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THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL. xxxvi BUTLER, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1899 No. 40

HUSELTON'S!

Showing of **FALL and WINTER** Footwear

The biggest, most carefully selected stock of BOOTS and SHOES we ever offered is now assembled ready for the showing. Crowds are here all the time because the best shoes for the money are here all the time.

We please everybody, no one disappointed, ask the thousands of people whom we shoe and see. The newest styles from the

WORLD'S BEST MANUFACTORIES.

Women's Shoes.

We show all the newest shapes and fashionable manish shoes, heavy soles in kid skin and box calf AA to E at $2, 2.50, 3.00 and 3.50. These shoes are the most comfortable shoe a women ever wore.

In McKay sewed 75 cts. to $1.50.

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Our celebrated calf kip and veal unlined at 85c, $1.25 and 1.50, then the oil grain, kangaroo kip and grain at $1, 1 25 and 1.50, you can't duplicate in Butler.

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Come here if you want the best for your money, they are here in winter tans —box calf, cordovan, wax calf, English, grain, vici kid, heavy soles, all new shapes at $1.50, 2.00, 2.50, 3.00 and 3 50. Satin calf $1.00 and 1.25.

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In kip oil grain 2 soles and tap, high cut box toe at $1.50, 2.00, 2.50 and 3.00. Heavy veal and oil grain Creedmore's at $1.00, 1.25 and 1.50.

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Our Jamestown kip, high cut copper toe shoe; then Bengal calf, oil grain and crackproof calf, 2 soles and tap at $1.00 1.25, 1.50 and 2.00, can't be duplicated in any store in Butler.

We sell "Queen Quality" Shoes for Women and The Famous Mrs. Jenness Miller's Shoes.

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Butler's Leading Shoe House. Opposite Hotel Lowry.

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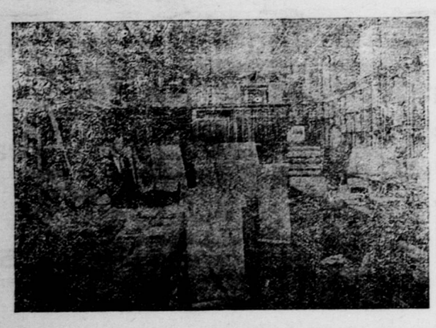

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236 North Main Street, Wick Building. Butler, Pa Peoples' Phone 400

STRIVING FOR EFFECT!

Men don't buy clothing for the purpose or spending money. They desire to get the best possible results for the money expended. Not cheap goods but goods as cheap as they can be sold for and made up properly. If you want the correct thing at the correct price, call and examine our large stock of Heavy Weights, Fall and Winter Suitings and Overcoats of the latest Styles, Shades and Colors.

Fits and Workmanship Guaranteed.

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142 North Main Street, Butler, Pa

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That the dread house cleaning is over the next and more important work is picking a new carpet To pick a carpet in our well stocked carpet rooms is a pleasure, so say the many who have done so. We have the famous Hartford Axminister, Wilton Velvets, Body and Tapestry Brussels and Ingrains in all the up-to-date patterns, only, and prices that will astonish you. Then our China Mattings, Floor and Table Oil Cloths, Linoleums, Rugs and Art Squares, deserve a passing notice. Ask to see our

$1.00 Axminister Rugs,

Neatest thing for the money ever shown in Butler at

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PAPE'S, JEWELERS.

Diamonds, Watches, Clocks, Jewelery, Silverware, Spectacles etc.

We have a large and well selected stock.

We Repair all Kinds of Watches.

If you have broken jewelery that you think beyond repairs bring it to us and we will make it as good as new.

We take old gold and silver the same as cash allowing the highest market price.

122 S. Main St., Butler, Pa.

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SAPOLIO

subscribe for the CITIZEN.

NOTHING IS BETTER

IMPOSSIBLE TO MANUFACTURE A BETTER REMEDY.

Pennsylvania People Make Good Witnesses of the Success it Has Achieved.

There can be nothing better for backache, nervousness, sleeplessness and all ailments arising from kidney disorders than Morrow's Kid-ne-oids. It is impossible to manufacture a better kidney remedy. Kid-ne-oids contain the very best ingredients that are good for ailments arising from the kidneys. The vast number of people in this city who have testified to the merits of Kid-ne-oids is sufficient proof that none of our claims are false.

