THE BUT

State Library July98

VOLXXXII

BUTLER. P

Mrs. J. E. Zimmerman,

WHY ARE WE THRONG?

WHAT IS THE ATTRACTION?

It is only the unusual bargains that don't go a begging. Values and big ones a that alone possess the power to interest. We have the values, and a visit to our big store and inspection of our immense stock of Dress Goods, Millinery, Wraps, &c., comparing our prices with prices asked elsewhere, will convince you that this store is full of big bargains.

HERE'S THE BARGAINS:

25c all-wool black and colored Serges, 36 inches wide, real value, 35c.
39c all-wool colored Serges, 38 inches wide, real value, 50.
50c all-wool black and colored Serges, 50 inches wide, real value, 75c.
50c all-wool black Mohair Novelty, 40 inches wide, real value, 75.
85c all-wool black Mohair Novelty, 46 inches wide, real value, $1.00.
50c all-wool black and navy Storm Serges 46 inches wide, real value, 75c.
75c all-wool black and navy Boucle Cloth latest novelty, real value, $1.00.
$3.98 latest style, Ladies' Jacket, Beaver Cloth, real value, $5.00.
$5.50 latest style genuine Rothschild Jacket, real value, $8.50.
$1.00 infant's Eider Down Cloaks, real value, $1.50.
$1.25 infant's Angora Trimmed Eider Down Cloaks, real value, $2.00.
$1.00 ladies' dark calico wrappers, lined, real value, $1.25.
$1.25 ladies dark Flannelette wrappers, lined, real value, $1.50.
50c ladies' all-wool skirt patterns, real value, 75c.
75c ladies' all-wool skirt patterns, extra size, real value, $1.00.
22c per yard all-wool Country Flannel, sold everywhere at 25c per yard.
50c per pair heavy cotton blankets, real value, 75c.
$3.00 per pair heavy all-wool country blankets, all colors, worth $4,00.
15c per pair Misses' and Children's black wool hose, real value, 25c.
15c per pair ladies' black wool hose, real value, 25c.
22c per pair ladies' fleeced cotton ribbed vests, real value, 25c.
69c ladies natural all-wool vests—pants, real value, $1.00.
25c men's heavy underwear. grey mixed, real value, 40c.
50c men's heavy natural wool underwear, real value, 75c.
5c per yard good dark calico, real value 6¼c.
5c heavy sheeting—with advance price, real value, 7c.
$2.25 Chenille Portiers, real value $3.50.
50c, 26-inch fast colored Sateen umbrellas real value, 75c.

This is but few of the many good values we have at old prices. The dry goods market is steadily advancing. We fortunately bought our stock before the advance in prices and gladly share the profits with you.

Don't forget that we are sole agents for the Rothschild Wraps.

Don't forget that we are sole agents for Standard Patterns.

Don't forget that we have the largest, most fashionable, lowest priced stock of Millinery in the city of Butler.

Don't forget that we have opened a fine Art Department.

Mrs, Jennie E. ZimmermaN,

Opposite Hotel Lowry. **Successor to Ritter & Ralston**

Bring your friends along.

More Than He Bargained For.

Is what every customer of ours thinks he has received after making a purchase. We find that our customers being convinced of means many more customers for us. You get more than you bargain for when you get a pair of our SHOES.

Looking Forward, IN FOOTWEAR.

Always alert to the interests of our patrons. First in the field with the

LATEST AND BEST -STYLES- IN SHOES.

We take pleasure in offering—

OUR IDEAL STYLES IN FOOTWEAR FOR LADIES & GENTLEMEN

FALL AND WINTER WEAR.

Ladies' twentieth century SHOES In French Enamel Pattent Calf Dongola in button or lace. Invisible Cork soles Goodyear welts. Ladies' Fine button shoes, Pat. tip 85c, $1.00, $1.25 and $1.50. Heavy sole fair stitch at $2.00, $2.50 and $3.00. Goodyear welts are perfect gems for the price. Ladies fine hand turns Dongola and cloth top lace and button.

Try our Womens' and Childrens' Kid and Calf Shoes, They are the thing for School Shoes. They will resist water. We have them in high cut, lace and button, at price that your pocket book will open quickly when you see the goods.

Invisible Cork Soles Shoes for men in fine Calf French Fnamel. Pat. Calf Winter Tans at $2.00, $2.50, $3.00 and $4.00, Extension soles. Men's Heavy Shoes at 75c, $1.00, $1.25 and $1.50. Fine Shoes at 90c, $1.00, $1.25 add $1.50, both congress and lace. Our Kid and Veal boots, high and low insteps at $1.50, $2.00 $2.50 and $3.00. Drillers Heavy Box Toe Shoes high cut.

Boys' and Youths' SHOES The new SWELL Shoes for the Youngsters are here, grand styles for dress or the longest road to school, positively will resist water at 75c, $1.00 1.25 and 1.50. Manufacturers are asking 25 per cent advance on shoes. **HUSELTON** will sell this winter at old prices, quality maintained

Wool Boots, Rubber Boots and Shoes.

See our new Rubber Boots with leather insoles, wont sweat the foot. We guarantee our best rubber boots not to break. Save Money——Save Time——Save Annoyances——by buying at——

B.C, Huselton's,

Every step you take in HUSELTON'S Shoes is a treat to the fee

102 N. Main Street, - — — Opposite H Lowr

READ THIS!

