BUTLER, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 25, 1895.

READ and REFLECT.

A GRAND OPPORTUNITY-With the dawn of prosperity just he fore us and the improvement in business notwithstanding. We sometime ago decided to close out our entire stock of Meu's Boys' and Childrens' Clothing, which we will continue to do at prices that will be to the advan-Clothing, which we will continue to do at prices that will be to the advantage of all desiring to purchase clothing. No matter how little or how much money you have to invest, we know it will be hard on the Clothing business, but as we are determined to close out we cannot help it. Our stock is the largest in the county. Men's fine black worsted pants all wool only \$2.00. We have more pants than any two stores in town. Our children's suits are marvels of beauty; all the late novelties, such as the Regent, Euclid Neptane Columbia, Reefers, Jerseys, Kilts &c. from 60cts up—Boys' Double and Sinule Breast Round and Square corner Plain or Planted—Ali will be sold without reserve.

We will still continue to carry a full and complete line of Hats, Cars.

We will still continue to carry a full and complete line of Hats, Cans. Shirts, Tiee, Collers Coffe, Handkerchiets, Underwear, Hasier Overalis Jackets Swesters, Umbrelies, Trucks, Vallees, Telescopes, Hammock-Brushes, Combs, Watches, Chains, Chains, Riogs, Coller and Cuff But tous &c We still carry the "Semper dem" Shirt, the best galaundri eshirt in the world only \$1.00. Our 75 cast shirt is equal to any \$1.00 shirt on the market. Our line of Cheviott, Percaile and Madras shirts, full

We have found that one man's money is better than two men's credi and have adopted the cash plan and find that it works wonder Remember that we are the old reliable, the pioneer of good goods at low prices that we have been here a quarter of a century against all comers and goes have stayed with you and done you good. It will pay you to come for miles as we can save you Money, no matter how low you are off-red goods. We have no baits to pull the wool over your eyes. A fat, square deal awant me promise and are here to fulfil that promise.

CHAMPION, ASH, LOTHIER, FURNISHER and HATTER.

121N. Main St., Butler, Pa.

John Bickel's

128 S. Main St. Branch Store 125 N. Main St,

Our large pring stock is arriving daily, and among this stock will be found all the latest styles in Ladies and Gents high grade foot-

Our Stock of Men's hees is large-Jatent Leathers'-Russetts,-Kangaroo's, -Cordovans - and fine Calf shoes in all the latest styles-Large stock of Men's Low Cut shoes.

Our stock of Ladies and Misses shoes is full, comprising of the latest styles-Razor Toe,--Piccadilly-and narrow quare Toes, are the latest, and we have them in Black and Russett, - In Lace and Button; Also large assortment of Ladies and Misses Oxfords-Opera Toe and Instrap lippers. Ladies' Cloth Overgaiters- at reduced prices. Gilt-Ed ged hoe Dressing.



cost or value-Rubber Goods-Men's Rubber Boots-Boston Candee or Woonsocket boots, at \$2,00 per pair-Men's Oil Grain Box Toe shoes Double sole and tap, at \$1,25 per pair-Men's every day shoes at 90c-Women's oil grain shoes in Lace or Button, at 90c-Misses shoes at 75c—Children's Dongola shoes, sizes 4 to 8 at 40c—Ladies Cloth and Brussel slippers, at 25c per pair.

Full stock of Leather and Finding-Shooemakers' supplies of all kinds.—Best Cordovan Razor straps, at 25c-Boots and shoes made toorder-Repairing neatly Done-Orders by mail will receive mpt and careful attention - All goodssent by mail, we pay postage.

When in need of anything in my line, Give me

JOHN BICKEL, 128 S. Main Street,

BUTLER, PA.



A tew words in parting. Go to HUSELTON'S for my Shoes; don't you go any other place; I have tried them and his

HUSELTON'S Spring Shoes

Easy, stylish and comfortable

Our Ladies and Men's Tan and *Black Shoes,*

Are such and extremely dressy. We are ready with an immense line in all colors, Russia Calf, Vici Robes in Fur, Wool and Plush

Kid and Razor London; New Horse Blankets; Summer Lap Opera and French Toes. \$ \$ \$ \$ \$

1,00 1,50 2,00 2,50 3,00 \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ More and better styles than any are the best, recollect what I say. other showing in Butler.

Full line Misses and Children's Tan Shoes, Fit for a King at prices in harmony with the times. You don't need a fat pocketbook to deal here.

Tan Shoes will be especially popular this Spring. New Shades and Shapes.

Our Stock in Men's Boys and Youths, excel anything ever shown in Butler. They are stylish and fine enough to suit the most fastidious tastes. Prices on these 75c -90c \$1,00 \$1,25 \$1,50 \$2,00 \$2,50 and \$3,00. Don't fail to pay us a visit, we have rices way down and Quality way up.

