BUTLER, PA., FRIDAY, JULY 27, 1894.

PHOENIX.

Do you know why the PHOENIX bicycle is the most popular wheel in Pittsburg? Do you know why it won the Butler-Pittsbugh race, and the Wheeling-Pittsburg? 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.

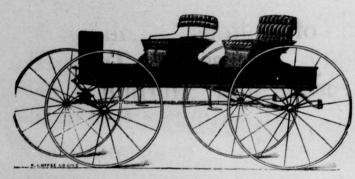


A guarantee is a good thing in its way. The PHOENIX guarantee covers every point, but the best point of all is the fact that repairs or claims for defective parts constitute an exceedingly small per centage of our cost of manufacture.

For catalogue and other information address.

THE STOVER BICYCLE M'f'g. Co. FREEPORT, ILL, or

J. E. FORSYTHE, Agent. BUTLER, PA.



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 At Redick's Drug Store. 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

Rawhide Whips 30c. Whalebone Whips 30c. Leather Fly-nets \$1 4 boxes Axle Grease 25c. Binder 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,

J. M. LIEGHNER

L. M. COCHRAN

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BUTLER ROOFING COMPANY, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

-- Excelsior Fire-Proof Slate Paint--For Shingle Roofs, and Ebonite Varnish for all Metal Roofs. Agents for the Climax Wool and Asbestos Felt, the King

of Roofing Felts. All kinds of roofs repaired and painted on the shortest notice.

Estimates given on old or new work and the same promptly attended

ALL WORK GUARANTEED.

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320 SOUTH MCKEAN STREET, * * * BUTLER, PA

C. R. ELLIOTT,

130 W. Jefferson Street,

LEADING WALL PAPER HOUSE Will occupy this space next week.

At this Season

Hood's Sarsa-Cures

Hood's Pills are efficient and gentle. 25c

The best Spring the smokeroom of the National Libremedy for the blues, etc., is to discard your uncomfortable old duds which irritote the body: loave with antiquity. Arbuthnot, the man down from father to son and are hoary with antiquity. Arbuthnot, the man who had joined them a little later, was thin and slight of build. In the middle of a story to which he was listening, he would turn his head quickly and lift his left hand, or, rather, the remains of it, with a quick, involuntary action and drop it are action and drop it are in a sife renew suit which will fit well, improve the 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.

astrong effort of will.

"It's Arbuthnot's turn now," said Anderton, the junior of the three. "He looks like a man who has been badly scared by a tiger. We'll give him ten minutes, and then be off."

Arbuthnot gulped down his liquor. "I was badly scared once," he admitted. "And, what's more, I shall never get over it. I was living with three other men at Nigriting, which had a very bad reputation indeed in the way of tigers. Of course, that didn't bother me very much until the Man Eater stole my chokidar (watchman) and eat him. The tiger liked my fellow so well that he came back shortly afterwards, and walked off with a new chokidar. When chokidar number three disappeared the matter began to be serious—and expensive. There was a panie in the land. I couldn't get another chokidar for love or money, and the relations of the definition of th

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.

Perscriptions

SODA WATER

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

J. C. REDICK, Main St., next to Hotel Lowry BUTLER, PA.

JOHN KEMPER,

would there be of his not escaping the tiger and thus bringing in a little compensation to the relatives and, at the same time, freeing them from the burden of supporting him in idleness. Of course, this was all very well from the Manufacturer of Harness, Collars, and Strap Work, and Fly Nets, the natives would take the extra risk, but they didn't seem to see it in that light, and wanted higher money as a sort of insurance to go to their rela-

and Dealer in Whips, Dusters, Trunks and

My Goods are all new and strict-

Repairing a Specialty.

Opposite Campbell & Templeton

342 S. Main St., - Butler, Pa.

All light suits at reduced prices at

THE RACKET STORE.

