THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

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State Library July96

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

Competition Bargains In Every Department.

The greatest values ever offered in the history of the dry goods trade.

100 pieces Latest Fall Coloring, rough, and smooth effect, wool dress goods usual price 40c, our price only 25c.

40 inch and colored, smooth and rough effects in new Fall suitings at 50c, real value 75c per yard.

Grand Offerings in Fall Millinery, Wraps and Suits.

Ladies new style heavy Beaver Jacket for $3.98, value $5.00.

Ladies cloth cape $3.75, Plush capes $5.00, this is 25 per cent less than regular price.

New Hats in trimmed and untrimmed department. New Walking Hat, Tam O'Shanter &c.

Feather Boas all the go, we have them at 39c, 50c, 75c, $1.00, up to $10.00, all special values.

Also a complete line of Blankets, Flannels, Yarns, Underwear, Hosiery, Domestics, Lace Curtains, Art Embroideries &c. We regret that we cannot mention in our advertisement the thousand and one exceptional values which we have in our store to offer. By an inspection of our stock you will be satisfied that we give better values at lower prices than any house in Butler.

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'S'hanters, 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 Trautman, W. D. Brandon, W. A. Stein, J. S. Campbell.

The Butler Savings bank is the Oldest Banking Institution in Butler County.
General banking business transacted.
We solicit accounts of all producers, merchants, farmers and others.
All Business entrusted to us will receive prompt attention.
Interest paid on time deposits

BUTLER COUNTY

Mutual Fire Insurance Company,

Office Cor. Main & Cunningham

ALEX. WICK, Pres.
GEO. KETTERER, Vice Pres.
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DIRECTORS:

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LOYAL McJUNIKN Agent.

The Butler County National Bank

BUTLER, PA.

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

Jos. Hartman, President; J. V. Ritts, Vice President; C. A. Bailey, Cashier; John G McMarlin, Ass't Cashier.
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.
DIRECTORS—Hon. Joseph Hartman, Hon. W. S. Waldron, Dr. N. M. Hoover, H. McSweeney, E. E. Abrams, C. P. Collins, I. G. Smith, Leslie F. Haslett, M. Finegan, W. Henry Wilson, John Humphrey, Dr. W. C. McCandless, Ben Mauseth Harry Heasley, J. V. Ritts.

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,
Asbury Park, N. J.

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.

J. R. GRIEB.

118 SOUTH MAIN ST

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.

Liver Ills

Like biliousness, dyspepsia, headache, constipation, sour stomach, indigestion are promptly cured by Hood's Pills. They do their work

Hood's Pills

easily and thoroughly.
Best after dinner pills.
25 cents. All druggists.
Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.
The only Pill 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.	P. M.
BUTLER.....Leave	6 25	8 00	11 20	2 45	5 05	
Saxonburg.....Arrive	6 54	8 25	11 43	3 10	5 28	
Butler Jct..... "	7 27	8 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 59	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.	P. M.

SUNDAY TRAINS—Leave Butler for Allegheny City and intermediate stations 7 40 A. M., 2:30 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 7:15 P. M.

Week Days		For the East		Week Days.	
				a. m	p. m.
P. m.	a. 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'y Jct	"	9 33	12 27
4 00	8 04	" Leechburg..	"	9 20	12 15
4 19	8 21	" Vandergrift	"	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 Pass. 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
Ellwood Accomo.....	6 05 pm	7 30 pm
Chicago Express.....	6 05 pm	9 25 am
Allegheny Express.....		8 00 pm
Kane and Bradford Mail.....	10 05 am	5 20 pm
Clarion Accomo.....	5 15 pm	9 50 am
Foxburg Accomo.....	7 35 pm	8 05 am
SUNDAY TRAINS.		
DeForest Jct. Accomo.....	8 15 am	7 30 pm
Allegheny Accomo.....		10 00 am
Chicago Express.....	3 35 pm	4 55 pm
Allegheny Accomo.....	6 05 pm	4 55 pm