AND

You will learn the low prices Bickel is asking for reliable footwear. Why does he sell shoes so cheap? Well, I will tell you Next spring he intends building a new store room to take the place of the one he now occupies and has been disappointed in getting a large room so he will have to do business during the time he builds in a much smaller room than he now has and therefore will offer greater bargains in all kinds of footwear than ever before offered in Butler county.

Here are a few of the Bargains Offered.

Ladies Hand Welt Shoes at $2.25.
" Turn " $2.25.
Ladies fine Dongola, patent tip shoes at 90 cents.
Ladies heavy oil grain (waterproof) shoes at $1.10.
" calf shoes in button and lace at $1.00.
Ladies best kip shoes at $1.00.
Misses school shoes at 75 cents.
Childrens shoes at 50 cents.
Infants fine shoes at 25 cents.
Mens buff shoes, all styles at $1.00.
Mens fine calf shoes at $1.50.
Mens Winter Tans, extended soles at $2.25.
Mens working shoes at $1.00.
Boys fine dress shoes at $1.00.

Call and see our stock of Leggins and overgaiters for Ladies, Misses and Children—the very kind to wear this time of the year. Our stock of Rubber Boots and Shoes is large. Full stock of Mens, Boys, Youths and Ladies Felt Boots and Warm Lined Shoes at Rock Bottom Prices. Full stock of Leather and Findings, including a large stock of Lace Leather. Sole Leather cut to any amount you may wish to purchase. Iron Stands with four feet each at 50 cents. Mail orders receive prompt attention.

JOHN BICKEL,

128 S Main Street,
BUTLER, PA.
Branch Store 125 N. Main St,

Impure Blood

Manifests itself in hives, pimples, boils and other eruptions which disfigure the face and cause pain and annoyance. By purifying the blood Hood's Sarsaparilla completely cures these troubles and clears the skin. Hood's Sarsaparilla overcomes that tired, drowsy feeling so general at this season and gives strength and vigor.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the only true blood purifier prominently in the public eye today. $1; six for $5.

Hood's Pills cure habitual constipation. Price 25 cents.

HEINEMAN & SON,

HEINEMAN & SON, Butler, Pa:

SUMMER

is approaching and the only way to keep cool is to go to

Heineman's

and get yourself a nice

Hammock.

We have the largest and finest line of

Hammocks

ever brought to Butler.

Wall Paper

from the cheapest to the finest of Pressed

PAPERS.

We also handle the celebrated

RAMBLER BICYCLE.

HEINEMAN & SON, Butler, Pa:

HEINEMAN & SON.

Selling out To Quit Business.

Wall Paper at less than one-half cost.

Fine papers at the price of common cheap ones.

The largest stock of Wall Paper in the county to be sold out either Wholesale or Retail, at—

DOUGLASS' Near P. O.

N. B.—Wall Paper has advanced 20 per cent Wholesale within two months.

Running Chances

is the man who buys the cheap and poorly made clothing simply because it is cheap. There are just as good bargins to be had in good grades of goods, such for instance as our $25.00 Clay Diagonal Suits.

Running Chances is the man who rushes from this "alteration sale" to that "closing out bargains." The safe way is to patronize the firm that does business on the same principles you do. You know that you have to deal with then. You get honest goods for honest prices, and don't save twenty-five cents here to throw away seventy-five cents there.

Chances are Not Running away from you, but you are running away from the chances for the best bargins of the year in Suits and Overcoats when you fail to look at our immense stock.

Running Chances is the man who buys now when he can have us make him a fine Overcoat for $22.00.

COOPER & CO.

Cor. Diamond, Butler, Pa

C. AND D.

Under-Wear Points

Thorough protection
No irritation—
Non-shrinkable
Perfect fitting
Moderate prices
All in Jaros Hygienic Underwear.

All grade of underwear at very low prices.

Largest stock of hats and furnishings for gentleman in the country. An inspection will prove this to any ones satisfacture.

Colbert & Dale.

242 S. Main St., Butler, Penn'a.

CHAPTER VI.

Although I had the very respectable balance of $65,000 at the bank, I had not as yet since my arrival in London paid it a visit. This was in pursuance of our plan. So far I had only done business with the supernumeraries, and none of the people at the top had ever even heard of me. But we determined that they should not long remain in ignorance of the great American contractor, F. A. Warren.

Three months had elapsed since our departure from London on our piratical tour to the Spanish main. In all nearly five months had passed since Green had introduced me to the old lady whose impregnable vaults we had now at last determined to loot. That in itself was a favorable circumstance, as it would give me a chance to flourish in a grandly indefinite way to the effect that I had for some time been a customer of the bank, and none of the officials would probably take the trouble to ascertain how very brief, in fact, my acquaintance had been.

I left London by the night mail from Victoria station for Paris, the first of many hurried trips I took to the continent on the business we had entered upon. Truly we worked hard, spent money lavishly, brought all our power and genius to work—for what? To have the lightning fall and pitch us from our earthly heaven into prison's hell.

Upon my arrival I drove at once to the Hotel Bristol, Place Vendome, a swell hotel, where none but the great sirs of the earth could afford to stop.