Suits Reduced to Suits Reduced to Suits Reduced to

"I don't know how long it was before I was wakened from dreamy
elysium by the yap-yap-yap" of the
dog, and felt a tender pressure on my
hand. I tried to draw it away but in vain. In my half-wakened state, I THE RACKET STORE ought that perhaps some native



or money, and the relations of the de-funct chokidars would come and sit on the bungalow veranda in rows and

solemnly heap upon my innocent head all the curses they could think of or invent; and, what was worse still, they

the endeavor to think of something to keep him alive. You all know the mar-velous manner in which a native can eliminate himself from this world by simply making up his mind to go hence. I didn't want to have the gov-ernment come down on me for causing the loss of an entire village of natives,

which would assuredly have happened after they had once started dying off

dar number one thought it extremely indelicate that the friends of number

two could not wait until their claims had been satisfied. Of course, when

had been satisfied. Or course, when chokidar number three was wafted into the jungle you can imagine the further complications which ensued; they were something awful. The only

they were something awful. The only way out of the situation was to compensate the whole lot of natives and settle the tiger before he killed any more. I was anxious to do this for another reason; every native in the village who had a decaying, semi-defunct relative of whom he was anxious to be rid put him forward as a candidate for the vacant post. The more infirm the proposed watchman was, the better chance would there be of his not escaping the tiger and thus bringing in a little com-

course, this was all very well from the native's point of view, but I did not see why I should be multed so heavily because a man-eating tiger did me the honor to eat my chokidars. I was quite content to pay extra wages if the natives would take the extra risk,

fives in case of accidents.

"The matter at last grew to be so serious that something had to be done.

"At length, I determined to ask

three other fellows to come over and

rivaling his neighbor in the telling of tall stories. Every now and then the

dismal howl of a jackal would set our nerves tingling and hearts going like sledge-hammers. Then we would re-member that there was safety in num-

bers, and at last, what with the din-ner and the drink, each man began to feel drowsy, and fell asleep, his gun by his side. My little toy terrier, Sylph, coiled herself up at my feet and

"I don't know how long it was be-

ing Mispirit to spow pow desh spe

went to sleep also.

could have surprised the white party had she been a tiger. The pressure on my hand was so soft and warm, so mesmeric in its intensity, that I lay in a kind of pleasurable trance for a minute without moving. Then the pleasute without moving. Then the pleasure increased—grew rougher—not so pleasant. When I opened my eyes two great balls of fire were looking into mine. A tiger had got my hand in his mouth. Of course I was perfectly paralyzed with fright, and remained in a dazed, half-conscious condition, feeling that all the others were awake, and in just the same state of fear as myself.

the Author.]

HREE civil engineers (their civilty belonged mostly to the profession, and vidually) met in e National Libdinner, and prosalves comforts. sistance. He drew me off some yards into the pitchy darkness, his object be-ing, of course, to get me into the juning, of course, to get me into the jungle where he would settle me at once.
I made a desperate effort and called
out to the others: "Boys, you're not
going to see me slaughtered like this!"
Just then the tiger drew me along
rather more quickly for about fifuen
yards. The other fellows woke up and
saw that I had gone; the only thing to yards. The other fellows woke up and saw that I had gone; the only thing to guide them through the darkness was the ceaseless yapping of Sylph. They heard me speak again, and scattered in the darkness to find me. My younger brother, who was one of the party, had been much chaffed about his equipment for the fray, seeing that he had come over with a regulation Martini and bayonet. We had been very funny at his expense during dinner. A man can always jest about danger in a crowd. 'Tisn't so easy not to feel afraid when you're being dragged along by a hungry tiger, and "It's Arbuthnot's turn now," said dragged along by a hungry tiger, and know that directly he gets you into the jungle he means to eat you. My brother was the first to awake and follow the dog, Martini in the design of the state of the hand. The others were still a good many yards away in the thick under-



invent; and, what was worse still, they did not confine themselves to cursing me, but cursed my ancestors and ancestresses for five generations back with a patient persistency and copiousness which I had never before experienced, and have no wish to again undergo. Not content with cursing me, one of them resolved to die on the veranda, and made elaborate preparations for starving himself to death. Suddenly, one of his friends pointed out to him that the only drawback to such a policy would be the fact that the tiger came every evening, and that no mortal with any self-respect likes to die in less than twenty-four hours. If a native, who had made up his mind to die, did it in a hurry, he growth when he overtook us. With one quick thrust he jabbed the bayonet into the tiger's loins and fired, grabbed my right hand, pulled me clear, and we raced back to the bungalow for dear life.