Mrs. Smith, 49 Madison Ave., Allegheny, Pa., says:

"I have suffered for several years with kidney trouble I had severe pain in my back and was troubled with nervousness and swelling of the feet. I tried different kinds of kidney remedies, but they did not relieve me. When I saw Morrow's Kid-ne-oids advertised I decided to try them. They stopped the pain in my back, my nerves are strengthened and the swelling has disappeared."

Morrow's Kid-ne-oids are not pills but Yellow Tablets and sell at fifty cents a box at all drug stores and at Redick & Grohman's drug store.

Mailed on receipt of price. Manufactured by John Morrow & Co., Chemists, Springfield, Ohio.

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Butler, Pa.

Capital - - - - $60,000.00
Surplus and Profits - - $170,000.00

JOS. L PURVIS .....President
J. HENRY TROUTMAN.....Vice-President
WM. CAMPBELL, Jr.....Cashier
LOUIS B. STETS .....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.

THE Butler County National Bank,

Butler Penn,

Capital paid in - - $100,000.00
Surplus and Profits - $130,703.95

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Money loaned on approved security.
We invite you to open an account with this bank.

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Importer and Jobber of Drugs, Chemicals, Perfumes, Soaps, Brushes, Etc

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Compounded Day or Night by "Registered Pharmacists" only.

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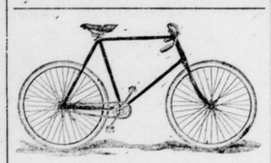

Rare Bargains!

We want to dispose of our present stock of '99 models, and in order to do it quickly have cut the prices from $30, $35 and $40 to $22.50 and $25. These are strictly high grade and up-to-date bicycles, and can't be matched for price and quality. Don't miss this opportunity to procure a good wheel for little money. We sell sundries cheaper than and other house in town.

WHITE, WALTER & CO.,

303 S. Main Street.

H. O. HAYS. L. H. HAYS.

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Hays Bros.'

Livery and Sale Stable.

Best Accommodations in Town.

West Jefferson Street, Butler, Pa

People's Phone 109,
Bell's Phone 59

HAIR SWITCH FREE

ON EASY CONDITIONS.

Cut this ad. out and mail to us. Send a small sample of your hair, cut close to the roots. SEND NO MONEY; we will make and send you by mail, postpaid, a FINE HUMAN HAIR SWITCH, to exact match, made of better long-fiber selected human hair, 24 inches, short stem. We will include in package with switch sufficient postage to turn it to us if not perfectly satisfactory, but if found exactly as represented and most extraordinary value and you wish to keep it, (they sell on 21.50 by mail at 10 dollars) TAKE ORDERS FOR 3 SWITCHES AT $1.50 EACH among your friends and send to us without any money, we to send the 3 switches to them direct by mail, to be paid for 10 days after received if perfectly satisfactory and you can then have the switch we send you free for your trouble. We give Pianos, Organs, Sewing Machines, Dishes, Furniture, Watches, Bicycles, Cameras and other premiums for taking orders for our Switches. Our lady earned a Piano in fifteen days, one a Sewing Machine in 2 days. Order a Switch at once or write-to-day for FREE PREMIUM OFFER. Address,

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WANTED—SEVERAL BRIGHT AND honest persons to represent us as Managers in this and close by counties. Salary $900 a year and expenses. Straight, bonafide, no more, no less salary. Position permanent. Our references, any bank in any town. It is mainly office work conducted at home. Reference. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. THE DOMINION COMPANY, Dept. 3, Chicago.

THEY THAT SIT IN DARKNESS

A STORY OF THE AUSTRALIAN NEVER-NEVER

BY JOHN MACKIE

AUTHOR OF "THE DEVILS PLAYGROUND" AND "SINNERS TWAIN."

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CHAPTER V.

"WHICH WOULD YOU PREFER?"

Next morning Jack and I were up at daybreak; the squatter's camp was also astir. Luckily the horses had not strayed far during the night, so that soon we had them driven up, ready for a start immediately after breakfast. I was just putting the billy on the fire when Snowball, one of the black boys, came up and told me that his "white missis" wanted to see me. Instructing him to tell her I would be with her immediately, and wondering what she could want with me, I ran down to the creek and hurried through my simple toilet.

When I reached the squatter's camp, Norah Mackenzie was waiting for me. With a smile she took down a silver drinking cup from the limb of a tree on which it had rested overnight, and taking a tumbler poured off a clear, amber hued liquid from the former into it, throwing out what I supposed were the cores of the berries she had plucked on the previous day. I must have stood looking as foolish as an overgrown schoolboy who with a rebellious spirit, conscious of the dignity of his coming manhood, is eying the doctor's nauseous draft, from which he knows there is no escape. She watched my face, held the glass up to the light, and with an arch pleasantry repeated these lines:

"Oh, for a beaker full of the warm south,
The true, the bluishful hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim
And purple stained mouth"—

and in the same breath, "Just fancy something of that sort, you know, and here's a big chocolate drop you'll have as a reward when you've finished."