Here I registered as F. A. Warren, London, and at once sent off the following letter:

> P. M. Francis, Esq., Manager Bank of England, London:
>
> DEAR SIR—I am a customer of the bank. Therefore I take the liberty of troubling you in the hope to have the benefit of your advice.
>
> Will you kindly inform me what good 4 per cent stocks are to be had in the market; also if the bank will transact the business for me? I remain very truly yours,
>
> F. A. WARREN.

By return mail came a letter wherein I was advised to invest in India 4 per cents or London Gas. I wrote an immediate order to have the bank purchase £10,000 of India stock and sent my check for that amount, on his own bank, payable to the order of the manager. I received the stock, instantly sold it and replaced the money to my credit, and the next day sent off an order for £10,000 Gas stock and repeated the operation until I had made the impression I wanted to make on the mind of the manager, so that when I returned to London for my decisive interview and sent in my card he would at once recognize the name, F. A. Warren, as the multimillionaire American who had been sending him £10,000 checks from Paris.

After the events narrated in the last chapter I returned to London. I arrived early in the morning, and meeting my companions we had a long and anxious talk over my near approaching and all important interview with that great sir of the London world, the manager of the Bank of England. Happy for us if, in that interview, the manager had asked for the customary references or had used ordinary business precaution and investigated me, or indeed had acted as any ordinary business man would have done under ordinary circumstances.

Our known conclusions were that the fact that I was already a depositor, together with the impression made by the letters and my £10,000 checks, would put the thing through. Yet we of course felt that a thousand things could arise to block our way effectually. A look, a word, a shadow or a smile in my face might ruin all, but still, after providing so far as possible for every contingency, after planning what was to be said or left unsaid at the interview, after my companions filling me full of advice, we felt, after all, that everything must be left to my discretion to say and to act as I thought best.

This council of war was held in my room in the Grosvenor. I had arrived from Paris at 6 o'clock Mac and I breakfasted together at 8. George joined us at 9, and we talked until 10, and then we set out together for the bank. Arriving there, they remained outside watching for my reappearance. Entering the bank, I sent in my card—F. A. Warren—by a liveried flunky and was immediately ushered into the manager's parlor. He has long since gone over to the majority, so here I will not so much as name or describe him. Sufficient to say that as soon as I set eyes upon him I thought that we would have no particular difficulty in carrying out our plans.

The manager, who had been told that I was a railroad contractor, expressed himself highly gratified to have me do my business through the bank and said they would do all in their power to accommodate me. I told him that of course I was financing large sums and would require more or less discounts before the year was out. Then I came away, and meeting my two friends outside of the bank in answer to their eager inquiries as to what had transpired I told them that so far as the bank officials were concerned our way to the vaults of the bank was wide open.

So ended the last scene of act 1.

The next day I went to the Continental bank in Lombard street and bought sight exchange on Paris for 200,000 francs, paying for it by a check on the Bank of England. I was given a note of identification to the Paris agent of the bank.

That night I left Victoria station for Paris. At 10 the next morning I had my money, and going to the Place de la Bourse, near the exchange, I commissioned a broker, who was a member of the exchange, to purchase bills in London for £8,000. I cautioned him to buy bills drawn only on well known banking houses. About 3 o'clock he had the bills ready. I paid him the amount, along with his commission, and examining the paper found he had purchased for me about what I wanted.

I will explain, for the benefit of any reader not conversant with financial transactions, that if John Russell, cotton broker in Savannah, ships a thousand bales of cotton to a firm in Manchester, the firm in Manchester authorizes him to draw a bill of exchange on their firm, payable at some London bank at three or six months' time, for the value of the cotton. We will say the price is £10,000. Russell draws ten bills for £1,000 each, say, payable at the Union bank of London. He gives these bills to a money broker in Savannah, who sells them on the exchange and gets for them whatever the rate of exchange may then be on London. The president of the Georgia Central railroad may have ordered a thousand tons of steel rails in England for his road, and to pay for them he orders a broker to buy for him bills on London to the amount of the cost of the rails. He purchases the Russell bills, and these bills of exchange he sends in payment to the steel rail manufacturers in England; so,

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A., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1895.

LL ST. EWGATE A THE PRIMROSE WAY.

GHT, 1895, BY THE AUTHOR.

as a matter of fact, the president of the Georgia Central pays Russell for his thousand bales of cotton, but has the bills of exchange. So, in place of £10,000 in gold being freighted twice across the ocean, the ten pieces of paper cross only once. These ten bills for £1,000 each, drawn on the Union bank of London at six months, in due time are presented at that bank and are duly accepted.

Instead of commercial notes or bills they are now known as acceptances and are just as good as a bank note. Therefore if the owner, no matter who he is, wants the money at once any bank will discount all or either for the face value, less the interest. In every commercial center of the world these accepted bills are being discounted by banks and moneyed corporations for enormous sums, but by no bank in the world in such huge amounts as by the Bank of England. Its daily discounts run into the millions.

What our plan was will be made clear later.

The evening of the day of my arrival in Paris found me on the express speeding to Calais. Two hours past midnight I was on the miserable little passenger steamer that plies across the chopping channel and which I suppose has seen more of human misery than all the fleets that sail the Atlantic, for the channel has strong countercurrents, and wind, tide and currents seem ever to be in violent opposition, and here

E'er across the main doth float
A sad and solemn swell,
The wild, fantastic, fitful note
Of Triton's breathing shell.

And Triton (old Neptune's other name) makes all passers over this part of his realm pay ample tribute for "his fantastic, fitful note."