* B.C, Huselton, *

102 N. Main Street, -

THE QUESTION is often asked, What Paint shall we use? THE ANSWER: If you are looking for covering capacity, wearing qualities, general appearance, and your money's worth, you must buy

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINT.

Our prices are for "best goods" first, last and all the time. We are in the business to stay and S. W. P. stays with us.

J. C. REDICK, 100 N. Main St.



Hood's Is Good and Great It Cured Catarrh, Dyspepsia, Etc.

good than any physician. I had catarrh and dyspepsia 20 years, and tried different remedies and prescriptions without ben-efit. The doctors told me

I Could Not Live. One day after reading of the wonderful cures effected by Hood's Sarsaparilla, I re-solved to try one bottle. It did great and good work so I continued, and after tak-ing four bottles it is with joy and glad-ness that I write that I am perfectly cured

And Am a Well Man Today. My wife was troubled with nervousness and a general tired feeling. She could not walk any distance or do any heavy work.

Hood's Sarsa-Her rest was broken at night. She has taken Hood's Sarsaparilla and now she can do any ordinary work without trouble, sleep soundly, and go about without being over-fatigued. We know it is a splendid tonic." J. M. BLATTON, 842 Cottage St., Meadville, Pa. Hood's Pills become the favorite cathartic with every one who tries them. 25c. per box.

 $C_{\cdot}^{A_{N_D}}D$ A business that keeps grow-

ing through a season or de-

pression, 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.

Are You Afflicted. Now is the chance of a life-time

to be Cured. EXCELSIOR Remedies,

Postively and Permanently cure Postively and Permanently cure all diseases caused by derangement of the Blood, Stomach, Liver and Kidneys. Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Stomach and Liver Trouble; all Skin Disease, St. Vitus Dance, General Debility, Nervous Debility. Siek or Nervous Headache. Catarrah, Algebraich of LaGrippe. Fernale Complaints, Constipation and all its evil effects. The Excelsion Blood Clenser and Excelsion Vegetable Pills, are especially adopted sory Vegetable Pills. or Vegetable Pills, are especially adopt or the above complaints their curative owers are wonderful. TRY THEM, they are guaranteed to cure. Send us your ad-tress and we will mail you THE EXCEL-

Office EXCELSIOR Medicine Co,

Great Public SALE Carriages, Buggies and

Harness, On the premises of the undersign-

Thursday MAY 2nd,

Top Buggies, Spring Wagons, gether with impassioned movement of his hands. I could understand, as I Runabout Wagons, Wagons and a number of light vehicles. All new and of reliable manufacture, man, that it was no groundless or un-

15 Double Sets TEAM HARNESS,

Medium and Heavy Grade, my own work. 50 Sets Single BUGGY HARNESS,

All styles. Also Coupes, Express and Single Wagon Harness, Lap Dusters and Mats; Fly Nets, Collars, Check Lines, Halters, Housings, Horse Brushes, Curry Combs, Whips, Collar Sweats, Trunks. Traveling Bags, Riding Saddles and Bridles &c.

Terms on Five Dollars or less, Cash. On all amounts over \$5, one years time with approved security or 5 per cent off for cash.

JOS. ROCKENSTEIN. Main St., - - Butler, Pa
Don't forget the day and place. It will pay you to take a day off to attend this sale.

J. R. Karns, Auctioneer

All grades from Brown Blanks p to the finest embossed Bronzes. The better the paper the better

Buy your good papers now and get them at wholesale prices. Window Shades in all the latest colors at

YOU CAN FIND THIS PAPER Agents, REMINGTON BROS.



THE STRANGE STORY OF JONATHAN SMALL. A very patient man was the inspector in the cab, for it was a weary time be

fore I rejoined him. His face clouded over when I showed him the empty "There goes the reward," said he, loomily. "Where there is no money gloomily. there is no pay. This night's work would have been worth a tenner each to Sam Brown and me if the treasure had been there."

CHAPTER XIL

"Mr. Thaddeus Sholto is a rich man," "He will see that you are rewarded, treasure or no."

The inspector shook his head despondently, however. "It's a bad job," he repeated, "and so Mr. Athelney Jones will think."

His forecast proved to be correct, for the detective looked blank enough when I got to Baker street and showed him the empty box. They had only just arrived, Holmes, the prisoner and he, for they had changed their plans so far as to report themselves at a station upon the way. My companion lounged in his armchair with his usual listless expression, while Small sat stolidly opsite to him with his wooden leg cocked over his sound one. As I exhibited the empty box he leaned back in his chair and laughed aloud.
"This is your doing, Small," said
Athelney Jones, angrily.