"We knew, however, in this in-stance, that if the tiger had any fight in him he would be after us in a mo-ment, so the whole lot of us tore back through the darkness and burst, gasping, on to the bungalow veranda to gether, only to find that some one had shut the door in order to keep the light in so that it shouldn't frighten

to die, did it in a hurry, he would lose all the gratification of knowing that the Sahib inside the bungalow was being worked up to a pitch of madness in the endeavor to think of something to hear blue alive. Ver all lower the works the tiger and make him suspicious. "We flung ourselves against the door, trying to burst it open with our united weight. Just as we did so, the tiger leapt over us with a tremendous bound, smashing in the whole lathand-plaster front of the oungains, and and-plaster iront of the chingatow, and fell, with the four of us, on the dining-room floor. When we were able to get up we found the tiger wasn't. He lay stretched out dead on the floor, with the bayonet still sticking in him, a mangy old man-eater, whose skin like flies. It is very like an Albanian blood feud. A kills B, whereupon B's relations slay A, and A's relations slaughter as many of B's friends as they can conveniently get hold of. When chokidar number one disappeared all his friends demanded compensation, and when chokidar number two was carried off the friends of chokidar number one thought it extremely

wasn't worth a rupee. "We dragged him out into the com-pound and left him among the gar-denias and pomegranates until morn-ing. What they did with him then I don't know, for I was in a brain fever, and yelling out for help every other minute. If anything touches this stump (he held up his maimed left hand) it just breaks me all up in an in-stant. I can feel myself being dragged through the darkness—feel the tiger's through the darkness—teet the tiger's feetid breath upon me once more—feel that my life is not worth five seconds' purchase; and though I've tried to argue myself out of it, my nerve's gone, and I daren't even go to the Zoo or pass Roland Ward's stuffing shop without a shiver."



Mrs. Cobwigger-I bought a necktie here yesterday, and the one you sent home wasn't anything like it. Haberdasher-The one we sent, madam, was picked out by your hasband a month ago, in case you ever bought one for him.—Puck.

serious that something had to be done. I did not much care about tackling the tiger single-handed in the lone blackness of the night. The intense gloom, in which you can't see your fingers before you, is apt to unnerve a man, especially if there is every probability of the beast sneaking in upon you when you are half asleep. The mere act of straining your attention on the effort to keep awake gradually sends you into a semi-torpid state. Then comes the tiger, and after the tiger—oblivion. Not Used to Being Flattered. Hostess - Of cour e the dinner is given for Miss Purdy, but I can't let you take her in because you never will take the trouble to be agreeable except for a pretty woman.

Reggy Westend-Whom do I take in, "How can 1 go astarn when there's nobody at the engines?" shouted the skipper as he hung on to the wheel

Hostess-Mrs Farris. Reggy Westend-But she's uglier than Miss Purdy. Hostess-I know that, but she's marwatch with me through the night un-til we could settle Master Stripes. Like all Englishmen who get together in India, we had a good dinner, plenty of liquor, and cards afterwards. About eleven, we all went into the versands of my bungalow to watch. ried and used to being neglected .-

"What has become of your first love, Fannie Jones, about whom you used to rave so much?" asked a New York gen-About eleven, we all went into the veranda of my bungalow to watch. There wasn't a star to be seen anywhere, and of course all the lights in the house had been carefully put out. One or two of us started telling stories, but, as we yarned, somehow our courage seemed to evaporate. It was an easy thing to talk of tiger killing, when we were sitting round the dinner table glasses in hand, each man rivaling his neighbor in the telling of tleman of a friend whom he had not

"Oh, she is married and happy."
"And how is it with you?" "I am still happier—and unmarried."
—Alex Sweet, in Texas Siftings. Incredible.

Bob—Awfully embarrassing thing happened to-day, Jack. I went into a shop to buy some cigars, when I sud-denly discovered that I had left my money at home.

Jack—Did the proprietor trust you?

Bob—O, yes; he knew me.

Jack (in surprise)—And he trusted

Not the Only Thing That Does. "Money talks, does it?" soliloquized Mr. Dreffleshort, absent-mindedly tap ping something he held in his hand. "Humph! So does an empty pocketbook. And what a hollow voice it

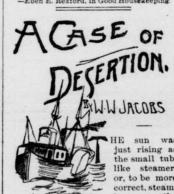
has!"-Chicago Tribune. Bad Times. Traveling Salesman (despondently) —By Jingo! times are bad. Why, they don't even throw me out of the houses I visit as they used to do.—Hallo. IN SUMMER DAYS.

