THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL. XXXIII BUTLER, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1896. No. 41

Huselton's FALL AND WINTER SHOES

All Ready For Your Careful Inspection.

WE SHOW YOU

More Stylish, Servicable. Lower Priced Footwear Than Any Other Shoe House in Town Besides The Greatest Variety to Chose From.

You can examine every particle that goes to make this line of Shoes from the bottom up. We show them in every style of toe—Bull Dog, Razor, Needle and London, Double Sole and Extension Edge. They are up-to-date. Patent Leather, Enamel, Cordovan, Willow Tan Calf

Besides this line our Men's Working and Dress Shoes at $1.00, $1.25, $1.50, $2.00 and $2.50 are great values and find ready sale.

Boys and Girls School Shoes—Made strong, servicable, stylish, heel or spring. They are water and cold resisters; they will carry a boy or girl a long road to school. We have them in oil grain, kangaroo, box and crack-proof calf, kip, unlined, veal calf, in button and lace, at 75c, $1.00, $1.25, $1.40, and 1.50.

Ladies Fine Shoes in all the newest lasts, all widths, at 85c, $1.00, $1.25, $1.50, $2.00, $2.50 $3.00. See our welts, heavy soles, at $2.00, $2.50 and $3.00.

Ladies' Warm Shoes and Slippers, flannel lined, at 45c, 50c, 75c, $1.00 and $1.25. They are Crumbs of Comfort.

Men's and Boys' Boots and Heavy Shoes, high or low instep, box toe or plain. Men's at 75c, $1.00 $1.25, $1.50, $2.00 and $2.50. Boys' at 75c, $1.00, $1.25 and $1.50.

If you want good, servicable Footwear at one price and where your dollar will buy as much as your neighbor's dollar will, go to

Butler's Leading Shoe House

Opp. Hotel Lowry.

B. C. HUSELTON.

Mrs. J. E. Zimmerman

Special Announcement.

Our entire stock of Fall and Winter importations in Millinery dress goods Ladies and Misses Jackets, Caps, Collarettes and Fur effects are now in.

We have a most complete assortment of these, all departments filled to overflow with the most desirable and choicest styles we have ever shown at very attractive prices. We never affix our signature to any statement that we are not positively sure is true, our old friends and patrons know this and to those who do not know us, we say give us a trial. We will not disappoint you.

Mrs. J. E. Zimmerman

Successor to Ritter & Ralston.

$50. Given Away $50.

Looks like a large amount on paper, but by economy you can save that amount; not in a lump of course but by buying your necessities right. We have the right prices on every thing we handle in fact we guarantee you a saving of from 10 25 per cent.

HERE ARE OUR EVERY DAY PRICES.

HATS WORTH	$2 25	at	$1.75
" "	$3 00	at	$2 25.
" "	$5.00	at	$3 75.
" "	$8.00	at	$6.00.

Tam O'Shanters, from 25c to $1 25

M. F. & M. MARKS,

113 to 117 South Main Street, Butler, Pa.

Butler Savings Bank

Butler, Pa.

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

JOS. L PURVIS.....President
J. 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 oil producers, merchants, farmers and others.
All Business entrusted to us will receive prompt attention.
Interest paid on time deposits

BUTLER COUNTY

Mutual Fire Insurance Company,

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ALV. WICK, Pres.
GEO. KETTERER, Vice Pres.
L. S. McJUNKIN, Sec'y and Treas.

DIRECTORS:

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Geo. Renno.	John Koening.

LOYAL McJUNKIN Agent.

The Butler County National Bank

BUTLER, PA.

Capital paid in $100,000.00
Surplus and Profits $87,962.35

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A general banking business transacted.
Interest paid on time deposits.
Money loaned on approved security.
We invite you to open an account with this bank.

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Asbury Park.

Asbury Park has the best beach on the coast of New Jersey, and

"THE FENIMORE"

is the best place to stop while there. For terms address,

THOS. NOBLE,
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AT J. R. GRIEB'S

2 and 2 Do Not Make Five.

It's quite a problem to please everyone's taste in any line you may select and particularly of jewelry, silver novelties, cut glass, etc., but I'm sure you will find what you want in my large stock and at such prices that defy competition. I am making a specialty of nobby and find Goods and want your trade.

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ABRAMS & BROWN,

INSURANCE and REAL ESTATE

Strong Companies. Prompt Settlements.

