CHAPTER XIIL

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50 Champion Aerialists in mid-air feats.
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1..... Racing Track for Desperate and Thrilling Contests 1 Flock of Gigantic African Ostriches 1 Giantess Gorilla, Only One in Captivity Menageries of Wild and Trained Beasts.................. 2 24.....Of the Biggest Performing Elephants.....24 habits. We want to 50.....Trained Horses Performing at Once in One Ring.....50 good habit. Begin now! in a short time 100..........Daring Circus and Equestrian Acts........... 1,000......Performers, Artists, Specialists and people.....1,000 you will be convinced 2,000 Tons of Pure, Moral Amusement 2,000

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SUNDAY TRAINS.

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

10 | 14 | 12 | STATIONS 9 | 11 | 13

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

Butler Savings Bank

a. m. a. m. p. 1 6 25 Lv Butler I. Ar 10 02 12 7 27 Ar Butler Jo't Lv 9 53 12 7 45 Lv Butler Jo't Ar 9 40 12 "All right, captain. I'm your man, but I want to ax this: Won't you let me 7 45 Lv Buller Jet Ar 9 40 12 57
7 49 Ar Freeport. Lv 9 35 12 30
7 53 "Alleg y Jet "9 33 12 24
8 04 "Leechburg. "9 20 12 12
8 21 "Paulton (Apollo" 9 05 11 55
8 51 "Saltsburg. "8 37 11 32
9 22 "Blairsville 1.28" 7 45 10 15
11 35 "Blairsville 1.28" 7 45 10 15
11 35 "Altoona. 3 40 8 60
3 10 "B'srrisburg. "11 55 3 10
6 23 "Putadelphia. 8 50 11 20
b. m. p. m and my pard go free when you're through with us?"
"If you do as I require, I will let you off for the present. As soon as it is day-light I propose to hang your 'pard,' as you call the renegade cuss who betrayed us," said the captain sternly. A "Hist!" from the front and the

sound of hoofs attracted the captain's "Do as I say," continued Captain Brandon, who was still near Robb. "That is Black Eagle and his crowd! Shout to them to halt!" bnrg (Umon Station) as follows:

Atlantic Express, daily 310 A. M.
Pennaylvania Limited 715

Day Express, 730

Main Line Express 80

While Express 430 P. M.
Eastern Express 755

Fast Line 810

For detailed information, aldress Thos.
E. Watt, Pass. Agt. Western Discrict, cor
Pith Ave. and Smithfield St., Pittsburg,
2a.

On the instant Robb called out:
"Black Eagle, stop!"
"Is that you, Robb?"

"I thought you were on the other side of the valley."
"I was, but Bouton called me back. "And sent you after me?" "What does he want now?"

DITTSBURG & WESTERN Robb, who was obeying his instruc Railway. Allegheny Short Line. Schedule in effect, July 19, with fine ardor.
"Changed his mind!" echoed the amazed chief.

"Yes; he wants you to keep on to Quartz Run, where he'll meet you in the morning, and send back the doctor by "Are you alone?"

"No. Henry Kyle is with ma."
"Very well. Both come up and I will
give the old white man into your
charge." The captain whispered to Louis

Kyle, whose form was much like his misled brother's, to take change of the prisoner and to shoot him down if he attempted to play false. Without a word the young man went on, wish his left l. and grasping one of the outlaw's bound arms and his right hand cluting the stock of his pistol. Lou-

recognized the doctor.

'Here is the old white man," said
Black Eagle. "I am sorry you are going
to take him back."

The doctor rode toward the two men, and as he did so one of the Indian's against Louis Kyle and Font Kools. So sudden and unexpected was the collision that Kyle was dashed to the ground, and with a quick bound Robb was in among the Indians.

"Fire, Black Eagle, fire! We are surrounded by Brandon's men. Hold on to the prisoner!"

Trains leave the 5. & O. depot in Pittburg for the Rast-as-follows.4
For Washington Dr C., Battimore, Philadel phila, and Now York, 7:30 and 9:20 p. m. Cumberland, 6:40, 7:30, a.m. 1:10, 9:20 p. m. Cumberland, 6:40, 7:30, a.m. 1:10, 9:20 p. m. Constitution, and the second of the control of to the prisoner!"

