

THREEMEN SHOT.

Criminals Running Hot Over the Whole Section.

The Prosecution's Case Against Bald Knobber Chief Walker Concluded.

Oklahoma, I. T., April 10.—A courier from Shawneetown, forty miles east of here on the north fork of the Canadian river, states that three colored horse thieves succeeded in stealing a bunch of horses from Long Tom, a Shawnee Indian, last week. When the theft was discovered a deputy United States marshal with three Indian Sacs and Fox police gave pursuit and caught up with the negro thieves, who opened a rapid fire with Winchester rifles, unhorsing one policeman at the first fire.

A regular pitched battle then ensued in which two of the negroes were killed, together with one Indian policeman. The marshal was badly wounded, but the horses were recovered.

The county is overrun with desperadoes and horse thieves.

THE STATE'S CASE CLOSED.

Springfield, Mo., April 10.—At the trial of the Bald Knobber chief, "Bull Creek Dave" Walker in the circuit court at Ozark to-day, among the state's witnesses examined were Gilbert Applegate, Lew and Pete Davis and Mat Nash—four members of the notorious organization, who testified that the defendant was at the house when Green and Edens were murdered, one swearing that he saw him with the crowd in the house and that after they left he was in the council, when the proposition was discussed to go back and finish murdering the other members of the family; also that Walker took his son Bill away from the scene of the murder, and that he had intimidated some of the Bald Knobbers into attending the meeting at the old smelter in the woods the night of their murderous raid on the Green and Edens house.

The state's testimony is about all in, and to-morrow the defendant's witnesses will be heard. The prevailing opinion is that Walker will be convicted of murder in the first degree and go to the scaffold with the other three, who have already been tried and sentenced to be hanged May 18.

Of Interest to Farmers.

Washington, D. C., April 9.—The following circular letter has just been issued by the United States department of agriculture, division of pomology, H. E. Van Denham, chief:

It is desired that all of those who have received the circular of the pomological division of the United States department of agriculture, calling for information as to their interest in fruit growing, will at once respond if they have not already done so.

Any who desire to have this circular sent them will please say so on a postal card directed to this division at Washington, D. C.

All who respond to the circular will have their names placed on the permanent list and will receive all the pomological publications of this department. Two special bulletins of this character are now in the hands of the public printer. All interested papers please copy.—Kansas City Times.

\$25.00 Reward.

The above large sum will be paid for any case of coughs, (except last stage of consumption) Colds, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, or any throat or Lung trouble not relieved by Ballard's Horehound Syrup.

Blaine Said to be Looking Well.

Washington, D. C., April 10.—Senator Hale to-day received a letter from his brother dated Naples, March 27, containing the following paragraph: "I have just left the Blaines at Sorrento where they will stay some time longer. I think Mr. Blaine is looking finely and is in the best of spirits."

Itch, Mange and scratches of every kind on human or animals cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. This never fails. Sold by W. J. Lansdown, Butler, Mo.

DAYTON'S FORTUNE

I.

Jack Dayton was 24 years of age. He was handsome, as that term applies to men; he was studious in an extraordinary sense; he was as sober as a cold water advocate; he was a church mouse and prouder than Lucifer before he was exiled from heaven.

Jack Dayton was as brave as a Bengal tiger and his poverty never seemed a burden and a reproach to him before he met Gussie Vandorn. After that momentous meeting at Saratoga two years ago he felt that he could hang himself because he had not been born with a silver spoon in his mouth.

The fact of the matter is, Jack Dayton was in love from the soles of his feet to the crown of his intellectual head, and because he was poor his pride stood between him and the rich woman who had stolen his heart in an unguarded moment.

He had been practically raised in a lawyer's office. He had entered it at the age of 12 as general utility boy and he had left at the age of 22 a finished lawyer, with a few hundred dollars saved up during the long years.

"Go somewhere, Jack," said his fond mother, "and stay all the summer. You never had a vacation in your life, and you should celebrate your admission to the bar by taking one. You have been a hard student; you have been a loving and devoted son. Go, take a vacation."

