State Library July 97

THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL. xxxiv BUTLER, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 3, 1897. No.22

Better Late Than Never.

ONLY A FEW DAYS MORE AND BICKEL'S GREAT ODD AND END SALE WILL CLOSE.

The Attention of Shrewd Cash Buyers is Called to This Adv.

The Following Goods Must Be Sold At Once.

180 pairs ladies' heavy shoes	$1 00
200 pairs child's grain shoes	65
150 pairs ladies' fine serge slippers	25
200 pairs good grain slippers	50
126 pairs men's double sole heavy shoes	1 00

50 Cases Rubber Boots and Shoes to be closed out Regardless of Cost. 50

The Above Mentioned Goods Are at Half Price.

READ ON,——DEAR READERS——READ ON,

300 pairs men's fine buff shoes	$1 25
400 pairs men's working shoes	95
98 pairs Russia calf shoes	1 50
130 pairs fine calf shoes (latest style)	2 00
200 pairs boy's fine shoes tipped	1 00
180 pairs youth's buff shoes	75

Large Stock of Men's and Boys' Plow Shoes, Cheap.

These goods are all warranted to be perfect in every respect and they are only sold at prices named on them to make room for the new goods. If you want to get some footwear cheap—take in this sale.

New Spring Goods

Arriving almost every day and too much cannot be said in praise of them. ASK to see our line of ladies' and gents chocalate, wine color and fine Dongola shoes they are beauties, and also our line of Oxfords in different colors.

Repairing Done. REMEMBER THE PLACE.

JOHN BICKEL.

128, S. MAIN St. BUTLER, PA.

G. F. KECK,

MERCANT TAILOR.

142 North Main St., Butler, Pa.

When we make you a garment—or a suit—you may be sure that every stitch in it is perfectly made. Our especial pride is in the quality of our tailoring, we pay high wages and employ first-class tailors, so we get the highest grade of garments and you know our prices are lower than others, and we keep the largest stock of goods to select from. Call and examine for yourself, FITS GUARANTEED, remember the place.

G. F. KECK, Merchant Tailor,

142 N. MAIN ST., BUTLER, PA.

J. S. YOUNG,

Tailor, Hatter and Gents Furnishing Goods.

Summer heat makes the problem of looking dressy and keeping cool a hard one. But we've solved it; and for once economy, comfort and fashion go hand in haud. Our summer suits are finer in fabric, nobbier in pattern and more stylish in cut than ever before, they fit your curves and yet they're not sweat bath outfits. The prices may surprise you.

J. S. YOUNG, Tailor.

101 S. MAIN St., - - - BUTLER, PA

T. H. BURTON, T. H. BURTON,

"THE BEST

I've seen for the money," said an enthusiastic buyer who had visited every store, reserving ours for the last, "and when I leave my $12.00 I feel as if I had an $18.00 suit for it." Nothing new to us, we always did claim to give the best—always felt as if the public knew it too. We would like you to compare anything you see elsewhere for $10.00 or even $12.00 with our

$7.50.

T. H. BURTON, T. H. BURTON,

120 S. MAIN ST. BUTLER, PA.

Summer Millinery

Our stock of trimmed hats is larger than ever before, but if you don't see what you want your orde will be filled while you wait.

Children's trimmed hats from 50c to $5.00. Ladies' trimmed hats from 98c to $12.00,

Look at our corsets, we can fit any figure.

Our Muslin Underwear speaks for itself.

MARKS'.

108 S. Main St., one door South of Butler Savings Bank.

The Wise Grocer.

Will try to induce his customers to buy the very best groceries in the market, because by so doing he makes a sale that will give satisfaction, and it is the pleased and satisfied customer who builds up the grocer's business. We have some of the very best goods obtainable which we sell as close as any house in the county. Leave us your order and we guarantee satisfaction.

The Butler Produce Co.,

C L MOORE, Prop'r

130 W. Jefferson St., Butler, Pa.

IF YOU GET IT AT THE BUTLER PRODUCE IT'S FRESH.

Advertise in the CITIZEN.

WE ARE MAKING

Good clothes at such low prices that poor ones are no longer wanted.

There is a little something about the collar and lapel of our coats and a certain graceful hang of the trousers that makes them original. It is in part of the details, a knack which cheap tailors cannot acquire no matter how good is the material they use.

WE INVITE

Your inspection of our new Spring Patterns and a comparison of prices.

ALAND,

MAKER OF MEN'S CLOTHES

A Perfect Cut.

When you get a suit you want it made right. A perfect cut is necessary. High grade goods, a perfect cut and careful workmanship are a combination which give the best results and these are appreciated by the customer. In that way he gets his money's worth.

A Standard Established. You see it yourself. No one need explain to you why the clothes made by us are the most popular. Ours is a standard that makes them perfect. We keep our goods up to the limit of perfection and our workmen all assist in making the clothes first-class.