"Yes, I have put it away where you shall never lay hand upon it," he cried, exultantly. "It is my treasure; and if I can't have the loot I'll take darned good care that no one else does. I tell you that no living man has any right to it, unless it is three men who are in the Andaman convict barracks and my-self. I know now that I cannot have the use of it, and I know that they cannot. I have acted all through for them as much as for myself. It's been the sign of four with us always. I know that they would have had me do just what I have done, and throw the treasure into the Thames rather than let it go to kith or kin of Sholto or of Morstan. It was not to make them rich that we did for Achmet. You'll find the treasure where the key is, and where little Tonga is. When I saw that your launch must catch us, I

put the loot in a safe place. There are no rupees for you this journey."
"You are deceiving us, Small," said
Athelney Jones, sternly. "If you had
wished to throw the treasure into the Thames it would have been easier for you to have thrown box and all."
"Easier for me to throw, and easier

for you to recover," he answered, with a shrewd, sidelong look. "The man that was clever enough to hunt me down is clever enough to pick an iron box from the bottom of a river. Now that they are scattered over five miles or so, it may be a harder job. It went to my heart to do it, though. I was half mad when you came up with us. However, there's no good grieving over it. I've had ups in my life, and I've had downs, but I've learned not to cry over spilt milk."

said the detective. "If you had helped justice, instead of thwarting it in this way, you would have had a better chance at your trial."

"Justice!" snarled the ex-convict. "A it is not ours? Where is the justice that I should give it up to those who have never earned it? Look how I have earned it! Twenty long years in that fever-ridden swamp, all day at work under the mangrove tree, all night chained up in the filthy convict huts, bitten by mosquitoes, racked with ague, bullied by every cursed black-faced policeman who loved to take it out of a white man. That was how earned the Agra treasure; and you talk to me of justice because I cannot bear to feel that I have paid this price only that another may enjoy it: I would rather swing a score of times or have one of Tonga's darts in my hide, than live in a convict's cell MAY 2nd, '95,

A large lot of Surries, Phaetons

The Position Series Western Series and feel that another man is at his ease in a palace with the money that should be mine." Small had dropped his mask of stoicism, and all this came out in a wild whirl of words, while his eyes blazed, and the hand-cuffs clanked to make the with investigation of the words.

man, that it was no groundless or un-natural terror which had possessed Maj. Sholto when he first learned that

the injured convict was upon his track.
"You forget that we know nothing of all this," said Holmes, quietly. "We have not heard your story, and we can not tell how far justice may originally have been on your side."
"Well, sir, you have been very fair

spoken to me, though I can see that I have you to thank that I have these bracelets upon my wrists. Still, I bear no grudge for that. It is all fair and above-board. If you want to hear my story I have no wish to hold it back. What I say to you is God's truth, every word of it. Thank you; you can put the glass beside me here, and I'll put

the glass beside me here, and I'll put my lips to it if I am dry.

"I am a Worcestershire man myself—born near Pershore. I dare say you would find a heap of Smalls living there now if you were to look. I have often thought of taking a look round there but the truth is that I was never. there, but the truth is that I was never much of a credit to the family, and I doubt if they would be so very glad to see me. They were all steady, chapel-going folk, small farmers, well known and respected over the country-side, while I was always a bit of a rover. At last, however, when I was about eighteen, I gave them no more trouble. for I got into a mess over a girl, and could only get out of it again by tak-ing the queen's shilling and joining the Third Buffs which was just starting

"I wasn't destined to do much soldiering, however. I had just got past the goose-step and learned to handle my musket, when I was fool enough to go swimming in the Ganges. Luckily time, and he was one of the finest swimmers in the service. A crocodile took me, just as I was half way across, and nipped off my right leg just as clean as a surgeon could have done it, just above the knee. What with the shock and the loss of blood I fainted, and I should have been drowned if Holder had not caught hold of me and paddled for the bank. I was five onths in hospital over it, and when at

was a useless cripple, though not yet in my twentieth year. However, my misfortune soon proved to be a blessing in disguise. A man named Abel-white, who had come out there as an indigo-planter, wanted an overseer to

look after his coolies and keep them up to their work. He happened to be a friend of our colonel's, who had taken



HOW HE LOST HIS LEG.

mmended me strongly for the post and, as the work was mostly to be done on horseback, my leg was no great obstacle, for I had enough knee left to keep a good grip on the saddle. What I had to do was to ride over the plantation, to keep an eye on the men as they worked, and to report the idlers. The pay was fair, I had comfortable quarters, and altogether I was content to spend the remainder of my life in indigo-planting. Mr. Abelwhite was a kind man, and he would often drop into my little shanty and smoke a pipe with me, for white folk out there feel their hearts warm to each other as they never do here at home. "Well. I was never in luck's way