It is the noon time of the year.
When long, midsummer days are here.
The seed is sown from which upsprings
A multitude of growing things
That shall make good, some later day,
The seedtime promise of the May.
We sowed in faith: in faith we wait
The harvest, be it soon or late.

What joy it is, on days like this what joy it is, on days ince this, To go where nature's workshop is, And watch the way in which she weave The blossoms, and the myriad leaves! Such glowing tints, such textures fine, Such miracles in branch and vine! How much there is for us to learn, No matter where our footsteps turn. Beside his nest the robin sings

Beside his nest the room sings His little song of unfedged wings: We hear the pagpipe of the bee Among the garden beds, as he Searches for sweets in every flow'r His life will know no squandered he Were he like me, this summer day, He'd idle many an hour away!

What rest is round us, deep and sweet! Lancy earth and Heaven meet. On this green hillside, where the sky Bends low, while winds that wander by Seem freighted with a lotus-spell That brings a peace unspeakable, So perfect that I quite forget, In summer dreams, life's work and fret Eben E. Rexford, in Good Housekeepir



Bulldog, steamed past the sleeping

"You think you're a fine feller,"

continued the engineer, "standing up there an' playing with that little wheel. You think you're doing all the

ful sounds were heard proceeding from

ngines," shouted the skipper.

nsible man," was the reply

"Bucket." replied the engineer, cornfully, as he moved to the side.

"Hold him," roared the skipper, sud-

The mate, realizing the situation,

ushed to seize him, but the engineer,

with a mad laugh, put his hands on the side and vaulted into the water.

When he rose the steamer was twenty

and brought the boat's head sharply

round. "Get a line ready."

The mate, with a coil of rope in his

hand, rushed to the side, but his bene

volent efforts were frustrated by the engineer, who, seeing the boat's head

making straight for him, saved his life by an opportune dive. The steamer

"Turn 'er agin," screamed the mate.

The captain was already doing so, and in a remarkably short time the boat, which had described a complete

circle, was making again for the engi-

mate, warningly.
"I don't want your line," yelled the

mploringly, as they swept past again.

"We can't manage the engines."
"Put her round again," said the mate. "I'll go for him with the boat."

Haul her in, boy."

The boat, which was dragging astern, was hauled close, and the mate

tumbled into her, followed by the boy

just as the captain was in the middle of another circle—to the intense in-dignation of a crowd of shipping, large

and small, which was trying to get by.
"Ahoy!" yelled the master of a tug

that steam roundabout out of the way. What the thunder are you doing?"

"Picking up my engineer," replied the captain, as he steamed right across

the other's bows and nearly ran down

which was toting a large ship.

engineer. "I'm going ashore."
"Come aboard," shouted the captain

"Look out for the line," shouted the

"Go astarn!" yelled the mate.

I'm going to have a proper wash."

enly. "Hold him."

There had been a little discussio

on the way between her crew and the engineer, who, down in his grimy little engine room, did his own stoking and everything else necessary. The crew, consisting of captain, mate, and boy, who were doing their first trip on "OW DO I STAND?" troubles. Every craft he passed had something to say to him, busy as they were, and the remarks were as monota steamer, had been transferred at the last moment from their sailing-barge, the Witch, and found to their discomonous as they were insulting. At last, just as he was resolving to run his boat straight down the river until he came to a halt for want of steam, the fort that the engineer, who had not expected to sail so soon, was terribly and abusively drunk. Every moment mate caught the rope he flung, and the Bulldog went down the river with her he could spare from his engines he thrust the upper part of his body through the small hatchway and rowed with his commander. boat made fast to her stern.

"Not afore I knows 'ow I stand." "Ahoy, bargee," he shouted, popping up like a jack-in-the-box, after a brief said the engineer, who was now beau-tifully sober, and in full possession of essation of hostilities.
"Don't take no notice of 'im," said a somewhat acute intellect "What do you mean?" demanded the the mate. "E's got a bottle of brandy down there, an' he's 'alf mad." "If I knew anything o' them blessed

skipper.
"I don't come aboard," shouted the engineer, "until you, and the mate, and the bye all swear as you won't say engines," growled the skipper, "I'd go an' hit 'im over the head." "But you don't" said the mate, "and and the bye all swear as you won't say nothing about this little game."
"I'll report you the moment I get ashore," roared the skipper. "I'll give you in charge for desertion. I'll—"
With a supreme gesture the engineer prepared to dive, but the watchful met fell on his neck and tripmed him. neither do I, so you'd better keep

a sailing barge, the skipper of which,

fighting with his feelings.