It is Easy Enough to cut into cloth and turn out clothes. It takes ability to obtain perfect results. Our tailors are the best, our cutter an artist and the perfect results as natural as the mistakes of others. Because our clothes are the best, people want them.

WEDDING SUITS A SPECIALTY.

COOPER & CO

Cor. Diamond. Butler, Pa

The Place to Buy GAS COOK

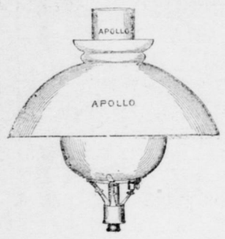
ING AND HEATING STOVES, GAS BURNERS AND FIXTURES, HOSE, BATH TUBS, ENAMEL AND

IMPROVED WELSHBACH GAS BURNER,

W. H. O'BRIEN & ON

107 East Jefferson St.

APOLLO GAS LAMP.



Price complete with By-Pass and Glass Chimney $2.00

With Mica Chimney $2.25.

Geo. W. Whitehill,

AGENT FOR BUTLER, CO

EYES EXAMINED FREE OF CHARGE

R. L. Kirkpatrick, Optician and Jeweler

Next to Court House Butler, Pate Gradnate La Port Haro logicl Institute.

Constipation

Causes fully half the sickness in the world. It retains the digested food too long in the bowels and produces biliousness, torpid liver, indigestion, bad taste, coated tongue, sick headache, insomnia, etc. Hood's Pills cure constipation and all its results, easily and thoroughly. 25c. All druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills

This Is Your Opportunity.

On receipt of ten cents, cash or stamps, a generous sample will be mailed of the most popular Catarrh and Hay Fever Cure (Ely's Cream Balm) sufficient to demonstrate the great merits of the remedy.

ELY BROTHERS,
56 Warren St., New York City.

Rev. John Reid, Jr., of Great Falls, Mont., recommended Ely's Cream Balm to me. I can emphasize his statement, "It is a positive cure for catarrh if used as directed."—Rev. Francis W. Poole, Pastor Central Pres. Church, Helena, Mont.

Ely's Cream Balm is the acknowledged cure for catarrh and contains no mercury nor any injurious drug. Price, 50 cents.

Register's Notices.

The Register hereby gives notice that the following accounts of executors, administrators and guardians have been filed in this office according to law, and will be presented to Court for confirmation and allowance on Saturday, the 12th day of June 1897, at 9 o'clock, A. M., of said day:

1 First and final account of George L Marsh, administrator of Laurentis Lyon, deceased, late of Middlesex twp.
2 Final account of Milton J Wolford and Lewis Wolford, administrators of Jacob Wolford, deceased, late of Cherry twp.
3 Final account of W E Brown, guardian of Leigh Thompson, deceased, minor child of E Thompson.
4 Final account of John O McGeary, executor of Jacob Simmers, deceased late of Buffalo twp
5 Final account of C F Yeahnig, administrator of Erdman Heller, deceased, late of Saxonburg.
6 Final account of Rev C Horn, administrator of Minnie Heller, deceased, late of Saxonburg.
7 Final account of George R Eaton, administrator of Dora Leibold, deceased, late of Butler borough.
8 Final account of William M McKinney and M C Black, executors of James McKinney, deceased, late of Adams twp.
9 First partial account of Samuel J Crowe, executor of Oliver C Crowe, deceased, late of Adams twp.
10 Final account of Peter A Barnhart, administrator of Michael Barnhart, deceased, late of Butler borough.
11 Final account of Frederick Bupp and William Bupp, executors of Frederick Bupp, deceased, late of Lancaster twp.
12 Final account of Lewis Weidhos, guardian of Edward M Wagner, minor child of Herman C Wagner, deceased, late of Beaver county, Pa.
13 Final account of Lewis Weidhos, guardian of Calbraith C Wagner, minor child of Herman C Wagner, deceased, late of Beaver county, Pa.
14 Final account of Lewis Weidhos, guardian of William H Wagner, minor child of Herman C. Wagner deceased, late of Beaver county, Pa.
15 Final account of George C McCullough and Priscilla McCullough, administrators of Samuel McCullough, deceased, late of Franklin twp.
16 Partial and distribution account of E G Brown, administrator of William Brown deceased, late of Middlesex twp.
17 Final account of John R Boyer, administrator of Mary Boyer, deceased, late of Lancaster twp.
18 Final account of Frederick Marterer, administrator of Clara Marterer, deceased, late of Saxonburg boro.
19 Final account of James C McKee, guardian of Maria Annetta McBride, (now McKee by adoption) minor child of George A. McBride, deceased, late of Butler boro.
20 Final account of Clara Johnston, executrix of Elizabeth Johnston, deceased, late of Jefferson township.
21 Final account of Phebe A Dillaman, administratrix of Rebecca Byers, deceased, late of Concord twp.
22 Final account of F B Dodds, executor of Martha J Welsz, deceased, late of Butler boro.
23 Suplemental final account of S C McGarvey, administrator of John C McGarvey, deceased, late of Concord twp.
24 Final account of Joseph J Thoma, executor of Joseph Thoma, deceased, late of Oakland township.
25 Final account of A J Bard, administrator of Robert M Bard, deceased, late of Centreville boro.
26 Final and distribution account of George L Hartzell, administrator of Geo Hartzell, deceased, late of Jackson twp.
27 Final account of H L Sanderson, administrator of Alexander S Pattison, deceased, late of Centreville boro.
28 Final account of James B Barnes, and J J McGarvey, administrators of Alex Barnes, deceased, late of Slipperyrock twp.
29 First partial account of Mary J Maxwell and J A Snyder, administrators of John N Maxwell, deceased, late of Winfield twp.
30 Final account of James Wilson, executor of Nancy Bartley, deceased, late of Butler boro.
31 Final account of John A Eichert, administrator d. b. n. of Michael Shoup, deceased late of Evansburg boro.
32 Final account of J H Gibson, executor of John Folwell, deceased, late of Washington township.
33 Second partial account of Calvin Wise and George R Wise, executors of Isaac Wise, deceased, late of Penn twp.
34 Partial account of W A Seaman, executor of Israel Seaman, deceased, late of Butler twp.
35 Final account of William M Brown, administrator of Andrew J Evans, deceased, late of Forward twp.
36 Final account of John S Wick, guardian of Milton J Forquer, deceased, minor child of Joseph A Forquer, deceased, late of Butler boro. The guardian gives notice that he will apply for his discharge at the time of the presentation of this account.
37 First partial account of William F Peffer, administrator of Joseph Rutter, deceased, late of Lancaster twp.
38 Final account of Lewis Northeim, executor of Christina Hasler, deceased, late of Donegal twp.
39 Final account of Joseph Beck, executor of George Franz Beck, deceased, late of Summit twp.