The Paris night express lands one at early dawn in London, nearly always weak on the legs, however. I breakfasted with Mac, and after that took the bills to the various banks on which they were drawn, and leaving them for acceptance I called again the next day and received them back, bearing across the face the magic words:

LONDON, Aug. 14, 1872.
Accepted for the Union bank of London.
E. BARCLAY, Manager.
J. WAYLAND, Assistant Manager.

Then I hurried to the Grosvenor, and we all looked at them with curiosity, for it was upon the imitation of just such acceptances that our whole plan was based.

Of course the success or failure of our whole plan turned upon this point. Is it the custom of the Bank of England (in 1873) to send acceptances offered for discount to the acceptors for verification of signatures?

This is always done in America, and had this very requisite precaution been used by the Bank of England our plan would have been fruitless.

Taking my deposit book and the genuine bills, I went to the bank and left the bills for discount. This was at once done, and the amount placed to my credit. I drew £10,000, and that night found me once more one of 500 unfortunates paying tribute to Neptune. This time I landed at Ostend and took the train for Amsterdam. There I repeated the Paris operation, securing £10,000 in genuine bills. I returned to London and as before left them for acceptance. Then my companion manufactured a lot of imitations and put them away with those previously manufactured to be all ready when the day came to use them. The genuine bills were then discounted.

All the details of events leading through the long summer and autumn days of 1872 up to the hour when the golden shower began to fall on us are of intense, even dramatic, interest. I will not, however, lengthen the narrative by giving here any further account of them, but will merely relate the story of the last five days before the actual presentation of our home brewed acceptances.

The bank had been discounting for weeks comparatively large sums for me of the genuine article, and our imitation was a close copy. Many thousand pounds of the genuine article discounted for me had matured and had been paid, and more thousands were still in the vaults awaiting maturity and would fall due while our home manufactured bills would be laid away in the vaults, there to remain for four or five months until due. Of course a full month or two months before that we could pack our baggage and be on the other side of the world.

But, as the sequel will show, the reality took on a different complexion from the ideal.

My credit at the bank was solid as a rock. That means I had gone through the red tape routine. It only behooved us to use circumspection enough to avoid making mistakes in our papers, and fortune was ours. I knew everything was all right, but George, being a thorough business man himself, could not comprehend that it could be quite right, and he insisted upon one supreme test.

Any single bill of exchange is seldom drawn for more than £1,000, rarely for £2,000, and one of £6,000 is almost unheard of. But George had made up his mind that as a test, and to make an impression upon the bank manager, I should go to Paris and get a bill on London from Rothschilds drawn to the order of F. A. Warren direct. Could this be done it would of course make it appear that I had intimate relations with the Rothschilds, and as a minor consideration we could use the Rothschilds' acceptance—a pretty nervy thing to do, as Sir Anthony de Rothschild, the head of the London house, whose name we proposed to offer, was a director of the Bank of England and would have to pass his own paper for discount—that is, paper bearing his name, manufactured by ourselves.

We tried to talk George out of this notion, which Mac and I regarded as a freak unnecessary in the first place and impossible anyhow. But he was persistent, and I had to start out and try. At Calais I took my place in what the French call a coupe—that is, the end compartment on a car, which, by paying 10 francs extra, you can occupy alone. I had fallen into a sound sleep before the train started and was aroused from it to find myself hurled about the compartment much as a stout boy would shake a mouse in a cage and quite as helpless.

Our train was off the track. My carriage was near the engine, and the momentum of the long train forced the car in the rear of mine up on end, and it appeared as if it would fall over and crush me. I thought my hour had come, and I cried out, "At last!" There was no fear or terror in it, but merely the thought that after many months of almost incessant travel, and necessarily of peril, "at last" my fate had come. It had not. How good heaven could have been if it had sent me to my doom then and there.

The accident had occurred at Marquise, a small town 16 miles from Calais and four from Boulogne, the first stopping place of the express. Two were killed and half of the remaining passengers injured. My own injuries were slight and consisted of trifling cuts on the face and hands from flying glass. But, far worse than that, I had received a nervous shock which took some weeks to wear off, and during the rest of my journey to Paris and return to London I was as nervous as a timid woman. I staid at Marquise until noon, when the express passing at that hour made a special stop to pick me up.

The road from Paris to Calais is known as the Chemin de Fer du Nord, and Baron Alphonse de Rothschild, head of the Paris Rothschilds, is the president of the road. This fact occurred to me within a few minutes of the accident, and I thought I might make use of the affair as a means to help me in my business at Paris. I arrived about dark, went to the Grand hotel, registered as C. J. Horton, London, and went to bed at once. My nerves were so shaken that I was timid even when in the elevator, but I slept well and awoke at daylight feeling better.

At 10 o'clock, limping badly and leaning on a cane, I entered a carriage and drove to the Maison Rothschild, Rue Lafitte. The banking house might well be called a palace. The various offices open upon a courtyard, while the whole architecture of the building would suggest the residence of an officer of state or nobleman rather than a building devoted to finance. But the currents which center there are potent and farreaching and come richly laden with tribute from the four quarters of the world. To win that tribute slaves toil, and, toiling, die in Brazilian diamond mines, and thousands of coolies entrapped by agents in China and India enter into perfidious contracts which commit them to hopeless slavery and send them to wear out their lives in despairing toil amid the pungent and murderous ammoniacal fumes of the guano islands of Chile and Peru. The Rothschilds, too, own the Almaden quicksilver mine and others.

