THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL. XXXIII | BUTLER, PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1896. | No. 36

State Library July96

Huselton's GRAND SUMMER SHOE SALE!

Not "single line" reductions, but "WHOLE LOTS" sacrificed.

This is a Genuine Slaughter Sale of all Summer Shoes

SHOES FOR MEN.	Shoes reduced 10 per cent.
SHOES FOR BOYS.	Shoes reduced 20 per cent.
SHOES FOR WOMEN.	Shoes reduced 30 per cent.
SHOES FOR MISSES.	Shoes reduced 40 per cent.
SHOES FOR CHILDREN.	Shoes reduced 50 per cent.
SHOES FOR INFANTS.	Shoes reduced 60 per cent.

All Kinds of Shoes at All Kinds of Prices.

Shoes sold in this sale warranted to be lower than manufacturers' prices and much lower than other retailers ask for inferior goods.

LADIES' Tan, Lace and Button Shoes $3, $3.50, now $2.50; and $2.75 now $2. $1.50 and $2 now $1.10 and $1.50. $1.25 and $1.35 now $1.

MEN'S Russet Shoes, Razor and Newport toes were $5, $4 and $3.50, clearance $3.50, $2.50 and $2.15; others were $1.50 and $2, now $1.10 and $1.50.

FINE Buff Bals and Congress were $1.25, now 85c.

YOUTHS' Russet Shoes were $1.25 and $1.50, all go at 90c and $1.10.

WORKING Shoes 75c.

BOYS' Russet Shoes, Razor and square toes, the $1.50 and $1.35 grades, go at 95c and $1.15. Buff Bals were $1.00, now 75c.

LADIES' Fine Oxfords were 75c and $1, now 50c. Opera Slippers were 75c, now 40c. Grain Shoes were $1, now go at 75c.

MISSES' Tan Shoes with spring heels $1 and $1.25. One lot of Black, all go at 75c.

WOMENS' Home Slippers at 19c, 25c, 40c and 50c.

Shoes at almost any price. A bargain in every pair. These Shoes are not shoddy, cheap trash, but honest goods made of honest leather.

Opposite Hotel Lowry BUTLER, PA.

B. C. HUSELTON.

Mrs. J. E. Zimmerman

1896. FALL ANNOUNCEMENT. 1896.

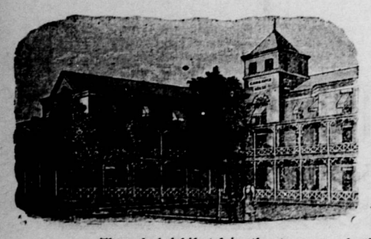
Great Special Sales IN MANY LINES OF **New Fall Goods!**

GREAT CLEARING SALES in ALL lines of SUMMER GOODS.

Tuesday, September 1st, the great Butler Fair will throw open its gates to the public. We also on that date will open for your inspection the largest, most elegant and varied stock of new Fall and Winter Goods we have ever shown you. We cordially invite you to visit our store at this time, whether you wish to purchase or not. Make it a place to rest; meet your friends here. You will find a cozy resting corner in our Art Department, to rest and chat. We can show you new Winter Blankets; think of all novel white and colored blankets, large size, at $2 98. The new Fall and Winter Rothschild Wraps, you know them to be perfect in fit, up-to-date in style. Prices lower than asked elsewhere for inferior garments. New styles in Winter Dress Goods; our import orders were placed in June. We can show you all the latest French, German and English weaves and fabrics at manufacturers' prices. New Fall Millinery. We know it is early, but already the ladies want to know what is to be worn on their heads this winter. We can tell you all about it, and show you the advance ideas for season of 1896-97; remember us when you visit the Fair. We will try and make a visit to our store both pleasant and profitable.

Mrs. J. E. Zimmerman

See our display at the Fair. Successor to Ritter & Ralston.



STOP AT THE NEW CAMRIDGE HOUSE WHEN IN Cambridgeboro, Pa.

Within a few minutes walk of the best minera springs in America.

The only brick hotel in the town, newly furnished, elevator, free bus to trains and springs. Rates, $2 per day, weekly rates on application to the proprietors.

HAGGERTY & WHITE.

Prescriptions and Family Recipes

are matters of importance and should be filled carefully and with pure drugs only, we give them our special attention.