W. J. ADAMS, Register.

Road and Bridge Reports

Notice is hereby given that the following road and bridges have been confirmed nisi by the Court and will be presented on the first Saturday of June Court, 1897, being the 12 day of said month, and if no exceptions are filed they will be confirmed absolutely.

R D No 1, March Sessions, 1897. In re petition of citizens of Donegal township and vicinity for county bridge over a branch of Buffalo creek, at a point on road leading from Butler to Millerstown (lower road) where said road crosses said creek on the farm of Henry S. Frederick, in Donegal township. December 7, 1896, viewers were appointed by the Court, and February 27, 1897, report of viewers filed, stating that the proposed bridge is necessary and that the same shall require more expense than it is reasonable that the township of Donegal should bear, and locate site thereof the same as township bridge now standing, and that no change is necessary in the bed of the public road. March 6, 1897, approved; notice to be given according to the rules of Court and to be laid before the grand jury at next term. BY THE COURT.

R D No 3, March Sessions, 1897. In re petition of citizens of Jackson township, Butler county, Pa., for a public road beginning on the old Pittsburg plank road at or near the Mickley shoe shop, in the township of Jackson, and ending at a point on the Graham Mill road near the Beaver road, in the township of Jackson. December 14, 1896, viewers appointed by the Court. March 1, 1897, report of viewers filed, stating that the proposed road is necessary, and have surveyed a road between the points named, the probable cost of making said road, five hundred dollars, to be borne by the township, and damages assessed (forty dollars) to Daniel Rape. March 6, 1897, approved, and fix width of road at 33 feet; notice to be given according to rules of Court. By THE COURT.

R D No. 5, March Sessions, 1897. In re petition of citizens of Parker township, Butler county, Pa., for a bridge over the Pugh Ford over Bear creek in Parker township, on the road leading from the North Washington road to the Fairview and Bruin road which crosses said Bear creek in said Parker township, at what is known as Pugh's ford. January 9, 1897, viewers appointed by the Court, and February 21, 1897, report of viewers filed, stating that the proposed bridge is necessary, and the erection of the same will require more expense than it is reasonable that the township of Parker should bear, and locate the site thereof the same as township bridge now standing, and no change is necessary in the bed of public road connecting with said bridge. March 6, 1897, approved. Notice to be given according to rules of Court and to be laid before the Grand jury at next term. BY THE COURT.

Certified from the records this 4th day of May, 1897. ISAAC MEALS, Clerk Q. S. Court.

GOOD FARM FOR SALE.

The Ford farm in Donegal twp., near Millerstown is for sale. It contains about 150 acres, is well watered and in good condition. For terms inquire at this office.

Advertise in the CITIZEN.

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XI.