The astounded chief and his followers did not know what to make of this, but all realized that they were in the midst of danger, and quick as a flash they were off their horses. "Louis Kyle! Louis!" shouted Cap-THE PITTSBURG, SHENAN-GO & LAKE ERIE RAILROAD.

tain Brandon. tain Brandon.

Louis had struggled to his feet from under the flinty hoofs when Robb saw

him and called out:
"That's one of Brandon's men! Make him a prisoner and get back!"

Louis Kyle was seized and dragged back, just as the captain realized the situation and opened fire. In the mean-time Dr. Blanchard, unopposed, had gone over to where his son was standing

with the herders.

"Howard! Howard!" he called out. "Here, my father, here!" The young man ran forward, and in his great de-light fairly lifted his father from the saddle and folded him to his heart as if he had been a child.

When Howard Blanchard started to greet his father, Patch, bound though his arms were and with a gag in his



"Fire, Black Eagle, fire!"

Note — Train No. 1 starts from Exposi-tion 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 mak-ing all stops. Lv Butler at 7:30 a.m. Re-turning leave Exposition Park 6 p.m. outh, at once started off, the darkness aiding his flight. Robb was away with oner in the same hands. The captain was not long in ascertaining the exact state of affairs, and, though he was deep-ly pained at the loss of his young friend, he reasoned that it would be unwise to follow up Black Eagle's party.

"This is our chance," he said. "Bouton's party is divided, and if we hasten to his camp we can surprise and over-Butler, Pa.

Capital - \$60,000.00

Surplus and Profits, \$119.263.67

He is our young master and our chief. He is and ever has been near to our hearts," said the man solemaly. "I know that, and were he here be

"I know that, and were he here he would have you obey me."

"Were he here we should obey you without a thought of refusing. But he is not here, and that is why we must go How could we enter the valley where dwell his mother, his father and his sister and say to them: 'Louis was taken from before our eyes by the rene-gade Indians under Black Eagle, and we dared not follow. Louis would die to save others, but we raised not our hands to save him. No, Captain Brandon, though our hearts are good to you, we cannot remain with you. Even as I speak they may be murdering Louis Kyle, as they would have murdered this Captain Brandon did not tell Patch and Robb what he was going to do

old man."
"And how long will you follow Black hind the horses, they felt certain that hind the horses, they feit certain that the ropes about their waist would be sade to hang them when the next halt was made. While the gags in their mouths did not prevent their breathing neither of them could communicate with neither of them could communicate with the horsest reply. neither of them could communicate with the other, nor ask the questions that were bursting at his sealed lips. Withthe heroic reply.

The other herders grunted their ap-The other herders grunted their approval and began impatiently to gather

in an hour from the time of starting the party halted between Bouton's camp and the mountains to the south. up their bridle reins.
"Go, then, and may success follow captain took the gag from Font Robb's you Should you meet up with Louis Kyle, as I pray you may, say that I and

my two friends will hand trail till we die or have won." The captain waved his hand, and the herders turned and disappeared on the trail of Black Eagle and his braves "There is only one way to do it"-"Point out that way, and I'm your nan," interrupted Robb. "You are sure that Black Eagle and CHAPTER XIV.

his people are coming this way?"

"About shore, captain," replied the Bouton was dozing by the campfire and dreaming over the plans that had filled his brain during the day. He was aroused by feeling a body pushed rudely against land and he started up, expect-ing to find that one of the horses had "That's 'bout the size of it-at least it looks so to me."
"I want you to do exactly what I broken his picket rope and wandered over to the fire. Great was Bouton's surprise at seeing before him a man command you when we meet up with Black Eagle and his party." with a gag in his mouth and his arms bound. It was not till he had taken out

the gag and cut the cords that he recognized in the frightened, half strangled man before him the renegade Patch. With an oath Bouton demanded to know what had happened. Patch gave it as his belief that a very hot place had broken loose.

"Sit down, man, and get your breath," said Bouton, laying his hand on Patch's shoulder and foreing him down. "Sit down and tell me all about it. Don't

peak out loud, for I've just had a devil of a time trying to quiet those two Patch did sit down, and after a time he got his breathing under control and told his story with considerable clearness, though Bouton's impatient ques-tions prevented anything like a consecu-

ive narrative.
"And Brandon rescued the doctor?" said Bouton at length.
"Yes. It all happened just as I told

"Hist! For your life, do not speak so loud. Here! Follow me away from the loud. Here! Follow me away from the fire. We must speak where there is no danger of being overheard." He led Patch to the bank of the stream and sat down beside him under a tree. "Now go on, but talk low, and for your life after this tell no one the story."