"Why don't you stop?" he yelled.

"Cos I can't." wailed the skipper of
the Bulldog, as he threaded his way
between a huge steamer and schooner,
who, in avoiding him, were getting up
a little collision on their own account.

"Ahoy, Bulldog, ahoy," called the
mate, "stand by to pick us up. We've
got him."

got him."

The skipper smiled in an agonized

"Shut off steam!" yelled the engineer, as the Bulldog went by again.

"Draw the fires then."
"Who's going to steer while I do it?"

By this time the commotion in the

A strange lack of sympathy on the part of brother captains added to his

a Salvation Army man, fighting with his feelings.

mate fell on his neck and tripped him work. What's the boy doing? Send him down to stoke."
"Go down," said the skipper, grinaghast at such determination.

aboard, and I'll give you a licking when we get ashore instead." ning with fury, and the boy reluctantly obeyed. "Honor bright?" inquired the engi-"Honor bright," chorused the three

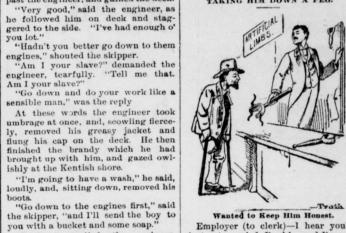
"You think," said the engineer, pa "You think," said the engineer, parthetically, after he had cuffed the boy's head and dropped him down below by the scruff of his neck, "you think because I've got a black face I'm The engineer, with all the honors of war, came on board, and after remark-ing that he felt chilly bathing on an "Don't you give me none of your back answers," bellowed the engineer, "oos I won't 'ave 'em."

"Don't you give me none of your back answers," bellowed the engineer, warmly asseverating that there was not another man on the river that could have done the property of the country of the countr 'cos I won't 'ave 'em."

The skipper shrugged his shoulders, flattery the skipper's wrath melted like and exchanged glances with his sym-"Wait till I get 'im they reached port he would as soon have thought of hitting his own father pathetic mate. "Wait till I get'im ashore," he murmured. "The biler is wore out," said the en-

as his smooth-tongued engineer.gineer, reappearing after a hasty dive below. "It may bust at any moment." As though to confirm his words, fear-Short Stories. Easy for Hubby. When a woman goes away for a summer vacation her husband finds the elow.
"It's only the boy," said the mate; housework very easy; all he has to do is to empty the crock under the refrigher several " "It's only the boy," said the mate;
"he's scared—natural."
"I thought it was the biler," said the
skipper, with a sigh of relief. "It was
loud enough."
As he spoke the boy got his head out
of the hatchway, and, rendered desperate with fear, fairly fought his way
past the engineer, and gained the deck.
"Very good," said the engineer, as erator and get his meals down town .-

-Doubt is almost a natural phase of life, but as certainly as it is natural, it is also temporary, unless it is unwisely wrought into conduct.—T. T. Munger. TAKING HIM DOWN A PEG.



Employer (to clerk)—I hear you've just got married, Bunkle, and I'm sure you can't support a wife on the salary you're receiving.

Clerk (joyfully, expecting a rise)—
No, sir, I don't see how I can.

Employer—Just what I thought; so you'd better leave.—Brooklyn Life.

A Modest Request.
Young Woman (in post office) —Won't
you please stamp this letter for me?
Astonished Clerk—Why don't you do

yourself? Young Woman—I'm afraid to. I read of a dreadful case of poisoning from the gum on a stamp yesterday.—Judge.

The Doctor's Art.

Illy—I don't see why the doctor has to come here twice a day. He leaves medicine on his first visit, doesn't he? Mrs. Illy—Yes; but he has to come again in the afternoon to leave an anong medical again in the afternoon to leave an antidote for the medicine he left in the morning.-Puck.

The Doctor's Art.

A Practical Suggestion Robbie-Mamma, doesn't it make your hands warm when you spank me?
Mamma-Why, yes, Robbie, it does.
Robbie-Wouldn't it do just as well,
then, mamma, for you to go and hold
them over the kitchen range?—Texas

Siftings. An Interesting Conversatio Mother—Did you try to make you self agreeable at Mrs. Hightone's? Little Daughter—Yes'm; I told her all the funny things our callers said about her, and she seemed to be real

Jess-You said you were going to speak to father when you met him at the club. Jack-I saw him only once, and then he was two hundred dollars behind the

interested.-Good News.