I thought the comparison between the draft that Keats meant and this was hardly a fair one. I must have presented a very disconcerted spectacle, for she laughed heartily at me, but I drank the fever cure to the bitter lees. I think if I had imagined it would prove as bitter again I would have swallowed it without a moment's hesitation, coming as it did from her hands. After all, it was not so very unpleasant. It had a peculiarly bitter, burning taste, but was not particularly disagreeable.

"Where is my reward?" I asked.

And now the length to which this girl would go in pursuit of a joke was fully exemplified. She held up the chocolate drop between finger and thumb till it was on a level with that siren's face of hers, and, turning those great, dark eyes full upon me till I could read the meaning in them and slightly pouting her lips, she asked in a low voice that suggested the manner of addressing a child, "Which would you prefer?"

I simply turned hot and cold, and the blood seemed to tingle through my body at the audacity of such a speech. But before I could stretch out my hands to her, which had been my first unreasoning impulse, she placed the chocolate drop between my lips and was laughing beyond my reach.

It was well for her and for myself that she did escape. I was never so much the slave of an irresistible impulse as at that moment.

Just then the squatter came from his tent.

"Hello, Parker!" he said. "Been taking Norah's medicine? Yes, it's good stuff. Repeat the dose tomorrow, and I'll wager you'll get rid of the fever. By the way, we strike off from here

"Jack," I cried, "are we to go on with Mr. Mackenzie?"

southwest through the bush this morning for my new country up the Robinson river. Are you coming with us?"

"Jack," I cried, turning to my mate, who at that moment came up, "are we to go on with Mr. Mackenzie to his new country?"

"Yes, and thanks for the offer, sir," answered Jack, addressing the squatter. "I'd go to another planet and not take a return ticket, either, if I could get the chance."

"Hello!" exclaimed the squatter, betrayed into an exhibition of surprise by something in the tone of Jack's speech. "You're too young to say such things. Don't you ever think of your father"—

"Yes, I do," interrupted Jack grimly, with that old hard look coming into his face which I knew was the outcome of some hidden trouble.

The squatter saw it and hastened to say: "Oh, I beg your pardon! I didn't mean to. However, I'm very glad you are coming. Let's get ready."

Then Jack and I, putting the pack saddles on our horses, drove them over into Mackenzie's mob and rode on, not wishing to force our company upon the others more than was absolutely necessary.

It was now good and pleasant traveling. Occasionally we had to go a little out of the line we had adopted to keep clear of a thick tt-tree scrub or a clump of wattle, but generally it was a grassy open or lightly timbered country. Sometimes, for many miles at a stretch, we could imagine ourselves in a nobleman's park in some beautiful old country county. There was the turf beneath our feet—not, however, so green and velvety. There were the great ancestral trees standing in stately isolation and the long dim glades in the background. The wagon could pursue a straight course in such places. Only at times that we were not in the old country was brought forcibly home, when, for instance, some emus on a clearing would crane their necks at our approach and scuttle off into the scrub or a band of gray kangaroos came bounding right into the open in the foreground; then, on observing us, sat up on their hind quarters to get a better view before hopping off again, beating a labored tattoo on the ground with their great tails. Once we halted and watched a pair of native companions—large gray birds somewhat resembling gigantic cranes—going through that remarkable dance which they indulge in occasionally. It was indeed an extraordinary sight.

"I wonder now what the niggers call those festive creatures?" Jack remarked absently.

"The 'barralga,'" she replied, rolling her r's. "Don't you notice the resemblance of the name to the cry of the bird?"

I could not help thinking of Max O'Rell's statement when talking of Friend Macdonald—"Show me people who roll their r's, and I'll show you a people with backbone." After all, Norah Mackenzie was highland Scotch by descent.

It impressed me not a little to see the thoughtful expression in the girl's eyes when only that which amused would have been visible to nine women out of ten. I had not given her credit for seeing beneath the surface of things. And she was evidently one of those who have a dislike to be taken seriously, for as her father and Jack rode on abreast, leading the way, she checked her horse until it was alongside mine and asked me, with the spirit of mischief still lurking in her eyes, how I had liked the chocolate drop she gave me that morning.