The Baby

requires a little special care during the warm weather, especially if fed from a bottle, we have a supply of frest infant food, at all times, also bottles, nipples, tubes, bottle and tube cleaners etc. If you desire a sterilizer we can supply you with one, or will be pleased to furnish any desired information concerning them,

Disinfectants should be used extensively at this season of the year, the best being copperas, chloride-lime, and crude carbolic acid, the latter being better than the pure, as in purifying an important disinfecting agent is removed, we have a large supply of these at all times.

We also carry a full line of toilet articles and sick-room requisites.

REDICK & GROHMANN

PEOPLES PHONE. 114. 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.

TRY US ON JOB WORK

Easy to Take Easy to Operate

Are features peculiar to Hood's Pills. Small in size, tasteless, efficient, thorough. As one man said: "You never know you have taken a pill till it is all over." 25c. C. I. Hood & Co., Proprietors, Lowell, Mass. The only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills

RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

Western Pennsylvania Division.

Schedule in Effect May 18, 1896.

South.

	Week Days					
	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
BUTLER.....Leave	6 25	8 00	11 20	2 45	5 05	
Saxonburg...Arrive	6 54	8 25	11 43	3 10	5 28	
Butler Jct.... "	7 27	8 47	12 07	3 35	5 53	
Butler Jct....Leave	7 30	8 48	12 12	3 35	5 53	
Natrona.....Arrive	7 38	8 58	12 21	3 45	6 02	
Tarentum.....	7 43	9 03	12 26	3 52	6 07	
Springdale.....	7 52	9 12	12 38	4 02	....	
Claremont.....	8 07	9 25	12 53	4 16	6 27	
Sharpsburg.....	8 14	9 31	1 01	4 22	6 32	
Allegheny City.....Arr	8 25	9 42	1 14	4 33	6 42	
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.

SUNDAY TRAINS — Leave Butler for Allegheny City and principal intermediate stations 7.40 A. M., 3.30 and 5.00 P. M.

North.

	Week Days					
	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Allegheny City..Lv.	7 00	9 00	11 25	3 00	5 30	
Sharpsburg.....	7 11	9 12	11 37	....	....	
Claremont.....	....	9 19	11 45	....	....	
Springdale.....	....	9 30	11 59	....	5 55	
Tarentum.....	7 32	9 39	12 08	3 30	6 07	
Natrona.....	7 37	9 43	12 13	3 34	6 11	
Butler Jct.....Ar	7 45	9 50	12 23	3 40	6 20	
Butler Jct..... Lv	7 45	9 50	12 34	3 45	6 20	
Saxonburg.....	8 10	10 15	12 59	4 09	6 44	
BUTLER.....Ar.	8 35	10 38	1 25	4 35	7 10	
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.

SUNDAY TRAINS—Leave Allegheny City for Butler and principal intermediate stations 7.25 A. M., 12.30 and 7.15 P. M.

Week Days		For the East		Week Days.	
p. m.	a. m.			a. m.	p. m.
2 45	6 25	Lv BUTLER...Ar		10 02	12 56
3 35	7 27	Ar Butler Jct Lv		9 53	12 42
3 40	7 45	Lv Butler Jct Ar		9 40	12 34
3 46	7 49	Ar Freeport.. Lv		9 33	12 30
3 56	7 53	" Alleg'y Jct "		9 33	12 21
4 00	8 04	" Leechburg.. "		9 20	12 12
4 19	8 21	"Faulton(Apollo"		9 05	11 55
4 45	8 51	" Saltsburg.... "		8 37	11 32
5 18	9 22	" Blairsville... "		8 05	11 00
5 27	9 30	"Blairsville Int'n"		7 45	10 15
8 50	11 35	" Altoona..... "		3 40	8 00
1 00	3 10	" Herrisburg... "		11 55	3 10
4 30	6 23	" Philadelphia. "		8 50	11 20
a. m.	p. m.			p. m.	p. m.

Through trains for the east leave Pittsburg (Union Station) as follows:—

Atlantic Express,	daily	3 10	A. M.
Pennsylvania Limited	"	7 15	"
Day Express,	"	7 30	"
Main Line Express	"	8 00	"
Philadelphia Express	"	4 30	P. M.
Eastern Express	"	7 05	"
Fast Line	"	8 10	"

For detailed information, address Thos. E. Watt, Pass. Agt. Western District, cor Fifth Ave. and Smithfield St., Pittsburg, Pa.

S. M. PREVOST, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Passr. Agent.

PITTSBURG & WESTERN Railway. Allegheny Short Line. Schedule in effect, July 19, 1896.