Patch told his story with much detail,

nor did he neglect to give himself due prominence. When he had concluded, Bouton slapped him on the back.
"Now, Patch, not a word of this to

any one. Do you understand?"
"You can bet your bottom dollar I do.
I'm up to snuff, I am. The feller that can keep a stiller tongue in his mouth than me was born dumb." "Good. Now go and take a sleep. It

will soon be daylight."

Patch followed this advice by coiling up where he was and going to sleep at once, and Bouton went back to the slum-bering fire and resumed his dozing. Sim Bliss was awake when Patch

came gasping into camp. Waiting till Patch sat down, Sim, always ready to play the spy, crept softly over to a point from which he could hear every word of the conversation without being himself observed. And when, for greater security, Bouton led Patch to the edge of the stream, Sim followed, and not a word escaped him. He communicated what he had heard to his brother, and it was agreed between them that Sim should make his way to Deadwood and tele-

graph to his father to come on.

While they were discussing the situation in frightened whispers the stars began to pale and the crests of the mountains to the west took on the hue of fire opals. Bearded figures rose from the ground in every direction and began to yawn and stretch themselves. The their ears and resume their grazing. The fires were renewed, and those who duty it was to cook set about getting the morning meal. Henry Kyle went down to the river to wash his face and hands. He bent over a mirrorlike expanse under the shade of a bush, and he was horrified at the expression of his own face. It was so aged, ghastly and haggard. He had not slept much, and it seemed to him that he could never the could never the seemed to him that he could never the seemed the sleep again. His mother was ever in his mind, or when he was not thinking of her he was troubled about the prisoners, and he cursed himself for the part he had taken in their capture. Having bathed, he returned to the campfire, and though it was out of his way he passed near the tree under which Alice and Clara were sitting. The former did not raise her white face. There was no need to do so. He could see the unutterable anguish of its expression, and again he mentally cursed himself. He loved Alice Blanch at with all the fervor and blindnes of his impulsive nature, and he may sed that when she was wholly under he protection he could win her. But I hearned his mistake. He looked at he in an in-

Still Alice never looked up. She could not have been aware of his presence. The terrible grief in her brave, purcheart controlled every thought of her brain. The introverted look could take no cognizance of the external world. She did not return his bow, made no sign to indicate that she was aware of

his presence, but she was thrilled when he fell on his knees and sald with a

"Your word!" In this there was an-"I do not blame you for doubting it.

I have done everything to make myself and my promises despicable in your eyes. But try me and trust me. Let me know how I can help you." "Truly, you must be anxious."

Then you must be blind if you caning her face and waving her hand as if

said Henry, slowly taking a backward step. "I ought not to have asked that question. I should have done something to beget confidence before making an offer of my services. Your father"— He was about to add "is gone," but Alice interrupted him and in a way that startled him as he had never been startled in his life.

"Do you dare to speak of the man you have so vilely betrayed? Do you come to wring our hearts with a fresh agony and "I cannot blame you, I cannot blame you," said Kyle in a choking voice. "Still will I obey the better impulse of

my heart." He turned as if in obedience to her

imperative gesture and walked slowly



He turned and walked slowly back. back to where Bouton and his gang were grouped. When he had gone out of hearing, Clara, who had followed him with her eyes, turned to her sister and

"Trust him?" repeated Alice.

"And you, with a memory, sugges "But he seems to have changed. It may be that he has repented and is anx-

ious to help us."
"Anxious to help us? Have we don anything to prevent his helping us if he has that desire? Why should he come

here to ask what we need? Is he ignorant of our wants?"

Patch came over at this juncture with their breakfast and set it before them, then sneaked back to a place from which he could watch, and he saw that

breakfast Sim Bliss and his brother when he thought they could hear him he "Tom is going to start for Deadwood

this morning."
"What for?" asked the amazed Boumore money."
"That ain't a bad idea. We need

money very much. When will he come back?" "In a week or ten days."

