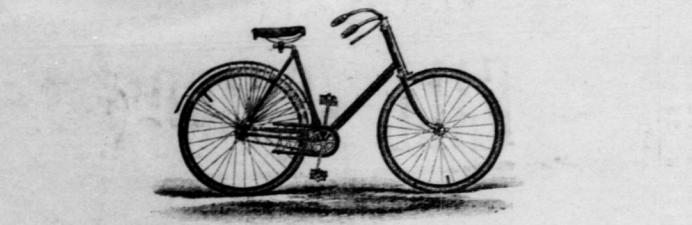


THE PHOENIX.

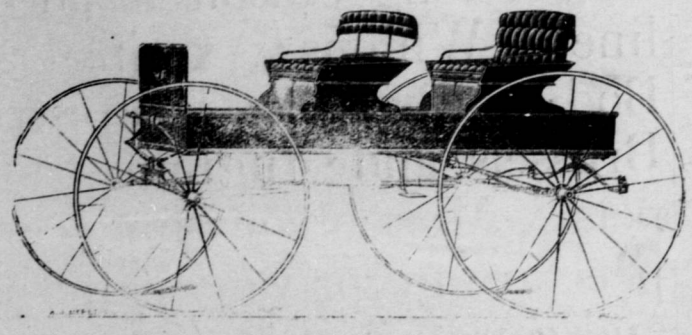
Do you know why the PHOENIX bicycle is the most popular wheel in Pittsburgh? Do you know why it was the Butler-Pittsburgh race, and the Wheeling-Pittsburgh? Simply because bearing, chain, tire, frame—all the parts—are made of the best material. Because we build the lightest, easiest running wheel that is safe and reliable for the roads. We also make a specialty of an easy running and light lady's wheel, which is equally popular.



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For catalogue and other information address,
THE STOVER BICYCLE Mfg. Co.
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ALL FOR FUN



Some people go one place and some another for a month during the summer. They lose their time and expense and its none of our business, but we have decided to stay at home and spend the time talking to our customers and giving them bargains just for fun, to see how it goes. We are willing to spend our time for nothing only for July—not a day longer. That's all the time we can afford to spend for nothing. Some things we will sell below cost:

Rawhide Whips 30c. Whalebone Whips 30c. Leather Fly-nets \$1. 4 boxes Axle Grease 25c. Binds Whips, 10 feet, 50c. And Buggies, Wagons, Harness and everything belonging to a team or driving outfit in proportion. No difference what you want about a horse or team, come here. We pay no rent and expect to be here all our life. The guessing on the horse is still going on. Try your luck—it costs nothing to try. Everybody over 16 years old allowed a guess. Women and men both guess. Over 1100 guesses already. Counted July 20 at noon.

S. B. Martincourt & Co.,
128 East Jefferson Street,
BUTLER, PA.
S. B. MARTINCOURT, J. M. LIEGNER.

W. F. HARTZELL, L. M. COCHRAN.
BUTLER ROOFING COMPANY,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Excelsior Fire-Proof Slate Paint—
For Shingle Roofs, and Ebonite Varnish for all Metal Roofs. Also,
Agents for the Climax Wool and Asbestos Felt, the King
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All kinds of roofs repaired and painted on the shortest notice.
Estimates given on old or new work and the same promptly attended to.

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BUTLER ROOFING COMPANY,
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Whips, Dusters, Trunks and Valises.

My Goods are all new and strict-
first-class work guaran-
teed.

Repairing a Specialty.
Opposite Campbell & Templeton's
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342 S. Main St. — Butler, Pa.

THE GREAT LARAN REBELLION.



Carrie Greene King

Save the Children

By Purifying Their Blood

Hood's Sarsaparilla Makes Pure Blood, Cures Scrofula, Etc.

"My experience with Hood's Sarsaparilla has been very effective. My little girl, five years old, had for four years a bad skin disease. Her arms and limbs would break out in a mass of sores, discharging yellow matter. She would scratch the eruptions as though it gave relief, and she would open the sores.

Two Bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla cured the eruptions to heat and the sores peeled off, after which the skin became soft and smooth. As a family medicine Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best.

Hood's Sarsaparilla CURES

We believe Hood's Sarsaparilla has no equal and I recommend it. W. L. KING, Butler, Pa.

Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic, gentle and effective. Try a box, 25 cents.

A Scientist claims the Root of Eczema is in the Blood.

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.

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Perscriptions

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At Redick's Drug Store.

We do not handle anything but pure drugs, next time you are in need of medicine please give us a call. We are headquarters for pure

SODA WATER

as we use only pure fruit juices, we also handle Paris Green, hellebore, insect powder, London purple and other insecticides.

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Harness, Collars, and Strap Work,

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My Goods are all new and strict-

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CHAPTER XXIII.

