THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

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Martincourt & Co. Always Lead.

Have you been looking at buggies and wondering how they could be made for the price the dealer asked you? If so, then call at our store and you will think the manufacturer stole the material to make them of, when you see good buggies for the price others sell shoddy for. We never buy a cents worth on time. Have been in the business many, many years. We know what we are selling and tell you straight. "Never misrepresent or try to get rich off our customers," has alway been our motto and has built up for us the largest trade in Western Pennsylvania. No difference what you want about your buggy, wagon or harness, come here and see the largest stock in our line you have ever seen, at prices below what any other firm does or can make. It won't cost you anything to try it and satisfy yourself.

Thankful for past favors, we are,

S. B. Martincourt,
J. M. Leighner, **S. B. MARTINCOURT & CO.**

128 East Jefferson St. Butler, Pa.

T. H. Burton T. H. Burton

Why is it that T. H. BURTON is always busy in his store? Simply because the people of Butler county appreciate the fact that he has the best selected stock of

Foreign and Domestic Suitings

extra pants and Men's and Boy's Furnishing Goods, ever brought to Butler, and sells them for less money.
We guarantee everything that goes out of our store to give perfect satisfaction or money cheerfully refunded.

T. H. Burton T. H. Burton

Our July Clearance Sale

Has made this the busiest July in the history of this Store.

We will continue to sell throughout July

50c, 75c and $1.00 hats at 15c. 25, 35 and some 50c hats at 9c.
25c Quills 15c or 2 for 25c. One lot Quills 2 for 5c.
50 and 75c Silk Gloves for 19c. 25 and 35 Lisle Gloves at 9c.
50c Corsets at 39c. 75c Corsets at 50c. $1.00 Corsets at 75c.

Watch this space for Underwear Specialties.

M. F. & M. MARKS.

113 to 117 South Main Street, Butler, Pa.

NOTICE

NEW FIRM

I have taken into partnership, Mr. Edward J. Grohman, and the drug business will be conducted in the future under the firm name of Redick & Grohman. Mr. Grohman is no stranger in this community. He has been connected with our house for the past seven years, and it gives me pleasure to testify that he understands his business thoroughly. He is a graduate of the Pittsburg College of Pharmacy, is also a Registered Pharmacist. I take this opportunity to return thanks to a generous public for the liberal patronage extended to me for so many years, and I hope to have a continuance of the same as we are now better prepared to serve our patrons than ever before.

Respectfully,

J. C. REDICK.

DIAMONDS — RINGS, EAR RINGS., SCARF PINS, STUDS.
WATCHES — GENTS' GOLD, LADIES' GOLD, GENTS' SILVER, LADIES' CHATLAIN.
JEWELRY — Gold Pins. Ear Rings, Rings, Chains, Bracelets, Etc.
SILVERWARE — Tea Sets, Castors, Butter Dishes and Everything that can be found in a first class store.
RODGERS BROS. 1874 — KNIVES, FORKS, SPOONS TRIPLE PLATE.

E. GRIEB, THE JEWELER.

No. 139 North Main St., Butler, Pa.

LATEST STYLE **BEST GOODS**
GOOD WORK **FAIR PRICES**

These are the things that have enabled me to build up a first-class tailoring trade during the last year.
We have the most skillful, painstaking cutter; employ none but the very best workmen; handle nothing but the very best goods, both foreign and domestic, and guarantee you perfect satisfaction in each and every particular, and for all this charge you simply a fair living profit.

J. S. YOUNG,

Tailor, Hatter and Men's Furnisher — 101 South Main Street, opposite Hotel Lowry.

Liver Ills

Like billiousness, dyspepsia, headache, constipation, sour stomach, indigestion are promptly cured by Hood's Pills. They do their work

Hood's Pills

easily and thoroughly. Best after dinner pills. 25 cents. All druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pill to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

MILLER'S GREAT 88-CENT SALE.

WOULD YOU MAKE MONEY?

IF SO,

Attend This Sale

$1.50 Men's Shoes reduced to 88c
$1.25 Men's Shoes reduced to 88c
$1.00 Men's Shoes reduced to 88c
$1.25 Boy's Shoes reduced to 88c

OUR LEADERS GO At 88c.

Men's Oil Grain 2-buckel shoes 88c
Men's Oil Grain Creole Shoes 88c
Men's S Kip Brogans 88c
Ladies calf and oil grain shoes 88c

IT IS WONDERFUL WHAT 88c WILL DO

Men's Ball Shoes reduced to 88c
Youths' Bicycle Shoes 88c
Misses' Strap Sandals go at 88c
Ladies' Fine Dongola Oxfords 88c

Have You Got 88c?