Merchant-I can't excuse you morrow for the sake of pleasure.

SENATOR BRICE TALKS.

What Ohio's Democratic Leader Thinks of the Road Question—Economy Demanda of the Public Improved Highways. fashion as he shot past, hotly pursued by his boat. The feeling on board of the other craft as they got out of the way of the Bulldog, and nearly ran down her boat, and then in avoiding that nearly ran down something else, The present widespread interest in the mprovement of the public highways indicates the tendency of the people of differ-ent communities to become more closely related both socially and commercially. cannot be put in plain English, but several captains ventured into the do-mains of the ornamental with marked The first step in the direction of civiliza-tion was the creation of means by which roducts could be transported from one lization attained in each part of the world since that time is clearly indicated in the advancement made in methods for

bellowed the skipper, as he left the wheel for a few seconds to try and get a line to throw them. easy and quick communication. Ohio began to take rank with the foremost commonwealths then comprising the Federal Union, and I am happy to obriver was frightful, and the captain's steering, as he went on his round again, something marvelous to behold. serve she has retained and strength serve she has retained and strengthened her position among the first with each succeeding year. Her rapid development and ensuing prosperity was due to the heroic and painstaking efforts of her ploneers, who in a few brief years turned a wilderness into one of the most favored sections on the face of the earth.

The first of their efforts was the construction of roads. Through the forests pathways were formed, which later be-



with the horrible condition of the roads in their trips through the country and that they have learned to appreciate the benefits that must come to the farmers, and through the farmers to the cities, from improved public thoroughfares.—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

The Bordeaux Mixture. The Bordeaux Mixture.

The Bordeaux mixture originated in France. It is the refuse dye matter and was first used by a fruit grower near Bordeaux to render his fine trees untempting that his neighbors might loose all desire to steal his fruit. It was soon noticed that the quality and quantity of the latter improved and investigation followed. The mixture has stood the test of time and is large. has stood the test of time and is large-ly used by all fruit growers, having even made some headway in England, where a strong prejudice against all sprayed fruits exists.

ger who had been sitting opposite to him, and who had been much embarrassed by the legs of the tall gentleman. "Don't do that. Don't stretch those legs any more. They are too long already."

long already."

The look the long man gave the critic who objected to such lengthy extremities will haunt the rash man as long as memory holds her seat.—Alex Sweet, in Texas Siftings.

Theory and Practice.

Wife-Do newspaper writers sit up all night? Husband—I believe so. "That explains it, then."

"Explains what?"
"The household department of this paper recommends roast potatoes for breakfast. One would have to sit up all night to have the oven hot enough.

-N. Y. Weekly.

Breaking It Gently.

Edgar—Miss Edith, I—ah—have something most important to ask you.

May I—that is—

Edith (softly)—What is it, Edgar?

Edgar—May I—Edith, would you be willing to have our names printed in the papers, with a hyphen between?—

HANDY WITH A GUN.

A Montana Man Who Was a Terror to Stage Robbers.

ted to Being Delayed on the Road-How He Got His

"The business of holding up stages in the west and robbing the mails and the passengers would not be followed by so many desperadoes if a few more of the travelers were like old Robert Lane, who lives near Dillon, Mont.," said George Craig, of Butte, to a reporter for the Washington Star. "Lane is as quiet and peaceable a citizen as ever went to church on Sunday and put his four bits into the contribution box. He has lived in Montana for twenty years. has lived in Montana for twenty years and even in youth he never personally indulged in the old-time wild excessed indulged in the old-time wild excesses of life out there, nor in any of the hurly burly of frontier existence. He has always pursued the even tenor of his way on his little ranch near Dillon and ever been regarded as the safest and most peaceable citizen in the community. He is called 'Old Man Lane' out in Montana and everybody knows him. Several years ago the old man went down to Red Rock, which is nearer to his ranch than Dillon is, to take the stage for Junction. The mules were pulling the outfit along pretty lively through a right nasty plece of road, when the passengers were startled by hearing a voice commanding the driver to throw down his reins. There were three or four passengers on the inside, hearing a voice commanding the driver to throw down his reins. There were three or four passengers on the inside, and if it had been light enough to see them they would have looked mighty white. I tell you. But old man Lane was made of different kind of stuff. When he heard the agent tell the driver to drop the reins he just reached back and pulled out two guns that he used to carry, because it was the custom of the country to do it, and kept his eye fixed on the doors, looking first at one door and then the other quickly, so as to see the thieves when they made an

senator Calvin s. Brice, ohio.

came wagon roads, and subsequently the pike of modern days. Where there were swamps the old-time "corduroy," with all its bone-shaking features, answered the purposes of the pioneers, who met obstacles with plain and homely means, and without the aid of any consulting engineers.