long. Suddenly, without a note of warning, the great mutiny broke upon us. One month India lay as surrey peaceful, to all appearance, as Surrey or Kent; the next there were two hungal black devils let loose. One month India lay as still and and the country was a perfect hell. Of course you know all about it, gentlemen-a deal more than I do, very likely, since reading is not in my line. I only know what I saw with my own Our plantation was at a place called Muttra, near the border of the northwest provinces. Night after night the whole sky was alight with the burning bungalows, and day after day we had small companies of Europeans passing through our estate with their wives and children, on their way to Agra, where were the nearest troops. Mr. Abelwhite was an obstinate man. He had it in his head that the affair had been exaggerated, and that it would blow over as suddenly as it had sprung up. There he sat on his veranda, drinking whisky pegs and smoking cheroots, while the country was in a blaze about him. Of course we stuck by him, I and Dawson, who, with his wife, used to do the bookwork and the managing Well, one fine day the crash came. I had been away on a distant plantation, and was riding slowly home in the evening, when my eye fell upon something all huddled together at the bottom of a steep nullah. I rode down to see what it was, and the cold struck through my heart when I found it was Dawson's wife, all cut it was Dawson's wife, all cut into ribbons, and half-eaten by jackals and native dogs. A little further up the road Dawson himself was lying

on his face, quite dead, with an empty revolver in his hand and four Sepoys lying across each other in front of him. I reined up my horse, wonder-ing which way I should turn, but at ing which way I should turn, but at that moment I saw thick smoke curling up from Abelwhite's bungalow and the flames beginning to burst through the roof. I knew then that I could do my employer no good, but would only throw my own life away if I meddled in the matter. From where I stood in the matter. From where I stood in the matter. From where I stood I could see hundreds of the black flends, with their red coats still on their backs, dancing and howling round the burning house. Some of them pointed at me, and a couple of bullets sang past my head; so I broke away across the paddy-fields, and found myself late at night safe within the walls at Agra.

"As it proved, however, there was no great safety there, either. The whole country was up like a swarm of bees. Wherever the English could collect in little bands they held just the ground that their guns commanded. Everywhere else they were helpless fugi-tives. It was a fight of the millions against the hundreds; and the cruelest part of it was that these men that we fought against, foot, horse and gunners, were our own picked troops, whom we had taught and trained, handling our own weapons, and blowing our own bugle calls. At Agra there were the Third Bengal Fusiliers, some Sikhs, two troops of horse and a battery of artillery. A volunteer corps of clerks and merchants had been formed. and this I joined, wooden leg and all. We went out to meet the rebels at Shahgunge early in July, and we beat them back for a time, but our powder gave out and we had to fall

say no fairer.'

"But what is the treasure, then?"

I asked. 'I am as ready to be rich as back upon the city. Nothing but the worst news came to us from every side—which is not to be wondered at, for if you look at the map you will see that we were right in the heart of it. Luck-now is rather better than a hundred miles to the east, and Cawnpore about as far to the south. From every point on the compass there was nothing but torture and murder and outrage. "The city of Agra is a great place

swarming with fanatics and fierce devil-worshipers of all sorts. Our handful of men were lost among the narrow, winding streets. Our leader moved across the river, therefore, and took up his position in the old fort of Agra. I don't know if any of you gentlemen have ever read or heard any-thing of that old fort. It is a very queer place—the queerest that ever I was in, and I have been in some rum corners, too. First of all, it is enormous in size. I should think that the inclosure must be acres and acres. There is a modern part, which took all our gar-rison, women, children, stores and everything else, with plenty of room over. But the modern part is nothing like the size of the old quarter, where nobody goes, and which is given over to the scorpions and the centipedes. It is all full of great deserted halls, and winding passages, and long corridors twisting in and out, so that it is easy for folks to get lost in it. For this rea-

course, in the old quarter as well as in that which was actually held by our

It was impossible for us, therefore, to station a strong guard at everyone of the innumerable gates. What we did was to organize a central guardhouse in the middle of the fort, and to leave each gate under the charge of one white man and two or three natives. I was selected to take charge during cer-tain hours of the night of a small isolated door upon the southwest side of the building. Two Sikh troopers were placed under my command, and I was instructed if anything went wrong to fire my musket, when I might rely upon help coming at once from the central guard. As the guard was a good two hundred paces away, however, and as the space between was cut up into a labyrinth of passages and corridors, I had great doubts as to whether they could arrive in time to be of any use in case of an actual attack.

"Well, I was pretty proud at having this small command given me, since l was a raw recruit, and a game-legged one at that. For two nights I kept the watch with my Punjaubees. They were tall, flerce-looking chaps, Ma-homet Singh and Abdullah Khan by name, both old fighting men who had borne arms against us at Chilianwal-lah. They could talk English pretty well, but I could get little out of them. They preferred to stand together and jabber all night in their queer Sikh lingo. For myself, I used to stand outside the gateway, looking down on the broad, winding river and on the twinkling lights of the great city. The beating of drums, the rattle of tom-toms, and the yells and howls of the rebels, drunk with opium and with bang, were enough to remind us all night of our dangerous neighbors across the stream. Every two hours the offi-cers of the night used to come round was well.