Home Insurance Co. of New York, Insurance Co. of North America, of Philadelphia Pa. Phenix Insurance of Brooklyn, N. Y. and Hartford Insurance Co. of Hartford Conn

OFFICE: Corner of Main St. and the Diamond, north of Court House, Butler, Pa.

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.

Hood's Pills

The only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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.
BUTLER.....Leave	6 25	8 00	11 20	2 45	5 05
Saxonburg.....Arrive	6 34	8 23	11 43	3 10	5 28
Butler Jct..... "	7 27	8 48	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.....	8 25	9 42	1 14	4 33	6 42
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.

SUNDAY TRAINS—Leave Butler for Allegheny City and principal intermediate stations 7:40 A. M. and 5:00 P. M.

North.

	Week Days A. M.	A. M.	A. 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 57
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.

SUNDAY TRAINS—Leave Allegheny City for Butler and principal intermediate stations 7:25 A. M., 12:30 and 7:35 P. M.

Week Days P. m.	For the East a. m.		Week Days. 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 36	12 30
3 50	7 53	" Allegh 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	" Harrisburg... "	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 30 pm
Elwood 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 Northwest or Southwest apply to

A. B. CROUCH, Agent
Butler, Pa.

Trains leave the B. & O. depot in Pittsburg 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, 9:20 p. m. Connellsville, 6:05, 7:20, a. m. 1.10, 4.30, 4.45, 5.30, 9.20 p. m. Uniontown, 7.0 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 11.30 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 9.50 p. m.

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

H. O DUNKLE, Gen. Supt. Allegheny, Pa
C. W. BARRETT, 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. 10	14	12	STATIONS	9	Going South 11	13
p.m	p.m	a.m.	Arr Lv	a.m.	a.m.	p.m
....	4 55	2 30	....Buffalo.....		5 30	2 2
....	5 24	1 04	....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 4
6 09	12 54	8 59	....Lockport.....	7 03	9 29	4 2
6 02	12 48	8 51	..Crawsville..	7 08	9 38	4
6 43	....	10 22	ar.Conneaut lv	....	7 40	3
3 10	....	7 40	lv ar	....	10 22	6 45
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 28	....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	...Meadville Jct...	8 00	10 25	5 25
4 57	2 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
....	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 10
Noz	11 51	7 42	..Harlstown..	No 1	10 39	
....	11 46	7 37	...Atlansville...	....	10 44	
....	11 38	7 27	...Osgood.....		10 54	
2 25	11 30	7 15	... Greenville....	6 30	11 07	
6 18	11 20	7 05	...Shenango.....	6 40	11 20	
6 00	10 55	6 45	....Fredonia....	7 03	11 44	6 23
5 44	10 43	6 25	.....Mercer.....	7 22	12 04	7 00
5 30	10 29	6 10	....Pardee.....	7 36	12 22	7 14
5 19	10 20	6 00	.. Grove City...	7 47	12 33	7 25
5 06	10 08	5 48	.. Harrisville....	7 58	12 45	7 36
4 58	10 00	5 40	.. Branch-on....	8 06	12 54	7 49
5 00	....	8 15	ar .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&WR	9	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 Sundays 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

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Near P. O 241 S. Main St

BUTLER, PA

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The Weldon Estate

By Alfred H. Calhoun.

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CHAPTER XXV.

Kushat was not mistaken. She did hear firing and see the smoke of rifles, and Henry Kyle was right in thinking that Brandon had been attacked. Far down the rift the clatter of hoofs and the jingle of arms told that Bouton was through the pass and in possession of the trail leading to the Prophet's valley. The captain saw that a minute's delay would place him between two fires.

"Keep on, my men," he shouted. "We must get in Bouton's advance! Press on and I will cover." He checked back his horse, and the others, intent on getting down the trail before Bouton, urged their horses into a wild gallop, looking neither to the right nor left.

Robb and his men were on foot, and they attempted to head off the horsemen. They would, without doubt, have succeeded in their object had not the captain flung himself from his horse and brought them to a sudden halt by sending down the man who was in the advance. Still on kept the captain's party. They were 200 yards ahead of him when he remounted to follow. But in his efforts to save his men he had placed himself in deadly peril.