If you have, bring it to us and we will give you more for it than you ever got before. If you have not got it, borrow it and attend this

Great 88 Cent Sale.

AT

Butler's Progressive Shoe House.

215 South Main St., BUTLER PA

C. E. MILLER,

REPAIRING PROMPTLY DONE.

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 gentlemen in the country. An inspection will prove this to any ones satisfacture.

Colbert & Dale.

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

The Place to Buy GAS COOKING AND HEATING STOVES, GAS BURNERS AND FIXTURES, HOSE, BATH TUBS, ENAMEL AND

IMPROVED WELSHBACH GAS BURNER.

W. H. O'BRIEN & ON

107 East Jefferson St.

Hotel Willard.

Reopened and now ready for the accommodation of the traveling public.

Everything in first-class style.

MRS. MATTIE REIHING, Owner
M H BROOKS, Clerk.

Found.

A ladies purse on the three degree road. owner can receive same by describing, calling at 116 West D. St. Butler Pa.

XX.

Poor Mrs. Loring was laid to rest in the village burying ground, sincerely mourned by the new friends among whom her life had ended. Her foibles were forgotten, and only her courtesy, her kindliness, her generosity, were remembered. She had done little of harm and something of good in the world—a better record than can be placed to the credit of many whose pretensions have far exceeded those of this victim of a morbidness of imagination approaching hypochondria.

Week after week passed, but Dorothy Gray was still in Rodneytown, reluctant to quit the kindly circle whose members had shown heartfelt sympathy in her affliction. I doubt whether she had been able to decide whither to go in case she left the village. She had no near relations, certainly none to whom she would turn at such a time. In her years of wandering with her aunt she had made few intimate friends. In short, she was left without anyone from whom she might naturally seek consolation and counsel. The good women of the neighborhood did their best to take the place of kinsfolk and old friends; they wept with her in the days when her bereavement had just come upon her, and afterward, when the first bitterness of her loss was past, they kept her company and strove to cheer her, after the homely fashion of their kind. And so it happened that she remained with us, bearing her sorrow as best she could.

Not long after the death of her aunt I had confirmation of the story Mrs. Weston had brought me. The trustee of the estate, the income of which Mrs. Loring had received, came to Rodneytown to attend the funeral services. He was a lawyer, cautious and reserved in manner, and supposedly as free from sentimentality as the desk in his office. Yet under the professional mask there was, after all, something of the emotional man, which asserted itself in a practical way, befitting the weakness of an eminently practical man.

"Dr. Morris," said he, on the eve of his departure, "there is a result of this recent tragic occurrence to which your attention may not have been called. Mrs. Loring had only a life interest in the property left by her husband, for she had surrendered her dower rights. On her demise the estate passes to her husband's brother and sister, with whom, I regret to say, her relations were not amicable. Though she often told me that she proposed to lay aside part of her income in order to make provision for her niece, Miss Gray, it seems that she utterly neglected to put the plan in operation. In fact, she lived very close to her income, and had it not been for a reduction in her expenses on coming here, it is probable that the revenue coming from the property, calculated to the day of her death, would not have sufficed to pay the outstanding claims against her. As it is, however, I find that there will be a balance of about $500, which will be at Miss Gray's disposal. It is very little for a young woman reared as she has been, but, unfortunately, it is all that she can hope to receive from her aunt."

"She must suffer, then, for another's carelessness," said I.

"Atonement for carelessness is too often vicarious," said the man of law.

"It hardly lessens her misfortune to realize that it is a common one. Do you know whether she has anything in her own right?"

"Next to nothing. As I have said, Dr. Morris, the case is a distressing one, and I regret exceedingly that I must be the bearer of such bad news to the young lady. She is very likely to come for advice to you, and it is to put you in possession of the facts that I have spoken. A check for your services to my late client will be mailed to you immediately upon my return to the city."

Thereupon the lawyer went his way, leaving me by no means so disheartened by his remarks as might have been the case with a man whose regard for Dorothy Gray was entirely platonic. He was as good as his word in settling Mrs. Loring's affairs, and in a few days my check arrived. Another valuable bit of paper reached me about this time from a very different source, one from which it was decidedly unexpected. Jones, the mysterious farmhand, intrusted it to the mails not long after I had seen him safely on a train southbound from Bassettville. In parting he had thanked me with a good deal of heartiness for my attendance upon him, but had maintained his old reticence as to the character of the business which had brought him to Rodneytown with results so disastrous to himself. The size of the check, though, was sufficient to prove that when he entered Mrs. Weston's employ he was in a position to care little for the pittance she paid him. Banks, too, received a substantial token of the man's gratitude, but he was even less able than I to guess what Jones' mission had been.