"The third night of my watch was dark and dirty, with a small, driving rain. It was dreary work standing in the gateway hour after hour in such weather. I tried again and again to make my Sikhs talk, but without much success. At two in the morning the rounds passed, and broke for a moment the weariness of the night. Finding that my companions would not be led into conversation, I took out my pipe, and laid down my musket to strike a match. In an instant the two Sikhs were upon me. One of them snatched my firelock up and leveled it at my head, while the other held a great knife to my throat and swore between his teeth that he would plunge it into me if I moved a step.

"My first thought was that these fellows were in league with the rebels, and that this was the beginning of an assault. If our door were in the hands of the Sepoys the place must fall, and

the women and children be treated as they were in Cawnpore. Maybe you gentlemen think that I am just making out a case for myself, but I give you my word that when I thought of that, though I felt the point of the knife at my throat, I opened my mouth with the intention of giving a scream, if it was my last one, which might alarm the main guard. The man who held me seemed to know my thoughts; for, even as I braced myself to it, he whispered: 'Don't make a noise. The fort is safe enough. There are no rebel dogs on this side of the river.' There was the ring of truth in what he said, and I knew that if I raised my volce I was a dead man. I could read it in the fellow's brown eyes. I waited, therefore, in silence, to see what it was that they wanted from me.

"'Listen to me, sahib, said the taller and flercer of the pair, the one whom they called Abdullah Khan. 'You must either be with us now or you must be silenced forever. The thing is too great a one for us to hesitate.



USED TO STAND OUTSIDE THE GATEWAY. on your oath on the cross of the Christhrown into the ditch and we shall pass over to our brothers in the rebel army. There is no middle way. Which is it to be, death or life? We

can only give you three minutes to decide, for the time is passing, and all must be done before the rounds come 'How can I decide?' said I. 'You have not told me what you want of me. But I tell you now that if it is anything against the safety of the fort I will have no truck with it, so you can drive home your knife and

"'It is nothing against the fort,' said he. 'We only ask you to do that which your countrymen come to this land for. We ask you to be rich. If you will be one of us this night, we will swear to you upon the naked knife, and by the threefold oath which no Sikh was ever known to break, that you shall have your fair share of the loot. A quarter of the treasure shall be yours. We can

bones of your father, by the honor of your mother, by the cross of your faith, to raise no hand and speak no word

against us, either now or afterwards?'
"'I will swear it,' I answered, 'provided that the fort is not endangered.' "Then my comrade and I will swear that you shall have a quarter of the treasure, which shall be equally divided among the four of us.'
"'There are but three,' said I. "'No; Dost Akbar must have his

share. We can tell the tale to you at the gate, Mahomet Singh, and give notice of their coming. The thing stands thus, Sahib, and I tell it to you because I know that an oath is binding upon a Feringhee, and that we may trust you. Had you been a lying Hindoo, though you had sworn by all the gods in their false temples, your blood would have been upon the knife, and your body in the water. But the Sikh knows the Englishman, and the Eng- Yet I am not a beggar; and I shall re lishman knows the Sikh. Hearken, then, to what I have to say.

"There is a rajah in the northern provinces who has much wealth, though his lands are small. Much has come to him from his father, and more still he has set by himself, for he is of a low nature and hoards his gold rather than this timber toe strapped to my stump I found myself invalided out of the army and unfitted for any active occumulation.

The river washes along the first first reason that anyone went into it, though now and again a party with torches might go exploring.

The river washes along the first reason to the would be friends both with the lion and the tiger—with the Sepoy and with the company's rat Soon has "The river washes along the front of the old fort, and so protects it, but on the sides and behind there are many doors, and these had to be guarded, of course, in the old quarter as well as in that which was actually held by our that which was actually held by our

by him in the vaults of his palace, but the most precious stones and the choicest pearls that he had he put in an iron box and sent it by a trusty servant who, under the guise of a merchant, should take it to the fort at Agra, there to lie until the land is at Agra, there to he until the land is at peace. Thus if the rebels won he would have his money, but if the company conquer his jewels would be saved to him. Having thus divided his hoard he threw himself into the cause of the Sepoys, since they were strong upon his borders. By doing this, mark you, sahib, his property becomes the due of those who have been true to

"This pretended merchant, who travels under the name of Achmet, is now in the city of Agra, and de-sires to gain his way into the fort. He has with him as traveling companion my foster-brother Dost-Akbar, who knows his secret. Dost-Akbar has promised this night to lead him to a side-postern of the fort, and has chosen this one for his purpose. Here he will come presently and here he will find Mahomet Singh and myself awaiting him. The place is lonely, and none shall know of his coming. The world shall know of the merchant Achmet no more, but the great treasure of the raish shall be divided among us. What

say you to it, sahib?'
"In Worcestershire the life of a man seems a great and a sacred thing; but it is very different when there is fire and blood all round you and you have been used to meeting death at every turn. Whether Achmet the merchant lived or died was a thing as light as air to me, but at the talk about the treas-ure my heart turned to it, and I thought to all the posts, to make sure that all of what I might do in the old country with it, and how my folks would star when they saw their ne'er-do-well com ing back with his pockets full of gold moidores. I had, therefore, already made up my mind. Abdullah Khan, however, thinking that I hesitated,

pressed the matter more closely.
"'Consider, sahib," said he, 'that if this man is taken by the commandant taken by the government, so that no man will be a rupee the better for them. Now, since we do the taking of him, why should we not do the rest as as well? The jewels will be as well with us as in the company's coffers. There will be enough to make every one of us rich men and great chiefs. one of us rich men and great chiefs. No one can know about the matter, for here we are cut off from all men. What could be better for the purpose Say again, then, sahib, whether yo are with us, or if we must look upo you as an enemy.' "'I am with you heart and soul,"