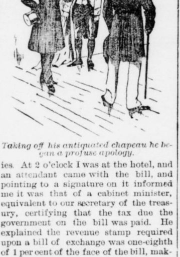
Controlling the quicksilver industries of the world, and to swell their abnormal hoard, portentous in its vastness, other poor wretches, condemned under form of law, are doomed to days of wearing toil, and, their bones rotting from quicksilver absorption, to nights of racking pains. So, too, far Siberia contributes its quota of human misery that the golden stream of interest on century old loans may have no interruption, but pour on unceasingly into the vaults of the Rothschilds.

Alighting from the carriage and mounting the steps with difficulty, I entered the English department, and seating myself awaited the manager's presence. He came, and expressing great concern when he learned I was a victim of the Marquise disaster asked what he could do for me. I replied I wanted to see the baron. He disappeared into a range of offices, and no doubt told Baron Alphonse I was some important personage, doubly important because injured on his road.

Soon a slight, sallow man of about 43 appeared, wearing an old fashioned stovepipe hat and a shabby suit of snuff colored garments. The look of the attendants testified that the deity was before me. Taking off his antiquated chapeau, he began a profuse apology for the accident, explaining that accidents were most unusual events in France; that he would order his own physician to attend me; that I should have every attention without the slightest charge or expense to myself, etc., and ended by saying I was to command him if he could serve me. In return I told him since he was so distressed over the accident and my plight I should say no more about either, but as I was too badly shaken to complete the business on which I had come to Paris I should request him to instruct his subordinates to aid me in transmitting the funds I had brought from London back again. He called the manager and told him to accommodate me in anything; then, shaking hands and with many expressions of regret, he withdrew.

I told the manager I wanted a three months' bill on London for £6,000. He informed me that the house of Rothschild was not issuing time bills, but since the baron's order suspended the rule in my case he would procure me six bills for £1,000 each. These really were just as good for our purpose as one bill for £6,000, but I had come to Paris on my brother's demand that I should procure one bill for this unusual amount, so perforce I had to say "No," that I wanted one bill only.

The manager began to remonstrate, saying it was unusual and wanted to explain the nature of bill of exchange, but I cut him short, bidding him recall the baron at once. The thought of recalling that Jupiter to repeat an order was enough to send a thrill through the entire staff, and he instantly said, "Oh, sir, if you wish the £6,000 in one bill you shall have it, but it will involve some delay." So paying him 150,000 francs on account I ordered the bill sent to me at 2 o'clock precisely at the Grand hotel and drove off to the Louvre, where I spent two hours in the picture galleries. At 2 o'clock I was at the hotel, and an attendant came with the bill, and pointing to a signature on it informed me it was that of a cabinet minister, equivalent to our secretary of the treasury, certifying that the tax due the government on the bill was paid. He explained the revenue stamp required upon a bill of exchange was one-eighth of 1 per cent of the face of the bill, making the tax on my single bill 187 francs, or about $37. All bills are stamped in a registering machine, which presses the stamp into the paper, but there were no registering machines for a stamp of so high a denomination as 187 francs either in the branch revenue office in the Rothschild bank or at the treasury, so the baron had taken the bill to the treasury himself and got the cabinet minister to put his autograph on it—probably the first and only time in history that such a thing had been done. I wanted very much indeed to keep that bill as a curiosity, but then the necessity of the time was on me and I was not then a collector of curios.



Taking off his antiquated chapeau he began a profuse apology.

What diligence and strict attention to business do men exhibit when they start out to wreck their own lives and break the hearts of those near to them! In a play by a modern writer one scene presents satan flying at midnight over one of our cities, while the drunken songs and joyous shouts of some gilded revelers rise in the night. The merry songs

TIZEN.

No 41

and laughter are music to the ears of Lucifer. He pauses in his flight to listen, and as the songs and shouts increase in volume he looks down, and with a bitter sneer soliloquizes thus of them:

> Ye are my bondsmen and my thralls.
> Your lives I fill with bitter pain.

And that sums it up pretty well, but we must look straight away from the entrance of the Primrose Way to the exit.

Well, I had successfully played my trump card on the Rothschilds, and not seeing the end thought I had won, and cleverly [illegible], so before sitting down to dinner I went to the telegraph office and telegraphed to my [illegible]:

"The Egyptians all passed over the Red sea, but the Hebrews are drowned therein."

Thinking this rather witty, I went to dinner well satisfied.

There was a friend, a very old friend of mine, residing in Hartford, Edwin Noyes by name.

He arrived ten days later, and at a little dinner given in his honor we told him our plot.

On several occasions I had gone to Jay Cooke & Co., in Lombard street, and purchased bonds under the name of F. A. Warren, and giving checks in payment upon the Bank of England. So one day I went there with Noyes and purchased $20,000 in bonds, giving my check for them. I then introduced Noyes as my clerk, directing them to deliver any bonds I bought to him at any time. The next day he called, and they gave him the bonds which I had given my check for the day before, so there was no necessity any longer for me to come in person to make purchases. Noyes could appear there any day, give an order for bonds, secure a bill for them, and in half an hour bring a Warren check for the amount of the bill, pretending, of course, that he had got it from me, but really getting it from Mac, leaving the check for collection and to call the next day for the bonds.