These reinforcements to my financial strength helped me to arrive at a decision, though it was a decision burdened with conditions. In the matter of fortune, Dorothy Gray and I were not very far apart; and surely her position was such as to encourage the most timid of wooers. So far, I found clear sailing. But, once this point had been attained in my calculations, there arose a remnant of the old perplexities. Lamar was still the disturbing factor, for, in spite of the deadly malady which had him in its unrelenting clutches, I could not be certain of his plans, so long as strength remained in him to leave his present quarters should he desire to do so. It could hardly be supposed that he would survive more than a year; at least that was the limit I had fixed, after allowing him what I believed to be a wide margin. A second examination had shown that the disease was advancing steadily. His precarious condition had in no way decreased my aversion for him, but it had the effect of ending any idea I might have entertained of resigning my post. To desert him now was out of the question. Yet to remain with him meant a postponement of the inevitable struggle for a professional foothold in some city, or even of a partnership with Banks. So long as I was in the hermit's employ I must be free to follow him if need arose. It was my duty, strive as I might to disguise the fact.

Dorothy and I did not continue quite the old friendship. There was a subtle difference in our relations. We were together often, though she seldom drove with me and there were no more boating excursions, but there was something of our former comradeship lacking. She was greater a quieter, more abstracted. The mourning she wore was no meaningless badge of sorrow. She was grieving over her aunt's loss, and, I feared, causelessly reproaching herself for the accident. It was not a time for me to speak; it was better to wait until her thoughts should be less with the dead and more with the living. I had determined, when my opportunity came, to lay my doubts and difficulties fairly before her, and to ask her aid in seeking a way out of them.

But many days wore away before the opportunity was mine. I had asked her to accompany me to Bassettville, and we were riding homeward from that town, with the horse fallen into his laziest jog-trot. For some little time neither of us had spoken. She was preoccupied, I thought, but it did not occur to me to suspect that any unusual cause existed for her abstraction. As for myself—well, inasmuch as she was by my side, I was fairly content.

"May I ask your advice?" she said, at last, breaking the silence.

"Surely, in anything," I answered.

"It seems to be best, but I am not quite satisfied with my own judgment." This she said as if more in explanation to herself than to her hearer. "I am going away."

"Why?" I demanded. "Why, and when, and whither?"

"It must be soon; I've realized it ever since my aunt's death," she said, with a brave effort at composure. "I am poor—I think you know that. I must find a way to support myself. I have thought that perhaps I could be most useful as a nurse, and that you could tell me where the best training-schools were. The people here have been very, very kind, but I must leave them.

"If you heed my advice you will not go away," said I. "And as to becoming a nurse, don't dream of such a thing. Have you any idea of the long hours of duty, the responsibility, the strain on mind and body?"

"Yes, I think I understand. But what else is there for me to do? Believe me, this is no hasty decision."

"But it is one you will never cease to regret."

"Regret? I hardly think that—unless I should find myself incapable."

"Nonsense! Pardon me for speaking so plainly, but that isn't the point at issue. The question you have to decide is this: Do you wish to devote your best years to labors arduous, exacting, often rewarded poorly in money and even less in gratitude, only to find yourself at the end of them broken in health and spirit? I tell you plainly you were not sent into this world to lead such an existence."

"Please don't discourage me," she said, almost entreatingly. "You don't understand. I want to do some good in my life, and the way I have chosen seems to me the best. I cannot teach, I am not a musician, I should starve as a seamstress. But as a nurse—"

"You're the best girl in the world, and the best place for you is right here."

My vehemence seemed to startle her, and she shrank a little from me.

"Dorothy, you must not go," I blundered on. "You speak of making your life useful. Can you not make mine happy? You are more to me than all the rest of the world. Without you I—I—"

Then words failed me. I tried to take her hand, but she drew it from my clasp.

"Dr. Morris, you are very kind, but—but—"

It was her turn to lose command of her voice, but she regained it quickly.

"Please forget what you have said," she went on. "It will be better so."

"But I don't want to forget it. I want to repeat it. Dorothy, can't you give me hope?"

"Please don't ask me. Why should you?"