"'It is well,' he answered, handing me back my firelock. 'You see that we trust you, for your word, like ours, is not to be broken. We have now only chant.' "'Does your brother know, then, o

what you will do?' I asked.
"'The plan is his, He has devised it We will go to the gate and share the watch with Mahomet Singh.'
"The rain was still falling steadily, for it was just the beginning of the wet season. Brown, heavy clouds were drifting across the sky, and it was hard to see more than a stone-cast. A deep most lay in front of our door, but the water was in places nearly dried up and it could easily be crossed. It was strange to me to be standing there with those two wild Punjaubees wait-

ing for the man who was coming to his death.
"Suddenly my eye caught the glin of a shaded lantern at the other side o the moat. It vanished among the mound-heaps, and then appeared again coming slowly in our direction.
"'Here they are!' I exclaimed.

"'You will challenge him, sahib, as usual, whispered Abdullah. Give him no cause for fear. Send us in with him, and we shall do the rest while ou stay here on guard. Have the lantern ready to uncover, that we may be sure that it is indeed the man.' "The light had flickered onwards now stopping and now advancing, until I could see two dark figures upon the other side of the moat. I let them scramble down the sloping bank, splash through the mire, and climb

half-way up to the gate, before I challenged them.
"'Who goes there?' said I in a sub-

covered my lantern and threw a flood of light upon them. The first was an enormous Sikh, with a black beard which swept nearly down to his cum-merbund. Outside of a show I have never seen so tall a man. The other was a little fat, round fellow, with a great yellow turban, and a bundle in his hand, done up in a shawl. He seemed to be all in a quiver with fear,



for his hands twitched as if he had the twinkling eyes, like a mouse when he ventures out from his hole. It gave me the chills to think of killing him, but I thought of the treasure, and my heart set as hard as a flint within m When he saw my white face he gave a little chirrup of joy and came running

up towards me.
"'Your protection, sahib,' he panted -'your protection for the unhappy merchant Achmet. I have traveled across Rajpootana that I might seek the shelter of the fort at Agra. I have been robbed and beaten and abused because I have been the friend of the company. It is a blessed night this when I am once more in safety—I and my poor possessions.'
"'What have you in the bundle?' I

asked. "'An iron box,' he answered, 'which ters which are of no value to others, but which I should be sorry to lose ward you, young sahib, and your gov-ernor also, if he will give me the shel-

ter I ask.'
"I could not trust myself to speak longer with the man. The more I looked at his fat, frightened face, the harder did it seem that we should slay him in cold blood. It was best to get

I. The two Sikhs closed in upon him on each side, and the giant walked behind, while they marched in through the dark gateway. Never was a man so compassed round with death. I remained at the gateway with the lan-

their footsteps sounding through the sthe welter-weights, and longly corridors. Suddenly it ceased, pile of lightweights.—Puck,

the sound of blows. A moment later there came, to my horror. a rush of footsteps coming in my direction, with the loud breathing of a runing man. I turned my lantern down the long, straight passage, and there was the fat man, running like the wind, with a smear of blood across his face, and close at his heels, bounding like a tiger. The great block-branded Sikh tiger, the great black-bearded Sikh with a knife flashing in his hand. have never seen a man run so fast as that little merchant. He was gaining on the Sikh, and I could see that if he once passed me and got to the open air he would save himself vet. My heart softened to him, but again the thought of his treasure turned me hard and bitter. I cast my firelock between his legs as he raced past, and he rolled twice over like a shot rabbit. Ere he could stagger to his feet the Sikh was upon him, and buried his knife twice in his side. The man never uttered moan nor moved muscle, but lay when he had fallen. I think myself that he may have broken his neck with the fall. You see, gentlemen, that I am keeping my promise. I am telling you every word of the business just exactly as it

happened, whether it is in my favor or He stopped and held out his man-acled hands for the whisky and water which Holmes had brewed for him. For myself, I confess that I had now conceived the utmost horror of the man, not only for this cold-blooded business in which he had been con cerned, but even more for the some-what flippant and careless way in ishment was in store for him, I felt which he narrated it. Whatever that he might expect no sympathy from me. Sherlock Holmes and Jones sat with their hands upon their knees, deeply interested in the story, but with the same disgust written upon their faces. He may have observed it, for there was a touch of defiance in his voice and manner as he proceeded.