At ten o'clock that dark and gloomy Sunday night Mr. Lambert stood in front of his tent, leaning on his sword and listening in silence to the conference going on between his commander and the civil officers of the law. Close had come home in high dudgeon, and was, as usual, slow and cautious, but more than usually reluctant and suspicious. Fuming over the failure of the mission on which he had started so confidently, believing himself "tricked by the enemy," and now offered ample revenge and assured of success through the information tendered him, he nevertheless faltered. Lambert, returning from the round of his sentries, was taken unawares by the sudden question:

"This gentleman says the old lady knew just where we had gone and just when we would get back. What do you think of it?"

"It's a matter I know nothing about, sir," was the answer, "except that she did say she was writing a letter to be given you on your return this evening, and instantly corrected herself by saying on your return."

"Yes. Here's the letter, by Jove, and it's a worse puzzle than before. And here's the deputy marshal back with increased powers, new orders, search-warrants, and God knows what all. I'm willing enough to back you in dealing with men, Mr. Parmelee," said the captain, turning again to the eager civilian, "but the lieutenant has had these sentries posted 40 minutes and there hasn't been a sound. I don't want any searching of a house that holds nothing but women, because you think some of your jail birds are there—"

"I tell you, captain, there's no room for doubt. The negroes have seen them. They told Mr. Jarvis, here, and told him the mules were to be there before ten o'clock to carry 'em off out of harm's way. Your man Murphy admits he saw one last night—one of the Scroggses, sure, by the description, and his brother is with him there. I'll bet a hat."

"I don't believe it," sturdily answered Close. "Only last August she turned Walton Scroggs away from her door with such a tongue-lashing as I never heard; an' that's saying a good deal. She forbade him ever setting foot within her gates again. I heard her; so did half the men in this company."

"I know all about that. He has been in love with his cousin, the elder of the Walton girls, as long as I can remember, and because of his shiftless habits the old lady wouldn't listen to it. Then they took to meeting by stealth, and she found it out. She discharged old Rasmus for no other reason than that he carried letters for them. I've tried to bribe him twice to tell where Wal Scroggs was hiding, but the old nigger's a damn fool—with a starving wife, too. They tell me he was seen round here a day or two since, asking for Riggs, and he's been carrying letters again. The old lady wouldn't have him there before, perhaps, but she would shelter him now, when the government demands his surrender. But, even if she wouldn't, Esther Walton would. I tell you they're there, captain, and they'll be off and out of our reach this night if you fail to take them now."

Close was pulling on a soldier's overcoat at the moment, and stopped to listen to some sound down the dark recesses of the "bottom" along the winding stream.

"It's the mules now!" began Parmelee, excitedly, but Close held up a warning hand.

"If it is, my men will nab 'em, that's all. Now you've been the means of my takin' the men on more'n one long wild-goose chase afoot—that telegram of yours was enough to give the whole scheme away—and of my bein' invited to be damn fool enough to fight two duels this afternoon. Both Col. Scroggs and Mr. Barton Potts, by thunder, want me to go out and be shot because I preferred to satisfy myself Mr. Wal Scroggs wasn't in the old Gibson place, 'stead of takin' their word of honor for it. There's a sick lady there who was scared of Yankee uniforms; but I'd rather search all Tugaloo and Quitman and hell together than rout out old Mis' Walton to-night. They can't get out past my sentries. They're sure to be nabbed if they try. Let 'em try, I say. It's the easiest way to settle the whole business. Then they can be arrested without disturbin' anybody in the house."

But Parmelee was dissatisfied. He had been chaffed, jeered at, maddened over the escape of his prisoners. Two of them—the worst of the lot, so far as he could judge—were here now, within his grasp, if he could but persuade Close to act. He had still a card to play, and it was a trump lead.

"I did send you a telegram steering you to Gibson's, and I did it because the marshal himself so directed; for it was he who was sure that was where they had taken refuge. Scroggs and his precious kinsman, Potts, probably got warning in time to send their two refugees away, and now they've had the cheek to hide them here, right under your nose. Talk about the record you've made as a preserver of the peace down here; how'll it read all over the north that, after being released from jail in the presence of Capt. Close's company, the worst of the gang—men under indictment for murderous assault on United States officers in discharge of their duties—came and took up their residences across the road from Capt. Close's camp and dared him to take them. That's the way it'll read, by God, if you don't act to-night."

For a moment Close simply stared at the man. Parmelee was no fighter, man to man, steel to steel; that the war veteran knew well; but the Yankee schoolmaster of ante-bellum days had learned to use his wits and his tongue. He could argue, if he couldn't face a bullet. The stalwart soldier who, single-handed, had captured a squad of astonished trench defenders before Vicksburg and had faced the blazing battle line with dauntless front a score of times, looked helplessly a moment into the face of this keen fencer, then turned appealingly to the young West Pointer, as though to ask: "Isn't there something in your education to answer this?" But Lambert was silent. From first to last the lesson taught him at the national academy was subordination of the military to the civil authority.