"You may consider me ungenerous, but I must have an answer. What shall it be?"

"No."

The word was spoken low, but too distinctly to be mistaken. I looked at her in the vain hope of finding some encouragement in her face. Her eyes were averted, and she was very pale, but she was clearly mistress of herself. In desperation I pulled the horse down to a walk. I was determined to tell my tale through to the bitter end, now that it had been begun, and I desired plenty of time for the recital.

"Dorothy," said I, finding my only grain of comfort in the fact that she suffered me to address her thus, "Dorothy, I—I—love you. I should have revealed my secret long ago, had I felt free to do so. But so many obstacles were in the way. In the first place, I believed you to be rich. Had I come to you then and made my plea, it would have been with the feeling that I was playing the fortune hunter. I saw you daily, and daily the longing to speak grew, but I could not yield to it. Not only was I poor, but my prospects were uncertain. I was held by a contract which might call upon me to leave you, to go I knew not whither. If I broke that contract, I should cut off the greater part of the income from which I was trying to save something, with a faint chance that eventually I might be able to seek your hand with less suspicion of mercenary motives. Then Banks asked me to take his practice; but how could I either accept or refuse his proposition? Will you forgive me, Dorothy, if I confess that I rejoiced at the news that you were poor?"

"Was that generous?" she asked, but it seemed to me that there was no reproach in her tone.

"It was selfish, purely selfish, all through. I won't try to make excuses. It would be hypocrisy to attempt them. When a man's in love, he's selfishness itself. After I had learned that one stumbling block was out of the way, I determined to end my suspense as quickly as possible. Yet I waited day after day—you know why. But when you said that you were going away, it was too much. Hampered as I am, knowing how unworthy of you I am, Dorothy, I could not resist the temptation. I have had my answer. What happens to me after this won't matter, for I've told you that I love you."

This lucid statement finished, I stared at the trunk of a dead tree on the summit of a little hill far ahead of us, on which my eyes had rested throughout the explanation.

To this day I have a vivid mental photograph of that gaunt trunk and its seven bare branches—I counted them as carefully as if my fate had depended upon their number.

"I am very glad that you have told me this," said the girl, softly.

"I'm sorry I can't join in the feeling," said I, savagely. "Nothing is very gladdening to me just now."

"I had thought—"

"Well?"

"I had thought, feared, rather, that—"

"Well?" I repeated, still staring at the tree.

"That you were—were asking me out of pity for my poverty."

"You were mistaken."

There was a pause. I continued to glare at the tree; but, after a little, in some way the idea penetrated my brain that the hand withdrawn from me a little while before was now more neighborly. At any rate, a moment later it lay unresistingly in my clasp.

"You were mistaken," I repeated. It was pleasant to hold that hand, even though the privilege was one extended to a rejected suitor.

"And perhaps you were," she said, almost in a whisper.

"Eh! How?" said I, turning to her in perplexity. Her eyes met mine for an instant, and a deep blush mantled her cheeks.

"Can't you imagine?" The words were hardly audible, but at last I understood.

XXI.

Altogether, my memory presents the events of the next few days in a good deal of confusion. I went about as usual, I dare say, visited Lamar, chatted with Mrs. Weston, regularly appeased an excellent appetite, and demanded a slightly unreasonable share of Dorothy's time; but when I endeavor to recall each incident by itself a veil falls, as it were, to end the inquiry. I was too jubilant to heed trifles, and therefore there is now but a shadowy remembrance of delightful days which went only too quickly. Nevertheless, in the course of them we contrived to agree upon a general plan of action—or rather inaction, for it seemed wise to let matters continue as they were until we could see our way more clearly. To an early marriage Dorothy demurred, not only because of the short time which had passed since the death of Mrs. Loring, but also because, as she argued, a wife might seriously hamper me were Lamar to resume his wanderings and to demand my company in them. She took the view that, considering his condition, it was out of the question to think of ending my connection with him. In a year we should probably be free to go where we pleased, and then it was agreed that there should be a wedding, and, after all, a renewal of the effort to establish a practice in some city. My savings promised to suffice to support two of us for a considerable time, especially as we were willing to observe the most rigid economy. Meanwhile, Dorothy was to remain a member of Mrs. Clark's household.

I have set forth this summary of the plans we made, not because it was fated that they should be carried out, but because there is a degree of satisfaction in recalling the making of them. Almost as soon as we had decided to accept the situation, the events of a few hours wrought a complete change in them.