"It was all very bad, no doubt," said he. "I should like to know how many fellows in my shoes would have re-fused a share of this loot when they knew that they would have their throats cut for their pains. Besides, it the fort. If he had got out, the whole business would have come to light, and I should have been court-martialed and shot as likely as not; for people were not very lenient at a time like that." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

"You don't want that \$25 hat, Mary," said Mr. Muggins, who was with his wife in the milliner's store. "It's too big, anyhow. Now, if the milliner could only take off four or five feathers it would be all right." "That's easy," interposed the milliner, sweetly, suiting the action to the word.

"I take them off so—see? And there you have a love of a little bonnet." have a love of a little bonnet."

And then, as Mr. Muggins felt for his pocketbook smilingly, thinking of the economy he had effected, she added: "Now it's only \$50."—Chicago P.ccord. A Hard Question

Modern Maid-I wish some advice. Old Lady-Certainly, my dear. What Modern Maid-Shall I marry a mar whose tastes are the opposite of mine, and quarrel with him? or shall I marry

a man whose tastes are the same as mine, and get tired of him?—N. Y. Weekly. Little Dot-I wonder if they will ever make flying machines that will go. Little Dick.—Course they will and they'll go about a thousand miles an hour. An Englishman can leave London after breakfast, fly over to this country to dinner, and be back home

writing a book about America before supper.—Good News. Jones (despondently) — That's the worst joke I ever had played on me.

Bones-What's that?

Jones-My best girl promises to be a sister to me.

Bones—Gad! Mine played a meaner one than that on me. She promised to be a wife to me, and, what is worse, did it .- N. Y. World.

He (at the trysting place)—What a time you have kept me waiting!
She—Quite to the contrary; it is only six, and I did not intend to be here before seven! He—Just so; but you have

the day. I have been waiting here since yesterday!-Humoristische Blaetter. Couldn't Understand It. "I never cu'd understand dis story about Diogenes huntin' around wit' a lantern fur an honest man," remarked

a New York city salesman. 'Are you surprised that he should have found them so scarce?"
"Naw. Wat I don't see is w'at he wanted wit' 'im."-Washington Star. There Are Some of This Kind.

speech)—Every citizen must do his duty at the polls, no matter what the cost! The Same Citizen (on election day)-No, Jacobs, I'm not going to vote. You see, I'm extremely busy—and—well—the fact is—I—I—neglected to register. What Prevented Him "I can tell you, baron, that when my offer of marriage was rejected by the prima donna I was so miserable that I was on the point of throwing mysel out of the window."

"What prevented you?"
"The height."—Karlsbader Woohen-His Verdlet. The Bachelor—Of course, I congratu-late you. But, after all, isn't a baby a good deal of a nuisance? The Young Father (dubiously)—Hard-ly that, you know. But there are times when it is a crying evil.—Pittsburgh Bulletin.

Overheard in the Park. Bob Harcourt—They say Russell Sage never changes his mind. Adele Fairfax-Why, I thought every body did sometimes.

Bob Harcourt—Well, Sage won't.

He's afraid it will cost him something.

He knew that she owned a couple of farms, And he said, as he folded her tight in his arms "This treasure I'll take." The smart servant maid, as she saw the em brace, Remarked, as she threw her hands to her face For the land's sake."
—Philadelphia Record.

BOUND TO OCCUR.

The Why and Wherefore

-Life. The Drama of the Future. The Manager-I want a play immediately for Mr. Bruiseman.

The Playright-All right. Pick it out. Here's heavyweights, next to 'en 's the welter-weights, and yonder's ".

YEABERRY JACK.

Jersey Drink That Enlivens the Hog-Killing Time. Just at this season of the year the in-habitants of Burlington county, N. J., are winding up their big hog and teaberry season, and it is the most joyous of the year. Next to the prize hog, "tenberry jack" fills a long-felt want, says an eastern exchange. It is a beverage indigenous to this part of the state, and rarely, if ever, found elsewhere It is a combination of native ingredients, all of which are raised on the soil where the jack is made. The formula is not furnished with each formula is not furnished with each bottle, but, judged from its effects, it must have a proof as high as brandy and be a near relative to the alcohol of commerce. "Teaberry jack" is made out of apple jack, which is kept in a secluded spot until it becomes a brownish amber and has the odor of age.

In the distillation and afterward the

In the distillation and afterward the apple jack is mixed with crushed teaapple jack is mixed with crushed tea-berries, sometimes called wintergreen plums, or checkerberries. They have the same flavor as wintergreen chew-ing gum. The odor is a combination of apple blossoms and mountain tea-berries, which is so fascinating that the amount of alcohol in the disiplatic the amount of alcohol in the drink is forgotten. There is no burning or harsh taste while the teaberry and is trickling down the throat; is is none of the rasping which whisky often

causes when it is unmixed with water. Water is not needed with teaberry jack to make it palatable; it reeds no dilution. The natives drink it without water, and its strength is indicated to the eye or the taste only in the size of the glass, which is the ordinary glass of a country barroom—smaller in size. of a country barroom—smaller in size.