The same day that I introduced him to Jay Cooke & Co. I took him to the Bank of England at a busy time of day, and while drawing £2,000 I casually introduced him to the paying teller as my clerk, requesting the teller to pay him any checks I sent. Then for the next few days I had Noyes take checks to the bank and had him order two or three small lots of bonds from Jay Cooke & Co., so that they became familiarized with seeing him come on my business.

The plan was complete at last. Everything was ready to carry out our scheme in perfect safety to all, and as related in the beginning of the chapter I was now on my way to the bank for my last visit with the Rothschild bill in my hand. Many accounts were given of this famous interview in the English press just after the discovery of the fraud and prior to my arrest; also when the details transpired at the trial. The facts were simply these:

I presented myself at the bank, and sending my card to the manager was ushered at once into his parlor. After a few remarks upon the money and stock market I produced the bill, remarking that I had a curiosity to show him which had been sent me by a correspondent in Paris. It was certainly a curiosity. It was a thing entirely unknown in the history of the bank to have a bill of exchange bearing the signature of a cabinet minister certifying that the internal revenue tax had been paid on it. This, along with the circumstance that the bill was made payable to myself, evidently made considerable impression on the manager and confirmed him in his good opinion of his customer. The unusual features of this bill of exchange led him to relate some of the inner events of the bank's history, during which I asked him what precaution the bank took against forgery. He told me a forgery on the bank was impossible.

But I asked: "Why impossible? Other banks get hit sometimes and why not the Bank of England?" To that question he gave a long reply, ending with the assertion that "our wise forefathers have bequeathed us a system which is perfect." "Do you wish me to understand you have not changed your system since your forefathers' time?" I said. To which he emphatically replied, "Not in the slightest particular for a hundred years." In conclusion I told him I should be fully occupied looking after my different business interests, but would give him a call if I found time. I also said I would have the bill discounted and take the cash away with me instead of having it placed to my credit. He called an attendant, gave the necessary order, and the cash was handed me. Bidding the manager goodby, I repaired to our meeting place and showed the notes for the discounted bill. Even George was satisfied that my credit at the bank was good for any amount of discounts on any sort of paper.

Everything now was ready for my departure from England. For some weeks my partners had been busy preparing for the completion of the operation.

The first lot of bogus bills were ready to go into the mail at Birmingham as soon as I was out of the way, it having been decided that I should then be out of the country. So one Monday late in November I packed my baggage, and after many warm handshakings I bade my friends adieu. We had had many talks about the happy future. We had planned pleasant things and spoken confidently of our four-in-hands, our summer cottages at Saratoga and Newport, of our town house, fine suppers and our boxes at the opera. After that I saw them for a brief hour on the coast of France and once more said adieu. When we met again, it was in Newgate. I need hardly say that for the next 20 years we had no boxes at the grand opera, no four-in-hands, nor yet any fine suppers, but all that which was merely external passed away, consumed in that fierce flame, but all that was manly and true remained—that is, our devotion and courage and our high resolve to conquer fate and live for better things.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Why He Worried.

"I wouldn't worry so much about that boy of yours at college," said the friend of the family. "He's not a poker player."

"I know he isn't," replied the father ruefully, "but from the size of his expense accounts I'm afraid he thinks he is."—Chicago Post.

The Major's Change of Mind.

The Throckmorton story, while an old and often told one, may not be known to some readers. It goes that the major and three or four others were engaged in a game of cards in this city. Among the players was a man who, though a stranger, appeared to be a gentleman. Appearances were deceptive, however, for he was soon detected in and charged with cheating. As the players arose to their feet the crook asked one of them:

"Do you believe I was cheating, sir?"

"I do," was the answer.

Whereupon he was promptly knocked down by the gambler, who was an athletic giant.

"Do you believe I was cheating?" he asked of another of the party.

"I am bound to say I do," was the reply, and down he went also.

Then, turning to Major Throckmorton, the pugilistic sharp put the same question to him.

"Well," answered the major, "I did think so, but I've had a —— of a change of opinion!"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

MET A REAL INJUN

But His Statement Was Promptly Disputed by the Other Boy.

"I run away wunst t' fight Injuns 'n kill bears," remarked the redheaded boy as he spat out a straw he had been chewing.

"How'd ye git back?" asked the boy who had a rag tied around one of his toes.

"Pap," said the redheaded boy laconically. "Juever do it?"

"W'hm! Wunst."

"'Bout how long ago?"

"Lass summer. Didn't want no b'ars in mine—jest Injuns. Seems like when ye read about it it don't take much t' kill Injuns. Jest th' least little tap, 'n over they goes, 'n th' hero, he stands up 'n says, 'I am avenged!' They're offul fierce, though, real ones is."

"Shucks!" said the redheaded boy. "I kin read all that myself. Tell about how ye run away."

"Me father he licked me 'bout readin Injun stories, 'n I begun that day savin part o' me vittals t' take away. 'N I watched when me mother wasn't lookin 'n swiped me winter overcoat out o' th' press where th' moth balls is. When th' clock struck 12, I sneaked out o' th' house 'n made out's fast's ever I could."

"Lonesome, wasn't it?"

"Kind o', but I went on. I had me father's old revolver 'n I calculated I'd find a knife on th' first Injun I killed."