Lamar's case had presented several unfavorable symptoms, and it had become advisable to alter the treatment. I had driven to Bassettville to have a fresh prescription filled, and, returning, had reached Mrs. Weston's late in the afternoon. Ordinarily I should have postponed delivering the medicine until the morning, for I had little confidence in the power of any drugs in his behalf; but about nine o'clock in the evening, having bidden an unusually early good-night to Dorothy, I sat down to enjoy a quiet pipe. Smoking induced reflection, however, and after a little I resolved to visit my patient and thus to occupy the hour or two which must elapse before drowsiness would come. The night air was chilly, and a keen wind was blowing from the sea, making the light overcoat I wore a welcome addition to my attire. Approaching the knoll, I saw light streaming from the window of the living-room of the old house, proving that Lamar, in spite of his rapidly-failing health, was not yet forced to give up his evenings with his books. A volume in French lay open on the table when he unbarred the door in answer to the double knock which he recognized as mine. With the caution which was a part of his nature, he shot a heavy bolt back into its catch before he resumed his chair.

The table was a heavy piece of furniture, the length of it running on the line of the front door and another in the rear wall opening into the kitchen. Lamar sat in his usual place, to the left of the table as one entered, with his back to the fireplace. The chair I took was at the end of the table near the entrance. The room was well lighted by a powerful lamp hanging from the ceiling. The floor was carpeted. There was a bookcase in one corner, and two or three chairs stood against the walls, but the room was bare of ornament.

Lamar took the phial of medicine, and heard the directions for its use. It was hardly necessary to tell such a man that there was sufficient strychnine in it to make an overdose a very serious blunder, but, as a matter of form, I gave him the warning.

"The case progresses ill?" he said, after a pause.

"Yes. That is why the treatment is changed."

"The probable limit you mentioned—was it too great?"

There was no anxiety in his tone. He wanted the truth, and it was as well to let him have it.

"Yes," said I. "Please remember, though, that such estimates are mere guesses."

"I comprehend. It is a game of chance. You but reduce the period the odds favor."

"Exactly."

"To what extent?"

"A month—perhaps two."

"From the original six?"

"Yes."

Again there was a pause, during which he sat apparently in no wise shaken by such evil tidings. When at last he spoke it was to ask me about my other patients.

"I'm doing next to nothing," said I. "As you know, Mrs Loring is dead, and as for the natives, they hold to the old doctor. I've made no efforts to supplant him. We're very friendly. He's offered me his succession, but I shall decline it."

"You prefer a city?"

"Yes, even if I have to begin all over again."

He fell silent for a space, and then he asked:

"There was another lady—she is young—with Mrs. Loring. Has she departed?"

"Oh, no. She will remain here for—for some time."

"Ah!"

The tone gave no reason to suppose that he gauged my interest in the young woman, although I suspected that he measured it accurately.

"Have you any commands?" I asked, rather hastily rising and moving toward the door.

"None."

He, too, rose, with the intention of following me to the door and barring it after I had passed out. His movements were slow, however, and I had drawn the bolt and turned the knob before he was fairly out of his chair. In an instant the door swung back under a violent thrust from without, and I was seized by a powerful man, who hurled me from him with such force that I reeled against the table. As I caught at it for support, I saw Lamar step back to the wall and with a motion like a flash for quickness press the knob, the use of which he had explained after my discovery of the wire across the marsh. Then, with all his habitual coolness, he returned to his chair, and sat facing the intruders.

Three men had forced their way into the room, and, having locked the door behind them, were now ranged against the table, glaring at Lamar like tigers ready to spring upon their prey. My

He hurled me from him with such force that I reeled against the table.

assailant was of medium height, but heavily built. He was swarthy, black-mustached and black-haired, with a face which, under the influence of passion, suggested little more than brute ferocity. He was roughly dressed, in this respect differing widely from his companions, whose garments, though evidently designed for hard service, were of costly material. One of these men was young, hardly more than a boy—a remarkably comely fellow, with clean-cut features and a dark clear skin. The third man, who seemed to be the leader of the raiders, was tall and sinewy. His piercing eyes looked out from under heavy brows; a long mustache failed to hide the firm mouth. There was about this man an air of authority and a soldierly bearing which more than suggested military training. None of the three displayed weapons, though it was not easy to suppose that they had ventured unarmed on their mission.

The peril Lamar had dreaded had come upon him; the enemy he had fled from had found him at last. With all my experience of his marvelous nerve, I was amazed at the unshrinking courage with which he confronted his foes. Not a muscle of his face quivered. The only change I could mark was in his eye; the old look of the fugitive had gone, and in its place was the fierce light of desperate hate.