From the valley Bouton saw and recognized him, and shouting to his men: "Take him alive! Take him alive!" he led the charge to head Captain Brandon off. Close pressed though the captain was, he might have gone through had not Bouton, who had been in the advance, flung himself from his horse and fired. He was a fine rifleman. He should be, for firearms had been his toys in childhood and his constant companions in manhood. The captain's horse gave three quick, short bounds. The knees suddenly doubled up, and the daring rider was dashed to the ground, where he lay bleeding and senseless. "Ho, ho!" shouted Bouton, running over and laying his foot on the captain's slow

"Ho, ho!" shouted Bouton.

moving breast. "We have you, eh? I want you to know it! Curse you, I want you to know that you are in my power before you die! Here, boys, carry this fellow to the spring. Bathe him and restore him. I shall let him know he crossed my path once too often!"

The outlaws picked up the unconscious man, and the whole gang would have followed had not Bouton, now savagely exultant after his late depression, shouted to them:

"Pursue! Those men must not escape us!"

Captain Brandon was carried to the spring, near which Alice Blanchard and Nora Kyle were sitting, weary, pale and downhearted. Nora had heard of the gallant captain, but had never seen him before. She did not even know who he was when he was placed on the ground beside her, with the blood flowing from a cut in his head and the scar from brow to chin looking as if it had just been made. It did not need a second glance for Alice to know who it was. With a cry of agony she sprang to her feet, and hurrying over knelt beside him and placed her ear to his broad breast.

"Thank God, he still lives! Bring water, Nora! Help me, help me! This is Captain Brandon—Captain Brandon, our protector and friend!"

Nora at the call hastened to Alice's side, and one of the men brought water from the spring. Alice loosened his collar, poured water between his lips, bathed the gash on his head, and even satisfied herself that the wound was not fatal by feeling the skull. In 20 minutes the captain looked into her face, smiled and whispered:

"You, Alice?"

"Yes, I, my friend. Oh, why has this misfortune befallen you of all men! You, our guide and protector! You, on whom all depended for advice and direction!"

"Where am I?" he asked, rising on his elbow and gazing about.

"You are a prisoner," sobbed Alice.

"A prisoner?" he repeated, and he stroked his forehead as if to clear away the mists still clouding his brain.

"Yes," she said, "you are a prisoner in Bouton's power."

"And Howard and the other men?" he asked eagerly.

"They seem to have eluded pursuit."

"And Louis Kyle—where is Louis Kyle?"

"They say he escaped last night."

"Escaped?"

"Yes, so I heard some of the men say. We have not seen him since we attempted to enter the pass."

"If he has escaped, he will join my little party, and under his leadership I will not be missed. And yet we are too weak to spare one man. Well," he added, with a sigh of satisfaction, "having done our best we should be satisfied to face the consequences without a murmur."

The captain sat up and looked in the direction from which came the slow but regular discharge of what he knew to be a repeating rifle. White puffs of smoke marked the location of a rifleman in the cliffs that towered above the irregular depression in which the outlaws had halted. There was a great commotion among the Indians and white men who remained back with Bouton, and every time a puff of silvery smoke rose from the cliffs a man fell, or a wounded man ran out of range. Bouton knew in his heart who the dreaded rifleman was, and he took good care to keep out of sight. A few minutes and two rifles began to flash from the cliffs, and Black Eagle hastened to Bouton's side and said with an expression of mingled anger and alarm:

"Kushat is up there with Henry Kyle. You told me that it was the other brother she loved."

"She seems to love the family," sneered Bouton as he stepped behind a rock to keep out of range.

Nora Kyle overheard the conversation between Bouton and Black Eagle, and watching the cliffs, from which the puffs of white smoke curled up, she saw a bit of vermilion coloring moving along the giddy crest of the rocks, and she said to Alice:

"That is Kushat."

"Yes," said the captain, "and the rifleman who is sending death into the ranks of the outlaws is your brother Henry. Why joined us in time!"

"Then he would have been true to himself," sighed Nora.

At length the firing died out, and the vermilion speck disappeared from far up the mountain side. When Bouton saw this and believed he could move about in safety, he left the protection of the rocks and mounted his horse. He felt in his wicked heart that Henry Kyle watched for him, and death would be certain if he once ventured within range of the dreaded rifle. Not only hate for but dread of Henry Kyle made him doubly anxious to get him out of the way, and, as has been shown, he used every means in his power to accomplish his purpose. As Bouton rode in the direction which Font Robb had taken he reviewed the incidents already recorded, and he felt elated and depressed by turns. He had ridden about a mile when he heard firing to the front, and he hastened to a place where Font Robb had been brought to a halt. With an oath he demanded to know what was up now.