I turned and looked at her steadily.

"I can't say it tasted quite so sweet after the alternative you proposed. You'll play with fire until some day you get burned," I answered.

For now I was conscious of a strange feeling of resentment toward her. It was not pleasant to think that she should hold me so lightly and treat me as she might a child. I had till that morning almost regarded her as one, but there had been a dangerous glamour in those soft eyes when my arms had gone out to her as if by an irresistible impulse. Then I had ceased to look upon her as a child and began to regard her as something infinitely more dangerous.

She checked herself in an uneasy laugh, and although I gazed right ahead of me I could tell that she was favoring me with one of her inscrutable glances. She was beginning to exercise a subtle influence over me, and perhaps she divined it, for in another minute her mood had changed. Though she spoke as frankly as before, she did not again venture upon such dangerous ground.

As if by mutual consent we began talking about many things. It would be difficult for me now to say how it came about, but she had very soon learned from me the history of my checkered connection with the law; how I had become a duly qualified practitioner in England and ceased to be one when fortune came to me; how when on losing my money I had come out to South Australia and soon had qualified to practice there, but how I had found it impossible to take to the work again, for, the old nomadic spirit within me asserting itself, I was drawn into that bush which had always exercised such a powerful fascination for me. Norah Mackenzie listened, as I thought, with a pleased look on her face, but she made no comment. We were now abreast of Jack. The girl asked him if he also were a wanderer by choice and profession.

"Certainly," was the prompt reply. "I'm a rolling stone of the first water."

"You seem proud of it," remarked the girl.

"That's so," was the confident reply, "ever since a certain young lady told me—confidentially, of course—that she preferred rolling stones to the other sort, because if they didn't gather much moss they gained lots of polish."

"And what did you say to that?"

"Why, I rewarded her—on the spot," replied Jack, with the air of a man who had done his duty. "You see, as she was a sort of forty-second cousin, and rather good looking, one couldn't be ungrateful."

That night we camped on the edge of a pine forest, and to me it was almost as welcome a sight as that of the glorious old ocean when one's eyes have rested upon nothing for months, and perhaps years, but the interminable glaucous green of the eucalyptus till they have ached for a change. Change means rest to the senses that have run too long in one groove.

We had seen many tracks of blacks, and passed one or two deserted camps where those children of the bush had been within the last few weeks. But we took the bells off our horses when we turned them out and so were not troubled by any of these connoisseurs of horseflesh; probably they did not expect whites so far off the track. Norah Mackenzie produced her violin after supper and accompanied Jack, who at the request of the squatter gave us "Bonnie Mary of Argyle" with great feeling, and, on being pressed to sing again, chose that quaint, sweet yet passionate idyl "The Devout Lover" in which there is the real old world ring in both words and music. Then Jack and she sang together and, for the first time, perhaps, I was not a little envious of his accomplishments. It seemed to me her manner was much more friendly toward him than it had been.

Next day we passed through the pine country, and on crossing a little ironstone ridge we saw ahead of us a great, grassy, lightly timbered valley, surrounded by a blue range of hills whose sides exhibited an abrupt, precipitous front, which was scarred and broken into hundreds of little inlets and bold headlands. Detached from the cliff we could see great pillarlike rocks

Nora produced her violin and accompanied Jack.

standing on end, streaked with snow white quartz and a dull, furtive red. This valley looked for all the world as if compassed by some rugged coast line. It was indeed an old sea cliff, against whose terraced heights old ocean had thundered through the long ages, piercing its sandy base with innumerable gullies and caves and leaving behind a wave worn rugged mountain side. And down this picturesque valley, dotted with giant fig trees, eucalypti and Moreton bay ash, ran a lovely, still succession of lagoonlike water holes, fringed by many beautiful specimens of the palm and marking the course of the creek. It was the squatter's promised land.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SKELETON IN THE CAMP.

That night we kept the horses well in hand, but they were not interfered with. Next day we continued the journey, keeping a sharp lookout for tracks, so that we might discover the whereabouts of the cattle the squatter had sent on ahead. Toward the afternoon Snowball sang out:

"Master, track sit down—one fellow cow and calf, 'nother fellow track yaraman belongin to white fellow. That one been fetch 'im up."

Snowball looked keenly at the ground, and where we could see neither a sign nor a mark he seemed to read his mother earth as if it were an open book.

"Which way you think it camp sit down, Snowball?" Norah Mackenzie asked.

It aroused one's wonder to note how trippingly the pigeon English came from her lips.