"Well, go ahead. You're boss, I s'pose. I can only follow. What d'you want me to do?" said Close.

"I want you to search that house and get those men," was Parmelee's answer.

And then there was another moment of oppressive silence; then sudden start and alarm.

Down the Tugaloo road to the south, at the farthest corner of the fence which surrounded the Walton place, there was a pathway leading through the brush to the level "bottom" below. Somewhere in this direction, but beyond the corner, only a few seconds before, had been heard a sound like that of a bray nipped suddenly in the bud—of a mule's essay at vocalism checked summarily with a club. At this point where road and pathway came together Lambert had posted Private Green, a reliable soldier of many years' experience, and when Green challenged there was reason for it. Low and stern his voice was heard distinctly at the listening camp: "Who comes there?" followed almost immediately by the sharp order: "Halt! Halt, or I fire."

Waiting for no order, Lambert was off like a dart, Burns following with a lantern. Again came the cry: "Halt!" but the promised shot was not heard. Even when running at speed past the gate of the Walton place, the young officer could not resist a quick glance at the dark facade of the old homestead. Already a light was dancing along the portico, another gleaming at an upper window.

"What's the matter, sentry?" he panted, as he came upon the dark figure at the turn of the road. Green, with his rifle at "ready," was peering into the gap in the tangle of shrubbery.

"Some one was coming up there, sir, and ran the instant I challenged. I ought to have let him get up to me and then halted him, but I had regulations instead of sense in my head," said Green, a New Englander with a propensity for talk. "He's out o' harm's way—"

But Lambert waited to hear no more. With Burns at his heels he sprang down the dim pathway, and had not gone 30 yards before he came upon some struggling object crashing into the brush towards the stream. "Halt!" he shouted, and, while something halted, other somethings, with muttered oaths, went plunging on. He heard a splash, hoofs clattering over gravel, the lashing of a whip, and then all was still across the dark open space through which flowed the sluggish "branch." But here among the bushes were two wondering quadrupeds, one a mule with broken bridle-rein, the other, as Burns' lantern speedily showed, a Cherokee pony—both saddled. A corporal came running to join them, and in a moment the beasts were led back to the road way, where Close and Parmelee by this time stood ready to receive them. One glance was all the latter needed.

"What did I tell you, captain?" said he, in triumph. "That is Wal Scroggs' own pony, and the master's hiding there at the Walton place."

Ten minutes more and a strange, solemn scene was being enacted at the head of the steps leading up to that broad, vine-covered old porch, whose dingy white columns loomed dim and ghostly in the glare of lantern and candle. The door was thrown wide open, and on the worn coping-stone, calm, dignified, erect, even though leaning heavily upon her cane, a lighted candle held high over the shimmering gray of her well-poised head, her stately, slender form garbed in some dark clinging robe, stood the mistress of the house, the clear-cut, pallid face standing forth against the black background of the hallway like some exquisite cameo, the thin, sensitive lips quivering just a trifle at the drooping corners of her firmly-set, almost colorless mouth. In front of her, his brown head bared, his burly form nearly concealed in his light-blue overcoat, an almost pleading look in his soft brown eyes, was Close, the hero of a score of battles. On his right, folded and formidable-looking documents extended in an unstedy hand, also with uncovered head, stood Parmelee, representing the majesty of the law. To the left of the commander and a pace retired, buttoned to the throat in the uniform of his rank and girt with sash and belt, stood young Lambert, obedient to orders. Behind them, and almost at the top of the steps, armed and equipped, a sergeant and two soldiers of the guard. Back, farther down the steps, still others were grouped, the fixed bayonets gleaming in the light of the two lamps, one held by the amazed woman at the threshold, the other swinging from the gloved hand of the sergeant of the guard.

"What you say, sir, is absurd—impossible. At no time, under no circumstances," Mrs. Walton was saying, "could the gentleman you name be secreted in that room."

"Madam," replied Close, his deep voice trembling, "nobody can feel more sorry about this than I do. I'd rather go through the whole war over again than be here on such an errand to-night, but—a soldier must obey his orders. I saw him, madam, at that window. These gentlemen saw—"

"Gentlemen! Gentlemen, sir, never would connive at such an outrage. That is my daughter's room—Miss Esther Walton's."

Dead silence for a moment, solemn and impressive indeed, for Close turned helplessly to the supporters on his right, unable to face such majesty of confidence and conviction, unable to say the words that could sound only like insult intensified. It was Parmelee whose sense of duty rose superior to exalted sentiment.

"Madam," he began, stepping forward, "these papers are full warrant for my action. I know two men to be secreted here. I, too, saw one at that window, and the law must take its course."