"Louis Kyle is in command," growled Robb.

"Louis Kyle!"

"Jest as sure as you're thar. By thunder, I never saw such dickerin in all my life. Jest as soon as we gets one, another is off. Blow me if I ever saw or heard of such a snarl since the day I was born."

And Robb, whose brain was none of the brightest, rubbed his head and looked disgusted and perplexed.

"All will come out right in the end, depend on that, Font. So far you've shown yourself to be a man, and may I be hanged and quartered if I ever forget it. But you must push those fellows. Flank them, drive them back and keep them on the run."

Robb declared that he had men out flanking at that moment and that he expected to get the little party out of his way before an hour was over. Then he asked:

"What are you goin to do with the boss?"

"You mean Brandon?"

"That's the rooster I'm alludin to."

"Font, what would you do with him?" asked Bouton, sinking his voice, though there was no one but Robb within hearing.

"Curse me if I'd give him a chance to get away," replied Robb.

"And do you think I will?"

"I hope not."

"No, sir. I've been acting white man so far. When I come to Brandon, I'll show the Indian side of my character. Now, push on, and I'll go back and follow with the prisoners."

Bouton turned to ride back, and Robb shouted after him:

"For heaven's sake send that Sim Bliss under fire! It'd do me a heap of good to see that mildewed coyote knocked over."

Bouton nodded to show that he understood him and went back to the spring, where the captain and girls were still talking.

CHAPTER XXVI.

While Dr. Blanchard and Valentine Kyle, as we shall continue to call Valentine Weldon, stood each with his arms about the other, a deep, solemn voice came from the cavern's gloom saying:

"The Lord is in his holy temple, and brethren should live forever at peace. Through great tribulation we go up from the depths, guided by the light of duty and sustained by the strong hand that is ever within the reach of those who will grasp it. Even from the wilderness came the words, 'Prepare ye the way of the Lord; make ye his paths straight.' Ye that labor and are heavy laden come to me and I will give you rest."

From the deeper shadows of the cave the Prophet advanced to the altar's light, and extending a hand to each said with a solemnity that wholly obliterated the seeming incongruity of his words:

"Whom the Lord hath joined let no man part asunder." And surely the beautiful command was never more appropriately employed outside of marriage service. "I feel," said Blanchard, laying his hand on Valentine Kyle's shoulder, "like one who has been transported to a sphere that is not of the earth. After this I shall be surprised at nothing."

"And yet there are greater surprises in store for you. Ask me not to speak now, but watch and pray." And the Prophet set the example in the latter ordinance by dropping on his knees then and there, and the two old men knelt on either side and bowed their heads. And while the Prophet prayed with much solemnity and the cavern echoes were multiplying the sound the yellow light of another day crept in from the outer world, and the fires on the altar grew dimmer. Mr. Kyle sought out his wife, and after talking to her for some time came back, and taking the doctor by the hand whispered:

"Come! She who has borne more than half the burden and kept my heart from breaking long since is near by and desires to speak with you." As he stood there the people began to wake up, and with shouts of gladness the children ran out to the sunlight and down to the lake, where the trout were leaping and the birds, on balanced wing, were looking at their double in the beautiful mirror beneath.

After breakfast was over the Prophet disappeared in the cave, carrying a torch. He came back in a few minutes, but in the short time he had effected a complete change in his costume. The heavy robes of fur that he wore winter and summer in such fantastic shape were laid aside, and he appeared clad in a suit of white buckskin, with beaded moccasins and stringed leggings. The tunic, belted at his waist, showed off his splendid form to advantage and proved that he had not yet lost the grace of youth as well as revealing the secret of his amazing activity and powers of endurance. The long auburn hair was thrown back behind his ears and secured there by a tight fitting cap, the band of which was made of blue porcupine quills. On the breast of this tunic and covering it like a shield was a Maltese cross and below it worked in garnet beads the words, "In this sign conquer." The silver hilt of a knife that looked like a short sword protruded from a finely wrought scabbard in his belt and two revolvers, with stocks decorated in the same way, were fastened over his hips. From his shoulders a cartridge box was slung on one side and a silver canteen on the other. In his left hand he carried his long rifle. As he strode out the women looked up at him with mingled awe and admiration.