"With the cash?" "Yeth the cash?"
"I hope so," replied Sim.
"Very well, anything I can do to
help him let me know. Of course he'll
have sense enough not to tell where I
am if he meets any one anxious to

Tom assured Bouton that he knew what he was about, and that he could keep a quiet tongue in the interest of his friends. The result of this agree-ment was that before noon Tom Bliss, well mounted and armed, was on the way to Deadwood.

During the morning Bouton told Henry Kyle that he was going to find Captain Brandon, at the same time desiring Henry to remain with the ladies Then Bouton lay down to sleep in an ticipation of a long night ride. He had not slept long when he was awakened by Patch, who informed him that one of Black Eagle's Indians had come in. Bouton got up and questioned the It dian, who told him that he had see Captain Brandon and the Prophet to

The Indian was right. The Prophet and Captain Brandon had counted their forces. On hearing of Louis Kyle's capture, the Prophet set out on foot alor o rescue him and came within a couple of miles of Black Eagle's warriors be fore night. He kept on, nor haulted for breath or in doubt about the way, until he stood on the rim of Kyle's valley and saw far beneath him the stars reflected

in the placid lake.

"They are coming. I hear them far behind. I have outstripped them as I would the wind on such a mission. Down the steep hills the Prophet specto the meadowlike expanse that in the sunlight looked like a great emerald in the granite setting of the mountains. As he neared the house, the location marked by the darker outlines of the surround-ing trees, the resting cattle started up in alarm and the deep baying of a hound

"Down,dog! down!" said the Prophet as the dog came flercely toward him. The dog obeyed and slunk in ahead as if ashamed of his mistake. The Prophet ran up to the house and beat with his clinched fist on the door. "Who is there?" demanded Valentine

Kyle from within. 'I—I— A friend," was the reply.

"Your name?"
"Men call me Daniel the Prophet. Arise! Awake! The Philistines are in the hills, and they come this way with the speed of a mountain torrent and the tine Kyle! Up, for the sake of your home, your wife, and your daughter!"
Still, as he spoke the Prophet continued his pounding on the door, and the cchoes round about took up the hollow sound. In a few minutes the door was opened, and Valentine Kyle appeared shading a light and bending forward to get a sight of his visitor. When his eye became accustomed to the gloom, he discovered the weird, gigantic form of the Prophet, and he drew back, with

his hand on the pistol he had hastily fastened to his waist.

"Fear not," cried the Prophet. "In
God's name, believe I am a friend."

"I do. Enter and tell us your mis-

"I have no time to sit down, no have you time to hear me. Bouton and his gang even as I speak are entering

your valley''—
"Entering my valley?" "Even as I tell thee.

These man words can give no ides of the effect of the Prophet's manner. It was simply irresistible, and, with a woman's quick apprehension, Mrs. Kyle saw that he spoke with reason and felt that it would be wise to obey him. "Let us follow the Prophet, hus-band," she said eagerly. "No harm can come of it, for we have ever heard of him as a good man." him as a good man."

Valentine Kyle had come to the co

clusion that it was not a false alarm and was hastily putting on his equip-ments when his daughter Nora, the Indian girl Kushat, and an old herde me rushing in. The herder called out There are horsemen in our valley,

"There are horsemen in our valley, and they are galloping this way!"
"That is Bouton's gang," said the Prophet. "Hurry! For your lives, hurry!"
In less time than it takes to describe it Mrs. Kyle and her daughter threw on such covers as they found handy, Mr. Kyle extinguished the light, and all went out. If Valentine Kyle had entertained any doubte about the vicinity of tained any doubts about the vicinity of a considerable body of horsemen, they vanished after he had been a minute in the open air. His ears told him that they were not 200 yards away. "Follow me," he whispered. "I know every place of concealment about the

With his rifle in his left hand and his Kyle led the way followed by Nora and Kushat, while the representation of the house th

the foothill of the highest mountain in sight was broken into ravines and made up of rock heaps that looked at a little distance like the ruins of a mighty temdistance like the rums of a mighty temple. Here in the long ago Valentine Kyle
had often played with his boys and his
baby daughter. At the present time a
few of the more open spaces were used
as corrals for the sheep, but there was
not a nook in it that Mr. Kyle and any
of his family could not have found
blindfolded. 'We are safe here for the present, I

think. Let us wait. I hear them calling," said Mr. Kyle.