For a time, which seemed almost an eternity, though probably it could have been measured in seconds, no one spoke. Then the tall stranger, after motioning to his companions to change their places—a maneuver which brought the stripling opposite me, as I stood at Lamar's right—addressed the master of the house, pouring out upon him in the native tongue of both of them a stream of invectives, as I could guess from an occasional expletive of which I caught the meaning. As he spoke, half-smothered curses broke from the others. The man who had thrust me back seemed to be beside himself with rage, while I could see the fingers of the youth working convulsively, as if in anticipation of the moment of closing about Lamar's throat.

When the first burst of passion had spent itself, the spokesman began what appeared to be the recital of some terrible story. More than once he paused dramatically, but only to proceed with renewed fierceness. Withal, he made slow work of it—no doubt for the joy of prolonging his enemy's ordeal—for his tale was still unfinished when the only reinforcement we could hope for arrived. There was the sound of a door thrown open, then quick steps as the new-comer crossed the kitchen, and then Johnson burst into the room. With a bound he was beside Lamar, panting from his run, but quite prepared to take a hand in whatever might be doing.

It was a strange scene that the lamp shone down upon. There we were, three to three, ranged on either side of the table, the attacking force no longer outnumbering the defenders, but, of course, far better prepared for a struggle. They had blundered in delaying it, and now for a moment they hesitated, exchanging quick glances, and giving the fisherman an opportunity to study them. Lamar sat motionless, except for his eyes, which followed every movement of his chief adversary.

Suddenly the tall man gave a short quick order, and the youth, stepping to the door, opened it, and whistled shrilly. We heard an answering signal, followed by sounds of some one approaching the house, and then a fourth man, dressed like the ruffian at whose hands I had suffered, appeared in the door-way. The light dazzled him at first, and he halted on the threshold, shading his eyes with his left hand and displaying an ugly-looking knife in his right. While he stood there, his mate, with an oath, whipped out a similar weapon and sprang toward the table. Quick as the man was, however, John-

"No."

son was quicker, grappling him and hurling him back against the wall with such force that he lay stunned by the blow. I had had high respect for the fisherman's muscles, but never had I credited them with the ability to put forth such power as was evidenced by the crash of the burly stranger against the wall.

Again the defense had gained an advantage, but the odds were still against it. Three able-bodied assailants remained, and all of them now gave proof that they were armed; for, while Johnson was putting his man out of the fight, the leader and the young fellow opposite me had drawn daggers, although they had been unable to use them in aid of their ally, so speedily had he been worsted. I dare say they had revolvers as well, but preferred cold steel for the work they expected to do. Even on that lonely knoll a fusillade of pistol-shots might have attracted attention from the people of the knot of houses half a mile away. I know that the blades had a most wicked look, and that the sweat gathered on my forehead as I watched them and wondered which of them might be destined for me. I was frightened, thoroughly frightened; such courage as I possessed vanished at the gleam of the weapons, and, could I have fled, not a moment would I have tarried. But there was no escape; I was forced to remain and to see the end, which, though it involved the defeat of the enemy, I had no hand in bringing about.

Well-laid plans once disarranged are generally worse than none at all. The programme of the assailants, no doubt, had been prepared most carefully. After posting one of their number on the landward side of the knoll, the only direction from which, in their ignorance of the line of communication with Johnson's cottage, they would reasonably look for interference, they had advanced, and forced an entrance to the house. Once within, their prey was so completely in their grasp that, I dare say, they felt able to go about their business with cold-blooded deliberation. I do not flatter myself with the belief that my presence disturbed them in the least. But, while the arraignment of Lamar may have been intensely satisfying as a prelude to their vengeance, it was a sad blunder; for it gave Johnson time to reach the scene and to change the whole aspect of the affair.

Had they pressed the attack as soon as their comrade was overthrown, it is altogether likely that one of them might have reached Lamar; but, unluckily for them, they failed to seize the opportunity in the second or two of its existence. Their hesitation, brief as it was, meant defeat; for no sooner had his man fallen than Johnson drew a brace of revolvers from his pockets, and when the strangers started forward they looked into the muzzles of the pistols. Lamar, too, thus protected, had pulled out a key and was unlocking a drawer of the table; and presently he added another ugly-looking weapon to the array trained upon the foe.

"Sorry there ain't none for you, doctor," I heard Johnson remark, "but I guess we can attend to our friends now."