Jack kissed her and took himself off to Saratoga, the worst place on earth except Newport, for a man to go. But Jack was bent upon celebrating his admission in grand style and within the limits of \$300. So he went to Saratoga and took a modest room at one of the best hotels and started in for solid enjoyment and profitable review of his law books.

But the Vandorns were at Saratoga, too, and at the same hotel with Jack. He got acquainted with them in no time. He and Gussie got on famously in an easy, procastinating way. She was a dashing, brilliant woman, with a sober side the world seldom saw. She began by studying Jack. He was a social phenomenon. He was the most nonchalant, self-possessed, and dignified young man at the springs; a thoughtful yet often humorous conversationalist. Everybody wondered what a brilliant and fashionable woman like Gussie Vandorn could find to admire in a studious, self-possessed, and undemonstrative man like Jackson Dayton. They were much together about the hotel, "talking literature," some would say.

When Jack's \$300 began to get down to a fine point he set about returning to New York. Instead of taking him through the summer, it had just taken six weeks of Saratoga in a very quiet way to eat the life out of it. There is nothing like a summer hotel for eating up money. Jack had to go, but he wanted to stay.

While they were out for a quiet walk one afternoon about the middle of August, Jack said:

"Miss Vandorn, I go to New York to-morrow. My vacation is at an end."

Miss Vandorn was silent as a tombstone. Jack was surprised thereby, and cast a hasty glance at her face. He was startled. He could not mistake the surprised and bewildered expression on her countenance his abrupt declaration had provoked. His heart gave a great leap, and then stood still.

"If I say I go with regret, it is because you have made my stay so very pleasant," he managed to say.

"Must you go?" asked Gussie.

"I must go. I am but a poor young lawyer with a loving mother to support. My hour is over. It seems like a dream."

"What seems like a dream?"

"The few weeks I have been here and privileged to have so much of your society."

"I shall be pleased to receive you at our home in New York, Mr. Dayton."

"Miss Vandorn," said he solemnly,

"we have always been frank with each other; let me be so now. I can not visit you. Why? I am too poor to be numbered among your New York friends."

"I shouldn't mind your poverty, Mr. Dayton. 'Worth makes the man and want of it the fellow,' you know?"

"Yes; but the world does not look at it that way; neither do I. I've got to struggle for a place to stand. Some day we may meet again. I pray that we may. And it will seem a long time before that day comes."

They parted. When she reached her room, where the luxuries which wealth alone commands were scattered everywhere, she sank into an easy chair, and there was a sweet smile upon her lips.

"He will return to me," she murmured to herself, "and I shall wait until he does."

II.

All this passed through Jack Dayton's mind two years after it had occurred. He had had a hard struggle. With all his brilliant talents he had a hard time of it to make ends meet. He was brave and hopeful, and he nurtured these by thinking of the brilliant woman he had not met since he parted with her at Saratoga. He heard of her often, but he purposely avoided meeting her.

"What's the use?" he would ask himself.

"Jack," said his mother as he went home one night, "I have never spoken to you about your father, because the subject is a painful one to me. But I have heard news to-day through his father's lawyers which you should know."

"Well, mother, what's the news? I have never taken any stock in my father, because you never told me anything about him, and I concluded that he must have wronged you very deeply."

"He did Jack. He thought he loved me, but he did not. He married me, and when he found that his rich father would not sanction the marriage, he deserted me. For 25 years he has lived in Europe. He drank very hard, so I have heard. He never wrote to me, but his lawyers have paid me a small sum—very queer as you know."

"Well, yes," said Jack; "I knew you drew the money, but I didn't know that he was living, and that he is rich. I shall institute action to recover your rightful share of his money."

"But he is now dead, Jack."

"Dead?"

"Yes; he died in Paris a month ago."

When Jack entered his office the next morning his head was full of the news his mother had told him and projects to look into his father's affairs to protect his own, and his mother's interest. He had hardly got settled down to his work before a spruce young man in a footman's livery presented himself and handed him a sealed letter. He read the letter with mingled emotions. He put on his coat and hat and followed the servant to the pavement and entered the magnificent carriage in waiting. The carriage stopped before a rich house in one of the uptown localities, and the doors flew open as Jack approached them.