Calicut, looking very white and gaunt, mingled among the crowds in the arena. To anyone less than him a purpose the scene would have been fraught with an almost superhuman interest. The confusion was appalling and the noise deafening. But even his abstracted perception could distinguish in it all the effort of system and discipline forcing matters slowly into purpose. Squads were forming and marching through the corridor, towards the rotunda, choking the passages; officers were passing and repassing with wounded; groans, curses, commands loaded the heavy air with satanic tumult; and the cavernous surroundings and ghostly lights completed the infernal hue of the picture.

A man suddenly plunged into this subterranean scene, an index many of the wounded captives were, might rudely imagine that he had died and been thrown into the traditional hell. Calicut was about to make a very doubtful experiment. He was going to determine if his estimate of Hendricks' character was correct. He was looking for him in the crowd near the portal; it had occurred to him that in this confusion it might be possible for something to go up the shaft undetected. He was quickly convinced of the folly of that idea. The exit was well guarded, and the men had to be taken out of the crowd by the guard. He saw several of the new detail turned back because they had forgotten it.

While he stood there Hendricks came up and spoke to him.

"There are two of your wounded friends there in Mr. Franklin's office," he said. "They need intelligent care. You might lend a hand. I am sending all the captured back to the surface as fast as possible where they can be recovered. We cannot do them justice. I am at your service," replied Calicut. "But I wish to speak to you of another matter."

"What is it?" asked Hendricks, brusquely, as he stepped aside.

"Mr. Franklin spoke to you about removing his daughter?"

"Yes, I told him to get her out as soon as possible. We move from here in three days."

"I wanted to suggest to you," said Calicut, "to let the other girl go. She will die of nervous shock in this uproar."

"You wish to escort her?"

"No, Lieut. Stocking do it. The old man will need somebody to pilot him to Memphis. My own plan is to know he is in love with Miss Franklin. The lieutenant will return here to me. I am a sufficient hostage."

"Your friend is a violent man," said Hendricks. "But you have noticed that I haven't time to be."

"I said to myself," replied Calicut, "that the execution of your plan is longer depended on our captivity or secrecy."

"Ah, you have arrived at that conclusion."

"I acknowledge facts. So far as I can see you are in armed rebellion. It is no part of the mission of war to entomb helpless women. From what I have seen of your character I believe that you would accede to my wishes."

"But your friend did not think so."

"No, but he, perhaps, does not understand you."

Hendricks smiled rather grimly.

"At nightfall," he said, "I will give your party an escort and pass them out of the bayonet and bayonet them in the woods between the bayonet and Memphis, and the women would not be safe."

Then Hendricks abruptly left him. Calicut's anxiety now grew hourly. He had a sickening fear that Fenning might arrive at any moment and frustrate the whole plan. He was not alone. The women spent the intervening time in preparation, and Calicut, after a hurried consultation with Stocking, repaired to Mr. Laport's quarters, and Calicut and Fenning went to the bayonet entrance. Very little was said on the way. Calicut was appreciative and not dissatisfied. Fenning, on the other hand, was not at all pleased. He felt that something would occur to interfere with their departure at the last moment. It seemed to him that the rotunda would fall into his hands, and he would be able to get fresh recruits at the bayonet entrance during the fight at the Laran portal.

When they arrived at the end of their journey, Stocking very nearly upset the project by suddenly refusing to go unless his friend would accompany him and it required all the firmness and persuasion that Calicut could command to induce him to proceed. "Do not," he said, "imprint everything on giving up your faith in me now. On the day after tomorrow, when you have secured the safety of your companions, you are to come back here for me. The government will have some of its forces here then, and the issue will not be doubtful, believe me. But I must stay here tonight and to-morrow to learn all I can of the plans at the conference. Mr. Franklin, I understand, has secured money enough to take care of himself and daughter. You are a free man. Do not hesitate."

They parted at the entrance to the lift. Stocking was sullen and uncertain, but he came back and wrung his friend's hand silently, and Calicut felt that the action was a pledge. A moment later he turned and mounted the steps of the railway platform with a sense of desolation in his heart and an unstable motion in his eyes.

When they came to the rotunda he told the guard that he would get off and walk back later to the arena.

He was left standing on the platform when the car moved away. The great dense shadows covered him from the army of men below. He walked along the ties to the great wooden doors of the magazine and stood there a moment. Then he descended the steps and was lost in the crowd of men below.

He had expected to meet Hendricks at his military headquarters, but one of the captains who knew him said that there was a meeting of some kind and Hendricks and all the other chiefs had gone to the office in the arena where it was held.

