied, 'everything will explain itself and we shall all be released.'"

"Then why not do it?" asked Miss Laport.

"Because I have to pledge myself to give up liberty and you, and come back to this tomb to be buried alive. Do you think that an easy matter?"

"And yet you say you trust your friend. Now I would obey him implicitly and trust him if I knew him as well as you do."

"Yes," said the lieutenant. "It is characteristic of a woman. But I am a man—a helpless one."

Twenty minutes later these two young people had taken the train and got off at the platform in the rotunda. It was Miss Laport who first discovered Calicot standing in a pensive attitude, and, with a sudden burst of unselfishness, she said: "There is your friend now. Why not go to him and prove that you trust him? I am going to leave you together and go back with the doctor."

Stocking was disinclined to accede to this request, but Miss Laport was pleasantly firm and, a few moments later, he had joined Calicot. The first thing he said, rather grimly, was:

"There is murder going on overhead."

"Yes," replied Calicot. "That is the name for war when we are not in it."

The two men walked side by side through the exit of the rotunda until they came to the lake, where at intervals there was a natural bench of satin spar, very pure and beautiful in the electric light—and here they sat down.

"Calicot," said Stocking, "I give you credit for too much manliness to lose your vindictiveness under pleasant treatment and for too much good sense to be overthrown by the magnificence of a sophism when it is put into execution."

"Quite right," replied Calicot. "You will live to see that my opposition to Hendricks and his conspiracy is much deeper and broader than yours. With you it is an impulse. With me it is a cool conviction. Your impulse prevents you from admiring his skill. My conviction will enable me to thwart his purpose."

"If I thought you could without being a traitor to your conscience, I would place myself under your orders and ask no questions," said Stocking.

"I was going to ask you to do that."

"There is only one reason why I should," Stocking said.

"What is that?"

"Miss Franklin has asked me to."

CHAPTER XVII.

While this conversation was going on there arrived at the sanitarium a sheriff's posse. Among them was the deputy who had escaped when the house was surrounded. The doctor was now in charge of the place and no obstruction was offered to their entrance. They were led by the sheriff of Tipton county, a grim and grizzly veteran, known as Clip Davis, who had a wide reputation as a fighter, and he brought a pocketful of warrants.

The doctor expressed his entire sympathy with their purpose, denounced Hendricks as an outlaw and offered to aid the officers in any way in destroying the gang. He placed the house at their disposal, treated them hospitably and gave it as his opinion that Hendricks and his men had gone east.

The old sheriff was suspicious, blunt and unceremonious. "You've got a d——d suspicious house here," he said, "and I'm going to get to the bottom of it. Where does that wire go?"

"It was intended to go to Memphis, but it was never finished."

"Well, sir, there has murder been committed here. If I don't find the guilty parties I'm in search of I'll bag the whole establishment and take you to Covington."

The doctor smiled—remarked that that would be rather rough treatment for innocent people and then asked the sheriff to drink.

But Clip Davis was not a man to settle down comfortably under any of the amenities. He took possession of the house, searched it thoroughly, locked the inmates in their rooms and put guards in the halls. It was thus impossible for the doctor to inform Hendricks of what was going on, and the next morning he was astonished to learn that four stragglers had been picked up in the woods, brought in and searched and a large quantity of gold taken from their persons. They refused to give any account of themselves and were shut up in an upper room and guarded until they could be sent to Covington. In the course of the day two more were brought in and five hundred dollars in gold taken from each of them. The doctor's nervousness over these proceedings can well be imagined, especially as he could not communicate with Hendricks, and the sheriff's remark, under any other circumstances, would have had a flavor of humor. "We have struck a bonanza," he said; "the woods are full of them." He then sent to Covington for reinforcements and scoured the whole neighborhood, making his headquarters at the Laran house until he had got to the bottom of the mystery. The next day in attempting to arrest two tramps one of them was chased far down to the southwest and suddenly disappeared. He undoubtedly reached the Bayou house and communicated with Hendricks, who immediately suspected the truth, and, making up a party of twenty-five mounted men, headed them himself and started off in the night for a reconnoissance. They were out two nights, and on the first afternoon overtook and killed the chasing party of two that was returning to the Laran house. They then went north, picked up one of their own men who had managed to escape from the sanitarium, and learned that Clip Davis was systematically bagging the returning men and had possession of the house.