Butler Time,	Depart.	Arrive
Allegheny Accommodation..	6 25 am	9 25 am
Allegheny Flyer.....	8 15 am	10 00 am
Akron Mail.....	8 15 am	7 30 pm
New Castle Accomo.....	8 15 am	9 25 am
Allegheny Accomo.....	10 05 am	12 20 pm
Allegheny Express.....	2 55 pm	4 55 pm
Chicago Express.....	3 35 pm	12 20 pm
Allegheny Mail.....	6 05 pm	7 20 pm
Ellwood Accomo.....	6 05 pm	7 30 pm
Chicago Express.....	6 05 pm	9 25 am
Allegheny Express.....		8 00 pm
Kane and Bradford Mail....	10 05 am	5 20 pm
Clarion Accomo.....	5 15 pm	9 50 am
Foxburg Accomo.....	7 35 pm	8 05 am
SUNDAY TRAINS.		
DeForest Jct. Accomo.....	8 15 am	7 30 pm
Allegheny Accomo.....		10 00 am
Chicago Express.....	3 35 pm	4 55 pm
Allegheny Accomo.....	6 05 pm	4 55 pm

Pullman Buffet Sleeping Cars and first-class Day Coaches run through between Butler and Chicago daily.

For through tickets to points in the West Northwest or Southwest apply to

A. B. CROUCH, Agent Butler, Pa.

Trains leave the B. & O. depot in Pittburg for the East as follows:

For Washington, D. C., Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York, 7.30 and 9.20 p. m. Cumberland, 6.40, 7.30, a. m. 1.10, 4.20, 4.45, 5.30, 5.20 p. m. Uniontown, 7.30 a. m., 1.10, 4.30, 5.30 p. m. Uniontown, Morgantown and Fairmont, 7.30, a. m. and 5.30 p. m. Mt. Pleasant, 6.40, 7.30 a. m. 1.10 and 4.30 p. m. Washington, Pa., 7.40 and 9.30 a. m., 4.00, 4.45 and 9.00, 11.55 p. m. Wheeling, 7.40, and 9.30 a. m., and 4.00, 9.00, 11.55 p. m. Cincinnati, St. Louis, Columbus and Newark, 7.40 a. m., 9.10, 11.55 p. m.

For Chicago, 2.40 and 9.30 p. m.

Parlor and sleeping cars to Baltimore Washington, Cincinnati and Chicago.

H. D. DUNKLE, Gen. Supt. Allegheny, Pa
C. W. BASSETT, A.G.P.A., Allegheny, Pa
R. P. REYNOLDS, Supt., Foxburg, Pa.

THE PITTSBURG, SHENANGO & LAKE ERIE RAILROAD.

TIME TABLE—In effect Monday, June 28, 1896. Trains are run by Standard Central Time (90th Meridian).

Going North.				Going South		
10	14	12	STATIONS	3	11	13
p.m	pm	p.m.	Arr Lv	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
....	4 55	2 30	.....Buffalo.....		5 35	2 2
...	3 24	1 00	.....Dunkirk.....		6 56	1 4
		a.m.				
7 00	1 42	9 48	.....Erie.....	6 10	8 35	3 3
6 25	1 09	9 15	.Wallace Junct.	6 47	9 15	4 1
6 20	1 04	9 11	.....Girard.....	6 50	9 18	4 1
6 20	12 54	8 59	...Lockport.....	7 00	9 29	4 2
6 02	12 48	8 51	.Crancsville..	7 08	9 38	4 3
6 43	.....	10 22	ar.Conneaut lv.	....	7 40	5 1
3 10	.....	7 40	lv ar	....	10 22	6 48
5 57	12 44	8 45	ar...Albion.....lv	7 11	9 41	4 37
5 43	12 35	8 31	.. Shadeland...	7 23	9 53	4 51
5 40	12 30	8 29	... Springboro...	7 27	9 56	4 55
5 33	12 24	8 20	..Conneautville..	7 34	10 03	5 03
5 08	12 06	8 00	... Mea'v'le Jct...	8 00	10 25	5 25
4 57	12 15	8 07	ar. Expo. Park. lv	8 07	10 15	4 57
4 57	10 15	7 34	lv ar	8 07	....	....
4 56	10 02	7 20	lv .Conn't Lake.....		10 02	4 46
4	12 22	8 10	ar ar	8 17	10 50	5 39
4 20	9 35	6 45	v..Meadville..lv.....		9 35	4 20
....	12 47	8 42	ar ar	8 42	11 25	6 16
No 2	11 51	7 42	...Hartstown..	No 1	10 39	5 3
....	11 46	7 37	...Adamsville...	....	10 34	5 4
....	11 38	7 27	....Osgood.....	....	10 23	5 5
6 25	11 30	7 15	... Greenville....	6 30	11 07	6 0
6 18	11 20	7 05	....Shenango....	6 40	11 20	6 23
6 00	10 55	6 45	....Fredonia....	7 05	11 44	6 00
5 44	10 45	6 25	.....Mercer.....	7 22	12 04	7 14
5 30	10 29	6 10	.....Pardoe.....	7 36	12 22	7 25
5 19	10 20	6 00	... Grove City...	7 47	12 33	7 36
5 06	10 08	5 48	.. Harrisville....	7 58	12 45	7 45
4 58	10 00	5 40	.. Branchton.....	8 06	12 54	7
5 00	....	8 10	lv .Branchton. ar	7 10	12 10	....
5 45	....	8 55	ar...Hilliard...lv	6 25	11 15	....
4 53	9 50	5 35	v....Keisters....	8 10	12 58	7 49
4 39	9 42	5 21	.....Euclid.....	8 22	1 12	8 03
4 10	9 18	4 50	.... Butler.....	8 50	1 42	8 32
2 20	7 20	.....	Allegheny, P&W'H o	3 50	....	
2 15	a.m	.....	Pittsburg, B&O. p. m	p. m	..	