"Where'd ye go first? I was mos' t' Indiana when pop"—

"I went out t' Sixty-third street—ye remember that vacant lot where we uster play?"

"Shucks, that ain't far. Why, when I run away, I was goin"—

"Huh, so was I. Ye lissen. I found some wood 'n made a match fire. I wasn't goin t' be surprised by any Injuns"—

"Ain't no Injuns on Sixty-third street."

"That's all ye know. Ye'd better tie yer ears round yer head—ye had. I laid down in th' shadder 'n presently I heard stealthy footsteps."

The redheaded boy looked apprehensively behind him, but seeing nothing began to whistle the "Bowery Girl."

"I rolled over 'n put me hand on my trusty weepin 'n"— He stopped mysteriously.

"Huh. Don't believe it was"—

"'N I seen a real Injun all in warpaint, 'n with two pistols 'n knives 'n a lot of fresh scalps in his belt, 'n"—

"Hully gee!" breathed the redheaded boy, moving closer.

"I—I jest remembered how bad me mother'd feel t' have me killed 'n—'n I got out fer home's fast's I could."

"Had they missed ye?"

"Naw. Ye ain't goin t' tell."

"Say, he was 'bout 6 feet tall, 'n he looked husky. He"—

The redheaded boy suddenly got up and turned a handspring.

"Say," he yelled, "they's a man what's a actor as lives right next that vacant lot. I seen 'im once at th' thayter 'n he was doin a Injun song 'n dance in warpaint, he was. Smart, ain't ye!"

"Ye're a liar!" said the boy with a rag tied around one of his toes. He spat on his hands as he said it. And they fought until a big policeman came around the corner on his way to dinner. —Chicago Times-Herald.

WE observe with satisfaction that the protectionist journals of the entire country combine to defend the national policy of encouragement to home industries with ability and success. Their arguments are up to date, and deal with new phases of the question. The welfare of the whole country, and especially of the wage earners, is an inspiring theme and merits the ability with which the subject is discussed in connection with the tariff.

THE gold beaters of Chicago, New York and Philadelphia are unable to see where the Democratic tariff has helped them. When it went into effect they were getting $13 a week or $6.50 a beating of 500 leaves on piece work. Since then wages have declined to $7.50 a week and $3.50 a beating. Now they are on strike for $10 a week and $5 a beating, and will think themselves lucky if they win. These gold beaters are not the only artisans beaten by the Democratic tariff.

THE wool growers of Montana propose to go to congress next winter and demand a protective tariff on wool. As the house will be Republican they will be heard, and if the Republican party controlled the White House they would get what they wanted. But it is strange that these Montana wool growers don't know their own interests. The Democratic statesmen have been telling them that free wool was the best thing in the world for them, and yet they can't see it. If they are not careful the Democratic sheets will be calling them political wool growers.

THE campaign of local candidates for the county offices this year is very much as other years. The Democrats have adopted a new scheme, however, and it is one that they have been very cleverly cultivating in every district of the county. It is to admit the overwhelming Republican majority, and that they have no show of electing anyone on the ticket. Therefore, upon personal grounds—as the case may be—they ask this Republican or that Republican simply for a complimentary vote. If Republicans yield to this mode of cutting candidates on their own ticket, they may greatly endanger its success, and that is all there is in it for the Democratic ticket. If it results in the election of any one of the Democratic candidates they will only laugh in their sleeves at you for being so foolish as to cast your vote as a compliment. No good Republican will be caught by this scheme. Vote the straight ticket and there will be no chance for exultation at your expense.

The total Republican vote in Pennsylvania in off years shrinks on an average of 30 per cent. This should not be. Do your duty as a good citizen. Go out and vote on election day and do your share toward remedying this condition of things.

Counterfeiting by "Pasters."

CLEVELAND, Oct. 14.—Joseph Dreyer was brought here last night by a deputy United States marshal from Stark county and charged with counterfeiting. Dreyer tried to pass a dollar bill which had been fixed with pasters to represent $10. In his possession was found a $2 bill raised to a $20 in the same way. He also had pasters for $50 bills. He told the officers that he bought the pasters from a Pittsburg man, who supplied them by mail. This is the second arrest for a similar offense in that vicinity within a short time, and it is believed counterfeiters are systematically at work.

A Titled Preacher.

NEWBURG, N. Y., Oct. 14.—Rev. W. H. Evans, who supplied the pulpit of Christ church, in Warwick, Orange county, during the past summer, has since fallen heir to an immense estate in Ireland, and he also gets the title of Lord Carbury. It is stated that the estate will net him an income of about $40,000 per annum. Mrs. Evans will be known as the Countess Carbury.

Fatally Shot His Sweetheart.

EATON, O., Oct. 14.—John Monroe Smith, aged 17, escorted home his sweetheart, Gertrude Lally, quarreled with her on the way, and arriving at the house shot and fatally wounded her in the presence of her mother. He then surrendered to the county sheriff.

DO YOUR DUTY.

Republicans of the Various Counties Should Not be Apathetic.

Republicans of the several districts of the county should be preparing to poll as large a vote as possible. Over confidence is the danger in this campaign. It is only a question of majority in Pennsylvania. The Republican tide is strong, and the people are anxiously awaiting Republican success both this year and next. But in order to emphasize this fact it is necessary for those who believe in Republican principles and policies to go to the polls and express their sentiments. It must be remembered that this is an off year. Ordinarily we would have but a state treasurer to elect, and in only a few counties are there county tickets to elect.