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

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

A. B. CROUCE, Agent
Butler, Pa.

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

For Washington, D. C., Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York, 7:20 and 9:20 p. m Cumberland, 6:40, 7:20, a. m. 1:10, 9:20 p. m. Connellsville, 6:40, 7:20, a. m. 1.10, 4.30, 4.45, 5.30, 9.20 p. m. Uniontown, 7.20 a. m., 1.10, 4.30, 5.30 p. m. Uniontown, Morgantown and Fairmont, 7.30, a. m. and 5.30 p. m. Mt. Pleasant 6.40, 7.30 a. m. 1.10 and 4.30 p m. Washington, Pa., 7.40 and 9.30 a. m., 4.00, 4.45 and 9.00, 11.55 p. m. Wheeling, 7.40, and 9.30 a. m., and 4.00, 9.00, 11.55 p. m. Cincinnati, St. Louis, Columbus and Newark, 7.40 a. m., 9.10, 11.55 p. m.

For Chicago, 2.40 and 9.30 p. m.

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

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

THE PITTSBURG, SHENANGO & LAKE ERIE RAILROAD.

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

GOING NORTH.			STATIONS	GOING SOUTH		
10	14	12		9	11	13
p.m	p.m	p.m.	Arr Lv	a.m.	a.m.	p m
....	4 55	2 30	....Buffalo....	....	5 35	2 2
....	3 24	1 06	....Dunkirk....	....	6 56	1 4
		a. m.				
7 00	1 42	9 48	....Erie.....	6 10	8 35	3 3
6 25	1 00	9 15	.Wallace Junct.	6 47	9 15	4 1
6 20	1 04	9 11	.....Girard.....	6 50	9 18	4 1
6 09	12 54	8 59	....Lockport....	7 00	9 29	4 2
6 02	12 48	8 51	.Cranesville..	7 08	9 38	4 3
6 43	....	10 22	ar.Conneaut lv	....	7 40	3 1
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 33	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
No2	11 51	7 42	...Hartstown...	No 1	10 39	5
....	11 46	7 37	...Adamsville...	....	10 44	5
....	11 38	7 27	....Osgood.....	....	10 54	5
2 25	11 30	7 15	....Greenville....	6 30	11 07	6 0
6 18	11 20	7 05	....Shenango....	6 40	11 20	6 3
6 00	10 57	6 45	....Fredonia....	7 03	11 44	6 2
5 44	10 43	6 25	..... Mercer.....	7 24	12 04	7 00
5 30	10 29	6 10	.... Pardoe.....	7 36	12 22	7 18
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	.. Branchton....	8 06	2 54	7 49
5 00	....	8 10	lv ..Branchton.. ar	7 10	12 10	....
5 45	....	8 55	ar...Hilliard...lv	6 25	11 15	....
4 53	9 55	5 35	lv....Keisers....	8 10	12 58	7 49
4 39	9 42	5 21	....Euclid.....	8 22	1 12	8 03
4 10	9 18	4 50	.... Butler	8 50	1 42	8 32
2 20	7 20	....	Allegheny, P&W'H ex	3 50	....	....
2 15	a.m	....	Pittsburg, B&O. p. m	p.m	....	....

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

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

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

HUNDREDS

of papers in different styles, for correspondence. Box paper, tablets and envelopes to match Paper by the pound or ream.

AT DOUGLASS'

Near P. O 241 S. Main St
BUTLER, PA

WASHINGTON BROS.

The Weldon Estate.

By Alfred R. Calhoun.

[Copyright, 1896 by American Press Association.]

CHAPTER XXII.

Bouton's delight at being re-enforced cannot be described. He felt elated at his increased power and confident that no opposition that Brandon could make would check his schemes. But Brandon might call in the aid of troops from some of the forts. There was danger in this, and Bouton determined to obviate it by wiping Brandon out of existence.

Next to his fear and hatred for Brandon was that entertained for Henry Kyle. The unprincipled always hate those whom they fail to destroy. The death of Patch gave Bouton a good excuse to influence his men against the man whom they had hitherto admired for his address and daring, and as fellows of his class always think in crowds they soon worked themselves into a hatred of Henry Kyle that found an outlet in oaths that were loud if not deep.

It was understood that an active campaign would be begun on the morrow, and in anticipation of it the outlaws cleaned their rifles, sharpened their knives and cast bullets by the fire. The slender, picturesque forms of the Indians, the leaping flames and polished, flashing arms, made a picture that Alice Blanchard never forgot. She was sitting on the ground talking in low tones to Nora Kyle and gazing now and then in the direction where she knew Louis to be when a shadow fell on the ground between them and looking up she saw Bouton.