NOTE.—Train No. 1 starts from Exposition Park at 5:45 a.m. Mondays only. No. 2 runs to Exposition Park Saturdays only.

Trains 15 and 16 will run Sunday only between Butler and Exposition Park, making all stops. Lv Butler at 7:30 a.m. Returning leave Exposition Park 6 p.m.

J. T. BLAIR, General Manager, Greenville, Pa
W. G. SARGEANT, G. P. A., Meadville, Pa

Butler Savings Bank

Butler, Pa.

Capital - - $60,000.00
Surplus and Profits, $119,263.67

OS. L. PURVIS.....President
HENRY TROUTMAN.....Vice-President
WM. CAMPBELL, Jr.....Cashier
LOUIS B. STEIN.....Teller
DIRECTORS—Joseph L. Purvis, J. Henry Troutman, W. D. Brandon, W. A. Stein, J. S. Campbell.

The Butler Savings Bank is the Oldest Banking Institution in Butler County.

General banking business transacted.

We solicit accounts of all producers, merchants, farmers and others.

All Business entrusted to us will receive prompt attention.

Interest paid on time deposits

YOU CAN FIND THIS PAPER AT REMINGTON BROS. Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.) where advertising can be contracted for.

The Weldon Estate

By Alfred R. Calhoun.

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CHAPTER X.

In obedience to the stronger will and the additional fact that Captain Brandon had rescued him from his pursuers, Howard Blanchard submitted at once to his control and followed where he led. Back into the hills they went until it was nearly daylight, when Howard, who had been stumbling on behind with feet as heavy as his heart, called out:

"Captain, do you think we are bettering ourselves by this flight?"

"You are deceived," replied the captain. "The man who gallops back for re-enforcements when the battle is raging can hardly be said to be retreating. If Louis Kyle is living, I expect to hear from him before the sun goes down."

The captain resumed the lead, and descending from the mountain side, which they had been traversing, entered a valley. This valley narrowed as they went on, the sloping sides rising at a sharper and sharper angle until they became perpendicular and the valley became a canyon. Through this canyon a thread of clear water flowed, with a splashing and waving that struck Howard to be out of all proportion to its size. Even the fall of his own feet and the sound of his voice impressed him as painful exaggerations.

The high perpendicular walls of the canyon magnified the sound, the echoes being dashed back and forth till lost in a hoarse murmur far overhead. As they went on it seemed to Howard as if they were descending into the bowels of the earth. The narrow strip of blue sky looked like an ethereal river in which the stars were reflected, for be it known that in the profound depths that characterize the mountains of the west the stars can be distinctly seen even when the cloudless sun shines with midsummer fervor in the sky of the upper world.

"Can we ever get out of this place, captain?" asked Howard Blanchard, when the darkness became so dense that he could hardly make out the form of his guide a few yards in the advance.

"Yes. Trust to me and keep a good heart," replied the captain, without halting or looking back.