He was led to a large bedroom. He walked to the side of the bed, around which two physicians and one or two servants were congregated. Everybody made way for him. A sunken hand was held out to him and he grasped it.

"Young man," said a faint voice, "I wronged your mother when she was young. Your father is now dead. He was a rascal. I have kept track of you through the years since you were born. I have not long to live. I want you to forgive me before I die. I will not ask your mother to forgive me because I have occasioned her too much sorrow. All my wealth is yours. You have only to see my lawyers, Jenks and Jenks. You will find everything in shape, for my house has been in order a great many years against this hour."

Jack sank by the side of the bed thoroughly unnerved. He was a

strong man but in this hour when the past was to be atoned for and death hovered about the grandfather who had wronged him, but whom he had never seen before, he was as weak as a child.

"Forgive—!" and the spirit of James Dayton left the frail and wasted body, where it had lodged for seventy years, before he could finish the sentence.

III.

Three months after the mortal remains of James Dayton had been consigned to the earth from which they came, Jack Dayton presented himself at the Fifth Avenue residence of Gussie Vandorn. His head was in a fearful state of agitation.

After a short time which seemed an age to him, the young woman entered the parlor. He arose to his feet and advanced to meet her.

"Miss Vandorn, will you pardon me the liberty I take in calling upon you?"

"Mr. Dayton you have been free to call upon me, by invitation, for the past two years."

"But I thought you may have forgotten."

"I have not forgotten."

"Jack gazed into her eyes a moment with all the earnestness of the days since they had parted. Her eyes dropped beneath his, and her face was suffused with blushes. She had not forgotten. He said, with simple eloquence:

"I have not forgotten. I never could forget. Your face has been with me; I have heard your voice ever since we parted two years ago. I have come here to-night to tell you that life is no longer endurable if you don't share it with me. I have waited two years to tell you this."

"You need not have waited two years, Mr. Dayton," she said with a roguish smile.

And Jack's fortune was not in the money his grandfather left him, but in the love of the woman that money had secured for him.—New York Sun.

ITCH, MANGE, and SCRATCHES, of every kind on human or animals cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. This never fails. Sold by W. J. Lansdown, Drug-gist, Butler, Mo.

San James' Politics.

Pittsburg, Pa., April 11.—Rev. Sam Jones passed through here yesterday morning. Being asked what he thought of Cleveland's chances for re-nomination he replied: "Excellent. There is no one else thought of despite the scheming of Bill Scott, Barsum and Senator Gorman. Cleveland will be nominated because the people are for him. The people are the power these days. They won't stand any boss dictation. He will be elected, too, no doubt about that. In my travels in the north I find a unanimous sentiment for Cleveland. It seems to be growing and spreading. Cleveland will win this year, and at the end of his second term the republicans will again come into power."

"What do you think of Ingalls' speeches?"

"Ingalls is an ass—that is all I have to say about him."

"What about the tariff?"

"That is a local, not a national issue. It only affects certain states."

What Am I to Do?

The symptoms of biliousness are unhappily but too well known. They differ in different individuals to some extent. A bilious man is seldom a breakfast eater. Too frequently, alas, he has an excellent appetite for liquors, but none for solids of a morning. His tongue will hardly bear inspection at any time; it is not white and turred, it is rough, at all events.

The digestive system is wholly out of order and diarrhea or Constipation may be a symptom or the two may alternate. There are often Hemorrhoids or ever loss of blood. There may be giddiness and often headache and acidity or flatulence and tenderness in the pit of the stomach. To correct all this it is not exact a cure try Green's August Flower. It cost but a trifle and thousands attest its efficacy.

We heard an old man explain the western Kansas boom. He said: "It is the poorest place on earth for a poor man. The government supply bets a poor man 100 acres of worthless, sandy land against \$14.75 that he can't make a living out there! The government always wins!"—Nevada Democrat.

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