For a moment I thought that two of our adversaries would risk the bullets, though the last comer quailed at the first sight of the fire-arms; but even for them the odds were now too great. They dared not even risk trying to reach their own pistols. They probably had no stomach for such a combat as was now offered them. Reluctantly, step by step, they retreated toward the door. Then, suddenly, with an oath, the leader wheeled about, and, gnashing his teeth in baffled rage, strode from the room.

"Here, you two," cried Johnson, "carry off your wounded."

I doubt if they understood his words, but his gesture as he pointed to the man lying unconscious on the floor was plain enough. Sullenly they picked up their comrade and bore him into the open air. The fisherman followed them to the door, and watched them hurry away toward the stream on the north side of the little hill.

"Come in a boat, eh?" said he. "That's it; you can hear the oars. I'll bet they've something to do with that schooner lying off there in the bay. Well, Mr. Lamar, they're off, and I guess they've had enough, thank ye, for one evenin'."

"It was fortunate they chose to do their talking first and their business afterward," said I. "But I think we're quit of them for some time to come. The abuse that tall chap showered on you was unpleasant, but it was mighty valuable, as I figure it out."

"Did you comprehend?" Lamar asked.

"No, except that he was cursing you as energetically as he could."

He seemed relieved at the answer.

"How are you feeling?" said I. "That's not the sort of entertainment that does you any good. It must not be repeated."

"Yet it has profited me," he answered. "I am stronger, better."

"But you'll pay for it, I am afraid. Let me see how you have stood it."

"Not now," said he, waving me back. "To-night I have work to do. May I request you both to remain here for a time?"

"Certainly. We should not think of leaving you before daybreak."

"That will suffice," he answered. "For the present, I go to my room."

"Johnson, what do you make of all this?" I asked, when Lamar had left us.

"Not much," he answered, "'cept 'twas a close shave for the boss. I thought he'd have trouble with that locked drawer if ever he wanted to get at his guns in a hurry. Why, if he'd tried to open it before I come, they'd have carved him into mince-meat before he could have got to his weepins. He would keep it locked, though, and you know he ain't a man to argy with. Lucky I brought my brace along; but 'twas his orders I should, whenever I got the call."

"Why did they pursue him to this corner of the earth? What's the secret, anyway?"

"It's clean beyond me," said he. "Some furrin feud, I reckon."

"This is never the end of it."

"It won't end till somebody's dead," he answered, emphatically. "Like enough a killin' was the start of it."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Baggage Smasher's Fate.

First Baggage-Smasher—Say, Jake, I'm thinkin' it 'ud be money in our pockets if we'd begin handlin' trunks more kearful.

Jake—Why wud it?

"Because the more we smash 'em the bigger, and stronger, and heavier they make 'em. I've struck three this mornin' made out of reg'lar boiler iron. Me back's 'most broke."—N. Y. Weekly.

Ruined by His Eloquence.

"How's your son, the barrister, getting on?"

"Badly, poor fellow. He's in prison."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; he was retained by a burglar to defend him, and he made so good a plea in the burglar's behalf that the judge held him as an accessory."—Tit-Bits.

Measurements.

"I've seen the machine workers," said Senator Sorghum's emissary.

"How do they feel?"

"Their enthusiasm is beyond measure."

"No it isn't. There is always one way of measuring their enthusiasm."

"How?"

"By the barrel."—Washington Star.

An Unlucky Star.

They look upon the gems of night,
So clear, so bright, so far,
"My love," said he, "will constant be
As yonder steady star."
But even as he spoke there came
To both a sudden jar—
That speck of light has dropped from sight—
It was a shooting star!

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Portuguese Have Lost the Impulse of Discovery and Conquest.

In the early years of the sixteenth century, long before the first Dutch fort was erected at Cape Town, Portugal had planted her settlers at various points along the east coast from Delagoa bay to the Zambesi and Mozambique, says Century. They did some trading in gold and ivory with the interior, and they ascended the Zambesi for several hundred miles. But the pestilential strip of flat ground which lay between the coast and the plateau damped their desires and threw obstacles in the way of their advance. They did little to explore and nothing to civilize the interior.