The children gathered about him, and holding each other's hands, half in dread, half in admiration, they looked silently at the giant warrior in whose arms many of them had recently been. Turning to Dr. Blanchard and Valentine Kyle, who, with Mrs. Kyle and Clara, were standing near by, the Prophet said:

"I leave the valley and the temple in your charge. Fear not if I should be long days away, for when I return I will bring good news."

"But if you should not return?" the doctor ventured to ask.

"My fate is not in my own hands," replied the Prophet with thrilling solemnity. "I am the servant of my Master, and his work for long years I have [illegible] until I bring you joy."

The Prophet waved his hand, and turning was soon swallowed up in the Stygian depths of the cave. He had traversed a few of the long cavern's chambers when he heard a low solemn chant in the distance, and then the turn of an angle brought to view the coppery glow of a torch that burned so far away that it looked like a patch of red cloud surviving the setting of the sun. The Prophet's moccasined feet fell as lightly on the floor as the leaves on the surface of an unripled pond. He strode on, his deep, long breathing alone telling of his humanity, till he came to the subterranean waterfall from behind which the light of the torch came. He bowed before the fall, which looked like a cataract of crystalline blood, and as he stood in this devotional attitude the waters turned black, and an Indian, bearing a torch, came out and called to the Prophet:

"I have been waiting."

"And I have come. How are my herders?" asked the Prophet.

"Safe, and so are the herds," replied the Indian, who had charge of the stock in the valley, to which the Prophet led Captain Brandon and Howard Blanchard after their first visit to the cave.

"What news from the world at strife?"

"One of our people who came this morning before the sun had risen speaks of having heard much firing and shouting during the night," replied the Indian.

The Prophet waved his hand, and the Indian led the way with his torch until, through the tortuous passages before described, they emerged from the mountain side and stood bareheaded and bowed before the glory of the sun. They had been here but a few minutes, indeed the torch thrown from the man's hand was still smoking on the ground, when another Indian appeared, leading a powerful but splendidly formed horse.

The equipments of the animal were quite in keeping with the Prophet's change of costume, and the proud creature arched its neck and champed on the bit as anxious to be off.

"Guard well this entrance to the cave!" said the Prophet, pointing to the crevice from which he had emerged.

The herders nodded and laid their hands on their rifles.

"And see that the people in the cave, the women and children, do not want food."

The herders nodded again and laid their hands on their hunting knives. Without another word the Prophet gathered up the reins and headed his horse for the hills and sped away like an arrow. From the crest of an elevation that gave him a view of the country over an area of 200 square miles the Prophet reined up and flung himself from his horse. After surveying the landscape to the west, beginning on the horizon's rim and coming nearer to the mountain on which he stood, his eyes at length rested on a long irregular valley, that in the clear atmosphere seemed to be only a mile or two away. He could see the pygmy figures of many horses and men,

"Where is Henry Kyle?"

and he knew they were Bouton's people. And to the north, moving in the direction of his own valley, he saw the silvery puffs of smoke that told a fight was going on in that direction.

The Prophet remounted, and every foot of the way in front and on each side was scanned as he galloped in the direction of the conflict. Not a deer started from the grove nor a bird flying by in rivalry of his own flight passed unnoticed.

It was this keen observation that showed him a number of Indians dodging behind the rocks ahead, and led him above the thunder of his horse's hoofs to distinguish the short, sharp crack of rifles. The Indians saw him coming, and with cries of alarm they left their hiding places and ran down the rocks, Black Eagle leading the advance. The Prophet reined his horse, brought down his rifle in the same action and fired. One of the Indians in retreat threw up his hands and fell on his face.

"A good, brave shot," shouted a girlish figure behind the Prophet. He wheeled and in the act of reloading his rifle saw Kushat standing out on the rocks.

"What!" he asked. "Were the hounds in pursuit of you?"

"In pursuit of me and Henry Kyle," she replied.

"And where is Henry Kyle?"

"He is here."

"Not hiding. Henry Kyle may have been wicked, but he is not a coward," said the Prophet, dismounting and leading his horse up to where Kushat stood on the rocks.

"Not a coward, but too late do I learn that I have been and am a wicked man," said Henry Kyle, coming into view and standing bowed and abashed before the Prophet.

"Did not Moses train with the Egyptians, the despoilers of his people, before he became the leader of Israel and the man who talked with God and brought down the laws of the people? Live not in the past, Henry Kyle. A long life lies before you in which to make amends for the sin you have done."