As it was above all else necessary to protect the return of the men of his regiment, and as the sheriff was on the point of arming the country and preventing it, he determined to make short work of him. It was not a difficult job with his facilities. He got to the Laran house in the night, disposed his men in the woods so as to intercept reinforcements and then picked off the sheriff's men as they appeared on the grounds or balcony. At the first shot, two of them rushed out and were killed on the steps. Clip Davis knew instinctively what this meant. He barred his doors and stationed himself at a window and succeeding in killing one of Hendricks, men and disabling another. His idea was to gain time and wait for his reinforcements. The doctor, who saw from his window in the room where he had been locked, what was going on, succeeded in breaking out and went straight to the shaft. In twenty minutes he had ten men in the house. The captives were liberated and a rush made upon Clip Davis who, received them with all the fire he had and was killed at the window.

Hendricks kept this work up with vigor, intending, if possible, to prevent the escape of a single soul who would report the discovery of the gold upon the men. Before two hours were over, he was master of the situation and then waited quietly in the house for the reinforcing party.

The result was a cruel and successful one. The posse of only six men rode up to the gate unsuspiciously and had no sooner got upon the inclosure of the lawn, than they were received with a murderous volley from the house and another from the wood. In a moment the lawn was strewn with their bodies.

Hendricks knew very well that all this meant war and he faced it with a vigorous military energy. He converted the house into a fortress and barracks and began moving all that was valuable into the cave.

As the affair was reported to the governor of Tennessee, it looked like an organization of robbers who had taken possession of the Laran house for their headquarters. He therefore appointed a new sheriff and placed the Memphis Tigers (eighty men) and the Crockett Fuseliers of Paducah (sixty four men) under his orders with instructions to proceed at once to Tipton county and arrest the gang. Adjt. Gen. Luscomb met part of the troops and the sheriff of Marshall and proceeded overland with them to Laran.

The sanitarium stood upon a rounded knoll of about ten acres, corresponding to another and larger knoll which Hendricks had by measurement fixed upon as the crown or roof of his rotunda. The ground sloped gradually to the road two hundred feet away, which road marked the valley between this hill and another slight but extended excavation that began on the other side and stretched away eastward into the wilderness.

To the west there was a clearing and the stables and extensive outhouses, and beyond a heavy timber belt that ran with occasional breaks almost to Marshall. It was from this direction that the troops came. They surrounded the house in the early morning and the adjutant general, on a fine white horse in full uniform and gold epaulets and cocked hat and sword, rode upon the lawn and in an impressive voice called upon all the house to surrender.

A voice from the house replied: "This is private property. If the commanding officer will come in, I will confer with him."

There was a consultation on horseback, the sheriff and the general leaning over and evidently comparing views.

While thus engaged Hendricks made his appearance upon the balcony.

"General," he said, "it is my desire to avoid bloodshed. If you will step inside we can probably arrange matters. I pledge you my word that no treachery will be attempted."

The general and the sheriff moved their horses up to the steps, and the general said, with much pomposity:

"Do you know who I am, sir? I represent the outraged dignity of the sovereign state of Tennessee. I command you to give yourself up instantly, together with all your confederates and belongings. That is the only way to avoid bloodshed."

Hendricks smiled. "You are too old and experienced an officer," he said, "to be foolhardy, and the lives of these men you have brought here are in your hands. I have expressed a desire to avoid bloodshed."

"Sheriff, arrest this man," cried the general. "He defies a law, and we are under cover of the guns of the state troops."

Hendricks took a step toward them. "One moment," he said, "before you attempt to arrest me. You and your men are covered by four hundred repeating rifles. One move on your part to arrest me and your force will be annihilated. I mention this in the interest of humanity. If you decline to treat me with the courtesy due to a brave enemy, you had better retire. I will give you two minutes to rejoin your men."

The impulsive general wheeled his horse, galloped into the center of the lawn and called, in a loud voice, as he drew his sword:

"Capt. Hawkins, mass your men Bring up the reserves. Prepare to storm the house."

Hendricks leaned against one of the pillars of the balcony.

"You see," said the sheriff, "resistance is useless. It would be better to surrender at once, as I propose to take you now," and he made a motion to draw his pistol.

Before he could get it fairly into his hand, there was a sharp crack of a rifle at short range and he half raised himself in the stirrups and fell heavily backward upon the horse's haunches, the pistol falling upon the ground. Hendricks stepped down and picked it up as the horse reared and backed away—and at that moment a crack of firearms was heard and he went quickly back into the house and shut the door.