A breath of wind ever so faint just then happened to be straying down the valley, and Yarry threw back his head and turned his broad nostrils toward it.

"I t'ink it that way. All a-same way that one bullocky go, me smell um fire. I t'ink some fellow bin roast um bullocky alonga fire."

"Long way away, Yarry, you think it?" she asked soberly, but I could see her eyes sparkle. She knew that this was a riddle, for one thing the Australian blacks can never do is to estimate distance. They are utterly devoid of that faculty called "sense of number," and their replies—for they do not like to confess their ignorance—are often very amusing.

"Well, Yarry," repeated Norah Mackenzie, feigning impatience, "how many miles you think it to where bullocky sit down?"

As I have said before, it was a riddle, and Yarry scratched his head. Savages scratch their heads when puzzled all the world over, whether they are white or black. But Yarry answered with an air of sang froid and supreme conviction:

"T'ree miles, maybe; might be two, you know. Oh, well, seben miles I tink it."

And with this ambiguous piece of information Yarry smiled with a sense of superior intelligence and went on ahead to follow up the tracks. Yarry resembled a Scotsman or some gentleman of the legal persuasion in that he declined to commit himself to any specific statement.

"Do you think the fellow smells fire and meat roasting on it?" Jack asked Norah Mackenzie. "There's a lot of miraculous stuff talked about these chaps; but I can't smell fire, let alone the roast."

"That doesn't prevent them smelling," laughingly replied the girl. "Had we been born a few thousand years ago, when people hunted for a living, I've an idea that our nostrils would have been just as handsomely broad as Yarry's. It's sad to think what we've lost through civilization, isn't it?"

"Now that I think of it, you're right," commented Jack thoughtfully. "Of course the law of 'disuse' can account for the modification of our noses. You know your Darwin better than I do."

"Never read him in my life," was the candid rejoinder.

"But you don't mean to say you discovered that truth for yourself?" Jack persisted.

"I did, 'honest Injun!'" she protested, with mock gravity. "But then it's perhaps not altogether a matter of intellect." Jack looked somewhat foolish. "There are plenty of proofs everywhere. Now, I dare say I'm what some of your bluestockings would call a very ignorant young person, because I don't know much about books and haven't got a hundred different theories on the tip of my tongue, but I do know enough to prevent my becoming a miserable agnostic like some of them. Evolution may be as broad as it's long, but it doesn't quite fill the bill—that's to say, it isn't everything. It's only when one goes direct to nature and finds out how beautifully it all fits into our lives that one can see it's only a little bit of a great big design. Of course book learning's a great thing; it's only those who won't look beyond them, who won't take time to study the proofs for themselves, that I'm sorry for. I don't suppose, however, it matters what I think."

Here she abruptly made a laughing remark about one of the black boys and changed the subject.

The particular cattle tracks we were following were now lost in many others, and a number of fresh horse tracks became visible. We were evidently getting near the place where the cattle were running. We skirted the base of a high, wave worn bluff, down the sides of which a spring of water trickled, shaded by a group of magnificent feather palms; then we heard the crack of a stock whip and the distant bellowing of a mob of cattle. We could distinctly smell a fire, and Snowball corroborated Yarry's assertion that he smelled "bullocky" roasting. At length we came to a beautiful open piece of country bordering on the lagoonlike creek, and about a mile off could see a large mob of cattle being rounded up for the night and three or four mounted men riding slowly round them. We could see the bell tent of the drover, with a bough shed in front of it, and a little farther off two or three other tents. At a large fire were two or three black boys roasting various parts of a bullock, or, as Gordon more correctly put it, "toasting banes," which bore out Yarry's assertion that he had smelled this process at a distance of four miles. A tall, black bearded rider, with a white pugaree round his cabbage tree hat, came galloping up.

"Gibson, by Jove!" said the squatter as he pressed forward and shook hands warmly with the drover. "How's everything, Tom?"

"All 'O. K.' A glorious country, as Favenc said. But come right over to the camp and have some tea. Miss Mackenzie, to see you is a sight for sore eyes." He paused and looked shyly around. "And there's another of them," he added in an awed and audible aside as he caught sight of Elsie Gordon on the wagon, for Tom Gibson was a bachelor and susceptible. He straightway made up his mind to adjourn to his tent at the first opportunity and put on a boiled shirt, a collar and one of those white silk neckties with which he proposed some day to take civilization by storm.