They stopped in a little glen that seemed to be roofed by a projecting rock, for there was only a narrow strip overhead through which the stars could

They heard the clinking of arms, the on the walls of the log house. "That's Bouton's voice," said the

perative voice, "Open up, or we'll break in the doors!" "Start a fire," shouted one of th

men, "and burn them out."
"Let me go back to a point where can talk with those demons without exposing your place of concealment," said the Prophet.

Valentine Kyle was about to protest against this, but before he could do so the Prophet had vanished. He hurried in the direction of the could wanted the could be considered to the could be set the could be compared to the could be considered to the could b in the direction of the outlaws, and

"I am here, Bouton, to answer for "You! Who are you?" asked Bouton

about him. "You are the Prophet!" gasped Bou-

fallen for once. I came to warn the in-nocent of thy wicked designs." "'Of my designs?' repeated Bouton. His whole nature was superstitions, and at that moment he felt that the Prophet's



superstitious companions, so he made up his mind to put a bold face on it.

his mind to put a bold face on it.

''Aye, thy designs. Think you not that
I can read your purpose?''

'When did you come here?''

'That matters not.''

'You were with the immigrants this "You were with the immigrants this morning," said Bouton, recalling his seout's information.
"Yes, and with Black Eagle tonight."
"With Black Eagle?"
"Even so. But why should I exchange

words with thee, O most cruel of mon grel curs?"
The Prophet stopped the use of the his spiritual nature was sinking for the time into abeyance, and continued:
"You come to the nest, but the birds

hands."
"There is still plunder in the nest," said the outlaw, maddened at being checkmated. "Clean out the house there!

have flown, and the cruel hunter that

checkmated. "Clean out the house there!
Apply the torch!" he shouted to his men.
"The light will show us the way to the
corrals. The fast herds of Kyle's valley
will be welcome to our friend."
A cheer answered this command, and
at once the work of destruction began.
One of the men outside lit a torch, but
he did not long survive to lament his
rashness, for a shot from the Prophet's
rifle stretched him at Bouton's feet.
This incensed the outlaws, and one of This incensed the outlaws, and one of them, more impetuous than his compan-ions, picked up the blazing torch and hurled it into the house. In a few min-utes the building loomed out of the darkness and a cruel red light flashed in

the windows.
Going back, the Prophet said: "See, Valentino Kyle, your house is on fire! It is but a speedier form of the ruin that must come to every temple erected by human hands."
"It was the only home left me in the wide world," sobbed the heartbroken

'Nay, speak not so. I have a valley more beautiful though not so extensive as yours, and I have a home that all the torches that ever flashed could not burn down. Fear not for the cold or the hun-

ger; my ravens will bring us food," said the Prophet with contagious energy.

This 1 not the year for stay-at-home

Words to the Farmers Regarding the Effects of Depreciated Currency.

FRAUD ON THE COMMUNITY.

Sentiments of the Great Commoner That Apply to the Present Crisis.

AN APPEAL TO THE POOR.

Popular Cry to Shake the Stability of the Public Currency, Bring on Distress in Money Matters and Drive the Country Into the Use of Depreciated Money, Stabs Your Interest and Your Happi-

If any farmer thinks that he is going to do all selling and no buying, or that he is do all selling and no buying, or that he is going to sell more than he buys, and thus reclated and fluctuating currency, we commend to him the following words of Daniel Webster:

"Sir. I pronounce the author of such "Sir, I pronounce the author of such sentiments to be guilty of attempting a detestable fraud on the community; a double fraud; a fraud which is to cheat men out of their property and out of the earnings of their labor, by first cheating them out of their misunderstanding.

rich.' Sir it shall not be till the last moment of my existence; it shall only be when I am drawn to the verge of oblivion, when I shall cease to have respect or affection for anything on earth, that I will believe the people of the United States capable of being effectually deluded, cajoled and driven about in herds by such abominable frauds as this. If they shall sink to that point, if they so far cease to be men as to yield to such pretenses and such lamor, they will be slaves already; slaves to their own passions, slaves to the fraud and knavery of pretended friends. "The national hatred of the poor age

the rich. The danger of a moneyed aris-tocracy. Sir, I admonish the people against the object of cries likes these. I admonish every intelligent laborer in the country to be on his guard against such delusions. I be on his guard against such dottaions. It tell him the attempt is to play off his pas-sions against his interests, and to prevail on him in the name of liberty to destroy all the fruits of liberty, in the name of atriotism to injure and independence to in the name of his own independence to independence, and make