As soon as he got to an opening in the barricaded window, he saw the general wildly galloping up and down, flourishing his sword and calling upon his men to fall in. But many of them were past falling in. Their bodies were conspicuous by their uniforms, lying where they had fallen in the grass and the rest were huddling confusedly, running indeterminately into the treesat the foot of the slope under a murderous fire from all parts of the house.

He could see when the general turned his head that a stream of blood was running down his face from a cut in the temple and had dyed his white whiskers.

Wounded as he was, the old general succeeded after awhile in withdrawing his men across the road to the opposite acclivity, where under the shelter of some rocks, he reformed them and tried to encourage them. His condition was a distressing one. He had lost, out of a hundred and forty-four men, at least fifty. He could not even bring them all off and consequently did not know if they were killed or wounded. The sheriff was dead. He had no hospital stores or stretchers, for it would have required more than the ordinary military presience to have calculated upon such a reception as this. However, he did the best he could, and the first act was to dispatch couriers to the nearest telegraph station to summon assistance and notify the governor, he giving up his own horse to one of the messengers.

What was his surprise about noon to receive a communication from the house. A man dressed like an ordinary workman was brought into his little camp by a picket and delivered the following note with a military salute:

"To the Commanding Officer:

"SIR: You can safely remove your dead and wounded. If you are in need of bandages, surgical assistance or medical stores, and will send for them, they will be supplied until you receive help from the state. Respectfully,

"OFFICER COMMANDING OPPOSING FORCES."

The audacious coolness of this proceeding aroused the old general to an eruptive state of indignation. He tore the message to pieces and ordered the arrest of the messenger. Half an hour later another arrived.

"I am ordered," he said, "to say to you that if you do not release the messenger a sufficient force will be sent to take him."

"Away with him!" shouted the irascible old general. "If he attempts to escape shoot him."

During the night Gen. Waterson and Fenning got in at the bayou entrance, and before morning Gen. Luscomb's forces were fallen upon and completely routed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Case of Indisposition.

Two Houston (Tex.) journalists met on the street.

"Haven't seen you for the last two days. Have you been indisposed?" asked Faberpusher.

"No, it's my washerwoman who is indisposed," replied Shears.

"Is she very sick?"

"She is not sick at all. It's me who is sick because she is indisposed to bring back my shirt."

"I wish I had the luck to own a shirt that I could send to the laundry," was the mournful reply of the other journalist, whose coat was buttoned up close to his chin.—Texas Siftings.

A HEATHEN PROPOSITION.

Ah Long—No checkee, no washee.

O'Flaherty—I'll bring the check 'round later, begob!

Ah Long—No checkee, no washee.

O'Flaherty—Rats.

Ah Long—Allee lightee, blingee me lats.—Hallo.

A Musician.

Friend—Is your boy making any progress on the cornet?

Father—Some.

Friend—Can he play an air yet?

Father—Yes, but it is such bad air that the neighbors have declared it a nuisance.—Detroit Free Press.

After the Opera.

"Well, it may be as you say. They may have been in society, but they have not society manners."

"Why do you think so?"

"Because they gave their entire attention to the opera and seemed quite interested in it."—N. Y. Press.

AN EXPENSIVE LIGHT.

An Inveterate Smoker Paid Thirty Thousand Dollars for a Fuse.

Inveterate smokers acknowledge that the habit is a most expensive one, but it is seldom that a light for a cigar costs a smoker a fortune, as in the story told by the author of "Glances Back Through Seventy Years." He was an inveterate smoker, having contracted "a diseased habit of puffing away at a cigar every moment he was not eating or sleeping." He smoked only the very best brands, and in those carelessdays spent, he says, more for cigars than it afterward cost him to live.

Well, one afternoon a day or two before "Palmer's Life" was published, I had been to a prize-cattle show at Chelmsford and then to a dinner with the Royal Agricultural society, and on arriving in town by the last train, as I was walking homeward my cigar unfortunately went out and, much to my annoyance, I discovered I had no fuses about me. The streets, too, were deserted, so that there was nobody from whom a light could be obtained.

On descending Ludgate hill I noticed that the gas of the gas lamp, perched high against the wall just within Belle-Sauvage yard, was broken. There being a slanting ledge at the lower part of this wall I placed my foot on it, and, springing up, succeeded in lighting a paper-spill which I had improvised, but in my rapid descent one of my feet unluckily caught the edge of the curb and I dislocated my ankle and broke the small bone of my leg.

Quick as thought I wrenched the ankle into its place again, but it was not so easy to unite two pieces of fractured bone, so I hopped to a neighboring post and there awaited the protecting peeler's periodic round.