"Good evening, ladies," he said, removing his hat and bowing deferentially. "I am sorry that I cannot make you more comfortable."

"But you can make us more comfortable," said Alice sternly.

"Then command me, for I have the honor to be your most obedient servant," and as he spoke he turned his face so that the light from the distant fire fell on his white teeth and made them cruelly conspicuous.

Seeing that he wanted her to speak, Alice said:

"I did not mean to say what I did."

"But you had a right to. I repeat, what is it I can do to add to the comfort of either?"

"Leave us to ourselves," replied Alice.

"Ah, you are cruel, but I shall not be." Bouton tried to laugh, but the girls were struck with the harsh, metallic ring of his voice. "I fear that you blame me," he went on, "for the inconvenience you have been subjected to. You will not believe me if I tell you that I alone have saved you from worse treatment."

"Are you not the leader of these—these"—

"Say robbers or whatever you will, Miss Blanchard, and I'll confess that I am their leader. If I were not, as I said before, your fate would be worse. And I intend using my power for your continued safety, though I know you will not believe me."

Bouton threw himself on the grass, and at that moment fresh fuel added to the nearest fire lit up the scene, so that they could see each other plainly.

"Yes, you think I am very bad, Miss Blanchard, and she thinks I am very bad. Is not that true?"

"It is," replied Alice.

"I know that, and yet, Miss Blanchard, I am not a Cain. You have heard of Cain, but I am not one. I have never made my hands red with a brother's blood. Do you understand that, Miss Nora?"

The story of her father's life—his life secret and life torture—flashed through Nora Kyle's brain, and she would have fallen had not Alice's arm been around her.

"I know nothing about you. I want to know nothing," Nora managed to gasp. In her pure, gentle heart she imagined this man a wizard, who by some occult means had possessed himself of her father's secret.

"I do not wish to tell you of myself, only so far as my life is connected with yours. I knew your father before you were born, before he came to these mountains to hide from the world. I know why he did come, yet I have never tried to harm him, never thought of giving his secret to the world. There are others searching for your father, and if I went with them it was not because I wished them to succeed. You blame me, but on your knees you would thank me if you knew what I had done, what I have prevented being done."

"If you have been so very good," said Alice Blanchard, breaking in on his special pleading, "why is it you keep us and Mr. Louis Kyle prisoners?"

"That is a proper question and I wish I could explain it, for I do not wish to be misunderstood. But though I seem to be, I am not my own master. There are others who direct. I must pretend to submit to their wishes that I may be able to protect you both from harm," said Bouton, with a great affectation of sincerity and candor.

"You cannot defend yourself with mysteries," said Alice. "I cannot believe you unless you explain all."

"Explain all, Miss Blanchard?"

"That is what I said."

"Well, I am willing to explain all." He drew nearer to Nora and asked, in a theatrical whisper, "Are you willing that I should explain all?"

"No, no!" she half shrieked. "Leave me; for heaven's sake, leave me, or kill me!"

"I will not kill you. I would rather kill myself. I will leave you for the night. When we march on the morrow, Miss Kyle, I will speak with you again. I will tell you something that is near to my heart."

Bouton rose and bowed, then went back to where the men were lying around the campfires. He coiled himself up in a blanket and was asleep in a short time. Sim Bliss tried to imitate him, but though he had grown more and more weary every day since coming into this country, his narrow brain was too much crowded with thought for him to get much satisfactory sleep.

Before daylight the next morning the camp was astir. While some prepared food others loaded the pack mules and saddled the horses, duties that seemed to require a great deal of shouting and a deluge of profanity. The prisoners were served with food as before and Font Robb brought up horses for Alice and Nora, when Bonton offered to assist them to their saddles.

At Alice's request Louis Kyle was permitted to ride beside them. But before Bouton would agree to this request he made Nora promise that some time during the march she would drop back and talk to him for an hour or two. To this the poor girl consented for her brother's sake. She had the greatest horror of this man now that she felt he knew her father's secret. Innocent of the world's ways and fearful that Bouton had it in his power to legally destroy her father and all the family, she would willingly die if called on for the sacrifice to save them.