Henry briefly narrated the events of the previous night, including the escape of his brother Louis and the capture of Captain Brandon, and he added that he thought Bouton was making for the valley of the Great Spirit. Henry continued:

"Yes, Bouton and his people believe that you have great stores put away in the caves, and often they have thought of attacking and robbing you or forcing you to give up your secret as to where the gold has been obtained. So far they have feared you, but now Bouton is strong, and he has with him many men who know you only by name, and who consequently have not the reverence for you which we have who have long been dwellers in these mountains. From Bouton's movements I am certain that he is leading his force to your valley."

"Let him lead his force to my valley, and he will lead them to destruction. As my soul liveth, this cannot continue. Come with me, Henry Kyle, for we now need every aid."

The Prophet turned to his horse, but Henry called to him:

"I cannot go with you."

"You cannot?" asked the Prophet in surprise.

"I cannot."

"I will not try to change your resolution," said the Prophet. "The Lord is working in your heart in his own way, and to urge my advice would be flying in the face of Providence." He paused, stroked his long beard and looked up at the sun. Then he continued: "Henry Kyle, I never thought to extend my hand in kindness to you again, yet I do so, and [illegible] as between us becomes a dream. In my [illegible] I shall pray for thee, and may all be well."

Henry took the extended hand in both of his, and bowing over it pressed it reverently to his lips. The other hand the Prophet gave to Kushat, and he said:

"May you be as true to yourself as you are to Henry Kyle."

"I know not myself," she replied. "He is my life, for without him I could not live."

The Prophet hastened in the direction where he knew his friends to be, taking care the meanwhile to run into no ambush, for, though others might believe in his invulnerability—and perhaps he encouraged the idea to strengthen him with the ignorant men with whom he came in contact—he never deceived himself in the matter.

It was the middle of the afternoon when, after many glimpses of Bouton's oncoming horsemen, he found himself within hailing distance of Louis Kyle's little party. Howard Blanchard and John Clyde refused to recognize the Prophet in his strange attire, and they would have fired on him had not Louis peremptorily ordered them to lower their rifles.

"I do not wonder," said the Prophet as he rode up, "that you do not know me in this garb. Heretofore you have seen me as a mountain priest. Now I am a mountain warrior, fighting on the side of the Great Jehovah, and, as my soul liveth, I shall not prove recreant to the new trust."

The men gathered around him and shook his hands, each anxious to learn something of his own dear ones back in the valley. The Prophet told the men about their people, and he showed a wonderful memory for names, for he mentioned all the children when he had given an account of the adults. He also told of his meeting with Henry Kyle, and he delighted the hearts of the immigrants by telling them that Captain Brandon was not dead, but a prisoner. Howard Blanchard proposed that they should turn back and rescue the captain at once, and John Clyde seconded the suggestion with great spirit.

"Not now," said the Prophet. "We must not do anything to delight the heart of the oppressor."

"And," asked honest John Clyde, "do you think they'll be delighted to see us coming at them?"

"I know they would, for, though we might start, we could never reach the destination we had in view. Let us watch and pray." Then, turning to Louis Kyle, who was standing on a rock near by, looking back, he said:

"Do you see the Philistines?"

"Yes," replied Louis. Then, coming over, he laid his hand on the Prophet's arm and continued: "Neither I nor any of the men here dreamed of anything else but that you should take command after we were sure that it was you approaching. We place ourselves in your charge, and whatever you command that shall we do."

"Louis speaks for me," said Howard Blanchard.

"And for me," added John Clyde, and the others joined in unanimously.

"And whatever Louis Kyle says or does that we do," said one of the herders, who on a former occasion showed his devotion to his young master.

"If Captain Brandon were here," said the Prophet, "now as in the past I would submit as a child to his control, once we were outside the temples where I preside, but now with your consent I will try to act as he would were he here. "So, my friends, mount your horses and fall back. The Philistines are in sight. See the sunlight flashing on their arms!"

The men threw themselves on their horses, and the Prophet and Louis Kyle, keeping to the rear, turned in their saddles now and then to look back. They could see that Bouton had brought the prisoners to the front so as to deter resistance.

The sun was setting when the Prophet and his friends entered the depression terminating in the canyon that led into the wonderful valley, which seemed to be the objective point of the marauders. There could be no better place in which to make a stand. The Prophet's force could easily have held it against ten times Bouton's numbers, and some of the men urged him to make a fight there. He said in reply: "You are right as