It was only now I became conscious of the fact that I had not suffered from a recurrence of the usual attack of fever on the previous day. Indeed my enemy had been completely forgotten. But it is always the way with us. When we are ill, health seems to us the one thing worth living for, and when we are in its full enjoyment we take it as a matter of course, quite forgetting the fact that we have anything for which to be thankful. Now, with the exception of feeling just a little "off," I was nearly my old self again. When I told Norah Mackenzie, with a sense of awakened gratitude which I could but ill express, that I believed her fever draft had made me a new man, she looked pleased and laughingly expressed the hope that the new man would prove an improvement on the old.

Gibson and his men had built in a group of acacias a neat two roomed hut, which was immediately handed over to the women. Gordon unhitched his team in the neighborhood of a great, shady fig tree, and Savile straightway got out his pans and paraphernalia to make an extra effort in honor of our arrival. Savile was really a culinary genius and under different circumstances might have made a name for himself.

Jack and I were told by the squatter to keep to our own camp, as Gibson's was a separate affair, for, simply having contracted as a drover to take the cattle on to his run at so much per head, his mess had no connection with ours. However, Gibson insisted on our being his guests for that night, so we men folk went over to his camp. His people, as they relieved each other from slowly riding round the cattle, would drop in, and it was pleasant to exchange civilities and news—such as it was—with them, for only those who have been for months and perhaps years in the lonely bush can know how even to see a strange face and exchange a few friendly sociable words with some one is a welcome break in the monotony of such a life.

Strange to say, now that we had arrived at the end of our journey I did not feel any particular sense of gratification in the fact, for the squatter had gradually developed a very friendly attitude toward Jack and me and had rather encouraged us to ride alongside of himself and his daughter, with the result that we had spent a pleasant time together. It seemed to give Mackenzie pleasure to talk with those who knew something of the rather uncommon subjects that interested him. I think he found Jack the more congenial companion, and I observed with satisfaction that Norah Mackenzie was pleased to see her father in such a cheerful and communicative spirit. Indeed she told me that she had not seen him looking so well and cheerful since he had started out from Tarragong and was good enough to ascribe it to his having found those with whom he could converse freely on subjects that interested him. She seemed grateful to Jack, though why I could not exactly understand, knowing the obligation was as much on his side.

Having finished supper, I was just wondering whether I was well enough to smoke—an attack of fever often, strangely enough, takes away the desire from even an habitual smoker—when my attention was aroused by a stock rider evidently just relieved from watch, tired and dusty. His small, grayish blue eyes had a cold blooded, shifty expression; the mouth, which is supposed to be the most expressive feature in the face, was large and loose, yet not weak; there was a hint of vindictiveness and latent cruelty lurking in the down drawn corners and lines on either side of it by no means reassuring. What was intended to be a frank and straightforward way of looking at one impressed the observer as belonging to a man who had no small conceit of himself, one who was studying his victim and watching his chance to gratify a mean nature. His voice was hard, but drawling, affecting a heartiness that his general presence belied. Still his features were regular, and he was what some people would certainly call good looking despite these drawbacks. When he saw me, I tried to greet him in a friendly spirit, but felt on the instant that I was not one of those who would have the honor of sharing his good graces. It occurred to me, however, that the healing hand of time might temper this deprivation.

He stared hard at some one with what seemed to be fear in his eyes. Turning, I saw Jack. I had never before seen such a look on my comrade's face. First an angry flush mounted into it; then, as if some politic motive had arrested him, he remained seated, while an apprehensive, sickening, weary look took its place. It was evident that this man, whom his comrades called Daly, was a very unwelcome sight to Jack, and that he suggested some recollections which belonged to the "skeleton in the cupboard" series. Could he be cognizant of the secret which had led Jack to sink his identity? When I saw the peculiarly concentrated stare that passed between them, it was evident to me that from some motives of prudence they had tacitly decided to avoid recognition. Nor was I mistaken, for, when about an hour later, having gone down to the creek to have a swim—which I always indulged in when the opportunity offered—and afterward, while drying myself behind a clump of thick undergrowth, I heard a couple of men talking excitedly together and knew that it was Jack and Daly, who had sought this quiet corner so as not to be disturbed.

"You're a scoundrel!" I heard Jack say indignantly. "You were not content with fooling me into traveling along with you and your thieving mob, but you worked it so that I should innocently show myself to the police, that they should get my description and think I was one of the gang who ran off the horses. It was a mighty clever trick, wasn't it? Didn't they get on to you or your mates at all?"

"I did not want to play the part of an eavesdropper, so coughed to attract their attention. But they did not hear me and continued talking.