"Stop!" she cried. "I have said that was my daughter's room. One of your party, at least, has the appearance of a gentleman. Lieut. Lambert, is it possible that you—that any graduate of West Point—can stand here and permit such outrage as this? Would you allow your sister's room to be searched for—oh, my God! nothing we have had to bear was comparable to this. I give you my word of honor no such man is, or has been—"

But she got no further. Out from the dark hallway, with bounding step, tall, slender and athletic, sprang a young fellow with the warning cry: "Mother! not another word."

She strove to check him as he pushed his impetuous way past her. With a wail of anguish unspeakable she threw aside her cane and seized him by the arm. Down went the candle sputtering to the floor. "Floyd—Floyd! Oh, my boy, what have you done?" she moaned, and bowed her gray head upon the broad young shoulder.

And then, with just a touch of the melodramatic in his bearing, the youth folded his arms and stood erect before the astonished group of officials.

"I reckon, gentlemen, I'm the man you want."

Close looked at him in bewilderment, then turned to Parmelee, whose face, whether through fear or excitement, was twitching nervously, and who stood staring blankly at the stranger. From the hallway came creeping hurriedly forth a girlish form, misery in the streaming eyes and disheveled hair, and Katherine Walton threw herself upon her brother's arm, sobbing convulsively. "Hush, Kate," he whispered, in almost stern reproach. "Hush, child. Go back to your room;" and though now he enfolded his mother in the embrace of his left arm, he strove to free the right. But Katherine would not go.

And still, though here apparently was the sought-for prisoner, no man stepped forward to claim him. Officers and men, the nocturnal visitors looked blankly at one another, at the stricken group upon the threshold, and were silent. Then with sudden gesture, as though he could no longer bear the strain, the young man broke loose from Katherine's clinging arms, and, gently unclasping his mother's hands, once again addressed himself to Close:

"I say, suh, I reckon you've come for me. I'm ready to go with you at once."

And then, with wonder and relief in their faces, with sudden check to sobs and tears, mother and sister lifted up their heads and stared at the embarrassed officer. Lambert gave vent to an audible gasp of delight, for Close, turning slowly upon the silent and astonished deputy, and with a world of suppressed wrath in his deep tones, growled forth:

"You've got no warrant for this gentleman. I never saw him before in my life, and never heard of him as being mixed up in any trouble. This is young Mr. Walton, isn't it?" he suddenly inquired of the stranger, over whose pale face a look of bewilderment was creeping, and who for a moment seemed unable to reply. It was Mme. Walton who, with quivering, ashen lips and with hope, fear, yearning, anguish in her eyes, found voice to say:

"This is my youngest son, suh—Floyd Walton.

"You say," she continued tremulously, "you have no warrant, no cause for his arrest. Then in God's name go, and leave us in peace. I am not well; and on my word of honor, no other man is hidden—"

"Mother! Hush!"

A door hastily opened within—the door leading to the room to the left of the entrance, the room at whose window Close and Parmalee could swear they saw the dim figure of a man peering forth as they entered the gate. A heavy footfall resounded through the hall. A light streamed forth from the open room, and a woman's wailing, shuddering cry followed the tall powerful form that came striding to the front. With a look of horror in her eyes, Mrs. Walton staggered, would have fallen, but for the clasping arm of her son, upon whose breast she now leaned, panting for breath and glaring at the newcomer, to whose side now sprang Esther, her long black hair streaming down the white wrapper in which her tall figure was enveloped—Esther, who strove to drag the stranger back from before her mother's eyes.

"You here? You?" was Mrs. Walton's gasping cry. "And in—that room?"

"Mother!" wailed the elder daughter, throwing herself upon her knees before the fainting form—"mother, listen. Oh, make her hear me, Floyd! Mother, I am Walton's wife."

But the words fell on senseless ears. The lady of Walton hall slipped swooning, till they caught and bore her within the open doorway.

"Well," said Close, a moment later, "what do you want done with your man—Walton Scroggs? One's enough for this night, I suppose."

"One's enough for me, as things have turned out. Now, what are you going to do with the other?"

"Leave him here, with his mother, where he ought to be, of course. You've got no cause to arrest him."

"But you have, anyhow."

"I! What, I'd like to know?"

"Because he's a deserter from the United States army."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Appropriate.

Miss Antique (severely)—I shall never marry. It would be simply useless for any young man to ask me.

Miriam (slyly)—You would tell him you could only be a mother to him?—Brooklyn Life.

Where It Lay.

Whittle, the Sculptor (sadly)—I'm afraid my statue will not be accepted.

Bolster (his friend)—Cheer up, old boy. You should put a better face on it.

Whittle, the Sculptor—That's the trouble; I can't.—N. Y. World.

After the Honeymoon.

He—You'll be accusing me next of leading a double life!

She—You do lead a double life—you're twice as mean a man as I thought you were when I married you!—Chicago Tribune.

Heard Enough.