She wanted an opportunity to tell Louis that Bouton knew their awful secret, but Bouton was so near that she

"Good evening, ladies."

could not speak to him about it, and even if Bouton were away she dared not speak to him on this subject in the presence of Alice Blanchard. As the long cavalcade wound down through the narrow valleys it looked like a small army expecting a battle, and such it certainly was. To avoid the inevitable dust as well as to prevent an attack on the head of the line, if Captain Brandon should see fit to ambush them, Bouton placed the prisoners to the front. After they had gone some miles Bouton whispered to Nora, "Remember your promise and drop back beside me." With pale face and compressed lips she obeyed him. "You must not think me harsh," he began. "Think of how long I have kept the secret. I know it before you were born."

As it was evident he did know the secret and impossible for her to tell how long he had known it, or how he became possessed of it, she was forced to believe him, though, as the reader knows, his knowledge was of a very recent date.

"If you are going to use it now," she managed to say, "better that you had used it before."

"Did I say I was going to use it now?"

"You talk as if you might," she said nervously.

"Then I fail to make myself understood. My French is better than my English. Shall we talk French?"

"I do not understand French."

"Very well. We shall keep on as we have been doing. You see many men about us here?" He waved his hand back at the cavalcade, and Nora nodded.

"They want to catch your father and get a large reward."

"And if they catch him what will they do?" she asked with a shudder.

"They will hang him."

"Hang him!" she said with a gasp.

"Yes. Hang him up by the neck till he is dead. And they will put your mother in jail and your brothers, and keep them there till they are dead."

Nora believed this. If she did not, she had neither the courage nor knowledge nor strength to refute it, so awfully did the picture impress her.

"You do not want this to happen?" he asked after a painful pause.

"Why should you ask me?"

"Only to show that I think as you do, and to tell you that it is all in your hands."

"In my hands?" she said eagerly.

"Yes. That is what I say. You can save them and make all right again. Will you do it?" He turned in the saddle and tried to look under her downcast lids.

"Yes," she replied, "I would gladly die to save them."

"But you need not die."

"What then?"

"A thousand times better than dying. You can have them all together again if you say to me the one word 'Yes.'"

"If I say 'Yes?'"

"If you say it to my question. But you must not say it now. I will give you time to think."

He hesitated and looked into her face again, and to avoid his gaze as well as to learn his object she asked:

"What is the question?"

"It is"—Bouton drew nearer and whispered—"it is, will you consent to become my wife?"

She looked at him with horror in her eyes and a "No" trembling on her lips. But he wheeled his horse aside and said:

"I do not want the answer now."

CHAPTER XXIII.

Under the guidance of the Indian herder, Valentine Kyle and his wife succeeded in reaching the caves to which the Prophet had sent them. They went down to the valley of the Great Spirit through the canyon by which Howard Blanchard first entered with Captain Brandon. Though broken hearted, weary and on foot and much accustomed to the wonderful scenery of this marvelous land, they could not but be awed by the sublimity of their surroundings. The shadows and gloom were in sympathy with their own hearts, and as hand in hand they went down deeper and deeper into the canyon it seemed to Mrs. Kyle that she must have died with her husband, and that in death, as in life, she was still clinging to him and leading him through the darkened way out to the gate called Beautiful.

And when the sunlit opening to the valley came in sight she stood and clung to him and closed her eyes, not daring to look at the glory that seemed of another world.

"Here is the valley of the Great Spirit," said the guide, pointing out to the light. "I can hear voices."

Above the sound of the waters, hurrying down to the placid lake in the center of the valley, Mrs. Kyle heard the singing and laughter of the immigrant children, and the sound came to her ears like the seraphic singing of angels. What music is there to the mother like the laughter of children? Even Valentine Kyle was awed, and so filled with the supernatural exhilaration that his face glowed and his gray hair and beard looked like a saintly halo.

"Let us get into the light," called out the guide. "It is pleasanter in the beautiful valley."

They followed him out, but stopped again at a point where all the glories of the enchanted scene burst upon their bewildered gaze.