This year the importance of the state election is increased by the fact that we have to elect seven judges who shall constitute our superior court. It is seldom the people have an opportunity of exercising so much power at one time as in the coming election. On Nov. 7, they will choose an entire appellant judicial tribunal which shall exercise jurisdiction in a very large class of important cases. The legal ability of the gentlemen composing the Republican ticket has never been questioned. They are men of high standing in the several communities in which they reside, and will honor the party and the state in the administration of the judicial office.—Butler Eagle.

Don't fail to vote this year.

A HEAVY REDUCTION IN THE REPUBLICAN MAJORITY IN PENNSYLVANIA, FOLLOWING UPON THE RESULT IN INDIANAPOLIS, WOULD BE HERALDED BROADCAST AS AN EVIDENCE OF REPUBLICAN WEAKNESS AND DISINTEGRATION.

Don't fail to vote this year.

A DEFICIT PARTY.

Holding Back Expenditures to Mislead the Public.

As was to have been expected, the administration is beginning to hold back expenditures in the closing days September, in order to be able to send out to the country a false and misleading report of the government's financial operations for the first quarter of the fiscal year. Democratic organs are commencing their regular monthly tactics of proclaiming that "at last" the income of the treasury under the Wilson-Gorman tariff is equaling the outgo. By the first of October we will see a concerted attempt on the part of apologists of incompetency to persuade the people that there is really no need of tariff revision.

This effort will be based, if the past record of the Cleveland administration counts for anything, on dishonest treasury statistics, which will be "doctored" for the purpose of showing a surplus of two or three millions for September. The president and his advisers realize the danger of allowing their party to go before the country in November as the creature of a tariff that is piling up a deficit at the rate of more than $50,000,000 a year. But, however loudly the administration defenders may shout, it will be perfectly easy for Republican journals to convict them of falsehood by publishing detailed accounts of the revenue and expenditure for the whole period since July 1.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Don't fail to vote this year.

THE TOTAL REPUBLICAN VOTE IN PENNSYLVANIA IN OFF YEARS HAS USUALLY SHRUNK 30 PER CENT. THIS SHOULD NOT BE PERMITTED THIS YEAR. IT WILL NOT OCCUR IF EVERY REPUBLICAN DOES HIS DUTY.

Don't fail to vote this year.

THE OFFICIAL BALLOTS.

They Are Now Being Mailed to the County Commissioners.

HARRISBURG, Oct. 22.—The Official ballots are now being mailed from the state department to the commissioners of the various counties. With the exception of the counties of Greene, Huntingdon and Mifflin, the ballot will contain six columns. In Huntingdon and Mifflin the ballot has two extra columns by reason of the contest in that judicial district, which has resulted in Williamson and Culberson going on as candidates by nomination papers. In Greene county the ballot will have seven columns, owing to Ingraham being on as the candidate of the "True Democratic" party for judge.

On the regular ballot the Republican, Democratic and Prohibition parties have full state tickets. But the People's party has only candidates for state treasurer and three judges of the superior court.

The Socialist-Labor party has a candidate for state treasurer only.

Next year the state department will have its hands full, inasmuch as there will be an election for presidential electors, thirty-two congressmen, twenty-five senators, 204 members of assembly and several judges.

Don't fail to vote this year.

THE STAY AT HOME VOTE IS SUFFICIENT TO DESTROY ANY PARTY. IF EVERY REPUBLICAN DEPENDED UPON HIS NEIGHBOR TO ELECT THE TICKET THE DEMOCRACY WOULD CARRY THE STATE.

Don't fail to vote this year.

Russian Competition Coming.

A number of manufacturers at St. Petersburg have approached M. Witte with the request that special facilities shall be granted for the export of certain Russian products to Hamburg, whence they are destined to enter the markets of the continent. The wares chiefly affected are cotton, woolen and silk goods of Russian manufacture, porcelain, soap and confectionery.—Ryland's Iron Trade Circular.

Don't fail to vote this year.

DON'T PERMIT YOURSELF TO BE DECEIVED BY THE SIZE OF THE MAJORITY IN PENNSYLVANIA. YOUR VOTE IS NEEDED. CAST IT EARLY IN THE DAY.

Don't fail to vote this year.

Take Time to Vote.

Every Republican should take the time to vote on the fifth of November. It will mean a great deal to the party, not only in Pennsylvania, but in the nation.

Don't fail to vote this year.

NO MAN CAN CONSIDER HIMSELF A GOOD REPUBLICAN WHO DOES NOT CAST HIS BALLOT ON THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.

Don't fail to vote this year.

When It Was.

Physician (to government clerk)—Well, what do you complain of?

"Sleeplessness, doctor."

"At what time do you go to bed?"

"Oh! I don't mean at night, but during office hours."—Tit-Bits.

A Warning to Knickerbocker Girls.

There was a fire at the seaside hotel. The local fire brigade responded valiantly. One lady, who was in cycling costume, at the cry of alarm leaped from her chair and went to the window. "Save me! Oh, save me!" she shrieked. But the brave fireman on the ladder paused not. "Ladies first," he said and passed on to the chamber above, where the girls were [illegible].—London [illegible].