To pass from the narrow, black cell of a dungeon into the center of an illuminated salon in Windsor palace, if suddenly affected, would be a transformation that would blind the eyes for the time and overwhelm the senses. If a light like the sun were suddenly to flash in the high heavens at midnight, people would ignore the phenomenon for the moment in the overwhelming effect upon the senses, yet something like this happened to Howard Blanchard. There was a short turn in the canyon—a turn that revealed what seemed to Howard Blanchard like the door of a mighty furnace filled with molten gold, and in this door the black form of Captain Brandon stood out like a statue against the sun.

"Hold your hand to your eyes for a bit," the captain shouted back, himself setting the example, and Howard obeyed him. After a few minutes the captain called out:

"Now, open your eyes and come on."

This advice was to prepare the young man for the sudden effect of a light that was natural, but dazzling on account of the change and the brilliancy of the surrounding snow peaks from which it was reflected. A few yards farther on Howard Blanchard discovered that the canyon terminated in a valley or depression about a quarter of a mile in diameter. Excepting at a point directly opposite to that by which they had entered, this remarkable valley was shut in by precipitous walls that rose up for 3,000 feet or more, and here and there detached masses in the form of pinnacles and looking like the mighty ruins of Gothic cathedrals rose for 1,000 feet higher.

The stream flowing along the bottom of the canyon by which the two men had entered widened out into an irregular shaped lake a hundred yards wide in its narrowest diameter and flashing like a great mirror in the center of the rock rimmed basin. Here the waters seemed to rest before rushing on through the opening in the opposite wall, by which avenue they went down to join the sulphur crusted rocks of the wonderful Yellowstone. The lake was further fed by a waterfall that leaped from the summit of the wall, starting as a band of liquid silver and reaching the bottom a veil of iridescent foam. The irregular shape of this valley added not a little to its beauty. The few trees near the walls, the many shrubs bordering the lake and the grass carpeting the expanse were of various shades of emerald, each, as the eye rested on it, seeming the very perfection of nature's coloring.

"Why," exclaimed Howard Blanchard, when he could give utterance to his surprise, "this is wonderful!"

"The Indians call it 'The Great Spirit's Council Place,'" said the captain, his face glowing in the soft light that suffused everything about him.

"And a fitting name it is. The combined hands of humanity, working through all the ages, could not build so glorious a structure to the honor of the ever living God," said the enraptured Howard.

Captain Brandon, who had been standing bareheaded, replaced his hat and said, "Let us be moving on."

As Howard followed him he asked, "Is it not curious that this place is not inhabited?"

"It is a place in the belief of the Indians too sacred for man to dwell in."

"But white men could have no such feelings."

"True. White men consider no place sacred that they have not built themselves. Our altars are sacred in proportion to the art we lavish on them. But this temple has a priest."

"A priest?"

"Yes; a priest as pure and faithful as ever devoted his life to the truth."

"Who can he be?"

"This," said Captain Brandon, coming to a halt, "is the home of Daniel the Prophet."

"Of that remarkable being who came to our aid?"

"Yes."

"The chances are he is now a prisoner in Bouton's hands."

"No, Howard, the chances are he has reached this place ahead of us."

They had come to a halt opposite a series of openings that looked like immense honeycombs cut into the face of the wall. Both heard a noise and bent to listen. From faroff depths they caught the sound of a deep bass voice singing. Howard recognized the air. He had often heard it in the camp meetings of West Virginia. The words, at first indistinguishable, became plainer and plainer, till he caught the phrases:

A strong mountain is our God,
And the hills are his footstool.

"That is the Prophet," said Howard, awed by the sound and the silent sublimity of his surroundings.

"Yes, he comes this way."

The words had but passed Captain Brandon's lips when the rhythmic beating of feet could be heard in cadence with the voice. Then the measure changed, and in more joyous tones the words rang out:

"I am Joseph, your brother," he said,
"And still to my heart are you dear.
You sold me. You thought I was dead.
But God for your sake sent me here.'

By Lebanon's shadow we stood,
The dark cedars rose out 'gainst the sky,
When the gray coat was dappled with blood
And the slave traders came passing by.

The Prophet had reached the exit of the cave and stood framed by the rocks and bathed by the golden sunlight.

"You are here," he cried, "here, as I expected!" And he hastened out and gave a hand to each.

"Any news from Louis Kyle?" asked the captain as they followed the Prophet into the cave.

"Follow me and you will see," said the Prophet, still striding ahead.