There were children playing by the lake, and at the sight of the strangers they ran shouting to the caves in alarm, and their cries broke the illusion and told Mrs. Kyle she was still in the land of fear and sorrow and danger.

As they crossed the valley they could see anxious faces peering at them from behind the rocks.

Just as Valentine Kyle was about to call to them not to fear, a tall, rosy faced girl made her appearance and approached them with extended hands.

"I am Mary Clyde," she said. "Come with me. You seem to have trouble, like ourselves."

"Indeed we have trouble, my child," said Mrs. Kyle. "May you never know so much."

"And may yours soon be lightened," said Mary, "and it will be if it is in our power. We are only women and children with one old man here, but the Prophet says we are safe."

Mary Clyde then led them to the cave entrance, and here the women and children came swarming out, all ashamed of their alarm, though their recent experience warranted them in the precaution. Mr. Kyle let his wife answer, and when she told them her name they all asked in a chorus, "Are you Louis Kyle's mother?"

"I am."

"Then," said Mary Clyde, "I shall kiss you." And thereupon all the other women and all the children followed Mary's hospitable example.

When Mrs. Kyle told them that her home had been destroyed by Bouton, and that her daughter was then a prisoner in his hands, the indignation of the immigrant women became extreme, and Mrs. Clyde, Mary's mother, declared with much emphasis that death would be something like a pleasure if she could just see Bouton tortured as she would have him tortured and as he deserved to be tortured "for just five minutes."

Mr. Kyle told them the little he had learned from the Prophet about Dr. Blanchard and his family. The report was that the doctor had escaped, but that the girls were still in the power of the outlaws.

"All our men are out aiding in the fight," said one woman, "and we'd be willing to go and help them if it wasn't for the children."

The immigrants did all in their power to comfort their guests, and all spoke of a termination to the trouble which the most imaginative did not feel in her heart. About the middle of the afternoon the children, who never tired of the beautiful valley nor ceased to wonder at the grand caves, came running in, the leader shouting:

"The Prophet! The Prophet is coming!"

Without asking a question all hurried out and saw the Prophet crossing the valley accompanied by Clara Blanchard and her father. The women and children ran to meet them with shouts

"No, I will remain in the shadow."

of joy, but Valentine Kyle and his wife remained back in the shadow.

"I cannot meet him, wife. I cannot meet him!" cried the unhappy man.

"Meet him, husband. Even if he should recognize you he can bear you no malice. Dr. Blanchard was ever your friend!"

"No, I will remain in the shadow till I can escape from here."

"That you must not do, Valentine. Look out, my husband. See, time has so changed him that I could not tell that I had ever set eyes on him before. The children are shouting his name. That alone assures me I am not mistaken. If you wish to remain unknown, he cannot recognize you. Only in your brave heart and love for me are you the Valentine Weldon of 19 years ago. Here, here they are. Do not crouch back in the darkness. See how like our Nora the young girl looks."

Mrs. Kyle seized her husband's arm and kept him standing back near the entrance to the cave, where, without being directly observed, they could see all that was going on outside.

"And Valentine Kyle and his wife have arrived," said the Prophet, raising his bronzed face to the sun. "I knew that God would answer my prayer. Where are they?"

"In the cave," shouted the children, and every hand was pointed in the direction that he might not make a mistake.

Dr. Blanchard and the Prophet helped Clara from her horse, when she was at once surrounded by the women and children, and she was kissed and cried and laughed over till her cheeks were reddened with kissing and her brow whitened with that rarest of cosmetics, the tears of friendship. Mr. Kyle's old herder appearing, the Prophet ordered him to take the horses to the other side of the valley, "where," he said, "never a horse grazed before, for the valley has been sacred. But the horse that carries the fugitive from cruel persecution is an instrument of the Lord and becomes sacred in his service. Place the animals in the best grass. No harm can come to them here."

With the saddle and equipments on his arm the Prophet entered the cave and found Valentine Kyle and his wife sitting in the shadows away from the altar. Striding over, he took a hand of each, and in a voice filled with unusual pathos he said:

"Ye mourn still for your children as if they were not. My heart is with you in your sore affliction; but, as God reigneth and my soul liveth, the clouds shall pass away and the sunlight of peace and joy shall pour in on your purified hearts. Oh, ye who have so long walked with downcast eyes, the end of the gloomy way is nearing! The atonement has been made and the joy awaits those who have been sanctified by sorrow."