"Well, no, I don't think they did," was the drawling, half sneering reply. "You see, we weren't such fools as to show ourselves as long as we could shove you into it, my jo-dandy. But I don't know what reason you have to cut up rough. The cops hain't got you. Many a better man than you has got a

"I'll shoot you like a dog!" he said.

warrant hanging over his head in this country. Dash it, you would be gentlemen give yourselves such confounded airs! What better are you than me, I'd like to know?"

I did not care to make my presence known now. They might think it strange and probably discredit the fact that I had tried to acquaint them of it sooner. Besides, I might learn something that would enable me to be of assistance to Jack. Had I entertained a doubt of his honor I would not have listened to another word, but revealed myself there and then and risked misrepresentation. From my vantage ground I could see the cruel, crafty face of Daly as he stood with his hands in his pockets affecting a free and easy demeanor.

"I've a mind to break your neck, you scurvy villain!" Jack exclaimed hotly. "Your ugly face acts as an irritant! Don't you know you're liable to get me into serious trouble through you scoundrelism?"

"Easy, easy!" answered Daly, smiling in an ugly fashion, but not looking quite at his ease. "There you go again with your names; perhaps you'll address me more civilly one of these days."

"By the way," Jack asked suddenly and ignoring Daly's speech, "after I got clear of your mob and had left Normanton, I heard something about Sexton having come to grief on the Flinders. Did you hear anything about it? I'm sorry if it's the case, for I thought Sexton was the only decent fellow among you. He wanted me, just before leaving your mob, to wait a day or two longer so that we might travel together, but as he had money and I was stone broke and didn't know him well enough to quarter myself upon him I started off by myself. Do you know if there was any truth in the rumor?"

And now at the mention of Sexton's name a sudden change came over Daly's face. It grew a sickly, greenish yellow, and until he cleared his throat his voice was husky. But he recovered himself.

"Oh, that's your game, is it, pretending to know nothing about it?" he drawled, with a queer, ugly look. But in another instant, as if struck by a sudden thought, he continued: "You think I'm a walking information bureau, do you, for your special benefit? If you do, you're mistaken. I'm not the fool you take me for. But look here, Farquharson, Tyndall or whatever your name is, it's no use crying over spilled milk or making trouble. If you can only be decently civil to me, there's no reason why we shouldn't both be able to live in the same camp together. If you go in for blowing the gaff, why, the facts are against you, and they won't believe it. Perhaps you are not aware that you might possibly get into worse trouble than you dream about. Now, then, don't be a fool. What name have I to call you by?"

"Jack Tyndall is my name. But look here, Daly, don't suppose I care a fig for you or imagine that you have me in your power, for the moment you try any crooked games on with me I'll shoot you like a dog! They say you have to fight the devil with his own weapons, and I'm going to do it!"

"Right you are, Mr. Jack Tyndall; but try and keep a civil tongue in your head, and there need be no trouble. 'Live and let live' is my motto."

And with an easy insolence Daly strutted off, not, however, looking quite at his ease.

Jack looked after him with an expression on his face that I hope no one will ever see there again.

I waited till Jack left and then strolled back to the camp. What I had overheard was decidedly unpalatable. News not intended for the ears of a third party is generally so. If ever there was an unprincipled, mischief making fellow, that Daly was one, and I felt that if he staid in Mackenzie's camp long with Jack there would be trouble. I came to the conclusion that by concealing my dislike to Daly and even trying to appear friendly with him I might serve Jack much better than by showing my distrust.

Among the stockmen there was one named Chilcot, a quiet, gentlemanly fellow, who gave me some interesting facts about the country. He was Gibson's "first in charge." He told me that though the blacks had as yet made no attempt to molest the men or the cattle they were just lying back to seize a good opportunity of making an attack of some kind. The hill tribes were different from those that lived on the plains, the former turning out a remarkably capable and warlike specimen of the black fellow. At first Gibson had advocated letting the blacks come into the station, but he—Chilcot—foreseeing the inevitable consequences of such a dangerous measure, had induced him to abandon the idea.

"When I have been out with the cattle," added Chilcot, "I have seen the blacks follow and watch me all day from behind the rocks and from the caves and gullies. Judging from their old camps, I should say they were an uncommonly strong tribe—probably several hundreds strong. Anyhow it's natural to suppose that, having spoiled their hunting grounds, they are bound to bear us a grudge."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Well?

Clara—One can't believe a word the men say any more.

Maud—Why not?