They followed, and as they went on the light became dimmer, but so gradually that they could see the vaulted roof and the supporting stalactitic pillars with the greatest distinctness. Two hundred feet from the entrance the hall widened into a chamber of such proportions that the farther walls were but indistinctly discernible in the "dim religious light." In the center of this chamber—if such the splendid cathedrallike expanse could be called—a fire burned on what looked to be an altar, and about it the indistinct forms of a number of men could be seen. As the captain and Howard Blanchard neared the fire one of the figures turned and came hastily toward them. It did not need a second glance to discover the handsome face and graceful form of Louis Kyle.

"Captain Brandon and Mr. Blanchard," he said in a husky and troubled voice, "I met the Prophet this morning, and he told me all. I did what I could to avert the blow. I never dreamed that you had a traitor in your own camp."

"Our case is bad," replied the captain, still retaining the young man's hand, "and but for you it might have been worse. Do your companions come to aid us?"

"They do. They are my father's herders, and there is not one of them who is not ready to die with me and for me," replied Louis Kyle.

"Before another sun rises they will have a chance to prove their devotion."

"And you can trust me that they will not be found wanting," responded Louis.

"Come, my friends," said the Prophet, "before doing more you must eat and rest. Of old the faithful lived in caves, but it is no place recorded that they lived without food. Come with me and bathe. Nature has made ample provision here."

He led them into a smaller apartment, illuminated by two torches, the red light of which fell upon a deep, clear fountain in the center.

"I will call you when the meal is prepared."

When the Prophet withdrew, Howard asked Louis Kyle how he reached that place with the Prophet and where his horses were.

"Two of my men are guarding the horses in a well grassed valley far up the cliffs. But as to the manner of our reaching here I cannot tell you. I only know that I could not retrace my steps," replied Louis.

"Did you not come through the canyon?"

"No; we entered a cave miles away, it seems to me. We had no lights and had to hold to each other's belts, the Prophet taking the lead. How he ever made his way through the Stygian labyrinth I cannot explain. But here we are, and only your presence assures me that we are not in another world."

They washed their hands and faces in the pool and were surprised to find the water quite tepid to the touch and somewhat saline to the taste. In less than half an hour the Prophet again appeared and called to them to follow him. He led them into the place where the fire was burning and the grateful aroma of broiling venison filled the air. On wooden dishes ranged about the altar they found an abundance of cooked meats and delicious trout. They would have set to work eating with western promptness had not the Prophet called out in a solemn voice:

"First kneel and let us return thanks."

Every man knelt before a dish, so forming a circle about the altar, and the Prophet offered up a prayer, filled with Biblical quotations and startling rhetorical phrases of his own. He had the good sense not to pray the victuals cold. He brought up suddenly and set an example he would have his guests follow.

"Now, my brethren," said the Prophet when the meal was concluded, "we must have rest. Sleep without fear, and when the time for action comes I will call you."

CHAPTER XI.

Bouton made known his intentions to his prisoners, informing them of the charge and his intention to take Dr. Blanchard back to West Virginia for trial. The doctor tore up the warrant in his face, and indignantly denied the charge.

The doctor deemed an explanation due to those about him, and told the story of his life. With much shrewdness he guessed at the plot in which Lawyer Bliss and his sons were so deeply interested. When the doctor had finished, sturdy John Clyde, as spokesman for the immigrants, said:

"We don't need your explanation, doctor, to convince us of your innocence. We believe in you and are ready to fight for you, though we one and all regret that our fighting will do no good at this time. But we can say this—we do not propose to leave here till this thing is settled."

When Dr. Blanchard became calmer, he saw that resistance would be useless, and he reasoned that Bouton would not hesitate to enforce his command. Drawing Alice and Clara to one side he said:

"My children, there is nothing left but to submit to these men. Let us go with them, and trust to heaven to shield us from the harm they contemplate."

"We will go with you, father," said Alice, with her arms about his neck. "We could not, would not remain back. Keep good heart and succor will come. I have faith in Louis Kyle."

"As I have," replied the doctor. "But let us be getting ready."

Believing that the outlaws would not dare to take them within reach of the law, and hoping that a rescue would soon come, the doctor decided to leave all his effects not needed for immediate use in the care of John Clyde. Clyde and his companions having made up their minds to remain where they were till the doctor's troubles were over, at once began preparations for a permanent camp. Promptly at noon Bouton came over, leading two saddle horses, Patch following with a pack mule intended to carry the "outfit" of the young ladies.