"Has he a dollar? He is advised to do that which will destroy half its value. Has he hands to labor? Let him rather fold hem and sit still than be pushed on by fraud and artifice to support measure which will render his labor uscless an

tion in money matters, is the man who earns his daily bread by his daily toil. A depreciated currency, sudden changes of prices, paper money falling between morn-ing and noon, and falling still lower between noon and night—these things con-stitute the very harvest time of specu-lators, and of the whole race of those who are at once idle and crafty, and of that other race, too, the Catilines of all times, marked so as to be known forever, by one

of other men's property and prodigal of "Capitalists too, may outlive such times; they may either prey on the earnings of labor by their cent, per cent, or they may heard. But the laboring man, what can he heard? Preying on nobedy, he becomes the prey of all. His property is in his hands. His reliance, his fund, his productive freehold, his all, is his labor. Whether he work on his own small capital or another's, his living is still carned by his industry; and when the earned by his industry; and when the money of the country becomes depreciated or debased, whether it be adulterated coin or paper without credit, that industry is robbed of its reward. He then labors for

"I would say to every owner of every quarter section of land in the west, I would say to every man in the east who follows his own plow, and to every mechanic, artisan and laborer in every city in the country—I would say to every in the country—I would say to overy man everywhere who wishes by honest means to gain an honest living, 'Beware of wolves in sheeps' clothing. Whoever attempts under whatever popular cry, to shake the stability of the public currency, bring on distress in money matters and drive the country into the use of depre-clated money, stabs your interest and your happiness to the heart.'"

Property is the fruit of labor. Property s desirable, is a positive good in the world. That some should be rich shows rently and build one for himself, thus, by xample, assuring that his own shall be ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Has Been Restored. When the free coiners talk about the necessity of restoring silver to the position that it occupied prior to 1878, they ignore the fact that the government has done that very thing fifty times over by the coinage of more than fifty times as many silver dollars as were coined in the whole previous history of the country.—Forest

VERMONT has set an example that Poppsylvania should follow.

FROM present indications Chairman Elkin's desire to have every Republican vote be gratified.

THE late secretary of the treasury, Willam Windom, said almost with his dying breath, "As poison in the blood permeates permeate all the arteries of trade, par ter to all classes of people."

decided that all persons or clubs in Pennsylvania desiring literature or other cam-CHAIRMAN Elkin sounds the alarm the state organization. Every few days a against Republican apathy. It should not batch of Pennsylvania letters which have

be permitted to exist in a single election been received by the national committee district in the state. A good fight this are turned over to the chairman of the year will entitle all hands to a rost next state committee for his consideration.

to his camp we can surprise and overpower him."

"And free my daughters," said the dector, now fully alive to the situation and its necessities.

"Let us mount and push on," urged Howard.

All got into the saddle, but Louis Kyle's herders refused, one and all, to go into the valley.

"The danger is but little. There may be no fighting at all," said the captain.

"We do not dread the danger," said
the leader of the herders, a tall, stern

"Your aid! You offer your aid!" said these in low, sad tones that pierced him Jambeell;
The Butler Savings Bank is the Oldest Bank
in Institution in Butler County.
General banking business transacted
W. soliet accounts of oil producers, merdisc, turners and others.
The Saving Savi "But why?"
"Why does the wolf enter your folds ountry. He comes for plunder or worse. Hark prompt attention.
Interest paid on time deposits DOUGLASS' to the barking of your hound! The wine sweeps this way and he has scented them. Call your daughter, secure your arms and follow me with your wife. the leader of the herders, a tall, stern man, "nor do we shrink from battle."

"Why, then, will you not follow me?

"That is what I said, and I will die THE CAN SIND PAPER 241 S. Main St like knife thrusts.
"That is what I said, and I will die "We came hither with Louis Kyle, before I break my word." Delay not; a minute may be BUTLER, PA. It is but a few miles to yonder fire.