He then made his way as speedily as he could through the coal corridors to the arena and was surprised to see how completely the chaos of a few hours ago had disappeared. Nearly all the men had been gathered into the rotunda,

miles above the bayonet. Take us to that, get us across and leave us to find our way in Texas to the coast. You must go back to your friend, and I will write you as soon as I am safe, if you give me an address."

Vainly Lieut. Stocking pleaded with him. The man was too firm. The guard took them two or three miles up the Mississippi and there the party crossed the river, the lieutenant accompanied them, and he was not far from the shore when he was taken to the interior, until he believed they were safe from pursuit, when he bade them farewell and returned.

The journey had consumed a day, and when he reached the eastern shore of the Mississippi he encountered the pickets of a government force, was promptly arrested and taken to the camp about a mile from the Laran portal, where he found two regiments of troops. It was not until he had established his identity, as he found several acquaintances among the officers, and to them he told the whole story of his capture and incarceration. It was an incredible and startling revelation, and led the commanding officer at once to move his camp to a new location. The distance from the Laran and to take every precaution against an attack in the rear. On the morning of the third day Stocking set out with a picked guard and several of the officers to inspect the entrance of the cave.

It was not difficult to find the portal, for the astonishment of the whole of the iron lift was discovered when the ruins of the sanitarium adjacent to the bayonet, which had issued a wavering thin blue smoke.

Suspecting some kind of treachery Stocking went to go down alone, and after some delay in getting ready, he was lowered into the hole. Finding everything enveloped in darkness and the air so thick with smoke that he had to come back for assistance and lanterns, and thus provided and accompanied by an officer he reentered the cave and proceeded to the point where the growing conviction that Hendricks had withdrawn all his forces from the arena and abandoned it.

The moment he arrived at the mouth of the cave passage and held up the lantern he perceived that something extraordinary had taken place. The bodies of the men—two of them had apparently been hurled against the wall of the arena with terrible force, and the bodies were dislocated and their skulls fractured, and they were covered with a blue mud that made their faces indistinguishable from the wall.

The full extent of the appalling disaster was investigated. Stocking forced his way with some difficulty into the arena, and found the bodies of the men held high and throwing a dismal effulgence on the scene he saw in the distance. The clouds of blue mud were still in the air, and the place the members of the group to whom Calicut had communicated the last words. All were the same horrible sight. Hendricks was sitting in a chair, but his neck was dislocated and his head hung down upon the side of his body. Calicut's body was in the corridor. It alone had escaped the blast of disfiguring color; his face was a grim smile and in his hand was a pad covered with writing.

Stocking wrenched it from the dead fingers and held it to the lantern. In a few moments he had read the following particulars on my person. I have saved you and the country. It was my duty. I am happy.

Stocking silently scanned the papers, and went with the party through the coal passage to the mouth of the rotunda. Around this he found a feature of this unprecedented tragedy was revealed.

The rotunda that great space was covered with blue corpses, in every conceivable attitude of sudden death, a blue stratum of smoke lying above them and the deposit of its sulphur and carbon upon their forms.

Death reigned. It had come like a lightning stroke. It had spared nothing. The rotunda was a scene of horror. The engine, buried under the debris, with its tender hanging to the iron beams, was the most ghastly sight. Hundreds of men had been hurled in a mass, and there commingled in a sickening pulp, from which stared the blue corpses. The children and the women were not spared.

As Stocking slowly realized what his eyes were telling him, he felt a cold shiver run down his spine. He had overcome everything else. He opened the papers and read the hastily written memorandum from which this account has been compiled.

"I got," he said, "the dynamite carried to the floor of the rotunda, and also the fuse. I let it down the ventilating tube to the floor of the rotunda, and the explosion followed. I have made notes of all the disclosed plans. Let the government act quick to victory. I have, I think, calculated for every contingency."

At that moment Calicut pushed the door open and stood before him, calm but with a gleam of triumph in his eyes. "You have overlooked one factor," he said, deliberately.

"The explosion," he said, "started into the rotunda, and the small children and the women have preserved their coolness."

"My prisoner," said the former.

"Yes," replied Calicut, "it is my duty to tell you that in your plans you forgot one important element."

They looked at him with a suspicion of danger in their faces. He appeared in his almost ghastly calmness to be a victor. "I have, I think, calculated for every contingency," he said.

Calicut put his hand upon his breast and said, "I have heard of you. Let me see, and your work comes to naught. It was just like you to underestimate the qualities that would be in the man who heard of you. In your diabolism there was any provision for self-sacrifice. Fortunately in my scheme there was. In three minutes the rotunda would have been blown to pieces. I have, I think, calculated for every contingency."

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MILKING IN THE STABLE.

A Practice Which Has Many Points in Its Favor.

We are asked if we would milk in the stable in summer. The objection is often made to milking in the stable that it is not a healthy place, and that the open yard is preferable, even with its annoyances of running cows