He came at last and charitably put me into a cab and accompanied me home. I was carried upstairs, a surgeon was sent for and the broken limb was set. Then I was put to bed and told I should have to remain there a month or more.

It was while I was fretting under this involuntary confinement that my partner in "Palmer's Life" paid me a sympathetic visit and bought me out of the speculation for a mere song, without, of course, saying a word to me of the phenomenal success our joint venture had already met with.

Owing to this circumstance I have always reckoned that the going-out of my cigar cost me about fifteen hundred pounds, which actuaries tell me would, with compound interest added, have amounted to some six thousand pounds at this date. A sum sufficient, I fancy, to buy up all the "partagas imperiales superfinos" in the world.

PATENT LEATHER.

The Process for Producing the Shiny Surface.

Japanned leather, generally called patent leather, was first made in America. A smooth, glazed finish is first given to calfskin in France. The leather, says the New York Telegram, is curried expressly for the purpose, and particular care is taken to keep it as free as possible from grease; the skins are then tacked on frames and coated with a composition of linseed oil and umber, in the proportion of eighteen gallons of oil to five of umber boiled until nearly solid and then mixed with spirits of turpentine to the proper consistency. Lampblack is also added when the composition is applied in order to give color and body. From three to four coats of this are necessary to form a substance to receive the varnish. They are laid on with a knife or scraper. To render the goods soft and pliant each coat must be very light and thoroughly dried after each application. A thin coat is afterward applied of the same composition of proper consistency to be put on with a brush and with sufficient lamphlack boiled in it to make a perfect black. When thoroughly dry it is cut down with a scraper having turned edges, when it is ready to varnish. The principal varnish used is made of linseed oil and Russian blue, boiled to the thickness of printer's ink. It is reduced with spirits of turpentine to a suitable consistency to work with a brush, and then applied in two or three separate coats, which are scraped and pumiced until the leather is perfectly filled and smooth. The finishing coat is put on with special care in a room kept closed and with the floor wet to prevent dust. The frames are then run into an oven heated to about one hundred and seventy-five degrees. In preparing this kind of leather the manufacturer must give the skin as high a heat as it can bear in order to dry the composition on the surface as rapidly as possible without absorption, and cautiously, so as not to injure the fiber of the leather.

Barbarous Japanese Customs.

From evidence that it seems difficult to dispute, it appears that in the Celestial empire old, incurably diseased and hopelessly depraved persons are frequently burned alive in order to rid the community of the burden and responsibility of their care-taking. This arrangement is the result of a mutual understanding, the victims assenting to and sometimes assisting in the preliminary ceremonies. The usage seems to have been recognized by the highest authorities, and the burials have certainly been conducted with the sanction of the ruling powers. Great preparations are made and there is much ado, and sometimes a show of grief, but a great deal of the latter is evidently perfunctory, as there is an all-around feeling of satisfaction on the part of the spectators and more or less complacency on the mind of the victim, who is comforted by the assurance that he is fulfilling a tradition and will earn the respect of his ancestors and gone-befores. This custom is scarcely more strange and barbarous than the Japanese practice of compelling a man for certain crimes or calamities to commit suicide. It would, at least, have its compensations in that the criminal could be made to take himself off and thus leave no unpleasant reflections upon the mind of hangman or executioner.

The Wrong Sensation.

Skinner—It's a shame for you to expose your shoulders in that manner.

Mrs. Skinner (tartly)—I never knew a man to show so much jealousy in all my life.

Skinner—It's not jealousy; it's mortification!—Puck.

Just Like Him.

Mrs. Gofrequent—Your husband has insured his life for twenty thousand dollars? How good of him!

Mrs. Offenround—Good of him? He did it just to tantalize me!—Chicago Tribune.

Born and Made.

Poet—Poets are born, not made, sir.

Editor—Perhaps; but most of their poetry isn't.—Detroit Free Press.

Not to Be Disconcerted.

"Yes, madam," said the cement seller, holding up a plate whose fragments had been glued together, "you will observe that Stickum's patent family comfort cement holds anything firmly and lastingly. To this plate, for instance, I now suspend by a wire a twenty-five-pound weight and the cement holds firm. I increase the weight to thirty pounds and—"

Here the plate broke along its cracked lines.

"And you will observe, madam, that the plate breaks with ease, thus giving an opportunity to cement the edges more evenly whenever it is desirable to do so."—Chicago Record.