Judge—Do you think you could give a verdict in accordance with the evidence?

Would-Be Juror—I do.

Lawyer (for the defense, hastily)—Challenged for cause!—N. Y. Weekly.

A World at Stake.

"Columbus took big chances when he illustrated the fact that the world was round."

"How so?"

"Suppose the egg had been a bad one?"—Philadelphia Press.

Second-Hand.

Mrs. Bricabrac—Oh, mercy, Bridget, how could you have broken that precious vase! It was 400 years old.

Bridget (calmly)—Oh, if it was an ould thing like that, yez can take it out av me next week's wages.—N. Y. Truth.

Far from It.

"I suppose your brother is a good deal stuck on his new bicycle, isn't he, Tommy?"

"Not very well, sir. He's just learnin'."—Chicago Tribune.

Sweet Sarcasm.

Esther—What do you think of my engagement ring, dear?

Eunice (sweetly) — It is a beauty—and it fits just as though it were made for you, love.—Brooklyn Eagle.

THE KAISER AND MR. FRITH.

Small Prince's First Attempt at Painting Was Disastrous.

Although Prof. Knackfuss is usually credited with assisting the kaiser in the production of his surprising pictures, the German monarch owes his earliest introduction to the mysteries of art to an English painter, says the London Chronicle. The first time the kaiser handled a brush was at Windsor, when Mr. Frith was painting the picture of the prince of Wales' marriage for the queen. All the royal personages gave sittings to the artist and the kaiser, then a little four-year-old prince, spent several mornings in the room where the picture was being painted. To keep the child quiet Mr. Frith gave him some paints and brushes and allowed him to dabble on one of the unfinished corners of the canvas.

As a natural result of this very injudicious proceeding the prince's face was in a very few minutes covered with streaks of green, blue and vermilion. The sight of his smeared face terrified his governess, who begged the artist to remove the colors; and Mr. Frith, armed with rags and turpentine, had nearly completed his task when the pungent spirit found its way into a scratch upon the child's cheek. The future kaiser screamed with pain, assaulted the eminent painter with his fists and hid himself under a large table, where he yelled until he was tired. Mr. Frith declares in his "Reminiscences" that the little prince showed a most unforgiving spirit and revenged himself afterward by sitting so badly that the painter failed altogether to produce a satisfactory likeness.

SURE OF A FINE FUNERAL.

Men of Lubec, Me., Provide for Mortuary Emergencies.

The town of Lubec, Me., is one of the go-ahead villages of the Pine Tree state, and the one thing wanting to enable it to keep up with the procession is a hearse. The citizens investigated the condition of surrounding towns, and learned that every one of them had a hearse, and they considered it a burning and municipal shame that Lubec should be so far behind the times. Therefore, it was resolved to have one, although, according to the rates of longevity in Lubec, it was not considered likely there would be much use for it, says the Lewiston Journal.

A mass meeting of the citizens was called to discuss the grave subject. The enthusiasm was unbounded, and it was at once decided to purchase the vehicle by voluntary subscriptions, making a sort of joint stock concern or hearse corporation. Each subscriber chipped in one dollar, but the wary and thrifty Lubecker insisted upon a proviso whereby he is enabled to get a show for his white ally. It was unanimously agreed that if any stockholder had use for the hearse within a certain number of years from the date of his subscription, he, the said subscriber, should be entitled to a rebate of the sum paid in.

Now the Lubecker awaits the approach of the grim destroyer without emotion. In the event of his death, he is assured of a first-class funeral, with plumes and all the outward trappings of woe, and he gets his money back besides.

FINAL "A" BAD FOR SHIPS.

Some Recent Wrecks Were Guilty of That Lack of Foresight.

Insurance underwriters look askance at vessels which have a final "a" in their names. The first letter of the alphabet is considered a hoodoo when it ends the name of a deep sea ship. Many of the most serious wrecks of the last year have been of vessels carrying the hoodoo letter.

One day lately, says the San Francisco Examiner, the telegraph announced that the British ship Androsa, from that port for Liverpool with one of the most valuable cargoes that was ever carried out of that harbor, was lost within a few leagues of her destination. The next day word was received that the Orealia, bound from Victoria for Liverpool, had been swept by heavy seas and badly damaged. Her mate and one sailor were drowned. The wires told on the same day of the total loss of the British ship Villanta and the drowning of her master near Freemantle, and a few days later the papers gave the news of the loss of the steamer Wallapa and of the beaching of the Dora in Alaska waters.

During the last two or three years the most serious wrecks on the coast were of vessels whose names ended with the hoodoo letter. The wreck of the Colima was the most horrifying of all. Then came the loss of the steamer Columbia, and a few weeks later the passenger steamer Umatilla ran ashore and narrowly escaped destruction.

Tobacco and Rice in Maryland.