"Doctor," he said, "you can ride your own horse for the present. Come, we are waiting for you."

The parting of the doctor and his daughters from the immigrants was sad in the extreme. The women clung to Alice and Clara, and the men could not check their tears as they held the old man's hand. John Clyde helped Alice and Clara to mount, hands were waved in adieu, and the march to an unknown destination began. All Bouton's men were in the saddle and waiting. Henry Kyle, pale and reticent, was at the rear of the line, where the pack animals were in readiness. The prisoners, for such they were, were placed in the center of the line. The cavalcade headed for the south and soon wound out of the valley of the Blue Water.

Sim Bliss and his brother Tom, after the exultation over their success had subsided, began to ask themselves how their plans had been furthered and what remained to be done for their perfection. While the Bliss brothers were discussing the situation Bouton's brain was not

"My children, there is nothing left but to submit."

idle. He rode apart from his men, his head bowed and the reins dangling from the neck of his horse. He had the habit peculiar to men who live much in solitude of thinking aloud, and on this occasion his thoughts ran something after this fashion:

"The Kyles and the Weldons are one. There can be no doubt about that. If this dog, Sim Bliss, told me the truth—and I think he did—the Kyles are the heirs to that estate, and if they put in an appearance the Blanchards would be nowhere. If Henry and Louis Kyle were both dead, that estate would belong to their sister Nora and her husband, if she had one. I am supposing now that Valentine Kyle remains in exile, and he will if he's wise. The two Blanchard girls are pretty as pictures, but so is Nora. The man that gets Nora Kyle for a wife will strike the biggest kind of a bonanza. I think I see the gentleman. I think I see my way as straight as a string and clear as a trout stream."

Mr. Bouton straightened up in the saddle, drew in the reins and urged his horse to that part of the line where Henry Kyle was riding, evidently in very low spirits.

"A penny for your thoughts," laughed Bouton, reining in and playfully slapping Henry on the back.

Henry Kyle half turned and asked:

"What do you propose to do with Dr Blanchard's daughters?"

"I haven't thought about them. I believe the Bliss brothers are enough interested in their welfare to see that no harm comes to them."

"The Bliss brothers are natural born protectors," sneered Henry Kyle.

"If you don't think they can fill the bill, why don't you go in and give them your services? Here you are in the sulks instead of being delighted at our success—at the success of your own plans."

"I am so delighted at the success of my own plans that I feel like cutting my throat."

"Don't do that. But why the feeling?"

"I didn't join this outfit to make war on women and children. If this doctor and his son are prisoners and thieves, let the Blisses pay us for our services and take them away, though, to be frank, I think it a put up job, and you think the same thing."

"We never had any doubt about that. But the young ladies—what would you do with them?"

"I can take them to a place where they will be safe and well cared for."

"Where is that?"

"My father's house."

"I thought you were never going back there again."

"Then you thought wrong. My mother lives, and so long as she lives she will receive me, and I will seek her out."

"But supposing your brother falls in love with the girl who has now your heart?" Bouton chuckled and looked out between the horse's ears.

"I shall suppose nothing. I have not been in the habit of considering the effect of my conduct. My being here is the best proof of that. Excepting yourself and a few men of the same cast the members of this gang are creatures of impulse. We act, then think."

Bouton bowed with a mock courtesy and rode to the rear of the line, where Font Robb and Patch had charge of the pack mules. He gave them some orders, then galloped to the head of the line, where the young Shoshone, Black Eagle, had command of the scouts. He remained with the Indians till the sun set.

By this time they had reached an open valley, through which wound a broad, shallow stream, the banks lined with cottonwood and the grassy expanse broken here and there by clumps of cedar and mountain oaks. Bouton's trained eye at once fell on the proper position for a camp, and he dismounted from his horse. He sent a number of the Indians into the surrounding hills to act as vedettes and wait [illegible] Blanchard came up with A[illegible] Clara. He would have helped the young ladies to dismount had they [illegible] anticipated him and sprung from th[illegible]

"You will permit me," he said, with a profound bow, "to be your humble servant so far as to take charge of your horses."

He took the bridles, and when all the party was up he instructed one of his men to stake the horses in a peninsula formed by a bend in the river, the long rawhide ropes giving ample space for grazing. Huge fires were built, and from the packs provisions were taken for the evening meal.