The old settler will recall the condition of that part of Ohlo reaching from the middle and western portions to the lakes. It was a rich and fertile stretch of land, commonly known as the Black Swamp, owing to the softness of the soil. It was in this section that the early readmakers found some of their most trying difficuities, but in the end they brought the communities together by passable roads, it was the fact that the early readmakers found some of their most trying difficuities, but in the end they brought the communities together by passable roads, it was the fact that the early sendmakers found some of their most trying difficuities, but in the end they brought the communities together by passable roads, it was the fact that the early sendmakers found some of their most trying difficuities, but in the end they brought the several sections of the State into easy communication that caused it to rise so rapidly in autional importance.

Since those ploneer days much has been done in the way of improvements, but not all that could be asked. The lighter vehicles now in use facilitate transportation, but they are only useful where there are improved roads. With no other reason presented, economy alone demands of the public improved highways.

In any enterprise of this sort the question of expense is the leading feature. The repair and maintenance of roads falls largely upon the farmers. As a class they have been willing contributors, because their own interests have been so deeply involved. The agricultural classes of late years have borne heavy burdens in the way of taxes for local, state and national purposes. There is, however, a future of promise. The recate political revolution has called a halt u A shadow fell in each door window

revolution has called a half upon administrative extravagance. Without partisant allusions or a disposition to lay the blame in any special quarter it has been plain that plethoric treasuries have stimulated unnecessary expenditures. State legislatures followed the example of open-handed Congresses, and the local officers of the municipalities, townships, and counties have kept up the pace set by the higher bodies. As under most systems of taxation the farmer paid the big end of the bills. Now we have heard their demand for a reform, and it will be enforced until relief from excessive taxation will be secured. With national and state taxes reduced there will be more for each community to spend around home, which is always a good place to put surplus money. With the opportunity thus presented to improve the roadways without any increase in the present tax rate, I think the advantage will be seized upon. In good roads lies the prosperity of any agricultural country, and the better they are the more is saved in time, labor and money.—Senator Calvin S. Brice, in Good Roads.

A Popular Fallacy Explained.

A curious objection urged against road reform is the assertion that it is a movement simply for the benefit of riders and makers of bicycles. A parrow path answers every purpose of the riders of bicycles and it is far more reasonable to suppose that the bleyclers, composed as they are of intelligent, enterprising and public-splitted men, have been peculiarly impressed with the horrible condition of the process the cultural relation to the Anthropometric department of Paris, over which he menes understoned to the habitual criminal is most in dread, for he has brought his system to such the habitual criminal is most in dread, for he has brought his system to such the habitual criminal is most in dread, for he has brought his system to such the habitual criminal is most in dread, for he has brought his system to such the habitual criminal is most in dread, for he has brought his system to such the habitual criminal is

The Chinese Emperor Loves Quies.

The emperor of China is not content with the respect shown him by his subjects, and recently issued the following peculiar order: "After bringing out sacrifice recently to the highest being we heard upon our return to the palace, near the gate leading to the imperial quarters, a rather loud noise caused by talking. This shows that the people have not the proper regard for the majesty of the ruler, and also that the officers of the body guardhave failed to do their duty properly. The officers who were on post at the particular gate must be punished. The Chinese Emperor Loves Qui particular gate must be punished therefore, by the minister of war, the future, however, all officers, hi or low, must see that a noise so

IMPROVISED NINE-PIN ALLEY



Young De Style—Aw—congwatulate me, my deah fellah. I'm the happiest man outside of Lunnon.

Friend—Eh? Is it about the lovely
Miss De Fashion?
Young De Style—That's it. I awsked her to share my twenty thousand a yeah, and she said she would.—N. Y. Weakly.

Not to Be Returned.

Briggs—Gander seems to be very happy in his newly-married life.
Griggs—He ought to be. All of his wedding presents were given him by people already married—Judge,