According to the Baltimore News the farmers of Maryland are becoming interested in the movement for a general cultivation of tobacco and for the introduction of the raising of rice. In earlier days tobacco was grown throughout the state, but for the last half century it has been confined to the counties of southern Maryland. Rice has never been grown in the state, but the recent success with this crop in lower New Jersey has led many to think that it can be profitably taken up in Delaware and Maryland. The yield of rice is from 35 to 60 bushels an acre, and the net profit is said to be from $25 to $45 an acre.

Weight of Men and Women.

The average weight of 20,000 Boston men was 142 pounds; women, 125 pounds. At Cincinnati the average of the same number of men was 154 pounds; women, 131.

Manufacture of Explosives.

More than 10,000 persons are engaged in the manufacture of explosives in Great Britain. Last year 40 persons in the business were killed and 167 injured by accidents.

It Wouldn't Be Proper.

A well-known vicar gives a curious experience. It was his custom to point his sermons with either "Dearly beloved brethren" or "Now, my brothers," until one day a lady member of his congregation took exception to this and asked him why he always preached to the gentlemen and never to the ladies.

"My dear lady," said the beaming vicar, "one embraces the other."

"But not in the church!" was the reply of the astonished lady.—Tit-Bits.

Fin-de-Siecle.

"Madam!"

The wife paused on the doorstep and looked up at her husband, whose face was unusually stern.

"Am I the head of this house?"

"You are," she answered, meekly.

"Then come right in and take off my knickerbockers and mend your own bloomers. I am going wheeling myself to-night."

Such an incident could happen only in this age.—Philadelphia Press.

A Request Complied With.

About the fair one's heart spoke he,
And begged she would allot it
To him. She did so presently.
'Twas marble when he got it.
—Washington Star.

STORY OF A COLOR FAD.

How the Craze for Lilac Had Its Birth in Vienna.

Many years ago, in the days of her radiant beauty, her imperial majesty, Empress Elizabeth, of Austria, sat for her portrait to Schrotzberg, a fashionable Viennese artist. The picture, says Munseys, was painted at the request of the empress' royal cousin, Ludwig II. of Bavaria, and was destined to grace the walls of his gallery of beautiful women in Munich. The artist recognized the importance of his commission, and gave to the canvas all the skill of his genius, which, in the matter of color, had no equal in Germany. The robe of the empress was of imperial purple, of so marvelous a tint and so wonderfully painted that it dimmed even the charm of the sovereign lady's matchless beauty. Artists tried in vain to imitate it, pens to describe it, and in time it came to be known as the "historical lilac."

In the ballrooms of Vienna a tint bearing the name of Kaiserilla is in vogue, which is as near the shade of purple in which Schrotzberg clothed his beautiful empress as looms and pigments can make it. In this country lilac has long been considered a color for the middle-aged women, but now young girls are taking a great fancy to it, and the coming summer we are told will see it a reigning tint. Max Nordeau may be right in the theory that devotion to violet is one of the surest signs of degeneracy, but the stylish woman of today would much prefer to be called "degenerate" than "unstylish."

A COUNTRY OF SURPRISES.

Coal, Lead, Silver and Tin in South Africa.

While there is little doubt that with proper development of its agricultural and pastoral resources South Africa could be made practically self-supporting, the successful development of these industries depends nevertheless upon the creation of local markets through the stimulus given by mining operations, says the North American Review.

With the exception of mining of gold, diamonds and coal there have been no considerable exploitations of its mineral resources. Coal fortunately exists in many parts of the country, and it has been estimated that the known coal fields represent an area of 56,000 square miles, which is equal in extent to the state of Iowa. There exist in some parts of the country large deposits of iron contiguous to the coal fields. But as yet the economic conditions have not favored the development of that industry. Lead, silver, cinnabar, tin and other metals are also found in many parts of the country, but have not been remuneratively worked. Among the mining countries of South Africa the Transvaal is facile princeps, and is in all probability destined to maintain its paramount position, though, as is well known, South Africa is "a country of surprises," and it is possible, of course, though not probable, that within its great extent other equally important districts may be discovered.

BLAINE'S GENEROSITY.

How the Plumed Knight Aided President Taylor's Daughter.

A good story of James G. Blaine is told by a writer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. The incident related was a magnanimous and clever act of the Maine statesman, when, as speaker of the house, he got through a resolution appropriating $12,000 to the needy widowed daughter of President Zachary Taylor. This lady got as far as Washington on her way to Paris to see a sick daughter, and, being destitute of money, appealed to her only friend at the capital, Gen. Sherman. His purse was always open to the distressed, but he had no funds at all adequate to relieve her necessities. In this emergency he thought of Blaine. The man from Maine entered into the spirit of the occasion as soon as he heard Gen. Sherman's statement. He called another to the chair, made a five-minutes' speech that fairly electrified the house, which passed the resolution which Blaine had penned only a