"May your words prove true," sighed Mrs. Kyle.

"They have ever come true, for all my thoughts has been devoted to learning the ways of the Great Architect who piled up the mountains, hollowed the valleys and filled the world with light. There are no mysteries save in our own ignorance, no miracles save where we are blind. The doctor and his daughter need rest. Then they will speak to you, and you will love them for your kindred trials."

The Prophet took their hands again and bowed over them as if he were calling down a benediction. Then he went off to find the doctor and Clara.

Mary Clyde had anticipated what he would do, and at once prepared crutches, while others prepared food. The doctor ate with thankfulness, and lay down on the robes with a feeling of awe such as he had never before experienced, for he could not but feel that he had left the world.

As has been mentioned, the Prophet had an instinctive conception of the time and could tell the hour if he had been days in absolute darkness. Dr. Blanchard could not be expected to do this. He woke up before day, and guided by the lights on the altar went over and sat near it, for there was a companionship in the flickering flames. As he sat there he heard a deep sigh, accompanied by a light step on the rocky floor. He looked up and saw a haggard face in a setting of white beard and hair.

The two old men—old in appearance if not in years—looked at each other for some seconds in silence. Valentine Kyle knew that this was his kinsman, Dr. Blanchard, but he could not have recognized the altered face. Dr. Blanchard guessed that this was Mr. Kyle, the father of Louis. Not a shadow of suspicion glinted his mind that this could be the long lost Valentine Weldon, who so many years before had fled from the valley of the Great Kanawha, leaving behind him the blood of the murdered Frederick. Dr. Blanchard was the first to speak, and as he did so he took the cold, reluctant hand of Valentine Kyle in his.

"You are Mr. Kyle?" he said kindly. "I am Dr. Blanchard. We have heard of each other through kindred troubles."

"I am Valentine Kyle. Like yourself, I have suffered," said Mr. Kyle, and he sat down on a blanket near the doctor.

"It is a curse," said the doctor, "a curse from which the innocent were fleeing, but it has followed us."

"A curse?" repeated Mr. Kyle.

"Yes. It is the story of a faraway land, and it would not interest you to hear it. But it has fallen on you as well as on me."

"How has it fallen on me?" asked Valentine Kyle, speaking hoarsely and bowing his head on his hands.

"Your son Louis came to our aid, and it is, I am sure, because of this that the outlaws attacked your place."

"Perhaps so, but you say it would not interest me to hear the story of a faraway land. I assure you it would," said Valentine, with his face still averted.

"It eases a sorrow to speak of it," began the doctor, "but I would not for that reason add to the sorrows of another. However, it is still night, and the people are sleeping. You will lie down again before day?"

"I have slept enough."

In a sad monotone Dr. Blanchard told the story of the Weldons—how old John Weldon died, cutting off his granddaughter, the doctor's wife, in his will and leaving his large property to Frederick and Valentine Weldon, the former unmarried; how Valentine favored the south and Frederick the north in the war that had just begun; how Valentine fled and Frederick was missing; how a body supposed to be Frederick's was found long afterward far down the river; how the curse of that act had reflected on his children, and how he had determined to go with them into a new land, leaving all the property that might have been theirs in the hands of Lawyer Bliss. All, everything up to the present moment, he told his silent listener.

"The brother, Valentine, must have been a very bad man," Mr. Kyle managed to say.

"No," replied the doctor hurriedly. "Valentine Weldon was as brave and generous as the brother whom he so loved and whom he could not have meant to harm."

"But he killed him—reddened his hands in his blood."

"I will not believe that of Valentine Weldon, be he living or be he dead. If he was the cause of his brother's death, it was an accident or a blow struck in anger, when Valentine had been drinking. No, no! Valentine Weldon could not have done that."

"If living, would you meet him as of yore?" asked Mr. Kyle, trying to appear calm.

"Aye, that I would. Were he living I would take him to my heart, where his memory has ever been," said the doctor, with tears in his eyes.

"Valentine Weldon is living!" said Mr. Kyle, rising and reaching out his hands, then letting them fall helplessly by his side.

"Living!" ex