Clara—Well, there's Jack. He promised faithfully never to tell any one if I would permit him to kiss me just once, and in less than a minute he had repeated it.—Chicago News.

The Cause of His Delight.

Grimes—Look here, Smith, why didn't you call last night? I told you my daughter was going to sing some of her new songs, and you appeared delighted.

Smith—I was delighted—to know she was going to sing.—Boston Transcript.

Accounted For.

Mr. Crude (to wife at breakfast table)—Our neighbor, Mr. Lens, the astronomer, tells me that they have discovered more spots on the sun.

Crude, Jr.—That's right, pop. I put them there in a little scrap he and I had yesterday.—Richmond Times.

Cast For a Speaking Part.

"Marry me!" he pleaded. "Say you will marry me!"

"Don't be so importunate," she urged. "Give me time to think."

"No, no," he answered; "you have far too much talent to be cast for a thinking part."—Chicago Post.

The Strangest Part of It.

"There is one truly remarkable thing about the French duelist."

"I suppose you refer to the fact that he never hurts his adversary?"

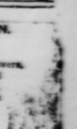
"No; he doesn't even hit the innocent bystander."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Enjoying His Vacation.

"Your boy seems to be enjoying excellent health now," remarked a neighbor.

"Yes," replied Mr. Bilkins, "he has not complained of an ache or pain since school closed."—Ohio State Journal.

THE BIRD'S PETITION.



Deep in leafy woodland bowers,
Bright with undergrowth of flowers,
O'er the dappled mead and pool
And in tangled lanes most cool,
Pipe the throstle, finch and lark
From the dewy dawn to dark,
And they pipe and never tire
Songs as sweet as love's desire.

Oft to me they seem to sing,
On the branch or on the wing:
"If you leave us space and sky,
Room to nest and sing and fly,
We will pipe for your delight,
Pipe and make the days more bright,
But in narrow cage confined
Song is slain by joy unkind.

"Hence, then, our wide domain,
Break not little hearts with pain;
God who made the merry day
Gave to us our mandate,
And like honey-laden bee,
Or like wild winds made us free,
Leave, then, leave us to our song,
Woods and meads and flowers among."
—Charles Lusted in Gentleman's Magazine.

HENRY RANG OFF.

But When He Got Home That Night There Was Trouble.

Apropos of nothing in particular—unless it be electricity—I heard a druggist tell of a little occurrence in his shop the other day.

He was alone and putting up a prescription behind his large partition screen when a stylishly dressed woman entered and asked with some excitement for the telephone.

He ensconced her in front of it and returned to his work.

She took off her gloves, rang up "central" and began:

"2179 —— street. Yes, yes. Mr. Henry Weeker. Yes, yes. He's at No. —— Beekman street. Yes. Oh, is that Mr. Weeker?"

Then her voice hardened.

"Henry, why did you tell me you went to Philadelphia Thursday? What? No, you did not. I know better. Don't you stand there and lie to me like that! No, I won't! What do I care for the girl in the telephone office! You just attend to me and let her alone! I'm in a drug store. They're not listening at all. I want an explanation. No, indeed, I will not wait till you come home tonight! By that time you'll have hatched up a fine story and brought up a couple of brutes to swear to it. Mrs. Wallace says her husband saw you at the club Thursday night and that you were going out to play poker all night. Oh, no, he isn't! He's a very nice man, and I am much obliged to him. You wouldn't dare do anything of the kind! What? You won't, eh? Well, you'll talk when you get home! Here, wait a moment. Don't shut off"—

But the seance was over, and she paid her 15 cents and stalked out with flashing eyes that boded ill for the lively Henry.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

What Solomon's Temple Cost.

"A Biblical student in this city," says our Washington correspondent, "declares that if the descriptions of Solomon's Temple are accurately given in the Bible and by secular authorities, the total value of that edifice and its contents must have exceeded $50,000,000,000. In the first place, the value of the materials in the rough is estimated at $12,500,000,000, and the labor at $3,000,000,000. According to Villalpandis 10,000 men were engaged in dressing cedar lumber, 80,000 were engaged in cutting stone and 60,000 in bearing burdens for a period of seven years, who, in addition to their wages, received 50 cents a day for food. According to the same authority, which is corroborated by Josephus, the vessels of gold were valued at 140,000 talents, which, reduced to American money, is equal to $2,326,481,015. The vessels of silver are calculated at $3,231,715,000, the vestments of the priests and the robes of the singers at $10,050,000, and the value of the trumpets of gold was $1,000,000."—