Three centuries passed, during which our knowledge of south central Africa was scarcely extended; and it was not until some 60 years ago that the Dutch Boers, in their slow wagons, passed northeastward from Cape Colony to the spot where Bloemfontein and Pretoria now stand; not till 1854-6 that David Livingstone made his way through Buchuanaland to the Victoria falls of the Zambesi and to the Atlantic coast at Loanda; not till 1889 that the vast territories which lie between the Transvaal republic and Lake Tanganyika began to be occupied by the Mashonaland pioneers. All these farmers, exploring and mining prospectors came up over the high plateau from the extreme southernmost end of Africa, checked from time to time by the warlike native tribes, but drawn on by finding everywhere a country in which Europeans could live and thrive; while the Portuguese, having long since lost the impulse of discovery and conquest, did no more than maintain their hold upon the coast, and allowed even the few forts they had established along the course of the Zambesi to crumble away.

SUBMARINE DINNER PARTY.

One of the Most Singular Banquets Ever Partaken Of.

Some time ago the labor of deepening the harbor of Clotat was completed. To celebrate the completion of his labor and to make the occasion memorable the contractor gave to the members of his staff and the representatives of the press a banquet unprecedented, says Harper's Round Table, for its originality. The table was set eight meters below the level of the sea, at the very bottom of the harbor, inside the "caisson" in which the excavators had been at work, and only the narrow walls of the caisson separated the guests from the enormous mass of water around and above their heads. The new fashioned banqueting hall was splendidly decorated and lighted, and but for a certain buzzing in the ears, caused by the pressure of air kept up in the chamber in order to prevent the inrush of water, nobody would have suspected that the slightest interruption in the working of the air pump would have sufficed to asphyxiate the whole party. After the banquet an improvised concert prolonged the festivity for several hours, after which the guests reascended into the open air.

AN AWFULLY LAZY MAN.

Too Lazy to Work and Slept While Off Fishing.

"The laziest man I ever knew was Jeff Towson, of Peoria," said J. C. Tappan, of that city. "Jeff was too lazy to work, and fished in Peoria lake, about three or four miles above the city. He was a more constant sleeper that Dickens' fat boy, and it used to be said that he slept as he walked, but it is certain that as soon as he sat down he would fall asleep. On account of this habit he lost several poles and fishing lines, which caused him to adopt an original method. He lay on the bank, fastening a line to his ankle. If a fish bit the hook it would wake him, and he pulled it in. One day a larger fish than usual snapped the bait, and when Jeff awoke he was in the river. After the most energetic struggle he ever made he succeeded in getting to shore, but it looked as though he would have to devise a new plan. But he did not abandon tying the line to his ankle; he simply procured a rope and fastened one end around his body and the other to a tree, and in this way he has fished and slept for a good many years now."

PATENT ON A FARO BOX.

Inadvertently One Was Issued by the Government in 1812.

During a discussion over a sociable game of cards a few evenings since, in which several prominent congressional people took part, the statement was made that the faro box, an instrument in use in every gambling establishment of the land, had been consecrated by letters patent of the United States. To settle the controversy two of the parties spent the day hunting up the records.

They found that Robert Bayley was given a patent May 15, 1812, for a new and useful improvement called the fair dealer or the chartae lusodiae. The letters patent were under the hand of James Madison, president, by James Monroe, secretary of state, and were executed by William Pinckney, as attorney general. In the schedule which was attached to the patent the ordinary faro deal box is described perfectly.

Job for a Good Statistician.

It is reported in court circles, says the London Daily Chronicle, that Queen Victoria will never hold another drawing-room in person, as the fatigue is too great at her advanced age. Some statistician equipped with a counting machine should figure out the number of English girls who have been presented to Queen Victoria in the course of her reign.

Phonographs in Watches.

The new watch is to have a phonograph cylinder hidden away, and at the hour and at each quarter of an hour a tiny voice will be heard giving you the exact time. You will simply touch a spring, hold the watch to your ear, and the little fairy on the inside will whisper the hour.

An Admonition.

"My boy," said the father of the ambitious young man, "let politics alone. Save your money and invest it in real estate."

"But some men seem to get along very well."

"Of course. And if your country really needs you, it'll call for you. But don't throw yourself into the scramble. Blocks of houses are safer investments than blocks of five, every time."—Washington Star.

The Clove Cure.

She was talking confidentially to her bosom friend.

"Now that we are married," she said, "John has stopped drinking entirely. I have not detected the odor of liquor about him since our wedding day."

"Was it difficult for him to stop?" inquired the bosom friend.

"O, no; not at all. He just eats cloves. He says thatis a certain cure."—Bay City Chat.

A Matter of Making Up.

The wife of his bosom had bought for him
Just the loveliest made-up tie.
And he only escaped from wearing the thing
By many a made-up lie.

—Indianapolis Journal.