The teaberry drinker is expected to fill his glass, close both eyes and gulp it

hog 'illing time in the winter, when all the out-door work is done on the farm and the hogs are fat. Old teaberry is valued most, but it is hard to keep it year after year—its taste is so good, and the inhabitants require so auch of it during the winter.

Teaberry jack affects a man cumulatively. It begins with his toes, which, if he has had eight or ten drinks, begin to be lively and somewhat intoxicated. He feels as if the toes belong to some other human being, and he is some-what surprised at the exhilarated con-dition in which he notices they are. The teab ary jack gives him the mental power to disassociate himself from his toes, and to be a spectator of the way in which the effects of the tipple start from his toes to his feet, then up to his knees. This is the danger signal, and should not be disregarded. The native Jer.eyman is accustomed to the effects of this drink, but to a visitor they are fascinating and insidious. The effect. fascinating and insidious. The effect, as it gradually extends upward, is cumulative and sudden. The last thing to be affected is the brain, which remains entirely sober after the throat and tongue have started on a mad career of inebriety. The tongue may be running on at a great rate, while the brain, in sorry sobriety, stands off in mental attitude by itself, wondering what is the matter with the torque in mental attitude by itself, wondering what is the matter with the tongue that it is carrying on and making all kinds of speeches. The legs may be dancing, while the rest of the body is sober and amused at the antics of, the intoxicated legs.

MAKING THE BEST OF IT. An Invalided Fisherman's Ingenious De-vice for Continuing His Sport.

A cheerful example of ingenuity in 'making the best of it" is to be seen at an apartment house on Spruce street. It takes the form of a long, light fishing rod fixed to one of the window frames of a room on the third story in such a way that the line depending from it dangles over the sidewalk a trifle less than seven feet from the

ground, says the New York Sun.
At the hook end of the line there is fixed a light wire basket and at the buttend of the pole there sits an invalid, chained to his chair by paralysis valid, chained to his chair by paralysis of the legs. In his active days the invalid was a great fisherman, and, as his wife is old and feeble, too, it has been the old fisherman's fancy to rig up this pole and set it for bites. They come in the shape of the morning and evening papers, his mail, messages from old cronies who know his whim, and small parcels from the neighboring tradesmen, who also know his fancy.

When the old Waltonian is wheeled in his chair to the window in the morn-

in his chair to the window in the morning his first glance is down at the basket to see if there is any bite. There nearly always is, and then the window is opened, no matter what the weather may be, the line is wound in on the reel until it reaches the end ring on the pole, and then the "fish" is dex-

Sometimes, so the neighbors say, the old fisherman makes believe to "play" with the catch; and when, one day, a friend loaded down the basket with friend loaded down the basket with a shad that really required a good deal of skill to haul in, the invalid fisherman was so overjoyed when he did land it that he could do nothing but smile for the rest of the day. The cold spell has bothered him a little, but when last seen, during the recent high cold winds, he had a heavy fur cap pulled down over his ears, a woolen comforter wound around his neck, fur gauntlets on his hands, and was hauling in a package of tobacco and a letter with all the concentrated interest of a true angler hav-ing it out with a gamy fish.

Effect of Fashion. How quickly a fashion makes the wheels of trade go round! In a Philadelphia trolley car discussion the other day a man said: "Yes, my brother's mill is busy. He has orders for one mill is busy. He has orders for one thousand five hundred pieces ahead, and he makes three thousand three hundred and fifty yards a day! He makes crinoline—hair cloth." Now, a year ago this would scarcely have been an item, but the enormous amount of cloth used now in stiffening out the hems of women's dresses and for lining the entire back of the skirt of gowns causes this demand. It is a comcauses this demand. It is a compromise, of course, between classic folds and hoops that the crinoline comes in to fill.

Parental Solleitude. Daughter-But, ma, I don't like him. Mother-He is an only son, and his father is very rich.
"Well, as to that, his father is a widower, and may marry again."
"True. I did not think of that. Per-

haps you'd better marry the father
-N. Y. Weekly. About Resource "Are Sisters Sally and Nancy reources, pa?"
"No, my boy; why do you ask that

Because I heard Uncle Joe say that if you would only husband your resources you would get along a great deal better than you do."—Tammany

A Simile. Tom-That new office boy is like nat

ral gas.

Jack—I don't see the similarity. Tom-Well, he generally goes out when he is most wanted.-Pittsburgh

"How bright and cheerful Miss S. always is. She always makes the best of "Yes; she even pretends to believe that a single life is far preferable to s married one."—Brooklyn Life.

One Way. Would you keep a woman's love When you earn it, Here's a way I'll tell you of— Don't return it!