Dr. Blanchard gave no thought to himself. Anxiety for his beautiful daughters rent his heart, and for the time unmanned him. If he could have had assurances of their safety, he would have willingly given up his own life, but such assurances could not be had. There was not in all the party a man to whom he could look for help. Once, as he saw Henry Kyle passing, the impulse came to him to call to the young man and invoke his aid. Henry Kyle looked to be so different from the others that the doctor imagined he might be better, until he recalled that it was Henry Kyle who had come as a spy to their camp on the plains and had afterward betrayed them. While he was thinking this over Clara laid her hand on his shoulder and whispered to him, as if she read his thoughts:

"Might we not appeal to Henry Kyle?"

From the first the handsome, graceful youth had made an impression on Clara, which she would blush to acknowledge to herself, but do what she would she could not banish him from her mind. The doctor shook his head and answered:

"Why should we appeal to him? Does he not know the utter helplessness and misery of our situations?"

"He does, father, and yet something tells me he might be induced to aid us."

"If his own heart does not induce him, our words will not."

"Would you let me try?"

"No, my child. I cannot permit you to seek an additional indignity. Let us endure with patience till heaven sends us aid."

The doctor drew Clara to his breast and kissed her beautiful white brow and left a tear on it.

The Indian pickets were recalled by three rifle shots following each other at regular intervals. Black Eagle and his ten Indians were ravenously hungry—the nomad Indian seems to have been born hungry, and there is no authentic record of his ever having eaten enough. Bouton was too prudent to feed his braves all they could eat. He caused to be set before them what he considered a "square feed." And when they had finished every fragment and licked the platters clean he drew the young chief Black Eagle to one side and said:

"Black Eagle, you are the bravest man, white or red, in the mountains. I want you to help me. I want you to take this white man, Dr. Blanchard, away from camp tonight."

"And where am I to take him?"

"I do not know, nor do I care, only this—he must never be seen again."

"Not even his scalp?"

"No."

"It shall be as you say. When am I to return?"

"As soon as you can."

"By daylight?"

"That will do."

"Good! My braves and I will rest. Wake us when you are ready," said Black Eagle.

He went over and lay down among the dusky renegades, and Bouton sought out the Bliss brothers and sat down between them.

"Well," he said, with the expression of a man who had got rid of a care, "that point is settled."

"What point?" asked Sim.

"About the old man."

"Going to send him off?"

"Yes."

"With whom?"

"Injuns."

"What will they do with him?"

"Lose him."

"Lose him!" echoed the two brothers.

"Without the ghost of the shadow of a doubt. I wish we had the old man's son in the same box."

"But you are sure you can get him?" This from Sim.

"I'm certain. Now, my friends, let us rest till midnight."

Bouton drew off his boots, wrapped a blanket about his shoulders and lay down with his feet to the fire. He was soon asleep; but, though the Bliss brothers imitated his actions and attitude, they could not sleep. They lay side by side, talking in whispers, and starting nervously when the wind, with stronger force, shook the boughs above their heads or contended with the murmuring current near by.

They were awake at midnight when Black Eagle came over and roused Bouton. They sat up and anxiously watched the movements of the two men. The Indians quickly saddled their horses, and Bouton went over to where the doctor lay awake, on the opposite side of the tree from his sleeping daughters.

"Doctor," whispered Bouton, "I want to speak with you. Come over to the fire."

Anxious not to disturb his daughters, but wondering much at the man's mysterious manner, the doctor obeyed him. Instead of taking his victim to the fire, Bouton conducted him to where Black Eagle and his braves were standing beside their horses. At a signal from the leader Dr. Blanchard was seized, gagged and bound on the back of one of the horses. So noiselessly was this done that the men sleeping near by were not disturbed. The lithe figures swung into the saddles and the dread cavalcade crossed the stream and was swallowed in the darkness.

CHAPTER XII.

In the Prophet's cave, where slept Captain Brandon, Louis Kyle and Howard Blanchard, there was no variation of light to tell the changes that were going on in the outer world. The Prophet had that rare gift, an intuitive conception of the passage of time. He carried no watch, and he but rarely looked up at the sun, for which he had as idolatrous a reverence as the fire worshipers, who, in the far back ages inhabited these mountains and kept their sacrificial altars burning on the highest summit.

"Awake, arise! The Philistines be in our borders!" shouted the Prophet, when the time allotted for slumber had passed. At the sound of the deep sonorous voice the men sprang from the ground, some of them seizing their arms in alarm. Howard Blanchard